

# GenderFlex

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A Polygenderous Publication

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## Who Is She, This Miss ETVC '93?



Aspirants to the title of Miss ETVC 1993 as they appeared January 17 for their interviews: Top row from left— Pamela Souza, Lauren Renè Hotchkiss, Robyn Roberts, Kristen St. James, Alexis Fury & Miss ETVC '92 Billie Jean Jones; bottom row from left— Evette LaRoquaurie, Robin Barrett, Shawna Ladd, Dianne Summers. Photo Credit: Jane Kamper Bentley.

## March On Washington

The March On Washinhgton scheduled for April 25, 1993 may become the single largest demonstration for Civil Rights in the his/herstory of the United States. The 57 point platform includes comprehensive "transgender" representation, and Transgender Nation, a spin-off group of Queer Nation, will be visibly marching along with many diverse "gender-benders," including (hopefully) Miss ETVC '92. The coalition of Lesbian, Gay & Bisexual people and groups deserve and need all the support they can get. Please help.

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

## Billie Jean Blabs

YO! Itza new year (ya think time agrees with our definitions? For that matter, do ya believe the universe really goes along with our interpretations of it?) Whoa, I better be careful or I'll start nesting a buncha parenthetical thoughts in one-o-these sentences and that will surely spawn another round of the Diablo Valley Girls trying to do the same thing (besides, I get so derivative (I mean like I sometimes get lost in various tangents (I shoulda been a rocket scientist calculating vectors (but then I'd have to dissect my brain to find out what happened (gosh, imagine that, me, Billie Jean, Rocket Scientist! (ah, but then I'd have to getta job to pay off my student loans (do ya think anybody would lend me money? (speaking of money, how come I ain't rolling in dough? (no, I don't wanna be a baker (or a butcher (or a candlestick maker— although I do have an attraction to molding and shaping things and candlestick makers don't have to do it the same way every time... oh, oh I'm stuck inside a nesting with the bird-brain blues again), I mean a meat butcher, not a butch woman even though I am kinda butch), however, at least a baker makes bread), which brings me back to the question of why don't I get paid a lotta dough for exploring the esoteric fringes of culture?) —maybe it never occurred to anyone that it takes a lotta investment capital to explore—) space: The Final Frontier), but dissecting brains is just another butcher job, ain't it?): calling all vectors, calling all vectors) hey! I'm almost oughta the Tangent Zone!) whew, ya think this is easy?), and anyway, the Diablo Valley Girls might get lost and then they'd all be Lost Girls (instead of just a few of 'em).

My Goddess, that was a difficult passage for so early in the morning (it's 6am and I got here at 5:30 (that's because I woke up at 4 (ya know, I was thinking that I might be able to get a little creative writing in— have ya ever considered that the line between neurosis and creative expression is very thin?), but I went to sleep at 8:30), and it's a cold, dark morning).

Damneth, I'm probably ruining any chance I had of fleecing money outta the minuscule readership of this here publication. Oh well.

### OnWard & DownWard

Onward & downward does not refer to Ward Cleaver (besides, who [other than me of course] would even consider that June would go down on Ward? Oh, she might get on his case but... hmmm... how do ya think Beaver got his name?). No, onward & downward simply refers to the act of reading, see? It's like ya start at the top and ya end at the bottom— same as writing except sometimes ya gotta splice things together so it either makes cents or sense, neither of which usually happens in this column, but that's not a point I want to dwell on too long. Besides, I already covered the subliminal message in the first paragraph, and as faithful readers know, I go on and on and ya gotta keep changing columns, end one at the bottom, go to the top of the next one, turn the page, up and down, up and down and on and on and purty soon ya be

lost. Even I don't know what I've been writing about by the time I get to the end of the last column. Sometimes it feels like eating, purty soon ya be hungry again and so ya eat again and then maybe have a snack and later... well, ya know, later— ya exhaust the residue.

### Speaking of Residue

Gotta little feedback from my *Tapestry* article, "Who Speaks GenderLingo?" Seems one-o-the elected officers of a prominent GenderGroup gotta little hot after reading the blab and smashed out a response but tore it up after "getting it off her chest" (!). Yes indeedee, there I was at my last "official" reigning Miss ETVC social at the Chez Mollet (Dec. 30), looking spiffy in my "Bankers Club" suit from Macy's (with four layers of hose to hide my hairy, butch legs)—and feeling a little anxiety because Mrs. Billie Jean came with me, the first time "we've" been out for a long time—when I was informed the numbers I used (derived from the amazing math department's analysis of various statistics and information gleaned from years of dedicated research) were bullshit. Well, I tell you, at least she could have said heifer-doo, or cow-poo. (These gender-specific terms are such a hassle to get right, aren't they?) Anyway, one-o-the points brought up had to do with why ethnic and cultural "minorities" don't attend the predominantly white and heterosexist gender events. And, that is a good point; one that I have been corresponding with the Congress of Representatives Chair, and a few other people with. In fact, Mrs. Billie Jean and I discussed it on the way back to Sac. She was a little upset to find out that I wrote a letter to *Tapestry* suggesting that unless ethnic and cultural "minorities" (including FTMs and non-heterosexuals), were included in "the community" as it is often called, an appropriate name for "the community" might be The Aryan Sisterhood. Mrs. Billie Jean (a person "of color") brought up the point that calling Anglo cross-dresser clubs "The Aryan Sisterhood" was tantamount to saying "nigger" to African-Americans. So I pulled my black suede pump outta my mouth and meekly murmured that it was just a suggestion. Then I started thinking about a positive way to phrase the issue.

As the prominent and duly elected officer stated: "We've done a heck of a lot to let people know where we are." She went on to say that she believed it was an issue of social/economic "class"; that cross-dressing could be an expensive and time-consuming "hobby." And that, "if 'they' don't come, what can we do?"

### Visualize a Neighborhood

Better yet, a whole city. And within the city, streets, boulevards, avenues, cul-de-sacs. Ah, here we are turning onto GenderLand Circle. Look at all these houses, whole families with a place to call home. There's a green one, there's a red one, a blue one and a yellow one; there's a big one, there's a little one, a new one and an older one; there's a fine one and a dumpy one and they all don't look the same. Welcome to the GenderHood. Let's just get outta the car and check out the vacant one, okay? I wonder what the neighbors are like? Ya think they have block parties? I hope so. I hope they like to visit 'cause in my last neighborhood everybody

just stayed to themselves. Heck, when I was growing up, everybody visited everybody. Nobody even locked their doors unless they went on vacation. Oh, I remember an older couple who didn't venture out much. Yeah, and we had one family that expected you to visit their house when they invited ya. But they wouldn't ever go over to the other neighbors. We all eventually stopped going over to their place 'cause they were real fussy about making sure ya followed all the rules they had. They eventually died but nobody knew for about a week. After that, a new family moved in and they liked to visit and be visited, so everybody got along purty darn good. Yeah, everybody was different, had different stuff— it was way cool. I miss that neighborhood.

**Butt on the Other Hand**

Which is what ya get when yer driving along and ya can only get one hand warm at a time. See? And if ya change hands real quick and slap the steering wheel, ya get the sound of one hand clapping.

