

GenderFlex

Vol. III, Issue 17

A Polygenderous Publication

June/July 1993

Weddings



Cynthia & Linda Phillips

Lingerie Revealed



Anonymous Letters

March 18, 1993
Dear Ms. Jones:
Enclosed find two dollars. Please send the Nov/Dec/Jan (92/93)
issue of GenderFlex to the address below. I am deep in the closet
and prefer not to give my name.
Boxholder



(Continued on page 3)



Billie Jean Blabs

Dear Darlings,

Goddess be praised, I've just managed to save myself from the grave or was it a cave where I was enslaved? I don't know. It's all relative anyway. Speaking of relatives: I wrote this somewhat dark tone poem for a column about how I've become my mother. And my lover. But it was too "green"; unfinished, and perhaps a little too obtuse—perfect for a poetry reading. So I'm starting all over with this *Blab* attempt, and if it doesn't work very well—oh well.

Let's see here, might as well start off with some kinda way cool prattle about where I've been and what I been woring, er, wearing!

February 25: ETVC's Special Birthday Party For Billie Jean—



Credits: (L) Denise of Swanson Photo.
Lower right—courtesy of I.D.E.A. Gallery



⚠ Warning: Contains Transvestite

I was really touched by the efforts of ETVC to come up with a theme that reflects on an important issue in the lives of most (if not all) cross-dressers regardless of their alphabetic (GenderBetic) affiliations: Lingerie. And not just lingerie—*lingerie revealed!* Yes indeedee, there I was in sheer hose, black bra & panties under a black spandex slip, covered minimally with a black, sheer shirt-blouse. All cleverly supported on black, patent leather pumps and set off with pearls. Krystal "Le Mae" Powers rode with me to SF and we sashayed right on in the Chez while still blabbing our faces off. Then the Fashion Show started—check out the group on the

front cover: Cheryl, Krystal, Kristen, Robin, Maddee, Cori & Joanne—It's so way cool to be in the majority ('course, they all changed back to an *un-revealed* state after modeling).

☆ I have become my mother

I met my self the other day coming back from where I was going. At the time I was remembering the future but the past caught up to me. I saw my children in the crackling energy field of anger—the Evil Witch Spirit was shaping their lives. I saw every moment clearly, as clearly as I see my reflection on the screen of this monitor—a shadowy reflection clearly defined in murkiness: hard edges, indistinct details; some flickering movement. Everything is open to interpretation except: *Any one of us can be traded off at any time for any reason.* ❄❄❄

Whoops! Sorry about that last paragraph, it was part of the old column. Someday, I oughta learn how to work this stuff better—putting on a TV show is real complicated sometimes; lotta technical stuff, ya know... if I only hadda brain.

So then I found myself in that old familiar marital ash morass, bored and bummed, but then a friend put a bee in my bonnet that buzzed me over to the I.D.E.A. (Institute of Design and Experimental Art) Gallery for a Monte Carlo fund raiser. Yow! Lotsa artsy folk and—one other cross-dressed person, Karen. We sat together at a blackjack table that soon attracted, shall we say, a "certain" amount of attention? Oh yes indeedee. Check out the group in the photo: Dexter, Nancy, Lisa and I facing the music, er, camera.

Dexter is always fun, and even though I'd just met Nancy and Lisa, they were both absolutely delightful—we blabbed and danced and drank, made plans to meet at Faces as the fund raiser expired. But first: After I won \$65,000, I put my winnings in a drawing, then waited while they drew name after name for prize after prize. Well, I didn't just wait, I jumped up and down clutching my receipt and calling my own name until they got to two light opera tickets. That's when the harmonic convergence finally converged and I was engulfed in my squeals of delight that echoed the laughter and applause of the crowd as I boogied my booty forward and snatched the tix. Way Cool! But after I peed, almost everyone had left. So

(Continued on page 4)

Anonymous Correspondence

(Continued from front cover)

March 25, 1993

Dear Ms. Jones:

I am one of those cross-dressers you referred to who does not question my biological sex or cultural gender. I think you are correct to believe that many cross-dressers try to "pass" as a female in order to appear in public wearing women's clothing, and that cross-dressing could disappear if it was common to see males in heels, hose, skirts, etc.

Enclosed is five dollars. Please send the April/May/June 1991 issue of *TV Guide* to the address below. Still anonymous.

Boxholder

Dear A.B.,

I've enclosed three issues: the one you requested (#11), #10 which has part one of "Sex, Gender & Sexual Expression," and the current issue (#16).

Thanx for corresponding, especially for voicing the sex/gender non-conflict. Several people have written with similar thoughts/feelings.

I may want to publish your anonymous letters—is this okay with you? Your location will not be referenced.

Luv,

April 4, 1993

Dear Ms. Jones:

...I never thought that you would be interested in my opinions much less want to publish what I wrote. However, your newsletter does warn readers that you might publish anything that is sent in.

Also enclosed is a letter expressing my thoughts about what the so-called leaders are saying and doing. This nonsense has been going on for thirty years. If you want to publish it, feel free to do so but let me hide safely behind a wall of anonymity.

Sincerely,

A.B. (Anonymous Boxholder)

April 4, 1993

Dear Ms. Jones:

Calling white male cross-dressing clubs the Aryan Sisterhood is probably an accurate description of these groups. However, the person who said that social/economic status is the reason [that] few, if any, minorities belong to these groups, has a point. It is true that cross-dressing is an expensive and time consuming hobby.

The never ending bickering and arguing about labels is primarily caused by the fact that Virginia Prince is no longer the "Fuhrer" of the Aryan Sisterhood. In the past she could put a label on people who behaved a certain way, and the label would stick because she was "The Fuhrer." Now there are many people competing for the position of Fuhrer who would like to have the status and clout that Virginia Prince had thirty years ago.

I am a heterosexual male cross-dresser. Thirty years

ago there was no question about what to call people like me. We were transvestites. Gradually the word transvestite was phased out and cross-dresser became the preferred term. Then cross-dressers became transgendered people. I read in *GenderFlex* that some pseudo-leader wants to replace transgendered with bigendered. What's going on here? What about people like me? I am not a woman. I never wanted to be a woman. I am a man who occasionally wears women's clothing. Transvestite or cross-dresser accurately describes me. I am not transgendered or bigendered.

There has been a great deal of discussion about unity. Several "field marshals" have spoken about coming together to create a united front against the oppressive forces of evil. In the past, heterosexual transvestites marched to a single drummer. That drummer was Virginia Prince. Do the "field marshals" want to return to those days?

Sincerely,

A.B.

April 16, 1993

Dear Ms. Jones:

About a year-and-a-half ago, Merissa Sherrill Lynn wrote in the *Tapestry* about a person she met at a T-person event. Ms. Lynn was sitting by herself when an attractive young woman joined her. The young woman tearfully told her that she was attending the event to warn people who believed they were transsexual to be very certain about their situation before they had irreversible surgery. The young woman explained that she was a gay cross-dresser who had mistakenly believed that she was a transsexual. She had the surgery and must live with the results for the rest of her life.

