

Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 12701, Cincinnati, OH 45212

The next meeting is October 17 at 8:00pm

A New View

by Cathy

The September meeting saw thirty-six ladies and their friends in attendance. Chris came for his first time and we welcome him. We don't get very many F2Ms at *Cross-Port*. Melanie brought a young lady named Nora who was checking out the cross-gender culture. The girls from the Crystal Club put in a strong showing. Rochelle, Sylvia, Ellie, Carol and Luana all came down for an evening of fun. As usual, many people headed for Perkins a little after midnight, and spent another couple of hours eating and talking.



Sunday, September 22nd found me in Clifton at the Golden Lions bar on Ludlow Avenue. The "Sluts of Monroe" were putting on a performance to raise money for Caracole House. Who are the Sluts of Monroe you ask? No other than the familiar faces of Jerry, Dee and the other employees of Christopher's Lounge. The whole show was organized by Jerry who had no less than eleven different performers on stage during the course of the evening including himself.

Most of the performers were

FIs, which included two who were on stage for the first time. They were really into it, and did amazingly well considering. They also had a male stripper and the famous Dee who demonstrated her multi-degreed black belt abilities by breaking concrete blocks with her head, hands and feet. And you all wondered why Chris has a girl working there as door person.

Everyone there had a good time, and a lot of money was raised for Caracole House. I had intended to name everyone involved in the fund raising, but sometimes when you take notes on a napkin, it gets mistaken for common household litter. Sorry everyone.

I had never been to the Golden Lions before, even though it is relatively close to where I live. I have to admit that the reason why was due to a rumor that the patrons at Golden Lions were an older, male crowd who weren't that friendly to cross-dressers. In talking to the owner of the bar, he said that rumor simply wasn't true and that any cross-dresser who comes in is welcome. In following up, it turns out that Susan and Cindy stop in there on a regular basis. One more rumor bites the dust.



Of course, the favorite month for cross-dressers has arrived. Halloween in all its glory will be here in a few short weeks, and all the closet cross-dressers will be coming out of the woodwork for their annual public display of femme fatale. While *Cross-Port* isn't scheduling anything special, there are always plenty of parties where you can show off that "special" outfit you've been dying to wear out in public, but haven't for fear of being labeled a slut.

For the last two years, a few of us have headed up to Dayton to the big Oregon District street party up there. Nothing like four thousand people in costume to liven up your evening. Although I don't have any information on it yet, if the party is happening, a few of us will do it again this year. We always seem to end up at the Trolley Stop bar because they got the best band and women. They also charge a cover which keeps the multitudes from simply wandering through so it's not nearly so crowded.

Also, I'm sure that something will be going on at Christopher's so that's a second place to go, and one you'll be familiar with. You'll probably see me there as well.

Many of you are also waiting for the Daylight Savings Time switch to occur in a couple of weeks. Of course that will mean that it will be getting dark an hour earlier, making it easier to get out of the house to go out. I guess when you add that to the fact that lower temperatures keep your make-up from sweating off and long pants allow for shaved legs, winter isn't that bad after all.



The presentation we gave to the *Joint Conference on the Family* October 5th went well enough. As we were the last session of the conference, there were almost more crossdressers than attendees. However, eight people did stick around long enough to hear our spiel.

One of Marilyn's disappointments was that those attending were the sex educators and not the sexual therapists she hoped to reach with the presentation. From my perspective though, a gentleman from Cincinnati and I talked for a while and he went from "I understand gay because my daughter is gay, but I don't understand you people." to "I'm glad I took the time to attend, these are *real* people."

With just one minor "conversion" like that, I can't be disappointed. In fact, I enjoyed myself so much that I intend to get involved in as many future presentations as I can.

Along that line, we were invited by the UC Gay-Lesbian Alliance to send a representative to attend a session they were having on campus to give a short talk on what *Cross-Port* is about. Unfortunately they only gave us three days notice, and all of our "public" people were out of town

to the Southern Comfort, or to Columbus. Better luck next time, but we do thank them for trying to include us.



