

GenderFlex

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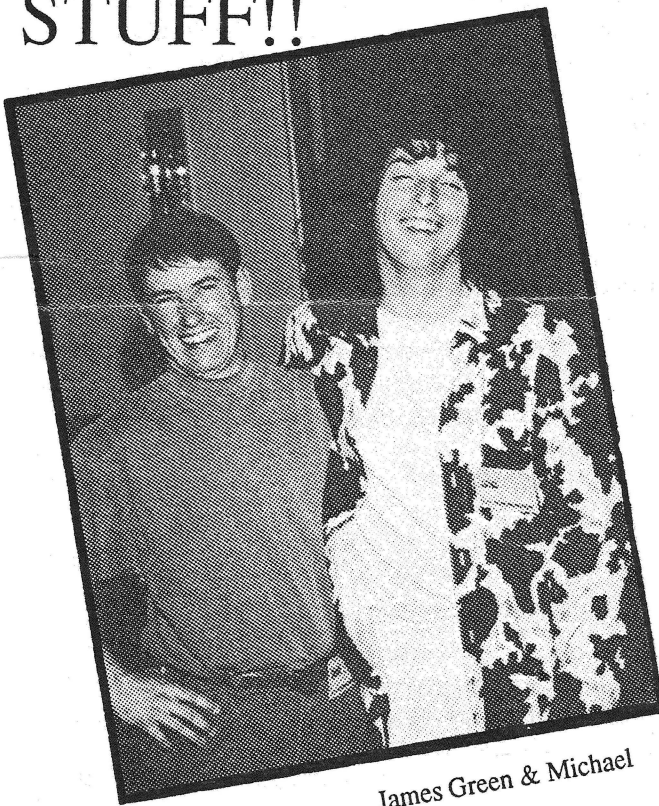
A Polygenderous Publication

April-May-June, 1992

The Demise of TV Guise

The demise of the Guise is evidenced only by a change in title—a change that has been contemplated for some time due to the lack of pun appreciation. Heck, most people just thought it was some mouthy rag, instead of a literary journal. Yeah, no shit. And another thing, a buncha people thought it was for just transvestites—can ya imagine *just transvestites*. Excuse me? Aren't TVs the Goddess's gift to Humin Kind, anyway? Yeah, that's it. Well, I'm running out of time—it's May 15 and I gotta lotta stuff to do, ya know. RIP.

INSIDE: IFGE CONVENTION—HOUSTON
GENDERBENT, CGNIE CORONATION,
AND OTHER WAY WACKY COOL
STUFF!!



James Green & Michael

Leonard Harris & Lady Garnet Emperor & Empress XVIII



Billie Jean Blabs

Dear Darlings,

Today is April 15, 1992— tax day, ya know (actually, today is May 4 but due to a variety of computer disasters, this file was lost and I'm reconstructing it, see?). I already did mine a coupla weeks ago (taxes that is; see, ya gotta forget the parenthetical before this one— it's all fiction anyway, so get it together, suspend belief and get into the column, damnit) so I don't gotta worry about it, see? While I wuz doin my bookkeeping and taxes, the experience reinforced my belief that mathematics IS AN ABSTRACTION OF WHAT IT IS TO BE HUMAN. Just like language is an abstraction (you probably already figured that out by trying to read the beginning of this, didn't ya?). Anyway, the specific concept and application of mathematics that is helping to destroy life-on-earth is Savage Capitalism (the "New God"— same as the "Old God"). There is no salvation or justice to "Bottom Line Thinking." No way. And, regardless of what philosophical or spiritual inroads are made, WE ARE ALL GONNA DIE if business continues to pollute and destroy the planet. If Savage Capitalism is not tamed with a social conscience, you can just kiss your ass goodbye.

And your childrens'.

And their children.

And all your siblings.

Having a nice day?

...

Because of the experiences I've collected over the last few week, a lotta, lotta stuff's been flowing through the canyons of my mind (or is it just a series of drainage canals?), and it's all dammed up— so let's just get into the flow (discharge?), okay?

March 8: Mrs. Billie Jean and I attended a little more than a half-daze worth of the National Sex Symposium in San Francisco. We got there in time to sit in on Ariadne Kane's talk on cross-dressing, blab a little, and then we rushed over to check out Nina Hartly give a talk on exhibitionism while taking off all her clothes except for her red, four-inch, fuck-me pumps. Then we wandered around all the vendor booths collecting a buncha flyers, catalogues, brochures, newsletters, and other sundry and assorted sex-positive publications. A lotta blabbing with some interesting people (including Andy Plumb/Selena Anne who has an article in issue #60 of Tapestry) and then BINGO!— time to leave. Talk about eroticus-interruptus! I mean, there we were in a sex-positive environment and BANG! back on the freeway of monotony, cruising past the sex-negative landscape of JUST SAY NO.

Some people say that's "the real world" but I know that anybody can fabricate a reality— heck, cross-dressers do it all the time. But, if ya look beyond the surface, sometimes ya getta glimpse of the Truth. Like, if nobody got it on, there wouldn't be anybody, ya know? Like, if we didn't breathe, drink, eat, belch, fart, piss, shit, and fuck, we'd die off. Why don't we celebrate these BASIC HUMAN INSTITUTIONS?

So anyhoo, while we were driving along, Mrs. Billie Jean said something that I found to be EXTREMELY RELEVANT to sexuality— she said: "The first time I had an orgasm I knew

it was a gift from god." That got me thinking about the fact that, as a sexual male, every time I have an orgasm it carries the potential for conception— in other words, I am "spermatic." This is not true for females. Female orgasm needn't have anything to do with conception. What I found to be EXTREMELY RELEVANT is that the sex-negative and asexual architects (from those unmentionable dogmatic religions) of our modern cultural institutions were all males and didn't believe that sex (as a verb) was perhaps intended to be PLEASURABLE (gasp). Obviously they had to downgrade females in order to become the mouth of god, and as a by product, these pinheads also blinded themselves as to who spills seed and who doesn't need to.

(If you think I have a "bad attitude" regarding christianity, you're correct; my attitude might improve greatly when the various "churches" apologize for murdering more people than any other institution ever has, including the Nazis; when the various "churches" apologize for mass torture and brain-washing of billions of children; and when the sycophants desist in proselytizing their empty rhetoric— until then, half a peace sign to 'em, same to the other peckerheads, too.)

Okay, bet yer glad I got that outta the way, hey?

March 16: All rightee, I raced right along and arrived in SF for Ariadne's genderlingo talk for ETVC at Lily's where I saw "Manette" for the first time (more later), and blabbed around and hauled ass back to Sac. too late to conjugate (sexual innuendo— get it?).

And for the next few daze, like the previous in between daze, I didda lotta suff I don't really remember right now.

Oh! One-o-the most amazing things that happened was when Bob Davis called to ask if I would be a judge in a Fashion Show! Yes, me, Miss ETVC! What A Thrill! Golly, I was completely overwhelmed and then, CONSUMED with— What To Wear! But first...

March 21: Rolled on in to the SGA (Sacramento Gender Association) ExCom (Executive Committee— ya gotta get with the acronym/abbreviation-New Word Thing, see? -It's Hip) meeting and blabbed with those siblings, including a female woman I'd met once before who asked (are ya ready?) if I was ever going to come "in-face?" (Now for the cool part— she said, based on my photos, that I could give her make up tips! -can ya IMAGINE!? [well, try then [oh no, I've gotten myself into one-o-these double, er, make that a triple parenthetical bind [this happened back in ish # 7, too [look, I just fell into two more!] whew, got out of that one, might as well fake this one] and another] okay?] I'm so happy!) Wow, I just wrote my way out of a paper bag!

Damn, I wish I hadn't done that again; I oughta just tidy it up, but NOOOOO. I'm not gonna. Ya know why? 'Cause I'm showing off my literary compulsion to bash the language into

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submission, see? Anywaze...

March 26, 1992, 2030 Hours, PDT: Suspect zooms past CHP officer on patrol of Interstate 5 in Yolo County, California. Officer accelerates, operates patrol car siren and emergency lights and closes in on suspect.

Miss ETVC, the suspect operator of the suspect car was already aware of Officer Ready on her tail (?). While some portions of her mind still tingled with an absolute blank recall of what she was thinking about when she whizzed past Officer Ready at seventy-seven miles-an-hour, certain workable portions had managed to put a plan of action together which consisted of raising the black leather, four-inch high heel end of her black lace patterned stockinged right leg from mashing the gas pedal through the floor in a desperate attempt to perform time travel. Miss ETVC, or that portion of her cognitive self, had even decided it would be unwise to argue about how fast the metal-encased beast might have been time-travelling before pulling over in response to the sudden display of flashing psychedelic lights behind her.

Officer Ready Reports: "Made radio report. Made proper approach to suspect vehicle. Carried flashlight. Suspect driver female. Wearing black mini-skirt, see-thru top (low-cut, black bra)—Party Girl. Suspect holding registration and license in hand..."

Miss ETVC, in response to the question, "Have you looked at your speedometer lately?" Answers meekly: "Not really."

She watches the officer shine the flashlight over the papers, turn, and crunch away over the gravelly asphalt. She realizes that her attempt to cross into the future is being seriously impeded, in fact, she is slowly receding into the past, or something like that—like the sensation you get when you've been moving and then when you stop, it still feels like your moving, only Miss ETVC actually felt like she was moving backward and not only was she going to be late, she was also going to be later, which caused her to wonder how you could both be late and later when it seemed like one precluded the other and that one couldn't be both late and later at the same time and that's about when Officer Ready appeared at the window, mildly shocking Miss ETVC into the here and now:

Officer Ready: "Sign Here."

Eleven minutes after stopping, Miss ETVC is—Back On The Road Again! (And, after arriving at the Chez Mollet, she hadda wacky cool time at ETVC's "Leather & Lace" social. Yes indeedee.)

