
TRANSgenderist

Monthly Magazine of the Transgender Independence Club

May, 1998

Transition Party

The time has FINALLY come for me to transition. I will be going full-time on May 21st, and I would love to share that with you, my friends. I'll be bringing some food and liquid refreshments to the meeting that night; please drop by and help me celebrate the greatest day of my life.

--Vicky E. [REDACTED], Vix

In Praise of TGIC

In eleven days I will stand up in front of about forty of my coworkers and say, "I have gender identity disorder; I am a transsexual." In twenty-one days I will be living full-time as a woman. And in fifty-one days I will legally be a female named Vicky E. [REDACTED].

It would not have been possible without TGIC and I want to say right now, thank you for being there. So often we lose track of the valuable therapeutic aspect of having an organization like TGIC available. Now TGIC always serves a wonderful social purpose where transgendered people can let down their hair (or is that put on their hair?), but it also serves as a vital lifeline connecting transgendered people together to share what is to many of us life-critical information.

I have been quiet about where I was in my journey before I came to TGIC. I was sitting in my second therapist's office on that early April 1997 day, scared stiff. I had survived a suicide attempt in late February, and I was again sliding downwards towards the place I could not get out of, the place no pills known to humankind were going to help me get out of, and my therapist

seemed rather powerless to help either. The discouraging therapy session was winding down as Mary reached over and handed me a small yellow post-it note. I asked her what it was and she just said, "O, you might find these two telephone numbers useful."

The first was hardly useful; it was a suicide hotline for transgendered people which closed down for the night at 9 PM; schedule your attempts for when people are on duty. But the second just said "TGIC; 436-4513." I asked what that was, and Mary said, "It's a transgendered club in Albany."

I kind of staggered out of her office as I looked at that tiny post-it note and cried buckets. I was not alone! Up to this point I was treated well and with compassion, but nobody knew anything about what it is to really be a transgendered person and especially a transsexual, and they could not help me with it, only help me with the peripheral issues which, although important, were not the main issue.

Suddenly, there were real people who understood at the end of that telephone line, in someplace God knows where. But I can assure you that I found the nearest private phone and called immediately. I got the answering machine and spilled out my guts to it, hoping against hope that I would get a call back quickly.

The call came soon enough, and I got the information package soon afterwards and resolved to go to the first meeting I could. I cancelled my work so I could go that night; going to TGIC was the most important thing I had ever done in my life up to that point. I knew I had a life-threatening illness called GID, and I knew that going to TGIC was a major part of the cure.

As I drove over to the clubhouse, all sorts of things flashed through my mind. Who were these people; what did they look like? I had terrible stereotypical thoughts; I mean, the only transgendered person I had ever seen and knew about was the one I had seen in the mirror. I had visions of seven-foot tall drag queens, scores of them, with me the only person there in a shirt and tie, in short, all of the usual prejudices.

It took a while to find it. It was all so very new to me, finding a place to park, being in downtown Albany after dark, just walking around in a new neighborhood, the normalcy of the building, I mean how could this be where it was? I rechecked the number; right building, all right. Gulp! I swallowed hard and went back outside for a breath of fresh air. Was I doing the right thing? I mean, someone might recognize me or something, I had never publically identified myself as transgendered, I was known to thousands of area residents; why was I doing this? But then I realized that the only chance I had to live to be fifty-one was in that room with people who understood. I went back in, opened the clubhouse door and walked up.

I believe there were about ten people there that first night, although exactly who was there is still quite foggy to me. I remember Winnie and Tina, though, and this young woman who smiled and said, "Hi! I'm Robin!" and at whose feet I would learn what I had to do and how to do it. But right at the moment, I faced yet another moment of truth. Winnie said to me, "What's your name?" And I said Don, and someone said, "Dawn, that's a very pretty name." Then I explained D-O-N, and then Winnie said, "No, what's your female name?" And I froze. How do you say a name you have hidden for half a century, in the middle of strangers, a name and a concept so foreign to the bulk of the people in this world that if you said it they would have you committed? How can you do that? But that is what you have to do, acknowledge who you are in your most secret heart of hearts. And I said it, out loud, for the very first time at TGIC that night, "I'm Vicky."

Because that is who I really am. Thank you.

