



# InnerView

October, 1996

Volume 12, Issue 10

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## FUTURE FUN

**October 17**  
CrossPort  
regular monthly  
meeting and  
dinner, Meet at  
the Bamboo  
Garden at 8:00  
PM for busi-  
ness dinner,  
then go to Oldz  
Street about  
9:30 PM for  
more business  
and socializing.

**November 21**  
CrossPort  
regular monthly  
meeting and  
dinner. Same as  
October.

**December 19**  
CrossPort  
Christmas Party  
at Blue Ash  
Best Western  
Conference  
Center(?)  
See Page 4.

## Potpourri

**by Bobbi Robertson**  
Well! Well! Well! Look  
who's back in town! Yes,  
Girls it's li'l ol' (strike that  
"ol'" merde, substitute  
"venerable") me. Now,  
don't go getting your  
panties in an uproar hop-  
ing that Bobbi R. is about  
to stage a coup d'etat  
where one isn't needed.  
Nope! It's just that, with  
the change of season,  
added to the fact that a  
girl can only have so much  
fun, I finally find myself  
ready once again, to as-  
sault you with some of all-  
too-trivial fluff! ( I really  
did miss y'all, though!).

First, let me add my kudos  
to all those others praising  
Ms. Marquette and Ms.  
Caden for, not only taking  
over the InnerView, but  
also for their continuing  
successes at upgrading the  
rag. Jenn tells me that the  
problems now are ones in-  
volving, not the need for  
scrounging material and  
"filler" for each edition,  
but ones requiring diplo-  
macy and tact in limiting  
the volumes of material  
which CrossPort's hacks  
are sending to be pub-  
lished. What a wonderful  
seat to be rocking in... re-  
ally getting to edit and not

merely proofreading the  
usual tripe sent in by our  
"columnists," (Meow!).  
Jenn's, I envy you  
(although not nearly  
enough to ever think about  
editing again!). My public  
advice to both of you is this:  
Damn the criticism and  
whining...keep reaching be-  
yond your grasps. It's one of  
the qualities (besides our  
magical talents of transfor-  
mation) that makes us so  
very special. Enough al-  
ready of my pap. Let's get  
to the fluff!

In the September 15, 1996,  
edition of the Cincinnati  
Enquirer this headline ap-  
peared on page 2, "Boy  
dressed down in school."  
Yes, ladies, it's another tale  
of some brave, strong trans-  
gendered person who, with  
more guts than most of our  
community combined, bears  
his soul (not to mention his  
throat) and proclaims to the  
world, "This is who I am. If  
they're going to kick me out  
every day of the week, this  
is going to happen every  
day." Wow, this quote  
comes from an AP article  
concerning 15 year olds sus-  
pended "several times" for  
wearing a dress, makeup,  
and a wig to class. Deemed  
disruptive by the principal

and therefore a violation of  
the district's dress (oh, the  
irony) code, Matt's latest  
outfit was a "black top and a  
pink, red and green flow-  
ered skirt." Sounds quite  
"enssemblé" actually, not  
anywhere near disruptive. I  
hope that we in the TG com-  
munity rush to support and  
counsel this courageous  
youth and his family.

About ten days before that,  
page 2 of the September 4  
Post led another AP article  
with "Principal charged  
with prostitution." Well,  
I've always suspected that  
most school administrators  
were really whores at heart,  
but I certainly didn't know  
any who had the urge to  
crossdress before they plied  
their wares on the pave-  
ment. In Charleston, WV  
(home of that oh so sexy fly-  
boy, Chuck Yeager), an  
"...elementary school princi-  
pal was arrested in drag on  
prostitution charges." With  
accompanying photos of the  
suspect in makeup and wig  
and then sans curly locks,  
the piece detailed how the  
55 year old individual of-  
fered to "...undercut a fe-  
male competitor's price for  
oral sex on two male

(Continued on page 2)

## Potpourri

(Continued from page 1)

(undercover) officers." I guess you never know about us school-marms!

On a sad, and long overdue note, this past summer one of our number suffered a horrible and humiliating death. Perhaps you read of the murder of Geena (Gerald) Keys by her "room-mate." Geena was found duct-taped in the closet of her Clifton apartment by firefighters responding to the burning building. Later, the news vultures teased the TV viewers with promise of a story about a "man wearing a dress arrested outside

the Warehouse charged with room-mate's murder." It wasn't until the next day that I learned that the victim was, indeed, one of our own. Geena's ongoing transition was directly influenced by her association with CrossPort. I remember, shortly after my own initial meeting in Monroe, Gerald's arrival. This tiny, frightened man in a suit stood shyly with Joyce and met us wondrously. That was the last time I saw "Gerald." The following month Geena appeared and was a semi-regular attendee for the next four years. Suffering professionally and emotionally because of her dedication to her transgendered

nature, Geena, none-the-less, refused to retreat. Though sometimes surrendering to self-destructive habits, she attempted to achieve success as a lady. She deserved better than she got. I hope that those of us who knew her will take a few minutes and meditate on the condition of her (and our) soul. Good-bye, Geena Keys.

Having said that, I'm outta here.

