

CrossPort InnerView

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MAY, 1996

The next meeting is May 16th at OLDE STREET SALOON

Everything You Wanted to Know About Fly Fishing in Patent Leather Pumps But Were Afraid to Ask

Jennifer Marquette

First things first: May's meeting will once again be held at *Mark Pi's* Chinese restaurant for dinner and biz then on to *Olde Street Saloon* in Monroe afterwards. Last week I was about 95% sure our next meeting would be at the *Harley Hotel* in Kenwood. I had an extremely positive meeting with their sales manager but in a classic case of left hand/right hand not in sync there was one "time" stipulation the food manager had that threw things off. Hopefully I'll be able to negotiate that condition out of the way.

I was very impressed with *Mark Pi's*. The ambiance, decor, service and food were all very nice. Good scouting job, Kristine. The staff was quite friendly and congenial (except, I suppose, when the manager inadvertently called Linda "sir", but he learned quickly). Please call the *CrossPort* line no later than Tuesday night, May 14, if you wish to have dinner so I can give them a reasonable head count. I know, I know, my apologies for the mailboxes being full last month. I was working very long hours and could not check messages for two days. Meanwhile, some guy who thought *CrossPort* was a TV-TS dating service was desperately looking for his own head count and jammed the voicemail up with over three dozen messages.

I hope more of you will join us for dinner this time. If we have a sufficient number I will be able to ask, George, the owner, to open up the other side of the restaurant for us. This area is apart from the main body of the dining area and is more private. *Mark Pi's* is at exit 32 (Middletown); head west briefly, take a right at the light and it sits behind the *Bob Evans*. Easy to find, easy parking and a nice place. Please make the effort to be at this part of the meeting. I know it's

light out early now and not everyone feels they can get out. I can't account for your neighborhood but don't have any qualms about going to the restaurant. You can park within feet of the entrance and even the worse vampires among us can deal with that. You'll want to get over that fear sooner or later anyway. So what if somebody reads you, we're crossdressers - it's what we do.



This issue of the *InnerView* will be Bobbi [redacted] last as Editor. Hopefully she will be able to continue writing her *Potpourri* article and contribute other pieces on occasion. Although she has only edited the newsletter for 17 or so issues she certainly helped raise the standard several notches. I want to thank her not only for being a wonderful and responsible editor but for being a good friend as well.

Jennifer [redacted] will take over the editor's helm with assistance from other interested parties. Although Jennifer lives in the far North, she has the hardware and software technology to make this work long-distance. She also has *Microsoft Publisher* which was software I had been craving for us for some time. So, we will take advantage of this and you should see a redesigned and reformatted issue of the *InnerView* next month.



Please note the enclosed Social Influence and Happiness Questionnaire that is being sent to all *CrossPort* members. Hilary Edwards, a sociology major from UNC-Charlotte, first sent us a working copy back in March to see if we would be willing to participate in this study. I brought it up at the March meeting and since most in attendance seemed interested in responding I told her to send sufficient copies for our group. Hilary has also supplied the cost of the additional postage at my request.

Total anonymity is guaranteed. Please take the fifteen minutes to fill out the questionnaire and send it to the *CrossPort* PO Box at which point they will be mailed en masse to Hilary at

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her expense. Please respond and post to CrossPort by June 1st. If you like, you may return the questionnaire to me directly at the next meeting where I will place it in an envelope and forget that I ever saw you. Hilary will report her findings, her data report and conclusions to us early next Fall.

I have recently filled out Dr. Docter's latest survey and, when I see him at the *Be All* in June, will request a batch of his questionnaires to be distributed to our group. There is quite a bit of data he is accruing that I am interested in and he, too, will keep us apprised of the results.

The *Be All* convention is fast approaching. At this writing, I believe there are five or six of us going. I've spoken to Milesa Phar several times this past week but she has yet to fax me the seminar schedule update. I know a lot of changes have been made due to the addition of people like Phyllis Frye of ICTLEP (transgender legal and civil rights), venerable pioneer Virginia Prince and Transexual Menace, Riki Wilchins. There are also a number of couples and spouse/partner presentations. If you're interested, let me know and I'll send you a brochure.

Dawn Wilson sent an invitation to *CrossPort* members to attend their special June 8th meeting which will feature guest speakers James Green, a F2M writer and author of San Francisco's nondiscrimination ordinance relating to the transgendered community, and Rev. Larry Metzger. Pastor of Woodland Christian Church, Rev. Metzger is an authority on tolerance for the GLBT community. The meeting will start at 7pm at the *Louisville Fairness* office. In addition, there will be a reception the night before in Lexington at the Hyatt as an AIDS research fundraiser. Tickets are \$15.00 and available at the door. For more information contact *Louisville Gender Society* or Marjorie (also of our group) or Dawn at [REDACTED] from 6-8pm M-F. Unfortunately, a number of us will be at the *Be All* that weekend but I would encourage those of you not attending to try and get down to one of the events.

