

# Polare Edition 59

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## Editorial

by Katherine Cummings, Polare Editor

One of the more encouraging aspects of the transgender world is the gradual change observable in nations which have been antagonistic to transgender, sometimes to the point of persecution. Nations which formerly prevented any form of gender change, or who made it impossible for documentary records to be altered to reflect affirmed gender, condemning their victim to a partial life at best, have been relaxing their intransigence. Japan, China and Iran stand out among countries which are relaxing restrictions on gender affirmation, and in some cases providing the necessary medical intervention.

Other countries, which pride themselves on long histories of humanism and respect for human rights, remain illogically determined to deny their citizens the human and legal rights appropriate to their true gender.

Bugsy Dawn, a thoughtful F.T.M. from Newcastle, has written a piece in this issue which looks at the ongoing lack of uniformity in our T\* vocabulary. Bugsy is right, of course, but the problem is more widespread than the borders of Australia. The Americans carry on a treat about transsexual, transgender, transgenderist and similar terms, chopping logic and splitting hairs with all the passion of Lilliputians and Blefuscudians, asserting the right way to open a boiled egg. How long does it take for people of moderate intelligence to realise that it is more logical to look at the larger picture and strive for extended human rights for all, rather than squabbling about word usage or, even worse, who is superior to whom in the T\* world. To suggest that those who are post-op are in some way superior, or "more real" than those who are pre-op or non-op is to ignore the incontrovertible fact that individuals are just that ... individual, and nobody has a monopoly on truth. Just look at the many religions, philosophies, and even psychiatric theories which abound, all of which cannot be the one true way. One of the wonders of humanity is that people differ not only from each other, but from themselves. The person I am on Monday may have little in common with the person I am on Thursday.

It is also true that some people are pre-op because they are late-starters, or physically unable to take the stresses of surgery, or simply unable to spring for the necessary money. And some people are non-op because they are brave enough to march to their own drum and believe in their own destiny. Respect their differences and leave the hem of your garment where it is.

## Manager's Report

by Elizabeth Riley, Gender Centre Manager

Mission Australia

## Feature Articles



The integrity of the choices and struggles of the transgendered person's life deserve to be acknowledged and retained.

### Even in Death

Margaret writes about the struggles she experienced with funeral directors as the daughter of her recently deceased transgender stating that the choices a transgendered person has made in life, need to also be respected during hospitalisation and death.

### All She Wanted

*All She Wanted* by Aphrodite Jones, the triple-murder of female-to-male transsexual Brandon Teena and two of his friends, a hate crime of extreme proportions is unfortunately clouded by the authors own prejudices towards the transgendered writes Kenin Heyne.

### On Being a Girl

Jenny is a biological male who desperately wants to be a girl – in her case, only some of the time because she enjoys the kind of gender wholeness that she has even though many girls-like-us cannot understand how she can be comfortable living both apparently different lives.

### The Marriage Amendment Act & Transsexuals

The bad news is that same-sex partners will not be allowed to get married in Australia, or have their overseas marriages recognised here. The good news is that transsexuals can change sex, and for the purpose of marriage are of the new sex if they've had a sex-change.

### What's in a Name?

When Bugsy decided to change his name, the choice of a new name seemed straight forward. He formally adopted the nickname almost everyone knew him by, added a surname which meant something to him for a few reasons, notified the relevant authorities, and that was that.

### Just Another Day

What starts out as a beautiful day for Mel and Terri turns into disaster with their car breaking down in the library carpark,

Many of you will now be aware that Mission Australia sought an exemption under the Anti-Discrimination Act to allow it to exclude non-recognised transgender women from three of its key services, A Woman's Place, Lou's Place and Women in Supported Housing. Unfortunately for our community their application was approved by the N.S.W. Attorney General.

mechanics refusing to help the lesbian and transsexual duo and Terri having to resort to some good old-fashioned ingenuity to save the day.

Those of you who attended the Gender Centre's 2003 A.G.M. and heard Roberta Perkins speak of the early days of the Gender Centre and the great support members of our community enjoyed from A Woman's Place in the early 1980's will be particularly dismayed by the direction in which Mission Australia is now heading. On learning that Mission Australia had been granted the exemption I held a meeting with two of their representatives which left me hopeful that we might arrive at a fair compromise over this issue. Unfortunately, following that meeting, Mission Australia received submissions which were apparently supportive of their exemption and these would appear to have influenced their policy decision. At a subsequent meeting Mission's representative informed me that it was now their policy to exclude pre-operative transgender women from the affected accommodation services and this position was non-negotiable. My request to be furnished with a copy of their policy was also refused. Letters were also received, though not published, by Sydney Star Observer from Rachael Wallbank, and Karen Gurney and Kate Clark from the WOMAN Network in Victoria, all of whom elected to support Mission Australia's position.

The Gender Centre opposes the exemption, and will continue its opposition through all available channels, on the grounds that it exposes the most vulnerable members of the community to an increased risk of homelessness and the myriad of risks associated with this. This is a simple welfare argument based on the proposition that the needy in our society deserve assistance and this should be provided without regard to gender politics, or indeed any other kind of politics, be they racial, sexuality, religious or socio-economic. There is increasingly widespread acceptance of the medical viewpoint, regardless of preferred terminology, that transsexualism is a condition we are born with, and some are even prepared to argue that it is therefore an intersex condition. Yet there remains a seemingly impenetrable resistance among many to accept the legitimacy of the transsexual/transgender condition at any level prior to the completion of sex reassignment surgery. This is surely devoid of logic. To be born transsexual is to be born with the physical characteristics of one sex and the gender-identity of the other, and it is the domination of the latter that defines the transsexual/transgender condition. We must be diagnosed as transsexual long before approval for surgery is granted and even then access is dependent on at least one factor which is of enormous significance to our community; affordability.

All of us, therefore, face an indeterminable period of time, effectively beginning at birth and lasting until our last vision of the anaesthetist in the operating theatre, where we are consigned to a life as a pre-op transsexual/transgender. And it is all of us, therefore, who are affected by practices of exclusion such as those being enforced by Mission Australia.

As for S.R.S., this is simply one of a range of medical interventions including hormone therapy, psychiatric assessments, living in role and other medical processes that far from being the affirmation of a transsexual/transgender condition are actually the avenue by which the condition is cured. We do not undergo these procedures to become transsexuals/transgenders. We undergo them in response to our transsexual/transgender condition in order to become men and women.

So why has Mission Australia suddenly elected to behave in this fashion? If A Woman's Place has been providing crisis accommodation to the transgender community for more than 20 years what could possibly have changed to justify this response? I was informed by their representatives that there had been a couple of incidents with transgender women that had caused them concern. If a crisis accommodation service has only had a couple of incidents with a particular client group in over 20 years then I am surprised we haven't been granted model client status. However, as is the case with any agency, if you have concerns about the behaviour of an individual client then it is perfectly legitimate to exclude that particular client. It is not a justification, however, for excluding all clients from a similar social grouping. The following is a service description of A Woman's Place as listed on the Mission Australia website:

**A Woman's Place (A.W.P.) provides a safe, affordable and supportive environment for women aged 18 and over, who are homeless, or at risk of homelessness, ex-prisoners or refugees.**

**The women have high and complex needs, including escaping domestic violence, relationship breakdown, eviction, unemployment, mental illness/other disability, drug addiction and gambling, often without family or cultural supports.**

Given the high and complex needs of clients for whom A Woman's Place provides services there is no question that they would have had issues with any number of clients, from all of the identified groupings, over the years. So again I ask the question. Why are non-recognised transgender women being targeted? In the absence of any credible response from Mission Australia, and given the strong 20-plus year history of co-operation this community has enjoyed with A Woman's Place, I can only draw one conclusion. Someone, or some few, in Mission Australia are exercising their prejudice against the transgender population. If this is the case then it is a deplorable situation and, no matter what the legal justification via which it is enacted, it smacks of discrimination at its most blatant and it must be challenged.

