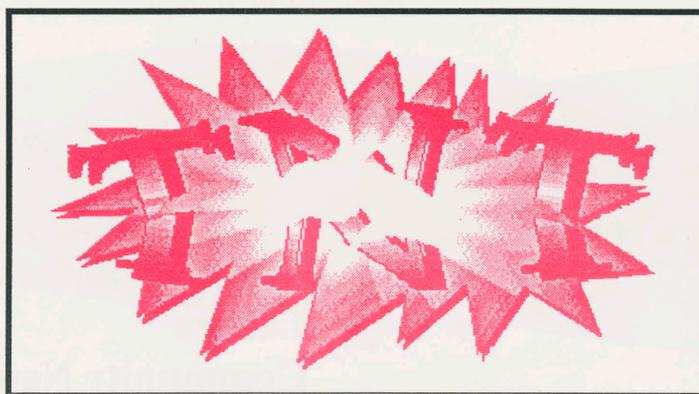


\$5.00
#5



Summer/
Autumn '95

TRANSSEXUAL • NEWS • TELEGRAPH
The Magazine of Transsexual Culture



In this issue:

KC Journal -- The Brandon Teena Vigil
Viewpoint: Why Transsexuals Shouldn't Go to Michigan
Community and Transsexuals
Plus: Review of *Apartheid of Sex*,
Poetry, Cartoons, Letters, and Opinions

Guest Editorial

by Riki Ann Wilchins

The Human Rights Campaign Fund (HRCF) recently introduced into Congress a version of the Employment Non-Discrimination Act (ENDA) which specifically excludes genderqueers. This was done after transgender activists worked with congresspeople and succeeded in getting a version of ENDA which contained gender-inclusive language and protected everyone. A number of transgender activists and organizations immediately declared a nationwide protest of HRCF. A number of people responded via Internet by sending flame mail, threats or both. (Hostile and angry communications are referred to as 'flame mail'.) The following editorial is the response from Riki Ann Wilchins of the Transsexual Menace. We thought it deserved a wider audience than possible on e-mail, as it is crucial how we -- individually, communally and as a movement -- respond to HRCF's actions. -- Editor

I advise anyone involved, in the strongest terms, to ratchet down some of the rhetoric coming from this community regarding HRCF's actions and to encourage anyone else to do likewise. I'd like to offer the following reasons:

1) It costs us friends.

Even people who support us are driven away by threats and verbal intimidation. Whether we realize it or not, the subtext is that if they cross us, they may be next. Also, being around a lot of unbridled anger is very unpleasant, and people turn away from us rather than towards us. Who among us wants to be around someone who's raging and yelling?

2) It costs us the undecided vote.

Folks may not be sure how they feel about transgendered people. For many, our flame mail will be their first, maybe their only introduction. This is not the first impression I want folks to have of us, and of our just-born movement.

3) We scare ourselves off, too.

There are a lot of genderqueers, especially younger ones, who are watching what we do. Hostility and verbal intimidation of others, even if it could be justified, scares them away from our movement as well. Worse, it sets a terrible example.

People and young transfolks in our community are wondering what this "political activism" looks like and sounds like. We want to engage and nourish the best in them, not just display a license to vent on anyone who crosses us. If we display peace and kindness in waging a struggle, we'll draw in that kind of person. If we display a lot of rage and hostility, we'll draw in a lot of outraged and hostile people. Actions within movements are like magnets.

4) It's just bad tactics.

Yes, I know about good cop/bad cop. This sometimes works, sometimes not, but only when used in direct negotiations. When it's carried on outside before an audience, what happens is the good cop gets painted with the bad cops actions, they both look worse and the opponent ends up looking better and more moral.

5) It makes resolving the conflict more difficult.

What we want is to reach an agreement. When we threaten, abuse or verbally intimidate, we make agreement less likely, not more so. It hardens positions. In addition, no one wants to give in to threats and pressure. And no one can afford to be perceived as giving in to threats and pressure, because they realize that perception encourages others to try the same strategy.

6) We need their help.

If and when we reach an agreement, who do we expect to carry it out? We will need their assistance and for them to abide by it in good faith. How much assistance will they be willing to give if they feel they only agreed because of threats, abuse and intimidation?

7) There's more than one iron in the fire.

It's entirely possible we may lose on this one. THERE WILL BE OTHER ISSUES. There always are. Health care is one, for instance. Veteran's affairs another. If we shut down communication and the possibilities of joint action by our rhetoric and hostility, we foreclose cooperation on other fronts where the gender community could use their resources. Yes, ENDA is critical, even vital. But it is not the end of the world. We have to keep in mind their are other agendas which also deserve our

attention.

8) *It costs us the moral high ground.*

We're supposed to be setting an example. We're supposed to be the ones not just pushing for inclusion, but exemplifying the spirit of inclusion. Rhetoric of the "off with their heads" variety just illustrate that we are in fact not any better than they are: we're not for the spirit of community, we're not interested in unity, we're just for getting ours at any cost: the thing of which we are accusing them.

9) *It's not that easy.*

Firing off flame mail feels good. So does venting a lot of self-righteous anger. But it accomplishes almost nothing. 2 people may respond to a sally, while 50 others watching go "I want nothing to do with this" and tune out. This is a YEAR-LONG action to which we've committed. It won't be solved with cheap gestures. We won't win this one on-the-cheap I don't believe outrage will get us through that year, will not keep our resolve and determination strong. Flame mail, intimidation and verbal threats won't help much either. It will takes showing up, talking with folks, being friendly and convincing, being patient and simply being "right".

10) *It holds back the learning curve.*

HRCF and groups like them aren't just transphobic - they're transignorant. I know this sounds like syrup. But it's often true. People don't just "get it" overnight. It takes time, a learning curve. It's obvious to us, because we live it every day. It may not be to them. We should continue to press for our rights, but also continue to keep the dialog open so that we can continue to educate them and their staff as well. In doing so, we also educate the larger queer community about ourselves and our tactics.

11) *We want more than a victory, we want a movement.*

We're not just fighting for ENDA here. At least I'm not. I'm greedy, and I want more. I want us to build the infrastructure for a national gender movement. To do that, we need to engage the very *best* we have to offer. We need to take the moral position. We need to draw people to work with us because they like what we say, they like what we stand for, they like how we treat people. Every move, every message counts. People want to identify with movements which aim for the best and which engage the best in them as people. Who wants to be part of a movement who's calling card is rage and abuse? I know, we're getting screwed over. When anyone wonders how to behave in a struggle where you are subject to intolerable actions, we have only to look to Martin Luther King. There is no better example than that. We can do no better than to aim in that direction as a young and growing movement.

12) *It's how we treat our opponents that counts.*

Everyone is good to their friends. That's the easy part. The tough part is being good to someone who wrongs you, continuing to work to bring them around, continuing to believe in the basic good of all people and that anyone can be educated with time and patience. I'm not suggesting for a minute we turn our backs or our cheeks on this one. But the motto of the Menace is "confront with love". That means we show up for ourselves, contest the issues, but try to do it with love for all human beings in our hearts. For some, that's just too sweet. For me, its an important test of what I stand for.

13) *Abusive language, threats, venting, hostility and verbal intimidation are simply wrong.*

I'm not suggesting we shouldn't get angry. But we don't want to tear them [HRCF] down, nor tear this community apart. We want more than simple capitulation: we want to build a firm and solid unity. We need to set an example of what we are, and where we want this community to go. We're either starting something which is going to be around a long, long time, or something which flares out quickly in its own heat. It's our choice. We must refuse to settle for less than the very best gender movement we can possibly create.

More information about the HRCF and ENDA can be found on page 8.

NEXT ISSUE --

SURGERY!

(from a TNT point of view)

**KC Journal Conclusion
--The Courthouse Vigil**

**Plus
Reviews, Opinions, Cartoons,
Personals, Listings**

**Coming late December 1995-
early January 1996**

Letters

Dear Gail:

Received *TNT* #4 in the mail several days ago, but was too preoccupied with the May issue of *Cross-Talk* to give it a good read.

I was disappointed -- but not terribly surprised -- to read in the article on the community press by Hermaphrodyke that there is a "struggle shaping up between [myself] and Merissa Sherrill Lynn." While Merissa and I have had numerous disagreements, there is no "power struggle" going on, although that misconception has been voiced several times over the past few years.

First, I am **not** trying to build any kind of power base. If that were the case, I would not have resigned from the Tri-Ess board of directors and said all kinds of nice things about them in the process. I would have either retained my position (more power being on a board than being non-affiliated, yes?) or I would have torn down the organization as I was leaving. I did neither.

I **am** trying to build *Cross-Talk* into a strong voice for the entire transgender community, and I strive for diversity in our choice of subject matter. The magazine does serve as the platform for my (strongly worded) editorials, but that's only because I'm also the managing editor. I've never failed to publish a letter to the editor that disagreed with my views. In fact, I prefer letters that dissent to those that agree!

Second, Merissa and I have had our share of disagreements, and those have been well-documented. The last time we had a difference of opinion, in fact, I published a two-page letter from her, verbatim, stating her position. If I was concerned about power and prestige, it would have been just as easy to ignore her. I But that's not what I'm interested in...I'm more into dialogue.

Finally, Merissa resigned from her position as IFGE executive director last month, so it doesn't seem to me that she's terribly interested in "power" either.

Could we possibly lay this erroneous concept to rest? I don't consider anyone my rival, nor any publication *Cross-Talk*'s.

That said, I'd like to correct a major error attributed to my friend and subscriber Bob Davis. *TVIC Journal*, while a remarkable early entry in the transgender press, is not still in publication. *TVIC* itself (based in upstate New York) mutated into *TGIC* after its satellite chapters all ceased operations. While *TGIC*'s current newsletter

The Transgenderist could well be called *Journal*'s successor, it is decidedly not the same publication.

I don't know what Bob actually said -- perhaps he said essentially the same thing but was misquoted or misunderstood -- but it *TVIC Journal* was still being published, you'd find references to it **somewhere** in the current transgender press, would you not?

Thanks for the opportunity to address these issues. (I thought the article on self-mutilation -- including the advisory for those contemplating same **not** to do so -- was well done.)

Kymerleigh Richards
Cross-Talk Publisher & Managing Editor

Dear Gail:

Greetings from Salem. Just read the latest issue of *TNT*; excellent as always. As your next issue will be covering Martine Rothblatt's new book, I thought you might be interest in a review of the book which appeared in last Sunday's Boston Globe book section.

Re the history of the community press: I found myself, a few years back, with a 25 year collection of similar material. The answer was to donate it to IFGE, where, when combined with what they had, makes for a pretty decent library. As Susan Stryker's article about TG academe indicates, sooner or later, much of this sort of material may be of interest to some scholar and is worthy of preservation.

I somehow sense, without any real hard info, that transsexual prostitution is falling off. This may be partly due to AIDS, and partly due to the slow mainstreaming of transsexuals in general. Way back when, any TS was grist for a National Enquirer article. Now, the talk shows still trot out the transsy's during ratings week, but usually with a different slant, such as how it affects the family.

Last but not least, 'roid rage...yes, it does exist. I There's always a few people at a local heavy metal gym who try to become Arnold overnight, and overdose.

All in all, there's been an explosion in TS publishing, and it's all for the better. Be safe, good health.

N [REDACTED]
Salem, MA

Dear Gail:

Dallas Denny from A.E.G.I.S. sent me the Summer '94 issue of the T.N.T. and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Let me introduce myself. I am Murray James Griffith, born a genetic male way back on April 16, 1932. I always describe myself as "a mere male". In the dictionary the word "mere" means "being only this and

more LETTERS

I always describe myself as "a mere male". In the dictionary the word "mere" means "being only this and nothing else". What I am saying that I was born a male and still happy to be male. However, I am very interested in transsexualism. I first heard about transsexualism in 1953 when the world was told about Christine Jorgensen's sex change. I haven't followed this up until three years ago when I subscribed to the TV-TS Confidential newsletter (now, it is a magazine). I learned much about transsexualism from Ms. Abby Greene, its editor.

I write to other transsexuals as well. One of these, being living not too far from where I live, this February I had the pleasure of meeting her. She is a post-op M(2)F transsexual. She is the first transsexual I have met. I was surprised. If I wasn't told that she was a transsexual I would have taken her as a genetic woman. This meeting resulted in my regarding transsexuals with just as much respect as other people of the world.

Well, this gives you an idea about me. I will close by saying that people should live the way that makes them happy as long as no one is hurt by it.

Murray Griffith
Winnipeg, Canada

[Thank you for kind letter. -- Editor.]

Dear Gail:

One look at the cover of this issue [Spring '95] convinces me that I can't be involved with TNT -- just too negative.

Philippa Garner
Mill Valley, CA

Dear Gail:

I read your magazine through and through the evening I received it and reviewed it again the next day. I think your editorial is on-point. The magazine informally introduced me to some people I either hadn't heard about or had heard a little about and was wondering more about. I reached out to some of the addresses in it. Hannah's and Christine's stories were sobering, even for someone as hard as me. Very positive shock effect for those who don't know how serious we take ourselves -- and some who do, lest we forget. Good advice on the back cover.

I would like to formally introduce myself to you, Gail. I am American Indian, Mexican and French. I'm 41, a 6'1", 180 lb. Amazon, and have been in prison 14 1/2 years to date for 2nd degree homicide, which I admitted under the circumstances (self-defense). My

reservation, the Pala Indian reservation, is east of San Diego county and I am a Cupeno from the Cupeno nation. I have 9 sisters and brothers, but I was forcefully removed from my family and the res when I was an infant and raised in the cities of south central Los Angeles, where I lived until my arrest in 1980. My sentence is 17 years-to-life, but there's no telling when they'll let me out, and I don't worry myself too much about it. My fate is in the hands of the Creator, and whatever the Creator wills, will be. Whether I get out or not has already been decided, and there's nothing I or anyone else can do to change that. But I do keep hoping for the best of fate.

I've been active on transsexual issues for some years from prison. I used to put out a small-scale newsletter in '91. I didn't see much happening, really, in the transsexual community, in or out of California, until the early '90s, when political transsexuals started making a mark. I see things are happening now, in some segments of the community, real political things, with a lot of potential. So I knew it was time to get back into gear, and reactivate my publication, but on a higher scale and indefinitely.

Pan-Transsexual Awareness, the name of my publication, will focus on the theoretical and ideological concepts within the broader transsexual community. We will be taking a critical look at contemporary issues within the transsexual community, with analysis and other input from those within and outside the community. As part of this project we will at times invite editors of transsexual publications to submit an opinion article on select themes to appear in PTA. Towards this end we are interested in reviewing other publications to familiarize ourselves with their orientation.

Lofofora Contreras
Crescent City, CA

Dear Gail:

Regarding the one year Real Life Test requirement for the Harry Benjamin Standards of care, I have the following comments. Flexibility is needed because there is so much diversity amongst transitioning people that to make all of us wait a year is unreasonable. For those people that are too heavy, too tall, or too masculine looking, then the one year Real Life Test requirement is a good thing as it will give them a chance to find out if they are comfortable living as women. But for the people who pass easily and are already assimilated as women and have reached a level of maturity where they are successfully living life on a day to day basis, then the

continued on page 35

Subscribe to
TransSisters
The Journal of Transsexual Feminism

Sample Issue: \$7.50
One Year (four
issues): \$30.00

"TransSisters provides a vital theoretical link that will help to liberate transsexual women, and at the same time help forge a broader movement to defeat all forms of sex and gender oppression. No wonder I read each issue of TransSisters so carefully." -- Leslie Feinberg, author of Stone Butch Blues, Transgender Liberation: A Movement Whose Time Has Come and Transgender Warriors: A History of Resistance

"TransSisters is one of the very few journals I regularly read from cover to cover, as it presents the most well-rounded picture of my family. I inevitably feel challenged by one or more articles, and bouyed up (or should I say grrled up??) by another, as most sides of any debate are usually present in any one issue. Kudos for Davina Anne Gabriel and her miraculous achievement of establishing a forum for all of us. Long live TransSisters." -- Kate Bornstein, author of Hidden: A Gender; The Opposite Sex Is Neither; Virtually Yours and Gender Outlaw: On Men, Women & the Rest of Us.

