Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 12701, Cincinnati, OH 45212

The next meeting is January 16 at 8:00pm

A New View

By Elaine

At the December meeting there were approximately thirty-six to forty girls. We had four new new members show up and sign up for newsletters. Welcome to Dave, Heather, Mike and Steve. Jeanie, who has been receiving the newsletter for many months was able to make her first meeting and Laura from the Crystal Club came down from northern Ohio for her first visit.

At the last meeting we had a changing of the guard. I am now the newsletter editor with help from Joyce and with technical assistance from Cathy. It was quite different being the person who went around collecting donations and handing out name tags. I would like to thank Joyce for taking care of the food for the party. She did a wonderful job.

Cathy showed up to the meeting in drab for the first time, confusing many people who have never seen her look like a boy before. Belinda came to the meeting dressed as Santa's helper. Next time remember your shoes, girl.

Safe Sex

By Cathy

I would like to dedicate the first newsletter of 1992 to the memory of Billie Isaacs. Those of you who have attended meetings for the last three years probably met her there. Billie died late in December of complications caused by the AIDS virus. This makes her the first member of Cross-Port to die from this disease. Unfortunately, she will probably not be the last.

Apparantly one thing Billie did not do was inform her partner that she was HIV positive — at least not until she was hospitalized and dying. This is how the disease spreads. This is what causes people to die.

Crossdressers tend to compartmentalize their two "lives". Often they forget that what they do while female affects their male life as well. There is a lot of rationalization which occurs concerning sex along this line. I have heard people explain that they are 100% heterosexual because they only have sex with men while they are dressed as a woman and only have sex with women while dressed as a man.

I know that the majority of crossdressers don't play around like this, but a significant minority are bisexual. This is asking for trouble. No matter what your philosophic outlook, the virus just doesn't care. It doesn't care if what you look like or how you are dressed. It doesn't care if your partner looks clean, or if they act like a "gentleman". Male to male sex puts you in the highest risk category for contracting HIV. Feeling "more like a woman" just isn't worth it.

Ok, so you don't play around with guys, but gladly hit the sack with every woman who shows an interest in you? Ask Magic Johnson how safe sex with only women can be. Just remember that if you have sex with someone, you are also having sex with all the partners that person has had in the last five years. Better yet, think of unprotected sex as Russian Roulette. Every time you have sex with a new partner, you've just pulled the trigger again. Eventually the gun will go off.

Condoms, when used correctly

and consistently, prevent the spread of disease 85% to 98% of the time (depending on the brand). While AIDS is known as the killer disease, it is harder to get than hepatitis B, herpes or syphilis. These diseases can kill you too if untreated, it's just that there are drugs to combat them. Condoms help prevent the spread of all of them.

Forget abstinence. Those of you who aren't currently married don't want to be celibate for An Unknown Time Span. Those of you who have played around in the past are probably going to do so again. Habits are hard to break. Just modify your behavior a little bit. Use a condom. Whether you are on the giving or on the receiving end, use a condom.

The Holiday Season

All the holidays are over again and we all lived through them as we always do. Some times we tend to wonder how?! Looking back however leaves one with fond memories of people seen, places visited and all the other things that take place. Gifts given and those received. Complete the merriment of the season. To top everything off, for us a special delight to dress en-femme while we enjoy these events. We in the crossdressing community are especially fortunate because we have a choice of how we will take part in these events. We have the best of both worlds.

For me the holidays really began with Halloween. Joyce, along with her friends Elaine, Nora, and Marsha, dressed to the hilt and headed for Dayton's Oregon District. We had a wonderful time as we were joined by Cathy, Belinda and Linda who were also in some on their finest outfits. The merriment and bar hopping lasted till the wee hours of the morning. Then, as if that was not enough excitement for one night, Elaine and I were stopped for a sobriety check about a mile from home. We made it through and everything was cool.

Thanksgiving is another of those special days and Joyce enjoyed it to the fullest. After putting on my best face, a pretty blue floral shirtwaist dress and the apron given to me by Bob from the **Thing Shop**, I proceeded to be little miss homemaker. Baking and preparing a meal for guests for the first time. These type activities really bring out the feminine side of us. Anyone can dress and sit around and look pretty and be pampered, and this is enjoyable. But to do things that true women do on a daily basis brings out this side of our nature to it's fullest.

