



Sorry Young Man; It's a Girl Dear Part 1, by Andrew Seeber

I remember being about eight years old, looking at myself and thinking wow, someone screwed up because the top half is a boy and the bottom half is a girl. Needless to say, my “top half” developed late. Over the years, I have come to think about my body and behaviors (what some refer to as sex and gender, and others as gender identity and gender expression) in much more complicated ways. Ironically, I eventually decided that it was not actually a screw up—a little of both is exactly what suits me.

I started taking testosterone in June of 2001, about a month and a half after my 24th birthday. I began binding my larger than average chest at the same time and soon found that my desire for chest surgery skyrocketed even as the hormones were otherwise making me feel more at peace with my body and my self. Luckily, I was able to scrape together the money for chest reconstruction a year and a half later in December 2002. Had money not been an issue, I would have had chest surgery first as that was really my larger concern with my body. Given the time, place, and my economic circumstances, I was able to get hormone treatment for free. I remain convinced that I would have eventually started hormones anyway and am thankful for all they have done for my body, even if shaving has become more of a chore rather than something exciting. I have thought about genital surgical options on occasion, and think it would be rather convenient to be able to use a urinal, but I find the idea of having a penis all the time is not very appealing to me. Indeed, it seems a little of both is what feels most fitting. Even my driver's license is a bit of both, still having F on it next to a picture of someone not clearly female. I find my passport even more amusing with an F and a picture of me with a mustache.

I suppose I could say I have been studying ideas of sex and gender all of my life, from early days growing up as a tomboy, to years spent as a butch dyke, through transition to something else, but I also study these concepts formally as a graduate student in Sociology. Because of this, I have spent a great deal of time thinking about how I identified in the past and coming up with ways to describe how I identify myself now. I make a distinction between how I identify my body (sex) in terms of male/female, and how I identify my behaviors (gender) in terms of masculinity/femininity. As far as my body is concerned I consider myself transsexually intersexed--transsexually as I did not have the same experiences as someone born intersexed and wish to respect the difference in experiences. As for behavior, I identify as a mix of masculinity and femininity, however, the versions I do are not so much male masculinity or female femininity. Instead, my version of masculinity is more like the female masculinity of tomboys and butch dykes, while my version of femininity is that of drag queens and feminine gay males. I do not tend to behave in ways generally associated with (white) male masculinity: I am not particularly invested in sports; I ride a motorcycle, but know little about engines and have little interest in cars; I do not barbecue; I do not drink and have no developed knowledge or discriminating tastes in alcohol; I am hyper-aware of the amount of space both physically and verbally I take up; I tend to acknowledge everyone with a smile and refuse to abide by the (sometimes very subtle) social rules of hierarchy displays expected of males; I do what I can to make myself appear as non-threatening as possible; I have a preference for working in spaces where women hold positions of authority; and the majority of my close work and personal ties are with cisgender women, followed by a wide variety of transpeople.

Growing up I had a bit of a mixed bag. I carry both literal and figurative scars of struggling with depression and abuse, though I have also spent years making concerted efforts at creating an identity as a survivor rather than as victim. I do not recall having any significant struggles with fitting into society as far as my body and behaviors were concerned until high school. In part this probably continued on page 7

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Ask Margeaux



Margeaux Mutz

Founder of Transgender Tallahassee, she facilitates its gender chat group and administers both the Facebook page and website (transgendertallahassee.com) which bear the Transgender Tallahassee name. She is a former board member of the Tallahassee LGBT organization The Family Tree for whom she has written the monthly articles "Transenderscope" and "Ask Margeaux" published in The Family Tree newspaper Branching Out and its website at familytreecenter.org. She has a B.A. in Political Science, is a parent and the owner of Hairvoyance, A Salon de Beaute through which she has the opportunity to work with the aged at Tallahassee Memory Care, a local Alzheimer's facility. Margeaux is a transgender transsexual female who through public acknowledgement of her transness hopes to de-mystify the transgender experience and promote the non-discrimination of all.

Do you ever get any negativity from your family about your transition?

First of all I am going to define family as my parents and their offspring. My actual family as a human being, is much larger than that.