A Guy in a Dress in the Mall

hi everyone!

I conducted an experiment some years ago and wrote an article (slightly academic) on buying a dress and wearing it in a shopping center, and the responses it got. For those of you who've always wondered about what it'll be like if hell ever broke lose, you might want to read on. Basically it involved myself going into a large, testosterone-overdosed shopping mall located in a testosterone-overdosed suburb on the busiest night of the busiest hour and buying a fluffy pink dress and putting it on in the mall and walking the entire length of the mall before exiting to the parking lot. The professor for the subject gave me an A++. I later asked her what the double pluses were for. She said, "your balls.")

The bad news is it is about seven pages long. The good news is, you get to experience hell breaking lose (no violence) in the comfort of your own home.

If you want to download it in an orderly fashion, just download the "1.doc" file. Others can just read it below.

huggy kiss,
felix

<http://www.geocities.com/westhollywood/village/2967>

HEGEL, ORTON, AND THE FROZEN TOKEN

a gender experiment by Felix Loving

In any society, there's a common set of signs and movements which has been agreed upon by virtue of its familiarity and comfort of convenience. By this I mean that the nature of

time has established a solidity in a set of expressions which, through enforcement and repeated use have become taken for granted. I think human beings, with their burdensome complexities within the individual experience, will naturally choose the path of least resistance to communicate in dialogue. When people engage within familiar signs and expressions, they dispense with unnecessary questioning, therefore 'relating the message without expending too much energy. For example, during initial contact, two strangers having different but identifiable accents and fashion preferences will have less differences to resolve than two others with a confusing barrage of tastes. While the most open-minded purport to finding interest in the unique, we should recognise that we all have certain accepted and limited definitions of "unique." In the course of my experiment, I take into consideration the relativity of the common vs. the unique as they relate to location (implying class), age, and gender. I mentioned "dialogue" previously because in order for a normal conversation of signs and signals, two individuals have to engage in certain common ideologies: two motorists in heated argument will resort to name-calling, fist waving, and violent contortions of facial and vocal expressions. On the other hand, if one motorist fumes in belligerence while the second responds by laughing a strange and even more violent reaction usually follows. The first situation takes considerably less energy and thought than the second. This is the underlying structure in the violation of conventions and its consequential responses: A violation tends to disturb the coma of daily existence.

In our society, one-upmanship enforces the capitalist and patriarchal conventions: when we follow the rules of the game, we are acknowledging the existence of those rules. The subtlety is that if we ignore them and do what we're not suppose to, we have only violated convention in a familiar way: we're then kicked out of the game. But if we continue participation while following rules

from a different game, this irrational line-of-thought literally strips the power of convention (footnote no. 1) : we discover what lurks beneath the calm and confidence of people's learned behavior. The project takes place in that public space of modern times where people came to trade notes on trends, compete their current knowledge of trends, or catch up with others by way of assimilation or consumption- the shopping mall.

There's a dynamic that exists in the nature of shopping centers: trends and the latest fashion may be the beginning of future conventions, or they may be seen just as a temporary falling out with good or 'hip' tastes. As a result, the more isolated customers might interpret all unfamiliar behavior as perhaps, the new "in" thing to do. On the other hand, the fashionable majority who follows every trend closely will immediately spot the wolf in sheep's clothing, so to speak. Shopping Mall X is located at the busiest intersection in suburb town USA where four major highways cross paths. Since many out-of-towners shop at this mall, the uncertainty of trends as they pertain to different class and race groups is more prevalent here than in small town committees. Therefore, I predicted a certain openness to new ideas among the diverse group.(2)

My interest lies in blending two extremes of gender norms within the same time frame. In other words, the bystander has the possibility of witnessing an extract in the conversion from one extreme to the other. The initial extreme is the fictitious man's man- the motorcycling ruffian with his leather garb. On the other extreme is the angelic young girl, with pink tutu ruffles. The critical moment I have chosen to freeze is the midpoint where the conversion lies halfway between the two gender extremes, henceforth, a relatively large, lightly bearded young man in a blue- pink dress and combat boots.

