

# Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 54657, Cincinnati, OH 45254

The next meeting is April 15 at 8:00pm

## A New View

By Elaine

Hello to all of you. We had a pretty good turn out at the Cross-Port meeting last month. There were 47 ladies and S.O.'s at the meeting along with some new people. We would like to thank Jim, Lee (Donna's friend from Crystal Club), Eli (Gina's friend) for coming and we hope they had a good time. Welcome back to Melissa returning after a one year absence.

We have been told at the meeting that Christopher's might be closing. We will try and keep you updated as to the situation there. It was a busy month for me with the Barony Ball, Crystal Club, and various other outings. As to the Barony Ball I am sure other more eloquent speakers will tell all about it and the time we had.

## A Mall Step

By Debbie

Well, I guess it's my turn. I've know that CrossPort has been looking for other ladies to send in stories of their experiences. THIS is my latest:

To start out, I have crossdressed for about 16 years, but have only recently tried to be passable. A few years ago I had a couple outfits and a few pairs of shoes, but I did not have a wig or makeup. I also never ventured out in public. I don't know what it was but I wanted to go to a

shopping mall dressed as a woman. This seems to be a common thing with a lot of crossdressers.

I came out of the closet at the December 1991 meeting and have been working hard on my feminine appearance. To make a long story short, I finally did it. On March 8th at 7:45 PM, I pulled into the parking lot at Forest Fair Mall close to Biggs. My goal was to make it to the Hair Club (alive) and check out the wigs, plus talk to Phyllis who works there. I can't believe how many people I passed just to get to the door! But, no one seemed to really LOOK at me. That helped. Once inside and also in the brighter light, I noticed a toddler about two years old coming directly at me. Every way I moved the child still came at me. Finally, just before impact, I kicked it in high gear, dodged to the right, and slid by him. His parents paid me no attention.

I stepped into the Hair Club feeling elated and scared but everything was OK. After shopping and talking to the Phyllis, I made the trip back to the car. The only people who noticed me were two teenage guys who, I think, saw the tall woman in the store. Once in the car, my confidence soaring, I was ready to go back for more. Alas, I had somewhere else to go.

This memory, while small, will be with me for the rest of my life. I'll treasure it along with all of the other good times which crossdressing and CrossPort have brought me.

## SIGHT & SOUND

by: Bobbi L.

A few months ago, I optimistically suggested that the 90's just might turn out to be the "Decade of the CD." If you remember, I based this theory on the frequency and number of positive references toward the transgendered in the few periodicals which I regularly read. I proposed that if this trend were being paralleled in the other journals which I am NOT familiar with, that this might be a reason for optimism. Well, I'm back to report that, again, mainstream periodicals have presented our lifestyle in glowing light.

While waiting for my favorite stylist to finish with Beverly and "do" me, I picked up the March 5, issue of "Entertainment Weekly." I enjoy reading this publication whenever I'm in the salon. Much of my awareness of TV-oriented subject matter has come from thumbing through this journal, i.e.: "Paris is Burning" & "High Heels".

Well, this issue was another gold mine. On the "Flashes" page of the "News & Notes" section, Richard Natale previews Madonna's latest project. It seems that the Material Girl is about to take on the role of a man...a man who spent his life dressing as a woman. Madonna is attempting a film of the autobiography of Andy Warhol associate, Holly

Woodlawn. Madonna will play the role of Holly's friend, Candy Darling (Holly, Candy, and Jackie Curtis were the inspiration for Lou Reed's "Walk on the Wild Side"). Harvey Feirstein ("Torch Song Trilogy") is scripting the screenplay. Sounds kind of like a Times Square, gritty version of "Victor/Victoria," no?

As if that piece of fluff wasn't enough...on page 33 of the same issue, the sexy, vampirish (emphasis on VAMP) photo of RuPaul jumps out. In "Stars Aren't Just Born, You Know" RuPaul becomes the focus of what it really takes to create a glamorous celebrity photo. The investment in time, manpower, and money is briefly, but impressively revealed. The reality behind the illusion is that "...Celebrities are only as flawless as the people behind them..."

