
Cross-Port Inner View

P.O. Box 12701, Cincinnati, OH 45212-0701

The next meeting is May 16 at 8:00pm
The next Weekenders meeting is June 8 at 6:00pm

A New View

by Cathy

Another good meeting for the month of April, thirty-nine ladies and their friends showed up. We also had four wives attend, the most we've had at a single meeting in a while.

Welcome to Sandy and Tricia, Bruce, and Bobbi who came with Gail. All were first-timers. Hello again to Julia who came to her first meeting in four years. They always come back, and they're always welcome. JoAnne showed up with the new hair style she wrote about in last month's issue. It looked nice and seemed well worth the time and money she put into it.

There was a lot of scheming going on among the four girls who were there from Louisville — seems they were confabulating as to how they could get a group started up in that fine city. We've had six ladies from there contact us in the last year alone. Seems like that would be enough to start a group. *Cross-Port* started out with only six people.

If you've been around for the last couple of years, you know that May is IFGE month. *Cross-Port* donates all monies which come in during the month of May to IFGE. Last year we were able to give them a check for \$250 and we hope to be able to do the same this year. We still have some copies of Tapestry #54, #55, #56 and #57 which we will be selling at the May meeting, and we will have another of fabulous raffles at that meeting also. So bring a couple extra dollars to donate to a good cause.

If you are unable to attend, you may wish to consider mailing in a check for a couple dollars as a donation, or to order some raffle tickets through the mail. Our check to IFGE is presented to them at the Be-All banquet every year. Those of you who are going to Cleveland next month will be able to witness giving. It always makes me feel good that *Cross-Port* is able to do this, we are one of the few groups who can.

Yes, time is growing near for the Be-All (also known as the Convention You Don't Have To Fly To) in Cleveland. So far Laurie and I, Elaine, Belinda, Linda and Claudia are known to be going. That makes six, and I'm sure a few more will be going as well. Add in Dana and some of the girls from IXE and then Lana and some of the girls from the Crystal Club, and you've got a group of a dozen or so friends who will be there. Come up and join us. We still have some brochures which we will bring to the May meeting. It's not too late to register! Why do we push this event? It's simply the best time you'll have in a long time.

One last note — if you are going and still need a roommate, let us know. We'll try to hook you up with another *Cross-Port* girl who is in the same predicament.

We had our first *Weekenders* meeting last month and it went very well. Thanks a lot to the people at the hotel who set the room up very nicely with real cloth tablecloths on the tables, glasses, pitchers of ice water and coffee brewing. Put that together with the nice furnishings and we had a wonderful meeting place. The front desk even called up to see if there was anything else we needed.

In attendance were Laurie and myself, Jennifer, Belinda, Elaine, Stephanie, Tommie, and Jeaninne. Jamie came to her first meeting all the way from West Lafayette, Indiana. Not bad for a first meeting. We didn't really have anything specific planned, and we sat around and gossiped about everyone else in *Cross-Port* who did not show up.

No we didn't, that was a joke. We were, however, able to talk and get to know each other a lot better and become better friends. Laurie and I left about midnight, but some of the girls stayed up until after four. Tell me they weren't enjoying themselves.

For the May meeting we've talked Elaine into bringing her camcorder so we can actually see ourselves as others see us, and we'll have Linda's taped radio show escapades from her Denver trip. Another thing we'll be able to do is to bring the books that are in the *Cross-Port* library, something we really can't do at Christopher's.

Get your reservations in for the June meeting. Many of us will be up at the "Be-All" that weekend, so if you can't get up to that, come to the *Weekenders* meeting. You'll have a good time if you do.

Need a job? JoAnne has a line on several jobs which concern driving trucks, but don't require any special licensing. Pay is from \$6.50 to \$10.00 an hour. If you are interested, call JoAnne on the *Cross-Port* phone at 771-4933.

The *Cross-Port* phone is 771-4933. It has been pointed out to me that incorrectly printed it as a 772 number before. I repeat, the *Cross-Port* number is 513-771-4933.

GLMA (Gay/Lesbian March Activists) has announced their support of a boycott of the movie *Silence of the Lambs*. In their press release on the subject, they state:

Silence of the Lambs upholds the stereotype of gay people, crossdressers, and transsexuals as sick, murderous, and deserving violent punishment. The movie villain is a serial murderer who has killed his male lover, kills women, and whose dressing up in women's clothing is part of his murder ritual and psychosis.

