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NOW



THIS

BY GAIL SONDEGAARD, TNT EDITOR

Recently Jim Fouratt, a longtime and well-known gay activist, wrote some anti-trans remarks that were widely distributed on the Internet and online newsgroups. In the midst of saying that all transpeople would be happier if we didn't undergo hormone therapy and surgery, Fouratt said that many transsexuals "who are not closeted have very few job options other than in the adult entertainment and/or sex industry" and that many live desperate lives. Because it came in the middle of a tirade, it was easy to overlook the accuracy of his remarks.

This was brought home to me when I had lunch with a transwoman I've known for several years. She is much more conservative than I and does not have a lot of sympathy for those who "don't make it".

"You and I are anomalies," she told me, "because we have jobs that provide us with a middle-class income. Most MTF transsexuals are either very rich or very, very poor."

The tremendous gains transpeople have made in the last ten years makes it easy for many of us to forget how perilous the lives of transpeople are. All one has to do is look at the number of transpeople killed, and the intense ferocity that many of those murders are committed with, to see that living as a trans person is a very risky thing.

Sometimes this forgetfulness seems almost willful. While a great many political and social barriers have fallen, far too many transpeople are still genuinely ashamed of being transsexual or transgendered, even to the point of denying that they ever were. I know transwomen who pass as nontranssexual. They say they ceased being transsexual after surgery. They tell me how wonderful their lives are now, how nice people are to them, and it's always followed by: 'Of course, they don't know I'm transsexual.' Their lives are lived in fear of 'it' - the secret - being discovered, because once found out, all those wonderful perks vanish. That says more about the real state of transsexual lives, and how people feel about us, than anything else.

Which makes the continued decision of transpeople to live the way they choose to live all the more remarkable. It takes enormous drive, courage and fortitude to dress yourself up and go out into the world in a credible attempt to be and look like the opposite of your birth sex. Transpeople don't do this because the stock options and retirement benefits are so good, and they don't do it because of the increase in social prestige it brings.

This rare force flies in the face of everything essentialists and most people believe about the physical body. To them, it's self-evident that one's identity and one's genitals are the same. It's not that way for transpeople. Whether rich or poor, non-white or white, transpeople do this because of a very basic human drive for identity. That so many people continue to do this only proves how powerful that desire towards identity really is.

TNT

Transsexual News Telegraph

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Made with a  Macintosh

LETTERS

Dear TNT:

A friend of mine recently mailed me a copy of your issue #7. I was rather surprised by its informative and insightful format. Your magazine is neither a swinger's directory nor porno fluff. It revealed to me a deeper and more complex community that I never expected to find. Even though I am only a part-time cross-dresser, I found it refreshing and sometimes disturbing. Possibly because it makes me think about reconsidering how far I desire to leave my male gender role enforced by society.

I have been crossdressing and practicing witchcraft since age twelve. In Wicca, I have had people refer to me as Lady and in the Voduin or Voodoo community I have been called Manman or Mother.

Tejas [REDACTED]
West Palm Beach, FL

Dear TNT:

Your excerpts from Kim's writing (pp. 24-27) is why I am sending this letter. This is a book that we have in store and I am shocked that an independent magazine would advertise for a large company like Amazon.com ("Kim can be purchased from Amazon.com or from any local bookstore"). If you think that this remark is supporting independent bookstores, think again! You are giving Amazon top billing, a company that squeezes the life from independent bookstores such as ours. It is bookstores like ours that support magazines like yours, not large corporate companies like Amazon or Barnes & Noble. So thanks for not supporting us.

David Villeneuve
Manager, EAndrogyne Bookstore
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

[You are so right. In our zeal to fulfill our obligation to the publisher of Kim, we thoughtlessly promoted the very corporate businesses that are squeezing the life out of everyone different. We deeply apologize, and urge all of TNT's readers to purchase all their reading materials from local independent bookstores and magazines outlets and not from the likes of Amazon.com., Borders, or Barnes & Noble, as difficult as that might be.]

Dear TNT:

I want to share some information about my orchiectomy that I think your MTF readers would find interesting. My orchiectomy cost me \$500, including the consultation, at Providence/Oregon Clinic in Portland, Oregon. I did not need letters from therps (therapists); the doctor just asked me if I'd been in therapy and how long I'd been on hormones. I could've easily stretched the truth about how long I'd done therapy, and whether I was currently in therapy. Why was it so relatively easy for me to do something so drastic by society's phallus-worshipping standards, while letters from therps are almost always required for SRS, and sometimes even for "cosmetic" facial surgery? Why is a year of therapy required for SRS but not for orchiectomy, which is just as irreversible? I'm very lucky that it wasn't harder for me to get this surgery ... This would've been especially difficult if I'd had to go to therapy for that year, trying to convince the therp that I should have the orchiectomy.

For some strange reason, a lot of health professionals, especially those who specialize in transsexuals, are very much against us having this surgery, but can't give any good reasons. They say things like, "You just should have it all done at once, just because you should." They claim in can complicate SRS, but I know girls who had those exact complications from spironolactone, who didn't have orchiectomies and I know girls who had orchiectomies and didn't have complications during SRS. The medical profession has very few studies on us, and much of what they do is just guesswork influenced by their prejudices.

I think the reason that some of them are afraid is that we'll be satisfied with orchiectomy, and not go on to have SRS, which theoretically would mean less business for the therps and surgeons who specialize in transsexuals. I also think that the attitudes behind discouraging orchiectomy are the same attitudes behind the mutilation of intersexual infants - irrational fear of diluting the "purity" of the sexes, based on a primal compulsion to quickly and neatly sort people into the categories of potential rival or potential property.

As far as transsexuals being satisfied with orchiectomy and taking business away from surgeons and therps, we're going to do whatever we have to be comfortable in our bodies, and I don't think that how far any particular girl needs to go is all that changeable. ... Most transsexuals have strong, persistent sexual identities and body image issues; the problem is much more physical than social/psychologi-



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cal; hormones and "real life test" did much more to test, consolidate, and clarify my sexual identity than psychotherapy ever could.

As for the "purity" of the sexes, biological sex is not, as gender feminists and transgender superstars would have us believe, a social construct, but it's also not linear or immutable. ... [t]he truth is that we threaten preconceived sexual programming that neither they nor the puritanical therps have even consciously articulated to themselves yet. That's why they're terrified of their own visceral reactions to us, including both murderous hate and sexual attraction.

Ashley [REDACTED]
Portland, OR

[Anyone wishing more information about the orchiectomy procedure mentioned in this letter can contact Ashley [REDACTED] via email at [REDACTED] or through surface mail via TNT magazine.]

Dear TNT:

I was interested enough by Spencer Bergstedt's and Jason Cromwell's review of "Suits Me: The Double Life of Billy Tipton" to read the book, since I couldn't understand how the author could continually reach a wrong conclusion in the face of so much contradictory evidence. What I found was less amazing than simply disheartening.

On the very first page of the Preface, p. xiii, the author states that Kitty Tipton Oakes approached HER to write the book, a book that she hoped "might eventually become the basis of a film." Only on that basis did Mrs. Oakes provide information, photographs and, most importantly, other contacts. Though Mrs. Oakes supposedly granted the author "complete editorial autonomy in using these materials," we discover on p. 221 that Kitty "lived up to her feline nickname, acting adorable one minute, spitting the next. Her tirades against musicians who didn't please her sometimes escalated into screaming fits." In addition, we learn on p. xv that "Dorothy's" cousins were convinced that "she" was going to come back and live with them as a woman, despite the fact that they "are given pseudonyms in this book at their request."

In my view, author Diane Middlebrook compromised her honesty in order to produce a book that would not prompt libel suits from surviving family members. As someone who also wrote a biography, of a Swedish opera singer who was an alcoholic, I know how families can censor an author and deny access to information. Since I refused to cover up or downplay the alcoholism, the singer's family refused to cooperate. As a result, I only got about a third of the book I wanted--but at least I could look myself in the mirror afterward.

Whatever the truth, Diane Middlebrook did a very poor job of analyzing Billy Tipton's life or psyche, but at least she

gave us all the facts, photos and interviews we so desperately wanted. An intelligent person can read between the lines to deduce the life of a transsexual, not the "passing lesbian" described by the author. We should, I suppose, be grateful that the true story DID come out in spite of her censure and wrong-headedness. In fact, I find it hard to believe that anyone could read this book and emerge with a verdict of anything BUT transsexualism. The fact that Ms. Middlebrook and/or her editor at Houghton Mifflin did so is a testament to stubbornness and myopia, but at least this myopia belongs to them alone.

Lynn Renee [REDACTED]
Cincinnati, OH

Dear TNT:

I called the other day, so relieved that TNT is still alive and publishing... I am glad you are still around. Really. I really doubted it for a while. ...

A quick comment about Kim Harlow's story... it's just unutterably tragic... she voiced some of the things I have heard other TS women say... it's so difficult to be comfortable anywhere... gay circles, straight circles, or other places... tragic.. reading her story, I just felt really depressed for any prospects of TS community... if someone as intelligent and beautiful as her has problems relating to the world at large... well, what of us who are not as young and beautiful? Sad. But I'm buying her book... at least it is reality, and not online phoniness.

Ben [REDACTED]
Portland, OR



Dear TNT:

My name is Joanne and I am the co-facilitator of the "Gender Society of the Palm Beaches," here in West Palm Beach, Florida. We received your complimentary copy of your magazine and I found it interesting and informative. Our group averages about 15 people every Thursday night. We have had as many as 30 in attendance.

I was saddened when I read about the passing of Joanna McNamara. I had conversed with her only a few times on line, but found her suggestions very useful. A dear friend of mine was very shocked. She had many a late night on-line conversations with her concerning employment law since back around last year this time, she was close in coming out at work.

We here in South Florida wish you the best of luck in your publication.

Joanne E. [REDACTED]
West Palm Beach, FL

Dear TNT,

I'm an individual presently incarcerated. I recently received your publication. I found it to be very informative as well as useful. My understanding is that you provide such

publication free to prisoners. I'm very much interested. I've basically shared this publication with my other sisters here. We were very much excited, and intrigued by its contents.

In the confines of such a system we as gays, transsexuals, bisexuals get the worst end of the deal. Though society has a particular bias against us in here we become true victims of many injustices, for we are stripped of our freedom. In here they attempt to strip us of human dignity. We are viewed at large as a threat to the noral functioning of a facility and suffer harassment, even in certain instances physical abuse, and their justification is they are insuring the safety and security of the facility. We become objects of perverted taunts, we are frisked in ways to dehumanize us, in reference to our medical needs we are administrated our hormones but they use it as a means to punish. They lower our dosages if we complain or give us a hard time when we have to bare all to show that we in fact have breasts to require the issuance of a brassier, many of us have lost much support of family do in part to our particular lifestyle, more so for engaging in criminal acts. We are left to feel isolated, helpless and alone. We seek the comfort only in relationships we may develop in here for how ever long the administration permits, and look for our strength and a sense of understanding from one another.

In society we as a community in here can always reach out with out much problem but in here we, feel we have little or no sources by which to establish a reach out network. By this I do not wish to evoke empathy but to establish a reality we are faced with each and every waking day in the confines of this concrete jungle. I look toward in receiving more of your publications but more so and understanding ear to the plight many gays, transsexuals face in this oppressive system. Thank you for your time and patience

Carlos [REDACTED]
aka "India" and the girls here at Auburn. Max.
Auburn, NY

[The following letter was sent to TNT just as the news was first breaking of Dana Rivers, a transsexual woman who was fired from her job as a schoolteacher in Sacramento, California on October 1, 1999.]

Dear TNT:

Today, as is sometimes my wont at lunch time, I turned on CNN's "Talk Back Live" Program. The topic for the day concerned a pre-op, male-to-female transsexual who was being fired from her school district in California because she had discussed the matter with her high school students when they asked her questions about it.

On the program were the token fundamentalist right wing conservatives who, of course, completely supported the firing of this teacher. There was also Dr. Berliner from John's Hopkins and Nancy Cain, identified as a pre-op trans-

sexual who is the Executive Director of IFGE.

I was absolutely appalled that not one person on the show (including the representative from IFGE) referred to Ms. Rivers using female personal pronouns. Everyone used male personal pronouns. Shame on them.

The school, according to what was said, wrote a letter to all of the parents in the school about the upcoming transition and only received four replies opposing the teacher remaining in the school.

Everyone of the children in the studio audience stated that they wouldn't have any problems with such a transition, unlike so many of the adults in the audience and callers to the show who identified it as a sexual life-style issue.

A gay man was the only person who spoke up in a coherent manner and explained to the audience that gender identity was about just that and not about sexual preference or sexual lifestyles. He was articulate, understood the issues and made the only effective educational contribution to the program, in my opinion. The representative from IFGE did nothing to educate the audience, and Dr. Berliner didn't do an awful lot, either.

I'm seventy-two years old and not able to do much. I am eternally grateful to that gay man in the audience. Where was the transgender community on this issue? This program is watched by millions of people every day who know little about transgender issues. A golden opportunity was lost, it seems to me.

Kim Elizabeth Stuart
Coos Bay, OR



The Transsexual Lifeboat

COMMUNITY NEWS & NOTES

MURDERS CONTINUE OF TRANSGENDER SEX-WORKERS IN WASHINGTON, DC

In the early morning hours of Easter Sunday (April 23) **Tyra Henderson**, a 22-year old African-American transgendered person, was found murdered in the 3600 block of 13th Street in Northwest Washington. She had been bludgeoned to death. There were reports that her body was mutilated (her breasts were slashed and her penis cut off) but the Metropolitan Police Department (MPD) has denied them. Earlier that night she had been working the 5th Street NW corridor. A friend reported her missing after she did not return from a date.

A 911 call was made at 4 a.m. Sunday morning, reporting a woman yelling "help, help, call the police" from the 3600 block of 13th Street NW. According to MPD, officers from the Metropolitan Police Department's 4th District responded, saw nothing and left. Two hours later, the 911 caller, having not seen the any police, called a second time to report a body outside of her house. An ambulance finally responded, but Tyra Henderson was already dead.

The Metro Section of *The Washington Post*, following its usual pattern of execrable coverage of transgendered people, erased the victim's transgender identity in a story on Monday, April 24. Despite evidence of overkill, the MPD has

labeled this a pick-up murder and not a hate crime, and have stated they have no suspects in the case at this time.

The Gay and Lesbian Activists Alliance (GLAA) have asked the police to investigate why they failed to respond appropriately to the first 911 call. The ACLU National Capital Area has been contacted by the family and is looking into the case. Despite reports of MPD harassment, GLAA will continue to monitor the case and work with the police.

A candlelight vigil for Tyra Henderson, held Friday night, April 28 at 6th & K Streets NW drew over a hundred people, including family members, friends, and many transgendered people, and was sponsored by GLAA, HIPS (Helping the Individual Prostitute Survive) GLAAD and Transgender Health Empowerment.

Then on May 15, police in Prince Georges County discovered the body of **Carla Natasha Hunt** in her apartment in Suitland, Maryland, making her the second transgender murder victim in less than a month in or around Washington D.C.

Carla Hunt's death is also the eighth reported murder of a transgendered individual thus far within 2000, making the millennial year a particularly dangerous one for transgendered individuals. Transgendered people have been reported murdered at a rate of one per month.

There were no signs of forced entry into Hunt's apart-

TRANSPeOPLE CLEANSED FROM NEW YORK CITY MEAT-PACKING DISTRICT

Since August 1999, the New York City police have been conducting "morals sweeps" against prostitution in the meatpacking district of Manhattan where many trans hookers are. These "morals sweeps" are nothing new. They consist of the police rounding up and arresting the transwomen in the meat packing district who are out there plying their trade as has been the case for the past couple of decades.

While the Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual communities have gained in social power and prestige, the Trans community has been left behind. Clubs like Sally's II and Edelweiss, that gave the primarily non-white, working-class Trans community a place to congregate have been closed down in the name of "public morals". More than ever Trans people of colour in New York City are being criminalised and susceptible to arrest for who they are and how they look. This during a time when no less a prestigious paper than *Fashions Of The Times* printed an article on how major mainstream fashion houses are moving to the meat packing district in part because of the transgender presence.

New York City's Metropolitan Gender Network brought some very alarming trends to light during these sweeps. Outreach workers were being arrested and their clip-boards and identification cards were ripped up by the cops as they were hauled in. It became public policy under mayor Rudolph Giuliani to prohibit any type of aid from reaching the Transgender women who work in the meat-packing district.

MGN has long supported the decriminalisation of prostitution. We do not encourage people to be prostitutes. But as long as prostitution remains illegal, as long as any trans person or outreach worker found in the vicinity of the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Centre is automatically suspected of prostitution and liable for arrest and humiliation, then it is obvious that the only solution is to get these laws off the books and address the issues of the poorest segment of the Trans community as a social and economic problem rather than as a crime.

During the Dinkins administration there were, of course, "morals sweeps" of prostitutes, but there was at least a pretense of due

When is Transgender not Transgender?

A: When it's a political football.

GENDERPAC CHANGES FOCUS?

Anonymous sources report that at a raucous board meeting in May 2000, GenderPAC, the nation's largest and best-funded trans political organization, wrangled with the question of its mission statement. Board members debated whether the organization should be dedicated to protecting the right to "gender identity or expression," or the more general "gender orientation." While a majority of board members were wary of adopting the "orientation" language, it may indicate that a new focus could be developing at GenderPAC. Whether this change actually occurs or stays only a gleam in the eye of Riki Anne Wilchins remains to be seen.

GOODBYE, SON OF CAMP TRANS, HELLO — GENDERCAMP??

July 2000 - In a surprise last-minute move, Riki Ann Wilchins pre-emptively changed the name (and the focus) of her protest at Michigan Womyn's Music Festival. No longer is it called Son of Camp Trans or even trans-related. Instead, it was renamed GenderCamp2K and focuses on the broader and more inclusive issue of gender.

So why travel to a mostly only lesbian women gathering in the middle of the michigan forest to force a new paradigm of gender on the masses? Why not go to Atlantic City instead? That way if you get bored you can always go play roulette and take in a show later on.

— Gail Sondegaard

ment, leading authorities to speculate that she may have invited the killer into her apartment. She died from a single gunshot wound to the head.

Although authorities do not believe the two killings are linked, both victims did frequent a section of Northwest D.C.

known as a transgender hangout.

Authorities have also said that they have no motive for either murder, though they are looking into the possibility of either killing being a hate crime.

— Jessica Xavier and Gwen Smith

TSMC CLOSSES ITS DOORS

A little more than a year after opening, *The Transgender Surgical and Medical Care Center* has closed. **Sheila Kirk**, M.D., the founder of TSMC, found the response for her services much bigger than anticipated and although business was booming, it was too much work for the 65 year old physician. Rather than have the Center continue without her supervision, Dr. Kirk regretfully decided to end TSMC instead. Sheila Kirk has done much for transpeople during her long career and TNT wishes Dr. Kirk success in the future.

Dr. Futrell and Dr. Manders, who were associated with Dr. Kirk in TSMC, continue to offer trans health care and surgery, but they are now independent of TSMC and their former association with Dr. Kirk should not be construed as an endorsement by Dr. Kirk of their current plans.



Be it not forgotten that wacky, fun-loving NYC Mayor Rudolph Giuliani has appeared in public in drag on numerous occasions. But, to be fair, he does avoid the meat-packing district.

process. A certain amount of entrapment went on but for the most part people with valid identification from legitimate social service organisations were pretty much left alone and allowed to function. Now, it has become public policy under Giuliani to prohibit any type of aid from reaching the Transgender women who frequent the meat-packing district. Not even the Centre, the most established and Establishment LGBT institution in this city is a safe place to enter or leave if one is Transgendered.

We still have a very long way to go in the way of educating the public to Transgender reality. A recent "Fox Files" television show, for example, showed Transgender women from the meat-packing district getting bootleg hormones, having illicit silicon injections, doing everything they could to live as women and to change their bodies to make them more in accordance with their perceived gender identity, yet the smarmy voice-over kept talking about "'men' in a 'Gay underground'!"

Many girls working the meat packing district have been thrown out of the parental home for being Transgendered. They have been denied an opportunity to get a decent education because of harassment and violence in the schools and are unable to get decent employment partly because of a lack of education and a permanent home. Then their lives are made even more difficult because of the seeming impossibility of getting valid identification with a name and photo consistent with their identity that would allow them to do something as necessary and as simple as cashing a pay-check.

If you are live in New York City and would like to volunteer some time to Metropolitan Gender Network, or if you are yourself an employer who is willing to hire a Transgendered person, call Metropolitan Gender Network at (718) [REDACTED] or e mail: [REDACTED].

— Chelsea Elisabeth Goodwin

CALIFORNIA ASSEMBLY OKS TRANS RIGHTS

The California Assembly on May 11, 2000 gave the minimum vote for passage to AB 2141 (Keeley), a bill to prohibit discrimination in employment and housing based on gender expression. Winning the 41-30 vote against opponents who didn't want employers forced to allow workers to cross-dress on the job is probably a bigger hurdle than the bill will next face in the Senate.

Sponsor Assemblyman **Fred Keeley** (D-Boulder Creek) said the bill would not alter employers' right to impose dress codes for legitimate business purposes, but that it would provide recourse for individuals who were fired or lost promotions because they were perceived to be not feminine or masculine enough to suit their employer. The bill to add the new protected category to the Fair Employment and Housing Act refers to identity, appearance or behavior not "traditionally associated" with the individual's actual or perceived gender.

Another bill awaiting a state Senate vote, AB 1851, would clarify the process for legally recognizing sex reassignments.

(with thanks to the Lambda Letters Project)

TG PRISONER GRANTED HORMONES

A transsexual prisoner in the Wisconsin state prison system who was not on hormones at the time of her incarceration into a male prison won the right to take hormones in December 1999. This is the first time that a person with a medical history of transsexualism and gender dysphoria who was not on hormones at the time of their incarceration has been prescribed hormones after arriving in prison.

TG ACTIVIST TACY RANTA MURDERED IN MARYLAND

It's Time, Maryland! (ITMD) spokesperson **Tacy Ranta** was shot multiple times in Baltimore shortly after midnight on Tuesday, November 22, 1999 while walking home from her favorite local restaurant.



Tacy fell victim to an all-night crime spree perpetrated by a group of four men and two women, four of whom were adults and two were juveniles. All have been arrested. The spree included multiple carjackings and injuries, yet Tacy was the only fatality.

Tacy was the co-founder of the Baltimore-based transgender support group *Tran*Quility*, as well as being heavily involved in the work of *It's Time, Maryland!* for the past six years. She also served on the legislative committee of Maryland's *Free State Justice Campaign* until FSJC's betrayal of transgendered Marylanders during the 1999 legislative session. Ironically, one of the bills Tacy worked very hard for was a hate crimes bill, from which transgendered people were excised, with FSJC's assent. Tacy later assumed the position of *It's Time, Maryland's* spokesperson last August 1999 and began

rebuilding ITMD's shattered relationship with FSJC.

There are enormous risks that transgendered people take by just living their lives, let alone doing political grassroots work. Tacy gladly accepted those risks and courageously stepped forward to do the grassroots political work. Those friends she leaves behind must now strive to work that much harder, their load now heavier, a movement suddenly and tragically stripped of one of its brightest, most caring hearts.

- Jessica Xavier

LAWSUIT SETTLED IN DANA RIVERS CASES

Dana Rivers, who was fired by the Center Unified School Board of Sacramento California in September 1999 settled her lawsuit against the school board for \$150,000. The settlement includes \$15,000 for legal fees and costs.

The board voted to fire Rivers after parents complained that she talked to students about her decision to become a woman, sexual abuse she experienced as a child and issues concerning gender identity. Rivers denied holding such a classroom discussion, and contends the board sought her dismissal because of the sex change.



MOTHER OF BRANDON TEENA WINS CASE AGAINST RICHARDSON COUNTY

The Lincoln Journal-Star reported that Richardson County, Nebraska, has been ordered to pay **JoAnn Brandon**, mother of **Brandon Teena**, \$17,360. In making the decision, the judge has ruled that Richardson County should have provided protective custody to Brandon after he was beaten, kidnapped, and raped by **Marvin Thomas Nissen** and **John Lotter**. Nissen and Lotter murdered Brandon a week later, on New Year's Eve, 1993. Attorneys for JoAnn Brandon have indicated that they will likely appeal the verdict, due to the small size of the award.

- Gwendolyn Ann Smith

JOHN BROWN FOUND GUILTY OF 2ND-DEGREE MURDER

Dr. John Brown was found guilty on October 6, 1999 of second-degree murder in the death of Philip Bondy. Brown gained notoriety in the 1970s for his table-top sex change operations in San Francisco and Los Angeles, Bondy was a 79-year-old New York man whose healthy leg Brown cut off in May 1998 during surgery in Tijuana at the patient's request. Bondy paid Brown \$10,000 to perform the amputation, which was the fulfillment of his life-long fetish to become an amputee.

The operation was performed at Brown's clinic in Tijuana, Mexico. On the same day the surgery was performed, Brown drove Bondy to a hotel in National City, California, where Bondy died two days later after gangrene set in. Brown was sentenced to 22 years to life on December 17, 1999.

CALIFORNIA JURY AWARDS \$755,000 TO TRANSSEXUAL WOMAN FOR STRIP SEARCH

San Francisco (AP) — A jury awarded \$755,000 in damages to a transsexual who was strip searched by sheriff's deputies to confirm her gender.

The seven-member U.S. District Court panel awarded Victoria Schneider \$750,000 for emotional pain and suffering on Friday for the strip search at the county jail on June 13, 1996. The jury completed its verdict by imposing \$5,000 in punitive damages against Deputy Fred Lew for ordering the search.

Ms. Schneider said the strip search was unnecessary because deputies at the same jail had searched her before, after a 1993 arrest, and determined she was a woman. She said she implored them to look up their records but they refused in 1996.

After the verdict, Ms. Schneider told the jury that it was "life transforming" that they believed her.

"I find it personally outrageous that the city has taken the litigation strategy they have, which is to attack the victim," plaintiff's attorney Nanci Clarence said.

"It's despicable what they've done," she added. "They've taken a vulnerable and weak person and put her through the litigation mill with the hopes that she would just tire out. They picked on the wrong woman."

Deputy City Attorney Marc Slavin said the city plans to ask for a new trial. "I think the jury's message had been heard loud and clear at City Hall and we take it very seriously, but at the same time we think the jury award was excessive," Slavin said.

Ms. Schneider was brought to the jail after being arrested for investigation of prostitution, although she was never charged.

Initially booked as a male, she protested that she was a woman and said she feared for her safety if placed into a cell with men. She also asked jailers to check the department's computer database, which listed her as female.

Plaintiff's attorneys claimed that jailers refused to look up their records on Ms. Schneider, who was also arrested on suspicion of prostitution in 1993.

According to court records, Ms. Schneider cried as a female deputy led her into a room, inspected her genitals and told her to bend over and cough. City employees and other detainees laughed and jeered her as she returned to the booking area, Ms. Schneider said.

Under Sheriff Michael Hennessey's orders, jailers are to house men and women separately.

Strip searching a suspect to determine gender is a violation of the person's constitutional rights and is against department policy, Hennessey has said. But deputies had no recollection of the incident, Ms. Wiley said.

According to a federal appeals court decision, a strip search may be performed only when an officer has a reasonable suspicion that someone arrested is concealing contraband, plaintiff's attorneys said.

Prostitution arrests are not the kind of offenses that should generate a strip search, Ms. Clarence said. If jailers suspected she was carrying drugs or weapons, than a female medic should have searched her, she said.

She said she is confident the awards will withstand any appeals and that Ms. Schneider hopes to use the money to start a job training program for homeless women.

"They thought that they could attack the victim because of the nature of her arrests, because of what she looks like and because she's poor and despised," Ms. Clarence said.

"She's the kind of person who people think they can pick on. In this case we proved that the sheriffs are bullies."

SLICED BRAINS BOLSTER TRANSGENDER IDENTITY CLAIMS

Scientists have again found, in yet another study, that transsexuals' brains match those of the gender of their "inner" identity.

Dr. Frank P. M. Kruijver and colleagues, working at The Netherlands Institute for Brain Research, published a paper named "*Male-to-Female Transsexuals Have Female Neuron Numbers in a Limbic Nucleus*". It appeared in the May 2000 issue of *The Journal of Clinical Endocrinology and Metabolism*. Amongst Dr. Kruijver's collaborators was Dr. Jiang-Ning Zhou, of *The Anhui Geriatric Institute*, in Hefei, Anhui, China.

Their study was of the limbic portion of the brain, where our emotions and basic body functions are centered. It is a "primitive, pre-rational" area of the brain, which we share with all animals.

The details are found in the study's Abstract, as printed in *The Journal*:

Transsexuals experience themselves as being of the opposite sex, despite having the biological characteristics of one sex. A crucial question resulting from a previous brain study in male-to-female transsexuals was whether the reported difference according to gender identity in the central part of the bed nucleus of the stria terminalis (BSTc) was based on a neuronal difference in the BSTc itself or just a reflection of a difference in vasoactive intestinal polypeptide innervation from the amygdala, which was used as a marker. Therefore, we determined in 42 subjects the number of somatostatin-expressing neurons in the BSTc in relation to sex, sexual orientation, gender identity, and past or present hormonal status. Regardless of sexual orientation, men had almost twice as many somatostatin neurons as women ($P < 0.006$). The number of neurons in the BSTc of male-to-female transsexuals was similar to that of the females ($P = 0.83$). In contrast, the neuron number of a female-to-male transsexual was found to be in the male range. Hormone treatment or sex hormone level variations in adulthood did not seem to have influenced BSTc neuron numbers. The present findings of somatostatin neuronal sex differences in the BSTc and its sex reversal in the transsexual brain clearly support the paradigm that in transsexuals sexual differentiation of the brain and genitals may go into opposite directions and point to a neurobiological basis of gender identity disorder.

It's hard not to say "We told you so."

TRANSGENDERED MAYOR WINS SEAT IN NEW ZEALAND PARLIAMENT

NEW ZEALAND — On November 27 1999, voters elected **Georgina Beyer** to serve as a member of the nation's Parliament, making her the island nation's first transsexual MP, and possibly the first transsexual member of any nation's parliament.

Beyer, who already serves as the mayor of Carterton, a small town about 50 miles north of the capital city of Wellington, won the Wairarapa seat for the Labour Party in a general election that also gave New Zealand its first elected woman prime minister, Labor's Helen Clark.

Outgoing Prime Minister Jenny Shipley, the nation's first woman prime minister, was appointed to the position.

Beyer will remain Mayor of Carterton as she serves in



Georgina Beyer making her maiden speech in the New Zealand Parliament, February 2000.

Parliament. She will not, however, accept salaries for both jobs.

Georgina Beyer rode a wave of local popularity and a general swing towards the Labour Party. Ms Beyer credits that swing, as well as her popularity as mayor of Carterton, rather than any "curiosity value" for her victory. "Generally my gender is more of a media issue than anything," the new MP said.

It is public knowledge that Ms Beyer was born George Bertrand and spent time as a male prostitute before undergoing a sex-change operation and turning her life around.