The illusion behind this article, of course, is RuPaul. Now this was my first exposure to her. Of course, you realize that, I'm just a small town girl who has lead a fairly sheltered life in and around the Queen City. I REALLY need to get out more often. It seems that Beverly and I were the only ones at the March CrossPort meeting who had NOT heard of RuPaul. Well, perhaps there are one or two others out there who might still be in the dark concerning this gorgeous, talented singer. RuPaul Andre Charles is a 27 year old transvestite who is currently enjoying REAL crossover success in the music and video world. His hit "Supermodel(You Better Work)" is a very popular dance single. He even has a video of this song playing on MTV. RuPaul has appeared locally at the Dock and, hopefully, will reprise that performance in the near future. His first album (a CD's CD) "Supermodel of the World," is set for May release. At Christopher's last month I had a chance to hear and, with Jennifer's prodding, dance to RuPaul. She's very good!

Jennifer also shared with me that RuPaul is the subject of an article in "The New Yorker" (March 22, 1993: pp.49-54). This is a rather revealing and somewhat humorous

biography of RuPaul. From his birth in New Orleans to his early years in San Diego, from Atlanta to New York, RuPaul's life to fame and notoriety are outlined. Many of RuPaul's associates add quite a few insightful quotes. One of MY favorites comes from Tommy Boy Records' Monica Lynch who observes, "He's so harmless..." and compares RuPaul to "Big Bird." Another is, "He's a drag queen that straight people can enjoy." In fact, RuPaul's popularity is such that early in March Billboard moved "Supermodel (You Better Work)" into the No. 2 spot on their dance chart (only Whitney Houston blocked our "girl" from the top).

Amazing! Within a few days of hearing RuPaul's name for the first time, I actually HEARD his recording, then was able to learn about this beautiful creature in depth. Beverly and I are captivated. We're now hoping that the video is available through local record outlets so that we might add to our collection (two Christmases ago Beverly gave me the Madonna "Justify My Love" video). And we will DEFINITELY purchase RuPaul's album/CD when it's released in May.

Finally, one of my TV pen-pals shared with me an interesting statement from one of her correspondents. This other girl believes that the 90's will be for TV/TS's what the 70's was for the women's movement.

The decade of the CD.....I'm not alone in this belief after all!

Stay Healthy. Stay Beautiful. Avoid Runners.

---

## Happenings Around Town

By Joyce

Since last I took time to write for the January issue of Inner-View, many things have taken place.

To begin the new year right, what does one do? Why of course, you celebrate New Year's Eve! And what better way than to go out for the evening? So, with that in mind, several

of us made plans to dine out at a fancy night club. It was suggested that we go to a local establishment, "Topps." Reservations were made. Now, I don't know if any or all of you are familiar with an old Proverb that states, in effect, that what you do or wear on New Year's Eve is what your entire year will be like. With this in mind, we gals all dressed in our finest outfits for a totally feminine evening. We DID bring the New Year in, in style!

The latter part of January, the "Kingston Trio" was in town as guest artists of the Cincinnati Pops Orchestra. For those of you too young to remember, they were one of the most popular folk groups of the sixties. They are a personal favorite of mine. Upon learning that they were in town to perform, I immediately obtained a ticket. All was fine except the concert fell on a Monday evening. You may wonder what the problem was. Well, I'll tell you. I have a standing appointment for electrolysis each Tuesday morning. For this, a "beard" is required--no shaving the day before. I had no desire to be a "bearded lady" (they strictly belong in Ringling Bros., Barnum and Bailey Circus). What to do? Just have to go out as a guy...BUMMER!! So much for the doing or being what one was on New Year's Eve proverb. Still, I did enjoy it.

