

# Cross-Port Inner View

P.O. Box 54657, Cincinnati, OH 45254

\$2.00 :single copy price

The next meeting is May 18, 8:00 PM at Golden Lions



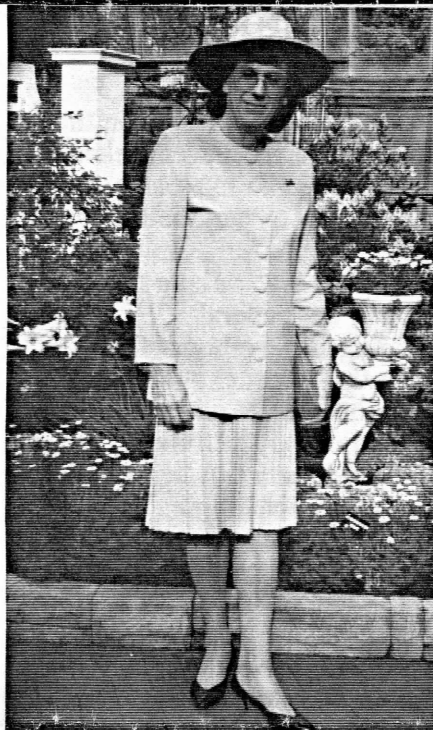
Joyce's World

What a lovely Easter weekend. The weather was all one could possibly ask for, as opposed to last year's extremely cold and rainy - snowy holiday.

After having my morning wake-up cup of coffee and a glance at the newspaper, it was time to don my two-piece outfit (which I had bought last year, but did not wear because of the weather).

I set out for Krohn Conservatory about nine AM so as to arrive before the crowds became too large. Going to the conservatory has become a tradition for me over the years. The flower displays are so gorgeous.

After taking several photos I stopped a nice young lady and asked her to take a photo of me with all those lovely flowers. She did so with a nice smile.



Upon leaving the conservatory I headed downtown to the Over-The-Rhine area and Old St. Mary's Church for a German Mass with traditional church music. And to complete a wonderful day I had dinner at the Black Forest Restaurant in Mason.

The weekend actually got underway Friday with a trip to Louisville to meet Jeaninne. She had invited me down for a night on the town. There are so many

attractions in Louisville. We began the evening with dinner at the Seelbach Hotel and then did the night club routine until the wee hours of the morning.

Your Be-All committee met on April 7th. It was a constructive four hours of planning last minute details. In order to have a smooth and successful convention, volunteers are needed a few hours each day, to staff the registration desk and other duties such as directing people to the seminars and vendor areas. Contact Linda, Jennifer, Kristine or myself at the meeting or call our hotline at 513-474-9557 and have in mind what hours and days you are available.

Registrations are coming in daily, it looks like all systems are "go" for an enjoyable time for all.

Love,

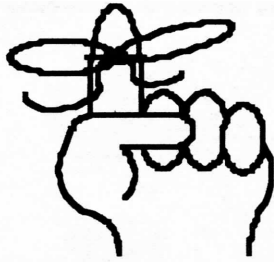
Joyce

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## Accessories

*Do we really know anybody?  
Who does not wear one face to  
hide another?*

Frances Marion



### Be-All Update...

On May 3<sup>rd</sup> the BE-All committee met to discuss registration, vendors, speakers, etc. The number of registrants continues to grow. We are on a pace which indicates a very good turn-out if it continues. The Holiday Inn issued a warning that the number of rooms available is decreasing. Some discussion was held concerning contacting a few of the other motels in the area to catch any "overflow." Beverly is going to check with the B & B riverboat people concerning menu selection and to look into the possibility of the BE-All providing complimentary souvenir photos for the dinner cruise participants.

Jennifer has selected a really nice "souvenir" to be included in the intro packet which everyone will receive when they register at the hotel. Jennifer also requests that anyone with "spotlight" experience (especially in handling a "follow-spot") call and volunteer for the convention. Also, she is looking for a "stage manager" for the Ms. BE-All contest AND someone who could expedite costume changes and cue the participants. In short...WE NEED YOUR HELP!! Call & volunteer!!

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### Fighting the Good Fight by :Nancy Snyder

It was nearing the end of another typical day at the office when my boss called out, "Nancy."

