

# Cross-Port InnerView

P.O. Box 12701, Cincinnati, OH 45212

The next meeting is March 19 at 8:00pm

## A NEW VIEW

By Elaine

At the Febuary meeting there were Approximately 40 ladies and S.O.'s in attendance. We had a couple of people there for the first time. We would like to welcome Howard and Todd to *Cross-Port*, we hope to see them at more meetings.

Within the past few weeks we have received numerous phone calls to the *Cross-Port* line. Thank you Joyce for stepping in and taking over the phones by the way the new number for *Cross-Port* is (513) 474-9557 (and it is a Cincinnati number once again). Within the the past month we have sent out eleven intro packs. It seems that the Jerry Springer show had more impact than I would have thought.

I would like to announce that The Thing Shop has applied for and gotten a Baronee with the **Great Sovereign Empire of Lexington** and would like to invite all the *Cross-Port* members who like to dress in fancy gowns to become lords, ladies, pages, and ladies-in-waiting of the court of

Baron and Baroness Von  
MonzHausen.

For those of you who have been following Bonnie [REDACTED]'s story with some interest, she came up to the last *Cross-Port* meeting with some news which has put a whole new twist on the tale. It seems that Bonnie has accepted a marriage proposal and has sold her house and will be moving to Wisconsin soon.

She said that she has met her fiance's family and that they know her story and have no objections to the proposed wedding. Of course, there is the little matter of SRS, but she is working on that.

For those of you who haven't met Bonnie yet, she is a transsexual who made the local news after several incidents of harassment occurred against her in her neighborhood. Those stories then led to national attention as she appeared on some talk shows and sold her story to a national tabloid. Sounds like an exciting life for someone who just wanted "to be left alone".

Bonnie, *Cross-Port* wishes you

all good luck with your SRS and upcoming marriage. We hope that in Wisconsin you will be able to get back to a "normal" life again.

Cathy went down to the AVOC offices last month to attend a meeting of the *Men In Touch* group. That group had asked someone from *Cross-Port* to attend because they were introducing the different types of people who hang out at gay establishments to "main stream" gay men. Also in attendance were representatives for the leather community and female impersonators.

Cathy said that the men were really nice, and asked many questions. She explained cross-dressing to them from the "heterosexual transvestite" perspective, but also was able to give them insight on the differences between transvestites and transsexuals as well. One question did not come up which always comes up when talking to straight groups — the infamous "bathroom question". Guess that's because they are used to seeing someone in a skirt standing at the urinal next to them.

Cathy learned something about the other groups as well, such as "why" leatherman dress and act the way they do. She also found out that she and the FI that attended cross-dressed for basically the same reasons, but that they were trying to get something completely different out of their cross-dressing. She also found out that "drag queens" have a reputation for being some of the bitchiest people around. And you wondered why people in gay bars pretty much ignore cross-dressers when they are around.

In all, Cathy really enjoyed the experience and has offered to go down there again in the future. Thanks to Dan Newman and AVOC for the invite. *Cross-Port* is willing to try and send someone to any meeting of this type by any other groups in Cincinnati as well.

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Laurie went to an AIDS/HIV symposium presented for health care workers this past month and came back with the following facts which were presented by Dr. Peter Frame, the director of the AIDS Treatment Center at the University of Cincinnati Medical Center:

There are an estimated 10,000,000 people infected world wide and that number is growing at an alarming rate.

60% of the total cases are in Africa, with 1 in 40 people in east Africa infected. The majority of those transmissions is through heterosexual contact with more women than men infected.

In Bangkok, Thailand 20% of the population is infected — up

from 3% three years ago.

In the US there are 200,000 AIDS cases which is probably about 20% of the total HIV cases. 1 in 75 men are infected, and 1 in 700 women. Heterosexual transmission of the disease has increased 44% in the last year.

An HIV infected woman has a 30% chance of passing the disease to her unborn child. HIV infection can also be transmitted through breast feeding. Most children who are born HIV positive contract full blown AIDS soon after birth and die.

