

# Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 12701, Cincinnati, OH 45212

The next meeting is September 21 at 8:00

## A New View

by Cathy

According to the calendar, Labor Day has passed and the pools are closed so its time to get the old razor out and get to trimming off a little "excess" body hair. I have to admit that not shaving can be a relief but the extra pair of flesh tone tights beneath the panty hose in 90 degree heat makes up for it. Besides, stockings just don't feel right on top of matted hair.

We had another big turn out in August -- 31 people were in attendance, and we had a Cross-Port first. Trish showed up with both of her parents! They were a pretty nice couple although I didn't get to talk with them as much as I would have liked. The nice thing was that Trish felt she was able to bring them to the meeting in the first place. I'm glad she was comfortable enough with the people who come to the Cross-Port meetings that she could have them "meet the folks" Everybody came off looking good on this one, thanks ladies.

Paul came to his first meeting and Kevin's twin sister Stephanie was also able to make it for the first time. Dana and Kerri came in from Indy, and for those of you who know Joann, she came to her first meeting in a couple of years. Seems the military decided that they had had enough, so she's a private citizen again. She didn't seem to be very unhappy over the fact that she was now able to live as herself instead of as a guy in a uniform.

Our business meeting was pretty short, not much to discuss except the copier and what has been happening at the gay bars in Indianapolis. John had an announcement that AVOC (AIDS Volunteers of Cincinnati) is looking for IBM compatible personal computer users who could do

data entry for a mass mailing they have planned. Call 421-AIDS if you are interested in helping.

A group of us went down to Perkins after Christopher's closed and talked some more. Don't keep me out so late next time ladies, I have to work in the morning!

For those of you who are following the discrimination issue in Indianapolis, nine people from the gay bar owners/managers group and seven from IXE met at the Indianapolis Police Headquarters with two officers from IPD and one from the Excise Police. Also attending were two members of Justice, Inc., two from the I.C.L.U and four reporters from the gay news media. It seems that the parties involved are at least making an effort toward understanding one another, and hopefully things will settle down to the satisfaction of all.

The new issue of TV-TS Tapestry is out (#54), and they have a big section on the Coming Together convention that was held in San Francisco this spring. If you turn to page 36, you'll see our Linda, pretty as a picture. Bobby Alyson of IXE has her picture on page 40, also looking very nice. And yes, although not named, the girl on page 51 with her back to the camera wearing the white mini and Reeboks is Laurie.

As far as the copier goes, both places here in Cincinnati who service Cannon copiers say our NP 200 is too old to work on. They both refused to service it because it is more than eight years old. Anybody need a 75 pound door stop?

The Crystal Club has let us know that Cross-Port members are welcome to come to their meetings on the fourth Saturday of every month at a hotel in the Columbus area. The only fee involved for Cross-Port members is a \$15.00 meeting fee to help defray the cost of the rooms.

Heather and several others have already attended. Talk to us at the meeting for directions.

Grace Bacon, founder of Crossroads in Flint, Michigan, has formed a new organization known as the National Association of Crossdressers or NAC. NAC says they would like to become a national networking medium which will help cross-dressers make contact with and form support groups for others in their area. They say that they are not trying to compete with any other national organization for members, that they will be primarily an outreach organization. They will be publishing a bi-monthly newsletter which will contain articles and business and personal classifieds. You can contact them at P O. Box 497, Flint, MI 48501.

Last and certainly least -- the Mystery of the Green Paper Why was it around the last newsletter? Is it a Communist Plot? No, merely that when the printer collated the last newsletter, he placed it in a box with the green paper as a separator. Since it costs the same to mail 4 pages as it does to mail 3 pages (and since I didn't need 120 sheets of green paper around the house), I just mailed them out to all of you lovely readers so that I would have twenty people ask me "Why did you wrap the newsletter with that green paper?".

