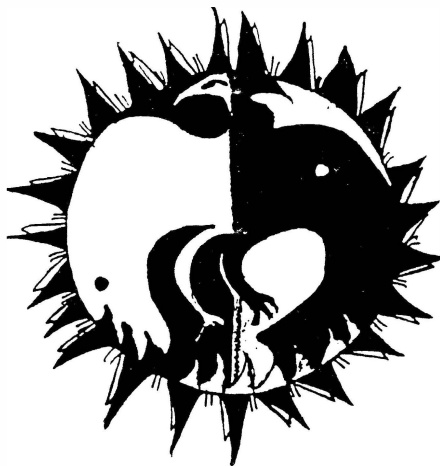


Visit A Sex Club!  
*Expose Phallusies!*  
Meet Your Inner Fag!

**TRANSFAGSEX**

*Issue One*

Fall 1996



# TransFag Rag

Information &  
Networking  
For Gay/Bi Transmen

## Welcome...Bienvenu...G'Day Mate!

Welcome to TransFagRag...  
*the first (and as far as I know, the  
only!) international newsletter  
for gay and bisexual transmen  
and their admirers!*

TransFagRag was born in the heady days after the First International FTM Conference in San Francisco in August 1995. Like many of the rest of you, I had been amazed at the number of FTMs/MtMs who identified as gay or bi. Considering that back in the early '80s the only gay FTMs I had known in all of North America were Lou Sullivan, later founder of FTM International, and one other person in Toronto, and that back then most treatment providers and academics either ignored us entirely or denied we existed (a situation which later changed largely thanks to Lou), I found it both exciting and moving. Growing up, I had thought I was all alone on the planet in feeling the way I did, some strange mutant that no psychology or psychiatry book had ever heard of, a biological female with an inner conviction of being a male attracted to other males. Now, far from being alone, I was surrounded by individuals from all over the country, some younger than myself, some older, diverse in background and lifestyle, who knew what it had been like to grow up as what we had all, at some point, come to call a female to male or male to male transsexual, and to also be attracted to men.

At the Conference, as in my on and offline correspondence, I was struck by how many of us had never met another gay FTM until quite recently, some until they came to the Conference. A few did not know there were any others besides them till they got to the Conference or saw on the Web the Call for Submissions for the book I hoped to produce about us. Many were in support groups in which all the other guys were straight. I began to think how great it would be if somehow we could set up a support network for gay and bi FTMs.

When I had embarked on the book project on what I then called FTM transgender queers, I thought one of the keys to increasing our visibility in the gay male community was a less cumbersome term than 'gay and bi FTM transsexual' and one that did not keep pointing to the fact that we had once been identified as female. When I saw a book at A Different Light Bookstore in San Francisco that referred to us as FTM 'transhomosexuals' I thought that term was a bit better, but still too cumbersome. Fittingly, while chatting with some fellow FTMs in front of the gender section, I hit on 'transfags.'

When I brought up the idea of possibly starting a newsletter for us, David Harrison suggested calling it TransFagRag, and the rest is, or will be, history. Of course, due to my poor health, to the stresses of my own transition, and to other commitments, it

took over a year between the first inspiration and the premiere issue of this newsletter. It would not have been possible at all without the help, financial support, and emotional support I received from all of you. I want particularly to thank David for the name, Raven Goodrum for the beautiful logo that combines the yin/yang and the phoenix, both potent symbols for those of us who have lived in two genders and gone through transformation; Matt Rice Blakk and Elanor Lynn for circulation and distribution assistance; Angels Alexander (Bear) Goodrum and Mel (Wolfie) Y. and Patrons Matt F., Jake Hale, Linden P., Scott S., Mick Stone, and Malcolm W., as well as all 90-plus Charter Subscribers (listed in the Directory soon to be sent to subscribers) for their financial support. Thanks also to Jake, Walter Bockting, Mike Hernandez, Eric Kristensen, Jill Nagle, Kazz Parkinson, SheerChaos, Mick, Andy White, and Todd Whitworth, for their articles. There are many others who donated money, made suggestions, provided encouragement, and otherwise contributed to making the newsletter you hold in your hand a reality. To thank them all would virtually duplicate the Charter Subscriber List, so I'll just say one big thanks to all of you...*Jules TFR*

TransFagRag is dedicated to the memory of LOU SULLIVAN (1951-1991), friend and mentor to those of us who knew him, and inspiration to transfags everywhere.

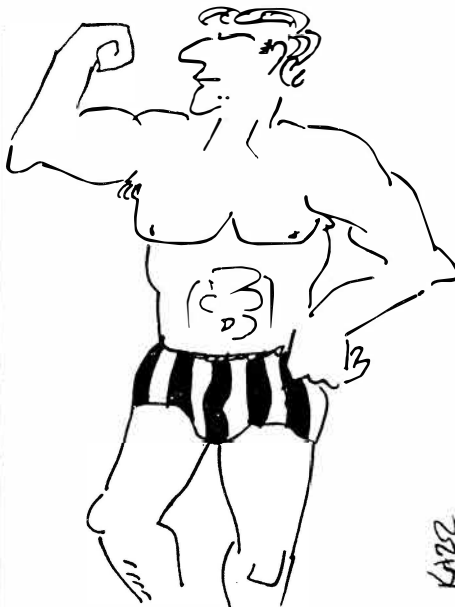
# TFR MALE BOX: Kazz Parkinson Says Hello From Drizzly Olde England

Hello from drizzly England (loud cries of "Gee, we just love your accent!"). Here are the basic facts: age 37, finally getting to grips with "What the fuck am I?" —actually I think I knew it all along but just didn't see how it was possible. Hmmm. Sometimes it still doesn't.... Will have started hormones by the time you read this.

*I'm finally getting to grips with "What the fuck am I?"*

My business card states "Kazz Parkinson. Writer. Artist. Musician and all-round arty person." The claims for being these things rest on having been paid money, on more than one occasion, for each of these activities, by sane people who are not friends or relatives. My regular salaried employment involves doing butch things with computers. (Fill in the obvious innuendo here....)

My degree was in Philosophy and Experimental Psychology, followed by legal training which failed to turn into a career. Kazz is a dual purpose nickname, it's a form of my female name and also short for Kasimir, my to-be-adopted middle name. so I'm now practising carefully: "Martin Kasimir Parkinson."



So then. I suspect these subjects are complete old hat. it's just that I've only just started paying attention...anyway feel free to reply to me if anyone has anything interesting to say on the following.

I'd call myself gay because I fetishise masculinity, even when it's found in women. Ten-inch wangers are utterly lovely, but so are ANY human genitals, including of course the intermediate sort produced by the action of testosterone on clits. On the face of it, from a brief glimpse at gay male culture, one would assume that anyone who didn't have a regular dick would be just ignored or reviled. However, some of you guys seem to be hacking it. I

assume that you are able to do so because there are some genetic gay guys whose sexuality is the same as mine--i.e. it's the image they get turned on by, the genitals are negotiable if everything else is attractive.

Comments anyone? Is this how/why it's possible to be a gay FTM?

*I'd call myself gay because I fetishise masculinity, even when it's found in women*

But to get onto a more practical question.

So OK, I did the prosthesis thing with the condoms and hair gel (thank you Mike H) and very convincing it looks. And, of course I own a terribly nice strap on, and several pairs of trousers that it will fit under. Is there any gadget I can rustle up that looks right and can be used? No I didn't think there was, but I thought I'd better ask....

Best wishes,

**KAZZ** TFR

*KAZZ PARKINSON is indeed an 'all-round arty person'—he did the illustrations on this page!*

**Send us your profile ...**



*Share your unique self with your fellow transfags! Or just drop us a line.*

All nice letters will be answered. Nasty ones go in the circular file.

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## *The TFR Interview: Dr. Walter Bockting* Research Project on Gay/Bi FTMs Needs YOUR Participation!

DR. WALTER BOCKTING, one of the few researchers who have studied gay/bi FTMs, discusses his ongoing study with TFR. Dr. Bockting coordinates the gender program at the University of Minnesota.

**Julian:** *Dr. Bockting, I know you knew Lou Sullivan, is that how you got interested in gay FTMs?*

**Walter Bockting:** In 1986, Eli Coleman and I met in The Netherlands, which is where I'm from. At that time I was a graduate student and was involved in research associated with the Gender Team of the Free University Hospital in Amsterdam. We learned that a number of FTMs treated by this Gender Team identified as gay or bisexual. As the literature up until that time denied their existence, we decided to interview them and compare their responses on a few questionnaires with a group of gay-identified men. What we found is that gay and bisexual FTMs do exist, are well adjusted, and are in many respects similar to nontranssexual gay men. Once the word got out that we were conducting this study, I was introduced to Lou. I visited with him repeatedly over the years to follow. He invited me to several gatherings of FTMs in San Francisco, where I presented the results of the Dutch study, and we stayed in regular contact until he passed away. As you know, Lou worked hard during these years to raise awareness and recognition of gay FTMs. We inspired each other, and Lou's efforts paid off in a big way. Lou is one of my heroes.

**J:** *What is the current status of your research project on gay and bisexual FTMs?*

**WB:** In addition to the initial Dutch group, we have so far interviewed about 15 gay or bisexual FTMs in other parts of the world. We are still open for participation. Interested FTMs are welcome to contact me. Initially we did the interviews in person, however at the present time we mail participants a questionnaire and follow-up with a brief phone interview. Questions focus on identity development, sexuality, and social support.

**J:** *Why do you think there was/is such resistance to believing we exist(ed)--gay FTMs still meet therapists who tell them if they like men they must not really be transsexual. And reading a lot of trans literature, we're often invisible--FTMs are assumed to be former lesbians interested in relating as men only to women.*

**WB:** Fortunately, much has changed in this respect. Most providers today know about gay FTMs and recognize that gender identity and sexual orientation are two different components of one's sexual identity. Prior to Lou Sullivan, few gay FTMs spoke up and came out as such. Many were in the closet, even among other FTMs. This is probably related to heterosexism and homophobia. Among providers and researchers, theories of "gender transposition" contributed to a limited understanding. According to these theories, homosexuality and transsexuality are both gender transpositions and are tightly linked. FTMs attracted to men are a challenge to these theories, as their transsexual identity suggests a high degree of gender transposition, whereas their sexual orientation towards men suggests the opposite. In other words, gay FTMs challenge common assumptions about the development of sexual identity.

*We inspired each other,  
and Lou's  
efforts paid off  
in a big way.  
Lou is one of my heroes*

**J:** *What do you think is the greatest difficulty for transfags in mainstreaming into the gay male community and finding satisfying relationships?*

**WB:** Probably their own fears and shame. A common fear is that gay men are so phallogentric and that being a gay man without a penis makes it hard to date. However, the findings of our Dutch study indicate that gay FTMs are able to establish satisfying sexual relationships with other men, and are generally accepted within the gay community. I'm not saying it is without hurdles, but these hurdles can be

overcome. It becomes easier when one recognizes the gift in being transgender.

**J:** *Have you found that gay/bi FTMs take longer, or have a more complex process, of realizing they are transsexual?*

**WB:** For some of the FTMs I interviewed, their sexual orientation towards men made them doubt their transsexual feelings. I believe that the increased visibility and initiatives such as TransFagRag will change that. For others, their transsexuality was so evident that their sexual orientation really wasn't a factor. FTMs in our study reported to feel out of place with lesbian women sooner than many FTMs attracted to women seem to do, which could lead to an earlier coming out as transsexual.

**J:** *I found reading your articles very validating and encouraging. How can people obtain copies of them, and of the study questionnaire?*

**WB:** Thank you. Anyone interested in participating in the study or in a reprint of one of our articles is welcome to contact me [See address below—Ed.] Good luck with TransFagRag. TFR

### DR. BOCKTING'S PUBLICATIONS:

Coleman, E., Bockting, W.O. (1988). "Homosexual" prior to sex reassignment, "heterosexual" afterwards: A case study of a female-to-male transsexual. *Journal of Psychology and Human Sexuality*, 1(2), 69-82.

Coleman, E., Bockting, W.O., Gooren, L.J.G. (1993). Homosexual or bisexual identity in female-to-male transsexuals. *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, 22(1), 37-50.

