

Our Sorority

ISSUE TWENTY FIVE

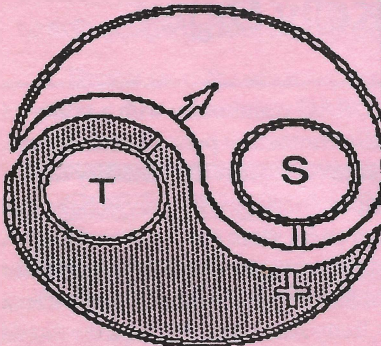
JUNE 1991

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TRANSSEXUAL EDITION

SURGERY & ISSUES



WHILE PUTTING IT TO BED

At the I.F.G.E. Convention, in Denver this year, I had the singular honor of receiving *The Virginia Prince Award* for service to our community. I take this moment to thank the many of you who have helped me in the past, and present, to receive this singular honor.

Enclosed with this issue of *Our Sorority* is a reader survey. Do take the time to complete this survey so that we shall know what YOU want to see in our little magazine. Please note the discount premium offer for your timely help.

This is our Transsexual Edition. Our guest editor is Dallas Denny, who has served over the past several years as Director of the Montgomery Foundation and now serves in this capacity for AEGIS. We also have reprinted Rev. Cannon Jones' classic message on Gender Dysphoria and Sr. Mary Elizabeth, SSE, article on Civil Rights of the Transsexual.

We also have included two short stories, poems, cartoons, list of national events, a chapter of Many Little Kindnesses (and an offer for its publication in book format), as well as MUCH, MUCH, MORE.

Our Sorority

An Outreach Publication

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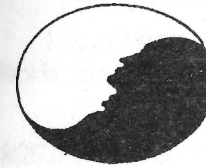
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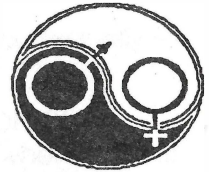
“A FRIEND IS SOMEONE WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT YOU AND STILL LOVES YOU.” Kelly Digby

Our Sorority is dedicated to serving the TV/TS/DRAG community with a policy of fair and equal opportunities to all, and without discriminatory policy towards, race, creed, national origin, sexual being, or sexual preference. It is supported by the Outreach Institute and donations by its readership and friends who truly believe that the best therapy for cross-dressers is to meet others who share the “hobby of kings”. Our Sorority is copyrighted, 1991, with the understanding that the republication of names, address, phone numbers, and articles used herein is prohibited by law without the written permission of its publisher and editor, Betty Ann Lind. All inquiries should be sent to: Our Sorority, POB 11254, Lincolina Station, Alexandria, VA 22312.



OUR SORORITY

Betty Ann Lind, Editor
POB 11254, Lincolina Station
Alexandria, VA. 22312



June, 1991

Dearest Readers,

In our last issue we noted that certain changes for Our Sorority were in the wind. These changes are:

- FOUR ISSUES A YEAR FOR \$20. (\$25 US Overseas.) Or, \$8.00 per issue (Including postage). Issue 26 will be in August and Issue 27 will be in November. From then on we will set our sights on a three months cycle. You will note by your subscription date on your address label your current status.
- An enclosed Reader Survey to determine what our readers want to see in Our Sorority. Please note, that those who complete and mail in our survey will receive a \$2.00 discount off of their subscription.
- An advertisement brochure for those who wish to place an ad in our National Issue with a circulation of over 3,500 copies. You might consider a personal ad as a “donation” in support of this special Issue sent to both subscribers and non-subscribers alike. For a business interested in serving our community an ad can only cost a few pennies per contact.
- Suspending the Undercover Girl photo spread. (Our readership has not responded well to our appeal for photographs, and therefore our printing costs related to photo layout do not justify this luxury, yet.

Please respond to the enclosed reader survey, we need your feedback in order to give you the magazine you want.

Thank you for your continuing support.

LOVE...

OUR SORORITY IS NOW BEING PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES A YEAR FOR \$20.00!

\$25 US FOR ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM OVERSEAS.

Tripping the Light Fantastic Staying Sane and Whole While in Transition

by Dallas Denny

Gender reassignment is one of the most radical and disruptive things that an individual can do. It strains and often severs social relationships, imposes economic hardships, involves a good deal of physical pain and a great deal of psychic pain, and requires study and hard work in order to even begin to hope to pass in the gender of choice. Transition must be pursued in the face of the general disapproval of society and the specific disapproval of loved ones, the reluctance of the medical community to provide services, a scarcity of resources, and countless legal and social obstacles. The body of one sex must be somehow whipped into the semblance of that of the opposite sex, generally after puberty has wreaked irreversible somatic changes.

Old behavioral patterns must be unlearned and new ones added. A new life must replace the old. The transsexual person runs a gamut of obstacles, with no guarantees of success. Indeed, probably fewer than ten percent of those who set out to change their gender succeed in doing so. And yet, tens of thousands of people are happily and successfully working and living in the gender of choice. Transition is possible. It can be done. It just can't be done without disruption and sacrifice and hard work. It can't be done without stubborn determination. It can't be done without money. It can't be done in the absence of support, and it can't be done without pain.

My crossdressing friends tell me that the transsexual people they know are no fun: "They whine all the time. They're preoccupied with their problems and their bodies. They need to lighten up."

To them I say, "Please appreciate the tremendous pressures that these people are experiencing. Please understand that every aspect of their lives is affected by their decision to change gender, and that they must become somewhat self-absorbed in order to prevail against odds which are nearly insurmountable."

And to those who are in transition, I say, "Lighten up!"

I don't have the space in this article to point out all the potential hazards in the mine field of transition.

OUR SORORITY simply isn't big enough. ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANICA isn't big enough. You'll have to look elsewhere for that (you'll find a listing of such resources at the end of this article).

I do have some strategies and approaches that may be of help.

Here they are:

1. KEEP YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR (and if you don't have one, cultivate one).

You will only be as unhappy as you allow yourself to be. You can plod miserably along, or you can enjoy yourself. You can find humor in the ludicrous situations you will find yourself in and the things people will say which have a whole different meaning because of your gender status. Those you meet along the route will prove amusing, if you allow them to be. They will be your comrades in arms, and some of them will become your friends. If you approach transition with a sense of wonder and awe, your experiences will be more pleasurable than they will be if you inject fear and guilt. Yes, it'll be damn difficult, but you can still have a good time. Being miserable and depressed does not make for a good prognosis.

2. DON'T ALLOW TRANSSEXUALITY TO BECOME YOUR ENTIRE LIFE.

You shouldn't go through transition as if you were Ahab in pursuit of the White Whale. Ahab needed to get a life, and so do you. You mustn't defer your entire existence in anticipation of a hypothesized bliss once you jump genders. An empty life in the gender of original assignment will probably become an empty life in the gender of choice. Reassignment will not solve your problems; you'll still have the same troubles, but in a different gender. You would do well to have life goals other than transition. You should cultivate friends and interests outside the gender community.

3. KEEP YOUR PERSPECTIVE.

You must not allow your transsexualism to become a fantasy or a fetish. As my friend Rachel has said, "You must weave reality back into the fabric." Don't place undue weight on reassignment surgery; it won't magically transform you into a man or a woman.

You should at all times know where you are and where you are going, and this should be firmly grounded in reality. You must come to terms with your physical and behavioral assets and liabilities and incorporate them into an emerging identity. You must have realistic ideas about the social roles of men and women, and what sort of man or woman you want to be. Remember that transition is a process— a becoming, if you will. You will be gradually changing. You won't just wake up one morning and find that you are magically different.

4. DON'T BOX YOURSELF IN.

You must somehow keep functioning. If you prematurely dismantle your old life, you will be unable to replace it with a satisfactory life in the gender of choice. You will be left with a twilight existence, an identification as a transsexual. And if this negatively impacts your earning potential, you can get stuck, unable to complete the procedures which will produce the bodily changes necessary to successfully pass in the gender of choice (for instance, electrolysis for the male-to-female; reduction mammoplasty for the female-to-male). You must maintain as much support as possible. You should know that in some cases that may mean clinging onto your old identity a little bit longer.

5. LET GO OF YOUR CRUTCHES.

As your body changes, it will become less difficult to pass. You should rely less on contrivance and incorporate your natural aspects into your presentation. This may mean using your own hair instead of a wig, doing away with padding, and using less makeup. Or it may mean using your birth name, if it has a chance of working, instead of an idealized feminine name. It may mean becoming comfortable with interests or aspects of your personality that aren't a good "fit" in the gender of choice. But whatever your perceived shortcomings are, you will need to face and come to terms with them and let them go.

6. SACRIFICE AND COMPROMISE

.Being in transition will cause big changes in your life. You must be prepared to meet all challenges and to give your transsexualism a high priority. You'll be deluding yourself if you think you can maintain your previous standard of living in the face of bills from psychologists, endocrinologists, electrologists, and plastic surgeons. You must maintain your pace. If you delay procedures such as hormonal therapy because of lack of money or time, or for other reasons, your transition will eventually be delayed. And here I will insert

a caveat for the male-to-female transsexual person: Don't put off electrolysis. You'll be sorry if you do. Once you are living in the gender of choice, it will nearly impossible to bring yourself to grow the hair long enough for the operator to grasp it with her tweezers. And passing will be at best a struggle, and quite likely impossible, until the hair on your face is gone or at least appreciably diminished

.7. BE A GOOD CONSUMER.

You must at all times act with discretion and proper respect for your body. You should not act out of desperation. Although services can be difficult to obtain, they are available. You will minimize your chances of failure if you use competent service providers. Otherwise you will risk delays in obtaining diagnosis (and hence hormones), a regimen of hormones inadequate to masculinize or feminize you, and even botched surgery. You have only one shot at transition, and it is decidedly in your best interest to proceed with reasonable precautions and care, making sure that your doctors know what they are doing.

8. JOIN A SUPPORT GROUP

It will be to your advantage to find your peers. Support groups can educate you, assist you with referrals, and help you to perfect a masculine or feminine appearance. You will probably make friends with other group members. But more importantly, you will see your peers in action, making decisions both good and bad. By observing them, and by talking with them, you can learn strategies for coping and avoid pitfalls.

9. FOLLOW THE BENJAMIN STANDARDS OF CARE.

The Standards of Care of the Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Association, Inc., are guidelines to safeguard transsexual people and those who provide services for them. Many transsexual people see them as obstacles to be overcome, and so they are. But by following the Standards of Care, you will minimize your chances of failing in your transition, and maximize your chances of surviving failure, if it does occur. The Standards will let you opt out anywhere short of reassignment surgery.

The best of transitions will be painful. The worst do not even bear thinking about. You should not expect a perfect experience, but by exercising common sense and foresight, you will minimize disruption and conflict, and have a smoother ride.

A BRIEF RESOURCE LIST

Denny, Dallas. Deciding What To Do About Your Gender Dysphoria: Some Considerations For Those Who Are Thinking About Sex Reassignment. (\$8.00)

Chrysalis Quarterly. (\$20.00/4 issues)

The above are available from Atlanta Educational Gender Information Service (AEGIS), P.O. Box 33724, Decatur, GA 30033.

Devor, Holly. Gender Blending: Confronting the Limits of Duality. (\$14.50)

Elizabeth, Sister Mary. Legal Aspects of Transsexualism— 1990 Edition. (\$10.00)

Laing, Alison. Speaking as a Woman. (8.00)

Stringer, JoAnne Altman. The Transsexual's Survival Guide. (\$20.00)

Stevens, Jennifer Ann. From Masculine to Feminine and All Points In Between. (\$22.45)

TV-TS Tapestry Journal (\$10.00/issue, \$40.00/year).

The above are available from: The Outreach Institute (See Additional Items inside Back Cover); or the International Foundation for Gender Education (IFGE), P.O. Box 367, Wayland, Massachusetts 01778.

THE TRANSSEXUAL PHENOMENON

by Harry Benjamin

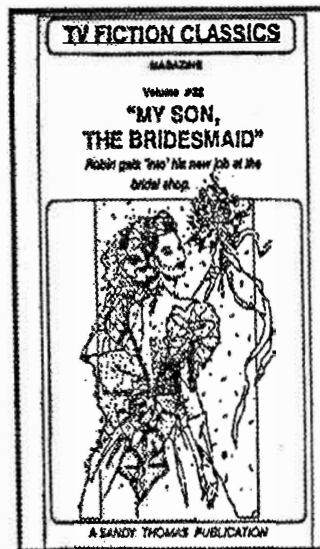
The Outreach Institute announces the reprinting of this classic publication on gender issues. This major work on transsexualism, which includes 16 pages of photos associated with important case histories, and the well-known Benjamin Scale of Gender Shift, is available in limited numbers.