In *GenderFlex*, issue #16, you stated correctly that "many GenderGroups exclude cross-dressing homosexual males from the definition cross-dresser." What about the person described above? If he approached one of these groups and said he would like to become a member, they would say no because he is a homosexual. If she returned a year later, after sex reassignment surgery, and asked to join the group, would they say no because she was a woman, wearing women's clothing, and therefore not a cross-dresser?

I have enclosed two dollars, please send the June issue of *GenderFlex* (#17) to the address below.

Boxholder

I sent Virginia a copy—so stay tuned; this might be fun!

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

Billie Jean Blabs and blabs— (Continued from page 2)

Karen and I cruised over to Faces where she was 86'd at the door for wobbling in with half-a-glass leftover from the I.D.E.A.— bad idea. I suppose I should have noticed while I helped her navigate across the street— but like I said already: If I only hadda brain. So, having no chance to catch up to Nancy & Lisa, I took Karen home and, feeling no pain myself, booked back to my crib and crashed.

❖□***~I have become my Lover

I am the woman of my dreams. The one who loves me unconditionally, who accepts my quirks, warts and questions. I am my mother who loves me, my lover who needs me, my best friend who knows all my secrets. I am that which I can not find; that which can not be traded off at any time for any reason.

But, can I take my selves to bed? Out to dinner? Can I call myself up and entwine me in one of those warm conversations lovers delight in?

Maybe not but I don't need a phone; I don't tell me I made a partner mistake; I don't tell me I'm too different— go away.

The Sea of Frustration has many currents forming surface textures, patterns, movements. Some currents push GIANT waves: Crushing waves, suffocating waves, obliterating waves~*~.

Damn *!@! This reworking of the *Blab* is sure tricky stuff, it's like being £!\$! /yelled at, screamed at; great crashing waves of Hate pounding the shore of Despair ~-Yø. Phuking machine. So anyway, I drug my guy guise over to the SGA ExComm meeting and met up with Krystel again, who was with Michelle and Linda. Linda promptly laid ten bucks on me because she said reading **GenderFlex** caused her to give up her carefully planned steps to "come out." Seems she got ahold of a **GF** at a RGA social last summer, and said to herself, "Self, this plan is too slow." So she escalated those essential purchases and kicked down the door of her closet. We all blabbed for a while, met Chris, who gets out infrequently, and swapped lies with Glenn the bartender. Linda had one-o-those throw-away cameras, and during the flashing that ensued, I took this picture of Michelle, Krystel and Linda giving



Glenn a ride— Yee-haww!

(Continued on page 10)

Lost Guy Stuff

© 1993 by Francis Vavra

April 18, 1993 (Happy Birthday, Buddha!)

Dear Billie Jean,

Way to go! (As you say, "Way cool.") I absolutely loved your politically incorrect, painfully truthful, witty and humorous article, "A Word From Our Sponsor" in the latest issue of *GenderFlex*. You don't pull any punches, and you take no prisoners! My hat is off to you!

GenderFlex is a special publication as a space where gripes, concerns, and real issues (like sexuality, fears, who we are inside) can be discussed and actually printed. We cross-dressers are such a diverse lot (each being is so beautiful in his/her/their own way) that it is limiting (and therefore excluding) of some publications that supposedly "represent" cross-dressers to print only the viewpoints of a small minority. But you already said that!

Here in S.F. we can be happy and proud that there is so much sharing between diverse groups of gay and straight cross-dressers. We would be missing a lot if that were not so— the Chez for ETVC meetings, Lily's and their new weekend talent shows, the wonderful entertainment at ETVC's Cotillion, the Gay Pride Parade; Klubstitute, Forbidden Planet, Product; and other experimental gender events.

I feel that cross-dressing is a radical act in itself, no matter what form it takes, and that "dressing down" and "being respectable" (which means different things to different people) cannot be enforced by anyone.

Even after Clinton's election, the country is continuing to move in a more conservative direction in all areas— including the arts, personal expression, freedom of choice (abortion), gay rights. As cross-dressers, we will all be affected by narrow-minded people— we need to keep challenging the "status quo" by being true to ourselves and at the same time, communicating in ways we are each able, to create more understanding, and with it, more acceptance for us all. Drag queens, gender-benders, performance artists and punk fashion fans should be just as welcome at cross-dressing events as those who dress like their aunts from Iowa (which the younger generation may find offensive). After all, we are crossing over into forbidden territory!—"becoming" the other gender (even if only for an evening); using the "wrong" restroom!—we should approach cross-dressing with confidence, personal style, a sense of humor, fearlessness— and have fun out there!

I loved being in the two photos in the latest *GenderFlex*, but I need to clarify that I hate being called "boy." "Young man"; "Sir"; and "Guy" are just fine! Billie Jean, you didn't know, no criticism intended. Since many "women" in the gender community enjoy being called "girls," which somehow sounds right, I can understand.

"Guy" can also be non gender-specific (I've heard women called "guys" too), whereas "boy" is diminutive at best, insulting at worst ("Hey, boy!")

So when thinking about me, just think "G.G."—Gypsy Guy or Gypsy Gentleman! Good, you got it!

The BIG news is that there is now another Lost Guy! The new guy's name is Alexander, and as Pauli's partner, loves to dance as much as Roxanna and I do. Alexander can usually be seen dressed spiffily in all black, with a jaunty black hat.

At the DVG meeting on April 5, I suddenly noticed Alexander dancing with Lost Girl Kristen (who was outrageously dressed in leather, with knee-high spiked boots). Alexander had Kristen's riding crop and together they put on a dance performance that was entertaining to watch (to say the least). The guy had guts, style, and nerve! They were both wild!

When the song was over, after watching Alexander's demonstration of true "Lost Guy Attitude," I knew what I had to do. Only I am authorized to initiate another Lost Guy, which I did immediately.

So watch out, ladies—now there are two of us!

Dear Francis,

Thank You for your letter. The issue that you brought up, that of diminutive/insulting pseudo-pejorative applied to female-men, is much appreciated. Ya know, when I was writing the caption to the "Lost" photo, I didn't like using "boy." But I didn't have a clear memory of your pin, and I had clear memories of other "girls" calling you the Lost Boy. Personally, I find the use of "girl" to be somewhat of a slight to women everywhere; however, I also believe the majority of male-women are really adolescents learning to be women (if that's their trip); I think I would prefer "Gurlz" just to differentiate between chronologically aged and culturally aged. And while "Boyz" may be a corresponding "term" for FTMs, I do support and endorse your choice of being called Guy, lost or not.

Francis, I have to confess that, of all the FTM people I have met, you expose me to my own difficulty in dealing with gender pronouns. I'm sure you can remember at least two times that I have publicly referred to you as "she." I've felt bad about those times. Bad because I know to some people it is an insult. An insult because after all the effort, time, and personal vision/identification, one may still be denied one's validity. I apologize for that.

Let me mention that you are the only married female-to-masculine cross-dresser I've had any sustained contact with. My problem is that I can't forget that, nor can I rapidly adjust my feeble mental skills to recognize your masculinity when I hear your voice. I imagine myself to be in a similar position as that of the females married to male-to-feminine cross-dressers. How difficult it is for these women to adjust to their mates being "women," especially when the voice is an incongruity.