Saturday, May 18th is the *Stonewall Cincinnati* Annual Dinner. This is a first class fundraising event taking place in the Regency Ballroom at the downtown Hyatt. Several of us are planning to attend and we would like to have a strong *CrossPort* presence. Tickets for the evening run \$50.00 but Cindy Abel of *Stonewall* has requested volunteers so you can reduce your outlay significantly. Call *Stonewall* directly at [REDACTED] or contact Diane or myself.

Now for a stupid fundraising suggestion: Crossdressed Skeet Shooting. It allows us to express our feminine side while letting us overcompensate our masculine side. Prizes could be awarded for simply being able to stay standing while

absorbing the recoil of a 12 gauge in 4" heels. Think of the photo opportunities. Confessedly, this idea was a facetious response to Betty Olding of MCC when we were talking about their *Bowling for Jesus* fundraiser, but the more I thought about it the more stupidly bizarre became its appeal. If anyone knows where we can do such a baleful event, let me know. I'll bring the armaments, you supply the land.

Bowling for Jesus, by the way, was a lot of fun. I was a bit disappointed that only Paula and I attended though. The one thing that continually strikes me about attending the functions of these other organizations is how wonderfully friendly everyone is and how immediately welcomed one feels. I believe I ended up with the third highest score of the day. Not bad for a once an eon bowler, but I also embarrassingly tripped over the baseline into the gutter once (I think it was that Fred Flintstone approach I was trying). Unfortunately Mark bowled, Jenn just didn't have the pink poodle skirt and white satin baseball jacket with "Jenn's Body Shop" embroidered on the back to go with the bowling shoes.

What other events could you attend? How about some *Pride* Weekend functions? Some events you might consider attending are: *Pride Party Cruise* on BB Riverboats Friday, May 31; *Rainbow Family picnic* at Lunken shelterhouse Saturday, June 1 starting at noon (BYOStuff); *Pride Spiritual Service* at MCC beginning at 7pm with former Pat Robertson and Jerry Falwell ghost writer, Rev. Dr. Mel White, now an openly gay minister as featured guest speaker and of course the *Pride* day at King's Island on June 2nd (discount tickets available from the Community Center). Further info on these and other *Pride* events may be acquired through me or calling the GL(BT) Center at 651-0040.

My media watch turns up another ad campaign utilizing transgenderism. The national clothing chain *Clothestime* begins a series of provocative ads May 6. One of these ads features a very attractive crossdresser (named Mark of all things) who ends up dancing exotically and stripping off the dress to reveal a well-toned body. The tag line voiceover says: "If we can make Mark look this good, just think what we can do for a real woman." We don't have these stores locally so the affiliates are unlikely to air them but MTV will carry the campaign. Too bad we don't have a *Clothestime* in our area; an ad like that kind of gives us carte blanche at their stores, don't you think?

A quick thank you is in order for Joanna Lerner who donated a copy of *Just Like A Woman* to the *CrossPort* library. Once some other organizational items get off the crowded front burners we'll get the library open for business. When I go to the Be All I would like to make some purchases from IFGE and CDS and I also want to order some publications from

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AEGIS. Monetary contributions from some of you earmarked specifically for library purchases would be greatly appreciated. Also, if any of you have particular thoughts or requests on what you would like to have available from the library, let me know. It doesn't have to all be serious and educational either; I was wondering how well some of Sandy Thomas' TV fiction would go over.



One last note, a fashion note at that. For years we have been admonishing the use of blue eye shadow, sometimes with threat of bodily harm. So what's the Spring and Summer rage on the fashion runways and in the edgy-trendy advertisements? Yep. Although the application of said powders seems patterned after the airbrushed eye makeup from the movie *Bladerunner*. Stay tuned for God knows what.



Up
the
Street...
and
Around
the
Corner



Heather

Have you ever felt so strongly about an issue that you throw caution to the wind? I had never marched in a rally protesting something, or participated in a sit in...that is until recently. Last month, I mentioned that Cincinnati hosted the Human Life International convention. I wrote as if it had already occurred because of the timing of the newsletter distribution. Actually, at the time I was writing my column it hadn't taken place. On April 13th, I join a few of my *CrossPort* sisters and marched in the NOW protest of Human Life International (HLI).

The April 14th Enquirer in an editorial supported HLI, it chastised Planned Parenthood and other groups for the full page ad that ran in their newspaper. "The final score: Planned Parenthood tried to make HLI look like an anti-abortion militia -- and wound up making itself look like the NRA of abortion rights." The editorial went on to focus on partial birth abortion, helping to cement in the reader's mind that HLI is a harmless group of anti-abortionists. They wear the white hats

preventing babies from being killed. That's not the issue, I, for one, am against abortion, but I arrived at that decision by my freedom of choice. I feel it is every woman's right to make that choice, so if you must label me on this issue -- label me pro-choice.