For those of you looking for an enjoyable place to spend some time as your "femme" selves, may I suggest the Cincinnati Art Museum in Eden Park (or, for that matter, any museum). The Cincinnati Art Museum has just undergone two years of restoration and is once again in all its glory. I have been there many times before, but as Joyce I was much more attuned to my feelings relating to the splendid art and the beautiful decor. The five dollar admission charge is a small price to pay in comparison to the amount of enjoyment obtained. There is FREE admission on Saturdays.

As many of you may be aware, Laurie and Cathy (Graydon) were expecting a little one by the end of February. With this in mind,

Jennifer and I, with considerable assistance from Beverly, gave Laurie a "Baby Shower." This may have been all very normal, for say, Beverly and Laurie, but for a group of "wannabee" ladies this was quite out of the ordinary, to say the least. What do you do at one of these functions? What kind of food is to be served? What kind of decorations are needed? Here, Beverly came to our rescue, imparting her knowledge to us on proper protocol. I am very proud to say that under her tutelage, all went well. We participated in an assortment of games played by ladies at these kinds of functions, including trying to guess what baby foods were in the unlabeled jars. I am happy to announce that the little bundle of joy, while arriving somewhat late, is a hale and hearty little St. Paddy's Day girl. Mom and Dad are also doing fine.

The Barony of Northern Kentucky completed their first year March 13, 1993 with their "First Annual Barony Ball." On Wednesday preceding the Ball, we had our "In-Town" show held at the "Dock." Our Host MC for the Evening was Jeannie. Along with several Drag Queens, we of the Barony performed. Jill, Kristine, Belinda, Marian, Bob, and Rick turned in some sparkling performances. Sorry to say, Baroness Joyce did not fair as well in her skit. Oh, well! Some have talents and some don't. Our "Out-of-town" show at the "Ball Park" was well attended, with people coming from as far away as St. Catherines in Canada. Of course, the main event was the Ball on Saturday evening. While the crowd was less than hoped for due to the snow storm earlier that day, we had a grand time witnessing all the pageantry and the many gorgeous gowns worn. "Southern Belle" gowns were worn by six Barony gals, all different colors, complete with matching parasols, hats, purses, shoes, and gloves. Many of us gals changed gowns throughout the evening, as did many of our guests. It was a fun time. Those of you who have never attended a Ball en-femme, may wish to consider attending Lexington's Coronation on April 25, 1993, not that far away; or,

Cincinnati's Coronation later this year. And, of course, there will be the second annual Barony Ball next March. Baron Bob and Baroness Joyce have been elected to a second reign.

Our sister, Jeanine, from Indiana, came to town for some fun and relaxation as well as to attend Cross-Port on Thursday. She had been here about a month ago, at which time, we went to dinner and then to a "Drag Show" at the "Dock." We decided to change the routine slightly this time, however. We had an early dinner at the "Forest View Gardens Supper Club." Their waiters and waitresses are professional singers. Their renditions of excerpts from the Sound of Music were superb. The evening still being young, we traveled across town to "Topps," which was featuring live music. There is something very fulfilling to sitting and sipping "frozen Margaritas" while being entertained as proper ladies.

The first Saturday of March, I attended a G.C.G.L.C. (Greater Cincinnati Gay Lesbian Coalition) Conference. This was my first time, though Cross-Port has had a representative at these meetings in the past. My impression of the group is that they have a strong program and well organized leadership. I was impressed. As I become more familiar with the group I will be making reports to keep you informed. They have offered Cross-Port a booth at their "Gay Pride Week" celebration in June. We will distribute literature concerning the "CD" community. They do welcome us. Along these lines, Elaine, Jennifer, and I attended an A.V.O.C. (Aids Volunteers of Cincinnati) conference. Each of us gave a short talk about crossdressers and then answered their many questions. Here again, we were well received. I feel these people now have a much better understanding of our community.

