

# Cross-Port Inner View

P.O. Box 12701, Cincinnati, OH 45212

The next meeting is March 21 at 8:00pm

## A New View

by Cathy

The February meeting went well with thirty-four ladies and their friends attending. Several of our regulars were busy attending the Texas Tea Party and from what I hear they had a pretty good time.

Welcome to Gloria, Karl and Rick, all of whom attended their first *Cross-Port* meeting. Lisa came to her first meeting in almost two years -- it was good to see her back again. Barb from the *Suggestive-Something Boutique* was also there, visiting with people she knew.

We had the new TV-TS Tapestry for sale, and will have more at the next meeting, so plan ahead. This is issue #57 for those of you who track them in that fashion.

Many thanks to Barbara M., who through her tireless efforts and dogged footwork, has managed to find us a Saturday night meeting place. The *Cross-Port Weekenders* will have their meetings the second Saturday of every month in a hotel suite just north of the I-275 circle off I-71. The first meeting will be April 13th with the room opening at 6pm. For those of you who can not make a Thursday night meeting or if you feel uncomfortable meeting in a bar, this one's for you.

The format of these meetings will be a bit different than what we are used to at Christopher's. *Cross-Port* will be providing food, soft drinks and coffee at the meetings. Alcohol is strictly a BYOB affair. One of

the first orders of business will be deciding if the meetings will be "smoke free". If things work out, we will also be scheduling guest speakers on various topics which relate to our sub-culture. We will also have a separate room available for people to use for changing.

For these meetings you must make a reservation. Reservation deadlines are the Thursday prior to the meeting. To reserve, you may either write us at the P.O. Box, or phone our new telephone number. Costs for attending will be \$10.00 per CD in advance, \$15.00 at the door. S.O.'s and partners are only \$5.00.

Rooms at the hotel are \$37.00 plus tax for a single, \$42.00 plus tax for a double. In addition, *Cross-Port* can make available two beds in the rented suite for \$20.00 apiece, first come, first serve (if you don't mind staying up until the meeting shuts down). If those options do not suit you, there are several other hotels/motels within a mile where you can stay. See the separate form enclosed in this newsletter for more information.

One thing you won't have to worry about at this hotel is the staff. Jennifer and I went dressed to close the deal so that they would have a first hand view of who they would be dealing with. From the manager down to the desk clerks, no one batted an eye or acted as if anything was out of the ordinary. Jennifer was even complimented on the suit she wore. Hope to see you there.

Do you remember the girl in Texas who was ejected from a concert and given a ticket for disturbing the peace for using the men's restroom?

### Attention!

*Cross-Port's* new  
telephone number is:

**771-4933**

Please adjust your records!

Well, a similar occurrence has happened here in Cincinnati (where else?).

It seems that a local TS who has been living full time as a woman for the last two years was shopping at the Hill's store in Colerain, during it's going out of business sale. Evidently she was "read" by another patron of the store while she was in the ladies dressing room. This other patron called the police.

Our sister was going through the check-out line when the police arrived, and they asked her to leave it to talk with them. After telling her the nature of the complaint, she explained to them that she is a transsexual and showed them her driver's license which had her female name on it. The license was still marked with her male gender (her choice as she did not want any legal problems concerning it), and the police officer proceeded to give her a ticket for disturbing the peace. After this, the police left and she was allowed to complete her purchase.

People who are found guilty of disturbing the peace are usually only done so if intent is proven, and clearly this girl did not intend to cause a problem. Cross-Port has advised her that if she wishes to fight the ticket (which she has stated she does want to do), that she should obtain the services of an attorney. We are waiting to find out how this turns out. The girl involved does not belong to Cross-Port, and does not really want her gender status known to the general public. We wish her luck on all counts.

Speaking of wishing someone luck, on March 15th, stop a minute and wish Heather well, for that is the date of her sexual reassignment surgery. She left for Belgium on March 11th and will be returning on the 28th as one of the New Women among us. Her partner Cindy is going with her, and we wish both of them a safe trip with no surprises.

There is now a medical group doing SRS in the Dayton area. Drs. Apesos, Nekrosrus and Palomar are working out of the Miami Valley Hospital. One is a surgeon, one an endocrinologist and one a psychiatrist. For more information about their work, you may call Dr. Apesos at (513) 435-0031, Dr. Nekrosrus at (513) 434-7536 or Dr. Palomar at (513) 294-1489.