This leads me to again enter the debate around terminology though I continue to do so with great reluctance. My interpretation of the letters written by the aforementioned to the *Sydney Star Observer* is that they are pursuing an argument that there is a fundamental difference between transsexual and transgender people with the former experiencing a medical condition and the latter engaged in a process of lifestyle choice.

There is certainly emerging evidence that people who identify as a gender contrary to their physical development do so in response to

a medical condition to which they are exposed pre-birth. However, the terms transsexual and transgender are simply words in the language, and individuals experiencing the same circumstances may identify as one or the other or both or neither as a matter of choice. I have seen nothing in the medical literature to support a view that a person who undergoes sex reassignment surgery and lives in their acquired gender role and who identifies as transgender has any less claim to a medical determinant than the same person who identifies as transsexual. If anyone can provide me with proof to the contrary, other than by way of personal conviction, I will be more than happy to amend my view.

This is not to suggest that the Gender Centre makes no distinction between those in the community who may be described as transgender or transsexual, according to the definitions laid down in the N.S.W. Anti-Discrimination Act, and others in the gender diverse community who do not meet that criterion. All people who seek the services provided by the Gender Centre are treated equally and with respect. Equal treatment, however, does not mean same treatment. We are more than capable of recognising the differing needs of people according to their presenting issues and providing appropriate services accordingly. Put simply, and by way of example, this means that at no stage would we refer someone who identified as a cross-dresser to an accommodation service for women since this would clearly be inappropriate. On the other hand, for someone who identifies as a woman, whether that be a transgender woman or a transsexual woman, such a referral would, or should, be totally appropriate.

It is with the conviction shared by most in this community, that our gender-identity is determined by our self-perception (brain sex) and not by our genitalia (physiological sex), that we advocate for inclusion for all transgenders pre-op. and post-op. in every area of society. In the area of welfare and crisis accommodation, where the need is at its greatest, the imperative to achieve this is at its most profound. If we fail here then those who are our most vulnerable are doomed to the wretchedness and despair of homelessness as well as the very real risk of violence and death. These are the potentially tragic consequences of exclusionary practices and it was in response to the sheer horror of this situation that I described Mission Australia's actions as un-Christian in an interview with the *Sydney Star Observer*.

I would not have expected that this would elicit a vitriolic response, and I certainly would not have expected that response to come from within our community but sadly it did. I was subject to a scathing attack over the telephone, which sought to chastise me for daring to suggest that Mission Australia's actions were un-Christian, and in my view was a clear attempt to intimidate me and my right to hold that opinion. I confess to a continued bewilderment over the lack of unity within our community but I offer my reassurance that the Gender Centre will always advocate for the human rights and fair treatment of all sex and gender diverse people. And for the record I maintained both my composure, and my conviction that such an action is un-Christian.

"Christianity is about unconditional love" "Completely unconditional"

Exemptions impose a condition.

Exemptions are un-Christian.

With thanks to the Baroness, I rest my case. But not my resolve!

I acknowledge the many individuals, agencies and peak bodies who have offered their support and encouragement over this issue.

In Solidarity.

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## Even in Death

### Retaining Transgender Identity

by Margaret Cunningham

Article appeared in Polare magazine: September 2004 Last Update: October 2013 Last Reviewed: September 2015



**My father was dressed as a man for the viewing; The name on the coffin was the legal female name with the alias of the previous male name; The service was conducted in my father's previous male name; The registered death certificate was for a female.**

**T**hree weeks ago my Father died. My father was a transgendered (male-to-female) person. My father had made attempts to have a sex change in the mid 1960s. At that time I was in my early teens. On seeking psychiatric assistance at the time, my father was informed by the psychiatrist "You are a man with three daughters. One day they will have children and you will be a grandfather. Go home, and don't be so silly."

***... the choices a transgendered person has made in life, need to also be respected during hospitalisation and death***

At least that is how my father interpreted whatever remark his psychiatrist made at that time. Subsequent years were bouts of drunken violence and rages, attacking those my father perceived as 'stopping his dream' – my mother, my sisters, and myself.

Fast forward to the late 1980s, early 1990s. My father pursues his dream. He commences the path to gender reassignment. Immediately prior to his first formal steps to gender reassignment he had been assessed by a geriatrician as 'developing dementia'. This did not deter him from his goal, nor did it deter subsequent psychiatrists and medical specialists he consulted.

My father formally divorced my mother (he claimed that it was on the advice of his psychiatrist), lived in Tiresias House for a period of time, and lived separately from my mother for the period required to comply with reassignment rules.

He underwent the range of medical tests and procedures required, only to be told after the castration and partial creation of a vagina, that the last two or three operations could not be completed due to a pre-existing heart condition (that had been present for twenty years prior to the first operation). After the operations he returned to live with my mother, maintained seeing his specialists – despite his endocrinologist 'accidentally' placing him on testosterone, instead of female hormones for several months, and legally changed his name from his male name to a suitably female (though partially unisex) name that he chose and loved.

He lived as a woman with my mother for most of the last fifteen years of his life - though my mother, now legally divorced from him, never accepted the decisions he made about his changed identity. As he aged and dementia became more pronounced, however, he would ask my mother why he had no penis. He would dress as a woman some days, a man on others, and somewhere in-between at other times.

Fast forward to mid 2004. My father develops a severe urinary tract infection (any correlation to previous operations is unclear), and symptoms of ill-controlled diabetes. He is admitted to the local general hospital. His local G.P. tells my mother: "Last time he came to see me he had trousers on. We will admit him as a man."

My father is admitted to a male ward under his female name and within a week of his hospitalisation he began to be referred to by a hybrid name - half of his male name, coupled with half of his female name, a name he had never been known by, and which never was his legal name at any time in his life. He was neither one nor the other and remained referenced as this confusing mix of people calling him different names until his death in hospital two weeks later of Cardiorespiratory arrest, Diabetes, and Alzheimer's aged seventy-seven years.

As the eldest daughter assisting my grieving mother (she and my father had been together for fifty-six years) with funeral arrangements. I had the task (at my mother's request) of informing the funeral director that, although the hospital defined the person as male, the body has soft skin, long hair, fully formed breasts, and a partial vagina. The Western Suburbs based funeral director takes this news well.

Days of funeral organising are complicated by discussions about:

- » What is the legal name?
- » Is this a man or a woman?
- » What name will be used on official documents?

- » What name will be used at the funeral services?
- » What name goes on the death certificate?
- » Who is legally the next of kin?

Family views re: names extended from my own view of having a funeral as a woman maintaining the integrity of that person's choices and life, to my mother's view "No, he never would have wanted that!" (though this had never been discussed between them), to one sister's view "he would let her have what she wanted so she isn't embarrassed in front of the neighbours."

There were conversations with the funeral director and ministers re: she/him/her ... for example:

Funeral Director: Hope you don't mind. We shaved him/her.

Me: No that's fine.

Funeral Director: He ... um ... she ... um ... needed a facial shave ... I mean she did ... I'm sorry, she? he? Was that okay ... for him? her?

In the end:

- » My father was dressed as a man for the viewing;
- » The name on the coffin was the legal female name with the alias of the previous male name;
- » The funeral service was conducted in my father's previous male name (my mother's demand);
- » The hospital death certificate was for a man;
- » The formal registered death certificate was for a female; and
- » Centrelink payments which were being paid to a woman were immediately cancelled. (It was Centrelink who informed my mother the day after the funeral that, thanks to the divorce, she was not my father's next of kin.

