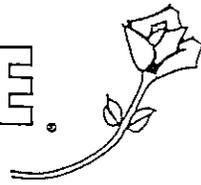




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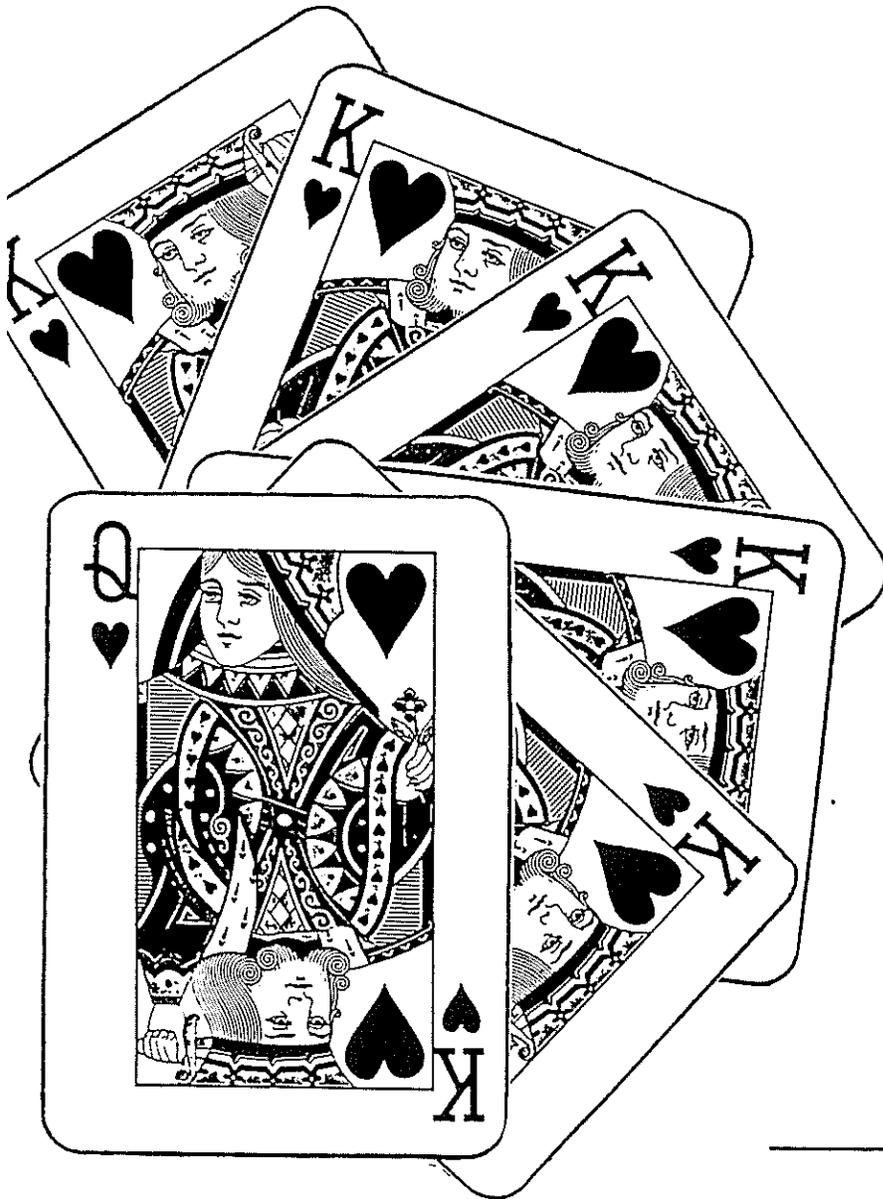


Vol. 2 No. 4

Columbus, Ohio

June 1991

The Turn Of A Friendly Card



There are unsmiling faces in fetters and chains
On a wheel in perpetual motion
Who belong to all races and answer all names
With no show of an outward emotion

And they think it will make their lives easier
But the doorway before them is barred
And the game never ends when your whole world depends
On the turn of a friendly card

There's a sign in the desert that lies to the west
Where you can't tell the night from the sunrise
And not all the king's horse and all the king's men
Have prevented the fall of the unwise

For they think it will make their lives easier
And God knows up till now it's been hard
But the game never ends when your whole world depends
On the turn of a friendly card

But a pilgrim must follow in search of a shrine
As he enters inside the cathedral...

--Eric Woolfson and Alan Parsons

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A Special Thanks

Jennifer G. has been spending many hours programming a data base for the club. She also wrote a program which enabled me to print out the mailing labels. This month spent much time typing in articles for this issue. I just want to take this time to thank her for her assistance.

Lana

I went to a bookstore today. I asked the woman behind the counter where the self-help section was. She said, "If I told you, that would defeat the whole purpose."

Brian Kiley

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The Crystal Club is a non-profit support group for TV, TS, TG, FI, and rs who assume a complete trans-gendered identity. Spouses and significant rs are welcome and are encouraged to participate. Both Male-to-Female and le-to-Male are welcome. Also, members from related organizations, helping essionals, and approved guests are welcome when cleared through a Crystal lected officer.

Meetings are the fourth Saturday evening of each month unless a special it is scheduled that takes the place of the regular scheduled meeting. The tion of the meeting or event(s) are only released to members or others with approval of an officer.

Now prospective members must be screened by the Member Representative or her delegated repetitive of the Crystal Club. We do not discriminate on the is of sexual orientation, race, creed, or age of the members and attendees.

We do, however, require that all attendees behave like ladies or gentlemen at all times. There is NO tolerance for ridicule or "hitting on" attendees. Everyone has the right to feel secure and anyone breaking these policies will be asked to leave. We are not a dating service or a therapy group.

