

95 **G**ENDER trash

FROM

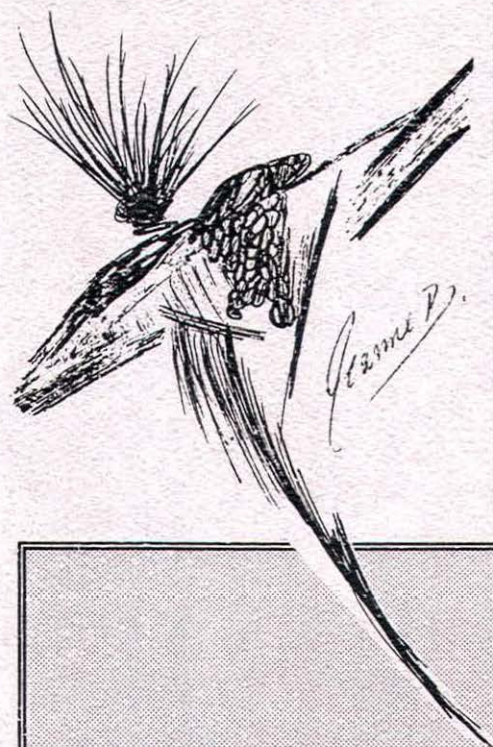
H E L L



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*i would like to thank the following for their help, support
& love:*

Morgane & Lisa
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Bruce

J. Moss, MD
Barb & Mac
Maggie's
Niche Computer Club
Elizabeth Ann Electrolysis

*finally i would like to give a big hug & kiss to my beautiful
transsexual girlfriend, Jeanne B., without whom none of
this would have been possible.*

Xanthra Phillippa

please
send us

your opinions
your issues
your writings
your drawings
your articles

your concerns
your stories
your poetry
your photos
your ideas

to: Box# 500-62
552 Church St
Toronto, Ont
M4Y 2E3

gendertrash vol 1 issue 1

gendertrash is published every two months & gives a voice to gender queers, who've been discouraged from speaking out & communicating with each other

editor

Xanthra Phillippa

sexual & political advisor

Jeanne B.

contributors

Bobby Gene

Joseph Alexia

Jeanne B.

Marie-Alexandra

Michael McCartney

Xanthra Phillippa CaiRa Mackay

Ysabel

layout & design

Jeanne B.

Xanthra Phillippa

publisher

genderpress

mailing address

Box #500-62

552 church st

Toronto, Ont

M4Y 2E3

submissions can be typed or handwritten, but should be double spaced & must be legible. please include a brief bio, name, phone # & address are optional. anonymity will be preserved if wished. submission does not necessarily include publication. submitted material cannot be returned, so don't send us originals. submissions may be edited for length or clarity. submission deadline is the 15th of the issue's 2nd month.

any opinions expressed are those of the individual writers

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index

welcome.....	3
gendercide.....	6
passing (ii).....	7
safe electrolysis.....	11
The Crying Game.....	14
The Self Discovery Process.....	15
Trannies Speak Out.....	18
TS words & phrases.....	19
The poetry of Joseph Alexia.....	20
Decriminalizing for Power.....	21
TS's GET AIDS TOO.....	23
Everyone.....	25
Resources.....	26
Herstory/History.....	27
Makeup? Wakeup.....	29
TSe TSe TerroriSm	
herstory.....	30
1 st Installment.....	31
2 nd Installment.....	33
3 rd Installment.....	35
Meetings & Upcoming Events.....	37
Issues & Concerns.....	37
Classifieds.....	38

gendertrash is devoted to the issues & concerns of transsexuals. gendertrash also welcomes input from gender positive genetics.

in addition to issues of gender hate & oppression, gendertrash is equally opposed to any other forms of systemic oppression by those who are in positions of power.



welcome

welcome gender queers
to the world of gender trash
our gender world
where we can give voice
to our concerns in/around/about gender
issues
metamorphoses
transformations
changes
loves
lusts
intensities
hungers
nightmares
feelings about ourselves
need to be valid on our own terms
to express ourselves in our own languages
phrases
words
ways
to feel strong being ourselves
to be heard by ourselves
for community
to be who we are
to control our own futures
our own lives
our own bodies
to develop our own gender culture
to plan
build
shape
run
guide all of our institutions real & abstract

She

?

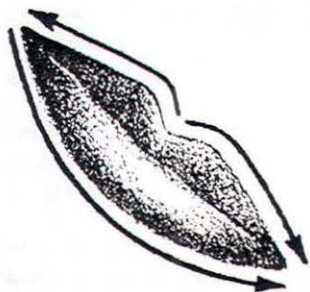
She



welcome to a safe place
a space of our own
a place of our own
to rest in
to explore ourselves
our wants
wishes
desires
thoughts
spiritualities
sexualities
feelings
emotions
bodies

free from gender oppressive controls
limits
societally created terrors
Patriarchally induced fears
self hatred
self censorship

a space of our own
of warmth & pride & strength
free from gender oppression & hate
free of the War of the Patriarchy
free from the GenderCide we are currently enduring
free from the oppressive indifference of genetics
free of the prisons of the Patriarchy
for all of us to share with
laugh with
sing with
exchange our personal herstories/histories with
cry with
hear
touch
feel
associate with other gender queers



welcome (continued)

a world of our own choosing

guiding
caressing
loving
touching
tasting
feeling
sensing
experiencing

where we can grow without boundaries

flourish without isolation
spread like fireweed
burn like wild fires without restrictions
fly with our powerful wings
swim using our strong, sleek fins
move
glide freely
swarm
flock
herd
scream
shout
yell
fall
roll
crawl
ooze
slip
slide
play

where we are not victims or victimized any longer

a brand new world untouched by the Patriarchy & its horrors

a whole new beautiful world for us to explore

roam through
make love to

a world that is not owned by one

a few

a world that is shared by all of us

a world of our own

gender queers

please feel welcomed

Xanthra Phillipa

gendercide

gendercide is the name for the deliberate and systematic destruction of gender described people that is currently taking place on this continent.