What really appalled me about this editorial, was the way the editor overlooked the numerous other radical issues and instead focus on the one that gives HLI its legitimacy. The founder of HLI is the Reverend Paul Marx, a Roman Catholic priest from Minnesota. In an interview with The Enquirer's reporter Dana DiFillippo, the article states "He" (Father Marx) has accused Jews of leading the 'pro-abortion' movement. He has said Muslims are taking over western Europe -- and aren't hesitant 'to kill you to please Allah.' And he worries about the day when Spanish-speakers will lead the Roman Catholic Church." Obviously, not a man overflowing with tolerance.

HLI is anti woman, gay, Semitic, AIDS victims and Muslim. They use the abortion issue to attract supporters, much like the Nazis of the 1920's and 1930's used the communist issue to gain favor and power in Germany. Like an iceberg, it is not what is on the surface you need to fear, but what is beneath the surface. Michael Rapp, the director of the Jewish Community Relation Council stated. "Reading the background material ... and noting the individuals who support this group, one has to (conclude) that this group is extremist and divisive." I cite the example of John Salvi, who was convicted of killing two employees at two suburban Boston abortion clinics, he was a frequent protester using materials he received from HLI. Steven Pruner, HLI-Ohio director remarked "AIDS infected people should be branded with small A's."

These are the people that we welcomed to Cincinnati. The 200 plus protesters had a message for HLI, we don't want your hate in our city. We want freedom of choice for all women. Gays, Lesbians, the Transgendered, AIDS Victims, Jews, and Muslims all have the right to exist and enjoy life free from persecution and prejudice. That woman will not be forced from the board rooms back into the kitchens, and we will not be forced back into the closets. What was not worthy about that rally was not



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only were there pro choice supporters marching, but also gays and lesbians, transsexuals and cross dressers, and supporters of the Jews and Muslims. We were all joined together for a common cause, to let HLI know that they do not go unchallenged.

Cincinnati has seen KKK rallies on its Fountain Square and disapproved. We need to let HLI and organizations like HLI know that we disapprove. For I submit to you that HLI is just the KKK without the sheets.

Then again, this is just one woman's opinion.

Until next time, this is Heather, up the street and around the corner of Greater Cincinnati. May God bless and keep you in His love.

1996
BE ALL YOU WANT
TO BE

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

NORTHFIELD HILTON
CROOKS RD. AND I-75
TROY, MICHIGAN

Jill's
Ambrosia



Jill Ambrose

Back To Dallas for the "T" Party.

Early Wednesday morning, it was time to leave for Dallas and the "T" party. I arrived at the hotel in early afternoon and had plenty of time to register and freshen up for the evening meal, with two busloads of other girls, at a local restaurant. The

meal was great. It was served buffet style, and there was a good variety of salads, entrees and desserts.

My only complaint was that we were rushed back on the buses just as we were warming up on the dance floor. It was an interesting evening, especially since many of the girls were experiencing their first public outing. I met so many delightful women.



Wednesday night a group of us went out bar-hopping and ended up at the *Desert Moon*, a "cowgirl" bar. The place was pretty much deserted, except for two girls behind the bar, several patrons and a "cowboy". The bartender told us that they had a back room with a DJ. Our group headed back to find that we had the place to ourselves.

I am not a dancer. At wedding receptions, I will usually only dance two or three slow songs, and only if my wife drags me into it. Jill is a different story. Jill is a great dancer (something that I just discovered) and enjoyed being on the dance floor, especially for the fast tunes. I can not believe how much fun I was having and was on the dance floor almost constantly. I also spent a great deal of time admiring myself in the floor to ceiling mirrors situated at the rear of the dance floor. I understand that this is normal for us transgendered girls. While the slow tunes were on, I danced by myself, with my eyes half closed, and my hands clasped in front of me, dreaming about all the nice things that had happened the past weekend. Sometime during the evening, I got bold and asked the cowboy, "Big D", to dance with me.

He asked if I wanted to lead or follow and did I know the two-step. DUH! Well, I do not know the two-step and I figured that, being a female, I should follow, which is something that I have never done. He understood the situation and offered to teach me. His hand pressing on my back meant that I should come toward him and when he released the pressure, I should glide backward. I am happy to say that I only stepped on his feet a few times and things went great. We had a wonderful time with all the music.

When I finally returned to the hotel, I met my roomie for the first time. Because I am a thrifty (read *cheap*) person, Linda and Cindy, the organizers of the "T" party, arranged for someone to share a room with me to cut down on expenses. She was already in bed, but we both were curious about the other and spent quite a bit of time just talking.



Thursday morning, after a short night, I spent some time volunteering as a hostess in the hospitality room. This proved to be very enjoyable as I met and chatted with so many nice people. One person in particular, and just by mere chance,

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turned out to be someone with whom I had been corresponding on the Internet. What a small world, as neither of us knew the other would be in attendance.

