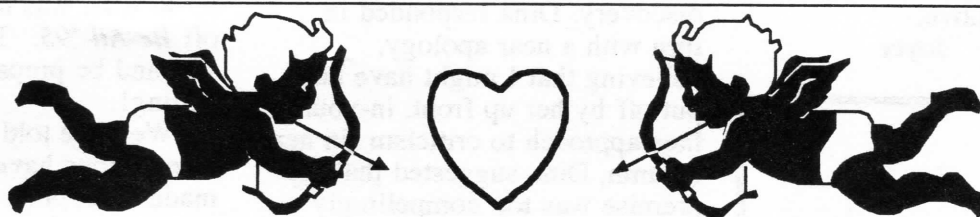


# Cross-Port Inner View

P.O. Box 54657, Cincinnati, OH 45254

\$2.00 :single copy price

The next meeting is February 16, 8:00 PM at Golden Lions



Happy Valentine's Day !



## Joyce's World

While this is belated, I do wish each and everyone a Happy and prosperous New Year. Hope all who attended enjoyed our little Christmas Party. I sure did! We had a nice turnout: 43 members and significant others.

As most of you are probably aware by now, we have a new editor. I wish to thank Elaine for a job well done these past three years and to welcome Bobbi aboard. Bobbi, we all look forward to entertaining and informative newsletters for '95.

On December 8<sup>th</sup>, 1994, Gina, Jennifer, Paula H. and I,

representing Cross-Port, traveled to Miami University of Oxford, Ohio. Here we addressed Professor Sherry Corbett's sociology classes. The topic of discussion was "Diverse Life Styles." Each class consisted of approximately 80 students.

After giving a short introductory presentation of Cross-Port and the transgendered community, we opened the lecture to questions. A lively discussion followed with many pertinent questions (as well as the **usual** ones) being asked.

One question I had never heard before was: "Since you dress and live as a woman, when you die, how would you like to be buried?" Something I had never really thought about before, yet well worth considering.

It is my belief ( and I think the others share this opinion) that we were well received and that most, if not all, of these young people have a much clearer idea, and higher opinion, of the transgendered life style.

I have since heard from Sherry and she stated that she was quite impressed by our demeanor as well as our presentation. She indicated that she will be inviting us back next Fall.

More recently, Heather P. and I were invited by Ms. Ann Scheid of *Talbert House* to address a group-in-training to staff a "Warm Line" for mental health consumers. Also present was the Director of Ashland Psychological Services, Dr. Barbara G. Brewer, Ph.D.


While the group was small, it was interesting nevertheless. All

who attended were very attentive. Our presentation was very well accepted by Ms. Scheid and the trainees.

These kinds of programs are very important and are excellent methods of reaching out to the community. In the future, as calls come in to provide speakers, I will announce them at our meetings.

I hope that a number of you will respond to these calls, thereby helping to inform society about us. I personally find it very rewarding to be able to further our cause by these methods. Only through education can we hope to gain acceptance in society.

Love,  
Joyce



**Small World...  
...Big Closet !**

**by: Bobbi L.**

As much as I **don't** wish to sow any of those irritating "tune seeds" in your minds, I can't help but refer to that sickeningly sweet Disney ditty suggested by this column's title. Sorry!

But, "...after all," the truth of that melodic cliché cannot be denied. All of us have at one time or another experienced the wonder of our shrinking planet. Not **too** long ago, this past August to be exact, I was reminded of Earth's diminishing girth.

Late this summer I began corresponding with a TV who lives near Philadelphia. Dina Amberle and I exchanged the usual introductory notes,

discovering our additional mutual interests such as photography and literature.

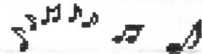
Then, in September, Joyce told me of an article in the August issue of *Renaissance News & Views*, which alluded to my "Your D \_ \_ k is Showing," article. I asked her if she would copy the piece for me.

