

Friday, 17th May, 2019

On Public Incitement to Hatred

In 2016, the national Media, the University of British Columbia, Morgane Oger of the Trans Alliance of British Columbia, and the Crown Prosecutor's Office contrived to vilify me in the public discourse¹ in order to mitigate my adroit interpretation of the Rules of Etiquette to Flags in Canada, which were being contravened by a University club, the Campus Pride Collective, of which Oger was an Alumnus-status member.

I approached the University and explained how a descendent organisation's banner, such as a student club's, could not take precedence over its antecedent organisation's, such as its University's. The Campus Pride Collective had contravened the Rules of Etiquette to Flags in Canada, by replacing UBC's banner (*Azure, a hoist Or, in the fly upon an inescutcheon the University's Arms proper*) with their own Rule-of-Tincture-breaking banner (*Barry of six, Gules, Tenné, Or, Vert, Azure, Purpur*); and as both Her Majesty's loyal subject and a member of the University, it behooved *me* to rectify this breach of protocol.

I informed the Collective, when I saw this breach occurring, that they were in contravention of protocol. Their security escort asked me to leave; he said, "you've said what you have to say, now just walk away." And I started-to. Only from behind me came an angry aggressive voice, "HEY! STOP!" And I froze in fear. I forced myself to turn around lest I be punched in the back of the head by this obviously angry and abusive voice.

To my relief, rather than turning around to see a hulking brute to match the hulking voice, I was confronted by the diminutive Morgane Oger, who was now in my personal space. As loudly as Oger could, a Trans Alliance of BC card was thrust into my hand and Oger said, "*I FIGHT FOR OUR RIGHTS UNDER THAT FLAG! AND YOU MIGHT NOT BE READY YET, BUT WHEN YOU ARE GIVE ME A CALL. AND I'LL FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHTS, TOO!*"

This action exposed me to hatred and contempt. Whereas before that incident, I was just a tall woman, after that moment I was a transwoman. This was cruel and unusual. As the leader of the Trans Alliance of BC, Oger should have known that even if I was a transsexual patient that should have been my right to reveal that information when and *if* I chose. Notwithstanding that I deny being a "trans person", Oger violated my

¹ I hesitated to submit this brief because, firstly, I don't want to alienate those few allies I still have left within the media and the University, and secondly, because I don't want to encourage Oger to continue this campaign of hate any further. Revealing these truths may expose me to an even heavier handed reaction; but the potential benefit of informing legislation to prevent these traumatic events from happening again outweighs the potential risks.

consent and “outed” me, assuming me to be a trans person. I will return to the matter of transgender privacy later in this document.

Let us take a step back for a moment. The Campus Pride Collective got the idea to take the organisation’s banner down and replace it with their own from the City of Vancouver, who at a certain point in the recent past began replacing their own banner with the same *Barry of six* one as the Collective’s, at least once per year to celebrate homosexual Pride.²

With every breach of vexillological decorum, I wrote a letter to the Mayor and/or Council, informing them of the proper flag etiquette. But I was never given the dignity of a reply.

The first year this happened, I was on the Broadway bus as it crossed Cambie Street, with its perfect view of City Hall’s main flag display. The passengers looked out, and instead of seeing *Argent five bars wavy Azure, upon a hoist chevronny Vert an inescutcheon Or charged with an axe and a paddle in saltire tersed with a crown murally voided fimbriated Sable*, they saw the lesser Vancouver Pride Society’s banner, the same one as the Campus Pride Collective’s. The free newspapers that are handed out in front of Skytrain stations told the reader why this was happening: to “celebrate” homosexuals (*and* transsexuals, as if transsexualism is also “queer”).

A large brute reading the paper looked up to see the new flag, with the rest of us. And then his eyes scanned the bus for someone to blame this-on. Having been primed by the newspaper, his eyes settled on the tall female on the bus, me. And he berated me. He drunkenly wanted to fight me. I feared for my safety. And a diminutive wispy man saved me and got off the bus with me at my stop. This would seem like an act of kindness, but then he leaned in my ear and whispered, “it’s okay honey, I’m trans, too,” making the same assumption as the physical bully. It hurts my feelings, dignity, and self-respect, when others perceive me to be masculine or transgender. This would not have happened if flag etiquette had been respected by everyone.

With that context, let us now return to 2016. Now, the University was allowing the Campus Pride Collective the same unfair privilege as the City allows the Vancouver Pride Society (effectively surrendering their campus to a usurper). And again I wrote a letter to the correct authorities. And again I was not even given the dignity of a reply.

² City Hall campus has many unused flagpoles that could have been used for this purpose rather than demoting the City’s banner, by the way.

