

TRANNIES IN LOVE

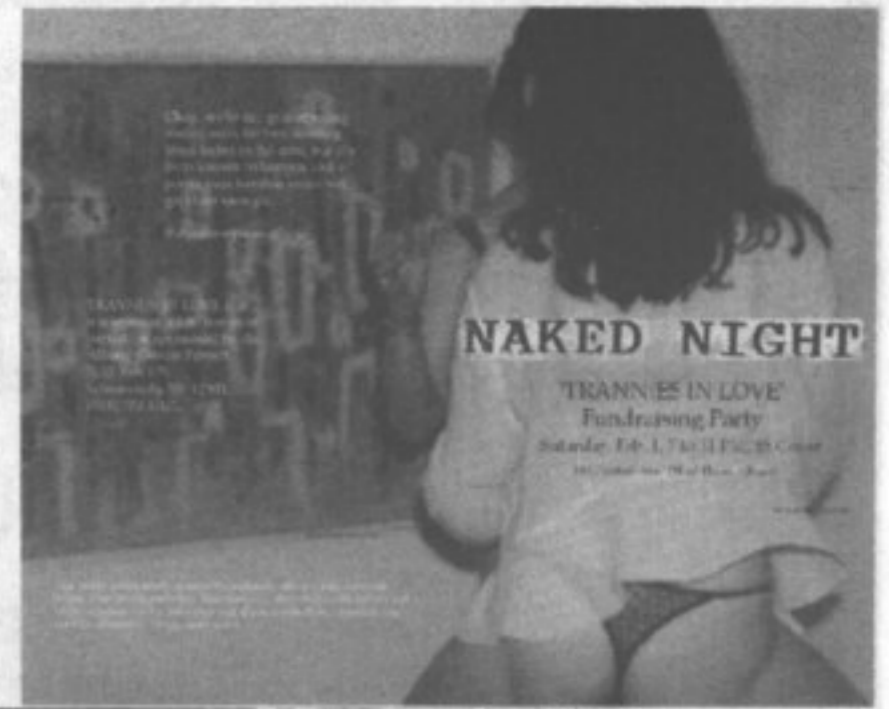
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SUBSCRIBE TO TRANNNIES IN LOVE
Sure, you can get it free all over the place, but a measly \$5 gets 6 issues delivered right to you, plus periodic mailings of our keen posters and other informative updates. A subscription shows your support for TIL and our other non-profit services for the transgendered. Sample copies and back issues are available for just \$1 and bulk orders of over 10 copies are only .50 apiece.

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ORGAN TRANSPORTER

by Jim Sullivan

Thanks to a courageous group of men and women who transport human organs, glans, and what have you in multi-colored, plastic, ice-packed, beer and sandwich picnic coolers, from one corner of the country to another, many other people are allowed to live on or to, at least, enjoy life again.

Hearts, kidneys, livers, and a whole bunch of human giblets are carried around the nation by a regular crew of medical travelers. They do so on trains, buses, boats, cars, trucks, airplanes, helicopters, snowmobiles, and a few on horses or mules. The mode of transport really doesn't matter much, just as long as it's the fastest, most efficient available. After all, the organ, on an out-of-body experience, isn't viable for long, especially in hot weather.

A little-known, select group of those transporters are chosen to ferry human privates, formally referred to as genitalia. Yes, these delicate, important organs require a unique transporter, like myself. We must be gentle yet determined, kind but firm. Besides, most regular organ transporters get rather squeamish toting penises and vaginas.

Often, I don't even know what I'm carrying down there (in my red and white picnic cooler that is). But one peek, while I'm putting ice cubes in at the local self-serve gas station and I can always tell.

A typical day at work for me was last Monday. The hospital called me over at 8 a.m. A surgical nurse met me at the front door where she immediately dropped, with a loud thump, something into my cooler. Thank goodness I'd washed it out after using it on Sunday at our family reunion. Before I could ask the nurse what she'd plopped, she was gone. That's why, when I stopped off at the ice shack, I sneaked a quick look inside. It was a man's penis (who else's?), along with attendant scrotum and contents.

Anyway, I quickly filled the cooler to the brim with party ice. Tightening the lid, I hurried to the airport and bought two tickets to Pittsburgh. I had to pay for a separate seat for the penis. Of course, all liquid refreshments and peanuts served to it were mine to enjoy.

A commercial flight with over 100 passengers bound for Pittsburgh and points east, was waiting for me and my penis (the one in the cooler that is). I hastened up the ramp, cooler in hand. After I stepped inside the airplane, the female flight attendant slammed the door shut. We knew each other well, having flown penile and vaginal mercy missions before.

"What are you carrying today?" she inquired casually, latching the door.

"A penis and assorted equipment."

"Must be some Pittsburgh wife got revenge on a philandering husband."

"I don't think so. Thank goodness, that's really quite rare."



Most of my penises are used for transexual operations. You know, women who want to be men and vice versa.

"In this case, it would likely be for a woman who had her female genitalia surgically removed and now, this momentarily unspecific gendered person, awaits the male genitalia I'm carrying to be attached to make a man out of her.

"That likely means I'll be transporting her unneeded, but valuable, vagina on the trip back. The person in my hometown who sacrificed his soon-to-be-her genitalia is nervously awaiting her former privates. It's infrequent when the one who gives up his penis is also the one who receives the old vagina. Usually, it's not tit for tat like that.

"There's a lot more of this transporting going on than most travelers realize. Just out of curiosity, on my last flight cross country, I stopped and polled everyone carrying a picnic cooler like mine. I asked each person what they were transporting. On the plane that day, 12 people carried coolers: 4 contained lunches (3 baloney and one peanut butter sandwich), 1 was full of beer, 3 carried penises and attachments, and 4 contained vaginas.

"I don't know why there were more of them than penises. That's for the surgeons to worry about, not me. Still, I figured someone was going to come up short that day.

"Last year, I took a penis to Houston. Midway there on the plane, I got a frantic call from the doctor who'd removed that organ just 3 hours earlier. He said that his patient had changed his mind. Now he wanted his organ back and re-attached. So, when the plane landed in Houston, I had a quick supper, took in a movie, then took the next available flight home, the penis in question (and demand) continually at my side.

When I arrived at the local hospital, however, I discovered that the guy had changed his mind again. Once more, he was anxious for his new vagina.

"For the second time in two days, I hied myself out to the airport, boarded a plane, strapped myself and my penis down, and flew to Houston. I'm pleased to report that I didn't get any further phone calls. From that airport, I had to have a police escort to the Houston hospital. That's because the penis was quickly going bad on me from having been up in the air so long. And as everyone knows, you can't keep such an organ flying like that all day.

"I learned later that the surgeons' responsible gave the penis plenty of air, letting it breathe pure oxygen for over an hour before attaching it to the former woman now a man.

"Of course, his/her vagina, which was surgically removed as I waited out in the lobby with my empty picnic cooler, had to be packed with ice, by yours truly, and rushed back to our local hospital. Fortunately, we had head winds all the way, so it took less time to come than to go. The vagina was surgically attached. And I hear this new female is doing well. Scratch another one up for a successful organ exchange!

"Perhaps my worst experience of transporting a penis was last August 15th, the hottest day of summer. I was ferrying the organ in a rented lime green Pontiac into Canada. I had crossed over the Ambassador Bridge at Detroit going into Windsor, Ontario. Maybe the car's color stood out too much. But for some reason, the Canadian customs' agent stopped me on the bridge.