### To Participate In The Study, Contact: Walter O. Bockting, Drs.

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# Becoming Mick: Growing Up As A Boy

by MICHAEL V. STONE

I've read that bisexual women tend to consider themselves straight or bisexual, but rarely lesbian, whereas bisexual men tend to consider themselves gay. Before I decided to transition, I thought I was a bisexual woman who should have been born a man; now I know I'm a man who was born with a woman's body.

I investigated SRS in the mid-70s but was not able to pursue it for many reasons including finances. In the last two years, I've become more and more aware that I must transition, that I must be the man I was born to be. During this time, my sexual preference has fluctuated from asexual to straight women to gay men to straight women and back to gay men. I've never been interested in lesbians, and have already had too many straight men. My most recent affair was with a lovely pre-hormone, pre-op MTF who decided not to transition right now and to resume dating women; naturally, that put me right out of the picture.

Some people may wonder why I don't just keep the woman's body and have sex with men that way. For starters, I'm not overly crazy about traditional vaginal sex. Second, I've already been told by a bisexual man that I'm like a man in bed, and I wouldn't want to waste that on straight men—they don't deserve it.

*Some people  
may wonder why  
I don't just keep the  
woman's body and  
have sex with men  
that way*

And, most important, I want my sex partners to see me as a man. I've suspected for years that I'm a gay guy who also likes women, and that seemed crazy. It's all started to make sense, finally.

Watching heterosexuals making out on the big screen is usually very boring; however, I get very aroused watching men

with men or even women with women. I can get turned on watching heterosexual sex if I find both of the people attractive, but that's rare: I don't have to find both same-sex partners attractive to be excited. Reading straight sex stories often annoys me; reading gay male sex stories always makes me want to jerk off. To me, that says a lot!

I've known I was really a boy as long as I can remember. Looking back at my childhood and adolescence, I can see how much of a boy I actually was and how much I was influenced by society around me. My adulthood attempts to function as a woman nearly killed my sense of self in several disastrous heterosexual relationships.

*I've suspected for  
years that I'm a  
gay man  
who also liked women,  
and that seemed  
crazy*

I am an only child; I was both son and daughter, and was happiest being the son. Most of my playmates for the first six years of my life were boys. When I was two, I got an anatomically incorrect boy doll I named Tony; we have family photos from Christmas which show me undressing the doll. Because I played with little boys who used to pee on the trees, I knew that they had different equipment than I had. I remember being somewhat disappointed that Tony wasn't "complete" but he was most definitely my favorite doll for quite a while. And if he, as incomplete as he was, was a boy, then most certainly so was I! I was always disappointed and sometimes even crushed when others wouldn't accept me as a boy.

In addition to dolls, I had toy guns, Lincoln Logs, a doctor set (not nurse!), and a baseball bat; I used to play catch with my father a lot in the backyard. They let me run around bare-chested in the summer, especially in my wading pool, until I was two or three; there are pictures to prove it.

While my mother called me a feminine nickname all the time, my father used to call me by many nicknames, including less feminine ones like Whitey and Whitehead because my hair was almost platinum when I was very little. My hair was kept short in a style called a "Buster Brown" until I was about ten and let it grow long enough to have a ponytail. At that point in life, I wanted to be either a cowboy or a horse. My favorite movies were westerns, war stories, and science fiction; I was a tomboy and wanted to be tough. Most of my childhood crushes were on girls, including the very first one at age nine.

I was totally devoted to my father, not to my mother. There always was, and still is, tension between my mother and me, and part of it may have been jealousy of my close relationship with my father; my father died in 1976 when I was 26. My father and I would go out without her a lot. Sometimes he'd take me to visit his favorite uncle or let me go with him when he got his hair cut or bought shoes. How I loved those outings! Sometimes on the weekends I'd watch him shave; I wanted to be just like him in so many ways. When I was little, we'd go to amusement parks and playgrounds. As I got older, we bowled, played miniature golf, walked along the boardwalk at the beach, and went to museums. I think now that these later outings were where I learned to consider men as appropriate "dating" material; going out with my father was sort of dating.

*At that point  
in life I wanted  
to be either a cowboy  
or a horse*

In elementary school, I had both girls and boys for friends. My favorite girlfriend and I used to run around the playground at recess pretending to be horses; later, in our teens, we moved in different circles and I had a crush on her. I used to love to look

*Continued on page 5*



MICK *continued from page 4*

at her in class; she had long, dark-blond hair and had a real foxy way of tossing her head around. If I'd been a boy, I'd have asked her out.

*I was a tomboy  
and wanted to  
be tough*

I used to wish that I'd wake up in the morning as a boy; of course, I never did wake up as an anatomically correct boy. When I was about nine, I had an extremely traumatic dream in which I had a penis but it had fallen off; my parents were rushing me to the hospital. Much to my horror, I realized that my mother didn't want to help me get it put back but wanted to have it permanently discarded. I woke up in a state of shock and terror, and, frankly, never trusted my mother totally after that. About that same age, nine, I lost all interest in religion; after all, a just, reasonable, or loving god would have made me a boy instead of a girl.

*A just, reasonable,  
or loving god  
would have  
made me  
a boy*

When I was fifteen, I gave myself the nickname "Mick," which I took from Mick Jagger; he represented what I wanted to be. I started wearing men's shirts to school, too; there are a few pictures of me in the yearbooks where I'm wearing a man's shirt and tie. I never wanted children; I found the thought of something growing inside me to be repulsive. One of my best high school friends told me I needed a wife; she sensed that I was male.

*At 15  
I gave myself  
the nickname "Mick"  
for Mick Jagger*

Just before going away to college, I spent a night with a girlfriend that I'd been having

a hot and heavy affair with for a while. I managed to talk my parents into letting her sleep over; my parents, who suspected something "not right" was going on between us, thought I'd sleep in my room while she stayed in the guest room. If they'd known just how much of a guy really was, they'd have known better! I spent the night in the guest room with her. I think we finally fell sleep near dawn. My mother saw us in bed together, my girlfriend curled up peacefully in my arms; the next day was not a pleasant one in my house and I was doubly glad that I was going away to college in a few days.

*The people who  
really love me  
will learn to accept me  
for what I really am and  
the rest don't really  
matter*

Since then, I've certainly discovered how much fun sex with men can be, too, especially oral sex. Women still turn me on a lot, especially petite ones; I'm 6' tall and have an athletic build. Most gay and androgynous guys also turn me on.

My hair is now cut short in a men's style. I've been wearing men's clothes to work for over eight months; at first, they thought it was a fashion statement. Now they realize it's the real me; I get lots of compliments on my suits and especially the ties. Soon, I plan to change my name legally. It will be interesting to see how people at work react when they hear about it! I'm still pre-hormone and pre-op, but most people who don't know me call me "Sir".

Most of my friends and family don't know I'm transsexual, yet. They will as soon as I change my name. My mother knows but is not being supportive. The people who really love me will learn to accept me for what I really am and the rest don't really matter. I am looking forward to entering the new millennium as a man; those who support me can celebrate with me. **TFR**

*MICK STONE, who resembles Jon Voight in Midnight Cowboy, likes Western gear, but make no mistake—these days this big city dude is the rider, not the horse.*

## **WANTED: TRANSFAG WRITERS/ARTISTS!**

TransFagRag  
needs YOUR talents  
for the next issue!

The tentative theme of Issue Two is  
**Mainstreaming Into The  
Gay Male Community:  
Pros & Cons**

but all topics are welcome:  
being trans, being gay/bi,  
or just being you.

All genres are welcome too:  
articles & memoirs, fiction & poetry,  
reviews & resources, questions & answers.

*Humor is especially welcome!*  
After all, if we can't laugh about being fags  
born in female bodies,  
we're in sad shape  
(Did you hear the one about the transfag  
in a hurry to get to the gay bar?  
He went off half-cocked.)

Also sought are regular columns—on the arts,  
fitness & fashion, spirituality,  
travel, or anything else you're into!

Let us know about the trans/gay scenes in your  
neck of the woods—what's it like to be a transfag  
in Alaska or Australia? We can't all live  
in San Francisco, or even want to.

Above all I want TransFagRag to be outspoken!  
There are no taboos (he said bravely, expecting to  
open an envelope soon containing an article on  
gay sex with marsupials.)

TransFagRag is YOUR newsletter!  
With your input and participation it can be what  
YOU  
need it to be!

## LIBERATING MY INNER FAG: A RADICAL FAERIE TALE

by JILL NAGLE

Avi and I made the perfect couple for the Faerie Lingerie Soiree. He in his lace garter belt with white stockings, cotton bikinis and my expert makeup job, and me in my boy Calvin drawers, tank top, butchaline suede vest, matching boots and faux facial hair. Oh, yes, and the pretty package between my legs. "How do you guys walk with these things?" I whined. "Just leave it alone!" admonished Avi in his Israeli falsetto. I tried to saunter casually down the street, tried to give up control of holding my dick in place to the higher power of the black lace g-string in which it was securely nestled.

After several blocks of awkward posturing, and more than one stop to adjust my new jewels, we arrived on the scene. As I expected, the hallways and rooms were full of mostly radical faerie boys in sequins, lace, polyester and all other manner of lingerie. I hoped I was within the dress code. Under strict instructions not to blow my cover, Avi dutifully introduced me to his boy friends as Ian, the name I came very close to adopting this Rosh Hashanah. I extended my firmest handshake and intoned 'hahzitgoin?' in the manliest tenor I could muster. Some bought it temporarily; others, while they saw through my boy drag, were obviously curious.

In past visits to gay male spaces, I've noticed that my female presence tended to cool the otherwise freeflowing male sexual heat. Here, I wanted quite the opposite. I came to incite and partake freely of abundant sexual energy. But who did 'I' need to be to pull that off? 'I' had to be something of a trickster. I didn't want to be boxed and dismissed as "female." I belonged in the space marked "BOY'S ROOM." I wanted in; into the clubhouse and into the hothouse and into some juicy boyflesh....

Before too long, I was banging my firm yet flexible dildo against the butt cheeks of a long line of fags eager to get play fucked, one after the other in the hallway. I could see it: "Girl-Boy Gang-Bangs Gaggle of Faeries, Single Handedly." Single dildo-

edly? I don't know if they were my toys, or I theirs, but everyone seemed to be enjoying the game. Now, some days I feel more butch than others, but this scene made me into another animal entirely. I didn't feel like I was performing butch. The biowimmin at the party were mostly sweet, passive and femme and lacked the rawness I craved. Now, had a big bad butch dyke swaggered in the door, my orientation might have become decidedly more complicated. As it was, I felt clearly like...a transgendered fag. Yeah. That fit.

And then I remembered two male-to-female transsexuals I knew. One was Joseph, a gay man who, he said, planned to become a lesbian after surgery. Planned? To become a lesbian? What's a lesbian, then, if you can schedule becoming one? The other was Kate Bornstein, a former heterosexual man who, once female, found that her attraction to women remained. She ultimately came out as a lesbian. As Kate quoted her mom in her latest play, "So now we talk, me and my son, the lesbian." For Joseph, the overriding factor in determining his orientation was his preference for the gestalt of homosexuality, which didn't change along with his sex. For Kate, it was the sex of those to whom he, and then she, remained attracted that proved most salient.

*...a transgendered fag.*

*Yeah.*

*That fit.*

There is something about Joseph that I resonate with. Dancing with radical faerie Spectrum, who gyrated his sinewy body toward and against mine particularly pointedly, I thought, I want this man...I want this man as only a man wanting another man can want. But, perhaps I'm acting out internalized heterophobia—the only way I can act on my attraction to men is as another man. No, that's not quite right. If anything along those lines, it's heterosoporifia: boredom with rather than fear of things heterosexual. I can smell het men a hundred yards away and they (yawn) just don't float my boat, whereas queer boys wang my wonger just by blinking.

Spectrum had short, dark hair, piercing eyes with eyebrows that arched from way down close to the nose all the way over the forehead pointing back toward the ears. His eyes were shadowed such that he appeared intent and focused on whatever he was looking at. He held my gaze with those eyes, dancing ever closer to me while drops of sweat glistened on his neck. Before long, my shirt was off, my penis was attached by the suction cup at its base above the bay window so it pointed into the room like a flagpole, and Spectrum and I had traded undergarments.

