

SEE PAGE TWO FOR MORE ON THE THIRD ANNUAL FTM CONFERENCE OF THE AMERICAS

Report from Boston

We've had some changes at the helm of the FTM Newsletter. I'm Jed Rosenthal Bell, the new editor, and I want to welcome back Brynn Craffey as designer and James Green in his continuing role of contributing editor. Welcome also to Shadow Morton in the new job of managing editor, and to Thomas Kennard, our new photo scan man.

So who is this new editor guy? I'm 28, Jewish, and an FTM living without hormones or surgery. I've worked on the Newsletter as designer for the past year. But by way of a more complete introduction, I'll jump right into the editorial fray with my analysis of the third annual FTM conference.

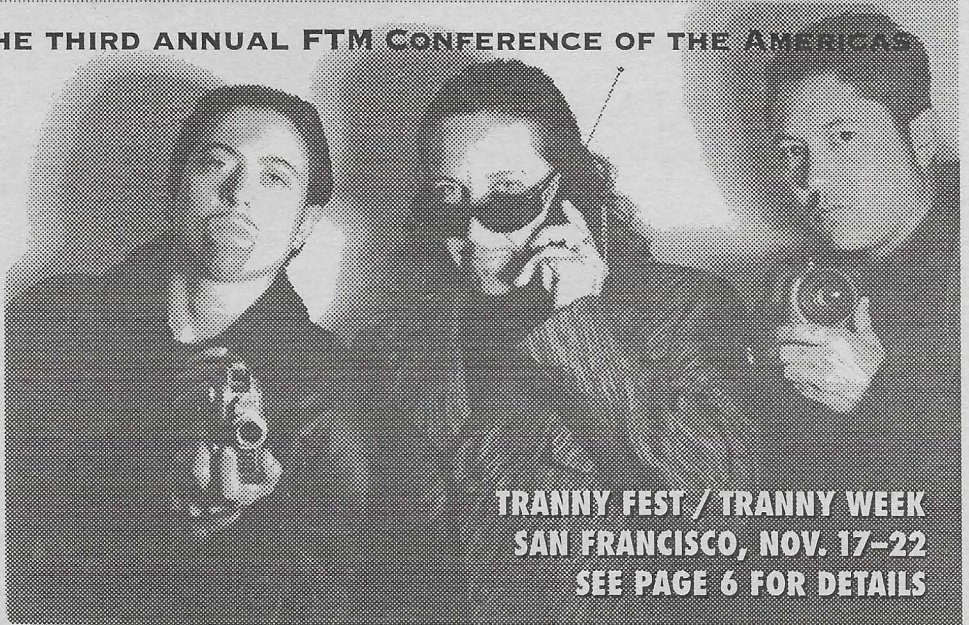
I want to talk about how this conference echoed and differed from the ones before it, in Seattle in '96 and San Francisco in '95. Of course, my impressions are not everybody's. I don't intend to speak for everyone, or to silence anyone who disagrees. What I want to do is offer my thoughts up for comment and debate.

The FTM Conference of the Americas took place in Boston this year, from August 8 to 10, under the name *The Hero's Journey*. As in previous years, this was an ambitious conference that took a lot of people and a huge effort to put on. It lasted from Friday evening through Sunday afternoon, giving conference-goers a choice of 36 workshops on all kinds of issues in FTM life—not to mention performances, art, reading material, food and drink, and chances to hang out apart from the conference site. An estimated 250 to 300 FTMs, friends, lovers, spouses and other supporters attended.

Even though most FTMs may not get to go to this FTM conference or any other, I think these events have a broad importance. Their size alone gives the annual FTM conferences a huge and lasting impact: over 400 people came to San Francisco in 1995, the first time in history so many FTMs had come together. There's nothing like a building full of FTMs to shape, stretch, or solidify your sense of what it means to be FTM. The way we talk and get talked about at these conferences influences us and the people we run into afterward, and partly forms our sense of the FTM world. The tone and values of these occasions matter beyond the weekends when they take place.

In San Francisco in '95, various panelists and keynote speakers took every opportunity to say that anyone who defined himself as FTM was welcome, as was anyone who supported us. Even people who considered themselves FTM but did not go by *he*, or not all the time, were welcomed as part of the FTM picture. Gay FTMs and guys of color were among the most prominent organizers and speakers, though the atten-

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**TRANNNY FEST / TRANNNY WEEK
SAN FRANCISCO, NOV. 17-22
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Elise Hurwitz, Alison Austin, & Christopher Lee direct Tranny Fest: Transgender and Transgenre Cinema

A Rite of Passage by Sean Parker Dennison

On May 1st, 1997, Starr King School for the Ministry—the Unitarian Universalist seminary in Berkeley, California—held a naming ceremony for me. I was taking a class on rites of passage taught by Yielbonzie Charles Johnson, called "Stations on the Wheel of Life." As I had just come to terms with my transsexuality and begun the process of "coming out" to the religious community, there were a lot of questions in the air about what this meant for me and for the community.

One of the concrete questions was "Which name should I call you and which pronouns are appropriate?" At first my answer was, "Oh, I prefer 'Sean' and male pronouns, but you can change to that as you are comfortable." But as I studied rites of passage, I found I was doing a disservice to myself and to the community. It simply was not the responsibility of each individual to decide when he or she was comfortable with my new identity. So when it came time to suggest rites of passage that we could do as a class, I offered myself and my story.

Three people from the class volunteered to help create the ritual. Yielbonzie, Stephen Landale, Natalie Hamm, and I met to clarify the

purpose of the ritual. They asked me a lot of questions, and we focused our thinking on what I wanted the ritual to do. I had three tasks in mind. I wanted a chance to grieve my losses, especially the loss of the community of women. I wanted a chance to be welcomed into the community as a man. And I wanted to give the community a context in which to view my transition.

At that point, my co-planners kicked me out of the group! I was the initiate, and needed to experience the ritual as it happened. With a lot of trepidation, I left them to the task of plan-

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ning the ritual that would change my identity forever.

On May 1st, I was shown the order of service and given a basic idea of what would happen at each step along the way. There would be a

time of separation, a time of liminality, and a time of reaggregation. I would speak to the community and articulate what I wanted from them. And I would be blessed and renamed.

At five o'clock I was led into a room with the women of the community. Led by Natalie, they began by telling me how they were feeling about my transition and said good-bye to me. It

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A Tribute to Friendship

HENRY S. RUBIN, FIRST KEYNOTE ADDRESS

It might've been cappuccino I was drinking. Or maybe it was the juice I prefer in the still-hot-like-summer-month of October. The details are unimportant, but I'll never forget the night Julian asked me "What are you waiting for?" Just the way he said it, loud enough so I couldn't say "What?" and quiet enough so that nobody would turn around and wonder what he was talking about. I knew I had just heard the question that was written, like a letter, inside of me. "What are you waiting for?"

I'd known him about a month, if that. What kind of person asks that kind of question of a person he's just met? Julian was a risk-taker, unafraid of piercing some wall of propriety, willing to broach the gap between us for a moment of truth. Later, only much later, on a night when his girlfriend jokingly compared us to "girls" cause we sat around and talked all the time, did I realize that, for Julian and me, daring to ask this kind of question would be par for the course. Our friendship, forged on the anvil of truth, and seared in the cold water of reality, would make me stand tall and take risks. We were always going to ask each other the tough ones and we would always wait for the answer, as long as it took, even as long as it took that night.

He was still sitting there, kinda grinning now 'cuz it was apparent that he'd pushed the right button and he knew that I didn't know when, if ever, I would take my life off hold, and put a stop to the bad elevator music that was the soundtrack to my life. We also both knew right then that I would eventually, and with a lot of encouragement, change my sex. I tried to shrug my way out of the conversation the way I'd been able to with other people, at other times, but he wasn't satisfied with a simple rise and fall of my shoulders. I came up with a thousand reasons, each of which was like a bucket shot through with holes. Looking back, I can't remember what reason I finally gave him, or if I ever had one at all.

These days it seems like there wasn't a time "BEFORE" I was a man and therefore there's no reason for why I was waiting to change my sex. As the Indian summer turned into autumn and then winter, Julian and I kept talking. He worried about whether he would pass and I worried about what to tell my dates. We did eventually take his girlfriend's suggestion to do some guy stuff. Soon after we started testosterone, we changed a flat tire in the middle of the night. We've shared our work, double-dated, and vaca-

tioned together. Shortly after our chest surgeries, which we had on the same day (of course), we went jet-skiing and played baseball on the beach with our shirts off. Without trying to sound like an advertisement for AT&T, we've got a good reason to call each other since he's moved away. After all, the hair is still growing in new places, and we have to compare our sideburns and think about which other surgeries we want, and if we can afford it or how.

Maybe it's T that allows us to be friends despite our differences. He's a surfer dude really. He'd be perfectly content sitting on his veranda somewhere on the cape watching the waves and walking his dog. I want an endowed university chair with my name on it and a dozen books. Still, there are other guys I know, FTM buddies of mine, who have had to go through the kind of isolation, fear, and doubt that being transsexual or transgendered engenders, so maybe that's not all that brings me to this stage tonight to talk about my friendship with Julian.

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The Hero's Journey

MICHAEL "ERNIE" KIRK, SECOND KEYNOTE ADDRESS

We are the Hero's Journey...What is a hero? Webster's defines "hero" as:

HERO: 1 a: a mythological or legendary figure often of divine descent endowed with great strength or ability. b: an illustrious warrior. c: a man admired for his achievements and qualities. d: ONE THAT SHOWS GREAT COURAGE. 2 a: the principal male character in a literary or dramatic work. b: the central figure in an event or period.

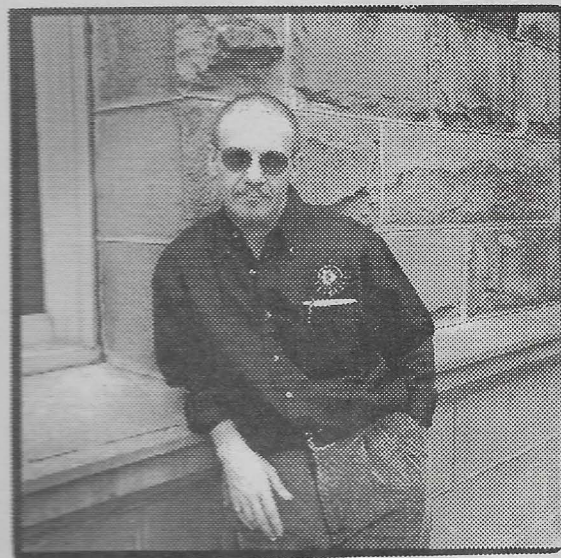
In his book *The Power of Myth*, Joseph Campbell devotes an entire chapter to this figure, entitled "The Hero's Adventure." In myths and legends, and even in modern stories, Campbell tells us, "The main character is a hero who has found or done something BEYOND THE NORMAL RANGE OF ACHIEVEMENT. A hero is someone who has given his life for something bigger than himself" [my emphasis].

The Journey. What is the Journey? Webster's (again) defines "journey" simply as: to go from one place to another. Okay...to go...from

WHERE? Where does this journey start from? Some of us, like myself, living in the Boston vicinity, came from a few miles, perhaps a few minutes away. Others here traveled thousands of miles, taking all manners of transportation to get here, much time, and great expense. But there's another journey, certainly, an inner one. And we all know that this other one, the one I haven't yet mentioned, is the real one, the real journey—the big ride.

For me, that journey began with the knowledge, not that I knew where I wanted to go, but with the dead-set certainty that I knew where I could no longer stay. I couldn't remain a female one—minute—longer. The situation, kept at bay for so many years, on one summer morning had suddenly escalated to URGENT.

August is a magic month for me. It was in August, of 1989, an ordinary Tuesday morning, that I set out on the hero's journey. I awoke that morning remembering that I had an appoint-



Jason Cromwell, Seattle, 1996.

In this issue, we are presenting a series of photos of various FTMs at the Seattle conference in 1996. All photos in the series were donated by the photographer, James Loewen.

ment with my therapist. I was thinking back that I had started seeing my first shrink at the age of 14, and, in fact, had been in therapy ever since.

"Oh my God!" I thought. I'd just celebrated my 44th birthday a month before! What that meant was that I'd been in therapy for 30 years! THEN...the somber thought came into my head, that for all those years the principal thrust of all that

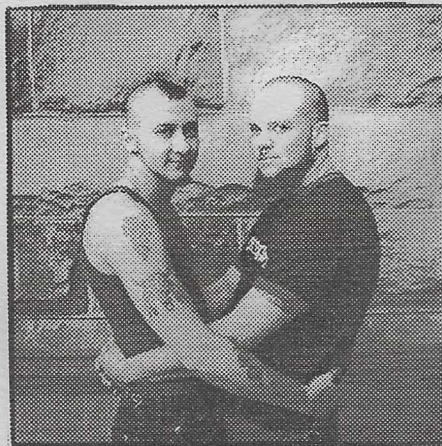
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The Hero's Journey (II) JAMISON "JAMES" GREEN, CLOSING ADDRESS

In an article about the "Star Wars" phenomenon published in the *New Yorker* (Jan. 6, 1997), writer John Seabrook quotes the filmmaker George Lucas concerning his creative process in developing his landmark science fiction pictures: "...I looked around, and tried to figure out where myth comes from. It comes from the borders of society, from out there, from places of mystery, the wide Sargasso Sea. And I thought, Space."

