

# TRANSgenderist

Monthly Magazine of the Transgender Independence Club

November, 1998

## A Special Kind of Bravery

Yesterday the women in my office and throughout my department went on a bus trip together. It was a very special event, not so much because of where we were going, but because we did it together. For me, it was a major rite of my transition to womanhood.

On the way home (why is it that all of the best discussions take place on the way home?), I sat with a woman whom we will call S. Now S had heard about me, and she wanted to talk transition with me. Her opening remark was that she admired my bravery, and indeed the bravery of anyone who was a T\* and open about it. We talked together at length and got to know each other throughout that bus trip, and as we got to our cars to drive the few remaining miles home, she said, "Vicky, let's schedule another trip soon." We all had a great day (well, except for one woman who got on the other bus and had the trip from Hell, but that's another story).

Driving home from that bus terminal, I realized that S had just identified a major component of accepting transgender, namely bravery. Me, brave for just being myself? It sounded absurd to me at first.

But just consider what it means to be a GLBT person, open and up front about that. It means accepting that you indeed are different from other people. The death of Matthew Shepard, the gay man from Wyoming, has shocked us all into recognizing that there is a very real danger involved here. But when one thinks of the rape and murder of Brandon Teena in Nebraska, or the reported withholding of needed medical treatment for Tyra Hunter by EMTs and doctors in Washington DC, or forcing Alex McLendon to withdraw from high school in Georgia, or the

attempted economic murder of the gifted transsexual concert pianist Sara Davis Buechner, or the social transphobia documented against our own Bridget ██████ in Stillwater by the Times Union this week, or the reported cases of transbashing with baseball bats by bands of young men in Texas, it does not take long to realize the very real dangers we face. I have seen my sisters assaulted and have heard of two attempted rapes within our community within the last six months. The dangers are very real. S was exactly right.

So now I ask you to think about this, if you are a transgendered person reading this newsletter, closeted and scared to even face yourself, can you reach down deep inside yourself and find the bravery and the strength to take the risk and join TGIC? And if you have joined TGIC, can you turn your membership into appearing at TGIC on Thursday nights? And if you are coming to TGIC, are you brave enough to turn your appearance into openness? And if you are open, can you become an advocate for the rights of the GLBT community, all of the GLBT community? It takes a special kind of bravery to do that. Do you have what it takes?

I never thought I did, but S made me realize that it takes a lot of courage to stand up and with Martin Luther say, "Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise." I am me, this is what I believe and that's it.

One of the sources I found on the Internet listed some helpful tapes for transsexuals, and the one that caught my eye had a very profound message, "Transsexualism is not for sissies." I believe that applies to all the GLBT community.

My friends, be brave. Dare to be yourself.

--Vicky ██████

*Vicky*  
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## IN THIS ISSUE

The date for the Christmas party has been set for December 17th at the clubhouse. Bring a dish to pass (not too much food, though). Folding chairs would also be useful for this event, and if you have any extra, the club could use some permanently.

Well, this month the magazine was supposed to look a lot different. What happened? My old 486 computer decided that was not to be. It coughed and sputtered when I asked it to go to the web, and froze several times (about five). So, here is the newsletter in the same old format until I find enough dollars to give my computer a memory boost (I guess four megs isn't quite enough to cut both Netscape and Windows at the same time). Techie mode off.

And as you may have noticed, this magazine is late. As one recipient so gently prodded me, "Uh, has the November issue come out yet? I don't seem to have received it." Well, expect some delays in the months ahead, as I travel to help solve some very pesky Y2K computer problems in Long Island, and that's also the main reason I will not be able to attend many TGIC meetings for a while.

I understand the Halloween party was a resounding success, and thank you Karen Fabian and her helpers for doing a magnificent job. I had to be out of town that day on other GLBT business, accompanying the Capital Pride singers in their Provincetown concert.

One of the more interesting suggestions which emerged from Callan's article on "Whither TGIC?" was the idea of perhaps using TGIC as a support group as well as a social function. I've included some thought-provoking e-mail so you can make your opinion known within our community (next month - I promise!).

I had the privilege of meeting two of our regular contributors for the first time recently. I marched with Evan [redacted] in the Gay Pride march in Albany, and found him to be a fascinating person; Evan contributed an article to this issue about Charlie Smythe of Saratoga during the 1800s, and you just HAVE to read it.

