

Cross-Port Inner View

P.O. Box 12701, Cincinnati, OH 45212

The next meeting is March 16 at 7:30

A New View

by Cathy

The attendance February was lighter than it has been most months with about twenty-five ladies at the meeting. Most notably absent was Heather who missed her first meeting since Cross-Port was formed at her home all those years ago.

Dave, a professional photographer, showed up to offer his services to Cross-Port members. His rates were a lot more reasonable than one might expect, and he said he would be willing to take your photo at either the meeting or during a private shoot. Most importantly, Dave has crossdressed himself and understands the need for discretion. Let us know if you would be interested in having him bring his equipment to a meeting.

It looks as if we have found a place to do the newsletter and give you girls someplace else to go other than the meetings. Jennifer and I went to G. J.'s Gaslight which is a restaurant on Ludlow Avenue in the Clifton area of Cincinnati. For those of you who know the Cincinnati scene, it is one block south of where the Golden Lion used to be located.

We talked to the manager there and he said they would be glad to have us assemble there to do the colating, folding and stuffing. They have a private room where we would meet. If enough people order dinner there will be no charge to Cross-Port for the facilities. Most meals are between five and nine dollars. We found the food good and service excellent.

Since Linda and I will both be at the I.F.G.E. convention in San Francisco the first two weeks of April, plan to meet up there the second Thursday of May at 7:30.

Can We Talk?

by Heather Peerson

I'm back from Boston and what can I say I enjoyed it, even though I did get a little homesick I am working on an article which will appear in a future issue describing the event. For now I'll say that by the end of April Issue 53 of the TV/TS Tapestry should be in your hands with more stories and personals than ever (one of Linda's Cartoons made it again also).

I was also able to get a look at Transvestites and Transsexuals: Toward a Theory of Cross-Gender Behavior by Dr. Richard F. Docter. It is meant to be a text book and is therefore a little "dry" for the average reader but I feel it is well worth having for your shelf. Another book I looked at but have not yet had a chance to read is, Geraldine, for the Love of a Transvestite by Monica Jay. It is an autobiographical book about a woman who meets and falls in love with a TV. These books are available through I.F.G.E. Write PO Box 367, Wayland, MA 01778 or phone (617) 358-2305

The "Names Project Quilt" will be in Cincinnati at Convention Center March 24-26. This is a commemorative quilt for persons and families of AIDS victims. I recommend that you take the time to see it.

There is a "March for Women's Equality/Women's Live" in Washington DC on April 9 Cincinnati NOW has a bus trip up and back for \$50. The bus will leave on Saturday night and arrive back Monday morning in time for work Contact Barbara Pratt at (513) 281-7362 if you would like to attend.

B-4 productions is holding auditions for Larry Kramer's play "The Normal Heart" on

March 16th, 17th (7:00 pm) and 18th (3:00 pm) at Gabriel's Corner. It is a play about the beginnings of the AIDS epidemic. They need 11 men and 1 woman. Call 721-5826 for more information.

The theme for Cincinnati's Gay/Lesbian Pride Week (June 3rd - 10th) is "Stonewall 20: A Generation of Pride". For those who do not know, the Stonewall movement was touched off by a number of "Drag Queens" twenty years ago. Crossdressing has been part of the Gay Pride movement since its beginnings. Pride Week in Columbus Ohio is June 17th - June 25th. For more information there call (614) 299-7764.

On the personal side, the good news is I have a job. I work in the office of a department store. It is not a high paying job but it is a job and I enjoy it. The bad news is I will be working from 5:00 pm to 10:00 or 11:00 pm most week nights. This means I won't be attending the Cross-Port meetings unless my schedule gives me Thursday night off. I am still working my daytime part-time job so it may be real difficult to reach me even by phone. I do intend to stay in touch.

My previous employer is still trying to take away my unemployment benefits which ran out in December. Legal Aid is supposed to go to bat for me. I'll keep you informed.

Heather

Cross-Port Finances

Here is the current status of the Cross-Port Treasury:

Beginning Balance as of Last Newsletter (Feb. 9): \$913.96

February Expenses:

Phone:	\$19.00
Envelopes & Stamps:	\$30.00
Bank Charges:	\$1.05
Total Expenses:	<u>\$50.05</u>

February Incomes:

Meeting Collection:	\$51.00
Dues, Etc.:	\$146.00
Total Income:	<u>\$197.00</u>

Ending Balance as of March 9: \$1060.91.