I believe that another difficulty I have is that the majority of people who hear "cross-dresser," automatically assume that means a male dressed as a woman. While I have put effort into trying to include FTM perspectives in my own thinking and in **GenderFlex**, I am still a "product" of this culture (WASP America). That's the

main reason I changed the name from **TV Gulse**—to move away from the assumption that CDs, TGs, TSs, TVs, and other bits of GenderBet Soup, are males.

Besides apologizing to you, I want you to know I support the point you brought up: That you are a "Lost Guy." And, I still have your calling card (from Genderbent), "Francis Vavra, Gypsy Gentleman." Additionally, I will endeavor to avail myself of referring to you as "that Gypsy guy over there," but I must decline the opportunity to refer to you as "G.G." The reason for that is because I really feel sickened by the MTF use of "G.G." as "Genetic Girl."

First, for the reasons you mentioned about "boy." Second, because anybody can be a "girl." Many cross-dresser/gender people say "I was born this way." Okay, fair enough: You are a genetic girl even though you were classified "male." So calling someone a "G.G." doesn't mean they have to be biologically "female." And calling women (my dodder told me that a girl starts becoming a woman at menstruation), "girls" IS a patriarchal condescension of women. For MTF cross-dressers to continue using this term, continues the perpetration of women as second-class citizens.

Hugs, much thanx, and

Luv,

FTM Newsletter

The new issue (#23) of *FTM Newsletter*, besides being full of good stuff, reflects an impressive new look, graphically speaking. The new staff (Kevin Horowitz, editor; Maximilian Samuel Wolf, assistant editor; Stafford, design) have "one upped" most GenderJournals, especially as regards design, and editorial vision. Congratulations! (Goddess, I just feel so inadequate compared to these men.)

Issue #24 contains the first part of a three-part interview with Leslie Feinberg (author of *Stone Butch Blues*); lotsa letters from the "Malebox"; announcement and commentary on changes within FTM as it grows larger ("A Study in Cooperation"); the shifting of various FTM groups into a "Networking" section; cartoons, photos, and some pot pourri.

Also, six of the films to be screened at this year's Lesbian & Gay Film Festival (June 19-27 at the Castro and Roxie theaters), were highlighted as "Trans-Friendly," especially for FTMs: *Feed Them to The Cannibals*; *Vera*; *East is Red*; *The Plain Truth*; *(Mis)leading Ladies/Self-Made Men*; *To My Woman Friends*. Max Wolf's comment on *The Plain Truth*, was "We're sponsoring this one, folks!"

Additionally, *Female Misbehavior*, a series of documentary films by Monica Treut, includes one about Max: Roxie in SF May 14-19; U.C. Theater in Berkely May 21 & 22.

FTM also announced that meetings will no longer be held at the MCC Church in SF. Contact FTM for additional information (listed on page 15).

Debbie Cooks Up

© 1993 by Debbie Sm'art

January 20, 1993

Dear Billie Jean,

I'm Debbie from NC [North Carolina]. As soon as [Tapestry] came out a month or so ago, I wanted to write someone from Northern California. I put a mark beside your ad because your face was amicable to me and [because of] your words: "numerous scars." I wish you could give me some advice/information about the living conditions in NorCal. I'm desiring to move to the Northwest. I'm an artist and contain both genders along with other needs like space and snow and freedom. NC is a nightmare for me.

I only later noticed that you wrote the article "Who Speaks GenderLingo?" in this issue. You are correct: As soon as something pops up in culture, "we" tend to try to make it uniform. I have an extremely strong male side and my female "side" is just as strong. For this point in time, I prefer the female as I've exhausted the man endeavors.

I live with a loving mate (biological female) who loves this whole thing. When I told her about "Sometimes I feel like a girl," she was filled with wonder and joy. She helped me with the technicals of "top combing" to the female plights in society. In sort, we need a more happy geographical location. She has a brother in Sonoma, but I can't really ask him: "How's it out there for Drag Queens?"

The natural environment concerns me probably more so than cultural. Clean, Snow, Peace. But as an artist (I've done everything from steel & bronze sculpture to illustrations), I need some magical interchange as well.

North Carolina is hell or pretty close (Jesse Helms is this state's senator, by the way). Bad weather (too mild) and a crime rate like a prison.

I'm a very sober person. I had thought that my fem "side" would be more "upbeat" like my misperception of the general woman— but No. She is me. But I'm also creative and can be absurdly silly. And this transgender aspect adds to life, doubling its gifts. I certainly don't think it's something to have "support" for. Does that make sense?

People are so diverse inside (and that's where we deal) that it's difficult to write. My goal in life is to "beat" the world's insistence on conforming to drudgery. (I'm 38 years old and still chasing fantasies— but more prudently now.)

So I hope to hear from you.

Take Care,

February 15, 1993

Dear Billie Jean,

Thank you for that great letter! The geography "ride" was wonderful.

And, [we] really enjoyed the GenderFlex [issue #14].

You and I hold the same sentiments toward that fat-cat "capitalism" and that wave of conservative shit we have suffered through. And that mind of yours in your "Blab!" I love those shifts of acidity to fun. Underneath, between the lines, I share your perceptions.

I'm sending a few photos to use how you wish (you can even say that I dress in women's clothes!). Also, I was thinking that I could write some spots if you needed an extra voice.

As a note of explanation: When I used the term "support," I referred to the way my current region views anything not mainstream. That is: Pathology. Support for TVism here is viewed as "in need of help." Fuck 'em. I need help all right— getting out of here! As soon as I can pull together the dough, I'm heading that way.

Thank you for all your effort in supplying us with the information and that sparkling magazine.

Truly,



March 22, 1993

Dear Billie Jean,

I delayed this response because I did type up a fairly long article for GenderFlex, then put it aside, thinking about the futility of voicing how idiots have control of our world. I did write with a campish humor, but I always end up as the borderline misanthrope that I am. I will still send it. It's hard keeping up with two sets of living bodies: My male part keeps me a threat to car-jackers, while Miss Debbie hammers away at rising to the surface.

I keep in mind constantly your words and advice on geography and culture there. I get not only the overview, but the inside scoop for people like us. When you say "redneck" I take that fully to heart. I do not want to see more of that. That's the whole of [North Carolina] from coast to coast, and all I see here— besides pussy yuppies and criminals. This moving is imperative; I'm wasting my life, rotting on the vine. I'm an artist to the point of misery and dual-gendered. Imagine the hell I've caught in the South.

I'm in a sort of shitty mood tonight and almost ashamed to admit the cause. My bread fell after I babied that dough for three hours. This is truly a female thing, but my maleness had a goddamned fit. I broke a bowl two weeks ago over bread. This doesn't make for a Donna Reedesque atmosphere, I will admit. Oh well.

It's 4am; I'm nocturnal and it's time to wrap up my night. Time to tune in that CNN news before I go to bed; to see what "they" have fucked-up since last night.