The antique cover edition is priced at \$39.95 and the standard edition costs \$35.95. Please add \$3.50 for postage and handling US, or \$7.00 in US Funds outside the US.

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THE EROTIC DRIVE TO CROSS-DRESS

MAGNUS HIRSCHFELD, M.D.
TRANSLATED BY
MICHAEL A. LOMBARDI-NASH, Ph.D.

TRANSVESTITES: THE EROTIC DRIVE TO CROSS-DRESS

By Magnus Hirschfeld, M.D.

Translated By Michael A. Lombardi-Nash, Ph.D.

This is one of the finest books written on the subject of cross-dressing. Dr. Hirschfeld was one of the founders of sexology at the turn of the century. His cultural and case based research on human sexology *Sexual Anomalies* was published in 1948 after considerable difficulty with US Customs. To the best of my knowledge this is the first English translation of *Die Transvestiten*, which is extremely unfortunate, because its availability as a text for psychotherapists may have saved countless lives. It is the first text to separate sex, gender, and sex partner preferences; as well as defining the differences between various types of cross-dressers including the concept of the hetero-sexual crossdresser.

PROMETHEUS BOOKS, 59 John Glen Drive, Amherst,
NY. 14228-2197 \$37.95 plus \$3.00 P&H.

THEOLOGICAL QUESTIONS and PASTORAL RESPONSES REGARDING GENDER DYSPHORIA

The Rev. Canon Clinton R. Jones, D.D.
Christ Church Cathedral, Hartford, CT

At the beginning of this paper, I must admit that what I wish to say can be properly construed as an apologia . . . which Webster defines as "a defense of one's opinion, position, or actions." Surely, this is not to be confused with being an apology . . . which has the overtones of being regretful or even expressing a sense of guilt. For, in all honesty, none of these feelings exist.

I open my remarks with this point because I began my counseling ministry with gender dysphoric persons in the mid-sixties, was one of the persons who was instrumental in the formation of the Gender Identity Clinic of New England in the early seventies, and have remained with the Clinic throughout the years, eventually assuming the role of Clinic Coordinator. For more than twenty years, I have monitored a support group for transsexual persons who have met consistently on a bi-monthly schedule.

As might be expected, such involvement was not—and has not been—without critics. I suspect that all gathered at this symposium will have encountered skepticism and even open criticism for being professionally involved in this work of helping and serving this particular clientele . . . whether as surgeons, psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, or from other disciplines.

As an ordained member of the Church, I have had, as might be expected, my intentions and efforts brought into question. Up to this point, at least, I have managed to survive. And since I have had the opportunity to lecture quite extensively both within and without the Church, I hope I have been able to provide some reasonable education which I would hope has produced understanding . . . and, hopefully, more tolerance and acceptance.

Often, however, the questions raised have been theological and Biblical. It is because of this response that it seemed pertinent to address the issue which is the focus of this paper.

In such a distinguished assemblage of this, I suspect I do not need to explain what theology is all about. Yet, at the same time, it may be helpful to deal with the root meaning of the word. "Theos"

is the Greek word for God . . . and the ending has to do with what we call logic. A simple definition is: "The study of God and God's relation to the world."

Before I proceed further, I need to say that I well realize I am actually dealing with faith: That which a person holds to be true in his or her own conceptions of life and which also may provide that foundation on which his or her value system may rest. Please note that I said "a person", or individual.

Obviously there are those for whom God is not a reality. There are many who cannot accept the God of the Hebrews—nor the God that Christians believe was in Christ . . . and this, of course, is their privilege. But accept it or not, a large majority of us in the helping professions, both in the United States and in many countries represented here this week, are functioning in a society which has reasonably strong roots in the Judeo-Christian heritage.

Over the years in relating to counselees, and surely in the lecturing I do, basic theological/ethical questions are raised. Strangely enough, I have discovered that many persons who have considered themselves to be gender dysphoric have begun their first probing with me simply on the basis that I am ordained in the Church. One of the first things they may need to resolve in their minds is whether they should do what they want to do. They may wonder whether they are challenging God's will, and whether they might face some eventual condemnation.

It has been interesting that often times counselees will be more honest with a religious counselor than with others. For instance, in my sessions with homosexuals, some of whom have been in therapy for extensive periods of time, I have discovered that they may have never discussed their true feelings previously. Recently, when I interviewed a person for our clinic and asked for the date of birth, it was given . . . but I was told not to tell the others in the clinic, because he had dropped off a few years! When I questioned this, the person said, "But I just couldn't lie to you!"

What theological questions are raised? For many who are gender dysphoric, the question is: "If God is Creator, if this Creator—as the Bible says—created persons as male or female, what about me?" In this regard, many who are religiously oriented will question what is being done to help persons move from one gender identity into another. I am convinced we need to make some response.

It is my belief that God is Creator. However, I also feel strongly that the Creation is filled with variants. These variants are in all na-

ture: the plant world; lower animals; even, if you will, in the minerals. (After all, a diamond is a variant in the world of coal!) This being true, why shouldn't there be variants in the human species?

There are. No two individuals are the same: there are physical differences such as hermaphrodites and those who have chromosomal anomalies. It is my opinion that we do not have the formal or final answers as to why persons are gender dysphoric . . . but since we seem to recognize this condition as reality, I have to believe this is an identity which may very well be of the creative system.

As one reads the Creator narrative in the book of Genesis (which I hasten to indicate I can hardly accept as literal), at the end of each Creative day, there is the phrase "God saw that it was good." Therefore, there is this basic acceptance that whatever God has created is good.

Theologically speaking, Creation, of course, is not merely a one-time matter but, rather, a constant, continuing process. That, then, which God still creates is good. The important point which emerges here, in my mind (and this is where the pastoral response emerges), is to help those who are gender dysphoric to know that their being is good.

There may be those who will disagree with me . . . and perhaps violently. However, I feel convinced that persons who are gender dysphoric do not willingly, consciously choose this identity. Again I say this from a pastoral point of view, because I feel that the long, tortuous, wrenching passage from one gender identity to another is so traumatic—and can be so full of pain—that I cannot see how anyone, unless they are truly masochistic, would really want to follow through.

From my vantage point, I feel that the last thing such persons need to be told is that they have flaunted God's will, that they have tampered with His creation, and that they may even face serious judgment because of what they wish to do or have done.

As stated at the outset of this paper, I am dealing to some extent with the nature of God. So far, the statements have been made that God is Creator . . . and this being good, that which God has created is good. Response is now needed to another question so often asked. If there is agreement to these points, then why are we just learning that there are gender dysphoric persons? I would make three responses:

First, I strongly suspect that gender dysphoric persons have existed throughout the centuries. There is adequate support in history to sustain this concept. A sample illustration is found in a study of the Mohave Indians who occasionally had a boy in the tribe who evidenced dominant feminine characteristics, both physical and psychological. The tribe would do as much as possible to orient this boy into a masculine identity but, failing this, would then organize a tribal ceremony at which he would be dressed as a woman, given a female name, and then be permitted to live with women and do the work they did. He might even become a sexual partner for men in the tribe.

Second, it does seem that God is always in the process of being revealed. If one traces the development of man's understanding of God, there is movement from a primitive Yahweh—who was God of the storm, the volcano, and nature—to what Christians call the most significant revelation in the being of the Incarnate Son, Jesus, the Christ. God's revelation, then, is process. I will go so far as to suspect that we still don't know what yet may be revealed.

Third, I think I am on sound ground when I say that God, over the centuries, has revealed Himself through human beings who are described in Scripture as "the Crown of Creation." Over these centuries we have been learning little by little the truth of Creation. At one time, the earth was thought to be flat; it may have been revealed to Galileo that it was round, even though he had some difficulty convincing others that this was true. As one reads the Old Testament, one finds that it was the prophets who are identified as being the vehicles through whom God was revealed.

Why can we not believe that those who were pioneers in this field of gender dysphoria were, because of the advances in medicine, surgery, and psychological evaluation, also revealing a truth which long existed? Some might be considerably distressed sensing there were those of us who feel they were fulfilling this purpose. But we who believe may have to be allowed this privilege.

It is not my intention with this paper to discuss how various denominational or religious bodies or judicatories have reacted to this discipline. In fact, it does appear that there have been very few formal pronouncements. Little has been written or published by theologians, and no strong dictates pro or con seem to have promulgated. Some significant religious bodies, such as the (Roman) Catholic Theological Society of America in their study of human sexuality, have made reference to transsexualism . . . but indicate that it is too early for any significant evaluation.

There have been definitive stands taken by major denominations on homosexuality with varying positions which range from total acceptance to rigid rejection. But these same bodies have not dealt openly with the issue of gender dysphoria. However, although there are few formal positions taken, there is an undercurrent of apprehension . . . especially in the area of actual physical/surgical intervention. The bottom line seems to focus on the issue of removing healthy organs and tissue. I am trying to avoid in this presentation the ethical/moral issues involved but stay, instead, in the realm of the theological.

Right or not, my conception of God is that "wholeness of person" is important. Wholeness, in one sense of the word, can be thought of as integration. If the human being is made, as Biblical language states, "in God's image", then it would seem that it was God's intention that human beings should experience wholeness, since surely the Divinity is One and is Whole.

For a long time, ever since surgical procedures were possible, doctors have made decisions about hermaphroditic children . . . and usually these decisions have involved surgery, perhaps even the removal of healthy tissue. The intentions of the surgeon, in these instances, is to provide a sense of "wholeness" or "oneness" to this child. The question in my mind is simply this: Are the physical differences more valid than those which are psychological and emotional?

As stated earlier, we are still dealing with mystery (as far as I see it) as to the true etiology of gender dysphoria. I suspect that there is some general agreement that there are few physical reasons involved. Experience tells us that a person who may seem to be the most masculine male may, in reality, be female . . . and the most feminine female may in reality be a male. Put simply, the packaging often has little to do with the product!

If our goal parallels God's goal of "wholeness", then it would seem as if we are not trespassing on God's will if we provide whatever therapies are necessary to bring completion, wholeness, oneness to a person who desperately needs it.

It is quite obvious to those gathered, I am sure, that I function out of a Christian framework. Obviously I have the highest regard for the Jewish roots and antecedents of this faith; however, I do also believe that God specifically revealed himself in Jesus of Nazareth. I also believe I can say that whether a person believes in the Incarnation or not, the evidence of an historical Jesus is basically well-founded. The Gospels relate many of His activities and show

forth His various roles. One of these, of course, was His ministry of healing.

But Jesus was hardly the first healer. All through the Old Testament, and in many other religious systems, there have been healers. Such being true, and if these healers are instruments of God, then it would seem that God is not happy about disease . . . but is eager that it be replaced by health. This is why it is too difficult for me to believe that God has been the prime mover behind plagues or devastating diseases which cause pain, sorrow, and death. In this vein (as an aside), how can anyone say that AIDS is God's punishment?! If we will say God is good, then how do we reconcile this to the fact that such a God would wish physical pain and emotional turmoil for anyone? In reverse, would God not want to hope for cure, for relief, for health?

Those of us who express care and concern for those who are gender dysphoric are surely fully aware of all that they bear as they undertake this trek from one gender to another. I hardly need to spell this out: Is not our purpose to dispel disease? The medical psychiatric profession was all too correct in identifying gender dysphoria as a disease; certainly such persons are "out of ease" with themselves, and they need help to find their true health. If this may mean extensive counseling, infusion of hormones, and eventual surgical procedures, then I would say "So be it!" . . . and even thank God that we now live in a world where such healing can take place.

As I move to conclusion, there is one attribute of God which has not been touched upon . . . although it may have been implied in many of the points made. This is the attribute of love.

I well recognize that as one reads some of the passages of the Old Testament one may question whether or not this is true. But these writings have to be placed in their historic time and place. Actually, from a very early time it became clear to Israel that God loved Israel . . . that they, the Jews, were chosen. However, many of the prophets tied love and righteousness together so that when there was disobedience, it was necessary for punishment. The familiar phrase was: "God loveth whom he chastiseth".

