
TRANSGENDERIST

Monthly Magazine of the Transgender Independence Club

August 1, 1997

Special Transsexual Issue

Hi. Gina asked me to be the guest editor for this special issue on the theme of transsexualism. I've only been in TGIC for a little while, so this is a neat way for me to "learn by doing." Thanks for welcoming me so warmly to your group. Peace and love... Glow well!

--Vicky Ellen [REDACTED], "Vix"

INSIDE

These selections are intended to be a learning experience for you and for me, for none of us experiences all the variations of transsexualism first hand. **First Time Electrolysis** brings you into the pain and reality of my first facial electro experience. **Evan [REDACTED]** tells us about his bad reaction to an article about the color **Pink**. Then **Adrienne J. [REDACTED]**, a self-styled caramel-colored dreadlocked power-femme, writes a powerful and provocative article called **A Matter of Tribe**. Insights abound in an FTM article by **Marcus [REDACTED]** on what it is like to wear a suit as a man for the very first time. Thanks to **Callan** and **Gina** for posting an article on transsexual rights entitled **Ah, Quebec...**

Next month will feature **A Progress Report in Snapshot Form** by our own **Tina**, **Vanessa's Journal** by **Vanessa [REDACTED]** on **What to See in DC**, and many other interesting articles. This is your newsletter; what do you want to see in it? Gee, maybe next month I'll learn how to do graphics.... Anything is possible.

Plan ahead... 9/13 TGIC Fall Get-Together,
9/18 TGIC Fall Planning Meeting!

First Time Electrolysis

by Vicky [REDACTED]

I'm scheduled to have the free fifteen-minute test patch done to test my skin sensitivity. Let's see how that goes. I already know that electro is painful; in March I purchased a small home electro kit (less than \$20) to find out. It took me nearly an hour to get the knack. Most of that hour was just getting used to putting something under my skin to get at the roots of my hair.

For those of you who have a needle phobia, it's not quite as bad as it sounds. It isn't like I pierced the skin, but rather just gently slid the probe (it's more like a fine wire than a needle) through the same hole my hair grew out of. That took a while to master, but I could do it.

But then I basically fried the hair root, and my body was not particularly pleased at THAT sensation. Yes, it is a tiny current, but it is a very real pain. And what's worse for self-electro, I had to keep up the current for the full time or I ran the risk of not completely killing the root. If the root were still alive, more hair would grow and I would have to do it all over again.

I also tried RF electrolysis, and found it didn't work on my heavy beard stubble. IMHO (that's "in my humble opinion" in webspeak), save your money.

A recent thread on the TRANSGEN bulletin board indicated that the best time to do facial electro is before you go on female hormones. Female hormones retard hair growth, so even getting enough beard hair to fry takes a long time

under hormones. The prevailing opinion is: do it as early as possible, and that comes from both those who had facial electro early AND those who didn't. Of course you have to be absolutely sure inside, since facial electrolysis is pretty much forever. I'm sure; let's go!

I got to the building twenty minutes early, scoped out the place and navigated the maze to find the electro office. After I visited every spot on the floor three times (ah, didn't I just go that way?), I finally got to the electro office ten minutes early, checked in with the receptionist and sat down. I was in guy mode, ready for work right afterwards. The electro office was definitely my kind of place: the top magazine was the latest Marie Claire, so I saved myself the cost of buying it this month (Whoa: vinyl-look leather?!? Bizarre. Naked men tell all. My kind of high-class reading material; trash with panache....).

After less than ten minutes, the electrologist introduced herself. Let's just call her D for short. Well, D asked me to enter, using my boy name. Her office was a nice-looking cross between a therapist's office and a dentist's office. There were two chairs, lots of plants, her work space and then a padded flat table with a pillow, high-powered light and large magnifying lens. I went for a chair but was quickly corrected: please, sit down on the table. Here I go; this is for real! The concept of electro is tolerable, but the first-time reality is scary. Gulp!

