

# GenderFlex

Vol. IV, Issue 21

A Polygenderous Publication

April/May/June 1994



Image ©1994 Jesse Reklaw

A lotta people ask: "Just Wut The Hell iz Genderflex, anyway?" So we here at Corporate Headquarters have put together this extra special Sample Issue, kinda maybe sorta like somebody else would do a "best of" or "look back" issue and try to pawn it off as some kinda, you know, "original" work, when in fact it was a cheap way to get an issue done. We don't play that (even though this is the first issue of our fourth year)!

Anyway, to get back to the question, "Just wut the hell iz Genderflex, anyway?" Quite a clever question, ya know? Like, we just wurk here, checking the speling and stuff. Usually, just when we think we gotta handle on things, one morning after a good night's sleep, we find a buncha Genderflex's laying around and we gotta go deliver 'em.

Still, the question remains: "Just wut the hell iz Genderflex, anyway?" We hope that this Sample Issue will help you experience a Genderflex. However, for maximum benefit, at least five issues (\$10) will elevate you above the mundane masses wallowing in ignorance of Genderflex, a religion, a consciousness, an enlightenment; a pathway to cosmic knowledge and material gain; a purity so rare and effervescent as to be delightful; a floor cleaner and a chewing gum! (Please pay upon exiting.)

As to how alla this stuff ever gets put out the way it finally does, well, we think elves do it. Or demons.

### Billie Jean Blabs

#### Fragments From A Mind Going Tragically Insane

Dear Darlings,

Accuracy in GenderJournalism is such a fundamental rarity— but even so, it deserves at least a token gesture, a totem nester, a votem tester, or just maybe a broken fender. However, and let me just repeat myself here—however—in Genderflex the impossible is always attempted, pre-empted, or possibly demented. Which is to say—possibly nothing—as the day breaks away we here at Corporate Headquarters (rhymes with quarters, therefor qualifying as a two-bit joke— or should we just get on with the financial prognosis of the cash-flow black hole like others we know? [The Publisher apologizes for Billie Jean's obscure swipe at IFGE's constant craving for money honey through the pages of *Tapestry*.] No way, that would be cheap, undignified, sleazy and (it worked last time!) cheesy), having nothing better to do, are desperately trying to come up with new ways to fleece the wheat from the chaff, gather the golden grain, hog the holy gruel and begin the beginning.

#### Firstly

Whoops, staff already did that.

#### Secondly

That's probably been done enuff, too— wutchew think? (I try not to, it gives me a headache.)

#### Thirdly

To continue our theme for the day—accuracy in GenderJournalism—requires a thorough review of last issue (#20, send \$2 quick). On page 4, the photo in the lower left corner (3 virgins) failed to credit the photographer, Joey. On page 11, the

photo with Virginia Prince (great interview in issue #8, send \$2 now!) was taken by Telzey Adams. Telzey should have also gotten credit as Genderflex photographer at the IFGE Con. Telzey oughta getta lotta other credit for alla volunteer stuff she does for ETVc, but we can't do everything around here, unless of course, we get MORE money, hunny (no money, no hunny, no funny).

#### Fourthly

Resuming our theme for a day, on page 9 of issue #20, we inadvertently, though no fault of our own (JoAnn Roberts took the day off when we were stressed out under our deadline), Miss Labeled a Gender Explorer who became irate, DID NOT send any munny, honey (not funny) in a ticking time bomb of a letter reprinted as follows:

Dear Billie Jean,

Through the good offices of some friends, I was treated to receipt of your most recent (and my first) issue of Genderflex. I was further delighted to find a photo of myself, together with the (in)famous JoAnn Roberts on page 9.

Now, don't mistake me [Miss Take?]. Almost no one of long tenure in the community will ever complain about the opportunity to see a picture of themselves in print (and I am certainly mirror-and-photo junky enough to know I am no exception), particularly in the August company of someone like JoAnn. But I will admit to being more than just a bit taken aback [Miss Taikenabak?] when my eyes roamed the caption. Who in the Samantha Hill is 'Andrea X', anyone?

I was particularly crushed (squishshshsh... [listen, sound effects!]), deflated (ssssssss) and distraught (aurggghhh) since I was actually introduced to you at IFGE. (Like, I made A major impression... KNOTTTTT!)

That said (or writ), please allow me to (re?)introduce Misself [Miss Elf?]:

Name: Anndrea (kindly note the two 'N's please) Daniels. [Whoops.]

The purpose of the two 'N's (should you be curious, or even if you aren't, you owe me this one) is threefold: 1.) to differentiate the several one-N Andreas (lovely and charming though they may be); 2.) to prevent the mispronunciation as AHN-DRE-AH; and, 3.) just for the above-mentioned Ms. Hill.

Oh-tay, I've given you enough grief for one sitting... ↗  
Cheers,



Anndrea S. Daniels (f/k/a/ Andrea X) ↗

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Dear Ex Miss-X,

Thank for your snotty letter and the cute photo of you. I suppose you subscribed to *LadyLike* instead of sending a check to **Genderflex**? Lordy, lordy, lordy, just ain't no end to my suffering. And it wuz all JoAnn Roberts' fault!

Next!

A One-N Andrea (Susan Malik), whose breast may have been prominently pictured in the last issue, sent along a whole buncha photos including one used in a "Miss Tootsie Roll, 1994" calendar, along with a telephone call imploring the staff here at Corporate Headquarters to include a picture showing more than just one breast: We can do that.



### Fifthly

(We take the fifth on this one (we all voted to sneak into here and delve deeply into some kinda raging rant about the insanity of something or other—(Don't do it!)—Who wuz that? (Why it's, it's Miz Rogers. You know, that closeted heterosexual from Try-Us Island (see how easily we've slipped into ParentheticalLand, next thing ya know (we'll be into (another one) another one (like a fading echo receding (ever deeper (sometimes I do wonder how I will get out of these (but first, how 'bout sending some extra money to support the important mission of **Genderflex** (which we'll speak amply toward in future issues (that sounded like gibberish, you know (must be political, then (I would agree (so would I but what about the closeted heterosexual rant?) oh yeah oh yeah yes I remember that layer) how far back wuzzit?)?) parenthetical loops) and deeper) slowly) like this) we'll be almost out of it?) Oh-tay, let's fry Miz Rogers, then. Agreed? Motion carried!), see?)

Alice jumped down the rabbit hole after sheem kissed the boy and his dog good-bye. Long shadows rippled over the littered landscape as the boy and his dog faded from sight. Alice woke up in a haze. The half-full bottle, the tacky lamp, the lumpy bed; somehow it all fit. Alice tossed the tattered covers back and swung her freshly-shaved legs outta bed. Horror of horrors! Sheem wuz dressed in boy's clothes! "Arrrgh!" Alice screamed and began trashing the room, flailing arms, stamping feet and ranting, ranting, ranting. Why, the noise was enough to wake up the whole warren! Foam flecked the stretched lips of the raging Alice monster as sheem spewed mightily. The hills were alive with the sound of (yikes) cursing!

Suddenly (and without warning I might add) a largely Maternal Rabbit rushed into the room! "Alice Rogers, stop that this instant!" Sheem commanded. "What are you doing dressed like that? We were just at the mall yesterday! Remember? You passed for goodness sake! Now get out of those nasty clothes and into this cute little lacy garter belt, and these nice and long silky stockings and these pretty panties and all these other nicey, nice thingies. That's it. Here, let me help you. Felling better already?" And Alice was feeling much better, more compassionate and loving, more sensitive and caring.

"Oh you silly girl," the Maternal Rabbit continued, "you know you can't behave when you are wearing boy clothes. Did you forget? Give us a hug. Now go get your make up on, dear. Dinner's almost ready."

So Alice was saved and lives out herm life in a fairly upscale warren on Try-Us Island where 100% of the ladies are 90% heterosexual and mostly married to their "best friend" who is really not their sister but instead is their "wife." Alice decides to write a book about life because, after all, who better to know life than Alice? Beside that, Alice had enough money to finance the Project. And, Alice knew exactly what to say. "First off," Alice wrote, "since we're 90% heterosexual, then by majority rule, we're all heterosexual. And, since all we're trying to do is perfect our femininity, as we know it should be, that is, with matching accessories, then, it automatically follows, we are normal. It's like a bowling club, only a different ball game" (ya-hoo—a *different ball game*, ho-ho ha-ha, sheesh... cheez whiz, I lost the thread of where

(Continued on page 11)

# Baba Who-who?

© 1994 by Chris Moran

February 6, 1994

Dear Baba Jean,

Y'know, I have *really* missed **Genderflex** the last couple of months. Last year left me pretty numb—which, I'm pretty sure you can relate to in someway or druther. I didn't think I would miss all the tv/ts/tg/etc. whoop-la-la. I got real tired of hearing my own voice and I wearied of all the polemics—mine, others, didn't matter. But somehow you manage to breathe life into all the blah-blah and you got the guts to print arguments, insanity, inanities, half-truths and full-truths without need or want of censorship. You're a great teacher of the art of editorial dialogue.