So, why have I written this? I raise these issues for those in the transgendered community with prior partners and children who have had a range of acceptance/non-acceptance responses, to the choices the transgendered person has made. In the processes of dying and death these issues will continue to be confronted. The following may help:

- » Write your wishes prior to hospitalisation about how you wish to be treated after death.
- » Inform local doctors and hospital staff about your preference.
- » Inform family members of what you want in the event of death, and preferred funeral arrangements.

I am sure there are many more suggestions I could make from having lived the life of a teenager with a father seeking transgender, and as the adult child of a transgendered parent. It is my belief that the choices a transgendered person has made in life, need to also be respected during hospitalisation and death. The integrity of the choices and struggles of the transgendered person's life deserve to be acknowledged and retained.

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## Book Review: All She Wanted

### The Girl who became a Boy but paid the Ultimate Price

Reviewed by Kevin Heyne

Article appeared in Polare magazine: September 2004 Last Update: October 2013 Last Reviewed: September 2015



*All She Wanted* by Aphrodite Jones

#### **All She Wanted: The Girl Who Became a Boy but Paid the Ultimate Price**

by Aphrodite Jones  
Pocket Publishing (2002)  
I.S.B.N. -13 978 1439101027

**A**ll She Wanted is the first true crime novel I've read where the writing contains as many paradoxes as the subject matter itself. Aphrodite Jones is a writer of the true crime genre. Having made the *New York Times* Best Sellers list twice before, she has certainly won acclaim in her field. She has presented a very well researched story in *All She Wanted*. As the reader however, I was never sure about the author's intentions in this book.

Writing about the killing of Brandon Teena, as well as his friends Phillip De Vine and Lisa Lambert isn't really as clear cut as it might seem, mainly because this particular triple murder was a hate crime of transgendered proportions. I felt that in some areas, the author tried to downplay this aspect somewhat.

*Jones seems to feel justified in her statements and cleverly hides this by using the ignorance of his family members in maintaining that 'she' is an acceptable pronoun to use.*


Ms Jones spends a lot of time exploring the origin of Brandon's transition into manhood, attempts to discuss the issue of his transsexualism but seems to hold onto, or be of the belief that 'the Brandon identity' is really a deception. That, regardless of the fact that this person has gone to great lengths to live as a man, Brandon always seems to remain as Teena in her opinion. Jones seems to feel justified in her statements and cleverly hides this by using the ignorance of his family members in maintaining that 'she' is an acceptable pronoun to use.

As the reader and as a transgendered man, I was disappointed that Ms Jones felt she had this right and made me wonder about how acceptable it would be for a sighted person to describe a blind man's experience or a straight person to do justice to a gay experience in print. Towards the end of her book she mocks transgendered activists and accuses them of asserting their own agenda in trying to label Brandon as one of them, but seemingly ignores any agenda of her own which comes through clearly in the experience of reading her work.

Despite these protests, I found the book easy to read and informative (in some places too much so). It does seem to lose itself in the middle; where the author seems to get a little lost in the wealth of information she tries to present about each character in the tragedy. Also, as the trial is underway, Ms. Jones seems to attempt to change the focus of the story away from the crime against Brandon and tries to point out that both Lambert and De Vine also lost their lives and thus, despite being merely in the wrong place at the wrong time, are equal victims of the crime. Rightly so, except as I recall, neither Lambert's nor De Vine's faces have made it onto the book cover.

In the end, it's a worthwhile read. There is much more information detailed in the book that hasn't appeared elsewhere. It is definitely however, a true crime novel and can not be mistaken as a transgendered novel. In its defence, it did leave room in my mind for an internal debate about the subject. I would advise that it's worth the read if only to see how critical it is for people to see that the treatment of minority groups in the media is never something that one can afford to be lax about.

#### **Brandon Teena**

**Edited from Wikipedia**  Brandon Teena was born Teena Renae Brandon in Lincoln, Nebraska, U.S.A. in 1972, the younger of two children to Patrick and JoAnn Brandon, however his father died in a car accident eight months before he was born. He and his older sister, Tammy, lived with their maternal grandmother before they were reclaimed by their mother when Teena Brandon was three years old. As young children, both Teena and Tammy were sexually abused by their uncle for several years.

Brandon's family described Teena as being a tomboy since early childhood; he began identifying as male during adolescence and dated a female student during this period. His mother rejected his male identity



and continued referring to him as her daughter.

Brandon was socially awkward at school. During his sophomore year, he rejected Christianity after he protested to a priest regarding Christian views on homosexuality. He also began rebelling at school by violating the school dress-code policy to dress more masculine. During the first semester of his senior year, a U.S. Army recruiter visited the high school, encouraging students to enlist in the armed forces. Brandon enlisted in the Army shortly after his 18th birthday but failed the written entrance exam by claiming to be male.

Brandon began binding his breasts in order to pass as a boy. He started dating younger girls and began cross-dressing regularly in an attempt to attract teenage women. In early 1992 he underwent a psychiatric evaluation, which concluded that he was suffering from a severe "sexual identity crisis". He was taken to the Lancaster County Crisis Centre to ensure that he was not suicidal and later confessed to his mother that he had been raped by a male relative as a young child. He was released from the centre three days later and began attending therapy sessions with his mother four times per week, which ended two weeks later.

In 1993, after some legal trouble, he moved to the Falls City region of Nebraska, U.S.A. where he began identifying solely as a man and became friends with several local residents. After moving into the home of Lisa Lambert, he began dating his friend, 19-year-old Lana Tisdel, and began associating with ex-convicts John Lotter and Marvin Thomas "Tom" Nissen.

On December 19, 1993, Brandon was arrested for forging checks; Tisdel paid his bail, but because he was in the female section of the jail, Tisdel learned that he was transgender. Brandon's arrest was posted in the local paper under his birth name and his acquaintances subsequently learned that he was anatomically female.

During a Christmas Eve party, Nissen and Lotter grabbed Brandon and forced him to remove his pants, proving to Tisdel that Brandon was anatomically female. Lotter and Nissen later assaulted Brandon, and forced him into a car. They drove to an area by a meat-packing plant where they further assaulted and raped him. They then returned to Nissen's home. Brandon escaped from Nissen's bathroom by climbing out the window, and went to Tisdel's house. He was convinced by Tisdel to file a police report, though Nissen and Lotter had warned him not to tell the police about the rape or they would "silence him permanently". The County Sheriff questioned Brandon about the rape; reportedly, he seemed especially interested in his transsexuality, to the point that Brandon found his questions rude and unnecessary, and refused to answer. Nissen and Lotter learned of the report, and they began to search for Brandon. They didn't find him, and three days later the police questioned them. The sheriff declined to have them arrested due to lack of evidence.

