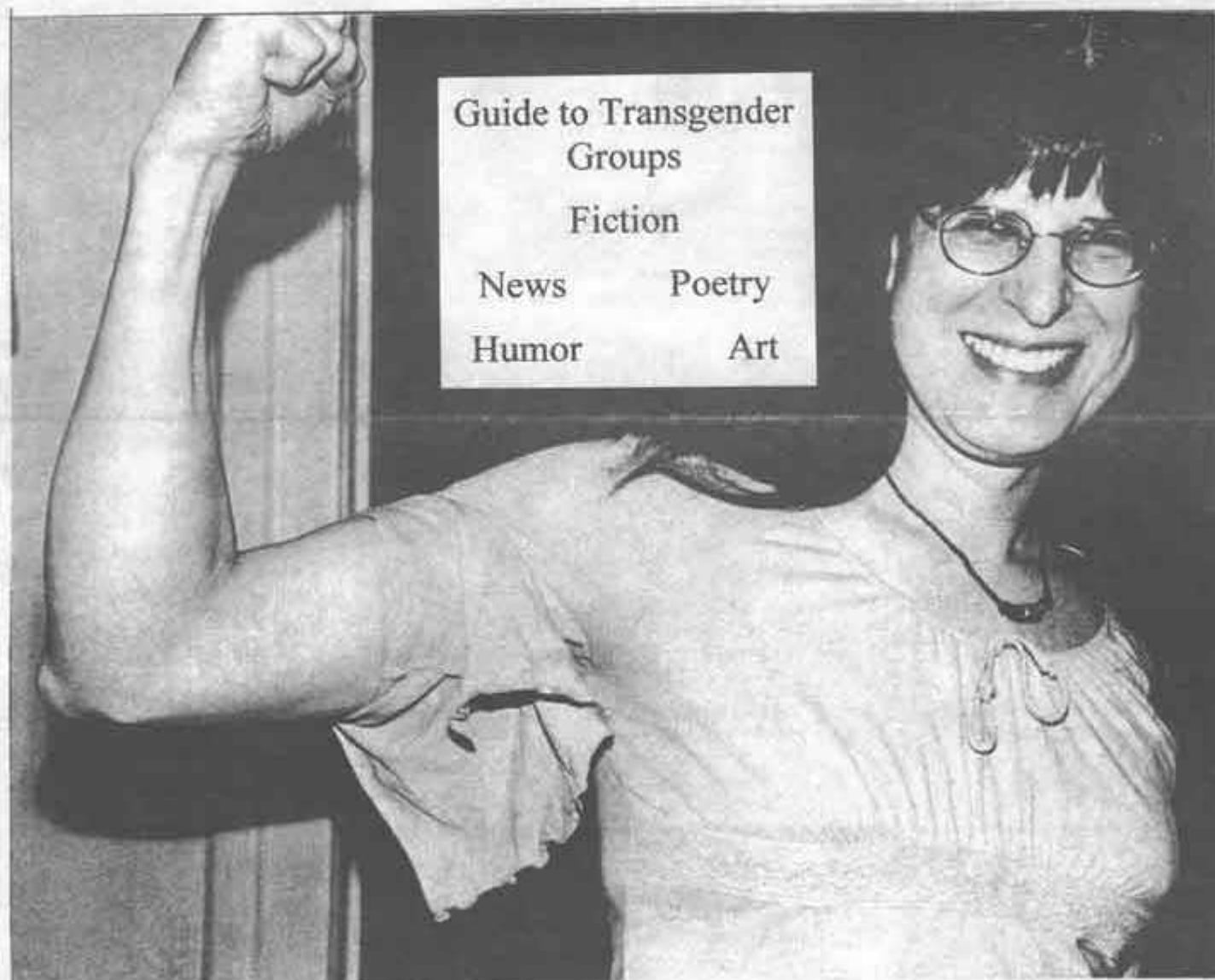


TRANNIES IN LOVE

The Capitol District Journal of the X-Sex

Free Premier Issue



trannies in love p.o.box 171 sch'dy ny 12301

Guide to Transgender Groups in the Capital District For Tranny-Chasers and Those Coming Out or New To The Area

TRI-ESS This is a 50 year old national organization for straight male crossdressers and their wives, if they've told their wives, but an awful lot of them aren't all that straight, believe me. This is mostly made up of what the tranny-chasers call "the aunties" or uptight old biddies who don't know they're into period fashions from the 40s. The local group is a bit renegade though. A couple of babes and transsexuals show up. The problem is knowing how to find them, they're largely in the closet. They meet monthly at a club in Schenectady.

TRANSGENDER INDEPENDENCE CLUB (TGIC) This is a 30 year old mixed group of aunties and hotties of varied sexual interests that has its own clubhouse in an apartment in Albany. The place is cozy and has a kitchenette, tv, vcr, stereo, computer, phone, key-club memberships, closets for rent, a newsletter, refreshments, and lots of informational literature. Usually 8 to 10 girls show up on Thursdays and Fridays to socialize. In spite of all these assets the club has continuously been at threat of closing for the past year due to crummy management, infighting and the typical low self-esteem many trannies internalize from seeing themselves as second or third class citizens. In other words, a lot of them have been easy to get over on by chasers and users, and have "we're gonna fail" written all over them.

The members are mostly transitioning transsexuals, in the process of their sex change, and some crossdressers and post-operative (post-op) transsexuals. Although they make big talk about being a "non-sexual support group", everybody snickers when they say it. It is used almost exclusively as a dating pool by the members and there have been off-hours sex parties at the clubhouse, but if you call for info they'll stonewall you if you admit to being tranny-chasers like them. They're loosening up about it though. Their number is 518-436-4513. Regular memberships are \$60 a year.


COLORED AMERICAN TRANSGENDER SOCIETY (CATS) These are the wild babes of color in the area. They're all show-stoppers and active in the community. They meet twice a month at the Whitney Young Health Center in Albany.

ALBANY GENDER PROJECT (AGP) This is actually a tax-exempt service and advocacy organization for trans folks dealing with housing, legal, medical and social concerns, but they know how to party and have the best looking goddesses around. Most are transsexuals, but some monogendered non-trannies are active with them too, along with crossdressers. These gals are out and have the self-confidence to bring you to your knees, so slobs would have better luck scoring elsewhere. They might chew you up and spit you out. They

have casual open meetings at their office at 146 Central Ave, upstairs, in Albany on Fridays at 7:30. They don't disparage tranny-chasers. They can be reached at 518-785-7866 or 518-436-4513.

CLUB PHOENIX Trannies are everywhere in the capital region. There are hundreds and hundreds of them here who might frequent your favorite bar or restaurant or neighborhood association or garden club without anybody knowing. The bar of choice, however, has been Club Phoenix at 348 Central Ave. in Albany. More girls always meet at the bars than at the organizations and you can often find them at Club Phoenix any night of the week, especially Thursdays and Fridays around the pool table.






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<http://exeat.com/education/charlen595/AGP/index.html>
AGP is a transgender-based community educational and charitable organization.

