

metamorphosis

VOL.2, NO.1 METAMORPHOSIS MEDICAL RESEARCH FOUNDATION FEBRUARY 1983

TWO PENILE RESTORATIONS

A pioneering operation, on May 5, 1982, has given the chance of a normal sex-life to an 11-year-old boy whose penis and right testicle were amputated when he was caught under a truck tire-rim a year ago.

Dr. Charles Devine--head of the urology department at Eastern Virginia Medical School in Norfolk, Dr. Charles Horton--head of the department of plastic surgery there, and Dr. Julia Terzis--a microsurgeon fashioned a new penis for Claudio Aballay of Mendoza, Argentinian, using skin flaps and muscle tissue from his abdomen and foot.

This is the first time an operation like this (penile restoration) has ever been performed anywhere and there is a very good possibility that Claudio will be able to lead a near-normal sex-life--and, there is hope that other men will be able to enjoy one too.

The surgical method used could benefit the 100 or more cases of penis amputations annually in the U.S.A. In addition to accidents and self-afflicted cases, there are victims of mutilation by gangs, and also, the 1000 or so men in the U.S.A. who are afflicted with cancer of the penis. Then, there are also those 100's of cases born with little more than a nubbin of a penis. And, as well, the process also offers hope for females seeking sex-reassignment as males.

The surgical procedure used was designed by Dr. Horton and is called a "free flap". A strip of flesh (7" long, 1" thick and 3" wide) with 4 nerves, an artery and a vein, was sliced from the boy's abdomen.

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MMRF NOTES

The officers of the METAMORPHOSIS MEDICAL RESEARCH FOUNDATION are: RUPERT RAJ, B.A., Founding President, ERIC BISHOP, Secretary, FRANCIS WONG, Treasurer, and SUSAN HUXFORD, B.A., B.Ed., Co-Director.

The Professional Advisors are: DR. STANLEY H. BIBER (general surgeon), DR. BONNIE BULLOUGH (Dean of Nursing, State University of New York, Buffalo), DR. VERN BULLOUGH (Dean, Faculty of Natural and Social Sciences, State University College at Buffalo), DR. RONALD E. HELLMAN, MR. DANIEL [REDACTED] (social worker, counsellor, sexologist), DR. JOHN MONEY (Director, Psychohormonal Research Unit, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore) and DR. LEO [REDACTED] (endocrinologist, gynecologist, hypnotherapist--semi-retired).

We are also seeking persons to fill the following positions: Research Assistants, Research Consultants, Area Representatives, Fund-Raising Committee Members, and additional Directors and Professional Advisors.

The MMRF motto is: "Towards male integrity". ("Integrity": wholeness, soundness, (up)rightness--"true to oneself").

The MMRF logo (designed by graphic artist Paula Kirk) is a "blue butterfly" within the male sex sign. The butterfly symbolizes the sexual metamorphosis (sex-reassignment) of the gender-dysphoric man (female-to-male transsexual). The blue colour (as it will appear on the official letterhead) signifies the "blue" mood (dissatisfaction, discontentment) of both classes of penis-less men: gender-dysphoric and sexually-dysphoric (genitally-deficient, genetically-male). Thus, the "blue

(cont'd. on p.2)

MMRF NOTES (cont'd. from p.1)

butterfly", as a whole, represents the man who has no penis (or no normal, functional penis). An alternative center-piece of the logo could be the figure of a man but I prefer the butterfly myself, and view the male figure as redundant, given the existing male sex sign.

The MMRF fund-raising slogan (for the public) is: "Buy a (plastic) 'blue butterfly' for gender- and sexually-dysphoric men and help to change their 'blues' into smiles! Your contribution will go towards the Penile Research Fund."

Please submit your comments, criticisms and suggestions re: the motto, the logo, the slogan and fund-raising.

Your co-operation is requested to complete and return the previously-sent CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH QUESTIONNAIRE. (Name and address are optional). Research participants who complete the CRQ will receive a bonus booklet: JOURNAL OF A TRANSSEXUAL.

Please submit your personal listing (name, address, telephone number, birthdate, marital status, TS status, hobbies, interests and activities) as soon as possible for publication in the CONFIDENTIAL CONTACTS DIRECTORY. (Both members and subscribers may enter listings but only members may receive the CCD).