I sat in the middle of the table. Once the door was closed, D took some basic information and discussed where I wanted to be and how I wanted to get there. She was quite knowledgeable on T*s and made sure to point out that everyone she trained there did things her way or not at all, and it was pretty evident that included handling T*s with respect; that made me feel a lot better. She also set up a simple code to contact me: if she had to call me, she would identify herself as my friend D and let it go at that. Then if I were not there, I would call her back. Smart precautions, I thought, and was very impressed with her T* savvy.

D described what happens during electro with a chart of a cross-section of skin to illustrate.

After a few basic questions, she said the magic words: "Please lay down and relax." My head was on the pillow in seconds.

First came a mild disinfectant; I believe it was betadine or something like that. Then away she went, probe flying, talking all the time. There was some pain (I mean, how could there not be pain? She was frying my hair roots!), but not a whole lot of pain at once. A better term for this might be constant discomfort with spikes of more discomfort, but bearable with the two aspirin I had taken beforehand.

We chatted about everything and anything, including the treatment cycle and process length, after care, occupation, what city we both came from, electro chat (I'd already tried thermolysis and RF, and was knowledgeable enough about the new laser technique to sound intelligent) and many other things. The bee was loose on my face, but it was a gentle sting at least most of the time. Fifteen minutes was quickly over, and I got another disinfectant cloth and then a witch hazel astringent. I sat up and looked in the hand mirror that I was offered.

The effect was dramatic on the backdrop of my six days' beard growth. The patch she had done was a little larger than a silver dollar, and it was perfectly clear; amazing!

After care is important as well, consisting of ice compresses, warm water, ice and then calamine lotion. Be forewarned: bring some ice in a thermos as well as a small container of calamine lotion. Also be prepared to look like Rocky Balboa after round five, although most people don't have that much of a reaction [note: mine was very mild].

After instructions on after care and discussions on cost, I was ready to make the decision: let's do it! Girls just gotta' have fun, and if it takes some expensive pain before the fun, well that's what it takes. I committed up front to four two-hour sessions spanning the end of July and the beginning of August to begin the first beard clearing cycle. The cost? A lot!

That's right, folks; bring your checkbook. It may cost me up to \$10,000 total for facial electro only (hopefully a lot less), and that is a measure

of how badly I want this to happen. Body electro is extra beyond that, and it sometimes is the case that total electrolysis costs nearly as much as SRS. Usually body electro is done after hormones to limit costs.

Electro is not a medically-deductible cost either, and I have to come up with that money in cash or check. Reality is not pretty, but the costs must be faced; if you want a pretty face, it really costs!

And this is only the beginning. As I was ready to go, D asked whether I had found the office easily, and I said it took a little while. As I was going out the door, she said, "Well, you'll get used to it very quickly...." Yes, I believe that I will!

PINK

Police Pick Pink Paint to Pacify Prisoners

Associated Press; Post-Star 6/11/97

BUFFALO -- Why bother spending money on books and checkers to keep prisoners under control? The Buffalo police department simply painted their cells pink.

The first section completed looks like it was covered with a high-gloss version of Pepto-Bismol. But, according to police research, the pink paint soothes their aggression and makes for a more tolerable jail.

"I thought it was supposed to be a combination of bubble gum and pencil-eraser pink," Chief of Detectives Philip A. Ramunno said, "But it was more pink than that. It got my dander up when I saw it, but it should calm everyone else down."

The new color scheme for the historically drab cellblock is a product of studies suggesting that the shade of pink can decrease hostility.

The American Institute of Biosocial Research said pink can "reduce physiological variables associated with aggression in subjects of normal intelligence...."

"If I were locked up there, I'd either go berserk or have a sex-change operation," one police

inspector said of the pink cellblock.

Prisons for years have attempted to keep inmates under control by keeping them busy. Most have libraries, training facilities or outdoor basketball courts that experts believe allow the inmates to productively channel their aggression.

The research study of the pink cellblocks cited jails that have gone one step further-- adding pink sheets, pink toilet paper, pink towels and pink curtains.

