

TV GUISE

Vol. 1, Issue 5

An Agenda of Gender

August, 1991

TV A Winner!

The Tower Theatre hosted a benefit screening of *Paris Is Burning* on August 9th. A scrumptious buffet in the main lobby preceded the film, which was sold out. Drag Queens were outnumbered by less flamboyant TV's, including Christina, Roberta, Sheryl Ann and this writer. Channel 3, the Bee, and Mom Guess What provided press coverage.

Billed as fun for the whole "Family," the benefit for the Lambda Community Center also included TV 58's (I thought it was gonna be a cool rock band)—Matias Bombal, who emceed the opening and the raffle. Yes, a raffle. And, guess what?

YES! I WON!! Picture me in a new hair-do, darlings. Top right is the old mop while the lower photo is after the styling magic of Hal Griffith.

Golly-gee, there I was sitting and chatting with a couple of womyn couples, already had my heels off and shoved under my chair when they announced the next prize: A custom color, cut and style donated by a local salon. And then—Matias called my number!

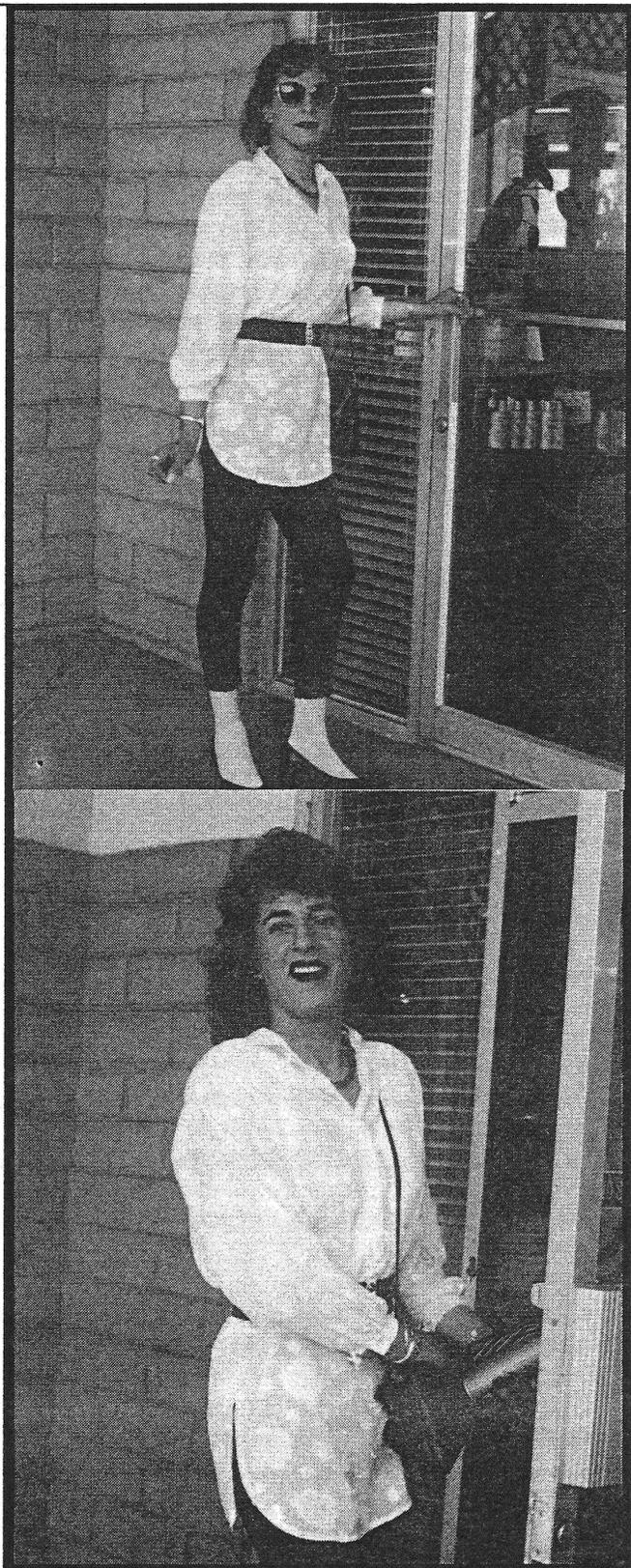
I almost peed trying to find my heels.

The film is an outstanding effort in that it is a real-life look at part of the New York City culture known as "Drag Balls." This is not a film for those who want everything to look "nice." Real life isn't pretty sometimes and this is captured. So are the hopes and dreams of the disenfranchised.

Paris Is Burning makes an eloquent statement to the Human Spirit's ability to rise above oppression.

Go see it.

Calendar— see back page



Billie Jean Blabs

Dear Darlings,

Lotta stuff going on these days. And, since I see few cross-dressers out on the playground, I'll just be blabbing about what I've been doing and with who. (Do you suppose those people who seldom get out are too busy? Or, too timid—gee, I hope a few more people get off there duff and come out to play.)

So I met these two cool lesbians at Our Place and we blabbed and blabbed and laughed and laughed about all kindsa stuff. I had met Marci previously, when I dragged on over to Our Place to check out Helena Holiday's show. Marci introduced herself while I was slipping the battery into my stun gun. Anyway, here I was a week later, sipping a mineral water and waiting to find out if I could hang up some new flyers for charity events. "Hey, I know you," a voice sang out. Lo and behold, it was Marci with her friend Lori.

"Oh, hi," I said.

"Remember me? I talked to you about that— buzzer thing," she asked.

"Oh, yeah," I answered as the swirl of faces and voices I've been meeting solidified into that memory, "I was in drag then."

"Are you surprised I recognized you?" she asked.

"No," I answered, "Womyn (notice the politically correct lesbian spelling of womyn?) usually recognize me. Men usually don't—I believe womyn see through the appearance, into the eyes, and they recognize the person."

"They say the eyes are the windows to the soul," said Lori, introducing herself. "What kind of flyers do you have?"

So I showed them my folder of flyers, gave 'em copies of TV Guide, and found some photos of me "dressed."

"Hmmm, uhuh, uhuh. Oh, this is cute," Lori said, holding up a photo of me in all white— skirt, blouse, stockings, shoes and accessories.

"Oh yeah, the only time I wore that outfit was to the Victory Brunch after coronation of the Empress, last April. I walked into Faces at 11am on Sunday expecting to join thirty drag queens, only—except for the old and new Empresses and the Duchess—I was the only person in drag."

"Ha-ha-ha," they both laughed. "Hey Suzanne (the bartender), check this out..."

So we all laughed and slapped high fives (the sound of one hand clapping in cooperation with another).

"Nobody knows I'm a lesbian," Lori said. "I mean at work. I got this job a couple of years ago and I have to wear dresses and nylons after years of pants and jeans— I feel like I'm in drag. All these gestures, the walk, the way you sit; you know, the clothes teach you how to act."

"Ah, yes," I agreed.

So then they wanted to know if I dressed in order to have sex with men.