Please note the following omissions ("other interests") from the previously-sent brochure on Rupert Raj: literature (historical fiction and classic novels), poetry (Haiku), creative anachronism, philately, collecting postcards and photographs travel, camping, yoga and meditation

METAMORPHOSIS NEWSLETTER: \$15 for 6 issues, \$2.50 per issue). Copyright 1983. Editor: Rupert Raj. METAMORPHOSIS MEDICAL RESEARCH FOUNDATION, P.O. Box 5963, Station A, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5W1P4 Business Card Ads: \$5, Personals: \$3

IN THE NEWS

I CHANGED MY SEX TWICE IN A DESPERATE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS (Exclusive: Mom Who Became Man, Then A Woman Again, Tells Her Story) National Enquirer, Feb. 8, 1983. Jerri [redacted] of National City, CA, had to change sex twice to find happiness. Born female, the divorced mother of three underwent sex-change surgery to become a man at 30. But a heart-breaking love affair with a beautiful woman led "Jerry" to attempt suicide and convinced him that true happiness lay in womanhood. Today, Jerri is a woman once again.

THE BONDING HORMONE, Dianne and Robert [redacted], M.D., The Register, 19-83 (American Health Magazine, 1982). A smile, a glance, a certain something: it's just testosterone. It takes the lead in romantic love and is the stuff of our desire. The hormone of desire has a lethal side. The hormone that makes men virile may kill them.

ON BEING A MAN, Dromenon, 1983(?). The fundamental mythos of the man, the male energy, the masculine.

MALE IMPLANTS HAVE DRAWBACKS (The Doctor-Game, W. Gifford-Jones, M.D.) The Globe And Mail, April 14, 1983.

ON TELEVISION

JUDE PATTON, Director of Professional Services, Gender Dysphoria Program of Orange County, CA--together with Joanna Clark, Christine Jorgensen and Dr. Paul Walker--was a guest on "FRONT ROW VIDEO", KGO-TV, Nov. 13 (20?), 1982. Unfortunately, both guests and subject-matter (TSism, TVism) met with ignorant negativism.

RUPERT RAJ, Director of the Metamorphosis Medical Research Foundation--together with Susan Huxford, Helen Mater and Dr. Ray Blanchard--guest-appeared on "TOM CHERINGTON", CHCH-TV, Feb. 7, 1983. Viewers phoned in their questions. Both guests and topic (TSism) were well-received.

DEAR RUPERT

As a post-op F-M, and feeling like a minority within a minority, I am incredulous!--a paper for me! I must confess that I am a little dubious because of the reference to "Professionals". So I'd like to request a previous issue of your newsletter to really see if you're for real! I'm in awe that someone cares about people like me! It's like--pinch me to see if I'm awake! Please send a copy as soon as possible! If it's as good as I hope it is, I'll subscribe as soon as I receive the issue!

I think a column in your paper could be devoted to dress, interacting with others, how to date, or the use of medicines necessary for people like us. If you don't have definitive answers to queries, at least thoughts/ideas could be offered with reader input encouraged! You could have a section called "PROBLEMS" to which you or some expert could reply, and then, if a reader had a similar experience, he could share it.

The main physical concern I have right now is finding a decent device for urinating while standing. I'm trying the one GGA suggested, but it leaves a lot to be desired!

Here's an "irony" for you: as a female I was not that feminine yet I had big "boobs". (They were so large that if I went bra-less and ran up a flight of stairs, I would have either beat myself senseless or given myself two black eyes). Anyway, when I had these large articles I was always addressed as "Sir". So the first time I went out in public as a male and chest-less, the first person addressed me as "Ma'am". I could have killed him!

I think I could really use some correspondence with someone who's like me, particularly at this stage in my life as I'm going through a divorce and my emotional state is very sensitive, so I'd like to see a

light at the end of the tunnel. (I am trying to learn the art of making and keeping friends--trying to be a social creature that attracts people--and figure out how to date).

I hope you will respond to my questions on how to handle the home-front and my potential problems of meeting people who knew me "before and after". Did you remain in the area of your birth?*Tell me how you met (and told) your fiancée.**

Here's my personal ad: Post-op F-M wishes to hear from others like me for friendship and correspondence. Possibly adding up to meeting socially. Write M.S. c/o METAMORPHOSIS.

