

Our Sorority

ISSUE TWENTY

August, 1989

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WHILE PUTTING IT TO BED

by Betty Ann Lind

CONTRIBUTORS 3 DEPENDENTS 1

Its official! The results are in! Our computer is about to go into gear to separate our subscription data base into two files; Contributors & Dependents.

CONTEST EXTENDED PRIZES MORE!

In Issue 19 we announced a contest for Non-Fiction and Fiction entries to *Our Sorority*. Because of the size of this issue and other factors related to the subscription letter enclosed we must extend the contest to Issue 22.

CONTEST ENDS JANUARY 1st 1990

We have not read the current entries. So all entries will be judged by same criteria. We will award \$100 for each: The Best In Fiction, The Best In Non-Fiction. Limit entry to under 3000 words (TYPED). Be alert to the fact that your Editor is biased against items that are *downers*.

In this issue we include: both the album from the 1988 Fair and a preview of Fantasia Fair 1989; the next installment of Betty Ann's autobiography "Many Little Kindnesses"; two separate cost comparisons of the various national events; "Prize", a short story from Elizabeth Ann Nelson; and, MUCH, MUCH, MORE!

Our Sorority

An Outreach Publication

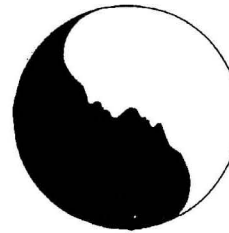
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Tell your friends about our publication. And by all means SEND A CONTRIBUTION for your SUBSCRIPTION of \$10.00, please. Make checks payable to the OUTREACH INSTITUTE. Thank you, YOUR EDITOR.

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.



OUR SORORITY

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AUGUST 1989

DEAREST SISTERS,

SINCE ABOUT 1979 OUR SORORITY HAS SLOWLY GROWN INTO THE LARGEST CIRCULATING CROSSDRESSING NON-PROFIT NEWSLETTER IN THE UNITED STATES IF NOT THE WORLD. PART OF THE REASON FOR ITS SIZE HAS BEEN ITS UNDERWRITING BY CONTRIBUTORS AND THE OUTREACH INSTITUTE.

WE BELIEVE THAT CROSSDRESSING IS AN EMERGING BEHAVIOR.

IT MAY TAKE YEARS BETWEEN THAT FIRST LETTER, ASKING FOR HELP AND ADVICE, AND THAT TIME WHEN YOU JOIN OTHERS WHO SHARE IN YOUR INTERESTS. ON AVERAGE THAT FIRST LETTER LANDS IN A WASTE BASKET BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T SUBSCRIBE, JOIN, OR BUY. OR IT VANISHES INTO LIMBO BECAUSE THE PERSON YOU WROTE TO HAS CLOSED HER BOX: BECAUSE SHE HAS HAD HER BRIEF MOMENT IN THE SUN. WE ARE TRYING TO PREVENT THAT BY STAYING VISIBLE LONG ENOUGH FOR THE NEW CROSSDRESSER TO FIND US. IT'S WORKING!

BUT, IT COSTS MONEY TO SEND A 60 PAGE BROCHURE OUT TWICE A YEAR, OR MORE, TO SEVERAL THOUSAND READERS. AND WE HAVE DECIDED THAT WE CAN STILL SERVE OUR COMMUNITY BE SENDING OUT ONE ISSUE PER YEAR TO OUR NON-CONTRIBUTORS TO PROVIDE THEM WITH THE BASIC INFORMATION (GROUPS AND EVENTS) THEY NEED TO GET INTO THE MAIN STREAM OF OUR COMMUNITY. BY DOING THIS OUR CONTRIBUTING SUBSCRIBERS CAN STILL HELP THEIR LESS FORTUNATE SISTERS, WHILE RECEIVING THE MORE TANGIBLE AND DIRECT REWARD OF RECEIVING TWO MORE ISSUES A YEAR. NOT LOADED DOWN WITH REPRINT INFORMATION ON GROUPS AND EVENTS, BUT FILLED WITH NEW FICTION AND NON-FICTION.

THIS MEANS THAT IF YOU HAVE CONTRIBUTED OR SUBSCRIBED AFTER JANUARY 1ST 1989 YOU WILL BE CONSIDERED AS PAID UNTIL JANUARY 1ST 1991 IN ORDER TO CLEAR OUR DATA BASE. ISSUE 21 (SURVIVAL OF DISCOVERY) AND ISSUE 22 (TRANSEXUALISM) PLUS ISSUE 23 (ACTIVITIES) WILL BE OUR 1990 YEAR .

ISSUE 23 WILL BE SENT TO OUR NON-SUBSCRIBERS, OR DEPENDENTS.

PLEASE SUBSCRIBE NOW, TO STILL HELP YOUR LESS FORTUNATE SISTERS, WHILE RECEIVING OUR NEW AND IMPROVED PUBLICATION. SEND \$10 TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS BY CHECK OR MONEY ORDER MADE OUT TO: OUR SORORITY .

LOVE

THE COST OF HAPPINESS: THE MYTH

By Betty Ann Lind

Now, when I was a child, there was a certain kind of little girl; who, knew all there was to know, - because at eight they had learned all about life at mommy's knee. We called them Middy Blouse Philosophers.

Our community is absolutely filled with them. And the minute you discover a new delight they are quick to step on the hope of your planned adventures by telling you that they have already done that and you will not really like it. If that bit of pragmatism fails, they will add; it costs too much, it's a rip off, it is too dangerous for you, and several other MYTHS presented as "mommy's laws" often laced with a few 'put downs' of others and you; because, you dared to think to do something new and exciting. Such as going to a national event.

DO IT!

THE MOST EXPENSIVE HAPPINESS, IS THAT WHICH CAN BE OBTAINED, BUT OTHERS DENY YOU. THAT IS WHY YOU SEE THE WORDS "PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS" AS A RIGHT IN THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE!

Let's examine some of the myths: In our community.

Myth 1. Too Much Competition?

About four months ago I was approached by a national event coordinator who raised the question: "Are there too many events?"

I thought back to the past (when there were no events) and realized that in the past few years our community has gained over six new national events scheduled throughout the year.And I am proud to say that over the past several years indirectly, or directly, the Outreach Institute has contributed to the formation of four National events: Fantasia Fair, Be All, Coming Together, and Tiffany Spring Fling. And because of flyers in Our Sorority Texas "T", became a national event. (By the way if you are a non-profit group and you want to stage a national event. Contact us.) The more events, the greater the choice.

Frankly there is not enough competition!

As long as we have over 100 Standard Statistical Metropolitan Areas (SMSA's) there is room in each one of them for a local group to be formed: and, as long as the national event directors coor-

dinate with each other to avoid overlapping, (Tiffany Spring Fling and Be All are too close together in time, I need time to get my clothes cleaned), there is room for several national events!

Myth 2. How Big is Big

I love it when I read in some CD community newsletter that such and such an event was the largest crossdressing event in the country. They obviously missed Mardi Gras and the Mummer's Parade. As far as I remember the largest CD event in our community, as a planned weekend affair, had over 1000 CD's, and it took place in New York City in the 50's. I was there, maybe Lee Brewster, can remember the name and sponsors. It is a kin to The Night of The Thousand Gowns. So, we have a way to go if big is IN? Some events, like Fantasia Fair (which has a capacity of 125 "full timers" and it had 100 "full timers" last year) are simply not structured for large crowds of CD's. Others are, that is what this article is about, choice.

Myth 3. The Nature of Events

National Events can be classified by facility, programming, and theme.

Facility

By in large, all national events in the country, with the exception of Fantasia Fair are single facility based (Motel or condo); where the frightened CD can stay safely isolated, and attend escorted events outside of the facility.

MANY NEED THIS PERSONAL SECURITY

Fantasia Fair is community based, and therefore you must walk the streets to get from meal to meal, or event to event. This has been the charm of Fantasia Fair for fifteen years.

MYTHS TO THE CONTRARY. NO EVENT IS MORE OR LESS SECURE THAN OTHERS!

Programming

Programming falls into two broad categories: 1) programmed, and 2) non-programmed.

