

Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 54657, Cincinnati, OH 45254

The next meeting is March 18 at 8:00pm

A New View

By Elaine

Hello to all of you and congratulations to those 34 determined ladies and S.O.'s who came out in the nasty weather to attend the meeting. We wish to welcome a new writer for the newsletter. She came to us from Barbera Jean Jasen from Memphis TN.

We welcome her input as we do everyone who writes an article for the "InnerView". We would like to welcome Tammie, Pam, Stacy and Jennifer and welcome back to Jo-Ann. Just to let you know that Linda was elected for another 3 year term on the Board of Directors of I.F.G.E. and was the second highest vote getter in the country. Congratulations Linda!!!

I wish to thank the ladies and S.O.'s of the Crystal Club for the hospitality and good time they provided me at their February meeting and for the informative speaker they provided.

We of the Barony of Northern Kentucky wish to remind you ladies that our Barony Ball is Saturday March 13th starting at 6:00pm. Tickets are \$15.00 in advance and \$20.00 at the door. Come out in your best finery and have a ball (no pun intended).

Why does this "stuff" keep falling into MY lap? Everytime I swear that I'm going to write a "serious, meaningful" piece for the InnerView, I come across something that just

J. EDGAR HOOVER: TV DIRECTOR

by: Bobbi L.

SCREAMS, "This is TOO good to pass up!" Sure enough, I'm thumbing through the March issue of Vanity Fair looking for photos of models who AREN'T wearing some of the new, ugly, clunky platform shoes, when, on page 201, out jumps an illustration of the late J. Edgar Hoover wearing, what I swear to you on my entire female wardrobe, a black spaghetti-strap dress, a black feather boa, and...ohmygawd...traces of lipstick! "Holy Cow!" (if I might quote Harry Carey) now THIS is something!

I recalled having heard on the news recently some speculation that the late F.B.I. director having been homosexual, but the self-appointed protector of America's morality in a dress!?!? Of course, I immediately forgot all about resurging fashion disasters from the Seventies and buried myself in this new, and more weighty matter.

The illustration, by RISK0, was an accompaniment to an excerpt from a new book by Anthony Summers, a former BBC journalist who now resides in Ireland. This is his fifth book and is entitled, Official and

Confidential: The Secret Life of J. Edgar Hoover. It is to be released by Putnam this month (March, 1993). The excerpt suggests that Mr. Hoover's homosexuality was documented by the Mafia and used by them to gain control over the director. All very serious stuff. But the part which holds interest for me, and I'm certain for all of you, is that J. Edgar Hoover as do we of the sisterhood, the pleasures of feminine attire. Twice in the relatively short article, incidents of J. Edgar en femme are related. The better of the two is based on the eyewitness account of the wife of a Meyer Lansky associate, Lewis Solon Rosensteil. Rosensteil's wife, Susan, is quoted by Summers as having met Hoover at a party in the Plaza hotel in 1958. She describes Hoover's ensemble as "...a fluffy black dress..., lace stockings and high heels, and a black curly wig. He had make-up on, and false eyelashes. It was a very short skirt...." He was introduced to her as "Mary."

Incredible! Here was a man whom I had come to view as one of the more dangerous threats to personal privacy rights in this country and now, I find that he was a "sister." You could have knocked me over with his boal! How could I hold in total loathing an individual who shared an appreciation of the feminine? And especially one who practiced his "hobby" in spite of the fact that "he made an ugly-looking woman." Instantly my former despising of the man began to mellow into a

warming of my soul for another "lost boy." It's just too bad that J. Edgar , or "Mary", didn't have the intestinal fortitude to incorporate crossdressing into the training of F.B.I. agents. That just might have made David Lynch's transvestite agent in Twin Peaks less an oddity and more of a role model.

I highly recommend this article to you readers. I, myself, am awaiting the appearance of Anthony Summers' expose.

"Book 'em, Danno!"

Makeup Tips

For the many "sisters" such as I that cannot attend the monthly meetings here is a basic outline for putting on makeup. This outline was taught to me by Joyce during my visits for some photo sessions. I suggest that you keep a copy of this information where ever you keep your stash of makeup. That way you have it handy whenever you are going to get made up without any help.