**Quick! Change!**

So there I was December 19 cruising my ride over to Glenda's house (and Peggy's, too) for the SGA "Holiday Party." Resplendent in a Goodwill \$6.50 sweater outfit that cleverly covered up my chest and neck hairs (the Mrs. has a fondness for those), I was looking forward to finding out what the heck was going on with SGA. Hadn't been to a social with 'em since March although I had dropped off copies of the ol' newsletter a few times. It's been hard to figure what they'd been up to since their newsletter hasn't been published for some time. Anyway, I sashayed right outta the cold, early December night and right on in to the warmth. My Goddess, there was more feedbag than a whole herd of heifers could decimate! And libations! And a buncha people! And they say transvestites are nearly invisible (well I've said that). So we all partied away, gabbing and blabbing and ho-ho-ho gift exchanging. Congrats to Glenda & Peggy on their recent nuptials (Glen stood in for Glenda); nice to see Amanda & Carmen, Annette & Christina, Chrissy & Helen (married couples); Martina and her mother Emma, Roberta, Susie (first time "out") Addie (a female visitor), Jeri Anne, Billie (not me), Jody & Mona (just dating), and whoever I left out (I'm name-dropping here in a shameless attempt to increase the donation rate).

**Ahem**

Should also mention that I hadda fab time at the November 16 DVG social, even though I didn't win the raffle. Met an

interesting lady who had been corresponding (via computer) with some isolated and closeted cross-dressers. The reason she came to the DVG social was to "scout" the situation so she could report back that yes, there are places male-women can go. I often wonder just how many people there are who are hesitant to explore the world without someone else assuring them it's okay. This lady, whose name I've forgotten, deserves awards for both Courage and Compassion.

**Oh**

Almost forgot to mention that the 2nd Transgender Law Conference, scheduled for August '93, will have a workshop at the Texas 'T' Party as well as in Denver during April. Contact Phyllis Frye, 5707 Firenza, Houston, TX 77035.

**Well**

That about wraps up this issue's *Blab* rap, except for the fish wrap.  
Luv,

*Billie Jean*



Most of the crowd at the SGA Holiday Party  
PHOTO CREDIT: Glenda Griffith

**Gratuitious Filler**

Back issues of **TV Guise** (April, May & June '91) are still available by mail for one-fifty (\$1.50) each, postage paid; the July, August, September, October, November, Dec/Jan & Feb/Mar (91/92) issues are available for two bucks (\$2.00) each, postage paid. The April/May/June, July/August, Sept/Oct & Nov/Dec/Jan (92/93) issues of **GenderFlex** are available for \$2 each. All postage paid will be first class USA only.

Contributions (articles, letters, etc.), and faith donations (cash preferred) will be gladly, joyously, gratefully accepted. Future issues will be mailed on a month-to-month basis for \$2.00 each, paid in advance (please include your address and make checks payable to Billie Jean Jones).

## Ahh, a rose by any other name...

© 1993 by Alexis Fury

A few days ago, I was partying with a few of my friends in The Lost Girls. As some of you may have heard, The Lost Girls are a group of a 13 or 14 rather bold and brazen (lets not forget sexy) young ladies who just love a good party. See and be seen is definitely one of our mottos. We also believe in doing our part in outreach to girls who are new to the gender community or just new to the area. We like to play the role of welcome wagon and show them what is available to them if they wish to join in. All in fun and safety in numbers. Good stuff, sugar! Anyway, on this particular evening, there was a new face in our ranks. Introductions were made and then, for some reason she turned to me and asked: "What is your 'boy' name?"

Many girls in our community, regardless of their gender identity would find this question a bit pretentious, but I knew she was sincere, Hey, like— no harm done and nothing that wouldn't be forgotten after a quick trip to the mall.

"I don't have one anymore," I said "I had my name changed legally, I'm a transsexual"

Bang! That did it. Suddenly *The Wall of Misunderstanding* fell between us, a look of indignation appeared on her face and she didn't come near me for the rest of the evening. And I didn't even get a chance to show off my new California State ID card that has the only decent ID picture I ever took and my favorite feature, the part that tells me "SEX: F" in case I forget.

I was really bummed out. This isn't an isolated case, even though I sure felt like one. This has happened to me many times and I have heard that it's a common problem everywhere. It appears that one of the quickest ways to alienate some CDs and TVs is to say you're TS—**LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS!**—OH, MY!! No, seriously though, I have to admit that my feelings were slightly hurt.

The gay, lesbian, and gender communities just love terms and categories. There is a driving need among these respective groups to put labels their sexual orientations, identity, and preferences. Its always been human nature to attempt to put things in an order. I suppose that these labels are necessary and even useful. There are people who use them all the time. And others, like myself, who would just as soon not have to deal with them. I've always been allergic to acronyms—I break out in a rash.

The true purpose of these labels was meant to help us understand ourselves and others. We really must try to remember that these terms are catch-alls, generalizations that describe a certain set of tendencies. I don't know about anyone else, but I feel there is much more to me than is found in the Webster's dictionary entry of "transsexual." That's the problem with labels, in order for them to be truly effective descriptions, we'd have to make up an acronym for every person on the planet. I thought about trying it but, you know, I have that appointment with my manicurist on Friday and with the Lost Girls social agenda and all, hey, what can I tell ya? I just don't think I can fit it in to my schedule. Somewhere

along the line they were perverted into status symbols and battle lines. Many CDs and TVs feel that when someone says they are TS that they are implying that they are better than their CD and TV counterparts. Unfortunately, there are a number of TSs that add fuel to the fire by belittling CDs and TVs. These people are just small-minded snobs that, if not for their TS condition, would find some other way of trying (unsuccessfully) to make themselves feel superior.

Can you say, "Inferiority Complex"?

I knew ya could.

The real deal is that these people are so insecure that they can't bear the idea of a new face in their "territory". They are afraid of losing part of their spotlight so they try to squash down this new threat with cuts like, "Oh, She's only a TV" or "Don't pay her any mind, she's just a cross-dresser" This type of thing sets up barriers between the gender types, but what TVs and CDs don't see is that a new TS will get the same treatment, only they will find something else to pick apart—like looks, size, poise, etc. They live in constant fear that someone else will take center stage from them. There are always a few in any community, but as always, they are outnumbered by the terrific, enlightened ones that you can get to know if you aren't quick to judge and take time to get to know them. I have been lucky to have gotten to know several in the ranks of The Lost Girls. The bottom line is this: there is no superior classification in the gender community. Each lifestyle has advantages and disadvantages. Really though, lets face it, there are several advantages that TS's enjoy over CDs and TVs. Allow me to name a few of them.

1) No more hiding the lingerie when your parents come over; say goodbye to the 50-yard dash to the car when you're dressed, wearing your Mickey Mouse house shoes to keep your hose from getting runs from the concrete because you had to remove the heels to keep you from sounding like The Attack of the Light Brigade!

2) You can finally say "So long" to those fair weathered friends who had been annoying you for so long—you can rest assured that you'll never see any of them again; and that neighbor that keeps coming over to borrow everything down to the shingles on your roof? Well, you won't see a whole lot of him anymore either. In fact, you can probably expect to see the *Century 21* sign on his lawn FIRST thing in the morning. Of course, a lot of the people you really liked went with them, along with a large percentage of your family.

3) In your new, fun-filled life as a TS you get to become really intimate with your razor; you get to become an artisan of hair removal. At least an hour every day, even more if you are one of those lucky individuals who have heavy growth. Of course there are alternatives to the razor. There's hot wax treatments, and, back by "popular" demand, it's the *Epilady 3000*—that and a shot of espresso is the best way to start your day! There's nothing like caffeine and pain to freshen you up in the morning! Or, if you are feeling really masochistic, you can sign up for two fun-filled, action-packed hours of electrolysis. You can relive that fond childhood memory of the time when you discovered the hornets nest in the attic. Hey girls, it just doesn't get any better than this.

4) And let's not forget the educational opportunities that await you in Creative Accounting 101, where you learn alternative finance techniques and the different ways of dividing the number 0 between all your bills— 'cause you no longer have a job. Run right down to your local Social Security Office and enroll today!

Other perks include:

Travel! As you move from place to place till you find a home where your neighbors will accept you—unless you are completely passable—there are serious limits on the areas where you can live in safety.

