

Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 12701, Cincinnati, OH 45212

The next meeting is December 20 at 8:00

A New View

by Cathy

We had a small turn out for the November meeting, only twenty-six people showed up. Out of that twenty-six however, six were first-timers. I wrote the new attendees' names down, but with my usual organized aplomb, appear to have lost the list. Welcome to you all anyway.

Remember #1 - Cross-Port will be providing the eats at the December meeting this year, rather than everyone bringing a dish. Attendance for the December gatherings is usually the highest of the year, and we are going to have enough food for about forty people. My refrigerator isn't that large, so come and enjoy!

Remember #2 - Newsletter subscriptions are due in January for 1991. Check the mailing label on the envelope and see if it is marked "1/91". If it is, and you don't send in eighteen dollars for 1991, then the January issue will be the last one you receive. Don't miss a single issue!

I will be going to the IXE Christmas gathering on the 15th. I know that Linda is also going. Hope to see several of you there.

Did any of you Cross-Port gals get up to the Crystal Club Christmas dance on December 1? If you did, drop us a line and tell the rest of us what we missed!

Got a letter from Claudia in Florida, seems she went to a meeting of the Southern Belles group in the St. Petersburg/Tampa area. Seems the president

of that group (who was also the newsletter editor, phone answerer and at whose house the meetings were held) suffered what was described as "a real case of burnout", and resigned. Claudia said it was, "to say the least, a bad scene." Hopefully that group has someone(s) who will step forward to pick up the pieces and reorganize.

Speaking of Florida, Laurie and I will be headed down there the early next year, and with luck and a little planning, we will be able to attend a meeting of the Central Florida Sisters who meet in the Orlando area.

For the last couple of months, thanks to the helpful prodding of Dana from IXE, we have been exchanging newsletters on diskette with IXE, and most recently (also through Dana), the Crystal Club. I have always been very reluctant to reprint articles from groups that are close by because I worry that there may be a sizeable number of you who get newsletters from more than one of these groups and I don't want things to get repetitive. As things are going, you will probably see more articles culled from other newsletters in these hallowed pages, especially if I don't have to type them in by hand.

Wait -- that strikes me a grand idea -- maybe Cross-Port, IXE and the Crystal Club could synchronize their newsletter publishing schedule and put out one really GRAND regional issue each month. That might allow savings on postage by giving us enough a large enough of a mailing list to get printing cost breaks, to use bulk mail, to eliminate a lot of duplicated effort and articles, etc. Or maybe, as Theodoric of York, Medieval Barber was known to say -- Naaaaaaah.

Cross-Port Finances

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

Beginning Balance as of the November Newsletter was: \$1520.95

November Expenses:

Phone:	\$32.00
Envelopes & Stamps:	\$63.00
Printing November Newsletter:	\$41.15
Bank Charges:	\$ 2.10
Total Expenses:	<u>\$138.25</u>

November Incomes:

Meeting Collection:	\$94.00
Newsletter Subscriptions:	\$39.00
Sale of Tapestries:	\$20.00
Total Income:	<u>\$153.00</u>

Ending Balance as of December 13: \$1536.70

We also mailed four intro packets this month.

Can We Talk!

by Heather Peerson

When I started Cross-Port on June 5th, 1985 I never dreamed that the group would grow to its current size or that I would meet so many good people. January 1991 makes 5 1/2 years for Cross-Port.

In January of 1986 I made the first contact with the Greater Cincinnati Gay/Lesbian Coalition. Beginning in February of that year I became the representative of Cross-Port to GCG/LC.

It was in January of 1988 that I decided to give in to the life long feelings that I had and admit that I was a transsexual. On June 3, 1988 I began living full time.

June of 1989 marked the start of a new job and the real push to complete my goal of surgery. The end of that goal will arrive in March of 1991.

With all this in mind I see January as the beginning of a new life. I have met a woman with

whom I see a bright future and so I find it is time to simply sit back and enjoy life as a middle aged lesbian. I will be taking over as treasurer of All Saints Chapel and as the representative to GCG/LC for All Saints. I also expect that I'll be doing some of the services until a pastor is found.

So it is with sadness and anticipation that I must resign as the representative for Cross-Port. The anticipation comes from the new goals and new experiences I have yet to set or reach. The sadness comes from the knowledge that in all likelihood Cross-Port will no longer belong to GCG/LC.