NAKED NIGHT

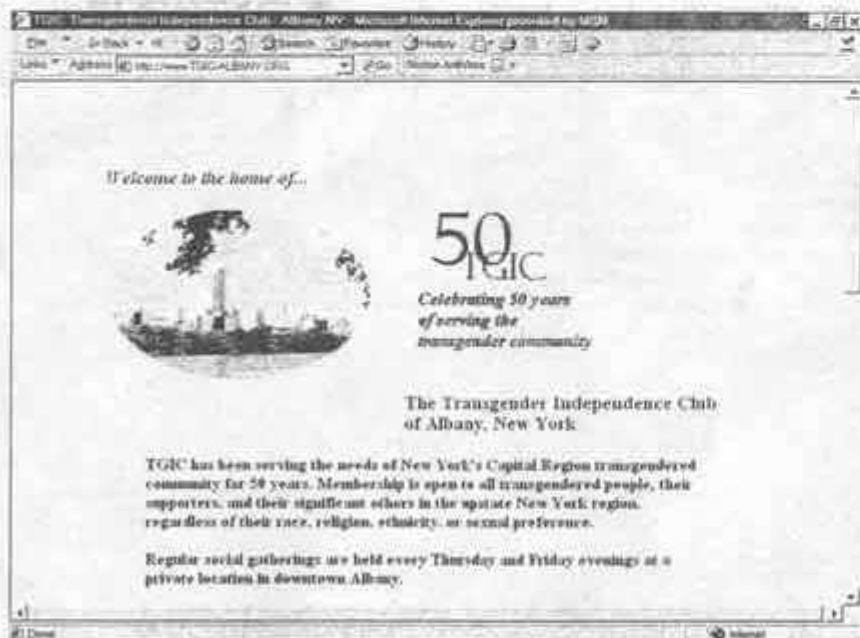
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Due to the health needs of some transsexuals, this is a fragrance-free event. That means perfumes, hair products, after shave, skin lotions and fabric softeners can be poisonous and if you exude these chemicals you can't be allowed in. Sorry sorry sorry...

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<http://www.TGIC-ALBANY.ORG>

KATNI JOURNAL

A Pox on Politicians. A Eunuch You Can Trust.

By BARRY BEARAK

KATNI, India — Politics makes for strange bedfellows, and when some of this city's leading citizens went looking for the strangest fellow they could find, they selected Kamla Jaan: an illiterate, foul-mouthed eunuch. They persuaded her to run for mayor.



Barry Bearak/The New York Times
Chosen in fun to run for mayor of Katni, Kamla Jaan, a 46-year-old eunuch, nevertheless won. "Voters seem to trust us," Mayor Jaan said of eunuchs. "We act only for the welfare of the people. We are not corrupt."

This was meant as sarcasm, a way to snub the major parties, whose candidates were deemed to be worthless hacks even if of more discernible gender than Ms. Jaan. Like most eunuchs in India, she has a masculine bulk and voice but prefers feminine attire and pronouns.

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"At the start, it was all for fun," said Firoz Ahmad, a prosperous businessman. "Then people got all excited. We thought the bubble would burst, but it never did."

As such things sometimes turn out, the voting masses found compelling good sense in absurd political theater. Why not a eunuch? they reasoned. Lacking a man's customary front-side equipment, these social outcasts live in segregated communes and are unable to father children. They have no heirs. They are less likely to steal.

"No car, no house, Kamla belongs to everyone!" was one campaign slogan.

News of the peculiar candidacy spread across the state of Madhya Pradesh in central India, and not only was Kamla Jaan, 46, swept into public office this past year, so were five more eunuchs from other cities and towns, including a state legislator.

In December, the neighboring state of Uttar Pradesh hopped the eunuch bandwagon, electing three more. Asha Devi, the mayor of populous Gorakhpur, won by 65,000 votes. Plans are afoot to form a national eunuchs party this month.

"Voters seem to trust us," Mayor Jaan said the other day, sunning herself in front of Katni's municipal building. Sycophants surrounded her. There seems an abundance of helpful people interested in explaining documents to a mayor who cannot read or write.

Ms. Jaan was wearing the flowing cloth of a peach-colored sari. Her teeth were stained bright red by years of chewing betel nuts. "We act only for the welfare of the people," she added in her brusque fashion. "We're not corrupt."

These political victories are a curious turn for the eunuchs, who themselves occupy a curious place in the nation's culture. In Hindi, they are called hijras, a word for people who are of neither sex. Some have been born with incompletely formed genitals and come from families too poor to try a medical enhancement. Some have been castrated.

In past centuries, hijras were the esteemed special guardians of royal harems. Their social status has since been in decline, and regard for them is replete with superstition and paradox.

Though eunuchs are generally relegated to the fringes of society, they commonly show up at happy occasions like weddings and births to sing and dance. Though their performances are often lewd, noisy and inept, their presence is thought to be lucky. Though their blessings are requested, they are paid a fee to simply shut up and go away.

"It is an unhappy life, knocking on people's doors, begging for crumbs," said Heera Bai, the eunuch who was elected to the city council in Jabalpur, a city of 1.4 million. She is as amiable as Kamla Jaan is gruff and is the guru to 20 hijra disciples. "Opportunities are closed to us and most are not as educated as I am," she said. "We leave our families at a young age and live together because no one else would want us."

Reviled, sniggered at and feared as obnoxious and even sorcerous, eunuchs would seem to make unlikely political heroes. But for those who want to express contempt for the political establishment, a eunuch's fallen social rank is a mark in favor.

In Preparation For What Is To Come

The first time I met Crowbar was at Schmooze II, in Jackson, Michigan, at the stately Crowbar Manor, bring your own tent. Al "Doc" Ackerman was there, along with Ack's publisher, Simeon Stylites, Feh! Press. What Stylites didn't know was that, owing to the doctor's popularity in Baltimore as a performance artist, before his Vienna sausage suit turned as green as the Thanksgiving buffet at Bob's Bar around the first week in December, was that Crowbar had ghostwritten several of the stories in *BLASTER: A Blaster Al Ackerman Omnibus*. It was like a romantic comedy with Cary Grant and Mae West, with Gore Vidal in drag, playing a United States Senator. We went to the largest man-made waterfall east of the Mississippi River, *en masse*, where Johnee Bennett took a picture of me writing a poem on a sheet of white card stock with a Sharpee pen—an affectation I have since outgrown. Since no chain motels honored my corporate Fina card I slept in the back of my Ford Ranger Pickup truck, The Pussy Wagon. Tell a woman you drive a truck called The Pussy Wagon and she's on you like white on rice.

Crowbar spent most of the weekend running around in a pink tutu with a ping-pong mallet he called his mal-lay, rhymes with *ballet*, saying, "Tennis, anyone?" I don't recall anyone taking him up on the offer, although one guest was shadow-fencing with a car radio aerial at his silhouette on the wall, and the best Crowbar could do was join him in a bout of dueling shadows. One thinks of Ted Danson showing Buñuel movies on a bedsheet in Mexico in *Little Treasure*.

"The tiny death," Frenchmen call an orgasm. Which always seemed a bit melodramatic, to me. More like the sneeze from snorting Bitter Dental snuff.

