

metamorphosis



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PHALLOPLASTY IN BRITAIN

The following is an extract of a letter written by a London surgeon to a female-to-male transsexual.

(Regarding your) wish to have all the physical attributes of the young male, the following surgical steps will be necessary.

The first operation will involve the raising of a tube of skin in the right groin and the insertion of part of this tube just above the pubic bone. Three weeks later, the tube will be detached from the groin and you will effectively have a tube of skin which will form the new penis. This tube will not have a water passage in it. After the second operation when the tube of skin is detached from the groin, a strip of muscle will be inserted from the thigh into the tube of skin, and a skin graft will be taken also from the thigh to form the new water channel. A third operation at about six weeks will be necessary to carry out one or two further minor adjustments. The surgical fee involved for these first three operations would be £1,500 (approx. \$3,000). The anaesthetic fee would be £350 (approx. \$700). The hospital costs would be £75 (approx. \$150) per day. The operating theatre fee would be £100 (approx. \$200) for each procedure. You would need to be in hospital for four to five days for the first operation, four to five days for the second, and two to three days for the third operation.

From six months later, it would be advisabel to have the uterus removed and at that time, a water channel would be made from the anterior end of the present urethra to join up with the water channel in the new penis. At this operation also, the..

(cont'd. on p.10)

The Need To Network

Perhaps you could call me "The Networker" (or at least one of a limited few) for, if I had a dollar for every initiative letter that I have written (especially over the past 6½ years during my outreach work as Founding Director of FACT/Editor of GENDER REVIEW from 1978-81, and, as Founding Director of MMRF/Editor of METAMORPHOSIS from Dec. 1981 up to the present) to TS and TV support groups and professional treatment centers throughout the world, I'd practically be a millionaire today.

Now, I'm not out to "blow my own horn" here, but rather, to state a very important point: There is a tremendous need to tighten up the TS-TV network and to link together the loose links in this chain. We must increase our efforts to network together--for, there are now more TSs, TVs, TGs and GDs who need help and support than there are resources available. We should also begin to chart maps--marking the locations of these various "oases in the desert". By "oases" I am referring not only to TS and TV support groups, social clubs, service organizations, gender identity centers, individual peer-counsellors and editors of periodicals, but also, to private and university-based gender identity clinics/gender dysphoria programs, professional sexological associations and individual health care and social service professionals.

And, there is an equally-great need to further develop this rather informal network of helping professionals who are currently researching and treating gender dysphorics.

This need to formalize a co-operative network (comprising professional, para-professional, lay; TS, TG,..

(cont'd. on p.10)

F-M TSs In Singapore

Twenty 18-31-year-old females seeking sex reassignment surgery between 1971 and 1978 were diagnosed as female transsexuals. From background histories it was determined that none had a history of serious anti-social behaviour, those who became transsexual did so at an early age, they were closer to their mothers than to their fathers, and all were unmarried. It is suggested that female transsexualism does not appear to be caused by the lack of a mother figure or undue encouragement toward a male identity by the father. (9 ref) PSYCHOLOGICAL ABSTRACTS, Vol. 66, No. 3, pps. 598-599. Tsoi, Wing Foo & Kok, Lee Peng. "Female Transsexualism in Singapore: A Report on 20 Cases".

MMRF Notes

At the last Board of Directors meeting, held on Sept. 22nd, several amendments to the draft by-laws were discussed and reviewed. Official copies of both the Constitution and the By-Laws will be mailed to paid-up members together with the December issue of the newsletter.

At the meeting, it was also decided to employ the title "Professional Consultants" in lieu of the former title "Professional Advisors".

On this note, the Directors are very pleased to announce the newest member to join our Board of Professional Consultants: COLLIER M. COLE, Ph.D. Director of the Gender Clinic which is currently at the Rosenberg Clinic in Galveston, Texas. Dr. Cole works with transsexuals, gender dysphorics and others both in private practice as well as in conjunction with the medical school faculty at the University of Texas (in Galveston). (A revised list of the Board of Professional Consultants will be included in the February 1985 issue).

