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the Tartan Skirt

Volume 7, Number 1
Winter 1998

The Magazine Of The Scottish Transgender Community



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The TARTAN SKIRT is the magazine of the Scottish Transgender Community brought to you through the efforts of members of the community and the support and encouragement of Reach Out Highland.
We are proud to acknowledge the generosity of all concerned who selflessly contribute to these pages giving freely of their time, expertise and experience.

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cover: Heather

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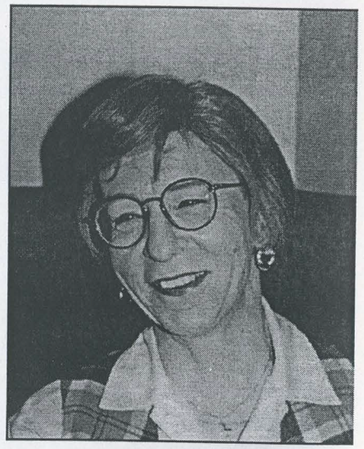
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Hi everyone and welcome once again to the Tartan Skirt.....



It's a great feeling being responsible in part for getting our magazine up and running again. 'Again' because, as you'll see from Ruth Stewart's article 'A Retrospective Look up the Tartan Skirt', our magazine has had something of a chequered career down the years. And 'our' magazine because I believe it's important that each of us can feel a part of it, that the experience of the Tartan Skirt is a force for positive change in all our lives. This belief is shared by Reach Out Highland, whose support and assistance has made the Tartan Skirt a reality once more.

And now a word from our sponsors....

I am feeling a little uneasy with this word 'sponsor' – that involves vast sums of money, does it not? In our current poverty-stricken state, did we really agree to do this?

Of course we did! From the moment Julia first broached the subject of taking on the Tartan Skirt I firmly believed it was a positive and exciting thing to do. Despite its chequered career, it is vital that the magazine continues and I am proud that Reach Out Highland can have a small part in that.

For those of you unfamiliar with Reach Out Highland, we are a small, underfunded, overworked sexual health charity in the Highlands. Now *sexual health* – what does that mean? In it's broadest sense it means we react to the sexual health needs of the community, and in practical terms it means we offer information, advocacy, training, counselling, HIV testing and buddying, as well as support groups for the gay, bisexual and transgender communities.



We are hopeful that the Tartan Skirt will now go from strength to strength, which means (stand by – here comes the nag) that you will all need to play your parts too. We need you to *buy* the magazine, *sell* the magazine, persuade people to *advertise* in the magazine, and most of all, *contribute* to the pages of the magazine – which will mean there will be no room in future for 'a word from the sponsors'. Good luck.

Love

Jackie

Jackie Redding (Manager, Reach Out Highland)

Thanks Jackie. As far back as I can remember, the Tartan Skirt has tried to be 'a magazine for the Scottish Transgender Community' – without really succeeding. In some ways that failure, if that's what it is, reflects something of our own personal struggle in becoming who we want to be – not always succeeding because sometimes we encounter difficulties that overwhelm us. Our disappointment and frustration then manifests itself in our disrespect for each other – the bitchy criticism, snide comment and reluctance to see that there are also good days and friends.

Editors of the 'Skirt' have always been awarded a prominent place in the coconut shy of transgender life, an easy and obvious target, responsible for making us take a closer look at ourselves through the pages of the magazine. Reminding us that, on occasion, this can be uncomfortable, leaving us feeling uneasy or unsure of what we're looking at. But if the magazine helps to make us question who we are and where we're going, then it must also sustain us on that journey. And where better to get support than from each other, for just as we can be our own worst enemies, we are also our best friends and allies. Here is where our *real* strength can be found, through overcoming our fear of embracing each other, by refusing to accept our fate as others see it.

Through the pages of the Tartan Skirt, in a time of changing attitudes and perceptions, I look forward to having the opportunity of helping to break down the walls of ignorance and apathy and of showing how much more can be gained for both individual and community alike, by building boats rather than burning bridges. For only as we learn to work together within our own community will we develop the skills we need to survive without it.

love

Julia

Julia Gordon (Editor)

EQUALITY FOR ALL

Equality Network

58a Broughton Street Edinburgh EH1 3SA
Tel 07020 [redacted]
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Web www.diversity.org.uk/equality/
Email [redacted]

Equality Network campaigns to remove the inequalities facing lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender people in the laws and institutions of Scotland

A RETROSPECTIVE LOOK

Ruth Stewart looks back over the chequered history of the magazine

If you're reading this, that's great. It means that the Tartan Skirt is up and running again.

All in all, the Tartan Skirt has been around for about fifteen years, coming into being as a newsletter produced and edited by Ruby A Todd of the Scottish TV/TS Group which had started to meet around that time, in Edinburgh. Checking back, I noticed the date for Vol.1 No.3 was November 1984, so I reckon Nos.1 and 2 must have come out the same year. It was printed on two sheets of pink A4 paper with a picture of a tartan skirt on the first page and a thistle on the second. This was the format until Vol.4 (certainly Vol.5), when Audrey Stewart took over editorial control. By Vol.6 The Tartan Skirt comprised 52 pages, with the picture of a young woman wearing a tartan skirt and jacket on the cover and a street map showing the venue for the Scottish TV/TS Group meetings. The magazine covers were also by then being printed on a single colour paper - blue, red, green, yellow, etc.



the 'Tartan Skirt' girl

Incredible as it might seem, there was so much material coming in for inclusion in The Tartan Skirt that Julie [redacted] was appointed assistant editor. The nature of the articles were much the same as ever - "First time I went out dressed", makeup tips, letters to the editor, etc. A photograph (photocopied) even appeared in one of the issues! It's not possible to talk about the content of these magazines without mentioning a regular feature of the day which was entitled "The Bitch". Nobody knew (or let on) who "the bitch" was. She would remark on who attended the group meetings, with satirical comment on their clothes and makeup, etc. One of her targets was obviously so outraged that she, in turn, began a column of her own entitled "The Super Bitch"! Not surprisingly, a slanging match ensued, in public, in print. As an onlooker observed at the time, "There're more bitches here than at Crufts!" Enough said.

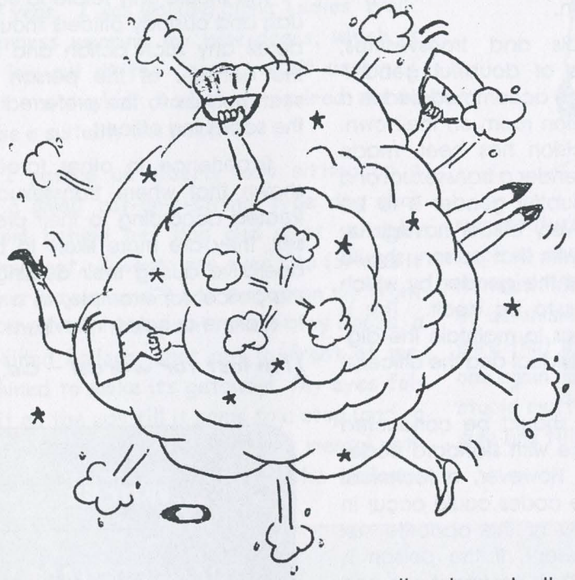


'There're more bitches here than at Crufts!'

The Tartan Skirt, for various reasons, ceased publication in 1991 and had to wait for Anne Forrester from Aberdeen to take it up again the next year. Under her very able editorial management, the magazine reached new heights in production, coming out quarterly, for a total of sixteen issues. In the second of these was a report of the first Grampian Gender Group (3G) meeting in Aberdeen, on the afternoon of Saturday 21st March 1992. It was noted that the meeting was attended by seven persons from as far afield as Brechin and Inverness. Anne kept the picture of the young woman on the cover of The Tartan Skirt, and exalted the publication by the addition of an ISSN number, registering it with the British Library. It represented all the Scottish support groups, in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Aberdeen, until Anne's untimely death in 1996.

UP THE TARTAN SKIRT

from 1984 to the present time



In 1994 another publication appeared briefly on the scene in Edinburgh, edited by Joan, also called "The Tartan Skirt". Two issues of this only were printed before Anne Forrester pointed out that no other publication could use that name. Following this, one other issue was produced from Edinburgh with the title "MiniSkirt".

Following Anne's death, The Tartan Skirt fell by the way until only recently when, in the Autumn of last year, and thanks largely to the efforts of Leanne, it reappeared briefly. Gone was the girl in the tartan skirt, and sadly only three issues were published before Leanne relocated in the South and was unable to commit herself to further issues.

Something of a curiosity which appeared briefly as a humorous, one page "freebie" with The Tartan Skirt, around 1990, was "Lumberjack" (remember Monty Python and the Lumberjack Song?), produced by Jenny the Pest.

The Beaumont Society Library has probably the greatest number of back issues of the Tartan Skirt anywhere to be found. These are:-

Under editorial control of Ruby A. Todd and then Audrey Stewart:

Volume 1, Numbers 1 and 12
Volume 2, Numbers 3 to 5 and 7 to 9
Volume 3, Numbers 1 to 4 and 6
Volume 4, Number 6
Volume 5, Numbers 1 to 4 and 6
Volume 6, Numbers 1 and 2

Under editorial control of Anne Forrester:

New Series, Numbers 1 to 5 and 15

The Beaumont Society also has copies of the two "Tartan Skirts" produced by Joan in Edinburgh, together with the single subsequent publication following the enforced change of name, and the three Tartan Skirts produced by Leanne, identified as Volume 2, Issue 1, Issue 2 and Issue 3. Members of the Beaumont Society may request these from the Library and they can be viewed by non-members, though not borrowed. Further details can be obtained from Janet Scott, 72 Putteridge Road, Stopsley, Luton, Bedfordshire LU2 8HP. It is worth mentioning that the Beaumont Society Library has over four hundred books (fiction and non-fiction) and several thousand magazines.

I would like to finish by paying tribute to all those editors of the "Skirt", as it has affectionately come to be known, for their contribution to our community, in particular to Ruby, Audrey and Anne who are no longer with us.

Ruth Stewart

SETTING THE STANDARDS . . . ?

Policing Greater Manchester's T-Community

Officers who deal with transsexuals and transvestites in Manchester are being told to ensure that they are treated with the same level of respect and dignity as any other member of the public.

"If there is any doubt as to a person's gender they should be asked whether they are a transsexual or a transvestite. If the person states that they are a transvestite, they should be treated as the gender which is registered at the time of birth. This must be done in a sensitive manner so as not to offend the dignity of the individual concerned.

If the person states that they are transsexual, they should be asked what their preferred gender is for the purpose of police procedures. They should then be asked to sign the custody record or other document. For example, where a stop search in the street takes place and the gender of the person being searched is in doubt, then a pocket note book entry should be made indicating their preference and they should be asked to sign it.

If the person is unwilling to make such an election the officer should try to determine the predominant lifestyle of the person. For example, if they appear to live predominantly as a woman, they should be treated as such.

If there is still any doubt, the officer will have to resort to dealing with the person according to the gender they were born.

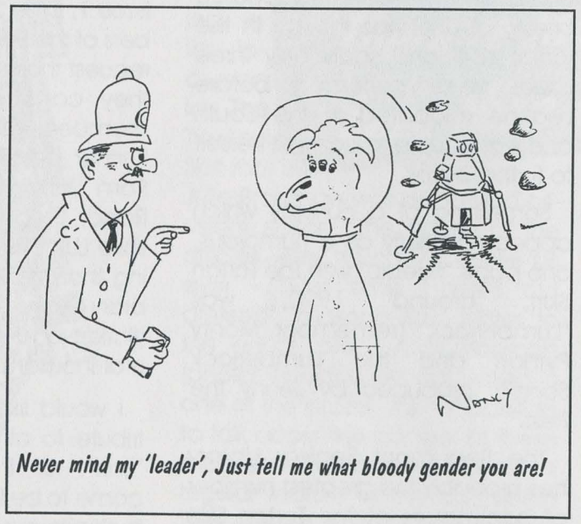
Transsexuals and transvestites, and 'persons of doubtful gender' must always be accommodated in a cell or detention room on their own. Once a decision has been made about what gender a transsexual or a person of doubtful gender is to be treated as, every officer having further contact with that person, should be advised of the gender by which that person is to be dealt. This is important so as to maintain the dignity of the individual and the officer(s) concerned.

Searching should be conducted in accordance with standard codes of practice. However, a technical breach of the codes could occur in that an officer of the opposite sex could be present, if the person is searched as their preferred sex and not as the sex shown on their birth certificate. If such an action is shown to have taken into account the sensitivity of the subject in order to reduce the embarrassment of those present, it is believed that such a breach of codes of practice can be upheld to be justified.

This should only relate to transsexuals and custody officers should fully detail any such action and record the consent of the person being searched as to the preferred sex of the searching officer.

Experience in other forces has shown that where transsexuals are treated according to their preferred sex, they are more likely to be co-operative during their dealings with the police, for example, as a witness to a crime or being interviewed."

[I'm lost for words! – Ed.]



Never mind my 'leader', Just tell me what bloody gender you are!

'...WHERE TRANSSEXUALS ARE TREATED ACCORDING TO THEIR PREFERRED SEX, THEY ARE MORE LIKELY TO BE CO-OPERATIVE'

Getting The Right 'Bounce' In Your Bra Filler

testing bra fillers the hard way!



The day was lovely and quite warm for the time of year. I was walking along 'Ladies' Walk' in Inverness wearing my new dress, which is rather low cut at the front - a bit daring, I thought - and which had also required me to purchase a suitably low cut bra.

As I passed an elderly lady sitting on a bench, a small 'rat-on-a-string' type dog shot out from behind her bag and went straight under my feet. I went arse over tits (or was it the other way around?) and landed on my front with a thud. At that point, one of my boobs, a water-filled balloon, shot out in front of me, determined to make its getaway! My eyes followed it all the way till it came to a stop (and so did the old dear's). I was making a mental note to send a testimonial letter to the balloon's manufacturer along the lines of "I didn't believe your balloons were so strong until..." when the cause of my predicament sunk its teeth into the balloon! As it stood there dripping, with a look of astonishment on its stupid face, I almost peed myself. I'm sure that little ankle biter will think twice before it tries that one again. I thought afterwards how much more of a shock the stupid mutt would have had if I'd been wearing my double D-cup size bra fillers.

Moira

CAPTION COMPETITION

win a year's free subscription to the Tartan Skirt!

what to do...

simply suggest a funny or amusing caption for the photograph and send it to:

The Tartan Skirt (competition)
c/o Reach Out Highland
34 Waterloo Place
Inverness
IV1 1NB

The winning entry will appear in the next issue of the magazine.



News at Home...

Transsexual Loses Claim to Wife's Fortune

Three Court of Appeal Judges have ruled that an FTM transsexual is not entitled to a share of his wife's fortune because of his 'gross deception' in marrying her without divulging his past. His wife had their marriage declared null and void after discovering the truth via his birth certificate. She claims to have believed that her husband was male but with a very small or deformed penis!

No Forgiveness For Priest

Catholic priest Sally (formerly Selwyn) Gross has been dumped by her holy order after they were told by doctors that 'he' was more of a 'she'. Sally, who has now joined a Quaker group, says " I have been treated terribly".