On July 10 2000, Ms Beyer received another honour. She had tears in her eyes as she was named *The New Zealand Supreme Queer of the Year* at the Queer of the Year Awards 2000. The ceremony's guest presenter was **Lucy Lawless** (*Xena, Warrior Princess*).

British Columbia Supreme Court Favors Transwoman

The first Canadian court ruling to clarify that human rights laws cover transsexuals allows a transwoman's complaint against a rape crisis center to proceed.

The British Columbia Supreme Court ruled in a judgment released June 8, 1999 that existing human rights laws against sex discrimination also cover transsexuals. "It's the first court ruling in Canada that says transgendered individuals are protected by human rights legislation," said Barbara Findlay, attorney for Vancouver transsexual Kimberly Nixon. Justice William Davies wrote that human rights law cannot be found to exclude someone from its sex discrimination protections "merely because that person or group is not readily identifiable as being either male or female." He noted that the transsexual plaintiff "is medically and legally a woman" under the province's Vital Statistics Act.

In 1995, Kimberly Nixon participated in volunteer training at the Vancouver Rape Relief Society, a non-profit women's group providing counseling to women victims of male violence. A trainer asked her if she were transgendered, and Nixon responded that she had undergone sex reassignment surgery. The trainer ejected Nixon on the grounds that the oppression of women could only be understood by those who had experienced growing up female. Davies' ruling acknowledged Rape Relief's rationale that only that experience would give a person "the attendant insights into the relationship between male violence and women's inequality in order to assist women in crisis because of male violence," and also noted Rape Relief's concern that some of its clients might be uncomfortable with what they might or might not believe to be a woman. In 1997, Rape Relief had obtained an exemption from the BC Human Rights Code to maintain a women-only hiring policy, and it has no intention of changing that policy.

But Nixon, who had had her surgery nine years before the incident, told *The Vancouver Province* of her ejection from the workshop, "It was humiliating. I've been who I am since I was born. I am a woman. I was just born wrong."

She filed a sex discrimination complaint with the provincial Human Rights Commission in August 1995.

However the Commission's own administrative backlog repeatedly delayed the process of her complaint. It was only in September 1999 that the Commission had completed its investigation and decided that Nixon's complaint should be heard by a human rights tribunal. Her complaint was then-scheduled for a hearing in July 2000, but Rape Relief expects it to be delayed yet again until December.

Meanwhile, Nixon went on to volunteer as a crisis counselor assisting battered women.

In April 2000, Rape Relief turned to the BC Supreme Court to ask that Nixon's complaint be dismissed. One of the group's arguments was that the BC legislature had not intended the 1973 Human Rights Code to apply to transsexuals or to prohibit discrimination based on gender identity, so therefore the Human Rights Commission had no jurisdiction. Davies rejected that argument because the Vital Statistics Act's Section 27 (also from 1973) provides for transsexuals to change their birth registration to match their reassigned sex.

Rape Relief had also argued for dismissal based on the five-year delay before a Human Rights Commission hearing. Nixon's attorney countered that the delay had harmed both sides in the case, while dismissal would unfairly favor Rape Relief. While Justice Davies acknowledged the "tortured history of Nixon's complaint," he emphasized that it resulted not from the actions of either party in the case but from the Commission's inadequate resources, and denied the request to halt Nixon's tribunal hearing.

TRANSSEXUAL RADIO SHOW BROADCAST IN CANADA

Psychopathia Transsexualis: Transsexual News, Information, and Culture is now being broadcast in Toronto on **CIUT 89.5 FM**, Canada's oldest and most powerful community radio station. It began on November 22, 1999 and is now heard on alternate Mondays from 11:00 a.m. until 12 noon. The program provides listeners with up-to-date transsexual news and information and in depth coverage of many issues pertaining to the lives, cultures, and political struggles of transsexual people. The program also features interviews with writers, activists, and artists, book/ film reviews, round table discussions, and music created by transsexual artists.

The show's name is reclaimed from David O'Cauldwell's 1949 article of the same title which introduced the term "transsexual" into medical literature. *Psychopathia Transsexualis* is produced and hosted by transsexual writer and activist **Xanthra Mackay**. She can be contacted via email at [REDACTED] or by telephone at (416) [REDACTED]

COUNTING PAST 2: PERFORMANCE, FILM-VIDEO, SPOKEN WORD FESTIVAL WITH TRANSSEXUAL NERVE TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 13-16, 1999

In its third year, *Counting Past 2* further established itself as a major multi-disciplinary festival showcasing dance, performance art, spoken word, music, film and video by transsexual, transgender and intersex artists. With a much expanded program and a new location on the University of Toronto campus, this year's festival provided a much needed venue for artists whose work is not assimilable to, or even much interested in, the thematics and aesthetics of "gender transgression" so prominent on the queer film and video festival circuit.

Indeed, *Counting Past 2* was founded by activist and video maker, **Mirha-Soleil Ross**, out of a frustration with the consistent exclusion of works by transsexuals from queer film festivals at a time when queer-authored works concerned with "transgressing gender" were becoming ubiquitous and beyond trendy. *Counting Past 2* gives pride of place to works that explore the complexities of TS/TG/Intersex lived experiences, political struggles, and socio-economic circumstances. As Mirha-Soleil Ross noted, "A large percent-

age of transsexual and transgendered people live way below the poverty line and making films is just not a realistic project for them." And so in 1997 an evening long multi-media cabaret was born, showcasing a broad diversity of voices; and in the last two years the festival has seen tremendous growth.

1999's festival featured four film and video programs of shorts and features from around the world. Especially exciting were the world premieres of **Christina Strang's** experimental short, "*Still In the Can*", a melancholy and challenging meditation on body dysphoria, memory and self-representation and **Xanthra Mackay's** groundbreaking documentary of Transsexual community in Toronto, "*Rupert Remembers*", as well as Canadian premieres of **Lulu Ogawa's** documentary of transgender communities in contemporary Japan, "*We Are Transgenders*", **Hans Scheirl's** classically surreal "*Dandy Dust*", and **Christopher Lee's** trans porn feast, "*Sex, Flesh and Blood*". Other festival highlights from 1999 included a performative reading by Mohawk transformed woman, **Aiyyana Maracle**. Aiyyana is Native Canadian, and her band is Mohawk. The phrase "*transformed woman*" is her way of describing her transsexuality-she says that the term "transsexual" does not speak to her (Native) understanding and experience of transition and/or female identification. In fact, in her press package she uses the phrase "Mohawk transformed woman who loves women" to index her sexual object choice as well. Maracle's performance managed the unlikely effect of evoking the ritual space of medicine and transformation with an utterly contemporary and innovative mix of slide projection, video imagery and dramatic monologue.

This year's festival also presented two panel discussions. One featured activists addressing transgender, intersexuality and transsexuality as they are lived in differing cultural and national locations, and one featured transsexual and transgender cultural workers in a lively and free ranging discussion of everything from the links between transition and creative expression to the nitty-gritty of publishing, producing and showing artworks in a world where transphobia is still rampant and where even our allies often mistake exotifying transsexuality for support. *Counting Past 2* came to a successful close with its trademark evening of dynamic, diverse and dramatic Cabaret performance, hosted by the indomitable and ever charming Mirha-Soleil Ross.

- Trish Salah

NYC CABBIES APPLAUD MURDER OF "GENDER TRASH"

Amanda Milan, a beautiful 25-year-old black transwoman had unexpectedly run into four friends on June 20 and decided to join them at a restaurant for a midnight snack and conversation in Manhattan in New York City. The group continued socializing as they walked to the Port Authority terminal, where a couple of them planned to catch a bus. At 4:20 a.m., Milan decided to call it a night.

She stepped away from the group to hail a cab in front

of the terminal, when 20-year-old Dwayne McCuller of the Bronx apparently addressed Milan with a comment that was unintelligible to the group. The witnesses remember Milan, whom has been described as someone who "stood up for herself," loudly replying, "Why would you say something like that to me? You don't even know me."

McCuller reportedly shot back, "I know what that is between your legs, you're nothing but a man. I'm going to

shoot you." Milan evidently replied, "Don't say you're going to shoot me. You want to fight me? Fight me like a man."

"Get away from me, you faggot," McCuller said, according to Milan's friends.

Then a second man, 26-year-old Eugene Celestine of Queens, appeared, giving a knife to McCuller, who then sliced through Milan's "jugular, larynx, and carotid artery," according to the D.A.'s office. While a few bystanders tried to help, several of the Yellow Cab drivers parked along the street cheered and applauded as Amanda bled to death. She was conscious for the first two minutes, struggling to breathe through her own blood. She died on the way to St. Vincent's Hospital.

Arrests were made roughly 24 hours after the incident. McCuller has been indicted on a charge of second-degree murder. Celestine has been charged with the same, and a grand jury decision is pending.

According to Carl Locke of the Gay & Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, "[Milan's friends] have said to me . . . the police on the scene treated them very well and with respect." However, Jaime Hunter of Metropolitan Gender Network says press coverage of the murder was not only misguided but also insufficient. "If she hadn't been transsexual, this would have been a bigger story." He was referring to a June 21 New York Times story that described Milan as "a man . . . dressed in women's clothing," an account that has been denounced as "offensive" and "insensitive" by transgender advocates.

Continuing their remembrances of Milan — which began at the Manhattan Pride parade with a minute of silence and a black-draped rainbow flag — the victim's friends are planning a July 23 memorial service at Metropolitan Community Church on West 36th Street. Organizers say a public rally will follow the service.

— source: Chisun Lee,
VillageVoice.com

THE NORTH AMERICAN CONFERENCE ON BISEXUALITY, GENDER, AND SEXUAL DIVERSITY AUGUST 9TH-12TH, 2001 AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

The following notice is an invitation for all interested parties to submit proposals for the First North American Conference on Bisexuality, Gender & Sexual Diversity 2001 (NACB 2001), to be held at the University of British Columbia Conference Centre in Vancouver (Canada), August 9 - 12, 2001.

NACB 2001 represents the first opportunity for the international community to come together to discuss aspects of bisexuality and gender under a purely North American context. As a reflection of the widespread diversity within the cultural fabric of this region, NACB 2001 is proud to present a multifaceted, multilingual event, with many opportunities for cultural exchange.

Proposals for all subjects related to the region(s) of North America will be considered, and contributions from all levels of expertise, and experience are welcome. Thus, NACB 2001 seeks submissions in the form of proposals for papers, presentations, panel discussions, lectures, interactive workshops, readings, cultural events, performances, displays, and days of action to be held during the conference on all subjects relating to bisexuality, gender and sexual diversity.

Proposals could be placed into one of the following general subject/track areas:

* Gender * Sexuality * Activism * Youth Issues * Women's Issues * Relationships * Spirituality * Personal Growth * Health * Safer Sex & HIV * Body Image * Partners & Families of Bi * *Media & Culture * Race & Culture * Arts & Culture * Film & Video * History * Vanguard Research & Theory * Community Organizing * Technology & Cyberspace * Open-X *

The thematic concentration for NACB 2001 will be summarized by the following heading: "Unity in Diversity: The Many Faces of Bi & Queer in the Americas".

Please submit your proposal at the earliest possible date, to ensure it has the best chance of being implemented! Completed proposal forms, with all supporting materials, must be received by NACB 2001 no later than APRIL 1, 2001.

Conference fees will be waived for the presenters of all accepted proposals.

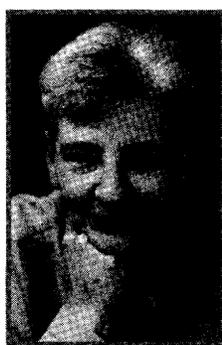
Send completed forms to:

NACB 2001 - Call for Submissions c/o P.O. Box 53515, 984 West Broadway
Vancouver, British Columbia
Canada V5Z 1K0

Further information about the conference can be found on the World Wide Web at: <http://bi.org/~binetbc/2001>

NACB 2001 is facilitated by a coalition of members from the Bisexual Network of British Columbia (BiNetBC).

For more information, write to [REDACTED]



Dr. BOBBIE BENTLEY 1948 - 1999

On July 9, 1999, Bobbie Bentley lost her battle with ovarian cancer, and left this world where she was loved by many. Not a famous activist or artist, she was a life-long "bulldyke" (her word) who had always lived the difficult life of a transgendered person, long before she ever heard the term. She was one of the many trans-people "in the trenches", with no choice but to present a gender-variant self to a hostile world. She did eventually become involved in the gender community of San Francisco, using her time as "Mr. ETVC" of 1996 - 97 to work on bridging the gaps between all parts of Queer society. For several years she ran a highly medical electrolysis clinic for transgender clientele. But primarily she was her unique self: a medical researcher, a horseman, a fisherman, a flamboyant spirit, a healer, a mischief-maker, a giver, a rascal.

She was my husband and darling soul-mate, and she is my personal transgender hero. But maybe I am biased.
—Katherine Collins, TNT staff



Trans History Rises From The Past

by Gwendolyn Ann Smith

Discovering one's own community history can be a very empowering occurrence. It can give one an image of something larger than themselves, something that spans decades, even centuries, and gives one a sense of their place in the world. Two events that occurred in 1999 as part of larger San Francisco pride-based events helped provide a moment for trans people to see their own legacy.

One was part of the June 1999 23rd annual Lesbian and Gay Film Festival. Susan Stryker and Victor Silverman presented their work in progress, tentatively titled "Looking For Compton's: The Lost History of Transsexuals in San Francisco's Tenderloin." In 1966, Compton's Cafeteria, once at the corner of Turk and Taylor streets in San Francisco, was a hangout for gay and trans individuals (the lines between both communities were much thinner then). As common lore goes, a riot broke out at Compton's on an August night that year, prompted by a police raid on the establishment. What "Looking For Compton's" sets out to cover is not so much finding the actual reports of the riot (which, both Silverman and Stryker admit, is seemingly impossible), but how other events during the same time frame point towards a volatile environment that could have led to a riot, and how a rise in trans activism in 1960s-era San Francisco may have been born out of such an event.

Currently, the project is little more than a handful of still images and approximately ten minutes of film footage from Ed Muckerman's "Gay San Francisco", Paul Bently's "Sinder-

Transpeople are a large group, and all of our experiences need to be accounted for in order to make for an honest representation.

ella," and an uncredited work called "Behind Every Good Man." It will be interesting to follow as this project moves from being a lecture and slide-show to becoming perhaps the first true study of trans-activist history to be put on film.

There was more to view in the second event, "Making A Case For Community History", which happened on San Francisco Pride Day 1999. Underneath a large tent were eight glass cases representing different segments of the

queer community. These included trans, African-American, lesbian feminists, bears, Asian/Pacific Islander, The Imperial Court, leather/SM/fetish, and Latino/Latina. The exhibit was created by The Gay and Lesbian Historical Society of

Northern California, and by community members for community members, with fundraising to create a series of museum-quality cases to present the materials. Thousands of people viewed these cases.

The "Transit Case," whose curation was handled by Ms. Bob Davis, Jordy Jones, and Percy Wise, presented a diverse image of our community, including historical artifacts, works of art by local transgender artists, and even materials that would be found with many transgendered individuals, such as a packer, and hormone bottles. The materials covered as much ground as the case could allow, including materials for most of the local organizations, representations of the racial and cultural diversity in the community, and items of value to drag queens, the intersexed, transsexuals, cross-dressers, and others from a number of gender presentations.

Indeed, some people felt the material in the case tried to cover too much, while others objected to items that while definitely part of the overall

transgender life did not fit with their own personal view of that life. But at the heart of the exhibit, one cannot help but see that we are a large group, and all of our experiences need to be accounted for in order to make for an honest representation. Any fewer items, and portions of our whole would have been left out — something I would see as unacceptable.

The "Transit Case" and the "Looking for Compton's" presentation did succeed where it most mattered. They both showed that transgendered people have a very proud heritage of strong individuals, willing to resist a status quo that would rather see us gone, and instead flourishing both personally and as a community.

It is a history we can all learn from.

Gwendolyn Ann Smith serves as the Area Coordinator of the Transgender Community Forum on America Online, has been co-hosting its Sunday Gender Chat for the last five years, and has created numerous transgender-specific web projects, including the award-winning "Remembering Our Dead" project at www.gender.org/remember.

*There are Marriages Made in Heaven
There are Marriages Made in Hell*

MICHIGAN CONTROVERSY FLARES AGAIN!

by Gail Sondegaard

In August 1999, Riki Ann Wilchins picked up where transactivism left off four years ago with a protest against the 'womyn born womyn only' policy of the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival. This policy is meant to exclude all those who were not born biowomen. Dubbed 'Son of Camp Trans', Wilchins called for the protest because MWMF still officially bans post-op transwomyn from the festival.

Transsexual activists first began protesting the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival policy of exclusion of transwomen in 1991, when Nancy Burkholder was thrown out of the festival for not being a biowomyn. The first organized protest took place in 1992. It was led by the intrepid Janis Walworth, a nontranssexual woman who has always strongly supported transwomyn inclusion at MWME. She and Irene Walworth, Davina Anne Gabriel, and a woman named Brandy conducted a highly effective protest, which included querying the festival goers on the issue of transwomen inclusion. At that time over 72% of the festigoers were in favor of post-operative transwomyn being allowed into the festival. The survey also asked if FTMs should be allowed into the festival. Almost 80% of the responses were opposed to FTMs entering the festival. The question of pre-op inclusion was not addressed.

Another protest was conducted in 1993 (the first protest in which Wilchins took part) and in 1994 an even bigger protest occurred. The 1994 protest was the first to call itself Camp Trans, a name given it by Wilchins, who generated an enormous amount of publicity and financial support for it. 1995 saw a much smaller protest of only three transwomyn, Davina Anne Gabriel, Rica Fredericksen, and Nancy Forrest. By then, despite the festival's stated policy, many post-op transwomyn were already attending the festival and, as Davina Anne Gabriel realized in "Mission to Michigan IV: No Room at the Information Table" (*TransSisters* #10, Autumn 1995), a large majority of women were in favor of allowing post-operative transwomen to attend MWMF and equally opposed to allowing people with male genitalia to attend. Until 1999, there have been no further protests at MWMF.

On Friday, August 13, a group of twenty to thirty people left Son of Camp Trans and approached the Front Gate Box Office. From this group Wilchins and three others: a pre-op transwomyn known only by her online name as Katie [REDACTED], Michelle Free, a post-op transwoman, and Tony Baretto-Neto, a post-op transgendered man purchased tickets. The



festival's policy requests that anyone buying a ticket clearly identify themselves as a womyn-born-womyn. Wilchins claims she and the others clearly identified themselves as transpeople; MWMF says they did not. In any event, all were sold tickets and they entered the festival.

After that the following events occurred: as the four people began walking to the food tent a mile or

so away, they were followed the entire distance by two women who kept shouting out, "Men on The Land!, Men on The Land!" They arrived at the food tent where an angry confrontation developed. What could have turned very ugly was prevented by two anonymous women who leapt into the breach and acted as moderators between Wilchins and the crowd. Sometime before or during this confrontation, Baretto-Neto took a shower and news of his exposed penis spread throughout the festival. Also, in an action that was to have very negative repercussions, people began selling or distributing the Transsexual Menace t-shirts the SOCT protesters had brought in with them. While this happened with completely innocent intentions, it violated festival policies regulating vendors and the sale of items at MWMF. The confrontation at the food tent lasted over three and half hours. When it was over, Wilchins, Baretto-Neto and Michelle Free left for the night while the pre-op MTF stayed somewhere on The Land.

The next morning a meeting took place between several unnamed MWMF coordinators and Wilchins. The coordinators asked that she refrain from re-entering the festival and forego a workshop about trans inclusion that had been scheduled for noon on Saturday.

Wilchins refused and the workshop went ahead as scheduled. It was, by her own statement to TNT, a very heated discussion that lasted for two hours.



During the afternoon many people from within the festival went out to Son of Camp Trans with food and moral support (including the lesbian rock band Tribe 8) and the festival concluded on Sunday with no further visible disruptions. During all this the producer of MWMF, Lisa Vogel, issued a statement that no woman on The Land was to have either her gender or her right to be there questioned.

The result of the protest was that MWMF reaffirmed their policy that only womyn-born womyn were allowed into the festival. MWMF has issued an August 24, 1999 press release giving its version of events, Wilchins and others have given their version of events, and it continues to be discussed extensively both online and in print. Another Son of Camp Trans is scheduled for this year, which will also be the 25th anniversary of the Michigan Womyns' Music Festival.

Sorting Through The Wreckage

Talking about this conflict in purely legal or political terms doesn't fully explain why this event is of such significance in the long, bitter border war between biolesbians and transwomen. The SOCT/MWMF controversy mirrors the tension between different yet connected communities who share not only a border in the queer world but in this particular case an actual square mile of land in Michigan, where a community of mostly lesbian women is brought into being for only one week each year.

Events at MWMF this year bordered on chaos brought about by the actions of the SOCT protesters who were aided by MWMF selling them tickets in the first place. MWMF administration claims that no one clearly identified themselves at the gate. In an August 30, 1999 email letter posted on the Camp Trans discussion list Wilchins says she told the

ticket seller "We were there to make sure that transgender people could openly enter the Festival." While that isn't exactly a forthright statement of identity, she was part of a crowd of people carrying Transsexual Menace t-shirts, is a well-known gender activist, and was known to MWMF Security. It's inconceivable that MWMF didn't know who these people were. And they all but allowed Wilchins back in on Saturday.

In her published accounts and in an interview with TNT, Wilchins

has said she wasn't looking for a confrontation. When pressed on this, though, Wilchins eventually acknowledged that she did expect there would be a confrontation. She has also expressed her belief that there was a groundswell of popular support for her and her views from the other festival goers. However, Wilchins also said that "I never really felt safe enough to travel alone" while she was on the festival grounds and had to have an escort everywhere she went. That doesn't sound like a groundswell of popular support.

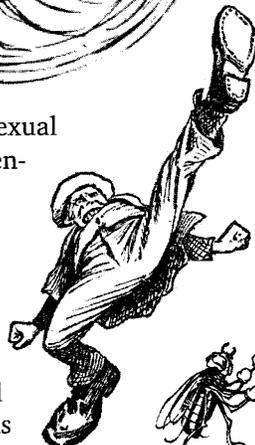
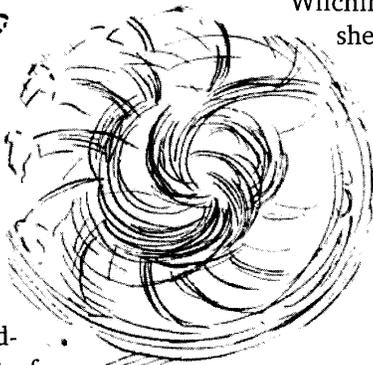
Attempts have been made to discuss the issue of post-op transwomyn attending the festival with Lisa Vogel since 1992, to no avail. It's probably safe to say that Vogel doesn't like MTF transsexuals, never will, and wishes everything about this issue would just go away. While officially banning post-op transwomyn from MWMF, Vogel's statement that no woman on The Land can have her gender or right to be there challenged directly invalidates her own written policy. That is a big concession on her part and probably the most she will ever be able to do. The battle for inclusion of post-op transwomyn is, unofficially at least, over.

Which leaves one wondering about Wilchins' reasons for reinstating the protests. MWMF has had the same official policy at least since 1994, the last time Wilchins was there. Why did it take her five years to notice that the policy hadn't changed and do something about it?

The present goal of Son of Camp Trans seems to be to expand the boundaries of who should be allowed to enter the festival. Wilchins has suggested that "...the Festival should welcome anyone who lives, or has lived, their normal daily life as a woman." That would mean anyone who has ever lived as a woman, no matter how long or how briefly, would be allowed into the festival, even if they are not living as a woman now. In the same *TransSisters* article mentioned earlier, Davina Anne Gabriel noted that "...there are some transsexual activists who are, in fact, actually advocating the elimination of women only space, or at least insisting that women-only space can exist only if woman is not defined, a situation that would essentially render woman-only space meaningless." That certainly seems to be the case here.

How the protest and its fallout will affect the relations between the post-op transwomyn and the biowomyn festival-goers remains to be seen. It would be terrible if the tacit understanding that now exists between the two groups unraveled. TNT sincerely hopes that both will make an effort to communicate with each other on this issue regardless of what happens between MWMF and SOCT.

Like a truck rolling downhill, events are already in place for another Son of Camp Trans protest at this year's Michigan Womyns' Music Festival. Support for the next round of Son of Camp Trans protests is something each transwoman will decide for herself, as they always do.



CREATING CHANGE IS an annual conference sponsored by The National Gay and Lesbian Task Force (NGLTF). It is held in a different city every year and is a conference for Queer social-justice activists and people concerned about their respective queer communities. Unsurprisingly, it has traditionally focused its energies on gay and lesbian issues.

In November 1999, the Creating Change travelling show touched down in Oakland, California — the other big city of the San Francisco Bay Area. And guess what? Somewhere out on the road, the conference had finally got religion. This year's event was not merely trans-friendly; it was all but dominated by trans issues and gender in general.

For three days, the convention center in downtown Oakland became a day-care for all types of trannies and gender-weirdos — and most of them were on panels or giving papers. The conference even featured its very own spontaneous on-the-spot protest march for trans-justice.

All three of TNT's staffers attended the conference. Here are their reports.

— kc.



In THE BEGINNING

by Katherine Collins

The conference's official start on Thursday evening was titled *"Opening Plenary: Politics is a Many-Gendered Thing."* The name put me on notice: this is not your father's Gay and Lesbian conference.

I knew that the NGLTF had gone on record opposing The Human Rights Campaign's trans-exclusion policy in the ENDA legislation. (A rival Queer lobbying group, HRC insists that trans-inclusion in the queer-rights "Employment Non-Discrimination Act" would ensure its failure in Congress.) But I did not expect that this major national organisation would quite so publicly turn to embrace gender issues as a whole. Here, respect for trans-activism was obviously in tight.

This determined new tack was set largely by NGLTF Executive Director Kerry Lobel, who proved throughout the conference that her deeds were equal to her words. (Alas, she has since resigned her position.)

The plenary session was held in a huge sectioned-off portion of the convention center. At least a thousand people sat in ranks of the inevitable folding chairs, facing a distant podium. There was the ritual tapping on the microphone, and "Is this working? Can you hear me?", answered with helpful cries of "Yes! No!"

Lobel appeared at the lectern. For anyone still unaware of the event's focus, she quickly made it clear. "It was only three years ago," she said, "when I first became aware of transgender issues. It was a transforming experience. And from there, the NGLTF has never looked back."

She credited queer youth, in their variety, with opening her eyes. "Thinking only in terms of 'gay and lesbian' is too simple. We are more complex, as people and as a movement. And so we must ask ourselves now if we are willing to be made uncomfortable. Are we willing to be challenged in our own beliefs, so as better to understand ourselves and others?"

"Our struggle must be focused, but it must not be narrow. . . We demand a world in which each of us is able to realise our whole selves, in every movement for social change. We are all trying to be fully and wholly authentically ourselves."

She struck me as someone whose heart and intellect are generous, and as a woman hell-bent on "creating the change" she spoke of

Next up was Sgt. Stefan Thorne, an FTM who is also a San Francisco police officer. Thorne warned of "The Terrible Twos" — meaning, the binary system as applied to humans. Examples: male or female; straight or gay; masculine or feminine. Everything we're used to, in other words. "And yet," he said, "all of us either know someone, or ourselves embody, disproof of the binaries. What about androgynes, butches, bisexuals, and intersex people?"



"Gender, sex, and sexual orientation are a continually expanding universe," he declared. He encouraged us, on the lip of the twenty-first century, to leave behind our binary thinking.

"Language is powerful," said Thorne gently. "What we call each other can strip us of our identity and our dignity. And the already-oppressed often do not recognize when they become, in turn, the oppressor." He reminded the gathered that "To us [the transgendered], the gay and lesbian communities are the dominant and oppressive culture."

In reference to the endless ENDA controversy, Thorne slammed the oft-heard refrain, of the non-trans to the trans: we can't include you in our civil rights. If we do, we will never get them. "We need the right," he emphasized, "to be visible and self-defining. Please help us to create space for our safety and our identity."

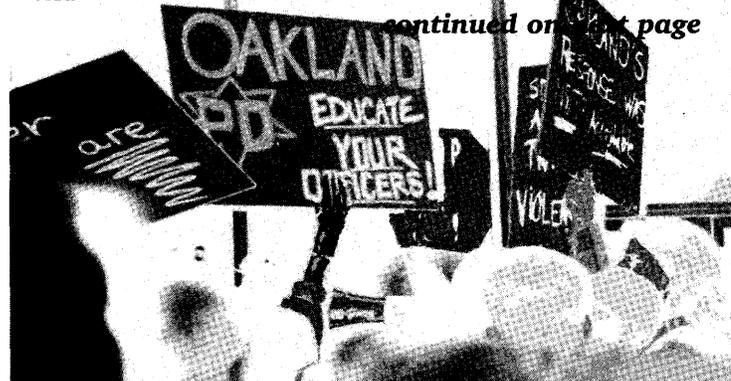
At the introduction of Riki Anne Wilchins, head of GenderPAC, loud whoops and cheers demonstrated the room's airplane-hangar acoustics. Her constituency was the young tattooed-'n-pierced crowd, the gender-whatevers with the green hair, who were present in heartening numbers.

But Wilchins' arrival at the podium was also a signal to a lot of dykes. Wilchins spearheads the ongoing clash between trannies and the Michigan Women's Music Festival (see page 16). Old-line lesbians see her as the enemy. A steady parade of women to the exit, for the next ten minutes, left the sprawling arena about two-thirds full.

"We all present," Wilchins began, "what we wish people will see about us and who we are. Gender, therefore, is not all about Trans-gender. It is about everyone. We are all at risk. One time or another, we are all victimised because of our gender." She pointed out that all queers, of any sex, are seen as indistinguishable by bigots and bashers. She intoned a lengthy list of the names, dates and places, of various queers being attacked and killed, all over the country.

"We want to get out," she said in a plea for queer political solidarity. "Out of the familiar labels and borders between ourselves. They are artificial and arbitrary. We need a movement as rude and lively and robust as the lives we lead."

The closing address was by Carmen Vasquez, a director of *The Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center* in New York. She reminded us that we middle-class, empowered queers are amongst the privileged of America and of the world.



continued on next page

WORKSHOP REPORT

by Gail Sondegaard

The workshop on "*Sexism, Feminism and the Queer Community*" attempted to address the question of why feminism has fallen into such disfavor among queers, especially younger ones, as well as the lack of political involvement. Feminism, which one person defined as the sense of understanding of fairness, justice and non discrimination towards all people, is a spirit that is missing in the lives and consciousness of most people, and in many ways I felt the conference was a mourning for the loss of those principles.

The presenters included Jamie Lee Evans, Eric Rofes, Jewelle Gomez, Dominique Leslie and Alix Dobkyn, who was not listed as an original panelist. The appearance of Alix Dobkin was surprising. Never would I have expected a lesbian as outspoken against transexuality and transsexual women as Dobkin to appear on a panel with an out bisexual transwoman (Dominique Leslie), let alone at a conference with such a heavy trans influence.