March 28: (Good morning, campers. It's Tuesday, May 5 [CINCO de MAYO, ya know [of course, we [that is, Mrs. Billie Jean, her son and I] already celebrated that on Sunday?], and here I am settling in for another session of writing the past from the future— I'm hoping to catch up to the present, but first...) Had big plans to not only get to San Francisco early enough to have dinner with Dodder, but to attend a little of The LAB's workshop on cross-dressing,

which, for those of you didn't know, was a culminating part of the whole month's focus on cross-dressing/gendering (The LAB is an art gallery.) See, tonight's the night for the Fashion Show! Oh yeah. Actually, it's part of a benefit for The LAB called Genderbentd at the DNA Lounge, one-a-those hip SF joints where ya can disco this way, disco that way, except tonight the Gender Explorers are gonna take over, and before the Fashion Show there's gonna be a lotta performance stuff by a lotta performers performing, but first, I gotta get ready. And, before ya know it, I'm too late to check out the workshop. One final touch up on the nails and I'm gone.

So, Dodder and I cruise on over to one-a-those hip SF eateries where ya can get some hip feedbag and look at a hip buncha pictures onna walls and hip stuff like that there. Since Miss ETVC is gonna be the judge, I'll just let her blab about it:

"So Dodder and I waltzed right in to the restaurant in our mondo-hip wardrobes (black stuff of course, I mean, after all, it's so San Francisco) and take a corner seat—early enough to get any seat we want except for one table which is occupied by a man and woman. We sat and continue dour conversation, me speaking in rather deep tones which may have caused that man to take a closer look, while I looked right back at him. After feasting, Dodder and I cruised on over to DNA, parked and sashayed right on in. We took some cool photos in a booth and wandered around checking the joint out. Lotta cool people oozing on in, including the man and woman we'd seen at dinner. Golly-olly, Molly (didjha hear that? a triple internal rhyme—one-o-those literary constructs), he was one-o-the contestants going for the "Female Who Looks Like A Man" category! Then we met Elvis Herselvis who is so cool that we all immediately hit it off, and later, when Elvis started singing, she sang directly to me! Yes! There I was at the edge of the stage, trembling and making goo-goo eyes while screaming like a teenybopper and grabbing at Elvis's leg, and Elvis kept bending down, crooning and winking! SWOON!! (Good thing I'd already peed.)

Soon after that, I hadda go backstage in to this stuffy little room where all the judges would miss most of the show. There was eight of us (eight is enough, see?) crammed in there waiting to be judgmental. Back on stage, after Justin "Glam" Bond performed, The Pleshettes banged away and then Pussy Tourette tore 'em up—way cool. The joint wuz really jumpin. Meanwhile, we judges hadda decide which three people would get to walk on stage in seven categories involving about fifty people. Categories like: "Female Who Looks Like A Male In Drag" "Glamor" "Male Who Looks Like A Dyke" "Perfect Androgyne" and a few other categories I don't remember right now (is there an echo in this column?). We all managed to agree on the winners and got the hell out of the stuffy little room and made it downstairs in order to stand on the stage, where Bob Davis announced the three finalists in each category, who paraded around showing off to the hoots and howls from the audience which looked like maybe four-hundred people in all kinds a Gender Guise, the vast majority of whom are not members of cross-dresser social-contact groups (an illustration that the visible, vocal groups are a minority of Gender Explorers). So, when Bob would announce the winners, the audience would signal their agreement or disagreement with a fair amount of gusto and the winner would strut their stuff again (personally, I'm glad

(Continued on next page)

Billie Jean Blabs—(Continued from page 3)

nobody was throwing anything on stage, especially when Greasy Pete didn't win "Female Who Looks Like A Man"— talk about female-women who accuse certain male-women of being a "parody". I just gotta tell ya that Manette (remember Manette from the March 16 paragraph?), who was making a first public appearance, not only got all our votes instantly, but also got instant acclamation from the crowd. Why? Well, the category was "Perfect Androgyne," here comes Manette, six-foot-three, long blonde hair, a kind but butch face (no make up), a subdued copper-colored man's suit with a bronze corset that REALLY set off a NICE PAIR OF ORGANIC TITS! More than way wacky cool. One-o-the other way cool elements of this Genderbendt event was the participation by females, the majority of whom were in some form of man-drag or genderfuck.

Because DNA caters to the dance-your-ass-off-crowd, Genderbendt unplugged at about 11:45, so Dodder and I caught a cab over to Colossus, a great big ol' club where Greg Townsend, one-o-the other judges was gonna get us comp'd in. Now, Greg was in Jack-in-the-Box drag, complete with bouncing layers of wardrobe and clown-face, and, he was late getting over to Colossus, and when he did arrive, he told the gatekeeper that he had brought over "some of the drag queens from Genderbendt." Now, check this out: Dodder was wearing a black, very sheer short dress she had tucked in a pair of lack velvet pants with ankle-high, black suede boots (the hip cool kind I can't get in the gunboat size Miss ETVC needs—sob), and a black sequin bra over the barely concealed contours of her rather large breasts— and then, probably because Dodder don't paint her face like a drag queen do, the guy skipped her when he handed out tickets to get in (I got mine).

"Hey!" Dodder bellowed, "What about me? Don't I count?"

To which the gatekeeper mumbled, "I didn't think you were a drag queen."

"Just because I got these?" Dodder said jerking down her bra and showing her anatomy. Ha-ha-ha, way, way cool. Instant ticket. (Dodder sure has a lotta balls for a female, don't she— whadda woman!)

So then we blabbed and blabbed inside the cavernous spaces of Colossus which was jam-packed full of thousands of Gay celebrants dancing and hugging and all kindsa stuff like that on about three different levels. Because we'd been tossing off a few drinkee-poos we lined up for the restrooms, which at Colossus aren't gender-segregated so ya just line up and step forward step by step while ya blab with the other liner-uppers while wishing you'd gone already, and eventually— ya get to pee. After that, we booked, caught another cab and cruised over to Klubstitute, which is inside Brave New World (1751 Folsom St., SF). Klubstitute operates on Saturday nights, and is a place that Selena Anne had said is worth hanging at. And it was. We ran into Elvis and her lover, who had also entered Genderbendt as Joseph Boy, but had already peeled off her sideburns. We blabbed a lot but since Dodder and I continued to slurp up a few more Cuba Libres, I can't really tell ya much except IT WAS WAY MONDO COOL, kids. In fact, we finally crashed back at Dodder's apartment about 4am. Being a parent sure can pay off, ya know?

Back in Sac. for a week, I tried to catch up on a lotta stuff that had been sliding away while getting ready to fly away to Houston and the IFGE Coming Together Convention (forget

the innuendo, we're going back to the non-sexual world— if ya wanna be inna sex-positive environment, go to Klubstitute).

April 7: Finally, after getting everything ready and packed, I made it to the airport early enough to not have to run around like O.J. Simpson. Southwest again: Sac. to Phoenix, where a woman asked me what was in my wig box? "Wigs."

"Whose are they?" she asked.

"Mine."

"Oh yeah?" she smiled. "Where'd ya get those boots?"

"Leeds."

"Nice."

"Thanks."

Phoenix to El Paso to Houston (Hobby airport). Bus to Oak Terminal. Phone the Hilton, ride in van to hotel. The marquee says "Welcome IFGE." Registration desk: "May I help you?"

"I have a reservation— Billie Jean Jones."

"Sorry, I don't show anything."

"I made it a month ago."

"Oh, here we go— it was under Gean Jones."

"Thanx."

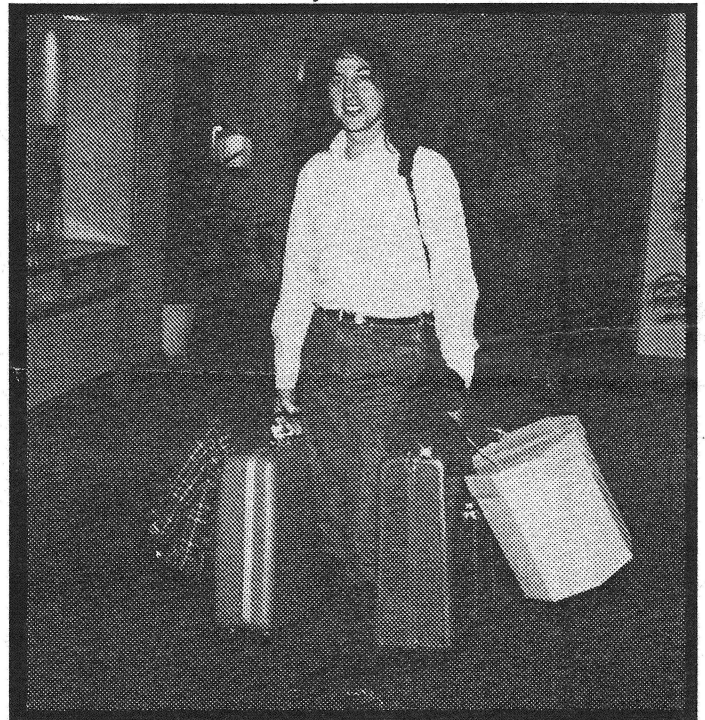
"If there's anything we can do, let us know?"

"I will," I said picking up my luggage. I stumbled away looking for the elevator when I spied a group of familiar faces at the corner of the "Poquito Bar."

"Hey, Billie Jean— hold it, we wanna take your picture. No— pick up your luggage and step back where you were."

"I want ya to use my camera."

And so Roxanne de Lyon did— see?



Anyway, I wanted to get changed and crash the private party I wasn't invited to, so I ascended to the eleventh floor, unpacked and did a kind of butch redo with my traveling wardrobe, which consisted of *Chic* jeans (\$14.97 at Wards), the Leeds boots and a pinstriped man's dress shirt over a breast enhancement— time to PARTY!