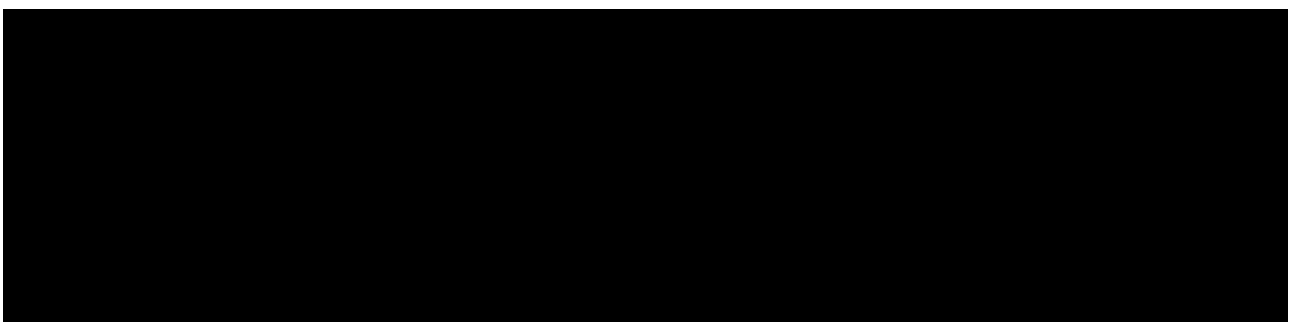
Nissen and Lotter drove to Lambert's house and broke in. They found Lambert in bed and demanded to know where Brandon was. Lambert refused to tell them. Nissen searched and found Brandon under the bed. The men asked Lambert if there was anyone else in the house, and she replied that Phillip DeVine, who at the time was dating Tisdel's sister, was staying with her. They shot and killed DeVine, Lambert, and Brandon in front of Lambert's toddler. Nissen would later testify in court that he noticed that Brandon was twitching, and asked Lotter for a knife, with which Nissen stabbed him, to ensure that he was dead. Nissen and Lotter then left, later being arrested and charged with murder.

Brandon Teena is buried in Lincoln Memorial Cemetery in Lincoln, Nebraska, U.S.A., his headstone inscribed with his birth name and the epitaph daughter, sister, & friend.

Nissen accused Lotter of committing the murders. In exchange for a reduced sentence, Nissen admitted to being an accessory to the rape and murder. Nissen testified against Lotter and was sentenced to life in prison. Lotter proceeded to deny the veracity of Nissen's testimony, and his testimony was discredited. The jury found Lotter guilty of murder and he received the death penalty. Lotter and Nissen both appealed their convictions, and their cases have gone to review. In September 2007, Nissen recanted his testimony against Lotter. He claimed that he was the only one to shoot Brandon and that Lotter had not committed the murders. In 2009 Lotter's appeal, using Nissen's new testimony to assert a claim of innocence, was rejected by the Nebraska Supreme Court, which held that since (even under Nissen's revised testimony) both Lotter and Nissen were involved in the murder, the specific identity of the shooter was legally irrelevant. In August 2011, a three-judge panel of the 8th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals rejected John Lotter's appeal.

In 1999, Brandon became the subject of a movie entitled *Boys Don't Cry*, starring Hilary Swank as Teena and Chloë Sevigny as Tisdel. For their performances, Swank won and Sevigny was nominated for an Academy Award. Tisdel sued the producers of the film for unauthorized use of her name and likeness before the film's release. She claimed the film depicted her as "lazy, white trash, and a skanky snake". Tisdel also claimed that the film falsely portrayed that she continued the relationship with Teena after she discovered Teena was anatomically female. She eventually settled her lawsuit against the movie's distributor for an undisclosed sum.

JoAnn Brandon publicly objected to the media referring to her child as "he" and "Brandon". Following Hilary Swank's Oscar acceptance speech, JoAnn Brandon took offence at Swank for thanking "Brandon Teena" - the name Teena Brandon adopted - and for referring to her as a man.



Brandon Teena (December 12, 1972 – December 31, 1993) was an American transman, a female-to-male transgender person, who was raped and murdered in Humboldt, Nebraska. His life and death were the subject of the Academy Award-winning 1999 film *Boys Don't Cry*, which was based on the documentary film *The Brandon Teena Story*.



**All S/he Wanted**  
Author: Aphrodite Jones  
Publisher: Pocket Books (1996)  
I.S.B.N.-13 978-1439101025

**Edited from Amazon Books:** [📖](#) Living as a man, twenty-one-year-old Teena Brandon hit the dust bowl town of Falls City, Nebraska, on the run from her family in Lincoln - and from the law for forging checks. Handsome and sophisticated, Brandon was an instant success, with young women hanging all over him. But when Brandon started to date the beautiful blonde Lana Tisdell, [his] luck ran out. In a terrifying incident on Christmas Eve, Brandon's true identity was unmasked. On New Year's Eve, Brandon, [his] roommate, and a friend were found shot to death in an isolated farmhouse. Writing with exclusive cooperation of Brandon's ex-girlfriends and family, the accused murderers, and numerous other sources, *New York Times* bestselling author Aphrodite Jones explores the extravagant life and violent death of Teena Brandon, as well as the investigation and murder trial. Jones lays bare an America where many young people boldly experiment with gender identity, challenging our ideas of male and female, gay and straight - and where Teena Brandon and [his] friends paid a terrible price for sexual freedom.

## Further Information

The Internet is littered with tributes to Brandon Teena. Following is a list of some of those websites beginning with his Wikipedia entry:

- [Brandon Teena on Wikipedia](#) [📖](#)
- [Collection of Articles on Brandon Teena at BrandonTeena.org](#) [📖](#)
- [Remember Brandon Teena](#) [📖](#)
- [The Inconvenient Truth About Teena Brandon](#) [📖](#)
- [You Tube: Brandon Teena](#) [📖](#)

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# On Being a Girl

Let us be Whole and Happy Women

by Jenny Lovelace

Article appeared in Polare magazine: [September 2004](#) Last Update: [October 2013](#) Last Reviewed: [September 2015](#)

I am a biological male who desperately wants to be a girl – in my case, only some of the time because I enjoy the kind of gender wholeness that I personally have even though many girls-like-us cannot understand how I can be comfortable living both apparently different lives. That is another story and I have written at length elsewhere about who, what and why I feel I am.

However, when I am a girl (which I am inside, always, no less than I am a boy) I naturally seem to adopt certain attitudes and behaviours to give my womanhood authenticity. I am genetically male. For me that is okay. My soul is genderless and, in spite of my own life's deep challenges, my soul is full of powerful and self-possessed love. My life experience in this world is expressed in all kinds of satisfying ways. The woman in me is the anchor that keeps my genderless soul grounded in my personal earthly reality. The man in me actions the earthly purposes that drive my personal self-evolution. This is my way. It may well not be yours. It does not matter.

***I am genetically male. For me that is okay. My soul is genderless and, in spite of my own life's deep challenges, my soul is full of powerful and self-possessed love.***

When I am expressing myself as a woman, dressed and as feminine in and from the heart as this lately come-out girl is learning to naturally be, then I feel strongly that I want to be free to evolve as the woman I am with no hindrance from anyone, any time.

Many girls-like-us have been awfully abused. I am so fortunate. Some girls work as prostitutes, often to support a drug habit. Others give themselves, submit, to what they hope are protective short and long-term relationships that are without love. Too often we are negatively submissive to the detriment of our womanhood – and to our sanity. Too many girls like us kill themselves, mutilate themselves or disintegrate into mental illness. This need not be so!

It is a wonderful thing to be positively submissive, to be a nurturing woman who is actively there, from her womanly heart, for a friend, a lover, a child, a stranger in need on her own terms. Real women, and that includes girls-like-us, have always known how to empower others by helping them to feel loved, cared for and valuable. It is my femininity that empowers me with a sensuousness that is too often denied to men and is, at least in my case, part of the wonderfulness of being a woman.

However, I never submit to any others simply to please them. Only fear could make me do that. I insist that my submission will pleasure and empower me as a woman. I am no slave. I give myself in every relationship of whatever kind as a mature and empowered woman whose primary aim in life is to get pleasure for me – by giving pleasure to others. Men can think and act this way too but their male energy is, and is delightfully expressed, as male energy – which is different! If we can ever save even a strangers life, let it be only because we value life and are moved to save life, perhaps by putting our own on the line, for the satisfaction doing so gives us.

