

# Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 12701, Cincinnati, OH 45212

The next meeting is May 21 at 8:00pm

## A New View

By Elaine

Well Ladies we had a very good meeting last month with 30 ladies in attendance with two new ladies. Welcome to Lisa and Nickey we hope you had a good time, and hope to see you again in the future. Welcome back to Jackie and Lisha returning after a long absence.

August was a busy month for me as I went to two birthday parties at the dock for Stanley on of the members of the Barony. These were a lot of fun because we got to meet a lot of people from all over the country who had come in for the Cincinnati Coronation because there is normally not a lot of time to talk to them and they are a very interesting bunch to say the least.

I also went to dinner at the Omni Netherlands hotel. We had a Coronation there as well congratulations to Wayne and Kate the new reigning Emperor and Empress of the Cincinnati Empire. We then had a Barony meeting. As always Joyce and I go to all of the events dressed. It wouldn't be as

fun any other way and besides most of the people in the Barony would not recognize us.

I also went to London, Ontario to the Coronation of the Barony of London, Ontario. It was a very exciting event as it is a very large Barony that does not want to be a Empire. I drove up in drab with Bob the Baron of our Barony. We got there at 2:30 in the morning and the party was still going strong most of the people did not recognize me as I was still in disguise as Allen. Everyone was very friendly and treated me very well. The next day we got up and went to the hospitality suite and meet our tour guide Bert. Bob and I got a tour of London our tour guide Beat was very Knowledgeable of the town of London. I probably did not mention this was a walking tour and me with no flats. So I did the whole tour in three inch heels as they were the lowest I brought with me. We did some window shopping at the mall. I was surprised at how high the prices were on everything especially cigarettes and alcohol a carton of American cigarettes is sixty dollars. We had coffee at the mall which was the center of social life in the

town.

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## Baron's Article

By Bob

Hi Girls, this is the Baron speaking.

What a month we have just finished! The Barony is rolling right along. Twelve of us attend the Cincinnati Coronation Ball. Six of the twelve were cross-dressers. We made our entry with the Lexington Court which is our Mother Court. Only the Emperor and Empress attended from Lexington. All of our girls were very chic in their finery. (Jill please note: a lady always carries a sewing kit for emergency dress repairs. Ha!). I am very proud of our glamorous girls: Joyce, Elaine, Belinda (such a sexpot at the coronation), Jill, Linda, and Christine. They certainly did the Barony and CrossPort proud with their poise, their beautiful gowns, and, above all, their "Lady-like" behavior. A huge bouquet to them all.

On Sunday after the Coronation,

several of us went to the Dock nightclub at 1PM. The Dock served Bloody Marys and bagels to all out of town visitors in the Barony's name free of charge to us. Girls, we had six Empresses and five emperors as our guests. Frankly, we were all very surprised and pleased with the number of people who came. Thank you very much Rob Coreman (Dock owner) and crew who made all this possible. Hugs and kisses to our own Wizard, Stanley for a great bartending job.

On August 10th, Wizard Stanley's friends gave him a birthday party at the Dock to which we were all invited. Joyce, Elaine, Rick and I attended (and of course, the Birthday Boy). Later, visiting cross-dresser, Jamie (from Chicago) and friend, Kelli (from Huntington) joined us in time for a great "Drag" Show hosted by our own Dutchess, Candi Kane (Lady-In-Waiting to Baroness Joyce). It was a fast moving,entertaining program. After the show you should have seen all of us on the disco floor, dancing our "fool heads off".

Oh yes, after the Coronation Ball, several of our girls, the Baron, and Lord Richard were seen "disco-ing" at the Ball Park (Cincinnati's newest Gay Club). [Twice in one week? Really People!] Also, The Dock gave Wizard Stanley yet another Birthday Party Friday, August 14th. Several of us attended that party, too. (Are we becoming party animals or what?)

On August 28th Elaine and I headed to the Barony Coronation Ball in London, Ontario, Canada. We arrived in tie to have some fun in the Hospitality Room Friday

night. Saturday, August 29th, the Barony furnished us with a personal guide to downtown London. What a hunk! But, he only had eyes for Elaine!

