

Cross-Port Inner View

P.O. Box 54657, Cincinnati, OH 45254

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The next meeting is July 20, 8:00 PM at Golden Lions !

CROSS-PORT'S KRISTINE JONES WINS FIRST-EVER MS. BE ALL CROWN!

(Threatens to keep the tiara forever!)



"You will only pry that tiara from my cold, lifeless fingers. It's mine, mine, mine!" claims her majesty, Ms. Be All 1995, Kristine Jones!



Joyce's World

Whoever was it that determined that the number "13" was unlucky? Not in my book. Cincinnati has just recently hosted city for the 13th annual Be-All Convention and it was quite a success per the many compliments from those who participated not to mention the many letters of congratulations for a job well done.

The event got under way Wednesday noon with registration. By evening we had one of the largest attendances ever for an opening night and it continued to grow steadily... throughout Thursday evening's boat ride on the Ohio River, the beauty contest Friday night, finally going over the 200 mark for the formal dinner and dance Saturday night.

Vendors were available for those who needed to make some last minute purchases or who were in need of a manicure or makeover and wig styling. A wide variety of seminars was presented for those who wished to attend.

While the number "13" may not be as unlucky as some presume, it was not by luck that this all came about in such an orderly fashion. It involved a lot of hard work by several Cross-Port members.

A special thanks goes to the committee people: Linda for bringing the Be-All to Cincinnati to begin with. It was her persuasion which convinced the powers-to-be to give us the opportunity to host the 1995 Be-All.

To Jennifer, for the excellent Miss Be-All contest, she was ably assisted by Claudia, Suzie, Jill and Michell.

To Kristine, our Miss Be-All Queen, for her efforts in

obtaining the right mixture of vendors and seminar presenters.

And lastly, but assuredly not least, Beverly for her superb job on an orderly registration! She was ably assisted by Elaine.

Having been a part of the registration team I appreciate the effort required. A warm thanks to all others who lent a helping hand. To one and all, a big thank you is due.

The time has come for a changing of the guard. As many of you may know, I have been a Cross-Port member for four years and have served in the capacity of phone and correspondence duties since January, 1992. It has been my privilege and good fortune to have been able to give something back to the group.

I felt I owed this for the help I received. Without Cross-Port I would not be who I am today. But, as with all good things, they must come to and end sooner or later. The time has come for me to step aside and make room for others. I sincerely hope someone will heed the call and step forward to fill these positions.

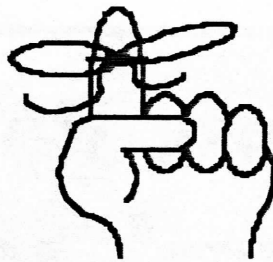
It does take some effort and dedication, but it is also rewarding, knowing that you have been able to help someone else, just as you were once helped when you needed guidance in your personal quest for your identity.

Love, Joyce

Accessories:

One out of four people in this country is mentally ill. If your three closest friends seem okay, then you're the one!

Ann Landers



Be-All Wrap-up...

My gawd what a wonderful time we had! I'll not ramble on with the glorious details. There are others in this issue who will do a much better job than I could. All I want to say is that I was **so** proud of Cross-Port and the impressive BE ALL we put together. Thank you, ladies. Your talents and hard work move me to tears!

And to those of you who missed the event: shame on you! Don't waste another minute of your lives. Get on board and help us continue the good work we have started with BE ALL '95!

Read This, OK?

by: Jennifer Marquette

The Be All was the time for all good crossdressers to come to the aid of their convention. I believe the life and times of the convention will be amply covered by others in this newsletter; so as not to be redundant, I will limit myself to acknowledging the help and support of those that made the event a success. Please bear with me if this gets into "Oscar" acceptance speech territory.

First, my thanks to Linda who saw the opportunity at Pittsburgh last year to cajole the Be All committee into letting Crossport

take a whack at producing the convention when Cleveland bowed out. (Linda knows how well some of us whack things.) Linda's efforts throughout provided a framework for the rest of us to perform well.



Good seminars are the heart of a successful convention and the best complement an organizer can receive is the "complaint" that there were too many good seminars running concurrently that it was difficult to choose which to attend. Of course, this only encourages people to return next year. The credit for this goes directly to Kristine who also juggled other duties including vendor arrangements.

Joyce's typical efficiency and organization insured the proper funneling and dissemination of registrations and information through the entire convention process. Thanks also to Elaine, Gina, and Heather Phillips for their assistance in this area. Bobbi's help in registration pre-planning is also greatly appreciated and thanks to Paula for leading the two-step expedition to Old Street Saloon.

A number of our people were speakers for the above mentioned seminars. Their presentations met with equal acclaim to the seasoned convention presenters.

Thanks to Heather Cox, Laurie and Beverly, Valerie and Gina, Diane Torrance, Melony, and Joyce for jobs well done.

A special thanks to Ellen, Sandy, Bob, and Mary at The Thing Shop for being a vendor, providing wonderful outfits for the fashion show and custom making one of my outfits for the Miss Be All Pageant.

Speaking of the Pageant, it would not have happened without the setup assistance of Claudia and Jill. Also, my thanks to Jill for doing a professional job running followspot during the show and my congratulations to her on her first public appearance. My gratitude goes out to Michelle who helped with decor and wrangled the contestants backstage as the stage manager.

And thanks to Heather Cox and Cindy who provided a terrific sound system for the production (that number again is: Sound Crest 648-9377 for all your DJ needs).

A very cherished thank you to my Susie who not only suggested the *Wigs* and *Housework* songs to begin with, but added her wonderful performance to the *Wigs* number. Thanks also to the "mystery male" in that production number (toughest job: finding a crossdresser willing to perform onstage as a man at a CD convention). I guess I should also thank the Fire-gods for not letting the flaming wighead set off the sprinkler system in the ballroom. Imagine.

Accessories:

The secret of eternal youth is arrested development.

Alice Roosevelt Longworth



I guess I need to give Kristine her congratulations on winning the Miss Be All crown. Early on, when I asked her to be a contestant, she wondered if it would be PC if she would win. I told her, "Forget it, it'll never happen."

(Shows how much I know.)

A **major** thank you and display of appreciation is due Beverly. Her efforts, energy, attention to detail, and sheer hard work and long hours to ensure efficient and accurate registration and handling of the treasury are far above and beyond the call of duty for any CD spouse. We all owe her a great debt of gratitude.

My final thanks go to those Crossport members who attended (and a slight admonishment to those who did not, you don't know what you missed.) And my final, final thanks to the Holiday Inn managers and staff who began with a certain amount of trepidation and ended up disappointed that we wouldn't be back next year. It is through no veiled self-flattery that I say we completely won the hearts and minds of that hotel. I believe Bobbi is going to reproduce the letter of thanks we received from their Director of Sales, LeAnn McCord.

...But while I'm at it

Some of you know by now that Joyce is stepping down from the multiplicity of duties she has performed for the last three plus years. Many of her functions are behind the scenes and unknown to many of us, but very indispensable. With great appreciation and gratitude we thank her for stepping forward in the first place when she was a newer member of Crossport and in faithfully "being there" in so many capacities. This organization has run on the initiative of a handful of people over the years; Joyce's contributions rank among the top and her size whatever shoes will be hard to fill. Hopefully her vacancy will inspire one of you to step forward.