Employment Protection Gain

An Employment Appeal Tribunal has made a landmark ruling that transsexuals are protected by legislation that forbids discrimination on the basis of sex. It is now unlawful to sack an employee for undergoing reassignment surgery, to refuse to hire someone on that ground alone, or to fail to prevent his or her harassment. The ruling resulted from a case of an amusement park rides technician who changed her sex after four years on the job. She was subsequently ostracised by co-workers and eventually dismissed on grounds of incompatibility.

European Court of Human Rights Rejects European Commission's Findings

The European Commission on Human Rights found by a majority of 15 to 1 that Britain violates the Human Rights Convention by refusing to recognise sexual identity altered through reassignment surgery, following the discrimination cases brought against the UK Government by Kristina Sheffield and Rachel Horsham. That ruling, however, is not binding on the Court of Human Rights which found in July of this year that there was no breach of the Human Rights Convention.

Damages Awarded For Sexual Discrimination

An Industrial Tribunal has awarded damages of £77,000 to a transsexual who was dismissed from her job as airline pilot. Kristina Sheffield won her legal battle against Air Foyle who argued that Miss Sheffield was "...difficult to work with because she flaunted her sexuality".

Sex Discrimination Case Lost

A former policeman has lost her fight for compensation. Lynsay Watson informed management she was to undergo gender reassignment surgery and needed permission to assume a female role. But she was told she had to resume duty as a "uniform constable wearing the uniform appropriate to your male gender". She said she was transferred to Edinburgh because colleagues didn't want to work with her. She was suspended in 1996 after she took on a female role and appearance and changed her name. The Industrial Tribunal in Edinburgh, while expressing sympathy with Ms Watson, concluded that her expectations were unreasonable.

Scotland's First Transsexual Prisoner Sent To Special Unit

Legally male, despite having undergone reassignment surgery, lawer Alexandra Macrae will serve her 15 months sentence for embezzling over £16,000 from her legal firm in the special 10-cell women's unit at Aberdeen's Craiginches prison. She will be kept away from the jail's male inmates and segregated from the three other women held in the unit.

Transsexual Soldier Attempts To Stay In British Army

Sergeant Major Joe Rushton hopes to become the first transsexual to serve in the British Army. One of a number of transsexuals in the armed forces undergoing hormone treatment, Sgt Major Rushton is changing his name to Joanne and intends to take legal action against the army if it tries to force him out. The Ministry of Defense could face large compensation payouts for sexual discrimination if it were to discharge transsexuals.

Sex Change Gene Discovered?

British and Italian researchers claim to have identified a gene which is responsible for certain physical conditions where development of the sexual organs is partially or totally the reverse of what might be expected. It is postulated that since the gene was found in other parts of the embryo, including the brain, it could have an effect on sex-specific behaviour and might explain why some females feel trapped in a male body or vice versa.

UK Church Shaken By Transsexual Priests

The Church of England has discovered that two women priests began their ministries as men and that the number of transsexual clergy is growing. According to the Sunday Times, at least 21 clergy in the Church of England consider themselves transgendered. Some reportedly meet regularly with lay Anglicans as part of a group called Sybils - from the Greek word for prophetess.

and Abroad...

Danish Transsexual Denied Right To Vote

Danish authorities presented a MTF transgender with a choice - 'out yourself at the polls, or don't vote'. Her election card refers to her as male and the election official told her "This is not your card. This is for a male". She has been writing letters ever since to city, regional and ministry officials. All responded that she could not vote while her identity was questionable. At the same time, Danish authorities have denied her the right to change her name.

Free Surgery For Brazilian Transsexuals

Transsexuals in Brazil are queuing up for free surgery under new rules that classify the operation as experimental. A spokesman for Brazil's Federal Council of Medicine explained "We don't want this to be just a money earner. We must develop the technique." He went on to say that without surgery many transsexuals suffer a "tendency towards self-mutilation and self-extermination".

Murder In Guatamala

Within a week in Guatamala City four transgender and/or gay people were murdered. The Transgender and Gay communities are extremely anxious. "Not being organised, we can't apply to any institution to report they are killing us. Besides, society reacts so intolerantly that we are frightened", says one anonymous transgender. Similar 'social cleansings' have been carried out in Brazil, Mexico and Venezuela. These operations are rarely investigated by the police and courts, and are even said by some transgender activists to be carried out with their compliance.

Abuse And Murder In Argentina

As many as 150 transgender people can expect to be regularly rounded up by the police and held under arrest for 2-3 weels in basements, without mattresses or light, where they are abused and raped. Additionally, several transgender people have been murdered over recent months.

New Zealand Abandons Funding Of Reassignment Surgery

Midland Health in Waikato, New Zealand, recently cancelled three operations after realising that no other Public Health Authority funds reassignment surgery. According to the New Zealand Herald, Midland Health Program Director Alan Wilson explained that the operation "was cosmetic surgery - no different from a nose job".

US Military On Transgender Witch Hunt

An unnamed transgender soldier in San Antonio, Texas, has found herself under virtual house arrest after being ordered by her commander to cross dress as a man. This in spite of being recognised by state authorities as a woman, identified as such by her birth certificate and driver's licence, as well as military psychiatrists who have cleared her for world wide duty as a woman. The bizarre action apparently results from the Military Personnel Headquarters' policy that, "if you have one, you are one"!

Paying The Price Of Gold

Former champion East German athletes are beginning to testify about the expoitative use of hormones for competitive advantage. Besides liver, kidney and lung defects and cancers, some are also revealing a strong transsexual nature. Former European shot-put champion Heidi Kreiger claims that pills fed by her trainer and doctor effectively turned her into a man. Heidi changed his name to Andreas, had his breasts surgically removed and is now agonising about reassignment surgery. Hundred of trainers, officials and medics are under investigation for the systematic state sponsored doping of more than 2000 athletes, some as young as 10 and 11, over a 20 year period.

Malaysian Drag Contestants Arrested

Forty-five male contestants from a transvestite beauty pageant in Alor Star, Kedah, Malaysia, were tried in an Islamic court for the crime of wearing female clothes and posing as women in public. They face sentences of up to six months in jail and a fine.

Thais Embrace Trannys

Thailand's annual transsexual beauty pageant in Pattaya attracted over 1,500 spectators. Twenty-two year old Thanaporn Wongprasert of Bankok was crowned the new Queen. Meanwhile Thailand's best-known kick boxer, 16 year old Parinya Kiatbusaga also cross dresses. His feminine appearance in the ring in this tough sport is causing a sensation. "I have the body of a great fighter," he says, "But in my heart, I'm a woman." Thailand is not a closeted country. Men dressed as women host talk shows, live in all-gay housing projects, and march in military parades.

Transsexual's Marriage Causes Uproar In Turkey

Popular Turkish TS singer Bulent Ersoy is under fire in her predominantly Muslim country because of her marriage to a 21 year old man, Cem Sacha Adler. It was Ersoy's battle to switch genders that helped legalise sex changes in Turkey in the 1980s. Public outrage over the wedding, however, may boost support for legislation pending before Parliament that would make sex change operations harder to obtain in Turkey. An unauthorised sex change would bar the person from gaining a state identification card and deny all legal rights.

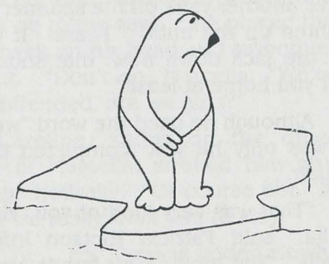
A RECENT MORI POLL HAS REVEALED THAT WOMEN KNOW MORE ABOUT MEN'S BODIES THAN MEN!

ONLY THREE OUT OF TEN MEN COULD SAY WHAT THEIR PROSTATE WAS FOR, WHEREAS MORE WOMEN KNEW THAT IT PROVIDES VITAL FLUID TO TRANSPORT AND NOURISH SPERM.

WELL GIRLS, WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT FROM SOMEONE WHO THINKS WITH HIS BALLS!

A Chilling Thought

The Norwegian Polar Institute in Trömso is predicting the extinction of the polar bear. Research is showing an alarming increase in hermaphroditic animals, incapable of reproducing. Blame is being laid squarely at the door of industrial pollution, with PCBs the prime suspect. This chemical is also thought to be implicated in the rapid drop in human male fertility as revealed in recent studies carried out in Denmark, Holland and the UK.



DROIT DU SEIGNEUR

by Alexandrina

Martin knew he should not have stopped, but when he saw the woman standing beside her car and looking hopeless, he just had to act the gallant knight. The problem was - he was driving cross-dressed.

"Has the car broken down?" He had practised a Spanish accent in the belief that that helped the deception.

"Yes, it's a flat tyre and I've never tried to change a wheel before."

The woman was in her forties, or so Martin assessed, a bit older than himself. She was smartly dressed and he could imagine her dismay at messing about with a jack and spare wheel. He put on the dumb act himself.

"I don't know much about cars, but I might be able to help."

Martin smiled encouragement, getting her to open up the boot to bring out the tools and spare wheel. He tried not to look too professional, pretending that it was "absolutely dreadful" to get your hands dirty.

While he worked, the woman explained, "My name's Patricia Ibotson." She stood to the side. "It really is awfully good of you to help like this. Gosh, I hope it doesn't ruin your nails."

Martin half-turned. "Fortunately they're false ones. I can always stick on another set. I'm Marcella, by the way. Marcella Schofield." He gave another yank on the spanner to tighten up the nuts. "There! If we let the jack down now, that should get you home at least."

Although he used the word "we", it was only he who completed the repair.

"That was very kind of you, Marcella," said Patricia Ibotson informally. "But look! Your hands are a mess. I don't live very far away. Follow me to the house and you can clean up properly."

Martin thought for a second. He had been out for his favourite pastime, walking around a nearby town shopping centre in the evening where he could window-shop while *en femme*. He never liked to become involved with other people, always worried about his voice. He felt his appearance was quite convincing, despite his height of five feet eight inches, and his slim figure helped too. It was just that he did not like to get into conversation; if he accepted this offer he would have to speak even more.

Why not? he thought. *I might as well finish the evening off in style as Marcella.*

"Yes, thanks," he said and got back into his own car.

The house was a modern bungalow, one of those split level affairs, and artistically decorated.

After he came out of the bathroom, his host shouted through from the kitchen, "Help yourself to a pew. I've made a pot of coffee." She came through with a tray of mugs and biscuits. "How are the nails?"

"They're okay, thanks. I had some varnish with me so I gave them a bit of a touch up."

While Patricia was pouring the coffee, Marcella admired the woman. She was blonde, similar in fact to his own colour ... that is, of today's wig. Marcella enjoyed wearing a whole range of coiffures.

Yes, Patricia was a pretty woman and most attractively made up. Before he took up cross-dressing he would never have given a second thought to a woman's cosmetics; now, as Marcella, he appreciated those features.

Patricia also turned out to be most frank about herself. "I'm divorced," she said as she flopped down into one of the luxurious armchairs. "Managed to screw a reasonable settlement out of the blighter." "I'm single," said Marcella truthfully, "so never experienced the problems of matrimony." He gave an embarrassed laugh.

"Never had a boyfriend?"

"No." Again Marcella was honest. He sipped the coffee daintily, trying to be effeminate.

"You mean ... you're still a virgin?" Patricia's eyes were popping out. After all, the girl did seem reasonable. Perhaps not a raving beauty, but she did have a good figure and particularly nice legs.

Marcella nearly choked on the coffee. He shook his head sadly. "No, I've never ... never been with a man." He looked up coyly. "What is it like, Patricia ... you know, to sleep with a man?"

"Oh, God, they are the most selfish, despicable creatures you can imagine. No foreplay, ram you for ten minutes, then off to sleep in ten seconds. Believe me, Marcella, you're well clear of them."

Marcella stroked his skirt modestly. "Yet I sometimes feel ... you know ... a little frustrated."

"Listen my dear," Patricia said between sips of her coffee, "you buy a vibrator, if you haven't got one. It's much more fun, I can tell you."

Marcella struggled to change the subject and succeeded in getting onto cooking. It was a subject he knew something about, living a bachelor existence. It was also one of Patricia's favourite themes. She warmed to it and, by the time Marcella had risen to depart, they had both savoured the delights of all manner of cuisine.

"You really must come and visit me again," said Patricia, showing her benefactor to the door.

"That would be lovely." Marcella had now lost his fear of discovery. He was delighted at the prospect of another meeting with a real girl, and one who was so good looking.

When Marcella arrived on Saturday afternoon he found that two of Patricia's friends were also there. She quickly introduced Dorothy Winstanley and Caroline Farrell.

"They're both like me - divorced. Foot loose and fancy free."

"Well not exactly free," said Caroline. "I've got a hunk who is trying to seduce me at every opportunity."

"You should be so lucky, darling," retorted Dorothy.

"Honey," said Caroline, flicking her long auburn hair over her shoulder,"I've told you before, he is no oil painting."

"Who's worried about painting?" said Patricia. "All studs are grey in the dark."

While the three women were busy in banter, Marcella sized up the two newcomers. They were of similar age to Patricia, in their 40s, and quite nice looking. He enjoyed their vivacious natures. They really were fun to be with.

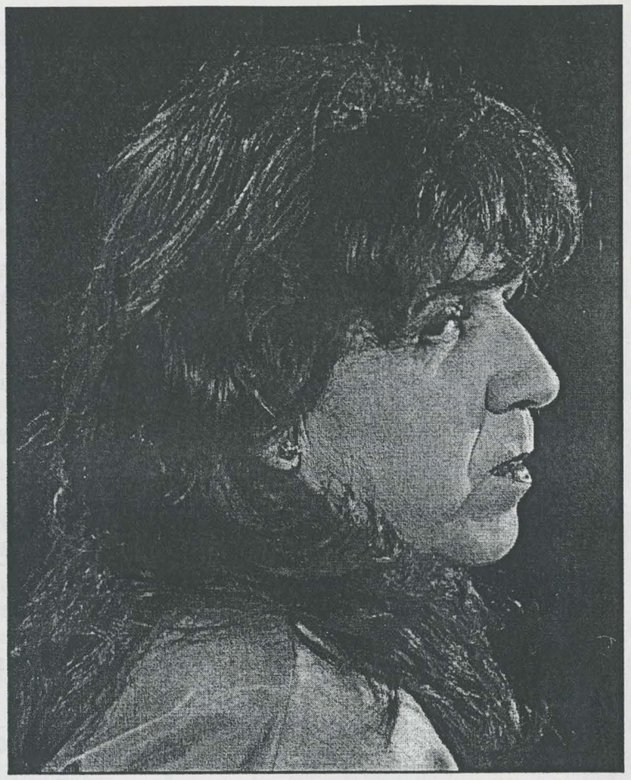
Patricia supplied the inevitable coffee and savouries, while the women discussed diet and the problems of keeping weight down. "I would have had chocolate biscuits, but ..."

Dorothy interrupted with a howl. "For God's sake don't tempt me, Patricia. I'm having a terrible struggle to get into some of my skirts."

Caroline eyed up Marcella enviously. "You don't seem to have a weight problem. How do you do it?"

"I don't know. I just eat normal. Maybe it's because I'm not tempted to eat between meals - much." He felt uneasy at the way Caroline looked at him. Making a brief apology he made a quick exit to the loo.

"There's something not right about your friend, Patricia," Caroline mused.