I walked into his office and replied, "Yes, Bob." He continued, "Did I tell you what happened to me today?" I said, "I'm not sure, what **did** happen to you today?"

His reply was rather eerie and ominous. "I was talking on the phone today, inquiring about my plane registration (he just finished building his own airplane) when the lady on the other end of the line shrieked, "there's been an explosion, I have to hang up." Then the line went dead.

Nancy, I was talking to the FAA in the Federal Building in Oklahoma City, when the bomb exploded!"

My own pulse quickened and my entire body stiffened. I stood paralyzed for a few seconds, then my body went limp as I slumped down into one of his chairs. We spoke about the oddity of his timing and of the absolute cruelty of such a barbaric act. We worried about the fate of the woman who had been so helpful over the phone. We sat, shook our heads and quietly mourned the tragedy that has broken America's Heartland.

I work for a rather conservative Fortune 500 company. At 64 years old my boss is the oldest person in the company...and quite possibly the most grounded. We hold each other in the highest regard professionally as well as personally. He is a futuristic

thinker, with an open mind and an endless supply of wisdom. **He is loved.**

Our conversation then took a sharp turn as I began to tell Bob about my 8 year old son's recent visit. My son asked, "Mom, what is a lesbian?" I replied, "It's a girl who loves girls. Why do you ask?" He informed me that the kids at school call him a lesbian. The night before, we watched a "Dateline" episode that made reference to lesbians as acting "boyish." He said, "Well, I act like a boy and I love girls, so I guess I'm a lesbian." I tried to explain to him that he is not a lesbian, but still, I think **he** is not quite sure. (You should see his Marilyn Monroe impersonation --he's priceless!) So I said to Bob, "My son, the lesbian." We chuckled in amusement at the thought.

Suddenly, Bob's mood became serious as he relayed to me an explosive situation happening at another one of our manufacturing facilities involving a transsexual. Apparently a man in the factory is now sporting a nice pair of breasts and wishes to complete his transformation into womanhood. The plant is in an uproar with the usual ridiculous, simple mindedness, like which bathroom will he use? To put it mildly this person is having a hard time with his fellow associates. I was having a difficult time discerning Bob's allegiance, so I decided to test him. I asked, "Can you imagine how tormented this man's life has been, feeling like he should have been born a woman?" Bob replied, "You're not kidding. What they need to do is give him a medical leave of absence so he can have his operation, get himself sorted out and then let him come back to work, **as a woman.**" His response took me by surprise. I stood there in awe,

staring at this amazing, compassionate man. I became overwhelmed with emotion and felt tears well up in my eyes. I spoke softly and said, "He's had enough torment." Bob added, "Indeed he has."

That evening all I heard about was Oklahoma City, yet all I thought about was this "wannabe woman." I searched deeply inside of myself and came up with a plan--I was on a mission!

The next day I made my move. I told Bob I needed to talk to him. I firmly closed the door behind me and assertively sat up in the same chair I had slumped down in 24 hours previously. His mood was pensive as my entrance seemed to unnerve him. I took a deep breath and began my appeal. "My heart has been heavy since yesterday. I've been thinking a lot about the transsexual you told me about." He cocked his head to the side and looked vaguely perplexed. I continued, "You know I have a soft spot in my heart for people who are, well, different." He kindly replied, "Of course I know that, and I understand." I said, "You carry a lot of clout around here and your word is revered." He smiled and turned a colorful shade of red and sheepishly replied, "Well, I don't know about that." I responded, "Well, I do know that." I took another deep breath and said, "I am going to ask you to do me a BIG favor." He cocked his head again and slightly raised his eyebrows, "What would **that** be?" I said, "I want you talk to the Plant Manager and tell him what you told me yesterday about giving that man a medical leave of absence so he can have his operation, get himself sorted out and return to work. I want you to convince him that it's the right thing to do. It would mean so much to me."

His mood went from pensive to one of relief. His next words gave me great pleasure as he replied, "It's already been done." The deep breath I took in the beginning slowly floated out of me as my body relaxed. He went on, "I talked to my boss (which is the Plant Manager's boss) and made my plea. I knew that Jack (Plant Manager) wouldn't listen to me since I am only his peer; but if Nick (his boss) buys into it, then it can happen. It has to come from the top down. There is a problem though. He is a contract employee and his contract agency would not pay for his medical leave. I suggested that our company pay him his regular salary and note it as a medical leave. Then when the time is right, he or **she**, can come back to work. We have made a commitment to this person by employing him and we need to stand behind him."