Executive Director Rupert Raj played host to two F-M members south of the border as well as several F-M members from across Canada recently. (Close encounters of the transsexual kind).

EULOGY FOR A DESPONDENT TRANSSEXUAL

(The Christening Of A Hopeful Man)

*It enshrouds me--
like smoke haze from a cigarette
and embeds itself
within my brown skin--
this adoration of my masculinity.
It never leaves me.
And even on the darkest
of days or nights, there is,
radiating inside of me,
that courageous, shining dynamic
called thing
MANHOOD.
To the world, I will make myself
known.*

--Khalil F. Jordache



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THE MALE PRODIGY: A STORY OF FEMALE-TO-MALE TRANSSEXUALISM (Part 2)

by Khalil F. Jordache.

My memory of what Father had called "a little bonfire", will be forever burned into my brain. I remember the two of us standing behind the tenement building in which we lived staring at the little white heap of boys' clothing, watching it turn orange and black amidst the bright, dancing flames. And I, beside my father, remembered that he was, after all, my father--could it really be possible that he had no idea whatsoever of the pain I felt as I watched my clothing burn? I looked up at him, and on his face was an expression of satisfaction from seeing the garments destroyed. I continued to cry silently, deep inside myself, and he moved to stand behind me, placing his hands upon my shoulders.

"Cleo", he told me, "I know growin' up is hard. It always is. And sometimes, ya' get yourself in situations that you don't know nothin' about. But that's what me and your mama's here for--to help you in growin' up." He paused and took a deep breath. I knew he was making a great effort to swallow some of his rage and render me compassion, even if this compassion was misplaced! Yet, I could not bring myself to make it any easier for him. I wanted him to hurt as he had hurt me when he set my treasures aflame.

"How do you know, Daddy?" I asked quietly, determined to keep my voice free of antagonism.

"How do I know what?"

"That I don't know about the situation I'm in?"

For a moment, he was as still and as silent as a rock behind me. Then taking his hands from my shoulders, he said, "What situation do you think you in?"

I trembled and my legs felt weak, but I stared blindly into the slowly waning flames and forced myself to go on. "I don't know what you call..

it, I don't know how it happened. But I'm not tryin' to be a lesbian, Daddy." He remained silent. "I'm a boy", I said; "I know it might sound crazy, but I am! I'm a boy."

"Cleo, white folks has always been tryin' to confuse our people, ever since they brought us to this country. Why you listen to what Doree tell you?"

"It's got nothin' to do with Doree!" I cried, feeling my tears flow, for I was sure I would never be understood. It's me; I've always known I was a boy and I could never figure out why everybody else kept treatin' me like I wasn't one."

He jerked me around to face him and my heart lurched. Perhaps I had overestimated his empathic attempt; perhaps I had said too much. "Don't you think your own mama and daddy know whether you're a girl or a boy? Don't you think we saw what you was when you came into the world?" His bright eyes flashed in the vague light from the low-burning fire, and my head began to hurt.

I tried to calculate how I could have been born with female genitals, yet know, from the bottom of my heart and soul, that I was not female. I tried to think of some explanation for my chest, which was becoming tender and budding in two fleshy little mounds instead of remaining flat like my brother's. Instead of it showing promise of growing muscular like my father's, my chest had started bearing resemblance to my mother's, which was certainly feminine! And the image of myself as some monstrous freak grew vivid and terrible in my mind; I wanted to run. But to where could I run from such a thing? I wanted to die. But I was afraid of being plunged into yet another dark unknown. (I remembered having seen one of my mother's friends--a jolly round woman named Rosa--after she had died. Death had transformed her from smiling brown flesh into a cold waxen mannequin captured in a steel-blue..

THE MALE PRODIGY (cont'd. from p.3)

coffin!) Was death or an aimless fleeing my only alternatives? Feeling as if I had gone mad, I threw myself against my father, clinging to him as I cried into his chest.

He took this gesture as my acceptance of his reasonings and embraced me, saying to me, "Let's go on back inside. We got a surprise for you."