"I've thought that ever since she arrived," Dorothy agreed. "She reminds me of some of those male performers on TV who dress up as women."

"You know," Caroline said quickly, "I couldn't put my finger on it, but that's it."

"Hm," said Patricia. "She certainly was very good at changing a wheel. I almost said to her that she was as good as any male."

"What if she is a male?" whispered Caroline. "A spy in the camp."

"If Marcella is a he that could be a replacement for your hunk," said Patricia.

"Perhaps a hunk for all of us," Caroline whispered again.

"Have you got some ideas?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes, I have indeed. I think we should have a little game, Patricia." When Marcella returned he found that the girls were unusually quiet. Perhaps it was just a lull in the conversation.

"Marcella," said Patricia, "we normally have a little game on a Saturday afternoon - just to liven up the proceedings."

"Yes?" Marcella questioned hesitantly.

"Yes, we play strip poker. . It's a bit of a laugh."

Laugh? Marcella nearly died of fright. "Well, I don't know if I would ... would like that. Not that I'm a prude or anything."

"Well, if you're not a prude," said Dorothy, "you won't mind a bit of fun." She came over and sat on the arm of Marcella's chair. Caroline jumped up and thumped herself down on the other arm. They both started to tickle him.

Marcella tried to giggle in true feminine fashion, all the time struggling to fend the attackers off. The bawdy behaviour intensified. Dorothy grabbed his hair - and it came away in her hand.

The ensuing silence was all the more devastating.

"Well," said Dorothy, "who's a pretty boy?"

"I'm sorry, Patricia," Marcella said disconsolately. "I wasn't trying to deceive you. I just like cross-dressing. It's a sort of ... kind of a hobby ... I had better go." He stood up, his head hanging and his lip curling as if he were about to burst into tears.

Dorothy, who was blonde like Patricia, took his hand, pulling him back on to the seat. She placed the wig back on his head and smoothed it out. "Don't go, Marcella. We're not offended, are we girls?"

Caroline, sitting on the other side of Marcella, stroked him arm sympathetically. "Of course not. In fact, we really want you to stay."

"Ye ... es," Patricia added slowly.

She came over and looked down at him. "Yes, it could be rather useful to have a man about the house."

Marcella was intimidated, the three females now crowding in on him, two on the arms of his chair and one standing menacingly in front of him. He tried to get up. Dorothy and Caroline each put a hand on his shoulder and pushed him back on the seat.

"How would you like to be our toyboy, Marcella?" asked Patricia, standing akimbo and legs astride.

Caroline caressed his cheek. "You could also be our maid. We would let you dress in a frilly uniform. How would you like that?"

"Well, I'm not too sure ..."

Marcella was interrupted by Dorothy, who was pressing herself close to him. "I adore your perfume. What is it?"

"Seduction."

"Lovely!" Caroline exclaimed.

"You told me you had never been with another man, Marcella," said Patricia. "How about a woman?"

"Well, actually, no. I never quite got the chance ..."

"Right, girls, I claim *droit du seigneur.*"

"Wait a minute," Marcella blurted out, standing up despite the restraining influence of the two women at his flanks.

"You are free to leave of course," pouted Patricia, "but we might just happen to let it out that you are - shall we say - not what you seem. Do many people know of your deviant desires?"

"No." Marcella knitted his eyebrows.

"Well, a lot of people may know soon."

Marcella slumped back into the chair.

"That's better," said Patricia, going back to her own chair and sitting down once more. "I was sure you would want to co-operate with us. Now, let me tell you what we had in mind."

If Marcella had lived in a fantasy world before, he now found himself in a situation even more fantastic. When Patricia had been married she had been quite well to do, as her husband was a successful businessman. They had had a maid and there were still a few uniforms in the bedroom which had been that girl's.

Marcella was soon dressed up in a short maid's uniform, short becuase it had been intended for a girl not nearly as tall as he. Made of black satin with white satin trim, the dress made him quite excited. Patricia had dug out a pair of black fishnet stockings which completed the outfit.

The "girls" made a great play of him, not teasing in any way, but telling him how pretty he was, admiring his legs and generally complimenting their new maid. Marcella became even more excited. He was acting out one of the roles he had always fancied, one he had tried to resist, thinking it "over the top." Now that he had been persuaded by their blackmail, he was inwardly delighted.

More than that. He was ecstatic. During the remainder of the afternoon he had to make tea for the "mistresses", as they now pronounced themselves, then wash up the dishes.Then they got him to stand in the lounge as they chatted.

"Just you stay there and look beautiful, Marcella," Patricia commanded. "We may need something."

"I know what I need," said Dorothy, blowing him a kiss.

"Now, Dorothy," Patricia said peevishly, "I told you. I saw him first, so I have priority."

Dorothy turned to Marcella. "Will you accept our offer and come next Saturday?"

Marcella bobbed a curtsey. "Yes, ma'am. That would be really nice."

"Good," said Dorothy. "I bags him for next week."

"Rotter." Caroline blew a raspberry. "Never mind. I'll probably have the curse next weekend. Two weeks today, Marcella. Mark it in your diary."

Marcella bobbed another curtsey, not so flamboyantly this time. "Yes, ma'am ... er ... thank you, ma'am."

About 7 o'clock Patricia chased the other two girls away. Marcella was standing playing with the hem of the short skirt.

Patricia came over and positively drooled over her latest acquisition. "Be a pet, Marcella. Go upstairs and run a bath for me."

Marcella bounced another curtsey and tripped upstairs. Soon he had run a bath for his mistress.

She floated into the bathroom. "Help me undress, Marcella - that's a good maid."

If Marcella had any doubts before about accepting the "offer", these were now completely dispelled. The sweat trickled down his forehead, staining his mascara as he delicately divested Patricia of her clothing.

"Are you really a virgin?" she asked as she stepped into the bath.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Sponge me all over, Marcella ... slowly."

That evening Marcella - alias Martin - Schofield drove home in a dream. He went over the day's events in his head - over and over again.

But particularly he revelled in the memory of the last three hours. That evening had been the most wonderful in his whole life.

A horrid thought crossed his mind. *Have I become a gigolo?*

Then his mind wandered again to Patricia. She had been so gentle with him, and so instructive! She had led him through the whole evening, telling him what to do, showing him nicely - yet firmly.

And to think that next Saturday he would have to serve Dorothy, then the following weekend it would be Caroline.

Then the Saturday after that he would be back to Patricia.

Life had become so, so wonderful for Marcella.

How he enjoyed being a tranny!

what's in a word?

'SKIRT'

Old English ***scyrte***, meaning shirt, was adopted from the Old Norse ***skyrta***. It's not known how, by 1300, the word had changed it's meaning to denote the lower part of a woman's gown and, especially in modern use, the separate lower outer garment which starts at the waist.

In the 15th century the meaning of ***Skirt*** extended to mean the border, boundary or outlying part of a territory, country, etc, hence the term ***outskirts (of a city)***, meaning the suburbs. The imagery employed in this use is that of the vagina as the citadel whose outskirts have to be traversed before access can be gained. By 1560 ***skirt***, like petticoat, had become standard English for a woman, and ***the skirt*** was the generic noun for women referred to collectively.

By the late 19th century ***skirt*** had acquired negative and overtly sexual connotations; ***a light skirt*** was slang for a loose woman; ***to skirt*** was used to mean to be a harlot; to ***do a bit of skirt*** meant to copulate with a woman; ***skirt-hunting*** referred to a male pastime of searching out women for purposes of sexual intercourse; ***a bit*** or ***piece of skirt*** was both a woman and her vagina.

During World War I, ***skirt*** ameliorated and passed into US slang to denote an attractive woman – but then, a woman's attractiveness may well have been determined by her degree of sexual availability. According to *The Dictionary of American Slang*, by World War II ***skirt*** had become the third most popular slang term for a woman after *dame* and *Jane* and could be used in (fairly) polite conversation.

A man who ***hides behind skirts*** is a derided weakling in need of protection. Someone who ***skirts a topic*** of conversation does so because of the decidedly unmanly fear of or inability to, confront difficulty, complexity, danger or controversy.

Extract from *'Women Words'* by Jane Mills

All Our Yesterdays...



Scottish TV/TS Group, circa 1911

Canadian Brian Zembic agreed to have breast implants to win a $100,000 wager. A professional gambler, Brian underwent surgery to acquire an impressive 38C bust, which he had to keep for one whole year to win the bet. 'I reckon they look better now that I've started shaving my chest', he said.

'You start to see what pigs men are!'

'Having breasts gives you an insight into what life is like for women. You start to see what pigs men are!'

The year was up last October, but he still hasn't had the implants removed. He's not sure when he'll give them up. 'It's kind of fun having them...'

Tiffany's Tit-Bits

If you've got it on, it's going in! If you've said it, now dread it! If you've had an affront when out on the flaunt ... this is where I get to bare your tit-bits! And you ... ah-ha ... get to slag off your girl friends. So let's have a bitch!

It was brilliant flaunting my femme with Ms Nicky [redacted] down the Royal Mile during the Edinburgh Festival. A crowd gathered to watch our photo session when we took turns to hit a few model girl poses in the middle of the High Street. I loved it ... big sissy, big audience, big dress, big hair ... but oops ... small bulge! Unfortunately, despite my best tuck ... one photo shows two obvious little mounds through my tight stretchy white dress ... was I read ?... I was coloured completely King Crimson with embarrassment! .... Mmm now that reminds me, rock stars ... ooo... but hey that's another story!!!

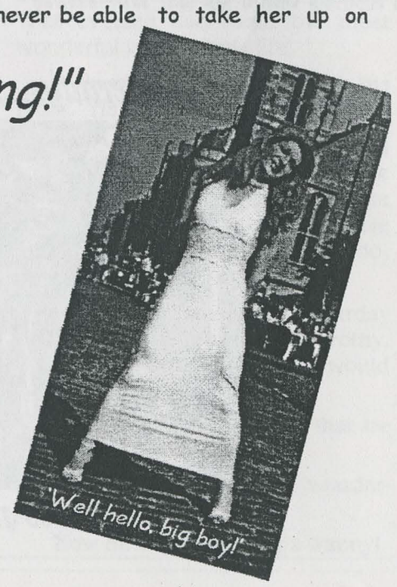

Nikki and friends

Mega thanks to Loraine [redacted], aka Auntie L, for a super little soiree in Kinghorn ... and so nice to see her in Leanne Ash's new dress. Sources close to Auntie L, actually ... herself, admitted under close scrutiny, that she so liked the design for the leatherette dress Leanne (Miss Lash) wants her to make... she ran up one for herself first! I must say she looks great in it ... and I hope the London based Miss Lash does too when she eventually gets one! And what about that lovely lass Louise, strutting her stuff in a stunning white suit? All the girls got gushingly excited at how much she looked like a real TV star ... Marty from Randall & Hopkirk Deceased!

Nicky [redacted] has been having a rare old fling to herself! To start with she hurled herself off her motorbike doing over the ton ... the bike was totalled ...but fortunately our *Girl off a Motorcycle* landed on her silicone breast-forms which cushioned her fall! Not so ... for the deeply traumatised ambulance man who gave her mouth to mouth resuscitation ... when she came round, pulled her tits out and said *"Mmm ... no tongues dahh-ling!"* And I was totally stunned too, when Nicky recently told me about directory knickers ... what the hell are they? I assume she means these are knickers that list the names of all those who have been in them! Gosh imagine wearing a pair of London Directory knickers!!! But the good news for Ms [redacted] ... she finally got a lumber! Yes, a non scene straightish man ... *George, George, George likes yer bum girl, watch out for that trannie ... fell in love with her at first sight across a crowded pub!* He truly thinks her drop dead gorgeous and he searched all over until he found her again ... *doesn't it make you want to puke* ... watch this space, Tit-Bits will dish the dirt if true romance blossoms!

"Mmm ... no tongues dahh-ling!"

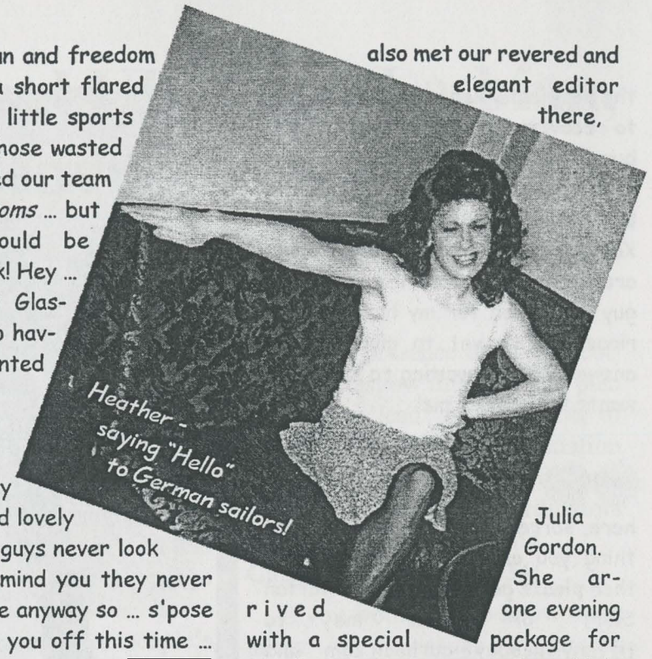
The Blackpool trippette I shared with Ruth (Miss Rose 1997), Karen [redacted], Kelly, Melanie, Louise and Auntie L ... had a macabre aftermath. We all met and liked this lovely trannie girl ... who offered to put us up anytime and gave her card to Louise. But it seems we might never be able to take her up on this kind offer, as she has since been arrested and charged with the murder of her boyfriend! Of course we must assume she is innocent until proven otherwise, and I've been trying to follow the case as, despite my sympathies for the deceased and his family, I feel here is someone who may need help and not purely punishment.


'Well hello, big boy!'

On a lighter note, Roz [redacted] or as she is known, big sis Roz, came up with this idea we girlies should play a charity match with the boys from Gay Pride ... *er, what? play against big butch hairy moustachioed men, I think not!* Well it really was great fun! And we won 9-5! The only consternation for big sis Roz was that it was a communal shower room ... *w-what in there with all those m-men?* Special mention for Michelle who took the bus all the way from Dunfermline without wig or make-up, wearing her 38C's under her tight T-shirt ... then wondered why people were staring at her! She was striking on the pitch too, other than when she had to stop dribbling the ball in order to pull up her stockings! And what about our star Susan! She went in goal for the gay lads after half time ... well we were up 7-0 ... but they were left completely confused by her coaching advice from the goal mouth ... *you're playing like a bunch of poofs ... I want you boys right up ... and I want you right up now!* I look forward to the re-match, honestly nothing compares to the fun and freedom of football in a short flared skirt and tight little sports bra ... God all those wasted years! Roz named our team the *Gallus Bessoms* ... but *Sissy City* would be nearer the mark! Hey ... and talking of Glasgow, I'm fed up having my ego dented going out with Alison fae Clydebank... with her sexy slinky figure and lovely long legs ... the guys never look twice at me ... mind you they never look twice at me anyway so ... s'pose I'll have to let you off this time ... but I'm warning you Alison [redacted] don't look so gorgeous again!


