

girly

TransGender Zine

issue 5

Free!

Demi, who dressed as a tomboy and drank with the men while growing up, has admitted she's had a lifelong fantasy about being a rough, tough male.

"I even had dreams about being a guy and escorting beautiful women to parties," she told the insider.



Hubby Bruce: "It's the kids I worry about. Someday they're going to see these pictures of her as a man and they'll have feelings of confusion about their mother."

OK, all right, here it comes :

Girlly hits its first anniversary in time for Pride 96. From the tentative mumbblings of the first issue to the fightin' TG powerhouse that you hold in your hand. Its been an education, an inspiration and a buzz to do this zine over the past year. I was recently asked why I do it, and I really haven't even thought about that. Its just here for as long as I have the energy, the faith and the devotion.

That's all. This issue's Message: That fleeting thought /s worth pursuing!

Take care

I remain your own

Mona X

Editrix Mona

GIRLY HQ:

LONDON UK



■ Tired of Toasty Mauve and Innocent Peach? Get ready for Urban Decay, LEFT, an irreverent new company bent on bringing colors like Roach, Plague, and Pallor to your lips and nails. Its tough sell isn't about being negative, though—just practical: "Instead of looking at life through rose-colored glasses, we deal with reality."

miss dawn red wood →



1234: TG UK OK

Transgender: a fancy PC term or just a pretentious new label? No. Transgender is an inclusive general term for all sorts of people into any kind of temporary or permanent gender-altering or blurring. But it's not just a descriptive term, its an identity you *choose*. Its a question of "self-identifying" as transgender, identifying with other TG people and their experiences, recognising common ground, but appreciating diversity. Its a political idea, like black people saying "we want to be called black not coloured or negro", or gay and lesbian activists reclaiming words like queer and dyke. You can be straight, gay, lesbian, bisexual or anything else and be transgendered. Gender is separate from sexuality, it doesn't have to be about exclusive male and female categories; its more like a spectrum. "Transgender" is a positive assertive term based on how we think and feel rather than just what we do, not a negative, patronising or restricting pseudo-medical definition. I'm not usually the "club joining" type, but for me it's been useful to self-define as TG, its helped me find self-respect and support, so its important. **Girlly** is here I to communicate these ideas, and because its fun - I enjoy it. The name is meant to be ironic; I hope it doesn't put anyone on the FTM side off. I was even thinking if changing it, but I don't presume to represent all TG people, its just my 'zine, with stuff I'm interested in. I ask for contributions but not everything gets printed, and even my pals get edited. Girlly is not a democracy. I pay for it, I put it together, so I decide. **Mona**



Barbara Cartland: "Hell is in the mind"

Arthur Elgort's Models' Manual

Inane and pointless book filled with hundreds of photos of models and artfully arranged soundbites of their dumb philosophical platitudes in a million different colours and typefaces. I Love It! Its expensive at £25, but Charlotte got mine for me with a five fingered discount. Get someone special to steal one for you!



Michael Llewellyn dressed as Michelle. News Ltd

Life on welfare is a drag for Michelle

NEWCASTLE: With a ballpoint pen and a bottle of bleach Michael Llewellyn changed from a strapping young man into a single mother on welfare.

Since deciding to live his life in drag, Michael, or Michelle as he now prefers, has fooled four government departments into believing he is a woman.

The 24-year-old transvestite even invented a baby boy and claimed almost \$5000 in sole parent pensions.

Using three different names and as many addresses, Llewellyn obtained a false Medicare card featuring her fictitious child's name and a false driver's licence complete with a picture of her in make-up.

This is how it was done:

In November 1994 Llewellyn visited the Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages. Calling himself Michelle Kayla Doolan and armed with a forged doctor's letter, he claimed to have given birth to a boy on September 9. The forms were sent to the Department of Social Security and Jacob Cameron Baillie was born.

His "father" was machinist Cameron Baillie with whom Llewellyn had a relationship until Baillie realised his friend was a man.

