Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 54657, Cincinnati, OH 45254

The next meeting is June 16 at 8:00pm

A New View

By Elaine

Hello and greetings we had 29 ladies at the last **Cross-Port** meeting we hope everyone had a good time.

Well the people that went to the AASECT convention in Louisville all reported as to having a good time. Although I heard from some that the **Connection** was a pretty wild place. I was very surprised at how big it was and many people it would hold. We all had a great time there. I found out that I do not function very well after 5 glasses of wine and 4 Zimas, I could not play pool at all. I meet a lot of nice people at the convention as I worked the booth most of the time and so when we had our reception in our room for everyone in the convention. I knew a lot of then by name. We did have about 200 people show up and most of them stayed late and a good time was had by all.

We also wish to report that **The Old Time Cafe** formally Christopher's is open. Heather has been there and tells me that it has changed. We also learned that Copa has reopened as **Chasers** and that they are having a prom Friday the 10th of June. the cost is 5.00 per person or 9.00 a couple. I have sold tuxedos to a number of people who will be attending. It sounds like a good time.

Walk This Way

By Heather Phillips

"Walk this way", a line usually spoken by a well endowed female. It was followed by the punch line "If I could walk this way I wouldn't need the talcum", or something similar. In burlesque and early television it had them rollin' in the aisles. Yet, this simple straight line says a lot about the American life and culture. Walk this way or dare not to be different.

In my life time I have seen black people denied housing, jobs, and education. I can remember the pictures of separate water fountains. I have seen blacks seated in the rear of buses, denied admittance to restaurants, swimming pools and amusement parks. Why? Because the color of their skin was different than those in power. They didn't "walk this way".

I have seen opportunity denied people because they were handicapped. Opportunities for housing, jobs and recreation. Why? Because they were different, they didn't "walk this way".

I have seen men and women denied jobs, housing, and opportunities. I have heard them ridiculed because they were gay. Those harmless jokes that only serve to promote bigotry and hatred. Why? Because with their life style, they didn't "walk this way".

When I was growing up I was taught "dare to be different", be an individualist. What has society practiced? Conform! No square pegs in round holes. The rewards for those who follows society's game plan are great, be yourself and if it falls outside the "norm", then be an outcast.

We in the gender community do not "walk this way". For the first time in my life I have experienced society' vengeance because I didn't "walk this way". I have been told that it is the price I must pay in order to be myself. I am female, but nature played a cruel joke and put me in a male body. Yet, a basic right of all people is the right to be ones self, to be at peace with yourself. I had to live half my life denying who I am in order to gain society's approval. Dare to be yourself, and I lost friends and family. Last night, I was terminated by United Dairy Farmers. Why? Because I am transsexual, I don't "walk this way".

There are those in our community that advocate separation from the gay community and its causes. It is argued that main stream society would accept us if we were not so aligned. My experience as taught me that when it serves main stream society's purpose some of those who don't "walk this way" are accepted, until society no longer needs them. The only way we can be accepted is to bring about social

change. Not just change for our community, but for a larger community. We need to fight for change for all those who don't "walk this way". That includes blacks, handicap people, gay / lesbians, transgendered and everyone in between that doesn't "walk this way". This is a revolution, and the opposition is working hard. If we sit back and do nothing they will win. If they win they will force people back in the closets, institutions, and if they could the chains of slavery. If we don't fight back now we will be buried.

One could write this article off as the out pouring of a girl who was wrongfully terminated. I guess there is some validity in that criticism, but these are things I have felt in my heart, yet lacked the courage until now to speak. Now is the time to strengthen alliances and increase their number, not abandon them. Patrick Henry said "I do not know what course others may take, but as for me give me liberty or give me death". I can only echo those words. I just can not "walk this way".

INSIGHT #53

by:Barbara Jean

Hi girls this is Barbara back again with insight. There is an old saying "what goes around comes around". This past summer I found out the truism of this saying.