Stay Healthy. Stay Beautiful.  
Avoid Runners! ♥

(Good to hear from you, Bobbie!  
Stop by anytime - and soon! -ed.)

## Just One Reason

by Paula Ison

My genetic girl friend, Jan, had a recent gender experience at a New Jersey courthouse when she got a subpoena to serve as a juror. When she arrived at the court house, she found herself with 30 others prospective jurors. A court clerk then took a roll call. About half way through, the clerk called, "Kevin Brown." The room fell silent when a girl answered to the name. She explained to the clerk that she used to be Kevin, that she was pre-operative, and just last week had legally changed her name to Karen.

By the time Karen sat back down all the jurors had figured out her background. Although none of the jurors made an obvious issue of it, all 30 minds were very busy. They were trying to figure out who she was, why she would change gender, and how far could they sit away from her.

Certainly Karen's day was not working out as she had hoped.

Because of her exposure to Cross-Port, Jan knew the answers to most of the questions the other jurors were asking themselves. Yet, she still had one question, "What do I do?"

A short while later the court gave the jurors a fifteen minute break and Jan called me here in Ohio and explained the situation and asked me for advise. I replied that she did not really have to do anything. She could just avoid Karen, but the friendly, more positive thing would be to introduce yourself and tell her that you are friends with the gender community. You'll immediately make a friend and put Karen at ease when she realizes that she is not alone facing the other thirty jurors by herself. Jan thanked me and hung up the phone.

Several hours later, Jan called back and excitedly told me that she

introduced herself to Karen, who was quite relieved to have a friend in the courtroom. Then, when the judge allowed them to go to lunch, the two of them agreed to eat together. Just as they prepared to leave the courthouse, another juror came up and asked if they could join Jan and Karen, then another juror and another. In all, there were three other jurors, one male and two females, that joined Jan and Karen for lunch. Jan reported that the five of them had a good lunch with lots of conversation, none of it about Karen's gender switch. Karen participated equally in the conversation and found herself well accepted by the other three.

What started as a very bad day for Karen when the clerk called her old male name turned into a very good day, thanks to Jan. Jan seized a surprise opportunity to set a real example to the other jurors. ♥

## Kristine on... Feminine Movement and Poise

by Kristine Jones

People not only judge you by the way you look, but also by the way you carry yourself, the way you walk, sit and stand. Self-assurance in public comes from not only from appropriate, fashionable dress, but also from good posture and self-confident, poised movements. This article may help you to achieve visual poise.

The first step is to perform a self-assessment in front of a full length mirror. Observe and study the shape and stance of the body in your normal standing position. Then, stand with your back to a wall, with the feet slightly apart, heels about three inches from the wall and lean back. If your buttocks, head, and shoulders all touch the wall, your back is straight, as you should stand. This may be uncomfortable because of the weakness of the back muscles and crookedness of the back, which you can correct with exercises.

First, make believe there is a string extending up from the top of your head, pulling your entire body straight upward toward the sky. Your neck becomes longer and swanlike. With exaggerated motions, roll the shoulders forward, then pushing them up toward the head, then way back, and finally down, level and relaxed. This will make the head held high, and place the shoulders back and down. Hold the chin parallel to the floor. At the same time the stomach will have popped out, so pull the stomach in and up. Hold the stomach in without over-tensing the muscles and the rib cage high. You should also hold the buttocks in. While standing, let the arms hang comfortably at the sides, with the elbows slightly bent. Study your-

self in this position for a moment in the mirror and then relax to the your normal standing position. You will likely immediately notice the difference.

A fluid, striding, rhythmic walk is more problematic, but is achievable in three months with fifteen minutes of practice per day. First, prepare a practice floor with a 2 inch wide strip of masking tape 3 feet long, starting 2 feet perpendicular from a wall. Then, adopt the previous standing position with bare feet and with the first step, place the inside of the right foot to the right side of the tape, barely touching it. Continue with the left foot to the left of the tape, placing it so it just grazes the line. Walk slowly down the masking-tape line with the head erect and eyes looking straight ahead. Neither foot should cross the line and both feet should fall at nearly the edge on either side of the tape. Don't look down as you are walking-hold the chin parallel to the floor; check only when you are at the end of the line.

While walking, the torso should remain upright, with the thighs projecting forward, preceding the torso. If the knees are flexed and relaxed, this ensures a smooth walk. If the knees are locked, this will cause the hips to sway.

The feet should point straight ahead while the practice walk is done, with a small space between the knees. To find the ideal stride length, lean forward from the ankles (like a ski jumper) until you feel the need to catch yourself from falling by placing one foot in front of you. If the arms swing in a relaxed and gentle manner, hanging naturally from the shoulder, with the inside of each arm turned toward your body, forearms and hands relaxed and the shoulders

held back and down, the walk will be improved. Let each arm swing approximately eight inches forward and backward. Try to establish a rhythmic walk by repeating softly, "step, step, step, step," as you exhale for four steps. To make the movements smooth while you are walking, imagine that you are floating on a cloud.