With this scheme, I try to bring the chronological aspects of the individual identity vs. collective experience to light. I enter the place by the same door and path which I later re-trace towards making an exit. Since this

occurs within approximately 20 minutes, it will be safe to assume that a member of store-front salespersons, security guards, and shoppers have seen, or at least noticed my presence in the periphery. I say this because it is not common to see someone in full black motorcycling outfit walking aggressively through the floor level. By the same token, I want to establish and reinforce a masculine norm that I will break a few minutes later. The important step is to produce conflict between my past and present image in the public's collective perception. Instead of seeing me for the first time and making a lazy allegation that I'm "that" way by nature, the bystander will have to deal with my two extreme behavior patterns. Of course, not every person will have seen the two norms I'm travelling between: that's why I freeze the metamorphosis halfway. To get back to our analogy then, I am still in the game (masculine appearance) but I am following a different set of rules (the pink-blue dress). A gender violation is at hand, and chaotic reaction is somewhat inevitable.

On a Friday night at its peak hours, I enter the mall wearing what is the black motorcycling outfit. The overall carriage is masculine, along with the unshaven face and hardened facial expression. My gait and stride is produced from the heel of the army boots (which I wear throughout the duration of the project). Whether I make a self-conscious effort to walk differently or not, my posture will remain masculine throughout. Quite a few men turn to look and a very mild defense is put up among bystanders by way of staring and a slight straightening of the spine. The women who work at the storefronts make a few casual glances before returning back to their work. The security guards slowed down and assess the situation for a few minutes longer. But they too, continue their beat after a while.

I enter the store (Jean Nicole) which is an all women's dress shop. As a method of recording reactions and responses, I brought several undercover colleagues with me on our little "test tube adventure." - one stationed with

his girlfriend near the register where the sales staff gathered for small talk, and several others elsewhere in the store. I tapped the salesgirl for assistance, the following exchange takes place:

Me: (politely) excuse me, I am going to buy this dress here, but I am short of time because I need to catch a plane. I'm about to go on a vacation. Is it possible to try it on for fit before I buy it?

Salesgirl: (staring, but answering in a calm voice) Alright, hold on... Let me go ask the manager, I'll be right back. (takes the dress and goes)

(At the register)

Same Salesgirl: There's a man over there that says he wants to try out this dress in the dressing room. (general commotion)

Female Manager: What!? Who? Are you kidding?

Salesgirl: What should I tell him? Tell him he can't!

Female Manager: (hesitant) You tell him. (the salesgirl and the manager turn to a muscular weightlifting type friend whom they've been talking to a moment ago. In Unison: YOU tell him! The man, in turn, turns around and sees me standing there in a leather jacket with an aggressive pose, glaring at him, waiting-what he has just heard about a possible "sissy" reported by his co-worker is in DIRECT conflict with what he is seeing now.)

Muscular Man : Uh-uh. No Way!

The salesgirl finally returns and tells me that I cannot try it out because the dressing room is a community type room and there are other women in it. I persisted by asking whether the storage room could be used. With a slight impatience in her voice, she says, "no, you can't do it." So I bought the dress after they've agreed to take it back in exchange if it doesn't fit me at home.

My speculation is that the initial moment of contact produces such gender confusion and conflict between my physical appearance and contradictory request that the normal response seems inadequate. (3) That's why the weightlifting man at the register instantly doubts

the persuasive ability of his physical strength. In most cases, he would simply walk up to the troublemaker in the store and threaten him with movie-script violence. Force answering force is logically sound. Unfortunately, muscle-man confronting suspicious transvestite (let alone be seen talking to one) doesn't seem quite satisfactory to the male pride. At once we realise how the machismo ideology, with all its forcefulness becomes insufficient. When communicating within a realm that flounders with an uncertainty between the feminine and the masculine, there is an unnamable tension. If the man beats me too hard, my feminine side might appear, which is very embarrassing to the masculine hero picking on the effete sissy ("Hey, if you want a challenge, pick on someone your own size!" On the other hand, if he hits me too lightly, my masculine side might surge and overpower him.

My further observation is that once the salesgirl has engaged in some conversation with me, the threat of the unknown is reduced to a more plausible figure, and she is able to be more forthright. Perhaps she has filled in the gap and placed me in a category or a label. Nevertheless, some adjustments (even if they might be fudged ones) have brought a more sensible response within reach.

