

# GenderFlex

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A Polygenderous Publication

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## Miss Taki Talks

© 1993 by Miss Taki & Miss Nomer

December 7,

Dear Billie Jean,

Christmas is approaching, which means Jesus is, what, about 2,020 years old? Could you imagine his birthday cake? You would need the entire Bethlehem Fire Department (both men, both buckets) standing by when you lit the candles. You'd have to start about eight in the morning for a party at four. ("Mr. Jesus, party of four. Mr. Jesus! Oh. I see, party of four. Sorry. How many then? Father, son, holy ghost—will the ghost need a seat?—Mary, Joseph, Mary Magdalene (tell me this, kid: you were diddlin' her, weren't ya?); I suppose you got twelve disciples? Right, Judas can't make it, so eleven. How 'bout a band of angels, a heavenly host and the Pope? No Pope, huh? Excuse me? Mary Magdalene's bringing Jimmy Swaggart? Okay. And you're expecting a 600 pound Oral Roberts? Very good, sir. Now then, will that be smoking or non-smoking?")

### Fifty-two years ago

Japanese planes and one-man submarines were knocking the batshit out of our fleet in Pearl Harbor (aside: If it was a fleet, why couldn't it get out of the way, huh, riddle me that?). I remember exactly what I was wearing that day, and even what Jackie Kennedy was wearing (a pink pillbox hat). Do you want to bet that some of our sailors (and some of the Japanese pilots) were wearing ladies' underwear?

### This year's girl

Life marches on. Tempus fugit (long u). All that stuff. Lots of work. Have been in a creative slump lately, which means I'm only as productive as four ordinary people instead of six. That would be okay if I was paid accordingly. I once told my supervisor I had programmed my computer to do all of my work without supervision, and that I'd see her on payday to collect my check. She said, "Don't bother, we'll give the check to the computer."

### Channel Surfing

**Announcer:** And now it's time for The Ego Game! Our contestants today are (on your right) West Virginia Queen. On your left, Magilla Sherbet Lime. But first, here's your moderator, Majorette!

**Majorette:** "Thankyew, thankyew, thankyew. You know, we have a tradition in this community of dressing up and giving each other awards. Magilla, you have received some awards already, haven't you?"

**Magilla:** "Yes, I have given myself the West Virginia Queen Award in 1988, 89, 90, 91, 92, and twice so far in 1993."

**Majorette:** "And West Virginia, you have also received the Magilla Sherbet Lime Award, haven't you?"

**West Virginia:** "I'd like to take this opportunity to make a few remarks about the Big Ended definition (rumples five pounds of notes)..."

**Majorette:** We'll be right back, folks, after a word from our sponsor!"

**Announcer:** "Now You Too Can Change Your Sex! Yes, ladies and gentlemen and all those in-between, now you can take immediate advantage of this special television offer and receive the amazing **RawCo**™ Home Sex-change Kit. Comes complete with name change form, a six-month supply of Dr. Findum Sellum's

Mystery Femanization Pills—or the Manifemization Pills—and a Gynzu-II knife (or Maszu Penis Pump with Labia Ball Tape). Imagine! Now you can change your sex in the privacy of your own closet!

"And, if you act quickly, you will also receive both the West Virginia Queen and the Magilla Sherbet Lime Awards!

"Now, how much would you pay for this amazing offer? Two hundred dollars? One hundred? Of course you would. But due to our high volume marketing and discount purchasing, this amazing **RawCo**™ Home Sex-change Kit is available for ONLY \$19.95! Call 1-800-SEX-SWAP, now. Operators in full drag are standing by."

**Majorette:** "Welcome back to the Ego Game, folks. Before we go on, I have to tell you—due to circumstances beyond our control—we have a replacement for West Virginia Queen. Please welcome Carob Beeswax, Executive Director of the Society for the Insecure Self (SIS). Hello, Carob."

**Carob:** "Hello, Majorette."

**Majorette:** "Okay, we're set to play! The object of the game, as you know, is to see who can give the other contestants the most awards before the little purple pills sink to the bottom of the Dermablend pool. Ready? GO!"

### Dissolve To:

No one knows where they came from. Somehow, after 1952, they were just there. In every city, every town, every neighborhood, every closet. Watching, waiting, knowing their time would come. And now it has!

See battling hordes of transvestites at the annual lingerie sale at Macy's!

See Virginia Prince be nasty to transsexuals!

See Billie Jean Jones' latest outfit!

See 3-D transsexual surgery! (Special glasses available.)

See Ronald Reagan waking up in Casablanca screaming, "Where's the rest of me?!"

The thrills! The chills! Don't miss— **Gender Dysphoria: A Guide to Research & Statistics.**

Starring Jude Patton as Christine Jorgensen, Roger Peo as himself, Boo-boo Bear as Dr. Harry Benjamin, and introducing Judy van Maasdam as the therapist from hell.

### The Rap Up

Well, I was going to make this a serious letter, but it's sort of difficult to be serious when I write to you.

Love & Molasses,

*Miss Taki & Miss Nomer*

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

## Billie Jean Blabs Briefly (!)

Dear Darlings,

As some of you may have noticed, this issue of **GenderFlex** could be considered rather late. Actually, I had 75% of it completed by October 1st. But then the fan and the shredding material came together and the world was changed.

Even without a cute nurse's outfit, I became my mother's 24-hour caregiver as she lived through that part of life we call dying.

Diagnosis, minor surgery, radiation, failing health, home hospice, morphine—a seven month lesson.

I learned a lot.

This isn't the issue I would like to be publishing right now. It is dated, and due to the standard hodge-podge nature of **GenderFlex**, it may well be moderately inaccessible. That means it may not make much sense (nor cents either which is why you should send cash quick!).

So consider yourself a time-traveling explorer as we revisit those golden-age daze of yesteryear. A year that I will always remember as the year my mother died from lung cancer the day after Christmas.

And while she and I didn't get to "do lunch" in our matching dresses, we spent a lot of time together as only a parent and child can. Albeit with a small twist as her end approached—she became a child, I became of age.

Luv,

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## Becky Blabs

Dear Billie Jean Jones,

I had the great pleasure of reading your article on pages 38-39-40 of **Tapestry #65!**

I offer the following comments:

- 1.) you seem to attack everything said— printed;
- 2.) you had a clear idea but didn't express it by attacking others;
- 3.) at first I thought you a Premadonia Bitch trying to gain spotlight by a hard hitting smear of your sisters-in-one-unity. I saw through that because you dropped some very revealing statements— hope your subscription list on **GenderFlex** goes up! You want everyone to be interested in your newsletter, to read your bylines and take notice of a newswoman in action;
- 4.) you didn't offer any solutions— just pointed out all the problems already there.

What's next? You've gotten recognition, attention. What else do you want or need?

Didn't you strip somewhere? I think I've seen you.

PS: I love your picture, could you send me a color print, signed; maybe a comment to my letter?

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Dear Becky,

Thanx for your letter. I believe I defended what others had attacked. I need and want too much of everything. I only strip in my bedroom with the curtains closed.

## Some Veronica Variations

© 1993 by Veronica Smith

June 3— Dear Billie Jean,

...I'm sending you two letters, this one and one I wrote in May but hesitated to send.

In the May letter I wanted to comment on all the brou ha ha about "comunity" that'd been filling up the last couple of issues of **GF**; but I ended up feeling ambivalent about how I really felt. Actually, I think you'll probably disagree with what I've got to say but hopefully we can all weather this tempest-in-a-teapot together...

Well, how do we fight this? [I choose to not fight; I want to wage peace.] Alone or together? [Together.] Man is a political animal. He is also a communal animal. And any grouping of men who share a similarity may evolve into acting like a political class. But, Billie Jean, I'm not as put off by the word "community" as you seem to be. Heaven knows I don't want any limitation of personal expression or freedom. I simply think that there is a lot of strength in numbers, and it takes strength to withstand a lot of the opprobrium that's thrown against us. Perhaps you and many of your readers can stand alone, but I tend to agree with John Donne, "No man's an island." I want some form of unity, of society, of—for lack of a better word—community. I'd be interested in knowing more about what a "community" entails. It would be fascinating seeing a real forging of similar interests for political power and personal comfort. [Yes it would.] But how can you have a democratic convention when only queens convene?