The movie "Crying Game" (playing at the "Esquire" near U.C. and several Lowe's theaters) is well worth seeing. While there is much violence and much too much use of the "F\_\_" word, the relationship formed

between Ferguson ( the IRA terrorist) and Dil (the hairdresser) is very thought-provoking. Very basic human instincts evolve.

At the last Cross-Port meeting on March 18th, we received some very disturbing news. Once again, it seems that "Christopher's Lounge" may close. This is QUITE unfortunate, as everyone feels that Christopher's is like a second home to us. Every effort will be made to locate suitable accommodations. Location and directions will be found in this issue should that become necessary. The time and day will remain THE SAME. In the meantime, we can all hope they (Christopher's) can work out their problems so that we may continue our association.

Take care and enjoy!  
Love, Joyce

---

## 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 our 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!!!

---

## The Baron Speaks

By Bob

Hi Girls, this is the Baron Speaking...

"The Blizzard of '93" is not stop the Barony Ball! It only caused a 30 minute delay as the Mother Court, I.C.B.C., of Lexington had a very hard time getting here.

Our Ladies were beautiful an extremely feminine in their Southern Belle dresses, complete with parasol and picture hats. There was an audible gasp from the audience as each one mad her entrance. I am told by my lovely daughter, Ellen (who was M.C. for the evening) that the Barony's opening number produced "goose

bumps." Lady Marian of Alea, wearing a gorgeous yellow gown, sang our state song, "My Old Kentucky Home" with all the Barony joining in on the chorus. Marian has a truly lovely voice -- the rest of us? Well, we have voices. Ha!

The next part was very sad. Our Empress XI, Michelle, is in University of Kentucky Medical Center gravely ill. She and Emperor XI, Thom, were to sit with Joyce and me on the stage. Since they could not be there, the Crown Prince, Ken, and Crown Princess, Ashley, placed Royal Purple Pillows bearing a Crown and one yellow rose in their seats. It was a touching gesture and some tears were shed.

After a 15 minute break (so the girls could powder their noses), the second set began with their Imperial Majesties Empress II, Kate, and Emperor II, Wayne, of the I.S.Q.C.C.B.E. (Cincinnati's court), joining Joyce and me on the stage. We then continued our program of command performances. We announced our "Man and Woman of the Year" awards and presented Lady Marian of Alea, AKA: Marian Weage, with her trophy as Woman of the Year." for her work in P.F.L.A.G.. We were unable to present the "Man of the year" award since the recipient was ill and unable to attend. The award WILL be presented at a later date.

Baroness Joyce and I conferred the titles of Brother and Sister of the Barony of St. Catherines Ontario, Canada. We also made the Barony of St. Catherines our Sister Barony.

After another 15 minute break (so the girls could change clothes). we began set 3. We were honored to have Baron I, Wally and Baroness I, Stella May, join us on the stage for more entertainment, including a lovely number, "Stay Young & Beautiful" by Lady Marion of Alea. The Barony and Lady Kristine also did a duet. Then it was time for the Baron and Baroness to take their final walk. As Joyce and I walked back to the dressing room, we were halted and told that we had been

elected Baron II and Baroness II. I'm not sure our return to the stage, escorted by Crown Prince Ken and Crown Princess Ashley, was quite as joyful as our final walk as Baron I and Baroness I. I know MY feelings were quite mixed. I was proud the Barony thought enough of my reign to re-elect me, but this is a heavy load leading our Barony for another year. I'm sure Joyce feels the same way.

Anyway, we consider our first Ball a great success, even though the weather cut our attendance by at least 50%.

The real "fun" began after the Ball. We had to clear all our decorations, a truck and 2 van loads of things that had become junk, as we disassembled our sets. We did such a great job of cleaning the hall that the motel gave us back our cleaning fee. Several of us could not get home due to the slick roads, so we continued to party in our rooms until "all hours..." A great big "THANKS!!!" to all of those who helped clean the hall.