Boos and Hisses this month go to the Rock group *Jane's Addiction* for their video "Been Caught Stealin". If you haven't seen it yet, it features a man who goes into a bathroom and proceeds to dress up as a pregnant

woman. The reason he does this is so he can go into a supermarket and shoplift by sticking various articles up his skirt beneath the big belly he is wearing. Great press from a group of guys who wear more make-up than we do.

I never would have believed it when I was a student there, but according to the Cincinnati Enquirer, there is an assistant professor at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio who uses crossdressing to make a point in his "Health Education for AIDS" classes. Along with several other characters which he portrays is one Miss Ima Virgin. Miss Virgin wears a white wedding dress and expounds against pre-marital sex and champions monogamy. The professor, Richard Fennell, is a 6-foot-1 bodybuilder who has a beard. My guess is that Miss Virgin won't have any trouble staying that way.

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## **Cross-Port Finances**

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Here is the current status of the Cross-Port Treasury:

Beginning Balance as of the February Newsletter was: \$1962.62

**February Expenses:**

New Phone Install:	\$127.56
New Answering Machine:	\$104.31
Envelopes & Stamps:	\$59.79
Printing Feb. Newsletter:	\$41.15
Annual GCGLC Dues:	\$35.00
GCGLC meeting fees:	\$15.00
Bank Charges:	<u>\$ 2.30</u>
<b>Total Expenses:</b>	<b><u>\$(385.11)</u></b>

**February Incomes:**

Donations:	\$89.50
Tapestry Sales:	\$60.00
Newsletter Subs:	<u>\$180.00</u>
<b>Total Income:</b>	<b><u>\$329.50</u></b>

Balance as of March 14: \$1,907.01

We also mailed out five intro packets this month.

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## **The Longest Journey**

by Renee S.

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I started my journey in the countryside. On a farm I saw a small boy driving a tractor in his father's field. Next I passed a government grain storage complex at the edge of town and working there a teenage boy was shoveling shelled corn off the wagons. Ahead at the high school building a young man is giving the salutation address at commencement.

On to another town at the train station, a student is leaving for the big city to study electronics. Later I noticed a young soldier heading home on leave.

South of town, through the open door of a factory, I see an inspector checking the tolerances of automobile parts. At a housing development nearby a carpenter is installing a window in a new house.

Traveling down the main street of the next town, I see an insurance agent at the corner talking to a policy-holder. Close by, the assistant manager of the consumer finance company is greeting a customer at the office door. Down the street comes a noisy procession with a young man and his bride in the lead car.

At the edge of town, at a large building supply outlet, the appliance repairman is leaving to take care of a defective dishwasher. Inside the building there is a salesman selling plumbing, heating, electrical and building supplies. Outside a man is using a fork lift to load plywood and roofing on a truck.

Just down the road a plumber is installing a hot water heating system in a new house. Next door an electrician is installing the electric service and house wiring.

On to the next town, at a factory I see a man operating a test panel to check electric motors for defects. Outside a crane operator is unloading steel coils from the trucks.

At the edge of town at the stockyards a farmer is unloading a truck filled with the hogs he has raised. Further on in the country a man is at the edge of a corn field, welding a broken part on his combine. At the next house a farmer, his wife, three sons and a daughter are leaving to go shopping in town.

Next, the transportation test track appears on the left and a test driver in a new car go flying past. Continuing on to a large warehouse center, a man can be seen assembling a truck load order of groceries being sent to a supermarket. Across the road a tank truck driver is pulling into the field with a load of liquid fertilizer.

Almost to the end of the journey and through the city again, an obstruction appears ahead. In the center of the street is a large utility truck with lights flashing. The operator is using the equipment to clear a sewer stoppage.

Arrived here at last, it is time to reflect on the past journey. Amazing as it seems, I have been each and every one of those boys and men during my life's journey.

Leaning back in my chair, I glance over at the mirror on the wall. I now see an attractive woman. A full time woman. A woman ready for a new journey. Isn't life wonderful?

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## **Foot Troubles**

by Natalie Angier

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*Reprinted from the New York Times*

In a new survey of 356 women conducted by members of the American Orthopedic Foot and Ankle Society, doctors found that 88% of the women wore shoes that were at least a size too small. Not surprisingly, 80% of the women also reported chronic foot pain and problems like hammer toes, bunions, corns, callouses and pinched nerves.