*(*Yes, I remained in Ottawa--my hometown--until I graduated from university (1975) which was 3 years after my mastectomy (1972). **I met my fiancée in a bar in August 1979; I saw her again in January; I dined at her house in March; I spent the Easter weekend with her; I moved in with her a week later; We have been together now 3 happy years--this coming April. A mutual friend of ours told her about my transsexual status just after our first meeting).*

I want to tell you that I do enjoy your magazine. Most of the newsletters I get are M-F so yours is so much more interesting to me. I live in New York City but originally I am from Canada, from a little town in northern Quebec--Belleterre. I had both operations done in Kansas City in 1979 and 1981. You have such a beautiful suit on in your photo. I haven't gotten around to that; it seems to be a problem for me. I really need someone to teach me how to dress.* I don't even know how to knot a tie, so, I usually dress casually but it would be good to know when the occasion calls for it. Let me know more about yourself and your religion;*it sounds interesting. When I find myself in Canada I would like to see you as I need advice on some things.

--Marino [REDACTED] New York City

(cont'd. on p. 9)



RUPERT RAJ: Founding President
& Newsletter Editor



GENDER EUPHORIA

Once imprisoned, now I'm free
for, a girl I used to be
till that glorious saving day
when my gender blues blew away
as I turned myself inside out
and let my masculine psyche shout:

"Of this human persona
(comprising animus and anima)
I am the ruling force here
yea, the dominant sphere
in short, I am the core identity
the male self in this human entity."

Thus, my transsexual trauma
(that agonizing dilemma,
that cruelest conundrum)
is now resolved as I've become
the male I always was; indeed
the man I was destined to be!

--Rupert Raj



MY MALE METAMORPHOSIS:

I am in my 30th year (Aquarian), born in Ottawa, Canada in 1952, of Eurasian ancestry (East Indian father, Polish mother--both parents died in a fatal automobile accident in 1968). I am the second oldest of 5 siblings (3 brothers, 1 sister).

As far back as I can remember, I have always felt that I should have been born a boy--and in fact, acted like a boy much of the time--and I could not, for the life of me, fathom why Nature had played this cruel cosmic joke on me. (What "bad karma" had I accrued in my previous incarnations that would so sentence me to this carnal life-imprisonment: a male psyche in a female soma?)

At 6 years of age, I recall that I had a recurring dream: I was a little girl facing my Grade One female teacher. Then, I would prouette and suddenly, miraculously, I would be metamorphosed into a tall, handsome, young man, complete with top hat and tails (à la Fred Astaire) and would be waltzing, cheek to cheek, with my school teacher. From that time on, I used to have romantic "crushes" on almost all of my female teachers.

I can also remember two other grade school events: I wore pants on the first day to school in Grade One and was peremptorily told that girls must wear skirts or dresses to class or they would be promptly sent home! I also dearly coveted the boys' schoolbags (strapped onto their backs) and consequently, hated with a passion my own girls' schoolbag (carried by the handle, like a purse). I envied, as well, the boys' lace-up boots, and just loathed my own girlish sandals!

And again, when I was 8 or 9 in Grade Four, I wrote the word "hero" in an autobiographical composition, only to have the teacher "correct" the spelling to that of "heroine". It sure seemed as if my teachers were determined not to let me forget that I was (to all appearances) a girl.

RUPERT RAJ'S PERSONAL MEMOIRS (Part I)

Throughout my childhood and early adolescence. I tended to strongly identify with the opposite (male) sex: primarily with my father, and also, with various cultural (comicbook and television) super-heroes: Mighty Mouse, Zorro, Ivanhoe, Robin Hood, Thierry La Fronde, etc. (I always fancied myself as the rakish Swash-buckler type, the daring and debonair hero that chivalrously rescues ravishing damsels in distress).

And, speaking of Robin Hood, when I was 14 years old, I signed his name (and my address) to a love-letter I had written and sent to Julie Andrews' fan-club. In the letter, I tried to convey my inexplicable self-concept of being a "tomboy" or masculine girl who was passionately in love with Miss Andrews. Whether or not Julie ever read my letter I will never know, but, in any event, I received an autographed photograph of her which I dearly cherish to this very day!