At an early age I sensed that I did not live in a world that was very safe for me. I don't know where my self-protection gene came from but for some reason I knew that my parents would not keep me safe if I divulged my true self. My dad was a prisoner of war in WWII. He was not capable of closeness with a first born like me, a child who sensed his unhappiness and felt herself a failure for not alleviating his pain. A pain that I was never going to relieve. My mom I barely remember in my formative years, I'm not sure why. For whatever reason I never developed a close bond with my brothers and sisters either. What followed I believe was a subconscious decision to distance myself. A distance which I felt would allow me to follow my path with less pain and fear for my safety. I thought that without close familial bonds the pain of loss would be lessened, certainly what they didn't know about me couldn't be used against me. As you will see as you read further, these inclinations have served me well, but with it came the loss of closeness, bonding and the belief in its possibility.

All this leads me to the therefore; all my brothers and sisters except my sister Karen have taken a hands off approach. They have basically left me alone, which is the status quo. My Dad was not alive when I transitioned but it should be noted that when I told my mom about my authentic self she said "Thank goodness your Dad isn't here to hear this!"

Now for the really depressing, yet totally revealing stuff, as to why I kept myself hidden, at least for all the years that I was under my parents' roof. Recently my mom, who until then had at worst told me "she loved me but not my lifestyle" whatever that means; and at best grudgingly used my new name to address me, sent me a letter that included an [article written in the Wall Street Journal by Dr. Paul McHugh](#) a former psychiatrist in chief at Johns Hopkins Hospital. For those of you that think all of the psychiatric community is on our side please read the entirety of the article. What I share with you is what my mother underlined: "policy makers and the media are doing no favors either to the public or the transgendered by treating their confusions as a right in need of defending rather than as a mental disorder that deserves understanding, treatment and prevention". Wow, this guy thinks we are a threat to the public because we are differently gendered from the gender we were assigned at birth. A gender which was arbitrarily assigned based on a body part. The worst thing is that my mother is buying it. She trusts some jackwad that she has never met over her own child, who it should be noted has never given her any reason to be distrustful, except of course for this little matter of gender identity. She actually thinks that I am mentally ill and a threat to society.

The Wallstreet Journal article mentioned can be found at:

<http://online.wsj.com/articles/paul-mchugh-transgender-surgery-isnt-the-solution-1402615120>

She goes on to underline and outline other points made in the article. Basically points made that promote the "striving to restore natural gender feelings" to people like myself. In the conclusion of her letter she implores me to read the article over and over so that I will understand the gravity of my mistake and seek the help of those like Dr. McHugh, who she thinks can give me the guidance needed so that I will as my Dad would say, "straighten up and fly right!" The same advice that psychiatrists back in the late 1950's or early 60's would have given my parents had they brought a young child like me in for evaluation. A child who instinctively knew that her parents couldn't be trusted. A child who feared she would be found mentally ill, placed in a psychiatric unit and potentially subjected to electro shock therapy. A child who thankfully trusted her inner voice. A voice that she continues to trust as she steers her way through a continuing unsafe world with the likes of Dr. McHugh inhabiting it. I shudder to think what my brain would be like if my parents had been given the chance to straighten me out. As my mother's letter indicates, if they had been given the chance to make decisions for me now, they would make the wrong one even 50+ years later. That's more than enough negativity for me! No more letters please!

A Trans Man's Out of State Internship Experience

By Kane Barr



This past summer I had the opportunity to go on a 2 month internship at Kansas State in Manhattan, Kansas. I decided to only tell those coordinating the Kansas State Research Extension (KSRE) Multicultural Fellowship Program that I am a female to male, pre operation, trans man. Thus I was granted permission to have a private room with a bathroom under a medical exception. I did not know what to expect when I arrived May 31st, only that this would be a unique chance to express myself without my peers knowing I was assigned female at birth.

Let me tell you, those first few weeks I was in a constant state of shock. I noticed such a big different in how I was treated in Kansas versus Florida, where people knew me before and/or during transitioning. I felt like I was accepted within the male social roles instantly, without the need to correct name and pronouns regularly. I was seen as a fairly unique, down to earth guy, with painted nails and not a female like some people still interpret me as.