Now, maybe some of us here today have dreamt or still do dream of space as an exciting, challenging new frontier, the place where adventures so big as to become the stuff of myth can occur. But I venture to say that many of us have found the universal frontier within the expanse of our very temporal, earth-bound, human hearts. Because as we have grappled with gender in our culture, as we have transitioned across that colorless, lightless, weightless expanse of un-enculturated body, propelled by our desire to be, to

experience our being in our gender of choice or of truth, we ourselves become the stuff of myth. Seabrook says, "One can go through Star Wars



*Erik Leiff and Matt Rice Blakk, Seattle, 1996.
Photo: James Loewen.*

and almost pick out chapter headings from Joseph Campbell's *The Hero With A Thousand Faces*. Headings like "the Hero's call to adventure," "the refusal of the call," "the arrival of supernatural aid," "the crossing of the first threshold," "the belly of the whale." All these conjure up for each of us specific images from our own lives. And the series of ordeals culminates in a showdown with the angry father, when, at last, as Campbell writes, "the hero... beholds the face of the father, understands, and the two are atoned."

Does this sequence of events sound familiar? It rings very true for me, and I'm sure it will touch many of you if it hasn't already. Most men see their lives this way, and if they don't, they secretly want to. It's what sports are all about; it's what the romance of war is all about. It's what attending the birth of your children is all about, whenever these events are discussed in the context of archetypal experience.

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◀ Pg. 1 — Report from Boston

dance at the conference was very largely white. Seattle in 1996 struck me as similar on all counts, with a very fag-friendly atmosphere and the same strong level of support for guys not on hormones.

Many people commented that Boston's conference felt less clique-ish, and more welcoming, than the other two. I appreciate their reactions. But I missed some of the qualities of previous conferences: the overt homo behavior of Seattle's opening ceremonies, for one. While many out gay/bisexual men were organizers in Boston, I only knew this because I'd met some of the guys in other contexts: it didn't come up in the events and speeches I saw.

Boston's conference seemed no whiter than the previous two in its general attendance, but it did in its leadership. I didn't see any all-white panels in San Francisco or Seattle, but saw several of these in Boston. While I missed the opening award ceremony, I understand that no people of color appeared to be among the 15 recipients. The workshops on racism and on issues for FTMs of color, unfortunately combined into one session at previous conferences, didn't take place at all in Boston. Friday's and Sunday's speakers and performers also all appeared to me to be white.

Several Bostonians, including conference organizers themselves, addressed the problem in the course of various workshops: outreach to FTMs of color needed to work differently and to start early, so that non-white FTMs and supporters could have worked in numbers on the conference committee. The committee needed more outreach to people of color at their own places and events instead of "general outreach," which tends to reflect the race, class, age, and communication methods (e.g. email) of whoever is already involved. No one I talked to about this paleness at the top thought it was deliberate on the part of the Boston organizers, and neither did I; but still it was there.

What did seem somewhat deliberate was a new degree of silence about the presence of noho (non-hormonal) and no-op guys at the conference, and the scarcity of noho guys on workshop panels and on the conference steering committee. Now, I can't claim that the Seattle and San Francisco conferences had many noho guys in these positions of leadership, either; but I had hoped this would change over time. Nor would I say that the Boston conference made noho FTMs feel completely left out: the program

referred to transitions "either physical or spiritual," and to "non-op, pre-op, [and] post-op" FTMs, and included a workshop on alternatives to hormones and surgery.

What was different was that the speakers who introduced the conference did not specifically welcome noho/no-op FTMs. We need that clear, up-front acknowledgement, because we know that not everybody considers us a real part of the FTM world. The previous conferences showed an awareness of this need; were those who put on the Boston conference not aware of it, or not as interested in fulfilling it?

Their intentions appear to have been mixed. The most prominent comment on the issue came in a line of the conference mission statement: "We welcome, encourage, appreciate and support other parallel FTM movements, such as transgenderists, cross-dressers, boy chicks, drag kings, tomboys, etc. and appreciate the same courtesy extended to us." My only problems with this sentence are the "other" and the "us." I thought none of us were other, and all of us were us. I have definitely not seen this sentiment expressed by an FTM conference committee until now.

I would say that a transgenderist or a crossdresser or a drag king who says "I'm an FTM" is an FTM, and that there is no "other parallel" FTM movement to the one that the FTM conferences aim to address. We are all FTMs. The movement belongs to us all.

For future conferences, I want to offer three more thoughts for consideration. First, why do we keep calling these FTM conferences "of the Americas" when we are not working with co-organizers in Central America, South America, or even Canada? Let's either change the organizing style or change the name.

Second, let's consider holding the conference in a season other than summer so that air fares are lower, especially internationally. For example most European FTMs, and information on the promising surgeries they have access to, are shut out of these conferences by double air fares in summertime.

Third, let's start a serious practice of offering scholarships—for travel, food, lodging, and any time off work—to these conferences so that young, nonwhite, and low-income FTMs can come in greater numbers. With the \$50-\$75 registration fees of hundreds of people attending, we can afford to put some money into getting more kinds of people there.

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And They Don't Come Back!

by David Hughes

For the white transgendered male, transition results in his finally being recognized for the man he has always felt himself to be and he is rewarded for it. For the black transgendered male, transition also affirms his identity. He, too, is viewed as the man he has always felt himself to be, but all of the other ways in which he views himself are rendered invisible because of his color. There are many associations and friendships between white and black transgendered males that grow within the community. These relationships reflect the dichotomy that is out in the world. This is where their paths diverge. It is the end of the shared experience. Relationships of Asian transgendered males or Hispanic transgendered males with African transgendered males are different in that these races have a stigma and stereotype within American society. With that, they share a common bond of perceived second-class citizenship. But the relationships between Africans and Europeans are the ones that carry the most disparity.

Based on the color of their skin, European American males are presumed to possess good character. It is based on this presumption that they are extended certain privileges, and they come to accept those privileges as rights. The African American male, because of the color of his skin, is presumed to be of bad character. And on this basis, he is denied his basic human rights. I believe that European American transgendered men who are going toward male privilege are going to adopt attitudes that are handed down from the Eurocentric legacy. I do not believe that many European-descended transgendered men will forfeit the benefit of the legacy or forfeit any privilege for which they have longed. I must say that I do not blame them.

If we put history into perspective, long ago, Europeans systematically removed the indigenous people of this new world; the United States of America. Then, they sailed to the African continent and took by the millions what they considered to be a natural resource: the indigenous people. They brought the Africans to the new world to work the land. In short, the Europeans exterminated one race and enslaved another. Why? It was greed, simple and basic. The immigrant forefathers set in place a system to ensure that their progeny would receive rights and privileges at the expense of the people they conquered. Those rights and privileges are still in place and their enforcement has gone from the blatant and the gross to the subtle and the secretive. So, people of European descent in America benefit from racism and classism whether they know it or not, and whether they want it or not. This is a part of American history that hangs like a tapestry in the background of relationships between black and white men. It is a Euro-American legacy.

During the initial stages of our change, people are largely bonded through transgendered issues first. As time goes on and we grow, the reality is that we are black and white first, before we are transgendered. In the socio-political economic hierarchy, white men are on top, white women are second, black women are third and black men are last. On the transgendered continuum, the socio-political economic hierarchy changes

with respect to the ability to pass, previous employable skills or opportunity, and acceptance in society. Considering all those factors, it is the white FTM on top, the white MTF second, black FTM third, and the black MTF last. There is a double threat for the black FTM, but it is triple damage for the black MTF. Social acceptance is everything for getting a foot in the door of opportunity. The ability to pass is first and foremost since society perceives character through physical presentation, and then judges that character based on the harmful Eurocentric programming of stigmas, stereotypes and unfounded myths about people. Anywhere we are and whatever we do, color is at the forefront of a black person's mind. Always knowing our color and our relationship to the rest of the world is a survival mechanism. It will be for the rest of our lives.

The transgendered men's community has attempted to address people of color since the inception of its conferences. It has attempted to address people from different economic classes in its conference fee schedule. Other organizations that hold conferences attempting to address transgendered people of color have fee schedules, arranged hotel rates and keynote luncheons that are so exorbitant that transpeople of color will not attend and white transpeople of a lower economic status cannot attend. Then there are people within these conferences who wonder why they do not see people of color at their conferences. As far as I am concerned, those conferences are designed to keep out certain people.

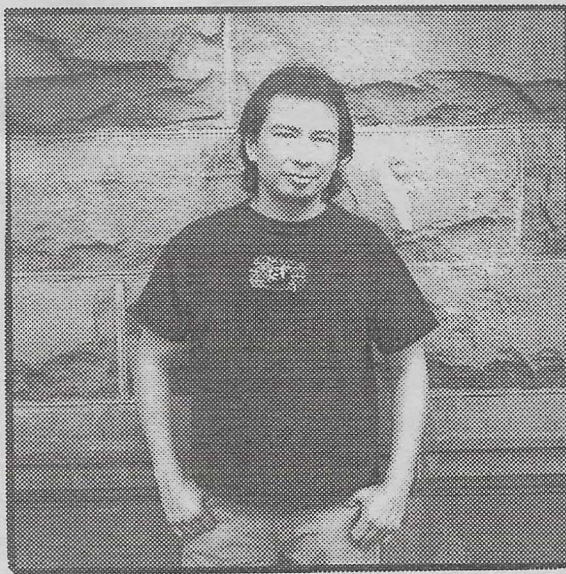
When it comes to discussing people of color and racism as a single topic, well,

the two are not the same. Living a life as a transgendered person of color is a different dynamic than racism in and of itself. It is hard to give a fair discourse on these two subjects in a single session. What I believe needs to be realized is that people of color can speak on topics of people of color. People of color need not address racism because racism is not a people of color issue. Racism is an oppressor-class issue. I believe European Americans need to be educating themselves about their own

denial and discomfort around issues of dark-skinned races, the Eurocentric legacy they have inherited, and their participation in it whether they know it or not.

Many African American transgendered men come to the community. They get their information and they do not come back. As an African-American male, it is hard to stay in the community. Why? The community is growing and it gathers people from all over the world. Just

because people are trans-challenged does not mean that they automatically become socially and racially enlightened. They come with their baggage and previous social programming. It is hard to continue relationships to people with whom you no longer share a socio-political bond. I have stayed as long as I have because the community meets some of my needs. The community is part of the world striving to be heard against insurmountable odds. I choose to be a part of the community's history. I believe we are challenged to find a spiritual bond with others. I believe that our community is on the right track. I hope that it becomes more and more inclusive until one day, the legacy is but a memory.



Max Valerio, Seattle, 1996. Photo: James Loewen.

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Notes for Bolus Ben on Lower Tract Health

FROM GRANDPA'S HERB GARDEN

by Helán E. Page

It's hard being men whose masculinized bodies remain genetically female, no matter what we do or say. Chest reconstruction does help to correct our body image by bringing it more into alignment with how we see ourselves as men. Still, our shared assumption that we cannot be real men without undergoing hysterectomy and oophorectomy (removal of the uterus and ovaries) can bring about dire health consequences. We gamble long-term health and function in our zealous quest to amplify the appearance of maleness by denying and suppressing genetic femaleness.

Outcomes of rejecting genetic femaleness were discussed by James Green and Stephan Thorne in the August '97 issue of the FTM Newsletter. James reminded us that 25% of all FTMs are men diagnosed with PCOS (polycystic ovarian syndrome). This "disease" can be associated with abnormal androgens in genetic female bodies, which may create conditions that are complicated by our use of testosterone, possibly leading to heart disease.

Micro Pigment Implantation by PDL

After my chest surgery 20 years ago, I was left with four scars. I thought over a period of time the red scarred areas would eventually fade and blend to match my surrounding skin tone. They didn't. To minimize the redness, I had to use a waterproof cosmetic with my skin-tone called *Dermablend*. Although it worked very effectively for concealing my scars, I still had to apply it every two days. Like anything else, it gets old.

I discovered micro pigment implantation (MPI) about three years ago through a very good friend of mine. It is a method of applying micro-insertions of pigment to the dermal layer of skin. This technique is medically developed and specifically designed for a completely safe, virtually painless permanent application of color. You can use MPI for scar camouflage, areola restoration, vitiligo, birthmarks, stretch marks, tattoo camouflage, freckles and age spots.

In scar camouflage, color is matched to the skin tones and then applied to the scarred areas to match the surrounding skin. If the scarred area is too dark in color, a white pigment is implanted prior to implantation of the matching flesh tones. In areola restoration, color is applied to the areola. MPI can change the apparent size of the areola if desired.

MPI is performed by a dermalogist (not a dermatologist). Dermalogists have been trained by physicians and professionals in related fields and are board-certified by the American Dermalogy Association. A consultation with a dermalogist is the first step you should take in considering dermal-

ogist capability intact, and that is less because of placing a high value on pleasure and more because I prefer to keep up my health as long as I can. I want to be certain that an unwise hysterectomy or oophorectomy will not cause my bladder to sag because it has lost its structural support. I want to be sure that hasty surgical decisions will not lead to distended bowels or constricted urethras, making fecal and urinary elimination difficult for me.

Effective evacuation is as essential as eating to a good quality of life in the body. Blocked bowels, or urinary blockage due to surgical mishaps or infections, can only make extra doctor's bills and erode wellness. Not only do I want to feel good about being known, seen, touched and loved as a man who for most of his life has been invisible, but I also want, much more importantly, to be a well man who feels good in my genetically female body—the only one I can have in this life.

Men who pursue hormonal and surgical transitions in an attempt to achieve a male appearance and escape genetic femaleness might learn important lessons by empathizing with those FTMs who don't pursue these physiological options. Perhaps some of these FTMs don't take care of their health any better than those of us who are in physiological transition, but their decision to remain unoperated—whether voluntary or forced by circumstance—compels them to

Like Stephan, I will strive to keep my orgas-



ogy. Find out what you should expect from the procedure, and keep in mind that the desired result is improvement and not perfection. A successful procedure will result in making the skin imperfection less noticeable. The degree of improvement depends on such factors as the various individual characteristics

of the skin, the age of the skin imperfection, the intensity of the color of the blemish, and the color of the desired result.

