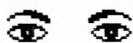


Cross-Port Inner View



P.O. Box 1692, Cincinnati, OH 45201

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Issue
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Vol. 11. No. 12

DECEMBER, 1995

The next meeting is December 21, 8:00 PM at Holiday Inn, I-275 & U.S. 42

Make Party Reservations...NOW !

Potpourri



Bobbi

Mea Culpa!

"Well, spank my bottom and call me Judy"! I have two apologies this month. First, after having the November issue printed I then decided to do a final proofing and, what do you know...I find about 15 errors. Shame on me! That's what happens when you try to do a job yourself. Instead of calling up my reserves (in the form of Diane, Paula and Beverly) I decide to go solo. Sorry about that!

Second, no sooner do I plug *Jimmie's* and **Boom!** the place is sold out from under us. It's now *Blue Note*, a rock & roll bar from the west side of town. Still, Michelle B. and Elaine B. managed to go there in recent weeks and have a wonderful time. Michelle even reports that some cute blonde found our girls to be stimulating. Sometimes ya' never know!

Again, my apologies for these errors. Of course, as my high school football coach used to say, "**you throw like a girl!**" No, no, no, I mean he used to say, "An excuse is like a crutch, it's for the lame or the weak. Which are you?" No more lame excuses, ladies. I dropped the ball.



Fine Dining en femme

Last month's meeting saw the attendance increase. We had 30 in attendance, with 18 for dinner. I should mention that the two dinners we have had the first two months in our new home have been wonderful. At a set price of only 12.00 per person

the dinner includes beverage, rolls, salad, main course and dessert. Tax and gratuity are also included in that cost. The first month we had a honey-mustard chicken breast, wild rice, and choc-olate torte for dessert. This past month's offering was a chicken-beef stir-fry topped off with a delicious carrot cake. We would love to have you join us for dinner at future meetings so, beginning with the January meeting, make plans to reserve a place at our table. And don't forget to make plans to join us for our Christmas party meeting on the 21st. Sending in your reservation early will save you enough to buy an extra drink or two at the bar. See the details on page 6 (and flyer for reservations).



November Minutes

The meeting itself went well in spite of the absence of Jennifer Marquette. Her macho half was putting the finishing touches on some "minor" holiday backdrop for a KKK cross somewhere in the downtown area. (If you haven't seen Jenn's handiwork, be sure to visit Fountain Square over the holidays and marvel at her "Workshop").

Besides the "regulars" Cross-Port welcomed several new faces: **Jennifer** (from Piqua), **Kelly** (from beautiful downtown Bevis), **Jackie, Julie, and Kitanna**. Returning for a second consecutive meeting were **Joanne, Diana**, and, all the way from Mansfield, **Dawn**. After long absences **Bob** (along with **Stan Goodwin**) and **Scott** (with his very pretty S.O., **Lynne**) joined Debbie and David (aka: Debbie) in our new meeting place.

Diane Torrance introduced us all to **Paule A. Steichen Asch, Ph.D.** who is very interested in working with the transgendered. She plans on becoming active in Cross-Port in the future.

Of special note were two sizable and much needed monetary contributions. One was in the amount of \$200.00 and the other, \$50.00. Both donors wish to remain anonymous. Two very large **Thank You's!** go out to them from all of us at Cross-Port.

cont'd

December's Stuff

That brings us to this month's newsletter. Look to Paula Harmston's column for info about the Christmas party. **R.S.V.P. - A.S.A.P.** ! Jill Ambrose shares an "accidental tourist" story. Heather [REDACTED] waxes poetic! Gina reports on Erie Sisters' *Gala*. Jenn's back with us and *Her Majesty, Queen Kristine* contributes her royal ramblings!

Also, a special note to those who receive complimentary copies: Take a few minutes to respond to our brief questionnaire and mail it back to us today. If *InnerView* is something which contributes to your work we want to see that you continue to receive it.

However, if all we sweet transvestites are doing is contributing to Mt. Rumpke, we'll stop bothering you. Please don't be offended by our request. Cross-Port needs to use its dollars as efficiently as possible (since donations like the one's last month are few and far between).