But even worse, the University breached my privacy and forwarded my email to my psychiatrist, claiming I was “quite triggered” by the breach of decorum.

And so I took matters into my own hands and I burnt the offending flag. The fact that they would have simply put it back up if I had returned it necessitated its destruction. The fact that I had been ignored by the City of Vancouver for years said exactly what a stern letter would do here on my own campus – this was up to me. All eyewitnesses reported to the remarkable peacefulness of the act. And mine was the learned interpretation of the Rules of Etiquette to Flags in Canada. They were the ones breaking the rules, which I corrected. And yet I was treated as a hate criminal for this.

My online anonymous persona was doxed. And I was harassed by media, who somehow got my cellphone number and my email address. Campus Pride Collective and their staff liaisons, when they discovered the flag had been destroyed, rather than calling security or the police, disappeared into their office for a time, shortly after which the media arrived on campus to stir up hysteria.

My heraldic correction was portrayed as an act of hatred and contempt against the homosexuals rather than a protection of armorial tradition. I feared for my safety as the public hunted for the villain they felt deserved their hatred and contempt. The Honourable Chandra Spencer Herbert publically called my actions disgusting and personally arranged for the offending banner to be hung from every available pole on campus in an act of defiance and supremacy. I was charged with mischief and that charge was being prosecuted as a “hate crime”.

And so on my first appearance before the Judge, the Media was waiting for me outside the Courtroom. I anticipated this. I was prepared to walk straight up to those microphones, look the cameras in the lenses, and say, “it’s a tragedy that it’s the current year and we’re still obsessed with identity politics,” and walk away. And that’s what I did.

But then they chased me down the street to get the answers that they were looking for. They had this juicy hate crime story to write and they needed soundbites to tell it. They surrounded me on the sidewalk and I had no escape. They put microphones in my face. And this angry shorthaired woman (and others) kept asking me leading questions. I had nowhere to turn. I feared for my safety. So I answered their questions truthfully. Eventually, when they had all sated their appetites, they parted and let me escape.

And my truthful answers were portrayed in a false light in order to mitigate my informed interpretation of the Rules of Etiquette to Flags in Canada and ensure that I

still suffered the loss of reputation and respectability that they had planned for the “hater”.

They portrayed me as a transgender, and “corrected” it to transsexual when I complained, as if that in any way mitigates the damage. They made my heraldic correction out to be some sort of Trans Rights Protest. They took the image of me standing at those microphones saying I didn’t want to soapbox about identity politics and coupled it with unfairly isolated soundbites from when they surrounded me on the sidewalk, to portray me as though I was soapboxing about identity politics!

And Morgane Oger played a huge role in spearheading this public incitement to hatred and contempt. Again Oger “outed” me, this time not just to a crowd of twenty to fifty but to the whole world. These stories are archived and cannot be deleted from the web. The publishing of these stories also brought to the surface old libels that were deleted by the ones who published them but archived by others; archives that used to be buried deep within search results were now on the first or second page because of this new libel.

A professor at the University began referring to me by gender hostile pronouns after the publishing of these stories (i.e. the singular *they*). This was in spite of the specific knowledge that I am a female that he had since the beginning of the semester.

I was suspended for my actions, with the stipulation of a Psychiatric Assessment before I could return. My suspension would be over in December of 2016, and they received their psychiatric assessment in November. On the last hour of the day before Christmas Holidays, University Counsel sent me an email saying that my psych assessment was unsatisfactory (despite answering all their questions) and he provided me with six additional questions that must be answered before I may return. These new questions are unanswerable; or rather, only a fortune teller could answer them. This moving of the goalposts has kept me out of school to date as no psychiatrist can be reasonably expected to answer the questions posed.

By then, the Crown Prosecutor had dropped the charges against me, because she knew I was going to win the case (she did “not have a substantial likelihood of drawing a conviction”). After the University discovered this news, they moved the goalposts.

I filed a Human Rights Complaint against Oger, and the Media, and the University, on the bases of sex, disability, gender, and political belief (notwithstanding that political belief is only a protected category under the area of employment). But they refused to

hear my case. Lawyers I consulted for a civil suit told me, “there’s nothing wrong with being transgender, so there’s nothing wrong with calling you transgender”.

The Tribunal apparently understands the necessity for transgender privacy when it comes to the JY cases, as it outlines my exact position in their reasoning for anonymising those cases. But they did not award that same human rights protection to me. And JY is a public transgender figure like Oger, even!

A year after the Tribunal refused to hear my case, Oger filed a complaint against William Whatcott for the exact same thing that Oger had done to me. And not only did they accept the complaint, but they ruled against Whatcott and levied a \$55,000 decision against him. The Tribunal refused to allow me to be an intervenor on the case, even though my case had set the precedent which was being ignored.