In San Jose, CA, several inmates placed in the pink holding cell showed no aggressive behavior - after they scratched the paint off the walls with their fingernails.

But the research also includes examples of young criminals being stripped of their aggressiveness and reduced to tears inside the soothing pink walls.

Some prisoners already suffering the humiliation of being arrested may not take too kindly to being led in handcuffs into a pink jail cell.

"If it helps calm the prisoners, that's fine with me," Police Commissioner R. Gil Kerlikowske said. "And if it shames them, that's OK, too."

PINK IS FOR...

by Evan [REDACTED]

I ran across the above article in my newspaper one morning, and found myself alternately laughing and appalled. Laughing because the whole idea was so absurd, and appalled because otherwise rational (one hopes) people were taking it seriously.

The basic assumption (so basic that no one even bothers to say it) is that Pink Is For Girls. The second assumption is that the social engineers know what they're doing. Really?

If pink gets your dander up, Chief Ramunno, why do you assume anyone else will find it calming?

The American Institute for Biosocial Research says pink can "reduce physiological variables associated with aggression in subjects of normal intelligence." If you allow that about half those

subjects of normal intelligence are women (maybe a truly radical assumption, unless you're a feminist), then consider that like it or not, women are bombarded with pink from receiving blanket to coffin lining, thus supposedly neutralizing their aggressive tendencies....

WHOA! DO I SMELL A PLOT? Is this one reason why so few women manage to make much headway in our thoroughly sexist society? Surround 'em with pink, and they'll never think to protest, agitate, or raise hell?

"If I were locked up there, I'd either go berserk or have a sex-change operation." Well, I'd go berserk too, Mr. Police Inspector, and what makes you think you'd like pink any more as a woman than you do now? My mother condemned me to a pink bedroom for years, in spite of my pleas for blue, beige, yellow, flat white, anything but pink. But I was stuck with it, because Pink Is For Girls. I still hate it.

Cells with pink sheets, pink toilet paper, pink towels, and pink curtains? Sounds like the room where I went for my mammogram last year. And no, the pink didn't soothe me one bit. (All you MTFs eagerly awaiting the results of your hormone treatments-- JUST WAIT.)

Inmates in pink cells showed no aggressive behavior after they scratched the paint off the walls with their fingernails? These people weren't aggressive, they were desperate.

Young criminals reduced to tears inside the soothing pink walls? I would be, too. This qualifies as cruel and unusual punishment.

And why do you think anyone would be shamed merely by being in a pink room, Police Commissioner Kerlikowske? Is it because Pink Is For Girls, and no real man would be caught dead around girl stuff?

(By the way, everyone quoted in this article is male, and all inmates are assumed to be male. Would the color have the same effect on female prisoners? How about (God forbid) TSs, TGs, and TVs? Did the social engineers ever consider that?

I suppose what bothers me most about this article, aside from its sexism, is the assumption that all girls love pink and all boys hate it. Why

are we sex-stereotyping colors? Just where did this belief that Pink Is For Girls come from? the Victorians? 18th-Century France? Renaissance Italy? Classical Rome? 1950s Madison Avenue? And does everyone accept it?

And don't tell me the world isn't black and white, it's shades of gray--unless you're colorblind. It's colors-- lots and lots of colors. Sunburst yellow, viridian green, cobalt blue, royal purple, scarlet, tan, burnt sienna, lavender, turquoise, ecru, orange, bittersweet, navy, chartreuse-- pink too. My point is, don't confine yourself to one color just [because] someone says you should like it, or avoid it just because someone says you shouldn't. If you love pink, flaunt it, no matter what your gender of the moment is. If you hate it, flaunt something else. The spectrum is huge. Explore it. Enjoy it.

There. Now I feel better.

A MATTER OF TRIBE

by Adrienne J. [REDACTED]
<ajdavis@igc.org>

Sisters/brothers/Tribe;

Now, as to the never-ending low-intensity internecine battle between TS's and TG's and CD's;

Ya know, this really gets us no where. Who has it helped? Has it given comfort or needed advice to *ONE* trans-man or woman who has come here seeking the collective wisdom the elders here have to offer? Has it made anyone feel more part of this community? I wonder. Because I don't see it helping.