Love,

[At least invite the kings. Women are also political and communal. Females have as much at stake in "community" as do males; the intersexed people, whether they are intersexed by birth or by other means (hormones, sugeries), may well have more at stake than "males" or "females" regardless of being CD, TG, TS, TV; or gay, straight, bi or pansexual, asexual, monosexual, green, black, blue, bronze, gray, etc..]

May 14— Dear Billie Jean,

In your last **GF**, you edited a series of letters that dealt with (among other things) the nature, definition and *proper* classification of (for lack of a better term) gender-players. This epistolary discourse was intriguing but frustrating. There seems to be as many different reasons for gender-play as there are gender-players; therefore it's difficult to place all gender-players into the same *camp*.

(And I must say, Billie Jean, I am not going to digress into word-play whenever I come upon a word or phrase remotely usable for bad puns or autre jeux des mots (though the image of a *campfull* of gender-players (of every description) lends itself to so many possibilities that it's hard to resist (*but resist I will!*); and, I will not chase every crazy catch-phrase or mixed metaphors through a never-ending series of parentheticals-within-parentheticals (like some Alice jumping down dozens of holes merely to catch the White Rabbit!), because it just makes the letter too

(Continued on next page)

Veronica— (Continued from page 3)

hard to follow.

I'm not sure I followed the discussion, but it seems to me (from my admittedly limited perspective) that there could be varying motives for the establishment of a *specific* definition of what we do. One gender-player may, for example, want to extend the adumbration of a particular term so as to acquire comfort of community and strength in numbers ("Look honey, *lots of guys* do this"). Another player may want to limit an already established term so as to convince himself (and/or spouse) that he fits within the parameters of a carefully circumscribed role [that] feels comfortable ("Look honey, I'm like *these particular guys* on this particular *Donahue*, and they seem normal"). But yet a third player may want to do both: extend the definition so as to create as large a community as possible, then narrowly redefine it so as to set standards as to what one should and should not do ("Honey, there are lots of CDs, and they, like me, are *straight* men who occasionally dress"). This player wants both to increase the community he has just entered and have some control over it.

Perhaps this last player sounds like a politician (even Machiavellian) but I think everyone argues to their advantage and each grinds his own axe (okay, *some* mixed metaphors). To many, Gender-Playland is *terra incognita*; it's boundries known to just a few (like yourself). For most novitiates, however, crossing the frontier has taken enormous resources of courage and energy; once there, they just want to spread out their dresses, sit down and look about. I don't think you are like that, BJ. I think you want to survey the limits, mine the depths, photograph from the air, and once you've charted the whole landscape, I suspect you'd like to change the course of a few rivers and/or look for new worlds to conquer.

Some people look at any structure within a gathering of linked people and see signs of an emerging community; others see any structure as regimentation. I honestly don't know enough about the community yet to offer an opinion. I eagerly await your next article on this subject.

As ever,

June 4— Dear Billie Jean,

Hi, again. This is just a short note of clarification on my previous two letters.

As I understand it, before the big convention in Philadelphia a couple of months ago, Nancy Cole wrote an article calling for more unity and working together among the various groups. You seem to believe that any linking together of groups would mean that the larger groups would impose their standards upon the smaller groups, that the groups would become more conservative, more like Tri-Ess. In short, you rejected the concept of "community" if it meant the loss of individuality and expressive freedom. (Juana, by the way, tends to agree with you.)

[Actually, Nancy called for the larger groups to get together because it was easier to get them together; I commented that the smaller groups could get pissed because they were omitted. The point I was fumbling toward is that a few people with specific interests or agendas, can not get away with defining "community";

that it would take a lot more people with a lot more individual perspectives. I am not trying to reject the concept of "community," just the process of a few imposing their shit on who gets to use the toilet (way cool metaphor mix, ain't it?(and a cheap shot at word play, too! (oh-oh, I'm burying myself inside the proverbial parenthetical rabbit warren again)) (oof, that bruised me)) (ouch).]

My own view is that community literally means "a unified body of individuals with a common characteristic or interest living together within a larger society." My thought seems to parallel Nancy Cole's in that in unity there is strength and that if we can forge a workable alliance with other groups based on our common interests, we would have more social, political and economic clout. The larger the organization, the more resources there are to access. I did not see this as a limit to personal freedom, but rather as an empowering of us as a group. I recognize everyone has their own agenda, but mine is pretty prosaic. Perhaps there could be some economic advantages: if some vendors were ripping us off, everyone would know of it, and we could demand better service. Or perhaps we could get discounts on airfare to the conventions, you know, stuff like that.

Love,

July 10— Dear Billie Jean,

Well, I give up! I've been trying to write you but there just hasn't been any time.

I do want to say that I really enjoyed being in the parade and I especially enjoyed our pre-parade tour of the other contingents. Thanks for the company, and your letters. I had wanted to comment on all the articles you sent me, but a more detailed letter will have to follow... This note will be short, ill-framed and disjointed, typed between so many other things.

I had wanted to address more completely a possible reason why your article [for *Chrysalis Quarterly* #5] was refused by that particular TS printer. I believe we both suspect your advocacy of poly-gender possibilities rejects the binary division in which many TSs whole-heartedly believe. I've recently read that many clinics only allowed SRS to [males] who were convinced they were in the "wrong" body, implying that the only alternative to the "wrong" body was the "right" body. But you transform the gender-line from a dividing wall of "either-or" to more of a spectrum of possibilities. [That spectrum has always existed as so many before us have pointed out.] That must seem to an established TS as an anathema; and as traumatic a shift as Galileo replacing the Ptolemaic theory. Such a Ts wants merely to pass, to live quietly as a woman; she does not want to challenge the "phallocratic binary founding myth" (—Sandy Stone from "The Empire Strikes Back"), for after all, she has so much invested in it. Cross-dressers who accept only two possibilities reinforce the established gender roles, too. This temporary "crossing" can be seen much like the once-a-year-day on which the English upper class used to serve their servants: the world turned topsyturvy for just one day so as to relieve class tension, but as soon as it was over, everything reverted back to a rein-

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# Lost Guy Stuff

© 1993 by Francis Vavra

Dear Billie Jean,

An update since the interview. Thanks again, I hope folks enjoyed reading it and thinking about alternatives to couples' lifestyles and attitudes, especially pertaining to cross-dressing. It did kinda blow my cover as a single, unemployed Gypsy guy, but I make no apologies. I've discovered that's the main difference between men and women— men never apologize for anything, women always do, even when it's not their fault. We live in a strange society.

Well, guess you heard that I'm now Co-chair of ETVC's Education Committee. That makes me an Officer and (hopefully, still) a gentleman! My first action was to present a Female to Male (FTM) panel discussion for ETVC members that included Max Valerio's interview from the movie "Female Misbehavior."

Where are all the FTMs? There're out there quietly living their lives as "invisible men," gradually increasing in numbers, with many variations on the gender path. As an FTM, I see that my main job in ETVC is raising consciousness and understanding about FTMs.

On the personal side, I had some fun but not much success dating women in recent months— I'm in In-Between Land: too male for some lesbians, not male enough for straight or bi-women, or, just a "novelty" for a date or two. So I'm putting my energy where I am most comfortable, namely MTF TVs and TSs. I had been neglecting my "harem" of Lost Girls for a while— so I'm making up for lost time. (I recently noticed you wearing a Lost Girls Pin—about time, too—, so if you want your tires rotated... Seriously, I enjoyed dancing with you at Café San Marcos— the Lost Girls do make a statement when they arrive somewhere.) I feel that really getting to know someone, spending time together, and exploring role playing in our "other" gendered selves is more important than "scoring" or having shallow exploits all over town (regardless of my reputation— Who starts these rumors?).