Submitting to please others without first demanding that we be ourselves fully and safely pleased is not healthy. This is usually what happens when we rent ourselves out for sex or in partnerships with people we would never give ourselves to were it not for the money or the hoped-for security. Some encounters of this kind, whether given for money or as a way of grasping at a sense of self-worth, may give us some pleasure and even nurture in our souls a sense of worth, but most do not.

Darling, if we are going to be the women we long to be let us be whole and happy women. Let no one ever, especially an insensitive man, treat us with anything less than complete respect as an equal. Love, whether for a lover (of whatever sex), a friend, a relative or even a stranger, is only true love if it is a heartfelt recognition of our own self-worth expressed in our desire to give happiness to the object of our love.

There is help and companionship all over the place – with no strings attached. If I can help you to find it, to find what you want, that will give me great personal pleasure. Yes I'm like that! I encourage girls-like-us to get together, as we sometimes do, to talk about things, to listen to each other (being listened to can often be all we need), just as girls do. We need to learn to relate as women and it is women, both genetic and non-genetic who can help us best.

I do not know "all the answers" – especially your answers, but I can help you, if you wish to find your own way and to get safe, competent help, both professional and "peer" from other girls-like-us. Although I am a trained and experienced counsellor I do not believe that what we girls mostly need is professional counselling, valuable as that can be when we really do need it. What we vitally need is cyber, phone and, above all, face-to-face contact with other girls-like-us who understand because they have been-there-done-that. Their stories will not be your story but their stories and their love and caring for you can inspire you to create your own unique and truly happy story.

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# The Marriage Amendment Act

## The Good News and the Bad News

by norrie mAy-welby

Article appeared in Polare magazine: September 2004 Last Update: October 2013 Last Reviewed: September 2015



**W**ell, we haff some good news and some bad news. [For the purpose of clarity, "sex" here means what the law says you are, and "gender" is what you see yourself as ...]

***... transsexuals can have a sex-change operation and then marry their now opposite-sex partners.***

The bad news is that same-sex partners will not be allowed to get married in Australia, or have their overseas marriages recognised here. The good news is that transsexuals can change sex, and for the purpose of marriage (according to questions asked and answered in Parliament on Friday 13th) are of the new sex if they've had a sex-change.

The bad news is that a pre-operative transsexual cannot marry a person whose sex is the same as theirs (which, legally, is usually the old sex on the pre-operative tranny's birth certificate), despite being of opposite gender.

The good news is that transsexuals can have a sex-change operation and then marry their now opposite-sex partners.

The good news is that a pre-operative transsexual can marry her/his same-gender partner, as they are still legally of opposite sex.

The bad news is that a post-operative transsexual cannot marry his/her same-gender partner, as they are legally of the same sex.

The good news is that if a pre-operative transsexual (or pre-transsexual) marries someone of the opposite sex (and, for pre-ops, the same gender), there is no mechanism for dissolving the marriage on same-sex grounds. That is, presuming your partner is willing, there is no legal reason why you cannot stay married even after it becomes a same-sex marriage. The law makes it clear that marriage in Australia is between a man and a woman, and that same-sex marriages made overseas will not be recognised in Australia. There is no such non-recognition legislated however for couples who are a man and a woman when married but this changes.

So nyah, nyah, nyah, transsexuals can marry whomever they want, providing they are willing to have surgery if that's necessary to make them an "opposite-sex" couple, or to get married while still pre-op, if that's what's necessary to make them an "opposite-sex" couple.

And from the incoherent answer to the intersex question asked in Parliament, it seems that everyone, even intersexed people, are going to be considered to be a man or a woman for the purpose of marriage. People who wish to identify their sex as intersex may have to choose between getting married as a man or as a woman, or making a political point.

And some more good news: If you are a same-sex partner of a terrorist or enemy combatant or any suspicious woggy character, you are exempt from being locked up for consorting with terrorists. The bad news is that if you are intersex, you may be held to be neither the heterosexual spouse, heterosexual defacto spouse, nor same-sex partner, and therefore may not be exempt, and may be locked up for giving a blow job too many times to someone Uncle Sam has classed as an evil terrorist. And the worse news is that if you're locked up for more than thirty six months, you can't even vote against the evil bastards that legislated against you.

And finally, a small address to non-voters: I know the system has been very disrespectful and dismissive of us, but remember, every one of us who doesn't vote is handing two votes to a fundamentalist fascist.

This government takes your money and kills people with it whether you vote against them or not, but if you vote against them, you may help stop them killing quite so many people. Please consider.


### norrie mAy-welby

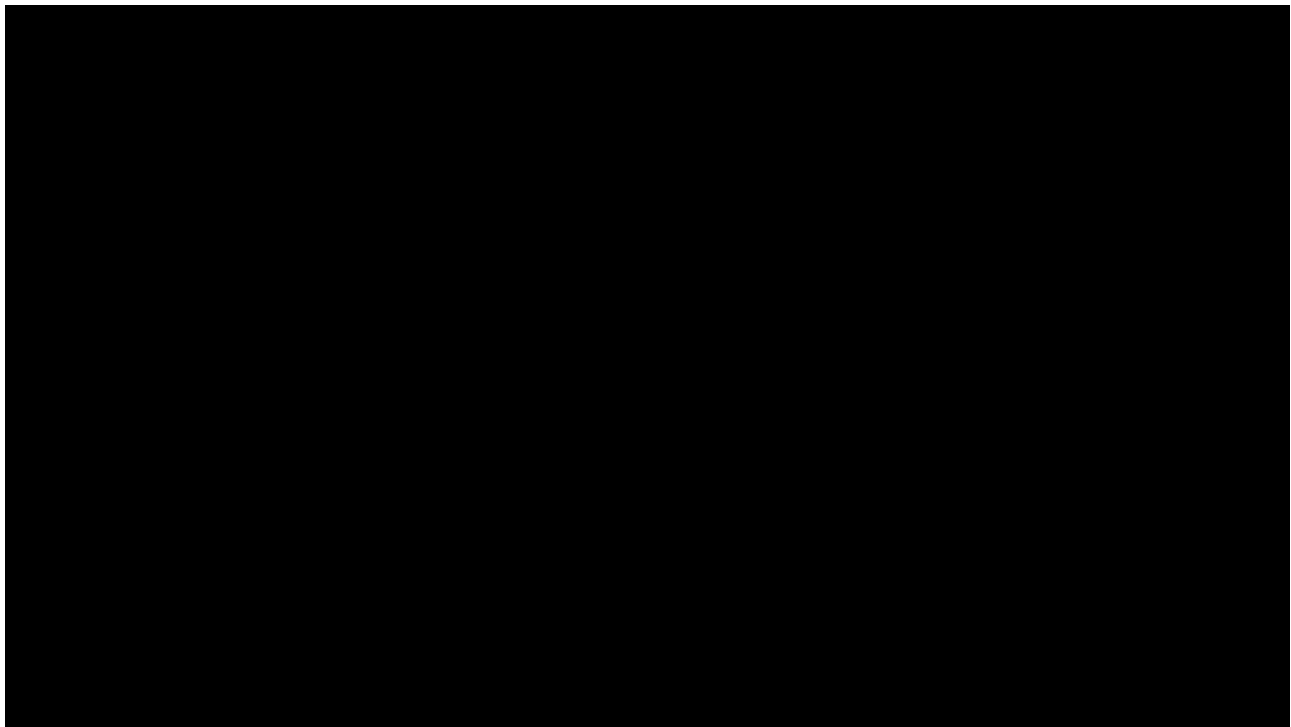
From [Wikipedia](#)  norrie mAy-welby became the first person in the world to be officially declared to be neither a man nor a woman, making Australia the first country in the world to recognise a "non-specified" gender.