During conversations with trans students, I learned Kansas State LGBT students are protected within the non-discrimination policy on campus, yet transgender individuals are not protected off campus. And even though there is a LGBT Resource center on campus, there is a lack of transgender training and education campus wide. Also in the state of Kansas, one must have a letter from a surgeon in order to change your gender marker, whereas in Florida you do not. Thankfully, I changed my gender marker on my Florida Driver's License more than a year ago, and avoided getting caught in sticky situations.

Race was one thing my fellowship-mates and I did have to deal with on and off campus. All six of us came from different Historically Black Colleges and Universities (HBCUs) and were affected and treated differently in various ways. Some of us were flat out ignored, or people would turn away. At times, all eyes would stare unpleasantly at us upon entering into some establishments. While my peers were not used to being treated in this matter and expressed stronger feelings about it, I was not fazed as much. I was used to being stared at, harassed, talked about in my face, and such, that I have developed this 'that's-their-problem-not-mine' kind of attitude. And I intend to keep living my life as I see fit and not weigh myself down with other people's negative opinions.

Yet when women clutch their purses in town while I am walking by, of which I found strikingly odd and equally funny, it got me thinking. Now that I am at the crossroads where society observes me as male, what will my future be like as a man of color? I know that I would not dream of hurting another human being. I know what is hidden under my clothes. But they do not.

The majority of my life I flew under the radar. Well let's face it; a low in-come black female is not at the top of American social fears. Despite being on male hormones since July 16th 2013, I lack experience in being seen as a threat, or someone to fear, and the understanding of what it actually means to be a black man. As more reports of transgender murders and police killing black males within the media, I am forced to confront this new realization.

With all of this being said, I hope to encourage the progression of LGBT issues forward, to inspire communities to open up dialog in regards to the adversities transgender people face, to challenge society as a whole to embrace diversity, and to remind others that all people, living and passed, deserve to be treated humanely.

Kane Barr attends Florida A&M University and is an e-board member of the FAMU LGBT Student Pride Union and the FAMUB Anime Club. Kane also can be found participating in meetings and events with the Inclusive LGBT Task Force. Kane has accepted that he is trans and is starting his journey in becoming the person who he sees on the other side of the mirror.*

Remarks on the Transgender Day of Remembrance November 20, 2013

By Petra Doan



Making Sense of the Violence

Every year at this time I find myself filled with a deep sadness and a kind of dread. One day, perhaps, I won't feel the emotional turmoil triggered by this remembrance event because I will look for the TDOR list and there will be no names on it. But we are far, far from that day. I remember the first TDOR very well since in 1999 I was newly out as a transwoman. Rita Hester had been murdered in 1998 shortly before I publicly transitioned at FSU as that "transsexual professor." I remember feeling a bit numb when I heard the news, but it did not really register. I had always known that it was very risky for people like me to dare to be open about my gender and live a life of integrity, and this kept me closeted for many many years.

But by the time of Rita Hester's murder, I could no longer hide the woman I knew myself to be. After a lot of therapy, many hours in support groups, and buckets of tears on the shoulders of friends, I came to realize that I had to live my life with authenticity. So while Rita's murder was on my radar, I was fairly pre-occupied. At the time I was my own worst enemy and I knew it was more dangerous for me to stay in hiding and continue that depression and suicidal ideation, than it would be for me to come out at FSU. While coming out at FSU had its rough spots, it has proven to be generally smooth sailing. Of course the first few weeks of being myself were very, very hard. I felt like I was living in the eye of a hurricane. Wherever I went it was almost completely silent but immediately after I passed there would be an upswelling of noise, excited voices ("did you see that?"), as the gale force gossip spread further outward. Luckily some other scandal fairly quickly caught the public attention and I suppose it helped that after as I worked hard to blend in among other academic women, most people thought I looked so natural that there wasn't all that much to comment upon.