I walked upstairs with the parcel to a fast food shop. In the man's toilet, I changed quickly and stepped out within minutes. At this point, I have ten colleagues working with me. As I walk across the floor level, they are scattered in pairs at five meters, ten meters, twenty-five meters, and a hundred meters behind me, with two others at random locations. My undercover friends at five, ten, and twenty-five meters reported responses that were expressed visually or uttered audibly. I myself only heard a fraction of some of the calls, so I'm not certain whether they were meant for me to hear. But the important point is that the comments were made loud enough for surrounding bystanders (peers) to acknowledge. From the slightest chuckle to the loudest broadcast opinions, each caller has effectively

exonerated himself or herself from identifying with me. Because keeping silent suggests permission, or even worse, "admission" which finally leads to deviance from the majority. In order to illustrate the frantic responses this act has triggered off, I will present the recordings from 5 meters, 10 meters, and 20 meters in their entirety:

Female Response

"that dress is really cute" -16 yr teen in group "I want to ask him where he got it" -teen in group "he must be crazy!" -old lady "It must be for a fraternity...I would never do it" -two women "he's got guts" -the second woman "I like your shoes" -18 yr old w/ friend "Nice dress!" -teen girl "I think it's cute!" -20 yr w/ boy "I want to see what's under there" -three young teens at 5 meters "Let's get on the escalator behind him and look up" -three other teens "I want to know where he got that dress" -teen in group (many double-takes. Two girls were running towards me from behind to get a look. In family groups: mother would turn around and try to get father to look- father stiff and unwilling. Same with middle- aged wives and husbands. Women pulling friends out of stores to look, stare, and talk about it. Salespeople; rushing out from Jean Nicole and other stores to look.)

Male Response

"What the hell?!" middle age person "ASSHOLE!" -Italian stallion "What bullshit is this?!" -police officer "must be from New York" -husband and wife "Shave your legs much?" -high school boys "You're an American now!" -Italian stallion "Kissei- Kissei!" -teens "Is it a guy or is it a girl.?" -25 yr old to neighbor "How many times are we having sex?" -another 25 yr old in group "Is it really a guy?" -boyfriend to girlfriend "Welcome to America!" -four guys in a group

(many double- takes. many whistling. First cop

reaches for his walkie-talkie with a scared look; he tries to report it- then he looks at a second colleague and they both laugh. A third cop followed me for a short distance and then gave up. General laughter (tamer vs. seriousness) Men walking out of stores and just stand there staring. Family with child: child looks at me, then at his father: the child had no words for it- the father pretends I'm not there by ignoring the situation. married men didn't miss it, but they behaved otherwise because they didn't want their children to notice it.)

According to the undercover pairs at 5 meters and 10meters, they report that they couldn't see me at all. But they were still able to follow my path simply by the chaotic chain responses that radiated from my line of travel. Nobody pointed at me in my face but they all did it behind my back. As one undercover friend reported; "the word spread very quickly and no one was unaware of it from 10 meters behind." Looking at the female reaction, there seems to be a spontaneity in commenting on the present situation (i.e. what's right there at the moment; the dress, the possibility of talking to the deviant, his physique). On the other hand, the male response is more of a groundless attempt to account for the possibilities that have led up to this state of affairs - homophobic comments, xenophobia, etc.. I think there's definitely less of a threat towards the female than the male. In the clearest level of rationale, the female perceives the deviant as "trying to be like us," while the male sees the deviant as "not like us." Hence I would say that even though both gender norms are being violated, the assimilated group feels less pressure than the one who is being deviated from.

But what is it that has caused such a large scale pandemonium? As I mentioned before, aside from the dress, nothing has changed: my posture and countenance remain consistent throughout. I think it has much to do with being at a loss for appropriate behavior in an inappropriate situation. Because I refuse to give the bystander the luxury of witnessing a specific

identity; I choose to freeze the conversion at midpoint, retaining my lengthy strides, facial hairs, and aggressive bearing. While some rushed towards homemade conclusions, most simply regressed to a primitive man as they made vocal signals to establish their bond with the next normal person. Afraid that everyone had reacted and that they might be excluded, they quickly made vocal affirmations of belonging to escape desolation.

