

Our Very Special Guest Speaker

Dr. Leah C. Schaefer

President of the Harry Benjamin International

Gender Dysphoria Association

Dear Readers,

The January issue seemed very well received from most of the responses I have heard. From everyone here... Thank you.

When XX was started, I don't think anyone here had any idea that it would become as welcome in the mailbox as it is today. It seems like, one day we were trying to pick up the pieces, and became a credible source very quickly. We will still err (January (page 14 (National Resources (IFGE's phone number, sorry (The correct numbers are in this issue))))). We try, and I feel we do succeed in relating as much accurate legible information as possible for an all volunteer part-time non-profit newsletter.

Probably because I am new at this, but it does catch my attention to read and hear, some of the things I have, some of which, I couldn't have fabricated more in our behalf.

While this newsletter has always been a combined effort, now I have less time to work on it than I have in the past. This has placed a heavier burden on everyone else. Hopefully I will have enough free time to continue to help out.

In January we went a little further that we had originally planned (to only print the Harry Benjamin Standards of Care in the newsletter) this put us a little behind for our goals for this month. Therefore Dr. Spivack's survey and the new questionnaire will not be in this issue.

There is a logical limit to what we can accomplish. We do the best we can and we feel good with what we are doing.

Now comes the ever-popular all-purpose quest for submissions. I will remind everyone that without your help, there will be no content... in the table on contents. If you feel something is missing please consider writing it. I will let your imagination, inspiration and conscience take over from there...

Brenda P.

Dr. Leah C. Schaefer, President of the Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Association, will be our honored guest speaker at the February 8th meeting of the Twenty Club. Dr. Schaefer, a leading internationally-recognized authority on gender Dysphoria, will offer a presentation entitled, "Definitions, Etiology, & the Current Status of Gender Dysphoria in Society". After her presentation, Dr. Schaefer will entertain questions on all aspects of the subject that may be raised by those in attendance.

In addition to her duties as the current president of the Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Association (HBIGDA), Dr. Schaefer has been a practicing psychologist and psychotherapist, in New York City, for over thirty years. Dr. Schaefer received her doctorate from Columbia University in 1964. Her doctoral dissertation was a pioneering study of "Women and Sex" (published by Pantheon Press in 1974).

Gender dysphoria became a field of study to Dr. Schaefer in 1975, when Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, an associate of the late Dr. Harry Benjamin, was preparing to leave his practice in New York City. Dr. Schaefer was able to study and participate with Dr. Pomeroy in the evaluation and treatment of transsexual and transvestite people, and became the honored recipient of the archives of Dr. Harry Benjamin's life study of gender dysphoria.

Dr. Schaefer has regularly presented papers at the HBIGDA International Symposia on Gender Dysphoria, and wrote frequently for "Sexology" magazine. She is the first woman elected as national president of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, and was the recipient of the 1988 Professional Service Award from the Gathering, a former New York City transsexual support group.

If you have not yet been sufficiently impressed, Leah C. Schaefer has imposing credentials in a second field. During the 1940's and 50's, she enjoyed popularity as a jazz and folk singer, led the "Wayfarers", and recorded several albums under the RCA and United Artists labels.

This very special meeting of the Twenty Club will start promptly at 2 PM at Christ Church Cathedral, Hartford, CT. We expect a record attendance at this meeting. You are encouraged to arrive early to assure a good seat.

Anne E. Curr

President, The XX (Twenty Club), Inc.

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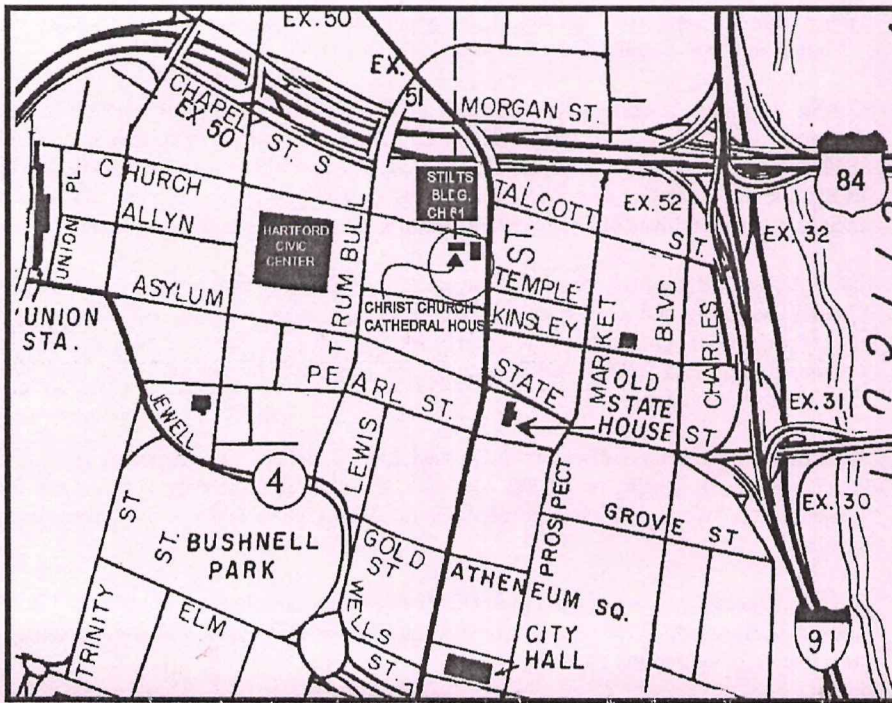
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XX Club Meetings

Regular meetings of the *XX Club* are held the second and fourth Saturdays of every month at 2 PM sharp to 5 PM.

Meeting are held at:

Christ Church Cathedral (Parish House)
45 Church Street
Hartford, CT 06103



Upcoming XX Club Meetings

- Saturday, Feb 8th** - Meeting at Christ Church Cathedral, Dr. Leah Shaffer, Ph.D., Pres. Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Association, Inc.
- Saturday, Feb 22nd** - Meeting at Christ Church Cathedral, Support Group Meeting
- Saturday, Mar 14th** - Meeting at Christ Church Cathedral, Guest Speakers From Digital Equipment Corporation & The Travelers Insurance Companies
"Employment of Transsexual Persons, An Employer's Perspective"
- Saturday, Mar 28th** - Meeting at Christ Church Cathedral, Support Group Meeting

The XX Club, Inc.

P. O. Box 387
Hartford, CT 06141-0387

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Anne E. Curr

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Jamie Lee Roper
Brenda P.

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Community Liason
Standing Committee

Treasurer's Report
Future Treasurers' reports
will be published quarterly.

The Gender Identity Clinic of NewEngland, Inc.

(203) 646-8651

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XX (Twenty)

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Newsletter articles referring to specific programs, services and/or products do not necessarily constitute endorsement by the XX Club, Inc., or the Gender Identity Clinic of New England, Inc. Articles involving medical aspects of gender dysphoria are not intended to be medical advice and readers are cautioned not to make any changes in treatment based upon such information without consulting a physician.

