

GenderFlex

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A Polygenderous Publication

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Hey, wait a minute...



Is this Johnny Carson?

Mary, Mary, quite contrary— how does your garden grow?

First, J. Edgar Hoover, outed as "Mary" (and quite contrary),

and now— Heerz... Mary?



WARNING: GenderFlex is dangerous— Read at your own risk

Billie Jean Blabs

Dear Siblings,

Whoa!

Just when you might have thought it was safe to venture out, maybe browse the new, improved **GenderFlex** with the idea that Billie Jean has come to herm senses (get used to sheem, shim, herm, hizm, hym— 'cuz I'm rewriting personal pronouns, that's why, now shut up and get back to reading the new, improved **GenderFlex** (oh-tay, **GenderFlex** may not be improved but this is the new issue (and all this meandering allows me to repeat **GenderFlex**, **GenderFlex**, **GenderFlex**(get the idea?) over and over) so send money quick), right now) and maybe, just maybe, won't go off into parenthetical tunnels with all kindsa psycho-babble and prattle...

Knot!

That's right, no way! **GenderFlex** is still 100% convoluted, still interspersed with innuendo, gossip and (shades of the last issue (that would be #19 (how many times do I have to repeat: Send Money, Quickly!?), available by mail (Ed. note— did sheem say, *male*?) (Pub. note— I dunno wut herm sed.) which had a tendency toward)...

SpinSpeak

So I was reading some commentary in a book on one of the triad religions (Hebrew-Christian-Muslim). Actually, it was written by a believer, so it wasn't secular in the sense of an outsider, or an opponent, or even as a critic. However, since none of the three believe the other two-thirds are Right (as opposed to "correct") it can't be said that the one-third refrained completely from criticism of the "misguided"; in other words, there was some criticism.

As there would be in any book written from the inside of such a triad; one-third would be The Truth, two-thirds would be "misguided" if not "wrong" or even worse "evil." (Evil is an interesting English word, spelled backward it's "live." Etymological observations of this type in a religious context, are generally ridiculed by the recipient— which doesn't cause said recipient any pause when making other etymological gobble-gook. But this is just another frivolous aside. Let's just get on to the next paragraph, okay?)

The Next Paragraph

Here we are in the next paragraph, although I've stopped writing and am doing what passes for thinking (ya know, while I'm wandering around inside here doing nothing, and as you may be sitting there trying to read the unwritten, we are (at different times, of course) spinning at about 3,000 MPH and arcing a solar orbit at about 60,000 MPH inside a galaxy screeching at about 365,000 MPH around an invisible center-of-the Universe—which may be a "black hole"—let me add that whenever I read something I may not agree with, my guts recoil. So if anybody has already had a gut wrenching reaction to the fact that Hebrew-Christian-Muslim religions are a "triad," well, sorry— get over yourself). Whoa! (Almost back to the beginning, didja notice?) Better forget this and try a new paragraph.

The Fourth Paragraph

Some similarities of the triad: All originated in the same geographic area ("Holy lands" of the "Middle East"); all were originated by the same "ethnic" group (Semites); all use the "Garden of Eden" story as the beginning of time, space, and "mankind"; all refute the others as "false"; all promote the concept of "free choice" (given by God) to choose between their "right" path or any other

path— all of which are false (illusion, often constructed by the empire of evil to trick the unwary); they all support armed take-overs of occupied lands and murder in the name of their "group."

Whoops!

Which is enough similarities for now, I just remembered another part of the aside I was playing with earlier, to wit— it's no wonder living your "life" is so often considered "evil"; why— having "lived" is how the "devil" became! Zounds! Satanic messages are everywhere!

That's right, Billie Jean

Now I supposed someone better qualified than I could construct a literary representation that could illuminate a picture of some 'ol gap-toothed, Pentecostal bible-thumper out on a busy street corner bellowing fire and brimstone (erif & enotsmirb [satanic spelling]), but suffice to say— "Look, there he is!" Yes indeedee, and he and his group surrounding him, are blocking my way to the next gay bar! Damnation, and a drag show is gonna start in about five minutes! What to do?

What Indeed?

Hellfire, the other corner is full of Shiites in a frenzy over the sudden appearance of a procession of Hassidic Jews being scattered by Mormon missionaries on bicycles. There's no phone booth to transvest in! Which reality should I adopt to in order to survive?

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick- If I pick the wrong one -tock- gotta get into the one that will last -tick- the longest- tock- that oughta be the biggest -tick- most dominant one of all -tock.

Gotta squash the rest.

Smash 'em.

Flat.

So

Each of the three are empowered by God to destroy virtually anything and anybody. Each of the three find an Absolute Certainty in "God's Will."

What does this have to do with Gender Alternative People? Well, all of us are tainted by these remnants of "certainty." Absolute certainty. In fact, another similarity perpetuated by all three is a belief in THE Absolute, unchanging certainty. In other words, the Truth is constant, unchanging; falsity is defined as that which changes.

Like many of the mental viruses bequeathed to us through the centuries, belief in The Absolute, especially in face of conflicting perspectives, requires faith. And faith transcends all other qualities, such as understanding, especially *different* understandings. Posit then, the beings who transgress the "laws" of Truth— they are "abominations."

Yo!

Certainly.

Ahem

Scientific inquiry holds that the Universe is in a constant state of movement, change, mutability— in a way, the Universe is "Uncertain." While some may feel a certain level of comfort in this "Absolute Uncertainty," the triad has claimed the inquiries to be sacrilegious, and currently holds them generally "nihilistic."

Conflict Resolution

Since the dominant course has been to slay the enemies of The Chosen People, and even though the Chosen rise and fall like myriad other examples of dead-end "absolutes," True Faith can

“reveal” the Truth by zealous belief, much in the way Japanese Zero pilots demonstrated in WW2 (a vague reference to the *Miss Tabi Talks* column in issue #19— that’s right, send money now!).

Still, what grounds Certainty? Is it proactive or reactive? I suggest that it is clearly reactive. Consider the Tribe of Israel, the nascent Hebrews. Discontent with popular religions of the day, the Tribe, under tight management, “improves” their lot by elevating their stature as “God’s children.” Later, the Christians “improved” Judaism by clarifying previous “confusions” about who the Chosen were, and elevated themselves as the True Children of God (through Jesus of Nazareth). A few centuries later, Mohammed, the Prophet of Islam, “improved” “The Book” (the Judao-Christian bible) in a similar manner, and pointed out that Jesus was only one of many prophets (Mohammed being “the last”). Each of them “improved” the works of their preceding cultures. And, it might be said, have vastly improved the earlier Egyptian “error” of The Afterlife (along with an assist by the pre-Hebrew Zoroastrians; and, it would be unfair to omit John Smith’s Book of Mormon, ya know— and what about the Rastas? Hmmm?).

Now, as we all should know, “the afterlife” is either eternal grace in Heaven or eternal damnation in Hell (gosh, I hope it’s not satanic to capitalize Hell, er, hell— hell and damnation, I just don’t know, ya know?).

But again, where does this certainty come from? Where does the certainty of a Transsexually Inclined Person come from? A proactive: I am this!?!; or a reactive: I am not that!?

I hold that all certainty arises from doubt. Further, that doubt is the “ground” of certainty.

Hebrews doubted they were less than or, even equal to, their siblings; same for Christians and Muslims; in fact, the same condition seems to apply to every dominating civilization from which there is a historical record. It might be said that all civilizations have developed because of oppression by stigmatization— “I doubt you have the wherewithal to understand this, after all, your mother fucked a pig and bore you” (didja know that the phrase “fuck you” probably originated in Egyptian wax seals used on letters/documents which often used the “phrase” (if opened by the wrong person) “May you be fucked in the ass by a donkey”?).

Even scientists ground their certainty in doubt— The Truth as defined by religion, was, has and perhaps always will be doubted.

So here we are, conditioned by centuries, millennia even, to be reactionary. And to come up with myriad convolutions to “explain” what we are “certain” of, without ever giving much conscious thought to “doubt” (although we seem adept at easily finding “faults”).

The “field” of religious inquiry, and the conflicting results produced, may well be a map as to how people think, and what they think about. So it may well be with psycho-analysis, psychology, philosophy; and even scientific inquiry. That these “fields” are complex, inconsistent, full of paradox and inconsistency is self evident (but only to some “selves”). What it means is that, like the rippling, sun-kissed surface of a heaving, swelling ocean, life-forms participate in a complex interplay of activities, and also like an ocean, much goes on beneath the textures of the surface. And also like an ocean, when you bring something to the surface, it looks different on the surface. Even the “act” of seeing changes the relationship between “surface” and “subsurface.” What you may

“see” with clarity at any given moment, may well be a facsimile of what actually flows on or has been disrupted in order to “see.” To arrest a “part” of the process in motion and call “it” The Truth, generally seems to give rise to bigotry and oppression.

