Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 1692, Cincinnati, OH 45201

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The next meeting is November 16, 8:00 PM at Holiday Inn, I-275 & U.S. 42

Give Thanks For OurNew Home !

Note:
Cross-Port has a new P.O. box:
Cross-Port, P.O. Box 1692, Cinti, OH 45201
AND
a new phone #
(606) 581-3711
e-mail: crossport@aol.com

Potpourri

Bobbi Robertson

Ladies, I hope everyone had a happy Halloween! I'm still waiting for more reports on the Oregon District. Paula "Tall Paula" D. told me she went up there, made on sortie up and down the street, saw no one from Cross-Port, then left for parts unknown.

The night before, Bobbi met Michelle Duval and her darling friend, Richard, at *Jimmie's* for dinner. Then they "forced" me to go bar-hopping with them. We slid over to the *Pipeline*, scooted to *Shooter's*, and finally dropped down to *The Subway*, where some drunken TV enthusiast plied us with peach schnappes & flattery (darn near worked, too)!

I want to take this time to plug *Jimmie's*. Located at 1005 Walnut, it is a wonderful place to dine en femme! Now owned by Tom M. (owner of *Golden Lion's*), the menu is delightful and reasonably priced. The restaurant has plenty of nearby parking and offers a warm & friendly staff. Do stop in!

Speaking of warm & friendly people, October's meeting welcomed three new girls to our ranks. Joanne, Dawn, and Charlene joined us for our first meeting in our new home. All three were made aware of our fine organization while chatting with Diane Torrance, "Queen of the Internet!" *Ain't technology great?*

While dining in our penthouse suite, a call from the desk lured Linda Buten away to receive "an emergency FAX!" Oooo, how exciting!! Turns out it was from Ginger Robinson wishing us well in our new digs. Thanks, Ginger. She also asked us to encourage our readers to phone or FAX her anytime. So here's the party-girl's numbers: 513-439-4176 or 102641.33@compuserve.com.

Attendance for October was down (20) but Jennifer and I blame that on the change of location. Also, we suspect that others may have driven back to the rear entrance (as we had suggested) only to find it "under construcion." Some might have found the walk past the check-in desk to be a little daunting and elected to 'hit the highway."

Ladies, be aware, that entry thru the side entrance (the "sports bar") allows one to walk a less busy hall rather than actually running the gauntlet of drunken sports fans!

And that brings us to this month's newsletter. Seasonal demands prevent Jennifer Marquette from "Fly Fishing" this time around, but Heather Phillips,

in her column, writes of a close encounter of the blue collared kind. Paula Harmston nearly does a knuckle dance with some testosterone wannabe, while Diane T. muses on political activivsm. Middletown's Michelle Richards checked in with me and sent a selection of interesting articles of interest to those of us "in the lifestyle." See some of her contributions later in this issue. And Jill Ambrose finally finds a name for **her** musings. Just in time, too, 'cause Jill Arnold has announced that she will be unable to attend Cross-port in the foreseeable future (nothing at all to do with location, just personal reasons). Once again, Cross-Port has only one *Jill A.*.

By the way, Jill Arnold is liquidating (that's "purging" to you and me) her current wardrobe and is offering an extensive selection of 14 -18 dresses, skirts, blouses, etc. Also, size 11 M shoes and boots are available if you are looking to enhance your collection at very reasonable prices. Please leave a message with the Cross-Port hotline if you want to get in touch with Ms. Arnold.

Cindy West called the other night and filled me in on the transvetite who was found murdered at *El Rancho Rankin*. I had heard of the crime but the *Kentucky Post* gives **no** details on dead Buckeye cross-dressers. I am still seeking more detailed information. Was the victim one of our girls? Did any of us know her, if not?

Also from the Commonwealth came news of the male principal at a local elementary school dressing as "Mrs. Doubtfire" as part of a *bet* he had made with his students. He made a fairly passable plus-size woman and walked the streets near the school as part of his "loss."

