

Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 12701, Cincinnati, OH 45212

The next meeting is July 18 at 8:00pm
The next Weekenders meeting is August 10 at 6:00pm

A New View

by Cathy

We had a pretty good meeting in June with it being such a hot, sticky night and all. We had thirty-two ladies and their friends come calling at Christopher's.

Welcome to Cindy, Lori, Renee and Stephanie who all came to their first meeting. This allowed us to set a record for Stephanies, having three show up that evening. A welcome back to Karen and Roland, neither of them had been to a meeting for more than three years.

I would like to note a special welcome to Diane Kendall who managed to arrange her business trip to make it to our meeting. Diane hails from Atlanta and she went to a bit of effort to come and visit with us. She said that a highlight of her trip was going dressed to the Grand Finale restaurant in northern Cincinnati. She said the food and service were both excellent. Thanks go to Jo Anne for recommending it to her.

♥ ♥ ♥

If you get a chance to set your VCRs, Jeannie, Hazel and their son taped a Phil Donnehue show on transsexual families in May which (at last report) is scheduled

to air (at least in Dayton) on July 16th. They said that Phil and his production group were wonderful to them and as nice as could be. Hazel said that the audience was also very positive and tried to get them to stay longer than the scheduled time.

This is the second national television appearance for the couple, having been on Sally Jesse Raphael previously. As for their son; it was his first plane ride, first time in New York City, first time in a stretch limo and first time on television. They say he had a pretty good time.

♥ ♥ ♥

How do you like the new format of the *InnerView*? I had to do something to liven things up. Let me know how you like it.

♥ ♥ ♥

Again, if you missed it in last month's issue, our new phone person is Shelbi, and our new phone number is 513-299-1353. This is a Dayton phone number. Also, if you write us from Dayton, note that our zip code is 45212-0701. The local paper up there had been putting it out as 54212, so a lot of our mail was arriving via Green Bay, Wisconsin.

♥ ♥ ♥

On a sadder note, Suzanne's father passed away this week after a long struggle with cancer. If you don't know Suzanne right off, she's the pretty red-head whose married to Jennifer. They both have our sympathies.

♥ ♥ ♥

I need some advice from some of the more legally inclined of you out there.

As you know, we often get requests from crossdressers who are in prison. Normally we send them an information packet, newsletters, etc. without any problems. We currently send them to institutes in Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana.

We recently sent a packet to someone who is in the Chillicothe Correctional Institute. They never got the packet. What they did get was a notice from the correctional mail room telling them that a packet had been sent containing a newsletter, a questionnaire and information about a crossdressing organization. They were also told that they could not receive any of that information because it was about transvestites and was ruled "obscene".

Now, anyone who has ever read our packet knows that there is not a single word of sexual enticement or innuendo. There is no off-color humor or language. How can this packet be declared obscene? Who makes these rulings?

I'm pretty upset over what appears to be an arbitrary ruling by some kind of moralistic mail clerk. I want advice on a course of action which would have the effect of allowing our literature to pass through uncensored to anyone in CCI who requests it. This is a very important problem which needs to be resolved in our favor.



As much as I love summer, it's also my prime home-remodeling season, and most of my efforts go in that direction between May and September. Newsletters get out a bit late during these months, and it takes me an extra week or two to answer the mail. Your patience is appreciated.

The Continued Confessions of an Irishman in a Dress

by Renee

Sorry it's been a bit of time since I have had the chance to take up space in the newsletter. The reason is an extension or derivative of the saying that goes "Most people are too busy making a living to make any real money". Well I've been seeing under \$100 a week, and some weeks I have managed to actually cost myself money for the privilege of working and I have been putting in sixty hour weeks doing it... not very bright of me. An inverse rule appears to apply — the harder you work, the less money you make. This basically is the reason why I did not make it to the Be All; I would have been spending money that I simply have no way of generating.

The good news is that I gave myself a little "Be All" in Columbus. On Thursday night I

went to the Grapevine all on my own. This was the first time that I had ever gone out alone and with no plans for meeting anyone. Alice greeted me at the door with her usual friendly warmth, she even came into the bar to make sure that I got a seat. Alice is a really nice person and I know that she likes our business. I was sitting beside a couple of girls and the one nearest me gave the impression that she was not impressed by my presence.