*And the second person was the witty (and) always traveling) Vanessa. I was sending some e-mail on my computer one night at around 9 PM, and the doorbell rang, and there was Vanessa! She had to be up in this area of the country on business, and just took a chance that I might be home. We had a great discussion over a very nice glass of wine (thank you, Vanessa!), and then Vanessa had to get back on the road to return to Long Island. She is a wonderful, tasteful dresser with a flawless presentation, and I am very thankful for her contributions to the Transgenderist and to her contributions within the community. She has a very interesting article this month about her trip to Dinosaur State Park in Connecticut last Summer.*

I've included a few interesting articles to make you think, because the view from the editress's desk is that a lot of very interesting things are happening on many T\* fronts right now, from the fight for basic trans rights to the medical advances in F2M surgery. Read on, my friends.

### Italy Doctor Seeks World's First Penis Transplant

--By Philip [redacted]

A leading Italian plastic surgeon who has asked health officials for permission to carry out the world's first penis transplant said that he already had three patients ready to undergo the operation. "This is not like the Bobbit case, where his penis was re-implanted," Professor Nicolo Scuderi said referring to the famous case of John Wayne Bobbit, whose penis was re-attached in 1993 after his wife had cut it off. "This would be the first time a penis is transplanted from one body to another, whether it be from a living body or a corpse," he told Reuters in an interview in his office at Rome's Umberto I hospital, Italy's largest. "Technically this would not be a very complicated operation... a transplant is easier than re-attachment," he said. But Scuderi said it was not clear if a person who received a transplanted penis would be able to have an erection.

Scuderi made headlines on Tuesday when a Rome newspaper first reported his recent request to the health ministry. He said he was spurred to make the request after French doctors performed their own surgical first when they transplanted an arm and a hand to an amputee. Three people have told Scuderi they would be willing to undergo the operation.

Two are women who have received legal permission to undergo sex change operations and would receive transplanted penises. He said the third is a man who had had his penis amputated in a sex change operation to become a woman but has since "realised it was a mistake" and wants to return to being a man, Scuderi said.

Scuderi's surgical team already carries out penis reconstruction surgery for sex change operations and amputee cases, including those where penises have to be cut off because of cancer. This is usually done by using forearm muscles. "We are ready. We are just waiting for the OK," he said. The penis transplant operations could take place by twinning sex-change patients. A man who wanted to become a woman could donate his penis to a woman who wanted to become a man. He said penises could also be donated by clinically dead patients on life-support equipment, which is a main source of other transplant organs such as hearts, lungs and livers. "We can restore vascularity, we can restore sensitivity to the organ but we don't know how much sensitivity and function will be regained," he said. Scuderi said whether a patient who received a transplanted organ could have an erection was still an unanswered question. "This is a main concern, a main question and maybe the answer will only be possible after the surgery," he said, adding that there could be large variations in the results.

Scuderi acknowledged that ethical questions would have to be addressed, particularly if the risks involved, including immunological ones, could be justified since the penis was not a vital organ. "Plastic surgery always favours innovation and breaking new frontiers. I don't think that I am the only one that wants to do this type of surgery, I just want to be sure that

this type of surgery will benefit the patient," he said. "I don't want only to be the first one. The important thing is to see if the (health ministry) ethical committee will allow this operation. I asked for the ministry's consent because I want to be sure that it is the best thing to do," he said.

Scuderi said that at least at the beginning he would turn down any eventual requests from men who wanted to receive a transplanted organ larger than their natural one. "For the moment the answer is 'no' because the surgery is very complicated and very risky surgery. It's not an aesthetic procedure," he said.

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## Presidential Quiz

1. Which president smoked marijuana with a nude playgirl while he joked about being too wasted to "push the button" in case of nuclear attack?
2. Which president allegedly had affairs with both a winner AND a finalist in the Miss America pageant?
3. Which president made love to one of his secretaries stretched out atop a desk in the oval office?
4. Which president allegedly had an affair (as well as children) with a slave who was his wife's half sister?
5. Which president called his mistress "Pookie"?
6. Which president married a woman who hadn't yet divorced her first husband -- and was branded an "adulterer" during his reelection campaign?
7. Which future president wrote love letters to his neighbor's wife while he was engaged to someone else?
8. Which president had a torrid affair with the first lady's personal secretary?
9. Which president made love to a young woman in a White House coat closet -- at one point, while a secret service agent prevented the hysterical first lady from attacking them?
10. Which president made love in a closet while telling his lover about the \*other\* president who made love in a closet (the one in Question 9)?
11. Which vice president was cheesed off because he felt that HIS record of sexual conquests was more impressive than the president's?
12. Which future president, while a college student, loved showing off his manhood (which he named "Jumbo")?