Under the "di'ja know" category: *X Files* hunk, David Duchovny played the cross-dressing FBI agent on *Twin Peaks* ? He quipped in *Cosmopolitan* magazine, "...people shouldn't feel that somply because you're wearing a dress, they can walk up and tell you you're ugly!"

Stay Healthy. Stay Beautiful. Avoid Runners.

Accessories:

It's true that men who cry are sensitive to and in touch with feelings, but the feelings they are sensitive to and in touch with are their own.

♡XOX

Nora Ephron

Up the Street... and Around the Corner

Heather Phillips

I started to write a column about my new job. I am working as a direct care provider in a resident home for the mentally retarded. After writing several paragraphs I read what I wrote. I then highlighted it and hit the delete key. It was garbage.

I sounded like a cross between Dr. Schweitzer and Mother Teresa. The truth is I took it because I needed a job and something is better then nothing. It features extremely hard work, lousy hours and low pay ($6.05 per hour). While I am there I care about the residents and do a good job. As soon assomething better comes along, I'm gone. That's the truth of it. But if you like cleaning feces off of people and equipment, then this is the job for you.

"In my warped and twisted mind I began to see the irony of...a transsexual grinding up...a phallic symbol...."

Besides taking care of the residents, we get to do other glamorous things: laundry, emptying the trash, spot mopping, disinfecting bathrooms, or, my personal favorite, kitchen cleanup. Tuesday before the Cross-Port meeting I was assigned this task. Actually, it brought a smile to my face and a laugh to my lips.

That night, part of our dinner meal was bread sticks. Following dinner all leftover food is put down the garbage disposal. As I put each bread stick down the disposal I noticed how it flopped around.

I began to see the symbolism in it. In my warped and twisted mind, I saw the irony of a transsexual grinding up what appeared to me as a phallic symbol. I'm sure my coworkers thought me a little crazy. After all, I was laughing at bread sticks being ground in a disposal. I had to keep the humor of the incident as my secret.

Now let us jump ahead to Cross-Port's first meeting in its new home. I had to work. Not much I could do about that. However, it turned out to be one of those nights I would rather forget.

I was responsible for five residents. This was a first, all my prior assignments I only had three. Of the five ladies I had, three defecated all over themselves (one did it twice), and another started her period These are both mere biological functions which are by no means a fault of the resident, but it is still unpleasant duty.

By the time 11:30 came, I was more than ready to leave. I got into my car and pointed it toward the Holiday Inn and my Cross-Port friends. I was looking forward to sitting quietly with my friends, having a few drinks, and unwinding.\

When I got there, Diane, Kristine, Elaine and Jennifer were leaving. We talked for a moment and then said our good-byes. I settled in with Gina, Linda, Marjorie and Melony. We were talking and having a good time when the "Painter"(a name Linda hung on him) approached.

. He was quite drunk and wanted to engage in sex of **some** sort and he wasn't at all particular. This was obvious in the crude and obnoxious remarks he made.

Linda led him on and played him like a concert violinist. It was vintage Linda. She would flirt and when he got too close she would insult him and he would go away. Unfortunately, he wouldn't stay away.

One of his targets was Marjorie. She made it clear that she wasn't interested but he wouldn't quit. At one point in trying o discourage him I told him to leave her alone, she wasn't interested because we were lesbian lovers. That didn't work.

He just kept coming back. He would tell us where he would like to place a certain part his anatomy in ours. I was getting weary of him (visions of bread sticks grinding danced in my head). The others were laughing and seemed to enjoy his drunken state and his propositions.

Then he offered us a hundred dollars (and his four inches) for an unspeakable sexual act. But he then reneged and said we would have to pay him for his eight inches. Typical male: self importance and imagination is **all** he had. As the evening wore on it was a thousand dollars and he had (in his dreams) twelve inches. At one point, I offered him a dollar to go away. Mercifully, our waitress, Kelly, asked me if I wanted her to get rid of him. I said "Yes, please." She had the security guard remove him.