Importantly, the discrepancy between a woman's shoe size and foot size was found not to be so much in the length — the difference between, say, a 7½ and an 8 — but in the width.

"The average woman in our survey, when asked what her shoe size is, reported herself as a size 8B", said Dr. Carol Frey, an orthopedic surgeon at the University of Southern California. "But when we measured her foot at the widest point, right at the ball of the foot, we found that she is actually an 8C."

But the researchers said that women might not be able to solve all their foot troubles simply by asking for a wider shoe. Apart from a few shoes stocking wide-width shoes, the great majority of women who need a roomier shoe for the front of their foot usually have a narrow heel. C-width shoes are as broad in the heel as they are in the toe.

"The shoes end up slipping off the back of the foot," said Dr. Francesca M. Thompson, an orthopedic surgeon at Roosevelt Hospital who is an author of the new report. "The problem is that most shoe

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manufacturers do not realize that those women who need shoes with a little more width in the front don't have 700 pounds of fat encircling their heel."

Because few women will wear dress shoes that flop around like beach thongs, they choose shoes that fit the heel but pinch the ball.

The surgeons said most designers use an improper shoe last, the wooden or plastic form around which the shoe is shaped. Many shoe makers buy their lasts from Asia, where women often have narrower feet. Nor do the shoemakers request wider lasts, because most of them believe that a slimmer shoe is more appealing to shoppers.

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## **THEY SHOOT MODELS... ...DON'T THEY?**

By Molly K.

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*This article was originally appeared in a 1990 issue of EXPRESSIONS, the newsletter for EONS of Syracuse. Thanks go to Molly for another humorous story for us to enjoy! We have reprinted from the February 1991 issue of the CD NEWS.*

The EON AUTUMN ACCORD is now over. It was EON's first event and all went well. Most of the guests thought the event was smooth and well organized. Let me tell you the real story. Regardless of how it appeared to our guests, we were about as organized as a crossdresser's purse!

To give you an example, one of the highlights of the banquet program was a fashion show exhibiting dresses on loan to us by a local bridal shop. The show appeared to go well but if you knew the behind-the-scenes story, you'd realize that the miracle of the parting of the Red Sea was strictly minor league compared to our little fashion show.

The first step in putting the fashion show together was to get volunteers from the group to be models. This proved to be difficult as the girls were rather shy about having to parade in front of a room full of people (thus fashion doth make cowards of us all). This problem worsened when an article

about our group and the ACCORD appeared on the front page of a local paper just one week before the ACCORD. Some of the models got cold feet and backed out.

The owner of the shop, Doris, was counting on the smallest girls to be models as they were easy to fit. Some of the small girls backed out leaving an enthusiastic but large group of replacements. When I had to tell Doris that we were replacing midgets with defensive linemen, she was not exactly pleased. Doris is a woman whose demeanor more resembles that of a Berlin Wall border guard than that of a bridal boutique owner. The last thing we needed was to anger a dress making storm trooper!

I did what I could to eliminate Doris' vision of torn zippers and popped buttons as I set up an appointment with destiny, I arrived home from work and prepared for the battle to come. The problems started right away as I couldn't find my falsies. After all, I couldn't be fitted properly with my boobs at home.

"Honey", I yelled to my fiancée, "have you seen my breasts?"

"Try the dryer", she said, "or maybe the junk drawer."

"What would breasts be doing in the dryer?", I thought. I searched the house but alas, no boobs.

"They didn't walk just walk away by themselves.", commented my betrothed. I suppressed a smile as I had a vision of breasts scurrying across the floor. I finally located the missing boobs behind the couch among a pile of cat toys. Evidently, our cat, Mr. Maggie, had been banging my boobs around for his own peculiar amusement. I always thought that cat was weird. I began to calm down once my breasts were securely in place, even though the cat was eyeing my chest with a strange curious look. Soon the rest of the troops arrived and we embarked on our invasion of bridal boutique.

As cool as Doris was, even she was shocked as six towering models and two helpers trooped into her shop like an army of occupation. Inside of a few minutes, the place was a flurry of activity. Even Doris blushed as she watched one of the models, a six foot Peter Pan in a polka dot panties, strip down and try on her first dress. Doris soon declared martial law as her assistant,



Karen dodged models scurrying about the store in camisoles and tap pants.

"That's not your size", Doris told one model, "it's a dress, not a vice." To another model, who appeared to be either asphyxiating or doing a convincing Smurf imitation, Doris said, "Dear, that's a longline bra, it works much better around your waist than your neck."