Answers later in this newsletter; no peeking.

## Transsexual Priests

The Sunday Times (London), 05/31/98 - Front Page, Written by Christopher Morgan Additional reporting: Sarah Toyne

The Church of England is facing fresh controversy over the revelation that two women priests began their ministries as men and that the number of transsexual and transvestite clergy is growing. Two other priests are having sex change treatment, church sources have admitted. One has been forced by his bishop to take indefinite leave, but intends to seek a fresh appointment after his operation, as a woman priest. Many of them meet regularly with a number of lay Anglicans as part of a secret group called Sibyls - from the Greek word for prophetess. They hold private church services wearing female clothes.

The disclosures come as George Carey, Archbishop of Canterbury, tries to hold the church together in the face of damaging internal divisions over homosexuality and the ordination of women. The issue of transsexuality may surface during the Lambeth conference in July, when Anglican bishops from across the world discuss church doctrine. The conference's steering committee has received a confidential paper on transsexual clergy. It is believed to highlight the number of clerics who have changed gender or wish to, and calls for an open church discussion. At least 21 clergy in the Church of England consider themselves to be transgendered, The Sunday Times has learnt. Fourteen are transvestites. Three are considering a sex change and are said by friends to be in a psychological "grey area".

The church's decision to allow the ordination of women priests in 1992 is thought to have encouraged some priests to reveal their inclinations. Speaking for the first time, a vicar in a large Church of England parish has described conducting acts of worship for Sibyls. He also told of his desire to dress and behave as a woman while serving a large parish. "I have taken services wearing women's clothes," he said. "The women at Sibyls said I looked

absolutely gorgeous, which was lovely. Sibyls is an accepting group of Christians creating a completely relaxed context for worship. They give me affection and support. We may see transgender churches in the future." He has undergone 200 hours of electrolysis on his face and neck over five years. "I do selected exercises to re-do my waistline," he said. "I go away for several weeks of the year, taking the role of a woman. My rule is that I don't dress within 60 miles of the parish. I have got good bone structure and I have been chatted up, which I found quite amusing."

The priest has been married for 25 years and has children. But he has consulted two psychiatrists, who confirmed that he had all the traits of a transsexual. He believes his bishop would try to remove him from the parish if he knew. "I would be difficult to sack, but there would be moral pressure on me to resign. I would have a nervous breakdown or commit suicide." Though his wife knows about his secret desires, his children do not. "At transvestite clubs I talk to some of the people. The secrecy is the thing that hurts most. I have to sneak out and worry about being caught and stopped by the police. There is, however, a real joy of being yourself for a while. I try to grab time when people are out to care for my wardrobe. At other times I cry myself to sleep. Not being the one you want to be and appear to be, you are never at ease with yourself." He said that a senior diocesan official knew about his feelings.

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### Presidential Quiz Answers

1. John F. Kennedy
2. Bill Clinton
3. Lyndon B. Johnson
4. Thomas Jefferson
5. Bill Clinton
6. Andrew Jackson
7. George Washington
8. Franklin D. Roosevelt
9. Warren G. Harding
10. John F. Kennedy
11. Lyndon B. Johnson
12. Lyndon B. Johnson

## Brotherly Lovely, Conclusion

[Menage a Trois] SOMEWHERE IN THAT answer lies the key to what troubles us about transvestites. While drag queens and their over-the-top gender-bendings are merely laughable, transvestites quietly push the barbed-wire boundary where male ends and female begins. There is no stronger core of self-identity than our cherished notion of our own sexuality. Imagine, then, when your lover or husband reveals that he loves camisoles and push-up bras ... but not on you.

Andrew and Rita are just finishing up dinner when I join them at their hillside house, which affords a stunning view of both the UCSC campus and Monterey Bay. Together eight years, they make a good-looking couple. A psychotherapist, Rita laughs easily and nudges Andrew lovingly when she has a point to make. Andrew, like his partner, is extremely articulate and enjoys the good-natured give-and-take of their discussion. But, says Rita, the relationship wasn't always this easygoing -- particularly when Amanda (Andrew en femme) first joined her.