The myth of the murderous transvestite seems to be a Hollywood staple, from Freebie And The Bean to Dressed to Kill to Silence of the Lambs, despite the fact that crossdressers are much more often victims of violence. There are no cases of crossdressing serial murders to our knowledge. Indeed, most crossdressers tend to be very pro-women — and heterosexual.

So it seems that there is one group out there that understands what we are about, thanks folks. *Cross-Port*, however, while letting our members know that there is a concerted effort going on to boycott the film, does not itself support a boycott. We feel that our members will use their own best judgement as to how they spend their time and money.

Cross-Port Finances

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

Balance as of the April Newsletter was: \$1872.52

April Expenses:

Phone Charges:	\$23.11
Envelopes & Stamps:	\$56.35
Printing Apr. Newsletter:	\$41.15
Weekenders Room Rental:	\$81.38
Weekenders Food:	\$40.62
Bank Charges:	\$ 2.50

Total Expenses: \$(245.11)

April Incomes:

Donations:	\$90.00
Weekenders Meeting Fees:	\$95.00
Newsletter Subscriptions:	\$36.00
Total Income:	<u>\$221.00</u>

Balance as of May 10: \$1,848.41

We also mailed out six intro packets this month.

Our Vote Counted

by Belinda

Many of you may have read Heather's plea a couple of issues back, to have a replacement *Cross-Port* representative for the GCGLC (Greater Cincinnati Gay and Lesbian Coalition) meetings. Saturday, April 6th, their meeting lasted two and a half hours; good thing two representatives from our group

showed up, Susan Lovelace and me. Early in the meeting Vice President Mike Chanak explained what it takes to be able to send a rep to the coalition: 1. that your group number at least five strong, 2. that you pay your annual dues, and 3. that representatives not miss more than three meetings in a row.

All of the other reps and officers introduced themselves and passed along their best wishes to Heather. Then onward to business. The treasurer provided a mini-ledger style photocopy which told a black and white flow chart of a story about the group's remarkable accountability for everything down to check numbers and bank interest figures. From there, the main issues were establishing a "trust agreement" through attorneys for funds they received for a Community Center. Also discussed was General Liability insurance for parades and events and bond insurance again related to fund raising.

In short, the coalition is a big deal and I understood quickly why Heather so passionately called for someone to carry on as Cross-Port representative. The outreach attempts of the gay/lesbian community closely mirror our own (though their scale is much larger). In its simplest sense, the coalition lends a hand to those lending a hand. Groups such as Integrity, Dignity and Out Front all share with us their attempt to reach the one individual who may feel alone, confused, or worse concerning his or her lifestyle and all threats or harassment aimed toward it, real or imagined.

Pride week is in June, and much of the less structured talk of the meeting revolved around this upcoming event. Also, Alternating Currents is in crisis because Mike LLOYD is resigning as the producing force behind it. If you have spare Saturday hours and want to support one of the oldest radio programs of its kind in the country, Mike Lloyd and Mike Chanak will arrange to get you the training you need to help out with the details of radio production. Talk to me at the meeting if you are interested.

The Makeup Counter

by Cathy

It was a Thursday; a rather rainy, I don't care day; and that feeling was compounded by my only getting three hours sleep the night before. I felt kind of light-headed from squinting at a computer terminal all morning after the previous evening's revelry.

I was walking through Tri-County Mall on my lunch hour, just checking things out; like white cotton dresses covered with multi-colored print flowers, and pale pick chiffon prom dresses scattered with sequins. I felt really drab in comparison in my gray pinstripes, white shirt and maroon tie. Ah, such is often the life when one dresses for "success".

Walking past the makeup counters in Lazarus, I watched the women working there talking, and wondered why there were no customers for all of the wonderful products tucked so safely behind the glass. Suddenly, a Voice crept unbidden from the back of my brain "You've run out of under eye concealer." it whispered. "I can't shop for makeup today," I answered it. "I'm just not dressed for it." The Voice replied "You have horrible circles under your eyes from being out last night. Just explain it to them."

