

Cross-Port Inner View

P.O. Box 54657, Cincinnati, OH 45254

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The next meeting is June 15, 8:00 PM at **Golden Lions !**

CROSS-PORT'S TENTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION !! JUNE 15, 1985 - JUNE 15, 1995



Joyce's World

I begin this column on a sad note. Cindy Traum, a long time member of Crystal Club and Cross-Port passed away on the 15th. of May after a long illness. She was much too young and should have had many more years to enjoy life. Her sufferings now passed, she is in a happier place, one we all hope to obtain some day. My condolences to her family and many friends, for indeed many friends she did have. She was a truly warm hearted and lovely gal.

Joyce attended her first baseball game, May 7th. No, not those overpaid Cry Babies who hang out at Riverfront Stadium. This game was played at Sharon Woods according to 1850 rules. No stealing, sliding, spitting or cursing.



Any infractions of these rules required a public apology by the offender to the audience as well as the other players for conduct unbecoming a gentleman.

A ball caught on the first bounce was an out. There were no base-on-balls and two strikes --you're out. The umpire was a distinguished elderly gentleman wearing a top hat, frockcoat, gloves and carried a walking stick. He explained the rules to

the audience and players alike. The game got under way when he addressed the hurler (pitcher by name) Mr. _____ are you ready? Then, striker (batter) to the line. The nine inning game was completed in an hour and a half, the score was 11-5. Another oddity, fielders wore no gloves. A picnic lunch was served by W.G.U.C personnel during the game. Had a wonderful time.

Bob, Rick and I attended the Lexington Court Coronation, Saturday, May 27th. It was held at the Radisson Hotel in downtown Lexington. Very nice. While not too well attended, never the less it was very entertaining and not too long, over by midnight. In contrast, Bob, his mother and I attended Buffalo's Coronation on April 29th, much too long, lasted till 3 AM. Buffalo did not recognize our court status, consequently we walked as Baron and Baroness. Lexington Court did recognize the Imperial Court of Northern Kentucky (formerly the Barony of Northern

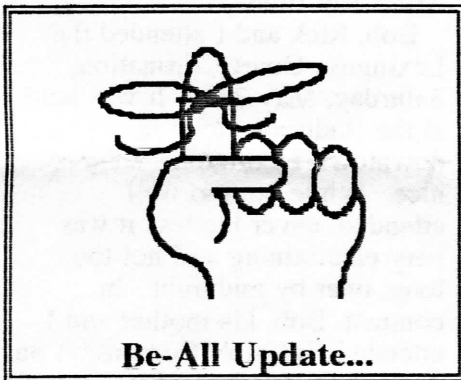
KY) and we walked as Emperor and Empress Emeritus I and II.

I am happy to say that the Be-All registrations are filling up fast. For those of you who wish to attend and have not registered as yet, time is now of the essence. See you at the Convention.

The week following the Be-All is Gay Pride Week, from June 11th to June 18th. In conjunction with Pride Week there will be a Riverboat Cruise June 3rd at 10:30 AM. June 4th is Kings Island Day. June 17th brings a rally at noon at Fountain Square and parade at 1 PM to *Festival at The Dock*. June 18th, a family style picnic at noon at Hoffner Park in Northside. For more information, call the Gay Hotline at 513-651-0070. I intend being a part of the parade and am scheduled to give a short talk about the transgendered community at The Dock.

Happy 10th Anniversary Cross-Port! Congratulations.

Love,
Joyce



As this edition arrives, **Be-All '95** whirls on at the Holiday Inn. At last, the months of preparation, anxiety, and anticipation have gelled into,

what we proudly believe to be, the best **Be-All** to date.

For those who haven't been able to contribute to the "birthing" of this event let me assure you that the delivery of this baby has been in very capable and very busy hands. We should be nearly hysterical in our attempts to thank these ladies.

First, we need to thank my wife, Beverly, for the tireless and unselfish contribution she has made. I have watched her as hour after hour, day after day, week after week, she has pounded away at the keyboard, run to the supply houses, and soothed the ruffled feathers in order to assure that this strange and wonderful celebration of our lifestyle would be perfect. I have been amazed at her devotion to a project which most GG's would curse. Cross-Port owes her more than the best accountant could ever deduce.

Also, we need to thank Joyce. Her careful plotting of registrations provided accurate and needed information. Kristine's handling of the vendors and speakers has resulted in a varied and interesting program of events. Jennifer's creative talents promise entertainment worthy of a Tony award. Of course, Linda could be named on **Be-All '95's** birth certificate (would she be the father or the mother?). It was, after all, Linda who was seminal in this year's event coming to Southwest Ohio. Thank you, Linda. And thanks to all of you ladies mentioned above.

Of course, there were many others who helped. I hope that each of you who donated your time and energy to **Be-All '95** is rewarded with the knowledge that everyone who attends this year will cherish the offspring of your efforts.

Now, get into your party clothes, head for the Holiday Inn and **Be-All '95**, and **Go, Girl!**

Up The Street And Around The Corner

By: Heather Phillips

Last Friday night after work, I went with some friends from IRS to Barleycorns in Newport. We were celebrating of our lead, Ted's retirement. Friday was his last day and none of us wanted to let go. Ted was a special person in our unit because he challenged you to be better without you knowing it.

He would do things like wear numbers or letters on his collar. These were computer codes that we use in processing a return. Ted would ask us what they meant. Some of us would look them up as soon as we caught sight of Ted's collar. Without knowing it we were becoming more efficient in our job.

I read more of our manual because of Ted and his letters, than because of my manager's prodding. If you had a problem Ted was right there. He would help you find the answer, even to the point of showing where in the manual the answer could be found. When he did this you knew that he was doing it to help you.

Ted was a father figure to some of us. More importantly, Ted was always smiling. It is hard to recall a time Ted wasn't smiling. This is hard to explain to someone who has never worked a tax season. The days before project completion date are grueling. Everyone is pushed to get out more than normal amount of documents. Most of us worked 10 to 12 hours every week day and some worked on Saturdays and Sundays. It seemed like every time I was there, so was Ted.

This pace was wearing me out! I wasn't always a cheerful

person. That's why to me it was amazing that Ted was **always** smiling and cheerful.

So, there we were saying "good-bye" to a friend. Saying good-byes at the IRS is a common happening. You make friends, work together for a short period, then come the furloughs.

Some leave before the first official furlough. These are sad times, but each of us knows, if we come back next year, that person will probably be there. It eases the pain a little.

In Ted's case we all knew that Ted was moving to North Carolina and the chances of seeing him again were slim. So Friday night was extra special. I could sense the love and respect each had for Ted. As the poets say, it was in the air. When the bar closed and it was time to go, I hugged Ted and thanked him for all his help. I couldn't help wondering what it is going to be like without him.