We require that all attendees come completely dressed as a Male or a Female. Attendees are not permitted to arrive or change into a partially dressed status. With prior arrangement, an adjacent changing room should be available if you prefer to come in your complete natural gender and change to the gender in which you want to represent.

The Crystal Club membership fee is \$15 for a individual and \$20 for a couple (member and a significant other/spouse). The start of a new membership is pro-rated in coordination with the Crystal Club fiscal year end of 30 June, in quarter increments (4 months) to the nearest \$5, in advance. Additional consecutive years consist of the standard membership fee, in advance. Meeting fees are: \$15 for a single member, \$20 for a member couple and \$20 for a single non-member, \$25 for a non-member couple.

We will exchange newsletters with any other similar group. Feel free to include a disk version in ASCII format if possible either on 5.25 or 3.5 floppy. Send all correspondence to: The Crystal Club P.O. Box 287 Reynoldsburg, Ohio 43068-0287 or call (614) 237-4321.

Talk Shows: Help or Hype?

from Cross-Talk, Roger's Notebook #57
by Rodger E. Peo, Ph.D.

I recently was asked to appear on a television talk show. The topic was crossdressers and their wives/partners. Since I want to support women who are in a relationship with a crossdresser, I thought this would be a good opportunity to tell the public about the issues that face many of these women. I could not have been more wrong. If it had not been for my wife (who was in the audience) the viewers would have been left with a very unreal picture of such relationships.

The focus of the show was a real wedding where both the bride and groom wore (identical) wedding dresses. This is a fantasy for many crossdressers. There have been other variations on this marriage scene. For example, the bride wore the tuxedo and the groom wore the wedding gown. In addition to the couple who were to be married, there were two other couples. One couple had been married for many years and the other couple has been dating for about six months. All three of the women on the show were (or said they were) wholeheartedly in favor of their partner's crossdressing. Most of the audience questions were either about the reasons why a man would crossdress or asking why these women would want to be in a relationship with a man who wears women's clothes.

There were virtually no negative questions. None of the women voiced any problems or difficulties they had about the crossdressing. In sum, a very positive image was presented. When my wife saw the direction of the program, she addressed a question to me. "Are these typical relationships?" she wanted to know. This gave me a brief opportunity to explain that the majority of such relationships had problems. Unfortunately, this was lost in the excitement of the wedding.

Later I reflected on this show, and others like it. I wondered if they helped or hurt the image of the gender community. Many crossdressers (and their partners) who go on such shows are in unusual situations. Often they are "out of the closet" with little to lose if their friends, coworkers and neighbors discover the man's desire to wear women's clothing.

I suggest that perhaps the only positive thing about such shows is the contact number that usually appears at the end of the show. Otherwise, the image that is presented is one that misleads more than it helps. Can you imagine the feelings of some woman who is struggling with the issues raised by her partner's crossdressing when she sees this show? She will most certainly wonder why she is not as accepting as those women on that stage. She may see herself as somehow flawed because her feelings are so different. The crossdresser who views the show may use it as a way of trying to gain acceptance by saying, "If that woman can accept this, why can't you?"

So the show gets the fanfare but the people I am concerned about may be hurt in the process. This is not to argue that we shouldn't continue appearing on such shows. This wedding was unusual. While it was very meaningful for the couple involved it did little to educate the public about the critical relationship issues that crossdressing often creates.

[If you have something you would like Dr. Peo to write about or have a rebuttal send it to P.O. Box 4887, Poughkeepsie, NY 12602 or call (914) 452-8405. All communications are confidential. This column may be reprinted in any non-profit organization's newsletter so long as Dr. Peo's name and address appear in the reprinted version. All others must obtain written approval.]

A Word to the Wise

Anonymous

I am sometimes a little concerned about women who smoke, but even more so about the TV/TS who smokes. It causes all kinds of health problems, but this may not be nearly as devastating for the TV/TS in the short run as...WRINKLES, especially on the face. It isn't enough that we have to deal with the over production of testosterone, compared to other women, if we additionally hurry the aging process by smoking. All the moisturizers in the world will not counteract what we put into our internal systems. Ever notice that as women grow older, they seem to lose their femininity and look more like the guy they are with? There are three things we can do to retard this process: Take female hormones, remove the testes and stop smoking. It seem the last is the most efficient.

Have you been moisturizing your hands, lately. You should at least three times a day and after each time you wash. The hands are the things we touch others with. Their softness communicates our softness. Chances are, you moisturize your face at least twice each day, but have you thought about that part of your body that best communicates your softness...your hands?

BIZARRO By DAN PIRARO



Speaking in a More Feminine Manner

by Anne
Reprinted from GIC Newsletter - May/June 91

After the dressing, speaking is the most important - and difficult - part of being feminine. Alison Laing opened this session by asking why we want to speak in a more feminine manner. The consensus answer was "in order to pass", and to help fulfill the feminine roll. The main goal of this workshop was to establish the necessary basic concepts.

Wendy Parker then ran what amounted to a full-scale workshop in speaking and communicating in 'feminine', which she later referred to as their "native language", and which requires techniques not dissimilar to those used by singers.

A higher pitch is not only not necessarily better, but may even be worse, with a falsetto being a positive 'give away'. Women consider a lower pitch as being sexier. However, be warned, smoking and shouting actually lower the pitch over a period of time, which you may not want. If you find the median pitch of your voice by gently humming, and then raise this by no more than three tones, this is about the right 'feminine' pitch; the speaking voice can then be modulated by around three tones up or down from the median. Males tend to speak in more of a monotone but you should speak 'musically', emphasizing rhythm, melody and cadence, slowing down the pace and elongating the vowels, and ending sentences with an upwards inflexion, as women tend to phrase things as questions rather than statements. Some accents (such as that of a southern lady) can help the process - as long as they can be made to sound genuine.