So what's my point in all of this? Not too long ago instead of removing the drunk, **we** would have been asked to leave. It would have been perceived that **our** presence invited the situation. We are making progress. This may seem a small step, but it is an important step. Every step toward understanding and acceptance is important.

Until next time, this is Heather, up the street and around the corner of Greater Cincinnati. May God bless and keep you in His love.

Jill's Ambrosia

by:
Jill Ambrose

Over the past month, I have thought much about an appropriate heading for my column(?). One day recently, during a slack moment, a bright light glowed overhead and the title, *Jill's Ambrosia* came to me (Actually, I was day-dreaming about getting home and into something more comfortable. I'm sure you know the feeling).

The title seemed to be appropriate, given my femme name and my desire to convey a variety of information laced with a sumptuous covering of personal lore. Webster defines*ambrosia* as 1) the food of the gods or 2) anything that tastes or smells delicious.

My recollection of ambrosia was that of a delicious dessert my mother made from mixed (usually canned) fruit, marshmallows, shredded coconut, and a base of sweet, heavy cream. **[Ed. note: Looks like Jill is competing with me to be the queen of fluff!]**

[cont'd: p. 4]

Accessories:

"Being a woman is of special interest to aspiring male transsexuals. To actual women, it is simply a good excuse not to play football."

Fran Lebowitz

In the interest of integrity, I feel that my written efforts should be accomplished while dressed as Jill, so this edition of *Jill's Ambrosia* was composed after an enjoyable day of fun, shopping and visiting. (What a pain it is to type, or for that matter, do many things with long nails, including opening pop cans, fishing for change in a purse, unbuttoning a blouse in the fitting room, fastening micro clasps on bracelets and necklaces, etc.. They sure can get in the way, but, oh, do they look nice!)

My attire for the day consisted of a navy blue two-piece skirted suit ,trimmed with gold buttons and worn over a simple white blouse. Dark blue heels and hose completed the outfit. Underneath, a lacy white bra, a black half slip and a pair of redsilk panties. The accessories included new, cubic zirconia rings, including an impressive engagement / wedding set, a gold choker and a pair of dangling earrings.

"[My friend] said that was an interesting question, because he had a friend who cross-dressed...and was supposed to stop by soon!"

Over the past several months, my shopping trips have been frequent and expensive. I have my Significant Other, Ron, to thank for being so generous with the cash to finance my buying trips. He even made arrangements for me to have my own *plastic*. (Stay out of the way, girls; Jill has her own credit cards, and nothing is going to slow her down. It was amazingly easy to obtain the plastic with my own name in raised letters on the cards. I love my sugar daddy!

While out today, my travels led me to *Fashion Bug*, where many of my outfits have been purchased. Several of the sales clerks have come to know Jill by her first name. Until a week ago, by their own admission, they were not aware of my situation. It came to light when I asked what their policy was on CD's using the dressing rooms.

They pleased me with the news that I was welcome to use the fitting rooms. Today, for the first time, I took advantage of their offer. Walking to the counter with a selection of clothes, I was asked by the manager if I wished to try them Of course I nodded my head and headed for the cubicle.

While I stood at the counter with my purchase, an elegant 'lady of color' (a customer) commented that the outfit I was wearing looked terrific and she admired my good taste. I blushed and thanked her, leaving the store with a very satisfied feeling.

From there, it was on to New Richmond, where a family friend needed some minor adjustments to a piece of his electronic equipment. All week, my plan had been to visit Fred, who has seen my pictures but never met me in person. His wife met Jill a few weeks ago, and urged me to meet her husband.

Arriving at the house, I knocked and was greeted by Fred. Introducing myself as Ms. Ambrose, I pretended to be doing a survey for the 'Citizens for Election Reform' (I knew this would be a good cover, remembering that Mr. Perot was in town a few days before and that Fred is very vocal about politics).