Well, it looks like the October *Weekender's* meeting will be the last. While there have been five people; myself, Cindy, Elaine, Joyce and Stephanie who have been to just about every meeting, there has not been enough attendance to warrant the continued expenditure of funds by *Cross-Port*.

It costs at least \$130 for each *Weekender's* held at the Luxbury Hotel which includes the cost of food, soft drinks and the room. With revenues running only \$50 to \$70 per month, you can see that we have lost quite a bit of money over the last six months trying get this group started.

With every other member who joins *Cross-Port* maintaining that they could attend a weekend event, but not a Thursday night event, we thought that more interest would be shown by our members. As it turns out, only nineteen of the 130+ people informed about the meetings ever attended in the six months they were held.

Apparently, what was desired was a meeting where people could go and be entertained for a few hours without having to put any effort into the group themselves. Sorry folks — this was a group for you to get involved with and run in your own way. It was not meant to be *Cross-Port II*. I did not organize it for my own amusement, I like to spend my Saturdays doing something other than cooking dinner for people. It was something to go to if I felt like it, not because I had to.

The girls that attended on a regular basis have been great. What they have now is a good group of close friends who get together, get dressed up and go shopping or out of town to other groups or out partying or who just visit with one another in both male and female garb. That's what the rest of you really missed out on — the chance to meet and make some close friends.



That out of the way, I also have to announce that the December issue of the *InnerView* will definitely be my last as editor. Some of you may remember that this time last year I tried to get someone else to take the reins, but no one came forward. As a result, I have done the newsletter for an extra year, three in total.

This time my feelings simply are that if no one else in *Cross-Port* seems to think the newsletter is important enough to keep going, why should I? IXE and the Crystal Club both have excellent newsletters, subscribe with them. Most people's subscription runs out in January, so there's no real problem with shutting down the *InnerView* at that time. As I stated in last month's newsletter, everybody will probably meet at Christopher's the third Thursday of every month anyway, so *Cross-Port* won't really be hurt by not having a newsletter of it's own.

Burn out is a terrible thing. Heather hit it after four years — I've only lasted three. I did the newsletter in the beginning because I felt I owed something to *Cross-Port* for dragging me out of my closet and changing my life in a positive manner. I've given back now for three years, and it has become draining and has ceased to be fun. Now the only

question which remains is to which newsletter will I be sending my articles after December.

Trouble in River City

by Cathy

There's trouble brewing in Cincinnati of the type I liked to think "Couldn't Happen Here". In the first case, Heather told me about a front-page article in the Cincinnati Enquirer which had been written about someone from *Cross-Port*. Doing some research turned up an article in the August 26th Enquirer about Bonnie Davis, one of our members. The article was written by Mark Siebert.

Having met Bonnie since she has been to several meetings, she has always struck me as being a rather quiet and shy type. She is transsexual, and is pretty up front about it when asked — either by members of *Cross-Port*, or by mainstream society. It turns out, however, that the Deer Park neighborhood where she has made her home for the last 21 years contains an element which takes offense to the fact that she is currently in transition and headed for SRS.

Bonnie's home has been hit with garbage and pelted with rocks. Her car has had the doors kicked in. People make obscene phone calls and pound on her doors at all hours of the night, and her life has been threatened at least four times. She says that she does not want to move, but she has recently put her house up for sale

How are the police dealing with this? To quote the article:

Deer Park Police Chief Donald

Lally knows Davis has been harassed — mostly by juveniles — and says he is doing what he can. But Lally says that Davis has aggravated the problem by being vocal and visible, including wearing a bikini in his back yard.

"He's causing a lot of controversy," said Lally, who has been police chief in this community of 6,181 for 10 years. "He has become an attraction, which I think in a way is what he wants."