NEWSLETTER SUBMISSIONS Newsletter submissions may either be mailed to the XX Club at our address above or submitted at a XX Club meeting. While not necessary, it would be helpful to the editors if your contribution was submitted on an MS DOS computer disk (5-1/4" or 3-1/2") (any word processing format or ASCII). This newsletter represents the XX Club, Inc., and the Gender Identity Clinic of New England, Inc.. For that reason, a submission will not be printed if it does not center on an issue of importance to the transsexual community, or if it in any way slanders any individual or group of individuals. Due to space and time constraints, your submission may not be printed immediately. Unfortunately, we cannot be held responsible for the return of any materials submitted. Please state clearly what name, if any, or any other personal information you want, or don't want included in publication of your submission. Personal information about contributors will not be disclosed. Please give due credit to your sources. All submitted material will be considered, and VERY much appreciated. Material submitted serves as a defacto release to publish. Any photographs submitted must have a signed release from all individuals in the photograph.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please send new address and old address, including zip codes, to "XX" at the above address.

Special thanks and appreciation are extended to Veronica Jean Brown and Becky Ann for their many years of dedicated service through publication of the newsletter, Twenty Minutes, which has ceased publication..

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XX (Twenty) Club Information

The XX (Twenty) Club, Inc.
The Transsexual Peer Support Group, of the:
Gender Identity Clinic Of New England, Inc.

P. O. Box 387

Hartford, CT 06141-0387

Tel: (203) 646-8651

Nature: The XX (Twenty) Club is the peer support group of the Gender Identity Clinic of New England, Inc.. Our purpose is to provide knowledgeable information and ongoing peer support to transsexual persons throughout the many stages of their transition, as well as information about the Gender Identity Clinic of New England, Inc.. Friends and relatives are encouraged to attend in the hope of gaining greater understanding and acceptance of their loved one's transsexuality. We are open to both male-to-female, and female-to-male transsexual persons. The XX Club, Inc. is non-profit and non-sexual. While our meetings are held at a church, we are not a religious organization and have no official affiliation with any religious denomination. We hold no prejudice against any other group of people. We are a peer support group, we are not a dating service, or an instant source of new best friends.

Services: The XX Club, Inc. officially publishes a new monthly newsletter (XX), serving the transsexual community. We meet twice a month (2nd & 4th Saturdays, 2-5PM), at the Christ Church Cathedral; 45 Church Street; Hartford, CT. Meetings are structured to provide support, information, and open accepting understanding. On occasion (no more than one meeting per month), we have professional speakers on educational and medical subjects of interest to transsexual persons. We also have social get-togethers, club parties, outreach to New England and New York gender organizations, and a speakers bureau. There is No Smoking allowed during our meetings. Smoking is permitted during our refreshment break, and after the meeting in designated areas only. In the course of our meeting we have a half-hour refreshment break. People are encouraged to get to know another during the break and help themselves to food and beverages. Please feel free to bring food to share with the group.

Security: We hold no security restrictions on people who wish to subscribe to our newsletter. Persons interested in attending a meeting are welcome to come as long as they have a personal interest in transsexuality, understand the supportive nature of our group, and are willing to respect the anonymity of all persons attending. At no time may another persons name, address, telephone number, or any other personal information be given to another person without full permission. Cameras and recording devices are not allowed at our meetings.

Membership & Meeting Fees: Annual membership dues for the XX Club, Inc., are \$20.00 per year. Dues include a one year subscription to our newsletter, XX. Members and visitors are encouraged to contribute a minimum of \$1.00 per person at each meeting to help defray our expenses. Membership dues and meeting fees are used to contribute to Christ Church Cathedral for the use of their facilities and personnel, defray the cost of newsletter production and distribution, and provide refreshments for our meetings. While these contributions allows us to remain self sustaining, no one will be turned away because of lack of ability to contribute.

Our Sincere Thanks To All

O-TELL-O!

by Jennifer A.

I don't know which is worse: having to tell close family members or the hierarchy where you work. Sometimes, it seems, wisdom comes more readily from the mouths of babes than from supposedly mature, experienced, respected pillars of the workplace community. Funny thing about that. Two random responses. Actually, one response and one iresponse—

My child, age seventeen: "Well, Dad, that's cool. It's your life, you gotta do what you gotta do." (I wonder where he picked up THAT kind of language?)

And my Executive Vice-President? Well, gosh golly and gosh darn! Sorry, I can't tell you exactly what HE said, but I DO know where he picked up HIS way of speaking—from over twenty years in the service, commanding submarines: steel boats, iron men. U.S. Navy brass, achieving the rank of Captain before stepping ashore to greener pastures in the civilian sector.

Much has been written on how best to approach this highly sensitive and—yes!—potentially damaging issue, of informing people. Yet no matter how much preparation or rehearsal or worry or prayer precedes it, you're still very much on your own in there playing a high-stakes game, no instant replays allowed, no taking it back. Like maybe "Oh gee, Boss, just fooling. Here are those reports you wanted?" Forget it. Whatever damage done is done, bridges are burned. I'd be lyin' if I said I wasn't scared. But, like they say in the commercial, "Don't let 'em see you sweat, Baby."

Fortunately, however, the President's Administrative Assistant, who knows and has been QUITE supportive, actually rearranged her busy schedule in order to be there for my appointment with the EVP (it DOES help to have friends in high places)! Consequently, he DIDN'T say those things I led you to believe just above, although I'm sure he WAS thinking them, as revealed by his transparent facial gestures, garnished with frowns and scowls; manner of speech (terse, abrupt); and thinly veiled body language (arms folded, a lateral index finger pressed across tight lips [okay, okay, that's a cheap shot—I KNOW, loose lips sink ships!]), his narrowed eyes piercing in for the kill—a HATE stare? Possibly. Or perhaps FEAR, of what he could not control or understand. Oh, boy! Well, this was nothing new, I'd been prepared for lots worse. I'd expected HIS boss's (the Prez's) AA NOT to be there; she saved my (employed) life by showing up. I'm deeply grateful.

Over the past few weeks I've developed more or less of a set spiel. It can last up to an hour, allowing time for questions, and sometimes includes a discreet display of photographs—this, most usually reserved for women. I'll guarantee you the Captain never saw those pictures (I may be dumb but I'm not stupid!); but then, he didn't have any questions, either. Not a single one. "Any questions?" I offered. "No!" he barked sullenly, pouting like a spoiled, thwarted child, as if someone had actually had the TEMERITY to go off and do something without his permission. To dare to CHALLENGE his world order, and (I'm sure he feels) purposely, just to spite him.

AHA! So THAT'S it! THAT'S the reason why I got into this mess in the first place. FORGET that pre-natal hormonal theory, folks. Gotta rush off and set Dr. Higgins straight, he oughtta know about this!

Well, being a certified amateur psychologist, I CAN tell you why he (the Captain) feels the way he does, if you don't already know. Several reasons. Where to start?