A old saying goes "You can live an entire lifetime without lying, but try and go one day without a rationalization." The Voice had me and knew it. I walked up to the nearest counter behind which two women were chatting. They looked up and asked me if they could help me. "I have trouble sleeping and get these bruised-looking spots beneath my eyes" I explained, pointing to said bruised-looking spots. "My wife advised me to come here. Do you have anything which will cover them and not make me look like I'm wearing makeup?"

They exchanged a couple dozen hurried sentences in just a few seconds and popped up with a handful of various cremes, gels, etc. A few questions about the amount of sun I got in the summer, did I have any allergies and whatnot reduced the handful down to two — a moisturizing concealer and an eye rescue gel to reduce puffiness. One of the ladies came out from behind the counter, sat me down in front of a mirror and showed me how to apply these mystical potions from the far regions of Feminine Wiles.

The products worked very well, reducing me from looking like I had been hit by a baseball bat to looking merely bleary eyed. The company of the two salespeople was also pleasant — the were *good* at what they did. They kept up a light banter about work, stress and such stuff, winding up with "How would you like to pay for these, sir?" I whipped out the old plastic, suddenly realizing that at no time during the last five minutes had anyone even remotely approached any subject as gauche as prices. Seconds later I was appropriately rewarded with a small bag containing two very small boxes, and a bill for almost \$35.00. ("Acck! Thank goodness Laurie is under-

standing!" I muttered under my breath, all the time hoping that it was true.)

Only one thing left to do now, "You probably don't get very many guys who buy makeup for themselves" I stated-queried. The answer which came back was "No we don't, and it's too bad. We have so many products which could really help men if they just gave us a chance." Good answer. Bidding them good day, I made my way back to my car to better inspect what I had purchased. I was pretty pleased with the whole episode. Even though it was not cheap, the quality of attention made me feel good, and the products (made by Germaine Monteil) really work as demonstrated. Telling Laurie later, she said that she gets the same feeling after a trip to a good beauty salon. She also said she didn't mind my extravagant purchase, but advised me to stay out of the mall unless I was well rested.

Book Review

by JoAnne

Color Me Beautiful, Makeup Book by Carole Jackson

Makeup Magic - It works, but how does it work for ME ???

Carole Jackson, in *Color Me Beautiful, Makeup Book*, has taken the mystery out of how to use makeup. She starts by helping you identify if you are a Winter, Spring, Summer or Fall color group girl. Knowing your "season" allows you to choose colors from "your" palette that will most flatter you. She could have used A, B, C, D to classify the four categories, but I feel better thinking of myself as a "Spring" rather than a "B".

The book has some photographs of girls/women with no makeup, with the wrong color choice, and then the right "Season" selection makeup colors. The difference is as remarkable as any before and after photo you've ever seen. The essence of knowing your "Season" is that what looks good on one girl will not necessarily look good on you.

Besides color, Carole explains the tools (brushes, sponges, etc.) and the basics of makeup so you know what to choose and how to use it. She advises going to a department store and sampling the different varieties of makeup. I didn't do that, but armed with my new found knowledge, I have been better able to select makeup that suits me.

Probably the biggest advantage of the book is the practical application guide. We all know that eye makeup goes on the eyes, but what is the proper use of a highlighter, a contour and a shadow? Does the blush go over, under or on the cheek? And what difference does it make, anyway? The graphic displays answer these and a hundred other questions we could never resolve by experimenting. Since this book is not written for TV's, it doesn't address our specific problems. You will have to experiment in that category.

"Color Me Beautiful" is also a mail-order and makeup company similar to Avon. I ordered a basic variety of items to try out. I've never been satisfied with the way makeup looked on me, but since reading the book and trying my new colors, I am a lot less dissatisfied (satisfied would be looking like a *Playboy* centerfold; but, that's only possible in my dreams).

The book should be available at your local mall book store. If not, write or call: Carole Jackson, P O Box 3241, Falls Church, VA 22043, (703) 560-7111.

LOVE,
JoAnne

Spring Short Cuts

by Mary Beth Crocker

Reprinted from the Cincinnati Enquirer

Take a second look at spring coats, and you'll notice that they've been shortened and injected with style.

The classic trench coat has a short hem and swing skirt. And while the coat may or may not have epaulets or flaps, it *always* is belted taut at the waist.

Straight lined coats have hoods and big buttons and resemble parkas.

