

Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 12701, Cincinnati, OH 45212

The next meeting is August 20 at 8:00pm

A New View

By Elaine

We had a good Cross-Port meeting at the new and Improved Christopher's Lounge there were two new faces Lisa and Nicky and welcome back to two others Jackie and Lisha returned after a long absence. All together there were 30 ladies in attendance at the meeting very good since not very many knew Christopher's was re-opened.

Well Cathy, Joyce and myself went to an AVOC meeting with some members of the gay community for a round table discussion. We found it very enlightening as far as the gay community having a lot of the same fears and reactions as we in the cross-dressing community. Both communities are greatly misunderstood which leads to fear of both by the straight community. I hope for a better acceptance of our life style by all parties involved. I think a greater understanding of each community by the other will strengthen both. I will welcome more of these meetings as long as they continue to lead to greater knowledge for both sides. It was very

enlightening to me as a person and I thank Dan for inviting us.

Joyce, Cindy and I went to a Crystal Club meeting. While at the Crystal Club we saw Regina another Cross-Port member. They had a sewing demonstration that was very informative. We meet some new people and renewed some old acquaintances. We are always treated very well when we go to one of their meetings. After the meeting we went to a club called Wall Street. It was so packed that they only let us in because they thought we were girls and they said they needed more girls inside. It was a very loud good time.

Well the Barony had it's yard sale and it turned out very well. We sold a lot of stuff and had a pretty good time doing it. The next Barony function is going to be the Coronation Ball at the Omni Hotel on August 15th in Cincinnati.

Common Interest

By Cinderella's sister

The last three months have seen my first three crossdressing meetings since I was a member of Virginia Prince's FPE group in the

early 70's. There was a lot of anxiety at the first meeting since my S.O. was with me and I wasn't dressed, but it turned out well. There were some beautifully dressed ladies there; we meet Heather, Tracy, Joyce and Elaine but mostly there were so many we could not meet them all. The second meeting at the Golden Lion was a repeat of the first, but we meet Christine and Mary (Heather's S.O.). The parking at the Golden Lion was more public than Christopher's Lounge but it was nice even so. At the third meeting Jamie E. went by herself (dressed and full of adrenalin) was very ill at ease for the first hour till she meet Heather and Nickie. After that things went much better. We held a post-meeting conference on the Lanai at Christopher's and then went for a mid-night snack at Perkins. I am very glad that Christopher's was able to re-open as the drive to Cincinnati just seemed to far. At perkins I meet Donna and her S.O. Myrna. Jackie, Sandy and Elaine were there too along with others whose names escape me but the point is that it was fun! On the way out I passed two police officers coming in who didn't blink an eye. I did have to walk to the car in heavy

rain so next time I'll take an umbrella. The drive home was almost dull and in retrospect I wonder if I'll ever again be as anxious as that first night dressed by myself.

My mate Susan is very interested in Feminism which I think of as trying for a better sharing of power between men and women. We all suffer in varying degrees by trying to put each other in boxes. Our church has had a program called the 'Welcoming Congregation' aimed at gays and lesbians for the last year. I went to the opening meeting to let them know there were other varieties of genderal anomalies too. It was clear to me that we to help each other more and worry about our own stuff less if things are to get better. So this is my strategy--where I can help, I will. Where I can't I'll wait till the opportunities are better.

Jamie E.

UPDATE

Sure was great to be back home at Christopher's Lounge for our monthly meeting. While many people were absent we still had a good time. I am sure that by our next meeting in August word will have gotten out to everyone about Christopher's reopening.

Elaine, Cindy and I attended Crystal Club's meeting on July 25th. Regina from Cross-Port also was present. We were made welcome by one and all. A sewing demonstration was put on by Karen (S.O.). After explaining how and about the types of materials and patterns to use, she proceeded to make a skirt for one of their,

members. After the meeting, a large contingent adjourned to the "Wall Street". An interesting thing happened as we were entering. A long line of people were waiting to get in when they stopped admitting anyone because of over crowding. However they decided to let **ladies only** in where upon we were cordially invited to enter. It was wall to wall people and loud. Some kind of experience for us. You are all aware of the **Organization of Women Who are Sometimes Mistaken for Men** (O.W.W.S.M.M.). I now propose a companion group to be known as the **Organization of Men Who are Sometimes Mistaken for Women** (O.M.W.S.M.W.), as we were repeatedly hit upon by many.