Is this an important discussion? Probably but *how* we have that discussion is as important that we have it. TS's telling TG's that they don't have the heart or guts to walk the path down to the surgeons table doesn't really do anything useful. TG's telling TS's that somehow we're 'deluded' into believing that we need surgery is equally unhelpful.

Feminism has been the guiding light for my

transition and so everything else I say is coming from that context. Rule One is this; ALL of us have the internal wisdom and knowing to be able to answer for ourselves what we need to do with our own bodies. We may reach out to others for their experiences but ultimately we have the answers we need *inside* ourselves. I have reached a place where I'm living pretty comfortably and I haven't had surgery. I'm still going to have surgery though. Why? Because it becomes a quality of life issue for me. Could I live without it? I'm doing just that right now. But I'm still going to have surgery because I *want* it and *deserve* to make that choice about *my* body. Someone else who chooses a non-op option gets to make that same statement from the same place of strength. That is his or her body and they have an unalienable right to make choices about their body from their own inner-knowing, following their own wisdom. Our bodies know what they need and we need only listen to them.

Let's face it, we're *not* the same. That's okay. We really don't have to be the same in order to build community. We don't have to be clones in order to be a tribe.

There are things I can and *have* learned from TG folks and non-ops that really do apply to my journey as a TS woman. Not the least of which is that there *has* to be a place where I can have some level of comfort with my body *as it is right now*. Non-ops do it, that place has to exist. That place need not exist in contradiction to my desire for surgery, either. Surgery will not make me a woman-- transition made me a woman, surgery will just provide congruency to the reality that already exists.

We, TS folks have things we can teach to TG folks. I'm not sure *what* feminism looks like for a crossdresser, I do know, though, that as a woman feminism is important to my identity as a woman. If crossdressers don't want to make a mockery of women than approaching it with at least a working knowledge of feminist ideas and concepts gives a framework wherein they don't appear as caricature. That we TS women who call ourselves [feminist] can give and it is a gift

that is immediately useful.

Trans-women have a lot we can learn from trans-men about being women and vice versa. The moment we say that 'my path is different from yours in this way, that way, and this other way and you have *nothing* you can say to me' however, dialogue ends and hostilities begin. Is it necessary? We are *all* out here on the frontiers of what it means to be human. We are all re-defining gender in our own ways to the best of our own abilities. And we could all participate in creating a community that could be a much more welcoming and healing space than what we have now.

I have a vision of a community where we have elders who guide youngsters. I would love to see us recognize our strengths and encourage one another to stop being ashamed of the Journey. There is nothing to be ashamed of in this journey. This is **HARD** work. It is the Fire that tempers us and those of us who make it through that fire should turn around and reach our hands back in to stand with someone who is just behind us. We know things that most others in our species *simply don't know*.

But we cannot create that community with knives in one another's backs.

--Adrienne

Adrienne J. [REDACTED] -- caramel colored, dreadlocked, power-femme.

<http://www.igc.apc.org/ajdavis>

Adrienne [REDACTED] is a freelance writer currently paying my rent working in Information Systems in the Bay Area. She is a thirty year old, African-American transgendered lesbian who self-identifies as a geekgrrl. She formerly wrote columns for Anything that Moves and TransSisters magazines. She currently lives in Richmond, CA with a roommate, Eli the dog and Karma the Alpha cat. She is currently working on a book of interviews with elder trans-women.

In sisterly spirit;
Adrienne

A New Man's Meanderings

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN

by Marcus [REDACTED] (C) 1997

It's fascinating to me how people treat me differently as Marcus than they did as Mary. I'm amazed, although not surprised, at the existence of Male Privilege. I had thought that, as a transsexual man, I wouldn't receive that kind of privilege. I believed that somehow folks would see through the new veneer and be able to capture the true me -- the one with 25 years in the queer community as a lesbian. Actually, dyke is a better label. I never was a lesbian because I wasn't born on the island of Lesbos. However, former presidential candidate Michael Dukakis' family is from that island, so her has more claim to the title lesbian than I do.