Warmly,

April 20, 1993

Dear Billie Jean,

I typed a piece three times for *GenderFlex*. The world is rolling so rapidly that my words are obsolete by the next day. I am going to figure how I can submit something that sticks in the ground for a while. I'm not giving up; it was a bit too formal and that means: Sugar-coating the hard truth. So I'll have to simply coat it in something else— maybe a harsher sarcasm or the plain wrapper of my own words (which causes assholes to constrict).

I just wanted to send a note to tell you that I still want to submit "Letters From Home," but they must be appropriate.

We're still fretting over money to keep us alive when we move there. I want to live in relative isolation and still have food and shelter. Silly me, wanting peace.

Take Care,

Gratuitious\$ Filler

Back issues of **TV Gulse** are available by mail for \$2 (two bucks) each, postage paid. Issues 4 thru 10, the July, August, September, October, November, Dec/Jan & Feb/Mar (91/92) issues are available (1 thru 3 are not). Back issue of **GenderFlex**, 11 thru 16, the April/May/June, July/August, Sept/Oct, Nov/Dec/Jan (92/93), Feb/Mar, and April/May '93 issues are also 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 each, paid in advance (please include your address and make checks payable to Billie Jean Jones).



I'm pregnant now, and I've let myself go...
...a more sane approach to being the 90's woman.
(Photos courtesy of Debbie Sm'art)

To: Miss Billy-Jean

From: You'll just have to guess who...

Here's a poem for one of your issues, and a small contribution to publication.

Sexually,

I'm considered
straight—

At least to

society

When actually—

I'm a drag queen
trapped,

in a woman's body

Hope you like it

—Akili Jaye

[Akili Jaye is an African-American female, and Executive Director of LACE (Local Artists for Charity Events), and a very warm person.]

Texas 'T' Tidbits

© 1993 by Linda Phillips

Dear Billie Jean,

I hear and obey. You want some tidbits about the 'T'? Our fifth, as in we have managed somehow to keep our sanity through five of these periods of total chaos (it seems like chaos to us—the people attending think everything works great; little do they know).

This year, befitting the "Tea for Two" theme of the '93 'T' we had 93 couples! (Up from 76 last year.) We had 362 attendees in all, making the 'T' still the largest gender event in the world.

The best part of the 'T' and the most unusual (the *National Enquirer* would have LOVED to have been in on it), was our first annual renewal of vows. The sight of 19 brides in beautiful gowns would have blown the minds of any ordinary church-going citizen! We had 10 renewals in all, and one couple was actually cross-dressed. He (she) even wore a fake mustache, and a fine sight he (she) was. All but one other couple opted for the traditional "veil and gown" bit.

We had a real Catholic Arch Bishop perform the ceremonies. Cynthia and I cried through the whole thing (from exhaustion actually). Each couple got to take a short "spin" around the parking lot in a stretch limo. Everyone threw birdseed (ecologically correct as always) at the happy couple as they entered the limo. All in all it was a blast, and a bunch of would-be brides told me they wanted to do it next year. Looks like this will be a permanent part of the 'T' Party practice and lore.

Then there was the little "vampire" party some of us had with our honored guest Gordene McKenzie (a professor at the University of New Mexico and author of a soon-to-be released book about our community, *Transgendered Nation*). a great person who thinks transgendered folks are among the most interesting in the world (I concur). We all discovered vampires and cross-dressers have a lot in common (i.e. most of them only come out at night; they like to wear black and some of them turn into old bats!). Anyway, the party con-

sisted of "bloody marys," black, strapless bras hung from the ceiling to resemble bats (this works quite well, you must try it sometime).

Another fun time was our Saturday Night Live bunch who again proved that transgendered people are some of the most gifted in the world. They even "roasted" Virginia Prince, who took it quite well. I wish they would take their show on the road and work all the gender events.

A more conservative style of dress was noted this year. Seems more people are heeding our plea to look like ladies rather than hookers. We had so many wives (93) and first-time dressers (50)—we don't like to frighten them by garish dressing.

Because of our concentration on couples this year, we were lucky with the hotel. We didn't run out of rooms as we did in '91, although we used 186 rooms out of the 192 we could have had. Keeping the 'T' from growing

too large is as big a chore as helping some other events grow!

Ah, and then there are the infamous 'T' Party rumors we collect. This year we heard we "threw 9 (at first it was 3) California girls out for dressing in opposition to our dresscode." The truth was we only had one person who broke the dress code, and she was from Texas. No one was thrown out.

The other big rumor

was that the 'T' was a flop this year. Sorry Charlie, as usual it was bigger and better than ever. Another rumor was that we had a "debate" over allowing non-transgendered gay males to "cruise" the event for dates, and that we decided to allow them to come (?). Don't know where that came from but it is pretty bizarre. We hope the rumors continue. Without them where would we be? We might even have to start paying for publicity!

Hope you and your lovely wife can make it to the 'T' next year. Thanx for the great time in SF (except for the thrilling experience of getting the transvestite moving van towed off—must tell you sometime about the experience of going through "Checkpoint Charlie" in the SF pole-eece station while cross-dressed! The police in SF are more paranoid than a group of Tri-Ess CDs).

Love from next years' Co-director of the Texas 'T' (I feel sure you know who the Chief Director is!).



Diana Grace Campbell and Janelle Ailene Sexton



Saturday, May 1, 1993 Point Richmond, CA



So there I was, all spiffy in a swell suit of drab rags at Diana & Janelle's Wedding. "How," you may ask yourself, "how the heck did Billie Jean get to a nice affair like this?" Well, darlings, I drove my car there. See, believe it or not, I was invited! So were a lotta way cool people, who all



seemed to have cameras. Four teevee (ya didn't think I was gonna write "TV," didja?) cameras recorded the event also. The brides wore white as you can see, and the ring bearer did also, but the Maids of Honor (4) and Bridesmaids didn't. Everyone else wore all kindsa colorful clothing as befitted the sunny, Spring day. Lotsa feedbag, libations and blabbing. From my perspective (it's the only one I have), there were two way cool moments: I caught the first bridal bouquet— well actually, I lunged from a low, brick wall, possibly scaring the other would-be catchers (sorry, hope I didn't knock anyone down); and then Diana gave me a bottle of champagne, which I'm trying to save for Mrs. Billie Jean III candidates (it's quite chilled by now and I have lotsa candles, a song in my heart, gloss on my lips and an active ima

Dish from the IFGE Con

☞ My mother's father beat her. For her own good of course. After all, she was a girl. Her father was king, his sons princes, the dogs were loyal; the girl was trained to be useful. She escaped☞

Why duzn't the delete key wurk? How come when I'm in the present, pointing toward the future, the past keeps creeping and crawling like some slithering snake? Speaking of the past, my friend Sue Denym managed to slither around the '93 IFGE Con., and dished me with some-o-the rumblings like, who resigned loudly from what and why (it ain't pretty); various snorting and bellowing over the need to comply with IRS regulations that also ain't pretty (and possibly not legal for a certain "not-for-profit" organization); and a taste of who threw temper tantrums (and maybe an object or two). Sue also wrote: "The most outrageous thing that happened at the conference involved the FTMs. Now, you have to know these guys. They embody all the good things about masculinity. No hand-squeezing, back-slapping macho bullshit here, just sensitive, caring, competent men. So what happens at the comportment session? In walks Mr. Majorette looking as effeminate as Michael Serrault in *La Cage Aux Folles*, but in male power clothes, suit and tie, and a tie clip that is an assault weapon, and he's grinding and gnashing his teeth and saying things in a low, gruff voice. Things like, **'You got to look 'em in the eye and show 'em who's boss.'** And, **'It's a warrior's world, and you've got to be meaner and tougher than anyone else. Grind 'em under your heel. Eat 'em for breakfast.'**

"Five men walked out. The others stayed only because they were in shock and couldn't believe it wasn't all a big joke."