Second floor, private party: "May I help you?"

"Yes, I'm not on the list but I need to say hello to somebody."

"Okay."

See? That's how ya crash a party. But, enough of that—it was late anyway and obviously time to check out the main bar where most everybody was gravitating to. Yeah, dancing and laughing the night away—see, ya gotta get the "lay of the land" (no this isn't the primo fuck of all time I'm talking about—cheez whiz, kids, this is the respectable IFGE Convention, not some steamy group-grope—my Goddess, where do you get these ideas?).

April 8, 1:30am: Ascend, strip, wash, crash; **7:15am:** wake, stand, walk, pee—ahhh. Jam on boots, jeans, jacket—descend to the first floor: COFFEE. Ascend, drink, smoke, strip, shit, shower, shave, paint face, clothe body, descend, sit in on opening meeting everyone is expected to attend: about 20% do. Luncheon. Workshops. Committees. Change, blab, Dinner, burp—time to PARTY!

Linda Buten and I are blabbing away, telling jokes and laughing as we enter the "Coyote Room" (The big bar). "OH!" Linda exclaims in her highest falsetto, "we better talk in our high voices—these are real men!" Two Texans are sitting at the nearest table, they laugh at Linda's quip, stand up offer us chairs (those kinda high bar chairs) introduce themselves and ask us what we'd like to drink. Well, siblings, I was a little taken aback, ya know. Then I realized that Linda knew how to work guys for free drinks. In fact, they had been next door at the "Titty Bar," where:

"We were spendin way too much money—y'all may not realize how much it costs to talk to real pussy."

Hmmm. A coupla good ol' boys fer shur, fer shur. But they were kinda all right, we all blabbed about a buncha stuff until almost closing time when I left, the good ol' boys left, and Linda rightly joined the dancers cutting the rug.

So that was the basic regimen for the next few daze: Work all day, play all night.

On to more highlights...

There were about a dozen FTMs at this Convention, most of who seemed to be from the SF Bay Area. I had a coupla-three nice blab sessions with James Green of the *FTM Newsletter*, and group that used to be based in San Francisco and is now in Oakland. James is a very interesting guy who actually remembered a letter I sent him last July, trying to make contact and setting up a newsletter exchange. "Oh yeah," he said, "I remember your letter—I was going to make a thoughtful reply, but things just kept piling up and..."

"No problem," said I, "if there was a pill for sleep and a pill for eats, I'd have enough time, too."

"Yeah."

And so like that. We did trade current issues and James said I could re-publish a cartoon that was published in the April issue of *FTM Newsletter*.

Ya know, there's a lotta issues that MTFs don't really think about that are real concerns to FTMs. Like, one-o-the MTF participants said to me: "Why do they worry about a cock bulge? When I go out as a man, I don't worry about a cock

bulge."

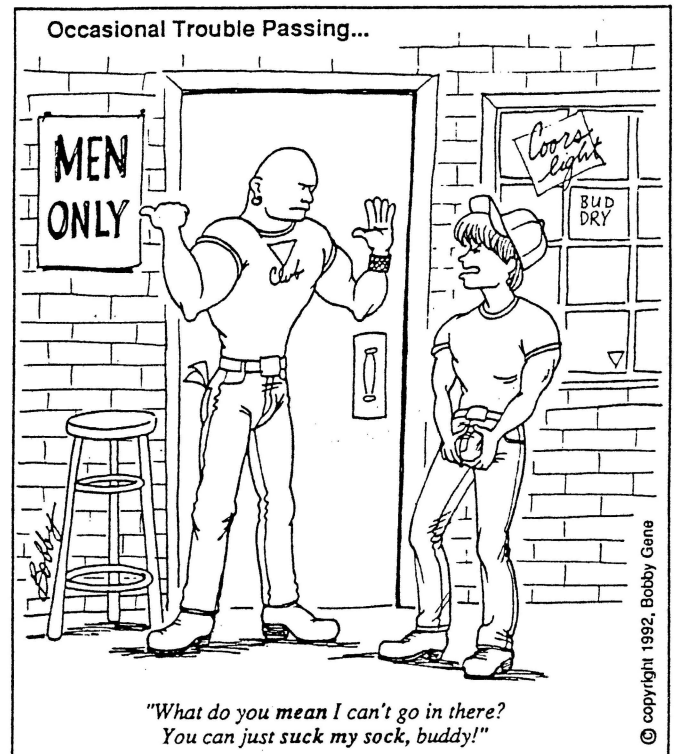
"Well," sez I, "Ya wear breast pads, dont'cha?"

"Yes."

"And, ya wear hip pads, too, dont'cha?"

"Yes."

"So, there ya go."



Another observation I made was that when FTMs are inna strange place (like the bar we went to on Thursday), and need to use the toilet, a couple of em stand guard outside. While MTFs may feel self-conscious about using the women's room, FTMs seem to have a bigger concern about safety—for good reason, too; most of em are shorter in height than most male-men (observe the "Big Guy, Little Guy" in the cartoon). In fact, I felt a little self-conscious standing around them in heels. However, these guys were all great and I felt privileged to be around them for a lotta reasons: Courage, determination, dignity, and no bullshit. Thanks guys!

Oh, and I wanna mention Titian (pronounced Teeshun), a world-class athlete who let me win a coupla pool games (geez, I just gotta tell ya what an airhead I can be [keep yer snotty remarks to yerself]: during our second game, when only five or six balls were left on the table, I looked for the eight-ball, didn't see it, and asked Titian where it was—"You knocked it in on the break," he said nonchalantly. Gee-wilikers, kids—I was SOoo embarrassed).

About the most wonderful thing that came outta alla Committee meetings, was the Congress Of Wonders, er, Representatives (COR— it coulda been COW but read on). For those of you who, like me, had never heard of the COR, this was a proposal that Merissa Sherrill Lynn (IFGE Founder and Director) had put on the agenda, including the Bored, excuse me, the Board of Directors (BOD) agenda. Anyway, the COR group met, which consisted of representatives from

(Continued on next page)

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

various groups around the country. Now I want'cha to know, I just stuck my nose in the meeting because I didn't know anything about it and I wanted to learn. Since I wasn't an elected or appointed representative of any group, I so stated. That's okay, somebody said, ya belong to enough groups anyway, just pick one. Hmm, let's see, ETVC, HOAI, IFGE were already represented, I wasn't sure if RGA would want me to represent them, I mean, after all, I hardly show up there, and last years' President of SGA told me not to publish any more issues of **TV Guise** after the first one, and I fer shur didn't wanna piss them off any more than I do by just being alive (although "things" seem to have improved), and then— I remembered! DVG likes me! Yo! So I settled my tush into a chair and tuned in. Turned out the COR has a newsletter *Update*, published irregularly by IFGE, that tries to keep COR details up-to-date to all kinds a groups all over the country (too bad none of the newsletters I get ever mention it). Anyway, Merissa's proposal stated that any group that selected a COR person would automatically be a member of IFGE.

Whoa!

A few groups wanted to maintain their autonomy, including ETVC, whose representative, Telzey Adams so stated. Hmmm, that caused a lotta folks to consider just what kind of Congress they wanted, and, just what was the purpose of the COR? After a lotta discussion, a decision was reached: a caucus would draft a Statement Of Purpose and the COR would reconvene three days hence. Okay, on Saturday, the COR grouped and groped their way through the Statement Of Direction and the Statement Of Purpose. After a lively discussion, the two documents were modified and unanimously approved.

I am very hopeful that people will participate in the Congress Of Representatives. There was a lot of good energy flowing through the meetings and the caucus, and a fair amount of determination to make the COR as inclusive as possible. Several people committed to publicizing the COR in various newsletters and magazines, including this one. The two Statements follow:

STATEMENT OF DIRECTION

Unity through exploration and acceptance of diverse gender lifestyles and expressions.

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

To promote and encourage diverse representation of our community and to facilitate communications within our community and to the community at large.

Okay, so what happens? On Sunday, after the "Wind Down Brunch," the BOD met, and met, and, well, there was a lotta discussions (I sat in for a while just to see if I could stay awake), and finally, under "New Business," the COR came up (I was awake!). Merissa, who had submitted the COR proposal, tabled it (an attempt to preclude discussion). On motion made, the BOD voted eleven to one to hear the Statements (guess who dissented?), and the Statements were read into the minutes— end of COR involvement with the BOD.

Later that night it was guitar time in Merissa's room, and during a break, I said: "You look tired."

"I am, she said, "all this fighting and arguing wears me out—I think there's too much testosterone around here—and the worst thing that happened was they shot down the Congress Of Reps."

Well siblings, I didn't want to add to the dear heart's burden by mentioning that *she* was the one who had tabled the motion. In other words, Merissa had shot down the proposal (ya think she was pissed because the COR persons didn't wanna be "swallowed" by IFGE (e.g.— Merissa?). I don't know, but the COR herd was not cowed (look, bovine innuendo). **Time out...**

(A brief explanation of why I put the above in follows this longer explanation: A coupla-three months or so ago, I called Y'vonne Cook-Riley to ask why I hadn't received the *Tapestry* [US Postal Snail Mail], and if IFGE was going to support "The Dictionary Project," as published in issue #9 of **TV Guise** [Y'vonne had initially provided some IFGE material back in October]. She said: "I didn't read your newsletter. We get so many you know, and about the only ones I read are IXE's because of their parodies, and Renaissance because I wanna know what digs JoAnn [Roberts] makes about us in her *Iconoclast*™ column."