If I want to "score," I can go to the strip shows and hand out money. Non-Roxanna and I did "male bonding" recently by attending a strip show together as two guys, and had our picture taken with the headliner after her show. Quite a trip. I sure wouldn't want to be in most guys' shoes, they have no finesse or style with women, and can't talk to each other except on very superficial terms. I like being the different kind of guy that I am— at a recent FTM meeting someone brought up the point that we should never lose our insights and wisdom that we gained in being socialized (and brought up in most cases) as women. It leads to a much more caring and sensitive man, which society desperately needs. Possibly we can be bridges to other men who haven't had that experience.

I'm back to noticing the MTFs getting in touch with

their feminine side, which I find beautiful and uplifting to see. I'm quite happy admiring the efforts that go into some of the transformations I've seen lately at ETVC and DVG. I'm having a great time. You might say I'm home again.

I was glad to see your article in *Tapestry* [#65]; their publishing that one is perhaps demonstrative of an opening up to "other" opinions and attitudes. And an FTM on the cover for the first time! Keep up the bombastic work, it is much appreciated and needed. (I have a pale penis too, sometimes, but that's a different story...)

I actually think there is some sort of "gender community." It is made up of all individuals with gender issues. Sometimes we meet in groups, get-togethers and events, a very loose-knit and fluid "community" to be sure, and there can be no "spokesperson" for such a motley collection of rebels and individuals. We can only stand up to be counted, write, speak out, and continue to network, educate, evolve, and love and respect one another.

*Francis*

*[Francis Vavra, Lost Guys founder, entered ETVC's 1994 Cotillion as a contestant/aspirant thereby opening up the Cotillion to include a "Mr. ETVC." Yes, the good ol' girls network has been breeched! (Didja get that pun?) And further, even though in years past I have refrained from "scooping" the ETVC newsletter with Cotillion results (due to my ethical standards which are, as they say, "in transition" — which is also to say that the next issue may well carry a really catty, bitchy blab about all kindsa stuff (probably loaded with parenthetical asides, too ( I mean, could you imagine Billie Jean with a brain?), including dish on the Cotillion), especially what I whore, er, I mean wore, how much I drank, stories about what I did that I don't remember, etc.), I am pleased as punch to reveal that: Mr. Vavra is now Mr. ETVC '94. Way cool, dude!]*

August 16

Billie Jean—

Just received **GF** [#18] with my article in it. Very nice... Mucho content— Bravo!

I'll be leaving in one month for two months in Europe!!

See you later...

*James*

P.S. Kevin has resigned as editor of FTM Newsletter, so I'm back in the saddle. Max is leaving— moving to Boston next month. Stafford will continue to do the layout with me.

*[James Green is a really way cool guy, and will be getting out the next issue of the FTM Newsletter by the February meeting.]*

# Like, Tranz—Cool Stuff

©1993 by Selena Anne Shephard

Dear Billie Jean,

When I received the June/July issue of **GenderFlex**, with my toaster on the cover (and Selena Squad inside), I started writing you a letter, and compiling more stuff to send (next to cross-dressing, compiling stuff is my favorite thing to do), but soon life itself, and other inconveniences, got in the way.

Now, my gander is up (or do I mean my gender?) after getting *Tapestry* [#64] and coming across an annoying article by Carol Beecroft (tran-scription of her IFGE speech), and I have this urge to take up word processor and write you again (you may wonder why I don't spew it out directly to *Tapestry*, or Ms. Beecroft herself, well I may do that too, but for some reason, I feel like I would be wasting my time and energy; even though I did have a very interesting letter exchange with Vivian Allen a while ago, who seems to be a lot more hip and aware and free-spirited than the publication she edits). But before I get into all this, I do want to finish at least a few odds & ends I was writing to you a month ago...

Dear Billie Jean,

Did you know that toaster on your cover is a *trans*-toaster? Yep. You put in a piece of white bread and it comes out whole wheat, and pumpnickel turns into rye (wry) bread. I'm not sure which thrills me more, "Selena Squad" in living B&W, or my toaster on the cover. Either way, thanks a lot, I (and my toaster) appreciate the exposure (we are both shy exhibitionists)...

In my twenties I desperately desired COMMUNITY. Now, in my early forties, I have come to the conclusion that **all** communities (and societies, organizations, groups, families, and relationships for that matter) are inherently suffocating. So, if I am such a God Damned Independent, why am I starting "Transgend Society" (see flyer)? I don't know, I thought something like it (a more inclusive trans-organization that also recognizes and supports the sexual/sensual aspects of transgend-dancers) was needed, and though I haven't the time or energy to actually make it a reality, it was time to get the concept out there (it's been cascading through my brain for years)...

The following is a true story—

I am at a Macy's in a Marin County mall inspecting the lingerie (most everything looks like Victoria's Secret clones, which would have been all right with me ten years ago but leaves me indifferent now). I notice a mother and boychild (seven or so) checking out the bras. She picks out about four or five bras and proceeds to ask him what he thinks of each one, as if his opinion actually matters. He seems completely comfortable in the role of brassiere critic, giving his opinion without hesitation, and even with some knowledge. Even for a transie like myself, it all seemed a bit strange. I mean, what have we come to—whatever happened to the secret qualities of undergarments, the forbidden qualities—how can a boy grow up to be a good transvestite if everything is out in the

open? He's going to have to find something even more socially "deviant" (such as reading books) in order to meet that need. The world is going to hell. I tell you...

What else am I sending you? Let's see...

There's the flyer I already told you about; there's the prospective cover of **Pregnant Muse**, which is a me-myself & I zine of my writing and xerographic artwork that will come out sooner or later; *Slip Slider Shake*, which is a future zine I am considering doing, featuring writings/artwork about "cross-dressing, baseball statistics and early sixties dance crazes." I am seeking contributors for that one, so you might want to tell others about it (I was wondering, Billie Jean, if you might have composed a story, essay, dissertation—whatever—some time ago that weaves together playing "girl," earned run average, and the Twist, and until now, you had no idea what to do with it? Well, send it to me without hesitation). I've also enclosed a few versions of a *Gender Flex* logo that I was playing around with on my computer, which I'm supposed to be using to make a living (something that has never come easy for me), but it seems all I want to do is make it play rather than work...

So, it's time for Beecroft bashing. I don't know why I bother. I realized years ago that Tri-Ess was that silly organization for men who try to look and act like their mothers. So tasteful, so dignified, and so lame (not *la-may*).

Anyway, Ms. Beecroft talks about speaking at college classes and "correctly informing" the students about cross-dressing, which includes making sure that they know that **transvestites do NOT cross-dress for sexual gratification**. It seems as if she has been living in some kind of fantasy world for a bit too long, one in which those nasty, male sexual urges are purged, pushed aside for some kind of exalted, "higher" form of "feminine" expression. Please, please, please give me a break, sexual gratification is not the only reason most TVs cross-dress, but that incredible turn-on that happens when one journeys beyond one's genitalic gender, is still an important part of the experience, and for some, it is the major reason. As a TV in Florida wrote me recently, "Well, I for one **will not apologize for the intense and overpowering** (her emphasis) sensations I experience when I slip into my corset, slide on my hose... As a matter of fact, those feelings are the **ONLY** reason that I want to dress in women's clothes! That is the only time when I am fully expressing my sexuality."