I danced in his tomato-red jockstrap (over my black g-string) while my gray cotton Calvins skimmed over and between the two hard grapefruits of his exquisite ass, dotted by dark spots where sweat seeped through. I retrieved my cock, which looked quite realistic inside Spectrum's jockstrap. Spectrum's eyes got wide, and he danced toward me, smiling, staring down, then looked up at my face and giggled shyly.

Some of the other faeries drifted over to inspect and play with me, as well. But I deflected them in favor of Spectrum. Spectrum kept his eyes on me while his hips swiveled closer and closer to my crotch. I bent my knees and danced to his chest, "accidentally" grazing my nipple across his. When he seemed to like that, I ran my fingers from the back of his neck down to his navel—stopping again at his nipple to administer a rather sharp tweak. Spectrum's body waded from head to toe like an inchworm. Hot damn, I thought. I spun him around and pulled his hips hard against my erection covered by his jockstrap, against his ass, covered by my underwear. Shit. What a life!

So yeah like this is now beyond any butch bidyke thing I might be trying to do. I'm kind of a lame butch, anyway. My lover Rebecca, on the other hand, is quite a successful butch. When she and I are together in public, most people go "Jill, femme. Reb, butch." Yet, when we saw Monika Treut's interview with Max Wolf

*Continued on page 7*

INNER FAG *continued from page 6*

Valerio, an FTM TS and former lesbian-feminist, it was I who felt deeply touched; it was I who had tears in my eyes; it was I who was talking about the film for days afterward. I finally began to understand in my gut what I had only known intellectually: butch and femme can be totally independent of gender orientation. In my case, my inner fag went long misidentified as simply femme.

As a fairly butch bidyke, Rebecca has been a good foil for my emerging gender permutations. She once observed that I hardly ever identify myself as a woman, or even show evidence of thinking of myself that way. While that struck me as strange since I'm so ardently feminist, I kinda grokked her point on a gut level. Then I fully got it one night while standing at the mirror blowdrying my hair.

"I don't understand blowdryers." Rebecca lamented. "It's aesthetic," I explained. "and you don't pay a lot of attention to aesthetics." Broad categories of queer iconography, yes. Minute aesthetics, no. Yet that in itself could be considered constitutive of a butch dyke aesthetic. But did my being the opposite make me femme? I was about to try to rationalize how the blowdryer in question provided a good touchstone for the femme-butch divide, but then I looked in the mirror and it hit me.

"I'm a gay man!" I shouted, waving the blowdryer around excitedly. "Yes, that's it!" she exclaimed. We studied me. My tailored silk shirts tucked into pleated men's pants. My "men's" shoes. My chiseled features and prominent jawline. My tapered haircut. The relatively thin, muscular and flat-chested physique I cultivated. Even my trademark retro pointy glasses screamed high camp. Indeed, it was mostly gay men who stopped me on the street and shrieked, "I loooove your glasses!" Yeah. Okay. Yeah.

And then there were those other men. Long after Rebecca's tolerance for "male energy" was spent, I would remain, cavorting with my brothers. A fag hag?

Not quite. A bidyke with dildo in tow? Closer, but...I wanted to lovingly wrestle my equal in strength to the ground; I wanted to feel our cocks together. Our real cocks, warm and throbbing. Yeah. That.

*I wanted to feel  
our cocks together.  
Our real cocks,  
warm and throbbing.  
Yeah. That.*

And That was what led to me linger on after the Faerie Lingerie Soiree. I didn't think I imagined Spectrum's blatant flirtations with me. And indeed, I was blessed to find Spectrum in my bed later on, guiding him on a special tour of my-his first-pussy. He was surprised himself, at thirty-three, only ever having kissed one other woman in his life. I made him suck my cock until he was blue in the face, then I pushed him away and made him watch me plunge my cock deep into my wet pussy again and again. Fucking the very fucking of my gender. Fucking myself with my own cock. Writhing in hermaphroditic-fag-wannabe rushes of fuck me juice fuck and then and then and then...

And then I let him fuck me—with his real, warm eager cock. My favorite kind of dildo! Getting fucked normally sends me over the edge quicker than anything, but I was in such empathic awe of being inside the first pussy ever that most of the throbbing I felt was in my jealous dildo—sort of like a phantom limb. Spectrum and I played for a good long time, reserving many more territories than we traversed, both acknowledging that we'd like there to be a "next time."

Whether "next time" materializes or not, I'm still reeling with the joy of finally liberating my inner fag from her/his lonely closet. Rebecca helped midwife my awareness; the faerie party hosted my debut as a transgendered fag; Spectrum stroked me to a full-tilt, throbbing erection in fag-spawned uncharted territory I can only call hot, hot hot. I've had a hard-on ever since. **TFR**

*JILL NAGLE (aka Ian), an interparadigmatic sexual anomaly, is looking for GIRLFAGS to contribute to her anthology (See Page 20)!*

## Transgender Calendar

**21 February**

**"More For Les"**

Fun(d)raiser for Leslie Feinberg  
San Francisco, CA  
JordyJones@aol.com  
(415)252-8634

**22 - 23 February**

**True Spirit Conference**

Laurel, MD  
P.O. Box 1118  
Elkton, MD 21922-1118  
AlexFox@aol.com

**23 - 24 February**

**Transgender Lobbying Days**

Washington, D.C.  
ICTLEP@aol.com

**4 - 6 May**

**2nd National Gender Lobbying Day**

Washington, D.C.  
Riki@pipeline.com, Gpac@Gpac.Org  
(212)645-1753(Day)/(212)270-9438 (Eve.)

**10 - 12 April**

**3rd Annual Symposium on Lesbian, Gay,  
Bisexual, & Transgender Issues**

Kingston, RI  
(401)874-5150  
pegueiros@uriacc.uri.edu

**15 - 20 April**

**California Unity '97  
(IFGE Conference)**

Long Beach, CA  
(617)899-2212  
ifge@world.std.com  
FTM Program: Masculinities  
Jake Hale, ZeroBoyCJH@aol.com

**19 - 22 June**

**Second International Congress on  
Crossdressing, Sex, & Gender Issues**

King of Prussia, PA  
(610) 640-9449  
congrs2@cdspub.com

**August**

**3rd FTM Conference of the Americas**

TBA

*Please send information on  
upcoming events to **TFR**  
at the address on Page Two!*

*Julian Rants!*

## PHALLUSIES: *Exposing The Myth of 'Penis Formation'*

I recall reading in a back issue of the *FTM Newsletter* that the first female to male gender reassignment surgery was performed in England in 1948 on Michael (born Laura) Dillon.

Nearly 50 years later, we have a choice of two types of genital surgery. One gives us a tiny penis that would look fine on a two-year-old boy. The other takes a chunk of our forearm and/or abdomen and reshapes it in a vaguely phallic manner; Jake Hale and others call the result a 'frankendick.'

If reconstructive surgery for biological males had advanced at this pace (which makes a snail race look like the Indy 500) John Bobbitt's pals would have had to nickname him Stumpy.

When I read the article detailing one person's phalloplasty in a recent *FTM Newsletter*, I about lost my lunch, and I am not easily brought to that stage. I worked four years in hospitals and saw it all; I've been known to read the details of Kennedy's brain autopsy while chowing down on a rare steak. I think what got to me in that tale of weenie woes was that the guy in question had bought into a myth, a myth I think it's time to explode.

There IS no real phalloplasty for those of us transitioning to male because there is no current surgical procedure that creates a real penis. A true phalloplasty (literally, Greek for 'penis formation') would 'form' an anatomically accurate, aesthetically pleasing, and functional penis whose owner could urinate and copulate (if not ejaculate; two out of three ain't bad) without the use of additional appliances. The 'formation' process would not involve such hazards as disfiguring scars, carpal tunnel syndrome, nerve damage to the leg due to the length of the surgery, urinary fistulas, or necrosis of the neophallus.

And it would NOT cost as much as a Lamborghini. Or, if it did, the majority of the cost of correcting a mistake of nature would be absorbed by insurance, as I'm sure, for example, insurance absorbs the cost of a liver transplant for a rock star

who has destroyed the one he was entrusted with at birth via drink and drugs.

Now, I know that doctors like Laub claim to have satisfied customers for their weenie wannabes. Fine, there are people who think McDonald's serves food, too. And if I hadn't eaten in a month, I'd probably think Mac's was haute cuisine. I know there are those for whom a frankenweenie is better than nothing. However, in a recent *FTM Newsletter*, James Green, who has certainly been around the genderworld more than once, said he's only ever seen ONE phalloplasty he considered acceptable.

In short, the state of phalloplasty is a disgrace, and virtually every transfag I know not only doesn't want a frankenweenie, they wouldn't take it if it was free.

What about metaoidioplasty? First, it's a ridiculous word, sounds like it was coined by Elmer Fudd--'be vewy vewy quiet, I'm having a metaoidiopwasty.' Second, while again I don't question that a micropenis beats having female-looking genitalia, it sure seems like a lot of dough to diddle with your dicklet and sew up your labia. And what you get might be thrilling to a munchkin but it's not going to let most of us retire our rubber strap-on appendages. There are other considerations too: Some of us don't like the idea of someone playing around down there with a scalpel and possibly severing a nerve and ending the fun altogether. Some of us like having and using our vaginas, and the neo-nuts could interfere with that. And I have talked to at least one FTM who had the same problem with his Fudd-o-plasty that genetic guys can have with penis enlargement: severing the suspensory ligament can cause scar tissue that actually makes the organ you were trying to make longer end up shorter than before. Isn't THAT a pisser, pardon the pun.

In the past, I believe that transgender folks have been afraid to complain too loudly about the surgical results they obtained for fear that the few doctors doing the surgery would quit. I recently read an article in one

of the news magazines asking if certain surgical procedures that were high risk and had mostly poor results should be done at all. The surgeons, of course, argued back that for surgery to advance, someone has to try something new and risky, and the first couple of times may not be a bang-up success. That argument has some merit, but who decides which risky procedures should be allowed and which declared so dangerous and so rarely successful that they should not be permitted? In mainstream surgery, that is decided by hospital review boards. But these review boards can be influenced by a powerful surgeon who brings in large chunks of cash. In the case of transgender surgery, if we ourselves are afraid to voice objections and make excuses for the horrific complications and terrible results we encounter, who will protect the doctor's next victim--I mean patient?

What's my point? It's not to insult people who've paid big bucks and undergone a great deal of pain on the receiving end of these procedures. It's to point out that as long as we buy into the myth that EITHER of these constitute acceptable genital surgery for us they are the only alternatives we're going to have.

Medicine is a business like any other. If a substandard product sells, if it's making money for whoever's hawking it, where's the motivation to improve it? Whatever improvements HAVE been made (and frankly when I began to examine surgical alternatives last year I was appalled at how little the surgery had advanced in the decade since I last considered it) were made in order to keep the doctors' cash registers ringing, not to make our sexual lives more satisfying.

Let's face it: We provide the livelihoods for a handful of doctors who actually take pride in displaying their handiwork rather than apologizing for its absence of aesthetic appeal and lack of true functionality. I thought of standing up during the medical session at the 1995 S.F. FTM Conference and saying to Dr. Laub,

*Continued on page 9*

PHALLUSIES *continued from page 8*

as he showed pictures of his Laubjobs that resembled flesh-toned garden hoses or Polish sausages. 'I wouldn't sport one of those on my body if you GAVE it to me, bub.' That would have been rude, since he was an invited speaker. But I found his cocky attitude and insouciant tone enraging. He SHOULD have been apologizing, not preening. Why did the radial forearm procedure have to be developed in China? Why should Americans have to go to Belgium to avail themselves of the latest techniques?

I have no doubt, having been in the medical field, that a functional, aesthetically pleasing neophallus is DOABLE given the current state of reconstructive surgery. If reconstructive surgery can turn Michael Jackson into Diana Ross and rebuild Cher from the ground up they by golly could make a dick that looks like a dick, not a hose or a sausage, and make the damn thing go up and down and conduct urine. This is NOT, as the old cliché goes, brain surgery.

But as long as the docs' cash registers keep ringing up sales, folks, progress in improving 'phalloplasty' is going to continue to creep along like a glacier. Those of us now in our 40s and beyond would kind of like to get a penis before we get so senile we can't remember what we wanted it for.