Linda, a sister in East Tennessee who I have been writing to for the past six years was out of a job and her unemployment had run out. Since she had a wife who was totally against her crossdressing all of Linda's mail was done thru a post office box. Linda's box rent was due and she did not have the money to renew her P.O. box. Rather than lose contact with Linda I sent her a money order for the $17.50 that she needed for her P.O. box.

The same day that I sent the money to Linda I mailed a letter to Lee Francis who puts out the Grace and Lace. (a newsletter for Christian crossdressers) I was sending Lee the names of a couple of sisters who I knew would like to be on the G&L mailing list. Now for any of you girls who do not know Lee Francis she is a crossdresser who is retired after over 40 years as a minister. Lee puts out the Grace and Lace without charging any kind of subscription nor does she solicit any kind of donation for the newsletter. In fact Lee works four days a week just to support the Grace and Lace. With my letter to Lee I sent her $5 to help her with the cost of the Grace and Lace.

Now the money that I sent to Lee Francis and to Linda was some money that I really did need to pay on some bills of mine. As a result of sending that money to them, I did not have enough for my phone bill and was due for a cutoff in a couple of days. I was lucky in that I was able to obtain an advance on my paycheck to pay that bill and prevent the phone from being cut off.

About two week after I sent that money to Linda and Lee I went to go to the store when I stepped on a very weak board on my front porch and fell thru. I was not injured, but it was evident that my front porch was in need of repair. That night I was talking on the phone to Kayleen, a sister that I am very close to here in Memphis, and when I told her about falling thru the porch she immediately came over and told me to get in her truck. She took me over to the lumber yard, and out of her pocket she bought the $51 worth of lumber that was needed to repair that porch. Two weeks later my boss informed me that he was restoring my pay to the level it was prior to the pay cut that we all took when the company filed a chapter 11 a year and a half ago. In effect it was a $200 a month raise.

They say that God helps those who help others. From the above girls I can well believe it. The benefits that I had received as a result of giving of myself to my sister is not the end of things thou.

Remember Kayleen who bought the lumber for me girls, well she works in bridge construction, and, in an effort to eliminate the break ins to the company tool trailer, the company she worked for a couple of years ago offered her $1000 per month to park her little travel trailer on the construction lot, no rent, no utilities to pay. The bridge was near completion and soon she would have to move. Kayleen was ready to move into a trailer park where it would have cost her almost $200 per month for rent and utilities. About a week after she bought me that lumber her current company came to her and offered her a similar deal to what she had. While she would not get paid extra for living on the construction lot, she would not have to pay for lot rent or
utilities, in effect a savings of $200 per month for her.

What goes around comes around. When I sent the money to Linda and to Lee Francis I was not expecting any of the above to happen, I did not seek any kind of reward for my helping others. Even thou that money I sent was money that I could have well used for myself and my family I sent it to my sisters because I had a love for them and a desire to help. My real reward came when I slipped the money in the envelope. I had a general all around good feeling to myself in knowing that I was being a help to a sister who needed that help. That reward was all the reward that I really needed and wanted.

As crossdressers we strive to be feminine. As I have often said, femininity to me means being loving and kind, compassionate and concerned, caring about others. It is the feminine side of us that acts when we help others.

So often we put our concern on the feminine appearance. We worry about our clothes, we worry about our

makeup, we worry can we pass. But we can be feminine even while in our male persona, and looking feminine does not make us feminine.

I recently received a letter from another sister in California. Melissa wrote that she actually enjoyed being read. Strange in that so many of us are actually fearful of being read. The question is how will others ever come to learn just what crossdressing is really all about if they mistake us for members of the opposite sex? I personally do not pass no matter how good I try to look, and yet I really take pride when someone comes up to me and ask if I am a crossdresser. It gives me a chance to do as the Christian says, "witness" to them just what it really is all about. It gives me the chance to tell them just how crossdressing is a tool, used by God and my girl within to bring out and to develop the feminine components of my personality. Of how I am a far better person simply because I am a crossdresser.

God has a purpose for each and every one of us in this life, and we remain on this earth as long as that purpose is to be served. So long as we are here we will never know what Gods plan is for us or why he made us a crossdresser, but of one thing I am certain and that is that my being a crossdresser is a part of Gods plan, and a part of his purpose for my being on this earth.

