

# THE TRANSGENDERIST

FEBRUARY 1995

A Publication of Transgenderist's Independence Club, Albany, NY

## PRESIDENT'S COLUMN - Winnie [REDACTED]

I am glad that more authors are now contributing to our newsletter, and thank you all. However, we need *pictures!* I hate to copy things from magazines. Original cartoons, sketches and small B&W photos are welcome. And we need a *logo* for our banner headline. How about it, you artists?

There was a nice turnout of a dozen or so members in the Club Room to greet Tracy and her partner at our Thursday meeting on January 19, when she gave a wig demonstration. We will plan to have more vendors come to our meetings in the future.

Several TGIC members went to the *Tiffany Club First Event* at the end of January - Melodie, Callan, Edie, Donna and Winnie. There was a large crowd at the Awards Banquet on Saturday. I was busy at the IFGE board meeting during the day.

## DINNER PARTIES

We had a small group of 5 at our dinner party on January 14. The next party is set for February 11; please sign up at the club room or call 436-4513 and leave a message by Thursday, February 9. *Leave your number* so we can call if there are any changes.

## RANDOM THOUGHTS (#3) - Jennifer [REDACTED]

REUNIONS, or

"The Times, they are a-changin'"

"Jennifer, you know, you've accomplished something that I desperately wanted to do many years ago, but couldn't", the slightly built blond woman with the bubbly personality was saying, as I regained my seat. It was August 1994. Kent, Ohio. My fraternity reunion. That's right, my fraternity reunion and only my second semi-formal dinner as a woman. I had attended Kent State University during the years, months and days just prior to the now famous riots; and lived in Kent for four years after that. For me this was more than a reunion, it was more of a confirmation.

"What's that?", I asked, blushing from false modesty and thriving on the warm and positive feelings in which I was bathing at the moment. I was in a room full of people, many of whom were known to me less than 30 hours, and the rest I hadn't seen in more than twenty years.

"Several years ago, when I was at Penn State," she continued, "I tried to pledge TKE, but, being a woman they wouldn't consider me. There wasn't a little sister organization at that school either, so I was completely left out, but you've done it! I wish I had your strength." At first the way she said this made me think that she had forgotten, that I was transsexual, and was thinking of me only as a woman. I knew better, but it felt good to know that she and, from what I could tell, most of the other women there accepted me as a sister.

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A semi-evil smirk crawled across my face, and shaking my head I heard myself saying, "You just went about it the wrong way, Hon!".

\* \* \* \*

On October 25, 1994 the *St. Petersburg (Florida) Times* ran an article by staff writer Marc Albright, a fraternity brother, who did an excellent job describing the reunion. The time frame of our attendance had been circa 1970 and the location Kent State University. The following is excerpted from that article<sup>1</sup>:

"The reunion offered some insights into the weird odyssey Kent State students endured after the violence. But lurking beyond the tales of how a bunch of long-haired, baby boomers turned into lawyers, government bureaucrats and business executives, there were some New Age surprises.

The chapter's resident Barry Goldwater conservative is now a left leaning public school teacher in Orlando. Seven of the 140 people on the chapter's rolls have died. AIDS claimed three, more than any other disease. And one brother is now a sister - a 6 foot, 200-pound transsexual who pitched a mean afternoon softball game."

Ah, yes, the softball game. It was the alumni against the active chapter. Being mid-summer, the alumni out numbered the actives 3-1. Seeing that the wives and girl friends and other women had been left to root on the sidelines, and seeing this as unfair, I urged the organizers to give the women a chance to play as well. Given our chance to play, I was asked to catch (I dropped out of little league after one game as catcher when I was younger - it seems I was afraid of the "ball and bat" then, and still am now). Later, I was asked to pitch... something which I was also rather hesitant to do, after all my position had always been right field - nice and quiet. I was also a good hitter. So I pitched. As the first batter stepped to the plate, I was advised that he was a switch hitter. According to Albright's article:

"No problem," chirped Jennifer [REDACTED], a divorced father of five. "I know all about switch-hitters."