Another difference is that women use a much wider vocabulary than men. For example, where a man would say 'pleasant', a woman would say 'charming', and where a man would say 'I like chocolate' a woman might say 'I just love chocolate'. Women are more polite and courteous when speaking with others and use much more body language. They keep their limbs tucked in more than do men, and (for example) stand with their legs together rather than apart.

The content of ones' speech is all important. Women face each other and make eye contact, leaning forward and touching one another while speaking - something which they see as re-assuring, but which men see as threatening behavior. They also listen more than men, and don't interrupt one another. They will be more intimate and talk of personal relationships rather than about 'power play'.

There is a difference between your 'head voice' and a 'chest voice', with women using more of the 'head voice', speaking as into (and through) a mask. Wendy suggested that you should find a female 'role model' - maybe an actress or TV presenter - and make a tape of her voice, then play it back and speak along with it trying to emulate her.

Alison Laing apologized to women that we tend to stereotype them when trying to talk in a feminine manner. Realistic feminine speech means adoption a state of mind and constantly remembering that we are female, so that we behave in a feminine way. When using the wider female vocabulary it helps to be aware of a wide range of different colors and smells. Asking for red dress is not nearly as effective as specifying the shade of red.

Actual voice reproduction is helped by talking with a smile rather than with the lips pursed up into an 'O'. This cuts out much of the lower range of pitch of the voice and when in close company a little breathiness sounds more intimate and sexy. Some accents - such as that of the 'Southern Belle', also help distract from the voice itself, although one must be able to use the accent properly. It helps to break the ice and start conversations spontaneously. The listener then thinks more about the reply than about the voice, which tend to be accepted.

A little self-confidence goes a long way, and making eye contact while speaking helps to balance the voice and produce the desired response.

TV-TS TAPESTRY

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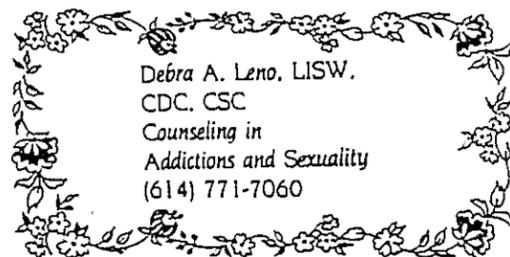
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Editor's Edict

by Lana Morris

Once again, I must apologize for bringing the newsletter to you a little late. I have to tell you, though, I have been extremely busy this last month. The major event being my first visit to the "Be-All" convention in Cleveland.

Jennifer and I arrived Thursday night. We stopped by the *Marriott* to check-out the scene and make sure we knew where to go on Friday to check in (We weren't scheduled to arrive until Friday afternoon.) The hotel seemed to be deserted. At least void of all crossdressing and transgendered activity. We had expected to see hundreds of crossdressers milling about. Nothing. At first I was disappointed until I realized that Thursday evening was the dinner at the dinner playhouse and that bus loads had already departed. Oh well, at least we knew where to go tomorrow. So we left and went to the *Cross Country Inn* to get a good night's rest.

The next morning we went to breakfast and then to the store for some last-minute shopping. Can you believe I forgot my razor? Finally, we were headed back to the *Marriott*, the big moment had arrived. I was chomping-at-the-bit. For years I had been wanting to go to such a convention and in just minutes I would be there at last. We entered the lobby and... Eureka! Thousands of crossdressers everywhere! Just kidding. Actually, the scene was not much different than the night before except there were some "Be-All" guests walking around. Most were either attending workshops or had gone to their rooms to prepare for the luncheon. We did bump into Adrienne. She appeared to be having the time of her life.

If I'm to get this newsletter on the press and to you by Saturday's meeting (it's Thursday afternoon right now) I'll have to speed things up and just say that Jennifer and I enjoyed a marvelous two days there and met a bunch of great people. I only wish we could have attended more days, but I'm not sure my face could stand many more close shaves and heavy make-up. Mary Ann and Adrienne went up together for most of the week and have promised to chronicle their experiences for us, however they were unable to make this month's deadline. We can look forward to that next month.

Rochelle has been terribly ill for the past couple of weeks. On behalf of the club, I would like to wish her well and send her all our love. I went to see her the other day and she is recovering. She hopes to be at the meeting on Saturday.

Item last, I would like to see more of our members contribute to the newsletter. Remember, it's your newsletter. You don't have to write a Pulitzer prize winning article. (But it wouldn't hurt.) Just jot down any helpful hints or insights that you might have. Everyone has something worthwhile to share. You can also keep an eye out for any gender related articles or news items in the paper or magazines. Simply cut them out and drop them in the mail to our P.O. box. It's easy.

My mother said,
"You'll never amount to anything
because you always procrastinate!"
I said, "Just wait."

Judy Tenuta

Fingernails

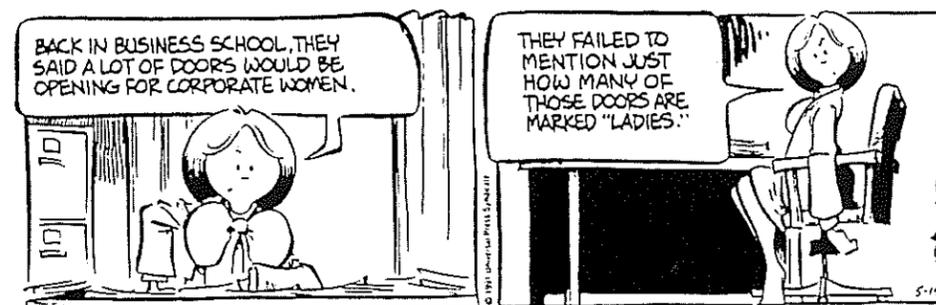
by Carrie Crass

Long and witchy fingernails with bright red enamel are an obvious statement of femininity, of overt sexiness and Hollywood glamour. But, have you ever tried to pick your nose with one? Yes, you can scoop out more goodies, but you take the chance of cutting an artery. Not only do they make it harder to find your keys in a cluttered purse, pick up a glass without upsetting it, shake hands without maiming, fluff your hair without scalp wounds and work the buttons on your car radio, but wiping ones fanny after a necessary break could be life threatening, not to mention a little disgusting if a nail were to pick up a bit of extraneous material.