We also mailed two intro packets this month.

Not Me Again!

by Michelle Davis

This article originally appeared in the November 1988 issue of The Crossdressers's Bureau. Gloria Wright, editor of that newsletter added the info that Michelle Davis, the author, is also the February Cover Girl for TCB. Congratulations Michelle, we really enjoy your writing.

I had been looking forward to the November Transpitt meeting for a few weeks. I even bought a complete new outfit for it. The company I work for was having their annual 8-hour safety meeting the same day as the meeting. I left early so I could go home in plenty of time to get ready. My wife was not going to go to this meeting, she had already made plans to go to her mother's for dinner with our son. I got home about 2:30 from my meeting and started shaving and that sort of stuff. We talked a little while before she said she was going to leave. You know how it goes, "Goodbye Hon, have a good time!" "You too!" "Bye dad! Be careful!" "You too!"

I finish dressing and check out the mirror. "Not too bad," I think to myself. I'm wearing a silky blouse, very short black miniskirt, snazzy silver belt, black patent heels, silver jewelry, and my favorite long brunette wig. I grab my coat and purse and check my money. No money! "Where's my money?" I look everywhere. Still no money. We always keep money around for deliveries and things. I find a few rent checks that haven't been deposited, but no green stuff. My wife has all the green stuff with her. I don't have time to change back into my male clothes so I could cash a check. I keep trying to call her mother's house. No answer. "Maybe she didn't go to her mother's. Maybe she has a boyfriend. She keeps telling me I'm all she needs." As I think this, I happen to glance into a mirror. That was really bad timing. Then I remember they were going to church first. I'm not going into church after her tonight.

Next idea: This is where my intelligence really starts showing, or lack of(?). I call my mom who lives about 9 miles away. I told her Char took all the money with her and I needed \$40.00 tonight. "Sure, no problem", she said. I couldn't tell her why but I needed her to put it in an envelope and put it out by the end of her street under a rock. Pretty clever, aren't I? She finally and reluctantly agreed. Out the door I went just as happy as could be. I had planned on stopping somewhere in Pennsylvania for gas as I only had half a tank full. About 1 mile away

from Mom's house this really neat thing happened I ran out of gas. The gas gauge sometimes reads a little off, but surely not tonight. I was really sure it had a half tank. Now what?

It was 8 miles back home by way of the interstate, it was 1 mile to my Mom's house. One problem, she doesn't know I do this. Before you can powder your nose, I headed to Ma's house. Cars keep slowing down, I guess to ask if I need a lift, but I keep motioning them by. Do you know how far a mile is in these 3" heels on a dark road on a Saturday evening? Almost there I see an off duty State Trooper out in his yard trying to teach his kid how to park a car. Luckily he either doesn't notice me or he doesn't want to be bothered tonight with a poor girl who might be broke down. Either way, I made it by him.

As I step up to Mom's door, I hope she remembers I was always a good kid and always remembered her birthdays and never caused her too many problems. In about 30 seconds I'm going to need all the points I can get. Instead of Mom at the door my stepfather answers. I tell him who it is and would he get Mom for me. He kept trying to open the door and I keep trying to hold it closed. Luckily, I'm bigger than he, so I finally won. I asked Mom to come outside. I had something to ask her. Surely by now anything I ask her isn't out of the ordinary. As she comes out the door, I can remember telling her, "My wife knows and approves. I'm not gay. I'll talk to you later about it. Will you go get me \$5.00 gas in a can? I ran out of gas and I'm on my way to a crossdresser's meeting in Pittsburgh."

I have to have the coolest mom anywhere. She dropped me off at my car while she went and got the gas. She even helped put it in so I wouldn't smell like gas. Never said a word. I thanked her and told her that Char, and myself would talk to her later about it. Unknown to me at that time, my sister had put the money under the rock for me. She thought I was in some sort of trouble so she came looking. She passed the girl walking up the road and saw the car off on the side of the road with the flashers on. I guess she drove by a few times until she figured everything out. I haven't talked to her yet. My mom has and she says she really isn't too upset about it. Great people.

After I cross into Penn., I stopped at a gas station. The attendant walked up and I handed him the gas cap key and softly told him, "\$25.00 premium unleaded" I must have fooled him because he spent quite a bit of time cleaning the windows. It must have been the short skirt. He gave back the key, handed me the change and

said "Thank you and come again". I think passing for just that little bit made up for everything else that went wrong.

