

The Crystal Chronicle

September 1989

Calendar of Events

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9/9	Alpha Omega	Meeting	Lakewood, OH
9/16	Paradise	Miss Paradise Contest	Lakewood, OH
9/16	TransPitt	Lingerie Fashion Show	Pittsburgh
9/21	Cross-Port	Meeting	
9/23	Crystal	Debra Leno, Psychologist	Columbus
10/13-22	Outreach	Fantasia Fair	Provincetown, MA
10/14	Alpha Omega	Meeting	Lakewood OH
10/21	Paradise	Meeting, Halloween Party	Lakewood, OH
10/21	TransPitt	Annual Dinner "Someplace Special"	Pittsburgh
10/19	Cross-Port	Meeting	
10/28	Crystal	Halloween Party	Columbus
11/11	Alpha Omega	Meeting	Lakewood OH
11/15-19	Tri-Ess	Holiday En Femme	San Francisco
11/18	Paradise	Social - Open	Lakewood, OH
11/18	TransPitt	Electrolysis	Pittsburgh
11/25	Crystal	Meeting*	Columbus
12/9	Paradise	Meeting - Christmas Party	Lakewood, OH
12/16	Transpitt	Christmas Party	Pittsburgh
12/23	Crystal	Meeting*	Columbus
2/23-25	Boulton&Park	Texas Tea Party	San Antonio, TX
3/20-25	IFGE	Coming Together Convention	Natick, MA

* Crystal meetings on holiday weekends may be rescheduled for the first Saturday of the month, depending on the membership.

August Meeting

I'm happy to announce the August 26th meeting was very good, we had 19 people in attendance. It was a very diverse crowd, besides 13 TVs there were 3 GGs, 2 TSs, and 1 FI. I find this mix very interesting and encouraging.

Jennifer & Kathy: welcome. Jennifer, one of the GGs and her significant other Lana, came to her first meeting saying quite a mouthful: "It's great to come to a place where we are accepted and people understand us." Jennifer said she was a little apprehensive at first but was glad they came. It's very gratifying to me to hear this because that's why we're here.

Welcome also to Randi. Randi is the first Female Impersonator to attend a Crystal meeting. Randi had to leave early to go to work, so she came wearing lots of stage makeup. (It must be nice to have a job where you can go straight from Crystal without changing clothes!) Randi took some newsletters and flyers with her, as she knows several crossdressers whom we might be able to help.

The Crystal Club will no longer furnish alcoholic beverages at the group meetings. The officers took it to a vote from those that attended and it was decided by a clear majority against furnishing alcoholic beverages. The reasons given were that we don't have a liquor license, and that we would be responsible for any

accidents caused by drinking after attending a meeting. Individuals can still bring their own beverages if they wish.

Heather Peerson was our speaker and gave a talk on TV & TS pressures from society and related issues. Even though her talk was a little long for some people it was very informative and interesting. The Crystal Club as a whole probably got a better understanding about Transsexualism. Some of the things that Heather said that I thought were particularly noteworthy were: Before she came to grips with the Gender Dysphoria issue she "didn't see her wife feeling inadequate". She also said CDs & TSs in particular go thru levels or stages and the inability of a person to believe that they could go on to the next level is social pressure. She said an important thing in dealing with CDing in a marriage is making compromises and both sides sticking to them. Heather also said there should be room for the part CD in the group also, if they can't be accepted here, where can they be accepted?

Heather's talk to the group broadened our understanding of our culture. I'm glad that she came. After Heather's talk to the group everybody socialized and this went strong until about 1:30 A.M..

Susan

September Meeting

The September meeting will be on September 23. The doors will open at 6. Snacks and non-alcoholic beverages will be provided. A changing room will be available if you prefer to come and dress at the meeting site.

The Sept. 23rd meeting will have Debra Leno as a speaker. I spoke with her recently and asked if she could hold her talk to about 1/2 an hour. She said that this would be no problem, for she prefers to keep the talk short. Following her talk Debra will answer questions and if the group wants we'll have a group discussion. Debra is a professional counselor and her area of knowledge is relationship conflicts, the Gay Issues, and she has had considerable experience counseling CDs and gender dysphorics.