I beamed and said, "Oh Bob, this is soooooo great! Maybe things can work out for him." He stopped and looked at me with true admiration in his eyes and responded, "You really are amazing." I smiled and replied sheepishly, "I don't know about that." He said, "I do. I'll keep you informed of the progress of this situation, and I will do all I can." I said, "thank you so vvvveeeerrryyyy much!" We smiled and went our separate ways; though we remain united--on the same mission. Wish us all luck.

Look for future updates.....

Sincerely,  
Nancy Snyder

**Ed. Note: For those who may not know Ms. Snyder, Nancy is a GG who believes transgendered persons to be especially interesting and gifted. She is a very good friend of Cross-Port. We thank**

**her for her continuing battle against prejudice and ignorance. We love you, Nancy!**

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**Up The Street And  
Around The Corner**  
By: Heather Phillips

For the first time in a long while I am sitting in front of my computer and I am having trouble finding words to express my feelings. You see, a very dear friend is dying, and I'm having trouble coming to terms with it.

If she were old and had had a full life I could say that it was time. Even though I'd miss her, I could accept it. But Liz is a couple of years younger than I am. Liz has cancer and it is spreading. Right now it doesn't look good. So if you all will bear with me I like to tell you about my friend, Liz.

I first met Liz in September of 1990. I hadn't yet, come to terms with my transsexualism, so Harry was the one Liz first met. I was looking for a part time job and had applied at her UDF store. At the conclusion of our interview Liz offered me the job. At the time, I didn't know just how important she would become to me.

After completing United Dairy Farmers' training course, I reported to store 112, Liz's store. From the very beginning she made me feel welcomed and one of the family. She took pride in her store and it was contagious. I soon noticed that everyone liked Liz: the employees, upper management, the customers. I found that I was looking forward to seeing her. You see, Liz always sees the glass as half full.

Also, Liz genuinely cares.

When Liz asks you how you are, she really wants to know. If you need help Liz is first in line. It is hard not to like someone like Liz.

Months grew into years and I stayed. Even when I didn't need the money, I stayed. We all joked that no one could quit Liz's store, she wouldn't let you. The truth was that we were all family and you don't turn your back on family.

We exchanged gifts at Christmas time. Most years we would gather at the store and have our party (there).

Those who weren't working would relieve those who were. One year, my last Christmas there was very special. Liz arranged to have a former employee, who now had his own store, to staff 112. We held our Christmas party at Liz's home.

It was a special time for me. Mary and I were about to separate. I wasn't having many good memories that year, but without knowing it, Liz was providing me with one of the few good ones I had. That following February I came out to Liz.

I didn't know how she'd take it, and actually it wasn't planned.

It just happened. Liz didn't freak. She had questions, and it did explain why Mary and I separated (Something that had puzzled her). She was supportive. I had decided to start my transition. Liz went with me to talk with UDF's Personnel VP. When he asked her if she was comfortable with me transitioning at her store, Liz didn't hesitate. Her response was "Yes".

When the customers wouldn't let it work, and I had to leave, we hugged each other and cried. I don't know who cried the most, me or Liz. It was sometime latter that I told Liz something so very

personal. The night I left her store for the last time, I almost ended my life. It was the thought of Liz and how she would have felt that stopped me.

A few days after I had left the store I got this note:

Heather,

Obstacles are what you see when you take your eyes off your goal.

Chin up and take care

Liz

PS Remember you have a lot of friends here. Thanks for being such an exceptional employee.

Forever Friends

This all had occurred while Liz's battle with cancer had already begun. No one would have blamed her if she said that she had enough problems of her own, God knows she did. Yet Liz was there for me.

When her assistant manager Cheryl got married, Liz invited me to the bridal shower. I often wondered if it weren't for her support would the other employees have been so supportive?

When I called her, even though in pain, she would want to know how I was doing. I wanted to talk about her problems, but she wouldn't hear of it. She wanted to help me. That's Liz.

