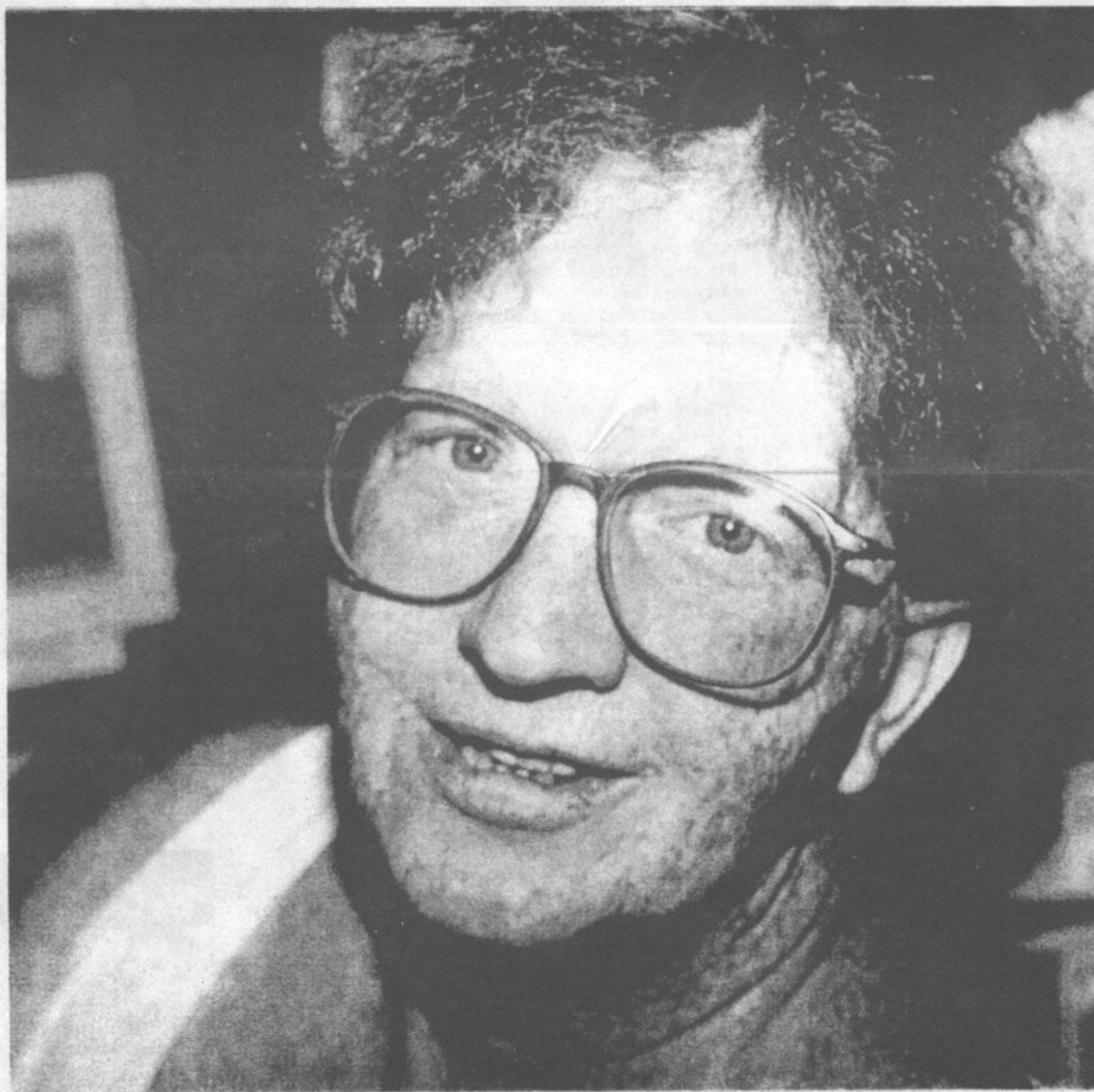


TRANNIES IN LOVE

The Capitol District Journal of the X-Sex

Free! Issue N° 2



trannies in love p.o.box 171 sch'dy ny 12301

TRANNIES IN LOVE 'NAKED NIGHT' PARTY BIGGEST LOCAL TRANSGENDER EVENT IN OVER A YEAR

Okay, if you were there you might not believe it by the modest size of the group, but it was. Enough money was donated at this first TRANNIES IN LOVE fundraiser to cover most of the paper's operating costs, and a few new people were introduced to the transgender groups in the area. It

was a great time, there was too much food, the impromptu karaoke was really horrible, but two trans hotties got lotsa dopey grins and drooling by wearing pasties. Yes, it was the usual suspects. The men who attended must unfortunately be congratulated for being perfect gentlemen. Ah well.

The TRANNIES IN LOVE fundraising parties will continue monthly on every first Saturday at 146 Central Ave. in Albany for a \$5 cover. We'll get better at it -- like I hope we get better entertainment for the March 1 party. Maybe a wet-jockey contest, or at least a Twister game.

Guide to Transgender Groups in the Capital District For Tranny-Chasers and Those Coming Out or New To The Area

TRI-ESS This is a 50 year old national organization for straight male crossdressers and their wives, if they've told their wives, but an awful lot of them aren't all that straight, believe me. This is mostly made up of what the tranny-chasers call "the aunties" or uptight old biddies who don't know they're into period fashions from the 40s. The local group is a bit renegade though. A couple of babes and transsexuals show up. The problem is knowing how to find them, they're largely in the closet. They meet monthly at a club in Schenectady.