Bonnie has filed several criminal complaints, including assault, aggravated menacing and disorderly conduct against her tormentors. Cincinnati Bell has also traced some of the harassing phone calls made to Bonnie's home which may result in more charges being filed. She has also made a recent appearance on the Sally Jesse Raphael Show concerning what has been happening to her life. As Sally likes to present "opposing viewpoints", another guest was what has been described as "a real gay-basher". Those who have seen the show report that he managed to raise more sympathy for Bonnie's plight than anyone else could have managed.

In an unrelated incident, Heather informed me that she had been contacted by the therapist for another TS in Cincinnati. This girl has apparently been getting harassing phone calls as well. When she complained to the police, the officer who took her statement allegedly made the comment "You look like you're big enough to take care of yourself."

Suffice it to say that her apartment was later broken into, ransacked and set on fire. No other information is currently available.

Weekend Report

by Joyce

The September *Weekender* has come and gone and once again it proved to be a pleasant time for all. We wish to extend a warm welcome to Jennifer on her first visit, and hope she had a good time.

Also present were Cathy, Cindy, Elaine, Stephanie and yours truly. After some pleasant girl talk we sat down to a nice meal of Breast of Chicken in mushroom sauce and rice pilaf, all prepared by Cathy. Once again thanks for the delicious meal, Cathy. And of course it was accompanied by a dinner wine.

I had forgotten till that evening about my regular series concert at Cincinnati Music Hall which I have been attending for the past 3 years en-femme. After the *Weekender* meal I headed for the concert. The music was conducted by Jesus Lopez-Cobos with special guest narrator Werner Klemperer (Colonel Klink from Hogan's Heros) who narrated the words to Goethes Egmont Overture and Beethoven's music. The program also included six german dance music selections from Mozart. The program lasted 2 hours after which I returned to the weekender meeting at the Luxbury.

Upon my return I learned that it was kid Stephanie night. She had made mention how well napalm sticks to things, so from that point on all problems were solved by this method. All good naturedly of course.

The party finally broke up about 1:30 am with everyone having a good time. Love, Joyce

My Trip to Columbus

By Elaine

When Cathy asked me to go to the conference in Columbus with her, I thought that I would embarrass her or myself, but she assured me I wouldn't so I went. I met Cathy at her house and things had not gone well for her. She had a power failure that morning which put her behind because her alarm did not go off, and we left about half an hour later than Cathy had originally planned.

Cathy had to work on her speech so I drove her car. It was funny how the truckers would try to keep up with us and would beep their horns just because we had skirts on. We met Marilyn from the Paradise Club, Jennifer from Alpha Omega, and Rochelle from the Crystal Club when we arrived at the hotel where the conference was held. The people Cathy talked to were very moved by her words. I was impressed at how little they knew about us since they were supposed to be therapists and sex educators. After the conference we met Lana at her house.

We talked to Lana's wife Jennifer a while and got to meet Lauren, their new baby girl. After Lana got ready we went to a place called the Grapevine where we had dinner. It was a very nice place and the food was good. We then went to a bar called Wall Street where we had a great time. While Lana and Cathy were dancing I met this girl from Indianapolis who wanted to teach me the two step. She said it was all the rage in Indianapolis.

A little while later, the same girl came back and asked what color bras we had on and how

would we like to be in their bra contest. I had the wrong color bra, but Cathy, wearing black, joined the contest. We never learned who won, but we had an experience we will always remember.

From there we went to a place called the Grotto where we watched the end of a drag show and the beginning of a fight. We decided to leave there and went to a place called the Garage. It was very crowded, very male, and smelled a lot like a locker room. We did not stay there too long. It was about four in the morning when we finally got to sleep.

Unfortunately, Sunday was "dress like a boy day", and we were completely ignored by the truck drivers as we headed for Cincinnati. Thanks to Lana and Jennifer for making our trip north very pleasant.

My Science Fictional Debut: Going Very Public

by Barbara Bertrand

I would like to describe to you my first experience with the costume which I wore to the masquerade during the local annual science fiction convention in Louisville, KY.