By the end of the century, there will be 10,000,000 orphans world wide because of the disease.

Laurie said that she met HIV positive women for the first time. She said both of them were undistinguishable from the other women at the symposium. Both were married and looked perfectly healthy — and both of them had given birth to children who had died from AIDS.

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## THE TEXAS T - PARTY

It's only Sunday, but already Joyce is in a tizzy over her trip to San Antonio for the T-party. The big question at the moment is what to pack? A girl can never have too much to wear. So I started picking out this dress and that skirt and matching blouse. And of course each needed a special pair of shoes and accessories, purses, belts and jewelry. This was the everyday wear — there still was the special

gown for the Saturday night ball with all those accessories. By now I had enough for a two week stay and I was only going for **four days**. Fortunately my suitcase capacity helped eliminate most, and by Tuesday evening I was quite confident that I had packed wisely and forgotten nothing vital.

(UGH) Six am Wednesday morning came all too soon. After a quick breakfast and a last minute check of the house, Elaine arrived to drive me to the airport for a 9:46 am TWA (third worst airline) flight. At this point in time I must come clean and admit that I was in drab, as I did not yet have the nerve to travel En-Femme. Maybe next time.

As I took my seat, I noticed a young couple being seated right in front of me. I really did not give it much thought until we had lifted off. Then I began to worry that I would be charged an extra entertainment tax. Apparently this was a newlywed couple and I was treated to 57 minutes of kissy-kissy. Life can be beautiful. Changing planes in Saint Louis brought this activity to an end, too bad. The rest of the flight to San Antonio was quite uneventful.

After checking in at the hotel and registering with the T-Party committee, I had just enough time to dress and meet my friend Pam from Southern Comfort convention for dinner at the "Magic Time Machine Restaurant". A delicious meal was served by Ninja Turtles and clown waiters, quite unorthodox, but fascinating. Then back to the hotel bar for the evening.

Thursday morning Pam and I

had breakfast and then took a walk to some of the local shops near the hotel. We arrived back at the hotel in time for lunch and a change of clothes before going to the North Star Mall for some serious shopping that afternoon.

This place was huge and a real delight with all the upscale dress shops and accessory stores. A gal that had a rich sugar daddy sure could have the time of her life in a place like this. As it was, we settled for a few nice things and then returned to the hotel so we could meet our friend Lynn, who flew in that afternoon.

We attended the big dinner party put on by the T-Party and then we retired to the bar and got reacquainted over several drinks. About two am it was off to dream land. And two days into this event provided this old gal, some very pleasant dreams indeed.

Not wanting to miss anything, it was up early Friday for breakfast and get ready for an all day bus tour of downtown San Antonio. And of course, no one goes to San Antonio without seeing the Alamo. While there I wondered to myself if any of those brave defenders were perhaps a cross-dresser?!! Do you suppose? I guess we will never know for sure. Next we went to the San Juan Mission, which was restored to its original configurations. But enough of this war and old mission places, now we traveled to the outskirts of town to see the Japanese sunken gardens.

Gals, there are not enough words in my vocabulary to describe this place's beauty. Flowers and lakes and stone walls where laid

out in such a manner as to look like a landscape painting. Back on the bus and off we went to the governor's palace. These things were all very nice, but the best was yet to come.

The San Anton river walk was our next stop. We took an hour long barge ride on the river canals which were lined on both sides by shops, bars and restaurants. This ladies was paradise. We then returned to the hotel for dinner, which I could hardly wait to be over. I just Had to get down to the river walk again. A festival was in progress, so there were large crowds. The walks were all lit up and I felt like I was in a wonderland.

As we walked along we came to the Hilton hotel nightclub. Upon entering we were entertained by a seven piece jazz band playing Dixie Land jazz. As we talked to the waiter, he became more and more interested in us and by the time we left an hour or so later, we had aroused his interest to the point where he wanted to know all about Tri-Ess and Boulton and Park and their addresses and such. On returning to the hotel we had a nightcap at the bar and then off to dreamland.