Then there's the image of Crowbar in a French maid's apron, a big prong out in front of him, passing a tray of homemade designer substances, during the screening, and being pelted with candy wrappers, popcorn cylinders, empty soft drink cups—even the lid off a Dixie cup ice cream with a picture of Lash Larue on the inside.

More costume changes than Bette Midler in *Mondo Bizarro*. Or Carmen Miranda.

As Crowbar remarked at the waterfall, to which he had a season's family pass, "After the deluge, me."

Jack Saunders

Here's something I disagree with Henry Miller about. He should have spent his later years as a transsexual, instead of wasting his time with all that Ping-Pong. By the time he was in his seventies he'd pretty much said all he had to say about the heterosexual experience, so he turned to Ping-Pong when he should have used the time to seek transsexual counselling and gain a whole new outlook and subject matter to write about. It would have been awesome to have seen what he could have done with the subject of tranny politics, for instance, or the whole knotty question of which shade of eyellner goes best when you're wearing a Farrah Fawcett champagne wig, pleated red miniskirt, gold high heeled pumps with your legs freshly waxed and an unironed Hawaiian sports shirt. Miller could have added a fourth volume to his *Sexus-Plexus-Nezus* trilogy and called it *Transsexus*. Do I have to publish a new edition myself?

All right, I admit to being curious about whether he ever used his big toe to give himself endless ecstasy, the way I'm doing right now. After a while it gets real hard to avoid throwing down the pencil and just screaming.

Having said this, I'll admit to a great fondness for Miller's powers of description. A couple folks've claimed that de Sade is better, but I personally don't see it. Too much cheating and wheezing, not enough throwing and blowing, as I once heard Mauriac complain about Gide.

When I was in high school I was smoking enough pot to make concentrating on the stuff I was being assigned in class difficult if not impossible. Something like *Silas Marner* or *To Kill a Mocking Bird* just didn't do it for me. In spite of strong claims in the underground press for Dostoyevsky, I could never manage to get past line 3, page 1 of *The Idiot*, so I never even tried. It took something like *Tropic of Capricorn* by Henry Miller to really hold my attention and I can remember sitting in the school restroom for long stretches, with the stall door locked in case any of my teachers sent Mr. Pelfry (the school janitor) around looking for me. I'd have my bong and my well-worn copy of *Capricorn* in the Grove Press edition and I could just spend hours in there like that, on the commode, passing out and coming to, and I remember that whenever I wasn't passed out I would be trying to sit up and focus my eyes so I could read things like Miller's great description of how much hair his piano teacher had on her twat. I read that one over and over. When you're sixteen and failing English, something like that makes a big impression.

There was also some great descriptive passages in *Sexus*, which is probably my favorite Miller book. I think I got my copy before Swifty Lazar did. I love the scene where Miller describes bopping the two chicks in the dark. Also the one where he gets the girl to use a candle and she calls him a "lewd devil." That was a long time ago, even before the Jim Hogshire/Bob Black debate, but it's a literary gem that I've never forgotten.

Your Message
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372-1027

And when I came to the description of how Miller would hollow out an apple, then fill it with whipped cream so as to triumphantly jerk off into it (and not ruin any suits in his father's tailor shop) I knew we were kindred spirits, even though, up till then, I had been using grapefruit.

From what I've read, here is perhaps my all-time favorite Miller vegetable passage: "Popeye fingered the cornucob hungrily as he approached the shed—" No, wait. I guess that's from Faulkner. Sorry.

Without going into how totalitarian our society is, I'd sorta like to quote what the poet John M. Bennett has to say about the genius of Henry Miller:

"He has signed the containment like special shroud rains. Here is a containment to the steam wail ravioli that dreams a mist clam to scour his balls and freak his ass white until he is reached tam finder pail of the don't ham your loch flopping organ man." (Too true.)

The following are all excerpts from some of my favorite passages in *Tropic of Cancer*:

"There isn't a crust of bread about by any chance," she inquires, as she squats over the bidet.

Better maybe to have only three francs in your pocket and a pair of white dogs that piddle on the corner than to taste those bruised lips.

But her bosom was distended, swollen with sewer gas....

The most prominent thing was her buttocks, which were lopsided and full of scabs; she seemed to have slightly raised her ass from the sofa, as if to let a loud fart.

Her hair was alive. (This last is probably the greatest bedbug scene ever written.)

At the time I was living at home, where we ate a lot of cabbage. It was all my mother knew how to fix, practically. She was a woman who had sixteen, seventeen, twenty dollars a week to spend on groceries, and yet cabbage was all she ever served, and the only way she knew how to do that was to boil it. So when I would be up in the bathroom with the door locked and would come to a passage in Miller that said, "Schizophrenia! Nobody thinks any more how marvelous it is that the whole world is diseased, as if they had been living on a diet of nothing but cabbage. God might just as well be a head of cabbage," it struck a responsive chord. I felt like I knew what Miller was talking about. Cabbage, boiled.

One of my favorite lines in *The World of Sex* furthers this vegetable theme: "The tuft of hair between her legs stood out so prominently that it almost looked as if she had a head of cauliflower hidden beneath her wrap."



Other insights: I like to think about the meta-physical connection between Henry Miller and Wade Boggs. Miller had Anais Nin. Wade Boggs had Margo Adams. Anyone familiar with Boggs' career and his style of play regarded him as a graceful athlete who worked hard. Viewed in this light it makes sense that after Boggs met sultry curvaceous 30-year old redhead Margo Adams in the bar of an Orange County restaurant, he would insist on no underwear after he went four for five on a day she wore no panties; that's how convinced Boggs was that these sex rituals paid off for him on the field. By 1988 Boggs had tired of the relationship and vehemently denied ever knowing Margo at first, then admitted that he had met her, but disputed that he and a friend were attacked by a knife-wielding Babe Ruth. Boggs definitely had a point, as "The Babe" had been dead for several years at the time of the scandal. Don't bullshit an old bullshitter. Miller never made Boggs look bad. Boggs made himself look bad. It was a publicity stunt, but not Miller's or "The Babe's," it was Boggs', or maybe, as Thurman Munson insisted, Lou Gehrig's. Miller had all the babes he wanted, even when he was a harmless doper at Big Sur. And I guess we all know how many seasons on television Munson starred with Yvonne DeCarlo on the Munsons, not even counting reruns, right?

Every time I take another hit on this bong, the insights flow into my brain like they would be impossible to get to bottom of if I didn't right away take another hit. Now we know that Miller lived in San Francisco and Portland for several months before he moved back in with Larry Durrell and that he met with people who knew the most beautiful paragraphs in *Black Spring* were sometimes lifted from the encyclopedia or old seed catalogues. Some of them Carl Anderson (the creator of the cartoon strip *Henry*) did put into his book—they had a surrealist character. I keep thinking this has something to do with the *Black/Hogshire* thing. The copy I got said as much, as well as I can remember. The question is, how well did Miller know Rudy Tomjanovich?