We will be in the large conference room for the Sept. 23rd meeting. For those of you that have not been in it, it's much roomier and it seems that we need it. This room is the same one we held the August meeting in; the second and third

doors from the left.

We don't have a speaker or activity planned for the October 28th meeting. We were thinking of just having a Halloween party. Let us know if this interest you or if you have a better idea.

As far as November & December the officers of Crystal Club were thinking of moving the meeting to the first, second or third Saturday of the month to avoid the conflicts with Thanksgiving & Christmas. Let us know your preference. We need your input.

Until next time
Susan

Treasurer's Report August 1989

August	Starting Balance	167.01
	Received	231.00
	Total	398.01
	August Expenses	-171.60
	Ending Balance	226.41

Susan

Thank You

To The Crystal Club:

Susan, thank you for being so considerate with me. I think I am very sensitive at times and really should not be upset by a little thing like titles. Maybe I was having an attitude of desired PMS.

The April meeting was the only one I've attended, but from the fine newsletter, I can see where the club is doing quite well. You all deserve a lot of credit.

Rebecca Fast

Editor's Edict By Rochelle

I hope that everyone had as good a time at the August 26th meeting. For those of you that couldn't attend, we had a great speaker. Heather Peerson spoke to us about the aspects of being a TV and that of being a TS. She expressed the importance of support. We are all looking for support and need in our lives. Thank goodness there is the Crystal Club for some of the support we are looking for. Hopefully someday society will show us a little more support.

We had a total of 19 attend the meeting this time. We're getting bigger! There were 3 GGs, 2 TSs, 1 FI, and 13 TVs. I hope to see

everybody again next month. I'm glad to see the GGs come out to support us. I'd like to ask them to write a little something for our news letter. This club is to help support them as well. If there is anything we can do please let us know.

I'd like to welcome Rebecca Fast back and hope that we can get more TSs to attend because they need our support as well as we need theirs. It was good to see Tom, Linda, and Yvonne at the this months meeting. Missed you all this summer.

After the meeting and the guest speaker we jumped from one small group to another visiting with our friends new and old. I myself didn't leave until almost 3 in the morning having an uneventful trip home.

I'm looking forward to hearing Debra Leno speak to us at the next meeting Sept. 23rd. I hope to have everyone come out and join us. Till then I'll leave you with this question. What is there that I can share with my sisters that can help them through the hard times. Please let me place it in the newsletter for you.

Rochelle Richards

Another Day in Paradise

I had a strange experience today. I had spent a lovely evening as Mary Ann. I wore a matching black lingerie set with a bra, panties, and garter belt, black patterned stockings, heels, and a black nightgown and thin robe. I spent the night in this outfit, minus the heels, and woke up at 6:30 AM for a leisurely hour reading the paper and waking up. I had a doctor's appointment for allergy testing at 8:30, and there was plenty of time.

I enjoyed my coffee and read the paper, and went in to take a shower at 7:45. Taking off my outfit revealed that the bra had cut into my skin, leaving ugly red welts on my back, chest, and shoulders. In 45 minutes, I have to lie face down, with no shirt, for half an hour while a nurse puts gunk on my back and lets it sit to test for allergies. Then the doctor comes in to examine it. What a thrill to look forward to!

I took a nice hot shower, and the welts were still pretty visible. I couldn't cancel the appointment, since I also had to go by to pick up a school form for my son. My GP already knew about my cross dressing, so I figured I just needed to put up a stiff upper lip and get through it.

I wore a golf shirt and blue jeans into the doctor's office. When I got there I ducked into the bathroom and checked myself out. Lines still pretty visible. Sigh.

I checked in and sat in the waiting room. Maybe they'll be running late and the welts will go away. No such luck, in 10 minutes the nurse called me in. To my horror, she didn't lead me into a private examination room, but into a larger room with a long examination table, and a door on each side! That's all I need, people traipsing through gawking at me. She probably figured she was being nice, offering me a table long enough to lay down on while my skin swelled up. She actually was very nice.

