

Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 12701, Cincinnati, OH 45212

The next meeting is November 21 at 8:00pm

A New View

by Cathy

I can't honestly say how many of you showed up at the October meeting. Since I forgot to bring name tags, and I count you-all by counting the number of name tags used — well, I guess there were about 30 to 35 of you. A smaller number than I expected during October. Maybe people were "saving up" their crossdressing time in order to spend it at some of the many Halloween parties.

Ginger and Valerie were there for the first time in a while. I don't remember the last time Valerie had made it. They made the meeting feel like "the good old days". Bonnie Davis came and brought her daughter and a new couple, and Lori from 'way down in Radcliff, KY made the meeting too.

I mention the good old days because the October meeting was the 48th in a row that I've been to. Cathy made her first public appearance in November of 1987 at the *Cross-Port* meeting held that month and hasn't missed a single meeting since. It sure doesn't seem it's been four years, but it

has. I think that if I make it to meeting 52 in a row that I will have broken Heather's old attendance record, though she may dispute that number. As things look now, a new record is "in the bag".

♥ ♥ ♥

WE'RE SAVED! WE'RE SAVED! No, the *InnerView* will not cease publication in December! Elaine and Joyce have made a firm commitment to continue our beloved newsletter starting with the January, 1992 issue. I think Stephanie may be helping them as well. Thanks, ladies! I can tell you that these three gals have done a lot to help keep me going the last few months — it has been appreciated.

I got several letters expressing thanks for the job I've done on the newsletter, and regrets that I've decided to end my tenure as the editor. The sentiment makes me feel that the time I've spent these last three years has been worth it. Thanks to you all. Sorry I got so melodramatic in the last issue — it must have been an attitude problem.

I have had a problem this month that I haven't had in a couple of years — more articles have come in than I've been able to fit into an eight page newsletter. Thanks to all of you who sent something in, it will be printed soon. In fact, keep 'em coming! Give the new gals a cushion to work with, please. It takes a couple of issues before you get up to speed with this thing.

♥ ♥ ♥

If you take a look at the last page of October's newsletter, you will see a cartoon done by Jim Borgman from the Cincinnati Enquirer about the new Jerry Springer Talk Show. Right there on the phone is a speed dialing number for "crossdressers".

Since life imitates art, guess who we got a call from earlier this week? That's right, you guessed it. Seems they want to do a make-over and fashion show turning guys into girls. Now I can't guarantee at this time that 1) *Cross-Port* will be involved or 2) that this show will actually pan out.

I've talked to the producer and have told her that we are interested,

but we've been missing each other in a horrid little game of phone tag ever since. As they want to tape on the morning of the 18th, and as I write this note it is the evening of the 14th, I don't really have high hopes of things falling together. The biggest detail that we have to iron out is that as part of the "make-over" section of the show, they want to do before and after mug shots. What I have been able to guarantee is that no one I can get to commit is willing to do a "before" shot.

Even if this particular show doesn't happen, at least they know we're here in Cincinnati, so hopefully they will contact us again with a format which is more to our liking — one which deals more with outreach than with clothes. (I'm still trying to figure out where they got this fashion show concept in the first place.)

♥ ♥ ♥

A girl named Jennifer Dale is starting a support group for crossdressers in Lexington, KY. They plan on offering a place to meet, a newsletter and a listing of specialty shops. If you are interested in joining, write Jennifer Dale, PO Box 54853, Lexington, KY 40555-4853.

♥ ♥ ♥

Halloween up at the Oregon District was great! Only problem was, at one time there were eight *Cross-Port* members in the same bar at the same time. It's hard to be unique and special when there's that many of you around. No harm was done, however. Some guy spent two hours trying to pick me

up and the girls were... were... Next time you see me, ask me about the little blonde that licked my palm... I hope the rest of you had as good a time as we did!

♥ ♥ ♥

Jeaninne came into town one weekend and we went to W. G. Magic's down on the 900 block of Race Street in Cincinnati. It was the first time we'd been there but Linda had said it was a good time, so we decided to give it a try. The owner, Roger, came up and introduced himself, then introduced us to the FIs who were performing there that night.