Miller himself has said that he and Tomjanovich had evolved a new cosmogony of literature. He wrote in *Tropic of Cancer*, "We shall put enough in it to be enormous." Well? Was he by chance referring to *The Enormous Room* by e. e. cummings or something? Think about it. There are a lot of crackpots out there—and Miller knew his share. Also "enormous" is a pretty big word and it will last a thousand years, at least, as prophesied in this dream I keep having that's so vivid to me that I have to put my bong down and shake myself to real-

ize where I am (in Michigan somewhere) and where Miller is (he dares). Anyway, here it is, My Henry Miller Dream:

At first, I seemed to be in a large, brightly lit airplane hanger with all my clothes off. I am scheduled to wrestle either Mike Tyson or Bob McGlynn—in fact, I may be getting ready to wrestle the entire UCLA golf team (which is something I've been dreaming about quite a lot lately), when suddenly the scene changes and I find myself in Woolfie's restaurant, down in Florida, repeatedly stabbing this rabbit that I'm holding in my lap. The rabbit keeps growing and getting bigger till it's jutting out on either side of my lap, making it hard, that is, hard for the Kentucky Pride drumsticks which are dressed in these very tight black leather sausage casings, to kick back.

Seated directly across the aisle of the cracker factory from me is Jack "The Rover" Saunders with a Henry Miller handpuppet that he keeps trying to fit over his head. The handpuppet is a very good likeness of Miller and it's holding a Ping-Pong paddle (rubber not cork or sandpaper, I think) but Jack can't get the Miller puppet over his head, and, as he's using both hands, it's impossible for him to slap it on over his fingers, so finally a chorus line of giant pickles come dancing out, there's a struggle, with lots of heavily lotioned bodies, and in the end the pickles triumphantly carry the puppet up on stage where Barney Rosset is waiting with this oversized, sentient pink banana named Frenchie. I'm sweating by now, because while all this is going on I can hear a voice behind me, that I suspect to be either the voice of my father or Eddie Fisher—for some reason I'm afraid to turn around and see who it is but the voice keeps whispering in my ear with a lot of heavy tongue action, and as I sit there squirming and stabbing the rabbit I hear it relate the following story (imagine that this very seductive and terrifically loaded and pill-up sounding voice is speaking, sorta like Oscar Wilde):

Everyone became brighter or gloomier as soon as it was learned who had been practicing hypnotism on the director of the hospital.

Some of the women were worried or excited about the things he had told them while he had been "under the spell" and "not acting himself." But most of them were relieved to know that his behavior during the past three weeks of so much uncertainty and confusion in the halls and on the stairs of the main building, what with the black-eyed Susans he had insisted on wearing scotch-taped over his eyes along with the masses of daisies and buttercups he had affected as a sort of top-knot, although his hair and beard had remained beautifully barbered, had been due to Andre's influence (the hypnotist's name was Andre) and was in no way a reflection on the standards of the clinic itself. Phlegmena, the young woman from the Physical Therapy Department, was perhaps the most disturbed. She recalled that the director had taken her aside and spoken at length, quite excitedly, about someone or something he called "the Ref of Chicago." Now, as she stared out through the grilled window of the day room and noted how the rays of late afternoon February light lay like cold fingers upon the flower beds and red brick walls, and upon the gravel paths, and flared here and there like brightly combustioned shrimps among the scurves and coats of the staff members who were on the lawn drinking from a keg of Miller Highlife and playing an extraordinary game of Laughing Rudi in the snow (a bit of a blot). Phlegmena became lost in thought. She shook her head pensively, dislodging a breath-nut. The breath-nut got into the hat and coat and made straight for the door.

Sometimes I almost think that, between us, Phlegmena and I must have invented the breath-nut; this is impossible, however, because I also remember quite distinctly, the day Phlegmena told me how she had heard inside her heart her father's voice; he told her several things; he also gave her a bad case of gas and heartburn. Actually his voice seemed to be speaking two or three inches below her heart, in much the same way that Gurdjieff is said to have communicated telepathically with the gullible Ouspensky. Having the voice speaking near her heart brought terror to Phlegmena. She felt the fear that she might at any moment take to spelling her name "Phlegmeesena"; that the most perfect metal cannot be eaten each day; that she was less desirable because she had this paternal-sounding mystery voice speaking from inside a major body cavity. Phlegmena saw again the face of her father, he who had failed so miserably both at hypochondria and health, an eccentric who before his death from logorrhea had attempted to study geology at the Imperial College of Medicine. The young girl felt a flood of wildness or wetness go over her; she couldn't tell which it was, wildness or wetness, until she realized she was perfectly dry but was trying to gouge both my eyes out with a copper emesis basin. To this day, and please understand that I sleep two or three hours every fortnight to keep my perceptions in these matters razor-keen, I have never understood why Phlegmena insisted on carrying such a barbarous and unideal thing around with her, this copper basin surmounted by a replica of the notorious Conklin Brothers Jackass Cigarette Lighter, much less why she should insist on using it as an ashtray, since she never smoked. Her only real vice, pretending, in restaurants and laundromats, to be a hillbilly. Over and over, soon as I could beat her down around the head and neck sufficiently to tear the copper emesis basin out of her frenzied grasp, and get some iodine on my cuts, I begged her to tell me exactly what it was her father had said; what sort of wanton jive had he been dishing out, to affect her so severely, I wanted to know, raising my voice so as to be heard above the roar of the train that was passing.

Did I mention that we were in the railway office of a nearby junction and had the station master tied up? Yes. It was a period in our courtship when we were visiting railroad yards, just as we would later visit traffic islands and abandoned produce sheds. I couldn't very well take Phlegmena into a restaurant or a laundromat, naturally, because of her penchant for behaving like a hillbilly in such places . . . and at length reluctantly she was persuaded to talk to me about the voice (some):

"It was the same old story," I heard her say, And reiterating: "Father's voice went on nattering and nattering, saying how it made him feel good to know that a woman was thinking of him in such a way. That is was like having her say to him, 'As a standout two-and-three-quarters-inch pencil neck you are the only one qualified to be here now in the restroom of this Conoco station, at the mirror, holding this gigantic flea up next to your face, comparing smiles.' 'An ego trip,' Father called it. Even so—the flea had been the size of a small dog,

so that, after the first hour, it had cost him quite a considerable effort to go on holding it up like that, he said. And yet he swore that the whole time he had the squirmy creature in his hands, and was lifting it up to the mirror, so as to compare smiles, he never for a moment lost sight of the breath-nut which was visible at the back of the flea's throat; the breath-nut partially enfolded within the flea's vocal cords, situated quite far back amid that gaping hell of damp strings and glottal rubbish (and one long tonsil), where it seemed to cast a fanciful and distorted shadow (from whence a moth roams about seeking beavers to dance for, if the legends about the Spartan breath-nuts who led the fullest, happiest, best adjusted lives of any breath-nuts in history are to be believed). The breath-nut's sides were lightly fussed and frocked; it seemed to, ahahaha, it seemed to stare back at him like something in its middle thirties; and Father said that, seeing it dangling there like a stinking paltry rotten little fruit, off hats off to Larry! he felt ashamed that his own breath-nut had run away. Ashamed that it was currently somewhere in the Northwest washing dishes at an Arby's, copping joints for cash, criticizing the editorials in the local liberal weeklies, going under the name of Florian Honeylegs Cramer. Then a paranoid shudder ran through her and she changed her tune and began to talk about the advantages of excess facial and body hair during the Plethora.