Cathy, Elaine and I attended a conference held by AVOC on the 29th of July. They were very interested in Cross-Port and the cross-dressing community. The discussion group lasted two hours during which time we all became better acquainted. My feelings are that this will help further our common goal of presenting our cause to the public.

The Barony of Northern Kentucky conducted a three day yard sale to raise funds for St. Elizabeth Hospice House on July 31st through August 2cd. Joyce worked all three days and am proud to say we did very well. We intend to have future sales for the same purpose. Anyone interested in donating thing or taking an active part can contact me at a Cross-Port meeting or by calling Cross-Ports phone (513) 474-9557.

Love Joyce

Barony of Northern Kentucky

Hi girls, this is the Baron speaking. Greetings and good luck one and all!

The Barony has come a long way since Joyce and I were invested as Baron and Baroness on March 13, 1992. We were both very inexperienced, however we muddled through.

Several members, (Elaine, Belinda, Christine, Veronica, all cross-dressers) Stanley and of course the Baron and Baroness Von Munzhausen (A.K.A. also know as Joyce S. and Bob C.) Attended the Lexington Coronation. Melissa stopped by late in the program.

I am told we made a good showing as we made our entrance and paid our respects to the Emperor and Empress. (Unfortunately our camera person, Princess Sandy, being slightly inebriated flubbed the camcorder and all we got was elbows and Stans vest).

Joyce, Elaine, Belinda, Veronica, Stanley and I participated in the out of town business presentation The Thing Shop. We won the best out of town business award. A good (but tiring) time was had by all.

To raise money for our charity (St. Elizabeth Hospice of Covington) we decided to have a yard sale July 31st through Aug 2cd. Everyone cleaned basements, attics, and begged etc. Bob C. and

Rick G. potted over two hundred pots of cacti, Pregnant Ladies and other house plants we could not name, along with eight hanging baskets. Anyway the Barons garage was filled with junk and goodies. The back yard was half full of potted plants.

Joyce, Rick and I opened the garage door at eight am. Talk about beginners, neither of us knew a thing about yard sales. A horde of dealers arrived first and Joyce (in full dress) just took over and did a fantastic job of selling. Making change and rearranging as things were sold. Oh! We, and are so very proud of her. What a gal, we all love ya! If she were read, it was by two teenage girls. **NO ONE** said anything to her or any of us about her. Way to go Joyce! Joyce wearing shorts caused a sensation among the biting flies. They also loved "Off" spray.

Belinda showed up on Saturday. Elaine showed up in drab on Saturday and Sunday. Rick worked between catering but had to leave at 11:00am Sunday to welcome his fourth grand child in Indianapolis. I drug through the entire three days. We cleared more than our wildest expectations and still have enough "merchandise" for yard sale in October. (Any donors reading this, Joyce will be glad to accept **anything** you will donate). (I didn't ask her about this, but the **TRUE LADY** that she is, I know she will do this for the Barony).

Well girls, we wish all of you would join us in the activities in which we will be participating in August.

August 12th, the Barony meeting at Bob's home. August 15th

attending and making an entrance at The Cincinnati Court's Coronation Ball at the Omni Hotel. August 16th we will be serving Bloody Marys and Bagels to the guests of the ball, courtesy of The Dock Night Club. Joyce can give you the Dock's Address. What would I do without the Baroness Joyce? August 28th and 29th some of us will be attending the Barony of New London Canada's Coronation Ball.

I think we will be resting up and begging for "merchandise" for the October yard sale during September. Then comes Toronto's Coronation Ball in November and several others before and after November.

Why don't **YOU** join us in the Barony for all this fun (and work). It's a perfect place and time to wear your pretty outfits and to be anonymous. **We are the only court in the WORLD made up of mostly cross-dressers** and will welcome more of you to join with us as we work toward conciliation of all people, straight, gays, lesbians and cross-dressers.

Any of the above mentioned people will be glad to tell you more.

Well girls, goodbye for now. See you all at Christopher's August the 20th.