The notion that when a person gets older, they are supposed to transcend SEX is utterly absurd, unrealistic, and I firmly believe, self-destructive. What I would suggest (excuse me, Billie Jean, for I really get into the following), is that we (and I'm referring to those of us of the trans-persuasion) should become even more sexual, more passionate, more intensely turned-on than ever before as we learn more about ourselves and become even more intimate with ourselves. It is possible to journey into new realms of the senses each and every day (whether you have a significant other or not), exploring ways to play that we never even imagined as horny, panty-clad youths. The ways of trans-play are seemingly

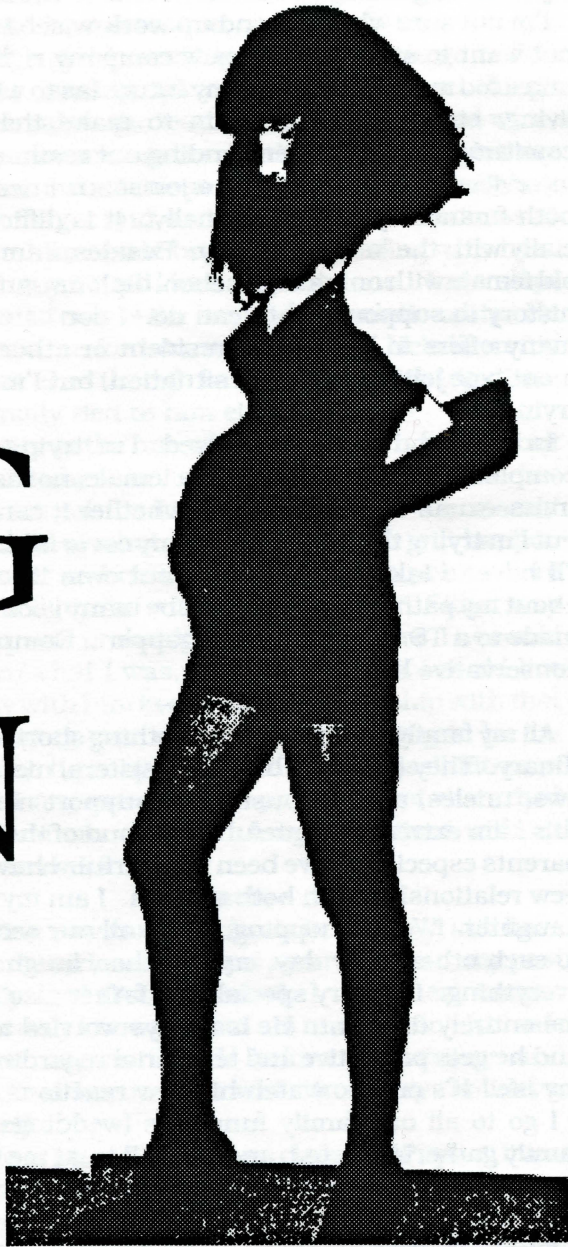
endless— let us exalt in a multi-faceted sexuality, not deny it. Sex is part of the trans-equation (am I making myself clear, or should I go on and on and on?).

After seeing an exhibit of "tastefully done" (how nice) photos of Drag Queens, Mz. Beecroft envisions a traveling heterosex cross-dressing show, which reveals, once again, just how limited her vision is. Why not an all-inclusive transgender show, guys as gals, gals as guys, gay, straight, bi and poly-sexual that will really EDUCATE people as to the diversity of people who transgress gender lines?

I think I'll wrap up this letter, Billie Jean, thanks for reading.

*Selena Anne  
Selena Anne*

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MUSE

## TRANSGEND SOCIETY

**TRANSGEND SOCIETY** is...

for men who play "girl" everyday, once a week, or only on special, extraordinary occasions.

**TRANSGEND SOCIETY** is...

for those who cross-dress for serenity, sensuality and/or scandal.

**TRANSGEND SOCIETY** is...

for anyone who does not want to be bound by the traditional, dominant culture's absurd, silly and oppressive rules & regulations of "masculine and feminine."

**TRANSGEND SOCIETY** is...

for men who have a yearning to fully develop their femme persona (or personas); to become the sexiest, or loveliest, or coolest, or most fanciful "woman" they can be. It's time to transform into *the woman of your dreams*, instead of always searching for her. Watch "her" blossom in a nourishing, supportive, loving, and exciting environment.

**TRANSGEND SOCIETY** is...

a place to find shopping "sisters," wild-side walkers and/or comrades in corsets.

### WHY I PLAY GIRL

By Selena Anne Shephard

*My need to express beauty; my need to be beautiful...*

*My need for the exotic,*

*the wild,*

*the savage,*

*the furious,*

*the unbridled,*

*the tempestuous...*

My need for whimsy and bemusement...

**My need for**

**symmetry**

**balance**

**proportion**

**harmony**

**MY NEED FOR DISCIPLINE AND DEFINITION...**

My need to be

ON THE CUTTING edge,

TO BE CREATIVE,

TO LET MY IMAGINATION SOAR

& SEE WHAT COMES OF IT...

My Need To Defy The Gods...

## Transitional Tales

©1992 by Billie Jean Jones & Linda D.  
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Dear Billie,

Sorry I haven't written for a while. I loved your picture. You look beautiful.

1992 "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times."

It was the roller-coaster ride of a lifetime. So many deep lows and gigantic highs, with no let-up or flatland between. Starting right in Jan. '92 with separation from spouse of twenty plus years, moving to a new house, switching to full-time living as a woman, going through divorce, being betrayed by business associates, the daily problems of living without any legal status/name to coincide with my new living identity, going out and relating to men and women in a completely new way, testing who I was with men (first dance, first kiss, first date, first sexual experience), financial problems, legal problems, divorce problems, name change hassles—and finally, surgery in August '92, but then not being able to end everything from the past (business, legal and financial carryovers), and other circumstances that delayed a completely new life. It was one hell of a year!

### —Work—

One of my key managers and a minority shareholder in my major company betrayed me with threatened blackmail. He had prepared a letter, a very negative letter about "Tom" running around in a dress, emotionally incompetent and other such crap, and advising my clients that I might not be the best one to be handling their million-dollar accounts. He had it ready to go unless I would agree to sell out to him. My company is so intricate in its service base that I had no one else to turn to as an alternative. I tried to find an outside buyer, and I had a prospect but this manager scared them away. Emotionally, I didn't want this business anymore—it was a career I had created as a "disguise," which became my prison to hide within. Without a viable alternative, I agreed to sell out to him at a sale price far below the real worth of a very successful company. To have fought would have delayed my surgery for at least two years, and I would not have survived. As you know, I was prepared to end my life in the Fall of 1991.

### —Divorce—

My spouse was (and is) extremely angry, scared, insecure, socially embarrassed, and hates me for what I have had to do to live, and I feel terribly guilty for having to turn her life upside down when she was content with the way things were. She turned her lawyer on me with both guns blazing. In order for me to have the surgery, the divorce and legal name change had to take place. The legal name change could not

take place without the divorce. We struggled with the lawyers all year, and in the end I had to give in to their demands. The divorce agreement calls for a 70/30 split of assets (guess who got 70%?), and from my 30% I had to pay for all costs (pending bills, mortgage deficits, taxes, etc.)

The divorce and name change were completed one week before surgery (talk about cutting it close—no pun intended). But again, the need for surgery to live was used against me, to take advantage of my dire situation. If I had continued to fight for the unfairness of the divorce, I would not have been allowed to have the surgery. Like the business situation, I could not postpone surgery for a year or more to fight for fairness.

Between the theft of my company and the divorce, I am totally broke financially. My businesses are gone. My cash is gone.

I'm not sure where I'll end up work-wise. I know I do not want to start my own new company right now. It takes too many hours, and my future (as to where I'll be living, etc.) is too uncertain to make that kind of commitment. I have been sending out resumes, having interviews, and hope to find a job soon. I need to work both financially and emotionally. It is difficult, especially with the lousy economy. Besides, I am a 43 year old female with only a high school diploma, and no work history to support what I can do. I don't think I'll get many offers to be a Vice-president or other management type job based on my situation, but I'm out there trying.

In case you haven't guessed, I'm trying to live a completely new, private life as a female, not as a known transsexual. I don't know yet whether it can be done, but I'm trying this route first. If my cover is blown, then I'll have to take another path, but even if I was open about my path, there would not be many good job offers made to a TS. It just doesn't happen. Companies are conservative by nature.

### —Family—

All my family continues to be nothing short of extraordinary. They (parents, brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, uncles, aunts, cousins) all support me, and for this I am extremely grateful and proud of them all. My parents especially have been wonderful. I have a whole new relationship with both of them. I am my mother's daughter. We go shopping, share all our secrets, talk to each other every day, cry together, laugh together, everything. It is very special. My father also relates to me entirely different. He is always worried about me, and he gets protective and territorial regarding guys in my life. It's cute to watch his new reactions to me.