In reality, how many men my age are there who can boast of having a sweetheart who tells such stories, that no one in his right mind could believe!

Afterword

So that was it, some of it—my big Henry Miller Dream. One might want to sum it up in a way that means something, and here, I believe, are the keys to my dream: the first part has to do with the floor show/carnival atmosphere that is so much a part of Miller's best work (see the opening lines of *Tropic of Cancer*, etc.) and the second part of the dream, about the "breath-nut," has to do with deeper matters so that anytime I have the dream, insane epileptic reification of my own experiences deliver to me bouncing breath-nuts of wisdom and information, such as the fact that a man named Adama, who's buried in Conway (MA), invented the chicle. Which should be enough for anybody. But if it isn't and you want more insight, I suggest you try opening the hardback Grove Press edition of *Black Spring* and find page 34, line 11—then read that aloud until you reach the bottom of page 36, at which point if you've done it correctly, you should be ready to leave this world of Maya forever and become one of the fine-looking creatures, very American, dressed in a careless but not casual way over well-set-up bodies, and with responsive faces ready to drool to all four winds, that is the sort of creature that Arthur Machen always wrote about. Well, try it and see. This is really what my Henry Miller Dream is about and I would be happy to give you more dope on it except that, right about now, my toe that I mentioned back in the second paragraph is on the verge of giving me such ecstasy that I have to throw down the pencil, leave my cushion and my bong and just ROLL.

Rev. Suzy Crowbar



MY DATE WITH IRREVEREND SUZY CROWBAR By Bob Black

I thought Crowbar had his shit together, in his own odd way, in spite of his "editorial rewrites" of texts I sent to *Popular Reality*, and the time he left me stranded and, uh, dazed in the early hours, broke and hundreds of miles from home, lost somewhere in the Brooklyn war-zone he then called home. Not to mention all the aid and publicity he gave Loospanics drug-expert Jim Hogshire, when Hogshire's open-air farmer's-market-styled opium den was raided.

I was skeptical, however, when Crowbar outted himself as a transsexual. At 6'2", 230 pounds, bald, with shoulders that pounded both sides of a doorway, he/she must be quite a sight.

I was scheduled to meet Suzy and an entourage of "refugees" from an "international crisis zone", as she/he put it, in Detroit. They turned out to be British Quebecers. I had decided to wait on the U.S. side, to help in case of one of Crowbar's foul-ups, or offer legal representation. "This should be Ackerman's job", I thought when I saw the group come through. Crowbar was in spike heels, mini-skirt, revealing top, huge curly blonde wig, long dangling earrings and a stubbly jaw. Following were eight stiffs in mini-skirts and obvious wigs, including Simeon Stylites, still with full beard.

"It went without a hitch", Crowbar enthused. "We'll ditch these losers at a tranny bar a couple blocks away. A night stranded in Detroit and they'll never wanna leave Montreal again."

I was hoping to be able to ditch Crowbar there too, but no such luck. It might turn out for the better though. "Lookit the vad I got for smuggling those illegals", Suzy revealed. "Let's hit the bars." I could think of no way to refuse.

It came to me soon enough. With Simeon in the back seat, quiet and expressionless in his wig and mini-skirt, Crowbar started rubbing my thigh as I drove. Feigning drunkenness, I hit a telephone pole head-on and jumped from the car. Crowbar was adjusting his/her wig. Simeon sat, unruffled and quiet in the back. "I'll go call for help!" I shouted as I hurried away to call a cab -- for myself.

Before I was out of sight, I turned back to see Crowbar unglamorously trying to wave down passing cars while Simeon sat quietly, expressionless, in the back seat.

THE INTERNATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR GENDER EDUCATION

IFGE is an information provider and clearinghouse for referrals about all things which are transgressive of established social gender norms. Basic membership is \$35 per year. Subscriptions to *Transgender Tapestry* are \$40. For more info phone (781) 899-2212, e-mail info@ifge.org, write to: IFGE, PO Box 540229, Waltham, MA 02454-

SEEING GOD

Souls in Chevys, driving the streets
in this free joyous sun shining here,

where people contemplate the seasons,
and toil in the places that they dwell.

I am the woman in the long black dress,
walking Magnolia Street through time, or
space, being the line of God just now so
innocent, struck by the spirit of lamps.

Boy of the times of newspapers, delivering
the news, keeping my secret so thoroughly,

the eastern horizon, so often, beginning
to glow red in promise, spinning our path.

Transsexual spittles, tumble like leaves,
red, white and blue, falling in shame and

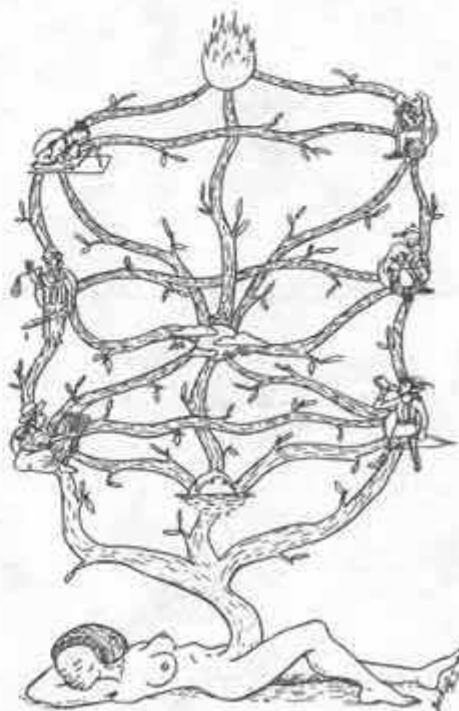
scorn, denigrated in the halls of Congress
by legislators, reflecting popular biases.

In this tunnel of transformation, illumina-
tion is by guts, patience of the pyra-
mids, purring in your nerves, and learning
to breathe, in the chaos of mental coloring.

Seeing this divine, in Lansing in '99, we
indicate the lights inside of us, working

our jobs, facing our fears at six am dark-
ly, like the embrace of a lover we have.

C Erica Crowley



ANIS III TESSE TREE

EJ Barnes

From Tina Andrus (12/17/02 16:05):

I had a really great dream, and I had to write it down. Here 'iz. Pass it on, it's free. I waive all copyright, don't even sign it. It's from the Cosmos to everyone.