Imagine my surprise when the author of the column was none other than - - yep, you guessed it - - Dina Amberle. It turned out that Dina and I share yet one more interest: hack journalism (although, Dina is too talented to be categorized as a hack).

I quickly posted a letter to Dina, expressing the thrill of my discovery. Dina responded in turn with a near apology, believing that I might have been put off by her up front, in-your-face approach to criticism (in her column, Dina suggested that my premise was too compellingly make-believe).

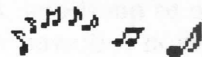
I assured her that I was definitely **not** put off, and that my aim in writing is always to stimulate dialogue. I just never imagined that the dialogue would arise from her corner of the TV closet .

My gawd! One really must be careful where one places one's foot. It could easily end up in one's mouth.



"It's a small,

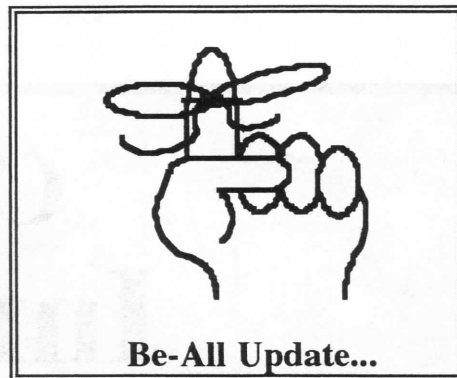
small world!"



### Accessories:

*If I had been born a man, I  
would have become a  
transvestite.*

Dolly Parton



Prior to the January meeting, the Be-All committee held its regular monthly dinner meeting at G.J.s *Gaslight* restaurant. Joining us were several ladies from the Louisville Gender Society, all of whom volunteered to do what was needed to bring off *Be-All '95*. To them: thank you and be prepared. We'll be calling!

We were told that reservations have begun to be made. Also, there was, what appeared to be a problem with scheduling the "ballroom" by the hotel. We have since learned that the problem does not exist and that , for our trouble and worry, the hotel is making "upgrades" to vendor areas and bathroom/ changing room availability.

We are close to finalizing entertainment for Saturday evening. Two buses have been suggested for transporting the "girls" to the river cruise on Thursday: one will also be available for those who will be returning to the hotel immediately after the cruise; the other will accommodate those who wish to "do" the many nightclubs on, or, near the Covington Landing area.

It was suggested that, perhaps we could hold a regular (or additional) meeting at the Holiday Inn so Cross-Port's membership could get a feel for the facility. We need your input... **Immediately!**

We also need more volunteers. Call Joyce and lend us whatever time and talents you have. We want *Be-All '95* to be the best ever.



### From the Closet:

"My Arms Do **NOT** Work **THAT** Way!"

By: Roberta

I purchased a very nice, fancy evening dress from the Thrift Store the other week. When I finally got the chance to try it on, I ran into the following problem. From what I have seen, women can pull zippers up their backs without any trouble. I only got my zipper about a third of the way up my back. No matter how I twisted my arms and hands, I could **not** reach the zipper tab. I tried bending backwards and turning sideways as much as I could; still, no success. In this case, my arms just do not work the same as a woman's.

I knew the dress would fit if I could only get that zipper pulled up correctly. Out of desperation I got a coat hanger and hooked it into the tab of the zipper. This allowed my hands to reach the hanger and pull up on the zipper all the way to the top. I tried to unzip the dress and realized that the hanger had to be used again for that. The hanger got the job done, but it was **very** awkward to use.

When I got the opportunity, I called two sisters from Cross-Port for suggestions on how they solve this problem. They gave me two ideas, both of which were similar and both of which did the job much better than the hanger.

The first involves tying a string (one to two feet in length) to the zipper tab. If possible try to match the string color to the dress color. When you have the zipper pulled to the top, tuck the string inside the top of the dress. This works great unless the material is sheer or lacy (odds are slim that the that the string will remain lined up along the zipper).