The panelists discussed their personal history with feminism and were by turns funny and thought-provoking. The question was put most succinctly by Jamie Lee Evans, who asked, "Do we have a feminist movement at all anymore? Do we even have feminist ideals?" While there was general agreement that feminism remains relevant, neither the panelists nor the attendees had any clear idea why feminism it had fallen in such disfavor, nor how to bring it back into people's lives. Various explanations were suggested, from a relatively successful economy to a cultural bias against political activism to the fact that feminism is a philosophy that runs counter to american beliefs. I personally believe one should not discount the pervasive influence of television. A statistic I read recently (which is frightening if true) stated that 71% of americans get 100% of their information about the world from television. So, if television portrays a feminist as a humorless woman with no sex life fighting for something obviously foolish (*equal rights for carrots*) it's not surprising that feminism is regarded so badly by so many people.

Other topics came up as well. A lesbian woman voiced her concern over the loss of identity she felt within the queer movement. She spoke poignantly about wanting to stay connected to the larger movement yet feeling the need to assert her core identity. Murmurs of assent from the audience supported her. Another topic mentioned was the diaspora of the poor from american cities and the observation that many americans no longer believe in social democracy.

The one workshop I most looked forward to was on Saturday, November 13: "*Lesbian, Bisexual and Trans*

continued on next page

Continued from previous page

Women's Dialogue". While much as been written about the butch/fm border war, it's nothing compared to the transwoman/lesbian border war. (Now that's war!) Considering that this is one of the longest running, nastiest feuds going in the queer community, and is so seldom openly talked about, discussion of this topic is long overdue.

The presenters were Debra Kolodny, Susan Stryker and Cathy Renna. Renna began the workshop by telling how seven years ago an attempt to address this topic at another conference resulted in an angry, bitter shouting match and very hurt feelings for everyone involved. Not wishing to repeat the past, she asked everyone to think

TAKING IT TO THE STREETS

by Gwendolyn Ann Smith

At approximately 3:00 a.m. early Saturday morning, according to witnesses, a young, African-American transwoman and others got into an argument with other women on the street a few blocks from the Oakland Convention Center. Two men appeared on the scene. When the transwoman asked the man to keep out of it, the man swung at her. In the ensuing

Continued from previous page

As such, she said, "It is incumbent on us to make information available to the poor and the geographically isolated. So many have their lives constricted by crippling stereotypes about sex, gender, sexual orientation, class, and ethnicity. We are under assault by those who would control our bodies. It is only the most privileged who can successfully lay claim to their own identity.

"The Mainstream Queer political message is that queer = normal — *we're just like you*. But there are real and immediate policy implications to this stance. We might finally achieve 'liberation' of some sort, as long we promise to keep acting normal. But liberation is just tolerance — lack of direct persecution. Liberation is not the same thing as human rights."

Paraphrasing Audre Lord, Vasquez reminded "We need no hierarchies of oppression or queerness." Stitching in the plenary's main theme once again, she added "We need — all of us — to see the world through Trans eyes, to understand how we are all victimized. We are all hated the same way."

Back in the lobby, I was exhilarated. I could never have dreamed of this five years ago, let alone ten or twenty: a major queer conference with the wit and good sense to finally conflate the undeniable "otherness" of gays and lesbians with the even more glaring Trans alternative reality.

Scanning the conference schedule, I saw that a great many workshops dealt not only with gender in politics. Just as prominent were gender concerns in sociology and sexuality. My eyes lit on "*When Gender and Sexual Orientation Are Fluid*", "*Butch/FTM Dialogue on Relationships*", and "*Crossing the 'T': The Intersection of Family, LGB and Transgender Issues*". And there were many more.

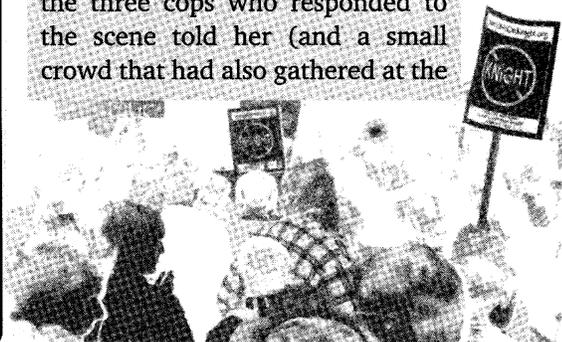
Of course I also found "*Apportionment and Redistricting, the Next Queer Civil Rights Issue*". But I guess we have to leave something to do for the non-trans queers. (Is it true trannies have more fun?)

about what each woman could bring to this dialogue. While this was interesting and helpful, I much would have preferred a discussion that talked more openly about the feelings and perceptions that transwomen and lesbians have towards each other and what, if anything, could be done to alleviate the tensions between the two groups.

Some of the observations made included that transwomen are picked on for buying into the patriarchal system when no one else is; how lesbian discomfort with high femininity is directly connected to cultural misogyny; what the mass audience presumes is feminism; and why is there a loss of feminism going on (those nagging questions again).

The hour quickly passed, and many participants re-

fight she was cut on her hands and arms with a broken bottle. When the Oakland police arrived, the transwoman was treated as a criminal, rather than as a victim. One of the three cops who responded to the scene told her (and a small crowd that had also gathered at the



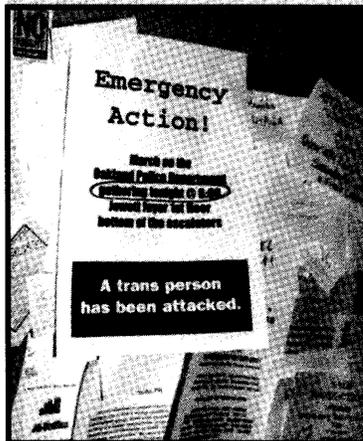
mained in the room talking about this until the next workshop began, indicating a willingness among women to talk about this issue.

The next workshop didn't begin until 4:00 p.m., so I went down to the exhibitor's hall and media center for NGLTF. I ran into Breonna and Cseneca of AIDS Project East Bay. A man named John Badger was talking about an arrest of a transwoman he had witnessed the previous night. He was visibly upset by what he had seen. Breonna concurred. "The police will completely disrespect you. It's always 'Fag this, faggot that, he this, he that'." Cseneca agreed. "You do not want to be arrested by the Oakland police."

Even as we spoke, word of the arrest was spreading rapidly throughout the conference. The local bay area activist community, aided by the much larger guns of the NGLTF, was about to go into action.

scene) that he was "tired of your shit," and that he did not want to "deal with the paperwork" that was involved with this incident.

As word began to spread throughout the conference convention Oakland Convention Center (the site of the conference), about the incident. I was pulled aside by a local trans activist and briefed about the incident, and, soon thereafter, got corralled into helping spread the word. Another local activist, Pete King of East Bay Pride, an Oakland LGBT advocacy organization was making sure that all who needed to be informed, were. Others began to get involved. It was impressive watching how well so many people took on responsibility for their portion of the work that needed to be done for a protest march to take place. People contacted the media, others made signs, still others volunteered to act as safety monitors and one acted as the liaison between the marchers and the Oakland police.



At 5:00 p.m. people began gathering in the large central lobby of the convention center and at 7 p.m. made their way up the street towards Oakland Police headquarters in an untidy yet purposeful mass. Once at police headquarters, several speakers demanded an end to police mistreatment of transgendered people. Oakland police

officer Lieutenant Eric Breshears, the supervisor on duty at the time, responded to the crowd, assuring them that the police were as concerned over this incident as we were. (I personally had my doubts about that.)

Four demands were made that night: a meeting with Police Chief Richard Word, a full investigation of the incident, the appointment of a community liaison, and sensitivity training for the Oakland Police. Breshears agreed to all four demands and the crowd made their way back to the convention center.

Rather than ending here, with just a one-time march and protest, the real work began in earnest in the following weeks. A group of around twenty local people, including Pete King, Vicky Kolakowski, LeChara [redacted], Stephanie Berger, Stephen Thorne and myself began meeting at East Bay Pride's headquarters to hammer out what we wanted from the city of Oakland. Demands were fleshed out — for example, what we wanted to talk to Chief Word about.

When we did meet with the police chief, our demands list had grown. Not only did we want the liaison, the sensitivity training, and the full investigation into the incident, but we also asked for a town hall meeting with the Chief, a review of their Hate Crime procedures, updating of the force regarding gender identity issues, and the request that they work towards making the Oakland police department a "safe working environment" for their GLBT officers.

Amazingly, all demands were met. The requested liaison was in place within a week (lesbian officer Mary Guttormson was appointed as liaison), an investigation into the incident was begun, and a meeting with community representatives was scheduled. Also, a total of six lesbian officers, formerly closeted, came out.

This could easily have been just another forgotten incident, but two things stopped it. One was the that most of the Creating Change conference attendees, as well as the NGLTF leaders, are veterans of numerous marches, street protests, and political rallies. Their expertise and skills in managing the media and the crowd were invaluable.

But none of that would have happened without the well-organized Oakland and bay area activist community and resources. With the tracks already laid by local activists over years of organizing, the heavy artillery of the NGLTF had something to run on. Local activists were then able to take advantage of the march to modify, at least for now, the actions of the police. Activism and change, especially regarding the police, is hard work and requires constant vigilance.

Because of this, San Francisco and Oakland remain two tiny lights on the edge of a continent while the rest of the world stretches away in darkness.



Lauren

Manzano

talks about love, life and bicycles



interview by Gail Sondegaard

GS: We'll start with cycling. How long have you been cycling and how did you start?

LM: I started eleven years ago in 1988 for health reasons. I was overweight at the time and bike racing appealed to me. Basically I thought people in racing gear looked really good. I started racing a year after I began cycling. It wasn't until 1994 that I won my first race. Bicycle racing is very, very competitive.

GS: Do you have a rank?

LM: Yes. Cycling is divided into four categories: Beginner, Sport, Expert, Elite. Your category depends on the number of points you make each year, and those depend on where you finish in a race. I'm captain of an elite team, the La Grange Zombies, which means all the riders are classified as 'elite' riders.

GS: Has your being transsexual come up re your performance at all, either positive or negative?

LM: Yes. Mainly very positive. People have been very supportive of me.

GS: What prompted you to stop going stealth three years ago in 1996?

LM: Self growth. I started seeing more TS people on television and they were just acting like stupid fools, being transgendered, being transsexual. I thought they were making transsexuals look bad and I wanted to show that we're not like that.

Santa Monica resident Lauren Manzano is a pretty, petite black-haired woman with an engaging manner and smile. She is the kind of woman who unselfconsciously refers to herself and other women as 'girls', a mannerism which is often mistaken for vapidty. She is also a women's champion bicyclist who has won numerous races, has appeared in the 1999 March/April issue of Women's Sport Fitness (on page 147), and was voted 1998 Rider of the Year by the Velo Club La Grange of Santa Monica.

The following interview was conducted at the 1999 Wine Country Cycling Classic in Santa Rosa, California. Lauren had just finished one race (she did not win) and had a few hours free before the next race began. It was a warm day with a slight wind. We sat on a blanket and talked while a men's division bicycle race was underway.

The *Sally Jesse Raphael* television show was having a topic on transsexuals called 'Who Have You Deceived?' I thought, 'No one.' I lived the life I chose to live. Anyone I've ever been in a serious relationship with, I always tell them about myself.

So I called up the *Sally Jesse Raphael* show. They told me, 'We wanna hear your story and everything about you that's positive.' I said sure.

They interviewed me for fifteen minutes. I explained everything about myself and how wonderful my mom had been to me growing up. When the show finally aired, they cut out everything that was good and put on five minutes of the worst things I said.

I had some of my friends with me to watch it, and I cried full tears when I saw that show. I called them up immediately and said I couldn't believe what I just saw. This woman I spoke to, she goes, 'We want you to come back. We'll make it better this time.' I said, 'No way.' I will never set foot on a show like that again. They don't want us to be normal, they want us to be freaks. That's what pisses me off.

GS: *When did you transition?*

LM: Sixteen. I was living at home with my mom and dad and sister and two brothers in San Francisco. I never had a fully developed penis or testicles. I refused to take a shower after gym and a teacher forced me to take one.

GS: *What happened?*

LM: He didn't force me physically, but emotionally, saying I would take an "F" in his class if I didn't abide by the rules, which were that each student must shower after PE Class.

After I came out, I'd be riding my bike down Main Street in Santa Barbara and people would point fingers at me.

It was like, 'There's that girl!'



After that I was excused from physical education and stopped going to high school. My mom made the decision that I be home-tutored. The tutor was this little old lady who came to our house in a DeSoto. I transitioned at home with my entire family. I also started to go to transie bars in San

Francisco that are gone now.

GS: *Like the Road Runner and the Windjammer?*

LM: Omigod, yes! You actually remember those places? We're old girls. I also did a lot of goofing off. I didn't go to college. I wanted to go places. I met another TS named Jane. She had a silicone body, but she was very sweet and we were friends for a long time. I went to Hawaii where I met a man and got married. I was 20 years old and still pre-op but he was very cool with it. After we got married he physically abused me so we got divorced, He felt it was OK to hit me because, in his words, I wasn't completely 'female'. I'm sure he's found another excuse to hit girls by now.

After that I came back to San Francisco. I worked for awhile at Taylor & Ng, then at the bridal registry in Macy's. My parents paid for my sex change in Colorado and I recovered from surgery at my mom's house.

GS: *Your mom sounds like she was a wonderful woman.*

LM: She was. She was a good friend. I didn't know this until recently, but before my surgery she called my gay cousin up and asked him if I would be happy. She was really concerned about my happiness. He said, yes, she will be happy. She even approached our parish priest and ask him, should I help her? And the priest said, 'If God meant it to be that you

were to help her, then God meant it to be.'

GS: *Meant what to be?*

LM: That she was to help me out with my surgery. I was really really lucky and fortunate to come from such a supportive family.

GS: *Even your dad?*

LM: My dad was really old. After I had my surgery, he said to me, 'Now I have two girls.' I told him, 'You always had two girls.' He looked at me funny when I made that comment.

[We were interrupted as a pack of male bicyclists raced by. Lauren stopped to watch them. 'Go guys!' she yelled out. As one of the riders began pulling away from the others, Lauren let out a whoop. 'I love watching the old guys race,' she said as she sat back down. Lauren is unabashedly heterosexual and a sports enthusiast - a woman jock. As the racers sped away, Lauren fingered a rosary around her neck.]

GS: *Are you a practicing Catholic?*

LM: No. It belonged to my mom. It's the only thing I have left that's hers. I always wear it when I race.

GS: *What do you think about the current state of transsexual/transgender politics?*

LM: Well, Transsexual Menace is very ballistic on issues. I don't agree with them on this penis thing, that you can call yourself a woman and not have surgery. I have been very cruel to other girls on this. There was this one girl

If I had to go through coming out again, I would not do it. I can't meet anybody any more because they're going to eventually hear about me. In a group, men won't say anything to me. But individually they'll come up to me and say, 'Hi Lauren' or talk dirty to me.

Why? They didn't do that to me when I was Lauren, a woman.



who wanted to compete in a women's division bike race once and I told her, how can you expect to compete with other women *when you have a penis!!!!*? We live in a very face-value society. I've been accepted because I'm passable. I've always been very fortunate that way.

GS: *Do you have problems with other transsexuals?*

LM: It's real involved. Transsexuality is becoming a fad. It's almost commercialized. Guys - guys will think, I love transsexual women because they try really hard to be beautiful and I think, "They must be hanging out around some really ugly women because there really truly beautiful women who are incredibly strong, incredibly gifted, and incredibly sexy." To me, a beautiful woman is an athletic, strong woman. She has an

androgynous look about her but at the same time you can see the femininity in her. So I don't know what the fuck these guys are talking about. Then you see it on television where these people are just acting like stupid fools being transgendered, being transsexual, because they want the attention.

GS: *Why else were you having problems with other transsexuals?*

LM: Fear of being associated with them. I was connected in a certain sense. We have something in common. Also, other transsexuals can be very needy. Being a woman comes from within.

GS: *Yet after being stealth for so long, you're not freaked out being around other transsexuals. You associate with a number of other transsexual women and don't seem to mind it.*

LM: No. I joined groups. I identify mostly as a woman. Transsexual is definitely there but female mostly. For the most part when I associate with transsexual women I try to associate with stealth women.

GS: *What else happened after you came out?*

LM: I had to leave Santa Barbara. Santa Barbara is conservative nation - Reagan made it his home. It was pretty funny. I'd be riding my bike down Main Street and people would point fingers at me.

GS: *You're kidding?*

LM: No. After I came out, it was like, 'There's that girl!' I thought, 'Oh my god, what did I do to myself?' I also left Santa Barbara because my boyfriend and I broke up. We were together for 12 years. I told him about myself right away but he claims he didn't know until four years later. What happened was, when I came out, his mom asked him, "How long did you know?" and he told her that he hadn't known for the first four years. But it was early on in the relationship because I just don't believe in lying to my lovers. It was just basic denial on his part.

GS: *Telling mom is a hard thing to do.*

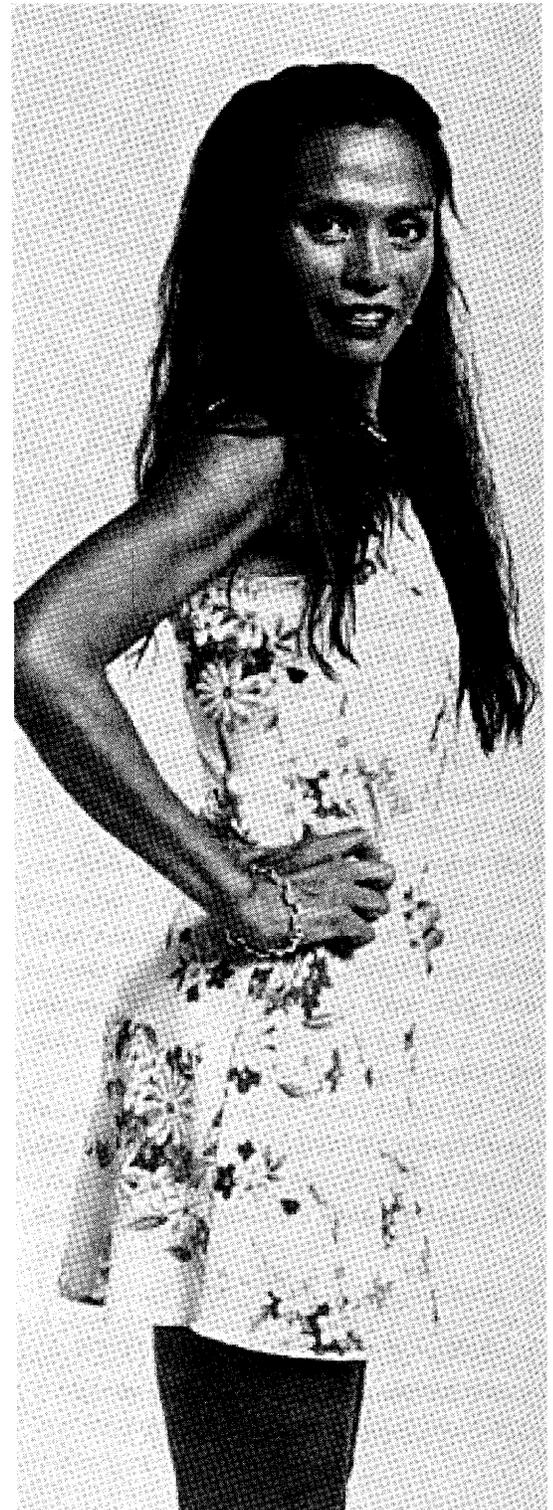
LM: I still love him. I called him up this morning. He really took care of me for the last several years. It's harsh being alone.

GS: *Why did you break up?*

LM: He wanted his own children.

GS: *Do you wish you hadn't come out?*

LM: Yes. I wish I was back in the closet. If I had to go through this whole thing again, I definitely would not do it. I might have found another aspect to explore about coming out, or why I hate other transsexuals. Coming out was so cut and dried. It was like, 'There goes my life!' I can't meet anybody any more that rides because they're going to eventually hear about me. I would love to meet another athlete who's dedicated to cycling, who's into sports as much as I am. I have no opportuni-



ty now. In a group, men won't say anything to me. But as individuals, they'll come up to me and say, 'Hi Lauren,' or talk dirty to me. Because of what? They didn't do that to me when I was Lauren, a woman. But now that I'm Lauren the transsexual, oh, it's easy to talk dirty to Lauren. And I let it happen. That's my fault. In a sense, I want to be accepted by them.

GS: *Do you think transsexual women are the focus of a lot of the hatred men have for women but, because of the women's movement, don't or won't show nowadays?*

LM: I'm not sure what your question means, hatred for women. I feel many men curious about us as to who we are and what we did to our bodies. I'm finding that since I've come out to the cycling community, people support me, but in the same breath, I haven't met any men who are willing to come forward and openly date me. It's funny. Before I came out, meeting men cyclists wasn't an issue but that's all changed.

GS: *Do you feel that once people know you're transsexual that it invalidates your womanhood?*

LM: Yes. When a man learns that I'm transsexual, he always says, 'I'm not gay.' And I always go, 'Neither am I!'

Case in point: I met this guy recently at the beach. He got my number, we started seeing each other, he'd come over and pretty soon we're having sex. Then - well, first he lied to me. He said he wasn't married and he was. Just to throw an even worse thing into the loop, I tell him, 'I'm transsexual.' And he goes, 'Uh-uh, I'm not gay.' I feel really insulted, eventually he leaves and I don't hear from him for two or three months. Then the other day he stops by my house and rings the doorbell and wants me to have sex with him. I said, 'What's the deal here?' He goes, 'Oh, I've been thinking about it.' I go, 'Well, you can think on, 'cause I really have nothing to say to you.' He goes, 'Come on, Lauren, I want to talk about this.' I go, 'I don't really want to talk about it with you. Maybe another time.' So he left. He wanted to have sex because he liked whatever he had with me. But now, after all that happened, he expects me to hop on that thing?

What I really miss most is having someone to come home to and make dinners with, someone to have long conversations with. I had that with somebody for 12 years and it took a lot of my life. Now I'm older and all of a sudden all those good years are just gone. And you wake up the next day and go, 'I'm alone and I'm 41.' I know I'm not a bad-looking woman, but I'm at that age when you meet



men who are going through their midlife crisis or older men in their fifties or sixties who want younger women.

[An announcement was made regarding the next race. Lauren was competing in it and had to prepare. I thanked her for her time. As I drove back to San Francisco, I thought about our interview and was glad that Lauren had confided so much of her heart and emotions to me.]

Sponsors, Anyone?

Lauren Manzano is in need of sponsorship (i.e., financial and other help in getting to the Masters Nationals as well as local races). If you are interested, please contact Lauren Manzano at the following address:
[Redacted] Santa Monica, CA 90404 or via e-mail [Redacted]

In 1979, Janice Raymond gave lesbian feminists an academic rationale for their vehement rejection of transsexuals' truth.

Twenty-one years is enough.

Can't we all just get along?

Janice Raymond and the Transsexual

by Stephen Whittle

adapted from a plenary speech given at The True Spirit Conference, February 2000, in Alexandria, Virginia, USA

 With the publication in 1979 of Janice Raymond's *The Transsexual Empire*, feminist theory and praxis was suddenly given a framework in which transsexuals were seen as possessing something less than agency. In the words of Sandy Stone, "... transsexuals [were] infantilized, considered too illogical or irresponsible to achieve true subjectivity, or clinically erased by diagnostic criteria; or else ... [seen] as robots of an insidious and menacing patriarchy, an alien army designed and constructed to infiltrate, pervert and destroy 'true' women."

Raymond made three arguments for use by feminists to condemn the transsexual woman that were undoubtedly very powerful (n.b.: transsexual men didn't exist for Raymond then and probably still don't):

1. "Transsexuals are living out two patriarchal myths: single parenthood by the father (male mothering) and the making of woman according to man's image."

 In other words the process of transsexual 'medical rebirth' is a process of mythic deception and a response by a male power base to the second wave of feminism in America in the 1960s.

2. Transsexuals are a result of a "socio—political program" controlled and implemented [on the behalf of] the medico—legal hierarchies of a patriarchal hegemony which has used them "to colonise feminist identification, culture, politics and sexuality."

Not only does the patriarchy construct women out of men, but "the transsexually constructed lesbian-feminist assumes for himself the role and behavior of the feminist."

 Thus, the transsexual is created as an alternative to biological women who are becoming obsolete. In this way the medical aspect of the patriarchal empire does not just attack women; it goes further, so that their sense of self is penetrated in every way. Women's identities, spirits and sexuality are all invaded. The physical loss of a penis does not mean the loss of the ability to penetrate.

3. Raymond made her most damning statement: "All transsexuals rape women's bodies by reducing the real fe-

male form to an artifact, appropriating this body for themselves . . . Transsexuals merely cut off the most obvious means of invading women, so that they seem non-invasive."

The discourse of rape is a subtle one of possession, in particular of the flesh of women.

 When a man penetrates a woman, he is often referred to as "possessing" her. Raymond's constructed transsexual woman who identifies as a lesbian feminist exhibits "the attempt to possess women in a bodily sense while acting out the images into which men have molded women."

 Lesbian feminists in 1979 therefore felt justified in thinking transsexual people were not innocent victims of oppression arising out of patriarchy's controlled gender and sex roles but rather were co-conspirators in an attempt by men to possess women and re-make them in a fashion that suited males.

1979 places Raymond's book at the beginning of early feminist sex-role theory. From her arguments emerged an explanation of the transsexual person in which they are no longer merely a medico-legal definition but part of the story and mechanism of patriarchal oppression of women. This argument, as documented by Raymond (she did not invent it single-handedly), reproduced the power relations inherent in radical feminist separatist theory: namely, that some values and some knowledge are better while other values and knowledge are inherently flawed.

The Effects of Raymond

Raymond's argument has had far-reaching ideological effects:

— It promoted radical separatism as the only viable alter-

**the
Transsexual
Empire
the
Making
of
the
She-Male**

A fascinating look at transsexual operations and the "cures" they promise

Janice G. Raymond

The jacket of the infamous tome's first edition, 1979.



 native to patriarchal hegemony (since the patriarchy is always involved in the treacherous act of building the Trojan Horse which contains the transsexual woman, and liberal and marxist feminism will always open the gate to the horse);

— It assumed a homogeneity in women's voices and buried any other discourse about gender and sex. In this way the transsexual person's own story of gender oppression and search for identity was silenced. Raymond's argument also sanctioned an invisible oppression of transsexual people by allowing only women's narratives that justify and promote the use of a sex-role theory that:

— Assumes that biology is destiny and that what is anatomically observable — the possession of a penis or a vagina at the birth of a child — is the dictator of the socially constructed gender role.

 (This despite all that feminism says in opposition to the pre-determination of sex and gender roles.)

Finally, Raymond's thesis discredited for a long time any academic voice transsexuals might have had, in particular with feminist theorists.

The Relationship of Trans People With Feminism

I transitioned in 1976. As part of my 'treatment' — a way in which doctors could justify allowing me to do to things to myself they themselves felt very uncomfortable about — I undertook an exploration of the various theories academic psychologists, psychotherapists and psychiatrists held about transsexuals. From these theories I learned that, between the faults of my overbearing father and weak mother (or my overbearing mother and weak father), I should have certainly known that my desire to change my sex was really all about:

- a. escaping my disgust at my lesbianism, or
- b. my fear of economic dependency, or
- c. so bound up in my incestuous desire for my father that I had to inscribe himself upon me, or
- d. my oedipal desire for my mother was the driving force, or
- e. just simply my inherent failure to conform to my gender role.

 And so on and so forth — a diarrhea of theories, none of which fit my not fantastic but also not awful experience of childhood and life.

More importantly, I realized that the experts were both contained and controlled by the overarching assumptions of their own disciplines and the schools of theory they belonged to within those dis-

ciplines. While it is possible to find scientific evidence to "truths" which have some sort of universality, that universality depended upon a certain paradigm of theoretical understanding of the nature of human-ness and its interaction with society and culture.

Where was feminism in all of these theories? In reality it had been moving forward from Raymond's objectivist view. As Margot Llobard outlined in her chapter in the anthology *Deconstructing Feminist Psychology*:

 "Feminist critical contributions to psychology have played a crucial role in the process of unmasking the objectivist fallacy of psychology. They have ensured that the second part of that equation is now included — that it that there is a social dimension... present in the production of psychological knowledge. Feminist

For feminists to address the interpretation of transsexuals through their understanding of the objectivist fallacy they have underlined would challenge the very basis of feminist thought — that there are two sexes and two genders. It is this challenge that we, as feminists and transsexuals, have to address in both theory and practice.

psychologists have been instrumental ... in unmasking the effects of power, domination and exclusion. In psychology feminists have been instrumental in criticizing the classical model of the produc-

tion of knowledge, and the masculine ideology in most scientific practices. Further, they have shown that most general theories about human beings are nothing more than fictions."

So Where Do We Go From Here?

"Feminists now see that general theories about people are nothing more than fictions." But when faced with trans people, they find themselves between the devil and the deep blue sea.  They are faced with individuals who simply [do not define themselves] in terms of their genitals. How can a person born with a penis claim to be a woman, when to be a woman requires that you are not born with a penis (or vice versa).

Feminist theory requires listening to and acknowledging all voices, especially those that are shunted aside. Yet feminists have refused to listen to the myriad individual voices of transsexuals and transgendered people.

It begs the whole question of the existence of a feminist understanding. For feminists to address the interpretation of transsexuals through their understanding of the objectivist fallacy they have underlined would challenge the very basis of feminist thought — that there are two sexes and two genders.

It is this challenge that we, as feminists and transsexuals, have to address in both theory and practice.

Stephen Whittle is the Senior Lecturer in Law at Manchester Metropolitan University, Vice-president of Press For Change and co-ordinator of the UK's FTM Network. He, his partner Sarah, and their four children, have lived for 21 years in a co-op household with two other adults.

TRANNNYWOOD

TO LOOK AT
SUZY COOKE'S
PHOTOGRAPHS is to step
through time
immediately into another
world.