One model kept poking me in the ribs to get my attention. I finally turned around as she said, "Excuse me, your standing on my breast." How does one tactfully apologize for stepping on a breast? To the best of my knowledge, Miss Manners never covered this situation.

Another model for reasons as yet unknown, was confined to what shall hereafter be known simply as the room. The room was a small dressing room about the size of a gym locker. This one poor model would take a dress and crawl into the coffin like confines of the room only to emerge moments later looking like she had fought a losing battle with a trash compactor. Rumpled and doubled over, she would ask us "Does this look stupid?" We didn't have the heart to tell her the truth.

Yet another model had a problem with her falsies constantly slipping out of her bra and tumbling to the floor. I cringed as I imagined her parading in front of an eager crowd and then doing a graceful pirouette as her boobs crashed to the floor and bounced into someone's dessert. "That's all we need" I thought, "boobs flambe".

Doris had just one simple rule upon which she based her philosophy of life. "Never step into a dress, always pull it over your head." Plato she's not but it was good advice. I realized how important this rule was to Doris when she warned me, in no uncertain terms, that if I stepped into one more dress, I would no longer need a gaff.

Diana, who was helping us change as well as narrating the show, suffered more than any of us during the fitting room blitzkrieg. Every few minutes you could hear her yell "ouch!" above the fitting room din. That meant that yet again someone had elbowed her in the chest or speared her toes with a spiked heel. As Diana is a TS, we weren't bruising foam rubber, if you know what I mean. Despite Diana's travails, she held up rather well, bruised boobs and all.

As the evening's craziness came to its insane conclusion, Doris began to fray at the edges. You can only squeeze so many linebackers into size 14's before

the mind decides to take a vacation. The only thing that kept Doris going was my fiance. She was easy to fit and her breasts generally stayed in place.

Chris and Ted were a lot of help. Although they aren't crossdressers, they are very good friends of the group. They courageously agreed to help out when the model shortage reared it's ugly head. They were both lovely (for amateurs). For those of you who missed the show, Ted looked like Shirley Temple after a night with the seventh fleet and Chris definitely had that Joan Crawford on acid look. As for myself, I was going for a look somewhere between Scarlett O'Hara and Eddy Munster. What can I say, you use what you have.

As we left the shop, I looked back at the dressing rooms to see that we had left utter devastation in our wake. Blending right with the demolished landscape of the dressing rooms was poor Doris. She had the vacant stare of a person who had just spent three hours waiting in the wrong line at the Department on Motor Vehicles. She began to mutter incoherently as we filed out of the store. As I left, I could hear her regain her strength as she said to her assistant, "We can shoot models, Can't we?"

The show itself went well with no major disasters. No boobs bounced into the dessert and no buttons popped or rocketed towards our unsuspecting guests. The changing room, however, was not exactly a model of organization. We were short one pair of falsies so I had to share mine with another model. As we frantically changed outfits, we tossed the bogus boobs at each other with no more warning than a hardy shout of "Incoming!" Gira, one of our attendants, tried to keep us in order as per the pre-arranged list she wielded like a billy club. Despite the chaos, Gira, turning into a Nazi right before our eyes, we somehow managed to keep us pretty much in line.

The insanity and the racetrack atmosphere of the changing room soon subsided as the show drew to a close. We had the time of our lives. Though we drove people crazy enough to shoot us, the drinks were flowing and their aim was off. We all survived with the only one notable casualty. In the carnage and confusion, my left breast turned up missing. I think I left it in the cash box. Anyway, if anyone should find a slightly worn boob with cat scratches on it, Please mail it to me in care of EON. If you would like to meet Doris, she can be reached at the Benjamin Rush Psychiatric Ward, where she is being treated for exhaustion while she takes a reality break.

Calendar of Events			
3/21	Cross-Port	Meeting	Monroe
3/23	Crystal Club	Meeting	Columbus
4/4	IXE	Meeting	Indianapolis
4/8 - 4/14	Coming Together	Convention	Denver
4/13	Cross-Port Weekenders	Meeting	Cincinnati
4/18	Cross-Port	Meeting	Monroe
4/19	Trans-WV	Meeting	Huntington
4/27	Crystal Club	Meeting	Columbus
5/2	IXE	Meeting	Indianapolis
5/2 - 5/5	California Dreamin'	Convention	Los Angeles
5/3 - 5/5	Weekend En Femme	Convention	Houston
5/11	Cross-Port Weekenders	Meeting	Cincinnati
5/16	Cross-Port	Meeting	Monroe

## *Suggestive-Something Boutique*

7600 N. Dixie Drive  
Dayton, Ohio 45414  
Phone: 513-890-0101

### ARTICLES NEEDED!!

FOR A LOCAL NEWSLETTER CONCERNED  
WITH ALL ASPECTS OF CROSSDRESSING.