Meet new people! Enjoy notoriety wherever you go—you'll get all the attention you ever wanted, and then some. Walk down the sidewalk and through the shopping malls in opulent splendor with your entourage of skinheads, street gangs, and loud, heckling grade school kids looking for something to do after they ran out of quarters at the video arcade. You become an instant celebrity, because gone is the comfortable anonymity that everyone else enjoys whenever they want, including CDs and TVs.

Rest and Relaxation! Lounge on the beach! Take long leisurely walks! Get a tan! Catch up on your reading! Enjoy the good life on SSI! You have all the time in the world to really savour the mood swings, depressive spells, and water retention that are the added bonus of your hormone therapy.

By now, some of you have figured out that the TS lifestyle isn't exactly a complete pleasure cruise. Sure, its nice to not have to make concessions and just be yourself, but anyone who commits to living full time is signing on for years of pain, disappointment, and ridicule. The real kicker is that you don't chose the TS lifestyle, it chooses you. Hey! With all that going for you, how can you not get a big head? Honestly though, I really don't feel that the TS lifestyle is all bad, in fact, I wouldn't trade mine with anybody. Nor would I wish it on my worst enemy. Guess it comes down to that thing about taking the good with the bad— Who wrote that stupid rule anyway?

The greatest benefit of being a part of the gender community is the wonderful and enlightened friends that can be made. If you make flash judgments on someone just because

of a label, you may have just missed meeting the best friend you ever had. CDs, TVs, and TSs all share part of a long stretch of hard road, and nowhere along this road can you see the power of our true adversaries than in the pettiness we've learned from them and use against each other. The same pettiness that keeps us from uniting against them.

The best label I know of is "Friend."

See ya in the funnies!!



Alexis bookended with Kristens: St. James (l) & Mitchell

## CoR News

The first meeting of the 1993 assemblage of the Congress of Representatives will be at the Texas 'T' Party, February 26-28 (they start a few days early). Contact Boulton & Park Society at POB 700042, San Antonio, TX 78270, or call (210) 545 3668 on Wednesdays only between 7-9:30 pm, CT (central time). Host Hotel rates are \$49 per night; dress & conduct codes; emphasis on couples.

The second scheduled assemblage of the '93 Congress will be at the IFGE "Coming Together" convention March 14-21 in Philadelphia. Contact IFGE for additional details; host hotel rates are \$85 per night.

The third assemblage is scheduled to occur during California Dreamin', April 28- May 2. Contact PPOC (Powder Puffs of Orange County) at POB 1088, Yorba Linda, CA 92686, or call (714) 779-9013 between 9am-9pm (PDT).

## HoR News

Massachusetts: House of Representatives member Althea Garrison (R), elected in November '92 and duly sworn in all official-like in December, had her name in the news recently. The Boston Herald reported in January that Althea was formerly known as A. C. Garson. Mr. Garson changed her name in May, 1976— no date or details were given regarding whatever else A. G. changed.

My Goddess, siblings— is she the first transsexual person to be elected to a major office? Or just the first known?

Regardless of the "outing," of which it's unknown whether it was consensual or not, my biggest questions are: Does Althea support the Rupugnant Party Platform replete with its fascist no-choice agenda? Will she support civil liberties, equality and justice for all, or just the few who can afford to pay? Will Ted Kennedy buy her a drinky-poo? Stay tuned.

## Behind the Cotillion Curtains

January 10, 1993: Black Sunday— rehearsal at Finnochios— Stephanie is moving to Los Angeles— I have just become the Cotillion Director by default— wrong place, wrong time— I was hoping to learn and assist— The Goddess has removed my training wheels— I am racing down one of those sinking feelings— helpless, hopeless, and the Cotillion Committee wants to speak with me:

"What are your qualifications?"

Not a bad question— wished I had thought of it. "Cheeze Whiz, gimme some bubble gum, some paper clips and a roll of duct tape," I thought. But instead I said: "I'm here, who else ya got?" That made everyone feel real secure, I'm sure.

So after they raked me over the coals a little, we got down to the serious business of finding victims, er, volunteers to help Bullwinkette pull a hat out of her rabbit. Then Jane Kamper Bentley picked up the assistant Director hat. Way cool. And Karin and Kathy dove into the decorations mess— whew.

So I left the sparkling City by the Bay with scant knowledge of how many holes there were in the Cotillion plans except: we had no opening number, most of the details were sketchy hints, most of the few who do too much for ETVC were committed to the IFGE dinner on Friday, Jan. 22 (which was to be our three hour dress rehearsal, as well as setting up the California Club), and the Committee wanted the order of the show by Wednesday the 13th, even though none of the performers was confirmed. Damn.

At least I didn't get a speeding ticket.

How about \$75.00 worth of phone calls Monday & Tuesday? Oh yeah, and then I was told ETVC don't reimburse ya for phone calls. And how 'bout faxing the correct spelling of nine contestant names along with the order of the show on Wednesday when ya don't know who to fax it to? No problem, just call Ginny laying there in St. Lukes with one foot gone. If it hadn't been for Tommi Rose and Eva Davis helping with the flow of the show, the program woulda been a list of "Opening Number," "A Song By...", "Another Song By..." "A Door Prize" etc. Jane was a gem with the awards; Geri Handa handled all the gifts; a friend of Eva's handled all the flowers.

And how 'bout only one rehearsal left before the contestants get their interviews Sunday the seventeenth? No big deal, ya just make 'em go through a five hour grind to make up for lost time. Oh yes indeedee, including an "opening number" that was little more than walking the same pattern as they would for Active Wear and Evening Gown: "Stand on this duct tape, walk to the next blob of tape, watch out for the bubble gum."

And how 'bout this: "Are we gonna get something to eat, Billie Jean?"

"Sorry, ya need the rest, ya gotta look good for the judges tomorrow. Hey, we'll eat after that, now scat."

Oh I was getting a little dizzed out, but that's the zone I need when the whole world is being held together with bubble gum and duct tape— and I was trying to figure out how to jam a few paper clips innit so it might have a little more solidity. At

least the appearance of solidity.

It was a bright, bright sun shiny Sunday as I raced my way to the City by the Bay: Interview day, meet the judges day, last chance to prep the darlings before the judges have their say. Four hours later nine hungry aspirants to my title are rehearsing the *opening number*. "When are we going to eat, Billie Jean?"

"Okay, one more time, ladies."

We got oughta there around 10pm, tired but feedbagged.

The week was a blur, I thought the whole thing was gonna collapse: the bubble gum was stale, the paper clips were corroded, and the damn duct tape wasn't sticking.

The Diablo Valley Girls and the Lost Girls began responding to my desperate calls for help; one-o-the judges (Bill Jones) offered a platform runway for the stage; Ginny found a volunteer (Miguel) for stage decorations; Francis Vavra and Nicky Kennedy volunteered to be escorts. On Thursday it looked like it might work. I started packing while thinking about rehearsing my song—Crash—six hours sleep, pack the car, scrape the face, presto-chango, pick up Mrs. Billie Jean, flee the scene.

Sunset through the Golden Gate, bridge traffic, make the hotel, check in, one last attempt to get a suite for the after Cotillion party— nope. Hustle the bustle to the Cal. Club, unload temporary sound system, junk, stuff: "Whose not here?" Too many, but the volunteers to assemble the lighting towers and runway are already working. "Where's the runway?" Shitinski. Phone calls, the seconds tick away, time is running out and where are the people to fill these holes? Car crash as it turns out. The runway is locked in another room; the rental company sent the wrong braces for the scaffold; the ramp is too low. We start rehearsal with six, the other three finally show up, so we try the *opening number* a coupla times: "Good, now try to end it on cue!"

"What cue?"

Stephanie reappears from Los Angeles and asks: "What music did you pick for Active & Evening Wear?"

