AN OUTREACH PUBLICATION

Our Sorority

ISSUE TWENTY TWO April, 1990

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Fantasia Fair #16 1990 Preview

Fantasia Fair '89 Photo Album

WHILE PUTTING IT TO BED

Last weekend I attended a banquet honoring the fifteenth year of the Baltimore-Washington Alliance Chapter. A few weeks before I witnessed another "Comet" vanish from our community after a few short years as she had: collected national recognition from the media; amassed a mailing list of sisters looking for help (now with no source of help because the list has vanished with her); built a group that she could not hand over to others because she was "Queen" (destroying another group because its members wanted to get in on the "free ride" with their "glorious leader", and now there is no group); and, all we can do is watch her fade remembering what a "Comet" really is: A mass of ice chips and gas on a predetermined elipse gathering the light of others to glow so bright, only to leave nothing but a tale behind...

In this issue we present: a preview of Fantasia Fair '90 with photographic memories of '89; a short story by Carol F. Saunders (Fiction Entry for our ongoing contest) Auntie's Niece; a new Elizabeth Anne Nelosn story; our next installment of Many Little Kindnesses; our current list of National Groups And Events; cartoons; poems;

AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!

Our Sorority
An Outreach Publication

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

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OUR SORORITY
Betty Ann Lind, Editor
Lincolnia Station, POB 11254
Alexandria, VA., 22312

APRIL, 1990

Dearest Reader,

There may be many of you who may wonder why you did not receive Issue 21 of *OUR SORORITY* in January, 1990. Instead you received a mailing for the Annual Outreach Institute's Pledge Drive. As we announced in the two previous issues: It has been decided by our Board, that in oder to save money, we should divide our readership into two groups: Subscribers and Non-Subscribers.

Subscribers, for an annual subscription of $10.00, will receive 3 (or more Issues) per year.

Non-Subscribers will continue to receive the Annual National Groups and Events Issue as a service provided by our Subscribers and the Outreach Institute in keeping with our belief that the best therapy for crossdressers is the company of others in the "Hobby of Kings", and this issue may help you find that group or event which will open the door from your mail box to *OUR SORORITY*.

Please note that inorder to be a Subscriber, you must mail your payment to *OUR SORORITY* to the above address (not Boston). We are required to do this for accounting purposes to separate pledge donations to the Outreach Institute from subscription donations to *OUR SORORITY*.

Whether you are a Subscriber or a Non-Subscriber, we are very interested in learning what we can do to improve our little publication. Please send your suggestions to the above address, and I will personally see what can be done to make *OUR SORORITY* the very best.

If you are not a Subscriber, I would appreciate it if you would become one as a service to yourself and your community. If you are a Subscriber the date on the envelope is the expiration date for your current subscription. Please subscribe...You help is needed...

LOVE,

fem fashions

Who is She?

Who is the girl in the Fem-Fashions logo? It could be you! Do you have a fantasy to dress in "silks 'n satins 'n bows?" Muriel can help you fulfill your fantasies and make them a reality.

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Learn how to accept yourself and channel your energies towards becoming a whole, complete entity; learn to improve your positions in private life and occupy a more secure position in society. Become a whole person and enjoy the "Best of Both Worlds!"

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PAYMENT FOR SERVICES RENDERED

by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

"It seems to me that it was my duty to warn you about this young man," Chief Warren observed glancing at the aristocratic woman seated before him amongst the signs of her genteel wealth. Accepting a cup of tea from Mrs. Comstock's house keeper he wondered if Mrs. Comstock had already fallen prey to the con game of Paul Gaines. "His approach is really quite simple. He finds a wealthy widow and through various means plays on her sympathies until he manages to borrow enough money to go to college or some other need. He is really not a greedy con man, just ten thousand dollars."

Mrs. Comstock considered his words trying not to betray her concern for she liked young Paul and she just did not have the heart to send him to jail, although she felt that he should be punished. "How often has he done this?"

"Well, Mrs. Comstock, we really don't know. Frankly people are not to happy about telling others that they have been made a fool of, and there are a lot of nice old ladies who are too kind hearted to send a friendly young man like Paul Gaines to jail. From what I hear the lad is a really good looking charmer. You know the frail little lost boy type that appeals to older women."

"Really, " she noted with an amused smile over his embarrassment.

"Not that you are old," he protested, "I just thought that I should tell you so that you could warn the other ladies of the Birthday Club."

He set his cup and saucer aside and stood up. "He is supposed to be coming up this way from what I hear."

"Is he wanted?"

"I have no warrant for his arrest," the police chief replied, 'I guess we just want to talk to him and tell him to stay clear of Riverdale. The're a lot of wealthy women in our little town. He might think of it as a happy hunting ground."

"I am curious," she asked trying to be casual, "if he was caught trying to swindle some nice old widow, like me, what would he get for a jail sentance?"

"Don't know, five or ten years," was the reply as Chief Warren slipped into his coat with her housekeeper's aid. He wondered what had happened to Clara, her maid. "Clara quit?"

"She returned to her parents," Mrs. Comstock noted opening the door herself. "It seems her father is ill and duty called. I have an ad for a new girl, but frankly the younger generation doesn't have the attitude necessary for domestic work." She offered her hand to the portly chief and smiled graciously, "I shall watch out for this charming young man."

"Please do, Mrs. Comstock," he agreed as he released her hand and went to his official car and drove away. She returned to the house as he wondered if she really was telling him the truth about not seeing the youth. Well, it was her money. Such a sweet lady, so gentle, he was kind of worried lor Paul Gaines.

Mrs. Comstock closed the front door quite thoughtlully.

"Is that our nice Paul?" Mrs. Kelly asked clearing the tea service.

"I'm afraid so," Mrs. Comstock answered opening her purse and taking from it the envelope she had filled in the bank with two hundred fifty dollar bills. She took the envelope into the study and sat down at her desk to think about her problem, who was now in town supposedly making arrangements to leave town to return back to college now that she was going to help him. She couldn't believe that she had been such a fool, but she now knew how wrong she had been about the nice young man.

"I say he should go to jail, ma'am," Mrs. Kelly stated firmly. "Just think how hard a poor girl would have to work for all that money, and he just charms it away. It just does not seem fair. You must tell the chief."

"And have it all over town that I am a foolish little old lady," her mistress replied thinking over her comments. Suddenly she had a wonderful idea, a perfeotly wonderful idea. "Come with me."

She led the way up the stairs to where Paul had been staying. Entering the room she saw that he was already packed. Soon she had her housekeeper open the youth's bags as she began to consider her plan and explain it to the totally unbelieving Mrs. Kelly.

Finished finding out what she needed to know she closed the luggage.

The two women soon were laughing over their little plot and Mrs. Comstock put on her coat to go shopping while Mrs. Kelly attended to her special assigmnent. In about two hours she returned from downtown to give the fascinated Mrs. Kelly arm loads ol boxes as the two women began their final arrangements unpacking her purchases.

"I do deolare you will be ruining him," Mrs. Kelly laughed as her mistress smiled and left her to her duties as she went to phone Judge Hawks to ask him a few very strange questions quite pleased by his answers.

He complained that the laws she suggested were very old and wondered how she knew about such things.

"I was my father's legal secretary," she answered over the phone, "And I just want to know if it is legal."

He admitted that it was perfectly legal.

"Well, then I want you to draw up the papers and have them here in about two hours."

Of course he protested, but she had her way; and so two hours later he arrived to hand her the papers she required. She listened to his protests and considered his arguements politely and then asked for his secrecy before she thanked him and bade him a somewhat hasty goodbye.

About an hour later the cab pulled up front and Paul Gaines walked up to the front of the house to be greeted by a smiling Mrs. Kelly, who ushered him into the living room where Mrs. Comstock was having tea.

"I don't know how to thank you, Emma," he exclaimed, "I called the Dean and he said I could start next Monday and I bought the tickets to Blainesville."

He held up the envelope.

"That is wonderful," she agreed studying him with a twinkle in her eyes, "Would you like some tea?"

"The train leaves in an hour," he replied accepting the cup.

"Oh, I'm so terribly sorry," she apologized placing the pot back on its tray, "Ten thousand dollars is such an awful amount of money and when I went to the bank they said that they would not be able to give it to me until tomorrow morning. I'm sure one day shouldn't be too long?"

" I think that it would be wonderful to stay here another day, Emma," he replied with a smile to cover his disappointment, but one day shouldn't be too bad to wait for ten thousand dollars. "If it weren't for school I should love to live here."

"Of course, dearest, " she noted with pleasure, "I am sure that it would be nice to have you around."

Reaching over to the tea cart she picked up the papers that the judge had brought. " I was wondering if you would mind signing some papers for my lawyer?"

Uncertainly he controlled himself as he poured himself another cup of tea wondering what her lawyer.....

"it is really nothing to fret about, dearest," she murmured seeing his uneasiness, "I just find business so complicated, I guess I am just a little old lady."

"I don't think so," he protested as she placed the papers in his lap. "What are they for?"

"Oh, you are to sign here, " she commented with a smile handing him a pen, "it is just a contract for the ten thousand dollars. My lawyer says that the estate can not accept a withdrawal of such a large check without something to show for it. I'm certain you will have all you deserve.",,

She accepted the paper from him after he signed knowing that he signed because he felt that soon he would be on his way with her money and all she would have was a piece of paper. She smiled tucking the paper under the serving tray as Mrs. Kelly came to take it away.

For the balance of the day until Paul went to bed he entertained Mrs. Comstock with his stories about his plans for going to college. Just before he went to bed he accepted a glass of warm milk and cookies from Mrs. Comstock, who asked if he really planned to leave the next day. He told her how much he did want to stay, but sadly he would have to leave if he had to arrive at

school in time. She said she understood and left him to his dreams, for even before she had left he had fallen into a deep sleep.