I really should mention our "In-Town" show on Wednesday March 10, 1993 at the Dock Nightclub. All active members, except one who videotaped the show, performed one or more numbers on stage. Almost all of us "lost our (stage) virginity" that night. Of course we had fun and made \$328.00 for F.P.L.A.G..

We also had a "Out-of-Town" show on March 12, at the Ball Park nightclub. This show was by members of several visiting courts. They kept their tips to pay for their trips. Since the show was short, Lady Marian performed one number (in her own voice, of course).

I am simply overwhelmed by all that our Barony accomplished in our first year. We hope to do a lot more in year II. Won't you join us?

Love to all -- see you in April...wherever we meet.

## THE SORCERESS

by: Bobbi. L.

It was as if I were witnessing a

spell being broken...a curse being lifted...a demon being cast out. I sat spellbound watching her fingers command powers beyond my comprehension. This lady possesses knowledge beyond my ken. She is a maestro conducting a symphony; an artist creating works for an unseen audience. She is "Elaine: Sorceress of the Computer Keyboard--Mistress of the InnerView."

I bestowed this title on Elaine while we were working on the March issue. A few months earlier, Elaine had come over to our home to install on the SuperDrive, a program that would allow me to type my articles at home, transfer them to an IBM compatible disk, then just bring that over to Elaine's on those Sundays we create the newsletter. That evening at our house I caught a small glimpse of her talents. But it wasn't until the "microchip gremlins" seduced me into thinking that I could get "creative" with the computer, that I fully realized the true powers of The Sorceress.

The last week of February I had written two articles of my own and had typed those of two others, when I realized that I had forgotten how to "save" them to the MS/DOS disk. I opened a folder entitled "Conversions" and decided, blindly, that this was what I needed to use. It DID have a category for converting MAC files to MS/DOS, so I used it.

WRONG!!!

I confidently carried the disk to Elaine's and eagerly watched her slip it into the drive. I could not have guessed that the jumbled mess of symbols which greeted us would appear. But there they were: mystical, unintelligible...a code from a world foreign and sinister. There was a gut-wrenching silence. Both Elaine and I realized that having to retype the articles was going to eat up a lot of time...A LOT! And that is a commodity which is not available in large quantities around newsletter time.

After only a few more minutes of kind silence (Elaine, bless her, made no derogatory or snide comments, although I deserved them) a strange, almost electric quality could be felt. A transformation had occurred. Elaine had become "The Sorceress: Mistress of the InnerView." She bent down, turned around, and gave me a wink. She said, "I'm gonna mix it up right here in the si \_\_" -- (NO, wait! That's from "Love Potion Number Nine, one of my favorite songs from the Sixties) What REALLY happened was: Elaine reached into her magical attache and retrieved a handful of disks. Then, the Sorceress began her alchemy. Bells rang (literally), images appeared on the monitor then changed their form and content. The Sorceress was "cooking." Her hands moved in a rapid blur, commanding the screen and the mystical tower which feeds it, to do her bidding. I sat back, quietly admiring the confident control which the Mistress of the InnerView exerted over the complicated apparatus. She was in her element. THIS -- her domain. There could be no doubt from any who witnessed The Sorceress as she worked, about the powers this lady possessed.

Moments later, her hands dropped back into her lap. A conquering smile formed on her lips. Before her on the viewing screen was the first of my "lost articles." One by one the others appeared, retrieved from the parallel universe where I had carelessly transported them. Quickly they were ushered to the tower that is the hard drive of Elaine's computer. The Mistress of the InnerView had worked her magic. The Sorceress had broken the spell.

We all owe her a big "Thank You" for the use of her time and talents each month.

On the morning of March 2nd, I visited my lady friend, Annie, at her home. It was around 11:30 when we finished taking photos of me dressed in my skirt and new white blouse. I asked Annie if

## Roberta's 2nd Outing

By Roberta

she would like to go out to lunch with me dressed as "Roberta?" She said, "Great!" Annie found a button-type, grey sweater and a small purse for me to use.