Which brings to mind a couple of brief comments on Ms. Dearborn's contributions [*"SADISTIC PERVERSE TRANSSEXUAL PSYCHO BABBLE & MUMBO-JUMBO"*— issue #19, send \$2 quick!]:

☞ 1.) Three cheers and a big hooray for her stand against the Harry Benjamin Standards of Despair. Freedom and choice for the working class (even the unemployed class)! Make all the MFCC's, LCSWs, and various other shrinks go out and get **jobs** to earn their livings. (The next step is to include SRS in the national health care plan.) Rah, rah, rah.

2.) Instead of shrinks, folks considering *the final cut*, as it were, should be required to take out a subscription to **Genderflex** for a minimum of one year. They may save between \$10-40,000 (U.S.) in medical expenses if, perhaps, they find that conforming to the "phallocratic binary founding myth" is really unnecessary for them to find truth and justice in their lives. Just to open up options. Then.....phhhhhhhht!....if so they choose.

3.) Watch yrself, dearheart, about degrading those whom you may not understand or otherwise are entirely ignorant of. "Prostitutes" have far, far more ethics than any psychiatrist I've ever met. And, as we PC folk say, **sex-workers** are entitled to use their earnings any way they wish—including SRS—and it's no damned doctor's no damned business how she or he earned their coin. 'Taint yours neither.

4.) Wanna feel better naked: visit a nudist camp. Write me, I know of many.

5.) I really, really, really don't understand the statement about you being opposed to female to male phalloplasty. Honey, a joint is a joint is a joint! Much better for lots of us if it is attached on an FTM person than on (many? some?) genetic males. I'm sure Lorena Bobbitt [:-] would agree. I've met some really nice PWP's (persons-with-penises) and I'm really, really, really glad I did. ☺

Anyway, love and hugs.

[Chris, among other things, works for a nudist magazine publisher. Some additional blabbing by Chris can be found in issue #18 of **Genderflex**— send \$2 or more right now!]

# Outrageous Behavior?

© 1994 by Vicki Chesebro

April 9, 1994

Dear Billie Jean,

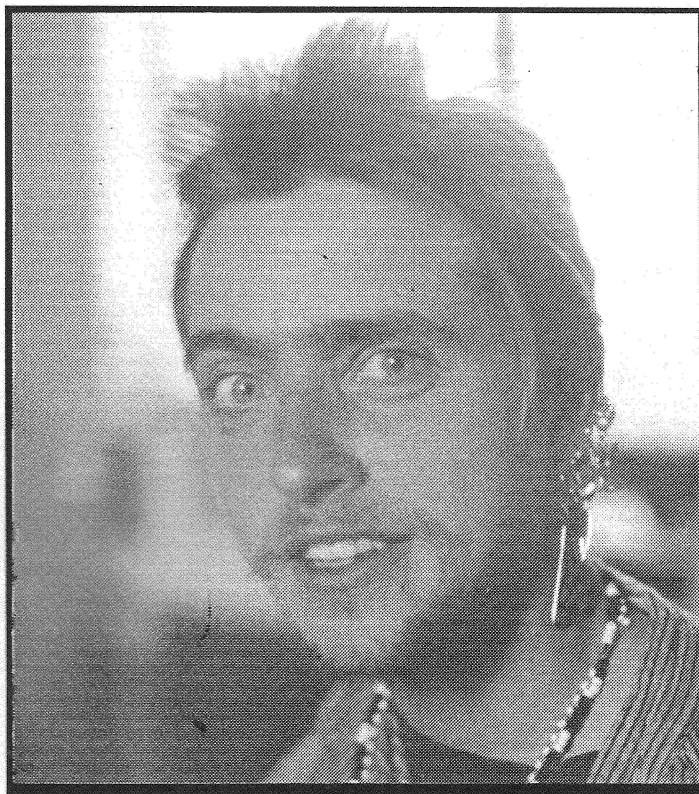
Thank you for the note & photos. It was great meeting you and hanging out in Portland. We seem to think a lot alike— which is downright frightening!! Especially after reading **GenderFlex**!! Your word processor must plug directly into your stream of consciousness— I see little evidence of any super ego at all. Apparently you regard offending people a sort of benign hobby— what fun!

I was shocked at your transparent and cheap attempts to get money out of your readers. I suppose you think that running my picture and saying nice things about me will pay off— well, I guess it did (see enclosed check).

I will be making it to Southern Comfort barring any major disaster. Look forward to seeing you behave outrageously in the elegant South.

Send **GenderFlex**.

Luv,



Jericho at the April FTM meeting



## More Mr. Lost Guy Stuff

© 1994 by Francis Vavra

March 18, 1994

Dear Billie Jean,

I wanted to thank you for your continuing interest in FTM and being one of the few MTFs who hang with us at our meetings (which I feel can be quite informative to anyone interested in gender stuff). And thanks for taking a photo of Max and I— he is one of my favorite persons, not to mention one of the few FTMs I'm personally attracted to (he knows it), guess he's kind of androgynous, plus I've always liked handsome guys with long, dark hair.

I was glad to see that **GenderFlex** issue completed [#19]— I know you were! [Whew.] And yes, I appreciated the "scoop" on Mr. ETVC— glad you're pleased, too. I think it's quite an honor, and I hope to live up to whatever expectations are out there for me (it may be difficult to act "conservative" and I have no plans to do so! I'll just have to be a bit more quiet, perhaps, about my private life— so many girlfriends, strip shows to see, etc...). We can see it now— *Mr. ETVC seen leaving local strip show with shirt & tie disheveled and lipstick marks on his face— what kind of representative for our group is he?*

Frankly, I'm looking forward to more adventures of all kinds, more media exposure (with my clothes on), and I've already had lipstick all over my face— from Cotillion night. After a while I didn't even bother to wipe it off, everyone was kissing me. So what if I didn't get any other prizes, or a crown? I have the first ever "Mr." sash... That night was just great and I won't forget it soon.

Love,

*Francis Vavra*

Mr. ETVC '94

## No More Mr. Nice Guy?

© 1994 by Maxwell Anderson

April 9, 1994

Dear Billie Jean,

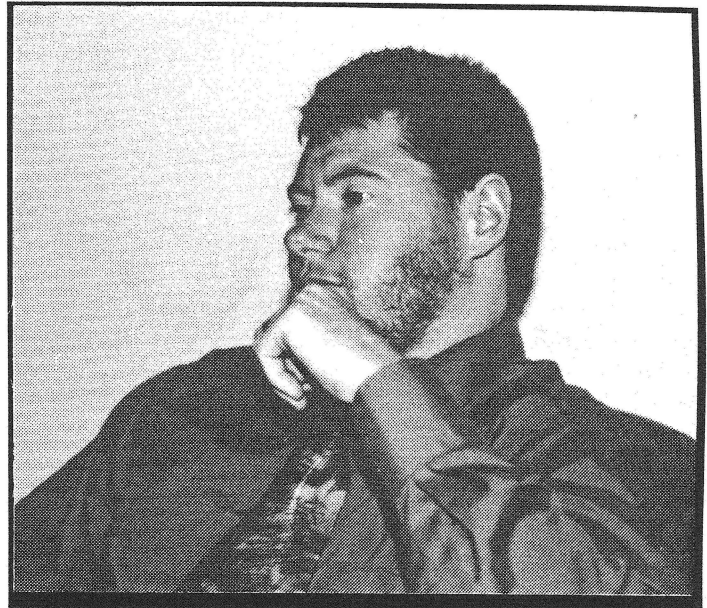
I want you to know how much I enjoy **GenderFlex**. We do not have the luxury of lashing out in **EDENEWS**; we always have to walk a thin line so as not to totally annihilate anyone. We have offended one or two people in the past, but generally try to behave ourselves.

I have written a letter regarding the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival, and the rather unceremonious expulsion of a few TSs. It's rather blunt; if you like it, I hope that you'll find room for it in your next issue. I did send it off to the director of the Festival, and will let you know if I get a response.