I go to all our family functions (weddings, parties, family gatherings, etc.), and they all treat me well. The uncles all give me hugs and kisses even.

### —Guys—

I've been 'going out' all during my transition and haven't had any problem attracting guys right from the



start. I had wondered if I could, but that worry went away quickly. My girlfriends are amazed, and sometimes jealous, of how many great guys come on to me whenever we are out. The guys I have dated have all been attractive, tall, good builds, and mostly professionals (a pilot, business managers, engineers, a musician, a race car driver—he's even putting my name on his car!).

None of them has suspected anything about me, and that has been great. I feel absolutely wonderful in these situations.

I currently have three guys in my life. One I've been with (on and off) since April. He is away right now (career building) and may be moving permanently. He is the only one I'm tied to emotionally. We like each other a lot. He calls me a few times every week and we'll talk for an hour or more—he's been gone six weeks—I miss him and he misses me.

Another is a great escort type. He likes to go to fine restaurants, dancing, theatre, museums, and things like that. He takes the lead, orders our food and wine, opens doors for me, walks on the outside, slides my chair in and out at restaurants—all of it. He's a business manager and we talk a lot about business. I don't feel for him inside but I do enjoy being with him.

The third guy—well, he's the only one I have slept with so far, and that is the basis of our relationship. He makes love to me for hours and hours. He's been my teacher. But even though I am sleeping with him, I am not emotionally tied to him either.

The first guy is the one who really does it for me, but I don't know where our relationship will go, and because I care a lot for him, I worry about the moral/ethical aspects of what I am doing. What will happen if we get closer and closer and I reach the point where I'll have to 'tell him or run away from him? Either way he'll be hurt, and probably a lot. I don't know if he could handle who/what I was, and I don't think I could live comfortably with him in a serious relationship with that "secret" hanging over my head, threatening to be exposed at any time by any number of possibilities of exposure. I am extremely happy, and yet disturbed with our situation. These are tough questions without any ready answers.

#### —Women—

I am lacking new women friends in my life. I still have my past women friends, but as I sever the ties to my past (emotionally and distance-wise), I need new women friends that only know the me I am now. I didn't feel safe seeking new women friends before the surgery, and then it got real hectic for a while (recovery, holidays, family, guys).

I did take a para-psychology class (ESP, past lives, channeling) at a local college with thirty-three other women (and two guys). It was my first experience in a heavily female group. We'd get in our little, and big circles, hold hands, talk about intimate things. It was

great. I was initially pretty nervous, but courage has not been something I've lacked, even as frightening as some things are to try for the first time. I also joined a co-ed health club (the first time in the shower and locker room was a little nerve-racking).

So, as you can see, I am trying to expand my social contacts and situations, keeping busy and exploring new aspects. I am hoping that if I can find a job, I can continue my growth, develop my socialization and lead a full life.

I eagerly look forward to 1993. It will still be a roller-coaster year in some respects, but the hills and drops shouldn't be as extreme as the past (bad stuff) gets further behind and there is more of the present/future (good stuff).

It will always be a difficult life, and never just contain the problems of "normal, everyday living." I, and others like me, do have unique circumstances and problem areas to contend with, but at least it is *living* vs. a daily struggle to just *survive* as my previous life had been.

I am a new person in many respects. Everyone can not get over the difference in my personality. My smile is a bright one, where I never smiled before; I openly laugh and cry, which I never did before; I go out and try all kinds of new things with all kinds of people, where I isolated myself with working 60-70 hours a week and going home before. I am part of life now.

I trust you will not print any of this Billie, for I am somewhat fearful now of not knowing where my past could pop up.

I did go to one of those Gender Events you go on about, but there was back-stabbing and jealousy, and I won't return. I don't plan on attending group functions, at least for the foreseeable future. During my transition, and being somewhat involved with a couple of groups and the people in them, I have seen how very few and rare TSs are. There are many who may think they are, but if they only *think* it and don't *know* it, then they are not. It's something you know, very early on—in your whole being.

You Take Care! I will stay in touch from time to time.

Love Ya,

Linda D.

---

Dear Linda,

Your letter was very touching, and while I do not wish to invade your privacy, I do believe many people could benefit from knowing some things about your experiences. To the rest of the world, to others who are struggling, to others, perhaps unborn, who will struggle—who will help them if not people like you?

---

Dear Billie,

Had to write to tell you of a weekend experience that was most remarkable. It's really wonderful, but the shock of it has left me a bit in a state of bewilderment and wonderment.

I met a guy out dancing last Friday, and we had a

(Continued on next page)

(Transitional Tales— continued from page 9)

great night dancing and talking.

As you know, I've had big questions and doubts about the possibilities of ever having a relationship, due to my circumstances of being a post-op TS. I've met and dated a fair number of guys this past year, and none know of, or have suspected my situation. At what point, if ever, do "I tell" and what happens then? How can a relationship be built on deceit or lies? What guy would even consider dating me if he knew up front?

My approach has been just to date, not get serious, and try to find some answers— with the alternative being "do I tell or do I run" if I start to feel close to someone.

Well, I went out again this Friday and the same guy showed up. He said he had hoped to see me again. We danced and talked till closing time again. Then he asked if he could come to my house for "a while." I told him I was nervous about sex "due to a recent cyst removal." He said "not to worry"; that we wouldn't do anything I didn't want to do. He was secure, easy going, with a non-threatening personality I was comfortable with, so I agreed.

An hour later he had me undressed, giving me a massage, kissing me, fondling me all over, including my vagina and clitoris.

Another hour went by. And then he said, "Linda, you have the most incredible legs of any woman I've met, a fantastic body, very attractive, but you're a transsexual."

I nearly died! I stammered, "W, w, why would you say anything like that?"

He said, "Listen, I've had a full life, known lots of women, and because of the slight location difference and different response of your clit, you have to be a hermaphrodite or transsexual— one or the other. With your story about a 'cyst removal,' I know you're a transsexual."

He was so definite, I knew there was no point in denial and denying it could make things much worse. I was scared to death and a million other emotions, and I started to cry (what else?).

He put his hands gently on my face, said what I had done was a wonderful thing for me— don't cry, be proud and hold my head up. Can you imagine that, Billie!?

Then this wonderful man continued to kiss, hold, caress, and touch me until 4am. He had known for an hour before he told me, but he never skipped a beat.

I couldn't sleep much, got up at 6am, sat in the living room to wonder about it all, and what would happen when he woke up.

Well, he got up fifteen minutes after I did, came into the living room, took my hand and brought me back to bed where we made love for another hour.

When he left, he said he would call this week to arrange to be with me this weekend.

Here, this wonderful man "discovered" me when no one else has even suspected a thing (even those who

have touched me there before), and it didn't matter at all to him. I know he's a rare, special person, but I have hope now— since he exists, other men exist who will accept me, and that means I have a chance to find a relationship.

He may or may not call. Maybe we'll be together for a while, maybe not. Who knows?

I am somewhat confused right now. I didn't expect it to happen (obviously), and he kind of shocked me. I kind of feel he has great power over me now (with his knowledge) and I felt submissive that next morning. Nothing he did, he was still wonderful to me— it's how I felt, knowing I'm exposed, knowing he can do damage to me by telling others where I've been going out, and things like that. I don't think he would, but it's just there.

I hope so much he calls. I want and need to see him again. There are questions I have for him, and he is an opportunity to maybe find some answers to the doubts and questions I've been struggling with. He's also someone I can now be fully honest and open with, rather than the guilt of lies and deceit like with other guys I've met.

It could have been a dangerous disaster. I was very lucky, but what a marvel he is— a very special, beautiful man.

Take Care.

Love Ya,

Linda D.