As I got into the car, I was in a happy frame of mind, yet more relaxed than my very 1st outing in public. Annie and I drove over to a Friendly's restaurant about 5 minutes from her house. I noticed the lot had a few cars in it, but it was FAR from being crowded. When we entered, a waitress showed up directly to take us to a booth. I told Annie what I wanted, and when the waitress came over, Annie gave her the order for the both of us. Annie and I were able to talk for nearly an hour while we had our lunch. When the meal was done, I gave Annie the money and she went up to the register and paid for the meal. I waited by the display case containing the different types of ice cream products for sale. While driving back to Annie's, she talked about her feelings concerning her being dressed in slacks while I wore a skirt, blouse, and pantyhose. Then she reached over and rubbed my nylon covered left leg. We both enjoyed the sensations produced by THAT action! I noticed that special gleam on her face and in her eyes that she displays during times of pleasure. I know my lady was pleased by this attention, and I am certain that I was smiling at her.

She had to get ready for work when we got back to her place. I still had about 2 hours of free time before I had to get back home, so I stayed dressed as Roberta and drove over to visit with Joyce for some photo taking & small talk. It takes me 40 minutes to drive to Joyce's. After the 1st mile, I had no problem driving in 2 inch heels, working the pedals.

As I drove I realized that as each minute passed, I was setting a new record for my being dressed.

When I arrived at Joyce's, I was very pleased with what I had done so far that day!

I am sure I had a very nice smile for all of the photos Joyce took of me. The time did arrive for me to remove my outfit and makeup, but even that was pleasant, for I realized how much I had progressed in applying makeup and in dressing. I had come a long way from that very 1st visit to Joyce's last May.

With Annie and Joyce both helping me as they have, I have been able to experience things that have exceeded my expectations!

## So I'm an SO

What's it like to be an SO to a CD? I'm not sure many SO's are willing to express their feelings. I for one, would like to share my experience as an SO to a cross-dresser.

This month marks the first anniversary that I have been attending Crossport meetings with my spouse, Bobbi. I can't believe the time has passed so quickly. I'm happy to be a Significant Other.

Bobbi came out of the closet to meet Beverly on March 17, 1992, hence Bobbi's Birthday. I'm not going to pretend that I understand all the aspects of crossdressing, but I certainly want to continue to learn as much as I can. Bobbi and I have found that our therapy over the last year has helped us both understand ourselves and each other much better. I would highly recommend therapy with a good psychologist to others in the crossdressing community. It is however, very important that you do your homework when it comes to selecting your therapist.

As SO your role interchanges from spouse to girlfriend. I am wife and lover to Robert, but when Bobbi comes out, I'm her friend. We share fashion ideas, makeup, hair styles, and clothes. Fortunately, Bobbi and Beverly are

about the same size, so Bobbi gets first pick of my wardrobe that I no longer wear. It's fun to have a close friend to share ideas with and do fun things with. Such as, when we have a group of the "girls" over to our house for a party. Yes, CD's gossip and cut up, just as much as a bunch of gender females! A recent fun experience with the girls was the baby shower for Cathy and Laurie, which Jennifer, Joyce, and I put together.

There are drawbacks in this life style, and it's important to recognize that everything isn't always perfect. An example would be last New Years Eve. Several of the "girls" got together for dinner out, and then gathered at Joyce's home for the New Year's countdown. I had a great time with the girls. However, at the stroke of midnight, I didn't have Robert to share that moment. It was great to have Bobbi there, but the love of my life wasn't with me. It was an emotional moment, but I worked through it knowing that Robert loves me very much. Bobbi was very sensitive to my feelings, and that was very important.

It is truly wonderful that Bobbi and I have met so many nice people through Crossport. We have been fortunate enough to spend time outside the Crossport meetings with Joyce, Elaine, Jennifer, Belinda, Cindy, Cathy & Laurie, and Tammy & Maureen. I hope the future allows us to get to know more of the ladies at Crossport on a more personal basis.