This love-letter penning finally culminated in my 18th year, in my writing such a letter to my Grade Thirteen physical education teacher (single and very pretty) in which I awkwardly attempted to explain my obsessively-persistent feelings of "being a man on the inside". I did not employ the terms "transsexual" or "sex-change" simply because I was not then aware of such labels, let alone aware that there existed anyone else on this planet similarly "afflicted" with this perpetually-perplexing condition, this abominably-accursed "dis-ease"!

(Can you possibly imagine how dreadfully desperate, how absolutely alone I felt: publicly perceived as a "tomboy", "butch lesbian" or "queer"? I felt as if I was on the edge of a deep, dark abyss, into which I might fall at any moment. Oh God, my future sure looked bleak to me--a dead end).

So, I quit school and contacted a psychiatrist, who, at my request, signed me into the psychiatric hospital for 6 weeks. It was there that I

(cont'd. on p.6)

MY MALE METAMORPHOSIS (cont'd.)

met my first lover, Doris--a 28-year-old recent divorcée--who, verbally and romantically, approached me first. She had been married twice and had had no prior sexual involvement with a woman but she was immediately attracted to me once she perceived me as a (to her mind) masculine lesbian (on account of my short hair, shirt, jeans, loafers, and my black leather Beatle cap).

Upon simultaneous dismissal from the sanatorium, my new lover and I lived together on a farm in the village of Russell, for one year, during the course of which, we had numerous conflicts--always over the issues of my cross-dressing, my ardent desire for the "sex-change", and her paranoid concern over the village gossip about us "two dykes". So, we finally separated, since she could not accept my firm decision to now, at last, being my sexual transformation to that of a male.

Consequently, in 1971, I moved back to "The Nation's Capital" (Ottawa) and concurrently commenced two very important phases of my life: university, and, sex-reassignment.

I had rented a one-bedroom basement apartment in which I lived alone for the first time in my life. Just prior to beginning classes, I disposed of my female attire and purchased an all-male wardrobe as well as a shaving razor. I used to wear ties and suits to class, and thereby was either mistaken for the professor or else "stood out like a sore thumb", since the other students all wore sweaters and jeans. I can recall peering right into the eyes of several of my former high school classmates, and, would you believe it, they did not even recognize me! I "passed" with flying colours. And, since no-one knew of my transsexual status (except for the Dean of Students) I was treated as just another "one of the guys".

It was just great! For the first time in my life, I began to feel

natural, comfortable, and that, at long last, I belonged--I had arrived! There was just one thing wrong--my body was still female and thus, contradicted my "mind"--psyche and soma were painfully incongruent.

RUPERT RAJ: *(to be continued)* CURRICULUM VITAE

Birthdate: February 10, 1952

Birthplace: Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

Sex Reassignment: Mastectomy: 1972
Hysterectomy: 1978

Education: Bachelor Of Arts (Psychology), University Of
Ottawa, 1975

Experience: Peer-Counseling: male
and female transsexuals;
Education: professionals;
Research; 1971--

Professional Titles: METAMORPHOSIS: Gender
Counselling-Educational
Services, Director, 1981
Newsletter Editor, 1982

METAMORPHOSIS MEDICAL
RESEARCH FOUNDATION,
Founding President, 1982
Newsletter Editor, 1983

Membership: AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES
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ORNIA TRANSSEXUAL RIGHTS
COMMITTEE, 1982--

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VANCEMENT OF CANADIAN
TRANSSEXUALS (FACT),
Honorary Life Member

GATEWAY GENDER ALLIANCE,
Professional Associate,
1983

HARRY BENJAMIN INTER-
NATIONAL GENDER DYSPHORIA
ASSOCIATION, 1982--

SOCIETY FOR THE SCIENTI-
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QUESTION OF THE MONTH

*WHY--AND HOW--DID YOU SELECT YOUR
MALE NAME(S)? DID YOU ALSO CHANGE
YOUR FAMILY SURNAME? IF SO, WHY?*

I chose the name "Rupert" for many reasons. Firstly, I took it from three sources: from my childhood teddy, the British Rupert Bear, from the English poet, Rupert Brooke, and from the British royalist commander, Prince Rupert. Secondly, I desired a 'handle' that would be a combination of factors: unique, distinguished, aristocratic, non-modifiable (into a nickname), alliterative (Rupert Raj--the first initials of each name are the same) and last but not least, reflective of my Eurasian ethnic heritage (Rupert originally derived from the German "Rupprecht" and Raj, derived from "Raja(h)"--an East Indian king, prince or noble).