In a world that seems filled with hate, where we bomb buildings and kill innocent people including children, how can we afford to lose a person like Liz? It just doesn't make sense.

Well, until next time this is Heather, up the street and around the corner of Greater Cincinnati, may God bless and keep you. Please pray for Liz and her family

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## Accessories

*It's never too late to be what you might have been.*

George Eliot  
(Mary Ann Evans)

## The Perils of Paula:

a continuing saga  
by Paula Harmston

### T-R-O-U-B-L-E.

A Cross-Port friend asked me the origin of the title: "The Perils of Paula, a continuing saga", Bobbi L. gets credit for that. I submitted a story about a trip to Michigan and she just ran with it.

Another friend asked if Gina starts all of the trouble. For sure she gets some of the blame but I'm capable of getting into trouble all by myself.

Another friend told me to get into trouble with someone new for a change, so I took Melanie O'Connor to a country western line dance lesson and I did my best to get into trouble.

I'm a decent line dancer so I combine my two favorite activities and dance cross-dressed.

A lady friend teaches a small dance class in Fort Thomas. She only has a dozen students so I asked her if I could come cross-dressed. She said, "Yes." The first time I went was okay. No one talked to me, but no one ran the other way either.

The second time one of the students talked with me a bit. The third time Melanie went with me. She had expressed an interest in taking a lesson so, we went on April 13th. When we arrived we found fifteen brownie scouts ages 8-10 working on their "line dancing merit badges".

We all handled it well - they stared and we smiled.

Twenty minutes into the class the adult scout leader got out her video camera and started filming the class, taking panoramic shots of the entire class, Melanie and I have to be in the film. Then this lady announced that she is sending her film to the local cable company so they can air it on a show called "country cable". (Does that make us "cable" TVs ?).

During the class, an elderly lady had a running conversation with us. She was really nice, as was her daughter. Everyone got along fine. In fact, I came back by myself the next week and three people asked "Where's Melanie?"

I've also danced at the Cheyenne Cattle Company at Forest Fair Mall. It's a big place with lots of cowboys so the first time I picked a late arrival time of 11 PM on their slowest night, a Tuesday.

I danced four dances over a forty minute period, leaving just before they closed at midnight. There were only about a dozen dancers on the floor at any one time and maybe only fifty people in the whole place.

I suppose people saw me and figured things out, but it didn't bother them. I didn't see any whispering or finger pointing. I think they were too sleepy to notice or care.

I went back the following Tuesday, arriving at 10:30 PM and this time everyone was wide awake! The place was much busier with twice as many people and dancers. As I sat down I could see people staring so I did what comes naturally - I danced.

Luckily, as I sat down they started a song requiring an advanced level dance so I went right out and danced off my anxieties, dancing a dozen times over the next ninety minutes.

This time I got some looks and a few people cruised by to get a closer look, but they had to admit that I could dance. I did a number of tougher dances including an exhausting one called "Long Legged Hannah from Butte, Montana".

During a break a cocktail waitress came by and said "You look like you're having fun, do you know all of the dances?" I replied "No, I don't know the last one with all of the high leg kicks. I'd have to be a Rockette to do that one". Then I mused, "I always wanted to be a Rockette but they wouldn't let me" We both giggled, then she went back to work.

After about an hour, a female dancer sort of came my way, then suddenly veered right at me and said in a harsh tone "It takes a lot of guts to come into a place like this dressed like that!" I thought to myself "Uh, Oh! I'm going to get beat up by a girl in a country bar"

But after a slight pause she added "I admire someone who finds their own happiness no matter what society says". Then she shook my hand and introduced herself as Kathy. I introduced myself and thanked her for stopping by.

On my third visit, a cowboy friend who knows me both ways came by to say, "Hello." He said that the talk around the bar was: "She comes every Tuesday " I guess I'm no big deal, which is perfect.

So, as always, if you dress right for the occasion and handle yourself appropriately and with confidence, acting like you belong and aren't doing anything wrong, the public will concede your right to be there.

Obviously Cheyenne's on a Tuesday night is no longer a challenge as I didn't get into any

trouble. I'll have to set my sites on a new target and perhaps go back to the old reliable formula -

"Gina!"

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## The View Inside

by: Bobbi L.