After considerable effort, I pulled together my costume of a Maternity Nurse at the Pern Central Medical Center. For those of you who don't know the above reference, Anne McCaffrey's Pern books concern the planet Pern where people ride large, flying dragons. The White Dragon and other books are rather well known and rather widely read by many women "fen" or science fiction fans. I decided that this costume

would serve as an excuse to complete an envisioned nurse fantasy costume that I had taken few steps to assemble which included a soft sculpture baby dragon pinned to my left shoulder (body 8", tail 12"+).

As few of you reading this will see me or photos of me in the costume, I'll give you a description of it and how I pulled it together. I hope you all will not be bored if I rattle on a bit but some of you may find something of worth in my relating more than just a bare bones description of the outfit.

I picked up the "nursey" looking white dress at one of the better local off-price discount stores at a wonderful low cost because it was missing one of six matching metal buttons. I had the woman who alters my clothes replace both epaulet buttons with closely matching buttons that cost 21 cents total. She also shortened the hem to just below the knee, shortened the sleeves to the elbow and at the waistline, brought up the dropped shoulder seams and lessened the width of the shoulder pads (does the flying nun conjure up an image?). The dress buttons at the waist down to the hem and above the waist it is diagonally fastened with two hook and eye closures up to a V-neckline.

At the neckline I fastened a medium sized crystal pendant on a very pretty corkscrewing 20" necklace. I put together parts of two belts to form one white elastic belt with a large decorative sculptured silver buckle. I had purchased a pair of matching white sculptured (not spiked) 3" pumps at a local discount designer shoe shop a few weeks before during a two-for-one sale.

The shoe store hours were limited so I couldn't take the time

to get to the "mostly passably" stage (my facial hair still shows through a little even in the best of circumstances) and there was no way I was going to wear a wig in nearly 100 degree weather going there in an UN-air conditioned car. I did not appear blatantly femme but was resolved to go for it and take a chance by not going dressed quite as androgenously as I normally do.

It was the first time I have ever shopped dressed mostly as a woman; e.g. no bra or "bust enhancers", but a long-sleeved icy grey silk blouse, dressy summer slacks in tan with knee highs and tennis shoes to match. I wore a no make-up make-up look; simply foundation, moderate mascara, neutral eyeshadow and blush, and blotted neutral lipstick with gloss. I also wore my ever present baseball cap (in powder blue) with my ponytail threaded through and my everyday mismatched silver post earrings.

At the checkout I even used my then 2 months old Visa card with Barbara's name (I had sent in the form requesting an additional card for someone else and agreed to be responsible for all the debts for her/myself) after a short explanation to the saleswomen. After all, until I can blend in better, why not be honest about my situation? So far saleswomen have mostly reacted well when I have been considerate of them and their legitimate concerns regarding other customer's reactions.

Caveat: I have no idea how reactions may be for those not trying to transition, but if you have a somewhat feminine appearance and demeanor, are a little circumspect and don't get flamboyant, loud or demonstrative, many will accept you (or at least your money) without making either a fuss or

negative comments.

I also bought a moderately priced stethoscope, a nurse white hip pouch, nurse's cap, and two pairs of size B Nursemate brand pantyhose at a nurses uniform store. The pantyhose were bought on my first visit to the uniform store and the woman at the register gave no indication that she knew I was buying them for myself. When I returned the next day to exchange the hose for size Cs a different saleswoman said something like "what size is your waist" when I was inquiring about her last web belt which, unfortunately was too small. She treated me as courteously as any other of her customers. I wondered if she noticed something about my inner personality, or if my external presentation said feminine/female person, or if she has had a lot of crossdressers as customers.

About a week before the convention, I needed some advice about finding a dragon for my costume. I was also wondering about what kind of a reaction I might expect to being dressed female. I called up a woman who I had previously talked to in my search for someone to be my seamstress. As she was heading the costuming workshops for the convention she seemed the ideal person for both.