Mail them to: Cross-Port, P.O. Box 12701,  
Cincinnati, OH 45212-0701. Thanks.

### Publication Notice © Copyright 1991 Cross-Port

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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.

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### INDIANA CROSSDRESSER SOCIETY P.O. Box 20710 Indianapolis, IN 46220



TV/TS Support Group



(513) 381-0088

### Accent Fashion Wigs

- Wig • Hairpiece
- Jewelry • Bag
- Restyle

623 Main  
Cincinnati, OH 45202

KumJa Park

CROSSDRESSERS, TRANSVESTITES, TRANSGENDERISTS, TRANSSEXUALS

## WE NEED YOUR HELP

Cross Over Enterprises, is a dynamic, innovative company owned & operated by a Crossdresser, with our special needs in mind. We are conducting market research, for a process that will revolutionize the garment industry. YOU can help, and be a part of this revolution. For more information, and your questionnaire, please write:

CROSS OVER ENTERPRISES, Dept. CP

R.R. # 1,

LOCUST HILL, ONTARIO,

LOH-1J0, CANADA

All replies held in the strictest of confidence

Thank You

Every so often I run into someone who tells me that they like to dress like a woman, but they don't know if they are a TV or a TS. Well now through years of research, I have come up with a sure fire test which, when taken, will give you that answer. So get your pencil and paper together, and let's begin.

- 1) You're driving down the expressway, and in your rear view mirror you see an eighteen wheeler coming up the rear. You, a) pull to the right and let him pass. b) pull you skirt down and look straight ahead. c) pull to the far left lane and show a little leg.
- 2) The wind blows a young woman's skirt up and you can see her panties. You, a) act like you saw nothing b) wonder if they come in your size. c) have to adjust your girdle because it suddenly feels very tight.
- 3) You want to go out for an evening stroll in a deserted part of town, say 1 am. You, a) don't because it's a stupid idea. b) put on a sweat suit and gym shoes. c) get out that mini and those 5" spikes.
- 4) You're in a lingerie store to buy panties. You a) check the quality. b) compare the prices. c) feel for silkiness and measure the amount of lace.
- 5) You've entered a woman's clothing store and the clerk asks if you need help. You say a) "just looking" b) "no thank you" c) "I'm looking to buy my wife a present who just happens to be my size, and I don't know what size I am."
- 6) While out to eat, you order a small portion. The reason is a) your on a diet. b) your not very hungry. c) your corset is on so tight you can barely breath, more less eat.
- 7) You suddenly realize you are the only one left in the house for the next few hours. You a) clean house. b) watch tv.
- c) dash to your stash and put on some trash.
- 8) Before you go out for your evening drive, you a) slip on some old clothes. b) take off your clothes and drive around naked. c) spend 2 hours getting your makeup just right.
- 9) You're self conscious about your butt, so you a) wear a girdle. b) wear loose fitting clothes. c) buy a Frederick's of Hollywood fake butt and hip maker.
- 10) You have been stopped by the police, and he wants to see your license. You a) start to cry. b) show it to him. c) think up a convincing story why you don't look like your picture.

The test is over, so let's see how you scored.

If all your answers were C, then you are no doubt a Transvestite. If you answered all C except for choosing B in # 8, you are a sick, demented Tranvestite, and no longer allowed to come to our meetings.

If all or most of your answers are A, then you are probably a TS. If most were A, but you chose B in #8, then you are a sick, demented TS, but still allowed to attend meetings.

If you are a gentic female and you took this test by mistake, and you choose B in #8, I suggest you see Linda after the meeting for some personal counseling.

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I just got back from the "T" party in Texas, and I can sum it up real fast by saying "Good Time". Like many of the other events we have reported on, there was plenty to see and do, and I got a chance to meet many new & old friends.

If you can't make it to Denver, don't forget about the 'Be All' in Cleveland in June, and the 'Southern Comfort' in Atlanta in October. If you never have been to one of these events, you must go. I can assure you, you'll have one of the best times in your life.