I explained that while I had a curiosity, and had traded oral sex with a couple of men, I was attracted to womyn whether I perceived, expressed and presented myself as feminine or masculine; and that I couldn't tell the difference

between a sexually attractive or sexually unattractive man.

"Your a lesbian!" Marci concluded.

So the Truth is out.

We shared our individual spirits for another hour before I slipped into the night and glided home. Golly-gee, I was still basking in the warm glow the next day.

The ETVC "Friendship Night" was fun. We all had to gather enough signatures to fill up a bingo card, in order to play "Friendship Bingo." What a great excuse to circulate, meet new friends, and be silly playing bingo. Of course, it really helps to have over a hundred people to "draw" from.

I met a person who was a first-timer at a cross-dresser social and we blabbed off and on during the evening. This person's wife was initially confused and upset that her husband wanted to dress and go out. See, they've got kids in their late twenties and one over thirty, and all of a sudden she finds this out. So she went to see a counselor who had experience with CD's. "What happened?" I asked.

"When I got home that night, she told me she understood better, and everything's fine. She helped me get clothes, make up and this wig" (a cute swirl of red-brown curls). "When I got dressed tonight, and got in the car—I had it parked in the garage—she had left a red rose on the dash."

"Cool," I said.

Later in the evening we were saying good-bye and this person was looking around the room, taking in the sights, "You know," they began, "I've done some goofy things in my life— but this..."

"I know what you mean," I said, "for me, it's better than parachuting but people seem to accept that easier than me being a public cross-dresser."

Oh! I wanna tell ya about Bette. Bette is another cool lesbian I had met previously. So anyway, after the SGA Executive Board meeting of July something or other, I went upstairs to check out the Modern Star Images show at Joseph's. It was a pretty good show, had a lotta local talent, some out of town performers, and Lauren. Golly, if I was ever to fall for another person... Lauren is in that category. It's probably a good thing I saw Bette then. She was looking real sharp in a black tuxedo, gold cummerbund, pink bow tie. I was in a shiny purple outfit— oversized shirt top and billowing pants. "Bette," I exclaimed, "you look great!"

"You look nice, too" she said, "you always look nice." (Tell me again, please.)

"I wish I had my camera, I'd love a picture of us together," I said.

"I've got mine," she smiled.

(Continued on next page)

The entire contents of **TV Guide** are ©1991 by Billie Jean Jones, except as noted. All Rights Reserved. This is a work of fiction and any resemblance to actual persons, activities, or locations is entirely coincidental.

Letters, submissions of articles, features, or stories may addressed to 3430 Balmoral Drive #10, Sacramento, CA 95821; however, no liability is assumed.

So now I have this cool photo. Check it out.



Coupla weeks later I ran into Bette again at a benefit for the Lavender Angels held at the Mercantile Saloon. She was in cowgirl gear and was carrying a donation bucket for the Cowboy/girl contest being conducted by CGNIE.

Before I get to that, I wanna backtrack a little. I go to a fair number of gay/lesbian events because they put on a lot of events, and because I've made friends through mutual self-acceptance— meaning that I accept me and they accept themselves, and so we have that in common. Also, gay males, for the most part, are attracted to men and not men who look like womyn (and lesbians are attracted to womyn, not men who look like womyn). So, I generally feel less threatened, being alone at a gay/lesbian location/event. And, on a person to person basis, I've had some great conversations and made new friends. However, there is a fringe element of people who attend said locations/events, who are not so self-accepting, and who are, perhaps, not gay but are looking for a sexual encounter without the hang-ups of friendship, romance or eroticism, and without regard for the other person. In other words, they act like jerks. So, while I was trying to get out on the patio where the show was being performed, one of these selfish, rude persons came up behind me in the crowded corridor and nuzzled his pelvis into my derriere. I stepped forward a half-step. He followed, placed a hand on my hip and pressed into me while saying: "Ummm, I could do this all night long."

Well, darlings, I couldn't go any further without pushing somebody, so I reached for my stun gun, turned around and bellowed in a very unladylike voice, "HEY FUCKER, DO YOU KNOW WHAT A 65,000 VOLT STUN GUN IS!?"

My, my, my. He sure jumped backward fast. A couple of guys behind him had to kinda hold him up. Sure were a lotta people smiling there in the ol' crowded corridor.

See? You have a right to protect yourself when you are

harassed.

I wiggled through the crowd and got out on the patio just in time to get invited to a front row seat. So I sat. Turned out that Bette had been sitting there but when she came back she wouldn't take the seat. Instead she crouched next to me and put her arm around my stockinged leg. It was great! We blabbed for a while and Bette told me she was a Ms. Gay Cowgirl contestant because I talked her into it. So, if you see Bette toting her can around (no pun intended), give her a buck or two.

This benefit netted about \$250.00 for the Lavender Angels, a street patrol that uses non-confrontational techniques to deter harassment of gays and lesbians by that mangled portion of our American society that perpetuates hatred through violence. It's the American way, you know. I mean, think about this: This country was founded on genocide. The entire native culture was destroyed, the majority of its citizens murdered. I almost cry when I read about groups like the Traditional Values Coalition, a hate group trying to oppressively enforce their fascist views on the majority of citizens. They want to honor and protect the "Judeo-Christian values this great country was founded on." Tell me about it: Murder, torture, slavery, racism, sexism— mind control. Several million native inhabitants, living in harmony with the Earth, murdered. I'm not proud to be an "American" when I consider that.

Look at the history of the world: 35 million Africans murdered by the British; 10 million on the continent of India by the French and British; untold millions by the Spanish in South America— all civilizations that celebrated Life, and were snuffed out by Judeo-Christian "pioneers." A legacy to be proud of? Values that should be maintained? Are we ready for another Spanish Inquisition? Another Italian Inquisition?

What happened to freedom? An annual report by the United Nations Development Program (a UN body) ranks the United States of America 13th in basic human freedoms of 88 nations assessed; 7th when it comes to health, education and equal pay.

The US is the world's biggest debtor nation; our largest annual export is garbage; and since 1989, we do not grow enough food to feed our citizens. The US is second only to the USSR in imprisoning the highest percentage of its citizens— and the vast majority of our prisoners are incarcerated for victimless crimes.

Our National Father Figure, George Bush, announced a "Kindler, gentler America" and promptly invaded Panama (Bend over boys, and see a thousand points of light); declared a "War on Drugs" at a proposed cost of 5.7 billion— to add to our prison population, requiring more prisons, guards and police (handy in the unlikely event of civil disobedience), and forgoing an opportunity to tax dope and fund health care, housing, a cleaner environment and reduce crime associated "with illegal" drugs (the number 1 killer drug is nicotine, and ya gotta getta load of this: Bush's Energy Plan is to drill for more oil!); the Grand Old Party and our National Father

(Continued on next page)

Billie Jean — (Continued from page 3)

Figure then carefully orchestrated a campaign of pro-military propaganda as a solution to cultural, political and religious differences half-way around the world, and aroused the US population addicted to television (the "wrong" kind of TV) to a feverish pitch of patriotism, highlighted by the Super Bowl Show: The American flag superimposed over the Disneyland half-time show brought to you by MacDonalds, Coke, Major League Sports and God—and culminating in a "Victory" over an "oppressor" (who's still in power) at a cost of untold billions and large chunks of potentially irreplaceable life-sustaining environment. But we can't help the Kurds, or stop the systematic destruction of Tibetan culture and people (two million gone and counting). And in response to European Bloc Communist countries request for help, Father George responded: "Not unless they institute economic reforms." Notice we're not talking Democracy here, we're talking Money. That's the "New World Order."