Two days later and I am still wondering, not about the unit or about missing Ted, but about me. I wonder how I stack up as a person. Do I bring happiness to people? I know that there are plenty of reasons to be depressed and unhappy. I wonder how many reasons there are to be happy. Ah, to find that silver lining in every cloud that finds its way into our life.

I guess there are as many reasons as there are friends. If we can remember that no matter what happens in life if our friends are there for us, then nothing else matters.

In "The Wizard of Oz", the Wizard says to the Tin Man, "A heart is not measured by how much you are loved, but by how much you love." Love is always returned tenfold. Love spawns happiness. I guess it is just as simple as the message given to us 2000 years ago: to love one another.

What impact each has on another is up to us. We can spread love and happiness, or not. It is our choice. I hope that I can be listed among the Teds of this world. I hope I spread love and happiness. I hope my life makes a difference.

Well, until next time this is Heather, up the street and around the corner of Greater Cincinnati. May God bless and keep you.

The View Inside

by: Bobbi L.

Ah, ten years old! What a notion. Even though I have only been a small part of Cross-port for five years, I feel a deep and devotional bond with our organization. I would miss it terribly.

I am quite pleased that in these past five years my role has evolved from that of a deeply closeted TV to a somewhat daring and "outed" representative (although, I'll probably never become [if I might steal a line from Jennifer Marquette] "Miss Gender Freedom").

My most proud crossdressing accomplishment to date has been the assumption of the duties of editor of *InnerView*. And within that long-lived newsletter, my dearest contribution has been the interviews with our friends and members in *The View Inside*. I have received much positive feedback about this column. To those of you whom I've showcased so far, I thank you very much. To those who are waiting...be patient. You **will** have your moment of "fame."

But this month I'm going to "abuse" my office and take the time and space to interview one of my favorite Cross-Port ladies...in fact, my definite favorite Cross-Port lady: **Bobbi L.** (It's good to be the King...or in this case, it's good to be the queen!). I apologize if I am out of line here...but, tough breast forms, Baby...it's **my** column!

T.V.I.: Bobbi, how long have you been a member of Cross-Port and how did you learn about our organization.

Bobbi: I have been a member since June, 1990. I was one of five girls who was referred by the Sacramento Gender Association via a *Dear Abby* column. I still owe her a *thank you* letter for that article. It was an epiphany to learn that there were enough *others* out there to warrant real clubs!



T.V.I.: How long have you been coming to our meetings?

Bobbi: Beverly and I made our first excursion to *Christopher's* for the April, 1992 meeting. I had "come out" to Beverly the month before (she actually met Bobbi on St. Patrick's Day,

hence my femme birthdate) and had only been out (in public) once since that revelation. Meeting some of the girls (Joyce, Cathy, Elaine, et al) about whom I'd only been reading for two years, was a wonderful moment.

T.V.I.: It's obvious that you are married...and that your S.O. knows Bobbi. Given what we all know about Beverly's enthusiasm, what prevented you from telling her sooner?

Bobbi: F-E-A-R! C-O-W-A-R-D-I-C-E! All of us know the reasons for the subterfuge. I loved this lady so much that I was willing to repress my need to dress, thinking that life could continue in this manner.

After nearly deciding to execute a high speed turn into a bridge pier, I thought I'd try to straighten out my duplicitous existence.

Well, what do you know, Beverly wasn't repulsed by the notion of my "second self," and in fact became one of crossdressing's greatest supporters.

I guess sometimes ya' never know!

T.V.I.: Bobbi, what is your earliest cross-dressing recollection?

Bobbi: Well, that's an interesting area. You see, as far as actual cognitive images, I only remember those glorious days of puberty and the stealthy stealing of stockings from "Ma" & "Sis."

But, if Kodak moments count in this equation, then the black and white photos of me at the age of four provide more insight than years of analysis.

These glorious silver oxide sketches show a quite cute "girl" dressed in a flowing, dark dress, matching beret, and fashionable

parasol, posing among Spring's vernal beauty.

I came across these photos quite serendipitously soon after revealing Bobbi's existence to Beverly. They were among a box of photos and mementoes which my mother had given me about that same time.

I have since paired one of those photos with a more recent one of Bobbi and have named it "Four and Forty-four." It seems to help in explaining the genesis of my special nature.



T.V.I.: Wow, that's an amazing anecdote! What, then, is your favorite cross-dressing experience?

Bobbi: My goodness, there have been so many! But I would have to say that the weekend in Louisville at the ASSECT convention would rank as the best. From the drive with Mark T. that perfect Spring morning, thru the evening's wine & cheese party hosted by Cross-Port girls, to the dinner cruise aboard the *Star of Louisville*, the entire time spent as Bobbi was absolutely wonderful! A real bonus from that weekend was the forming of new friendships which last to this day.

T.V.I.: Let's take a turn here and examine more basic aspects of Bobbi's world. What are your physical statistics: age, sizes, likes and such?

Bobbi: Unlike some of our more vain membership, I have no problem at all revealing my age: 40-something. O.K., so maybe I do have a problem with that mortality thing! I'm 5'8", weigh 135 #.

I wear a size 10 dress (although on a good day I can do an 8). Fortunately, finding shoes is no problem for me since in heels (usually 4") I wear a 9 M. With flats I take a 10.

I love anything in a floral pattern, and find that I like full skirted dresses which fall just below the knee. However, my suit skirts all rise a few inches above the knee.

T.V.I.: All of our readers know that aviation and photography are two of your favorite activities. Are there others which occupy your time?

Bobbi: Well, I really love to write. Isn't that special...given that I now do the newsletter? Also, I find music to be a wonderful stress-reducer. I love all kinds of sound: rock & roll, country-western, classical, even opera. I guess all those years of Mighty Mouse cartoons has paid off for the "Met" and the Cincinnati Opera.

T.V.I.: Would you like to join your "sisters" in airing a complaint or two?

Bobbi: You mean besides bemoaning the ravages of time upon my skin?

Well, if there were one major complaint I have to air it would be the mind-boggling abundance of prejudice within our lifestyle.

I get really P _ _ _ ED when some "redneck-in-a-dress" finds it necessary to slam someone else because of a perceived flaw. I'm talking HOMOPHOBIA here!

For the life of me I can't understand how someone who indignantly demands acceptance for his own personal needs can slam another person who has a different set of needs. Get over it! Deal with it!

T.V.I.: Well, as always, that's the one question we ask which never has a shortage of answers! As we near the end of this interview, would you share your perceptions of the most satisfying aspect of cross-dressing, and then, the darker side of our lifestyle?

Bobbi: There is no doubt for me that the most satisfying aspect of dressing is the ability to transform into a person who is, in my opinion, much, much, much better looking than my male self. It borders on magic!