Ever hear of Suicide Drag? That's what was going on that night. Suicide Drag is where the DJ gets to pick all the music and the FIs don't know what they are going to perform until they get on stage. They had four performers that night; Amanda "Boom Boom" Dollars, Candy Kane, Rachel Rogers and Nina.

I spent most of the show backstage, a first for me. Candy asked me to come back and help her change between sets. Talk about a madhouse! Four performers and four or five people helping them costume in a 10' by 15' area. Afterwards, Candy "adjusted" my makeup for me by adding another couple of layers of blush, etc. One thing I've learned about FIs — they kind of understand transsexuals, but they don't understand transvestites at all. While I appreciated her effort to help, I really don't want to look like a stage performer.

Looks like Linda was right

again, it definitely was a good time.

♥ ♥ ♥

We got a mailing from a place called Exclusive Shoes which is located at the Town & Country Shopping Center in Kettering. They say that they have shoes in sizes 9 to 14. A note was enclosed to tell us that they "Welcome CDs, Gays and Female Impersonators". Why don't some of you ladies located up in that area check it out and let the rest of us know what the place is like.

♥ ♥ ♥

The *Crystal Club* is having a Christmas Dinner and Awards Banquet on Saturday, December 7th at the Laurel Lake Party House located east of Columbus starting at 8pm with dinner being served at 8:45pm. A changing room will be available, and it will be a BYOB. Everyone is asked to bring a white elephant gift not costing more than \$5.00. Fees will be \$21.00 for singles and \$35.00. They would like your reservation by November 22. Write P.O. Box 287, Reynoldsburg, OH 43068-0287, or call 614-237-4321. *Cross-Port* has maps available.

If you are busy December 7th, then the annual *IXE* Christmas Party will held on Saturday, December 14th. Again, everyone is asked to bring a white elephant gift not costing more than \$5.00. Write P.O. Box 20710, Indianapolis, IN 46220.

Cross-Port will, as usual, have food brought in for all at our December meeting.

Can We Talk!

By Heather Peerson

OK, so it's been a while and no I didn't die in Brussels. It's just been busy and crazy since I got back and I haven't had a chance to sit down and write. Also after putting in 8 hours a day in front of a computer the last thing I want to do at night is sit down in front of a computer, but I figured it was high time to break the silence.

Brussels was a "real trip". March 15 came faster than I ever imagined it would and before I knew it Cindy and I were on our way to Surgery Land. We flew by Delta to Frankfurt then to Brussels. We left at 8:30 p.m. and by the time we were flying over England, dawn was rapidly approaching. I've never seen the sun come up so fast.

At the Brussels airport the taxi drivers argued over who would take us to the hotel. We finally selected one and got to the hotel. We stayed at the Hotel Derby which makes a Motel 6 look like a Hyatt Hotel but it's close to the clinic and to the doctors office.

The following day we did some sight seeing and quickly found that almost no one spoke English. (Do you know what you call someone who only speaks one language? American.) They did speak French however which I fluently do not understand. Even the menus are only in one language. We managed to order a raw hamburger for lunch one day but one of the other customers acted as interpreter for us and saved us from making the mistake.

I entered the clinic on Thursday the 14th at 4:00 and was pleased to find that one of the nurses almost spoke English. I had been smart and had shaved myself down below which saved me from having them take a dry razor to me. My roommate from Holland was not as lucky. She did speak some English so I had someone to talk with.

I was the first one Friday morning and from 7:30 am until the next day is pretty much a blur. For the next couple of days recovery went well then on Wednesday all hell broke loose. I began to have abnormal stomach pain which continued to get worse. They did not seem to know what to do so I got out of bed and telephoned my doctor back here in the states. Just as I got him on the phone Dr. Seghers came in and talked with him. They put me on 10 mg of Valium and 10 mg of Morphine ever 4 hours. The pain continued until sometime on Friday which was when I was scheduled to leave the clinic. I was released on Sunday two days late.

Cindy had been busy on the phone and had managed to get Delta to change our flights from Thursday to Monday and they even gave me an extra seat for free. We arrived home late Tuesday and everything seemed fine until Thursday when the stomach pain returned. It lasted about four days.