My wife was up when I got home so I asked her if my mom called. She asked why. She really didn't believe all this could have happened. She really felt bad about having all the money with her. She thought I had some. A couple of days later my mom came over and brought up something I hadn't thought of before. It never occurred to me what might happen if I was out and someone recognized me. This could affect my wife's position at her job, all her friends, and all my friends. Also, maybe my son's friends wouldn't be allowed to play with him. They would probably call him names at school. I guess I was being selfish dressing here at home and driving to the meetings. From now on I'll either dress in the room provided, or if it's a special event, I'll get a room for changing.

I am a person who gets a little jealous of other people for what they may look like or what they may have, but this time I'll just sit back and let others be envious of me. I've got the best wife ever, a really cool mom who is more up to date than I ever imagined, and a sister who can see things even if in a little light.

From Our Readers

Dear Friends,

I am writing about a small article that appeared in your latest newsletter concerning sizes. That article contained several size charts and text that came from my book, *Art & Illusion. A Guide to Crossdressing*, first edition. Please don't misunderstand, it is not the sizes in the tables that are copyrighted but the formatting of the information and the original text starting with the words, "Notice...". I am obliged to point out the copyright infringement in order to protect my work.

Be that as it may, I also want to inform you that those tables are now obsolete. In 1987 the fashion industry revised all Misses, Juniors, Womens and Half-Sizes. The latest size tables are reproduced in the second edition of *Art & Illusion*, and I have included the applicable pages here for you. You may print these pages, or extract them as needed, if you wish, so that your readers will have the most current information. All I ask is that you give proper attribution to the source, which is *Art & Illusion. A Guide to*

rules made them mandatory, but he realized the discomfort they caused and proceeded to loosen them a bit.

Next stop, the jail. Were they busy! There were three people ahead of me waiting to give necessary information to the desk sergeant. I was told to stand in the corner, still wearing the cuffs. While standing there for twenty minutes, I had my first real chance to collect my thoughts. I made the decision that under no circumstances would I let them degrade me. If they tried, I would show no emotion or submission for them to enjoy

As there were about ten officers working in this area, I fully expected some snickers, dirty looks, or worse. Surprisingly, there were none. I stood tall and proud, looking them straight in the eyes anyway.

Next I was given the breath test and failed it by a close call. My turn came to be booked and the cuffs were removed. No comments were made about my appearance and only one question irritated me; "Are you a homosexual?"

With the booking completed, two officers took me to an individual cell, handed me a pair of prison cover-alls, and told me to strip completely there before them. This was unexpected and shocking to me. My thoughts raced and in the end I decided there was nothing about my body to be ashamed of, as Ken or Renee. I disrobed, looking them square in the eyes daring them to say something and thinking they might begrudgingly get a charge out of this. I had been doing some wild dancing and was wearing a one-piece swimsuit under a skirt. They showed no emotion and made no comments.

After putting on their uniform, I was told to take off my wig. At this command I was elated, because I knew then I would get that last small laugh. I wear no wig and if they were to degrade me from the neck up, they would have to cut my hair and scrub off my make-up. They gave up on the wig idea and left.

The next three hours were terrible. It was so cold in the cell I had to roll up into a ball to keep from shaking and having my teeth chatter. Finally, I was allowed to see the bondsman and get myself bailed out.

A cab was called and I was escorted through the building and to the outside by a single officer. On the way out, I could not resist being cute and said to the officer, "My clothes certainly feel much better than the ones you gave me." He just grunted a bit and gave me a small glance

from the corner of his eye. I felt great and smiled. My self-respect was very much intact and I felt even stronger and more confident as Renee than ever before in my life.

Strange as it may sound this experience gave me the confidence to do the one thing I had never dared; the ultimate illusion in my mind. About a month after being arrested, I spent the afternoon at a public beach in my swimsuit.

You only live once, or is it twice? So enjoy it all "girls", but do stay away from the Boys in Blue.

Crossdressing Basics Choosing a Name

by Jennifer

So, you want to be a crossdresser do you? Then welcome to "Crossdressing Basics". Whether you're a neophyte or veteran we have helpful hints for bending your gender more successfully. Our first treatise deals with selecting an appropriate "nom de plumage".