He invited me in and we sat in his living room for quite some time talking about politics and the national scene. Eventually I asked what his opinion was on gays in the military, and, then, what he thought about cross-dressers. He said that was an interesting question, because he had a friend who cross-dressed occasionally and was supposed to stop by soon. Was it fate or what, but at that very moment, the wind blew the front door open, and we joked about having ghosts in the house.

When he returned from closing the door, I revealed the true me. He was flabbergasted. I was happy.

That's it for this month. In the next installment I'll cover Jill's trip to St. Louis and her encounter with a police officer. I'm still checking out the plumbing in various restrooms, so hang loose on that report.

If you wish to contact me, dial up your modem and get me on-line at nkfn54f@prodigy.com.

Cheers!

Happy Thanksgiving!

The Perils of Paula:
a continuing saga:
"The Loser"
by: Paula Harmston

I have a friend named Steve who line dances at a small gay country western bar downtown. I recently asked him if he wanted to dance with me at a large straight dance hall in a charity dance marathon to be held Saturday afternoon, October 21st. Steve agreed but said that he had never been to this place and that we should go there before the 21st to familiarize himself with the largeness of the place. The gay place only has a few dancers at any time but the straight place often has 700-800 people in the hall with 100 on the dance floor.

I wasn't real anxious to go there on a regular night, given the fight I was in the last time I went to a straight country place; plus I go to this place a lot as my male self and surely some of the regulars would figure out who the cross-dresser was. Not that I cared, I just don't need anymore anxiety in my life. As Steve was a good dancer, age 37 and at times feisty, he qualified as a good bodyguard to keep the cowboys off my back, so we agreed to go on Friday, October 13th.

Although Friday the 13th sounds a little scary, not much happened. We stuck to our plan of arriving by 8pm and leaving at 10pm so we avoided peak drinking hours and most of the early arrivals are serious dancers, so as soon as they quit staring, we all got down to the business of dancing. Which we did a dozen times, having a good time, then leaving.

If I...had the chance to ask him why he...dress(ed)...like a cowboy...he'd probably say 'Because it makes me feel good!' Same for me..."

We came back on Friday the 20th. Arriving at 8pm. We danced a few times and when we got back to our seats Steve asked if I had seen the guy at our table who left the note while we were dancing. No, I hadn't and what note are you talking about?

Steve said a guy wearing a red, white and blue leather jacket had stopped at our table while we were dancing. Steve saw him from the floor and wondered what he was doing. What the did was leave us a note that said: "I'm a gonna find me a queer and kick ass!"

Steve looked around and didn't see the guy anywhere. We talked about it for a moment and agreed that the first thing we should do is go back out and dance to let him know that we weren't intimidated, and while dancing we'd try to spot him in the crowd, which we did. He was at a table about one hundred feet from out table; I was concerned that he might have friends with him but he seemed to be alone.

After we returned to our table, the guy moved to another table only about fifty feet away. We danced again and upon our return, he moved to another table only about twenty feet away. As he moved we got a really clear view of him.

The guy was about thirty years old, 5'10", 200 pounds, trying very hard to look "manly". He was wearing a cowboy had, steel sun glasses, the leather jacket, a cowboy shirt and jeans, cowboy boots and - spurs. I don't see spurs all month and here this guy is dressed to the nines. complete with spurs. If all of his clothes were authentic, then he was wearing possibly $1,000 in clothes.

If I ever had the chance to ask him why he spent so much money and time to dress up like a cowboy when in fact he likely never roped a cow in his life, he'd probably say "Because it makes me feel good." Same for me, except I'm not breaking the law by making threats. Compared to this impotent Cro-Magnon missing link, I'm well-adjusted.

Returning to the crisis at hand, I told Steve that we should get management involved because we have to be on our best behavior so that we can come back tomorrow for the marathon.

