

Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 54657, Cincinnati, OH 45254

The next meeting is November 17 at 8:00pm

A New View

By Elaine

Hello there was a very good turn out for the for the Cross-Port meeting in October. There were 45 ladies at the meeting. A very good turn out.

Well things are really starting to pick up in the quest for the Be-All. We are starting to get a lot of ladies asking about it. We have the Hotel and most of the speaker that we will need. Well All you ladies had better start thinking about what you are going to wear because in seven months it is going to happen.

Well the Oregon District is behind us and it was a very good time. Some of us decided to go to the party as "Hooters Girls" and yours truly was among them I was surprised at the response we got when we got there. They screamed "HOOTERS" when we walked down the street. It was quite exciting and intimidating. I loved it.

Letter to the Editor

Alpha Omega
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Cross-Port
P O Box 54657
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October 21, 1994

Dear Club Member,
Last November 1993 I attended the Riverside Gala Weekend and the Legal conference. It was there that I had the opportunity to meet a very interesting Attorney at Law by the name of Elizabeth C. M. Carmichael. She spoke for well over an hour about how she became involved with Kris Holt and the trans-gendered community. Kris Holt is a member of our community (who has) had an on going battle with her loss of employment and personal possessions due to discrimination.

At that event I recorded her talk and had extra copies made which I am sending your organization. It's a bit lengthy (both sides of the tape) but very interesting. I hope that you find it interesting, too.

While the cost of legal expenses have been high, progress has been made in Kris's favor (winning a first round in court). The battle is not over. The case is being appealed and this will only drag out the legal battle for some time causing even higher legal expenses.

It is hoped that your organization can be of some support to help a ...

sister with the mounting legal expenses. If you can, donations of any amount will certainly be appreciated while helping a worthy cause: to crusade for the cross gendered community. When was the last time you have seen an attorney who has taken this much interest in people like ourselves? Since May of this year, she has also decided to give her full attention to the gender community.

It is now understood there will be a legal issues program at the Riverside Gala Weekend for 1994 presented by Ms. Carmichael. You can also show your support for our ever growing community by attending the 3rd annual Riverside Gala Weekend event.... Not only is it a great place to learn and grow but you will find many new friends and sisters as I have. Hope you can make it, too. Enclosed you'll find information that may be helpful.

If you have need for legal council contact:

Elizabeth C. M.
Carmichael, Attorney at Law
212 Liberty Building
1243 Liberty Street
Franklin, PA 16323
(814) 437-2039

Your friend, Lori Taylor
(member Tri-Ess & Alpha Omega chapter)

POTPOURRI

by: Bobbi L.

Last month I finally was treated to the drag film, *Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*. It was a delight. While beginning at somewhat of a snail's pace, the tempo picked up as the story progressed. By the time the credits ran (and don't you dare leave until they have finished!) the audience was howling. My favorite aspect of the film?...the pantomime to ABBA's "Momma Mia." I'd forgotten what a delicious sound that icon of the seventies generated. Now I'm really looking forward to *Ed Wood*, and *Just Like a Woman*.

The Oregon Trial (sic)

For years now, so many of you have raved about the Halloween party in Dayton's Oregon District. I have never been able to attend due to other "party obligations." This year, however, Beverly and Bobbi were unencumbered by social obligations (yeah, like we have so many,) and vowed to make it to the mega-event. The plans, as you well know, were for the girls to dress as Hooter's waitresses. Initially I planned to join them. But the "Dark side of the Force" overcame my good intentions (in addition to Beverly getting canned at work) and I chose to reprise my Elvira from last year.

So we told the girls that we would meet them at Spanky's (hoping beyond hope that I might actually get to "spank" someone who was being naughty) prior to dining en-femme. I dressed in the "ensemble-noire" and stepped out into sunlight to give my neighbors a taste of what goes on behind closeted doors on a regular basis (they have never been invited into "Bobbi's World").

First to spy the Mistress of the Dark was our neighbor, Tina. She shrieked! She howled! She rushed over to see as I clicked up the sidewalk. Of course, I'm sure she was extremely envious, since I am the second best looking woman on our cul-de-sac (Beverly is far and away the best). My intended target was Tony and Nancy, who live next door. Tony answered the door, picked his jaw up from off the porch, then queried: "Is it really you?" (Hell, no! I'm back in the house. This is my "sister," Bobbi!)