Pivoting is the execution of a graceful, balanced turn. To develop, try taking the four steps as outlined above, then turn left just by coming slightly onto the balls of the feet and pivot the body to the left. (Always turn in the opposite direction of the foot that is out front.) As you turn, stop your right or front foot when it is at a 45 degree angle to the line pointing in the direction you are going. Continue to pivot the back or left foot until its entire length is on the line. Transfer the weight to the back foot, find your balance and keep the knees relaxed. Repeat. After the walk and pivot are mastered, master them in the type heels you usually wear, maintaining the upright body position.

When climbing or descending stairs, keep the body in alignment and your head up. Look with the eyes, not the head, as fashion models do. When descending, place the weight on the ball of the foot first, then the heel, with the knees pointed forward. Place the entire foot on the stair, and if the stairs are narrow, turn both feet in the same direction to avoid a duck walk. When you go up or down stairs, give the impression that you are gliding by trailing your fingers lightly on the banister.

*(Continued on page 4)*



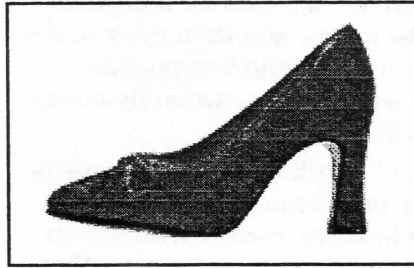
## Kristine on... Feminine Movement and Poise

(Continued from page 3)

This allows you reassurance of your balance without appearing to "clutch" the banister.

When standing for photographs or when you just want a poised, graceful look, turn the body slightly to make the front view look slimmer. Point the front foot straight ahead. The back foot should be behind and to the side at about a 45 degree angle to the front foot (so that the heel of the right foot is in the center or arch of the left foot, and the left toe is pointing to 10 o'clock). Evenly distribute the weight (more weight is on the back foot) and keep the knees relaxed. Look in the direction that the front foot is pointed and you are in the posed model standing position. Reverse the position of the feet for variety or if it feels more comfortable.

Sitting gracefully begins by moving to the chair and pivot to place your back to it, head up in the basic model's stance. If you feel uncertain as to the location of the chair, place the calf of the rear leg against the seat of the chair. Move one leg slightly underneath the chair, relax the knees, and lower the body straight down, leaning forward slightly from the hips. Let the back leg carry most of the weight, as you sit down slowly and smoothly, back straight, head up and knees together. Don't back up to the chair or lead with the buttocks to make a "fanny first" decent. Likewise, don't slick your skirt underneath as you sit down; if you are close enough to the chair, your skirt will fall underneath you. Sit on the edge of the chair and slowly ease back, placing your hands on the chair if need be to assist you with positioning.



Thereafter, the hands can be placed in the lap, one on top of the other ① with both palms up; ② with both palms down; ③ with one palm up and one down; or ④ with the fingers lightly laced. In all examples, keep the fingers gently curved.

The typical crossed-at-the-knee pose (starting with both feet on the floor, toes pointing straight ahead, cross one leg over at the knee) is fine by day. A more elegant evening alternative is to keep your knees pressed together and off to the side, with your feet crossed at the ankles only.

Also, to avoid being swallowed by a deep couch, place a pillow at the small of your back and position one arm along the top of the sofa. Whatever position you adopt, try and keep the back straight and the calves at right angles to the thighs. If there are armrests on a chair or couch, use one or the other. Never place both arms or hands on the armrests.

Rising from a chair begins by rocking forward in the chair, from the hip joint, so as to slide forward to the chair's edge. The secret to gracefully arising from a chair is to get both feet together and underneath you. Try not to lead with the head or bend in the middle. Allow the hands to fall in front of you naturally, and do not throw them out for balance, grasp for some object to keep your balance or push off the chair. Place the

back foot under the chair and use the ball of the foot to help you push upward. Most of the activity is in the thighs, using those muscles to lift you up gracefully. The back while rising is slightly rounded and the buttocks remain tucked underneath. When upright, adopt the poised standing position and transfer the weight to the weightless front foot.

If bending to the floor, place one foot in front of the other for balance. Then, bend deeply at the knees, keeping the buttocks tucked under and the back straight. Use the thigh muscles to return to a standing position. ♥

## Christmas Is "Mighty Close!"

by Paula Ison

Mark your calendars for **December 19, 1996**, when CrossPort hosts their annual Christmas party. We have **tentatively** reserved a party room at the Blue Ash Best Western Conference Center and Hotel, located at the corner of I-71 and Pfeiffer Road. It's very nice facility, equal to last years' Holiday Inn. The party starts at 8 PM and ends at Midnight.

We'll have a buffet, dance floor and a DJ. The admission price is yet to be determined, but we will have set it at the lowest possible price, with a discount for advanced tickets. For anyone wanting to stay at the hotel, we have secured a \$59 room rate.

If anyone has a suggestion to enhance the party, please call Jenn on the CrossPort line or myself at 606-572-9371. ♥



# Trans-A-Jennnda

by Jennifer Marquette

Next year, some of you absolutely must join me at the Southern Comfort Conference. Whether you are a newcomer or seasoned veteran, SCC has a great deal to offer. If you really wish to experience the true diversity of the gender community and meet some great folks, this is one of the few events that gives you the opportunity.