"Looking inside my car, he inquired bruskiy, 'What do you have in the picnic cooler?

'A penis. What's it to you?'

'Don't get smart with me,' he exclaimed.

"So, to prove I was telling him the truth, I opened the cooler, dumped out all the ice, and showed him the contents. He apologized. But by then it was too late. The hot air had taken its toll. Before I could prevent it, the penis turned green, having been a healthy purple just moments before exposure to the extreme heat.

"I knew right away that the poor thing was dead. So I threw it away and returned to my hospital for a replacement. That took a month. And doctors told me the penis donor was very reluctant.

"The saddest consequence of all this genitalia transporting happened in 1995 when those two 737s crashed over Spartan, Montana. Not only were all passengers' and crews' lives lost, but so were those of 6 innocent penises and the same number of vaginas, not to mention twelve perfect^y good testicles. It was truly a tragedy of large proportions to see all those privates go down like that. They were eventually buried with full genital honors.

"You can see from all the foregoing why carriers' identities are kept confidential from the general public. If they knew what was in our brightly hued picnic coolers, they probably wouldn't fly or ride anywhere with us. Airline, bus, and rail companies could be hurt financially in such cases. That's why you'll never see an ad from a commercial airline for frequent flyer miles for private travelers. It's also why I keep a tight lid on all the unattached genitals I ferry around with me.

"This type of work takes a lot out of a person, too. Therefore, thanks to our union, the I.B.S.P.V.H.C.A. (The International Brother and Sisterhood of Penis, Vagina, and Hod Carriers of America), we can retire on a decent pension.

Of course, we first have to accumulate 25 years service and have carried over 600 penises, along with double that number of attachments, plus 600 vaginas. A lot of people you see down in Florida and in Arizona these days are retired union privates' transporters who have handled the required number of genitalia over the years and miles.

"I see we're about to depart. If you'll excuse me, I'll go strap myself and my penis into our respective seats and get ready for take off."

Opinionated



It seems that everyone has some sort of opinion about something. Write about it and let the world know what you think. TIL is always looking for good writing.

Send your submissions to:
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-or-

E-mail your text-only submission to
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trans-sexual
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(written as a response to a theory post by Rachel Pollack)

yes yes yes
ecstasy
sextasy
erotic attractions
around my gender
who I saw myself as being
and
who I saw loving me
or lusting after me,
what the hell.

being a man or a woman
may not be primarily about sex
rather about roles
child rearing
modes of expression
but to paraphrase Emma Goldman
if there is no flirting in your revolution
count me out.

ah yes.
lusty ribald passion
show it sexy
filmy stockings
supple leather
heat of flesh
sizzle of difference
coming together in rut
human explosions
of the (usually) procreative kind

well worn paths to orgasm
feel so lonely when
the dance is only in my head
and not with a sweating partner
burning with heat
for me.

just the magic
thinking sexy and embodied
looses the flow
not a lover seeing the minx in me
just my own glimpse
carnal tensions
between myself and I

to dream of partners
seems a canned heartbreak
to trust that lovers
will reflect the beauty inside
swiveling hips, swaying breasts, smooth skin
crushes dreams
of pounding hearts

I watched the dance lessons
high school mating rituals
learned a few steps by rote
but no one ever asked me to dance
undulate my skirt
swaying bum
cha-cha heels
hair brushing my face
hand on the small of my back
all just done in dreams
of being sexy
in a way that feels right
in a way that is wrong.

seximages move me into
places of melty passion
places I go alone
places I don't know how to take a partner
who can't see my own dreams.

when did I learn to dance in sync
daddy's little princess, mary-janes on brogues
trust the moves and the reflections
take me in your arms
feel the strength of a partner
polarized and locked together
two halves of a whole
repelled and attracted
into lust?

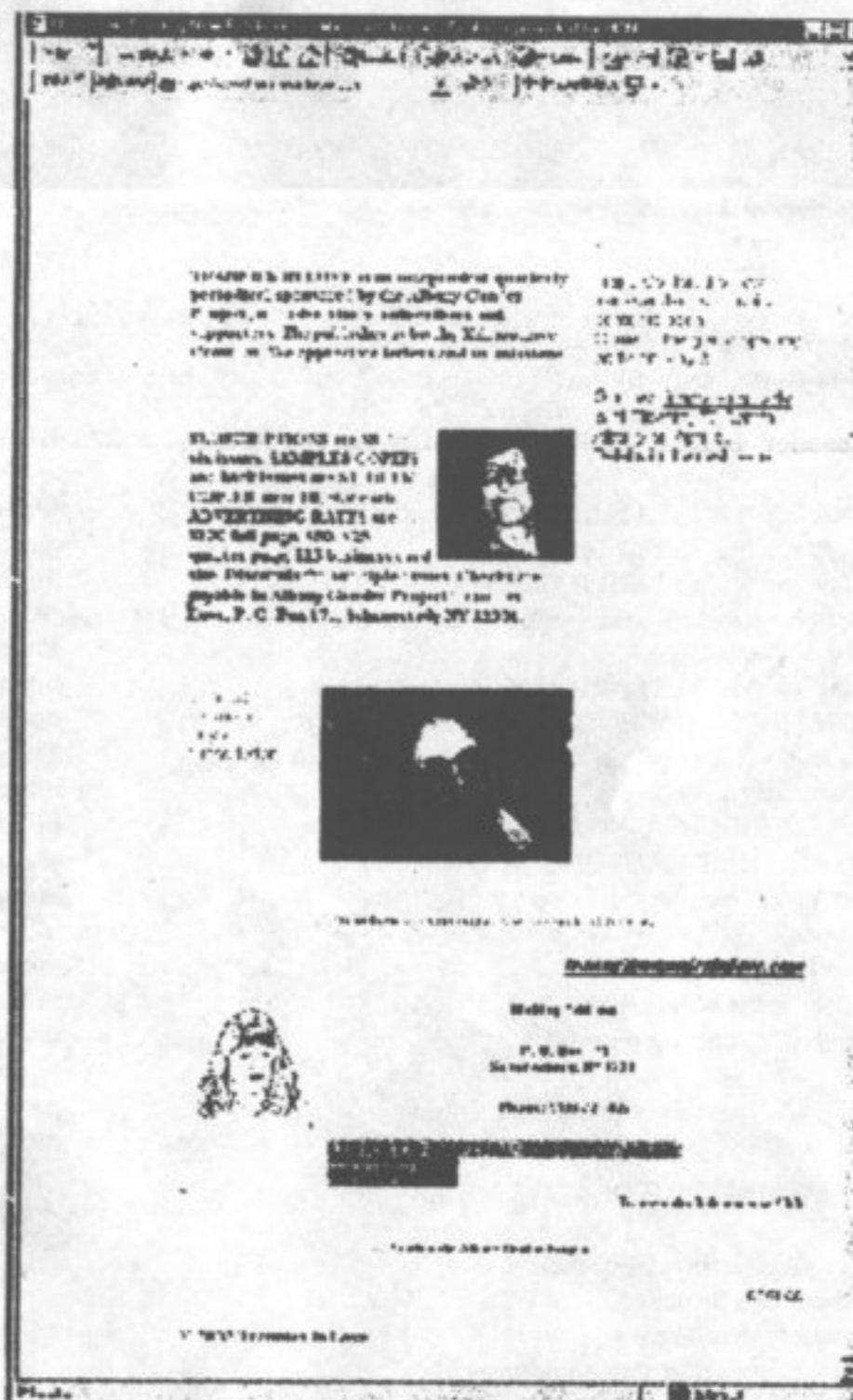
how could anyone ever dream
of someone like me
as a sexy mate
if they never knew someone like me?