When the Tiffany Spring Fling (non-programmed) was created it was decided that this event would be less expensive than Fantasia Fair (probably the most programmed event), and it would be a chance to do your thing with out a lot of events. The other truly non-programmed event is the High Sierra "Femme Fling IV", which is the bargain event in the country if you want to sleep four in a room. (I well remember that Club 82 loft with four showgirls sharing a room. You get to know each other, very well, after a few days.)

AND THAT TOO IS IMPORTANT FOR THE CD!

All programmed events provide some form of fashion-beauty training for novices. All such events have professional vendors who will help you to put your *femme* self together. Most events provide



FANTASIA FAIR 1988 PHOTO ALBUM

Photographs By:
Mariette Pathy-Allen
Helen Garfinkle
& Others

Fantasia Fair is actually three events: Fantasia Fair (Oct. 13-22), Releasing the Woman Within Weekend (Oct. 13-15) and Fun En Femme Weekend (October 20-22). By registering for Fantasia Fair you get three events for the price of one, so to speak. In the past three years we have been building a program balance between the two weekends aiming towards two complete Mini-Fairs; which do not interfere with the flow of the main Fair while giving the weekender a feel for the Fair and an incentive to come back to Fantasia Fair. In 1985 we had 8 weekenders, in 1988 we had 50. At the same time the Fair has grown from 58 to 137 Participants and Partners. The average Fair week day (Mon. to Thurs.) in 1988 had 100 Participants (a lot of our weekenders add a couple of days to fit in events or workshops from the main Fair). And Fantasia Fair has a quality limit of 125 for the average Fair week day.



FANTASIA FAIR 1989 PREVIEW

Text By:
Betty Ann Lind
Layout By:
Sandy Machin

Provincetown is at the very tip of Cape Cod. This will be our fifteenth year here because it is a very friendly place, where we can do our thing each Fall. But, it is not a closet. Nor is it a motel. It is a real old New England seaside resort town with a thriving arts and crafts community. You can reach P'town by plane, boat, bus, or car.



Elephant Walk

Meals, workshops, and events take place throughout the town; so bring your "sensible shoes" as well as those fantasy heels.

The Fair is highly programmed with Major & Minor Events, Activities, Seminars, and Workshops. Some Activities, Seminars, and Workshops are pre-paid as a part of your basic package. Some are OPTIONS, which are selected and paid for by you, because they are keyed to your particular needs. The Fair is organized in TRACKS, like a professional conference. So you must pick and choose to create YOUR OWN FAIR.

TRACKS

A mix of things to do organized by a major theme:

- I. Fashion & Beauty**
- II. Gender Lifestyles**
- III. Health & Legal**
- IV. Personal Development**
- V. Crossdressing Issues**
- VI. Speech & Voice**
- VII. Events & Activities**

YOU CREATE YOUR FAIR!

The **FASHION & BEAUTY TRACK** is organized so that the Participant (or Partner) can complete the basics of Charm School during the Fair. The Fashion & Beauty Workshop is included in the basic package as are key seminars (Modeling Techniques, Fashion Photography) and the separate weekend workshops: Beauty Fair and Fashion Fair. The currently planned options include: Color Analysis, Your Ideal Silhouette, Accessorizing, Capsule Wardrobe Planning, Flash Dressing, Scarf Tying, and many more!



Cozzi Associates Color Analysis

Most crossdressers are interested in the **GENDER LIFESTYLE TRACK** which is basically prepaid as a part of the Fair. It consists of several planned luncheon seminars: (There may be a \$3/Seminar registration fee to limit size, but meal is included.)

Women At Work
Womancraft
M-F Transsexual
F-M Transsexual
Transgender
Lesbianism
FI On Stage



The **HEALTH & LEGAL TRACK** has four basic seminars which are included in the Fair package:

Electrolysis
Female Health
TS Surgery
Legal Aspects of CD

As an Option we are currently negotiating for a unique workshop consisting of a physical for those crossdressers who may avoid one for modesty reasons or require a progress report.



I suppose we might call it the **PERSONAL & SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT TRACK** in that it deals with your individual/social needs in an On The Town Luncheon Seminar (included in your basic package) & Special Guest Seminar (an Option) and a special workshop planned for each week-end on Close Encounters: Sexual & Self that is included in the package.

We are also planning Optional workshops.



The **CROSSDRESSING ISSUES TRACK** is basically the focus of two major events during Fair week (which are in your basic package), The Town & Gown Program (where a mixed panel of P'towners and CD's sit down after a prepared meal to talk about their thing) and the Outreach Banquet.

We also have planned a seminar (prepaid) on the Professional Views of Crossdressing.



Sociologists and other professionals interested in Cultural matters are just beginning to discover that men and women speak with different voices and there actually exists in English (as in most languages) a complex gender based difference in the way the two talk to each other and within their own gender group. Although a part of the Speech & **VOICE TRACK** is included in other tracks, the key training in this area are the Options taught by a professional therapist.



All of the **Major & Minor Events** are included in the basic Fair package (cash bar) as a part of this track. These include:

Welcome Party
Pool Party
Ladies Night
Town & Gown
Fashion Show
Fan/Fair Follies
Fantasy Ball
Awards Banquet

Whale Watch & Kite Fly are Options.



Pre-Registration Before September 15th

Fantasia Fair begins with your planning your Fair. *If you register prior to September 15th* you will receive the *Participants Guide*, a "school catalogue" of about 100 pages. The *Guide* tells you all that you can possibly need to know about the Fair, including an event by event description with photographs of the 60 people, who give freely of their valuable Fair time as event coordinators, seminar leaders, house hostesses, and staff, so that you may have a great Fair. You will receive your room assignment, so that when you arrive in Provincetown you can go there, meet your house hostess & friendly Inn staff, and settle in your room. With the *Guide* you will find a *Pre-Registration Application* that you can plan YOUR Fair by:

- Marking down the various luncheon seminars, workshops, and activities that you are interested in from both the Basic Package (pre-paid) and Options Package (with prices for each);
- Volunteering to help out in various events in the spirit of the Fair;
- Providing a brief *en femme* "resume" (boyself is back in machismo land) to be included in the *Directory* that you receive at the Fair to carry in your handbag as a guide to the day by day schedule, your sisters, and P'town supporters of the Fair.

By completing the *Pre-Fair Application* and mailing it in with your payment before October 1st, we can simply give you your completed registration package at the door, to save you time from standing in line. FOR MORE FAIR DETAILS ON EVENTS AND COSTS WE HAVE INCLUDED A BROCHURE WITH THIS ISSUE OF *OUR SORORITY*.



Sheila Kirk, Registrar

FANTASIA FAIR 1989 PROGRAMMING

This is a tentative outline of the Fair's Program.
But it does not include all workshops & seminars in planning.
(\$) Indicates fee required.

Oct. 13 Friday

Registration
Welcome Open House Party

Oct. 14 Saturday

Orientation Seminar
Partners Seminar
Going Public Seminar
Beauty Fair
Close Encounters Workshop
Couples Workshop (\$)
Speech I (\$)

Ladies Night Banquet
House Parties

Oct. 15 Sunday

Church
Brunch
Couples Workshop (\$)
Speech I (\$)
Pool Party

Oct. 16 Monday

Partners Coffee Call
Fashion & Beauty Course
Advanced Speech (\$)
Personal Development (\$)
Whale Watch (\$)
Speech I (\$)
Town & Gown Supper

Oct. 17 Tuesday

Partners Coffee Call
Fashion & Beauty Course
Advanced Speech (\$)
Couples Workshop (\$)
Seminar: Transsexualism
Seminar: Electrolysis
Seminar: Fashion Modeling
Personal Development (\$)
Fashion Show

Oct. 22 Sunday

Breakfast
Church

Oct. 18 Wednesday

Partners Coffee Call
Fashion & Beauty Course
Advanced Speech (\$)
Seminar: Fashion Photo
Seminar: On Stage, Live!
Seminar: Lesbianism
Outreach Banquet
House Parties

Oct. 19 Thursday

Partners Coffee Call
Fashion & Beauty Course
Advanced Speech (\$)
Seminar: Women At Work
Seminar: Transgender
Seminar: Prof. & CD's
Fan/Fair Follies
Apres Follies Party

Oct. 20 Friday

Partners Coffee Call
Fashion & Beauty Course
Advanced Speech (\$)
Seminar: Female Health
Seminar: F to M TS
Seminar: Legal
Orientation: En Femme Wk
Fantasy Ball & Video Party

Oct. 21 Saturday

Partners Coffee Call
Fashion & Beauty Course
Seminar: Others See Us (\$)
Seminar: TS Surgery
Seminar: Womancraft
Fashion Fair
Close Encounters Work.
Awards Banquet
House Parties

Welcome Friday, October 13th.