She told me to take off my shirt and lay down on the table. I asked if I could shut the door first, and she said "please do". Shutting it and quickly taking off my shirt, at least only the back and sides are clearly visible. The dreaded moment of truth is at hand.

She got out the tubes of gunk and started putting them on. Didn't say a word. I really began to appreciate words like "professional" right now. I just laid down and tried to relax as she took a needle and poked about two dozen little holes in my skin. If I put it out of my mind, it will go away.

Then she got out a marker and said she was going to draw on my back, to mark where the various rows and columns were. I said she might as well, it's already pretty awful anyway. She chuckled and kept on marking.

Twelve minutes by the timer later, she was back looking at the damage. My back was lit up like a Christmas tree. She's calling off numbers like 3 and 4+ and I'm laying there hoping it's the allergy welts and not the other one she's looking at.

The next thing I knew, she stuck her head out the door and asked a student nurse if she wanted to see this. A quick "yes" response, and there were two nurses poking and prodding my back, calling off numbers and remarking about how some of the welts had run into others and were hard to measure. The next thing I know, ANOTHER student nurse had come in and joined the festivities. Amazingly, they all concentrated on their jobs and didn't say a word about anything else.

Shortly thereafter, I was told I could put my shirt on and fill out a form. I was ushered into an exam room and told to wait for the doctor. At least I have my shirt on now.

A few minutes later, the doctor came in and looked in my nose, ears, and throat. He lifted my shirt and listened to my lungs. He also looked at the size of the swelling, remarking how it was still swollen so much later. There's the bra mark right in front of him, and he didn't say a word. At least, not to my face. I guess I'll never know what they were saying in the next room.

Maybe I need to get some bras that fit properly.

Chicago Columnist

OK. So my first inclination was to crumble up the invite and toss it into the oblivion basket. Not that I'm invited to so many things. But this invite was so, uh, challenging. It was so, "OK, girl, you think you're so modern and cutting-edge, here's an evening you and your broad horizons won't want to miss."

And perhaps they were right. I mean how often do journalists, persons with notoriously limited fashion flair, get invited to speak to a large gathering of CROSSDRESSERS?

Crossdressers, for those of you who have not been Oprah-or-Phill-ed In, are heterosexual males who just love to gussy up in girl's clothes. Basically crossdressers are two things: (1) harmless and (2) extremely well-dressed. They tend to pay a lot of attention to accessories.

The problem was, I didn't know quite how I'd feel speaking to an entire room of them. I mean obviously it could turn out to be quite a little personal growth experience. Not to mention, I only had about a thousand questions. For instance, how do the lingerie salesladies handle it when a guy picks out a bunch of fabulously pink and frilly items? only instead of saying, "Can you wrap these up for my wife," he says, "Which way is the dressing room?" Does the sales lady simply faint away in a discreet fashion or does she knock on the door as usual and ask, "Now how are we doing in there?" It just has to be a very special moment in retail land. And I was sincerely interested in finding out about this and other salient issues.

So I phoned Joan, the sender of the invite.

"Hello," said a male voice.

"Hi," I said, "is Joan there?"

"This IS Joan," he baritoneed.

We were off and running.

Now Joan (who also, Thank God, went by the real-life name of Jeff) sounded very bright, very articulate and very regular. Well, sort of regular... Here's a quote from Jeff: "I'm just a normal guy like everyone else - except some days I happen to wear pantyhose under my suit to work." I mean it's very hard to argue with that, when some days you do, too.

In fact, how can you argue with any of it? In a world where there is child abuse, drug abuse and just plain old rampant violence, how awful is it when a 35-year-old salesman finds great pleasure in buying a mauve charmeuse silk blouse with a fabulous purple suede belt?

Jeff tells me that 80 percent of the men in his crossdressing group are married, all of them are professionals, and that for most of them, the need to dress up falls somewhere between being a compulsion and a mere "change of pace." He says guy clothes get pretty boring, and putting together a great girl look and getting all dressed up really picks up a person's spirits. So these meetings, according to Jeff, are filled with nothing more dicey than a bunch of guys wearing nail polish and just dying to talk outfits.