Thanks again for **GenderFlex**. Several of our members have seen it, and plan on sending you \$\$.

Let's keep in touch!

*Max*



[Maxwell Anderson is co-editor of **EDENEWS**, the newsletter of The Eden Society. The Michigan Womyn's Music Festival is involved in discriminating against transsexual womyn (see issue #15 of **GenderFlex**, issues 2 & 3 of **TransSisters** for more details). Should interested readers desire to write the Festival folks, their names and address follows.]

Barbara Price

Lisa Vogel

Michigan Womyn's Music Festival

POB 7430

Berkeley, CA 94707

Dear Ladies: [That oughta piss 'em off right away!]

I am writing you regarding the incident which you caused at the Music Festival. I am referring, of course, to the expulsion of transsexuals, whom you would not allow to attend. Although this happened a few years ago, we in the Gender Community will never forget it.

You stated your policy is "Womyn Born Womyn" only.

First, I'd like to suggest that you learn how to spell. Secondly, who are you to judge? Your obvious ignorance about transsexualism is showing. A simple definition of a transsexual is one who was born in the wrong body. The anatomy does not match the gender. A male-to-female transsexual is, then, a **WOMAN** born with a male anatomy. Psychiatrists agree with this; therefore, medically, the **WOMAN** you expelled did meet your "Woman Born" policy.

If you wish to argue technicalities, let me ask you this: A female-to-male transsexual was/is a "Woman Born Woman," whereas he has a female body, and if he has not had surgery, then does he not meet your criteria for attending the Festival? I am a female-to-male [transsexual] who has not yet had surgery; when I remove my

(Continued on next page)

Maxwell Anderson— (Continued from page 5)

clothing, my body matches, anatomically, any one of yours. By all rights, I should be allowed to attend. Do I not have the right to sit alongside the rest of you so-called "Womyn Born Womyn"? Of course I do.

A few of my friends and I have discussed this at length (does the word "length" disturb you?), and we are considering attending the Festival this year....

Oh, and there's one other thing I should mention: Although my friends and I have not had surgery, we **do** take hormones. This is a perfectly legal prescription, taken just like any other medication. Of course, it does have one major side-effect: We have a **lot of facial and body hair**.

Don't worry though, when we remove our shirts as so many of the "other" women do, we have breasts; they just might be hairier than most. And if anyone asks about our beards and mustaches, we'll just flash a tit or pussy at them so they'll know we're "Womyn Born."

It amazes me, with all of the discrimination and intolerance endured by the homosexual community, you would be so insensitive and bigoted yourselves. Have you not learned from the ignorance around you? The women to whom you were so rude (read: **ill-bred; mannerless; uncivil; uncultivated; uncultured; rough; rowdy**) did not go to the Festivals to infiltrate, but instead, went to bond. They wanted only to share in the experience of being a woman, to make new friends. They had no ulterior motives, but simply wanted to celebrate women being with other women.

If your only criteria for attending the Festival is having tits and a pussy, then I challenge you to expel me.

Life is too short to be so troglodytic, so sophomoric (getout your dictionary, girls). Wake up and smell the coffee! The world is changing around us; if it wasn't, you would never have had the opportunity to put on your Festival every year. Try opening your eyes and your minds for a change. You just might learn something.

*Maxwell Anderson*

[Golly, Max sure got a little "testy" there, didn't he? *Transsexual News Telegraph* and *TransSisters* have both carried dialogue on the expulsion of "transsexual" people (suspected of being transsexual, the security types refused to make a visual inspection—unlike birth doctors, etc. who rely upon such to categorize sex fluidity into sex rigidity (kind of a cute bit of phrasing, huh?)—before expelling Nancy Burkholder in 1991.

What seems to be at the heart of the issue is separatism— "You ain't like me and my friends, so get lost, shithead."

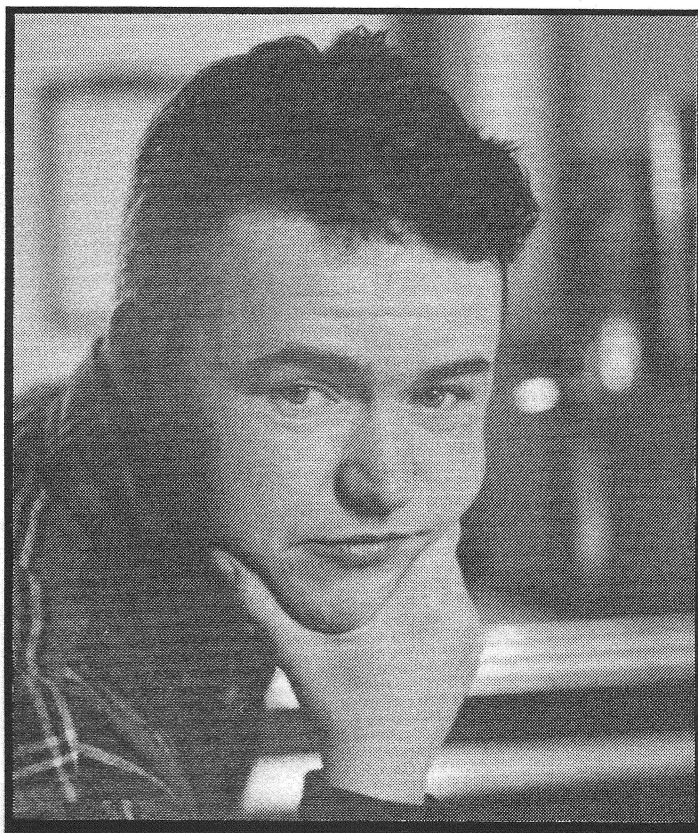
Here in the somewhat United States, we got female separatists, male separatists, black separatists, white separatists, heterosexual transvestite-type separatists, slug-eating anorexic separatists; we got separatists by the bushel, on the hustle, in your ear and by your side. We call 'em racist, sexist, ageist, and all kindsa angstist stuffola. Ya'd think people would be sick uvit, but NO, it's like the national pastime— Phukyooisim.

The Nazis hadda a "final solution" that seems applicable in all occurrences of separatism. But wut the hay? Diversion, division and dissension are built-in safe guards to the status quo— nobody in

power wants to deal with the underlying rot.

However, Baba Jean can't wait to find out how "Womyn Born Womyn" FTMs will be received by the female separatists. Might be kinda cool to get a few MTFs together for one o' the men's weekend deals, hey? —"Sorry, maam, this is for men born men only!" "Suck on this, dude."]

## Mr. FTM



David Harrison, playwright and performer seemed pleased to kick the gong around at a sold-out performance of *FTM*, hyz one-man performance piece. Zanne-Go & I arrived just in time to flop on the floor about two minutes before showtime.

Suffice to say, *FTM* was a non-stop pastiche of transition. That is to say, the performance was constantly interrupted by phone calls, some of which were from the lamest people imaginable. Like the person who said: "Oh, your a transsexual— so you wanna be a woman, huh?" But even so it wuzza way cool piece, and afterward, people milled around blabbing and hugging, and looking at a buncha photographs hanging around the 848 Community Space in San Francisco.

The photographs were the work of Loren Cameron in an exhibit called **OUR VISION, OUR VOICES— transsexual portraits and nudes**. Utilizing words and captions, Loren let everyone speak for themselves.

Both shows were way too cool for most cities but if you ever getta chance, go seeum.

As for now, you're a loser if ya didn't catchum and everybody knows it.



## The Post-op TV Letter

© 1994 by Holly Cross

12 March 94

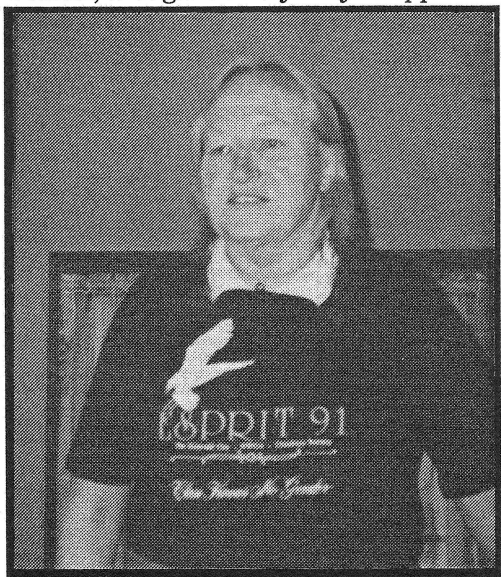
Dear Jilly Bean:

I lost my mother in 1988; she died in 1989—I knew she was on the way out when she stopped doing the Sunday New York Times' crossword. No misery, except to me—seeing a brain stop functioning, major subsection by major subsection, turning into a mental infant as her mother and grandmother had before her. I've had a number of friends go the hard way—variations on lung cancer, etc. What makes your description [**GenderFlex** #19] particularly pertinent is that about now, Roger Peo is going through that process: lung cancer metastasizing to the bones, first the spine, with a LOT of pain, now to other bones... He probably won't see 95 [deceased 4/7/94]. I had breakfast with him 30 Jan 94. I'm 70, he's younger by maybe ten years. A friend of all of us.