Attention *InnerView* subscribers: This is your last issue for 1995. If you have not done so already, please send in your renewal in the amount of \$24.00. A subscription form may be found on the back of some of the Christmas party flyers.



Auld Lang Syné!

Thus ends my first year as editor of *InnerView*. In spite of the pressures brought on by such a responsibility, this job has been one of the few bright spots in an otherwise dismal year. In April my father, one of my best friends, died. That was the worst day of my life. At that time I was also dealing with a professional position I hated (and one that was literally making me ill). Cross-Port and *InnerView* provided an oasis in the middle of that emotional desert.

But don't let me lead you to believe that 1995 was a wash. Far from it. Although I still miss my buddy, I am learning to live without him, knowing that his spirit will always be my co-pilot. Also, I have a job which is one of the best I have had in a quarter century. But the shining star of the year for me and for Cross-Port was Be-All. I was so very proud of our girls. But most of all I was proud of Beverly and her hard work and demands for excellence. We ex-ceeded all expectations concerning this very popular, almost sacred event.



As I end this year I realize that there are many who deserve thanks. Most of all, my wife, Beverly. This has been a tough year for her, too. She has more "balls" than most men I know. I hope that I can continue to give her all that she needs to make her happy. She deserves that. Thanks to Jennifer for taking the reins of Cross-Port. It's a different organization now, but one which will provide more **for** more of us. Thanks to Paula Harmston and Diane Torrance. They have helped Cross-Port in so many ways. none so needed as their regular contributions to *InnerView*. **All** of the ladies of our new "Board of Directors" deserve a "thank you" from me and from all of us. And thanks to **you**, our readers, who **are** Cross-Port.



Jill's Ambrosia

by:
Jill Ambrose

What started out as a shopping/errand trip turned into a dilemma that most of us hope will never happen. I'm sure everyone of us remembers the old admonition from Mother: *Be sure you are wearing clean underwear, in case you have an accident.*

Well, when **my** accident occurred I **was** wearing clean underwear. Fortunately, the incident was not severe enough that some medical person would have the opportunity to inspect my clean panties, and discover my secret.

In addition to the fresh undergarments, I was wearing a simple white blouse and a long, ankle length skirt, which was selected because the weatherman had predicted a windy day, and I adore the feel of the gentle breeze blowing my skirt against my nylon covered legs.

While on the way to pick up some dry-cleaning, my travels dictated that I make a left turn up ahead, and as I was checking my rear view mirror, preparatory to changing lanes, the car ahead of mine suddenly stopped for another who was turning right into a shop-ping area.

Immediately I heard the sound of broken glass and turned to see my hood buckling. My first thought was a four letter expletive, followed closely by frantic thoughts concerning my current plight; crossdressed and in a fender bender!

As I sat in the car contemplating my next move, I rummaged through my purse in search of writing materials to exchange

cont'd 

Merry Christmas

Peace on Earth



data with the other driver, a young man traveling with his daughter. After checking my make up in the rear view, I went to meet my fate as a female.

By now both people were outside inspecting the damage, which consisted of a small scrape on his bumper and a large gash in the right front of my car. After ascertaining that everyone was OK, he called the county police. We then exchanged information. I cautiously explained that the picture may not **look** quite like me, but indeed it was mine.

I was very relieved that this revelation was accepted without comment and no apparent animosity. Then...the police arrived. I started to shiver, but still remained calm, remembering some sage advice from our editor several months prior. "Be honest and act like a lady."

The officer surveyed the situation, determined that my car was driveable and moved us off the road. As the four of us climbed into the cruiser, the small girl looked my way and we exchanged smiles, a gesture which helped me greatly.

When it was my turn to hand the officer my operators permit, it was offered with the same explanation as before, and it was accepted without question.

As we talked about the accident, I felt a deep sigh of relief that my cross-dressing did not become an issue, and that the police officer conducted himself in a professional manner.

A trip to St. Louis for a convention was on the agenda for the following day, but here I was with a smashed up car. I called the insurance agent and was informed that my coverage did not include a rental car.

"My belief that 'if you look like you belong there, people will accept you' was working!"