The most disturbing aspect is that at any moment the magic we create could be shattered by the small minds which permeate our society and control our legislative bodies. In the past I have celebrated this as the "Decade of the CD," and I truly believe that this is the best time in history for us. But, I also realize that there is still much hatred and fear of us and that in many corners of this and other cities, we face real danger.

T.V.I.: What do you think the future holds for Bobbi?

Bobbi: You mean besides the ravages of time on my skin? I believe that I will spend more and more time in my femme role and venture to new places and make many more wonderful

friends such as those I've met through Cross-Port.

The Perils of Paula: a continuing saga by Paula Harmston

Cindy's Smile

My first public outing was on June 28, 1993 when I attended the "Crystal Club" in Columbus, Ohio, which is equivalent to Cross-Port, only they meet in a motel conference room.

I got a room at the motel which was only about 100 feet across a parking lot from where the conference room was. But this was my first outing. I was so scared that I actually drove my car the 100 feet as I was too timid to make that longgggg trip across the parking lot by myself.

The, when I knocked on the conference room door, nobody answered! So by the time I found the real meeting room I was a nervous wreck as I knocked on the right door this time. As the door opened I had no idea what to expect. Surely it would be a room full of strangers who would be too busy with their own affairs to have any time for me.

Instead, as the door opened, I was greeted with a warm smile belonging to Cindy Traum, who invited me in and then took me around the room introducing me to everyone. Later she spent more time with me, putting me on their mailing list, etc. I had a good time that night but always wondered what would have happened if Cindy hadn't been friendly. It could have been my first and last outing because at the time she was only the second trans-gendered person I had ever

met in my life so she certainly made an impression on me.

I returned to the Crystal Club off and on over the next few months. Always visiting with Cindy, she remained friendly and helpful, that's the kind of person she was. I believe she was an officer in the club and it was my perception that she was an eager, helping and loving member of the trans-gendered community.

But, I don't want to talk about the first time I meet Cindy, I want to talk about the last time I saw her, because I'll never see her again, as she recently passed away from cancer.

The last time was at the Erie Sisters Convention in November 1994. When I arrived on Friday to start the convention I heard that Cindy was there but was feeling poorly due to her cancer treatments. So, she did not attend any of the activities that night preferring to rest in her room.

The next day I likewise did not see her during any of the daytime activities. I wanted so much to say hello and to thank her for her help eighteen months earlier. I know that her treatments were not going well and that her prospects of beating her disease were not good so I feared that this would be the last time I would ever see her and I dearly hoped to before the convention ended.

At the Saturday night banquet I took a seat at a circular table seating about ten of us. As I sat down only one chair which was directly across from me remained un-occupied, and suddenly Cindy was sitting down in that chair.

I noticed immediately that she had lost a lot of weight and that her face was pale and drawn and there was no hint of that smile I had seen eighteen months earlier. It was obvious that she was in pain but was trying her best to

enjoy the comradie at the dinner table.

It hurt to see an entirely different person than the one I had met the year before and that, for reasons outside of any of our control, she had been picked by God for an early return to His presence. Didn't God know that Cindy wasn't even fifty years old yet? Why so early, why so much pain?

As we ate I kept saying to myself, "Cindy, please smile. I want to remember your smile. Show me the same smile you gave me the first time I saw you; when you welcomed me into the Crystal Club". Only I didn't think she was capable of it, given the obvious discomfort she was in.

Suddenly someone at the table said something really funny and we all burst into laughter, everyone except Cindy who sat stone-faced. But the more we laughed the more I could see the outer edges of her lips curling upwards, poised to break into a smile.

Then she looked around the table, watching us laugh and I could see her brain calculating "is it okay to smile, please body, let me laugh with these people". And then she burst into a broad smile as good as any I've seen. Yes, it was okay to smile and her face was radiant and for a brief moment her pain was gone.

When the banquet ended I chatted with Cindy for a few moments and gave her a hug goodnight as she had to retire early. I never saw Cindy again and while her mortal life was short, my memory of that last smile is eternal.

**"...Like a Natural
Woman..."**
by Diane Torrance

MY VISIT TO THE DOCTOR

My employer told me to have Sex Reassignment Surgery (SRS) if I wanted to keep my job! My acceptance of this condition put me on a runaway train. I have a friend who arranged for and had SRS in less time than it took me; but it was a very fast paced, cliffhanging three weeks anyway. When everything finally came together I barely had time to catch my breath before I was on the airplane, the day before surgery, winging my way to the offices of Eugene A. Schrang, M.D., in Neenah, Wisconsin.

I arrived at his office early for my two o'clock appointment. I finally got in at three. Dr. Schrang spent some time discussing the procedures he would perform on me the next day (I was getting the "works") then gave me a physical exam and took the "before" pictures.

After being advised of the many possible complications of surgery, I signed the consent forms. Martina, my friend who accompanied me on my journey, and I then went across the street to Theda Clark Regional Medical Center where I was admitted to the "2-Center" surgical ward.

After the usual poking and prodding one gets when checking into a hospital, I was given a gallon of really wonderful stuff which had to be consumed in two hours. The whole purpose of *Go-Lightly*, which tastes like Gatorade, is the cleaning of one's intestines. It took me longer than two hours to drink it and longer than that for it to work; but once it started...

While waiting for the *Go-Lightly* to do it's thing, my perineum and perianum were shaved and I was "painted" from rib cage to knees with beta-dyne, a disinfectant, which was

cold, sticky and very uncomfortable. It is comforting for me to note, however, that the last time I saw my penis it was painted a sickly brownish-yellow. After my bowels were thoroughly cleansed, I was given a sleeping pill and as the day was already long, I had no difficulty falling asleep.

March 28, 1995: I was awakened at 6:00am, advised to go potty and brush my teeth, then given an injection to relax me. Shortly afterwards a gurney arrived, I climbed on and went on the ride for which I had waited a lifetime. I was wheeled to the elevator, down two floors and placed in the surgical "holding room". This appeared to be an oversized linen storage area that was kept dark and warm, very comforting.

I was never left alone during that 15-20 minutes; small talk was the extent of the conversation. At one point, the anesthesiologist came by to ask some questions. Soon we were advised Dr. Schrang had arrived and I was wheeled into the operating theater.

During the short time between scheduling surgery and going to Neenah, many friends, people who have known me and of my "condition" for years made a point of asking, "Are you sure?" This disappointed me because they all are aware of what I have risked personally and professionally to get to this point. And now my job depended on it. From the time I arrived at Dr. Schrang's until I was wheeled into surgery, not one medical professional asked that question. That didn't bother me but it did surprise me.

