

Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 12701, Cincinnati, OH 45212

The next meeting is January 17 at 8:00pm

A New View

by Cathy

The December Cross-Port meeting went very well, with thirty-six ladies and friends in attendance. There was plenty of food on hand, and everyone seemed to eat as much as they wanted (and still be able to do some dancing). Hello to Stephanie and to Stevie who made this their first meeting.

In addition to providing the food, we didn't take a collection at this meeting, so attendees got a double holiday bonus from the group this year.

I also want to thank those of you who volunteered to help on the newsletter. It is much appreciated. In addition to that, we have had someone volunteer to "man" the telephone when Heather stops in March. We want to try to keep the same phone number, but it may not be possible. We're still working on the details. We have also had a volunteer to take Heather's place at the GCGLC meetings, but we would also like to have an alternate because if a group misses three meetings in a row, we lose our membership. Again, cheers go to you who have volunteered.

Instead of cheers, boos to *Playboy* magazine who, in their February issue, featured a photo of three beautiful topless dancers who are in a stage show in New York in all of their stage finery. The boos come in when the caption reveals the the lady in the middle is actually a man. I would never have guessed, so *Playboy*, don't tattle!

According to the *Cross-Talk* newsletter, the company that markets the Epilady hair remover has filed for bankruptcy. A story printed from the L.A. Times which appeared in the newsletter explained that the device was supposed to be marketed to women who wax their legs (and are therefore known masochists). The marketing company instead went for the general market, and thousands of the hair removers were returned by consumers who found they couldn't deal with the pain. What do you expect from something that advised first time users to relax with a glass of wine before using? The future of the product is unknown.

We have had quite a bit of interest expressed lately in having a meeting place on a weekend night, in a private setting for those who are a uncomfortable at a bar scene. We are working on it as time permits. Plans currently call for a second monthly meeting (no this would not replace our current monthly meeting at Christopher's) on the second Saturday of the month. We do need help organizing as it takes a lot more effort to pull off something like this than it does showing up at Christopher's. If you are interested in helping, get in touch.

Remember, if this issue of the newsletter has 1/91 printed on the upper right hand corner of the label, this is your last issue unless you resubscribe. Also, if you send us a check which has a different name on it than appears on your label, make sure that also you let us know what name we mail the newsletter to so you get proper credit. Subscriptions are \$18.00 annually, and unlike many things in your life, our rates have not gone up in the last three years, even though we are expecting yet another mailing rate increase from your marvelous postal service.

Time to start getting ready for convention season. There are four major crossdressing events scheduled for the first half of this year already they are:

Feb. 22-24, The Texas Tea Party in San Antonio, Tx. Contact Bolton & Park Society, P.O. Box 169652, San Antonio, TX 78280, or phone (512) 657-2540.

Apr. 8-14, I.F.G.E Coming Together in Denver, Co. Contact I.F.G.E., P.O. Box 367, Wayland, MA 01778, or phone (617) 894-8340.

May 1-5, California Dreamin', in Orange County, Ca. Contact California Dreamin', c/o P.P.O.C., P.O. Box 9091, Anaheim, CA 92812.

June 5-9, Be All You Want to Be, in Cleveland, Oh. Contact Be All You Want to Be, P.O. Box 5124, Willowick, OH 44095.

Cross-Port Finances

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

Beginning Balance as of the November Newsletter was: \$1536.70

December Expenses:

Phone:	\$32.00
Envelopes & Stamps:	\$28.07
Printing December Newsletter:	\$41.15
Food for December Meeting:	\$110.00
Bank Charges:	<u>\$ 1.90</u>
Total Expenses:	<u>\$213.12</u>

December Incomes:

Donations:	\$27.93
Newsletter Subscriptions:	\$326.00
Sale of Tapestries:	<u>\$20.00</u>
Total Income:	<u>\$373.93</u>

Ending Balance as of January 10: \$1697.51

We also mailed four intro packets this month.