I listen to it all, but in the end, I tell Jeff I'm going to pass. I tell him that I and my formerly broad horizons just wouldn't be comfortable in a room full of crossdressers. But that's only the half of it.

Here's the other half. I just don't have a thing to wear.

Judy Markey, *Courtesy Chicago Sun-Times.*

Where else would such a guy go?

From the 8/16 Columbus Dispatch, page C1:

The job requires a police reporter to spend a lot of time listening to police radios, and occasionally there are bright spots.

A dispatcher last week said to an officer on patrol: "...He's a male white wearing pantyhose, a bra and high tops... headed toward Odd Lots....."

[We've got to get that buyer's guide out. *High tops????* - MAH]

SRS at the Turn of the Century

Mombi now saw how useless it was to try to deceive the Sorceress; so she said, meanwhile scowling at her defeat:

'The Wizard brought to me the girl Ozma, who was then no more than a baby, and begged me to conceal the child.'

'That is what I thought,' declared Glinda calmly. 'What did he give you for thus serving him?'

'He taught me all the magical tricks he knew. Some were good tricks, and some were only frauds; but I have remained faithful to my promise.'

'What did you do with the girl?' asked Glinda; and at this question everyone bent forward and listened eagerly for the reply.

'I enchanted her,' answered Mombi.

'In what way?'

'I transformed her into—into—'

'Into what?' demanded Glinda as the Witch hesitated.

'Into a boy!' said Mombi in a low tone.

'A boy!' echoed every voice; and then, because they knew that this old woman had reared Tip from childhood, all eyes were turned to where the boy stood.

'Yes,' said the old Witch, nodding her head; 'that is the princess Ozma—the child brought to me by the Wizard who stole her father's throne. That is the rightful ruler of the Emerald City!' and she pointed her long bony finger straight at the boy.

'I!' cried Tip, in amazement. 'Why, I'm no Princess Ozma—I'm not a girl!'

Glinda smiled, and going to Tip she took his small brown hand within her dainty white one.

'You are not a girl just now', said she gently, 'because Mombi transformed you into a boy. But you were born a girl, and also a Princess; so you must resume your proper form, that you may become Queen of the Emerald City.'

'Oh, let Jinjur be the Queen!' exclaimed Tip, ready to cry. 'I want to stay a boy, and travel with the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, and the Woggle-Bug, and Jack—yes! and my friend the Saw-Horse—and the Gump! I don't want to be a girl!'

'Never mind, old chap,' said the Tin Woodman soothingly; 'it don't hurt to be a girl, I'm told; and we will all remain your faithful friends just the same. And, to be honest with you, I've always considered girls nicer than boys.'

'They're just as nice anyway,' added the Scarecrow, patting Tip affectionately upon the head.

'And they are equally good students,' proclaimed the Woggle-Bug. 'I should like to become your tutor, when you are transformed into a girl again.'

'But—see here!' said Jack Pumpkinhead with a gasp. 'If you become a girl, you can't be my dear father any more!'

'No,' answered Tip, laughing in spite of his anxiety; 'and I shall not be sorry to escape the relationship.' Then he added, hesitatingly, as he turned to Glinda: 'I might try it for a while—just to see how it seems, you know. But if I don't like being a girl you must promise to change me into a boy again.'

'Really,' said the Sorceress, 'that is beyond my magic. I never deal in transformations, for they are not honest, and no respectable sorceress likes to make things appear to be what they are not. Only unscrupulous witches use the art, and therefore I must ask Mombi to effect your release from her charm, and restore you to your proper form. It will be the last opportunity she will have to practise magic.'

Now that the truth about Princess Ozma had been discovered, Mombi did not care what became of Tip; but she feared Glinda's anger, and the boy generously promised to provide for Mombi in her old age if he became the ruler of the Emerald City. So the Witch consented to effect the transformation, and preparations for the event were at once made.

Glinda ordered her own royal couch to be placed in the centre of the tent. It was piled high with cushions covered with rose-coloured silk, and from a golden railing above hung many folds of pink gossamer, completely concealing the interior of the couch.