## Cross-Port Finances

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

The printing charges last month were overstated by \$14.77, and the phone expenses were understated by \$.25 so our Adjusted Beginning Balance as of August Newsletter is: \$960.60

August Expenses:	
Phone:	\$16.00
Printing Charges:	\$52.75
Envelopes & Stamps:	\$32.57
Bank Charges:	\$ .90
Total Expenses:	<u>\$102.22</u>

August Incomes:	
Meeting Collection:	\$78.00
Dues, Etc..	\$18.00
Donations:	\$ 4.00
Total Income:	<u>\$100.00</u>
Ending Balance as of August 14:	\$958.38

We also mailed three intro packets this month.

## Transsexual Issues: Living the Lie

by Heather Peerson

Ask almost any transsexual why they feel the need to seek gender re-assignment and one of the first answers they will give is that they are tired of living a lie. They are tired of trying to live the way the world says they should and of trying to present an image that does not seem to fit their own feelings.

From my earliest memories I knew there was something wrong but at the age of five or six, as a child, I had no words to describe what I felt. Even if I had been able to put my feelings into words, what could my parents have done. The chances are that if they had tried to raise me as a girl at that time, they would have been put in jail if it were found out. If they had sought professional help, I would probably have been subjected to an even greater amount of pressure to be male.

As a result of the lack of any other course of action, I did my best to live and present myself to the world in accordance with the male affirmations I received. By the time I reached my teenage years the lie was firmly planted. The world believed I was a man and so did I, on the surface. Yet something deep within kept reminding me that it was all a lie. I *had* to cross-dress. I *had* to find a way to express the suppressed feelings.

When I married, at the age of 22, I did not try to hide my cross-dressing nor did I believe it would ever go away. I did believe however, that I could live my life as a man who cross-dressed, another lie. I also believed I *wanted* to be a woman.

During the 16 years of my marriage, I had plenty of struggles with my need to overcome the lies, but there was some escape. There were many times when I fought the need to present my true self to the world. After the struggle I would go to work or to wherever and would forget the struggle, the need, the lies and would simply have a good time. But the good times were quickly forgotten when the struggle returned.

In November of 1987, I finally removed the lies. I admitted that I did not *want* to be a woman, I *am* a woman. I felt relieved and overjoyed. I could finally be honest with the world. I could stop trying to be something I



wasn't and concentrate I being what I was. Unknown to me at the time, this was to become the first in a new set of lies.

The truth is that the world does not want the truth. It wants the lies. The laws of most states and of the country require a transsexual to lie since we are not afforded protection under the law. Laws have been passed to protect the rights of illegal aliens while some of us, who are born citizens, are not afforded the same rights. Gender clinics require a person to live and function in the new gender for from one to five years before permanent reassignment can take place, but that is impossible to do without lying since no court will grant a temporary change of legal gender. To make matters worse, sometimes the lies require breaking the law.

Since I began living full time as a woman I have had to learn a whole new way of lying. I lie about my past. I lie about having been married. I lie about my sexual attractions and I lie about my legal status.

My world is so filled with lies that I have considered writing a fictional autobiography for myself to read and learn so that I will always tell the same story. If I felt my world was a lie before what do I call this? Why do I lie? I lie in order to be accepted. Precisely the same reason I lied before.

If my life before was a lie and my life now is a lie what is the difference? The difference for me is that now the only people being lied to are the ones who want the lies -- people who are not willing to accept or deal with the truth. I do not lie to myself. For the first time in my life I know who I am, what I am and what I need to do about it. It has given my life meaning from within me and that alone is worth the struggle, the pain and the many losses I have encountered. Outward joy has been replaced by an inner joy and peace which only comes when we can finally say "I know who I am, not because the world says so, but because I know so".