Between December 15, 1994 and April 6 last year, the DSS paid Llewellyn \$4647.15 for the care of baby Jacob. Two weeks later he added his "son" to his Medicare card.



girlly is an adjective, not a noun. By order of Editrix Mona!

1/5/96 Southern Cross

Mr and Mrs Chick w/ Dick

If you saw me and my honey walking together, what would you see? You might be forgiven for calling us Mr and Mrs, it's true, we're like many couples. You might call us supporters of the hetero-patriarchy, because mostly we can hold hands and not get beaten-up for it. Sometimes men look at us and say "Evening ladies", "Alright girls?" and do a double-take five steps on. Once, a train guard called us gentlemen as he clipped our tickets. I had just had my hair cut short. As a child, shop-keepers named me Sonny, but no one has treated me like a man for a long time.

Viewers of a certain sensibility might think I'm the gay hag, just like a million other fat girl gay boy party accessories they've seen. Maybe to you we're a dyke and a poof strolling down the street, so modern, like despite our political differences we can be friends, right? She's pretty butch, and he's a little nelly. Or is it the other way round?

Look closely. Observe this pussy lickar arse bandit housewife fat girl dole head gardener writer friend. Read this chick with a dick.

If you saw me and my honey walking together, what would you see?

Charlotte Cooper

Drag King2 : Breast Binding

This piece is designed for women who want to drag up as men, not for men born with transexuality. With care, breast binding needn't hurt. Some of these techniques are however copied from FTMs I have known, who are often willing to suffer more pain to bind down their breasts than most women would tolerate.

Each body is different, and our breasts vary accordingly. As I am basically flat-chested, it is fairly easy for me to bind my breasts down to make the flat. Above a certain size you begin to need to bind across the centre of the breasts and then work outwards. Remember to roll the binding material around your back, otherwise it won't hold you in.

The simplest method of flattening breasts is using a tight t-shirt. The next stage is to actually bind them. Whilst ordinary packing tape works, it has a tendency to tear when pulled tight. A better choice is gaffa or fabric-backed tape, available from disco or theatre suppliers at about £5 for a big roll. Bandaging is another alternative. I've tried crepe bandages with little success, and want to try medical body stockings and rubber tube bandages, but I haven't been able to find the right size yet. Also in the medical vein is a chest binder designed for supporting the chest after breaking ribs, available for around £20 from medical suppliers. Its made of stiff material with Velcro fastenings and fits tightly around the chest, flattening the breasts.

The major problem with any form of binding is the extra layer which may show through clothing and look odd, but of course some FTMs suffer worse every day. A thinner but very sweaty binding material that has been suggested is clingfilm. One FTM friend of mine had a special binding made by his mum; a large piece of very strong elastic, held together by hooks and eyes. It had the effect of pushing his breasts into one lump in the centre, which he could hide under big jumpers. It did cause bruising across his chest, but its up to you.

That's about it for breast-binding techniques I've come across, although my research continues. Future topics may include: fake facial hair, dressing like a man, body language etc.

Kate N'ha Ysabet

Lesbian Gay Bisexual & TRANSGENDER PRIDE 6 JULY 1996

The Transgender contingent on the march from Hyde Park to Victoria will be placed fourth in the running order after the floats. So: head for the front of the march. Press For Change will have a banner and are meeting at Speakers Corner 10.30am. The rest of the marchers are assembling from 11am, starting at noon. Tip: position yourself a little way down the march route on Park Lane to get a good view of the floats and avoid the chaos at Hyde Park/Marble Arch.

The Festival site is CLAPHAM COMMON. The Transgender focus area is in the middle of the site by the coatcheck. I'll be there, or onstage with the Killaz in the cabaret tent (around 9.30pm!), or maybe the bi area which is nice and big, or the Popstarz tent or anywhere really.



this is me - say hi!

SURPRISE!



Lady Bunny in 1989:
from a 'chicks with
Dicks' phone sex ad!