I first became aware of Male Privilege right after my chest surgery. I was out in public for the first time, and was still in a little shock from sensory deprivation. I had been recovering at a friend's house and hadn't left my room for over a week. I was even surprised by how good fresh air can taste, not to mention the sights and sounds of the Bay Area. I was like some feral child raised by wolves in the wild, taking his first ride in an automobile at age thirty-eight. So, there I was, sitting in a brew pub in Berkeley about to savor my first taste of life as a man.

I had walked downstairs to get a fresh mug-of-beer and was heading back up when that Male Privilege became almost tangible to me. I realized that none of the men in the pub even gave me a second glance. I was essentially invisible, or at least unnoticed. I did not stand out. I appeared to be like most of the other men in the room -- jeans, T-shirt, no big deal.

At that point, I felt a rush of power pass

through my body in a visible shudder. So, this was Male Privilege -- the ability to walk through the world unnoticed, not a spectacle, just another regular guy. I had been a relatively buxom person, having worn a "D" cup since age ten. Yes, I was one of those fortunate(?) early bloomers, also having started my period that same year. I was accustomed to attracting attention by virtue of my large breasts, Men talked to my breast wherever I went. They were supposed to be addressing me by looking me in the eyes, but they were maintaining contact via eyes-to-nipples. I explained to one man many years ago that my nipples were blind and deaf so he was better off talking to my face.

So, there I was, no longer a "42-D." Now I was a "42 regular." No guys staring at my chests, no jokes about the cold "nippley" weather outside. Now I was a regular guy. So, this was male privilege. I was almost giddy with the joy of invisibility. Now I wouldn't have to worry about being raped, a terror I had endured upon three separate occasions. However, sometimes invisibility has its own price. Sure, I was no longer a "fuck-object" in the minds of these regular guys. I was certainly invisible in that regard. But, I began to notice a different scrutiny coming my way from these "manly men." I was being "fag-scanned." I was being observed for any telltale effeminate behaviors.

Great, I've traded the fear of being raped for the fear of being gay-bashed. I don't really care if any body reads me as gay. I am bisexual and have spent most of my life in the queer community, so I'm sure I have queer-vibes pouring out from every pore of my body. Big deal. Yet, in all my years as a dyke, after even being gang-raped in 1974 for being a dyke, I had never felt such a real threat to my personal safety as I did in that bar after realizing how my invisibility as a transman put me at risk. I coughed, cleared my throat in my most masculine fashion, and walked away with my best John Wayne swagger (although, what could be more gay-appearing than that?). Walk like you got a pair as big as cantaloupes, I always say.

This past week gave me further insight into

the paradox of Male Privilege and Invisibility -- I bought my first suit. I had several tuxedos in my closet, but they were leftovers from a theater wardrobe sale, and had been made in 1929 and 1950. Not new, and definitely not tailored to fit my form. Now that my body has changed, now that my hips are slimmer, and my belly-by-Budweiser is BIGGER, I felt time was right for buying the suit I had always wanted. I was nervous because putting on a second-hand tux had given me a boner. I was afraid that I would fall over in a swoon putting on my first suit.

At Men's Warehouse in San Rafael, the sales staff couldn't be nicer. They treated me with respect, even though I confessed that this was my first suit purchase ever, despite being age 40ish. They picked out a great charcoal-grey pinstriped, full-cut, 2-piece suit. (full-cut is for us guys who went from being Reuben's Beauties to looking like Homer Simpson). They selected shirts and ties for me as well, and I walked out feeling like a king, or even an Emperor.

