

Polare Edition 8

Published: August 1995 Last Update: June 2013 Last Reviewed: September 2015

Editorial

by Craig Skinner, Polare Editor

This edition of *Polare* has a theme. It is dedicated to the Trans Men in our community. You'll find seven running pages of F.T.M. content, including an interview with a brother who has recently undergone phalloplasty surgery. There are several personal experiences shared by F.T.M.s, and we look at the transgender community in Victoria coming together in action. I'm sure you'll find this material good reading, especially the guys out there who tend to get left out of things a bit.

You will also find some general information such as sex working and using substances, changing your Naturalisation Certificate, where to get in touch with a relaxation class for trans and how to apply for a work training course specifically for trans. We go time-travelling with Roberta again, reading about "Famous Trannies in Early Modern Times" and we can look at another point of view in self-acceptance with "Insecurity".

Take a look at the new and revised "Directory Assistance" it's bigger and more comprehensive. Hopefully it provides a contact for everyone's needs. We have also begun to take some advertising. The evaluation gave us a very strong indication that you want us to advertise relevant businesses. This is what we have come up with; all community groups, non-profit organisations etc. are welcome to include a listing in "Directory Assistance" free of charge. Transgender people or people from the "gender community" can advertise their businesses free of charge. Businesses in general are charged a very reasonable fee for advertising space. I doubt if there will ever be a lot of advertising space available in *Polare*, but we will aim to encourage some of the kinds of businesses our readers are interested in to advertise.

Last but certainly not least, from this edition on we will aim to publish *Polare* every two months (instead of every three). So we'll see you more often! We'd appreciate your support, so please, send in those contributions!

Manager's Report

by Bill Robertson, Gender Centre Manager

What an amazing and heartening community response we have had to the reader evaluation of *Polare*. I consider over one hundred responses an excellent result. It indicates to me that the community values *Polare* and what it has to offer in terms of information provided. Don't forget it is your magazine, we just put it together. It has been also validating to us that we seem to be heading in the right direction regarding the layout and format. Your response also indicates that.

An update ... the *Shattered Illusions*" video resource has

Feature Articles



Perhaps the best known of all cross-dressers was the Chevalier d'Éon (1728 - 1810)

Famous Trannies in Early Modern Times

Throughout the modern history of western society a number of people have successfully changed their gender. This article looks at the most famous of them from the 16th through 19th centuries including Eleno de Cespedes and Abbe de Choisy.

Call Me Average

Jasper never wanted to become so ordinary in his whole life! Yet now he realises that he is indeed living an ordinary male life and attributes this to having friends and a lover who love him as the man they know he is among other things.

Phalloplasty

In this exclusive interview for *Polare*, Mick explains how his first surgery failed and that the phallus was removed and why he intends to go ahead with a second attempt at the same surgery.

Inside Myself

For the first time his life Sean feels balanced and content with himself. He discovers what a wonderful feeling it is to be honest with himself. Emotionally and spiritually he is a man who accepts his feminine side.

Boy Girl that Wasn't

David was asked to strip while the specialist inspected and touched him. He shoved him and his language was curt. He was weighed, his height and other measurements taken, he felt like an animal that was being studied like a prized anthropological specimen in a zoo.

Sex Work Substances

The effects of different drugs on different individuals tend to have other effects upon the body that we can sometimes overlook and that also affect our sexual function and tolerance or intolerance to pain.

Naturalisation Certificate

been popular, with enquiries from individuals and services from New South Wales, interstate and overseas. There are other exciting things on the horizon. Read on ... enjoy.

Katherine, born in Scotland and naturalised as Australian in 1974, reports that it is now possible for any post-operative transsexual with a Naturalisation Certificate in his or her former name to obtain a corrected certificate.

President's Report

by Jean Noble, Management Committee President

Let's begin with some good news, our last bids for two substantial grants have both been successful. These were grants for a H.I.V. study project to employ a trainer for a pilot period of four months, and if considered successful, for a further eight month period. This will measurably enhance our existing H.I.V. project.

On a more cheerful note, a one off submission for enhanced resource funding was also successful. What this means is that we will now be able to publish *Polare* every two months from some time after August for one year; and pay the extra wages this will entail. It has also allowed us to buy a good photocopier which makes printing our own fact sheets a pleasure rather than a pain.

On the subject of *Polare*, the evaluations you were asked to fill out have all (well, more than a hundred) come back and the responses have been collated and have been very, very encouraging. The opinions have been overwhelmingly positive and imply that the readership is very pleased with the magazine. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of you who took the time to fill out the forms and all of you who took the time to support and contribute to this magazine. Here's hoping that we go from strength to strength!

Can you remember the "Tribes" video launch night? Hazily? A round of sincere thanks are in order for all who contributed to a most fun night, those who helped to make the video itself have been thanked here before by me, (and you can see their names on the credits). Thanks to our compere on the night itself, our dearly loved Carmen, for her sparkle and enthusiasm, and I don't just mean her jewels either. The entertainers Josie, Phyllis and friends who gave their time and talents. I'd also like to express my appreciation to the community and interagency presence on the night. Special thanks are also due to the staff and management of Club 77 for their consistent and deeply appreciated assistance in enabling us to launch a really good video with a party that I, for one, really enjoyed.

Another year has passed would you believe? It's A.G.M. time again soon (that's 20th September folks) and every year at this time I am bound to tell the membership the process involved so there will be as little confusion as possible and everything will be clear to everyone who has an interest in the proceedings.

For your information: Membership closes on 1st September. To be eligible to vote at the Annual General Meeting you must be a current member. Membership is open from the 1st August until the close of business on the 1st September. If you wish to nominate as a candidate for the Management Committee, your application must be in writing and should be accompanied by a *Nomination for Management Committee* form; candidate's election statements will be posted to all current members in the second week of September. Voting will be optional, preference and secret ballot of the current members present at the A.G.M. The vote will be, as usual, overseen by an observer from the electoral commission. All of the necessary forms and applications are available from the Gender Centre or by phoning the Administrative Worker in business hours. But please, if I may ask, could you please not leave everything to the last minute?

That seems to be about it really, I hope to see you at either (or preferably both) the A.G.M. and the Winter solstice barbecue where hopefully a good time will be had by all. Be happy and try to keep out of the way of any passing flu bugs.

Snippets

from the pages of *Polare* Number Eight

The eighth edition of *Polare* magazine hit the news stands in August 1995. The Gender Centre's annual general meeting was fast approaching and the Centre advertised for interested parties to nominate for positions on the management committee and also for people to join the Gender Centre as regular members to have their say at the meeting. Also advertised were the Centre's Needle Exchange program, the Outreach service and a notice advising that the Community Worker can assist those with issues with the Department of Social Security.

The Gender Centre also hosted an afternoon for the F.T.M. community to get together, meet and access the Gender Centre's F.T.M. resources.

Externally, the Andrology Unit of Royal Prince Alfred Hospital were conducting prostate research on transgender people and were calling for volunteers, S.W.O.P., the indigenous L.G.B.T. group "Indigenous or What", and the Northern Beaches H.I.V. Prevention Centre advertised their services and the Seahorse Society of N.S.W. advised that the latest edition of their magazine, *Feminique* had been released.

The Gender Centre advise that this edition of *Polare* is not current and as such certain content, including but not limited to persons, contact details and dates may not apply. Where legal authority or medical related matters are cited, responsibility lies with the reader to obtain the most current relevant legal authority and/or medical publication.