Saturday at noon we were treated to a pool side luncheon which was accompanied by a couple of fashion shows. Sexy lingerie and gowns being the order of the day. The models were lovely and the rest of us girls were absolutely drooling. This was very romantic and lovely and I would have liked to stay, but it was time to go. Lynn had made appointments for us at the local beauty

college for facials and make overs in preparation for the T-Party ball that evening. This was my first facial and make over and it was thoroughly enjoyable. A young lady worked on me for an hour and a half in order to transform me into a lovely butterfly. She was very sweet and kind.

After dinner there were speeches by Virginia Prince, Cynthia and Linda Phillips and others. Many were honored for their efforts on behalf of the community. Special praise to Cynthia and Linda Phillips for their fine effort in the T-Party. Due to them in particular and with the help of many others, the T-Party was a wonderful success. I can't thank these people enough. God bless all those fine people who worked so hard all year long so that the rest of us could have a good time.

The entertainment for the evening was hilarious, as the girls out did themselves. Two hours of non-stop fun. After hearing Virginia Prince speak on her new terminology for the gender community, one of the girls at our table made up a little song : **THE MALE LADY'S LEAGUE FIGHT SONG.**

I'm a male lady, sassy and sweet  
These are my fingers; these are my feet

I'm not bigendered; I'm not TV  
I'm a male lady; happy as can be.

I make up my face and curl my hair  
Spray myself with perfume; kiss me if you dare.

Yes I'm a lady, a male lady sweet



I wear the highest heels and stockings so neat.

Once I had a sister; she grew a mustache  
Now we call her mister, cause she has panache.

Once I had a brother; now he wears a skirt  
He's a male lady and a terrible flirt.

Never had a father; never had a dog  
But I have a derriere and a bosom fair

Virginia is my mother; I'm her baby girl.  
This is my rosy cheek; this is my curl.

I'm a male lady, sassy and sweet  
These are my fingers; these are my feet.

I'm not bigendered; I'm not a TV  
I'm a male lady; happy as can be.

I was honored to have had a small part in this skit. She sang and we accompanied her with a dance routine. After which we adjourned to the bar for a final drink and last farewells, as I had an early flight to catch in the morning.

The flight home while nice was uneventful and really a trip back to reality. This was my third convention in less than a year and they were all wonderful. I think all you gals should consider attending at least one to live and enjoy the fantasy of it all. But it is just that, a fantasy, and it is good to be home again and real life as Joyce.

— Love, Joyce

## What Sex Is Your Brain?

*Reprinted from Reader's Digest. Condensed from "Brain Sex: The Real Difference Between Men and Women" by Anne Moir and David Jessel.*

"Why can't a woman be more like a man?" goes the exasperated lament. Science is searching for an answer, and researchers have presented some intriguing possibilities. Men and women are different, they theorize, because the slight differences their brains are constructed lead the sexes to process information in subtly different ways.

That might be why men generally do better than women in tests of spatial ability — being able to picture object's shapes, positions and proportions accurately in the mind's eye. Similarly, boys tend to outperform girls in mathematics involving abstract concepts of space, relationship and theory.

On the other hand, girls usually say their first words and learn to speak in sentences earlier than boys. Some studies have found that women speak in linger, more complex sentences than men. Also, boys outnumber girls in remedial reading classes. Stuttering and other speech defects occur more frequently among males.

What are the anatomical differences in the brains of men and women that might cause these variations? In tests on brains obtained after autopsy, some researchers have found that in

women part of the corpus callosum, the bundle of fibers linking the left and right hemispheres, is bigger in relation to overall brain weight than in men. This might allow more information to be exchanged between the two sides.