As I transferred from the gurney to the operating table, I took a look around. Two large spotlights dominated my field of vision and most things were blue. I must watch too many medical

programs on television - the room looked just like I expected. Dr. Choi, the anesthesiologist, strapped my left arm to a board sticking out of the table and inserted an IV needle. The last thing I remember saying before I passed out was, "Which end are you starting at?" (Note: They did the tracheal shave first followed by augmentation mammoplasty and finally SRS.)

Naturally, I remember nothing. That all happened by noon. My next conscious thought was at about 9:00 that evening. I awakened to find Mary Ann, the duty nurse, standing over me telling me I had some phone calls. My daughter, one of my sisters and Martina, who had returned to her home in Knoxville that morning, all called to see how I was doing.

As my awareness of my surroundings increased, I noticed first that a large, semi-circular hoop was attached to the bed, straddling me at mid-section. This was in place to keep the covers and everything else off my lower abdominal area. The next thing I noticed was Dolly Parton sitting on my chest. The reality is I am not that large; but the weight where I was unaccustomed to it, the tightness of my skin and the tape "holding them on" put considerable pressure on my chest.

It took me several weeks to get used to my breasts (I still break out in a big grin at that thought - MY breasts).

I heard an air-pump operate. This turned out to be "boots" which inflated sequentially, working in three sections on each leg, from my ankle to just above the knee. The inflation sequence took 15 seconds, The boots deflated during the one minute prior to re-inflation, then the sequence began again - for eight days. Actually, this was never an annoyance; but they failed

miserably in their purpose, blood clot prevention (three days after my return home I was back in a hospital for deep vein thrombosis - blood clots).

I was awake for about an hour. The next thing I knew it was 4:00am and I was hungry. The nurse brought me a bowl of Corn Flakes which satisfied the void until breakfast arrived. I was now wide awake and able to really take inventory of bodily additions and deletions. I saw that where my penis and testicles had been, I now had bandages, ice packs and a tube which ran over the right side of the bed (a Foley catheter). There was a gauze patch on my lower abdomen, measuring approximately 6X9, covering the site of the skin-graft, which Dr. Schrang does to increase vaginal depth.

"Dolly" hadn't moved and I finally took note of the I.V. bottle attached to my left arm. The one glaring omission from this scenario is pain. There are two reasons for this: first, the operation shocks the nerves so much they just shut down for a while (it was three weeks before they even began to wake up) and second, good drugs. The I.V. contained a demerol drip sufficient to ensure my induction into the "Space Cadet" Hall of Fame. Additionally, had I needed it, there was a button attached to the bed which released extra demerol.

We settled into a routine that varied little during the next five days. Hospital staff routine meant whenever a shift changed, regardless of whether I was awake or not, my blood pressure, pulse and temperature were taken. I was also required to wiggle my feet, breathe deeply and cough (something about making sure the anesthesia was cleared from my lungs).

Meals arrived promptly. I ate ravenously. My routine consisted mainly of eating, sleeping (I did a lot of that) and talking on the phone (my AT&T bill was \$267.00). I had brought several books and I had planned on keeping a detailed journal of all that happened; unfortunately, the hoop across the middle of the bed made reading and writing difficult - the drugs made them impossible.

I spent a great deal of time with my walkman firmly attached to my head, drifting in and out of consciousness. As I was the only SRS patient that week, I had a private room. This had some advantages, but I would have preferred someone to talk to who would not cost me almost as much as a psychologist (telephone bill).

Each morning, Dr. Schrang came by to see how things were going. This proved to be uneventful the first five days. Time passed quickly. The only event of note was on Sunday, we went from Standard to Daylight Savings time. Life really cooks on the shores of Lake Winnebago (I think that's why people choose to live there).

On Monday, April 3rd, the sixth day after surgery, my life changed. Dr. Schrang arrived just before mid-morning, as usual. After asking how I felt, he started undoing things. Ice bags and bandages were removed, as was the catheter. The hoop was taken off the bed and I was disengaged from the I.V. bottle; time for reality to check in.

After the inflating boots were taken off, I was informed that when I was ready I should try walking to the bathroom to urinate. Because of the significant rerouting of the urethra, urinating really is important, a post-operative SRS patient will not be discharged from the hospital without

demonstrating the ability. After surgery I had attempted to keep my legs moving when I was awake; I've had blood clots in my leg before and I did what I could to prevent a recurrence. A member of the hospital staff, seeing all this movement, had suggested I should be able to "get right up" at the appropriate time. (Helpful Hint for those considering SRS: You must be off female hormones for a period of time before and after surgery).

During the time before, the old testosterone kicks in at a rate exceeding that of an eighteen year old male. Even six days after surgery, there is enough left in the system to induce stupid behavior). I decided to prove to everyone watching that major, invasive surgery and six days on my back could not keep me down.

I got right up, gingerly to be sure, but without hesitation and slowly made my way to the bathroom where, for the first time in my life out of necessity, I sat to urinate. This was really exciting but nothing came out. I decided to go back to the bed. I stood up from the toilet, much too quickly (all that macho testosterone), I passed out. Fortunately, someone was there to catch me; I'm sure I would have cracked my head on something.

After that, I learned to move more slowly to compensate for the blood lost during surgery. I later found out that unless blood loss is severe, transfusions are not given. Temporary anemia is a common post-op condition. Later in the day I was able to take a shower. This was glorious, wonderful - I felt so grubby after six days in bed. Washing my hair was better than sex, as I remembered it (I've been on hormones a really looong time!).

Early evening found me once again semi-conscious with the walkman attached. I perceived a knock at my door. I didn't want to be bothered. I was tempted to say, "go away." Fortunately I didn't. Three friends from Ohio had driven up to visit. What a surprise. We ate junk food, talked and giggled, and generally upset the hospital routine for a couple of hours. I can never thank them enough for making an already eventful day very special. Thanks Michelle, Mindy and Nikki.

Tuesday, the day before my discharge, I was assigned my very own student nurse for the morning. Patty was just what I needed. She's thirty-something, has three children and has been around the block a time or two. After we completed her school requirements, we had time to get acquainted. She showed a real interest in gender identity disorder and asked excellent questions. We spent time together the next morning, also.

Tuesday afternoon was tough. They had taken away my demerol. I was in no pain; but without the "high", I got bored. Tuesday took a very long time. I was anxious to go home now. Wednesday dawned overcast, cold and windy (it's still Wisconsin in early April).

When Dr. Schrang came in that morning, he removed the packing from my vagina (that makes me smile, too) and immediately inserted a dildo, ouch! This was my introduction to dilating which even now I perform religiously several times each day.

My plan was to fly home that afternoon. Dr. Schrang tried unsuccessfully to convince me to stay in the area overnight. In retrospect, this would have been a great idea. Even though I had a great flight, very special treatment at my home airport,

and Paula picking me up, by the time I got home (10:30pm) I was exhausted, in pain and it had been ten hours since my last dilation. I should have dilated three times during that period. I wonder now how much vaginal depth I lost as a result. I have no plans to use it; but it cost me lot of money.