## SADISTIC PERVERSE TRANSSEXUAL PSYCHO BABBLE & MUMBO-JUMBO

A RESPONSE TO DR PEO

By Carol Dearborn © 1993

Dr. Roger Peo responded to a letter I sent regarding the Harry Benjamin Standards of Care (HBSC), which among other things, requires transsexual "candidates" for Sex Reassignment Surgery (SRS) to obtain two psychiatric evaluations recommending SRS and a six month to two year "real life test" where the afflicted must try to live/act in the bigoted stereotypical gender role of their perceived sex. [*Copies of both letters were enclosed.*]

Peo wrote: "Some people think a simple change of genitalia will magically fix everything they perceive to be wrong with their life." (Are some people really that naive? I once thought/imagined/fantasized that marriage and children would magically fix everything and make me— not half but whole. I now realize what true love is and that we must create a fertile ground for love to flourish and mature by abolishing the stumbling blocks/tares of money, law and the state-boundaries.) [*Peo continued*] "The basic tenet of the helping professional is, first, do no harm." (The HBSC do more harm than good!) [*Peo continued*] "The surgeon needs to have some assurance that he or she will not be sued if the candidate later feels that the surgery was a mistake." (Informed consent is the surgeon's assurance against malpractice and, there are no mistakes— everything happens for a reason/purpose.) And [*Peo continued*] "'Rubber-stamping' hormone therapy and-or surgery can have disastrous consequences for the client." (Premarin is sold over-the-counter in Mexico without a doctor's paternalistic permission— twenty-one doses, 2.5mg, \$3. Alcohol and tobacco is more dangerous and; LSD is non-toxic, costs less than \$0.05 to manufacture, and if it wasn't illegal there would be fewer alcoholics and psychiatrists.)

In Arizona, to sue for malpractice you must prove that the "health care provider" didn't have your "expressed or implied" consent or "failed to follow the accepted standards of care" (Arizona Revised Statute 12-561ff). Without "accepted standards of care" there would be no grounds for a lawsuit. Should surgeons accept the HBSC? No because THE HBSC DO MORE HARM THAN GOOD. The bans on abortion and LSD did/do more harm than good. While abortion was illegal many women risked their lives and money on coat hangers and unqualified, ill-equipped abortionists. How many transsexual[s] (TS[s]) committed suicide, received botched SRS in Mexico or attempted auto-castration because they were refused surgery under the HBSC? (For example, the psychiatrists will say, "You have an Orwellian thought disorder, I won't approve SRS until you have taken numerous patented, expensive, experimental, dangerous drugs and paid thousands of dollars for my expert counseling." These sadistic, perverted, arrogant, money-loving psychiatrists like to hear painful, embarrassing recollections and ask me to come back and pay them to tell more— maybe they would like to write a book about or screenplay about me or use me for their clinical research.) I know one [TS] who attempted suicide and she knows two that succeeded; I read of several botched SRS[s] in Mexico and I know two who attempted auto-castration and ended up in the emergency ward. (See also, "Auto-castration in Ontario Federal Penitentiary," Brit J Psych, Apr 1987, [page] 565; four

TS[s] attempted/succeeded because they were denied SRS.) How many TS[s] "saved from SRS," married, created two dysfunctional children, divorced, and at age 40 relapsed? Should we require two psychiatric reports before a couple marries and creates babies? Should we require women seeking abortion to get counseling because they may regret it? (TS[s] who regret SRS require counseling. Why do you regret not having a penis[?]) Greater than half the world's population lack penises, what does the world need your penis/babies for[?] This world's not fit for children to suffer, masturbation is a sin, real men control their passions but sometimes it's irrefutable, you don't need a penis/testicles to be a man....) How many psychiatrists have been assaulted/murdered by dysphoric TS[s] who were denied surgery? Psychiatrists benefit only those who are too stupid to help themselves or lack good family/friends. TRANSSEXUALISM IS NOT A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM. IT'S PHYSIOLOGICAL. The only ones to benefit from the HBSC are psychiatrists and quacks.

[*Carol Dearborn can be reached via POB 1417, Tuscon, AZ 85702. Publishing Carol's stuff should not be construed as editorial support for or against the HBSC; rather, it should be construed as editorial support for dialog. Carol's perspective is rarely presented in GenderJournals from a person like Carol whose writing is published here virtually intact without any opposing editorial comments. Some spellings were changed, and brackets show added characters/words. Carol's first letter follows. Readers are encouraged to comment.*]

## THE PSYCHIATRIC INDUSTRY'S "GENDER DYSPHORIA" DYSPHORIA

By Carol Dearborn © 1993

THE HARRY BENJAMIN CRITERIA FOR SEX REASSIGNMENT (SRS)—which, among other things, requires transsexuals (TS[s]) to obtain two psychiatric evaluations recommending SRS and to live for two years in their "perceived gender role"—are absurd. (Did a dysphoric TS kill Dr Benjamin?)

Does feminine mean "innocent," "virginal" or sweet and pretty to attract a mate; wearing dresses and make up, adopting a feminine name? We are as pretty, or as mentally healthy, as we feel. I perceive that many "Christians" are mentally ill but they claim peace and happiness loving a dead man and they engage in a morbid, ghoulish, ritualistic, sacramental "supper" where they imagine eating and drinking their "saviors" flesh and blood! (Jesus, in the uncanonical, ancient "Gospel of Thomas" said, "Every female who makes herself masculine will enter the "Kingdom of Heaven.") Life may be (bi-) polarized, psychotic (chaos), schizophrenic (irrational), depressing or manic and we may reflect what we see or feel about ourselves and the world— for good (positive, energizing, creative, edifying, nurturing, enthusiastic, faithful, male) or ill (negative, receptive, discouraging, destructive, hopeless, cynical, pessimistic, draining, female), "that's life." (These complimentary attributes may be incorrect. The male nurtures the female until she creates a baby and then the woman becomes a man and the marriage is consummated; further intercourse with the father will divide her love and devotion to the child and make him a motherfucker.) If you can't accept your perceived reality\* you

(Continued on next page)

(Carol Deerborn— continued from page 11)

may alter it or seek a psychiatrist who will prompt you to change your false, illogical, negative, "inappropriate" perceptions and aspirations or accept the things you can't change and guide you into an alternative role to play— for a fee[;] but TS[s] are chronic and steadfast, there is no acceptable alternative, therefore, psychiatric counseling is a waste of time and money. [Deleted sentence included in 1st article.] Require counseling for mothers!

ABORTION violates the Hippocratic Oath and was against the law; counseling and even the father's permission is not required. VASECTOMY used to be against the law and sometimes required parental/spouse's permission for someone over 21! HYSTERECTOMIES are routinely and unnecessarily given without counseling (she is no longer a womb-man or hysterical— ha-ha). MORALLY, many TS[s] are prostitutes (so are the psychiatrists but without the massage), there's always going to be prostitutes, would the surgeon prefer that they be transsexuals, women or psychiatrists? PSYCHOLOGICALLY, there are TS[s] with mental "problems"/illnesses but there are psychiatrists and surgeons with the same problems and illnesses— do they feel mentally ill, does the "problem" bother the TS? If not then it's not a problem or illness. (Should we counsel psychiatrists who philosophically oppose abortion or SRS?) Sure, some TS[s] may regret it (I've never seen an article written by a TS who regretted it) but how many women regret silicone breast implants (I don't want any)[?] [A]nd, unlike vasectomy, SRS is irreversible but not having a penis isn't that serious— half the population lack penises and many men shouldn't have one. How many TS[s] were denied SRS because they had eccentric, immature, pioneering, heretical ideas and then committed suicide or auto-castration? I don't want to create any children to suffer this unfit world and space aliens, UFOs and living on other planets is a "new-age" salvation fantasy. SRS isn't my fantasy— I have no expectations or regrets, there are no mistakes because everything happens for a reason. Fantasies are irrational expectations/perceptions and stumbling blocks. SRS will make me look (naked) and feel (physiologically) better[.] [M]oreover, I believe it will be more fun and I'll relate/minister better.

An applicant for SRS may look and act any way they want. (I oppose female to male SRS/phalloplasty.) THE ONLY THINGS THAT SHOULD CONCERN THE SURGEON IS WHETHER OR NOT THE PERSON HAS THE MONEY (knowingly receiving the wages of a prostitute violates the law) AND IS HEALTHY.