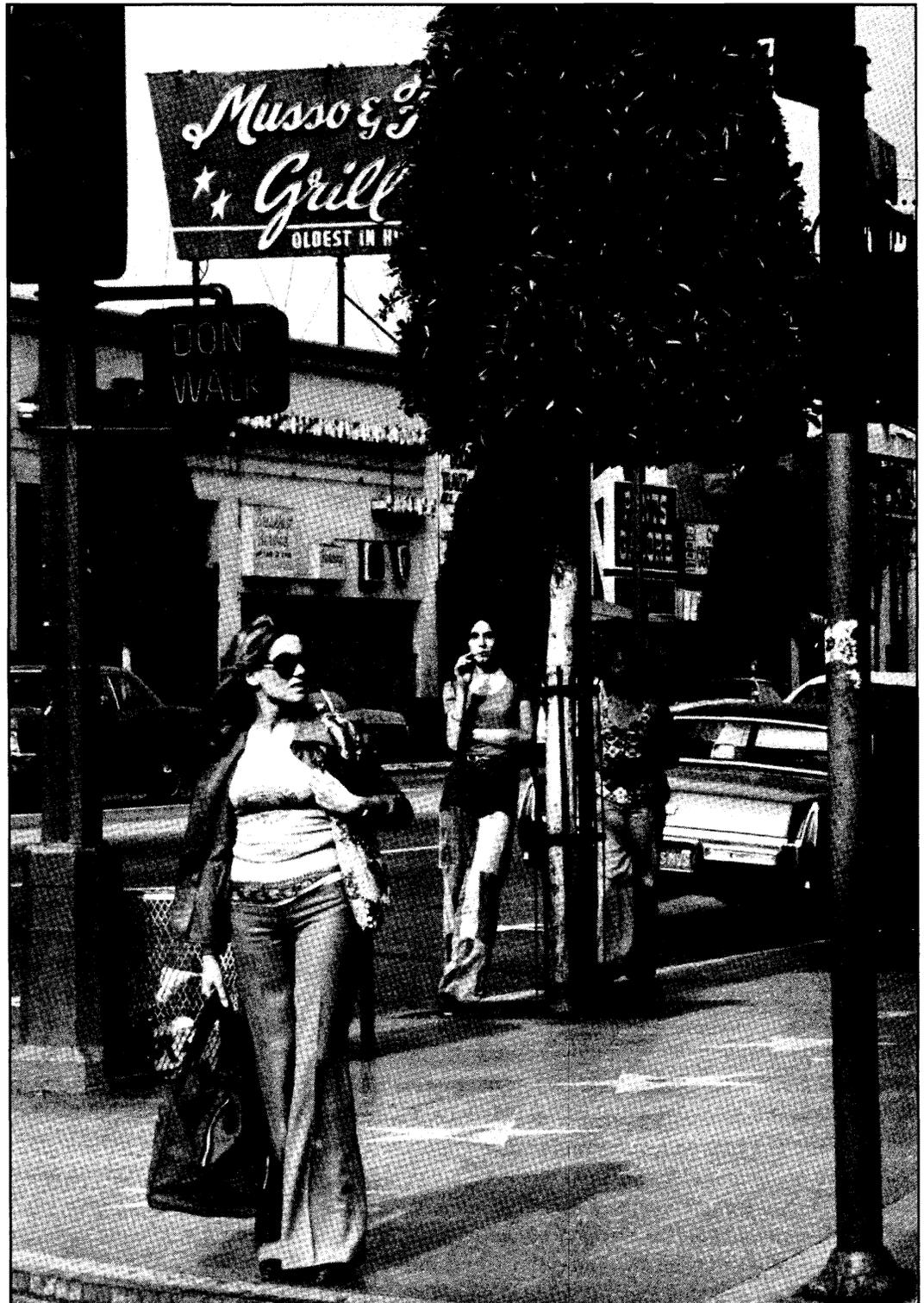
The place is intensely
urban, a land of huge
automobiles and
street hustle and sun
that glares from a high sky;
the heat-drenched days are
endless.

The people are very
much like us — transsexual
and queer. But they wear
their plumage more
flamboyantly, and dance
more lightly.

It is 1973
on Hollywood Boulevard.

And thanks to these
pictures, we are there.

— kc



commentary by Suzy Cooke, February 2000

These pictures were all taken between 1973 and 1975. Everybody says how horrible it must have been back then and how hard it was to get surgery, but to me, it was almost a golden age of transsexualism. Things were really a lot easier. For one thing, a bunch of prohibitive laws got judicially abolished in '69-70, like the penal code one about impersonation. And after Johns Hopkins University went public with their programs and the Harry Benjamin book came out, there were a lot of university clinics and doctors willing to do the surgery.

It was also a golden age of relative ease of transitioning and in day-to-day life. A lot of it was about hustling and not working a straight job, but that was all part of being a hippie and living in what I call rock-'n-roll culture. That lasted through the seventies and didn't end until Reagan came along.



There was a big apartment building on Argyle near Franklin that had all transwomen and queens living in it. At that time the drag and trans scene was all mixed together. People lived full-time as women and performed at drag bars for money. Even then, though, there was the TS/TG division – not so much in terms of having surgery, but just in terms of having different priorities.

A lot of the girls did hooking because they didn't have ID. At that time you couldn't get a valid ID until you had surgery. A lot worked day jobs and hooked on the side.



This was taken the first day I hit Hollywood. I had just gotten into serious photography. I used a Rangefinder with a fixed lens. About 10 in the morning on that day, a friend of mine went down to Dr. Gaunt's office in the Max Factor building for implants and an orc. Gaunt was his real name. Unlike Dr. Brown, Gaunt knew his limitations. He stuck to what he was good at, which was breast implants and orchiectomies.

We were a lot more respected back then, too. If you seemed pretty sane, you could get your hormones and breast implants. Sisters had so much more control over what was being done to them up until 1978. That was when Janice Raymond came along, who had much more negative effect than people realize. Then the GID diagnosis went into the DSM, and finally the HBGDA standards of care were established. All those things made it much more difficult.





Chris Seville, L.A. rooftop (above) and at left

I hung out with a lot of people of color. This was my crowd, my posse, my situation. It's the same young people coming out today, where you have a lot of racial mixing. Older people coming out in their forties and fifties are almost invariably white and tend not to mix.

People who come out young have nothing to lose. They can't pass as men. I would get arrested if I used the men's room. When you've been kicked out of your house, you have nothing to lose.

Riki Ann Wilchins calls it transparency. If you can't hide, you come out. If you can hide and get the perks, you have no incentive to come out.

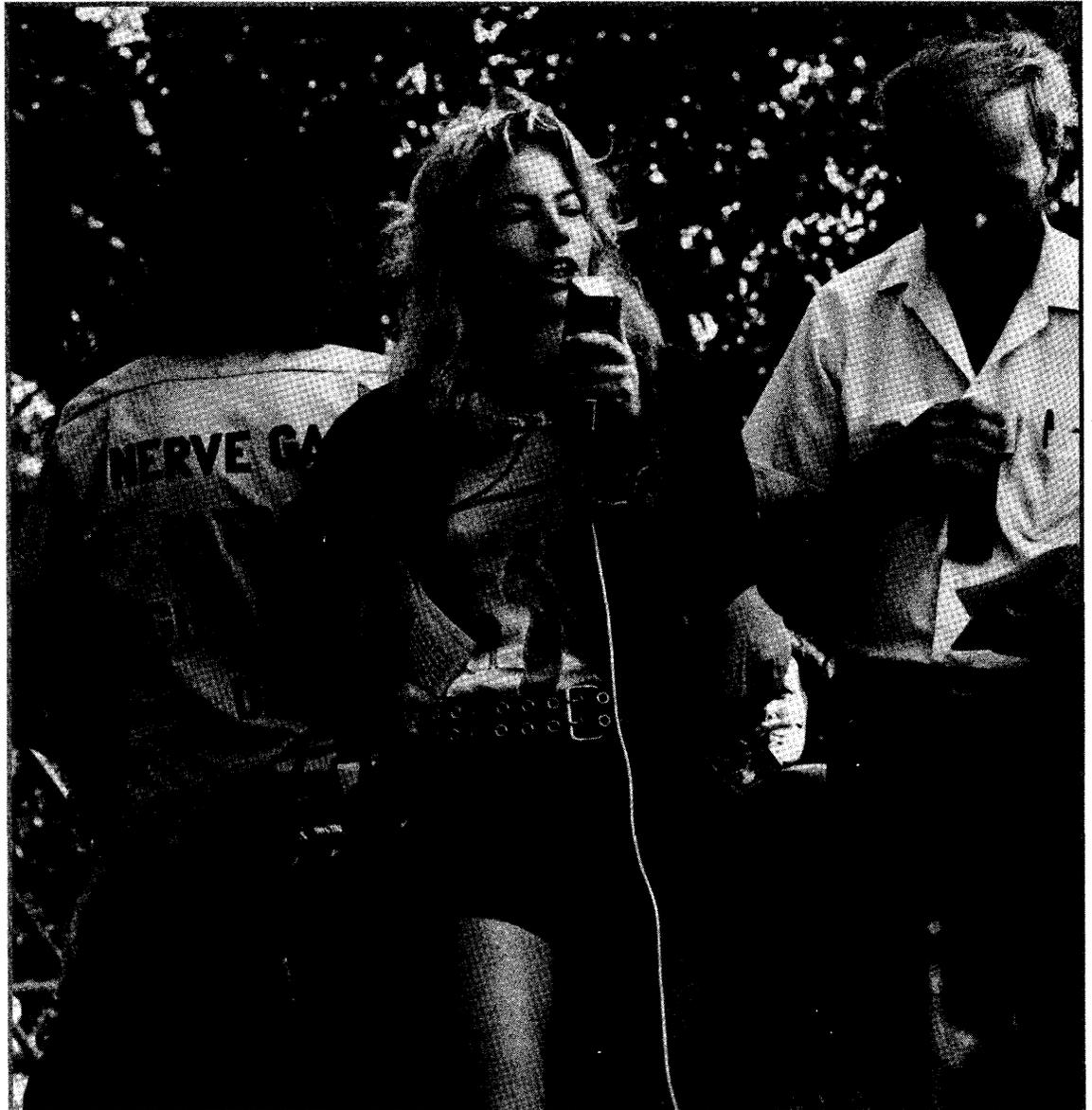
It was easier to pass in L.A because of the ecology. There are more trannies in L.A. but we're not as noticeable because the city is so big, whereas San Francisco is so small. Also, there's much more cultural and racial diversity in L.A. Things are looser.



These are my friends Paul and Greg. One of them, I forget which, worked as a bartender at one of the drag bars. They were two gay men who lived in the trans community.

It was a scene where everybody was enjoying themselves. The only plans anyone had was getting a good bag for the weekend. A long range plan was getting a car so you wouldn't have to take the bus all the time.

This was taken at a gay pride march. She was a 16 year old transsexual who spoke to the crowd and whose parents were very supportive of her. Next to her is Jim Kempner, a longtime gay historian.



Puerto Rico Linda. She was called that to distinguish her from New York Linda and Black Linda. Puerto Rico Linda joined the Coast Guard back in Florida and tried to pass a boy but they threw her out.. She hustled but she wasn't a serious hustler.

This is right in the heart where all the drag bars were. The Tourist Trap was where all the black pimps hung out. Everybody knew who I was, and nobody minded that I took their pictures. Sometimes they'd even watch my cameras for me!





Photo of Suzy Cooke by Joseph Miyasaki

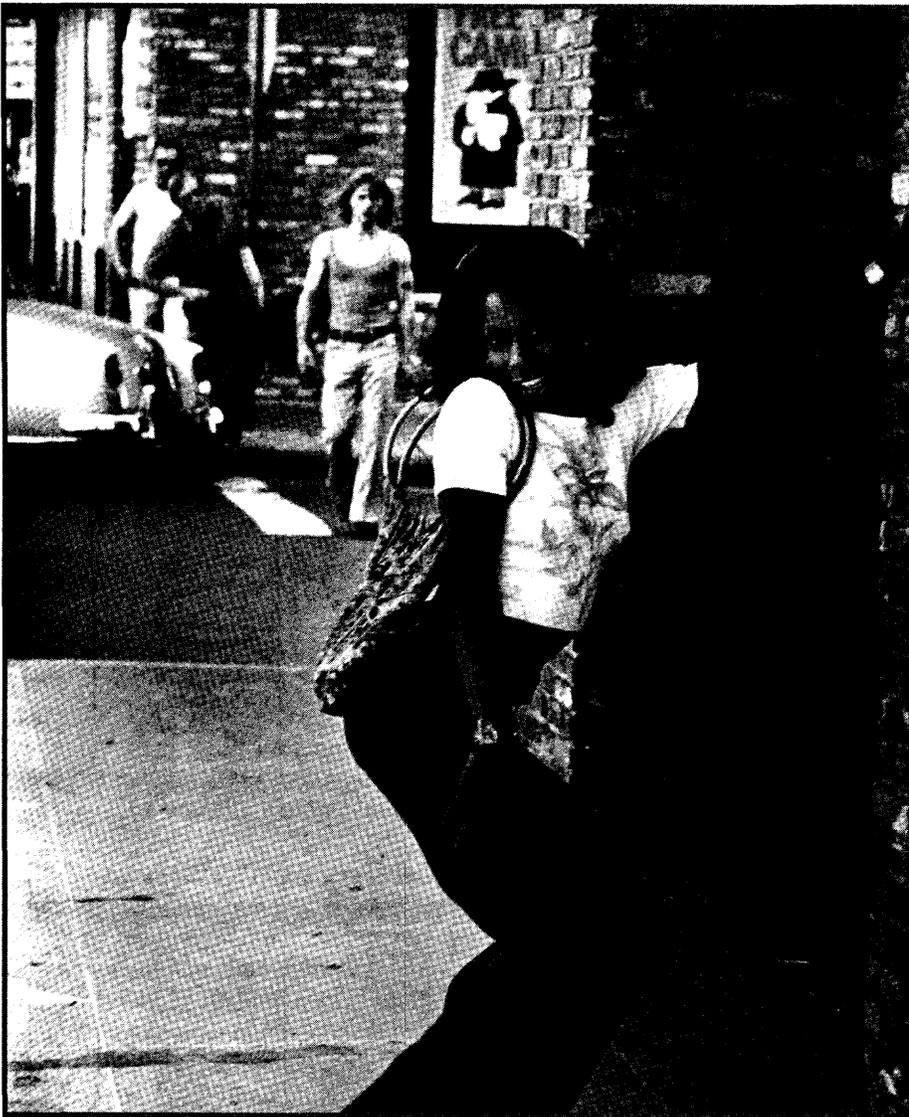


In the 70s there were two professions for tranny girls – hooker and hairdresser. Now there are three: hooker, hairdresser and computer worker.

That's me, in the swimming pool. I was posing. I was trying to get into modelling for a while.

Chris [redacted] was an early-on post-op. I met her through other girls at a bar called The Speak. She died of a heart attack in 1999. She died from yo-yo dieting and high blood pressure; her heart just gave out on one of her crash diets. She retained her beauty up until the end, though.





It wasn't as rough back then as people seem to think it was. There are so many worse things today and so many better things, too. I want people to know that even back then there was a community and people were doing things.

Transactivism didn't start in the 90s. It was going on in the late 60s' and 70s with people like Jude Patton and Sister Mary Elizabeth.



I'm no longer in touch with most of the people in these pictures. A lot of the girls eventually got their surgery and went off to do different things.

You lose touch with people after twenty-five years. Also, AIDS decimated this community.

If there's a new scene now in Los Angeles, I'm not part of it. I don't have the energy!



photo of Suzy Cooke in 1973 by Jan Maxwell

I never wanted to bear children – but I did want to be a parent. I always assumed I would adopt, partly because the idea of giving birth was incomprehensible to me, and partly because I had been adopted myself and my own childhood was moderately privileged and quite happy. Later, when I entered my conscious lesbian period, I resigned myself to the common belief of the time that homosexual people didn't have or raise children, unless they had gotten them by an accident of heterosexuality.

In 1975, however, I became involved with a woman who

the occasion when conception actually occurred, I changed another element of the ritual. Normally I ran tap water over the vial until it thawed, then aspirated its contents into an insulin syringe. This time I placed the vial in my pocket, holding the cold little seed against my thigh for about 20 minutes, bringing it to life with my own body heat. I hoped to infuse it with the virility of my spirit, the fecundity of my dreams. I was so proud when the conception was confirmed weeks later. I knew success was achieved expressly because I had put myself into that semen.

BY JAMES GREEN

On Being a ^{TR}ANS PARENT



was intent upon giving birth to her own children without the intervention or assistance of men. When she told me this, I apologized to her for not being able to give them to her; secretly I felt relieved, because I knew my life was my own and I would never have to accommodate the limitations of parenting. But her desires did not wane, and mine actually changed as we built a life together that was economically and emotionally capable of sustaining a child. By 1983 Robyn and I were at the forefront of what was to become the lesbian baby boom. At the same time, I was becoming fully engaged in an internal struggle between feminist ideology and my lifelong sense of myself as a man, now a man on the verge of fatherhood.

Robyn was aware of my feelings and my conflict. She supported my self-identification as a transsexual man, and wanted me to serve as father to her children, though she did not want me to change my body. I thought I could be satisfied living as a masculine woman or female-bodied man. I wanted to be able to do that; I wanted very much to avoid the stigma of transsexualism and the ravages of hormones and surgery. I wanted to avoid the struggles that I knew transition would bring. Instead I focused all my emotional energy on Robyn and our efforts to start a family and the responsibility of bringing a child into the world. We went to the Sperm Bank of Northern California in Oakland and selected a donor who resembled me as much as possible. I purchased the semen in little liquid nitrogen-immersed vials with the donor's identification number on them. We took the vials home at the appropriate time, and I performed the insemination like a solemn ritual, accompanied by candlelight and champagne.

It took eleven months for Robyn to become pregnant, by which time we had long given up on the champagne. On



Then I began to panic. Like classical fathers in sitcoms and plays, I was beset with worries about my ability to provide for my family, to protect and give them all I knew they should have. Always more comfortable taking action than examining my feelings, I decided the best thing to do while waiting for the baby to arrive was to buy a house. That certainly kept Robyn and me busy for several months. There was the necessary repair and remodeling to be done, all before the baby would arrive so there would be no chemical residue, noise, or fumes, nothing to disturb the quiescent beatitude of the approaching infant.

When she finally arrived, an unexpected daughter, we were ecstatic. Our miraculous Katie was the most important person in the world to us. I have never known such a complete feeling of unconditional love as I felt for my child. I knew the moment I held her and she looked straight into my eyes that I would be willing to die for her. And I knew it was time to really be an adult.

Over the next three years I grappled with my place in this now all-female family: Mother, Daughter, and Other. I was listed on Katie's birth certificate as her father, but I had no actual legal relationship to her. We thought about second parent adoption, which was still a risky proposition in the mid-1980s in Alameda County, California. Back then it had only been granted to one other lesbian couple, and we weren't sure we wanted the notoriety or to risk rejection. My own concerns regarding my gender identity were being brought sharply, though slowly, into focus. Whenever someone would refer to me as Katie's "other mother" I would feel

Editor's Note: all names other than the author's are pseudonyms.



agitated, angry, invisible. I would always correct anyone who called me that by saying, "She has a mother, and it isn't me." I wanted to say I was her father, but felt I couldn't say anything that would cause Katie herself to be confused.

After a Herculean effort to maintain a female identification to reinforce our lesbian family, I was astounded when Katie first called me "Daddy." It was wonderful to

hear her strong little voice calling me who I was, and yet I could not reinforce a behavior that I knew would cause her embarrassment and grief. So Robyn and I explained to her that even though I looked like a daddy and acted like a daddy and did all the things that a daddy does, most people think only men can be daddies, and she shouldn't call me daddy because other people would be confused. Katie looked at us as if we were both being ridiculous. And we were. I was her daddy in my heart and soul as truly as her mommy was herself and Katie was our baby.

It would be a gross oversimplification to say this was the pivotal moment that moved me off the androgynous fence and into the male camp. It was only another rung on the ladder I had been climbing since before I was two years old and started refusing to wear dresses. Because my feelings of parental responsibility ran so deep, it weighed heavily on me that my daughter perceived me as male (as most children did) and I had to make her feel that her perception was incorrect.

I was experiencing increasing distance from my own body during this period. Often I could not recognize my own reflection for a moment. Strangers were calling me "sir" or "Mr. Green" with increasing frequency, both in person and over the telephone. It felt like a conspiracy from without to make me into a man. Not just a man, but a father.

What knocked me off the fence was our effort to create a second child. We were able to get the same donor, so our children would be full siblings, and the odds were that this second child would be male. My invisibility as a man was swallowing me up. I could hardly think about anything other than the possibility of my son having to build a relationship with me while trying to reconcile our shared masculinity with my female body. I did not want to hear one more person refer to me as the "other mother" with the insipid smiles of condescension that came from straight people or the smiles of inferred conspiratorial complicity from gay and lesbian people.

I had been researching transsexualism for many years, long before children were ever part of my landscape. Robyn and I had discussed my male identity frequently in the dozen years we'd been together. Though there was some dismay, I don't think there was any surprise for Robyn or any of our friends when I made my decision to pursue a physical transition from female to male. As for Katie, she was three years old when I told her I wanted to change my

body so I could really be her dad. At first she had some resistance because she thought it meant I was going to die. (I assured her I wouldn't.) Her next stage of reservation concerned her fear that I would grow "very tall" and she wouldn't recognize me. (I assured her that she would always recognize me and I would not get any taller.) She ultimately thought it was fine for me to do it so long as she and her mother did not "have to become men also."

Several months later I was accepted as a candidate for surgical sex reassignment. I started taking testosterone in October 1988. Robyn was very supportive, switching easily to masculine pronouns. Previously she had to force herself to use feminine pronouns, since she had always thought of me as male. As events began to move me in the direction of fully realized masculinity, I was finally beginning to feel like myself. Robyn was pregnant again; Katie was in a wonderful pre-school; I had a terrific new job at a company I had been interested in for years. Life couldn't be better!

Trouble in paradise. Robyn began to put distance between us within a few weeks of my first testosterone injection. We went into couples counseling, and within a few more weeks she was threatening to leave me, but she promised to wait until "my baby" was born. When she said that, I knew she had already made up her mind to leave. I was devastated. From that moment forward I did everything I could to stay focused on reinforcing our relationship.



Our son, Michael, was born in late April. I cut his umbilical cord and helped the nurse bathe him. He was very different from Katie. He was long and slender, big-boned yet almost frail in character, fussy and darting, as if he were not sure he wanted to be here, while Katie had been solid, substantial, present and observant, grounded like an old soul. I got a week of paternity leave, and being with the children made me so happy. Katie was a bit disappointed that she didn't have a sister, but she was still fascinated with the baby. She loved to sit in my lap and help me hold him. She loved to watch Robyn nurse him, loved to watch him get his diaper changed and to talk about herself as a baby and as a big sister. Robyn was understandably tired and quiet during that first week. Friends came over to see Michael, and they often remarked, as I walked them to their cars, that Robyn seemed very distant, somewhat strange. At the end of the week Robyn told me our relationship was over. She promised to stay with me until after I had my chest reconstruction. I was more devastated than before.

Surgery was six weeks later. I was off work for three weeks. Robyn spent those three weeks looking for an apartment, but she was unemployed and no one would



rent to her. The weekend before I was to go back to work, we put our house up for sale. Robyn packed some things and moved to her parent's house. The last thing she said to me was, "I'll never take the children away from you."

Things went downhill from there. I never dreamed I would understand why some men abandon their children. But in the face of an angry woman, I now see that some men would rather not participate in all that pain. They think it would be so much easier if they just got out of the way, let the kids grow up without the strife created by their father's presence, by the transfer of recalcitrant children between homes. A man who is violent toward his children or their mother does them all a favor when he leaves. But a man who walks out on his children causes more pain than that which he hoped to avoid. Men are not prepared for such pain. I understand how men can feel they'll be able to close off the pain if they keep it bottled up inside themselves, if they don't share it with anyone else, especially anyone as vulnerable as a child. They think it's easier to just disappear and believe they are doing the right thing. And being a weekend dad can be hell.

In the beginning I visited the kids for a few hours one evening each week. I stayed home from work one day a week so I could take care of Michael while Robyn did her weekly volunteer stint at Katie's co-op pre-school. I took Katie to stay with me at my new apartment on alternate weekends. Michael was too young to be away from his mother overnight.

Things were awkward and very difficult at first. Katie would cry whenever she was transferred between us. Michael sometimes eyed me suspiciously as I moved him from Robyn's car to my own. They both seemed to like it best when I came to visit them at Robyn's apartment (which she finally got with my co-signature on the rental agreement). They liked to play on the floor, have all their toys, show me new drawings and take photos of us together. Robyn would stay in her bedroom or go out for the evening. I ached with loneliness when I left those children. When I was with them I just wanted to hold their bodies close to me. Some people say testosterone takes away their tears, but I cried easily and often. The touch of their little hands around my neck when I carried them, their faces against mine, made me feel that I was real.

When Michael was nearly two years old, I received a subpoena and a restraining order. Robyn was suing me for non-paternity and taking my name off Michael's birth certificate. She also informed me that if I ever tried to get him to call me daddy I would never see Katie again. She was taking Michael away from me. She told me she'd have taken Katie, too, but Katie was too attached to me and

Robyn felt it would have been harmful to her. But Michael was not really attached to me, she said. She was in a new relationship, and wanted her new lover to be his other mother. He didn't need a father, too, she said. A child only needs two parents. Katie was instructed not to call me Dad in front of her brother, and Michael was trained to ignore me from that time forward.

I had no legal rights. There was nothing I could say that would convince Robyn that she didn't need to do this, that I could still be in Michael's life without threatening the new co-parenting relationship she had. Five year-old Katie asked me why I didn't want to be Michael's dad. I told her I did want to be Michael's dad, that as far as I was concerned I am his dad, that she and her brother are both the children their mom and I made together and I will always love them both the same.

"But," I told her, "your mommy and Linda (her new lover) are afraid that if Michael calls me dad it will mean he doesn't love them as much as he loves me."

"That's silly," she declared. "There's enough love in the family for everyone."

"That's right, sweetheart. You know that, and I know that, but Mommy and Linda have forgotten it. I wish it could be different, but we have to do what your mommy wants, even though we both know there's plenty of love."

Katie is now 12 and Michael soon will be eight. He says hello to me sometimes. I always say hello to him if I see him, because I don't want him to think I don't know he is there. Katie likes having me to herself, though. She likes having her own room at my house and time alone when she's with me. As she enters adolescence, I fear being rejected by her.

For years now I have been struggling with the shame of being an outcast from my own family. I have tremendous anxiety whenever I attend an event at Katie's school. I am rarely introduced to her teachers because her mother does not inform me of "back-to-school nights" or parent-teacher conferences. I do not want to be around the other parents because I am so angry with their smug, middle-class nuclear family behavior. I am ashamed that I could not keep my family together, as if my lack of family unity invalidates me as a father, as a man. Whenever we do congregate at school events, I am ashamed that Linda always steers Michael away from me. I imagine all the other parents present know Katie and Michael are siblings and assume I am some kind of child molester. Robyn blatantly avoids me, though she will at least say hello. Katie travels between the two of us, devoting more attention to the parent who's assigned day it is to be with her. Unless Katie will be leaving the event with me, I never linger. I feel too much alone, too much like an interloper.

I assume I have nothing in common with these other parents, and I certainly don't want to make small talk with them. They all identify themselves by their kids:

"Hi, I'm Patrick's mom. Which one



is yours?" As if I know who Patrick is. Please; just get me out of here. I can't breathe in this atmosphere of assumptions that we are all alike, that we all feel the same way. There is no recognition of diversity in this straight, middle class, child-centered world. The nuclear family is a lie and a torment. I want the family I tried to make. But if I can't have it, I want to be recognized as living in a different kind of family.

One of the worst aspects of being apart from my children is the feeling that I am a failure as a father because I am not present to do the things that my father did for me, that I wanted to do for my children. When I talk with other divorced men who are non-transsexual, who do not have primary custody of their children, I find that this feeling of not living up to the requirements of fatherhood is quite common. For some it is debilitating. This sense of failure permeates every aspect of their lives and can become a self-fulfilling prophecy. Occasionally I feel like I am hanging onto my self-esteem with every fiber of my being, and still the fear looms large that my grip is slipping. I still feel sad when I say goodbye to Katie in her mother's doorway. She hugs me before her mother opens the door, as if she doesn't want to offend her mother with affection for me. If Linda opens the door, she hides behind it and will not look at me as Katie rushes past her. At least Robyn says, "See you next week" as she shuts the door. I hear Michael shouting, "Katie, Katie, look what I have..."

I know other transsexual men who have lost the right to see the children they were co-parenting before they transitioned or gave birth to from their former female bodies. And I know transsexual men who have custody of their children and are doing well, or having



typical family problems that transsexualism has nothing to do with. Some transsexual men have children who do not know their fathers once had female bodies, or may even now have female genitalia, fathers who worry that their children will someday know their shame. All these fathers, like male-to-female transwomen who have fathered children before their transitions, share the knowledge that

we have contributed to the creation of life. Even if we were not present when our children were conceived, if we fathered, however briefly, someone else's child, we have contributed to the developing consciousness and quality of life of another human being. Only those few among us who have actually carried children in their wombs know the infinite depth of that bond. But the rest of us know the intensity of that unconditional love, the pain of separation, the frustration and joy that comes with a child's growing personality and independence.

Fathers learn with their sons and daughters: they nurture, they discipline, they teach, they feed and protect, they play. The job of any parent is to assist a child in becoming a self-actualized adult. For me, that means reinforcing my child's self-esteem, developing her decision-making capaci-

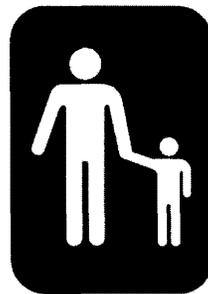
ty, creativity, logic, ethics, and making sure she knows she is loved. Katie knows her family is different, and she knows that's all different means: different. Not bad, not wrong. My feelings are not invisible to her. I am real to her. While she knows there is a sperm donor out there somewhere, she also knows I am her father.

Only those fathers who are transsexual men who also gave birth to their children know the physical connection of childbirth.

Many of those fathers are comfortable with the continuity between their selves as mothers and their male selves. Like most fathers, I have never known that physical connection. Most fathers stand and watch, as I did, often helplessly, as life is brought to this plane of existence through the female body, as infants are nourished from the female breast. If fathers are lucky, we can be welcomed into the perfect circle of mother and child, but we will always be aware of our separateness. It is this archetypal separateness that so strongly characterizes the condition that is "man." What characterizes "father" is that very separateness mitigated by the love of a child, so that the separateness is not lonely, empty or deprived, but is instead a strength, a state of grace. That is the ideal father. Most of us frail humans fall somewhere short of perfection. When we find ourselves fathers — often suddenly, with very little in the way of preparation even in fantasy play — we can be emotionally paralyzed or over-

compensate by being too overbearing, too authoritative, too distant. We tend either to emulate our own fathers, or to consciously avoid any resemblance to them. We tend to have some difficulty understanding our role in the family unit: how can we be separate and still be connected? This is the essential problem of human life, of life in any community, whether a community of millions or a community of two. When two becomes three, and the bond between child and mother shifts the balance, the father's equilibrium has a vital part in the final equation. If the family unit shatters, the pieces are still connected, and it becomes even more important to find one's center, to play one's part with the conviction that the responsibility of fatherhood demands.

When my adoptive parents held me for the first time, there was no blood connection between us, but their love was unconditional and our bond secure. When I held my newborn infant children, bloody and gasping, when I kissed their exhausted faces in gratitude and admiration, I widened that circle of unconditional love. It is as firm a bond to me as any other and I will never break it.