After the procedure, the dermalogist will apply an epithelial sealer to assist in permanent bonding of the skin. In some cases, there will be slight swelling and redness of the skin, which will subside quickly. You may resume normal activities immediately following the procedure. Use of cosmetics, and exposure to the sun, should be limited for five days. Although MPI is said to be permanent, several factors determine how long it will last: age, individual skin characteristics, and personal habits such as smoking, alcohol intake and nutrition.

The cost of MPI is around \$1200–\$1500. The extent of the procedure depends on what changes are desired and what your dermalogist deems appropriate. The length of time to completion varies with every case. For additional information about micro pigment implantation, please write or call Jan Keeci Garza of American Angel, 1101 Cheek Sparger Road #121 Colleyville, TX 76034; (817) 656-5531.

Jan is a board-certified dermalogist. She has been in practice for seven years. Jan will be more than happy to answer any questions about this procedure and will also furnish pictures upon request.

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Tranny Fest/Tranny Week

TRANSGENDER AND TRANSGENRE CINEMA

A finger-snapping, groin-bumping, tear-jerking, heartwarming, gut-busting mix of experimental, documentary, drama and pornographic films! Titles include: Machiko Saito's *Premenstrual Spotting*, Charles Lofton's *Look of Love*, Rae Rea's *Third*, Valentin Aguirre's *Wanted Alive: Teresita*, *La Campesina*, Jordy Jones's *Shotgun*, Lucia Davis's *Kings of New York* and Elise Hurwitz and Christopher Lee's *Trappings of Transhood* and more, including premieres and directors in person! It all kicks off with TRANNY WEEK:

- Nov. 17 "Papi-mamito, Mami-papito"—TG/Genderqueer reading
6:30–8:30 pm, Proyecto Contra SIDA por Vida, 2973 16th St.
- Nov. 18 "Taking control of our media image"—TG/Genderqueer panel
7 pm, Tenderloin AIDS Resource Center, 187 Golden Gate Ave.
- Nov. 19 Evening performance event—8 pm, TARC
- Nov. 20 Schmooze Fest—Appreciation party
Sponsors, co-presenters, filmmakers, supporters
6–8 pm, the Chat House, 139 8th St. at Minna
- Nov. 21 TG/Genderqueer Filmmaker panel and reception
Proyecto Contra SIDA por Vida
- Nov. 22 Tranny Fest film festival: Roxie Cinema, 3117 16th St.
6 explosive programs
1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11 pm

HOTLINE:

415-552-4249

TrannyFest@aol.com

<http://members.aol.com/trannyfest>

1st International Transgender Film and Video Festival in London

From October 29 to November 2, London was host to the first-ever international transgender film festival—a five-day event featuring more than 60 documentaries, experimental shorts and independent feature films and videos, as well as guest speakers, panel discussions, a costumed Gala Ball and a photographic exhibition.

The festival included the award-winning documentaries *Transsexual Menace*, Rosa von Praunheim's film about the cross-cultural US transgender movement, and Bestor Cram's and Candace Schermerhorn's *You Don't Know Dick—The Courageous Hearts of Transsexual Men*. Also featured was Baillie Walsh's *Mirror, Mirror*, which portrayed black transsexual and survivor Consuela Cosmetic, living with AIDS and negotiating her gender image after a mastectomy.

The diversity of transgender people was reflected in 15 programs of films, including the themed program "Hermaphrodites With Attitude" addressing the identities of intersexual people. All the films and videos suggested ways to rethink the relationships between gender, sex, sexuality and the body.

Organizer Zach Nataf described the aim of the festival: "to advance cultural works by and/or about transgender people of all races, classes, creeds, abilities and sexualities...to contribute to creating a sense of self worth and pride, especially for transgender youth, by countering negative stereotypes and myths which marginalize transgender people in our society and perpetuate shame and discrimination.

"By transgender we mean all people who challenge traditional assumptions about gender, i.e. all self-identified crossgender people whether intersex, transsexual men and women, transvestites, cross-dressing drag kings and drag queens, cross-living transgenderists and the spectrum of androgynous, bi-gendered, third-gendered and as yet unnamed gender-variant and gender-gifted people in our community."



Kory Martin-Damon in *Trappings of Transhood*

Trappings of Transhood

Interview by Jed Bell

Trappings of Transhood is a 27-minute video documentary about gender identity, produced, edited, and directed by Elise Hurwitz and Christopher Lee, with assistant editor J. Carranza and Seattle production assistant I. H. Kuniyuki. After seeing *Trappings*, I asked Christopher and Elise to answer some questions about themselves, their film, and why people should see it.

J: Do you identify as transgendered, Elise?

E: More as non-gendered, or all-gendered. In a large definition of transgendered, yes; in the narrower, smaller definition that a lot of people subscribe to, no. Non-, or all-, seems better to me than trans.

J: And do you identify as an FTM transsexual, Christopher?

C: I don't identify as transsexual. I get ambivalent about identifying at all, because I think that this language is a continuum. It's like, I identified as lesbian, and then the language changed from what it meant originally. For lack of language, if you have to define what I am, I guess I'd refer to myself as FTM. We're both against it, that kind of narrowing...I feel like we're much more than that. I don't want to be seen as a transgender filmmaker, although partially I am that.

J: It's important to me that you're trans because several non-transgendered people have made movies about transgendered people. So, let's see, I was going to say *Trappings* is a documentary about all kinds of trans guys....

C: Number one, not all the people are trans guys. A lot of them don't identify as transgendered; they identify as one metamorph, one boydyke, one dyke-fag or transfag—more of a gender continuum. I think our basic purpose for this video is to show the gender continuum, so that's the better phrase than trying to pitch it as an FTM thing because it's definitely not that. Or to pitch it as about all trans guys because they're not.

J: So how would you describe the category of people portrayed in this movie?

C: I would say it's the gender continuum, everything all the way from butches, FTMs—well, do we want to do the whole laundry list?

E: My impression of the list is that it puts one thing at one end, and another thing at another end, and names those ends. I want to say, look, there's no one end to another end; the continuum is completely on-going. I feel equally as strongly about such things as the butch-femme thing, "femme of center," all of that garbage. I think everyone that we interview, and ourselves, are constantly re-interrogating their own position in that.

C: And they can have two or three positions.

E: And I think a lot of people who we talked to

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don't embrace one definition over another because they've seen themselves change and the people around them change, and that no one definition is enough to explain the past, the future, and the present.

J: I'd still like to hear your laundry list. I think a lot of people want more names and ways for thinking about themselves.

C: Boy, trans, transsexual, I-don't-know-what-I-am, FTM, metamorph...

E: ...bisexual, femme...

J: OK. Can you each describe the movie in a few sentences? What happens in it?

E: We interviewed 11 people and talked about a variety of issues, ranging from how they saw their gender identity, spirituality issues, background, family, sex, relationships, health issues, and how different things about their lives intersect with their gender identity. We break the film up with sort of music video sections and quicker cuts of fun sections.

C: It also includes a little taste of the experimental. We come from two completely different backgrounds. Elise has worked on many, many film projects...And I come out of a television background—very standard news format, as well as a sex industry/porn background. So I feel that this piece is very trans-genre.

J: What made you want to make this film?

C: Originally, I was looking at something to be played on Dyke TV [a cable show], made for TV only. Once I started getting into it, I had this idea, and I thought Elise would be really great to work with. She agreed to do it and a year later, we finished. I had the idea because I didn't really see anything out there that spoke to me, and that spoke to my friends. So I just thought, now's the time. The project started with Elise going to the Seattle FTM conference and interviewing folks there.

J: What didn't speak to you and your friends?

C: I didn't see anything out there that had any amount of diversity. Everything that I had seen on the film and video level was very white. I didn't want to repeat the same things with all...people of color, whatever. I'm not happy with that term either. I think that the gender issue went along with this too—the idea that it's either one or the other—it's just so not that. Things differ regionally, and by country, etc. Also, we both really wanted a documentary that wasn't telling people what to think but just helping people think about their own gender, and about gender, period.

E: The starting point of it was, people have preconceived notions about X, Y, and Z. Let's take those apart. Let's start from a different point and not get to the same conclusion; not make a film that says I was this and now I'm this.

C: But it's interesting that when people watch it,

they have to have labels. I'm getting a lot of feedback like "Oh, well this piece is an FTM piece." They don't see that this is a gender continuum. They see one FTM with a lot of hair and say, "Oh, these are all FTMs." Or they see one TG of color and they say, "Those are all FTMs of color," and don't get the variety of people, the variety of people's identities of gender and non-gender. They want to pigeonhole it. People have been so programmed that they can't get away from that.

J: Well, I think a lot of people were legitimately excited about the movie because it was a movie about female-bodied transgendered people that had a lot of people of color in it. That's why I wanted to see it.

We both really wanted a documentary that wasn't telling people what to think but just helping people think about their own gender, and about gender, period.

E: Another starting point for the film was how some people's own perceptions of their gender identity are about what's coming from their minds, not what their bodies look like. One question we asked was "Is there a discrepancy between how you see yourself in your mind and how your body is in the world? And is that a problem?" People had varying answers. It's really shocking for a lot of people to hear someone say "I'm female-bodied and I'm perfectly happy in my body, I don't want surgery, but I identify as a man. I identify as transgendered." That doesn't make sense to a lot of people. But you can't believe that because X, then Y. You have to trust what people believe, and who they tell you that they are.

J: What was it like to make this movie?

C: The only way we got through the deadlines for the [SF queer] film festival, etc. was that Elise has a 25-crop garden over at her house. She would bring organic vegetables and salads to eat—superfood—and since we weren't sleeping that's what got us through. And me, I have Chronic Fatigue Immune Dysfunction Syndrome. I knew my health was going to suffer tremendously. And it did. Sometimes I would have to go home, put myself down. My body wouldn't hold up to the pace that I wanted. It never does, it never has, for the past four and a half years...but, hey, the

show must go on.

J: How was it working together?

C: We work really well together. Culturally...I don't think we had to sit down and have any discussions, except that I stomped my feet the first day and said I refuse to have a white person or someone who looks like a white person start this movie or end it. If you guys do that, I'm gonna kill myself. So that was my only request throughout the whole thing.

E: That was not your only request. What about all that "on your knees" stuff?...[I'm making that up!]...Another thing about the process of making the movie: we wrote up a list of ten questions beforehand, and spent a lot of time jointly writing those questions. We made sure the questions were open-ended but also got to the point of things.

C: As you asked before, what did we want to see that was different? The questions. They were a lot of the core. Also, the group of people that I picked myself were people that I knew. We already had a rapport. So I didn't have to go back and gain their trust, and jump through that extra hoop. And some of the questions—and these were some of my closest friends—we had never talked about these things, and sometimes I went home just blown away.

J: Then, Christopher, your being "out there" as transgender is part of why you had access to this group of people willing to be interviewed.

C: Yes, my access to the people I knew had a lot to do with the content of this video. And Elise's access to facilities, and to the people that she knew.

J: So, in a nutshell, why should people see Trappings?

C: I think the video is fresh. It's dated in a certain time period: modern-day expressions and presentations of gender. It has a really large range of folks that have bared their personal stories to us in a very intimate way. It doesn't insult your intelligence. I hope that you'll see it and you'll think about your own gender and what gender means now, moving into the millennium...And everybody in it is just plain sexy!

Contact Gender Fuck Gender Productions at P.O. Box 14354, San Francisco, CA 94114, for pricing/rental information.

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Licensed Clinical Psychologist
A supportive psychologist with extensive experience serving the FTM community

- Individuals, couples, and family therapy
- Supervision and consultation for professionals
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was really hard. Some were angry, most were sad, but all of them wished me love and luck. Then they encircled me and led me to the door singing *Return Again*.

(Lyrics: *Return again. Return again. Return to the land of your soul. Return to what you are. Return to who you are. Return to where you are. Go and be whole again.*)

As they sang they escorted me into the chapel where I was to spend some time alone.

The altar was decorated with pictures of other female-to-male transsexuals, so I was surrounded by my “ancestors.” I lit the chalice, blessed myself, and prayed to my forebears for strength and courage. I gave thanks for the amazing support in which I was being held and which I knew none of them had experienced in their transitions.

Then I was escorted out to the courtyard to the men. Led by Steve, they welcomed me with greetings and an amazing chant (complete with yells, bird-like screams and drumming.) They danced me back to the chapel, where the women were still singing *Return Again* and the two songs merged into a cacophony of voices.

Natalie stepped forward and read the opening words:

What authority do we possess to perform such a ritual? This naming ceremony that flies in the face of all the conventions we have yet known. How can we do this new and terrifying thing? And yet, as Unitarian Universalists, rooted in a free faith, how can we not? We are called by our God Spirit of Infinite Justice and Goodness, Creator and Comforter to embrace the inherent worth and dignity of Sean Parker Dennison. To be in keeping with the principles we profess to believe. Although we are honoring this as a crucial turning point for Shani, it may be an even more crucial turning point for us. For as we watch Shani bloom into Sean, we have the unique opportunity to act as religious witnesses; to put our beliefs into action as we welcome Sean to the table. Amen.

Next was an invocation of courageous spirits. The stories of other female-to-male transsexuals were read and their names were called (Billy Tipton, Brandon Teena, James Green, and others....) Each was greeted with the congregational response:

Welcome, _____, your struggle bears fruit today. Be with us now and strengthen our friend as he claims his new identity.

We then sang *Do You Hear*, a hymn about the inner “still small voice.”