I don't remember who won. That wasn't important. What was important was the camaraderie and acceptance for all there, by most everyone there. In spite of this, I was especially surprised by my acceptance among the women present who's company, I have to admit, I found more interesting, than that of my old colleagues. I found myself going shopping with one wife, chatting about diets and supplements with a clinical dietitian, about families with others, hormones and/or transsexualism with still others. But some tales merit telling. Following the game we were treated to a fantastic picnic. Getting a plate, I took a seat with a group of wives whom I hadn't previously met. The woman next to me introduced herself as the wife of a member who I hadn't known and in casual conversation asked, "and who's wife are you?"

I was surprised that by this time the second day she didn't know my story. The atmosphere had been very open and positive all day, so I replied, "I'm sorry, I'm not anyone's wife". Noticing her confused look I continued, "I'm a member of the fraternity", at which she looked even more confused, perhaps even betrayed by her husband who hadn't told her that there had been women members in this fraternity (there weren't). Quickly noticing her rising confusion, I continued, "I used to be one of the brothers!".

Suddenly it clicked, as she gasped, "OH!", and said nothing more. She made like she was going to mingle shortly thereafter and changed seats. I never did learn if she was more embarrassed for her error, upset that she didn't pick up on me before saying something, or disapproving. But this was probably the only even slightly negative incident of the whole trip.

Later that evening, my brothers made good on some twenty year old promises to serenade one couple who were "pinned" and installed as an active alumni one person

who missed the opportunity when the riots closed the school twenty-four years earlier. I sat talking with the sister of the reunion organizer. We had a really enjoyable time, and I almost cried when she said, "You know Jennifer, I've been talking with a lot of the wives and other women here. Almost every one envies you for your courage, and as a group, they feel you present yourself as a role model of a very (emotionally) strong woman." I was speechless.

Later still, one of the current active members who I had never had the chance to meet, wished me a good journey home saying, "we'll miss you, you really opened some people's minds!"

But there was another side, a personal side to this reunion that had nothing to do with fraternity - a reunion of soul. I had lived, learned and worked in this town for five years, married for the first time near here, parented three wonderful children in the nearby hospital and tried to build a family. We owned both a mobile home and a house. I found my first jobs outside my family here. I had been asked to become involved in local politics here. I had met my first real life failures here. My ex became the second person to learn about me here. I had ventured out as a woman for the first time in this town, only to be scared so badly that I didn't venture out again for fourteen years<sup>2</sup>. And, while here, I began to question if something wasn't wrong, not with me, but with how I, as well as others, perceived transgendered people of which I thought I was the only one.

When my marriage failed, a huge piece of me died, and I blocked out much of this part of my life. On the day I arrived for the reunion, I took a long slow drive around these streets and this campus once so familiar, now so forgotten, and I found something I had lost. This woman was returning almost twenty years later to the day of her first big defeats. And she was returning triumphant over that which twenty years earlier had sought to defeat her. For almost two hours, I drove. Tears streamed shamelessly down my face as I realized that

this day I had found a lost spark of life. That I could again become alive, and once again have a future.

I had come to this reunion as an out transsexual who is proud of who she is. Hoping to open some eyes, answer some questions and provide a positive alternative to what many people think. I feel I did this and more. I had tried to keep a sense of humor which many appreciated; and although I did nothing to confront or upset people, I know some were uncomfortable, and I was surprised by the fact that, those who I thought would be the most open minded were often the most bothered.

It was enjoyable to see how gracefully or not the old gang had aged and changed. But for me personally it gave me the chance to heal some old wounds and pick up a piece of my life which seemed strangely lost. It felt really wonderful. It was a truly beautiful weekend with a fantastic and special group of (more than) friends.

\* \* \* \*

The semi-formal dinner Saturday night saw the scroll of members read. Each frater rose in turn to introduce themselves and briefly recite some anecdote about their past or present fraternity involvement or life. As my scroll number was called, I stood and proudly announced, "My name is Jennifer Wells, Iota Pi 113. I'm the first, only, and hopefully not the last, female member of Tau Kappa Epsilon Fraternity". Suddenly, the room exploded with cheers and a standing ovation as almost every woman present and many of my fraternity brothers congratulated me in their own way.