ARRIVAL



WAITING TO HELP YOU!



FRIDAY NIGHT COME AS YOU ARE WELCOME OPEN HOUSE

To Become Ladies Saturday, October 14th.



ORIENTATION



Sgt. Sousa To protect and Serve YOU.



Laura tells it like it is.

ON THE TOWN SEMINAR



Carmen learns about blusher.

BEAUTY FAIR



LADIES NIGHT



LADIES NIGHT

Out And About Sunday, October 15th.



BRUNCH



CHURCH



WORKSHOP

IMAGINE YOUR PHOTO
HERE IN THE 1989 ALBUM
WEARING THAT PRETTY
SWIM SUIT!

POOL PARTY

Onwards To Town & Gown Monday, October 16th.



Fashion beauty ladies (Daily)



Bud speaks with his hands (Daily)



Who's Watching Whales?



Practice Makes Perfect



Town & Gown Supper



Town & Gown Program

Being In Fashion Tuesday, October 17th.



Dr Sheila talks about surgery



Three Little Girls About The Town



"\$395 in the Rose Room."



"Who whistled?"



The gown is pretty too.



A bouquet.

Outreach To Others Wednesday, October 18th.



Robin explains it well.



A Rose Among The Thorns



A Fashion Consultation



Outreach Banquet



Ariadne Kane tell all about it.



Hargood House Parties

On Stage Thursday, October 19th.



Women should be a model. "P'town a walk through history."



FAN/FAIR FOLLIES



Fantasies Friday, October 20th



Ariadne explains the choices.



Orientation Again.....



Kite Fly & Picnic



The Girls Night Out On The Town



Fantasy Ball



Fantasy Ball

Recognition Saturday, October 21st



Nan teaches a survival lesson.



Fashion Fair



Awards Banquet



"They look prettier every year."



Awards Banquet



Ms Naomi Owen Outreach Award

Recognition Saturday, October 21st



Ms Fantasia Fair Penny North Ms Cinderella Megan Hathorn



Ms Femininity Tamarac Dela Rosa Ms Best Dressed Sheila Kirk



Ms Congeniality Gerry Lee Ms Helpful Cheryl Thompson



An Experience To Remember Sunday, October 22nd



Two ladies out for Brunch



and then Church



"Look what she is wearing!"



(I think I used that line myself!)



"So she comes in announcing that it feels heavenly to wear them...."



"What did I say to her to wind up here?"



Shared Memories of Our Past Experiences

ALBUM I: FANTASIA FAIR 1978 (\$5)

35 Page small booklet size

ALBUM II: FANTASIA FAIR 1978 (\$10)

This 40-page Album is an attractive presentation in graphics and photos of the many activities and events that a typical Fairgoer experiences. A great introduction to what the Fair is all about. An experience to remember.

ALBUM III: FANTASIA FAIR 1980 (\$10)

This 32-page edition is full of photos highlighting the workshops and activities of that year's Fair. Fine text and visual portraits that help you get to know some of the Fair leaders. Details on the Awards and spotlight on two Fairgoers.

ALBUM IV: FANTASIA FAIR 1981 (\$10)

This 38-page Album captures much of the spontaneity of that year's Fair. It has more photos of all the activities and the text amply explains the workshops and educational aspects of the Fair. Many photos have amusing captions. A real fun-time Album.

ALBUM V: FANTASIA FAIR 1981 (\$10)

This 32-page edition of the Album is loaded with photos, many captioned. It really communicates what the Fair is all about. The People. All events and activities are covered, with special sections on the Whale Watch, Kite Flying, Aerobics, The Follies. Catches the spirit and community of Fan/Fair.

ALBUM VI: FANTASIA FAIR 1983 (\$10)

Recapture the spirit of Fantasia Fair '83. Relive the excitement of the Follies and the Fashion Show. Does fanny fair show up for the Whale Watch? All of the events and fun are presented in 32 pages of great photos with witty captions.

ALBUM VII: FANTASIA FAIR 1984 (\$10)

This Album commemorates 10 years of Fantasia Fair. It reflects both individual growth as a result of participation in the program. The Fan/Fair Follies and the Fashion Show illustrate the level of sophistication and fun, people had with these events. These and much more of the Fan/Fair'84 program are presented in a 38 page book of great photos and descriptions.

(Clip along this line)

Complete Set \$50 plus \$3.50 for Postage. COMPLETE SET ALBUM I
 Yes, please send the following ALBUM SET
 ALBUM II ALBUM III ALBUM IV ALBUM V ALBUM VI ALBUM VII

Zip _____

Please make checks payable to Outreach Institute and mail to Outreach Institute, Box 368 Kenmore Station, Boston, MA 02215

THE PRIZE

by

Elizabeth Ann Nelson

Gail Jean Perry glanced through his sister's fashion magazine quite out of curiosity finding it under his bed where she had left it after her weekend visit with her older brother in the big city. Of course she had been there to spy for their parents, who were not happy over the fact that he had left home to become an artist. He was eighteen, even if he didn't look it, and in the State of New York that was old enough to leave home if you wanted to.

It hadn't been easy, in fact he had to take a job as a waiter in order to survive. The manager raised quite a fuss when he found that his wife had hired a 'high-school kid', but he was surprised to learn that Gail was a hard worker and of age. So he kept him on, although he did object to the long hair that reached to Gail's shoulders and the scraggly beard that Gail tried to grow with little success. The beard was only a few wispy hairs. In fact, it wasn't even a red beard like his long flowing tresses, but a dark brown.

Since the beard hairs were so few the manager's wife produced a pair of tweezers one night and laughingly plucked each of them out as he stood helplessly before her with an arm load of dishes that left him no choice but to submit to her taunt. It was probably just as well since he had planned to shave anyway, and she was so sorry to have teased him so that she gave him a raise on the condition that she be forgiven and he not raise another beard.

Gail thumbed through the magazine noting that it had the usual articles about teen beauty care, short love stories, advice on teen problems, and fashion news.

He was about to set it aside when the double center spread fell open in his hands to reveal a swirl of op-art color that caught his eyes as a young artist. In interlocking letters and flaming colors *Sweet Teen Magazine* announced its Sweet Teen Couturiere Contest. 'Be a high fashion couturiere and design the dream teen wardrobe suitable for an entire season' the contest ad proclaimed; noting that the contest was co-sponsored by Beauteen, the medi-

cated cosmetics for teen complexions and problems. It then listed the fantastic prizes ranging from one hundred thousand dollars in cash to hair dryers and such. The details about the prizes were listed on another page according to the ad.

The entry blank only required name, age, and address with an attached photo of the contestant and of course the complete fashion designs. He noted that the age limit was sixteen and it said girl's name, but he guessed that he wouldn't win any important prizes.

Purely on whim he wanted to see if he could draw a complete wardrobe. Turning to the page that listed the suggested wardrobe ideas he took out his sketch book. Using ideas from the magazine itself, he quickly designed everything from panties to party gowns.

He then reviewed his sketches and thought that it might not be a bad idea to go to the library to examine what it might have to say on fashion design. So sketch book in hand he went to the library to gain a wealth of information about fashions, design, and teen trends in style and wardrobes. Thumbing through the fashion magazine and his sketches he decided that he would redesign his collection around medieval page boy styles, adding plenty of lace and ruffles, for daytime wear and the fairy tale medieval princess for evening wear.

Completing his collection he went to the drug store to buy a tube of teen slick style lipstick and a mailing envelope. Going home he brushed his hair so that it had the straight look and applied the lipstick before taking a color polaroid shot. Having a simple head and shoulders shot he mailed the whole works.

When he had all but forgotten his little whim he returned from work late one night to pick up his newspaper at the door along with some mail. With a shrug he tossed his mail on the desk considering it to be his usual month of unpaid bills. Kicking off his shoes he leaned back on his bed and spread out the paper to all but die in shock.