Way awesome inner dish, Sue! Sickening, but awesome.

Other voices have chirped into the ear that hears, too— "chirp, chirp, chirp." Which when trans-lated, means that several people worked hard to "keep the peace," and that the new Board is more committed to coalescing in partnership, rather than maintaining a reactionary ballistic basis when perceived challenges to "authority" are interpreted.

While several of the *GenderJournals* around the country touched upon "the stormy beginning" to the Con., most referred to the blizzard that stormed Philly. An exception was Roxanne de Lyon's article in ETVC's newsletter, in which she was briefly candid about the opening salvo and subsequent "maneuvering" as regards reorganization of the Board. Further, and I quote Roxanne: "The apparent fall of power politics has rekindled enthusiasm for a cause bigger than any individual, namely a system of understanding that empowers each individual to define and follow their own unique destiny and still live in harmony with others." I wish it were so, but like "ethnic cleansing," past wounds fester, implode and explode— what goes around comes around and goes around in circular dysfunction. At some point the child-in-the-adult sees itself looking at its self and realizes the adult is in the child, the child is the adult; one and one are two parts in the whole, and healing begins. You want a revolution? Grow a new mind.

☞☞☞ I am unwinding the layers of my illusions like unraveling a ball of tangled yarn scraps. A blue one, a red one, a snippet of green. I am color-blind. No matter. My task is to fit them together, to braid the jagged ends together, to weave them into the tapestry of my life while

waving the kaleidoscopic cloth into the cosmic winds☞☞☞

Goddess, this machine is getting SCARY. Speaking of tapestry, I mean the "magazine"; you know, like: *Flapestry*—the kernel for a few persons interested in CDs, TVs, High FIs and other TransMedia as told by T.S. Purrrsons? That one. Well, after I pissed and moaned last issue about being "censored by omission," Vivian Allen, the hard-working Senior Editor, invited me to rewrite my letter for publication as an editorial, or, if I so chose, they would publish my letter as was (ya gotta get these tenses right, see?). So I rewrote it, barely made the deadline, and I'm told, it will be in the next issue. Speaking of which, is going to be full of "politics."

Political Segue

Another person wrote me (not Chris Moran who I quoted in the last issue with the line: "Calling it [the "gender community"] a community is like calling Detroit a civilization." —and said line was republished in Emerald City's newsletter by Allison Marsh just before a hit squad of angry Detroitians, armed with carbon monoxide tanks, invaded the Moran abode, and pumped Chris up with CO2 'til her pantyhose ripped and she passed all the way to the moon— Goddess, that must have been a rip-roaring sight (sorry, I needed a dose of slightly sickish humor— I do feel better, now)— let's just ease on out of this other parenthetical and get back to "Another person wrote me") that "Leaders in our community may have unique reasons for preserving their status with an iron will. If one of us decides to spend all or most of his/her time in a cross-gender role, [they] face reduced status, loss of income, discrimination, and legal and employment challenges unless [they] can find (or has) a job as a leader in our community, in which case [they] experience higher status, a purpose in life, power, a job, and loss of income (what the hell, income's not all that important)."

Time Out

Income to **GenderFlex** is mighty important! The IRS really wurked me over good in back taxes, not to mention that I forked over my \$65,000 blackjack winnings at the I.D.E.A. benefit! So dig deep and raise some dough for a new loaf of *GenderFlex Bread*! (And another way big Thank You to all those who made it possible for 380 slices to be distributed as issue #16!!!)

Time In

A coupla years ago or so, I photocopied a "Guest Editorial" from *Patlar*, a lesbian-gay publication. The author, Mel Dahl, started off by describing his involvement "on the governing board of a local gay organization." One that "filled a need, had the respect of the gay and lesbian community, and the potential to be a powerful force for good in the region." He moved before its final "mortal blow," although "the seeds of destruction had already sprouted before [he] left." His understanding from those who remained, was that "at its death it was an object of scorn and ridicule... Before it went, it did manage to destroy the reputations and self esteem of a number of people who were terrific leaders with sincere desires to serve the gay and lesbian community."

He summed up what happened from a fine beginning to such a calamity in one word: **Infighting**. "That board was made up of strong willed individuals... Nobody could bear the thought that his or her own bent might not be the one to prevail." Mel states this "reflects a much deeper problem, with a much broader question: Why is it that talented individuals with lots to offer almost without exception have enough personal baggage to sink a battleship, and

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Digging in the Dirt #3

(I have to talk about this)

©1993 by Anna Maria [REDACTED]

Seems like everyone has a category for themselves these days. People calling themselves this or that. Living, arguing and dying by titles. Did you ever just ask yourself, "What is the point?"

Look around... whenever you meet someone, how do they identify themselves to you? By title. TS, TV, TG, single, married, butcher, baker, etc. Identification by lifestyle, religion or even social issue. This is all external stuff.

Where in those answers do you find the human being? People are not in those answers except that such descriptions define a state of human existence wherein people externalize their identities. We are not taught to define ourselves with internal descriptions as a rule. In lieu of "warm and loving," people instead say they are a "mother," "father," "lover," etc. and when you define yourself by external categories you will also define others in that way. Humanity disappears and the human buffet begins—"I'll have a little of that one, thank you very much... oh, I'll pass on this one, if you don't mind." People become commodities. They can be bought, sold, sided with or against, and organized by category or convenient groups. This is social manipulation.

I want to stop and say this again: We are trained, by society, to label ourselves by category.

There is only one reason: Manipulation. Social manipulation. If you label yourself as anything other than human, you are doing so as part of a dynamic for social manipulation. All socialization agents (i.e., TV, Movies, School, Business, etc.) provide us with role models in this way—by category. We become Republicans, Democrats, Gays, Straights, Baptists, etc. We are taught to draw little narrow minded lines on the beach of our lives and dare other narrow-minded folks to cross over. What an incredible waste of energy.

I have to ask: "Who benefits from this?" And the answer is: "Those in POWER". Social manipulation is for the purpose of power. And who is in power? Men. In fact, only a rather select group of men, and for the last oh, 4000 years, it has been this way.