"TransSisters gives new meaning to our women's liberation slogan 'Sisters Unite!' The heartfelt and crucial debates in this magazine give us deeper analysis of sex and gender issues. Don't miss this new wave of the movement -- read TransSisters!" -- Minnie Bruce Pratt, author of Crime Against Nature; We Say We Love Each Other; Rebellion: Essays 1980-1991 and S/he

"The only 'zine that both my transgen friends and my lesbian friends read is TransSisters. It is the one publication I know of that bridges the lesbian and transgendered communities, and provides revolutionary spirit to us all. Keep up the great publication. It incites and inspires us." -- Martine Rothblatt, author of The Apartheid of Sex

"TransSisters gets more interesting, more literate and more articulate with every issue. I can see it maturing before my eyes, and it's a wonderful feeling to know that such a publication is possible." -- Sandy Stone, author of "The Empire Strikes Back: A Posttranssexual Manifesto"

"Some of the most hostile and damaging criticisms of transsexualism...have come from the feminist community, and TransSisters confronts these issues head-on. Because Davina positions the magazine in the breach of the cannon, it has potential to cause great change. TransSisters ...[is]... on the leading edge of the politics of transsexualism." -- Dallas Denny, publisher and editor of Chrysalis magazine.

Order Form

Please send me ___ sample issue(s) of TransSisters @ \$7.50 each (current issue only)

Please send me ___ one year subscription(s) (four issues) of TransSisters. @ \$30.00 each.

Please send me information regarding back issues of TransSisters.

(New subscriptions begin with next issue. To receive current issue, order sample issue. Outside U.S.A., Canada & Mexico add \$0.50 per single issue & \$2.00 for each subscription ordered)

Total Amount Enclosed: \$ _____ (U.S. funds only)

Name _____

Apt. or Suite # _____ Address _____

City _____

State / Province _____ Zip / Postal Code _____

☞ Please Make Checks or Money Orders Payable to Davina Anne Gabriel
Mail to: Davina Anne Gabriel; _____ Kansas City, Missouri 64110

COMMUNITY NEWS AND NOTES

HRCF KICKS TRANSFOLK OUT OF NATIONAL ANTI-DISCRIMINATION BILL!

On June 15, ENDA (the Employment Non-Discrimination Act) was introduced into Congress. This bill, which would prohibit discrimination against gays and lesbians, originally contained trans-inclusive language that would have provided comprehensive federal prohibition of employment discrimination on the basis of gender orientation and provide effective remedies to discrimination when it occurred. This language was *dropped* at the insistence of the Human Rights Campaign Fund because inclusion of transgender people could cost ENDA 20-30 votes.

That this occurred during the week of the Queer Revolution, begun at the Stonewall bar in 1969 by marginalized and of-color genderqueers, truly adds insult to injury. The HRCF immediately issued a statement offering to work with the transgender community to "explore different strategies for achieving" [federal protection against discrimination] but does "not believe that changing the language of ENDA in its current form is the best way of accomplishing this goal." (This from an organization that often imposes on gendertrash to raise money and help stuff envelopes for mass mailings.)

In negotiations with HRCF, the Transsexual Menace asked HRCF to reverse their position. They refused. The Menace then asked if HRCF would drop their opposition to the efforts of transgender activists to include gender identity protection in ENDA so that we could succeed or fail on our own. HRCF refused to do even this.

Some have tried to play down the significance of transgender exclusion by pointing out that ENDA most likely won't get out of committee this year or next, so why all the fuss about a bill that won't even be voted on? Because ENDA is what is known as model legislation. Successor and similar legislation will be based on the language of this bill. So if we ain't in this one, there's a real good chance we won't be in the next one, either. And who's to say for certain that ENDA won't come out of committee next year or 1997?

The Transsexual Menace, Transgender Nation, It's Time America, and other transsexual and transgender activist groups have called for actions all year long against HRCF. The aforementioned activist groups can be contacted at the numbers and addresses listed in the sidebar after this news item.

TNT also urges all of its readers to tell our friends and allies in the queer community about HRCF's actions and to ask them to stop donating time and especially money to HRCF.

No one ever comes back for marginalized queers. Leslie Feinberg said it first and best: "How 'bout this time we all go in together?"

TRANSGENDER ACTIVIST GROUPS INVOLVED IN PROTESTING HRCF:

It's Time America:

Contact: Karen Kerin

Montpelier, VT 05602

e-mail: kerin@vermontlaw.edu

Transsexual Menace:

Contact: Riki Ann Wilchins

New York, NY 10014

(212) [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]@pipeline.com

Transgender Nation San Francisco:

Christine Tayleur

415/ [REDACTED]

ACTIVISTS TAKE OVER TRANSGENDER HEALTH SYMPOSIUM AT THE 17TH NATIONAL LESBIAN AND GAY HEALTH CONFERENCE IN MINNESOTA

Transsexual activists Margaret O'Hartigan, Christine Tayleur and Rachel Koteles took over the symposium on transgendered health issues at the 17th National Lesbian and Gay Health Conference held in Minnesota on June 17-18. The symposium was organized by Dr. Walter Bockting of University of Minnesota's Program in Human Sexuality at the request of the organizers of the health conference. The purpose of the symposium was to educate professionals on the health needs and concerns of transgendered people and transsexuals.

There has been extensive criticism surrounding this action, both of the activists and of Dr. Bockting. The activists charged that Bockting's selection of panel participants was unrepresentative of the needs and concerns of transsexuals of color, older transsexuals and

transsexuals in poverty, while others have criticized the activists' takeover as done purely out of spite or a desire for the media spotlight.

Neither charge is exactly true. Bockting was asked by the program committee of the Lesbian and Gay Health Conference to create a panel of transgender health professionals. Bockting made his selections from names suggested to him by the program committee, and that list was not as thorough as it could have been. Once the panelists were selected (Dallas Denny, Martine Rothblatt and Armand Hotimsky of France) they could not be summarily dismissed.

The activists, on the other hand, were motivated by the sincere belief that the panel did not adequately address the health concerns of a majority of transsexuals. A compromise of adding an additional panelist was suggested, but was unsuccessful.

While the takeover did raise important points about transsexual input on the health issues that affect our lives, it came at great expense. Anywhere from a quarter to half of the professionals in the audience left the symposium during the takeover and many expressed anger that politics overshadowed education at the symposium. Others who hoped to have their questions on transgender health issues answered went away with their questions never answered. The action angered not only the original panelists but a number of transgender and transsexual members of the audience as well.

Next year's 18th annual Lesbian and Gay Health Conference will be held in Seattle.

CAMP TRANS -- 20TH ANNUAL MICHIGAN WOMYN'S MUSIC FESTIVAL

As TNT went to press we learned of a serious rift developing in the Camp Trans protest of the exclusion of transsexual womyn from the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival. The rift centers around one group of protesters who apparently will attempt to bring a pre-operative transsexual into MWMF this year, while another group of protesters, led by Davina Anne Gabriel, opposes such a move. Magazine deadline prevents us from covering this issue as fully as we would like to at this time, but it should be noted that any attempt to bring a pre-op into the festival this year has its genesis in the 1994 festival. At the end of last year's festival, transsexuals were allowed in by the producers if they sincerely felt they met the definition of a "womyn-born womyn." It's a loophole large enough to drive a truck through.

This year's Michigan Womyn's Music Festival is being held from August 8 through August 13.

NOW NATIONAL CONFERENCE SUPPORTS TRANSSEXUAL AND TRANSGENDER RIGHTS

On July 21-23, transgender activists and friends attended the 1995 NOW National Conference in Columbus, Ohio to lobby the National Conference to pass New Jersey NOW's State Conference's transgender resolution. Activists included ICTLEP, IFGE, Transsexual Menace and Leslie Feinberg. The resolution was originally crafted and introduced by Wendy Berger, candidate for President of NJ-NOW. It calls on NOW to recognize the rights and needs of transgendered and transsexual people.

One of the earliest signatories (collected by male transsexual activist Tonye B. Hawk) was Ms. Ellie Smeal, past president of NOW. Out of approximately 700 attendees, the activists signed up almost half. They then concentrated on collecting signatures for a resolution introduced by the Lesbian Rights Task Force that called for both de-pathologizing Gender Identity Disorder (often used to incarcerate and punish genderqueer, lesbian and gay youth) and the right to medical care "on-demand" for all people to achieve and maintain their own expression of gender identity.

The resolution almost passed by conference acclamation but two delegates dissented and requested debate. Unfortunately, the Conference was unable to finish the debate before it ended Sunday afternoon. All remaining resolutions were tabled to the National Board for a vote when it meets in Chicago in September. Ms. Smeal pledged to work towards passage of the transgender resolution at the Board meeting. In addition, the head of NOW's National Membership Committee requested that an information packet on the resolution and transgender inclusion be mailed to all 50 state chapters for discussion, adding that she thought these important issues for NOW's consideration.

FIRST ALL-FTM CONFERENCE OF THE AMERICAS

This August 18-20, San Francisco will be host to the first all-FTM conference in America. There will be 2 1/2 days of workshops, panels, seminars, exhibitions, and socializing. Topics include Relationships, Family, MTF & FTM issue comparison and Living Long Term in Transsexual Bodies. Speakers include Larry Brinkin, Loren Cameron, Jason Cromwell, David Harrison, Sky Renfro and many others. Other options at extra payment include Club Confidential, a private nightclub hosted by the inimitable Stafford and Jordy Jones, a Saturday night dinner at Eichelberger's, a popular bar friendly to

continued on next page

COMMUNITY NEWS AND NOTES *continued*

transgenders, and a Sunday evening cruise on the San Francisco bay. The conference will take place on the campuses of New College and the New College School of Law. Because of the large number of attendees, the Women's Building at 3543 18th Street will be the site of many workshop and events. The cost is \$75 if postmarked after August 1, 1995. Checks or money orders should be made payable to: **FTM Conference, 5337 College Avenue, #142, Oakland, CA 94618.**

MAX WOLF VALERIO READING

Max Wolf Valerio will read from *The Joker Is Wild*, a work in progress, at 9:00 p.m. on August 21, 1995 at the Chameleon Club, located at 853 Valencia Street in San Francisco. Admission is free.

FTM ON THE WORLD-WIDE WEB

FTM International has an Internet Website at <http://www.ftm-intl.org/> hosted by Jamie Walker. This website has links to other TG sites on the web, articles and links on law, social freedom, civil rights and cultural boundaries as well as stories and poems about gender and the transsexual experience.

STUDY OF TRANSGENDERED BRAIN WAVES

Dr. Joy Shaffer of San Jose has begun a massive study of transsexual brain waves in cooperation with Stanford's Lucas Magnetic Imaging Center and Vision MRI of San Jose. The purpose of the study is to confirm or deny the sexual dimorphism of the corpus callosum and to determine if transsexuals have neuroanatomic features characteristic of their gender identity. Dr. Shaffer already has enough MTF volunteers but needs more FTM volunteers. She can be reached at 408/ [REDACTED] or via e-mail at [REDACTED]@aol.com.

SURVEY OF FEMINIST AND/OR LESBIAN OPINIONS ABOUT TRANSSEXUALS

Two sociology professors, one from the Department of Sociology from the University of Victoria, British Columbia and the other from the University of New Hampshire, have finished conducting a survey of feminist and/or lesbian women regarding their opinions of transsexuals. The study was begun in June, 1994 and was 3 pages, 61 questions long and contained questions like as "What is the physical sex of a male-to-female [and female-to-male] transsexual?" (the choices of an answer for that particular question were: male, female, both, neither, other); Would you include female-to-male transsexuals in lesbian/gay activities/organizations?" and "Do you think that transsexual people should have the

same human rights protection as everyone else?"

The survey was conducted by Dr. Holly Devor of the University of Victoria and Dr. Nancy Strapko of the University of New Hampshire. TNT spoke with Dr. Nancy Strapko about the survey and the reasons behind it.

Dr. Strapko is a psychotherapist who sees a number of transgender and transsexual clients who spoke regularly about about rejection by lesbians and feminists. That bothered her, she said, and she and Dr. Devor, a lesbian, undertook the study to ascertain just what were lesbian and/or feminist feelings about transsexuals. Dr. Strapko is also a lesbian.

Over 6,000 questionnaires were distributed at women's and feminist events, including Michigan Womyn's Music Festival and Provincetown Women's Weekend. Over 2,000 were returned. Results are currently being tabulated but no figures were available as TNT went to press. Dr. Strapko plans to present the preliminary results of the survey at this year's HBIQDA conference near Munich, Germany in September. TNT hopes to publish the preliminary results of the survey in our next issue.

NATIONAL TRANSGENDER LOBBYING DAY

On October 2-3, 1995, over 100 transpeople will go to Capitol Hill in Washington D.C. to meet with Congresspeople to lobby about issues important to transfolk: ENDA, veteran's affairs, child custody rights, and many others. A previous trip to the Hill by four brave transpeople was wildly successful. Many congresspeople had never even met a transperson before and had never thought about our concerns. Some scholarships are available. Anyone wishing more information about scholarships and this event should contact:

Riki Ann Wilchins: 212/[REDACTED]

Karen Kerin: 802/[REDACTED]

Phyllis Frye: 713/[REDACTED]

NO LEADS IN MURDER OF OAKLAND TRANSSEXUAL WOMAN

There are still no leads and no suspects in the murder of Carmen Montoya, a 23 year old transsexual woman, which occurred on July 10, 1995 in the parking lot of the Acom Supermarket in west Oakland. Anyone who has any information about this crime can call Sgt. Kozicki at the Oakland Police Department C.I.D./Homicide (510/238-3821).

PARTNERS SUPPORT GROUP FORMING

Lesbian and gay partners of transsexuals, transgenderists, and intersexed folk are forming a peer support/education group in the San Francisco Bay Area. The group is open to current and former partners (transgendered or non) who are concerned about issues such as: transphobia in the lesbian and gay communities, meeting the needs of partners in transition, sexuality, and isolation. For more information contact Diana at: 510-██████████

NEW WOMAN'S CONFERENCE

The 1995 New Woman's Conference will be held this year in Essex, Massachusetts at the Essex Conference and Retreat Center, the site of previous conferences. NWC will last from 5:00 p.m. on Thursday, October 26 through 5:00 p.m. Sunday, October 29. The cost of attending the conference, which includes lodging and food, is \$300. The New Woman's Conference is open to all post-operative transsexual women and all non-male partners. A few partial scholarships are available. Anyone interested in attending the conference or wishing more information should write to: **Anne Ogborn, attn: NWC, 584 Castro Street, Suite 288, San Francisco, California, 94114-2588.**

TRANNNY TOWERS

While there are many transsexual characters in comic books these days, only Diana Green's "Tranny Towers", which appears twice a month in Lavender Lifestyles magazine of Minneapolis, is based strictly on transsexual

themes and characters. The current plotline deal with domestic abuse and one character's first post-surgery sexual experience while previous plotlines have dealt with community in-fighting, harassment and political passivism. Attempts are being made to syndicate the strip in more newspapers across the country.

LOTTER CONVICTION

John Lotter was convicted of the murder of Brandon Teena, an FTM, in Falls City, Nebraska, on May 25, 1995 by a jury of 10 men and 2 women. He faces a possible death penalty. Marvin Nissen testified against Lotter as part of a plea bargain agreement with prosecutors.

SUBMISSIONS WANTED

Renee Chinquapin is looking for highly personal anecdotes for a group version of The Transition Story. They should relate very specific events (electrolysis; coming-out-to-self, parents, children, or lovers; being out at work; a first encounter with men sexually as a woman; an operation story; prostitution; a spiritual epiphany, etc.) so that someone might begin to glimpse how we are struggling with life the same as everyone else. Each piece should be brief and no more than 6-8 book pages per entry. She wants stories that include those we love and how we relate to them, how they relate to us, and how readers might relate to folks like us. For more information please contact: **Renee Chinquapin at 510-██████████, e-mail at ██████████@ix.netcom.com or write to her at: ██████████, Berkeley, CA, 94708.**

Quality Healthcare for Our Community

Seahorse Medical Clinic

Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual & Transgender Health Care



- ▼ Board Certified, Internal Medicine
- ▼ Primary Care
- ▼ Second Opinions
- ▼ HIV/AIDS Care
- ▼ Women's Health
- ▼ Transgender Care
- ▼ Intersex Care



Early AM, Evening, and Same Day Appointments
email: seahorsemc@aol.com ▼ Phone (408) 292-1078

1570 The Alameda, Suite 215, San Jose
Behind The ARIS Project

Joy Diane Stoffer, M.D.
Stanford Medical School
Class of 1985

Convenient ▼ Confidential ▼ Committed ▼ Caring

WILD WOMEN WITH NO TIME TO LOSE --

Paula Richardson talks about theater, art, and the transgender community

"All right, now do that again, only this time, tell me what we need to know with your body. We need to know where you're going, what's the weather like, how you're feeling. Emphasize the movement. Tell us that without talking" The transsexual woman on the stage nods at the man giving her advice. Janice [not her real name] exits and re-enters from stage right. After a few steps she looks at an invisible watch on her wrist and looks first left, then right, scanning the theater.

"That's good," Adam says. "It tells me you're waiting for somebody and that you wonder where they are."