Well, after I wiped away my tears, I started thinking that the way to increase readership was to mouth off a little about the wacky things IFGE does. And, even though I forgot to tell Y'vonne that in the same issue I had nicked *Tapestry* a little by saying it wasn't very representative of the whole gender spectrum, somebody oughta let her know I did, and furthermore, I'm doing it again, to wit: [more dish on Y'vonne] back in October when I visited IFGE's office, she told me they were going to publish one-o-my **TV Guise** editorials, and a week later at Fantasia Fair, at a little private party that I attended as Miss Tacky, Gossip Columnist and Bimbo, Y'vonne showed me the editorial/article in the then brand new, hot-off-the-press issue #59, and said: "See, here it is— I don't know what it means but we published it." Kind of a dim bulb compliment, dont'cha think? [I usually try not to,— can ya see why?]. THEN, after I got issue #60 WITHOUT my picture and personal ad, I called up Y'vonne and asked if I had sent the photo too late. "Yes, you did," she said, continuing with: "I just now finished reading your thing, and ya know what?"

"Ya mean ya read my article 'Sex, Gender & Sexual Expression'?" I asked incredulously.

"Yeah, and I don't know anybody besides you, who can use so many words and say so little, except for Virginia."

"Well," I said, "at least I have more literary style."

"Yeah, I'll give you that," she said.

Hmmf. Ya think Y'vonne been crunching numbers too long? She might be abstracted beyond human understanding, ya know. Geez, I thought most of the writers I quoted [without permission, of course] had a lot to say— perhaps it's just a matter of comprehending something other than a Financial Report [Yvonne makes great Pie Charts].

As for Merissa: I've noticed a lotta people say things about "other" people that really applies to them— kind of like

perceptive dyslexia. Ya get a thought and instead of focusing on how it applies to you, ya stick it on some one else. Like her COR comments. And maybe this one too: Last October Merissa told me, "If you ever write anything good, send it to me." (SOB! I try, I try...)

Let's see now, I hadda another Merissa quip... oh yeah: One-o-the Convention daze, she said: "You still have that thing between your legs, dont'cha?" Well, I didn't know how to respond right away, but later I reminded her and retorted, "Ya still gotta thing between your legs, dont'cha?" And she said, "Yeah, but mine's better." Ya think Merissa's been living in the basement of the Tiffany House too long?

All right, that's the longer explanation complete with annotated aggravations, the brief one follows....)

There by golly, I betcha readership of this newsletter goes up by two!!

(Hot Dishy Rumor Flash: I heard that Merissa is sending out letters stating the COR has been dissolved— howz that for Democracy In Action?)

Well that's enough atonal music in B flat, how 'bout a coupla upbeat jazzy notes?— **Sqwahk!** Ha-ha only kidding—the mouth that squeaks don't like sqwahks. And-ah-one, and-ah-two— To Merissa's credit, she has figuratively birthed some fine babies including the Tiffany Club, IFGE and related programs, and *TV/TS Tapestry*, but like many "parents," she seems to have difficulty letting the kids grow up. And Y'vonne has done a very credible job; and is also a compassionate person. They both are. Sometimes.

Back to the highlights...

A Canadian Hockey Team skated into the hotel around Thursday and subsequently found the bar where a lotta ice breaking when on. A few of the Gender Explorers (like Michelle and Sharon Ann) partied in one-o-the rooms the team had (on my floor— gawd, ya shoulda seen the bottles in the hallway every morning). I heard they didn't win any hockey games during their stay but everyone seemed to have had a good time.

Hey! here's a way whacky cool set-up: Saturday night was "our" formal banquet followed by a presentation of the "VP Award" (Virginia Prince Lifetime Contribution Award) to Naomi Owen in the "Grand Ballroom" of the Hilton; in the middle of the hotel, in the "Atrium Area" (in an open area behind the lobby between the Grand Ballroom and Coyote Bar), the hotel set-up tables and a buffet for a wedding reception; and, in the Coyote Bar, the hotel played host to a Rap Contest and performance. So, what ya got was about a hundred-and-fifty Gender Alternative Persons (GAPs) to the West, about a hundred wedding guests in the middle, and to the East, over a hundred Afro-American Rap enthusiasts. Lordy, lordy— talk about diversity (I think the hockey team stayed in their rooms). Along about 11:30pm ya could see GAPs blabbing and mixing with wedding guests, and several Black guys eyeballing "The Transvestites." I scouted out the bar and reported back that we (as hotel guests) could get in free. Dallas Denny, JoAnn Roberts, Krystie and I all stepped in a little after midnight and took a table. All three cocktail waitresses immediately came over to us and said things like,

"Hey, we wanna dance with y'all if they play a good song— this crowd isn't any fun; they don't tip; what would you like to drink?" And so... they brought us doubles on the house! But then, amidst rumors that some of the Rap crowd was smoking weed and that some were underage, the hotel called in security and police and shut down the Rap session. The hotel manager (a nice lady whose name I forgot) told us to stay right where we were while they emptied the place, she even said: "I'm so glad you're here." As we sat (with a coupla other GAP'rs who joined us and the cocktail waitresses) sipping our libations, a few of the more angry Rappers said a few things in passing like, "goddamned transvestites," and, "this sucks, man."). And then, the bar closed and we all hadda leave, but not to worry cuz there was a party going on somewhere upstairs (which is why I never made it to Sister Mary Elizabeth's Sunday Service, something I typically wouldn't consider but Sister Mary is one of those rare individuals who transcends dogma— by the way, she is looking for some one to take over the J2CP gender-related data base, because she is going to concentrate all her available resources to AIDS work).

At Saturday's Luncheon, at which Marjorie Garber, author of *Vested Interests* spoke, over



\$1,500 (mighta been \$1,700+) was turned over to AIDS Foundation Houston (AHS), the result of the previous night's fund raiser. Hallelujah, it is indeed most excellent to be part of something that actually contributes to the culture at large! And Marjorie is a very articulate individual with an excellent sense of

humor— and, she likes to pose; see?

Oh! At the Trinity Awards Thursday night, Doctor Docter (he still hasn't come out as Nursie Nursie) received a Trinity award. When Wendy Parker read off the Doc's resume, it seemed like it took forever, I mean the guy has been all over the place, and Wendy didn't even finish reading EVERYTHING, but she did quip: "Golly Doc, sorry you haven't been able to hold a job very long." As he accepted the Award, DD quipped, "Thanks very much for this award, I'll add it to my resumè."

Wendy has a storehouse of one-liners and jokes that she pretty much regurgitated at Saturday's Banquet. The one I liked best was a story about two good ol' Texas boys ordering rare steaks at a feedbag location, when asked how rare he wanted his steak, ol' Bubba number two said: "Hell, just saw his horns off and wipe his ass."

I also enjoyed participating with the Education, Outreach

(Continued on next page)

Billie Jean Blabs and blabs and blabs — (Continued from page 7) and Publication Committees, and meeting several people, including Holly Devor and her new bride Lynn (two sparkling individuals whose mutual love and enjoyment of each other positively glowed), Eve Buchert, Trevor McGowan, Jennifer Richards, Molly Kennedy, Annie Johnson, Lauren, Holly Boswell, Nancy Ledins, Naomi O., and a buncha others.

Of course ETVC hadda whole contingent (below, from left): Telzey, myself, Nancy Ann (with her endless stream of jokes, oh hell, here's one: "This guy calls his lawyer and sez, 'I scraped up \$500 to ask ya a coupla questions— do ya think that's enough?' And the lawyer sez, 'Sure, what's the second question?'"), Ginny and Roxanne. (Telzey said there were two more: Phyllis & Charlene— I didn't meet 'em.)



And, it was nice to renew dialog with Alison Laing, Sheila Kirk, Stacey Toon, Vickie (thanks for the photos, hon!), Dallas Denny, Laura Smiley, Wendi Pierce, Renee Chevalier, Rena Swifthawk, Phyllis Frye, Ellen Summers, Jane Ellen Fairfax, Jackie, Emily, Abbie Saypen, Dan Riley, (Merissa & Y'vonne, too!) and a buncha others, not forgetting: Virginia Prince, who greeted me with: "When are you going to come and visit me again?— I need a dose of weirdness." Later she had a little fit of frustration during a conversation we were having and walked away snorting a little, which caused Krystie to ask me, "What's with Virginia?" And I answered: "Well, she's a little torqued 'cause I didn't agree with her, which is typical. In fact, whenever ya talk to Virginia, she tries to convince ya to believe what she believes, but if ya already believed the world according to Virginia, why would ya wanna talk to her?" But later we kissed and made up; Cynthia and Linda Phillips, the long-term married pair, who dove right in to the "What's Billie Jean Wearing Today?" game. "Oh, that's old stuff," said I, "I'm gonna start reporting on what the Phillips' are wearing." OH, HOT DIGGITY DAMN!! I FORGOT TO TELL YA WHAT EVERYONE WAS WEARING!!!

Clothes.

Let's see now, I hadda few lowlights, too— I probably should consider not blabbing about 'em, but what the hay (that means I've considered it and am now plunging ahead—the damn toilet seems to need it): the production (set, lighting and music) for the Trinity Awards was pretty darn hokey; pretentious; artificial. I felt like I was being manipulated by some slick public relations company. I even went and sat inna corner by myself to try and dispel those feelings but it only worked a little. The awards were deserved, the recipients were worthy; the setting was melodramatic— third-rate theatre. And another thing— the schedule of workshops and committees was "tracked" pretty good for transsexuals and couples/SOs, but for the non-transsexuals and singles, there was way too much overlap; I was unable to attend/participate many of 'em because two and sometimes three of 'em were being held at the same time, obviously because no one at IFGE had put as much effort into non-transsexual "tracking." That's too bad, and it's probably due to lack of involvement by non-transsexuals.