As long as I'm plugging conventions, the IFGE National Convention will combine with California Dreamin' to produce a memorable event next April 15-20 in Long Beach, Ca. The cool venue is the Queen Mary (the ship, not the bar!). Think of it, strolling the decks humming numbers from the HMS Pinafore while finally getting the chance to wear that Old Spice cologne you've been saving for just the right occasion.

### TV Movie Rights

Last week, a few of us got together to go see the movie, *Stonewall*, a docu-drama surrounding the lives of a few folks leading up to the Stonewall riot. TG individuals were heavily featured in this film depicting the flashpoint of the gay rights movement. If you get the chance to see it - go, it is enjoyable on many levels.

By the way, Linda tells me that on our meeting night this Thursday and I believe on Oct.27, Cinemax will air a film entitled, "*All Dressed Up and Nowhere to Go.*" It is apparently about several garden-variety crossdressers. If you get Cinemax, PLEASE record this so I can make a dupe of it. Someday down the road we are going to have a TG film festival as a FUNraiser.

But, for a not-so-FUNraiser (yet a

good fundraiser) - it's set moving time again. Those of you familiar with moving *the* set last year realize it is a lot of manly-men work, but it allows me to make a very significant contribution to the CrossPort general fund. Load-in is scheduled for Saturday and Sunday Oct. 26 and 27. Please consider helping one day or the other (or both days if you're masochistic.) For more information, talk to me.

### Submissive?

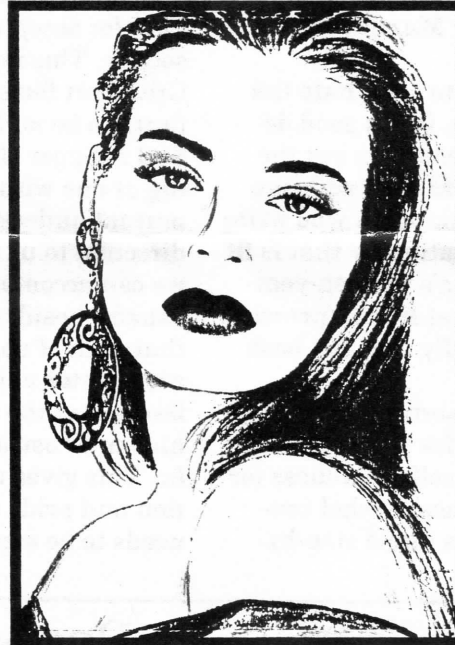
It's that masochistic talk. But if you are looking to submit, consider the following. Author Joan Nestle, who has produced several anthologies of gay and lesbian works is now turning her attention to the gender world. With the aid of Riki Wilchins, a collection of stories, poems, essays, photos, dreams, agonies and victories will be assembled into a book of *our* voices.

If you have something you would like to contribute, you may e-mail it to JoanNestle@aol.com or Riki@pipeline.com. Joan's postal address is 215 W. 92nd St. #13A, NYC 10025. No deadline has been established at this time.

### Hey, Didn't You Dress Like A Girl Last Halloween?

Wondering where to go this year in your catwoman, Xena, or Pink Power Ranger outfit? Two thoughts. The annual Stonewall Halloween Party will be held at the Dock (Peter Rose Way) on Friday,

Nov. 1. Tickets are 5\$ in advance and 7\$ at the door. In addition to a wild time, there will be a bachelor and bachelorette auction (maybe you can be in each), raffles, dancing and oodles of bent offerings.



Round Two will be the annual CrossPort contingent attending the Oregon District Halloween Party in Dayton. I'm not positive, but I believe this occurs on Saturday the 2nd. If the Hooter's group theme is doing it's thang, get your shorts

made at the Thing Shop and your shirt from Hooter's gift shop. Shop early, Hooter's always has a run on large shirts this time of year for some reason.

### RuPaul's Not Running, But Vote Anyway

A gentle reminder to go out and vote Nov. 5. Who has *our* best interests in mind? Not the guy touting the 15% tax cut gullibility guy vote. Some Stonewall endorsed candidates are: Mark Longabaugh for Congress, Ann Marie Tracy and Christine Taylor for Judges, and Eve Bolton for County Recorder.

Finally, my thanks to the 15 members who attended the business dinner on Thursday.

## Book Review - The Bliss of Becoming One

**The Bliss of Becoming One**  
Integrating "Feminine" Feelings  
Into the Male Psyche  
and Mainstreaming the  
Gender Community.  
by Rachel Miller

**Reviewed by**  
**Jennifer Marquette**

First off, I have to say I hate the title of this book. It is a good description of the contents but the initial insipidness of it made me wince. Kind of like CD's who write on pink floral stationary that is fit only for grandma's and ten-year-old girls. It's that first impression thing. *But*, I really like this book.

It is a self-help sorta thing that provides a plan for your own self-acceptance and self-awareness for your gender issues. Rachel converts the process into a step-by-

step approach that I think is very valuable for those of us coming to grips with ourselves.