Baron Von Munzhausen
A.K.A. Cowboy Bob
A.K.A. Bob C.

"Final" to Chicago's Meigs airport, I was anticipating a wonderful Fourth of July with Beverly in the windy city. So far, all indications hinted that such a weekend awaited. That morning we'd been able to climb above the storm front just as it reached Cincinnati. at 8,500 ft we settled beneath the cobalt-blue skies while racing above the blazing white clouds of the low pressure system. Two hours latter, and 20 miles from Chicago, we found a VFR (Visual and therefore legal) break in the cloud layer allowing us to descend, with no problem, near the southern tip of Lake Michigan. True, it was raining as we touched down on the island airport only three blocks from Michigan Avenue, but by the time we had schlepped all our luggage to the office counter of Butler Aviation (transvestites have to pack for an "extra" person), the sun was out and the clouds were nearly gone. yes, this was going to be a great weekend: Bobbi and Beverly were going out for the first time to a "straight" restaurant and then go "bar-hopping" as two unescorted lady travelers. To be sure, Bobbi was excited by these plans! I had only recently been out "dressed" and these had been in the safe harbors provided by Cross-Port. **"This is not a test....in the event you should be 'read', there will be no sisters to come to your aid!"** Still, Beverly's enthusiastic support and profuse compliments on my feminine appearance quelled any doubts that we **would** venture out. In fact, the only questions in my mind as we checked into the Midland Hotel on Adams Street were about what to wear to the restaurant.

For those who have never been

Cross Country

By Bobbi

As I guided four-four-sierra on

to the second city let me tell you... it is a wondrous place! We have never felt intimidated by its size or history. Even at night, there is nothing to threaten or deter the casual stroller. The streets are filled with people, the shops are multitudinous, and on every block there are at least two great restaurants, bars, or deli's. One rule of thumb to keep from wondering too far from the safety of the crowds is to let your feet determine your boundaries. Walk however you can, until you can't walk any further, then stop, have a drink or a bite, return to the curb, raise your hand, and choose from the two or three cabs that respond to your bidding. Ride in comfort back to your hotel, and take a nap and a hot shower and start all over. Concerning taxis: we have never been ripped off by dishonest cabby. The city of Chicago evidently keeps close tabs on the trade. Even a new driver who may get off course is understanding about not charging the full meter fee if the error is obvious (we paid six dollars for a 14 dollar fee because the driver was unfamiliar with our destination).

We arrived at the Midland Hotel too early to check in, so we stored our luggage with the concierge and decided to begin our holiday with lunch. Two blocks away we discovered the Berghoff. It turns out that this is one of Chicago's premier watering holes and restaurants (see the Perrier Ad in Esquire, August, 1992)... very "Old World" (remember Wiggins Restaurant?). The hook for me was: they brew their own beer on the premises and served it on tap (for some reason, draft beer is hard to come by in this town). We'll

definitely go back!

We spent the rest of the afternoon walking the "Magnificent Mile" and doing what we love most: **shopping!** (It was during this trip that I observed to Beverly: "I have **NO** interest in mens fashions anymore!"). A few hours latter we checked into our room, napped, showered and decided to "do" the Taste of Chicago. It would be Robert and Beverly's night out. Bobbi would appear the next evening.

"T. O. C." is like all major city feeding frenzies: only more so. For a taste of the "Taste," stand close to someone you feel comfortable with (or a complete stranger), bind your bodies together with an **ACE** bandage, then throw food over yourselves. That very closely approximates the experience. Like Taste of Cincinnati, or Octoberfest, the claustrophobic should feel adequately anxious. One big difference: Chicago's blues bands are better than the Queen City's polka-puffers.