Swing styles (like the A-line or trapeze shape) come in vivid colors and often are color blocked.

Some coats repel rain; some don't. In either case, the length is always *above* the knee.

"Short coats are the only thing going, really. They look new," says Jack Lipman, president of Drizzle, a company specializing in raincoats.

"The short coat is gaining in importance," agrees Charlotte Neuville, a woman's clothing designer. "It gives such youthfulness to women."

Another reason the coats look fresh: fabrics. Synthetics such as microfibers (made of nylon or polyester), rubber and shiny vinyl are being used.

Eleanor P Brenner shows a white polyurethane parka over walking shorts.

Shiny black patent is used by Carmelo Pomodoro for his short reversible raincoats. Also look for his brass-colored, rubber coats.

White patent leather is used by Michael Kors for his straight-lined coat fastened with toggles, and Neuville, whose short trench is swingy.

Marc Jacobs, who designs for Perry Ellis, trims clear vinyl raincoats with colorful edging and suggests they be worn for evening.

Crisp cotton poplin and water repellent gabardine aren't new, but they look like it when they're cut into short flippy trenches. Even London Fog, a company recognized for traditional-style coats is making short poplin trenches and swing coats.

Glistening white is the favorite, followed by black and bright taxi-cab yellow. For evening, fabrics range from gold, silver and pewter metallics to silk, which Donna Karan uses for short, swing trench coats.

"I find there's just as much versatility to a short coat as a long one," says Neuville, who has been wearing a short coat since last fall. "I wear it on the weekends with my jeans. I've worn it to work, then, out in the evening."

Look for short coats this fall, too, including swing coats, parkas and — yes — trench coats.

Dos and Don'ts

Don't wear a short coat over a long dress or skirt — the two aren't compatible.

Do wear swing coats (also called trapeze or tent coats) over short skirts, slim denim jeans and slender-legged pants (including leggings and stirrup pants).

Don't wear swing coats over wide legged trousers.

Do wear either flat shoes or high heels with short coats.

Do add pizzazz to a short coat by wearing an interesting pin, or a silk or chiffon scarf.

Petites, wear almost any style but make sure the fit is proportioned to your figure.

Short heavy women, don't wear tent-style coats (they often make a woman look larger); stick with simple straight lines.

Tall large women, wear a raglan-sleeved trapeze coat or a straight coat (the latter will hide major torso problems).

From Our Readers

Dearest Sisters,

Hello and Happy Mothers Day to all of you.

I'm just writing to say Thank You to Cross-Port and the Wonderful girls who have been of great help to me in my time of need.

Without your support and encouragement I would probably still be in hiding and not know very much about my True self.

I especially want to thank Cathy and those sisters in charge of making decisions about Cross-Port. Thank you very much.

I am down to under two years (607 days to be exact), and am looking forward to being able to attend the various meetings, as well as help others as much as I have been helped.

I am especially looking forward to the time when I can come out into the world as the girl I feel I am inside.

Since taking that first crucial step and contacting others like myself, I've been able to make many friends, as well as learn more about the person waiting to be let out.

I have contacted various support groups and am able to receive the newsletters while here (thanks to the care and concern of very special friends who only know me through my letters.

I am also able to receive a story/publication once in a while thanks to a Very Dear and Special friend who I first opened my life to, as well as a few others. Thank you ALL!

Well girls, I must close so that I can mail this out, but will write again soon. Take care and Best Wishes to all.

We are withholding this sister's name because she is currently incarcerated and did not give us specific permission to print her letter. We wish to safeguard the privacy of all who contact us. Cross-Port has made it a policy to send newsletters free of charge to those who are in prison as long as they remain there. —Eds.

Here is something we have never done before, and we're not positive we should do it. (Again with the privacy issue.) Hopefully it won't force Stevie to change her phone number, so here goes:

Needed: Roommate to share a three room apartment with a TS in the Dayton area. Fully equiped kitchen, Shower/Tub, wall-to-wall carpet, A/C, off street parking and pool. Can convert living room into a bedroom. Wish to split rent, phone and electric. Phone Stevie at 293-7926.