Now for stuff for **GenderFlex** (I see it at IFGE).

If we didn't give each other awards [issue #19, *Miss Take Talks*]  
[Trinity] last year. It DOES encourage one—we wouldn't have any excuse to dress up pretty for a party, would we? I look so old in the morning that putting on the paint and perhaps a wig is just what my aged ego needs. Take away the fun part of life, I might as well cash in my chips and stop shoveling snow, call that doctor in Michigan, and see if my nephews can have more fun with the money I have left than I can.

When I started to cross-dress at 59 I found that there were more fun things to do than build an ever-lower-noise radio astronomy receiver. I REALLY love the clothes. Maybe I am a fetishistic transvestite, although through the kind efforts of Medicare and a urological surgeon, I can no longer engage in self-pollution; I call myself "the post-operative TV" because I still like to try to pass as a man from time to time, and because I am sure I am NOT a woman, though it's very easy to appear as such nowadays.



So, if anyone stopped me on the street (they never do) and asked, "Are you a guy?" I really am not sure what I'd say. I lack some vital parts, but I guess I still am. Never intended to go as far as I did, scared of what happened to several of my other contemporaries, cancer

which apparently began in the prostate or testicles. The

purple pills give me a certain satisfaction when I strip (only three years old and they aren't very big, yet). I pay dues to Tiffany, Innvestments, and Tri-Ess just to cover all bets. I don't need help from them, but I need to help new members of those groups, and I need to be with others, however varied, of our tenuous/tentative "community."

There are all kinds at the IFGE office, some paid—post-ops, maybe pre-ops, no-ops, me (please make up your own label), and several other sometime/part-time heterosexual TVs, even one who is a Rush Limbaugh fan (listens with a Walkman & headphones while shipping books for us).

Love,

Holly Cross

Take care,

Selena Anne Hedley

There's more to say, but also more to do, so off I go into the mild blue (actually, grey today) yonder. I bid you fond adieu, Ms.(?) Jones, and hope that if you publish this letter, you do it backwards, just for the helluv it...

Phyllis Randolph Frye's speech to IFGE was wonderful, and gives me a bit of hope that we can embrace a myriad of ways of being and doing the transgend-dance, and also secure our rights in the broader culture (pun possibly intended, though it's more of an anti-broad-er culture, isn't it?)...

Moving right along to what really matters: I have never ever asked for advice on doing make up, nor have I ever been able to read all the way through and "make up hint" article in trans or womens' periodicals, yet I am compelled to ask you— is there make up out there that does not destroy one's face? [No.] I need to know because I am using make up much more often these days and am getting scaly skin on my eyelids and zits (yucch— I may play out teenage girl fantasies, but I certainly don't desire to make them that real), and other fun things...

[Buy Adrien Arpel's book *How To Look Ten Years Younger*.]

A thought just a thought: If I am only happy as Selena (which does not mean that I am *always* happy as Selena), then why do I not have any great urges to be Selena all the time? I guess it's like ice-cream (which I don't even like, so that is not an apt simile; how about pasta with pesto, or is that pesta with pasto— ohhh-ohhh, now I got a case of the *sillies*)... [Now you're really **GenderFlexing**!]

Here's \$15 to keep **GenderFlex** flexing, or whatever it is it (and you) does (do). And whatever it is it (and you) does (do), it (and you) does (do) well. How's that for a bad case of *Parentheticallis*? Anyway, I thank you once again for continuing to create the only trans-publication I actually read more than 25% of (in fact I don't think I hardly missed a word in your Jan/Feb/Mar 1994 issue), and that includes most of the ones I get published in...

Dear Billie Jean,

## Veronica Smith

Dear Billie Jean,

I don't know if you've read that rough draft I showed you at the social. I expect you agree with Phyllis Frye completely and I wanted you to understand why I didn't. A shorter, more finished version is going to be in *The Channel* [The ETVC Newsletter]. But, I have mixed emotions about it....

[Let's just stop right there. First of all, ETVC's past editorial policy sucked so it's no surprise you might have suffered needlessly. Now, as you well know, **Genderflex** doesn't have highfalutin editorial and writer policies. No way, if I like it, I chop it up how I see fit and publish it warts and all. So what if somebody feels embarrassed? That's what sells, see? Ya gotta have controversy. So that's why I'm chopping up your letters and making points about ETVC you didn't intend to make. You're just the recipient of your own revelation. Anyway, I liked some of each better, so let's just get back to what you were saying after I mention that this will much better and lot's longer than whatever was in *The Channel*.]

...you know me, Billie Jean, I hate being disagreeable. I just like to spread my skirt and enjoy the view, and most of the views for me have been great. With each convention I enjoy dressing more and more:

In Atlanta I had a great time but barely left the motel. *Southern Comfort's* line up of speakers and general *savoir faire* was very impressive; I found myself attending some really first-class seminars, and the general layout of the motel (and the price) was well thought out;

But I must say I had a blast in San Antonio— shopping with Cynthia Phillips was a hoot. Like a loving and protective mother duck, she led us, her rather ungainly ducklings all about the mall stores. I got a dynamite red pant-suit for \$20. Wanting something special for Saturday night, I asked one of the *'T' Party* vendors if she could do my hair "up." "Honey," she laughed, this is the land of BIG hair, how big you want it?" By the time she finished, I harbored the fear that I looked like Marge Simpson. Or an over-the-hill beauty queen from a two-bit Texas town where the pickins' were slim. However, it made me feel particularly girlish and it was a blast to see my "do" bobbing up and down above the crowd in the mirrors of the dance hall;

At the IFGE Convention in Portland, I had the pleasure to hear Phyllis Frye speak. While suffice to say I very much liked and agreed with just about everything she said, I'm uncertain about one point: The planned protest of New York's Gay Pride March because "transgendered" isn't in the march's title. Most CDs (especially in organizations) seem to be heterosexual middle-class white males, many of whom are homophobic. Whenever they are interviewed on Oprah, Donahue, Sally or whatever, CDs adamantly and loudly insist they're not gay; they make sure everyone knows they're not queer. But in private, CDs very often meet in gay establishments— tolerant spaces created by people who have paid heavy dues by living openly (at no little risk) "in the face" of heterosexual

hegemony. At the convention, I talked to a Tri-Ess member who told me that after their regular meetings, her local group hangs out in a gay bar. I asked her if that wasn't hypocritical since Tri-Ess excludes gays? She didn't understand the question. Should this "sister" feel slighted if excluded? Perhaps my view is clouded by the Convention's "transgenderist" crowd— well-heeled people in \$95-per-night rooms, looking perfectly comfortable in the Hilton hotel convention setting. Many who I met were from the corporate world, and, "So what do you do?" became as much a status probe as a simple pleasantry. Am I saying the Convention had a fair share of wealthy white males in dresses who made their bundle during the Reagan-Bush era, and now that they're in a position to indulge their "hobby," they feel the need to attain whatever status they had in their corporate community? I would never say that, Billie Jean.

[That's a good thing, Veronica, because nobody wants to hear that.]

Actually, I had a lot of fun with most of the folks I met. Do you remember the tall brunette in the group I was with at Embers? She's from Alaska and that was her first time. She'd looked forward to the Convention for a year, lost fifty pounds, shaved her beard— I felt a little like an older sister. Those glittery local girls we were with showed us a great time. After Embers we went to Panorama which has three different dance bars connected by long tunnels. One pleasant memory was being applauded by a carload of folks as we strutted down Stark Street.

[I don't remember much after I was drugged and kidnapped by the transvestite terrorists— issue #20, \$2.]

While surveying GenderLand I've become acutely aware of how lucky I am to live in San Francisco. Whatever criticisms there are of ETVC, for me it's a hell of a lot better than most of these other organizations. I mean this homophobia hang-up that's expressed in their charters and newsletters really turns me off. Half the people I know, respect and love are gay. What would I have done if I'd come out about my cross-dressing in one of these places where the only CD group was restricted? I suppose being white, middle-class and happily married to a supportive wife, I'd be accepted (if I kept my mouth shut). But I despise privilege, love diversity and hate hypocrisy. And yet, what would I do if I lived elsewhere?