- 1) Apply liquid foundation to forehead, eyes and nose.
- 2) apply mascara to lashes
- 3) apply eye shadow
- 4) apply eye brow pencil
- 5) apply liquid foundation to rest of the face all the way down to neck line
- 6) apply loose powder
- 7) apply blush
- 8) outline lips with lip pencil
- 9) put lipstick on the lip brush to fill the lips
- 10) apply pressed powder softly to give even texture to skin

To remove the makeup rather quickly and easily, baby wipes work great. To counter the effects of the alcohol on the skin use a light covering of skin cream. You may prefer a cream that has little if any fragrance to

reduce any questions from your wife or S.O.

I hope this information will make you enjoy the time you spend dressed more rewarding. Hopefully more of you will share your important tips with your other sisters so as to help all of us. Till next month I hope for the best for all of us.

Sincerely Roberta

THE BARON SPEAKS

By Bob

Hi Girls, this is the Baron Speaking.

I spent several hours writing this column on my new (to me) computer. Of course I had to call Elaine on the phone to get instructions on operating the infernal contraption. As she prompted me I found the word processor and started typing. As I checked the first paragraph, I found errors and more errors. Elaine coached me through corrections and I began to feel good about the thing.

I finally let Elaine get back to her----whatever she was doing---and typed and corrected & corrected until I felt I had written more than enough. As I started to "keep" what I had written I hit some wrong keys and the whole article disappeared and I cannot find it again! Oh well, fingers and pens were here long before computers!

Way back when, I decided I wanted a business education as well as a degree in Education, so I went to business college at night. Machines have always been my enemies...they hate me and are always screwing me over (yes, even my sewing machine, which I have to kick and cuss regularly to keep it sewing). Anyway, the first machine I was introduced to was a gadget with 12 rows of keys: numbered 0-9 up and 0-9 ,in smaller numerals, down! I was told to learn to add, subtract, multiply and divide on this machine: a comptometer. I won't bore you with my learning, let's just say that in 6 months I could add and subtract.

Next came the manual adding

machines: punch keys, pull handle. Before I graduated, calculators were introduced and I fell in love! Just push buttons and you could do any arithmetic computation. Since my field was cost accounting, I learned to work with 20 decimal places (figuring the cost of 1 lb. of compressed air from Chevrolet- Norwood's power house!).

After I had spent 7 years with Chev-Norwood, General Motors decided to go to computers. The one they installed in Norwood took 2 large rooms. The thing made all kinds of weird noises and lights were blinking off and on all over the thing. G.M. sent us all to computer school. I was overwhelmed, terrorized, etc.. I flunked, and went back to teaching elementary school (where only the students made weird noises).

Anyway, I will learn to use this computer contraption if Elaine doesn't have a nervous break-down over the phone. (She is showing signs of strain already- just look at those chewed up fingernails--Ha!).

I hope everyone had as good a time at the February meeting as I had. The "Supper-Breakfast" at Perkins was lots of fun and good eating. More of you should join us.

By the time you get your Cross-Port InnerView, we will be doing the "Barony In Town Show" at the Dock. This should be a real humdinger as it will be put on mostly by members of this Barony. Don't forget the Barony Ball on Saturday March 13, 1993 at the Travel Lodge Motel, 3rd and York Sts., Newport, KY. Cocktails 6 p.m. to 7 p.m., the Ball starts at 7:00 p.m., sharp.

POTPOURRI

by: Bobbi L.

Me again! I just have to tell you girls about another "first" for Bobbi. A few weeks ago, a few of the ladies from CrossPort met at Joyce's for, now get this....a transvestite baby shower!

Wow, what a concept. As most of you know, Cathy and Lori are pregnant and

expecting (As of this writing there had so far only been a few contractions. By the time you read this, who knows?). Well, Jennifer wanted to hostess a baby shower and only met with minor resistance from Cathy's male persona. Lori thought it was a great idea. Of course, the wondrous power of a woman (that magical quality WE emulate) won over the loving husband. The wheels began turning. Jennifer contacted my wife, Beverly, correctly assuming that SHE would have intimate knowledge of the secret workings of such gatherings. Beverly did not disappoint. She threw herself into this event as if the birth were to be family (and, as I've said in other articles, she and I view you ladies as such). The number and variety of ideas which Beverly generated were incredible. And exciting for all involved. There were multiple phone calls, trips for party favors, and even a chance for Bobbi to dress for an informal dinner-planning meeting at home.