Methods of mass manipulation have been developed which invariably support the men in power. If they had any emotional problems, prejudices, etc., these were built into the support framework. They have, in this way, defined a specific concept of behavior for males and females. The double standard between men and women developed from this and it has evolved in such a way as to keep the power with particular groups of men. It is this standard which also fuels the fire of inequality and discrimination against the gender community at large.

For instance, all western concepts of health have been, historically, white male normative. Did you know that the definition of mental health for an adult and an adult white man are identical, but that mental health for a women is

defined as less developed, in that independence, among other things, is not a part of her needs? NO... What is she a dog!? How did we get terms like "she's a dog" anyway? Argh. The implicit control fairly well smacks you in the face.

Did you ever read about Sigmund Freud? He's a great example of a man well within the limits of the term "Chauvinist Pig!" He did large amounts of coke and was theorizing about humanity based on the fear of castration. When I was first exposed to him, I thought "Is this a joke?" No one knew this guy was a raging paranoid coke freak. No one even questioned it. It was for "medicinal" purposes. He seemed so intelligent. He was so authoritarian. Well, people have been screwed up for generations because of this guy's paranoia. But the men like it because it maintains fear and control. Keeps women in their place. The vanity of this line of thought boggles the mind.

One tactic for social manipulation is to confound the individual's intelligence by simply defining them into a group limbo. The group thusly defined will spend the rest of it's energy arguing among itself about titles and group definition, never dealing with the real issue, namely the guys in power. So, a group of socially acceptable roles and characteristics have been historically defined by the power structure, and everyone that doesn't meet these "specifications," has been given an arbitrary spot in the pecking order below. I don't know about you but that pisses me off.

Even language is white male normative and specifically places power in the hands of white heterosexual men. They are the ones who taught us phrases like: "It's a man's world"; "Only the strong survive"; and, "Every man for himself." Mostly this is an abuse by capitulation deal. Anyone who buys into the roles buys into the power structure. Anyone who doesn't is a threat—that's us among others.

This is an instant by instant trip—Every second you are asked to make choices in keeping with, or in opposition to, the power structure—either you're in, or out, at any given time.

By defining ourselves as "trans this or Bi that" we are dividing ourselves up to be manipulated by the power brokers. We— You and I, must not participate in this herding of humanity because it is the means by which we can be controlled. We must forget these titles, and our basic training in survival through the group identification, and forge a new way. It has to be an inclusive way. An accepting and flexible way with no trace of manipulation in it's roots. It is the way of the individual. And what does that really mean? It means simply and wonderfully identifying yourself as just that: You.

To like yourself, to be yourself requires discovering who you are devoid of title: "Hello, who's in there? Am I home?"

Personally, I wasn't for a long time. I bought into all this categorization bullshit thinking that following the popular paths would free me from pain. It only added to it. Only stopping and recognizing the pain, and my participation in the cause, freed me. Believing anyone could define what

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Digging in the Dirt— (Continued from page 11)

kind of life would work for me was the mistake. That is my responsibility and that if anything is a universal rule. My life: My responsibility. Your life: Your responsibility.

What I have found is that the only way to internal peace and joy is finding your own way. That means your way not mine. It means you don't have to belong to a group. In fact, you really only lose by thinking that way. You are not anything but you. Yet the teaching is strong, we are taught to devalue ourselves in favor of the group.

The whole abortion thing is about this as far as I'm concerned. A girl is taught to devalue herself in favor of some human verbalization of God's rule. Who presumes to speak for God? Another false prophet. I don't accept your word. I KNOW each of us is dealt with personally. There is no need for your intervention. Go away! Please!

The problem I have with the IFGE and other groups like this, is segregation. A small separatist clique speaking for a "community" of folks who are constantly arguing about issues of group identification. No one speaks for me, and frankly from what I see, they're doing some pretty strong drugs over there if they think they're speaking for anyone other than themselves.

The DSM III-R is the same thing. We shouldn't be concerned about how we're defined in there but rather that we're in there at all. That thing is for mental disorders as defined by an elitist male normative medical community. Disorders are things which inhibit functioning and most people I have met have had their functionality enhanced by "transie" dispositions. So what's the deal? Look:

We need to identify our differences and thank God for them because they are what makes us— us.

Whether you like wearing pants or a dress, what the hell does that matter to God? What matters is if we don't accept the responsibility to make ourselves happy; to take responsibility for our life. That's what this is all about. How you do it is between you and God. Heed your inner voice. The Truth that we can always hear but rarely listen to.

Accepting the responsibility for yourself frees you from the burden of being dependent on others who can never be attuned to your personal needs, and therefore can never satisfy them. Your inner voice on the other hand is attuned, and therefore can satisfy.

Trans-folk should rejoice daily. We have accepted that, in some pretty significant ways, we have to differ from the group for self acceptance. Instead of arguing what to call this one or that one, or what new group we should belong to, let's be thankful that we had guts enough to face this and find our own way. Accepting and being ourselves in view of a contrarian social morality is the successful resolution of the highest moral crisis. It is something to be proud of. Don't cheapen it by giving it a name. Please, you only do yourself a disservice. Be proud to be you and hold your head high.

If you're reading this, you've come a long way. Me too, and there's miles to go before we sleep. Miles. So let's walk together a bit— as individuals.

See ya in the streets!

Billie Jean Blabs and blabs and blabs — (Continued from page 10)

insist on killing each other—and our organizations—rather than working together?"

In recognizing strong personalities tend to not work well as a team, and trying to work around that, Mel makes another point that may apply to the so-called "gender community" (first there wasn't a community and then after a long time there isn't a community either): "As gay people growing up in a culture where homosexuality was not acceptable, we learned early on that the only way to get what we needed was to sneak around, pretend to be what we aren't, and hide our true feelings. We need to unlearn that behavior.

"The people most likely to be gay activists are those whose gay status has cost them at some point. Many of us have lost jobs, families, churches, or something else because of who we are. It should come as no surprise that our leadership, as a group, is in pain: activism more often than not is born of personal tragedy. This pain, and the fear of more pain, often leads to a course of more hiding, sneaking around, and refusing to be open and honest with other people, or, in many cases, ourselves.

"As a community, and as leaders, we have got to make our organizations safe places where people are not afraid to deal honestly yet compassionately with one another. We have got to teach ourselves to be open with our lives, our ideas, and our feelings. We have somehow got to create a community where that can be done without fear of harm."

Sounds familiar, don't it? First, cross-dressers sneak around, then it's a habit, then it's a little lie, more lies, habitual lying; everyone's a suspect with a hidden agenda— everybody's a liar except you and I, and sometimes, I'm not so sure about you. Pretty soon, it's clear that I'm the only one who doesn't know everybody knows I lie. But, "WHO CARES?!" I scream pounding the table with my four inch spiked pump: "YOU'RE OUT OF ORDER!!!"