If so, perhaps it accords with the theory that in men the left hemisphere of the brain is more specialized for verbal abilities than it is in women. And men seem to use the right side of their brain when working on an abstract problem, while women use both sides.

How this might influence masculine and feminine modes of thinking science doesn't yet know. We do know, though, that brain development in the fetus is affected by hormones as well as genetics. And most of us grow up to think at least a little like the opposite sex.

The following quiz, based on surveys of some 2000 people, could help you find out how male or female *your* brain is:

1. *You hear an indistinct meow. Without looking around, how well can you place the cat?*

(a) If you think about it, you can point to it.

(b) You can point straight to it.

(c) You don't know if you can point to it.

2. *How good are you at remembering a song you've just heard?*

(a) You find it easy, and you can sing part of it in tune.

(b) You can do it only if it is simple and rhythmical.

(c) You find it difficult.

3. *A person you've met a few times telephones you. How easy is*



*it for you to recognize that voice in the few seconds before the person identifies himself?*

- (a) You find it quite easy.
- (b) You recognize the voice at least half of the time.
- (c) You recognize the voice less than half of the time.

*4. You're with a group of married friends. Two of them are having an affair. Would you detect this?*

- (a) Nearly always.
- (b) Half the time.
- (c) seldom.

*5. You're introduced to five strangers at a large social gathering. If their names are mentioned the following day, how easy is it for you to picture their faces?*

- (a) You remember most of them.
- (b) You remember a few of them.
- (c) You seldom remember any of them.

*6. In your early days school days, how easy was spelling and the writing of essays?*

- (a) Both were quite easy.
- (b) One was easy.
- (c) Neither was easy.

*7. You spot a parking place, but you must reverse into it — and it's going to be a fairly tight squeeze:*

- (a) You look for another space.
- (b) You back into it — carefully.
- (c) You reverse into it without much thought.

*8. You've spent three days in an unfamiliar village and someone asks you which way is north:*

- (a) You're unlikely to know.
- (b) You're not sure, but given a moment you can work it out.
- (c) You point north.

*9. You're in a dentist's waiting*

*room. How close can you sit to people of the same sex as yourself without feeling uncomfortable?*

- (a) Less than six inches.
- (b) Six inches to two feet.
- (c) Over two feet.

*10. You're visiting your new neighbors, and the two of you are talking. There's a tap dripping in the background. Otherwise the room is quiet:*

- (a) You notice the dripping immediately and try to ignore it.
- (b) If you notice it, you probably mention it.
- (c) It doesn't bother you at all.

### Scoring the Test

#### Males:

For each (a) answer, give 10 points.

For each (b) answer, give 5 points.

For each (c) answer, give -5 points.

#### Females:

For each (a) answer, give 15 points.

For each (b) answer, give 5 points.

For each (c) answer, give -5 points.

Unanswered questions count 5 points.

Most males will score between zero and 60. Most females will score between 50 and 100. The overlap — scores between 50 and 60 — indicates a thought compatibility between the sexes.

Males scores below zero and female scores above 100 point to a brain very differently "wired" from that of the opposite sex. Males scores above 60 may show a bias to female mental attributes. Females who score below 50 may show a brain bias to the male

thought processes.

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## Belinda's Here

For the past 5 years I have been aware of and active in the gender community and have kept up with all the interesting reading in the many newsletters, books, and magazines. Article topics vary as widely as the individual writers but I have noticed one subject that receives little ink, curiously. Throughout all the journals and articles I cannot remember one piece which specifically dealt with the trials and tribulations of one of us gender dysphoric souls when making a transition in the workplace while staying with the same employer.

You may be thinking my next words will be "Well here's a long article to change all that," or something similar. Instead, through living through my transition I have learned why there are so few articles about the subject. Going through a transition in the workplace is such a long, gut-wrenching odyssey of step-by-step revelation and intensified learning it's hard and perhaps even unthinkable to try and document the finer points of it in something as brief as a journal or newsletter article.