James Green is the immediate past President of FTM International, and is currently its "roving ambassador".

because, as Jessica also tells, homosexuality mirrors the heterosexism gays have long battled to banish. If George Wallace, later in life, could see the disgrace of his early racism without ceasing to identify as a white man, then enlightened lesbians and gays can grow to realize the repugnance of homosexuality without losing their identity. There are already clear signs that queer youth will sup-

The Case of the Missing Identity

Maybe it's time to just walk away, Renée

by Jordynne Olivia 

In the last TNT (#8 Winter 1998) Jessica Xavier argues that a transmovement embracing its own identity politics would be a confining, unhealthy development. She bases this on the claim that lesbian and gay identity politics have been, and continue to be, limiting and unhealthy for all queers. Jessica contends that homosexuality — the way lesbians and gays presume all queers are lesbian or gay — is the bedrock upon which lesbian and gay identity politics rest. Yet there is no indissoluble link: identity politics are not dependent on homosexuality.

Homosexism is a wretched reality, but it's not unique to lesbians and gays. It embodies a primal human trait: the tendency to create and occupy pecking orders, and to identify in an 'us and them' binary. Hierarchy tells why homosexuality is unseen and unspoken: it's a form of privilege, which its owners cannot see and ardently deny when it's pointed out to them.

We, for example, have our own trans-hierarchy whose apex is occupied by a "past the fiery hoops" post-op elite. Had I a dollar for every post-op who tells me that she/he has a perspective unavailable to me, I'd be post-op by now too. By our own anti-hierarchical rhetoric, we should be appointing our **least privileged** to lead us. But it's our passing-privileged elite we unconsciously, habitually anoint. Hierarchy is a very human thing, and no one should tremble to acknowledge its existence. It just *is*. Honestly, it's rather arrogant of us to imagine our small band of nearly universally oppressed transfolk will be the undoing of several millennia worth of evolutionary traits.

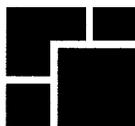
Unlike identity politics, homosexuality is self-defeating

plant or ameliorate it with a less structured queer sensibility.

Yet the elimination of homosexuality affords no path to transpeople's basic needs. If homosexuality went away today would transpeople be closer to funded healthcare, to employment rights, to housing security? Maybe, maybe not. For us to battle homosexuality or lesbian and gay identity politics is to stir a tempest in a teapot: they're not essential objectives. They're merely **collateral** goals. Besides, homosexuality or not, we're the butt of something far larger: birth privilege — nontranssexism. We're **everybody's** perennial punching bag.

We need to own that, no matter how much we share with nontrans people the profound perspectives into all forms of bigotry our trans experience affords us, we will forever be seen as other. Yet instead of wielding the power otherhood gives us, we've wasted our efforts by trying to align ourselves with nontrans social justice groups and their identity-based missions under the wobbly banner of "inclusiveness". *GAIN News*

recently distributed a *New York Blade News* article on Melissa Sklarz, a NYC transwoman candidate for the volunteer post of judicial delegate, in which Sklarz, speaking of how gays see us (but also emblematic of how all nontrans people see us), said, "We should carry signs: 'They just don't get it'." Sklarz hit the nail on the head. Because nontrans people don't "get" us they cannot and will not see us as co-equal humans. Even more to the point, on our failure to establish and act on our own transidentity, Sklarz added, "There's more to the transgender community than RuPaul and we're desperately trying to come together." Sklarz spoke of a vacuum many of us have long recognized: our lack of trans-goal-driven identity and the



Editor's Note: The word 'trannies' is used throughout this piece to represent both transsexuals and transgendered people. Originally, we changed it to 'transies' because, in San Francisco, 'trannies' has come to mean gay drag queens. However, the author wouldn't have it. In St. Louis, where the author lives, 'transies' almost always means MTF transsexuals exclusively while 'trannies' is the more inclusive term for both FTM and MTF. We have left it at 'trannies'.

power that comes from owning a clear identity.

Identity politics are not a development of twentieth century social justice movements; and their abolishment toward a grand alliance of all social justice movements is a chimera we've chased for too long. Deeper perspective reveals that identity politics have been with us from time immemorial; herstory embraces endless examples of identity-driven movements. The Reformation would never have blossomed without an anti-Rome Protestant identity; our nation would not have midwived itself without a non-British — an American — identity. In each case it was a new group realizing that the larger, older group did not represent them that sparked a new, powerful, successful group identity. Why? Because identity politics are natural, ubiquitous and **effective**.

Asking lesbians and gays to dismantle the politics that have served them so well is akin to asking Christian fundies to abandon their rigid interpretation of scripture. No group relinquishes the proven source of its power. Preaching against success-reinforced method and belief only provokes resistance, often in the form of powerful counterattacks — or smothering indifference — that accelerate our erasure. Yet we persist in attacking gay identity-powered strength from our non-identity weakness; and, worse, we fail to recognize our cake-and-eat-it-too error of attacking gay success while simultaneously pursuing a queer-homogenous alliance with it. Instead of first developing our own vigorous, trans-goal-powered identity and parlaying its power — as co-equals — into a larger queer alliance, we've been trying to topple the primal apparati of hierarchy and identity-based power. We need to do what Protestants, American colonists, gays and countless others have done: just walk away from the power that erases us, and empower our own identity toward our own unique goals.

Countless tranny tracts have inculcated the notion that the transmovement is the final social justice frontier and that we're the last humans bereft of basic rights. And Woodrow Wilson believed World War I was "The war to end all wars." The nonsense of being the last persecuted human group has bent us to feel obligated to campaign for all oppressed identities. Though it's a noble and honorable impulse, it's ignorant of reality. We haven't the numbers or



Because we're members of a

multi-identity transpopulation it follows that determining our objectives is our optimal natural path to a powerful trans-identity.

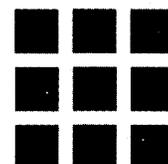
the resources to devote to, or to significantly impact, others' battles if we hope to win our own. This is classical, axiomatic wisdom: to flout it is to court failure. It would better serve us to modify and adopt the example set by The National Organization for Women: to pre-emptively embody the goals of other identities — not in our mission statements, but in our **conduct** — so that trans-advocacy embraces all identities while laser-focusing on entirely trans objectives.

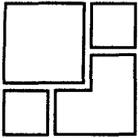
Jessica also indicts lesbians and gays for having "essentialized their oppression" — as if doing that was a no-no. Isolating one's oppression is a time-honored, proven means of focusing resources and effort on clearly identified aims. Often, a movement's central objectives define its identity. Because we're members of a multi-identity transpopulation it follows that determining our objectives is our optimal natural path to a powerful trans-identity. Yet we've neither isolated our oppression, nor concentrated on central goals: in trying to graft our goals onto the aims of nontrans groups we've submerged our identity and aims beneath those of others.

Sure, we can claim that we belong because transpeople sparked Stonewall — and have you found any nontrannies who really give a shit? World War II ignited with Polish resistance to Nazi invasion, but in the end the major Allied powers, having got what they wanted from the war, turned a deaf ear to the "it-started-with-us" Poles and left them to Stalin's maws. Powerful nations eclipsed Polish identity and aims, in the same way that powerful, better focused movements eclipse us. We remain a fractious babel, supplicant to larger groups, without our own identity-driven goals. Painfully, the transmovement's conscious rejection of a powerful trans-identity reveals that, until now, we've been doctrinally incapable of successful identity politics.

We've all heard arguments that we're too few and too diverse to aspire to the goal-driven identity that we need to independently campaign for purely trans objectives. These arguments have been misread to signify that we must clutch at the skirts of larger, nontrans movements. Yet movements of fewer numbers than ours (Mothers Against Drunk Drivers is a prime example) succeed because they have the intelligence to efficiently use limited resources to achieve a prime objective.

A lesbian of transsexual experience, award-winning poet Jordynne Olivia writes for queer and other publications, and speaks on trans issues before a variety of audiences. Reach her by e-mail at:





While Realpolitik demands a singular trans-identity and alliances, we must not waste effort hectoring unwilling, squeamish nontrannies who jettison us whenever they sense our presence jeopardizes their nontrans objectives. It's vital to forge a goal-driven transidentity that endows us with the power, perspective and flexibility to ally ourselves with other movements — not permanently, but only when momentary alliance favors achieving our trans objectives.

Clearly the transmovement has ignored the central axiom no CEO, no military commander, no politician, no revolutionary dares ignore: success demands concentration of forces on a single objective. Abolishing gay identity politics, assuring racial and affectional equality, gaining admission to the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival, and passing reactive hate crimes bills are not our prime objectives. Including them in our exertions dilutes our focus, saps our resources, and erases us beneath a sub-lesbian/gay non-identity.

Pat Califia, with devastating accuracy, wrote, "Those of us who are not transgendered can hardly ever be trusted to make accurate judgments about transsexuals because we don't see them the way we see each other." How far can we trust nontrannies to support us? Herstory has amply answered: not far at all. We must trust the record: When the going has gotten tough it has consistently been larger, nontrans-objective movements that have gotten tough and co-opted or discarded our bewildered tranny asses.

Our own, individual life experiences teach us that the singular, reverberating truth of our experience is not transcommunity, but aloneness. More than any people in herstory we go to work alone, we come home alone to no supportive biological family, we talk to each other alone — remotely — on the internet, we seek healthcare alone, and many of us go under the healing knife — alone. And we are left evermore alone by untold streams of assimilationist transpeople. We have no grounds for pointing fingers at gay assimilationists because, more than any other group, we are disowned by our own. Yet, as a group, we have repeatedly, incomprehensibly, recoiled from **going** it alone. An identity-powered trans-rights movement is not an unaffordable luxury, but a herstorically proven ubiquity we have never owned and from whose absence we've never been able to deal, on equal footing, with larger identity-driven social justice groups.

Persevering alone, often without passing privilege, in the face of colossal antagonism, is our quiddity. Each day each one of us steps alone into a nontrans world. Let's gather our hard crucibles of individual pluck and valor, and defiantly dare to forge our own collective power. Harness the objectives, not of other movements, but of our solitary tranny lives toward shared goals in employment, housing, trans-healthcare. No one else identifies as, or with us; no one else can, or will, **be** us. Let's knock off being the pesky trans mosquito trying to tap blood from bigger nontrans bodies and be our trans selves: formidable, indomitable, triumphant.

Isolating one's oppression is a time-honored, proven means of focusing resources and effort on clearly-identified aims.

When was the last time you were with three or more trannies and found anything remotely resembling consensus on identities, labels, names, life experiences, individual or collective goals, or even on the breathtakingly rapidly evolving language we use to name ourselves?

Witness our own fractious language in a 1999 e-mail invitation from a NYC trans group:

Who Should March With the Gender Identity Project at Queer Pride?

If you identify as Drag Queen, Male Crossdresser, Butch, Femme, Female to Male, New Woman, MTF, Crossgender, Of Transsexual Experience, Butch Queen, Transgenderist, Queen, TS, Bigender, Trannie Fag, Non-Op, TV, Transexual, FTM, Pre-Op, Questioning, Male to Female, FTF, Drag King, Post-Op, Femme Queen, New Man, TG, Phallic Woman, Female, Stone Butch, Transgenderist, Different, Masculine, Intersex, Significant Others, Lovers, Friends, Family Members, Children, Co-workers and Colleagues (and others), we invite you to march with the Gender Identity Project at this year's Queer Pride.



From such babel it's no surprise we've failed to isolate a goal powered trans-identity about which a focused, effective movement can coalesce. (Dear Goddess, the invitation itself begins with "If you identify as . . .") I'm in no way flaming or criticizing New York's GID Project or its members' genuine and heartfelt labors toward addressing transpeople's basic needs. The invitation is quoted solely as an exemplary illustration of the multi-identity language that obscures the transmovement's deep need to fix and pursue its own central objectives.

— J.O.-L.

Long, long ago, in a galaxy far
away, a new century
approached inexorably. Then
it was that the editors of
TNT sought the wisdom of
diverse trans*gender people by
asking them a simple question:

“What are your thoughts
for our community as we
enter this new era?”

In the following pages,
their answers reveal
many possible
futures for the one
hundred years which
will be known as

TG 2000.

Holly Boswell

I imagine the great expanse of transgender history: the Indian hiira, Roman gallae, North American berdache and Siberian shamans. I have reverence for their sacrifices and accomplishments. They had an honorable place within their culture. I find them empowering.

Then I look at my hormonally enhanced, surgically altered peers these last fifty years. I wonder how we are compromised by assimilation. We gain comfort but lose power, and the world sees less of our unique gifts. We don't have an honorable place within our culture, though we might reclaim one.

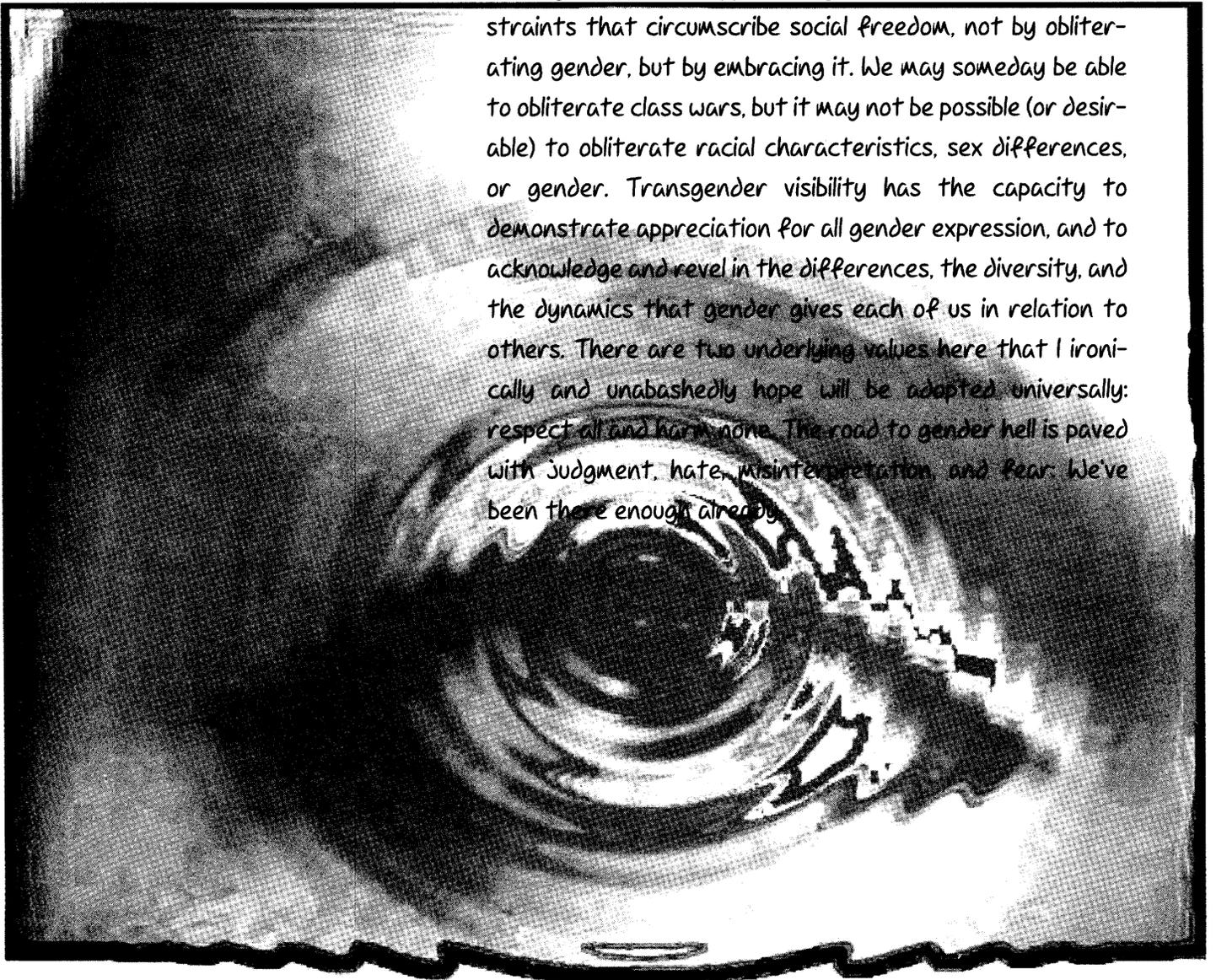
Looking forward, I wonder if our technologically enabled expression of transgender isn't more than a blip on the screen, a false alarm. I see so many of us merely reacting to a gender system that is black and white, instead of the rainbow. We don't really want to trade black for white – we want the colors. We want to create new ways of being human. Perhaps the only true "transgendered" are the intersexed, and the rest of us are just trying to reconcile our humanity within the bi-polar gender system.

Can we get past the black and white, based solely on reproductive organs? Can we not transcend gender, and unlock the full and diverse potential of spirit in flesh? I believe we can, if we do the hard work of pioneering our visions back to society as a whole.



James Green

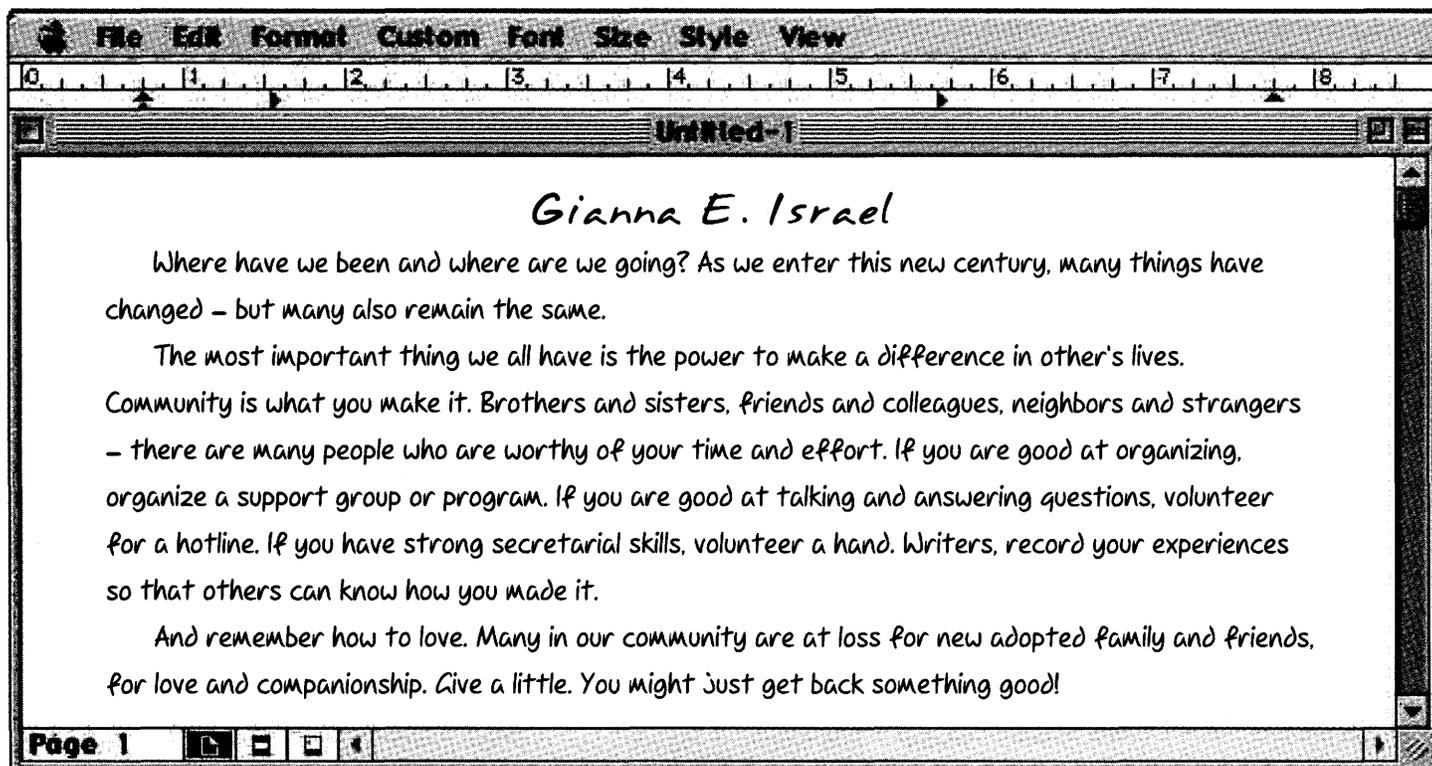
I look at the transgender phenomenon as the personal urge to resist definition from without, and as a movement toward individual responsibility. If there is anything collective about transgender philosophy, it lies in the idea that there is no one way to be anything. Most people have a collective need that compels us to seek others like ourselves. We want others to share our issues and concerns, to wear our labels and adopt our definitions for the terms we use to describe our values and ourselves. I think this level of homogeneity should be reserved for one's innermost circle, and even then true synchronicity is impossible. So why should we demand this of our community, let alone society at large? I see an opportunity to rid ourselves of constraints that circumscribe social freedom, not by obliterating gender, but by embracing it. We may someday be able to obliterate class wars, but it may not be possible (or desirable) to obliterate racial characteristics, sex differences, or gender. Transgender visibility has the capacity to demonstrate appreciation for all gender expression, and to acknowledge and revel in the differences, the diversity, and the dynamics that gender gives each of us in relation to others. There are two underlying values here that I ironically and unabashedly hope will be adopted universally: respect all and harm none. The road to gender hell is paved with judgment, hate, misinterpretation and fear. We've been there enough already.



There have been three fundamental shifts in gender-activism in the last thirty years. First was the organization of community, through support groups and conventions. Second, and building on the first, was the start of local political activism. Third has been the recent shift to national gender activism by GenderPAC and other groups, aimed at changing a national perspective and influencing Congressional legislation.

The next big challenge will be for us to take our struggle to the next level, beyond transgender. For the right to one's gender is not just a transgender right, it's a basic human right as well. And so we must begin the move from the comforting familiarity of a transgender movement to the larger context of a national movement for gender rights, one which embraces everyone - gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender, or straight - who is gender-different, and one which finally makes the right to one's gender a fundamental civil right for all people.

Riki Anne
Wilchins



Anne Lawrence, M.D.

By the year 2020 ~ Some Predictions

In Science:

• The 1995 study by Zhou et al, which suggested that some MTF transsexuals have a female-sized hypothalamic nucleus, will be discredited following one or more failures to replicate its findings.

• An attempt to create an abdominal pregnancy in an MTF transsexual using a transplanted embryo will result in the death of the embryo.

In Transsexual Health Care:

• A postoperative MTF will be performing SRS in the United States.

• A postoperative MTF will be elected president of the Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Association.

• The Benjamin Standards of Care will no longer require a real life experience as a universal prerequisite for SRS.

In Politics:

• A postoperative MTF will be elected to the San Francisco Board of Supervisors.

• A postoperative MTF will be elected to the Human Rights Council.

Based on scenarios
mentioned

In the Community:

• Rita Mae Williams will publish her first novel and win the Lambda Literary Award.

• Transsexual activists' love affair with the media will cool as both groups realize that their agendas are mutually exclusive.

• The death of Virginia Prince will be widely reported and explored in the media. Her private relations will be considered in the context of her public life. Her past romantically discovered private life will be revealed her

• She will give a lecture at the University of California, Berkeley, and be honored by the Lambda Literary Award.

• She will perform at the San Francisco Music Festival and be elected to the National Transsexual Resource Project.

Ms. Bob Davis

THE LIMITED VALUE OF DEFINITIONS

My subject is usually the past. So when I began thinking about TGZK, I found myself, by force of habit, in the familiar dustbin that history has reserved for our gender community. And, since history provides perspective, I noticed things.

People haven't changed in thousands of years. Styles change. Technology changes. Laws change. Not people. So if the myriad forms of gender expression have always existed, why weren't they recognized? In dozens of articles and interviews TGs recall thinking they were the only one in the world." If we're that unique, there're no words to describe us. So we search for language.

The words we find on our own are only a partial fit, but once we join with others, meaningful terms emerge. Groups create lexicons of identity. Eskimos have seventeen terms for snow because snow is important to them. The man shoveling his sidewalk has only one, "fucking snow." Because gender is important to us, we have dozens of descriptive terms.

In the next few years we can change something big: civil rights. We're now demanding them in the courts and legislatures. We want them on the job, in schools, doctors' offices and operating rooms. In TGZK all terms that define and differentiate us – TG, CD, FTM, TS, straight, lesbian and gay – must unite us as a community seeking our inalienable human rights. Our unique combinations of biological sex, sexual orientation and gender expression make us all "fucking queers."

Naomi

From National Consumption to National Contributions

Welcome! You have T-mail . . . yet another announcement for a conference, a transgendered getaway weekend, an extravagant gathering in Texas for tea, or a call to huddle outside of a women's music festival.

I can't help but think: "What an enormous waste of time and resources!" We have come a long way as a community, but our national efforts have failed to encourage and support the local actions necessary to improve the daily lives of transgendered people.

We can argue points of obscure gender theory as if the history of the world is dependent upon the outcomes. We can sit by the hundreds dressed in frilly, sequined finery. We can protest the same event year after year, licking our self-inflicted wounds and wondering: "Why don't they like us? Why don't they understand?" All the while, transgendered sex-workers and economically disadvantaged transgendered folks of the inner cities and rural towns of America have been forgotten.

We have made Brandon Teena and Venus Extravaganza martyrs to the cause but it is not unreasonable to imagine that they would have preferred social services to funeral services. How many of us have distanced ourselves, our energies, and our movement from "those people" – preferring the national spotlight to local action?

Our national leadership and organizations must re-focus a significant portion of their attention and resources to local efforts. We cannot afford to focus solely on the quest for the Holy Grail of federal and state level discrimination legislation. Our national institutions must begin to help meet the needs of our local populations for a representative and broadly based transgender movement to survive.

In many places – including major cities like Philadelphia – basic social services are simply not available to transgendered people due to a lack of resources. In light of this gap, national social gatherings, esoteric pseudo-political/theoretical conferences, and protests for inclusion in music festivals seem a grotesque waste of time, money and energy that smacks of privilege.

It was two weeks after I had told my mom that I was taking hormones and would hereafter be known as her son. I had sent her a package of reading about trans stuff earlier. now it was time to call her and find out what she thought.

"So Mom, how ya doin' with the we-being-a-transsexual thing?" "Oh no, honey, she replied. "Transsexual is wrong. Says right here in this book that the right word is Transgendered."

Transgender: Someone whose gender presentation is in opposition to their perceived or physical sex. An umbrella word that includes: transgenderist (transgendered transgenderist, can anyone say "redundant"?), drag kings and queens, w.t.f., ftm, w.t.m, boychik, girfag, sissy, butch, intersex, transsexual. Never have I seen a more inclusive and contradictory definition of a word. (And I was the nerd who carried a pocket dictionary in junior high.)

Because of the lack of perfected genital surgeries for men like me, I will probably live the rest of my life with an enlarged clitoris for a penis. This makes me no less of a man, physically or psychologically. My hormonal environment is testosterone laden. The way I see myself is congruent with my body now. To use the word "transgender" to describe me completely denies my reality, which is that my gender presentation is not in opposition to my perceived and physical sex.

I grew up in Belfry, Montana - population 150. My escape, my refuge has always been reading and writing. I love the printed word. So although the language wars of the Trans community make my head hurt, I am irresistibly drawn to it.

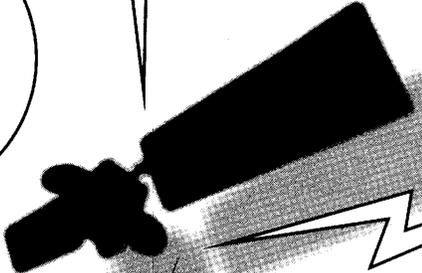
I do not want the legacy of the Trans community to be our language wars. Our self-appointed judges pointing magic gavels and destroying us our names: transgender, transsexual, etc. When it comes to a hate crime or an uneducated doctor, the difference hardly matters. Our greatest task of the new millennium should be to find a way to honor the rich diversity within our own community and still present a united front while educating and advocating for our own well-being.

Jayson Barsic
Diversity and Unity

gidget
by
Kate
Bornstein

**gender
analyzer for
the 21st century
and new
millenium!**

**Who do you
want to be
Today?
Tomorrow?
Next year?**



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The best way I've found to use gidget is to simply circle the number(s) that describe how you're feeling about yourself right now. Later, or maybe tomorrow, you can fill in gidget again and see how your identity has stayed the same, and how much has changed. Assuming these factors are some of the more common traits of gender, gidget is designed to be a more accurate look at our genders than "man" and "woman."

If you want to up the stakes a bit, fill out gidget the way you'd like your ideal lover to be. Then compare that with your own gidget. I'm guessing there's lots of ways to use this.

Butch	Top	Alpha	Saint	Straight	Adult	Mind	Solid	Will	Light
+4	+4	+4	+4	+4	+4	+4	+4	+4	+4
+3	+3	+3	+3	+3	+3	+3	+3	+3	+3
+2	+2	+2	+2	+2	+2	+2	+2	+2	+2
+1	+1	+1	+1	+1	+1	+1	+1	+1	+1
-1	-1	-1	-1	-1	-1	-1	-1	-1	-1
-2	-2	-2	-2	-2	-2	-2	-2	-2	-2
-3	-3	-3	-3	-3	-3	-3	-3	-3	-3
-4	-4	-4	-4	-4	-4	-4	-4	-4	-4
Fun	Bottom	Beta	Sinner	Queer	Child	Body	Fluid	Emotion	Dark

Susan Stryker

There seems to be some odd connection between the ends of centuries and the end of sex. At the last fin-de-siecle in Western European society, the literatti and intelligentsia went on at length about how in the new-fangled 20th century you wouldn't be able to tell the difference from the women, how sex difference would become meaningless in the new technological dispensation. Seems to be at it again. Predictions for the end of gender, or for revolutions in gender, abound. Taking the long historical view, however, it seems clear that dividing people into different genders (which, after all, simply means "kind" or "type") is something that people have been doing as long as there have been people. Gender in that sense seems destined to be with us as long as we use language to communicate. Gender is primarily a linguistic phenomenon. But what can't count as gender in the future? What relationship, if any, will we maintain to our reproductive physiologies and material bodies, how our bodies will be fashioned by various technologies in order to fit within gender categories - that's anybody's guess. I'm convinced, though, that things are only going to get more interesting.

Chelsea Goodwin

It is not clear that the interests of Transsexual women and men are best served by reducing us to a part of the so-called transgender movement, and indeed to be designated as transgender may be inimical to our real needs. As Ceri Nettick and Beth Elliot write in *Mirrors: Portrait of a Lesbian Transsexual* "some [transsexual] women want to go on to do a pan transgender thing (sorry but I can't identify as part of the transgender community even by a different name) or go on to do a career 'third gender' thing" (See *Mirrors* for the old transphobic definition of transgender as "gender rebels instead of gender conformers" and "Transsexual Women.") This is the phenomenon that Ms. Nettick describes in her book: "more people are speaking up these days about what going through transition - or thinking about transition, or starting transition but deciding not to finish - means or seems to mean to them. Some of it is crap of course--a failure to acknowledge transsexual experience and needs is a failure to acknowledge reality, whether it's couched in radical feminist jargon or genderflex discourse. Some of this is well-meaning, of course, such as the attempts to validate self-esteem in pre-ops and non-ops that end in declarations that following through with surgery is the only way to achieve a complete transition." I have been reduced to persons from the emerging transgender movement at the expense of my identity as a transsexual woman at the expense of the bare minimum of recognition and entitlement to medical treatment afforded to me by the CID diagnosis. I fear that as we become reduced to a minority group within the transgender movement we are in danger of losing our own gender identity and of losing our own rights even as the rest of the transgender community makes progress in gaining theirs.