Number one: he's a MAN! You betchum, Li'l Beaver, ALL man! Certified TOUGH (whereas HE thinks I'M a certified cycle path, meant to be downtrodden and ridden over, pardon the, um, digression). He measures up, elite of the Navy's elite—crème de la crème, if you will—and all that good stuff. Won't countenance signs of weakness in HIS ranks. Or insubordination. No Sir! Har-rumph!

Okay. Just a couple of months ago at the Departmental meeting he DID give a great speech as to how we should all treat each other with dignity and respect as INDIVIDUALS, without regard to sex, race, ethnic origin, or—ahem!—sexual preference (though I THOUGHT I detected a moment's hesitation as he uttered that last platitude. Not as male or female; white, yellow, black, brown or red; gay or straight; or whatever, but as INDIVIDUALS! And gosh darn, folks, he had me (and everyone else) eating out of the palm of his hand. Sounded good to me. Such great words, such beautiful egalitarian thoughts! Ah, how noble, I reflected, while yet overlooking one vital (but surely unintended) omission on his part: somehow, I now realize, he'd managed to leave off TS from the list. Probably never HEARD of such a thing in REAL life anyhow, aside from bawdy manly-man joking and camaraderie, or perhaps in side references to those freaks on Donahue. Which, being a manly man, he'd probably never admit to seeing. I mean, like, REALLY! Isn't that a WOMEN'S show? C'MON! So, I guess his great humanitarian statement of acceptance and good will knocks out my second premise, to wit:

Number two: he sees ANYONE who's NOT a red-blooded American straight white Christian God-fearing MALE (triple underscore that last word) who wants to STAY a male and is proud to BE a male, as less than himself. Much, much less than himself. Well, I hear you say, "C'mon, Jenn, we KNOW that. Whaddaya think we are, DUMB or sumptin'?" Well, it's true. You should see how they treat women in this place. Around here a woman is automatically assumed to be ONLY a secretary, as if the company WOULDN'T fall apart without them, which it would. BUT, with only three women in the entire company (out of several thousand people) being even Directors (including two in Human Resources), and NONE above that level...well, draw your own conclusions. But, hey! Nuthin' wrong with THAT, fellas, it's ALWAYS been that way. Great. Hmmm.

Okay. Here's a sneaky one. Number three: he's scared. I THREATEN him! Yes. I threaten the stability of the safe, secure world he's come to know and love for some fifty years now. My God, imagine! an ostensible "man" who doesn't want his...MAN PARTS?! (We shall not offend here by employing those technical, evil-sounding EXPLICIT Latinate appellations.) SACRILEGE! A "man" who wants to get rid of them? MUST be crazy, get that bleepin' pervert OUTTA here, NOW! (Could it be CATCHING?!)

Because, worst of all, good ol' XY has BETRAYED him! Yes, our old friend/nemesis XY. Upholder of all that's good and right, exemplar of this, paragon of that. Maybe it's all right if some weirdo out there on the street wants to put on a dress and lipsick and clop around in high heels, but...For God's sake, PLEASE, not XY!!! Yes, good ol' XY. Well, gosh, if good ol' XY could run off and commit such an unthinkable act, then, why, why, ANYONE could! Oh, Jesus! Not XY! Say it ain't so, XY, say it ain't so!? Quoth XY: "Sorry, boys."

Of course (and the more people I tell, the more I'm finding this to be true, to my own amazement) many of the women hardly bat an eye[lash]. In fact, to date, NONE of them have been LESS than supportive. WOW! WEIRD! INCREDIBLE! I wonder why? Could it be... Gee, what COULD it be?

That they already knew, or suspected? Oh no, not that at all. Not even close. Not a single uninformed person has yet made an accurate guess as to what's going on with XY, though they DO know something's up. Maybe it has something to do with the fact that women already know they're real people. Real human beings. And that there's NOTHING WRONG with being a woman? Gee! While men's reactions, not unexpectedly, run the gamut. Of course, it has a lot to do with sociological factors, the value society places on individuals of varying sexes. [Or, rather, I should say VARIOUS sexes. WE are the ones whose sexes seem to vary. But I won't go further into that here—it's not directly relevant.] But, as for the CAPTAIN...

Sigh. He really didn't say all that much in our meeting, not verbally. No words of support—no hint, even, of basic human acceptance. He DID say that he wouldn't throw me out the window (though whether I owe that great fortune to the presence of the Prez's AA, or to the Captain's fear of getting a reprimand for doing so, I'm not sure). I think what he REALLY meant was, he'd LIKE to have thrown me out the window, but couldn't. Not then at least.

When I reported to him that most people had GENERALLY been accepting and supportive, he arbitrarily DENIED the fact, not knowing whom I'd told, claiming they were merely being polite to me. Oh? Very interesting. How does HE know? Does he have the entire building bugged? Must be better informed than I thought. No. What he was saying, was that he apparently cannot conceive that anyone COULD be supportive; therefore, to his way of thinking, no one WAS supportive. QED, ipso facto, and quid pro quo. Here's a person denying reality because, by his estimation, it simply CAN'T be true. And HE wants ME to see a shrink?!

Then I told him about the Standards of Care, and he said, "So now that all these doctors and shrinks say it's okay (read: permissible), you (XY) go merrily tootling off and do this?" Which, I felt, belittled the gravity of my situation, with a gratuitous slur thrown in for good measure on PERMISSIVENESS. I then reiterated for him the numerous steps along the way, including those already taken, attempting to point out that this is no capricious lark. Like the Kid said (remember him?), it's my LIFE. The Captain admitted I WAS going to an awful lot of effort. Maybe he respects THAT, I dunno. He does, I should think, respect commitment. Particularly if it's ME he wants to have committed!

In regard to dealing with my colleagues, I mentioned that those [TSs] in other companies (and there HAVE been many, though none here) had found greater acceptance when their upper management made clear to all concerned that harassment and intimidation would not be tolerated, as a matter of company policy. In particular, I emphasized that I'm not asking for any special treatment—only (and here invoking some of the oratory of HIS previous public pronouncement) the same dignity and respect that would be accorded any other individual.

The Captain well knew what I meant but seemed to have a spot of difficulty even with this, saying "there is no company, only people." This was, to my mind, a curious statement and perhaps rather specious, as well. NOW, does this mean he was ducking the issue? That he won't lift a finger to make things any easier? That my mentioning this was an implied imposition upon him and his management prerogatives—in short, that it WAS perceived as a request for special treatment? Quite possibly, yes.

I did not pursue the issue, asking only to be judged (in the professional sense) by performance. He indicated this was proper, but made it clear that if performance slipped I'd be in trouble. Does this mean he will use that as an avenue to trip me up? We all know it can be done in a thousand ways. Again, quite possibly, yes.

And so it went. I spoke; he listened, clearly chagrined. Of restroom arrangements, insurance coverage (and uncoverage), of security concerns (Is he afraid I'll damage company property or reputation? Or HIS reputation?), of my planned timetable. All the pertinent facts (no facts are impertinent). Throughout this he said little, that index finger doing its job on his lips.