Calendar of Events			
5/16	Cross-Port	Meeting	Monroe
5/17	Trans-WV	Meeting	Huntington
5/25	Crystal Club	Meeting	Columbus
6/5 - 6/9	Be All You Can Be	Convention	Cleveland
6/6	IXE	Meeting	Indianapolis
6/8	Cross-Port Weekenders	Meeting	Cincinnati
6/15	Trans-WV	Meeting	Huntington
6/20	Cross-Port	Meeting	Monroe
6/22	Crystal Club	Meeting	Columbus

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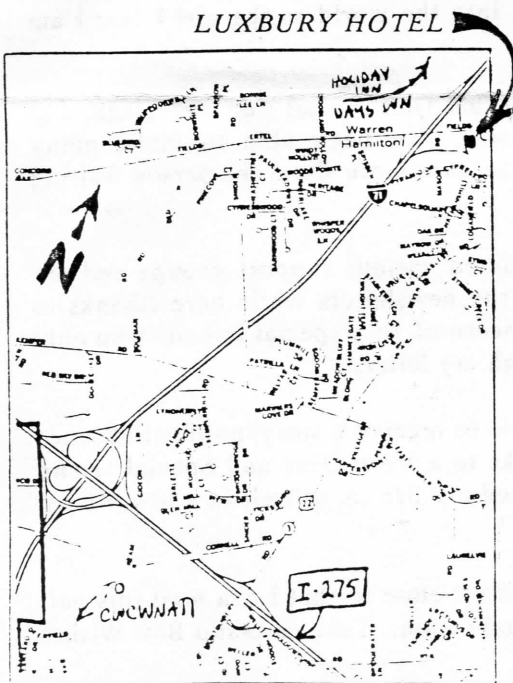
InnerView is a monthly publication of Cross-Port for its members and friends. Subscription dues are \$18.00 per year payable in January of each year. It is our goal to support the TV, TS and Gay communities and in return we need your support.

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The opinions or statements contained in InnerView are those of its authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of Cross-Port.

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 - June 8, 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

Total amount enclosed: _____
(Please make checks payable to Cross-Port)

I recently returned from Denver where I attended the 5th annual IFGE Convention, so I'll let you in on what you missed.

Each year the convention seems to include a few new programs, that we haven't had in the past. In past years, we have had many programs for transvestites, transsexuals, and professionals. This year the TS program for the M-F lasted three full days. The TS program for F-M and the Mental Health Professional programs both lasted two days, as well as the new Wives and Partners Program. Also this year for the first time we offered two free programs to the general public. I could go on & on about how great the convention was, but I'm sure you would rather hear about Linda's adventures, so I'll change the nature of this article.

Well Tuesday morning arrived, and it was soon time to get dressed for the big plane ride. I dressed very conservative with sensible heels, only one thick coat of makeup, and 2" red nails. I stuffed my usual 200 lb. of clothing into one gigantic suitcase and off I went. As I boarded the plane I noticed the plane was only 1/4 full. I thought, how boring, as I sat down. One minute later, someone taps me on the shoulder and says, "Linda". To my surprise, there was Jane Fee from CLCC. Let's just say we partied with the flight attendants in the back of the plane and had a great time.

Once at the airport, Jane said she had a pass to the frequent flyers lounge, so off we went for a drink. And there we were, two sexy females in a room full of business men who haven't had sex for weeks. So of course we sat in the middle and demurely crossed our legs. We acted like we were so involved in conversation, that we didn't notice that our skirts inched up everytime we moved. We pretended that we didn't notice the piercing glances and the drool spots on their newspapers. After a few drinks, we headed off to the hotel in the shuttle. During the ride, we made sure we used our Minnie Mouse voices so

the other passengers would not suspect that we might not be real.

For me, the first night was very exciting, because I was one of the girls on the panel that spoke before the public. I could tell, that much of the audience were closet crossdressers. I guess it was the sunglasses that gave them away. But anyway, it looked like we had a real good crowd as we got started. We wanted the group to feel relaxed, so we started off slow. Then Channel 4 came into the room, and Eve said, "If you're afraid of being on the evening news, you might want to sit in the back of the room." She might as well have yelled, "FIRE", because everyone got up and ran out the door. Of course we ran after them yelling, "WAIT, DON'T GO". We caught many, but some did get away. The rest of the two hours went very well, and we repeated the presentation on Friday night.

