

# Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 54657, Cincinnati, OH 45254

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The next meeting is January 19, 8:00 pm at Golden Lions



## A NEW YEAR'S NEWSLETTER RESOLUTION

We, the editors, writers, and staff (sounds so organized doesn't it?) resolve for the new year, 1995, to present to our subscribers an *InnerView* of higher quality and more interest.

We further resolve to rock more boats, rattle more cages, and kick more bushes in an attempt to flush out the most interesting topics and tastiest morsels for you.

We will do all that we can to keep you informed and entertained. **But**, we will bug the living daylights out of our subscribers in an attempt to generate feedback and additional copy in this our 11<sup>th</sup> year of publication (Our

tenth anniversary is June 15, 1995).

Changes may be slow in coming, and it may take a while to make the *InnerView* as perfect as we'd like, but it is our belief that perfection can be approached and perhaps, achieved. We offer our "Thanks" to Elaine for all her hard work and dedication in the past years!

**Happy New Year!**

## Erie Weekend Escape

by: Gina P.

This was going to be a great weekend getaway for me. I had been trying to work two jobs, one after the other, for a week. While working for Mark (Jennifer) I got to see a friend in a whole new light (can you say, "Toby?"). It was a good experience for me because I have never been around so many power tools in my life. I kept waiting for "Tim, the tool man" to show up on the set.

Friday couldn't get here quick enough. After breaking the shackles and escaping

from Fountain Square, I met Paula H. at her place at about 4:00 AM. I was worn out, yet I couldn't sleep. I was so anxious to get to the Riverside Inn. To me, it seemed like a high school reunion of sorts, because this was the first convention Gina had ever attended. I was looking forward to meeting "old friends" again.

I made the trip totally "dressed." Paula didn't, which meant that Gina made the entire trip with "Glenn." This was fine with me. Since I was the "woman" on this trip, Glenn did practically all of the driving and wouldn't allow me to carry any of my luggage. Made me feel great!

When we arrived, he continued his chivalry by opening doors and carrying in all the bags. He was a true gentleman. Once we settled into our rooms, I left to mingle with old acquaintances while Glenn transformed into his **better** half.

The wine and cheese reception was the first official order of business, chatting with old friends and meeting new faces for the first time. Then, since not all of us had

chosen to attend the Dinner Theatre showing of *Nunsense II*, we kind of broke off into our own little groups.

Our group consisted of Yolanda, Midge, DeeDee, Paula, and myself. Since most of us hadn't eaten all day, we decided to venture into Erie for dinner. We dined at Appleby's, which was packed. But, we only had to wait about ten minutes to be seated. Now, I must say, we stirred a lot of interest, not because of how we were dressed, but because Yolanda is a stunning Amazon. She stands 6'8" in her stockinged feet, let alone when she is in heels! People stared in amazement, no laughs or weird faces. It was more like they were shocked, or in awe of Yolanda's beauty & size.

From there it was back to the Riverside Inn to mingle in the lounge. I met Shelly, the bartender, in the hall and she ran up and gave me a big hug. She said she was glad we came back again this year and we chatted a few minutes. Shelly asked me if we had been to *Rieker's* yet? I said, "No, what and where is it?" She said it bills itself as "The World's Largest Shoe Store," with sizes up to 15 extra wide! I mentioned this to our group and we all decided that we just **had** to go and check it out.

Saturday, instead of attending the seminars, we met in the hotel restaurant and had breakfast. Then we began the hour drive to Sharon, PA to check out all the hype. It was well worth the trip. With feet as big as mine I had never seen so many choices. Like women we spent about an hour and a half just trying on different styles and colors. And, like women, after all that, I bought just one pair.

They were a "pewter" pair of 2" pumps which will go great with just about everything I wear. They especially matched the outfit I wore to the Evening Ball. This was an olive-green paisley dress with pewter buttons down the side (I practically had to beg my sister-in-law to let me wear it). The shoes really set off this outfit and made me look and feel great.

The dinner was good. I had the baked haddock in almond sauce, wild rice, baked carrots, and salad. The entertainment was a drag performance followed by a magic/comedy act which was better than I expected. I hadn't laughed that hard in a long time and it really set the mood for the rest of the night.