I changed my surname to Raj so as to serve as a measure of protective anonymity in order that I might be free to go "high profile"/public in the course of my transsexual career.

A friend of mine 'picked' his new name by dropping open the Bible on the floor and then adopting the first male name on the page: Mark. And, another friend was dubbed Dan by a hospital nurse just after his sex-reassignment surgery to male.

Now that I have answered the question, I wish to hear from some of you out there. So, come on and send in your answers soon but please be 'short and sweet' so that we might feature as many replies as possible.

* * *

Born-again Christian, F-M TS would like to fellowship with same. "I will talk to my brothers about God our Father and together we will sing Him praises!" Write to: Jerry [REDACTED] P.O. Box 13931, Las Vegas, Nevada 89112-1931.

Pre-op M-F in prison wants to correspond with other transsexuals. Kathy Johnson #5526, Box 280, Bath, Ontario, Canada K0H 1G0.

THE END OF DENIAL

He had regular weekly screenings with a psychiatrist in the city. I went uninformed about the reasons behind the scenes for months.

When he finally unveiled the mystery of this great human suffering for me, I laughed out of sheer disbelief and ignorance. He was waiting for a supporting cast, an applause, a comforting word. Because I couldn't face this "tragedy of errors", I failed at my role as his sister. Although my character was cancelled, he occupied my every thought and action.

When he needed me, I left him there to view himself alone. My back remained turned in a freeze-frame position through many acts. I led him astray, not wanting to fully understand his point of view because it wasn't "normal".

His life became a series of dramatic scenes and shots of hospital rooms, psychiatrists' offices, neurologists' offices and endocrinologists' offices, serving as master settings in his soap-opera life.

Because the script had an ambiguous ending, my fear of my brother developed into fear for him. His extreme sensitivity and self-pity, caused by a self that was denied, exhausted my resources and drained me completely.

Lack of love had nothing to do with my initial reaction toward him and his dilemma. I felt betrayed. I felt cheated. And, at the time, I too was trapped. My cage was the "world-of-I"--my only point of view.

Slowly, so slowly, his saddened heart broke me away from myself. I escaped my trap--that selfish, ugly angry trap--and started searching for a new angle. My only concern became setting my brother free from his forced facade.

His tragedy may never end completely, but I am glad I finally turned to face him. I cheered for him when he discovered, from his many professionals, that there was hope for him to reach his goals for a new and liveable identity. Life's script would be re-written to include the proper role for my brother. With many challenges to be surmounted, the word "hope" became my brother's paramount. Knowing better than anyone, the difficulties he had faced in his horror-film life up to that point, the end results would be no flawless production.

When I learned that the person I grew up with as my sister was really my brother, I denied it. I pulled the curtain down, figuring that what I couldn't see, I didn't have to face.

But all I was doing was denying myself a very special friendship. I finally realized who it was that was being cheated and denied.

--Maura [REDACTED] (David's sister)

MALE IMPERSONATION

Judy (Valerie Curtin) on TV's "9 TO 5" (Dec. 21/82) was disguised as a man named "Jerome" complete with a beard and a suit. "He" passed exceptionally well except for a high voice and looked better as a man than Judy did as a woman. Whereas the boss was stereotypically sexist/male chauvinist, "Jerome" was non-sexist/humanist in his appraisal of the stunning secretary. Other "male impersonators" are Julie Andrews--playing a female impersonating a male impersonating a female in the 1982 film, VICTOR/VICTORIA, and, Katherine Hepburn--playing a female-to-male crossdresser in the 1936 film, SYLVIA SCARLETT.

* * *
*The female you perceive to be
is not the real me.
The cover she provides, hides
the man who struggles to be free.*

--Miki [REDACTED]

DEAR RUPERT (cont'd. from p.3)

(*Read: DRESS FOR SUCCESS FOR MEN, John T. Molloy, New York: Warner, 1976 (\$2.95). **Zen Buddhism, Taoism, and Sulism--my "religions"--are, technically, not religions, but rather, esoteric philosophies, mystical metaphysics, or, simply, natural ways of life originated in the East which are gathering popularity in the West. Three good introductory books are: THE WORLD OF ZEN, Nancy Wilson Ross; THE TAO OF PHYSICS, Fritjoff Capra; and, THE SUFIS, Idries Shah--all paperback).