first of all, no statistics are kept on the number of us who even exist, let alone are attacked or killed or who suicide every year. for example, how many of the teenage suicides that are recorded as being lesbian/gay - related (at least 1/3 of all teenage suicides), really are related to gender identity? to continue, how many of the teenage suicides, where the teenager identified her/himself as lesbian/gay were really gender described (and since this society maintains the myth that the gender described are really a subsection of the lesbian and gay communities, it is quite possible that an adolescent, already confused and upset from dealing with her/his own gender identity, might really believe that they are lesbian or gay and identify themselves as such)? if an adolescent, who is identified as both gender described and either lesbian or gay, commits or attempts suicide, how would it (the suicide) be documented statistically? as a lesbian/gay related suicide? how many of the attacks on, deaths or suicides of gender described youths, who live on the streets, are recorded as attacks on, deaths or suicides of gender described youths? the list of unanswered questions in just this area alone, is huge, far too huge.

and what about deaths, attempted suicides of gender described adults? where is the necessary statistical documentation regarding our lives, like for instance our average life span, our average incomes, housing, professions (including prostitution)? and what about HIV/AIDS and the gender communities? the complete lack of information in this area, allows the political/medical/pyschiatric/sociological/legal professions to continue to either directly or indirectly participate in the destruction of our lives. this is the gendercide that exists here, that we live under, under whose shadow we somehow have to exist. a gendercide that up until now has been invisible & unacknowledged. and our humyn rights will never be respected unless this gendercide is ended & acknowledged by this genetic society.

Xanthra Phillippa

PASSING (ii)

Passing is something you do
to protect yourself when:

>> the genetics are coming to kill you
because you are gender described

Passing is not a lot of fun
In fact, passing is a nightmare
A horrible, sickening, never-ending nightmare
Passing is what we,
the Gender Described,
do
every single second
every single day
of our lives,
passing ourselves off as genetics
because everywhere
on this continent
in this country
in this province
in this city
being gender described means:
- living without support systems
unless we have money
or friends or family or lovers
who have superhumyn patience & strength
& money & are willing to help us
- risking being caught up
in the current gendercide



Passing means surviving somehow
continuously being monitored
& scrutinized
for the "smallest mistake"
or "fault"

- a scrutiny that few if any
genetics would or could "pass"
without screaming "unfair"
- a scrutiny that is much more detailed
& much more degrading
than any beauty pageant
but is completely accepted
& supported by most
in this society
including those who never
support beauty pageants
or similar tests for genetics
- a scrutiny that will never end
- a scrutiny that we can never ever pass
but only fail
- a scrutiny that, when we do fail,
means that we are help up publicly,
displayed & ridiculed for all to see
- a scrutiny that means we will always be
invisible people in this society
- a scrutiny that means we will always be
amongst the lowest classes in this society
- a scrutiny that makes it impossible for us
to be proud of who & what we are
- a scrutiny that forces us to be ashamed
of our backgrounds,
denying them
instead of being proud of them
instead of affirming them
- a scrutiny that is a continual reminder
of how most levels of this genetic society
really feel about us
- a scrutiny that is unbelievably
damaging to our sense of self
& our self esteem

- a scrutiny that is not restricted to us, but is also extended to any of our friends, lovers or family who still continue to be seen publicly in our presence
- a scrutiny that is horribly cruel, ridiculing us & still treating us like circus freaks or the inmates of a horrible zoo
- a scrutiny that makes it almost impossible to develop any sort of social attachments other than prostitution (which is the only profession we are allowed to have)
- a scrutiny that is like something out of the middle Ages
- a scrutiny that is so insidious & societally approved of (like tourists gawking at lesbians & gays in the bad old days)
- a scrutiny that isolates us, destroying any relationships that we have surreptitiously managed to build amongst ourselves like communist spy cells
- a scrutiny that only adds to the seemingly endless list of societally approved oppression that we have "enjoyed"
- a scrutiny by genetics of all political persuasions & orientations by people who "can always tell"
- a scrutiny that i find incredibly & unnecessarily stressful & sickening & a strong example of our Gender Oppression/Suppression
- a scrutiny that means that i can never get on with my life, i can never rest from, but am always aware of

So these are my questions

For those of you who are & would be our judges:

- why is it so fucking important to you to find & proudly parade & display our "faults" so publicly?
- what the fuck did we ever do to you to deserve such fucking horrible & gross treatment?
- do you get points for each one of us, that you find & turn in? Prizes?
- why do i get the feeling that this is only the beginning & that for us, the worst is yet to come?

Xanthra Phillipa



Safe Electrolysis

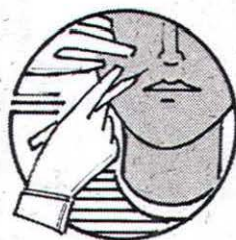
[the following was excerpted from the pamphlet of the same name, produced by the health units of East York, Toronto, York & ACT with the support of Metro Council. It was addressed to professional electrologists. These are guidelines that electrologists should be practising.]

What is the Risk?

The risk of catching an infection from electrolysis is very small.

Infections can range from minor skin or respiratory infections to life-threatening blood-borne infections. In any procedure involving close personal contact or exposure to blood, plasma, serum or other body fluids the risk of contracting infection exists. This risk can be reduced by following simple guidelines.

It is impossible to know who is infected even if you ask directly. For this reason, infection control guidelines must be used with every client. In this way, the electrologist and all clients are protected. According to the Ontario Human Rights Code, no one with an infection or illness can be denied access to service or treatment.



AIDS and Hepatitis B

Hepatitis B is a very hardy virus and spreads in much the same way as HIV, but is easier to get. Many more people are infected with Hepatitis B which can cause serious chronic illness and death.

There have been no recorded cases of HIV or Hepatitis transmission through electrolysis. These guidelines must be implemented to protect the public.

Recommended Procedures

Needles or Filaments/Probes

Sterile disposable needles are a must. These must be used only once and safely discarded in puncture-proof containers.



Skin Care

Before treatment, clean skin with soap and water then clean with an accepted antiseptic product with 70% alcohol.

Use soothing creams from tubes not jars. Keep caps on when not in use. Apply cream to the skin with a fresh piece of gauze instead of using your fingers.

On the rare occasion when the skin bleeds after the insertion of a needle, cover the area with a small pad of dry cotton wool and apply light pressure until the bleeding stops.



Sterilization

All instruments which pierce skin or may be in contact with blood, serum or plasma require sterilization. This includes forceps, scissors, dispensers, including some plastics (check with manufacturer). Always use sterile disposable needles.

To sterilize:

First a) clean instruments with soap and water. Scrub thoroughly to remove any embedded pieces of dirt.

b) immerse instruments in a disinfectant until you have time to sterilize.



Then a) place them in an autoclave for the amount of time called for in the autoclave's instructions.