I made a painting about the 2016 flag incident and my ensuing ritual defamation, titled *Argent, a fasces proper*, proper being my way to portray the homosexual pride colours without breaking the Rule of Tincture. And in 2017 I was fired from a certain job for exhibiting it. Again the Tribunal refused to hear my case. They said that my boss and I did not have an employee/employer relationship but rather that we had a servicer/serviced relationship, and thus I could be fired for my political beliefs in this case. This means that a self-employed person, or a student, or anyone else whose occupation doesn’t have this special relationship is not protected against political discrimination.

In 2017, as the Oger v Whatcott tribunal was underway, I told Oger that I would be forced to address the adjudicators from the gallery to reveal to them their colleagues’ double standard (i.e. rejecting my case against Oger but accepting Oger’s case against Whatcott for the exact same thing), since the Tribunal would not let me be an official intervenor. I had only ever contacted Oger within Oger’s capacities as leader of the Trans Alliance of BC (i.e. as the self-appointed representative of all transsexuals and those who would be mistaken for transsexual), at the number on the card that Oger had given me, because those particular capacities directly pertain to me. Nonetheless, Oger “found” my communication to be “frightening” and “annoying” and made a vexatious complaint against me to the police. The police issued me with a letter warning me that if I communicated directly or indirectly with Oger (such as showing up at the Tribunal – which was verbally made explicit), I would be charged with harassment.

This was later corrected by the Office of the Police Complaint Commissioner; I would only be charged with harassment if I harassed. But the damage was done and I was prevented from affecting that tribunal.

As a result of this campaign of incitement to hatred, Antifa started targeting my neighbourhood with threatening graffiti, and even entered my apartment when I wasn't home.

I have tried to put this all behind me and move on. But my ritual defamation has given me post traumatic symptoms. When I see news about the Tribunal, or flags, or Oger, or Antifa, I have flashbacks to the year that the whole world was turned against me for my proper interpretation of the Rules of Etiquette to Flags in Canada.

As a result of my bringing attention to the rules, the government unpublished them and spent two years drafting new ones. The new rules are effectively the same, with two new clauses making explicit what was once merely implicit: these are rules not laws; and the government cannot enforce flag etiquette, especially at the provincial and organisational levels.

And the City of Vancouver, who started this flagrant tradition of usurping the place of the rightful flag, took those clauses as a permit rather than an excuse and proceeded to not only give the homosexual Pride flag precedence over the City's banner but also the transgender Pride flag precedence over the Province's, ever since.

In 2018, trying to put this all behind me, I had an art exhibition. One of the paintings was *St George Smiting the Dragon*. And I used Whatcott as the model for St George. Whatcott is a champion for free speech, across Canada, which makes him a hero in this era of so-called "liberating tolerance". As I said, I tried to move on and just concentrate on my art practice. But Oger wouldn't leave me alone.

Oger sent a spy to my art opening, who photographed this work, and complained to the exhibition curator, interpreting the work as about Oger personally and offensively. Through this proxy, Oger told the director that he would get fired if he didn't acquiesce to Oger's interpretation and censor the work.

When that didn't work, Oger went to the Board of Directors to go above the curator's head.

When that didn't work, Oger went to "Qmunity", a local queer centre, and tried to rustle up a posse to protest the show.

And when that didn't work, Oger fumed about it for months, before delivering an ironic screed against me and my work at a conference entitled "Free Speech and the

Arts” at Simon Fraser University in February of this year. Oger intimated at that talk that I deserve to starve for my recalcitrance.

Fast forward to the present day. Over the weekend, Caleb Pelletier of Kelliher SK allegedly trespassed on his neighbour’s property and burnt his neighbour’s banner. It doesn’t matter what kind of banner it was; it matters that it was on someone else’s property. To date, Pelletier has been charged with neither mischief nor trespassing. This betrays a degeneration in the Rule of Law in this country. Either the RCMP or else the Crown Prosecutor did not hold Caleb Pelletier to the same standard to which I was. And the media has been complicit, brushing this story under the rug or framing it as the neighbour’s fault for speaking the unspeakable.

Why was I raked through the coals, vilified to the Left as a hate criminal, and vilified to the Right as a transgender, but Pelletier was not? I burnt a flag that didn’t belong on my own pole; he burnt a flag on his neighbour’s pole without an invitation. Yet I’m considered the villain who deserves to starve, and he’s considered the hero who stood up to hate.