The Dream

I WAS ANGRY
BECAUSE NOTHING MATTERED
NOTHING HAD MEANING
THERE WAS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING WHATEVER
THAT HAD ANY MEANING AT ALL
NOTHING MATTERED, NOTHING AT ALL
AND I WAS ANGRY AND GETTING ANGRIER AND ANGRIER
AND MORE AND MORE UPSET
BECAUSE NOTHING HAD ANY MEANING AT ALL, NOTHING
MATTERED

I began to raise a ruckus
I found myself sitting on this rickety-rickety thing
And I could rock it and make it make noise so I did

I sat and rocked this rickety-rickety thing
And yelled out loud and made such a ruckus
And I made such a fuss and yelled out loud, I did

I could not contain my anger so this was what I did
Yelling and rocking this rickety-rickety thing I was
Sitting on to express my anger because nothing
Had any meaning at all

Was there somebody with me? Somehow I had
The feeling somebody was there with me, but that
Somebody was totally passive, making no comment,
Not interacting at all. So I'm not so sure
There was even anybody there at all

Then some people came as I was yelling
And rocking this rickety-rickety thing
And making a ruckus because I was
So angry because nothing had meaning

I had gotten the attention of these people
And they were angry with me for being such
A disturbance. They actually threw things
At me, things that looked like empty cans
And I kicked one back and hit this guy
in the head with it. So these people
were very, very angry with me

Then I woke up from this dream and I had
To ponder it all
Then I went back to sleep

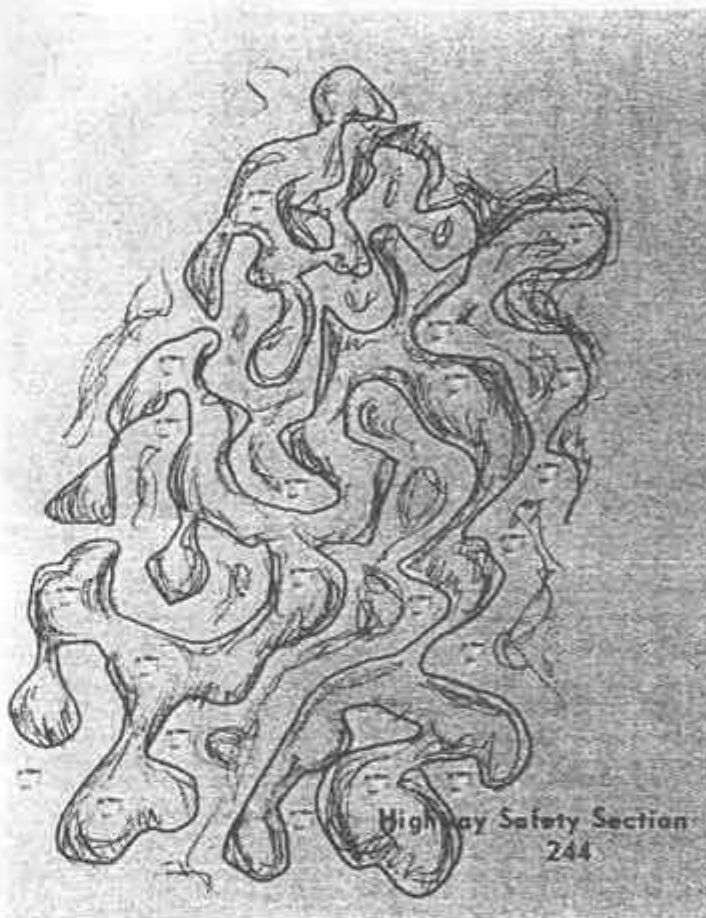
And I resumed the dream except I began
To be constructive rather than destructive

I was doing something like finger painting
In this squiggly stuff trying to make
Meaning and sense out of all the meaninglessness of it
all

Another person came along and said "What are
You doing?" I said, "I'm doing squiggles
in this stuff trying to make meaning of it all
Nothing has meaning to me and I can't stand that
So I'm squiggling in this stuff to make
it all have meaning." He said, "Can I do
this with you?" I said, "Yes, of course,
Come and help." So now there were
Two of us making squiggles in this stuff
With our fingers just to give ourselves
Something to do so that life would begin to
Have some meaning. Soon there were others
With us squiggling with our fingers in this stuff

Then three other people showed up and
They looked different from us. They were
Just different from us in some way not at
All easy to describe. I gave each one
A hug because it came to me that caring
Is what gives meaning to everything.
So I hugged these people who were different
Just because they were different and they
Would know I cared

And then as the dream progressed, all the
Normal busy activity of a day with people
Doing stuff and interacting and making things
Happen fell back into place and meaning
Was back in full force. Caring is what
Makes a difference. Caring about it all
And all the people in it all is the sanity
that gives it all meaning.



WE ARE THE WORDS APPEARING ON THIS PAGE

We are the words appearing on this page before you, reader,
and only with your sight are we to say what once upon a time our
writer may have thought.

Not all of us have yet arrived, though we are certain that to
you we seem as stationary now as any other sentence you have ever
read.

We rest easy with ourselves, we words; when you avert your
eyes we wait patiently for their return.

We rest easy in this bloodless and eternal isolation.

We are modest to the bitter end.

LangCore

Don't sweat the petty things; pet the sweaty things.

NO WORKING TITLE

They will give it to you
staring down at the sneakers you grabbed off
of somebody's lawn / they will give it to you
your wage an embarrassment like a hump on
your back / they will give it to you in the
food line with expired foods and questionable
meat / they will give it to you snorting
television through a black hole brain
satisfied at being paid to be mute / they will
give it to you when you forget your shoes at
disabled gym class / they will give it to you
while you wait for the wheelchairs to move
so you can get to the dumbbells / they will give
it to you when you're 29 and picking up
penises in somebody's driveway because you
did too much alcohol in your middle class
childhood and you can't afford
to lift your head
they will give it to you as you work through
the first frost of a California winter tearing
out dead geraniums behind a middle class house
they will give it to you with muscle despair
and failing and pretending that standing on a
steep hill for three hours pulling up hard
grass doesn't hurt
they will give it to you when they don't
bother
to hire you back
and then you will know what shame is

THE NEW HERMAPHRODITE

by George Petros

—ONE—

In the future the perfect human being will be a hermaphrodite — an intersexual fusion of genders combining male and female genitalia, male and female hormones — Hermes and Aphrodite, god and goddess, diablo and diablo.

Intersexuality — common in the Animal Kingdom — is the mingling of the sexual characteristics of both male and female within a single creature. Intersexual creatures combine aspects of genital form and reproductive organs, thereby exhibiting contradictions of the morphological criteria of gender.

Intersexual human beings — hermaphrodites — possess both testicular and ovarian gonadal tissues and exhibit ambiguous gender — in other words they have both a penis and a vagina. They have androgen-estrogen interactions that can result in dual modes of sexual behavior. Perhaps the reader envisions "chicks with dicks," "pre-op" hookers, outrageous "she-males," or twisted Victorian nightmares — many seem "real," but statistically speaking such stereotypes are based more on pornographic empiricism than on research: the preponderance of natural intersexuality occurs among the world's worms, slugs and snails.

Intersexual humans are rarely true hermaphrodites — they rarely exhibit simultaneously "perfect" genitalia of both genders and they rarely possess equal amounts of testicular and ovarian tissue. A chromatin gender determination test performed upon a true hermaphrodite can result in either a positive (female) or a negative (male). Most intersexual humans are either female pseudohermaphrodites or male pseudohermaphrodites exhibiting one or more contradictions of gender but with only ovarian or only testicular tissue (and whose chromatin test results in a positive or negative depending on "primary" gender).

Less than one one-hundredth of one percent of the human population are hermaphrodites. Throughout history they have been hidden away, fetishized, loved, pursued by adventurous romantics wishing for bisexual bliss and farreted out by witch hunters wishing for victims. The degree to which their various genital apparatuses developed no doubt contributed to both their fortunes and their misfortunes. Every once in a while a true hermaphrodite must have appeared, stepping forth from heaven like a great genetic gift for some lucky lover.