Wednesday and Thursday were mostly committee meetings for this girl. But Thursday evening did bring on some excitement. I grabbed 5 other girls, and convinced them we should go to downtown Denver, and blend in with the straight crowd. Of course some were a little frightened, but I assured them that if you just hold your head high, and walk with confidence, we probably won't be read. Well.....we did make it to the front door. (about 20 yards)

The good news was, that it was ladies night. The bad, was that this was a salt & peper bar. Within seconds, every black male (thats all there were), knew that six extra tall white chicks just walked in the door. In one respect we fit in, all the girls were white. On the other hand, we fooled no one, so that meant that we were white boys in drag. A different feeling, I might add.

We must have been intimidating, because as we walked, the crowd parted like Moses parting the Dead Sea. After the initial shock wore off, most didn't pay us much attention, well except the big drunk dude that kept sticking his face in front of me and repeating, "What you all dressed like bitches for"

An hour later, a slow song came on,

and as the black guys started to get romantic, they all started to seek out a partner. A nice looking tall guy ask me to dance. I said I would love to, but I was curious if he just came into the bar. He said, "How did you know that". "Because," I said, "You are the only guy in the whole place that thinks we are real girls.".....So much for that dance.

The only other excitement came, while most of us were dancing, the last girl at our table got up for a drink, and hid the purses under the table. While dancing, Nancy looks over and sees the purses missing and screams, "We've been robbed." The police at the door rush over to our aid, the music stops, and everyone looks.....Some days it just doesn't pay to try to fit in.

Friday, I was invited to do a local radio show, or so I thought. Nancy Cole, Alona, and myself had the honors. Upon arriving, I couldn't help notice that all the employees were young women about 20-25. We sat on the couch under a large cross. I asked what the cross was for, and why were there pictures of this same guy plastered on all the walls. "Well", she said, "Don't you know? This is the home of Bob Larson Ministries, your going to be on Bob's show. It's syndicated to over 200 stations through out the world." (I immediately started to look for the hidden camera.)

We were about to engulf on two of the most unreal hours of my life. To start, this Bob guy was like the Morton Downing Jr. of radio. He kept calling us fairies and telling us we were on the path to Hell. Alona kept arguing with him about what the Bible says, & Nancy tried to reason with him the best she could. I on the other hand, saw this as a joke, so I just acted cute, and got him cooking. After cursing and damning us, he would do these pleas to his listeners, to try to raise money so he could help people like us. He always asked for \$100, \$500, or \$1000. He not only knew how to make money on the radio, but he sold books, tapes, and anything else someone was stupid enough to buy. Looks who's talking, we were stupid enough to stay the whole 2 hours.

I do have a tape of that show. Maybe I'll bring it to the Saturday meeting.

Friday night I went out to dinner with a friend from Denver to a really great restaurant. I made him drive me around town, since he drove a Corvette, and I got to wave to everyone.

One session I went to all afternoon, was presented by Dr. Biber, the famous sex change doctor. He showed slides of the actual operation, and the results of other plastic surgery he's performed. He calls the girls he works on, his Biber Babies. After the SRS, they're called Biber's Dolls, of which there were 5 or 6 in the room. I also found out that Biber is German for beaver. So I guess you could call him Doctor Beaver.

Saturday night was the Grand Ball. This by far was the best I've ever been to. In fact everything was perfect until they gave out the Virginia Prince Award, and the speech that followed put everyone to sleep. But overall, it was very enjoyable.

Sunday, was a buffet breakfast, that followed with a long Board of Directors meeting. Immediately following, I took off for the airport, and the trip home. Just like two years ago, I couldn't get through the metal detector at the airport. But this time, instead of the strip search, I was taken by some female guards off to the side where they used a hand held detector.

I started a conversation with a girl that sat next to me on the plane about 2 hours into the flight. She said she had no idea, but she was wondering why I was reading gender related papers. She was very nice and we talked the rest of the flight. I switched planes in Atlanta, with my confidence at a high point.

The lady who I'd soon sit by, seen me coming down the aisle, and you should have heard her gasp, as I sat next to her. She was shaking with fear. I spoke a few words, and she yells, "You people can live anyway you want, but why must you feel compelled to push your life-style on normal people.".....Believe it or not, by the time we landed, we actually were friends..... I think?