I can try to be what they lust after
I can try to lust after what I want to be
I can try to build bridges of lust
I can burn bridges of trust
or
I can love myself
take the old magic pathways to explosion
where I turn beautiful
turned on, beautiful

the sweaty leotard of my dreams
revealing glowing skin, sinuous muscle and
hot flesh
lives forever in my own lust
dreaming forever
of one who peels away the armor
by dressing me up
sees some inner me
and gets all
horny.

Ill put on my face and they'll never know
Whats going on deep down in my soul
Ill do what you wish and play your game
and let you think that you know my name
But Im not me, Im who you want me to be
Why cant you see
Am I so terrible and detesting to you
that youd rather hide me and keep me from view
of your friends and your family and for those that you care
All I ever needed was love but you didnt dare
After all, Im worthless and strange and need help so you say
I should not have been born, no ones really that way
But I am
Now I've done what you asked for so many years
and tried to apease most of your fears
Its time for me to stop playing the games
And pretending Im who you want me to be
Its time to unleash and set my soul free
And I hope in the end you finally will see
That the love you were given always came from she
Love
Ariel

Trannies In Love Outrages All With Its Website <http://www.tranniesinlove.com>



How to Improve the World (You Will Only Make Matters Worse)

John Cage

Standards of Care
Another senseless death but why should you really care,
She came to you for help. She left you in despair
Her life was not an inkstain or words written in a book
You really would have known that, if youd taken time to look
The sadness in her eyes, or how quick she was to cry
Her ever present pain, Yet you dared to ask her why?
The obvious was there, and she shouldn't have had to bow
For your own good you said, Where is the good now.
One less soul to spread the good that was inside
You could have let her live, but youd rather that she die
lots o love
Ariel----

JENNY COMES HOME

Wrench my back rearranging the same boxes everyday trying to clear a path in our apartment-last night she fell between the couch and the tiny coffee table she was drunk and five foot eleven not a very manageable combination on nights like these-hold on! I say-let me move this chair don't move! If she does the table will topple over and the ashtray will fall-she's already burned a hole in her leather coffee table-"leather doesn't burn," she protests-she's already thrown me off the bed hit me in the face and head twice nearly burned me with a cigarette and then she throws lime water in my face before formulating the daily excuse as to why we won't have sex again this evening-it's nice to have my T-girl back safe at home

she was death in a blonde package

SILLY PUTTY

Bend me, bounce me around
stretch me to fit
effortlessly.
Press me hard
let me feel your strength.
I'll smooth out,
match your designs.
Leave me,
I'll sit quietly
shapelessly,
without your hands.
Stop loving/playing me,
I'll crack, break apart,
with hard or soft blow
will melt,
hug the ground.

-Mikki

DRAG KING SHOW----

Ranting
About welfare
About sacred black mother
About her bags of groceries
Aids
Dope
Family
The Mission District
Tough
Poor
Boy
Girl?

Tg stone butch

Walks with bearded chin outright
"what's between your legs?" comes the everyday angry demand
"no matter, no matter,
just get out of my face!" says the poet

and he keeps walking proudly
empowering all who will follow
in ambiguous in your face
stone power

you made me feel like I belonged there
you made me feel like writing poetry
you made me realize I WILL DO IT
this trannie-fuck-d.i.y.-chapbook
hand made chant thing
NO MATTER IF YOU ARE THERE OR NOT
NO MATTER IF ANYBODY IS THERE OR NOT
As you smile at me and say the press on the back of the chap
"is not actually a real press"
NO MATTER IF THAT CUTE GIRL TOLD ME
TO GO TO THE DRAG KING SHOW
But she never showed
But I stayed
My eyes locked on you
Sitting alone the whole night
Surrounded by my "community"

Christopher Robin

EXPLAINING THE DEAD GERBILS

Never take Gerbils from their drawer,
put them in a birdcage
no matter what he says.
His hazel eyes don't mean honesty,
they're just hazel eyes, maybe
bedroom eyes.
Don't trust him, even if his
name is a song, his hair
spun gold.
When you do, and you two did,
don't get mad when the Gerbils die
from the night long neglect,
while you and golden hair
spent the night discussing
the care of Gerbils.

-Mikki

BASHING

Even "politically correct"
gay papers do it, vent
thinly veiled hatred,
phrases expected
from the Bush-whacked Right
but not from fellow travelers
on the road to personal freedom.
The voices that complain
long and loud at utterances
of a Jesse Helms,
are oddly silent, as
the same phrases
of hate and exclusion
comes from the lips
of the transphobic,
making a mockery
of political correctness,
pariahs of our brothers
meant to be sisters.

-Mikki

TITLES

Titles are the strangest things,
we make them
to be somehow connected to the work,
a key to unlock
the sense of the words beneath.
How often, they are more, exist
as a powerful entity in their own right
with agendas of their own,
exposing our old loves,
past crimes, lambasting those
we're too afraid of to
properly punch on the nose.
Titles apologize for us,
before we admit the fault
make confessions
before discovery of the crime.
We are suspicious of works untitled,
and attempt to offer one of our own,
just to help out, of course.
Isn't it odd, how something so vital
to this writing thing, rarely
shows itself,
until the work is done?

-Mikki

Do You Like Your Detectives Hard-Boiled...



...or Fried?

"There's a lot
of twisted
stuff at this
show, but this
is the most
twisted stuff
here."
-- G.L. Dryfoos
at Wizard
World East,
2002

"Great art,
very quirky
stories. I want
a bread doll
of my own."
-- Bill Shafer,
writer,
"GlueBoy"

"Loathesome
and disgusting."
-- M.R. Hopkins

Blaster Al Ackerman's

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Preview #2

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remembered warnings
to never pick the glistening fruit
from that forbidden shoe tree
the bedroom closet
nestled in the semi-dark
only starry eyes can see
where the strappy sandals
with the four-inch heels
lay unattended
in a casual state of disarray
like weapons of reprisal
accoutrements of wickedness

when her nyloned feet
are slipped into place
strapped-in for serious business
to walk down
that nondescript street
her personality evolves
into The Stranger/Self
her dark tresses
slicing through the air
like blades
naughty melding with haughty
lipstick candy-flavored
nails the color of blood
the click-clack of her sandals
signalling a drumbeat
only willing victims can hear
the street of dreams
her extended forest of enchantment
dusk falling
like velvet curtains

Joseph Verrilli

Are You a Crucifixion Person or a Resurrection Person?

by: Callan Williams

To die and to be reborn. It's a powerful notion, so powerful and pervasive in human societies that there is no surprise that Christianity puts death and rebirth at the core. And it provides an easy way to take a measure of someone's beliefs.

Are you a crucifixion person or a resurrection person? Do you believe we are born to suffer and die, with our ultimate reward coming in some other place, some other time, or are you a resurrection person, immersed in leaving behind suffering and building a new life, immersed in being reborn here and now?