Alas, she did not have a source to borrow a dragon, but did give me some advice about where to obtain some LEOS heeled dancing shoes (unfortunately B widths only). She also told me about someone named Phil who was the best looking woman at a recent Chattacon convention in Tennessee, and who subsequently launched a career as a Female Impersonator after debuting there. All-in-all she was positive about my plans, but even at the

convention she and the other costumers were at a loss finding a dragon for me to borrow.

Luckily, someone entered some soft sculpture dragons in the art show, and one made of blue with an underbody of silver was ideal. Unfortunately another woman wanted it too, so I had to wait for the art auction which was scheduled immediately before the masquerade to see if I could buy it.

Early Saturday afternoon during a panel about "How to Survive Worldcons" one woman again mentioned Phil and a New Woman sci-fi fan she knew of who had had SRS. As she seemed understanding I sounded out her and another woman about my own situation and the "restroom question". We decided that I should find a party room to use. I had had some faint hope that I might be able to use the women's facilities if I could find someone sympathetic to help out. I was NOT going to the mens room (I have enough problem now dressed androgenously and hating it).

Late Saturday afternoon I came home to rest up, eat and get ready to go buy the dragon at the Art Auction. After dinner, showering, etc., I shaved closely with a Gillette Sensor and Hydroglide (Propylene Glycol) which I get at Walgreen's drug store. After putting on my Covermark (Lydia O'Leary) foundation, blush, contour, lip liner pencil and blue-red Scarlet Passion lipstick (all but the lip liner being Lancome), I applied a forest green eyeliner on the outer third of my upper and lower lashes. Next came Aziza contact lens formula eyeshadows: light icy gray highlighter near the brows and between the nose and lid, dark gray at the crease, light green on the lids and dark green at the outside corners. These colors were recommended in the Color Me

Beautiful Makeup book for green-brown hazel eyes and dark brown hair when winters such as myself are wearing white. Finally I finished everything off with two coats of L'Oreal Lash Out mascara, blotted my lipstick with linen blotting paper, blended my eyeshadows with a brush and powdered ALL OVER to set the eyeshadow, lipstick, etc. and to soften the cheek color. I save re-applying lipstick to after dressing.

Even though I had gotten size C Nursemate pantyhose, they were still slightly tight, and potentially uncomfortable and hot. So considering the time that I would be dressed, and the unknown possibilities during and after the post-mascarade dance (aren't I hopeful?), I decided to wear the white J.C. Penney light support stockings with my recently purchased Christian Dior garterbelt. I was luckily able to match it exactly to my scalloped peek-a-boo Olga bra and panty set in candleglow.

The bra (style 33022) has stretch fabric cups that cover breast forms well and allow free and comfortable movement. The back is not prone to ride up like many other bras that I have. It fits wonderfully. No wonder, as the owner and her daughter design them rather than at other companies whom I have heard have mostly male designers. As I have never gone out wearing anything but panties with pantyhose I was a little concerned about the "holding power" of the panties alone. Thankfully I didn't need the control panty (girdle) which I brought along as a precaution.

After dressing, I put up my long (but testosterone poisoned) hair up and put on my wig, my everyday utilitarian watch, medium sized silver metal pierced earrings in a conservative button-

like style, a dragon pin on my lapel (as an emblem of sorts), and the aforementioned crystal pendant. After putting on my nurse's cap with large bobby pins, I put on my belt bag, fixed my lipstick, grabbed a few emergency supplies to leave in the car, and was off to the hotel!!!

I arrived at the hotel a little late (as usual), and asked for directions to the art auction. Near the auction I again needed directions and asked a woman dressed as a woodland sprite or fairy with unfolding purple wings. A short while later she and a friend sat down beside me and she said she thought I looked good and that she at first thought I was a GG.

I was a little astonished when she said that she and her friend recognized me. They had worked in the SAME AREA of a government facility as I had until I was recently transferred to an adjacent building. Well, there aren't too many ostensible males out there wearing androgenous (women's) clothes, 9" ponytails, earrings and 1/4"+ nails. They also were from my same town. As well as others present at the auction and elsewhere at the convention that night and Sunday, the auctioneer probably recognized me too as he had been my lawyer a few years back.