However, as the revelation of God's nature became clearer, it also seemed to show more of God's love and far less of God's wrath. The culmination came, as we Christians believe, when "God so loved the world that He sent the only begotten son". Then this Jesus, exhibiting a life of love, made the final love offering by giving his life to the cross. But then He bestowed this legacy of love

upon those who would be his followers and apostles to a world in desperate need of this love. This love, which moves out of the fountainhead of God, infuses man so that an eminent contemporary theologian, Norman Pittinger, can state so clearly: "Man is born to be a lover." I would like to believe that all of us within this specific discipline, whether we be Jew or Christian or of some other world religion or are committed humanists, are "born lovers" . . . and that our task has been, and is yet, to bring joy out of sorrow, wholeness out of brokenness and separation, health out of sickness, and peace out of turmoil and unrest.

I think I know of no other group of persons who need to know understanding, care, concern, compassion, and—above all—genuine love than those who bear the pain, the discomfort, even the terror of gender dysphoria than those so afflicted. Let us continue to do our work, to provide our ministries under whatever banner we wish to fly. As for me, I will do so under the God who made me, who loves me, and who, in His mercy, will receive me.

SOURCE: Twenty (XX) Club

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By MARRIETTE PATHY ALLEN

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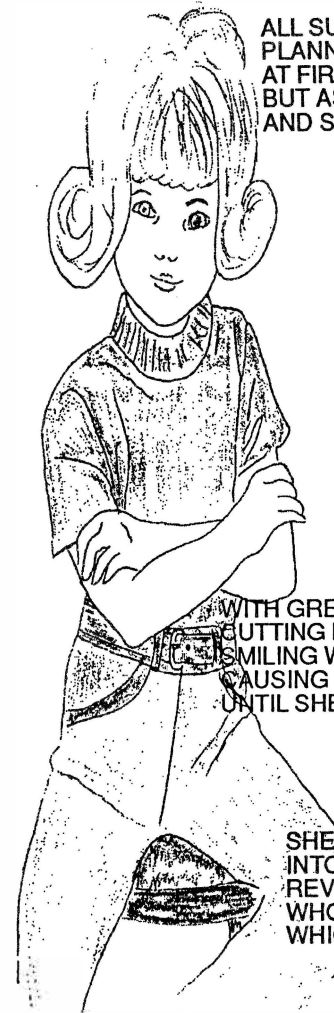
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MY NEW HAIRDO



ALL SUMMER LONG I HAD LET MY HAIR GROW
PLANNING TO JOIN THE MOD CROWD YOU KNOW.
AT FIRST MOM THOUGHT IT WAS HARDLY NEAT
BUT AS IT GREW SHE SEEMED TO ACCEPT DEFEAT
AND SEEMED CONTENT TO LET ME RUN THE SHOW

THEN ONE DAY I WAS REALLY BAD
SO SHE DECIDED TO CUT THE HAIR I HAD
TO PUNISH ME FOR MY NASTY WAYS
SHE SNIPPED HERE AND THERE AS IN A DAZE
WHILE I SAT ALL GLOOMY AND SAD

WITH GREAT CARE SHE BEGAN TO TRIM EACH LOCK
CUTTING HERE AND THERE AND THEN TAKING STOCK
SMILING WITH AMUSED DELIGHT AND WONDERMENT
CAUSING MY FEARS TO GROW IN BEWILDERMENT
UNTIL SHE HELD UP THE MIRROR TO REVEAL A SHOCK!

SHE HAD STYLED MY MAD TANGLEMENT
INTO A BEAUTIFUL HAIR ARRANGEMENT
REVEALING TO THE MIRROR A PRETTY GIRL
WHOSE GOLDEN HAIR WAS IN A BOUFFANT SWIRL
WHICH MOM CONSIDERED A VAST IMPROVEMENT

"I HAD NO IDEA WHY YOU LET YOUR HAIR GROW
I COULD NOT HAVE GUESSED YOU WANTED TO BE A GIRL SO."
MOM TEASED WITH AN AMUSED SMILE SO TAUNTINGLY SWEET,
"BUT, NOW I SHALL MAKE ALL YOUR DAINTY DREAMS COMPLETE,
BY DRESSING YOU AS MY DAUGHTER FROM HEAD TO TOE."

“The Plumbing Works, and So Does the Electricity”

Reassignment Surgery for the Male-to-Female Transsexual Person

by Dallas Denny

The title of this article is a quote from Kate Bornstein on the “Transsexual Regrets” episode of *Geraldo*. It was her reply to a question asked by a man in the audience: “Can you have an orgasm with that vagina?”

Just as size 13EEE shoes were originated for genetic women with big feet, and not for crossdressers or transsexual people, vaginoplasty originated as a procedure to correct birth defects in women with inadequate or missing vaginas. The medical literature includes reports of procedures dating from Dupuytren’s attempt in 1817. Modern penile-inversion reassignment surgery is predicated on such techniques.

Abraham reported a male-to-female reassignment surgery in 1931, but it was the case of Christine Jorgensen in the early 1950’s that brought transsexualism into the limelight. Christian Hamburger, one of her physicians, reported that her reassignment team received 465 letters from men and women requesting reassignment. Interestingly, Fogh-Andersen, Jorgensen’s surgeon, seems to have performed only castration and penectomy; she obtained vaginoplasty elsewhere a year or so later.

Reassignment surgery was performed sparingly in the late 1950’s and 1960’s; many Americans and Europeans sought out Dr. Jorge Burou in Morocco, who for years was the “miracle man” of transsexualism, performing countless surgeries (certainly more than a thousand). In the 1960’s, a gender identity clinic was established at The Johns Hopkins University, where Dr. John Money and others had for years been working with intersexed (hermaphroditic) people. As outcome studies began to be published, reassignment surgery came to be grudgingly approved by the medical community—although there were, and still are, a number of opposing voices.

Modern surgical technique typically involves inversion of the penile skin into a pocket which is dissected out between the bladder and rectum. How’s this for a graphic description: “The vaginal cavity is dissected with the assistant’s index finger of the right hand in the rectum and with the surgeon’s left index and middle fingers

grasping the central point of the perineum and the superficial transverse perineal muscle.” (Donald R. Laub, “Vaginoplasty for Gender Confirmation,” *Clinics in Plastic Surgery*, 15(3), p. 463). The urethra is relocated to the normal female position, and labia are made from the scrotal skin; some surgeons construct two sets of labia, some only one. The testicles and the erectile tissue from the penis are discarded. Some surgeons use skin grafts to supplement the penile skin, and others use a section of the large intestine. Some surgeons use a portion of the glans penis to construct an enervated clitoris.

Reassignment surgery is still in a state of evolution, but it is well-defined and fairly standardized. Despite the claims of insurance companies, it is not, in my opinion, any longer experimental surgery, for the techniques are well-worked out, complication rates are known (normally about 10%-15%), and the effects of the surgery on the lives of transsexual people have been researched well enough to know that most who have the operation benefit from it. Nor is it cosmetic surgery, any more than is vaginoplasty for a genetic woman born without a vagina. Transsexualism is a legitimate psychiatric diagnosis, and surgery is the only viable treatment for the true transsexual person.

The advantages of the various surgical techniques are open to debate, both by physicians and by patients. Use of a portion of the colon, for instance, provides a vaginal lining which is naturally self-lubricating; on the other hand, inverted penile skin can become self-lubricating. Dr. David Gilbert, of the Center for Gender Reassignment in Norfolk, Virginia, has said, “Nobody knows why, but when tissue is moved to the vaginal area, it tends to become self-lubricating.” Some find that use of the colon makes the vagina needlessly drippy and difficult to keep clean.

In a similar vein, some feel that use of skin grafts allows a deeper vaginal passage. Others cannot bear the thought of the scars a skin graft will leave. And yet others claim that with proper dilation, the vaginal cavity will expand, and that skin grafts are usually unnecessary.

Despite the technique used, a good reassignment team will construct a natural-appearing and completely functional vagina. Unfortunately, everyone is not equally skilled. Just as any physician can decide to do chemical peels, any physician can decide to do reassignment surgery. No one wants to be a surgeon’s first vaginoplasty, but someone must be. If you are considering SRS, be sure to go to someone who does a lot of surgeries. Good surgeries.

Be a good consumer. You're going to have to live with your vagina for a long time; you might as well get a good one.

Keep in mind that price and quality do not necessarily go hand in hand. In my opinion, some of the best, and perhaps the best surgeries are available out of the country for less than \$6000 (SRS is generally \$10,000-\$12,000 and up in the U.S.). But by all means, don't get yourself butchered. Steer clear of offers which sound too good to be true— they probably are.

You should acquaint yourself with the literature; after all, transsexual people are notorious for haunting the stacks of medical libraries (and it seems somehow to offend physicians' proprieties that they do so). Graphic depictions of SRS are available in medical journals. You can explore minor variations in technique to your heart's content, and you'll be prepared when you actually consult a surgeon.

Choosing a surgeon should be done with care and consideration, and only after you survive and thrive in real-life test.

In addition to questions about the procedure he will use, you should ask:

1. How much will it cost?
2. How often does the surgeon perform SRS?
3. How many surgeries has he done?
4. What is the rate of complications?
5. What happens if there are complications?
6. Will there be one set of labia, or two?
7. Will there be a clitoris?
8. Will I be able to play the piano after surgery? (If he says yes, then say, "Good, 'cause I can't play the piano now.")

Ask to see photos of completed surgeries, and if possible, talk to someone who has had the surgery you want. If you're lucky, you'll be able to see your surgeon's work up close and personal; this will give you a feeling for his sense of esthetics. Many post-op transsexual people will not hesitate to show you. They're proud of their new plumbing. It works, and so does the electricity.

SPORUS: The First Male To Female Surgery?

by Betty Ann Lind

No one is sure when the first vaginoplasty was done, but Richard Green has reported that when Nero's wife (Poppaea) died precipitously (he kicked her in the belly when she was pregnant), he had all of Rome ransacked in a search for a replacement. Green's all too brief report is dealt with more completely by the historians; Dio, Plutarch, and Suetonius.

The person who looked most like her was the son of a Roman centurion, who is reported to have been a hermaphrodite. This youth was called Sporus. Nero had his physicians turn him into a woman, who Nero named Sabina (a bad omen for the youth's future).

Nero married Sabina, presented her with a large dowry, and declared her Empress of Rome during a tour of Greece.

The quip of the time was: "it's a pity that Nero's father did not marry such a woman."

Upon the suicide of Nero and the taking of the throne by Galba, it might be technically noted that Sabina was the last of the famous Julio-Claudian line.

When Otho claimed the throne he referred to Sabina as his, "Little Empress." Upon Otho's suicide Vitellius became Emperor, and Sabina remained as a curious reminder of the Julio-Claudian imperial family used by the so called "six month emperors" to establish their legitimacy while trying to lay claim to her dowry.

Finally, with the crowning of Vespasian it was decided that a play The Rape of Lucrece would be presented to amuse the new Emperor, with Sabina to play the part of Lucrece. Sabina committed suicide instead, in the manner of a Roman Matron.

Despite the morality issues, *related to the shameful public conduct of the Emperors*, raised by the various historians (cited above and more or less repeated by L. Claudius), who had no fondness for the Julio-Claudian line, *because of the Imperial policy towards treating Christians and Jews as criminals*, there is grudging respect for Sporus, because of the noble nature of his death...

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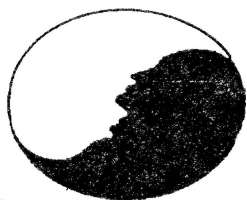
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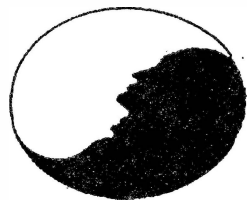
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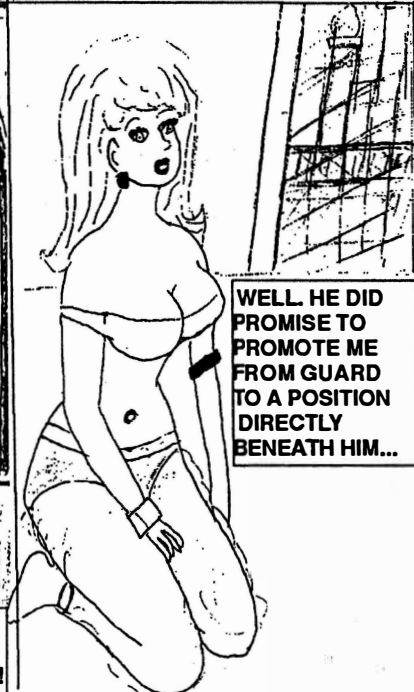
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LIFE AMONG THE HAREM GIRLS

ALLADIN, HE SAYS, AFTER 2,000 YEARS IN A LAMP, WHAT IS THE FIRST THING YOU WOULD WANT TO DO?