Director Adam Ansell is giving pointers and tips to the transsexual and transgendered women of the Elektra Theater Company, organized by Paula Richardson. Today's rehearsal is for a play that the company hopes to put on later this year based on the experiences of people in the group. Paula Richardson, who began the group, is a recreation therapist who works at the Tom Waddell clinic.

Paula began the Elektra Theater Company in May, 1992. The name, she says, was a gift. Two lesbians had originally formed a nonprofit theater company and named it Elektra but, due to changing life circumstances, were unable to do anything more with it. "Since it was already incorporated as a non-profit entity, I took it as a sign that, 'Here it was!'" she says. "Now all I needed was people to go with the theater company."

There are about 25 people in the theater company. The group is composed almost exclusively of transsexual women although there are 3 FTMs in the group. The group reflects a conscious decision on Paula's part. "I'm at a time of my life where I want to dedicate my energy just to transsexual women's issues," she says. She also runs a writing group that meets every Wednesday. It is the stories from the writing group that are being sifted down, condensed and crystallized into the work that Paula and Elektra is hoping to produce as a play later this year. The play will be the feelings, experiences and pieces of transsexual and transgendered people's lives that will be held up to reflect to others what has happened to them for eventual production.

Paula's first experience of San Francisco happened when she was 8 years old when she came here on an outing from the small, San Joaquin valley town where she grew up. "I saw things that people in my farming community didn't normally

experience, like theater. I knew right then that I loved San Francisco. I said, 'When I get older, I'm going to live here.' I moved here when I was 21 and have been living in the Haight Ashbury ever since."

Paula began working at the YMCA in 1974. As thousands of people were discharged from mental hospitals under then-governor Ronald Reagan, Paula and others began programs that included cooking, dance, yoga, crafts, "everything we could think of that a person might involve themselves in to have some pleasure, to express themselves and gain some practical skills." She became interested in transgender people at this time. "I was lucky to be around then," she said, "because I met and worked with transgendered people, hermaphrodites and transsexuals for the first time." As she grew more familiar with the issues of the community, she realized that there was no representation for transgender people then. "That's what hooked me," she says. "The people I met were told their perceptions were wrong and those perceptions were disregarded. That just wasn't right. Each person has the right to see the world through their own eyes. Transgendered people deserve to have an equal right as everyone else. I think that the transgendered community are the last true pioneers that we have now because people are looking inside. All cultures have very rigid role playing that imprison the male and female personas. It's been happening for centuries but now it's coming to the surface that we all aren't just male or just female. We're not able to express those sides of ourselves due to the repressiveness and fear that people have surrounding their role, whereas the transgendered person is not in that cycle of fear."



Paula Richardson

Transgendered people are actually performing a service to people, but they are also a scapegoat for people."

Paula has not worked exclusively with the transgender community. She spent most of the 1980s helping people with AIDS through healing groups, nutrition and food counseling, and work with Continuum, one of the first daycare programs for people with HIV. But she has never stopped working with transgender people and when the Tom Waddell Clinic began its transgender programs, Paula campaigned to work there because the Tom Waddell clinic is on the cutting edge. "This agency serves people that no one else will or can serve."

"I wanted to put my energy where it meant the most," Paula continued. "I thought to myself, 'Maybe this is my little niche. This is where I can do the most good. This is where I would be.' I think my real gift is to be a connecting link to people, to be a bridge. That's my real art -- the art of mixing people together."

Paula believes the main purpose of the theater is to open people up to who we are. "I believe that the only reason we are here on earth is to find out who the unique people that each of us are. Society tells us what we're supposed to be and expected to do and nobody gives us a

chance to discover who we really might be inside. That is the personal purpose for each of us to be in the group. Beyond that, I've always had the vision that Elektra was a service organization, that this theater company was a way to offer help in a respectful way to women who had many different issues and were too embarrassed to ask for help. So Elektra is also a place for the members to give each other support on all of those issues. It's also a way to extend our help beyond our own personal circle to other women in the community who have these and similar issues. The women in the group are able to help others because they've walked through those issues themselves and they have a personal feeling for it.

"Last, but not least, I believe that when you give theater to the community you give them a gift by educating them to something they haven't looked at or understood or been afraid. We go beyond our circle when we do this and open peoples mind and perhaps change something about the way they think, so that they can accept and understand someone they didn't understand before. That is our last goal in the group. Although a lot of serious emotional issues are dealt with, we have fun. That's really what it's about -- to have joy and fun with each other."

subscribe to: *gendertrash*

a Canadian community & politically oriented
publication for transsexual & transgendered persons



sample issue: \$6 (Can/US) subscription: \$24/4 issues (Can/US)

send cash, cheque or money order payable to *genderpress* to:

genderpress, box 500-62, 552 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario Canada M4Y 2E3

*Ask about our more than 50 colourful and provocative buttons or
about Ki Namaste's study on HIV/AIDS amongst the transgendered in Canada.*

Local Transsexual History

by Susan Stryker

History is an important part of identity formation and community building, and it doesn't have to be a dull exercise in memorizing battles, Presidents, and acts of Congress. With all the silences in our society surrounding sexuality, body issues, desire, gender, and identity, it's easy for us to feel like there has never been anybody who has faced what we have faced and lived to tell the tale. Publications like TNT work to create a sense of community and shared interest in the present day, but there are also many connections with the past that we need to recover in order to have a deeper sense of ourselves.

None of us live in a vacuum in which we make totally free choices about who we are and what we want. The options that present themselves to us, the stories we tell ourselves about our motives and needs, and the broader cultural, political, and economic forces that shape the space where those stories and choice transpire are all produced by what has come before us--we play out our lives in a world our grandparents bequeathed us. Understanding how our current situation came about, as well as understanding that nothing is immutable, that everything changes over time, and that things haven't always been the way they are now, is an important step towards acting in the present to make it a place we would truly want to inhabit.

We have an immense amount of collective transgender history to recover. History is more than big events like wars and natural disasters, more than a handful of brilliant thinkers or decisive leaders. We are all historical actors, and we all leave traces of our presence in the material world. Transsexuals have been around for a long time now, and it seems helpful to look back, as we discuss among ourselves and with others what transsexuality is, to see what those who came before us were talking about when they used that word to describe themselves.

There's no better place to begin recovering history than the place you are right now. What are your own grass-roots sources of transgender history? What are your own personal pieces of memorabilia, journals, letters, photos, art work? How long has there been a transgender organization in your area? Are any of the old-timers still around? In old newspapers can you find stories about people who were discovered to be transgendered? Do police arrest records, court dockets, or hospital/psychiatric institution archives have any nuggets of transgender history to be discovered? Is there a lesbian/gay archive or library in your area? What's been going on with transgendered people for the last hundred years in the place where you live? Probably more than you think.

A Brief Overview of Bay Area Transgender History

There's a long and rich transgender presence here in the bay area. For example--in 1910, the German sexologist Magnus Hirschfeld published *Transvestites*, in which he first developed the concept that people who made an identification with the sex other than the one to which they were assigned at birth were a distinct kind of person--like heterosexuals and homosexuals were distinct kinds of people. Hirschfeld's term "transvestite," which he coined before the invention of hormonal and surgical sex-reassignment techniques, included people whom we would now call transsexuals. The book consisted primarily of case studies of individual people, one of whom was a German male-to-female who had lived as a woman in San Francisco for many years in the late 19th century, where she worked as a seamstress, housekeeper, and cook for actresses in the city's theater district. There are many other reports in local newspapers of successfully passing MTF and FTM people being discovered due to their death, illness, or arrest (For a somewhat outdated but still useful account of some of San Francisco's "passing women," check out the article called "She Even Chewed Tobacco" in Martin Duberman, et al., eds., *Hidden From History*).

One of the most famous transgender people was Jack Garland, a female-to-male gay man who lived in San Francisco for thirty years around the turn of the century. Garland--also known as Babe Bean--had been the daughter of a prominent Mexican Californiano family. He ran away to enlist as a man in the U.S. military during the Spanish-American in the Philippines, and then served as a war correspondent for San Francisco newspapers. Another FTM case came to light when octogenarian Berkeley resident Ruth Reid died in the 1970s. Her diaries, which found their way into the June Mazer Lesbian History Collection now housed at USC, told of her long-term relationship with a female-bodied person who lived happily as a man (If you ever go to the Brick Hut, the venerable dyke cafe on San Pablo Avenue in Oakland, be sure to check out the Ruth Reid omelette). Lucille Hart's life furnishes yet another transgender success story. Hart was the butch half of a butch/femme relationship while an undergraduate at Stanford University in 1911-1914. While her college sweetheart went on to marry a man and become a mother, Hart decided to pass as a man. As Albert, Hart twice married women and became a prominent public health physician and author.

Harry Benjamin, the endocrinologist who played such a formative role in medicalizing transgender identification, did most of his work in New York but for many years in the mid-twentieth century conducted his

summer practice in San Francisco. Partly due to his influence, partly due to the unique lesbian and gay community formation in San Francisco, and partly due to San Francisco's reputation as a tolerant, diverse, and wide-open town with a serious kinky streak, the Bay Area pioneered many social services for transsexuals.

One of the earliest was located at Glide Memorial Church. Glide was a bastion of Martin Luther King-style socially progressive Christianity in the early 1960s, and besides championing racial equality, the church was instrumental in early gay rights struggles. Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon, founders of the Daughters of Bilitis (the grandmother of all lesbian organizations) helped organize the Council on Religion and the Homosexual (CRH) after social workers at Glide who were trying to help impoverished Tenderloin residents realized that they couldn't address the problems they encountered there (like homeless youth or substance abuse) without dealing with sexuality and how the dominant society treated sexually marginalized people. Officer Elliot Blackstone was the SFPD liaison to the CRH and he eventually realized how the crime of transgender prostitution was closely connected to discrimination against transgendered people in employment, housing, and public accommodations. He subsequently helped organize workshops and support groups for MTF women at Glide to help them find legitimate employment, and to gain access to other needed social and psychological services. As important, useful, and genuinely well intentioned as the transgender services were that grew out of the CRH at Glide, it also needs to be pointed out that these programs helped establish the attitude that being a nontransgendered lesbian or gay person was perfectly acceptable--that lesbians and gays were a disadvantaged minority like blacks who were seeking their civil rights--while transgendered people were psychologically disturbed and needed to be cured of their maladjustment's. Thus, while the San Francisco Bay Area supported a number of clinics and agencies in the 1960s and 70s that offered transgender services--Fort Help, the Center for Special Problems, and the Pacific Center for Human Growth--all did so within a model of service provision that assumed transgender identification was a pathological condition.

The Bay Area has in fact played a major role in the development of the current medical/legal/psychotherapeutic institutions for managing transgender populations. Besides supporting the Stanford Gender Dysphoria Program--one of the earliest and most influential of the university-based gender identity clinics that sprang up across the country in the late 1960s and early 1970s--the Bay Area was home to therapists and

behavioral scientists who were instrumental in organizing HBGDA, which still manages to run roughshod over most of our lives.

Much of this work was done by Paul Walker, who for years ran the San Francisco-based Janus Information Facility, one of the first clearing-houses of information on transsexuality. JIF itself has an interesting history--it took over many of the functions of the Erickson Educational Foundation. The EEF was founded by a rich, eccentric, reclusive MTF (Ms. Erickson herself) who made Howard Hughes look like a talk-show host by comparison. Erickson underwrote much of Harry Benjamin's work in the 50s and 60s, and helped establish the ONE Institute for Homophile Studies in Los Angeles. The JIF distributed Erickson Foundation literature, and served as a

Lesbian/gay and straight society often collude with each other about proper and improper ways to enact gender identities .

networking hub for people seeking access to transgender services, or who had questions about their gender identities. JIF eventually moved to San Juan Capistrano and became J2PC, which itself was subsequently incorporated into AEGIS in Atlanta.

In the late 1970s, however, Paul Walker began working to establish the Harry Benjamin Association, which was intended to provide for the first time a set of standards of care for the ethical treatment of transgendered people. It simultaneously gave one set of people (therapists) nonconsensual power over the lives of another set of people (transsexuals). The HBGDA model bears many traces of its roots in the Bay Area's established ways of dealing with transgendered people--primarily in its liberal condescension and its unexamined assumption that transgenderism is a phenomenon that properly falls within the domain of a social science that should seek to cure it.

I find it especially interesting that early transgender history so neatly parallels the history of organized homosexual communities. The so-called "homophile" groups like the Daughters of Bilitis and the Mattachine Society were notorious for the way they appealed to straight doctors, lawyers, psychologists, and ministers to tell other straight people that homosexuals were really OK normal folks who just fucked and loved a little differently. Transgendered people have done much the same thing, actively working with service providers to whom we turn for a sense of validation and confirmation of who we are--really we are OK normal people who have this little mental illness called gender dysphoria but we can be

Viewpoint:

INCLUSION AND LIMITATIONS OF INCLUSION

by Lofofora Contreras

Editor's note: 'Transsexual' is capitalized throughout the article at the request of the author.

The politics of inclusion came into focus for Transsexual women in 1991 with the expulsion of Transsexual Nancy Burkholder from the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival because she was not a so-called womyn-born-womyn. Nancy Burkholder had attended the event with her mate or significant other, a genetic woman. Both were lesbian. Although some festival participants welcomed Nancy Burkholder as a Transsexual woman, the festival owners or producers, Lisa Vogel and Barbara Price, established the "womyn-born-womyn only" policy, which specifically singled out Transsexual women. These events sparked an on-going political and ideological struggle by a number of Transsexual women and their supporters. They argue, above all, that Transsexual women are in fact women and all women should be welcome to the festival, including Transsexual women.

The Transsexual Menace is an activist group involved in the protest against the lesbian transphobia of the festival. They feel that this incident is of special significance and concern to the Transsexual community not only because the festival has been a traditional lesbian event for as long as two decades, but also because it is a hothouse of separatism, with large gatherings. "[T]he festival is one of the country's oldest and most visible gatherings of lesbians, with 7,000 to 8,000 attendees. For many Transsexuals, it is a unique symbol of lesbian culture. More importantly, the festival is closely

identified with radical lesbian separatists, feminists who embrace Mary Daly's and Janice Raymond's theory that Transsexual women were merely...surgically-altered men created by patriarchal surgeons to invade 'women's' space. For these reasons, the decision to admit 'womyn-born-womyn only' carried a special sting." (gendertrash, Winter '95, Riki Anne Wilchins: "The Menace in Michigan," pg. 17, par. 4; see, also, Village Voice, September 9, 1994.)

A consistent protest by Transsexual women and their supporters, who include Transsexual men, intersexed (hermaphrodite) and non-transsexual individuals -- "Camp Trans" at the festival site -- on-going since the 'womyn-born-womyn' policy was initiated in 1991, has resulted in a peculiar development: during the protest at the August 1994 festival, it was decided by festival personnel to let a group of Transsexual women decide for themselves if they were 'womyn-born-womyn', and if they decided they were, to allow them into the festival. This without withdrawing the "womyn-born-womyn only" policy statement. The protesters announced that they interpreted "womyn-born womyn" to include them, and entered the festival. The "womyn-born womyn" policy wording continues.

From this, the Transsexual women of Camp Trans feel that their protest was successful, but have expressed their intent to continue protesting until the festival

withdraws its "womyn-born womyn" policy wording and clarifies whether Transsexual women will continue to be allowed into the festival in the future.

ANALYSIS

We (the editors of Pan-Transsexual Awareness) agree that the festival discriminates against Transsexual women, but our analysis of this controversy goes beyond this. We feel that the Transsexual women involved in the protest should broaden and deepen their perspective as regards the overall issue of the festival.

The festival is a counter-culture manifestation of whites, specifically of white lesbian women. It does not challenge racial and class forms of oppression, which ethnic Transsexual and genetic women are subjected to, but instead accommodates racial and class privilege. Many whites congregate in these type of counter-culture "movements", which they feel is a form of rebellion but which is meaningless and ineffective and poses no challenge to the patriarchal power structure. They rebel away from those structures. Their rebellion reveals itself in alcohol, drugs, festival and passion, not in confrontation with the oppressor.

The festival is a theater of the absurd and signals the emergence of a matriarchy. For example, the final

solution of feminist Janice Raymond (with whom many feminist separatists attending the festival identify that Transsexuals be morally

We do not believe that Transsexual women gained admission to the festival due to sisterhood, good faith, or because they are considered "womyn-born womyn".

mandated out of existence, reminiscent of fascist final solutions; the emergence of the "womyn-born womyn" terminology out of the festival, aimed directly at Transsexual women; the ritual "castration" of dildos; the blind hostility towards males, which extends to male babies, who are completely innocent (feminist separatists have actually berated and expelled women who took their male babies to their gatherings); factional bickering and scuffling. Just to cite a few examples. This amid widespread indulgence in drugs and alcohol. This is the type of atmosphere the Transsexual "womyn-born womyn" are struggling to be a part of. Perhaps the fact that such scenes can exist today in the name of the plight of women should not be surprising given that the annual festival is actually a holdover from the defunct activism of the mid-70s. Thus, they neither effect change to improve the standing of women in today's society nor do they go to their oppressor in confrontation.

