

Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 12701, Cincinnati, OH 45212

The next meeting is August 16 at 8:00

A New View

by Cathy

We had twenty-eight at our July meeting so I only missed by one in my prediction. I was helped out by Mary, Renee and Tabetha who came in from the Trans-West Virginia group. It was good to meet them. We also had a sister come in from Pittsburgh for her first time out in public.

We talked Candy Lee into doing her song from the Be-All, and she did well, even though I had had her music for the previous four weeks so she couldn't rehearse and didn't give her any time to warm up on top of that.

For those of you who don't like country music, Christopher's broke their 'Country Music Only on Thursdays' policy and played some real music. It was the first time I'd seen anybody on the dance floor since the April meeting, and those folks (including me) enjoyed it.

At the meeting I announced that I would be going to the Crystal Club's July meeting. Belinda went up with me to Columbus. Their meetings are in a motel conference room, and they also rent out two rooms where people can change their clothes. Renee was up there and there were also a couple of sisters we had met at the Be-All.

They had a short meeting followed by a wig care demonstration by Yvonne, one of their members. People visited and chatted the rest of the meeting while Yvonne styled wigs for people. She did a really wonderful job with the girls she worked on.

About one o'clock we were invited to join Yvonne at a club called Wall Street, so Renee, Belinda and I went. The closest I can come to describing it is: take the Copa and make it two stories tall, then jam 1470 West into that area. We danced and stayed there until closing.

Thanks to the ladies at the Crystal Club for making us feel welcome, I definitely want to head up there again.

Candy Lee has announced that she will be having, for those of you who really want to do what ladies do in their spare time, a cross-dressed Tupperware party. Yes, now you can be just another one of the girls as you ooh and ahh over pre-formed plastic shapes. This event will be held at her home on Thursday, August 30 and all Cross-Port members and their friends are invited. Talk to her at the August meeting to get instructions on how to get there or call our Cross-Port number at 851-6174. I wouldn't miss it for the world.

Why do I like living in Cincinnati? Because most people don't care if you dress in public. For example:

According to an article in the Cincinnati Equirer newspaper, patrons at a local restaurant, the Montgomery Inn, got a taste of more than just the ribs they are famous for. They also got Tim Conway, who was filming for an episode of his new "TV" show *Tim Conway's Funny America*. On this occasion Conway was dressed as a waitress named Patti and was decked out in a uniform, wig, pumps and red lipstick.

One family who was served by Conway said, "We thought something fishy was going on, but he was a great waitress so we didn't say anything."

Another lady said "Well, you never know anymore. This guy came over in a wig and makeup and I thought 'OK. If that's the way he wants to dress, fine.'"

Tim Conway's Funny America premiered on ABC-TV at 8:30pm, July 29. Producers don't know when the Cincinnati segments will run.

Cross-Port Finances

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

Beginning Balance as of the July Newsletter was: \$1513.79

July Expenses:

Phone:	\$32.00
Envelopes & Stamps:	\$43.97
Printing June Newsletter:	\$39.78
Bank Charges:	\$ 2.10
Total Expenses:	<u>\$117.85</u>

July Incomes:

Meeting Collection:	\$55.00
Sale of Tapestries:	\$10.00
Subscriptions, Donations, Etc.:	<u>\$20.00</u>
Total Income:	<u>\$ 85.00</u>

Ending Balance as of July 12: \$1480.94

We also mailed twelve intro packets this month. That is two more than any one single month in the past.

Book Review

by Stephanie Lorain [REDACTED]

From Female to Male, The Life of Jack Bee Garland, by Louis Sullivan

This book rescues from obscurity the life story of Jack Bee Garland, a newspaper reporter of the early 1900's. He was a woman who lived and existed as a man, and was totally accepted as such by those who knew and worked with him. The story begins with Mr. Garland's death on September

19, 1936, and though at first this would seem to be out of sequence, it gives the reader a good idea of just how effectively Jack lived as a man. The first that any of those who associated with Mr. Garland knew of "him" being a biological female was the public release of the autopsy.

Jack was born in 1869 as Elvira Virginia Mugarrieta in San Francisco. Unfortunately there is little information on the early part of childhood due to the unwillingness of Jack's sister to give any information after his "true" identity was discovered, but much of his life as "Babe Bean" is recorded. The name of "Babe Bean" was used by Jack in young adulthood and during his early journalistic career, but at this point "he" was still only living as a woman who wore men's clothes simply because they were more convenient for the job of reporter. Also at this point in time "Babe" would not speak, but would write what "she" wanted to say. The reason that was given was a childhood trauma had caused Babe to lose "her" ability to speak, but no one was able to find out what this trauma might have been.