From there it was "mingle time" and "photo time." Everyone was looking their best! I was stopped and asked to pose so many times that I began to see spots.

We arrived in the lounge which was packed with mostly "regular" town folks (this is considered the "hangout" spot of this area). Paula especially loved the dance floor. She is really into the line dance scene. In this town they really love line dancing so Paula fit in well.

Since I have no rhythm, I chatted with the G.G.'s most of the night and continued to pose for pictures with just about everyone in the hotel. I made everyone in the place burst with laughter when asked why I hadn't worn an evening gown. Well, the theme of the ball was "Early 1800's." I replied that iron shackles would clash with my gold jewelry. It was a great evening.

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Sunday came and it was time for "good-byes," hugs, and for most of us, to see people as their other selves. I hadn't brought any of my "male" clothes (I think I purposely left them in my car), so I **had** to dress again for the trip home.

This time, for the trip home, Paula, not Glenn, joined me. "Damn! I guess I have to carry my own bags."



### In the Blink of an Eye

by: Bobbi L.

She was so very close to being ready. Only three more nails to go. Ten minutes behind schedule wasn't too bad, and the extra time taken to apply her make-up had been well spent. This was going to be a wonderful Saturday evening. Bobbi was already imagining the pleasures of dear friends and holiday dining.

The accident happened so quickly, so utterly without warning, that Bobbi almost ignored it's presence. Her right hand slipped ever so slightly. The thin plastic nail sprung like a diving board. The drop of glue flew like a bullet. And, like a stray bullet in a crowd, its effect did not immediately register.

Bobbi, almost nonchalantly, whispered an obscenity, more from being inconvenienced than from fear

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or shock. Seconds later, though, the horror of her situation became apparent.

Her vision blurred. Her eye burned fiercely. Bobbi rose on her high heels, lowered her head, and blinked as rapidly as she could, praying that the cleansing tears would come.

"Thank God!" she thought when she realized that her eyelids were moving and **not** welded together by the "super glue." Reaching for the "Visine," she tilted back her head and let the solution flow over and into her orb. Still, it burned. Still, she blinked. Still, the cloud remained.

Joining the fog in her eye were tiny spikes, scraping and tearing. "This is **not** going to go away," she again thought. Bobbi calmly spoke, "Beverly, I need some help!"

Beverly's own eyes opened in shock when she walked into the bathroom. Bobbi's expression transmitted fear and was, by now, no longer flawless. Black streaks of mascara cut through the powder and blush. The red, puffy eye dripped with tears and eye wash.

"What happened?" Beverly screamed. Bobbi, like a small child embarrassed at being hurt, told her the short, sad tale. Beverly quickly assumed control and continued to wash the eye with the bottle of drops. She asked Bobbi if she could see.

"Yes, but it feels like something is in there."

"Do you want to go to the hospital?"

"No, I think I'll be OK."

But, ten minutes later Bobbi changed her mind and decided to seek some help. She looked up the emergency room number and called them. They listened, then gave her the 800 number for Poison

Control. Bobbi dialed and explained the situation.

"You need to flush the eye for at least 15 minutes with clear water. Do not use Visine or Murine. One chemical in the eye is already too many! Call me back in 15 minutes and we'll decide what to do then."

Removing her wig, Bobbi lay on the floor. Beverly placed a towel by Bobbi's face to catch the runoff as she let the water flow over the affected eye. Fifteen minutes later, Bobbi still complained of the specks scratching her eye. The Poison Control center asked, "Which hospital do want to go to and how long will it take to get there? I'll call them and let them know you're coming."

Struggling out of her party clothes and washing the remaining make-up from her face, Bobbi slipped into some 'Robert' clothes and followed Beverly to the car. They quickly drove the mile to the emergency room.

As Beverly drove, Bobbi had time to lament how stupid this was. If only she had put on her glasses while applying the nails! But her vanity set the glasses aside so as not to muss her face. Well, her face was **mussed** now!