Invitations were sent, a "group gift" purchased, and party games and prizes procured. Joyce graciously opened her hospitable home as PARTY CENTRAL. (I think she received a special charge out of getting to use her punch bowl for the first time). The only foreseen hitch was that Lori and her "passenger" might make "the big push" before the shower date.

Fortunately, that didn't occur. Unfortunately, another mother dropped a load on us. Mother Nature dumped a good measure of snow the day before and more was anticipated. Thus, only seven bodies made it to the shower. Even Cathy stayed at home. Daddy showed up...as was right and proper for the occasion. In spite of having planned for nearly twice that number of guests, the evening was a blast. I fell in love with "girl games" such as "who's wearing the dirty diaper?" and "how many sheets of toilet paper in circumference is the expectant mommy?" Graydon really got into guessing the contents of jars of baby food (no labels). Jennifer made some rather interesting suggestions such as: "jellied eels."

All in all, the TV baby shower went well. Perhaps we shall hear of more of this type thing in the future.

Next, I'd like to make note of an anniversary. On March 17, 1992, Bobbi introduced herself to Beverly. Earlier, on February 22, Robert "came out" and told Beverly of Bobbi's existence. As I've praised in other columns, Beverly opened her heart and her arms to me...ALL of me. I want to once again tell Beverly how happy she makes Robert and Bobbi and what a beacon of hope she is for those of us who seek acceptance and love. Thank you, Beverly. Happy Anniversary. I love you! You've permitted me to celebrate two birthdays: Robert's and Bobbi's.

Now, that brings me to another item. How many of you ladies recognize and celebrate a TV birthdate? What generated this in the first place was a letter from a great supporter of CrossPort, Michelle. I correspond regularly with her and in on of our communications we asked about birthdays. Initially, I responded with only Robert's, not having thought about Bobbi's. Well, Michelle provided me with two birthdays: one for herself and one for "the man she lives with." I was afire with excitement over such a concept! Now, girls, I would like for all of you who recognize and/or celebrate a TV birthday to PLEASE send such information to me care of the CrossPort P.O. BOX. Let me know the reasons for that date being selected.. If you desire anonymity, I shall be happy to comply with your wishes. I would like to publish some of the findings in a future InnerView.

Stay Healthy. Stay Beautiful. Avoid Runners.

INSIGHT #37

by:Barbara Jean

Hello girls, my name is Barbara Jean, and I hail to you from Memphis Tennessee. I would

like to welcome you to InterView's newest column, Insight. Incase any of you have been readers of the former Alicia's TV Girl Talk prior to it's demise due to the death of Alicia, you will be familiar with me and this column. If you are not, well let me tell you a little about myself, I am 46, and have been crossdressing for 35 of those 46 years. I am a member of TRI ESS. I am married to a wife who has known and accepted my crossdressing since day one, and I have a 17 year old son who also knows and accepts my crossdressing. I have no fancy titles or letters to go with my name, so what I write will come from the heart, and not from some textbook teachings. Some of what I write you will agree with, and other things may well upset you. I will pull no punches, but call the shots as I see them. If my column causes you to think about yourself and your crossdressing, and where it is leading, than my mission will be accomplished.

Why do we call this column Insight? To me insight is that time that we sorta lay back and think about ourselves, about our crossdressing and where we are going with it. As crossdressers we have all experienced the dysphoria that goes along with being something other than what society considers to be normal. We learn to accept ourselves, we learn that our crossdressing is not something abnormal for us, and then we change the dysphoria to euphoria. However there are times when we fail to see the road clear, we go over the bridge and as a result of the overly euphoric condition we once again find a new and different type of dysphoria. We are males, and we lead normal male lives, but to

to lean on, but I am in need of a shoulder to lean on. I am a giver of love kindness and affection, and in need of the same. I am a person.