TRANSGENDER INDEPENDENCE CLUB (TGIC) This is a 30 year old mixed group of aunties and hotties of varied sexual interests that has its own clubhouse in an apartment in Albany. The place is cozy and has a kitchenette, tv, vcr, stereo, computer, phone, key-club memberships, closets for rent, a newsletter, refreshments, and lots of informational literature. Usually 8 to 10 girls show up on Thursdays and Fridays to socialize. In spite of all these assets the club has continuously been at threat of closing for the past year due to crummy management, infighting and the typical low self-esteem many trannies internalize from seeing themselves as second or third class citizens. In other words, a lot of them have been easy to get over on by chasers and users, and have "we're gonna fail" written all over them.

The members are mostly transitioning transsexuals, in the process of their sex change, and some crossdressers and post-operative (post-op) transsexuals. Although they make big talk about being a "non-sexual support group", everybody snickers when they say it. It is used almost exclusively as a dating pool by the members and there have been off-hours sex parties at the clubhouse, but if you call for info they'll stonewall you if you admit to being tranny-chasers like them. They're loosening up about it though. Their number is 518-436-4513. Regular memberships are \$60 a year.

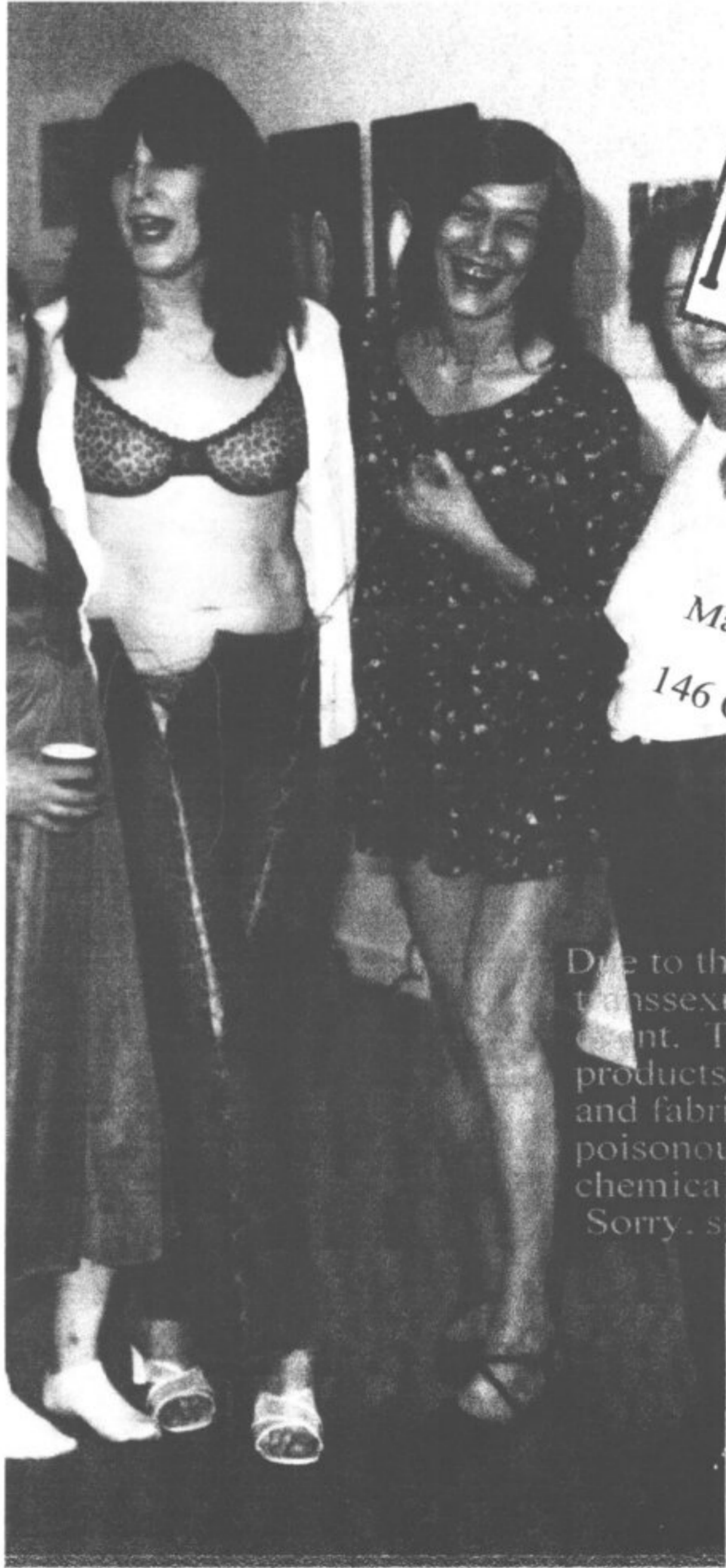
COLORED AMERICAN TRANSGENDER SOCIETY (CATS) These are the wild babes of color in the area. They're all show-stoppers and active in the community. They meet twice a month at the Whitney Young Health Center in Albany.

ALBANY GENDER PROJECT (AGP) This is actually a tax-exempt service and advocacy organization for trans folks dealing with housing, legal, medical and social concerns, but they know how to party and have the best looking goddesses around. Most are transsexuals, but some monogendered non-trannies are active with them too, along with crossdressers. These gals are out and have the self-confidence to bring you to your knees, so slobbs would have better luck scoring elsewhere. They might chew you up and spit you out. They

have casual open meetings at their office at 146 Central Ave, upstairs, in Albany on Fridays at 7:30. They don't disparage tranny-chasers. They can be reached at 518-785-7866 or 518-436-4513.

CLUB PHOENIX Trannies are everywhere in the capital region. There are hundreds and hundreds of them here who might frequent your favorite bar or restaurant or neighborhood association or garden club without anybody knowing. The bar of choice, however, has been Club Phoenix at 348 Central Ave. in Albany. More girls always meet at the bars than at the organizations and you can often find them at Club Phoenix any night of the week, especially Thursdays and Fridays around the pool table.