... This brings me to a bitch about the so-called "T Continuum," wherein it is alleged that you start out at Transvestite and end up at Transsexual. This is utter BULLSHIT for anyone except Transsexually Inclined Persons (TIPs), certainly a minority within the GAPs. In fact, TIPs don't seem to have much interest in expanding gender except for trading one set of rules for another. There needs to be more development of Gender Fluidity; programs that focus on pathways for expanding personal development for the Non-Transsexually Inclined Persons (N-TIPs), which is a far larger element.

Another bitch: There's an element of protecting TIPs interests that elevates TIPs in a hierarchical manner. Such an example is the "Affair de Lyon" as regards ETVC's newsletter (tempest in a teapot). Because Roxanne de Lyon, as editor (editrix?) made statements such as (paraphrased): 'Why should we pretend to be that which we aren't?' Roxanne was dismissed for "insulting" transsexuals. I found her statements had to be "stretched" quite a lot to be interpreted as an "insult" to TIPs; and at the same time I appreciated the comments for what I thought they were: A statement that males can dress and make up as they want without "pretending" to be females in order to justify their actions. Transvestite Type People (TTP— are ya gettin hip, yet?) must ask themselves two elementary major questions: 'Am I gay?' and, 'Am I a transsexual?' And, they must find their answers. As long as there is pressure to conform (like to a position of: I am a non-sexual/heterosexual male-woman) to the available precepts, there will be very little exploration of options. One option that is not getting much positive play is that cross-

dressing is an aspect of masculinity— To wit: if Mrs. Billie Jean (a female) can say, "I like to look as feminine as possible in pants," why can't males say, "I like to look as masculine as possible in skirts?"

(Here's a little analogy regarding the "protection" of TIPs: Back in the "good ol' daze" of my hippiedom, my first wife and I travelled around looking for a "communal" farm/ranch to live on. At that time [1967], speed [methamphetamine] had rushed through the Haight and destroyed a lotta the peace, love and understanding associated with the early hippie vision. And so it was on the communal farms and ranches we checked out: The main activity was taking care of the speed freaks who couldn't get a fire built, food cooked, or find their sleeping bags [and didn't have much interest in eating or sleeping], and when some one would build a fire, everyone else had to watch out for the speed freaks because they'd step in, or fall in the damn fire.)

I don't have anything against TIPs (pre or post) who are open, honest and willing to dialog; several very dear friends are TIPs. The TIPs who don't associate with me, or seem to respect me, are the ones who choose to do so because I am a "TV" (and happy to be so). This form of "genderism," like its counterparts racism, sexism, ageism, ad nauseam, is what's wrong with this culture: i.e., Binary Bigotry (where ya divide everything into twos and make value judgements such as, I am better than you). As long as the so-called "gender community" downgrades "men-in-skirts, erotic fetishists, gay drag queens, gender-benders, gender-blenders, genderfuckers, and (gasp) men"— there will be minimal expansion of tolerance, acceptance and celebration of diversity, gender-related or not.

I am on a path of expanding my awareness, knowledge and experience, when I reach a stopping point, such as someone saying, "you can't do that because it will offend someone," I have to wonder why that person doesn't realize how offensive their statement is. And I wonder why people disregard what another person's intent is, in favor of their personal interpretation, usually without trying to clarify the intent. My daughter found the "political correctness" of the Womens' Studies Program at UC Berkeley to be so oppressive as regards not insulting someone that she dropped out (well, she was in love at the time too) and hasn't returned.

Monday, April 13: Hadda nice breakfast and blab session with a buncha folks, checked out, accepted an offer of a ride to the airport from Michelle, who was going to take Holly, Lynn and Stacey also, thereby saving us from the two shuttles and giving us more time to blab there in the ol' Hilton lobby. Time to leave, lug suitcases outside, wait for Michelle, Holly's a little nervous, where is Michelle? Here she comes in tears, her three month old van is missing. Gone. Stolen. Call a cab quick! Holly and Lynn have the first flight and the cab's not here, yet. Call another one. I'm in the street, looking for a cab, waving the cab in, giving up my seat to the others (no room) and going back inside to ask for a shuttle ride but the driver is... nowhere to be found! Shit!! Back outside, the second cab arrives and I ask how much (\$20) OK we load my stuff and blast off. Meet Mr. Diamond who asks me what I've been in

Houston for and I tell 'em and he says that's cool and we blab alla way to the airport and he guesses my age at 34 (it's thirty-five) and I guess his at 49 (he's fifty) and we agree racism is a buncha shit all that counts is the person and he tells me blacks have a fair time in Houston considering what it used to be like and we arrive I pay 'em and we shake hands in three-part harmony clap shoulders to finalize our friendship and I haul into the 'port check bags and run to Holly & Lynn's terminal to see if they made it but the security people take away my stun gun and I havta go and get it inna separate box to ship it back to Sac. and the airguy sez Hobby is a pip-squeak 'port for that kinda stuff and pretty soon I'm nodding off up in the wild blue yonder.

Back in Sac., dump my stuff, shower, do snazzy man-drag compartment to Mrs. Billie Jean's house and— the next day I went to my apartment, unpacked, did laundry and caught up on food and sleep.

April 20-24 (By-the-way, it's now May 7.): For five daze I slaved away on the program for CGNIE's Coronation (65 hours worth), getting a great assist from Sonny-Boy. Thursday I checked out the In Town Show at Faces (full house) for about a half-hour, and guess what? I gotta Certificate of Appreciation from the Court! Friday I checked out the Out of Town Show and Roast at the TownHouse (full house again) for about a half-hour (working sure cramps my social life) and delivered a coupla the finished programs.

Saturday, April 25: MBJ and I attended the Court Conference International (CCI) at Faces, hadda a good breakfast and were very impressed with some of the speakers, including Mother Josè (The Widow Norton, Empress I of San Francisco— the Godmother of all Empresses). Josè started what has become the Court System, and was attending a Sacramento Coronation for the very first time. Afterward MBJ went home and I helped clean up the debris of breakfast and the restoration of Faces to its status of Party Bar. A quick drive downtown to check out hospitality and then home to begin the laborious process of transforming myself into an Imperial Creature (IC). So I drove my IC self to the Coronation Location (CL) and proceeded to take photos here and there and have a little drinkee-poo (dp) while waiting for MBJ to arrive at the CL. (Below: Lady Garnet, Mother Josè & Escort)



Then Coronation started and no MBJ, but wait! Here she comes and looking so Mondo-Hot I hadda look away for a minute before asking if she'd like a dp, but then Lonnie who was in waiter-drag took her order and we settled in to the unfolding spectacle which was all way-wacky-cool stuff, lemme tell ya. But, we started blabbing and walking around and talking to other blabbers and pretty soon it was intermission and we walked to MBJ's car so she could get her cigarettes and a guy said "Hi" as we were getting into her car and we sat there blabbing and smoking and all of a sudden the guy is at her window introducing himself and inviting us into his house where a coupla friends are standing just outside and this guy sez: "What's your friend's name?" while sticking his hand out and MBJ sez, "This is Billie Jean," so I gave him a butch handshake and said "Hi" in basso profundo which caused his eyes to pop a little and he exclaimed: "Dude!" So he hadda call his friends over and we got outta the car and blabbed to 'em all and one-o-his friends finally said: "I got alla that, man— a mini-skirt, stockings, shoes, a top; no make up." His friends barely blinked at that point. We all said nice meeting ya, and MBJ and I sauntered on back to CL and took in a few more dp's while absorbing Coronation and blabbing, blabbing, blabbing.

Lady Garnet and Leonard Harris, Empress and Emperor XVIII, put on one-o-the most successful Coronations in Sacramento's history. Not only that, their fund raising activities grossed \$27,000+ which may be a record for CGNIE. Due to their extensive travelling, a lotta other Courts attended this one, including Dallas, LA, Salt Lake, Stockton, Fresno, Alameda, San Jose, Modesto, San Francisco (including current Empress Velveeta Mozerella [the cheesy one] and Emperor Douglas [the wolfy one], past Empress Caress, and Mother Josè), and a lotta other Courts whom I've forgotten due to the swirling madness of blabbing and imbibing mass quantities of dp's. MBJ drove she and I around here and there and over to Faces for the after-scene of see and be seen and then we tried to catch up to the after-hours parties but we didn't have any money and so we were going to go to an ATM but we kept on blabbing and forgot so we decided to get something to eat but we didn't have any money and so we eventually went to my place and crashed about 4am and slept through Victory Brunch at which I would have been presented with a plaque for more Imperial appreciation (I did get it the next Wednesday). OH! I forgot to tell ya who was elected new Emperor and Empress! Paul and Stacey are now Emperor and Empress XIX of all CGNIE— Congratulations to the Court of Pork and Beans!

(Damn, in only five daze, I've time-travelled over eight weeks, not bad, hey? Of course, you've probably read this far in just a few minutes which makes my attempt rather feeble in comparison— okay, okay, let's see if I can wind this up.)

Thursday, April 29: Tonight is ETVC's social: "April In Paris Is Burning In San Francisco." It's gonna include a "Drag Ball" format with prizes, one of which is gonna be a prize for utilizing the same basic outfit in three categories: Day Wear, Evening Wear and South-of Market (funky hip stuff). Ya can vary accessories but ya gotta use one outfit, and since I like

a challenge, that's what I'm going for with a basic skin-tight, black cat-suit. I gotta whole shoebox fulla accessories, a bolero jacket under a blazer, and I'm out-the-door to pick up Sonny-Boy because I'm giving him a ride to his sisters', even though the Bay Bridge is closed due to protesters and there are reports of demonstrators ravaging San Francisco. Keeping the lead foot lighter and listening to the radio reports we blab our way to the Bridge and cross it without any impedance, and in fact, with the least amount of traffic I've ever seen at that time of day and we watch the helicopters circling over downtown as San Francisco burns here and there and arrive at Dodderz' who rushes out to meet us and we go in to get her stuff, dump off Sonny-Boy's stuff cause they're going to a play and I wanna touch-up the ol' face but as I'm making for the bathroom mirror, Noah steps out and Dodder says: "Noah, this is my dad." So I get to meet Dodder's new boyfriend and we all check out his new tattoo which is on the back of his skull in a newly shaved circle and then Dodder hits me up for \$20 and a ride to the theatre and then I get to the Chez but not very many people are there and blab-blab-blab and Jane asks if I wanna talk to some teevee show that wants a TS or TV couple and I waste time on the phone trying to call LaLaLand which is really in flames and Dodder calls the Chez, gets me and says they've just been told to leave there and there's a 9pm curfew and that I gotta get outta Dodge and about five minutes later the Chez closes and everyone has to leave and so we all do and I forget my shoebox full of accessories and got the hell outta there—

WELCOME TO THE END OF THE WORLD.