WE WERE ROOM-MATES IN COLLEGE, HOW WAS I TO KNOW THAT THIS WAS HIS IDEA OF MY BEING HIS ROOM-MATE HERE!



DAVE'S PROBLEM

By .G L. Eklund

"ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'M COMING!," I shouted as I tucked my T-shirt into my trousers. I opened the front door to find Dave, my neighbor, standing there with a sheepish grin on his face.

"Ann and I are having a squabbles so I thought I'd come over and cool off, Bob."

"Come in," I offered.

Dove sauntered in and made a beeline for the couch.

"Would you like some decaf coffee or a diet soft drink?" I asked.

"I'll take coffee. Why you have to drink those stupid soft drinks is beyond me," he complained.

"You know I've got to keep my girlish figure," I replied.

"Girlish figure," he snorted. "You look about as much like a girl as my Uncle Charlie. Besides a woman is what got me in trouble with Ann."

"Let me get us something to drinks and you tell me all about it," I said.

"It all started when Ann and I were over to the Westside Mall. We were in Snyder's Cafe when we saw her. She couldn't see us, but we had a great view of her. Partner, you have never seen such a gorgeous creature in all your life!"

"Pretty good, eh?" I commented.

"Man, let me describe her to you. Her hair was auburn, and fell to the middle of her back. She had on a white frilly blouse, and a black pleated skirt that stopped an inch above her knee. All this on black spike heels. And her mouth was like a rose petal. She was perfect. Even her makeup was perfect. I tell you I can still smell her perfume."

I interrupted, "Now, she couldn't be that good, and why are you and Ann fighting over her anyway?"

"Get me another cup of java and I'll try and explain," he suggested before he continued, "try and imagine a perfect pair of legs

encased in nylon. One is crossed over the other. The top one is dangling a spike heel. I'm telling you she knew she was every inch a woman, and didn't care who else knew it. Did I tell you she had a pair of diamond earrings and a matching pendant? She would be the perfect woman for you, if you were ever to marry. Her nails were long and the same color as her lipstick. Man, I can still smell her perfume."

"Look," I protested, "there has to be something wrong with this lady."

Dove stared at me in disbelief.

"OK, OK," he growled. "Her feet were too big. Now, are you happy? I'm only saying this so you'll quit bugging me. When she got up to leave it was like seeing liquid in motion to see her walk. There wasn't a guy in Snyders that wasn't drooling after her."

"How does she figure into all of this. I mean your fight with Ann," I pressed trying to get him to the point.

Dove grimaced and replied, "Ann is mad because I said that she could take lessons from this gal on how to be a lady."

"You really said that?" I asked incredulously.

"You're darn right," he countered.

"But Dave, you've got a great wife. This gal couldn't be that great."

"Damn it, she was outstanding," he exploded. He went on. "Just because you have never married you can't understand that a man can still look even if he is married. Take my word for it, she was a vision of loveliness, a true angel."

The phone broke into his reverie.

"Hang on a seconds let me get the phone," I stated before picking up the offending instrument with its demanding ring. "Hello? Oh, hi Ann. Yes he's here. Yeah, he keeps smelling her perfume. Well, if I had you I wouldn't be looking either. You're welcome. She was that great? OK! OK, I'll keep an eye out for her. Yes, mother hen, I do need a girl. Yes mother hen I'm certain we would make a great couple also. Listen, I'll send him home shortly. Now, don't be too hard on him. OK, bye."

"By the way partners where did you spend the evening?" Dove asked.

"I was also over to the mall," I replied.

"Then you must have seen her?" Dove said excitedly.

"No, sorry I didn't."

"Man, if you'd had seen her you would give up all ideas of being a bachelor. This lady would have swept you off of your feet. She was beautiful. I'm telling you I can almost smell her perfume."

"Dove, go home to Ann. You saw an attractive lady, true, but you still have Ann. She is a great gal and don't you forget it. Forget the woman in the mall. Go home and enjoy your wife."

"OK, OK, friend you win. Ann's my wife and I do love her, but wait until you see the lady in the mall. I'll guarantee you she'll make you wish you weren't single any longer."

After Dove left I went into my bedroom. I pulled out of my closet a white frilly blouse and a black pleated skirt. Next I took off of my top closet shelf a long auburn colored wig. Lastly I grabbed a pair of three inch black spike heels. I lay all of these items on the bed. I stared at them and began to smile. As I began to put them back on I shouted happily:

"I PASSED, I REALLY PASSED!"

Chrysalis Quarterly

Our guest editor for this special issue of *Our Sorority* on Transsexualism, Dallas Denny, serves as the Publisher & Editor of an excellent quarterly which provides up-to-date information on: TRANSSEXUALISM.

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 TO ERATO, MUSE OF LOVE POETRY AND MIMICRY

Room

by Sandy M

*This lonely room holds the essence of
my being*

*The evidence of my presences but hides
my needs.*

*For it gives the opinion of a man well
established with all the material needs.*

*But how can I express to those around
me, that emotionally my needs are cry-
ing for fulfillment.*

*How can I explain that, I would
gladly give this up.*

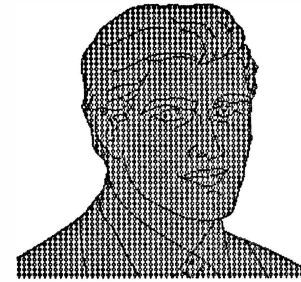
*To have the love I once knew, and the
faith to see it through.*

But they all say it will come again.

Nobody really listen

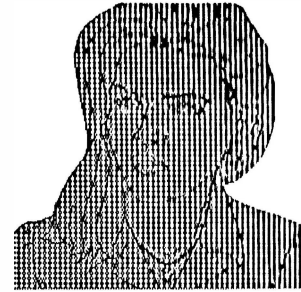
So I'll just go on Hoping that one day

*I'll be able to say, I am what I am and
I want no more.*



Confusion

By Sandy M



*I want I know not what, but the confusion that
lies within my soul at this time threatens my exis-
tence.*

*I want happiness as we all do, but the tempta-
tion of a more rewarding life style is hampered, by
doubts as to dreams verses reality.*

*Do I want to start down the road of discovery,
and put this life that I know in jeopardy, or re-
main in this state of frustrated existence.*

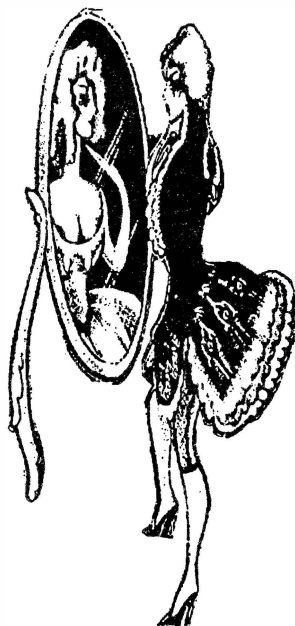
*Perhaps a compromise of the two extremes, that
live within this, but normally appearing man.*

*The dilemma of the unknown and the projection
of the future scares me to the core of my being.*

*Perhaps confusion can better be defined as find-
ing two dreams beautiful, but the realities of both
threatening.*

Author's Note: I ask you what is worse a road not traveled, or
traveling a road that doesn't need to be traveled.

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).

For selected manuscripts we will arrange basic copyright in AUTHOR'S NAME and issue a standard contract for publishing rights. We are offering \$2/printed page in published form, or 25 cents per book sold. All manuscripts must be submitted in: a) standard double spaced TYPED ORIGINAL format; or b) IBM DOS ASCII format or (Wordperfect, Wordstar, MS Word, DCA, XyWriter, and Multi-Mate are most preferred) on computer disc in either 5 1/4" or 3 1/2" size.

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*. *Wilvy* 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.



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RELUCTANT PRESS

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YOUNG ADULT TITLES

Among us
Girls

AMONG US GIRLS By Elizabeth Anne Nelson It all began with Maria's decision to borrow his sister, Alice's, doll buggy so that he might use its wheels on his new racer. As punishment he was forced into petticoats and Alice began to think about what it would be like to have a real little sister. With all the cunning of a spider she lured her brother into her web of intrigue until he found himself with The Scholarship which placed him among us girls.— We have all heard about Cinderella's Fairy God Mother. So we shouldn't be too surprised that his Fairy God Father granted his wish, when Joyce wished upon a star to attend the birthday party of the little girl across the street so that he could be among us girls. —When Florence ran away from the street gang to hide among us girls at his girl friend's house he discovered lovely new Playmates for Florance.

PLAYMATES, by Elizabeth Anne Nelson. How two youths discover that it is up to adults to pick their Playmates. Pat had found a new home unaware that he was about to become One of the Girls. When Hazel came to live with his aunt he had not been told that she had A Little Misunderstanding.

IT'S IN THE BAG, By Elizabeth Anne Nelson 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 by Elizabeth Anne Nelson 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 by Elizabeth Anne Nelson 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 by Elizabeth Anne Nelson 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

Future Perfect, by Olivia Evans, tells us about "The Visitor", from the future who cures poor Sam of his transvestism, even if he isn't one. Our other young man discovers the truth about "Services Incorporated".

STEROID By Liz Jamesguard Two young men hear of a new steroid capable of turning athletes into super jocks. With money in hand they sneak into night to buy the wonder drug. Share their surprise when they discover what the steroid was really designed to do!

GO-GO DANCER by Elizabeth Anne Nelson 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

ONE DAY by LIZ JAMESGUARD We couldn't argue with a computer. It was 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 switch 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 by Elizabeth Anne Nelson 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 by Elizabeth Anne Nelson Mrs Sarah Dexter was not pleased to learn that her son brought his male lover home as his wife. But she decided to teach THE FAIRY BRIDENow our hero was certain that she did not have A CERTAIN IMAGE to be a top executive. But, his competitor had a different image in mind for him...And the mystery was: Who wanted to make Joyce into the LADY OF THE HOUSE?

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

Maid for Sex



MAID FOR SEX by Elizabeth Anne Nelson Hazel escaped the police by ducking into John Bentley's car only to discover himself forced into the sexy uniforms once worn by Tina, Mrs Bentley's former maid. Mrs Bentley 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 Bentley decided to change her son in stages by making Hazel a Maid for Sex. Then Mark's cousin arrived to answer to Mrs Bentley's prayers. The perfect woman to domesticate Hazel and become John's wife. How can Hazel escape?

COMPLETE by Elizabeth Anne Nelson Most young women have been told by some marion that they are not complete as women until they have a baby. Three men discover that they are about to be complete. Mark at his Baby Shower, Max find out he is about to be a Bosom Buddy when he is arrested for prostitution. And poor Lithia knew that she had many babies, She just couldn't remember it happening because she was Aunt Barbara's Patient.

Trapped in
SexImprisoned
by Sex

Sexual Power



AMERICA TRANSFORMED By Liz Jamesguard

When Grant's boss insisted that Grant should investigate the possibility of corruption in the newly formed private contract prison system, he should have refused. But, before he could refuse, he found himself transformed into a prisoner perfectly suited to be rehabilitated in the State's Home for Wayward Girls! Here he discovers a national conspiracy that he can not prevent because he is Trapped in Sex.

Despite the fact that Grant could reveal their plot to create a new Corporate America, his enemies transform Grant into his own boss, Kathy Williams, confident that while Imprisoned By Sex he will willingly accept being brain washed into a frivolously feminine sex object, along with the rest of America's women.

As Kathy Williams, Grant discovers the secret of Sexual Power as the most powerful woman in AMERICA TRANSFORMED.