One of the reasons that I had volunteered for the hospitality room was so that I could catch up on all the movies that I had never seen. Even after the "T" party was over, the most I was able to see was parts of several movies. Another plan dashed. I did, though, spend a lot of time talking with others and found that most were experiencing the same problems, and feeling the same emotions as myself. It was amazing how many shared the same history. Well, I thought, delete their name and substitute mine.

I only attended two seminars that day, the first on Breast Enhancement presented by Mystie, which was a demonstration of how to temporarily enlarge your breasts using a suction/vacuum system. UGH! Not for me! The second was given by Rachel Miller and his wife, with whom I had shared breakfast. Rachel's talk was on "The Bliss of Becoming One", which also happens to be the title of her new book. I found it very enjoyable and enlightening. I got plenty of inspiration and yes, did buy the book. During the week, I spent more time with the Miller's and am happy to call them my friends.

Sometime during the presentation, I made a remark that was subsequently corrected by Virginia Prince in private. I had the feeling that she was following me around all day as several times she was handy to correct something I had said, or to offer some friendly advice. I learned through these encounters that my idol was just like me and, indeed, a decent person. It was a pleasure meeting her.



The evening meal, Southwestern fare, as I recall, was very tasty. Entertainment after dinner consisted of a belly dancer and a magician. I was more interested in the magician, although I did enjoy watching the gyrations of the belly-dancer. Most of my life, I have been involved in some aspect of theater. In addition, my avocation for almost 30 years has been one of a professional magician. Marty, the magician, was good and was well received by the audience, although it was poor planning by the committee to have him work individual tables with such a large crowd.

Marty and I exchanged notes, showed each other card tricks and generally talked magic while the dancer performed. He knew a lot of the same people that I did, and I think he was impressed by my credentials. All in all, good food and impressive entertainment.

Later that night at Sue Ellen's, a local alternative bar, I was stopped by two girls who had recognized me from the night before. They said that "Big D" had told them that I was a crossdresser and that they could not believe it. They were convinced the night before that I was a genuine girl. I took the

news with a great deal of happiness, and thanked them for making my day.



Friday, I stayed in bed rather late, but managed to spend a few minutes in the vendor's area before the seminar on Religion at 11:00. It was not what I expected (I wasn't really sure what to expect) but I did leave with the realization that many, many crossdressers are deeply involved in religion. I left with a good feeling. After that I headed for Lunch and the Fashion Show which followed. Lunch was most welcome, as I had skipped (the free) breakfast.

After the meal, I attended the Alternate Lifestyles seminar, not knowing what to expect. The subject matter was interesting, but most of all, I got to meet Liz, a bi girl from the big apple. We became instant friends and spent a good amount of time together the remainder of the week. There were a few more seminars that I wanted to attend, but could not fit them all in. I settled for Phyllis Frye's presentation, mainly because I wanted to meet her, and then attended the Computer seminar, because that's something very dear to my heart.



One of several reasons that I chose the "T" party was that they were going to have an actual transgendered wedding. I was impressed by the ceremony. I don't normally cry at weddings, but what's a girl to do in such an emotional situation. At the reception, I had my picture taken with the bride and groom.

Friday evening at dinner, I sat with my room-mate and a few of her friends whom I had not met. This was one of the very few times that we were able to spend together. After dinner, I spent most of the evening in the downstairs bar at the hotel with several of the girls, including Liz, Buffy, Mystie, Rachel and Lisa, plus a few others whose names I can't recall. It was a quiet, relaxing, and very enjoyable time away from the loud music of the night before.

I hit the sack early (read 1 a.m.), even before Rachel, my roomie, and slept well. The next morning, I checked out the tag sale, but could not find anything that interested me, and then headed for the vendor area where I blew my wad on a pair of silicone breast forms. I had been interested in acquiring a pair previously, but could/would not buy them sight unseen. I am happy that I waited and am delighted with my purchase.

I skipped the morning seminars that I had planned on attending, in lieu of time visiting with the other girls in the Hospitality room. Following lunch, I opted for the seminar on "Computers, Cats & Sex" since I have a deep interest in all three. Moreover, the speaker was to be Rita Cotterly, Ph.D., whom I had the pleasure of chatting with extensively the

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evening before. It was a very unusual presentation. Rita used audience participation and got everyone involved. I carried several good ideas away from that seminar.



Saturday night, I had hoped to connect with someone who was heading out to the bars but had no luck. Instead, I headed for the downstairs bar, still in hopes that, perhaps a group was getting together there for a trip out. No such luck, but I did discover that the hotel had a DJ and a dance floor.

I was wearing the cowgirl outfit that I had worn to dinner that evening (perhaps you saw it). I was feeling especially daring, as the dress just barely covered my back end. It had several layers of lacy material which flared out and made me feel, well, sexy. Earlier in the day, I had purchased the set of silicone breast forms which have very pronounced nipples, and these protruded very plainly through the black bra and the rather tight western style blouse that I was wearing.