Polare Magazine is published quarterly in Australia by The Gender Centre Inc, which is funded by the Department of Family & Community Services under the S.A.A.P. program and supported by the N.S.W. Health Department through the AIDS and Infectious Diseases Branch. *Polare* provides a

forum for discussion and debate on gender issues. Unsolicited contributions are welcome, the editor reserves the right to edit such contributions without notification. Any submission which appears in Polare may be published on our internet site. Opinions expressed in this publication do not necessarily reflect those of the Editor, The Gender Centre Inc., the Department of Family & Community Services or the N.S.W. Department of Health.

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.

(The Gender Centre advise that this article may not be current and as such certain content, including but not limited to persons, contact details and dates may not apply. Where legal authority or medical related matters are cited, responsibility lies with the reader to obtain the most current relevant legal authority and/or medical publication.)

Famous Trannies in Early Modern Times

Moll Cutpurse, Eleno de Cespedes, King Henri III, Abbe de Choisy, Chevalier d'Eon and More

by Roberta Perkins

Article appeared in Polare magazine: August 1995 Last Update: October 2013 Last Reviewed: September 2015



France's King Henri III, a noted cross-dresser.

Throughout the modern history of western society a number of women and men have successfully changed their gender. This article looks at the most famous of them from the sixteenth century through to the nineteenth century.

The Renaissance period in Europe, which followed the Middle Ages, carried many of the vestiges of Medieval ideologies. With regard to sex, the idea that men were superior beings to women continued. With this rationale the woman who strived to be a man is considered to be aspiring for greater intelligence and social superiority, whilst the man who prefers to be a woman rejects intelligence and the social privileges of masculinity. Thus, the authorities were more likely to punish a man for attempting to change his gender than a woman who acted like a man. The case of the Englishwoman known as Moll Cutpurse is a good example of this. Born Mary Firth in 1584 she showed early signs of a preference for being a boy. Although she began dressing in male clothes she never tried to hide her biological sex. But, at one stage she claimed she was a hermaphrodite and wore clothes that could be described as androgynous, such as a skirt, sword and jerkin. She was forced to do penance by the

Elena de Cespedes, who grew up a normal girl, married, had a child, but her husband deserted her, so she gave away her baby and moved to Granada, where she claimed she suddenly grew a penis.

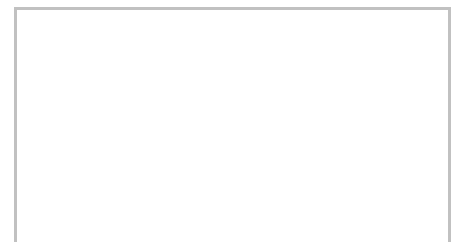
Church for persisting with her manly behaviour, which included petty thievery and pick-pocketing (thus, her nickname), but she seems never to have been punished by the civil authorities. In fact, her adventures so caught the public imagination that two plays were written about her in her lifetime in 1611 and 1618.

Much less fortunate was the Spanish woman Elena de Cespedes (1545 - 1588), who grew up a normal girl and even married at sixteen and had a child. But her husband deserted her, so she gave away her baby and moved to Granada, where she claimed she suddenly grew a penis. She began wearing male clothing and adopted a masculine identity, calling herself Eleno. Eleno had an affair with his married landlady and to escape the wrath of her husband joined the army, and after several campaigns in which he was wounded, he obtained a discharge and settled in Madrid where he fell in love with a peasant girl and proposed marriage. When seeking a priest to perform the marriage ceremony, his sex came under question. He agreed to a physical examination by surgeons and was passed as a man. After some years of married life Eleno's sex came under suspicion once again and he was forced to undergo another inspection. This time the examiners found no penis but a vagina and declared he was a woman. Dragged before the inquisitional court for false pretences, poor Eleno's marriage was annulled, he was given a public whipping of 200 lashes and sentenced to a ten year imprisonment. The strange case of Elena/Eleno de Cespedes was the talk of the town for many years and people were puzzled over the disappearing penis. Either he was a true hermaphrodite or a very skilful tranny who used sleight of hand to maintain his male identity.

If men who cross-dressed were treated more severely this was certainly not so for members of the aristocracy. King Henri III of France, who reigned from 1574 to 1589, was a notable cross-dresser, who strutted about court in female attire and attended balls and masques as an Amazon or wearing a ball gown and feminine make-up and jewellery. Pierre de l'Estoile, the court chronicler, reported that the king often appeared in public gorgeously attired in feminine finery attended by mignons of young men dressed like prostitutes in a bordello. Agrippa d'Aubigne, the Huguenot critic of the French Catholic court accused the King's mother, Catherine de Medici, of corrupting and feminizing her son in order to keep power in her own hands.

The Abbe de Choisy and Other Seventeenth Century Trannys

The early seventeenth century was a time of both political and social chaos in Europe. In 1602 "the French parliament condemned an hermaphrodite to death because he made use of the sex which he had abjured", wrote Eugene de Savitsch "Hermaphrodites were forbidden to be judges, advocates and university rectors." Fortunately, by mid century such attitudes had softened a great deal, and many even had reversed in France. Otherwise, the likes of Francois Timoleon de Choisy (1644 - 1724) would never have been able to 'come-out' as he did. Better known as the Abbe de Choisy, due to his appointment to the abbacy of St. Seine, he was a member of a very influential family at court, and because of this he



may have gotten away with much more than others of lesser station in society. Choisy's life has been well documented by others, as well as his own very detailed memoirs. By all accounts he was the classic transvestite, never attempting to disguise his biological sex, but frequently going about in public in full female attire and expressing a deep regret for not been born a girl. Choisy's mother dressed him as a girl until he reached eighteen when he began appearing in public as a man. At least one historian has suggested a political motive behind his cross-dressing: he was deliberately feminised so as never to present a threat to King Louis XIV's throne. Be that as it may, Choisy never seems to have had any political ambitions and seems to have been quite contented with his public outings at the opera, the theatre, balls and other events dressed in the most lavish of female fashions.



Francois Timoleon de Choisy

Choisy was often visited by young women in his chambers. His fascination with female accoutrements made him something of an expert on women's fashions and prominent society matrons brought their daughters to Choisy for advice. According to his own memoirs he took these young maids to bed before their mother's eyes, but did no more than fondle and kiss them. He did, however, manage to get one woman pregnant, a well known actress called Roselie, whom Choisy enjoyed dressing up as a man, and the pair of them strolling about the streets of Paris with she as the husband and he as her wife. As Choisy aged he continued to dress as a woman less and less and spent his final years reminiscing on his youth when he was admired by fashionable society as the prettiest girl in town.

Few men had as exciting and dangerous a life as Christina Davies, who was born in Dublin in 1667. She came into wealth from a rich aunt while still a teenager and as was required of women in those days she had to seek a husband to look after her estate. She married Richard Welsh and had two children by him. But one day her husband disappeared whilst on an errand. Believing him to have been shanghaied by the army to fight overseas, she decided to seek him out by herself joining up in the English dragoons. She cut her hair, put on her husband's clothes and took the name of Christopher Welch. Christopher was shipped to the front line in Holland during the War of the League of Augsburg between England and France. He was wounded and taken prisoner, but was exchanged for a captured French soldier. After a scrap with his regimental sergeant to save a tavern maid from the sergeant's assaults, he was court-martialled. Although pardoned for striking his superior, Christopher resigned from his regiment and re-enlisted in another, which saw action and defeat at Namurs in 1692.

