

TRANNIES IN LOVE

The Capitol District Journal of the X-Sex

Free! Issue N° 4



SPRING EAGLE
 MAGICK SHOPPE
 123 JAY STREET
 SCHENECTADY

Open to All Who
 Behave, Nominally

Open Mic Night
Friday, July 18
7-9 PM
 Tina Andrus, Hostess

Featuring Music
 and
 Poetry

(518) 631-0556

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TRANNIES IN LOVE
The Capital District Journal of the L.G.B.Q.



Two-Headed Lavedurepoe
 Monster

HOW'S IT HANGIN'?

Kaylie & Susan Appear On Homo Radio
 WRPI 91.5 June 8

Susan's opening line, "Hi Devon. How's it hangin'?" seems to be all listeners remember of the far-ranging interview. Devon knew what to do. His reply was "A little to the left." The bulk of the rest of the interview was about coming out, the support in the community for the transgendered, and trannies' unwarranted fears that keep them from taking advantage of the opportunities available to them. Kaylie and Susan have been invited to return in the future.

TRANSCENTER CLOSSES WE SCREWED UP

This was the third attempt in 4 years to open a trans community center as envisioned by the late Bobbi Jo Hahn. We've gotten closer to the goal each time. We raised enough money to cover a \$700 a month budget and thousands more in donated goods and services. Over four months dozens of people enjoyed the place and sought out the varied services there. We often had to field a dozen calls a day. It was 'way cool. We're proud of what we accomplished and the opportunities it opened. In the meantime the resources and activities we've provided will continue at other venues.

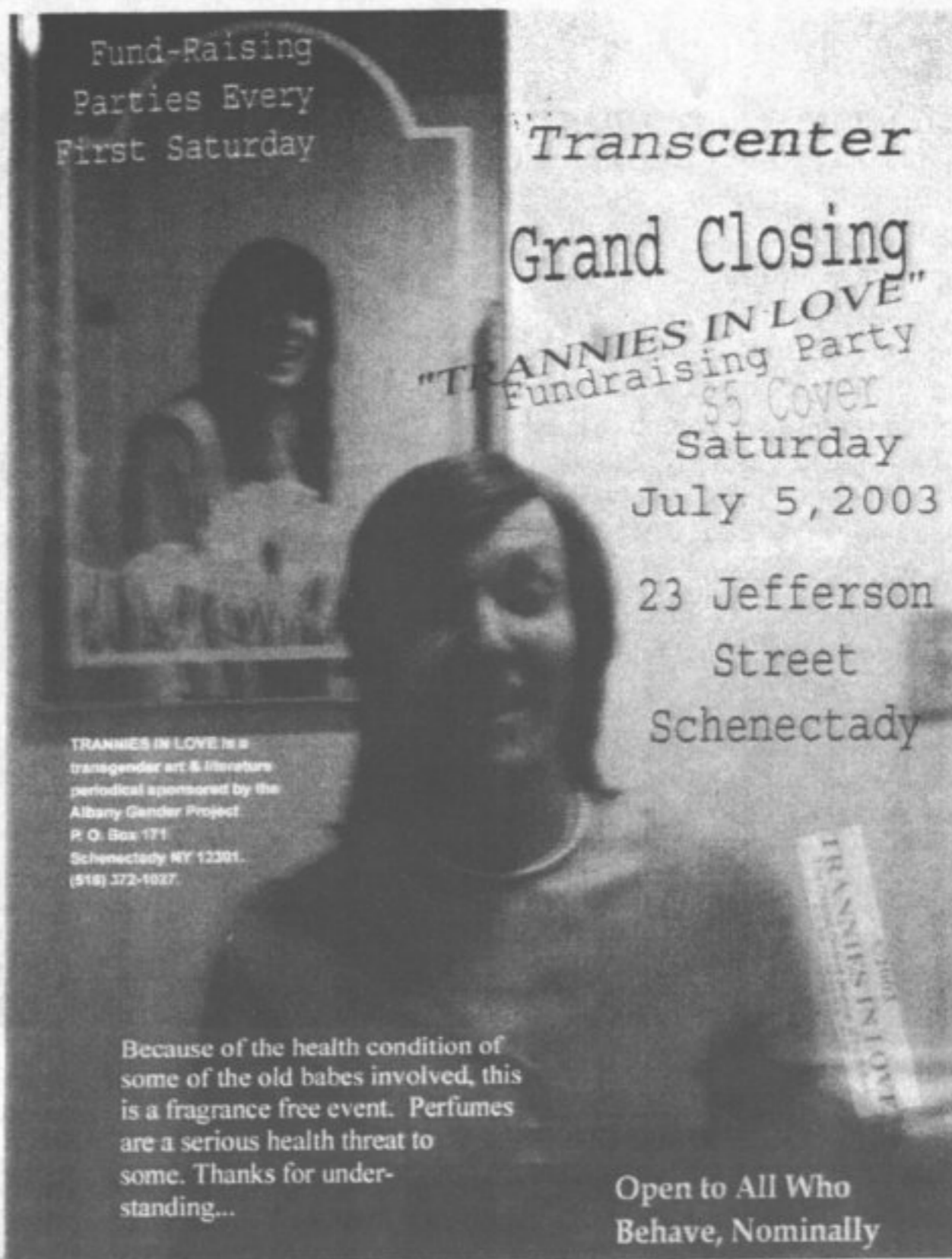
Although the Center was excitedly supported by the gay and mainstream community, it was not by the bulk of the transgendered community. This is a common and well known trait that we all complain about, and do, due to the poor self-esteem, fear, self-defeating attitudes, and competition and jealousy among trannies. It occurred among ourselves too, and made Suzy bitchier than ever. We really showed our asses trying to work together. 'This is doomed' and 'We can't do it' were still often keywords, but we managed to get through our opening struggles and were going pretty smooth and had lots of fun.