I reasoned that this was going to be my last night in Dallas, and, come what may, I was going to have a good time before returning home. I had selected the shoulder length, strawberry blond wig to complement the outfit and thought that I looked especially nice, and was well pleased with my appearance.

I spent perhaps ten minutes on the dance floor by myself and as I turned toward the bar, I noticed a petite young lady walking my way with her hands extended, obviously looking for a dancing partner. I accepted her gesture and we danced together for the next set. She then showed me to where she was sitting and we sat and talked for a bit.

It turns out that she was in Dallas with a friend. When introduced, he asked to be called "Bubba". Not sure if that was his name or if he was joking. He got up and went to the bar while we talked. Linda confided that they had been friends for several years and she longed to go to bed with him, but he made no moves in that direction. I'm sure that he was keeping his eye on her from a distance, and I felt a little uncomfortable with the situation. I also had no idea if she knew that Jill was a guy, although she must have known about the convention.

The next song was a slow one and I glanced toward the dance floor and she followed me there. As we were dancing and I was holding her fairly loosely, we made eye contact and before I knew what was happening, she had her lips pressed to mine. I remember her remark later that 'you are sure a great kisser'.

The next couple of songs were also slow, romantic pieces and I was happy to have her close and hold her body pressed tight against mine. I remember wondering what some of the people seated around the dance floor must be thinking. Sometime during the evening, she asked if I was bisexual, and without giving it any thought, I replied in the affirmative, although I am not. Perhaps she did know the truth about Jill.

She mentioned that she had several bisexual friends that would positively be jealous when she tells them about our evening together. Unfortunately the evening ended too soon as Bubba returned and told 'Cinderella' that the time was at hand when they had to leave.

What a great finish to a wonderful week in Texas!!!!



Sunday morning, Rachel, in drab, and I met downstairs for breakfast. What a let-down to see so many of my friends, still wearing painted nails, in male attire. Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end, and so, after eating and saying a few final farewells, Rachel drove me to the airport. We hugged each other, and with runny eyes, promised to keep in touch and perhaps, if, there should by some chance be another "T" party, we would connect up as roomies again. Since I returned home, I received a letter from Linda and Cindy stating that there would indeed be another next year. Three Cheers!!!

The curbside check-in was uneventful and before I boarded the plane, I just had to check out the restroom. The connecting flight to Charleston was smooth, with clear weather all the way. I sat next to an older (perhaps 60) gentleman who was flying to NY for a funeral. We spoke small talk most of the way. I enjoyed his company. It kept me from thinking about going home and probably saved numerous tears, although I did manage to squeeze out a few. Oh, and yes, we did get fed.

Once in Charleston, I headed straight for the restrooms before settling into the waiting area for my next flight. The trip to Cincinnati was on a commuter jet and I had a seat to myself. This afforded me plenty of time to reflect on the past week and how wonderful everything had been. I'm sure my eyes were red when I departed the plane.

The trip was still not quite over, as my friends suggested that we stop somewhere for dinner. I was only too happy to prolong the adventure. I eventually arrived home to a warm welcome, and after an unplanned set of circumstances, I made love to my wife still dressed as Jill. This is not saying that she has changed her position about Jill, but that the conditions were right for what happened. I enjoyed myself and the situation immensely.

Via con Dios!

Join
Stonewall
Cincinnati



Accessories:

"Journalism is the ability to meet
the challenge of filling space."

♡XOX

Rebecca West

Can We Talk ??!

by:
Heather "Peerson"

It has certainly been a long time since this column appeared in *InnerView*. I thought I would take a few moments to update everyone on what life has been like for the last five years. In a word "WONDERFUL".

Little did I think 11 years ago when I started *CrossPort* that life would be so different and so good at this point in my existence. So many changes have taken place. My coming out, the loss of my job, a suicide attempt, a divorce (and loss of my house), a new job, a new relationship, surgery, a new house, acceptance as a woman by most of my family and acceptance as a lesbian by all of my extended family and friends, have all transpired. Yes friends, miracles do happen and in big ways.

My X and I are still good friends and we usually spend the holidays together with my family. My life-mate and her are also friends. I am still at the same company and I have a good position with a good salary. We own our own home and I have a fairly new car.

OK, so why am I telling you this? Simply put, to show that there is a reason to have hope. When I was starting out, I didn't really know anyone who had been through all this and had come out back on top. I only had one role model. She helped me to find my way, although I only met and talked with her one time. She was the original "changeling", Christine Jorgenson.

At a breakfast I had with her, I asked her if she ever had any regrets. She replied, "No, as it is I've lived to the age of 61. If I had not gone through it (the surgery) I would have been dead at 35." I knew as soon as she said that, her fate would be my fate also (except I would have been dead by the age of 40.) She gave me hope.