I was about as nervous as I have ever been as I sat and tried to sip on a beer. I was shaking and the beer was shaking but I could hear the words of my wonderful mentor Yvonne, telling me that I had every right to be there and give people the chance to find out that you are a normal person. I heard the girls talking about Germany and England and driving cars overseas. Then the girl that was sitting nearest to me went to the rest room. I turned and asked the other girl, "Where were you based in Germany?" She replied with "Where are you from?" When she learned that I was a real Irish person, I had made a friend for life.

We were chatting away when the first girl came back. When she found out where I was from, she said "OH MY GOD! My mother was from Cork and she still has an Irish passport." From that point on, I could do no wrong. We spent the rest of the evening discussing problems they were having with relationships. They confided in me and respected my opinion. We all exchanged hugs as we left for home. I went home walking on air.

To show you how nervous I was, I left the keys in my car outside the Grapevine and then I again left them in the car over night, with the car unlocked, in

Cross-Port Finances

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

Balance as of the June Newsletter was:	1504.94
June Expenses:	
Phone Installation:	90.85
Envelopes & Stamps:	36.25
Printing June Newsletter:	41.15
Bank Charges:	<u>2.75</u>
Total Expenses:	<u>171.00</u>
June Incomes:	
Donations:	273.50
Sale of Tapestries:	30.00
Newsletter Subscriptions:	<u>27.00</u>
Total Income:	<u>330.50</u>
Balance as of July 11:	1,664.44

We also mailed out four intro packets this month.

German Village. Some of my friends have suggested that I put a sign on the car that says "Dear Mr. Car Thief, if the car will not start, please knock on the blue door for assistance." But honestly, I just forgot to remove them.

On Saturday night I was still excited about my adventures on the previous Thursday, plus the girls that I had met had promised to show up again on Saturday and they wanted to take me to Summit Station to watch a drag show. So I went to TJ Maxx and purchased a new silk blouse, spent four hours getting ready and headed for the Grapevine again. The Grape was full of people and a lot of straight couples were out to see the sights, so I, with my new found confidence, gave them value for money and smiled politely at the stares. They were on alien turf and they were a lot more worried than I was, so I had no problems. I waited an hour for my dates to show, and sadly they never turned up. Not to let that get me down, I headed for Summit Station on my own.

I had a great evening and I was adopted by a little straight girl who gets a great kick out of drag shows. She spent the whole night with me and we had great fun. At times I felt a bit like a guy on a date and I think that she had similar girl type feelings and I had to watch how I acted. It was an interesting situation. Boy meets girl, boy looks more like girl than girl does. To further complicate the issue, she is happily married to a Columbus policeman.

Columbus is a wonderful town for crossdressing, we have lots of options on places to go and we have more clothes shops than we have people. The city has so many minorities that all we have to do is keep our nose clean and nobody is going to really bother

too much with us. We naturally get snide comments but this is normal for any real woman, so accept it and don't let it upset you. The next thing you know, you are having fun. I hope that I can get down to Cincinnati in the near future. I have had a great time down there for the last few months.

I got a copy of Christine Jorgenson's autobiography recently, it is a really excellent book and well worth the read, she was a remarkable person. As a man, she was a non-event. George weighed all of 100 Lbs, he did a series of menial jobs and though he trained as a photographer, he never achieved any success at this. He hardly even got a chance to produce any failures!

As a woman, she was very beautiful and very feminine. She had a reasonable success as a stage performer, a profession that really happened by accident and one that she had not planned upon.

She has a beautifully simple and honest writing style that makes the book very easy and entertaining to read. It worth reading simply to hear the account of someone who decided that they were a woman before any knowledge of the subject existed in this country. She had no support, no understanding and yet this frail little person who had almost no income managed to achieve what was then the impossible.

Although George was theoretically a G.I. he was not a "real" G.I. and his enlistment did not last very long. George was never a crossdresser. In the book Christine claims to have never worn female clothes as a male and she also tells us that she used to make most of her own clothes.