FULL SPECTRUM TV STORIES

OBSESSIONS AWRY By Louise Bates Ken Johnson and Pat Rooney had the perfect marriage until Ken discovered the delights of feminine lingerie. As his obsessions went awry Pat gradually accepts the fact that he should become her total maid servant and love toy as she follows a few obsessions of her own,

BEGINNINGS By Cynthia Leigh Cynthia Leigh brings us in Beginnings, three more stories and her own illustrator. In Dennis or Denice a county sheriff is faced with the problem of hiding a runaway. In Cindi & Knight Shade Cindi introduces a new band member. And Mr. Robb believes that a Private Secretary should be a Jill of all trades, even if she is a Jack!

QUARTETTE, by Elizabeth Anne Nelson. The Initiate was a youth whose fraternity stunt consisted of pledging a sorority, at least that was what he thought. Our next youth avoids a life sentence only to be Reformed by petticoats. He thought that he was drafted, but the major had made him a WAC. He was the man of the house until they made him into Our New Maid.

CELESTE by ELIZABETH ANNE NELSON It starts on a stormy fall night when five crossdressers and a mysterious stranger began the seven tales of Celeste.

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.

TRAPPED BY SKIRTS by Cynthia Leigh Four lovely tales about men trapped by skirts. Little Peter found the perfect spot to look up under skirts to find out that IT'S A HABIT. JAN, MY LOVE was looking far and wide for a mistress only to find her close at hand. Cindi RESCUED Tommi to discover lesbian love.

PHYLE & LAYNE discover love.

ADULT TV STORIES

Feminine Surrender, by Rachel Vargas, introduces us to two young men who are destined for petticoats. In "Married Life" it is his fiancée who determines that she would rather have a pretty little homemaker of her own. And "In Training" two strong willed women decide that if their young man is to be a secretary he should be trained perfectly for the position.

MY LITTLE HOMEMAKER by Elizabeth Anne Nelson As June Turner explained to Mrs. Lurd, Carl wanted to please his wife, June, but the ladies of the Brair Village Ladies Club look him to be a retarded child! How can lovely Carl convince the ladies that he should be accepted for membership?

TAMING A SEXIST by Elizabeth Anne Nelson C. Robert Perry was a male chauvinist, 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 by Elizabeth Anne Nelson 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 by Elizabeth Anne Nelson 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!

Male Lesbians of Club Lesbos by Dani Come with us to a world where Lesbos is not a Greek island, but a lesbian night club. Here lesbian dominants are attended by submissive slaves, both male and female, dressed in bizarre ultra feminine clothes designed to attract male lust as the ultimate sex objects to totally humiliate the wearers; who are identified with cute little dolly names like Sissy Dani, Busty Barbie, and Teasing Tammy to remind them of their existence as mere sexual toys reserved only for the pleasures of their mistresses.

PARADED IN SKIRTS By K. R. ENGLISH Benny thought that it was wonderful to be allowed to be among the first few males admitted to the Walker Military Academy. It was perfectly understandable that he would be required to report a few weeks before the other female plebes. Little did he realize that these few weeks were for Benny's Forced Transformation. Patty wanted to spice up her life by introducing her lover, Gary, to a book she found on ways for lovers to have more fun. Gary thought that many of the ideas in the book would be a lot of fun, but she thought that the one that suggested turning Gary into Patty's Obedient Maid was the best of all.

NEW RELEASES BY RELUCTANT PRESS

CORPORATE IMAGE



CORPORATE IMAGE, BY ANNIE WARREN

Herein we present a lovely Adult TV Novel by a new author, Annie Warren, called Corporate Image. It tells about a young man who designs a bra that is so wonderful that it can give any woman a nearly B bustline. You would think that such an invention would put him on to the road to riches. But, what if the Corporation thought that the designer of the Wondrex Cleavage Bra was a woman, and required our designer to live up to the lovely image, that the sexy new bra created?

MRS BAKER'S SCHOOL



MRS BAKER'S SCHOOL, BY ELIZABETH ANNE NELSON.

When Mrs. Baker finds her roughneck nephew on her doorstep, she decides to create A School for Carol. She is soon so successful in transforming little boys into docile girls that she starts Mrs Baker's School for Girls. And matrons, like the mother of fifteen year old Francis, flock to her door so that their boys could be domesticated, also. Among these matrons is a woman who wants her adulterous husband changed into that very special child she couldn't have, so that she could call him, "My Darling Little Girl."

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Female-to-Male Reassignment Surgery in the '90s

by Dallas Denny

In speaking about the difficulty of phalloplasty, an unknown wag once quipped, "It's easier to make a hole than a pole." This statement, although crude, is unfortunately true. While male-to-female reassignment surgery typically results in an aesthetically pleasing and functional vagina, construction of male genitalia calls for a series of difficult compromises. To date, no surgeon has created a cosmetically acceptable, sensate, erectile penis which allows standing micturition (urination). Phalloplasty is expensive (it can cost as much as \$40,000), requires large skin grafts, which can leave extensive scarring, has a high rate of complications, and, as noted, has less than optimal results.

For these reasons, many female-to-male transsexual persons do not seek phalloplasty, and settle for breast reduction, hysterectomy, and oophorectomy (surgical removal of the uterus and ovaries). Still, the phallus is a badge of masculinity, and for some, it is important to have; it is this minority which goes ahead with this difficult and often disappointing procedure. And yet, there is good news: the 1980s saw introduction of new techniques which produce better results, often with a single-step procedure. A few surgeons are doing work which is sufficiently cosmetically acceptable to pass casual inspection, standing micturition is possible, and micrografting can ensure sensation, allowing orgasm from stimulation of the penis. The problem of erections has not been solved, but it is not unlikely that the 1990s will see even greater improvements.

Advances in phalloplastic techniques may at least partially explain the increasing numbers of known female-to-male transsexual people. In the 1960's and 1970's, incidence rates were considered to be about one-fifth that of male-to-females. The 1980's, however, saw many more female-to-males come forward, until the incidence in some programs reached 1:1, or even higher. Certainly, transsexualism is no longer a one-sided coin.

Phalloplasty was developed as a reconstructive technique. The male genitalia being external, their traumatic amputation has not been uncommon, and early attempts were made to rebuild par-

tially amputated penises. As techniques improved, phallic con-
struction was attempted. Construction techniques were of direct benefit to female-to-male transsexual persons. The first phalloplasty in a transsexual person occurred in 1948, when Laura Dillon, a British citizen, became Michael Dillon.

Early phalloplasty was a series of complicated and painful procedures, requiring numerous hospitalizations. The neophallus, which usually consisted of a raised flap of skin which was formed into a tube shape, was attached at both ends, like a suitcase handle. It was "walked" up or down the body from the donor site to the groin, with alternate ends being detached and reattached until the groin area was reached. These early penises did not have sensation, did not typically allow standing micturition, and were not erectile, although attempts were sometimes made to incorporate cartilage and bone into the graft. The "phallus" generally looked like a loose lump of flesh. It served none of the traditional functions of the penis, but it was something. It was there, in the right place, and the few transsexual people who opted for phalloplasty generally expressed happiness with the results.

The early surgeries had many complications. Some common problems were rejection of transplanted tissue (the penis would fall off), formation of calculi (hard deposits) on hair-bearing skin which was used to form the urethra within the penis, and extrusion of mechanical devices which were used to make the penis erect. In 1984, the publication of an article by T.S. Chang and W.Y. Hwang marked a major improvement in phalloplastic techniques. The radial forearm flap provided a hairless donor site, allowed sufficient material for construction of an urethra, and required but a single surgery. David Gilbert, of the Center for Gender Reassignment in Norfolk, Virginia, and his co-workers, have used the radial forearm flap exclusively. Gilbert uses microsurgical techniques to incorporate nerves from the arm into the neophallus; a nerve from the groin is subsequently moved into the arm.

Other new techniques include molding the clitoral tissue into the base of the phallus, and using the labial tissue to form a scrotum. Edgerton and his co-workers have pioneered the formation of a urethra from bladder tissue. Cosmetics have also improved, with attempts being made to form a glans penis, and with increased use of silicone testicular implants.

Dr. Gilbert has described an alternate technique to phalloplasty, in which the clitoris, which is typically enlarged as the result of androgens, is loosened from its moorings and brought forward and

lengthened by means of a skin flap made from the labia minora. The labia majora are fused to form a scrotum. This technique is called metaidioplasty (a surgical change towards male genitalia). It has a low complication rate, and is probably relatively inexpensive, but the resulting "penis," although sensate, is typically too short for intromission.

Despite the improvements, phalloplasty has a long way to go. The problem of erections remains unsolved, and is likely to remain so for an indeterminate time, for the erectile tissue of the penis is unique, and there is no other tissue which can simulate it. Still, for the person desperate for a penis, a cosmetically acceptable organ which will allow standing micturition is finally possible.

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Discrimination against transsexuals is very similar to other forms of discrimination. It is nothing more than the unfair treatment of individuals based upon irrational fears and prejudices about groups of people perceived as different. It is generally, but not always, based on the fear that the transsexuals presence might:

- Have a potentially adverse affect on co-workers and customers;
- Disrupt office-routine because employees threaten to quit if transsexual allowed to use their restroom; or
- The fear that the employees' gender-conflict renders them unstable or incapable of performing their job.¹

Title VII - Civil Rights Act of 1964

Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, as amended by the Equal Employment Opportunity Act of 1972,² prohibits discrimination in employment in Federal, State, and local government and in the private sector based on race, color, religion, sex, or national origin. Title VII, with the exception of its application to transsexuals, has consistently been recognized as a remedial statute intended to be liberally construed³

¹Neff, D. "Denial of Title VII Protections to Transsexuals: *Ulane v. Eastern Airlines, Inc.*," 34 *DePaul Law Review* 553, 572 & n.184 (1985).

²42 U.S.C. § 2000 et. seq. (Supp. III, 1973); See, Note, "Developments in the Law—Employment Discrimination and Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964," 84 *Harv. L. Rev.* 1109 (1971).

³*Hender v. Eastern Freightways, Inc.*, 460 F.2d 258, 260 (4th Cir. 1972)(Title VII is "remedial in character and should be generously construed to achieve its purposes"); *Reeb v. Economic Opportunity Atlanta, Inc.*, 516 F.2d 924, 929 (5th Cir. 1975)(Broad remedial objective of Title VII); *Coles v. Penny*, 531 F.2d 609, 616 (D.C. Cir. 1976)(Title VII "requires an interpretation animated by the broad humanitarian and remedial purposes underlying the federal proscription of employment discrimination"); *Barnes v. Costle*, 561 F.2d 983, 994 (D.C. Cir. 1977)(Title VII must be construed liberally to achieve its objectives); *Jefferies v. Harris Community Action Ass'n.*, 615 F.2d 1025, 1032 (5th Cir. 1980)("In the absence of a clear expression by Congress that it did not intend to provide protection against discrimination directed especially toward Black women as a class separate and distinct from the class of women and the class of
(continued...)

in removing "artificial, arbitrary, and unnecessary barriers to employment"⁴ in the absence of "clear congressional mandate"⁵ restricting the scope of the Act.⁶ To this end the courts have extended Title VII to protect men,⁷ married women,⁸ unwed mothers,⁹ women with pre-school age children,¹⁰ and black women.¹¹

Extending Title VII protection to transsexuals appears to be out-of-reach of the judicial system at this time, however, as the courts have consistently held to the notion that the word "sex" in Title VII should be given its "plain meaning."¹² The courts have thus refused to interpret the word "sex" so as to encompass homosexuals,¹³ "effeminate" men,¹⁴ and transvestites and transsexuals.¹⁵

³(...continued)

blacks, we cannot condone a result which leaves black women without a viable Title VII remedy.""); *County of Washington v. Gunther*, 452 U.S. 161, 178 (1981); *EEOC v. Liberty Trucking Co.*, 695 F.2d 1038 (7th Cir. 1982).

⁴*Griggs v. Duke Power Co.*, 401 U.S. 424, 431 (1971).

⁵Note 3, *supra*, *County of Washington v. Gunther*.

⁶For a detailed description of Title VII and other federal statutes prohibiting employment discrimination, see C. Sullivan, M. Zimmer & R. Richards, *Federal Statutory Law of Employment Discrimination* (1980); For the complete debate regarding the use of the word "sex" in Title VII, see 110 Cong. Rec. 2577-84 (1964).