Later that week, out on Market Street waiting for the bus to take me to my job interview, I saw how people responded to my suit. It was amazing. People treated me with deference -- they literally moved out of my way as I strolled down the street. Middle-aged women smiled that special "I wanna know you, Handsome Man" look as I passed by. Even the men whom I perceived to be gay suddenly took notice and smiled a more-than-friendly smile at me, a come-hither look I had never received as Mary. Wow, this is cool, I thought to myself, somewhat intoxicated with a feeling of acceptability I had never known before. I could get used to fitting in as a part of "normal" society.

As I passed the Taco Bell, the street kids tried to solicit money from me. Now normally they call out to me, "Hey Man, got any spare change?" If I have any, I will usually share because the truth is that over 45% of youth living on the streets are queer and questioning youth who are kicked out of home by their parents. They come to San Francisco, the "Gay mecca" from all over the country in hopes of finding tolerance. Unfortunately, the people in the Castro,

the "gay" neighborhood, can be as petty with their "not-in-my-backyard" attitudes as the rest of the world, so these young people end up at Sixth and Market, an area known for muggings, sex-work, and crack-cocaine sales. Not the nicest place to live if you're 15-years-old and on the streets. I give what I can spare.

This time I'm greeted with, "Excuse me, Sir, Could you please spare some money." When I heard "Sir" I looked around, expecting to find my father standing behind me. No, it was me they were addressing. It didn't matter that these youths knew me by sight; the suit had them fooled. I gave them my pocket-change and walked away somewhat dazed.

I was the same person they knew who usually wore sweats to work. I was the same working-class man, with permanent callouses from decades of carpentry and heavy labor. I was the same old hippie-leftover-from-the-sixties-freak. I was the same guy who lives paycheck-to-paycheck, barely feeding my dog and never fixing my car, which was years older than any of those panhandlers. I wasn't rich, I only looked that way in my suit.

Suddenly, I had become "other" to those youths. I had transformed from someone they felt comfortable with enough to call "man" into the image they usually reserved for their parents -- "Sir." Suddenly, being regular didn't feel so good. Suddenly, I felt stodgy and middle-aged, privileged and status quo. I was the image of the very people I had fought against all my life: White, privileged America. I was aghast at that self-image. I had never known what it was to be acceptable, and now that I'd found it I wanted to run away from it as quickly as I could. I couldn't stand the thoughts of being "normal."

Then, one of the older street people looked at me and said in Spanish, "Hey, aren't you the dude who usually wears sweats to work? What happened to you, Man? Did somebody die and leave you his suit? Did you win the lotto or something? Hey, you got any spare change?" "Thank God," I thought to myself as I handed him a dollar, "at least somebody recognizes me." He had seen through the Emperor's New Clothes

to see the truly naked man inside...And I liked what he saw.

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Ah, Quebec...

Thanks to Gina and Callan; author unknown

Something funny happened at the photo shoot. When "Hour" (a local newspaper) went to photograph Jackie Reve in east-end Montreal this week, the cops arrived and arrested Reve for flashing her boobs (and a little matter of a few unpaid tickets).

But there's a catch: Reve has a penis. And according to the law, men can still go topless without causing too much legal fuss.

The other catch is that Reve is a pre-op transsexual on the way to becoming a woman. So just when does a man become a woman? And where does he--or she--go to pee?

The Quebec Human Rights Commission last week launched an investigation into charges that faculty at Gedeon Ouimet High School discriminated against Jackie Reve while she tried to complete her high school diploma. Reve currently receiving social assistance, claims she was repeatedly harassed after school officials told her she couldn't use the women's washroom.

"They can't get beyond the penis," Reve explains. "They said 'We consider you a man and you're going to pee in the men's washroom.' But I'm not using the women's washroom for indecent purposes - I'm going in there to pee. When I go to the men's washroom I usually get harassed."

Reve says she was insulted by teachers and given the run-around by officials after the showdown, and was penalized \$120 off her welfare benefits in January after the MSCS claimed she had dropped out of school.

Reve's case may help redefine the rights of transsexuals in Quebec. "What I'm trying to do is

get legal status because transsexuals have almost no rights," Reve points out. "In the period between man and woman, transsexuals have absolutely no legal rights. The state doesn't allow us to evolve as sexual beings."