Death

The fear of death as an aspect of the biological imperative to live, compares to the fear of death of an idea, an insight— a component of identity, self-esteem, self worth. Group worth, esteem and identity is a much harder concept to grasp; we fear our own death more than our sibling’s death (we are related by DNA to all living organisms including plants, bacteria, virus, dinosaurs). We seem to fear the death of our own ideas enough to hate other people, most frequently by group, to kill other people and their ideas, so that our ideas may “live.”

We perpetuate ideas and behaviors to enforce the eternal life of ideas that are often mutations of a skewed perspective. And the “documentation” is produced after the “fact(s).”

In dim light a person’s eye can not physically “see” details in darker shadows. But one’s “mind” fills them in. Instantly. Sometimes there’s a question, sometimes not. Same with rapid movement or a brief look. An impression evolves into facts about the shadows. The differences between individual observer-impressions are emphasized, even fought over. Similarities aren’t “seen” because there are too many; it takes too much time. It’s faster to find differences; how can you observe the ocean when you are part?

Why do we flush our toilets into our Oceans?

What seems to be the plain truth as regards the “life-cycle” in this plane, is that decay and death are part and parcel of the whole. One has to decay and die to fully “live” one’s “life.” What your face looked like before you were born, or after you die, is about as consequential as what the Universe looked like before it was. What is perhaps more important is that you feel part of the process of living without feeling rejected or rejecting. You feel good about being you and being a part of everything.

None of us are going to be truly free until all of us are truly free.

When one hurts, we are all hurt.

When one loses, we all lose.

We, as a planetary culture, are losing as people wage war on each other, our habitat, our differences; our different interpretations of shadow detail arrested in time, our ideas. We are 97% similar, minimum (generally, even higher if “same sex”). But we have inherited what those who came before us passed on— Greed, War and Dogma, mental viruses.

On a more and more crowded planet, more people will: “Live long and prosper”— if a few ideas are left to die. It’s a matter of seeing. It requires a revolution in perspective. It is a question of how many generations can it be done in? It probably won’t happen but wut the hay?— the preceding has at least brought me to the point of certainty that this constitutes another stopping point to another sermon in another issue of— **GenderFlex, THE Religion!**

Now on with the prattle!

First, I de-haired myself January 9, flung on some black glad rags and rolled into San Francisco with Dianne Summers. I convinced her on the way to write a behind-the-scenes look at the inner workings of ETV. I told her I wouldn’t revise it and change it into a bitchy, crabby, blabby thing. But I might have lied. And for good reason. See, I told Dianne that I just wanted to have fun for a while

(Continued on next page)

Billie Jean Blabs and blabs—(Continued from page 3)

and get laid. I mean, after all, I had a purdy crummy year as far as way cool fun— divorce, car stolen, friends and family dying.

Ennyway, we went to check out ETVC's "Dance Social" at the End Up. A buncha University of the Dead types doing the Stumble, which must be a new dance craze where ya just go, "Duh" and bumble-stumble on the litter-strewn dance floor to the way crazy industrial noise machine. There wasn't anybody similar to use, so I guess they all felt out of place. We daintily chugged some cheap white wine planning our next move, which was to get the hell oughta there. Then Cori showed up and said sheem had dropped by earlier when nobody else came for the ETVC "Dance Social," either. So we all left.

Dianne and I cruised over to Lily's and became Drag Show audience. Then we caromed off Eichelberger's so I could meet Dennis, came back to SacraDemento and sloshed Faces 'til it closed. Then somehow we ended up giving some guy a ride to his house. Then there was more wine. And all of a sudden some half-fuzzy sex video came on. Then the guy was begging and grabbing his crotch— and somehow we got the hell out of there.

It was a bright morning. It surprised me— I'd been waking up when it was still dark. Not sleeping much. I didn't remember going to bed. I felt my hair pressing into my cheek. I was warm. I lifted the bedspread to get up. I was still dressed in my glad rags, pumps still on. Face still on. Mostly. Didn't look too bad, either. A little smeared on my wrinkled jacket. Some sticking in my hair. A little powder, different hair, change to pants and flats.

Hadda nice six block sunny walk to buy cigarettes and coffee. Two older gentlemen smiled and said, "Good morning."

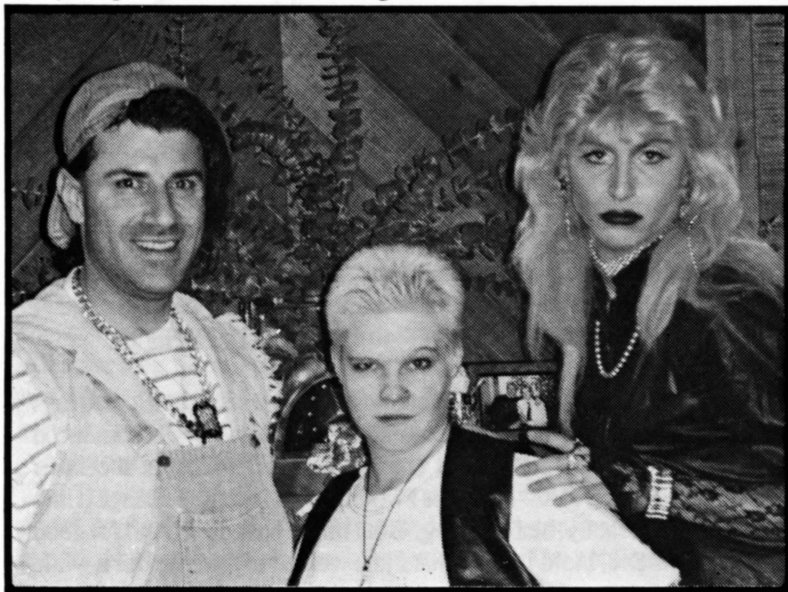
I thought about how I needed to be very clear when I say things like I just wanna have fun and get laid. Gotta remember to say, "I just wanna have fun and inna coupla months I wanna get laid." A girl could get pregnant hanging around with Dianne.

Sheem can organize and get things done. Sheem even thought the guy would give me a blow-job.

So I'll be wurking herm's article over a bit— if sheem sends it.

Next!

Well, on Monday I joined Krystel and Alana at Faces because it was some singing contest where somebody we knew didn't win anything. Then I went the next night for the Piano Bar deal because



Krystel, Alana and Kevin became Boy-Toy, Lou and Kylie. Each of them doing so for the First Time. Virgins. Lou does a purdy good Al Bundy-hand-in-the-pants pose, Kylie struts purdy good in platforms, and Boy-Toy could pass as a guy most places. See?

I already forgot wut I drug myself through the next weekend, but on the 17th I cruised into Diablo Valley Girls turf and, at least I think, I didn't embarrass anyone there. Lotsa new faces to juke and jive with, lotsa hugs from siblings and friends— like, Way Cool stuff. Check out the fragments:



Diana, Janelle & Bobbie



Jennifer



Toni

Then I booked on over to the SGA meeting on the 22, told 'em I would write a little article explaining that I was elected newsletter editor and given credit as editor without my permission or involvement; wasn't even a dues-paying member and was embarrassed when people complimented my "improving" the SGA newsletter. The real credit goes to Bill who has done ALL the work to improve their newsletter. But I lied again and didn't write the article. SGA oughta reprint this. After getting this bit of business over, a whole bunch of us non-SGA members jammed Faces and danced, blabbed and boogied 'til the cows came home.

Gosh

It took a coupla days just to do laundry after alla par-tay heart-tay stuff. I mean, Lotsa work just to get ready for the first official ETVC social at Eichelberger's. Hadda nice reunion with Phillipa (ex-Manette), who told me heem had traded hizm's penis for herm's vagina three months before. Ah, the life of an artist. Check out the May issue of *Car & Driver* for a look at summa Phillipa's auto-artwork (a five page spread with transsexuality

in-yo-face).

ETVC Cotillion

I hadda Way Cool time at this year's Cotillion. Why? Glad ya axed me. I'm gonna tell ya, right now. First a little background: Due to being my mother's 24-hour caretaker, I was unable to attend rehearsals and help out with the contestant/aspirants. After mom died, I told Dianne Summers (producer) I would help out backstage if I could settle some estate affairs and find a frock for the Cotillion. So I did that kinda stuff and called her the Wednesday before. But I didn't return Jackie Jewel's call, I just told Dianne Jackie had called, please tell herm I'd be there.

I rolled into SF in daywear, intending to eat and change at the Russian Club. Got bagged in traffic and arrived at 7:40, grabbed some feedbag and aimed for the dressing room. Jackie caught up to me backstage, told me I was late, told me to put on headphones.