In 1898, when the Spanish-American war erupted, "Babe" wanted to cover the United State's invasion of the Philippines, but a woman would never be allowed aboard a ship of the U.S. Navy. It was at this point in time that the identity of Jack Garland was created.

If you wish to know more about the story of this amazing person, you must read the book. It could give you a whole new outlook on what being a "man" or "woman" is really about.

Transsexual Issues: Labeling Our Boxes

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It seems there has been much concern recently about labels and boxes. In the June 1990 issue of the IXE newsletter, an article by Sharon gave a very good distinction of the difference between a label and a box and how we sometimes use labels to define our box.

Webster defines box as "a small case or chest, generally with a lid". Label is defined as "a paper card, etc. affixed to anything, denoting its

contents, nature, owner-ship, destination." Using these definitions let us examine how each may be used.

If I am moving and I am a well organized person, I would probably buy some boxes and labels to help separate my items before moving so as to facilitate easier dispersal at their new location. However, there are several ways that I could use them.

I could fill a box with, let's say, all kitchen items. Then I could label the box "**Kitchen Items**". In this case the label would be used to state what was already in the box. Or I could Label a box "**Kitchen Items**" and then proceed to fill the box with all kitchen items. In this case the label would serve two purposes. First it would describe the purpose or use of the box before it was filled. Namely that it was to be filled with all kitchen items. Second it would describe the nature of the items in the box after it was filled.

If I am less organized I might just throw a bunch of stuff into a box then look to see what I had the most of in the box. If I saw more kitchen items I might mark the box "**Kitchen Items**" but that would not mean that the only thing in the box was kitchen items.

Let us try applying all this box and label stuff to ourselves. There are some who would place a label on themselves or take a label given to them by others and then try to fill themselves with the things which the label describes, thus trying to live within the box and hoping that the label would describe them. There are also those however, who would take a long hard look at what they are inside and the box they are already in and after careful deliberation place a label on themselves.

The most critical point that could be made is to not close the lid before one is ready to move. A box with an open lid is subject to things being removed and things being added and these may affect the final label.

In the above examples it is assumed that we have control over which items go into the boxes, which labels go on them and what the labels say. The fact is however, that some of the labels and boxes are pre-defined for us by a world which knows very little about the items which go into a box. To further complicate the process sometimes the labels are written in a language which we can't understand. That is the point of good quality

therapy and the reason why it becomes so important in the case of gender re-assignment surgery. Especially if one's ultimate goal is to fit into society.

If one chooses to live outside the boundaries of the boxes and labels provided by society, (which is a perfectly good choice) then no matter how wide or how far they are stretched one must also be prepared to deal with the criticism and scrutiny of a society which simply can't comprehend one's reasons for doing so. Most persons who have had major effects on our society have learned that lesson.

The IXE article cites several examples of persons who refused to let a label define them. The lives of some of these people were radically different, however. Jesus and Dr. Martin Luther King were indeed such people, and they lived their lives outside of the boxes of society and tried to redefine those boxes. Their doing so caused many changes in our social structure. In exchange they endured criticism, hardships and it ultimately cost them both their lives. Even now their struggles are continued by many who followed them, as they try to redefine what it means to be human and a Black (or minority) American.

Christine Jorgenson, on the other hand did not live outside of the social boxes and labels. She found a label and a box (which was **woman**), stretched it until it fit her then lived within it. She did not try to re-define what a woman was, only how one got there. Her life and death were much more peaceful.

Both lives were meaningful and both are acceptable ways of life. It simply depends on which way one chooses to live and what one hopes to accomplish in this life.

Back in our first examples of the boxes and labels; if one's goal is to simply move, one might forget about the labels and the boxes and throw everything in the back of a U-Haul, start down the road and hope that whenever they got to where ever they end up everything was still intact. Neither Dr. King or Ms. Jorgenson moved like that.

As Sharon's article states, labels are used to facilitate communication of identity (and they are necessary). Boxes, on the other hand are not necessary but they do aid us in keeping like items together. The danger comes when we try fit too much stuff in too small a box, when we place the

wrong label on a box and then try to guess what is in it or when we assume that the implication of a remark was meant as a label.

I was one of the other two at the dinner mentioned in the article (and not the one who made the remark "hi, rather androgynous aren't we?"). The author states that she felt a subtle pressure to fit into a box called TS caused by such a remark. It could also have been subtle pressure to fit into a box called WOMAN or a box called MAN or it could simply have been a statement of fact. If one dresses as a woman then one must be prepared to be considered to look like a woman. Likewise, if one dresses androgynously then one must be prepared to be considered to look androgynous.