I'd like to share some thoughts on the entire process. First, Dr. Schrang's office staff, Jackie and Jan, are knowledgeable, courteous and go out of their way to make it work, even when the arrangements are made at the last minute. They were my first point of contact and I continue to consult them when I have questions about the healing process. I just can't say enough positives about them.

The staff of Theda Clark Regional Medical Center exceeds the advanced billing, which was very good. It started two weeks before I got there. A staff member called me, we spoke for an hour while she got answers to some questions about me and I was able to ask her questions about hospital stuff, extremely thoughtful. The staff with whom I interacted, nurses, technicians and aides, were, above all, professional in the conduct of their duties. They are comfortable with SRS patients, therefore they treat us with casual dignity. It's obviously not an affectation. As an example: I had John Gray's, "Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus" on my table. One of the techs asked, "Does that mean transsexuals are from Earth?" (For those who are as astronomically challenged as I am, Earth sits between Mars and Venus.)

He delivered this line with such a deadpan look, the only logical response was for both of us to break out in laughter. Also, a newly graduated RN spent as much time hanging around as

possible to learn more about us (I don't know how much I helped).

My somewhat limited pre-operative research showed Dr. Schrang is the best "technician" performing SRS today. The man is a perfectionist. He performs the operation the same way every time. He and his team know what will happen and when; surprises are rare. Consistently excellent results are the product of this approach.

At this writing (mid-May), healing has progressed and I am physically able to return to work. The skin-graft site is still tender, causing me to think before I move; but it doesn't prevent me from engaging in any activities. I'll skip the thong bikini this year, though. I did attend a party wearing a low cut dress; a friend suggested whatever I paid for the cleavage was worth it. I think so, too.

Other than being forced by my employer into a time-line not of my choosing, I am very pleased with surgery. I am truly amazed by what medical science and technology can accomplish.

Although I have no plans to take my shiny, new \$15,000 piece of equipment on a "test drive", I'm sure if I do, it will function perfectly.

Accessories:

Life itself is the proper binge.

Julia Child



Linda's Corner



It's been a while since I last had a chance to talk through this newsletter, but since Cross-Port is 10 years old this month, Bobbi suggested I write. I thought I would touch on a few of my memories, some notable dates, and drop a few names.

In early 1981, I and some others were actively trying to start a gender group in this part of the midwest. Many of us met and became acquainted, mostly through TRI-ESS. When Heather came out and made her first contacts, she found me, Sharon, Valerie, Sherry, Kelly, Lori, Betty, Joanne, Caryn (later Dana Lynn), Ginger, Sara, Belinda, Lee, Jill, and several others. She did this with relative ease since our names were already known by many people.

So my first meeting was in July, 1985, the second month of Crossport, and I have been here ever since.

Heather's first contact was Lily. I've met the male side of Lily on several occasions, but I don't recall ever seeing her dressed. I believe she still gets

this newsletter, but she was never very active in attending meetings (Most people have moved on through the years, but every so often, someone shows up from those early days).

Heather really dove deep into the formation of Crossport. She spent hours upon hours talking on the phone with people all over the country. One of her favorite contacts was Georgia Sanders from California.

Georgia ran a national group called the Gateway Gender Alliance (GGA), and published a newsletter called *The Phoenix*. This friendship flourished, and by September, Crossport became a chapter of GGA. GGA had many chapters, but not much organization. GGA was a one woman show, and burn out was fast approaching for Georgia. On July 1, 1986 GGA folded. This event had no effect on Crossport.

The early newsletters (still called the *InnerView*), were very personal. Heather and myself mostly wrote about what we knew: ourselves. I always was reporting on where I went and who I met. Heather often wrote about life through her eyes.

We followed Heather from the time she first met another Transgendered person to the point she realized she was Transsexual. We knew about her wife, where she worked, her family, and how she felt.

She kept us informed through her surgery in March of 1991. Heather and I learned and experienced many adventures for the first time together. We became close friends. She left a bright spot in my memory for which will always remain. Heather will always be special.

Cross-Port got involved in everything. The early meetings attracted about 10-15 ladies each month from all over. We ran ads in the papers, did talk shows, and spent many a nights in gay

bars searching for new members. Back then the main bars for us in Cincinnati were Jacober's Downstairs Bar and the Metro, both downtown. In Dayton is was 1470 West. We usually took in the drag shows any met many great people. It seems like we were going out every weekend. We also did fun stuff like, once a month we donned these little short skirts and went roller-skating on gay night.

One of our early recruits was Goldie. She and her friend were gay transvestites, the first I ever met. She acted as liaison to the Cincinnati Gay Coalition on behalf of Cross-Port. She was lots of fun, and very refreshing because she didn't seem to have the hang-ups that most people who joined the group did. We always reported on happenings of the Coalition, and attended many of their events.

We also had a run on Jennifers. Jennifer Marquette (Jenn) and Jennifer Greg were two of those "first girls." We called them Jennifer I and Jennifer II. I still remember the first 3-4 times Jenn came, she did not dress. A few of the TS's though he was really cute and were hoping she never would.

In December '85, a big guy named Dave came to our group at Heather's house. He never dressed, but always showed up. Many a night after the meeting a group of us would go down to "THE ISLANDS" in Newport. Dave would take "his" girls down and buy us all drinks. We had many great times in our first straight bar adventures.

I remember Lori from Indiana who stood close to seven foot in those spike heels, and spent much time ducking the beams in Heather's basement. She and Betty would always make the long drive from Indiana

And how could anyone forget the walk to Heather's home? We

met about 6:30 in the evening, and there were always lots of her black neighbors who would sit on their porches in the evening, and watch as we strutted by.

Cross-Port started a library, invited a few speakers to the group, started a wives' support group, and invited anyone else Heather would meet.

We kept getting braver and the group kept getting larger. We started in Heather's living room, moved to her basement, and one year later on June 19, 1986, we moved to the "HANGOUT". The *Hangout* was a Monroe, Ohio gay bar Sharon found, owned by a cute old straight guy named Ed (who was extremely nice to us). Our numbers were averaging 20 each month.

About this time, I went to the *Hangout* one night and found this shy guy dressed like a girl with a GG. He acted as if he had done this on a dare, and did not regularly dress.

I knew better and left him my phone number. He called the next day and confessed. We met the following weekend, and I still recall how nervous he was. We became good friends. He took the name of Dee. I'm sure most of you know her if you have ever been to *Christopher's* or the new bar that took it's place. In time, Dee was ready for her first straight club. We went to the *PRECINCT* on Delta Ave., and got kicked out after about an hour.