Near the end he said, scowling, that he wasn't happy with this at all. Now that is REALLY too bad. I replied, not snidely, that I hadn't expected it to make him happy. I mean, I suppose this came as a genuine surprise to the man, for whom it must be inconceivable that anyone on this earth should NOT strive solely to make him and him alone happy. Sure, why not? He's the boss. Well, almost. The PRESIDENT is the boss, and HE's got the Captain on a leash with this one. I hope. Again, like the Kid said, it's MY life.

Well, okay. So why am I harping on all this? Simply to recount some of the attitudes I'm dealing with—attitudes you should not be surprised to encounter, if you haven't already, many times over. One undercurrent I perceive here is the attitude of BLAME—because I've CHOSEN to be this way, that it's my free moral (he means IMMORAL) choice. Some people don't wanna hear "excuses," like "it's a medical problem, not a moral one." And, yes, it's true: those of my "persuasion" ARE disqualified from military service, summarily selected out. Substandard, unfit for duty. The Captain carries this baggage, he can't help it. It's been drilled into him since day one. Thus I cannot fairly blame HIM for being the way HE is. I can only hope to work to help him change, and it ain't gonna be easy, but that's my job. Oh, well, life goes on.

All in all, no one else has been NEARLY this hostile, NO ONE. No question, it IS gonna be hard for the Captain. And, yes, it's gonna be hard for the Kid and the rest of my friends and family as well. The Captain DID recognize this, expressing some concern for THEM—

I suppose by imagining what HE'd feel like if his own son should do such a [rotten] thing [to him]. I don't hate the man, though many do. I DO feel sorry for him. This IS hard for him, no denying, as for ages it was hard for ME to accept, myself. Maybe someday he'll come around, after dealing with it, to accepting the fact that Jennifer is a real human being. For now, though, Jennifer is only an alien concept to him—he HASN'T seen her yet. But after that, who knows?

Maybe I'll charm his socks off (ha, ha). Maybe someday he'll say, "Well, she IS a little strange, but, she DOES have [a] nice (pick one):

- a. Figure
- b. Legs
- c. Hair
- d. Face
- e. Eyes
- f. Personality
- g. Other (fill in): _____
- h. ALL of the above." (?)

Seriously though, this aside, there IS one thing I hope he WILL say, and with any luck at all I'll make him say it: "Her job performance is every bit as good as XY's was, if not better."

And as for the Kid? Gee, where did I go wrong there? Where did HE pick up HIS strange, non-judgmental attitudes? Oh, I dunno. Maybe I just failed him as a parent. It happens...



In Search of the Invisible Transsexual

by Veronica Jean Brown

On the evening of April 18th, 1985, I was seated in the private office of the Reverend Canon Clinton R. Jones, at Christ Church Cathedral in Hartford, Connecticut, nervously waiting for my turn to appear before the board of the New England Gender Identity Clinic. I was there with my housemate Becky, who had recently completed the mandatory one year of cross living in the female gender role. Becky was there to seek approval from the board for her sex-reassignment surgery. I had been on hormones since 1977 and was at that time, under the care of a New York City endocrinologist and had been seeing a New York area counselor. I was at the board meeting to seek entry into the clinic's hormone therapy program, and since I had been cross living full time in the female gender role since 1984, to also get surgery approval. Becky was the first applicant scheduled to see the board members and I was the second. In the office with us were a number of persons of questionable and indeterminate gender, also waiting their turn. At one point, the door to the hallway opened and in stepped a gorgeous woman with a slender body and ample feminine curves and proportions, with long blond hair, exquisite flawless makeup and who wore a stunning red dress. I quickly compared my own drab outfit of a modest feminine top, denim skirt, low heeled brown pumps, hastily applied makeup and unconsciously primped my less than ample curly permed hair. There was no valid comparison to be

made, There was no contest between any of us in the room, and the newcomer who stood there gracefully in the doorway: smiling so femininely at us. I'll call this person Mary, but that was not her real name. Mary sat and talked with us for a while and the only thing that gave her away to me as being one of us, was her slightly husky voice, which would not have been even noticed by a non-transsexual. Mary was there to get surgery approval from the clinic The beginnings of little lines around the eyes marked Mary as being perhaps, in her late twenties, though she looked younger. Her face was of classic feminine proportions, and there was not a trace of beard shadow or an adam's apple. Unlike myself, she had obviously been lucky enough to have started hormone therapy before her own male hormones instigated any loss of hair. Her fingers were long and slender and her nails well manicured and polished. It is quite possible that Mary, like Tula, had been a natural beauty wonder as a boy, before beginning her transition. Mary had not, to anyone's knowledge, attended a single meeting of the XX Club, no one had ever seen her before that evening., and no one has seen her since. She was scheduled to get married to her boy friend after getting her sex reassignment surgery. Seven months earlier, in October 1984, I attended the Outreach Institute Fantasia Fair, held in Provincetown, Massachusetts, on the tip of Cape Cod. Of the few transsexuals I met there, Ariel (not her real name) was the one who left me with the best impression, and was a completely feminine and totally passable pre-

The Far Side / BY GARY LARSON



"I'm starting to worry about you, Earl. . . . Stalking sheep in that outfit is one thing, but wearing it around the house is just a little kinky."

op from one of the New England states. She was scheduled to have her surgery the following year in Trinidad, Colorado. This warm and beautiful person exhibited all the feminine grace and charm of someone who had been a woman all of her natural life. I have never seen her again at any TV/TS gathering. And rightly so, she was a total woman already, and had no need for the gender culture. In 1980, Twentieth Century Fox released a film produced by Sydney H. Levine, written and directed by Joseph Van Winkle, titled, *THE WOMAN INSIDE*. The film starred Gloria Manon as Hollis/Holly, the transsexual, Dane Clark, as the mild mannered, understanding surgeon who performs the SRS on Holly. Joan Blondell as Holly's low life aunt, and Michael Champion as Holly's first love. The film takes the viewer through the anguish, suffering and frustration of a gender dysphoric Hollis. In comparison to reality, the major flaw in the film was the miraculous physical transformation undergone by Hollis to Holly after only six months of hormone therapy. The character of Holly, while acknowledging herself to be a transsexual person, refuses to take part in any transsexual support group because she is sure of what she is doing and has no doubts about herself as a woman. Near the end of the film, Holly attends a support group meeting at the insistence of her surgeon, Dr. Rossner, to get a better grasp of what she is about to embark on as the result of her impending surgery. Holly is not pleased with what she hears from the pre and post-operatives at the support meeting. She tells Dr. Rossner that most transsexuals spend half their lives dreaming about becoming women and the rest of their lives explaining about it and apologizing to those around them for being a transsexual. She says of the post-operative transsexuals, that they were sitting on a ledge, looking down to see how far they might fall, or looking over their shoulders, afraid someone might push them over the edge. Holly refuses to spend the rest of her life boasting to others how she had the courage to do it. She wants a new beginning, a new start as a complete, whole person, and to be the woman she was always meant to be. Pollyanna was a pre-op I met some years back who was so convincing as a woman, I was amazed to learn she wasn't. She had everything, it seemed, I didn't have and naturally, I looked to Pollyanna for support, guidance, friendship and that special kind of love two women can feel for each other, if indeed pre-ops are truly capable of that kind of feminine and unique encounter. She knew how to play up to others to get what she needed and was sometimes there when others needed help. Pollyanna went into the woodwork some time ago, intent on developing her total female self. From time to time, I've heard, she has surfaced here and there, amidst her old pre-op haunts, still looking for and needing something from those she turned her back on.