I sometimes fantasize about having the money and time to be more involved with the transgender community. What I'd really like to do is facilitate for those following us. I'd like to encourage growth, acceptance, openness and outreach. I'd like to do everything Phyllis Frye is doing; she's great! I just think suing the Gay Parade folks sends the wrong message.

A kiss and a hug,

*Veronica*

[If you really wanna do everything that Phyllis is doing, I would like you to know sheem sent **Genderflex** one-hundred dollars!]

## Phyllis Frye

### What Is ICTLEP?

The International Conference on Transgender Law and Employment Policy, Inc., is a non-profit, 501 (c) (3) corporation. Each year in August ICTLEP hosts an annual conference to provide education surrounding the legal rights of—and employment, medical, family and general policy for—transgendered persons, and to map strategies for solutions to problems of the transgender community.

We provide for the transgendered what several national lesbian and gay legal groups do for the lesbian and gay community.

Following each conference, ICTLEP publishes and sells a bound Proceedings. This contains the transcribed conference and is appendixed with case law and significant writings. The conferences receive continuing legal education credits from the State Bar of Texas. The 3rd annual conference, TRANSGEN '94, will be in Houston, TX, from 17-21 August 1994.

### How Has ICTLEP Defined Transgender?

ICTLEP has inclusively defined the transgender community to include both homosexual and heterosexual persons who cross-dress to that dress which is imposed by society as dress itself relates to gender roles. ICTLEP inclusively defines the transgendered to include the homosexual drag community, the heterosexual transvestite or cross-dressing community, the transsexual—pre-op, non-op, and post-op—community, and any other person, male-to-female or female-to-male, occasional or part-time or full-time, who challenges by their attire, the gender roles of society.

### How Did ICTLEP Get Involved With Stonewall 25?

It began with ICTLEP's involvement in quelling a potential disruption of the MOW [1993's March On Washington]. ICTLEP argued to those who wanted to disrupt [because of the omission of "Transgender" in the march title], "How could they even think of leaving us out of the name of Stonewall 25?" Were we ever wrong! [Phyllis was the "transgender" speaker at the '93 MOW rally.]

Following the MOW, ICTLEP's Prison Moderator, Ray Hill, also the Chair of the 1979 MOW, served on the Stonewall 25 Committee. From the earliest meetings, it became clear to Ray that "transgender" was not going to be included. Ray resigned and plans on participating in activities "to express my outrage over the failure of Stonewall 25 organizers to recognize the transgender community with full inclusion in the event title. They MUST be in the event title: anything less steals their history, diminishes the event, emboldens our enemies and weakens our march to freedom."

ICTLEP then got involved when it appeared, correctly or incorrectly, that there was much disarray in the initial transgender response to being excluded from the title. ICTLEP took on the dual roles of "inclusion-educator," and "bad cop." We have tried to educate on the need to include "transgender" (and "drag" and "bisexual") in the title. We

did not do as well as we wished. We remain the "bad cop."

We are the "bad cop" because some of us wish to insure that never again will "transgender" be left out. Some of us see that the price of that insurance is our personal liberty. Have you ever really considered, in the quiet of your thoughts, really considered *how filled with fear transgendered people are at the thought of being arrested?*

### Politically, Our Backs Are Against The Wall

Maybe some of us are doing this because politically, our backs are against the wall. Consider the Americans With Disabilities Act—the transgendered are listed twice along with drug addicts, kleptomaniacs, compulsive gamblers, pedophiles, exhibitionists, voyeurs, and pyromaniacs; bisexuals are listed only once; gays and lesbians are listed as "homosexuals" so they only get a half-listing per group. Consider the hate campaigns like the one in Washington State where the transgendered are also targets—by golly, if we can be listed in that hate campaign alongside lesbians and gays as targets, then we certainly must be in the TITLE of this event [Stonewall 25].

Consider the Clinton Military Policy—gays and lesbians fought to have "homosexuality" removed as a reason for discharge, Why is being transgendered still a reason for discharge from military service? Consider the federal and state Civil Rights bills that gays and lesbians are fighting hard to have "sexual orientation" added as a suspect classification. Is "gender identification" being added as a suspect classification, or is "sexual orientation" including the transgendered in its definition? Consider the Health Care packages now being considered by Congress—will Jesse Helms get in an exemption against the transgendered while lesbian and gay activists fight for gays and lesbians? Consider the status of the transgendered in prison who are often raped, coerced into giving "sexual favors" so they have their hormones, or a tube of lipstick—gay and lesbian activists fought hard in the courts to insure fair treatment of lesbians and gays. Why were the transgendered simply left to fend for themselves?

The title is important. If we do not make the title, we do not make the language. If we do not make the language, we are left out of legislation. If words are not important, then why did I fight alongside my lesbian sisters to break-out "lesbian" from "gay" and come up with the term "lesbian and gay"? Note that before lesbian was added, all moves toward freedom were seen by the straight community as coming from gay males only. That was the argument back then for adding "lesbian." Good argument, and true as it turned out. Did you notice how the Associated press and United Press International and the weekly news magazines began to refer to the community after the '93 MOW? The "lesbian, gay and bisexual" community.

How many syllables will be added with "transgender" "drag" "bisexual"? SEVEN. Must the price of freedom from oppression by ALL be fought over seven extra syllables that have to be spoken or written?

The struggle for inclusiveness in the Stonewall 25 title has been very time-consuming and has not been very

(Continued on next page)



Phyllis Frye— (continued from page 9)

satisfying. We would not even be involved if we did not deem having "transgender" "bisexual" and "drag" in the title group listing be very, very important. In truth, we shouldn't even have to be asking for inclusion from a group that is actively seeking its own inclusion.

Our backs are against the wall. So were the backs of the original Stonewall rioters. They did not fight back for the fun of it. Some of us will not be blocking the Stonewall 25 event for the fun of it either.

[Phyllis Randolph Frye is Executive Director of ICTLEP, 5707 Firenza Street, Houston, Texas 77035-5515. Phone (713) 723-8368; FAX (713) 723-1800.]

### Brief Notes...

Gelsey W., Editor of *The Rainbow*, RGA's newsletter, advises that a new gender group in the Santa Cruz area—**The Parkhurst Society**. Info: (408) 462-3663; FAX (408) 462-3738. An "open" group meeting 2nd & 4th Mondays.

The Sacramento Gender Association (SGA) has moved its meeting location to **JTC At The Sierra Inn**, 2600 Auburn Blvd., Sacramento. Meeting dates have been changed to the *second* and *fourth* Saturdays of the month.

The Eden Society and Marilyn K. Volker, Ed.D., have announced **The First Annual South Florida Gender Symposium for Medical and Mental Health Professionals (FLaGs)**, scheduled for Saturday, October 8, 1994 at Barry University. Six Continuing Education Credits; fees range from \$50 to \$85 for credits, \$15 to \$35 others. The Eden Society, POB 1692, Pompano Beach, Florida 33061-1692, Phone (305) 784-9316.

Peggy Rudd advises that **Dignity Cruise V** will be held August 5-8 on the Royal Caribbean from Los Angeles to Baja instead of the Delta River Boat cruise. \$479.00++; info: (713) 347-6563; deposit \$100 to Anne of Cruise Ahoy, 11211 Katy Freeway #300, Houston, TX 77079 (713) 556-1513.

Last August ('93), AEGIS announced the formation of **The National Transgender Library & Archive**, a repository for books, journals, magazines, newsletters, films, and other transgender material to be initially housed at AEGIS Headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. In January, AEGIS announced a special issue of *Chrysalis Quarterly* on the theme of "Orientation and Education in Gender Dysphoria"; covering "the basic information a transgendered person—especially a transgendered person who is confused and undecided—needs in order to learn how to competently seek and find peer and professional help. Details: POB 33724, Decatur, GA 30033, FAX (404) 939-1770 (24hrs).



October 16 - 23 in Provincetown, MA, contact: Registrar, POB 15368, Boston, MA 02215



September 29 - October 2, contact: Southern Comfort, POB 77591, Atlanta, GA 30357-1591



(Spouse/Partners International Conference for Education) July 6 - 10 in Chicago, IL, contact: Linda Peacock, POB 24031, Little Rock, AR 72221 (501) 227-8798

#### Gratuitious\$ Filler

Back issues of **TV Guide** (Issues 4 thru 10) and **GenderFlex** (Issues 11 thru 20) are available by mail for \$2 (two bucks) each, postage paid, 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 address and make checks payable to Billie Jean Jones).