Choosing a name is best done before going out for the first time. So when some guy at Slaterns Disco asks you your name, you don't blurt out "Everett". However, most of us spent enough time in the closet fantasizing of being a Hollywood starlet that we came up with glamorous names based on hot properties, slightly adjusted. Names such as: Marilyn Monrovia, Lauren Bacanall or for those young hussies - Clyt Eastwood (a performer in Tijuana). Of course if you started young, you might choose a name like Minnie Mousely or be an exotic French chanteuse by name of Winnie LePooh.

Probably the most popular form of namesaking your girl self is the simple feminization of your male name by suffixing with -a, -ia, -ie or -ette. For example, if your name is Robert you've got choices for any type of personality - Roberta, Betty, Bobbie, Bertha. But if your name is Ralph, you're not allowed to crossdress. Here are some celebrities with their little known femme names: Lyla Alzado, Hulka Hogan (the Hensuous Hulka some of you heard tell about), Arlena Schwarzenegger starring in The Impersonator and Onan the Librarian, Barbara Bush and Ayatoilette Khomeanie (known regionally as: The Cheap Date). But perhaps I should retract that last statement and apologize lest a black-veiled TV appear at some future meeting and attempt to

earn the bounty of 200,000 burpees placed on my head.

Heck, everyone knows there are no crossdressers in Islam. Why? Just simply imagine the sensual allure of wearing black sackcloth head to toe. I guess it's fine for the budget conscious dresser though; no makeup, no wigs, no heels just a hand me down from Sister Robert Bob. Actually, the only state sponsored perversity in Iran is the wearing of Pampers (How many? Oh, I don't know, the more the merrier). The use of these diapers is quite popular among the truck driver types making deliveries to various embassies. The extra absorbency protects their "Go directly to Heaven, do not pass Go" Card after they lose their bladder control. This also allows them to present themselves well at Heaven's Gate. "Hi, guys! Nice bloomies. Who ya here with? Muhammad? Yeah, He's here, just a sec. Sorry but we don't have you on the guest list. What's that? Oh, the Khomeini Party, yes, of course. They're downstairs, Lower Level. Just take that elevator shaft down the hall."

Back to names. If you're going to be in shows consider names that conjure up a characteristic image you would like to portray. Handles like: Peaches LaPits, Fonda Peters, Electra Glide, Tawny Frogmouth and Crystal Phlegm are good examples.

If you have a nickname that you like and would enjoy carrying it over as your femme name make sure the trait it exemplifies is flattering. Rusty is cute for a redhead, Alfalfa may be covered up by your wig as may be Dumbo so check the mirror. Be cautious of which bars you patronize if your name is Spanky.

If you wish to be clever or sophisticated you can choose a trivia name. Hester Prynne will pique interest in the learned admirer. Daphne or Josephine are good film buff names and the first person who can write in and tell me why will win a prize. The film co-starred Marilyn Monrovia and was shot at a location I've been to more than you. The prize will be the 100th anniversary book of that location. Maybe. Ain't this article great, something to read and now prizes. Better than Cappy Dick.

Let's face it, some names just don't fit dressers and special care should be used to avoid names like Mary, Constance, Donna Reed and Anita Bryant. On the other hand, nearly any currently popular celebrity makes a good name for awhile - Whitney, Brooke, Tiffany, Pluto, Latoya. The danger being that if you go without periodic change you can end up being Mona or even Clytemnestra.

Speaking of which, mythological names can be quite nice. Just make sure you can live up to a name like Athena, Venus, Aphrodite or Medusa. Likewise, Biblical names can be swell too. Sara is nice but Lot's Wife isn't very coy. Neither is Horsehead Beelzebub. The exception to the "Mary" rule above is when it's followed by "Magdalene" although you might want to change the first name to, say, Linda.

Which brings us to last names. They too, should be chosen with great care. They should poetically synthesize with your first name through alliteration, internal rhyme scheme, or what have you; and if they provide a double entendre, all the better. This is a real sweet name - Areola Karess, and it's up for grabs. If you're partial to that continental flair you could be Honore Kniese. No, Maid Marian is too flagrant, these names need to seem more common and speak subtly to the careful listener. Like this tabloids' co-editor's name, Catherine Moorehead.

Well, God knows I'm sure this has been a wonderful help to all of you. If you don't like any of these suggestions you can always try the ingredient list on boxes of Chinese food.

Publication Notice

© Copyright 1989 Cross-Port

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.

Articles and information contained in InnerView may be reprinted by other non-profit organizations without advance permission, provided a copy of the issue containing the reprinted material is sent to Cross-Port within two months after the material is published.

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

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.