The total cost was about \$6,500 including both air fares. I did see a couple of doctors in Dayton who did the follow-up care. I understand that the cost went up \$200 dollars right after I returned home, which puts it at \$4000.

Even with the extra problems I encountered I feel that the cost savings were well worth it. Dr. Seghers has done a lot of surgeries. Back in March I was already his 24th this year. Many times he does four a week.

An added bonus is that I now have a valid passport as a woman and I don't need to worry about my stupid birth certificate. To get my passport I had to send my amended birth certificate along with the letter I received from Dr. Seghers confirming the surgery date.

On Saturday November 9, 1991, Cindy and I will be taking vows of Holy Union as lesbian women. Many of my male and female gay friends will be there as well as family and other friends including Sunshine whom many of you may remember is my X. The love, support and acceptance of everyone has been greatly appreciated.

Oregon District

by Elaine

This was my first time going to the Oregon District Halloween party in Dayton but it won't be my last.



When I decided to go to the Oregon District I thought I would wear something inconspicuous and

unobtrusive. So naturally I choose my red pucker mini dress, black jacket and black patent pumps with 5 inch heels. My date for the evening, Nora, wore a grey pinstripe suit, white shirt and red tie, and a white fedora (hat).

The evening could not have been a total loss as I did get two marriage proposals and multiple chances to gain carnal knowledge of about eighty guys. I was stopped so many times to have my picture taken with assorted strangers both male and female that I lost count. It was my first time walking on brick roads with 5 inch heels and I almost fell three times. Fortunately I didn't and I managed to come out relatively unscathed. Nora had a good time also because she told me so. The other members of our party were Marsha as a cowboy, Joyce as herself, and Tom as himself.

On the way home Joyce and I ran into one of those sobriety check points. We were directed to pull into a parking lot on Beechmont Avenue. Upon doing so we were asked if we had been drinking which luckily we had not. The officer was very nice to us. They did not ask for license or any form of identification. The officer did however shine the flashlight at my legs and in Joyce's face and then told us we could go. We then proceeded to go to breakfast at Perkins. It was a perfect topper to a perfect night.

My Adventures

by Joyce

These are exciting times as

Joyce has begun to explore the wonderful world out there. As reported by Linda in last month's *InnerView*, I attended the Southern Comfort Convention in Atlanta GA. This was my first out of state adventure and it was great to say the least. I made many friends and had a barrel of fun being the lady I had always dreamed of being for three whole days. After a bus tour of Atlanta on Friday morning, three of us gals decided to go to the Perrington Mall for some shopping. After three hours of walking we were ready to head for the hotel and the wonderful meal that was served.

From Atlanta I headed north to Asheville N.C. to tour the Biltmore Estate. There are no words to describe this place. It will blow one's mind it was so huge and palatial. It took an entire day to wander through. Then it was back to Cincinnati again.

On the following Wednesday I went to electrolysis as usual. Pat greeted me like she always does and then administered the usual amount of pain. When the hour was up and I was about to leave she asked if I was busy on Friday morning. When I said "no", she invited me to join her and her husband in attending the Sally Jessie Raphael Show to be taped that morning. I asked her if she would mind if I went En-Femme. She was delighted with the idea.

So there I was Friday morning at 8:30 am with about 2000 other people standing in line for the show. When Pat arrived she introduced me to her husband and children. Finally about 11:00 am we were seated and they began

taping the show. It was a long affair and due to other commitments Pat had to leave half-way through. This left me by myself to talk with a half dozen woman around me. Everything went beautifully and after the show was over at 1:00 pm I did some shopping before heading home.

This being October, the Cross-Dressers month to really shine at Halloween, Elaine and I drove to Dayton's Oregon District for their big Halloween blast. Once there we met several gals from Cross Port. Belinda, Cathy, Linda, Renee and Valerie were there as well as Melanie's twin brother Tom. We also met Nora and Marsha for a fun filled evening. Elaine wore a short red dress and 5 inch heels with black hose. This drew all kinds of comments from the crowd and most if not all were unsure if she was real. Tom and I had the time of our lives listening to comments and watching people stare. Elaine should have charged for each picture that was taken by strangers.