Not Necessarily

NAKED NIGHT

"TRANNIES IN LOVE"
Fundraising Party

Every First Saturday
March 1, April 5, 7-11 PM, \$5 Cover
146 Central Ave. Third Floor, Albany

Due to the health needs of some transsexuals, this is a fragrance-free event. That means perfumes, hair products, after-shave, skin lotions and fabric softeners can be poisonous and if you exude these chemicals you can't be allowed in. Sorry, sorry sorry...

TRANNIES IN LOVE
is a transgender art & literature periodical sponsored by the Albany Gender Project
P. O. Box 171
Schenectady NY 12301.
(518) 372-1027.

by Suzy Crowbar

I arrived in Montreal five days prior to my gender reassignment surgery, but the large, ornate residence for wayward girls I was expected to stay at prior to my surgery turned out to be a sort of forced-labor racket in which we were expected to take part in floor scrubbing, landscaping, cooking, window washing, bedpan cleaning, auto repairs, and similar tasks. Having battled my way this far through the gender industry, I wasn't surprised. I had arranged to have top anarcho-spies Bob Black and John Filiss stationed in town in case of emergencies. I called John and he was on his way immediately to pick me up.

Twenty four hours later he arrived, apparently taking an involved circuitous route to avoid being followed on his mission. He was a cutey and knew how to charm a girl. "Hey Suzy! You look even better than in your pictures. Are these things real?" he said, clutching a boob. When he could get up off the ground we proceeded back to the motel where Black was waiting. -And waiting. Filiss insisted on taking a confusing "evasive" route back and his car broke down on the way. In retrospect I think it was a con, but I slipped him a coupla hundred bucks for the repairs when he gazed up at me with those big misty doe eyes and seductive lips and started whimpering, "Gosh Suzy, what'll we do? I don't have enough to get car repairs." I'm a sucker for gorgeous young shy wimps.

John alleged that the previous day Bob had been quite drunk and that he had locked him in a closet before coming to get me. I knew this might mean trouble when we released Bob, so I armed myself with one of the few effective weapons against a violently cantankerous Bob Black. When Filiss jumped back from unlocking the closet I lunged at Black and thrust a \$50 bill at him; "Quick! Go get some beer!" Bob's eyes lit up. A hug and smooch fest ensued. I hadn't visited with this man of my dreams in over two long years. "I've gotta hit the can while you're getting beer," I told him after I'd had enough of his drool on my face. "Make sure you leave the seat up when you're done," he said lovingly.

We drank a bit and then went out to drink some more. The boys explained to me that this was what the Situationists called a Drift. -To drift? I dunno. It amounted to bar-hopping the strip clubs and making lots of jokes about drifting that not only aren't worth repeating but weren't worth making in the first place. I suppose they could explain it better, being such prominent swelled heads. They had me going for awhile though about the revolutionary potential of getting looped and gawking at naked babes.

Between drifts we videoed five hours of a roundtable forum of gossip about over 200 anarchists and the marginals milieu.* Five hours may have been more than was wise because of how much alcohol it allowed Bob to consume. The result was that near the end of the slander-session Bob became boisterous and John and I were becoming the objects of the slander. Filiss apparently has had more experience with these sorts of leftie criticism/self-criticism sessions because he knew exactly what to do to save his hide. He lowered his head and gazed up at Bob with his big pretty eyes and said, "You're right, Bob. I was such a fool. I'll listen to you more carefully from now on." This threw all of Bob's attention on me, and, as much as I regret it, it's not in my nature to be so submissive. Black detailed a long list of goofy life-threatening pranks I've punished him with over the years, usually "accidentally", concluding I've been "out to get him" all along.

Normally this would be where the fist fights break out, but to hear such mistrust from the man I love caused me to simply weep uncontrollable, bitter tears. So that night, my last night with a penis, with Bob Black passed out a few feet away, I slept with John Filiss. I kind of regret it now, but not as much as John does now that I've told everybody.

John was walking funny the next day when the boys took me to the hospital. We had time before my surgery, so Bob proceeded to hide beers all around the hospital room, and drank several. Soon he took a nap. I was getting antsy, waiting, so John and I decided to step out so I could smoke my last couple of packs of cigarettes. But first, we took a picture of Bob, unconscious, unshaven, with a wig I put on him, and my hospital wristband.

When we returned from my extensive cigarette break, Bob was nowhere to be found. John and I decided all we could do was stay put and wait. In awhile my surgeon came in, but when he saw me he got a look of shock and horror on his face, as if some terrible mistake had been made. I hoped I hadn't screwed something up again...

To Be Continued...



My Date With Suzy Crowbar and Bob Black
John Filiss

"So your friend the necrophile, is he into animals? He could do a crossover. There's an awful lot of roadkill in New York State."

I was on the phone with Bob Black, making arrangements for the upcoming trip to Montreal.

"No," I replied, "he's not into the animals."

"He sounds pretty uptight," was Bob's deadpan response.

I knew this would be a weekend to remember.

* * *

When I picked up Bob at his apartment, he was wearing a t-shirt that read "Anal Commando," with an image of a rather alluring blonde female. I gather it must have been taken from the cover of a porn video. Bob shortly confessed that Timothy Balash had been right on the money on this one area—lifestyle anarchists were obsessed with anal sex. Or at least he was.

He had a nice apartment, comfortably attired. I met his two parakeets, Alan and Lana. Bob told me, with an air of exaggerated importance, that their names were anagrams. I responded that we didn't want to be late for Montreal.

The ride up went without a hitch, though I was frankly amazed at Bob's ability to link every possible topic to anal sex. Discussion of primitivism brought up various tribes, such as the Manganians, who enjoyed anal sex during menstruation. Mention of the situation in Serbia brought up the use of olive oil as an anal lubricant in parts of the Mediterranean world. Discussion of the French Revolution brought up the topic of the Napoleonic code, where virtually all forms of consensual sex ("including anal sex," Bob emphasized) were legalized. Bob did mention that he was heterosexual, and I inferred that his endless ramblings were simply a love of the subject matter.