We will analyze the events surrounding the Transsexual protest at the festival for the purpose of placing them in a political context.

It is questionable whether the term "womyn-born womyn" should be acknowledged by Transsexual women and accepted by them, especially in this case. Such a term has origins in patriarchal perception and interpretation and is anti-transsexual in conception and nature. Here, we apply the same analysis as in the case of Janis Walworth's notion. "A cursory examination of external genitalia" is comparable to "womyn-born womyn." We find women with female genitalia or anatomy and as being applicable apart from gender identity. This finding is based not only on the fact that the festival is hostile to the

Transsexual presence, even towards post-operative Transsexual women, but also on the fact that they allowed a genetic woman who "passes" as a man into the festival despite that person's male gender identity.

We do not believe that the festival granted the Transsexual

For a Transsexual woman to declare herself a "womyn-born womyn" is an act of political self-annihilation. We disfavor any compromise of Transsexual sovereignty.

women admission because it considers Transsexual women to be "womyn-born womyn." Nor do we think that the Transsexual women were admitted in the spirit of sisterhood or good faith. We feel that their admission into the festival was a tactical maneuver by the festival that gave it a political advantage vis-a-vis the protest, to wit: if the protesters 1) accepted the term, 2) as applying to them, and 3) entered the festival, then 4) what is the principle behind further protest?

It is apparent that the festival recognized the political potency of the protest and that it was expanding and gathering momentum. To counter it, it manipulated events to attack the political integrity of the protest, coaxing Transsexual women to identify as "womyn-born womyn" to enter the festival, hoping that this would deflect some of the political pressure it was under -- which is did - while continuing to fly its anti-Transsexual banner with an official "womyn-born womyn only" festival policy statement.

For a transsexual woman to declare herself a "womyn-born womyn" is an act of political self-annihilation: it negates the trans in

"Transsexual." This in turn politically absolves the festival of "transphobia". It also serves to confirm patriarchal concepts of sex and gender: it proposes that, ultimately, the two are determined as soon as it is visually possible -- at birth.

We question the decision of the Transsexual protesters to apply the "womyn-born womyn" terminology to themselves, however they interpret it, and to enter the festival under such a cover. We disfavor any compromise of Transsexual sovereignty.

While it is necessary for Transsexual women to oppose oppressive, patriarchal and neo-patriarchal gender/sex perceptions and applications from any quarter with both political and ideological forms of struggle, the quest for inclusion should not negate, forfeit or eclipse our independent identity as Transsexual women or compromise our political independence. In the rugged course of our impassioned struggle we must not lose our equilibrium.

In making these observations we also acknowledge that not all Transsexual women are concerned with inclusion in a lesbian environment. There are Transsexual women who prefer men in personal and social relationships and those who prefer other Transsexual women and men. By this essay we in no way intimate a marginalization of the issue of inclusion. We merely allow that there are other issues that also need to be addressed politically within the Transsexual community.

Lofofora Contreras is the chief editor and publisher of Pan-Transsexual Awareness, scheduled to debut in January 1996. The foregoing article is a preview of Pan Transsexual Awareness.

Community and Transsexuals

by Gail Sondegaard

The nature of our connection

Contact with other transsexuals, male and female, has always been important to me. Transsexuals have consistently been the only group of people who understand and sympathize with my problems that I have found nowhere else. The people I'm closest with, almost all the people I regularly invite to my house and spend my free time with, are transsexuals and transgendered men and women. I have never identified with the gay and lesbian community. Transsexual men and women are my peers.

Yet community among transsexuals has always been problematic and difficult. There are many reasons for this: the (until recently) very small numbers of us, our intense individualities, our shame at being trans, our desire to blend in as nontranssexual women and men, the advice of "helping professionals". Despite all this, we are, individually and collectively, beginning to think of ourselves as a community, as something more than a diverse collection of separate individuals. It's worthwhile to consider the way we transsexuals and transfolk have community and relate to each other.

It's misleading to say that transsexuals have never had a community. I had dinner with a woodworked friend recently and told her there was a desire now among transfolk to form a community. She looked at me quizzically. "There's always been a community," she said simply.

When I thought about this afterwards, I realized she was right. There has always been a community -- perhaps not large or noticeable, but there's always been a network of transsexuals and transfolk one could connect with if one wanted to.

The dictionary gives several definitions of community: 1) a social group having common interests, (2) similarity or identity, and (3) common possession or participation.

Do we have anything in common besides being transsexual or transgendered? No.

Can we still form a community? Absolutely yes. That's all many other communities only have, and being transsexual and transgendered is to have something in common that no one else does.

One of the problems of a transsexual community is our small population. Where the gay and lesbian community, for example, is large enough to absorb individual differences and squabbles, in the gender community it only alienates you from your peers. Oftentimes when a transsexual become alienated from other transsexuals, he or she stays alienated

from *all* transsexuals. Community doesn't mean we all have to like each other. Anne Ogborn once said, we won't have a community until there are enough of us so that we can not like someone and not be alienated from everyone else because of it. That time is finally here.

One of the biggest inhibitors of a sense of community is shame. I sometimes think we must be the only social group that goes to such extremes to avoid contact with each other. Often our individual self-esteem is so low that the idea of associating with another person as repugnant as ourselves is too much for us.

Sometimes this shame is so deep that transsexuals completely reject the company of other transsexuals and take up with gays, lesbians and/or straights. This comes at a very steep price. Perhaps it means hearing an anti-transsexual remark and thinking "Thank god they don't mean me." Or perhaps learning about the HRCF exclusion of transpeople from the Employment Non-Discrimination Act and agreeing that yes, sometimes hard decisions have to be made in politics, all the time believing that it doesn't mean *you* -- after all, you're not one of those people.

You're wrong. You are one of those people. No matter how much surgery you've had, or how long you've been over, or how few people know about you, you will always be a transsexual. When people exclude transsexuals from civil rights laws, when cheap jokes are made in the media about sex change, when it becomes acceptable to persecute transsexuals, they mean you, and you're kidding yourself if you think otherwise.

I walked down the streets of the financial district and saw no other transsexual anywhere. There's no one like me! I exulted, and felt proud and unique.

I walked down the street in the financial district and saw no other transsexual anywhere. There was no one else like me anywhere, I realized, and felt a terrible, sad loneliness.

The uniqueness of being transsexual is ultimately what drives us back to seek contact with each other. Nontranssexuals, even when they sincerely try, almost never understand what it's like being transsexual. I once tried to explain myself to a lesbian friend who I wanted to understand me. So, one evening, I talked about my feelings. I began by telling her about the woman and hermaphroditic self-images that had been mine since childhood, and the kinship I felt with the most average woman. She soon

interrupted me. "Gail," she said, "I haven't got a clue to what you're talking about."

While many transsexuals say they want nothing to do with other transsexuals, their closest friends almost invariably are other transsexuals. Oftentimes it is only other transsexuals who can understand each other, even though we're each so different. "I couldn't figure out what was bothering me," my friend Genderella told me once, "until I realized that I hadn't talked to another transsexual in years and how much I missed it."

This need for contact with our own kind is one of the bonds of a community. I think the reason why we stay together is, even with all the hostility and fighting between us, is because, deep down, we know we're all we've got.

Recently I went to a bar in the outer Mission where a transgendered band was playing that night. The bar was crowded with transfolk - transgender men and women, transsexuals, and friendly nontrans people. I was self-conscious about my economic status, but other than that, I felt right at home.

Many transfolk are disturbed by the ferocious infighting currently going on in the community. Some infighting and conflicts are normal to a young, developing movement like ours. It's not pleasant or healthy, but it is normal.

I don't mean to gloss over the serious differences in outlook, political temperament, and political goals in the community, but infighting should not become group suicide. The danger is in elevating personal feelings into unnecessary political divisiveness. "The idea of excluding one group from the community is usually a weapon in group-wide power struggles rather than tools to help individuals struggling with their own identities." (Scott Rosenberg).

There is also the times we live in. If you've ever watched 'The McLaughlin Group', for example, which is considered stimulating debate, all you see is people screaming at each other. No matter how it's dressed up, it's still verbal savagery. The viciousness of our infighting is in many ways a reflection of the times.

One of the reasons for the infighting is that, because we use such fine precision and distinctions in establishing our identities we all often at odds with each other's self-definition and tend to view any disagreement as threatening. Insecurity over who we are impairs the feeling of kinship with others like ourselves. Also, I also think part of the

intensity of our infighting comes from the intensity of our feeling for each other. The intensity of our closeness is mirrored by the intensity of our conflicts. This intensity is also what gives us our cohesion if it survives the fights, breakups, and shedding skin we all go through.

MTF and FTM. While we are different in many ways, I'm always surprised by how much we have in common. When I meet a transsexual man, I know that he too feels that incessant pounding of the nerves, muscle and blood that says "man" the way mine says "woman" that puts our bodies, minds and very self at odds with the reality of others around us. I know that if someone calls him "Ma'am" it will be, in David Harrison's apt phrase, 'like a car alarm going off right next to me'. It's the same way I feel if someone calls me "Sir". We're the flip side of the same coin.

Being TS is such an intense emotional experience that it makes being around other transsexuals almost impossible. We've all had the experience where we're just coming to terms with our identity and are so extremely sensitive to nuances, distinctions and subtleties of this that we can't stand to be around another transsexual. Part of being transsexual is this intense expression of self. Once it's birthed it's a glorious thing, but when it's happening it's like — *Watch out! @! @* — no one too get close, it's too crazy.

Probably the biggest impediment to a feeling of community is our self-centeredness. Every transsexual and transgender person I have ever known complains about this at one time or another. This quality burns out more of us than any other. When we first begin our transitions it's necessary. Saving one's own life, as many of us view transition, is a justifiable reason to be self-centered. I think a lot of us, myself included, don't always realize when it's time to let go of behavior that was useful once, but now is detrimental.

We seem to relate to each other best in 2s and 4s, on a really small intimate scale. What makes a community is shared values, shared experiences, shared concepts of who we are. When you're a TS you're a member of this tribe whether you want to be or not.

Any attempt at community has to take into account the fact that passing will continue to be emotionally and psychologically necessary for many transsexuals. The desire to blend into the woodwork as a nontranssexual man or woman doesn't always spring from a state of shame. People relate to you differently when they think of you as a nontranssexual man or woman. When people know you as a transsexual that emotional vibe is gone forever, and it never

comes back. Many transsexuals don't want to lose that. We are possibly the only minority that is invisible by choice. Brothers and sisters who are woodworked are no less are brothers and sisters because of it. Chastising someone because they choose this route only further divides us, and stops us from communicating with each other. No one wants to second guess another transsexual's happiness, Riki Ann Wilchins said, and that includes the happiness that comes from passing. I respect people who are out and I respect people who stay in the woodwork.

My friend Kera met a ts woman at a dinner party who was as woodworked as one could get. At the end of the party the woman asked for Kera's number, but wouldn't give out hers. Kera's cool: she knows how things are for us.

"But you know what's strange?" she told me later. "Every week for six months I got a phone call from her and we'd talk for over 2 hours. She lived in this town where nobody knew she was T and there was nobody to talk to about it. It was driving her nuts." She still calls Kera and won't leave her phone number, but asked Kera to be sure to leave a forwarding phone number if she ever moves.

Not every woodworked transsexual wants nothing to do with those who aren't. I know woodworked transsexuals who are proud of the fight for rights but fear of being sacrificed by political activists for their own ends. They worry about being forced into a public role.

Passing has its steep and costly price. While you are most yourself when you pass as a woman or man, you are also the most alone. It is this deadly loneliness that drives many transsexuals to make contact with each other and even pushes some back out of the woodwork.

One of the problems of our community is the utter lack of good leadership. Forces such as sexism class differences, racism, etc., continue to flatten our community, yet most leaders do not even try to talk about these issues and seem incapable of acknowledging a different viewpoint without hostility.

Transsexuals will continue to be here regardless what direction this advanced capitalistic society takes. I worry that American society is moving in a direction where we will have an increasingly tough time of it, not because we're TS but because fewer and fewer people will get anything, from health care to education to clean streets, unless they can afford

it. We are going to have to take care of ourselves because no one else will.

"Feelings have never as raw over the past few decades as they are now. We're all suspicious of one another because there is less to share and people are very cautious about helping anyone make change." -- Belva Davis.

One thing we could do is start rituals for ourselves: visiting each other after surgery, drumming circles for trans people only, or being with each other at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Small things count.

One element of our oppression is that everyone who is associated with you is often tarred with the same brush. There are many nontranssexuals who like us and suffer along with us and are willing to fight for us. I think that anyone who is willing to do that becomes part of our community.

Most people narrowly define community to describe their own particular niche, whether its leather, pagan, lesbian or gay. But a community in the best sense of the word encompasses more than a narrow range of interests. Community isn't imposed from the top down. A community is a living organism of separate people, each person an individual but part of something larger than themselves. A community happens from within. Our transsexual and transgendered community is still developing. We are still finding our own voices for our many different experiences. Only by acknowledging all the different voices of our world can we begin to honor each other, and to see us all as part of the glorious trans people we are.

HEALER

You were hoodless, and the pleasure on your face
As you lashed me was the coming of the new world.
Shirtless, the power of your skin was myth
Dwelling among flesh as you circled
The holy fires in my body of light.
Being whipped is like prayer before sleep,
I shake, and come, I smile, and dream into
Your magic hands that rub aloe on my welts,
I would never use the safe word
When I am with you. The only pain
That could destroy me is if your eyes turn away
With that silence that is death before life.

-- Camille Genderella Liberty

KC JOURNAL

by Robin Goldstein

A PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF THE BRANDON TEENA VIGIL

I'm going to try and see if I can write something about the last three days (just 48 hours, actually) in Kansas City and Falls City, Nebraska. I'll hold this time in my mind forever, but if I don't share it right away it will be special only to me. It wasn't about a personal experience or journey, but a journey across the boundaries and barriers of space and time and words and ideas which bind us together and at the same time keep us apart.

It begins with Riki Anne Wilchins and Davina Anne Gabriel and Nancy Nangeroni. Or maybe it begins with Kate Bornstein and Leslie Feinberg and Minnie Bruce Pratt or Hannah and Fran or Robyn. Or Tony (gawd, I love Tony) or Dana or Ariel or Kim or Kym or Maura or Melanie or me.

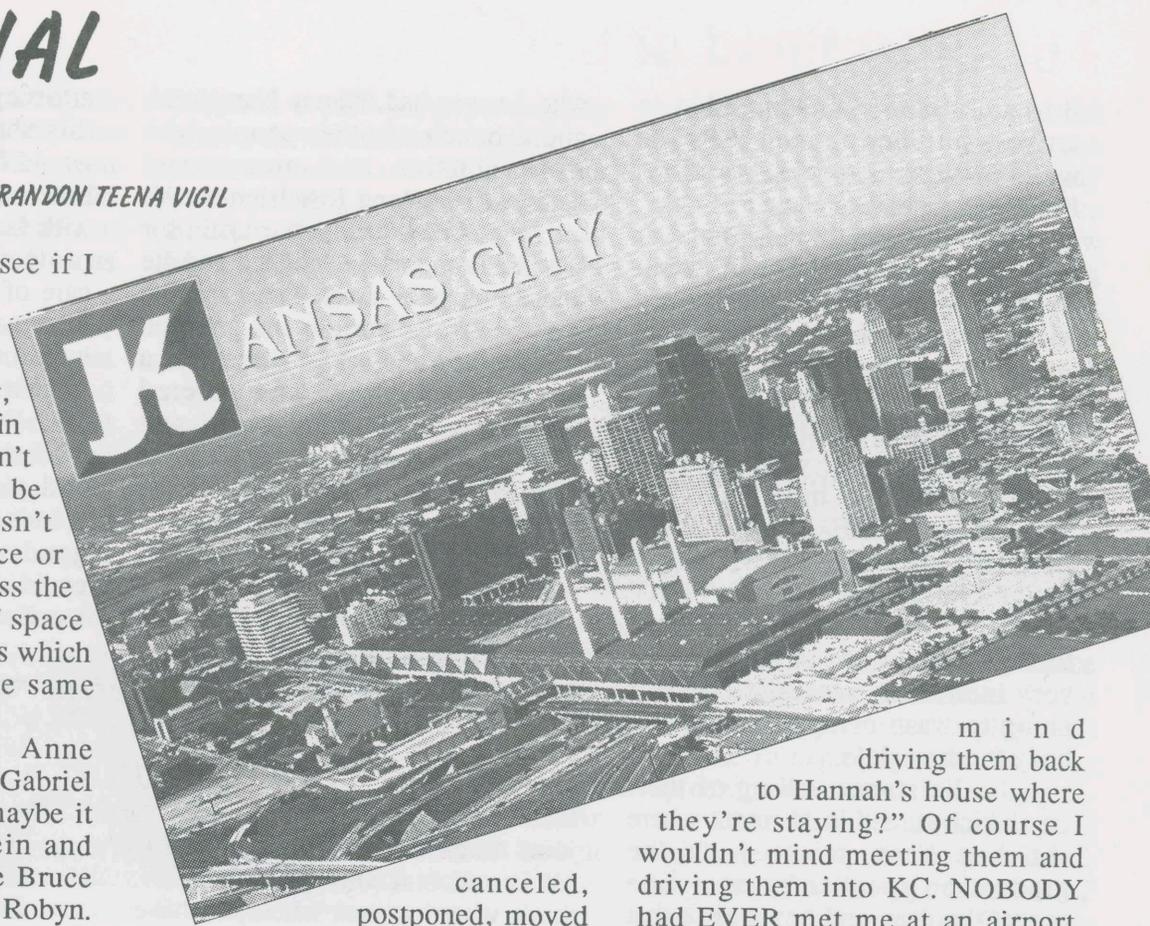
Or Brandon Teena (never, not ever Teena Brandon) or the criminal ashamed-to-call-them-humans who murdered Brandon because He (not Her, not ever Her because We decide who We are) had the courage and the strength to live a life of his choice, a life which didn't meet the expectations of others.