But my favorite aspect about this book is that it doesn't stop there. The author extends beyond personal acceptance and further provides a plan for acceptance into mainstream society. This is something that CrossPort feels is crucially important. To be *with* society, not just to find a bigger closet. We promote being at one with society by extending mutual understanding. Rachel gives direction to us individually at how we can accomplish this. The added benefit, besides educating society, is that each of us, ourselves, becomes even better adjusted to our gender issues and the feeling of not being hidden or ostracized from the public. This gives us increased validation and pride of that part of us that needs to be expressed and respected.

It is this dual purpose that the book makes for valuable reading several times as you make your gender journey. For neophytes and veterans alike, this book is applicable at multiple stages of your comfort and awareness. You should read it once a year to examine your progress and plot your future. And it is written for the typical crossdressers, not just for those wanting to go full-time, *having* to be with society.

From defining your personal style to overcoming excuses to countering religious and other objections to sharing your secret and vision with others, Rachel gives real hope and encouragement for a better gender reality.

*"Bliss" can be ordered from IFGE  
for \$12.95 plus \$3 shipping.  
617-899-2212*

## Post-Opinion

**by Diane Torrance**

The modern struggle for equality, by any demographic group, has been publicly characterized by televised demonstrations of placard wielding protesters.

Since the early 50's, the nightly news has shown us footage of blacks struggling for equality, first in the U.S. and more recently in South Africa; farm workers in California expecting decent treatment from their employers; Palestinians demonstrating against Israeli oppression; Catholics in Northern Ireland... and the list goes on. But the biggest gains in fair treatment for any minority has always come as a result of normal social interaction.

For whatever reason, people tend to fear the unfamiliar. We have

all heard the phrase: "They're not like us." Minorities have been demonized and labeled with demeaning stereotypes. We in the transgender community have been charged with everything from immorality to being histrionic drag-queens and our participation in trash television has only strengthened that image.

While public demonstrations are necessary to call the attention of society-at-large to such discrimination, the real heroes reside, work, worship and recreate alongside those who would oppress them. Thousands of openly transgendered people hold "normal" jobs, worship God with mainstream denominations and are active participants in their communities.

They have families and friends

who love them. And they are positively changing the way society views one minority, one person at a time.

Each contact we make with someone new is an opportunity to destroy the stereotype, not by proclaiming who we are - most will figure it out soon enough anyway - but by being respectful and civilized. In the absence of protective legislation, this is probably the only way we can achieve fair treatment.

Despite laws to the contrary, blacks are still subjected to racism and the passage of ENDA won't stop discrimination against lesbians and gays. But the more lives we touch responsibly and without shame, the more people will say: "She's just like us." ♥

## MIA Report

by Melony Reneé O'Connor

I was "stuck in the Southland" (that is, the greater Los Angeles area) deeply immersed in company training for the last three weeks of my life. What was scheduled as a two week stay in to learn how to do my new job turned into a three week stay just to learn the basics. In addition, there are plans for me to "practice" (redoing old jobs) for two weeks here in Cincinnati before going back to LA for three more weeks of training in September. I didn't enjoy missing the August meeting, and I won't enjoy missing the next one even more. I miss you all.

I am spending most of my time at the company's Glendale office learning to do some totally new things. Fortunately, my weekends are free to do whatever I wanted with, so I did manage to get in almost six full days of "quality time." What did I do as a woman in Los Angeles? Let me see: I dined aboard The Queen Mary in Long Beach. I went to Venice Beach to see all the crazy people, and I laid out on the beach. Plus, I went to a few bars and clubs.

The Queen Mary was a lot of fun to see, and the view of downtown Long Beach, the marina, and the harbor itself was simply beautiful. Venice Beach, though, the Saturday before, was much more satisfying for my feminine persona. It was also the type of place where most CDs could comfortably go. However you look, you couldn't be weirder than the shaved apes lifting weights in the outdoor gym or the deformed guy with no arms or legs dancing on his stumps all day long for handouts.

Time for a potty-adventure story.

(Indulge me this once!) Walking around the beach front, shopping at the shops and seeing all the different street artists and performers in Venice was fun. Lying on the beach in a pretty swimsuit was also nice. It wasn't at all crowded.

The ladies' rest rooms at the beach, though, were much more intimidating than the beach could be even on a crowded day: No stalls at all, baby! Just three toilets (and a sink) right in a row, boom, boom, boom, with nothing between you and the person beside you--easily enough to make even the most experienced CD hesitate a little.

When you gotta go, though, you do what you have to do (or go in the ocean)! However, if you have to venture into similar facilities, make sure that you really do have to go. Otherwise, the stage fright will work against any attempt of relief.

Now, I could say that nobody looked at me twice--or even once in a funny way. I really don't know, because I was too busy getting me and myself in and out without causing a stir to notice the women coming and going (either out the door or on the throne next to me), let alone how they were looking at me. Nobody said anything to me or burst out laughing while going out the door on any of my visits, so I guess everything came out OK!