With this writing, I'd like to offer my help in anyway I can to other SO's that are dealing with the newness of this aspect of life, or just to lend support where I can.

Thanks for such nice friends!

---

## Linda's Corner

Well I made it back from Philadelphia safe and sound. Six days

of wigs, make up, tight girdles, and 5" high heels. Gee it's good to get back to being a boy.....Not

With the Airports and roads all closed by the snow, everyone arrived about two days late. But a little snow sure isn't going to stop our week of work and play.

I'm afraid I don't have a lot of wild stories, because for me, the Coming Together Convention means skipping meals, dashing to meetings, and trying to look beautiful all at the same time.

First bit of news, if you haven't heard, is I have been elected as the Chairman of the Board of IFGE. A job I never intended to seek, but one that needed filling with the resignation of Nancy Cole from the Board. Apparently they all think I'm right for the job, and I certainly don't plan on letting anyone down. So if you don't see me as much in the newsletter, it's only because I didn't have time to write. But now this gives you an excuse to read my words of wisdom in the Tapestry.

Have you ever donated any of your time or money to IFGE? Well you might say that you already give your fair share to other good causes, like United Appeal, say at work? Well in case you don't know it, IFGE has a 501 (c)(3) tax status. What that means is when you give to the United Way, and you fill out your pledge card, if you name IFGE as the beneficiary, IFGE get your donation. Now you don't have to worry about telling you accountant at tax time, that you gave to a gender organization. And this time, you will be giving to a cause that's dear to us all. Please give this some thought.

As usual, we do plan to have IFGE month in May. I would really like to see everyone chip in and help us support IFGE in our annual drive. Perhaps we could have a bake sale or something. We'll let you know next month.

It probably sounds like I'm out drumming up money. But in a way, it's important I do so. Even though we now bring in almost ten fold of what we did when we started, we produce

twenty fold in product. Our office now has five full time employees, but we are in desperate need of two more. We do have a number of volunteers, but you never know who shows up and when. Problem is MONEY, MONEY, MONEY. This is no longer a mom & pop organization. Many new goals are being set, and to meet them, we need your support to continue. Please take a moment and remember what it was like when you were confused, and looking for guidance. Think of how good you presently feel about yourself, and how you now have the chance to help someone else that walks in the shoes you once wore.

Hey girls, did you ever think about taking a trip down the Delta Queen for several days while enfem. Well your chance comes in the fall of 1994. Peggy Rudd, that famous world traveler, is bringing her Dignity Cruise to Cincinnati, and you are invited. I've talked to many a girl who have gone on one of her trips, and they sound awesome. Plans are, to have everyone arrive in Cincinnati the night before the cruise. Crossport will be taking a suite in the hotel, and we are planning a big going away party for the adventurers. Even if you can't make the cruise, you can still make the party, so stay tuned for that big date. BTW (by the way), I will be bringing some brochures to the next meeting, so look me up. More details will follow.

Don't forget, the "BE ALL" is only two months away. It will be in Chicago this year, and I'm sure many of you are planning on attending. If we don't have brochures this month, tell Joyce to send you one as soon as they come in. I'll be attending this year for the seventh time, and I can assure you, you wont be disappointed. If enough of you show interest, we can share rooms and car pool. I have in the past, and it's always more fun, especially the drive up and back.

---

## Insight # 38

Hello girls this is Barbara back with some more insight. Well as I write

this the debate as to should homosexuals be allowed to serve in the military is now getting underway. Of course when one looks at all of the reasons for not allowing them to serve, we find that there really is no validity to any of the reasons. The only real reason to try and keep them out is just plain old prejudice.

Webster's defines prejudice as an opinion, be it for or against, (thou usually against) that is made without an examination of the facts. In short girls, it is a BIASED opinion.

If one is to ask WHO is prejudice, well the only real answer is that WE ALL ARE. Each and everyone of us is prejudice against someone or something. To this end I must include myself, I am sorry to say I am no saint girls.