The 35 dollars dues which are due in February is no problem but finding another representative is another story. For over three years I have asked for an alternate to back me up for the times I was not able to make the GCG/LC meetings. I received only one person who did the job for about three months. Even when they did go to a coalition meeting they did not come to the Cross-Port meetings to give a report.

It seems that there are very few in Cross-Port who truly understand how accepting and welcoming the Gay Community in Cincinnati has been to Cross-Port members. Almost all of the gay bars are accepting of us and almost every gay function held in Cincinnati we are invited to attend. Because of our association in GCG/LC we are also invited to attend Cincinnati NOW functions and the Martin Luther King Jr. day celebration.

It will be a great loss not only to the gay community and to Cross-Port but to the many other organizations which have come to accept us. If over the past 5 and 1/2 years any Cross-Port members have remained in a closet it has been because of their own desire to do so for the door has been open. With the loss of our membership in GCG/LC that door will close a little bit more each year.

As I have often stated in the past, this is your support group. I have done as much with it as I have been able, what happens to it from January of 1991 will depend on all of you.

Some time before March I will stop answering the Cross-Port telephone and turn that over to all of you also. Again, many of you would not be here if there had not been some one to call and talk to when you finally got the nerve to call. I hope one

of you will remember what it was like and offer the same help to those behind us. If not, it won't be long before the group will dwindle down to no one.

No group can exist on only fun. Some one has to plan the fun and take the responsibility for bringing in new people. If all the members do is take, soon there will be nothing left for anyone.

I sincerely hope that the new year will bring peace and joy to each of you and that you will find it in your hearts to pass the peace and joy around.

Fourth Street and Vine

by Jeaninne

I'm sure that most of you are familiar with the old song which goes "Kansas City- here I come- standing on the corner of Fourth Street and Vine-", etc. I didn't actually make it to Fourth Street and Vine, but I did make it to the First Annual Fall Harvest Weekend in Kansas City on the first weekend in November. Our sister Lori from Indiana and her charming wife also attended and we enjoyed some great times together.

As with most of the major C.D. events, this one was well worth attending. It was held at the downtown Howard Johnson in Kansas City. Since we occupied only about two of the seven floors, we had plenty of opportunity to mingle with the general public in the lobby, on the elevators, etc. (something I always enjoy doing). Of course the actual program functions were segregated in the ballroom and various meeting rooms.

As usual at such events, several pleasant surprises lay in store. After Jeaninne had completed her initial transformation, she decided to go down to the lobby bar for a late afternoon drink. Upon exiting the elevator, who should immediately appear in the lobby but a good friend I had met at the Texas Tea Party in February, Donna from Tampa. Many of you will remember her from a Cross-Port meeting she attended this past summer with Claudia while visiting in Cincinnati. What a great surprise! After chatting a few minutes and welcoming the chance to enjoy each other's company for the remainder of the weekend, I proceeded on to the hotel bar.

Upon entering, I noted that about twenty men were in the bar, and at least half of them were sporting mustaches or beards of various styles and fashions. I also noted that none of them were wearing skirts or lipstick. Reaching down and mentally hitching up my black garter belt, as I sometimes do in such situations, I placed my derriere on a bar stool and ordered a drink. Glancing around the room I noticed a few of the mustaches smiling back at me. Firmly convinced I was the only cross-dresser in the barroom, I proceeded to enjoy my drink.

After a few minutes, one of the men sitting nearest me said "Hello Jeaninne, how have you been?" This was so unexpected I was momentarily stunned and could almost feel those garter snaps starting to tighten up! How could this guy I'd never seen before know my name in a strange bar 500 miles from home? He then said "Do you remember Sherry Anne from Be-All '89?" I certainly did and we more than enjoyed the reunion.

As I understand, there were about seventy registrants for this first annual event. Several workshops, vendors, etc. were present. I thought the highlights of the gathering were the Talent Show, Beauty Pageant and Style Show on Friday and Saturday nights. They were as good as any I've seen at the older and more established events elsewhere. It was obvious the these "Heartland" girls must have either put in a lot of practice or simply possess great natural talent to achieve such a high level of quality.