As Albright later summed it up:  
"There was clearly a renewed bond here, a form of unconditional love that survived 24 years. People who couldn't stand each other two decades ago were close pals. Even Jennifer Wells found unanimous acceptance of her right to change genders."

1. St. Petersburg Times - October 25, 1994
  2. Ladylike Magazine - Profile
- Copyright 1994, Jennifer [REDACTED].  
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Back in the '50s I heard comments similar to the following from patrons of *The Guardsman* bar, located on the Northwest corner of Lark Street and Central Avenue in Albany - "Let's go beat up some queers." Some of the patrons of *The Guardsman* were in obvious denial. [I was in the National Guard at the time.]

**BEWARE THE IDS\* OF FEBRUARY**  
(Texas T-Party, Feb. 21-26, 1995)

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\* Id - the division of the psyche associated with instinctual impulses and primitive needs - *American Heritage Dictionary* (emphasis added).

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San Antonio may not be like the rest of Texas, but you might want to think twice about flaunting your feminine self in the Lone Star State. ("Lone stars" - self-appointed deputies fulfilling ego trips.) Consider the following abstracts from an article appearing in the February 1995 *Vanity Fair* magazine - "The Killing Trail" by H.G. Bissinger.

October 1991 (Dallas) - Hugh Callaway, age 35, shot by a teenager - later convicted of the crime of shooting his friend Thanh Nguyen, age 29, who was shot dead by the group of three teenage "bashers." Callaway later turned to cocaine for solace.

December 1993 (Tyler, TX) - Nicholas West, age 23, abducted, beaten, robbed and killed with .357 Magnum. Donald Aldrich (admittedly preyed on by older relatives as a child) received a life sentence for this, but so what?

February 1994 (Midland, TX) - Ramsey Blake Harrell, age 18, was tried and convicted for killing a 48 year-old, gay hair stylist named Tommy Musick (Tommy allegedly made sexual advances and "carried a purse.") - sentence 12 years, out in three.

June 2 (year not given) - San Antonio - the *Express News* publishes names of men arrested in city parks on misdemeanor charges of public lewdness and indecent exposure. One of the men was fired, another denied visitation rights, a third, Benny Hogan, hanged himself June 5 on Gay Pride Sunday.

July (year not given but probably 1994) - Houston - Michael Burzinski, age 29, abducted, beaten, robbed while using ATM machine by four teenagers, killed with .380 pistol by a 19 year-old.

**Other places in the South:**

October 1994 (Laurel, MS) Marvin McClendon, age 16, arrested for the murder of two gay men. Defense was allowed by court to test the two men for HIV to prove it was the same as if they were carrying a loaded gun.

November 1994 (Jacksonville, FL) Gary Ray Bowles, age 32, confessed to killing six men he had hustled in gay bars in Maryland, Georgia and Florida.

**Meanwhile, back in Texas:**

November 1994 (Austin State University) - votes to cancel funding for gay and lesbian student association... because of violating state's anti-sodomy laws.

1993 - Warren Chisum, state legislator from Pampa, Texas, president of the Texas Conservative Coalition - worked against the enactment of a strong hate-crimes bill while at the same time buying up AIDS patients' insurance policies (these actually benefit the sufferers, but UGGHH! there is a 17% return on these "investments").

Anti-gay violence has increased over the past six years 127% in six cities - Boston, Chicago, Denver, Minneapolis-St.Paul, New York and San Francisco (National Gay and Lesbian Task Force).

## OTHER SPILL-OVER:

November 1993 - Property tax abatements voted down for Apple Computer because of health benefits granted to partners of unmarried employees. (Later, they were restored).

March 1994 - Galveston County resolution supporting quarantine of HIV positive people.

May 1994 - Repeal of domestic partner insurance benefits for partners of unmarried Austin city employees.