Her accounts of how the press treated her might almost be funny if they were not true. They put her and everybody around her through an endless hell. She gives an account of this throughout the book in her dignified and witty manner and she shows no vindictiveness towards the people that caused her so much suffering for most of her life.

There is a lot more to the story than I have talked about here. It is as good as any book that I have read which deals with success from despair.

Love, Renee.

A New Name

by Shelbi

I just got in from court. I am officially "Shelbi Michelle" now! Do you know the best thing about the whole experience (other than having a lovely feminine name that I chose)? I did the legal procedure myself from beginning to end! As a transsexual, the experience made me stronger and smarter to know that I could do it myself.

First of all, the procedure itself is so simple that you do not need a lawyer! Go to the clerk of probate court in your area, obtain a petition of name change, fill out the form (it's easy), then return it to the court with the small fee of \$40.00. You then need to fill in the blanks on another form and run a legal ad telling people of your intended name change which will cost another \$20.00. You then wait a month for your hearing.

Use this time to compile a list of and fill out notices for those people and organizations who you want to notify of your name change after your hearing;

insurance, doctors, credit card companies, utilities, etc. Last of all, you go to your hearing and afterwards mail out all of the notices you've compiled.

The night before my hearing was Cross-Port meeting night. I was so pumped up being with the girls at Cross-Port and having breakfast at Perkins with them, it felt like heaven. I really enjoy the nights I can spend with my sisters. What better way to get ready for a name change the next day. I didn't get to bed until 3am, slept three hours, then woke at 6am like usual. Court time sisters — 10am. Only four hours away!

What to wear? Who will the judge be? Will they be male, female, old, young...? I put on my face, styled my hair, and picked out an orange blouse to go with black jeans, flats and alligator belt. A touch of perfume and out the door I went.

I was scared to death that the judge would rule against me because I'm a transsexual. I kept worrying that I would get some elderly red-neck with an overabundance of moral obligation to stamp out what is wrong with society.

I got to the judge's office a little early. Even so, they ushered me right in to the judge's chambers. I got a little nervous as the judge was an elderly man, my worries jumping to the fore. The hearing was informal as I had no lawyer with me. Just me and the elderly judge in his office.

My fears soon vanished, however, as he proved to be pretty friendly (maybe he noticed that I seemed worried). All I really had to do was to swear an oath that the information on all the forms were true to the best of my knowledge and he then signed my petition

giving me my new name. Best of all, as he was showing me out, he smiled, shook my hand and said "Happy Birthday, Shelbi."

A Three Dollar Sex Change

by Dana

Yes, you heard me right — a three dollar sex change...!!! Now that I have your attention, let me tell you a true story...

This morning started out like any other morning. I had a basic plan for the day which, on the top of the list, was to establish a new post office box closer to my new home address. I have recently moved and thought I need a P.O. Box a lot closer to me than my old P.O. Box. After a short search for a "24 hour" post office close to me, I drove the three miles to this post office.

As I stood in line waiting for the next teller that was NOT a "clerk in training" I was wondering what kind of hassle this was going to be. As I approached the desk I told the clerk that I had just recently moved into this area and wanted to establish a new post office box here. She said "Sure, here fill this form out and come back to this window and I will get your paperwork started." I went to the nearest table and filled out the form she gave me. The form had fill in the blank stuff like your name, current address, date and stuff. After finishing the form, I returned to the clerk. She looked it over and said, "I need to see your driver's license." I thought to my self, "Oh shit... Not again. This is becoming a recurring problem and I really need to fix this."

I have presented my driver's

license in the past for various things. No one had caught on yet that the gender box had an "M" in it not an "F", but I figured that it is just a matter of time until I will be questioned about it. As I reached into my purse for my driver's license I explained to the clerk, "I haven't had my license changed to reflect my new address yet, do you still need to see it...?" She replied, "Yes, all I want to see is your driver's license number anyway." I handled this problem as I had in the past with no problem, merely by holding my thumb over the gender box so she could not see it, and showed her my license. She read off the number on it out loud and thanked me for my patience.