Now I think the really bad part about prejudice is none of us are willing to admit to our prejudices. We attempt to downplay it by saying things like "it is just a pet peeve", or "it's just a quirk I got". In reality girls it is prejudice, plain simple PREJUDICE!

Other times we will attempt to justify our prejudice. Perhaps the two most frequently used words in the bible are God and Love, and yet so frequently we see the bible being used to justify our prejudice, hatred and hostility towards others. To enforce our prejudices we enact laws. The segregation laws of the old south and the new Colorado amendment prohibiting gay rights is but a couple of examples.

At times we even attempt to put the blame on those we are prejudice against, but if we were to step into the other persons shoes we would often find that things are not quite as they seem.

And just as we all have prejudice's, we all suffer from the prejudice of others. We as crossdressers know this all too well. I know one sister who after making an illegal U turn was hauled off to jail and subsequently lost her job simply because she was a crossdresser. I myself have been evicted from an apartment because I am a crossdresser.

For those of us who are gay we suffer a double indemnity, and if we are a member of a racial minority, we once again suffer.

Over the past number of years we have seen many laws enacted to reverse or prevent discrimination, but girls discrimination is simply the product of prejudice, and the laws actually add fuel to the fire when it comes to the cause. In an effort to circumvent the laws we elect new ways to exercise our prejudice. Thirty years ago we may have told a black person that our company just don't hire blacks, today we will tell them something like "I am sorry but your qualifications are not quite in line with the needs of our company." In the end girls, what have we gained?

I think it is quite evident girls that if we are to eliminate prejudice, we must attack the cause rather than the product. How can we do this, well I think the first and most powerful weapon we have to attack the cause of prejudice is the power of LOVE. When people are prejudice against us, let us show no animosity toward them, but let us show love and kindness. Prejudice is born of hatred girls, and it is hard to hate someone who is always nice to you. If we hate those who hate us, we will simply confirm their fears, but if we are loving and kind and nice to them they will find it difficult to continue their hatred. In the end they will find that their fears are unfounded, or simply based on a bad apple.

As we read our bible girls we see that this is exactly the way that Jesus fought his battle. As he hung from the cross of Calvary he did not call upon God the Father to destroy those who set out against him, nor did he look down on them and just say "to hell with you all". No girls, instead he said "Father forgive them for they know not what they do" (Luke 23-34) He paid the ultimate price for the prejudice of others, and yet he did it with love.

The second important weapon we have girls is to ELIMINATE OUR OWN PREJUDICE'S. It is very easy

to become prejudice against others, and so much harder to eliminate those same prejudices, and yet the less prejudice we show in our lives, the less others will show toward us. To this end girls we must provide diligent work. This brings us to the third important weapon we have in the fight against prejudice and that is EDUCATION.

Just as we must educate ourselves about those we are prejudice against, we must also work to educate others about ourselves. In education we learn the truth about matters and in learning the truth about ourselves and others, we break down the wall created by prejudice.

Another tool that we can use girls is the power of our dollars. Oh yes we can withhold them from those who are prejudice against us, but in the end will they welcome us, or simply welcome our dollar. Yes let us bring them not only to those who welcome us, but also let us go to town that we have not been to, let us hold our conventions in new cities so that the people there may see first hand the truth about us.

Now to some of you girls the concepts I mention above may seem just too idealistic to work but in viewing a news program on TV a couple of months ago there was the story of a Jewish Rabbi who was constantly harassed by one person. The Rabbi repaid the mans prejudice with love and kindness. Today the two are best of friends. Idealism yes, but it can work if we give it the opportunity to work.

Please girls do thing about what I have written. Repay prejudice against you with love and kindness, eliminate your own prejudices, and work to educate others and educate yourself about others. In the end, all members of society will benefit.

That is about all that I have for this month girls. Do stay sweet and be good to yourself. I love you and you are worth every bit of that love.