Alison and Roz

Thanks to Heather for putting up with me in her flat for two weeks ... she bravely managed to soldier on through a sea of frilly femininity. Now Heather, you never told me you were nicknamed *'Fluffy Bunny'* ... aha .. you see I have my sources! It was also nice to see Gary, the hunky make-up man. He spent all day painting and pampering Heather for her photo-shoot with Siggy. Of course, when I got Gary alone in my bedroom, mmm ... oh I will never divulge just what I tempted him to slip into, oh a girl should never kiss and tell, oh it's far too personal ... oh alright then ... it was my tarty black skin tight dress! The big boy looked damned good in it too ... if a bit on the bull dyke side! I also met our revered and elegant editor there, Julia Gordon. She arrived with a special package for Heather ... no, no, no, I couldn't possibly reveal that it was a frilly maid's uniform, apron and cap ... but when I got back later that night ... ooer missus ... I discovered Julia in a state of undress on top of the wardrobe in the walk-in cupboard!!! All true ... go on try and deny it Ms Gordon! We have put Heather's dress in the freezer to be used in evidence later! Oh shit ... I've just realised, we forgot to take her out of it first!!!


Heather - saying "Hello" to German sailors!

Did you read the Scotsman article on the Hellfire Club? Nice to see so many well kent faces and we-ll, er ... Michelle's bum! This is not the football playing Michelle of the 38C's, but a relatively new girl on our block ... who with her impressive partner Fiona is certainly managing to successfully put it about! 'On yersel hen' ... as our Kim would say. But where were the mysterious Mistress Clair and Kinky Kay? TIT-BITS wants to know ... er then again ... perhaps not!

Sincere best wishes to Gina and family and hope that after

the accident you are well on the way to recovery. Also, where have Edinburgh Laura and Louise gone? Not seen you girls for ages ... gimmie a bell! Oh, and would Heather contact Karen about a laser ... what on earth are you girls up to? And yes, some guy has asked for my hand in marriage ... I've yet to give him my answer, as I'm waiting to see if he wants the rest of me!

If I've not mentioned you here, sorree, but if there is something you are bursting to tell us, then please get in touch with Tartan Skirt or email me to [redacted] and gimmie the gosp about anything girlie ... from vital fashion, fabby make-up or femmie tips, to funny, peculiar or outrageously weird things that have happened en femme to you or your friends! Go on ... spill girl ... show us yer TIT-BITS!



'So tell me, Steed. Is this your first visit to a fetish club?'

LONDON PRIDE '98

I was fortunate enough to be able to attend the Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual & Transgender Pride march in London on Saturday 4th July. Having arrived in London believing that the march had been cancelled, along with the festival at Clapham Common it was a pleasant surprise to find that at least the march was still on. Arriving at Hyde Park I found that the start was around a half mile from the advertised location, so after chatting to stewards I set off across the park. On my way I spotted several *Pride Scotland* T-shirts – the Scots were out in force!

At the start I was initially concerned to see so few people, even given the on/off nature of the event and the overcast conditions, however, I later heard that 50,000 people attended. Lining up at the start I took my place behind the *Transgender* banner. This was near the front, immediately behind the *'Older Lesbians'* – (doesn't sound ideologically sound I know but that's what their banner said). Moving off at noon we soon proceeded to bring London to a near standstill. Shortly after the start Fay Presto the magician arrived on her bicycle, which was quickly locked to some railings and she joined in the fun.

T-folk found behind older lesbians!

There were people everywhere, on the pavements, on balconies and even on rooftops! Occasionally an outrageously dressed drag queen would appear on the pavement – I for even saw two high up on scaffolding. When the march passed Downing Street, the noise level, which was always high, increased to deafening levels. Soon we were at Parliament Square and nearing the end of the march, which was split up and forced into side streets.

Suddenly it was all over and it was hard to imagine that we had been marching the best part of two hours. Goodbyes were hastily said to those who had to leave and others headed in search of sustenance, in our case the nearest Sainsbury's. Suitably provisioned we made our way back by tube to the designated picnic site in Hyde Park. After a pleasant picnic we bade our farewells and headed homewards, all agreeing to try to come again next year.

Susan [redacted]

Amnesty International UK. Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual and Transgender Network - campaigning for our human rights

In September 1991 **Amnesty International** extended the scope of its mandate to include the adoption as prisoners of conscience people detained solely because of their sexual orientation. Amnesty's **Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual and Transgender (GLBT) Network** came into being as the means of initiating campaigns on behalf of gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender people. It lobbies governments on legal reform and has links with other human rights organisations and Amnesty International groups world wide.

...in Latin America where state sanctioned murder squads hunt down transsexuals in the pursuit of 'social cleansing'

Since it came into being, the **GLBT Network** has campaigned against violations based on sexual orientation in many countries around the world, including the USA where in Texas gay men have been hunted down and shot like dogs, in Peru where lesbians are the target of violent police raids during which they suffer beatings and other abuses, in Tasmania where, in May 1997, the anti-gay law was finally repealed, and in Latin America where state sanctioned murder squads hunt down transsexuals in the pursuit of 'social cleansing'.

Transgender is one of the four groupings in the unwieldy GLBT title, yet compared to gay or lesbian issues, those of transgender people have been relatively neglected until now. The **GLBT Network** has its own transgender discussion group which meets on a regular basis to explore issues, act as a focus for awareness raising, and take forward campaigns on the social and legal discrimination that transgender people face. The group, known as **T-issues**, has a champion of transgender people's rights in Theresa Mills.

*"My name is Theresa Mills. I enjoy life, foreign travel and have an interest in historic buildings. Nothing out of the ordinary, you might think, except that in this country I'm not allowed to marry and the authorities would prevent my body to be buried under my name of Theresa. I, and others like me, are treated in this way because we are transsexual. However, we can walk the streets in relative safety – there are no organised murder squads out to kill us. I can have a regular job – I'm not forced into prostitution to feed myself. My association with **AIUK.GLBT Network** addresses my need to do something positive about the things I feel strongly about, the persecution of minority groups, in particular those picked on because of their sexuality or gender identity".*

GLBT Scotland had a highly successful presence at Pride Scotland in Glasgow this year and plan to take the lead on a number of campaigns. Further information about these can be obtained from-Scottish Group Co-ordinators **David (0141-[redacted])** and **Catherine (0131-[redacted])**.

If you would like to know more about the T-issues discussion group, contact **Theresa** on **0118-[redacted]** or e-mail her at: [redacted]

To get involved with the **GLBT Network**, write to:

GLBT network
AIUK
99-119 Rosebery Avenue
London EC1R 4RE

or **telephone 0171-[redacted]**
or fax to **0171-[redacted]**
or e-mail them at: [redacted]

Amnesty International is on the world wide web at:
http://www.amnesty.org.uk

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL UNITED KINGDOM

Demet Demir – human rights activist

Demet demir's speech made at the ceremony of the Felipa De Souza Awards

"I realised that I was different when I was five or six. I felt that I liked to be close to my own kind. Yes, I had a different sexual identity but it was not important when I was a small child. They made me feel that it is important in my age of adolescence. Rules of morality, religion, and patriarchy, and the pressure of my family and the society was added to all these. It was only I who knew about my sexuality. I had to hide my emotions and it was very difficult. I was a prisoner everywhere.

Yes, it was hard to survive in a Moslem country and patriarchal, feudal society. I thought a lot about what I was guilty for but could not find an answer. It was impossible to match my life with religion because Islam rejects all gays, lesbians and transgendered people. Islam, with all institutions is one of the most important factors that darkens life for homosexuals.

I asked myself how I could overcome all these difficulties. I had to be a well-cultured person and next step would be to put pressure on people to learn about sexual culture. Because in Turkey the problem is not only with homosexuality, the problem is the whole sexuality! First I had to deal with my family. They knew I was like a girl and did not say anything when they saw me playing with girls all the time. They could not accept that I was a homosexual. Even when I was still male I was sexually harassed by so-called heterosexual men around who wanted to sleep with me. It was my sexuality that was always emphasised about me. So I had to change many jobs.

During school years I was politically active. Again my sexual and political identities clashed. Turkish socialists before 80s could not accept homosexuality. I was arrested on 1st of May 1980 at the demonstration for Labour Day.

'No right to live'

Then came the coup d'état on the 12th of September, 1980. All non-heterosexual people were put on pressure. They banned all the gays and transgendered people who worked as singers. There was also big punishment for prostitution. There was no right to live.

Homosexuals who were caught by the army forces were sent to smaller towns in buses. Many of us were kept and tortured at police stations and we were sent to sexual disease hospitals. We were kept prisoners for more than ten days.

My penalty was determined and I was put into prison in 1982. I stayed in prison for eight months. In prison I was excluded by my leftist friends because I was a faggot and I had no right to live. When I got out of prison it was a new beginning in my life. It was 1984 and I had always been a prisoner because I always had to hide myself to let other people be happy. I could not stand it any more and at last i made my sexual revolution. First I came out to my family and started to act more effeminate. It was not important for me if the society thought I was strange. I had to live for myself, not for others. I had many missions to do and I had enough political background and culture.

Homosexual movement started in 1987 in Turkey. The movement was started by transvestites and transsexuals. Homosexual group of Radical Democratic Green Party went on hunger strike and the next action was sitting at Taksim Park. Then I was not involved in the movement yet. I had some contacts in 1988 and devoted myself to the struggle for sexual rights.

In the Radical Democratic Green Party I learned about feminism, environmentalism, militarism, homosexual rights, animal rights, and raised my consciousness. The rights of every minority group were being violated in my country.

'Many people get lost'

It was not enough for me and I became a member of Human Rights Organisation. At first I was found odd because I was a transvestite. They were all leftists and so was I, but they were not used to homosexuals yet. I also struggled here to make people accept me. I worked to establish sexual minority's commission in HRO. HRO dealt with every kind of pressure applied on homosexuals and we gave press declarations at HRO. They also provided the lawyers for cases about homosexuals and they looked for the ones who were arrested. Because in Turkey many people get lost after they are arrested by the police. In HRO I also became the first transvestite delegate.

In 1991 I was arrested. The reason was that they claimed I insulted Ataturk, but it was not true. I was tortured by the police and they did not want me to tell it to anyone. With the order of Suleyman Ulusoy I was put into prison for two months. Human Rights Organisation took care of me. They found me a lawyer and visited me very often. Then I was released and acquitted at the court.

My relations with my socialist friends got better and their pre-80s moral views seemed to change. Radical Democratic Green Party spokesman Ibrahim Eren and I had different views and there were some separations from the movement. We have also been working for two years with Human Resources Development Foundation on ways of avoiding sexual diseases for transvestites and transsexuals.

In Ulker Sokak, where I live, police pressure has been going on for a year. There were seventy of us on our street last year but now we are only seven. Our doors were broken, one of our friends house was burnt down by the police. These were caused by a lady called Gungor Gider. She used to get along very well with us and most of us were living in her houses and paying her rent. She demanded much more money than the houses cost and we objected. Since then, in co-operation with the police, she provoked all the inhabitants of the street. Most of our friends had to leave their houses.

The only way the transgendered can earn their living in Turkey is prostitution. They are trying every way to prevent us from prostitution, but how are we going to survive? There is no right to live if you are different!

We are not daunted by all these things and we are still actively working in many different areas. The only political party that talks about the rights of homosexuals in Turkey is Freedom and Solidarity Party. I work with this party and the party has made a declaration on Ulker Street with other organisations like HRO and Lambda Istambul.

We have an art group in which there are transgendered and the students of art. We have opened a workshop and we are producing artistic pieces. We have a magazine called Gaci, which means woman in transvestite slang. It is prepared by sex workers, transvestites and transsexuals. I write articles and poems for this magazine. We are trying to create our own business because this is the only chance. If not, we are condemned to prostitution.

I am also working with the queer group Lambda Istambul that has nominated me for this award. Lambda Istambul was founded in 1993 and it is the most actively working group in Turkey. It has around 60 members. Lambda Istambul has a bi-monthly photocopy magazine and the only regular gay-lesbian radio show of Turkey. Although they have a severe financial problem, they keep on working.

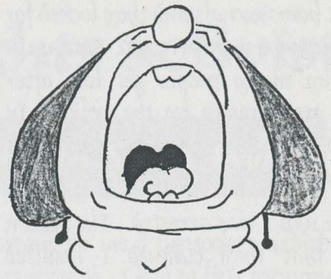
In Turkey so far, many homosexuals were killed and police could not find their murderers. Police do not care to look for the murderers because they think homosexuals are not worth it. We have a lot of problems in Turkey and we want to live the way the heterosexuals do. I will keep on struggling for every right. Yesterday I started as a child and I am going on as a mother today and tomorrow I will go on as a grandmother. I do not care if they kill me or put me in prison again.

NOTE: Felipa De Souza was the first known woman to be executed for being a lesbian, during the Portuguese inquisition of 1591 in Brazil.



Article 1: All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights...**Article 7:** All are equal before the law and are entitled without any discrimination to equal protection of the law. All are entitled to equal protection against any discrimination in violation of this declaration and against any incitement to such discrimination...**Article 12:** No one shall be subjected to arbitrary interference with his privacy...**Article 14:** Everyone has the right to seek and to enjoy in other countries asylum from persecution...**Article 19:** Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression...

speak OUT



These pages are yours to express your views and opinions, to address your anger or frustration, or to ask for help. Ed.

Dear Tartan Skirt,

My mother never stopped telling people and reminding me of the fact that I should have been a girl. I feel that this, more than anything else, gave me my disposition towards wearing women's clothes. My mother, God bless her, is long dead and I don't want to blame her for anything. The more I cross dress, the more I enjoy it and the more I realise what my mother may have done for me. I used to blame her, now I appreciate what she did for me. Thanks, Mum.

I have made the assumption that being born a different sex from what my mother desired was the basic cause of my need to cross dress. I may be entirely wrong but the idea is a persistent one and I would be interested to know how common this experience is among transgendered people. Now I don't want to get involved in the Nature versus Nurture debate about the causes of crossdressing. There has been plenty already written on that. I may well be genetically programmed to act as I do, I don't know. My concern is in coming to terms with my relationship with my mother and the part that she had to play in the feminine aspect of my life.

I assumed that it would please my mother when, at around four years old, I first dressed in high heels and a lacy slip. This is not at all uncommon for all children, whatever their sex. She was shocked and I was severely rebuked. But then she insisted I keep them on for the rest of the day, even when my father and big brother came home, when much was made of me being a little girl. I still remember this incident with great fondness. What interests me now looking back is why my mother was so shocked. Was it because of her own wishes and did she read much more into me dressed as a girl?

Not having a daughter, my mother took a great interest in her nieces. In particular, I remember one visit to my Auntie's house when I was in my early teens. My cousins were three teenage girls, the youngest of whom was a year older than I. It was the early sixties and my cousins were wearing layer upon layer of flouncy petticoats under their drindl skirts. "You're not going out like that!" said my Auntie. (Sounds familiar?) My Aunt worked at home making lingerie and my mother was utterly taken by the pink satin knickers on the sewing machine. So was I. "I wish I had a daughter, you're so lucky."

Well, I just sat there wishing too. I had just resumed dressing in women's undies and I felt so envious. I wanted to dress like a girl for my mother. I wanted desperately to wear those pretty pink panties and the lovely frilly petticoats, but didn't dare to say so. Recently, I met those same cousins again at my Auntie's funeral. They were so like the middle-aged wifie I see when I get dressed up now and look in the mirror! And yes, girls, I now have pink panties and frilly underskirts as a prized part of my wardrobe.