"Er, was that something we supply?" I answer lamely. Eva loans me a tape and Francis promises to duplicate a song three times for Evening wear.

We are two-thirds through our only dress rehearsal when the person-in-charge of the Cal. Club says: "Ya gotta leave now."

"Where's the food?" a contestant echoes last year's question. But last year the set-up crew ate all food; this year there wasn't any to be et. Tyrrell, Janet, Karin, Kathy, Maria, Keiko, Bob, Denise wander into the night along with the nine aspirants. Mrs. Billie Jean (with two bags of cold Thai food) and I book back to the hotel where we beg for a microwave and are directed to the bar. Yes! Chugga, chugga while the feedbag is waving, and soon we are elevating to the cozy confines of room 2307. Burp.

Then back to the bar I go, almost too slow for it is closing time—midnight (in SF?!). "Oh, just a couple beers, puleeeez?" Geez, I even batted my eyelashes and smiled.

Five hours sleep, two muffins, six cups of coffee before Saturday rehearsal: no face, no wardrobe changes except

shoes. Our sound system has arrived; decorations; bodies; more duct tape—I checked out possible escape routes, tried to find an excuse to... forget it, way too late. Miguel has stuff all over the stage as rehearsal begins. All floor marks are verified, props, staging, support crew are ready, we go and go and: "Lights, action." It kinda sorta looks like stuff might work. Zia promises to find music for Active Wear, "I might even have something in theme," she smiles.

*Cotillion Theme:* Toto pulls the curtain away from the Wizard of Oz.

Roxanne sets up the slide show, wires a breaker so it won't trip, it's 3:30pm and time to leave. I rehearse my song. The Mrs. & I depart but I detour to a florist for one more item.

Have ya ever shared a hotel room with yer wife and ya both needed to shower and get ready in two hours? I mean of course, ya both were getting ready as gorgeous women—and that takes me about three hours, anyway. So anyway, there we were leaving the hotel in our slippers, carrying a buncha stuff and scuffing the streets of San Francisco in the waning dusk.

Since we were about ten minutes late—and because I'm a blabbermouth and there were lotsa people entering—I was twenty minutes late backstage. Ya ever been backstage where nine male-women are getting ready for their opening number? I woulda taken some photos so ya could see the madness proper but I needed to change myself. Then the fun started, Tyrrell put the radio headset on my airhead and jabbed the microphone into the 'ol make up job. That's about when Stephanie arrived and said: "What can I do, boss?" So I gave her the headset and she took over telling everybody what to do. Course, Jane was doing the same thing. And so was everyone else who had a radio headset (6).

I wandered away, gave my wife a hug, shuffled on stage and checked the marks on the floor— whoa! Five minutes to showtime and somebody moved a coupla duct tape marks. "They were in the way of the podium, Billie Jean." Tape measure out: "Quickly." Slide show ending: "Hurry." Podium moved, marks replaced, ready set...

So that's kinda sorta like how duct tape, bubble gum and paper clips, along with a small group of people who set everything up, and a smaller group who operated the levers behind the curtain of the Wizard of Oz, put on the Miss

ETVC Cotillion '93, not forgetting the even smaller group who cleaned everything up.

I had the luxury of walking around asking people if everything was okay, and then telling Stephanie and Jane what to tell everyone else to do. Yeah. And in between that, I made two costume changes, sang *Chantilly Lace* in my best *basso profundo* (albeit a little outta time, a little off-key and without enough breath), and blabbed some stuff toward the end while presenting Rosemarie with the one last item I picked up after the rehearsal—a dozen long-stemmed Champagne roses (roses for Rose). Then I crowned the new Miss ETVC and got the hell oughta Dodge before the bubble gum disintegrated.

After that, we gave Evette a ride and tried to catch up to the celebrants who had booked for the bars that were gonna warmly receive Cotillion revelers but we couldn't find the closest one (five tries), so Mrs. Billie Jean said: "Pull over!" She ran into a liquor store, bought some bubbly stuff, we looked up the closest bar's address in the Cotillion program, found it, strutted right in as they were closing, begged for champagne, got some, danced the last thirty seconds of the last jukebox cowboy song, laughed with the remaining crowd, and joined in singing "The Star Spangled Banner"— I musta been in rare form swaying there in my all-white outfit with the georgette ruffles because after I boomed out "...AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE," somebody placed a long-stemmed red rose in my mouth— OIè!

During Cotillion intermission with (left to right) Janet Nichols, Cami Lynn, Bobbie, yerz truly, and Jennifer.

PHOTO CREDIT: Denise of David Swanston Photography



Drug my way on over to the ETVc social Jan 28 and had my picture taken with Miss ETVc 1993. In fact, I had my picture made with Miss ETVc 1991 and 1990, too. One little,



two little three little Missy's— all posing there with me (do—re—mi). Betcha didn't know I couldn't sing, neither. Oh well what the hell, I still got this newsletter. Yeah, this GenderJournalism is real cool stuff, see? Ya don't gotta do too much but get all dressed and made up like a girl or a guy—or whatever you ain't supposed to be—and get out there in the world and freak out everyone who still plays by the rules. Then, ya just blab yer face off, make a lotta cool friends, party and laugh with 'em, and then go home and write about it! And then ya beg for money (damn, this issue keeps getting more and more expensive), while filling in the gaps— like when I started this page, all the other pages were finished except half of 12 and this one (8, yer on page 8, it's gonna be like a splash page center along with 9, that's 9 over there, go ahead and look, don't you wish you were in that photo? Hmmm? Listen sweetheart, I know you can do it—contact ETVc and go for it! Even if you don't become Miss ETVc and you lose yer job and home, and yer homeless out in the strange, with no place to roam, ya might be drinkin' wine on the river bank with Willie the wino someday, and as ya pass the bottle

back, ya can sigh and say: "I was a lady, once." WHOa, gotta little sidetracked there. Anyway, while I'm snuggled inside this parenthetical aside, I wanna thank the aforementioned Miss ETVc's, Teri, '91 and Tiffany, '90 for presenting awards at the Cotillion and for making the photo op at the social—THANX!) So I thought, "Hey, I'll start this page by putting in the last two photos and fitting some text around them" (this is kinda like an inside view of how ya put one-o-these newsletters together, see?), but then I started writing this ridiculously meandering flow of bits connected with utter bafflement (ya gotta be careful, cuz if ya don't baffle summa this stuff, it could explode the newsletter!). Maybe I oughta just stick with what happened at the social— Cindy Martin set up a camera and stuff and overcharged for polaroids in order to raise capital for her Anti-defamation Fund. So I snuck in and shot a few photos, maybe wearing out the batteries just a little in her remote flash unit and— she didn't get pissed! (See, that's one-o-the cool things ya get from being a Miss ETVc.) I liked this photo of Francis Vavra (Gypsy Gentleman) and Tyrrell Stanley (founder of the Lost Girls), and since I already gotta lotta face space in this ish...

New paragraph! DVG social, Feb 2 (didja notice I finished *Billie Jean Blabs* (pages 2&3) in Dec? That's why I'm blabbin' on—it's been over a month—I'm telling you that it's hell to have to put out this rag when I could be blabbin'), hadda good time of course, played photographer and lucked out on this shot of Shannon, Rae Anne, Krystal and Melinda. Now lemme tell ya a little 'bout Rae Anne—this was her first night out. She looks great! "And how," you might ask, "how does that bitch look so good?" Well settle down, honey, let Billie Jean tell ya 'bout Judy Ann's at 101 'H' Street, Antioch, CA (510?) 706-8748 or 757-8643; never been there but Judy Anne did a fabulous job on Cami Lynn for the Cotillion, too. And she parties at DVG socials! Damn, I mean damneth, I wanted to include some of a letter I got from far away Repress-o-Land, and a bit about a radio show with Tyrrell—but I'm running out of space! The radio show (cont. page 12)







The Cotillion babes showing off their evening gowns— PHOTO CREDIT: Denise of David Swanston Photography

The new Miss ETVC is pictured above— I'd tell ya who she is but that would be a little uppity since ETVC won't get their newsletter out for a while and I don't wanna scoop 'em (oh the trials and tribulations of being an editor/publisher). Suffice to say the selectee has been selected.