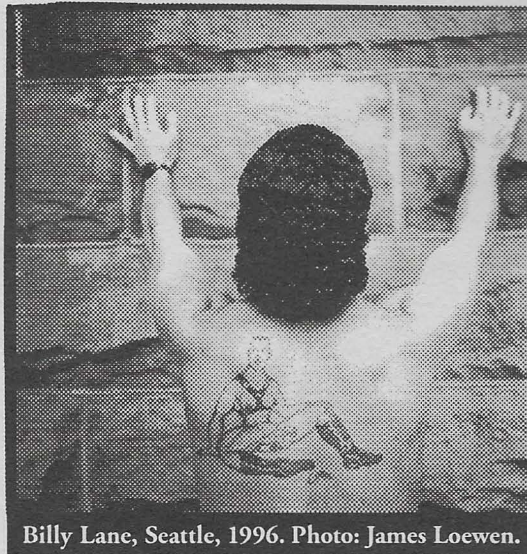
Then I talked. I told a little of my story and read a few passages from my journal. But I had been specifically asked to make clear what I was asking

from the community. I asked them three things:

1) Recognize that my whole self has called me to undertake this journey and that my body and spirit long to be whole; recognize that this is a profoundly spiritual journey and not a disorder.

2) Understand that though it has become necessary for me to rename and re-gender myself, I will always live in the sacred liminal spaces.

3) Let my journey be a gift to the community. Let it enter and stir up questions of integrity: What parts of yourself have you hidden, lost, or left behind? How can those parts be healed and brought back to you? What right and responsibility do you have to be whole? And how will you bring yourself broken and whole back to the community? What gift do you have to bring?



Billy Lane, Seattle, 1996. Photo: James Loewen.

When I finished, the actual act of naming began. It was an overwhelming experience for me. (Tears still come when I think of it.) First of all, Rebecca Parker, the president of Starr King, brought out the “cloak of protection” that was made for the new faculty’s installation. It is a long cloak made of panels of many colors. Each panel bears a word that is important to one of the faculty members. I was asked to wear the cloak and move around the room to be greeted as they sang to me.

(Lyrics: *Sean, you are beautiful. Sean, you are strong. Wonderful to be with, you carry us along. Sean, hear our song.*)

While I walked people shouted out affirmations like: “He is a good friend.” “He is brave.” “He is a good parent.”

This was the beginning of the use of male pronouns to refer to me in the community. (They even printed a little statement in the order of service: “Please note that after the service “Shani” will be known as “Sean” and “she” and “her” will be replaced by “he” and “him.”)

Then Rebecca Parker read an affirmation and blessing that she wrote in response to my journal, which I had shared with her:

The world is blessed by people who let their honest face show, who take off all the masks that hide the soul or put on

the masks that reveal the soul.

Those who do so witness that it is possible for human beings to be present to one another in truth.

This possibility is often avoided or denied, by acts of censure, silencing, and violence.

Those who insist on presence are faithful to an imperative deep within themselves that they have chosen to affirm regardless of the cost.

Their action resists violence with authenticity and denial with affirmation.

Those who choose to be present bless the human community by calling forth the presence of others. They are faithful to the possibility that always exists among people that instead of denial and violence we will meet one another in love, eye to eye, soul to soul.

They are emissaries of Eros. As the lover sang to the beloved in the Song of Songs, “O my dove, who art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stair, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice, for sweet is thy voice.”

Love desires real presence. Real presence calls forth love.

Bless you, Sean Parker Dennison, for your choice to be present in truth.

Bless you for engaging in the inner struggle to know, love, and be faithful to your Self, for wrestling with the forces within you and around you that would have you deny or fragment that self.

Bless you for affirming your desire and not turning away from Eros.

Bless you for saying yes to who you are. Bless you for honoring this community with your presence.

May your choice bring you joy and strength. And, grateful for your witness, may Eros work within each of us and within the community, making us restless with anything that violates or silences human presence.

May Eros disturb and disrupt us whenever we have exiled our own authentic selves, or excised the presence of others.

May Eros have its way with us, until our desire is satisfied in the simplicity and power of being with one another as ourselves, in truth, beyond fear. Amen.

The closing song alternated verses from *We Are Climbing Jacob’s Ladder* and *We Are Dancing Sarah’s Circle*.

Before the ritual the rites of passage class had struggled to sort out the difference between a ritual and a rite of passage. When the naming ceremony was over I was able to sum up the difference in a simple sentence. After a rite of passage, the initiate will never be the same again.

confront and accept the inescapable fact that they are the exceptional men who occupy female bodies.

The empirical reality of our female genetic bodies is shared by FTMs who pursue physiological transition and by those who don't. We can all learn to be happy and well as men with genetically female bodies that require us to seek much of the same preventive health-care that women traditionally have used.

Applying a bolus is one way of enhancing lower reproductive health in genetically female bodies. But the femaleness of this approach will offend some transsexual men. Since a bolus can only be inserted vaginally and may drip because of its oil base, many courageous FTMs will probably have to think long and hard before daring to adopt this terribly intimate and evidently female procedure.

Testosterone injection suspends the menstrual cycle, so adopting the bolus technique will be especially difficult for FTMs on hormones who have been freed of the need to focus attention on their vaginas, as formerly demanded by the menstruation cycle. It is also embarrassing for us to admit that our own female relatives and female sexual partners can benefit just as well as we can from the bolus method of herbal treatment delivery. Yet, the health advantages of this method should persuade us to suffer the limited period of humiliation that the annual application of the bolus entails.

Most medical practitioners have not considered the possibility that fibroids, endometriosis or polycystic ovaries may be avoidable degenerative diseases linked to improper nutrition, movement and elimination. All of us need the regular exercise that enhances elimination along with proper water intake, but the bolus can improve the nutrition and elimination capacities of the lower extremities in genetic female bodies.

I know this from my own experience of extended health from using the bolus. Several women in my family have had problems with their reproductive organs before the age of 40. Yet, after years of gynecological exams, I have never yet been diagnosed with any unusual formations or disease conditions in my own reproductive organs. The bolus cannot prevent all problems, but using it annually has helped me to maintain good vaginal, uterine and ovarian health. Since discovering this method in 1979, I have used the bolus application procedure once a year for most of the past 18 years. Now that I am injecting testosterone, I don't plan to let a year go by in which I fail to apply the bolus method of cleansing and strengthening my reproductive organs.

By now you are probably asking: what, then, is a bolus? In his book, *School of Natural Healing* (Christopher Publication: Provo, Utah, 1976; P.O. Box 412, Springville, Utah 84663),

Dr. John R. Christopher describes the bolus as an application of "healing herbs that draw the toxins and poisons, break loose little cysts, tumors and cancerous conditions in the abdominal area and spread their influence widely from the vaginal cavity into the bowel, and into the urinary and genital organs" (pp. 523-24).

To make your own bolus at home, obtain in powder form or grind for yourself the following whole herbs mixed together in these recommended proportions: 1 part Squaw vine herb (*Mitchella repens*); 1 part Slippery Elm bark (*Ulmus fulva*); 1 part Yellow Dock root (*Rumex crispus*); 1 part Comfrey root (*Symphytum officinale*); 1 part Marshmallow root (*Althaea officinalis*); 1 part Chickweed herb (*Stellaria media*); 1 part Golden seal root (*Hydrastis canadensis*); 1 part Mullein leaves (*Verbascum thapsus*).

Cocoa butter from the health food store should be melted in a double boiler (or, place the tightly covered jar of cocoa butter in a pot of boiling hot water, but do not do not scald this oil by trying to

...their decision to remain unoperated—whether voluntary or forced—compels them to confront and accept the fact that they are the exceptional men who occupy female bodies.

heat it in a skillet). Mix enough of this melted cocoa butter into the powdered herbs to give a pie-dough consistency. Roll this mass into a pencil-like bolus approximately the thickness of the middle finger, and then break into inch-long pieces.

Using the bolus method means inserting one of these bits into the vagina 4 out of 7 days a week for a minimum of 6 weeks in a row (may range up to 6 months if a problematic condition is persistent). Once they are made up, I keep my bolus bits either in the freezer or in the refrigerator, where they stay firm. One bit is inserted into the vagina and left in that hot and humid space for two days, but remember that the cocoa butter melts at body temperature. This is how the herbs are brought into direct contact with the vaginal wall for maximum absorption.

Unfortunately, it doesn't feel good for FTMs on testosterone to deal with our bodies in ways that remind us of having a period again, so any man who is not sufficiently strong-willed may get pretty frustrated with the dripping oil. This drip can be absorbed as easily in white unscented toilet paper held in place during the day between the labia as with sanitary napkins, which I don't buy and never use. Tampons may or may not work as well for you.

To start the procedure, a bolus is inserted into the vagina at night. Then, let the first day and night go past with no further action. Most of the second day also passes. Later that evening, douche with tepid yellow dock herb tea (a teaspoon steeped in 1 cup of water). Insert another bolus just after finishing the douche and keep that new bolus in place throughout the third day and night. Douche again at end of the fourth night, and insert another bolus. Keep it in place throughout the fifth day and night. Douche, but don't add a new bolus on the sixth night. Remain bolus-free until the next night, when you insert the first bolus of the second week. Start the entire regime again on the eighth day and mark your calendar daily to keep up with the length of application. Continue for at least six weeks, or for six months, according to the condition of your reproductive organs. Keeping a calendar is important, since it takes between six weeks and six months for the average person to eliminate enough toxins to achieve improved health in the lower torso. You can achieve more energy, better breath, less pimples and a greater sense of lightness by being diligent with this procedure.

So, the bolus is unpleasant and poses a great challenge to FTMs, while offering great promise. Will we use this self-healing technique, or sacrifice our health to male egos that refuse to pay attention to our female parts?

I've learned from experience that Dr. Christopher is not exaggerating when he says that this method of herbal application favors the female anatomy for efficiency of absorption. Genetic males, who can only protect themselves from prostrate disease by the indirect method of drinking a tea, cannot benefit from this more direct vaginal suppository method. Though unpleasant, it will eliminate most cysts, tumors, polyps and acid waste through the vagina, through the rectum, and through the urethral tract—all organs of elimination that will help us to be well and stay well if we don't ruin their structure and function in our striving to look like the men we should securely know we are.

Note: FTM International, Inc. does not provide medical advice. The information in this article is provided by its author in the interest of informing readers, and is not intended as a substitute for any treatment prescribed by your health care provider. If you suspect that you have a medical problem, we urge you to seek competent medical help.

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Pg. 3-Closing Address

Compared to most men, though, we have a corner on the myth market. In these cynical, highly competitive, dehumanizing, violent times, we actually experience the mythic journey in our daily lives. We don't have to become rock stars, or war heroes, or sports figures, or dead poets in order to experience the hero's journey. Sure, we might still aspire to those conventional forms of greatness, but it seems to me that these temporal, contemporary manifestations of the hero could be secondary to the substance of our personal quests, almost icing on the cake of our achievements in process.

You know, heroism is not just the province of men. Women undertake these quests as well. There is nothing particularly masculine about heroism, except that in our culture we have constructed it that way. The stories of heroism that we correlate with men are the stories the patriarchy has handed down to us. Becoming a hero does not necessitate becoming a man in the traditional sense. I think becoming a hero is becoming an adult, becoming responsible for yourself, compassionate toward others, knowing the difference between right and wrong, learning how to find and hold one's place in the world, in a balanced life.

We share this path with many others; many other heroes are walking next to us, ahead of us, behind us on this broad path called gender expression, this broad path called FTM experience. When we walk shoulder to shoulder with each other we give each other strength. When we judge each other, when we criticize each other, when we compete with each other out of jealousy or vindictiveness, we harm ourselves as well as our opponent. We are a relatively small force in the world. We do not have much in the way of resources or support from outside. We are not going to gain allies in the fight for civil rights, insurance coverage and quality medical care, or ending gender-based violence and oppression if we cannot support each other.

Do you want to feel safe in the world as a transsexual man? Do you want to feel safe in the world as the partner or friend or family member of a transsexual man? Do you want to be able to keep your job as you go through transition? Do you want to be able to express your gender identity, to be accepted as who you are, when you don't have access to hormones or surgery?

Do you want to be able to express your gender identity without hormones or surgery? Do you want to be able to get decent medical treatment whether or not you are transsexual? Do you want to work for the civil rights and safety of only some of us? Only the straight-identified ones? Only the gay-identified ones? Only the ones who have phalloplasties? Only the ones who don't? Not one of us can claim that hero's journey for ourselves alone. Not on this path. Think about it. We are such a special group of people, that when one of us accomplishes something, each one of

us shares in that success. Look at the pride we all take in Loren Cameron's book, at Steve Dain's and John and Sue Garrigues's bravery in appearing in the film *What Sex Am I* in the early 1980s. We are inspired by Lou Sullivan, by Jude Patton, by Jason Cromwell, by Leslie Feinberg, by Stephan Thorne and his partner Michiko Bailey, by Michael Kirk and Henry Rubin and Ben Singer and Andy Gavin, by Mykael and Jeanette Hawley, and Bet Power and Yoseñio Lewis and Shadow Morton and Jess Marlowe and Jacob Hale and Maxwell Anderson and Sky Renfro and Michael Hernandez and Matt Rice. We are inspired by each other, and we are NOT all alike, and that has to be okay!

Joseph Campbell says "Whenever the poetry of myth is interpreted as biography, history, or science, it is killed." We have to remember that if we expect our contemporary heroes to be perfect, we will be severely disappointed. We have to remember that the responsibility of heroism is not the province of the man or woman on whom you project your ideals. Your heroism is your responsibility. I am responsible for behaving in a way that maintains my

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integrity, my personal balance in the world. And part of my personal integrity involves respect for people and paths that diverge from my own.

As I go through my life, determining what values are important to me, what actions are necessary for me, I have become increasingly aware of my responsibility to my fellow human beings, which is to respect them and allow them to make their own way along this broad path we walk together, to offer help when I can, and to learn to accept help when it is offered. The art of give and take requires diligent practice, both in relationships between partners and in relationship to our various communities.