This past week Elaine and I went to the J. C. Penney outlet store on Colerain Avenue to shop for an upcoming Coronation event in Toronto. This is the place to go for some real bargains, and the selection is great. Their return policy in case you do not like or it does not fit requires only the sales receipt. Everything is returnable.

Now I am looking forward to this weekend when I will once again go to Cincinnati Music Hall for the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra Concert.

Love, Joyce

Learning to Fly

by Belinda

When I think about it sometimes, it seems incredible that I could have even taken that first step inside the building where the class was held. This was a major deal, me following through on one of my strongest persisting lifelong dreams. Yet not only did I do it once, but went back for five more classes and then at the encouragement of my classmates and new friends, signed up for the next session.

Going in I knew ballet would be much different than anything I ever tried. Especially since I planned to take the classes as a woman. There didn't seem to be any point to any kind of preparation, at least not the same kind you put into play when you are going to a shopping mall, a restaurant, or someplace else a little more safe and mundane. All the possibilities, the questions, the sheer gutsiness required, were so overwhelming that the best course seemed to be not to think about it at all, just do it, as the commercials say, and see what happens.

Luckily my hair has grown and been styled into a mid-length lady's bob and the hormones have accentuated my already feminine attributes. Nothing would be worse than having a wig fly off during a spinning turn or having a pad of some type slip down during a stretching exercise at the barre bar. Still, the morning of the first class I allotted three hours to getting ready; two to fix my hair and makeup, and one to decide which ballet outfit to wear. When I left the apartment, I looked and felt

like a high school girl headed for drill team practice. Hair tucked back, wrap skirt billowing in the breeze, and leg warmers covering my calves.

On entering the class building my heart pounded and butterflies, no, giant lunar moths flapped around in my stomach. There was a receptionist. She directed me around the corner and up a short flight of steps to a room called "The Hayloft," where class would take place. What happened immediately after that set the tone for the all the future classes. A small, pleasant looking woman approached me with a smile and said "Are you looking for the Hayloft? The dance studio?" I told her I was and she introduced herself as Sally, the teacher. She asked me my name and I told her. It might seem like an insignificant act, but at the time it quelled the jangles in my nerves and got me to breathe easier.

We all had to wait out in the hall for a few minutes, while the aerobics class dispersed. The Hayloft was a large, high-ceilinged room with a whole wall of mirrors and barre bars. Hard wood floor. I'd been in many rooms like it before, yet never quite the way I appeared on that Saturday morning. All of us ballet students greeted each other and none of the other ladies gaped in open-mouthed shock or smirked. So far, so good. Then came the moment of truth, when I untied the wrap skirt, put on the ballet slippers, and joined in with the line in front of the mirror.

Immediately I noticed I was the only one wearing a classic ballet

outfit of leotard and tights. The five other ladies wore different combinations of sweats outfits and the footless tights that are so popular nowadays. Before I could invest any more time worrying about how much I stood out from the others (Could they tell?) we started dancing. Plies. Tendus. Relevees. Lots of bending and lifting and stretching, controlled force behind every movement and the whole idea, according to Sally: "You want to fly, you want to be up here," and to illustrate she stretched up onto her toes and held there, her chin lifted high, looking as if she was being guided by a gentle wire behind her neck. She allowed herself to ease back down onto the floor and she sighed. "No matter how much I try," she said, "I just can't seem to make myself any taller doing that." I expected her to glance over in my direction to punctuate herself, since I stood half a head taller than the next tallest lady. She didn't look over that time but managed to divide her attention among everyone that first day and I would learn she would do the same in each session thereafter.

That first class was an introduction, and we would go on with the difficult jumps, turns, skips, and hops in the upcoming weeks. Sally would always try to make sure I was learning the technique and feel of ballet. "Heel forward on the leg lift," she would say, and stepped over to where I leaned against the bar and hold either side of my raised thigh and ease it into position for me. Another time she held both of my forearms and back led me through a lifting hop of a step to show me the "rise and fall" behind it.