The following year the first TDOR events began occurring and I took hope that we as a community were not going to allow such heinous crimes to be forgotten. I think it was that year (or possibly the next) that a small group of 10 or 12 people gathered around the fountain on Landis Green at FSU and lit some candles and shared our feelings about the murders of trans folks over the past year. The spread of these vigils and ceremonies of remembrance has been enormously heartening, even as a part of me weeps at the growing numbers of those who have been brutally murdered.

But my social scientist training reminds me that while the list seems to be expanding, we need to be very careful about extrapolating a trend from these kinds of data. A quick glance at the list that we will read shortly indicates that there have been huge increases in the numbers of trans people killed in places like Brazil as well as smaller increases in places like Mexico and Turkey. Other groups around the world such as Transgender Europe's Trans Murder Monitoring project list 238 deaths in 2013 substantially higher the list we will use from TransgenderDOR. Since it was founded in 2008, Transgender Europe has documented 1,374 murders of trans people in 60 countries around the world. Is hatred increasing around the world as the worldwide transgender population becomes more visible or are we simply hearing about more murders because more trans groups are organizing to publicize the names of people in their communities who have been murdered? I prefer to focus on the latter.

But I am still left with the fact that all this remembering often triggers a

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*Dr. Petra L. Doan is Professor of Urban and Regional Planning in the College of Social Sciences and Public Policy at the Florida State University. After earning a B.A. in Philosophy at Haverford College, Dr. Doan completed a Master of Regional Planning and a Ph.D. from the Department of City and Regional Planning at Cornell University in the field of International Planning. In 1998 she began her transition from male to female, and completed that process in 2001. She has published numerous peer-reviewed articles and book chapters on international planning as well as planning for marginalized communities, with a special focus on lesbian, gay bisexual, and transgendered individuals. In 2011 her edited book, *Queering Planning: Challenging Heteronormative Assumptions and Reframing Planning Practice*, was published by Ashgate. She has served as the faculty advisor for the Pride Student Union and the steering committee member of the Safe Zone Program. She is a past Board Member for the Family Tree, Tallahassee's LGBT Community Center, and in 2010 was awarded the LGBT Educator of the Year award by the Family Tree. In 2012 she was selected as the John Bousfield Distinguished Planning Visitor for the Fall semester at the University of Toronto, where she taught a course, *Beyond Queer Space Planning for Non-Normative Populations*, and gave the Bousfield public lecture entitled "The Tyranny of Gendered Planning".*

Musings

By Diane Fisher

UPCOMING EVENTS

GENDER CHAT

2nd Tuesday of Every Month
7:00 PM – 8:30 PM
Waterworks, 1133 Thomasville Rd

Gender Group Therapy

Times vary, email Liz
Kamphausen at
liz4therapy@earthlink.net
Or call 850-274-3992
1113 S. Magnolia Dr.

South Georgia Pride
Valdosta, Ga.
Sept. 20(Sat.)

Transgender Tallahassee Booth
Noon-7PM

Atlanta Pride
Atlanta Ga.
Oct. 11(Sat.)

Transgender Tallahassee
Banner in Trans March

Transgender Day of
Remembrance (TDOR)
Nov. 20(6-9PM)

Gentle Shepherd MCC
4738 Thomasville Rd.

Christmas Eve Dinner(
Dec. 24(Wed.)(7PM)
Essence of India
1105 Apalachee Pkwy

Diane Fisher is a Canadian lesbian mother, who is an elder with MCC (the first Canadian Elder) and the pastor of Gentle Shepherd MCC in Tallahassee. She has a daughter Karli whose dad's are two gay men. Diane has served in many capacities within MCC; pastor of a church in Belleville, Ontario, District Co-ordinator of both the Eastern Canadian District and the Northeast District, an elder serving in many parts of the world and now again, as senior pastor of a local congregation. In her role as an international denominational spiritual leader, Diane worked with Canada, the Northern and Midwest areas of the United States, Europe, Russia, North Western Asia, Middle East, Africa and served as the ecclesial elder for New Zealand and Australia. Diane sits on the Moderator's Ecumenical Interreligious team. Diane has been an avid Human Rights activist and was involved in the creation of the denomination's Human Rights Policy. Her work in Eastern Europe has been instrumental in strengthening the LGBT response to religious based homophobia. Diane's passion is making a difference in the world.