The girls of C.A.F. (Cross-dressers and Friends) who sponsored and conducted the event were exceptionally friendly and helpful. Several of them readily dedicated their own time, expense and cars to transporting us on night club tours and a shopping tour. C.A.F. is a recently formed group of relatively young and very enthusiastic, talented and dedicated ladies.

Yet another pleasant surprise was the appearance of Wendy Parker. She's a very witty and talented musician and M.C. from California who attends most of the major events. She regaled us with an impromptu medley of songs at a piano bar we were visiting which included such clever innovations as reworded versions of Tammy Wynette's "Sometimes It's Hard to be a Woman" and "Kansas City- They Got Crazy Little Women There and I'm Gonna Be One".

Unfortunately, I had to depart Sunday morning and was unable to attend the Sunday night Moon Shadow Ball. This was the Thirteenth Annual ball which features competition for a crown among highly talented F.I.s.

In summary, my congratulations to the very friendly and gracious ladies of C.A.F. for a new and hopefully continuing cross-dressing adventure.

Loneliness

by Denice

Loneliness sweet caress
 Is all we get when we dress
 To be ourself alone at night
 Afraid to be in someone's sight
 With a mirror we can reflect
 That we have just one regret
 That loneliness is all you get

A Night at the Concert

by Cathy

I got a phone call from Jeannine one day late in November and she asked me "You know how I have always had this fantasy of attending a concert or a theater presentation dressed?" Since I had head this from her on several occasions, I answered in the affirmative. She then told me that she was able to get two tickets to a concert at the Kentucky Arts Center in Louisville, which would feature the music of Andrew Lloyd Webber. Since Jesus Christ Superstar and Cats are two of my favorite Broadway shows, I took her up on her offer and headed to Louisville on December first.

I dressed before going and left Cincinnati about 10am that Saturday. The drive to Louisville was the longest I had ever attempted by myself while dressed, but it was uneventful. I met Jeaninne two hours later at her motel room in Indiana, just across the river from Louisville.

The first thing we did was head to downtown Louisville to a wig shop that Jeaninne was familiar with. We were both a little nervous, because it was located in the same area where Jeaninne was

"scalped" by a teenager a mere six months previously. Scouting the area carefully before parking the car, we made it to the shop without a hassle from anyone.

Once inside, I helped Jeaninne pick out a new wig. It is auburn, and not as tightly curled as the blond one you normally see her wear. It goes with her complexion rather well, and I think it makes her a lot more difficult to be "read". Encouraged by this (and by Jeaninne), I also picked up a new wig. Changed my hairstyle (but not the color) for the first time since I came out over three years ago. You grow.

Sporting our new coiffures, we headed for a couple of shopping malls. I found out that Hess's is a lot more expensive than I am. We also spent a lot of time in a J.C. Penny's which was having a great sale on clothes. With my credit card striving hard to break free, we left before the floodgate of purchasing opened, and thereby saved my marriage. In both places, we passed the majority of the time (about 90%), and it was our voices that usually gave us away when we didn't. So much for two cross-dressers being far easier to spot than one, we were dressed down for the occasion, were near the same height, and had a similar hair color. I'm sure most folk thought us a mother/daughter Christmas shopping team. After shopping we headed back to the motel to redo our make and change for the concert.

We arrived at the Arts Center about an hour before the concert was to start and checked our wraps. We then ordered cocktails from the lobby bar and made our way to the entrance where we would go in to be seated. Having some time to kill, we dropped out of the main rush of people, sipped our drinks and watched the rest of the crowd. While many people looked right at us, there was never a sign from them that they thought we were anything other than what we appeared to be.

The concert was marvelous, with the singers and orchestra doing excerpts from Jesus Christ Superstar, Evita, Cats, The Phantom of the Opera, and several other Webber musicals. What made it even better for me was that I recognised one of the performers from her television appearances. During the intermission, we again mingled with John Q. Public, and again passed with never a side-long glance. All too soon the concert was over, and we tried to decide what to do about food (we'd skipped all meals to that point and were getting decidedly hungry).

Not knowing what the restaurant scene was in downtown Louisville late on a Saturday night, we decided to play it safe and headed for the restaurant at the Connection. When we got there it was already closed, but we were told that it would open up again in about an hour to serve breakfast. We decided to wait, and ended up killing that time watching their F.I. show at their show bar. It is a pretty big affair, with a talented group of regular performers who do several group choreographed numbers in addition to the individual performances of the guest F.I.s. I found this to be a refreshing change of format and enjoyed the show more than I would have usually.

