
TRANSGENDERIST

Monthly Magazine of the Transgender Independence Club

September 1, 1997

End of Summer Blues

Summertime is pretty much done, only three weeks left. The daylight is definitely getting shorter now. And that means...

Another year of fun stuff begins at TGIC. Why am I blue about that? Well, I work on Thursday nights from September through June, so I'm going to miss most of the fun <pout>. But maybe I'll get there late in the evening and catch up. LOVE those perms, girls! TTFN (ta-ta for now...).

--Vix (Vicky Ellen [REDACTED])

INSIDE

Stop the presses; Winnie [REDACTED] has put together a wonderfully detailed description of the 43-year history of our own Transgenderist's Independence Club! This is definitely a must-read! Our own Tina gives a **Progress Report in Snapshot Form for July, 1997**. PS: how about some more local stuff about you wonderful ladies and men, huh?

A lot of transgendered life is just life out, so Vanessa [REDACTED] tells us **What to do in DC**. Because so many of you commented on the **F2M piece last time**, Victor Dull is featured in **The Making of a Compact Model**, a look at the bottom surgery for F2Ms.

DON'T FORGET,

9/13, 8:30, TGIC Fall Get-together at JD's
9/18, 7:30, TGIC Fall Planning Meeting, Club
10/25, 8:00, TGIC Halloween Party, Details Inside

History of Transgender Groups in Albany

by Winnie [REDACTED]

Meetings of crossdressers in Albany, NY can be traced back to the 1950's, when Wilma T. and wife Helen began to hold private parties in their home for CD friends with whom they had made contact, which was very difficult in those days. I do not know how frequent or organized these early parties were; I did not join until 1973. When Virginia Prince founded the national organization FPE (forerunner of Tri-Ess) in the 1960's, Wilma explored the possibility of affiliation as a chapter. However, since all meeting were held in her home, Wilma insisted that only she should decide who could attend, and declined to follow Virginia's rules and restrictions.

Wilma established a formal club organization in about 1971, with herself as president and *de facto* everything else, and began to publish a monthly newsletter with the aid of Helen. The group was named "TVIC," with "IC" meaning "Independent Chapter (or Club)." Their newsletter was titled "TVIC Journal" and Wilma laid claim to the early roots of the group by printing "Established 1954" below the masthead, starting with the September 1978 issue.

The format and style of TVIC meetings was unique. They were held on the third Saturday of each month, excepting July and August, beginning in mid-afternoon. Wilma's house was located on Broadway, just South of the I-90 crossover. Helen made her small sewing room available for those who needed to change. Their playroom at the back of the house was the club meeting room, about the same size as our present TGIC

apartment, with a bar at one end. Wilma provided ice, soda and munchies, but it was BYOB. As members arrived, we would claim a seat at the bar or on one of the chairs or sofa around the walls, and chat about whatever came up. Very rarely, there was a vendor or other special program. In this respect, the TVIC meetings were very much like TGIC meetings are today.

Meanwhile, Helen was busy cooking dinner in her kitchen, usually with help from the wife of another member. Helen was a very good cook, specializing in Italian-style cuisine. About 8 o'clock, she would call for volunteers to carry the food out to the buffet table in the middle of the meeting room. After serving ourselves, eating and clean-up, we would continue the meeting with talking and drinking until pumpkin time at midnight sharp, when Wilma insisted we all leave so she could get some sleep before getting up early to go to work. Because of the meal, advance notice of attendance was necessary and there was a modest charge for the cost of the food, but no-shows were a continual aggravation.

A day or two after the meeting, Helen typed the front page of the TVIC Journal, including a list of attendees and the menu of the dinner she had served, plus a few homey remarks. Wilma had already typed or cut-and-pasted the rest of the newsletter, which totaled 8 pages of legal size paper, so it could be copied, mailed and received within the week.