.....
...A Swiss Army what?

A most wonderful souvenir from the Be All was the folding compact hair brush that was given to each of the convention participants. This very nifty brush design was the same one *Clinique* used in one of their promotions last year. It features a hinged center point with a pop-out brush on one side and a mirror on the other.

Not only is it of high quality but it is "gadgety" enough to appeal to the *Popular Mechanics* side of our brain and dainty and useful enough to appeal to the *Mademoiselle* side. It is very purse-sized, measuring about one by four inches when folded and features a very handsome rendition of the *Be All '95* logo, including the beautiful "frilly-filly" graphic. We have a leftover supply that we are going to sell for three dollars each (a bargain that will ensure you wanting one for your purse, tackle-box and pet.) They

will be available from me at the next several meetings or you can have me send you one through the mail. Include an extra buck for mailing packet and oversize postage and make checks out to "CrossPort". You can write to the PO Box under my attention. Be the first (but probably not only) one on your block to have one. These are a great value, you'll like them a lot.

Thanks again to all who helped out and my apologies to that special someone who helped, but I inevitably left out.

MY FIRST BE ALL!
by: Beverly L.

All I can say is, "What an experience!" The "Be All" says it in a nutshell. I had a GREAT time! I really enjoyed being with everyone, and working with everyone. I can't wait until the Detroit Be All next year. I met so many wonderful people. I guess that I probably experienced the Be All from a much different perspective than most of the attendees, but let me tell you, if everyone else had as good a time as I did, you know what I am talking about. For those of you who haven't experienced a Be ALL, do yourself a favor, DO IT!

I'm still attempting to close out the Be All expenses. If any of the Committee members have outstanding expenses to be paid, please get in touch with me, so we can clear it up.

I want to personally thank Jennifer, Susie, Kristine, Joyce, Michelle, Melony, Elaine, Claudia, Heather, Gina, Linda, Bobbi, Paula, and Diane for all

of your help in making this the very best Be All!

Thanks again!

Love,
Beverly

"Bread & Butter":
notes from
Be All '95

Ms. Jennifer Marquette
Cross-Port - Be-All Committee

Dear Ms. Marquette,

On behalf of the entire staff of the Holiday Inn I-275 North, I want to thank you for giving us the opportunity to host the June 7-10, 1995 Be All Convention. we found your group to be extremely cooperative, organized, pleasant, entertaining, but most of all, educational.

From the housekeeping department to the engineering, food and beverage and sales and catering departments, it was a pleasure to be of service to you and the "Be-All" group. It is our desire that you will consider the Holiday Inn I-275 North to be your first choice for your future meeting needs in Cincinnati.

Sincerely,

LeAnn McCord
Director of Sales,
Holiday Inn

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Dear Cross-Port,

I want to thank you for the wonderful and educational time that I had at this years Be-All. It was a class act from start to finish. This was my third "Be-All" and it was one of the best.

I brought a member from our local support group for their first time, she really couldn't get over all of the nice things that went on at the Be-All. The hotel staff was donerful and fun, the classes were interesting, the vendors offered plenty and the nights were wild. This was the CD event of the year! Again, many many thanks!!

Sincerely,

Debbie Lucas
President, The Valley Girls
Dunbar, West Virginia

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Cross-Port Be-All Team
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Friends,

Congratulations on the success of your wonderful Be-All event last week! I am sure you all received many compliments on the overall quality of the event and could see by the smiles and the happy dispositions that you made a hit with the attendees. You also could not have picked a better way to end the event than with the Big 21 piece band. As you may have heard, this weekend was my 40th wedding anniversary and Dotty, my S.O, said that this was one of our better anniversary celebrations. Thats a real accomplishment!

Thank you also for your hospitality to the IFGE and allowing me to address the attendees at Saturdays lunch. I understand that we received 12 new memberships. This event will always be special to me as it was the first time I really was able to function in my new role of Executive Director. Again, I am sure you felt the enthusiasm regarding the new way of doing business in the IFGE.

I hope everyone was satisfied with the presentation on Transgenderism and Native American Culture and the Feminine Voice Workshop. I know I enjoyed conducting them.

Wishing you all the best and hope we will be able to meet again soon.

Sincerely,

Alison Laing
Executive Director, IFGE
Wayland, Mass.

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ED note: space prevents us from printing all of the notes and letters we have so far received from guests, speakers, and vendors

**Up The Street And
Around The Corner**
By: Heather Phillips

Originally, I wrote a column to say good-bye. I almost accepted a position in Boston. At the last minute the company informed me of a fact that changed the financial complexion of the offer.

It made surviving in Boston impossible. Out of every adversity some good can be found, I get to stay with friends and family.

Thinking I was going to leave caused me to do some reflection. I thought back to that meeting in December of 1991, when a scared young lady enter a bar called Christopher's for the very first time. This in itself was an accomplishment as I almost turned back three times on the trip from the Days Inn.

Something kept me going and made my feet move up those steps and into that bar. Once inside my fears were put aside by the people I met. I remember that Joyce and Elaine made me feel welcome. They took time for me. I remember I didn't stay long, but it was long enough. Long enough for me to know that I didn't have to hide anymore that I was not a freak.

I kept coming back. At first it was the only place I could go to be myself. I would look forward to each monthly meeting and didn't miss one until August of '93. I couldn't give up an opportunity to be me. Even that August I was upset that I had to miss it. For the first time, I was forced to choose between my family and myself. A choice I have had to make many times since.

Cross-Port was and is very important to me. As each month passed I grew. I discovered my journey and started down that road. It was my shrink, Dr. Wu, and Cross-Port that helped the woman inside emerge. At first ever so slowly, then the momentum picked up until some friends cautioned me that I was moving too fast. Friends on whose counsel I have come to rely. Friends like Kristine, Linda, Gina, Candy, Diane and, of course, Paula, seem to be there when I need help.

There is also one more person. She originally came into my life through Cross-Port, but I really got to know her better through our church. That lady is Heather Cox. On more than one occasion, Heather's sisterly advice has caused me to stop and reassess situations. Her support has been, and continues to be, very valuable as I travel my journey.

When I first stared at that path, I was afraid. I was afraid that I would be alone. I had a good

and well meaning friend once tell me I would end up alone, homeless and broke. I may, yet, end up broke and homeless, but I know that I will never be alone. My friends won't allow that.

Through the support of Cross-Port I grew and expanded my world. I joined New Spirit MCC and made friends there. The support I received gave me the courage to start my transition, to seek employment, and to live full time as myself. This led to new friends I made at work.

I viewed the people at work as my biggest challenge to date. I knew that they couldn't harass me because of IRS policy, but they didn't have to be friendly and accept me. I found, for the most part, the people to be open and friendly to me. I have made some dear friends at IRS. Hopefully, I have helped aid in better understanding about transgender people and our issues.

At times like this, when I stop to look back, it is hard to believe that I have come so far from that Thursday evening in December 91. I couldn't have gone this far without you, and I know that you will be with me as my journey continues. I thank you all and I thank God for all of you.