When we re-entered the apartment, Mother sat on the sofa, her eyes wet and expectant, and my brother, Ben, was beside her, his head lying on her shoulder.

"Everything's all right", Father announced. "Get the present for Cleo", he told my mother. "We got to wish her a happy birthday."

She bustled to their bedroom, then quickly returned with a silver package and handed it to Father, who handed it to me.

"This is for you. Happy Birthday", he said.

I took the box and smiled up at them, sniffing and wiping the tears from my face, then proceeded to tear off the paper. With anxious hands, I lifted the box's lid, and laying inside was a beautiful pink blouse with white pearl buttons and pink and white lace lining its front. I took it from the box, holding it before me as I felt its cotton softness. Then I noticed, lying at the bottom of the box, a shiny golden necklace bearing the inscription: "Daddy's Girl". I felt as if I could not breathe.

"Do you like it?" Father asked, smiling. "The necklace is from me, and the blouse from Mama."

"Yes, I like it", I whispered. I thought of the days to come when I'd be expected to wear them and I wanted to scream. "I like them both", I lied.

"Now you won't have to wear them ole tomboy shirts all the time", he said, as tenderly as he knew how.

And mother quickly intervened, "Happy birthday, Baby." And she drew me to her, kissing my cheek.

That night, I sat for hours, staring at my birthday gifts behind the closed door of my bedroom. The necklace roared, "Daddy's Girl" at me and I wanted to hurl it against the wall. But just as I was about to touch it, my brother appeared at the threshold, his dark face searching mine.

"I got something for you too", he said, and took from hiding, in back of him, a portrait sketched in magic marker, of a stick-man with something in his left hand and a hat atop his head.

I smiled. "What's this?"

"I can't draw too good", he said in his frog-voice, "but this is a picture of you when you're a grown-up man. And you're wearin' a hat like the one Daddy wears to church, and you got a briefcase in your hand like the kind insurance men carry--except yours is full of papers that you wrote. You'll be a real important writer by then. And it don't show in the picture 'cause I didn't know how to draw it, but you got a suit on too." He looked at the portrait with extreme seriousness as he explained it to me, and though he was only eleven, I felt he was the smartest boy alive.

"Your present is the best I ever had!" I grinned. And so did he.

(to be continued next issue)



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DEAR RUPERT

The past few years have been ones of many changes in my way of life and in my thinking. I'm still changing so life itself is sometimes confusing. I've had masculine feelings since I was a young child. As I grew older I tried to suppress my feelings so I could fit in with everyone else. I never was sexually attracted to men but I did try dating and having sex with men, hoping my feelings would change.

I've watched any TV program I could concerning homosexuality and transsexualism since the late 60's. I've also read books and articles since then and even saw the movie on Christine Jorgensen when it first came out. Even with all the above, I was afraid to admit what I was as I was afraid I couldn't be helped. The only sex-changes I knew of were male to female. It was only a few years ago I found out that they were doing female-to-male operations.

I was forced to admit to myself what I was, a few years ago, when I broke up with a female friend of mine and realized I missed her more than as just a friend. I'd fallen in love with her. For awhile I thought I might just be homosexual but it did not feel right. When I finally allowed myself to think of myself as transsexual, all my past feelings made sense.

I've been in therapy for almost two months and my psychiatrist feels I am ready for the next step of getting a second opinion. The closer I get to the change the better I feel. I know I've got a long way to go yet.

My parents don't know yet but I hope to be able to tell them soon. They live back East and I'd rather tell them in person if possible. We have not been close for a long time. We are very different in how we feel about many things.

My paternal grandfather and I were very close and that is the main reason I want to keep my last name. Even though he died when I was ten,

the type of man he was has stayed with me and has influenced my life more than anyone.

I'm very lucky that the few close friends I have, have been very supportive. I'm afraid to make new friends because I don't want to lie to them and I don't know how they'll take the truth. I can't let the people at work know about me yet because I'm afraid of losing my job. If things keep progressing as fast as they've been, I'll have to take that chance or hopefully, find a new job.