Anyway, back to the show: Vannah did her Splish-Splash number complete with dancing shower curtain and towel wrapped around her Imperial bod. Nice touch with the lavender hair. She even called upon this writer to draw a raffle ticket for a TV set (I'm my own TV) and said good words about this rag (thanks Vannah!).

While there were several notable performances, the one that caught my attention was by Miss Robby. This was her first performance since April, the first time in "drag" since the night of coronation when Miss Robby stood in the hallway hoping to be crowned Empress. Five men carried a wooden sarcophagus to the stage, stood it on end and vanished. Music up—the door swings open and Robby steps out in the same gown she was wearing in April, which she strips off revealing a spaghetti strap, form-fitting, slinky dress—yes: The rebirth of Miss Robby. Way to go, girl!

Courage to overcome— isn't that what it's all about? Rise from the ashes and fly; stand up for yourself— die a thousand deaths to live one life. That's real strength; and hard work Sniveling, back-stabbing and assassination are the coward's way; the easy way. Which path do you follow? Do you blame yourself, or someone else?

End of today's sermon.

Luv,

Calling Brave TV's

TV Guise is interested in interviewing people who perceive themselves as Transvestites— cross-dressers who do so for pleasure; both male-to-female and female-to-male, and who do not perceive themselves as gender-conflicted— in other words, men who like to dress in women's clothes but are happy to be men, and women who like to dress in men's clothes but are happy to be women. An additional requirement is to be willing to have an interview published. TV Guise will publish assumed names, and all interviewees have the final say on what is published.

TS SYNDROME

An Open Letter

© Roxanne

I have several dear friends who are at various milestones on the TS path. I've discussed going out in public with them (yes, dressed) and been told: "I'm a real woman— I have a lot invested and I can't go back, and I can't risk it."

As a friend, I am certainly willing to support them in whatever they need for their growth right now.

However, I have to ask them: "If you are a 'girl (woman)' now, what difference does it make with whom you are seen? What about all of our GG friends in the community who went out with you when you were just a TV like the rest of us? If you are that uncertain about your femaleness, why are you changing? Why did you have the surgery? What about the club and the 'community' that was there for you when you needed them? Do you think your life is suddenly going to be full of friends who don't know your background? Few people in the community-at-large can make a cadre of friends that quickly."

It hurts to have some your dearest friends reject an important part of you. And yes, this path we've chosen, or find ourselves on, isn't an easy one. But I'm comfortable being a TV. And I'm not ashamed to be in public (I can still get scared sometimes, though).

And some of my TS friends have gotten over the Syndrome, realizing how silly it is and how valuable true friends are.

And I Love You all. And probably always will.

— Roxanne



Conversation with Mike

TVG: "Hi, Mike. Come on in. Here, have a seat and relax. Have you ever seen this magazine: *Tapestry*?"

M: "No. I never knew things like this existed."

TVG: "Well, take a look while I put batteries in my tape recorder."

M: "Okay."

TVG: "So, you were the female athlete and involved student all the way through high school?"

M: "Until the very end of my senior year. In April of that year, I said, like, forget this: It's time to change; I've been doing this shit for too long."

TVG: "You mean playing a role that wasn't who you really were?"

M: "Yeah! It was like a big act. I tried to be Miss Popularity and hang around with the good crowd. But inside, it wasn't what I wanted to do. Right after I graduated is when I totally changed. That's when I went to Stanford and they put me through psychological and medical testing, and all the stuff that goes with it, so you can get accepted. I mean you have to go through a lot just to get them to accept you on a cross-dressing basis for a year. You go through that, and after that, if they accept you then, you get hormones, and after that... it's a bunch of steps. Seems like it takes forever."

"The worst thing that happened is— Stanford told me: "Leave the area, don't stay where you were raised." Well, I was supposed to get this award and I didn't get it because everyone knew what was going on with me. But I was really rebellious—I had an attitude from hell—I was not going to leave the town. People were not going to run me out. I had given so much to my school and the town—from my freshmen year on—and people who had been my best friends tried to discard me because what I wanted wasn't okay with them, and I decided: I'm not going to leave. But I did move three miles away, started working at a fast-food place and going out with a girl who also worked there. She had no clue. Then a girl I went to school with started working there, and one day she brought her yearbook to work. Another girl came up to me and said: "I need to talk to you." I said, "What?" She said, "Uh, Silvia brought her yearbook to work, and I want to know: Is that really you?" I said: "Oh no, that's a bunch of shit." I left, I didn't go back to work."

TVG: "The first time you were confronted, you walked away?"

M: "Yeah, it was a month after I graduated. And the girl I was going out with was all tweaked out— she didn't know what to think."

TVG: "At that point you were cross-dressing as a male, but did you publicly cross-dress while you were going to school?"

M: "On the week-ends, I'd go out shopping, and other places with my mom— yeah. But during school, no."

TVG: "So you cross-dressed while you were still in school but only on your own time?"

M: "Yeah."

TVG: "And that was before you got involved with the Stanford program?"

M: "Yes. First of all, when I got involved with Stanford, the

thing that really got me was the psychiatrist. He sat in a chair across from me and would not crack a smile, or anything; it made me really nervous. I had this big complex— by my senior year a lot of people were calling me a dyke. I didn't deal with that very well. And this psychiatrist asked me: "Have you ever been with a woman?" And I said, "No." But I had."

TVG: "While you were still in school?"

M: "Yeah. Actually, I went out with two at the same time. It was a tricky situation— neither one of them knew. I'd take one to her class and run down the hall to the other. And then I got smacked in the hallway, and that wasn't good. But anyway, when they (Stanford) asked me that, I said no. I had to spend a whole weekend there and then go home to wait for their letter telling me whether I got accepted or not. They sent the letter and told me no because of that."

TVG: "Of what?"

M: "They said because I had never had an experience with a female, they didn't think I was sure enough, blah, blah, blah."

TVG: "You mean they were rejecting you because you hadn't gone with a female, and they weren't sure that you were psychologically a male because of that?"

M: "Yeah."

TVG: "You are aware that these programs all intend that, no matter what sex you prefer, you are supposed to be "heterosexual" in order to be approved?"

M: "Yeah, now I do. But I was eighteen years old and I was thinking about the shit I was getting called in school. And that really hurt me because all through school everybody accepted me, until the end of my senior year when all this shit hit the fan. So I called Stanford—I was so humiliated—and told them: look, this is really the deal; I explained why I said what I said."