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

Accessories:
Don't be humble.
You're not that great.
Golda Meir



From the Closet:

Dress for Less

By: Roberta

There is a chain of USED CLOTHING stores here in the Cincinnati area. They are called the Village Discount Outlet stores. Two of them are in Cincinnati and one is in Newport, KY.

All of the stores have about all the items that make up a woman's wardrobe. The prices are rock bottom compared to anywhere else I have shopped. The Cincinnati stores are larger and have more space between the aisles than Newport. That extra space makes it much easier to take an item off the rack for a closer inspection.

On the down side there are two main problems; first there are NO fitting rooms to try anything on. Second, many dresses are home-made with NO size tags on them. It is very helpful to have a reasonable idea of what your correct size for various items.

The up side is the wide selection of clothing items from jeans, skirts, blouses, regular dresses, under garments, to formal dress. The price is marked with colored tags on each item. Each week a different color tag is selected for a 50% discount off the price on the tag. So, you can save even more on each piece if you select an item with that special color tag.

Some examples of the prices are: slips 75¢ - \$1.50, bras around \$1-\$2, regular dresses 60¢ - \$5., shoes \$1.50 - \$4., skirts \$2. - \$4., leather skirts \$10., blouses \$1. - \$5., purses \$1. - \$5., formal dresses \$3. - \$20.. All these are the normal prices and with the 50% off color tag

you can really rack up the savings.

For our size 10 (or less) sisters, these stores are real gold mines! There is always a good selection of items in that size range. Size 14 (and above) gals should check out the stores on a weekly basis. One week there may be nothing, then the next week a number of choices. A steady supply of new items seems to be put on the racks everyday.

One tip: if you spot something you like and think it fits, BUY IT THEN. If you wait a day or two, odds are that item will be gone when you go back for it. I have had that happen to me 3-4 times. Even if you should buy something and it does not fit when you try it on at home, you are not out a lot of money. Keep that item and take it with you to the next Cross-Port meeting. There may be a sister whom it will fit.

To the sisters just starting out buying things, I strongly advise you to go this route. These stores have all the basic items for your first few outfits. A complete start up outfit of slip, bra, shoes, purse, skirt, blouse, should cost less than \$15!

I am certain that after 2-3 visits you will agree with me that these are the best all around stores in which to find "new" clothes.

The addresses for these stores are:

4619 Montgomery Rd.
Norwood, OH
(4 doors north of Sherman Ave.)

9529 Pipin Rd. (at Adams Rd.)
Cincinnati, OH

525 Monmouth St. (Corner of
6th. St.) Newport, KY

Hours of operation:
Mon - Sat, 9 AM - 9 PM
Sun 12 PM - 5 PM

OUT OF THE CLOSET ... AND INTO THE SPOTLIGHT: My Coming Out

By Jill M. Ambrose

The following is a true story concerning the trials and tribulations of one of the most memorable days of my life.

Like many others, I'm sure, for quite a few years, since I was a little 'girl', I have had the desire to 'dress' but have only had the opportunity to do so in private. That situation changed early in my marriage when my wife was informed of my propensity to crossdress. With the added bonus that I could now dress openly at home with my wife's knowledge, but not necessarily her acceptance, that situation remained constant, up until the present.

Over the years, there were many opportunities to shop while on business trips and dress in the privacy of my hotel room. Not once did I get the courage to exit the safety of my room and venture outside as a female, although I entertained the thought many times.

My computer provided an outlet to tap for information on crossdressing. I became a "lurker", that is, someone who reads the various topics on the on-line bulletin boards, but does not announce his/her presence.

I was surprised to learn how many people openly expressed their interest in crossdressing, and admitted to wearing panties and other female garments under their male attire. Also as surprising was the discussion of organized groups that held conventions and get-togethers. Ah - some day perhaps, I would

be able to attend one of those affairs.

I spent a lot of time over the past several years reading the dialog in the CD section of Prodigy, and lately whatever I could find on the Internet. On those rare occasions when I would acknowledge my presence, the name Jill Ambrose was used.

Perhaps six months ago, I was downtown and as is my custom, I grabbed copies of the free tabloids that are available. The passage of time and old age has erased the memory of exactly which publication contained the information directing me to send for information about Crossport, but I followed through and sent for a brochure.

The introductory material arrived a few days later in my PO Box, and I immediately sent in my money . . . a twenty dollar bill, in lieu of a check to conceal my identity.

A short time later, an envelope arrived with a copy of the December and January newsletters. After perusing these two issues, with my heart pounding, I decided that this indeed was an organization that I would like to belong to, but there was a conflict with the meeting night, which could not be resolved.

It was exciting to read of the adventures of the members who were relating their anecdotes while dressed in public. Although this situation was still foreign to me, I could empathize with their dilemmas and achievements.

Each succeeding issue talked about a 'Be-All' which would be held in Cincinnati, and while I fantasized about attending, the notion was out of the question. But . . . perhaps I could 'lurk' at the hotel and observe the activity.

The arrival of the May issue of the "InnerView" stirred me to

action, but not immediately. Editor Bobbi asked for a volunteer to run the spotlight at the Be-All. It took a full three days of internal debate before I called the Crossport Hotline and offered my services. A few agonizing days later, Mark called and when we talked about what was involved, and with my background in the theatre, I assured him that it was 'a piece of cake.'

Everything seemed great until Mark asked, "You are going to come dressed?" No, I had not planned to do so, especially since I wore facial hair. Mark explained that it was rare that people dressed with a beard, but it was not unheard of. This did nothing to alleviate my fears, and prompted many thoughts of backing out.

It took a couple of more weeks of agony, coupled with a strong desire to take advantage of this opportunity, to convince myself that now was the right time. When Mark called again to confirm that I was still coming, I said yes and announced that I would be dressed, and clean shaven.

Since this was to be my first time out in public, plans were formulated to explain the sudden loss of my facial cover, get off work for the Friday events, and acquire a suitable wardrobe for the Be-All.

Most of my outer clothes were obtained second hand and would not be suitable for wearing in public, so a visit to a plus size shop was in order. I knew that I wanted a 'pretty' dress, but had no idea as to size or style. In addition, cosmetics, shoes and a wig were also needed.

The make up portion of the package was relatively easy. Armed with a list of what I perceived to be needed, I trekked off to K-Mart and Wal-Mart. Over the course of several days,

Jill picked up a good supply of various foundations and liners.

The clothing selection was not as easy. Except for undergarments, the pickings in my size, 18 to 20, were slim at the discount stores. This called for a visit to (shudder) a clothing store.\

With much trepidation, Jill arrived at the Eastgate Mall and walked the length of the facility several times, peering in windows and quickly visiting the plus-size departments of Sears and J.C.Penney before garnering enough courage to walk into Stuart's Plus 20 minutes before closing.

A very friendly and helpful young lady spent a good half hour showing me various outfits and making suggestions on the pretext that this was to be worn at a party the following Friday. Jill selected a two piece blue suit with a long sleeve blouse in white, as the 'pretty' dress selection was non-existent. When I arrived home and tried on the outfit, I found that it fit well and thus gave me an idea of what sizes to look for in future trips.