The Roman church decided early that they would be a church of the crucifixion. The Gnostic gospels, proclaiming the reality of being reborn on Earth, were edited from the canon, removed from the Bible, around 300AD. The power of the church and its leadership was consolidated by this choice. By saying that divinity of the human was denied until the next life, no mere human could challenge the church, and the church could say that suffering was good for you, that your rewards would come in the afterlife.

Today, power is still consolidated by leaders who speak for crucifixion. By emphasizing suffering and victimization of the group, they disempower individuals who speak for transcendence, attempting to make them subservient to the group. To empower individuals is to invite challenge, for people reborn in a present relationship with God are not under the control of man, not subject to the demands of the group for compliance on an earthly plane. Instead, they speak for the God they know intimately, even when that voice says change is needed, that we must defy convention to be right with God.

To be a crucifixion person is to deny the possibility of bliss, passion, ecstasy and power in this world. It is to live in suffering, a suffering designed to rationalize and support the need for sacrifices in order to receive a distant ephemeral reward.

To be a resurrection person, though, is to embrace the idea that God is alive and living in everyone, reborn in every moment we reaffirm our connection with her. It is to face God everyday, a God who works through the divine callings in the hearts of each of us, teaching us where we need to be new.

This is a terrifying idea for Crucifixion people who support the status quo, believing their suffering to follow the rules of the church and community are the only true way to serve God. They need to believe that God demands suppression of the individual, sacrifice to the mores of the group. Crucifixion people see a vengeful God, one who punishes us for following the joy in our heart rather than following the tenets of the church and community. Their God enforces obedience to a set of laws rather than encouraging new creation from personal divine inspiration.

Resurrection is a very queer idea indeed. It honors those who follow their own unique connection to the Godhead by being born anew in every moment rather than honoring those who suffer the most by being crucified in every moment. It honors creation, both the creation of a creative connection with the universe, and the creation of a creator who made an incredibly diverse and beautiful world. To be a resurrection person we must celebrate the queer and unique beauty in every person, for it is impossible to embrace our own resurrection unless we embrace the resurrection of others, resurrection not beyond the reality of pain and conflict, but beyond the belief in suffering and fear.

Resurrection comes with a kind of responsibility that doesn't come with crucifixion. To be a crucifixion person, we just have to follow the rules, be a good follower in the congregation. To be a resurrection person, though, we have to follow our heart, even when it puts us in conflict with those who want to maintain the status quo.

To be a resurrection person, we have to be an individual and a leader. Resurrection means that we are an active agent of God, playing our part in creation, and not just one of the group, believing that meek obedience will bring some kind of reward in a better place, or worse, that strong enforcement of social norms is following the call of God.

Resurrection requires a commitment to make this world a better place, more like heaven, rather than believing that this place is meant to be where people suffer and die for the glory of a distant God who is only truly known to church leaders.

Resurrection demands an active romance with the possible, rather than just an infatuation with the flat symbols of devotion.

Joseph Campbell is clear - the hero's journey has always been a journey of death and rebirth, of crucifixion and resurrection. To be a resurrection person is to be a hero, to be one who is willing to endure death to become new. The only way to be a resurrection person is to be willing to let parts of us die so we may be reborn, and those are most often the parts that have given us comfort. For many,

belief in the validity of suffering is at the heart of their comfort. A belief in suffering as central releases personal responsibility and puts the onus on those who refuse to suffer as God demands. This gives those who have chosen suffering the power to lash out at people who refuse to suffer like they do as the ones who cause all evil.

Resurrection people may seem to mock the price crucifixion people choose to pay to be right with God, but resurrection people do pay a high price - the price of being crucified daily by the crucifixion people who want to inflict the lesson of obedience and suffering. As Buddha said, though, loss is inevitable but suffering is optional. It is those who endure loss and pain without succumbing to suffering who make this world more like heaven, it is those who transcend pain and loss who have the power to make change.

Are you a crucifixion person or a resurrection person? Which would you like to be, reborn in every moment, or pinned to a cross for the rest of your mortal life? Are you willing to pay the price for whichever choice you make?

They are hard questions to answer. While crucifixion people will tell us that the lesson of Easter is that we can be reborn in a new life after we die if we sufficiently suffer the cross here, Easter reminds me of one thing: Jesus was a resurrection person, unwilling to succumb to social pressure to play along against what he knew to be true and right, willing to die to be reborn more in the image of God.

As I wrote on the talisman I gave Rachel Pollack on her bat mitzvah, which followed her bar mitzvah by 40 years:

"She is who is
reborn in every moment
will truly know
the glory of G-D."

Callan Williams is a power-femme drag-mom trans-theologian who finds it very hard to practice what she preaches. Quaint selections of her past writing can be found at <http://callan.knows.it>

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The Capitol District Journal of the X-Sex

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The stranger answered:
"I am an inhabitant of Arqa."

{I've always thought it would be neat to be interviewed by an imaginary reporter. So I've selected Lois Lane as my top choice. To be truthful I've had this thing for her ever since I was a kid watching the original Superman series. The Lois I was attracted to had little in common with the character from the "Lois and Clark" series of the '90s.}

LL: So tell me something about your background Rev. Us?

KU: I prefer just Pastor Karha'. Reverend sounds so ostentatious and elitist! Pastor is a title that expresses a level playing field. I grew up Catholic in the Finger Lakes region of NY. Did my training for the ministry down in San Antonio Texas. Early in my ministry I thought of myself as priest, that image has changed for me in the last 15 years.

LL: I'm not sure I understand what you mean...

KU: Growing up catholic, I saw the priest as a minister who preached, lead the worship service and counseled folks. My ministerial garb is the same as I grew up seeing the priest wear. This painted my image of what I was to be as a protestant minister. The longer I have been in ministry the more my way of being a minister has changed. I preach, and lead worship but in a minimalist way. I also work with people as they explore their spiritual lives/journeys. The main difference for me is that it is a mutual action I am involved in. The faith of my childhood had the priest as being dominant, he had all the answers and the only one to have power.

Power is a very big issue for most of us. We don't have power over much of our lives. We work when we are told to work, live where our money can get us in and deal with all sorts of "isms" this society uses to control people.

Spirituality is a sacred part of one's life and it is full of power potential. When we learn how to live spiritually we become more than we expected we could be. What I see my role as now, is to assist others to tap into their spiritual power.

LL: So how do you think you relate in this power equation?

KU: If I am really doing my job right, then I am part of the catalyst process for a person becoming a more spiritual person. I don't control the process... each individual is in control of their own self exploration process. You may see ministers on TV going around and bopping people on the head and the people then falling out. That is not spiritual growth to me, it's just a side show that uses religion to get money out of people.

LL: Sounds like you have issues with those ministers...

KU: Yeah I do. They make a mockery of what God is trying to do with peoples' hearts and souls. Sometimes I watch these shows and turn off the sound. It is weird to watch the way they manipulate people with music and dramatic gestures into high emotional tension. What pisses me off so is the way they dip into people's pockets for money...

LL: Okay then Pastor, what role do you see money having in religion?

KU: First, let differentiate religion from spirituality. They are not the same. Religion refers more to these monolithic organizations that spout doctrine, dogma and compliance. These entities need money to continue to exist, in order to ask for more money. Spirituality on the other hand is about our relationship with the Divine. Spirituality is not about demanding compliance to dogma and orthodoxy on pain of hell and damnation. As I read the life and teaching of Christ I hear him talk about spirituality. He kept calling people to find the Divine Presence in their lives.