We have come together here in Boston to meet each other, learn from each other, learn about each other. Each and every one of us in this room has the potential to be a hero; man or woman, trans or non-trans, we can each take a hero's journey. But until we realize that each one of us is worth understanding, worth respecting, worth fighting for, we won't be ready to evolve as a community. We will still be a loose collection of heroes struggling against our own inner demons or continually reinventing the wheel in our attempts to improve our

situations. We must learn to be an army of heroes, united in our efforts to live our lives free from fear or shame.

This weekend we have had a chance to look at our anger and our grief, our loving and our sexuality, our racial diversity, our different abilities, our creativity and our responsibilities as partners, as parents, as citizens.

We've been able to share our knowledge, our experience, our identities, our bodies, our stories. We've heard fine music, seen fabulous art, photography, and films. We've had an opportunity to purchase books that may inspire or inform us, and we've exchanged contact information and expanded our personal networks of friends. Found some new foxhole buddies, as Henry Rubin suggested. I hope you've thought a bit and will continue to think about the questions Mike Kirk posed on Friday night: Who can I look up to and admire today? Where is my place in the world? What are the qualities of life that I want as a man, or a woman, or a person in this world?

Here's another question to ponder: Where and when will the next All-FTM Conference of the Americas take place? We don't know. Personally, I'd like to see it occur in the midwest or the south, but it is really up to you, up to someone or some small group of you who have the energy, the drive, the courage to say you can make it happen. You would not be without help from those of us who have done it before. It doesn't have to be in August; it doesn't have to be in 1998. Gary Bowen has already announced his 1998 True Spirit Conference to take place the third weekend in February in Maryland.

I think annual, fixed-location conferences are fine, but I fear many people will go once or twice and then feel "been there, done that." I think that the value in moving any conference around is that new venues draw in new blood. People who are not able to travel far are able to attend something, people who have never done anything like this before are able to discover a new pride in accomplishment, others who are able may travel somewhere they've never been before, and whatever money is generated by the conference may be used to support the organizers' local efforts—or whatever charitable causes they deem worthy. It is up to you, the community, to find a way to come together and chart our collective course. Take responsibility! If we don't have a conference next year or for two years, so what? It only means we weren't ready. We needed a break. We needed time to regroup and generate some fresh ideas. There's nothing wrong with that. It's not a failure. It's not a death. Don't panic! FTM people have been around and have found ways to help each other long before there were conferences.

Maybe these three conferences have given us a chance to take a look at ourselves, and now it's time to invent a new form of gathering, new ways of seeing

◀ Pg. 2 — Tribute

Sometimes I can explain what Julian's friendship means to me by saying that we went through our transitions side by side, him just a few paces ahead of me. There's something to this; I'll never be in a car in front of my house with anybody else who has just gotten his first shot of testosterone, knowing I'm scheduled for a similar shot, and say to him "NOW you've really done it!!" and have him say to me "You're doing it too!!" followed by a mutual GULP of absolute terror and sheer anticipatory excitement.

So shared experience has something do to with our friendship, but there's more that makes it. Our conversations still have plenty of transsexual content to them, but just as often we'll be talking about the best place to eat in Providence, a great book we read, our girlfriends, our futures, or last Friday night when the craziest thing happened. Julian and I are just regular friends now, ordinary guys talking about whatever guys like us talk about.

Aside from the context of our initial meeting, and the shared experience of transition, we've got a kind of code of ethics between us. This, more

than any of the rest, is why I'm friends with Julian. We're as honest as we can be, within a certain undefinable limit. Our truth-telling is not brutal or bruising, but we always get down to it. We keep each others' confidences, respecting the need for some things to stay just between us and for other things to remain private and untold, even to each other. We go out of our way for each other, but rarely seem to take advantage of that generosity. If we cross this code of ethics, as friends will inevitably do, we let each other know but we don't hold grudges. We have the kind of loyalty that I imagine some men have from being in a war together. It's a foxhole friendship. I'd like to think that my instinct would be to die to protect him, and my gut tells me that I'm alive, to some degree, because of him.

Like many other American men in this post-Viet Nam, post Gulf War era, I'm not all that comfortable with the rhetoric of wars and foxholes, but I don't think I'm overstating the fact that many of our lives are lived under battle conditions. We are attacked, verbally, physically, and emotionally, for just being ourselves or for being close to someone who is transgendered. We, like veterans, are heroes who have

survived to tell the tale. More than this, it seems to me that wars have been intimately tied to the history of transsexuals and transgenders in the 20th century. For one thing, injured veterans were among the first who had the reconstructive operations that some of us choose to become the men we know ourselves to be. And urban centers, which offer some of us the safety of both anonymity and community, are partly a product of the biggest war in history. These things are the unintended consequences of war, and maybe men's friendships are as well.

It's odd the way it seems to take a war for men to have the kinds of friendships women are expected to have. The kind of vulnerability that a friendship requires is often considered unmanly, even queer. Being under siege seems to sweep away the vestiges of manly individualism. Men can be friends in these circumstances. My question is this; when we leave the trenches will we take a little bit of this war mentality with us? When our daily existence stops being about life and death, will we dare to reveal ourselves, will we dare to be friends?

▶ Pg. 13

◀ Pg. 10 — Closing Address

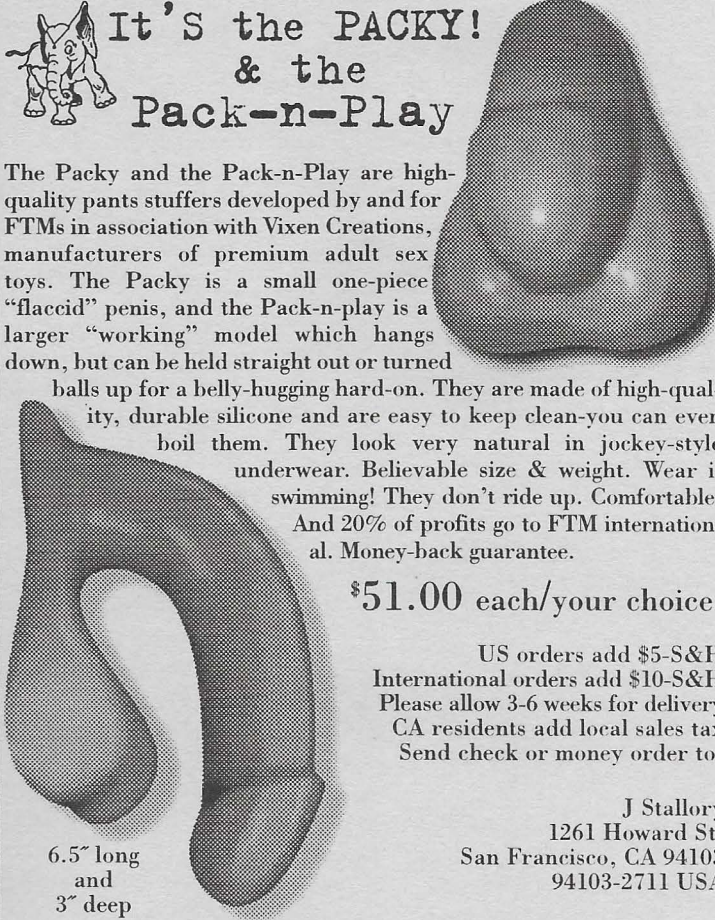
and knowing each other, new understandings of who we are and of what we need to do to improve our lives. So think about it! The seed money will be held here in Boston (or, if the Conference Committee wishes to close out its accounts, the money could be held at FTM International. That's up to the Boston committee). I'm going to suggest that if no new city committee comes forward to host the All-FTM Conference of the Americas by the end of 1998, FTM International could host an FTM conference in San Francisco sometime during Gay/Lesbian/Bisexual/ Transgender Pride Week (which is the last full week of June) in the year 2000, and I promise you it would not be the same old conference!

So, go to True Spirit next February, go to IFGE's conference in Toronto next spring, go to Southern Comfort in Atlanta every fall, go to your local area's conferences. But think seriously about and find a way to discuss the founding principles of this conference: To develop and promote the diversity and unity and collective pride of the FTM community on the American continents, to develop local leadership across these continents, to empower ourselves and to learn about ourselves. Think about it, talk about it, and create our future. Do it! And let us all do it together. There are evaluation forms in your packets; when you fill them out, take time to share your thoughts about future conferences. Where you'd like to have them happen. Use the internet and the FTM Newsletter as forums where we can discuss our collective needs and goals. Keep the discussion going, and keep it open to the great diversity of our burgeoning community.

We are all honored by the presence here of each and every one of you. Thank you for being here, for lending your strength to our collective sense of self. I wish you all the very best of everything in your lives, and a safe trip home. So, you think this conference is ended? Now, your hero's journey is just beginning again. Out there, on your way back to your jobs, your families, your friends, your difficult and often lonely battles. In here [indicates his heart]. Where your courage crosses the border of society and where the stuff of myth is generated. Take heart from the rest of us: You are not alone. Thank you.

and knowing each other, new understandings of who we are and of what we need to do to improve our lives. So think about it! The seed money will be held here in Boston (or, if the Conference Committee wishes to close out its accounts, the money could be held at FTM International. That's up to the Boston committee). I'm going to suggest that if no new city committee comes forward to host the All-FTM Conference of the Americas by the end of 1998, FTM International could host an FTM conference in San Francisco sometime during Gay/Lesbian/Bisexual/ Transgender Pride Week (which is the last full week of June) in the year 2000, and I promise you it would not be the same old conference!

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therapy, and all those shrinks, had been to accept myself as female. And then I thought, "Oh my God! I could be in therapy for ANOTHER 30 years, and I won't feel any closer to accepting myself as female than I do now!"

And the implications of that were driven home: that I was a transsexual. The acknowledgment of that truth was profound. With that acknowledgment I had reached the threshold. I had faced the truth of what I was. I knew what was wrong, and I knew I had to fix it. The details of this story, of course, differ for each of us. But of this I am certain—for every FTM in this room we have this in common: We begin with the feelings of anguish that we must set things right, and correct what has been wrong.

WHAT do we begin? We begin the journey. THIS is the hero's journey. This becomes the imperative of our lives: all else paling by comparison. Relief can only be gained by becoming who we really are. We undertake this adventure to self, because if we don't, we perish.

So. The journey begins. The journey begins where we are at the moment. The commitment to self, against all odds, becomes the commitment to masculinity, the commitment to manhood. This commitment launches us on a journey the likes of which few have ever known.

The awesomeness of this never ceases to amaze me. This adventure, this journey begins when we finally say, "YES! This is what I am." There's a wonderful book by Jon Kabat-Zinn, entitled, *Wherever You Go, There You Are*. "The journey of a 1,000 miles," Confucius said, "begins with a single step." This, then, is the single step that sets us on a journey, on a most profound path, on the most amazing and daring adventure. You don't need me to tell you that a challenge of this magnitude involves great risk, and takes great courage. As you may know, the word "courage" is taken from the French word "coeur," meaning "heart." It takes great heart to meet the challenge of our truth, our soul's high adventure, for this is the lion deed, and the result of the lion deed is that our lives now take on great meaning.

The only heroes people generally see today are plastic action figures. But the lion deed is not performed by toys. Action figures can no more become heroes than information can substitute for wisdom. To become a hero, one must slay the dragon, and the dragons we face today can only be slain with the weapons of integrity and honor.

The dictionary defines integrity as:

1. An unimpaired condition: soundness.
2. Firm adherence to a code of especially moral or artistic values: incorruptibility.
3. The quality or state of being complete or undivided.
4. Honesty.

Anybody here see the new Disney movie *Hercules*? I went to see it last Saturday. If you saw the film, you'll recall the moment when Hercules came to his father, Zeus, and said, "Okay, Dad. I

killed the Gorgon, and all those other monsters. Now I'm ready to join you up there on Mount Olympus!"

And Zeus says quietly, "Well, you did real good, Son. But it's not time. You're not ready. There's still more you need to do to become a hero." And Hercules says, "Well, WHAT, Father?" And Zeus says, "That I can't tell you. But you'll know it when you see it."

And he did. He knew it when he saw it. His final feat (or as us Trekkies would say, his final "frontier!") was a questioning not of how many bad guys he could beat, but of his very sense of purpose and worth in life: It was about his Integrity. You see, the very act of coming to terms with our true nature places us at the very vortex of our Self. This is always about integrity. Coming to terms with one's masculinity (in a "female" body) is the very act of becoming Undivided/Complete/Incorruptible/Honest.

But...once we start on the hero path, what then? Many of us, once so sure of the direction we were heading, now experience pure staggering terror. What is the meaning of this? Where are we going?

And then I thought, "Oh my God! I could be in therapy for ANOTHER 30 years, and I won't feel any closer to accepting myself as female than I do now!"

It's like we're going up this mountain, without our usual means or equipment. We are on different ground! We are definitely not in the same neighborhood anymore! We're not even in Kansas anymore! We have left the safe turf of home and ventured out into the unknown.

Where am I?

How did I get here?

How will I survive?

What on earth is happening to me?

I am here all alone, on this mountaintop, and no one has ever been here before and I am afraid.

The poet MC Richards says, "Let no one think that the birth of man is to be felt without terror. The transformations that await us cost EVERYTHING in the way of courage and sacrifice."

This stage of our transformation, enacted with Heart, is the equivalent of the age-old initiation rites in tribal societies. Boys reaching a certain age are taken out into the wilderness and left alone with no food, and few, if any, tools or weapons.

Out there alone (Out there, Alone) the boy must fend for himself, and overcome both his internal fears and the very real dangers in his path. And when he returns to his village, he has been transformed. He has died as a boy, and returns a man. As Thomas Moore says, "He has to endure ordeals designed to draw out the adult...[this] results in a major transformation of character."