Born in Paisley, Renfrewshire, Scotland, as a male and moving to Perth, Western Australia at the age of seven, norrie underwent male-to-female reassignment surgery in 1989, but later found that being a woman was not what zie felt like either. Zie moved to Sydney in the early 1990s. Doctors stated, in January 2010, that norrie was a neuter, neither male nor female, as hir psychological self-image was as a neuter, hir hormones were not the same as a male's or female's, and zie had no sex organs.

One of hir worries about being labelled male or female is that zie now looks like neither and is physically neither as well. Because of this, if hir passport states gender as being one or the other, it is possible that zie might be detained for not fitting what the gender field says zie should look like. This was one of norrie's reasons for seeking recognition as gender neutral. Of hir own sexuality, norrie has stated: "I'd be the perfect androgyne if I was completely omnisexual, but I'm only monosexual. Just think of me as a big queen girl."

norrie has been an integral part of the Gender Centre in many ways since moving from Western Australia many years ago. [Visit hir website for more about norrie](#)  Meanwhile, this excellent video has appeared on You Tube, an interview with norrie in which zie explains her views on many topics



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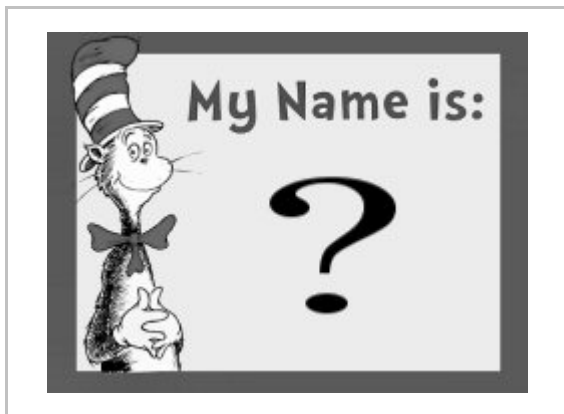
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## What's in a Name?

Which words do I choose, and why? As a self-made man, how do I name myself?

by Buggy Dawn

Article appeared in Polare magazine: September 2004 Last Update: October 2013 Last Reviewed: September 2015



**W**hen I decided to change my name legally about ten years ago, the choice of a new name seemed straightforward. I formally adopted the nickname almost everyone knew me by, added a surname which meant something to me for a few reasons, notified the relevant authorities, and that was that.

*I chose "transgender" also because physical transition unfortunately has its limits for guys like me ...*

When I decided to transition medically and legally a few years ago, the choice of a new sex/gender also seemed straightforward. I formally adopted "M" instead of "F" with all the institutions and businesses legally allowed to me at present (I am currently pre-op but on testosterone treatment), told all of my

friends during the following months, and that was that.

As I see things, these names and identities were primarily for the "outside" world; mainstream society ... you know, the tax office, the bank, Centrelink, work ... bureaucracy, the legal, official side of life. Name: Joe Bloggs, Sex: M; Name: Jane Bloggs, Sex: F. Simple. Easy. Obvious to a great extent.

But what about the names and identities for the "inner" world? Identities, names, terms, labels, representations of concepts we often use to communicate something of our deeper selves, our inner beings and personal experiences? Not so simple, easy or obvious. To people on the outside, for instance, I am a bloke. A short, weird guy, yes, but just a bloke. Simple. Easy. Obvious. When it comes to physically intimate interaction with others, biology has an unfortunate but inescapable influence on the way people perceive me, even if it's merely the fact that I was born in a body which doesn't reflect my mental, emotional, spiritual-self as accurately as most other people's bodies do. I am somewhat forced into a particular type of "coming-out" or disclosure; I am limited to a certain set of self-defining descriptions of my physical aspects. Not so easy, but fairly simple and obvious. To people with whom I share an altogether different type of intimacy, however, people who know the real me or who are in a similar situation themselves, I can identify as much more. I can self-define, name myself, in a deeper way, in much more expressive language.

I am able to identify as F.T.M. or female-to-male transsexual or man with transsexual history or man of transsexual background or man living with the physical/medical condition of transsexualism. I can choose one "s" or two for the spelling of "transsexualism", depending on how I view the "condition". Alternatively I can use the term "transgender" instead of "trans(s)exual". I am able to identify as trans-man or trans-guy or T-guy or tranny boy. I could also choose to describe my physical and/or mental/emotional experience as gender-messy or gender-queer, or I may identify with gender-bender or gender-fuck.

The diversity of possible perspectives, perceptions and priorities boggles my mind, muddles my mind. But I wouldn't have it any other way. In my opinion, one of humanity's greatest gifts to itself is the gift of language (and the ability to use words in such a powerful and personal way). How we describe/define/identify our private, inner beings to ourselves and others showcases to some extent our honesty in acknowledging the truth of a "core" or "deepest" self; our courage, in sharing this information with other people; our intelligence and imagination, in "thinking outside the square" and our strength, in daring to stand alone if necessary.

Sometimes this free-thinking openness leads to debate, which I think is a good thing. Sometimes debating leads to conflict and faction-fighting, probably not such a good thing. Recently within the trans community, debate has been developing regarding the definitions and consequent applications of the terms "trans(s)exual" and "transgender(-ed)".

One group claims the identity/label "transsexual" as appropriate, reasoning that an individual changes sex, and with hormonal and/or surgical help, develops sex characteristics of the biological sex being affirmed. In essence the individual moves across the sexual divide. Another group says that the name "transgender" is applicable, because in their opinion sex is determined in part by sex chromosomes and therefore can't be changed. In effect, the individual moves across the gender divide. Then again, there are some for whom "transgender" has meaning in more than a social sense, since gender roles are social constructions (stereotypical appearance and behaviour such as boys wearing shorts and playing with cars while girls wear skirts and play with dolls). "Transgender" in this sense may include the experience of fluidity between roles/identities rather than the experience of rigid, permanent transition from one role to the other. A fourth group either sidestep the "sex" versus "gender" war or are inclusive of all identities (I can't decide which - I

suppose it depends on intent and context), by using the "trans" terminology: the trans community or trans-woman. Many other interpretations exist, but I'm sure you get the idea.

So where do I fit in? Which words do I choose, and why? As a self-made man, how do I name myself?

Well, currently I name myself "transgender". For many years I ignored the (substantial) part of my being which wasn't comfortable in a female identity. Even though from my earliest memories I frantically rebelled against all things feminine and saw myself as a boy, somewhere along the line I partially accepted my apparent biology, being unaware at that stage of other options, and hoped that being a dyke would be good enough. It was a bit of a psychological compromise: "dyke" was not as good as "man" but definitely better than "woman". I was living in a "female" role. Now I live in a "male" role. In the social sense, I changed my gender-identity.

I chose "transgender" also because physical transition unfortunately has its limits for guys like me: surgical procedures are not as successful nor as advanced as I would like (and of course there are the prohibitive costs involved), so in the foreseeable future I probably won't be able to completely change "sex". I identify as male, yes, but much as I hate to admit it, biologically born males (bio-guys) do have physical attributes that I lack.

Therefore, I think "transsexual" is inappropriate for me.

At various times I self-identify as F.T.M., trans-man (or trans-guy), or tranny boy, in addition to or instead of "transgender", depending on my mood and the social context. For example, I might use "female-to-male transgender" as a disclosure identity when speaking with someone in a mainstream or gay/lesbian venue; "trans-man" or "trans-guy" when conversing with other trans\* people or while talking with my G.P., endocrinologist, or similar professional; and "tranny-boy" if I'm in a queer mood in a pansexual (any/all gender identities and sexual orientations) setting.