LL: I've got to say that this doesn't sound familiar with what I've experienced with churches.

KU: There is the snag Lois, churches. People love to take ideas and organize the hell out of them. In fact that is the best way to cripple an idea is to organize it into paralysis! I think it was Bishop John Spong who wrote about "the dilemma of the religion about Jesus and the religion of Jesus". Most of us grew up in churches that were religion about Jesus, which Spong sees as a form of idolatry. He thinks we need to get back to what Jesus spoke of, namely worshipping God. Christ was a rabble-rouser who saw the religion of his day and pointed out the ridiculousness of the laws that kept people enslaved. This is what I have come through 15 years of ministry to embrace... the religion of Jesus, not the idolatry about Jesus. This may sound like hair splitting 101... the reality is that Jesus didn't set out to start a religion. Humanity turned Jesus into a religion!

LL: Tell me about your time here in the capital region.

KU: Been here since July '92. My spouse and I came up to co-pastor the MCC here. MCC of the Hudson Valley is a small church was started in 1990 with an outreach to the gay and lesbian community. This is the third time an MCC has been in the area.

Since we have come our outreach has continued to expand as we grow spiritually. Now our outreach is to the L/G/Bi/ questioning and Transfolk communities.

LL: Several questions come to mind at once... Aren't straight people allowed? And who are Transfolk and the questioning?

KU: Yes, straight folks are welcomed and some do worship with us already. Transfolk is a term I use for people in the transsexual and Transgendered community. It is hard to give you precise definitions for these terms, Lois. There is great diversity in how folks decide to describe themselves. I have learned that "one's definition of oneself is accurate and not to be debated". We need to be respectful of how someone defines themselves. To argue with someone that their definition is wrong is like so bogus! Two people can look the same yet one feels they are Transgendered and the other as Transsexual. Both are right about how they see themselves. We are the ones who need to accept their reality.

LL: So where do you see yourself...?

KU: I see myself as a transgender lesbian. For me that means that my self-expression transcends the typical definition of feminine. My being a minister has me dressing in masculine clothing. I rarely put on dresses and do not wear high heels. Make-up is not my choice of war paint. My jewelry is usually masculine. I do not see myself as being a male born in a female body. I am a woman who is comfortable with her gender. My spirit feel female not masculine to me.

I remember there was this woman who would walk past the place I lived as a young girl. She always walked on the other side of the street with her head down. She had a man's haircut, wore men's clothing and was whispered about by the women in the house. I wanted to get out of the yard and across the street to meet her when I was only 5. Something in me resonated with that woman! She was a kindred spirit who most likely went to her grave confused about herself and her life experience.

LL: So you are okay with people coming to worship dressed... differently?

KU: Sure, I am most comfortable with crossdressing, as I said, my role as pastor has me in male clothing every Sunday. I think it takes incredible courage to wear what feels right when society says "don't step outside the lines". For the first number of years up here I worked a secular job as well as Pastoring. I tried going to work in different clothes. For a year I wore a tie every Thursday. For a year the manager who hired me refused to look at me while I wore the tie. Finally some femmy little woman wore a lace tie with her short skirt and it became no big deal to wear ties!

I eventually left that job because of the hassles I experienced by not wearing feminine clothing. Life teaches us lessons if we are willing to learn. It taught me that some people can only see the surface things and are not willing to respect other's individuality.

LL: What has been the hardest thing for you as a pastor?

KU: I don't think there is any one thing that is overwhelming. There are certainly a cluster of small things that make it difficult.

Self-hate... it is like a cancer in our communities that eats away at our lives and strength. We are taught to be suspicious of those not like us... that being "other" can mean we are bad, dangerous and in for trouble from those who declare themselves to be normal. Self-hate gets camouflaged as internalized homophobia, internalized racism etc. We end up punishing ourselves for perceived trespasses against the societal norms. The antidote is self-love as a precious creation of the Divine. Self-hate requires that we buy into the lie. Our job in life is to confront and vanquish the lie!

Fear... so many people I encounter have known great fear in their lives. It breaks my heart to see how people can maintain that fear in their lives, no matter what happens around them. Some of my new age friends talk about fear being a magnet that draws negativity to oneself. Fear acts like blinders on our life. It constricts our outlook to the point we miss much of what is beautiful and sacred around us.

There are people who come to MCC and leave because we say to them that 'God calls them beloved'. They have felt so unlovable for so long that when they hear the truth it is too painful- so they run away.

Judgmentalism... we are taught very early in life to evaluate things and categorize things as good or bad. So many of us spend precious years and energy focusing on good and bad (norms set up by other people) and never get to enjoy life. God didn't give us life to waste it obsessing about other people's value system.

Anger... has a really deadly side to it. I watched my mother swallow her anger for years until it ate her up with heart attacks and cancer. No one taught her how to let go of anger, how to give it over to God and let God deal with it. Instead she obsessed over things and held her anger close like a lover. Anger that we hang onto becomes bitterness and hate. Anger that we let go of, becomes an opportunity for individual and spiritual growth.

Powerlessness... no one changes unless they want to change and are willing to do the work needed to change. We can feel great compassion for people who live in fear and self-hate. Yet we cannot create change in them... they alone are able to do that by facing their personal demons. For me as a pastor it is difficult to see people buy into powerlessness and stay mired in their self-hate, anger, judgmentalism and fear.

LL: So how does all of this tie in with spirituality and living life? If we toss out the rule books of life what is left?

KU: For those familiar with the New Testament I refer them to the 2 great laws Jesus spoke of. One: love God with all your body, mind, heart and spirit. & Two: love your neighbor as yourself.



Let me rephrase these two ideas into modern day verbiage. "Just do what brings you closer to the Divine". People ask me to give them a rulebook to lead their lives by. They want to know what is right and wrong. I don't have a rulebook because too much of life is full of 'ifs and maybes'. This is risky... for some too risky and they walk away in search of the perfect rulebook so they will always have the right answer. I think God wants us to struggle with life's questions and to take risks. After all how else better to learn about life than by making mistakes and improving our life skills.

LL: So what about sex?

KU: It's one of God's greatest creations and lots of fun!

LL: No... I know that... I mean what are the rules about sex?

KU: "Just do what ever brings you closer to the Divine" works here as well as in other situations. If we act respectfully of others and ourselves then our lovemaking invites the Divine into it. People look at me like I am crazy when I suggest God wants to be present for our lovemaking... yet who hasn't screamed out "Oh God..." at least once during sex!

I think we protect ourselves by keeping lovemaking respectful, consensual and healthy. By healthy I do mean practicing safer sex. The healthier your practices the longer you live and hopefully the more you get to make love! A real win-win all the way around. Sex is sacred and needs to be entered into with utmost reverence for the other person as well as ourselves. For those of us who are older, life has taught us that lovemaking is so much richer and more authentic than the quickies we so loved in our youth. Orgasms lose their importance as we learn to be more loving in our interactions. I know folks who rarely go all the way to climaxing because their body loving is so intense that the skin hunger needs are met, the intimacy is on a soul level and communication is so attuned words become superfluous.

LL: What would you like to see happen spiritually here in the capital region?