I wasn't able to pick up Suzy until the next day. She was staying at a home with other transsexuals either awaiting their operation or in recovery. I wasn't quite prepared for the number of female to male transsexuals, a move that will probably always baffle me. Why would anyone want to look like a dude?

It came in handy, though. After Suzy put her bags in the trunk, I tried to start the car, to no effect. Suzy was out of the car in a flash, with the hood up and checking through the wiring. Unfortunately, she was less of a mechanic than I was, and major automotive problems are beyond my meager skills. We went to the house to get help, and to our rescue came this F to M tranny, sporting a noticeable beard, and who was more than happy to help. It was interesting to watch him, with his girlfriend (real girl), charge the vehicle while explaining that I should never hook up the negative cable onto the negative battery terminal, lest I get a spark. I already knew that, but it was spoken in earnest from someone who probably knew much more about fixing cars than I ever would, and I really appreciated the help. The car turned over.

It wound up that the car restarting was a fluke. Later that day, I had to get a new starter, and was probably bilked with buying a new battery as well, but it could have been worse. And Suzy generously contributed to paying off the bill.

I should probably say here that I really liked both Bob and Suzy, a first meeting on both counts. Suzy was charming and immediately likable;

Bob was friendly and cordial, if a bit of a character once he hit the bottle. I remember our last night out together at a strip club, when Bob was arguing with a French-speaking bar maid who wanted a tip, but the language barrier kept him from knowing what she was talking about. I ended the dispute by tipping her. After she thanked me and left, Bob glared at me, saying sarcastically, "She probably thinks I'm some rube from Alberta, and you're a sophisticated guy."

I managed to get away from my two traveling companions to later view some of the Montreal nightlife. I had been told Club Supersex was supposed to have incredible lesbian shows, so my agenda was complete. Unfortunately, despite liking lesbians as much as I do, or perhaps because I like lesbians as much as I do, the pleasure of seeing two women perform orally on one other was seriously hampered by having several dozen male morons cheering them on. Feeling like a spectator on the outside of life, I left.

Now, it's time to clarify a thing about Suzy's story. When I returned that night, she claims I slept with her, and she's right. I slept in the same bed with her (there was only one bed in the apartment, as I had only rented a room for one to save money; Bob took the couch), about three feet away, and I did sleep, sans intimate contact. Unlike Hakim Bey, I'm not homosexual, nor am I bisexual like Michael William. I'm strictly het.

In any case, it was the last day that proved interesting. We took Suzy back to the home with the other trannies and spent much of the day there. Bob was loaded, as he was throughout the trip, and this later was to prove

his undoing. As F to M trannies would walk by, Bob would lean forward instinctively to check out their rears. I think the whole place was a bit confusing to a drunken Bob. And it was to get much worse.

Suzy introduced us to her one housemate Fifi, who tried to latch onto me, until I came up with the excuse of needing to get to my car. Upon my return, I noticed Bob was missing. Fearing Bob might get himself into something he would regret when sober, I decided to look for him.

I found him in one of the bedrooms with Fifi, and his face told me everything I needed to know. His alcohol-addled consciousness was in a quandary to which he could find no easy solution. Whether it was "A blowjob from a guy in a wig vs. No blowjob" or, even more difficult for Bob, "Anal sex with a guy in a wig vs. No anal sex," I could see Bob mulling over the merits and demerits of each scenario.

Fifi's face lit up when she saw me. "There you are! You're just in time for the party..."

"No, sorry, wrong room," I mumbled, and cruelly abandoned Bob to his fate. How I regret that move now!

I went upstairs to hang out with Suzy and one of the female staff that I found rather attractive. I soon forgot about Bob completely.

After what must have been hours, Suzy at last saw the nurse.

"Why, Susan," she said, "I thought you were in surgery. I was certain the doctor said he was bringing you to the hospital at noon."

"No, I have been waiting here for him. I haven't even seen him," Suzy responded.

Soon the dreadful events of the day became known. Shortly after I had left him, Bob had been visited by the surgeon. The surgeon, thinking he was Suzy, asked him in French if he would be ready for surgery immediately.

And here is where the author of "The French Disease" made his tragic mistake. He answered the surgeon with a mocking garble of French-sounding noises. Alas for Bob, as French has a narrow-enough range of sounds that even pretending to speak it can often produce something intelligible.

The surgeon thought Bob said, "I'm going to be a lingerie model. I have an agent, and important contracts."

The surgeon whisked the hapless Bob away. He later told a third party (Bob is no longer speaking with me or Suzy) that he has no recall of what happened. And we found out too late to stop the unfortunate chain of events.

Bob was surgically castrated.

The former Bob Black is said to be adjusting well to a new life. He (she?) wears a wig, and his girlfriend Christie helps him with his makeup. And his legal skills have even been useful in changing his name to Peggy. Perhaps some good will come of it after all.

One other bright note amidst the tragedy is that the former Bob Black has donated his balls to Hakim Bey.





123 JAY STREET
SCHENECTADY NY 12305
(518)631-0556

SPRING EAGLE
MAGICK SHOPPE

What's Tina about?

Tina's Web Page



Hi,
This is a "Here I am,
this is what I'm about
introduction of
myself" web page.
The first picture is
one of my more
elaborate cartoons.

Yes, I do play flute. This
includes Appalachian
Celtic, Blues and some
jazz.
This is an idealized picture

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SOCIAL RECREATION

WEDNESDAY NIGHTS

“RETARDO”

As usual I'm bombarding my bro with questions
About his new job
(now he can pay the rent!)