The second suggestion was to use some type of "snap" tied to a string then hooked to the tab of the zipper. I used a snap from my tackle box (normally used for attaching lures to fishing line). Once the snap is placed in the zipper tab, do a quick bend forward so the string will flip up your back. Reach with one hand and grab the string. Stand up and pull up the zipper with the string. Applying pressure with your other hand along the path of the zipper may ease it upward.

Once the zipper is at the top, just remove the snap from the tab. Put the snap and string in your purse so you have it ready when you undress. With this method, you do not have to be concerned about the color of the string. This method can be used on any dress with a high zipper up the back.

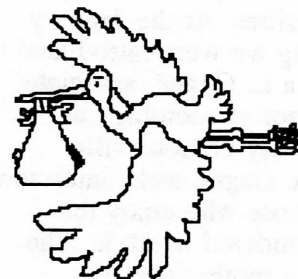
I hope this tip will be useful to you. If anyone has a solution to the problem of how to fasten **BUTTONS** up the back of a dress or blouse, I would like to know about it. Send the information to Cross-Port to be included in a future *InnerView*.

### Accessories:

*The way to be happy is to live well beyond your means.*

Ruth Gordon

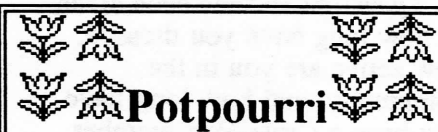
"...PAPA'S GOT A



BRAND NEW B.A.G.!"

Benjamin weighed in at 8 lb. 2 oz. on 1995.

Congratulations to Laurie, (Cathy), and Everyone is well and happy!



By: Bobbi L.

In the past month I've had at least three Cross-Port girls (including Claudia from Naples, Florida) send me the *Associated Press* article (dateline: New York) concerning research by Northwestern University psychology professor, J. Michael Bailey.

For those of you who **haven't** heard or read about the study, Mr. Bailey claims his research demonstrates that,

"Boys who persistently play with girls' dolls, dress like girls and display other stereotypically feminine traits will probably grow up to be gay men...."

He qualifies this finding by stating that playing with dolls does not cause homosexuality, but it's a possible early sign.

He claims that these behaviors indicate a 75 percent chance of growing up to be gay.

Cross-Port girls have the opportunity to participate in

transgendered research being conducted by two nearby universities. At the January meeting we were introduced to Patricia L. Gagné, associate professor of sociology at University of Louisville.

Ms. Gagné seeks interviews with those who enjoy the transgendered lifestyle. She found a motherlode of participants at Golden Lions that evening.

From the University of Akron comes word that Emilio L. Lombardi also needs input from the transgendered community. He is asking for TV's and TS's to take 5 to 10 minutes to fill out a questionnaire concerning our habits and histories.

Questions include such areas as how long have you dressed, how active are you in the community, and how long have you been a Cross-Port member.

He needs to complete this aspect of his research by the end of February, so if interested in participating, call Joyce on the Cross-Port line, or tell her at the February meeting so the 4-page questionnaire can be sent to you.

Well, the Super Bore is over and the media hyenas can turn back to O.J.. Still, *Cincinnati Enquirer* columnist, Paul Dougherty, tugged at my bra strap when he wrote a pre-game piece for the January 24, 1995 edition. In it he talked about what a naturally interesting and colorful place Miami is, even without an event like S.B. 2-9. He wrote:

"Miami's multicultural stew produces stories too good to be staged. Not long ago, the *Miami Herald* ran a Sunday magazine story headlined 'The Queens of South Beach.' It featured the top 20 transvestites of Miami Beach, including the lovely and talented Penny Sometimes."

*Blockbuster Video* carries the *Rhino Films* documentary, *Ed Wood: Look Back in Angora*, and it is good. The examination of Hollywood's TV director is cleverly constructed by clipping appropriate scenes and dialogue from Ed's archives. Blended with these are interviews with some of his leading men and ladies (plus shots of Ed dressed as a lady). This film is so weird! It's Woody Allen on LSD. Rent this video!