Or maybe it begins with not wanting to go to the middle of the country from my warm, safe home in Palo Alto California, home to Stanford University where the Gay and Lesbian and Bisexual (but not Transsexual or Transgendered) student group brought Kate Bornstein to speak only three days before the event in Kansas City and where, after arriving home from the speech/performance/revival meeting I learned that all of my meetings for the following week had been

canceled, postponed, moved to the beginning of June, and that I could go to Kansas City if I wanted to. If I wanted to. And. I. Wanted. To. I did. And I did.

So after staying up over 24 hours so to finish off the work I do, I was on an airplane from San Francisco to Kansas City, Kansas City here I come. Just me and a credit card and a dream. Kind of like Close Encounters of the Third Gender. Except that I had no idea where I was going (as usual) and this time it mattered. So I called Riki Anne and Davina. Two people I had never met. Two people whose words I had read and who I was sure I would not like, who could not say anything to me, who could not reach me or teach me or ever love me and probably wouldn't even like me. And Riki said, "You're really coming? Far Fucking Out". And Davina said, "We'll meet you at the airport and then you can wait for Minnie Bruce and Leslie. Would you

mind driving them back to Hannah's house where they're staying?" Of course I wouldn't mind meeting them and driving them into KC. NOBODY had EVER met me at an airport. NEVER. Especially not people who wouldn't like me. So Hannah (gawd, I really, REALLY LOVE Hannah), the older sister I never had who just happened to be turning thirteen years younger than me, and I and Davina and Dana and Ariel (who Riki said was inscrutable and I thought she said unscrewable and I couldn't figure out what kind of surgery SHE'd had), and Robyn Serven all waited at the airport for Minnie Bruce Pratt and Leslie Feinberg. And Hannah went with me to get the rental car and we laughed and everyone else waited behind and they laughed and we came back with the car and we all laughed together. There we were in the airport. A family outing, in every sense of the phrase, waiting for more family, the crazy aunts from back east, to arrive. Why should they arrive alone? When they did, we greeted and got into my car, four of us with the rest staying behind in order to meet up with Kate



Bornstein who was scheduled to arrive a bit later on, and there we were driving into Kansas City, Kansas City here we come.

I didn't know Minnie Bruce or Leslie, and had to ashamedly admit to Minnie Bruce that although I had heard of Leslie I hadn't ever read any of her works. I also had to admit to Leslie that my friend Jamie Ray Walker, a gentleman and gentlewoman in every sense of the word, had said to me, "YOU'RE DRIVING LESLIE AND MINNIE BRUCE? DON'T WASH ANY PART OF YOUR BODY THAT THEY TOUCH!" and I would have to suggest they touch me in some very interesting places if I wasn't going to wash certain parts of my body for three days.

Leslie started telling of their day which started in Vermont where she had been selected as the graduation speaker by everyone except the dean and hey wasn't that too bad and yes it really was too bad. For the dean. Leslie told of the response she received from the students and from the parents, the mothers and the fathers, especially the fathers, who were moved to tears by Leslie's words and it's Leslie's story.

We drove and spoke and laughed and told stories and I realized that this unknown-op transsexual and this post-op transsexual and this transgendered man/woman/human being and this lesbian wonderful sweet kind poet had nothing in common and were connected more closely than I could imagine four members of the same family could ever be.

So we arrived in Kansas City at the house where we were all staying and were greeted by Riki Anne who I recognized from her glamour shot in *Esquire* and a whole passel of lesbians and my other older sister

who I never had, Nancy Nangeroni, and a bunch of other people who were cousins and nieces and nephews and long lost friends. We all got to know each other again for the first time and we laughed and ate and drank beer cause Tony said he would make a beer run and got tired and laughed and sat outside under a warm Missouri sky and greeted others arriving and laughed. I was coming up on my second 24 hours of being awake when we got tired and realized that we would have work to do and would do it together, we turned in.

The next morning when we gathered together again to talk about the events of the coming day and wandered over to the local breakfast joint much too late for breakfast but that's what happens when you have 15 long lost relatives getting together at the family homestead. Did you know I had a woman of color in my family? Well neither did I, but I do and she's a lesbian and we had breakfast together at the not-a-national-chain-burger-joint, sitting outside, enjoying chicken sandwiches in the Missouri sun and talking about our lives together that, up until this point, we had lived apart. It was a moveable feast of words and ideas, feelings and fears, love and life.

As we walked back my sister of color and I strolled down the streets of Kansas City arm-in-arm and it never once occurred to me that anyone driving by, anyone filled with hate and ignorance and fear, anyone who thought it was ok to murder Brandon Teena (never, not EVER, Teena Brandon) anyone like that would look at this 6 foot tall red haired jewish transsexual patent

attorney from New York City and this shorter black lesbian woman would have thousands of reasons to hate us or kill us. Because I was with family, with people who would protect me and love me and take care of me. People who would pick me up at the airport. Didn't everyone have a sister and a sistah and a syster in their family?

We moved through the streets of Kansas City pushing and testing and playing with each other, our minds and our bodies and our genders... beautiful women who could sing bass if they wanted to and wonderful men who didn't need to

It's the difference between laughing with your friends and never laughing again. It's the difference between lightness and darkness. Between is and was, between life and death.

use athletic protectors but who had bigger balls than half the guys in my fraternity. It was a Sunday-Goin'-to-Meetin' kind of Sunday and each of us was the preacher and each of us was the choir and each of us said Amen.

Soon it was time for everyone to go over to the real church where our friends Leslie and Kate and Minnie Bruce were going to speak. I was asked if I would mind taking my older sister Hannah back out to the airport to pickup Mariette Pathy Allen, who chronicles in photographs our lives, loves and struggles. I wanted to hear the speakers speak again, to hear Kate Bornstein, to hear Leslie and Minnie Bruce, but family is family and there was going to be a reception beforehand and we would probably only miss the pre-event event and it was important to be greeted at the airport and that's what family do for each other. So I said yes, that I didn't mind, and I meant it and we went to

went to the airport. We got Mariette just a few minutes late and she was concerned that we had forgotten about her but we told her we would never let her arrive alone. And the three of us drove back into Kansas City.

But because we were a few minutes late in getting our latest charge we missed the cookies and punch, though there was food left over for us, and we also missed the introduction of the first speaker who had not been with us and had not been one of us and had gotten up to speak about Teena Brandon and someone in the audience of more than 100 people said Brandon Teena and the speaker said Brandon Teena, Teena Brandon what's the difference and mouths hung agape. What's the difference?

The Difference?

It's the difference between laughing with your friends and never laughing again. It's the difference between being greeted at an airport and never being greeted again. It's the difference between lightness and darkness. Between is and was, between life and death.

It was a stupid thing to say.

Yet in many ways it had to be

said and would be expressed by others who did not know and did not want to understand. This speaker was presuming to write the story of Brandon Teena's life and did not have the vaguest idea of what she was writing about. This speaker was going to represent the life of someone she did not want to understand. A second murder. At that point I realized for the first time why we and I had come. Of what we were suppose to do. Leslie and Minnie Bruce left the stage. Others rose and left with them in protest.

The speaker spoke about remembrance and compassion and then talked about how Brandon was a victim, how we were all victims. Some people just don't know when to quit.

Eventually she finished, or perhaps she just ran out of foolish things to say. She introduced Kate Bornstein and left the stage and left the room and had she kept walking she couldn't have gotten far enough away for me. But Kate kept the rest of us present and said that it was Brandon Teena and that it Did matter and that we might be oppressed but that we would never

see ourselves as victims and she smiled and talked about the divisions between those in the gay and lesbian communities and those in the gender communities and how our sociological clock was ticking and while there might have been a time for separate identities, that alarm had gone off long ago and we

This was an unscheduled private tutorial. From the head of the Really Angry Transsexual department.

needed to create a space for people to express the gender of their choice at the moment of their choice in the way that they chose. To play with gender. To explore gender. To make up new genders as we went along.

Then Kate introduced Leslie Feinberg who spoke in great detail about her life of being transgendered and of having gender affect the opportunities in her life and of having to remain within the United States because she couldn't get a passport which didn't list gender and if the passport had her name and photograph why did they need to put an M or F? How many Leslie Feinberg's look like the one in the photograph? Leslie introduced Minnie Bruce who is a poet and a teacher and a spirit guide and a shaman of the most wondrous kind. Minnie Bruce took to the stage and spoke of her life and she read us from her book *S/He* and it was poetry.

The audience responded to each of the final three speakers with love and warmth and understanding. With a sense of belonging. And with a sense of family. And each of the speakers received a standing ovation that was beyond show. And the

continued on page 35



LEGISLATING FREEDOM

The Apartheid of Sex

by Martine Rothblatt

Reviewed by Max Wolf Valerio

You believe that reality is something objective, external, existing in its own right...But I tell you, Winston, reality is not external... It is impossible to see reality except by looking through the eyes of the Party."

The torturer O'Brien's admonishment to Winston Smith, the hero of 1984.

When does freedom (the freedom to create, to imagine, to redefine ourselves, to control the shape and apparent sex of our bodies, to love or be sexual with whoever we choose at any point regardless of that person's gender or apparent physical sex), begin to insinuate a narrowing of perception, a subtle insistence on a doctrinaire set of beliefs as rigid as the ones we fled from? At what juncture does that freedom, that rebellion against orthodox formulas of maleness and femaleness shift, and metastasize into a dogmatic, insular tyranny? At what point are we simply kidding ourselves? Or worse yet, lying to ourselves and attempting to put over that fundamental intellectual hypocrisy or dishonesty on the rest of the world? Does it matter? How can we tell the difference?

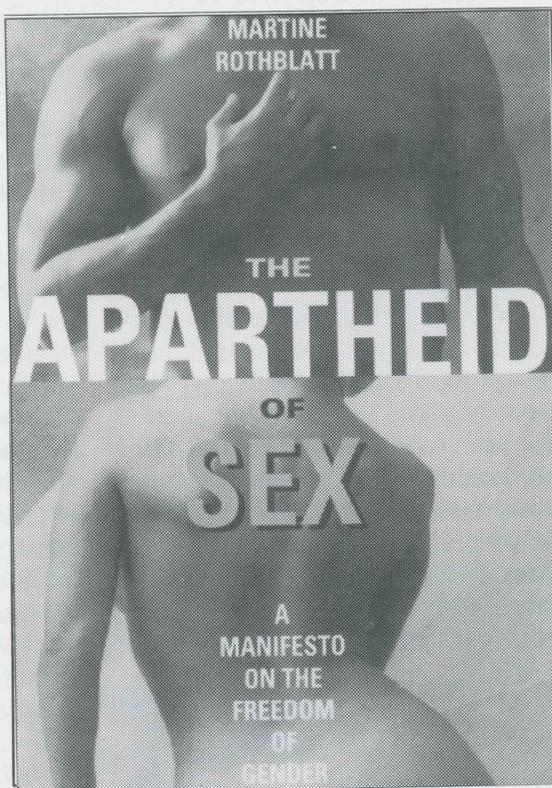
On the cover of *The Apartheid of Sex* are juxtaposed two photographs, one is an apparent male body, the other an apparent female body. Both have traditional, easily identifiable anatomical construction as man and woman respectively. Most of *The Apartheid of Sex* is devoted to the notion that these two specimens of humanity are not really sexually dimorphic, that they are not actually male or female bodies. Man and woman do not exist except as social constructions and its time to sweep those moribund constructions out, and get on with being a unisexual, multi-gendered society. Time to put men and women (or shall I say the people we would normally consider men and women in socially constructed terms) together in prisons, get rid of separate bathrooms for the

sexes, stop identifying children at birth as male or female, time to not identify anyone on official identification as man or woman ("knowing the genitals of a person is of no aid to police in identifying someone... at best genitals exclude only half the human race - clearly not much help in identifying a person". pg. 68). Time to have women serve in front-line combat with men. Time for men and women to compete against each other at all times in every sport from P.E. class to the Olympic level and on into professional sports.

"To usefully identify the elements of sexual identity, it is necessary to abandon entirely the male/female, masculine/feminine lexicon of sexual dimorphism... For analytic purposes, shades of color may prove to be a useful vocabulary for dissecting sexual identity..." (p.112) Rothblatt illustrates this rather cute if not completely trite idea with a chart divided into two columns (p.114-115). One is "Chromatic Sexual Identity" the other "Self-Reported Mental Nature". A sampling of her correspondences between color and various "mental natures" are "pine-green" - a slightly (about one-third) aggressive but mostly nourishing (about two-thirds) person who does not try to appear sexy... Lime green - A slightly (one-third) nourishing but mostly aggressive (about two-thirds) person who does not try to appear sexy." When we finally get to those people who want to

"appear sexy" (even in a world where nobody has a sex), we have "Brown - A person equally aggressive, nourishing and sexy in attitude" and "Orange - a non-nourishing person, self-described as equally aggressive and erotic." Martine recommends that we adopt this "chromatic lexicon". "Sexually we are not "men or "women", but we are shades of purple, orange, green and brown." It is interesting to note that instead of leaving humanity in two larger, messier boxes, she would rather squeeze us into at least seven smaller, more tightly defined ones.

So, why did Martine Rothblatt bother to have a "sex change"? At her reading of the work at A Different Light bookstore in San Francisco, Rothblatt self-



identified as "mauve". Why not just be "mauve" as she now describes her gender and forgo all the expense? A transsexual woman asked her this inevitable question at the reading. She beat around the bush and basically said because "I feel more comfortable this way."

Well, that's the reason most people who change their sex do it. Did she believe at that time that there was anything to change from and to? I couldn't determine this from her talk. However, I will say that Martine's appearance is very normative female, much in the modality of modern, feminine woman. This apparent conformity to socially proscribed gender norms is interesting in light of her reputed refutation of those same norms.

Martine Rothblatt would like to legislate freedom by having us all conform to a unisex society. She believes that one can legislate away sexual dimorphism as well as any other kinds of differences or distinguishing characteristics that people may have. "The true meaning of any category of persons is but the meaning assigned to those persons by law and society...(p. 4) This is a nearly religious faith in the confirming and ordering efficacy of law. My "true meaning" as a person does not have to be legally sanctioned in order to be meaningful to me. Later, "a society works much better if biological differences among its sub populations are ignored or minimized than if those differences are magnified and classified. (p. 12) We have to question here, at what point does the legitimate legislating of equal treatment and equal opportunity become the legislating of conformity, *an organization of society as a horizontal, inert mass of legalized non-entities?*

Rothblatt recommends that we have unisex prisons and bathrooms. She even agrees with Ruth Bader Ginsberg concerning the Supreme Court decision in 1994 when a male-to- female transsexual who was either pre-op or non-op sued the government for "cruel and unusual punishment" because she was placed in a men's prison facility where she was raped. Ginsberg did not see the point of that charge and asked, "What about a man with a slight build?" (p. 62)

A person who has been feminized by estrogen, has lived as a woman, and is self-identified as female, is under significantly greater risk for violent sexual assault in an all male prison environment than even the most slightly built man. Rothblatt's solution to prison rape is to pile men and women into prison together and forcibly inject birth control drugs (antiandrogens and

progesterone) into them in order to circumvent the inevitable unwanted pregnancies. The guys behind bars will love this solution: they can stop preying on the slightly built amongst themselves and get busy raping the women! I agree that in specific circumstances, more contact between the sexes than is now allowed may be appropriate, more humane and even contribute to rehabilitation; however, to do this in all situations is reckless and even cruel in its potential for mayhem and assault. Also, it is wrong to give people drugs against their will. As for unisex restroom safety, "each public restroom could also be equipped with a continuous loop camera high above the exit door." p. 94 All men would be taught from

"We are all transgendered people" has a sweet, comforting sing-song refrain. We don't threaten anyone, but we also don't have any existence or power of our own.

childhood to sit down to pee and signs would be installed in restrooms which would reinforce this new sensitive male habit. With the money we save by not purchasing urinals for bathrooms, Martine suggests that we buy the aforementioned cameras. These should be able to catch those willful guys who pee standing up, drill holes in the stall walls to watch the women peeing, and sexually harass or assault women.