*Those of us in our 40s  
and beyond would like to  
get a penis  
before we get so senile  
we can't remember what  
we wanted it for*

What's the answer? I would suggest a boycott. For at least a year, preferably two, we should all refuse to go under the knives of these Robber Veterinarians posing as reconstructive surgeons. When the old payment on the Mercedes comes due and the money ain't in the bank account, these docs may begin to figure out that they need to do some Serious Research.

If they can't create a product that meets our standards, we simply won't buy it. Those of us who do not want any part of the current surgical techniques need to write letters to the doctors using these techniques stating that we will be very interested in phalloplasty when the quality of the results goes up and the risk of disfiguring, disabling side effects goes down. (And when the neo-dicks go up and down too.)

Or, maybe we need to take the penis problem into our own hands, so to speak. First, we need to stop buying into another myth: that we're 'phallogentric' for wanting the same equipment as other men. (Do MTFs beat themselves up about being 'vaginocentric'? I think not.) Yes, it's heartwarming when people like us for who we are, not what's between our legs. But, given a choice, I'd still rather have a working cock, and I suspect many of you would too.

*We need to stop buying into  
the myth  
that we're 'phallogentric'  
for wanting the same  
equipment as other men*

Next, we need to form a committee to do our own R&D: to approach the leaders in the fields of microsurgery, reconstructive surgery, and biotechnology to discover for ourselves what's out there that can be applied to phalloplasty. This R&D Committee should be part of a National Project on Transmale Health Care which would, among other things, rate every single surgeon currently performing either metaoidioplasty or phalloplasty according to functionality and appearance of result and incidence of complications. These ratings would be published annually in every single gender publication. The Project would also draw up a set of goals to be achieved in the next three years in order to truly move phalloplasty into the 21st Century.

Or, we can just keep doing what we've been doing--shopping around on our own and hoping for the best, praying the horror stories don't happen to us. And what we're getting now with this method, basically, is

the equivalent of going shopping for a computer in 1997 and coming home with an Amiga from 1984, then convincing ourselves we got a state of the art machine.

*In dreams  
begin  
responsibilities*

Not this boy. I want a laptop with a Pentium chip, active matrix color screen, and all the multimedia bells and whistles I can fit on it. Now THAT'S state of the art.

Let's face it, society in general and the medical profession considers it a low priority goal to create real penises for us instead of frankendicks. And perhaps the achievement of that goal will have to wait until one of us becomes a reconstructive surgeon and brings his understanding, passion, talent and knowledge to the task.

In the meantime, I vote we call Industrial Light & Magic or Disney AudioAnimatronics. Hey, if they can make E.T. ride a bicycle or Abe Lincoln say hello to us, trust me, they can make a six-or-so-inch gadget that goes up and down, whizzes, and looks like what it's supposed to be. OK, it's not going to be attached to us, hardwired into our nervous systems....YET.

Someday, we may be able to literally grow our own: to stimulate our own tissue into developing into a full-size penis. Or a biotech lab may be able to grow one for us and then have a surgeon attach it, like the scientists who've grown a properly shaped ear out of human tissue on a mouse's back. (The dick I'd like might need a bit larger animal.) A wild dream? Maybe.

Or perhaps a vision.

In any case, to quote Delmore Schwartz, in dreams begin responsibilities. I believe that we can affect whether or not the dream becomes a reality by taking the responsibility for becoming proactive vis a vis 'bottom surgery' and refusing to accept less than the best. TFR

*JULIAN is a size queen and proud of it: 'I'll give up my 11 inch Ken Ryker dildo when they pry it out of my cold dead hands.'*



# The Bottom Line: Making Friends With Your Asshole

by MIKE HERNANDEZ

So you think you are a fag? What gives? Maybe you've always been into women in the past, or, as a woman, been with men who weren't into anal sex, and now out of the blue you are starting to have fantasies about being on the receiving end of anal sex with another man. You would like to explore these fantasies, except for one teensy weensy problem.

You've never done it before.

What's a boy to do?

To complicate matters, sex seems to be one of the most forbidden topics in our community. Hopefully TransFagRag will foster discussion on a variety of subjects, including those topics occupying the forbidden zone. [Bet your buttplug on it—Ed.]

We are taught a number of things about our bodies, particularly the anus, that might initially present certain obstacles. We are told that our, or should I say your, anus is dirty. That it has one purpose, to excrete waste product. For some guys their assholes are a source of shame or embarrassment (you know who you are). The only way to get over this is to explore for yourself before getting anyone else involved.

We have enough hurdles to overcome on the issue of body image without adding to them by worrying about virginal states. You too can make friends with your asshole and have a good time doing it. Don't fall into the trap of thinking that you are limited to only one type of sex. Any sex that you chose to have and call gay sex is just that: gay sex. Anal play simply happens to be the focus of this article.

## DOUCHING: A New Concept

Some of us were taught that douching meant using vinegar or some other substance and water to clean out the vagina. Douching takes on a totally and completely different meaning in the gay male community. The term 'douching' refers to getting an enema. Douching is recommended for a variety of reasons. It

will help your sphincter relax making penetration easier, more comfortable, and actually quite pleasurable. It will also ensure that there will be less of a mess to clean up. You will also reduce the likelihood of cramping.

Douching for the first time is slightly odd. Actually having anything up your ass can prove quite odd the first time. The trick is to separate the actual physical sensations from their psychological implications. If you are wired this way it won't take long at all. You might feel a cold chill or a hot flash. You might feel as if you have diarrhea. What is odd and awkward at first will become quite pleasurable once you take the time to eroticize it. Consider it a form of foreplay.

## OPTIONS

DO NOT go out and buy a Fleet's enema. They contain chemicals and other stuff that will make your first experience worse than it really needs to be. At this stage you have a number of different options. You can purchase a bulb douche, a douche bag, or the super mondo permanent shower attachment. These products are usually sold either near the feminine hygiene products or the laxatives.

**Bulb Douche:** This item tends to be inexpensive and can be purchased at any Walgreens, Woolworths, Longs, Savon or other name drug store. It has a plastic nozzle which screws into a rubber bulb holding 2 - 4 ounces of fluid. It is made of harder rubber than feminine douche products and the nozzle is curved rather than straight. Basically I perceive the travel douche as more of an emergency device for situations where I don't know whether or not sex will be in the cards or if I am out of town staying at someone else's home. It is small and easily contained to ensure privacy.

**Douche Bag:** This item can be purchased at the same type of stores as the travel bag. While also mobile and capable of travel it does not fit as nicely into a dop kit, the douche bag is for home or hotel usage where I have a modicum of privacy

available to me. It is comprised of a hot water bag, rubber tubing, and a hard plastic nozzle that gets pushed into the rubber tube. It tends to hold 1 - 2 quarts of water. It is slightly more expensive than the bulb, but the way to go for the novice.

**Shower Kit:** The shower kit runs \$40 - 50 or slightly more and can be purchased at most erotica stores. Your best bet is to find a location in town that sells dildos to gay men. These types of specialty stores will have this item. Mail order is another alternative. Mercury Mail Order in San Francisco (address below) has this item available through mail order. This item is metal and includes a T-shaped joint. You will need to unscrew your shower head to screw one end of the T into the pipe. Plumbers tape works wonders. The shower head then screws into the other end of the T. The long end has a metal hose to which a metal straight nozzle attaches. The nozzle may be removed and replaced. If more than one person is going to use the douche you should each have separate nozzles. A diverter switch is located near the head of the T which will allow water to flow either through the shower head or through the douche hose.

## HOW TO USE IT

Now that you know what you can buy, let's discuss the use of these items. Chances are that if you own the shower kit you already know what to do, so for now let's focus on the other two items.

You will need to fill either the bulb or the bag with fluid. My recommendation is that you start with warm water. DO NOT add alcohol to the douche. DO NOT use ice water. Either of these substances can kill you. Rectal tissue is full of capillaries and allows direct absorption of alcohol or other subtonics into the blood stream almost immediately. The oral ingestion of alcohol requires the stomach to utilize digestive juices to absorb alcohol into the blood stream. If you ingest too much too fast or if your blood alcohol level rises to toxic or dangerous levels you simply puke and

Continued on page 11

ASSPLAY *continued from page 10*

in that fashion the body is able to stabilize itself. There is no similar safety device for anal absorption. Similarly, the use of ice water will cause hypothermia. Please use common sense.

Start with warm water. Use your hands to gauge the temperature. Rectal tissue is more sensitive than the surface of your skin. Everyone is different. A little bit of practice will help you gauge what feels good for you. You want something that feels pleasant to the touch. Not too hot, not too cool.

You are going to be a little nervous the first time. Don't worry. Do whatever it is that you normally do to relax. Watch a porno movie to get you in the mood. Masturbate so that you are excited, but don't orgasm, at least not yet.

Use Vaseline or another similar product to lubricate the end of the nozzle. Also lubricate your anus outside and in. Penetrate yourself with a finger to get used to how this feels. Don't tighten up. The more relaxed you are the better this is going to feel. If you are panicked or worried take a deep breath and when you are ready commence insertion. With the travel douche you will want to squeeze it until a little water comes out. This way you won't be inserting air into your body. While a bit of air will not pose a health hazard it does increase the possibility of a cramping sensation. With the bag you want to open the plastic flow control clamp located on the tubing to allow water to start to flow a little, then clamp it off. Insert the nozzle slowly until it is inside you. You don't have to place the full length of the nozzle in your body just enough to allow the water to enter your colon.

Allow the water to enter your body as slowly or as quickly as you feel comfortable. Try not to rush it. A very fast intake of water is going to create a cramp similar to those that accompany a bad case of the flu. When you start feeling full or a cramp setting in, remove the nozzle. If using the bag you will need to clamp it off before removing it. Get out of the shower or tub and sit on the toilet. Hold the water

for a moment and then release it. Fecal matter will accompany the release of the water. Don't bear down or force anything. Your body will naturally expel all of the liquid. The liquid will also stimulate a bowel movement. Repeat approximately 2 - 3 times until the water that is released is either clear or free from solid substances.

That's basically it. As you feel more comfortable with the process you can add a few soap shavings. Soap is an irritant to the bowel and may make cramping slightly more apparent. However, it will also ensure that all fecal matter is expelled. This is more important if you are going to be engaged in a handball (fistfucking) session than it will be for just fucking. A future article will deal with advanced douching techniques such as the use of Tiger Balm as a lubricant.

## BUTTHOLE SURFING

Now that you are clean you are ready for some action. There are literally a ton of toys available for self play such as dildos, chrome eggs, anal beads, etc., etc.

Some people have a tendency to get excited and throw common sense to the wind. Don't become an emergency room statistic. You can do this by not using common household products for penetration. Avoid light bulbs, glass bottles, Barbie dolls, vegetables or other items you might find around the house. I kid you not, more than one story has been told by ER technicians about what people have had stuck up their butts. If you have ever let your eyes dictate the size of your stomach you will have noted that there is food left on your plate. You don't want to make the same mistake the first time out. Ideally penetration would be accomplished with a close and intimate friend who has done it before and can help you through the experience. However, this is not always possible. If you wind up doing it yourself, a good first choice would be a thin butt plug. This will free up your hands for other things.

If penetration feels uncomfortable in any way stop and masturbate. You would be amazed at how quickly discomfort turns to pleasure. If you are inclined to try again, you will note that your anal sphincter will

become more and more resilient allowing you to relax and penetration to feel pleasurable. You may feel a chill or cramp coming on the first time your sphincter relaxes enough for the dildo or but plug to get in. This is normal. Take a few deep breaths and let the toy slowly slide out of you. Pay attention to where the item is when it starts feeling good. Try again when you are ready. Once it's in and feels good it's time to work towards an orgasm. Voila! That's all there is to it.

The foreplay and masturbation scenarios will become more elaborate and the size of the items that you use for penetration will increase as your sphincter becomes more and more relaxed. Whatever you do don't force it. There is always tomorrow. Don't feel that you have failed if you don't manage penetration the first time out. What is important is that you get comfortable with the process and that you learn what feels good to your body. You might realize that it isn't for you, but more than likely you will discover that anal sex is fantastic!