NYC MISS WINS SWEET TEEN COUTURIERE PRIZE OF \$100,000.

And there was his picture!

Frantically he read the article to discover that the paper did not have all the details because it was a late breaking item, but a late breaking news leak had revealed the picture and the fact that

the lucky teenager was from the city. The news item announced that the magazine would arrange interviews with the young Miss Gail Jean Perry as soon as she had been contacted and brought to the magazine offices to verify that she was in fact the author of the wonderful collection.

"Now, that might be a good trick," Gail swore aloud fumbling through his mail to find a telegram from *Sweet Teen Magazine*. It apologized for the news release, noted that it was true that 'she' had won, and urged her to contact Mrs Sarah Kline, Contest Editor, giving a phone number.

"One hundred thousand dollars, and I can't touch it," he said in sad disbelief only to be interrupted by a knock on his door.

Without thinking, he went to the door to open it revealing a matronly woman in her fifties dressed in a beautiful golden tweed suit that highlighted her honey colored hair.

"Oh, no," she exclaimed in stunned shock looking at him and the chaos of his artist diggings, "I must be in a nightmare, you can't be Gail Jean Perry!"

"Unfortunately yes," Gail replied ushering her inside. "Who are you?"

"I'm Sarah Kline," she noted a bit unhappily, "I think I'm about to be the ex-contest editor of *Sweet Teen*. You aren't a girl, are you?"

"No, and I can say now that I wish I hadn't even been born a boy," he sighed only to jump about ten feet when another gentle knock sounded on the door.

"Oh, heavens it might be a newspaper man," she protested in panic. "It would be wise not to answer."

"Are you there Mrs Kline," a woman's voice asked plaintively. "It's Nora."

"My boss," she cried in sheer terror trying to think if she should hide as he shrugged and opened the door.

The tall black haired woman dressed in black wool took one look at him and smiled.

"You must be Gail Jean Perry," she began and then her lips froze in doubt and then dismay. "You're a boy. My God a boy!"

She closed the door with her face drawn pale.

"If this gets out, we're ruined. Utterly ruined. What ever possessed you to enter a contest for girls."

"Whimsy," Gail replied beginning to enjoy the fact that he was rocking the establishment somewhere at least.

Perching on his bed he looked at the two women.

"What about this equal rights jazz. What's wrong with a boy entering your contest. If I had been a girl that entered an all male contest your magazine would be manning the barricades."

The two women stared in surprise shock at each other and then at him.

"Now, Mr. Perry, may I call you Gail," Mrs Kline murmured, "it wasn't right for you to enter our contest, and you..."

"Won," he concluded, knowing that they were sunk, "I demand the works. I may have cheated a bit..."

"A bit!" the editor exploded..

"A bit," he repeated, "But, you can't back down with the publicity out already. So I know that I am entitled to that 100 Gs. And, I demand the whole works, everything I won, is that clear."

"But, Gail that would be..." Mrs Kline began only to turn to appeal to her superior. "You tell him, Mrs Terral, please."

"I am curious," Nora Terral suddenly asked quite thoughtfully, "Have you read what the first prize is?"

"A hundred thousand dollars," he replied counting the money mentally.

"I mean..." she began to argue only to suddenly smiled. "And you refuse to reconsider a lesser prize, one with less publicity?"

"I won the first prize," he replied wondering why she seemed suddenly so amused.

"You're not going to cheat me, I won. You know that."

"Here are some of his sketches," Mrs Kline stated holding up the sketch book for her superior. "What on earth can we do?"

Mrs Terral glanced around the apartment saying, "I would suggest that we move him into more suitable quarters for a grand prize winner."

"You can't be serious," Mrs Kline protested, "A boy, why we would...."

"First need to help our winner pack," Mrs Terral stated firmly, "I see no reason why he shouldn't have the whole prize."

"The whole...prize.. Why maybe you are right," Mrs Kline answered to study Gail's features before she stepped back to appraise the total image of the shaggy looking youth. "Maybe you are right..."

"Of course," Mrs Terral concluded looking about his room to find a suitcase which she discovered sitting inside a closet. "Now we'll help you pack and move into the Royal Arms."

"But," he wondered looking for a trick.

"But, the hotel suite is a part of the grand prize," Mrs Terral noted pulling the suitcase from his closet.

"And we must hurry before any reporters come. There are all sorts of papers to sign for your prize money and such."

"Is the apartment in your name?" Mrs Kline inquired taking a note pad from her purse.

"No, my room mate left his lease to me when he went to join the army. I just pay the bills."

"And you work?"

"As a waiter," he replied deciding that a hotel suite beat his old pad all to pieces. Why with a hundred thousand smackers he could buy a real pad.

"Where," Mrs Kline asked writing the information into the notebook.

As Mrs Terral finished packing his meager belongings and he folded up his easel and paint kit Mrs Kline fired questions about his family, job, life history, and every little detail he could possibly imagine.

As Mrs Kline concluded her interview Mrs Terral went to the hall phone and before they left for the hotel two more women arrived

to take his key and retreat upstairs as a man looking very much like a muscle man in a grade C movie followed the women helping with some cleaning materials.

"What in the world are they going to do?" Gail asked in wonderment as he followed Mrs Terral and Mrs Kline to a car.

"Clean up your old apartment," Mrs Kline observed waving him into the front seat of her car as Mrs Terral went to her own car down the street, with all his worldly goods.

Before long Mrs Kline drew up to a side entrance of the hotel and met another woman, who gave her a key and led the way to a service elevator.

"Why the back way?" Gail demanded suspiciously.

"Reporters," she explained impatiently as the elevator stopped and she took the lead down the carpeted hallway to open a door that revealed a living room like the ones he had only seen in movies.

"Your palatial suite, Gail, fit for a princess as promised in our contest rules."

The other woman giggled and removed her coat revealing her maid's uniform of black nylon taffeta with a dainty white lace apron that matched the collar and cuffs..

"Nancy, are the drinks ready," Mrs Kline asked causing the girl to suppress her giggle and retreat to the bar, only to answer the door to reveal Mrs Terral.

"Will you take these things to Gail's bedroom, Nancy," Mrs Terral added as she entered handing her burden to Nancy and pointing at a closed door. "Mrs kline will sleep next door."

"Why? Isn't the suite mine?" Gail demanded watching Nancy's return to mix the drinks at the bar.

"Well, the contest rules assumed that you would be a teen aged girl and that your parents would be with you as our guest," Mrs Kline responded taking her note book from her handbag. "I could contact your parents. But, until then the rules specify that our magazine would provide a suitable chaperone."

"I'm of age, and I don't want my parents involved in this."

"Ah, thank you, I needed this," Mrs Terral sighed in relief accepting the cocktail as Nancy paused to offer a tall cocktail to Gail. "I have already discussed the matter with your mother and father, who agree that you do deserve the prize. Your sister is absolutely delighted. At least she is a subscriber."

"You should drink it slowly," Nancy suggested with an amused wink causing him to wonder what she thought was so damned funny. And the idea about his family being contacted without his permission.. "It is pretty strong, Gail dear, made from different kinds of rum like a Planter's Punch."

"I've drank before," he replied a bit abruptly while taking the drink into his hands to sip of the sweet liqueur. It didn't seem very strong, only sweet.

A knock sounded on the door and Nancy hastened to answer admitting a woman carrying a brief case, who went straight to the bar hardly noticing Gail until she turned after making herself a whiskey sour.

"And you are our little contest winner."

"Who are you," Gail asked half guessing the truth.

"I am the magazine's attorney," she replied opening the brief case.

"If you are here to argue me out of my prize, you have wasted your time," Gail observed taking another sip from his drink.

"Why should I do that," she inquired laughingly with a shrug placing the papers in front of him. "Just read these and sign and you will be the grand prize winner, all legal and fair."

She handed him a pen.

Gail read the first page which dealt with the contest rules and he noted that where it read 'she' the pronoun 'he' had been inserted declaring him to be the grand prize winner. The other papers seem to deal with like matters and frankly he was convinced that they had decided to give him the prize. Besides, he had already had a full day at work and he was becoming quite tired, no doubt from the stress of winning. So he signed each paper as she indicated where and soon she smiled and offered her hand in a shake.