About a year ago I was absent-mindedly thumbing through a copy of *Ohio Connection* magazine (no, Darlings, **not** for my own encounters, but for the "articles") when I came across the most interesting advertisement.

It was promoting a Columbus, Ohio business whose motto claimed "*For Boys Who Want to Be Girls!*": *Ms. Erica's Finishing School and Cross-Dressing Academy*.

Well, Ladies, needless to say, my reading rate was arrested and my attention was riveted to this pretty piece of propaganda.

I was already aware of Miss Vera's Finishing School in the Big Apple, but I had **no** idea that there lie in "the heart of it all," a similar business venture. So, with a reporter's curiosity (and jackal's appetite) I sent for the free brochure. When it arrived, I was astounded by the extensive services offered by the mysterious Ms. Erica. From sexy shoes to birdseed breast forms, this lady seemingly had much to provide to those of our special tastes. At that time I ordered a pair of pumps and was quite pleased with the price and product.

A year passed before I hit upon the idea of attempting to interview Ms. Erica. When I finally spoke with "her"

(initially, I had **no** clue as to the true gender of the head-mistress of the academy...turned out, Ms. Erica is a "real" G.G.) I found her to be quite pleasant, polite, and obliging.

She said that she would be pleased to sit for an interview with me. Then she flattered me by revealing that she had, in the not too distant past, turned down the likes of Sally Jesse, Jerry S., and **Oprah!** (Whoa...what a heavy load to have dumped me! I'd better not blow **this** opportunity!)

So, after a small amount of schedule shifting, we arranged for the interview to take place in Columbus late one April morning. I dressed in a "Springy" outfit and slid into the Baby Blazer for the two hour drive to Ms. Erica's.

It was a glorious day, too. Warm & sunny...an auspicious day to attempt my first "celebrity interview."

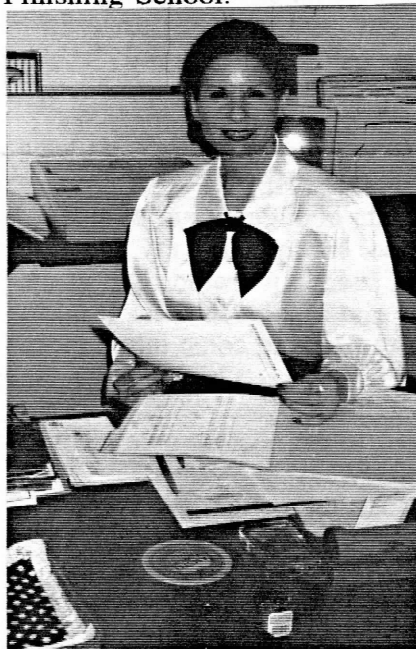
When I arrived, the door opened and I was greeted by a very attractive, very petite brunette: Ms. Erica Kent. She showed me in, offered me coffee, and gave me carte blanche to proceed with my inquiries. We had a glorious two hours together, during which she gave me a truly fascinating view inside the world of Ms. Erica's Finishing School and Cross-Dressing Academy.

**T.V.I.:** How did you come to start Ms. Erica's Finishing School?

**Ms. Erica:** My education and business experience has always been oriented toward training. In 1991 when I lost my position in the corporate world, I began working in the adult entertainment area. While doing some lingerie modeling, I met a transvestite from Dayton, Ohio.

Prior to this I had never even heard of such people. This "girl" and I became friends and I found that she was coming to me for "advice." Of course, this was also a learning process for me.

Then, I met another TG model and soon realized that there was a "niche" for someone like me, who could provide "training" for the transgendered. Two years ago I founded Ms. Erica's Finishing School.



**T.V.I.:** That was here in Columbus?

**Ms. Erica:** Yes it was.

**T.V.I.:** Where do your clients come from?

**Ms. Erica:** Basically, I have two types of clients. One is the sophisticated, pre-op TV/TS. The other is the fantasy/fetish client. The latter represents the bulk of my business.

The finishing school clients come from all over the country: from as far away as North Carolina, Texas, California, and Alaska.

The fetish/fantasy clients are, for the most part "local."

**T.V.I.:** Which of the two types do you enjoy working with more?

**Ms. Erica:** By far, the finishing school clients! It's quite rewarding to help with a client's discovery of her femme personality.