⁷*Diaz v. Pan Am. Airways*, 442 F.2d 385 (5th Cir. 1971)(Airline can not exclude men from jobs as flight attendants.).

⁸*Sprogis v. United Airlines, Inc.*, 444 F.2d 1194 (7th Cir. 1971)(Invalidated defendant's rule that prohibited stewardesses from marrying), *cert. denied*, 404 U.S. 991 (1971); *Jurinko v. Edward L. Wiegand Co.*, 331 F. Supp. 1184 (W.D. Pa. 1971)(Refusal to hire married women violates Title VII).

⁹*Jacobs v. Martin Sweets Co.*, 550 F.2d 364 (6th Cir.), *cert. denied*, 431 U.S. 917 (1977).

¹⁰*Phillips v. Martin Marietta Corp.*, 400 U.S. 542 (1971).

¹¹Note 3, *supra*, *Jefferies*.

¹²Specifically, the amendment was intended to protect white women. See 110 Cong. Rec. 2580 (1964); See, e.g. Notes 24-25, 32, *infra*.

¹³*De Santis v. Pacific Tel. & Tel. Co.*, 608 F.2d 327 (9th Cir. 1979); *Blum v. Gulf Oil Corp.*, 597 F.2d 936 (5th Cir. 1979).

¹⁴*Smith v. Liberty Mutual Insurance Co.*, 395 F. Supp. 1098 (ND Ga, 1975); 11 BNA FEP Cas 741, 10 CCH EPD P 10429, *aff'd* *Smith v. Liberty Mutual Insurance Co.*, 569 F.2d 325 (CA5 Ga, 1978); 17 BNA FEP Cas 28, 16 CCH EPD P 8178. See also 42 ALRFed 189 Section 3; 12 ALRFed 15 Section 7; 12 ALR4th 1009 Section 1; 99 ALR3d 154; 78 ALR3d 19.

The courts, by denying Title VII protection to transsexuals, have forced them to seek discrimination protections from Congress. Neff points out that it is doubtful whether transsexuals would be successful in such an endeavor, however. Transsexuals, as a group, are politically powerless and socially unpopular. They are, as such, virtually precluded from seeking protection under Title VII.¹⁶

Judicial Response

Current Title VII case law involving effeminate males and/or transsexuals includes: Smith v. Liberty Mutual Insurance Co.,¹⁷ Voyles v. Ralph K. Davies Medical Center,¹⁸ Holloway v. Arthur B. Andersen & Co.,¹⁹ Powell v. Read's Inc.,²⁰ Audra Sommers v. Budget Marketing,²¹ Sommers v. Iowa Civil Rights Commission,²² Kirk-

¹⁵(...continued)

¹⁵Holloway v. Arthur Andersen & Co., 566 F.2d 659 (9th Cir. 1977); 16 BNA FEP Cas 689, 15 CCH EPD P 8059.

¹⁶Note 1, *supra*, p. 554.

¹⁷Note 14, *supra*.

¹⁸Voyles v. Ralph K. Davies Medical Center, 403 F. Supp. 456 (ND Ca, 1975) 11 BNA FEP Cas 1199, 11 CCH EPD P 10716, *aff'd without opinion* 570 F.2d 354 (CA9, 1978), 18 BNA FEP Cas 866, 16 CCH EPD P 8119.

¹⁹Note 15, *supra*. See, also, Grossman v. Bernards Township, 127 NJ Super 13; 316 A.2d 39 (1974), 9 BNA FEP Cas 1291, 7 CCH EPD P 9230; *aff'd* 538 F.2d 319 (1975), *cert. denied* 429 U.S. 181; 11 Fair Empl. Prac. Case. (BNA) 1196 (D.N.J. 1975)(Court concluded that discrimination based on an individual's status as a transsexual was not covered by Title VII because the legislative history of the Act did not reflect such an intent nor did the plain meaning of sex encompass transsexualism).

²⁰Powell v. Read's, Inc., 436 F. Supp. 369 (D.Md. 1979), 15 BNA FEP Cas 1093, 16 CCH EPD P 8100. See, also, DeTore v. Local #245 of the Jersey City Public Employee's Union, 615 F.2d 980 (3rd Cir. 1980), *aff'd on remand* at 511 F. Supp. 171 (D. N.J., 1981); Terry v. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, et al., 35 BNA FEP Cas 1395 (E.D. Wis. 1980).

²¹Audra Sommers v. Budget Marketing, Inc., 667 F.2d 748 (CA8, 1982).

²²Sommers v. Iowa Civil Rights Commission, 337 N.W.2d 470 (1983).

patrick v. Seligman & Latz,²³ Ulane v. Eastern Airlines,²⁴ and Doe v. U. S. Postal Service.²⁵

In Smith²⁶ the court held that Title VII did not forbid employment discrimination based on "affectional or sexual preference" of the job applicant, despite the fact that the plaintiff was not characterized as a homosexual person but "effeminate."

The Voyles²⁷ court expanded the non-applicability view to include both transsexuals and bisexuals. Voyles, a medical technician, was dismissed when she informed her employer that she intended to undergo sex reassignment from male-to-female. She was dismissed on the ground that such a change *might* have a potentially adverse effect on coworkers and patients. She sued under the Civil Rights Act of 1964 for injunctive and monetary relief on the grounds that the dismissal constituted sex discrimination under the Act. The District Court granted the defendant's motion to dismiss, stating that "[s]ituations involving transsexuals, homosexuals, or bisexuals were simply not considered [by Congress in passing the Act], and from this void the Court is not permitted to fashion its own judicial interdictions." The dismissal was upheld on appeal by plaintiff to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeal.

The Court reached a similar decision in Holloway,²⁸ wherein plaintiff, employed as a multilith operator, was dismissed after having informed her supervisor that she was undergoing treatment in preparation for sex reassignment from male-to-female. The Court granted the employer's motion to dismiss the suit, ruling again that Title VII did not embrace transsexual discrimination, arguing that the legislative history of Title VII did not reveal a congressional intent to protect transsexuals. Again, the decision was affirmed on appeal. The Court did, however, go on to rule that "a transsexual who claimed discrimination because of his or her sex, male or female, could state a cause of action under Title VII."

In Powell,²⁹ plaintiff was engaged in the required trial living venture prior to sex reassignment surgery. On her first day of employment as a waitress in a new job, plaintiff was dismissed by her supervisor who had been informed by a customer that

²³Kirkpatrick v. Seligman & Latz, Inc., 475 F. Supp. 145 (MD Fl. 1979); 21 BNA FEP Cas 40, 22 CCH EPD P 30634, *aff'd* 636 F.2d 1047 (CA5 FL), 25 BNA FEP Cas 73, 25 CCH EPD P 31549).

²⁴Karen Ulane v. Eastern Airlines, 581 F. Supp. 821 (ND Il, 1983), *rev.* 742 F.2d 1081 (7th Cir. 1984), *cert. denied* 53 USLW 3730 (4/16/85), 105 S.Ct. 2023 (1985).

²⁵Doe v. United States Postal Service, 37 BNA FEP Cas 1687 (1985).

²⁶Note 14, *supra*.

²⁷Note 18, *supra*.

²⁸Note 15, *supra*.

²⁹Note 20, *supra*.

plaintiff had been a man. The court followed the Voyles and Holloway decisions, stating that Title VII did *not* embrace sex reassignment.

The Eight Circuit Court of Appeals followed the reasoning of previous courts in Sommers.³⁰ Miss Sommers was fired by her employer, Budget Marketing, after having told them she had the anatomy of a woman and working two days. The company said she was fired because its office routine was disrupted because female employees threatened to quit if Miss Sommers were allowed to use their restroom.

While the Court was not unmindful of the problem Sommers faces, they recognized the problem Budget faced in protecting the privacy interests of its female employees. An appropriate remedy was not immediately apparent to the Court. "Should Budget allow Sommers to use the female restroom, the male restroom, or one for Somner's own use?" The issue before the court, unfortunately, was not whether such an accommodation could be reached but, rather, whether Congress intended Title VII of the Civil Rights Act to protect transsexuals from discrimination. The court held with the other Circuits that such discrimination is not within the ambit of the Act.

Sommers, having failed in the federal court system, next brought suit against the Iowa Civil Rights Commission.³¹ The Iowa Supreme Court held, however, that an Iowa statute prohibiting discharge of an employee because of that employee's sex or disability did not proscribe employment discrimination based on transsexuality.

The Kirkpatrick³² court found that a preoperative male-to-female transsexual terminated from employment for not dressing and acting as a man while at work, failed to state a cause of action under 42 U.S.C. § 1985(3). Under color of law, "plaintiff must allege that defendants' refusal to allow her to continue work while dressing and acting as a woman denied her equal protection, or equal privileges and equal immunities, and where there was no allegation that any other employees who were biologically men, were protected, privileged, or immune so as to have a right to work while dressed and acting as women (or vice versa)." Further, the court went on to find that transsexuals "are not (a) suspect class for purposes of equal protection analysis and (b) clearly there was rational basis for employer's requiring its employees who dealt with public to dress and act as persons of their biological sex since allowing employees to do otherwise would disturb customers and cause them to take their business elsewhere." The decision was affirmed, on appeal, by the Fifth Circuit.

What initially appeared to be a landmark decision occurred during the trial court phase of Ulane v. Eastern Airlines.³³ Ulane, an Eastern Airlines pilot, fired after

³⁰Note 21, *supra*.

³¹Note 22, *supra*.

³²Note 23, *supra*.

³³Notes 1, 24, *supra*; See, also, Cotton, D. "Ulane v. Eastern Airlines: Title VII and Transsexuals," 80 Northwestern Univ. L. Rev. 1037 (1986).

undergoing sex reassignment surgery, was reinstated with back pay by U.S. District Judge John Grady, who found Eastern guilty of sex discrimination. Judge Grady ruled that Ulane was fired not because of any legitimate safety reasons, but because Eastern officials were concerned about the image of having a transsexual flying their planes. Grady attacked Eastern's "ostrich-like" motives, comparing the airline's position to that of opponents of civil-rights legislation. "Ignorance, prejudice, discrimination and hatred have throughout history been justified by, 'I don't know. We can't take a chance,'" he wrote. Grady ruled that Eastern's medical witnesses "are in my view contemptuous of transsexuals, with an intolerance and prejudice that's culpable." He then went on to reject Eastern's claims that Ulane, as a transsexual, was not entitled to protection under the federal Title VII law prohibiting sex discrimination. The decision, however, was overturned by the Seventh Circuit, with the Supreme Court denying certiorari. In handing down its decision, the Seventh Circuit wrote: "Ulane is entitled to any personal belief about her sexual identity she desires. After the surgery, hormones, appearance changes, and a new Illinois birth certificate and FAA pilot's certificate, it may be that society, as the trial judge found, considers Ulane to be female. But even if one believes that a woman can be so easily created from what remains of a man, that does not decide this case."

Current case law clearly indicates that transsexuals cannot bring suit under Title VII. However, a recent case involving the U.S. Postal Service, has opened the door to possible claims and protection under the Rehabilitation Act of 1973.

In Doe v. United States Postal Service,³⁴ the court found that Doe had: (1) failed to state a claim under Title VII, (2) succeeded in her claim based on denial of equal protection, since no court has held either that all governmental discrimination against transsexuals rationally based or that it is somehow outside the scope of equal protection, insofar as applicants for U. S. Government employment are entitled to protection against arbitrary or discriminatory treatment, (3) succeeded in her claim under the Rehabilitation Act of 1973, in that her transsexualism is an impairment that substantially limited at least her major life activity of working.

Two cases seeking protection under state and federal *handicapped* statutes—Jane Doe vs. Electro-Craft Corporation and Doe vs. Boeing Co. have recently been reported in the world press.

In Jane Doe vs. Electro-Craft Corporation, Doe claimed discrimination based on *mental* handicap. According to press reports, the plaintiff initially charged sex discrimination and took her case before the New Hampshire Human Rights Commission. The commission ruled that the case did *not* fall within its jurisdiction, however. The plaintiff subsequently asked the State Supreme Court to rule that she was the victim of discrimination against the mentally handicapped.

³⁴Note 25, *supra*.