The first act of the Witch was to make the boy drink a potion which quickly sent him into a deep and dreamless sleep. Then the Tin Woodman and the Woggle-Bug bore him gently to the couch, placed him upon the soft cushions and drew the gossamer hangings to shut him

from all earthly view.

The Witch squatted upon the ground and kindled a tiny fire of dried herbs which she drew from her bosom. When the blaze shot up and burned clearly old Mombi scattered a handful of magical powder over the fire, which straightway gave off a rich violet vapour, filling all the tent with its fragrance and forcing the Saw-Horse to sneeze—although he had been warned to keep quiet.

Then, while the others watched her curiously, the hag chanted a rhythmical verse in words which no one understood, and bent her lean body seven times back and forth over the fire. And now the incantation seemed complete, for the Witch stood upright and cried the one word 'Yeowal!' in a loud voice.

The vapour floated away; the atmosphere became clear again; a whiff of fresh air filled the tent, and the pink curtains of the couch trembled slightly, as if stirred from within.

Glinda walked to the canopy and parted the silken hangings. Then she bent over the cushions, reached out her hand, and from the couch arose the form of a young girl, fresh and beautiful as a May morning. Her eyes sparkled as two diamonds, and her lips were tinted like a tourmaline. All adown her back floated tresses of ruddy gold, with a slender jewelled circlet confining them at the brow. Her robes of silken gauze floated around her like a cloud, and dainty satin slippers shod her feet.

At this exquisite vision Tip's old comrades stared in wonder for the space of a full minute, and then every head bent low in honest admiration of the lovely Princess Ozma. The girl herself cast one look into Glinda's bright face, which glowed with pleasure and satisfaction, and then turned upon the others. Speaking the words with sweet diffidence, she said:

'I hope none of you will care less for me than you did before. I'm just the same Tip, you know; only—only—'

'Only you're different!' said the Pumpkinhead; and everyone thought it was the wisest speech he had ever made.

[From The Marvellous Land of Oz, chapter 23, by L. Frank Baum, 1904. Amazingly enough, the copyright on this story has apparently lapsed!]

Letter Solicitation

I think everyone in the gender community (certainly all tv's) should write a letter to NBC's Santa Barbara. I don't know if any of you watch the show, but they have a regular character who is a hetero tv. The treatment has been, in my opinion, very good. He is a really likeable character and his episodes of dressing have been amusing, but well done. One character, Gina, knows about Bunny's alter ego, Bonnie, and accepts him/her quite well. Well, this morning, he was dressed and putting on his wig and makeup in front of a mirror, then suddenly quite emphatically wiped it all off, ripped of the clothes and changed back to Bunny. He announced to Gina that that was all behind him, he knew who he was now; he is a new man!

I heard some time back that they had plans for him to eventually see a psychiatrist and maybe this is going to show the "purge" that is so common, he'll have relapses, and eventually seek counseling. How that would be handled is anybody's guess. What I'm worried about is what if that's not the plan. What if they just have him put it aside and leave it for good. This could have very harmful effects on the public's view of transvestism. Too many wives and so's in the world have the mistaken idea that "he could stop if he really wanted to" as it is.

I thought about waiting awhile to see what they were going to do, but if they treated it that way, the damage might already be done. Here is an opportunity for a network television program to show some real insight into what tv's go through and a chance for us to possibly have a hand in preventing another case of misrepresentation.

Come on! If NBC is flooded with thousands of letters they surely will respond to them, even if the majority of them are signed anonymously. How about it? Are you willing to let them know what you think? I intend to post this message to Compuserve and any other gender-related bbs systems I can find. I think this is a good chance for some tv activism.

The character's name is Bunny Tagliatti and the address is:

Santa Barbara
c/o NBC Television
3000 W. Alameda Ave.
Burbank, CA 91523

Denise Jacob

[Courtesy CD-Forum.]

Notable and Quotable

"I wouldn't. I'm so comfortable being a man, I'd miss my balls clanging."

- William Shatner in a Playboy 20 Questions Interview, June 1989, when asked if he would change his sex, as Captain Kirk did in the last episode of Star Trek.

[Courtesy Renaissance News.]