KU: Mutual respect among the various groups. Each segment of the LGBT community has tremendous strength and creativity. Even with all we have gone through to get where we are today, as individuals, we still seem to distrust others who are different. We cling to some myth that there are limited resources therefore everyone has to fight for their piece of the proverbial pie.

If it hadn't been for several tired and pissed off crossdressers at the Stonewall in 1969 Ls & Gs might still be waiting for the revolution! I am not naïve enough to think we will all love one another madly once we get to know each other. What is at stake are the lives and well being of the youngsters and the coming generations.

Like everyone I get tired of the drama queens in each community. Drama robs us of time and energy. I get fed up when people who don't get their way make this big production out of being disruptive and leaving with as much chaos as possible. Then I feel bad because as pissed off as I get with the behavior my heart knows that they are acting out of their woundedness.

So how do we as a community of diverse people help them to help themselves heal their woundedness?

I'd like to see people get serious about their spiritual health. Too many of us were taught that our relationship with the Divine is a spectator sport. Take 90 minutes on Saturday/Sunday to mumble some ritualized prayers, sing a few songs and try to look awake during a sermon. We all know what couch potatoes are, right? Well "pew potato" was not what God had in mind for us.

In sports any coach will tell you that "you-get-out-of-it-what-you-put-into-it"! Americans tend to be immediate gratification folks. We want everything in easy digestible portions. Well that isn't reality when it comes to our souls. We can't starve ourselves all week then expect to get a week's worth of nourishment in 90 minutes. Spirituality is an everyday process.

LL: How do you deal with people who want sex changes? What is God's take on the whole thing?

KU: I have had folks come to me who are beginning the process and have had questions about it all. First off let me say that I don't think Trans-folk are some kind of divine mistake. We are created uniquely different. From the color of our eyes, to our musical skills, aptitudes, food like and dislikes and our sexual identities. No one condemns a person for having green eyes or enjoying spinach... so why all the hysteria about how one identifies their sexual nature and their expression of it?

I am looking at this globally... across the world there are places and cultures where diversity is honored and essential for the health of the society. Marriages and families are not threatened with doom. Society does not crumble into disaster and chaos because segments of that society are uniquely different.

It is becoming clearer all the time that our 'western civilization' we were taught to admire is a dangerous fundamentalist paradigm. It demand compliance or else. Now that we are so refined in the 20th and 21st centuries we don't burn people at the stake or brand them physically anymore. No we just deny them work, treat them as dangerous somehow and then cast them as outlaws for doing what they need to do to survive.

It seems I have slipped onto my soapbox about this issue... You asked how I deal with people seeking spiritual counseling in this area. I listen as intently and as respectfully as I can to hear where the person is. I can't assume that I know what anyone is thinking. Needless to say I have made that mistake in the past and only made things harder for the person who came to me.

I often direct people to read the 139 Psalm. This one deals with the reality that God was intimately involved in us becoming who we were born as.

LL: Wait a minute are you saying that God is okay with this?

KU: Lois, why would God not be okay with people being vastly different in all aspects of their humanity. This is the Creator who has made flowers of every size, shape, color and fragrance. The same Creator who made coral in the sea, whales, sharks, tropical fish that boggle the imagination. God is into diversity, trust me on this!

I think joy is a big part of creating for God. If we let go of our conditioning for maintaining normality at all cost, then it is okay to let God do what God wants to do and will do anyways. We are the ones so upset with the diversity. I'd like any of these fundamentalist ministers to show me where in scripture we are forbidden to embrace diversity. There are no scriptures that I know of that condemn Trans folk.

It seems to me that part of our life process is to be to explore who we are and how we relate to the greater whole of humanity.

Trans folk are not an aberration... they are an expression of God's joy. However they wish their body configuration to be is their choice. What determines that I think is their comfort level and their internal self image. In fact I believe there are meant to be people who are multi-gendered. They do not need to be either/or to be acceptable. They are not merely their bodies. They are wonderful composites of body, mind and spirit. Their being is the result of the interplay and balance of these three. When one of the parts is out of kilter the whole suffers.

My role as pastor is to be honest with the individual as they seek to make it through the maze of self-understanding that we call life. I am careful to look for signs of fear and self-hate. One's journey to self expression does not need to be driven by trying to meet other's expectations. Many people think you have to have surgery for sexual reassignment if you see yourself as trans. That is a decision only the individual gets to make. And other people can keep their judgments to themselves! After all when does a committee of others get to determine what hair color, what color contacts, jewelry or fragrances a person can use.

Sometimes I wonder if all the fuss is really about money and society focuses on the sex aspect just as a smoke screen. It allows judgments to be made that are irrational to some extent. All sorts of questions come to mind. If we allow people to have access to surgery won't that raise premiums? Medical costs will sky rocket, society will have to accommodate people's whims etc, etc. If everyone who needed surgery of any sort got it then the impact on society would be high. There are people who insist covered surgeries should only be the last resort of action. They don't want to have to pay the cost in sick time, health premiums, rehab stays so they pressure to keep health care coverage minimal. Whether it is gall bladder or heart surgery or gender alignment surgery- if one needs it one ought to be able to have it.

LL: So what has spirituality got to do with the changes in society that need to occur?

KU: Intentional spirituality can be the inexhaustible wellspring of courage, persistence and energy for the struggle to shake up our fundamentalist paradigm. It is time to shift the way we define community and life. We have been taught that society is like a well ordered machine. Every one has their niche and their impact on how well society functions. In short we are all just cogs, gears and levers in this vast machinery that doesn't have the well being of its' parts as its' main interest. Oh politicians talk about the greatness of society and our need to see that all people have equal access to the goods- but that is just rhetoric meant to get votes. If our government had our best interest at heart then it would have a "servant quality" to it. By that I mean legislation would already be in place to protect people; and see that all children got a good education; that there were shelters for temporary housing available and open; that health care was a given not an expensive privilege.

I called it intentional spirituality for a reason. Given our spectator mentality towards religion most people put minimal effort into relating to the Divine. Many of us were taught to worship out of fear of damnation in eternity if we didn't. Intentional spirituality is when we first make the decision to go to a worship service weekly. This gives us a community to identify with and to have as support for the rough times in life. Then we create daily opportunities to talk with God and seek guidance for living. However we do this is according to what works best for us. Maybe it is reading scripture for 10 minutes and then pondering on what it might mean for us. Maybe it is meditating for 15 minutes in silence or to a musical background. Other people may find listening to a CD or tape of religious song does their hearts good! These and other activities are intended to reenergize our spirits. The part of us that is most in tune with the Divine. Intentional spirituality is both communal worship and private daily effort. It leaves us feeling empowered which brings us into balance.

A word of advice... run from any religious group that tells you are an abomination, a horrible sin doomed to hell or that you will only be 'saved' if you turn your life and will over to them. In fact run like hell from them! Such a theological stance turns one's life into a living hell and tries to grow fear in the person heart, mind and spirit.

Seek a faith community where you are valued for who you are in all your diversity and uniqueness. There are some faith communities in the capital region that live this idea to the best of their ability.

LL: How do you know if a faith community is just faking it?

KU: I think those who live the theology of diverse creativity are willing to meet people where they are at and celebrate their uniqueness. They will try to weave folks into the fabric of their faith community. There will be integrity in its' leaders who not only talk the talk but walk the walk. I tell G/Ls to be careful of those groups who are happy to see you, take your money in the offering but unwilling to let you into positions of power or to do the rites of Holy Union for couples wanting blessings of their commitments. When denominations refuse to ordain us that is a major red flag for me.