(FROM 'MY COMRADE'
NEW YORK, 1994)

! STOP PRESS!

FROM FAR-OFF CALIFORNIA
CHARLOTTE SENDS WORD OF
THE SAN FRANCISCO DRAG

NAME EQUATION: DRAG
NAME = FIRST PETSNAME +
MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME.
THAT WOULD MAKE ME RUSTY
PHILLIPS, AND CHARLOTTE
WOULD BE MINTY TAYLOR!

♪ COMPETITION ♪

STILL ONLY 3 ENTRIES IN THE
THEME SONG COMPETITION. ALL
I WANT IS D.I.S.C.O. BY
OTTOWAN CHANGED TO
G.I.R.L.Y. IS THAT TOO
MUCH TO ASK? PLEASE?



Okay! end of
another one. Thanks
to anyone who sent
stuff - I love you
all - just don't
miss my band @
Pride o'Rand?
Mona X

Girly
Road,
London





Whitney look-alike arrested

A MAN hunted for a South Carolina murder for 17 years managed to elude authorities as a Whitney Houston look-alike.

Residents of a Los Angeles block of flats were shocked when police arrested their pretty neighbour, Valerie Nicole Taylor, on the murder charge. They were totally floored when police discovered she had been Freddie Lee Turner before undergoing a sex change.

Police said that the fingerprints of Miss Taylor, 40, matched those of Turner, accused of shooting Billy Posey.

TRANSEXPRESS

Groovy TG 'zine by Daisy Asquith from Leeds; lots of cool graphics, photos, slogans and quotes from interviews with all sorts of TGers, plus a good UK-US contacts list. Kind of polemical and tabloidy (Homocult influence?). Second issue should be out by the time you read this, and promises to be "more personal". Send £1 & SAE to Daisy @ 191 Roundhay Rd, Leeds LS8 5AN.



Yes that's me
Yes that's a breast

Healthy living?

A public lavatory was closed in Cheshire after police found a blonde wig, red stiletto-heeled shoes and a whip in a holdall. They burned the items, saying they were "unhygienic".

17/4/96 GARDEN

Ms Phaedra Kelly wrote again (and again and again), angry that her piece in the last issue was edited and misinterpreted by me to be anti-Pride, and by implication homophobic. She says she isn't.



FACIAL HAIR?

CHRYSLIS is an excellent American mag ("The Journal of Transgressive Gender Identities"). Looks quite heavy (and is, at 62 pages) but is well laid out accessible, with lots of interesting detailed articles ("The Myth of the Heterosexual Crossdresser", "TG Self-Mutilation", "Homophobia Hurts Us All", "Premarin - the Untold Story" etc). \$9 per issue; subscriptions are \$46.00 for 4 issues, from AEGIS, PO Box 33724, Decatur GA 30033-0724 USA. They are also looking for submissions.

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO THE LATE MAX FACTOR (1905-1996) KING OF MODERN COSMETICS PRODUCTS. SALUT!



Ed Wood the novelist

A few years ago ED WOOD Jr was not a famous name, remembered best for his worst film, "Plan Nine From Outer Space". His film career has since been immortalised in a glossy biopic directed by Tim Burton. In it we see a charming but naive young transvestite with an angora fetish, obsessed with making films, trying to live his dream in 1950s Hollywood. His life after the films failed, ignored by Burton, is considerably less romantic. In a downward spiral of frustration and alcoholism, brimming with unfulfilled film ideas, he paid the rent by knocking off sub-standard sleazy pulp novels dripping with sex, violence and his own oddball worldview.