This was really no big deal, but I don't like to have to "hide" the gender box every time I get my ID checked. The fact of the matter is, that it DOES HAPPEN...!!! As I left the post office, I thought about my dilemma, and realized the obvious solution. My next stop was at the License Bureau.

Like most License Branches, I walked in and "took-a-number" and sat down. As my number was called, I approached the clerk and explained to this gentleman that I had recently moved to the Indianapolis area and decided that I needed to have my drivers license reflect my new address on it. He agreed, and proceeded to type in the appropriate information into his computer terminal to be able to process my request. I then told him, "Oh, by the way, there is another mistake on my license that has been there ever since I was sixteen years old." The clerks immediate response was, "A little house cleaning, huh...???" I didn't reply to that semi-funny statement, but as he brought my license closer to me so I could show him the mistake, I

just pointed to the gender box with my index finger by tapped it gently in the offending area. The nice gentleman looked at my license, then at me, and then at the computer terminal, and said, "You're right... I can fix that obvious mistake right here..." I thought to myself, ("Now, that sure was easy"). He finished typing in all of the information he needed to complete my license, and hit the "enter" key on his terminal.

Exactly at that point, the computer terminal started beeping "error" messages at him. Like , "BEEP - BEEP - BEEP - BEEP - BEEP". You know, good and loud error beeps...!!! He looked at his terminal screen, frowned and whispered as he read his terminal, "You can not change the applicant's last name, applicant's sex, applicant's age, or applicant's license number, unless there has been prior approval from the Indiana State Office building." At that point I knew I was in trouble...!!! I really did not know what to do next. I can usually figure out something in a dilemma like this and work around it, but this time I didn't know what to do.

The nice gentleman didn't know what to do next to be able to help me, so he asked the lady in the adjacent clerk station what to do about this apparent "computer error". She looked over the divider at his computer terminal screen, then she looked at me, then at my license. She then said, "Well, she is obviously NOT a man!" He then asked her, "So, then what do I do in this case?" She replied, "Well, ya gotta force it," (meaning, the computer). She then reached over the divider and hit a function key (either F1 or F2) on his terminal, and she walked away. The computer then began to process my NEW license. Wow... it worked...!!! I could

hardly believe it...!!! It actually worked...!!! Total cost of this "Trans"action, three dollars...!!!

Hiya girls...!!! If you get the IXE newsletter, you will notice that the June issue contains an article entitled "Three Dollar Sex Change" that is different than the version which appears here. As this article is an absolutely "TRUE" story, and because we DO currently send a monthly issue to our local police representative in Indianapolis, we did not want her (our police rep.) to "plug" this really neat loophole in our state driver's licensing system. I really do have an "F" in the gender box on my license now...!!! We thought we could "change it a little" to make it sound "un-true". I gave Shanon full editing rights to change the "true" article to what appeared in our newsletter. I don't know what Ohio's laws are now, but Good Luck girls...!!!

Earrings on Boys Latest Stud Factor

Pierced lobes not just
for girls

If last month's article wasn't enough to get you to go out and jab a hole in your earlobe(s), read this. It was written by Reon Carter and has been reprinted from the Cincinnati Enquirer. —Eds.

Two weeks ago 13-year-old Carlo Seta had his left ear pierced, and he swears he's leaped up a few notches on the coolness scale. "I definitely feel more with it now," crows the Anderson Township teen.

What black leather jackets were to guys in the '50s, an earring is to guys in the '90s. And more and more local guys are sporting the ornament, once

considered feminine, with their macho chests sticking out.

Carole Steigerward, assistant manager of the Earring Tree in Eastgate mall, says that during the past year she's noticed an increase in the number of males having their ears pierced. She estimates that about 25% of the store's clientele is male, many under the age of 18.

Antonio White, 15, and Larry Vaughn, 13, say they were inspired to get an earring by the opposite sex. "I think the girls have been pretty impressed with this so far," says Vaughn as he fingers the fake diamond he acquired three weeks ago. "Girls really think it's hip."