"You are a hundred thousand dollars richer, congratulations. I have arranged the funds to be placed in a trust fund according to these papers so that you will not lose so much to tax loss," she explained passing the papers to the other two women to witness as she sipped her drink in satisfaction that the legal formalities were completed. "And you agree to abide by the rules of the contest itself, is that correct?"

"Of course," he shrugged feeling much sleepier. "I think I should go to bed, if you don't mind."

"Of course, dear, it must have been a day of surprises for you," Mrs Terral stated as her lawyer placed the papers away. "Nancy, will you prepare Gail's bed for him."

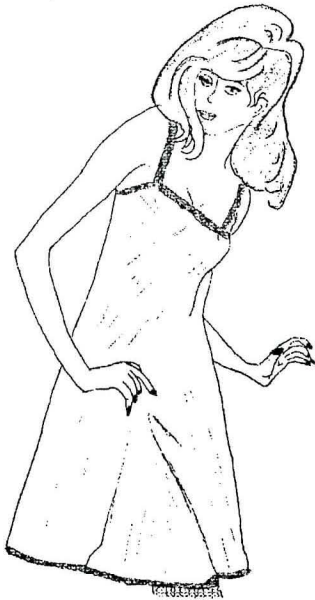
"I can manage," he murmured walking a bit shakily to the bedroom and undressing himself before half falling into bed and a deep sleep.

Gail spun in a strange surrealistic dream, where he seemed half awake like a zombie moving through a world of pinks and brilliant lights spinning around and around, as voices drifted in and out of his mind.

He saw himself stark naked on a large table like in an operating room, where a woman covered his whole body with thick white cream and gave him a massage until the warm cream flowed away in a steam cabinet where he sat swaddled in pink towels. Then the dream seemed to repeat itself only to fade in ice cold splashes of pink water as strong fingers worked his soft skin.

The whole world exploded into a spiral of colors. Another woman, dressed in white, smiled down at him and began to do something between his legs that caused a numbing dullness spread through his loins and into his chest. He fell deeper into sleep to hear soft music and the sound of wind in his ears while his head seemed encased in a great dome that flushed winds of hot air around him.

Slowly Gail awoke to see that he was safe in his hotel bedroom. His whole body was so relaxed and comfortable he could hardly believe it. He sat up in the pink satin sheets and stretched only to scream in surprise! For, as he stretched, he looked down to see that he was dressed in a pink satin night gown and he had breasts! He was a woman!!



"What is the matter, child," Mrs Terral asked entering the room to draw open the blinds revealing to him the towers of the city in daylight as he cringed in fear in bed trying to cover the shame of his awful discovery and seeing that his fingers nails were long and delicate pink, as they clutched the satin sheets.

"Wh. .. at have y.y. you, ddone tooo meee," Gail stuttered in pleading tones hearing a sweet soft high piping voice quiver over the trembling words!

"Why darling," she laughed, "You were the one who insisted on the whole prize. I must say you made a simple wonderful choice."

She opened the bed room door, "I think Gail is ready to dress, Nancy, she is up and wide awake. Yes, indeed, wide awake."

"She," Gail whispered fearing the feminine voice that was his own. "I'm a woman, you made me into a woman!"

"Hardly a woman, darling," Mrs Terral noted with a shake of her head as her maid entered to busy herself at a nearby dresser taking from the drawers clothes that caused poor Gail to shiver even more than from the cool satin.

"A part of your prize was free cosmetic surgery to correct any minor vanity. All girls have a problem like a nose, or tiny breasts, or such. You just lacked any real maturity, which isn't really unusual for a sixteen year old.

"You do understand that sixteen was the age limit for our contest? But, that has all been taken care of legally, when you signed those papers a few days ago, and I guess your sister now has a sort of twin sister."

Gail's disbelief began to be tinged with terror as it began to dawn on him how completely they had tricked him. "Twin sister?"

"Oh, yes, dearest, and she is absolutely delighted," Mrs Terral continued with an amused laugh, "And, as we promised our contest entries, the winner would be given the finest beauty care possible to make them beautiful young ladies. Our co-sponsors are the one to thank for that, my dearest."

She picked up a large hand mirror and held it before Gail, who looked at the beautiful red haired girl with the delicate smile despite the fear in her eyes.

"Now, let me help you from bed, child. You have a busy day of picture taking," she offered taking the satin sheets from his trembling fingers revealing the short satin night gown that revealed to him what he dreaded to see as she allowed her amused fingers to pull the skirt discreetly to his dainty knees.

"You will find it easier if you get up, now. You are among women, dearest."

"What have you done," Gail half begged placing trembling fingers on the smooth curve of satin between the legs.

"Nothing that can not be changed back to normal in a year, or so, if you wish" she replied with a shrug helping Gail to stand while Nancy removed the nightgown from his all too female trembling form before handing Gail a pale green panty girdle to cover the soft nakedness, and then a matching green bra contain the full bounty of breasts that would have pleased any teenaged girl.

The nylons were dark green mesh and the shoes were lime Queen Anne pumps. The slip was soft nylon silk rich with lace and matching the foundation garments in color. The dress itself was a float dress of lime green pleated silk from bodice to hem with puff sleeves and a dark satin green ribbon at an empire waist.

Gail looked at the dress trying to think and then it dawned, it was one of the dresses Gail had designed for the contest!

"It's my dress," Gail managed to say causing Mrs Terral to laugh.

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

"Why of course, dear. You will have a complete copy of your wardrobe as a prize. In fact, throughout the year you will model from your collection at our Paris co-sponsoring fashion house, and each month you will appear in our magazine wearing some of your wonderful new clothes and underthings for one of our advertisers or several of them," Mrs Kline announced as she entered the room. "You do speak French, my dear?"

"No, ma'am," he managed.

"Ah, you most certainly will," Mrs Terral laughing observed adding, "And because of your unique talents as a sixteen year old artistic genius *Sweet Teen Magazine* in cooperation with Acme Global Fashion Fabrics have enrolled you in the Fashion Arts Course at the very exclusive Miss Beaumont Finishing School for The Fine Arts in Paris. We hear that it is a very strict school for young ladies in need of a proper moral upbringing. Your father and mother were quite satisfied with our selection for your school."

"I don't want..."

"Ah, you should have read the contest rules and what you sign," Mrs Kline stated firmly seeing him waiver in uncertainty over their plans for his future. "For you see that is part of your prize also. As is your nation wide tour at the end of the year, TV show on fashion for teens, and a scholarship to study high fashion in the college of your choice."

"It is really a prize to delight the heart of any young miss, don't you agree, Miss Perry?" Mrs Terral asked seeing the submissive surrender in his feminine eyes, a perfectly beautiful contest winner that just needed a little training to smooth off the rough edges. But all the girls were like that until her staff gave them a little polish...

Gail brushed the silken dress with delicate fingers secretly thrilling at the sensual feeling of the fabric remembering how he envied girls and their lovely things and he smiled at the pretty girl in the bedroom mirror knowing that they had really won and he would soon become that girl in the mirror.

Maybe she would do better than a cold water flat and a few paint brushes?

"Yes, it is a wonderful prize....a wonderful prize," Miss Perry agreed...

Reluctant Press Announces

New Books by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

GO-GO DANCER



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!

CAPTIVE PLAYMATES

Pat was a little man with a great fortune and a two timing wife, who he believed planned to murder him. He sought to escape his fate 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.



CAPTIVE PLAYMATES

IT'S IN THE BAG



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.

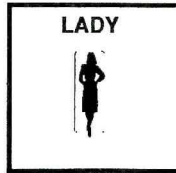
Mrs Sarah Dexter was not exactly pleased when she learned that her son had intended to bring his male bride home to live with him. But she decided that it was up to her to teach THE FAIRY BRIDE the proper place of a bride.....

Now our hero was certain that a woman did not have A CERTAIN IMAGE to be a top executive. But, his competitor had a different image in mind for him.

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So let us join our three little men Angelo, Carol and Joyce; who each learn to be The Lady Of The House.