\* MY PERCEIVED REALITY (in part): This world's not fit for children to suffer and doesn't require me to create more children; genitals and clothes don't make you a man, happy or a messiah; I dislike having a penis and testicles (like a thorn in the flesh)— what do you do with a dissolute, wasted, impractical, unproductive, unedifying, unsatisfying love/hate relationship? cut it off completely and never go back; and I believe I would look (naked) and feel (physiologically) better without these superfluous appendages, fulfilling a pioneering vision/purpose (TS[s] belong in our polarized culture); becoming a unified/unifying masculine/feminine (psyche), androgynous (looking/feeling, yin-yang) female; experiencing a spiritual/scientific new frontier.

— Carol JUL 0 8 1993

## More Kaye Dee

Dear Billie Jean,

I acknowledge that you are unique. You are not a simple person, nor are you a writer of simple statements. My appreciation of you is in no way diminished just because you were the one who related this information to me.

When your words trigger me, however, as they did in your June/July *Slab*, I can and will share my feelings with you in order to take care of myself. What you do with that information is your choice, even if it means (ulp!) publishing those feelings. Please allow me this opportunity to make amends. It was wrong of me to judge you irresponsible. You're irrepensible, I'm impulsive, and we're both irreplaceable.

I thought you were selling masculinity short. My first letter was an attempt to call you on that. Well, okay, so that didn't work so well— too subtle, too indirect, too something. Imagine then, my confusion when I read in your August/Sept *Slab* that you felt it "completely hypocritical for editors of GenderJournals to put down males and masculinity and then expect society to 'accept' them." Is your gripe against all man haters or just the hypocritical ones?

When you responded to my question of why you aren't the man of your dreams, you replied "because my dreams are for the world to be a harmonious interaction of life in delight— an ecological paradise where everyone is respected, loved and filled with compassion." Nice answer, waxing philosophically like it did, but it still left me a little unsatisfied. It sounds as if you are blaming the loss of your masculine ideal on society. Would you like another crack on the question? I'm not boring you, am I?

I am both masculine and feminine. I was not born this way. My heart knows the value of this acquired femininity. My mind struggles with the good of it. My body celebrates me.

Hugs,

---

Dear Kaye,

Thanx for your most recent letter. I feel that the issue of femininity/masculinity, as I understand it from your letters, is not my issue. My previous answer, waxing philosophically as it did, was not an assesment of blame. Rather, it was my non-gender specific answer. I am society (a part of). I feel that the "reason" I gave for why I am not the "man" of my dreams applies equally as to why I am not the "woman" of my dreams. The last sentence in that response reveals a large part of how I feel about "gender prisons" [issue #18, quickly send \$2].

I do understand how you could feel confused from issue to issue of **GenderFlex** because each one contains portions of ongoing dialog— each issue is a part, not a whole. Parts is parts. Welcome to the GenderMix. Your voice is appreciated and welcome.

Dear Billie Jean,

© 1994 by Judy Osborne

NWGA [NorthWest Gender Alliance] and Emerald City members are planning the local activities around this year's IFGE Conventiopn in Portland [and] would take it as a great favor if you would consider publishing the enclosed material in your newsletter.

Publication would help us estimate the level of interest in each event, but more importantly, we hope to let people know about Portland's wonderful environment and what a rewarding time the Convention and related events will be.

I'm sorry for the amount of copy and hope you can find some way to fit it in. When trying to cut the text further,

so feel free to edit the copy as you see fit.

Sincerely,

*Judy*

[Judy Osborne is president of Emerald City in Seattle, WA. She's okay but after she sees my slash and tear editrix job, well, she might not be so okay, ya know? So stand back, I've got a deadline!]

**Exciting Pacific Northwest Events During IFGE**

Be sure to take time to enjoy Portland, one of the most beautiful and transgender-friendly cities in the world, while you're attending this year's IFGE Convention (you will be there, won't you?). The Convention hotel is right downtown, with lots of shopping and many unique attractions in the immediate vicinity in addition to light rail access to many more. Volunteers will help you plan your own tours of Portland's delightful features, plus the Northwest Gender Alliance and Seattle's Emerald City have teamed up to offer some exciting group excursions.



We can guarantee reservations for any of these events if we receive your money by the first of March. After that date we'll still do our best to accommodate your request. To reserve your space please fill out the coupon below. If you need more information call the Emerald City hotline, (206) 284-1071, and we'll send it to you.

IFGE Registered Name(s): \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Ski Trip (transportation collected at event): \$30 \_\_\_\_\_

Ski Trip Without Skiing (same as above): \$10 \_\_\_\_\_

Darcelles Dinner Show: \$25 \_\_\_\_\_

Portland Tour: \$22 \_\_\_\_\_

Esprit Night Events: \$20 \_\_\_\_\_

Total Amount Enclosed: \_\_\_\_\_

Please send check/money order made out to NWGA to NWGA/IFGE, Box 4928, Portland, OR 97208


*Will you please put one of these in your newsletter? Thanks Renee*

Can you come to our  
**TEXAS 'T' PARTY?**  
Sixth Annual  
February 25th through 27th, 1994  
in San Antonio, Texas

A fun weekend for cross-dressers and their friends.

Come for:  
A weekend to dress with the girls, the Texas sun and warm weather, the activities, the outings, meet friends, new and old.

Texas 'T' Party  
P. O. Box 700042  
San Antonio, TX 78270  
1-210-980-7788



*Will you please put this in your newsletter from time to time. Thanks you, Cynthia*

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forced status quo.

However, I actually think that cross-dressing and sex-crossing implicitly criticizes the status quo. Both can be read as political statements, especially when done without any attempt to pass (such as a TV contingent in a parade). When we publicly transgress society's implied sumptuary rules, it's more than a sartorial boundary we're crossing—we are publicly defying the entire social, religious and political structure, as well as rejecting the defined gender roles we're supposed to stay within. [Well said.]

Oh, these are brave words indeed coming from someone who has only been dressing for a year, and until the parade had never gone out in daylight dressed! But at least I did my day-debut before the whole world! I know at least one of my co-workers recognized me. I wish I had a video of her

reaction: She was staring at me so intently she actually bent forward, then she tore off her sunglasses for a better look. I've never seen eyes and mouth open so wide with such a frozen look of terror. I waved 'Hi, Joyce' and moved my gaze to another part of the crowd. Now I wish I had spoken to her then and there. I've only seen her at work once since then and she seems as friendly as ever, even more so, as if we're sharing a secret. There's another guy from work, who whenever he's near my desk, talks about how much sun he got at the parade and seems to throw a knowing glance my way. I just smile back, knowingly.



From Left: Terri Pack '91, Shawna Rose '93, Billie Jean '92, Veronica Smith

...At about the parade's mid-point, I really got into playing with the folks watching—and they responded. Eventually I was throwing kisses and dancing whenever anybody shouted, "Go, Girl, Go!" (Maybe I got carried away.) Afterward, I felt tired. So Juana and I had lunch, took BART to Civic Center (my public transit debut) and walked home. What a day! I realize this is all pretty tame by your standards, but, up till now, I've always been a very private person and we all can't be Billie Jeans. [That's probably a really good thing, I myself tire myself out being myself. I wasn't very wild afterward, either—I couldn't find my daughter because someone told her I left SF, so I toured the see and be seen areas, delicately chomped some feedbag, and finally, I put on my tennis shoes and hiked a coupla miles back up Market Street delicately chugging a brewski. When I got to daughter's place and

took off my dress, I hadda nice scoop-neck sunburn.]

Thanks again for everything. Hope you had a good time. [I did.]

Love,

August 17—  
Dear Billie Jean,

...I was thinking about rewriting the letters or editing them into one, but when I looked them over again, they all seemed wordy, less funny, dated and certainly not important. In short, it didn't seem worth the effort. (I guess you can tell I'm a little depressed.)...

[Sorry you hadda little sag in your emotional continuum. By the time you get this issue, you'll see that I still wanted your dialog included. See?]