August 1994 - bailiff comment (Dallas County) in rape trial verdict (victim lesbian) - "If it was me, I'd only give him 30 days for raping a lesbian".

## CAUSES:

\* Anti-gay rhetoric preached from Texas pulpits for years.

\* Macho culture - cowboy and six-shooter mentality linked with teen-age immaturity and peer "make your bones" pressure.

## UNPROVEN UNTRUTHS:

(probably traceable to a single psychologist subsequently expelled from the American Psychological Association) -

"... gays have killed 68% of the victims of mass murder."

"... 17% of all gays ingest human feces."

"... 29% urinate on their partners."

"... 37% engage in sadomasochism."

## SOME OF THE THINKING OF THE BASHERS -

"... as if robbery alone weren't enough of a crime against these fags who swagger around like princes with expensive jewelry and cash cards and late model cars."

"... gays are depicted over and over again as perverts, predators and pedophiles."

## CHAMPION OF ALL THE VICTIMS AND PROSPECTIVE VICTIMS -

is unsung heroine Dianne Hardy Garcia (age 29), Executive Director, Lesbian/Gay Rights Lobby of Texas.

FOR A MORE COMPLETE PICTURE - read the article in the February 1995 *Vanity Fair*.  
**AND LET'S BE CAREFUL OUT THERE!**

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# Comfortable Gender Expression

Callan [REDACTED] © 1995

Are you comfortable in your gender expression? Many of us are not. As transgendered people, we are acutely aware that the limits of gender are confining for us, leaving us uncomfortable in the gender role assigned at birth. We feel as if we are in prison, walled off from expressing our true and whole selves. We know we have to break out of our confines, but that is not always easy.

The traditional solution to moving from the gender role assigned at birth has always been to try to "pass" as the opposite sex. Passing is a solution based on a concept of deceit, of hiding who we are behind a the facade of a "perfect" gender expression. We run from one cell to another, living in fear and shame. To pass is to capitulate to a gender system that limits all of us, helping perpetuate that system.

More than that, the traditional definition of passing means that we are always on our guard, trying to deceive people, hide our true self. We may build a shell around ourselves, living some sort of character we think people will accept. "I am a woman," "I have had SRS," "I am passing," whatever. No shell we can build can ever be as beautiful as our natural grace because we can never be fully comfortable as long as we are maintaining a pretense.

Worse, under that scenario, any failure to pass is a brand of shame, an unwanted exposure of the ugly secret that we are hiding in another gender role. For example, that awful time when someone calls you "Sir" stops you cold, for it means you have failed, are seen as false.

The choice of being uncomfortable in the gender assigned at birth or being uncomfortable passing as another gender is no choice at all.

People respond directly to our internal comfort levels, which they see through a wide range of almost subliminal clues. Barbra Streisand, in an interview in the November 94 *Vanity Fair* talks about this. "When I was uncomfortable with the TelePrompTers during my live concerts, people commented on them in all the reviews. When I was relaxed with them, nobody mentioned them. It's true - you get back what you put out."

In other words, if you put out your discomfort with your gender, you will get back other people's discomfort with you. Finding a way to be comfortable and confident in your own skin is the only way to be accepted warmly by other people.

Queens sometimes talk about the difference between being clocked, having someone realize that you were

born male, and being read, having someone announce that fact in some way, from laughter to confrontation. Many people who clock you will be supportive of your choices. America is a country built on freedom of choice, admiring of people who can boldly live out their dreams, facing the odds. Many people, on recognizing a guy in a dress, say "Cool. Good for them."

The breakthrough concept is one of gender as choice, influenced by both nature, who we are, and nurture, how we grew. We are who we are, and we need to be confident in expressing ourselves, breaking free of the boundaries of gender roles that limit all of us.

We have often seen TG people portrayed as weirdoes, wackos. Virtually every one of these roles was of repressed TG people, people who were so uncomfortable in their own skin that they were trapped in a macabre dance of deviant and destructive behavior. The lesson from these roles is not any inherent sickness around transgender, but rather an inherent sickness in the rage that comes from living a false life, in denying who we are and the pain we have lived.