This is not to say that I don't have times of loneliness and despair. Times when depression once again tries to get a hold on me. Times when the lies begin to feel like too great of a weight to carry for the rest of my life. It is in these times that I remember what it was like before the change in my life. I recall the good times that I've had since then and how much longer the good times lasted because I did not have to return to that inner struggle. I look in the mirror and say, "I AM A WOMAN and proud of it and it doesn't matter what the rest of the world believes." If I

have to lie to them, so be it, but at least I can be honest with myself

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## The First Time

by Jeaninne

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I'm sure every one of my sisters remembers that very first time she stepped out of the closet and dared to venture beyond the confines of four walls. This is an experience common to all of us and is one of my more precious cross-dressing memories. Especially now that I can reflect at a safe distance in time on the heart pounding anxiety, doubts, fears and above all, the sheer thrill and exhilaration of it all! I'm sure that my experience was not that different than many of yours but I'd like to share it with you anyway, as it may be worth a few laughs and we can all use more of those.

I live in a very rural area of southern Indiana and after two years of actively searching for a TV. support group I finally happened on to Cross-Port. After making the proper contacts, I decided to attend the August 1986 meeting at Monroe -- a 300 mile round trip. I was informed that many first time attendees come to the first meeting in their male clothes in order to feel more comfortable, which I could easily understand. I decided, however, that since I had been searching for so long and eagerly anticipating this most daring of acts, I would wear my femme clothes and plunge head (or wig?) first into this unusual calling to which I seemed so compulsively drawn.

I checked into the motel and marvelled at how luggage containing only filmy lingerie, summer dresses and cosmetics could be so heavy (and still do). Excitedly I began the extensive and at that time unfamiliar process of transforming a middle aged farmer and ex college lineman into a hopefully reasonable facsimile of a six foot tall woman. After much confusion searching for misplaced cosmetics, re-doing makeup, etc., I finally decided some three hours later that I looked as good as I was going to look. Also, it was nearly 7:00 PM, the scheduled time for the meeting to start.

Now came the really big moment! I faced that same outside door which had been my friend and protector the past three hours. Now it appeared most ominous and threatening indeed. At this same moment I remembered that bright sunlight was also looming just outside and that I had parked the car some 100 feet away on the

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far side of the lot because the closer spaces had been filled.

With a very unsteady hand (sporting brightly polished nails) I slowly opened the door and peeked outside. Instantly I heard the voices of children and turning my head, was startled to see an entire family playing on the same miniature golf course which I would have to pass (no pun intended) to reach my car. I quickly retreated, shut the door, and asked myself "I wonder if they are on the first or eighteenth green? If they're about finished I'll wait them out, but if they've just started I'll miss this long anticipated Cross-Port meeting entirely!". After peeking out the door several more times it became obvious that the kids were having too much fun to leave and would be there for some time to come.

"Crunch Time" had arrived for Jeaninne! Either (a) undo two years of anticipation, three hours of preparation, change back to a male and slink home a coward or (b) touch up my makeup again and try to stroll nonchalantly past this fearsome foursome. Finally I squared myself toward the door, hitched up my garter belt and stepped outside. I had waited too long for this night to let anything short of a lynch mob stop me (although even this seemed a possibility to an anxious imagination).

As I walked that very, very long 100 feet to my car on rather unsteady three inch heels, I kept thinking any minute one of those shrill little voices would start screaming "Look Daddy! Look Mommy! There goes a funny man dressed like a woman!". Upon hearing this, Mom and Dad would descend on me, berating me for corrupting their little darlings, and then other motel guests might get involved in the confrontation, and who knows what else might happen -- the possibilities seemed endless.

Apparently, however, they were all avid golfers as I did make it to the car with no comments, hoots or jeers. Releasing a huge sigh of relief, I slid behind the wheel and headed for the meeting, arriving only a little late. That evening I discovered an entire new and wonderful world at Cross-Port and met many lovely sisters who I still count among my most treasured friends.

During the past three years since that memorable evening, I have done several more daring things while cross-dressed than I did that first night out, but none that I remember more vividly. How happy I am today that I did finally decide to open that ominous motel room door!