"It was a profound sense of loss of control," remembers Rita, when Amanda first started to emerge. Rita says that early in their relationship, Andrew told her he used to cross-dress. "I thought it meant he was gay," she says, echoing one of the most common misconceptions about transvestites. She also assumed it was a thing of the past, until about three years ago when Andrew asked to bring back Amanda.

Although Rita had done research, and even wrote a paper on cross-dressing for one of her psychology classes, the reality of living with and loving a man who enjoys wearing women's clothes shook her to her core. "People [who are in relationships with TVs] joke, 'Who am I when I'm with this person dressed up as a woman? Am I a lesbian?'" says Rita. She pauses to search for the right words.

"It gets down to the basic levels of who we are, about roles, about who we are as a couple." Rita draws a comparison to the scene in *The Crying Game* when the character played by

Stephen Rea discovers his girlfriend is a male and reflexively vomits. Rita observes, "You have almost a physiological reaction when someone you've had sex with as a man is now sitting there as a woman."

Andrew and Rita agree that setting clear boundaries and practicing open communication allowed Amanda to live peaceably with them. Rita was given final say on how often Amanda could "come out" and on what terms. Even so, the experience left Rita irrevocably changed.

"There was a crisis point," recalls Rita, "where I just cried for a week and I couldn't express why. It's like you've bought into all these fantasies of Romeo and Juliet and happily ever after." There's a long pause. "It felt like something inside me was being broken up and all those fantasies were being taken away."

Andrew listens quietly. He got interested in cross-dressing at the age of 21 through a girlfriend who said she liked to see her boyfriends dressed as women. He tried it, and discovered he loved the soft rustle of silk, the gentle swish swish of pantyhose when he walked. He was entranced with the woman who looked back at him in the mirror.

"I recognized then that there's some deep part of me that is feminine," says Andrew. "I think the reason we have a hard time with cross-dressing is that it's inconceivable that a heterosexual man would want to be womanly."

Andrew admits that his cross-dressing spoke to his own homophobia. "I'm definitely heterosexual, but the more comfortable I get with this, the more I see Amanda as part of my sexual identity," he says.

[Airheads and Bimbos] BUT AS ANDREW AND RITA talk, it seems that Amanda is in their lives to tweak and bend the couple's cherished beliefs about gender identity. Andrew admits that he's more of a loner, while Amanda is the social butterfly. Rita notices that Amanda is more cuddly and touchy than Andrew. "The difference between him as a guy and as a woman is really dramatic," says Rita. "Andrew has an exquisite pleasure in being in Amanda's body. As a man, he's more shut down."

he knows of judges, attorneys, computer engineers, doctors--all fast-paced, cerebral professionals--who like to lace up a bustier and strap on a pair of high heels now and then. "It's like they get to drop out of their heads for a while," Andrew explains.

Yet many spouses don't take kindly to seeing those traits--weak, vain, coquettish--mimicked in the name of womanhood. Rita remembers watching with mixed feelings as Amanda first started coming out. "It made me insecure with my own femininity when Amanda dresses up and does all these things I stopped doing when I was 16," she says.

Rita turns to Andrew and tells him, "It's like you were an 11-year-old trying to dress up. It was charming, but it was a little too ..." she searches for the right word, "pink." [Apologies to Evan! <ggg> --ed]

Andrew smiles at Rita, agreeing. "It took me a while to get out of the self-absorbed period," he admits.

"It's the stuff we women discarded on the way to being full human beings," Rita adds. She recounts what someone in her online support group once posted: "Why does my husband act like a bimbo when he's dressed en femme? Crossdressers don't do what women really do, which is scrub toilets and cook dinner. Instead, they want to talk about nails and hair."

As we talk, Andrew unfolds his long frame and lopes off to get the ubiquitous photo album. Pictures--lots of pictures--are integral to the crossdressing community, offering a safe place to visit each other and themselves in between opportunities to dress up. When Andrew is Andrew, there's little to hint at a feminine side. Although he has long blond hair, he's strong-jawed and quietly self-assured. But as Amanda, she's "a dish," as Rita laughingly says.

Wearing a tight blue satin number and dark stockings in one of the photos Andrew shows me, Amanda looks like a tall, masculine version of Kitty the Dance Hall Queen in the old

er sister in the neighborhood in the 1950s. Her 14-year-old stepdaughter, a dark-haired beauty who is beaming up at her.