Hopefully this will let you know me a little better. Thank you for starting METAMORPHOSIS; it helps to be in touch with others like myself.

--Dennis Andrew Wilson, Vancouver, BC

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



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TS COUNSELING

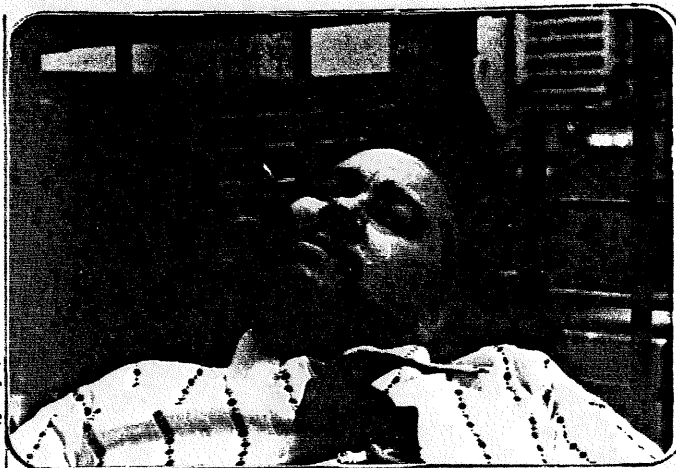
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DR. MARIO MARTINO

DR. MARIO MARTINO (Ph.D.), the author of EMERGENCE: A Transsexual Autobiography (with Harriett, Crown Publishers, New York, 1977; New American Library, 1979) was born a girl, into an Italian immigrant family in the Midwest. His father was a strict adherent to the old traditions and made no attempt to conceal his disappointment that his daughter lacked the gentilities of the little lady. Mario compares his father to the "Mafia Don". Not until he was nine, did Mario actually realize he was a girl, not a boy. A succession of Roman Catholic schools, even a convent could not make a lady out of the rebellious Marie, as he was known then.

Marie longed to be a doctor and in her early years, during free hours, worked in a hospital. Eventually, she went into high school to prepare for entrance into a convent, but became enamoured with a young classmate. Their midnight trysts were discovered and Marie was sent home. She entered nurses' training, and here a favourite nun encouraged her to go into the convent. Believing she might sublimate her sexual feelings, she did try the religious life--but began falling in love with some of the nuns and knew she must leave the sisterhood.

Marie's first physical involvement was with Louise. This ended because Louise believed herself to be a lesbian and Marie, certain she was a man, wanted only a male-female relationship. Working as an operating-room technician, Marie became involved with a pregnant nurse named Helga. She told Helga her plans for sex-reassignment and said they could marry after the child was born and the three of them would be a ready-made family. But Helga died in childbirth. Returning to nursing, Marie met Rebecca, a fellow student, and loved her on sight. Marie confided her confusion and ultimate plans for sex-change to Rebecca, and they formed a liaison with the understanding



that Marie was physically to become a man.

In her early thirties, Marie consulted a doctor who referred her to a psychiatrist. She was declared a transsexual and was accepted for the program of sex reassignment. She began the male hormones and within six months was shaving every day; her waistline was changing, body and voice were becoming more masculine. In fact, she had become so male in appearance that the one-year waiting period was shortened and the series of sex-change surgeries began. She changed her name to Mario.

Innuendoes of a hostile society became more insulting, trickeries by unscrupulous attorneys were not uncommon, rebuff by occasional doctors was disheartening. Supported by loyal friends, Mario was rejected by his father and at first by his colleagues. Rebecca was his mainstay. Surgeries completed, Mario was now a male physically as well as psychologically. He legally recorded the name Mario on all documents. He and Rebecca have been married over twenty years.