We stepped into the house to show Nancy. Well, wasn't she surprised. Now, Nancy is a very good looking woman herself. But with my usual and proper make-up (a little heavier this time for "sleaze" effect) I rivaled her Sunday-go-to-meeting

best. The first words out of her mouth were, "Ohmygod, Bob, you're scaring me!" After some photo opportunities, we prepared to leave and Nancy cautioned, "Don't encourage Michael (her son) with this." (Of course, I'm sure he has *already* tried on Mommy's stuff!")

As we drove up the street, the word had been spread and several other neighbors (including some very virile men) came over to gawk. I just sang a few bars of "You Make Me Feel Like a Natural Woman," and blew them a kiss. Beverly giggled as she blasted out of the 'hood.

Our next stop was at Drake Center so my dad could meet his son, the female impersonator. He had seen the photos from last year (even had one on his bulletin board) but had never actually been with "her." He was delighted. As was his roommate and as were the nurses. We nearly gave the first one a heart attack when I came out of the restroom. She stared at the girl in black and was not really impressed until Beverly said, "That's my *husband*!" I said, in a voice

dripping with testosterone, "Want to see something really scary?" The heart palpitations continued for several minutes. As did the parade of personnel who had to have their pictures taken with the transvestite. What fun!

Next we stopped at Lori and Graydon's so I could borrow a nurse's uniform for Monday's party. Lori was already at University Hospital but Graydon and Bethany were there to greet us. Bethany was too cute in her lion costume and I just had to have my photo taken with the little darling and her dad.

With the obligatory drag display out of the way, Beverly and Elvira headed for Sharonville and the Hooter's Girls. We were the first to pull into the lot at the Holiday Inn. Soon, however, the others began to arrive. By 6:45 everyone was ready...EXCEPT for Kristine! Linda knew that Kristine was always late and that it could be a while before she arrived. As it was getting late, we suggested that the others get us a table while Beverly and Deana and I waited a little longer for the tardy tart. The Hooter's entourage, with one more Elvira and a "Chris Everet" type, went across the road to Burbank's. At 7:00 we followed and found them in the bar hustling drinks (well, to be fair, only Linda was hustling...a habit she continued throughout dinner I might add). After a short wait, we were seated with a lovely server, Michelle. She was dressed as a "black-eyed pea." At the table next to us, a male server was dressed as dowdy, breeder-housefrau, who was only minutes away from her water breaking. We tried to get "her" attention, but we think he was intimidated by us (can you imagine...being intimidated by 8 transvestites, most of whom are dressed in Hooter's attire?).

Michelle, however, was definitely not intimidated, and, in fact, was thrilled to be part of our party.

Behind us sat a rather large party, there to celebrate a friend's birthday. It with one of the studs in this group whom Linda trained her "hooters" on hoping the horny sap would buy her a drink. No such luck!

Linda did display good sense when it came time for the trip to the W.C.. She correctly assumed that we should use "Earl's" room, not "Pearl's" room. While we were in there, more than one guy did a quick retreat before we corrected his "mistake." What a lovely moment!

At last, we headed north toward "Oregon." Linda was hard to keep up with. But then, no one seemed to mind...not even the State Highway Patrol officer who passed her on the right while she was cruising at above 70 mph!

Finding the Oregon District was not difficult. Plenty of signs mark the way. Still, for some still unknown reason, Linda led us around the block more than once before finally landing in the first parking lot we had passed.

We walked the three blocks to the party zone, drawing a few comments. Of course, most people were dressed in some kind of costume. Once we were in the "restricted area" the crowd went wild. Shrieks of "Hooters Girls, Hooters Girls" filled the air. They were a **large** hit! Beverly and I were amazed at the scene. It was like the Taste of Chicago only with costumes. The cobble-stoned street was packed. The tree-lined sidewalks were packed. The bars were packed. The dirty book store was...well, to be honest we never made it into the dirty book store (we'll go back on our own for that). Making our way down the five blocks was a sensory treat. There were so many clever and unusual costumes. There was the smell of grilled steak sandwiches, draft beer, and, the pungent odor of "ganja"

(no doubt produced by revelers dressed as Rastafarian). It was almost like being transported back to the first Summerfest in Mt Adams in the 60's.

Finally, we arrived at the Trolley Stop where we found Paula D. and Kristine. She had made it on her own since we abandoned the wait for her several hours ago. (You'll have to ask her for the details of her adventure at Hooter's Restaurant in Springdale).