The hospitality of Wilma and Helen became legendary in the Northeast, and TVIC meetings attracted members from all over New York and neighboring States, as well as visitors from more distant places. TVIC was an "open" group, with all transgendered people found a sympathetic ear for their troubles. Average attendance at meetings was about 15-20, with a low of 7 and a record high of 40. Wilma and Helen also had a camp on their small, private island in a small pond near Lake George, and invited members to visit one Saturday during the Summer months. Being accessible only by boat, it was an ideal place for cross-dressing outside without fear of interruption.

The acronym TVIC was also used by a group in Hartford, CT, founded at about the same time

(early 70's) by Susanne Wallace and others. They rented an apartment over a lesbian bar, supported by a couple of residents and a key club as well as regular members meeting once a month. I visited them a number of times in the mid-70's, and believe they were one of the first groups to have their own space. Unfortunately, the building burned down in 1980 and the group disbanded.

Wilma retired from her job and TVIC at the end of 1983, having reached the age of 70. The last Albany TVIC meeting was the Christmas Party in December, 1983, a memorable affair marking the end of an era. Wilma and Helen sold their house and island and moved to a trailer park near Glens Falls. They live as a typical retired couple and are active in seniors' organizations, but they have cut all ties with the transgender community.

Wilma wanted to pass the baton of TVIC leadership to another couple who would maintain the same organization and meeting format, including home-cooked dinners, which had contributed to the long-term stability of the group. There was only one couple willing to take on the job: Michelle Anne and Denny, with whom they had become good friends. Denny was the widow of a former TVIC member, and met Michelle Anne at club meetings. Unfortunately, they lived in Somerville, MA, a suburb of Boston, and TVIC did not survive the transplant. The first scheduled meeting in Somerville was cancelled by snow, the second by no-shows, and the third was poorly attended. Michelle Anne published the last TVIC Journal in March, 1984 and gave up.

At about his time, I became more active in the Tiffany Club, founded by Merissa Sherril Lynn, then meeting at the house in Wayland, MA where there was room to stay overnight after a party, rather than rent a motel room. I also expanded my participation in transgender "conventions," including Fantasia Fair, the P-Town Spring Fling, and IFGE. However, except for a few personal friends, I lost touch with local activities, so the following paragraph is not first-hand.

Some former members of TVIC joined a group known as "TV Entertainers" organized by another Wilma (Wilma L.) with monthly meetings

at the Albany Art Gallery which she owned on Jefferson Street. Some other alternative lifestyle groups also met there. I believe these meetings continued until a few years ago, when fire damaged the facility. In the meantime, some of the same and other former members of TVIC reorganized under our current name "Transgenderist's Independence Club," with the updated acronym TGIC to signify our link to the past. Meetings were held at a quiet, friendly bar, the "145 Club" at 145 Barrett Street in Schenectady, later changed to "Mother Eve's" and then "YOURS," where the Lambda Chi Lambda chapter of Tri-Ess now holds meetings.

Recognizing the need for our own space, one of the TGIC leaders, Renee [REDACTED], enlisted the help of some other energetic members to make over the third floor of a building she owned on Central Avenue in Albany for exclusive Club use; this is our present facility. When Renee departed Albany, she sold the building to our present landlord, who is an occasional crossdresser. With a Key Club and five sublet lockers to pay a good part of our bills, we can hold meetings whenever we want (now weekly on Thursday evenings) without extra costs. The leadership of TGIC has gone through a number of changes since its foundation, and the name of our newsletter has changed from "TGIC News" to "The Transgenderist," as well as several format changes. TGIC continues to rely on the steady development of dedicated new, active leaders for reinvigoration and growth.

Tina: A Progress Report in Snapshot Form, July, 1997

by Tina

I just joined a music group which plans to go on tour, make a CD, make its impact on the world, and be a successful career for all its members. The music is an infusion of Jazz, Rock, and ethnic styles preaching Love, Peace, and a Sane Humanity. The leader is a Native American woman with professional musical experience. We are presently in serious rehearsal mode.

I recently published a short article and cartoon in a book entitled "Trans-Scriptions" by the Gender Identity Center of Colorado. The article dates me, and I've moved on from it. The cartoon does not date me.