So, here I am, out here, all alone. Like those

other boys-about-to-become-men. Out here, on this mountaintop afraid, yes, and confused, yes, but thrilled as hell. Because look where I came from! And just look where I am going!

Psychologist Paul M. Lerner says, "Integrity involves first being aware of one's selfhood, one's unique essence, and then conducting one's life with full loyalty to it." This loyalty is the lion's deed: the reconciliation of the reality of my manhood with the apparent womanhood of my physique has been a powerful journey. It can only be likened to trial by fire—initiation. The key to myself is the juxtaposition of these two apparent opposites, male and female, the reconciliation of opposites within me.

No FTM comes face-to-face with this without anguish. The decision to become what our innermost being is can only be arrived at by passing through the most arduous of tests. Campbell says that the usual adventure begins with an individual from whom SOMETHING HAS BEEN TAKEN, or who feels there's SOMETHING LACKING in the NORMAL EXPERIENCES AVAILABLE OR PERMITTED to the members of his society. This person then takes off in a series of adventures BEYOND THE ORDINARY, either to recover what has been lost, or to discover some life-giving elixir.

We are like Indiana Jones, on a heroic search, but the priceless riches we seek are the lost treasures of our masculinity. We risk it all for this terrible (and thrilling) journey to self-realization. It's about having the courage of your convictions, and then doing it with heart, and with loving kindness. The FTM is a goer between worlds. Our journey has great meaning.

At the start of my journey upon the hero path, I was confused, and very, very frightened. I was certain I was mentally ill. This path has brought me to a place in myself and in the world where I now see that our lives as FTMs have meaning, our bodies are important, and that manhood is sublime. Over this weekend I hope that you will all taste the following words, the language of heroes, and put them into practice in your daily lives:

LOYALTY-INTEGRITY-COURAGE-HONOR

And then I ask you to ask yourselves the following questions:

Who can I look up to and admire today?

Where is my place as a transsexual man in this world?

What are the qualities of life I want as a man in this world?

And finally, I'd like to end with this quote from Joseph Campbell: "And furthermore, we have not even to risk the adventure alone, for the heroes of all time have gone before us. The labyrinth is thoroughly known. We have only to follow the thread of the hero path, and where we had thought to find an abomination, we shall find a god. And where we had thought to slay another, we shall slay ourselves. Where we had thought to travel outward, we will come to the center of our own existence. And where we had thought to be alone, we will be with all the world."

Adolescence is its own war. I know a group of 30-something guys who have known each other since junior high school. Their friendships inspire me because of the strength of their ties over great distances and years. They're all in the music industry, playing in bands, or managing bands. I've watched their band almost hit the big time, and then break up. I've been a spectator to the fights and been witness to their apologies. I've looked on as they fell in love at each others' weddings, and I've listened to their heartbreaks. I've seen them playing basketball and bocce. There's a camaraderie there, built over the years, soiled and sweaty, but lean and defined like a well-worked muscle.

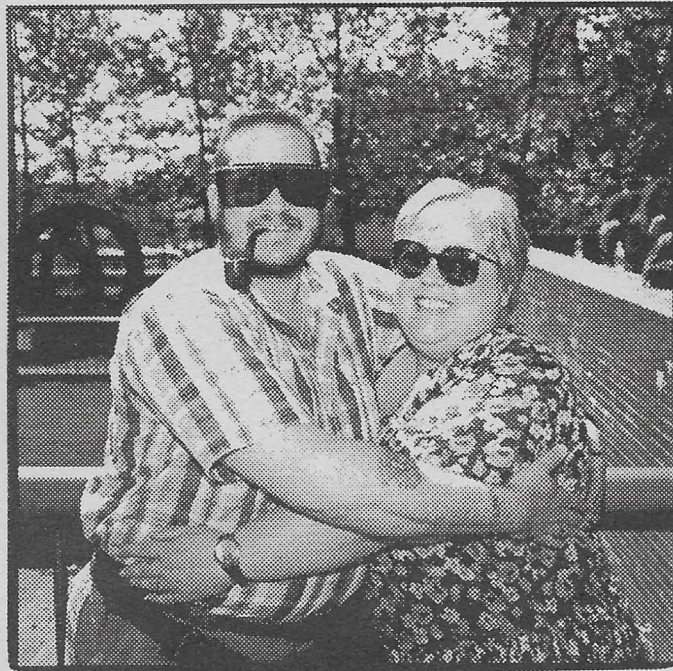
Sometimes, when the sun is just right at the end of the day, I can look out and see them as they must've been back then, a little lighter...a little softer...John, Dave, Brian, and Andrew, adolescent boys becoming men. Then the image blurs and it's me and Julian, and all the other boys just now emerging from the war of our own delayed, adolescent struggle to become who we are. I hope we have the courage to be the kind of friends these men are with each other.

You may wonder if I haven't idealized the whole notion of a foxhole friendship. Maybe soldiers never had them, maybe they suffered through their own personal hell in a foreign country doubting whether democracy was worth their lives or whether they were really fighting in the name of freedom. Maybe some guys didn't need those friendships while others wanted them, but could never find them. Maybe they made it through the war by praying or doing drugs or writing home to their wives or mothers. Perhaps these foxhole friendships are fictional. Perhaps this is an ideal which never existed in history quite the way I've put it here, but it seems to me that there is something politically and personally profound about having an ideal to strive for. I can't think of anything more profound than men's friendship in a time when men aren't supposed to be vulnerable, honest and caring with each other.

My friendship with Julian approximates an ideal that I am always striving for. I've already told you that sometimes we screw up and break our own unspoken code, but what is behind that code is a commitment to strive for our ideal. My friendship with Julian strikes me as an ideal model of community. Not in terms of the content, but the way it functions and the commitments we have made. As trans-

sexuals and transgenders, we have some shared experiences, but these are outweighed by our differences. We all go through a battle to become ourselves, whatever that self ends up being.

Within that context of shared—but not dupli-



*J. Kellen McCracken and Paula
Seattle, 1996. Photo: James Loewen.*

cate—experience, we can pose the hard questions to each other and be willing to wait for the answers. We can be daring, strong, risk-takers with a safety net of friends. We can develop a sense of loyalty, binding one FTM to another, in an effort to

I'll never be in a car in front of my house with anybody else who has just gotten his first shot of testosterone, knowing I'm scheduled for a similar shot, and say to him "NOW you've really done it!!" and have him say to me "You're doing it too!!"

stave off the loneliness and craziness of the lives we lead. We can be generous with each other, giving resources and support if we are fortunate. We can be grateful to each other, thanking those who have made it easier to get along. We can be honest with each other, speaking our own truths, and staying vigilant not to bruise. We can respect each others' secrets and keep each others' confidences.

Friendship is the corner-stone of community. In the process of doing research for my book on FTMs, I heard one relentless theme throughout the interviews with guys from Boston to San Francisco—without exception, each FTM told

me how isolated he felt growing up and how few friends, if any, he had, even through much of his adulthood. Sometimes the story was about how the kids had jeered and teased until he found company at the back of a library with a series of autobiographies. Sometimes it was about being chosen last for the teams even though he was an outstanding athlete, or sometimes the story recalls the ways an FTM chose to isolate himself, forsaking friendships because of a secret that was too big to tell.

Even now, I've heard an FTM talk in our group meetings about how he tends to isolate himself when he's down. Now we are realizing that it doesn't have to be this way. We know that life is fuller with someone to share it. That we are worthy of friendship, of human company, and that we needn't suffer our lives alone. Through friendship, we break our isolation. Through friendship we build the foundation of our own self-worth and the worth of others around us. This is the cornerstone of community. Friendship is the model that can extend the reach of our community to include the friends and allies who join us here tonight. This includes the partners and family members who have accepted our battle as their own, or who have come to see themselves as in a battle with society by virtue of being in relationship with us.

Companionship, rather than economics, is the general model in the modern era for partners and families. That you have joined us here tonight represents a commitment to an ideal of loving friendship. There are also other friends here tonight from the queer community, and even our care providers have solidified their friendships with us by being here tonight. It is our great pleasure to welcome you here tonight, and we hope we make you feel welcome like any good friend would. Tonight, as we begin our Hero's Journey, I want to welcome you all here to Boston with a friendly clap on the shoulder, a slap on the hand, a peck on the cheek, and a firm handshake. There are a variety of workshops to attend and plenty of information to gather. There are dances to do and glasses to raise. On behalf of the Hero's Journey Conference Committee, I encourage you to feast on as much as you can in the short time we have together. But my sincerest wish is that you build a friendship this weekend that undoes your isolation, builds your self-worth and pays tribute to the ideal of community.

The Benjamin Conference:

A SEEDBED FOR CHANGE

by James Green

The Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Association (HBIIGDA) is the professional organization of surgeons, psychiatrists, psychologists, endocrinologists, and other medical and social science practitioners who deal with patients or clients who are transsexual, transgendered, gender dysphoric, and even (occasionally) intersexed. The Association holds a symposium every two years; this year it was held in Vancouver, B.C., Canada (September 10-13, 1997), and two years from now it will be held in London, England.

I was fortunate to be asked to speak on a panel concerning HIV/AIDS prevention and treatment with Roz Blumenstein of New York City, and Sandra LaFramboise of Vancouver. I was also honored to present a paper on *Gender Identity and Bisexuality* which I had co-authored with Dallas Denny of AEGIS.

This meeting was expensive to attend (\$400 was the early registration fee!), but I paid my own way, and one of the local brothers, Lukas, graciously arranged my ground transportation and gave me a place to sleep for four nights. Thanks, man! Meanwhile, the symposium was stimulating and challenging. It started off with a near-debate concerning issues of transpeople's autonomy, with Dr. Roger Gorsky talking about how you can use hormones to control rats' sexual behavior (which, he implied, signals gender expression). Dr. Holly Devor discussed the myriad social influences on human behavior that affect gender, and the integrity of the transgendered or transsexed individual's ability to manage the influences, patterns, or feelings he or she experiences. The subsequent discussion was interrupted by Transsexual Menace and other demonstrators complaining about the inaccessibility of the conference, and those protesters were invited to stay and participate.

The basic ideological differences were demonstrated between those clinicians who seem to perceive TG/TS people as damaged goods, versus those who see us as having agency in our own lives, and it seemed to me that most professionals were in the more supportive camp. There was a considerable ignorance displayed about FTM issues, though many people are eager to learn from us if we will only show up! One great opportunity came during discussion of the latest draft of the Standards of

The basic ideological differences were between those clinicians who seem to perceive TG/TS people as damaged goods, and those who see us as having agency in our own lives

Care when Mike Hernandez asked who was the FTM advisor in the revision process, and the physician in charge admitted that no FTMs had been consulted. (The current iteration of the proposed new standards still regards breasts as genitals with respect to authorization for surgery, and this is unacceptable to most FTMs.)

Dr. Levine, chair of the Standards Committee, invited the FTMs present to contribute comments to the committee for their next revision meeting, and I will be coordinating that effort. There were many interesting presentations by surgeons, notably Dr. Hage of the Netherlands, Dr. Wilson of Detroit, Dr. Laub of Palo Alto, California, and others; but on the whole, nothing much is new for us. With Jude Patton now on the HBIIGDA Board of Directors, I hope for more FTM consciousness among the professionals in the future.

A Crotchety Young Man Changes His Name

by Eben Chadwick

I asked Eben to write down the unusual story of his name change. You can email him at eben2@juno.com.—Ed.

I am an 18-year-old who is terribly depressed with not getting hormones. I was sitting around my house screaming and crying about how I couldn't do anything about my current situation. All of a sudden I got so depressed that I went to the Cumberland County Courthouse in Portland, Maine and said to them I would like to fill out a form for a name change. The name change cost for my state is \$57 dollars total (that includes the birth certificate change). So, I filled out the paper work and gave her my money and then was given a court date on August 4th.

I went in August 4th with my heart pounding my face and palms dripping in sweat afraid that they wouldn't let me change my name to Eben Isaac Chadwick...Next thing I know I am next in line to go see the judge and he just looks at me and then at the document and says "Oh you are just changing your first and middle name???" I say yes and he looks back at me and says "Okay then" and then signs the document...He even said "Have a good day!!!" Woah, was I shocked. I wrote on my form for "Reason for name change" that I am a female to male transsexual, and they looked at it as being not a problem. What a judge.

CALL FOR PRESENTATIONS

INTERNATIONAL BISEXUAL CONFERENCE:

"ONE WORLD, MANY FACES"

The 5th International Bisexual Conference (IBC5) will take place in Boston on April 3, 4, and 5, 1998. The IBC5 conference theme is "One World, Many Faces: Unity and Diversity in Bi Communities, Queer Communities, and the World."

We are currently seeking proposals for presentations, papers, panel discussions, performances, and workshops in the following subject tracks: Activism || Organizing || Youth/Student || Writers/Literature || Media/Culture || Relationships || Gender || Research/Theory || Bisexual History || Spirituality || Safer Sex/HIV || Personal Growth || Sexuality || Computer/Internet || Non-Bi Partners/Families || Performance || Film and Video || Other sessions: Our Bodies—Differing Ability, Health, Image; Global/Regional/Racial/Cultural/Class Differences.

The official language of the conference will be English; however, sessions in Spanish are encouraged and other languages will be considered. If you would like to present your session in a language other than English, please include that information in your proposal.

Please follow the format of the proposal submission form, which can be obtained from and returned to: IBC5 Call for Papers, P.O. Box 639, Cambridge MA 02140 USA. Please complete the form in English. The deadline for proposals is February 1, 1998. Forms can also be sent to presentations@biconf.org. Further information is available at <http://www.biconf.org/>.