Gosh, all of a sudden it seems real quiet in here. I probably shouldn't speak this stuff while I'm writing it. Hope I didn't wake up the neighbors— they might think I'm weird. Hmmm, I kinda forgot... Oh! I just remembered—I wore a low-cut top, a short, tight skirt, and gold accessories to the I.D.E.A. event. I wore black jeans, a red, mock-turtle top under a white blouse, with an embroidered vest and flats to the May 5 DVG social, where, as I was blabbing and dancing in the big, wide hallway to the dance floor, I managed to stab somebody in the arm with my cigarette (sob, I burned 'em). I wore man-drag to ETVC's March social and blabbed on and on about hardly anything while I was supposed to be doing "color commentary" during Louise Carroll's magic makeover and wig show. And, I showed up for the SGA elections (in man-drag), after which I was informed that I had been elected "Newsletter Editor." Sheesh, I didn't even know I was nominated. So I asked, "Wut's the deal?" They said since I had volunteered to distribute their newsletter within **GenderFlex**— that's why. But don't look for the SGA newsletter in here because they already put it out without me. I think I oughta resign as editor because I'm not even a member of SGA. Whadda you think?

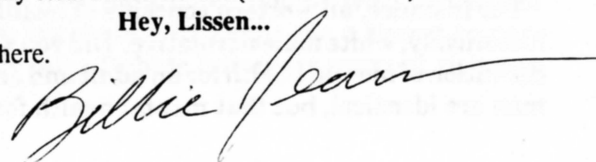
Let Those Who Have Ears Hear

Didja hear about the gang of transsexual car thieves in Chicago? They only steal *convertibles*. (Thanx Deedee!)

Hey, Lissen...

I'm outta here.

Luv,



April 1, 1993

Hi Billie Jean!

Although I've planned it ever since receiving your 2/17 letter—and have spent many insomniac nights thinking about it—I am only getting around to writing an article for *GenderFlex* now. But hey—I just finished my taxes this afternoon, too, so *GenderFlex* is only one step behind the IRS! And, the only reason for that is that they are refunding me more than *GenderFlex* is!

Anyway, the following article is sure to stir the pot and rub some people the wrong way. If it is too much, please let me know. Maybe I can tone it down a bit. But it *does* strike a sore nerve, having had two "TS" acquaintances get SRS (with one being quite unhappy; the other, yet to be determined) and another TV friend being told by his Midwest therapist that he is a TS.

Hope to see you soon!

Warm Hugs,

Evelyn

P.S. After reading what I've just written, I'm almost embarrassed to submit it! It is *such* a downer! It's true that I've seen one person destroy their life and another seems well on her way, but maybe I'm overreacting. Maybe this is not the kind of article you want in *GenderFlex*. No feelings will be hurt if you choose not to publish it.

P.P.S. I'm a bit low on cash at the moment, but please consider this \$5 as yet another installment toward my lifetime subscription to *GenderFlex* and its successors.

Only A TV

© 1993 By Evelyn [REDACTED]

As I enter the social, I see numerous friends, acquaintances, and strangers. Most of the people are *trannies*, a term that a friend once coined as a generic name for transgendered people. Through the murmur, I overhear someone ask another, "Are you a TV or a TS?" And I cringe as I hear the other person say apologetically:

"No, I'm only a TV."

"Only a TV!" What's that supposed to mean? That when I earn my merit badges, I can become a TS???

There seems to be an all-too-common attitude in the gender community that a TS is somehow a "super TV." Or, that a TV can work hard to become a TS. I've even had a TV friend comment, "I've been thinking about becoming a TS." I'd like to dispel some of this mind-twisting.

While both TVs and TSs share cross-dressing as a common ground, there are many fundamental differences. A true [M-F] TS believes that she is a woman with the wrong body, whereas a true [M-F] TV enjoys femininity and cross-dressing and may even occasionally

wish that he were a woman, yet identifies with his male body.

A dedicated TV can even go to great lengths to achieve the sought-after femininity, often getting electrolysis, hormone treatments, voice and mannerism lessons, though most prefer to just be themselves, with makeup and feminine attire.

A TS is often the target of admiration because she has recognized her situation at an early age and has started hormones early enough, long before sun and razors have damaged her skin to something approaching the infamous Marlboro Man. Further, because she wants to blend into society as a woman, she often makes significant efforts in assimilating feminine mannerisms and voice.

All too often, middle-aged TVs, with decades of skin damage, and gargantuan bone structure will delude themselves into believing that they will somehow miraculously be transformed into a beautiful feminine creature if only they can find a therapist to pronounce them TS, and authorize hormones. They further fantasize living full-time as a woman, employed as a secretary or receptionist in an office somewhere, completely ignoring the reality of tough competition and the image that most corporations seek. That ain't reality, folks! And, abandoning a wife and family to pursue such unrealistic and selfish goals does no one justice.

These TS-wannabes will constantly seek therapists that will mistakenly pronounce them TS and physicians willing to prescribe hormones. Some, after disappointing results from the hormones, will then seek SRS as the panacea for their unwanted masculinity, ignoring the potential problems that may arise from the surgery. Then, after rushing into it only to find such problems as incontinence, yeast infections, numbness, pain, and the persistent inability to fit well into either gender, these unfortunate souls begin to realize they have a lifetime of problems ahead. Further, because dressing in feminine attire is now the norm, they even lose the fun of cross-dressing, reducing it to about as much enthusiasm as a man has for putting on work clothes.

On the other hand, those that accept reality a bit better, and recognize that they are TVs, can enjoy some of the best of both worlds. Their organs intact, they can function well in their true sex, yet truly enjoy their exciting excursions into the taboos of femininity. Some might even get electrolysis treatments and practice feminine mannerisms and speaking if they are motivated to be more passable. A few may even risk "In-between-land" and use hormones, but that is far preferable to major surgery. I refer to this as an in-between state because I have yet to meet anyone who has developed a satisfactory female figure through the use of hormones. Instead, breast augmentation is usually required to produce reasonable breasts. Hormone-fed

(Continued on next page)

Only A TV- (Continued from page 13)

breasts are usually sub-optimal, ranging from embarrassing hemi-golf-ball size to AA cups, though I've been told that there are occasional exceptions.

So what is my point here? To write a downer of an article? To slam TSs? Hardly! I want to emphasize that it's OK to be a TV! If you weren't born a TS, consider yourself fortunate. And, therapists who are too eager to pronounce someone a TS are not doing anyone a service. If you don't face reality, you can be hurting yourself, your loved-ones, and your future happiness. Some of us have natural, physical limitations that limit what we can achieve if we hope to switch genders, and the best surgical team in the world cannot change that. Further, be realistic in what the future is likely to bring to a 40 or 50 year old who switches genders. It is extremely difficult for anyone to switch careers successfully at an advanced age, and near impossible if one complicates matters with a simultaneous gender switch. I've watched one post-op acquaintance all but ruin

their life in an all-out rush for SRS. Another post-op acquaintance may be well on the road to unhappiness—because of unrealistic expectations—although the jury is still out on that one. The last straw is a TV friend who is suddenly contemplating hormones, a career-switch, full-time life as a woman, divorce, and even SRS at age 50! Why? Because his therapist commented, "Have you considered you might be a TS?"