Well, the bar did **not** have a live band this year (and was, in fact, damn near out of business). But it did have immediate seating and, after all, had been the announced base of TV operation. So, with a couple of trips outside for fresh air (and a chance to let the spilled beer dry out, which my hem had sopped up from the floor) we stayed at the Trolley Stop until about midnight. Then they locked the doors and we headed elsewhere.

It was interesting to notice the change in the crowd as the night progressed. It became more intimidating for Beverly and me. The drunks on the street seemed to get "uglier" and we became less at ease as we passed along the sidewalk. Still, no one harassed us or threatened us, but we felt uncomfortable. I guess Beverly and I are just not cut out for situations requiring crowd control.

Everyone we talked to or asked questions of was super. One couple in particular was extremely curious. He more than she. In fact, the cute little blond (with the slashed throat oozing blood) expressed the same observation my neighbor, Nancy, had made: "You're scaring me." Paula and I spent quite a few minutes speaking with her and her date. By and by she relaxed. We suspect that some latent chord had been struck inside this banker-chick which conflicted with her "program." My guess is some "role-playing" lies ahead for her and her significant other.

Speaking of striking chords, we joked all night about passing out Cross-Port cards to the novice TV's. But we forgot to bring them! Oh, well! There didn't seem to be that many besides us anyway!

The only regret I have from that evening is that I ruined a pair of black pumps. The cobble-stones "ate" the heels. I could have them repaired, but I only need the slightest excuse to buy another pair for my closet...and **this** seems like the perfect provocation.

In summary, let me say that the evening was well spent and that after this "trial run" Beverly and Bobbi will make the Oregon District party part of our Halloween as much as possible.

Stay Healthy. Stay Beautiful.
Avoid Runners.

Article from Alpha Omega

September 14, 1994

The following article is a reprint of the Press Release for Kristine W. Holt appearing in the Alpha Omega La Femme Silhouette, May 1994.
Press Release
Kristine W. Holt
Equal Opportunity Advocate
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Oil City, PA 16301 0904 Harrisburg, PA, 4-94:

Civil protection for the transgendered community took a giant leap forward last month in Pennsylvania. In an unprecedented move, the Commonwealth Court of Pennsylvania, on 3-29-94, handed down a ruling which affirms the right of a transsexual in transition to 'crossdress' on the job. The case at hand was Northwest PA

TrainingPartnership Consortium v. Unemployment Compensation Board of Review, no. 2297 C.D. 1993. In his Memorandum Opinion, Judge Pellegrini held that, "We have consistently recognized that a medical problem or illness may establish good cause for an employee's failure to comply with a work rule... transsexualism is a recognized medical condition for which there are established guidelines for treatment... which require Claimant to participate in a 'trial period' of crossgendered living." The Court concluded that, "under these circumstances... Claimant's actions were medically necessitated and 'as such' did not constitute willful misconduct." In a separate but related matter, Robert Barnett, Sec'y of the PA Department of Labor and Industry, designer of the Governor, ruled on 3-15-94 in the matter of Kristine W. Holt v. Northwest PA Training Partnership Consortium, Governor's docket no. 123311. In his discussion of the case, Mr. Barnett stated "Holt's treatment was different from that of all other employees and that difference had nothing to do with her performance, attitude or abilities...neither the causes used to justify Holt's dismissal nor the unique restrictions applied to her were reasonable or appropriate in light of the circumstances." The State found that NPTPC had violated the Federal statutes under which they operated by disregarding their own merit-based personnel policies, and ordered Ms. Holt's reinstatement. Ms. Holt, who represented herself in these actions, characterized the ruling as "groundbreaking". We have now established, under case law, the fact that transsexualism is a recognized medical condition, and that the standard course of treatment demands 'crossdressing' on the job. The justification some employers have used to defend their

discriminatory actions, that is, the 'dress code' issue, has been eliminated. It can be argued that, in effect, a 'protected class' of transsexual persons has been created in Pennsylvania. As to the Order of the Department of Labor and Industry, Ms. Holt reports that Northwest Training has yet to comply with the order. "It is my understanding that they wish to appeal this ^ administrative ruling to the Commonwealth Court, also. In this eventuality, I feel confident that the Court will affirm the Secretary's decision, and give further support to the creation of a 'protected class' of transgendered persons." A third action is being pursued with the Pennsylvania Human Relations Commission, currently in the fact-finding stage. The intention is to establish in the private sector the same protection that have ^been realized in the public (i.e., government and sub-contractors) sector. These recent rulings give overwhelming support for the case set before the Commission. In an effort to offset some of the expenses associated

with these legal actions, a legal fund has been established: the Kristine W. Holt Legal Fund, c/o Northwest Savings Bank, 13th and Liberty Streets, Franklin. PA 16323.