The breakfast was great (maybe anything at that point would have been great). For \$5.00 they have a buffet, eat all you want breakfast that did the trick nicely. For a buffet situation, the waitress was unusually attentive and cheerful. Once sated, we headed back to the motel and crashed. The next day, it was back to boy clothes and we went our separate ways back home again.

As a side note, I told Laurie all about the great sale that Penny's in Louisville was having, so when the Cincinnati Penny's had the same sale four days later, we were ready. Jeaninne, remember the brick red dress that was \$40.00 at 50% off that I agonized over buying there in Louisville? I got the same one in Cincinnati for only \$23.00. Good things come to those who wait.

From Our Readers

Dear Cross-Port:

I noticed an advertisement in the Columbus Dispatch recently that was from a transvestite who offered either a TV show or help with make up and general advice to other TV and TS members of the community. Out of curiosity I called the number and talked to Jennifer. We talked on many occasions but we never got to meet face to face.

Jennifer is in her mid-thirties and had never gotten in touch with either the Crystal Club or Cross-Port. I came all the way from Ireland and managed to contact both, but she seemed to be very concerned that her job (which appeared to be sensitive) would be in jeopardy if any suspicion about her would arise, so had never gotten in touch with others.

She told me about how she had worked on her body and how she had long, sexy legs. She did not sound like any sort of queen, rather, she sounded like a girl who suddenly wanted to be admired. She sounded like a really nice person. She explained in detail how men needed a totally different approach to make up, that he would always look like a man in make-up if he did not understand what was important to make him look like a girl. Once he understood this, he could pass with ease. Jennifer and I talked a lot, at least twice a week. I had convinced her to attend a Cross-Port meeting in October, but her advertisement in the Dispatch had proven a total success and she had two appointments on that Thursday night, so she never got to meet you girls.

Then just before the November meeting, I really wanted to meet the good people at Cross-Port again, so I called her number in the hope that she would travel with me. As you can imagine, I was just a little curious to meet her, but I got a recorded message telling me that "The number you have dialed has been disconnected". Jennifer was gone and I had never met her.

A lot of the conversations that Jennifer and I had frightened me. She talked with some of the people that had called her. We have a lot of sick people out there and a few of them had been calling Jennifer. She had not gotten a can of Mace nor did she know any self defense, other than what a woman might do if she is attacked, but that can be of little use if a bad situation should arise. She was a smart person and told me of a number of instances where she had not gone to an address where she was meant to perform because it appeared wrong or her instincts told her to get out.

I really hope that nothing happened to her. I read in the November InnerView about the liberal attitude that the Gay Pride week met in West Virginia, and I really hope that Jennifer did not meet with this sort of person. If anyone can tell me any more, I would appreciate any information about her. She is a nice person and she could do with some understanding friends. I hope she will get in touch with either Cross-Port or the Crystal Club, but most of all I hope she did not get hurt. If anyone else wants to do something like this, make sure that you have a friend who will call for help if you need it.

-- Renee

Your letter does remind us that caution, above all is necessary when you don't know the territory. If anyone knows anything about this girl, they can

write us here at Cross-Port and we will pass the word along to you.

It may be reassuring to you about your friend's personal safety to recognize that some of her behavior doesn't add up. Attending a support group is much safer to your job security than running your home phone number in the newspaper. People don't just turn up at a support group, they almost always have a personal interest in being there.

On a lighter side I disagree with what Jennifer said about make-up. There are women who have the same "problem" facial structures that men have. What these problems are and how to correct them are outlined in magazines like Cosmopolitan, Women's Day, etc. Whatever works for women with these facial structures will also work for us.

--Eds.

Dear Cathy:

I would like to continue membership in Cross-Port, even though I will probably not be attending the meetings in Monroe. I did appreciate the arrangements you folks make, but I found that the loud music made it awfully hard to talk with the others. And then when I came home from the meeting, my best Lord & Taylor blouse was soaked with cigarette smoke and smelled up everything around it! So, if you don't mind, here is my frank position.