Surf's up! TFR

*MIKE HERNANDEZ is TFR's official fluffer. He is also editing a book on transgendered men—See his Call for Submissions on Page 20!*

## RESOURCES:

*Anal Pleasure And Health* by Jack Morin, Ph.D.  
*Rump Magazine* (hot guys' butts, to get you in the mood)

Mercury Mail Order:

4084 18th St. Dept X San Francisco CA 94114

[Remember: If God had meant men to get fucked, S/he'd have put a hole in their ass—Ed.]

### TransFagSex Poll: That Other Hole--Love It, Hate It, Ignore It?

Some of us, while still identifying as gay men, enjoy vaginal sex and would not, under any circumstances, consider giving up our vaginas. Others find it impossible to enjoy vaginal sex as it interferes with self-perception as male. Are you a gay man who believes if one hole's good two holes are better? Or do you ignore that other hole and wish it would go away? Has anyone out there had surgery to close it up? Let's hear how you deal with that extra hole!

## WILD REEDS: Mourning The Gay Boyhood I Never Had

by JULIAN

OK guys. Time for me to come out of the closet and admit something that may make me a pariah among civilized folk.

I don't like foreign films.

More precisely, I don't GET foreign films (especially French ones.) My patron saint is the kid in *Diner* who says he's been to the beach plenty of times and never seen Death playing chess. (I thought I saw Elvis playing Chinese Checkers at a mall in Grand Rapids once, but that's another story.)

Maybe I just don't like to READ a film.

At any rate, I confess I only wanted to see Andre Techine's *Wild Reeds*, winner of the 1994 Cesar Award for best picture, because I thought there would be some steamy sex between post-pubescent boys. For that, I was willing to read the damn movie, and overlook the fact that spoken French often reminds me too much of *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*.

Well, talk about a disappointment. As Joe Bob Briggs would say, one undercover whackoff session, coupla boys in briefs, one recurring bare buff chest. That's it.

Deprived of the erotic titillation I went to see, I was forced to concentrate on the plot, which was surprisingly involving. *Wild Reeds* is the story of four French teens in 1962, during the French withdrawal from Algeria. Francois (Gael Morel), Serge (Stephane Rideau) and Henri (Frederic Gorny) are schoolmates. Serge's brother marries, hoping to avoid being sent back to Algeria, but is sent back anyway and is killed.

Henri, son of a *pied noir* (French settler) family in Algeria, is bitter about the loss of 'his' country. Francois is gay, with feelings toward both the hunky Serge and the brooding Henri (I preferred Henri with his pretty Monty Clift pout and subterranean rage). His best friend is the forthright, fresh-faced Maite (Elodie Bouchez), daughter of a Communist schoolteacher.

The film chronicles the intertwining relationships between the four, notably Francois' crush on Serge and the attraction between the right wing Henri and the leftist Maite. Refreshingly, the film ends without any major disaster, no one commits suicide. The title refers to the propensity of the reed to bend rather than break in the wind. The four young people will survive the storms of adolescence intact.

I was surprised, then, after seeing a film that managed to be upbeat without being saccharine or Pollyanna-ish, to find I was left with a tremendous sadness. On reflection I realized that it had nothing to do with the plot of the film and everything to do with me and my identity as transgendered and gay.

I never whacked willies as a boy under the covers with a boy I had a crush on, since in this incarnation I seem to have misplaced my willy. After managing for some unfathomable reason to reach age 12 with my secret faith intact that, all appearances to the contrary, I would grow up male, the onset of female puberty send me into a profound state of shock that lasted until I was 29 and began realizing that the reason my life made no sense was that I was not a straight female with fantasies of gay males but a gay male mind, soul, heart and libido in the wrong package.

I never grieved for  
for the gay boy  
I never was,  
for the homoerotic sensual  
awakening I never  
shared with another boy

I understand now why my life was such an enigma to me, but I've never grieved for the gay boy I never was, for the tentative touches and kisses I never stole, for the homoerotic sensual awakening I never shared with another boy feeling those same inchoate desires.

After transitioning and living as a gay man for two years in the 1980's, I chickened out,

from loneliness at not finding partners and from fear of AIDS if I did, and tried valiantly to submerge my true self. It nearly killed me--via depression, Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, and ultimately breast cancer. In facing my mortality I've had to confront again my gender issues, and, at 44, my gay life as a young boy is still un-lived and that boy is still unsatisfied.

He doesn't want to be a middle-aged man. He wants the young manhood he was cheated out of, and he wants it BAD. Bad enough to risk taking testosterone again, which could upset the hormone balance in my body, trigger a cancer recurrence, and kill me.

Of course, I can't give me a completely male body and while I look younger than my chronological age I won't be 12 again. If I did try to recapture one of those tentative sexual explorations I missed out on with a 12 year old boy, I'd go to prison for child molestation (I doubt 'But your honor, my mental developmental age as a boy is 12' would get me off the hook, nor, as a survivor of sexual abuse, do I think it should.)

But this time around, I'm not in any hurry, as I was last time, to get through the 'adolescent' feelings and catch up to my real age. I can't recapture my lost gay boyhood, but I can grieve for what I missed. And I can accept that part of me truly IS still that teenage boy and, within reason, indulge him in his explorations.

Several years ago, I took some vocational tests that told you how you correlated with different groups by sex, age, and occupation. The day I got the results back I announced to my therapist, who hadn't seen the tests herself, 'Guess which group I scored the highest similarity to?'

Without a pause she said 'Junior high school boys.'

That Latvian female act wasn't foolin' ANYONE.

*JULIAN adores pretty, pouty, brooding men.*

## DESERT PEACH: *The Desert Fox's Gay Brother*

by ANDREW WHITE

*The Desert Peach*, a comic by Donna Barr, is about gay Nazis...actually about the horrors of war, the complexity and paradoxes of the human condition, and the basic humanity of all *soldaten* (soldiers, lots of German language tossed in) regardless of country of origin, as seen through the eyes of the "Desert Peach"--Col. Pfirsich Marie Rommel, the ladylike and proper (and fictitious) younger brother of General Erwin Rommel, the Desert Fox of the Afrika Korps in WWII.

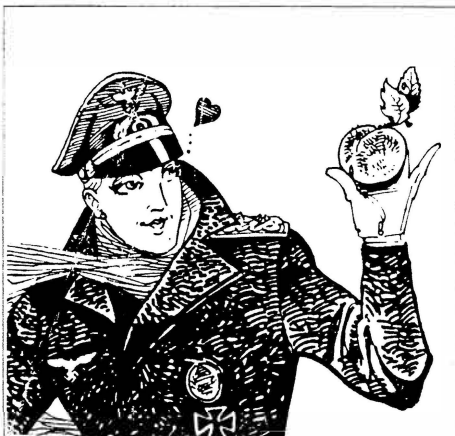
*If Rosen,  
Peach's dashing ruff trade  
lover, wasn't such a biter in bed,  
I'd take him on myself*

The Peach commands the 469th supply and gravedigging battalion. Are they for 69? Maybe not all, but the Peach is, as is his dashing young ruff trade lover, Luftwaffe pilot Oberleutnant Rosen Kavalier, a straight acting former straight who turned queer at first sight of the lovely Colonel. Now, the Peach is the noblest of officers and gentlemen, and a real Lady, but I like Rosen the best. The guy is as hilarious as he is horny. Not to mention drop-dead handsome, and as the Peach would say, "so fearless it looks like stupidity." If he wasn't such a biter in bed, I'd take him on myself.

So if you are interested, ask your local comic book store to order *The Desert Peach*. (Check out her Stinz series too, it's anthropomorphic rather than fruit flambe, but just as good. If you meet one of the Half-Horses in a dark alley some night, Do NOT call him a centaur. You can argue that if he isn't a centaur, who is? But you won't get that far before he'll be cleaning your teeth out of his feet with a hoofpick.)

One last thing about Frau Barr, and I mean it as a real compliment. In addition to her skills as a cartoonist and open-minded anthropologist, I gotta say, the woman understands dick so well, I suspect her of being an MTF herself. There, I said it.

And I love her work!



**THE DESERT PEACH**

News flash! For Desert Peach fans who didn't already know...There is a FTM in the 469th Haltrack Battalion! I never suspected, till I read #22. I won't tell who it is, though he does appear in earlier issues. The only hint I will give is that his name is very similar to that of a popular horror movie character! Also, (as if we didn't really know, esp. from Gunner Gott's remark that he was an experiment in yin/yang), The Peach himself thinks of himself as a woman!! An FTM and an MTF...now if we could just get Sammy transferred from Ninja High School...

*Frau Barr  
understands dick so well,  
I suspect her  
of being  
an MTF herself!*

Barr is published by MU Press, 5014-D Roosevelt Way NE, Seattle, WA., 98105, but they take 8 weeks or more to fill your order. You can also write Donna Barr at 1318 N. Montgomery, Bremerton WA 98312. She has tapes of the Desert Peach musical she produced for \$25 made out to Mystic Fruitcake c/o Barr at the above address. She accepts fan mail too.

When #22 was published in Nov. 94, Barr had a Web Page, located at:  
<http://www.armory.com/comics> **TFR**

*ANDREW (ANDY) WHITE is a gay male hermaphrodite who likes fine art, farming and bizarre graphic novels.*

## TRANSGENDER WARRIORS:

### Reclaiming Our History

*Transgender Warriors: Making history from Joan of Arc to RuPaul*  
by Leslie Feinberg (Beacon, \$23.95)  
Reviewed by SHEERCHAOS

*Transgender Warriors* is Leslie Feinberg's long awaited overview of the history of Transgendered people. It is also a very personal commentary on being Transgendered in America. The essential thread of the book is that there have always been Transgendered people, of different kinds in different cultures, and that until recently, in many cultures, they have been accepted and welcomed. Leslie chronicles the shift in affairs that has brought us to the current sad state of modern Gender Identity politics. I was impressed with the book's scope and insight. It is not a comprehensive history of TGism, but it is a start. The section about Joan of Arc, who was burned at the stake for dressing as a male, was especially illuminating for me. A better Patron Saint we could not ask for!

Like many TG people, I grew up feeling unique and alone. Because TGism is hidden, we have no context, no role-models, nothing to be proud of. If I had read this book when I was thirteen, I might have led my life differently. The fact that I have read it now may help to live the rest of my life differently. Leslie's writing style is clear, and very personal. Although the Transboys in the audience may be made of sterner stuff, I needed a box of tissues to get through this one.

The book ends with a marvelous photo album of many TG people, covering the whole gender spectrum. The only thing missing is a TransFag Drag Queen, but oh well. Besides, who can resist flipping through this section in the bookstore to see how many of their friends appear in it? **TFR**

**On February 21, "More For Les", a fun(d)raiser for Leslie, will be held in San Francisco, hosted by Jordy Jones & Mr. Stafford. Activities will include a Drag King Contest and FTM fashion show. Music will be provided by Phranc, Gretchen Phillips, See Jane Run and Kountry Kunts; there will be erotic dancers, even a spanking booth! For the full scoop, see the Calendar on Page 7!**



## "NOTES FROM THE HERSHEY HIGHWAY"

by TODD WHITWORTH

*'A flaming faggot extravaganza, two saucy evenings of reading/performance by dykes and FTMs exploring Faggot identity.'*

That's what the flyer said and that's what you got and then some: music, performance art, and readings. Wonderful drag gender-fuck, cock-sucking, and a fab J/O session. The emcee, Daddy Danielle Abrams, took you through the show with 'Simon', his babysitting job for the evening, whom he kept having to discipline for touching himself until we finally let him have some relief.

Among the performers were Matt Rice Blakk and Raven Goodrum, our transfag extraordinaires, as well as many other talents. Raven did a hot strip/dance with whips. Matt shared with us heartache, anger, disappointment, loss, and finally triumph as he struggles on a daily basis to survive in this world and in the gay and lesbian community as "a gay man without a dick."

Dylan Starr Berkey, our honorary transfag, is a boy who's a girl who's a boy who's a girl....She is "Barbie playing little league. Dennis the Menace goes to the opera."

Another reading, by Marcy Coburn, also an honorary transfag, described growing from a 7-year-old faghag to a lesbian who rejected men to a Faggot/Dyke. The part of her piece that hit the hardest for me was when she described her anger about the denial that lesbians (not all but enough) have about the AIDS epidemic, that it doesn't affect them. I believe she made a lot of people think.