After surveying the damage, checking for fluid leaks, and forcing the hood back to some semblance of its original shape, I decided to drive my car to Missouri. Fortunately, everything worked well and the trip was uneventful, mechanically speaking.

After packing the car the next morning, the next two hours were spent preparing myself for a new adventure.

Following a brief stop in Louisville about noon for research on a current project and a bite to eat at Hardee's and a potty stop, I proceeded west along Interstate 64 through Illinois.

About the same time that the fuel gauge started showing low, I realized the need to 'go' again. I had my choice of several gas stations and chose one with a small restaurant attached and after filling my tank, went inside to use the restroom.

Only a few tables were in use, but the table closest to the women's restroom was occupied by four burly truck drivers. With a lump in my throat, I strolled past them and entered. After being careful to replace the seat, I again passed the four men who gave no indication that anything was out of the ordinary. My belief that "if you look like you belong there, people will accept you" was working. With the help of some directions from the local fire department, I made my way to the motel.

Well in advance of the arrival date at the motel, I had made reservations in Jill's name. This made no difference to the clerk, as she could not find any record of my having called, but fortunately I had my confirmation number. As I filled out the card, she asked for my drivers' license, which of course, I was not going to show her. I explained that I had none, although I'm sure she saw me drive up, and instead pulled out my credit card, which seemed to placate her.

By the time I was unpacked and able to freshen up, I was famished and headed for a family steak house which was within walking distance. After waiting in a long zigzagging line, imagining that everyone knew, I was finally seated and served by a friendly young waitress, who was open to chatting, and wondered why an attractive lady would be dining by herself.

Needless to say, I was thrilled and made it a point to return later in the week, asking to be seated in her section. If she knew, she never let on, and earned a nice tip both times.

During my stay at the motel, anything **not** feminine was locked up tight and it appeared that a female was occupying that room. I purposely left panties, bras and hose out in view to further the illusion.

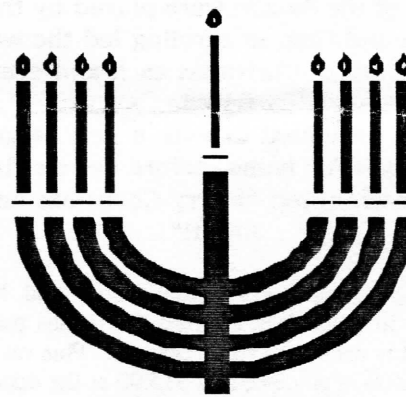
Unfortunately the convention was one that required me to attend as my alter-ego, but I did get in quite a bit of quality time in the evenings.

One evening, while I went out for ice, a security guard stopped and cautioned me about women walking unescorted around the complex. I acknowledged his concern and headed back to my room.

As I was driving home after checking out with an invitation to return again, I reflected on the events of the past week, and was filled with happiness that I am/can be Jill.

Next issue, 'I promise' that I will share my thoughts on potty stops.

Via con Dios!



Happy Hanukkah

Up the Street... and Around the Corner

Heather [REDACTED]

(With apologies to Clement Clarke Moore)

'Twas four days before Christmas and all through the town;

The cross dressers hurried to find the right gown.
Cross-Port's Christmas party was planned in detail;
Everyone was expected to attend without fail.
The buffet was ordered, all the goodies were there;
Tasty meats and fine dishes were set out with care.
And Linda in her finest and Jenn in her best;
We're ready to party with Cross-Port's members and guests.

When out of the party room there rose such a demand
For music and dancing, **that** was their command.
Away toward the door Paula flew in a flash;
Across the long lobby she made her mad dash.
Sound Crest was expected to arrive post haste;
And Paula knew that there wasn't a moment to waste.
When what to her wondering eyes should appear;

But a car full of equipment and not pulled by reindeer.

With a beautiful driver so lively and quick;
It was our Heather Cox, not tired old St. Nick.
The equipment was readied, as fast as one can;
To provide party music for this cross dressing clan.
She spoke not a word, but went straight to her work;
And soon the room flooded with the strains of "Cool Jerk".