It is with this perception that I am able to provide balance in my life. While Barbara's clothes are in the closet most of the time, she is with Jim all of the time. Barbara and Jim integrate, to help form the person that I am.

Now I think that will be all for this month girls. I will return next month hitting the ball square and hard. Should any of you have a question, a desire to share feelings, a need to for someone that you can talk to openly and honestly to, do write to me at the address listed below. I do promise you a prompt reply girls. But I must give you warning girls, my philosophy in life is "If I had a million dollars I would be poorer than the poorest beggar without a friend, and if I had a million friends I would still want for one more". In writing to me you will have gained a friend and a sister for life, for I am still looking to become a millionaire.

Take care and be good to yourself girls, I love each and every one of you out there, and YOU are worth every bit of that love.

Ms. BARBARA JEAN JASEN
1436 Brett Drive
Memphis Tn. 38127-9136

LINDA'S CORNER

There's a term I hear very frequently in the crossdressing community that

really bothers me. The term is "Heterosexual Crossdresser".

I see many personal ads in gender magazines like Tapestry where the very first thing they say is that they are a heterosexual crossdresser. Certain groups like TRI-ESS make a very strong point to let everyone know they are hetero. I meet people at TV/TS conventions, and right away they will introduce themselves as a heterosexual CD.

Why do so many CDs say this? Do I look like I am looking for a sexual encounter? Do they think that I might be interested in their sexuality? Do they fear someone may think they could be homosexual? Maybe they fear someone will hit on them. The reasons could be many. But is it really something like that, or is it much deeper.

Now when I observe those individuals who keep reminding me of their sexual preference, I take note that they many times are fresh out of the closet. Perhaps it has taken many years to except the fact they are a crossdresser to begin with, and they are still so unsure of themselves, they worry what people may think. Maybe they're prejudice against gays, and they feel they will be treated differently if someone should suspect they were one. And lets face it, everyone wants to feel normal, or at least part of the crowd. And since everyone else is walking around reaffirming their sexual preference, why shouldn't you. After all, it's bad enough your a man walking around dressed like a lady, you sure don't want anyone to lower you even further down the normal scale.

And this isn't just the CDs talking, I often hear wives introducing their spouse as a hetero CD.

Now lets take it a little further. Quite often at conventions, a whole group of us will venture out to a gay bar. And while there, we usually see some "Drag Queens". If later we go someplace straight, and we get called a "Drag Queen", everyone want to jump right in and set the record straight by explaining how they are nothing like a Drag Queen. How wrong they are.

How many CDs do you really know, that really understand these "Drag Queens"? The answer is almost none. I've spent my time in gay bars talking with the "girls", and in the past few years, spent many hours really getting to know them when I attend the Coronations. I've talked very candidly to many, and most are Crossdressers. That's right they have the same feelings as you, except they are gay. The terrible part about it, is they feel like they are not excepted by us, because we are running around yelling hetero this and hetero that. When Crossport first started back in 1985, two of our best members were gay. Everyone new this, and we all got along just find. As the group got larger, they finally dropped out, because they felt like outsiders.

Many gay people know I try to help out all Crossdressers. You would be surprised, how many times I am approached in gay bars for crossdressing advice. Quite often the person himself is not even a CD, but his lover is, and he can't handle it. Who can he talk to? Let's open another can of worms.

At many TV/TS conventions, there are sessions for SOs. I was at one convention where 2 gay men (lovers) attended the weekend. The one wanted to dress all the time, and the other had some real problems with this. In fact the problems the couple had were almost identical to those I hear wives speak of. When the moderator of the SO sessions found out that a man was going to attend, they immediately put a sign out that said "WIVES ONLY". Then when they wanted to go to the couples sessions, and again a sign went up to state "WIVES & GIRLFRIENDS ONLY". What kind of message were we putting out. We want the gays to be our friends when they try to pass a law that may benefit us, or we need some place to go there we can "pass" without hassle, but don't infringe on our turf pal, because your not welcome.