We had a very nice walking tour. We saw many "antique" buildings preserved as new businesses (such as the Armory Hilton Hotel).London also has many new up-to-date buildings. We met several people who made us feel very welcome. We even did a bit of shopping! Of course, Elaine was in dress (Actually a very "mini" white shirt and three inch heels)! We received A LOT of attention -- none of it bad.

The Coronation Ball was fabulous and fast moving. Elaine and I made our entrance with the Lexington Court. After the Ball, Elaine had to get her beauty sleep, but I stayed in the Hospitality Suite until 3 AM. We had a nice trip home with smoke breaks every 30 or 40 minutes.

We still want all of you to join us in the future in our fun, fellowship and work as we raise money for St. Elizabeth Hospice and other charities.

That's about it for now -- Have Fun.

Baron Von Munzhausen

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## Form-alism

By Bobbi L.

It seems to me that, next to the proper wig, a girl's principal concern is for a realistic bosom.

The things we have stuffed in our brassieres have a varied, and sometimes risky, history. Tissues, foam pads, water-filled balloons, pouches of birdseed, and many more have been tried in an attempt to duplicate those wonderful, curvy,bouncy globes which come naturally to our envied gender. There are available realistic, yet pricey substitutes targeted toward those GG's who may wish to enhance existing, or replace lost breasts, but those are too often beyond our budgets. Oh, how we envy Elaine's good fortune in finding her "Mirage", nearly natural, breast forms. or, how we admire Cathy's supportive S.O., Laurie, helping her to acquire those bargain priced "Marges." But for most of us girl's we have had to be satisfied with less expensive, and thus, less realistic "stuffing." That is, until I heard of a "do-it-yourself," gel-filled mastectomy insert kit from Chevalier Femme Store in Tulare, California.

I first learned of these inserts from a "sister" in Athens, GA with whom I was corresponding. She told me that she had purchased a pair, had "assembled" and tinted them, and found them to be the most satisfying "falsies" she had ever had (and she claimed to have had quite a few). The real bonus, she said, was that the inserts and the kit to make and fill them with gel, cost under \$40.00. I was impressed. So, I mailed for a pair and in about four weeks received a small box containing two clear vinyl forms, two small bottles of ingredients, a set of instructions, and several hundred styrofoam "peanuts" (the peanuts were only packing material, not a part of the kit).

The instructions indicated that assembling the forms would be a "two day" process. The first step was to pour the bottle containing a white powder into a container, add a few ounces of water, stir, then allow the mix to sit overnight. This produced the "base" for the "jelly". the next step was to find something with which to "inject" the jelly into each form. As the opening to each form is less than a eighth of an inch wide, a set of mustard/ketchup dispensers, or a large hypodermic syringe, was recommended (don't use a hypo with a needle, however, one doesn't want to puncture her new tits before she even wears them). I chose to use a ketchup dispenser, cheap and readily available. I did have to "shave" the tip in order to make it fit into the insert but, once done, it fit beautifully.

The following day I mixed the second bottle, containing a clear liquid, with a small amount of water and some liquid foundation for flesh-like color. The instructions caution that the clear liquid be evenly divided into two portions so that each insert produces the same amount of gel. Now I was ready for the assembly process.

First, I measured and filled each insert with the jelly base which had been sitting overnight. Then, using the other dispenser (as soon as the liquid and the base contact, the jelly begins to turn into the gel, so "clean" containers must be used for each step) I placed equal amounts of clear liquid into each form. Then I kneaded the forms to thoroughly mix the two ingredients. Once done, the final step is to add equal amounts of fresh water to

bring each form to the proper and desired size. I found the recommendations in this area vague and I suggested that one underestimate the amount needed. It is easier to add water to each form than to attempt to extract gel through that tiny opening.