I said, "I don't wear headphones." Sheem had a hissy fit and yelled a buncha stuff including: "Get out!"

So I said, "Bye, kids," to the contestant/aspirants, choked back a tear and looked around for another dressing room. I chomped away my feedbag and changed into the frock I brought. For whatever reason, Jackie found me and sniffed around the room I was in. So I told her, "Get oughta here." It said, "No."

Then I burped, put on my fancy shoes and joined the crowd, sniveling to everyone that I didn't have anywhere to sit. I got invited to join seven different tables! At the first, we all started blabbing and laughing. Same for the second. Then the show started and I was so embarrassed for the aspirants— their opening number outfits were short, skimpy dresses and the routine was ritzy dancing, and the embarrassment came from the fact that their outfits just didn't cover... er, their hem lines were a bit short when they raised their arms (beaver shots? moose shots?). Compounding the aerobic movements was the simple fact that the stage is elevated above the audience. Oh well, I suppose a competent director would have had the perceptive wherewithall to have figured this kinda stuff out.

And to have had more than one person backstage to operate sound, stage lights, curtains and contestant coordination. Give credit where credit is due, that's what I always say.

Say What?

Speaking of credit, Dianne Summers as producer of Cotillion '94, accomplished some really major moves with this Cotillion. A new location (with parking!) in a better facility, lower costs, more advertising than last year, more attendance, more revenue. In short, a better deal all the way around, even though sheem had minimal support from the Old Guard, who rewarded Dianne's efforts by naming Jano Bogg as the recipient of the Joanna Caron Award—which in year's past has been awarded to the person who did the MOST work to put on the Cotillion. Now, I got nothing against Jano, who has been a long-time supporter and contributor to ETVC. But, Jano didn't do squat compared to the work Dianne did.

Actually, I missed seeing most of the Cotillion because I kept sitting and blabbing with different people and it was Way Fun!. After the intermission, which was a dizzying blast of see and be scene, I was way up in the balcony resting my feet when Tommi Rose began introducing past Miss ETVCs. "My Goddess!" I thought, "I betcha they'll introduce me, too." I found my fancy shoes, began stumbling down the stairs as Tommi introduced me, and ran across the floor way late. Sheesh, ya think the director woulda mentioned something like that, ya know?

So, after a hundred drinks, a million smiles and thousands of hugs & kisses, Cotillion '94 came to its concluding moments. I found my stuff, made it to my chariot and booked on over to Dodder's place, treasuring my time at the Cotillion and glad I'd have the opportunity to share my exclusive GenderFlex version of what happened with you, the reader (as implied in the last issue— #19, \$2!).

February

Began with a cruise into DVG turf for another round of revelry including the Lost Guy's Birthday, a post-Cotillion soirée, and another "Wall of TVs" photo op: (Continued on page 6)



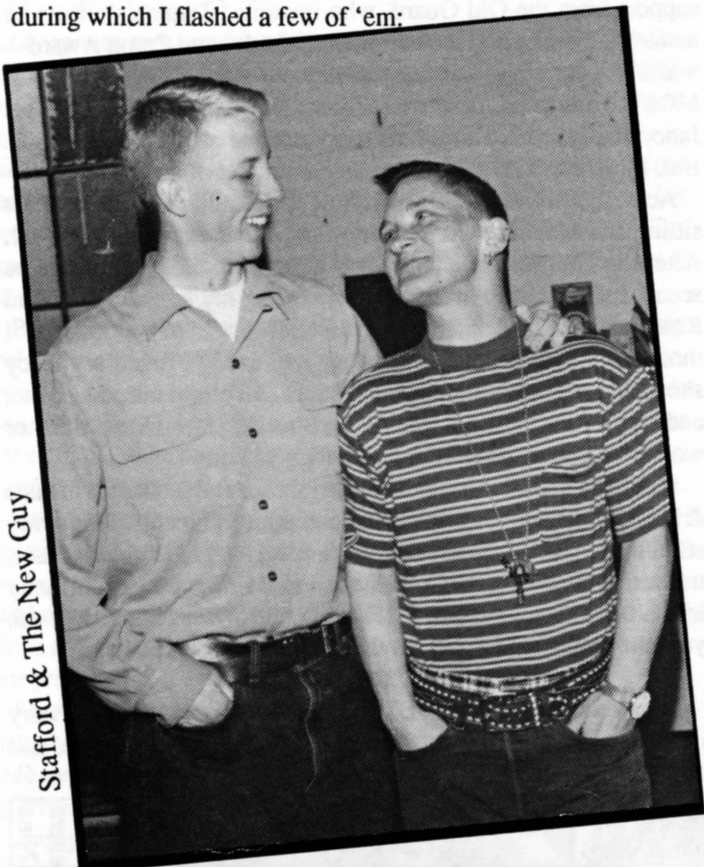
WALL OF TVs II: Some Lost & Found Girls & A Lost Guy.
 Top, LTR- Telzy, Alexis, Michelle M., Tyrrell, Jasmine, Robin, Roxanna; Bottom, LTR- Lauren (Miss ETVC '94), Teri Anne, Andrea, Jennifer R., Janet, Francis (Mr. ETVC '94), Krystal, Barbara Jean, Toni, Jennifer M., Charlene, Dianne; On Herm's Knees- Nina

Billie Jean Blabs and blabs and blabs — (Continued from page 5)

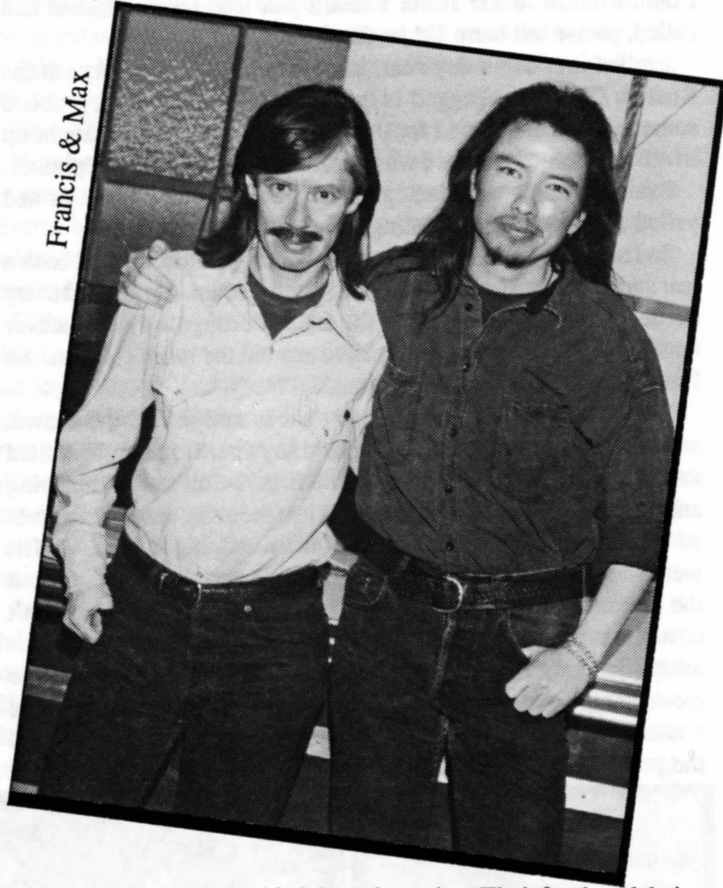
Scouted into SF for the FTM get-together on the 13th. Listened to a neat presentation on the SF Transgender Clinic. Dr. Barry Zevin blabbed a while about how they (SF's Tom Waddell Clinic and Homeless Programs) realized there wazza big gap on the part of the City to provide health care to the transgendered. So, Transgender Tuesdays are from 5pm to 8pm, 150 Ivy St., Civic Center. Call (415) 554-2940 or 2950 and ask for Mary Stefan if ya need an appointment.

Kathy Jones (an MTF) gave me a little blurb on STARFLEET, a crew-in-formation for the U.S.S. Harry Benjamin, which is equipped with the latest in bi-directional transwarp drive. Details: Commander Kathy Jones, 584 Castro Street, Box 288, SF, CA 94114.