False lives are uncomfortable, draining and warping. Only by living a life that is true to our own instincts and drives can we be happy and comfortable, and only by being comfortable can we help other people be comfortable around us.

Our sense of comfort and acceptance of ourselves helps us be a safe space to be around. When we are comfortable and confident others can be comfortable around us. But when we are jumpy, jittery, on edge, others withdraw from us, see us as unsafe, scary.

Other people want to be safe. They respond to the acceptance of others, to a sense that another person trusts them. When we meet someone else we want to feel that they are attentive and understanding of us on whatever level we communicate on. We want this from a clerk in a store, from our boss, from our partner. We want to feel safe to express what we have to say, in comfort.

It is not easy to be comfortable with our gender. We need to accept all of our gender traits and training, masculine and feminine, to come to peace with ourselves before we can come to peace with the world. This is a long and arduous process, but one that is eventually freeing. As we become comfortable with ourselves, we become comfortable and safe to be around. This lets other people get close to us, accept us, enjoy us.

It is not important to be a perfect man or a perfect woman. We don't have to be perfect, just honest, open and safe. It is most important that we are comfortable with who we are, comfortable with those we meet everyday. Comfortable gender expression is the heart of living a comfortable - and happy - life.

# A Great Shopping Trip

[gac@nexus.yorku.ca](mailto:gac@nexus.yorku.ca) (gac)

Here in Canada we celebrate a holiday on December 26 called Boxing Day. Whatever it's origin, it has evolved into an entire week of sales, and everybody goes shopping. As I am attending the International Congress on Gender, Cross- Dressing and Sex Issues in Northridge California in February I needed some clothes. Like many Tvs I spend relatively little on my wardrobe, mostly haunting second hand shops and picking up some closet gleanings from friends. But before Xmas I had noticed one or two items I really liked, and decided I would try to get them on sale. I gave myself a budget of about \$100, which for me was a fabulous sum. My wife, who is quite understanding, agreed to accompany me so we could make a shopping trip out of it. This turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to my wardrobe.

About noon on the 28th we set out for Cumberland Avenue in Toronto's Bay-Bloor area. My first goal was an oversize velour top in Cotton Ginny. It was \$60 before Xmas, and, sure enough, now it was \$40. We found it and I was pleased.

But then my wife pulled me over to a pair of brown pantaloons made of a soft stretchy fabric, and told me how well it would go with the top I had selected. Then she grabbed a calf-length vest that matched the pants. I looked at her open-mouthed. These three items were already over my budget, but my wife explained that it gave me a good mix and match set. Made sense to me.

My next move was to find a saleswoman. I found one who looked fairly managerial, showed her the clothes draped on my arm and said, "Is there a dressing room I can use?" I've only recently started to ask for this privilege - remember, I'm in full male drab now. The young woman missed only one beat, then said, sure, and found me a room that was not adjacent to another. (I.e., no peeking.) I had brought my bra and breast forms with me, so I put them on and tried on the clothes. The pants were too large, so my wife found me a medium, then came into the [large] change room and helped me decide. We ended up taking all three items.

Our next stop was almost right across the street in Addition- Elle, a chain of large size women's clothing stores (don't know if they're in the US.) I'd spotted a silk burgundy poet's blouse and was hoping for a sale price, but it wasn't in the store. That did not stop my wife. We scoured the store and I found a white blouse with a lovely foulard. It was something I'd wanted for a long time and hoped it would fit. I was looking for a clerk, when my wife showed me a black mandarin blouse with frog

closures. This was followed by a navy blue print blouse that could be worn as an overblouse or tucked in.

By now the head saleswoman had noticed how many items I was holding and was definitely interested. She came over, and I asked her if she thought the white blouse would fit me. We agreed it might. This time when I asked about trying on there was not even a beat missed : Of course, she said.

Before I could head for the dressing room my wife came over with a beige skirt, very tailored with an off centre slit.