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FTM Newsletter Editors:

As an FTM brother who has been transitioning now for almost four years, I wish to express an opinion the likes of which I have not yet seen in your newsletter, yet I am sure speaks to the “voiceless” ones of us who somehow do not fit the invisible criteria established by our community as essential for being part of the brotherhood. Although I hope it will not be necessary, I literally dare you to publish this letter.

I am one of the original seven people who formed the first committee that presented the world with the first FTM Conference in San Francisco. I have been a political

activist on many fronts for the past 25 years. What I wish to share is my personal experience connecting with our “community” during the extremely stressful initial stages of my own transitioning.

My first contact with FTMs was through watching a televised interview of a local brother discussing his transition. I had not yet seriously considered that this might be the appropriate avenue for me. I was so inspired by the interview that I committed myself to this path, knowing that my life was no longer hopeless, and that there was a solution to my personal “identity crisis.”

I proceeded to locate this individual, thank him for being an inspiration, and invite him to meet with me for coffee. I never received a response. Much later, upon attending local FTM meetings, I re-introduced myself,

and once again extended the invitation. I never received a response. My second contact with an FTM occurred at the Lesbian/Gay Film Festival four years ago, where I was privileged to hear a brother speak to the crowd about his life. I was once again inspired, did indeed connect with this brother, and thus was later invited to help put on the first FTM Conference.

For this connection, I will remain ever grateful. However, as a result of my decision, I lost every lesbian friend I had, including the ones who invited me to attend the FTM section of the film festival. Consequently I really needed the support of our community. I attended the support group in the city, where I walked in and was greeted by absolutely no one, and sat alone the entire time, in spite of extending my hand and greeting others. The most anyone there said to me was “well, you look like you’re in the right place.”

The next time I attended that meeting was similar; I kept attempting to introduce myself, raise my hand, somehow be a part of it, yet was solidly ignored while the entire group focused upon a few of the “celebrities” of our community. Later, also in San Francisco, occasionally some of our elite would pass me in the street, pretending they had never met me.

I myself would find it hard to ignore people I had introduced myself to and taken the time to shake their hands, particularly if we were all part of such a small community. And I am also sure I would recall them anywhere, any place. We are not that many to spit upon any of us.

I attended the support group in the city, was greeted by absolutely no one, and sat alone the entire time, in spite of greeting others. The most anyone said to me was “well, you look like you’re in the right place.”

Eventually, I became part of a support group in San Jose, where people were much friendlier, and began building some connections in the transgender community. Right at home? Well, sadly, the group eventually fell into a state of serious character assassination of members who were not present, particularly around the topic of other people’s surgery choices/non-choices. I felt as if I had no choice but to protest, and stood up for the rights of the non-present to make their own surgical decisions. Alas, this led to my becoming quite unpopular in that group. Oh, well.

Eventually, my contact with the first FTM I connected with led to the invitation to participate in building the first San Francisco Conference. My wife and I worked intensely for months as the registration committee thereof, met many fine people, and felt like we were finally “home.” We invited the group to do projects at our house, fed them, invited others for dinner at different times, and honestly and innocently thought we were finally part of a community.

Alas, it was not to be so. People we had invited for dinner did not respond by wanting to continue to know us. They came, sat with us, discussed life, and went their merry ways building their own celebrity status in the world.

I went through my entire surgery alone with my partner, hated for my transitioning by every former friend I had, and ignored by all the FTMs I was trying to connect with. I went so far as to connect with much of the leather community as a brother, even so far as attending play parties with my partner and admitting my potential bisexuality and need for community.

We were seen merely as a free quantity of labor for “the community.” We were not at those parties cruising to get laid, as we are a solid couple in our mid forties with solid lives. We were simply looking for community, others we could network with and be friends with. We came home from many diverse meetings and events and looked in the mirror, asking ourselves what was lacking with us. We appeared to be quite strong, likeable, sociable, giving, committed and hardworking people. Yet the community developed on, and ignored us. And we felt much pain and isolation.

Later, having supported many others through their surgeries, I once again attempted networking. Imagine my surprise when I was invited to participate in a group to further the legal rights of transgendered people. In fact, several of the people there were already familiar. During my job searching as a paralegal, I had contacted several of them for potential job support. Once, again, alas, no comment...until all of a sudden, maybe my energy was valued for what I could contribute...since I just happened to be a paralegal.

How much I would have loved it, if when sending out friendly letters with my resume and business card someone could have contacted

me as a fellow legal professional and actually just said “hi,” as a person, as a fellow transgendered guy, not just as a potential quantity of labor. Don’t you guys know yet that if we can’t take care of our own community as it grows that we can’t build anything truly worthwhile?

Still later, I volunteered to be the editor of the newsletter when an opening appeared. The position went to someone I truly respected, and that was okay. However, I also volunteered to assist. Once again, there were no phone calls.

Now, the newsletter has changed hands again. I wish I could have been part of the process. I have been a writer all of my life. That brother invited me to write for the newsletter. I had no time. I was transitioning, struggling to find work and support my wife and myself in our home, and it was very hard. All of my energy went to that, and with no support. No brothers called with job leads, support, or even the friendliness of “let’s get together for a beer or a coffee.”

I am a friendly guy who has never before been without people, especially in my own community. I didn’t want any of your bodies or lovers, and am not some hopeless drunk, I am a married person trying to build a career. So what’s the problem here? Did nothing I had to offer our community matter unless it was part of someone’s specific agenda? Bad way to lead a revolution or a progressive social change endeavor. You can’t afford to blow off half of your constituency because they don’t play at the same parties (or weren’t even invited). I am a

kindhearted and soft-spoken, hardworking guy who keeps to my commitments. Do I really have to dress like you, have tattoos like you, play at the same parties, speak the same lingo, etc. to be a part of this common group of persons spoken of by Leslie Feinberg as the "Transgendered Warriors?" Do not any of you recognize a warrior by his internal energy rather than his age, style of dress, friends, or reputation in the community?

Am I angry? Hell, yeah. Should I be? You bet your sweet asses. If most of you went through your transitions the way I did, you might not have lived to be so popular. Oh, and I was also battling two severe disabilities. Don't forget, you guys. Our community is incredibly diverse and full of strength beyond what you would believe. And it goes on whether some of us are part of your "in crowd" or not. My life is too short for this. I have novels to write, magic to do, a body to build and finish, a community to build myself whether any of you want to be part of it or not, a career to make, paintings and sculpture to do....etc.

I do not need you guys now. I have myself. I needed you then. Where were you? Do any of you want to know me? Will this newsletter dare even print this commentary from one of the founders of the first conference or will you go on printing only the words of the approved brethren? I will wait and see. It's your choice what you want your community to be. Just know that all those you exclude might be the very people you will wish were part of your database some day. If you print this, anyone who wants can reach me at 510 864 9932.

Very truly yours,
Jay Valentine

Dear Jay:

This has not been my experience of FTMs in Northern California or elsewhere, and I'm surprised and sorry to hear it's been yours. You shouldn't have to look a certain way or talk a certain talk to be part of the FTM world—and a big part of it as anyone else is. As the editor, I can assure you that this newsletter won't be printing only the words of some group of approved brethren. We want your words of dissent.

We also want help and contributions! When I became editor there were no other contenders for the role as far as those of us working on the Newsletter knew. But while some slots are full for the time being, there are always small roles to fill (e.g. transcribing, for the moment) and new ones being created. We can offer an exchange of skills in return; eventually, we hope to set up a mentoring program for designers, editors, information organizers, and possibly writers as well. For now, anyone interested in helping out should contact Vinny Tango, Volunteer Coordinator, at FTM: (415) 553-5987.—Jed

In response to your Aug. '97 issue of FTM (Tattoo: Rite or Wrong?), yes, when I was 20 years old during the Vietnam war and a Navy medic, a tattoo, especially for a woman, was considered a rite of passage. Unlike the men however, if our tattoo were visible while in uniform, then we would receive a bad conduct discharge. While some may consider massive tattooing a rite to passage, I do not. My total colored chest tattoo bore 42 hours of grueling pain at a reasonable cost of \$1200. Touch-ups were free. The reason for the tattoo was to disguise the sloppy job of a surgeon who performed my upper surgery. While plastic surgery centers have tattoo artists, angry over the surgery, I selected a salon instead. For disguise, tattooing over the scars was most painful but worked and yes, hot colors are more painful!

Tattooed at Lifetime Expressions Tattoo Salon in Kanapolis, N.C., my sex change was both respected and taken with reverence. As a group, the male artists discussed what would look 3-D and align with the scars. The guys selected a true to life bald eagle with blue sky and white clouds. The outline was freely drawn—it is an original, and yes, the tattoo worked and the colors are brilliant. If not for the surgery, I would not have had the tattoo.

Angered at my surgeon, the artists took great care and time in performing a professional job.

Eric Hobbs
Concord, NC

Thank you so much (for sending FTM Newsletter info). I appreciate it. The conference was so incredible. It was really life changing for me. I went back to work (I am a nurse) and shared the experience with all my colleagues. The response was truly positive! Thanks again!

Yours,
Leah Strock

I wasn't sure if I could respond to this on-line but am taking that chance. If we may write this way I would suggest that you guys let us know in the magazine. [Yes, you can write in via email! The address is TSTGMen@aol.com.]

I read with interest and a bit of amusement "The Perils of Hysterectomy" [FTM #38]. I have worked in surgery and saw plenty of them done, plus have had both my ovaries and uterus removed in 1980.

When I told my lesbian friends that I was going to have a hysterectomy I got some of the same responses that are in this article. I was told lots of horror stories. The sense I got was that I was cutting out what made me a woman and they were unsettled about that.

Every surgery entails some risk. The people concerned with loss of sexual feeling and urinary incontinence would be better served to have no genital surgery AT ALL. My experience of sexual

feelings after the hysterectomy was that I felt no difference. The pulsing and throbbing inside during orgasm that I thought was my cervix and uterus are still there, and those organs aren't.

Sometimes there is a short term inability to urinate due to instrument trauma of some of the internal tissues. That goes away in a day or so after surgery. I have never heard of incontinence due to a hysterectomy. I do know that an enlarged uterus can cause incontinence as it presses on the bladder. I have never heard of bowel problems following a hysterectomy. That's not to say these things don't happen but I'd bet it's extremely rare. I don't know how many of you have actually read the surgical releases that you sign but they list EVERYTHING that could ever happen to you as a result of the surgery.

The normal size uterus is not very big, and even along with the ovaries and adenexia, hardly takes up that much space that our insides are going to fall into this huge gaping hole when they are removed. You could lay the whole mess in the palm of your hand and your palm would not be full.

Having or not having a hysterectomy has nothing to do with how "manly" we are. Some states require a total hysterectomy before they will amend the birth certificate. I, personally, never wanted another period nor did I want the estrogen in my system that the ovaries produce. Having them removed also wiped out my chances of ever having ovarian cancer, cervical cancer, and uterine cancer in the future.

It's a choice each of us has to make for our own reasons. There are many agendas out there around hysterectomies. Be careful which one you buy into. Read, talk to friends who have had it done, and to doctors, get the facts for yourself.

Rich Galnek

April 1996 I had a vaginal-entry partial hysterectomy (bladder and colon repositioned/retacked), because of a severely prolapsed uterus, colon, and descended bladder. Prior to the operative correction, urination frequency was every 15 minutes, not including accidents upon sneezing or coughing. Bowel movements were difficult because the colon had dropped and formed a pocket just adjacent, internally, to the anal orifice.

Alternatively all parts could have been retacked to their respective positions for the reasons expressed in [Stephan Thorne's FTM #38] article, however because of the original positions of my organs within my body, this was not recommended since this would have to be redone every 10 years—even without additional pregnancies. No fun here. A partial was done, leaving the ovaries and fallopian tubes because natural hormones would continue to be produced, therefore avoiding the use of synthetic estrogen. Currently I have no problems with leakage, urination frequency and bowel movements. Neither do I have, or ever had cardiovascular

problems, nor do they run in my family.

As to my ability to orgasm, I have noticed no significant difference. The sensations are different, but not diminished. Also since clitoral growth, the sensations are actually extremely more intense. As with the rise of libido, pleasuring of myself has been grand to say the least.

Concerning the presence of my intact ovaries and fallopian tubes, I was originally advised (not by a doctor) that it would be better to have those organs out as soon as possible, for fear that they may become cancerous. Is this now not recommended? If I don't need them out, and would benefit physically, please advise me.

Sincerely yours,

Lynn Kinde [redacted]@aol.com)

James Green responds:

Conventional wisdom among FTMs is of two opinions: don't have any surgery you don't need; and, if you are on testosterone, having a hysterectomy/oophorectomy can (possibly) reduce the quantity of testosterone your system requires (because it's not working to obliterate the female organs), and having the surgery also removes your risk for developing uterine cancer, or any complications of growths on the ovaries or in the uterus, which could be exacerbated by testosterone. This is a highly personal decision, unless there are medical complications, in which case it becomes necessary. One difficult aspect of this is that FTMs who elect not to have surgery may find they need it later—after they are identified as male on their insurance—when complications arise. This can make for social complications as well as medical ones.

We cannot tell you what to do. We can only raise the issues, try to get good information to our readers, and try to generate the kind of discussion that will bring new information and considerations to light.

Unless you have actual medical symptoms which are negatively affecting your health, you don't have to rush into any decision. If you are taking testosterone, it is my understanding that you do not need to retain your ovaries to avoid osteoporosis. FYI, a vaginectomy is not usually recommended because it is a particularly bloody surgery, and, if you wish to have a urethral extension in any future genital reconstruction, the vaginal tissue would be employed in this procedure; thus it should be retained.

In the U.S., it is not necessary to have a vaginectomy to qualify for administrative sex reassignment (birth certificate re-issuance); however, in Quebec, this has been a new requirement, which is currently under contention. I hope this answer has been helpful.