The violence that developed after the Rodney King verdict demonstrates how a dysfunctional culture displays its liabilities. Peter has robbed, and neither Paul nor Paula be repaid. Quick fixes always cost more later because treating the symptoms and not the cancer leads to early death. It will always be the legacy of Savage Capitalism that there will be ever-growing poverty because, in order for one to ascend up the pyramid of Capital, one must step on and push down many, many others. The richer you are, the more people you will have condemned to poverty. Ponzi (pyramid) Schemes are illegal, Chain Letters are illegal, but Savage Capitalism is cool— in fact, if ya rip-off a few thousand people economically, ya get a pat on the back for being "a successful business person."

The vast landscape of Corporate Success (CS, like in Chicken Shit) for the few is a thin membrane covering the Cost Of Personhood (COP, like in yours' has been copped), of the many, at the core of which is the rotting rage of The Disenfranchised (TD, like in Total Danger).

In America ya have the right to hate whoever you want (but ya get punished for loving certain people). In America ya can defend yer right to be wrong to the death. In America laws are passed "by the people for the people" against you— the person.

And those are lessons well-learned by the TDs: the teapot boils, the whistle blows, the steam erupts—the veneer is melted for a moment by the venting of frustrated anger:

broken windows, stolen guns, shooting anyone— Fuck It, I'm mad as hell and I'm not gonna take it no more.

And our bought-and-paid-for representatives of the few observe the boiling water and hear the whistling whistle, all the while knowing, like FDR did, that the way to manipulate the masses is to wait and show the erupting steam on the screen of the Wizard Of Oz.

After this public-relations coup, our National Father Figure, George (The Wimpy Pinhead) Bush, acting in the best interests of Decency and Order (D&O, kinda like a D&C procedure some females have to scrape away some cells, but if the cause is not attended to, some cells grow back), rapidly deployed an ass-kicking trained army to "control" (military solution, get it? marshall law— oink-oink, wink-wink) the TDs who have been COP'd so long they've become a threat to National Security.

And not only does The Wimpy Pinhead score a victory, but because we all need somebody to blame, he sets up a fall guy, the Top-Cop Of The Nation (Top-COTN, like Top Cotton [n.] 1. Fluff Bunny; 2. like what ya stuff in yer ears so ya don't gotta listen to what ya don't wanna listen to, like when ya stuff cotton in yer ears so ya don't gotta hear your spouse say, "You haven't heard a word I've said," and it's true, ya can't hear 'em because ya got cotton stuck in yer ears; 3. a finished surface that has already been ironed. —see DARYL GATES), whom the Wimpy Pinhead had already recognized as the Top-COTN and then ignored by slight-of-hand (that's a witticism word play with a post modern metaphor twist and double meaning), leaving the Top-COTN holding the bag of blame for not employing "use of deadly weapons" sooner. And it's just too bad (or mighty convenient?) that the Top-COTN was slated for early retirement, possibly for providing a nurturing environment for "excessive use of force," and couldn't get his ass kicked (fired), ain't it?

Americans now know that it's okay for cops to kick the shit out of people— after all, that's part of their training, part of their job— *standard procedure*; they don't know no different (I wuz just following procedure, sir!); and Americans are now more convinced than ever that the way to treat "indecent and disorderly" growths is to immediately scrape some cells away, leaving a few exposed scars to threaten any re-growth, and turn the channel.

Everyone in this world, except a few, are starving and slaving to drag immense blocks of granite across a burning desert to build some gold-lined pyramid tomb for a soon-to-be dead Pharaoh. This is not shown on the screen of the Wizard Of Oz.

There is the phenomena of *memes*. The study of how ideas, phrases, slogans can "infect" (as in enter a host and "live" there) individuals and entire cultures. A phrase like "Have a nice day" is an example. Advertising agencies are hot on the trail of how memes work so they can get ya to buy more packaging and thereby bolster the "Bottom Line" of waste-producing and useless-item industries (garbage— our number one export). It's interesting to consider Savage Capitalism (SC) as a mental disease caused by an idea that infects susceptible people with a justification for GREED,

especially when it (SC) forms the basis of a political/economic/legal/moral code (e.g., American Culture). It's no one's fault if they catch a cold, but if the virus is not treated, complications arise— the whistle blows, steam erupts and DADDY HAS TO SMASH THE TEAPOT— WHAM!!

And so I didn't go to California Dreamin'.

Tuesday, May 5 (hey look, I passed when I restarted): Got the DVG and ETVC newsletters and read ETVC's first, observing that my letter to the Editrix had been chopped about one-third (probably due to my emphasis on not punishing the ignorant), and that Cindy Martin was glad that I had taken her suggestion to "beef-up" (was that cow-drag innuendo?) coverage of the intimate details of my wardrobe (drag-drobe?)— but hon, really, a first-rate genderjournalist like yourself should know HOW TO spell my name, repeat after me B I L L I E, and now you've practiced that a few times, try JoAnn Roberts. And since you wonder how I came to write for a *respectable* magazine like *International Tran Script*, I'll have to confess to *paying* for the ink. See, I wuz trying to change my image. Speaking of changing images, did you notice WHAT the current editrix of ETVC's newsletter said about us? She said (paragraph ten of the Editor's Notes™ by Jane Kemper Bently, © 1992, used without seeking permission) that "...three real women" showed up at the March social. Can you believe it? Right there in print she insulted millions of self-acceptance seeking Transvestites by saying we are **FAKES! She oughta be fired, and then drawn and quartered! Who the hell does she think she is to say I'm not a "real" woman? Is it just because I was born with a dick? Goddess be damned, that frosts my balls!**

"NEIGH-EE-EE-EE!! SNORT!! SNORT!!"

When there Billie Jean, settle down now, settle down— that's a good girl.

Hrmpf. So I started reading Devil Woman and noticed the DVG social was this very night, and I decided to go since I hadn't been there for quite a while. Cruised on in to Walnut Creek to hang with 'em and hadda good time blabbing with everyone. Played some pool with a coupla wimmin who were checking out the open mike singing contest. JR's was giving out tickets for prizes donated by the sponsor of the singing contest and I won one! (hear that? it was another internal rhyme). Ya got to pick a prize from a box, and a coupla the wimmin in the audience were hollering, "Take the dildo!" and

Gratuitous Filler

Back issues of **TV Guise** (April, May & June '91) are still available by mail for one-fifty (\$1.50) postage paid; the July, August, September, October, November, Dec/Jan & Feb/Mar (91/92) issues are available for two bucks (\$2.00) postage paid (first class USA only). Also, for those may want **GenderFlex** (new name, same game) to continue, contributions (articles, letters, etc.), and faith donations (cash preferred) will be gladly, joyously, gratefully accepted. Due to demand, future issues will be mailed on a month-to-month basis for \$2.00 each, paid in advance (please include your address and make checks payable to Billie Jean Jones).

Billie Jean Blabs and blabs and blabs and blabs- (Continued from page 11)

the strap-on, the strap-on!" and "The fur-lined handcuffs!"
 I looked in the box but it only contained t-shirts and sport
 bottles, and since *I don't need no strap-on*, I took a t-shirt.
Friday, May 7: I will finish this column (look, I'm writing
 the future from the present!) as soon as the final period is
 placed. No, not that one, this one>.

Luv,
Billie Jean



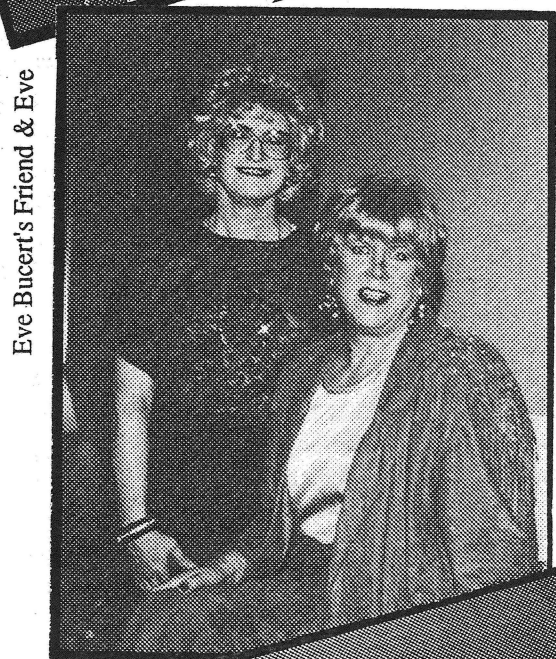
IFGE Photographer, Roxanne de Lyon



Laura Smiley, Virginia Prince, Sheila Kirk



Nancy Reynolds & Naomi Owen



Eve Bucert's Friend & Eve



Dallas Denny, Annie Johnson, Holly Boswell



2 (IFGE Staff), Stacey Toon, JoAnn Roberts

PHOTO CREDITS: Page 4— Roxanne de Lyon; Page 7—
 Dallas Denny; Page 8— Nancy Reynolds.