Each session Sally ventured further and further into the realm of ballet. There were the tight spot turns, what you see a ballerina doll doing on top of a music box. Unless you can spot, or look at a point on the wall while you are turning, the exercise brings on dizziness of a kind I used to experience on the merry-go-round as a child. Probably the most challenging activity came on about the fifth week. We faced the barre bar and hooked a heel over it, stretching the leg by sliding it back and forth along the bar. Along with this we would bend forward, head down and bring our hand to meet the heel, while arcing the other arm above us. At one point I was able to glance at the reflection in the mirror across the room, of four of us stretched out and jackknifing this way and admired how coordinated and lithe we all looked. That really *is* me bending over the bar that gracefully I thought.

By the third or fourth class I was able to converse with my new friends with ease. In my mind I was calling us the "Killer Bees" since our names are Bonnie, Becky, and Belinda. My friends in the class always refer to me as "she" or "her" and from day one have always been generous with encouragement and compliments: "I like your hair that way. It's pretty," or "That leotard really looks nice on you." That always leaves the question "Do they know?" Of course it really doesn't matter because the class has been one of my most fun experiences and one of the times I have been able to lose myself in the moment, doing something I really enjoy. So when Becky said "Are you going

to sign up for the next session?" I brought in the form the next week.

Could ballet be for you? Well I notice I walk lighter than I used to. All the stretching and lifting has toned and rounded out my thighs. There's also a sense of peace gained during the exercise of standing, upstretched, on your toes, arms above you that's hard to describe and hard to equal in any other activity. Maybe yoga. Dance is excellent for coordination. Whether or not you choose ballet as an activity to enjoy in your new life role, my best advice is choose something you have thought about doing for a long while and something you know you will enjoy. With that, all your "little worries" associated with it will become even smaller.

The Cross-Port InnerView

A History

Copyright 1991 By Heather Peerson

When I began *Cross-Port* 6½ years ago, I didn't know I was a transsexual and I didn't even know another crossdresser. But once the first six of us met on that June 5th evening (one day before my 35th birthday), I knew I had found something that would change my life. Though I am the first to admit that I never envisioned something like what did happen. But I knew I had to tell people how I felt and what it was like. So Volume 1, Number 1 of *InnerView* was printed and sent to 6 people on June 15, 1985. (I have enclosed a copy of that first newsletter as a memento.)

The name *InnerView* was not adopted until issue Volume 1, Number 3. It was meant to reflect an inside (inner) view of *Cross-Port*. I set high standards for *InnerView* in that I insisted that it would not be used for sexually explicit material and it should contain mostly articles from inside *Cross-Port*. I believe I have the only complete set of news letters in existence.

One of those first six copies was sent to Marleen in Tri-Ess. She recopied it and sent it to 19 people who were hoping to find a group in this area. One of them was Linda. She has been one of the group's greatest assets. Her glowing personality and her openness about her crossdressing have attracted many of the inquiries we have received over the years. She has appeared on several talk shows with me and we have done several lectures together at U.C. She has been writing and at times providing pictures and comics to *InnerView* since Volume 2, Number 2. That was her now famous article titled "Telling The Kids". She has also been our link to I.F.G.E since the Windy City's Spring Fling on May 1st to the 4th in 1986.

Columns I have done since the first issue include Girl Talk, Cross-Port Basics, Letters to Heather, Can We Talk? and Transsexual Issues, along with many articles.

In Volume 3, Number 3 (March of 1987) we began running "The Indy Report" By Betty. It ran until Volume 3, Number 9 by which time the IXE newsletter had gotten firmly off the ground. The

Indianapolis people have always been our best friends. It was Betty who donated the copier that we used to produce *InnerView* until it broke and we couldn't get it repaired.

Neither the July or August 1987 issues ever reflected the fact that on July 7 I had been admitted to the hospital for attempted suicide.

In Volume 3, Number 12 (December 1987) a poem I wrote called "Thoughts On Myself" reflected my realization that I was a transsexual and that after years of therapy it was the only course that I could follow and be happy. It was also the issue which marked the change in computers. Most of the issue was printed and pasted together.