I've had someone explain to me, that the women in a SO group would feel uncomfortable being in a room with a man. Now I wonder, if the topic is

suppose to be gender related, and has to do with relationships, what does sexual orientation really have to do with it.

Now this goes even further. The next year, the sessions clearly spelled out male & female couples. So what happens? A post-op M-F transsexual and her husband plan on attending because he is a "heterosexual crossdresser", and she is having a hard time excepting this. Now word gets out, so guess what? Now we have a new sign that says, "GENETIC WOMEN ONLY".

I would like to propose, that all CDs & SOs should be required to take a course entitled, "If I want people to love me for who I am, then I should love people for who they are". I despise this double standard way of thinking.

I don't understand something else. When I'm dressed as a woman, I feel both mentally and physically like a woman. When I meet a pretty woman while dressed, I have many times become attracted to her. During conversation, as I get sexually interested in her, I start to feel like a man in a dress instead of a woman. (I hate changing genders in the middle of a conversation.)

One of the most prominent this fantasies I hear, is when a CD husband wants to make love to his wife as two women. Well how can this be considered a hetero affair if both are mentally women making love. I bet 99% of all CDs would dress as a women in bed if they could get away with it. I can see why so many women wonder "Does this mean I'm bi-sexual?"

On the other hand, your have a CD who is looking for male companionship. If this couple goes out on a date, is this a homosexual relationship? After all the CD feels like a woman, not a man. Could it be that we are looking at this as sexual mater, and it may be just gender related. After all, most CDs want to feel feminine, not actually become women. So if a CD dates a man, then what the CD gets from this relationship is not one of

sex, but that of an intense feminine high.

I didn't mean to get everyone confused, but I guess I see a lot of prejudice against the thought that someone "may be gay", and if they really are or not, who really cares.

HOW "MICHELLE'S" NAME CAME ABOUT

by: Michelle Richards

It was a magical time in my life and I am bursting to tell someone about it. About fifteen years ago, while I was between marriages, the airline I was working for sent me on a business trip to Paris, France.

I took a small amount of my favorite intimate lingerie with me. I decided not to hide it to go through customs but leave it mixed with my male undergarments. I knew the French customs officials could not care less, but I was worried a little about my trip back to the States.

The morning I arrived in Paris, I unpacked my bags and put all of my male clothes in one drawer and my undergarments, hose, and a pair of red marabou high-heels, in another .

The following morning when I returned to my hotel for some business papers, I walked into the room while the maid was there. She was a young, attractive woman in her thirties. I froze when I walked in and saw her bending over, making up the bed. We exchanged "Good Mornings," she spoke English quite well, and as I went to get my papers I saw her pick up my favorite red nightie; it was red satin with lavish lace and had matching bra and panties. I had previously thought up a story to tell if anyone asked, that it 'belonged to the girl who was there the night before' but as I turned to leave, the maid said, in a matter of fact voice, "I see you wear very feminine underwear. This nightie is beautiful!" All I could do was mutter "Thank-you," as I fled the room.

For the next couple of days I left the hotel early to avoid seeing her but I knew she had intimate knowledge of my "hobby" because the drawer

with the panties, bras, stockings, and garter belts was not arranged as I had left it each morning. It was a bit scary but exciting, too.

On Thursday evening the maid phoned my room and, as I listened she said, "I know that you like to wear women's underwear. Your clothes are very pretty and feminine. I would like to come to your room tonight and dress you up!"

I was both thrilled and frightened....slowly and reluctantly I agreed, wondering what this new and unknown adventure would bring. She suggested that she should also bring some of her own clothes which she thought were about the same size. She was not certain about the differences between U.S. and European sizes.

An hour later, Michele, that was the maid's name, was in my room sharing a drink with me. We talked about the TV scene in America and in Europe. I don't think that cross-dressing was very big then in either place. After we refilled out glasses several times, which relaxed both of us and gave me a bit of courage, she finally came to the point saying, "Would you like me to dress you now?" I thought I had died and gone to heaven!!! I nodded and she rose and said, "First, I will take off my dress so you can see what I wear underneath."