Don't get me wrong, I love to have richly painted, long nails. They do so much for your hands and your overall expressiveness when displayed during conversation. However, to be practical, I'll now cut them back to a quarter inch beyond my finger tips. Well, maybe just my pinkies will be a little longer, but definitely no longer than an inch.

DUFFY®

by BRUCE HAMMOND



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Confessions of an Irishman in a Dress

by Renee O'Malley



I am totally at a loss for something to write about, so I am just going to start to write and see what comes out, it's the gift of the Irish, you good people call it B.S. we get to call it Blarney. That reminds me about a tasteless joke, did you hear about the gentleman who was introduced to a young Irish girl (who's name was not Renee). This gentleman, being attracted to the young lass, asked her if she had ever touched the Blarney Stone, when she said that she had, he quickly moved in on her and said that if you touched a person who had touched the Blarney Stone, it was as good as if you had been there yourself, so he promptly tried to kiss her, she pushed him away and said "Oh no, you don't understand, I sat on the stone, I didn't kiss it!".

Blarney Castle is a nice place but do not go in a dress or skirt if you can help it. You are up on a big open building at about 300 feet from the ground and in order to kiss the stone, you must lean out over the side of the building with your head tilted backwards, as far as it can go and an attendant sitting on your knees, so that you do not fall from the building and verify Newton's law of gravity. (For the Engineers in the group, falling would result in an impact velocity of just under 100 M/S in just under four and one half seconds and the results would include driving your skirt up above your head, along with the distinct possibility of ruining your make up.)

Dressing up and going out in Ireland would be an interesting experience, I honestly do not know of a single 'Gay Bar' but they do exist and so do crossdressers, living proof here. People are not a lot different to people here, it just happens that you have a lot more people and this leads to a higher incidents of interesting variations in character and behavior. Ireland has only one real City, Dublin. With a population of more than one million people, it is home for almost half the nations population. Total population in Ireland is only about three million and every year we export 40,000 well educated young people to any corner of the world that will accept them. We even send them to corners of the world where they are not readily accepted. So we are sparsely populated and getting more sparse and this has a big effect on keeping people like me in the closet. I hope you all appreciate how lucky you are to have such a liberal and free country with so many good clubs and other places to visit.

I just finished a book by a Dr. Wayne Dyer called 'The sky's the limit.' It is an interesting book but he tends to labor specific points to death. He does make some interesting points towards the end of the book where he asks the reader to answer nine questions, the first question he asks is:

How would you change your life if you knew that you only had six month to live ?

We should all ask ourselves this question and then tell me how can you guarantee me that you will still be around in six months. We can't. So be all that you can be now, today. Don't wait for anything to change and live to regret it. The smartest thing that I did recently was to go into a department store and buy a complete selection of make up that suited my skin tone and had colors that complemented each other. I feel much better than I ever have about the person that I see in the mirror. I have gone from looking like some sort of painted fool to looking like the person I always wanted to be.

You can do the same thing for your self with clothes or shoes or anything that you don't like about your fem side. If you always wanted to walk around a mall, get some help to prepare and get one of our male friends to accompany you, this helps to make you look less obvious. Put on flat shoes and make up for the day time, do not use the trowel to put it on. Don't put it off until some wonderful time in the future when everything is great and you no longer have a problem in the world. This is also a great reason to be at the Be All week for at least a few days, all it costs is money and you can always make more money but you will never capture these precious hours again. Just meeting that many people in one place at one time will be a great experience in it's self.

So, now that I have given you the little tongue lashing, back to Ireland. One of the great things about Ireland is that it never gets so hot that your make up runs off your face as you try to put it on, so dressing twelve months in the year is easy, it can tend to get hot in the closet however so nothing is perfect.

On the subject of warm weather dressing, Yvonne from Columbus and I visited Cleveland (Paradise) last month and were lucky enough to stumble into a round table discussion on make up. We heard a tip for make up in warm weather and they assured us that it works and it is comfortable. If you apply "Speed Stick" or other deodorant to your forehead before you make up you are not gonna sweat when you do make up and all the stuff still goes on fine and comes off fine. That is what they said, I really don't know, I never tried it, don't blame me, I'm only a bloody foreigner anyway.

I was very lucky to have been adopted by one of our Columbus girls, she has done more for Renee in one month than I have managed to achieve in thirty years. Some things might seem obvious to a lot of you married chaps but I have just discovered where my waist is and I also discovered that I am not a size 14, I am actually a size 10, possibly 12 max. The secret is, and I quote my big sister "Lift your skirt up as high as it will go and then lift it some more, lift it until it feels almost uncomfortable". I had an idea that my waist was above the area where my jeans sit, but until she showed me where my waist actually was, I couldn't believe it. We all owe it to some new member to give them the time and attention that we did not have the benefit of in the past. I can never thank my big sister enough for all that she has done for me. So has been extremely patient, understanding and never fails to remind me that we are doing this for fun, so we can't take ourselves too seriously and we have to enjoy ourselves. I look forward to the day when I can give back the friendship that I have received to someone who is willing and anxious to learn.