They have founded a counselling service, THE LABYRINTH FOUNDATION COUNSELLING/GENDER SERVICE, INC., a non-profit organization for female-to-male transsexuals. Their clients include those from across the United States and many parts of Canada. Their motto is to "Educate the Educated". In preparation for a strictly scientific service, Mario studied

FOR DAVID AARON

My brother sits alone in his world, his own, known to no-one else. He weeps and sighs each night, looking, searching for a direction home. Afraid to move, afraid to be still, an answer denied. Always on the verge of exploding, tick, tick.... Like a bomb, his brain is on a timer, Waiting to go off on a hallucinatory epileptic fit. Autistically, alone, deeper, deeper inside himself, we call out to him. He cannot be reached. He shuts us out, and then we can help finally. The fit has momentarily ceased, but it isn't long before he slips away again. We try to find a way to relieve his grief, somehow trying to help him make it end. But so desperately alone he cries, as he reaches out for comforting aid, but not even the professionally wise can form a truth, they say. So alone, deep inside his broken heart, he struggles, only to rip himself apart.

We wait with a dim spark of hope, Waiting is all we can do to survive, ti cope.

--Maura (sister to an F-M TS)

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DR. MARIO MARTINO (cont'd. from p.6)

for his doctorate in counselling psychology, and received his degree in early 1979.

Dr. Martino does not charge for his lectures, but expenses are paid and an honorarium is given when his services are requested. He can be consulted by calling: 914-969-7014, or by writing: THE LABYRINTH FOUNDATION COUNSELING/GENDER SERVICE, 122 Windsor Terrace, Yonkers, New York 10701.

He has appeared on over forty radio and television programs and lectured at more than twenty universities. Those attending his lectures range from student nurses, medical students and psychiatrists taking continuing education courses in the field of human sexuality.

(I have had the pleasure and the privilege to meet with Dr. Martino on several occasions.--R.R., Ed.)

Information For The Female-To-Male

by Louis G. Sullivan, December 1980, distributed by: The Janus Information Facility, 1952 Union Street, San Francisco, California 94123.

This is a twenty-page booklet, containing five illustrations, written expressly for the female-to-male transsexual. It is well-written, interesting and informative, and I highly recommend it--especially to preoperative transsexuals. The contents include the following chapter headings:

INTRODUCTION, CROSSDRESSING, HOW TO LOOK 30 WHEN YOU ARE 30 (Clothing, Face, Hair, Body Language, Breast Binding, The Crotch, The Men's Room, Voice Tips, Clothing And Shoe Sizes), SEX REASSIGNMENT (Hormone Therapy, Surgery: Mastectomy, Hysterectomy, Phalloplasty), YOUR SEX LIFE--THOUGHTS TO CONSIDER, CONTACTS/REFERRALS, READINGS...AND A FILM.

*GOD GRANT ME THE SERENITY...
TO ACCEPT THE THINGS I CANNOT CHANGE
COURAGE TO CHANGE THE THINGS I CAN
AND WISDOM TO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE...*

'JOURNAL' ANTI-TRANSSEXUAL

The following is a letter sent to the Editor of WORKERS' WORLD (published by the Workers' World Party):

"On June 24, I encountered the Workers' World Party table at the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day parade. Prominently displayed was a pamphlet entitled JOURNAL OF A TRANSSEXUAL, a publication that portrays transsexuals as confused, doomed and hopeless people for whom there is no possibility of peace. This pamphlet has been distributed for many years. I wrote a review of it in the June 1980 GPU NEWS of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

I am a female-to-male transsexual who has been living successfully as a man for over four years. Because this pamphlet was the only piece of information available on the subject of transsexualism in this largest of gay assemblies ever, I asked the men at the table to remove the pamphlet, as it is misrepresentative of the transsexual condition, and anti-transsexual in effect. I was sneered and laughed at, and told, "That's your opinion" (apparently, therefore, not worthy of consideration).

Transsexuals are not traumatized, paranoid and doomed to lives of confusion and freakdom. We are everywhere, yet we never told you about us and you'd never believe it if we did. We are happy and productive people.