While Linda had been writing on a regular basis, Linda's Corner first appeared in Volume 4, Number 1 (January 1988) after I had put out a plea for help in running the group and editing the newsletter. Several people responded and *InnerView* became more of a group effort.

In February an article by Alona appeared. She later went on to start the Trans-WV group. That was also the beginning the famous Linda Cartoons.

For the March 1988 issue I wrote what was to be the hardest article I have ever written. Even now I cry when I read it and I am filled with emotions just thinking about it. It was titled "The Sunshine of My Life".

The April 1988 issue contained

a cartoon which ended with a picture of a beaver and the director of the Rape Crisis Center wrote to us about the offensiveness of this portrayal of women to women. It was the beginning of a new awareness for *InnerView*.

An article about me that appeared in the May 5, 1988 issue of the Cincinnati Post titled "Taking a new look at life at age 37" by David Wecker was included with Volume 4, Number 5 and Transsexual Issues first appeared in Volume 4, Number 7 after I had been fired from my job because I was a transsexual. That issue also included a copy of Volume 1, Number 1.5 the second issue of the newsletter.

Cathy's first article appeared in August 1988 titled "Breaking the News to Mother". Little did she know then that it was the first of many she would write as the new editor beginning in January of 1989. In the October 1988 issue, we announced the change to our current mailing address.

My last issue as editor was Volume 4, Number 12. Cathy's A New View made it's first appearance in this issue. It also marked the last time the newsletter appeared in it's "original" look as Cathy began using WordPerfect and a laser printer to print each issue.

Cathy, Jennifer and Linda produced Volume 5, Number 1 and I continued to send in articles. Linda continued to write Linda's Corner and Can We Talk? appeared regularly until Volume 5, Number 6 (May of 1989). It was then that I finally found a new job as a

woman and found my time for writing decreasing.

January of 1990 carried another article by Alona announcing the formation of Trans-West Virginia. Two articles marked my return in March 1990, but my time to write was growing less and articles became more difficult to write as I moved more into the world as a woman and less as a crossdresser.

In September an article appeared which I had written in 1989. Reading it almost a year later I sensed a slight change in my point of view. That was also the month I was accepted for surgery. And in November I made the announcement in Can We Talk?

In October I was officially divorced and in November I met Cindy. By December I was engaged.

In December I resigned as the *Cross-Port* representative to the Greater Cincinnati Gay/Lesbian Coalition. A spot that really has not been filled although several have said they would do it. I also announced my intention to stop answering the *Cross-Port* phone line and Cathy announced that she was growing tired editing and asked if there was someone interested in editing the newsletter.

In February I wrote a Transsexual Issues article about employment. In March a new phone number was announced to be answered by Joann and on March 15, 1991 I had surgery. Some would say I became a woman that day. Those of us who know the truth know that there is no surgery that can make a person into a

woman. They can only change the body to reflect the soul. Either you are a woman or you are not.

In Volume 7, Number 4 (April 1991) Cathy announced the formation of a *Cross-Port Weekender's* meeting. By June we had another new phone number, this time in Dayton. Shelbi would do the honors of answering.

By June it was evident that the Weekender's meeting was failing to draw people and in a talk I had with Cathy I could hear the indications of burnout in her voice.

Which brings us to October 1991, Volume 7, Number 10 in which Cathy announced the closedown of the Weekender's Meeting and her resignation as editor beginning in January.

It seems funny when I think of all the people that have come to *Cross-Port* and written *Cross-Port* and called *Cross-Port* and received *the InnerView* from *Cross-Port* that so many are willing to let it die a slow death.

Maybe it is fitting that *InnerView* should end as I begin a new year, in a new life, with a new person since among other things *InnerView* has been for me a journal of my struggles, of my hopes, of my happiness and of my sadness. It has been a reflection of my dreams and disappointments and a sounding board for my soul searching and ultimate acceptance of myself. Through it I have made friends and met some of the best people I could ever hope to meet. But I have also met some of the most selfish people also.