Sorry it's been a bit of time since I have had the chance to take up space in the newsletter, the reason is an extension or derivative of the saying that goes "most people are too busy making a living, to make any real money". Well I've been seeing under \$100 a week, and some weeks I have managed to actually cost my self money for the privilege of working and I have been putting in sixty hour weeks doing it.... Not very bright of me. An inverse rule appears to apply, the harder you work, the less money you make. This basically is the reason why I did not make it to the Be All, I would have been spending money that I simply have no way of generating.

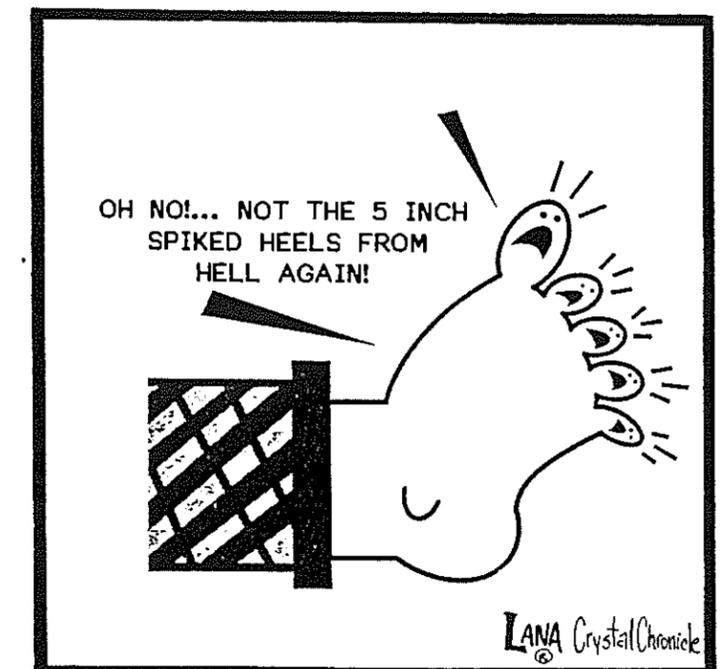
The good news is that I gave myself a little "Be All" in Columbus. On Thursday night I went to the Grapevine all on my own. This was the first time that I had ever gone out alone and with no plans for meeting anyone. Alice greeted me at the door with her usual friendly warmth, she even came into the bar to make sure that I got a seat. Alice is a really nice person and I know that she likes our business. I was sitting beside a couple of girls and the girl that was sitting next to me, gave me the impression that she was not impressed by my presence. I was about as nervous as I have ever been and I sat and tried to sip on a beer. I was shaking and the beer was shaking but I could hear the words of my wonderful mentor Yvonne, telling me that I had every right to be there and give people the chance to find out that you are a normal person. I heard the girls talking about Germany and England and driving cars overseas. Then the girl that was sitting nearest to me went to the rest room. I turned and asked the other girl, "where were you based in Germany". She replied with "where are you from?" And when she learned that I was a real Irish person, I had made a friend for life. We were chatting away when the first girl came back and when she found out where I was from, she said "OH MY GOD! my mother was from Cork and she still has an Irish passport". From that point on, I could do no wrong. We spent the rest of the evening discussing problems they were having with relationships, they confided in me and respected my opinion. We all exchanged hugs as we left for home. I went home walking on air.

To show you how nervous I was, I left the keys in my car outside the Grapevine and then I left them in the car over night, with the car unlocked, in German Village. Some of my friends have suggested that I put a sign on the car that says "If the car will not start, please knock on the blue door for assistance". But honestly, I just forgot to remove them.

On Saturday night, I was so excited about my adventures on the previous Thursday, plus the girls that I had met on Thursday promises to show up again on Saturday and they wanted to take me to Summit Station, to watch the a drag show. So I went to TJ Maxx and purchased a new, silk blouse, spent four hours getting ready and headed for the Grapevine again. The Grape was full of people and a lot of straight couples were out to see the sights, so I, with my new found confidence, gave them value for money and smiled politely at the stares. They are on alien turf and they are a lot more worried than I was, so I had no problems. I waited for an hour for my dates to show, sadly they never turned up. Not to let that get me down, I headed for Summit Station on my own. I had a great evening and I was adopted by a little straight girl who gets a great kick out of the drag show. She spent the whole night with me and we had great fun. At times I felt a bit like a guy on a date and I think that she has similar girl type feelings and I had to watch how I acted, it was an interesting situation. 'Boy meets girl, boy looks more like girl than girl does'. To further complicate the issue, she is happily married to a Columbus Police man.

Columbus is a wonderful town for crossdressing, we have lots of options on places to go and we have more clothes shops than we have people. The city has so many minorities that all we have to do is keep our nose clean and no body is going to really bother too much with us. We naturally get snide comments but this is normal for any real woman, so accept it and don't let it upset you and the next thing you know, your having fun. I hope that I can get down to Cincinnati in the near future, it has been great down there for the last few months.

[Renee is a member of CrossPort and often visits us at the Crystal Club. You may remember her as the beautiful red-head who won the "split-pot" drawing at our last meeting. She was obviously demonstrating "The Luck of the Irish" --ED.]



My "Big" fantasy

*Inside every man is another man fantasizing
what it's like to be a woman*

reprinted from Glamour April 1991

Suppose I went to bed as myself and woke up the next morning as a woman. What would I do? Where would I go? How would I, in the spirit of Cinderella, spend a whole day and night as something I'm not: a woman?