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## Belindacise

by Belinda

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A while ago I was working out at a health club when over the PA they announced the aerobics class would soon begin. I grabbed a towel to walk over and join in. Along the way a male nautilus instructor, with whom I was marginally acquainted, saw me. He said "If you go to too many of those classes, you'll turn into a woman."

At health clubs I've always enjoyed the aerobics and stretching more than nautilus or free weights, which often seem like medieval torture. As yet I've lacked the guts to fulfill a longtime fantasy (and the nautilus instructor's prophecy) of working out at such a club as a woman. I have enjoyed this activity alone and in private, making it part of a health and beauty regimen. Let me share a little background and introduce you to the possibilities of this type of fun.

Years ago while still living at home and closet bound I nevertheless enjoyed many opportunities to be Belinda while other family members vacationed. During one such time I worked eight to five and would depend on the TV to perk me awake in the morning. We'd just gotten cable. One morning I chanced upon the Joannie Greggain's exercise show Morning Stretch. Joannie and two lady guests would dance, sway, lift and stretch to the popular music of 1983. In time I was mesmerized. Joannie would always exhort the viewer to get off the couch and join in. She'd say one exercise would whittle down the waist, another would tone up thighs, and yet another would firm up pectorals. Before long I believed joining in on these exercises was the route to carving out a more feminine physique. I got off that couch.

At first I just put on my shorts and a T-shirt and joined in guy-style. Everything changed the day I decided to take it that one step further. Went to Parklane at the Eastgate mall and procured a leotard and tights outfit. The inquisitive clerk wanted to know who they were for and I stammered out "My girlfriend (who just happened to need the longest size tights they carried)."

6:00 the next morning I sleeked out in black spandex as Belinda and joined Joannie and her friends. It was exquisite, really beyond words. Of course the snug nylon shaped, molded, and caressed me as I moved about. Beyond that sensuousness a whole new world had opened up.

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I lifted, glided, and arced with the girls on the TV screen and in large measure freed years of shackled expression of grace and flowing ease, gestures I'd taught myself to quell ever since grade school came cascading outward upon that family room floor. Many of you might be familiar with this massive release, this overwhelming outpouring of your own femininity when you finally decide to let go. For me it happened for the first time in that family room.

I continued to work out with Joannie through that summer and even into the fall, when I'd started graduate school (they had cable in my private dorm room). Space and lack of illustration possibility keep me from describing all the exercises I learned. If you watch TV you've seen them anyway. One routine I will share, though, is known as The Cat:

You simply mimic the movement of a feline after it has awakened from a nap. On hands and knees, you bow your head downward, your back curved, chin tucked in, toward your chest. Then, releasing your back, you bend your elbows and ease your head, shoulders, and chest through. Your goal: to graze each part of your body fractions of an inch from the floor. At the finish you'll have raised upward to an arched-back position, legs flat on the floor, arms fully extended, eyes gazing toward the ceiling. This whole routine tones up the thighs and upper body and at the same time gets you feeling lithe and flexible. And if you're dressed the way I described earlier, oh, so feminine!

Any kind of workout program has obvious health and appearance benefits. If you're interested in trying out your own version of this scenario, you might do well to rent or buy an exercise video. Last time I saw Joannie Greggain's show she'd seemed to have sold out to the "no pain, no gain" school. And exercise should be fun.

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## From Our Readers

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Dear Linda,

Thank you for announcing the operation of my computer sub-board in the August 1989 issue of the InnerView.

The system operator, sysop, of the Cosmic Express bulletin board system has moved to Detroit, Michigan closing down the operation of his system.

I have moved the operation of my sub-board Arlena's Jewel Box, to the Adult BBS, 317-784-6975. My sub-board is now fully operational, with free access to all cross-dressers. Access to my sub-board will be granted after a sister leaves a message to the sysop requesting access using my complete feminine name as a reference, Arlena Maria Starchild.

Full access to the other adult sections of the Adult BBS will be by paid subscriptions with a time limit determined by the amount paid.