Okay, with that oughta the way, might as well get on with a little Cotillion coverage, hey? As near as I can tell most everyone capable of having a good time had a good time. There's probably a few exceptions but nobody told me.

It was nice to see a buncha acquaintances show up— saw and hugged Laura Smiley Friday night before the rehearsal; saw Merissa Sherrill Lynn and Nancy Cole after the rehearsal; saw and hugged Yvonne Cook-Riley and Sheila Kirk Saturday before another rehearsal along with Cynthia & Linda Phillips (and I just gotta plug the W.A.C.S. Newsletter that Cynthia puts out— Way Cool), and our Godmother, Virginia Prince (she sent me a letter a coupla weeks before trying to find a room to share, the best part was the salutation and opening paragraph: *"Dear Crazy One, I'm getting satiated with normal people— I need contact with somebody nutty like you to restore the balance."* So we contacted— oof, ya gotta watch out for our Godmother's headlights); saw and hugged Ellen Summers, one-o-the sweetest people around— 'course alla these folks were in for the IFGE Board (look, I speld it rite!) Meeting in addition to the Cotillion (except Merissa and Nancy weren't at the Cotillion).

Closer to home: Pippa! Ex-Manette looking way *chic*; Bobbie F. from Sacramento; Lorraine Ellen Hall; just about

the entire collection of Diablo Valley & Lost Girls; lotsa RGA & ETVC kids; and at least five SGA members! Whoa, not forgetting about a buncha other people who, if ya send me yer name and a faith donation, I'll list ya!! Whadda deal!!

I gotta thank Joan Sheldon, Becky (of RGA), Donna Freeman and Sheila Kirk for drawing door prize tickets, and Zia for the quick-change hairdo bit with Tommi Rose before I praise the recipient of the Joanna Caron Award— Geri Handa not only deserved it, she deserved two of 'em, CONGRATS!! (Didja know Geri's the first non-cross-dresser to receive the honor? What?! She cross-dresses at home?— never mind.)

Cotillion '93: The Movie— oh yes indeedee, Janet & Krystal teamed up to video the madness; Glenda Griffith exposed some tape, too— if anyone else has some, call somebody right now and add yours to the reel.

Took a buncha pictures of everyone at the Sunday brunch after I set more place settings for the overflow crowd (this year's contestants were very cruel to me, the "old" Miss ETVC, they made me serve everyone—sniffle—sure izza bitch to be a fallen Goddess). Anyway, none-o-the photos turned out (revenge!).

On our way back to Sac., Mrs. Billie Jean and I were blabbing when it occurred to me that, if three year's ago someone had told me I could dress up in women's clothes, help put on a show, have fun and hear people say, "You did good," I woulda said: "You're fulla doo-doo." Then— we both giggled.

## PRETTY PERSUASIONS

©1993 by Selena Anne Shephard

Dear Billie Jean,

For some reason I have the sense that you will find the following bits of strange Selena stuff to be of interest. I have been taking my writing into new territory in which transgenerence is one element of a surrealist (?) whole (or something like that).

It's too bad that you will be abandoning your labor of love, GenderFlex, as it is definitely head over heels above most of the other gender rags. I do like your irreverence and anything-goes writing style, and I still can't believe that you can go to those conventions of conventional Transpeople and not be stoned by the establishment ma(le)trons.

I am enclosing a big \$2 for you to send me the very first TV Guise, if you still have copies; I'd really like to see what you wrote in your initial issue.

*Selena Anne*

### PRETTY PERSUASIONS— beginning

"The sky will split  
and the planets will shift  
Little sister, the sky is falling  
I don't mind, I don't mind"

—Patti Smith

I skate around the mall with a walkman tuned into subversive sounds, I am in search of secret passageways, people of unusual genders, spaces of unabashed desire, the teenage girls with nasty tongues never look at me, yet they tell me stories from afar, strange exotic tales they could never have gotten from television, they dress in layers, in bizarre mosaic patterns indecipherable, I listen for simple truths yet hear only complex lies, which, of course, are much more trustworthy, I purchase working-class lingerie (I mean underwear) at Sears from a salesgirl who KNOWS but will never tell; I plead with her to scream it out, reveal the source of her despair, but she just laughs heartily and steals away into the hardware section, I call the security guards who arrest me for wearing plaid socks with a leather skirt, I manage to escape between the cracks, and return to the scene of the crime...

### PRETTY PERSUASIONS— middle

"Jesus died for somebody's sins, but NOT mine"

—Patti Smith

I light a cigarette though I don't know how to smoke, it seems natural at the time, I cross my legs, right over left, then left over right, I smooth my skirt, refasten a garter, fluff up my tittles, I'm antcipating something but I'm not quite sure what it is, a recurring moment, perhaps, a (parenthetical thought) maybe, the merger of parallel lines, that's it, the merger of parallel lines, I remember vividly the secret dance I used to perform when I was nine and yearning— so awkward, so strange, so utterly incomprehensible— yet it couldn't be

denied, it had a raw beauty to it that exhilarated me. I check between my legs to see what gender I am today, I find nothing in particular except an old beat-up baseball mitt and two dozen rose petals, "I must be a guy," I say to myself, though I can't be certain, I never am, but I never give that away, Imaginary kisses, telltale signs, sideways glances, I dream of climbing Mt. Everest in my Maidenform bra, I never reach the peak, I wake up in a cold sweat...

### PRETTY PERSUASIONS— end

"Pretty boy, can't you show me nothing but surrender"

—Patti Smith

We make love in a vacant lot, as it was meant to be, cold asphalt below, full moon above, crickets chirping madly in the background, he is my dada daddy, I am his exotic drag princess in heat, when we kiss our fantasies collide, explode, immersing us in minute particles of lust and longing, he touches me as if I wasn't there, when I cry out for more he gives me less, the pleasure is all too much so I revel in the pain, he draws his sword and I my water pistol, we duel for hours into days, he backs me into a corner, I dive between his legs and make a run for the abandoned space between provocation and allure, between outrage and surrender, between perception and scandal, he calls for me, he pleads with me, he paints his face by numbers and recites nursery rhymes for me, remembering my name for the first time in weeks, I reach out and pull him deep within, and hope he hasn't forgotten how to swim...

To Whom It May Concern:

I recently read your newsletter (*GenderFlex*) and was outraged at its contents. Clearly you are bent upon dislodging the very foundations of our society! Your newsletter is a blasphemy against the Christian principles upon which our beloved country was founded!

All in all, a fine piece of work, and I've enclosed a check for 1 back issue (Feb/Mar Issue #10) and for 4 future issues.

Seriously, I am concerned about growing and increasingly successful attempts by religious fundamentalist groups like Traditional Values Coalition (TVC— how ironic) and American Center for Justice to turn back the clock on civil rights. These revisionist wanna-be's assert that the founding fathers intentionally incorporated Christian principles into the constitution, and that in this time of social disruption the country needs to re-invigorate these principles by allowing prayer in public schools, outlawing homosexuality, banning abortion, restricting sexually explicit expression, blah blah blah, etc....