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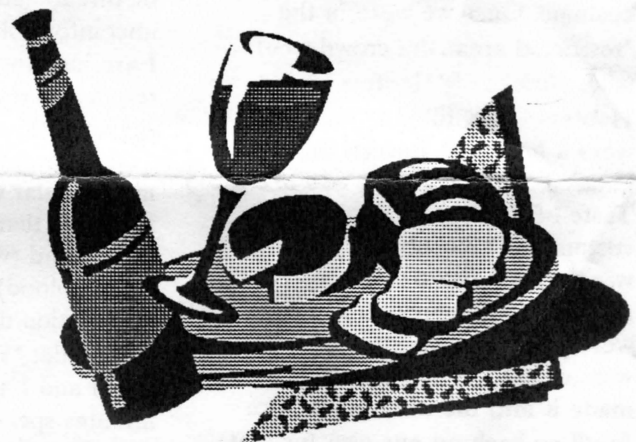
InnerView is a monthly publication of Cross-Port for its members and friends. Subscription dues are \$18.00 per year payable in January of each year. It is our goal to support the TV, TS and Gay communities and in return we need your support.

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Contributions of articles are welcomed but may be altered, with the author's intent retained, or may be rejected, whether solicited or not. Absolutely no sexually explicit material will be accepted or printed.

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



Happy Thanksgiving



The "B" Girls



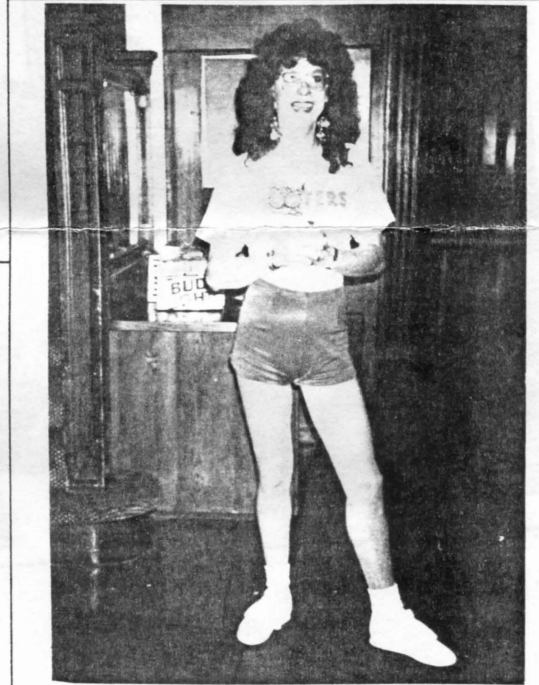
Flirtin' With Disaster!



Elvira Meets Vampira X 2



High-heel
Blowout!!



Love me? Love my Hooters!

AND THE WINNER IN THE CATEGORY OF BEST ACTOR IN A FEMALE ROLE IS...

Is she is or is he ain't? It's hard to tell in this age of gender bending. Wherever you turn, guys are impersonating gals. Take films: Robin Williams tries to gain access to the offspring he lost in a child-custody case by masquerading as a nanny in *Mrs. Doubtfire* (below); Quentin Crisp, self-described as "one of the stately homos of England," impersonates Queen Elizabeth in *Orlando* (inset); and, in one of the most controversial performances of the year, Jaye Davidson, as a transvestite singer in *The Crying Game*, had millions of moviegoers gasping when "she" revealed a full set of male genitalia. Or consider pop, video and the MTV awards (towering superdiva RuPaul Andre Charles conquered all three). Onstage, John Epperson (far right) stars in *Lypsinka! A Day in the Life*. Author Tama (*The Male Cross Dresser Support Group*) Janowitz, bottom right, asked about a published rumor that she had been born Tom A. Janowitz, had a spokeswoman reply, rather weakly: "It's very personal, and I don't feel that it's anybody's business."