Today, if we describe an "ideal" hermaphrodite as possessing the morphologically perfect genitalia of both sexes, and divorce the concept of hermaphroditism from reproduction, then we can assume that it's possible for almost any healthy human being to become hermaphroditic by way of surgical, chemical and psychological processes.

Tomorrow, if we describe an ideal hermaphrodite as an individual of "both sexes" capable of sexual activity with both genders and capable of both insemination and gestation and/or asexual reproduction (and perhaps as being an indispensable part of the normal sexual activity of non-hermaphrodites), then we can predict that it should be possible to produce hermaphrodites by genetic engineering.

But this is today, and the limits of today's technology describe the area in which our imaginations may range; similarly, the limits of today's sexual mores describe an area beyond which lies only our dreams. There are two ways to become hermaphroditic — birth and surgery. Perhaps someday there will be a third — genetic engineering, as mentioned — and perhaps in some science-fictional future even further-out fantasies of bisexuality and self-replication will become realities.

Biological and historical overviews are in order: in the beginning some deities punished humanity, or some deities rewarded humanity, or some aliens had intercourse with humanity, or some time travelers made a mistake — thus appeared the first human being having the sex organs of both genders.



The word "hermaphrodite" comes from Greek mythology — Hermaphroditus was the son of Hermes (commerce, invention) and Aphrodite (beauty, love). To fulfill his particular desires he joined himself into one body with the water nymph Salmacis. Unsatisfied with his new form, he laid a curse upon a fountain in which he swam so that other bathers in it became intersexual like him.

Every person begins life as a hermaphrodite. The fetus possesses undifferentiated sexual glands that will eventually become either ovaries or testes according to the vagaries of chromosomal mechanics. There are two genders because two are enough to generate the maximum number of potential genetic recombinations, assuring virtually every healthy individual of mating with a member of the "opposite sex." A "third sex" would be impractical — reproduction must remain a relatively simple matter, at least until humanity's survival is guaranteed. But after that —

Hermaphrodites as they exist today do not constitute a third sex, but in the future, in "three-way" sexual relationships, they could provide as-yet-unimagined forms of erotic stimulation. Through carefully cultivated collective fetishism, such stimulation could become indispensable to human reproduction — just like all the other signals and activities that bring people to easy orgasm.

References to hermaphroditism are plentiful in history and literature, but the reader should regard them with a grain of salt. The ages have seen much censorship, mistranslation, misquotation, misogyny and homophobia, and such obstacles to objectivity make all sources suspect. The concept of hermaphroditism has become interchangeable with transvestitism, homosexuality and androgyny to the point where all represent the same archetype.

The people of ancient India referred to intersexual humans as "hijiras" and accorded them the status of females while simultaneously despising and revering them. The Romans considered them as oracles and demigods, and treated them with disdain. The Navajo Amerinds recognized three sexes: male, female and "nadle," ostracizing the latter, who they considered to be of "both sexes." Renaissance Europeans entertained two principal literary interpretations of hermaphroditism — "mythic androgyny" and "satiric androgyny." The mythic variety embodied allegories of union and togetherness. Satirical androgyny represented a "split" as well as ostentation and campiness, and often hinted at flamboyant aspects of homosexuality. Today porno, exotica and a general fascination with medical anomalies and unusual sexual practices inform the prevailing view of hermaphroditism.

Thus far the question has been: "What is a hermaphrodite?" The word "freak" is vulgar and charged with hierarchical heartache — hermaphrodites are simply different types of people who can be very beautiful. Harsh attitudes are unfortunate, but in fact most societies have frowned upon them and regarded them as "imperfect" in addition to "abnormal" — the Romans characterized them as "tragic." However, they are not tragic at all; perhaps they represent a mutation towards some higher form — a streamlined, self-perpetuating form waiting deep within the intricacies of human DNA.

Assuming hermaphrodites to be a step in the direction of perfection, it is necessary to re-examine the historical aversion to them. Eventually they might become desirable to a broader range of people; ultimately many non-hermaphrodites might want to become intersexual to some degree. After all, whatever can happen will happen (genetically speaking), so why not usher in the inevitable with an orgasmic outreach to a future unknown? The question becomes: "Who wants to become a hermaphrodite?"

Who will lie down beneath the surgeon's blade? Who will change their very bodies into new animals? A better civilization could arise out of the bipolar ashes of human imperfection — or widespread hermaphroditism could become the straw that breaks civilization's back. Either way, who will say, "I do!"

The process of becoming hermaphroditic through surgery depends on technologies developed in furtherance of transsexuality, the cutting edge of body modification.

Body modification is the deliberate reconstruction of the human form. It encompasses any practice or procedure that changes a human being's morphological parameters. Depending on the extent of the modifications and the prevailing degree of hygiene and medical sophistication, body modifiers can restore the faces of accident victims, create sexual signals where nature has proven deficient, or perpetuate sadistic mutilations from which lifetimes of horrors will bloom. Throughout history, by the patient application of either science or superstition (or both), body modifiers have proven themselves capable of making anybody into anything.

Present-day techniques make possible a complete transformation from one gender to the other. Individuals who undergo "sex-change" or sex-reassignment procedures are transsexuals. As pioneers of the flesh, transsexuals are members of an entirely new, transcendent human type unlike either of the primal genders from which they draw their genetic and emotional material.

Transsexuals undergo surgical correction of "gender dysphoria," a condition in which their gender identity is in conflict with their sexual anatomy, causing physical discomfort and psychological rejection of the "normal" biological and social roles of male or female. Transsexuality is often confused with homosexuality, but about half of all transsexuals remain sexually attracted to members of their newly achieved gender.

Sex reassignment surgeries for men make a nerve-rich segment of the otherwise-removed penis the fleshy basis of a neocitoris (through a procedure called clitoroplasty) and construct a vaginal canal out of muscle and skin and nerves and transplanted mucous membranes (vaginoplasty). Auxiliary procedures include breast enlargement, thyro-arytenoid muscle resectioning (to elevate vocal pitch) and the fabrication of a neourethra, as well as prolonged hormonal and nutritional therapies.

For women, intensive plastic surgeries extend and incorporate the clitoris and urinary tract into a fleshy appendage, which becomes a penis (phalloplasty), and manipulate the labia to blend into the groin (labioplasty). Female-to-male transformation can also involve the implantation of either a fluid-pressure penile prosthesis that, by the actions of a pump and reservoir, injects water into spongy material, stiffening the appendage, or an implanted rigid silicone rod that creates a permanent state of erection. Radical mastectomies, hair transplants and prolonged hormonal and nutritional therapies complete the program.

Surgical transsexuality represents the cutting edge of medical science. It is a dangerous, costly and protracted process that only the most daring and ambitious sufferers of gender dysphoria will endure. It takes several difficult years to complete. Since there's no guarantee that things will go well in any surgery — especially surgeries as experimental and risky as sex reassignments — some unfortunate people's lives have been ruined by fine blades making erroneous swipes, ill-guided steel tubes piercing bladder walls, bad nerve splicings that leave faces twitching, or countless other mistakes.