I can foresee a time when cameras aren't enough and potty guards must be hired. There will be an escalating series of restroom studies in government and universities, firms specializing in potty guards and bathroom safety procedures will spring up all over the country, new psychologies of toilet training and bathroom practices will evolve, bathroom rapes will be committed in sporadic waves as they become a new trendy crime like drive-bys or post office employee freakout murder sprees, bathroom cameras will occasionally be sabotaged by male voyeurs who wish to spy on women's bathroom habits, these video tapes will be sold on a black market. New forms of crime, new criminals, more laws, more police, more hand wringing and moralizing.

Sounds like Big Brother or Big Sister or would that be Big Mauve? Legislating equality with these extreme measures is reminiscent of totalitarian and highly regimented states. How will these laws be enforced? Will Martine also have us set up unisex re-education camps where everyone will be forced to refer to each other with her preferred pronouns, "heesh" and "hirm" (p. 127). What will happen to those who resist? Those incurable "gender romantics"? Will those people who insist that there is an essential biological motivation for the categories of man and woman, regardless of the party

line be "rehabilitated", forced to accept the unisex universe of Chromatic gender that Rothblatt has created? Like Winston Smith in 1984, will those people who insist that there is a reality outside of the socially constructed one (the reality socially constructed from the deconstructions of the new unisex government) be silenced? Sounds like a waste of tax dollars to me. It reminds me of the "cultural revolution" in Mao's China where women and men were forced to wear the same clothes and haircuts, and often were not even aware that heterosexual intercourse was part of the reproductive process. This scenario also reminds me of the drab lesbian feminism of the 70's, which I lived through, hated, and finally escaped from, where we were all supposed to be androgynous, nondescript in work shirts, jeans and sneakers. The dull, preachy and puritanical underpinnings of that time cannot be overemphasized. Not to mention the horrible music.

Throughout this book Rothblatt refers to statistics and studies concerning differences between men and women and often skews or appears to deliberately misinterpret the results. She declares, "By the late twentieth century scientists abandoned efforts to prove absolute differences between the "natures" of men and women. they weren't there." (p. 48) That's odd. There's a short article about startling research into sexually typed brain differences as they relate to the feeling of sadness in the June '95 issue of Scientific American. I'm aware of many other recent studies, many conducted by women initially attempting to prove that there were no differences between the sexes, that uncover areas in cognition, perception and temperament which are strongly sexually typed. *Eve's Rib* is an excellent book about this and I recommend it to anyone curious about the subject.

Rothblatt's biases are transparent. When making a case that men and women should compete against each other in the same sports, she cites the fact that a woman, Gertrude Erderle, broke the male record for swimming the English Channel in 1926. What she neglects to mention is that women actually have a built in biological advantage for these and other super marathon (over 50 mile runs) type sports because of their extra fat layer, the adipose layer. Women have more to burn. This doesn't prove that women would be as good as men at professional football or heavyweight boxing, and to say

By declaring everyone to be one of us, we reduce our experience to a kind of seminar on gender self-help, except that we don't grow out of it as we move on to selling real estate or working at the stock exchange.

that it does is intellectually dishonest or at least fatuous.

Rothblatt attempts to legitimize transgender status by declaring that everyone is transgendered. She is not the first or only transsexual writer to make this declaration. This type of thinking seems to constitute a trend, a sweet sounding paradigm which is now in vogue. It sounds groovy enough: *we're like all just part of one big transgender goo- no one is really anything - like everything is anything and we are all nothing*. Or to be more 90's about it: *the discontinuous, reductive and specifically oppositional discourse which is gender is not in any way delimited by its inert valences. It is neither strictly relational nor performative. At times it appears to be transfiguring an ostensible body, in other instances the praxis might be subjectivity, but in so far as subjectivity has no delineating paradigms it cannot be said reflexively to exist anywhere as anything. Therefore, gender is a*

socially constituted conflation of ontological signifiers which are emphatically vacant. It does not exist. We are all transgendered, because there is no gender.

Not everyone is transgendered, and certainly even among the transgendered not everyone could be called transsexual. Although many people have issues with their gender role, or their bodies as they have been sexed by biology, those concerns do not necessarily constitute transgender or transsexual identity. Most people are happy with their bodies as they are biologically sexed, even if they occasionally might wonder how the other half lives.

Transsexuals are freaks, outsiders and outlaws in this world. We have lived the unthinkable. Are privy to information and experiences that most people have little conception of. This is our power, our damning glory. We have the agency of this knowledge because we have been through a very specific, willful and physically concretized transformative process. This transformation is biological as well as social in its nature. By attempting to make our identity all inclusive by declaring everyone to be one of us, we reduce our experience to a kind of seminar on gender self help or gender recovery. A gender Woodstock, except that we don't go home on the weekend and forget about it or grow out of it as we move on to selling real estate or working at the stock exchange.

"To live outside the law you must be honest" Bob Dylan said. There is something dishonest and even manipulative in making transsexual or even transgender a

catch-all phrase. It sounds like a great public relations move, and like all seductive advertising slogans, seems to nullify opposition with a sweet, comforting sing-song refrain of "We are all transgendered people". It makes our hard edges all warm and fuzzy, it makes us bland. We don't threaten anyone, but we also don't have any existence or power of our own. It's also a lie.

There is one nearly redeeming section of this book that I must mention because it is important and actually seems enlightened, tenable and liberating. The appendix lists the "International Bill of Gender Rights". I think it's wonderful and I hereby applaud Martine Rothblatt for putting it together. Basically, this "Bill of Rights" would give everyone the right to self-define their gender identity and to marry, parent children, have access to competent medical care, control and change their body, and choose their sexual partner and sexual expression freely. I have no argument with this. The text that precedes this appendix, the rest of the book, is another matter altogether. This is unfortunate because it tends to make this portion of the book look less credible.

I don't believe that sexual identity is strictly dimorphic. My own history, biology and lifestyle doesn't conform to that notion. There's a continuum of both biological sex and gender identity. The key word here is Martine's use of the word, "absolute". By relying on this word and the larger phrase, "absolute differences", Rothblatt is duped. Her legal training betrays itself through her intoxication with manipulative verbal twists

Transsexuals are freaks, outsiders and outlaws in this world. We have lived the unthinkable. This is our power, our damning glory.

(watching the O.J. trial I've seen plenty of those). Because differences are not necessarily "absolute" doesn't mean that significant, intractable differences between males and females don't actually exist. They do, although within a context of continuum. This context doesn't make these differences less distinctive or even less polarized in the vast majority of people.

In order to not be so caught up and bound to the dualism of either debunking gender differences or minimizing them by claiming that they're not absolute and therefore, at the furthest end of that logic, not fundamental or even in existence; we must re-envision this continuum. I would like to begin this re-envisioning by offering a different model. *I believe that this continuum is shaped not as a line, but as a spiral.*

This spiral continuum could trace the time windows of sexual differentiation (fetal life, childhood, adolescence and on to old age) as well as different populations of gender identity and sexual differentiation. I propose that this spiral can be multi-dimensional and exhibit playful variations of structure, like DNA. This sex/gender spiral is dynamic, energized with an inventive stability. Perhaps this spiral, like a divinely warped tornado, moves through space horizontally at certain times and other times vertically. When we begin to envision sex/gender as a living spiral we transcend the restrictions of a linear, flat continuum. *Absolute and relative become interchangeable terms on such a spiral of shifting differentiation.*

I occupy a space on this oscillating continuum of gender/sex which is sparsely populated and very particular in its morphology. This is the nature of being a transsexual. *We live our lives inside a kind of ongoing paradox.* But my own nonconformity to a strict sexual dimorphism does not mean that most of the human race doesn't fit in that category. Humanity has been lived as man and woman. We are (the transsexuals of the 20th century) actually the first to decisively break through that awesome biological barrier, because of hormones and surgery. It is interesting, that even the transsexuals who claim that they want to eliminate sexual dimorphism as its known and "practiced", have used this technology to reconstruct their physical gender in ways that appear to conform to those very same ancient, abiding archetypes. It's conceivable that the technology could be used in other ways, yet most folks do try and conform to a morphological congruity accepted by society as male or female. Most folks *want to*. Desire is more compelling, more visionary and ultimately more *interesting* than politically-correct intentions and moribund moralizing.

It's one thing to theorize, another to do it. Most of this theorizing about the social construction of gender is just so much wanking off. People used to argue about how many angels could occupy the head of a pin. Lives were lost because of these discussions. Yet nature persists and is indifferent to our intellectual or pseudo-intellectual pretensions, and a pervasive, although imperfect sexual dimorphism is ingrained in the natural fabric of our world. This proclivity will endure, regardless of books like these.

Max Wolf Valerio is featured in Monika Treut's film Female Misbehavior in the short 'Max', available in video stores nationwide. He is currently working on his "memoirs" entitled The Joker is Wild, which will be out in 1996 from William Morrow/Avon.

DEJA VU

by Margaret Deirdre O'Hartigan

Transsexual activism is not a recent development despite the claims of lesbian publications such as *Deneuve*. The transsexual rights movement is well over 20 years old. It is only due to the lack of transsexual visibility within the larger queer movement which gives the erroneous impression of a nascent movement to those who look only to queer publications to convey a sense of transsexual activism.

As is typical of most movements, that of transsexuals' is dependent upon sufficient numbers of us to be viable. Many transsexuals were drawn to Minneapolis because the University of Minnesota was the second institution in the United States to offer SRS, following hard on the heels of Johns Hopkins. Not surprisingly, Minnesota subsequently witnessed some of the earliest and most effect transsexual activism in the country. From protests, to lawsuits, to our inclusion in 1974 in the Minneapolis human rights ordinance, transsexuals in Minnesota enjoyed a level of political success not yet seen in larger cities such as San Francisco or New York City, where our numbers are diluted by the presence of a proportionately much larger queer community.

As early as the mid-1970s, transsexuals in Minneapolis held a visible protest at a suburban church engaging in anti-transsexual rhetoric — years before Queer Nation or Act Up thought to do the same in New York. Lawsuits in Iowa and Minnesota won public funding of sex-reassignment surgery a decade and a half before Minnesota enacted statutory protection for sexual minorities — something which California and New York State still don't have. Transsexuals in Minneapolis were so visible and so successful that an attempt was made to discredit us with the report of a bomb sent to a Minneapolis police precinct in the name of a fictitious transsexual rights organization, resulting in a police investigation of Minneapolis' most visible transsexual activist, Dyna Slyter.

Transsexual activism in Minnesota in the '70s and '80s was in many ways every bit as exciting as gay activism occurring simultaneously in that city and elsewhere — but you can look in vain for an account of our activities in the Minnesota gay and lesbian press of the day. Transsexuals were consistently excluded from its pages. It was the straight press which carried reports of transsexuals issues and activists.

Much of my involvement in the original struggle to obtain public funding of SRS was due to a matter of luck.

I was lucky to be born and raised in Minnesota, for one thing. When I was 16 and my mother told me about Christine Jorgensen, I knew what I wanted to be when I grew up. When, as an effeminate pariah in high school I learned in my psychology class that the University of Minnesota performed "sex-changes," I knew where I wanted to go to college. I started classes at the University a week out of high school, planning to have my surgery paid for by the same student health insurance that covered the rest of my health needs and the health needs of every other U. of M. student.

I learned upon seeing my first psychiatrist at the U., however, was that such was not to be. Not only did the student health service reject such a course of treatment, the University surgery program did not accept payment from an insurance provider. Money up front was required. I dropped out of school and took a job cleaning glassware for a chemistry lab to save money for surgery. By living at home I was actually able to set money aside — until my parents, tipped off to my plans by an ill-fated attempt to castrate myself, learned I was wending my way through the maze of University psychiatrists, psychologists and surgeons. I was put in a psychiatric ward for the electro-shock treatment my parents were convinced would cure their child. I kept talking surgery, however, so

they dumped my few possessions in a far corner of the next county, gave me a map of where to find my belongings and told me not to come home when — or if — I ever got out.

Change of scene. Now I was living on my own. The originator of the University program, Donald Hastings, was replaced as chair of the gender committee by Lloyd Sines. When I made the mistake of informing Sines I'd gotten hormones from a private physician in town I was booted out of the program.

With my ejection from both my parents' house and the University program I was free to become a visible transsexual without fear of reprisal. I had the good fortune to have as my teacher Dyna Slyter, whose exploits I'd read about in the *St. Paul Dispatch* while still living at home. I also took the last of my rapidly dwindling savings and went to a private surgeon to finish the orchiectomy I'd begun on my own. Francois Hamze had done a double mastectomy for Al DeRaad, another transsexual activist, and it was through Al I found Hamze. My final surgery was to have been performed six weeks later, but the Catholic hospital where Hamze had operating privileges

I was put in a psychiatric ward for the electro-shock treatment my parents were convinced would cure their child.

at, balked. Al and I found ourselves shopping for someone to finish us.

The word on the street and in the bars where the queens congregated buzzed with the news of “Jane Doe” winning a state supreme court victory requiring the University program to provide her surgery, despite being a “charity case” on welfare. The court had ruled that, as a state-funded institution providing medical care to indigent Minnesotans, University Hospital could not discriminate against indigent transsexuals. Like it or not, the U. of M. was required to provide surgery for free.

That didn't help Al and me and most of the other transsexuals in town who didn't meet the University's stringent, ever-changing requirements. So I went to the Legal Aid Society of Hennepin County for help. I collected as many recommendations for surgery as I could, and we filed papers in late 1977.

Meanwhile, fundamentalist christians in the Minnesota Legislature took a dim view of tax money spent to turn boys into girls, and vice versa. Too much vice, not enough Biblical versa. Senator Wayne Olhoft, part of the self-styled “Christian Coalition,” introduced a bill in the 1978 legislative session that would prohibit public monies from going towards “experimental” surgery — and SRS, of 10 years' duration in Minnesota, was specifically identified as “experimental”. The only other procedure specifically named by Olhoft's bill was the

From the same outdoor phone booth I shivered in at night while whoring, I made telephone calls to legislators by day.

relatively new method of stomach surgery for treating obesity. Gluttony was apparently as sinful as lust.

Al and I had gone our separate ways after Hamze abandoned us to our own devices, but we quickly patched things up when faced with the common danger in the Legislature which threatened my lawsuit and our hopes. We knew nothing about lobbying legislators — but felt ourselves fortunate to live in the districts of Minnesota's only open gay senator and lesbian representative. We went to them for advice on how to lobby their colleagues.

We were quickly shown the door. Allen Spear kept repeating, “Don't make it a gay issue, it's not a gay issue”, while Karen Clark referred to transsexuals, to our faces, as “crazies.” With no where else to turn, Al and I opted for on-the-job training.

Neither one of us had telephones. So, from the same outdoor phone booth I shivered in at night while whoring, I made telephone calls by day, setting appointments for Al

and me to meet with every legislator who sat on the Health, Welfare and Corrections committees in both the House and Senate. I was so wrapped up in the task that one day, in the midst of calling, I suddenly realized my birthday had come and gone two days earlier and I'd missed it. I barely managed to get off the phone before the tears came pouring out.

Al and I met with every legislator but one — and to our surprise, all of them received us politely, even cordially. Even Olhoft oozed concern for our well-being. Only the gay and lesbian legislators had treated us as though we weren't human.

One legislator, George Perpich, took particular interest in our plight.

The brother of Minnesota's governor at the time, George was

Too much vice, not enough Biblical versa.

chairman of the Senate Health, Welfare and Corrections Committee — the most powerful of the many legislators we lobbied. As chairman he had control over whether to let a bill die in committee or pass it on to the full Senate for a vote. Al and I were overjoyed when Perpich invited us to testify at the bill's hearing.