The second case³⁵ involved a software engineer with Seattle-based Boeing Co. According to newspaper accounts, Superior Court Judge Fred Rasmussen affirmed that Washington state law banning discrimination against the handicapped applied to the former employee's psychosexual condition known as gender dysphoria, or transsexualism. Although Boeing reportedly fired the plaintiff for wearing a necklace and using the women's bathroom, the judge found no discrimination by Boeing against the plaintiff, who is now a woman.

The avenue of protection opened up under 29 U.S.C. § 706(6)—*The Rehabilitation Act of 1973, as amended*—by the *Doe* case appears short lived, however. The *Americans' With Disabilities Act of 1989*—introduced in the Senate as Senate Bill S.933 and in the House as H.R. 2273—was amended by both the Senate and House to exclude transsexuals from the 1974 definition of handicapped—i.e. "Any individual who has (A) physical or mental impairment which substantially limits one or more of such person's major life activities, (B) has a record of such an impairment, or (c) is regarded as having such an impairment."³⁶

³⁵*Transsexual May Be Denied Ladies' Room, Judge Rules*, *Daily Breeze* at p. 42 (2/9/90).

³⁶Rehabilitation Act Amendments of 1974, Pub. L. No. 93-516, 88 Stat. 1617 (1974), Pub. L. No. 93-651, 89 Stat. 2-3 (1974)(codified at 29 U.S.C. §706(6)(1976)).

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MANY LITTLE KINDNESSES

by Betty Ann Lind

Chapter 11



Miss Powers paused as she parted the tissue that protected the contents of the top box.

"You can go to the bathroom, undress to your panty and vest, and wash up," she ordered with a wave of dismissal that sent me politely to the bathroom; where I quickly undressed to my vest and panty,

responded to my needs, and set about to wash my face and hands. Pausing in this little toilette, I gazed at my image in the mirror on the back of the bathroom door to decide; that despite the shame of being made to wear trainers, they did provide an elastic smoothness that would not be disturbed by a careless moment at play. Ordinary rayon or cotton panties provided little real protection, and considerable skirt minding.

"Let's see your hands?" Miss Powers noted from her authority to inspect my hands as I politely held them out straight at waist height before her to turn them over. She smiled and turned her attention to my ears causing me to wonder why adults were so interested in looking into ears, even when they were covered by lovely golden curls. "Oh, well, they will do. Have you completed your toilet? You should always do that, before you wash up. You will be with your aunt for some time and it would be best not to have to be excused to go to the bathroom, because you had forgotten. Do you understand, Miss Betty?"

"I suppose so, nanny. I have," I responded with a nod remembering to address her properly.

"Good," she countered by taking my hand and leading me back to my bedroom where I was dressed. Needless to say, my great aunt had decided to test the limits of my determination, to say the least.



My great aunt's front living room was to the right of the grand ballroom entry through two cherry wood doors that slid open to Miss Power's touch as she led me by the hand through the doorway as if I were to flee in shame from my nursemaid dressed in her neat white nurse's uniform.

The original Victorian livingroom was subdivided into nine equal squares marked by four twelve foot cherry wood Grecian styled columns that centered an elaborate ceiling fresco lighted by more modern in-direct lighting. The hunt scene on the ceiling, in the Salon style, was of the Goddess Diana surrounded by her band of female hunters. The light blue wallpaper followed the Grecian theme with white tunica dressed dancing figures garlanded in red roses and green ivy vines. At each corner of the square was a cheery wood Grecian column dividing the walls. Three tall windows draped with dark blue velvet over lace curtains decorated the right wall and the front wall. Flanking the windows, and centering the unwindowed walls, were ornately framed pictures that seemed a bit out of place, since they were 'Moderns', which had been purchased by my great aunt in 1936 during her visit to Germany. (My understanding was that these rather distorted images created from flowing circles and weird cubes of vivid, often conflicting, colors; were being sold rather cheaply because the Chancellor was not in favor of such works.) From my point of view only the mass of their frames kept them under the Victorian influences of the room.

The six squares in front and to the right served as the "parlour", while the three squares to the left, separated from the parlour by planters, served as a sort of sitting area before the sliding doors that entered into the formal dining room.

The six squares that provided the floor space of the parlour were framed by Edwardian styled plants mingled with Victorian furnishings. The focus of the parlour was a high backed chair, which I thought of as 'the throne' where my great aunt sat to hold court. To her right and left was a stuffed easy chair, in line a sofa on each side (pillar to pillar, so to speak), followed by two more stuffed chairs, and then a straight back wooden chair facing 'the throne'. All-in-all, seating for an even dozen.

Today the room contained six matrons and a rather tall, bookish looking, man wearing gold rimmed pincenez, and dressed in a

blue serge three piece suit with an old fashioned shirt front, black tie and celluloid collar.

"Ah, this is my grand niece, Betty Ann, and her nurse, Miss Powers," my great aunt managed with an amused smile towards me as I spread the white organza skirts of my lawn dress and executed a polite curtsy despite my uncertainties as to who to curtsy to. In a moment I found, to my dismay that Miss Powers, half lifted me into the straight back chair that faced 'the throne' so that my back was firmly against the back of the chair while my legs were awkwardly too short to reach the first rung, let alone the floor. Without a word she adjusted my skirted lap, crossed my ankles, gave me a little kiss on the forehead and withdrew to a: "That will be all, Miss Powers."

And so, much like a pretty French dolly dressed in a white organza and lace with white stockings and black patent leather baby doll shoes, I sat primly with ankles crossed and hands folded in my skirted lap before my aunt and her guests. And dolly I was to be, seated upright and silent, while my great aunt set about the daily ritual of 'pouring' what can only be described as high tea. While the guests received their cups of hot tea and had free service to lovely little sandwiches and cakes, I managed a warm tea flavored milk and a cookie. Which, is just as well, because that was quite enough to balance above the napkin provided by Mrs. WallinskI, my great aunt's housekeeper, who helped her to serve.

These late afternoon teas actually served as business meetings in a social setting. My great aunt made it a practice to invite her clients (mostly women, I was to learn) on a 'round robin' basis to join her for tea and conversation. In essence, it was her version of the serendipitous success circle described by the author of Think and Grow Rich. It was a sharing of ideas on how to improve business, mingled with introducing various clients to each other so that they can identify resources available. This networking was my great aunt's golden spiderweb for business. And, from time to time, some poor "fly" was brought in to entertain her guests.

Today's guest was a professor of Oriental religions, who was seeking funds for a 'chair'. He was all egocentric about his cause, and not at all aware of the business dynamic he was in. In fact, it seemed to me, that if he had taken the lead of the women interested in buying nick-nacks and jewelry for their shops, and contacted his friends overseas, he might have walked out of the room on the way to become a rich man. But, his goal was to preserve the ancient and/or primitive religions before Western Man destroyed them.

All in all, I wondered why he wanted to keep these poor natives 'uncivilized', like the poor native tribes in a Tarzan movie. Why shouldn't they have, at the very least, nice apartments, schools, roads, and hospitals. Living in dirt and straw huts, doing silly native dances, and chasing Tarzan about seemed pretty backwards to me. I had lots of questions to ask, but my great aunt's stern looks kept me in check.

But, something else was troubling her. And it was not until I politely curtsied my, "goodbyes," to her guests that I had a chance to ask her why she was crying? As far as I could determine, the professor had said nothing that was that sad.

"No, dear child," she sighed as she managed a tear and took me by the hand. "He is a very lonely man. A hallow, or empty man. It is so very sad, because he intellectually understands what a soul is, and he is trying to find what he doesn't have."

Now, if you think that a five year old, going on six, understood that, you're wrong. It wasn't until much later that I learned of the turn of the century belief, held by many: that the great population explosion in the world had led to a 'shortage of souls'. This was used to explain the race of 'cold blooded humans', all about us, who seemed totally consumed by their egocentric needs and emotionally unable to communicate any humane concerns. (A version of the concept that when a witch cries, she ceases to be a witch, e.g. since a witch has no soul, she can not cry.) And, to my great aunt, the cold analytical professor was such a person. To her, he knew the words, but he could not communicate any emotional belief. They are like the images in a movie...

Although, I did not understand the total reason for her sadness, I did realize that the professor did in fact seem "empty", in that I could not sense an inner "completeness". But, in my life I had only found a handful of people who I could really relate to. (I could get inside, and feel comfortable with.)

In our community there are many such cold, empty people, who I refer to as Satin Dolls. Often as not they are very skilled in interpersonal communications, and can *act out* emotions, but you can not get inside of them because they really only care about themselves and they can not share of themselves. (As a matron once said to me, you can share a good laugh with them, but not a tear.) Only, unlike the 'empty men' a Satin Doll can become human once she escapes her own egocentric preoccupations and begins to really care (emotionally) about others.

Perhaps I understood my great aunt's tears better than I can admit, for she shared them with me and I felt very sorry for a stranger, who could not find a soul in all his bibles and beliefs because he could not care...

And, I had found a new home. My great aunt's desire to teach me what it meant to be a little girl had reached far beyond the feminine ordeal she had planned to shame me with. She had opened a door to her soul for me to crawl inside, and I did...

To be continued...

MANY LITTLE KINDNESSES

By Betty Ann Lind

We are pleased to announce that, in response to numerous inquiries, we have put together the first nine chapters of MANY LITTLE KINDNESSES into a book called: THE LITTLE GIRLS IN THE LOBBY.

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PASSING THE BATON

By Dina Amberle

I rang the doorbell and stood waiting on the old wooden porch for Mrs. Perkins to answer. I could hear a muffled sweep of clothing and footsteps and then the door creaked open. Mrs. Perkins smiled out at me, her warm, rosy face bright beneath her silver hair.

"Billy, please do come in," she greeted sweetly.

I stepped into Mrs. Perkins house for the first time in many, many years. When I was much younger, I would bring my sister Wanda to Mrs. Perkins for her lessons. But that was so long ago and while Wanda still took her lessons from Mrs. Perkins, I had stopped escorting her now that she was older.

Inside, the house was virtually unchanged from how I remembered it. Filled with mementos, curios, knick-knacks, and lace doilies. Old memories of playing in the parlor while Wanda took her lessons with Mrs. Perkins rushed into my head. I suddenly wondered what it was that Mrs. Perkins could want to see me about and why she asked me to stop by her house this afternoon.

She showed me into her parlor and served me a large glass of iced tea as I sat on the big old sofa.

"Billy, I asked you to come over to talk to you about your sister."

I sipped from the glass and said, "Yes, ma'am?"

"Wanda's injury is a tragedy. Oh, I know it's just a badly sprained ankle, but the tragedy is that she won't be able to travel down to Springfield for the big game and parade."

"Yeah, it's a tough break for her alright." I agreed.

"It's also a tough break for the school because now the marching band doesn't have its star twirler - and you know that every routine is centered around your sister's twirling." she continued in her schoolteacher's businesslike tone.

"Come to think of it, you're right." I mused on that realization. "Gee, I wonder what they're going to do?"

"That's where you come in, Billy."

She looked over at me and her warm smile also showed a determination behind her kindly demeanor.

"How's that, Mrs. Perkins?" I asked.

She rose from her sewing chair and paced behind the sofa where I sat.

"Billy, remember how you would bring your sister over for her twirling lessons? And remember how I would let you learn some of the tricks while I taught your sister? It's no secret that you showed a flair for twirling, even better than your sister. Of course, we kept it our little secret and I understood when you gave it up and joined the football team. But twirling is a little like riding a bike, you know, you never really forget how it's done."

I broke in innocently. "What do you want me to do Mrs. Perkins, help you find another twirler and teach her Wanda's tricks?"

"Billy, I've found the twirler we need and she won't need to learn the tricks because she already knows them," she responded sweetly.

"That's great Mrs. Perkins! I guess the day will be saved after all." I took a big sip of iced tea. "But aren't all the girls in town already in the marching band? Where'd this new girl come from?"

Mrs. Perkins came around and sat next to me on the sofa. It felt funny having her sit so close to me, smiling that silly smile at me.

"Billy, the new girl in town is...you!"

And she laughed a merry little laugh that flushed her cheeks.

"Oh, no. No way." I cried.

I searched Mrs. Perkins' face for sympathy but found only her devilish smile and twinkling eyes, obviously enjoying the scheme she had hatched to save the long waited for trip to Springfield to march against and play our town's arch rivals.