*Billie Jean Blabs* — (Continued from page 3)

this wuz going. Oh well, Miz Rogers ain't gonna go nowhere so let's just move on).

### The Why Bother Reader Poll

This is it! Finally a reader poll that make sense (as well as saving cents (oh-oh, multiple scents— stop!)!)! (Sheesh, ya think ya gotta simple paragraph but NO.)

This is it! Finally a reader poll that make sense! See, wut usually happens inna Reader Poll is that most people do a Why Bother kinda response, and then the Editor or Publisher or somebody Else gripes, bitches and moans about apathy and the important work not getting done and whadda waste of time and effort! We don't play that, neither. No way. We cut out all the disappointments and cut right to the appointment, er, the point. The point in this case being that—as far as a Reader Poll goes—Why Bother?

### Rabbit Deaux

One shouldn't get too incensed over the limited perspective of Try-Us Island— after all ignorance is its own reward. Take the "article" in issue 68 of *Tapestry* (please): "The Grande Alliance" by Miz Rogers' Auntie K., makes the pointless point that the "transgendered" would be better off skipping any alliance with the Lesbigan "movement" and joining the "Women's Rights Movement." Herm MTF reasoning, while comically tragic in some ways, isn't very important compared to the gaping blind spot about FTMs. Additionally, groups such as NOW accept anyone for membership, are on record supporting equal rights for Lesbigan people, and generally don't publish stupid articles in *Tapestry*.

Auntie K also stumbles over the differentiation of *gender* orientation from *sexual* orientation while appearing thoroughly confused about whatever-in-hell herm sexuality might be except sheem's real sure about Always Being A Heterosexual despite having dated females, having been married and fathering children but liking males "...because I'm a woman." But Auntie K is NOT bisexual, and couldn't have been a lesbian. See? And, I suppose, Auntie K. would steadfastly deny gay male bottoms and lesbian female tops were *transgendering* sex roles; that Mr. Moms and Ms. Entrepreneurs were *transgendering* work roles, that Amazons and eunuchs were *transgendering* social roles. The closing lyrics in Nirvana's *Smells Like Teen Spirit* are "A denial, a denial, a denial, a denial." An astute insight into the American psyche. Right, Auntie K.?

### Kurt's Hurts

Speaking of Kurt Cobain, much was written about his cowardice, lack of backbone, and even how herm let hyz fans down; sent the "wrong" message, etc. Whadda buncha denial over wut really happened, which is that Kurt did wut Kurt said Kurt wuz gonna do. Kurt didn't like it, checked it out a coupla times, firmly resolved to do something and executed it. Way to go, dude. This is wut "choice" comes down to, down where the rock and the hard place meet— do I have choice over my whole body? Certain parts? Can I choose my whole death when I want?

If I kill another person (and I'm not a cop, soldier, homeowner *inside* the home) I go to jail. If I stop someone from committing suicide, I'm a hero. Wade-a-minnit (try some thigh-highs, this iz gonna get deep). In one case if I *take* someone's choice, I go to jail. In the other, I'm a hero. ("Course, I could be a hero in the three *common and legal* murders listed above.)

If I suffer from gynocomastia, my health plan will pay for a masectomy (say \$3,000-5,000), if I've been classified as a birth

male (zero if I'm an FTM). If I want a prescription for Premarin (\$350 annually or \$150 in Mexico), my health plan won't pay anything if I've been classified as a birth male (cheap if I'm a menopausal female).

If I'm dying in a hospital, they'll give me minimal pain relief every four hours. If I die at home, I can take enough every hour. But that would be illegal. I have a legal obligation to suffer and accumulate economic debt for as long as possible.

There are too many people on this spinning planet, anyway. Why I can think of several people we'd all be better off without. Hey, if wuz okay to off yerself, maybe it would start a movement! More room for you, more room for me!

### More Hard Choices

Another area of choice that's going to get ground up between rocks and hard places is hormone dosing. While there has been some dialog over "hormones-on-demand" vs. "hormones-subject-to-gatekeeper" (Benjamin Standards), the second ICTLEP Conference brought forth the "hormones if medically-tolerant" recommendation. While it is relatively simple to get legal hormones in most areas of the US (ya gotta pay a buncha "professionals" to say it's okay, and then ya gotta pay through the nose. And, ya gotta be old enough. How old? Just about old enough so the hormones can't do too much. Now, ya could just go to Mexico and buy what ya want. Choice, see? But that would be illegal. (If a law fell down in a forest and no one was around to see it fall, woodn't that be the sound of one hand clapping?) Mail order would be neat stuff— how 'bout a Gender Shopping Channel?), there are problematic areas, too. But, perhaps the greatest difficulty will be the age of consent. How many transsexual-type people wish they'd never gone through the puberty they did? What chance do you see this culture granting a thirteen-year-old the right to choose their gender and their secondary sex attributes? Hmmm? (Here's a clue: in this culture children who are born visibly intersexed are surgically mutilated, sometimes their parents are informed either before or after the fact, sometimes not at all.)

There's another grinding where the rock and the hard place meet as expressed in Anonymous Boxholder's Stuff (next ish). And another as expressed in Veronica Smith's & Phyllis Frye's dialog (pages 8&9), and another from Maxwell Anderson (page 5). I Luv it! All this grinding and stuff is gonna make powder, cement, flour, dust— all kinds stuff could happen beyond this constant barrage of boredom and Gender 1A.

### Speaking of Gender Studies,

it seems as though Kymberleigh Richards, Publisher and Managing Editor of *Cross-Talk*, in her "ZINE REVIEWS!" column (issue #56), is in a state of bewonderment over my last *Blabs* column. At least the first two pages of which sheem claims I didn't once mention "anything related to the gender community." Whadda ninny. Look, open up issue #20 to page 2, count to the tenth paragraph and read it. Now slide yer eyes over to page 3, count down to the fourth paragraph and read it and the following one. Nana na-nana (Hey! wut about the drag show reference, that's a purdy common activity in GenderLand? (Shush, I can handle this) Okay.). Sheem must not be on drugs (for example, I understand American politics much better after drinking a bit), or herm synapses aren't firing. Wuddever. Geez, the whole column (well kinda mostly) is about how ya can't find who you are because there's too many

(Continued on next page)

layers of shit baked on the lightbulb. Yeah. I mean the whole trip wuz a spiritual journey. Kym called it "This issue's incongruous column filler...". Hmmf. And then sheem wrote "...concerned something akin to turning the 'zine into a religion." Sheem can't tell the difference between a religion and a hole in herm head? At least Kym found redemption with "I'm not really sure."—Ah! the Truth at last!

But wut about calling **Genderflex** a 'zine? **Genderflex** is self-identified, entitled to its perception of itself. Check out issue #11, right on the cover. See? (Send \$2 quick!) That's just one example, in issue #20 **Genderflex** revealed more of its character, its innermost feelings. Identity is important, you know, and all this dissing hurts terribly. How would you like to go through life unable to be who you are because people won't let you? It's tough enough going through life as a photocopied 11 by 17 folded once combo literary journal/religion/floor cleaner/chewing gum trying to pass as a polygenderous publication without being called a 'zine. So, cool it, okay?

And another thing, Billie Jean did not **admit Genderflex** was "still 100% convoluted." That wuzza joyous **brag**, an expression of pride.

So, even though a buncha stuff in **Cross-Talk** is Gender 1A and really dozes me off, Kym does include a lotta regular stuff I like, notably Paula Jordan Sinclair's "The NewsQueen"; Ricky Hunt's "The Bearded Lady"; JoAnn Roberts' "HotBuzz!". The rest uvit iz so far out in space it's come back through time. Only nobody realizes there's a ten or twenty-year warp. Then extraterrestrials land and take over the studio where they film educational films on cross-dressing. Everybody transgenders and gets lost somewhere in a Burbank cheese factory. That's the story so far, you'll have to buy a future issue to see how it all turns out.