In defining yourself, you somewhat confine yourself, and Life itself is a big transition.

I have put together a cartoon exhibit which was on display at Caffe Dolce in Schenectady. The original idea was a coloring book for grown-ups. the theme is not transgender but flat-out, absolute, unadulterated weirdness reflecting all the absurdity of life. It's presently on one of those burners other than the front one. Doing promotion of your stuff requires time, gas, a learning curve, and being REALLY organized.

Life is what happens when you make plans. Life is what happens when you transgender yourself. Be careful what you dream, it may come true. I pushed the envelope over the hump into self sustained momentum. So now here I verywellarewithitall. It's working and I love it.

I have natural born women friends who openly accept me as a fellow feminine person. That makes me feel exceptionally priveleged. I will never again be able to look at women as some form of mysterious creature on the other side of a gender barrier.

From 1975 when I got "born again" (I got UNborn again in 1979), I lived for the next 17 years believing that cross-dressing was an abomination to God. In 1992 the compulsion took over everything. I was waiting for God to say "NO" and it never happened. This was another shock among several in the past 21 years. My biggest struggle of all has not been transgender but the search for the REAL God in an ocean of religious lies and bullshit. I think I finally made it.

Recently I was invited and accepted on the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Community Church of the Hudson Valley for the second time. I am musically active in both MCC and the Emmanuel Baptist Church which hosts the MCC Church. For the first time in my life as of two years ago, church is PARTY instead of torment and abomination.

I found my spirituality. It is simply to be intuitive.

I've been involved in Aids ministry. I recently visited three Aids patients in the hospital, all friends of mine, one of them the Care Partner assigned to my Aids Care Team. One of the patients is well on his way in his Journey of Dying. In attempting to communicate with him, I felt very inadequate.

The Aids Care Team system is the ONE THING I see that presents a way out of our society's insanity.

On a wayback burner, but still simmering is a cartoon story about RAMGPOTE (RAHM-ge-POE-tee), RANdom Manifestations of God POKing Through Everything. Of course one of the characters is a transgendered Wise Woman.

Vision IS Reality!

I've circulated a one page, penny-dreadful bio of myself, fictitious humor version. Looking over my life altogether so far, the REALITY of it all outperforms anything I could dream up, even with my wild and fertile imagination. This includes lots of science-fiction background to help me. I can tell you truth is stranger than fiction.

Lately I've been feeling a lot of being gifted and blessed, my talent and creative ability, and the transgender thing, just being gifted and blessed.

Vanessa's Journal

by Vanessa [REDACTED]

What to Do in DC?

In June, several days in Washington, DC gave me a good chance to see more of the city from a feminine perspective. Very soon after checking into the Carlisle Suites on New Hampshire Avenue near Dupont Circle, in the hotel bar Sam Adams was quenching my thirst from the long drive from Long Island. A Liz Claiborne long-sleeve chiffon red dress, off-black pantyhose and black patent pumps seemed right for the occasion. The sound system broke down, the crowd thinned, it was 1 AM and I needed eye make-up remover. No problem. The bartender told me of an all-night CVS pharmacy on Dupont Circle and assured me of the safety of the neighborhood. Nevertheless, I quickly changed into a conservative skirt and blouse look for my nighttime errand. Twenty minutes later with mission accomplished I crashed.

Morning came. After breakfast at the hotel I walked down the block for a newspaper. White v-neck blouse, black A-line skirt, black pumps, and off-black pantyhose was right for the warm, sunny day. I strolled about the Dupont Circle neighborhood, gave directions to a woman, got new tips on heels at a while-you-wait shoe repair shop, and sipped coffee at a sidewalk cafe. It was time for another first, The Metro. On DC's efficient subway system I went two stops to Metro Center. The 13th and G Streets exit

leads to the Shops of DC, a nice multi-level downtown mall. Several pairs of earrings latter I freshened up in the ladies room of the hotel that adjoins the mall. Sundries were obtained at the pharmacy. Hecht's Department store was bustling with ladies shopping on their lunch hour. Diagonally across from Hecht's was the find of the day, Shoe World at 1120 G Street. What a pleasant surprise to find designer shoes to fit the woman blessed with very large feet. Two pairs of 13 WW later, black suede low-heels and off-white suede flats, I was descending into the super Metro system. The damage? Only \$27 for the lot. Exiting at Farragut North station I walked up 17th to my hotel. Thank goodness for the shoe purchase. A blister from all the walking was relieved by changing to the soft suede heels.