While all this was going on, my alter-ego male self was not idle. As some of you may already know, I decorate my home and yard for Christmas and let people walk through and see it. This has become a tradition in the area over the past 23 years. It took many hours to complete and the reward was once again having a large turn out. Among the crowds were families from Brazil, France, England and several different states.

'Tis the season to be merry and it would not be complete without many shopping trips to the various malls and individual small stores. And of course Joyce had to experience this to the fullest by going to J.C. Penney's outlet store, Northgate, Eastgate and Beechmont Malls all. I might add here that I was read by a couple of young girls who did some giggling. They enjoyed it and I smiled back at them and all was well.

Now as the year comes to a close in it's final moments of glory at Christmas day, Joyce once again emerged. This time I put on a green and red knit outfit with red heels for the entire day. After watching the parades on television, it was time to prepare for my guests to arrive. Drinks, snacks and desserts were served. It was time to turn on all the lights and meet the public. Since I had house guests I did not stay out the whole evening. Instead I went out from time to time and mingled with the crowd.

About 10:00 o'clock, Joyce went out to close the gate. This meant waiting for everyone to leave at their own leisure time. I answered their questions and wished them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. And while many of these visitors would recognize my male self, no one questioned Joyce's presence.

Joyce just loves Christmas lights, as you have probably guessed by now. The Zoo was a big

disappointment this year. I went on the coldest day of the year. Nothing was open and only half the park was lit up. Lesson to be learned, pick a warmer night. However, Ludlow Falls was gorgeous. It is just north of Dayton. Anyone who enjoys decorations should make this a must see for next year. Along with thousands of lights, they had a huge bonfire to keep merry makers warm. The whole scene reminds one of a Currier and Ives painting.

As the year comes to an end, as all good things must, we have one finale fling on New Year's eve and day. Once again I dressed for the day and that evening greeted my guests en-femme. I wore a black knit outfit with a very short skirt. So, in closing I want to say that this has been a glorious year for Joyce. This is the year I truly came out of the closet. As you may know I became a member of **Cross-Port** in June of 1991. I have acquired many good friends through **Cross-Port**. Some of you I still know only by sight, but I want each and everyone to know that I value you all as true sisters. I hope your holidays were as wonderful as mine and that we will all enjoy the coming new year together.

Love Joyce

I Usually Get a Run For My Money

By Erma Bombeck
reprinted from **PHI EPSILON MU**

Every time there is an unpleasant act of personal violation committed upon innocent people in this country, six groups rush forth to shoulder the blame for it.

Yet every day across this country, women pull on panty hose fresh from the package and before they can say, "Give me something for the pain," a run races from crotch to toe.

Not only does no one come forward to take responsibility, no one cares. And what do women do? Like a bunch of wimps, we cut our loses.

WELL STOCKED: I have a drawer full of pantyhose with runs that stop at the knee. I wear these with slacks. In another stack a pair missing an entire foot. These I wear with boots. In another mound are the ones that look like lace curtains. I wear these when I'm around relatives who said I would not amount to anything.

For more than twenty years, the nylon stocking industry has been answerable to no one. You buy a car that does not run, you take it back. You buy a bathing suit that fades, you return it. You buy a chicken that you can't eat, you get your money back.

All you have to do is look at that shriveled piece of nylon (with a waistband so small you'd have to force it around a doorknob) to know it has not been tested. I've seen car doors tested for endurance and waistbands of men's underwear pulled and tugged to make sure they perform in the marketplace. Where is the guarantee that I will get even one wearing out of a pair of pantyhose?

SIX PACK: Since I work at home, I go to the "office" in bare legs every day, but when I travel, I take six or seven pairs in the original packages. On the last trip I lost four pair in the first week. I get better odds at a nickel slot machine in Las Vegas.

As near as I can figure, pantyhose fall under "Act of God" provisions that apply when no one can control the outcome, so no one pays. But the only way I can buy that rationale is if my pantyhose drowned in a flood, or I left them on the clothesline during a tornado.