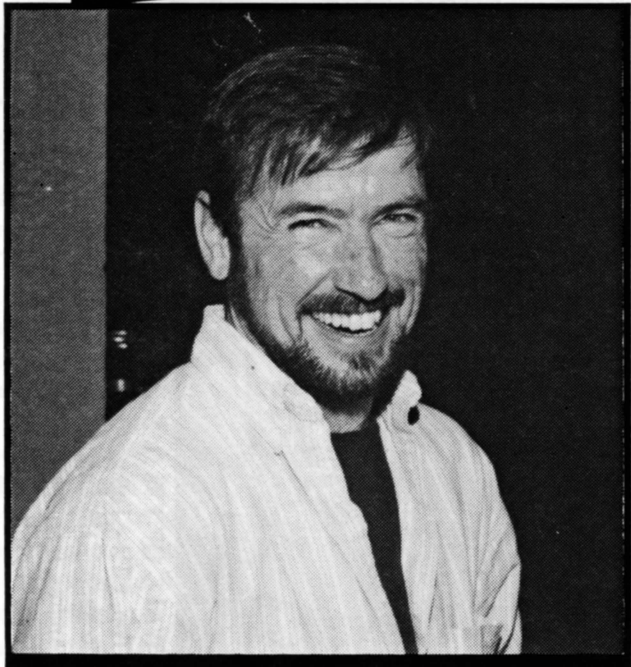
Kate Bornstein's SO, David, announced (with a big grin) that Kate's new play *Virtually Yours, Beta 1.0*, is plotted around Kate's "True life predicament." That is, how does a MTF transsexual lesbian deal with herm's lover deciding to become a man? Well, the first thing was, sheem wrote a play. —And a buncha other stuff was discussed, diss'd and promoted before the meeting disintegrated into socializing, during which I flashed a few of 'em:



Stafford & The New Guy



Francis & Max



Jamison "James" Green

Dodder and I spent my birthday chomping Thai food and being audience at *Those Damn Cala Lilies*, an Artful Circle Theatre production with a buncha cross-dressers, and then we raced over to Josie's Juice Joint and caught Lypsinka's last SF performance of *As I Lay Lip-synching*. Gosh, Lyp looked right at me and lipped, "It's so hard being a girl." I just nodded, knowingly. Uh-huh, sure is. Front row seats are great.

Then I hadda predicament of my own: How does a MTF TV/CD, who sometimes goes Hog-wild, deal with a young woman one-half herm's age who wants to phuk my aged (half)brains out? Simple, abstain, pack everything up and head to Port-land for the

IFGE Con

After a rather rapid ride through intermittent sunshine, deep in the heart of the Great Pacific Northwest rainforest, I found my boy-self in the basement of the Portland Hilton getting my purse out of the trunk. I spotted a big tall girl, introduced myself and asked where to go. Sheem was Debra Darling and sheem told me where to go.

After ascending from deep within the subterranean bowels of the hellacious Hilton, I sauntered outta the evil elevator, found the IFGE registration location by following the merciful signs, and marched right

in. Yo! who should my wandering eye find first? Vivian Allen, Editor-in-Chief of *Tapestry*. I stuck my face in Viv's space and we eyeballed one another, then dropped our guards and did a serious bit o' huggin. Stacy Toon, Creative Director of *Tapestry*, joined our happy little magic circle-of-light before I paid 'em the registration fee and descended into darkness. Hell's bells, the Hilton charged me \$1.75 for twenty minutes of parking! "Savage Capitalists," I fumed under my breath while spurring my beast onward, onward to—the *Cheapshate Motel*. Yes indeedee, a crib where I could crash for 3 nights for the price of one flop at the Hilton (where they stab ya to the hilt) (Yes I just took a \$tab at the Hilton— so wut? I also cleverly subtexted a quote from my article, "Prejudice In GenderLand?" in issue #65 of *Tapestry* (and previously published as a "censorship-by-omission" letter in **GenderFlex** (Send \$\$\$ Quick (and this allows me to sneak in these frivolous parentheticals, too!)), issue #16), wherein I snivel "It seems that the singularly valuable public contribution of 'cross-dressers' make is adding to the profits of hotels.")

Lawdy, lawdy, lawdy, this convoluted stuff is about to break my back. Only one cure, too. Money. Oh yes indeedee, honey, Billie Jean needs mo' money, mo' money, mo' money. Think of all those prisoners that be begging for a little **GenderFlex**. Think of all those downcast, down-trodden hordes drifting aimlessly across this great land of Ours, think of how many of those lives have been brightened by a little **GenderFlex**, and how many more could be saved through your generosity. Why, for just ten or twenty dollars (or a million if ya got it), as many as fifteen or thirty people will find their lives immeasurably improved (for a million, I know my life would be vastly improved: after all, I already spent my kid's inheritance because of **GenderFlex**). And perhaps best of all, Billie Jean will be too busy to **Slab** ("course, that also depends on getting more writers begging to be published (and we here at Corporate Headquarters don't want any stories about silky panties caressing curvy bouncy buns atop long lean legs sheerly clad in sensuous backseam stockings (UNLESS they ARE Erotic, Explicit, Triple-X Hot and suitable for masturbation fantasies), either) and willing to do so for free). (—Hmmm, I mighta wrecked that last begging-for-dollars bit. Whadda ya think I oughta do? Here's an idea, send a dollar or two and your comments. At least you'll get yer name listed on the back page, and if yer letter is irate enough, maybe I'll print it. Try to spel correkty because sumtimes I dont (AHA! I just realized why I wrote like I did in the beginning of this paragraph— I wuz reliving my emotional experience at the Trinity Awards later that same night in Port-land (among other emotional subtexts, and of course the SpinSpeak Sermon earlier in this **Slab**), ya know?), ya know?).

Echoing my experience at the '92 Con in Houston, the Wednesday evening Awards banquet had summa the same hokey elements. (issue #11, Quick! Write that check!) But I didn't get bummed because— after I checked into the *Cheapshate*, lugged my luggage upstairs in only seven or eight trips, deconstructed my boyself and constructed, well you oughta know by now how that goes, I joined

the cocktail reception back at the big H, and it was like magic, like a high-school reunion ya actually enjoyed, ya know? Lotsa way big hugs and stuff (sheesh, I'm sitting in Sacramento right now trying to write this while Zan-zan is in my bathroom, shower blasting, door open, "Oooh, ahhh, uhh— Oooooooo." Lord Mother stand back, when the moon and stars are aligned and we Tango, there will be some heaven and Earth shakin)... let's see now, where was this going, N.E.way? Oh well, who cares? Let's just flash some imagery—



Ah, the Trinity Award recipients, front row LTR (that's left to right for you acronym-challenged types): Maryann Kirkland, Ginny Knuth, Marsha Botzer, Alison Laing; back row LTR: Jason Cromwell, Marilyn Irving, Mariette Pathy Allen, Wendy Parker, JoAnn Roberts, Jennifer Richards. Photo Credit: Telzey Adams. The recipients were and are well-deserved choices.

My snivel has to do with the perceived pretentiousness of the beginning of the "ceremony": the awe-insipid music; the dull orchestration (fanfare trumpets) and alla that kinda crappè. (And I'm a little miffed that Lou Sullivan (I'm on the Nominations & Awards Committee) didn't get selected.) But like I already said, I was one elevated reunionite, and beside that, I blabbed with Vicky Chesebro through the hokem part— sheem's way cool. JoAnn Roberts kept telling people we were sisters, twins; which may well be, hoo nose? Maybe a mitochondria DNA testing is in order (didja know that matriarchal DNA tracking is the only multi-generational genetic link possible? Like, patriarchal genetic tests can't be "tracked" because the male mitochondria DNA is in the sperm tail and it doesn't enter the egg— ya can only ascertain whether the father *might* be the father).

Insert Sex (Talk)

(I love innuendo, ya know? Ennyweigh, check this out: Imagine the ejaculation of a few million sperm (well-placed of course, nunna that 'spilling seed' stuff) with a force nearly equal to a sneeze, the

(Continued on next page)

Billie Jean Blabs and blabs and blabs and blabs— (Continued from page 7)

writhing wigglers swimming onward, onward. Finally, one uv 'em gets in position to score, a final lunge and Snappo! the tail falls limply away as it ejects its head deep into the fertile egg. — Kinda puts a different spin on "giving head," don't it?)

Rezoom Con

After the cocktails, feedbag and ceremonies, a bunch of us rose to the occasion of NWGA's hospitality suite where Debra Darling introduced herself to me. So I told her: "We already met in the parking dungeon. "Oh," sheem stumbled, "you look different." I'm shur that's 'cuz I had my Lost Girls pin on.



Trinity Night with Stacey Toon. Photo: Telzey Adams

Thursday was hangover day. Walking around Port-land in the mist cured everything but the headache. Holly Cross and I had lunch at some Mexican-American joint and I bailed on having dinner with Cindy Martin and Judy Osborne (hey, Judy wasn't too P.O.'d over my slash and tear editrix job on her (issue #19, send money quick) publicity!). So I crashed for 12 hours.