What an incredible sight she was! She was dressed in a black satin slip with a half bra, garter belt, nylons, panties, and black ankle-strap four inch heels. With her long blonde hair she made quite a beautiful woman. She sure didn't look like the same person who was cleaning my room several days before. How I envied her, and said, "I wish I could look as feminine and attractive as you do."

"When we put on the make-up I brought with me and this long blonde fall that I wear occasionally, you will look VERY feminine, I am sure." she replied.

She selected what I was to wear: pink nylons, a soft pink garter belt. pink satin panties, and then the best, a pink satin, underwired bra. I

then put on a pink satin half slip.

When she asked me my female name I said that I didn't have one. She then said, "How about 'Michelle (with two L's)?" She took hold of my hands and said, "Michelle, you already look very pretty. I am jealous of how well you look in my undergarments."

Feeling very feminine, I sat down in front of the mirror and Michele started to apply my make-up. When she finished she put the long blonde wig on me. Then she put some of her own perfume on my (I believe it was Chanel No. 5). Some of her costume jewelry completed the transformation. I felt fantastic, and really and truly looked and felt feminine. At last, I felt and looked like a "Michelle" should.

Standing in front of the full-length mirror I caressed my shimmering body, feeling the soft fabric beneath my red painted fingernails. We revelled in good feelings and admired each other in the mirror. I was being swept away in an utterly feminine feeling as I feasted my eyes on my body so sweetly clad in nylon and satin. That was what being a cross-dresser meant for me: sheathed in full femininity. I admired myself in the mirror and wished that the moment would never end!!!

Michele broke the spell and said, "Michelle, you are the first man I have ever met who is like this. I did not believe a man could look so pretty!"

After refilling our glasses I

asked Michele if I could try on her satin underwear. She looked so utterly feminine in black satin that I was dying to try them on myself. She liked the idea and helped me remove my clothing. I loved letting her put the delicate satin lingerie on me and again admired myself in the mirror. For a while we sat there. She had put on my red outfit that I had in the drawer. She just could not believe that a man could look as pretty as a woman, and she said so!

I told her, "I am amazed that you are so understanding. It is wonderful to be able to dress in front of a woman and be told by her how pretty and feminine I look." She replied, "European women are a bit more broadminded than American women." Then she smiled and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek.

Before she left, she gave me her black satin underwear: bra, garter belt, panties and nylons, as a gift to remember her by. The next day I left for the States, with that underwear clinging to my body, and with a memory I shall never forget!!!

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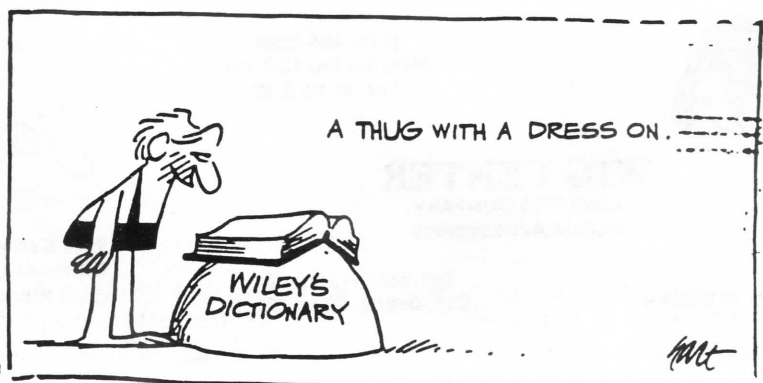
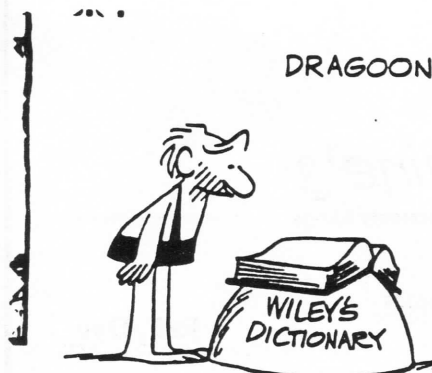
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Cross-Port is a not-for-profit support group which meets solely for the support of cross-dressers, trans-sexuals and their family and friends.

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Starting in March we would like to start a classified section to our newsletter. We will advertise anything





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