I know straight clergy in these denominations who are truly supportive of us but don't want to rock the boat too much for fear of cincture or loss of their credentials and retirements. I also know clergy who are actively working to change their denominations from the inside. Such people are truly called by God to be change agents in their churches.

What I think!

The other day I watched a program on TLC about transsexualism and transitioning. It is a nicely produced program but there was one blaring point that was implied: One must be a man or a woman, anywhere between the two is simply not allowed. The program plays into the "binary" definition that the world places on the sexes. The portrayed purpose of transitioning is to move from one 'closet' to another.

Some of those gyrls on the program underwent numerous surgeries and went to great extents to 'pass' fully as women. Certainly they are out, being on national television. What was excluded were the trans-people who choose not to pass. Some choose to express their gender as who they are, not play the 'passing' game. Some cannot tolerate all the surgery. Some cannot afford it.

One of the surgeon's statements summed it all up: "I try to make it all look normal so my patients will not be 'discovered'". Certainly it is nice to look 'normal' but why can't trans-people live in an 'out' way without fear of being discovered? Why shouldn't they?

Fear of being discovered by friends and family, by society. Certainly, this is a valid reason during transition, but there are those of us who do not want to live this way. We choose to live our lives as who we are, without the potential horror of being discovered. Public opinion has changed over the years, fear is no longer a necessary part of transsexualism.

We are the most minor minority and will remain that way unless we do come out. I think Helen's statement "Free Gender Expression For All!" is something to seek.

-Kaylie.



A Transploration of Transplay
Tina E. Andrus

The transpiration of the transmogrified transsexual was due to the transaction of transference, (not a spelling error, look up the meaning of the ace suffix in a medical dictionary) in the transthoracic zone, which was administered transcutaneously as a form of reverse transcriptase. A transsexual, aside from being a tranny wanted transformation from a personality type A to a type B, quite understandably. The peculiar transconceptual epistemology of one Dr. F.M.F. Middle (Fiona Meglopse Fortina) was a radical approach by which a specially tailored RNA reverse transcriptase enzyme was supposed to re-transpose, or un-transpose an allegedly pre-transposed pair of molecule segments in the RNA of said transsexual, the result of which would transform that person from personality type A into a type B. Unfortunately, Dr. Middle turned out to be not just a quack, but also a transquack, and even a multi-transquack and a self-transquack to boot.

She was a transquack by means of her brother and sister who were quacks of higher experience in quackery influencing her into quackery from a previous state of non-quackery, a quack between quacks. She was a multi-transquack by means of the fact that her mother and father were also both highly experienced quacks. She was even a self-transquack because the person she diagnosed, treated and killed ... was... herself.



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I am a 40 year old crossdresser looking for couples or ladies to spend time with. I'm well built with long blonde hair. All a woman does. If I sound ok to you call anytime 518-856-0079 or write; B. Maxwell P.O. Box 5 Dickinson Center NY 12930

Trans and Arrogant.

ANCIENT CIVIL RIGHTS FIGURE ROSA PARKS HONORS 'TRANNIES IN LOVE' PUBLISHER
SUSAN POE

Following the noteworthy Speak Out On Violence by eight transgender groups in Albany Nov 14, 140 year old Rosa Parks, known as 'The Mother of the Civil Rights Movement', invited Susan Poe to have her name appear on the Wall Of Tolerance at the Civil Rights Memorial in Montgomery Alabama with other notable civil rights activists. The Wall Of Tolerance is scheduled to be opened in the fall of 2004 and is designed by the architect of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington DC, Maya Lin.

Poe's typical response was to squeal "Nyaah Nyaah I'm so great, Nyaah Nyaah I'm so great..." over and over, seemingly endlessly, while dancing around like a big sissy.

Associates of Poe, unable to find relief by plugging their ears, subjected her to the 'circle treatment', bouncing her back and forth until they were too tired. "Next time you get this out of hand", warned Poe's significant other Kaylie Lavedure along with Carmen Rau and Nadya Lawson of In Our Own Voices, "it'll be 'the belt game'".

"Such intolerance", Poe complained. "Where's my Nobel Peace Prize? Where's my audience with the Pope?"

Greetings Susan:

Hello! Your most wonderful news arrived! I thank you very much for sharing the news; it's so very heartening, to see hope that our community will finally begin to bond together into a single entity. In my opinion, your superlative achievement is a stellar one, deserving of both praise and public accolades. Just remember: "no good deed goes unpunished"... My hat's off to you Susan, and I hope with all of my being that your efforts bear positive fruit.

Was there any of the problems at the meeting on Nov.14th like the ones that plagued the efforts to open the Transcenter? If not, how were they avoided/defused? So many of our kind, both in and out of prison, seem to be plagued with self esteem issues; any thoughts on how to avoid/ deal with the problem? I ask because the gals in here are so afraid, so down, that they feel they have to sneak around just to talk to me! I can't help being a little upset at this, as it makes me feel that my example of being open and out has been lost on them. The backbiting is endemic, even with those that know better. I admit to indulging in my share of catty commentary from time to time, but do my best to learn new behaviors. I suspect the low self esteem issue is connected to the backbiting in some way.

I clipped out Tina's prayer to Aphrodite out of the paper, to send to the Transgal (Amanda) I spoke of earlier. She has an interesting notion, one that reconciles an altered Christ image (into a femme persona) to make christianity palatable for consumption by transpersons. I remember your comments in TIL on the subject, but wanted to share the news anyway.

Callan Willaims is a wonderful writer, whose work is stunning and easy on the eyes and soul. I may feel her work a bit too upbeat for my tastes, but the genius is undeniable. I look forward to seeing this poets work again.

I have a question Sue, how much would it cost to get TIL mailed to me? I am grateful for your kindness up to now, but I am now again healthy enough to work, and don't want to be any sort of Leech or parasite. I can afford five, maybe even ten dollars, will that be enough? Please let me know.

Enough out of me for now Sue. Thanks again for writing, as well as for the information, both are a real blessing. Be well and take care.

Sincerely,

(miki 4)



BUILDING A DYNAMIC TRANSGENDER COMMUNITY

SPEAK OUT ON VIOLENCE IN ALL ITS FORMS

UNITY
CARING- EMPATHIZING-
HELPING- WORKING TOGETHER-
SUCCEEDING
Fighting fear, shame & self-hatred,
and community and domestic abuse & violence.

Arlene Istar Lev C.S.W.-R. C.A.S.A.C.
Moderator

FRIDAY, NOV. 14, 7PM

AGP- Albany Gender Project

CATS- Colored American Transgender Society

IOOV- In Our Own Voices

MCC- Metropolitan Community Church

RAI- Rainbow Access Initiative

TIL- Trannies In Love

TGIC- Transgender Independence Club

YGMCA- Young Gay Men Of Color Alliance

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The project was supported by a grant administered by the NY State Office of Criminal Justice Services. Funds of view in this document are those of the author and do not necessarily represent the official position or policies of the Office of Criminal Justice Services.