“Well...what kind of job is it?”

“you know, clean toilets, inspect the camp sites....pick up trash
it's just a boring 'ol 40 hour a week job...”

“will you be a ranger?”

“nah, I'd need more training for that....”

“you get to drive the jeep?”

“listen the only requirement for a parks and rec job
is that I don't have a monkey's heart!
That's all this interview is about!
That's all they care about!
That I don't have a monkey's heart!”

“do you get to wear a uniform?”

“yes but you have to pay for it...it's just a
seasonal job, no benefits, nothing....

**LISTEN IT'S JUST A RETARD JOB!
THAT'S IT...THAT'S WHAT YOU WANTED
ME TO SAY,RIGHT?
THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE WAITING FOR?!**
Even you can do it.”

And I laughed hard and punched him in the arm
And we both keep laughing hysterically
Even though be both know
That it isn't true

Oh god
Are
You
Certain
I'm meant
To
Stay
This way?

Why couldn't I
Have been
A
Tree sitter
Or even
A
Porn star?

Anything but
Lethargic
Small
Pitiful
On my metal chair
While my peers
Drool
Over
The monopoly money
And I
Smile
With
Delight



By CHRISTOPHER ROBIN

ALONE WE ARE, WE ARE EACH ALONE

Islands we are, We are each alone
Within ourselves is the WHOLE UNIVERSE
of depths beyond recounting
Because, you see, it filters through US
as we percieve All of Creation
We are the funnels of God's wonder
and we are the tunnels of our own plunder

Who can measure your joy?
Who can measure your sadness?
Can you? Can I?
Who can measure your anger or despair?
Who can measure your creativity or limits?
Who can measure your HIGH?
Who can measure your LOW?

Seek not ro measure the limits of your soul
but only strive
Find yourself and lose yourself in the finding

Are you a flower? BLOOM!
Are you a thunderclap? ROAR!!

Are you unknown? BE MYSTERIOUS!!!

Be the BELL and RING!!!

Let yourSELF glisten
LOOK and SEE
and HEAR and LISTEN.



tinasparty@yahoo.com

I AM IJA STOLJUE

I AM A MAGIC WOMAN

But we are ALL magic

Yes, we are all magic

All thought and attitude is prayer

The cosmos in it's non-discriminating
non-judgemental, non-moralizing perfection
gives you ALL you ask
Including the desires of your baggage

This is why Eastern Mysticism
values discipline so highly

You reap what you sow

You are judged by your own rules

Yoga and the Kabala tells us
We have three deeper layers
of pure spirit, each more subtle
and remote from our present
consciousness than the last

These spirit levels are incorruptable
inexorably united with God
But their wisdom is still available to us
Through our intuitive sense
And meditation

Deep in our spirits we are all
Both genders complete

Mantra is that with which
you fill yourself

ALL thought is Mantra

ALL MANTRA IS PRAYER

NOW YOU KNOW ABOUT

IJA STOLJUE

BECAUSE

IJA STOLJUE



NITE OWL NEWS



**400 Fulton St.
Troy, NY
Corner of 4th
and Fulton**

**A variety store with
a great selection of
wigs and hair care
products**



I'll be working on a new art series this spring focusing on the joys of trannies in upstate ny and I'm having a **call for Models** from mid-spring thru till mid-fall. Models can contact me at 274-3326 before Feb. 15. I'll send you some more work as it progresses.

Montage (Poops)

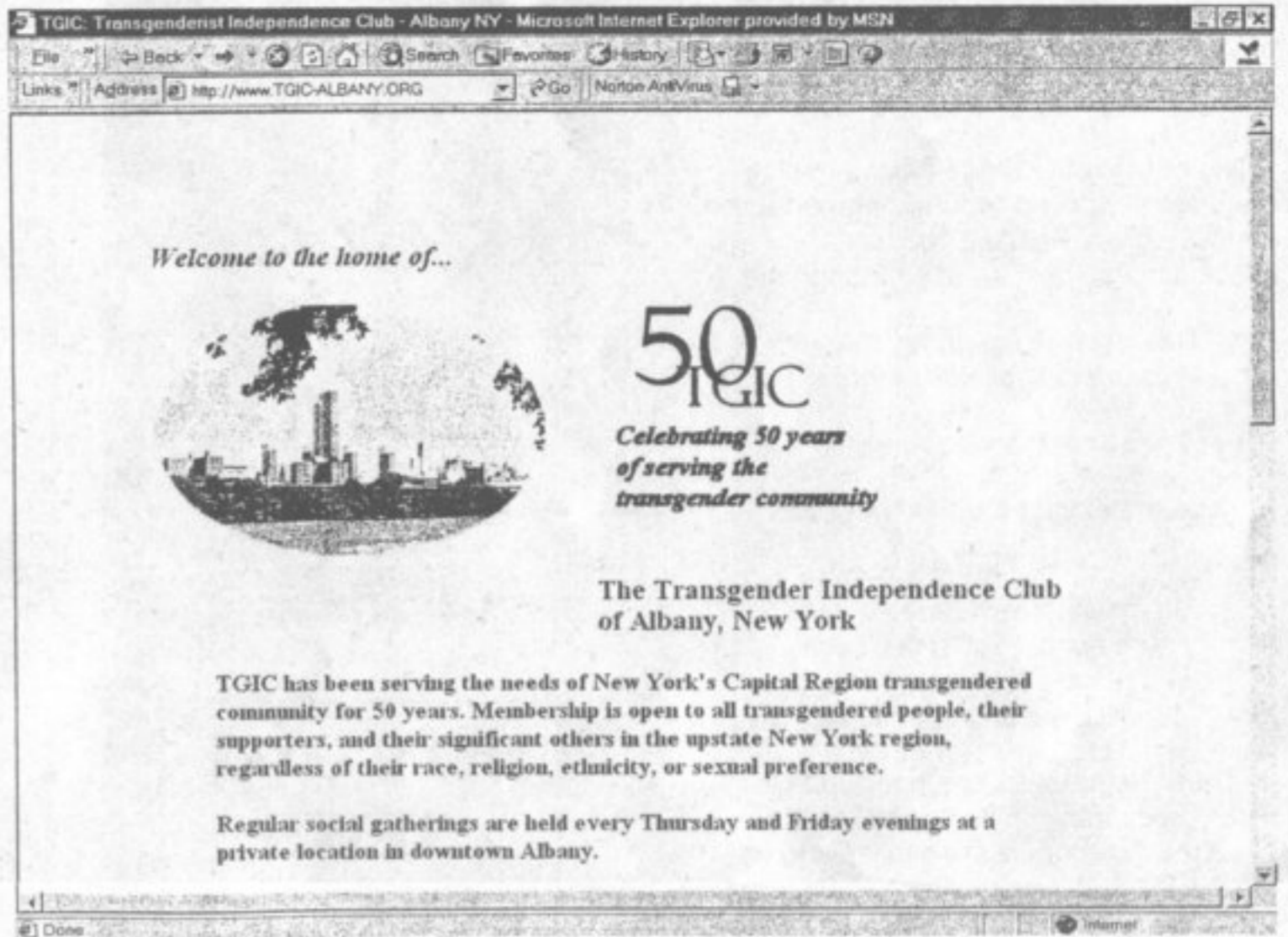
WHAT IA A TRANSSEXUAL WOMAN?