The Sounds of the Season were played by the DJ;
While Diane and Gina in caroling led the way.

As the warmth of Christmas each and every heart filled,

Holiday Inn presented us with a very large bill.
Then we all left for home, before dawn's first light;
Wishing each other: "Merry Christmas and good night!"

All kidding aside, I know that Paula and her crew are working hard to make this the best Christmas party to date. One thing that is needed is your presence. Plan on being there, the cost is \$12.00 in advance and \$15.00 at the door. We need to get as many advance reservations as we can, so that *Holiday Inn* will have enough food prepared. If you haven't made your reservations you need to get it in now. All indications are that this is a party not to miss. You will have a great time.

As we hurry to parties and doing our Christmas shopping, let's take time to remember those who are not as fortunate as

we. Some are without homes, some are without warm clothes, some are without food; just as serious - some children will have **nothing** under their tree. There are many drives for food, toys and, of course, money. Try to help even if it is only throwing your loose change in the *Salvation Army's* red kettle. The real Christmas spirit is the spirit of giving.

Another year is about to end, I would like to thank everyone for reading my column this past year. I hope that it brought you some laughs and some tears. I hope that in sharing my life, my fears, my dreams and my beliefs, we have become closer. To each and everyone I wish the love and peace of Christ this Christmas.

May 1996 be the best year of your life!

Until next [year], this is Heather up the street and around the corner of Greater Cincinnati, may God bless and keep you in His love. Merry Christmas!



The Perils of Paula: a continuing saga:

"A Blessing in Disguise"

by: Paula Harmston

I was recently asked, "Do you ever get harassed when you go out?" **Never** - unless you count the bar fight and the death threat. I guess those count as harassment but twice in two and half years isn't too bad. I'd rather focus on the many successful outings I've had.

And how do we count the stares, whispers and finger pointings? I don't consider that "harassment;" that stuff is just a natural by-product of going out. If you go out in public it **will** happen and I've gotten so used to it that I don't even think about it any more.

Another person asked, "What motivates you to go out and put yourself through it everytime?" They were referring mostly to my frequent trips to a local country western bar filled with hundreds of people. I don't consider those trips as putting myself "through" anything. Rather, I originally went there only for the fun of dancing and cross-dressing. Those are two of my favorite things to do and combining them simply enhances the fun of each activity. But during the last few trips, I've enjoyed another aspect of going out - getting **lots** of attention.

cont'd 

Accessories:

'Untold suffering seldom is.

♥XOX Louise Bowie

"The bar fight taught me that I can handle most anything that comes my way."

When I dance as my male self I'm just one of many faceless dancers on the floor. I don't get **any** attention at all! But since I started going 'en femme' with my friend, Steve, I'm no longer "faceless." **Everyone** in the building knows I'm there. The spot light is on me...and to my surprise, I **like** it!

When I was a kid I never got any attention. My father "ruled" the family. **He** was the center of everything. In second place was my older, over-achieving brother. Following in his footsteps was an impossible task. My little sister got the balance of attention since she was the youngest and the "cutest."

As an adult I never stood out much in work or in the community. It wasn't until last year, when I went to the *Holiday Inn* at Western Michigan University with Gina (and took on a few hundred college kids) **Ed. note [see: InnerView, December, 1994]** that I had the spotlight on me in any significant way.

Now, I'm the center of attention as I line up in the middle of the dance floor, waiting for an advanced-level dance song to begin. If nothing else, I'm the only cross-dressed dancer in the building (which makes me special in an otherwise sea of nameless dancers).

And it's fun! I'm having a ball doing what I love to do: dancing and dressing. What could be better?

I'm not putting myself through anything!

The person who asked about my "motivation" added that, although I don't pass well in public, I don't **fear** not passing. She's right. I **don't** fear any negative consequences of not passing because there **are** none! If some member of the public can't handle my crossdressing, **they** should leave because **I'm** staying! I haven't lost a thing when I'm "read." Passing is not my goal. Having fun is...and I long ago surpassed that goal!

I no longer fear the consequences of not passing. The bar fight taught me that I can handle most anything that comes my way. So, when I confidently line up on the dance floor for another dance I know I can't be hurt or intimidated. Turn that spotlight up a little brighter...make the music a little louder...let's dance!