124 Pages



Plight

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COLLECTORS' ITEMS--A VERY LIMITED STOCK OF BACK ISSUES OF THE ORIGINAL TRANVESTIA MAGAZINE. by Virginia Prince

TRANVESTIA was the first magazine for cross dressers ever published and if I may say so was the best. These earlier issues, apart from being collectors' items by this time, were a goldmine of information, histories, true experiences and letters that helped many a TV to find himself and know that he was not alone. That kind of material does not get out of date. It remains as helpful and as interesting today as when it was first published.

I still have a stock of about 25 issues between #67 and #100. I need both the space they take up and the money they tie up so I have made a special offer to do both you and myself a favor. The currently available publications on cross dressing are only published quarterly or less frequently. These back issues will provide you something of interest and value to fill in those gaps when nothing else is forthcoming. Besides you can save considerable money.

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July 11, 1989 OVERCOMING THE COST OF ATTENDANCE or WHAT'S IT WORTH? ... Cheryl Thompson

JoAnn Roberts recent article in the May issue of the Renaissance News entitled "Economic discrimination, real or imagined?" was of real interest to me since I personally traveled to five events between June 1988 and June 1989 (Detroit Be All '88, 14th Fantasia Fair, 1st Texas T, IFGE Coming Together '89, and Chicago Be All '89). I was personally motivated to attend and thoroughly enjoyed the travel, activities, and the people. Did it cost me? Sure it did! The costs were both real and hidden. Was it worth it? Absolutely! The value of the benefits derived were worth the costs. And that's the point I hope to make here. Cost alone should not be the only factor discussed, or considered, in deciding to attend or not attend an event, any event. Surely this is not a revolutionary idea. We consider worth, or value, every time we make a purchase.

Each year event sponsors attempt to keep costs low and worth high. As prospective participants I believe it paramount that we review the event offerings and weigh the worth of the event at least equally with cost in deciding for or against attendance.

I have included a matrix of costs similar to the one JoAnn Roberts provided in her article. The matrix shows the event weekends to be cost competitive. Each event has it's own uniqueness, so determine an events worth to you and if it cancels or outweighs the cost, attend. If you plan ahead you can surely decrease the registration and transportation cost. Sharing a room saves even more. I hope you will attend one or more of the coming events and I hope to see you there.

Weekend (ONLY) Cost Comparison (Fri-Sat-Sun)

	1st Texas T San Antonio 1988	(Projected) 2nd Texas T 1989	14th Fantasia Fair Provincetown 1988	15th Fantasia Fair Provincetown 1989	Be All Detroit 1988	Be All Chicago 1989	3rd IFGE Coming Together S. Fran 1989	(Projected) 4th IFGE Coming Together Boston 1989
Registration	75	75	230	250	260	130	175	185
Single Room with Tax	88	88	Incl	Incl	Incl	139	137	168
Meals	30	30	Incl	Incl	Incl	Incl	30	30
Basic Total	193	193	230	250	260	269	342	383
Optional Expenses (Person Specific)								
Optional Events	15	25	1st Wknd 0 2nd Wknd 25	1st Wknd 0 2nd Wknd 50	Incl	Incl	55	55
Airfare w/Parking & Tips	296	296	380	400	205	225	395	400
Mad Money	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Gross Cost	529	539	635	675	490	519	817	863
Gross Cost w/o options	514	514	660	725	490	519	762	808

Notes:

1. Weekend only Registration- Maximum Rate.
2. Two Nights, single occupancy, inn/Hotel/Motel.
3. Actual costs except where estimated or projected.
4. Conservative estimate, especially if you a shopper.

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

Natick, Ma.
March 20-26, 1990
Write: IFGE, POB 367
Wayland, Ma., 01778
(617) 894-8340

The Original Spring 1989 Pocono Fantasy Festival

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

A Fantastic Adventure

Houston, Texas
May, 1990
Write: GC Chapter
% J. Thorne
POB 441754
Houston, TX., 77244

Tiffany's Spring Fling

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

Be All You Want To Be Weekend

Pittsburg, Pa.
Early June 1990
Write: Transpitt
Box 3214
Pittsburg, Pa. 15230

Femme Fling

Lake Tahoe, Nev.
August 7-21, 1989
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
P.O. Box 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

TranSupport
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
No. 7R
c/o Fem Fashions
9 West 31 Street
New York, NY 10001

The Gathering
P.O. Box 29
New York, NY 10021

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

Metamorphosis
Box 6245
Broadway Station
Long Island, NY 11106

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

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

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

GROUPS

- Academy Awards of DC
5104 South 11th Street
Arlington, VA 22204
- Delta Chi Ed. Assoc
Box 11254
Lincolnia Station
Alexandria, VA 22312
- Phoenix
c/o J. Britton
54 Fulton Street
Ashtville, 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
11 Westchester Dr.
Kissimmee, FL 32743
- Serenity
c/o Nikki Storm
Box 307
Hollywood, FL 33022
- TVN
P.O. Box 100279
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33310
- 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
- IXE
POB 20710
Indianapolis, IN 46220
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Royal Oak, MI
48068-1245
- N.G.D.O
P.O. Box 02732
Detroit, MI 48202
- 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
- C.A.F
#1
15402 Bellaire
Grandview, MO 64030
- Club Gemini
418 Linn Street
Leavenworth, KS 66048
- C.A.F
Box 4092
Overland Park, KS 66204
- River City
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MANY LITTLE KINDNESS

By Betty Ann Lind



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

"Oh, she is cute," Sarah exclaimed with excited interest as she took the liberty of examining my navy blue wool knit toddler styled sailor dress, while the other girls crowded about to giggle in delight, as she lifted my skirts to reveal the plump blue knit and rumba ruffled white lace trimmed panties!

"Oh, Lindy, it's beautiful," Joanie added to my chagrin by laughingly brushing up the rumba ruffles with one hand as the other took me into tow to lead me into their play area causing me to realize that the two women (my babysitter, Mary Rose, and my dearest friend, Agnes) were laughing among themselves from their vantage point at the switch board, where each woman from Mrs Costello's house would take turns to observe me playing at being a little girl.

"I think she should have a new name if she is going to play with us," Angela suggested picking up her ever present dolly when she sat upon the rug to be joined in the play circle by the other girls, except Janie, with Joanie having me to sit by Angela's side causing a renewed burst of teasing laughter as Joanie quickly pulled my skirts to cover my knees.

"Little ladies don't show their panties! If you are going to be..."

"Who said she was going to play with us," Janie complained looking down at the circle causing my heart to pump in the fear that I would not be able to play with them after all I had gone through!

"You did," Alice argued picking up her own doll angrily, "You said she would have to wear a dress to play with us. And she has a dress on."

"If she is going to play with us, I get to name her," Janie demanded in a pique taking her place in the circle to take the package Agnes had given to me from my hand to reassert her control over the group as she asked sarcastically, "Is this your baby dolly?" She laughed, "I vote we call her Betsy Wetsie."

"Oh, that is awful," Joanie protested watching Janie open the package to reveal a stack of coloring books and something I had always wanted, a thirty two color crayon box. "Lindy, all those colors!" She paused, "That's it, we will call her Linda Lind. Linda is a girl's name for Lindy."

"I think she should be called Betty, like Betty in the doll book," Sarah offered.

"And Betty Bo!"

"Boop Boop Tee Do," the girls laughed. "Yes, Betty!"

"And?"

"Yes, Ann would be a good middle name," Janie agreed to complete my name in satisfaction as the others nodded to keep the peace. "You are Betty Ann, baby dolly, for ever and ever."

"I think that is a great name," I sighed preferring it over Linda Lind; or, God forbid, Betsy Wetsie, as I looked at the wetty doll in Joanie's arms.

Soon the new pile of coloring books was scattered among my companions and the crayons were dumped into a large ash tray from a nearby coffee table by Mary Rose, who had no desire for the girls to mark up the rug.

"Now, girls, don't mess up our rug," Mary Rose warned glancing at me with amused satisfaction that I had been accepted, which meant that I would be playing there in the apartment lobby and not running all over the neighborhood. This would make her life ever so much easier. "And don't forget to go to the girls' bathroom, Betty Ann."

A giggling spread among the girls, but fortunately they were quickly caught up in the coloring books as they stretched out on their tummies to focus on their work leaving me to join them.