Every time I feel like I have settled in to myself, something changes and the journey begins again. My journey to be truly myself, to be known, has taken many forms and directions.

I remember my mother and her friends, gathered in our living room having coffee. Everyone had at least one child, and the moms decided to parade us in front of the other moms and ask us what we wanted to be when we grew up. I knew the answer, I had always known with a certainty that bordered on fanaticism. Children paraded by, reciting the litany of what they would be: a fireman, a policeman, a nurse, a teacher. I was squirming, hoping that no one would take my choice. The litany continued: a doctor, an actress. "Come on, hurry up," my mind was screaming, I was so excited. Finally, it was my turn. "What do you want to be when you grow up, Diane?" I was asked. The words exploded from my mouth with pride and fervor, "I want to be a HORSE." There was stunned silence as I stood there beaming with all the joy my little body could contain. Then it started, first a chuckle, then a guffaw and the giggles. Within moments, the moms were holding their sides laughing. I was crushed and my mother was mad. I had embarrassed her.

It was the first time I understood myself as being different than others, and that being different was not okay. I heard that you needed to be the same as everyone else or be shunned. This was the beginning of a litany of lessons I quickly learned about fitting in and why I did not. I learned that my skin was not right, that I was one of "those kids", that "girls" did not get to do anything that was fun, that I was not to look people in the eye, but rather smile and look at my feet. I learned that who I was did not fit. I learned that I was "less than" or, worse yet, that I was "other." Thus began my journey away from myself and into conformity.

I managed to keep a rebellious streak and to still hold on to pieces of myself. It wasn't easy and whenever a little individuality escaped, it was quickly pointed out and ridiculed. But still, I was determined to keep some of me alive. I buried it deep and would only bring it out when no one was around.

I wish my story was unique. It is not. I have not met anyone else who was sure that they were destined to be a horse; however, I have met many people who felt they could not be themselves. Somehow being who we are is too big or too scary for others to deal with. The trap we fall into is trying to fit into who we think others want or need us to be. The self we then show to the world is a facsimile of who we truly are.

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Musings continued from page 5:

Being authentic, being true to ourselves, being the person who is at our core, being known for our hearts and our truths requires a vulnerability that takes courage. It is not easy and we risk rejection and judgment. Yet, if we choose not to be ourselves, our true selves, then what kind of a life are we living? Whose life are we living?

Life is a tremendous gift. It is in the living that we discover ourselves. I believe that God wants us all to be able to live fully into ourselves, to find and live our authentic lives. My hope for us all is that we can live our heart's truth about who we are openly without judgment, and that we can love each other the way God loves us.

Blessings,

Rev. Diane

I AM A POEM BY EMMA LEE CHATTIN

I defied the gender binary
I challenged the first pronouncement ever made about me.
I questioned the evidence my body presented me,
And I took issue with the guidance of my parents,
Who assumed, and nudged my life down one path without ever asking me if that is where I
wanted to go.
I confronted my society and my culture, and I ignored what I was told was the norm.



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Sorry Young Man; It's a Girl Dear continued from page 1:

had much to do with the flexibility offered the young and in particular, young females, regarding "cross gender" behaviors. Being a bit of a nerd, I also learned pretty young to spend little energy worrying about whether or not I fit in. But I also had an advantage by spending a lot of time out at my grandparents' house, situated on a couple hundred acres of working orchard. See, a different logic of gender often operates in farm life. Sure, the kitchen belonged to my grandmother, but outside what mattered more than whether one was male or female was whether one was capable of counting as a worker or not. Both men and women drove tractors as long as they could reach the pedals. Everyone worked who could and being a tomboy made sense where climbing trees, riding bicycles, and running for miles were the most common forms of entertainment for kids—boys and girls alike. For these and other reasons, I was able to grow up pretty ambiguous. I remember being about 11 shopping at Costco with my family once when an elderly couple bumped into me with one of those flatbed orange carts. The gentleman said, "sorry young man," at which point his wife leaned over to him and said, "it's a girl dear." As I recall, I was more bothered by her response than his comment. Obviously I was not all that easy to peg and that did not particularly bother me.