Accessories:

"I don't have time to put make-up on everyday. I need that time for cleaning my rifle."

♡XOX

Henriette Mantel

Fishnet Stockings: Hung by the Chimney With Care



Jennifer Marquette



It is still yet to be determined, but it looks like I survived another Downtown Christmas. The trouble with this project (well, one of them at least) is that it takes so much work for so long and it completely obliterates everything else in my life, literally. So now I am playing catch up on all other fronts including Cross-Port.

While on this topic, when it comes time to pack up the set and move it into storage, I would like to have the moving crew comprised primarily of Cross-Port personnel who are willing to donate a day so I can make payment as a donation to our group. Paula did help load-in the set back in October and forwarded her earnings to Cross-Port. We both think this would make a good fundraiser for the beginning of the year. Otherwise, I will just pay my usual crew (who will only spend it on beer and loose women - or **guys** dressed as loose women, whatever.) If you're interested, please let me know before the press gangs go to work.

I ran into Kristine down on the square a week or so ago and she brought up the fact that it has been a good year for Cross-Port. We produced a grade-A gender convention which should be enough for any group. On the heels of that, we proceeded to make massive and aggressive changes in our organization which we are just beginning to exhibit.

cont'd 



Christmas Party Details!!

The annual Cross-Port Christmas Party will be held at the *Holiday Inn* on the first floor, behind the lounge (the area of the old restaurant). Featuring a hot buffet from 8 PM to 10 PM, a cash bar, and music by *Sound Crest*, the party costs \$12.00 per person (advance reservations) or \$15.00 at the door. Please see the flyer and reservation form enclosed with this *InnerView*. Send it along with your check or money order to Cross-Port's P.O. box. Any questions? Call Jennifer at [REDACTED] or Paula at [REDACTED].

Most of these programs will not yield their full effect until next year and others will take even longer to cultivate. But other areas such as political action, mostly thanks to Diane, have surpassed what I would have perceived as realistic goals.

Even moving our meeting place (by choice and not default for a change) to the Holiday Inn is special. More in regards that it reflects our group's attitude of being more "out" in society and not closeted away from it. Having surroundings that display integrity, dignity and pride certainly helps our own concept of who we are. It generates the same feeling of composure and confidence that the sense of being quite well dressed brings. And I know you know what I mean by that. This good year reflects what the ability of only a handful of individuals can bring. I can assure you that all of us have gotten just as much out of it as we put in. The individual payoff is sometimes subtle and sometimes quite profound, but it is always there. Still much on the drawing table. Programs that will benefit us all need additional people to share the load. I encourage all of you to bring more to the table than your own needs and I assure you, you won't go away hungry.

There are a lot of businessy things on my mind but I will only address a few of them here. First, I really need people to correspond by phone and letter to new people or those of us not comfortable with coming to meetings. This is a good opportunity for some of our members who themselves, are not at ease going out, but wish to become more connected.

Please expedite your newsletter dues for next year. As we continue to build our group, the newsletter becomes more instrumental in broadcasting information that you will find applicable and enjoyable. Beginning in January we will be having some presentation, seminar or guest speaker each month. Everything from how-to's to coming out to your friends and families are being lined up. Also in January, I believe the *Innerview* will debut an episodic fictional story called the "X-dressing Files" featuring a saucy and provocative character called "Foxy Muldare".

When you send in your check for the newsletter, please consider adding a few bucks as a Christmas gift to our group. With all the transition costs and image upgrade that we have been doing, we are scraping financial bottom. It's not that Tiny Tim needs a new nightgown, he just needs to pay his phone bill.

Thank you all once again for what we've accomplished this year and my best Holiday wishes to each and everyone of you.



1995: A Year of Achievement!

Kristine Jones

It is my feeling that Cross-Port in 1995 made more progress than in any other of the five years that I have been a member. As we close out the year, let's celebrate what we have accomplished. I will not mention individual names, as there

far too many and it is the goal of this article to show what we have done as a *group*.