I flagged down a cocktail waitress and told her to get the manager over here, pronto, before I had to beat up another cowboy. Quickly the manager arrived and we explained the situation, showing him the note. The manager then went over and "carded" the loser and told him to leave. The loser said we were mistaken, that he was insulted and wanted our apology. The manager said to forget it and to get moving, which he did. We then thanked the manager for his quick work and we danced another dozen dances before leaving at 10pm.

No doubt the loser went to another bar and bragged that he had just beaten up two queers. None of us had ever seen him before and didn't know which rock he had crawled out from.

The next day we danced for five straight hours in the marathon. We were tired but very happy with how all of our visits to this dance hall had gone and

with how we had handled the loser. Laughing about what a mal-adjusted turkey he must be. In hindsight, it was good training for us as unfortunately, there are others like him out there, but the more we stand up for ourselves and the less we take their crap, the better it is for all of us.

Epilogue:

We went back on Friday, October 27th and again on Saturday the 28th for their Halloween Party. (I was stunning in my red and white Mrs. Santa Claus outfit!) After about two hours at the party we suddenly heard the jingle-jangle of spurs. Our redneck friend was back with his loud leather jacket; and right behind him was the club manager. We just laughed and kept on dancing.

Accessories:

"Rose-colored glasses are never bifocals. Nobody wants to read the fine print in dreams."

♡xox

Ann Landers

POST-OPinion

Diane Torrance

In my dream I'm a post-op woman sitting in the left front seat at 35,000 feet doing "point eight-two mach" (82% of the speed of sound). It's a good dream. Reality is the nightmare. After a dispute which kept me out of work for almost a year, my employer and I have parted company.

Before any of you start feeling really sorry for me, please consider that even though I traded one for the other, I have still achieved tow of my childhood dreams. Would having had the Employment Non-Discrimination Act with transgender inclusion in place have saved me? Probably not this time. The next obvious question is, "Should I have stayed male?" SRS didn't not make me a better person. My sex life is still non-existent. It cost me a career. Despite those forfeitures, obtaining SRS has been one of my better decisions.

I'm at peace with myself and **that** is the sole purpose of surgery. When my emotions get past the sadness, I see opportunity. That job had been the only place in my life recently where my gender status was an issue. This provides me the chance to move beyond that. My next career choice is still a mystery; but I have the luxury of time to figure it out. I won' starve as long as the "temporary" agencies keep calling.

ACTIVISM:

Pat Gagné provided me with the transcript of our interview. On November 29, 1994 when asked if I identified with the beginnings of gender activism, I said, "I'm really the wrong person to be talking to about this...as far as being active. I don't have a cause here. I'm not out fighting for the rights of mankind, of womankind or transgendered-kind."

What a difference a year makes. Reading those words has caused me to examine my change of reasoning. Hearing Riki Anne Wilchins speech at the Be-All was the catalyst, being on paid administrative leave provided the opportunity, and Stonewall's Cindy Abel has been a great role model. But had it **not** been fun, I never would have gotten involved.

This column was written days before November 7 elections. Regardless of the outcomes, I have enjoyed my involvement in the political process and plan to continue.

As members of a minority, we should realize that all those not fitting the stereotype of Euro-Caucasian males have, historically, had to contend for their rights. Only a few Cross-Port members have contributed significant time and energy to the political process seeking to secure our rights. **I** was the only Ohio resident at *Lobby Days* last month. Phone calls and E-mail to our sister support groups in Columbus and Cleveland have gone unanswered. (If you have contacts in either of those groups, please remind them that Cross-Port is busy working to secure **their** rights, also).

I'm not trying to drag them unwillingly into the fight, just keeping them informed. Someday this issue will find itself at our state capital.

STONEWALL CINCINNATI
Membership Committee
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For gays, out programming finds its way in

TELEVISION
NEWS & VIEWS
MATT ROUSH

On TV, gays are coming out all over. Even on series TV, what was once a taboo is becoming . . . well, not a commonplace, but hardly a watershed every single time, either.