Fooling Ourselves

"Your eyes are bigger than your belly". "The grass is always greener on the other side of the fence" These are just a few of the old sayings you hear everyday. It's only human nature for one to fool themselves into thinking something which is not possible, is possible. For many of us who are transvestites/transsexuals, we experience this on many different levels quite frequently, as we try to understand ourselves.

The favorite line I love to hear is, "I was out in public today, and I passed." Hey now, did this person really pass, or did nobody pay any attention because they just didn't care. Depending on the places you go, and the people you meet, is what's going to determine if they even cared what sex you were. Older people don't seem to care. The younger they are, the more important your sex is. Being around small children all the time, I see it is very important to them, because once they know the persons sex, this tells the child how a person should look and act. Society has already taught these children what is expected of you, depending on your gender. A perfect example of a typical small child's response is evident in the movie E.T. In this movie, when the little girl first meets ET, she doesn't wonder if it bites, or where it came from, she asks, "Is it a boy or is it a girl?"

I only want to stress the point, that one shouldn't get over confident in ones ability to pass, because it just hurts us when someone does ask. At least, no one usually knows who you are, and your male identity is still safe.

Many of us get a little braver and want to start changing our body. Examples of this would be, piercing your ears, letting your hair or nails grow long, plucking your eyebrows, and maybe even electrolysis. Most of these things are noticeable to a keen observer. Many of us go through everyday life not noticing the little things in life.

I personally however, seem to notice almost everything. I notice not only changes in appearance, but behavior, dress, action, and most things that surround me. That's why, most of you who know me, know that as much as I might want to do these things, I don't. I want to keep a certain level of respect as a male so I can't use that don't give-a-dam attitude. If you want to play the game and win, you have to play by the rules.

Even if nobody seems to notice, it only takes one person who likes to talk, and soon everyone will know, except you. You must be willing to except the possible end results. If you are in upper management, or plan it in the future, the rules are much more strict, and this does not include taking on feminine characteristics.

If you just want to feel feminine, just stick to shaving your legs or wearing the clothes under your regular clothes, it's much safer. And again, don't just think you'll get away with it, because there are no guarantees.

I guess the big fooler, is just trying to find out what our sexual origination is. Many of us put a label on ourself as being some form of TV or TS.

Many TVs get so deep into their role, they begin to believe they are TS. After all, if your life as a male hasn't been all that wonderful, then becoming someone different and starting over becomes very attractive.

I've met and known a few girls who have made the change. My first impression of many, is that they are very lonely individualists with no real goals in life. Once they take on the goal of becoming a woman, they enter into the biggest challenge of their life. They become obsessed with it. All they seem to do is think of that big day when they go to surgery which means this task they have under took, is now complete.

The entire time they are in this process, they achieve a new sense of being. It reminds me of a man who wants to walk across the country. While he makes his journey he has this driving force within telling him he must go on. He must complete his mission, and when he does he really feels great about himself. As time continues, his spirit starts to die off. But soon he sees another challenge, and he gets on a motivating high again and starts all over.

Some TSs are like that man, except once the goal of womanhood is met, there is no second goal. They fall into the same depression they were in before this all got started. Many have asked themselves after the fact, if they indeed did the right thing.

Of course, I know a good number who became very complete as women, and live happy and rewarding lives.

I also wonder why everyone, at least in our group, feels like they must be either TV or pre-op TS. I have met many girls across the country who live as women yet, do not feel the need for the operation. As Dr. Virginia Prince explains in her books, being feminine is a state of mind. Removing one's penis doesn't make you feminine or female. It simply allows you to have sex with a another person in a different fashion. If you have no need for sex in a relationship, then you really have no need for an operation. Just because everyone else is doing it, doesn't mean it's for you.

Some people have the idea that if a female does something, then it must be feminine. I have never met a woman who said she feels feminine when on her period. Yet I hear about guys who wear a Kotex pad because it makes them feel feminine.

I also have had several friends, and know of a few individuals, who wanted to be women but held off on the operation. In each case, they either grew tired of being a woman or found it was easier to be a man. Whatever, they now are men again, and all were glad they waited. Of the people I mentioned, one lived as a woman only 1 1/2 years, while some did it for as much as 15 yrs.

I hope I don't offend anyone with this article, but I personally feel different about myself than I did 10 yrs. ago, and I'm glad I didn't rush into anything. I just hope you "Look before you leap".

The TV Genie

by Linda