Saturday morning, I was up bright and early with plans to visit two other Stuart locations and Kohl's, both of whom were having sales. All in all, it was a very fruitful trip which supplied all of my wardrobe for the Be-All, except the 'pretty' dress, for which I'm still looking.

I spent a long time at Kohl's, picked out a dozen items to try on, and waited for my chance to use the women's dressing rooms, which never came. Perhaps it was best as I eventually carried my selections to the men's area and tried on the clothes there, eliminating over half of the items because of size problems. I was very happy with my purchases.

Two businesses that advertised wigs in the yellow pages were circled and the hunt was on for a

wig. The purchase of the wig was very straight-forward and after trying on only two styles, Jill made her selection.

Shoes in my size presented a big problem. Almost all the shoe and discount stores only carry women's dress shoes in sizes up to 11, too small for Jill. I did find a pair of casuals in 11 wide that would do 'in a pinch', but still needed a pair of dress shoes. Someone recommended Magnifete, which unfortunately was going out of business, and the selection was very small, but I was able to find one pair that, although a little tight, would fill the bill. Fortunately, I was able to purchase both a pair of flats and heels at the Be-All.

Accessories:

Everything else you grow out of, but you never recover from childhood.

Beryl Bainbridge

Everything seemed to be progressing smoothly for my planned transformation to Jill on Friday morning, when my wife dropped a bombshell. She would be covering for someone at work next week and changed her off day from Monday to Friday (POW / SOCK). At this time she had not met Jill, and knew nothing about the coming out party. What was a poor girl to do? My plans to spend whatever time it would take to get ready Friday morning were dashed. Luckily she was not home Thursday evening and I packed everything into the car and reserved a motel room.

No one in the family knows about Jill, but I had been making references for several weeks about Jill to my daughter-in-law, who I thought would be open minded enough to accept Jill, without hating me forever. I

gave her no clue as to the nature of Jill's business with her, but indicated that Jill would like to meet her. Her first question of me was, "Poppi, is this Amway?" Other than to answer her questions with generalities, I gave no concrete information about Jill. She was flustered, but under the circumstances, could only wait until Jill contacted her.

After several nights of tossing and turning, trying to get to sleep while thinking and fantasizing about the Be-All, Friday morning finally came. A good-bye kiss to my wife and the luggage safely in the motel room, I set off to transform myself into Jill.

The transformation started with the removal of body hair. The first thing to go was 35 years of facial hair. Naturally, I nicked myself with the razor several times, but did no serious damage. Following a quick assessment of my new youthful look, I continued on and shaved my arms and legs.

Two and a half hours later, after fighting with eyelashes and press on nails, Jill was ready to walk out the door. This was the first time that I had ever applied make-up and it was strictly trial and error, but I was satisfied with the final results. I breathed a deep sigh of relief as I looked at Jill in the mirror and was pleased with the final results. I knew that I could pass.

With a lump in my throat, I opened the door and looked outside. Directly before me was my car and nearby was standing a couple engaged in conversation, who looked my way. Several other people were within sight. Bravely, I made my way to the car and started loading it, all the while 'knowing' that everyone was watching me.

On the final trip before departing, a young man whistled and yelled to me, "How you doing babe?". I looked and smiled and immediately got into

the car and took off, thinking to myself that, I must either look good, or like a slut. Satisfied that someone, a stranger, found me attractive was a very good, satisfying feeling.

While dressing, I entertained thoughts of introducing Jill to my daughter-in-law and as I still had some time before my noon meeting with Mark at the Holiday Inn, off I went to her place of employment.

It was indeed a long walk to the reception desk, where I asked for Jackie in my best female voice. As she was being paged, I stepped back a few paces and waited, my heart again pounding wildly.

Jackie came up front, looked at me and asked, "Is someone helping you maam?" I acknowledged with a meek "yes" and she turned to the receptionist to inquire who called for her. I was felt great that she did not recognize me.

After ascertaining that I was there for her, Jackie approached me again and I extended my hand asking, "Hi, are you Jackie?" I knew that my next words would hit home, as I volunteered, "My name is Jill."

In the next few seconds a thousand thoughts raced through my mind, wondering what her reaction would be. With a look of total surprise, she uttered, "Poppi, it's YOU." "We need to talk."

We went to her desk and talked for perhaps fifteen minutes, holding hands all the time. Her response to Jill was mostly positive, but she had many questions, and said that we needed to do something with my clothes.

This experience was very comforting and gave me the confidence to venture forth as Jill. As I traveled to the Be-All, I was elated with myself and looking forward to many happy times with my alter-ego, Jill.

Arriving at the Be-All registration table, I found Mark and introduced myself. His approving look helped build my confidence as we settled in working on the staging for the evenings' Miss Be-All Pageant. As the afternoon progressed, the room transformed into a suitable place for the Pageant with stage, runway and lights. During the afternoon, I met so many wonderful, encouraging people who helped me get over whatever butterflies I still had. As did most others, I shed my female voice for the balance of the Be-All.

Around six-thirty, we went upstairs and prepared for the evening. A change of clothes and some fresh make-up and Jill was ready. I purposely sat with Cross-Port members at dinner that evening so that I could meet some of the girls that I had been reading about for the past several months. It was a very pleasant experience, and especially reassuring to me, as most were surprised that this was my first time in public enfemme.

Soon it was showtime. I took my place at the spotlight, where I had a great view of the room. It was difficult keeping my mind on the assigned task, as my eyes wondered over the assembled crowd, admiring the many gorgeous women in attendance.

I was thrilled when Jennifer introduced me while working the spotlight and commented that this was my first time dressed in public. What a high!

The evening was over too soon and now it was time for what I perceived would be the toughest part of my transformation. I was going home to introduce Jill to my wife.

On the way home, I again had many thoughts about backing out and not telling her, but rationalized that my life as Jill would be much easier if my wife

knew, and approved. Ha! - Fat chance.

The confrontation went much better than I had hoped. We spent a long time embracing and crying, and in the end, I was satisfied with the knowledge that my wife had met Jill and now knew my secret. The next morning, she was surprised that she had not observed the loss of my mustache, and acknowledged that she had not recognized me as Jill.

In the back of my mind, I had planned on returning to the Be-All on Saturday. We talked at length and came to a general understanding about Jill and me, and she agreed to help me pick out a new wig, as the present one made my face too full. With this partial approval, Jill got ready for day two of her new life.



Arriving at the hotel, I ran into Jennifer, who was surprised to see me again so soon (my original plans did not include a second day at the Be-All). Taking advantage of my new status, I attended several seminars and visited all the vendors.

In the interest of brevity, although this account has already

grown too long, I will conclude with the note that Jill met so many decent, interesting, and supportive people over the weekend who offered help and encouragement. I especially want to thank Mark for making possible, and laying the groundwork for, my coming out. Many thanks also to Bobbi and Beverly for being there and acting as a sounding board for my many questions. Thanks also to Dr. Richard Doctor for his helpfulness and the quality time that we spent together.

Although Jill will always be in the closet to a certain degree because of the dictates of society, more and more people are aware of Jill's existence and I am confident that Jill will venture forth into the outside world on a frequent basis.