TVG: "You told them you lied because you were afraid that what you had actually done was the wrong thing, even though it turned out to be the right thing?"

M: "Yeah. So what happened was, the counselor I talked to went back to the committee—they meet once a month—and added that information. I got a letter back accepting me. That guy sitting there staring at me made me so nervous—I'd never been to a psychiatrist before—I felt so stupid."

TVG: "So you got involved with Stanford. Did you get into a regular counseling relationship, or did they just tell you to go cross-dress for a year and show up again?"

M: "Yeah, it was like— "See ya. Live this way, make sure you're careful that way." I kept contact with them for a while."

TVG: "Did you go there?"

M: "No, the only time I've ever seen them is that one time."

TVG: "Did you talk on the phone or write letters?"

M: "They called once in a while."

TVG: "Did they turn you on to any other people like you?"

M: "They gave me the phone number for JANUS, I called and then wrote for their information. They told me about the group you have listed in your paper. I never went. Now I wish I had. And then six months later, they referred me to a doctor in Sacramento to start my hormones."

(Continued on next page)

Mike—(Continued from page 5)

TVG: "How often do you take hormones?"

M: "One injection of testosterone every two weeks."

TVG: "You inject yourself intravenously?"

M: "In the muscle, a two-and-a-half inch needle into the muscle."

TVG: "What other hormones do you take?"

M: "That's it."

TVG: "Can't they provide it orally?"

M: "I think there's more of a risk to the liver. It goes right through you. In the muscle it lasts longer, it takes a whole month for one shot to get through your system."

TVG: "How long did it take for your voice to drop?"

M: "Everybody asks about my voice. I can't tell you, I can't remember what my voice sounded like before."

TVG: "You were living by yourself then and no one was around to notice?"

M: Yeah, my mom paid for an apartment."

TVG: "It sounds like your mom was supportive— you went shopping together."

M: "The funny thing about the very first time she and I went shopping, I was on crutches because of a track injury, and I had on shorts and a T-shirt, my hair was kinda short, and these high-school girls walked by and started whistling and hollering, "Hey babe!" And my mom was saying like, "Oh my god, are they talking to you? They are!" She went home and told my step-dad, 'you won't believe this...'"

TVG: "Okay, you've been living as a man since age eighteen, your mother accepts you, and you told me earlier that you have been married?"

M: "I was married for two years, and lived with her for a year before that— a legal marriage recognized by the State of California."

TVG: "Now you're divorced?"

M: "Yes. There was always something missing. I mean, I loved her, but there was something missing, it never got to where it should have."

TVG: "What is your earliest memory that you might not have been born with the right body?"

M: "I always have. In all my childhood pictures I look like a little boy, people say that."

TVG: "Did you feel like a boy?"

M: "Yeah, I never played Barbie— I had the six-million-dollar man, not Barbie. When I went to Stanford, my mom had to go with me, and that's when it dawned on her. We were all talking there and she goes, "Wait a minute, I remember back when you were two," and things started clicking for her. Like that I always had a GI Joe. And one thing that stood out in her mind—my mom is from England (so am I)—and we went to an English wedding of my cousin where I was supposed to be the 'flower girl.' But I would not wear the dress. I cried and cried and refused to be in the wedding unless I wore pants. They finally did get me some pants and then I picked my nose through the ceremony. MY mom sat there at Stanford and said, "Wow, all these things are coming back."

"When my dad was alive, we went fishing just about every weekend. All the stuff I did just wasn't girl stuff. And you know

how they say, 'oh she's just a tomboy, it's a phase.' But even in school, I didn't want to play volleyball, I wanted to play football— I knew I was better than the other guys anyway. I wish it would have dawned on everyone a long time ago because it would have been covered under some program."

TVG: "You mean the cost?"

M: "Yeah."

TVG: "Whereas now it's..."

M: "Up to me."

TVG: "So, as a child you identified with the other little boys, and perceived yourself as a boy?"

M: "I even beat up my Principal's son in school. I knew how I felt, I mean watching the other kids— I wished I had a pee-pee, or whatever. But when I got into the eighth-grade, I knew something was wrong, something wasn't right."

TVG: "Were you uncomfortable with having to act like a girl?"

M: "It was a BIG act. It was like, if I can do this, give me an Academy Award. I didn't want to do what I did."

TVG: "It seems clear to me that, even if it wasn't intellectually clear, you as a person "knew" who you were, and it is good that your mom has supported you."

M: "Yes, here she has a transsexual son or daughter, whatever you want to call me..."

TVG: "A transsexual child?"

M: "There we go. And then I was married to a straight woman, who she didn't really care for, and a couple of weekends ago, I took Jack up to meet her. I was thinking: how is she going to react? Here's her transsexual child, going from a straight woman to— well, I met this guy Jack and I liked him right away, and then I met this girl Jill and I liked her, and then I found out they were the same person, and I go hey! I really like this person, and I had to tell her that: We are going out. It didn't even phase her. She told him to come back even if I didn't."

TVG: "Have you already had any surgeries?"

M: "They start next month, thanks to my mom— we're talking twenty-five thousand dollars."

TVG: "For everything? A mastectomy and penile implant?"

M: "That's just for a penile implant. I went to Kaiser, I got desperate and went to Kaiser because I have that coverage through my work. I lowered myself, I had to stand in front of this man and he tried to get a mastectomy covered through my insurance, but they wouldn't do it. Kaiser will charge me \$2,600. Stanford wants \$5,400. So next month I go to Kaiser."

TVG: "And after that to Stanford?"

M: "Yeah."

TVG: "That's a lot of money."

M: "Yeah it is. That's one of the things people don't understand. It's such a big obstacle— I mean, it's easy to get depressed. I really got down over that and started using drugs, I really didn't care. I got in with the wrong people at the wrong time and got thrown into jail for four hours. I didn't like that at all, I didn't do jail well. It took that to scare me. You go through a lot of mental stuff."

TVG: "Did you feel like you were the only person like

yourself?"

M: "No, but it gets really frustrating at times."

TVG: "When you discovered Stanford, had you ever heard of people like you?"

TVG: "I knew how I felt, deep in my heart I knew I should have been a man. How I found out about Stanford was a television show called "What Sex Am I?" It was all about transsexuals. I said, 'Hey, wait a minute, this is exactly how I feel!'"

TVG: "How old were you then?"

M: "Eighteen."

TVG: "That's when you found out there were other people who felt like you?"

M: "Yeah, and what's funny is that everybody I saw on that screen are my doctors now. When I met them I said, "Hey I saw you on TV." I made my mom watch it, too."

TVG: "How did you deal with your own feelings prior to that show, did you feel like you were weird; the only one?"

M: "Totally. I tried to deal with it. I'm one that, when things bother me, I try not to say anything. But when something comes out, fireworks explode. And how do you tell your mom? How that happened, how she found out, is that we had a big ol' fight..."

