It is by now commonplace to say that a work is the product of many minds, hearts, and conversations. This was true of the project which launched this current work and it remains true of this final book version. For believing in the project I thank Jean Wilson at UBC Press. For brilliance in completing the project with me, extraordinary thanks are due also to Darcy Cullen. Irreplaceable friends provided conversation, love, respect, patience, and above all, space for me to actualize this as both an intellectual and a personal process: Anna Camilleri, Dunja Baus, Anju and Mai at the Toronto Women’s Bookstore, Fleen, Chuck, Trish Salah, Christy Carlson, Susanna Luhmann, Ummni Khan, and the Khan family – all of you walked this with me and I can never fully tell you how much your company means to me. Thanks also to Christian Powell for caring for my dog, Keema. In addition, I want to send out love and respect to the many drag kings, ftm trany boyz, queer grrls and other gender queers in the Toronto scene; you’ve kept me grounded in what counts and I can only hope that my work here honours the courage and audacity it takes to be who you are.

The Leggett-Noble-Epp clan (my family: Helen, Mark, but especially Julie and Nelson, and Ted and Gina, who between them have the coolest kids ever – Christopher, Jason, Zachery, Sydney, and Billy) share in the joy of this like no other family ever could. I love you all. I owe an extensive intellectual debt to Bob Wallace, who supervised the original thesis project but who has since become an invaluable friend. Bob, I want to be just like you when I grow up. Thanks also to the students, staff, and faculty of the Women’s Studies program at Queen’s University; special thanks to Janice Helland for taking a chance on me.

Two research assistants – Sarah Trimble and Lisa Foad – went above and beyond the call of duty proofing and indexing the manuscript. Your dedication to detail and to the project continues to inspire me, as does your intelligence and great promise. Thank you for your friendship. Of course,
the final errors of this text remain my own. This work began, a very long
time ago, under the supervision of the late Dr. Kathleen Martindale and
it stands as a testimony to her memory.

Finally, it is to brazen-femme-diva OmiSoore H. Dryden that I dedicate
this work. Your fierce love and resolute desire re-make me on a daily basis.
Without you I would not be half of what I am today; nor would I have
had half the fun. It is the time we’ve spent in quiet paradox that has made
these noisy words possible. I remain, devoted and in your service, always.