

ESQUIRE TO TRANSEXUALS:

THIRD SEX FREAKS

"What makes the transgendered particularly fascinating is the almost mythological proportions of their strangeness... their very freakishness that conveys their magical, quasidivine status."

Are we fascinating, John? Gee, we thought maybe it was Esquire and its bizarre obsession with us that was so fascinating. If we're truly magical, maybe we can get you to take us seriously. But don't worry, we still respect your quasi-mystical, semi-divine status as a mythological Esquire senior writer.

"The Third Sex... Now the men who have decided they're actually women are on the march."

Tell us Esquire, what happened to transsexual men? And are they the Fourth Sex, the Fifth, the Sixth, or what? And can you guys count beyond 13 without taking off your jockstraps?

"Merissa Lynn pulled back her black cardigan together over her ample, estrogen-induced breasts."

Gosh, John, don't you think maybe your readers would like to hear how her eyes were riveted on you pulling your jean zipper over your adorable, ample, testosterone-induced dick?

"[Cheryl] was a tall, ungainly woman [who] radiated self-conscious awkwardness and greeted her lawyer's arrival with relief... She hunched her shoulders in an unsuccessful effort to make herself less conspicuous. Pale, downy hairs grew on her chin."

Hmmm... Let's try a little reversed perspective here: "John was a gaunt, bookish man, radiating a University of Chicago self-importance and anxiety over his desire to do the usual, Geraldo-style trans-hype for his intellectually-challenged magazine. He greeted the arrival of more transsexual stereotypes into his article with a sigh of relief. He hunched his shoulders in an unsuccessful effort to make his note-taking less conspicuous. There were pale, downy hairs growing bizarrely down the backs of his hands, his knuckles, even (yecch) down his back: it was all we could do to avoid hurling and blowing chunks on the spot."

"Pre-op transsexuals, I was to learn... the night before the operation, perform a ritualistic farewell masturbation."

Actually, we all performed ecstatic, ritualistic masturbation after you left, John. It's one of the things we third-sex, wannabee girls do. Especially after speaking with writers from trendy, up-market magazines. Especially after they read "The Empire Strikes Back" and utterly fail to recognize that as an in-joke. Now, that

really gets us off...hey, I'm, wringing my turkey's neck right now!

"They frequently adopt mannerisms that are a caricature of femininity... referring to themselves as 'old gals' ... they mince, they flounce, they chatter and shriek..."

Ooops, sorry there, Big Guy. You were actually describing your mom's bridge club there.

HEY ESQUIRE: Get a life! Do some real journalism for a change. Try taking the challenges and oppressions we face seriously. Maybe your readers aren't as dumb as you (obviously) think.

The Transsexual Menace. We're here. We're queerer. Get used to it.
(Except for Krissy, who hates the word "queer")