**T.V.I.:** Could you describe for our readers you "average" client?

**Ms. Erica:** Well, I have close to 300 clients, of whom about 150 are active, so "average" is difficult. I'd say that the predominant age for a finishing school client seems to be between 30 and 40 years of age. All of them share the need for confidence in their femme appearance and demeanor.

The fantasy/fetish client is generally over 40. If there is a common thread uniting those clients, it's their need to be "controlled."

**T.V.I.:** What do you charge for your services?

**Ms. Erica:** Finishing school clients pay \$50.00 per hour. I charge fantasy clients \$75.00 to \$100.00 per hour. Let me emphasize that the fantasy/fetish aspect of my business is **not** one which provides sexual services.

Ms. Erica's is not involved in physical contact of any kind. What we do, as the name suggests, is tap into the client's fantasies and engage in role playing to release the stress generated by a client repressing his fantasies.

**T.V.I.:** Besides *Ohio Connection* what other venues of advertising do you employ?

**Ms. Erica:** At this time only the local alternative newspapers. In the near future I'd like to advertise in more clinical

publications such as those targeted toward therapists.

**T.V.I.:** What is the length of "tenure" of your most senior clients?

**Ms. Erica:** I have a very high client retention rate. Of all who attend an introductory session, 70% return for 2 to 3 more sessions.

At this time I have a client in the finishing school who has been with me two years.

**T.V.I.:** What takes place during the "introductory session" in the finishing school?



**Ms. Erica:** The first two sessions are exploratory in nature. During the first session, the client and I sit down, much as you and I are doing now, drink coffee and chat. The session is very reality based. By that I mean I have the client speak honestly about her femme side: Do they have a female name? (I encourage them to adopt one if they don't already). Are they serious about dressing? (I look for commitment to their lifestyle). Are they aware of their "vulnerable" areas? (What are their positive and negative physical traits).

We also discuss the client's medical history. I need to be

aware of special medications: what are they and where do they keep them (in case of problems I don't want to rummage for nitro-glycerin pills and the like).

The second session would be a discovery one also. That would be a 2 hour make-up and wardrobe analysis. What wigs do you wear? What accessories? We do a color analysis and talk about what styles most flatter or which might conceal flaws.

From there, all sessions are goaled toward bringing one's femme behaviors to a conscious level, analyzing them, perfecting them, then practicing them until they become unconscious behaviors.

**T.V.I.:** Ms. Erica, what do you imagine the future holds for you?

**Ms. Erica:** By the end of this summer I would like to begin working more with couples. It is my hope to establish "workshops" for females involved with transgendered persons.

I would also like to expand my mail-order business. The birdseed breasts are my biggest seller ,but I am so busy working with clients that I don't have the time I need to promote that side of M.E.F.S..

I'll probably try to hire a female to help with the school. I need some one with a strong personality for this.

My biggest goal, though, is to find investors. That would permit me to expand. There is definitely a market for the finishing school.

**T.V.I.:** Lastly, could you offer any tips for the Cross-Port girls?

**Ms. Erica:** Well, it's tough to give a blanket tip. But, depending on the level you're at as a transgendered person, I would offer the caveat of being sure you can handle the

consequences you create with your femme image.

**T.V.I.:** Ms. Erica, I want to thank you for taking time out of your very busy schedule to talk with me. This has been a delicious pleasure and a true honor to be welcomed into your world and to be able to take such a candid look at a very special lady. Thank you.

**Ed. Note:** Ms. Erica will be at BE-All '95. Try to make it to her seminar and be certain to stop by her vendor display and say "Hello."

If you are interested in contacting Ms. Erica write to her at:

M.E.F.S.  
P.O.BOX 06212  
Columbus, OH 45306

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**Your Input is Needed!**

"Location, Location, Location."

That's the motto of every good Real Estate broker. It should be the motto of every good transgender support group. If their meeting place has any physical limitations, the members will show their disapproval by not attending.

From the declining attendance at Cross-Port meetings, it's apparent that the Cross-Port membership is displeased with our current meeting place.