Another computer bulletin board with a gender related sub-board is Cristina's Den of Little Pleasures, 219-489-2601. It is operated by a transsexual in Fort Wayne, Indiana with free access to all cross-dressers.

Love and Peace,

-- Arlena Maria

*Thanks for the update Arlena, stability is always a problem with home-grown bulletin boards. Keep us notified and we will pass the info along.*

*For those of you interested in BBS's, IXE now has their bulletin board up and running. Dial 317-784-6975, select "KINKY BBS", leave E-mail for "BOBBY ALYSON" or "SYSOP" -- Eds.*

Dear Cross-Port-ettes,

Hi. Thought I would drop you a short note to say I thought you all did a good job on the last "InnerView". It was good to hear from Heather again. It seems each month you send out several intro packets, how do these people hear about Cross-Port? I liked the article "Rest Room Dilemma" by Jeaninne.

Colorfully,

-- Tabetha

*Information about Cross-Port is found in many publications which concern cross-dressing such as Lady Like and the Tapestry. Others hear about us in Gaybeat and from the Gay Switchboard. Still others are referred from groups in other areas, therapists and counselors.*

*We think that referrals to and from other groups is very important. A local group is best able to meet someone's immediate needs. In the last two months, included in the intro packs we sent out, were two referrals to IXE to people in the Indianapolis area and two to the Crystal Club in the Columbus area.*

-- Eds.

IXΣ

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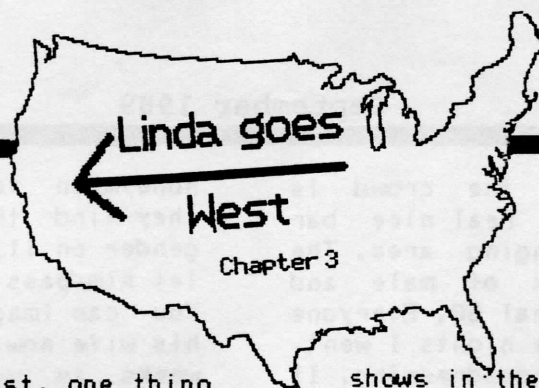
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Cross-Port is a not-for-profit support group which meets solely for the support of cross-dressers, trans-sexuals and their family and friends.





While on the West Coast, one thing that I had planned to do, was visit as many TV/TS bars I could find.

San Francisco has just about any kind of crossdressing bar you could imagine. Many bars were just like the ones around here. These are the kind where mostly gay people hang out, and on weekends, have female impersonator shows.

We visited many straight bars. Sometimes in large groups, other times just 2 or 3 girls. I've noticed that the girls who attend IFGE functions don't seem to care about staying in the Hotel. They all have a adventurous nature about them, and I ran into girls all over the city. No one to my knowledge had any trouble anywhere.

I recall there was a 50's bar not far from the hotel which I went to a few times. On one occasion, I was with about 6 girls, and we were dressed to kill. As we walked in, I noticed across the room about 6 TS's at a table. They were dressed in blue jeans, flat shoes, and looked a little drab. With them were young men who had been there for some time, buying drinks, and trying to get some action. A couple of them had their arms around the girls, and some were even getting a kiss or two. Once we got to a table, most of them came over and bought us a drink. One of the first things they said was, that we knew how to dress right to please a man, and that we were much prettier. We would now be blessed with their company, and the other girls could get lost. (No one let on, that we were just TVs out for a good time.) The men were now quite drunk and getting hornier by the minute. Then out of the blue, one of the guys said that we all seem to have deep voices. Then some big mouth says, "Thats because we really are men." Well, lets just say, that didn't go over very good. They picked up their drinks and said, "You might be prettier, but at least their real." And off they went back to the TS's table.

I also got to visit "Finocchio's". This bar has one of the most famous FI

shows in the US. All the girls sing live to a band which plays behind them. The crowd is all straight, and the bar is set up for shows only, for which there are three each night. The shows were good, but its not a place where cross-dressers would want to hang out.