An IXE Christmas Tale

by Cathy

Well, December was quite a month of travelling for me. Not only did I go to Louisville early in the month as I reported in the last *InnerView*, but on the 15th I went to Indianapolis for IXE's Christmas party. As with the trip to Louisville, I got up early, dressed "down" in jeans and a sweater and drove as Cathy to Indianapolis. No real problems, but there was one jerk in an old beat up firebird who would pull up next to me on the freeway at 65 mph, smile, then pull in front of me and slow down to about 45. It made me pretty nervous so I finally passed him at about 80 and didn't slow down again until I couldn't see him in my rear view mirror any more. Do girls have to put up with this crap all the time? (Laurie says "Yes, they do!")

When I got to Indy I checked out where the party was going to be so that I would be able to find it again in the dark, then checked into the local Motel 6. I signed in as Cathy and let them run Cathy's credit card through the machine for payment. No problems, strange looks or anything.

After dropping off my party stuff at the motel room, I decided to kill some time by going shopping. The party was held near the speedway, and there were a lot of "strip" malls less than a mile from the motel. I spent some time (and a little money) at a Stuart's, two shoe stores, and a Fashion Bug. The people who worked at these places were all courteous, and none of the other shoppers seemed to notice that I was anything out of the ordinary.

Emboldened by my apparent success, I decided to do some shopping at the local Drug Emporium. I was running low on some kinds of make-up, and I always feel real self-conscious shopping for make-up as a guy. I normally stay away from "discount" places when dressed because there really is a big difference in the way people treat you if you are "read" depending on their socio-economic background.

As I was walking down one of the aisles, one classic "little old lady" looked at me, then did a double-take. I was sure that I'd been read, but pretended not to notice. As I passed her, she reached out, touched my arm, and said "Young Lady, could you get that off the top shelf for me?"

I was very happy to comply. The only thing she had really noticed about me was that I was tall enough to give her a hand.

The Drug Emporium turned out to be a really pleasant experience. I was able to spend as much time as I felt I needed to purchase the proper products, took time to compare different brands, etc. It was a lot different than the usual "walk in, grab it and go" I normally do.

Back at the motel I freshened up and changed for the Christmas party and headed out. I got there (I thought early) and already the parking lot at the meeting place was full. As it turned out there were more than forty people attending the function from Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Illinois. There were quite a lot of really marvelous outfits too. I think the girls from the Crystal Club had to take first prize for swank look, their outfits were simply spectacular.

There was more than enough food for people to eat (a special thanks to Sharon who spent most of her day cooking turkey) and lots of pleasant conversation as people renewed acquaintances and made new ones. I was also glad to see that there were almost a dozen S.O.s in attendance as well.

After the food there was the "Gift Wars" which has become an annual event at the IXE Christmas parties. The way it works is that each person who brought a gift places it under the tree, then they each get a chance to pick a gift for themselves. The catch is that you have a choice of where you get your gift. You can either pick one from under the tree, or you can take one from someone who has already chosen. In the latter case, the person who lost their gift has another choice at picking a gift, and they also may take it from under the tree or from someone who has already chosen.

Needless to say, it took about thirty minutes for everyone to pick a gift. Most of the "warring" was between the IXE ladies, most of the rest of us were too tentative to take a gift from someone we didn't know very well.

After the party, a group of us headed for 3535 West, which is a gay bar just down the street from the speedway. They had an FI show which was OK. The thing that really made this place stand out from any other gay bar I'd been in was that there were several lesbians there who really seemed to *enjoy* crossdressers. They were really aggressive

about it too. Linda and I practically had to beat them off with a stick.

All too soon (as it always happens), the night ended and the next day I changed back into "regular" mode for the drive home. It seemed a to take a lot longer to drive home than it took to get there, but I had some new, good memories to keep me company.

My Wife Wears My Clothes

by Jane Kamper Bentley

Reprinted from the ETVC Newsletter

I can't stand it anymore.

Ok, I'll admit that a long time ago I snuck into my wife's things. A lot. But I didn't have any of my own. What else could I do? Even so, hey, I always folded them neatly -- even more neatly than she did -- and put them back exactly where they belonged. If these was time, heck, I'd even wash and dry them -- fluff dry! I was so considerate that for years she never knew.