I think the newsletter is super! It is very helpful to me. I want to write some articles to send you.

I am a 21-year-old F-M transsexual (Baptist). My name was changed over a year ago. I had planned to be a physical education teacher and a coach but my therapist, Ed Mackie, advised that I would have a hard time in the school systems, so, I went to college for two years and met my fiancée, whom I am living with now. I came out as a man in May 1981. No one in this town knows about my past and it is great. I'm working part-time at a grocery store and going to night school--taking "Heating and Air Conditioning".

Everything has happened faster than I expected. I think back over this year and how great it has been. I began hormones a year ago Sept., in Feb. I had a mastectomy, and in Aug. I had a hysterectomy. It all has happened so fast for me and I am so very thankful:- to my super therapist--who is so helpful to me, to my mother--who understands and supports me emotionally, to my dad, to my beautiful fiancée--who is a unique woman who loves me for the man I am despite my physical handicap, to the great doctors--who operated on me, and, to you--a special friend, and, to METAMORPHOSIS--which helps so much.

We're so lucky to have our girlfriends and people supporting us.

I know the Lord has led me to the right people. He gave me an understanding mother, good doctors, and the best girlfriend a man could want and dream of. I know with God on my side I will succeed in becoming a complete man.

I can't believe I have had chest surgery and a hysterectomy all in the same year. My next dream is to have the phalloplasty. The problem is saving enough money and finding the best surgeons to do it. I know it will be at least a couple of years before I have this. I need all the information I can get. I want to find out as much as possible. Please help me.* I'll be so glad when it is all behind me.

Please print as much information as possible about penis surgery and where to find such books as: PLASTIC AND RECONSTRUCTIVE SURGERY OF THE GENITAL AREA, by Dr. Charles Horton. I can't find any books on this or transsexuals.**

What do you think of my fiancée? She is so beautiful and I love her so much. She loves me for the man I am and not for something I am not. She is so special.

It is really hell being a transsexual but I am so thankful for people who understand and that something can be done about this problem. I feel so lucky to be able to write to you and find out information. You have already experienced the things that I am going through. You are a special friend and I hope we can keep writing each other.

--Robert [REDACTED] N.C.

(*I am planning to publish information on the phalloplasty as well as a list of plastic surgeons performing same on F-Ms in my forthcoming MANUAL FOR FEMALES-TO-MALES.

**This book might be available in university (or public) medical libraries. Transsexual autobiographies are usually available in both public libraries and bookstores).

TWO PENILE RESTORATIONS (cont'd.)

The strip was turned inside out so that the skin became a tube through which urine could pass. Then a skin flap from his right foot was wrapped around the strip to make a sheath. Using high-powered microscopes, the new organ was attached to the boy's pubic bone, surrounding blood vessels and nerves (including the pudendal nerve--which carries sexual response to the penis).

The delicate microsurgery took 16 hours. Doctors won't know how much sexual response the boy will have for 6 to 12 months. An erectile device or implant will be later necessary to allow an erection).

* * *

Previously, another delicate operation to reattach the severed penis of an 8-year-old boy was successfully performed, on April 21, 1987 by Dr. Alexander Vargas, a urologist at County-USC Medical College. It was one of the 15 or so successful penis restorations recorded in medical journals and, the boy has a good chance for normal function.

The boy's father had been accused of cutting off the penis and flushing it down the toilet.

Dr. Vargas was pessimistic about the possibility of reattachment because 5 hours had elapsed between the time of the incident and the surgery. Also, the organ--which was recovered from the sewer--was contaminated.

The penis was placed in a salt solution and packed in ice before surgery. After the 3-hour operation, intensive antibiotic treatment was administered. Working under a microscope, surgeons reattached the penis with fine sutures indiscernible to the naked eye, and restored the skin, nerves, blood supply and interior function of the organ.

The boy's recovery was much better than expected and he was released from the hospital a week later and placed in a foster home.

WANTED!!!

Poems, limericks, free verse on themes related to: transsexualism, transvestism, and, androgyny for inclusion in forthcoming book: AN ANTHOLOGY OF TS, TV, AND ANDROGYNOUS VERSE. Send submissions to: Rupert Raj, METAMORPHOSIS, P.O. Box 5963, Station 'A', Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5W 1P4.

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Santa Ana, CA 92706

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