Or b) place in a dry heat oven following the same procedure as for the autoclave. Note that the intense heat can damage or pit stainless steel.

The best way to sterilize your equipment is with an automatic autoclave so all you have to do is fill it up with water, close it and press a button.

Moderately priced autoclaves are now available and can sterilize your equipment in 30 minutes. All autoclaves should be periodically tested with bacterial preparations available from your autoclave supply company.

Liquid chemical sterilizing solutions are an alternative. They are not the first choice because there may be fumes and they may also damage or pit stainless steel. They are usually glutaraldehyde based and can take anywhere from 10 minutes to ten hours to sterilize. A chemical supply company will be able to give you a choice of sterilizing solutions. Always follow instructions closely when using liquid sterilizers.

Instruments must always be sterilized between clients.

Glass bead sterilizers and ultra violet cabinets DO NOT sterilize well and are not recommended.

The Self Discovery Process

by Bobby Gene

I knew about myself from earliest childhood, like most of us I guess. As a young child (influenced by the world of Disney) I used to think that if I wished hard enough at night, in the morning I'd wake up "correct." It became a nightly ritual, and a secret, great hope. Naturally, it never happened. When I was old enough to realize this could never be, I spent most nights secretly crying myself to sleep due to my frustration.

I was always the "tomboy," had boy buddies, didn't much relate to the girls . . . all the typical stuff, I suppose. I was lucky in that my first teenage relationship was to a kind, tender, gentle boy who admired my physical strength and mental will and "male" characteristics. Although it was never directly addressed, it was there. I was not yet capable (or educated in the matter enough) to place any sort of label on myself. At that time, a mutual friend of ours commented that "you're like the guy and he's like the girl" which brought a smile to my face. I was with him from the age of 16 to 21. We rebuilt my hot '68 Roadrunner together, and I raced on the streets with the other guys. We lived together in Florida while I went to the University of Miami, and then for three years in San Francisco while I went to the San Francisco Art Institute. In San Francisco I found myself very attracted to the gay male publications and erotica that I came across in street newspaper vending machines. I didn't analyze or understand my attraction for it. I only knew it was quite stimulating to me.

At one point I decided, "Well, this is just too damned painful for me to deal with. They all call me 'she,' they see a 'she,' I have a 'she' body, therefore I must be a she. Knock off this shit. You can't change the body, so change the mind." I was completely unfamiliar with terms such as "transgendered," "transsexual," etc. The only thing I knew was that I was a boy born in a girl's body, and that I could tell no one or they'd think I was crazy. I also knew that I was attracted to boys sexually. I had no idea this meant I was a female-to-gay-male, or that such a concept could even exist. AND, I thought I was the only one.

I was a "freak," and I was quite confused as to what was going on inside of me. So I entered the denial stage. All I wanted was to feel whole. I worked real hard at being a good girl. I even found a guy to whom I was very physically attracted, but who was dominant in the male/female role (unlike my previous relationship), and

(Being a female to gay male, when I tell family and friends about myself, I have to hit them with a double whammy: first that I am transsexual, and second that I am a gay man. Even some TS within the community think that this is a silly thing to do. I'm being met with lots of opposition from my mother since I came out to my family, and I am presently working on dealing with the pain I'm experiencing from simply trying to be a "whole" person for the first time in my life. In addition, I fear that I will never be accepted by the gay male community where I feel I belong. Sometimes I just wish I could go back to the womb and be born all over again, this time with the right body. Sometimes I think that would be the only solution that this perfectionist will accept.)

who was quite heterosexual. I married him, thinking somewhere in the back of my mind during this "sleep period," that through him I could be a real female. I thought I was doing the right thing to help myself. Well, taking the submissive role did not sit well with me, and eventually my true personality had to surface and we were in constant power struggles over every little thing. We're divorced now. He knows nothing about my Tsism, but we're friends, and he reflects, "You were much too strong for me." He has since married a real girl who is very into wifehood and motherhood, and I'm happy for him.

We were only married for about a year, but as a result of that marriage I became a "mother" (although I prefer calling myself a parent). I love my son very much. He lives with me. He's 11 now. The first time I went to pick him up from his after school program, one of the kids said to him, as I was signing him out, "Is that your brother?" Thrills. He jokes about such things. He would call me his brother in a teasing manner, without knowing (only sensing my masculinity) what the truth was. When I felt he was old enough to understand without being confused, I sat him down and had a heart-to-heart with him . . . you know, a real "father-son" talk. He took it well. So far, much better than my mother did. I'm lucky in that his love for me is unconditional. He loves me for who I am, not the role society expects of me.

I think my marriage and parenthood were necessary in my development, as it was after the divorce, when my son was about 1-1/2 years old when I "awoke" from my "denial/sleep." I used to take him to a 2-hour-a-day pre-school program, an intro to toddler socialization, and I had to sit outside his classroom with all the mothers. It was like grade school all over again for me. "What are these women talking about???" I did not fit. I actually saw myself as the one "father" sitting there among the mothers. I could not relate at all to their chitter chatter. Although I remained polite, it was obvious I was not one of them. While they talked about recipes, fashion, makeup, husbands, dinners they planned for their in-laws, my mind was on what clients I had to meet and how I'd approach a certain assignment. (I've been a free lance graphic artist since 1979.)

(this article was reprinted from Tapestry magazine, issue 63)

Little by little I strode to really find out what I was, what all these feelings meant. I wrote to Pat Califia who writes the question and answer column of the *Advocate*. In her published answer to me she explained what I am and advised contacting FTM and buying Lou Sullivan's book, *Information for the Female-to-Male Transsexual and Cross-Dresser*. I bought that book and also got the *FTM Newsletter*. I read the book from cover to cover in a record half hour. I was filled with many emotions, from depressed despair at learning that I could be labelled but could never really have correct, functioning genitalia, to elation to learn that there actually were others like me. Especially thrilling to me was the chapter titled "Female-to-Gay Male." I couldn't believe it! So now I know who and what I am, and it's becoming increasingly difficult to deal with as I am at a point where I am living in an androgynous sort of state. I appear male at first glance, but upon a closer look, I am figured out to be female. This creates confusion in people I meet everyday. In addition, I do not like being perceived as a "butch" female. My image of myself is strong and clearly that of a "soft," young male. I am in therapy and go to support groups for FTMs in NYC.