Shortly thereafter, I got the dragon with an uncontested bid of \$40. The women had to leave soon afterwards as the sprite was entered in the mascarade contest.

After the auction, some woman who thought I looked cute wanted to take my picture but I had to return to my car briefly, affix the dragon to my shoulder better, touch up my face and most imperatively visit the porcelain

room. After using the latter in the Louisville in '94 suite, I asked some women there (including this year's soon to be Hugo Award winner) to help pin the dragon to my shoulder pad. Another fairly well known writer volunteered (when I "OUT" myself I certainly have chutzpa don't I).

At the end of the mascarade, those of us who did not enter the costume contest were invited to walk across the stage and I decided to go for it. The audience probably didn't get the premise of my costume. According to one of the women I had just met, some were wondering if I was female or male and others probably were just a little shocked (or pick your own adjective).

As the dance was late and didn't pan out at all, I joined the group of 3 gals for party-room hopping. The parties were all about dead so we only stayed a maximum of about 5 minutes at upwards to a dozen of them before heading down to the main activities floor. No one at the parties seemed to have a problem with how I presented myself, even when I signed up to pre-support the Louisville in '94 Worldcon bid (although I did have to give my legal name rather than B. Bertrand as I would have preferred).

We four walked, wandered, ate, sat on the hall carpet (I hope no one was looking when I started to sit cross-legged wearing gartered stockings - some kind of thrill huh?). We talked to each other and a few others, most of whom were in costume. Some of the women said I did a good job and thought I "looked cute" and about a half dozen people took photos (some without permission and unposed - drat, I hate to think of the blurry uncomplimentary photos out there with my eyes closed, mouth open, mussed hair

or stocking tops showing).

I was a little surprised that I didn't have more hostile or curious people approaching me. As I returned from the car earlier and was nearing the elevator, someone said in a loud whisper "that's a guy" twice. When I was sitting waiting for the masquerade contest to begin a 17 year old guy (who also may have been the whisperer from that group) asked me "Are you a guy?". I responded by saying something like "Sort of, for the near future". The only other person who seemed to have a problem was a dark haired woman in her early 20's who almost made a beeline to me to ask "What's the time MISS?" When I told her she said "Thank you MISS".

All in all it was a positive experience and I may have made long term friends from among the three gals. Two of them seem very accepting and may be of great help to me in redefining my gender role. One of the two at work has been helpful and enthusiastic about helping me improve the costume. I have also joined their new local Science Fiction club when they had their first meeting on September 15, 1991.

From Our Readers

Dear Cross-por-tettes,

Well, here it is on a windy October afternoon. I do say Church was good today. I just wish I could dress-up as nice as some of the women at Church and go also. I have this one young lady in Sunday School class who dresses just so neat. I sure would appreciate some advice from her, but it would not be such a good idea to ask her though.

I have come out of the dark and into the light a little more thanks to my dear sister Alona. She was so nice to escort me on a day sight seeing trip. It was my first time out during the day. We went to several parks and took tons of pictures and worked on walking like a lady. Alona said I needed the practice. Ha. It was nice so to walk around outside in a flower print dress, suntan hose, and white flats. Wearing make-up during the day was such a thrill. We even took a picture of me by the 'Daughters of the American Revolution' memorial. I am already planning on how I can do it again... and again!

I love it when a plan comes together. That is what is happening with Trans-WV. We may have up to five new members at our October meeting. We seem to be growing pretty well. Our Halloween party, November meeting and Christmas party should be really fun. If anyone is interested in attending, just write. We may have a wig care demo in November. Maybe make-up too!

Miss Tabetha Ann Tambor
C/O Trans-WV
P.O. Box 2322
Huntington, WV 25724-2322

Well Girls, I will close for now. Housework to do and letters to write.