One more note about Los Angeles: Be happy where you are at. I got more snickers and looks while "out" in Los Angeles than I ever get anywhere while out back East. In Los Angeles, "CD" stands for Chicks with D\*cks, and nobody seems to be any more "enlightened" than the people in good old conservatism central or other cities in these parts. Maybe that's because that's all there seems to be in LA; During my visits to various Hollywood,

Glendale, and Burbank bars, I saw many drag queens, but only one crossdresser. So maybe things aren't as bad here as we sometimes think. At least people are talking about human rights here. Out there, the brush fires get most of the attention!

On a different note, my visit to the beach and other activities raised a question that anyone who wants to frolic in the sun wearing a swimsuit designed for the opposite sex: Just what do you do to prevent embarrassing tan lines? One solution would be to simply avoid the problem by wearing a cover-up. Another is to sit under an umbrella or other cover. But who wants to do that? Besides, the pesky crossover strap lines that I got weren't acquired from lying on the beach; I got them from simply walking around before I ever went onto the beach!

Another solution is to wear a good sun screen. Unfortunately, most lotions still allow some tanning, so you will probably also want to wear a basic tank style suit, rather than one with spaghetti or crossover straps of any kind. Yet you will still have to worry about your back being tanner than your front! Another solution that I am investigating is buying a Tan Thru Suit manufactured by Solar. These swimsuits for both men and women are made of a mesh that allows some of the sun's rays to pass through. The suit is the equivalent of wearing an SPF 10 sunscreen. So, if you explore this option, you'll still want to apply an SPF 10 sunscreen on bare skin to get an even tan. They are expensive (\$70 to \$100), but if I get one, I'll let you know how it works.

See you in October. Love, Mel. ♥



## Just A Thought

by Heather Phillips

Last night, I viewed a program on The Learning Channel entitled "Metamorphosis." If memory serves me, metamorphosis describes the miraculous process of a caterpillar becoming a butterfly. What a lovely way to describe the transition of a transsexual. This documentary gives us a snapshot look at the life journey of a transsexual, especially the public and private pain and joy she experiences in a two year period during her transition.

"Metamorphosis" lasts an hour and I spent most of that time on the verge of tears, as it brought back some painful memories of family rejection. Some of it I could not bear to watch. While you or I may not experience the same events as portrayed in the documentary, some of the words and experiences I recognized as my own. While painful to see, I recommend it, as it might prepare you for the negative and positive experiences you will face as a transsexual.

We first meet Gary as he is deciding whether to start his transition. Those of us that have made that decision know that it is not an easy one. This is a decision that you can make only after much thought and consultation with professionals. Consider the emotions that you will need to deal with and how the decision will affect those in our lives. Many who are close to us now may not be with us on our journey. For some, this is enough to keep them from starting, as it caused me to delay for years. It also is a source of pain that causes me to question whether to continue my journey. I made my decision to begin after months of psychiatric care. It was unclear whether Gary had therapy before starting the process, which he began by changing his name to Gabby.

The beginning of Gabby's journey revolves around her attempt to look and sound more feminine. While feminine voice aids passing, it is not the end-all. The secret in passing, I believe, is self confidence. It is more important to project the right body language and posture. Physical sound is just part of what is needed. We need to work on our inflections and avoid using words, or phrases that are typically male. (See InnerView, August, 1996, "A Feminine Voice by Kristine Jones.") In other words, we need to relearn speech. In addition, you may wish to consider having cosmetic surgery to soften your looks, surgery to raise the pitch of your voice, as well as electrolysis. Gabby chose to undergo all three. My choice was to forgo them for financial reasons. No one is the perfect feminine "ideal." Even genetic women are born tall and big boned with a low pitched voice. I was recently channel surfing and landed on Phil Donahue. He was interviewing a person that looked and sounded as a transsexual. As I listened to the interview, much to my surprise, I realized that she was a genetic woman and mother of two.

Employment is another hurdle we encounter. Suddenly, Gabby's employer was over-staffed and she was laid off. I too remember my anger when I was fired from a job for being transsexual. Transsexuals have little legal protection from employment discrimination. So, to cope you should mentally prepare for a career change. Also, prepare for rejection. I left a number of interviews feeling great, as if I was made for the position. When you hear nothing and inquire, you are told that you are either overqualified or underqualified. Some are more merciful, they give you that excuse before you leave the inter-

view. Regardless, the anger is there. I usually have a good cry and go back to the help wanted ads. Some employers are more accepting than others. The challenge is finding them.

Next month, I will continue discussing Gabby's journey. If you would like to view "Metamorphosis," I understand that there is a copy in the CrossPort library. Call the CrossPort line for more information.

How we handle transition is determined by what type of woman we are. Then again, this is Just A Thought. ♥



## Coming Events

A selection of upcoming events and conferences in 1996 from the AEGIS Master List

### October 31 thru November 2

#### **Fall Harvest '96**

Cedar Rapids, IA

Contact: Iowa Artistry at PO Box 75, Cedar Rapids, IA 52406-0075

### November 6 thru 10

#### **Holiday en Femme**

Chicago, IL

Contact: Chi Chapter (Tri-Ess?) at PO Box 40, Wood Dale, IL 60191-0040 or at 708/364-9514

## Editor's Escrioire

by Jennifer Caden, Editor

It seems we still haven't gotten this deadline thing straightened out yet. Just like my computer. Hopefully, this will be the LAST last time I have to open it up for a while. (I can dream, can't I? ☺) The goal is to get your InnerView to you about two weeks before a meeting. We'll keep trying if you'll be patient.