Nationally, we have always had the reputation that Cross-Port girls know how to party. Now we can be equally proud that everyone knows we can **throw** a great party - BeAll 1995. The comments from the hotel staff, the participants, and the presenters were overwhelmingly positive. Our post-convention survey found that more than 30% of the participants thought our BeAll was better overall than other gender conventions they have attended. That is high praise indeed. Our hard work paid off in a well-attended, profitable and smoothly run convention. We can be proud of our efforts, particularly since we had never before attempted a project of this scope. As a result, we are now an ongoing part of the BeAll circuit. Next stop in Cincinnati - BeAll 2000! A new millennium of transgenderism in our city.



Another accomplishment, which is a by-product of the BeAll, is the acquisition of the *Holiday Inn-Blue Ash* as a venue for our meetings. We now meet in a modern, attractive hotel, allowing us to dine and meet in privacy, taking us out of the bar scene. For those who might be intimidated by being in public, there are hotel rooms to change available at a discounted price. Conversely, for those who want to mix with the public, the hotel bar is open to us. While we will always be grateful to *Christopher's* and the *Golden Lions* for their hospitality, it is a sure sign of progress that we now have meetings in a facility like *Holiday Inn*. Thankfully, our attendance is increasing as a result.

The most exciting progress we are making is in telling new people about Cross-Port. Throughout 1995 we have had regular listings in two of Cincinnati's alternative news weeklies. The real explosion in getting out our message is from the on-line services of the Inter-Net, which have become the leading source of new inquiries for us. This free source has unlimited potential for Cross-Port. **Eventually**, we also should have an article on the BeAll in *Cincinnati Magazine*, which should significantly boost new inquiries about Cross-Port.

Once we reach them, new people most want information and we are fortunate to have an attractive, well-edited newsletter to send out. Our *Innerview* staff has been successful both in improving the quality of *Innerview* and cultivating a handful of our members to make regular contributions. Now girls, we have enough contributors to print a newsletter on our own. Once again, other local groups comment on the newsletter's interesting, unabashed approach. Yes, they're reading *Innerview* again!



Another major change for 1995, brought about largely through the efforts of George R. Brown, MD (a former Cross-Port affiliate), is the change in the American Psychiatric Association DSM-IV. The DSM-IV or Diagnostic and Statistical Manual is a tool psychiatrists use in making a diagnosis of a mental disorder. Under the changes brought about in 1995, crossdressing in and of itself does not constitute

a behavior that is "pathological or diagnosable as a mental disorder." [see: *InnerView*, July, 1995]

Let's celebrate what we've achieved! For everyone that may have attended over the years or especially those who may wish to attend for the first time, please make an extra effort to attend the Christmas party on December 21st at *Holiday Inn*. A buffet dinner is planned, with Cross-Port founder Heather Cox providing music. Fun for all is guaranteed or I'm not Miss BeAll! Be there.



Another Erie Weekend

by: Gina Marie Allen

Well, another *Riverside Gala* has come and gone all too quickly. This year Paula traveled both ways, so Gina had to carry her own luggage. With 116 in attendance, this was by far the biggest and, most certainly, the best *Gala* I've attended.

We arrived early Friday morning and immediately began to renew old friendships and to welcome the *Riverside* "virgins." This being my third year to attend, I felt "at home." As always, the staff of the Inn was warm and friendly, greeting all of the past attendees by name.

This year they had a few changes which went fairly well. *The Persad Center* conducted a well-attended seminar dealing with basic questions such as "Why are we the way we are?" Posing questions to the participants, the moderators gave us four choices of response: "Strongly Agree, Agree, Disagree, Strongly Disagree." As you chose your answer, you moved to the area of the room with those who responded as you. Then you were asked to explain "why" you chose that answer.

Also, there was a "Talent Showcase" (not a contest with competition), Paula did a seven dance combination line dance (involving a "beaver shot" to the audience)! Sheila, a recent member of Cross-Port, played an Indian flute, which sounded so good the crowd kept asking for more. Even I got on stage and interjected a little humor about the *Gala* itself, and praise for the attendees **and** the sponsors.