The show initially appeared at Build in San Francisco and reappeared at LunaSea with yours truly as the emcee. I have heard from the producers that we may be taking the show to L.A.; I will keep you posted as to when and where we'll be doing it again. TFR

*TODD WHITWORTH is a bicycle messenger in San Francisco and has been a facilitator of the FTM support group meetings there.*

## TransFag Culture Briefs

*No, we're not talking here about the Calvins you wear to the opera! This is a regular feature to keep you updated on books, performances, and other projects, especially by your fellow transfags, that you should watch out for. Send us info on YOUR latest creative endeavor!*

**\*In Print...** Kate Bornstein's new novel, *Nearly Roadkill: An Infobahn Erotic Adventure* (co-author Caitlin Sullivan: *Serpent's Tail*)...Susan Stryker's history *Gay By The Bay* (Chronicle Books)...and Loren Cameron's photography book *Body Alchemy* (Cleis) are on the shelves right now...Max Wolf Valerio's autobiography is forthcoming from Morrow. In magazines, check out the articles in the July *Utne Reader* and the November *OUT* about Loren by Susan. Loren's work will be on display in San Francisco through Feb. 13—call (415)255-5971 for location and hours.

**\*On Stage...** Writer/Actor David Harrison performed his solo piece *FTM* in the Vancouver Fringe Festival in September and at the Theater Rhinoceros in San Francisco for a month opening Halloween.

## Confessions of a TransFagHag

### TRANSFAGS AND HOW TO LOVE THEM

by SHEERCHAOS

Welcome to the first column about TransFagHags, unless there have been others that I didn't see. Today's topic will be Hagism in general, with flashbacks from my life, a bit of innuendo, and a happy ending. What more do you need?

What is a TransFagHag? I'm glad you asked. A TransFagHag is an "otherwise normal person with an inexplicable attraction to the nicest, most wonderful people on Earth." [What about sexy?—Ed.]

OK, that's a good working definition, sure to earn points with the readership. We'll try to doctor it up before we submit for peer review ("submit for peer review" refers to a thingy you do with a professional paper, not something you do at a leather bar. Try to pay attention.)

Of course, most TransFagHags grew up lonely and isolated. You see, we usually grow up not knowing that TransFags even existed. When I was a kid, there were no such thing as FTM transies either Gay or Straight, and there were only a handful of MTFs in the whole country.

Or so I thought. What the heck did I know? The town I grew up in only had a handful of minorities, and they all lived on their own street. It was hardly a place to learn about the diversity of human expression. If you lived on Main Street, there were strict rules preventing you from putting up multi-colored Christmas lights.

But we had tomboys, grrls with short hair and skill at softball, and so a Dyketyke was born. A Dyketyke is a boy who likes the company of lesbians—just like a regular

faghag enjoys the company of gay males. Like FagHags, Dyketykes are prone to deep friendships, honest admiration, and hopeless, hopeless crushes. That was me.

And then, at some point, while dealing with my own gender issues, I discovered the TransFag. Where a dyke can aspire to be butch, a TransFag goes far beyond that, into a world where the lines between gay and straight, male and female, blur and vanish. It was a whole new world!

Now, Hagism is all about the bonds you feel with people who aren't attracted to you. How many Hags have murmured some silly line about how 'they make good friends' over the years? And of course, Hags at some point fall deeply in love with someone who shall ever be denied to them. Thank goodness broken hearts can heal! And thank goodness for bisexuality, but that's a topic for another day.

To be a TransFagHag, you can be anything

*Continued on page 15*



# A BEAR'S EYE VIEW OF THE 1995 FTM CONFERENCE

## A FAG (Factory Accessorized Gay) Looks At The Do It Yourself Models

An Open Letter To My Bear Brothers  
by ERIC KRISTENSEN

I attended the first conference ever of FTMs in San Francisco, and was surprised by all the handsome bears I met there. All types of bears were represented: slim and muscular with trim beards, long-haired biker bears, furry to the max bears with nice bellies, otters, playful van Dyke and goateed bears...they were there in force!

Although some gay FTMs seem to have had an attraction for gay men as innate as any of us (going back to their earliest memories), others followed a different path to becoming a queer FTM—first dating guys and finding something missing, becoming lesbian after that which seemed better until...the realization dawns that their search ends with becoming a man. At that point another realization begins to dawn...that their desire is changing and as they masculinize, their desire is drawn to gay men.

However a gay FTM gets to this point in

TransFagHag continued from page 14

but a gay male. Straight men, women of all kinds, and other transies are all eligible to be TransFagHags. Anything but what the TransFags are shopping for. Sure, Hags can get annoying. So what? Remember, Hags are people too. They cry, they bleed, they make mistakes. Forgive them their trespasses. Buy them lunch. Take them to the movies. But don't fall in love with them—unless you do.

Now, of course, the Hags reading this will almost certainly agree with me. But if any TransFags have made it this far through we want to hear from 'em! Send us mail, and we'll cover your concerns in a future issue!

If you're happy with the tone of this article, we can find a more personal way to address your needs....[TFR](#)

*SHEERCHAOS, who also answers to Stacey, is a former genderlump who is blossoming into a goddess.*

coming out, it's a mark of honor to grow a beard. Many at the conference were sporting beautiful ones. On the flight out from Boston I was ruefully considering why I was traveling across the continent to the gay mecca of San Francisco in order to attend a conference of mostly straight men. The most welcome surprise for me was how many of the FTMs at the conference were queer. What wasn't surprising was that these new men, these handsome bears were afraid they would face endless rejection out in the gay world.

*These handsome bears  
were afraid they would face  
endless rejection out in  
the gay world*

Part of the reason I went was to help, by my presence, dispel that fear somewhat. After all, I couldn't be the only fag in the world who isn't completely phallogocentric—I mean, a penis feels OK and all, but hopefully it isn't the most attractive part about a man! If it is, then I'm barking up the wrong tree, so to speak. Anyway, I couldn't be the only gay guy in the world who didn't care whether or his boyfriend had a penis or a vagina. And being single, to be perfectly honest, another big reason I flew across the country to attend the conference was to meet guys, and I knew that at least a couple of my queer friends would be there. Hey, I'm human.

Of course, some rejection of FTMs in the gay world is probably inevitable. But there are folks like me, and perhaps you, who really don't care about the plumbing. I met a few other factory-equipped bears at the conference, one of whom was there with his incredibly handsome FTM boyfriend.

For me there are many things that make a man, but ultimately it is who's inside, of course. There are some external aspects that I find incredibly attractive...beards, sparkly and/or soulful eyes, dark hair, muscles, furry bellies, certain kinds tattoos, and on and on. All of these attractive qualities I found at the conference, and

then some. I had a hard time believing at first that most of the participants were FTM. I was in a long conversation with a couple of FTMs near the end of the conference, and one asked me "So, when did you go through transition?" I replied "THANK YOU... you made my weekend!" as my pre-transition friend Andy took care of his ironic funny bone with a heartfelt laugh.

Quite a few of the men I met personally were, in my eyes, gorgeous! I want you to be aware that they are making their way to your local queer and bear hangouts from Boston to New Orleans to Anchorage to the Lone Star. Greet them well, and care for them as brothers. If you get to know FTMs with an open mind, you will find some wonderful companions. They have learned a lot about life in their journey [TFR](#)

*ERIC KRISTENSEN is a gay guy who loves men, no matter what they've got between their legs! He's got an open mind -- politically, socially and erotically.*

### **In The Next Issue:**

#### **TRUE SPIRIT CONFERENCE**

Coming on February 22-23, 1997 in Laurel, Maryland...featuring a keynote speech by *Leslie Feinberg*, presentations, workshops, panels, a dance with trans musicians, readings by trans authors including *Gary Bowen*. All for just \$25! For more information, see the Calendar on Page 7!

#### **THE '96 FTM CONFERENCE**

Held in Seattle August 9-11, the second international conference had much of interest to transfags, including panels on Sexuality (featuring *Mike Hernandez*) and Significant Others (with *Eric Kristensen*), a Queer Rap co-moderated by *Matt Rice Blakk*, a leather/SM play party, and a fashion show.

#### **SOUTHERN COMFORT '96**

Held September 26-29 in Atlanta and chaired by *Maxwell Anderson!*

*If you weren't able to attend one or more of these exciting events, get the scoop in the next TFR!*

# TRANS GENDER RESOURCES

## FTM SUPPORT GROUPS

If you are part of a good support group, whether FTM only or FTM/MTF, please list your group here, with address or phone, and email address if there is one. Contact person is optional, but IFR will not list a group unless it has been recommended by one of our subscribers. If you are part of a group that you have found not to be gay/bi friendly, we'd like to hear about that too.

### \***American Boyz**, EAST COAST

Gary Bowen (transman@netgsi.com)  
PO Box 1118, Elkton MD 21922-1118

### \***Eden Society**, FLORIDA

Maxwell Anderson  
PO Box 1692, Pompano Beach FL 33061

### \***Enterprise**, MASSACHUSETTS

PO Box 629, Jamaica Plain MA 02130

### \***FORGE** (For Ourselves: Reworking

Gender Expression), WISCONSIN

PO Box 1272, Milwaukee WI 53201  
(414)278-6031

### \***FTM International**, SAN FRANCISCO

2nd Sunday of each month, 2 to 5 PM

Call (510)267-2646 for location

### \***Genderqueer Boyzzz**, LOS ANGELES

Jacob Hale (ZeroBoyCJH@aol.com)  
(213)665-1130

### **Ingersoll Gender Center**, SEATTLE

FTM Support Group (monthly); FTM therapy group run by Jude Patton; FTM Phone Hotline Weds. 6-8 pm, (206)329-6651

### \***Mid-Michigan Trans Support**

Kevin O'Malley (pj@lalaland.cl.msu.edu)  
(517)267-7659

### \***Spectrum**, SEATTLE

Spencer (MstrSpence@aol.com)

1st Wednesday of each month  
Beyond The Edge Cafe, Seattle

### \***TRANS**, VERMONT

PO Box 5687, Burlington VT 05402  
TRANSVT@aol.com

### \***Under Construction**, LOS ANGELES

PO Box 922342, Sylmar CA 91392

## GENDER ORGANIZATIONS

### NATIONAL:

#### **FTM International**

Director: James Green  
5337 College Avenue #142, Oakland CA 94618, (510)287-2646 Voicemail  
FTM News@aol.com

### **AEGIS (American Educational Gender Information Service, Inc.)**

Executive Director: Dallas Denny, M.A.  
P.O. Box 33724, Decatur GA 30033  
(770)939-2128 Business  
(770)939-0244 Information & Referrals  
aegis@gender.org

### **GenderPAC**

Riki Wilchins, Riki@pipeline.com, or  
Gpac@Gpac.org  
Transgender political activist organization.

### **ICTLEP (International Conference on Transgender Law & Employment Policy)**

Executive Director: Phyllis Frye  
P.O. Drawer 35477, Houston TX 77235  
ICTLEP@aol.com

### **IFGE (The International Foundation for Gender Education)**

P.O. Box 229, Waltham MA 02154-0229  
Voice: (617)894-8340 or (617)899-2212  
ifge@world.std.com  
Information, referrals and publications.

### **ISNA (Intersex Society of North America)**

Director: Cheryl Chase  
PO Box 31791, San Francisco CA 94131  
info@isna.org

### **It's Time America**

Jessica Xavier, TheXGrrl@aol.com,  
Gary Bowen, transman@netgsi.com

### **National Coalition for GID (Gender Identity Disorder) Reform**

NY: Riki Wilchins, Riki@pipeline.com  
SF: Susan Stryker, Mulebabyxx@aol.com  
LA: Jake Hale, ZeroBoyCJH@aol.com

### **TOPS (Transgendered Officers Protect and Serve)**

Tony Barreto-Neto  
TBHawk@aol.com, 1-800-761-TOPS  
Supports transgendered law enforcement, fire fighting and military personnel.