"My daughter was 14 when I decided to let Amanda out," says Andrew. He had already started wearing nighties around the house, he explains, so he sat his stepdaughter down for a talk. It is a decision that tortures cross-dressers: whether to tell the children. And if so, what? How much? And--because it is a child's favorite question--why?

For Andrew, the answer was simple, though not easy: "I told her I like to dress up as a woman," he recalls. The stepdaughter, a typically rebellious 14-year-old, surprised Andrew by thanking him for telling her. Eventually, they made a date for shopping and getting their hair done together, and she eventually accompanied Amanda and Rita to the Cotillion.

[Far Out] RITA, ANDREW AND AMANDA have learned to coexist peacefully. But Rita remembers that one of her strongest fears in the beginning was not knowing how much of a presence Amanda would be in their lives. She discovered that she was not alone. Most spouses in Rita's support group voice the same concern when their husbands first come out: that "he" will disappear altogether, eventually being replaced by his "woman" self--in other words adding a second wife to the household.

"There's a small percentage that want to be women all the time," says Rita. Like Tony.

[Tony] "I can remember as far back as 11 sneaking into my mother's drawers and trying on her clothes," Tony says in a soft, lilting voice. He works as a construction worker in Gilroy, but knows his co-workers are confused by his plucked, arched eyebrows and upswept bleached blonde hair. They've asked if he's gay, and Tony says that when he and his wife go shopping together, both are invariably referred to as "ladies." He figures that even without makeup, he passes as a woman.

"I'm very at peace with whom I'm attracted to," says Tony, who goes by the fem name Bobbi. He is only attracted sexually to women,

he says, but the gender issue is a lot more muddled. Groping for an identity, Tony says he would choose to call himself a lesbian.

"I seem to be evolving into a woman, whether I'm in fem mode or not," he says. "I feel at ease dressed as a woman. It feels right, like I should always be like that."

Tony's been married twice before, and it looks like this third marriage is also headed down in flames. Bobbi was closeted in the previous two marriages, but Tony told this wife about Bobbi on their first date. But who knew it would go this far?

"It's escalated more and more," says Tony. "The person she fell in love with no longer exists."

If Tony had not lived in this small, rural neighborhood for 30 years, he admits he would take the leap and dress as a woman full time.

[What about surgery?] "I'm comfortable with my male self," Tony says simply. "I don't need that to feel fulfilled as a woman."

Tony speaks wistfully of his troubled marriage. "She still cares for me a tremendous amount, but she doesn't see herself as a lesbian." He pauses for a moment, then laughs. "Who knows, we may turn out to be girlfriends."

[Gentlemen Prefer Hanes] FRAN IS TALKING EXCITEDLY, barely touching the coffee that is growing colder as we sit. Tucked into our booth at Denny's, Fran--sometimes known as Frank--is dressed in loose pants and overshirt with a long-sleeved flowered turtleneck underneath that looks suspiciously similar to one in my mother's closet. Now 77 years old, Fran says she hasn't purchased clothes in the men's department for at least a decade. Most of her outside clothes -- except my mother's turtleneck -- look relatively unisex, but it's what's underneath that counts.

"I love pantyhose! I love tap pants!" chortles Fran, her white, bushy eyebrows dancing like two overactive caterpillars. Although she says she's known as "The Bald Lady of Castroville," Fran actually sports a few tufts of hair sprouting from a shiny dome. As in most of these interviews lately, the visual doesn't quite match

with the ingenuo inventory that Fran reveals is beneath those clothes: women's undies, a bra and of course the Hanes.

Like the Thursday Irregulars, this septuagenarian cross-dresser is not alone in his age group. He whips out the photo albums he brought along and points out pictures of pen pals--one is 95 years old. In this micro-niche, even older cross-dressers have their own subculture. Fran eventually mails me a copy of a newsletter she subscribes to, *Old Hags and Sagging Bags: A Forum for Ancient Crossdressers*, with tips on everything from aging gracefully to coming out in a nursing home.

Fran laughs about her love for "silk, satin, nylon and lace"--a love affair that, as for many of her peers, began early in life. One of his chores as a youngster named Frank was bringing in the laundry off the clothesline. It was about then that his mama's soft underthings started singing their siren song to him.

Though neither Mom, wife No. 1 nor wife No. 2 much approved of Frank's other life, age has a way of moving folks into finally finding their own approval. Just about everyone who knows Frank also knows Fran, she says. She had to do some educating with the gals at her trailer park--moms and grandmas that weren't sure if wearing ladies' clothes might not be the hallmark of homosexuality.