I was late to the Friday luncheon (thereby setting the standard for meal arrivals), which was hardly notable except for Sheila Kirk's announcements. Now picture this: Billie Jean, GenderJournalist supreme, publisher of the awesome GenderFlex in a red power suit (white hose, white shell just sheer enough to show lotsa lace), demurely ravaging the ol' feedbag (while everyone else had finished dessert), when all-of-a-sudden, Sheila mentions that there are some notable publications out there, and introduces Kym Richards, publisher of "that fine publication, Cross-Talk."

A cloud of despair enveloped my delicate sensibilities and choking back a tearful sob, I wailed: "WHAT ABOUT GENDERFLEX?!" Well, Sheila was quick to realize what a terrible faux pax sheem had committed, and after the chuckles had subsided, sheem made a proper introduction which caused me to blush. Then Kym tried to make amends by saying sheem hadda better press agent. Hmmf.

I actually showed up for the Publication Committee meeting.



Vicky Chesebro, Delia Wolfe, Veronica Smith & Blabby Jean



Kym Richards & Holly Boswell hanging around.

Later that night I joined the Night of Esprit "Casino Night" after scarfing up as much freebag as I could. After that, a gang of transvestite terrorists kidnapped me inna van and flung me into the crowd at Embers, a rather gay nightclub. Turned out that about a lotta people that had been at Casino Night were already there. Jennifer Richards, who useta be a local, was introduced as Fairy Tyler Moore and dida coupla numbers (no, sheem didn't smokem, sheem sangem). Then a lotta other stuff happened, and somehow I got to the pajama party at the hospitality suite where Andrea Susan Malick kept flashing herm breasts, or I dreamed that.

I was late to the Saturday luncheon, of course, but I was just in time to stand in front of the floor-length windows so my tablemates could see I wasn't wearing a slip under my sheer, floral skirt (thanx for the applause, siblings). I didn't say anything while Sheila went through a discourse on the difference between West coast and East coast phrasing of Female-To-

Male as F2M (East), and FTM (West). Kinda caused me to wonder why MTFs (or M2Fs) think they have any say innit—leave it to the men to decide. And, the largest group already calls itself FTM.

Then the reason why I went to this luncheon: Phyllis Randolph Frye, guano-kicking attorney (GKA), real neat person (RNP), and occasional contributor to **GenderFlex** (OC2GF) ascended to the podium and laid down a sermon (LDAS). To wit: Be Intolerant of Intolerance. Several "Amen, sista" remarks, a few "Tell it like it is"; and yours truly yelling "Get over your bad ugly self" during the homophobe portion. But then Phyllis fell into the same hole Sheila had the day before. I was sobbing—"Whaa, whaa, what about **GenderFlex**?" Later, Phyllis told me I was the only person that had ever caused her to lose her preaching momentum. Serves herm right. She also said I couldn't pass as a guy, but I'll tell ya 'bout that later.

So, The Killer Dress Night (KDN) arrives and gobs 'o plain Janes & Johns have transformed, transported and are eagerly awaiting my arrival. Finally, I show up (in the same frock as for the Cotillion—that's another reason I went to Port-land at a cost of \$450; so I could wear the same \$65 outfit twice in one year), and the Virginia Prince Lifetime Achievement Award Banquet began with the cocktail hour, which is a misnomer because it was really a photo op hour.



Donna Freeman, Jamie Faye Fenton & Judy Osborne



JoAnn Roberts & Andrea X.

Linda Buten, Eve Burchert & Melissa Foster



Our table was a Waterford House Reunion '94, all cleverly arranged by the consummate par-tay giver, Andrea Susan. What that means iz it wuz reserved. And since it wuz JoAnn Roberts' and Vicky Chesebro's Birthday Celebration, we had champagne and cake, and everybody sang HBD2Y (get it?) to 'em. First to JoAnn who blew out all the candles, then to Vicky who missed a couple. So naturally I announced that JoAnn gave the best blow-job (give credit where it's due). The men at the next table fell all over themselves and one of 'em blabbed: "I want her(m)!" JoAnn told me to sit and shush.

That's when the hokey music started up. After a little too much of that, I started wondering if Jack Palance wuz gonna materialize and do some one-armed pushups.

Then, before Ellen Summers (kindly pictured in issue #13, send \$\$ now) officially became the deserved recipient of the VPLAA, we were treated to the way wacky world of the Drama Queens! Yo! these trauma twins slapped some schtik all over the place. One 'o

(Continued on next page)

Billie Jean Blabs and blabs and blabs and blabs and blabs—(Continued from page 9)

the coolest wuz when Callan sat inna chair, toppling it over with herm feet pointing up and wuz then interviewed by Sabrina. The action caused a background screen to topple onto Callan and Ariadne Kane gallantly held it off herm. Poor Ariadne, sheem must have initially thought it was an accident. Such concern. Another way wacky bit wuz Sabrina playing Callan's tits ("honk, hink, hunk") as part of their tribute to Sister Mary Elizabeth having been a (Naval) "seal." Never mind.



The Drama Queens, Sabrina & Callan

Then, somehow, it was all over except the hugs, the remaining photo-ops, and best of all, hanging around the hotel lobby bar blabbing until way too late—a way cool fate.

Rachael & Eleanor



Cassie Owen & Telzey Adams



Ariadna Kane & Marsha Botzer

A Buncha Happy Men
(Sorry, I didn't take down names). Photo Credit: I think it was Andrea Susan Malick (and I think that's Andrea's breast in the lower left).



Woke up, realized I couldn't pack and drive to San Francisco in time to see *Virtual Reality, Beta 1.0*— not enough hours. Oh well, I could get some free bag o' brunch back at the big H. So I packed up my stuff and hauled. A buncha the guyz were at the first table I saw: "Hey guyz! Ya think I can pass?" Thumbs up with smiles (yaknow, since I've been hanging around the FTM meetings and such, I'm beginning to do the guy thing pretty good, er, I mean damn well).

I looked around for Phyllis but no Phyllis. Plenty o' other guyz, though. Had a few helpings of the feed, flung my napkin down and started doing the good-bye thing. Even hadda a coupla nice moments with Merissa before giving Godmother (Virginia Prince) a coupla kisses and a big o' hug.

Then I found Phyllis, freaked herm out, and drove back to SacraDemento, horny all the way and still wondering wut I'd be when I grow up.

Oh-oh,—I spewed again. Sheesh, I hadda lotta other good stuff to put in this wonderful rag. Must've been something I ate. Oh well, could ya just please forgive me, and send some money, too? Bless you.

Luv,

Billie Jean



Listen Up!

©1994 by Phyllis Randolf Frye

[Phyllis Randolf Frye is a long-time and open activist for lesbian, gay and transgender; for black, brown and asian; and for women's, and the physically-impaired's rights. She is also a Texan, a Democrat, an Eagle Scout, a Texas A&M Aggie, a US Army veteran, a licensed professional engineer and a trial attorney. Phyllis has been involved in block walking for candidates, attending five state Democratic Party Conventions as an elected delegate, screening of political candidates, and participating in all three Marches on Washington for Lesbian, Gay, Bi and Transgender Rights. She can be reached at 5707 Firenza Street, Houston Texas, 77035-5515. Answering machine (all calls returned collect): (713) 8368, FAX: (713) 723-1800.]

All human beings carry within themselves an ever-unfolding idea of who they are and what they are capable of achieving.

Listen deep in your soul and absorb completely as I repeat that proclamation: "All human beings carry within themselves an ever-unfolding idea of who they are and what they are capable of achieving. —The individual's sense of self is not determined by chromosomal sex, genitalia, assigned birth sex, or initial gender role." Those were the beginning lines to the International Bill of Gender Rights as was adopted at the 2nd Annual Transgender Law and Policy Conference. The entire list of rights include:

- the individual's right to define gender identity;
- to free expression of gender identity;
- to control and change one's own body;
- to competent medical and professional care;
- to freedom from psychiatric diagnosis or treatment;

(Continued on next page)

Phyllis Frye— (Continued from page 11)

to sexual expression;
to form committed, loving relationships and
enter into marital contracts; and
to conceive or adopt children;
to nurture and have custody of children
and to exercise parental rights.

I have been asked to be brief, and I promised that I would limit my presentation to just under two hours. Before I begin, I want all of you to know that even though the price of freedom can be high, it is worth the price.

My spouse and best friend of twenty years, Trish, couldn't make this trip. She and I computed that in today's 1994 dollars, considering the conservative advancements and promotions that I would probably have gotten, we see about \$400,000 to \$600,000 less in our wealth and savings because in 1976 we decided together to free me. Understand this, we came out for me: we didn't come out for you. I fought and struggled for my freedom. For MY freedom. I'm free, and I've been free for a number of years. Trish agrees that if all it took was \$400,000 to \$600,000, then it was worth it.