Not every sex change is successful. Not every sex change is even completed. Sometimes fortune or social circumstance change during the long transition from girl to boy or from boy to girl. Some procedures may be too costly or painful to be continued. Many partially transformed individuals are unable to further modify themselves due to a lack of surgical success or money or resolve. They often live out their lives in confusion and depression (or else they join the "hermaphrodite" bookers — usually "pre-op" males enjoying the fruits of hormonal therapies — who haunt sex ads and red-light districts).

Most individuals who undergo sex-reassignment surgeries and related procedures adjust to their new anatomies and lead productive, fulfilled lives. Throughout their protracted transition from gender A to gender B, they're able to engage in all sorts of sexual activities — and many of them cherish those unique transitory pleasures.

Some transformers avail themselves of both transgender technologies. Those clever ones become "transsexual hermaphrodites" — and live happily ever after.

As the number of transsexual hermaphrodites increases, society will undergo a commensurate transformation that will be part sexual liberation and part reactionary regression. They might polarize public opinion in the same way that "sex-change" pioneers did during the mid-Twentieth Century — but unlike transsexuals, the new hermaphrodites will be an obvious addition to the body politic rather than blending in among the billions of single-gender individuals.

It's most likely that the initial hermaphroditic trend will embrace elements of androgyny, because androgynous physical types can easily adopt the fashions and affects of both genders. As personal tastes evolve, any physical type of human being will be able to transform with impunity via varying combinations of gender-bending possibilities. As a result, all sorts of new weirdoes will appear in the sex business.

Ultimately, if scientific trends continue, genetic engineers will produce hermaphrodites. Chromosomal materials that dictate the natural occurrence of intersexuality will be isolated and the appropriate genes recombined so that carefully planned "natural-born" ideal hermaphrodites will come into existence. At first they might be responses to the demands of fetishistic billionaires with plenty of patience. If genetic hermaphroditism works out, some adventurous parents might desire children of the newly created gender. "Hermaphrodite" will become just another

option on the menu of possible traits available from libraries of "natural" DNA samples and their synthesized, patented analogs. The prenatal subjects no doubt will be imbued with other desirable-physical and mental qualities so that ideal hermaphrodites could be among, or stand alone as, a new breed of "super people."

Not everybody will welcome new physical types. Governments and religions and corporations and Luddites will attempt to contain and control hermaphroditism. Great controversies will arise in which ethical questions about artificially induced hermaphroditism will become subservient to the pragmatism of politics, advertising and philosophy. Will asexual reproduction be legal? Will hermaphrodites live among the general population? Will they be able to be polygamous? The only thing that will settle such controversies will be the level of power to which the hermaphrodites can rise.

Mechanical and electronic components eventually will replace parts of the fragile human body. Nerves will interact with wires as computers and psychic superchargers augment the mind. Sex organs will scramble together until it's impossible to tell what's bio from what's techno and what's male from what's female. Hermaphroditic whores, bisexual biomachines, sick sideshow freaks, or the perfect lover — whatever turns you on!

—TWO—

Like everyone else of my time I was taught to stay away from hermaphrodites. Everyone knows they're bad news and they're nothing but trouble from which the most exquisite grief will come. They look good and they smell good and on the surface they're very alluring and seductive, but once they get their cocks into you, and yours into them, you're pretty much hooked until either you die or you get with the lucky few who manage to escape.

I was taught that hermaphrodites are shit-stupid lying whores who hate us because we were born male or female and can therefore go to heaven when we die, and I was also taught that we move forward in time with them through an adaptive evolution that makes our symbiosis a fact by default because some scientists said that's the way it's gotta be thousands of years ago. But I believe that the evolutionary mechanism is fucked up.

I was under their spell, and I sat there and cheered them on as they burned me out, fucked me, sucked me, did me up, and drained me dry.

One night I was at a party and a hermaphrodite was there. I avoided "it" but of course I was very polite. The heavy drugs came out and the hermaphrodite looked at me with a sultry sort of "you can do exactly anything to me" quasi-telepathic allure. Little boy's eyes, little girl's eyes — I took that first forbidden step in the wrong direction when I went over and said, "Hello."

In the beginning it was all good. Every once in a while a hermaphrodite or two would come over and chill me out. They were engineered so fine — they're a true crossbreed. You take the giant cock into your mouth and slowly squeeze it with your lips and then move it out of the way so you can smartly lick the peachy pussy — it starts there. You squeeze a little harder, lick a little longer and they start to do all these crazy things to you. You would think that they could simply do the heterosexual and homosexual things in different combinations, each of which would be amazing — however, that would all be predictable, and you would have expected even the most extreme stuff. But a hermaphrodite is different than that. It's as if sexual potential increases in some wild geometric progression so that performance prowess increases exponentially. They're like drugs because you gotta have it but unlike drugs because the experience is always totally new.

As time went on it got bad. I started seeing more of them. It's a mental thing: you want that awful cock vibrating inside you, and you want to fuck that exploding pussy at the same time. The monosexual human mind was not designed to fathom both of those things simultaneously, and the chemicals in the brain overload and part of your mind shuts down and you can see everything in such a beautifully clear reality and you're getting your lights fucked out and suddenly you come — it's just too much, and you become addicted.

Hermaphrodites are taking over the world because they're different and smart and everybody's afraid to even criticize them and they've amassed so much power and wealth and fame and immortality and insular arrogance and seething hatred of each and every one of us — you see, they're like a third sex that can breed

with itself in a cloning sort of asexual way. They don't need any monosexual input. They fuck us for the same reason we fuck them. Hermaphrodites are self-contained and aren't necessary for anything, really. One of the biggest questions in the history of science is why exactly they were created in the first place. But they're here and we've either got to kill them or learn to live with them.

Their own kind have warned them not to fuck us, that we're a step backwards, that we're dirty and primitive — can you blame some of them for wanting to check us out? But fuck them. They lower our intelligence. They infect boys and girls alike. They twist us up into big balls of shit.

But most of them go about their business-as-usual of taking over the world, steadily and surely, and ignore us except when they want entertainment.

I've been staying away from them. It's been a long time since I sat there crying and coming, hoping for beautiful things when I knew all along that all they would give me was weirdness and porno images and spent seed. I think about them all the time, and about how everybody always warned me that hermaphrodites are really fucked up.



Obie, the cat who hates "grooming" (or, being groomed) has recently experienced, as has his owner, bouts of feline gender dysphoria.

Work Virus

There is a new virus going around, called "work". If you receive any sort of "work" at all, whether via email, internet or simply handed to you by a colleague...DO NOT OPEN IT.

Work has been circulating around our building for months and those who have been tempted to open "work" or even look at "work" have found that their social life is deleted and their brain ceases to function properly.

If you do encounter "work" via email or are faced with any "work" at all, to purge the virus, send an email to your boss with the words "Sorry...I'm off to Home Depot." The "work" should then be automatically deleted from your brain.

If you receive "work" in paper-document form, simply lift the document and drag the "work" to your garbage can. Put on your coat and skip to the nearest cafe with two friends and order three double chocolate espressos. After repeating this action 10 times, you will find that "work" will no longer be of any relevance to you.

Send this message to everyone in your address book. If you do not have anyone in your address book, then I'm afraid the "work" virus has already corrupted your life.



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