The difficulty in extracting gel is a design feature of each insert. Not only does the opening seal with a tiny "zip-lok" strip, but each form has a security flap inside which seals the opening when the gel exerts pressure. The form also has an underarm extension where the gel flows when pressure is applied to the insert (according to the directions, this allows the user to lie on her belly and sleep while wearing these forms. This I have not tried).

Another design feature is the nature of the materials themselves. The vinyl insert is a non-stretch plastic. Should the integrity of the vinyl wall be breached, the form will not explode as would a balloon. Too, the gel is of such consistency that if a puncture occurs, the contents will slowly "ooze" and not produce a "CD's tsunami!"

A final suggestion in the instructions recommends that the inserts be anchored in each bra cup by sewing a piece of fabric on the frame of the cup, creating a pocket to hold the form. I did not follow that suggestion. Rather, I switched to a sturdier, underwire bra with stretch-lace cups and stretch straps. So far, this has adequately supported the weightier forms AND produced a very realistic "jiggle". Also, I covered each form with a section of nylon hosiery to prevent the vinyl from sticking to

my shaved chest.

As my friend in Georgia predicted, I am extremely happy with my new "breasts". Although I would much rather have sculptured, near-natural Mirage-style forms, for the money and the effort, the form kit from Chevalier has brought me much satisfaction.

For ordering information write:

Chevalier Publications  
P. O. Box 194  
Tulare, CA 93275

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## Grand Baby Grand

By Belinda

Somehow the greatest rock and roll spectacle on the planet wheeled in and out of Cincinnati on an August Thursday night, completely unnoticed by the local press and media. The concert failed to sell out, also. Still, my enjoyment of Emerson, Lake and Palmer may have been dampened if Cincinnati inexplicably developed a fervent, frothy fanaticism that brought four nights of sold out shows before people wearing baby grand pianos on their heads.

Let's back up to Spring 1977 when the British art rock triumvirate was barnstorming North America with a 100 piece orchestra. They had an album out entitled Works and by that summer I'd worn out side 2 of it, the one featuring Greg Lake. He sings five different romantic serenades, C'est La Vie the most famous among them. I liked Lend Your Love to



Me Tonight, the one he starts out A Capella. To this day it can still send tingles down to my toes.

All the album pictures of the band through the '70s show them in the shag hairstyles of the day, with suede blazers and shirts opened to reveal toned muscle lines. Or in Carl Palmer's case, tank shirts and martial arts costumes. It would be interesting to witness the way they adapted to the Family Values decade.

After waiting through the galvanized screechings of Heavy Metal Wannabes Bonham, Allen and I would find out. The three Britons hit the stage with Karn Evil 9, Impression 2, the rock and roll anthem which begins "Welcome Back my Friends to the Show that Never Ends." They continued on with Tarkus and Knife Edge, which Allen said was "music to get stoned by," during his college years.

I noticed an unfamiliar (and dissappointing) raspy edge to Greg Lake's voice. Before long it was obvious: all of the crowd were fans from way back, they knew all the lyrics, and they sang along to such fantastical and macabre lines as "Tread the road cross the abyss, take a look down at the madness; on the streets of the city, own respectors still take pity, patient cues for the gallows, sing the praises of the hallowed."

Keith Emerson and Carl Palmer still looked the way they did on the Trilogy and Works Volume II album covers. Greg Lake had cut his hair corporate short length and had gained weight. He looked like the Beaver. I felt a

little dissappointed because after feeling all warm and glowy as a teenager while listening to him sing I realized one important fact: His voice and British mistrel manner touched the woman in me. Over all those years I'd dreamed up a vision of him as a glamorous romeo. Yet, while I listened to him sing From the Beginning I still felt all warm and glowy.

At the concert men outnumbered women three to one, without any teenyboppers and hardly any twentysomethings in sight. This is a direct reflection on the following the band gained in their glory years, when toward the end of the seventies Playboy magazine twice voted Keith Emerson top keyboard player of the year and Carl Palmer top drummer. I learned that with so few women around the ones that were would bond in little epiphanies with each other. For example this young lady that sat in front of us with her boyfriend and three other of his buddies. Just before the show he was discoursing with a few other ELP fans about the band's history. He was standing out in the aisle. At one point his girl turned around, glanced at me, glanced up at him, said "Yak, yak, yak, yak," looked at me and chuckled and then settled back into her seat.