But outweighing all other thoughts was the awareness that her ability to pilot their airplane could very well be destroyed. These thoughts generated great sadness and and genuine fear. The short drive seemed endless.

An hour later, Bobbi and Beverly returned to their home. A cushion of gauze covered the right eye, taped securely in place. The attending physician had tested Bobbi's vision -- it seemed undamaged; had flushed the

surface yet again -- small pieces of glue continued to be washed away; and had found only minimal damage to the *conjunctiva* -- "it should heal in a few days." Bobbi's water-filled sinuses pulsed from multiple flushings and her head ached from the stress. She sought the escape of slumber.

The following morning, per the hospital's instructions, Bobbi removed the bandage and applied an ointment. The greasy film coated the surface and prevented a valid appraisal of sight. Later that day, while test reading, Bobbi was horrified to see two lines of print, no matter what the material. Her fears returned.

Finally, after three days of treatment and "testing," Bobbi could see clearly. The "stuff" in her eye had disappeared and the lines of print once again lay clear on the page. Bobbi considered herself a very lucky individual.

Thursday evening, Bobbi sat at the table preparing to apply her nails for the Christmas party. She was very pleased with the way she looked. As she stared into the mirror, glue held carefully between her fingers, Bobbi knew that her glasses wouldn't really disturb her make-up. And they just might keep her from ruining something much more important.

**UP THE STREET AND  
AROUND THE CORNER**  
By: Heather Phillips

1994 brought a lot of changes for me, but at last 1995 is here. Like most of you, a good number of my New Year resolutions are history. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.

At the last Cross-port meeting Bobbi reminded me that I owe you all an article about my experiences in changing my name. So ready or not here it comes.

I am really not sure where to begin. I guess I should go back to the beginning. I was born.... hold it! Not that far back. January, 1994 was an emotion wrenching time for me. Separating from my family was hard, and had me spending a lot of my time crying. Needless to say a good deal of my session with Dr. Wu was spent discussing it.

Near the end of the session I broached the subject of changing my name. We spent most of the remaining time discussing my reasons. My reasons were valid and I decided that I needed to proceed. I asked Dr. Wu to write a letter that I could present to the court that medically supported my action. This she did.

During the next two months I spent time gathering advice from people who had changed their names. At the same time I questioned and re-examined my reasons. This was something that I didn't take lightly. Changing my name meant changing my legal identity. To me this represented the first step toward surgery. Therefore, I had to know that this was what I wanted.

At the March meeting I spoke with Kristine and she offered to get the proper forms for me. She gave them to me at the April meeting. Kristine spent some time going over the forms, explaining how to properly complete them.

[A piece of advice, if you want to change your name, do yourself a big favor and retain

an attorney. I couldn't afford one, but fortunately for me Kristine is such a good friend. **I owe her, big time!** The importance of the attorney will become apparent as I go further along with my story.]

I wasn't sure if I was ready, so I sat on the forms until July. At that point I was sure this was what I wanted. I knew that the time had arrived to bid *Harry* a fond a'dieu. I called Kristine with a few questions about the forms. With her help I completed them. I also followed Diane's advice to use feminine pronouns. This may cause the people at an inexperienced license bureau to change the sex to the big "F". I was now ready to start my quest.

On July 11, I dressed, put on my makeup and left my apartment to file my papers. I had misunderstood Kristine's instructions and stopped first at the *Journal News* to place my legal notice. In Butler County, the petitioner must place the ad. [It is my understanding that in Hamilton County the probate court places the ad for you. I do not know the procedure in Clermont County].

The people at the *Journal News* were nice and informed me that I needed to file the papers first. They needed the court date for the ad. So I left to go file the papers.

The legal notice department is on the second floor. While I waited for the elevator, an older man tried to pick me up. This was a boost for my ego.

I wasn't sure where to go. Butler County has a number of offices in the annex across the street from the courthouse. I decided to start there. I asked the person at the information

desk where one files for a legal name change. She directed me to, what turned out to be, the vehicle registration office. I didn't think this was right, so instead of waiting in the long line, I walked up and asked one of the clerks. I was told to go to the office next door.