The two women came up to his room later that evening and carried the youth down the stairs knowing that he would not awaken from the sleeping pills in his warm milk that night for many hours. Taking him into a bed room the women removed his pajamas and made a few other changes before they put him to bed quite satisfied that he would be surprised by their plans for his future education.

Paul heard the door open and stretched comfortably in bed not believing how soundly he had slept. Recovering from a deep yawn his hands remained out-stretched as he stared unbelievingly at the lace cuffs on pink flannel sleeves!

"Good morning, Paula," Mrs. Kelly's voice announced opening the shade then drawing back the drapes. "You have over slept and that is very naughty."

Uncertainly he looked at her trying to understand what she was talking about and why he was dressed in a pink flannel nightgown. As his senses cleared he also discovered that he was not in his own room. This room was smaller with a wall closet, a high walnut bureau and matching dresser, the bed and night stand, and a large vanity. It was a simple, but feminine room. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Ma'am," she said firmly, "You will address me as ma'am or Mrs. Kelly, and Mrs. Comstock will be adressed that way also. Do you understand, girl?"

"I don't think I do," he commented stepping from the bed to see his reflection in the mirror. His black hair was neatly styled into a Grecian cut with tight black curls that made him look like a girl as did the long pink nighty!

"What you think is unimportant," she stated suddenly grabbing him and before he knew she was seated on a vanity stool and as he struggled her powerful hands held him fast as he felt the skirt of the gown drawn up to expose his rear!

"No, no, no!" he cried seeing her pick up a hair brush.

SWACK! SWACK! SWACK! SWACK! SWACK! SWACK! SWACK!

(Continued on page 12.)

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by Harry Benjamin

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Slowly his struggles faded into spasms of pain and his cries of protest died into whimpering sobs, and then he felt the skirt gently lowered as she released him to stand. Trying to recover he wiped his tears on the night gown.

"Stand up and lac e me!" she ordered clapping her hands causing Paul to stand shakily in disbelief and pain.

She curtsied!

"You will curtsy," She ordered watching him submissively execute a curtsy. "Again."

He repeated the motion feeling the pain.

"Now, you will ourtsy when you enter a room occupied by your superiors, which shall be everyone. You will curtsy when yau are addressed to show that you are paying attention and you will curtsy again when you have been instructed so that it will be known that you understand. You will curtsy when you withdraw from a room. Do you understand?"

He looked at her and seeing her toy with the hair brush he curtsied, "Yes, ma'am."

She opened the bureau drawer to produce a pair of white cotton panties, a white cotton boned girdle, and a white simple nylon slip which she handed to him.

"Put these on."

He accepted the garments and curtsied knowing that she expected him to. In a moment he accepted from her a pair of white nylon and cotton work stockings and pulled them on to attach them to the girdle garters.

"A bit under-developed," she observed handing him a pair of falsies, "Put them into the bra cups, girl."

Paul curtsied and did as he was told seeing in the vanity mirror that he was a bit plain; yet, certainly well formed as a woman once the pads were in place.

"Please, I am not..."

She did not pause but to seize him again and soon the back of the girdle was released from the stocking and he was across her knees.

SWACK! SWACK! SWACK! .SWACK! SWACK! SWACK!

Crawling to trembling knees the sobbing youth huddled at her feet as she arose.

She took some tissues and handed them to him waiting until he cleared his head and weakly arose to adjust the gartersand covered his shamed form.

"I did not speak to you, nor do I care to hear you use the word 'I', or 'my', from you again," she warned patting the flat of the hair bnlsh in her hand. "You will speak only when spoken to and then you will speak of yourself in third person. 'Do you wish your maid to remove the tray, madam?' You are not important except in terms of your services, just like a washing machine, or a stove. You will not exist except as a convenience. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," he whispered with a curtsy feeling the numbing pain. She opened the closet and handed him a pale blue nylon shirt waist styled uniform with short sleeves trimmed with lace as was the collar. She then gave the youth a pair of white working shoes and waited until he tied the laces before she helped him into a white pinafore apron ol starched cotton with butterfy ruffeled sleeves and a wide sash tied into a bow.

"Hmmm, quite suitable for now," she observed. "Now to present you to your new mistress."

"This way, Paula," she instructed causing the youth to curtsy and follow; each step a reminder of her discipline. She led the way from the bed room to the kitchen where Anna, the cook, looked at the curtsylng maid with a broad smile. "Anna, this is Paula, our new maid."

"Well, well," the cook replied accepting the curtsy with a nod of her head towards a serving tray, "Mrs. Comstock has been waiting for her breakfast tray, girl. Now you just take that tray and swish to your heart's content up those back stairs. When you come to her bed room, you will knock and wait until she calls. You will then enter, curtsy, and carry the tray to her night stand. You will curtsy and ask to draw the shades. You will do as asked then place the tray across her lap and await more instructions. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the curtsied reply.

Picking up the tray upon her direction, he curtsied and left to go up the back stairs with Mrs. Kelly following still carrying the hair brush in her hands as a grim reminder, as if the tickling hems across taunt nylons was not enough of a reminder of his new situation.

Balancing the tray in one arm he knocked.

"Come in."

Opening the door he entered the bedroom to curtsy and follow, each of Anna's instructions as Mrs. Comstock watched her new maid with pleased amusement.

As she ate she directed her new maid to lay out her clothes for the day. Once she was finished with her meal she permitted her embarrassed maid to dress her before she dimnissed the domestic into Mrs. Kelly's care.

"It was poorly done," Mrs. Kelly observed itemizing the mistakes with meticulous detail making certain that the servant understood her expectations as she led the way to the utility room where she showed how the week's wash was to be handled.

For the next three hours she supervised the washing and ironing before she led the almost exhausted youth to the bedroom where she had him change into a grey afternoon uniform with white starched pinafore apron and cotton cap.

After eating lunch in the kitchen he served Mrs. Comstock and Mrs. Kelly their lunch before he was released to housework under the demanding watchful eyes of the house keeper. At four he served tea and then withdrew after clearing the tea set, eat dinner in the kitchen and then go to his bed room where he took a shower.

With Mrs Kelly' s help the refreshed youth put on a tight fitting black satin corset and black satin panties, black stockings, high heeled black patent leather pumps, form fitting black taffeta dress with white lace collar and trim on long sleeves, and a dainty lace cap and apron.

"Ah, very charming," she announced inspecting the servant girl.

Thus dressed the maid under Anna's direction set the supper table for a formal dinner and served the three ladies of the household with ach correcting any mistakes to make sure that eveything would be perfect.

After the meal Mrs. Comstock asked to have her after dinner coffee and brandy served in the study.

In a few minutes her dutiful maid curtsied to present her mistress with a silver tray with her after dinner coffee and brandy.

"Ah, you have done well for your first day, PauLa, " she observed indicating where she wished the tray to be set before she accepted the coffee with an amused smile. "I am certain that as the days pass you will become completely adjusted to your new domestic duties as a perfect maid."

She studied her maid thoughtfully.

"I have here a copy of a rather interesting document," she mused taking a sip of coffee before she took a paper from the desk to read, "I, Paul H. Gaines, do voluntarily enter into this contract of servitude," she smiled, "To serve at her direction as a household servant, to wit, a maid," she paused looking up from the paper, "A very interesting occupation for a young man. But, I must admit you fill out that lovely uniform quite well, my dear."

He blushed but curtsied his thank you knowing from his painful rear that it was useless, if not foolish, to complain.

"This little paper continues to outline the duties of a maid," Mrs. Comstock nodded her approval, "But, of course, you shall find that out from hard earned experience."

She set the paper aside to take a sip of brandy, "It is a rather quaint document, but perfectly legal. And I am certain you will not try to break your word; because, Chief Warren has told me all about your little game and he promises me that if I were to complain about fraud you might go to jail for ten years."

(Continued Page 18)

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That now I am her little sissy!

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She saw the maid pale slightly apd knew then that she had made her point.

"I have reviewed your first day's work with some interest and feel I should explain to you the conditions of your contract. Your salary and hours shall be appropriate for an unskilled menial. You will work from seven in the morning until ten in the evening with three hours free for meals and rest breaks," she smiled as she took her glasses from the desk and began to do some caculations.

"Let's see. You will work five days a week, however I do not believe that you are entitled to a full day, because there are many things that you must do each and every day. You shall have Tuesday mornings, Wednesday afternoons, Thursday mornings, and Sunday mornings free. Thus, you will have a sixty hour week. At one dollar and twenty five cents an hour that will be seventy five dollars a week," she noted writing on the tablet.

"Of course I must deduct thirty dollars a week for room and board and cleaning expenses for your uniforms," she continued. "And your uniforms and other new clothes shall be deducted at the rate of ten dollars a week. I'm sorry that it is so high, but you are entitled to wear the best. I have purchased for you seven colored nylon morning uniforms, pale blue, pink, yellow, green, white, orange, and light brown; three grey utility uniforms, and three black evening uniforms. There are, of course, your dainty and practical underthings and stockings. Also I have bought you some very pretty clothes for your free time.

"Who knows, you might meet some nice young man, here about. We have several young men in Riverdale, who might like to meet a plain girl skilled in housework. Lord knows that so few girls are. Maybe a local farmer, who will take you away from all this to be a house wife."

She was delighted over her servant's blush.