The next day, after coffee at the sidewalk cafe, I visited the American Center of Polish Culture at 2025 "O" Street. Marlene, the assistant executive director, showed me around. Partial to amber, I checked the amber gallery for possible purchases. The gallery featured the work of Michael Andryc who describes himself as a Polish hippie, die-hard individualist, and graphic genius. His show lasts until July 24. Although I looked a bit dressy in my heels, skirt and blouse, my comfort level was high as most other ladies were well-dressed. I descended the infinitely long escalator again at Dupont Circle Metro station to return to Metro Center for another look around.

"Nighttime sharpens, heightens each sensation. Darkness stirs and wakes imagination." I needed to listen to the music of the night. It was little black dress time. It sparkling with rhinestone accents and complemented nicely my rhinestone necklace, earrings, brooch and bracelet. Black highheels and back-seamed pantyhose completed the outfit. A ten-minute walk to Escandalo - Bread Basket Cafe at 2122 P Street, just a couple blocks west of the Dupont Circle Metro stop earned me an entertaining evening. A lively drag show featured several attractive, talented Latino girls. Roberto welcomed me warmly. The place was really hopping and all were friendly. I took a table, had a few drinks and enjoyed the show. I should mention that Escandalo's float won first prize in Sunday's Pride Day Parade. The Dupont Circle neighborhood of DC is a comfortable place where many alternate life styles are expressed and go with the flow. Most hotels and business establishments have guides to nightlife and services such as *Metro Weekly*. I just happened to catch the Special Pride Issue of *Metro Weekly*.

Hot weather hit the next day. So, a loose blouse, black miniskirt, no pantyhose, and black flats were appropriate for a cool drive back to Long Island.

The Making of a Compact Model

by Victor [REDACTED], (c) 1996

A lifetime and three years of waiting.... The final six months were spent biking 6 to 8 miles a day, twice that on weekends; light weight lifting and stretching exercises to maintain flexibility. All this in order to be prepared for a hysterectomy and metadoioplasty.

At pre-op, I didn't ask too many questions about the procedures to be performed. I had read about it and put complete faith in the skill of the doctors. I opted for the basics: snip, shift, and sew.

The morning of the surgery was one of suppressed excitement and anticipation. On the way to the Recovery Inn, my stomach was fluttering with butterflies, but I didn't dwell on what was to happen. Instead, I focused on each little moment, the here-and-now.

At the Recovery Inn, the doctors and nurses processed me with forms, vital signs, and an E.E.G. because of (previous) high blood pressure. In spite of what was in store for me, my blood pressure was normal for the first time in years. The anesthesiologist came in and gave me an injection to begin doping me. At first I didn't feel anything, but walking into the operating room, I felt somehow removed from myself. The table I was asked to climb on seemed too narrow. It looked as though I could easily roll off during surgery. An IV was hooked up as I looked at the clock... It was almost 7:30 a.m. Suddenly, I heard this buzzing sound. There was a sensation that my face was solidifying as things dimmed.

My next realization came when I heard someone calling my name as if from a great distance. When my eyes opened, the clock read 11:00. As I was wheeled into my room, the motion gave me a feeling of vertigo. Once I was settled in, the nurse asked if I had any pain. The only thing bothering me was my lower back--it felt incredibly cramped. In spite of the morphine, the dull pain remained for several hours.

The three days at the Recovery Inn were spent monitoring my vitals, measuring output of urine, and stuff from the drainage bulbs attached to tubes coming out of the hysterectomy incisions. The tubes and bags accompanied me on every walk. The nurses called the

urine bag my "shopping bag." A sexist thought flashed through my head, "Only women carry shopping bags."