Anyway, I never wore her things very long. Sometimes it was just minutes. And I never deprived her of their use -- forgetting the time I ripped a hole in her fishnet pantyhose and threw them away, because I made full restitution.

"Flowers! For me? How thoughtful, but why?"

"Just... ohh -- just because..."

"Oh! You adorable man."

I always treated her lady things like a gentleman. So it isn't fair that now that I have a wardrobe, bureau, and trunk of my own lady things she takes whatever she wants, whenever she wants, without asking and without putting them back.

Imagine yourself in my place. Let's say that one morning you open your dresser drawer looking for your Vanity Fair all nylon lace bikinis, but all you find are old boxer shorts. You search the usual places: the hamper, under the bed, way back in the closet, through the stack of clothes and papers atop your dresser. Nothing. Damn!

Now the bathroom door opens. Amidst clouds of steam your wife materializes like Aphrodite in terrycloth. She smiles brightly. You frown.

"Hi! S'matter?"

"I can't find my --"

The robe, untethered crumples at her feet.

"--my underpants! Y-you're wearing them!"

"Aren't they cute?"

"Yeah, they are. That's why I bought 'em dammit. What's the matter with those cotton Jockey things you say are so great."

"They're dirty."

"So go borrow a pair of Winifred's."

"I'd stretch 'em. Our daughter may be grown up this way," she says, raising her hand, "but not here." She pats your hips.

"And I am??"

"That's why I like yours. They're so roomy."

"You're bigger in the hips than I am."

"I am?"

Soooo, that day you wear the damn boxer shorts. That evening you do the laundry.

Days later, preparing for an evening en femme, you choose a sheer skirt, which demands that pink half slip you picked up at the RGA clothing swap. When it turns up missing you know right where to look; and it's there, of course, in your wife's top drawer.

"Babe," you say, "I don't mind if you borrow my stuff, but I'd appreciate it if you'd ask first and put it back when you're through."

"Of course," she says, "sorry." But she says it so breezily you're not sure she got your point.

"Hey," you fire back, "I don't go around taking your stuff" -- she gives me that look -- "er, anymore. Why do you just take mine?"

"But I share. What about the pearl necklace?"

"I thought you gave that to me."

"See?"

"By the way, I can't find that, either."

"Winifred needed it."

"But --so do I!" you gasp, suddenly gripped with overpowering nostalgia for the good old days when you were deep in the closet and didn't have to share with anybody.

"Oh, you poor baby," she coos. "I was just teasing before giving you this." She opens the real closet to reveal a huge box, gift-wrapped in pink ribbon.

"W-what is it?"

"Everything you ever dreamed of."

And so it is.

From Our Readers

Dear Cross-por-tettes,

Hi. Howdy. How is all in the big city? All is quite peachy here in Huntington. It is 3:00pm and I am sitting here watching my painted nails glide over the keyboard. My nails have been painted for three whole days. That is the longest I have ever kept them so. Wish I could always have them painted.

I do say a lot has happened in the past few weeks. On December 21st, Trans-WV had their first Christmas party. Five of us got together and had dinner and exchanged presents at a member's house. Everyone had a grand time (I think?). Belinda from Cross-Port was in attendance at our little party. We very much enjoyed having her there.

I do say Christmas is a good time for a salesperson on commission. But after Christmas can be a bad time, especially if they have no further need of you. I was laid off two days after Christmas. The way some corporations work makes me sick. I usually worked off of a 6.75% commission rate, but in November the corporation lowered my rate to 5.5%. Talk about a greedy corporation. They are even going to try and screw me out of a weeks paid vacation.

Getting laid off did not seem as if it would have any desirable effects at all, but *it did*. I had not had any time off in six months and needed a rest. That has been great. I do say that more time off has allowed me to **get out** as Tabetha more than I had previously thought possible. Two days before I was laid off I got a new wig. This wig has made a tremendous difference in how I look. I can actually look into the mirror and see a girl. It is quite an interesting experience. Quite fun to say the least.

Last Saturday I got dressed up and drove to a friend's in Charleston. This trip was the farthest trip I have ever taken as a girl. What worries me is that everything went quite excellent. Ah well.