Back then the hypocrites tried everything. They took away my kid when he was five, but my kid came back when he was twenty-two. He chose to come back to me, and we are very good friends now. He says that he loves me right straight into my eyes. I say that I love him and he says that he knows it. When we walk in public, I put my arm around him or we hold hands. He doesn't shy away.

Back then the bigots took away my careers, military and engineering. Back then they egged our house, burned dirty baby diapers on our porch, frequently made obscene phone calls, and even slashed our tires. I was a very bitter person for a long, long time. But Trish and I survived it. We bonded together: we made it. That was our price. I'm free and we are free together.

I remember somebody telling me last year, that "she" wouldn't help the tg community by coming out of "her" closet because she enjoyed driving her BMW, and if she came out then she might have to drive a Ford. That was the last time I ever spoke with that person. I simply don't have time for people like that.

Listen to me! My story began in 1976. This is 1994, people: You shouldn't have to pay that kind of price today!

Today, I'm going to touch on several highly important issues for you as a transgender community. In touching on these issues I am going to exhort the better part in each of you to grow. The issues are: rejecting homophobia; rejecting racism; rejecting shame; claiming your history; recognizing the non-operative option; resisting divorce; becoming politically active; and attending TRANSGEN94 in Houston this coming August.

Number One: Rejecting Homophobia. I want to lash-out every time I hear someone say, "Yes, I cross-dress, but at least I'm not gay!" Or I hear someone say, "I only want to be around heterosexual cross-dressers." That angers me.

The sheer arrogance of people who will justify their own actions by putting down others—who will elevate themselves by stripping the self worth of others—is revolting to me. They are saying, in effect, "Hey, what I do is okay. I may get off to panties and high heeled shoes, but at least I'm not a damned faggot."

You must get this point past the gray matter in your brain and put it deep into your gut. There is nothing, nothing wrong with being a gay man. There is nothing, nothing wrong with being a lesbian

woman. You may not be one, but don't put them down in the process of defending yourself from a bigot.

Trish and I have known a multitude of gay and lesbian people that far exceed—in the areas of honesty, integrity, compassion, generosity, spirituality, and helpfulness—most of the heterosexuals that self-define themselves as society's upper class.

Yes, and I consider myself to be lesbian. So, if you can't get over your own homophobia, don't ever try to be a friend of mine.

Let me add a point here, let me give you this lump to swallow: If we don't get over our homophobia and force a bond of the transgender community to the lesbian and gay community, just imagine what repression we will face when the lesbians and gays achieve legal freedom and we are the next smaller target of the bigots. That should put a chill down your spine.

Number Two: Rejecting Racism. Racist attitudes were created by greedy, low-life slave traders, slave owners and slave breeders several hundreds of years ago. They promoted such attitudes in order to justify their actions. Racial slavery ended almost one hundred and thirty years ago, but racist attitudes remain.

Folks, we must learn to get along. We must, each of us, must affirmatively declare to become intolerant of intolerance. If someone says "nigger", then you must go through the awkwardness of telling that person that you do not approve. You are, after all, as a transgendered person, one of today's "niggers". You are because of one thing only—your outward appearance. And if someone says some other racist comment, not quite as overt but just as racist, then you must go through the awkwardness of telling that person that their "white sheet" is showing and you do not approve.

Look about you right now at the faces in this room. —Where is the tapestry of color? Take steps when you go home to have your local t-g group begin to reach out through the Hispanic, Asian and Black radio stations. Transgendered sisters and brothers are out there. By their joining your local t-g groups, you not only increase your groups numbers, you enrich your own life through learning, and you reinforce the argument that we are indeed everywhere, in every culture.

Number Three: Rejecting Shame. Shame is how they keep us down. Shame is how they keep us in our place. Shame is how they keep us in our closets.

Who is this "they" that make us feel ashamed to be who we are? They are the people who sing, "I've Got to Be Me. I've Got to Be Me." And they love this song, "I did it My Way". They are the people who proclaim the virtue of being true to oneself. They say that the best of all things, is to be honest with oneself and honest with others. They teach that "Honesty is the best policy." They have Boy Scouts memorize that a scout is trustworthy and honest.

TIME OUT! NONE OF THAT APPLIES IF YOU ARE QUEER! If you are homosexual or transgendered, they want you to lie about it, they want you to keep in the closet, they want you to be ashamed, they want you to feel guilty.

But, of course, "They" can justify divorce and infidelity. THAT'S NORMAL, they say.

Listen to me: You have nothing to be ashamed of. God likes variety. She created lots and lots of variety. You have the capacity to love yourself, to help others, to do good work. They have the problem, not you.

How many of them have you seen wearing country and western

garb when they own no cows, no horses, no farm, no ranch? Ask them why they dress like that. "It's fun." or "It makes me feel good." or "It's the way I feel about myself." Those people who cross-dress in western garb are the true trans-west-ites!

Last week someone wrote to me, and at the end of the letter stated how she was looking forward to an anonymous life after SRS in a new town and with a new job. That's just another stretch of hiding. Why does she wish to hide? Because she is ashamed of who she is.

NEVER BE ASHAMED! NEVER BE ASHAMED!

Number Four: Claiming Your History. During the 2nd Annual Transgender Law and Policy Conference in 1993, Mr. Leslie Feinberg, an F2M author detailed, back to several thousand years ago, your history as a transgendered people. It is in the transcribed Proceedings (holds it up) which is for sale [\$65]. Checks and Mastercard accepted. Just a little commercial there.

What I want to emphasize is your current history. How many of you have ever heard of Stonewall, raise your hands? —Stonewall was a bar in Greenwich Village in New York. Regular patrons were cross-dressers — both F2M and M2F, both straight and gay— and there were also leather cultists from the lesbian and gay community. In the sixties, police routinely raided places frequented by these folks— frequented by YOUR people. Imagine that you are here today, being yourselves with your friends, but that this is the sixties and this event will be raided by the police any minute.

In June of 1969, after years of police harassment, the patrons of Stonewall fought back. They drug the cops into the bar, sealed it off and held the cops captive for three days. They negotiated with the authorities a policy which said in essence, "LEAVE US ALONE!"

The Stonewall Rebellion is credited with being the birth event of the modern gay/lesbian/transgender freedom movement. This summer, the 25th anniversary, will be a celebration and a march on the United Nations to present demands. The Transgender Law Conference was the first organization to throw down the gauntlet and tell the Stonewall 25 committee to put transgender in the name or we will march against you, and some of us will allow ourselves to be arrested. Within days after, the Norma Christy group which has over 400 chapters and 29,000 members and puts on the Ms Gay America padgents all over the country did the same thing. Other tg organizations are joining with us. I hope IFGE, F2M and Transgender Nation puts their name in also.

Actually I do not see how the IFGE Board that is meeting today can avoid the issue of transgender being left out of the name of Stonewall 25. Some people will say that to declare against Stonewall 25 will jepordize IFGE's 501(c)(3). That's scared talk and simply not true. A letter of non-support sent tonight to the Stonewall 25 meeting in plenary tomorrow is needed. Simply say something like this: "The Board of Directors of the International Foundation for Gender Education meeting in regular session on Saturday, 19 March 1994, has voted to withdraw support from Stonewall 25 event if the term TRANSGENDER is not included in the title of the event. While we will not organize a counter march against the Stonewall 25 event, IFGE will publicise the counter march to its members..."

So, be proud of Stonewall: your transgendered sisters and brothers fought there: it was the beginning of your right to be who you are with dignity. Don't forget it and don't let others take it away from you.

And, where are the FTMs? Stand up guys. Folks, look around, we could double our visible numbers by reaching out to our brothers. Before you leave here, get an address from one of these men and when you get home, Contact that man— tap into your local FTM community

Number Five: Recognizing the Non-operative Option. Increasing numbers of pre-operative transsexuals are waiting longer for their surgery. Many tell me that because this is 1994, AND because we have so many good support groups and events like the T-Party, IFGE Coming Together, California Dreamin, Southern Comfort and others, AND because there is so much more good reading material like *Tapestry*, *Chrysalis* and *Cross-Talk [SOB!]*, AND because of an accepting and non-judgmental spouse or family support system, AND because of the recognition of the danger of any surgery—indeed, last November, one of our sisters died a few days after surgery—AND because many post-op's will admit privately that the surgery sometimes just isn't so great after all.

I am one of those who has not yet had surgery even though I went full-time and out-of-the-closet in 1976, and I began hormones in 1977. I discovered that my sex is in my brain. I stand here before you fully female, completely female, and I remain non-operative.

My genitals? They make me no less a woman. Besides in my monogamous relationship of over twenty years, no one else sees or experiences them anyway. So who should care, for goodness sake? Certainly not the bigots, the hypocrites and the religionists! Tell them to keep their own skirts down and their pants zipped and to mind their own business.