I don't consider this voyeurism but wholesome curiosity. I believe it would help if men came out of the testosterone-loaded closet to imagine, if briefly, life from the other side. That stated, say good-bye to Jake, and say hello to Jacqueline. Here's how I imagine my-her-day might go:

6:30 A.M. Beautiful sunrise. Lying in bed, I look myself over. I like my woman's body. The shape, the feel, the give and play. I am loveliness personified; I feel like a human valentine. A woman's belly is the source of life, her breasts the first hearth, the first source of outdoor nutrition. And--for today anyway--this is mine, all mine. The first official act I'd like to perform in my new frame, to be perfectly honest, is to linger in bed and give myself a thorough examination.

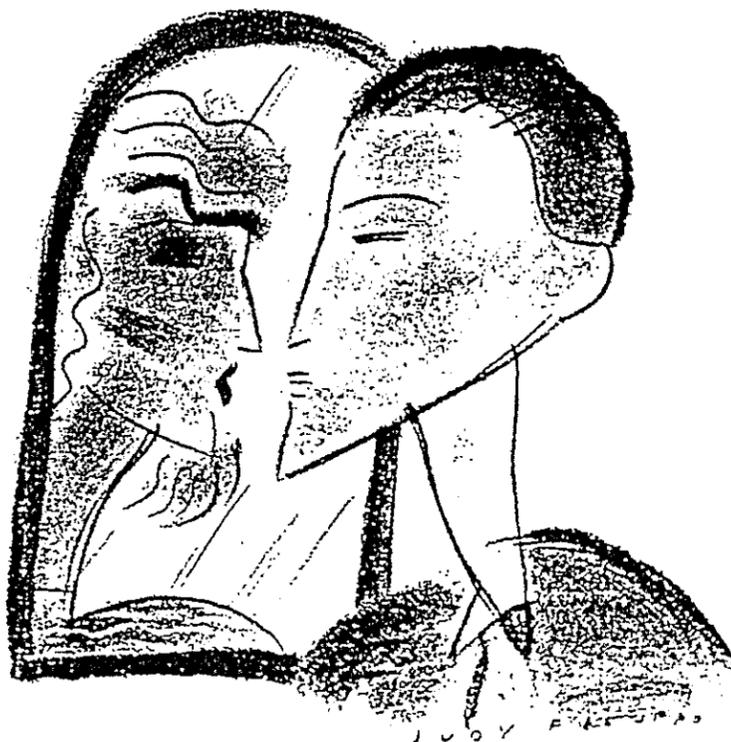
8:45 A.M. Running late because it's taking so long to dress. Hard to believe how much more Jacqueline has to do than Jake. Instead of simply shaving a relatively small area of my face, I shave my pits and legs. Instead of picking a suit (the big decision there: dark blue or brown), I must choose among suits, outfits and "ensembles." Is the red too incandescent?... Wait a second. But what if I really like the red? Not good enough. Because I know that I'll be one of only three women at this morning's meeting of twenty, and suddenly I'm conscious of how extra careful, like it or not, I have to be in my presentation of self. More eyes will be scrutinizing me, a minority in that boardroom.

And Jake never worried about accessories. Jacqueline does. Do I go with the simple coral pendant or pearls? What about earrings? Hair down? Back? Up? Out? In?

10:30 A.M. Meetings over and I've got to use the bathroom. Since I'm a woman for just today, I'd like to try the ladies room in the fancy hotel next door.

What a setup. Marble counter, irises in a vase, a sort of holding area. I sit there, watching strange women before the long mirror applying various creams and powders to their face--their eyes earnest and veined. I wonder if anyone realizes what sex I really am. Insecure that my cover will be blown, I throw on a little blush.

Before I have a chance to grow nostalgic about urinals, a stall opens. Inside, I tend to a process that takes me five minutes--one that would have taken Jake forty-five seconds, tops. I walk out of the bathroom and sense something breezy against my leg. I look down. A run in my pantyhose. Damn.



Noon I change into a black sports bra and electric blue biking shorts to take a lunch-time run through the park.

It's exhausting--not the run, the attention. Men amble up to me to make conversation, most of it inane, some of it charming. Whistles rain down on me. Different men approach on four separate occasions to ask if they can run alongside me. I acquiesce to the last one because he seems the smartest and the funniest. For the briefest instant, I look at him next to me, jogging, sweating, having trouble keeping up with me as he talks sensitively about how close he and his dad are. I have an urge to ask him what he thinks of the NFL TV replay rule. He'd never understand.

1:15 P.M. Lunchtime! I mean, lunchtime. My girlfriends split a salad and froyo lightly sprinkled with gorp. I want a bacon-cheeseburger and a chocolate shake. So I order a bacon-cheeseburger and a chocolate shake. Although I catch no signs of disapproval, I wonder if my friends secretly think me undisciplined.

My girlfriend Molly wants to talk about her new client, but I keep trying to steer the conversation to men. Sandy comes to the rescue. She's recently broken up and she's playing the field again. I'm fascinated to hear how she judges new men, how any man who uses shoe trees is guaranteed to be a rotten lover. I'm loving this

After an hour of the most succulent kind of insider trading of info about the other sex, Laura looks at me and asks why I'm so quiet. I just smile.

6:00 P.M. What a day. I'm ready to collapse but my hair is holding up. That's supposed to make everything okay?

7:00 P.M. Big date. Since it's my fantasy, my escort is the consensus Sexiest man on the Planet. The doorbell rings... It's Wayne Newton.

Just wanted to see if you were dozing. Actually it's Mel Gibson in a tux. I'm wearing a black strapless, sequined, tasseled number. (As I said, if I get only one night as a woman, I'm going the whole nine yards.) If I do say so myself, I look drop-dead gorgeous. Mel concurs. He's brought flowers. He holds every door for me; he makes me laugh.