By now I was becoming alarmed at the potential totals we were amassing, but my wife insisted that everything we were looking at would mix and match, and that that was the only way to shop. You buy six items and get sixteen outfits. Finally, adding two black skirts, I made it to the dressing room.

This change room was also private, and the clerk showed me that there was a full-length mirror just across. If I opened the door I could see my outfit without stepping right into the store. The experience that followed was amazing.

There were a total of three blouses and three skirts, plus the items from the other store that needed to be put on in order to check colour and what have you. Especially given my clumsiness with the 'backwards' buttons, not to mention the frog closures (those little knots that slip into loops instead of buttons,) I must have been trying on for over an hour. So much for all those times that I stuck my head into a change room and asked my wife what was taking so long.

Through all this my wife and the saleswoman were inspecting and judging, and the three of us were deciding how things went. In the end I kept it all except for one unflattering skirt. Even then, at the register, my wife pointed out a sale on hose that we couldn't resist. We were chatting with the manager who said that their particular outlet was a good choice because it wasn't as busy as some of the mall outlets, but we should expect polite treatment - even if it meant a referral to this store- from any outlet.

The capper, by the way, was when we popped up to the tailor's next door to get my skirt tightened and my slacks shortened. That was two men, a father and son from Lebanon, who did not bat an eye.

I've been going through a lot of changes recently, many of which involve my refusal to be ashamed. Maybe it's facing my 50th year, maybe it's the greater sense of political activism that seems to be happening in the T\* community, I don't know. But it feels good and right, and I had a ball that day thanks to my wife, some nice people, and my own feeling that if someone thinks I'm weird, well, hell, I am.

# Götterdämmerung

The Smallbany Experience, February 1995

## By your pal, Miss Take

Has anyone else noticed that the *Snackwell* cookie gals look an awful lot like the *Bud Light Ladies*? Or maybe I'm just watching too much TV this winter!

It has been an odd January, warm enough to pull out the mini-skirt a few times, if there was anyplace to go. With the New Year's Day death of *Clubb Ozz*, Smallbany continues to have a dearth of queer culture.

Dave DeSisto, our own answer to Boom Boom Brannigan (*What was the question?*), the King of Old People's Night, chatted about the Albany scene. "People want to be out and queer and happy. But local businessmen seem focused on making a quick buck rather building a base of satisfied customers." You can expect to see Dave and his *Midnight Madness* resurface in the future when he can find a pleasant, caring venue.

## The (drag) Queen Of All Media

Rumor is that Howard Stern loved getting his hair cut by a bunch of drag queens so much, he is planning to have a day when all of the guys on his show come in drag.

Howard, who says he has been out as *Helen Stern*, will let us see the results on E!, on the video version of his show.

It's nice to know that drag is now up there with the pantheon of lesbians and farting that Howard swears is the center of his appeal. This will be a breakthrough for obnoxious guys who want to wear dresses all over the country, like...

## I'm Neil Cargile In A Dress!

So he does to this big charity historical costume ball in Nashville in a blue dress and long blonde wig. They ask him what historical figure he is supposed to be. He answers "I'm Neil Cargile in a dress!"

"High Heel Neil," a 60 something investor who likes to wear his crocodile shirt & blazer with a miniskirt so short "it shows the crotch of his pantyhose" was the subject of a profile in the January 16 *The New Yorker* magazine.

This guy is out and outrageous. The story of him being kicked out of Lee's is hilarious! The ultimate in macho male privilege, usurping skirts 'cause it's fun! Cleopatra herself! The Prince would be proud!

You will laugh, you will cry, you will be violently sick to your stomach! Find this and read it!

## Read This!

In one trip to the bookstore, I found two great ones! Oh, and some nice books too!

*Do It!* by Peter McWilliams (\$5.95, Prelude Press) is a great, fun kick in the pants for those of us who are not yet following our dreams. In short vignettes, seasoned with humor and larded with great quotes, McWilliams reminds

us that the only way to enjoy life is to live it boldly, whatever that means to us. Follow your dreams!

This is a book you will enjoy: invigorating, energizing. And it's totally transgender free, so you can read it in bed (unlike Sandy Thomas novels you read in the bathroom.) Cheap, fun & inspiring. Perfect winter reading!