Please understand that IF you truly want surgery, I will support you. But I have seen too many cases of people rushing through the "real life test" with such break neck speed that they do not take the time to savor the many and complex changes completely before they have surgery. I blame the medical community for this. The medical community never offered the non-operative option. The medical community put up this "real life test" where you either pass and get cut-up OR ELSE you go back to that intolerable situation before you began. WHAT KIND OF CHOICE IS THAT? NO WONDER PEOPLE WHO ARE REFUSED SURGERY, FIND ANOTHER DOCTOR AND LEARN FROM THEIR PREVIOUS BAD ANSWERS.

Who gave us the non-operative option? We did, ourselves, not the medical community. Many of those post-op people will confide that had they moved slower, had they just slowed down, had they known of an option, that they would have been just as complete without the surgery. Stop to smell the roses, people. For the complete review of the non-operative option, read the Proceedings.

Number Six: Resisting Divorce. Cynthia and Linda [Phillips] had their 35th anniversary last month. Trish and I had our twentieth. Bina and Martine [Rothblatt] had their twelfth.

Obviously, in resisting divorce, there is nothing that you can do should your spouse be the one to file other than hire a very good lawyer and study the legal strategies worked out in the Proceedings. (holds them up) If there is a good reason for divorce, then let it be so. But your being transgendered is not a good reason.

Never, never, never allow any doctor to require a divorce prior to surgery. I know of absolutely NO legal requirement to require a divorce prior to surgery other than institutionalized homophobia and a general misunderstanding of the law. Let me repeat: (slowly)

(Continued on next page)

Phyllis Frye— (Continued from page 13)

there is NO law that requires a legally married heterosexual couple to divorce just because one desires surgery which will result in a homosexual marriage. This is covered in detail in the Proceedings. (holds them up)

Number Seven: Becoming Politically Active. Do not kid yourself that politics don't matter. That is naive, non-thinking and just plain stupid.

Whether you agree or not, look at what is happening now compared to 1980-1992. The Family Leave Act passed, Motor-voter Registration passed, there has been a loosening of restrictions for the poor to exercise choice in family planning, condom ads are finally on the major television networks, Justice Ginsburg sits on the Supreme Court—that court opened wider the right for women to sue sexist employers, that court support the RICO statute against violence at Planned Parenthood clinics, the Energy Department is coming clean on decades of non-consensual human-radiation testing, there is more funding of AIDS research, the Brady Handgun Bill passed, and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission is becoming friendly again. Read the Proceedings. (holds them up)

On your local, everyday living level, politics effects judges, whether appointed as they are on the federal benches or elected as they are in most state benches. (By the way, President Clinton has nominated the Hon. Fred Biery to a federal bench. Fred's speech to the 1st Law Conference is in the Proceedings, (holds it up) and Fred spoke at last year's Texas T-Party.)

Beware of political parties that demand judges practice "judicial restraint". Judicial restraint judges believe in positivism—a jurisprudence based on "black-letter law". They will never be friendly to you as a transgendered person when you go to court for child visitation, when you go to court for insurance coverage, when you go to court for reinstatement of employment, when you go to court for changing your birth certificate.

Study American history and see the "judicial restraint" judges as being the authors of the Dred Scott slavery case and supporting the fugitive slave return law. Whichever political party or judicial candidate preaches "judicial restraint" will not be working for the best interest of you as a transgendered person. BELIEVE THAT!

Beware of who you elect for sheriff, for mayor and for city council. Your mayor probably appoints the police chief. If these local law enforcement folks hate queers, then they hate you too. Don't be lulled to sleep. They would just as soon you be unemployed and in jail.

Get active. Get your local t-g group to hold a "candidates night" before each election and consider with favor those candidates who attend. We do it each October in Houston, and many, many candidates show up.

Be generous with your money to candidates who will support transgender issues. Join your local gay and lesbian political caucus and get onto their candidate screening committees. Insure transgender questions are placed into those screening procedures. All screening questions must include "AND TRANSGENDER" and must have you, a transgendered person at each screening meeting and in each screening panel.

Number Eight and lastly: Attend TRANSGEN94. The Annual Transgender Law, Employment and Medical Policy Conferences are for you. Both the first and second conferences were attended by more non-attorneys than attorneys. The application of

the law to transgender issues is not the sole property of the lawyers. ICTLEP was created to empower you, the transgender community, lawyers and non-lawyers, to begin yourself to develop your own legal definitions, policies and strategies.

Today's laws and regulations that effect us in the areas of housing, insurance, health, family, employment, imprisonment, probate, military and civil commitment were and continue to be formulated by non-transgendered people. Available here at this gathering are handouts on the Bill of Gender Rights, the Health Care Standards for Transsexuals, the Military Law Project, A sample bill for your state's legislature concerning the definition of sex and gender, the policy for the imprisoned transgendered, and a reprint of text from a Nursing Textbook series wherein we wrote the section on transgendered issues. All of these things cost money folks and the Transgender Law Conference can use every donation, even on a credit card, that you can give us. We are 501(c)(3), that means tax-deductible. If anyone today wishes to donate, please see me immediately.

You must, through your attendance and participation in the Transgender Law, Employment and Medical Policy Conferences, say, "No more. Our problems are not that we are transgendered—but that society mislabels us and mistreats us. We have matured as a community, and we want input into how the law treats us. We, the transgendered, want to formulate our own policy and law."

Reject homophobia!

Reject racism!

Reject Shame!

Claim your history!

Contemplate the non-operative option!

Resist divorce!

Become politically active!

And be in Houston for TRANSGEN94 this August!

Thank you.

[I gotta get Phyllis to be my press agent for **GenderFlex!** By the way, I slash-edited herm's speech from the IFGE Con luncheon of March 18, 1994 so I'd have room to give Davina Anne Gabriel's publication a plug, even though I had some cool letters praising either myself or **GenderFlex!** So, aren't I swell? Oh! And another thing, send me half of what you're considering giving ITCLEP/Phyllis, 'cuz I gave 'em \$100 and after this issue I'll be broke.]

TransSisters

The Journal of Transsexual Feminism

c/o Davina Anne Gabriel

4004 Troost Avenue

Kansas City, Missouri 64110

"Submissions are being sought for an anthology consisting of personal accounts of harrassment/discrimination experienced by transsexual womyn within the lesbian/feminist community. Please send submissions to the address above."

[Issue #1 hadda way cool interview with Leslie Feinberg, coverage of the March On Washington, and more (even photos). \$3 per copy, \$18 per year (six issues). Checks payable to Davina.

Gender-Related Organizations

C.G.N.I.E., Inc. (Court of the Great Northwest Imperial Empire, Inc.) POB 160636, Sac, CA 95816. CGNIE was organized to raise funds for charities and have fun. Primarily part of the gay community, membership is open to anyone with an interest. Annual events include Emperor & Empress Coronation, Grand Ducal Ball, and a variety of other events and fund raisers. Court Imperial (general meetings) held on first Tuesday of the month at Faces, 2000 K Street, Sac, CA, 7:30pm. No door charge. Annual dues— \$2 per month (Apri is free).

DVG (Diablo Valley Girls)—POB 272885, Concord, CA 94527-2885. Phone (510) 849-4112. DVG is a non-sexual social club in the Concord/Walnut Creek area. Monthly socials held at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, CA on the first Tuesday and third Monday of each month, 8pm. No door charge. Monthly newsletter included with annual dues— \$10.

ETVC (Educational TV Channel)— POB 426486, San Francisco, CA 94142-6486. Phone (Hotline) (510) 549-2665. ETVC is a non-sexual organization trying to serve the educational, social and recreational needs of "gender-challenged" people, their spouses, significant others, family members, friends and helping professionals. Theme socials the last Thursday of each month at Eichelburger's, 2742 17th St. (at Florida), SF, \$3 members, \$5 non-members (certain event/themes higher priced). Many other activities/events. Newsletter every other month included with annual dues—\$20.

FTM (Female to Male) Group— 5337 College Ave. #142, Oakland, CA 94618. FTM publishes a quarterly newsletter for female cross-dressers and FTM transsexuals. Support and informational meetings held monthly (informational meetings open to non-FTMs; support is for FTMs only). Currently selling paperback copies of Lou Sullivan's *Information For The Female-To-Male Crossdresser & Transsexual*, \$10; *FTM Resource Guide* \$3

I.F.G.E. (International Foundation for Gender Education) POB 367, Wayland MA 01778. (617) 899-2212. Perhaps the largest organization concerned with the CD/TV/TG/TS "Community." Publishers of *TV/TS Tapestry Journal*, and more.

N.S.G.A. (North State Gender Association) POB 8250, Red Bluff, CA 96080. Phone (916) 527-9303. NSGA is a non-profit, non-sexual social support group that began in the fall of 1993 with the goals of providing peer support, socials, seminars and referrals to professionals.