At Le Cirque, women gasp at him, men at me. After dinner, Mel gasps at the bill.

10:00 P.M. Time to make love. Jake has always wanted to know what a woman feels like in the throes of ecstasy.

Mel has gone home to his wife and kids, but Mal, his identical twin friend, is in bed with me, and he's undeniably talented. I am alternately yielding and courageous, as we rise to the peak. I understand what women are talking about. I can't tell if I feel more like I'm being swallowed by an ocean, or if I am the ocean. Both maybe.

Afterward, Mal gazes into space, recounting how he was really Peter Weir's first choice for the lead in *The Year of Living Dangerously*. The boy just needs confidence. I tell him he's tops. I wait for his reply. I get snoring.

Lying there, I think about my day. About what jerks men can be. About what pressures women feel that men don't appreciate. About what...

I can't believe what I forgot to do.

11:45 P.M. I know this is sudden but I want to have a baby. I want to go through a hyperspeed pregnancy and delivery, feel life growing inside me, issuing from my loins. Since time's running out, I think I'll just skip the nausea and water retention part and cut right to the good stuff.

Incredible. I can feel the baby's head emerging. Tears of joy roll down my cheeks. Mal, that fertile rascal, squeezes my hand.

It's a boy. I'll name him Jake. He's adorable, I think--hard to say. My visions blurring. The clock on the wall strikes once, twice...wait! What didn't I get to do as a woman?... Five, six... is there no time to breast feed? To bargain-hunt? Nine... Damn... eleven, twelve.... Good-bye Jacqueline...

Tall is Beautiful

by Laura J. Walker

This utterance was obviously said by some petite psychiatrist with a number ten body to some six foot girl with a number eleven body and low self esteem.

I really don't think she was talking directly to those of us girls, who are struggling just to keep from being read in public in a sitting position at twenty paces, much less when we stand on our five inch heels in our *Frederick's* mini dress under two inches of fluffed up "hair" and attempt to walk upright through a normal 6' 8" doorway. Actually tall is the ultimate curse for a crossdresser wanting to blend in with the crowd as the beautiful woman she really is. A beard can be zapped. Vocal cords can be clipped. Other things can be clipped, turned inside out, removed, filled, stretched or modified in some other realistic way. But tall is forever. Oh sure, as you get older, you get shorter. In the last 20 years I have gotten 1 1/4 inches shorter, but now I wear size 14 shoes. Also, women in general are getting taller, but not quickly enough for me.

So what do I do? Well, flats are not as sexy, for sure, but they cut off three to five inches. A touch of bouffant in the hairdo would endear me to a 60s holdout, but too much hair brings too much attention anyway. Vertical lines can surely accentuate the litherness of my slim and feminine silhouette, but then horizontal lines just might enhance my narrow waist, ample bosom, wide hips and soft shoulders. I admit I have a thing for heels...don't we all, but let the 5' 9" girl next to you wear them so you will be about the same size. Let everybody look at your smile, your head-up self confidence, your assertive walk and the smartness of your fashion statement. If some guy has a fetish for girls in high heels, let him look at your friend's feet, but let his friend look at your total presence. You will both get a thrill.

Don't get me wrong, I'd rather be 5' 6" than 6' 5" and wear sky-high heels and lots of hair, sexy and very vertical, painted on black dresses, black satin gloves up to here, dangling earrings and seamed black stockings. But then I don't look like the copy writer from Cleveland, either.

All that stuff is for fantasies only for this girl. I'll just wear light colors below the waist, medium above and try to put a jacket or sweater over both in an effort to break up the continuum with more horizontal lines. Prints tend to confuse long lines, but don't overdo it. Make the hairstyle fit the face without accentuating verticality. Too much or too little can both hurt. Round is best for accessories, square is next best, the oval. Long is wrong. Large earrings and eyewear frames can widen a long face very prettily, without being fat. It brings out the cute and soft in your face. Some girls use cosmetic eyewear without prescription lens for \$10 or less just for this reason.

There are many books and articles on the ways to accentuate your height, but few on how to deaccentuate it. And I've even found that they do not agree on which fashions will help the overly tall girl. Read it all and do what works for you. But remember that being seen in public with a dress and no high heels could be the most "unreadable" thing you ever did for yourself. And that's really just what I want--To be unreadable in public.

Longer Legs In Thirty Days

by Tanya Brown

from "Femme Mirror", Alpha Omega Chapter Tri-Ess

All of us have seen those booklets in bookstores and grocery store checkouts: "Slim Thighs in 30 Days", or "A Flatter Tummy in 30 Days", etc. Some may have even bought them. Well, I'm going to make my contribution to the genre. It shouldn't take an Einstein -- or should I say, a Madame Curie -- to figure out that the actual length of one's legs is impossible to change. What God gave us is what we have. How they are perceived is another story.

Aside from the obvious, males and females have basic differences in the construction of their bodies. One of these is the proportional length of the legs in relation to the torso. Males tend to have an equal relationship between leg and torso length. Females have proportionally longer legs than their torsos.

What of the crossdresser? Short legged, that's what. There are ways for us to maximize leg length, allowing us to better approximate what we so adore. Bonnie August, in her book "The Complete Bonnie August Dress Thin System", expounds on a series of rules for those who are "cursed" with short legs. These same rules apply to the typical crossdresser. What is more, typically our legs are thicker, making them look all the more stubby. Ms. August's book is out of print now. I can say I've followed her guidelines with wonderful results. I want to pass along her rules about short legs. I'm sure they can help you dress and look better.

1.) Hemlines: Legs look best if the skirt just touches the bottom of the kneecap -- no higher, no lower. An exception works when boots are worn. Longer skirts to the top of boots is fine then.