As an only child who had spent considerable time among adults I was focused upon the direct interchange of ideas. Generally when I spoke to myself it was with that little voice in my

head, not aloud. When I played alone in my own egocentric world I focused upon that silent little voice. That little voice inside was me and my eyes and ears and other senses provided me observations of the outside world, real or unreal. And I enjoyed watching, for everything is so very interesting. One watched more among adults. Adults did not like prattle, nor was I particularly fond of it myself.

Boys played games where the physical action required verbal communication and interaction that moved with the flow of the game that ever expanded as new boys entered the game. The games focused upon the outer world, "cops & robbers", "cowboys & indians", "soldiers", "explorers", and so forth with less reliance upon "hide-an-go-seak" and other kids games reserved for adult supervision. Sandlot (read street in Chicago) sports came later. Leadership flowed between the older boys based upon their ability to dominate the plot of the game, and from time to time they deferred to me, despite my age or size; because I had seen more movies, they wanted a way out of their shouting match, or for a certain special reason I never understood...

For these reasons I was a bit at a loss when I discovered that the girls appeared to be focused into egocentric play or smaller sub groups (usually two or three). They talked at me, as they did with their paper or real dolls rather than to or with me. At first I thought I was being subjected to a form of teasing wherein they were deliberately speaking this way at me as if I were not a real person, but a dolly; much like when adults talk about a child in the room as if she wasn't there. But, this was not the case.

They used more words, and more complex sentences than the boys did. "But, actual interchange of ideas was very limited because of a kind of egocentric approach; wherein, the girl was playing "mommy" in a make-believe game of real daily family life. Few others accepted "lesser" roles in a mommy's" family, and this no doubt, explained the break-up of the group into several smaller groups. Because being "mommy" meant you were in charge.

I went with the flow, to play at being a member of the "family", parts reserved for dollies, younger girls, or the hapless toddler boy left in their care. Having your own doll was an important prerequisite to becoming a "mommy". Having my own dolly became VERY important if I was ever to escape the humiliation of being constantly treated as a toddler dolly bossed about by her "mommy".

I quickly learned that the mothers of little girls were far less permissive than my own mother, who was away most of the time, or Mary Rose, who was drunk a good deal of the time.

In fact, if their demands of their dollies and subordinate playmates were any indication of reality, they lived under pure tyranny! And their play was a kind of co-opting, where they tried to assimilate adult controls to understand them. While boys played imaginary games involving the world "outside" (to paraphrase Ibsen), the girls were programming themselves for reality. To become adults with children of their own like "mommy".

Unlike, boys' games that could go on forever, their games seem to move in a pattern following the flow of the larger group. Thus, each "mommy" would take her "family" through a typical day from awakening in the morning to sleep at night, with the complexity of the day limited to "mommy's" imagination (or the problem she wanted to work out), and when the multiple "families" ended their cycle of the day the group moved on to "teacher", or another game.

Teacher, was a BIG "mommy"!

Age, size, and imagination for situational play decided who teacher was. Being in school helped. Because I was of average age, smaller in stature, and not in school, I was not qualified to be "Teacher", no matter how imaginative I was.

The girls did not defer to me. Whatever that power was that I had over my male peers, it did not work with the girls. Since I was in control of my situation (e.g. not forced to be a girl), I was aware of the fact, that as a boy in reality, I was LESS than a girl in their eyes. Just as a girl might be in the eyes of my gang. It was so interesting that I ignored the loss in status (something I would fight for in my gang) and focused upon learning these new games.

Play school often became a form of "supervised" coloring book or cutting out paperdolls play with "Recess" being either indoor or outdoor small group games determined by "Teacher". Indoor was card games (Fish, Old Maid, and so forth) or board games (checkers and such). Outdoor games were hopscotch, jacks, hide-an-go-seek, jump rope, and other school yard games.

The two interesting differences were that the girls played in smaller groups with a variety of games (while boys played a game that grew and grew as new boys joined or left) and the individual

who didn't want to play was left alone (she usually had a "story" made up for her being alone by "teacher"); while you were not allowed to be alone in a boy's game, you either played or left.

And leaving a boys' group meant you were different (a sissy or such) and you might be resubmitted to "hurrahing". A rite of passage into male bonding where you would be subjected to playful, generally good natured, rough and tumble or name calling jokes made at your expense to see if you would lose your temper or cry. Called "hurrahing"; because, in the Wild West that was what cowboys shouted when they greeted a stage coach with blazing six guns in the air to frighten the women and "tender-foot" males. It is the first stage in male-bonding, before you could be accepted in the group, so that they could "ride the river" (trust you) with you. The terms used varied, or were most often unsaid, but with boys it was the fundamental process and God help you if you didn't accept this process. For openers, you are ALONE!

Despite what feminists claim, "male bonding" is not as sexist as they believe, for most real tomboys (girls who joined the boys' group) I knew went through the process (with a few tears sometimes) and if they accepted it (without demanding deference as girls) they were bonded to the group with all the loyalty offered.

When I played with the girls I found "female bonding" was somewhat different, and far more subtle. So subtle, I fear, that many girls never really recognize it. In a certain sense those feminists, who advocate the "Born Female" view may have their finger on the pulse of female bonding, but they miss the magic. Being female helps (just as being born male helps in male bonding), but there is a deeper well of emotional empathy required that screens out many females and NOT all males. As one of my dearest friends once put it, female bonding does not occur until you CRY TOGETHER.

In boys the key is laughter (the ability to accept being laughed at, to be more precise) while with girls it is the ability to share tears (not the same as "sharing a good cry" which can be pretty superficial, to say the least); although only one of you may have been given the pain, you both FEEL IT. It takes some time for a group of girls to bond because of the nature of the process, which is very intimately shared. Yet, after my first bonding I can sense (when I am deep into Betty Ann) the difference between those women who have been "bonded" and those who can't. And most women can too.

Frankly, male bonding is easier, quicker, more fun, and less discriminating.

I can not remember how many weeks I played at being a girl before I fell into my first bonding with a playmate. It was caused by a silly trifling matter, a dress. But, that comes later.

But, perhaps to explain, why it must be later.

I had a lot to learn, about girls, in that circle of girls as we played together. I knew that I was being "tolerated" (not a kind word as any minority can explain to you, if you don't understand) as less than a girl, not accepted. As my very demanding "mommies" would announce, "I had a lot to learn before I became a good little girl." The girls were very pragmatic about that fact.

My fifteen or so playmates ranged in age from four to eight. Since girls, on average, grow faster than boys prior to puberty I must confess that I was just taller than three of them, falling among the four year olds. Because of school the main group during the week consisted of eight pre-schoolers, including me. The seven school girls dominated the group when they played with us and occasionally older girls, not involved with a peer group, might join or "baby-sit" in our play to become "teacher"; since, they knew ever so much more about school than we did. Reality games required experience more than imagination.

In the thirties most children wore clothing that were hand-me-downs or bought second hand in thrift sales to be altered to fit by their mothers. Boys clothes were originally sturdy store bought clothes made for rough and tumble play with patches sewn at the elbows and knees, particularly on retired Sunday best clothes, to keep them serviceable as long as possible.

Girls clothes were made for girls, not boys. Although there were bib shorts and overalls worn by girls, there were no flys (God forbid), and toddler clothes for boys had the same problem with buttons that were in back and impossible to manage, which encouraged much embarrassment. But the basic outfit was a dress, with some skirts and blouses and such. More often as not, made for looks by their mothers.

The trouble was that their mothers seemed not to prefer the simple pretty clothes we saw in our coloring books, cut-out dolls, or in the movies. I'm not talking about satin and lace party dresses (I adored them), although I must confess that most adults seemed to

love the toddler styles in such pretty clothes (which had its limits even with me).

I am talking about the rather fussy, but ever so drab regular dresses most girls wore with brown or black t-strap pumps and cotton or wool socks often held up by rubber bands. My own dark navy blue dress was marked with that same fussiness in its lace trim rumba ruffles and such, yet it was very drab. If I had been a girl I think I would have preferred a version of my white sailor suit. (When I originally considered that idea while at play with the girls I must confess that the idea disturbed me a great deal, because as a boy I hated those suits my mother adored on me. Did she really want a girl?)