I also tend to use other people's terminology as a guide if I am asked about my gender-identity. To the question "Are you a transsexual?" I would respond, "female-to-male, yes, but I prefer the term transgender". If, however, the enquiry was "Are you an F.T.M.?", my answer would simply be "Yes" (or possibly "Yes, how did you know?!")

Call me optimistic or naive if you will, but I really do believe that when all of us in the wider trans community share a working understanding of why we choose some words and not others to self-define, we will be better able to choose umbrella terms or labels which more accurately reflect our collective experiences and identities. The recent "Re Kevin" court action (thank you, wonderful people) highlighted the need for a system of terminology that is both readily understandable and accessible by the "outside" world and agreed upon by a united trans community.

If we can't present words to the "outside" world that actually relate to us and our identities (individually and collectively), how can we hope/expect to be understood and accepted? If we aren't understood (to some degree at least) by mainstream society and its legal system, how can we ask/fight for equality and social/legal change? How can we tell the "outside" world our preferred names and the reasons we prefer them (transsexual or transgender in legislation for example), if we don't share this information within the "inner" world of our own trans peers and Significant Others, Friends, Family and Allies?

Perhaps if we know why different words appeal to different people, we could find more appropriate language to express our diversity within an exclusive framework, instead of a "one size fits all" approach which unfortunately seems to alienate some of the people supposedly being represented. Well, I reckon there's possibly a way to establish and maintain such a workable and adaptable system of terminology.

Let's share. Let us continue to share personal perspectives, life experiences. Share emotions and opinions. Let's discuss, disclose, debate. Explore how we can share common language. Explore our similarities and how we can share our "inner" identities with ourselves and the "outside" world. The more we share, the more we understand. The more we understand, the more we share.

I reckon it's worth a go. What do you reckon?

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## Just Another Day

### For the Transsexual and Lesbian Combo

by Mel and Terri

Article appeared in Polare magazine: February 2001 Last Update: October 2013 Last Reviewed: September 2015



Contrary to what gender psychologists think and advise, there is no prerequisite to act genetic in a crisis.

**M**any things prompt our articles, writings, philosophies, the majority of them born of anger, frustration and bitterness. Mostly this is with the world in general and, to put not too final a point on it - you. Today has been a classic example. We wake up, in love, happy, contented. We get dressed, me after twelve months in a reversed reversal role still coming to terms with the fact I can again wear what I want but am somewhat hesitant (not knowing the area) of what indeed I should actually wear that would: a. please my partner; b. pacify me; c. suit the greater world at large - i.e. you.

*... we enter the garage, lesbian and oil-covered transsexual who must now resemble some crazy mechanic drag queen to ask for help, after five minutes of being ignored ...*

Mel, of course, thinks I/we should fuck the world and I wholeheartedly agree, however the practical nature of my dual nationality brain suggests to me that

initially some form of conservatism would be appropriate until we are sure that: a. our house is not going to be burned down; b. we are not going to be beaten up; c. the local populace is not all of the redneck variety - i.e. culmination of points a and b.

This of course is chicken shit philosophy and not one I am very proud of, not only does it infringe my civil rights and those of my beloved, but it impacts on our very day-to-day existence, this before we have even left the sanctuary of our bubble you are infringing upon us with your uh-so-conservative and mainstream opinions, in a nutshell, why we fucking hate you. I digress however, once suitably attired (so as to not overtly annoy you) we set off up the highway still reasonably happy, after all it's a sunny day and we are going to start photocopying our poetry and articles for submission after a year-long forced hiatus.

Some of our tasks are accomplished and we head to the library, upon parking it is more than noticeable that our vehicle has left a fluid trail, said fluid still accumulating underneath the engine. This of course is not a favourable scenario for anyone, for a transsexual and a lesbian, however, the eventuality of mechanical compromise throws up far larger repercussions. With the bonnet up (always a sound start point) we can see water and green radiator fluid pissing onto the tarmac, having just spent three hundred dollars on a new water pump inevitably causes me to loudly bemoan mechanics in general. I cannot, however, see where the water is leaking from as it has all leaked out and we have no extra water! Our first task is to locate the water, not as easy said as accomplished. Being the type of people we are (drama queens) we are first prone to overreact - me specifically, being ladylike temporarily escapes my mannerisms and vocabulary. I am hot, sweaty and thoroughly pissed off. By locating water from the shopping centre toilet we are able to identify the cause of leakage (burst pipe). Alas we have no tools. Mel chews gum. I apply it to split - result? Chewing gum everywhere.

So far, so bad, we consider calling a taxi, then a mechanic, here indeed comes the crux, the rub, the bane of our lives - me. The problem here being that were I a genetic female I would undoubtedly: a. been in the Automobile Association; b. called a taxi; c. called a taxi.

Most genetic women of the heterosexual variety would have put "called a man" at the top of the list because this is what genetics do in a moment of mechanical difficulty. It is, after all, how they are raised generation after generation, to believe that they are incapable of fixing anything other than a hem on a skirt.

However I am not genetic, with water having gushed through the split, I can work out that a hose needs changing, the simplest of jobs for a prepared (male) motorist travelling with functional toolkit. But for the transsexual and lesbian combo, a task akin to wave skiing on a bicycle. We need a tool other than a nail file, and commence a twenty minute walk to a discount store for pliers and a stanley knife, items not originally on our "to get" list - cost approximately eleven dollars. The benefits of owning these motoring essentials however, are far greater, the stanley knife is great in slashing other people's tyres, and the pliers ideal for torturing reluctant bank staff and their families. Back to waterless car, remove said hose with struggle and generous amounts of blasphemy, result being all covered in oil and shite. Here is the transsexual's every fucking day dilemma. You or course, if you are a genetic female will leave it for someone else, you will not get hot and sweaty under a bonnet, ruin your make-up, grease your top and filthy fucking manifold oil grease and shite under your finger nails, the very fucking reason men continue to mock you and treat you as second class. A genetic male of course will strip to the waist and implement a band-aid procedure sound enough to a drive to Kabul and back. (after all, isn't this the stereotypical male

viewpoint of themselves?) I am in neither of these positions, although my psychiatrist (male) would no doubt like me to exercise my adopted gender profile and call for help - however it is not he who is stuck in the fucking library car park.

Common sense dictates to me that we can repair aforementioned breakdown sufficiently to get us home, and indeed twenty or so minutes later, fingernails caked with grease, shite and oil, job is completed! Filthy we climb into the bat mobile and stupidly too wrapped up in the sense of achievement we decide to drive along the coast to a second hand store to pick up a mattress for the sofa, our arrival in town greeted with hot water spewing out of the engine, the replacement hose pilfered from the heating system was too short and has blown off under the pressure - result, back to square one but further from home.

Salvation may be at hand however as the gods of misfortune have incapacitated us this time opposite a garage and not a library. Here is where if the problem had occurred initially here a genetic flutter eyelashed short skirted female could have breezed in all gooe-eyed and had five mechanics immediately fix the problem, or a genetic male could simply get the parts required with a brief chat about manifolds, carburettors or cubic capacity. Again we are in neither position and, thank Christ, we enter the garage, lesbian and oil-covered transsexual who must now resemble some crazy mechanic drag queen to ask for help, after five minutes of being ignored said mechanics advise they are "having lunch" which translated into laypersons terminology equates to "get lost faggots", nice to know New Zealand has moved on from 1958 to at least 1959 - morons. We leave, hot tired, dehydrated, bonnet up, as per library car park no one asks if we need a hand, why on earth would they? After all, I had my pliers and would quite happily have detached some fucker's nose with them, psychiatry or no psychiatry. Mel gets us drink and pies, we sit forlorn contemplating our ever shrinking options.