Some years ago a Doctor who was involved with the group stated that crossdressers as a whole are the most self-centered people he has ever dealt with. I took exception to that comment at the time. But through the years I have come to know the truth in his words. When I am around women most of them are always asking how they can help clean-up, cook, set-up, phone and any other thing that may need to be done. From the very beginning when *Cross-Port* met at my home it was apparent that I was with a bunch of people who looked like women but had no idea of how to act like women. As soon as the meeting was over everyone would run out and head for the bars leaving myself and Sunshine to clean-up.

Every time we have asked anyone for help in *Cross-Port* we have received little or no response. In the last six and a half years fewer than 8 people have kept *Cross-Port* going trying to meet the needs of some 400 people who have come and gone. I have always said that *Cross-Port* was a support group and not a social club. We have never asked anything or required anything from the people who have attended except for their support and seldom have we really received it with the exception of financial support. It seems that many feel that once they drop money into the hat their responsibility ends.

I wish you all luck. I hope that someday you will begin to see the real needs many of you have. You say you want rights. Well, rights are not just given, they are earned the hard way, by fighting for them. Ask any woman, black

or gay person. They are not gained by paying for them.

When I began *Cross-Port* I knew that four things were required to make it work, **a regular meeting night, a regular meeting place, a newsletter and a lot of hard work.** As a support group *Cross-Port* has been a success thanks to the efforts of a few. We helped to start several groups, and we were the first to give money to I.F.G.E. to set up a trust fund.

I commend Cathy for her efforts, she has continued to maintain and even raise the standards I set for *InnerView*. She has given both her time and herself to a cause to which she believed she owed a debt. I am sure she will tell you that she has gained more than she gave. I know I did. But one can only give so long.

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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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

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Vol. 1 No. 1

July 1985

Well, it finally happened. The first meeting of Cross-Port was held on June 5 at the home of Heather (that's me). For most of us it was a first for this type of experience. For all of us it was an enjoyable couple of hours.

Along the same lines, I thought I would start a News-Letter to help pass on information and events discussed at the meetings. If anyone would like to submit articles, send them to the P.O. Box. If You have a computer and modem you can also send them by phone. Write and I'll give you the number to call.

Getting back to the meeting I passed out a questionnaire and requested that those present look it over and fill it out only if they felt comfortable answering them. Three people have done so. For this I thank you.

One of the questions asked for suggestions for a name for the group. Since none were suggested and Lily and I felt it was important to establish an identity. She suggested Trans-Port. I suggested Cross-Port (the port is for support) and she agreed. If there are no objections that is what we will go with.

It was obvious that none of us knew what to expect. I think most of us would have backed out if we hadn't felt that it might be our only chance to meet others like ourselves.

We each were able share something about our experiences and so far it seems as if I am able to enjoy the most freedom in my dressing. (In fact as I type this I am wearing a new dress my wife bought me for my birthday, which was the day after the meeting. Sarah would be the only exception since she is living as a woman. She was able to share with us

some of her background and what she has gone through so far. We thank you for sharing with us.

One of the discussions focused on a national organization called Tri-Ess Sorority / Society for the Second Self. It's an organization for the heterosexual cross-dresser. They publish a national directory and a bi-monthly news letter. Due are \$30 / year and 20% of that goes to advertising. If you wish to join or want more information, write to Tri-Ess, P. O. Box 194, Tulare, CA 93275.

Since there was no time set for a second meeting, Lily said it would be left up to me. I feel it is important that we get together at least once a month. I am therefore proposing that we meet on the third Thursday of the month, beginning July 18 at 6:30 p.m. We can meet here at my home until we decide on/find another place. Before that time however I would like to invite you over for a meeting on Thursday June 27 at 6:30. If you want to bring something to dress in feel free to do so. However, those who don't wish to dress please come anyway. This is what we are are about. We need eachother's support. Plan to stay awhile. I plan to show the HBO special called What Sex Am I?. It runs about an hour and I feel it will benefit everyone. We can send out for a pizza so don't have supper first. Those that have my number can call and let me know if you can make it. Those who don't can write to the P. O. Box and Lily can forward the info to me.

One of you summed up my feelings nicely on the questionnaire, " I was impressed with the different levels of development each had reached... It was a positive experience... "

My thanks to all who had the courage to come and to those who couldn't make it. It was a big first step. Lily and I thank you all.

Sincerely, your friend

Heather