I LOVE being a GIRL!!!

Significant Contributions

June 12, 1995

Dear Crossport Members:

Having never really even heard of crossdressing before, or been exposed to alternative lifestyles before finding myself deeply involved in a relationship with a crossdresser, it's fair to say "I'm new at this".

I was about as green as you could get, but because Mark (and Jenn) and I are very open about every thought and feeling as they occur along the way, I'm pretty proud of the progress I've been able to make in six months.

I think Mark is, too. I also know that I couldn't have come this far without the warmth, caring, nurturing, and most of all, the education that Mark

provided. It was this foundation of knowledge that gave me something concrete to build upon, and which, at times, kept me from going down some pretty fearsome paths.

He told me on our second date. It was very late and we'd been up talking. I was really phasing in and out of sleep. I remember him asking, "do you understand what I'm telling you?", and my instantly becoming more awake. No, I didn't understand. He explained. I tried to comprehend. I told him that, given a choice, I probably wouldn't have chosen a relationship with a crossdresser. However, I already cared a great deal for him, and that I thought, with time and care, I'd be able to accept this. After all, no matter how he was dressed on the outside, he was still the same person on the inside.

I wanted to go forward with the relationship. The feeling I had that night hasn't changed. (Although, I must say, I had no idea the multitude of feelings I'd experience as a result of that decision.)

We met in early December. It was sometime in January when I met Jennifer for the first time. I had asked to see photographs a few weeks earlier to help "case" me into the meeting. We'd talked about where we should meet and if we should go out or just stay in for the evening.

We decided to meet at Mark's house and play it by ear. I keep an "album" of snapshots in my head of people, places and experiences that have made an impression in my life. I added many snapshots to the album that night, most of them 8x 10's!

I'd had a stressful day at the office and heading into a stressful evening filled with uncertainty, I struggled with, of all things, what to wear. Was I going on a date with Mark? With Jenn? Was I supposed to

know her already? How was I supposed to relate?

I chose all black. I always wear black. I wanted to look good. I had to look good. It was more important tonight than it could have possibly been for any regular date. When I arrived, Jenn was upstairs finishing getting ready. I called up and heard a different, unfamiliar voice call back.

In a moment, my mind's camera would begin processing enough "film" to keep Kodak in business for years. Jenn came down the stairs. The first 8 x 10 that evening was of black high heels, shapely legs in sheer black stockings and a moderately short straight black skirt. Geez, what great legs! Who the hell was this? I was scared to death.

Jenn joined me downstairs, I backed to the far end of the sofa, and put a plastic smile on my face. I wanted to stare, to take it all in, process, help the adjustment start. But it was rude to stare, wasn't it? Geez, how could this be Mark? This was an extremely feminine, sexual creature sitting across from me and I couldn't figure out how to relate. I felt lost and the long evening stretched out before us.

We made small talk and had a glass of wine. I felt like I needed a whole bottle. At one point Jenn walked to the other room to refill my glass. It was a slow, graceful, deliberate walk with just the right amount of swing. I was intimidated and entranced. I wanted to run. We drove to a restaurant for dinner and made more small talk. Before leaving, we stopped at the ladies' room. (I know this sounds silly, but I found that night that I can't go to the "ladies'" room with my boyfriend. That was one of the things I had hoped to keep private, and separate, in our relationship.) We left and stopped for a drink elsewhere before returning home.

It was fairly late when we got home. We shared a glass of wine and sat close to one another this time. Somewhere along the way I started to cry big, silent tears. I felt incredibly alone, like Mark had dropped off the face of the earth. Jenn held me and tried to comfort me. Then she kissed me gently. I felt somewhat uncertain, but this was the one thing during that entire long evening that felt familiar. I knew those lips.

We made love that evening. Slowly and tenderly. I was hesitant, but I wanted to be pursued. This was right. It was different, but a part of Mark that I recognized was in there. I desperately needed that familiarity at that time.

If that was any indication of what subsequent meetings would be like, I wasn't sure I could take the stress. We talked a lot. **A lot.** We made some adjustments. I found that Jenn had been just as scared as I was that evening. Neither of us had really been able to be ourselves. I learned that Jenn was not a stranger with whom I had no history...that it was okay to say "remember when we..." even if it was Mark and I that I was remembering.

Mark suggested that he could put a little more "Mark" into Jenn if that would help. I told him I needed "face" time each time for a bit before we embarked on our plans for the evening. It helped me to transition. We did all these things and they all did help.

One other thing I've asked of him, for now, is that I want to wake up with Mark, not Jenn. He has honored that request. It has been helpful to me and I thank him for his thoughtfulness.

The reading material Mark gave me early on helped prepared me for the feelings I might have along the way. I'm eternally grateful for that grounding, because, God knows,

I experienced them all. But through it all, through all the bizarre thoughts and feelings, I somehow felt "normal" because I knew others had been this way before me, and that I was not alone. I believe that it's the intimacy that we share that is most helpful to me.

I'm still learning about Jenn and her personality. But, I look forward to the familiarity I feel in her gentle touch and the sweet passion in her kisses. This is the continuity in my relationship with Mark and with Jenn.

Before this weekend, and the convention, I really couldn't tell you how many times Jenn and I have been out together, probably a dozen or so. What I can tell you is that each time has slowly and steadily gotten better. I was extremely proud of Mark and Jenn at the Be All. Jenn was extremely capable and talented, and looked great. I was proud to be associated with them both. And, I liked knowing that everybody else thought those same things. And I liked knowing that this woman belonged to me. Things continue to improve in our relationship. I know now, as I knew on that second date, that I love Mark for who he is. If some-times he's Jenn, well, then I love **her**, too.

He worries that at some point I may change my mind and reject him because of the crossdressing. I know none of you really know me, but I'm extremely honest about my feelings. I wish I could make him comfortable in knowing that, if I were going to reject him, it would have been after that first meeting. He is my life, my every happiness. I'll stand by my original feeling and decision. My heart tells me there's no choice to be made.

Susie

The Perils of Paula: a continuing saga

"The View From the Bottom of
the Pile"

by Paula Harmston

My "Be All" weekend was pretty routine. I went to several seminars, spent time in the hotel bar, got into a fight at a local country western dance club on Saturday night, and went to the "Be All" Devotional Sunday morning (to repent for my sins of the previous night).

The fight...you ask? It was no big deal (I've witnessed four bar fights this year as my male self... not much happened and watching them from my bar stool was fairly boring). But this was the first time I've actually been **in** a fight myself and one of the first things I noticed is that the view is a lot different from the bottom of the pile:

From the bottom of the pile everything is dark; there is no room to move or breathe; and you can really get to know your neighbor!

Perhaps "neighbor" is too kind a word for the misguided soul who provoked the incident. But on the other hand, I feel a degree of responsibility since I violated some of my own common sense rules concerning where I go and under what conditions I do go. My mixed emotions run from "Put 'em up! put 'em up!" to "I've lost my mind,! Get a grip!"