Some nice surprises included the refined and understated way the band played and the way the concerts arrangements faithfully reproduced the originals. When they played Lucky Man they used the whole band and the synthesizer riffs straight from the studio when in the past it had always been an acoustical number from Greg Lake.

Keith Emerson would smile out at the audience, non-chalantly flutter out a keyboard riff, and shrug his shoulders. He also brought out a fresh piano concerto solo that provided a break from the rock and rolling tunes surrounding it. Finally, the concert was a visual treat, as well with a screen showing images of pirate ships and Greek pillars behind them as well as iconoclastic explosions. They also figured out a way to send halo shaped spotlight beams into the crowd, which immediately brought to mind my favorite ELP lyric "While St. Peter's thieves debate."

Among all my friends I joked that ELP came to town to play for me. Certainly our seats were private enough, about a basketball court's distance from the center stage. When I told a friend of mine I was going to see Emerson, Lake, and Palmer, she thought I meant "The guy who has all those slicked back, white faced, red lipped curvy ladies in little black dresses behind him." In a way then, I don't mind they came in and out of town without a fanfare like much of the music they play.

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## Where's Cathy?

By Cathy

August 20, 1992 came and went and I was surprised that the world didn't end. You see, for the first time in over four and one half years, I missed a *Cross-Port* meeting. Yes, it is true that since attending my first meeting in November, 1987 I had not missed



a single meeting. That's a long time! In one sense it doesn't seem that it has been that long, but in another sense my entire life has changed in those few years. Those changes have been dramatic. Many of you have seen evidences of those changes and I am still grappling with some of their aspects. This article attempts to explain to you (and also to me) what has happened since I came to my first *Cross-Port* meeting.

When I got married in 1979, I had not told Laurie, my wife, that I was a cross-dresser. At the time, cross-dressing was not a part of my life and I did not *consider* myself a cross-dresser. I had dressed occasionally through junior and senior high school, but it was always in private and always with clothing borrowed from a family member — I never owned anything for myself. During the four years I spent in college between high school and marriage had I lived with four guys and had never dressed at all.

My cross-dressing began again after I had been married three years. Laurie worked an evening shift and once a week or so I found myself borrowing some of her clothes and make-up and dressing up for several hours before she came home. She always thought that I had freshly showered because of some particularly dirty house remodeling work!

I dressed on the sly like that for two years. That was when my parents decided to get a divorce after thirty-two years of marriage. That was a shock. It made me decide to tell my wife the one secret I had kept from her. For her

it was almost as big a shock as my parents' divorce. She was *NOT* a happy camper over this revelation, but she recognized that it seemed to be something that I had to do in order to maintain a sense of balance in my everyday life. For two years she tolerated my cross-dressing (just barely) as long as I didn't attempt to involve her in it.

Then the big event happened. While listening to an afternoon talk show in the summer of 1987, I heard an interview with a cross-dresser named Heather. Heather lived in Cincinnati as I did and was also the founder of a *group* of cross-dressers which met regularly in Cincinnati. I was not alone!

I had written the *Cross-Port* address down on a scrap of paper during the interview. After some soul searching I mentioned the group to Laurie and told her that I wanted to contact them. She agreed to my proposal and I wrote a three page letter to Heather with a whole slew of questions. Two weeks later I got a packet in the mail — pretty much the same one which is mailed out today. Every question I had asked had been answered by this packet. Obviously they had gotten these questions before.

It was three months before I made up my mind to go to a meeting. Laurie was going to be out of town with a girl friend that evening, so she agreed that it would be a good night for me to go. I called Heather and got directions to a place called *Christopher's Lounge* in Monroe. I had intended to go as my male self, but at the last minute decided to go as Cathy. That was the first time I had ever given my female self a name.