## Bars

The grrls (yup, grrls) have been kicking up their heels at *Longhorns*, a lil' ol' country bar tucked up under the awning at 90 Central, just up from *WaterWorks*. With some sweet and welcoming bar staff, along with fine country on the juke box (*Tiffane!* Not another Randy Travis song!), it's a nice place to hang out

Sunday nights they have a Beer Blast, followed by two steppin' for everyone. It's a nice hang. Try it sometime.

We stopped in at *Clinton Street* one Thursday for their karaoke festival. It's just like *Cheers*, assuming Norm actually got drunk on all that beer. Just a neighborhood bar with a helping of queers and dykes who know each other's names and enjoy their DPs (*DrinkyPools!*)

A quick belt from the bar, and another on the karaoke! This is not your formal karaoke, to put it nicely. But a fine time was had by all (who remember it.)

TG will be in the forefront at *Clinton Street* on February 19 @ 11 PM when *Champagne* hosts a **drag show**, starring lovely *Anastasia!* Come out and have a time!

## Les Grand Ballets De Trocadero

The Trocs, an all male ballet company started by Schenectady boy, Peter Ansatos, are coming home on Feb. 4 with a great funny evening full of prima ballerinas with hairy chests. Put on your fur wrap, sip some wine and see gender transgression at some of it's most divine!

## Valentines Day= Queer Fun?

*Fun for the whole queer family* is how L-Word productions is billing the *Maggie Maggie* show, an evening of lusty lyrics & lightening speed comedy at Page Hall on February 11 for only \$12! Hot and VaVaVoom!

Ms Crone books funny and energetic. Much more fun than *Webop's* Jan 21 Reno show, a sad mix of *Bette* without music & *Woody* without intellect. Win some...

## Mardi Gras!

Mardi Gras is February 28. Costume time, feathers and fun! Are you ready to *lassiez le bon temps rôllez*?

Maybe you can try the Women's Leather Contest at *Clubb Ozz* on Saturday Feb 25. Hot!

PS to Melodie: The St. Sophia Greek Church is having their Mardi Gras Dance (costumes encouraged) on Saturday March 4. \$12 Call Rita @438-1620. Win again girl!

## Finale

Mr B: Got your message. No talking horse! (wink, wink!) And I don't care **how** pissed she is. There is no way I am going to mention that <@#\$\$%^&\*> Jennifer [redacted] in this column again this month! So there!

This is Miss Take saying: "**Take Off!**"

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

### TRI-ESS MEETINGS IN SCHENECTADY

The Lambda Chi Lambda Chapter of Tri-Ess meets in Schenectady once a month on Saturdays at 7 pm; interested TGIC members may attend as guests, call us for more information.

Feb 18, Mar 18, Apr 22, May 20, Jun 17

### EAST COAST FEMALE-TO-MALE GROUP

The ECFTMG is a peer support network exclusively for female to male transvestites, transgenderists, transsexuals, and their partners, which meets in Boston and in Northampton, Massachusetts, since 1990.

ECFTMG

PO Box 60585, Florence Station  
Northampton, MA 01060

### 'the connecticut View'

This newsletter is now being published again, and is on our exchange list. If you are interested in subscribing or joining the group, write to:

Denise Mason

PO Box 2281

Devon, CT 06460

### QUEEN CUSHION SHOES

Because a man's foot tends to be wider, flatter and larger than a woman's foot, a new division of a specialty shoe company is now offering gorgeous ladies' shoes made on a men's shoe form in men's sizes 7-14. They are custom made in France and feature all-leather upper and sole, in many styles, colors and decoration. For a free catalog, write or call:

Queen Cushion Shoes

735 Delaware Rd. #124

Buffalo, NY 14223

1-800-42COMFY(26639)

### ANONYMOUS HIV ANTIBODY TESTING

Your regional HIV Counseling and Testing Program provides free HIV counseling and antibody testing, support and referral.

No names will be asked.