Over the winter break, Bobbi had several opportunities to go shopping (shoe sale at MCO). On one of my excursions, as I opened the garage door, my neighbor, Tony, came walking around the side of his house looking for Robert.

"Oh, Boy! Nothing to do here but crook that painted nail and invite the big boy into Bobbi's world."

He came over smiling, gave me a hug and complimented my appearance.

I ushered him into the house and showed him some of Bobbi's things (mostly photos) and talked to him a bit about the lifestyle.

Being in the entertainment field, and having lived in southern California, Tony is extremely open minded and non-judgmental.

It was a coming out that was long overdue, but as Joyce advises: "Only tell when you must." This time it ended very well!

I want to take the time to thank everyone for all the compliments and good wishes on my elevation (?) to editor of the *InnerView*. All comments are welcome, but positive strokes especially so! Thank You.

Stay Healthy. Stay Beautiful.  
Avoid Runners.

## From Our Readers:

Dear Ladies of Cross-Port,

Happy New year to all of you. Hope you had a Cool Yule and Frantic First! Enclosed are pictures taken over the holidays. Feel free to share them with the rest of the girls. Would also like to hear from others in the Cross-Port "gang."

I travel 2 weeks out of the month so it's difficult to make all of the Thursday meetings. Have been to support groups in Denver, L.A., and San Francisco. Also, Toronto. Our sisters from these cities send their best wishes to the Cross-Port girls.

I would like to volunteer for an interview in the future. Let me know the details and procedures.

Best wishes to all in '95

and

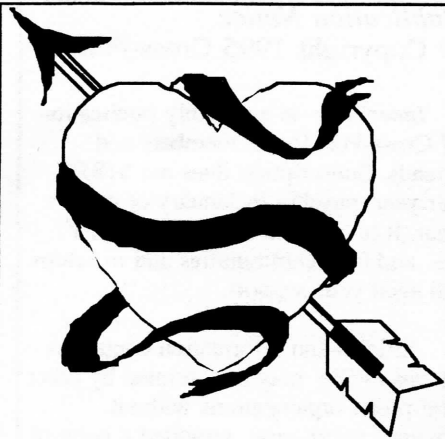
Keep those heels clicking!

Love ya,

Lisha



[ Ed. note: If you wish to write Lisha, contact Joyce for the address.]



Happy  
Valentine's  
Day !!

### Up The Street And Around The Corner

By: Heather Phillips

Who ever penned "Walking in a Winter Wonderland" was never in Cincinnati in January and February. I hate snow and ice!

Claudia has the right idea: go to Florida for the winter. If this weather holds, I shudder at the thought of the Golden Lions. Ladies, don't forget your toilet seat warmers.

Once again, the idea for my column this month came from my editor. Every columnist knows that when your editor makes a suggestion you listen. Actually, when Bobbi suggested that I write about my attempts to secure employment, my first reaction was to dismiss it. (Let me preface what I am about to say with, many of you are my friends and I wish to offend no one.)

Most of you can not begin to understand my struggle. For you, you express your femininity a few hours a month. Then it is

safety hidden away from the world in your closet. As a cross dresser, this is just **part** of what you do. This meets your needs.

The majority of your life is in the masculine world. You earn a living and interact with family and friends as a male. This is how they know and perceive you. Everyone is comfortable. You enjoy your time spent as a woman, but are easily able to make the transition back to being a male.

For a transsexual, on the other hand, **this** is our life. Our problem is that we were born with the wrong sexual characteristics. I am miserable interacting as a male. It is not who I am. I must maintain a tremendous amount of energy to exist as a male.

At one point, I had a choice to either live my life as me, a female, or end it. There have been times I regretted not having the courage to end it.

The gender community refers to my situation as "in transition." In the gay community when someone is open to the world about their homosexuality it is referred to as "coming out".

I think I prefer **that** descriptive term. It better describes what has happened: I have let my true identity out. I no longer hide it. I face it and I present myself to the world as the woman I am.