His regiment was disbanded after this disastrous campaign and he returned to Ireland to make sure his children were taken good care of by his mother: Once assured of their wellbeing, he returned to the dragoons and more fighting in Holland. Christopher was wounded again but the surgeons failed to discover his biological sex. While recovering from this wound Richard Welsh turned up. Christopher made him swear not to give the game away, and they returned to the army as brothers. In 1703 Christopher was badly wounded by a mortar fragment, and this time the surgeons discovered he was a female. Thereafter he returned to being Christina but remained with the army as a nurse and cook. Only when her husband was killed in battle did she finally resign for the first time. She returned to Dublin to live the rest of her life with her children. After her extraordinary life as a soldier she seems to have been contented with the quiet life of a matron, and despite her numerous wounds and privations she managed to live to the ripe old age of 108.

The Chevalier d'Eon and Other Eighteenth Century Trannies

Perhaps the best known of all cross-dressers was Charles Geneviève Louis Auguste André Timothée d'Eon de Beaumont, more simply referred to simply as the Chevalier d'Eon (1728 - 1810), whose name became synonymous with the psychological condition of transvestism, or eonism. He too enjoyed a remarkable life, full of vigorous adventures. The flamboyant d'Eon was an outstanding soldier and superb swordsman, who was slightly built and quite effeminate in appearance. Like Choisy, he was also born into an upper class family influential in the French court. Thus, he too had the advantage of class privilege and protection enabling him to make his cross-dressing habits public. As a young man d'Eon was given a spying mission to Russia and for the first time he made a public appearance dressed as a woman when he was presented to the Czarina as the niece of the king's envoy. Taken into the Czarina's confidence as her maid-of-honour d'Eon was able to deliver to her secret letters from King Louis XV. D'Eon subsequently made two more diplomatic missions to Russia but on these occasions as the Chevalier. In 1757 he made a dashing ride from Vienna to Paris to bring his king news of an Austrian victory over the Prussians in the Seven Years War. After the war he was granted a life pension by the grateful King Louis and a commission as captain in the king's dragoons. He was also sent to England to begin negotiations on the Peace of Paris treaty between France and England that brought the war to an end.



Chevalier d'Eon

D'Eon continued his double role as spy and diplomat in England but fell out with the French ambassador in London. On one occasion d'Eon challenged him to a duel, but the ambassador, well aware of his reputation as a swordsman, declined and struck back by an attempt at publicly ridiculing him with the story of d'Eon's episode as a maid of honour in the Russian court. When this failed to have the expected impact, the ambassador spread a rumour that d'Eon was really a woman. The English were fascinated and began making


bets on his true sex. D'Eon kept the momentum going by sometimes appearing in public as the Chevalier and sometimes dressed as a woman, apparently on the king's orders. He even gave fencing exhibitions dressed as Joan of Arc. Two prominent betters forced d'Eon to prove his sex in court, which ruled in favour of him being a female. When he returned to France following the death of Louis XV, the new king, Louis XVI, ordered d'Eon to dress as a woman as he was convinced that the Chevalier was indeed of the 'fair sex'. He was the sensation of Paris society, which loved a scandal and the notoriety of anything sexual. Apparently, d'Eon was not happy with the king's decision and occasionally made public appearances redressed as a man. But the threat of losing his pension forced him to continue his masquerade. After the French Revolution poor d'Eon lost his pension anyway, and he died in poverty dependent on the charity of old friends. When he was buried his body was carefully examined and it was revealed that he was a perfectly formed male.

Throughout d'Eon's lifetime other men were being punished for daring to dress as women, even in private. In 1709 London police raided a transvestite club called the Mollies and publicly humiliated its members in court. In 1794 an even greater humiliation was experienced by members of another transvestite club in Clare Market. After it was raided they were dragged through the streets to the pillories, where they were pelted with rotten fruit, rubbish and dung sold as ammunition. The women fared much better, as a rule. Also, it seems more women were gender-crossing than men. Between 1761 and 1815 the London annual registrar reported fifteen cases of women dressed as men. A number of them sought high adventure on the high seas, such as the pirates Mary Read and Anne Bonnie, who only escaped the gallows due to their sex, or on the highway, like Lady Maude Ferrars, as daring a robber as any highwayman. Another was Mary Ann Talbot (1778 - 1808), who changed her identity as well as her clothes. Born into a wealthy English family, Mary was raped and beaten by an army officer when she was just fourteen, and then forced her to accompany him to Santa Domingo, where he deserted her. To survive, she disguised herself as a boy and calling herself John Taylor joined the army as a drummer. In Flanders, John was shot with a musket ball and stabbed by a sword-wielding French soldier. To avoid risk of discovery he attended to his own wounds.

He deserted from the army afterwards and joined the navy as an ordinary sailor. But one of his ships was scuttled by pirates and he was taken captive. However, the British navy retaliated and destroyed the pirate ship. John was back in the hands of the navy and once more into the breach. In a naval battle with the French he was wounded again. Miraculously, the surgeons who attended his wounds failed to discover he was a female, and after a period of recovery in hospital John was back at sea, this time as a midshipman. He was captured once again, this time by the French. He was released on a prisoner exchange and immediately joined a merchant ship bound for New York. The American captain was so impressed with his dashing young officer that he took him to his home hoping to make a match with his daughter. The daughter fell in love with John on first sight, and he was forced to flee by going to sea again. In London he was seized by a press gang determined to put him on a ship bound for battle at Trafalgar. He only managed to extricate himself from this dangerous situation by exposing his biological sex. After a discharge from the navy and now identifying as a woman, Mary spent a year fighting the British Navy in court for payment of her war service. She eventually won her case and retired to a quiet life in London. However, her money soon ran out, and she found herself in debt for owing rent. She ended up in gaol, and died shortly after her release from the debtors' prison.

These are just a few of the best known trannys out of hundreds who have dotted the pages of history largely unknown.

Mary Frith / Moll Cutpurse

From Wikipedia:  **Mary Frith (1584 – 1659), alias Moll (or Mal) Cutpurse, was a notorious pickpocket and fence of the London underworld. The name Moll Cutpurse was a pun: Moll, apart from being a nickname for Mary, was a common name for a young woman — usually of disreputable character. Cutpurse denoted her reputation as a thief who would cut purses to steal the contents. The facts of her life are extremely confusing with many exaggerations and myths attached to her name. *The Life of Mrs Mary Frith*, a sensationalised biography written in 1662, three years after her death, helped to perpetuate many of these myths.**



Born in the mid 1580s to a shoemaker and a housewife, Mary presented herself in public in a doublet and baggy breeches, smoking a pipe and swearing if she felt like it. It is believed that she first came to prominence in 1600 when she was indicted in Middlesex for stealing 2s11d. In the following years, two plays were written about her. First the 1610 drama *The Madde Pranckes of Mery Mall of the Bankside* by John Day, the text of which is now lost. Another play (that has survived) came a year later by Thomas Middleton and Thomas Dekker, *The Roaring Girl*. Both works dwelt on her scandalous behaviour, especially that of dressing in men's attire and did not show her in an especially favourable light, though the surviving play is fairly complimentary to her by contemporary standards.