### **Transsexual Menace**

Director: Riki Anne Wilchins  
274 W.11 Street NY NY 10014  
Riki@pipeline.com

### **Transgender Nation**

Jessica Xavier, TheXGrrl@aol.com

## INTERNATIONAL:

### France:

#### **C.A.R.I.T.I.G**

President: Armand Hotimsky (FTM)  
BP 17.22, 75810, Paris Cedex 17, France  
Tel. 33.1.42.27.42.28

### U.K.:

#### **F to M Network,**

Director: Stephen Whittle  
Box 7624, London WC1N 3XX England  
061 432 1915, S.T.Whittle@mmu.ac.uk

## PUBLICATIONS

### BOOKS:

#### *\*Information for the Female To Male Cross Dresser and Transsexual*

by Lou Sullivan  
Ingersoll Gender Center  
1812 E. Madison  
Seattle WA 98122-2843  
(206)329-6651

A must for all FTMs! To be revised soon.

### PERIODICALS:

#### *\*Boys Own*

Editor: Stephen Whittle  
See F to M Network, U.K. (above)

#### *\*Chrysalis Quarterly and AEGISNews*

Editor: Dallas Denny  
See AEGIS (above)

#### *\*FTM Resource Guide*

See FTM International (above)

#### *\*FTM Newsletter*

Editor: Marcus de Maria Arana  
See FTM International (above)

#### *\*Hermaphrodites With Attitude*

Editor: Cheryl Chase  
See ISNA (above)

#### *\*In Your Face*

Editor: Riki Anne Wilchins  
See TS Menace (above)

#### *\*TransFagRag*

Editor: Julian Leonard (julian7@hooked.net)

#### *\*Transgender*

(Formerly *TV/TS Tapestry*)

See IFGE (above)

#### *\*Transsexual News Telegraph (TNT)*

Editor: Gail Sondegaard (GailTNT@aol.com)  
41 Sutter Street, #1124  
San Francisco CA 94104-4903

*To add your group or publication, write us at the address on Page 2!*

**Next Issue:**

## **ONLINE RESOURCES!**

*Mailing lists, web sites, news groups, online chats! Tell us about your personal web pages and favorite gaylesbitrans sites!*

# Gay Studies

Each issue will list resources of interest to gay men. This month's focus is on the written word: books and magazines, and bookstores where they can be found. Happy reading!—Jules

## Bookstores

A sampling of gay-friendly bookstores in major metropolitan areas. Check local information for address & phone.

**A BROTHER'S TOUCH**, Minneapolis  
**A DIFFERENT LIGHT**

San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New York

**CATEGORY SIX**, Denver

**GIOVANNI'S ROOM**, Philadelphia

**GLAD DAY**, Boston

**LAMBDA RISING**,

Washington, Baltimore, Rehoboth Beach

Excellent selection, does mail order at 1-800-621-6969 (easy to remember!)

**Lambda Rising Online** on AOL has book reviews, author appearances, writers' groups, chat rooms, discussion folders, and ordering. Go to the Gay and Lesbian Community Forum and click on Lambda Rising. LR also puts out the *Lambda Book Report* (reviews and interviews) and *Lambda Rising News* (selected books, music, video and gifts.)

**OUTWRITE**, Atlanta

**PEOPLE LIKE US**, Chicago

## Magazines

Some mags have more text than pictures and are available at your local bookstore or magazine stand, or by subscription. If you can't find it locally try Lambda Rising mail-order.

**The Advocate News**, features, culture  
**Genre Style**, media

**OUT Magazine News**, features, culture

**POZ** For those who are HIV+

**QSan Francisco Q** as in queer

**xy** For young gay men, or those who like to look at them

Other mags have more pictures than text and are available at your local gay and/or adult bookstore, or by subscription. A sampling:

**Provocateur Artsy**; gorgeous bodies

**Drummer Leather**

**All Tied Up Bondage**

**Waterboys Watersports...and I don't mean swimming**

**Blueboy, Inches, Mandate, Torso, etc.**

**Naked guys**

## Books

Some of us came out of the lesbian community and are familiar with queer history, with the coming out process, etc., but now are making the transition from the lesbian to the gay male worlds. Others of us not only made the journey from female to male, but from straight to queer, and are new to the history and customs of the gay community. Below, a short selection of titles for newcomers to faggotry who want to feel at home, and old-timers interested in expanding their perspective.

### Gay Men in History

**\*Gay American History: Lesbians and Gay Men in the USA**, Jonathan Ned Katz

**\*Gay Decades: From Stonewall to the Present**, Leigh Rutledge

**\*Hidden From History: Reclaiming The Gay Past**, Martin Duberman et al, eds.

**\*Homosexuality in History**, Colin Spencer

**\*A Queer Reader: 2500 Years of Male Homosexuality**, Patrick Higgins, ed.

### Gay Men Today

**\*The Big Gay Book: A Man's Survival Guide for the '90s**, John Preston

**\*The Gay and Lesbian Address Book**, editors of *OUT Magazine*

**\*Gay and Lesbian Online**, Jeff Dawson

For those of us enamored of cyberreality. [Not mentioning any names, you know who you are....I've never done cybersex myself mind you, or spent any time downloading any of those pictures of...well, of anything!]

**\*Out In All Directions: The Almanac of Gay and Lesbian America**, Witt et al, eds.

**\*Try This At Home: Guide to Winning Gay Lesbian Civil Rights, An ACLU Guide**, Matthew Coles, ed.

**\*The World Out There: Becoming Part of the Gay and Lesbian Community**, Richard Thomas Ford.

### Coming Out As A Gay Man

**\*Becoming Gay: The Journey To Self Acceptance**, Richard Isay

**\*Joining The Tribe: Growing Up Gay and Lesbian In the '90s**, Linnea Due

In some ways those of us coming to terms with being transfags are in the same position as gay youth: chronologically in our 20s and beyond, but as gay men, we're still teenagers.

**\*Out In The Workplace: The Pleasures and Perils of Coming Out on the Job**, Richard Rasi, ed.

**\*Outing Yourself: How To Come Out As Lesbian and Gay to Your Family, Friends, Coworkers**, Michelangelo Signorile

### Traveling As A Gay Man

**\*The Bent Guide To Gay Lesbian Canada**, ECW Press/Bent Books

**\*Damron Guides, Damron Address Book, Accomodations**, etc. Damron Guides

**\*Fodor's Gay Guide to the USA**

Can you believe it, Ward and June can now take Beave and Wally on a tour of gay America! Howzat for family values!

**\*HOT! International/GAY: Love and Sex In Seven Languages**, Babelcom

That's right, you can now learn to solicit and express appreciation for a blowjob in seven different languages! Very explicit!

**\*Inn Places: Worldwide Gay and Lesbian Accomodations Guide**, Ferrari

**\*Spartacus International Gay Guide '96-'97**, Bruno Gmunder

### Loving Other Men

**\*Intimacy Between Men**, John Driggs and Stephen Finn

**\*Love Between Men: Enhancing Intimacy and Keeping Your Relationship Alive**, Rik Isensee

**\*A Legal Guide For Lesbian and Gay Couples**, Nolo Press

### Fucking Other Men

You'll have to make some logistical corrections for differing equipment!

**\*A Different Loving: Dominance and Submission**, Brame, Brame & Jacobs

Covers both gay and straight D&S, and includes an interview with an FTM slave and his genetic gay male master whom he met online pre-transition!

**\*Leathersex**, Joseph Bean

**\*The New Joy of Gay Sex**, Charles Silverstein & Felice Picano  
The old standby; ugly drawings.

**\*Safer Sexy: New Guide To Gay Sex Safely**, Peter Tatchell.

This is more like it! HOT color photos!

### Next Issue:

**Queer Theory & Culture!**

# A Fag's Identity Crisis: COMING OUT AS BISEXUAL

by JULIAN

As strange as it was growing up a fag trapped in a female body, lusting after men always felt right to me. I might have had a cross-wired gender identity, but my sexual preference for men was a constant, from the time I was 3 and proposed to a handsome college-age male friend of my mother's (he gallantly said he would wait for me and marry me when I grew up, but he didn't, and at this point, wherever he is, he's over 60, and Paul Newman is the only senior citizen I'd consider marrying.)

When I was 20, a lesbian co-worker fell in love with me. Lin was cute, boyish, half-Irish half-Mexican; nowadays I'd call her a baby butch, but back in 1972 I'd never heard that term. Lin was the first dyke I'd ever known (or knew I knew, anyway.) I liked her, even loved her, as a friend, but when we hugged, it didn't do for me what it did to hug a man. Kissing her was nice too, but I didn't feel any desire to do anything else. She didn't turn me off, she just didn't turn me on. When I told her I couldn't return her feelings, she said I broke her heart, and after she moved to San Diego I never heard from her again.

When I transitioned the first time back in 1982-85, I looked about 16, and for some reason I was irresistible to women (particularly blondes with large breasts!) But I wasn't into women. I did find looking at *Penthouse* arousing, which I hadn't pre-testosterone, but when I was confronted with a real naked woman—my male best friend's wife had a thing for me, and one night when we were all drunk he suggested I lick her pussy—it didn't do anything for me. I apparently did a fine job, since she was moaning up a storm, but I was going at it with my left brain, licking her the way I liked a guy to lick my pussy, rather than being transported with passion. I was much more interested in watching my friend stroke his dick while he watched us.

One night in Cheyenne, Wyoming, when I was driving across country in the summer of 1984, I had an older gay guy, a big-titted blonde, and a young gay guy who

resembled David Bowie all flirting with me. The blonde kept trying to invite herself back to my room 'to watch HBO' and she didn't want to take no for an answer. I was finally able to palm her off on a cowboy type who wanted to take her dancing, but she gave me her card and implored me to call her when I came through Cheyenne on the way home. I was mostly amused—and puzzled: the cowboy was tall and macho, yet she preferred a small, effeminate guy like me. Once she was gone I ended up in the john making out with the Bowie-clone, and *that* was hot. Alas, I didn't have a pants stuffer in, let alone a dick, so I made up a story that my lover had just died of AIDS and I wasn't ready to make it with anyone else yet, and ended up going to bed alone.

*Sometimes I'd  
catch myself thinking,  
'Omigod, I'm turning into  
a straight boy!'*

During the decade after I aborted my transition and went back to presenting as female, I had one mild crush on a woman I worked with; like Lin, she was somewhat boyish, even went by a male-sounding name, Larkin. But she was straight, not to mention being neurotic as hell, and probably luckily for me nothing ever came of my crush.

So as I turned 43, I was still a faggot inside, a heterosexual female on the outside, and had been celibate for years after my last disastrous relationship. I'd begun to explore my gender issues again, and to bring a lifelong fantasy interest in S&M into reality. At that point I didn't think I was going to transition, although I'd begun going to the FTM support group meetings in San Francisco.

Suddenly I found myself with a crush on a woman—a big-titted blonde with big blue eyes, pouty lips, and an ass I once would have called fat but now found incredibly sexy, especially the way it swayed when she walked. It was the first time in my life I was gripped with lust for a real live woman, and

one who was a friend. I was totally at a loss as to how to process what was happening to me. I would stare at her full pink lips and want to kiss them, stare at her prominent nipples and want to suck on them. God, how I longed to fuck her mouth, pussy and ass with the dick I don't have!

Nothing came of that infatuation, but once I went on testosterone I began to lust after women in my classes at school, women at the cafe where I hang out, women walking by in the street. I would stare at a woman I was attracted to, wondering what her nipples, her pubic hair, her pussy looked like. I had fantasies that were, to say the least, not politically correct: there was one waitress at the cafe that I imagined myself tying spread-eagled to a table and fucking in her high, firm little ass.

Sometimes I'd catch myself thinking, 'Omigod, I'm turning into a straight boy!' Magazines like *Voluptuous* started to displace *Inches* and *Drummer* in my whack-off collection. In a moment of lustmadness I even bought a rubber pussy, which sat amongst my half dozen dildos like an atheist at a church picnic. A few weeks ago I actually tacked pin-ups of naked women on my bedroom wall.

All of this seriously fucked with my self-image as a faggot. What had happened to the leather master who enjoyed trussing up male slaves in a sling, torturing their dicks and fucking their hairy asses?

I had some moments of wondering whether I had been kidding myself for 40 years that I was attracted to men. I also had moments of intense rage in which I realized how fucked up it had been for me to be a female with a male when I had really been cut out to be a male with a female.