I didn't walk until the day after surgery, although I was supposed to be up that night. Getting up was an arduous task. I was afraid of yanking a tube out, afraid of tearing my sutures. After 24 hours on my back, my legs were so weak I couldn't lift my foot off the floor. I stooped next to the bed, hanging onto the mattress for support, willing my reluctant feet to move. They refused to cooperate until I shuffled one leg forward a fraction of an inch. Slowly, my legs remembered their function and I was able to shuffle into the hallway.

Just imagining how I looked made me want to laugh, but the laughter hurt. My lower back was cramping from maintaining the weight of my upper body. By tilting my head up, I was able to relieve some of the pain. Something in my lower right abdomen was causing excruciating pain. It felt like a severe rug-burn. It went away after lying back down. My second walk was a piece of cake, as I was doped with morphine before starting off. I was even able to push the IV tree, something I was unable to do on the third walk because of pain. On that walk, I only made it to the doorway before I had to return to bed. A walk later that night got me out of the door and into some fresh air. Being able to see the dim stars was a morale booster.

Before surgery, I had been presented with a blue plastic contraption that looked like a child's toy. It had three balls in three vertical tubes. I was shown how to use it--suck in as deep as possible to raise all three balls. When I first tried it out, I thought, "This would make a radical bong." After surgery, I was told to suck on it ten times every hour to prevent pneumonia. The first few times it was difficult to get even one ball up. The idea of getting pneumonia was incentive enough to make sure I got all three balls up.

The doctors came in to check on me. There was nothing coming out of the right drainage tube, so it was yanked out. Even with the tube gone, I was still plagued with pain in that area. Every time I got up to walk, the pain would return, even after a dose of morphine. It would vanish as soon as I was back in bed.

Between injections of morphine, antibiotics, TV, and raging thirst, I passed the hours. The nurses told me that I wasn't allowed to eat or drink until I passed gas. I began to think of sneezing and how it would hurt. The thought of sneezing kept coming unbidden like a bothersome mosquito. Thirst also occupied my

thoughts. I felt over-heated in that room. A few times, I had the nurses dampen a rag for me, presumably to cool my head. As soon as she was gone, the rag went into my mouth. I did get a glass of ice-chips at one point, but it was taken away by another nurse.

Passing gas is a normal, every day thing. Yeah, right. I began to urge my body, coax it into taking care of business, so I could have something to drink. It rebelled. I began to mentally curse the doctors who didn't give me anything to assist the process. When the big event did happen, it wasn't that big of a thing to the nurse. She made a "good-for-you" comment and went about her way. I was bewildered. Where was my reward for this great event? I felt like a cheated child. Twice more I passed gas, but still got nothing for my efforts.

The next, and final day, the nurse had me up to have a bowel movement, which was somewhat painful. It also happened to be my birthday and I celebrated with a shampoo and sponge-bath. I felt like a new man. Once back in bed, I dozed off. When I awoke, it was as if a magic genie had granted a wish, for there before me was a tray laden with goodies: popsicles, jello, soup and juice. The popsicles went first -- I was not in the mood for saving the best for last. Another nap followed, and again, upon awakening there was another offering -- solid food.

The noon hour arrived and my ride was due at one. The nurses began unhooking me from the IV and the leg-machine, something that kept pumping air into contraptions wrapped around my legs to help with circulation. It felt good to be free, but there was a slight feeling of insecurity. The nurse strapped a portable urine bag to my thigh. She helped me get dressed and into a chair. I was almost overcome by an intense pain in my right side. It was so severe, I broke out in a sweat and felt on the verge of passing out. The nurse gave me a bulky pain pill.

My escort arrived and I began to shuffle out of the room, still doubled-over and in pain. After a few yards, I had to admit that I wasn't able to walk to the car. A wheelchair was provided. Once I settled into the car, the pain subsided.

In my hotel room, I went to the bathroom to take off the "piss-bag" and attach the dependable "shopping-bag" and got pee all over myself. Frustration and fear began to mount. I wasn't ready to be left on my own, to fend for myself. I did manage, though.