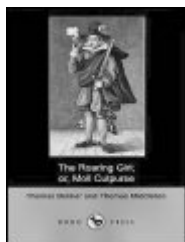
However, Mary seems to have been given a fair amount of freedom in a society that so frowned upon women who acted unconventionally. In 1611 Frith even performed (in men's clothing, as always) at the Fortune Theatre. On stage she bantered with the audience and sang songs while playing the lute. It can be assumed that the banter and song were somewhat obscene, but by merely performing in public at all she was defying convention. Such public actions led to some reprisal. Frith was arrested for being dressed indecently and accused of being involved in prostitution. By the 1620s she was, according to her own account, working as a fence and a pimp. She not only procured young women for men, but also respectable male lovers for middle-class wives. In one case where a wife confessed on her deathbed infidelity with lovers that Mary provided, Mary supposedly convinced the woman's lovers to send money for the maintenance of the children that were probably theirs. It is important to note that, at the time, women who dressed in men's attire on a regular basis were generally considered to be "sexually riotous and uncontrolled", but Mary herself claimed to be uninterested in sex.

She is recorded as being released on 21 June 1644 from Bethlem Hospital after being cured of insanity. Which may or not be related to the (possibly apocryphal) story that she robbed General Fairfax and shot him in the arm during the Civil War. It was said that to escape the gallows she paid a £2000 bribe. She died of dropsy on 26 July 1659 on Fleet Street in London.



Author: Ellen Galford
Publisher: Firebrand Books (1985)
I.S.B.N.-13 978-0932379047

From Amazon Books: A fictionalized account of Mary Firth, a famous cross-dresser who pops up frequently in gender studies texts. Told from the point of view of her lover, the story covers Moll's early wish to be a man, later acceptance of her unique brand of femaleness, and some of her famous adventures. *Moll Cutpurse: Her True Story* is determined not to be tragic, never sugar-coating the (often unpleasant) reality of being a woman in the 1600s.



The Roaring Girl; or, Moll Cutpurse
Authors: Thomas Middleton, Thomas Dekker
Publisher: Dodo Press (2010)
I.S.B.N.-13 978-1409961147

From Amazon Books: *The Roaring Girl; or, Moll Cutpurse* is a Jacobean stage play, a comedy written by Thomas Middleton and Thomas Dekker ca. 1607-10. The title page of the first edition states that the play was performed at the Fortune Theatre by Prince Henry's Men, the troupe known in the previous reign as the Admiral's Men. The title page also attributes the authorship of the play to "T. Middleton and T. Dekkar", and contains an "Epistle to the Comic Play Readers" signed by

"Thomas Middleton". The Epistle is noteworthy for its indication that Middleton, atypically for dramatists of his era, composed his plays for readers as well as theatre audiences.

[Wikipedia: Mary Frith](#)

[The Life and Death of Mrs. Mary Frith \(commonly called Mal Cutpurse\)](#)

[Moll Cutpurse from A Book of Scoundrels by Charles Whibley](#)

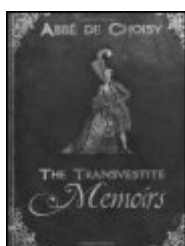
[Mary "Moll Cutpurse" Frith: The Outrageous Outcast](#)

Francois Timoleon (Abbe) de Choisy

From Queers in History: Born in Paris, among the notable Frenchmen of the seventeenth century, the Abbé de Choisy, also known as François Timoléon, has left for posterity a vivid firsthand description of a strong cross-gender wish. During his infancy and early youth, his mother had attired him completely as a girl. At eighteen this practice continued and his waist was then "encircled with tight-fitting corsets which made his loins, hips, and bust more prominent". As an adult, for five months he played comedy as a girl and reported: "Everybody was deceived; I had [male] lovers to whom I granted small favours".



In 1676, he attended Papal inaugural ball in female attire. In 1687, he was received in the Académie de France. In 1696 he became the Ambassador of Louis XIV to Siam. Regarding his gender identity he wrote, I thought myself really and truly a woman. I have tried to find out how such a strange pleasure came to me, and I take it to be in this way. It is an attribute of God to be loved and adored, and man - so far as his weak nature will permit - has the same ambition, and it is beauty which creates love, and beauty is generally woman's portion ... I have heard someone near me whisper, "There is a pretty woman", I have felt a pleasure so great that it is beyond all comparison. Ambition, riches, even love cannot equal it ..."



The Transvestite Memoirs
Author: Abbe De Choisy
Published by Peter Owen Ltd.(2008)
I.S.B.N.-13 978-0720612561

From Amazon Books: This remarkable document in the history of transvestism provides a first-hand account of manners and morals in late seventeenth century French society. In a light, intimate style praised by Sainte-Beuve, de Choisy recounts his scandalous and entertaining escapades as a transvestite. Reared as a girl by his ambitious mother, the young de Choisy dressed in girls' clothes, wore earrings, and was much admired by Louis XIV's homosexual transvestite brother. As the abbot

of Saint Seine, de Choisy continued to delight in extravagantly feminine attire and in the seduction of young girls, often with the unsuspecting assistance of their parents. A most fantastic and fascinating case; his erotic masquerade is the stuff of adult fairy tales. - Marina Warner

[Wikipedia: Francois Timoleon \(Abbe\) de Choisy](#)

Chevalier d'Éon

From Wikipedia: Born in 1728 and dying in 1810 at the age of eighty-one, Charles Geneviève Louis Auguste André Timothée d'Éon de Beaumont, commonly known as the Chevalier d'Éon, was a French diplomat, spy and soldier. He lived the first forty-nine years of his life as a man and the remainder as a woman.

Amid rumours that Chevalier d'Éon was actually a woman, a betting pool was started on the London



Stock Exchange about his true sex. d'Eon was invited to join, but declined, saying that an examination would be dishonouring, whatever the result. After a year without progress, the wager was abandoned. However, in 1777 he claimed to have been born anatomically female, but to have been raised as a boy because Louis d'Eon de Beaumont could only inherit from his in-laws if he had a son. King Louis XVI and his court complied, but demanded that d'Eon dress appropriately and wear women's clothing, although he was allowed to continue to wear the insignia of the Order of Saint-Louis. He agreed, especially when the king granted him the funds for a new wardrobe.

Doctors who examined the body after death discovered that the Chevalier was anatomically male. He is considered to be one of the earliest openly transvestite or transgender people.



Monsieur d'Eon is a Woman: A Tale of Political Intrigue and Sexual Masquerade

Author: Gary Kates

Publisher: The Johns Hopkins University Press (2001)

I.S.B.N.-13 978-0801867316

From Amazon Books: Born in 1728, French aristocrat Charles d'Eon de Beaumont had served his country as a diplomat, soldier, and spy for fifteen years when rumours that he was a woman began to circulate in the courts of Europe. d'Eon denied nothing and was finally compelled by Louis XVI to give up male attire and live as a woman, something d'Eon did without complaint for the next three decades. Although celebrated as one of the century's most remarkable women, d'Eon was revealed,

after his death in 1810, to have been unambiguously male. Gary Kates's acclaimed biography of d'Eon recreates eighteenth century European society in brilliant detail and offers a compelling portrait of an individual who challenged its conventions about gender and identity.