The funny thing is, now I barely remember what it was like for me in those days. I have to remind myself, at times, of just how unhappy I was. When I look back, I remember more of

the good times than the bad times. I ask myself, "Did I really need to go through all this stuff in order to be happy?" The only answer I ever find is, "Yes, I did." Yet, sometimes, the only way I find the answer, is to remind myself of all the bad times. The nights I cried myself to sleep or the nights I spent sitting out in the yard, looking up at the stars praying. I knew God loved me and that God wanted only what was best for me. I didn't know if I had the strength to go through it. There were plenty of difficult times. Those of you who know me, know that I struggled. I found much of my strength in helping others, in writing, and in prayer. Yet, those are the times I remember the least.

John Hopkins University stopped doing the surgery a number of years ago based on a study that showed that people who had re-assignment surgery were no more successful after surgery than before the surgery. Even in my case that is probably true. My position in life (other than being older) is about the same as before I started my transition. The difference however, is not in how successful I am, but rather, in how much more I enjoy my success. This is an intangible. A study would find it hard to place a value on this, especially if the study was done five or ten years after the surgery when the contentment factor has kicked in. I can't tell you, on a scale of 1 to something, how much more happy I am now. I can only say that I know I MUST have been unhappy before, but now I am happy. I say MUST because if I had been happy I would not have needed to go through everything I went through. But I don't really remember how unhappy I was.


**"I knew God loved me and that
God wanted only what was best
for me!"**

Surgery is not for everyone, but over the years I've met a number of people who, even though they are living in their chosen gender role without surgery, they continue to appear to be very unhappy. They appear angry at society and at life in general. I have met a few people who

appear the same way even after surgery. They feel that society owes them the right to live life as they choose to live it. Maybe it does, but seldom does it work that way. I have found, that if I go about my life with confidence in myself, society seems to accept me at face value. In fact, there have been times when I have chosen to reveal my past to someone, who has known me for a couple of years and they are surprised. It seems that most of the time I am the only one who care about who or what I was.

I don't hide my past, but neither do I wear it on my sleeve. I did not go through the surgery only to remain a TS for the rest of my life. I am a child of God and proud of it. I am a lesbian woman and proud of it and I was a TS and proud of it.

Eleven years has made a difference both in me and in the gender community. The biggest difference has been in my ability to realize that real happiness comes from within and not

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from without. I can continue to work for equality and justice in society but I should also take time to enjoy the current moment. I must find that inner peace. If I don't, all the struggles are for nothing. When I look back at my life I should be able to say, if nothing else, that I enjoyed living. I will not allow the "Religious Right" or anyone else to make me unhappy or ashamed of who I am or who I was.

Five years after I began working with *Stonewall Cincinnati* to have the transgender community included in their goals, others from *CrossPort* have succeeded. I applaud them. Thank you for continuing the fight, but don't allow the inclusion (or exclusion from the Gay and Lesbian national agenda) determine your happiness. Only you have that right and that privilege.



POST-OPinion

by:
Diane Torrance

Over the last several months, I've been the recipient of many wonderful words of thanks from people for what they think I have done for the trans-community. While I have been actively involved in getting "transgender" included in the by-laws of *Stonewall*, this only came about because of the work of many over a much longer time than my limited involvement. At the risk of excluding someone or a watershed event of which I am unaware, what follows is a brief history of how we got here.

The story begins with Heather Cox, who gave *CrossPort* it's birth and made the first contacts of a gender organization with the gay/lesbian community in Cincinnati. Don't underestimate the value of Heather's contacts. I can't count the number of times in the last year a member of the G/L/B community in Cincinnati has said Heather was the person primarily responsible for their positive view of the gender community. Heather educated a lot of folks.

Joyce [redacted] maintained contact with the G/L/B folks through the GCGLC and Barony events. I distinctly remember Joyce looking for volunteers to help with projects interacting with the G/L/B community. And, yes, people still ask about her, also.

The *New Spirit Metropolitan Community Church* continues to be a hot-bed of TG's interacting with the G/L/B community. Heather Cox is a long standing member. Heather [redacted] is now a member and Paula Ison attends regularly, as does Gina.

Jennifer and Paula now contribute at the GCGLC meetings.

I have personally witnessed many of you attending events put on by the G/L/B community. In addition to those already

mentioned please add Bobbi, Melony, Linda, Ginger (who dealt cards at *Stonewall's* Casino night), Kristine, Deanna and, as I'm sure I left someone out -- my apologies. Every contact destroys a negative stereotype, ours and theirs. I even watched as the president of the *Log Cabin Republicans* invited a crossdresser, Paula, to one of their meetings.

All these people are contributing to positive interactions between us. When I showed up at *Stonewall* last summer, the ground work had already been laid. While I appreciate the positive comments, so many others are responsible also.

Please, drop whatever you are doing at this moment, stand up, and give yourselves a rousing ovation! You certainly deserve it.



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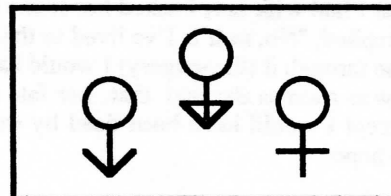
InnerView is a monthly publication of *CrossPort* for its members and friends. Subscription dues are \$24.00 per year, payable in January of each year. It is our goal to support the TV, TS, and Gay communities and in return we need your support.