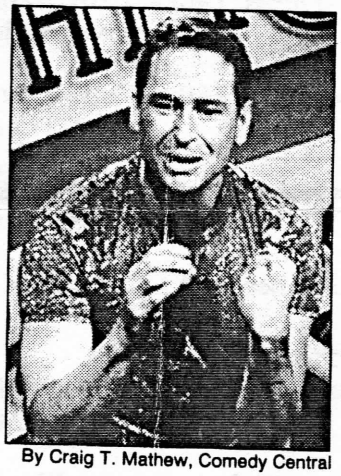
Still, it's not an even playing field and probably never will be. Even on hip fare like *Melrose Place*, the token gay is mostly window-dressing, rarely allowed to be as rounded or even despicable as his co-stars. And this season, the newest and most positive gay characters tend to inhabit some of the worst new series: *The Crew*, *Courthouse*, *The Pursuit of Happiness*. This is progress?

But how intriguing to see Showtime's film noir anthology *Fallen Angels* devote Sunday's episode to a dark homosexual triangle: *Professional Man*, directed by Steven Soderbergh and starring Brendan Fraser and Peter Coyote. Too often on TV, you have to be a saint to be gay. Not here. They're complex, unpredictable, interesting. Just like real people.

This all is relevant because today is National Coming Out Day, and TV is responding with programming that reflects the diversity, energy and reality of gay and lesbian life.

Two shows are being syndicated to public TV stations (check local schedules), including the fourth-season premiere of gay newsmag ***In the Life***. Eclectic and earnest, it includes a report from Beijing's women's conference and a feature on *To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything! Julie Newmar* — with drag star Charles Busch adopting the mock persona of "film legend" Mary Dale to interview the stars.

'IN THE LIFE' Drag artist Charles Busch as a film legend



By Craig T. Mathew, Comedy Central

'OUT THERE': Comic Scott Thompson hosts gay special

The Question of Equality is an ambitious series of four documentaries about the gay civil rights movement, from its explosive public genesis in the late '60s through more recent legislative and cultural battles.

Comedy Central's ***Out There in Hollywood*** (tonight at 10 ET/PT) is the third annual all-gay stand-up special, this one hosted by *The Kids in the Hall's* Scott Thompson, who shines in a series of sketches.

The routines are erratic but exuberant, with the standout a sardonic comic named Jason Stuart, who's especially adept at deflating homophobic fears about gays recruiting for their ranks: "What's the selling point? We have no rights and everyone hates us. Please come along, join us!"

He's just joking. Sorta.

Bob was secure in his emasculinity.

November *InnerView* Staff:

"Head" honchette.....**Bobbi Robertson**

"Slave-typist".....**Jan VanLiew**

"Proofreader & Moral Support".....**Beverly L.**

Future Fun

November 14th - *Cross--Port* meeting dinner reservation deadline(call "hot-line")

November 16th - *Cross-Port* meeting, Holiday Inn I-275 & U.S. 42 (Sharonville)

December 7 - *Stonewall* (endorsed) Cincinnati Youth Group Open Skating Party

December 21st - *Cross-Port* Christmas party

1996:

January - *InnerView* subscription rate increases to $24.00 (due 01/01/96)

February 3 - *Stonewall's* annual Casino Party

May 18 - *Stonewall's* Annual Dinner

October Attendance.....20
October Collection.....$154.00

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Publication Notice

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

About Stonewall Cincinnati

March, 1982, marked the beginning of STONEWALL CINCINNATI, conceived as an organization working to ensure the rights of all people regardless of sexual orientation. Our membership, involvement and influence have grown tremendously since that time.

STONEWALL supports non-discriminatory policies affecting racial minorities and women, as well as passage of the Equal Rights Amendment, and takes a firm stand against sexism and racism in our community.

The name STONEWALL refers to the Stonewall uprising of 1969 when police raided a New York City bar named *The Stonewall Inn*. Gay men and lesbians refused to leave, stood their ground and fought back against their oppressors. The ensuing riot lasted several days, made national headlines, and brought new momentum to the lesbian and gay civil rights movement.