I spent all of last Sunday dressed up at home. I spent a whole day cleaning, watching cable, jamming to tunes, eating and the whole bit... **dressed**. It was great. What surprised me was how much I noticed my polished nails... It was just more fun to eat, clean, and well do everything.

I think the most fun in the last few days was what I did yesterday. I actually got up the nerve to go out to a local bar dressed. Of course, it was a gay bar... that way would probably not get squished, maimed or mangled on my first night out. The bar was the **Driftwood**.

I spent the longest time getting ready. I was going to give this my best effort to pass as a girl. I spent an hour on getting my make-up just right. I picked out a black and gold sweater, red leather mini-skirt and sheer black hose and heels to wear. I thought it was a killer good outfit.

I drove down to the Driftwood and sat in the parking lot for twenty minutes before I actually got up the nerve to go in. I went to stand in a place where I could watch everyone, ... and everyone could watch me. Ha.

I got there about 9:30 and no one talked to me until about 11pm. This guy broke from his group of four and walked over to me and quite tentatively asked, "Are you in drag?" I said, "But of course." He left.

Until about 11pm I was the only guy in drag there. There I was in my beacon red mini and everyone else was wearing jeans, jeans, jeans. There was this skyscraper blond crossdresser though, she was also in the show. [A rhyme, someone save me.] There were basically two

crossdressers there, not including the four girls in the show. No one gave me the slightest trouble.

I never thought I would have a problem passing *too* well, but I did in a way. All of the girls in the show kept walking by and none said hello to me even though I made attempts to make eye contact. Eventually one of the 'show' girls did come up to me. She said, "I thought you were a girl, that's why I didn't come up and talk to you earlier." If that doesn't help your ego, I don't know what will.

Over all the past few days have been great. I have done things I always wanted to do... The problem is, that I want to do more and more. Besides seeing five people I knew in 'real life', the Driftwood experience was great. In the last *InnerView* Barbara mentioned not liking the bar scene. I usually do not like the bar scene, but the Driftwood was not filled with smoke, and the music was actually down to a level where you could hear someone next to you. It was fab.

Barbara also mentioned wanting to have meetings in a motel room or two. Well Barbara, if you can drive the miles, that is how Trans-WV holds our meetings. We would be glad to have you at any of them.

Speaking of Trans-WV, our group will be one year old this January. We have grown by several members and hope to grow more this coming year.

I do say that I have to disagree with Linda on the fact she stated in the last *InnerView*. Everyone has not refused to show the 'Justify My Love' video. **Nightline** aired the entire video uncut and uncensored. They even had an interview with Madonna. But I do agree with Linda that Madonna is just showing the world the way it really is. I have been a fan of Madonna's since she first came out. Remember the days of the wanna-bees? Well I do say that I wanted to be like Madonna *so* bad.

I have always wanted to take Abnormal Psychology at school, but have not because I have something special for that class. I want to take the class **dressed**. I also want to make an A in the class.. because that would be abnormal. Making a C would be normal... making an A would be abnormal. An A is a very much desired grade even though it is abnormal. I just want to make the point **abnormal = abnormal**, not abnormal = bad.

Does anyone read the Crystal Chronicle? They mentioned something in the last issue that I've just

got to have. It is a 550 pound pigeon that is trained to "SPOT" people who stare at you when you are out in public. This could come in handy at a local mall I know of. I am just dying to go to the mall and shop at such stores as 'Jean Nichole' and 'Up and Downs'.

Now, don't everyone laugh... I just got cable two weeks ago. This is the first time that I have had cable in my apartment. Anyway, I was watching the 'Bozo the Clown Show' (just flipping through... yeahright.) Anyway what caught my eye was the game they were playing. It was something like Sir Godfrey. The kids had to get from Point A to Point B. The deal was that they were paired up in boy/girl pairs. The boy would always throw down the coat for the girl to walk on. Never the other way around.