For sure, the Golden Lion has some redeeming qualities: they do have a nice juke box and a good pool table, and the price is right, but we're getting what we're paying for: a poorly maintained ladies' restroom (remember when the toilet froze in January, 1994?), no food service of any kind, parking is a problem and, for the more timid

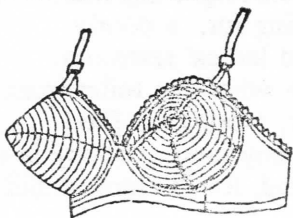
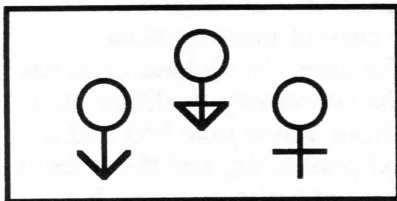
souls, the walk down Ludlow Avenue in the summer can be nerve-wracking. Lastly, during some of our meetings the "regulars" have been less than supportive.

Which leads to the subject at hand. We have a better offer! The management at the Holiday Inn, Sharonville (at I-275 and Rt. 42 where the "Be-All" will be) has expressed an interest in having us move our meetings to their lounge. The immediate improvements in the facility will be quite dramatic: the ladies' room is quite nice, the parking lot is huge, you can park within twenty feet of the door to the lounge, you can avoid going thru the main lobby if you want, and it's in the suburbs, a quarter mile off the interstate (very accessible to our Dayton friends).

The Inner-View staff has been conducting an informal poll about moving our monthly meetings to the Holiday Inn. We've yet to find anyone who didn't think it was a good idea.

If you disagree and want to stay at the Golden Lion, or if you have an alternative suggestion, please bring it up at the next meeting or bring it up during the "Be-All". Otherwise, let's assume our June 15th meeting will be at the Holiday Inn.

In the meantime drop by the Holiday Inn and check out our "new abode".

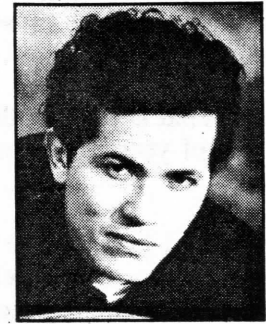


**Cross-Port Finances**  
(based on March, '95  
bank statement)

Expenses:	
Postage	32.00
Phone	23.11
Ad (Barony Ball)	30.00
Newsletter (115) +	
Intro. Packets(25)	60.64
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>145.11</b>

Income:	
collection:	60.00
newsletter (cash)	13.50
newsletter (cash)	20.00
newsletter (check)	33.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>126.50</b>

**Cross-Port Balance:**  
**March, '95 565.50**



John Leguizamo

**FEMININE SIDE:** John Leguizamo might hang up his halter tops and high heels. "I'm tired of it. I have corns and bunions on my little virgin feet," says the star of Fox's sketch comedy show *House of Buggin'*, who played women and cross-dressers in his one-man shows *Mambo Mouth* and *Spic-O-Rama*.

*Publication Notice*

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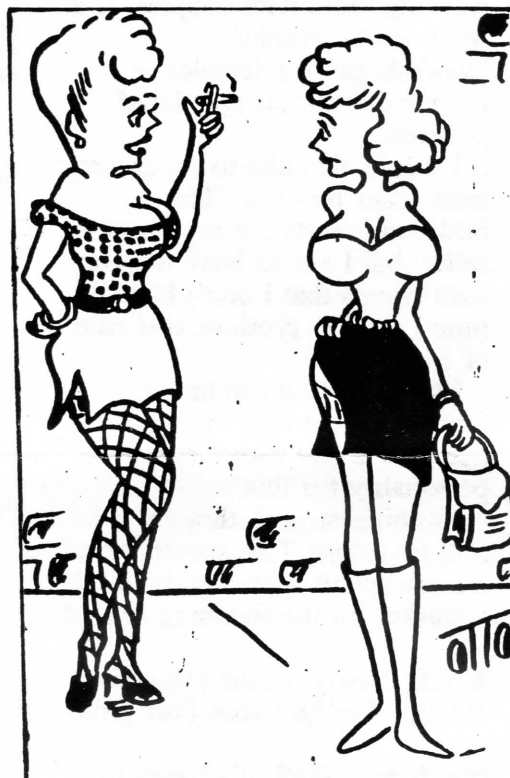
*InnerView* is a monthly publication of Cross-Port for its members and friends. Subscription dues are \$18.00 per year, payable in January of each year. It is our goal to support the TV, TS, and Gay communities and in return we need your support.