She is a rosebud that is trying to flower and become a full beautiful rose and trying to become what she should have become in the first place.

She has a lot of things in her path that want to try and stop her but her heart and her soul will not let her stop. That rose has to flower and it will and she will follow the path that she must and finally become her rose and when she gets there she will be free at last to follow her dreams.

-Susan DiBlasi

Visit Our Website



Browse Around

<http://www.TGIC-ALBANY.ORG>

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 22ND

**Albany Gender Project
Presents:**

Arlene Istar Lev


Transitioning Issues Transgender People Face

**This special presentation will be held at our
Central Ave location**


Please Call 518-785-7866 For Info

THE INTERNATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR GENDER EDUCATION

IFGE is an information provider and clearinghouse for referrals about all things which are transgressive of established social gender norms. Basic membership is \$35 per year. Subscriptions to Transgender Tapestry are \$40. For more info phone (781) 899-2212, e-mail info@ifge.org, write to: IFGE, PO Box 540229, Waltham, MA 02454-




CLUB PHOENIX



**348 Central Avenue, Albany, NY
(512) 462-4862**

- ☐ Open Daily / 4pm to 4am
- ☐ Drink Specials 2-4-1 Daily 4pm - 8pm
All day Sunday & Wednesday
- ☐ Karoke every Friday at 10pm

**We run in
the best
circles!**





Come Out Come Out Wherever You Are !



In the shadows of the December ruling to approve the SONDA bill without transgender inclusion, it prompts me to take action and put out a call to get the people who can help most in our community. I have found that because so many transgendered people tend to hide in the shadows, no one knows that they are even there. It is estimated that between all the cross dressers, pre-op transsexuals, post-op and non-op transsexuals, transgendered, intersexed and gender variant people that there are over 500 of us in the local area. This number may even be a low estimate as our kind is almost impossible to count. Wow, that many? You might say, and the answer would be yes. The reason you might be so surprised is my whole point. We need to be more active and help support the groups and services that are available so that they can not only survive, but thrive and grow and help those who are still in hiding learn more about who they are and not be so afraid to express their inner or true selves. I can say this as I am speaking from experience. About three years ago in March was when I finally went full time living and working as a female. It took me almost 30 years to get my act together and get the closet door busted down. I find that I much more appreciate the door as firewood especially with the cold weather we have been having. I thought for years that well, I need to work as a guy because I will never find a job as a woman, or it is too big a risk, I am not ready yet. I also thought I would lose some of my friends and worst of all maybe some of my family. I wondered can I really pull this off and be successful or will I fall on my face? I was basically scared to death that it would not work or that I would run into old classmates or co-workers or non trans friendly people and get the crap beaten out of me. I finally got to a point that if I didn't make a move, I was going to go insane. The fighting with a dual nature of man during the day and woman at night was pulling me apart. I looked forward to just being myself during my time off. Then the good Lord and my Best friend Bobbi-Jo Hahn gave me the push out of the plane and into the open sky. I was laid off of my job with no real goals or plans for the future, a house to pay or and bills to take care of. What was I going to do? Well I, with a little push, more like a nudge, was awakened to the fact that this was the moment and the opportunity that I was waiting for. Since that day, my life fell into place and I have been working at better jobs with better pay and my sanity is at an all time high because I have self confidence that I never knew was there. You might be asking yourself, How does this apply to me? Basically if you are afraid and in hiding, I have one thing to say, if people have a problem with you, it is their problem, not yours. You have to live your life and get on, whether it is finding a place to dress up one night a week, or living full time as a member of the opposite gender, you need to get out there and express yourself and be free. Even if you don't get out too much, you should at least go online and make your voice be heard. In the future of 200? I would like to be able to know that transgendered people are covered under a non discrimination policy, but until then we need to band together seek each other out and stop hiding. It is a very common fact that the woodwork is a place that transgender people live, transsexuals go back into after surgery, and cross dressers never come out of. We need to get out of the woodwork and start letting people know we are there. If you travel it is recommended to travel with a friend, go out with safety in mind. Quit being afraid - grab life by the you know what and let people take notice. If they mock you or try to steal those precious moments of freedom from you let them know that they are the ones with a problem and that you are perfectly normal. Society needs to bend to our lifestyles, expressions, and ways. We should not just sit there anymore and be their doormat. Feel empowered, realizing that you are a wonderful creature and that in your uniqueness you are a powerful face of change that can change the minds of others, open doors of new unfound realities and be a light of hope to every transgendered person who is still in the woodwork looking for someone else that they can relate to. It is only through a change in consciousness that the world will be transformed. So come out of hiding, let your voices be heard, and help those who need your guidance. The rewards are great when you know that you have given others hope or when the minds of the non-acceptant can be changed. Be all you want to be. Beautifully!