Gotta run for now,

*Carol Taylor*

# Digging in the Dirt #1

## (Freedom From Terror)

©1993 by Anna Maria Ferrari

Hi BJ,

As per our conversation, enclosed you'll find the first 2 articles of the series I would like to do for you. It's kind of a self help thing. Ummm, the 1st article is basically an introduction—you know, "get to know me." The 2nd article picks up from there. I always feel like we look at the same iceberg from different directions and that makes me smile—I hope you do too! I'm sending a contribution along because I know you are losing money on your newsletter and I feel as though if I want to write then I should chip in what I can.

Bye for now,

Anna Maria Ferrari

PS: a Big HELLO to Rosemarie. You're both so cute. If either of you ever you want to write me, feel free. I would like to continue communicating with both of you but I don't want to impose.

Martin Heidegger, the German Existentialist, called it *Geworfenheit*. It means being thrust into the world—or at least, that's how I felt. My understanding of what happened to me is simply this: I left the womb in need of a warm, loving, nurturing environment and didn't find one—welcome to Earth.

All those new feelings—the universal innocent, dewombed and isolated in its aloneness—were overwhelming for me. The ensuing onslaught of emotion was, I think, best described as sheer terror. And so, with that Terror I came into this world alone; absent from the security of the womb

I went looking outside myself for that all pervasive sense of security I had prior to my entrance—you know, that "Feeling." I tried so hard to find it—but couldn't.

My terror grew.

I listened to others. What I heard were words—lots of them—so many words! People seemed to take such stock in them and in their meanings. I wanted that "Feeling," so I followed their words. My search led me to Groups: The herding of humanity. It seemed like being in those Groups eased my terror to some extent by surrounding me in an external security. It was not The "Feeling"; it worked like an intoxicant—always wearing off. I became hooked into a process of responding to terror by identifying and submerging into groups—even if only figuratively. They ranged from religion, to sexuality, to food, to drugs, to relationships and on and on. I fell into this horrible pattern of identifying myself by what I was, or ate, or did, or smoked, or married, or, or, or—you name it—I was it. And everyday the Terror got worse.

I felt tortured as a child. It seemed like I was taught from an early age that simply being myself was totally unacceptable for getting into the "right" groups. End of story! No kind words of support here. If I wanted to survive on this Berg then I had better "Shape up or Ship out." I heard all the words, every reason why I had to become this human thing, and not

myself. I heard it from children and adults alike; I was hastened to walk and talk and think differently than I felt. Mostly, to be fair, it was the terror in the hearts of others which spoke to me so loudly. Yet, that mattered little as I followed them, fueled by my own fear and preyed on by theirs.

I learned to create characters which fit into my groups of choice, portraying them and living through them vicariously—I have successfully been many. But they were hollow, built on foundations of fear. What I found is that no amount of success at not being myself could ease the Terror: It got worse.

My terror became so painful that I actually reached my threshold. I could no longer participate in the creation of my own pain through the suppression of myself, no matter what I had been taught or how bad the consequences appeared to be. I had to stop the pain and—"oh my God"—that meant meeting my Terror face to face. In the beginning of the end, I started to implode. My foundation was so full of cracks and holes—well—I needed to deal with it or watch myself live a *life of sand*, my footings slowly washing out into oblivion.

When I say I imploded, I mean I left my extremely well paid, senior marketing position with an international software manufacturer, said goodbye to those I knew, locked myself up in my house and cried. And cried. I guess I just generally lost it for about a month. I couldn't really talk—thoughts and emotions swirling about so wildly inside. I just wandered about my house feeling like I was a self contained explosion.

Eventually the fallout settled, at which point I went off in search of professional help, and I got it, but that is another story. *Take heart, I am fortunate!*

As I faced my Terror, I stopped listening to the words of the Terrified and started finding guidance from within. I found I could discern an inner voice previously drowned out by all those words. This time, I listened to it, I followed even though it meant manifesting myself in ways which the Terrified taught were unacceptable, repulsive and disgusting. I followed because I couldn't stand the pain anymore and would try anything to end it even if it meant being the dreaded Me.

And something happened.

It seems crazy, but simply acting like I felt made me feel better almost immediately. Such a basic action; such a deeply reverberating impact. I was impressed that merely behaving like I felt seemed to soothe the Black Hole of Terror in my heart. Nothing ever had. This was a first! It was amazing to me because I am a person for whom gender is not a cut and dry issue. I need to express myself in ways which are totally contrary to my physical sex. The Terrified had taught me to fear this, because it was disgusting and would alienate me from the Group—and so I had believed them and became my own oppressor, living in the unending pain of not being myself, and the terror of being "discovered." Until I imploded. All I had done to that point, by listening to the mindset of Terror, had only perpetuated it. No matter how much I was taught that being myself was disgusting and would lead to greater pain and terror, I had to try it. I was dying. So I let down my guard and winced my way into—a brave new world.

At first I feared for my safety because it is true that cross-

(Continued on next page)

Freedom From Terror— (Continued from page 11)

gender behavior puts one at risk from the "Phobes" to some extent. But life is risk. I used to fly all over the world and every time I got into a plane I knew I was taking a risk— it's funny, I have risked my life so many times for so much less than simply and freely acting as I feel.

Now I take that risk every day and I do not follow the Terrified if I can help it (and every day I help it more). I am rejoicing in this opportunity to learn, grow and actively work toward the demise of my own Terror.

I used to think I knew so much, but when I started to reject what I knew, I began to realize that I knew very little. It has been said that the purpose of life is to discover yourself. I believe it. What I know now is that by discovering and being myself I am becoming free and happy— the freedom and joy I feel each day motivates me on.

You know, I was mad as hell when I finally figured out what was happening to me, but I realized that it would continue as long as I bought into it. I wanted to be mad at the world for my Pain and Terror, but anger does not relieve, it perpetuates. I am still learning to let go of my anger. As I do, I'm feeling better and better. And, I realize this has been "hard learned," but still, it's wonderful to grow beyond the insidious limits of my own Terror and the words of the Terrified. I don't even take my own words so seriously anymore— I had been caught up in a world of words and it was always Terror.

I feel great now and it's all because I have allowed myself to just be Me. Join me, in this new year, in being yourself and finding your own worth from within and not from any outside source. Forget TV, TS, TG, Black, White, Christian, Jew, Arab, republican, democrat, etc.— it's all Terror! Be yourself and be Free!

Happy New Year!

*Anna Maria*



Author's note: Anna Maria Ferrari is a three dimensional, sentient life form currently residing in the GenderZone on planet Earth. The opinions expressed herein are hers only and do not necessarily reflect those of the publisher.

(Stuff continued from page 8)

(KDBK, 98.9 FM in SF and something else in San Jose) was kinda cool, and although we were late, they invited us back. Hey, ya know what? I'm getting tired— it's Febuary 9, 8:40pm and I've been here since 8am, so here's a gratuitous letter (even so, I'm sure the writer is sincere, and I did get three other similar anomalies):

Dear Billie Jean,

I had the pleasure of reading a transcript of your speech entitled "Who Speaks GenderLingo?" which was reprinted in issue #62 of the *TV/TS Tapestry Journal*. It was the most intelligent and eye-opening piece of work I have encountered in four plus years as a *Tapestry* subscriber. Please accept the donation I have enclosed as a small material representation of my thanks for the thoughts you expressed.

...I am an emotionally stable and fairly successful type-A male, who also happens to be a transvestite. That term does not strike me as being particularly offensive. I have known that I am a transvestite since I was a teen and have long been content to enjoy rather than worry about that particular aspect of my complex personality.

I have not written to any among the leadership of the "gender community," due to my awareness that we are worlds apart in experience and involvement with that community. My transvestism has taken a back seat to other concerns, particularly career ones, through most of my adult life. I'm still inexperienced enough to be truly excited by my rare opportunities to dress (and make up and pad and bejewel), though advanced enough to go out and socialize when I do. ...I'm more interested in trying to appear attractive than "real," and have never felt compelled to "pass" as a female.