"Billy, the town needs you. There is nobody else. You're our only hope of winning the band title and you know that whoever wins the band title seems to win the big game too."

She was Mrs Perkins, schoolteacher, now and she was lecturing me and she was effective.

I started to feel the responsibility she was placing on my shoulders. And what she had said before was true. I did know all of

Wanda's baton routines and I was better than she was - and she was the best. It had always been a little embarrassing to be a boy and to have a talent for twirling. Now it was going to be real embarrassing. I cringed at the thought.

"We'll have fun with it, Billy. You'll see. I've already discussed it with the school board and they're in favor of the plan because everybody wants to beat Springfield - no matter what it takes!"

She smiled widely and patted my knee.



When I got back home, everybody wanted to know what Mrs. Perkins had wanted to see me about. My sister Wanda was grinning stupidly so I figured she must have known about the cockamamie plan all along.

"She wants me to take Wanda's place twirling in the marching band." I told everyone at the dinner table.

"Come again, son?" my father asked with head cocked to one side.

"Mrs. Perkins wants me to twirl in place of Wanda when we go down to Springfield."

It made it easier, to think about it, if I just threw it out over the kitchen table for everyone to hear.

Dad chewed through a piece of beef and said "Well, a boy twirler' is going to look mighty funny"

Wanda could contain herself no longer.

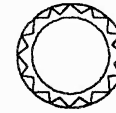
"She's going to make Billy dress like a girl and twirl in front of all those people wearing my sequin leotard!" she squealed and nearly choked on her vegetables.

"The hell you say!" my Dad belted out.

"Now, Ed, the Springfield game's a big thing and the school is stuck what with Wanda being sidelined," my mother spoke as though it was the most natural thing in the world to ask of her son.

"That's true enough." Dad thought about it. "Well, whatever it takes to beat those old sonofaguns down in Springfield."

"Oh, Billy's going to look so cute in my leotard!" Wanda whined sarcastically in girlish delight over my future fate.



I went back to Mrs. Perkins' place to begin the training she said I would need.

"There's a warm bath waiting for you upstairs, Billy. And a razor. You're going to have to shave everything."

I soaked in the old tub, which she had seeded with scented bubble bath crystals. After considering it for a long while, I finally picked up the razor lying nearby and started to shave my legs smooth from my ankles to my hips. When I was finished, I lifted my legs from the soapy water and pointed my toes and was amazed at the smooth femininity of my own legs now cleanly shaven. I scooped a handful of bubbles under each arm and shaved them bare and did likewise with my chest, lathering my flat bosom with the bubbles and delighting in the silky smoothness when I finished.

I finally dried myself and found that Mrs. Perkins had left out the necessary things for me to impersonate my sister.

It felt strangely odd and pleasurable to slip into a pair of women's silky beige spandex and satin panty girdle of the type worn under swim suits and leotards. Next came a matching beige spandex and satin bra with underpadded teen styled cups. Thinking about my sister's jokes about her friends having to wear *falsies*, I nervously tucked two little weighted foam rubber pads with little nipples into the bra cups to fill them.

I sat on the edge of the bed and watched myself in a dressing mirror as I stretched a pair of high waisted sheer tights over my newly shorn legs and pull them up to my waist. I think it was at this point that I realized I had nicer legs than my younger sister.

Next was the sapphire sequined leotard, which I squeezed into and pulled the straps over my broad shoulders, letting them snap into place. The final touches were the short white athletic socks and girl's tennis shoes that I slipped on and laced up.

There was something wrong which took me a minute to determine as I studied myself in the mirror. I rearranged myself in the panties and tights, removing an unnatural lump in that place of the leotard. It was then that I noticed that the high waisted tights and the firm spandex figure clinging leotards had brought in my waistline to create the illusion of girlish hips to go along with my maidenly breasts, that seemed to jiggle when I moved!

Mrs. Perkins' voice filtered through the door.

"Are you decent, Billy?"

What a question, I thought! "I guess so, Mrs. P."

She stepped into the room and brought her hands to her face in wide-eyed wonder.

"Perfect! Oh, this is going to work wonderfully," she exclaimed. "Sit down at that mirror, Billy."

As I did so, she brought a mop of blonde hair over to me and fixed it over my own straight brown hair. Mrs. Perkins set about pulling, teasing and primping the blonde wig as I sat stock still watching my head come into soft focus beneath the loose golden curls.

"There now. Not a bad resemblance to Wanda, is it Billy?"

I was more than a little amazed at the face staring back at me in the glass. Not so much that I looked like Wanda - there was a familial resemblance that was unmistakable - but that I looked so little like 'Billy', the masculine young man I was getting used to becoming (before this transformation).

"Just a few finishing touches and we'll have you all set to twirl," she cooed into my ear.

Mrs. Perkins then worked some goeey makeup into my face, rubbing and smoothing it across every surface of my face and down my neck to the collarbone. I closed my eyes as she instructed while she played pencils and brushes around my eyes and lids. She told me to keep my eyes closed while she finished the rest of the make-up and I felt the soft brushes daubing the faintly scented powders on my cheekbones, and the moist flat-tasting lipstick outline my mouth.

Finally, she dusted me with a huge soft disk full of powder that clogged my nostrils and settled atop every part of my face.

"Okay, open up, Billy."

But it wasn't Billy that looked back at me when I finally set eyes upon Mrs. P's creation.

"Oh-mi-gosh," was all I could exclaim weakly when I looked into the face of the beautiful young blonde, who sat opposite me. For some strange reason, she looked more like a teenaged version of my mother than my sister. I had once seen her photograph in our family album, and now 'she' was looking at me...

Mrs. Perkins handed me the two silver twirling batons.

"Let's see how you do with these, Billy."

I stood up, feeling the strange sensations all come over me at once: the long hair on my shoulders, the tight sequin leotard hugging my torso, the cling of the sheer tights over my shaven legs.

Standing in front of the full-length mirror with Mrs. P behind me, I watched myself begin to twirl the batons effortlessly. She had been right, the twirling came back to me without second thought. I spun the silver rods around my head, behind my back, even between my legs, never once stumbling. The only thing I couldn't do here in the house was to throw the batons high in the air, time their cartwheeling descent and grasp them while keeping both spinning in my hands.

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I remembered how much fun I used to have twirling the baton before I became self-conscious about the sissification of it and became old enough to join the football team. But I began to look forward to this ridiculous deception, both for the excitement of deceiving so many people and for the chance to show my twirling talent in public for the first time without shame.

Mrs. Perkins made some very approving comments then put me into a ladies overcoat. She drove us in her old sedan back to my family's house.



Mom answered the door to stare uncertainly at me with a puzzled look before she ushered Mrs. Perkins in with me following behind.

"Meet the newest twirler in town!" Mrs. Perkins exclaimed to my assembled family.

Under directions from Mrs. Perkins, I dropped the overcoat and went through a twirling routine in our family room. The faces of my father, mother and sister were wide-eyed with shock at my new appearance.

"Billy's just fine!" Mrs. Perkins gushed when I finished.

"I'm finished!" my sister cried in near tearful jealousy as she confessed, "Billy's prettier than me and can twirl better, too!" Her game plan to see me humiliated as a laughing stock mockery of a girl before her high school buddies had vanished with the inner realization that her brother looked better than she did! "I'm not sure that *she* should go out like that," sis noted, as a counter-plot to end my adventure, looking at Dad for support. "What will people think of us?"

My mother still wore a look of bewilderment on her face, and I could see that she actually thought what sis was hinting at. "Mrs. Perkins, don't you think that he's got too much makeup on? And isn't that leotard a might short in the hind quarters for our Billy?" she asked in a dazed voice. "My goodness, I swear he looks bigger there than Wanda does!"

"Now, Helen," my father interrupted, "I think she, er, he looks just fine in that little outfit," as his masculine eyes appraised me up and down and back again, shaking his head as he did so. "Just as cute as you were in your cheer leader outfit, dearest."

"That's what I am afraid of, dear. He'll have every boy in Springfield chasing after him," my mother confessed in a whisper.

Dad just laughed heartily, somewhat to my embarrassment, saying, "Helen, heck, if I saw a girl that looked that good, I'd chase after her, I mean him, er, her, er whatever." Seeing mother's rather firm stare of disapproval he added defensively, "Well, she is pretty."

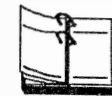
Mrs. Perkins agreed, "He's even better than I thought he'd be. Springfield won't stand a chance with Billy twirling for our band."

I drank in the compliments and preened myself in the sequin leotard for my audience with a big smile through my pink glossed lips.

"I swear, I think that Billy really...." Sis began causing dad to look sharply at me...

"Son, you understand that this is just to help the town out of a jam this one time, don't you?" A look of concern clouded dad's brow.

"Sure, Dad." I beamed. "Just this once..."



It was an Indian Summer November Saturday morning when the bus loads of marching band, football team, and town members set out for Springfield. The day had arrived, that I had practiced so hard for; with, more twirling lessons from Mrs. Perkins, and lessons on feminine manners and mannerisms from my mom and sister, who both agreed that I should look and be the part..

Like all the members of the uniformed teams, I had arrived for the bus ride already dressed in my twirling uniform. I practiced some routines while the buses loaded in the school parking lot.

The adults from the town smiled knowingly, while I tossed and twirled the baton.

"Hey, Billy," shouted Tommy McNamara, one of my friends from the football team, "Bull Merriuk says you have a cute butt!"

I smiled over my shoulder at the team as they laughed and sent the batons cartwheeling upwards in a high toss.

For the trip over to Springfield, I rode on the team bus with the cheerleaders and my former football teammates. Everyone was in high spirits and I have to admit that I took a lot of ribbing from my

friends on the football team for going through with the masquerade of posing as my own baton twirling sister.

"Hey, Billy!" Bobble Alien called out from the back of the bus, "Beak Turner wants to know if you'll go to the prom with him!"

I decided to camp it up and ran to sit in Beak's lap, batted my eyelashes and said, "I've just been waiting for you to ask."

"Yo, Billy," Bull Merrick shouted, "I just dropped a quarter in the aisle would you get it for me, Miss?"

"Why certainly," I drawled, and bent provocatively at the waist to pick up the imaginary coin before I more properly lowered myself by my knees.

A chorus of wolf whistles and hoots went up from the team and when I arose I felt Bull's meaty paw slap my fanny with a loud whack accompanied by laughs and cheers from the guys on the team.

Coach Howler yelled back at us all, "Stop playing grab ass with the baton girl and concentrate on the game plan."

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Finally, the bus pulled up into the Springfield lot and I rushed over with our cheer-leaders to join the band and drill corps formation before it marched in the big parade. It felt sort of strange to feel the chill November air on my bare thighs and barely-covered bottom, and to be dressed in my sister's sapphire leotard in front of a town full of friends and strangers.

I twirled the batons around the outer edges of the marching band, and heard the applause of the Springfield crowd. Judging by the comments I overheard from the men in the audience, I think I passed the test with flying colors. I executed all the tricks without dropping either baton once.

I passed by Mrs. Perkins, who was watching from one of the reviewing stands, to see her clapping with everyone else. She even gave me an exaggerated wink acknowledging our shared secret.

After the parade, when our band had won the prize competition, my father ran up to me, hugged me, kissed me on the cheek, and whispered in my ear, "I'm so proud of you, son."

My sister Wanda sauntered up wearing her own disguise of a sweatshirt and baseball cap, extended her hand and sheepishly said, "They couldn't have won it without you, Billy."

The football game was hard fought and we beat Springfield by one touchdown late in the game. When the pistol fired to mark the end, we poured onto the field to celebrate with the exuberant players. Tommy McNamara ran toward me and picked me up in his arms, spun me around, and kissed me right on the lips. We both froze, staring at each other, afraid to breathe.

"Damn it, Billy. I forgot," he said in a faint whisper, then tousled my long blonde hair, and ran off the field.



I'll be going away to college in the Fall and I never had any reason to recreate my baton twirling masquerade of that wonderful November afternoon. I see my sister's sequined leotard hanging in the cedar closet and it brings back all the remembrances of the thrill of deception and victory, my father's warm hug, Wanda's sisterly compliment, the team's comradely joking - and Tommy McNamara's crazy, emotional kiss.

I'm too small to play collegiate football so I'll be looking for an extracurricular activity up at State. I wonder if their marching band needs a really good baton twirler?



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