The author of your pamphlet (Diane Leslie Feinberg) is not a transsexual and has no moral right to speak for those of us who are. A woman who was born female and identifies and lives as a woman is not transsexual, regardless of whether she once ingested hormones or subjected herself to ill-advised surgeries. I have grappled with my transsexualism for over 11 years. I know transsexuals can expect little or no empathy from others, so I will make comparisons that everyone can appreciate. Would the Party distribute

a pamphlet entitled "JOURNAL OF A BALCK MAN" written by a person who lived a few days wearing Al Jolson blackface make-up? Would the Party distribute a pamphlet entitled "JOURNAL OF A HOMOSEXUAL" written by a heterosexual who had had one gay encounter? There is precious little available on the topic of transsexualism, and one searching for information should not be subjected to distortion of the facts of the condition, especially from the Party which seeks to offer hope and a better future for all minorities. Future editions of your pamphlet should be entitled "JOURNAL OF AN ANDROGYNE" or "JOURNAL OF A GENDER DYSPHORIC". This may be my "opinion" but at least it is from someone who knows the subject matter.

I request that the Workers' World Party discontinue distribution of this anti-transsexual literature.

--Louis G. Sullivan"

(The MMRF has decided to discontinue its distribution of the "JOURNAL" because the writer of the above letter has effectively argued that this pamphlet propogates essentially anti-transsexual propoganda which is likely to produce a negativizing influence upon its readers.

JANUS INFORMATION FACILITY

under the direction of Paul A. Walker, Ph.D. provides referrals, pamphlets, reprint material and conducts research.

An advance contribution of \$25.00 or more is requested since the Facility is depenent on private donations and funding.

The Facility welcomes the names of professionals willing to be on our referral list.

Letters from post-operative gender reassignment individuals concerning their adjustment in their new life are welcomed.

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Paul A. Walker, Ph.D.
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QUESTION OF THE MONTH

WHAT WAS YOUR REACTION TO DR. LOTHSTEIN'S BOOK, FEMALE-TO-MALE TRANSSEXUALISM, AND TO RUPERT'S REVIEW?

I haven't had the opportunity to read Dr. Lothstein's book, so I can't comment on it but I do have some reactions to your review. My first reaction was to your first paragraph and a most unfortunate choice of quotations (ie. the caustic comment made by a F-M TS). How very sad that he had to select such a drastic choice as sex-reassignment surgery to get out of the kitchen (ie. out of the female role). If this quotation accurately represents F-M TSs' motivations, then TSism ought to disappear as soon as women attain "liberation". I doubt that this will happen.

As for the rest of your review, you seem to be responding negatively to two aspects of Lothstein's book: his attitude (eg. use of female pronouns) and his approach. His attitude does sound rather irritating. I wonder why he pursues such a course when it will alienate his readers? I'm sure he has a reason for this but I find it hard to fathom.

Second, you slam Lothstein for taking an illness/pathology approach. You call it "largely theoretical, highly speculative and generally inconclusive, not to mention ludicrously far-fetched and absolutely absurd!". Objectively, you must recognize that your stance (that TSism is non-pathological, that the masculine identity is real/not a false self, etc.) is just as speculative and inconclusive. It's less theoretical but only because it's highly subjective and I'm not convinced that that makes it more "ture". Unfortunately, the field of TSism is one in which there are at present many questions but few definite answers. I think it's stressful for all parties concerned (professionals, researchers, TSs) to deal with this uncertainty and it becomes tempting to prematurely accept an approach or a finding as the "truth". In addition, there are a lot of people with

a vested interest in finding certain "truths". For instance, I think most TSs have a vested interest in research finding out that TSs are mentally healthy. Surgeons who do TS operations may be uncomfortable with the idea that psychotherapy could be the treatment of choice. I certainly don't mean to imply that anyone is lying or falsifying data, but just that what one wants to find in research affects the questions asked, the approaches taken and can influence the results obtained also.

Personally, I'm less sure than you that the problem is due to a difference in perspectives--but there are clearly some differences in opinion. May I suggest that any solution does not include one supposedly mature serious student of TSism calling the work of another "ludicrously far-fetched and absolutely absurd!" Even if this description is accurate, it's far from constructive, and personally, I find this type of emotion-laden "slanging" quite offensive. I think that the solution to the problem of different opinions is more and better communication between professionals, researchers and TSs. This is unlikely to happen until everyone grows up enough to leave their university degrees, petty grievances and hysterical outbursts at home while they talk.