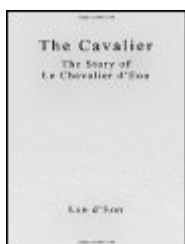
The Chevalier d'Eon and his Worlds: Gender, Espionage and Politics in the Eighteenth Century

Authors: Jonathan Conlin, Russell Goulbourne, Valerie Mainz

Publisher: Bloomsbury Academic (2010)

I.S.B.N.-13 978-0826422781

From Amazon Books: Cross-dressing author, envoy, soldier and spy Charles d'Eon de Beaumont's unusual career fascinated his contemporaries and continues to attract historians, novelists, playwrights, filmmakers, image makers, cultural theorists and those concerned with manifestations of the extraordinary. d'Eon's significance as a historical figure was already being debated more than forty-five years before his death.



The Cavalier: The Story of Le Chevalier d'Eon

Author: Len d'Eon

Publisher: CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform (2010)

I.S.B.N.-13 978-1449915711

From Amazon Books: The story of Le Chevalier d'Eon, his major success as a master spy, and his tender love affair with seventeen year old Charlotte, Queen of England. Every English Royal knows but will forever deny it happened. The truth is not supposed to be told ... ever. Not then. Not now. Never. Two experienced French spies tried to get to Russia's Empress Elizabeth. Both were jailed and killed. Le Chevalier d'Eon, conscripted into King Louis XV's small group called "The King's Secret" is successful and he becomes Empress Elizabeth's closest personal friend. He personally veers Russia away from England and into the French camp. All this takes Le Chevalier d'Eon away from the love of his life, the girl he is about to marry, young Princess Charlotte who's waiting for him to return to her in Mecklinburg, Germany. But too late. She is kidnapped and taken to England to be King George III's wife. She will be Queen of England. Reacting immediately to Charlotte's message that she needs help, d'Eon rushes to London's Saint James Court. Len d'Eon is from the same ancestral family as the Chevalier. He and his wife Barbara researched the story in Tonnerre, France, London's British Museum Library, La Bibliotheque Nationale de Paris and wherever the Chevalier's shoes took him.



The Maiden of Tonnerre: The Vicissitudes of the Chevalier and the Chevalière d'Eon

Author: Professor Charles d'Eon de Beaumont

Publisher: The Johns Hopkins University Press (2001)

I.S.B.N.-13 978-0801866876

From Amazon Books: This volume includes the first English translations of d'Eon's autobiography (or "historical epistle") and other writings by d'Eon on his life, religious beliefs, and stories of women who concealed their sex to enter religious orders. As historian Gary Kates notes in the introduction, d'Eon's writing can be read on at least two levels: while it ostensibly tells the story of a woman who spent half her life as a man, it is in fact also the story of a man who spent


half his life as a woman. As such it demonstrates both the construction and transgression of gender boundaries in personal and historical narrative.

Further Information

[Wikipedia: Chevalier d'Eon](#) 

[History Today: The Strange Case of Chevalier d'Eon](#) 

Elena/Eleno de Céspedes

From Ria Brodell:  Elena/Eleno de Céspedes was a freed slave born in Alhama, Spain in 1545. Her father was a Castilian peasant and her mother was an African slave. She had brand marks on both sides of her face to indicate her status as "offspring of a slave". She was married at age 16 to a man who left her shortly after she became pregnant. According to her testimony before the Spanish Inquisition in 1587, while giving birth to her son, she grew a penis. She gave the baby to another family and proceeded to live sometimes as a woman and sometimes as a man. Céspedes moved from town to town working as a tailor, a hosier, a soldier and finally a licensed surgeon using whichever gender suited the occasion.



Céspedes had many affairs with women but in 1586 he became engaged to Maria del Caño. Upon asking the vicar for a marriage license, the vicar became suspicious of Céspedes hairless physique and had him examined by his associates. The vicar's men testified that all was intact. However, before the marriage could occur someone came forward and claimed that Céspedes was both male and female so the vicar wanted them examined again. Céspedes was examined multiple times by doctors, surgeons, lawyers, the Secretary of the Inquisition and other people of "good repute" and finally they confirmed that he was indeed male. The wedding was finally allowed to proceed. However, a year later, after a tip from a neighbour, the couple was arrested and charged with sodomy, sorcery and disrespect for the marriage sacrament.

When testifying before the Tribunal of Toledo, Céspedes said that he was a hermaphrodite and had both male and female natures. Céspedes argued that at the time of his marriage to Maria he was of the male nature and had therefore committed no wrong. However, his male member had recently withered and fallen off due to a serious accident. After more examinations by court doctors and midwives Céspedes was found to be a woman and was sentenced for bigamy, fakery, perjury, and mockery of the sacrament of marriage. Céspedes received 200 lashes, and was ordered to serve 10 years in a public hospital, dressed as a woman.


[Spanish Wikipedia: Elena/Eleno de Céspedes](#) 

[Mujeres en la Historia \(Women in History\): La primera cirujana, Elena de Céspedes \(The First Surgeon: Elena de Céspedes\)](#) 

[Butch Heroes: Elena a.k.a. Eleno de Céspedes](#) 

[O.I.I. Australia: "Nobody's Slave", the Story of Elena de Céspedes, an Intersex Woman of the 16th Century](#) 

King Henri III of France

From Wikipedia:  Henri III (1551 – 1589) was King of France from 1574 until his death. He was the last French monarch of the Valois dynasty. Reports that Henri engaged in same-sex relations with his court favourites, known as the mignons, date back to his own time. Certainly he enjoyed intense relationships with them. The scholar Louis Crompton provides substantial contemporary evidence of Henri III's homosexuality, and the resulting problems at court and politics. Some modern historians dispute this, however, most recently, Gary Ferguson has offered a detailed assessment of Henri III and his court in the context of a discussion of the question of homosexuality in the French Renaissance, and found their interpretations unconvincing. "It is difficult", he writes, "to reconcile the king whose use of favourites is so logically strategic with the man who goes to pieces when one of them dies". Katherine Crawford, by contrast, emphasizes the problems Henri's reputation encountered because of his failure to produce an heir and the presence of his powerful mother at court, combined with his enemies' insistence on conflating patronage with favouritism and luxury with decadence.




Further Information

[Wikipedia: Henri III of France](#) 

[The Strange Passion of King Henri III](#) 

[2nd August, 1589: The murder of a King](#) 

Mary Ann Talbot / John Taylor

Edited from Wikipedia:  Born in London in 1778, Mary Anne Talbot spent her childhood in the care of different guardians and boarding schools, her mother dying during childbirth. In 1792, at the age of fourteen, when the mistress of Captain Essex Bowen, she enlisted as his footboy under the name "John Taylor" for a voyage to Santo Domingo. She served as a drummer-boy in the battle for Valenciennes, where Captain Bowen was killed and she was also wounded. From Bowen's letters, Talbot discovered that her inheritance had been squandered by her guardians, so she decided to go on living and working as a male sailor.



Having deserted and become a cabin boy for a French ship, the British captured the ship and transferred Talbot to the Brunswick where she served as a powder monkey. Talbot was wounded for the second time in 1794 during a battle against the French fleet when grapeshot almost severed her leg. She never recovered full use of this leg again, later in another battle, the

French captured her and she spent the following eighteen months in Dunkirk dungeon before managing to return to London in 1796.

In 1797 she was seized by a press-gang and was forced to reveal her gender - she was however paid the wages due to her for active service. She continued to use sailor's clothes, working in menial jobs and even tried her luck on stage at Drury Lane but eventually was arrested and taken to debtor's prison at Newgate. When she was released she became a household servant for publisher Robert S. Kirby who included her tale in his book *Wonderful Museum* and following her death in 1808, in *The Life and Surprising Adventures of Mary Anne Talbot*.