We had many guests like Fr. Mike, Shirley Clark, Dr. Paul Bishop, Dr. George Brown, and a GG friend of Heather's named Judy. I still see Shirley and Paul a few times a year. Judy was a student, who came to Cross-Port for a couple of years, and became good friends with many of the girls.

The *HANGOUT* was perfect for our meetings. Everyone was

extremely friendly, the dance floor was great, there were two extra restrooms you could change in, and they went out of their way to please us. Nearby were reasonable hotels for those who came from out of town. After each meeting, most people went to *Perkins* for breakfast. It was not unusual to see 20-30 of our girls in there at one time.

In August of the following year Ed took ill and suddenly sold the bar. Our meeting place moved to 1470 West in Dayton for one meeting. (This is where we first met Connie from Springfield.) We were shortly thereafter contacted by Chris of the new "*Christopher's Lounge*" (old *Hangout*) which stayed our home for the next five years.

May of 1987 was when we first met Belinda. She wrote quite often for the newsletter, and was always ready to go anywhere at anytime. She was always entering talent nights at the drag bars. She was very active for about five years.



I mentioned that we were a GGA Chapter. Well one of the largest following groups was in Chicago called the Windy City Chapter. The president, Sharon Hart wanted to take over where Georgia had left off. She renamed the group the *National Gender Alliance* (NGA). Sharon and Heather became good friends. Cross-Port was now an NGA Chapter. About 9 months later Sharon disappeared and so did NGA. Since that point in time our group has remained

independent of national affiliations.

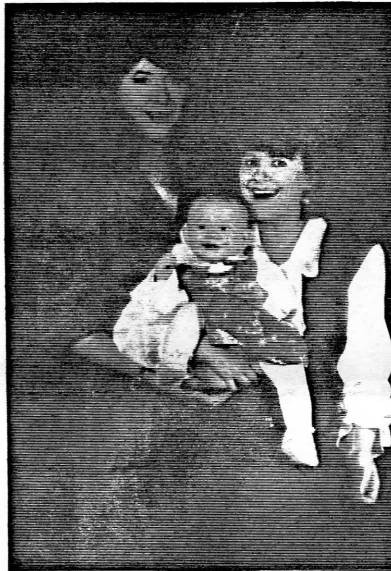
The first weekend in May of 1986, Heather and I made our maiden voyage to the *SPRING FLING*, a national convention in Chicago. We met people like Merissa Sherrill Lynn, Yvonne Cook, Ellen Summers, Shiela Kirk, Betty Ann Linn, Virginia Prince, and many other people (who would later become the first Board of Directors of IFGE). We promised to attend the first IFGE Convention for next year if they could pull it off. Of course this national exposure of our group lead to many referrals and contacts for membership.

The first and second IFGE Convention were attended by Heather and myself. Cross-Port was being recognized as one of the best new open-gender groups. In fact, most of the major groups today were forming about the same time. We understood the need for a national organization like IFGE, and pledged our full support. This would be demonstrated for years to come by designating May as *IFGE month* and taking up a special collection for them.

Heather wanted to move to Boston and work with Merissa. Unfortunately she had personal problems, and, with no money, this dream never materialized. I was chosen as Cross-Port's first representative to IFGE, and have, obviously, stuck with it. I have been a board member for six years and currently "chair" the Board of Directors.

A few months before the second convention, Alice and Alona joined Cross-Port. Our meetings were now averaging about 25 people. Everyone remembers Alice as a little strange because she was so androgynous. She would change her gender ordination in the middle of a conversation. She

and Heather became really close. Alona was a big girl, who was a preacher. The four of us went to IFGE's second convention together.



From almost the beginning, we attracted a number of people from Indianapolis area. Within a year, it became evident these girls need their own group. In January of 1987, Betty and Lori gathered thirteen girls together for the first time in Indianapolis to form a group. On April 2, they chose the name IXE (Iota Chi Sigma, Indiana Crossdresser's Society). Since most of these girls were Cross-Port members, we kept most of the mailing lists and printed the "Indy Report" for many, many months until they could start their own newsletter and got better organized.

A few couples started to show up in 1987. There was Alice(GG) and Rebecca (TS). Rebecca was always very quiet, and Alice, was very out going and helpful to her. They still see Heather, and I hear that Becky is scheduled for SRS in August. There was Hazel (GG) and Jeanie (TS). Again, Jeanie was very quiet. But Hazel would write to the talk shows, so they found themselves on television three times.

Both wives were very supportive of the SRS. Cathy and

Laurie showed up in November. Laurie probably made the biggest impression. She was every crossdresser's dream of the "perfect wife". She would also go on to write many articles from a wife's point of view for the newsletter.

In the fall of 1987, Heather wanted someone else to take over much of the work, but she would still maintain the phone. I started to lead the meetings each month. Jennifer and I pledged to also work on the newsletter, again relieving Heather of some work. At the end of the year, Cathy joined us, and by January, the newsletter went to Cathy's basement.

Starting in February of 1988, the *InnerView* began to print, what would later be recognized as, the famous *Linda's Cartoons*. I had an Apple IIe computer and I played around with the clip art. Many of these cartoons were picked up by newsletters across the country and by *Tapestry Magazine*. The last cartoon was in July of 1989.

During 1989, our membership was in the thirties. We still attracted many people from out of town, especially Indiana. Dana came all the time with many of her friends. In the spring, Cathy & Laurie joined me for the third IFGE convention in San Francisco. In June, the girls in the Columbus area started to get together. They, of course, would form the *Crystal Club*. The fall brought Claudia, Jeannine, and **Halloween**. This would be the first time the Cross-Port girls invaded the Oregon District in Dayton for the street party.

In December, Connie showed up dressed for the second time. Billie from Richmond made her first meeting. She was full time TG and was very cute with a crackle in her voice. Billie who became a regular in our group, would be our first member to die

of AIDS in the fall of 1992. We attracted 45 people to our potluck Christmas Party, another new record.

We also had many girls, like Alona, who came in from West Virginia. In January of 1990, she announced that she and some local girls were forming Trans-West Virginia (TWV) which would meet near Huntington.

Cross-Port seemed to continue to grow. Through 1990, we always had at least 40-45 people show up. The *InnerView* many times contained eight pages. It covered many national events and stories. Unfortunately, it rarely printed pictures, thus, many names have no faces.

A new girl named Elaine showed up at our November meeting. Never again would I get accused of having the shortest skirt or the tallest pumps. After her first few meeting, many people formed the "I hate Elaine Fan Club".

In the Spring of 1991, Cross-Port was blessed with the likes of Kristine and Joyce. Both of these girls would attend many national events over the years and be strong supporters of Cross-Port. They are just two examples of why the BE-ALL in Cincinnati is now reality. That spring also marks the final chapter of Heather's transition to womanhood. JoAnn would take over the phone for a few months, and then turn it over to Shelbi. A few more months, and Joyce would take over. The BE-ALL in Cleveland would have 15 girls from Cross-Port attend.