Andrew Seeber is a trans identified PhD Candidate in Sociology and Feminist Studies at the University of California, Santa Barbara. He currently lives in Tallahassee with his fiancée while completing his dissertation. He has taught a course in gender theory and transpeople's experiences at UCSB and focuses his research on transpeople.


transgender
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Remarks on TDOR continued from page 4:

wave of grief. Many of us have experienced hatred in small and large ways that could have gone worse, much worse. I think in my case when I think about the sheer volume of these murders, I wonder how close I have come to being just another statistic. Now I am privileged to have never had to earn my living as a sex worker like many (but certainly not all) of those who have been killed on these lists. Certainly sex work is among the riskiest professions and for transgendered people, perhaps the very riskiest. But even so I have from time to time run across people whose vehement anger at my very presence was deeply chilling.

Whenever I am on the receiving end of this kind of anger and hatred, I am forced to wonder if this is the one that will turn really violent or this is just another insensitive SOB who is otherwise harmless. Coming home from an overseas conference at J.F.K International airport, I was in a crowd making our way to the parking lot when I stopped suddenly to let a speeding car go past. Someone bumped into me from behind and when I turned to see who had hit me, there was a man there screaming at me. First I thought it was because I had stopped suddenly, and then I realized that it was because he had figured out that my gender was not what he was expecting. I can still remember the wildness in his eyes as he screamed over and over again, "I know what you are! I know what you are!" I am still not sure what would have happened if the limo driver who was picking me up had not stepped up next to me and told him to back off. The act that the limo driver was an imposing ex-Pennsylvania highway patrol officer certainly ended that confrontation, but I am not sure how it would have gone if I had been alone. Might I have been pushed into the next oncoming car? Judging from this crazy man's eyes, I had no idea. I experienced those comments and that wild-eyed stare as a massive invasion of my privacy as well as a warning of potential trauma.

Another time in a parking lot at a McDonald's near campus I was cutting across to get a sandwich at the Pocket Pita Shop and a group of young 20 years olds began screaming at me for no apparent reason. I shrugged this off as mere stupidity, but sometimes I wonder what would have happened had I screamed back at them. Finally another time I got into an elevator in a hotel in Philadelphia to return to my room, and did not pay attention to the other people sharing the car. One man in particular appeared quite drunk and began staring at me in an uncomfortable way. He was with another young woman so I did not think I was in any danger, but just as we came to the first floor he reached up and grabbed my breasts and gave them each a vicious squeeze. I was shocked and just stood there feeling violated as he staggered out of the car. Once again I played back through my mind all the different ways I could have responded and how those ways could have gone very badly wrong.

Violence Experienced by Transgendered People

Violence faced by transgendered people				
Location	Study Author(s)	Aggressive staring	Verbal harassment	Physical violence
US Cities sample	Doan (1997)	39%	22%	17%
US sample	Lombardi et al (2001)		50%	25%
Philadelphia sample	Kenagy (2005)			50%

We recognize that murders are the tip of the iceberg. Violence in many forms occurs to most of us throughout the year. Somewhere between 15 and 50% of us have experienced physical violence, but even higher numbers experience either verbal harassment or aggressive staring. Some might wonder why a comment or a glare here and there might upset, but you never know who it is that is making the comment or doing the staring. Are they merely obnoxious or are they closer to that psychotic edge that slips easily to violence?

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Remarks on TDOR continued from page 8:

Look at national Hate Crime Stats

Hate Crimes in 2011 by Bias

- 46.9 percent were racially motivated
- 20.8 percent resulted from sexual orientation bias
(no gender identity YET wait until 2014)
- 19.8 percent were motivated by religious bias
- 11.6 stemmed from ethnicity/national origin bias
- 0.9 percent were prompted by disability bias.