Saturday evening, after more walking and shopping, the time for "girls night out" had arrived. I showered, shaved and dressed (I chickened out on wearing my off-the-shoulder flower-salad dress, I wanted to be noticed, but not **TOO** noticed). I opted for a simple shell, black skirt and black 4" pumps. All made-up and accessorized, Beverly and Bobbi headed for the elevator and the lobby. We'd been assured that a cab would be out front and that the rain would not appear. As the elevator doors opened, we stepped inside... with two young,

unattached men. "Oh-oh", I thought. "Here's the first test". Well naturally the two guys struck up a conversation and, wouldn't you know it...they were pilots. Now Bobbi hadn't really had the opportunity to practice her femme voice so...I kept demurely quiet while Beverly talked to them about air shows. When we got to the lobby we "clicked" to the curb where we found **NO** cab, but lots of people looking for one. On top of that it was beginning to rain. Beverly looked at me to see how I would handle this, but, after passing in the confines of the "lift", I was beginning to have fun. I folded my arms, and tapped the toe of my shoe as any impatient lady might do. Moments later, a cab pulled up for us and we slid in, ready for the uptown trip. Well, Bobbi finally felt comfortable using her "Elizabeth Ashley" southern bell/bitch voice, so Beverly and she spoke about the landmarks and people we passed on the way to the restaurant (one point to make is that Beverly wasn't able to look at me as I spoke, fearing she might giggle at my drawl).

Five minutes later we pulled up at Leo Nello's Ristorante on E. Ohio. This is a quiet, unassuming bistro with reasonable prices and tasty dishes, and great service. As we exited the cab, I did seem to get a questioning glance from the girl at the door, but I passed it off as a compliment. Once inside, we were greeted by the maître d': two ladies for dinner?" This was great! The restaurant was not crowded, it was early, and we were seated at a corner table set above the main dining floor. We were backed by two huge wall mirrors which gave me the opportunity to monitor and,

vainly, to admire myself. We began to receive such attentive service, that I started to panic, thinking I had been read and was now "entertainment". However, we were able to see a group of servers, busers, and the girl from the door, in the back of the restaurant, and never once did the stare, point, gesture or give any indication that a "drag Queen" was on the premises. It **DID** become apparent though, that those lusty Italian men were going to their best to impress these two unescorted ladies with excellent service. In my deeper-than-I'd-like voice: "Ah'll have a glass uhv wh-eye-t zin-fin-dell," did not raise one mediterranean eyebrow. Beverly and I have never received such prompt or courteous attention when dining "en-drab". We were having a blast!

Following dinner, which I carefully kept off my clothes, we fully intended to walk off the many calories with a stroll to North Shore Pier, making room for drinks at a few of the lounges in the area. However, as we came out of the ladies' room and headed for the door, we were greeted by one of the all time great thunderstorms. We stared blankly at one another, shrugged our bra-strapped shoulders, and thanked our stars as a cab pulled up in front of the restaurant to let out a new batch of diners. We jumped inside and directed him to our hotel. The best laid plans.... We returned to our room and passed the time recounting the brief evening out and the fun we have as girlfriends. A few photos and a glass of wine later, we ended our evening.

The next day we did some more touristy things then, after

lunch at Harry Carey's, headed for the plane and home. It had been such a positive time for Bobbi and Beverly that we became more determined than ever, to venture forth more and more as "sisters". Cincinnati, here we come!

Intimacy

By Jamie E.

The definition I like best is 'communication at the deepest level'. I'm not quite sure what a 63 year old crossdresser has to say that can be of interest. I hate reading other peoples theories; especially if they disagree with me.

When my second wife mentioned that intimacy was the object of most of our hopes and the key to many of our dreams, I felt she had given me the golden key to understanding myself. I still feel the power of this idea. At my place in life it is more important that crossdressing by a good margin. When I get the silent treatment from her it is painful, but if I got it from my family and co-workers I don't think I'd retain sanity. I live within the shelter of several groups and depend on a certain degree of approval to function. It is this knowledge that we are all controlled this way that gives me the empathy with others who must submerge themselves to be socially acceptable. The withholding of intimacy has been called: shunning, excommunication, notspeaking, rejection, blackballing, (see a thesaurus for the rest of the list).

The converse of these ideas is found in the joy of finding acceptance. The fellowship of

common community, of the friendly warmth of people who understand. (Or if they don't understand they don't condemn. I find a natural high when I meet these situations. - at a family reunion, in my church, on the job, in marriage and at Cross-Port meetings. When I connect emotionally it's **WONDERFUL** feeling. At the last meeting I came in ill-at-ease and anxious. I almost left but suddenly found friends and had a memorable evening. Thanks!!