I had a boyfriend who was much like my first, even physically. He was sweet and gentle, and he is gay. All of his erotic stimulation is exclusively derived from male/male. Thus we shared much and had open communication and a fulfilling sex life together. He accepted me and saw me as I wished to be seen. However, after two years together, things started to change. I don't know if it was due to my being in therapy and dealing with some really tough issues, but I started to lose my patience with him and he with me. I realized that he seemed to me to be "penis obsessed" and I found myself feeling more and more inadequate. We had many talks, some of which turned into unresolved arguments. He became somewhat insensitive, and I started to feel that he didn't really fully see me as the man I am after all. We mutually decided to gain some space from each other.

I often sink into depression when I realize what body I am really stuck with. I'm not on hormones yet, although I had a breast reduction (not a mastectomy) before my education about transsexualism and before becoming aware of what I am and what solutions are available to me. I just always hated my once size D breasts which always seemed to attract the most chauvinistic of the heterosexual males. All my life I have locked horns with this type of man. I think I often shook them up when I did something typically male better than they did, then they'd ridicule me and reject me because their own masculinity was threatened. I'm now a size B and wear a tight sport bra to flatten my breasts to look more like pecs. However, I still view them as an eyesore, just unwanted "protrusions" which don't belong on me, and wish to be completely rid of them now.

BOYHOOD

by Bobby Gene

There's something special about being a boy. I'm talking about the "wonder years." The pre-pubescent years, when a boy is a being one and apart from anything else. He's not a man, not a girl... just a boy. And there's something unique about the way the world looks upon his boyhood. A boy is endearing, sometimes obnoxious and selfish, but always filled with the magic only boyhood provides. His innocent charm and mischievous nature are the subjects of volumes of Twain's imagination, Disney's fantasy.

And us, the men of today and tomorrow, who were the invisible boys of yesterday, known only to ourselves, we watched the boy rituals move about us, all around us, without us, excluding us from what was also rightfully ours but not granted.

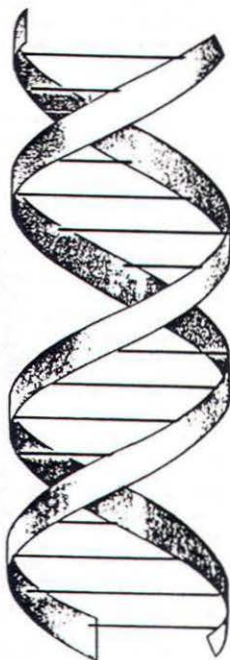
So now we discover we can be men. We travel the road to our lifelong dream of transformation. Our own boyhoods camouflaged and brief, having to be mixed with the responsibilities of adulthood we've acquired over the years. We feel the same boyhood now that we only watched before.

It's okay. Put down your pen, your quarterly reports, turn off your computer, push yourself away from your desk. Kick off your wing tips and tie on your Nikes. Slip out of that suit for a while. Exchange it for your favorite pair of old jeans, which now fit more the way you've always dreamed they should. Take a moment to live the boyhood you missed in the wonder years. Climb a tree. Go fishing with Huck. Take it, it's yours now.

--Pinocchio

© 1992 Bobby Gene

I'm only 5'5", but I am large-boned and broad through the back and shoulders. I bench press about 80 lbs and curl about 60. I am working on attaining more of a "V" silhouette by building up my shoulders, pecs, lats, and biceps. But, I look at the guys at the gym and feel a rush of frustration which comes from seeing



(continued)

their height and their natural "V" shape and narrow hips and lack of hip and thigh fat which they have without even working for it. They were just born with it. Damn! Frustration. Luckily, I pretty much have narrow hips for a female. My son was born by cesarean section due to fetal distress because the doctor said my pelvic structure was not wide enough to birth a baby. I secretly felt very proud about that. I also have a little Adam's apple which I'm quite proud of.

Most recently I have been depressed over the realization that many gay men are quite superficial, and measure a man by the size of what's in his pants. This realization has been the main deterrent in my proceeding with hormone therapy, as I am afraid to turn a "perfect female body" into a "physically deformed male body" and thus doom myself to a life of celibacy. I am in constant agony over having a female body in the first place, but in my mind, I wonder if I could deal with it solely in order to remain "in the sexual running" with men. I don't know. Sometimes it's so bad that the sex part of my future becomes a secondary consideration, and all I want is to look in the mirror and see a man, regardless of what I know is in my pants.

In an effort to "combat" this problem, I put a personal ad in the *Village Voice*, stating what I am and that I seek a gay male who is NOT superficial, who will accept me as I am. I found that most of the male population who reads an ad that says "TS" just assumes that TS always and only means a man who dresses as a woman, completely disregarding the fact that I described myself as a "GWM (TS) who passes as a soft, young boy." I have just begun a writing relationship with only one gay man of the 10 to 15 who wrote to me, most of whom I chose to "educate" in my final reply to their response, explaining to them the differences in the terms "TS" and "TV," that the two are not interchangeable terms, and that they apply to both genders, not only to biological males.

I still talk on the phone to my boyfriend of the past two years, and we see each other every now and then. He claims he loves me very much and can't see a life for him with "no Bobby," but I don't feel the same way about him as I once did. I don't want to feel that I "have to stay" with him because "there will never be any gay man in the world who will accept a gay man who doesn't have a penis." I guess I'm presently "testing the waters" before I make the big move forward in my transition.

I only know one thing for sure: I can't "unlearn" what I've discovered about myself.



Trannies Speak Out

(opinions recounted at Colby's on Monday, April 5, around midnight)

Since everybody outside of the gender communities seems to think that it's O.K. to call us **trannies**, because, as they argue, we call ourselves **transies** or **trannies**, we decided to ask the people concerned (ie. the **trannies** themselves) how they feel about that.

Question: How do you feel about being called a **Transie**, **Trannie** or **Drag Queen** by people outside of the gender community?

#1: No, [I hate it] because I'm not a **Transie**. I'm a woman trapped in a man's body with a cock!!!

Ms. Stephanie

#2: I get very offended when someone "outside" calls me a **Drag Queen**, even though I am a **Drag Queen** (at times). I find the term [**Drag Queen**] is used to be offensive.

Veronica Blake

#3: I would be a bit upset because the labels, **Drag Queen** and **Trannie** don't mean [that] I dress up as a girl every day of my life. Yes, I would be offended.

Inès

Whatever we call ourselves,
Whatever word we choose to describe ourselves
Doesn't give genetics the right to use it...
Just like **Queer** is for **Queers** only...
That's what reclaiming is all about.