The reason why I went on a Saturday night (Violation #1) was because I met an out-of-state "BeAll" girl, who, like me, is a good line dancer and I've always wanted to go with another transgendered dancer (it's **got** to be far more fun than going by myself) and she could **only** go on Saturday.

Our original plan was to go when the "Be All" banquet ended Saturday at 10 pm. We'd get there by 10:30 pm and leave by midnight (before any cowboy had too much to drink). But my friend had too much fun at the banquet and stayed longer. So we didn't arrive until just after midnight, agreeing to leave at 1:30 am before they closed at 2 am.

For the first hour things went well enough. We got some stares but we danced six or seven times, behaved ourselves and the club's promotional director even came over and talked to us for ten minutes.

Along the way, I ignored one tell-tale sign that it was time to go: About 1 am we danced an easy dance called the "Watermelon Crawl." A lot of the dancers had trouble with it. In retrospect I see that meant all of the good dancers had gone home... leaving only the serious drinkers and two out-of-place cross-dressers.

I should have picked up on that clue, but I was too busy committing a second violation: having a good time. In the final dance before the fight, I clearly remember having a good time and enjoying the dance.

Normally I'm paranoid, thinking all of the dancers will gang-tackle me at the same time. I guess this dance was the "calm before the storm" and, perhaps, I let my guard down...giving my peripheral vision a holiday. Another possible violation was thinking that my ten prior successful trips to country bars guaranteed a successful **eleventh** trip. Another mistake may have been in not taking Gina, my usual partner-in-crime, with me. (Gina can't dance a lick, but she makes a **great** body guard!)

When I finished this dance I walked to the edge of the dance floor next to my friend. Suddenly a wise-guy swooped past,

grabbed my wig and continued down the floor.

When I realized what had happened, I took off after him, sprinting about 25 feet to where he had stopped with his back to me and was doing a little jig like he was an Indian with my scalp.

Zeroing in, I took a flying leap and landed squarely on his back and shoulders with my right arm wrapped tightly around his neck, riding him into the floor.

My fall was buffered by the wiseguy and I wasn't hurt. But I had **no** protection from the six guys who piled on faster than you can snap a bra strap.

At the bottom of the pile we both lay still, wondering where our plans had gone awry. I also tried to re-position some guy's elbow that was pushing one of my earings thru to the other side of my head. After about twenty seconds, I could see light again since the other folks started to un-pile.

Looking up, I saw several bouncers who told me to let my wiseguy go (which I did). We both got up off the floor. I found my wig a few feet away, picked it up and, as calmly as possible, trying to show some semblance of composure and dignity, casually walked to the ladies' room...thirty feet away.

Once inside, I put my wig back on and took inventory of any missing body parts: teeth, finger nails, torn clothing, etc. Luckily I came out of it unscathed.

Looking in the mirror, I put a smile on my face and went back outside where a bouncer said to come with him to see the manager. When we got to the front door to see the manager, my wiseguy was, inexplicably, still fighting...this time with the police who hand-cuffed him (he was charged with disorderly conduct and paid a \$135 fine).

The manager told me to wait while he dealt with the police. So, I went back to the dance

floor since, I really wanted to dance one more time, and wanted to let the remaining patrons know that I wasn't intimidated... that I was fine.

I danced that dance and then looked for my "Be All" friend. I saw her sitting with her back to me so I tapped her on the shoulder and said, "Did you miss me?" She asked where I had been for the past fifteen minutes. It turned out that she had only seen someone run past her, then noticed I was gone. She didn't know where I went and was not even aware that I had been in a fight!

The manager then came over and told me that I shouldn't have gone in the ladies' room. I suggested that since it was late, perhaps my friend and I should go home. He agreed so we left, escorted by a bouncer to our car.

Back at the hotel, Gina was jealous that she had missed the fight! Gina had already had enough excitement for the weekend (see her story in this issue). Several girls expressed their concerns for my health (mental?) and some one suggested that we should move our Cross-Port meetings to the country bar (all in favor?).

Several girls said I did the right thing going after the wiseguy but I was closer to being foolish than heroic. And several others said, "I guess you won't go back there again." Wrong. If the other customers don't see me soon then they might think that I've gone back into my closet (which is right where they want me), but if they see me soon then they might think otherwise.

If I have to pick one or the other, well, the view from the bottom of the pile is definitely better than from the closet!

Epilogue:

Management seemed more miffed that, as a biological male,

I went into the ladies' room. They mentioned it two or three times that night, as if THAT were a capital crime. A few days later I called the manager and asked if I was still welcomed. He replied that going in the ladies room usually gets a guy banned for six months but because my situation was unusual, I should speak to his vice-President.

I called the V.P. who immediately asked why don't I just dance at a gay place? (because I'm not gay and, anyway gay people are legally allowed in straight places, isn't there something about our Constitutional rights to the pursuit of happiness and freedom of assembly?). We went on to have a ten minute conversation ending with him saying that I should come in and see him.

I saw him, along with the club manager and the disc jockey (who said he witnessed the entire episode). I was wearing a business suit, having come directly from work. The meeting, which was friendly, lasted twenty minutes and at the end they **ruled** that "Paula" was banned from the club for six months, but not my male self "Glenn".

Glenn was still welcomed because Glenn hadn't done anything wrong. They distinguished a difference between Paula and Glenn and only banned Paula. During the conversation I gave them this quick education about cross-dressers: that, with one obvious exception, we are normal people with normal lives, etc.

When it became apparent that the ban would not be lifted, I said to them "It appears that we have a deal. I agree to stay away for six months and in exchange cross-dressers have gained your respect." They quickly acknowledged that I had broken their stereotypical image of what we are about. Educating three

people in twenty minutes was a fair trade and worth the time and effort.

As a practical matter, I can dance in a dozen other places, and if Paula can't go into their club, Glenn won't go either. The only thing that confuses me is that their ruling seems to condone fighting. "Go ahead and fight (because its a "manly" thing) but stay out of the ladies room!"

Afterwards, when I told Gina about the ban she asked what happened to the wiseguy. I told her that he was also banned for six months. Gina's response was "Well, if only your female self was banned, and if Glenn can still go, then can the wiseguy still go if **he** goes in drag?"

Gina!!!!!!

POST OP-inion

by Diane Torrance

BONOIST (bO-nO-ist) A person who, during the sixties, identified with left wing politics and has gradually, or not so gradually, become radically conservative. I coined this term from, that icon of flower power, The Honorable Sonny Bono (R-Palm Springs, California).

Throughout history, converts have been the most zealous practitioners of any given cause, (occasionally perverting the original ideal). For example: in 1523, a group of recent converts to Martin Luther's Reformed Church, known as Enthusiasts, went well beyond what Luther had intended, engaging in hatred and violence as a means of overthrowing the Roman church.

More recently, neo-conservatives have taken over the Republican party from more socially responsible elements, preaching hatred and sometimes violence as a means of achieving their un-Christianlike goals. This time there seems to be no strong leader capable of holding the radical right in check.

We let the fringe elements, the radicals on either side of almost any controversy, define the issues. There is no middle ground. Compromise becomes synonymous with copping-out. The only winners are power-grabbing leaders. Justice, the will of the majority, and reason are victims, regardless which end of the spectrum comes out on top.