Jordy Jones

Why? Why not? It's an on and off thing. Flip a switch. One. Two. More than two. Now we count in gigs. We've created a golem in the mirror, a masked machine that mimics us with a accuracy that makes it disturbing to catch glimpses of circuitry through the fine cracks in its sleek silicon skin. It knows only the difference between something and nothing, but it knows it fast with no doubt. For sheer millennial dread, even rapture-bent zealots intent on instigating the Apocalypse cannot compete with the creature with a clock for a heart.

They used to say that everything is relative except for the speed of light, but in a Harvard lab, it travels at 38mph. Hop aboard the light rail. Even relativity is relative. Technologies proliferate faster than cancer cells. They haven't cured cancer yet, but they have created it.

MIT biotech researchers grow human ears on genetically engineered mice. The donor-recipient's own cells are spread like butter onto an ear-shaped armature surgically attached to a lab mouse. The little animal has no immune system: the code has been marked and deleted. It cannot resist the implant. The ear is fed by the mouse's blood supply until transplant. If ears grow on mice, what can grow on a rabbit?

Molecular switches are poised to revolutionize nanotechnology and further blur the line between the organic and the artificial. Will tiny living robots build body parts? The promise of organs to order is offset by the spectre of eugenics implied in a fully mapped human genome. What will be kept, and what discarded? Mapped or zapped? Who decides and how? Ta twice 'til 3K.

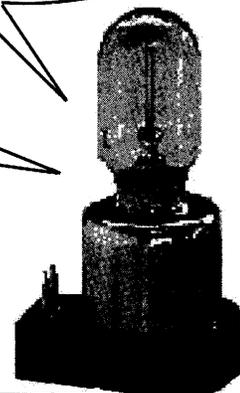
Red

Jordan Arobateau

Part of me wants to remain in our trans community amid other sisters and brothers like myself.

And then there are times I want to be free. I want to shrug off ties, let go the burdens of my life and slip away into the unknown - a man to all who view me. A real man!

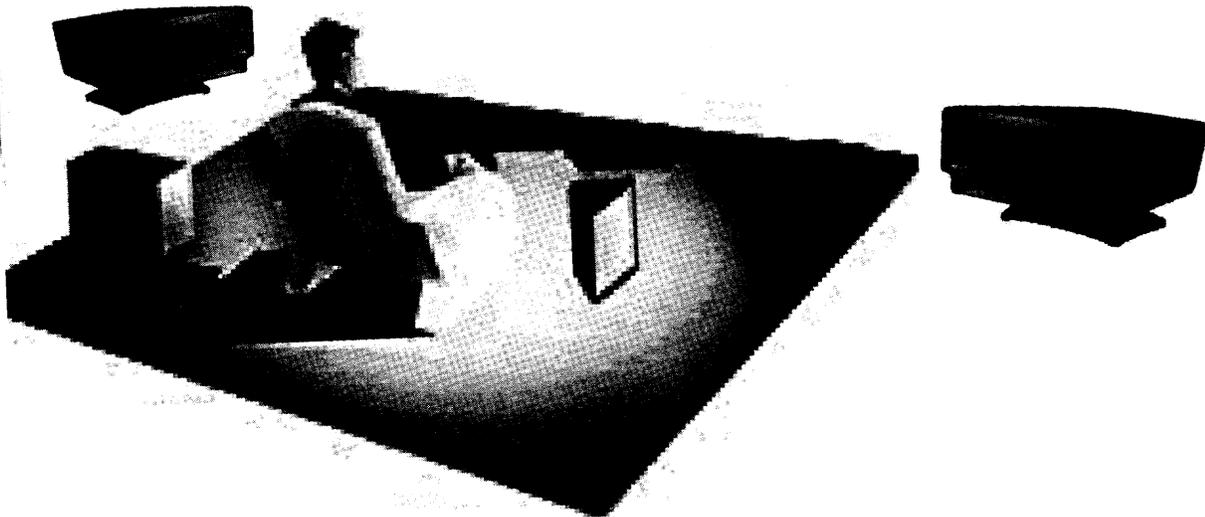
The transgender movement is composed of the whole spectrum - those who can present fully as the opposite sex, those who can't. It's a hard lesson. But we need more than victories. We need the bad, the good and the inbetween. We need everything - life's too boring otherwise!



Dallas Denny

Transsexual and transgendered people entered the 1990s believing we had to cleave to one of three nontraditional forms of gender expression. We could be crossdressers, drag queens, or transsexual. Each of these gendered identities came with a clear set of expectations, and we believed ourselves to be failures if we could not conform to them in every regard. Only the most exceptional among us even considered that there might be other options.

As the new millennium begins, we have a new vision: one in which gender is a vast field in which we are free to wander in any direction. We can choose from a multiplicity of genders, or construct singular genders of our own, freely changing them as our ideas of ourselves change – and we are also still free to identify as members of one of the two traditionally recognized genders. We have come to see that externally applied expectations of gender are repressive, not only to we who color the furthest outside the lines, but to every gay man and lesbian who violates gender norms by choosing a partner of the same sex; every boy who is told "Stop that! Boys don't cry"; every girl who is pressured to wear a dress; every heterosexual man who has to put on a bluff facade lest he be thought less of a man; and every heterosexual woman who wears makeup because she feels it is expected of her. Our movement has become a movement for everybody.



William A. Henkin, Ph.D.

On and off for over ten years I've taught transgender workshops in (mostly) nontransgendered communities. The first time I asked all the participants to close their eyes and imagine they had fallen comfortably asleep in their own beds. As they "awakened" they were to pass their hands over their bodies and notice something ... different. Awareness was to dawn: they had awakened in bodies of the sex opposite to the ones in which they had fallen asleep. What, I asked, did they feel about their situations?

That first time I heard a lot of panic and anger, and several people were unable or unwilling to go through with the exercise. The most recent time I led this exercise there was little anxiety and no anger, no one was unwilling, and several participants were excited or intrigued about the turn their imagined lives had taken.

The different reactions between the first and the most recent times reflect a trend I've witnessed. I do not think Most People have come to accept open gender definitions or expressions, but I do think the whole nature of gender – what it is, who defines it, where it can vary, how each of us expresses it at different moments in our lives – has become a topic that is more openly discussed, and that gender is no longer known to be either absolutely fixed or what it might at first appear to be.

In the course of seeking the individual freedom to define her/his own identity, each transgendered individual has helped to move our whole society one tiny but substantial step forward on the road to consciousness of what it means to become oneself. As someone whose life has been devoted to individual liberty through awareness, I cannot help but see this as a Good Thing, for which it is appropriate to give thanks to someone. So –

Thanks. To you.

Forward Motion, the 4th International FTM Conference held October 8-10, 1999 in Burbank, California, focused on celebrating cultures, advocacy and FTM lives. Folks gathered from all over the country and world

with over 400 registrants from most of the 50 states, Canada (both east and west coasts), Mexico, Argentina, France, England, Germany and Australia.

It also set a standard for other conferences that will be hard to beat. It was easily the most organized, thorough and jam-packed conference that has yet been put on. In just three short days, FTMCLA offered over ninety workshops on topics ranging from Sexism and Misogyny Among Us to Living Long Term in FTM Bodies to Transgender Feminism to Gay FTM Experiences. There were also three separate town hall meetings on issues of concern to our community: Taking Stock and Taking Power in the Political Movement; FTM-MTF Tensions and Alliances; and Health Care Issues and Strategies.

One of the complaints of the conference was that there were too many presentations and workshops. No one could attend all the events and workshops that were scheduled and people

often had to choose between two couldn't-miss events scheduled at the same time. If only every conference had such problems!

The conference offered many moments of unguarded, honest candor. In one workshop, a transman who had given birth to children before transitioning, spoke movingly about being a man with no dick and what it was like being on the bottom of the totem pole in male society. In another workshop, a still badly-shaken transman spoke of being slugged in a bathroom recently by a straight male who thought that he was coming on to him. The world of men is often not pretty. Going into that world, one loses the community of women, yet that is part of being a man.

But it wasn't all serious topics. A dynamite entertainment show was held on Saturday night. The lineup included Veronika Klaus, a strip tease acts (all the guys were dressed up as sailors in their Navy whites) and Kate Bornstein in a send-up of the Dating Game. Kate Bornstein

Man-to-Man

4th Annual FTM International Conference

October 8 - 10, 1999 - Burbank, California

proved once again why she is the mistress of ceremonies for these events, as her ad-lib and running comments on the contestants and show were funny, humane and kept the audience laughing.

There was also a pool set aside for the private use of the conference, where many people enjoyed themselves in the warm southern California sunshine and where some of the best conversations and good times were had.

On the last day, awards were presented to the following individuals who had made significant contributions to FTMs throughout the year:

FTM International Pride Award is nominated and voted on by the membership of FTMI, this award was given to James Green recognizing his outstanding work and accomplishments with FTM International and for FTMs everywhere. Previous recipients have been Loren Cameron (*San Francisco*) and Stephan Whittle (*England*). When this award was given to James, tears came to his eyes. It was sweet to watch this most masculine of men cry as he received a well-deserved award.

The FTMI *Community Service-Outreach Award* was a tie. The award was given to both Gary Bowen, found-

er of *American Boyz* and Jeff Shevlowitz, founder of *Under Construction* for each of their contributions and support to the FTM Community. Previous recipients have been Jason Cromwell (*Seattle*) and Masae Torai, who began the first FTM organization in Japan.

FTMI Award of Outstanding Accomplishment was given to the outgoing editor of the FTM Newsletter Jed Bell in recognition for his amazing contributions. We are sorry to see him go and wish him the best.

Finally, I myself was never so well treated by hotel staff, a credit to the Hilton and the conference organizing committee of nine incredible guys plus a hardworking group of thirty-three program subcommittee members. Thanks to all who volunteered and participated in making this an event to remember.

Dion Manley's last name really is Manley. He lives in Berkeley, California.



Obscuring our view of The Burbank Holiday Inn are (from left) Dion Manley and Jed Bell, both of FTM International; Masae Torai, founder of FTM Nippon; Chino Chung (Dragon Club); Christopher Lee (TrannyFest [SF] Producer).

Excerpts from a novella

TRANSGENDER JOURNEY

BY RED JORDAN AROBATBAU

He stands there with his dead crotch — no dick. A transexual on the highways of Amerikkka with a change of clothes in a greasy backpack; in his pocket a few dollars earned at minimum wage, at the crossroads of time — in trans. Wondering where his future leads.

Clouds billow above in the black night sky, an amazing amphitheater of outer space.

It has occurred to him that our name is everywhere. Trans. Unlike the word gay, which is not seen too often in public places, and fag or lesbian never; our title — trans — appears regularly as part of the world — transport, transit, transportation, on public walls, buildings, vehicles, moving companies, banks, and more.

T comes across Blondie; she's seated on the sidewalk, her lovely second-hand skirts arranged around her; shopping cart parked nearby. In front of her on the sidewalk is a can of sardines. Its open metal lid is curled back. She's eating sardines in oil with a fork. A cool breeze blows. The pavement is her dining table.

Blondie salutes T, who stands before her holding his greasy backpack. She waves a fork with a sardine glimmering olive oil impaled on it under the neon street lights: "Have a fish!" says she — with double meaning.

Beside her are others.

The long rows of shopping carts filled with bedding, quilts, blankets, sacks which contain more sacks, like monstrous cocoons of some innercity outerspace life forms. Heralds of the inner economic woes of this failing American social system.

Homeless street trannys like Blondie are pushed right up to it. They won't go back into the closet in which they no longer fit wearing busty blouses over budding estrogen breasts, bustling skirts and with electrolysized facial hair, their practiced high womens' voices, long hair and fingernails painted in a multitude of colors, and brave new feminine attitudes.

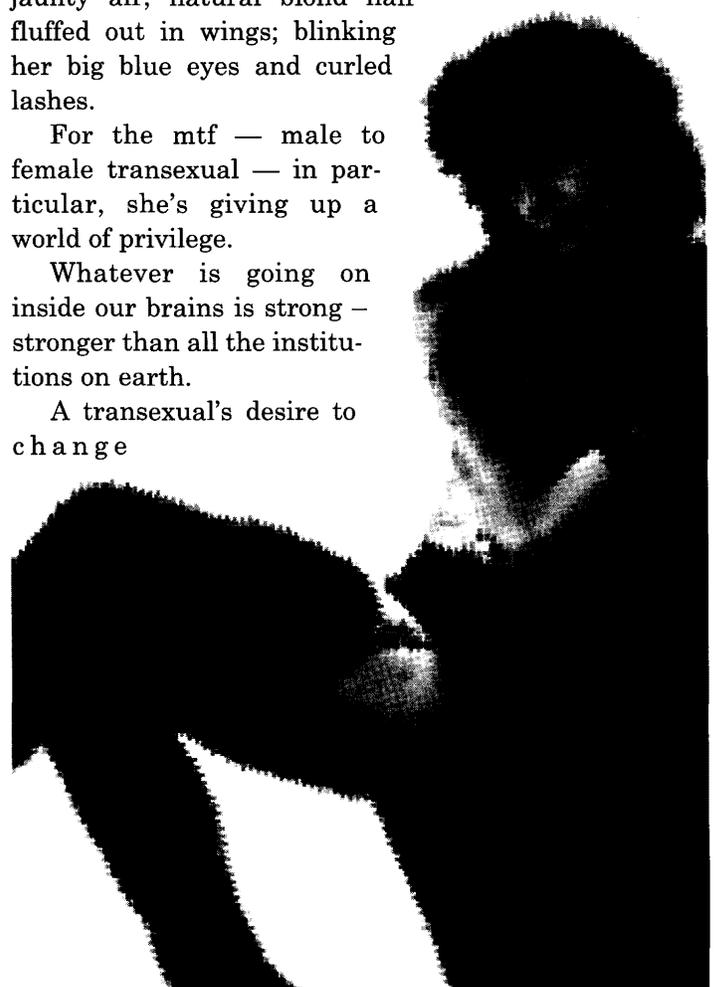
But because of Adam's Apples too large, insuffi-

cient electrolysis to kill off their beards, they aren't quite able to pass either — not enough to go out into the great wide world clean cut moniedtwo-gender-defined society — so they are stuck down here in this narrow environment of eight square blocks called the Tenderloin — a slum where anything is tolerated. And unable to get a hella lot of jobs either. Or confined to the multiblocks long Mission Street where Capp Street cuts through 16th harboring the worse gutter whores and hypes of this heroin feeding outlet for the entire Bay Area — these dismal areas where no one judges the other; yet Blondie has to eat a lot of shit here in hostile peoples' attitudes of scorn; laughing and hooting in her direction as she drags her shopping cart full of women's apparel behind her; amazingly carrying on with a perpetually jaunty air; natural blond hair fluffed out in wings; blinking her big blue eyes and curled lashes.

For the mtf — male to female transexual — in particular, she's giving up a world of privilege.

Whatever is going on inside our brains is strong — stronger than all the institutions on earth.

A transexual's desire to change



**Whatever is going on inside our brains is strong
- stronger than all the institutions on earth.**

her/his outward appearance to match the inner self is stronger than the people who would oppose us, hate us, kill us. A desire more powerful than religious modes we are raised with since childhood and pre-set-up gender roles so comfortably set up in favor of males. The transwoman goes against all of this.

Some are strong males who have large bodies and formerly feared no one. They might have been soldiers who killed during wars; no, as new women they lose body mass and some muscle: and suddenly realize they are targets and feel afraid on late night streets because of predator men.

Men who are women inside give up all that male privilege. Why do they do it? It's this powerful biology inside them that tells them over and over that they are women. Reacting over and over to a million daily stimuli as a woman does – yet their body doesn't fit. And this split, this dysphoria is so painful they take the steps to change it; to bring flesh into alignment with spirit.

This is where transpeople come into being. A lot of us stay right in the middle; like Blondie, stuck, because she can't afford the money to get surgeries. And Transman – because as a female to male, advanced surgery doesn't yet exist – not to mention a cost of \$60,000 to \$100,000 for what is available.

They may call us a man trying to be a bitch, or a bitch trying to play act being a man – with sonorous yells in the street – and knock us down, back into our supposed place. They murder us, and their everyday comments directed towards us are slander. But our transgendered nation is pushing forward its identity. Nothing can stop it! FTMs/MTFs; tranny youth, old grandtrannys in their 70's changing sex at a late date; married with children trannys...

When Transman was young and still a dyke (so he thought) he met dykes who masqueraded as perfect men. He felt ashamed because he couldn't fully pass, no matter how male his clothes were, or his walk. He was too small, his tits too big, his voice too high, his face too skinny. Now he's a man, on T, has had top surgery; his face redefined by muscle pads and facial hair; his body fat realigned into maleness.

Now those same dykes hate him.

He's surpassed them in manhood.

Dykes who had big heads and naturally deep voices,

moustaches – the perfect butch. When all his years of weightlifting were to no avail – the chemical injection of hormones works.

Now Transman is strong! He rules the streets with his head held high, proud! Hand ready to grab his knife! He is to be feared!

Women are afraid of his dick! He's a rape threat: they avoid him, go out of their way on the street so as not to get too close. He is potent. And respected.

The influence of nearly a year of testosterone has definitely made his body more massive; his face more square; eyes mean and squinty; and his voice has grown deep – all fighting signs.

This city is full of dead people walking who would blow this world up in a minute if they had the power. Transman wasn't sure if he was one of these – not yet. He still had his great fine art and lofty dreams.

Cries of pain fill the sadomasochistic night. What sweet music it makes! No longer in so much pain himself – the hurt is spread out among his community. It

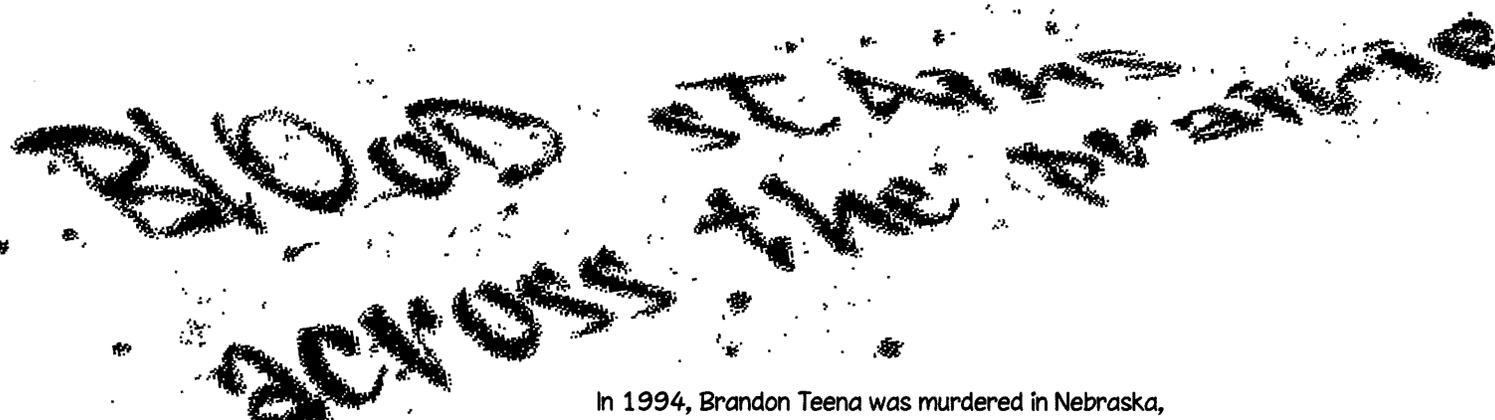


is one by one by one inexpressible grief of a lifetime become shared grief.

All broken-hearted people; broken in childhood; broken again and again daily on the grinding wheel of every minute of our days...

He walks along, musing about things, waiting for night to end, another day to begin, another free food line at a different church, work – then at last a night in a cheap motel where roaches run riot round the sink.

He finds a sleeping space in an enclave of rows of sleeping bags of fifteen people; peaceful in the dark. Just a block away from a free food kitchen, outside the warrants division of the city jail, locked for the night.



In 1994, Brandon Teena was murdered in Nebraska, and the story never quite left the news. In 1998, Matthew Shepard was killed in Wyoming, and suddenly the nation was feverishly deploring anti-gay violence. In 1999, critics applauded a movie based on the life and death of Brandon Teena; and they even seemed to comprehend his issues of gender identity.

Whatever the reasons -- and one could finger many -- people are right now willing to discuss this violence, where they would not before. American soil has always been well-watered with the blood of queer and transgendered innocents. But this time the blood stains glared back like a challenge thrown down at our society's feet. "What kind of country is this?"

The blood was spattered over the so-called "Heartland". It is also called "fly-over country". In popular lore, this is the epicenter of the American Dream. Its people, who we seldom see, have been handed the job of embodying for us those things that we persistently imagine we are as a nation -- honest, plain-spoken, decent, instinctively fair.

So when their sons are branded as murderers, and their towns called bastions of hatred, the entire nation hangs its head. If the most famously average citizens amongst us seem to be bigots, then what are we as a culture? Who are we as individuals? These questions have appeared, unwelcome, all over the country, in drawing rooms and trailer parks and coffee bars.

If the prairie is our Heartland, let us listen when it speaks. The message of these slaughters is not that they shall continue. It is that there are queers everywhere, even in the Heartland; and they are as corn-fed and all-American as anybody else.

From airplane windows we see countless lights. Sitting beside some of them are people whose lives depend on this message. People whose blood might some day be drained into a fallow field, or smeared along the wallpaper in a back bedroom.

Or perhaps not.

Boys Don't Cry

Directed by Kimberly Peirce;

Written by Ms. Peirce and Andy Bienen

Pamela Koffler and Christine Vachon, Executive Producers

With: Peter Sarsgaard (John), Chloe Sevigny (Lana),

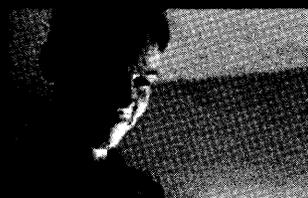
Brendan Sexton 3d (Tom) and Hilary Swank (Brandon Teena)

Reviewed by Max Wolf Valerio

A handsome and romantic lady's man who wrote tender poetry on girls' hearts, Brandon Teena had a style of gender subversion which was not the one taught in American Transgender Queer Theory. A Nebraska rube who volunteered to serve in the Desert Storm war, he failed the Armed Forces Entrance Exam. He was a haphazard gigolo, buying gifts for the women he lived with by surreptitiously writing checks from their bank accounts. He used aliases and tried to keep up with the psychopathic straight boys around him. He got arrested for petty crimes and bounced around from woman to woman, always charming, always helpful and attentive.

An expert in crotch stuffing, breast binding, and passing without the aid of testosterone or even a support group, Brandon was the quintessential, entirely raw gender dysphoric pre-postmodern female-to-male Transman. His approach was so straightforward, so naive, so dazzling in its lack of complexity or political angst, that many in the queerer than thou community do not believe he was so completely simple and sincere. Even though his reality was more the world of Jerry Springer than Sandy Stone, many feel Brandon must have had some kind of knowing and ironic self-awareness. "*Boys Don't Cry*" plays to none of these pretensions or fantasies.

The film closes in on the stark, grinding expanse of Nebraska, the setting for Brandon's life and tragic death. Many of the scenes are outside, vignettes of young night beneath a dark sky, an environment not only external but rooted deep in the interior of the psyche of the characters. You feel this darkness humming in their expressions, inside the painfully dumb





dialogue. There is a claustrophobia to the film, a teeming drift of flat pain. These people are poor, bored and unromantic. It hurts to watch them. From the first party scenes with Brandon playing tough guy on the back of a truck with John Lotter and Tom Nissen, to the initial grimy peek at Lana's mother on the couch passed out drunk, this movie feels absolutely real in its unrelenting depiction of welfare check, trailer park, factory working, parolee and parolee-humping single mother-with-a-tiny-paycheck, out in the middle-of-nowhere existence. The hee-haw heart of America.

Possibly all the people are a bit too thin, since they drink booze morning, noon and night and eat wads of processed sugar. Otherwise, each characterization is tight and true to life. The acting is superb, and Hilary Swank well deserved her Oscar. She got herself needle-thin for this role to be believable as the angular and passable Brandon. She proves, once and for all in a great performance, that someone doesn't have to be an FTM to portray one. Lana's mother is a total loudmouth drunk, a woman whose face has been ruined by booze and her own crude, flapping mouth. She has little to redeem her. Lana, on the other hand is shown as someone apart. She wants out. There is a singular and special quality to

her, some dazzle of stardust. She is embarrassed by her mother's behavior; the camera settles often on Lana rolling her eyes.

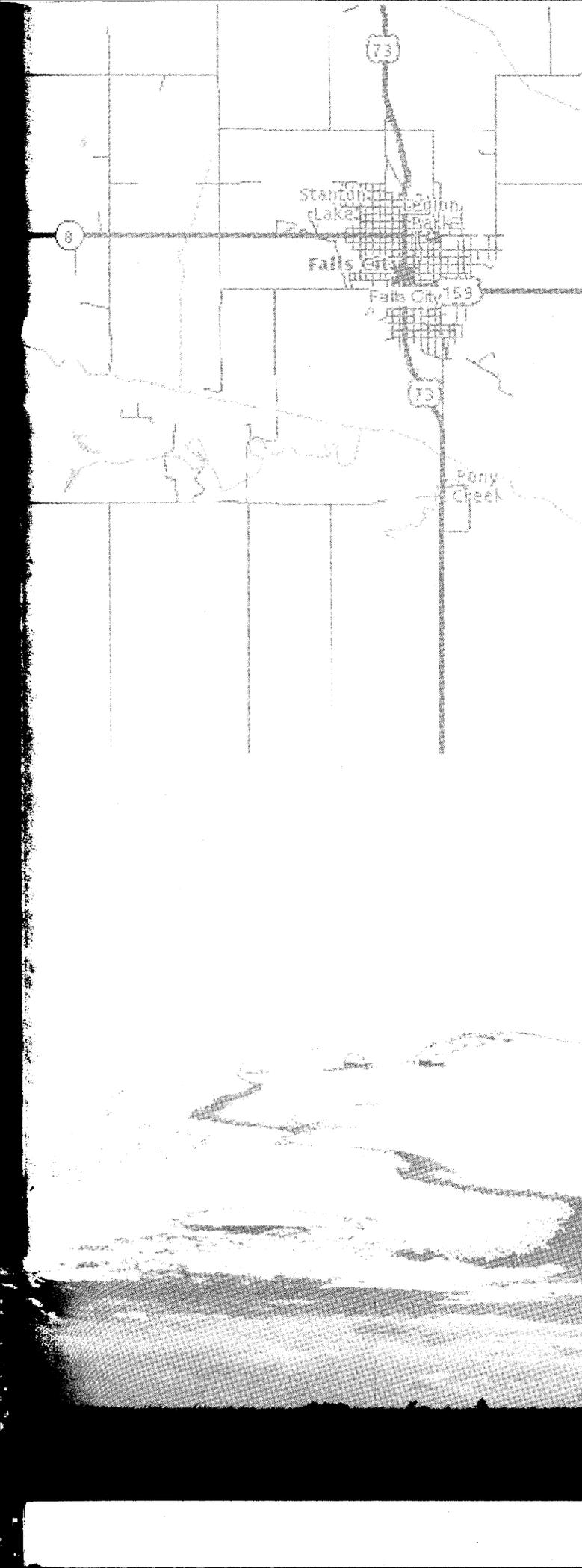
If anyone in the film besides Brandon appears to have actual awareness or a touch of intelligent dignity, it is the teenage girls he hangs out with (as well as a nurse who later examines him with great tenderness and care after the rape). These young girls are not yet wrecked by the circumstances of their life, their own failures or appetites. Like all young people, they still hold out hope.

I don't think I've seen such a dead-on portrayal of teenage energy. There's a great bouncing scene in the truck when Brandon and the girls go out for a crazy ride. They are laughing and jumping up and down – you can really feel the ebullience of adolescent wackiness. There are also plenty of hormonally charged giggles and gushing from the girls. Brandon manages to project a fairly strong, although vulnerable, male persona. He goes along with most of the tough guy male stunts of Nissen and Lotter, although in one scene he turns down a dare from Tom to slash his own leg saying, without irony, "Tom, I am a pussy compared to you."

Lana, played by Chloe Sevigny, is heavy-lidded and sultry, a cornhusker's daughter with a seductive sex



Left to right: Hilary Swank as a glamorous young actress; Swank as Brandon Teena; the real-life Brandon with Lana.



appeal in her movements and long strawberry blonde hair, her nearly fashionable jacket and knowing teenage gaze. Lana is the window in this film for non-trans people to identify with and enter into Brandon's life experience. Just as the white character in "Dances With Wolves" provided an opportunity for white and other non-Indian people to empathize with Native American experiences, Lana seduces the viewer into seeing Brandon as she saw him. I got the feeling that she knew Brandon's secret long before he was forced to tell her, and didn't care.

The film fleshes out the story by taking some liberties and fictionalizing the ending. I wasn't so sure about that decision, especially about Lana calling out "Teena" to Brandon at the end. This was not in character with the rest of her actions in the film. It also made the ending a bit corny, with Lana rushing in to try and rescue Brandon on the night of the murder, which never occurred in real life. However, what did occur, from all documented accounts that I have seen and read, was a genuine love story. Although the film takes certain interpretive liberties, it also captures the tender concentration of intuition, the simple trust and sweet feeling that Lana had for Brandon and the respect and care that she exercised in regards to his FTM predicament. And once the film is off and running, his male presentation and gender identity soon become a predicament.

The camera angles move the narrative with smooth and supple attention. Special effects sweep the viewer from the mundane poverty of Brandon and Lana's lives and out into a world of possibility and undiscovered adventure. For Lana, Brandon is about escape – she wants to travel with him to Memphis. She is nearly saintly in her ability to comprehend that whatever he is biologically, and whoever he started out being, Brandon is male and her special, gallant lover.