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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.



I know exactly what you mean, my wife doesn't understand me either.





**Ed. Note:**

**Deadline for June issue submissions is Saturday, June 3, 1995. All articles submitted by post must be received at the Cross-Port P.O. Box by then.**

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

- 1900 - Julian Eltinge becomes a big hit on Broadway performing in drag. Becomes America's first successful female impersonator.
- 1910 - German sexologist Magnus Hirshfeld first coins the term "transvestite."
- 1920's - College campuses feature "drag reviews" as in tradition of Harvard "Hasty Pudding" show.
- 1930 - Very first experimental "sex change" surgery in Germany. First known post-op TS Hans Eighner becomes "Lilie Elba."
- 1940's - All soldier variety shows feature men in "characature" drag. Many more drag scenes in Hollywood movies ("I was a Male War Bride," etc.)
- 1951 - Headlines around the world report "Ex G.I. becomes a Woman" as George Jorgenson has a "sex change" and becomes Christine Jorgenson. First time the "general public" becomes aware of Gender Dysphoria.
- 1950's - Harry Benjamin establishes gender identity research project and first popularizes the term "transsexual." Mid 1950's sees the discovery of safe synthetic hormones which lead to the development of the birth control pill. "The Pill" triggers sexual revolution.
- 1960 - First issue of "Transvestia" published by Virginia Prince. She later forms FPE in 1962 and later the Society for the Second Self (Tri-Ess). First "Alpha" chapter in 1978 in Los Angeles. Dr. Prince also first suggests the term "Transgenderist" or TG, a new concept in the medical community at the time.

**To be continued....**



**KINGS ISLAND**

Sunday, June 4 is  
**GAY DAY**

(a Gay Pride Week Event!)

**Special Discount Tickets are available 'til 5/1!**  
**(Just \$16.75 each plus \$2.00 postage/handling)!**

After May 1st, tickets are sold at King's Island gate: \$26.75 - full price!

For discount, send completed order form below (before May 1, 1995) to

Kevin Halloran  
% The Community Center  
P. O. Box 141061  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45250

--We will meet at Noon at Timberwolf (NOTE PARK RULES: \*\*No sexually-explicit or graphic T-Shirts are permitted --you will be told to leave\*\* Usually, our group wears RED SHIRTS or Pride Week T-Shirts!!)

Questions?? Call our Switchboard -(513) 651-0070 any evening- 6-11 PM

I WOULD LIKE TO ORDER \_\_\_\_\_ TICKETS AT \$18.75 each (includes handling) for Pride Week's GAY DAY AT KING'S ISLAND, Sunday, June 4, 1995.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Enclose check or money order payable to "The Community Center." We will mail your special discount tickets after May 1st.



Saturday, June 3 is when we  
**Cruise Down The River!!**

(a Gay Pride Week Event!)

Mark this date NOW!!! Saturday, June 3rd 'Cause it'll be the most FUNtastic event of the Summer Season!!!!

We board the "Funliner" (BB Riverboat's L-A-R-G-E-S-T Party Boat) at 10:30 p.m. in Covington; and leave at 11:00 p.m. for the finest moonlight cruise you've ever had! Before we return at 2:00 a.m. Sunday morning, you'll enjoy...

- Dancing
- Partying (complete cash bar available)
- Snacking (complete snack bar available)
- Entertainment (to be announced)
- Cruising (top deck features moonlight 'n stuff!)
- Door Prizes (and an auction)
- ....and a bunch of fun surprises with all your friends!!

This is a Pride Week Event! You will enjoy being involved in the activities and fun! Just \$15.00 per person covers the cruise, and dancing, and all the moonlight you can use! *Regardless of the weather (two of the three B-I-G decks are enclosed), you don't want to miss this very special evening!*

Tickets are available at many Cincinnati bars (and gay/lesbian bookstores!). Or phone the Switchboard at (513) 651-0070 for additional opportunities to purchase your ticket(s).

There are only a limited number of tickets available!  
Don't miss purchasing your ticket right away!!!