A perfectly nice dress pattern with neat simple lines shown in a pastel cotton was pretty standard for the average girl of the thirties. It had a little lace trimmed collar, was smooth long waisted at the chest to the bodice, had little rose puff sleeves also trimmed with lace at the opening, and a full short princess skirt that came to just above the knees at what was called finger-tip length. This pattern always seemed to come out of their mother's sewing machine oversized (so that it would last, and last, and last) in a God awful colored plaid with ruffled strips of excess lace and bows at the oddest places. And then their mothers would gush forth with how pretty the dress was and how lucky she was to have it!

But, the most dreaded style hanging on from the late twenties was "droopy drawers" (rather full panties, often made of the same fabric as the dress, that hung below the skirt length, hence their



name). I have known girls with great courage who would slip out of them the minute they left their mothers. I did not have such bravery!

Well, since we are more or less on the topic of underwear, little girls wore simple lace trimmed vests and panties made of either rayon or cotton knit, mostly cotton. Full slips sometimes were worn over the vest (as was the case with what I wore that day) or without the vest, or, from time to time, an elastic banded half slip petticoat.

Usually lots of dainty underwear meant that you were expected to be very careful and not come home looking untidy or disarranged, and God help you if you spilled anything on your dress or dirtied your underwear in anyway! Matrons, in general had a thing about fussy underwear and a hint of lacy petticoats would turn them into self appointed public inspectors that ignored all rules of modesty to check out what you wore underneath your skirts, and to straighten your panties! The humiliation was awful, particularly when you were with peers. No wonder women ran from such frills in the sixties.

I could go particularly ga-ga over pretty party underthings if they were mine, as some little girls do. But, I generally didn't have much interest in what other girl's wore under their dresses, shorts, and such playclothes as we wore. I had my own. Later, when I was older, a glimpse of panty turned me on for some reason...I still had my own, but it wasn't the same... Still isn't!

We decided among ourselves that most mothers wanted rather plain daughters with them when they were, themselves, dressed to the nines. And most of us swore we would not do this to our daughters. Ah well...

Now the girls in my group had five basic hairstyles, pretty much as they do today. (I add this because I have had several letters wondering about hairstyles during the period, and how they were created.)

Grecian Boy, a fluffy curly top like my mother had me wear as her toddler boy; which, led to much hand to hand combat. (Most boys wore a butch/hienie, cut so short it stood up like a brush on top; or, a hair cut like their father's only with a soft bang like wave on top in front, which my mother called a Pompadour.) The basic curly top, if not natural, was created by little cloth patch rollers and

setting lotion, or a lot of careful work with a straight curling iron with a special tip to avoid burning the scalp. The electric curling iron cost money so most heated a French curling iron on their stove or hot plat. It was the bane of my existence, worse than toddler suits.

Bangs. The primary Bangs style consisted of an under roll like bang at the back of the neck that curved upwards in a roll over the ears to the brow which was covered with a straight bang. (Cary Grant, in I Was A Male War Bride wore this style.) A version of the Bangs was called the Dutch Boy, as worn by Buster Brown, which some pre-school boys wore as a "boys" style, and many girls wore. Interestingly enough, despite what I am about to say about my feelings concerning the bangs style; I see, from the print of me at about age eight at the lead to this chapter, that I am wearing bangs. Ah well...

The Southern Belle version of bangs substituted a Pompadour for bangs with hanging corkscrew curls from ear to ear in the back in a graceful curve. (The curls that had a name, pronounced as croak-ah-no after the iron rods used for permanent waves were created by: wrapping the hair tightly about hot dangling rods; using a crimp style curling iron; wearing dangling rollers held by rubber bands and such over night; or, by using the old fashioned permanent wave machines that used the aforementioned iron rods.) Very few girls north of Carmi wore such curls, except in front of each ear.

There were many shorter versions of the Bangs style one being the twenties style Page Boy, most notably Darla's in Our Gang (which many mothers protested because it gave the child a bleached blonde look like Harlow and many thought it was a ploy to get little girls into a beauty shop). And there was the much longer sixties style straight hair with flat bangs.

Darla, and Our Gang, brings to mind Little Lord Fauntleroy with his hanging curls and costume, which has become the classic image of the sissy (as seen often in Our Gang), adopted by mothers for their unfortunate little boys instead of long baby dresses during the Great Matriarchy prior to, and after, the turn of the century. Due to the movie Little Lord Fauntleroy in 1936 there was a slight return of this clothing and hair style style for both pre-school boys and girls. Luckily, (for me and many other boys my age) only the rich had the time to fuss with that hair style or buy those clothes, so the Great Depression spared us that luxury. Although I suspect

my mother tried her best from time to time, as I have previously noted.

The Basic, was the most popular little girl hair style, best known by the version made famous by Shirley Temple. This style, like the more complex Grecian & Page Boys, required having your hair put up in rollers at night with the rollers placed in a circular pattern in an under-roll from the center outward. (Permanent waves were expensive, and a bit caustic for fine childrens hair.) In my case a curling iron was used, often as not. Then the hair was brushed gently outwards from the center (to preserve the bulk of the under-roll) and then fluffed upwards at the side with a bow on one side, if a part were made, or both sides. Most of the curls were kept intact all about the head.. It was pretty easy to do and did not require as much hair cutting or styling as the Grecian or Bangs styles.

The fourth style was braids. Because of Art Deco in the 30's illustrations featured elaborately braided hair with rolls over the ears or in the back like Queen Ozma, in Baums' The Land of OZ, in which a boy becomes a queen, braids were in. For us mere mortals there were two basic styles. One in which braids hung from behind the ears at each side, tied by a rubber band at the end that was covered by a fabric bow made from excess dress material. Or, in version two, the two ends would be looped from ear to ear with a bow at each side by the ear. Although many girls wore bangs with braids, I think of braids as a style by itself. Most girls wore braids because they were drab, neat and tidy, and lasted forever and ever, like ugly dresses. I have seen more than one little girl have her braids cut off and washed in kerosene because they had been worn so long that they were infested.

The fifth style was the swatch. This was also a lazy mother's style that her daughter could do for herself. The pony tail (which Betty Ann wore in high school) was what I call a swatch. A bunch of hair bundled together by a clip, barrett, or hairbow usually behind each ear like braids.

I did not like the Grecian Boy (or toddler style); Bangs, because it was too much trouble and my forehead hated hair on it; braids, because they often were too plain and drab, too tight, or fell apart when I tried to do them for myself; or swatch, because the bows kept falling off my ultra fine hair and I looked like an animated haystack. (I'll write later about my pony tail, which I wore as a teenager.)

I am rather proud of the fact that by six I could put up my own hair and do a basic Shirley Temple version that did quite well. At least it got me out of braids, thank you Sarah Jane, where ever you are!

Which brings us, full circle, back to my little group of new found peers and my "mommy" on that first day, who was Angela. A little Italian Madonna in black braids; who, decided that since she wanted me as a playmate first, it was up to her to make me her dolly.

She even devised a version of "Captain May I", just for her closest friends during "recess", to teach me how to walk, sit, pick things up, and a myriad of other body movements and gestures used by girls that they thought I should know. It was an absolute joy to play, perhaps because I was the center of their attentions in this and other learning games for their little toddler dolly.

When Mary Rose came to fetch me at the end of the day to change me back into a boy, because my mother would soon be home from work, I was in near tears fearing that this would be my only day in that magic circle of girls.

But, as she took me back across the wintery street, with icy grey bleak skies smelling of cokeing coal, she told me how delighted all the ladies from the house were, even Mrs Costello, with my playing at being a little girl among the other girls.

And, as I wondered at how the winds played with my skirts, I held them down in front with the palm of my hand like the girls had taught me, while she talked on about how she wanted me to meet Violet's little sister on Saturday to see a girl's matinee.

"Maybe you could bring some of your new girl friends along as a treat for being so nice to Betty Ann," she suggested as we entered the great house on the corner where I regretfully donned my boy's clothes as the ladies of the evening also changed before pausing long enough in a cloud of perfume and beautiful clothes to tell me how much they loved Betty Ann and how they looked forward to see me at play again tomorrow, before they drifted off to their work and I happily went home hoping that tomorrow would come quickly...so I could be a girl again!



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