We in the gender community just want to be left alone. Those who "pass" wish to blend into society, those who don't, ask only to be treated with dignity. However, each time we leave our "safe havens", whether we pass or not, we risk our physical well-being. This state of affairs is inexcusable.

Unfortunately we can't beat them from the middle, so we must join the radicals who oppose the radicals who wish to continue denying us our rights. Riki Anne Wilchins addressed the luncheon at the BE-ALL on Friday. Her message: Our **elected** representatives don't even know **we're** constituents. Her solution? "In Your Face"! This (seemingly) radical program is aimed at letting Washington know we are here and we are **VOTERS**.

This is not radical - this is **DEMOCRACY**.

In Your Face has a goal of providing the same rights under the law everyone else enjoys. When you consider that the Americans With Disabilities Act (ADA) excludes "Trans-people" and lists us with arsonists and pedophiles, the enormity of the

task becomes clear. The Bonoists and the Bubbas are the problem.

The effort to rectify this has begun. The next National Transgender Lobbying Day will take place October 2nd and 3rd in Washington, D.C. So - you can't get away personally to participate? Perhaps your money can. This is **too** important to let slide.

Tax deductible contributions may be sent directly to I.F.G.E. c/o Alison Laing or to Joanne Roberts at *Renaissance*. Be sure to mark your checks: "For Gender P.A.C." (Political Action Committee).

Other activities of note in July: **15th**: Human Rights Campaign Fund - Fundraiser in Cleveland. Contact Riki for details at (212)645-1753 or 714-4874. **21st -24th**: N.O.W. National Convention at the Hyatt Regency in Columbus.

The goal of the Gender Community at this event will be to collect 250 signatures from delegates to get a resolution introduced to include trans-issues (health care, veterans benefits (same stuff everyone else gets without threats), etc. as a part of NOW's National Platform. All expenses are covered for this. We just need bodies to show up and help collect signatures, then lobby for passage. I plan to have more information on these and other events next month.

BE-ALL '95

Until last month I was a "convention virgin". I don't know what I expected, perhaps a bunch of transvestites from Cleveland prancing around in bad dresses? (NOTE: All Crossport members were always perfectly attired) I found the attendees to be interesting and diverse.

While rubbing shoulders with the I.F.G.E. big wigs was interesting (that is **not** an editorial comment on their hair), more enjoyable still was just meeting and talking to people from all over the country (some were even from Cleveland), the only common denominator being our "trans-status". I found the seminars I had the opportunity to attend informative. And it was great to finally see Dr. Schrang from a position other than flat on my back.

I had a wonderful time. I'm already looking forward to Detroit next year. To those who contributed so much to the success of this years BE-ALL: Way to go, ladies!



EMPLOYMENT UPDATE

My employers finally figured out they had to let me return to work. This has been a very long seven months. I jumped through every hoop my employer put in front of me, including SRS, for which I was neither financially nor emotionally prepared.

Financially, I took a pretty big hit. The stock I sold to pay for surgery doubled in price two

months later. I was in no hurry for surgery and everyone knew the stock would go up eventually. The rumors that insurance would pay were just that, rumors.

Emotionally, I was required to make a huge leap in faith. I've always been committed to surgery; but a month does not allow sufficient preparation. My employer's demand that I have SRS was a complete surprise.

I spent that month working on details like getting psychological evaluations and money together rather than preparing myself mentally and emotionally for surgery.

At times I felt like I was juggling an entire three ring circus: any miscalculation would cause the whole mess to come tumbling down around me.

Finally, in frustration, I just gave it all to God, thanking Him for working out the details. My believing paid off, everything came together by the time I went to Neenah.

But I almost lost my other childhood dream...my job. When you get this I should be in Montreal requalifying in my previous position. In June, 1994 *InnerView* published an article wherein I stated I would not "trade my job for surgery."

I almost did!

Be-All and B-Ball

by: Gina Marie Allen

What a weekend! I was able to do my two favorite things almost at once; going to the The Be-All in Cincinnati and playing basketball in Chillicothe, although I must say, if given a choice of the two, dressing wins easily.

Cross-Port did such an excellent job of pulling this off, I feel jealous that I wasn't more involved but I feel honored just to be a part of it. Valerie and I conducted a seminar dealing with minorities in cross-dressing, which went surprisingly well and with this subject being one of IFGE's goals for 1996, hopefully I can be more involved in future conventions.

My family visited and although they know and accept Gina, we have never taken photos together, so I couldn't pass up this Polaroid moment. My spouse thought that we all seemed so comfortable and relaxed in what we were doing and my sons really enjoyed themselves, especially my youngest who was busy talking and pestering everyone he came in touch with.

Meeting old friends, making new ones and answering questions from the other hotel patrons was really enjoyable. I even had my first traffic ticket as "Gina" for making an illegal turn, my basketball team even wanted to know if I was having a good time.

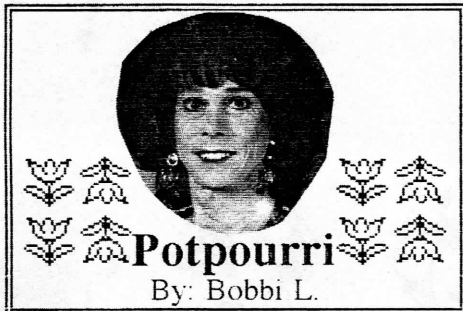
I really under-estimated these guys. Since I came out to them we have become much closer friends. Now we talk about our feelings and what is really on our minds instead of just talking sports. Our reputation in local tournaments is that we are the roughest, mouthiest team to ever play but since my "coming out" we are known as a "kinder and gentler team."

And even though we only finished fourth in the tournament, we did something we thought we could never do, especially the way we used to play - we won the Sportsmanship trophy!! which in our minds was a harder thing to do than to win the tournament.

I'd like to thank Diana from the Crystal Club who allowed me to

room with her for a few nights, Lynne, who allowed me the use of her room after my tournament Saturday night, and Lauren, who allowed me to stay over Saturday night.

Thanks to the whole Cross-Port gang who made this fun and successful...even to everyone involved.



Just a few short comments this month. First, I am still running on the adrenalin generated at the BE ALL! Thank you Cross-Port for the impressive job! I cannot imagine any event of this size being done any better by any other group. Cross-Port has such talented and dedicated people and yet, there are **so few** who actually are willing to donate even a small part of those talents. Thank God for those who do!

Second, the time is once again approaching when Cross-Port will be asking for someone to volunteer time and talent if we are to continue to "serve" those who rely on us. Joyce has announced her upcoming retirement as our tireless "leader." A girl can only stand so much fun, you know! And Joyce has endured the fun of housing the Cross-Port phone line twenty-four hours a day (often enduring abusive or twisted callers); the fun of responding to correspondence from, literally, all over the globe; and the fun of speaking to the many groups who ask for representatives from the TV/TS community. Don't get

me wrong, Joyce has been more than happy to do these things. Get this, she even feels she "owed" it to our group. And what has she received in return? Exactly what she asked us for? **Nothing!**

Ladies, we owe Joyce more than we could ever repay her. Ladies, what might we do which would make her feel totally rewarded for her years of effort? Ladies, we can step up to the plate; we can take the bull by the horns; we can ask not, what Cross-Port can do for us...well, you know how the Kennedy quip continues.