"I have caculated your taxes and other benifits and they come to twenty five dollars more leaving exactly ten dollars a week for your trip to the beauty shop and other personal delights," she continued removing her glasses to study her newservant girl more thoughtfully, "I believe that if your services are quite satisfactory you may receive a raise. If you are very careful with your money you may have enough to start a new life in ten years. As long as your work is satisfactory I shall set aside one thousand dollars a year; so

that at the end of ten years you will have the ten thousand dollars I promised you, plus interest. I am sure you will have earned the best of references; because, I assure you, you will be a perfect maid and a lovely young lady by the time we have completed your education."

Mrs. Comstock sipped from her brandy before saying, "I shall assume the cost of your beauty treatment. "

"Thank you, madame," was the curtsied reply from her servant, who was pleased to think that some earnings might be saved, there was so little.

"Of course, my dear child," Mrs. Comstock observed placing her hand to her ample bosoms, "I have been told that you must wear falsies. Imagine a girl of your age being flat chested. That will never do. Really you must know that when I entertain guests I shall expect you to wear one of those very chic black satin French uniforms with the dainty short skirts and very daring decollete."

"But, madam," her maid half protested not knowing what to say and fearing the worst as *she* placed her hand to *her* own bosom uncertainly.

"I am sure that you will want to be pretty as a maid," Mrs Comstock mused with a smile, "And let us just say that your beauty treatment shall be a bonus for future services. You do want to be pleasing to the eye, don't you my dear?"

"Yes, madam," was the submissive curtsied reply. Her servant refilled her cup with more coffee wondering how it was possible for any beauty treatment to produce breasts and then an awful thought came to mind.

"Yes, indeed, my dear, we shall use just enough hormones to improve your rather angular figure. So that you will remain as you are, so long as you are sweet, docile, and obedient." Mrs. Comstock noted tasting the coffee before placing her free hand on the front of her lap to pat it suggestively, "However, if you prove too wild, I am told that domestication will make even the wildest creature more docile."

"No!" her servant gasped in surprise, but there really was no escape from these women. They had proved that they could punish at will any mistakes.

"Please, madam?"

"You shall not forget yourself in the future, of that I am sure," Mrs. Comstock countered placing the cup upon the serving tray, "Nor, shall you be able to cheat women again. In fact I doubt if women will interest you very much in the future, except as you may serve them as their maid or housekeeper might. In fact, I am certain you will earn everything you will need from now on.

"And your new occupation is quite suitable for a young unmarried woman with little formal training in how to be a lady. Who knows, after a few years as a woman you may come to like it so much that you will want one of those operations. You will learn very valuable skills needed by any woman before marriage. And, as I have noted, our town and the nearby farms have several fine young men looking for a hard working wife."

Mrs. Comstock gazed at her servant girl with a pleased smile seeing how submissive she was to her will, it was indeed a vast improvement.

"Yes, Paula," Mrs. Comstock suggested arising to see the maid curtsy, "I should say that in a few years you will be the perfect catch for some young man. By then you shall be quite sexy and very well trained for the responsibilities of a dutiful wife," she nodded her satisfaction over her plans, "Of course, you might continue as a maid here to help pay his way through college. But, you must be very careful, as you well know, for there are some men, who do not want to pay for services rendered."

JoAnn & Betty Roberts Present

Paradise In The Poconos
1990 Weekends
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• Dance Party •
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• Talent Show •
• Prizes •

Enjoy the security of a private resort

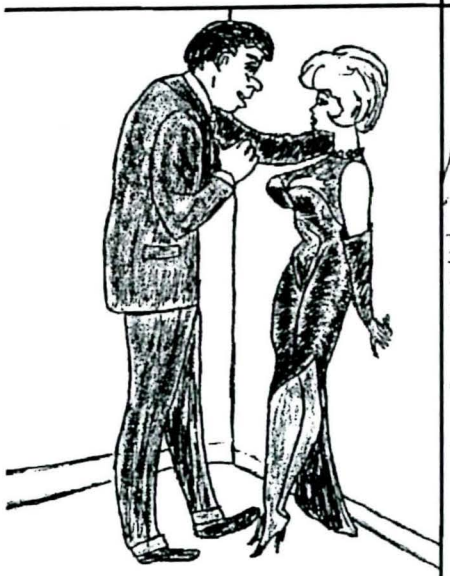
Spouses welcome

(Paradise In The Poconos is not affiliated with any support group.)

• Tag Sale •
• Hair Stylist •
• Princess Contest
• Makeup Demo •
• Receptions •

"I'm Sorry, where the witness buys his pretty dresses has nothing to do with the case."

"Why do I like to dress as a woman? Just push your eyes back in and I'll tell you!"



"Listen baby, DON'T GIVE ME THAT! I KNOW A GIRL WHEN I SEE ONE!"

"OH, LORD! HOW DOTHEY HOLD ON TO BOTH?"

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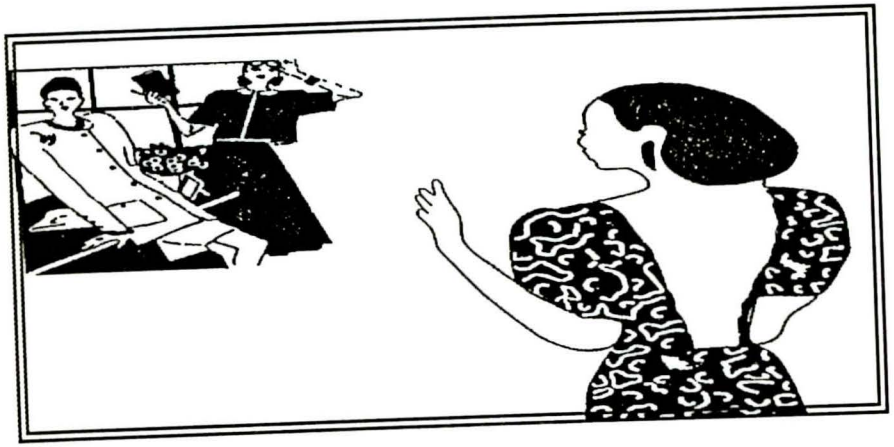

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FANTASIA FAIR 1989
PHOTO ALBUM

Photographs By:
Mariette Pathy-Allen
Wendi Pierce
&Allison E.

FANTASIA FAIR 1990
PREVIEW

Text By:
Betty Ann Lind
Layout By;
Sandy Machin

Fantasia Fair is actually three events: Fantasia Fair (Oct. 12-21), Releasing the Woman Within Weekend (Oct. 12-14) and Fun En Femme Weekend (October 19-21). 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 1989 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 1989 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.

Provincetown is at the very tip of Cape Cod. This will be our sixteenth 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.

CHICAGO HOUSE

Fantasia Fair is residential event (housing, major events, some workshops, and most meals are included in the basic price): wherein the Participants (with their Partners) live in small Inns or Apartment complex. Each is a "Sorority House" with a House Hostess, who serves as a "Big Sister" because she has been to at least two full Fairs, and cares.

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 prepaid 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!

Cozzi Associates Color Analysis

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!

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 avoided 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.

Dr. Heuer Speech Program

Doctor Docter Special Seminar

Sociologists an 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 in- cluded 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.

Sheila Kirk, Registrar

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*.

FANTASIA FAIR 1990 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. 12 Friday
Registration
Welcome Open House Party
Oct. 13 Saturday
Orientation Seminar
Partners Seminar
Going Public Seminar
Beauty Fair
Close Encounters Workshop
Couples Workshop ($)
Speech I ($)
Ladies Night Banquet
House Parties
Oct. 14 Sunday
Church
Brunch
Couples Workshop ($)
Speech I ($)
Pool Party
Oct. 15 Monday
Partners Coffee Call
Fashion & Beauty Course
Advanced Speech ($)
Personal Development ($)
Whale Watch ($)
Speech I ($)
Town & Gown Supper
***Oct. 16 Tuesday**
Partners Coffee Call
Fashion & Beauty Course
Advanced Speech ($)
Couples Workshop ($)
Seminar:Transexualism
Seminar: Electrolysis
Seminar: Fashion Modeling
Personal Development ($)
Fashion Show

Oct. 17 Wednesday
Partners Coffee Call
Fashion & Beauty Course
Advanced Speech ($)
Seminar:Fashion Photo
Seminar: On Stage, Live!
Seminar: Lesbianism
Outreach Banquet
House Parties
Oct. 18 Thursday
Partners Coffee Call
Fashion & Beauty Course
Advanced Speech ($)
Seminar: Women At Work
Seminar: Transgender
Seminar: Prof. & CD's
Fan/Fair Follies
Apres Follies Party
Oct. 19 Friday
Partners Coffee Call
Fashion & Beauty Course
Advanced Speech ($)
Seminar: Female Health
Seminar: F to M TS
Seminar: Legal
Orientation: En Femme Wk
Fantasy Ball & Video Party
***Oct. 20 Saturday**
Partners Coffee Call
Fashion & Beauty Course
Seminar: Others See Us ($)
Seminar: TS Surgery
Seminar: Womancraft
Fashion Fair
Close Encounters Work.
Awards Banquet
Farewell House Parties

***Oct. 21 Sunday**
Breakfast
Church

Welcome
Friday, October 12th.

ARRIVAL

WAITING TO HELP YOU!

FRIDAY NIGHT COME AS YOU ARE WELCOME OPEN HOUSE

To Become Ladies
Saturday, October 13th.

ORIENTATION Sgt. Sousa To protect and Serve YOU.

BEAUTY FAIR

LADIES NIGHT

Out And About
Sunday, October 14th.

BRUNCH

WORKSHOP

POOL PARTY

Onwards To Town & Gown Monday, October 15th.

Fashion beauty ladies (Daily)

Who's Watching Whales?

Town & Gown Supper

Town & Gown Program

Being In Fashion Tuesday, October 16th.

FASHION SHOW

Outreach To Others
Wednesday, October 17th.