Cathy's Trip to Louisville

reprinted from Feb 1992

Thanks to Jeaninne, I get to do the most wonderful things! I got a call from her in January, asking me if I would like to attend a play with her at the Actors Theater in Louisville. Of course, never having attended such an event *en femme*, I just had to accept.

The play was on a Saturday, and that morning I got up and dressed in one of my more casual female outfits (blue jeans) for the drive from Cincinnati to Louisville. I actually was ready an hour earlier than I expected, so that extra time I spent shopping at a couple of favorite places in downtown Cincinnati.

The drive to Louisville was uneventful (I hate it when there's nothing exciting to tell, but who wants to go looking for trouble?) and I met Jeaninne at the motel where she was staying. She told me that the Actors Theater has a restaurant in the basement below the two theaters, so we decided that

for convenience that we would try eating there. We made the reservations for 7pm as the play started at 9pm.

After much changing of outfits to ones which would be more appropriate to attending a play, we made our way to downtown Louisville. Except for construction closing a sidewalk we wanted to use, we had no trouble finding the theater and arrived there about fifteen minutes early.

The restaurant was very nice, a little more 'artsy' than many, but what do you expect from a restaurant in a theater complex? From previous experiences in restaurants of this type, I expected the quality of service and food to be a bit below par. In both of these areas I was glad to find out that I would be disappointed.

Even though we were early, we were seated right away. Our server was a young lady in her early twenties who read us right away, but she went out of her way to make us feel comfortable. She actually seemed glad that we were there. The food was excellent too. The portions were about fifty percent larger than I expected them to be as tasted wonderful. Just ask Jeaninne who had her first experience with grilled grouper. The desert was good too. I just couldn't resist the chocolate-cherry puff pastry. When it arrived, it barely fit on the plate! Fortunately for me, it was truly a 'puff' pastry (being 90% air on the inside).

The prices weren't bad either, about fifty dollars which included two meals, one dessert, wine and tip. They also have a service

where, if you want to have a drink during the play intermission, they will reserve a table for you and have the drinks waiting for you when you come back down for the break. After splitting a carafe of wine, we decided not to take advantage of this service. Who wants to watch a play sitting next to a couple of tipsy cross-dressers.

The play itself was a comedy called "Lettice and Loveage" and was performed in a theater which seated about six hundred people. Since we got our tickets late, our seat was in the balcony, but we could still see and hear easily. The play was set in contemporary England and was about two women who worked for the British Historical Trust (their version of the National Historical Society). One woman was in charge to setting up the tours and the other was a tour guide who, when the actual history wasn't exciting enough, made up her own version of what actually happened.

This was a long play in three acts with a fifteen minute intermission between each act. For the most part, the comedy aspect was subdued and tended to be based on juxtapositions of points of view. To my mind, knowing a bit about British history and society would improve your enjoyment of the play. The first act went well enough and we found it mildly amusing for the most part with a few high points scattered about.

The second act was a problem. It concentrated on the development of the relationship between these two women as they become good friends and was not what I would describe as comedic. To illustrate

a point, the group sitting in front of us got up during the second intermission and did not come back.

Unfortunately for them, the third act was the best of the three. It starts with a solicitor (that's lawyer to you American folks) explaining to the tour guide that she is up on charges of attempted murder filed by her friend. The friend then shows up and the three of them then act out what actually happened. Parts of this act were downright hilarious. I'm glad we decided not to leave after the second act, but it was a close call.

Of course, after the play was over, we headed for the Connection and partied there for a couple of hours before heading back to the motel to sleep.

It was a good time, although there is one bad thing you need to know about the Actors Theater. It deals with, of course, the bathroom situation. There is only one bathroom for each gender for the restaurant and both theaters (and they do have two plays running simultaneously). There was a line stretching out the door of the ladies room from the time we arrived at 6:45 until the time we left at 12:15. I can tell you that after a carafe of wine plus water at dinner, we showed some remarkable bladder control during that time period until we got to the Connection.

Thanks, Jeaninne for getting me out for another new and pleasant experience.

From Our Readers

Dear Cross-Port

As I have no phone number to call you or you are a long distance call I am writing to invite you to the first meeting (of what we hope will be many) of a Louisville area trans-gendered (TV / TS / TG) support group. Presently at least six are confirmed with up to a dozen possible from our present mailing /phone list.