Two of these pieces of trash, "Killer In Drag" and "Let Me Die In Drag", feature the Wood alter-ego Glen/Glenda, and have been re-issued since the Burton film, but they won't be around forever. The first has a distinctly "bootlegged" look about it, with no publisher or address given, whilst the sequel has a real publisher (Gorse), with royalties going to Wood's widow Kathy. I enjoyed both a lot - as low-grade first-person pulp in the style of hundreds of crime/detective cheapies. They are badly written, but as with his better films, the bizarre narratives peppered with euphemisms and obsolete slang are quite dizzying, and the momentum just drags you along. This was Wood's unfettered fantasy world: Glen/Glenda, a beautiful boy/girl trapped by circumstance, forced to kill for "the Syndicate" to keep himself in angora sweaters and silk knickers. Throughout both he goes to ridiculous lengths to stress his heterosexuality, scorning queers and writing himself up as the last of the red-hot lovers, sitting by his typewriter drinking himself to a premature death in a roach-ridden Hollywood hovel. Sad.

HOWARD STERN IN DRAG!?

Interesting to see macho right-wing US radio celeb Howard Stern on David Letterman's "Late Show" in drag around February ('96). Promoting his #1 bestseller "Miss America", Stern, who is quite a big guy and must be over six foot, avoided the naff comedy drag look that a lot of men adopt to ensure that no-one thinks they're enjoying it, and made a real effort to look like a big ol' drag queen, with a tight gold evening dress, corset, high heels and big hair. He complained about the shoes and eventually discarded them but not before walking up and down and bumping and grinding a bit to embarrass the normally unflappable urbane wise-cracking Letterman, who totally couldn't handle it! Draw your own conclusions.



A COLUMN OF OPINION

Is it 'cool' to be a straight tranny? It seems not. But drag queens are almost automatically cool, especially in the media. In fiction how many cool straight trannies are there compared to DQs? Eddie Izzard is even denying he's a tranny now (and dissing DQs to boot - shame on him!) Why? I reckon it's the perv thing that makes it into a joke, the Stephen Milligan snigger thing, that makes het trannies 'dressing for kicks' a joke. DQs don't have that stigma, they somehow are perceived to have different motivations in crossdressing, plus they fulfil a purpose for the media, as flamboyant "fun" representatives of the gay community. "Ordinary" trannies are not so interesting to the media, although the tabloids are suckers for any kind of TS story.

There are some transsexuals who look down on straight trannies and drag queens, and some defensively super-straight trannies who don't want to be associated with weirdos like homosexuals or TS's, especially FTMs. What's the basic problem here? The hierarchies; all the divisive labelling, counter-labelling and backbiting, which further uphold the divide-and-rule stereotypes provided for us.

We emphatically are not one big happy family but we are a kind of family, we can learn from each other and can all benefit from mutual respect and support. There will always be people claiming to be more oppressed or more transgendered. You don't have to rise to their taunting, bullying or put-downs. Insecurities and hierarchies depend on each other, along with suspicion, competition and individualism. We don't need shit like that.

Mona says: Get over it.

The WONDERFUL WORLD of WENDY HOUSE

"There is no better way to know death than to link it with some licentious image" de Sade

For this issue I have plumped for a not-terribly cheery theme; Transvestism and Death. This follows a slightly gloomy period on the gender-blending scene here in the capital that has included an HIV death, an attempted suicide and an extended disappearance. Something about these brought to my pickled mind the memory of a past tranny death that has palely-haunted me for an unmentionable number of years; the story of a young tranny prostitute, Maxwell Confait.



Maxwell was burned to death in his home by three teenagers on April 21st 1972 in Doggett Road, Catford. I was thirteen at the time. The report-come-obituary, which I read on my paper-round, also carried a blurred photo of Maxwell, and I remember his long hair and pretty, androgynous features. He was very young. This was, as a developing callow-timid-teeny-tranny myself, a first introduction to the danger sides of cross-dressing, being expressed in a vortex of shadows. It stood in stark contrast to the more visible side of trannydom, the safe and bawdy telly-world of Danny La Poo and Banley Staxter and the "Ooh you are awful!" be-wigginess of Dick Haemorrhage.

With Maxwell (and the nature of his death), I was newly and scarily aware of a connection between frocking and death. And this in relation to an activity that at that time was generally still regarded as a sub-suburban kinky disease. I was an early portent to my fragile self, and if I knew then what I know now...