The weather was STRANGE: rain and high winds one day...snow the next (but Erie - ly, only in a small radius around the *Riverside Inn*)! One of the funniest moments occurred when one of the "locals" mistook a G.G. for one of **us** and that one of us was a **G.G.**! This guy must have really been juiced because the woman he thought was a man was one of the prettiest women I have ever met!

On a somber note, this year's *Gala* was dedicated in memory of Cindy Traum, of the Crystal Club, a smiling face and pleasant person who passed away last Spring. Thanks to Donna and Myrna of Yellow Springs, I had the privilege to be considered one of Cindy's friends. I tear up just thinking of her. We definitely miss her smile.

It was really a great weekend and, as always, one I hated to see end. Traveling home we passed one my neighbors from Ripley (that was really "e-Erie"). We finally arrived back at

Paula's apartment where I called my wife to let her know I would soon be home. She said that she and the boys really missed me, that they felt like eating Chinese food, and wondered if **Gina** was up to ordering and picking up some! Naturally, I was. I love any situation like that.

When I arrived at the restaurant, there three men who got there about the same time. As I walked to the door they spoke and even held the door for me. Once inside, I saw that the waiting area was full. A young man got up and **offered me his seat!** It was great. Once home, I hugged my wife and kids and had the boys unload my car. My wife said, "Since you love being Gina so much, why don't you go to the store and pick up something to drink.

I did so willingly and when I got back home, Gina and her family had their, first-ever, dinner together.

My wife and I have had many, but never before with the kids. Now, my youngest even calls me "Gina" any time I'm dressed. It's something I really appreciate.

Hopefully, next year my wife will attend with me. She's already talking about it. Also, I hope that more of Cross-Port sisters will join us.

It will most definitely be a weekend you will never forget!

Gina Marie Allen



Happy New Year!

Accessories:

"It's hard to forgive others for witnessing your mistakes."

♡XOX

Jessamyn West

December InnerView Staff:

"Head" honchette..... **Bobbi** [REDACTED]
"Proofreader & Moral Support"..... **Beverly L.**
"Lickers & Stickers"..... **Jennifer, Jill, & Diane**

Future Fun

December 7 - Stonewall (endorsed) Cincinnati Youth Group Open Skating Party

December 9 - Louisville Gender Society Christmas Party. call: 502-375-0848

December 9 - Cincinnati Court's "The Empress" Christmas Show." @ *Pipeline*
9:00 PM ("Drag" time).

December 21st - Cross-Port Christmas party

1996:

January - InnerView subscription rate increases to \$24.00 (due 01/01/96)

February 3 - Stonewall's annual Casino Party

May 18 - Stonewall's Annual Dinner

November Attendance.....30
November Collection.....\$336.00

Note:

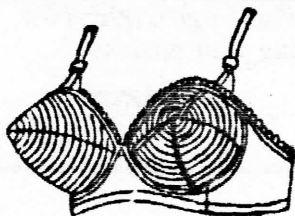
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Cross-Port is a not-for-profit support group which meets solely for the support of cross-dressers, transsexuals, and their families and friends.

▼ 'TUNA CHRISTMAS'



Mark Allen Flesher is Vera Carp, left, and Bill Nolte plays Bertha Bumiller, only two of the 22 characters played by the pair in the Cincinnati Playhouse in the Park's production of "A Tuna's Christmas."

Instead of the traditional holiday fare also offered by Cincinnati's Playhouse in the Park — i.e. "A Christmas Carol" — the group also is offering audiences "A Tuna Christmas."

Not the save-the-dolphins tuna, but Tuna, Texas.

This Broadway hit opened last week at the Thompson Shelterhouse Theatre and runs through Dec. 24.

Tuna, Texas, is home-base for a group of 22 characters, played by only two actors, whose Christmas seems to be plagued by a phantom who is trashing the entries for the annual Christmas yard display contest.

During the search for the culprit, a series of eccentric characters are introduced.

The show is the sequel to the nationwide hit "Greater Tuna."

The performances are frenetic and fast-paced, and the script is filled with satire.

Tickets are \$23 to \$30.

Call 513-421-3888 or 800-582-3208.