I should add, regarding the transgender thing: transgender patients were already protected by human rights legislation under the categories of sex and disability. Bill C-16 has only extended those protections to malingerers. Some mangle as transgender for psychopathic reasons, to either appropriate equity set aside for mental patients or to wield an aura of unquestionability in their wills to power. Some mangle as transgender for fetishistic reasons, to gain access to the object of erotic fantasy. Some mangle as transgender to spend their prison sentences in what they perceive to be a softer institution. The cries to “stop pathologising gender identity” or to “protect gender identity and/or expression” obfuscate between genuine patients and malingerers.

The results of C-16 have exposed transsexual patients to hatred and contempt and diminished the value of their surgeries. A sign on the bathroom that says “Trans People Welcome” should be just as offensive as “Coloured People Welcome” or “Jews Must Wash Hands” because it singles out a minority for something that applies to everyone equally. Of course trans people are welcome! They were welcome even in those times and places when coloured people were not! These signs just bring attention to patrons who would otherwise slip in and out of these spaces; the “positive” comments that these signs encourage are just the bigotry of low expectations. And surgeries don’t count for anything anymore. It used to be that a surgeon had to sign an affidavit that one’s sex had physically been changed before a change of gender marker on the birth certificate could be made; not anymore. A sex change operation is worthless now – a

male with a beard and a penis is just as much of a woman, if he claims to be, as a female with breasts and a vagina. If that is the case, then surgeons have mutilated every patient who came before these laws were changed; because if you were always a woman, even when you were winning gold medals in the men's division and fathering children, then there is no medical necessity to give you a surgery.

The legislators conceded that Bill C-16 was unnecessary but that it would "send the right message". Instead it has enabled predators access to victims, and we can discuss specific examples, if you like. Oger, who campaigned for these changes, spent six months protecting one malingering predator because Oger did not approve of the tone of those complaining, until recently throwing that person under the bus when the heat got too intense, just as election season rolls around again.

Why are transgender activists so afraid of weeding out the malingerers among them?

Trans rights activists bring hatred and contempt upon the communities they purport to represent with their hostile and intolerant politics. At one time, patients could quietly transition and get on with their lives; but now trans rights activists are constantly bringing attention back onto these patients – this attention means these patients will never pass as their adopted sex. For marching with the transgender flag is the opposite of passing.

In the 1970s, Person and Ovesey noticed that transsexual patients fell into two populations, which they termed "primary/true" transsexuals and "secondary/pseudo" transsexuals.³ Today, we understand a primary transsexual (speaking of male-to-females) as:

- Feminine,
- Heterosexual,
- Sought and achieved surgery before the age of 25, *and*
- Does not identify as a "trans person".

Anything else is a secondary transsexual.

And so the trans rights activists are secondary transsexuals by definition. How representative of true transsexuals can a masculine father who transitioned in midlife and identifies as trans truly be? Their misrepresentation of true transsexuals, who cannot dare speak up to mitigate this misrepresentation lest they reveal their private endocrinological histories, causes the public to treat true transsexuals unlike other women. These patients experience either the overt discrimination of that bully on the

³ Person and Ovesey 1974

bus who berated me, or the bigotry of low expectations of the “hero” who saved me from him.

And to be clear: I am not a transsexual. I am tall with certain virilised characteristics for another reason. But I am *perceived* as a transsexual as a result of transgender activism. I am sure a true transsexual would say these same things to you if she could.

We live in a tyranny that does not respect freedom of speech or difference of political opinion. This is not a tyranny of the Crown, but a tyranny of her Ministers. I recommend the following changes:

1. Set “political belief” on equal footing with other protected classes within human rights legislation, expanding protection beyond mere employment and unions into all other areas.
2. Rescind “gender identity and/or expression” from human rights legislation, reestablishing learned discernment between genuine gender identity disorder patients and those who would malingering as them.
3. Take away the licenses of those psychiatrists who approve patients for sex change therapy when their patients either {detransition, kill themselves, or commit a sex crime}.
4. Formally recognise that gender identity disorder (i.e. gender dysphoria) is unrelated to the homosexual umbrella and that “transgender” itself is a waste basket term for anything that could remotely be perceived as “gender deviant” (c.f. bats as fowl).
5. Balance the political biases at the Tribunals (and perhaps on the Benches, too) by appointing “conservatives” to complement those “progressives” who dominate these fora.
6. Enable the Chief Heraldic Officer (not the Parliament) to better enforce armorial etiquette.
7. Ensure that whatever laws you do enact for the purposes of preventing or punishing public incitement to hatred cannot be used to censor inconvenient artists and critics.

I should not have been exposed to hatred and contempt like that. But the media, academia, the courts, and the legislature, all synergised to make it happen. The road to hell is paved with good intentions. And the door has a “Trans People Welcome” sign on it.

I welcome any questions, comments, or concerns.

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