The day of the hearing was February 7. It began with Olhoft introducing his bill. He expounded on the need to protect both taxpayers and patients. Several senators asked questions. Then Perpich went to work. How much money did welfare forecast would be needed for sex-reassignment surgeries? Perpich wanted to know. Olhoft didn't know. What criteria had Olhoft used in designating sex-reassignment as “experimental”? Perpich asked. Surprised by the attack, Olhoft stuttered and stammered and fell back on his high, moral ground. Perpich tabled the bill — and administered a tongue-lashing to Olhoft, telling him to “do your homework before you bring this bill back for this committee's consideration.” I don't know if Olhoft ever recovered from the shock. The bill didn't.

Reporters rushed up to Al and me the moment we stepped out of the hearing room. We asked them not to take pictures — and they respected our wishes. I didn't want to scare off any johns, and Al had his own reasons. I was aware of someone approaching from behind. I turned — and there was Perpich. He thanked Al and me for testifying, and then added, “Don't worry — we'll see you get your surgery.”

That's basically the end of that particular story, except for one small coda. My lawsuit succeeded. The Minnesota State Supreme Court heard my case in the fall off '78, and ruled in my favor. Because the University surgery program wouldn't accept me, the state was

directed to pay my way in a program that would. I picked Oklahoma, which accepted me sight unseen, based on the extensive portfolio I'd put together for my suit. The welfare department stalled, insisting I go through the usual rigmarole of psychological testing, probably hoping I'd be rejected. So the state spent tax money to fly me down to Oklahoma and back. I was accepted, of course. Doctors don't ever t like to admit they're wrong.

I flew down to Oklahoma in February of 1979 — more than a year after the course of Al and mine's lobbying. By May of '79 I was still waiting for surgery — and because of the wait, once again suicidal. Welfare insisted it wouldn't pre-pay the surgeons — and the surgeons, humanitarians all, insisted on money upfront. I remembered George Perpich's promise of the year

It is nothing less than shameful that transsexuals so often receive more aid from non-transsexuals than from their own kind.

before. Afraid to hope, I made a telephone call to his

office, explaining to an aide what was happening to me.

The next day the head of the Department of Welfare called legal assistance attorney with the message my surgery would be pre-paid.

In January of this year Diana Green telephoned to enlist my aid in combating a new attempt to end Minnesota's public-funding of sex-reassignment surgery. In the course of our talk I was amazed to discover how little was known, even in Minneapolis of our earlier struggles and victories, chagrined by the realization she knew more than most, and saddened by how that lack of knowledge had affected both her own and others' choices and lives. Minnesota paid for Diana's surgery six years ago. When she applied for surgery, Welfare told her they wouldn't pre-pay her surgeon — so she chose a surgeon who was willing to bill the state after the fact. Unaware of precedent set, thanks to Perpich, in Minnesota having once pre-paid SRS, she didn't realize they were snowing her. Having once pre-paid, bureaucrats have no legal grounds to refuse to pre-pay in subsequent cases — but they bluff and get away with it because people don't know any different.

Minnesota's transsexuals seeking public-funded SRS today don't know to fight the state's arbitrary spending caps, either. Diana's choice of surgeons was not only limited by those willing to accept payment after the fact — the state imposed a spending cap of \$7,500. Given the precedent-setting payment of my own surgery back in the 1970s at the then going rate of \$10,000, a simple injunction is all it would take to remind the

bureaucrats that the Minnesota State Supreme Court did not authorize them to use penny-ante tactics to price surgery out of our reach.

Senator Perpich's admonition to Olhoft to "do your homework" applies equally to us. Access to surgery in Minnesota has eroded over the years and is now threatened entirely because transsexuals are unaware of their history. Diana's desire to preserve for others the care she herself received drove her to do her homework; she is an example for others. Additionally, we need to share our experience with the rest of society. The Wayne Olhofs of today who smugly wrap themselves in self-righteousness have no more reasoned arguments against public funding of SRS than Olhoft himself had 17 years ago. I know from experience how willing people are to help us, if we will but convey the importance of surgery for us and provide rational arguments in our favor.

In response to my recent lobbying for continued public funding of SRS, Senator Sam Solon, Republican wrote me. "Thank you for writing me regarding public funding for sex reassignment surgery. Your letter was a poignant testimony to the wisdom of state funding for medically necessary sex change surgery. "I agree with you...\$10,000 for a handful of individuals is insignificant when taking into consideration the many other costly medical procedures allowed under our welfare program. You have my assurance that I will support continuation of funding for medically necessary surgeries of this type." Senator Solon's assurance is itself poignant — in 1978 he was one of the co-sponsors of Olhoft's bill.

Just as much as we need to speak about what surgery has meant for those of us lucky enough to obtain it, however, there is one other thing we must do for our sisters. In the years since my lawsuit, funding for the legal assistance which aided me has been slashed at both the state and federal levels, and even now the Republican-dominated Congress is planning to completely do away with all federal funding for such programs. Transsexuals on welfare haven't got the money to mount court challenges to arbitrary spending caps, refusals to pre-pay or outright refusal to fund surgery. That means we must take up the slack.

The sad fact is that too many transsexuals, once they get surgery, do nothing to help their younger sisters and brothers get theirs. It is nothing less than shameful that transsexuals so often receive more aid from non-transsexuals than from their own kind. No matter how much you believe no one every helped *you*, the truth of the matter is that none of us got where we are today without the assistance of others. We were helped by the

continued on page 34

Reality Check

by Jessica Xavier

The underlying purpose for "gender education" is based upon the somewhat specious premise that by actively seeking some level of understanding with the nons, we will somehow facilitate our transgendered lives. Assuming this premise is correct, putting a human face on a heretofore hidden phenomenon is still risky business for most of us.

Not being shy and blessed with a tolerant employer, I became the Outreach Director for the TransGender Educational Association of Greater Washington D.C. in 1993. This allowed me to out myself twenty times a year, in front of groups composed of gay men, lesbians, bisexuals, mental health professionals, college students, church members, and crisis intervention and hotline staffers. Although most of us usually keep a pretty low profile through our early transition days, I discovered that outreach work actually helped me through mine. Speaking before a group of strangers was cathartic, because for those few fleeting moments, I felt proud being me.

Each time I shared my life with these nons, I became more and more aware of how very different my existence had become from theirs. Though I am post-transition and post-surgery, it is perhaps even more so. No amount of yearning for the "normal" existence of a non-transsexual woman, or any denial of the reality of my circumstances, can make it any different. I am and will be a transsexual woman for the rest of my life.

In setting me completely apart from the nons, my transformation has lead me to altered states of spirit, mind and body. Along with my new biochemistry and anatomy, I've also gained a much richer, much deeper understanding of my life, my world

and my self. I now see everything so differently. At times my life seems to be advancing frame by frame, because of my deeper perception of it. Perhaps the best part of my transformation has been an intense spiritual reawakening, a rediscovery of my relationship with my higher power, born of the self examination that hardship brings.

I have also realized that these new levels of awareness and understanding are qualities I seem to share only with those like me. While it's true that other human beings have endured various hardships and became stronger as a result, the multiple complex adversities we transgendered must face, coupled with our struggle to cope with them all, produce changes unique unto ourselves.

Thanks to the media's misconception of the "war between the sexes", just about everyone except us seem to be convinced that men and women live on different sides of a gender chasm. The term "gender" itself has been misappropriated as a code word for women's issues, and non-transsexual women now feel free to discuss "gender oppression". These images are indicative of a gender-arrogant yet ignorant society, and when I encounter them they elicit a variety of emotional responses. In polite conversation, I'll make an effort to smile politely or just sigh, but often I cannot suppress a sarcastic laugh. Mostly I want to cry and scream with rage. Those of us who have crossed or are content to remain on the gender fault line possess the best understanding of what gender is, a unique perspective

which could help others heal from their own gender wars. But our pearls are totally ignored by a society wallowing in its own gender oppression, blissfully unaware of its self-subjugation and our potential. We transgendered alone are left to mark our remarkable talents. We alone can esteem our extraordinary selves.

In the rush of gender euphoria, in celebrating my own exceptional experience, I struggle at times to keep a strong grip on the reins of my life. My sense of my own reality does not completely protect me from the sometimes unreal world of the nons. I have been extremely fortunate thus far in my transformation, yet I know all too well it could all end tomorrow. Our existence as human beings, let alone transgendered ones, is so very tenuous, as is our hold on the harsh

Our very nature puts us at odds with the dominant gender paradigm and the rest of the human race. How can a hopelessly patriarchal society accept a third gender when it doesn't really accept even two?

reality of our lives. We weave back and forth between fantasy and fact, denying the danger that denial itself brings.

Thus my reality has real borders, which limit my freedom. As a member of a tiny sexual minority, I cannot force my gender paradigm on those who by their ignorance do the same to me. How can I possibly expect a hopelessly patriarchal society to accept a third gender when it doesn't really accept even two? As a transgendered human being, I have yet to see any permanent, safe, "third space" created or being created for myself or others like me. As a transsexual

woman, I personally have difficulty with the notion of complete assimilation, although I still regard and defend it as a right and personal choice. We all have suffered too damn much to second-guess each other's happiness. While I can admire those who actively reject assimilation and struggle openly to resist the dominant gender paradigm, I am not ashamed to admit to some accommodation with it at levels which facilitate my life. That accommodation is mainly in passing as a non-transsexual woman in situations where revealing my transgendered state would not contribute anything, either personally or politically.

As I became more politicized over the past three years, I discovered that some such accommodation is a prerequisite for access to the nons' power base. I am equal parts dreamer and doer. My dream is a *future without fear* for all of us. But my immediate focus is on such tangible things as equal protection under the law, which would help realize my dream and the dreams of others like me. Insertion of transgender issues and concerns into a political process that spurns us is very difficult work, and not to be realistic would be a waste of time. Too many of us are hurting badly because we lack legal protection from discrimination, but we transgenders are too few to accomplish anything political alone. Politics is the art of the possible, and the law belongs to the nons. If a tiny minority rights movement like ours is to succeed, I contend it must accept all sorts of necessary evils, such as patience with incremental change, involvement in the process of similar but larger movements, coalition building, careful compromise and yes, some

accommodation with the bipolar gender reality of the nons.

Political lobbying for legislation favorable to transgendered persons is really just gender education at a more ambitious level. Those we target for our formal or informal education efforts may be tolerant, apathetic or

The unique nature of being transgendered is something that may be fully understood only by people who are transgendered themselves. We are literally realities apart.

intolerant. The tolerant may accept us, but they are a very small minority. Since so few of us are out to anyone, the numbers of the tolerant have grown very slowly over time. The apathetic don't care, and the intolerant cannot distinguish us from other "queers" seeking "special rights".

Yet all three groups share something in common: none of them really understand us. Not even the tolerant folks and not even gay men, lesbians and bisexuals. The unique nature of being transgendered is something that may be fully understood only by people who are transgendered themselves. This difference amounts to a perceptual gap that we have utterly failed to bridge. We are literally realities apart.

If all our outwardly-directed gender education efforts over the past four decades have laid a foundation for the future of the transgender movement, I am concerned that we have built on shaky ground. As they say on network news, TIME OUT! It is our present ignorance and denial of our own reality that has prevented us from connecting with the reality of

the nons. Our refusal to acknowledge and to deal with our shame, our fear, our struggle and our transcendence, maintains the perpetual, perceptual gap between our lives and that of the nons. Of all the predicaments facing transgendered people, this denial of our reality is the most significant problem we face, undermining our growth as individuals and our collective progress as a movement. Without first knowing, understanding and healing ourselves, we cannot hope to work together as a community to affect changes to the nons' laws and to their reality to improve our impossibly difficult lives.

To become fully cognizant of our realities, we must first acknowledge our fantasies. Allow me to postulate that the majority of transgendered people live or have led lives filled with fantasy. The eroticism of crossdressing and transsexuality for many of us is based upon a powerful sexual fantasy of becoming someone else, either occasionally or permanently. Our sexual fantasies are at least as powerful as the sadomasochism of our leather friends, and there is nothing wrong with transgendered sexuality, if we could just get over ourselves and believe it! The only thing we're guilty of is guilt itself. Why must we view our own essential eroticism as less than valid means of self-pleasure and self-discovery? Sex is a powerful but seldomly discussed influence in our transgendered lives, and rather than dealing with our sexualities, I suspect that most of us keep them at a distance, which obscures their place in our lives. We can learn from the leatherfolk that it is possible to have healthy sexualities filled with fantasy that need not poison the rest

of our lives. We should therefore embrace our sexual power and in so doing thus put it in proper perspective with the rest of our reality.

It is both ironic and unfortunate that our own gender education efforts to date have obscured this essential eroticism. The traditional approach used to discuss male to female crossdressing focused on the establishment of a definitive dichotomy between gender identity and sexual orientation. This led to the enshrinement of heterosexual male crossdressing as the principal key to open the door to the women within many of us, but it also excluded those more in touch with their sexualities -- the gay and bisexual crossdressers and the transsexual men. Indeed, far too many of us cling to heterosexuality, searching for some sort of absolution for our transgendered "sins". But the guilt and shame never really leave, and often they drive us even deeper into our fantasies, which become shelters from the unrelenting grief. This warps our grasp on the non-transgendered parts of our lives, and consequently, our link with nons becomes much more tenuous. Therein lies the rub.

I believe the best gender education is coming out, one on one, to a non. Having done this many times myself, it's (too) easy for me to say that as an out activist. But for most of us, sharing our transgendered states seems quite impossible, not to mention dangerous. Even if you could get beyond the obvious shame and fear issues, where are the words for this? How exactly are you supposed to out yourself to nons who haven't a clue about you and about their own gender oppression? Should we wear our Transsexual Menace t-shirts to the mall, bearing constant witness to The Transgendered Cause? Should we go the route of the

Lesbian Avengers, and engage in direct actions to establish "transgender presences" in public for all to see? In-their-face actions have their place (like Michigan), but obtaining the desired effect is often a gamble. Direct action is confrontational, "with love" or without, and forcing the issue deprives our targets of the choice to deal with us or not. It can backfire, turning potentially sympathetic people against us.

At the other extreme, must we be reticent when opportunities arise

It is possible to have healthy sexualities filled with fantasy that need not poison the rest of our lives.

for carefully considered sharing? If each of us who have completely assimilated told someone after they knew us for a while, it would do so much for consciousness raising. Transgendered or not, gender oppression affects everyone, and no one understands this better than we do. If we could find the courage, we could do so much to help heal this gender-sick society of ours. But then there's that shame anchor, dragging us down again. For most of us, our transsexualism or transgenderism has become the equivalent of a messy divorce, an abortion, a battering spouse, the crazy aunt in the attic, or any other source of private shame that folks just don't discuss in polite conversation.

Shame also perpetuates the perceptual gap between our realities and the nons. The only way I see to bridge that gap and break this circle of chains is by self-exposure. We are the one's who have painfully come to self-acceptance, even if that understanding of our selves is not easily shared. Since denial is

impossible for me, I claim this reality as my own, that I must live in the nons' world, fighting to be understood. But the harshness of their reality is tempered by my own reality, led by my dream of a future without fear. I am filled with the naive hope that someday we will all learn to live together, without judgement and rancor. Building bridges between our realities is difficult but definitely not impossible. For gender education to succeed, we must grasp our reality and theirs. We must understand and help them deal with their transphobia. All human beings share at least some things in common, and fear of the unknown is one of them. But how people change when a hidden phenomenon is given a human face. Consider all those public opinion polls that indicate favorable opinions from those who also answer affirmatively to the question, "Do you personally know someone who is..."

How the nons come to perceive our personal struggle is crucial to the success of gender education. During the last anti-gay initiative battle in Oregon, groups of lesbians met with straight Oregonian women, sharing the ordinariness of their queer and straight lives. The transgendered communities of Washington and Baltimore have begun similar outreach efforts to nons through churches, with all kinds of transgendered people participating. While such tactics may or may not change the public's attitudes towards us, coming out in groups will change how we feel about ourselves. From my own experience, when you look someone in the eyes and admit you're transgendered, you are also transcending your shame. Coming to terms with that shame can only lead to a greater sense of security and contentment with one's self.

continued on page 34

REALITY CHECK conclusion

Individually, it is the basis of true, personal freedom. Collectively, it is the point of departure for the success of the transgender movement.

Successful sales people are always aware of how they come off to people, and have answers ready for reluctant customers. In effect, they are selling their reality. In our own gender education efforts, whether we come out to groups or one-on-one, we must always be mindful of the gap between our reality and the nons. That awareness will prevent confusing our vastly different personal realities with shame or guilt, which prevents most of us from growing our selves and thus advancing our collective cause.