Youth Research Project

I am planning a study of teenage crossdressing, and I need your assistance.

In almost every instance when crossdressers meet and talk about themselves and their experiences, they mention the fact that they began to dress *when quite young*. They tell of their experiences, their problems, (and purges) through the years - beginning in their teens (often earlier), through their young adulthood and into later life.

Even though the problems of most crossdressers (the confusion, fear, and guilt) are rooted in the teenage years, the teens are one time period which has not been looked at too closely. When the experiences of the teen years are finally shared, it is only after we are well into our twenties, thirties, and beyond. Much valuable information (i.e. feelings, reactions to our needs, the keeping of our secret, our quiet guilt, and more) is not revealed, perhaps submerged, forgotten - but certainly not recorded. I want to tap into that information, into those experiences, into those intense emotional periods, to learn more about who and what we are. We can learn so much more about ourselves by learning about those who are now as we were years ago.

To do that I hope to initially collect 25 or 30 cases - teenagers who crossdress, who feel the tremendous "high" and then the precipitous drop and the "low", and the guilt and fear of discovery, and the misunderstanding of themselves that exists in between each experience. I want to establish contact with these young people, to learn about them and at the same time give them insight and support. I want to help them perhaps "side-step" some of the hurt and upset they carry in their minds. These young people will certainly have parents who will be beside themselves with heartache,

worry, and frustration. The parents will be ignorant of what they observe even though a physician or therapist has been asked to help. The consultant may also be ignorant and inexperienced and appreciate some insight. I hope that in this study I can pacify and instruct both young crossdressers and their parents, and perhaps work cooperatively with their counselors - while at the same time gather information to be recorded and reviewed.

I need your help. I need your alertness to finding these individuals and referring them to me. Admittedly these young people will be hard to locate. Young crossdressers, age 13-19, are very hidden, deep in the closet and in most instances their parents know nothing. Only a few are revealed and these are the ones I want to relate to as fully as possible.

The security of each teenager and his parents is a paramount consideration and they must be appraised of this.

Most unfortunately, because of the legal concerns that could arise, and in order for this study to be secure, teenagers who approach you for help or support but do not have parental knowledge and consent cannot be included in my study. As difficult as it may be, we must reject them. This of course narrows the field considerably, but it must be so.

Can you help? Will you keep your "sensors up"? Will you look to find a teenager in your community, or experience, or in your area of influence? Help me to put this study in motion. Contact me with any information you may have. Help me establish a core group to study and survey. This Study, of necessity, will take time - time to establish and to gather information. Currently, I am preparing a protocol for this study and the development of a core group. In time I can build on it. I'm quite sure the rewards will be great to the teenagers who come to me, to their families, and counselors.

One added thing - be sure in your approach to these individuals their parents and/or counselors that you indicate to them that I *am* a physician - a Boarded Specialist in OB-Gyn, and I do have research background.

Please keep this all in mind for the long term - not just a week or month but for a very long time to come. I'm truly anxious for your help.

Sheila Kirk
P.O. Box 3214
Pittsburgh, PA 15230

Policies

The Crystal Club is an open support group for cross dressers. We welcome TV, TS, TG, FI, and others who assume a complete feminine identity. We welcome their wives and significant others (SO's.) We welcome guests from other cross dressing organizations, when cleared through an officer.

We do not care about the sexual preference of the members and attendees. We do, however, require that all attendees behave like ladies at all times. Everyone has the right to feel secure, knowing they will not be ridiculed for their dressing or their appearance, and knowing they will not be "hit on" by anyone present.

We require that all attendees come completely dressed in feminine attire, or not dressed (i.e. in masculine attire). It is expected that most members will normally dress, but this is not required. Persons are *not* permitted to arrive partially dressed, for example, a dress and male hair, or a dress and an unshaven face, as this may draw unwanted attention to the rest of the group. Ladies pants and casual wear are fine. An adjacent changing room is available if you prefer to come in male clothing and dress at the meeting site.

Meetings are open only to cross dressers who have been screened or approved by an officer, and to cross dresser's wives/SO's, helping professionals, and approved guests. The location of the hotel is given out after the screening process.

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