TVG: "After the show?"

M: "Yeah, we had this big—well, see, my step-dad I had—I didn't have a real good step-dad. He was the kind that every time my mom was asleep, he'd come and mess with me. It wasn't a good deal. He's not around any more. He would always accuse me and one of my friends of being lesbians, and one day we were in my room fighting when my mom came in and demanded to know what was going on, right now! Because he was pushing me and I would push him away, and he was bringing up things to make me look stupid, and I got so mad I started yelling and my mom yells, "I WANNA KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!" And I yelled, "DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHAT YOU SAY, I'M HAVING A SEX-CHANGE!" And everyone stopped, like, excuse me? And I go, Whoops—I am leaving.

"The next day she said she wanted to talk about it. After that, it was okay."

TVG: "How long have you been living as a man?"

M: "Six years."

TVG: "Do you feel better?"

M: "Oh yeah. I'm a lot nicer now than I was then—I was a bitch from hell. I was bad.

"I went out with the same guy in high school for three years—just to satisfy everybody else. I slept with a him one time and then broke up. I didn't want to do it. I just absolutely despised the thought of sleeping with the guy—it made me sick."

TVG: "You mean you went with a guy for three years, finally had to fuck him once, so you dumped him?"

M: "Yeah, I was a bitch from hell. This guy would come up to me—he was a nice guy, he would buy me anything—and he would come up to me when I was with my friends, and I'd say: Go away. And he would. If it was me, I'd say: "Look bitch!" I mean, I would have dumped me a long time ago. This poor

guy had to go to counseling afterwards."

TVG: "How did the people you work with find out?"

M: "Oh wow; this is festive. I started working (construction) in '87. A week after I started they had a company picnic. My fiancée and I went, and I saw a girl there I had gone to school with. I told my fiancée, "Oh my god. Look, that's V." She said, "I know." Now, V's dad and I worked together, and all of a sudden I realized who he was—V's dad! Well, my boss already knew about me, and my company did work in the town I was raised, so a few people had seen me that knew me before, and word travels fast in a small town, and as it turned out, some of my fellow workers had been shown my yearbook picture when they were working on people's houses—these are things I found out later. So, a couple of years after this, my company sent a bunch of us to Tahoe to work, and one night we were in a hotel bar getting blasted. One of the guys—our company's male chauvinist pig—blurts out the name of the guy I had slept with in high school. I said, "Excuse me?" He goes, "Oh, ho-ho-ho." So all the shit hit the fan. Turns out they were best friends. Another guy said, "I need to ask you something: blah, blah, blah." So I said, "Yes, it's true, okay? It's over with." He was trying to be nice, but by then I had an attitude—I was thinking: Oh, here it goes. He says: "I just want you to know that we've known for a long time, but we just haven't said anything." I was pretty full by then and I said, "Well I don't care if you say anything or not—you can just fuck off." And he says, "No, no, no—don't get defensive." And I'm like, "Well, you guys don't understand the shit I've gone through for this, and if you don't like it that's just too bad." So we worked it out that night. They told me that they had known me as Mike for nearly three years, and that is the way it's going to be."

TVG: "I think people get over their initial "difficulty" with that first issue rather quickly."

M: "What's funny is they will make jokes, but it's just a joke. We joke about it all the time. After all that stuff came out—it was like a big weight off my shoulders; they know now, so everything is easier."

TVG: "That's what I mean—once you get that first thing off, all these better things happen. Like with my children, cross-dressing isn't a big issue anymore—there are jokes and a sharing of the fullness of life, our relationship is stronger."

M: "Yeah! One of my best friends, a skateboarder, he comes out with some rude comments but it's funny when it comes from him, I don't take it offensively. Today, he was going on about Jack and he was like, rude but it was okay. A couple of weeks ago my company had us in Tahoe and Jack was calling up several times, my boss asks: "Who the hell is this Jack-Jill, whoever they are?" I said, "That's who I'm going out with." She says: "Just when I figure you out, I find out I don't."

"Same with the others, they were asking me: "What's the deal? Here you were a girl, you changed to a man to be with girls." And I said, "That's not it, that is not the situation at all. You have to understand there's a big difference between my sex identity and my sexual preference." That's what I told them."

(Continued on next page)

Mike—(Continued from page 7)

TVG: "When did you come to grips with that?"

M: "Just a few months ago."

TVG: "Really?"

M: "Yeah, I mean, it's like I didn't know."

TVG: "I think that really confuses a lot of people that have a gender issue, because their gender issue comes from the moment they're born."

M: "That figures. I wanted to be a man. I've known that forever. That's one issue. When it comes to who I like, that's my preference. I liked my ex-wife but like I said, something was missing. And I have gone out with a couple of men this year— because they were fun, not because I was sexually attracted to them. And I told them that, I even said, "Don't ever tell me you like me." And they did that anyway, and I said: "See ya." When I first met Jack-Jill, all I could say was: "Well, hello!" There was something there between us as people, something special."

TVG: "It's amazing to me, when I'm around the two of you together, how clearly I can feel the spark between you— it's magical."

M: "It really is."

TVG: "But the thing that blows my mind, is two people each with a gender issue, and each with an orientation issue, actually get together and spark."

M: "It is weird. We hadn't been going out that long, and all of a sudden: Boom. Both of us were asking: "Is this weird, or what?" And I was worried about telling Jack."

"See, one of the guys I went out with, as friends, freaked out because I told one of his friends about me. Now all of his friends knew he was gay—he wasn't a cross-dresser—and that was acceptable. But when he found out I told one of his friends about me, he lost it. He said: "I can't believe you told my friends about you." And I said, "Excuse me? What the hell is the difference? You are gay, and I'm someone who is trying to get their shit together." But he freaked out like: "None of my friends are going to like this." It never made a difference to them but he freaked."

TVG: "You mean he freaked out because you were a transsexual?"

M: "No, because his friends knew I was. So when this thing with Jack came up, I was really worried because of the all the shit this guy gave me. I was worried that Jack's friends would get tweaked. I didn't want a scandal to come down."

TVG: "What would be a scandal, in your mind?"

M: "Well, here's Mr. Gay, see? And he's a man but he's going out with a transsexual, so is he really gay? I'm talking *Inquirer* kind of crap— front page stuff. I don't want him to go through that. It's like, before I came here I asked him: "What should I say? I don't want to put you in a position." And he said: "I don't care, say what you want, I really don't care." So here I am."

TVG: "You are a rarity in my experience. You may be the most publicly, and widely known female-to-male transsexual in this area. I know many male-to-female TS's, and they like to fade into the woodwork eventually; but the FTM's are virtually invisible, and I wonder what their messages are and

why their voices are not being included in the gender dialogue."

M: "I was like that. I didn't want anyone to know. But it's really hard to go out with somebody and not let them know. Especially when you get into certain situations, like: "Oh. NO thank you, I'm a nice guy." I've used that before: I'm a nice guy; I don't know you that well."