My mother learned years ago that I was a transvestite - my ex-wife told her - but she was not able to accept it. This was a disappointment to me. But still now I feel I want to dress and act as a woman to satisfy that part of me that years ago wanted to please my mother by giving her what I thought she wanted. I certainly get an enormous feeling of warmth and belonging when I am dressed that I can only relate to as a return to my early childhood.

I would be interested to hear from other Tartan Skirt readers who have had similar experiences with their mothers and might wish to compare notes or offer advice.

Donna [redacted]

*****

Dear Tartan Skirt,

As a newcomer to the 'scene', I recently attended two support group meetings in different parts of Scotland. A rewarding waste of time. Why the paradox? Let me explain.

I left the first meeting feeling more depressed than when I arrived! I won't be going back there. On the second occasion, however, I was warmly welcomed and felt more encouraged than before. Now, I enjoy my crossdressing and had got myself looking reasonably presentable, not over the top, but as attractive as possible. But as time went by I became more and more perturbed by the appearance of those arriving, as everyone seemed to be dressed casually in slacks and 'sensible' shoes, and I felt very out of place and uncomfortable. Eventually others did join the group wearing an assortment of female clothing.

'The girls I saw were like TVs in reverse - they had become female and were now cross dressing as men!'

There was one TV, whose dress looked as if it had been acquired from a charity shop, who spent some time speaking to me, so much so that I felt remorse at being so critical of her attire. And someone even wore jeans and T-shirt, not bothering to change into 'decent' clothes. At one point I had the impression that I might be getting ignored because I was considered to be over-dressed for the occasion. Another TV in a trouser suit sat next to me and chatted, and then a girl came in wearing a short skirt and blouse. At last I had a companion! She was shy but very pleasant and had a lovely slim figure.

The TSs launched into a long discussion about hormone treatments, side effects, the horrors of the 'op', and a whole raft of subjects which were Greek to me. And then the bombshell dropped - a real girl was going to be present at the meeting. I nearly left there and then, for I am still very nervous of being known as a TV by people, especially women, outside the community.

My reward for staying was to see the marked contrast in attitudes between TSs and TVs. Apart from the common goal of trying to overcome prejudice, I believe our ways diverge. I am very sympathetic to TSs, and I certainly detest the idea of friction between the two groups. TSs want desperately to be accepted as female and dress down to fit the part. In a sense, the girls I saw were like TVs in reverse - they had become female and were now crossdressing as men! TVs, on the other hand, are often married and search every opportunity to crossdress. We are often outrageous in our minis, maid costumes, little girl frillies and all. We love to show off, to act the part of the pert little tart, to flutter long eyelashes and excite the male hunks, while wanting to retain that essential part of the male anatomy which gives erotic stimulation.

I concluded that I should stick to TV events in order to share tranny whims and fancies, and I firmly believe that it is a mistake to have an event which tries to cater for both groups. Our requirements are different and our experiences are different. I believe if we recognise our differences it may cause less pain and upset.

(name withheld by request)

[Thank you for your letter about your experiences at support group meetings. It isn't often we are fortunate enough to get feedback from someone who has made the effort to come along only to be dissuaded from returning.

Support groups are most successful when they provide a safe environment for individuals to explore their own sense of who they are, how they define their own gender identity, helped by the experiences of others. Of course some individuals will come to support groups motivated by a desire to make contacts of a sexual nature and some will come expecting nothing more than a boozy social evening, or Bingo! While it's always possible for those managing support groups to organise social activities, these are likely to be attended by only a few of the more confident members. For the most part, people come to support groups because they are en-

BOOB TUBES!

A safe and natural alternative to silicone breast implants could be available soon. Scientists in Boston have already grown nipples in test tubes and will soon have the capacity to create an entire breast.



Well, Miss Watson. Now that we've grown it, what the hell do we do with it?

gaged in a process of self-discovery and have nowhere else to turn to for the help they need.

A newcomer arrives with a sense of exclusion we dare not add to by our own thoughtless behaviour. The helping dynamic within a group depends heavily on the deconstruction of feelings of exclusion of one sort or another, so please hang on in there, make the effort, and in time you may find that being a part of something can be very rewarding. - Ed.]

*****

Dear Tartan Skirt,

Through this letter may I ask your readers to assist me with a small project of personal interest. This concerns how or why we choose the name we use. Was it after someone who made a lasting impression on you, such as an old flame, a favourite actress, someone you admire at work, or just because you liked the sound of it? If folk would spare a few minutes to put pen to paper and let me know, I'd be very grateful. Please write to me -

Sue Robb
[redacted]
Strathcarron
Ross-shire IV54 8YR.

All information will be held in strict confidence. Thank you.

Sue Robb

[To get the ball rolling Sue, here's mine. My surname was once my forename, and my forename was a name which was not to be found among friends or family – therefore I could 'own' it totally - and I liked the sound of it. Incidentally, I found it easy to change my name in Scotland. I am often surprised by the degree of willingness to respect and accommodate the individual shown by Scots Law compared to the legal systems which operate elsewhere in the UK and abroad. - Ed.]

*****

The Pond

It felt strange, as I brushed the crumbs from my skirt. Here I was, in Glasgow on a cold, wet day (aren't they always), feeding the ducks and looking across at what was once my Primary School, so long ago.

Dear God. To think of myself in little short trousers, making my way through the school gates, wishing I was a girl.

If only... If only I could have turned around and walked away from the taunts and punches.

If only I had looked across the duck pond and been able to see the middle-aged woman sitting there alone.

If only I had been able to see then that despite so much heartache and pain still to come, life would get better.

June

Dear Tartan Skirt,

"Sticks and stones may break my bones but names will never hurt me." The words have a hollow ring to them - I have little faith in their ability to prevent my hurt. I'm about seven or eight years old, defending myself the only way I can against the name-calling and jeers of the other boys in the playground.

A long time ago, but still a vivid memory. Perhaps as a result of being replayed by one group of individuals after another, in one form or another, throughout my schooldays and beyond, even into adult life.

Why was it me who was bullied and not Kenny or John or Steven? I never understood. Was it because I was physically smaller than my peers? Did they sense a weakness they could use to advance their own standing in Nature's survival game? I can't say what it was, but faced with such rejection I soon stopped trying to make friends with other boys. Not that I found it any easier to make friends with girls, for they too would be scornful, though less so.

As someone who can accept that cultural factors may well play a part in our perceptions of our gender identity, at times I find myself wondering if those early experiences which prevented me from 'bonding' in the normal way with the same sex and the opposite sex, contributed at all to my eventual choice of transgender lifestyle. I'm not suggesting for one moment that bullying predisposes the individual to gender confusion, but if the predisposition is already there...

(name withheld by request)

[It might be interesting to undertake a census of bullying amongst the transgender population. If anyone else has had experiences in this area, let's hear about it. - Ed.]

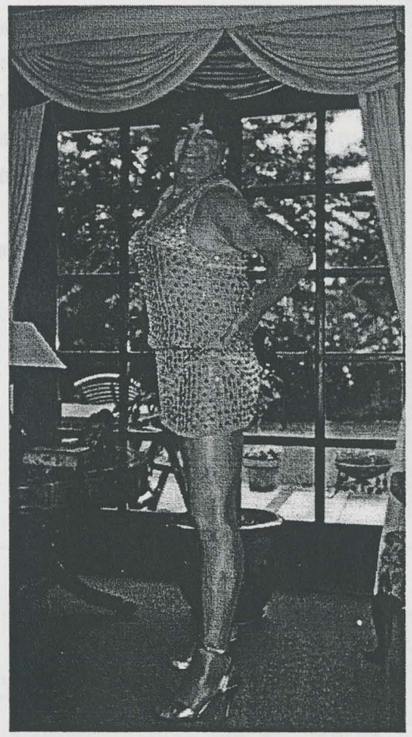
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Drowning or Waving?

"Oh no, not her. We've read her pieces in those southern mags and she's rubbish!"

Well, you may have a point and that's exactly it. Your editor in her infinite wisdom (did you notice that subtle bit of toadying?) decided that in order to drum up some really good articles, she would include this piece in the next issue as an example of how not to do it! This will in turn encourage many of you to send in some really good work for future issues and make it the success it deserves. So there - stick that in your pipe and smoke it. Not that us girls smoke pipes - do we? Now that isn't strictly speaking true, but I'm not telling, as she is a friend of mine apart from being a highly regarded officer in one of our respected organisations. We all have our funny ways... except me, of course.

In my defence, I'm a Scot - albeit an ex-pat of many years having settled in the South after a sojourn abroad and then at Dounreay during the construction period before being moved to Bradwell in Essex and then moving to Surrey where I sort of stuck.. Do I like it? Well it has advantages and one big one. What is it? Can you keep a secret? Promise? Oh very well then, but I don't want you all rushing down here and crowding me out at Ron Storme's etc. *THERE'S NAE MIDGIES!!!!* I can think of no better reason for moving south! Have I ever considered moving back? Well, occasionally on my trips home I think of that possibility and on one particular occasion I did give it considerable thought. You may remember the day - it was sunny. The year was 1987, I think. Sorry... that just slipped in. Then I think of the things I'd miss. Ron Storme's. Hot steamy nights at my



favourite Lesbian Club in Brighton with those gorgeous young dykes. The Southern Girls' discos at Warsash, Southampton and in the New Forest and lots more. Perhaps... I think, and then I remember the midgies and it's NO CONTEST!

That's all very well, you may say (that's if you're still reading on) but what's with this title above? Well I think that trannyism is rather like drowning or waving. Some of us - most I hope - enjoy it to the full even if we do not have the facilities I and my friends are lucky enough to have access to and participate. Those are the 'waving' variety and even if they do not manage to get to some of the livelier spots they do get to meetings, etc. and meet like-minded souls and feel part of the group. Now the 'drowning' set are those who have never come out of the wardrobe (I detest the word closet) and cannot muster the determination to find their feet - stiletto clad, of course. Now there are many valid reasons why some cannot do so but I'm afraid there is a large section that could came partially 'out' if they really tried. My own situation is that none of my family or close non-tranny friends know of my double life (as far as I'm aware) - and I do sail pretty close to the wind at times - but I do get out and have fun. Now there is an in-between course and that is 'treading water'. Many are quite happy to go their own way and may not attend meetings etc. but do get out from time to time and have their mags also to keep them abreast of what is happening *in the real world.* That is fine and if it suits them, then OK.

So much for the swimming lesson. What else to I get up to? Well you must understand that I'm basically a shy person and not one to show off or get up to mischief.

Don't believe what you may have heard and take no notice of what Lorraine Walker says about me! I'm sure you know that those Fifers are prone to exaggeration. I knew Lorraine many years ago in her 'early tranny period' when she was a shy thing, too. A couple of years ago I was dancing at Ron Storme's when I heard this Fifer's voice behind me saying, "I recognise that length of skirt and that posing". It was Lorraine down on a visit and she had caught me in a most unaccustomed posing situation, as I don't do that sort of thing normally. Well, only occasionally.

My friends are great fun and when we are out they play various games. Their favourite is to make me walk ahead while they dive up side streets. But often they get lost and it takes me ages to find them - if at all. They say that my walking ahead by several yards shows me off to some advantage - sort of modelling. They add that if we were seen together they might detract from my being noticed, despite my 12" Morgan split mini. Aren't they kind? I hadn't thought of it like that....

Colette

What's Wrong With Being Diff'rent?

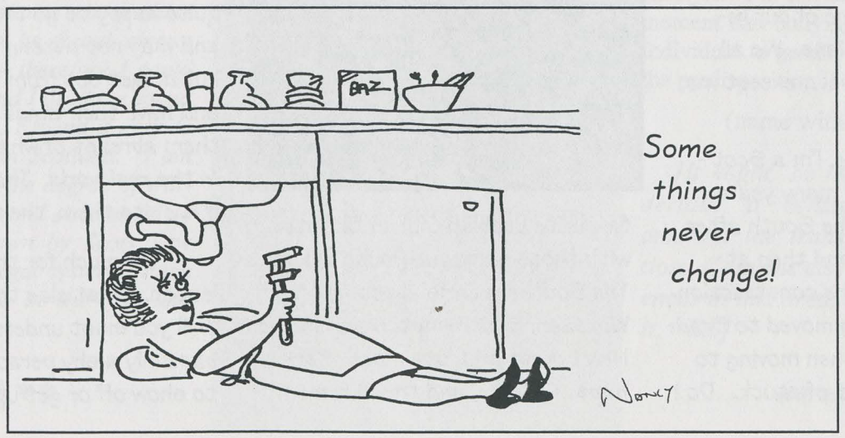
by Juliet

The world has many patterns
So why not use them all?
What's wrong with being diff'rent?
Who cares if we are small?
If we just hold our heads up
And show that we are strong
Why shouldn't we discover
A place where we belong

For different means special
Our talents are our own
And if we stand together
We'll never be alone

The world has many colours
So why not make it bright?
Let's paint the days with rainbows
Instead of black and white
Though sticks and stones may hurt us
No one can take away
The spirit that's within us
No matter what they say

For different means special
Our talents are our own
And if we stand together
We'll never be alone



Some things never change!

THE COMPLIMENT

by Alice [redacted]

The summer nights were stretching out and a special evening was in store. I decided on a bath rather than a shower, as this feels more luxurious and soothing than being pummelled by water under pressure. As hot water filled the bath the room began to cloud with a scented steam perfumed by aromatic oils. Lying soaking, letting the cares of the day fall away, was bliss. Stress oozed out of every pore in my body, to be replaced by the fragrance.

Time came when I had to get myself ready for the evening ahead. Shaving my legs to get them perfectly smooth, along with the rest of my body, there remained not a trace of hair to be seen. I dried myself gently and powdered my skin with talc. This was more like the thing, pampering myself and indulging my senses.

On went my robe and with a final savouring of the bouquet, I left the bathroom and made my way along the hall and up the stairway towards my bedroom. As I climbed the stairs, the sensation of the silk robe as it brushed against my smooth skin was intensely pleasing. Reaching the bedroom door, I opened it and went inside. I felt totally at ease within the sanctuary of this room. Here I could do anything, free of the worries and cares which harrassed me elsewhere. As I stepped from the robe, letting it fall to the ground, I was revealed in all my glory by the mirror which confronted me - the transformation was about to begin.

This would take time since everything had to be just right, better than just right, tonight everything had to be perfect. I went to the chest of drawers and removed a pair of the laciest black panties. These I eased up over my thighs, tucking my manhood between my legs so as to give a pleasing flatness. I followed this with a matching bra, flicking my still wet hair aside as I fastened it and settled the straps across my shoulders. Turning to the mirror once more, I acknowledged to myself the improvement in my reflection. I now put on the suspender belt, rolled the sheer, glossing stockings up over my smooth legs, and secured them in place. Better still.

Now for my make up. Eyeshadow, a subtle shade which would complement the dress I had planned on wearing that evening, a pencil to highlight my plucked eyebrows, nails polished a striking colour. Looking out of my bedroom window I could see people scurrying here and there. I was fascinated by their movement, even thought it left me strangely apprehensive. Would it go well tonight? Am I overdressed for the occasion? There were no answering words of reassurance. It was now time to put on my dress. A special dress with scarlet puffed sleeves, it reaches down almost to my knees. And now my necklace, shimmering and multicoloured in the evening light.