TS Words & Phrases

After having been labelled & ostracized by this genetically defined & controlled society & its institutions for so long, we need to reclaim all those negative words & phrases which are still used to stigmatize us. It is also time to develop our own language & impose it on this gender suppressive society. .

Here is an attempt to start this process:

- **in the pit** (instead of the **closet** of lesbians & gays) is the period of time, quite painful, where we hide our authentic gender.
- **climbing out of the pit** (instead of **coming out of the closet** for lesbians & gays) is the moment when we acknowledge & accept our true selves & begin the liberating process.
- **metamorphosis** (instead of the clinical term **transition**) is the liberating process by which we change literally from caterpillar to butterfly (for this reason it can also be called our **cocoon stage**).
- **persons whose backgrounds are gender described/determined** or **gender described/determined men/wimmin/people** are much more appropriate terms for genetics to use to describe us than **transsexuals**, **TS's**, **trannies**, **transles**, **males/females to (constructed/artificial) females/males**. the term **she-male** is appropriate only within the sex trade.
- **members of the gender communities** instead of the clumsy-sounding **transpersons**
- **genetics, genetically/chromosomally described/determined** are non transsexual people.
- **gender oriented wimmin/men/people** are wimmin, men or people who attracted to TS's
- **transsexual lesbians** are usually gender described wimmin who are attracted to genetic wimmin or possibly other gender described wimmin
- **trans dykes** are usually gender described wimmin who are attracted to other gender described wimmin or possibly genetic wimmin
- **transsexual gays/fags** are usually gender described men who are attracted to genetic or possibly other gender described men or both.**
- **gender queers** or **gender outlaws** are what we & only we are, since lesbians & gays seem to think that **queer** means **lesbian/gay (& sometimes bi)** only.
- **gender hatred/oppression/suppression/loathing** (instead of the term **transphobia**, whose origins are obscure & sound genetically inspired) is the oppression we suffer from genetics.
- **that's the way it is** is the phrase we use to describe how we survive in this society.
- **in/into the woodwork** describes how some of us, usually anonymously, try & fit into this genetic mainstream society.

[please note that in general, the word **gender** is much better than the prefix **trans**, which seems to be genetically inspired in its origin]

This is only the beginning. As we continue to grow, our words & phrases will likewise flourish.

** we still haven't dealt with the many other complex realities such as female to male transsexuals who become gay transvestites or drag queens or male to female transsexuals who identify as lesbians & then cross dress as men, in order to pick up genetic straight wimmin or gay men.

Xanthra Phillippa

The Poetry of Josepha Alexis

when the trees
were teeth
and the sun
was a cunt

floating around
a nipple
i was crying my life



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Decriminalizing for Power

a "loose woman",
a student from out of town
with neither loans nor bursaries,
a single mother without a dime,
a transvestite junkie or
simply an ambitious outlaw
Decriminalizing, essentially, to regain our
dignity...

communicating,
sharing,
regrouping and
organizing ourselves,
speaking for ourselves without being accused
of "conspiracy"

Decriminalizing to end the Fear...

being free to choose financial independence
through selling our bodies,
our beauty,
our sexualities
Decriminalizing to subdue the Stigma...

our freedom, we wish to keep
having control at all times
Decriminalizing and not legalizing
we reject the State as pimp...

the urgency to value our humyn rights:
 freedom of expression,
 freedom to travel,
 to immigrate,
 to work,
 to get married,
 to have children

Respect for our privacy

Decriminalizing to legitimize our profession,
"le vice commercialise",
in the eyes of the judges,
the doctors,
our families,
our lovers
and this Society...

**Decriminalizing to no longer be ashamed
to work the streets...**

our heads held high and proud

Decriminalizing to affirm our sexual pleasure...

Decriminalizing for Power



Jeanne B.

TRANSEXUALS
GET
AIDS
TOO
WHEN DO WE
GET NOTICED
THEIR LAUGHTER
IS KILLING US

This is what we have

ridicule
isolation
ignorance
hatred
no studies of our
own
no programs of our
own
no hospices of our
own
no support groups
of our own

This is what we need

no more ridicule
no more isolation
no more ignorance
no more hatred
studies of our own
programs of our
own
hospices of our own
support groups of
our own

Xanthra Phillippa

Resources

Here are some places that we have contacted or are aware of, that might be helpful to people in our communities. Please let us know if that is (or is not) the case. In addition, we need to know of any other gender resources that are available & might be useful to our communities.

Maggie's Prostitutes' Resource Centre & Safe Sex Project of Toronto

298 Gerrard St. E. (Gerrard & Parliament)
964-0150

- a resource person centre run for & by sex trade workers providing various services such as the Bad Trick Sheet, newsletter, free condoms, lube, etc., video night, library, drop in, legal referrals & workshops, etc
- TS on staff

Toronto Rape Crisis Centre (TRCC)

(now known as Multicultural Wimmmin Against Rape)
597-8808 (24 hrs crisis line)
597-1214 (TDD line only)

- a wimmmin run collective dealing with people who have been sexually assaulted
- they do not pressure clients to report to the police
- they have no problems with TS clients
- they also run **Take Back the Night** & have no problems with TS's attending

Sexual Assault Care Clinic

76 Grenville (located within but separate from Women's College Hospital)
363-6040

- community oriented & responsive
- do not pressure clients to take any tests
- clients can bring advocates with them
- clients can change their minds at any time
- have no problems with TS's



SOS (Street Outreach Services)

622 Yonge St, 2nd floor
926-0744

contact: Wayne Travers

- deal with street youth
- very aware of the problems of TS youth (esp with shelters & housing)

Transition Support

519 Church St, East Room

- TV, TG, TS & significant other (SO) run support group
- every 2nd & 4th Fridays, 7-10pm

Canadian Crossdressers' Club

161 Gerrard St E

921-6112 (24 hours)

- support, social & educational club for CD's, TS's, TG's, spouses, SO's, DQ's & friends

Hassle Free Clinic

556 Church St, 2nd floor

922-0603 (Men's Clinic)

922-0566 (Wimmmin's Clinic)

Wimmmin's Clinic Hours 10-3 (M, W & F)

4-8 (T & T)

4-6 (T & T) - non-AIDS STD testing, no appt necessary

- anonymous AIDS testing & counselling
- STD testing & counselling
- health issues
- free condoms & lube, etc
- TS's are respected

Health First ("Walk-In") Clinic

491 Church St

515-0590

- gender positive & supportive health clinic



TSe TSe TerroriSm (herstory)

TSe TSe TerroriSm (1st installment) first appeared in IN YOUR FACE#5, with a slightly different ending. i have decided to change that ending to the one that appears here for the following reasons:

- too many people (male) were vicariously getting off on the violence in the original installment, without considering the implications of that violence
- these same people saw the characters (especially molotov cocktail) as one dimensional homicidal maniacs, without any real emotions of their own.