If anyone has had the phalloplasty surgery, I would like to hear from them.

Tony F., [redacted] Deerfield Drive, American Canyon, CA 94589; [redacted]

Dear Friends, I want to share the happy news [of my election to the board of the Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Association] with you. I feel that this indicates that the direction I was taking The Association, which was toward a more democratic administrative arm which included our members in the process, and which opened up the organization to the transgendered professionals who had been so excluded in the past, was what the membership wanted all along. It was a painful struggle, but the new Board, with Richard Green at the head, and Tina Wheeler, Sheila Kirk and Jude Patton with new ideas and a view from the consumer side as well, will enhance and make our Association stronger, more viable, more credible to professionals and consumers alike. Again, I'm thrilled to be given this chance to continue the work I had started and worked on for those nearly four years as Executive Director. I work very well with Richard Green, and will support any agenda he has for his next two years. I know it will be revolutionary and wonderful!

Congratulations to Tina, Jude and Sheila, people I also admire and love. For all of you that supported me during the terrible year of 1996 and then voted for me, I am so thankful and grateful for your support.

Alice Webb

[redacted] Egret Bay Blvd., [redacted] Houston, TX 77058

[redacted]

[redacted]@compuserve.com or [redacted]@aol.com

NEW BOARD Officers:

Richard Green, M.D., J.D. President 1997-99
Alice Webb, LMSW-ACP, Ph.D.(c), President-Elect '97-99 (Pres. 1999-2001)
Tina Wheeler, Ph.D., Secretary/Treasurer '97-99

New Board members: 4 years -J. Joris Hage, M.D., Ph.D., 1997-2001
Jude Patton, CMHC, CMFT-PA 1997-2001
Sheila Kirk, M.D. 1997-2001

Seated Board members - 2 years to go: Donald Laub, M.D., Eli Coleman, Ph.D., Peggy Cohen-Kettenis, Ph.D., Leah Schaefer, Ed.D.

FTM International now has two board members who are on the board of HBIGDA, Jude Patton and Alice Webb. The fact that Alice Webb was also just elected President of HBIGDA is good news, indeed. We also have many friends on the board: Sheila Kirk, Tina Wheeler, Leah Schaefer, J. Joris Hage, and Donald

Laub. And Stephen Whittle of the UK has been working with Richard Green lately and says that he has been more vocally supportive of the integrity of transpeople. We could see a revitalized and more proactive transpositive HBIGDA in the coming years. I certainly hope this will be the case.—James

Dear FTM: I'd like to thank everyone who is now and who has, through the years, worked on the newsletter. I, without a doubt, appreciate this newsletter and the long hours and hard work it takes to get it done. You're doing a wonderful job. Keep up the good work. Yes, it is our 10th anniversary this year. I have the first copy of FTM and was reading through the newsletters and found myself missing Lou. Lou's passing six years ago has left a void that will never be filled. To see this newsletter become a successful professional paper certainly makes me proud, and if Lou was here he'd be beaming with pride. I believe he has been the Guardian Angel watching over all of us. Helping to keep the energy flowing when a deadline has to be met or you've fallen short-handed and someone steps in to help. Do we have any photos of Lou? Other than the one in his obituary? If so could you include some in the newsletters from time to time? Lou was an extraordinary man. Always giving of himself to make a better place for all of us. He's greatly missed, but will never be forgotten...

I thought this might be of interest to you. So I wanted to share my story. I've lived in Nevada for over four years, coming from California, where I was on Medi-Cal. Medi-Cal paid for my injections knowing about my transition. Being here in Nevada, my doctor was asked about a diagnosis for why I needed the testosterone. My doctor put down "hypogonadism" and Medicaid paid for my injections. Then I went to the Andro-Derm patches and Medicaid wanted additional info. My doctor told them about the "sex change" and Medicaid stonewalled me and cut me off injectibles and the patch. I called for over two months asking for an "appeals paper." I spoke with a supervisor and she told me she'd send out the appeals paper the very next day. The papers never came.

I obtained a lawyer and we're going to court. My argument is that if I'm eligible for Medicaid and my doctor writes a prescription for me, then Medicaid should pay. Medicaid paid for my testosterone thinking I was a biological male. But once they found out about my transition they displayed a clear case of sexual discrimination. I was afraid to tell the lawyer about myself. (I live in a very redneck state.) But once I told him, he didn't have a problem. I asked him if he was okay with this, because if he weren't, he wouldn't be able to represent me well in court. He told me it

Announcements

wasn't whether he liked or dislike what I was, but that it was his job to fight the system for me. And he said he had no problem with how I live my life. Toni and I were relieved.

So we are going up against the State of Nevada and the Federal Government. We might have to move if I have to go completely "out." And if I do have to, I will and I'll stand proud. We don't think it would be safe to live here if everyone is aware of my transition. We'll see what happens and I'll keep you posted. I hope this sort of discrimination will not happen to anyone else. If it has, I'd like to hear about it. My address is on file with FTM.

For the meantime, my doctor is selling me my Mr. "T" at a great price. Thank God.

My best to you all,
Peace and love in Brotherhood,
Your Nevada Brother,
Brian

PS: Patrick Forte, where are you?
Please contact me through James.

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FTM's in Ontario, Canada: please contact Rick Collins at 519-637-8857. Rick really needs to be able to talk to a brother.

The Newsletter needs a volunteer transcriber! Please call Shadow or Vinny at (415) 553-5987.

For everybody writing articles, letters, and announcements for the Newsletter: If you do have access to a typewriter or computer, please do type up your article for us. Sending us your article on a floppy disk (Mac or IBM) or through email (at TSTGMen@aol.com) makes it easiest on us. Typewritten articles are second-easiest, since we can often scan the words directly onto the computer with 5-10% error. When we get handwritten articles and letters we have to type them all in ourselves, and all that wrist strain adds up! We understand that not everybody has a computer to work on, and would never turn down a submission because it was handwritten. We just ask you to help us out on the typing if you can.

FTM International would like to thank Sheila Kirk, M.D., for her generous donation of the copies of her book *Masculinizing Hormonal Therapy for the Transgendered*—along with Compliments of FTM International stickers—included in the Boston FTM Conference program packet.

The San Francisco FTM Spirituality meeting takes place every other month on the second Sunday at 1 pm at the FTM International office, right before the 2 pm support meetings. (See back page times/dates.)

The Gender Identity Project (GIP) of the Lesbian Gay Community Services Center of New York City offers peer counseling, outreach and education services, and support groups for trans people.

**FTM #40 IS ALREADY
FILLING UP! PLEASE
SUBMIT ARTICLES AS SOON
AS POSSIBLE FOR
CONSIDERATION FOR
FTM #40/#41.
FOR LETTERS AND
ANNOUNCEMENTS, THE
DEADLINE IS JANUARY 1ST.**

Support groups include a female-to-male group, a group for HIV+ trans people, and (not at GIP but part of the Center) alcohol/drug recovery and AIDS bereavement groups for lesbian/gay/bi/trans people. The bereavement groups include the Ujima Community, a grief support group for lesbian/gay/bi/trans people of African descent. All GIP support groups require that you contact the GIP to pre-register: (212)-620-7310. The Center is at 208 W. 13th St., New York City.

Fabulous New Ezine for F2M Erotica. *Roughriders* Erotic Ezine of f2m erotica is now online. Catering to all f2ms of all orientations and gender expressions—with a special focus on gay/bi transmen and intersexed men—*Roughriders* Ezine features top quality erotic fiction, reviews, humor, and letters. Stop in and read it at <http://www.netgsi.com/~listwrangler/roughriders.html>. Or for more information, guidelines, or submissions, send email to: listwrangler@netgsi.com. Volume One features fiction by Britain's hot new gay author, Jack Dickson, plus fiction by Raven Kaldera, Nady/alec Arnoot, and Sir Gwen M'Clatchy, as well as letters, humor, and a review of *Sex Changes: The Politics of Transgenderism* by Pat Califia.

Hi, my name is Avi Zarum. I am an independent film producer and am very proud and excited to say that my next project will be a documentary on female to male transgenders. I am looking for anyone (FTM transgenders) who might be interested in being featured in this film. My main focus will be on family issues. I realize that I will have some difficulties in asking the family members to speak out. I feel very strongly on this issue and feel most documentaries on FTMs don't explore enough in this area. Nevertheless the FTMs themselves will be the focus and they will reflect on this issue as well as others. If you are interested in finding out more or appearing in the film I would be more than happy to connect. My email address is: [redacted]@idirect.ca, my phone number is [redacted]. Thank you for your consideration and I look forward to the future.



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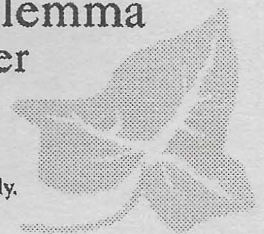
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FTM RESOURCES

UNITED STATES

California- FTM International, 1360 Mission St., Suite 200, San Francisco, CA 94103 Ph: 415-553-5987 • Website: <http://www.ftm-intl.org>
Under Construction, P.O. Box 922342, Sylmar, CA 91392-2342. Contact: Jeff Shevlowitz (818) 837-1904. E-mail: littleshevy@juno.com

Genderqueer Boyzzz, Los Angeles area. Contact: Jacob Hale 213-665-1130. email: zeroboycjh@aol.com

Florida- Eden Society, P.O. Box 203, Deerfield Beach, FL 33443-0203 Contact: Lee (305) 247-6254 Nature/Services: Open transgender support group. Newsletter: EdeNews.

Massachusetts- East Coast Female-to-Male Group, P.O. Box 60585, Florence Station, Northampton, MA 01060. Phone 413-584-7616, Bet Power. Nature/Services: support group for female-to-male persons and their significant others. **Boston Enterprise**, P.O. Box 193, Bellingham, MA 02019. Phone 617-639-7968, Mike. Nature/Services: weekly support group for FTMs; monthly social events open to all. **The Officer's Club**, c/o IFGE, P.O. Box 229, Waltham, MA 02254-0229. Phone 617-899-2212. Nature/Services: an FTM support group which meets at 7 pm on the first and third Monday of every month in the offices of IFGE.

Wisconsin- Gemini Gender Group. PO Box 44211 Milwaukee, WI 53214. Voice mail #414-297-9328. Notes: The local "professional" TG program in town is PATHWAYS, directed by Gretchen Fincke (and Roger Northway). The program offers a connection to endocrinologists, surgeons, etc. The program has separate FTM and MTF groups. The phone # for Pathways is 414-774-4111—Michael: 414-276-8877.

INTERNATIONAL

Australia- Boys Will Be Boys, BWBB, P.O. Box 5393, West End, Brisbane, Australia 4101. Nature/Services: Newsletter and network for FTM persons. Notes: Boys Will Be Boys newsletter

Belgium-Kortrijk, Genderstichting (Belgian Gender Foundation), Plumstraat 48, Belgium B-8500

France- C.A.R.I.T.I.G, B.P. 17.22, 75810 Paris Cedex 17, France

Germany- TS-gruppe d., Sontagsclub e. U., Rhinower Str. 8, Berlin 10437

Japan- FTM Nippon. Contact: Masae Torai, Adachi-ku, Adachi-Nishi-post office-dome, Tokyo 123

The Netherlands- Amsterdam: Mannengroep Humanitas Amsterdam, Postbox 71, 1000 AB Amsterdam; tel. 020-6262445 fax 020-6227367

United Kingdom- London-FTM Network, BM Network, London WC1N 3XX, England. tel: 0161 432 1915 (Wednesdays 8 pm–10:30 pm GMT or BST) Nature/Services: Support group for female-to-male persons

NOTE: Send in your meeting times! Please keep us informed about organizations, support groups, newsletters and other services which specifically cater to and/or include FTMs. There are many more resources out there than are listed here, and we'd like to know about them so we can tell you!

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Thanks for your continued support! 11-97

FTM MEETING SCHEDULE 1997

FTM meetings are on the 2nd Sunday of each month, from 2 to 5 p.m., in San Francisco. Call FTM Voicemail (415-553-5987) for details. Mark your calendars in advance!

Informational

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January 11, 1998

March 8, 1998

Support

December 14, 1997

February 8, 1998

April 12, 1998

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FINANCIAL PLANNING FOR ALTERNATIVE FAMILIES AND INDIVIDUALS

Dear FTM Newsletter Reader:

One year ago, FTM International became FTM International, Inc., a nonprofit, tax-exempt educational corporation dedicated to providing reliable information and peer support to Female-to-Male-identified people, and to educating non-transsexual people concerning the issues we face. We have visibly engaged in an effort to help end discrimination against transsexual and transgendered people. Since then, our officers and other volunteers have logged hundreds of hours coordinating support and informational meetings, speaking at over two dozen conferences, responding to hundreds of letters and email messages and phone calls, all on their own time and at their own expense. Our office space allows us to host half a dozen differently-focused support meetings each month. And we have raised the visibility of FTM lives by networking with other local, state, and national organizations, cooperating in efforts to validate alternative families, end hate crimes, remove insurance exclusions, and improve social services and medical care for transpeople.

So far, though we have been trying, we have not received any grants or other outside funding. Now we need to ask your help. Please consider giving a tax deductible year-end contribution to FTM International, Inc. Please return this form with your check or money order, and please be as generous as you can. Your contribution is desperately needed.

FTM International, Inc., 1360 Mission St., Suite. 200, San Francisco, CA 94103

Enclosed is \$ _____: my contribution to the work of FTM International, Inc.

Name: _____

Addr: _____ City: _____ State: _____ ZIP: _____

THANK YOU!

Your canceled check is your receipt. Contributions are tax deductible as allowed by law. Federal tax ID number 94-3254175.