Unfortunately, the world isn't always ready for **me**. For what ever reason, prospective employers find reasons not to hire me. It has made my life very difficult.

Before my name was changed, it was necessary to disclose that I am transsexual. My legal documents didn't agree with the person I presented.

All of a sudden, my resume was "reviewed" and I was now "over qualified", did not "fit their needs," or any of a dozen other

reasons. It was painfully obvious that as a transsexual I need not apply.

A number of well meaning people suggested that as Harry I could find a job easily. This was probably true. The problem was I could not go back to that life. I could no longer pretend to be something I wasn't.

Like everyone else, I wanted the world to accept me for myself. I realized that I'd rather starve to death as Heather, than work as Harry. It was, and is, **that** distasteful to me. Going on interviews, reading the want ads, and sending resumes became more and more difficult. I felt like it was a waste of time.

Then one day, I answered an ad in the Sunday Enquirer. I had a job as a telemarketer.

Unfortunately, I lasted only two and a half weeks on the job. At least **this** time it was because I didn't possess the ability. There was consolation in that.

Time continued. I was slipping deeper into financial disaster. I was getting weekly calls from my creditors, and I had to apply for food stamps. I was no closer to the end than I was the day I sent my first resume. I received one after another "Thanks, but no."

Finally, the order was signed and my name was legally changed (See January, 1995 *InnerView*). I adopted the Clinton policy of "Don't ask. Don't tell".

There **are** times when I get "read" during an interview. I can sense the change in attitude. It's back to the same old excuses as to why there is no job.

Just when I was beginning to despair, the IRS notifies me. I am being offered a position Harry probably would have never accepted, but Heather is hungry for work. Of course, it means giving up a few things. It is second shift and it doesn't pay

much. It is also seasonal: temporary.

I am to report for training the week of February 6th. I hope and pray that the job starts immediately after training.

So now Heather has a job. I am working for less money, but I guess that is just the world's way of welcoming me to womanhood.

It also means one more sacrifice: I will not see as much of my friends as I would like. What's a girl to do? I need to eat; I need to work.

At this time, I do not know if I will be able to be at the February meeting. It may be sometime before I will be able to attend another Cross-port meeting. I will miss being with you.

Yet, even though I may not be able to go to the meetings, I know that we will still talk and get together. I will continue to write my column. I will try to let you know what is going on in my life and that I haven't forgotten you.

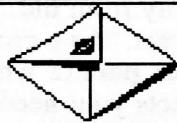
My journey continues.

Well, until next time, this is Heather, up the street and around the corner of Greater Cincinnati, someday we will be together again at Cross-port. May God bless and keep you until then.

**Accessories:**

*Too much of a good thing can be wonderful.*

*Mae West*



**E-mail**

By: Elaine

Hi !

I wish to apologize to all of you who went looking for "Bullfinches" bar. I was mistaken on the name. It is **Bullfishes**. I am sorry for the name mix-up.

Well, I went out shopping again and I bought some more clothes. I found this consignment shop out in Harrison, Ohio. It's called *Mandy's* and it had a lot of clothes in my size.

I found it through a contact of my male self. She is one of the many people whom I help with computer problems. She was surprised at how I looked in women's clothes. She said she would recognize me when I came in...but she didn't.

I think she expected me to look like my male self in a dress. Now, I have yet another friend who "hates" me.

I bought eight outfits for \$58.00. One is a denim dress with a zipper running all the way from the right leg to the left shoulder. One is a purple jumper. One is a white dress. Another is a fuchsia leather mini.

Well, that is all for now. If there is anything on your mind that you wish to discuss or would like more information about, write me in care of Cross-Port and I will try to get you an answer or more information.

TTFN,  
Elaine

**Publication Notice**

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Cross-Port is a not-for-profit support group which meets solely for the support of cross-dressers, trans-sexuals, and their families and friends.



**Ed. Note:**

**Deadline for March issue submissions is Saturday, March 4, 1995. All articles submitted by post must be received at the Cross-port P.O. Box by then.**