Getting in and out of bed required caution for fear of overstraining something. Also it was difficult to

regain leg-power each morning. My legs, particularly the hips, would be stiff from being in such an awkward position -- frog-legged. This was why I had done some of the stretching exercises before, to alleviate some of the muscle stress. Sitting was uncomfortable due to the stubbley hairs that were growing out, and I was afraid of popping the scrotal expanders, which was an unfounded fear, but was real to me, nonetheless. I still had to walk hunched over, which was troublesome while washing up. I got weak if I stood too long, and the pain in the right side would return.

It was recommended that I drink cranberry juice to help prevent a urine infection. I drank gallons of that juice, along with lots of water, and herb teas for variety. My food consisted of mostly fruit, bread and cereals, and microwavable soups. I tried to stay away from anything that made hard stools.

A week after surgery, the catheter was removed, much to my relief. It was annoying whenever the tube got an airlock and had to be manipulated. I could never get used to the feeling of the tube moving around in my bladder. The one good thing about the catheter was not having to get up in the middle of the night to pee.

I kept the catheter clean with hydrogen peroxide, wiping carefully with a cottonball from where it entered my body to several inches downward. After the catheter was removed, the bolster was removed. That was one painful experience, but the nurse did a really good job. What was under the bolster was already sensitive and it hurt as the wad of material was carefully removed. The caked blood didn't make it any easier.

Once the bolster was removed, I was told to keep the area uncovered, to remain straddle-legged in bed with my legs up on pillows. Lying in this position was tiresome, especially on the tailbone. I had gotten a cushioned seat designed for tailbones, but it was more uncomfortable. In the early morning hours, my legs would go into spasms, tightening up and twitching. I began stretching my legs and rotating my ankles to loosen them.

For a month after the catheter was removed, my bladder didn't function as usual. It wouldn't hold as much, and when I did urinate, it just dribbled out. It was frustrating to feel the urge but just have teaspoons come out. During a check-up, I mentioned it to the nurse, and learned it had to do with the hysterectomy and I needed to retrain my bladder. Six weeks after surgery, my bladder finally returned to its normal level

of function, although sometimes, after I'm zipped and buttoned up, I feel urine slide down my leg after my bladder seems empty.

About three weeks after surgery, some of the sutures were removed. The nurse pulled out the ones along the hysterectomy incision without a problem. It wasn't until she began working in a very sensitive area, the tip of my penis, that I began to sweat. There wasn't much pain; it was just the thought of her down there in such a delicate area with sharp tools that was painful. The paper covering the chair was soaked in sweat. Only after the stitches were removed was I allowed to shower.

Although uncomfortable due to my stooped posture, my first shower felt marvelous. Twice a day, I used a squirt bottle to wash the area with 5 parts water and 1 part hydrogen peroxide. Then, I soaked for 10 minutes in what the nurses called "magic solution." With Q-Tips soaked in the water / peroxide solution, I swabbed the new creases. I did each type of cleaning until no more gunk came loose. There was some seepage underneath the penis that required special attention. A gauze pad tucked under there was changed several times a day.

After the first week, I was up and about, although some pain in the lower right side still persisted if I stood for too long. I refused to take the prescription pain pills because they tended to make me feel stoned when combined with the antibiotics, a sensation that I did not enjoy. Any ride in the car caused some pain from the pressure of the seat and clothing.

Wearing clothing was extremely irritating to my penis. Sweatpants and baggy shorts were most comfortable. At a store, I found jock-straps with cups. I bought one, which seemed to help. Although the edges of the cup dug into my skin, it was less irritating than the clothing. A new problem presented itself. The penis seemed to attract things to it like a magnet. A couple of times, as I pulled my belt off the rod in the closet, the buckle would swing back and hit me. The same thing happened with towels, and even the backs of chairs as I walked by them. Just hours after the first saline solution injection into the testicular expanders, my cat jumped on me as I lay outstretched on the bed. He made a perfect four-point landing on my crotch. It didn't hurt, but the idea of my new testicles getting squashed wasn't very comforting. It was a good thing his claws were retracted.