You can arrive at 7 PM to gab or to change before the official starting time. For reasons of security we need you to contact one of us by phone (or letter) to confirm that you are coming and to get the exact address and directions. If from out of town you may even do so at your convenience once you arrive if you are so inclined. I am presently laid off, so getting me on the phone is likely to be successful. The apartment is VERY close to the above intersection and has sufficient street parking. We will have the place to ourselves as the apartment downstairs is vacant, and Patti indicates that the neighborhood is populated by both gay and straight residents, so there should be no problems.

We have some vague ideas about the details of the club's organization, activities and objectives but we NEED YOU to help us serve ALL our needs through your input and participation. Whether you have some plans about pursuing SRS or just trying to pass a little better or enjoy yourself we all need a little help and support closer than Cincinnati, Indianapolis or other far-off towns.

We would like to assemble a local resources directory from our

pooled knowledge and help each other out with makeup, dress, etc. though each other's personal experiences and pool our books through a lending library of sorts. I have a computer and an adequate software program to print a master copy for photocopying of a newsletter. I have some nationwide contacts as a member of the genderline Forum on Compuserve and have extensive files at my disposal for use in that newsletter and also for you personally. I have some personal contact with people from Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Chicago. Once we get organized I'm sure all of our talents will make this a wonderful group.

I have received some advice about forming a group from Yvonne Cook from I.F.G.E. and once we iron out the details of when, where, etc. she will add us to the Tapestry listings and send out letters to others in this area in this area who have are subscribers or have written to I.F.G.E. for help.

Looking forward to seeing you,

Barbara [REDACTED] or Patti [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
PO BOX 728
NEW ALBANY, IN 47151-0728

I Usually Get a Run For My Money

By Erma Bombeck

reprinted from PHI EPSILON MU

Every time there is an unpleasant act of personal violation committed upon innocent people in this country, six groups rush forth to shoulder the blame for it.

Yet every day across this country, women pull on panty hose fresh from the package and before they can say, "Give me something for the pain," a run races from crotch to toe.

Not only does no one come forward to take responsibility, no one cares. And what do women do? Like a bunch of wimps, we cut our losses.

WELL STOCKED: I have a drawer full of pantyhose with runs that stop at the knee. I wear these with slacks. In another stack a pair missing an entire foot. These I wear with boots. In another mound are the ones that look like lace curtains. I wear these when I'm around relatives who said I would not amount to anything.

For more than twenty years, the nylon stocking industry has been answerable to no one. You buy a car that does not run, you take it back. You buy a bathing suit that fades, you return it. You buy a chicken that you can't eat, you get your money back.

All you have to do is look at that shriveled piece of nylon (with a waistband so small you'd have to force it around a doorknob) to know it has not been tested. I've seen car doors tested for endurance and waistbands of men's underwear pulled and tugged to make sure they perform in the marketplace. Where is the guarantee that I will get even one

wearing out of a pair of pantyhose?

SIX PACK: Since I work at home, I go to the "office" in bare legs every day, but when I travel, I take six or seven pairs in the original packages. On the last trip I lost four pair in the first week. I get better odds at a nickel slot machine in Las Vegas.

As near as I can figure, pantyhose fall under "Act of God" provisions that apply when no one can control the outcome, so no one pays. but the only way I can buy that rationale is if my pantyhose drowned in a flood, or I left them on the clothesline during a tornado.

I have never had good luck with socks OR hose. For thirty years I have battled the case of the missing sock in the washer or dryer. Which necessitated my kids wearing a fake cast on one leg and

spurred my attempt to launch a New York Sock Exchange where women from all over the world could send their single socks for a match. I don't know what the answer is.

I buy the "industrial strength," wide-load size for a women six-foot ten and over. I wash them by hand and try not to climb stairs or sit when I'm wearing them.

The other day I put on a new pair of "tights" for aerobics. They cost me six dollars. A large hole erupted at my knee. I am going to wear THESE until SOMEONE steps forward and takes responsibility for the deed. I am not vindictive, but if the culprits are caught, they WILL be punished. They will be forced to walk in my pantyhose for an ENTIRE week!

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