Outreach Banquet

Roomers House Parties

"P'town a walk through history."

On Stage
Thursday, October 18th.

FAN/FAIR FOLLIES

Fantasies
Friday, October 19th

The Girls Night Out On The Town

FANTASY BALL

Recognition
Saturday, October 20th

Awards Banquet

"They look prettier every year."

Awards Banquet

Virginia Prince Outreach Award

Recognition
Saturday, October 20th

Ms Fantasia Fair Laura Caldwell . ..... Ms Cinderella Gloria Rothschild

Ms Femininity Chris Statley

Ms Best Dressed Michelle Green

Ms Congeniality Cindy Pearlman

Ms Helpful Emily Sheldon

An Experience To Remember

An Experience To Remember

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.

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MANY LITTLE KINDNESSES

by Betty Ann Lind

It often appears that women are like actors. They do not like to be upstaged by children, particularly little girls. We all know women like the late Joan Crawford, who keep their daughters in dresses more suited to younger girls in order to hide their own age. And, as I have noted previously, we are also aware of the fact that women prefer to dress girls in plain drab clothes so that they are suitably dressed. (Many years later, when I became actively involved with the crossdressing movement, I noted that it was not unusual for wives to do the same thing to their husbands. The wife would come to a meeting 'dressed to the nines' and the husband would be in a black knit.) It was not a case of sturdier materials; It is simple jealousy. However, in all fairness, I do remember a playmate, who noted that party dresses were for a "treat", and if you wore party dresses every day, where would the *treat* be. Somewhere, lies a great truth.

As Diana looked at me with her great eyes peering from sunken cheeks; I stood in blushing shame dressed in white cotton bloomer like panties and a sinple white cotton short skirted slip hoping that she had not guessed the truth about by real sex. Although I hated the bloomer panties, because they required more care to hide, their fullness did offer some advantages for a boy dressed as a girl.

Mrs. Rose helped me into an earth brown blouse, that buttoned in the back, with a high ruffled collar and long sleeves before she handed me a dark brown plaid skirt with a matching vest saying, "I'll take down your hair once you have your shoes and stockings on."

"I wish I was going to the movies too," Diana observed sitting on the bedroom rocker clutching the huge teddy bear that she had borrowed from Susan's collection of stuffed animals given to her by

her many male admirers. Although she still held moral judgement over the head of her older sister, she had no concern over clinging to the teddy bear loaned to her by a woman, who made her living the same way as her sister did. "Do you think I can go soon, Aunt Mary?"

"Perhaps your sister will take you," Mary Rose noted while I sat on the edge of the bed buckling my new brown mary janes and straightening the tops of my brown knee highs. Seeing the child's head move in firm self righteous denial she smiled to herself as if to say, *we can wait*, and she began to take down the curlers in my hair while using a hot plate curling iron to finish setting and still damp curls until my head was capped in a short version of the Shirley Temple style that was the rage for little girls of the mid-30's.

"There, pretty as a picture."

"Thank you, Aunt Mary," I half teased giving her a thank you kiss as I hoped from the bed and dashed in a flurry of skirts to see what I looked like in the closet door mirror. Despite the drab brown tones, that conflicted in shades, my fair skin and pale golden blond hair stood out sharply in contrast to overpower the clothes. But, all I could think of was the fact that the blouse conflicted with the vest and skirt. The look was all wrong. Knowing that my clothes were a gift, I sighed. "Oh, it is such a pretty outfit."

"You are beautiful, Betty Ann," Diana observed with a nod of approval from Mary Rose. "Like the little angels in the Sunday school books. I wonder why the little angels don't have black hair like mine?"

"Maybe God likes them dumb," Mary Rose laughed seeing the shocked looks on our faces and shrugging as she fetched my black wool coat that buttoned to either side like most toddler style coats did in those days. With the coat went a little black patten band box style hand bag. "Dear, you had better get downstairs. The other girls are probably already in the lobby with Agnes."

I quickly dumped the pocket change from the coat into my hand bag and said my goodbyes before I almost ran to the elevator to join the others hearing Mary Rose call out after me that girls did not run, they walked!

As I pressed the elevator button I could hear their voices and giggling laughter drifting up the shaft while the elevator cage drifted past each floor bringing the smells of each to my nostrils as

the women in the apartment hotel began cooking the noon meal. In a moment I was in the swirl of excitement while we awaited the other late comers and discussed the matinee we were about to see wondering what the features were to be.

One of the mothers, who did not want her little girl to associate with one of those women from the House across the street, decided that the way to get around her daughter's tears was to join our party herself. So two women and eight little girls trooped out into the December air to make their way through the Saturday morning slush away from Michigan Boulevard towards the neighborhood shopping area with its two theaters, but a block apart and across the avenue from each other. As we approached our theater I could see the neighborhood boys lined in front of the other theater to catch a double billed western.

But, for today I was a girl, and we were lined up awaiting our turn at the morning matinee for a double dose of Shirley Temple in *Little Miss Marker*, which I had seen, and *Our Little Girl*. The main marque was pushing *Theodora Goes Wild* with Irene Dunn. But, the signboard out front and theater billing bulletin boards were flooded with picture posters and still photos that were pure Shirley.

Suddenly we were inside to enjoy the warmth of the theater and the smell of ever popping pop corn and hot dogs mingled with carpeting cleaner and perfume from the many mothers, aunts, and other women handing little girls just enough for a candy bar or other treat as others pushed on to get the better seats.

Opposite of the refreshment stand next to the ticket taker was the promo counter with paper viewers from Laurel and Hardy, comics featuring Bugs Bunny, and other goodies handed out for free to random choices by the high school boy who ran the stand with an iron fist.

Since we were early in line I managed to get a Shirley Temple paper doll book before I was swept to the refreshment stand where Agnes and Sarah's mother managed to dole out the money for popcorn to be shared, soft drinks, and a candy bar.

Then the excited swirl into the theater itself as we tried to clutch our ticket stubs, for the drawing, and our goodies.

A screams of delight filled the darkening theater and soon we were into previews of films being shown by the chain that owned the theater we were in. This was followed by a travelogue and

then *Our Little Girl*, which was a tear jerker about Shirley bringing her parents together.

As the feature progressed I can remember the stream of girls going back and forth to the bath room until the film ended and Bugs Bunny's image brought everybody cheering to their seats in happy anticipation. Bugs was followed by a Laurel and Hardy short and Chapter 3 of *The Clutching Hand*, a dark Gothic house multi-murder mystery serial with a hand coming out of bed curtains and the like. It was a bit too scary for most of the audience, including me. But, *Little Miss Marker* came to the rescue and most of us returned from the bath room and lobby to watch.

Then we were all flowing to the front entrance past more little girls with adults awaiting the one o'clock afternoon matinee. And the cold grey day closed about as we walked back to the apartment hotel chattering about the movie as puffs of cold vapor came with each breath.

As we rushed into the lobby my heart all but stopped, for there in all her Germanic tall blonde splender was my paternal great aunt dressed in a high waisted blue wool Schiaparelli suit while her chauffeur stood near the reception counter holding her fur as she talked with Mary Rose!

"Ah, here is our little darling," Mary Rose greeted as we all entered the lobby, but I knew from my beating heart who she was talking about so I remembered my little girl manners and managed a curtsy.

"Not quite what I expected," she observed with a glance towards Mary Rose, "The child is the very image of my brother's grand child. Beautiful blondes do flow through our loins. But, I fear that his mother would prefer a boy to attend our lunch together. Would you be a dear and make the transformation while I hold forth here."

"Yes, ma'am," Mary Rose promised as she managed take my hand to withdraw in awe of the Valkyri in the lobby. Once in the elevator and on our way to the apartment she observed, "I thought that your mother was tall. Your great aunt must be six foot, if an inch. And when I told her where you were, she didn't flicker an eyelash in surprise." Her own eyes studied me. "And her husband must be very rich?"

(Continued on Page 48)

She said girls could get in free,
So I could sneak in as a girl, you see.
I thought the idea quite groovy,
'Cause I could see the western movie.

She felt it cute to send me to a girls' show
And told our friends so they would know
So when in dainty dirls' clothes I came,
They could tease me to my shame.

I'll never really live it down,
It's known by all the kids in town.
For when I entered in my guise,
I won the 'pretty Junior Miss Prize"!

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For Thursday arrivals after 3:P.M., additional $35.00 fee includes dinner, room for an additional night, and breakfast on Friday. Friday's lunch or midnight snacks can be purchased from our hosts. $50.00 required to make reservation. Balance due: April 23rd.

All $50. deposits received before March 15 entitle you to a discount of $15 off total fee.

Greet the spring in the Poconos Mountains with the birds, the bees and the flowers of May. Stroll into the Garden and let the roses see "you" in all your finery!

Ariadne Kane will be our Spring Guest. Do come and talk with her. She has done so much for all of us.

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"He is dead. She owns her own business." I was more concerned about what my great aunt thought of me in skirts, or worse yet, what she might say to my mother!

But. as I sat at one end of the red checkered table in a nearby steak house awaiting the falling sword dressed in my white sailor suit; my great aunt and mother sipped their coffee opposite of each other and spoke as if I wasn't there.

"My father is very ill, and I am not at all certain that mother can care for him," mother noted in soft tones that implied that she wished to ask the older woman for a favor while her face revealed nothing more than a slight polite smile. "I would appreciate it if you would take charge of the boy until I can put him into a good school in the Fall."

"You have a brother, who has a wife. He lives but a few blocks away. And then there is your father's brother. If too busy, they are rich enough to hire a good farm girl. I can see no reason to quit a good government job."

"It is my family. My only father may be dying."