Peace & Love

Charlene Dodge



New TRANSGENDER INDEPENDENCE CLUB President Acts Grumpy In Spite Of Successful Party -- Renigs On Agreement With The ALBANY GENDER PROJECT

A step back into the closet by local TG groups makes needed services less accessible

The following correspondence between TIL publisher Susan Poe and new TGIC president Jennifer Holmes shows the evident sisterly diplomacy in the TG community.

TRANNIES IN LOVE

The Capitol District Journal of the X-Sex
P. O. Box 171
Schenectady, NY 12301
(518) 372-1027



Hi Jennifer. Enclosed is the biggest promotional asset any local tg group has ever had, with the last two TGIC presidents on board. Even tho we've tried to include you in matters at TGIC you weren't around much and didn't even keep up your membership last year. Since you're a new officer at TGIC and I initiated your candidacy among the other officers last summer, I hope you'll want to work with us and this resource we've developed for the tg community.

As the candidate who promised to "smooth over" infighting at TGIC, you should know that members say that you've been publicly bad-mouthing me at the clubhouse. Members have said how nice it is in recent months with new members and everyone working together and not backstabbing anymore, so you couldn't have said the stupid things they claim. Just the same, with you as a public representative of TGIC and me as the publisher of a mass-circulation publication, we'd better get together to settle this wild talk. The next issue of TRANNIES IN LOVE comes out in about three weeks. We see it as a great tool for the tg community, so call me.

One thing that people said upset you was TRANNIES IN LOVE using the Central Ave. address. I had little, if anything, to do with the policy about revealing the address. It was discussed among most members for several months before the Big Heads of TGIC and AGP decided months ago. I obviously didn't sneak anything past anybody. The covergirl president made the party posters. I have always been the most conservative advocate of membership confidentiality and clubhouse security, but not shame and paranoia. The initiative for coming out and working together this year should be credited to the last TGIC president and the AGP.

Best,

Susan Poe
Susan Poe
518-372-1027

January 21st, 2003

Dear Susan;

I thought that I would sit down and try to get off a few lines to answer some of the subjects that you addressed in your recent letter to me. I can only imagine what was told to you about what I said in the clubhouse a week ago last Friday night. If you want to take what "those" individuals said as gospel, so be it. I cannot really say that what I said was "badmouthing" you. I would characterize it as questioning what was done. I cannot tell you or anyone else who decides to put something in print what they can or cannot say. After all, it is a free speech country that we live in. My concern, at the time and still is the fact that the information that was printed concerning the address is detrimental to the well being of all of the members of the club. You say that it was discussed among most members for several months prior to making the decision to reveal the address. I do not know what you mean when you say most members. The revealing of the address is something that affects the well-being of all of the members. This information should not have been divulged unless it had been voted on by all of the paid-up members. Why is it that we do not post the address on the website? Why is it that for as long as I have been coming to the clubhouse that it was policy that no-one was to give out the address over the phone unless that they were sure that a person had been sufficiently screened first? If you look in the Constitution and by-laws of the club, you will find reference to the fact that no member will divulge or give out information that could be harmful to the safety and well-being of any member. It would appear that by the fact that this information has

already gone into print, that the cat is out of the bag. I would hope that you and whoever is responsible for the content of this publication would refrain from printing the clubhouse address again before a full membership vote can be taken on this matter.

Included in your letter was a sheet that announces that there will be a fundraising party every 1st Saturday of each month. A \$5 cover will benefit the local transgender art & literary periodical sponsored by the Albany Gender Project. Further in your letter you state that your publication is subsidized by the Albany Gender Project. Correct me if I am wrong in my thinking. It sounds to me that you intend to have these parties/events at the clubhouse and that the money collected is to go to your publication. How is TGIC going to benefit from these events? You cannot have these parties at the clubhouse without TGIC benefiting in some way.

Jennifer

CAT FIGHT!!



TRANNIES IN LOVE

The Capitol District Journal of the X-Sex
P. O. Box 171
Schenectady, NY 12301
(518) 372-1027

Hi Jennifer.

Your Jan. 21 letter seems to go totally against your campaign promises about ending infighting and coming out more. There had been no such squabbles for about a half year at TGIC but now you've pretty much admitted that you've made public complaints about me behind my back and dismissed the rumoring with a "so be it." I had stated that I didn't believe them. Maybe I should, considering your suspicious, defensive attitude. Next time come to me with your complaints, don't air them at the clubhouse behind my back. Members don't like that behavior.

The reason you don't know what I mean by "most members" is because you'd refused to get involved in club activities for several months and had let your membership expire. You hadn't been around and we couldn't get you to show interest in club business or what the members wanted. Now you're surprised by how things are at TGIC because you didn't care that much before. Don't blame me, and don't use that you don't know what the members want as an excuse to stop activities that the members do want. You have no right as the new president to demand a stop to policies and activities that were properly agreed upon without knowing you speak for the membership. You admittedly do not. What I mean by "most of the members" is that Kaylie and I have had "most of the members" over at the house regularly. We care about them and are close with them. You admittedly don't know much about the membership.