And then there was Lydia. She was a good friend to me and I thought I knew her well. She was outgoing, vivacious, full of life and had been living as a woman since the age of puberty. She had the advantage of large silicone breasts, extensive cosmetic facial surgery, had a marvelous husky feminine voice, and sported a head full of nearly waist length, brunette hair. Lydia had been all over the country and Canada, and in her pre-op life, had been a barmaid, a prostitute working the truck stops, a prison inmate, an exotic dancer, and had even been married a few times. She was a street wise hustler and con lady, and I came to love her dearly. She hustled her way into her sex reassignment surgery a few years ago in Mexico last year. But, she's gone now. She took off one day and left her husband at home. She went off to find herself again, leaving the rest

of us to pick up the scattered pieces she left behind. For those of us who are active in the gender culture, much has been said of the postoperative transsexual who goes into the woodwork, rarely or never to be seen or heard of again. These seemingly ungrateful people are unwilling to teach, counsel or offer help to newcomers. As I have discovered for myself there are a number of reasons for this phenomenon. Early on in my transition, I spent much of my social time in the company of gays, lesbians and transvestites. The gays were curious, and the bisexuals sought me out for my unique combination of masculine and feminine qualities. And others were suspicious and some even openly hostile. Some lesbians exhibited indifference or heated hostility. The crossdressing group seemed on the surface, willing to accept me for what I was. Because of my lowly position on the periphery circle of the gender culture, transsexual persons at that time, were nearly impossible to find, meet, or even contact. The few I did meet were careful not to leak out any personal information. I soon learned that some transvestites were envious of the hormone induced feminine changes in my body, and that they were unwilling to risk their manhood to achieve similar effects to enhance their feminine appearance. Other transvestites, the ones who crossdress to parody and put women down, severely chastised me for even thinking of wanting to become that second class human, known as woman. And still others, openly ridiculed me for my low key style of crossdressing. But for the most part, the majority of crossdressers I have encountered, have exhibited some degree of open minded acceptance of me. The passage of time has a way of diminishing the hurts and pain of negative experiences. And in the gender transition of a transsexual, these can be many and severe. Problems come from spouses, loved ones, children, parents, well meaning religious people, and even from employers, if the transsexual chooses to remain on their present job. The biggest problem however, comes from within the transsexual person, and these are the ones characterized by the seething turmoil reflected in the all encompassing search for self identity and the bewildering quest for gender happiness.

For the post-operative transsexual who continues to be visible in the TV/TS gender culture, the results can have far reaching negative consequences. If you have not learned to become a strong person, or haven't acquired a thick shell, you may be dragged back under by those souls struggling for survival in the sea of gender incongruity. You either stand firm, or flee for your safety. The long buried memories of that former male life turned to dust by years of hormone therapy, extensive counseling and those first crude steps into crossliving, will reassemble themselves on the surface fringes of your female mind. The never ending stream of questions from the wide eyed pre-ops echo a sad sameness. How did your wife take it? Did you lose your friends? How did your family react? How long have you known you were a trans-sexual? Were you always sure of what you wanted? Are you happy now? Have you had sex as a woman? The questions continue, meeting after meeting only the faces change. They see you as you are now, not as the confused androgynous person you once were. The ones who eagerly confronted you the first time, now hover in the background, devoid of further questions. Nothing has changed in their lives. And there are those stronger pre-ops who boast proudly of their intentions to retain most, if not all of their masculine interests after they get their surgery. After a while, you learn to nod and smile outwardly, but inwardly you smile somewhat painfully, in full understanding

that they will refuse to listen to you if you tell them otherwise. So, you tell them, wait and see. Maybe things will be different for you.

Dare you tell them that up to a third of the male-to-female post-op population discover latent lesbian feelings for one reason or another, and that some embrace it and the rest can't handle it? The answer for the latter is learning to cope, discovering religion and going back to what will be a parody of their former male selves, or at worst, suicide. In your trying to exhibit the personal sharing of emotional feelings, as you have learned is so characteristic of genetic females, and that feels so natural to you now, you tell some of the pre-ops you don't feel like a real woman yet, and they jump back in horror, as if they will catch it from you. And you notice that some leave skid marks. They hear but don't understand when you tell them that being a woman is something you've had to work at extremely hard, and while you are completely happy with the physical and emotional changes of your transition, you are continually working towards the goal of total femininity. Even genetic women have to learn about and work at being feminine, but the pre-ops don't know that yet. If the post-operative transsexual continues associating with a peer support group, it is usually not for self benefit. Everything that can be derived from such a group has been chosen, picked, absorbed and digested long ago and the best the post-op can offer to the group, is the benefit of their experiences encountered along the gender path. Some bask in the warm celebrity spot light status of merely being a post-op. The successful visible post-op is sometimes roped into a leadership role in the group, either through guilt, an inner need to pay a few dues or from unrelenting peer pressure. Apparent in such support groups are concentrations of pain and frustration from the pre-ops, the self assured confidence of those well along in their transitions, and the complaints of the post-ops who are either ugly as women or who have not adjusted to their new lives. Let us not forget the enviable situations of those other male-to-female post-ops who look better than you do, have acquired a higher level of total femininity, or who have a better paying job, a boyfriend or even a husband, and who continually let you know about it. And you face those few visible, and highly successful female-to-male transsexuals, who almost always have a girlfriend or a wife. On top of all this are the reminders of what you lost, and of what you paid so dearly for, to get what you wanted out of what is left of your life. Much can be said in defense of the invisible transsexual, for Mary, Holly, Pollyanna, and Lydia. They have a perfect right to be what they are, do what they do, to go their own way far from the turmoils of the gender pack they left behind, or perhaps never joined in the first place. They have earned the right to turn their backs on the rest of us and to travel their chosen path for the rest of their lives. Perhaps some of the invisible transsexuals were always more feminine than the rest of us will ever be. Perhaps too, they were just a lot luckier than most, and maybe a lot smarter.



Life's a bitch, then you become one. - anonymous

*Though we may search the world
over for the Beautiful, we find it
Within or we find it Not*

- Ralph Waldo Emerson

**My idiosyncratic synergyAnd
welcome to it.**

By Beth S.

Having read a good deal of literature concerning transsexualism (and admittedly not understanding all of it), I'm quite familiar with the party-line trivia that must be spoon-fed to medical professionals in order to get from point A to point SRS.

But it really isn't reassignment that I'm seeking; it's correction. That is, to paraphrase Exupery, the soul, that which makes me me, is invisible to the eye; the body, that part of the soul perceived through the five senses, is packaging. I merely desire to bring the physical me into univalence with the psychic me. The genital primordia may indeed be bi-potential, capable of developing into ovaries or testes, but once so differentiated, cannot be conveniently switched given the present state of medical science. And once re-situated, there ain't no going back.