"Death comes to us all," Great Aunt Kathrine noted with a shrug of dismissal. "Why not take the boy with you. He is little and looks a bit frail to me. The country life in a small town would be good for him."

"He is too young, and without a father. The small town will eat him alive with stories. And there are people in both families who opposed the marriage enough to want to hurt a child." My mother placed her cup aside with determined firmness to close the subject. "It is not fair to the child that both his grandparents hold him in blame for our choice."

"It was a foolish marriage. But, the boy is not to blame for his father's foolishness and your love," Great Aunt Katherine stated with equal firmness. "Be that as it may be, your duty is more to the living than the dying. You are a full grown woman, not a dutiful child serving at her father's table. Those days are gone.

"While you try to prove that you are a dutiful daughter, your boy will grow older and you will miss the joy of watching him grow while you watch the feast of the dying instead."

"I have an allowance which will pay the boy's expenses." Mother looked about the room in concern as if trying to hide the

pain she felt in having to ask for this favor from her late husband's aunt. This was not "family" as she understood it, where even in hate there was sharing of duties. "It should be little burden to you."

"When?"

"I have taken a leave of absence starting in May through the summer. If I can not return to work I am thinking of sending him to Todd or some other progressive school. He is very bright."

"Precocious," Great Aunt Kathrine countered turning to me. "What would you want...."

"Oh, be fair. The child doesn't understand the real world," mother protested in interruption causing me to look up at my great aunt angrily because I felt her pain..

"Mother wants to take care of her father. Don't you want me to live with you?"

"Perhaps more than she does, it would appear," Great Aunt Kathrine observed coldly causing my mother to look at her angrily for a flickering second before she smiled since she knew that my great aunt had accepted. "We shall see what will happen. I suspect that you are one of those who lives in "interesting times" as the Chinese say. Wednesday's child."

"Yes," my mother responded taking her gloves from her purse as if the matter were settled as she arose. "But, he has good Viking steel in his blood and he will survive."

"Oh, yes, from what I have seen today I would say he has inherited a great deal from his blood kin on both sides," Great Aunt Kathrine observed with a broad knowing smile that hid both my secret and a secret I would learn in the future.

"And Christmas?"

"We are sharing it, since, as you put it, we shall have so few together," mother noted helping me with my coat before the two tall blonde women exchanged holiday greetings and parted leaving me with mother and her prophetic words...

But, this Christmas was a wonderment with no less than four parties and tons of gifts.

The first Christmas Party was at the House across the street.

(Continued on Page 52.)

Venus Castina

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Reluctant Press is interested in paying authors for new original unpublished fiction to add to our list of exciting and erotic reading for crossdressers. We are looking for either short stories or full length novelettes (20,000 to 25,000 words).

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At this point in time we have focused upon a matrix of plot themes in crossdressing aimed at three *fantasy* "age groups": Adult (Go-Go Dancer), Teen-Ager (Aunty), and Toddler (Captive Playmates). In our write-up promo on the back of each book we try to let the reader know which type of "age group" book he is getting as well as the gist of the plot. By-in-large the first eight books have been "transsexual" in orientation. Taming A Sexist is our first transvestite book.

The term "erotic" is used rather than "pornographic" because we prefer plots where human sexuality is an integral part of the plot, and not added as gratuitous sex to beef up a poor story.

It is our hope to expand the focus of crossdressing books from their central and certainly main plot theme into other fiction genre such as *westerns, mysteries, gothics, science fiction, fantasy, adventure* and of course *romance.* Wilyi, is the first of these efforts.

All manuscripts should be mailed to Reluctant Press, POB 11936, Lincolnia Station, Alexandria, VA. 22312. Manuscripts without return self addressed and stamped envelopes will not be returned to author.

Mrs Costello closed her HOME for three days and a weekend so that her girls could visit their families for the holidays. On the day before she closed she started the party at noon, opening the doors to poorer families for a sit down dinner that must have served a hundred people with a grab bag of gifts handed out by Santa Claus to the children, including little Betty Ann dressed in her toddler styled blue sailor dress. This was all in keeping with the strange Runyonesque behavior of the Chicago Family complete with a Catholic priest to offer the blessing while various public servants arrived to pick up their Christmas cheer and 'gifts' from the delighted madam.

The second Christmas Party was a lovely walk with mother, Uncle 'Gas Top' Lewis and his family, to stare at the glorious fairyland Christmas windows of the great Chicago stores to end with a look at the Lionel Lines train station at the Merchandise Mart and dinner.

The third Christmas party was for the children in the apartment hotel lobby where Betty Ann put a paper doll book wrapped in red foil in the grab bag and pulled out a cap pistol surrendered willingly for a Darla coloring book to a little boy, who knew my secret but thought it only fair that I settle for the 'dumb' girl's coloring book.

A the fourth Christmas party was a wonderful Christmas alone with my mother. A wonderous time together that would end all too soon when for four Christmases to come we would not see each other...

But, the snows of winter turned black with the soot of the city and then there was that strange reappearance of fall with ever grey skies undecided to snow, sleet, or rain as winds gusted in from Lake Michigan to stir brown leaves among the dirt of the lawns as street sweepers repeatedly pulled them from the storm drain grates and again you could smell the leaves being burned in little piles along the curb.

And like starving urchins we girls would press our faces to the back French doors of the warm lobby to watch for the grey clouds to suddenly turn a glistening white rolling back to reveal stark bright blue skies held in the warmth of the afternoon spring sun. Then with jumping ropes, potsie, jacks and ball, and chalk in hand we would rush forth with our skirts floating on the warm breezes to delight in our games and argue our turns with giggling earnestness as the boys, wet and grimy from their outdoor games played regardless of

the grey day, would watch the sunshine games with masculine distain.

In all honesty, I sometimes missed being a "boy", for I had somehow slipped into the world of the girls in the lobby with out thinking there would be a trade of cap guns for jacks. I had assumed that I would float between the two; which I did, in a way. For I was not abandoned by the boys, who treated me with a strange sort of respect, but my daily skirts marked me as a girl in their eyes. When I was in pants they said nothing and accepted me back into their midst, yet not so rough, more careful like I was a tomboy, perhaps. The girls would have nothing to do with "Lindy", Betty Ann was their playmate, and that was that in no uncertain terms. But, I was Betty Ann almost daily now, so I sometimes missed being a boy.

Little did I realize that the girls in the lobby were 'training' me for the future, for soon I was to live as a little girl full time. But, that begins with our next issue...

IF YOU KNOW A BLACK CD SISTER

Roberta Lewis , president of the Balimore-Washington Alliance, is looking for other black sisters around the world interested in forming an association of pen-pals to swap beauty secrets and other information germane to their sisterhood.

Write to: Roberta Lewis, POB 60724, Washington, DC., 20004

OUR SORORITY
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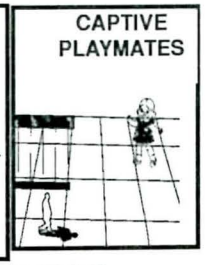
WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A COVER GIRL?

OUR SORORITY is planning to initiate a cover girl for each issue with a photo story. If you are interested in becoming a cover girl, write to OUR SORORITY. Provide a one page typed write-up about your life's story, a 4x6 black and white cover photo, and about 10 other 4x6 black and white photographs. If you wish your pictures returned mail with a SASE. No Nudes Please!

RELUCTANT PRESS

ANNOUNCES

YOUNG ADULT TITLES



IT'S IN THE BAG

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

CAPTIVE PLAYMATES

Pat was a little man with a great fortune and a two timing wife, who he believed planned to murder him. He sought to escape his fate until he was arrested by the police for drunken driving and man-slaughter. Then he needed her help and was willing to do anything to escape only to discover that she had planned a future for him as a toddler behind playpen bars .

AUNTY

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

FAIRIES

It is hard to imagine three youths who would be more insulted by being called Fairies.

Dale escaped home to become a Flower Child, but he hitch-hiked into fairy land. John was reluctant to enter a contest reserved only for talented musical children; however Mrs Worth suggested a perfect Composition for A Minor.

Aunt Lena left her daughters in charge of Rachel with orders that he be treated as one of the family, and Aunt Lena's Daughters Are Obedient to the point where he enters a fairyland created by the girls just for him.

NEW WOMAN TITLES

ONE DAY by LIZ JAMESGUARD

We couldn't argue with a computer. Itwas perfectly reasonable. "Think about it, Tim. This would be an opportunity to show Monica how you would like her to be, and Monica would do the reverse. Now, I'm not proposing that you have to conform to each other's ideal, but information is the keystone to problem resolution." "Wait," I decided. "This is crazy." Tim didn't believe that his computer could patch up a lover's quarrel by having him swithch places with Monica for just One Day. But, what if it would not switch them back again? Why did it want him trapped in a woman's body?

VACATION'S END

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

But...Aunt Soule had other plans.

"When Mrs Lumas wrote that she needed a young man to do some handi-work I thought of you...I wrote her that I was going to send you there for the summer to work....If you don't go I will cut your funds."

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

LADY

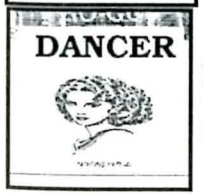
Mrs Sarah Dexter was not pleased to learn that her son brought his male lover home as his wife. But she decided to teach THE FAIRY BRIDE ....Now our hero was certain that she did not have A CERTAIN IMAGE to be a top executive. But, his competitor had a different image in mind for him...And the mystery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

WILYI

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

Plight

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



GO-GO DANCER

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

NEW WOMAN TITLES

MAID FOR SEX

Hazel escaped the police by ducking into John Bently's car only to discover himself forced into the sexy uniforms once worn by Tina, Mrs Bently's former maid.