I want to apologize for last month's issue. Rule Number One of publishing is that you never mix type sizes on a page. Problem was, the deadline was approaching fast. Rule Number Two is that if you don't have time to reprint, a slightly messed up newsletter is better than no newsletter at all.

### Local Fluff?

So many articles this month from OUR girls! Bobbie Robertson's Potpourri column is back! I hope she'll be a regular, or at least a semi-regular now. Plus, Melony Renee' O'Connor gave us an interesting report on CD life in LA. Groovy!

Kristine Jones is continuing her series of tips and hints for the new (and not-so-new) CD. Speaking of Kristine, I have a couple of items about her to share with you.

### Makeup, part 1

First, Kristine's next five or six columns will be on makeup hints and tips. Plus, Kristine and I

are trying to arrange a makeup session at a monthly meeting near the end of that series. My SO loves to do makeup, she just does not want to do it at Olde Street. (She's teaching me and I'm learning, slow but sure.) More later.

Second, and most important, really, Kristine has been a big help in putting the InnerView together each month. I believe in credit where credit is due, and Kristine deserves the title of Assistant Editor; she's earned it! Congratulations and thanks, Kristine!

### Internet News:

Our world wide web home page's debut has been delayed, mostly due to my computer crash. I thought Jenn had a backup, but when she sent it to me, it was an old one. We **will** have it up soon, I promise. I just have to get the time to create that file again.

By the way, would anyone out there like to see me publish a listing of TG Internet sites? Let me know if you are interested.

### Tidbits

Paula is asking for help with the CrossPort Christmas Party. Please help her out if you can!

If you haven't been to a board meeting, why not? Right now, this is the **only** place we can conduct CrossPort business. The time and date of each meeting is published here in the newsletter. Want to know more? Contact a board member. Who? Here's a partial list:

Jennifer Marquette, Linda Buten, Kristine Jones, Diane Torrance, Melony Renee' O'Connor, and me (Jennifer Caden). I know there are others; you can also call the CrossPort line (the number is on the front page) for more details. Remember: the board meetings are OPEN to ALL CrossPort members.

### Celebrity in our midst?

The September 23, 1996, edition of the Dayton Daily News told about the reopening of the old *Suttmiller's* club at 850 North Main Street in Dayton as *Celebrity*. This is "an alternative life styles nightclub catering to a gay clientele." They are planning several "Las Vegas-type variety shows" in addition to comedy jams and dinner theater. They have spent over \$1 million (!) on remodeling, including security lighting, camera, etc. for the parking lot. Sounds interesting!

### Makeup, part 2

I almost ruined a dress a while back from regular makeup. (It wasn't cheap, but the dry cleaner got it out!) After that, I now regularly use Revlon's ColorStay foundation instead. Recently, Revlon just introduced a ColorStay concealer. Since I had shingles on my face 10 years ago, a good concealer is a necessity in my make up case. I just got some, and I'll let you know how it works.

My heartfelt thanks once again to Kristine and the InnerView staff - I couldn't do it without you! Until next time, Peace. ♥

### Publication Notice

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**"Cutting Miss Fischer's" (Part Last)**  
an **X Dressing Phile** by **Kristen Danika**

I was traveling at twice the speed limit towards a part of town I was unfamiliar with. I was a passenger to a guy who had pulled up in his muscle car and allowed me to escape from a tightening circle of friends, parents and a carload of hooting teenagers who were about to discover that I was not the comely blonde girl I ostensibly appeared to be.

As we sped past Miss Fischer's house I averted my eyes and attempted to hide my face. But I knew she probably recognized her daughter's wig and blouse that I was wearing. Furthermore, I knew her keen intuition could sense my desperateness. Muscle car snatched me from imminent discovery, but as I looked down at his hand on my barely clad thigh, the thought of "frying pan into the fire" seized my mind.

"It's okay, babe, I'm not going to bite anything you don't want me to. Move over." He said again as he grasped the inside of my thigh and pulled me even closer to him. He smelled of cigarettes and cheap aftershave. I kept my gaze down. The tight peach miniskirt had ridden up so high on my legs it left virtually nothing to the imagination. His fingers began to stroke my thigh and I attempted to pull my skirt (*my skirt?*) down a bit. But his fingers were still only inches away from my secret.

"So what was going on back there, babe? It looked like you had more action than you could handle. I can see why though." When he spoke, he spoke with a sneer. "What's your name? My friends call me Twitch."

"Twitch," I thought to myself, I don't even want to know. "Um, Chris-sy," I finally pronounced.

"You're a hot number, Chrissy, haven't seen you around before. Where do you go to school?"

Without thinking I said "Calvert."

"Calvert?" He said. "That's a middle school, isn't it?"

I had forgotten that with this style of hair, makeup and dress that I looked years older. I could easily pass for a young co-ed. "I'm sorry, I meant to say Calverness. You know, the small college up north."