In 2011 there were ,293 hate crimes based on Sexual-orientation bias and the **LOCATIONS** of the incidents were as follows:

- 31.9% in or near residences or homes
- 23.9% on highways, roads, alleys, or streets **(much higher than other groups)**
- 10.7% in other or unknown locations
- 9.2% at schools or colleges
- 7.0% in parking/drop lots/garages **(also higher than other groups)**
- 4.9% in bars or nightclubs **(also higher than other groups)**
- 12.4% in other or multiple locations

Please be careful when you are out in public going to bars, walking home from bars, or taking any form of public transit.

Where does this hatred of gender non-conformance come from?

There are various words for it but two commonly used ones are genderism and transphobia. Several scholars have developed a Scale of Genderism and Transphobia that measures anti-trans sentiments and behaviors. This measure has been applied in a variety of settings and provides useful insights into the attributes of those who hate gender outlaws. One critical result is that people with previous personal contact with a transperson were much less likely to have strong anti-trans views. Other interesting attributes of people who scored high on this scale of hatred were males with low self-esteem, fragile egos who were morally dogmatic, authoritarian, and homophobic.

These results are not entirely surprising, but the idea that closer personal contact with a trans person might be the strongest predictor of lower scores on the transphobia scale is actually quite interesting. There have been similar studies about homophobia that indicate that people are most likely to change their minds about LGB bias when a family member or someone they know well comes out to them. It is easy to demonize people before you know them. But when people that you know and respect come out, it is hard to hold onto the hatred.

Unfortunately these results don't really protect us from those people who have not yet had such contact and are more likely to be a perpetrator of a hate crime. In fact those people may not be able to easily distinguish between a person who is trans, gender-queer, gay or lesbian. We are all vulnerable to the epidemic of anti-LGBT violence that is a recurring piece of our national crime statistics.

Tyranny of Gendered Majority

I have felt the anger and hatred of those people for whom my very existence upsets something deep inside them. Since I am a member of a non-gender conforming minority, these people seem to feel they act with impunity in trying to shame or injure me. This seems to me to be the harsh exercise of power by the powerful over the powerless, which is the very definition of tyranny. John Stuart Mill (1869) called this oppression the tyranny of the majority since the sheer weight of numbers can never be sufficient to make an unjust act any more just.

The hatred we experience is part of sanctions imposed on the non-normative by the hetero-patriarchy to control our behavior and keep us from upsetting their neat little views of the world. People who challenge expectations for appropriately gendered behavior in space are made to suffer terrible consequences for simply being who they know

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themselves to be. If you are gender variant person, chances are you experience this tyranny intruding on every aspect of the spaces in which you live (Doan 2010).

Healing from Traumas

- **What do we do with this hatred?**
First, we must recognize that the sum total of all of these tyrannical and discriminatory acts can have a traumatic effect on our emotional and psychological well-being. Whether you experience the little “t” traumas of staring and nasty comments or the bigger “t” trauma of physical violence it is important to recognize that you are suffering from the tyranny of gender. This trauma is not our fault, we bear the brunt of society’s inability to cope with our beautiful diversity.
- **How do we heal from this trauma?**
Therapy is one solution. I have needed quite a bit of therapy over the years. It can be enormously helpful. It took me a while to realize I needed therapy not because I was sick, but because society was sick and I needed help dealing with the effects of that wider sickness on me. You might too. We have therapists on hand who may be able to help.
- **Embracing integrity**
But equally important is finding the strength to come out as yourself. In my case embracing integrity and authenticity as a critical piece of the healing I so desperately needed. At least in the long run, each person we meet and allow to know something of our true gender, is one less transphobe walking around this blessed planet.

Finally I want to leave you with the words of one of my favorite feminist activists, so that we might all stay strong as we do this remembering.

Insights of Audre Lorde

"What are the words you do not yet have? What do you need to say? What are the tyrannies you swallow day by day and attempt to make your own, until you will sicken and die of them, still in silence? Perhaps for some of you here today, I am the face of one of your fears. because I am woman, because I am Black, because I am lesbian, because I am myself--a Black woman warrior poet doing my work -- come to ask you, are you doing yours?"

("The Transformation of Silence into Language and Action" in *Sister Outsider*, pp. 40-41)

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