Mrs Bently had hoped that Tina would tempt John away from his 'gay' ways; but, the wanton girl had just ran away with John's most recent lover, Mark, instead. This time Mrs Bently decided to change her son in stages by making Hazel a Maid for Sex.

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

How can Hazel escape?

FULL SPECTRUM TV STORIES

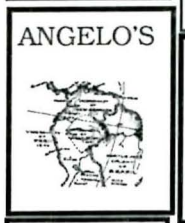
CELESTE by ELIZABETH ANNE NELSON

It starts on a stormy fall night when five crossdressers and a mysterious stranger began the tales of Celeste. A sheik finds out what it means to await Your Turn. A couple discover the truth about The Shaman's Mirror. A young man wants to be The Special Nursemaid. A sexist is given The Treatment. A strange woman offers an insurance man Five Dollars Down for a unique policy. The Spy that didn't come back. And The Pimp learns a new profession.

TV NOVELS

TAMING A SEXIST

C.Robert Perry was a male chauvenist, who enjoyed letting every one in the bar know what he thought about modern feminism. At that very same bar a Mrs Van Meer was lamenting the fact that her two former marriages were a mistake because society simply did not prepare husbands for professional women like it did wives for men. What she wanted was a home-maker such as the "good old fashioned girl, like the girl daddy had." "Why if conditions were right most men might accept the idea of being a homemaker," Mrs Knox observed. "Good, then I'll take him," Mrs Van Meer replied pointing at C. Robert Perry!



ANGELO'S BARGAIN

He had proposed marriage to Helene De LaVerga. Yet, how could he avoid such a marriage? He needed money, and Helene was his golden goose. Such a monstrosity should be grateful to have a man. For marriage was to be a sound business deal between them.Little did he know that he has bargained for a life in petticoats among the Amazons!

SEAMEN'S DELIGHT

Dale Belle was to serve as a steward aboard the Crystal Belle, to make a man of him.

But, his new uniform was right out of a south sea island movie, and he was to be the sexy island maiden!

And this was just the first step in making him into the Seamen's Delight!

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NEW BOOKS From Reluctant Press

STEROID

by Liz Jamesguard

Two young men hear of a new steroid capable of turning athletes into super jocks. So with money in hand they sneak into night to buy the wonder drug on the black market.

Share their surprise when they discover what the steroid was really designed to do! (NEW WOMAN)

MOON QUEEN

by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

Celeste begins our five tales with her prophetic tale: The Legend of the Berdache. See the Moon Queen's magic in the tale of A Daughter; Witness the creation of The Passionate One; A wife's plan for Domestication;And, how a cheating husband is taught With Loving Care.(SPECTRUM)

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National Organization

International Foundation For Gender Education
Box 367
Wayland, Ma 01778

Soc. for Second Self
Carol Beecroft, Box 194
Tulare, Ca., 93275

The Adam Society
c\o Dan Riley
6 Cushing St. 2nd Fl
Waltham, MA 02154
F to M

Local Groups

The XX (Twenty Club)
Box 80690
Forest Park Station
Springfield, Ma 01138

Tiffany Club of New England
Box 2283
Woburn, MA 01888

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

TSA
Box 5753
Weybosset Hill Sta.
Providence, R.I. 02903

TransSupport
Box 17622
Portland, ME 04101

MAGI
c\o Nikki Storm
Box 802
Bath, ME 04530

The Connecticut View
c\o Densie Mason
Box 2281
Devon, CT 06460

Harriet Lane's TV Set
P.O. Box 4002
Wallingford, CT

Northern New Jersey
c\o Kimberly Grant
7 Mill Road
Irvington, NJ 07111
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Northern New Jersey
Ms. Linda Frank
Box 9192
Morristown, NJ 07960

Sigma Nu Rho
P.O. Box 9255
Trenton, NJ 08650
TRI-ESS

Renaissance
c\o Emily Sheldon
P.O. Box 4457
Greenville, DE 19807

New York City Gender Alliance
c\o Fem Fashions
9 W 31st St, #7R
New York, NY 10001

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

Eulenspiegel Society
Box 2783 Grand Rapids Sta
NYC, NY 10163
S/M & B/D

Chideltamu Chapter
P.O. Box 2162
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In Sisterhood
Apt. 1C c\o Teri White
27 Clairmont Ave.
Mt. Vernon, NY 10551

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Box 6245
Broadway Station
Long Island, NY 11106

Girls Night Out
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Brooklyn, NY 11235

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Femme Expression
Box 121
Ozone Park, NY 11416
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St. James, NY 11780

Transgenderists
Indepensence Club
Box 13604
Albany, NY 12181

EON
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Camillus, NY 13031

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P.O. Box 163
Buffalo, NY 14209
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The Butterfly Group
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Endicott, NY 13760

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Rochester, NY 14692

Transpitt
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Philadelphia, PA 19103
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Renaissance
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King of Prussia, PA 19406

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Box 80724
Washington, DC 20004

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c\o H. Matlin PhD
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Bethesda, MD 20814
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My Choice
c\o Shana Roberts
7 S. Broadway
Baltimore, MD 21231

Butterfly Couples of Nova
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Bethesda, MD 20874

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Academy Awards of D.C
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Arlington, VA 22204

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The Montogmery Foundation
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Atlanta, GA 30362

Sigma Epsilon
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Atlanta, GA 30308

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Hollywood, FL 33022

TVN
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Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33310

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Kissimme, FL 34741

Blossom's Safe House
28417 Trident Court
Wesley Chapel, FL 34249

Butternut Belles
Box 3585
Knoxville, TN 37917

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P.O. Box 31253
Jackson, MS 39206
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Reynoldsburg, OH 43068

Alpha Omega Chapter
Box 954
Elyria, OH 44036

Paradise Club
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Parma, OH 44129

Cross-Port
Box 12701
Cincinnati, OH 45212

Indiana Crossdressers Society
Box 20710
Indianapolis, IN 46220

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Royal Oak, MI 48068

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Box 1153
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Box 75
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Box 310
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Minneapolis, MN 55416

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Box 4351
Scottsdale, Az 85261

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Box 24459
Tempe, AZ 85285

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GROUPS

Rainbow Gender Assn
Box 700730
San Jose, CA 95170

Society of Janus (B&D)
c\o Box 13852
Sacramento, CA 95838

Sacramento Gender Assn
c\o Jennifer Richards
Box 417701
Sacramento, CA 95841

NWGA
Box 4928
Portland, OR 97208

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Box 3312
Salem, OR 97302

Salmacis
Box 1604
Eugene, OR 97440

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Box 31318
Seattle, WA 98103

The Berdache Society
c\o Kyndel Fay Mercedes
Box 113162
Anchorage, AK 99511

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c/o GPO Box 2337 V
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Victoria,Australia

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Gympie, Queensland ,
Australia

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Westgate, NSW 2048 ,
Australia

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Box 146
c/o The Secretary
Ulladulla,, NSW 2538

Carouse I Club
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Couandilla, S.A
5033,Australia

National Seahorse Club of Australia
Box 89
Attn: Lydia Allion
Norwood, S.A.
5067 Australia

EBP
Box 405
Altona, Victoria 3018

Canada
Quebec TS Aid, Inc
Viviane Belanger
84 Boul. des Allies
Quebec, Canada GIL 1Y2

FACT-QUEBEC
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Box 293 Cote de Neiges
5858 Cote de Neiges Bld
Montreal, Quebec
Canada H3S 2S6

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Trans- CCP
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The Prince Institute
Box 2916
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These events are national in scope and each event is set up to provide a varied program for both the novice and advanced cross-dresser. With the exception of the Tri-Ess Convention (for members of Tri-Ess only) these events are open to any & all crossdressers. If you hear of further national events, please contact *Our Sorority*.

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

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Spring 1990 Pocono
Fantasy Festival
Near Stroudsburg, PA.
May 3-6, 1990
Write: Fem Fashions
#R 7
9 West 31st.
New York, NY., 10001
(212) 582-6823

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

Tiffany's Spring Fling
Provincetown, MA.
May 29-June 3, 1990
Write: Tiffany Club
POB 2283
Woburn, MA., 01888-0483
(508) 358-2305

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

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

16th Annual
Fantasia Fair
Provincetown, MA.
Oct. 12 - 21, 1990
Write: Fantasia Fair
POB 11254
Lincolnia Sta.
Alexandria, Va., 22312

Tri-Ess National Convention
San Francisco, CA.
November 14-18, 1990
Write: Tri-Sigma
POB 194
Tulare, CA., 93275
Paradise In The Poconos
May 17 -20, 1990Spring.
Sep. 20-23, 1990 Fall
Write: Creative Design Services
POB 1263
King of Prussia, Pa. 19406
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The Human Outreach & Achievement Institute

Recommended Reading List

Title ..... Price

TRANSSEXUALITY

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

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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

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

ANDROGYNY

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

CROSSDRESSING

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Understanding Crossdressing 11.95
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Mother Camp, F.I.'s in America 10.95
A Year Among The Girls 14.95
Geraldine, The Love of a Transvestite 15.95

BOOKS

How To Be A Woman Though Male 12.95
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AUNTIE'S NIECE

By Carol Francine Saunders

Many years ago, when I was age 15 and visiting my Aunt Jean, I had worked up the nerve to ask her to dress me in my cousin Sally's clothes. I had always been especially fond of Aunt Jean, I enjoyed spending two weeks with her each summer. She seemed so easy to talk with, much esaier than her sister, my mother. Aunt Jean was divorced from her husband. She and Sally had lived together until last year when Sally moved away for college.