Again, practicality strikes me as it is prone to do on such occasions, we start at the servo where we buy new clips, then to the second hand shop for screwdriver (our tool arsenal is growing) additional cost of four dollars, next Mel braves the greasy and sub-educated mechanics den to get us a replacement hose, which naturally they don't have new, but handily have a used piece for five dollars, sons of bitches. Unperturbed we replace the hose again, get new anti-freeze/anti-boil, cost twelve dollars, man at servo gives us water for free, surprising as there's a drought on, wonder the Council didn't fine us initially for wasting water. Hose is replaced again, result me more filthy than ever, total time around two hours, cost thirty dollars.

I feel nothing like the woman I am supposed to be, but then how am I supposed to feel? How would a genetic feel, presuming she could have done what I did? I am overheated, degenerated and feeling like shite but we have a car that runs again without needing the help of a male. We should feel proud, not ashamed or embarrassed to be seen dirty and exposed.

Not one person offered to help, this is why we'll never stop to help you on the roadside, I hope you die there. Today has proven we can adapt and we can solve problems, but we knew that already. Why, just because I am a transsexual, should I try to change the fucking hose?

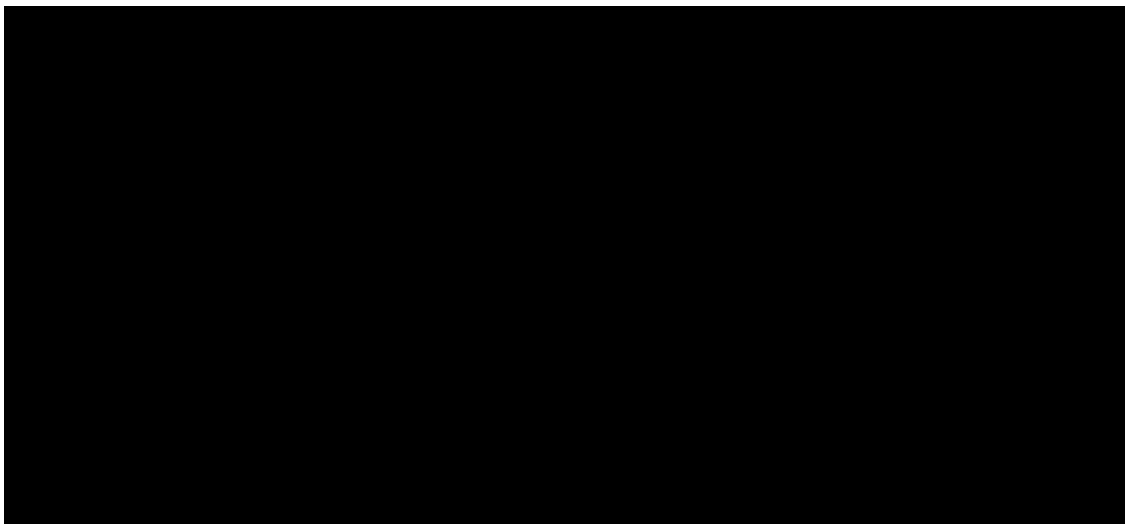
Contrary to what gender psychologists think and advise, there is no prerequisite to act genetic in a crisis. That is a fallacy in the mind, not of transsexuals, but unfortunately in genetic females as well. Don't ask us to mend your broken hoses, ladies, because if you want a personal touch ... well!

## Teri Louise Kelly

**From Amazon Books:**  Teri Louise Kelly is the self-taught, genre & gender-crossing author of three memoirs and one poetry collection. Originally from Brighton, U.K, she now lives in Adelaide. Her work has appeared in innumerable worldwide journals and she regularly reads her poetry live. Also having released a spoken word C.D. in 2010 she is known variously as "The Acid Queen", "The Ice Pick Chick", "Bukowski with Boobs" and "The Punk Rock Poet". Currently working on her second poetry anthology "Dead With Its Legs Spread on an Unmade Bed" she also plays bass guitar and paints serial killer art. The co-founder of Blunt Trauma Press she is also writing a speculative fiction novel entitled *The Ferrous Wheel* Teri Louise Kelly is something of an enigma in the otherwise stoic world of literature - the kind of writer one either loves or loathes as one international reviewer noted. She is always available for unlicensed psychoanalysis sessions and tarot readings.



You Tube features many of Teri's poetry readings, including this short video.







**Sex, Knives & Bouillabaisse**

Author: Teri Louise Kelly

Publisher: Wakefield Press (2010)

I.S.B.N.-13 978 1862547568

**From Amazon Books:** 📖 It all started in 1975. I was fifteen years, 344 days old, nothing but a kid, albeit a kid they'd highlighted in *The Year Book* as a "hard case". I was four months out of juvey, give or take, and I had a swagger, an edge, abrasion ... So begins the hilarious, often vexed, and constantly twisted life story of Teri Louise Kelly in this first volume of her memoirs. Writing as the boy she once was, Teri takes us into the cloistered world of swanky hotels in England and Paris. As a chef, Teri Louise Kelly strutted the line in big kitchens with a cocky impudence and girlish hips; as a writer, she brings to the page a furnace-like blast of candidness coupled with an eye for detail sharp as a sniper's. "Reading *Sex Knives and Bouillabaisse* will cure anybody of their delusions of glamour around a career in cooking; also possibly of ever eating out again". - Kerri Jackson, the *New Zealand Herald*.



**Last Bed On Earth**

Author: Teri Louise Kelly

Publisher: Wakefield Press (2010)

I.S.B.N.-13 978 1862548220

**From Amazon Books:** 📖 Even the free whisky had gone, and the mini-bar gins. What else were a couple of girls down on their luck supposed to do? Teri Louise Kelly and her partner in crime, Jo Buck, arrive penniless in New Zealand from the U.K. on the hunt for a "better way of life". Instead they find a situation vacant ad, and become managers of a 100-bed backpacking hostel, attending the peculiar whims of the budget travelling army as it descends through the long white clouds bearing rucksacks, innumerable contagious diseases and too little in the way of good sense. *Last Bed on Earth* tells the story of those six months of mayhem in the adventure capital of the world as viewed from behind a wire mesh cage - and from the unique perspective of a man who became a woman acting the role of a man. "A wonderful novel full of dark humour". - Debbie Phillips, *Chronicle*.



**American Blow Job**

Author: Teri Louise Kelly

Publisher: Open Books (2010)

I.S.B.N. Not Applicable

**From Amazon Books:** 📖 America 1984: Ronald Reagan, bad hair, shoulder pads and Gremlins. Enter a quick witted and very horny British boy, Luiz by name, a blue-eyed bastard son of Queen Elizabeth who is en route to New England. Visa in hand, and wearing a Maggie Thatcher t-shirt, he is sucked into the American vacuum. *American Blow Job* is an animated, hilarious account of an English boy's quest to experience Lady Liberty's novelty and promise. If you think you have read every conceivable take on the great American experience, *American Blow Job* offers a new and unique take on the befuddled and often disenchanted immigrant. And best of all, you just might laugh yourself right off your chair!

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The Gender Centre is committed to developing and providing services and activities, which enhance the ability of people with gender issues to make informed choices. We offer a wide range of services to people with gender issues, their partners, family members and friends in New South Wales. We are an accommodation service and also act as an education, support, training and referral resource centre to other organisations and service providers. The Gender Centre is committed to educating the public and service providers about the needs of people with gender issues. We specifically aim to provide a high quality service, which acknowledges human rights and ensures respect and confidentiality.