"Oh, I'm not familiar with it. I was never cut out for college myself." He said with that sneer. "College girl, huh?"

We had pulled up at a stop light in a part of town that I had never been to before. It had that "other side of the tracks" feel. "So, you have a boyfriend up at that college?"

"No. Oh, no." I said with a startle that I would have a boyfriend. Then I thought how this might sound to him. But just as I was about to explain that I wasn't seeing someone at college, I was seeing someone here in town another muscle car full of guys pulled up alongside.

"Hey, Twitch, what's going down, buddy?" The passenger yelled out the window. He followed this with a low whistle and added, "Who's the Barbie?"

Twitch smiled a cocky smile and said, "This is my new babe, Chrissy. Nice, huh." My eyes opened wide and I knew I was in trouble. "Say hi to the guys, Chrissy." I waved weakly.

"So where you headin', Dickhead?" said the passenger. "She a party girl?"

"We're just out scoutin', I do need more cigarettes." Then the light turned green and both cars jumped to a start. Twitch edged out the other car, ran the next red light and took a hard left. We traveled down this side road to a lonely looking gas station and pony keg where he pulled in. "I really need to be getting back." I said.

"I'll be right back, don't go anywhere." Twitch left.

I tried to figure out what to do. It was dark now. I could easily hide from him in the old tires. I had no idea where I was though. I could wait till he left and hitch a ride from hopefully someone who would be helpful. I couldn't do any worse, I thought. There were no windows on this side of the building. I opened the door of the car and quickly stepped out. I started to run as well as I could in the heels towards the tires. When I was only yards away from hiding, a car skidded to a stop in the gravel and caught me in the headlights. It was Twitch's friends.

"Where're you running off to, Barbie?" said the passenger as they all piled out of the car. "Mmm, check out that chassis, will ya?" said another. Just then Twitch walked over.

"Caught your girlfriend trying to run off, Twitch. You never could keep hold of 'em. Can I have her?" one said laughing.

Twitch silently walked over to me, dropped his carton of cigarettes on the ground and grabbed both my arms shoving me up against a shed. "Didn't I tell you to stay put, bitch?" I was frozen with fear and could not begin to make up an excuse.

He let go of my arms and said, "Don't move a muscle." I just closed my eyes. He reached up and touched my cheek. "Nice and smooth." Then both his hands traveled down my neck. "That's it, Twitch, check her out." said one of his friends. His hands cupped my breasts and he squeezed. I knew he could feel the artificial firmness of the pantyhose I had used to stuff my bra. "Hey, guys." He announced, "I think someone isn't as well developed as she would like to be."

"Got a cotton queen, huh, Twitch? That's alright, I'll take her." His friends made a small circle around the two of us.

Twitch said, "Oh we can *all* take her, I just get her first." With that he brusquely pressed against me and kissed me on the lips. I closed my mouth but his hand squeezed my jaw to open it and in shot his tongue and the taste of stale tobacco. His other hand pulled out my blouse and found my bra. His friends cheered him on. I struggled to extract his hand but then he started to run it up my skirt. With both hands I wrestled to keep him from finding my secret. I knew if he found that he would probably kill me to save face with his friends. How could I stop him? He was much stronger than I. I could think of only one thing. I started to mumble with his tongue still in my mouth. He stopped kissing me.

"What?" He said.

"Listen, I'm sorry. I wasn't trying to leave. I just had to check my pad. I'm on my period." "Prove it." He said. Now what?

"Hey, Twitch." One of his friends said, "Her mouth ain't on no period." With that, he backed off a step and smiled. "How about that, Chrissy? Your mouth doesn't have a time of the month does it?" I think I silently started to pray, just wanting to somehow get out of this alive. Twitch grabbed my shoulders and forced me to my knees directly in front of him. With one hand he took my head and with his other he unzipped his pants. He wasn't even wearing any underwear. "Let's get to it, babe." He slowly drew my face towards him and I resigned myself to this fate thinking, if I do him and then probably his friends, they'll let me go.

Then a voice shot out of the darkness. "CHRISSEY! Get that disgusting thing away from your mouth!" It was Miss Fischer. She strode into the group and pushed Twitch back so hard he fell on his ass then she took my arm and raised me up. "How many times have I told you *not* to wear that outfit in public! You are grounded for a month, young lady."

"Who the hell are you?" said Twitch defiantly.

"I'm the girl's mother and if you all don't wish to be arrested for statutory rape I'd advise you to step back. She's underage you know." With that, she parted the Red Sea and whisked me away to her car. She placed me in the seat and as we drove off I started to ask her how she found me but I completely broke down in tears. I cried all the way back to her house where she fixed something to eat and we had a very long talk.

I didn't dress again for months due to the trauma of it all. But the next time I asked for her help, which she gave. I spent much time dressing under her tutelage. She taught me so much more than how to dress. She taught me to care, to be kind, to be considerate - all her wonderful qualities but most of all, she taught me to be *me*. I did become like a daughter to her. When she left to teach at college I went to the same college. I started my freshman year as a young woman and have never turned back. I still see her sometimes though my career as a designer moved me to a different city. But I'll always model my life after hers.

END