Some Phyllis Randolph Frye

(I was introduced to Phyllis through the pages of Tapestry (#59), and subsequently sent her a letter and a couple TV Guide issues. We corresponded on the legal issue of an XY person born with female anatomy (a no-op required "transsexual") vs. an XY person who, although born with male anatomy, transformed (a post-op "transsexual"). Phyllis replied that the law "is in the ruling." That is, whatever has been ruled is the law unless it has been overturned (rejected). And that, in the case of an XY no-op required (XYNOR), that person is socialized because of the obvious (genitalia), and is "surprised" to find out she is an XYNOR. Whereas, in the case of an XY post-op (XYPO), that person is socialized in conflict with the obvious, and makes a "voluntary" change. Phyllis suggests that the law does not so much exclude the XYPO person, but rather, makes an "exception" for the XYNOR, based upon "the totality of circumstance," because the XYNOR never knew she had male chromosomes. She suggests this is also the case when an XY child is "given" female genitalia at an early age for whatever reason (such as a birth defect or "accident").

"As transsexualism is more understood and people have hormone therapy beginning before or during early puberty and have surgery in their late teens or early twenties, they might also be treated as [an XYNOR person]."

Phyllis concluded with: "I have given you no answer, but there really is no answer. Law is fluid and will remain so. We carve and challenge and work as best we can."

That's one of the things about Phyllis that I really like— no bullshit.

Another thing I like is the way she is putting together the "First International Conference On Transgender Law And Employment Policy." Rather than start out with a conclusion, the Conference intends to gather information and form strategies. IFGE made a \$500 grant from their Winslow Street Fund to Phyllis and the Gulf Coast Transgender Community (the sponsoring organization). Interested attorneys (and others) are invited to contact and participate.

Okay, now for some of "My Changxes" by Phyllis. Except, a few publications are already printing the drafts Phyllis has been sending out, and I'm going to edit #4, and hopefully, get her approval before I publish the result, which follows.)

MY CHANGXES #4— LAW SCHOOL

by Phyllis Randolph Frye, © 1992

Being a licensed professional engineer (PE) in three states and holding two engineering degrees from Texas A&M University, one of the least likely goals in my life back in 1976 was to enter law school. However, on June 9, 1976, I was given my two week notice and sent home by my boss. It seemed that as a guy, my hair was too long, my eyebrows too thin, my conversation too honest, and "...the clients wouldn't be able to handle it." To say the engineering community was VERY MUCH MORE closed and homophobic than it seems today, wouldn't be an understatement— I was blackballed in addition to being fired. That marked the beginning of the beginning of my transition to become who I truly was inside— those "different" feelings from before age five that resulted in my cross-dressing often from age eight onward.

I began looking for another engineering job as a man, but

I was "up-front" about my cross-dressing in interviews (I hate to lie). Guess how far that approach went? My spouse, who was very aware of who I was (and still is), told me that if they wouldn't take me openly for who I was privately, I should just become myself and carve out a niche. So, on September 13, 1976, I became Phyllis full-time and haven't looked back.

While continuing the job search, I decided to cash in on my GI Bill (ROTC in college and three years military service as a Second Lieutenant) and go to college for an MBA (Masters in Business Administration). This would fulfill many strategies: (1.) it would generate some monthly income; (2.) it would give me something meaningful to do (one of the "diseases" of being unemployed is loss of self-esteem due to being unable to contribute one's talents and energies); (3.) an MBA would make me a more valuable job candidate; (4.) it would buy me a year while people got used to the idea of me being me; (5.) it would give more people (in management positions) the opportunity to meet and interface with me on a regular basis in the classroom setting.

During my investigation of local colleges, I came upon the fact that the University of Houston offered a joint degree in Business Administration and Law (each degree's core courses fulfilled the elective requirements of the other). At the time, my self-esteem had been beaten down so low that I saw the law part as a way to develop the tools I needed to defend myself against all the crap being dished my way. And, not only would my five strategies be fulfilled, I would have a four year "window" for people to "get over it."

And that, my friends, is why I became interested in law school— although, at the time, I did not even entertain the thought of actually practicing law, much less being the hell-raising attorney I am today.

My year in the business college was really great. The students were either nice or supportive, or not-to-glaringly standoffish. Then came the fall of 1978 and my entry into three years of mostly hell in the law school.

I found out, years later, that there had been quite a discussion at one of the faculty meetings when the news was released that I'd been accepted and would be attending. I had been very open about my non-operative status, and it seems as though much of their discussion revolved around "the restroom question." Several of the professors, beside demanding I had a right to attend the school, said they would accompany me to the bathroom until everyone got over themselves.

When the school had been built, it was for men only. When women began to attend, some one-holers were added for them. As more women began attending, some of the restrooms were simply re-signed from MEN to WOMEN, even though the urinals remained therein (some women law students grew ivy in the urinals), and some of the one-holers were re-signed MEN. When I came along, several of these one-holers were made unisex and simple signed RESTROOM.

During my entry interview, I was told about the restroom changes and told to use the one-holers labelled RESTROOM. That seemed reasonable (and it was) so I agreed. Reasonable however, was not practical, since none of the "Phyllis

(Continued on next page)

My Changxes #4— (Continued from page 13)

potties" were near my classroom, the library or my study carrel. So, after a couple of days of long trips with a full bladder, I just started using the convenient WOMEN restrooms. About five weeks later I was called into the Dean of Students office. When I asked him how many complaints he'd received, he said only a few. I suggested that since most of the women were not complaining, he should inform the insecure ones which restrooms I regularly frequented, and they could then take their full bladders on long walks elsewhere. It made sense to him, so the restroom problem was over.

To say that I was lonely would be an understatement—during my first month of attendance, less than ten students treated me as anything above animal. I decided to try several strategies: (1.) I would talk with my professors one on one; (2.) I would learn the seating charts and the student's names; (3.) I would seek solace with other Christians in the Christian Legal Society. I spoke with my professors and chatted with them at length. Those who had had a problem were disarmed at my being so up-front and unashamed. They shared their seating charts with me and I learned the other student's names—when I saw them in the hallways, I would speak to them by name. That opened up quite a few. But, when I attended the Christian Legal Society (initialled by me without capitals as "cls") for the first time, it began a three year war that showed their total lack of Christianity.

During my third week in law school, I found a flyer in my study carrel. It was an invitation that had been distributed campus-wide, inviting new students to the next cls meeting. As I am strong in my Faith, I thought they would give me refuge. They asked me about my faith, and I told them how my journey through transition had tested it and revealed many truths. At the second meeting, I was denounced, and told to leave or I would be shunned. During the next thirty months, they held secret meetings so they would not have to pray with me. At my invitation, they "laid hands" on me but then complained because I didn't change. They gave me that shit about "loving the sinner but hating the sin" for months and years.

Into my second year, I decided to form a law student group for lesbian, gay, and transgender law students. A few brave souls joined, most of them "straight." We called our group "Friends* Of Gays" using the asterisk to infer inclusivity. We went to the University Senate and asked for \$250 for our organization. Other campus groups had been getting funds for years and years, but our budget request became a University "hot topic". The "Young Americans for Freedom" (yaf) went nuts. At the Senate meeting wherein the Friends* budget request was discussed, the yaf had two attorneys fly in from Austin to argue against our request. That evening, several individuals came to my home and pounded on windows and doors, screamed threats of rape and violence and other epithets—it took my spouse several months to feel secure again.

—The silly bastards even injected glue into the door lock of the Friends* office on campus. One of the yaf people even wore a Scottish kilt to class just to mock me.—

While all of this was going on, I was still coping with family

ostracism, neighborhood violence (egg throwing, spray painting, burning diapers on the lawn, obscene phone calls—we've lived in the same house since before my transition began), the City ordinance that made cross-dressing illegal, and electrolysis. Once or twice a week I'd get an hour or two of electrolysis and my face always felt like hamburger meat. My nerves were very much on edge. During March of each of those three years, I would go into a crying jag—I'd stay home for a week to ten days and just cry.

Constitutional law, and some other classes became war zones. Whenever a professor or student would make some outlandishly sexist, bigoted or homophobic statement or legal conclusion, UP would go my hand and the debate would begin. After a while, I met several radicals from the Black, Hispanic, and Womens' movements who remain friends to this day.

My grades went from very bad to pretty good. At the end of my first year, I was a breath away from flunking out, and at graduation I was near the very top of the bottom third. As I crossed the stage during graduation, there was not a single boo or heckle. Something special happened over the last two months of law school that made the entire experience worthwhile.

Near the end of my last semester, I sat down and made a list of everything the cls group had done to me and gave it to the Dean of Students, and also to several of my classmates. In a faculty meeting, the faculty sponsor of cls was verbally shredded and cls was given a one-year University probation for discrimination. cls had one more bit of meanness: they wouldn't allow me to be photographed with them for the yearbook. A friend of mine was the photographer, and he told cls that, if they'd not let me in their group picture, then he'd not put them in the yearbook. You guessed right, cls is not in the yearbook.

My classmates had circulated the copies of all the cls garbage, and the effect was amazing as well as illustrative of the greatness of people in general. Everyone at the school had known that I had taken a jab here and there, an insult here and there, or had suffered an indignity from time to time—but, no one knew just how intense, how frequent, and how long I had endured the onslaught. During my last two months, people called me by my name and spoke to me—people who had never before given me the time of day. It felt almost like a collective apology. And, Friends* got their picture in the yearbook.

Now, as a law school alumni, I get along very well. At the ten-year class reunion I was very well treated, and I felt loved by my class. My face smiles out from the center of our reunion group photograph. The law school has accepted, with gratitude, the endowment toward an annual \$500 award for the best student paper on the subject of transgender and sexual minority law. The law school Dean has me call him by his first name.

So, if I could make it through all that back then, you can make it today—Claim for yourself who you are, and to hell with the bigots. You have nothing to be ashamed about. Be proud of who you are.