So put me down as a crank, maybe an old crank. My hope is that enough folks will get together sometime to rent a motel room or two, along the Tri-Ess scheme, so that us old cranks can enjoy the meetings. Incidentally, if any other girls rent a motel room, as I sometimes do to shower and dress for the meeting, you can see why we could each contribute \$10 or \$20 towards group rental, and such a money pot could also buy snacks and refreshments. So I will be waiting for any chance that something like this can happen. I talked with Linda at the meeting, and understand that previous attempts failed, but I'm not ready to give up completely.

Cordially,

Barbara

I find nothing "cranky" about you position. The cigarette smoke at bars drives me crazy, especially when I'm wearing contacts. There is also the

expense of dry cleaning bills which might otherwise be unnecessary.

The Crystal Club has been meeting in just such a format since their formation, and it has been quite successful for them. They charge \$15.00 per person, but provide an area for dressing as well as an are for the meeting. They also provide food and soft drinks (bring your own if you want alcohol).

If you've been following the newsletter for the last few months, you probably realize that the "power vacuum" we have had in leadership here at Cross-Port will get a lot larger once Heather vacates her position. Remember also that I am looking to step down from editing the newsletter and only haven't because no one else has evidenced any interest in taking the position. If a change in meeting format is necessary to get people more involved in Cross-Port, then let's do it.

Would you like to be the one who investigates local hotels and/or motels to see if one would be acceptable and/or amenable for a group like ours to use? It may very well turn out that one part of Cross-Port would want to attend weekend meetings at a motel, and another part would like things to continue as they are. The two are not mutually exclusive. Let me know if you are interested.

--Cathy

Here's hoping that your Holidays are enjoyable and that you find your stockings are filled with YOU!

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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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.

Linda's Corner

Crossdressing; transvestites; transsexuals; are all terms we hear quite frequently. It seems like 15 years ago, I could count the times I heard them on one hand. Now days, I hear crossdressing jokes on radio and television, talk shows regularly feature the subject, and a week doesn't go by when one of the tabloids isn't exploiting some form of the subject.

True, much of what we see and hear may be false and misleading, but the fact that these alternate lifestyles are being addressed on almost a daily basis has some merit.

Not that many years ago, when someone saw a crossdresser, they were labeled a queer. One reason is no one new what to call them. I myself didn't hear the term transvestite until I was about 18 years old. And even then, it took a number of years for me to figure out if I was one or not.

Unfortunately, even though most people now know the terminology and may even understand our plight, we still will probably never be excepted by most people.

I was watching television the other night and they were discussing Madonna's new video. As you may know, everyone refuses to show it because it contains bi-sexual, S&M, and crossdressing scenes which could be considered controversial. In an interview, she states that like it or not, thats just the way life really is. Many people just don't fit the mold that society says we must. And just because they don't, we shouldn't hide the facts, and pretend they don't exist. This is just another facet of human nature, and if we ever hope to understand others as well as ourselves, people need to open up and understand.

Gee!... Maybe Madonna's not really a blonde.

I guess what I'm trying to say, is that I still remember the name calling and the people running away. Now days, thanks to such wonderful movies like "Rocky Horror Picture Show", I hear the

people shout, "Hey look everyone, a Transvestite." And sometimes, people actually are friendly and come up and speak. You know, the world seems to be getting better all the time.

If you ever read much by Virginia Prince, you will hear her talk about the stringent social guide lines men are expected to stay within. Women on the other hand have much more freedom. You don't find them crossdressing since they can dress and act as they please. The social pressures to "perform" aren't near as great, so they don't need a place to escape to or from.

I personally believe, as women move more into the work force, and assume more of the once thought of masculine roles, like head of the house hold, many of these same pressures now besiege them. Unfortunately crossdressing cannot be used by them as a means of escape.

This all leads to what my wife actually said the other night. She said she sees how happy, relaxed, and content I am, when dressed, and wished she had a way to become someone else to releave some of the tension of her everyday affairs. Of course there are many other reasons I dress, but I can see her point. I guess in some ways I'm very lucky. I've found a place in life to escape to, a place only possible because of those social guidelines.

If you remember two newsletters back, I showed you a critic's review to Mariette Pathy Allen's book "Transformations", and a letter I sent in response. Since I know many of you do not read the "Transvestian", I have included a copy of two more letters on the same topic that appeared in the latest issue.

If you havn't see her book, and would like to, I would suggest contacting IFGE at PO BOX 397, Wayland, Ma., 01778, and request their book list.