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



Future Fun

- May 16 - *CrossPort* monthly meeting
- May 18 - *Stonewall's* Annual Dinner
- May 31 - *Pride* Rally on Fountain Square at noon
"Happy Hour" events (TBA)
"Cruising on the Ohio" Boat Ride
- June 1 - *Pride* Parade and Festival Special Events (TBA)
- June 5 - 9 Be All '96, Detroit, MI, 800 / 879-2100
- June 20 *CrossPort* monthly meeting
- July 24 - 28 S.P.I.C.E. conference, Philadelphia, PA
[redacted] or [redacted]



"Sheriff! Ben Wiggins is ridin' into town, and he's wearin' that same little chiffon number that he wore when he shot Jake Sutton!"



They think he's woman; should he correct them?

DEAR CYBERLADY: I receive a lot of e-mail and, because of the business I'm in, people often assume I'm a woman. (I have one of those unisex names.) Is there a polite, easy way to let people know they've made an incorrect assumption? I usually just don't address the issue. — Androg

Dear Androg — I guess you've already considered, and discarded, the possibility of changing your screen name to something like MachoMan. And you probably don't want to pepper your responses with chunkers like "As a male, I ..."

Failing that, the easiest thing is to sign your return e-mails "ScreenName (Mr.)."

Honorifics have little place in e-mail, which is casual — but if you're trying to be polite, a "Mr." after your screen name will seem less indignant than a correction in the letter. This is certainly the kindest course if you expect to be communicating with someone more than once. The longer you put off mentioning that you're a man, the more awkward it will be when your correspondent finally learns the truth.

For any brief or impersonal correspondence, however, I think your most polite choice is to continue not addressing the issue. How much does it matter if someone you'll never hear from again thinks you're a woman? Worse things have happened.



BAD ENOUGH: Chicago Bulls star Dennis Rodman wowed fans at a Chicago book signing Saturday. He roared into the Borders Books and Music store on a motorcycle, sporting silver hair, a feather boa and Kiss-like makeup. Rodman signed 1,400 copies of his book "Bad as I Wanna Be" in more than three hours. That fell short of the store record of 2,700 in 3½ hours by a slightly less flamboyant figure — Colin Powell.

"Are You Ready For Your Mystery Date?" (Part Last)

an X Dressing Phile by Isabella Anya

Marissa took a moment in the Ladies Room to regain her composure. First, she finds out that Ted didn't have prior knowledge of her real sex and then the brunette, Kim, who overheard her conversation with Sharon, really made her motor run when she dabbed perfume on Marissa. What was that all about? wondered Marissa. But how was she going to face Ted back at the table? Just what are his expectations now? "God, I've even been flirting with him." She thought what a day this has been as she touched up her lipstick. What more could happen? Just then a major clap of thunder hit and startled her so much she smeared lipstick on her cheek. Great. Well, this has been a wonderful night but perhaps the best thing was to pack it in, thank Ted for his company and have her friends drive her home. As Marissa walked back to the table she noticed that Rob and Sharon were gone.

"I was starting to miss you," said Ted as he got up to let her in next to him. "Rob and Sharon's babysitter called and was concerned about the storm. They decided they better head back and said to apologize for running off. I told them I could give you a ride home."

Marissa's eyes widened. What more could happen? Ask and you shall receive. This is not good, she thought. "That's okay, Ted. I'll just take a cab. Don't want you to go out of your way."

"Don't be silly. I wouldn't think of it," replied Ted. "Actually, I was thinking that maybe we could go to this little blues bar I know. It's over on your side of town, I believe." Ted slipped his hand onto her knee.

Oh no, thought Marissa, here comes the move. Marissa was remembering how many times Matt had made a similar move. Now he, as Marissa, was on the receiving end things. Let's see, what did Matt's dates do when they thwarted the "move". Hmm, one bit his hand. Try that? Maybe not, Ted's been really nice and he might like it. You never know.

"So what do you think? That place sound good?" Ted asked. "Or maybe I can just take you home. Do you have any etchings you'd like to show me. Or anything you'd like to show me?"

Marissa hadn't heard a thing Ted had just said. She was doing the deer in the headlamps act and the headlamp was Matt's former girlfriend, Cindy, who only thought Matt liked ladies underwear and nothing more than that, was walking towards them. Staring directly at Marissa who was hoping that at least one of them would get miraculously struck by lightning. No such luck. Cindy was at the table.

"Sooo." Said Cindy. "I saw Rob and Sharon on their way out and they said to come say 'Hi'. Sooo, Marissa, is it? Hi."

I'm going to kill Sharon first, then Rob thought Marissa.

"You look a bit different than I remember, Marissa. You've changed your hairstyle, is it? A different shade of lipstick? Hmm? You do look quite a bit more chesty than I recall. Are you wearing a push up or did you finally get those implants you kept talking about?" Cindy poked.