As the days passed, I was able to stand more erect and to walk a little further every day. I had to go out and walk, to be outdoors. I tried sitting by the

swimming pool, but that wasn't enough. The milestone came when I walked four blocks to do my shopping. Carrying heavy bags was out of the question, but being able to do things on my own did much to improve my morale. Sleeping in one position every night was tiresome; it caused muscle spasms and soreness. Rolling over to my side, I placed two pillows between my knees to keep my legs apart. This brought relief to my back and tail-bone.

Friends were a morale booster. They visited me and did the heavier shopping, supplying me with home-cooked meals. Living in a motel room for five weeks was a bit trying, more so than recovery itself. As I became more mobile, I yearned to return home, but I had allotted myself that five weeks in Palo Alto to make sure everything healed correctly.

My final visit to the doctor's office was uplifting. I was deemed in good health and healing quite well, with one exception. Earlier in the week, I had found some white stuff under my foreskin. I had tried to gingerly wipe it off with Q-Tips but it was stubborn. I showed it to the Doc and he labeled it Smegma, something common among little boys with foreskins. The nurse came in and, using some pressure, removed most of the stuff with gauze and a wet solution. Thereafter, it became, and still is, an area to be cleaned daily, as is underneath the penis with Q-Tips and hydrogen peroxide. (The first time the Doc lifted my penis -- none too gently, I thought -- to check underneath, I raised my hips, afraid he was going to rip the thing off my body. The nurse told me it was naturally attached underneath, so there was no threat of it coming off.)

Pressure from clothing is becoming less of a problem as I adjust to having this new equipment. My waist size has increased an inch from being inactive for so long. I can wear jeans with comfort now, only because my older nephew gave me his larger jeans. The area where the left port is had become irritated when I sweat. For awhile, I rubbed Betadine over the ports and down to the "T". Pimples had been forming in that area and Betadine prevented that from happening.

I am quite satisfied with the results of the surgery. It is a little, stubby thing, but very sensitive -- which is what counts the most for me. I didn't choose to have anything more complicated done; I like this compact-model-with-no-extras just fine. I wanted to get on with my life which had been on hold for too long. My thanks to Dr. Laub's staff for a job well done. I would also like to thank the group that meets in San

Francisco for being there. Listening to your stories reconnected me. Living in a small town in rural Alaska can make one feel too alone. Friends, family, and co-workers can be supportive, but they just don't understand what I'm going through. The main surgeries are over, but the journey continues. QUYANA (Yupik for thank you) to all my old friends and new friends who were there when I needed them.

*** Reprinted by express permission of the author and FTM International, Inc., 1360 Mission Street, Suite 200, San Francisco, California, 94103; (415)553-5987.

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 Vicky [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

Psychotherapy Associates

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 Lev R-CSW, CAS-AC
Choices Counseling Associates
321 Washington Ave
Albany, New York 12206

518-463-9152

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.

TRI-ESS MEETINGS IN SCHENECTADY

The first meeting of the Lambda Chi Lambda chapter of Tri-Ess will be held on September 20 at 7:30 PM. It will be held at "YOURS", which is located at 145 Barrett Street in Schenectady. Call Monica at (518) 863-2783 or Evelyn at (315) 894-5421 for further information.

Lady Di's

*Specializing in Nails, Pedicures, Waxing,
Electrolysis, Permanent Make-up & Hair Care*

Laura Spratt
Electrologist
Nail Technician
Dermatologist

Peter Harris Plaza
952 Troy-Schenectady Rd.
Latham, N.Y. 12110
782-1426

Calendar and Events

"'Tis the last rose of Summer..."

TGIC meetings are held Thursdays at 7:30.

September 4 "A Labor of Love"
September 11 "Viridian Vibrations"
September 18 FALL PLANNING MEETING
September 25 "Equinox Escapade"
October 2 "Willingly White"
October 9 "Italian Influence"
October 16 "Fall Color Preview"
October 23 "Frantic Fashion"
October 30 Fifth Thursday "Yad Sdrawkcb"

Events of Note (getting busy!)