When someone asks if you are a TV or TS, don't be ashamed to say that you are a TV, if that is the case. There is no need to apologize or to feel inferior if you are not a TS. Instead, focus on your ability to switch back and forth. If it is important to you, put an effort into perfecting your feminine persona. If passing is important, put effort into that! Whatever your goals, abilities, and accomplishments, be proud of them! And, keep your excursions into femininity a special and enjoyable part of your life.

It really is OK to be a TV!

**You're out on the town, dressed
so fine, when suddenly you are
surrounded by a gang of mean
dragophobes, who you gonna
call?**

Selena Squad

**You find yourself at this
incredibly boring suburban hot party,
who you gonna call?**

Selena Squad

**You've been ripped off once too
often by a sleazebag, kink and fetish
mail order company, who you gonna
call?**

Selena Squad

**In a dream, you are in Karaoke
hell, with people singing one Mariah
Carey song after another, who you
gonna call?**

Selena Squad

**You're just in the mood to see
four sexy transvestite sisters wielding
toy guns, who you gonna call?**

Selena Squad



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. 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) [REDACTED]. 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 and informational meetings held monthly (informational meetings open to non-FTMs; support is for FTMs only). Currently selling paperback copies of Lou Sullivan's *Information For The Female-To-*

Male Crossdresser And Transsexual, \$10.

I.F.G.E. (International Foundation for Gender Education) POB 367, Wayland MA 01778. Perhaps the largest organization concerned with the CD/TV/TG/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) [REDACTED] (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) [REDACTED]. 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 are at the same time as Queer Nation; QN's phone # is: (415) [REDACTED].

Other Organizations & Services

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

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) [REDACTED].

Pacific Center for Human Growth, [REDACTED], Berkeley, CA 94705 provides weekly peer-support meetings for Bisexual, Gay/Lesbian, TV/TS persons. Info: (510) [REDACTED].

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

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

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

as well as publishing several informational booklets and *ChrysalisQuarterly*, 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) [REDACTED]. 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) [REDACTED]) sponsors a service for helping professionals (GAIN), dozens of Seminars and Workshops, Info Packets and Periodical Publications (some free), Fantasia Fair; and jointly with Theseus Counseling Services, HOPEFUL, a program for couples (Theseus: 233 Harvard St., Ste. 302, Brookline, MA 02146. (617) 277-4360.

For common emergencies, dial 911.

Special Thanks

to **Anonymous Boxholder** for the letters and \$7 order; to **Evelyn** for her article and \$5; to **Linda Phillips** for her "Tidbits" and photos; to **Akill Jaye** for her poem and \$2; to **Selena Anne Shephard** for "Selena Squad" and \$10!; to **Francis Vavra** for the "Lost Guy" letter; to **Sue Denym** for her "dish"; to **Linda Peterson** for her \$10! and photo; to **Shannon** for her \$2; to **Vera Rae House** of Baltimore for her \$5 order; to **Cheryl Sheppard** for her \$5 contribution; to **Pam** for the \$2 and selection of me as "Manager of the Year" in ETVC's newsletter; to **Vanessa** for another \$2!; to **Donna Freeman** for stuffing \$20! down my shirt at ETVC's march social (I was shakin' 'em!); to **Susie and Kristi** for their \$2 each; to **Ava P.** of SGA for her \$10!; to **Karen B.** of Sac for her \$35!!! order and contribution!; to **Evan**

(Oregon) for the \$10! order; to **Chris** (SoCal) for her \$5 (sorry about the sick joke, hon); to **Robin B.** in San Jose for her \$20! contribution!; to **M.G.** (Texas) and **Ann Miller** (Maryland) for their \$2 orders; to **Bobbie** (of DVG) for her \$5 contribution; to **Krystal Black** for her \$10! contribution!; to **The Lost Girls** for their \$10! donation; to **Joan Sheldon** for her \$10!; to **Melinda Whiteway** for her \$9 order/contribution!; to **Gelsey W.** for her \$2 —WOW!!! 204 \$smack-a-roonies!!

Special Thanx to **Diana & Janelle** for sharing their day.

Special Thanx to **Allison** for the kind words, and excerpts from **GenderFlex** in *The Emerald City Newsletter*. Special Thanx to *Cross-Talk* for finally publishing "Dear Siblings" in issue #42. And, a Special Thanx to *Tapestry* for publishing "Gender Prejudice" (in issue #64?).

Upcoming (Mostly) Local Events

May 26-31— Faces Memorial Weekend Bash, 20th & K, Sac..

May 27— ETVC presents "Wild West Election Night" with potential officers trying to explain why they shouldn't be hung. 8pm, Chez Mollet Restaurant, 527 Bryant Street, SF. Members free, guests \$8.

May 28— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

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

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

June 2— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

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

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

June 5— Midtown "Doo-Dah parade & Street Fair," Capitol Ave. between 18th & 28th Sts., 10am-6pm, Sac.

June 6— "Capitol AIDS Walk '93" Sac. Info: (916) .

June 9-13— 11th annual "Be All Weekend" in Chicago, IL. Info c/o Naomi Owen POB 342, Chicago, IL 60690.

June 10— ETVC's SOS meets 7:30-10pm, Pleasant Hill, call (415) .

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

June 13— FTM Informational Meeting, 2-5pm in SF.

June 16— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

June 17— ETVC Couples, 8pm, SF, (415) .

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

June 19— Lambda Freedom Fair, 10:30am-6pm, McKinley Park, Sac. (beach admission \$3).

June 19— ETVC's SOS meets 2pm, TBA, (415) .

June 19— SGA Executive Committee Meeting, 7:30m at JTC. Open to all, no charge.

June 19 & 20— Artist Studio Tour; see Roxanna Rochette's Transgendered Art, 1155 5th St., Oakland, 11am to 6pm.

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

June 24— ETVC's 3rd annual "Rrrreally BIG Shew" 8pm, Chez Mollet Restaurant, 527 Bryant Street, SF. Members \$5, guests \$8— \$1 each entry goes to "a worthy charity."

June 26— SGA Monthly Social at JTC, 8pm (7pm if you want dinner). \$2 members, \$4 guests.

June 27— San Francisco's "Gay Freedom Day Parade," just about the largest anywhere, 10am to 5pm. ETVC will parade and have a booth.

July 2— RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

July 6— CGNIE Court Imperial Meeting, 7:30pm at Faces (20th & K Sts., Sac.). Open to all, no charge

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

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

July 8-10— 1st ever S.P.I.C.E. (Spouses/Partners [females only] International Conference for Education) Conference, Summit Hotel, Dallas TX. Contact Linda Peacock, POB 7241, Tallahassee, FL 32314-7241.

July 11— FTM Support Meeting, 2-5pm in SF.

July 16— RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

July 17— SGA Executive Committee Meeting, 7:30m at JTC. Open to all, no charge.

July 19— DVG meets at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, 8pm. Open to all, no charge.

July 21— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

July 24— SGA Monthly Social at JTC, 8pm (7pm if you want dinner). \$2 members, \$4 guests.

July 29— ETVC's monthly social, 8pm, Chez Mollet Restaurant, 527 Bryant Street, SF. Members \$3-5, guests \$5-8.

July 30— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

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

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

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

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