Since both of these attributes went completely against my reasons for writing this story, i have decided to change the ending of the 1st installment, without changing (& i emphasize this point) any of of the characters within. They are humyn, with real feelings, concerns, needs & issues, just like those of us who are gender described, outside of the story.

TSe TSe TerroriSm is a continuing novel, in serial form, concerning some members of Toronto's gender described community.

CaiRa

TSe TSe TerroriSm

1st Installment: Fireworks on Carlton

1:00pm, Saturday on the west side of Church, just above Carlton & just after the light rainfall, molotov cocktail, completely in black, hair, eyebrows, leather jacket, skirt, tights & heels, is walking southbound & alone next to the Gardens. A white Jeep with the top down, pulls up beside her.

Four teenaged males. You know the kind.

<<Hey, U. Hey, DYKE? Ha, ha, ha>> [front passenger]

No response from molotov.

<<No, man, IT'S a guy. Hey, U, U a guy, eh, faggot?>> [back seat]

Still no response from molotov.

<<What's the matter, queer? Can't talk?>> [front seat again]

molotov crosses the street at Carlton, ignoring the red light & walks along Carlton towards Yonge. The Jeep screeches around the corner, drives past the Gardens, makes a U-turn & stops about 15 feet in front of & facing molotov.

<<Hey, faggot>>

<<Queer>>

<<Dyke>>

<<Gearbox>>

<<Suck my cock, cocksucker>>

<<Fucking faggot>>



molotov reaches into her purse without stopping & pulls out a purple lighter, cigarette & a large ziplock bag containing a large goblet (see figure on other page) with a pink rayon strip in its mouth. molotov cocktail pulls the goblet out of the bag & lights her cigarette & the strip & tosses the goblet now with flaming strip onto the lap of the astonished front seat passenger. molotov continues walking westward, not once looking back as the goblet explodes into a ball of flame engulfing the Jeep. Two huge Catherine Wheels*, one pink, one blue, as big as suns, rise up out of the fireball, lighting the street, buildings, stores & all the people rushing out onto balconies & pouring out of the restaurants & nearby shops to stare, laugh, applaud, cheer & give deliberately misleading or useless information to the cops, now beginning to arrive in a parade of sirens & lights, to investigate the blackened & smoking carcass that once was a Jeep. molotov continues walking along Carlton towards Yonge. molotov's face is angry, really really angry as she approaches Yonge & Carlton & meets Willow Trees in Autumn, Swordfish & The Scream. No one says anything. Willow looks at molotov's face for a long time & then holds her arms out to molotov. molotov moves into Willow's arms & Willow holds molotov. a strong powerful silence for a lifetime. molotov begins to sob in Willow's arms. Swordfish & The Scream each blow Willow a silent kiss. Willow waves goodbye once with the fingers of her right hand & Swordfish & The Scream walk away in a northerly direction, while Willow continues holding mol, slowly, gently rocking her back & forth & stroking her hair.

CaiRa

Next Installment: molotov & Willow

* A Catherine Wheel is a rarely seen type of firework, looking just like a spinning ferris wheel



Ise Ise Terrorism

2nd Installment: molotov & Willow

Aeons of time pass. Willow still holds molotov, still rocking her back & forth, still gently & softly stroking her hair. molotov is still sobbing sometimes silently, her head still on Willow's shoulder. Behind Willow, the "street party" (see installment #1) is beginning to end. In the other directions, the evening is darker, quieter, softer, although Yonge St. is still awake.

The sobs gradually begin to subside. Silence, then molotov raises her head, face wet, to face Willow, who offers molotov a kleenex from her jacket pocket. mol accepts, wipes her eyes, face & nose & throws the kleenex in a nearby trash container. She looks around either side of Willow & then at Willow.

<<um, can we, uh, please, go somewhere else? away from here?>>

<<Sure, where would be good?>>

<<anywhere. uh, somewhere quiet, no people, i don't know.>>

<<A restaurant? A café?>>

<<no, i need to be outside. um, i feel too trapped inside. you know?>>

<<Okay. How about the pond behind College Park? No one goes there, so we should be alone.>>

<<fine. sure.>>

Willow & molotov start walking, slowly, Willow to the left of mol with her (Willow's) right arm, diagonally around molotov's back. They walk southward on Yonge, west side & circle behind College Park to the Pond, find a quiet bench & sit down. Talking all the time.

<<What happened back there? Are you okay?>> [Willow]

<<yes. it was really horrible, willow, really fucking horrible.

i was walking down church. 4 assholes in a jeep come on to me with the usual genetic/hetero shit <<hey look guys, IT'S a guy>> [in a deep, intolerant male voice], etc, etc, etc, etc, you know the shit, the type. dangerous & stupid & male & white & privileged. i cross to carlton, south side. they whiz around the corner, like macho-TV-dickhead-land, do a u-turn in front of the donut shop & stop, waiting. a very dangerous situation. very serious. so i open the door, front passenger side & throw in the last one of my special firebombs, right onto their male macho crotches & walk away, while the jeep & four creeps inside go up in flames.