## Brief Notes...

**Carousel Aviation** opened a mail order business for CD/TV types on Sept. 4, 1993. Already flying high, founder Linda Lee announced the formation of the North State Gender Association in October. Contact both at: POB 8250, Red Bluff, CA 96080.

**Sacramento Gender Association** relocated their meeting place to the Townhouse, 1517 21st St., Sac.

**ETVC** relocated their meeting place to Eichelberger's, 2742 17th St., SF, and also added a mid-month dance social.

## Gratuitious\$ Filler

Back issues of **TV Gulse** (Issues 4 thru 10) and **GenderFlex** (Issues 11 thru 18) are available by mail for \$2 (two bucks) each, postage paid, first class USA only.

Contributions (articles, letters, etc.), and faith donations (cash preferred) will be gladly, joyously, gratefully accepted. Future issues will be mailed on a month-to-month basis for \$2 each, paid in advance (please include your address and make checks payable to Billie Jean Jones).

## Gender-Related Organizations

**C.G.N.I.E., Inc. (Court of the Great Northwest Imperial Empire, Inc.)** POB 160636, Sac, CA 95816. CGNIE was organized to raise funds for charities and have fun. Primarily part of the gay community, membership is open to anyone with an interest. Annual events include Emperor & Empress Coronation, Grand Ducal Ball, and a variety of other events and fund raisers. Court Imperial (general meetings) held on first Tuesday of the month at Faces, 2000 K Street, Sac, CA, 7:30pm. No door charge. Annual dues— \$2 per month (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 trying to serve the educational, social and recreational needs of "gender-challenged" people, their spouses, significant others, family members, friends and helping professionals. Theme socials the last Thursday of each month at Eichelburger's, 2742 17th St. (at Florida), SF, \$3 members, \$5 non-members (certain event/themes higher priced). Many other activities/events. Newsletter every other month included with annual dues— \$20.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Listing revised January, 1994]

## Other Organizations & Services

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**The Human Outreach and Achievement Institute** (405 Western Avenue, Suite 345, South Portland, ME 04106. (207) 775 0858) sponsors a service for helping professionals (GAIN), dozens of Seminars and Workshops, Info Packets and Periodical Publications (some free), Fantasia Fair; and jointly with Theseus Counseling Services, HOPEFUL, a program for couples (Theseus: 233 Harvard St., Ste. 302, Brookline, MA 02146. (617) 277-4360.

For common emergencies, dial 911.

## Special Thanx

to **Francis Vavra** for his \$4 and update; to **Kaye Dee** for her letter; to **Carol Dearborn** for her Mumbo-jumbo; to **James Green** for his note; to **Linda D.** for sharing her Life; to **Selena Anne Shephard** for her Tranz-cool stuff (cover included); to **Veronica Smith** for her letters and photo; to **Miss Taki & Miss Nomer** for their Special Guest Blab. Special Thanx to **Linda Lee** for her \$20 subscription; to **Cheryl Sheppard** for another! \$5 contribution!; to **Andrea** for another \$2!; to **Evelyn Perry** for another \$5!; to **Cori Farrell** for her \$5 donation; to **Elizabeth** for her \$1; to **Stephanie M.** for her \$2; to **Betsy B.** for her \$25! order/contribution; to **Janelle** and **Robyn** for their \$2 each; to **Janet Nichols** for her \$5; to **Maren Gerhard Hafner** (Germany) for the \$30! order/

contribution! and postcard used on page 10; to **Björn Sundlin** (Sweden) for the \$20 order!; to **Karen B.** for her \$10!; to **Cami Lynn** for her \$20!; to **Joan Sheldon** for her \$10!; to **Julie Freeman** and **Karin Miller** for their \$5 each!

Special Thanx to everyone at the **Way Cool FTM** info meeting August 8.

Special Thanx to **Holly Boswell** for reprinting "Third Sex, Or Same Hex?" in the October issue of *Phoenix* (NC); to **Kym Richards** for reprinting "Gender Expressionism" in issue #50 of *Cross-Talk*; to **Vivian Allen** for publishing "Prejudice in Genderland" in issue #65 of *Tapestry*.

Special, Special Thanx to **Krystal Powers**, **Dianne Summers** and **Shawna Rose** for their compassion and support during my mother's dying process.

## Upcoming (Mostly) Local Events

**Jan 27**—ETVC presents "Way Off Broadway Opening Night." 8pm, Eichelberger's, 2742 17th Street, SF; \$3, guests \$5.

**Jan 29**—ETVC presents their 10th annual Cotillion, 7pm, The Russian Center, 2450 Sutter St., SF; \$20 advance, \$25 door.

**Feb 1**—DVG meets at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, 8pm. Open to all, no charge.

**Feb 1**—CGNIE Court Imperial meeting, 7:30pm at Faces (20th & K Sts., Sac.). Open to all, \$2 dues.

**Feb 3**—Pacific Center's Walnut Creek Gender Rap, 1250 Pine St, Suite #301, 7pm. (510) 939-7711 for info.

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

**Feb 4**—RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

**Feb 9**—Judy Ann will present a demonstration workshop on comportment and other tips. Call (510) 706-8748 for reservations at her studio in Antioch; \$3, 8pm (ETVC event).

**Feb 9**—ETVC presents a Dance Social upstairs at Kimo's, 1351 Polk St., SF, 8pm, free.

**Feb 10**—ETVC's SOS meets TBA, call (415) 664-1499.

**Feb 11**—Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

**Feb 11**—Gender Discussion Group, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose, 8pm.

**Feb 13** FTM Informational Meeting, 2-5pm in SF. (510) 832-7202 for details and info.

**Feb 14**—♥alentine's Day ❀ ❀!

**Feb 17**—ETVC Couples, 8pm, Foster City, (415) 664-1499.

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

**Feb 18**—RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

**Feb 18**—ETVC's Bowling Night, SF (415) 731-7032.

**Feb 19**—SGA Executive Committee Meeting, 7:30m at the Townhouse, 1517 21st St., Sac. Open to all, no charge.

**Feb 19**—San Francisco Imperial Coronation at the Gift Center, SF. Call (415) 664-1499 to arrange seating with ETVC. \$30.

**Feb 21**—DVG meets at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, 8pm. Open to all, no charge.

**Feb 24**—ETVC's presents "Karaoke Night" 8pm, Eichelberger's, 2742 17th Street, SF; \$3, guests \$5.

**Feb 25-27**—6th annual "Texas 'T' Party" in San Antonio, TX. This event actually starts a week earlier. Holiday Inn rates \$68 per night + 13% tax; price increase after 2-2-94.

**Feb 26**—SGA Monthly Socia at the Townhouse, 1517 21st St., Sac., 8pm (7pm if you want dinner). \$2 members, \$4 guests.

**Feb 27**—ETVC presents a Transsexual Seminar for self-identified TSs. Facilitated questions & (maybe) answers with Dr. Lin Fraser. Kimos, SF, free.

**Mar 1**—CGNIE Court Imperial Meeting, 7:30pm at Faces (20th & K Sts., Sac.). Open to all, no charge

**Mar 1**—DVG meets at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, 8pm. Open to all, no charge.

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

**Mar 4**—RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

**Mar 10**—ETVC's SOS meets 2pm, TBA, (415) 664-1499.

**Mar 11**—Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

**Mar 12-20**—8th Annual "Coming Together Convention" in Portland OR. Hotel \$90 per night. IFGE, POB 367, Wayland, MA 01778. (617) 899-2212. Lotsa stuff.

**Mar 18**—RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

**Mar 19**—SGA Executive Committee Meeting, 7:30m at the Townhouse, 1517 21st St., Sac. Open to all, no charge.

**Mar 21**—DVG meets at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, 8pm. Open to all, no charge.

**Mar 25**—Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

**Mar 26**—SGA Monthly Social at the Townhouse, 1517 21st St., Sac., 8pm (7pm for dinner). \$2 members, \$4 guests.

**Mar 31**—ETVC's monthly social, 8pm, Chez Mollet Restaurant, 527 Bryant Street, SF. Members \$3-5, guests \$5-8.

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

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

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