SUZY BRAGS

Last summer TGIC's paid membership was only about 15 people and the club was going to be liquidated due to lack of funding until the officers allowed me to initiate the Nominating Committee and election of officers along with activities for outreach, promotion and fundraising which included using the clubhouse more. That's why they appointed me Temporary Occasional Interim Vice President. We more than doubled the membership and part of the TGIC bailout was having the AGP share the clubhouse for closet rental as long as they could publicize the address for their functions and share the phone line. I didn't let the cat out of the bag. The AGP has published the address for months in their newsletter, promotional material and Metroland listings. I supported the arrangement but didn't have much to do with it. It has reinvigorated Friday nights having Charlene and the AGP there and the AGP has been responsible for several new TGIC members. Your suspicion-laden suggestion that these policies were improperly implemented is wrong and ill-motivated. A full vote of membership is not constitutionally required to enact business and a quorum was present at these decisions. They were popular. You weren't even a member at the time.

FLARING ATTITUDE

Your made-up issue about people being harmed is a total pretense. The AGP's programs all last year have been totally public and widely publicized and generally better-attended than TGIC's and nobody has felt uneasy about security or confidentiality. There is absolutely no reason to think anybody will at TGIC and nobody seems to worry about it as much as you. Membership is still confidential. The clubhouse is safe. Nobody's being "harmed" by using the address. That's a paranoid fantasy and your letter is thick with this unwarranted fear of entirely suppositious woes. Most members are out. They've proven everywhere, day-to-day, that you don't have to be so afraid. All you'll get carrying on silly about people being "harmed" is to scare people for no reason. You harm the membership by strutting in telling people to stop the outreach and fundraising it was agreed needed to be done to keep our tg organizations going when you didn't care a few months ago, don't know what's going on, and have no authority to unilaterally dictate the changes in policy you're demanding like a bully. It doesn't make sense to demand a stop to the outreach and fundraising we've been doing together except for fear of success. You have no plan or inclination toward these

things, or how the bills get paid, but you want to cut them back.

LOVERS SPAT

The way TGIC benefits from these TIL parties, besides what I've stated previously, is that in the first two weeks TIL was distributed, among the mail and phone calls, were five new crossdressers who I referred to TGIC. At the Feb. 1 party three new people took TGIC membership information and a wig was sold. Having tg related fundraisers at the clubhouse will bring in new people who will join or contribute or at least buy snacks and sodas. TGIC needs it, and TGIC is our only membership organization. The membership has been begging for more activities at the clubhouse. Besides that, I will maintain my key club membership. I've donated hundreds of dollars extra to TGIC and raised hundreds more and done outreach that's brought in a number of new members. That's how TGIC benefits. It will help bail it out of its financial instability. You've never done any of these things, even keeping up your own membership, so I hope you understand the very ironic gall I sense from you questioning what I've done for TGIC and trying to stop tg outreach and fundraising that has helped all involved. TGIC can run free announcements in TIL and benefit from the TIL parties. This surpasses anything else you have going so I hope you see that your question about how TGIC benefits seems astonishingly self-defeating and combatative, to me. What kind of fear and suspicion makes you view such an opportunity for the club's artists and writers, and the club as a whole, as some kind of a threat? Do I make you insecure about your manhood? I guess we can discuss the hots you've had for my girlfriend, and how that figures into your attitude about me, another time. Testosterone is funny. If you want me to help with TGIC outreach and fundraising, there must be some sort of polite way to ask me. You should be an enthusiastic advocate of opportunity and caring, not fear and resentment.

NAG NAG NAG...

You cannot dictate a stop to the agreed upon fundraisers and use of the address until you have a vote of the members, not the other way around. Your individual wishes are not the rule and would probably be a legal breach of agreement that I would be amused to pursue. There are new members who may vote to change things at TGIC, but you need to have the vote to change them. The members' approval is what counts, not yours. Nobody is being harmed and it will do you no good to try to hide behind the constitution, misstating its purpose and making up phony voting requirements for approval of activities that you don't honor yourself. I attended law school and did all the legal and early promotional work for the AGP last year in getting them 501(c)(3) tax exemption. According to the TGIC constitution you're supposed to enlarge TGIC and do outreach and promotion and fundraising and appoint a secretary and permanent treasurer and have a monthly newsletter, announced monthly business meetings, Board of Directors, standing committees and you've known you'd have to be doing it for over two months but you haven't done any of it. The members have paid for the legal right to have these things. Why don't you do your job and not try to stop others from doing theirs? Or at least don't stop them from doing your job for you, if you're not going to. You're not the boss of everybody. That isn't your obligation as president. Fulfill the obligations you volunteered for.

I know that you've turned down offers of help at the club from a few members. I hope you plan to allow members who want to be active something to do. There's plenty for everybody to do without telling so many what they can't do so much. A major goal of the AGP is to buy a building for a tg community center. For two years individuals have tried to raise cash and credit and make offers on buildings. It will happen soon, and greatly help fill important life needs for TGIC members and in the tg community at large. I thought it would happen last year. Please don't take a step back into the closet when there's been such an increasing need for housing, medical care, legal help and jobs in the growing trans population here.

You're invited to share in what's going on at TIL. Don't be a prick about it.

Best,

Susan Poe

518-372-1027



Helen Montage Farrell
251 9th Street
Troy, N. Y. 12206
January 16, 2003

USA TODAY Snapshots®



Trannies In Love
p. o. box 171 sch'dy ny 12301
Dear Editor,

Thank you for a most interesting journal I'm looking forward to the next issue. It's nice to see work from the "trannies" in the area and not just rehashed intellectual crap from far off that has been distributed in the past.

I'll be working on a new art series this spring focusing on the joys of trannies in upstate ny and I'm having a **call for Models** from mid-spring thru till mid-fall. Models can contact me at 2743326 before Feb. 15. I'll send you some more work as it progresses.

Montage (Poops)

Montage

TRANNIES IN LOVE

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