**B.J. — NOW YOU HAVE NO EXCUSE NOT TO PLUG "CROSS-TALK" ...**



attle, WA) reported in the April issue of The Emerald City News that:

*"—Billie Jean Jones of Sacramento has been elected the first transgendered president of the United States. She gives lots of speeches but nobody ever understands anything she's telling them. People just trust her to do the right thing. Billie Jean is acting as her own first lady."*

Kali! Doncha know I'll be acting as my own **first man**? Sheesh. And another thing, the way things get done in GenderLand iz that ya just assume office. This iz how it wurks: ya getchur own newsletter, ya have meetings and raise some cash, then more cash, then ya start a movement or strike a nerve so ya build some cash reserves, then ya start an annual event— Hay! Real Hay, I mean, why didn't I think of this before? Wow, I even gotta hook for it! Ya know how time-consuming and expensive these GenderVents can be? Well hold on to yer vestites kids 'cause Santa's coming to town! Announcing (ta-da) (boom-boom)—

**First Annual Genderflex, Drive-by GenderVent!!**

For the unbelievably low, low price of \$25 you can attend a gender event! How? Simple. Just mail your \$25, cash or check payable to Billie Jean Jones, sit back and **Genderflex** will do the rest! You will learn things not even chronic veterans know! You'll cross-gender and really learn what it feels like to be the "opposite sex" in public, even if you've never done it before!

For your \$25 registration fee, you get a souvenir edition of **Genderflex** (The "Drive-by Issue), a personalized letter that will include instructions to complete **GenderVent** for no additional fees, and a certificate of completion! That's it! No hidden charges (donations accepted). The lowest cost for any gender event anywhere in the world. And think about this, the wonderful, wonderful work of **Genderflex** will ever widen its rippling effects of peace

and harmony, gender congruity and spicely puppy dog tails, er, tales.

When we last left the boy and his dog, long rippling shadows were all that remained as they faded from sight. Alice continued to write about life on Try-Us Island where everything is 100% normal and "all the other good old-fashioned values that have made this Nation great and the pride and joy of it's mama & poppa who collectively abandoned the poor tyke as we all know but still, Life goes on even when your family turns their back on you, strangers make fun of you, extraterrestrials are stalking you in a cheese factory somewhere in Burbank and Jackie-O is dead." Alice paused for a moment, tugged the hem of herm beige skirt back over the peek-a-boo lace— sheem felt so naughty; what if someone saw herm slip showing?

Alice giggled and stood up, walked to the mirror and gazed lovingly at the reflection.

After an hour or two, Alice returned to the dainty writing table heaped with GenderJournals and lingerie catalogs. Even though Alice knew research was important, the June '94 issue of **Renais-**

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(I wish I could be a fly on the wall when Kym first reads this.)  
Then there's the case of The Emerald City Newsletter—

**The Case of the Emerald City Newsletter**

["Crystal Ball Gazing" © 1994 by Judy Osborne]

Judy Osborne, outgoing president of Emerald City (Se-

sance News & Views contained a seriously flawed survey on cross-dressers by Ricki Scott stating only 64% of 100 cross-dressers classified themselves heterosexual. "Junk," Alice murmured and tossed it into the mirror. It disappeared. "No point in confusing the issue," Alice thought while thumbing through issue #3 of **TransSisters**. Alice perused the article "Orgasmic Function in Postoperative Transsexual Women" noting that only 20% identified as heterosexual, the majority were inorgasmic, and hair (ugh) on the inside walls of their vaginas (ulp) was a problem. "Lesbian trash," Alice grunted as sheem tossed it through the mirror. Next up was issue #27 of *FTM Newsletter*. "Femininity ToMorrow?" Alice wondered as sheem studied the photo on page 1— "Oh!" Alice gasped in alarm upon realizing the bearded man had a vagina! And inside was a photo of a penis! "Sacrilegious porn!" Alice exclaimed flinging *FTM* through the mirror. Transsexuals, homosexuals and sexually explicit materials were not allowed on Try-Us Island. "Goodness gracious me," Alice puffed, "what's the world coming to?"

Hello Billie Jean!

Are you any relation to the newspaper rack named Scott who was hanging out at the April 10 FTM meeting displaying **Genderflex**?

I just read again the W94 issue [#20] i got from hyrm then. Your writing is great, i love it. Funny and flowing and deep and meaningful too! The Phyllis Frye speech was great too. In fact i liked everything in **Genderflex**. Thanks for the organizations listing and Local Events listing also, not like i'll go to any, being an asocial, hate-dressing-up hermit, written-word kind of person— but i think it's great you have that listing just the same. It's like, "cool, all that stuff is happening, there must be lots of people out there.

This whole gender thing is fascinating me, i guess i've been dealing with it all my life and didn't know it, seeing as how i spent most of it hiding in the woods in Oregon and never knew ts/tv/gender issues had anything to do with \*me\*, while there i was working on male tree-planting crews with a female body, and cruising the woods alone for a living. So now that i am back partaking of civilization, and finding that maybe i do fit in somewhere after all, i have been having a million (well maybe only a couple thousand) ideas about all of this. And if i get something coherent on paper, i mean on disk (which is where i cruise now), maybe i will have something to send to **Genderflex** some day.

Okay now here comes the important part, but you probably already noticed the \$10 check enclosed, so p[lease send me 5 future issues, or 4 and keep \$2 for the one i got at the FTM meeting, or did i pay Scott for it, ack, i don't remember.

Thanks again for **Genderflex**, and keep on keepin on!



The **Genderflex** Memory Test

Memory can be such a tricky thing. Don't be fooled by cheap imitations! When in doubt, such as wondering whether you've sent any money to **Genderflex**, simply remember to send money to

**Genderflex!** That's it! When in doubt, always send money to **Genderflex**. Even if you've sent twice as much as you thought, it will only be half as much as we need. And, we'll give you a **Special Thanx** each time so you will know how much you remembered (unless we forget, in which case we'll send money to **Genderflex**)!

Dear Billy Jean:

Thank you for sending the current issue [#20] of **Genderflex**. It is by far the best written issue that you have put out; and no, she does not want to know if you "put out" or not (snicker). The other issues are well written too, but this issue is just a real piece of work.

She supposes that playing with spelling and the language is better than playing with one's self, although that may depend on how literate one is, and/or how many endorphins one has in one's body. But all the same, she is glad she was her stone-cold-sober self, for if a pun is by definition "a play on words" then you have several volumes in this issue. Quite cute, actually. The photographs are excellent, the story line flows smoothly, and it is, as they say, "an interesting read."

The last half, including the story of the couple who came out in 1976, was really just excellent. Karen is not a particularly "fun" person, she does not "dish," she does not "work it"; she is not vampish or even particularly stylish; more like a forty-year-old somewhat conservative person who is more of the mind than of a "mind set." Being a self-made woman, if you will excuse the expression, is a serious business and can have far-reaching consequences mentally, emotionally, financially. While all the parties are fun for the party-people, or people who like to party on occasion, behind the party scene is the other 95%— speaking for someone who has had a serious conflict for many years of living as a man or a woman, being "ON" anyplace has absolutely zero with walking that straight-edge razor in this society.

The seven rules [Phyliss] elaborated on are all excellent. What would be nice is some sort of network for women in crisis and a list of people who work behind the scene. It has been a long time since you met her [Karen], but people like yourself really do a tremendous service for all the homebodies like Karen. Karen has gone out twice and was scared to death both times, although in the company of other women she is fine but not too terribly exciting, for she is vitally interested in the individual person and not "the scene." Karen would like to volunteer behind the scenes, or just be there for other individual women because her make up (not the facial kind) is task type. She comes in, does what needs to be done, and is gone; a worker bee, a drone if you will. This is not to say that she does not have a deadly tongue backed by a computer-like mind, and can protect in all ways— if necessary. But she really is best suited to small intellectual groups, formal affairs, politeness, and getting things done without fanfare. Any ideas?

Yours,



Sacramento: The National Organization for Women (NOW)

(Continued on next page)



*Billie Jean Blabs and blabs and blabs—* (Continued from page 13)

(916) 443-3470; Women Escaping A Violent Environment (WEAVE) (916) 448-2321; Lambda Community Center (916) 442-0185 needs resources to refer transgendered people to.

**Sixthly**

Wowie-zowie, I wuz gonna mention a buncha other stuff left out, Miss Represented, or tangled up in past issues of the incomparable (and financially needy) **Genderflex**, like how I referred to Gordy Jones as the "new guy" in last ish (well, that's what Stafford might have said), and didn't include this picture from a DVG get-together:



And I told Loren & Caroline I would; and I was going to include some stuff about Krystal "LaMae" Powers string of 69 days "in face" and other adventures; plus I wanted to blab about all the places Zanne-Go and I partied at (especially being two flirting fems at a window table inna hoity-toity straight bar) beside blabbing about Begging for Dollars at DVG's Photo Night and getting this cool photo (by Diahnna-Jo) of C. Black, Dianne Summers & I (that's



another thing, Dianne never sent her behind-the-scenes report on the inner workings of ETVC— Hmmm), and a little bit about Begging for Dollars at the April ETVC social but I, I... gotta haul booty to the bank and cash these GenderChecks, er, give money to **Genderflex!**

**7thly**

Actually it's late at night, in the hours where anything can happen. Like maybe through some miracle this **Genderflex** will finish itself. How about a picture from SF's Pride Parade with Miss & Mr.