Shaking my hair loose, it tumbles down my back. I add another touch, a glossy red colour to my lips and turn towards the mirror once more. I stand transfixed, in admiration of the reflection looking back. Just time to put on my stiletto heeled shoes when the doorbell rings and I rush to open the front door. My chaperone for the evening is standing there, his eyes paying me the greatest compliment. I am in heaven. I close the door behind me as I step out into the night.

IT'S A FUNNY OLD WORLD!

Bar staff in Idaho, USA, are subject to a law which prohibits 'the wearing of devices designed to simulate female breasts' while working.

[I guess they have to serve real ale, too! - Ed]

Male Erectile Dysfunction

HELP IS AT HAND!

Male erectile dysfunction, or **impotence**, is best described as the inability to maintain an erect penis sufficient for sexual intercourse. A survey carried out in 1995 found that 1 in 10 men considered themselves to be impotent and that more than half of all the subjects had experienced some degree of impotence at some time in their lives.

Impotence has long been regarded as a taboo subject, both by those who experience it and by the medical profession who, as recently as the 60s, explained the condition as... *"the result of guilt, anxiety, jealousy or frigidity on the part of the wife"* It is now well accepted that it is more common as we get older and is often a symptom of chronic heart disease, high blood pressure, thickening of the arteries and diabetes, as well as a variety of neurological and psychological ailments. **Male performance anxiety** is known to affect many individuals in situations where they feel subjected to undue sexual pressure and this, if unresolved, can act as a powerful cumulative block. **Feminising hormones** may also impair the ability to achieve erection although this is not always seen as an undesirable outcome by those who take them.

The emotional consequences of impotence can be severe and often include feelings of

- ◊ **low self-esteem**
- ◊ **low self-worth**
- ◊ **a sense of loss of masculinity**
- ◊ **stress**
- ◊ **depression**
- ◊ **difficulties with relationships**
- ◊ **isolation**

In spite of this few men seek help.

the Pfizer riser

Until very recently there have been two main treatment options. One is a vacuum device which is designed to fit over the penis and which draws blood into the organ using negative pressure. This can produce an erection which is then preserved for the duration of intercourse by a tight band around the base of the penis, restricting the flow of blood back into the body. The second involves an injection of *phenoxybenzamine* directly into the penile shaft immediately prior to intercourse. It is difficult to see either method as affording much in the way of spontaneity in love-making.

In 1991 the pharmaceutical company Pfizer noted a side effect of a compound they were testing as a treatment for angina – patients were getting erections! Subsequent laboratory studies using this substance, ***sildenafil citrate***, resulted for the first time in a clearer understanding of the biochemical mechanisms which take place during erection. When we become aroused, by feeling sexy or touching, a message is sent to the penis which results in the release of ***nitric oxide*** in the muscle. it is the nitric oxide which causes the muscle in the penis to relax and allow blood to flow in to the organ. The messenger was identified as a chemical called ***cyclic GMP*** and in patients suffering from impotence it was discovered that their levels of cyclic GMP were low. Sildenafil citrate was able to bring about the release of nitric oxide directly, thereby avoiding the need for cyclic GMP. Sildenafil citrate became the active ingredient of the drug **Viagra** which became available in the USA in the early part of this year. The name is a combination of *'vigour'* and *'Niagara'*, and is colloquially known as ***'the Pfizer Riser'!***

Because of the way it works, restoring a damaged response to sexual stimulation, Viagra is quite unlike other treatments and avoids priasmic embarrassment in patients – *erections at inappropriate times!* But for the same reason it will not enhance or augment in any way the natural response to sexual stimulation – *it will not allow you to go at it all night long!*

Viagra is taken as a single tablet (recommended dose is 50mg) one hour before sexual activity. It should not be used more frequently than one a day. In clinical trials 4 out of 5 men taking Viagra reported an improvement in their erections. However, its use is not recommended for anyone taking nitrate medication for angina and, although studies are being carried out to evaluate its effects on women, Viagra is not recommended for either women or children. Side effects have included dizziness and altered vision, dyspepsia, headache and flushing.

Although Viagra is now licensed in the UK it is unlikely to be readily prescribed within the NHS other than for selected patients. It is available privately, costing up to £16 per tablet, but private clinics may well want you to have a full diagnostic screen costing around £300-400.

- ◊ Information about Viagra is available from Pfizer's web site at http://www.viagra.com and a medical information helpline is available at **01304-616161**.
- ◊ **The Impotence Association** also run a helpline at **0181-7677791**
- ◊ and don't forget that your GP is an option for someone to speak to if you have any concerns about impotence, a very common but under-treated condition.

Julia Gordon

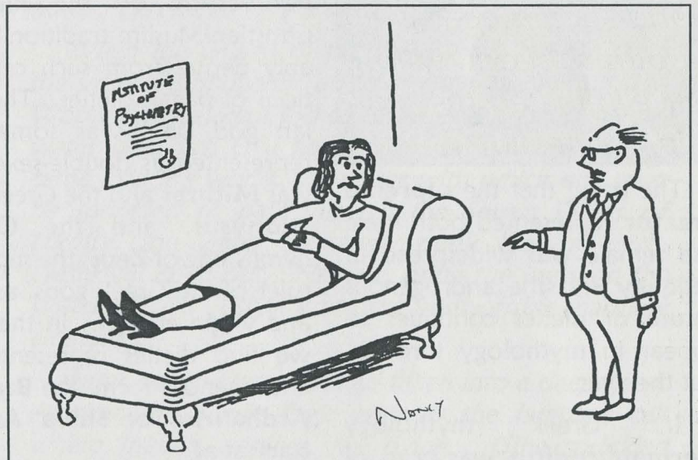
DID YOU HEAR?

A lorry load of Viagra was hijacked on the outskirts of Motherwell.

Lanarkshire police are looking for four hardened criminals!

AND DID YOU KNOW?

You have to swallow Viagra quickly to avoid getting a stiff neck!



"So, Mr MacKay, What makes you think you're TV?"

Our Forgotten History

'Myths are never gratuitous fictions, but convey in imaginary form the fundamental truths of being and life.'

Jean Markale, *'Women Of The Celts'*

*In the beginning was the **Great Mother*** *alone, the primordial goddess. Then, with the gradual shift of civilisations towards patriarchy, she became represented alongside a father god with whom she shared responsibility for the world and all life. Eventually, the old world succumbed to an absolutist god whose cult eliminated the worship of female.*

The belief that the **supreme Creator** represented both male and female was widespread in antiquity and the androgenous nature of dieties continues to appear in mythology throughout the ages.

In Greek mythology **Hermaphroditus** was born of Aphrodite and Hermes. The child grew together with the nymph Salmacis, and while bathing in her fountain he grew long hair and female breasts. **Aphrodite** herself was sometimes regarded as double-sexed: In Cyprus, an image of her as Venus, bearded and masculine and dressed in female clothing, was an object of worship. At these religious festivals, and others such as the festivals held in honour of Astarte, women wore men's clothing and men wore women's. It is interesting to note that the denunciations of transvestism by the Judaeo-Christian-Muslim tradition probably derive from such celebrations of pagan dieties. The Syrian god **Baal** was sometimes represented as double-sexed, as was **Mithras** and the Greek god **Dionysus**, and the Orphic hymns sing of **Zeus**, the supreme ruler of the Greek gods, as man and virgin eternal. In the East, we find dieties represented in androgenous form, the **Brahma Ardhanrisa** or **Shiva Ardhanarisava.**

The concept of divine androgeny, attributes of god which are both male and female, is still found in the mystical symbolism of the Qabalistic Tree of Life, but the removal of all traces of female from the biblical God established the patriarchal concept of **God the Father**. Female came to be regarded as inferior and potentially evil.

Rites of worship of the old gods were conducted by priestesses and here it is of particular interest that we note that **Cybele**, the Great Mother Goddess of Phrygia, was served by an order of male priestesses called **Galloi**. They wore women's clothing and accepted castration. The word ***Galla*** is possibly etymologically related to 'gelding', and it is thought that their name could have its origins in the rites of baptism in the river Gallos of Phrygia in Asia Minor. The Sumerian word *gala* describes the mythological androgyne **Asushunamir,** whose legend accompanies these notes. It is certainly well documented that early Christianity sought the allegiance of both Galloi and women, but it was Polycarp and other patrist theologians (not Jesus) who won the day with their insistance on purging the feminine traces of older religions. There are many examples to be found of eunuch priests, in Uruk among the Hittites, and in Ephesus, Cyprus and Lydia.

The concept of identification with the female diety through the wearing of female clothing by priests is shared by the shamanic traditions of an ancient Europe (with its Druidic connections), North America and present day Asia. The Christian priesthood today continues the tradition which was so deeply rooted, culturally, that when eradication proved impossible, it assimilated it. According to Herodotus, the Greek historian, Scythian priests were hermaphrodites. The **Ennarees**, as they were called, worshipped the goddess Aphrodite. And the Roman, Tacitus, mentions the priests of the **Maharvali,** a somewhat Celticised people, who dressed in female clothing. In 'GREEK MYTHS' Robert Graves describes the religious concept of the King of (matriarchal†) Sumeria, as the Queen's consort, wearing her robes while deputising for her in ceremonies.

The mythologies of antiquity abound with perspectives of gender radically different to those to which we are accustomed today, and often hold our sisters in an esteem we find difficult to accept. While we cannot (nor should be want to) return to an age that has passed, we owe it to ourselves to reclaim our spiritual heritage, a heritage the Judaeo-Christian-Muslim tradition has denied us for too long. **Then we shall become whole again, once more respected for our gifts of the spirit.**

Julia Gordon

* The Great Mother was known by many names in many societies and civilisations; Cybele, Isis, Arinna, Hera, Ishtar, Nana, Innan, Inanna, Nut, Anahita, and many others.

† While the case for widespread matriarchal societies is a difficult one to make, it seems beyond question that many old civilisations were far more gynaecocratic with women held in greater respect.

The following story derives from the ancient traditions of the Fertile Crescent and tells of Inanna's promise to Asushunamir. I am indebted to Laura D Lansberry for her kind permission to print this adaptation.

*To **Inanna, Queen of Heaven**, Enki the Wise gave great gifts of wisdom, justice, love, the sacred woman, and the fruit of the vine, but the gift that saved her from death he was to fashion from the dirt beneath his fingernails, a being of light called **Asushunamir**. (S)he whose face is radiant, beautiful in countenance. (S)he, clothed in the stars, male and female, companion to Inanna. **Asushunamir.***

*Asushunamir was created by Enki to rescue Inanna from the Land of no Return. The spell of **Ereshkigal, Queen of the Dead**, could not possess this luminescent being, yet she was charmed by Asushunamir's beauty, moved by (he)r voice, amused by (he)r dance. Ereshkigal called for a great feast to be held in (he)r honour; the best wine, the finest meats, the most sumptuous of fruit. Ereshkigal dreamed of taking this beautiful being to her bed, and of keeping her forever with her in the Land of the Dead. But Asushunamir was careful to pour the wine upon the floor and to eat no food prepared by the servants of Ereshkigal.*

*When the Queen of the Dead grew careless from the wine, Asushunamir asked if (s)he might taste the **Water of Life,** kept locked in the cellar. This was the water of which Enki had spoken when Asushunamir came into the world, the water with which one must be sprinkled to pass through the **Seven Gates of Irkalla**, the water to renew one's life on earth. Ereshkigal cried out, "Namtar, bring the jug with the Water of Life. I shall grant the wish of this charming creature".*

Later, when Ereshkigal had fallen into a deep sleep, Asushunamir made (he)r way to the lampless cell where Inanna, captive, lay dying. (S)he sprinkled Inanna with the Water of Life and as the drops fell on her inert body Inanna breathed easily, as a child might breathe, and then awakened. Beautiful, and once more flowing with the energy of life, Inanna quickly

made her way through the Seven Gates of Irkalla, ascending to earth, causing the flowers to grow and restoring the trees to green. People returned to their planting, their weaving, their making of wine, their love making, and a great feast was held in honour of the return of Inanna.

Asushunamir was not as fortunate. Ereshkigal awoke as (s)he was approaching the seventh Gate. Neither (he)r beauty nor (he)r charm nor (he)r dancing nor (he)r songs could extinguish the passion that had turned to hate. ***"The food of the gutter, shall thou eat"****, cried Ereshkigal, her every word a curse.* ***"The water of the sewer shall be your drink. In the shadows shall you abide, despised and hated by even your own kind"****. Having pronounced the curse, Ereshkigal banished Asushunamir.*

When Inanna learned of the curse placed upon Asushunamir, she wept and spoke softly that no one might hear. ***"The power of Ereshkigal is great. No one dares to defy her. Yet I may soften the curse upon you, as spring arrives to banish winter. Those who are like you, my assinu and Kalum and kugarru and kalaturru, lovers of men, kin to my sacred women, shall be strangers in their own homes. Their families will keep them in the shadows and will leave them nothing. The drunken shall smite them and the mighty shall imprison them. But if you remember me, how you were born from the light of the stars to save me, and through me the earth, from darkness and death, then I shall harbour you and your kind. You shall be my favoured children and I shall make you my priestesses. I shall grant you the gift of prophesy, the wisdom of the earth and the moon and all that they govern, and you shall banish illness from my children, even as you have stolen me from the clutches of Ereshkigal. And when you dress in my robes, I shall dance in your feet and sing in your throats. No man shall be able to resist your temptations. When the earthen jug is brought from Irkalla, lions shall leap in the deserts, and you shall be freed from the spell of Ereshkigal. Once more you will be called Asushunamir, a being clothed in light. Your kind shall be called Those whose faces are brilliant, Those who have come to renew the light, the blessed of Inanna"'.***



The ancient Greek word
'therapeuein', from whence
our word *therapy* has come,
has three translations:
to heal,
to serve God,
and to tend a garden.

Healing comes from tending
the inner garden.

Taking care of one's inner
garden is taking care of
one's soul.

Taking care of one's soul
is giving service to God.

(Kyelle Blake)

If you know your own
worth, what need you care
about the acceptance or
rejection of others?

(Hakim Sanai - The Walled Garden of Truth)

The Bench Test!

OUR FEARLESS HAIRLESS HEATHER GOES IN SEARCH OF SUGAR IN FIFE...

One of the fundamentals about feeling comfortable when dressed is a nice hair-free body. Few sights in nature are less alluring than that of a drop dead gorgeous trannie with a black hedge erupting from under a delicate lace top. Yeeuch! I know that not everyone's personal circumstances allow them to completely de-fuzz, but for those who can I hope this article prompts them to try a method they may not have considered before.

Hair removal can seem an unending battle at times. I initially used Immac, which works for a few days but leaves you with a distinct chemical aroma and a rash. It's quite costly as well. I eventually settled on shaving, which in the short term is great, but which leaves yet another rash and sees your body covered in ugly stubble a few days later. I was finding it a dreadful chore having to spend ages shaving before going out, until Michelle from Edinburgh came to my rescue by recommending the Sugaring and Massage Centre in Kirkcaldy (7c Nicol Street, Tel: 01592-640009) as an alternative.