Gradually I realized that my attraction to men had always been genuine—in fact, even now I feel more emotionally attracted to men than to women, and can't imagine having a 'romantic' relationship with a

*Continued on page 19*



BISEXUALITY *continued from page 18*

woman (as opposed to just having sex.) But I also realized that there were clues in my past that I had always been bisexual.

When I hit puberty, I began to play fantasy games with a slightly younger female cousin. I always played the boy, she played the girl. We did sexual things as part of the fantasies, but I wasn't turned on by her, only by her treating me as a guy. I went wild when she'd bend over my crotch and pretend to suck my cock. I even tried to get her to play that we were two guys doing sexual things, but she thought that was weird. Looking back, I realize that there was a part of me that *did* want to have sex with a girl. I just didn't want to have sex with my cousin—she wasn't the type of woman who attracts me. (Yes, OK, I *am* attracted to voluptuous women...and not only blondes. I would crawl across broken glass for Isabella Rossellini, if only she'd get a decent hairstyle and put on about 20 pounds.)

There were clues in my writing too, male characters who were ostensibly gay but had purely sexual experiences with women that they enjoyed, while bonding emotionally only with men.

I also realized that when I used to read women's magazines and enjoy looking at certain models, it wasn't because I wanted to look like them myself as a female, as I'd always told myself. It was because I was attracted to them as a male. I can remember cutting out pictures of Barbara Bach from *Seventeen* in the Sixties, Rene Russo from *Vogue* in the Seventies; more recently, Christy Turlington and Stephanie Seymour. There also were certain actresses I was drawn to...I thought I'd wanted to look like Ava Gardner or Cyd Charisse or Charlotte Rampling or Nastassija Kinski, now I realize I wanted to fuck them. (As a drag queen I'd still like to be Ava!)

It's been strange finding myself attracted to *zaffig* women—after decades of dieting and considering my own body unacceptable if I gained ten pounds, I now see lots of women I wish were carrying ten or more additional pounds. When my dad

used to say 'men like curves' I never listened: I didn't want curves. Again, looking back, it's not surprising I envied women with boyish figures—flat chests, slim hips, taut little butts—since I wanted to be a boy. But as a male, I now feverishly lust after women who have...well...curves. Lots of them. Such is my brain on testosterone.

Yet another odd thing is that after having had tits and a pussy for four decades, seen plenty of my female friends naked, seen naked women in the locker room, suddenly I stare at them as if I'd never seen them before! I still love dicks, but hey, dicks are old news. I've had a dick in my head since I was three, and looked at, handled, sucked, and been fucked by dicks for years. Men's bodies are great, but they're...*familiar*. They're...like *me*, the real me. Women's bodies are new...*different...exciting*, even though I've been living in one for 44 years.

*Men's bodies are...familiar.  
They're like the real me.  
Women's bodies are  
new...different...exciting  
even though I've been living  
in one for 44 years*

A question that I often get from straight people is: 'Did testosterone make you sexually attracted to women?' Now, that's a very stupid question. If testosterone caused men to lust after women, there would be no such thing as gay men! I don't think T made me bisexual—it simply took an attraction that was already there, but mild, and amped it up.

Because of my S&M predilections, as I began imagining myself doing to female slaves the things I enjoyed doing to male slaves, I ran up against a powerful inner resistance. As a female I had been sexually and emotionally abused by males, so the idea of tying up a woman, flogging her, calling her a slut, pissing on her, pulling her hair and making her suck my dick made me feel like a male abuser. I told some FTM friends who top female bottoms how I felt, and they pointed out that since S&M is consensual, I'm not really abusing the woman—I'm giving her what she wants. And she can say 'stop' at any time.

That's perfectly logical, but in the only experience I've had topping women, cybersex, I found myself splitting into two people during scenes. One was the male master who was getting off; the other was the female-socialized abuse survivor who wanted to interrupt the anal rape or forced cocksucking to say 'Hon, have you ever thought about getting some therapy?' Maybe it's a double standard to believe that bottom proclivities in a male are simply erotic preferences but in a female are scars of past trauma. At any rate, the more I top women the less inhibited I feel about it.

And then there's the part of me that is fascinated by the idea of being dominated by a woman...the fantasies of being a little boy sexually awakened by an older woman, including mother/son incest. I don't fantasize about my own other. But since my father died when I was a year old, I shared a bed with her off and on until I was ten, not to mention taking baths with her, and I wonder what the hell *that* did to my masculine identity. The association of female sexuality with my overprotective, engulfing mother might even have been what kept my bisexuality latent for so long, which in turn makes me wonder about the sexual hang-ups of genetic boys who were smother-mothered.

Yet another realization: while I find it frustrating not to have a dick to fuck men the way I want to, in addition to finding it frustrating not to have a dick to fuck women the way I want to, I also feel afraid of being laughed at by them—or taken as lesbian rather than male—if I express my attraction to them.

While being trans presents a lot of logistical problems, I never had any doubt once I realized there was such a thing as a transfag that I was one; realizing I'm bisexual, on the other hand, has taken getting used to. To use the jargon of psychology, while thinking of myself as gay is ego-syntonic, thinking of myself as bi is ego-dystonic—it requires altering my core identity as a gay man, whereas realizing I was trans confirmed it. TFR

*JULIAN also is sexually attracted to cats, both domestic and exotic, and frequently fantasizes about making love with a panther.*



## Too Cuir For Your Categories: *bob flanagan & the nighthawk*

By JAKE HALE

since i was in my late teens or early 20s, i've been dying to go to a men's sexclub or on the sexhunt in griffith park. (i've read and read and read and read those now tattered john rechy novels!) o.c., i couldn't go to a sexclub until i had a driver's license that says 'm', which i got a few months ago (& am wary of going on the griffith park sexhunt). well, after all this time and given that my body is, in some ways, not like guys assume it to be, i've been awfully anxious abt using this d.l. to go to a sexclub, thinking up all kinds of excuses to postpone my first visit and spending some time in the therapy room having my therapist run down to me all sorts of info abt what to expect and how to negotiate various potential situations. early last wk, i decided that i was going to block off friday night as my night to finally "be like mike" and "just do it."

*i've read  
and read and  
read and read those  
now tattered  
john rechy  
novels*

thursday evening i received a phone call saying that bob flanagan had died that afternoon and that the funeral would be the following afternoon. (for those of you who don't know who bob is, check out the re/search bk *bob flanagan super-masochist*.) bob & his partner, artistic collaborator, and mistress of 15 years sheree rose are folks i'm proud to include amg my friends. although his death was expected, i was, and still am, deeply saddened. after spending friday afternoon and evening at the funeral and at sheree's, i didn't know if this night was the right night for me to make that first visit. but something bob's brother john said in his eulogy kept running thru my head. john spoke abt how bob, thru his honesty w/ and abt himself, often forced other people to be more honest w/ and abt themselves, & abt how this sometimes caused others discomfort. when john said that, it really

struck a chord w/ me. i thought back on several occasions when interactions w/ bob had had that effect on me. not b/c of anything bob had said abt me but b/c of the honesty, openness, & courage w/ which he spoke abt himself. so i decided to turn my nighttime into a Meaningful tribute to bob, conceiving of my trip to the nighthawk as a way to honor bob, a way to honor myself thru honoring bob, and a way to honor bob thru honoring myself. and i went.

*the nighthawk  
is \*the\* sexclub  
for leathermen in  
los angeles*

the nighthawk is *\*the\** sexclub for leathermen in los angeles; it's just thru a very short alley from the gauntlet ii. inside, it's like a dark maze: walls painted black, very little light, nooks, crannies, and corners. (i expect that one of those forms i signed when i paid for my membership card releases the club from liability if i walk into a wall & break my nose.) there's a small central area which has better lighting than elsewhere, but it's still dark enuf that i wasn't the only guy to stumble on the bottom stair (of the wooden staircase leading from a cat walk around the perimeter of the place). i went w/ the idea that i would probably just watch the first (few?) times i went. pretty much, that's

what i did: wandered around, poking my head into various cubbyholes & watching (what i could see of) the action. & getting the lay of the land both wrt to the layout of the physical space & the dynamics of interactions. i felt a little nervous, but mostly i felt very reassured, peaceful, and \*at home\*: a sense of belonging, and, o.c., totally turned on! finally, tho, i did get up my nerve to suck one cock before leaving, & set out to do so. my first few attempts didn't work; i was too slow to follow guys who'd cruised me so other guys got to their cocks before i did. but then another guy and i happened to turn the same dark corner at the same time, we started rubbing each other and kissing and feeling each other's crotches. altho i learned that my "art project" is passable, i didn't know how long i could let that go on, & i did have something definite in mind, so i unbuttoned his jeans, got on my knees, and went to work. what fun! after finishing up, i decided i'd gotten much more than i had come intending to get and went home w/ a shit-eatin' grin plastered all over my face! the next day, over at sheree's again (she's sitting shiva), i told her this story and (part of) her response was that bob would've loved it, would've laughed a big ole bob flanagan belly laugh. TFR

JAKE HALE is a tenured philosophy professor also known to his fans as MISS ANGELIKA.

### ATTENTION CREATIVE TRANSFAGS!

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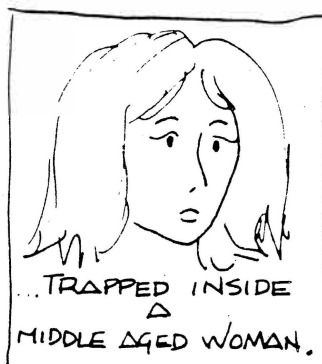
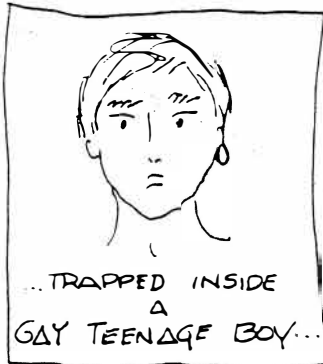
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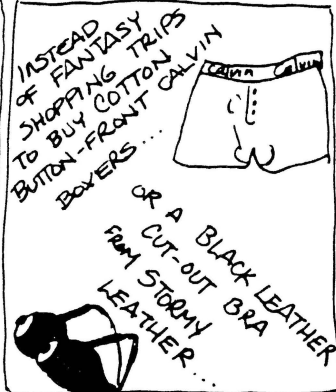
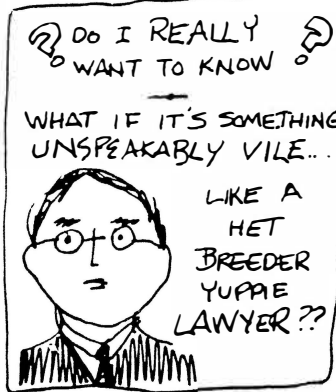
# The Strange Adventures of TransFagDrag

by Julie Anne



IT'S LIKE BEING THE HUMAN EQUIVALENT OF THOSE CHINESE BOXES THAT FIT ONE INSIDE THE OTHER

SOMETIMES I WONDER IF IT COULD GO ON EVEN FURTHER... WHO'S TRAPPED INSIDE THE DRAG QUEEN??



Aaargh!  
SOME THINGS ARE TOO PERVY EVEN FOR ME!

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### GM Bear in Massachusetts

Tall, bearded, broad-shouldered, masculine, bearish 43 year old GM, active and deeply engaged in life, seeks friendship and possible long-term relationship with gay FTM. I enjoy the rugged outdoors, winter sports, music and other arts, folk dancing and snuggling in my cozy nest by the sea. Have a busy academic professional life and am looking, in the long term, for a committed, loving companionship with an emotionally mature guy. Write or call (before 10 pm Eastern time) if this sounds interesting to you.

**Eric Kristensen,** [REDACTED]  
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Contact **Mick** at [mickvstone@aol.com](mailto:mickvstone@aol.com).

### Gay Transman in NJ

37 year old F to gay M, 5/4", 135 #, brn/grn ISO other gay transmen or GWMs for friendship and maybe more. I will have had my top surgery by the time this is printed. I am into health and fitness, thrill sports like hang-gliding, animal rights, Nature Spirituality. I am a self-employed, very dedicated chiropractor. I am looking for someone who works hard and plays hard; in other words, embraces life to the fullest. I work in Philly and live in SW NJ.

Contact **Steve** at [REDACTED]  
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