We need our membership to do what is needed to keep Cross-Port a viable and progressive organization. More than one of us, or even a couple of us, is needed to merely **match** what Joyce has done. If we wish to improve on what she has contributed, then we will need many of us to pitch in. It's time to _ _ _ _ or get off the pot, Ladies! I would like to hear a concerted grunt as we pledge ourselves to Cross-Port's future.

On a lighter note: Siskel and Ebert have given two thumbs down to *Wigstock: the movie!* It's a point and shoot documentary of the 1992 edition of the event. They said it's o.k., but it's no *Paris is Burning*.

Speaking of RuPaul (she was the headline act at Wigstock '92) I hope you have caught her print ads for M.A.C. cosmetics in current fashion rags. How does she hide that thing?!?!?

Stay Healthy. Stay Beautiful.
Avoid Runners!

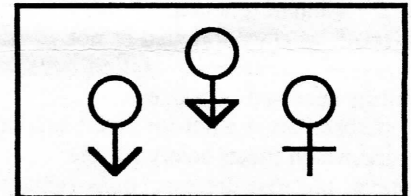
June attendance: 16

Cross-Port Finances
(based on June 20 '95
bank statement)

Expenses:	
Postage	32.00
Postage (add'l)	23.00
Phone	21.18
Newsletter (115) +	
Intro pkts (25)	171.19
TOTAL	247.37

Income:	
collection (cash)	30.00
collection (check)	25.00
newsletter (cash)	8.00
TOTAL	63.00

Cross-Port Balance:
June 20, '95 **761.41**



Accessories:
Nothing is as awesome as
ignorance in action.
Betty Dittimore



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 families and friends.



"First, which of you is Mr. Marshbanks?"

The Quigmans



July 26 - 30, 1995 **The Third Annual**
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I.F.G.E. Press Release:

I.F.G.E. ANNOUNCES MAJOR CHANGES IN DSM-IV REGARDING TRANSVESTISM AND TRANSVESTIC FETISHISM

(June 22, 1995 Boston, Massachusetts) The International Foundation for Gender Education's Sheila Kirk, M.D. has learned that through the help of George R. Brown, M.D. (Associate Professor of Psychiatry at East Tennessee State University) major changes have been incorporated into the American Psychiatric Association's DSM-IV.

Until this change, the act of cross dressing or intense fantasy of performing such an act, resulted in a psychiatric diagnosis even if the cross dressing was not responsible for any problems or disabilities for the individual.

Under current guidelines, cross dressing does not in and of itself constitute a behavior that is pathological or diagnosable as a mental disorder.

In the refined APA DSM-IV criteria for Transvestism and Transvestite Fetishism, for a cross dresser to merit a diagnosis of mental disorder, he or she must evidence one of the three "D's" of diagnosis:

1. Distress
2. Disability - occupational or otherwise
3. Daredevilism - high risk behavior leading to physical injury, loss of job, family disruption, imprisonment, etc.

A fourth "D," Deviance is specifically excluded by the APA DSM-IV as a basis for rendering a diagnosis. It was determined that although society does not accept cross dressing behaviors, that in itself is not sufficient reason to label a person with a psychiatric disorder diagnosis.

The DSM-IV represents a major conceptual shift in American Psychiatry. Implicitly, organized psychiatry has signed on to the "Transgendered Bill

of Rights" in supporting the right of Transgendered individuals to cross dress without a mental disorder diagnosis.

Some cross dressers do in fact have a legitimate psychiatric diagnosis. There are those whose cross dressing is currently troubling and has caused major problems in life, love, leisure or job, possibly because it is an aspect of their life that is totally out of control and poorly accepted within themselves.

But clearly those who cross dress without damaging their lives in any major ways and in fact may now have matured and grown to the point where being a cross dresser is celebrated as a gift do not deserve or need a diagnosis of any sort.

Similarly there are those whose cross dressing is neither troubling nor out of control, but it conflicts with spouse, family, or some other part of society. They engage not in high risk behavior but dress discretely. This group's conflict is with society, so no diagnosis is appropriate.

It is possible, however, to be legitimately diagnosed with Transvestic Fetishism without ever having actually cross dressed. All-consuming, obsessive, sexualized, disabling fantasy alone may be enough to merit the level of disability engendered in the psychiatric diagnosis.

It is encouraging that the combined efforts to educate and outreach by national gender pioneers and organizations such as I.F.G.E., AEGIS, Tri-Ess, and Renaissance have helped to bring about these positive changes in American Psychiatry. The transgendered community is equally indebted to Dr. George R. Brown for his long time, tireless efforts on their behalf in the education of this colleagues in the American Psychiatric Association.

Fantasia Fair '95

October 15 - 22, 1995

An Experience to Remember

Provincetown, Mass.

For info write: FanFair '95

Atten: Registrar, PO Box 941, SE PA 19399

IFGE International
Foundation for
Gender Education

I.F.G.E. Press Release:

I.F.G.E.'S TRANSGENDER MEDICINE SPECIALIST, SHEILA KIRK, M.D. EXAMINES THE RECENT ESTROGEN RESEARCH FINDINGS

(June 20, 1995, Boston, Massachusetts) In response to the latest research findings reported to a leading medical journal of a study revealing alarming increases in breast cancer in genetic women using estrogen hormone replacement therapy, Sheila Kirk, M.D. addresses the possible incidence of breast cancer in genetic/biologic men on estrogen hormone therapy.

"While there are no really valid or well planned studies of this possible problem in genetic males on estrogen regimens," remarked Dr. Kirk, "in an examination of the world's medical literature over the past two decades and more, there are only three reported cases of breast cancer development in genetic/biologic males using estrogen. Therefore, it could be concluded that the incidence of breast cancer is not changed by their hormone use."

However, there is a very high incidence of breast cancer development in genetic males with the chromosomal abnormality known as Klinefelter's Disease. Some males afflicted with Klinefelter's are also Transgendered and for those using estrogens the risk of developing serious breast disease including breast cancer could be very great.

Although, the reported cases of breast cancer development in genetic/biologic males on estrogen regimens is slight, Dr. Kirk strongly recommends the need for well-planned and executed research studies and routine mammography evaluation of estrogen using males

"It must be stressed that credible studies are needed especially for estrogen using males whose female siblings, mother, or aunt have been diagnosed with breast cancer," stated Dr. Kirk. "Although, the occurrence is unusual enough to feel quite confident that the risks are small, studies would most likely reveal more incidence than the current three reported cases."

More detailed information about breast changes in estrogen using genetic/biologic males is available in Dr. Sheila Kirk's latest book, *Medical, Legal, and Workplace Issues - For the Transsexual*. Co-authored by Maritne Rothblatt, J.D., the book provides in-depth guidance on medical, surgical, and legal concerns for the Male to Female and Female to Male Transsexual beginning the transition process, engaged in the process, or nearing its completion.

For more information on any of the above, contact Pamela Kirk weekdays at (617) 899-2212.

Transgendered Magazine

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