And as I'm the one who is screwed if I'm not honest, does it not make sense for me to be open and forthright with those who are in a position to help me? So it is to my benefit to be certain of my status, or so it would seem.

As a small child, I learned which behaviors led to beatings (emotional, mental, physical, spiritual; take your pick) and which prevented beatings. I developed a behavioral subset which kept me comfortably safe, but there certainly was no inner stability, only turmoil. Thank God I didn't get into drugs, alcohol, or marriage in an attempt to "prove" masculinity. No, I'm not equating these; merely trying to keep my life in proper perspective- given someone else's circumstances, might I not have turned out similarly? So it is only through the Grace of God that I reached 1992 with virginity and psyche intact. And it is only through the Grace of God that my main concerns now center around marketing my individual skill set to an employer. I'm healthy, attractive, blessed with intelligence, intuition, artistic/verbal/musical creativity, and athletic talent. I'm comfortably female and project my own idiosyncratic femininity, not a textbook definition. Idiosyncratic is a nice word, basically meaning "one's own blend".

My "own blend" began to glow as I undertook the process of removing rubble (defense mechanisms to you Freudians) that I had piled upon my psyche since the aforementioned early childhood.

Imagine my surprise at learning that I was responsible for my evolution! Blame, guilt, and finger-pointing don't solve anything? They hinder personal growth? Oh, dear!

Through the adversities of my short life, and my response to them, I learned who I am. Learning to forgive-myself and others-was an important step, one I'm still taking. As a child, I passively sat back and became the world's doormat. Kids and adults pushed me around, laughed at me, ridiculed my interests. And I learned not to share what was important to me, to bury myself in a protective shell.

It is my nature to be compassionate, gentle, giving, receptive, sensitive, creative, inquiring, nurturing, intuitive. Our society, somewhat stereotypically, defines these characteristics as falling within the "feminine" realm. But, stereotypes notwithstanding, Mother Nature gave me a male karyotype (as far as I know) and phenotype. So here's a soul crying out "I'm a girl"..... But one doesn't argue with Mother Nature, does one?

As the years passed, trying to be someone else took its toll on me in many respects. It was time to become a fully functioning female in my own right or die trying. Time to define/trust my own feelings and beliefs and act in accordance with these without unduly or irresponsibly accepting the beliefs of others.

And so I stepped back from the tapestry of my life and questioned/evaluated everything. What I'd been told, religious beliefs, et al. I kept what made sense for me and discarded the rest. I'm still Catholic, Mom, but feminist; many things don't make sense to me, but I'm foolish enough to believe in the possibility of change!

The cocoon unraveled and Beth emerged. As a caterpillar, I found it difficult to get around and felt worthless and that life was futile. An existentialist's dream (or nightmare). But I allowed Nature to take Her course, trusted God (or tried to) and my inner feelings (ditto), and discovered the Butterfly within.

Insignificant? I think not. Without me, who would return the warm, innocent smile of a child; a smile that might stay with a little one for a lifetime and undo the damage of "grown-ups"?

Who would notice the glorious sunsets and rainbows, the loving eyes of a dog, a snowflake, a summer breeze? Who would offer a hug to my friends in their sorrow? Madison Avenue and Ed McMahon would have us believe that we are nothing if our beer isn't the same color as Coors or we don't buy from American Family Publishers. This isn't the way I want to live.

In aeronautics, attitude refers to the angle at which an aircraft meets the wind, whether it is climbing or descending, and whether or not it is level with the horizon. A pilot who isn't responsible for the attitude of his aircraft is in big trouble.

Likewise, a person who doesn't take full responsibility for her/his attitudes, expectations, and beliefs is at the mercy of the environment and those who would sell THEIR beliefs. Oh, oh. My attitude determines my experiences, my performance, and my expectations in the long run. Dwelling on the negative aspects of a given situation; on a lost job, failed relationship, a poor performance, or on past setbacks, programs my subconscious mind to create more of the same.

And this is EXACTLY what I've done all too often in the past. By

bemoaning my 2.6 QPA and lack of computer science experience, I overlook my writing talents, communicative skills, and myriad other blessings that God has bestowed upon me. I sink into an abyss of sadness and let the moments tick by.

A moment lay before me open and trusting waiting for a receptive soul to grasp and cherish it.

One single unit of tightly spiralling time Alone and fleeting.

But I was lost in things yet to be done dreading the task and allowing the subtle beauty of living in the Now to float away, Lost.

Oh, my Soul guide me that I might not overly concern myself with things to come 'til they Arrive.

- Beth S.

Mourning is the natural way human beings deal with loss. During any sort of transition, some time for grief is necessary. But rather than sorting out my feelings and letting them go, I find myself on occasion dwelling on them and on what I haven't got. I ignore the friend God sends to bring healing.

Friends exist to bring love and a warm hug when we're down, so we don't stay down. I am slowly realizing that Life is a series of nows. Now is the only reality I need to concern myself with. The manner in which I deal with each successive now will determine where I'll be when tomorrow, or next year, for that matter, rolls around.

The human mind is the most wonderful computer extant. With a programmer, me, who sleeps half the time and uses only a small percentage of available resources the other half, it's a wonder my mind functions at all. So here I sit, programming in past setbacks and how I won't find a parking spot when I get to Hartford and I can't figure out why these things nearly invariably occur! Buy a clue, girl! My mind, my mental Motorola 68040, responds precisely to the instructions I give it. I get what I ask for. No more, no less. Heavy sigh.....

Thomas Edison, in attempting to find an appropriate material for the filament of the first incandescent light bulb, worked count-less hours and experimented with hundreds of substances. Each in turn was drawn into a fine strand of wire. Hundreds of times back to the drawing board.

If not for his inner belief in himself and what he was doing, he might have quit and never discovered that carbon was an ideal substance for the job. Edison's own attitude may be summed up by relating an incident which occurred while he was employed at Dupont. Working to develop a storage battery, he attempted some 350 possible configurations. Each failed. One day a friend asked how Edison's project was progressing. "Great," he replied. "We now know 350 ways NOT to make it."

Edison knew instinctively that he would be successful and kept diligently at his work, learning from each carefully designed experiment, until he met with a desired outcome. He didn't quit after a couple of setbacks. If that had been the extent of his persistence, I'd have written this by candlelight (move the flame a little to the left, please. I'm a bit warm.).

Most of us think we are persistent, even when we try once! "It wasn't

meant to be," we sigh. Perspective, I've found, means keeping my objective clearly in mind and doing whatever it takes to achieve that objective, regardless of cost in time or effort.

When I was a little girl, I learned to my dismay that my body, etiology aside, was undeniably male. That dreaded m-word. But maybe, just maybe, I would have been less in touch with what is most intimately, incontrovertibly me if I had been born female.