When I got there the clerk was busy with an elderly couple. I took a seat. It seemed to take them forever, but finally the clerk answered all their questions and it was my turn. I handed her my papers and announced my desire to change my name. She took the papers and went off to have a conference with her supervisor.

After ten minutes she came back and told me that she could not process these papers. I needed to take them to the probate clerk across the street in the courthouse. She said that I could do this tomorrow.

I asked, "Why not today?" I was informed that the courthouse was closed to remove pigeon dung from the bell tower. This was an omen of things to come. I went home dejected. My whole morning had been wasted.

My schedule didn't allow me to try again until that Friday. So this time I started at the courthouse. Butler County courthouse is strange. All the entrances are blocked except one. They make you go through a metal detector and x-ray your purse.

I filed my papers, paid the fee and received a court date of August 29th. I left and went back to the *Journal News* and placed my ad. It cost \$20.00 and was to appear in the July 21st edition. They were to send me certification that it ran, as required by the

court. Nothing to do now but wait.

It seemed like it took forever, but at last August 29th was here. My son was staying with me. So after I got him on the school bus, I started to get ready for my court appearance. I decided on my red skirt suit. It is my "power suit", but to soften it I wore my white blouse with the bow. I was so anxious that I arrived twenty-five minutes early.

At last the time arrived and the bailiff showed me into the court room. I was seated at a table. In retrospect, I should have had Kristine with me. After I sat waiting twenty minutes, Judge Stephen Powell made his appearance. I presented him with the letter from Dr. Wu.

The judge seemed hostile. His opening remarks were that he did **not** know what to do. In the only similar case in Butler county's history, his predecessor had denied the petition. After several questions, the judge stated that he needed more information.

I was to have Dr. Wu write a more detailed letter. I was to have her call the judge for instructions as to what he wanted. She did this and the letter was sent by week's end. Time passed and I heard nothing from the court. I called Kristine and she offered to talk with the judge on my behalf.

Days turned into weeks and weeks turned into months. Kristine spent a lot of time talking to Judge Powell trying to convince him to sign my petition. During one of Kristine's visits in early October, Judge Powell asked for a letter from my ex-spouse supporting my action and a letter from me explaining how it affected my autistic son. He

also requested a lengthy brief from Kristine explaining transsexualism. This was accomplished post haste. Still no word from Judge Powell.

By this time, I'm sure Kristine was sick of my phone calls asking for news. She was "bonding" with the judge and attempting to change his mind. Many, many trips she made to his office.

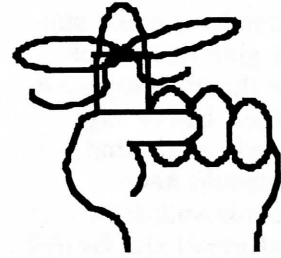
Meanwhile, I was mentally preparing myself for the possibility that he was not going to sign my petition. My only other recourse was to move to Hamilton County, wait a year and start over.

Then, the day before Thanksgiving, Kristine called me. She had good news. The judge had signed the order and I was legally *Heather Jean Phillips*. At first I couldn't believe it. I **must** be dreaming, but it was true! The first step was reached. I'm on my way. My journey continues. I'm closer to its end.

I want to thank Kristine for everything she did. **She is super!**

In closing, I have this piece of advice. If you are a TS living in Butler County and wish to change your name... move to Hamilton County and wait a year.

Well, until next time, this is Heather, up the street and around the corner of Greater Cincinnati. May God bless. See you at Cross-port.



### Be-All Update...

The planning for Be-All '95 continues and progress is being made. Tuesday evening, December 27, Bobbi, Beverly, Elaine, Kristine, Melanie, and Linda gathered at Linda's office to count and sort 7000 brochure/applications. [The great looking brochures were printed and folded by *Print Unlimited* in Covington.] We composed a cover letter and packaged the materials to be sent to our sister organizations throughout the country. The following day Linda mailed and U.P.S.'d (is that an honest verb?) the packages.

As you probably know, the event will be headquartered at the Holiday Inn, Blue Ash at I-275 and U.S. 42. We have also reserved one of the B & B "paddle-wheelers" for an evening dinner cruise. Kristine informed us that, at this point, there are about six vendors committed to the convention.