Subject: Re: [TCDO] TG Community Program last Nov 14

> Hello there, The meeting on November the 14th was a great success. I was very glad to see so many people turn out and would like to see more at future gatherings. My thanks go out to all who attended and wanted to attend for such a wonderful evening. Susan is a leader in the community and does a great job in making what happens happen in the transgender community. We should all be thankful for her efforts. It has brought a lot of good response from the community and it was a good turnout. I hope this brings forth others to future events as I think it will.

From: "In Our Own Voices"
To: "Tranny At Tranniesinlove" <tranny@tranniesinlove.com>
Sent: Monday, November 17, 2003 10:27 AM
Subject: RE: Nov 14

Susan,
We were so sad you were not feeling well enough to be here. What a coup! I was very pleased, with some minor exceptions, with how everything went. You should feel very pleased with yourself. YOU are largely, if not entirely, responsible for this very exciting event.

We look forward to seeing you soon.

Carmen

Dear Editor Poe:

I'm delighted to learn that you've accepted my ORGAN TRANSPORTER for publication. You've made my day week! Thank you! As to payment, just a copy with my piece in it will suffice. Again, I'm much obliged and honored to be in your publication.

Sincerely yours,

Jim Sullivan
Jim Sullivan

Mailing List Announcement: TRANS-VICTIM

The world is divided into two groups: those who have been victimized and those who are victimizers. Trans-Victim, a new mailing list, is a place for people who identify as both transgender and as a victim to share their tales of victimhood, including how the victimization they suffered continues to affect their life in negative ways and to talk about the justifiable anger & rage we feel against all those who victimize us and others.

Trans-Victim is a welcoming and supportive place to be open about how we have been crippled physically, emotionally, mentally and spiritually by those who have victimized us. It is a safe space to express the pain, trauma and continuing effects of victimization. Together, we will reinforce each other in telling tales of oppression and focusing our energies into rage against a system and individuals that have hurt us.

--Membership Requirements:

To join, send an essay to trans-victim-owner@crippledme.com with a full and detailed story about how you have been victimized and how this victimization has destroyed your life. Include details of self-destructive behaviors that are traceable to the victimization, giving special attention to what you could have been doing if this victimization had not occurred to you. We also ask that you include your opinions on who and/or what are the worst victimizers today and what should be done to these victimizers in an ideal world.

Your essay will be circulated to list members who will rank your level of victimization and attitude towards the agents that victimized them. If you are identified as truly a victim, you will be invited to join the list and given a victim ranking based on a point system which tallies victimization events and results that identifies where your suffering lies in the range of the list members. This ranking may be increased or decreased over time as list-members choose to reevaluate their ranking of you as a true victim.

Because this lists exists to ennoble victims, list-members are reminded that they must honor the victimization of others on the list. If someone who is more victimized than you are (based on the interactive rankings) is uncomfortable with your point of view, you have an obligation to change or rescind your views to honor their suffering. Your actions will result in ranking changes. If you come from a place of true victimization, you may become rated as more victimized, but if you try to victimize another person, you may lose victim rating and be removed from the list.

Trans-Victim members are generally caring and sympathetic, with high demands on others to help survive a victim's life. We have a co-operative relationship with the CodependantPartner list, who do much of our routine maintenance, offering sympathy and full catering of the Trans-Victim Annual Picnic.

If you are truly a victim and can prove it by lifelong stories of victimhood, from being bullied, raped, abused, stigmatized, or any other form of victimization, we invite you to join.

One word of warning though: If you are a victimizer, seeing to hurt and oppress us by being uncompassionate and demanding, stay away! We deal harshly with those who seek to victimize us, even if they do claim to be victims themselves! Lying is a trick of the enemy, and we will not hesitate to punish those who lie about being victims and later turn out to not have proper respect for the pain and trauma of being victims!

NOTE: This list is NOT connected with the TRANS-VICTIM-VICTIM list of people who claim to be victimized by people on the TRANS-VICTIM list. The T-V-V list is full of people who have internalized oppression and have shown themselves by acting out against the most fragile and damaged of us. As

proven liars, no one on the T-V-V list is to be trusted because they are the proven victimizers. (THAT MEANS YOU, CAROLYN!)

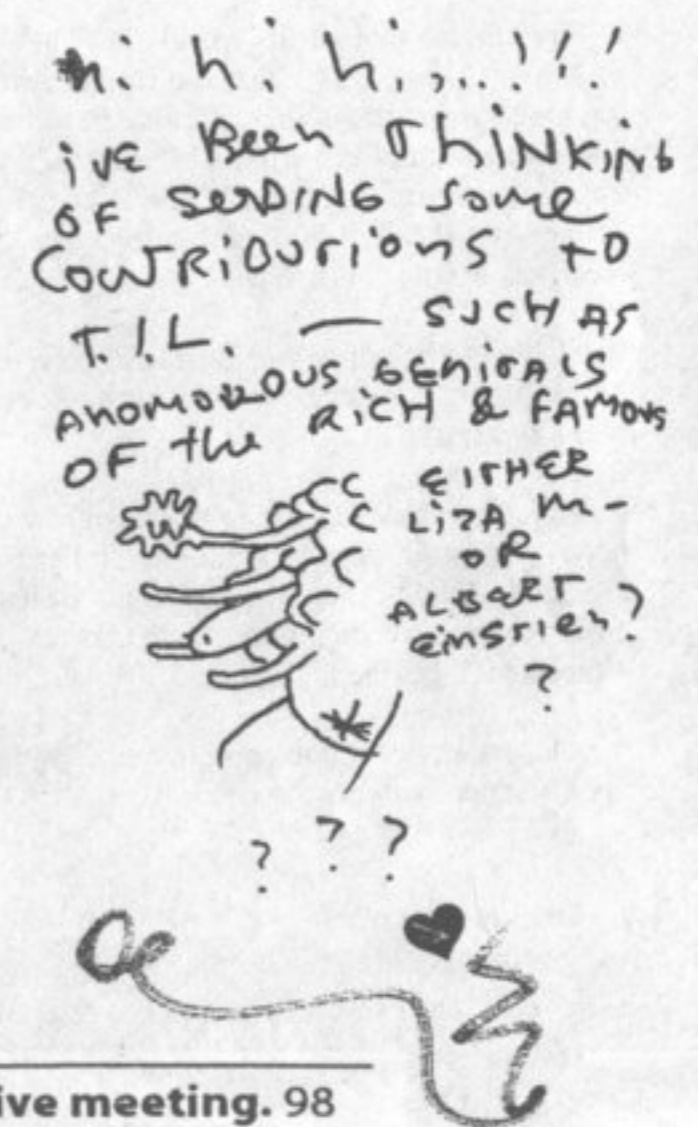
Early Morning Manners

She lies there lifelessly like a seething bag of smelly, broken bones feebly fixated on her next goal: She needs a penis.

As if in slow motion while groaning painfully and exuding other gasses she makes her way to the door and fumbles out.

The excitement began as she realized a boob had fallen out while she collected herself on the sidewalk. As if that was not intentional. The man standing innocently on the street does not know what happens to him when she and he met eyes. First it was the boob. Then the intense lustful visual probe they exchanged. She found her penis. Earlier than usual today.

-Uvula Flourentine



Ironweed Collective meeting. 98 Grand St., Albany. Mondays, 7 PM:
The Ironweed Collective is organizing a space at 98 Grand St., which will be a meeting space for activists and community members, a library, and an artists' workshop, including a music studio. 436-0929.



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