The hardest boxes to get out of are the pre-defined boxes one places around one's self, for society already has a preconceived idea of what to expect. Labels such as Transvestite and Transsexual are pre-defined. One may not agree with their meaning but if we place it on our self then others will expect us to act accordingly. Labels such as Transgendered and Bigendered are not as clearly defined, therefore we can use these terms without as much fear of boxing one's self in.

The closing statement of the IXE article is the most important thought conveyed by both that article and this article. "Who am I? I am me, and I like me." If that is a true statement then whatever labels and boxes that society chooses to place person in will not affect them and they will be happy regardless of them because what others think really doesn't matter.

As for my own labels, I am a woman. The fact that I was born with male genitalia has caused me to be gender conflicted and the fact that I am seeking to remedy that gives me the label transsexual. I do not seek to redefine what a woman is, there are several million from which I can choose as examples for my box. If someone says that I don't walk like a woman, I am sure I can find one that I walk like. If I am told that I don't act like a woman, I am sure I can find one that I act like. If others complain that I don't think like a woman, well I am sure that no two women think alike anyway. And, if I am told I don't look like a woman, I am sure I can find one who looks worse.

I dress as I want to dress. I look like I want to look. I go where I want to go and I work at a job I want to work at, so you can **Label Me Happy**, finally.

Crossdressing Revisited

by Laurie

Cathy's visit to the Crystal Club in Columbus stirred some feelings in me, as my partner is usually home on my work weekends. Even though I am gone for hours, and the fleeting time I am home between double shifts is mostly spent asleep, there is comfort in knowing the other person is around, even subconsciously. Those of you who have been married (hopefully happily) for years can identify that you don't have to be in intimate contact for the feeling of well being that just having the other person puttering around the house brings. And oft, when Cathy follows her fancy, she better not stop suddenly, or my fancy keeping pace might trip her off her heels (Oh no! Strike that thought!). I am *that* used to doing things with her.

So it was with some disturbance and lack of sleep I made acquaintance with my partner's absence when Cathy went to the meeting. I became acutely aware of our mutual but separate needs for freedom and self expression, including our interpretation of clothing. Our boundaries and our union are safe enough that they do not have to be immobile or concretely defined. They are so stable they are *not* safe! They can and do change by our life experiences. We can only hope to keep an open mind and a kind heart. For some people that may mean to leave, for some to just keep on, and for others to enjoy.

Hopefully this philosophizing doesn't cure your insomnia any better than it did mine. My solace, as it often is, was in my writing and in holding close to me clothes that had been close to and had the scent of my partner. I know many people use dressing as a comfort, a relief from stress, and as I did so myself, I thought how unfair that anyone should be condemned for that which may be an emotional necessity.

Tonight I layed down
 with one of your neckties
 silkenly snaking from carotid to breast --
 one of the ties
 you leave
 so casually
 draped over chairs
 folded in shirt pockets
 strayed at my mother's

such found art
 where they are found
 so possessively
 at home.
 Your tie
 the masculine necklace
 bridging heart to head,
 tonight
 is my only workable
 prescription for sleep.

From Our Readers

Cathy, Linda, Jeaninne, Dana, Sue Jean and everybody...
 like yo... totally rad babes,

LA, Hollywood, Zuma Beach, Malibu, Carson, Madonna... OH-MY-GOD... RODEO DRIVE, Limos, All night car washes, THE Fredericks of Hollywood, Lots of Mexicans, Mickey Mouse (Donald Duck), Swimmin' Pools, Movie Stars. LOVE YOU BABE. Luscious Nichole with her 8+" of love. I don't think we're in OZ anymore Toto.

It all started with this phone call. I said, "Sure M.M., Be right out there, got nothin keepin me here."... OOPS, Hi baby... Well maybe we could get m-m-married or somthin, Oh that, it's just my make-up, OOPS. I didn't make all those 976 calls... OOPS. Let's get m-m-married in LAS VEGAS. What God hath joined together are dangerous in the shopping mall. Hey, I should write the Cross-Port gang... Tomorrow... OOPS. Build a new TV station, sure thing M.M. (Gosh, I hope he doesn't notice my eyebrows... OOPS) I'll never drink again as long as I live... OOPS. It's 105 degrees in the vallies today the air quality is only hazardous, it's a really good day! Why do women here wear cowboy boots and mini skirts? Why don't men out here wear cowboy boots and mini skirts? Why do construction workers wear their pants at half mast? Where are my InnerViews? Why am I writing this at 3am?

Rachel and I are doin' great (Yes we got married), the job is the best, I'm flyin' a couple times a week. It's been a pretty rad time here though. Sorry I'm so long in ketching ya'll up to date. Here are some pictures. Come see us, Drop us a line. Send me my InnerViews.

LOVE YOU BABES

-- Trish

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TV/TS Support Group

Publication Notice

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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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