The *Cross-Port* meeting that night was the most exciting night I could ever remember. In retrospect it seemed just like *Cinderella*. The people I met

that night paid a lot of attention to me and paid me a great many compliments. It was an experience which made me bounce off the walls and ceiling with good feelings. When Laurie came home, my enthusiasm hit her like a tidal wave. After eight years of marriage, she had never seen like this. It made her determine to come to the next *Cross-Port* meeting to find out what all the hoo-hah was about.

*Cross-Port* changed Laurie too. From a partner who didn't want to be involved in cross-dressing, she evolved into the most supportive and understanding wife I have ever met in the community. She has continued to come to *Cross-Port* meetings. Cathy was incorporated into our everyday relationship, and we developed quite a few good friendships with people from *Cross-Port* which also have carried over into our everyday lives.

Cathy continued to grow as a person, developing her own personality and becoming a more three dimensional being. Going to conventions where Cathy had a chance to exist continuously for several days at a time really helped with this. I borrowed things from others and from myself to fill in some of the empty parts — traits I saw as positive in others and needs, wants and feelings that I had hidden deep within myself for protection. In many ways Cathy became everything I was not able to be myself.

As time went on, I started learning from Cathy. Cathy was able to move easily in a social setting while I was not so I "borrowed" that ability from her. I began borrowing other things as well — the ability to be have hurt feelings and to cry — the ability to be nurturing — the ability to be open and to talk about what I wanted and needed from life. As it turns out, the more I borrowed from Cathy, the more Cathy and I have become alike. Cathy has helped me improve my self esteem, which has allowed me to improve my relationship with Laurie, which has

allowed me to improve my position at work, which has allowed me to improve my relationship with my father, on and on.

Those of you who know me have remarked on the fact that I have been coming to the meetings as myself, not as Cathy. This is not true. While I have not been coming to the meetings dressed, I *have* been coming as Cathy. Before Cathy, I was only half a person. Cathy was only half a person. The two of us have joined as a single, complete individual. It's hard to explain — like discovering a higher plane of existence. I'm so high on being *myself* that I find that I no longer have a *need* to dress, so I only dress when I *want* to dress. Truth is, I haven't really wanted to lately — being myself feels too good right now.

Does this mean the Cathy that everyone has come to know and love is gone? I don't think so. Laurie says it would be a waste if she disappeared completely. I still consider myself a cross-dresser, so I suspect Cathy will still put in an appearance every now and then. As of this article our joining is not a seamless happening. There are still some of life's rough spots which I have trouble dealing with. When those issues rear their ugly heads, Cathy will probably come to my rescue as she has in the past.

Don't get the wrong idea — the only reason I missed the August meeting was due to friends from out of town staying with us for several days. I haven't abandoned *Cross-Port* and I will be back at the October meeting. The current record for attending consecutive meetings now stands at 57.

**Addendum:** Laurie and I would like to announce that we will be first time parents next spring, so the next time you see her she will be about five months pregnant!

**In the vanguard of gender awareness**

## Southern Comfort Atlanta 1992

This year's Southern Comfort Convention in Atlanta (October 1-4) promises to be a major event in the international gender community.

The most extensive programming offered anywhere will be included in the 5 tracks: CD, TG, male to female TS, female to male TS and SO.

The TG and f-to-m TS tracks go well beyond anything being offered elsewhere. So issues are also being fully addressed.

The impressive list of special guests presenters includes Dr. Seghers from Brussels (formost m to f surgeon), Dr. Gilbert (ormost f-to-m surgeon), Dr. Anne Bolin (Anthropologist & Author of In Search of Eve), Dr. Shelia Kirk, Jason Cromwell and Mariette Pathy Allen.

I.F.G.E. has chosen this event for thier semi-annual board meeting, so you'll also be able to meet many of the leaders in the gender community, as well as other fasinating people from around the country.

You won't find another event of this magnitude anywhere else for some time, especially at these rates.

For more information or to register, write: Southern Comfort 1992  
P.O. Box 33311  
Decatur, GA 30033

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