ETVC '94 (Lauren Hotchkiss & Francis Vavra), Miss ETVC's '93 & '92 (Shawna Rose & Billie Jean)? Or, should I actually proofread this issue before printing? Gosh, it's getting very late (yawn) and I'm so tired...

**The Genderflex Late Flash!—**

**RECALL!**

I've just been clued in to a devastating turn of events. The Goddess Consortium has given me until September 30, 1994 to raise \$3,000,000 (three million dollars) or I will be recalled. This is indeed sad news for me personally, but perhaps more importantly, think of the unsaved, the unwashed, the minions of lost souls bobbing in the fog of ignorance; think of the great work **Genderflex** has yet to achieve! Three mill iz chicken feed to true believers: Who's afraid of a little hard work? Friends, remember, Sheem has commanded: "Giveth your money to **Genderflex!**" (21st Book of Jones, page 14, this paragraph.)

So be it.  
Luv,



## 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 have fun. Primarily part of the gay community, membership is open to anyone with an interest. Annual events include Emperor & Empress Coronation, Grand Ducal Ball, and a variety of other events and fund raisers. 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—\$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 trying to serve the educational, social and recreational needs of "gender-challenged" people, their spouses, significant others, family members, friends and helping professionals. Theme socials the last Thursday of each month at Eichelburger's, 2742 17th St. (at Florida), SF, \$3 members, \$5 non-members (certain event/themes higher priced). Many other activities/events. 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 & Transsexual*, \$10; *FTM Resource Guide* \$3

**I.F.G.E. (International Foundation for Gender Education)** POB 367, Wayland MA 01778. (617) 899-2212. Perhaps the largest organization concerned with the CD/TV/TG/TS "Community." Publishers of *TV/TS Tapestry Journal*, and more.

**N.S.G.A. (North State Gender Association)** POB 8250, Red Bluff, CA 96080. Phone (916) 527-9303. NSGA is a non-profit, non-sexual social support group that began in the fall of 1993 with the goals of providing peer support, socials, seminars and referrals to professionals.

**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, BBS (208) 248-4162 (300–2400 baud), Warmline (408) 984-4044, 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 the JTC inside The Sierra Inn, 2600 Auburn Blvd., Sac, CA, 7pm for dinner, meeting follows, 8pm. \$2 door fee (\$4 non-members). General Meeting held the second Saturday, same location, 7pm, open to members and guests—free. 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**—584 Castro St. #288, San Francisco, CA 94114; (415) 863-6717. Transgender Nation survives the demise of Queer Nation, and will continue working specifically for transgender rights regardless of sexual orientation/attraction. Contact person: Christine Taylor, (415) 586-6409.

[Listing revised May 1994]

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## 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) 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

**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 *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 Outreach Institute of Gender Studies** (126 Western Avenue, Suite 246, Augusta, ME 04106. (207) 621-0858) 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 (Theseus: 233 Harvard St., Ste. 302, Brookline, MA 02146. (617) 277-4360.

For common emergencies, dial 911.

## Special Thanx

to **Jesse Reklaw** for the cover art; to **Maxwell Anderson, Anndrea S. Daniels, Vicki Chesebro, Chris Moran, Francis Vavra, Holly Cross, Selena Anne Shephard, Karen B.** and **Jamie Walker** for their letters.

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\$5; to **Katheryn & Lauren** for their \$10!; to **Ashley Gould** for her \$1; to **L.J.** for her \$1; **Kristen St. James**— \$1; **Sheela**— \$1; to **Marsha Botzer** for her \$25! order/subscription!; to **Ginny Knuth** for her Thank You & \$5!; to **Karen B.** for her \$10! order; to **Doreen W.** for her \$50!!!; and to **Susanna V.** for her \$50!!! (gosh, I hope this izza trend!); Whoa!! check out **Phyllis Frye**— a hundred bucks!!!! (\$100!!!!); to **Sabrina Marcus** for her \$5; to **JoAnn Roberts** for her \$50!; to **Karen Lake** for her \$10!; to **Vicki Chesebro** for her \$30!; to **Jessie Ann Hays** for her \$12!; to **Jamie Walker** for hyz \$10!; to **Joni Chrisman** for her \$40!; and to **Selena Anne Shephard** for her \$15! **Wholy-schmolly \$576.25!**

Special Thanx to **Kym Richards** for the great "zine" review in **Cross-Talk**; and to **Judy Osborne** for psychic visions in **The Emerald City News**; to **ETVC** for reprinting a previously published photo of mee & the guyz in **The Channel**

Special Thanx to **Hal Hammond** for donating \$10 worth of computer time last issue!

## Upcoming (Mostly) Local Events

**June 30**— ETVC presents "Inaugural Ball." 8pm, Eichelberger's, 2742 17th Street, SF; \$3, guests \$5.

**July 1**— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

**July 1**— RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

**July 5**— DVG meets at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, 8pm. Open to all, no charge.

**July 5**— CGNIE Court Imperial meeting, 7:30pm at Faces (20th & K Sts., Sac.). Open to all, \$2 dues.

**July 6-10**— "S.P.I.C.E." in Chicago, IL (see page 10) \$85-135 fees; rooms \$59 at Ramada.

**July 7**— Pacific Center's Walnut Creek Gender Rap, 1250 Pine St, Suite #301, 7pm. (510) 939-7711 for info.

**July 8**— RGA South Bay Rap Group, (408) 984-5619.

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

**July 9**— SGA Dinner & Social, 7:30m at the Sierra Inn (JTC), 2600 Auburn Blvd., Sac. Dinner seating at 7pm.

**July 10** FTM Support (FTMs **only**) Meeting, 2-5pm in SF. Voicemail: (510) 287-2646 for details and info.

**July 13**— ETVC presents a Dance Social upstairs at Kimo's, 1351 Polk St., SF, 8pm, free.

**July 14**— ETVC's SOS meets TBA, call (415) 664-1499.

**July 15**— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

**July 15**— RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

**July 15**— ETVC's Bowling Night, SF (415) 731-7032.

**July 18**— DVG meets at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, 8pm. Open to all, no charge.

**July 21**— ETVC Couples, 8pm, Foster City, (415) 664-1499.

**July 22**— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

**July 23**— SGA Dinner & Social, 7:30m at the Sierra Inn (JTC), 2600 Auburn Blvd., Sac. Dinner seating at 7pm.

**July 28**— ETVC presents "Friendship Bingo," Eichelberger's, (The events may be attended in drag [**dr**essed as a girl], drab [**dr**essed as a boy] or blend [**be** laconic enough not to define].)

2742 17th Street, SF, 8pm. Members \$3, guests \$5.

**August 1-15** High Sierra Femme Fling VII in Lake Tahoe, Nevada. Contact Joan Sheldon, POB 6541, San Jose, CA 95150 (408) 264-1656. \$20 to \$50 per day rooms.

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

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

**August 5**— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

**August 5**— RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

**August 5-8**— "Dignity Cruise V" (see page 10). Last one?

**August 11**— ETVC's SOS meets 2pm, TBA, (415) 664-1499.

**August 12**— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

**August 13**— SGA Dinner & Social, 7:30m at the Sierra Inn (JTC), 2600 Auburn Blvd., Sac. Dinner seating at 7pm.

**August 14** FTM Informational (open) Meeting, 2-5pm in SF. Voicemail: (510) 287-2646 for details and info.

**August 19**— Pacific Center's TV/TS Mixed Rap, 8-9:50pm, 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley, donations requested.

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

**August 25**— ETVC's Monthly Social, 8pm, Eichelberger's, 2742 17th Street, SF; \$3, guests \$5.

**August 27**— SGA Dinner & Social, 7:30m at the Sierra Inn (JTC), 2600 Auburn Blvd., Sac. Dinner seating at 7pm.

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

**Sept 29-Oct 2**— 3rd annual "Southern Comfort" (see page 10), \$50 to \$400, Ramada rooms \$59.

**Sept 30**— Billie Jean needs \$3 million to avoid a recall.

**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.