There is a song called "Put A Little Love in Your Heart". It really is a most feminine quality girls. What goes around comes around. The love you pay to others will surely come back to you.

Well that is all for this month girls. Take care and be good to yourself. I have a love for each and every one of my sisters and each and every one of you is worth every bit of that love. Put a little Love in your heart and love will come unto you.

"...YOUR _ _ _ IS SHOWING!"

by: Bobbi L.

In the time I've been "out" as a crossdresser I've had many opportunities to interact with others who share the lifestyle. There are SO many who present such a lovely feminine facade, SO many who are SO talented at creating the illusion. I am always awestruck by the spell of beauty which our magic commands. However (and you just *KNEW* I was going to throw in the "however"), I am also amazed at how many times, after a few drinks, or after an unseen rush of testosterone, the "ugly brother" often attempts to reassert himself. Perhaps it's the mention of something male oriented, such as "sports" or "tools" or "octane," but whatever the root cause, the effect tends to throw the proverbial wet blanket over the softness of the moment. At times like that, I restrain myself. But no more! I vow that from now on, whenever one, or more, of my "sisters" reverts to Neanderthal behavior, I shall boldly point out: " Pardon me, Dear, but it appears that your D_ CK is showing!" I hope that she takes it as the gentle nudge I intend it to be. Even more so, I hope that all of us will pick up on this phrase, and use it to remedy waywardness and backsliding. Think of all the situations which cry out for this type of discipleship.

At one of our monthly meetings, a group of girls is chatting about some sale at the Penny's outlet, sharing tales of bargain dresses and to-die-for pumps. Suddenly, an eavesdropper chimes in about the fantastic torque wrench "she" found on the clearance table in automotive. In unison, every matte-finish chin in the circle should turn to that "lady" and firmly chime, "*Pardon me, but your D_ CK is showing!*"

On the town with one of your darling TV companions, you walk with hips rolling and shoulders swaying. A GG who rates at least a Cosmo cover, approaches. Dressed in a form-fitting number that we all would kill to look girlish in, she makes eye-contact and smiles. Your friend's eyes dilate, nostrils flare, and wet lips begin to purse into a wolf-whistle pucker. Only seconds before she gives herself whiplash from staring at this vision of estrogen, you gently take her elbow and softly admonish, "*Pardon me, Darling, but your D_ CK is showing!*"

While driving on the interstate, one of your "sisters" quickly swerves to avoid the Bozo who pulled into your lane without signalling or looking. Your friend lays on the horn, speeds up until bumpers are nearly touching, and raises the middle finger in angry salute. The demon "machismo" has obviously taken over. This is the perfect moment to tenderly demonstrate to your out-of-control chauffeur, "*Slow down, Sweetheart, your D _ CK is showing!*"

Out of town, at the Be-All or some similar convention, you are holding a conversation with two or three new friends. Perhaps one of them, after too much time at the punch bowl, becomes a bit bold in her opinions of our logical alliance with those in the gay community. As this person becomes more animated in her criticism, just lean closer and whisper, "*Pardon me, Miss, but your D_ CK is showing.*"

Most of you can think of hundreds of other moments when this comment would be appropriate to use. Of course, I really don't expect this phrase to become a cliché from overuse. I really don't think we have the B_ LLS for it.

DERBY CITY DIARY

by: Bobbi L.

Friday the 13th!

8:00 A.M.: The doorbell rings and

"Mark," NOT Jennifer, enters. Of course, it's Bobbi who answered the ring. Lots of luggage, a large cooler, coat and purse are loaded into the "Machomobile" and we are off to Louisville. A beautiful day! Sunny, blue skies. Cool but comfortable.

10:05 A.M.: Pull up to the Galt House (my gawd, there's TWO of them!) Where do we park? register? Where's the conference? Where's Linda? After three trips around the block we park, enter, and get our room. Of course, Linda and her entourage are NOT in the presidential suite in our hotel, rather, across the street on the 15th floor in the Galt House East. Oh, well.