In response to Linda's letter in *Write On!, The Readers Comment* (Vol. & No. 8) dealing with my uncredited review of *Transformations* (Vol. 7 No. 7), I would like to clear up some misinformation stated by this unknown Linda.

Linda states that the reviewer is a non-crossdresser. Because I did not get excited by the book Linda assumes that I am a non-crossdresser. Linda does not know me and even if I were a non-crossdresser there is no reason I should not review this book! In the past year a large number of books that I reviewed were lesbian novels. Does this mean I should be a lesbian in order to review this specific area of writing?

Transformations is a bland book as the authoress/photographer does not appear to know how to present her finished work. If you look at the books *The Queens*, photos by George Alpert, or the few select photos of crossdressers in *Old News — Resurrection City*, by Jill Freedman you will find that the people who are shown are everyday and the presentations are well done. *Transformations* does not know whether it wants to be a photo book or a text. As for the marketability of this book may I suggest that Mariette Pathy Allen should have had it published by a University Press if she didn't care about sales. This book was published by Dutton Press, this part of Plume and both, as well as other publishing subsidiaries are owned by Penguin Books. This publishing firm has been cutting out a niche for itself in the gay and lesbian publishing field. When we talk about a major publisher bring out a book we are indeed talking about money, as a publisher can not afford to lose money on a book. As for being the "unknown" critic I am sorry to say that my name was omitted from the review by mistake!

Daniel M.T. Graham

Dear Tania:

I am writing in protest of the poor excuse for a book review that was given to Mariette Pathy Allen's "Transformations" in Volume 7 number 7 of "The TRANSVESTIAN".

I have no idea what has sort of personal animosity exists between the reviewer and Ms. Allen, but this certainly appears to be a case where the critic knew that he hated the book before he opened it and invented reasons to justify his position as he skimmed through. Ms. Allen is criticized for choosing subjects who are too "middle-class" and "blond". Excuse me, but isn't that who most of us are?

This was not a book featuring exotic queens produced for the titillation of the reader. Rather, it was a work dealing with everyday people who happen to crossdress or cross-live to various degrees for a variety of reasons.

I know that if I were trying to educate my family and loved ones, or even a frightened novice crossdresser, as to how wide spread and relatively "normal" this activity actually is, I'm certainly not going to hand them a copy of "The TRANSVESTIAN".

The fact that most crossdressers are relatively normal, healthy people is exactly the point. The fact that "Transformations" points this out is perhaps the book's

greatest strength, and should not be treated as a weakness.

The photographers is criticized for failing to "take control of the shots" and for "allowing the models to make mistakes". Once again I believe, the point has been missed. God forbid we should be allowed to be ourselves! Can't have an attitude like that catching on! The fact is that most of us are far from perfect. I see nothing wrong with letting this fact be known. In fact, I'd wager that a lot of wives and S.O.s would find this fact reassuring.

In fact, considering how powerfully most males in our culture are conditioned to hide and be ashamed of any feminine qualities in ourselves at all, I think that it's slightly amazing that many of us eventually learn to do as well as we do.

Of course, if one too many of us manage to become more educated, more comfortable, and less guilty about our condition it would become much more difficult for your average pornographer to make a living by preying on that guilt.

The average member of society has no motivation to generate the effort and concentration necessary to learn anything about the crossdressing phenomenon. Unless they themselves or someone in their lives is affected most people have no reason not to simply go along with the crowd and treat our kind with contempt. Ms. Allen is one of the few who, although not directly affected by the crossdressing phenomenon in her

personal life, has made the effort to learn about and to appreciate what we are.

In return for this, she deserves better than to be labeled a voyeur.

To do so, and to describe her educational, sensitive, and caring work as "not worth purchasing" is to do a grave disservice not only to Ms. Allen, but to our community as a whole.

You may cancel whatever may be left of my subscription to your paper. I have better things to read.

Sincerely, Michelle D., Rhode Island

Dear Michelle:

Daniel Graham is a professional book reviewer and is entitled to present his views on the books he reviews. We respect his opinion, as we do yours. A point you would do well to learn. If you wish others to be tolerant of you and your viewpoint you must learn to be tolerant of others and their viewpoints. As for your subscription, there is nothing to cancel, it has expired.

Tania