& then - & this is what really pisses me off - & then all these jerks come out of their hiding spots (why am i reminded of the munchkins, the wicked witch of the east & myself as dorothy?) & start celebrating like it's something wonderful & exciting & like i-did-it-all-for-them, instead of the nightmare it really was. it's not a game or a party. i mean, where the fuck were they, when i was being attacked? hiding inside their safe closets, shaking & shivering, but as soon as they see & hear the fireworks, out they come with fucking bells on. those creeps nearly killed, would have killed me for certain - it was that dangerous & here they are, out celebrating. i kill four creeps by setting them on fire because it was necessary. i'd do it again if necessary, but it's nothing to cheer about. it's gross & horrible. i mean, fucking jessica christina, it's a horrible way to die, to be burnt to death, even for creeps like that & i don't care if they would have done it to me, it's still horrible & gross, really fucking goddess-damned

horrible & it's not something i feel like cheering or dancing in the streets for, it's gross, gross, gross & it doesn't solve anything or stop the gendecide or make things better for us (& i mean specifically & only us, gender queers only). we're being slaughtered, really fucking slaughtered & what the fuck makes those fucking genetic cowards think that they can party & jerk off vicariously when one of us (& not them) fight back. what makes them think that they can jerk off vicariously to the violence of that horrible scene. it's so fucking gross & it makes me sick & wanting to throw up & die. & watch tomorrow, they'll have claimed the whole event for themselves (which means for them & not us) & that pisses me off too. as if i don't have enough fucking horrible shit to deal with, i have to fight to take credit for something that really sickens me. i feel like saying to them <<if you get off on violence so much, why don't you do it yourself, assholes, instead of cowering in your cubby holes, waiting for someone to save you & jerking off to the violence of the bloody aftermath?>> >>

<<And of course, the ones on the street were ->>

<<mostly male? genetic males? yes of course, who else are so gross & disgusting & into vicarious violence? & of course, it doesn't matter if they're straight or gay, all genetic white middle class males are equally gross, really fucking gross.

anyways, i felt so fucking angry about the whole scene & even more than that i was really upset about killing those four jerks, so upset that i wanted to throw up & die & that's why i was crying [breath] - & that's why i am crying now.>>

molotov begins to sob again. Willow holds her until mol is ready to continue talking again.

<<what do you want me to do?>> [Willow]

<<hold me, just hold me & stroke my hair, like you've been doing. tell me if you think i'm insane, if i'm some sort of psychotic homicidal maniac, if you still [pause, breath, followed by a sob] like [more sobbing] >>

<<If i still like you? [molotov nods] If i still love you? Yes, molotov cocktail evelyn ann, i still love you. I still like you. Yes i will always like you & love you. Always without conditions or requirements. [breath] Oh, goddesses, i feel like crying now. However [pause, deep breath] now is not the time.

Okay, my turn for a big speech.

First, i know you're not a psychotic killer at all. Period.

Further, i agree with everything you said. Killing someone isn't glamorous or fun or exciting - it's horrifying & soul destroying - this isn't TV, it's reality. I mean, look at you, you're extremely upset, in shock, you're sickened & you're not about to dance in the street or anywhere else. In fact you probably need to rest for several days until you've recovered. But i agree with you even if it does sound trite: violence never does solve anything. All it does, is create more violence.

Next, i agree totally with your anger towards those bastards, vicariously enjoying & getting off on the whole scene. The next thing that will happen is that the event will be claimed as a major victory for queer - read genetic queer only which means genetic GAY male only - liberation & if you get mentioned at all it will be as a queer (not gender described or transsexual) terrorist. Talk about co-opting. And it is gross & sickening. Okay? Does that help for right now? [a nod of approval] Okay, so let's concentrate on you, now. What about tonight? Right now? What do you feel you need?>>

<<i really would like to go back to the culturalcentre, right now. &, if it's alright with you, um, i'd like to stay with you in your room tonight, um, in your bed & leave the rest til tomorrow.>>

<<Okay. You're sure you can stand my femme-y stereotypically transsexual-designed curtains & interior design? [molotov smiles softly in affirmation] i think it would be fine. And tomorrow we can work out any further problems, as they arise. So let's get out of here & get a cab home.>>

& molotov cocktail evelyn ann & Willow Trees in Autumn do just that, as it starts to rain again.

CaiRa

next installment: the TSTubS

TSe TSe TerroriSm

3rd Installment: the TSTubs

Excerpts from The Scream's journal - three days later:

Well, Goddesses of Amazing Evenings, that was definitely an Amazing Evening, a totally emotionally incredible one. Starting with molotov and followed by Madeline...

[the next section, which deals with the situation on Carlton from The Scream's perspective, has been removed & the reader is asked to read TSe TSe TerroriSm installment# 1 - CaiRa]

Afterwards, Sword & I went to the TSTubs as planned & while we were waiting by the door to get in, I noticed this womyn, red hair immaculately & flawlessly styled & dressed (in a manner that I would kill for but cannot afford & certainly never ever admit to wanting), beautiful face, right out of Vogue & gorgeous red nails. The nails were what I especially noticed, was entranced by: the right ones were long & sharp & I could feel them on my skin, while the left ones, which were just as exciting but in a completely different way, were short, the same length as her fingertips. She was fascinating, no she was gorgeous, really gorgeous.

Sword & I entered, split & I went to my room (#8 - with my favourite vases - the black ones with the Blue Herons) on the 2nd floor, shut the door, had a shower, felt really clean & refreshed, put on my kimono (I know they're really kitsch, but I love them), made some tea (mandarin orange), opened the door, sat down on the futon sofa, had some tea & looking up, saw her there, in the doorway, no longer in her 'street clothes', but instead in a beautiful white camisole.

She came in, sat down, had some tea & exchanged names with me (hers was Madeline - yes based on that Madeline from that book & I was surprised & impressed that she knew the picture where my name comes from & the painter** who painted it), while my nerve endings were jangling (which I have always felt to be really exciting & important). We discussed limits & other things in definite but non-specific terms & ways.*

& then of course we made love. It was wonderful, it was amazing, it was incredible, it was indescribable, completely different from anything I have been used to, before this & Madeline was/is amazing & yes goddesses, we're going out somewhere sometime soon & I pray to all the goddesses who I can think of, to make it happen really, really soon & I could easily go on & on and on & on about her I probably will & yes I think & hope & feel that yes I, The Scream, Am In Love.

* that book is the infamous childhood book, Madeline by Ludwig Bemelmans

** the painting is The Scream by the Norwegian painter, Edvard Munch



story & pictures by
Ludwig Bemelmans

I'm not going into details (except for one), because it isn't important to me who did what to whom. It's too male & it just isn't me & it's one thing that I am learning about myself & learning to deal with while on this Journey of Exploration. Anyways that's enough polemics for one journal entry. After all I'm not exactly talking to an unsympathetic audience.

To continue with the important thing that I want to talk about: I was sitting on the sofa with my arms by my sides & Madeline softly & gently undid the sash of my kimono. The way the kimono hung down made my arms feel different, much different & so I stretched each arm out straight. My arms felt like wings, like they had become wings, beautiful wings, the most beautiful wings ever & they were mine & even more than that, they were & are a part of me, my wings & they made me beautiful (or so I thought at the time), but no, I realize now with tears of denied truth streaming down my face, it only brought out the beauty that was always there inside of me. That I had spent a whole lifetime searching for in others, but was afraid to acknowledge in myself.