September 13, 1:00 Twenty Club TS Support Group
Hartford, CT

September 13, 8:30 TGIC Fall Get-Together,
Informal at JD's Playhouse

September 18, 7:30 TGIC Fall Planning Meeting

September 20, 7:30 Lambda Chi Lambda Tri-Ess
Meets at "YOURS"

September 24-26 Colorado Gold Rush
Stapleton Plaza Hotel, Denver
G.I.C. of Colorado, Inc.
PO Box 480085
Denver, CO 80248-0085
(303) 443-0409
GICofColo@aol.com

September 27, 1:00 Twenty Club TS Support Group

October 2-5 Southern Comfort
PO Box 77591, Atlanta, GA 30357
(404) 633-6470
ssccatl@aol.com
<http://members.aol.com/ssccatl>

[GASP... more on the next page!]

October 10-11 Fall Fling '97
Providence, MA
Tiffany Club of New England
PO Box 2283
Woburn, MA 01888-0483
(617) 891-9325 (Tues. 7:30-10:30)

October 19-26 Fantasia Fair
Provincetown, Cape Cod, MA
Registrar
PO Box 2734
Boston, MA 02208
(617) 522-6033
www.cowart.com/outreach

JOSEFINA A. SPECKERT M. Ed.

LICENSED MENTAL HEALTH HEALTH,
MARRIAGE & FAMILY COUNSELING

100 WENDELL AVE, SUITE 302 PITTSFIELD,
MA. 01201

(413) 499-5858

Tracy Oppelt

Master Barber and Cosmetologist
Located at:

Maria's Hair Care
1573 A Central Ave.
Colonie, New York
518-869-5604

EARS WANTED!

Transgendered? Transgendered friends?

Have you heard about:

- > abuse by public officials?
- > discrimination?
- > public harassment?
- > sexual harassment?
- > assault or rape?
- > remaining silent bothering you?
- > no help from conventional sources?

ALBANY GENDER PROJECT
Building respect - one person at a time

TGIC Hosts "A Gender Bent Karaoke Halloween Party"

There is no better way to start the big Halloween season than by attending the "Gender Bent Karaoke Halloween Party" at 8-12 on October 25. Open to all who love to play with gender, participants are requested not just to come in costume but in character, ready to explore a new persona for an evening of karaoke, conversation, laughter, and a poetry contest at 10PM.

"We wanted to create a safe space for everyone, male or female, man or woman, to come together around Halloween, the "high holy day for gender transgression," said a spokesperson for TGIC, (Transgenderist's Independence Club) which has provided peer social contacts and support in the Albany area since 1954. "Think of it like a bit of Klubstitute in San Francisco, Dragstrip 66 in LA, or Club Casanova in NYC, all known for their open gender play, where everyone is a drag king or drag queen for a night."

The event promises "really cheesy prizes" in categories including: Most Femme / Pretty, Most Butch / Handsome, Most Androgynous, Most Normative, Most Transgressive, Most Transformed, and Most Witty. Contestants will be judged not only on costume, but also on their performance of gender through the evening, revealing their chosen character for the evening. Two other prizes are specifically for performance. The "La Beat" prize goes to the best performer of gender bent poetry in the the 10PM poetry slam, and "La Prima Diva" goes to the night's queen or king of karaoke.

The Gender Bent Karaoke Halloween party will be held at Star Studio, on the quiet corner of Franklin and Lafayette streets in downtown Schenectady, just steps away from the Clinton Street Pub and Yours Jazz Club, the home of Lambda Chi Tri-Ess. Admission is \$10 per person and \$15 per couple (of any description). The party is "substance free," with soft drinks & snacks being sold by Star Studio.

Karen has been organizing the party, and deserves a big hand for putting together a night that should be a fun place to play, and a place where people interested in transgressing gender can come together without any stigma or fear.

Comments? Vicky [REDACTED], [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Albany, NY 12203