I have never had good luck with socks OR hose. For thirty years I have battled the case of the missing sock in the washer or dryer. Which necessitated my kids wearing a fake cast on one leg and spurred my attempt to launch a New York Sock Exchange where women from all over the world could send thier single socks for a match. I don't know what the answer is.

I buy the "industrial strength," wide-load size for a women six-foot ten and over. I wash them by hand and try not to climb stairs or sit when I'm wearing them.

The other day I put on a new pair of "tights" for aerobics. They cost me six dollars. A large hole

erupted at my knee. I am going to wear THESE until SOMEONE steps forward and takes responsibility for the deed. I am not vendictive, but if the culprits are caught, they WILL be punished. They will be forced to walk in my pantyhose for an ENTIRE week!

Linda's Corner

Well 1991 is over, and it's time to start to thinking of the great things to come in 1992. The end of the year was very busy for me. In fact, no matter how hard I tried, it seemed that every time I started something for the newsletter, I would get interrupted, and never get it done. So this time I started two weeks early.

Linda really got around last year. First in February, the "T" party in San Antonio. Then off to Denver in April to the IFGE Convention. June took me to Cleveland for the "BE ALL". During my vacation, I hit Salt Lake City, Las Vegas, St. Louis, and Kansas City, for a few days. In August I visited Newport, to attend my first crowning of the Emperor and Empress of Cincinnati. October took me to Atlanta to the "SOUTHERN COMFORT". Finally in November I went to Toronto, Canada for another coronation.

So far the only places I am definitely going in 1992 is Las Vegas in January, Houston (IFGE) in April, Detroit (BE ALL) in June, and Atlanta (SOUTHERN COMFORT II) in October.
Bob from "The Thing Shop" wants me to go to a bunch of coronations this year. He wants to go to Denver, Toronto, New York, Alaska, San Francisco, Lexington, and Hawaii. I might go to one or two, but I certainly have no intentions on driving to Alaska. I'll leave Joyce and Elaine to go on those without me.

Speaking of Joyce and Elaine, I just want to say how pleased I am, they will be doing the newsletter this year. I believe we can expect some good things to come in the up coming year. These two ladies have really been active in the running of Cross-port lately, and not a moment to soon. With Cathy's increased work load at her business and burn out from putting out newsletters, answering mail, etc., made me become concerned, since no one ever seems to step forward to help.

I know on a national level, we sometimes have the same problem. At the convention, we will have 20 or 30 people attend a committee meeting, and then when they go home and take off the dress, you never hear from them again.

This year I'll be running the Congress of Representatives meeting, all day Wednesday. I have sessions to give on both Tuesday and Saturday; committee Meetings all day Thursday and Friday; and Sunday is taken up by the Board of Directors meeting. It takes months just to prepare for this week. This on top of staying out all hours of the night partying, just about does Linda in. But I love every minute of it. I do hope that some of you can make it to the Coming Together Convention this year, it's not only a good week to learn and have fun, but you get to meet the real leaders in the Gender movement, from all across the country. Keep in mind, we are writing history at conventions like this, so when you participate you not only help the plight of all transgendered individuals, but you have the opportunity to make friends with some wonderful and caring people.

I hear from Elaine and Joyce, who live on the east side of Cincinnati, that they love to get dressed up and go shopping in the area stores. Well it just so happens, about two months ago, I spoke to some students from Miami University. Near the end of the class, I asked if anyone had ever came in contact with a Transvestite in their daily life. Surprisingly enough, more than half said they did. The one girl stood up and said she works for a large department store in Eastgate Mall, and said they have a real problem with Transvestites coming in all the time, wanting to try on women's clothes. Guess who I thought of?

I was talking with Yvonne Cook from IFGE the other night, and she tells me the Tapestry is right on schedule. Issue #60 will be out in February. We will of course have some at the meeting for anyone who does not subscribe. Also if you can't get to the meeting nor wish to order one through the mail, The Thing Shop over in Newport, Ky. always has a supply of the latest issue along with some back issues.