I do say that orange haired, big shoed, made up man had better get a grip. You hear me Bozo! Quit slamming kids into such death trap concrete (reinforced mind you) molds. The role Society has given me has about killed me. We need to quit being so repressive. We have to look at how we do things. I am only 23 years old now, but I knew in the 6th grade that I did not like my role in society. We gotta do something to give kids some room to breathe. I sure knew I needed some room in the 6th grade, but did I get it? Heck no!

Well, to whoever made it to the end of this mammoth letter I thank you fore listening to me. Till next time I wish you all the best.

Colorfully,

Tabetha

For those of you who get to the Huntington area occasionally, the address of the Driftwood is 1121 7th Avenue, Huntington WV, (304) 696-9858. Hope you find a job soon, Tabetha.

--Eds.

Calendar of Events January- February 1991			
1/17	Cross-Port	Meeting	Monroe
1/18	Trans-WV	Meeting	Huntington
1/26	CrystalClub	Meeting	Columbus
2/7	IXE	Meeting	Indianapolis
2/21	Cross-Port	Meeting	Monroe
2/22- 2/24	Texas "T" Party	Convention	San Antonio, TX
2/24	CrystalClub	Meeting	Columbus

TV-TS Tapestry Journal

THE JOURNAL FOR PERSONS
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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.

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INDIANA CROSSDRESSER SOCIETY
P.O. Box 20710 Indianapolis, IN 46220



TV/TS Support Group

LINDA'S CORNER

Well Christmas is over, and I hope everyone got what they wanted. This year I received some very nice jewelry and two sexy nightgowns from my wife. My kids still ask her why does she encourage my feminine side by giving me girl gifts, if she wishes it would go away. Of course they really don't understand much about relationships, and what it takes to make them work. After all their idea of a personal gift this year was an electric can opener.

I did get out more than usual in December. A few friends came into town, and I made some of the Christmas parties. I must say, I was really impressed with IXE's party. It was not only in a nice setting with an over abundance of scrumptious foods and drink, but it attracted girls all over the midwest. I got to meet many old friends, and became friends with a new group of girls as well. Next year, everyone should put this on your must do list.

Later that night, a group of us hit one of the better gay bars in town. They had a nice impersonator show, great dance floor, and some of the wildest lesbians you ever want to meet.

Now that Christmas is over, I have to save my money for the IFGE Convention in Denver. As most of you know, this is a working convention for those of us in the crossdressing community who strive to make this a better place to live. But at the same time, it also is a great place to live life to the fullest as the woman we always wanted to be. This is truly a convention where the best, and most noted people in our subculture come from all over the world to share ideas. I always feel privileged to be part of such a fine group of individuals. I hope to see some of you there.

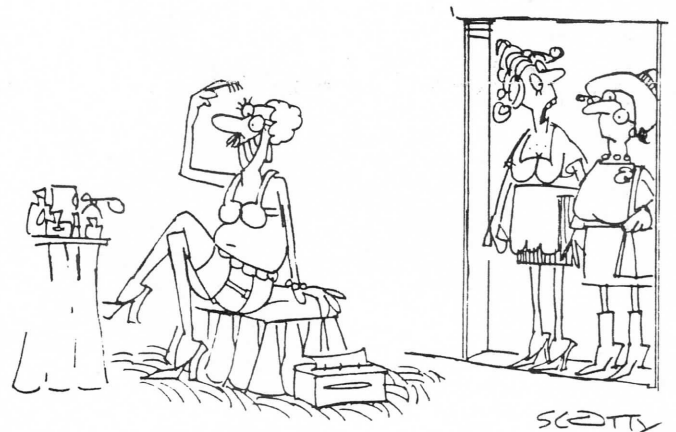
I don't want to get your hopes up too high, but Merissa tells me the new Tapestry is due out shortly. I've ordered plenty to bring to the meeting for those of you who don't subscribe. If you can't make it to the meeting, Crossport or IFGE can of course mail you one. I have also been taking them down

to "The Thing Shop" in Newport, Ky., where they sit on the counter.