"Somewhere along the line, I got this attitude that if you want to know, just ask me— I will straight out tell you and we can go on from there. But if you can't ask— just go on with yourself."

TVG: "I respect that, and your concern for Jack-Jill. I also respect the courage you both have to be up-front."

M: "I think it's a sign of maturity. Some of the people that talked shit about me in school, people who have been out in the world, now tell me this is not a big deal."

TVG: "Do you think that because the two of you didn't have those barriers of ignorance, you connected as two people?"

M: "At first, he didn't know; he'd heard but he didn't know. We met on a person to person basis, and we agreed there would be no sexual contact until we were sure we loved each other. I didn't want to do that (just go to bed) anyway."

TVG: "Yeah, but then all these huge hickeys started appearing."

M: "Yes, okay— got me. Here we go, I got read by his boss last night."

"Anyway, we talked about it at first, and he told me he didn't know how he was going to handle it. If you've never been with a certain type of person, it's true that you're not going to know how to handle it. And, well, ha: everything went okay. Like he said, he couldn't go out with a woman; he couldn't do it. The whole thing is, what you have to understand is going on: I'm not going to be this way the rest of my life. Eventually, things will change, he understands that and he's willing to wait. What happened is that we got on more of an emotional, understanding basis, rather than let's just fool around. That's where we got off on a good start; we know each other."

TVG: "You've made connections person to person, emotion to emotion— the rest of it..."

M: "Which, by the way: We're getting hitched in April. I just wanted to get that in."

TVG: "You have a date?"

M: "Just April, in the Spring. I even got down on my knee to propose."

TVG: "How cool. Congratulations! Did you propose to Jack or to Jill?"

M: "Jack. It doesn't make a difference, really. I guess a lot of people he went out with couldn't deal with him in drag— it's kinda hard for a lot of people."

TVG: "How do you deal with it?"

M: "That's Jack's choice. I don't care; regardless if he's Jack or Jill, he's still the same person, the person I know, and that's it. Whatever makes him happy. I'm not going to sit back and say you gotta be like this, or like that. If he wants to do it twenty-four seven it's fine with me."

TVG: "Twenty-four seven?"

M: "That's his thing for 'all the time.' I'm picking up all of

these things, and people at work are asking: "What the hell are you saying?"

TVG: "Earth to Mars, over?"

M: "Right. But that's one of the things I told him. It was one of the big things on his mind. He said, "I will always do this (drag), this is what I do. Is it going to bother you?" And I said, "No, that's your choice. If you want to walk around outside in your underwear—go for it." You know, it's hard for me to say you can't do that."

TVG: "Genderwise, if Jack were to change his gender to Jill..."

M: "We talked about that, too!

TVG: "How does that feel to you now?"

M: "I wouldn't care. We talk about all this stuff. I told him that if that's what you want to do, go ahead."

TVG: "So, do you see this as a relationship between two people where gender is..."

M: "Hardly an issue."

TVG: "It's a matter of the spiritual, emotional, intellectual connections you've made?"

M: "Yes. It's really weird because I've never been in this situation before, and it's really kind of scary. It is. I mean, here's a person who can't control you but, you know, you have your feelings out so much."

TVG: "Oh yes, there is a level of vulnerability when you love somebody so much that the slightest pain to them hurts you."

M: "Yeah. And I want to be there for him, no matter what he wants to do. Besides, I don't want him to sit back and tell me what to do. That was one of the big things when I was married—we never did anything because it was always: "You can't do that, you can't do this. And that's not the way."

TVG: "So neither of you did anything but sit around thinking what an asshole the other one was?"

M: "That was about it. So when Jack said that he wouldn't do that, I told him he could if that's what he wanted; that I wouldn't turn my back on him. Besides, I'm kinda stuck in the middle."

TVG: "One of the things that impresses me is that change involves pain— people don't change easily, and you are going for it: You are becoming the person you want to be regardless of what other people may want you to be. The exciting thing about you, and Jack, is that you are pioneers— people should honor and respect your uniqueness because you are blazing a trail that very few have attempted. Your complications, the courage to overcome disapproval, and the strength you have developed are far beyond what most people even imagine."

M: "Gee, I feel just like Harriet Tubman."

TVG: "I hope you don't suffer similar put-downs because I, for one, look up to people like you— people who abandon the rigidity of gender and orientation. Historically, Androgynes and bi-gendered people have been the healers of their tribes, the people who find solutions when their culture is in trouble. There was a recent article in *Mom Guess What* that dealt with the fact that androgynous gay males live longer, are more flexible, engage in problem solving professions, and excel in creative expression: They have the least "problems." I

believe this is due to rejecting the simple-minded and narrow confines of either-or thinking: You are either a male or female; you are either part of the solution or the problem; etc. So I respect you and look toward you as a leader into the future."

M: "But, that's not what I want."

TVG: "Yes, but you may not be able to avoid it."

M: "It's not what I'm out to do— it's hard enough being gay in this society, and when you add on, "You're not gay, you're in limbo to start with..." it's really hard. Society is just beginning to understand gay people, they are not ready for transsexualism. It's funny at work, those people couldn't imagine this, and now they are dealing with it. I've taken some of them to Faces and they had fun, but they never would have found out before."

TVG: "Some people won't do anything unless someone takes them by the hand and shows them it's okay. They are too timid, too afraid. You have taken the initiative to do for yourself. Very few people have that courage— or that *experience*."

M: "Like I said, I never intended to do that."

TVG: "I never said you had to be a trailblazer, but hold this thought: Whenever somebody puts you down, remember people like me who appreciate your uniqueness and consider you incredibly valuable to this culture. You were born more complicated, and it is a handicap "

M: "It is. Some of the people I work with have said things like: "I really can't believe you." I asked, "What?" And they've said: "I could have never done what you do; I could never go through the shit you've gone through." And that has made me feel good."

TVG: "They don't have the courage."

M: "That's what they say."

TVG: "If you want to be the person you can be, you have to take chances, you have to have courage. I respect that. The people that are hiding in narrow-minded closets barf me out."

M: "I sure blew the doors off my roommate's closets. He didn't know what to do."

TVG: "Think of the power. The first time I found the power was in a shopping mall where four people were pointing at me and whispering to each other, I turned, smiled and waved— and they ran away."

M: "The same thing happened to us in Tahoe. A bunch of us were walking through a casino, Jack and I were holding hands and our friend Chris was "in face." The guys were checking her out— "Hey babe, you're fine." The women were looking at her like, "there's something not quite right." By the time we got to the door, I bet there was a hundred people watching us. A group of young girls at the door were really checking us out and Jack turned around and yelled: "Yes, it's a man in a dress!" And Chris vamped and hollered: "Hi girls!" The girls froze in shock, people around us just stared, everything stopped, even the slot machines."

TVG: "They were intimidated."

M: "But they wouldn't say anything."

TVG: "Cowards don't, unless it's behind your back or in a group."