Provided by Ingrid [REDACTED], as posted in the Transgender Community Forum on America Online (Keyword: TCF) .

Transgenderist Independence Club
PO Box 13604, Albany, NY 12212-3604
(518) 436-4513 (live Thurs.7:30-10 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
Vice President
Secretary Rhiannon
Treasurer Winnie [REDACTED]
Newsletter Editor Gina [REDACTED]

Committees

Facilities Tina, Edie, Rhiannon
Outreach
Program/Events

The Transgenderist is the newsletter of TGIC, published monthly and mailed First Class to members, prospective members, friends, professionals, and exchange publications. Copyright 1997 TGIC. No part may be reproduced without prior permission from the originator.

Readers are invited to submit articles relevant to the Transgendered Community for consideration. You may bring or mail typed pages for publication to the TGIC clubroom. Format should follow that shown in the current newsletter. You may also e-mail the articles to Jeeena@AOL.COM. The article should be part of the body of the e-mail.

Regular Meetings are held every Thursday at the TGIC Club Room on Central Avenue in Albany, 7:30pm to 10pm. 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 local night spots after the meetings.

BECOME AN IFGE MEMBER

The International Foundation for Gender Education is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization. Basic membership is \$25 per year. Subscriptions to Transgender Tapestry are \$40. Brochures and forms are available in the TGIC Club Room. Call or write to:

IFGE (617) 899-2212
PO Box 229
Waltham, MA 02154-0229

The I.F.G.E. Internet version of Transgender Tapestry is available at:
<http://www.tiac.net/users/dba/ifge/ifge.htm>

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)
Call: (518) 486-1595 or 1-800-962-5065.

Connections

PsychotherapyAssociates

MOONHAWK RIVER STONE, B.S.
PH.D CANDIDATE

518-446-1261 10 Colvin Avenue Albany,
NY 12206

Therapeutic Support Group

for Transgender/Transsexual F to M is now accepting new members. Topics include Coming Out, Transitioning, Family issues, Jobs and

Careers, Self esteem. Contact:

Arlene Istar [REDACTED] R-CSW, CAS-AC
Choices Counseling Associates

[REDACTED]
Albany, New York 12206

TGIC On-Line

All transgendered people are invited to join TGIC On-Line, an informal e-mail network sponsored by Transgenderist Independence Club (TGIC). Messages exchanged on TGIC On-Line focus on events of interest to transgendered people in a region from Lake Placid to Newburg.

If you are interested in joining the network, or want more information about TGIC, send an e mail message to: TGIC-request@hartebeest.com with any subject line and in the message body, the text:

JOIN TGIC
STOP

(Please note: JOIN TGIC must be on line 1. STOP must be on line 2) You will receive an automated acknowledgment (Journal) of your request, which must be approved with the list moderator.



Arlene Istar [REDACTED]
R-CSW, CASAC

321 Washington Avenue
Albany, NY 12206
518/463-9152

Choices
Counseling Associates



Calendar and Events

"Summertime, when the livin' is easy...."
TGIC meetings are held thursdays at 7:30.

- August 7 "Hot Summer Nights"
August 14 "Miss Meteor Contest"
August 21 "Full Moon Babes"
August 28 "Back to School in Jumpers
and Pantaloons"
September 4 "A Labor of Love"
September 11 "Viridian Vibrations"
September 18 FALL PLANNING MEETING
September 25 "Equinox Escapade"

Events of Note

- August 9 Twenty Club (TS Support)
August 16, 7 Informal Tri-Ess Meeting,
YOURS
August 23 Twenty Club (TS Support)
September 13, 8:30 TGIC Fall Get-Together,
Details to be announced
September 18, 7:30 TGIC Fall Planning Meeting
October 2-5 Southern Comfort
PO Box 77591, Atlanta, GA 30357
(404) 633-6470
sscatl@aol.com
<http://members.aol.com/sscatl>

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