(NYS Health Department) *Albany Area:*  
(518) 486-1595 or 1-800-962-5065.

### THE COURTLY LADY - MAIL ORDER

*Cincinnati, Ohio*, January 25, 1995. The *Courtly Lady* is a new mail-order business designed to provide quality fashions at very reasonable prices. We are selling classic Western wear and square dance petticoat fashions. Our intention is to make mail order buying easy, affordable and convenient. We offer personalized service and custom sizing for the small and big girl. We have outfits for that special occasion, dance or evening out. For more information write to:

COURTLY LADY

PO Box 2165

Cincinnati, OH 45201-2165

Attn: Julie S. Gilbert, Owner

### Membership Report - January 1995

The net membership of TGIC has remained fairly constant for the last few years. While we have lost some old members, we have gained a nearly equal number of new members. Our January mailing list, which is typical, included:

Members	58
Prospective members	15
Friends	7
Helping Professionals	22
Exchanges with Clubs	32
Exchanges with Magazines	6
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>140</b>

Statistics for the last two years (1993 & 94) indicate that we have lost about 50% of our membership (30) each year, who have been replaced by the same number of new members. However, only about 1 in 5 of those who inquire for information (listed as "prospective members" above) join the club.

(413) 499-5858

**JOSEFINA A. SPECKERT M.ED**  
**PSYCHOTHERAPIST**

30 EAST HOUSATONIC ST. SUITE #3 PITTSFIELD MA. 01201

## CALENDAR

Regular Meetings are held every Thursday at the TGIC Club Room on Central Avenue in Albany, 7:30 - 10 pm. Some come earlier and stay later, but it is wise to call if you are not a Keyholder or if it is your first visit. Come dressed either way, meet and talk with friends. Many continue to socialize at one of the Central Ave. night spots after the meetings.

### FEBRUARY 1995

Feb 2 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm  
 Feb 9 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm  
 Feb 11 **Saturday Dinner**, 8:00 pm  
     *Northway Inn*  
 Feb 16 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm  
 Feb 23 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm

### MARCH 1995

Mar 2 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm  
 Mar 9 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm  
 Mar 11 **Saturday Dinner**, 8:00 pm  
     *Northway Inn*  
 Mar 16 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm  
 Mar 23 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm  
 Mar 30 Thursday Meeting, 7:30 pm

### MAJOR COMING EVENTS

- Contact TGIC for more information.

Feb 21-26 *Texas T Party*, San Antonio  
 Feb 23-26 *International Congress on Cross-Dressing, Sex, and Gender*, Los Angeles, CA  
 Mar 13-19 *IFGE Coming Together Convention*, Atlanta, GA  
 Apr 20-23 *California Dreamin'*, Burbank  
 Apr 20-23 *Moonlight in Manhattan*, NYC  
 Apr 21-22 *First Annual Transgender and Transsexual Health Conference*, New York City  
 May 17-21 *Esprit '95*, Port Angeles, WA  
 Jun 7-11 *Be-All '95*, Cincinnati, OH  
 Jun 14-18 **TRANSGEN'95** (4th Annual Transgender Law & Policy Conference), Houston, TX  
 Jul 26-30 *Spouse/Partner International Conference for Education (SPICE)*, Memphis, TN

## TGIC

PO Box 13604, Albany, NY 12212-3604  
 (518) 436-4513 (live Thurs. 8-10 pm)

**Transgenderist's Independence Club (TGIC)** is a nonprofit, educational, non-sexual social support group for persons wishing to explore beyond the conventional boundaries of gender, including crossdressers, transsexuals and their friends.

### TGIC Officers

President	Winnie
Vice President	Joan
Secretary	Joyce
Treasurer	Winnie
Newsletter Editor	Winnie

**The Transgenderist** is the newsletter of TGIC, published monthly and mailed First Class to members, prospective members, friends, professionals, and exchange publications.

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**TGIC General Membership Dues:** \$40/yr

## CHOICES COUNSELING ASSOCIATES

*Lesbian/Gay Affirmative*



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## Connections

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