This is run by Doreen, a loverly lady, who will chat to you non-stop as she tears the hair from your body and you leap around the table like a landed salmon. She has been in the beauty business all her life, has seen it all, and is wonderfully tolerant. All I would say is not to go to an appointment dressed unless invited to.

...as she tears the hair from your body and you leap around the table like a landed salmon!

Doreen's great, and in fact will pester you for a photograph!, but remember that this IS Kirkcaldy, and you may freak some of her other customers!

Sugaring is like waxing, inasmuch as the hairs are pulled from their roots. The difference is that in sugaring the hair removal is considerably less traumatic. The basis of the process is a sugary paste, much like the coating of a toffee apple. A handful of this is applied to trap the hairs, then pulled smartly off. Doreen says it's "all in the wrist action".



Does it hurt? Yes it does a wee bit at first, although it's bearable. Particular areas such as the chest, the tum, the inner thigh and, for some reason, the back of the knee are especially nippy. It does get easier though on subsequent visits as the hair roots get weaker. The last time I went, which was my fourth visit, I hardly felt it...

Does it work? Definitely. Afterwards you'll feel lovely and smooth and awfully pink. Of course your hair will eventually grow back, but when it does it'll be finer and sparser. I now find that I only need a visit to Doreen's every 3 weeks.

How much does it cost? It'll take about 2 hours to do your whole body and will cost you about £30. It might seem a lot, but offset this against the time saved in de-fuzzing and the absence of horrid shaving rashes and it's well worth it. Try it once and you won't want to go back to any other method...

Heather

Keep Your Hair On!

A certain exhibitionist element within the cross dressing community has discovered the merits of merkins - pubic hair wigs to you and me. The infamous Rachael, whose dress code encourages much experimentation, informed me, "It itched like f*** under my see-through cat suit, but I sure got attention. This bloke took me back to his place and he couldn't believe it when I stripped off and pulled away my 'pubes'. At least I think it was that - I didn't wait till he came round to ask".

A Lot To Be Proud Of

EPOA (European Pride Organisers Association) was founded in 1993 and as a network of pride organisations, is responsible for licensing the Europride title to cities in Europe. Europride events have taken place in London (92), Berlin (93), Amsterdam (94), Copenhagen (96), Paris (97) and Stockholm (98).

Pride Trust (London) made a bid for Europride 99, but with the collapse of this organisations a Europride 99 won't now be taking place. The other London based pride organisations unanimously decided not to accept the title of Europride for the coming year.

In the year 2000, Rome will be hosting the first ever WorldPride event, which includes Europride. The organising body for WorldPride is CCO Mario Mieli, based in Rome. They are in the process of finding sponsors and putting together the programme for the festival to take place in Rome during the month of July that year.

The following year Europride will move to Vienna where the local pride committee CSD Wien will be organising the 2001 event scheduled to attract more than 300,000 gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender people.

For an update of the European pride calendar visit the Interpride website at http://www.interpride.org

STOP PRESS!

Pride Scotland have been awarded the InterPride 1999 Conference which will be held in Glasgow. More details to be anounced soon.

How to Love Yourself

by Louise L Hay



Stop All Criticism

Refuse to criticise yourself. Accept yourself exactly as you are.
Everybody changes. When you criticise yourself, your changes are negative.
When you love and approve of yourself, your changes are positive.

Don't Scare Yourself

Stop terrorising yourself with your thoughts.
Find a mental image that gives you pleasure and focus on it.
Immediately switch your scary thoughts to pleasure thoughts.

Be Gentle, Kind and Patient

Be gentle and kind to yourself. Treat yourself as you would someone you love.
Be patient with yourself as you learn new ways of thinking and doing.

Be Kind To Your Mind

Self-hatred is only hating your own thoughts. Don't have the thoughts!
Gently change your negative thoughts.

Praise Yourself

Criticism breaks down the inner spirit. Praise builds it up.
Praise yourself as much as you can. Don't depend on others to do it for you.
Tell yourself how well you are doing with every little thing.

Support Yourself

Find ways to support yourself.
Reach out to friends and allow them to help you.
Asking for help when you need it is being strong - not weak.

Be Loving To Your Negatives

Acknowledge that you created them to fulfil a need.
Now you are finding new, positive ways to fulfil these needs,
Lovingly release the old negative patterns.

Take Care Of Your Body

Learn about nutrition. What does it need for optimum energy and vitality?
Learn about exercise. What kind of exercise can you enjoy.
Cherish and revere the temple in which you live.

Mirror Work

Look into your eyes often. Express the growing sense of love you have for yourself.
Forgive yourself looking into the mirror.
Talk to your parents looking into the mirror. Forgive them if needs be.
At least once a day say "I love you; I really love you".

Do It Now

Don't wait until you . .get well . .lose weight . .get the new job . . .



Start NOW

and do the best you can.

The Greeks had a word for it

...so why should Gaeldom be denied the opportunity to express in language that which is expressed culturally?

I refer, of course, to the unspeakable abomination that is the wearing of clothes of the opposite sex!

Dè tha a' dol ris an saoghal?

Another first for Reach Out Highland has been the introduction to the Gaelic language of **tar-gnè** (pronounced tar-greh), meaning transgender.

Indebtedness for this pearl goes to Joerg MacTheàirlach, their Gaelic-speaking German gay outreach worker!

IT'S A TRANSSEXUAL'S LIFE IN THE ARMY! - Julia takes them on!

I was busy trying to assemble the display stand for our stall when I spotted the enemy encampment at the far end of the gymnasium. (I should explain that I was part of a squad from Reach Out Highland who had the task of being in attendance on Fresher's Day at the local college, for the purpose of promoting our services to the new intake of students.)

The 'enemy' comprised a detachment of three crack members of the Territorial Army dug in behind their defences, carefully camouflaged to resemble an information display stand.

'Bugger Off!'

While my comrade-in-arms, Joerg, 'covered' me, I sneaked up to their position as quietly as the heels in my court shoes would allow against the wooden floor, and gave them an opening volley of *"Now that Sergeant Major Joe Rushton is going to have gender reassignment surgery, could I join up for a bit of square-bashing, please?"*

'You're thirty years too late, hen'

Oblivious to the returning fire, *"Bugger Off!"* and *"You're thirty years too late, hen,"* I went on to negotiate a truce and then spent some time talking to the lads about their feelings regarding Sergeant Major Rushton and the implications for the Armed Services.

True, it was the one in the middle who did all the talking while the other two squirmed uncomfortably in their chairs, but he told me that as far as he was concerned it didn't matter who someone was so long as they got the job done. If the job didn't get done he woudn't want that individual in *his* squad. As simple as that.

Refreshing, I thought. He went on to agree that it's only a matter of time, and not very much at that, before the Army changes its policy on gays. He based this conviction on attitudes he saw in his compatriots today who, as he rightly pointed out, would become top brass tomorrow.

We cracked open a bottle of Guinness and shared some dried biscuits, the last of his field rations. It must have been the warmth from the feelings of camaraderie that before I realised I let slip I was the war correspondent for *The Tartan Skirt*. I began to ask the gallant lad if I could quote him on his views when his countenance suddenly darkened and his lips curled as if ready to let forth a blood-curdling death cry. Not waiting for a reply, I beat a hasty retreat, back to my own lines.

As for getting permission to quote him - well, all's fair in love and war, isn't it?

Julia Gordon

The Beaumont Society

A National Society run by, and for, those who cross-dress.

The Beaumont Society is organised on a regional basis by dedicated volunteers, with numerous local meetings and events for members all over the British Isles, as well as national social occasions.

All members receive a free bi-monthly magazine with news, views, hints, ideas, articles and letters.

There is a confidential mailbox scheme whereby members who have been sponsored may contact any other member without having to reveal any personal details, and also a large postal library of books and magazines ranging from fiction to serious medical works.

For more information phone the BS Information Line: 01582 [redacted]
or write to: The Beaumont Society, 27 Old Gloucester Road, London WC1N 3XX

GENDYS '98

A report of the 5th Gender Dysphoria Conference

Gendys '98 was held at Manchester University over the weekend of 28th to 30th August. Having attended the 1996 conference I was looking forward to this year's event with great anticipation, towards the many and varied speakers, the social side and catching up with people who in some cases I had not seen for two years. With the booking long since made, bags packed (Oh, why does a woman need so many clothes when she travels?), and waxing and electrolysis suffered in the week before departure, I was ready for the off.

Friday morning was upon me and duly fed and watered I set off for Perth where I could leave my car at a friend's house. Unfortunately, Alison was unable to attend this year's event but she kindly let me have the keys to her house to change over, as my domestic circumstances do not allow me to leave the house *en femme*. My travelling companions Julia and Sue had also arranged to meet me at Alison's having driven all the way from Inverness. Fortunately, by the time they arrived I had cast aside my dull male image and only had my nail varnish to apply. I must say that I looked decidedly scruffy in my jeans, T-shirt and cardigan compared to Sue and Julia who were both smartly turned out in skirts.

Soon we were off on our way to Manchester, although having almost reached Glasgow, yours truly managed to send Sue on a detour via Airdrie and Motherwell. I suppose it all added to the sense of adventure and at least we saw the former steelworks at Ravenscraig! Once on the A74 we travelled on for a bit before stopping for lunch at Abington. Once sustenance was obtained and back on the road, the miles flew past as Sue chauffeured us southwards. Before long it seemed, we were on the outskirts of Manchester and after a detour or two, found Hulme Hall where the conference was being held.

Once checked in and having arranged our rooms and freshened up, we had a brief chat and coffee in my room before heading to the reception area to see what was going on. Informal groups developed and noticing a young lady sitting alone and appearing shy went to speak to her.

'...full colour presentation of male to female surgery...before lunch!'

We were soon to be joined by two of our southern sisters, a couple, one of whom is a TV and the other TS. Is this the perfect example of co-operation and understanding between different parts of the T- community?

Time marched on and thoughts turned to food once more. The area near Hulme Hall has many Indian restaurants and the three of us plus a lady from down south chose one I had dined in last time. After a pleasant meal we hurried back so as not to miss too much of the evening's programme. Trying to appear invisible, we slipped into a talk, after which I attended a Gendys Network meeting, of which I am a member. After all this and the travelling I was only fit for bed and retired as gracefully as I could.

Saturday morning saw us up bright and early and we headed for breakfast prior to the 9.30am start. After the opening address by the conference organiser and Chairperson of **Gendys Network,** Alice Purnell, the conference got into full swing. The conference was attended by psychiatrists, psychologists, counsellors, vicars, a plastic surgeon, general practitioners, nurses, social workers, speech therapists and laser hair removal practitioners. The T-community was well represented by a wide selection of folk of different flavours. All showed respect for each other and all seemed to recognised the counter-productive nature of in-fighting between individuals with different needs and perspectives.

The subject matter of the different talks and presentations was varied and one could choose to attend any or all sessions. Talks included ***'The Ups and Downs of the Midway Period',*** describing one lady's on-going experience of going through a transition from male to female. Inevitably, there was a presentation from a surgeon, in this case Dr Michael Seghers from Brussels. He gave a full colour presentation (inevitably, immediately before lunch) of male to female surgery. Suddenly the prospect of vegetarianism seems appealing!

The presentation by Susan Carr, a speech therapist from Newcastle was enlightening and informative. Her recording of a client's voice before and after therapy was a source of inspiration and hope for many of us. The well known and popular psychiatrist Dr Russell Reid gave a talk comparing NHS with private treatment of Gender Dysphoria. A moving presentation by Monica Murphy of **Mermaids** (the support group for parents and children) gave an insight into the plight of children with gender dys-

phoria. Frank Hannah talked on ***'The State of Europe'*** giving an update on developments in the ongoing battle in the European Court.

Speakers whose subject matter was perhaps of more interest to the wider T-community also shared the platform. The subject of partners of transsexuals and transvestites was covered in two presentations. There was a talk by Diane Aitchison of **WOBS (Women of the Beaumont Society)** as well as an interesting and informative role-play workshop entitled ***'Invisible Women'*** presented by two counsellors, one of whom has a partner who is a transvestite. Topics covered included Jean Pepper's ***'Transvestites a Positive approach'***, Amnesty International GLBT's ***'Human Rights'***, the Rev David Horton's presentation ***'Healing the Leper'***, Peter Farrer's ***'Letters on Cross Dressing'*** and Dr Dave King and Dr Richard Eakins ***'Telling Transgendered Body Stories'***. Representatives of a large laser clinic gave the pros and cons of laser hair removal and advised on which types of laser were best and those to avoid.

Saturday evening was the main social event of the conference with a dinner followed by a disco and bar. This gave those who wished, the chance to dance off those excess pounds, whilst others could chat away and exchange experiences. Some delegates ventured into Manchester, as it was Mardi Gras that weekend. All too soon the conference was drawing to a close and it was time for farewells. There were a few of us who were staying over on the Sunday night due to the distance from home. After chatting for some time, a group of us went out for yet another Indian meal before retiring for the night.

Monday morning saw an early departure for the journey north. Once again Sue was the driver and we sped northwards up the M6. The journey passed quickly and soon we were back at Alison's house in Perth. After a quick pit stop Sue and Julia headed towards Inverness. Meanwhile, after almost four days *en femme* I had to change back at Alison's into male attire prior to the drive back home. At least I have the memories of a great weekend to look back on.

There will hopefully be another conference in two year's time. If it interests you, try and make it to **GENDYS 2000.**

Susan [redacted]

There seems to be an increasing number of opportunities for us to appear on television, often on talk shows like Kilroy, Vanessa, Esther Rantzen and others. While it's generally true that there's no such thing as bad publicity, if you are approached by programme researchers you might care to give some thought to the following:

- ✓ Make sure you understand fully why you have been asked to appear. Don't make assumptions.
- ✓ The programme, if it's a talk show, is designed to entertain, not enlighten. A punchy comment is what is looked for. You are unlikely to have the opportunity to discuss your issue at any length or in any detail.
- ✓ Be prepared to be manipulated to say the things the presenter wants his audience to hear, rather than what you want to tell them. Keep in mind they are the professionals, not you.
- ✓ Find out who else is appearing with you. You may not necessarily want to be confronted by your ex-wife, Jerry Springer style!

You want to be *on* TV...?

- ✓ Check out beforehand where you will be situated - sitting? standing? in the audience? on a rostrum? You might want to check out your escape route, too!

If you feel you have been badly treated or misrepresented, you should complain in the first instance, in writing, to the producer or presenter in person, rather then the television company. State precisely what your complaint is and what action you want them to take. Or write, as appropriate, to:

BBC Programme Complaints Unit
BBC Broadcasting House
London W5 2PA

Independent Television Commission
33 Foley Street
London W1P 7LB

If you wish to take the matter further, contact:

Broadcasting Standards Commission
7 The Sanctuary
London SW1P 3JS

The Transgender Resource at Reach Out Highland

Over the past two years some of my time at Reach Out Highland has been spent organising and cataloguing a library of material which covers a wide range of transgender issues and interests – the Transgender Resource.