2.) Shoe Styles: Rank shoes according to how they increase the visual length of the leg. Best are backless styles in medium heels. Other versions with little or nothing across the rear of the heel are next in line. Standard pumps are at the bottom of the list of heels. Flats don't help your legs look longer at all. Shoes with ankle straps of any sort tend to make the leg look heavier, shorter. Extremely pointed toes, as well as blunt toes ruin the overall line of the leg. Also avoid flimsy looking shoes -- they emphasize your size by seeming to be crushed beneath you.

3.) Heel Heights: Within reason, the higher the better so far as the visual line of the leg is concerned. Normally 2" to 3" is best for comfort and look. Avoid stilts -- they are unattractive and call undue attention to you. Remember, 2" heels on an open back style will make your leg look longer than a 3" heel on a pump.

4.) Hosiery: Wear "suntan" or darker hose. Avoid very light or opaque hose and especially avoid tights or heavily patterned hosiery. Hosiery, like makeup, should flatter, not scream for attention.

5.) Skirts: Wear straight skirts or ones with a minimum of top fullness. Avoid full skirts, skirts with horizontal details (bands, stripes, etc.). They make you look shorter.

6.) Slacks: Wear your highest heels with slacks. The slacks should be hemmed so they come to your instep, and a little lower in the back. Remember, anything causing a horizontal line shortens. Straight to slightly tapered legs look best. The big baggy ones are off limits.

I hope this information is useful to you. Try to follow these guidelines for the next thirty days and see how they work for you. I think you will find your appearance will show surprising improvement, especially since the changes are so minor and the rules are so easy to follow.

courtesy CrossTalk

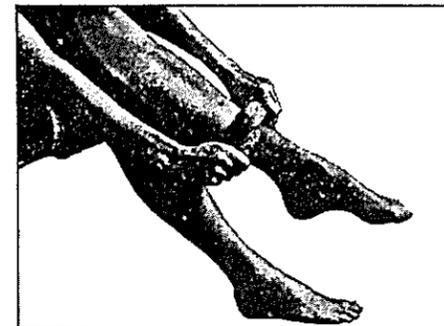


"Yes, the IRS understands that your crossdressing is 'therapeutic'...but you still can't deduct the cost of all these wigs and dresses as a medical expense!"

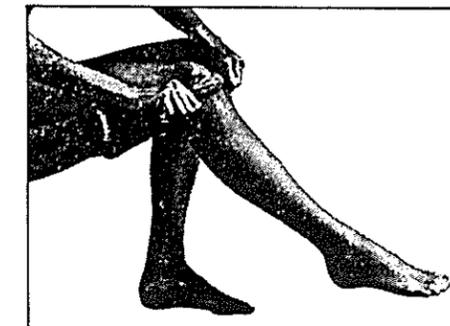
• VICKYSTONE L.I.F.E. •

For The Novice

pamper your legs with a perfect put-on!



1 Gather the pantihose to the toe. Slip in one foot and make sure the toe seam is straight. Pull *firmly* and *evenly* until you have the desired pressure on your foot and ankle. Repeat with other foot. The pantihose "foot" is there only as a guide. It will reshape itself to your foot.



2 Bring both stockings knee high. First one leg, then the other. Don't be bashful... S - T - R - E - T - C - H.



3 Stand up. One leg at a time, ease the stocking to your thighs.



4 Work each side of the panty over your hips, straight up to your waist. Do not twist or it may bind. *The pantihose crotch should fit snugly up against you.* The final signs of Fabulous Fit: total comfort and a toned up feeling.

Words About Washing:

Machine wash warm in mesh bag...or hand wash-line dry. DO NOT BLEACH.

Nearby Support Groups

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Cincinnati, OH 45212
(513) 851-6174

IXE
Box 20710
Indianapolis, IN 46220

Alpha Omega
Ohio Tri-Ess Chapter
P.O. Box 954
Elyria, OH 44036

Crossroads
Box 1245
Royal Oak, MI
48068-1245

Transpitt
P.O. Box 3214
Pittsburgh, PA 15230

Trans West Virginia
P.O. Box 2322
Huntington, WV
25724-2322

Paradise Club
P.O. Box 29564
Parma, OH 44129

Calendar Of Events

6/22	Crystal Club	Meeting	Columbus
6/23	Stonewall	Gayfest	Downtown Col's
7/11	IXE	Meeting	Indianapolis
7/12	Crystal Club	Ladies Night Out	Columbus
7/13	CrossPort	Weekenders	Cincinnati
7/18	CrossPort	Meeting	Cincinnati
7/19	Trans-Wv.	Meeting	West Virginia
7/20	Paradise	Social Meeting	Lakewood Oh.
7/20	Tri-Ess	Tau Chi Roast	Chicago
7/22-26	Cruise Ahoy	Dignity Cruise	Caribbean
7/27	Crystal Club	Meeting	Columbus
8/17	Paradise	Picnic	Cleveland
10/3-6	Kappa Beta	Southern Comfort	Atlanta
10/23-27	Outreach Institute	Fantasia Fair	Boston

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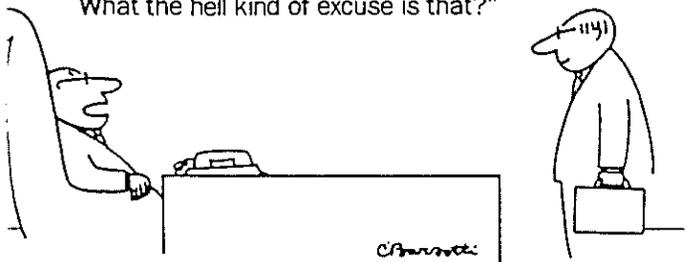
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"You stopped to smell the flowers?
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