Until now.

I was finally able to say that I am beautiful.

& not only was I beautiful, I felt strong, a strong womyn. & it was so important & incredible & powerful & I am crying now while writing this, it is so important to me & my life. I have always wanted wings: butterfly wings, bird wings, just wings, beautiful wings. I have wanted to fly so desperately for so long, watching the swallows, the swifts, the terns & the hummingbirds perform. I have wanted to be one of them so badly. Or like the eagles or the albatrosses soaring high above the land & oceans. I still remember as a young girl, seeing this huge manta ray, beautiful black & white, fly out of this tiny canal in Florida, fly out of the water effortlessly on these huge wings, way over my head, fly up & then down in a slow, graceful arc & just as gracefully return to the water. Everything else except for me, it seemed, could fly. Why else would I go into paleontology studies at U of T to specialize not in dinosaurs or woolly mammoths like the other students (mostly boys I've noticed. Boys with the same world view as male engineers)? Why instead would I want to specialize in early Mesozoic birds & (even more importantly & hopefully) Mesozoic pterosaurs, if I didn't imagine myself as a beautiful & huge Pteranodon, floating over the Cretaceous world, ever since I was six years old?

So finally I had my wings & even though I felt really foolish, I flapped my wings experimentally & cautiously a few times & then throwing caution & myself to the winds, I flew, I flew, I flew around the room. & I was beautiful. & I felt beautiful. Finally.

I landed in front of Madeline. & kissed her & held her wrapped up in my beautiful wings & told her what a beautiful gift she had given me & what it meant to me & thanked forever & ever and ever & ever. And I cried then, just as I am crying now, because it was so wonderful. And she held onto me for a lifetime & finally I started to giggle hysterically & she giggled too & together & alternatively we recited that verse about Madeline from that book (see facing page) - the one that inspired Madeline & gave her, her name - while continuing to make love & giggle uncontrollably.

And it still is beautiful to see it on these pages. Scream, Scream, Scream, I am beautiful. & I still feel beautiful.

Beautiful & Strong & Powerful.

Next installment: The morning after

Atlantic Manta Ray *Manta birostris*

CaiRa



MEETINGS & UPCOMING EVENTS

April 25

March on Washington for
Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual &
Transgender Equal Rights &
Liberation
PO Box 34607
Washington, DC
20043-4607

May 12

gendertroublemakers Premiere
a video by Jeanne B. &
Xanthra Phillippa
at the Euclid Theatre,
as part of the opening of

Queer Sites

call 978-4274
Julia or Fadi for details

May 13

Spew III (a queer- & genderzine
festival) at Buddies in Bad
Times
call 978-4274 for details

Translition Support

meets every 2nd & 4th Fridays
at 519 Church St., East Room
from 7-10pm
TV, TG, TS & SO (significant
others) run support group

Fetish Nltes

1st & 3rd Thursdays
at Boots
592 Sherbourne St.
921-0665

GROUPS

Canadian Crossdressers' Club
921-6112 (24 hrs)

ISSUES & CONCERNS FOR THE FUTURE

here is an incomplete list of issues that we will try to deal with in future issues of **gendertrash**

TS's & anonymity

TS's & politics

spaces & places of our own

TS parents

TS youth

TS's & isolation

TS's & medicine

TS her/history

true gender positive behaviour

reaching our community

TS's & HIV/AIDS

TS run community centre

TS's & prostitution

TS's & racism

TS's & the queer communities

TS's & employment

TS's & housing

TS run SRS clinics

electrolysis

TS sexuality

TS's & social supports

TS's as a separate gender

TS's & our lovers

TS's & our families

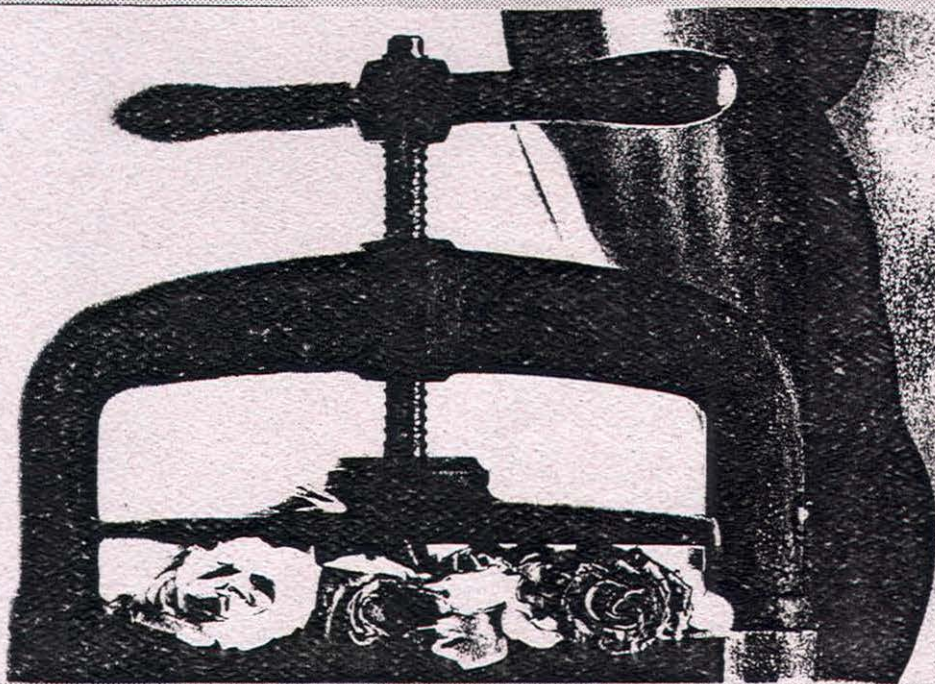
linking with other groups

TS's & the police

please let us know of any other issues that you would like to see discussed in **gendertrash**

CLASSIFIEDS

Classifieds are a way to communicate with others within the gender communities. They do not have to be only personal ads, but can also be advertising for such things as services, groups, etc. Classifieds are free for individuals (including sex trade workers) & not-for-profit groups. Please send in your classified ad (please not too long) & before the 15th of the issues's 2nd month & we'll try to print it in the next issue.



CAUSE

WE'RE JUST AS

QUEER AS DYKES AND FAGS

i

MAYBE

even

MORE

SO

!