Speaking of the "The Thing Shop", I stopped in one day before Christmas, to see if they needed more Tapestrys. While I was talking to Mary, my old next door neighbor who I grew up with, walked in. He seemed very nervous when he saw me. He said, he just dropped in to see what they had. (I bet. One must always get suspicious when someone feels the need to explain why they are here.) I looked over, and there on the counter was Tapestry #56 with yours truly on the front. As I spoke to him, I made a motion with my hands for Mary to cover up the book. She just kept looking at me with a puzzled face, and finally said, "What is wrong with your hand".

Well, my friend, who I'm sure could have put two and two together, turned away to look at some sexy outfits, and I promptly laid a bag over the book. He only looked for just a few minutes and left. I guess he just couldn't find anything his "wife" would like.

This reminds me, that we have some little cards which contain the Crossport phone number and address. I will send all of you some in case you want to tell someone about us, or just want to leave them in a good spot.



SCOTTY

"I talked my husband into a sex role reversal to stimulate our sex life . . . That was seven years ago."

CHOOSING YOUR NAME by Linda

I guess most everyone who reads this column has a name for their female side. Of course, mine is Linda. I chose it probably the way, that many of you chose your name. It seems when I was much younger, all the pretty girls I knew and had a crush on, were Linda. (They were all blonde, by the way.) I also chose this name, because I felt it was believable. By this I mean that there are many women my age named Linda. It was one of the common names in those days. I wanted a name that sounded right for my age.

Not to sound too offensive, but in real life, I have never met anyone over 20 years old, that was named Heather or Jennifer. That is until I started hanging out with crossdressers. Now they are everywhere I go. This holds true with many of the names I come across. Sometimes I can read through a list of crossdressers, and I feel like I'm reading a list of my daughters friends.

Some people of course just use a different version of their real name, like Bobbi for Bob, or Joey for Joe. Others may have already had one of those either/or names, that could be any gender they want. And some just choose a new name everytime you run into them, as if everything isn't confusing already. "No Dear, my name is Steffy this week. Don't you see the short skirt? Ashley always wears her skirts below the knee."Give me a break!

This is a real favorite with some of the people that write to me. I'm usually lucky to remember who they are, more less what their name was last month. And if they didn't change names, you can bet it was because they were busy buying some new hair and clothes for next month's personality.

The people I get a kick out of the most are the strange names. I keep running across the name "Desiree". I suppose Desiree in French means "slut" or something. Because everytime I ever read a story or letter by someone with

that name, they always seem to be the "Hot-to-Trot Queen of the Road." And in one night, they manage to exchange more body fluids, with total strangers than all the people in Cincinnati for a week.

This week I got a long letter from a girl who went on and on about how pretty I was in the Tapestry. For two long pages she sounded very honest and sincere, and how she'd like to meet me. Then she says she's always been heterosexual, but has a thing for she-males. I thought, "Why did she tell me that?" Then she signed her name as "Comfort Desiree". Now what am I suppose to do? Translate this into some dark sexual come-on. Is this perhaps one of those tricky lines like you read in the personals, where you don't mean what you say. And what you do say, can only be understood by horny old men, bisexual transvestites, and transsexuals who are looking for a free operation. Gee, I'm still trying to figure out why so many people want to meet someone fluent in french and greek.

And then there are the bimbo names, like Bambi, Baby, Buffy, Bunny, and Suger. Suppose someone like Merissa with IFGE decided to change her name to Bambi. Now wouldn't you picture her with luscious long platinum blonde hair and very large voluptuous breasts. She probably would loose some respect..... But then on the other hand, men would be stopping by with diamonds and furs trying to buy just a moment of her time. (I can't wait to see Merissa in Denver.)

And some names, it's as if they were asleep, and when they woke up, the first thing that popped into their head, became their name. For example, one girl I know is named "Velveeta". I wonder if she's related to Chuck E. Cheese?

The most absurd names of all, came from X-rated movie stars and drag queens. Example: Lucy Luv, Patty Plenty, Brandi Wine, Nikki Knight, Kari Foxx and Eartha Quake. I must assume these were not given to them at birth. Maybe you get more boyfriends that way? Or perhaps sell more dirty videos.

Everyone to her own. I'll just stick with Linda. Least till next month.