And if White's \$3 silver-plated stud puts a twinkle in girls' eyes, he grins at the prospect of what more earrings could mean. "I'm thinking about getting two holes in my other ear," he says pensively, "Though I'm not sure what my mama would say." Many stores where piercing is done require a parent to accompany children under 18 or a parent's signature on a permission slip. Much to their surprise, most of the boys say it was relatively simple to convince their parents.

Sharon Jackson was open to the idea when her son, 9-year old Ricardo, approached her about getting an earring. "I've always liked them on men," she says. "I told him if he kept his grades up and was diligent about its maintenance he could get one. When he asked, I wasn't surprised. He's a very fashion-conscious little boy. He's into style and keeping up with trends."

Though it appears that men in the mainstream just got the hankering for earrings recently,

that's not the *hole* story. Some anthropologists believe earrings and other jewelry may have predated clothing. It is assumed that wearing earrings began as early as the Stone Age, Anita Holmes notes in her book *Pierced & Pretty* (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, 1984).

She writes that most likely the first ornaments to be attached to the ear were made from bits of stone, wood, bone, shell and the like, perhaps as a way of affixing treasure to the body. In the Western world both high-ranking Inca and Mayan men and women wore earrings. And the men's styles were much more lavish. In Europe during the Renaissance, fashionable men wore a single pearl drop in one ear.

These days the popular styles range from the diamond or gold stud to the gold or silver hoop. Several holes in one ear to accommodate both is also catching on. And such high-profile male stars as Bruce Willis, Gregory

Hines, Arsenio Hall, Vanilla Ice, Mickey Rourke and Michael Jordan are proudly sporting earrings, and their young fans are taking the cue.

Unlike the funky haircut that's here today and grown out tomorrow, will youthful trendoids regret succumbing to the "earring thing" somewhere down the line? Though it's possible for the hole to close, the puncture mark left behind would be a permanent reminder.

Jackson doesn't believe her decision to let Ricardo wear an earring will hurt his image in the future. Some people still believe that a man's sexual preference is advertised by an earring — in the right ear to be exact. But Jackson believes that's a dying notion.

"A male with an earring doesn't carry the same connotation that it used to have," she says. "I teach my son to carry himself with dignity and intelligence. I hope that's what will count when he

goes on job interviews in the future."

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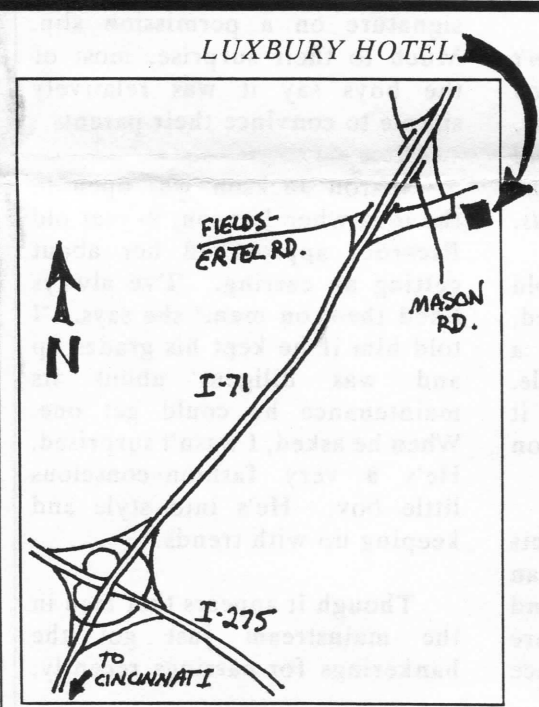
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Contributions of articles are welcomed but may be altered, with the author's intent retained, or may be rejected, whether solicited or not. Absolutely no sexually explicit material will be accepted or printed.

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



**CROSS-PORT WEEKENDERS
RESERVATION FORM - August 10, 1991, 6:00pm**

Fem Name _____

Mailing Name & Address _____

Will you be staying at the Luxbury? _____

Would you want to rent one the available Cross-Port beds for \$20.00? _____

Number of CD's reserving: _____ @ \$10.00

Number of SO's reserving: _____ @ \$5.00