Now, all we need to do is: finalize the speakers list, book the entertainment, fill the remaining vendor spaces, and about a zillion other details! But we are confident that everything will come together to make Be-All '95 one of the best ever.

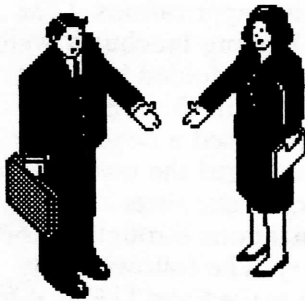
An interesting note from Linda concerns the lack of information available from the groups who, in the past, have held the Be-All. No one seems to be able to provide lists of

### Accessories!

"A pessimist is a person who is seasick during the entire voyage of life."

previous attendees, make suggestions, or give tips which might make the planning go a little smoother. Bobbi suggested to Linda, et al, that Cross-Port should keep detailed records and, later, create an informational Be-All "how to" package which we could share (read that, "SELL") to future planning committees.

We still need lots of help! Volunteers are always welcomed. Call Cross-Port and let us know how you can contribute!



### AASECT IMPACT

by: Bobbi L.

ASSECT '94, as you will remember, was quite a success for Cross-Port and I.F.G.E. We met some wonderful people and provided important insights and examples concerning out transgendered lives. A few weeks ago I was reminded of the importance of attending such seminars when I received a phone call from Linda Carelli, a marriage counselor in New Jersey.

I met Linda on the Star of Louisville dinner cruise last Spring. She and her good friend, Libby Tanner had attended the conference and seemed thrilled to meet and socialize with the Cross-Port entourage. I made certain that I had business cards from each of these wonderful people,

promising to send copies of their photos which I had taken. A few weeks later, I did just that, adding a note of thanks for being so gracious and for the fine work which such therapists provide. That was the last communication I had with them until December.

The second week of last month Beverly and I received a Holiday card from Libby Tanner in Miami, Florida. She had received my photos and note but had misplaced them until she searched for Christmas card addresses. This contact certainly brightened our season.

Then, the following week, the phone call came from Linda Carelli. She had begun counseling a couple, married for 27 years, whose husband had only recently revealed his need to crossdress. His wife, though shocked, was willing to study and attempt to understand, the crossdressing phenomenon. Linda located my address and phone number and sought my input.

To say the least, I was flattered. I was also nervous. To be asked to give direction to a therapist's course of treatment places a great deal of responsibility upon an individual.

One of my first suggestions was that of several of the books recommended by I.F.G.E. I took several more minutes to locate, in the back of *Tapestry*, a few support groups in Linda's area of New Jersey. She was pleased to discover that one or two were in her own home county.

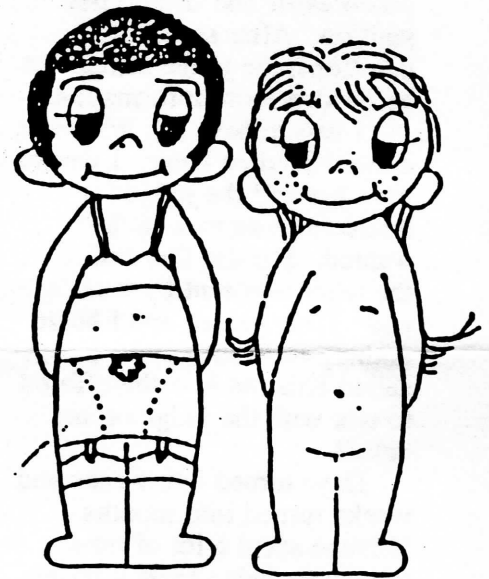
She thanked me and I told her that I would send more materials and sources as I thought of them. A few days later I mailed her pieces I had written while still deeply closeted, plus one or two I had

done after coming out to Beverly and having experienced some breakthrough therapy myself. I even sent a copy of an article Beverly had written about being an S.O. to a CD.

What I have found most interesting about this, is that whenever we reach out to those who will listen to us, we really don't know how much of an impact our "witnessing" might have.