I also went to a bar called the "Black Rose". This is definitely a pick up bar. The bar had about 200 people in it. About 50% men and 50% women, which were all TVs and TSs. It felt odd, because it seemed like a straight bar yet everone knows there are no GGs present. Your'e treated like a lady, and the men come on to you just like you were for real. Many of the girls, were perfect. Most live as women, and have their own hair cut in a very feminine manner. Many have had implants, and injections in their breasts, hips, and face. A good number of them love to show off their body so they dress very scantily. I felt inferior and jealous of many of the girls.

On my third trip to this bar, I started to see a different story. I now saw uneducated girls who didn't know any other means to support themselves, except to do favors for men. They seemed lonely. Yes, many were friends, but the friendship looked more like the kind two prisoners would have. Like society doesn't want them, and if they don't stick together, they have no one. They all seem to have this fantasy, that they will meet some successful man who will sweep them off their feet, and they will live happily-ever-after. I looked at my own life, and soon realized I was by far the luckiest person there. This night I left depressed. I felt sorry for the girls and the lives they lead.

A few months later, my family and I went to LA. I had met a few girls from here, and they had told me the best places in town to go. I came prepared of course, and I managed to get out on four different nights.

The first place I went was to the "Queen Mary". I'm sure many of you have heard of this show bar and lounge. The front of the building is where the

shows take place, and the crowd is straight. The rear is a real nice bar with dancing and a lounging area. The clientell is a good mix of male and female with an occasional GG. Everyone I talked to, on the three nights I went, has some interest in crossdressing. It reminded me of the type of people that attend Crossport. Management tries to keep out the hooker types, so the men you meet, aren't just there for sex. I did run into a few girls I knew from past IFGE conventions, but everyone in the bar was very friendly, and making new friends was easy. I got the chance to meet several of the performers, like Heather Fontane, who you see often in magazines like FMI. The best thing about bars like this, is since there are so many crossdressers in the LA area, nice TV/TS bars can stand alone, and don't need the gay community or anyone else to generate income for the owners. You know you are always welcome, and once inside, everyone there will be like you.

One night while at the "Queen Mary", I got to meet Sandy Thomas. Sandy is an author who lives in the area, and has published about 10 or so short stories. I have a few of her books, and I must say I have enjoyed them all. She gave me one of her latest books, and ask me to tell her what I thought. They are simmlar to the books that Tri-S publishes, but have a spicy flair, that make them more enjoyable. One of my favorite is "Missing Passport". Here, a young man and his new wife go on their

honeymoon to Europe. Once in Europe, they find the passport has the wrong gender on it, and custom officials won't let him pass until he looks like a girl. You can imagine what happens as he and his wife now have to spend the next few weeks as young women touring Europe. They are always shopping for new clothes and getting picked up by men who they date and tease. They decide to stay longer, so they get jobs and settle down as girlfriends.

If your'e interested, you can send for a free brochure of current titles to:

Sandy Thomas  
P.O.Box 1327  
Studio City, Ca. 90604

Another Bar I visited, and probably the wildest by far was "Peanuts". The only night a crossdresser would want to go there is on Monday night. And on Monday night, look out. I've never seen so many crossdressers in one bar before. Most of the crowd is dressed very wild, with loud music and expensive drinks. The girls range from the first night out look shy types, to the show it all, do it all, X-rated movie Queens like Sulka, Summer, Coco, and the likes. Of course I loved it, but then I love wild dancing and all out partying.

I must say I did have a great time in the west coast bars, but I'm still glad I live where I do.

### IFGE's 4th Annual "COMING TOGETHER" Convention

MARCH 27 - APRIL 1, 1990

**FULL REGISTRATION:** \$225.00/Person; \$375.00/Couple. **3-DAY REGISTRATION:** \$185.00/Person; 295.00/Couple. **DISCOUNTS:** 15% before October 1, 1989, 10% before Jan. 1, 1990, 5% before March 1, 1990. Send check or money order to "Coming Together", Box 367, Wayland, MA 01778.

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