Of course, that doesn't mean I'll stop short at sharing a few observations I think may help great numbers of people. Transitioning at the workplace is like standing in front of those department store three-sided mirrors naked, for eight hours every day. At least for the first couple of weeks. It is a

completely different world than anything I ever experienced going out dressed, as a part-time woman.

When my hair finally grew to the length where it could be styled in a bob similar to the wig I wore, I felt I was home free but quickly learned there was so much more. Curling irons, sprays, and perms followed, plus a few thoughts about whether I would want to do some highlighting or coloring. Also, enough people asked me why I let my hair fall forward into my face that I finally experimented with tying it back with bows, barrettes, and other "hair hardware" and found I could create a different look for every single mood.

I have decided that keeping my hair away from my face helped greatly with the way people respond to me, as if I gained an identity overnight (it was probably reassuring to people around me that it became easier to see my eyes). There's a tendency of thought in the trans-gendered world that hair/wigs need to be styled to frame and soften the face but I have learned in reaching out, or mainstreaming that the "softness" we desire comes from within and is much easier to see when it isn't fighting all that hair.

Then there is the whole question of how one moves. Daily I congratulate myself for becoming so aware of how my body moves through all my dance background. For instance, I've known for awhile that women generally walk within the width of their shoulders and take shorter, controlled steps. The rest of the expression through movement that we have all observed has to evolve naturally,

from within, and cannot be rushed, studied, or worst of all, affected.

We have all seen the odd and sometimes comical results of an exaggerated attempt to "walk like a woman." Still, I felt I had to do something when I felt so conspicuous click-clacking through our marbled lobbies in stacked heels (though I always noticed several other ladies click-clacking just as loudly who seemed to have no qualms about it). My solution was to get a little "lift" going when I walked. The ballet teacher from last fall used to talk about how to reach and glide upward as "though you don't want to land," and it was easy to apply a little of this to everyday living. The first time I tried it the noise from my pounding heels lessened greatly.

All three hundred of the employees at the company where I work were briefed beforehand about the shocking change they would see in me starting the New Year, 1992. When personnel held their meetings concerning the subject, certain concerns arose. A certain few of the managers worried that after January 2 I would be swish-swashing my way around the building with a megawatt theatrical "Listen Honey" approach to it all. It certainly fits the image that people unfamiliar with our world have of the man who desires to dress as a woman.

Keeping that in mind several friends advised I play it conservative for as long a time as possible. A month passed before I wore any of the following: a skirt or dress at the knees or above; spike heels; a blouse or sweater that showed any amount of chest;

sharply defined eye liner or dark shadow colors; or clingy, tights-and-sweater outfits on casual days.

A friend asked me not long ago what I felt it meant to be a woman. Not wanting to mull over the question too long, I replied "to be active, aware, and involved." And to that end I was suddenly included in before-work Cafe klatsches with the other ladies and I became interested in what was going on around me, aware of it all the time. The first time a friend talked with me candidly about a woman problem I knew it wasn't coincidence that people were comfortable in relating to me in a whole different way.

My new femininity is still an embryo, however, as I become painfully aware when a customer or associate from another office addresses me as "Sir" over the telephone. Or when a visitor to the office from one of the other divisions or from outside the company sees me, notices me, and (I imagine) eyes me with curiosity.

Friends outside the job and people who help me with my image, such as the hairdresser or the lady at the clothes shop generously spoil me with their compliments about the changes they see in me. In the workaday world I'm reminded about what the personnel manager told me: "Just remember that when the announcement about your coming out was made, you were in the forefront of everybody's thinking for that very moment. Afterward it's going to be a more or less accepted thing and people will fall back into their ordinary routine." Meaning, Belinda's here. Now what?

## THE NEW LOUISVILLE GROUP

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.