Marissa sat there squirming. "Cindy. Enough."

Cindy looked at Ted then back to Marissa. "I didn't know you were dating men, now, Marissa. Hi, I'm Cindy, ex-soulmate. You two make such a nice couple. Been seeing Marissa long, have you?"

"No, our first time out. My name's Ted." He said flatly.

"Anything I can do for you, Cindy?" said Marissa threateningly.

"Oh. Maybe give me back some of my panties. You're not by chance wearing some of mine right now are you? Those French cut jade colored ones with the mesh ass would go very nicely with your dress, Marissa. And a fine choice for a first date I might add. Ted, if you happen to come across them later this evening would you drop them in the mail to me? Marissa seems reluctant to give them up for some reason."

Marissa wanted to rip out Cindy's tongue each time she said 'Marissa' in that tone of voice.

"Well. It was real nice to see you again. A pleasure meeting you Ted. And good luck tonight with Marissa, although you don't really need it. She's renowned for putting out on first dates. She's very good orally. I think you'll really like the thing she does with her tongue. Oh, just don't let her get away with that lame 'Gee, I think I had too much to drink, maybe next time' line. Well. You kids have fun. Bye now. Ted. Marissa."

Cindy walked away and left the two in an awkward silence.

Ted was the first to speak. "Uh, I think I better check in with my sitter if you will excuse me for a moment." He got up.

"Ted, I need to tell you something," Marissa said.

"It's okay, you don't owe me any explanations. Marissa, I think you're a great gal and I'd love to see you again. Don't worry about it."

Marissa sat there in a fog after Ted went to make his call.

"Hi." Marissa was startled to see the brunette from the bathroom standing in front of her. "That little incident didn't look fun. Your old girlfriend or his? You don't really need to answer that."

"Mine. And if I live through tonight..." trailed off Marissa.

"I certainly hope you do. Listen. I just stopped by to give you back your matches, they must have fallen from your purse in the ladies room. See ya." She softly slipped the matchbook into Marissa's hand and left.

I didn't drop any matches, thought Marissa, I don't even smoke. She examined the matchbook. They were from a fashionable bistro downtown. She flipped open the cover and discovered some writing. "I think you're *fantastic*. Please call me." A phone number followed and was signed 'Kim'. Marissa looked in the direction that Kim left to see her at a table with friends. Kim had been watching her. She smiled at Marissa then joined in the conversation at her table. Marissa smiled to herself.

"Everything's fine." Said Ted as he arrived back at the table. Marissa slipped the matches into her purse. "Feel like dancing?"

"No," replied Marissa. "I feel like going to my place."

The storm started to subside as they drove to Marissa's. She had been silent since they got in the car. She felt drained by the evening.

"You okay?" asked Ted as he placed his hand on her thigh. This woke her up. "Yes. I think I must have..." "Drank too much?" Ted finished her sentence. They paused, looked at one another and laughed.

When they arrived at Marissa's she unlocked the door and noticed the light she left on was off. Everything was off. The storm took out her power. She dug out a candle and lit it with Kim's matches.

They settled down on the couch and Marissa spoke first.

"Ted, thanks for everything. I really don't want this evening to end, it's been wonderful. You've been wonderful."

"It doesn't have to end. I believe Cindy wanted me to check out you undergarments." He paused. "Sorry. I, shouldn't have said that."

"We need to talk. Or I need to think a moment. I don't know."

"Here. Come here." Ted pulled Marissa close to him, her back to his front. "Everything's fine." And he lightly kissed her neck.

Marissa melted into him, it felt good to be held and they stayed that way for quite awhile until Ted spoke up. "Marissa? I can't think of anything more I'd like than to be with you tonight." Marissa's eyes opened fast. "I feel like I'm getting to that point of no return, you know? But I don't want to screw up what I think is a good beginning. It might be best if I went home. I do want to see you again, though. Okay?"

"I can't tell you how much I would like that." Marissa said. "But we would need to talk first. There are things Rob and Sharon didn't say."

Marissa walked Ted to the door. "Thanks for being a gentleman, Ted." Then she leaned up to him and pecked him on the cheek. He smiled and turned to leave but abruptly turned around and took Marissa in his arms kissing her long and full on the lips. Marissa tensed at first but then relaxed in his grasp. He let her go, smiled, and left.

Marissa shut the door slowly then went to the bathroom to get ready for bed. She looked at herself in the mirror and couldn't bear to lose Marissa so she just slipped off her dress and put on Cindy's old robe. She walked to the kitchen and made some hot chocolate then went back to recline on the couch in the glow of the candle. She replayed every moment of the day since Sharon's arrival to transform her. Marissa picked up the matchbook and looked at Kim's note. She had strong, yet very pretty handwriting. Marissa wondered if she might be home and thought about giving her a call. Marissa tried to picture in her mind what going out with Kim might be like; she thought of this as she drifted off to sleep.

END