I think that another aspect of the reaction is based on the aforementioned tendency to find the least resistance in the reasoning process. Many do not want to go through the trouble of knocking down the wall of convention to find answers or allow for an unfamiliar order to emerge. By resorting to familiar labels, they can conveniently go about their business without further thought. This is why the people at the dress shop avoided confronting the deviant, as well as the ones who quickly found a name for him. Three fifteen year old girls who followed me all the way out to the parking lot were quite intent on starting a conversation. But the moment I turned around, they all scattered in three directions while hollering to each other, "where did we park the car?"

An additional observation I make pertains to my colleagues' apprehension that violence might erupt. I too, felt a tremor of that at certain moments. However, some other accomplices thought that humour was at the heart of the responses. I think it could have gone several ways: when human beings' set of norms have been threatened, there's either a huddling together for protection, or a striking out; in defense. Judging under normal circumstances, it would have been inconceivable to follow a strange man out into the parking lot at night. But in this case; the assumption is that since the deviant is not a "real." man, there's no danger. Judging from the palette of reactions, I would say we have seen mild demonstrations of both mechanisms- the parental instinct to shield the child away from all things that have no explanations as well as the young men involved in verbal abuse.

In closing, I think the important pattern I've drawn from this project is that people generally avoid chaos. Since the beginning of time, scientists and preachers have aspired towards the discovery of an underlying order in the universe. Children have been brought up with school counselors warning them about "identity crises" while instructing them towards finding that single goal in life. People are channeled into neat cubicles of seeing, thinking, and categorising. It is no wonder that mass mentality collapses at the sight of an irrational juxtaposition.

Concerning the gender aspects of the project, I suspect that a certain socialised passivity and the secondary status of women have somewhat enabled them to understand and/or accept the implications of deviance and the ruling standard. In contrast, dominance in male upbringing and the structure of social behavior demand that men take action or assert their comments, even when no reasonable comments are at hand. It is through this frantic enforcement of the common signs and its assertion of the accepted gender and oversimplified behavior patterns that society is able to relax in its lazy sense of security and contentment. Meanwhile, the wall of convention heightens, trapping us all. Nobody gets in. Nobody gets out.

(1) throwing pink cotton-candy at police officers at a protest riot and then asking them about their favorite television programs while you're being cuffed enervates their structure more effectively than kicking senselessly and screaming political manifestoes. Similarly, the rationalising police "bare with us, We're only here to make sure people don't get injured..." is far more persuasive than the hilly-club.

(2) to be fair, the parking-lots of Shopping Mall X still serve as constant exhibition platforms for competing man-children to prove their virility through a mysterious ritual of displaying the biggest engine or the loudest car stereo system.

(3) in business-world subservience, the salesperson never questions the customer, who is "always right;." Yet the matter is treated with an unnecessary seriousness that verges on emergency

My name is April and I am a GG (genetic girl). It has been my privilege and pleasure to attend TGIC meetings on Thursday nights. I look forward to this evening all week. I attend with my partner Carol. We have been welcomed warmly and have made many new friends. Every week I learn something new about myself and life in general. However, I find that I am unique in that I am the only one of my kind (GG) to attend meetings. So come on ladies; open your minds and hearts and take your partners hand and join me on Thursday nights!

7 (We'll get the whole thing in one of these months.)

Vanessa's Journal

Philadelphia and the Magic Dress

At check-out, the clerk looked up at me and with a surprised expression said, "*you are really tall! How tall are you?*" I replied, "*about 6 feet in heels.*" "*Heels?*" she queried as she walked around the counter to see. "*Those are hard to walk in,*" she mumbled shaking her head. I was pleased that she focused on my height and not any lack of feminine attributes. In a cream low-neckline blouse, black skirt, red blazer, black high-heels, and beige hose, I drove from Washington, DC to Long Island.