John Lotter and Tom Nissen are almost as stupid in the film as they are in a real life, although not quite as brutal. John is portrayed as jealous of Lana and without "impulse control". The rape scene is done without titillation and in full horror. The Sheriff who interrogates Brandon afterwards is appropriately sexist and what he says is very much like what I heard in the actual police



Brandon (in real life) with Lana and Michelle (bottom left)

tape from the Greta Olafsdottir and Susan Muska documentary, *"The Brandon Teena Story."*

Does the film do justice to Brandon's male identity? Is he portrayed as a transsexual man (although cross-living and not on hormones), or as a misguided butch dyke who just needed to go to a support group or move out of Nebraska? Whether or not Brandon really was a man (albeit in a female biology) will be in the eye of the viewer. Unfortunately, no matter how the facts are presented, people tend to put transsexuals back into their original gender or into a mixed gender identity. Since Brandon was pre-hormonal, he was in a particularly vulnerable position. After all, if someone has a completely intact female biology, people will be more apt to view that

person as being a woman. The magic of Brandon's story is that he was able to make us all believe in his maleness, because he believed in it himself. Advertised as being "about the courage to be yourself", the movie captured the blind and crazy guts, the kind of knowing and being that flies in the face of reason that transsexuals have. It is the courage to be yourself, but ultimately it is the courage to become beyond yourself, to dream yourself beyond nature. The film captures Brandon's painful discomfort and dread of his female body, his detached yet unrelenting disavowal of its feminine aspects. The film made clear what Brandon's intentions and plans were, a copy of *"The Uninvited Dilemma"* peeks out of his backpack, along with photos and graphic descriptions of phalloplasties. The film captures his desperation to be seen as a man, to hang on to that identity in any way that he can, even as the events of his life threaten to dissolve his credibility. When Brandon gropes for an explanation as to why he is put in the women's jail, he comes up with two lines that I have often heard transsexual men use (even those further along and well into medical transition): the idea of having a "birth defect" and

the line about being a "hermaphrodite". These are often used by transsexual men to explain a presurgical female genital anatomy to an unknowing sexual partner without giving away that they actually have undergone some form of a medical sex change (hormones and top surgery). According to these men, it is part of an attempt to appear as male as possible in history and biology in the face of an apparent anatomical "glitch".

The film doesn't spare the flat and simple dignity of Brandon's attempt to be who he was or the unending plain nature of his existence – the check forgings, multiple aliases, the comings and goings with that futile aimless quality. I saw no striking sign that Brandon would eventually have morphed into a gender bending postmodern poster boy for the amusement and edification of the Queer Academy. Brandon was poor, uneducated and nearly alone, and finally unable to separate himself quickly enough from the people and forces that killed him. The truth was, those people were his people, where he came from and part of who he was himself.

"Boys Don't Cry" not only works as art, it also raises awareness of the very real issue of hate crimes against transsexuals. The film's portrayal of the Sheriff, Nissen and Lotter points the finger at the killers and the sick rage and fear that drove them. *"Boys Don't Cry"* portrays not only the almost foolhardy daring of Brandon Teena, but his final victimization and does so without sermonizing and through an empathetic and complex lens.



Max Wolf Valerio is a poet, writer and actor who once kissed Allen Ginsberg on the lips. He also took Tibetan Buddhist Refuge vows at 22, and lived in a Hambukushu Village in Africa when he was fifteen. Both sides of his family (he is Hispanic from his Father and Native American (Blackfoot) from his Mother) have a long history of intense and secretive religious activity.

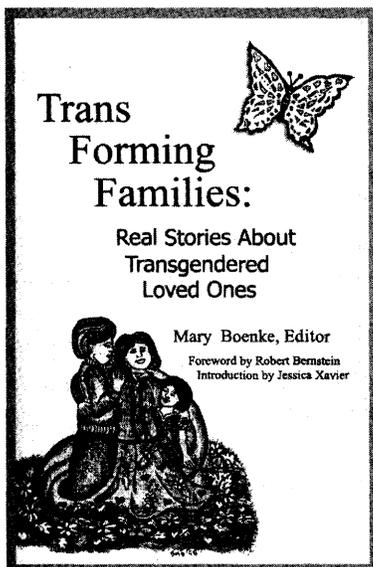
BOOK REVIEWS

Trans Forming Families
edited by Mary Boenke
self-published, \$13.95.
164 pages, paperback

Reviewed by Raven Kaldera.

(This review originally appeared in Rough Riders e-zine.)

Want the ultimate book to give to your family when you come out to them? This is it. Self-published by Mary Boenke, the PFLAG parent who started the push to include transpeople's parents in PFLAG, this book is a collection of essays submitted by parents, siblings, children, significant others, and friends of transgendered people. If none of these essays touch your heart, check yourself for a pulse. More to the point, if none of them touch the hearts of your family members, give it up and disown them. They obviously turned to stone a long time ago.



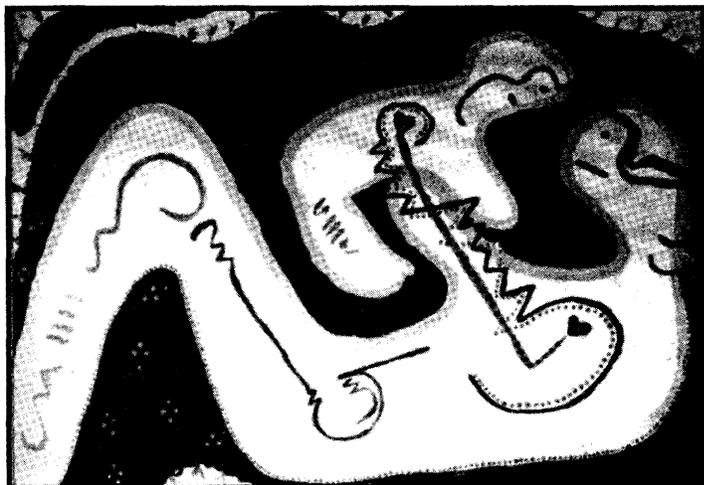
I was impressed with the fact that the book is pretty evenly divided up between MTF and FTM stories; in fact, they alternate throughout the book.

Ms. Boenke is herself the mother of an FTM son, and understands the need for the less visible transmen to be represented in a work such as this one. I was also impressed with the sheer number of essays, and the many different voices involved. I found myself wishing that these were my blood kin; a sensation that many transfolk who read this book may also experience.

Not every story starts with unconditional acceptance; many of the essay writers struggled for a long time with their issues before coming to a place of comfort with their trans loved ones, but it is notable that they all eventually did. These illustrations of positive struggle can be role models for our own struggling kin and friends as they waded through the confusing morass of our transformations.

Although all the essays are reasonably well written, given

the nonprofessional author list, a few stand out in my mind as favorites. "A Transsexual in Teheran", by Zari [redacted] hesitantly discusses the brutal treatment her male-to-female child Noosheen was given while growing up in Iran. You



painting by Linda Milligan; from Trans Forming Families

could sense, in the pit of your stomach, through her understated narrative, her fear that her daughter would be dead by adulthood, either through murder, execution, or suicide, if they had not left the country. "You Never Had A Daughter" by Susan Bennett, explores the journey of a mother whose FTM child finds out about transsexuality on the Internet. "Birthing New Life" by Loree Cook-Daniels tells about a lesbian couple who deal with one partner's need to transition to male at the same time that the FTM to be is pregnant with their child.

And there is, of course, Tamara Alexander's stunning "Silence=Death", about her intersex partner Max who battled suicidal depression and the physical legacy of infant genital mutilation to become a healthy person. It is, in my admittedly biased opinion, the best number in the book.

To obtain a copy, write to: Mary Boenke, [redacted] Hardy VA 24101; or email [redacted] or go to <http://www.aiyiyi.transbook> for more information. Thus far, "Trans Forming Families" is not available in stores (at least as far as I know) but if there's a run on copies, this may change.

Raven Kaldera is a writer, a farmer, a minister with Hearthgrove Church, a shaman, and an FTM intersex activist. He is on the Board of Directors and the Intersex Liaison for the American Boyz, and his words are published in more places than he can count offhand.



Body Alchemy: Transsexual Portraits
by Loren Cameron
Cleis Press, 110 pages; Softcover, \$24.95

Reviewed by Raven Kaldera.

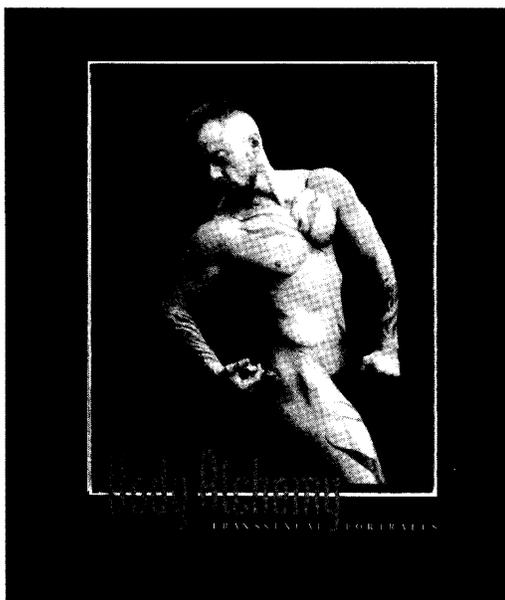
(This review originally appeared
in Rough Riders ezine.)

Within days of the release of Loren Cameron's *Body Alchemy*, I was getting calls from friends who'd seen it and were passing it around. Some of them were FTMs who were overjoyed at a book that was finally about them, after years of digging for occasional paragraphs and addendums in written material about transsexuals.

Some were MTFs who were calling to tell me, "Get a copy! I know you'll like it," and a few were genetic women friends who would call to gush, "Ohmigod! They're all so cute! Loren is so hot! Where do I get one?"

Finally, one of these many friends gifted this impoverished farmer with a copy, and I pored over it for hours. They were right - this was our book, written for us transmen, and it made me feel like I belonged, that I had brothers, more than I knew. It became the book I trotted out to show people who asked worried or quizzical questions about the whole thing - queer and straight friends and acquaintances who wanted to know what it entailed, what was done, and what we all looked like. I would show the book to genetic men. Many of them took one look at Loren's boldly naked frame, buffed and muscled and tattooed, with no male genitals in sight, and grabbed their own crotches in instinctive fear of castration. Others would peer at the photograph and comment, "Wow! Cool! I'd do him! Are you gonna look like that? How long will it take?"

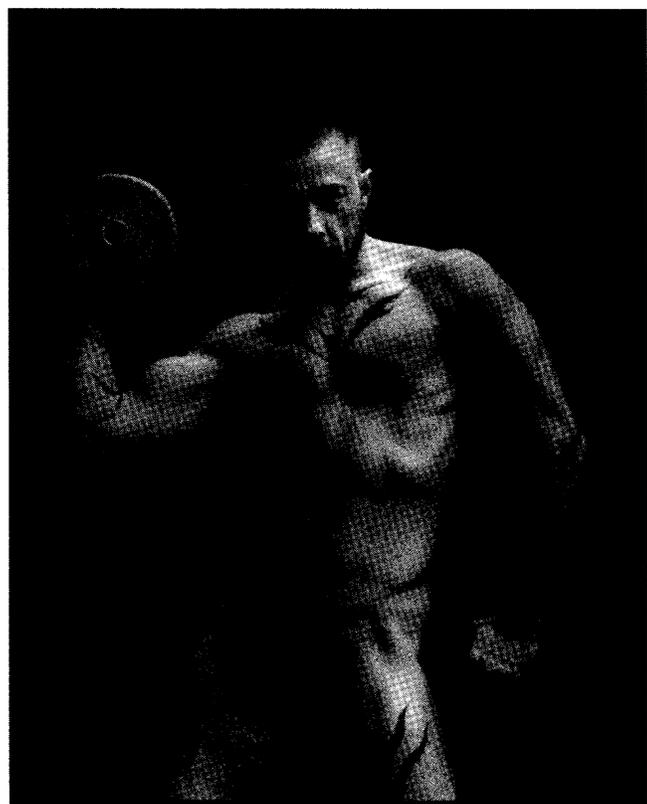
The photography in *Body Alchemy* is stark, haunting, and intense, accompanied by short essays that pierce us with their painful openness. Loren has stood truly naked before us, and



touching prose, as do many of his one-page contributors. The most striking shots, to me, were three photos of his face getting progressively more frustrated, framed by rows of phrases that every FTM will read and cry "Yes!" in recognition. There are very few of us who haven't heard such classics as: "Men are jerks, why would you want to be one?" "I just can't get used to calling you He." "Do you have a penis?" "You can't be a man; you'll never shoot sperm." "You don't belong here."

The final section of the book, a series of pictures of Loren and his butch lover Kayt, also touched me deeply. I was at that time in a relationship with a transgendered "boy" and there were issues over my impending transition and her decision not to do so, issues that eventually helped to break us up. To watch Loren with Kayt was to see clearly that thin line between butch and FTM that it is so easy and so terribly hard to cross.

Body Alchemy is, in my opinion, is the most visually beautiful and the most emotionally striking book about the transsexual male experience. My advice: Buy extra copies and donate them to libraries. Do a favor for your long-ago-transgendered teenage self.



photos © 2000 Loren Cameron

Two-Spirit People:

Native American Gender Identity, Sexuality, and Spirituality

Sue-Ellen Jacobs, Wesley Thomas, and Sabine Lang, eds
University of Illinois Press, Urbana and Champagne
1997 Softcover, \$9.00, 331 pgs.

Review by Gary Bowen

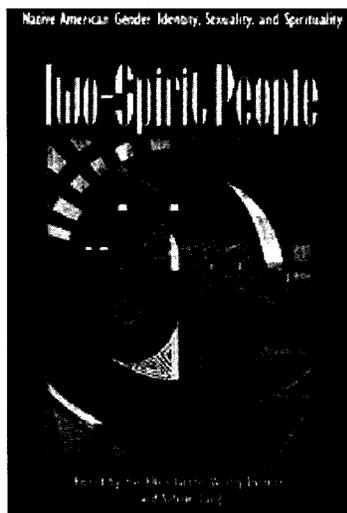
Two Spirit People is a problematic book, landing directly as it does in the debate between Native Americans and their ethnographers over who has the right to record and publish Native American experiences. The mainstream press is dominated by non-Natives presuming to observe, explain and interpret Native Americans to other non-Natives. The number of Native authors known and read by the mainstream is tiny, compared to the number of Native Americans writing and publishing, usually through small, literary, alternative, tribal, or self-publishing venues. This is even more so when the Native Americans under discussion are lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgendered, intersexed, or two-spirited (LGBT2).

Sue Ellen Jacobs, in her introduction to the book, cites the need to redress the imbalance between Native Americans who are observed and exploited for the benefit of non-Native observers, frequently by academics who are publishing books and advancing careers. The excuse offered is that Native Americans will be 'better off' if non-Natives 'understand them better'. After five hundred years of colonization many Native Americans have come to the conclusion that non-Natives are mighty slow learners and have lost patience with this blandishment.

I inspected Jacobs' introduction carefully, in which she stated her awareness of the problem of non-Natives colonizing the discourse about Native Americans, and the need to give control of the discourse back to Native Americans, but unfortunately I came to the conclusion that Jacobs is one of the ethnographers she warns us against. She notes where she was asked to not publish certain things by Native elders, but chose to do so, thereby asserting that her (outsider's) interpretation of the situation is more valid and worthy of respect than the participants' interpretation.

Transgendered people, who have been studied and written about extensively, will recognize the problem of Authoritative Others With Impressive Credentials taking it upon themselves to describe, define and interpret What Our Lives Mean. For non-Native, non transgendered authors to address two-spirited people is to double the problem; our culture, our gender – every aspect of our beings – is laid bare and dissected by the dispassionate outside observer. This does not constitute 'giving back control', as Jacobs asserts; but then, there is nothing that she or any other non-Native author can

Transgendered people recognize the problem of Authoritative Others With Impressive Credentials Interpreting What Our Lives Mean. When non-Native, non-transgendered authors address two-spirited people, it doubles the problem.



'give back' to us. We own our lives, our bodies, our histories, our traditions, and our belief systems. *Two Spirit People* is one more case of people talking 'about' Native Americans, instead of listening to Native Americans.

Jacobs attempts to redress this imbalance by providing an almost equal number of Native American authors as non-Native authors in the anthology. Yet this is a case where 'equality' doesn't

add up. The majority of the book is given to interpretation of the material in accordance with the prevailing standards of modern academia, standards which are often contrary to and in violation of native American ethics. By contrast, Native Americans giving voice to their own experiences in their vernacular comprises only ten percent of the pages. As I said, too much talking, not enough listening.

Part One of the anthology is entitled '*Rebuilding Anthropological Narratives Concerning Two-Spirit People*' and is over one hundred pages long, while Part Two, '*Questioning Terminology*', is also about one hundred pages. Together they comprise the bulk of the book.

The two sections are largely dominated by non-Natives who talk about how to talk about two-spirited people; even being so kind as to note that two-spirited people

have already been talked about a lot, and debating who has talked about them the right way. In the midst of all the verbiage two articles stand out.

'*Crossdressing and Shamanism among Selected Western North American Tribes*' by Arnold R. Pillings, a non-Native, is a detailed examination of crossgendered imagery among priests and doctors (whom he erroneously calls 'shamans'). It discusses the individuals by name, and includes photographs. There is nothing genericizing or romanticizing about Pillings' approach; he is arguably the most attentive to the dispassionate, detailed standards of academic research and largely devoid of polemics. His remorseless hand lays bare the lives of these subjects, restoring their humanity even as he opens them up to our scrutiny. Prior to Pillings these photographs had languished largely unknown, 'hiding in plain site'. Early photographers of the North American Indian, such as Edward Curtis, rarely named their subjects, preferring to label them as 'types, e.g., 'Typical Hopi Girl', rather than as individuals.

Notably, most retrospectives of these photographs evalu-

ate them solely as examples of the photographer's art. In such works, the figures are not human beings, they are art objects with no significance except for how they allow the photographer to demonstrate his skill. In other words, they are person-shaped still lifes. In stark contrast, Pillings restores their names and personal details, transforming them from art objects to human beings. Who could not feel pangs of grief upon learning that children taunted Old Doctor with the nickname, 'Boy Die' when he fell into a deep depression after his son died? The result is that we feel like we are rubbernecking at the scene of a fatal accident. It is deeply affecting – but is it proper to ogle someone else's grief?

In sharp contrast, Part Two 'Questions of Terminology' the need for us to reclaim ourselves as human beings who are the authorities on our own experiences is explicitly addressed by Terry Tafoya (Taos/Warm Springs) who opens his/her article, 'M. Dragonfly', with the traditional words, Anu kushiwasha, "I am speaking to you." In defiance of the detached third person that is the hallmark of academic voice, Tafoya knowingly and deliberately addresses the reader. He says, "I am choosing, somewhat reluctantly, to speak because the concept of using one's own voice is a critical issue in understanding two-spirit concerns. I am aware of the irony in the fact that I am not using my first language to speak and must use English for the benefit of my audience." Tafoya details at great length the perplexing problem of whether, how, in what detail, under what circumstances, and to whom a Native person should or should not answer the questions put to them by outsiders. I found myself nodding along with many of his/her points and devoutly wishing that the editors had taken his advice.

Part Three is entitled, 'Two-Spirit as a Lived Experience: Life Stories'. This is the best part, where the Natives get to get to tell their own stories. Tellingly, it is only thirty-three pages long — almost exactly ten percent of the book. The diversity of voices is important, including city and reservation; full blood and mixed blood; male, female, and other; traditional, queer, and modern identities

One of the most eloquent is Carrie H. House (Navajo/Oneida), whose essay on 'Navajo Warrior Women' begins with a proper recitation of her identity. "I was born in the spring, when baby eaglets make their first flight. My maternal grandfather's clan is Tsenjikini (*Honey-combed Rock People*); my paternal grandfather's clan is Tli'izi lani' (*Many Goats*). My ancestral homeland is called T'eel Ch'init'ii (*The Area Where Marsh Cattails Are Coming Out in Rows*). I explain these things because they give me my indigenous identity, who I am and where I come from. I am proud and happy to be who I am. My life is blessed." For an anthropologist, queer theorist or activist, her lengthy recitation of her

indigenous context is likely to be tedious, but for me it was like a hearing a new song sung in the evening after the tourists have gone home.

House is sensitive to the appropriation and misuse of Native culture, criticizing, "I was pained by Epple's discussion of [sacred name deleted]... Use of the words for this sacred entity should not be heard nor seen in an academic context, yet it occurs again in her chapter in this book. It is disrespectful, especially without an offering, and I wonder about the intention of her informants. It is not appropriate to have our creation stories and mythology challenged with Western scientific theories." House's criticism is underscored by the addition of non-Native author Claire R. Farrar in the a section that is supposed to be about Native people speaking their own experiences.

Farrar provides an article based on her interviews with Bernard Second, an Apache singer of ceremonies, entitled, 'A "Berdache" by Any Other Name'. Bluntly put, this was one of the articles that made me fling my book across the room upon first reading. After Jacobs' introduction specifically removed the offensive term 'berdache' from the anthropological vocabulary and replaced it with the more neutral term 'two spirit,' allowing a contributor to utilize the opprobrious term 'berdache' is hypocritical. The article itself is even worse, it is nothing more than Farrar's self-absorbed narrative about her struggle to understand the very elementary lessons Second was attempting to teach her. It is sure to delight fans of Carlos Castaneda, but in light of the criticism above, it should be clear to the reader that Farrar violates spiritual taboos that exist for good reason.

The remainder of the book deals with, 'Comments, Reflections, and Generalizations', which is turn followed by a brief section entitled 'Dealing with Homophobia'. Transphobia is not mentioned. Biographic and other notes complete the work; the addition of an index increases the utility of the book.

The number of Native American authors, editors, poets, researchers, elders, and storytellers is large; their number of publishing opportunities is small. This could have been a book written entirely by Native Americans. Such books are sorely needed. The world is flooded with books "about" Native Americans; it is time to have a flood of books by Native Americans. Only by letting Native people speak in their own voices can any clear understanding of the immense richness and complexity of LGBT2 Native Americans be gained.

As the great Native American author Sherman Alexie said, "Let us tell our own damn stories."



Gary Bowen is an FTM author of Native-American descent. He serves as Coordinator-in-Chief of American Boyz, an organization for FTMs, their families and their allies. His web address is www.netgsi.com/~listwran-gler.

Editor's Note: The reviewer uses Feinberg's preferred pronouns of 'ze' and 'hir' throughout this review.

These two very different books define Leslie Feinberg's territory as transgender activist and historian, a territory grounded in information, both in the facts of cross-gendered people in various times and places, and the facts of individual lives in the gender world. While Feinberg tells hir own story of discovery (especially in *TG Warriors*) ze looks beyond hir own experience to include photos and first-person accounts of a wide range of people, from street queens to transsexual lawyers to heterosexual cross-dressers and their wives. The books also include resource lists of organizations and information sources.

Many people talk about inclusivity as an ideal. Most find it hard to walk this road. The post-op transsexual will dismiss non-op transgenderists as "not committed." The transgenderist will describe the transsexual as "mutilated" or a dupe of the "bipolar gender system" (the term evokes wild mood swings between male and female). Both may distrust drag kings. Feminist lesbians complain that FTMs are taking away all the good butches (at a recent women's conference I heard this complaint several times). And almost all the activists dismiss the heterosexual male cross-dressers as too privileged, too superficial, too fetishistic, and especially too male.

Feinberg is determinedly inclusive. This means more than everyone getting a mention. Ze shows a genuine interest in people's lives and a refusal to expect that other people should be just like hir. *Transgender Liberation*, based on speeches to a wide range of audiences, begins with an address to a convention of cross-dressers and their wives. Ze understands that everyone who enters cross-gendered worlds does so for deep reasons. And further, such action changes their lives as well as opens them to at least the possibility of severe oppression.

Inclusivity is difficult, not least because of the terms we use. Feinberg writes "There are many shades of gender that are not even represented in language yet." Problems arise with pronouns. Feinberg prefers the androgynous ze and hir, but most people do not know these words. Ze writes of people who call hir "he." In open trans situations the word honors hir "transgender expression." In non-trans situations, however, it may take away hir identity.

A further problem arises with the terms *gay* and *straight*. Speaking to a mainstream group, Feinberg uses these in con-

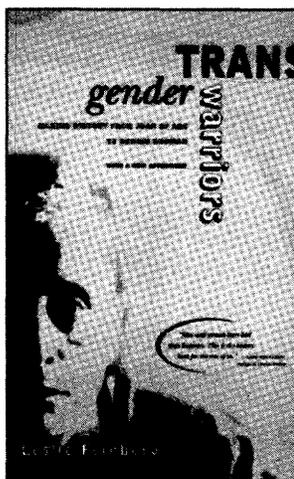
ventional ways, distinguishing, say, between "gay" queens and "straight" cross-dressers. But such distinctions are not only simplistic; they deny the identity of transgender people who base their orientation on the gender in which they live, not the one they were assigned at birth. A transman who desires women considers himself straight. He may have lived as a lesbian and knows that the difference is very real. Feinberg too knows this difference and often delineates and defends it. For some audiences, however, ze clearly feels a need to use conventional terms. But this is really a small objection in a book that overall confronts prejudices and limited thinking.

Feinberg describes *Transgender Warriors* as "the core of my pride." A work of autobiography through history, it traces

Feinberg's search for cross-gendered people in different cultures and in the past of our own culture. We have seen some of this material before, mostly about tribal peoples and the ancient Classical world. Much of it has come from homocentric writers, so that we (and transwomen in particular) have seen our ancestors hijacked into a history of gay men. Leslie Feinberg knows we cannot fit other cultures into our modern categories. Ze also knows the value of looking at stories from a trans perspective, not as a claim of truth but as a way of seeing that can give our own lives a different context, no longer weird, or sick, or decadent, but rather the inheritors of a great tradition.

Feinberg also restores some balance to historical records that focus entirely on male-to-female gender crossing. We learn, for instance, that the Amazon River gets its name from the fierce female-bodied warriors of the Tupinamba people who lived along the river's banks. We learn that the early Christian Church contained two dozen female saints who became canonized precisely because they passed as men and lived as monks and desert hermits in all-male settings.

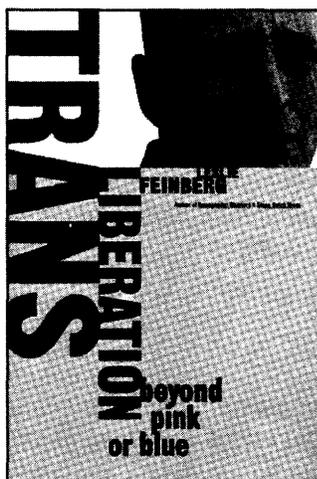
Transgender Warriors is best at recovering trans history in modern Europe. Feinberg describes how hir discovery of Joan of Arc's cross-dressing began a major turn in hir life, with its first hint of a proud history. I remember something very similar. My Junior High School French class included readings from the transcript of Joan's trial. The introductory material, and virtually everything else written about Joan, claimed that the Church burned her for witchcraft, with the evidence being that the voices, she said, told her to fight the English. But when I read the actual transcript the judges



Transgender Warriors:
Making History from Joan of Arc to Dennis Rodman
by Leslie Feinberg
Beacon Press; Paperback, 222 pages; \$20.00
ISBN 0807079413

Trans Liberation: Beyond Pink or Blue
by Leslie Feinberg
Beacon Press; Paperback, 128 pages; \$16.95
ISBN 0807079502

Reviewed by Rachel Pollack



Girlwatching

I've always watched girls - it brings out the boy in me

tho sometimes I'm a girl myself, watching other girls go by
brings out that hair-slicked-back, dick-packing, cigarette-smoking
delinquent inside,
that my girl loved so well.
maybe she still do.

I watch girls go by, as most full or part time butches will do; no matter
how many, no matter how fine, ain't none of them the girl for me.

I watch them fat girls, skinny girls, fine-assed and raggedy-assed girls,
girls with sharp hips or sharp lips, and those that are smooth and sleek.

My girl ain't perfect, but she's the only one I want.
She ain't airbrushed, or de-flawed, she's complicated as hell.

She's a femme, alright, but not one of those easy furry femmes -
she's a "don't you wish, buddy" femme,
a bra-strap hanging out femme
a "I'll suck your dick if I want to and kick your balls if don't" femme.

She's sparkle and fire and her signature is a sun.

there's only one girl I like, and she ain't here walking by
she's at her home, far away, deciding if she wants me, too.

so I look at these wiggly girls, these fine-assed sexy girls
the way I always have, the way I always do
I think how my girl is the brightest star in the whole damn sky

think how I would love to watch her walk by

and think how badly I want for my bad-assed femme to come back, and be
bad, with me.

returned again and again to the same subject, that Joan
wore men's clothes.

Unlike Leslie Feinberg, I did not pursue the question,
though it certainly stayed with me. *Transgender Warriors*
describes the importance of Joan's "gender presentation," to
the Church, Joan herself, and her followers among the peas-
ants. According to Feinberg, none of Joan's actual crimes
were a capital offense. To get rid of her once and for all, her
enemies trapped her in a cross-dresser's purge. First they
wore her down with days of torture and an offer to stop if
she would just sign an oath never to wear men's clothes
again (sound familiar to anyone?). Then, a few days later,
when she had recovered, Joan appeared before her follow-
ers dressed in men's clothes once more and said she would
never give up male attire, even if it meant her life. It did.

Breaking an oath was the capital crime her enemies

needed. Joan did not burn for hearing
voices or leading an army. She burned for
cross-dressing.

Some of us can guess why Joan would
risk her life for her gender expression.
Feinberg investigates the further ques-
tion of why it mattered so much to every-
one else. Ze points out that the Church
accused Joan of Paganism, and reminds
us that the ancient Pagan religions, based
on communal practices rather than a
hierarchical Church, very often included
transgendered men and women as holy
shamans, or spiritual leaders. Pagan ritu-
als, some of which have survived to mod-
ern times disguised as carnivals, com-
monly involved cross-dressing. Feinberg
recalls wondering for years why butches
and queens were legal one day a year,
Hallowe'en, and then learning that
Hallowe'en was originally the Celtic New
Year.

Did Joan, her peasant followers, and
the aristocrats who wanted her out of the
way all recognize Joan's clothes as a
mark of religious resistance to feudal
power? Modern historians often dismiss
Joan's clothes as necessary for battle. But
then why did she go back on her oath
after the battles had ended? And why did
her followers cheer at the sight of her
once more in men's clothes? And why did
the Inquisition care so much? Feinberg
also points out that several centuries
later men wore dresses to go into battle
against landlords and early capitalists. If

- Fierce Miri

Joan wore breeches only to fight, why did "Rebecca and Her
Daughters" wear dresses to do the same thing?

The accounts of these groups are among the most fasci-
nating in the book. Once again, I remember my own educa-
tion. In high school we read of an Irish labor group called the
Molly Maguires. The book did not explain the odd name.
How could it, when it would have to describe the way these
activists all dressed in drag? Once again, historians who do
take up this subject dismiss the cross-dressing as simply a
disguise. As Feinberg points out, a dress and a wig are not
much of a mask. And if that was all it meant, why did the
Welsh Rebecca and Her Daughters all take women's names,
and even spend time curling their wigs? *Transgender
Warriors* teaches us that the Stonewall Rebellion goes back a
long way, and not just for gay issues. Gender transgression
and resistance to power are deeply bound together.