Further Information

[Wikipedia: Mary Ann Talbot](#) 

[Sailors in Disguise: Mary Anne Talbot](#) 

[Transmen in the Military: John Taylor/Mary Ann Talbot - Royal Navy Man](#) 

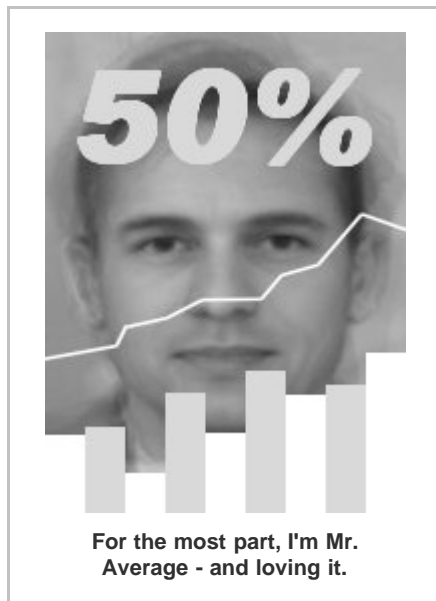
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Call Me Average

Living Life More as a Man, and Less as a Transsexual

by Jasper Laybutt (Founder of the now defunct support group 'Boys Will Be Boys')
Article appeared in Polare magazine: August 1995 Last Update: October 2013 Last Reviewed: September 2015



Recently, I was asked to attend a workshop concerning trans issues, particularly F.T.M.. It had been a couple of years since I had been in such a public position, and although a little out of practice, all of the issues and history came flooding back. I had realised that I had finally reached a point where I was living a life more as a man, and less as a transsexual. I realised, how little thought I now gave to my transgenderism.

It is necessary to share one's experiences if only to break the cycle of isolation and silence that can surround newcomers.

When I began my gender process, I couldn't imagine not being 100 percent aware that I was a trans. I openly pushed for a trans sensibility and awareness, and became actively involved in support groups, both on a local and international level. My identity had shifted from a 'Wicked Woman' to an F.T.M. I was always living under a self-imposed label. The initial stages of physical and emotional gender change resulted in self-obsession and self-consciousness. Each day I awoke as an F.T.M.; the breast binding had to be put on, the fake bulge go in my pants, the male walk practiced and so on.

Now, after breast reduction and the cumulative effects of over four years of testosterone, I can leap out of bed relatively secure in my masculinity (excepting the fake bulge!). Parallel

to this, is a certain psychological and emotional freedom from no longer being constantly aware that I have a 'medical' condition. Having now moved through puberty and finding the man within, I can just get on with the ordinary act of living something many take for granted. It was such a surprise to discover how far I had evolved in relatively a few short years. When I spoke about being an F.T.M. at the aforementioned workshop, I felt like I was talking about someone else entirely!

Before taking steps toward a physical change, it was important for me to meet with other, experienced F.T.M.s. Once, I judged those trans who disappeared into the mainstream, harshly. How could they not remain accessible for fledgling trans to gain counsel? Now, with one foot in the 'queer' community, and another in the 'straight' world, I have ached for anonymity and the sense of normality it can bring.

The thought of being involved in a so-called trans community can make me groan with responsibility. Yet it is important to give to those who come after you. It is necessary to share one's experiences if only to break the cycle of isolation and silence that can surround newcomers. In reaching back to those behind us we can flush out the denial which has imprisoned both ourselves and our community. But it is hard, and I no longer judge those who 'disappear', as I now so long to do.

It would be nice to think that the mantle of being an elder could be passed on from one boy to another, so that those who have learned to integrate, can do so without a sense of obligation or regret. It's wonderful then, to see new F.T.M.s come forward, who will in time replace old farts like me.

At times I want to cry out "when can I stop being a trans and become a person?" No doubt, every trans has this thought. The answer is individual. For me, I ceased to be wholly trans focused around eighteen months ago. Though the physicality of my situation reminds me every day that I'm different, the reality of day-to-day living as a man can help smooth over those insecurities. I have never wanted to become so ordinary in my whole life! It also helps having friends and a lover who love me as the man they know. I no longer feel the need to champion trans issues or to go on public display. In order to gain the peace of mind I seek, I have had to shed my earlier skin.

For the most part, I'm Mr. Average and loving it.

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Phalloplasty

An Interview with Mick

Interview With Mick

Article appeared in Polare magazine: August 1995 Last Update: October 2013 Last Reviewed: September 2015



Some people may feel that it's the penis that makes the man. I've really never felt this way.

Polare Magazine: What made you decide to go ahead with Phalloplasty surgery?

Mick: I saw an American TV program. There were these blokes (tranny boys) on the show talking about having this surgery, about having 9" - 12" penises that stay erect all night! I never realised that such a thing (phalloplasty) was even possible. I'd never even met another boy at that stage.

Polare Magazine: There is lots of chat amongst other F.T.M.s at some point in their transition of the pros and cons of phalloplasty. How did you think that a penis was going to enhance your life? Was the size an issue for you?

Mick: Size was the last thing I was interested in. The idea of a large penis was ridiculous. The only reason I was interested in phalloplasty was so I could pee. That still is my only intention. I lead an incredibly outdoor lifestyle. I spend a lot of time out in boats fishing and the men I'm with have no idea about my gender. Not being able to pee like any other man makes things really difficult for me.

Polare Magazine: Had you spoken to anyone about the surgery before you went ahead with it?

Mick: Not really. It was while I was having my chest done that I made my first enquiries about the phalloplasty. I found out that the surgeon who was doing my chest also did phalloplasty. I made up my mind that I was going to go ahead with it pretty much immediately.

Polare Magazine: There are a number of different techniques used in the creation of a phallus, could you tell us a bit about your surgery?

Mick: The area used was the left hand side, from my groin up to my hip. A tube was made from the flesh in this area which had another smaller tube created inside of this. The smaller tube inside was part of the construction of a urethra. I was in hospital for three days. I felt incredibly immobile. For the next few weeks I was very numb all along my thigh and very tight in the abdomen down to the groin, though I had healed really well up to this point. I was surprised at how much the colour and texture had improved in this time. The next surgery took place four weeks later. The arteries were cut from the top end of the tube but the bulk was still left attached for another couple of weeks. Then this was totally detached and let fall.

Polare Magazine: This must have been a pretty exciting time?

Mick: It felt very, very odd. The newness of the sensation of having something between my legs felt a bit like a brick on a string. It seemed slightly thinner at the base and I found myself sort of carrying it when I was in the shower. I felt such a need to support it. I also thought it was too long. As I said, the only reason I wanted it was to pee out of.

About three days after it was detached I noticed that the area where the stitches had been was beginning to turn black. A day later and the whole penis had pretty much changed colour. I didn't have an appointment to see my surgeon for another couple of days so I took myself off to my G.P. He basically panicked. He had no idea what to do, but managed to get my surgeon to see me immediately. The surgeon got me to come back the following day to remove it.

Polare Magazine: How did you cope emotionally with this episode?

Mick: I was so pleased to have it removed. I think at that time that's all that mattered, getting it off my body. I was relieved.

Polare Magazine: You've decided to go ahead with a second attempt of the same surgery. Firstly, was that a difficult decision, and what are your expectations this time?

Mick: Well, the surgeon said he was prepared to try again and I guess at that point I felt I had nothing to lose. I don't want to leave it

for another few years. It just seems too far away. The surgery itself is the same but the process is drawn out a bit more. Of course I hope that it will work this time but I'm prepared for whatever the outcome might be.