...I don't really want to pass as a woman, and I certainly have no intention of becoming one permanently! As long as there are public places where I can go where others recognize and accept me, even find me attractive for what I am, I'm very happy with things the way they are. I mention these items by way of explanation as to why I agree so strongly with the sentiments you expressed. You are correct in your opinion that the leadership of *Tapestry* have arrogated to themselves the mantle of spokesperson for the gender community, at least the cross-dressing subspecies thereof, and that their editorial bent seems weighted in favor of the transsexual viewpoint.

In fairness to the *Tapestry* staff, they can only edit that which is submitted to them. And since many of the frequent contributors are themselves transsexually inclined... A notable exception is Nancy Cole, who has written some fine articles conveying some of her own concerns regarding the under-representation of plain old transvestites who form at least a substantial portion, if not an overwhelming majority, of the *Tapestry* readership.

...I currently work and reside [in a country where] expressing my feminine side is definitely not an option... You may be tempted to mail me a sample issue of *GenderFlex*. Please refrain. The [Repress-o-Land] thought police do occasionally open packages....

Stay pretty,

[X]

## Michigan Womyn's Music Festival 1992 Gender Survey Results

© 1993 by Janis Walworth

*(Janis Walworth is a genetic female-woman who has been involved with Fantasia Fair, the first two New Women Conferences [for post-ops], and various other "gender community" events & programs. Janis has also contributed articles to Lesbian Contradictions [an excellent lesbian newsletter], Rights Of Passage [a 'zine resulting from the New Women Conference], and various other publications. One of Janis' recent focal points has been the exclusion of transsexual type people from the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival [MWMF]; a point Janis has a keen interest in since her lover is a "new woman." Portions of her cover letter precede the survey results.)*

Hi Sweetie,

Missed you in Provincetown this fall... Wendi and I went there for women's weekend and didn't have much contact with the Fair. We went to the welcoming cocktail party to see old friends, and then we went to the Ptown Arts benefit....

I've spent a lot of energy during the past year on the issue of transsexual inclusion in the lesbian community. In August I went to the Michigan Music Festival with bunches of literature and worked my tush off (literally—I lost five pounds while I was there due to lots of walking and being too busy for meals). I surveyed over 600 participants about their attitudes—I'm enclosing the results because I think you'll find them interesting. Right now I'm collecting \$ for a media mailing. I've sent the results to the Festival producers and am waiting to hear from them (or not) before planning a strategy for next summer.

So, aside from that, life is continuing as usual. I'm too busy and too poor... Drop me a line when you have a chance.

Love, Janis

### Results of 1992 Gender Survey at Michigan Womyn's Music Festival

There were about 7,500 womyn at MWMF; a total of 663 surveys were collected; this represents a response rate of 8.4%. The survey asked: "Do you think male-to-female transsexuals should be welcome at MWMF?" Yes responses numbered 463 (73.1%) and No responses numbered 143 (22.6%), with 27 (4.3%) responses of "I'm not sure," or no response at all. The margin of error is 3.8%.

Given these results, the chance that the majority of 7,500 MWMF participants believe transsexuals should Not be admitted would be less than 1 in 100,000. This calculation assumes that our sample was randomly selected, which it certainly was not. It is probable that womyn in favor of transsexual inclusion were more likely to fill out surveys than those against it. On the other hand, many would-be Festigoers were not there to fill out surveys precisely because they objected to the anti-transsexual policy. Our impression as we

talked to womyn and asked them to fill out surveys was that most had dropped by our table by chance or to learn about gender issues. Fewer came specifically to fill out surveys, and both positive and negative views were represented in this group.

### The reasons Festigoers gave for wanting to exclude transsexuals (with numbers giving responses) were:

- They are not women (23)
- They are not women-born women (16)
- They make others uncomfortable (15)
- They have been socialized as males (12)
- They have male privilege (10)
- They think like men (8)
- They have male energy (7)
- They have penises (6)
- They have different life experiences (6)
- They are biologically men (5)
- People shouldn't change their sex (5)
- They have not been girls in the patriarchy (4)
- They are oppressors (4)
- They behave like men (4)
- They have not been oppressed as women (4)
- They are too feminine (3)

### Reasons given for including transsexuals were:

- They are women (90)
- They identify as women (67)
- They have made a commitment to womanhood (38)
- They have been through enough (35)
- We should not oppress others (32)
- We should be inclusive (30)
- They have chosen to be women (26)
- We should not judge an individual's choice (20)
- They can benefit from the women's community (19)
- Internally they are women (17)
- They are oppressed as women (11)
- They are living as women (11)
- They share women's goals and perspectives (10)
- They are not threatening (10)
- We should encourage diversity (8)
- We cannot determine who is transsexual (8)
- Gender is in the mind (8)
- They have given up male privilege (7)
- They deserve our support (7)
- Their condition is not their fault (7)
- We can learn from transsexuals (6)
- We have no definition of "woman" (5)
- Legally they are women (4)
- We should all unite (4)
- Their socialization is not so different from ours (3)
- They have been no problem in the past (3)
- It's behavior that's important (3)

### Notes

- (1) In both the above lists, multiple responses were  
(Continued on next page)

**MWMF Survey**—(Continued from page 13)

recorded when respondents gave more than one answer. Responses given by only one or two people were omitted.

(2) Of women who were in favor of transsexual inclusion, 48 specified that only those who have had genital surgery should be welcome. Of the 27 who gave equivocal answers, 9 stated that those who have had surgery would be acceptable. Six of those against inclusion cited the fact that transsexuals have penises as a reason to exclude them, suggesting that even some of these women might not object to post-operative transsexuals.

**Determination**

In answer to the question, "What is the best way to determine whether an individual is a male-to-female transsexual?" there was a considerable range of opinion. Of the 227 responses, 126 were from those against TS inclusion, 86 from women in favor of inclusion, and 15 from those without a clear opinion about inclusion:

- Ask them (50)
- Trust them to be honest (39)
- Don't know (26)
- Announce the policy clearly (21)
- Check their genitals (18)
- There is no accurate way to tell (14)
- Driver's license or picture I.D. (9)
- There is no dignified way to tell (9)
- Self-identification should be sufficient (9)
- We shouldn't try (8)
- Surgery should be complete (5)
- By their behavior (4)
- Genetic testing (3)
- Birth certificate (3)
- Written exam or questionnaire (3)
- Medical certificate (3)

**More Notes**

(3) ...A few stressed that no cross-dressers (male, it is presumed) or female impersonators should be allowed. Two said TSs would be acceptable if transition was begun, and one said we should educate TSs to respect our boundaries. Of the 126 who did not want TSs at MWMF, the majority favored publicizing the policy, trusting TSs to not show up, and/or asking them if their sex was in question; very few recommended any type of testing or objective verification of sex.

(4) Overall, the survey results indicate that there is a great deal of confusion and disagreement about the locus of gender, the relationship between gender and sex, the definition of woman (or woman), the meaning of woman-born woman, the nature of transsexualism, who MWMF should be for, how an anti-transsexual policy should be enforced, and who is the victim and who the oppressor.

(5) The results strongly suggest that the majority of Festigoers would support a "no penis" policy that would allow post-op male-to-female TSs; that they want the policy to be unambiguously stated and well publicized; and that they oppose invasive verification of sex.

**Female-to-males**

Results of the questions that asked about FTM transsexuals have not been tabulated in detail, but 80% of respondents were against their inclusion, 10% in favor, and 10% undecided.