It's this common misunderstanding about transvestites that really puts Fran's Hanes in a twist. "My big gripe is I want our group to stay heterosexual," says Fran. She points out that when TVs get together, they often hit a gay bar later to socialize. Although that atmosphere may provide more acceptance to men who dress in women's clothes, acceptance may not be a two-way street.

"Gays dress up for sexual purposes, and I don't believe we do," says Fran. The elderly cross-dresser verbalizes some of the tension and discomfort found among straight transvestites who find themselves intertwined with the rest of the sexually marginalized. Only because each subculture remains outcast from the larger

society has an uneasy alliance developed. However, it's not necessarily an alliance that has fostered greater acceptance. "Their lifestyle is so against how I was brought up," sniffs Fran. She looks down at her coffee cup. "But a lot of people don't believe in cross-dressing."

A member of the Freemasons, Frank is already making plans to move into one of the fraternal organization's retirement homes. His health is getting fragile, and he doesn't want to be a burden on his children. When that happens, he says sadly, "Fran will have to go." Only Frank would be welcome in this rest home. The wigs, the tap pants, the slippers and bras that Fran treasures will probably find their own fiery demise in Frank's backyard hibachi. And Frank will be going out of this world pretty much like he came in--with a secret.

But today Fran isn't thinking much about the future. She's having a good time showing off photos of her buddies and talking about her life. And she tosses off a statement that rings a clarion wake-up call for just about anyone. "I don't have that much time left," Fran smiles. "All the more reason to have fun while I can."

# Charlie Smythe was a nice fellow — sort of

Charlie Smythe, who was born in Canada in 1846 and moved to Saratoga in 1866, may have pulled the ultimate deception.

When he first moved to Saratoga, Charlie had a hard time finding work that paid a livable wage. Finally he was hired by Willis A. Monroe and W.S. Leary. They operated a construction company. Charlie painted and hung wallpaper for them.

Charlie seemed like any other of the hard working men this era produced. He was called an exceedingly good looking young man. He made a lot of friends. He drank with the best of them and even chewed tobacco. He spent many a night playing poker with the boys.

Charlie met a woman named Alice who lived in Troy. A romance developed and the two married. But, something went wrong. Something went wrong really fast. In fact, the

couple only lived together for a few hours. The affair left Charlie content on being a bachelor for life.

For over 60 years, Charlie worked

hard and made friends in the Saratoga area. Charlie roomed with Mrs. Helen Lang and Mrs. Julie Blackwood, they became lifelong friends. As he grew older, someone would have to take care of him. He did not have any family and his friends could not be expected to care for him.

On April 5, 1927, 81-year-old Charlie Smythe was committed to the Saratoga County Farm in Ballston Spa. He stayed there until April 10, 1928, when he walked away, refusing to stay any longer. Saratoga Springs Police picked up Charlie and brought him to Mrs. Lang's home.

Charlie stayed there until May 11 when he left saying he was going to live with Mrs. Blackwood. Police were again called and found Charlie having strange hallucinations. He was taken to police headquarters where he was given a mental exam-

ination by Dr. Charles Small. The doctor found Charlie to be mentally unbalanced. Charlie was committed to Utica State Hospital.

Upon admission to the hospital, every patient is given a physical exam. When doctors examined Charlie they made a remarkable discovery. Charlie was a woman.

People in Saratoga were shocked to learn this about Charlie. They could not believe she had fooled them for 60 years. Jurors hearing a case in Saratoga City Court discussed Charlie while in an ante room. One said, "I've worked with her side by side papering rooms. She could do as good a job as any man." Another said, "Charlie drank and chewed tobacco like any other man."

Economic deception  
or F2M, we will  
never know. But  
Evan [REDACTED] has  
his own views....



## Vanessa's Journal

### *In the footsteps of dinosaurs*

Some summery September days were spent in Boston. After a late dinner, driving home Friday night wearing a V-neck cream blouse, short red slim skirt, red shoes, Hanes ultra-sheer glimmer pantyhose and carrying a white purse I checked into the Howard Johnson's Motel in Vernon, CT just north of Hartford off I-91. After settling into my room I dashed to the nearby Shop-Rite for ice tea, orange juice and Reese's Peanut Butter cups for energy and black mascara for beauty. Sleep came quickly and in a few hours I was ready for the road.