So, Ladies, if you have an opportunity to join a gender oriented discussion group or seminar at a nearby college, hospital, or church, gather some materials, organize a few notes, and step out in those pumps proudly showing the world what we're made of.

Love is ...



... letting him wear your things.



## BOOK REVIEW

by: Bobbi L.

*Guy to Goddess: An Intimate Look at Drag Queens, Photographs by Rosamond Norbury; Text by Bill Richardson: \$17.95, Ten Speed Press, 1994: Berkeley, California.*

Sometimes the best gifts just reach out and demand to be chosen. Such was the case with this delicious book. While at the Media Play in Florence, shopping for a Marilyn Monroe figure for a young friend of ours, Beverly and I scanned the shelves of the Photography section looking for another Helmut Newton book. Well, there sat this bronze and black glossy cover featuring two glamorous, platinum-tressed "ladies." The title *Guy to Goddess* just shrieked, "Pick me up, **now!**" Of course, I obeyed that scream and with two or three turned pages, heard Beverly say, "You've got to have this!"

The 100-plus pages, featuring well over 100 black and white photographs, do indeed provide an intimate and revealing look at that aspect of cross-dressing too often left to the nearly blasphemous outrage of Springer-esque talk shows. This view is not off-putting or offensive. It does not generate cringing embarrassment or shameful blushing. What it does create is a deeper understanding of the drag queen's motive. Terms such as "courage," "determination," and "intelligence" are used throughout the book to describe these showy sisters of ours. Unlike many CD's, TV's, or TS's, these girls often

revel in being "read." One telling quote reads, "For me, drag isn't about passing as a woman. It's about ...exaggeration, and creating a character, and turning heads on the street...about having a blast!" As with other transgendered people, however, the roots seem various and undefinable. Examining birth orders, family histories, or socio-economic backgrounds provides only anecdotes, not answers. Once again, it seems, the one shared trait is the desire to be glamorous, to be gorgeous. These ladies happen to take that desire to the Nth degree.

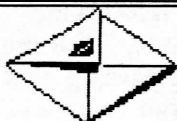
Yet don't think that this book takes itself completely seriously. The text and photographs are peppered with "Drag Tips" for the curious and needy. Topics range from "tucking" to "breast construction." Beverly and I both found "Drag Tip 2" to be vastly ignored in the TV world.

Locating this book proved to be bit of a problem at other bookstores. As I mentioned, Media Play inventories the work under Photography. Barnes & Noble in Kenwood had its 8 - 10 copies in the Gay/ Lesbian section. Ten Speed Press suggests either Photography or Sexuality as its focus. **Do** look for it, though, until you find it. This is one book everyone of us should make part of our personal library.

Stay Healthy. Stay Beautiful. Avoid Runners!

### Accessories !

Nobody has ever come up with a good substitute for friendship.



## E-mail

By: Elaine

Well, another hectic holiday schedule is behind us and I am looking forward to going back to work so I can have a rest.

The meeting at the Old Street Saloon on the second Thursday of the month is starting to get some new people. We have a good old time with the other customers.

I went out... **a lot...** this past week. I found a place that was new to me called *BullFinches* in Northside. It is a great place to go to party with a bunch of crazy ladies. You **do** have to show your ID at the door. I know how that intimidates some people. Once inside, you will meet some very nice people and should have a good time.

I also went to *Chasers* to check it out. I also had a good time there (but watch the pool table on the left as you walk in. It has a break like the greens of some golf courses).

I met a lot of nice ladies there, and I also ran into a person I work with. I am sure that news will be **all** over work on Wednesday when I get back.

I also checked out the *Pipeline* over the holidays. If you don't mind the smoke, it, too, is a nice place. I couldn't stay very long as my eyes started to burn (and I wasn't even wearing contact's)!

I am turning over the newsletter to someone who will probably do a much better job than I ever could. I wish her "good luck" with her new venture and I hope you give

her all the support that you gave me. I will still be writing an article every month. It will be called *E-mail*. So, if there is anything you want to know about, drop me a line and I will try to answer your letters.

### 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.

## X-Port Xmas Collage