*(For those of you who are unaware, Nancy Burkholder was kicked out of the 1991 MWMF on the suspicion she was a transsexual, even though she had attended the 1990 Festival without incident. This led to the revelation that the MWMF had no policy regarding TS people, and caused some uproar over the issue of arbitrary "police action" without policy.*

*If you are interested in sending a donation to Janis [I've just sent her \$10], her address is: POB 52, Ashby, MA 01431.)*

---

*Hi Billie,*

*I did enjoy TV Guise, Vol. 1, Issue 10... would also like to get a current copy of GenderFlex.*

*PS: Also enclosed is what my wife calls my "political manifesto" thinly disguised as a poem. Feel free to print what you want....*

**Can One Person's Self-Denial Make A Difference?**

©1993 by Heather Hatfield

Self-Denial Is the monster devouring our souls;  
Collecting our collective consciousness  
And dispersing it into the void of hell.  
Allowing Society to deny us our right to exist,  
To achieve our full potential,  
To live in harmony with ourselves and others.

Times have changed  
No longer is it many against a few.  
With mass media, mass communication,  
The onslaught has just begun.  
Laws are being enacted—  
Opinions are being swayed—  
Our civil rights are being eroded.

As long as we do not confront this monster— this Denial,  
It will continue to cause us to become homogenized,  
To be discredited, to be oppressed until  
No longer will there be  
Witches, Shamans, Berdaches, Mystics—  
Gays, Lesbians, Transvestites, Transsexuals, Bi-Sexuals...  
Only repressed people with  
Little or no self-esteem or value.

Times have changed—  
It's time for us to change,  
To Stand up for ourselves;  
To stand up for our sisters, our brothers,  
To let people know where our solidarity is.  
Stop the lies!  
Tell the truth!

## Gender-Related Organizations

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

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

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

**FTM (Female to Male) Group**—5337 College Ave. #142, Oakland, CA 94618. FTM publishes a quarterly newsletter for female cross-dressers and FTM transsexuals. Support, social and informational meetings held monthly (information and social meetings open to non-FTMs; support is for FTMs only). Currently selling paperback copies off Lou Sullivan's *Information For The*

*Female-To-Male Crossdresser And Transsexual*, \$10.

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

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

**S.G.A. (Sacramento Gender Association)** POB 215456, Sac, CA 95821-1456. Phone: (916) 482-7742. SGA is a non-sexual social club open to anyone interested in gender issues. Social meetings are held on the fourth Saturday of the month at Joseph's Town & Country, 2062 Auburn Blvd., Sac, CA, 7pm if you want dinner, meeting follows, 8pm. \$2 door fee (\$4 non-members). SGA Executive Committee meeting (club business and planning) held the third Saturday, same location, 7:30pm, open to members and guests—free. Call SGA for current schedule of their significant others support group. Annual dues—\$20.

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

**Transgender Nation**—Box 34, 3543 18th Street, San Francisco, CA 94110. Transgender Nation is a focus group within Queer Nation working specifically for transgender rights. Group meetings every Wednesday, 7:30pm at the Women's Building, 3543 18th St. (Meetings are at the same time as Queer Nation; QN's phone # is: (415) 985-7141.)

## Support Organizations & Services

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

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

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

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

AEGIS (American Educational Gender Information Service) provides referrals and offers support to people with gender issues, as well as publishing several informational booklets and *Chrysalis*

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

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

For common emergencies, dial 911.

## Special Thanks


to all the **Cotillion Contestants** for the "Coping Award"—luv ya!; to **Alexis Fury** for her article; to **Heather Hatfield** (Massachusetts) for her poem & \$2 order; to **Anna Maria Ferrari** for her article and \$20! donation; to **Janis Walworth** for her survey results (and efforts); to **Selena Anne Shephard** for her poetic insights & \$2 order; to **JoAnn Roberts** (of Renaissance +), **Joni Chrissman** (of Minnesota) and **Cami Lynn** for their \$20! donations!! (WOW); to **Marta, Cori** and **Cheryl** for their \$5! donations at the ETVC social 12/30; to **Michelle** for the \$10 check at DVG's 2/2 social; to **Leigh Stafford** (New Mexico), **Susanne V.** (Sonoma), **T.H.** (Folsom), **D.W. Holmes** (Washington) and **Sandra B.** (Livermore) for

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Special Thanks to the *Northwest Gender Alliance Newsletter* for publishing my blab: "Dear Siblings" in their Dec issue; and to **Kym Richards** of *Cross-Talk* (now in magazine format) for reprinting it in the next issue (#40).

Special Thanks to **Rosemarie** for putting up with me 

## Upcoming (Mostly) Local Events

**Feb 11**— ETVC's SOS Group meets at 7:30pm in Pleasant Hill. Call (415) 664-1499.

**Feb 12**— Gender Discussion Group, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations okay.

**Feb 14**— FTM Social has been cancelled because the guys all wanted to go out of town.

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

**Feb 17**— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

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

**Feb 19-22**— The 30th Pajaro Dunes Weekend hosted by Joan Sheldon. Variable rates include room & most meals (4 days, 3 nights). Contact Joan at POB 6541, San Jose, CA 95150.

**Feb 20**— San Francisco Imperial Coronation presented by Emperor Douglas Stromberg and Empress Velveeta Mozzarella, \$30, Fashion Center, 695 8th St, SF.

**Feb 20**— SGA Executive Committee Meeting, 7:30m at JTC. Open to all, no charge.

**Feb 22**— RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

**Feb 25**— ETVC presents a special birthday party for Billie Jean, "Fashion Fling III— Lingerie Revealed." Lingerie fashions, accessories, forms by Joyce Patterson-Rogers. 8pm, Chez Mollet Restaurant, 527 Bryant Street, SF. Members \$5, guests \$8.

**Feb 26-28**— 5th annual Texas 'T' Party; contact Boulton & Park, POB 700042, San Antonio, TX 78270.

**Feb 27**— ICP Willie presents a luncheon, fashion show & show to benefit CGNIE, 12noon @ JTC, \$10 donation.

**Feb 27**— SGA Monthly Social at JTC, 8pm (7pm if you want dinner). \$2 members, \$4 guests.

**Feb 29**— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

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

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

**Mar 3**— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

**Mar 5**— RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350

Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

**Mar 6**— San Jose Imperial Coronation at the San Jose Hyatt, 1740 N. First St. Doors open 7pm, 8pm showtime, \$20.

**Mar 13**— "La Cage Awful" at the Townhouse, 1517 21st St, Sac. Campaign kick-off for Emperor & Empress, 8pm? Call (916) 441-5122 for details.

**Mar 14-21**— IFGE's 7th annual "Coming Together-Working Together" Convention in Philadelphia, PA. Host: The Renaissance Education Association. Contact IFGE or Renaissance (POB 552, King of Prussia, PA 19406).

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

**Mar 17**— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

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

**Mar 20**— Stockton Imperial Coronation at Memorial Civic Auditorium, 525 N. Center St. Stockton. Doors open 7pm, 8pm showtime, \$20.

**Mar 20**— SGA Executive Committee Meeting, 7:30m at JTC. Open to all, no charge.

**Mar 25**— ETVC presents their monthly social, 8pm, Chez Mollet Restaurant, 527 Bryant Street, SF. Members \$3-5, guests \$5-8.

**Mar 27**— SGA Monthly Social at JTC, 8pm (7pm if you want dinner). \$2 members, \$4 guests.

**April 6**— CGNIE Court Imperial Pot Luck, 7:30pm at Faces (20th & K Sts., Sac.). Open to all, bring food, no charge.

**April 6**— DVG meets at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, 8pm. Open to all, no charge.

**April 7**— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

**April 9**— RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

**April 11**— FTM Informational Meeting, 2-5pm @ MCC Church, 150 Eureka St, San Francisco.

**Every Wednesday Night**— ETVC "Hang-out Night" at the Chez Mollet; prizes, discount food & beverage.

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

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

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