Transsexuals are notoriously analytical. We learn much about ourselves during this process of becoming. Maybe I'd have been less of a human being, less compassionate. Maybe we need struggles to see how truly beautiful Life can be when we gaze through a child's eyes. Without sorrow, we have no basis for comparison in describing joy.

So it behooves us to discover who we are before taking any irreversible steps. SRS should be icing on our transitional cake; it is not a magical cure-all or palliative. Garbage in, garbage out, honey.

Goethe said "Whatever you can do, or dream you can, begin it. Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it." The first step is a doozy, but it's worth it. By learning to love ourselves, we learn to share ourselves and our gifts with others, and accept their gifts lovingly and freely.

No matter where you are in your own pilgrimage, enjoy the process. Since we behave not in accordance with reality, but in accordance with our perception of reality, we'll find rainbows if we look for them. Radiate love, smile often, share a sunset with someone you love. Above all, be honest with yourself. We can fool the world, lie to get what we think we want, but we inevitably pay with heartache. As Edison taught us, we learn nothing when an experiment yields expected results. This serves only to reinforce the view we started with. Breakthrough discoveries occur only when we ask "what if"; when we attempt the difficult or seemingly impossible.

Without trial, there is no error. Without error, there is no learning. Without learning, there is no growth. And without growth there is no life. As mortal beings, death should remind us to live, to love. Stay with your cocoon, fine-tune your perceptions, discard your mental impedimenta, and you will soon be able to fly where you previously could but crawl. May your life be filled with love, laughter, and all of God's blessings; and may you live your own reality, firm in your conviction of self-worth as a living miracle, a child of God.

a butterfly's song

*Her cocoon is rent diaphanous wings glisten, tentatively spread.
Flight, glorious flight her cell holds her no longer
as she spirals slowly skyward a chorus of flowers wave gently and
sing a sonata of freedom.*

Beth S.



Letters to the Editor

Esteemed Editor;

The Archonist Club, which includes a small number of gynecopsyches [would-be-women], includes transsexualism in a broader range of concerns. After review of concepts promoted by elements of the AMA [D.C. Hadorn and R.H. Brook, "The Health Care Resource Allocation Debate," JAMA, Dec. 18, 1991], Archonist analysts anticipate possible developments which may be detrimental to the interests of gynecopsyches. As elements of American society express concern for care for the uninsured, many doctors appear largely concerned about guarantees of remuneration for their services to the uninsured. Apparently from that motivation, elements of the AMA are promoting concepts of universal care sponsored by taxes. Some proposals include restrictions on desired services, perhaps even for those who can pay. Such restrictions may limit access to transsexual procedures.

In the referenced article, the authors advocate "a basic benefit package" guaranteeing "all legitimate health care needs," elimination of "services of uncertain or inadequately demonstrated benefit." "Doctors would use a set of "necessary-care guidelines" defining "benefit" in relation to longevity plus quality of life. "if anyone sought services which did not conform to professional interpretations of the established guidelines, "desires for such services would not be considered needs."

We have definite suspicions about the impact of this for gynecopsyches. Some years ago, political pressures caused the termination of the transsexual program at Johns Hopkins [Lothstein, AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PSYCHIATRY: 139[4]: 1982]. Currently, many policies issued by Blue Cross-Blue Shield exclude benefits for reassignment. Gordon has reported that although many experts affirm the validity of reassignment, transsexual procedures remain contested in many circles. The evidence suggests that if certain proposals become law, gynecopsychical taxpayers must support various benefits for others, even while they may be denied the opportunity for transition.

Of course even without reference to this prospect of inequity, Archonists have reservations about various proposals for universal health insurance." While we share the universal interest in ready access to high-quality care at reasonable prices, we also express serious concern for potential burdens upon the public treasury and upon taxpayers; we calculate that uncontrolled burdens can cause the catastrophic collapse of a well-intended system.

We accordingly favor—and strongly advocate—rational and meaningful constraints upon irresponsible behaviors by which various elements can impose potentially unlimited costs. Noting that procreation requires prenatal care, postnatal care, and continuing care for the children we advocate constraints on procreation by those who cannot support themselves or children. Considering the massive cost of AIDS-related care we propose constraints upon the promiscuity, homosexual and heterosexual, by which persons transmit AIDS. We note that the requirements of longevity and of

quality of life do not include promiscuity or irresponsible procreation.

Of course, some will raise questions about "rights" and about "freedom". Well, when people pay their own costs, and when their action do not cause injury to persons or damage to property, then, personal behavior generally belongs under personal control. But when costs devolve upon the public, then, we, as taxpayers, must assert appropriate rights of constraint. While we certainly endorse the principle of Christian charity, we declare that such principles do not translate into blank checks for the subsidizing of irresponsible behavior.

Finally, in the absence of constraints upon irresponsible procreation and upon AIDS-transmitting promiscuity, Archonists would anticipate that costs would generate a natural backlash among overburdened taxpayers against "deadbeats" and against "deviates," including perhaps even innocent gynecopsyches. As taxpayers, Archonists including Archonist gynecopsyches—would support the reaction against some elements.

William L. Knaus
Archonist Regent
682 Callahan Pl.
Mendota Hgts. MN 55118

Notes: 1. On the first page we inadvertently omitted the reference for Gordon {ARCHIVES OF SEXUAL BEHAVIOR: 20 {1}: 1991.

2. If this is published, we shall appreciate notification and opportunity for purchase of the issue in which it appears. In that regard your treatment of this letter may indicate whether your publication may be of interest to Archonist gynecopsyches and to their normal friends in the Club.

3. Archonists, including gynecopsychical members, treat diverse issues. We oppose public financing of political campaigns. We maintain a Christian posture of anti-Zionism and of support for Palestinian rights. We advocate de-emphasis of sports in high schools, in colleges, and in broader society. We advocate selective utilization of nuclear power, specifically the high-temperature gas-cooled thorium-uranium-cycle reactor. If your constituency is involved in discussion of broader issues, Archonist gynecopsyches may be interested in participation in dialogue in your publication.

The XX (Twenty) Club Responds:

Dear Mr. Knaus:

As a public service to our readers, we decided to print your letter to us exactly as it was submitted. Your letter was printed not as a courtesy to your organization, but as a cautionary warning to our readers of who you are, and what your organization is about. Allow me to be the first reader of your letter to raise questions about "rights" and about "freedom". If you read the description of the nature of the XX Club (page 3 of every issue of XX), you would have known that "we hold no prejudice against any other group of people". Personally, I find your organization and it's ideologies abhorrent and disgraceful. I do, although, support your right and freedom to verbalize your opinions, regardless of how racist and bigoted, they might be. However, I cannot reconcile the dichotomy you express between your endorsement of the principle of Christian

charity, and your "Christian posture of anti-Zionism." Nor will I attempt to.

We will not publish any further correspondence from your organization in XX. If your "Archonist gynecopsyches and their normal friends", wish further contact with our organization, they are free to purchase a subscription to XX.

PS: Copies of your letter and our response are being forward to Dr. Leslie Lothstein a friend of the XX Club, whom you made reference to in your letter, and to Dr. Leah Shaffer, President of the Harry Benjamin International Association for Gender Dysphoria.