Polare Magazine: There are obviously a lot of boys who would be interested in your experience. What suggestions would you have for others who may be contemplating going ahead with phalloplasty surgery?

Mick: Since having gone through this, I guess I would suggest that people really look into first, weigh up everything you have to go through in the process with what your needs are in having a penis. It's a very long process involving a number of operations. Numerous things can go wrong at any point during that process. You could be a year down the track and still lose it. I guess I'd suggest that people go into it giving themselves a 50-50 chance of it working. Some people may feel that it's the penis that makes the man. I've really never felt this way. I guess if my lifestyle wasn't so outdoor orientated I wouldn't have bothered going ahead with it.

The Gender Centre is unclear of how many surgeons practise this technique in Australia, though it is clear that where it is practised, it is experimental surgery.

Complications are common place, with the construction of an extended urethra probably being the most problematic of these. Information from the Netherlands (where phalloplasty surgery has been accredited recognition) informs us that the majority of F.T.M. persons seeking phalloplasty state that the desire to urinate while standing is a priority in pursuing this surgery.

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Inside Myself

For the First Time in My Life I Feel Whole

by Sean Dean

Article appeared in Polare magazine: August 1995 Last Update: October 2013 Last Reviewed: September 2015



The Gender Centre has been very helpful for me.

Out of the closet, flying high in a natural way to happiness. For the first time in my life I feel balanced and content with myself. Also, what a wonderful feeling to be honest to myself. Emotionally and spiritually I am a man who accepts my feminine side. I believe that every human being has both a feminine and masculine side. I always felt from deep in my heart, since the age of five or seven, a boy who lived in a girl's body.

I am human, and for the first time in my life I feel whole, inside myself.

So life went on in a strange way. I lived my life as a butch lesbian for sixteen years to survive who I really was. I had too much fear and anger to come-out as Sean Dean. For me to become honest I wanted to stop using drugs and alcohol. I went to detox for ten days, then off to rehab for three months. Today, I'm six months clean and very proud, it hasn't been easy being clean in recovery. Sixteen years abusing myself on drugs and alcohol was a way of numbing out emotionally, spiritually and physically. I attend N.A. and A.A. meetings which is a tool in my life that reminds me that I am an addict. Also, I have therapy once a fortnight for dumping my emotions, fear and anger.

The past four months I've been strapping my breasts and wearing a prosthesis. This validates the way I feel. I will be starting testosterone in a few weeks which has been a long process. A day at a time, the big day will come.

The Gender Centre has been very helpful for me. A huge hug and very big thank you to Max for being there for me, through my journey to brotherhood. Also, thank you Jasper for being open-minded and willing.

The bottom line is that I am human, and for the first time in my life I feel whole, inside myself.

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Boy-Girl that Wasn't

... and the 'Sane Mad Man'

by David Hemmings

Article appeared in Polare magazine: August 1995 Last Update: October 2013 Last Reviewed: September 2015



I never learned the results of the examinations. I refused to go back ...

The phone rang. I lifted the handset to my ear and recited my parents phone number into the mouthpiece. I could hear my own voice echoing back at me through the ear piece. It had an unmistakable crack of masculinity to it.

I felt like an animal that was being studied like a prized anthropological specimen in a zoo and quite unlike a medical patient.

My senses woke at this bizarre experience! "Wayne?" my confused uncle's voice implored as he mistook me for my brother. "No no, it's Karin" echoed the male voice. What followed were several seconds of mutually surprised silence as, presumably, we both explored for an explanation as to why a fourteen-year-old girl's voice would sound this way.

"Have you got a cold?" asked my uncle. It sounded more like an explanation than a question. I ran a quick mental check over my body; throat, head and finally the chest. I felt fine, although still confused. Actually I felt exceptionally well. But I agreed that I might be coming down with something. Ultimately we discussed the whole thing as a temporary ailment and I surrendered the phone to my father.

Over the next couple of weeks I become more and more aware of my voice. As the weeks became months I began to notice the hair on my legs getting darker and thicker. Soft white downy hair became apparent on my upper lip. Finally I found myself at a G.P.s surgery. He had all the charm and grace of Adolf Hitler at a Bar Mitzvah. I was told to strip (embarrassment) and after some quiet words with mum, a specialist referral was made.

The specialist was colder than the G.P. and I was asked to strip again (more embarrassment) and he inspected and touched me. He produced several instruments. One of them was a handle with several ring shaped dials that he rotated as he held it in front of my face and peered through it into my eyes. I studied his face as he 'mapped' my eyes. I could see that he didn't like me. He was disgusted. He shoved me and his language was curt. I was weighed, my height and other measurements were taken and his findings were written down. I felt like an animal that was being studied like a prized anthropological specimen in a zoo and quite unlike a medical patient.

He sat me down and asked me a series of extremely personal questions in a bungling attempt at psychological analysis. He was like a bull in a china shop; I answered him with all the insincerity of a typical embarrassed fifteen-year-old. Later, I was relieved of some blood and saliva for pathology.

I never learned the results of the examinations. I refused to go back and as time went by I began to look more and more boyish. The more boyish I became the more I was picked on at school and the more I was picked on at school, the more I tried to avoid it. When I wasn't at school I would dress as a boy and go on long bush walks with the family dog. We became inseparable and but for him I was a loner.

I felt alienated from everyone, including my parents. However, support came from the strangest place, my father's step-father. He hated everybody and everything, especially my father. He violently beat his own family and my father was so terrified of him that he would sleep with the window open as an escape route. His home was like a gaol. Any visitors, including family, were treated curtly and were often physically dealt with.

For all his imperfections, his violent, hateful disposition, he never once raised his voice to me. He took me under his wing. He would tell me stories of his life at sea during the war. Stories of countries and places he had been. Stories that would keep me gaping in awe. He took me on big trips to the city. We visited the dockyards and he took me through the ships. We visited museums and art galleries and at every turn he would have an amazing story to tell me that related to everything that we saw and did together.

In him I had a confidant and in me he had an audience for his outrageous stories. We were both contradictions. i.e. he was the 'sane mad man' and I was the boy/girl that wasn't.

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Sex Work Substances

Effects Upon the Body That We Can Sometimes Overlook

by Bill Robertson

Article appeared in Polare magazine: August 1995 Last Update: October 2013 Last Reviewed: September 2015



A trick here is to drink water just prior to the job with real lemon juice squeezed into the water. The lemon juice stimulates the salivary glands and produces some extra saliva.

A part from substances affecting our decision making processes when working, thus placing us at increased risk, they tend to have other effects

(actions) upon the body that we can sometimes overlook. The following examples will vary due to an individual's idiosyncrasy (how a particular drug affects a particular individual), drug absorption, drug distribution, drug clearance, drug tolerance and the frequency of an individual ingesting a particular substance or a combination of substances into the body.