In the morning and before showering, in a short black long-sleeve black dress, black ultra-sheer panty hose, and black patent high heels I read the newspaper on the patio just outside my room. The cool morning breeze, bright sun, and shade of the trees added up to a fine environment for reading and sipping orange juice. After my morning ablutions I slipped into my red short-sleeve dress with white polka dots. I put on Hanes Silk Reflections Plus Size 2 very sheer Little Color pantyhose and white high heels. The breeze ruffled my blond straight shoulder-length hair with soft bangs as I walked with white purse slung over my shoulder to the reception to check out. At the desk there was a line so I just dropped off my keys, left the office and got into my car only to hear the desk clerk running after me frantically yelling, "Ma'am, you need to sign your credit card." I did that and tarried a bit in the office sipping on cups of orange juice.

I drove past Hartford on I-91 taking Exit 25 to Route 3 toward Glastonbury. The Glastonbury exit off Route 3 leads straight to an open air mall, the Somerset Square. My first stop was Starbucks. The young man asked, "what can I get you Ma'am?" With a tall (tall is actually the word Starbucks uses to define the smallest cup they serve) Mocha coffee in hand I took a newspaper and proceeded outside. I joined other ladies seated by tables just outside the store sipping coffee in the dazzling sunshine. After sipping and reading about Clinton's Irish I'm Sorry Speech I walked over to Max Amore a restaurant I knew from a previous visit. My need of a box of wooden matches caused me to enter. I knew the place had good wooden matches. On this visit to this delightful restaurant I would be using the *other* restroom that I had not used before. The hostess seated me in the bar area at my request, the bar keep served a tall (this was tall) cold glass of Double Diamond for my thirst. The special for the day, tomato and lentil soup with herb bread was delicious. One never has went for salty snacks here. In great

abundance are tasty crunchy things and bowls of olives of several types. The brief respite and fine nourishment were refreshing. The manager thanked me for coming as I left. The hostess and waitresses were all smiles, very friendly. I'd recommend stopping for a snack, light lunch or dinner if you are passing by. I did some window shopping, bright sunlight and cool breeze billowed my pretty little dress. Victoria's Secret and other upscale shops populate the mall.

In the car with air conditioning full blast I returned back to I-91 south to Exit 23 and Dinosaur State Park. Back in 1966 some guy found dinosaur tracks. Since that time more discovery, more tracks, and, *voilà!* a State Park. Two bucks gets you into the visitors' center to learn all about Triassic, Jurassic, and Cretaceous beasts and their foot prints. Lots of families with kids milling about taking in all the descriptive material of a time long ago. I've been to the park before but my footprints were quite a bit different than those I left before. I passed on the nature walk, not a good idea in heels.

Back on I-91 to I-95 the coffee had worked its way through the system. The first rest stop was packed with holiday traffic. A blew the first chance I had ever had to wait in a line in a Ladies Room. In retrospect I now think that would have been kind of fun. But I guess I was indignant about having to wait in line so I left knowing that another rest area was just a few minutes along I-95. There was no wait at the next rest stop. All the mirrors were in use save one. I combed my hair and freshened my Mary Kay Really Red lipstick. I love to primp with all the other women at the mirrors.

In Huntington on Long Island I stopped at the Filene's Basement to check out the Labor Day sale but didn't find anything to my liking. Then home.

Girls, check out your neighborhood State Park! Try new dining experiences! Let us know what you discover about our world. Have fun!



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 Winnie [redacted]  
Vice President Tina [redacted]  
Secretary open  
Treasurer Winnie [redacted]  
Newsletter Editor Vicky [redacted]

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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 [redacted]. 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, 7:30 PM to 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 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

**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.

TGIC meetings are ~~held~~ Thursdays at 7:30 in the clubhouse.

**Events of Note**

- November 11-15 Creating Change Convention  
GLBT policymakers  
Pittsburgh, PA  
Estimated attendance: 2000
- November 14 Twenty Club, Hartford  
Transsexual Support Group
- November 28 Twenty Club, Hartford
- December 17 TGIC Christmas Party,  
Clubhouse
- December 19 Lambda Chi SSS  
Christmas Party ?  
(Sorry, no details yet)
- February 16, 1999 Mardi Gras Party  
or thereabouts Proposed, for planning
- March 18-21, 1999 IFGE, Louisville
- March 21, 1999 Equality Begins at Home  
Grassroots GLBT lobby