10:25 A.M.: We find the AASECT conference registration on the 3rd floor, G.H. West, enter the display area, and Voile'...there's the I.F.G.E. table and Elaine (wearing FLAT shoes, mind you!). We've caught a glimpse of Linda, but she's a busy girl, and soon disappears for some seminar. Mark and Bobbi attempt to enter one of the seminars featuring Sandra Cole and Mariette Pathy Allen. But, N-O-O-O_O! We were too late (and the seminar was packed). So, back to the desk, obtain our exhibitor passes and then to the display area. Mark leaves to unpack the food and goodies for CrossPort's wine and cheese party later this evening and I relieve Elaine so that she can have lunch with Anne, one of the ladies at the display next to ours. Anne works with Sinclair Institute and is saddled with the task of showing SEX TAPES to the conference participants. So, while a tape of lovely humans having sex plays a few feet away, I settle into the role of TV personality. As the seminars are in progress, the exhibitors hall is empty. I find the opportunity to visit a few of the other displays. At the far end of the hall, a company is displaying "replica erotems" (that's dildos to you and me). Other displays included, "Sex Over Forty" magazine, "Erect-Aid" pump for impotence, "Retain Plus" condom retaining rings (they gave these away in the name of field testing), Focus International (another sex tape company) and SIECUS library services. These last two exhibitors were represented by two young, CUTE, and personable ladies, Beth and Shelly. They were open-minded, curious and gracious. I have never before felt so comfortable speaking with newly-met women while talking of things sexual and viewing VERY explicit "how-to" tapes. Both of these ladies live in Manhattan and neither had experienced interacting with many crossdressers. Shelly was especially curious and inquisitive. What a joy it was speaking with them.

12:15: Most of the seminars are ending. More people file into the exhibitor's hall. Mark has returned, as has Elaine. Mark and I decide to schlep our luggage up to our room on the 24th floor. This is a nice hotel (although the lighting made make-up application somewhat of a chore).

1:00: Back to the display table and interfacing with the curious. Many invitations to our open house have been made, but we have no idea how many will actually attend.

2:00 Mark and I decide to take a nap. He goes up first, I follow about an hour later. I'm very concerned about being en-femme for the entire day. I've never been dressed for more than seven or eight hours. Will I need to shave again? Will I have to reapply ALL of my makeup? I decide to relax and let the chips fall.... We rest until about 3:00 and by 4:30 Bobbi and Jennifer are on their way to Galt House East, 15th floor. It's time to become "Julia Childe and Martha Stewart, the quintessential TV hostesses!

4:30: Candy and Elaine arrive, bless their hearts! The room is hopping as we set up for the 5:30 deadline. Jennifer is amazing! Her eye for design and detail transform the suite into "Party Headquarters!" From turning flower arrangements into serving trays, to transforming high heeled pumps into table centerpieces offering fresh strawberries, that girl can do it all.

5:45: The first guests arrive and the party begins.

6:30: The room is packed! Everyone is having a good time. The food, the wine, the "joie de vivre" are blending to make this THE social event of the conference! People who came to stay only a few minutes are changing their dinner plans in order to remain with us a bit longer. As I've said before, "We're just a bunch of beautiful people with something important to say!" And our guests are eager to hear our words. I had no idea that psychologists, social workers, and sex therapists could be so chatty!

10: 30: The party, which was to have ended around 9:00, is about finished. I swear, the only reason it DID end was because the wine ran out! The validation for all of the hard work came earlier in the evening when Jennifer took me aside and whispered, "This is a great party!" Her observation was accurate. CrossPort was well represented that evening. In addition to those girls I mentioned earlier, Heather P., Gina P., Paula H., and Jamie Elizabeth, dialogued with the many guests and well -represented the gender community. Thank you, Girls! I think we impressed everyone of our guests. Also, Emily, from IXE, posted herself by the door and greeted the guests in a charming manner.