April 13, was the date of the first "Weekenders Meeting", at which nine people showed up. May drew five attendees. The food was great, we brought speakers in, and the location was great. Too bad nobody new showed up. June increased to nine again, but it was down to five the next month. October

would be the last meeting since every month brought the same five people. It seemed that so many wanted a weekend meeting so badly, but never did show up.

Spring also saw Barbara and many girls from the Louisville area at the meeting. They spent much of the meeting talking together. By meetings end they planned to start up their own group.



In late summer of 1991, the Cincinnati Imperial Court held its first Coronation in Newport. When fall arrived Bob from The Thing Shop, talked Belinda, Elaine, Joyce, Nora, and myself into a trip to Toronto for the Imperial Court Coronation weekend. We liked it so much, we returned to start our own group. Thanks to Bob, the group is now a full court.

January, 1992, would be another turning point for the newsletter. Elaine and Joyce would now be in charge. I started talking to the producers of the New Jerry Springer Show here in Cincinnati. I set the show up for them and brought girls in from all over the country. In February, six of our girls went to see them tape the show. The same month I would also introduce the O.W.W.S.M.M. (Organization for Women Who are Sometimes

Mistaken for Men), which later gained international recognition.

In March, Jerry Springer had another show on gender. This time Cindy, Elaine, Bobbie, Barbara, Belinda, Joyce, and I went to the show dressed. Afterward we had lunch with some of the out-of-town guests and the producers. April brought us Bobbi and Beverly (SO) for the first time.

In June of 1992, *Christopher's* closed for remodeling. In July & August we went to the Golden Lions. It opened again in September and stayed open until June of 1993, when it closed for good. Since then we have been at the *Golden Lions* in Clifton.

Halloween drew another big crowd in the Oregon District. The Christmas party had 54 attendees, another new record at a Cross-Port meeting. Melody also joined us from the Paradise Club and Candy showed her face for the first time.

In the spring of 1993, I announced that I had been elected as Chair of the Board of IFGE. Who would have thought? I began traveling to 4-5 gender conventions each year. Most of my adventures were documented in *Linda's Corner*. Baron Bob became now a regular contributor with Barony updates. Bobbi also started to contribute on a regular basis, and dinner at GJ's Gaslight before the meeting had become popular for many of the girls.

Summer time gave us the faces of Paula and Gina, and the soon to be famous, *Human Rights Ordinance* from the Cincinnati City Council.

That Halloween, eight girls stopped in Pedro's for dinner before braving the ten degree cold and the trip to the Oregon District. Our numbers at the meetings were averaging between 40-50. Fall also was the beginning of Bobbi's one-on-one

interviews in the newsletter, and Michelle and Victoria from Columbus makes their first Cross-Port meeting.

The Christmas party was attended by 65 people. Wow! But January would see a drop to 35. Diane B., Heather P., Debbie, DeAnna, and Lisa began coming on a regular basis. The newsletter saw articles from Heather, Paula, and of course Barbara Jean.

In May, 1994, Bobbi, Beverly, Elaine, Heather, Candy, Jenn, Nancy, Paula, Jamie Elizabeth, and Gina, joined me in Louisville at the Galt House. We "manned" a display booth and hosted a welcome party in Sandra Cole's room for the 350 members of AASECT. The following evening we attended a dinner-cruise on the *Star of Louisville*. Afterward I had a real sense of togetherness among the girls. Maybe it was because this was the first large, organized event Cross-Port ever put together, and the fact that we did so well. I was very proud of Cross-Port (the gender grapevine throughout the country talked about our job well done).

Talk started that summer about moving back to Monroe to the *OLD STREET SALOON*, *Christopher's* old bar. Problem was that it was now a country western music bar, most of the people didn't want to drive that far, and Perkins now closed early. Instead, it was announced that the second Thursday was now a second meeting night for anyone interested. This additional meeting never really drew over a small handful of girls, though.

Around this same time, our membership at the meetings declined to the thirties. At the same time, every group I spoke to around the country also told me that their numbers were falling. I'd gotten so busy with IFGE, I just couldn't find time

for contributing much to the newsletter.

On a bright note, Kristine, Candy, Gina, and myself hit the road to the BE-ALL in Pittsburgh. I heard over and over again, about how Paradise had lost many members and the new girls didn't want to host BE ALL next year. Kristine and I started talking to Naomi, and by the convention's end, Cross-Port was given the task. We were warned that we didn't know what we were getting ourselves into, but I knew I could count on many of the group for support.

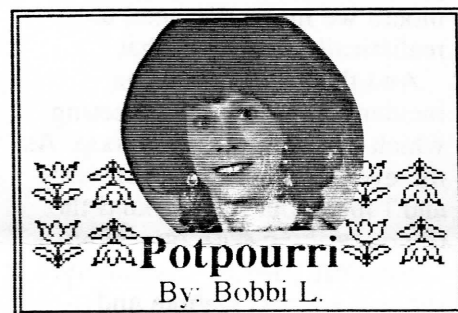
In fall, the "Hooter's girls" made their first appearance, and the BE-ALL Committee started meeting on a regular basis. December marked the beginning of Bobbi taking over the newsletter and Paula started to stick her nose where no crossdresser ever dare venture before.

For some reason, in 1995 meeting attendance has dropped into the 20's, so we put some ads in the local papers. The BE ALL Committee is in full gear, planning for what must be one of the best ever. A week before BE ALL we had over 150 registrations and 520 "room nights." The hotel is so full, we know that we will have to find rooms in other hotels. I'm very excited and so is everyone else.

This brings us up to the present, just days before the BE ALL and during the month of our tenth anniversary. Before I close, I must drop a few more names of people who, for years, came around but never really got involved with organization part. They are: O'Day, the schizophrenic TS with twelve personalities; Bobbie, the street wise TS who doesn't own a bra; Stephanie, the tall, cute, wild TS; Christine, another tall, skinny, cute TS who started coming to the group when she was 16;

Susan, a quiet pre-op TS ; Stephanie, who carried a cane; Andrea, A TV from Cleveland who for years drove down to our meeting and sat quietly by herself in the corner; and Paula, Tracy, Renee, Jill, Lisa, Karen, "lawyer Bob", Holly, Linda, Candy Lee, Tommy Sue, Diane, Barb, "pool shark Joe", Joanne, and everyone else I can't think of at the moment.





First, let me apologize for last month's announcement that our June meeting would be held at the Holiday Inn. It now appears the invitation to hold our monthly meetings there was, in reality, never made by anyone at the hotel.