If shame must be our constant companion, we can refuse to become its conscious accomplices. By endeavoring to free ourselves first, then we may free others like us and eventually those who do not understand us. From my speaking efforts over the past three years, I have seen more than a few light bulbs go on. A real revolution can happen, but only in people's hearts, one at a time.

Jessica Xavier is an out transgendered/queer activist, songwriter and poet living in Washington, DC, where she founded the local chapter of Transgender Nation.

DEJA VU conclusion

transsexuals who came before us and whose bodies were experimented upon in primitive surgeries which led, in turn, to ours. We have benefited by those transsexuals who first changed their birth certificates and other identification papers. There isn't a transsexual alive today who doesn't owe those who come after her a debt because of those who came earlier. I owe more than I can ever repay to a Minnesota legislator who time and again interceded on behalf of transsexuals. I owe more than I can ever repay to legal aid society attorneys and staff working to defend the downtrodden for a fraction of the money to be made in private practice. I owe more than I can ever repay to "Jane Doe", who laid the groundwork for my successful lawsuit, to Dyna Slyter, who taught me to fight back, and to Al DeRaad. Above all, I owe every breath I take and every cent I make to every girl who wants a cunt and every boy who wants a dick. As soon as you get surgery, you owe the kids, too.

Margaret Deirdre O'Hartigan currently works as a legal secretary for a Portland law firm specializing in medical case law. She was employed by the Minnesota legislature as a bill drafting assistant for the 1983 session.

FILISA VISTIMA FOUNDATION



The Filisa Vistima Foundation is dedicated to increasing accessibility to medical treatment for both FTM and MTF transsexuals and providing funds for legal services in the states of Oregon and Washington. The Filisa Vistima Foundation also offers assistance to transsexual activists and organizations in mounting legal challenges to exclusion from state health programs and insurance companies.

There is no charge for any of the foundation's assistance.

The Foundation is named in memory of a 22 year-old transsexual woman who committed suicide in Seattle in 1993. The board of directors is composed entirely of queers. For further information write or call:

The Filisa Vistima Foundation
P.O. Box 82447
Portland, OR 97282
Tel: 1-503-231-9554

enforced wait of a year before surgery is unreasonable. This wait can bring on its own problems such as increased amounts of hormones taken, the lack of passing as woman in bed anatomically, the increased cost of therapy, and the tendency to become overly dependent on care givers, and worst of all you may even start to believe you are sick instead of special. Most of us have lived as women in our heads for years prior to involvement with the medical establishment and now the question of "What's the hurry?" begs the issue. Indeed, what's the holdup?

I thank my therapist and doctors for getting me this far so fast and yet it has also been my doing and ultimately I set the pace, therefore when the time comes that I am ready for surgery, then I'm going to have it. It is laughable and tragic that gender dysphoria (I prefer the term gender euphoria) is still in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual and yet sex reassignment surgery is considered cosmetic by most insurance companies. If SRS is cosmetic then it should be a matter of choice and our condition should be removed from the DSM. As long as transsexualism is to remain in the DSM then it should be funded by insurance. North American medicine can't have it both ways. This is a feminism issue. It is all about choice just like abortion is a woman's right to choose, SRS is a transsexual woman's right to choose. What doctor is going to make a woman wait a significant amount of time to make sure she really wants an abortion? Neither should we have to wait longer than either the patient or the surgeon is comfortable with. An arbitrary year is just that, arbitrary.

Michelle [REDACTED]
Santa Cruz

Dear Gail:

What TS news did you pick up on the world famous SF Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual Transgender Celebration this year?

In *Pride Access*, the ubiquitous "Official San Francisco Sourcebook," I found only an imperative by Mr. Alexander Philpot-Jones: "Have the courage to stay a preoperative transsexual." Maybe Mr. P-J has surgery freely available and feels himself courageous to pass it up. That has nothing to do with enhancing anyone's "leadership quotient." True leadership would mean encouraging everyone to take up the right to sex change surgery as a social policy issue. Who is Susan Horowitz, the publisher, and why did she give him a forum?

What else did I miss?

Marie Kochaver
Oakland

Speak-Out was concluded and we all walked outside and met new friends and family and talked and told stories and shared our lives, the good and the bad, and we laughed. We laughed at the goodness and we laughed at the foolishness and we laughed at each other and we laughed at ourselves. It had been 24 hours since I had arrived in Kansas City and I had been laughing a lot. I like laughing. A lot.

But I made the mistake of asking Riki Anne Wilchins why she signs her e-mail messages with the signature line "Just A Straight White Guy With A Cunt Who Digs Chicks Like Me". Just what the hell did she mean by that? Well, she started to explain the world according to gender. How gender was a political construct. How language was a political construct. And I listened until I could take it no longer and I argued until I could argue no longer and then I listened some more. This was an unscheduled private tutorial. From the head of the Really Angry Transsexual department.

She and I talked for over an hour and a half. We talked outside the church where we had spent the afternoon and we talked in my car all the way back to the house and into the kitchen. We continued to talk and argue and I pushed her and she pushed me even harder and I got angry and I got confused and I got angry at getting confused. But she wouldn't give up and this giant door creaked open and in the process I was again transformed. Shown a new way of thinking. A way that didn't have room for fear. Now I was sure that I didn't like Riki Anne Wilchins and I was sure she hated me. But I had to admit that a part of me loved her, would now always love her (damn her) for bringing a confusing light into my life.

Eventually we both got tired and our mouths dried out, which happens to even the biggest mouths, though it just takes a bit longer, and we went outside to sit on the porch and watch the sun go down. Nancy Nangeroni was playing the guitar with a sweetness that made the sunset smile. Dana Friedman played along providing a wondrous counterpoint. The folks who had gone for KC BBQ and Blues returned home and new friends we had met at the church came by to visit and the moon rose and it was a Full Moon but there was no lunacy. Just clarity lighting of the darkness. And the first day was complete.

NEXT ISSUE: THE SECOND DAY: VIGIL AT THE COURTHOUSE

Robin Goldstein is an omnigendered/omnisexual human being who lives in fear of binaries. As a result of taking estrogen, she no longer has a sense of humor and is hopeful for a surgical solution.

cured. As the history of the Erickson Foundation suggests (and as every psychotherapy session with a gender specialist recapitulates), we transgendered folk have long been in the habit of paying people we position as legitimate authorities to tell us a story about ourselves we want to believe in, just to ease the pain struggling with identity. We are all too often collaborators in our own pathologization. We are the colonized subjects of an imperial medical discourse.

After the Stonewall Riots in 1969, homosexual communities were able to build a movement that successfully overturned the institutionalized pathologization of same-sex desire. Transgendered people have not been as successful. This is due in part, we should

We are the colonized subjects of an imperial medical discourse.

all admit, t h a t lesbian/gay a n d straight society often collude with each other about proper and improper ways to enact gender identities and act in concert to keep us marginalized--and partly because we sometimes believe we're just bad imitations of real men and women.

We have, however, had our own militant political organizations and identity-based social groups. New York was home to the both the Queens Liberation Front and the Transsexual Liberation Front, while TAO--the Transsexual Activists Organization-- was organized in Los Angeles in 1975. San Francisco had its own transsexual organization that dates from the days of Stonewall and its aftermath--CATS, the California Alliance of Transsexuals Society, organized here in 1969. In the mid-1970s Golden Gate Girls/Guys became one of the first of the less-political transgender social groups in the Bay Area, which by the mid-1980s was home to a number of other influential groups, including ETVC, the Rainbow Gender Alliance, and FTM International. More recently, in the early 90s, San Francisco fostered the first queer-style direct-action transgender group, Transgender Nation, which was originally a focus group of Queer Nation.

Finally, it seems fitting to say a few words about Lou Sullivan, one of the best-loved and most-missed activists ever to take up the transgender cause. Lou moved to San Francisco in 1975 to be with a lover who was starting graduate school at UC Berkeley. He also had applied to the Stanford Gender Dysphoria Program but was turned down because he refused to hide the fact that he wanted to be sexually active with men after he transitioned from male to female. Sullivan eventually made that transition beginning in 1979, and finished his process in 1986. His experiences

with discrimination against gay-identified transsexuals, as well as with FTM invisibility in general, led him to become a powerful spokesman and community leader. He worked as the first FTM peer counselor at the Janus Information Facility, developed the *Guide for Female-to-Male Crossdressers and Transsexuals*, wrote a biography of Jack Garland, published by Alyson Press in 1990, and organized FTM International. One of the tragic ironies in the timing of Lou's transition was that he did his mastectomies in the summer of 1980, and within a few months was living the life of a sexually active gay man in San Francisco, frequenting places where he could anonymously suck off other men. It was the riskiest place and the time imaginable to have unsafe sex -- just prior to the outbreak of AIDS. Lou contracted the HIV virus and died of an AIDS-related illness in 1991. He devoted his last years to a campaign to persuade transgender service providers that discrimination against "transhomosexual" people like himself was a serious problem in our community.

This Way to the Trenches

Lou was also a founding member of the Gay and Lesbian Historical Society of Northern California, and it was largely through his efforts that the GLHS has an incredible collection of transgender material--including his own personal papers. It houses the personal papers of other transsexuals as well as taped oral histories and a wide range of transgender community newsletters and publications. There are also a few rare, out-of-print transsexual autobiographies. Moreover, the GLHS has complete runs of all local lesbian/gay publications going back into the 1950s. A brief glance through this material reveals fascinating, unexplored connections between transgender communities and identities here and a larger queer culture. There's more overlap between MTF transsexual and gay drag subculture, and more continuity between butch experience and FTMs, than any of the interested parties are usually willing to cop to. The GLHS archives are open to the public, and they are always looking for donations of unique historical material. They need volunteers to work on the collection, solicit new collections, conduct oral history interviews, or help out in any of a million different ways. If you're from out of town, stop by the archives to do some research. But if you live in the Bay Area come down to the GLHS and volunteer to do some work on transgender history.

Susan Stryker has been on the Board of Directors of the Gay and Lesbian Historical Society of Northern California since 1992. The GLHS can be contacted at (415) 626-0980.

COMMUNITY LISTINGS

Listing of a business or service in the Community Listings is **free!** The only requirement for businesses is that the business **must** be owned or offered by transgendered people. To list your business or service, please send the information to: Community Notices, c/o TNT Magazine, 41 Sutter Street, #1124, San Francisco, California, 94104-4903.

SAN FRANCISCO/BAY AREA

JENNIFER'S REMODELING
415-252-9212

Serving San Francisco and Bay Area
All Jobs Large and Small
Competitive Pricing
Quality Is My Number One Priority

BODYWORK
Loren Cameron, C.M.T.

Deep/Swedish
In Your Home
510/549-1720

Subscription Form

Name
(as it appears on envelope) _____

Address _____

City, State, ZIP: _____

_____ Enclosed is \$5.00 for a sample issue of TNT

_____ Enclosed is \$18.00 for the next four issues of TNT

_____ Enclosed is \$32.00 for the next eight issues of TNT

TNT is free to inmates or institutionalized.

Name of Institution _____

Inmate number _____

Please make checks payable to:

TNT

41 Sutter Street, #1124

San Francisco, CA 94104-4903

PERSONALS

HOW THEY WORK: Answering a Personals Ad is easy. All you do is write to the woman of your dreams in a sealed envelope marked with the number code at the end of the ad. Put your private response and \$5 per response in an envelope and mail it to: TNT, 41 Sutter Street, #11214, San Francisco, CA, 94104-4903.
NEXT DEADLINE: NOVEMBER 30, 1995

San Francisco/Bay Area

Middle-aged woman wants to try roller-blading. Do you? Write: TNT c/o Personals #SA-3, 41 Sutter Street, San Francisco, CA 94104-4903.

Luge, Anyone?

Me neither. Sure, OK, why not? Out South Bay TS woman looking for an out TS man. I'm straight as spaghetti. Enjoy: Building community, hanging with TG friends, exploring museums, theories, and continents. Blowing nons minds, whatever you call that non-sex sex thing we all do, moonlighting, duckwalking on the beach. Write: TNT c/o Personals #SA-5, 41 Sutter Street, San Francisco, CA 94104-4903.

SWCPK, One ft, 3 in., 4 lb., 10 yr old, 5 yr post-op FTM. Participant '91 NWC, Lockerby bombing, Iran/Contra. Interests: heavy metal guitar, guns, SM, enemas, rough trade, violent, picking on Lois, tanning, working Polk Street. Interested in corresponding with other transsexual's cabbage patch kid. Write: TNT c/o Personals #SA-5, 41 Sutter Street, San Francisco, CA 94104-4903.

Portland, Oregon

Cute/handsome, educated, longish-haired, athletic, professional yet very progressive Hispanic/Indian male, 37, seeking interesting, intelligent, TS for special friendship/romance/rude and intense relationship. Prefer pre-op, very femme, wide-hipped and passable; but if wishes were horses...let's meet for dinner/hard liquor/canapes. Age, financial situation not important. I am serious, NOT curious. Visit S.F. and Arizona often, but prefer local contacts. Photo optional. Write: TNT c/o Personals Box #SA-1, 41 Sutter Street, San Francisco, CA 94104-4903.

Los Angeles

Just your basic boy next door looking for a girl who's not. I live in L.A. and I'm pretty sure that I've never met any special women, but that doesn't mean I haven't wanted to. And because you might like to know, I'm 24yo 6'1" 195lb w/brn hair and brn2grm eyes. Write: TNT c/o Personals Box #SA-4, 41 Sutter Street, San Francisco, CA 94104-4903.

I am a 35 year old male looking to have first time experience with a TV/TS/CD. I am 6 ft, 175 lbs., blonde and good looking. Write: TNT c/o Personals #SA-2, 41 Sutter Street, San Francisco, CA 94104-4903.

CHRYSALIS QUARTERLY

The intelligent, theme-oriented gender magazine

From AEGIS -- Who Else?
Become a member of AEGIS
and receive 2 issues of CQ, as
well as 4 issues of

Rites of Passage

Send \$36 to:

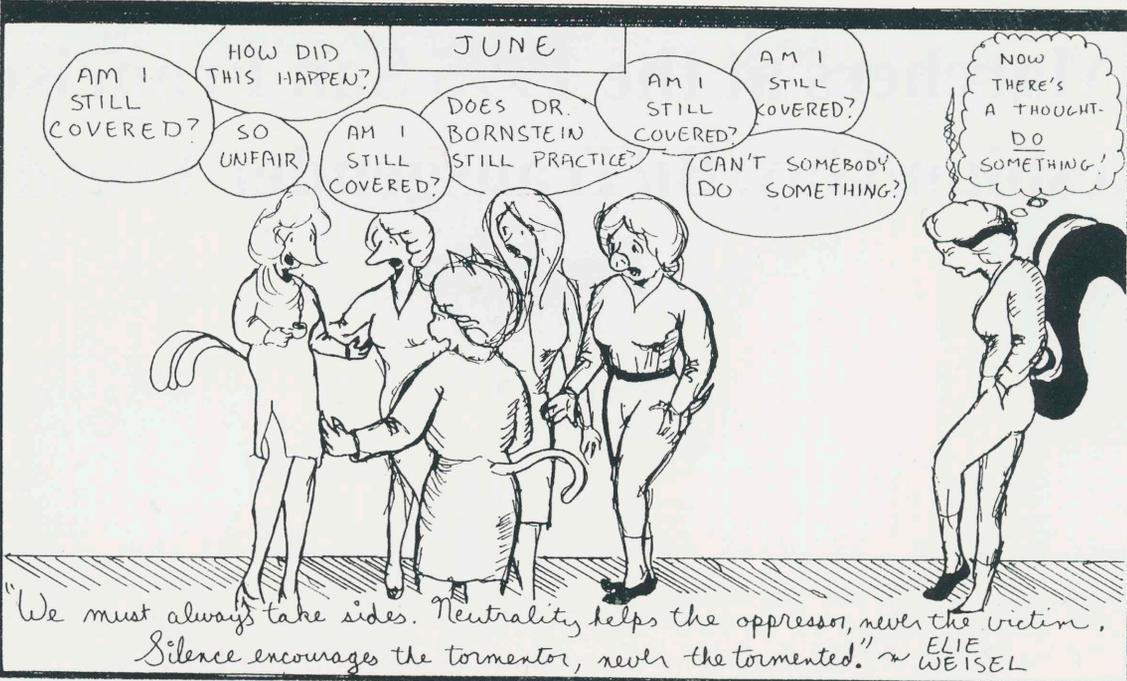
AEGIS

P.O. Box 33724

Decatur, GA 30033-0724

Political Passivism

by Diana Green





Marchers at the 1995 San Francisco Lesbian/Gay/Bi/Transgender Freedom Parade