This first meeting will be at Patti [REDACTED]'s apartment near Bardstown Rd. on Eastern Pkwy. on Saturday February 8, 1992 at 8PM. 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 try 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 Yvoone 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]  
Patti [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

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## LINDA'S CORNER

Some things seem like they never change. For me one of those is getting through the airport security check point without setting off the metal detector. I guess I wear too much jewelry, or maybe those machines also detect someone in disguise. Whatever the case may be, Linda always adds a few extra minutes at these check points, so the little Spanish lady can pull me aside for a personal frisking. This time she even had me take my shoes off. Sure they looked like boats next to her size 4, but did she think I had a gun in the toe of my pump?

Now here I was, all dolled up and on my way to the Texas 'T' Party. I sat by the window at my gate, demurely crossing my legs, feeling the satin smoothness of my legs as they touch. The taste of lipstick, the feel of long hair on the back of my neck, and the sight of my long red fingernails has set the mood for escape from reality for which I shall not return to for six days. As I peer out on the runway, there are many construction workers pouring concrete for the Delta expansion. As they glance my way, little did they know that just 3 hours ago, I too was pouring concrete with the men. I wonder if that Babe we whistled at this morning was really a boy.....NAAAA...I just getting paranoid.

Time to load, so I made my way on the plane. They put me in the back, smack-dab in the center of a bunch of half drunk conventioners returning home.



Before the plane embarks, the cards are out and the fraternizing begins. I thought to myself, these guys seem alright, after a few drinks I'll let them in on my big secret, and I'll make some new friends. About 20 minutes pass, and they start talking about who did what last night. I'm just about ready to speak when the one guy says, "Yea, me, Charlie and Dan were walking back to the hotel last night when we ran across this fagot. We roughed him up a little bit, but I thought Charlie here was gonna kill him. Guess who Charlie was sitting next to. Let's just say I know when to shut up.

We landed in Atlanta, and I had 30 minutes to change planes. I ducked into the ladies room for a pee, and back out in record time. I walked about two city blocks when I realized that when I tucked, I must have put my old buddy in the wrong place because he was screaming out in pain. I stepped around the corner and pulled and pushed the front of my shirt, I mean skirt. The old black man got an eyeful, but he must have figured I was just having some 'female' trouble, while the real trouble, was being female.

Next flight had me surrounded by a group of young men about nineteen years old. In a motherly voice I asked the young man next to me why he looked so troubled. He said that he and the rest of the young men had just enlisted into the Air Force, and were on their way to San Antonio to become men. I said that I too was on my way to San Antonio,

but for a very different reason. I don't think he caught on.

I got to the hotel, unpacked, and since it was about 9:30pm, went straight to the bar. Guess who was there all decked out in her LA look? Trish Anderson, the shy gal from *Cross-Port* who moved to the west coast, and who returned two meetings ago on a visit with her girl friend Bev. They were a pair of wild ladies all dressed in leather looking mighty hot.

In fact there were over 340 people at the 'T' this year. The largest get together of Cross-dressers ever to assemble in one place. Many people from all over the world showed up, and I had the opportunity to meet many new faces. One girl I met from Hawaii named Vanessa (she's the cover girl in *Crossdresser's Quarterly*, Vol.2 No.2) was very intriguing. She's TS, 30, 5'3", 115 lbs., with the most perfect body I have ever seen. She started living as a woman at 14, but has never had the final surgery. She has had many different boyfriends, and says most didn't care if she had the operation or not. What I really found amazing was that there were four boys in her family, and three are transsexual. They all look perfect, live with their boyfriends, and no

one is in any rush for an operation. I always wonder when I run into so many well adjusted TSs, who don't have the surgery, that perhaps too many put too much emphasis on it. I also have run into an increasing number of transsexuals who at the last minute met someone who loves them for who they are, and have not gone through the last step, even though they do plan to live their lives as women in all respects.

Anyway I had a great time, and now I'm looking forward to the IFGE Convention in two weeks. Many of the girls from Houston are our acting hosts for this event, and they tell me to be prepared to have some fun.

*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.

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TV/TS Support Group