Trans-X-U-All: The Naked Difference
Tracie O'Keefe and Katrina Fox
Extraordinary People Press, 1997,
ISBN 0-9529482-0-6

Reviewed by Spencer Bergstadt

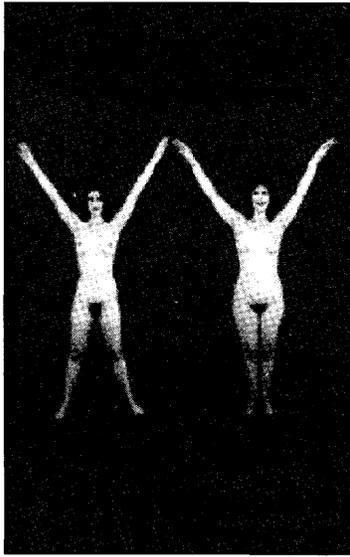
The first thing you notice about *Trans-X-U-All* is the cover. Two naked women stand side by side. Look at the back cover and the explanation is presented. The cover photo is of the two authors, non-trans woman Katrina Fox and her transwoman lover, Tracie O'Keefe.

This is essentially a basic book about what it means to be transsexual, how diagnosis is determined, an overview of treatments, politics and the law, some personal stories, and a list of resources available.

The authors start with a definitions section in which they create some new terminology to define trans people - e.g., mascusexual and feminesexual to describe FTM's and MTF's. Then they further use the prefixes of pre- to denote those who have not yet undergone genital surgery and compli- for those who have. They use trans-homosexual to describe those transsexuals whose post-transition desires are toward members of the same sex and trans-heterosexual for those whose desires are for opposite sex partners.

However, these definitions seem to be of little use outside the context of the book as they are not terms used within trans-culture or within the medical community. The former definitional structure is one that focuses on a) describing trans people using sexual terms, b) describing trans people solely on the basis of whether or not genital surgery has been completed and c) creating a hierarchy between those who are "complete" and those who are not. Further the use of the designations regarding post transition sexual orientation are not ones that seem to be used by trans folks themselves. The gay or lesbian identified trans people I run across tend to use terms like transdyke, tryke and transfag.

The authors next discuss possible causes for transsexualism including environmental influences, brain waves, brain composure, reincarnation, hormonal imbalances, pregnancy abnormalities, genetics, etc.. Each section is no more than a one to a few paragraphs in length and no one area is covered in any detail. Oddly, the authors include a section on social effects in talking briefly about evidence of FTM's in Czechoslovakia. It is unclear from the section if they are talking about a social phenomenon that occurs in parts of Czechoslovakia which are rather old in origin- at least since early 1800's (in terms of record keeping). The Muskabanja (a term which the authors don't use and apparently didn't bother to research) are female bodied people who live socially as men. For some, they choose this path themselves, for others, it is chosen for them by their families. The authors, however, choose to categorize these people as likely being potential lesbians not transmen. Neither interpretation seems accurate, however, because both are based on Western modern notions and definitions and do not take into



account the cultural context of the Muskabanja.

In the treatment section the authors discuss various medical treatments for trans people, including hormone therapy and surgical options. While the book purports to be for both FTM's and MTF's, it is clear that the authors are far more familiar with treatments for MTF's and hence, cover them in greater detail than those procedures for FTM's. The authors don't even discuss hysterectomy for FTM's and only cursorily discuss metoidioplasty, and scrotoplasty.

The authors similarly skim over some topics that would be very interesting to see discussed in greater detail in the Politics and the Law section. The authors discuss

Corbett v. Corbett, which is a British case wherein the courts determined that trans-people in Britain could not legally change their gender for purposes of marriage or passport. They cursorily discuss the problems associated with use of public restrooms, lack of insurance coverage for medical care, and marriage - yet do not offer any suggested solutions or political activism.

They make some rather sweeping statements as well: about how people define their individual relationships, most notably about Kate Bornstein and David Harrison, without asking the people themselves; about how the DSM IV removed transsexualism from its pages, without noting that GID was the replacement diagnosis; they talk about feminism and transsexualism but never mention that basic tenant of feminism - my body, my choices; they spend two pages rehashing Janice Raymond's outdated book; mention lesbians and transsexuals but only how lesbians have reacted to MTFs - there is nary a mention of FTMs and their experiences within the lesbian community or the cries of betrayal and misogyny that meet many an FTM; they also label lesbians as extremists and wonder, "Why then, can these extremist groups not apply the compassion, understand and acceptance which they desire for themselves to transsexuals" [note: transsexuals here means MTFs as FTMs are not part of the discussion]. The answer for the authors, is simply one of education.

The only part of the book which really spoke to me at all was the last section which is a collection of short personal stories contributed by some trans-people and some family members. The trans-folk speak eloquently about their lives and the decisions they've made in living their lives in a whole and happy way. There is one hard to read story from the father of an FTM who desperately wants his child to go back to living as a woman. However it is balanced by the compassionate and caring stories from other parents and from the partners and siblings of transfolk who speak of finding acceptance and joy in the live of their transsexual children, siblings and partners.

The book concludes with a number of resources for additional reading, organizations located worldwide and Internet sources for information and support.

STAGE/FILM/VIDEO

Hedwig and The Angry Inch is regarded by many people in the Gay and gender communities as a cutting edge piece of post-modernism. With respect to the brilliance of the music, in many ways to me it seemed to already be a nostalgia piece, as much a rock'n'roll cliché as the snippets of "Rhiannon" and other '70s rock standbys that are sampled by the band, 'The Angry Inch' throughout the play.

So far as I could gather, the plot is of a Gay youth growing up in East Berlin who has some kind of very crude surgery in order to pass as a woman to marry an American soldier in order to escape to the West. Ironically, a couple of years later the Berlin wall comes down, making Hedwig's traumatic experience unnecessary. One of the themes, explored in the most memorable song from the show, "The Origin of Love", is about the myth that "man" and "woman" were once one, split asunder by the gods who feared that humans so unified were a dangerous challenge to the gods' power. This may be a profound meditation on gender, or then again it may be a dash of Greek mythology to give some flavour to the Dionysian aspects of the performance. By now I'm much too jaded to be able to tell the difference. Apparently the division between East and West represented by the Berlin wall is in some way symbolic of the split between genders.

It is also readily apparent that the Berlin setting is to evoke the classic era of glam rock in Berlin in the early 1970s when Lou Reed made the "Transformer" album, Iggy Pop did "Raw Power" and David Bowie did "Ziggy Stardust & the Spiders from Mars." Music from these three albums is played in the play, and the original songs in the show sound very much like an imitation of these three glam rock originators with elements of the New York Dolls thrown in.

There are also references to "A Star is Born" meets "The Crying Game" when Hedwig has a relationship with an arena rock star whom she gives a name and an album's worth of great songs to, only to be abandoned when he rejects her because of her one inch stump of genitalia. This is a major flaw in the logic of the show, because apparently the genitalia that shock and horrify her rock star boyfriend also got her through a medical exam, married to an American and safely out of East Germany. By the end of the show when she strips down to show an obviously male body, one realizes that her autobiographical tale of "passing" as a woman using her mother's passport cannot possibly be true even within the logic of the play, reducing all of the drama to a mere post-modern put-on as opposed to the Greek tragedy cathartic experience promised by the second song.

Hedwig AND THE ANGRY INCH

Book by John Cameron Mitchell
Music and Lyrics by Stephen Trask

reviewed by Chelsea Goodwin

The other rock'n'roll cliché is her relationship with her "husband" and band mate, who first appears as a bearded rock'n'roll man played by a female actress. We are told that she is a Bosnian Jew whom Hedwig married to bring into the country on the condition that she stop doing drag because she looks better in drag (and sings better) than Hedwig, who is a German prima donna. Hedwig's cruelty to this character is totally unsympathetic, and particularly disquieting when she

plays on the theme of her identity as a German with a Jew in bondage to her. Apart from the gender aspect, the bickering is very much like that between the Davies brothers in the earlier years of the Kinks, or between Lennon and McCartney – the classic "this band isn't big enough for the both of us" macho ego game that has





When she strips down to show an obviously male body, one realizes that her autobiographical tale of "passing" as a woman using her mother's passport cannot possibly be true even within the logic of the play.

forced" to adopt the feminine gender role, might understand the gender confusion and the sado-masochistic aspect to Hedwig's undergoing a gender change to escape Communist oppression. This doesn't really work logically in that East Germany was unique in the Communist world for its acceptance of homosexuality and Transgendered identities and life-style, apparently as a guilt-induced reaction to the Nazi murder of homosexuals and other "sex deviates" in the Holocaust.

Hedwig herself makes several jokes about the Nazis and about ethnic cleansing in the former Yugoslavia that are in appalling bad taste. In the middle of one song she even goose-steps and seig heils. Perhaps this is a mere reference to Bowie's own self-proclaimed "fascist" period especially when the ethnic cleansing joke fails to elicit a laugh and she says, "No fascists in the audience? I thought this was New York." It is New York, and the kind of fascist posing that was semi-acceptable in the rock'n'roll underground in the seventies has no place in a city that is resisting the very real fascism and policies of ethnic cleansing being practiced by Giuliani and his blue-shirted army of occupation. It seems that Hedwig is torturing somebody who is truly transgendered and desperate to come out as a sort of revenge because her "sex-change" was forced upon her by circumstance. There's also some vague indication that the air of decadence and the gender-bending in Hedwig refers back to the glam rock era in Berlin of the 1970s which in turn referred back to the air of decadence and gender bending of Berlin in the 1920s. It was the German version of the rock'n'roll counter-culture with elements of Berthold Brecht representing a break down of order as a rebellion against a country that had been destroyed for creating a New World

marred rock-'n'roll at least since the earliest days of the British invasion with a Drag Queen twist — which, come to think of it, is not that different from the bickering between Mick and Brian Jones of the early Rolling Stones.

Frankly, I didn't understand the gender aspect of the play at all. Kate Bornstein, who frequently says that "in the pornography of my people we are often

Order of horror and mass murder. It was a generation simultaneously rebelling against the Nazi past and the blanket of silence that had been placed over it as Nazi parents tried to shield the next generation from knowledge of the atrocities of which their parent's generation were guilty.

My own reaction to the play is similar to my reaction to the glam rock of the 1970s. I was there to participate in the underground glam rock scene yet always felt distant from it as my identity was never based upon using gender non-conformity as deliberate shock value. Having been through "The Rocky Horror Picture Show" and now "Hedwig," what I would really like to see is an actual Transsexual character who is angry, satirical, talented and who is sympathetic. From my point of view, Hedwig as a character is much too flawed to be a culture hero/heroine. Perhaps the "husband" who becomes a beautiful woman as Hedwig, has a break down on stage, during which she strips off the wig and most of her clothes, leaving us with a somewhat shocking image of a bald gay man in garish make-up would be such a character. Perhaps this is what the author is hinting at as the audience is gradually drawn into sympathy with this character who is perpetually upstaged and abused by Hedwig.

This brings us to the central contradiction of this Gay-friendly play. Why does Hedwig have to always be in a female role with male lovers, and when s/he finally does have a female lover, does she have to revert to a more masculine role? When will we see a Transsexual Lesbian couple on stage?

I would recommend that anybody who wants to re-live the era of glam rock, drugs, strobe lights and gender confusion go see *Hedwig and the Angry Inch*. The songs alone make the experience worth it. The band seriously rocks, and the performance holds the interest. If it wasn't against the law, I would definitely recommend smoking a couple of joints before entering the theatre. However, to me as a survivor of the glam rock era, too many aspects of the play were like that recurring nightmare, the one where you are at the Pearly Gates and find that your punishment for your sins is that you are sent back to high school.



Chelsea Goodwin is an critic and essayist living in Park Slope, Brooklyn. She has recently completed a compendium of her writings entitled "Side By Side: The SRS Journals of Two Transsexual Lesbians," published by Green Frog Press. Goodwin is the Chairperson of the Metropolitan Gender Network.

Sex Flesh In Blood

directed by Christopher Lee and J Zapata

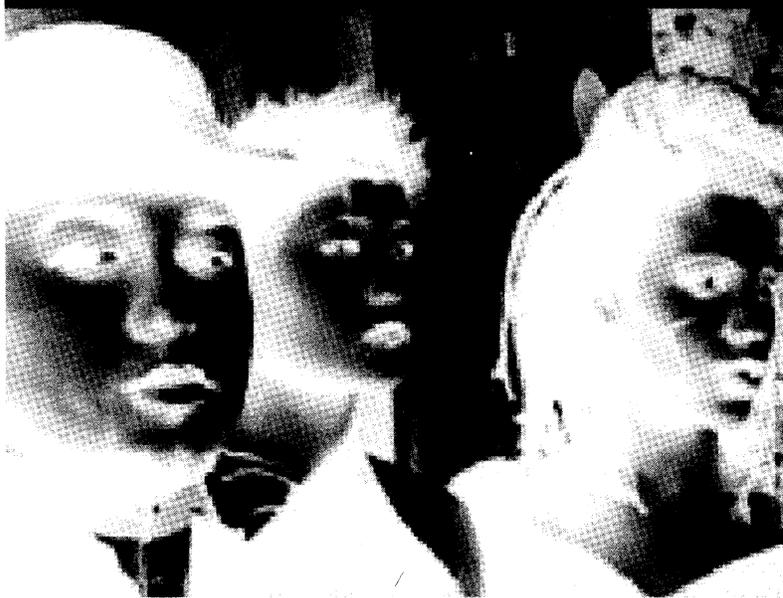
1999; USA, 75 min; Video

reviewed by Dame [REDACTED]

Amidst the brooding urban shadows and nighttime playgrounds of pre millennial San Francisco lurks one of the most brutally awakening, culturally vivid, and transcendently sexy pieces of avant-garde erotica that this queen has ever experienced: Christopher Lee and J. Zapata's definitive gothic porn, *Sex Flesh in Blood*. Starting a spectral cast of irreverent goths and playful sodomites including, among others, *Alley of the Tranny Boys* veterans Angel and the ever-radiant JadeBlue Eclips, this homage to genderfuck has something to offer everyone of the Generation Sex crowd, from boot licking to ball-slapping, public sex to anal sex, copious leather to corsets – but perhaps most thrilling of all for the jaded set like me a refreshing marriage of Hong Kong kitsch sensibility (complete with Mandarin voiceovers and subtitles) with a surprisingly sophisticated queer porn aesthetic.

I know of no other video like this. Lee and Zapata's debut video, *Alley of the Tranny Boys*, represents one of the only films (porn or otherwise) to approach the topic of female-to-male (FTM) (trans) sexuality head-on, and on its own terms; it has a cast and crew made up of a majority of people of color in an industry that is famous for its milky whiteness; it portrays controversial situations like abduction and S/M with an almost casual openness; and it also just happens to be good porn. *Sex Flesh in Blood* picks up where *Alley* left off, seeking to challenge while providing a good, clean charge. With a constellation of diverse actors already mentioned as well as newcomers Svetlana, Otto Erotic, and Johnny Blade, *Sex* strives for a dark mood that turns out to blend curiously well with a quasi-familial intimacy. You sense that the actors and directors know each other well, and reveal themselves accordingly, yet at the same time the settings for these disclosures are the anonymous backdrops of the municipal underbelly: a cemetery, a public bathroom, a trainyard.

You sense the actors and directors know each other well, and reveal themselves accordingly, yet the settings for these disclosures are the anonymous backdrops of the municipal underbelly: a cemetery, a public bathroom, a trainyard.



In a word, *Sex Flesh in Blood* is post-p.c. porn for the weary. A series of brief vignettes, it rounds out the Oedipal dystopia of the gothic fixation on death with a healthy dose of sexy fuck-you punk. In one scene, for example, Angel gets a blowjob amidst the spectrally androgynous hues of a graveyard at dusk. As he moves to hold his slave's head down over his substantial tranny dick, his eyes are caught briefly by the camera. For a fleeting moment, Angel meets our gaze, flashing us a sublime smile of acknowledgement, and then matter-of-factly returns to the business at hand. Later, when the camera pans in on Angel and his slave as they pose against the muscular pillar of a stout mausoleum cross, he flips us the finger and laughs. In another scene, skinhead Otto Erotic practices the art of giving and receiving with the elegant Johnny Blade, all while sporting a muscle-tee emblazoned with the word "Funeral." For *Sex Flesh in Blood*, death is a kind of leitmotif.

One of the hottest scenes opens with Svetlana masturbating in a Chinese cemetery. Pantherlike, Jade-Blue Eclips and Hung Hai Yee slip into view of the camera and abduct the girl from her midnight revels. When they've got her in their lair in the back of a convertible, Hung proceeds to supervise while Jade bends Svetlana over the seat and does her with a strap-on. During this scene, Jade, who is on a leash held by Hung, works up a well-earned sweat while Hung, bitchy and nonchalant, applies makeup or from time to time eggs the two on.

Together the actors form a sort of tableau, not unlike the famous painting of George Washington crossing the Potomac, in which Hung, who is standing up, passes on the cycle of submission through Jade to Svetlana, who is on her hands and knees. Against the rhythmic squeaking of the car and occasional sound of slaps, you can even see as the head of a mannequin occasionally bobbing up in the lower right corner of the screen, a silent observer to it all.

Sex Flesh in Blood is vintage neo-gothpunk, the conspicuously unrepressed alter-ego of the movie *Liquid Sky*. Accompanied by an amazing custom soundtrack of 'ambient industrial bossinova' techno-punk by *Vularian Lezboi*, music by *Slow Club* (featuring Leslie Man of *Tribe 8* and tracks from debut album by the Taiwanese all-girl punk band *Ladybug*,

this video has everything a smart guy-girl-transgender-transpecies horndog could ask for, and then some.

Sex Flesh in Blood is the antidote to modern low-budget porn, which is often practically anesthetic in its efforts to replace detail and originality with the bland homogeneity

that passes for sexy in the 90's. Here, the revolution lies in the details, in the video's nearly uncategorizable charm: it confounds attempts to pigeonhole, a truly original work.

When I was a small child and my father ran a dusty corner antique shop full of the standard old books, rusty jackknives and one-armed Kewpie dolls. One day Dad came in with a huge mounted Mammoth jaw, the actual jaw of the actual prehistoric mammal, and placed it on the counter. He pondered it for a while, his pen poised reflectively over an index card, no doubt cowed by the awesome responsibility of determining a price for such an ancient and unusual object, by his middleman's power to assign value to the highly liminal and even prophetic in the mundane world. Eventually he arrived at a decision, scribbled on the card, and put the whole

ensemble out in the display case. The card read simply "Be the first on your block. \$500."

Sex Flesh in Blood premiered on Saturday, June 26, 1999 at the Roxie as part of the San Francisco Lesbian and Gay film festival. After that you can look for it online at <http://members.aol.com/trannyfest>, or send a money order to Christopher Lee at P.O. Box 14354, San Francisco, CA 94114. The video will cost \$39.95.

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We Are Transenders

Directed by Lulu Ogawa

1998; Japan; 78 minutes

Japanese with English Subtitles

Reviewed by Gwendolyn Ann Smith

Lulu Ogawa's documentary, *"We Are Transenders,"* provides a glimpse into transgender activism in Japan, and presents not only a cultural portrait of transgenderism in Japan, but also the effects of the western transgender movement on Japanese trans activists.

In viewing the film, it seems obvious that Japanese trans activists borrow liberally from western counterparts (such as *Transexual Menace*) in efforts to fight similar battles for rights, particularly over the inability to change one's family registry to reflect name and gender changes.

Indeed, not only are the battles and the tactics similar, but the community seems to fall along similar lines of thinking. In one instance, we meet an female-to-male named Yutaka Inoue representing G-Front Kansai. His views of life as a transgendered individual fall in line with a number of western trans-activists when, describing himself, he says, "To make it simple, you can call me an FTM TG but Inoue is Inoue."

The Japanese community also shows similar lines of division as its western counterparts. While one transsexual individual, Tsukiko, a US-Japanese Comparative Literature Scholar and male-to-female transsexu-

al, speaks of discrimination as being "more the psychological delusion of being a victim.... about having no self-confidence" while another male-to-female transsexual, Yuki, a dancer at "The Beauty Men" club, speaks of a lifetime of discrimination in spite of her defiance. "Everyone would tease me," she says, "call me names like 'girly boy' and 'fag'. I got pretty defiant about it by junior high. I'd say things like, 'What's wrong with that?'" It would appear that status and position, in this case, have more of a bearing on discrimination than self-confidence.

One of the strongest interviews presented in *"We Are Transenders"* is that of Tsubasa and Mii at Coffee Shop Tsubasa. Tsubasa is a female-to-male Transgender, while Mii is male-to-female Transgender, who both met when they worked at two different trans-themed clubs. In spite of difficulties within society, as well as pressure from other transgendered individuals that they not date, they both have carved out a married life together, and have even raised a daughter, Mai.



Tsubasa views about their relationship, and the resistance that they have faced as transgendered individuals, are short, but speak volumes: "Everyone's warped somehow. A circle may be perfect, but we're all chipped somewhere. People chipped in the same spot don't stand out. We're chipped in very different places, so people say we're strange. But we make a circle as a couple, so it's all right."

Unfortunately, the chips in this film don't help make it a perfect circle. Rough camera work, including a lengthy section filmed with a hand-held camera following a group through a public bath, and poor editing, make this a difficult film to sit through. While the material is all fascinating, it may suffer from "too much of a good thing," and could stand to be a bit shorter. Editing down some of the longer sequences, for instance, would provide a lot more impact when needed, and, as in the aforementioned sequence in a public bath, would have made it much easier to watch, rather than causing members of the audience to feel a bit "seasick."

Still, it manages to overcome its own flaws long enough to paint a portrait of a nascent community much like that in the United States and Europe, a passionate group of individuals fighting to secure their rights in a sometimes less-than-supportive society — a group of individuals who are finding the power to change their world.

Gwendolyn Ann Smith serves as the Area Coordinator of the Transgender Community Forum on America Online, has been co-hosting its Sunday Gender Chat for the last six years, and has created numerous transgender-specific web projects, including the award-winning "Remembering Our Dead" project at www.gender.org/remember. She also serves on the Board of AEGIS and is an advisor to the Gay and Lesbian Historical Society of Northern California.

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FORUMS, GROUPS, E-CHATS

Transgender Forum www.tgforum.com/
Transgender Gazebo
www.onq.com/transgender_gazebo.html
TG CyberQueer Lounge
www.cyberzine.org/html/GLAIDS/Transgender/transgender.html
TG Network Int'l. www.tgni.com/
TG Community Forum Library
members.aol.com/onqgwen/library/index.html
TG Community
content.gay.com/transgender_gazebo.html

INFORMATION AND SELF-HELP RESOURCES

Above&Beyond Gender Resources (massive index)
www.abmall.com/cb/tg/res.html
And Justice for All www.qrd.org/qrd/www/orgs/aja/
Anne Lawrence MD: TS Women's Resources
www.annelawrence.com/index.html
Center for Gender Sanity
www.gendersanity.com/index.shtml
Int'l Sexual Minority Info Resource www.ismir.org
Notes on Gender Transition/Ann Vitale Ph.D.
www.avitale.com
Resources for the Christian Transsexual
members.tripod.com/~terrim/TSCHRIST.HTM
The Sex Change "Indigo Pages"
home.ici.net/~robbyn/Indigo/Sc/index.html
TG Community Info (older AOL files)
members.aol.com/onqgwen/index.html
Transgender Employment Links
www.gendersanity.com/resources.shtml
Transsexual.org transsexual.org
TS Road Map members.aol.com/tsroadmap/tsroadmap.html
TV, TS, TG articles, info & FAQs
ezinfo.ucs.indiana.edu/~mberz/ttt.html
TWorld Welcome www.qworld.org/friends/Tworld/

FTM SPECIFICALLY

FTM Informational Network www.ftminfo.net/index.html
FTM Pride Ring
www.geocities.com/westhollywood/heights/5443/ring.html
FTM's Pride Ring
www.webring.org/cgi-bin/webring?ring=ftmring:list
Roughriders (Erotic Ezine for Transmen)
www.netgsi.com/~transman
The American Boyz www.amboyz.org
TransMan's Information Project www.trans-man.org
TransMen Education
TransMenEducation.homestead.com/Main.html

NATIONAL ORGANIZATIONS

American Boyz www.netgsi.com/~listwrangler/
FTM International www.ftm-intl.org/index.html
GenderPAC www.gpac.org/
Gender Education & Advocacy www.gender.org/
Conference on TG Law & Employment Policy (ICTLEP)
www.abmall.com/tss/ictlep.html
International Foundation for Gender Education (IFGE)
www.ifge.org
Intersex Society of North America www.isna.org/
It's Time, America! (ITA) www.tgender.net/ita
Renaissance Education Association www.ren.org/index.html
Transexual Menace www.apocalypse.org/pub/tsmenace/
Transgendered Officers Protect & Serve (TOPS)
www.uncle.org/tops

LOCAL AND STATE ORGANIZATIONS

California: Center for Gender Sanity
www.concentric.net/~Merkins
Colorado: SCIRTS
www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Heights/4484
Colorado: The Gender Identity Center of Colorado
www.transgender.org/tg/gic/index.html
Gender-gifted New Zealand nzcom.co.nz/NZ/Queer/Trans-NZ
Georgia: Southern Comfort Conference www.sccatl.com
Las Vegas Transgender Web
www.xts.net/lvtgw/index_ms.htm
Los Angeles Gender Center www.lagendercenter.com
Missouri: St. Louis Gender Foundation
members.aol.com/stlgf1/index.html
New York: The NY Assn. for Gender Rights Advocacy
www.nyagra.org/
Oklahoma: Central Oklahoma TG Alliance (COTA)
www.outline.com/trans/cota.html
Ottawa TG Group www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/9630
SF Bay Area TransBay group www.transbay.org/
T.O.P.S./NZ Trans Sex Workers
nzco.co.nz/NZ/Queer/Trans-NZ/org.htm
Washington State: Ingersoll Gender Center
www.ingersollcenter.org

INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATIONS

CHANGE Home Page (UK)
users.aol.com/ts1change/homepage.htm
Gender Mosaic: TS & X-Dressing Info
www.ncf.carleton.ca/freeport/sigs/life/gay/xdress/menu
Greece: TS issues in Greece
www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Stonewall/7012/
Human Rights for Transsexuals/Transgendered
www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/5435

Mexico: Revisita de la Mujer Transgénica
www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Stonewall/8887
Northern Concord TV/TS Support Group
www.u-net.com/~nconcord
Press For Change (PFC) www.pfc.org.uk
Scandinavian Transgender Page <http://home.sol.no/~jane/>

MEDICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL SERVICES

Index of Surgeons home.ici.net/~robbyn/Indigo/Sc/Surgeons
Kunaporn, Dr. Sanguan, Thailand
www.phuket-plasticsurgery.com
Maravelias, Dr. Amanda (Greece)
www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Stonewall/7012/
Menard, Dr. Yvon & Pierre Brassard's SRS Web Site
www.grsmontreal.com
Schrang, Dr. Eugene www.drshrang.com
Toby Meltzer, M.D. www.tmeltzer.com

PUBLICATIONS AND MEDIA

Transsexual News Telegraph (TNT) www.transsexnews.com
GENDERS magazine/academic www.genders.org/
GenderTalk Radio www.gendertalk.com
International Journal of Transgenderism www.symposion.com/ijt
Transgender Community News www.ren.org/tcn.html

TRANS HISTORY

History of TG people pwh.base.org/
Leslie Feinberg's TG Warrior page
www.transgenderwarrior.org/
Remembering TG Dead
www.gender.org/remember/index.html
TransHistory.org www.transhistory.org/index.html
TS, TG & IntSx History
www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Heights/6735/TS_History.html

NON-TRADITIONAL & RADICAL GENDER

Above & Beyond Gender www.abmall.com/cb/tg/res.html
Butch-Femme.Com www.butch-femme.com/contents
Hermaphrodite: The Other Gender
members.tripod.com/~Berdache_Two
Kindred Spirits (trans Spirituality retreats)
<http://www.transpirits.org>
Transensual Femme: FTM's & Butches' Femme SOs & Admirers
www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Cafe/6603/
Androgyny RAQ (rarely asked questions)
www.wavefront.com/~raphael/
Shades Beyond Gray: queer/pansexual erotic journal
www.boychick.com/

PERSONAL PAGES

Adrienne Davis www.igc.apc.org/ajdavis/home.html
Carousel of Gender/Anneke Smelik
www.let.ruu.nl/womens_studies/anneke/carous.htm
Veronica Klaus (TS cabaret singer) www.veronicaklaus.com
Melanie Phillips/voice technique & bio
<http://heartcorps.com/melanie>
Christine Beatty www.glamazonrocks.com/christine
Desir'e Dawn www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Heights/2181
Justevelyn.com www.justevelyn.com/
Lena, TS from Kiev www.halyava.ru/elena/index.html
Raphael Carter's Home Page www.wavefront.com/~raphael

Skyebloom's Spot members.tripod.com/~imsol/
Sandy Stone's Homepg <http://home.actlab.utexas.edu/~sandy>
Tova www.eskimo.com/~tova/

LISTSERVES AND NEWSGROUPS

alt.personals.transgendered news:alt.personals.transgendered
alt.support.srs news:alt.support.srs
alt.transgendered news:alt.transgendered
de.alt.soc.transgendered news:de.alt.soc.transgendered
soc.support.transgendered news:soc.support.transgendered

READING

Gender & Sexuality • index of 100s articles
english-www.hss.cmu.edu/gender/
Confessions of A Gender Defender
members.aol.com/rettner/index.html
Transgenderism Index www.sexuality.org/transgen.html
Gender Issues songweaver.com/gender/
Confluence Publications www.savina.com/confluence
Gender Dysphoria: A Guide for the Non-Transitioning
www.geocities.com/HotSprings/Chalet/4555/introduction.html



TG LINKS

Anna's TG/TS Links
www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/4114/annaslinks9.html
Elite Transsexuals WebRing
www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Village/3203/webring.html
Evelyn's Links www.justevelyn.com/toppage3.htm
Gender Issues/massive links
songweaver.com/gender/gender-info.html
Global TransGenderRing
www.echonyc.com/~degrey/LCove/tgring.html
HandiLinks To Transgender
www.ahandyguide.com/cat1/t/t412.htm
TG Fashion Links
www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/3371/fashion.html
TG Lesbian Erotica/Links
esbianerotica.miningco.com/msubtg.htm?pid=2723&cob=home
Songweaver's Gender Issues Information
songweaver.com/gender/gender-info.html

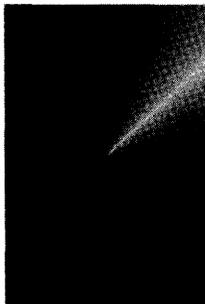
MISCELLANEOUS

Camp Trans '99 www.CampTrans.com
Cibeles Trans personales.mundivia.es/trans/ TARGET=
Interview with Jerry Leach ("ex-TS")
www.gospelcom.net/mlm/jleach.html
Online Alchemy: Art of Loren Cameron www.lorencameron.com
Sampark Project (Hijras)
www.netmagic.net/~anniepoo/sampark/index.html
Transgender Insanity!
www.tiac.net/users/danam/transsexual.HTML

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