M: "Yeah, you know, one of the things I've found out about being a man is that men are assholes. I mean the things they say are so rude— completely rude. I listen to some of the chauvinists at work and I can't believe it. I will never be that rude; I could never be like some of those guys. It started me thinking: Were they like this when I was woman? That got me pissed."

TVG: "It is a disgusting fact that when men get together, they don't seem to know how to communicate until one coward starts the sexist, racist jokes. Then the conversation sinks to the level of put-downs, as if that's the only way to relate. That's almost the rule."

M: "I've heard stories up the ying-yang. I couldn't treat people like that."

TVG: "What else have you found interesting about being a man in a group of men?"

M: "They talk a lot. I thought women talked a lot; men are worse. They actually seem foreign when they all get together. I really don't know— the people I work with, I hear stories, a lot of stories."

TVG: "The same general type of story?"

M: "Yeah, like "I was with so-and-so last night. And I knew they weren't because I talked to them on the phone that night and they were alone. Stories like that."

TVG: "Sexual conquests?"

M: "Yeah, and how big their wang is. I shut them all up the other day, though. They were going on about how big their penises were and started giving me shit. I said, "Hey look, God gave you what you got but I get to pick out what I get."

TVG: "Ha-ha-ha."

M: "That seriously shut them up."

TVG: "In your recent history, have you met other female-to-males?"

M: "I've never met one. I did meet one male-to-female through work. I was kinda set-up by some people at work. I went up to this house, and it was a man, a man's face, a man's voice but with boobies and stuff. I mean, I felt bad for this person because there's no way in hell, if you saw this person walking down the street, that you would not think: that's a man. But I didn't want to think bad things without knowing, and so as I worked, I asked, "So, how long since you changed?" They didn't say anything at first, and then: "Three years; how did you know?" I said, "Oh, I can just kind of tell, you know?" They didn't say anything else, so I asked, "Well, have you gone through surgery?" He was fighting with Medi-Cal or something, as it turned out. Then he asked: "How do you know so much about this?" And I said, "Well, let me clue you in..."

Gratuitous Filler

Back issues of **TV Guide** (April, May & June) are still available by mail for one dollar (\$1) plus one (29¢) first class stamp each. The July issue is available for one-fifty (\$1.50) plus one stamp (29¢, even though it costs 52¢ to mail). Also, for those may want **TV Guide** to continue, faith donations (cash preferred) will be gladly accepted.

I live inside my head

by Bobby Joe Brown ©1991

I don't think of my 'self' as a body

I think of my 'self' as a mind

living inside my head

Neither male nor female

yet both

Consciousness floating

Searching

Touching

Reaching out

Courting contact

Transcending superficial

platitudes

Blowing past

the banalities

of ordinary

interaction

Probing beyond

surface acquaintance

Accessing hidden knowledge

Accepting the responsibilities

inherent in existence

Addressing deeper issues

Deciphering burning questions

like

Who are you

Who am I

What is God

Really...

TV Bowling Adventure

Would you be interested in a silly bowling adventure? Plans are underway for an invasion of a certain bowling alley and restaurant (actually a café/coffee shop with genuine late 50's, early 60's decor). Yes, poodle skirts and retro-fashions!

So far, four individuals—who are public cross-dressers—have enthusiastically responded, along with a woman (GG) who wants to go bowling with CD's.

This will be an adventure into straight (what a concept) suburbia. A combination of outreach and fun in Sacramento.

If you are interested, write this newsletter, or call Billie Jean (if you have my number).

Details: planning for the third week in September; dress and make up suitable for bowling; include a method to contact you for further details.

Gender Organizations

C.G.N.I.E., Inc. (Court of the Great Northwest Imperial Empire, Inc.) POB 160636, Sac, CA 95816. CGNIE was organized to raise funds for charities and continues to do so. Primarily part of the gay community, membership is open to anyone with an interest. CGNIE maintains an active relationship with many other Court Systems in the western United States. Annual events include elections of Emperor & Empress, Grand Duke & Duchess with related campaign events culminating in Coronation Ball and Grand Ducal Ball; and other Balls as selected by the Court. A variety of other events and fund raisers are scheduled by the reigning Court. Court Imperial (general meetings) held on first Tuesday of the month at Faces, 2000 K Street, Sac, CA, 7:30pm. No door charge. Annual dues— \$22 (or \$2 per month).

DVG (Diablo Valley Girls)—POB 272885, Concord, CA 94527-2885. DVG is a non-sexual social club currently forming in the Cocord/Walnut Creek area. Monthly socials held at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, CA on the third Monday of each month, 8pm. Write for details.

ETVC (Educational TV Channel)— POB 426486, San Francisco, CA 94142-6486. Phone (Hotline) (415) 763-3959. ETVC is a non-sexual organization with the purpose of serving the educational, social, and recreational needs of gender-challenged people, their spouses, significant others, family members, friends and professionals in the helping services. ETVC is the largest organization of this type in Northern California and provides a wide variety of support including: rap groups, a significant other support group, print & video libraries, outreach, education and lots of social activities, plus more. Theme socials the last Thursday of each month, Chez Mollet restaurant, 527 Bryant St., SF, \$3. members, \$5 non-members (certain event/themes may be higher priced). Newsletter every other month included with annual dues—\$20.

G.A.L. (Gender Alternatives League) POB 3392, Napa, CA 94558 Phone: (707) 257-1973. GAL is a group attempting national representation of "Genderists." Predisposed to political activism, GAL is will also be publishing "The Genderist" four times a year— \$20.

Gender Dysphoria Support Group POB 1895, Sacramento, CA 95866. GDSG is a FTM (female to male) closed group. Write for details (formerly care of J.A.G.).

I.M.A.G.E. (I'm Making A Gender Expression) 2094 California St., Sutter, CA 95982 Phone: (916) 755-1073 between 6pm-11pm. IMAGE is a closed social club still in formation (started Jan. 1). The stated purpose is to: assist members in appearance; perform educational outreach; organize social and recreational activities for the enjoyment of members and friends. New members must be sponsored by an existing member and accepted by membership vote. Three classes of membership: Individual, Couples & Honorary. Annual dues not established.

RGA (Rainbow Gender Association) POB 700730, San Jose, CA 95170. RGA is a non-sexual social club open to anyone interested in gender issues. Poker Socials, Rap Group (with ETVC), Computer Bulletin Board: (208) 248-4162 (300-2400 baud), plus more. General meetings twice a month (1st & 3rd Fridays at 8pm) at the New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Drive, San Jose. No dues or door charge; contributions accepted. Newsletter every other month for \$10 per year.

S.G.A. (Sacramento Gender Association) POB 215456, Sac, CA 95821-1456. Phone: (916) 441-8379. SGA is a non-sexual social club open to anyone interested in gender issues. General meetings are held on the fourth Saturday of the month at Joseph's Town & Country, 2062 Auburn Blvd., Sac, CA, 7pm if you want dinner, meeting follows, 8pm. \$2 door fee (\$4 non-members). General meetings usually include a presentation, such as make up, clothing, etc. SGA Executive Committee meeting held the third Friday, same location, 7:30pm, open to members and guests— free. SGA is currently trying to organize a significant others support group, and a drop-in rap session. Annual dues—\$20.