My spending the two weeks of summer vacation with Auntie Jean seemed a good time to ask her. But what would she think if I asked her such a question? I had a life-long desire to dress in girl's clothes, but I did not know why and I had never talked to anyone about it. I had sneaked a few things of my mother's once in a while, and did the same thing with my sister Nancy's clothes. But I never felt I could talk to either one of them about my unnatural desire.

A few times, I was nearly found out, when Nancy or Mother came home unexpectedly, and I had to hurry and change back to my own clothes in my bedroom, then secretly get their clothes back to where they were. I had gootem bold a few times, even putting on nail polish and lipstick, high heels and one of Nancy's prom dresses. I felt so good, yet so ashamed of myself for sneaking around to do it. I thought, what if an understanding woman or girl would agree to dress me as a female and let me try "being a girl" under their supervision?

Auntie Jean seemed like a good person to ask.

"Auntie Jean, could I ask you a question? And will you promise not to laugh?"

"Billy, now what could be so mysterious? Have I ever laughed at your ideas? What is it?" she asked thinking that maybe something might be wrong.

"Well...I; I have thought a long time now...wondered about how boys and girls are different; I mean about what they wear, how the things girls wear are so much different from boy's clothes," I was

really stumbling over my own rushing hopes, "I have often wondered how I might feel if I had a chance to be dressed up as a girl. I've been too scared to ask Mother or Nancy, but I have always felt comfortable talking with you." I paused to see if I had picked the right words, but her bemused look of concern was unchanged so I pressed on with my desires in a rush of words, "Do you think that maybe, while I was staying with you this week, you would let me see how it would feel to pretend I was a girl, and wear my cousin Sally's clothes?"

"Why Billy, what would make you want to do something like this? What makes you think being a girl would be easier than or better than being a boy? You know that being a girl is more than just trying on dresses, you would not even get a hint of how is to be a girl unless you did it for a week or more," she took my hands in her's as if to comfort me despite her words. "There are neighbors and others who might drop in. If you were to become my "niece" for the next week or two, I must really treat you like a girl, you know."

An uncertainty crept into my mind. Could I become good enough as a girl to convince others...

"But really, you're not serious are you? What ever gave you this idea? Is there something else you want to tell me? Is it...are you questioning whether you are, maybe gay?"

"No, not at all. I really do like girls, I have crushes on them all the time," I protested anxiously not wanting her to think *that*, yet knowing I owed her some kind of explaination. "But, unlike some of the boys who only think of girls as for having sex with, I think of girls and women as interesting, different, and for whatever reason, I have always wished I was free to dress up as a girl sometimes. But, not to have people laugh at me or think I was strange. I really don't know what to do. But, I thought, if I had the chance to be a girl for a while, maybe here with you, I could see if maybe the desire would get out of my system. If I had a chance to be a girl for a few days?"

"Well then, Billy; to satisfy your curiosity, maybe your Auntie should agree to dress you up in the clothes that you think will be enjoyable to wear. But what if after a while you feel that wearing girls' clothes is not so much fun?" She shook her head thinking of ever so many questions. "Will you like wearing and walking in high heels? Have you ever thought that wearing girls' clothes would not be so desirable? And, if you dress up and don't like it, and our

neighbors have seen you as a girl; do you have the courage to stick it through until your visit is over?"

"Yes. I have not thought about this lightly. I would not have asked you if I thought it was just a lark. I feel this is something I really must do. With Sally away at college, and just the two of us here for two weeks, I thought this would be a chance I might not have again."

"Alright. I see you are serious about this. But since you want to try *being* a girl, then just dressing up will not do. We will have to show you how it might be if you *were in fact* a girl. We will have to give you a girl's name, keep you only in girl's clothes for several days, let you try having your hair in curlers, make-up on your face all day, nail polish on constantly, everything possible to let you feel like a girl. Eventually, as you live and behave as a girl, you will probably see how much better off you are as a boy!"

She nodded her head in knowing self satisfaction.

"Your name will be Cynthia, *Cindy*. I will try not to think of you as my nephew Billy, you will be my *niece*, Cindy. Of course you will have to shave off whatever leg and body hair you have, except what's covered by your panties, especially if you want to look good in a party dress. To get you in a feminine mood, you must fully look female. And your body hair will grow back in time," she suggested as if testing my will to be a complete girl. "Be a good sport! With my new new electric razor, you won't feel a thing."

Nervously I wondered how long it really might take for the hair to grow back? How, could I explain it when I went swimming later in the summer? Yet, if I didn't shave my adventure would end now!

"Okay, I'll shave it all off," I promised knowing that the die was cast. Once my body was shaved there was really little chance for retreat.

"Good. Go upstairs to my bathroom where the electric razor is. Once your body is shaved as smooth as a girl's I want you to take a nice bubble bath. While you are getting all dainty I will look through Sally's things she left behind. Maybe some of her older clothes which were smaller would fit you nicely."

After I was completely shaved, I gingerly stepped into the pink foaming bubble bath to soak in wonderful ease as I heard my Aunt

Jean in her bedroom. Then it dawned on me that she might expect to see me naked in order to dress me as a girl!

I bathed, dryed, and dusted with the girlishly-smelling powder she handed me through the partly opened door. Uncertainly, I wrapped my now all too dainty form in a bath towel to nervously enter the bedroom.

Auntie had me stand naked with my back to her as she slipped a pair of Sally's nude toned spandex panty briefs up my legs, which smoothed my loins.

Seeing my embarrassment, she half giggled with amusement, as she ran her fingers over my body to use her razor and skin cream to remove what little body hair I had missed. Auntie then plucked my eyebrow hairs with a pair of tweezers until I feared that all that was left was a thin ultra-feminine line that would not vanish in two weeks!

Satisfied with *denuding* me she reassured me that my feminine brows could be brushed into a shaggy masculine looks by demonstrating the change before the vanty mirror. And as I sat looking at the growing femininity of *Cindy's* face she set my longish hair into rollers.

"Now that you are wearing only your underpants, I mean your lingerie, we can get proper measurements," she noted seeing that my modesty was protected, even if I was blushing over being seen so close to being naked as she took a sewing tape to carefully measure.

"My, my, I can no longer see my nephew, just a young girl. Soon I will know you only as Nancy's sister! Now, we will be sure to get all your sizes; bust, hips, waist. We will add a few inches to your "bust" with bust pads. All young ladies want to enhance their *nearly B look* with falsies, and I am certain you will look great in Sally's." With teasing delight she playfully touched each of my little nipples with her index finger causing me to swallow my chagrin. Then she took the tape measure to my foot. "And your feet, I don't know if Sally's shoes or mine would fit you better. They may be snug, but to be a woman is to suffer."

Auntie had me sit as gave me a manicure and polished my fingernails a lovely pink, and then had me let them dry while she went to Sally's room to get other clothes for me to try on.

(Continued on Page 74.)

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Before she left she promised she would keep me in dresses the next full week. I would assume a female identity for that time as "Cindy", since all the boy-clothes I brought would be locked away before she returned and I would have only girl's clothes to wear.

After she left I found myself sitting very carefully with my hands on the vanity table, so that my pretty nails could dry, seeing in the vanity mirror a young girl sitting, all but nude, in her panty brief with her hair up in curlers.

Soon my Aunty Jean returned with a large box full of lovely things to wear which she dumped happily on to her bed along with a camera!

"Hold out your fingers, I will give your fingernails another coat of polish. Then I'll do your toenails. You will feel really feminine wearing nailpolish, you will leave them painted all week, you must practice being feminine!" she observed picking up the polish to do my finger nails before taking a buff pad to smooth out the skin on my feet before giving me a pedicure to finish off with nail polish.

Then to my surprise she took a snap shot with her camera!

"Just for my scrapbook. But, maybe you would like me to send copies to your mother and sister?" she teased only to see the sheer fear in my eyes. "Well, perhaps for now, just for me."

"Now that we have your sizes, I want you put on your female foundation garments all by yourself; panties, high waisted panty girdle, padded bra, nylons, and slip. You will feel quite different as a high school sophmore in feminine lingerie."

With her amused guidance I slipped on the lingerie learning from her how to cup my breasts by leaning forward to add to the falsie filled cups before raising the bra straps. Then she showed me how to roll up my nylons to attach them to the girdle garter snaps before I lowered the white silken nylon slip over my feminized form to feel the sheer delight of lacy hems brushing taunt smooth nylons.

"You really look girlish in your lingerie, wait until we're finished with you!" she promised looking at the start of her handiwork with a nod of approval that made me happy with the knowledge that she saw some promise in the transformation.

"Auntie, I really appreciate you doing this for me. I feel so good already. Do you think I am just a Sissy?" I asked in wonder over how nice it felt to be dressed so. Even more exciting than I dreamed.

"Listen, Girlie, I've never had a chance to do something like this. I am kind of looking foward to this. If its a girl you want to be, a Girl is what I'll make you be. Making you really pass as a girl will be a challenge for me as well," she promised taking yet another picture as if to remind me that if I *chickened out* she still would have a record of my first moments in skirts!

With these words of encouragement a pretty pink teenage dance party dress came over my head and was zipped up my back. Then matching pink two inch pumps before she drapped a ruffled pink plastic make-up cape about my neck. Auntie put her arm behind my neck as she applied lipstick to my mouth with her other hand. Then she quickly applied false eyelashes, cut down to fill in where my own lashes were not so full as a girl's. This was followed by a hint of eye make-up and highlighting blusher suitable for a young teenager. She combed my hair out into a feminine style before removing the cape to add clip on little gold earrings, charm bracelet, necklace, and a woman's watch to complete my transformation.