I visited Doggett Road recently. In the sunlight it seemed like any other South London street, with a row of neat terraced houses on one side and railway sidings on the other. An old man indicated Maxwell's former home. I had no luck. There was no blue plaque. But despite the bright sun, a definite feeling of melancholy pervaded my insides with the knowledge of the tragedy that had come to pass there. Maxwell did not die in vain, for his story serves as a constant reminder of some very fine lines we tread in life. I herewith dedicate a minute of velvet silence and respect to the memory of all those transgendered people, found and lost, who have sacrificed their lives in pursuance of this perplexing sophistry, and especially to Maxwell.



Girly Guide to Brighton

by Nancy Fish, May 1996

Ever since the Georgie Porgie posse slipped out of 18th century London to shag away their weekends here, Brighton has wallowed in its reputation as a seedy'n'sultry seaside dive. George IV's Royal Pavilion, the campest palace on earth, sets the tone, while down the road the Revenge club finishes it.

Let's see: 200 cafes, 94 hair salons - that makes 1,800 waiters and 660 stylists - and with the largest assortment of second-hand clothes per head of the population, its worth being a Brighton drag girlie, even for a bank holiday. As Lily Savage recently noted here "You can't smell the ozone for the scent of the Kouros" - the proximity of Gatwick Airport means the gangways of Brighton's clubland are jammed with trolley dollies, hot towels on tongs, eager to answer your alarm call for second helpings. (huh? ed)

Drags can get into Revenge, the town's main gay club, but real girls have a tougher time (owner Tony Chapman claims he was once beaten up by dykes, ask him why he calls it Revenge). Recently tarted up, with a new wig-shattering sound system and groovy lights (though not in the toilets, where you'll find the amazing Grace, Debbie Dog and the Fashion Dolls teasing their hair). At 2am closing time a clubful of drunk and drugged lechers stagger down to the Sub, our new 24 hour beach cafe, for tea & techno. Pre-club the best spot is Zanzibar where the comely doe-eyed Poppy works, though its just been taken over by Kudos -we await developments.

Friday nights bring Transister, upstairs at the Pavilion Tavern, where the trannies have to wait for the dressed-down boy-dykes to get bored before they get the dancefloor to themselves. One monday a month Tilly Thompson does Lips at the Warehouse, while the first monday of the month brings the deeply delightful Wild Fruit to the Paradox. Most folks dress up and down, even the teen E-heads.

Several cabaret drags dwell down here (Maisie Trollette even runs a B&B) and you can't go anywhere without Dave Lynn yodelling at you. If you've never attended a cliffside rave with the rising sun melting the glue on your lashes, you've never truly lived.

BAKE A CAKE

PHILIPPINE sports officials are reviewing the gender of runner Nancy Navalta, who ran as a male in one race and as a female a week later.

Navalta has won sprint competitions as a woman in the Philippine National Games over the last two years. Controversy erupted after female competitors questioned Navalta's gender and the dispute was revived after Navalta competed again last week. In the men's race, Navalta was beaten soundly but the runner later competed as a woman and won five gold medals and earned the right to run in the National Games in April.

"NANCY BOY OR NANCY GIRL?"
EVENING STANDARD 21/2/96

According to Anne Fausto-Sterling, cited in *Radical Deviance*, up to 4% of the population are born with various forms of hermaphroditism. These are routinely "corrected" via the "surgical shoehorn" at birth, most commonly to female "because its easier to cut things off than it is to find new things to glue on".

WILD FRUIT BABES

* a new "Journal of Transgendered Politics"; 44 hefty A4 pages of dense text, quite academic but interesting and valuable for the dedicated. From the Gender & Sexuality Alliance, Box 8, St Mary's Centre, Corporation Road, Middlesbrough TS1 2RW. Don't know the price, looks like about £5 worth.



MAKE A BOMB