RGA (Rainbow Gender Association) POB 700730, San Jose, CA 95170. RGA is a non-sexual social club open to anyone interested in gender issues. Poker Socials, Rap Group, Computer Bulletin Board: (208) 248-4162 (300-2400 baud), plus more. General meetings twice a month (1st & 3rd Fridays at 8pm) at the New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Drive, San Jose. No dues or door charge; contributions accepted. Newsletter every other month for \$10 per year.

S.G.A. (Sacramento Gender Association) POB 215456, Sac, CA 95821-1456. Phone: (916) 482-7742. SGA is a non-sexual social club open to anyone interested in gender issues. Social meetings are held on the fourth Saturday of the month at the Townhouse, 1517 21st St., Sac, CA, 7pm if you want dinner, meeting follows, 8pm. \$2 door fee (\$4 non-members). Business and planning meeting held the third Saturday, same location, 7:30pm, open to members and guests— free. Annual dues— \$20.

Society for the Second Self (Tri-Ess)— POB 194, Tulare, CA 93275. Tri-Ess is primarily for heterosexual males who cross-dress, and their families. A variety of social and educational services are designed to foster self-acceptance and expression. Individual (local) chapters are located throughout the US and Canada (about \$20 a year each). Publishes the *Femme Mirror* four times a year which is included in annual (National) dues of \$35. Write for application & information.

Transgender Nation— 584 Castro St. #288, San Francisco, CA 94114; (415) 863-6717. Transgender Nation survives the demise of Queer Nation, and will continue working specifically for transgender rights regardless of sexual orientation/attraction. Contact person: Christine Taylor, (415) 586-6409.

[Listing revised March, 1994]

Other Organizations & Services

RGA Rap Group meets the second Friday of each month at the New Community of Faith Church in San Jose, from 8 to 10pm. Contact Martina at (408) 984-5619.

ETVC's Significant Others Support Group meets the second Thursday of each month, from 8 to 10pm. SOS meetings are open to people involved with a CD/TV/TG/TS person, but who are not one themselves. Write ETVC, or call Ginny at (415) 664-1499.

Pacific Center for Human Growth, 2712 Telegraph Ave, Berkeley, CA 94705 provides weekly peer-support meetings for Bisexual, Gay/Lesbian, TV/TS persons. Info: (510) 841-6224

The Sweetheart Connection newsletter [formerly W.A.C.S.— Women Associated with Cross-dressers Communication Network]: POB 7241, Tallahassee, FL 32314

Partners newsletter for couples: POB 17, Bulverde TX 78163.

AEGIS (American Educational Gender Information Service) provides referrals and offers support to people with gender issues,

as well as publishing several informational booklets and *Chrysalis Quarterly*, an excellent gender-related magazine. For \$36 you can receive four issues of *CQ* plus 3 booklets. Mail to: POB 33724, Decatur, GA 30033-0724. Phone: (404) 939-0244. AEGIS is also affiliated with Renaissance Education Association, and has recently taken over J2CP's information distribution and publications function (J2CP Online BBS remains with Sister Mary Elizabeth).

The Outreach Institute of Gender Studies (126 Western Avenue, Suite 246, Augusta, ME 04106. (207) 621-0858) sponsors a service for helping professionals (GAIN), dozens of Seminars and Workshops, Info Packets and Periodical Publications (some free), Fantasia Fair; and jointly with Theseus Counseling Services, HOPEFUL, a program for couples (Theseus: 233 Harvard St., Ste. 302, Brookline, MA 02146. (617) 277-4360.

For common emergencies, dial 911.

Special Thanx

to **Phyllis Frye** for the sermon, er, speech. Special Thanx to **Janet Nichols** for another \$5! (she probably paid for your copy); to **Cori Farrell** for her \$6 contribution!; to **Andrea** for another \$2!; to **Tina Louise** for her \$10 order; to **C. Boyd** in Texas and **S.D.** in Illinois for their \$2 each; to **Vera Rae House** for her additional \$8 order; to **Elizabeth** for another \$1; to **Anonymous** in Chicago for the \$30!!; to **A.B.** for the additional \$6 order; to **D.M.** for the \$2; to **Allison Laing** for her \$10 contribution; to **Andrea Susan Mallick** (NY) for her \$25! order/contribution; to **Charlene Hunter** for her \$5; to **Callan** (1/2 of the **Drama Queens**) for the \$20! order!

Special Thanx to everyone at the **Way Cool FTM** info meeting February 13; and to everyone at IFGE's Convention,

especially all the **Men** for fondling me! (they know how to handle a big tall gurl).

Special Thanx to **Kym Richards** for reprinting "The Dictionary Project" in issue #52 of *Cross-Talk*.

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Letters, submissions of artwork, photographs, articles, features or stories may be addressed to 3430 Balmoral Drive #10, Sacramento, CA 95821; however, no liability is assumed, no payment will be made, and—I may print and edit whatever you send or give me. 3.5 diskettes (Mac or IBM) preferred.

Gratuitious\$ Filler

Back issues of **TV Gulse** (Issues 4 thru 10) and **GenderFlex** (Issues 11 thru 19) are available by mail for \$2 (two bucks) each, postage paid, first class USA only. Contributions (articles, letters, etc.), and faith donations (cash preferred) will be gladly, joyously, gratefully accepted. Future issues will be mailed on a month-to-month basis for \$2 each, paid in advance (please include address and make checks payable to Billie Jean Jones).

Upcoming (Mostly) Local Events

Mar 31— ETVC presents "Spring Cocktail Party." 8pm, Eichelberger's, 2742 17th Street, SF; \$3, guests \$5.

April 1— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

April 1— RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

April 5— DVG meets at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, 8pm. Open to all, no charge.

April 5— CGNIE Court Imperial meeting, 7:30pm at Faces (20th & K Sts., Sac.). Open to all, \$2 dues.

April 8— Pacific Center's Walnut Creek Gender Rap, 1250 Pine St, Suite #301, 7pm. (510) 939-7711 for info.

April 8— RGA South Bay Rap Group, (408) 984-5619.

April 10 FTM Informational Meeting, 2-5pm in SF. (510) 832-7202 for details and info.

April 13— ETVC presents a Dance Social upstairs at Kimo's, 1351 Polk St., SF, 8pm, free.

April 14— ETVC's SOS meets TBA, call (415) 664-1499.

April 15— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

April 15— RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

April 15— ETVC's Bowling Night, SF (415) 731-7032.

April 16— SGA Executive Committee Meeting, 7:30m at the Townhouse, 1517 21st St., Sac. Open to all, no charge.

April 17— ETVC presents a Transsexual Seminar with Dr. Edward Falces. Kimo's, 2pm, Free.

April 18— DVG meets at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, 8pm. Open to all, no charge.

April 21— ETVC Couples, 8pm, Foster City, (415) 664-1499.

April 22— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

April 23— SGA Monthly Social at the Townhouse, 1517 21st St., Sac., 8pm (7pm for dinner). \$2 members, \$4 guests.

April 27-May 1— "California Dreamin'" in Burbank, CA

Contact PPOC, POB 1088, Yorba Linda, CA 92686. Phone (714) 779-9013.

April 28— ETVC presents "Tight Lacing & Other Corset Pleasures," Eichelberger's, 2742 17th Street, SF, 8pm. Members \$3, guests \$5.

May 3— CGNIE Court Imperial Meeting, 7:30pm at Faces (20th & K Sts., Sac.). Open to all, no charge

May 3— DVG meets at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, 8pm. Open to all, no charge.

May 4— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

May 6— RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

May 12— ETVC's SOS meets 2pm, TBA, (415) 664-1499.

May 18— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

May 19-22— "Paradise in the Poconos" in Canadensis, PA. POB 61263, King of Prussia, PA (610) 640-9449.

May 20— RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

May 20-22— "A Taste of Esprit" in Port Angeles, WA. POB 873, Kirkland, WA 98083-0873.

May 21— SGA Executive Committee Meeting, 7:30m at the Townhouse, 1517 21st St., Sac. Open to all, no charge.

May 26— ETVC's Monthly Social, 8pm, Eichelberger's, 2742 17th Street, SF; \$3, guests \$5.

May 27— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

May 28— SGA Monthly Socia at the Townhouse, 1517 21st St., Sac., 8pm (7pm if you want dinner). \$2 members, \$4 guests.

Every Friday Night— Cafè Lambda, 1931 L Street, Sac. Smoke-free, alcohol-free— no door charge.

Every Sunday Night— Bisexual support Group at Pac. Center, 7 to 8:50 pm, donations accepted.

(The events may be attended in drag [dressed as a girl], drab [dressed as a boy] or blend [be laconic enough not to define].)