Some anti-depressant medications have been reported as causing sexual dysfunction in between 30 to 40 percent of persons taking the drug

Speed (amphetamines, for the uninitiated) for example has an action of drying up mucosal linings within the body. You might recall how thirsty you can become after a speed binge. This will mean that your body's ability to produce natural lubricant is diminished markedly. In neo-vaginal, vaginal and anal sex it may be necessary to use extra lube so the likelihood of soreness and irritation

is reduced. This in turn will give you the ability to turn some more tricks instead of justifying knocking off work "... because I'm too sore": Giving head becomes a little more difficult also due to the lack of saliva available in the mouth. A trick here is to drink water just prior to the job with real lemon juice squeezed into the water. The lemon juice stimulates the salivary glands and produces some extra saliva. Speed can affect non-operative transgender workers or male workers in getting an erection, once you get one it often takes forever to go down and it can take an age to come. The use of devices to get or maintain an erection (cock rings, etc.) can cause permanent damage if not used with discretion and being mindful of the time they are used. Cocaine has similar action upon the body as speed does.

Some anti-depressant medications e.g. Prozac, have been reported as causing sexual dysfunction in between 30 to 40 percent of persons taking the drug.

Benzodiazepines (Valium, Serepax®, Rohypnol®, Normison®, etc.) can have toxic effects producing lethargy, light headedness, sedation, impaired mental and psychomotor function, confusion, and reduced reaction time. Benzos can be particularly dangerous when mixed with alcohol.

Opiates (heroin, methadone, morphine, etc.) are strong pain killers. As well as suppressing emotional pain and suffering they have the ability to diminish any pain that the body is suffering. Some sexual behaviours may feel okay while stoned on these substances but in reality they could be hurting you or causing some damage.

Remember, if you feel pain of any description it is our body's warning mechanism to us to take it easy. Listen to what your body says to you. Do not solely rely on what you think, therefore justifying and rationalising the warning messages anyway.

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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.

(The Gender Centre advise that this article may not be current and as such certain content, including but not limited to persons, contact details and dates may not apply. Where legal authority or medical related matters are cited, responsibility lies with the reader to obtain the most current relevant legal authority and/or medical publication.)

Naturalisation Certificate

How to Amend Post-Operatively

by Kate Cummings

Article appeared in Polare magazine: August 1995 Last Update: October 2013 Last Reviewed: September 2015



Katherine Cummings: Under no circumstances, I was told, would I be issued with a revised Naturalisation Certificate ...

I was born in Scotland and naturalised as Australian in 1974. After I transitioned from male-to-female in 1986 I set about changing all my official and non-official documentation, and had no problems with items such as degrees, diplomas, memberships in professional societies, credit cards, Medicare, Medibank, driving licence and so on. Some organisations, including my universities both here and in Canada required a payment and the return of the original documents, but made no fuss about replacing the testamurs after I produced statutory declarations of my gender change. Even obtaining new British and Australian passports was no problem, although the Australian Immigration Department required a letter from my surgeon to the effect that I have had irreversible gender change surgery before issuing me with my new passport. And when the new passport arrived it was accompanied by a letter emphasising that my new passport was only an administrative device to save me embarrassment while travelling, but my legal gender was unchanged and any attempt to marry in my gender of choice would result in a null and void marriage, and possibly a gaol term and/or fine!

So it is now possible for any post-operative transsexual with a Naturalisation Certificate in his or her former name to obtain a corrected certificate.

When I came to revise my Naturalisation Certificate, however, which is also issued by the Department of Immigration and Ethnic Affairs I ran into a blank wall. Under no circumstances, I was told, would I be issued with a revised Naturalisation Certificate,

despite the fact that I sometimes need to prove my citizenship when applying for new positions, and production of my old certificate was not only at variance with all my other documentation, but would also deprive me of any privacy concerning my former status.

Time and again I approached the officers of the Department but I always received the same refusal.

Finally I decided enough was enough and wrote to the Minister for Immigration and Ethnic Affairs, Senator Bolkus, pointing out the anomaly between the situation regarding Naturalisation Certificates and Passports, and suggesting that the current policy of the Department probably contravened article 12 of the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights ("No one shall be subjected to arbitrary interference with his [sic] privacy ...").

Two months passed and I had just posted a follow-up letter, as well as one to my local Federal Member of Parliament, recruiting her support, when I received a letter from a Senior Advisor to Senator Bolkus which said, inter alia, that "it is acknowledged ... that the current policy guidelines do not adequately advise decision makers of their obligation to consider the circumstances of each case ... In circumstances such as yours, amendment of the certificate is warranted. The Department is currently revising policy guidelines to this effect."

The terms imposed for replacement of the certificate are similar to those for a passport, namely the return of the original certificate, a statement from the surgeon attesting to the irreversible nature of the surgery and certified copies of the deed poll document and other documents showing current name. In fact I do not have a deed poll since I chose to change my name "by reputation", but I sent off my application with my existing certificate and a number of certified documents attesting to my current name and a week or so ago I received my new Naturalisation Certificate showing my name to be Katherine Fiona Cummings.

So it is now possible for any post-operative transsexual with a Naturalisation Certificate in his or her former name to obtain a corrected certificate.

If any resistance is encountered, I suggest a reference to the letter of Bronwyn McNaughton, Senior Adviser to the Minister, dated 28th April 1995 and addressed to me, Katherine Cummings.

Now I have set out to have my document revised ... my birth certificate. Since this was issued in Scotland and United Kingdom still follows Corbett versus Corbett with pig-headed single mindedness and prejudiced bigotry I have no high hopes of success ... but it won't stop me from trying!

Katherine Cummings

Katherine Cummings is a writer and transgender activist, currently working at the N.S.W. Gender Centre as Librarian and Information Worker. Her autobiography, *Katherine's Diary*, based on a two-year series of radio talks she gave on Radio National's "Health Report", won the Australian Human Rights Award for Non-Fiction in 1992. It has since been expanded and updated and was re-issued at the end of 2007.



Katherine edits *Polare*, the quarterly magazine of the Gender Centre and writes for it. She is currently putting together a collection of her essays, short stories, poems and book reviews to be published in mid-2013 under the title *The Life and Loves of a Transgender Woman*.

Katherine transitioned in 1986 at the age of fifty-one.



The Life and Loves of a Transgendered Lesbian Librarian

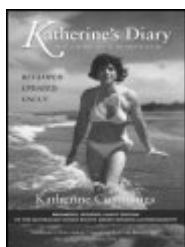
Author: Katherine Cummings

Publisher: Beaujon Press (2014)

I.S.B.N.-13: 978-098036535X

From Polare Magazine Review: The publication of this collection is a timely reminder that there is still a lot to learn about gender identity, its causes, aetiology and expression. To redress common misconceptions, prejudices, and targeted violence, ethically focussed education is critical. Of overriding importance is the acknowledgment of the truth of all 'real-life' experiences and within this framework Katherine's lifetime experience, retold through cleverly assembled vignettes (essays,

book reviews, verses and poems), is central. The book's content is varied and provides the reader with decisive personal viewpoints centred on the paramount issue of gender identity.



Katherine's Diary: Revamped, Updated, Uncut Edition

Author: Katherine Cummings

Publisher: BookSurge Publishing (2008)

I.S.B.N.-13: 978-1439215456

From Bookpod Book Store website: "I think that I was irrational, even insane, at the time. My transsexualism had taken hold of me with such obsessive force that I could not concentrate on anything else. There I was, a fifty-year-old professional academic librarian who had desperately wanted to be female ever since memories began ..." In 1986 John Cummings became Katherine Cummings and a whole life changed. In this painfully honest account of John's transformation into

a woman, Katherine tells of years of fantasising behind locked doors, of the betrayal felt by her family and the final relief of surgery. Katherine's Diary covers a lifetime of self-discovery and self-destruction told with acerbic wit and crisp observation.

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