11:30: I returned to the room, tired but happy. My makeup only needed occasional touches of the puff and lipstick, and my light beard had the good taste to not to assert itself. Jennifer and most of the others went out to Connections but, I was beat. I called Beverly and told her what a wonderful day it had been and that I was looking forward to seeing her tomorrow. Then, back to my male self and off to sleep. There was a tiny, extra thrill in not needing to remove my girl-nails before retiring.

SATURDAY, MAY 14

8:30 A.M.: I hear the maid knocking her way down the hall attempting to clean as many rooms as she can before anyone is awake. I reach the door just as she approaches. As I slide the "Do Not Disturb" sign onto

the knob she asks if we will be checking out today. I reply in the negative and close the door, suddenly realizing that the hand which fastened the sign to the door was adorned with "Country Clover" sport length artificial nails. Oh, well!

9:30 A.M.: Another knock at the door announces the arrival of Beverly and Nancy who have come down to join us. It will be a while before the four of us are ready to take on the public.

11:30: Jennifer, Nancy, Bobbi, and Beverly leave the room, ride to the exhibitors' hall, chat with Elaine et al, then retreat to the restaurant in the hotel for lunch. The waitress doesn't bat an eyelash. Linda comes over and chats before leaving for one of the seminars. (Let me state here that Linda has been a perfect lady. She made certain that we had tickets for the dinner cruise, obtained our badges, and generally presented herself in a proper and well-bred manner. There was no sticking her stockinged leg with high-heel pump out of any car window on **this** trip!).

12:30: We relieve the crew at the booth for lunch, giving our GG's time to view some of the displays then slip away to take in one of the seminars.

2:00: A few of us attend a workshop featuring video as a tool for enhancing sexual relationships. The hook for me was one of the moderators: Candida Royalle, a well-known director of hard-core film! She herself had, earlier in her career, starred in several X-rated films. What a treat! She was just as attractive as I remembered, even in her designer suit. (later, I made sure I got her autograph) The only problem with the program was my being seated behind Linda and her "big hair." Big mistake! Next time I'll sit **beside** her.

3:30: We return to the room for R & R before the dinner cruise. Suddenly, a category 5 thunderstorm hits the city, blocking out all visibility. Now we become concerned about transportation to Das Boot! Oh, if we'd only known what lay ahead!

6:15: The four of us, umbrella's in hand, meet the CrossPort girls in the lobby across the street. In front of the G.H. are two large Silver Eagle buses. We ask the manager about getting to the Star of Louisville and he tells to wait for the shuttle. As we settle into the lobby to wait, the manager returns and asks if we would mind riding over to the pier with the passengers on the two buses....no charge! Of course we jump at the chance and, in two groups we board. Well. let me tell you, as I climbed aboard I was nearly blinded by the glow of blue hair. It turned out that the charters held about 80 retirees and widows who had shelled out a bundle to be driven all over this country on a mystery tour. They never knew where they would be from one night to the next. I'm quite certain that we were one surprise that would not be duplicated for them....EVER!

Taking note of the television sets spaced around the bus, I whispered to Linda, "Here's a brain-teaser: how many TV's are there on these two buses?" Linda was quite sure that none of the ladies on the tour could make an accurate guess.

7:30: The Star pulls away from her mooring and a wonderful evening on the river begins. The food was delicious, the company delightful, and the program diverting. The only hitch, besides the logistical nightmare of trying to feed 300 people via two lines, was that later into the cruise, one of the blue-hairs was mortified to find a transvestite in the girls' loo. I've been thrown out of worse places (no, it wasn't me who rattled the cage!) so, the potty became a non-issue for all of us. The evening ended for me upstairs at the Galt House lounge with Jennifer, where we kind of touched base about the events of the past few hours. It was a wonderful time.

SUNDAY, MAY 15

12:00: The four of us had "breakfast" at the Kingfish restaurant on the riverside. After that, Beverly and Robert headed for home, while Mark and Nancy attended one last seminar on Fetishism and B & D (see Mark for the juicy details).

In summary, this was a wonderful weekend. One I hated seeing end. Next year's AASECT conference will be in New Mexico, so I don't think many of us will be attending it. Too bad! I'm quite certain that CrossPort would be VERY welcomed there!

Publication Notice
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