She then walked me to the full-length mirror to show me "How pretty I was!" as she took more pictures to add to her collection

"Cindy, be a good girl now and change out of your dress, I'll unzip you. After some more make-up is on you, we will dress you in another outfit and I will take pictures of you, in case you want to show your mother or to Sally or Nancy! You will really see how it feels to be dressed like a girl all day, every day. If you want to change back right now into your boy-clothes, go ahead if you can find them; otherwise you must stay a girl all week!" she laughed and then, seeing my wistful gazing in the mirror, she continued by asking, "Young Lady, Cindy? Are you really familiar with what you want? How many times have you dressed up as a girl before? Maybe I should give you lessons in being a girl, so you will know how to look and act sweet. If you really want to look nice, you will have to let me train you properly!"

Auntie couldn't keep from giggling as she sorted through clothing items scattered on the bed, as I stood there waiting for the next outfit she wanted me to try on. My makeup was freshened, to be applied expertly in a glamour-girl manner, more professionally then I would have expected.

She had me practice dressing and undressing, each time putting me in yet another set of panties, nylons, a panty girdle,

padded bra, full nylon slip, and black high heels with straps. After a spray of perfume, she put my arms through the sleeves of a silk blouse to be buttoned and zipped up.

Auntie showed me how to sit with my skirt straight and my legs crossed, saying that, "With a little practice, You could go to school as the new girl in town!"

Auntie showed me how to use feminine mannerisms, walk in high heels, and to quickly apply makeup. She said that being female was more in the mind than between the legs. And she promised, "I will work with you until you are a perfect little lady."

She took a whole roll of pictures of *Cindy* in many poses and outfits. And before we both knew it was time for me to put on a nightgown and go to bed in Sally's room, which was to be *Cindy's* room as long as she stayed in petticoats as Auntie Jean's niece.

I enjoyed being dressed and treated as a girl. The expert help and advice made me feel wonderful. I fell asleep with my hair up in curlers dreaming of my new life as a girl.

***

The next day as she awoke me she supervised me expertly as I dressed and made up, wearing a knee-length full skirted princess styled yellow cotton dress , saying I would stay a girl all day, that maybe my parents would like to see how pretty a *daughter* they had.

Then as we went down to breakfast, which she announced I was to make, she got out her video tape camera explaining that she planned to filmed me in each of several different outfits during the week as I lived the life of a girl, then she planned to play it back each day so she could *coach* me better and might improve myself as a girl.

"I will continue to teach you how to practice acting and walking like a girl while you are

doing all the household chores I would expect any high school girl to do. Then after supper I will give you further charm school lessons in being a girl.

"It is so delightful, dressing you as a female! I look forward to keeping your nails polished, your body hairless, and making you be a girl. You will spend hours in learning to walk, talk, and act as a female. Maybe you would like to try going out in public as a girl. But you would have to use the ladies' room only. I will show you how to keep your skirt and slip out of the way as you use the toilet like a woman. There is much to teach you about being a woman.

"Dressing you up is more fun than I thought it would be. Fun is what it's all about. You like wearing nail polish, makeup, and high heels. You envy pretty girls who do so. You long to be a female just like them. Then what difference does it make that your a boy? Males in panties, bras and dresses might not be appealing to everyone, but as long as you like to do it, and I enjoy helping you do it, let's enjoy it."

"I will let you become the *Woman* you pretend to be. Are you enjoying being obedient, and girlishly submitting to my dressing you as a lady?

"I just might send you home in a nice, feminine outfit so everyone can see you as Cindy. By then you will have learned more of thee niceties of being a woman, from applying makeup to walking through town in high heels as a woman, including being whistled at by men who do not know you are not really a girl."

I was looking forward to Auntie Jean making me be a woman all week.

***

At the end of the first week on Saturday night, as she helped me to get ready, she announced how she would really do me up for the evening out, as a reward for being her niece all week long.

She had me take another perfumed bath and again she saved my body hair, "to get the ones we missed before."

She set out everything she wanted me to wear. I couldn't help but feel feminine and girlish. Auntie handed me a pair of black silk panties, they felt so nice going up my smooth legs. She fastened a black bra behind my back, and placed breast inserts into the cups. The bra was in lace, matching my panties. The weight of my bra

straps was delightful. Next came a waist cincher, it reduced my waistline nicely; then a black panty girdle, with its padded hips and buttocks to give me a feminine shape. She hooked a black lacy garter belt on me, and proceeded to roll seamed nylons up my legs.

"You should be feeling pretty sexy by now," she told me. "Those black nylons look so sexy on you."

Auntie adjusted the toes of my nylons, slightly displaying my polished toenails; she slipped the open-toed heels, with sling backs, on my girlish feet, saying they would be appropriate for an evening out.

The heels were fairly high, but comfortable. They were of white patent leather, 4-inch heels with buckled straps. I carefully slid my feet into them, it was a fantastic sensation as my polished toenails peeked through the open toes of the shoes.

Auntie knelt down and buckled the straps. Then she had me stand.

I teetered a bit, then walked over and sat at the vanity table. I felt very feminine in my high heels and looked forward to wearing my pretty dress.

Aunt Jean took the long black slip from the bed, had me put my arms through the straps, and she slid it down over my shoulders and smoothed it over my body. She admired my girlish appearance as she began to apply my makeup.

Auntie frosted my eyelids in blue, penciled my eyebrows, added long false eyelashes and eye liner.

I felt so feminine as I blinked with my false eyelashes. Next came blush on my cheeks as she used a brush to finish feathering it out. A gold necklace and dangling earrings came just before my curly blonde wig.

"You will have more fun as a "blonde" she told me, as she hairsprayed my wig.

Soon a delightful, pretty woman stood watching me, it was my reflection in the mirror. I loved being *Cindy* as Auntie helped me into my long sleeved frilly blouse, and buttoned it up my back. She had me step into my skirt, being careful not to snag it with my

heels. She slid it up over my hips, it was a dark slim skirt and matching jacket. She buttoned it and zipped me up.

"Now no one will know you're a boy," she said, as she applied fresh lipstick to my mouth. After she finished, we left in the car, to tour the town as an Auntie and her visiting niece. My confidence was building, I felt I would be able to carry out successfully, my new female role.

This was not the End; but *Cindy's New Beginning* !

WE NEED YOUR
FICTION
POEMS
NON-FICTION
CARTOONS
NEWS ITEMS

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SINCE OUR SORORITY IS EXPANDING
TO THREE ISSUES A YEAR
WE NEED YOUR HELP!
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REGISTRATION FORM
for
90 in 90

Emerald City Resort Weekend, April 26-29, 1990
at the Red Lion/Bayshore Inn, 221 North Lincoln, Port Angeles WA 98362. (206) 452-9215

The Fine Print

The registration fee is $90 per person in U.S. currency no matter how many days you stay or in which events you participate. The only exception is: A significant other attending with a member pays only $75 registration. In case of question as to who is significant to whom, the decision of the 90 in 90 Committee will be final. If your reservation is involuntarily cancelled for any reason (like an earthquake takes out Port Angeles!), your registration will be refunded in full. If you cancel your registration before April 1, 1990, your registration will be refunded in full. If you cancel your registration on or after April 1, 1990, your registration will be refunded only at the discretion of the 90 in 90 Committee, if funds allow. Pay registration via check or money order made out to "The Emerald City - 90 in 90", and mail it to The Emerald City, POB 55874, Seattle 98155 (special address).

You are responsible for making and paying for your own room reservations above and beyond the registration fee. Your room cost will vary with your choice, of course, but you will save money if you can find a compatible member to split the cost with. The 90 in 90 Committee will help you find a roommate but you both must agree to room together, and make your reservations accordingly, on your own.

Room costs per night are listed on the enclosed Room Reservation Form. Choose your room, fill out the form, and *phone in your reservation directly to the Red Lion Inn at 206-452-9215.* If you are sharing a room, one of you take responsibility for the cost and arrange for your roommate to reimburse you or the hotel has offered to split the cost on two different bills for your convenience. Please mail the reservation form directly to the Red Lion at the above address.

You are also responsible for transporation and other costs such as breakfasts, lunches, drinks, shopping, tours, etc. except as listed below in "Your Registration Pays For". For the full 3-day package, these other costs should average about $84 per person, or $50 for the 2-day package.

Your Registration Pays For

- Catered reception Thursday evening
- Buffet dinner Friday evening
- Banquet dinner Saturday evening
- Brunch Sunday morning
- Entertainment Friday & Saturday nights (DJ, guest artists planned)
- Guest presenters Friday & Saturday (nails, hair, deportment planned)
- Administration, mailings, nametags, and the million things that come up at the last minute

To Register

Name for nametag:_____

Name for mailing:_____

Mailing address:_____

City & Zip:_____

Phone:_____ Ask for:_____

☞ *Circle the answers that fit you:*

I plan to attend:	3 days	2 days
My significant other plans to attend with me:	Yes	No or N/A

I plan to share a room with this person and we have made reservations at the Red Lion Bayshore Inn accordingly (fill in significant other name or roommate name):

_____

I want the 90 in 90 Committee to help me find a roommate to cut my costs.	Yes	No
Please have potential roommates call me at the above number:	Smoking	Non-Smoking
I want the 90 in 90 Committee to help me find a ride to/from the Resort Weekend. Please have potential rides call me at the above number:	Yes	No
I will go on ferry boat trip to Victoria on April 27 - $12 roundtrip + lunch:	Yes	No
I will go on the Hurricane Ridge Tour on April 28 - $10 roundtrip + lunch:	Yes	No
I prefer classes, conversation, or shopping instead of one of the tours.	Yes	No

Enclosed is my check or money order for $9
payable to: "The Emerald City - 90 in 90", PO
55874, Seattle 98155. I have phoned the Re
Lion Inn and mailed the room form to them.