Books, magazines, brochures, information on health and well-being, particulars of suppliers to the community, details of organisations which help us, press cuttings, videotaped recordings of TV programmes and films, and assorted bits and pieces – all affectionately numbered and filed. **[Sounds like a sad person to me! Ed.]**

I suppose it's a bit like stamp collecting or saving up the Doodle Bubbles from Rice Krispie packets. OK, it's nothing like that! I just need to have all that information close to hand so that I can point a brightly coloured fingernail at the relevant paragraph and say, *"See, told you so!"* It's about my own insecurities. But it's there for others too, to help whenever possible in providing answers, to help create perspective, to help see where we have come from in order to see better where we are going.

It operates a little bit like a library in that magazines and videos, etc. can be borrowed at a local level by members of the Highland T-Group, the T-Resource is used for reference, and I copy and distribute the information it contains. At some point I would like to extend the availability of this information to everyone in our community, by responding to external requests for searches on specified topics, but until I find a way to lengthen the day, this will have to remain a distant goal.

'See, told you so!'

Not all the items in the T-Resource are there as a result of my acquiring them personally over the years. Far from it. I have been 'donated' all manner of books and magazines (including more than a few publications of a dubious nature!), all of which had become too hot for their owners to stash in the loft, behind the fish tank, under the sideboard, in the garage, beneath the spare wheel in the car, or anywhere else mistakenly thought to be secure from the lady of the house. And I want to continue to encourage folk to send me material which is no longer needed, press cuttings, *ANYTHING AT ALL* which has something to say about ourselves or how others see us. It really is appreciated. Apart from helping *'here and now'*, imagine how interesting and valuable others might view a record of our community's progress 50 years hence!

To give you some idea of what the T-Resource contains, I've listed below the entries for the past three months, of all those items I've begged, borrowed or stolen. (Any and all offers of help with the organisation of the T-Resource will be gratefully received!)

Julia Gordon

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE T-RESOURCE

98/417 THE TREATMENT OF TRANSSEXUALS WORLDWIDE: OMNIBUS Radio Broadcast - filed under LIBRARY/Films, Video and Audio Cassettes
98/418 AN INTRODUCTION TO THE BEAUMONT SOCIETY: Information leaflet - filed under ORGANISATIONS/The Beaumont Society
98/419 "I WAS BORN THE WRONG SEX": Alice Myers becomes the man of her dreams - filed under LIVING THE LIFE/personal perspectives
98/420 SECRET SECT OF TRANSEXUAL PRIESTS SHAKES CHURCH: the secret sect of Sybils - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/421 RESEARCH IN THE SUPPORT GROUP SETTING: OUTCOME OF FIVE CASES OF TRANSSEXUALISM - filed under HEALTH AND WELLBEING/Treatment Issues
98/422 THE FUTURE OF TRANSGENDER POLITICS AND THE TRANSGENDER COMMUNITY - filed under LIVING THE LIFE/Welfare Issues

98/423 "I'D RATHER BE DORIS DAY": the other side of Norman Horton - filed under LIVING THE LIFE/Personal Perspectives
98/424 DIANNE'S DRAG KING OF THE BIG APPLE or "Fit's this Aberdeen quine da'en dressin' up as a mannie?" - filed under LIBRARY/ Press Cuttings
98/425 A SKIRT BUT NO KNICKERS: Dwessing up can be a weal dwag for Jonathon Ross - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/426 ART OF SILK: TIE RACK - filed under LIBRARY/Leaflets, Brochures and Catalogues
98/427 BOYS, GIRLS AND INBETWEENIES: A presentation on gender & the TV/TS condition - filed under HEALTH AND WELLBEING/Gender Identity
98/428 THREE GREAT TRANSGENDER VIDEOS: 'Making up is not hard to do', 'The Operation', 'Electrolysis' - filed under LIBRARY/Films, Videos and Audio Cassettes
98/429 BEYOND APPEARANCES: GENDERED RATIONALITY AND THE TRANSGENDERED - filed under HEALTH AND WELLBEING/Treatment Issues
98/430 MY SISTER USED TO BE MY BROTHER: Woman Magazine article, 23rd-29th May 1998 - filed under LIVING THE LIFE/Personal Perspectives
98/431 MADAM BUTTERFLY: Highland News article featuring our very own Tanya Ankipova - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/432 WHAT'S NEW AT ALTSEX: some terms and definitions - filed under LIBRARY/Dictionary
98/433 HIGHLAND T-GROUP NEWSLETTER: January, 1998 - filed under ORGANISATIONS/ Highland T-Group
98/434 A SOURCE OF HAPPINESS: Dr. Eugene A. Schrang talks about his work in SRS - filed under HEALTH AND WELLBEING/Surgical Procedures
98/435 THE WORLD OF TRANSVESTISM: Vol 19, No.2 - filed under LIBRARY/ Magazines
98/436 THE WORLD OF TRANSVESTISM: Vol 19, No.3 - filed under LIBRARY/Publications
98/437 THE WORLD OF TRANSVESTISM: Vol 19, No.1 - filed under LIBRARY/Publications
98/438 THE WORLD OF TRANSVESTISM: Vol 18, No.12 - filed under LIBRARY/Publications
98/439 GENDER REASSIGNMENT SURGEONS: a list with addresses and phone numbers - filed under HEALTH AND WELLBEING/Healthcare Providers
98/440 SIGNS OF THE TIMES: Photo-journalist Melanie Friend meets Loren Cameron, FtM transsexual - filed under LIVING THE LIFE/Personal Perspectives
98/441 THE TRANSFORMATION OF JOHN: fiction - filed under LIBRARY/Fiction
98/442 I'M ALL WOMAN NOW: TV Quick feature on Coronation Street's Hayley - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/443 TRANSGENDER TAPESTRY: Issue 83, Summer 1998 - filed under LIBRARY/Magazines
98/444 T-GROUP VIDEO LIBRARY - TAPE SIXTEEN: "Soho Stories 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6" - filed under LIBRARY/Films, Videos and Audio Cassettes
98/445 T-GROUP VIDEO LIBRARY - TAPE SEVENTEEN: "Soho Stories 8 and 9", "Eddie Izzard", "Axiom - featuring Stephanie Anne Lloyd", "Horizon - documentary about paraphilia" - filed under LIBRARY/Films, Videos and Audio Cassettes
98/446 T-GROUP VIDEO LIBRARY - TAPE EIGHTEEN: "My Partner Is A Transsexual - Kilroy", "Breasts - comedy sketch by Kids in the Hall", "Esther Rantzen - featuring Katrina Day", "The Crying Game - Film", "Made in Manchester - feature: the Mardis Gras" - filed under LIBRARY/ Films, Videos, and Audio Cassettes
98/447 SISSIES ON PARADE - filed under LIBRARY/Magazines
98/448 THE LASER DEBATE: Does laser treatment offer a permanent cure for facial hirsuitism in women? (extract from the British Medical Journal, Volume 315, 11th October 1997), Laser Depilation, A Cautionary Tale - filed under LIVING THE LIFE/Electrolysis and Hair Removal
98/449 NO PAIN NO GAIN: Rosemary Turner investigates Transdermal Electrolysis - filed under LIVING THE LIFE/Electrolysis and Hair Removal
98/450 I'M SELLING MY BODY FOR A NEW BODY: Glasgow transsexual prostitute - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/451 LADY BOYS SPELL DOUBLE TROUBLE FOR THE FESTIVAL: Thai Katoy appearance at Festival Fringe causes outcry - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/452 THE WOMAN INSIDE ME: Born a boy *and* a girl, David thought he was a freak - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/453 SCOTTISH CATHOLIC CHURCH ATTACKS HOLY TRINITY MCC - filed under LIVING THE LIFE/Religion and Spirituality
98/454 THE MAD WORLD OF PAUL SUSSMAN - filed under LIBRARY/ anecdotes
98/455 TRANSSEXUALS LOSE BATTLE TO CHANGE THEIR LEGAL IDENTITY: Scotsman, 31st July 1998 - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/456 CAN A MAN HACK IT AS A WOMAN: We set Andrew McKenna the challenge of finding out - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/457 MOLLY PARKIN ADVICE COLUMN: "I'm a 27 year old man who can't stop wearing schoolgirls' clothing..." - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/458 AND HE WAS A SHE: The tale of Bristol's transsexual councillor - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/459 DANA INTERNATIONAL: Pop's first sex-change pin-up - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/460 "WHAT A DRAG": Terry Jones reckons Britain's love of drag proves we're a homosexual nation - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/461 "IT'S KIND OF FUN TO HAVE THEM": Man has breast implants to win a bet - filed under LIBBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/462 T-GROUP VIDEO LIBRARY, TAPE NINETEEN: 'Shadey - film', 'An Evening With Lily Savage - comedy', 'The Bar Girl, The Catholic, The Pimp and The Priest - documentary', 'Cross Dressing in Theatre and Entertainment - Open University', 'Home Ground - Rosalind Mitchell, Local Councillor', 'Are All Transvestites Homosexual? - Woody Allen Comedy Sketch', 'Transsexuality Workshops Trailer - NapeWasteWin' - filed under LIBRARY/Films, Videos and Audio Cassettes
98/463 HE WAS ENOUGH OF A MAN THAT FOUR WIVES MISSED IT: Aidan Smith on the jazz musician Billy Tipton's 70-year deception - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings

98/464 SEX CHANGE MALE LAWER SENT TO JAIL WITH WOMEN: History made as Alexandra MacRae is sent to female prison unit to serve sentence - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/465 FEMININE FEATURES WIN THE GIRLS: Men with feminine-like facial features are rated more honest, co-operative and emotional - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/466 CASH FOR TRANSSEXUAL PILOT: Kristina Sheffield wins £77,000 for sexual discrimination - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/467 SARAH HEART: Lingerie Collection - filed under LIBRARY/Leaflets, Brochures and Catalogues
98/468 ARMY MAY RETREAT ON GAY BAN AFTER SEX SWAP SERGEANT STAYS: The case of Sergeant Major Joe Rushton - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/469 ROSALIND WOODS, Lingerie Collection - filed under LIBRARY/Leaflets, Brochures and Catalogues
98/470 THE WORLD OF TRANSVESTISM, Vol. 18, No 7 - filed under LIBRARY/Magazines
98/471 THE WORLD OF TRANSVESTISM, Vol. 19, No 4 - filed under LIBRARY/Magazines
98/472 THE WORLD OF TRANSVESTISM, Vol. 19, No 5 - filed under LIBRARY/Magazines
98/473 SO THE MAN YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW IS A TRANSVESTITE/TRANSSEXUAL? Women of the Beaumont Society Information leaflet - filed under ORGANISATIONS/WOBS
98/474 SEX SWAP SOLDIER SET TO STAY IN ARMY: The case of Sergeant Major Joe (Joanne) Rushton - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/475 GENDERSWAP POLICEMAN'S BIAS CLAIMS THROWN OUT: Lynsay Watson loses industrial tribunal fight - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/476 FALLING INTO LINE: Sex change soldier who is going from Action Man to Barbie Girl - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/477 MILLIONS TO SEE SEX CHANGE LIVE ON THE NET: plans to show the operation live on the internet - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/478 "SO YOU SEE, JERRY, THE BLACK DRESS WAS MINE ALL ALONG": Cartoon - filed under LIBRARY/Anecdotes
98/479 SEX-CHANGE SOLDIER TAKES ON THE ARMY: Sergeant Major Joe Rushton - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/480 HAILEY GETS THE CHOP - AGAIN: Coronation Street's transsexual character - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings
98/481 HIGHLAND T-GROUP MEETING: Minutes, August meeting - filed under ORGANISATIONS/Highland T-Group
98/482 ARMY AGREES TO SEX CHANGE SOLDIER: Joe Rushton makes military history as he becomes first transsexual to serve in the British Army - filed under LIBRARY/Press Cuttings

GENDYS

Gendys Network

A network for those troubled by their gender identity, and their loved and loving ones, those who were troubled in the past, and who care, and a forum for professional and lay people.

GENDYS Network
BM Gendys
London WC1N 3XX

Information update - Sue Robb has become the Scottish contact for the Gendys Network. If you would like to join, or if your organisation would like to become affiliated to the Network, please get in touch with Sue at:
Sue Robb, [redacted] Strathcarron, Ross-shire IV54

Hard man enters a gay establishment in Glasgow. Approaching the bar he turns to his right and addresses all the people on this side of the bar with, "You're all f***ing poofs!"

Silence.

"Isn't anyone going to do anything?"

More silence and embarrassed shuffling of feet.

Turning around he addresses those on his left with "All you nancy boys are f***ing wankers. Isn't anyone going to say anything?"

Whereupon this little guy in a red miniskirt and high heels pipes up from behind. "I think I'm at the wrong end of the bar."

The TARTAN SKIRT Directory

SUPPORT GROUPS

CROSSLYNX TV/TS GROUP
Meetings are held in Glasgow on the second Wednesday of the month
Tel: 0141-[redacted] Monday, 7.30 - 9.30
or write to: CROSSLYNX
c/o SLGS
PO Box 38
Glasgow G2 2QF

SCOTTISH TV/TS GROUP
Meetings are held in Edinburgh on the first Saturday of the month
Contact: Agnes
Tel: 0131[redacted]

GRAMPIAN GENDER GROUP
Meetings are held in Aberdeen on the third Saturday of the month
Contact: Gillian
Tel: 01224-[redacted]
Mondays and Tuesdays, 6.30 - 9.30 pm
or write to: Grampian Gender Group
PO Box 18201
Aberdeen AB21 9YF

WEST LOTHIAN TV/TS GROUP
Meetings are held in Livingstone every second and last Saturday of the month
Contact: Donna
Tel: 01506-[redacted]
Monday -Thursday, 6 - 9 pm

HIGHLAND T-GROUP
Meetings are held in Inverness on the first Saturday of the month.
Contact: Julia Gordon
Tel: 01463-[redacted]
Fax: 01463[redacted]
E-mail: [redacted]
or write to: Highland T-Group
c/o Reach Out Highland
34 Waterloo Place
Inverness IV1 1NB

HELPLINES

INFORMATION AND SUPPORT FOR TRANSVESTITES, TRANSSEXUALS, THEIR FAMILIES AND PROFESSIONALS WORKING WITH THEM

07000-[redacted] Beaumont Trust
10.00am - 10.00pm

07000-[redacted] Gender Trust
10.00am - 10.00pm

01389[redacted] Women of the Beaumont Society, 7.00 - 11.00pm

THE SAMARITANS

0345-[redacted] 24 hours service

SCOTTISH MARRIAGE COUNSELLING

0131-[redacted] Monday to Friday
0141[redacted] Wednesday

HEALTH

0800-[redacted] National AIDS Helpline, 24 hour free service

0181-[redacted] The Impotence Association

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34 Waterloo Place
Inverness IV1 1NB



Merry Christmas

REACH OUT Highland

the Sexual Health Charity
for the Highlands . . .



Supporting everyone - regardless of their cultural, religious, personal beliefs and values, age or lifestyle - to make effective choices about their sexual health and well being.

OUR SERVICES

- information on sexual health, HIV/AIDS and other sexually transmitted infections and diseases
- support for those infected as well as those close to them
- information and emotional support on sexuality
- HIV counselling and testing
- training for groups, schools, organisations and employers
- support to self help or other interest groups
- free condoms and lubricant

REACH OUT Highland
34 Waterloo Place
Inverness IV1 1NB
Tel: 01463-[redacted]
Fax: 01463-[redacted]
E-mail: [redacted]