Gender Organizations

C.G.N.I.E., Inc. (Court of the Great Northwest Imperial Empire, Inc.) POB 160636, Sac, CA 95816. CGNIE was organized to raise funds for charities and continues to do so. Primarily part of the gay community, membership is open to anyone with an interest. Annual events include elections of Emperor & Empress, Grand Duke & Duchess with related campaign events culminating in Coronation Ball and Grand Ducal Ball; and other Balls as selected by the Court. A variety of other events and fund raisers are scheduled by the reigning Court. Court Imperial (general meetings) held on first Tuesday of the month at Faces, 2000 K Street, Sac, CA, 7:30pm. No door charge. Annual dues—\$22 (or \$2 per month, April is free).

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

ETVC (Educational TV Channel)—POB 426486, San Francisco, CA 94142-6486. Phone (Hotline) (510) 549-2665. ETVC is a non-sexual organization with the purpose of serving the educational, social, and recreational needs of "gender-challenged" people, their spouses, significant others, family members, friends and professionals in the helping services. ETVC is the largest organization of this type in Northern California and provides a wide variety of support including: rap groups, a significant other support group, print & video libraries, outreach, education and lots of social activities, plus more. Theme socials the last Thursday of each month, Chez Mollet restaurant, 527 Bryant St., SF, \$3. members, \$5 non-members (certain event/themes may be higher priced). Newsletter every other month included with annual dues—\$20.

FTM (Female to Male) Newsletter— 5337 College Ave., Oakland, CA 94618. FTM publishes a quarterly newsletter for female cross-dressers and FTM transsexuals. Support, social and informational meetings held monthly. Currently selling paperback copies off Lou Sullivan's *Information For The Female-To-Male Crossdresser And Transsexual*, \$10.

G.A.L. (Gender Alternatives League) POB 3392, Napa, CA 94558 Phone: (707) 257-1973. GAL is a group attempt-

ing national representation of "Genderists." Predisposed to political activism, GAL is also attempting to publish "The Genderist" four times a year—\$20.

I.F.G.E. (International Foundation for Gender Education) POB 367, Wayland MA 01778. The largest informational organization concerned with the CD/TV/TS Community. Publishers of TV/TS Tapestry Journal, and more.

I.M.A.G.E. (I'm Making A Gender Expression) 2094 California St., Sutter, CA 95982 Phone: (916) 755-1073 between 6pm-11pm. IMAGE is a closed social club; new members must be sponsored by an existing member and accepted by membership vote. Three classes of membership: Individual, Couples & Honorary. Annual dues not established.

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

S.G.A. (Sacramento Gender Association) POB 215456, Sac, CA 95821-1456. Phone: (916) 441-8379. SGA is a non-sexual social club open to anyone interested in gender issues. Social meetings are held on the fourth Saturday of the month at Joseph's Town & Country, 2062 Auburn Blvd., Sac, CA, 7pm if you want dinner, meeting follows, 8pm. \$2 door fee (\$4 non-members). SGA Executive Committee meeting (club business and planning) held the third Friday, same location, 7:30pm, open to members and guests—free. Call SGA for current schedule of their significant others support group. Annual dues—\$20.

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

Support Organizations & Services

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

A support group is forming for FTMs in Sacramento. Write: Jamie G., POB 661895, Sac., CA 95866.

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

W.A.C.S Newsletter [Women Associated with Cross-dressers Communication Network], c/o Cynthia Philips: POB 17, Bulverde, TX 78163.

The Human Outreach and Achievement Institute is addressed at: 405 Western Avenue, Suite 345, South Portland, ME 04106. (207) 775 0858. HOAI sponsors the following services: GAIN (Gender Awareness and Involvement Network), a service for helping professionals; a Speakers Bureau; dozens of Seminars and Workshops; Information Packets and Periodical Publications; Fantasia Fair; and jointly with Theseus Counseling Services, HOPEFUL (Helping Our Partners Experience the Fullness of United Love), a program for couples who have learned to live with cross-dressing but who want more out of their relationship. Write for free brochures. Theseus Counseling Services is addressed at: 233 Harvard Street, Suite 302, Brookline, MA 02146. (617) 277-4360.

Special Thanks

Special Thanks to Phyllis Frye for her article; to FTM Newsletter for Bobby Gene's cartoon; to Roxanne de Lyon, Dallas Denny and Nancy Reynolds for their photography; and to IFGE for permission to print the ETVC group photo.

Special Thanks to Janet for the \$5 faith contribution (I forgot to mention that last ish); to Melinda for her \$5iver (and \$2 for a future ish, and \$13 for ITS 1&2); Vanessa for the \$2; Marta for another \$5; and Evelyn, who always has a kind word— another 5iver, Yowee!; to Sheryl Ann for the \$5 purchase (sorry about the confusion, hon); Bob Davis for buying a copy of every back issue (\$18.50); to Sharon Anne Stuart who bought \$32.50 worth.

Special Thanks to everyone who sent letters that I haven't responded to (thanx fer yer patience).

Special Thanks and another Hug to the one and only Cindy Martin for the way cool words in ETVC's Newsletter; and to the Editrix for printing most of my letter therein; and to

Paulette, ETVC's Education co-chair for the literary hug— THANK YOU, PAULETTE.

Special Thanks to Boulton & Park Society for printing my letters in *Gender Euphoria*; same to the Tiffany Club for printing an old letter in *Rosebuds*; and to *Tapestry* for another letter. Special Thanks to JoAnn Roberts for the way cool mention in *Renaissance News*.

Special Thanks to The LAB and the participants in Genderbendt; and to IFGE and all the participants in the Coming Together Convention; and to CGNIE and all the participants in Coronation '92.

A Note of Sadness

Cameron "Tina" Tanner, past Empress of the SF Court and a long-time supporter of ETVC, passed away April 21. A recent victim of a baseball-bat bashing and now sadly missed. Peace.

Upcoming (Mostly) Local Events

May 13-17, ESPIRIT 92, Port Angeles, Washington. If ya wanna make it, call the Red Lion Bayshore Inn, (206) 452-9215 for a room.

May 14— ETVC's SOS Group meets at 8pm in Pleasant Hill. Call (415) 664-1499.

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

May 15 & 16— "Diamond Dust" by Dexter Smith— a musical comedy performance fantasy at the IDEA Gallery, 3414 4th Ave, Sac, 8pm— \$10 to \$12; continues Fri-Sat thru June.

May 16— Memorial service for Cameron "Tina" Tanner, 6pm at Cominsky-Roche Funeral Home, 3300 16th St., SF.

May 16— SGA Executive Committee Meeting, 7:30m at JTC. Open to all, no charge.

May 18— "Hair Secrets from Europe" at Lily's in SF, 8pm, \$3 donation (ETVC).

May 18— DVG Birthday Party at JR's in Walnut Creek, 8pm.

May 21— ETVC Couples Social, 8pm, SF (415) 664-1499.

May 23— SGA monthly social at JTC, 8pm (7pm if you want dinner). \$2 members, \$4 guests.

May 24— Faces presents a Memorial Day Fair in the parking lot— food, fun, booths, volleyball— open to all.

May 28— ETVC's "Anniversary Party," including awards and elections at 8pm, Chez Mollet Restaurant, 527 Bryant Street, SF. Members free, guests \$5

May 29 & 30— GarHart Productions presents "That's Entertainment," Sac's "Premier Female Impersonator Show" at the Tuesday Club, 2722 L St, 7pm— \$12.50; Big Band dancing.

June 2— CGNIE Court Imperial Meeting, 7:30pm at Faces (20th & K Sts., Sac.). Open to all, no charge

June 2— DVG meets at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, 8pm. Open to all, no charge.

June 5— RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

June 7— FTM Support meeting, contact Billy @ (415) 861-8680 or Michael (415) 244-9423.

June 10-14— The 10th annual BE ALL, Detroit, Michigan. POB 651, Whitmore Lake, MI 48189, (313) 449-8194.

June 11— ETVC's SOS meets 8pm, SF (415) 664-1499.

June 13— ETVC's "Education Faire" at Lily's in SF, 2pm, free (Lily's is at the corner of Valencia & Market).

June 14— AIDS Walk '92, a benefit for Sacramento AIDS Foundation, WCIC, CARES, Lambda Center, and El Hogar, begins at 9:30am (participating walkers meet at the West Capitol steps at 8am). The Walk will be from the State Capitol to McKinley Park and back (10K). A picnic on the Capitol lawn follows. Team entries solicited.

June 15— DVG meets at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, 8pm. Open to all, no charge.

June 18— ETVC Couples Social, 8pm, TBA (415) 664-1499.

June 19— RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

June 20— Lambda Freedom Fair, McKinley Park, Sac, beginning at 10am, this all-day event was a lotta fun last year..

June 20— SGA Executive Committee Meeting, 7:30pm at JTC. Open to all, no charge.

June 25— ETVC presents "Really Big Shew Two," a combined social & "talent" show t at 8pm, Chez Mollet Restaurant, 527 Bryant Street, SF. Bring a can of food for the Coalition for the Homeless and save \$1— \$5 members, \$8 guests.

June 27— SGA monthly social at JTC, 8pm (7pm if you want dinner). \$2 members, \$4 guests.

June 28— San Francisco's "Gay Freedom Day Parade," just about the largest anywhere, 10am to 5pm. ETVC will parade, have a booth, and the Fabulous Foxes will perform.

July 3— RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

July 7— DVG meets at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, 8pm. Open to all, no charge.

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

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

Every Friday Night— Klubstitute (inside Brave New World), 1751 Folsom St., SF. The Gender Explores take over in a smoky, juiced-up environment— door charge (I was too drunk to remember how much).

(The events listed may be attended in drag, drab or blend.)