PPS: Gynecopsyche?

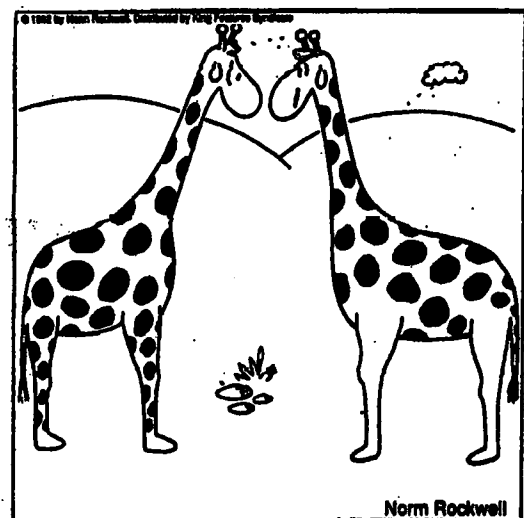
Shalom

*Anne E. Curr
President
The XX (Twenty) Club, Inc.*

*'Kindness consists of loving people more than they deserve'-
Joseph Joubert*

*'Just because someone tells you you're wrong, it doesn't
mean that they're right' - Judy Summers*

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"Guess what? I shaved my legs!"

RESOURCES

The following organizations are known to the editors to provide valuable support to the gender community. This does not constitute an official endorsement by XX, The XX Club or The GICNE, however you are encouraged to investigate any and all resources and judge their value to yourself. Updates and additional information are welcome.

REGIONAL RESOURCES

The Connecticut Self-Help Mutual Support Network 389 Whitney Avenue New Haven, CT 06511 Telephone (203) 789-7645 Resource Type: This is non-profit Ct. State organization that has knowledge of over 400 support groups of all types.

Connecticut Outreach Society P.O. Box 163 Farmington, Ct 06034 Meetings: 2ND Sat & 4TH Wed in West Hartford, (203) 371-6292 Resource Type: TV & TS Support & Social Group

Crossroads of Buffalo. 2316 Delaware Ave., Suite 102, Buffalo, NY 14216. Resource Type: TV & TS Support Group

Harriet Lane's TV Set P.O. Box 4002 Wallingford, Ct 06492 Meetings: 2ND & 4TH Saturday Evenings 8-12PM Resource Type: TV & TS Social Group

Renaissance Education Association P.O. Box 552 King of Prussia, PA 19406 Telephone (215) 630-1437. Resource Types: TV & TS Support Group and Newsletter

TGIC - Transgenderists' Independence Club, P. O. Box 13604, Albany, NY 12212-3604 Tel: (518) 436-4513 (Thursday 7-9PM) Resource Type: TV & TS Support & Social Group

Transsexual Support Group formed by The Tiffany Club of New England. Meetings: 1ST and 3RD Sundays at 6 Cushing St in Waltham, MA from 10:00 to Noon. For information Call Vivian Purves (617) 899-2212. Resource Type: TS Support Group

The XX (Twenty) Club, Inc. - That's Us! P. O. Box 387, Hartford, CT 06141-0387. Resource Type: TS Support Group and Newsletter. Affiliated with GICNE.

NATIONAL RESOURCES

GICNE - Gender Identity Clinic of New England. 68 Adelaid Road, Manchester CT 06040 (203) 646-8651. Provides coordinated services for help with attaining SRS through adherence to the Benjamin Standards of Care.

AEGIS - Chrysalis Quarterly P.O. Box 33724 Decatur, GA 30033 Telephone (404) 939-0244 (Evenings & Weekends) Resource Type: Publisher of a TS Newsletter

HBIGDA - The Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Association, Inc. - 1515 El Camino Real, Palo Alto, CA 94306 Tel: (415) 326-4645. Resource Type: The international association

of gender professionals. Establishes the Standards of Care, the international guideline for professional treatment of Gender Dysphoria.

IFGE - International Foundation for Gender Education - TV/TS Tapestry Journal, P.O. Box 367 Wayland, MA 01778 Tel: (617) 899-2212 and (617) 894-8340, weekdays 2-10 p.m. Resource Type: Provides communications medium, outreach device, and networking facility for entire TV/TS community. Publishes "TV/TS Tapestry".

J2CP Information Services - P. O. Box 184, San Caspitrano, CA 92693. Resource Type: TS Information and Referrals.

The Transsexual Voice P.O. Box 16314 Atlanta, GA 30321 Resource Type: Publisher of a TS Newsletter

Ingersoll Center - 1812 East Madison, Suite 106, Seattle WA 98122-2843, (203) 39-6651. Support for TSs and TVs; Provides coordinated services for help with attaining SRS through adherence to the Benjamin Standards of Care.

Help Wanted

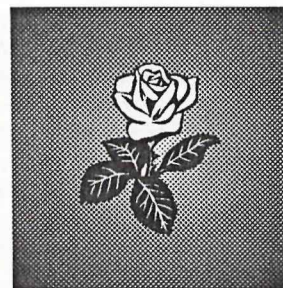
We desperately need help for XX Newsletter Production.

We promise: No benefits, Lots of Hard Work, and No Pay. Position does come with the everlasting thanks of our editorial staff. Fringe benefits include our stimulating company, ongoing entertainment provided by two weird cats, and exposure to a high technology, fully equipped, Novell multiple-server computer network: test, consulting and engineering facility.

DATA ENTRY HELP NEEDED

As part of our regional outreach efforts, the XX Club needs volunteers to assist in data entry. Our goal is to make the XX Club and the GICNE known to helping professionals and human resource organizations throughout our region. We have been requested to provide this service by professionals who were astonished to find us.

The kind of beauty I want is the hard-to-get kind that comes from within-strength, courage, dignity. - Ruby Dee



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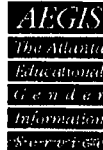
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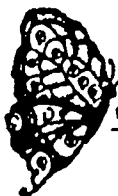


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Our Special Guest Speaker

February 8th - XX Club Meeting

"Definitions, Etiology, & The Current Status of

Gender Dysphoria in Society"

Dr. Leah Shaffer, Ph.D., President of the Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Association, Inc., will be our honored guest speaker at this meeting.

In addition to her work with the Harry Benjamin Foundation, Dr. Shaffer is a Clinical Psychologist in private practice in New York City. Upon the death of Dr. Harry Benjamin, Dr. Shaffer was entrusted with the records of Dr. Benjamin's life study of gender dysphoria.

We will be honoring Dr. Shaffer for her outstanding contributions to the study of Gender Dysphoria at this meeting.

XX (Twenty) Reprints Available

() XX Club/GICNE Information Packet. Includes; XX Club & Gender Identity Clinic of New England Brochure; Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Association, "Standards of Care"; Excerpts from Amer. Psychiatric Assoc., DSM-III; Harry Benjamin, Sexual Orientation Scale; Order Forms From Other Leading Gender Support Organizations. Info. Packet \$ 6.00

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