What was suggested was that our girls come out at anytime to experience the nightclub and

restaurant. Perhaps, after the Be-All demonstrates to the management just how pleasant, and free-spending, we cross-dressers are, an invitation to hold meetings there might be forthcoming.

And speaking of changing meeting sites, let me relay to all of our readers the *rationale* behind the movement. More than once in the near past I have heard, and have said, that the mood at G.L. seems to have changed. Some of us are feeling uncomfortable because the other customers are not making us "feel wanted," or, in a few cases, making us feel **too** wanted.

The typical comment goes something like this: "Golden Lions sure is different since the new owners have taken over."

Well, if I may, let me cite Jennifer Marquette's reply to this observation when I discussed those comments..."Yeah, **now** the place **has** regular customers in it!"

She's right. The new management has "managed" to turn the bar into a moneymaker. **We** are no longer the only patrons on the **one** night each month we meet. We need to realistically deal with that.

And this brings me to an incident from the May meeting which knocked me for a loop. As the evening progressed, Beverly and I made our way around the room speaking with our many Cross-Port friends. Eventually, she and I found Debbie and Debbie sitting back by the ladies' room. Joyce soon joined us. As we chatted, I noticed behind me a young "couple" and their single friend. These guys would occasionally turn their heads toward us and then giggle in, what appeared to me, derisive reaction.

"Oh great," I thought to myself, "more TV slamming from the regulars!"

As time always does for Beverly and me, the minutes raced by and soon it was time for us to leave. Debbie and Debbie and Joyce also needed to move on. I was the last to leave the table, and as I gathered my purse, camera, and portfolio I noticed that the "couple" had left their buddy and gone to shoot pool.

Walking by their friend, I saw him gesture to me to come to him.

"Gawd, he's going to make some nasty comment about Nancy boys crowding up his bar!" I cringed. **Wrong! Big time, Wrong!**

What he did was take my hand gently and tell me, "I just wanted to say how much I admire the courage the members of your group have. It takes a lot of guts to do what you do and I envy you for that."

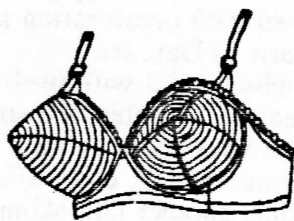
Needless to say I could have been knocked over with the proverbial feather.

I told him how much I appreciated his comments and how so many of us felt that we were definitely **not** admired, or even welcomed by the Golden Lions' clientele.

He assured me that, at least for him, the opposite was true. He hoped that we felt free to come any time.

I told him that, as editor of the newsletter, I would certainly pass on to our members his comments.

"I guess, sometimes ya' never know!"



Our Sisters Abroad "Dispatches from Berlin"

Ed. Note: Memorial Day Weekend, our sister, Tami, visited from Berlin. The next week we received the following note which we wanted to share with Cross-Port:

May 30, 1995

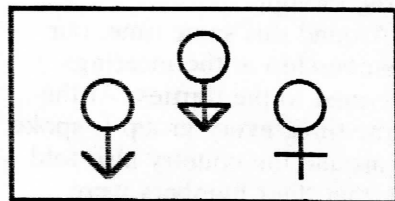
Dear Bobbi and Beverly,

Just a short note to thank you both for your hospitality on Friday and Saturday. Tami had a lovely time, and it is good to know that our friendships transcend small barriers like 4,000 miles of water.

As I said on Friday evening, I never knew I would miss Cross-Port so much. It is very important to keep it going, and the Be-All should be a big factor in that. I feel quite guilty not contributing to it. I know that by the time it is all over you will be totally exhausted, but with your talents it should be about the best event ever. When you have eventually recovered I shall expect a full report (preferably delivered in person!)

Once again, thank you and give our regards to everyone we know.

Love,
Tami
(and Maureen in absentia)



Cross-Port Finances
(based on April, '95
bank statement)

Expenses:

Postage	32.00
Phone	21.88
Newsletter (115)	54.86
TOTAL	108.74

Income:

collection:	60.00
newsletter (cash)	4.00
donation	6.00
newsletter (check)	25.50
TOTAL	95.50

Cross-Port Balance:
April, '95 **1009.56**

Publication Notice

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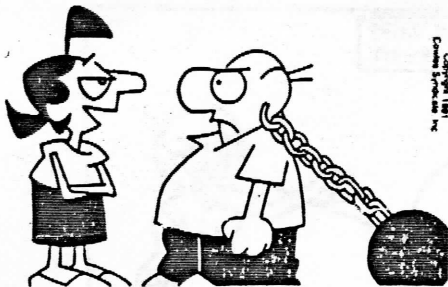
The opinions or statements contained in *InnerView* are those of its authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of Cross-Port.

InnerView is produced on a **Macintosh IIci** using *Microsoft Word 5.1*. Articles submitted for publication should be on 3.5 disk or typed, double-spaced. 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 families and friends.

THE BETTER HALF

HARRIS 12-31



"With the right earring, pierced ears look great on husbands!"



Ed. Note:

Deadline for July issue submissions is Saturday, July 1, 1995. All articles submitted by post must be received at the Cross-Port P.O. Box by then.

In honor of Cross-Port's tenth anniversary, we have taken this opportunity to present Wendy Parker's A Chronology of Historical Facts of Interest to the Gender Community (© 1991).

- 1968 - "Dream" weekends begin in Oregon and continue till 1981. One of the first "full-time" living experiences given yearly.
- 1969 - Wilma Thordsen establishes first TV club activity in New York state. Club later known as *TVIC*.

- 1969 - New York City "street queens" start Stonewall uprising in Greenwich Village. This action ultimately sparks the Gay Liberation Movement.
- 1975 - Ariadne Kane founds the Outreach Institute and plans the first Fantasia Fair (held in 1976). This major crossdressers' convention has been given yearly uninterrupted to today.
- 1982 - First "Be-All" Convention organized by Naomi Owen and several Chicago groups.
- [1985 - **Heather Peerson founds *Cross-Port* in Cincinnati, Ohio on June 15, 1985. It continues today to be a viable and influential organization.**]
- 1987 - Merissa Sherrill Lynn founds *I.F.G.E.* in January, 1987. She and Yvonne Cook establish offices in 1988 and begin yearly "Coming Together" conventions (first in Chicago in 1987). Merissa later proposes idea for Congress of Representatives.
- 1990 - "Americans with Disabilities Act" passes in Congress, grouping criminal behavior with TV/TS individuals. A conservative political backlash against gays and other alternative lifestyles increases as AIDS crisis spreads.
- 1991 - Continued pressure on American Psychiatric Institute to remove gender dysphoria from DSM III status as gay rights activists had homosexuality removed from same stigma. Dr. Richard Doctor and Dr. George Brown continue research into gender community.

Cross-Port (and the lifestyle): to be continued....

The shopping trip by Linda