I.F.G.E. (International Foundation for Gender Education) POB 367, Wayland MA 01778. Perhaps the largest organization concerned with the CD/TV/TS Community. Publishers of TV/TS Tapestry Journal. Educational— write for details.

Support Organizations & Services

ETVC/RGA Rap Group meets on the second Monday of each month at the New Community of Faith Church in San Jose, from 8 to 10pm. Contact Kim at (408) 243-3919 or Martina at (408) 984-5619.

A peer support group is forming for Transgenderists who have recently crossed over, or are seriously contemplating doing so. Contact: Boxholder 229, 3311 Mission St, SF, CA 94110.

ETVC's Significant Others Support Group meets the second Thursday of each month, from 8 to 9pm. SOS meetings are open to people involved with a CD/TV/TG/TS person, but who are not one themselves. Write ETVC, or call Ginny at (415) 664-1499.

SGA's SOS group had its first get together July 27. Persons interested in participating should call or write SGA.

The Human Outreach and Achievement Institute is addressed at: 405 Western Avenue, Suite 345, South Portland, ME 04106. (207) 775 0858. HOAI sponsors the following services: GAIN (Gender Awareness and Involvement Network), a service for helping professionals to access and share information relative to counseling and therapy; a Speakers Bureau; dozens of Seminars and Workshops; Information Packets and Periodical Publications; Fantasia Fair; and jointly with Theseus Counseling Services, HOPEFUL (Helping Our Partners Experience the Fullness of United Love), a program for couples who have learned to live with cross-dressing but who want more out of their relationship. Write for free brochures. Theseus Counseling Services is addressed at: 233 Harvard Street, Suite 302, Brookline, MA 02146. (617) 277-4360.

Special Thanks

A special note of thanks to Roxanne in Palo Alto for contributing to this issue, and for the \$2 donation at the RGA social of Aug. 16: Thank You!

Likewise to Bobby Joe Brown in Sacramento for contributing a poem: Thank You!

And to the organizations that have allowed me to distribute this newsletter: CGNIE, DVG, ETVC, Lambda Center, RGA— Thank You!

Also the following businesses: Faces, Joseph's Town & Country, Our Place, Films For Days— Thanks!

Movie Night Cancelled

The free movies at Faces have been cancelled due to low attendance.

Survey Status Report

Have you sent in your survey response? Or are you protecting your "normal" status by not participating?

SGA Plans Committees

The Sacramento Gender Association has decided to form three committees: Education; Outreach; Social. Each committee will be headed by a co-chair (two people) as elected by membership. Persons interested in participating or running for co-chair are being encouraged to step forward.

My Monthly Rag

Well darlings, my last editorial under this heading received a response from an individual who attempted to label me "an enemy of the gender rights' movement," among other things. In a subsequent conversation, the individual requested that their response not be published. While I am willing, at this point in time, to comply with said request, I believe there should be dialogue to the points and questions I raised, and to the points and accusations raised by the individual. Since that response is not being published, I encourage anyone who has comments to forward them.

One of the goals of **TV Guide** is to be an interactive publication. That can only be accomplished through active participation. Sitting around watching the wrong kind of TV is not active participation. Bitching, pissing and moaning to one's self and a few others does not add to public dialogue. Assassinating a messenger while ignoring the message is not conducive to active participation unless the action is performed in public, without censorship.

Should individuals desire to criticize, for better or worse, it will be published. Additionally, I am not opposed to dissent, questions, opinions and beliefs that are different than my own. In fact, I favor diversity, which is after all, the basic Truth of the universe. We are all uniquely different, uniquely gifted. This is the Treasure of sentient life.

The Tragedy is that we don't share our differences. Too often, we suppress and murder those who dare to celebrate, or even question. The result seems to be that people hide their unique selves in order not to be attacked. Which means that we do not know what the differences are, and that, more and more, we live in ignorance, in the darkness, in a dark closet of fear and pain: In a coffin.

So Dear Hearts: Participate! Save your Self! Pick up the pen and carve out your immortality in the pages of **TV Guide!**

Upcoming (Mostly) Local Events

August 19- DVG meets at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, 8pm. Open to all, no charge.

August 21- Ducal Ball Party at Our Place, 2560 Boxwood, Sac. Open to all, no charge.

August 22- In Town Show at Faces, 2000 K St. 7pm, free. Local performers (part of Ducal Ball).

August 23- Out of Town Show at the Townhouse, 1517 21st St. 9pm, free. Out of town performers (part of Ducal Ball).

August 24- "Spirits In The Night" a masked Ducal Ball will be held at the Tuesday Club, 2722 L St. 7pm, \$15.

August 24- SGA General Meeting, 8pm at Joseph's Town & Country (7pm for dinner). \$2 members, \$4 non-members.

August 29- ETVC presents "Dance, Dance, Dance" 8pm, Chez Mollet Restaurant, 527 Bryant Street, SF. \$5 members, \$8 non.

August 29 through Sept. 1- The 6th annual Rainbow Festival at 2000 K Street, Sac. (at Faces). Thurs, Fri & Sat - dancing in Faces and the tent behind Faces, plus shows: *pm Thurs; 11pm Fri & Sat. 20th Street closed Sunday for street party 10am to 6pm. Exhibit booths, crafts, art show, games and surprises all four days. Benefits Lamda Center and Hope House. \$5 cover each day— cool stuff!

Sept. 3- CGNIE Court Imperial Meeting, 7:30pm at Faces. Open to all, no charge.

Sept. 6- RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

Sept. 14- A Barn Dance will be held at JTC, to celebrate the Cowboy/Cowgirl contest and just plain party. Benefits CARES, Fairy Godfather Fund, SAF. 8pm, \$3 donation.

Sept 16- DVG meets at Just Rewards, 2520 Camino Diablo, Walnut Creek, 8pm. Open to all, no charge.

Sept. 19th through 21st- 4th annual PAARC (Performing Artists for AIDS Related Charities) Show at the North Sac. School District Auditorium, 670 Dixieanne Ave, Sac. A musical drama about people whose lives have been affected by HIV. \$15 donation, 8pm show, doors open at 7pm.

Sept. 20- RGA social, New Community of Faith Church, 6350 Rainbow Dr., San Jose. 8pm, donations accepted.

Sept 21- SGA Executive Committee Meeting, 7:30pm at JTC. Open to all, no charge

Sept 26- ETVC presents their monthly theme social, 8pm, Chez Mollet Restaurant, 527 Bryant Street, SF. \$5 members, \$8 non (maybe less).

Sept. 28- SGA General Meeting, 8pm at Joseph's Town & Country (7pm for dinner). \$2 members, \$4 non-members.

Every Friday Night- Cafè Lambda is open to all, but remember there are no prudish restrictions on flirting. Refreshments available. No door charge.