Finally, may I take issue with your comments about psychotherapy, specifically, for whom it is indicated? In my opinion, high quality counseling can be helpful to most persons dealing with large amounts of stress in their lives and that includes most TSs throughout the process of reassignment. Your "squeaky wheel gets the grease" approach to the provision of psychotherapy to TSs would deny many TSs the opportunity to use psychotherapy for preventive or growth-enhancement purposes.

--Jeremy Baumbach

(Readers: Be sure to read Lou Sullivan's review of Dr. Lothstein's book in the December issue.--Ed.)

PHALLOPLASTY IN BRITAIN (cont'd.)

..lip of the genital region would be sewn together to form a scrotum and testicular implants would be inserted. For this operation the fees involved would be as follows. The gynecologist's fee would be £350 (approx. \$700). My surgical fee would be £650 (approx. \$1,300). The anaesthetist's fee would be £200 (approx. \$400). You would need to be in hospital for seven days at the hospital rates quoted previously.

It may be necessary after a further period of six to nine months, for further minor adjustive surgery to be carried out. As you will see, surgical treatment is therefore expensive and involves a number of operative procedures.

(Reprinted from the S.H.A.F.T. newsletter, No. 24, December 1983, published by the SELF HELP ASSOCIATION FOR TRANSSEXUALS, Berkshire, England)

THE NEED TO NETWORK (cont'd from p.1)

TV and other persons) is quite obvious once one considers the implications of the following anecdote.

It took a person (myself) from another country (Canada) to advise a sex therapist from Brookfield, Wisconsin--who works with gender-dysphoric patients there--that there existed, in her own home state (in Waukesha) a support group for TSs, TVs, etc. And once again, it took a person (myself) from another nation (Canada) to introduce to each other two people who were attending the same conference (in Boston), who were both working on their doctoral dissertations on male transvestism, who were both advisory members of the same organization (MMRF), and who were both from the same state (New York: one from Poughkeepsie, the other from Mount Vernon). These two examples emphatically demonstrate the indisputable need, in my mind, for more effective networking--now.

To some degree, such networking now exists, for example: THE TV-TS TAPES-TRY (a quarterly magazine published

by the TIFFANY CLUB in Wayland, Mass.) which lists comprehensive resources on an international level; the GATEWAY GENDER ALLIANCE in Sunnyvale, Ca, (which publishes THE PHOENIX-Monthly International and which has 16 chapters throughout the U.S.); THE NETWORK/NEWS in Waukesha, Wi. (which is in the process of establishing a nationwide dating service and support network); the affiliation between THE SEAHORSE CLUB in Sydney, Australia (which publishes a regular magazine FEMINIQUE) and THE BEAUMONT SOCIETY in London, England (which publishes two bimonthly magazines: BEUMAG and THE BEAUMONT BULLETIN); the OUTREACH PROFESSIONAL EVALUATION AND REFERRAL NETWORK (formed by the HUMAN OUTREACH AND ACHIEVEMENT INSTITUTE in Boston, Mass.--which also publishes a quarterly newsletter); and, of course, the HARRY BENJAMIN INTERNATIONAL GENDER DYSPHORIA ASSOCIATION in Stanford, Ca. (which sponsors a bi-annual, international, gender dysphoria symposium).

But, how far-reaching are many of these publications/organizations? With the possible exception of THE TAPESTRY and THE PHOENIX, most such periodicals/groups have a very limited circulation/membership (between 100-500), don't have international status and often, cater to exclusive groups (eg. TS only, TV only, etc.).

Yet, the gaps in the professional network are, to my mind, even more glaring. Moreover, I can imagine many helping professionals are often at a total loss when it comes to referring clients/patients to appropriate support groups--simply for want of accurate, up-to-date information. It is, therefore, imperative that both the two networks (peer and professional) interface and work together, in complement, towards the optimum, over-all benefit of clients/patients. This inter-linking of networks will bring about a much more effective chain of life-saving "oases in the desert".

So, come on peers and professionals, let's link together and network now!

--Rupert Raj