The Liz Claiborne Outlet with its very friendly, accommodating staff is just off I-95 north of Baltimore in Perryville, Maryland. I've shopped there several times before. After donning each selection, I stepped out of the spacious fitting room so that salesladies, Basia and Nancy, could assess the fit and the look. The two, friendly, knowledgeable, and honest, enjoyed helping me as much as I delighted in trying on the fashions. Basia even came to my fitting room to see how I was making out with my choices. My prize was an elegant long-sleeved, chiffon, fully-lined, black with rose-print dress, the most expensive dress I've ever bought. As Basia said, "*when you buy a better dress you feel and look better,*" and I certainly did. She looked approvingly and added that with black pantyhose I will be stunning. We talked about length preference. She agreed that above the knee with nice legs was fine and added, "*Legs?, you sure do have the legs!*" Next, I could not resist a great sale on a red, white polka dot, short-sleeve, fully-lined, crepe, short summer dress. Basia remarked, "*with white shoes and purse you will be stunning.*" She cautioned that I should wait for summer to wear this light and airy number. It'll be hard to wait. Then, I purchased a pearl necklace and a black and gold necklace with matching bracelet. As we discussed fashion, accessories, and appropriate times to wear this and that, Nancy remarked on the similarity of my skin tone to that of Basia's. Basia, absolutely stunning and a smart dresser, complimented me on my misty amber ring in its silver setting. If you are driving by, do make a point of stopping in, especially for big clearance sales in July and January. Say hello to Basia and Nancy and, also, to Judith and Sherille.

Claire's Boutiques, next door, is fantastic. At three items for one dollar I filled a small bag with earrings and bracelets including the perfect red earrings to match my new polka dot dress. Did you know that 75% of all women wear the wrong-sized bra? At least that's what the sign in the L'eggs/Hanes/Bali/Playtex outlet store dressing room read as this woman was getting her black push-up bra

just right. I bought Hanes Absolutely Ultra Sheer control top size D and Silk Reflections size 2 plus jet-black pantyhose.

Further north, the historic district of Philadelphia is an easy exit off I-95. Parking in Center City I strolled around the downtown area for an hour stopping at Wanamaker's to enjoy the organ playing in the Grand Court. There, while looking at hats, I met three sisters. Finesse was first to strike up a conversation. Another, Tracy, a doctor who does SRS, inquired of my stage of transgender development. We talked. "*Not ready for surgery.*"

Panorama Ristorante is a fine restaurant featuring a great wine bar that keeps 128 bottles under nitrogen so that tastings can be made of great wines at moderate cost. The restaurant is at the Penn's View Inn on Front Street near Market Street right by the Ben Franklin Bridge. It's a bit fancy. Dress-up time. What to wear? I parked by the Inn and in the car slipped into my new rose-print black dress. Changing to black pantyhose I had just bought, I added the black and gold necklace and bracelet, keeping my gold large-loop earrings. With the light and airy short dress gently caressing my thighs I floated down the block with a confidence never felt before. *There must have been some magic in that new black dress she wore.* I asked for a table for one. With a warm smile the hostess seated me amid the tables of diners. In the ladies room, I touched up my make-up for an evening look. The *tortellini di ricotta e funghi* with spinach sauce was splendid. A five-glass (1.5 oz/glass) pinot noir flight went well with the pasta. Espresso and a glass of *Sangiovese Tourino* for dessert finished a fine meal. The fact that I had never dined alone at an elegant restaurant made the evening all the more memorable.

I broke the journey home several times to fill up the tank, ask directions, buy snacks, freshen up, and get coffee. Still dressed to the nines I turned a few heads at a rest stop along the New Jersey Turnpike.

Girls, wear appropriate fine clothing! Talk to people! Make Friends! Dine out! Have fun!



Transgenderist's 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	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

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.

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.

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Choices
Counseling Associates



Calendar and Events
TGIC meetings are held
Thursdays at 7:30 in the
clubhouse.

Events of Note

May 9, 1998 Twenty Club
Hartford, CT

May 21, 1998 Vicky [redacted]
Transition Party
7:30-10 at the Clubhouse

May 23, 1998 Twenty Club
Hartford, CT
Presentation by Dr. Menard

June 10-14 16th Annual Be
All You Can Be Weekend

July 15-19 SPICE VI for
Crossdressers and spouses,
Atlanta, GA

Sept. 27-Oct. 4 Albany Pride
Week

Any interest in having a once a
month at "Yours?" Hmm?

Comments? Vicky E. [redacted], vicky_s@juno.com

[redacted] Albany, NY 12203.

All the news that fits.

LAU = Late as Usual