Colorfully, yours in skirts,

Tabetha Ann Tambor
Secretary/Treasurer Trans-WV

Trans-WV meets the third Friday of every month near Huntington, so the dates of those events should be Oct. 18, Nov. 15 and Dec. 20. Tabetha will have to write back if I'm wrong. -- Ed.

Poetry Corner

So Am I
by Denice

The Year is Here, the Promise
Made

The Time has Come, the Tale is
Told

The Fear is Great, but so am I

The Day Draws Near, the Hour is
Set.

The Time has Come to Take the
Step

The Fear is Great, but so am I

This Time I'll Go, Just to See
Afraid to Be the Girl in Me
But More Afraid Not to Be

The Fear is Great, so Very Great
But so am I, so am I.

Publication Notice

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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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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.

Linda's Corner

If you haven't had time to visit The Thing Shop on Monmouth Street in Newport, you should drop by. Mary and Bob and the rest of their family who run the store constantly remind me that crossdressers are always welcome. You may try on anything in the store, and if you don't see what you want, then they'll make it for you. (They now carry high heels in sizes up to 15.) This is one place you will never feel uncomfortable shopping. Their prices are very reasonable and everyone is very helpful.

I've been told, that since they started to carry Tapestry in the store, business has picked up. So much so that Bob wants to buy the closed bar next door and turn it into a TV Night Club. If you decide to stop in, tell them Linda sent you.

I just got back from the "Southern Comfort" in Atlanta. They had about 150 CDs along with a few wives. The event was sponsored by members from eight different cross-gender groups. This, along with help from IFGE, made this weekend the best, and most organized first event to ever come along. Local people who attended included Claudia, Joyce and myself from Crossport, and Dana and Elaine from IXE. Everyone enjoyed themselves both during the day and night.

Speaking of night, Atlanta has some of the best dancing places, drag bars and piano bars I've ever seen. I must mention that many are open 24 hours, and its not uncommon to see people waiting in line at 4:30 in the morning to

try to get in.

The first night we all went to LAVITA'S, (used to be Lipsticks), for probably some of the best female impersonator shows anywhere. They feature many big time numbers that include 6-8 girls at one time, on a huge stage with backdrops, fancy lighting, and even smoke. Many crossdressers are regulars there, so if you ever got a chance to stop in, you won't be alone.

The next night we hit Backstreet, a 24 hour place that has a huge bar/lounge area, a dancing area that's comprised of different levels of dancing floors and bars, a game room/bar area, and the showbar, where the drag shows never end.

One of the people I met from AEGIS (The Atlanta Educational Gender Information Service) named Margaux, happens to be friends with Tula, the famous sex-change from England. When Tula was visiting her in Atlanta, she was very impressed with the people and the area. In fact, when she comes back to Aylanta in a couple of weeks, she plans to search the area for the possibility of opening up a night club that would have top name female impersonators from around the world. This type of club would cater to a straight crowd. We are also trying to get Tula to talk at a luncheon/dinner at the IFGE Convention. Margaux says she is very fascinating and pretty, and a real fighter for transsexual rights. But after much conversation with her about crossdressers in general, Margaux said she really doesn't know much about transvestites and other transgendered type

individuals. Well, we will just have to teach her.

While in Atlanta, Tula received the Petrus' "Nightlife" award and a proclamation from Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson, making her an honorary citizen of Atlanta. Four days later, when the mayor feared that he might have offended some voters, he came back in a written statement saying that "Although it is the policy of our Office of Communications to issue Certificates of Honorary Citizenship to visiting celebrities, I do not feel such a certificate is appropriate when... the honoree's main claim to fame is having a sex change operation. Tula's certificate was prepared without my knowledge or my approval."

News from IFGE..... The latest issue of Tapestry is now at the printer, so it wont be long till it's ready to be mailed out. If you are a subscriber, you will of course get it right away. If for some reason you don't subscribe, we will have copies for you at the November meeting.

You girls better start getting your costumes ready. I'm sure many of us will be going out this year, and we want you to join us.