It was Susan Poe and Kaylie Lavedure's famous crappy health issues that ultimately put the lid on the Center. The building was highly toxic. Poe lives in a plastic bubble now.

As a rule we consider it a miracle when anything can be coordinated between three trannies, so that we had as many at our events as any tg group was quite an accomplishment. If all the tg groups were to cooperate on such a project we'd all have dozens attending regularly and we'd enjoy more normalized services and mainstream acceptance in our daily lives. We can do it.

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-



Fund-Raising
Parties Every
First Saturday

Transcenter
Grand Closing
"TRANNIES IN LOVE"
Fundraising Party
\$5 Cover
Saturday
July 5, 2003
23 Jefferson
Street
Schenectady

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

Because of the health condition of
some of the old babes involved, this
is a fragrance free event. Perfumes
are a serious health threat to
some. Thanks for under-
standing...

Open to All Who
Behave, Nominally

Transgender Capitol District Online

Your electronic connection to the heartbeat of
the Capitol District Transgender Community.

To join, send a message to TCDO@yohaoogroups.com.
Instructions how to join will be sent to you via return e-mail.



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

SPRING EAGLE
MAGICK SHOPPE

SUSAN POE ELECTED TO CAPITOL REGION NEW YORK CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Big Goony Girl Brags and Brags

This may be another first that "the Iggy Pop of Transsexualism" credits himself with: a trannie serving on a local board of the NYCLU. Poe is also assumed to be the only transsexual to have their biography in **Who's Who In America** and **Who's Who In American Women**, for hir 23 years in publishing. **Trannies In Love**, which s/he publishes, is the

only out, community based mass-circulation transgender periodical in existence, s/he brags. The short-lived *Transcenter* transgender community center that s/he was Director of was one of a handful of such centers in the country. Everybody covers their ears and starts shouting "BLA BLA BLA, I CAN'T HEAR YOU, BLA BLA BLA, I CAN'T HEAR YOU!" and running in circles frantically when s/he starts carrying on about how much s/he can do and how great s/he is and how pretty s/he is, etc. etc. S/he thinks everything s/he does is historic, or something. Yeah, s/he's also mentioned in some history texts and archives.



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**Volunteers are always needed,
 please give us a call
 if you are interested!**

Mail to:

NYCLU
 Capital Region Chapter
 90 State Street
 Albany, NY 12207

Justice.Equality.Education.Involvement

About the New York Civil Liberties Union-Capital Region Chapter

Like its parent organization, the ACLU, the New York Civil Liberties Union - Capital Region Chapter - is a non-profit, non-partisan membership organization devoted exclusively to protecting the civil liberties of all persons, and to extending them to persons traditionally denied fundamental rights. We seek to preserve and enhance the principles embodied in the United States and the New York State Constitution. The Chapter receives no governmental funding and is supported by individual contributions, grants from foundations, and over 1300 dues-paying NYCLU members in Albany, Rensselaer, Schenectady, Washington, Warren, Columbia and Greene Counties.

Through litigation, advocacy and public education, we strive to ensure that the civil liberties guaranteed to all of us by the Constitution are not infringed by the government or private individuals.

Since our founding in 1991, the Chapter has challenged racism and police brutality and defended freedom of expression and privacy, including reproductive choice, right here in your community. We have protected the rights of people of color, women, lesbians, gay men, and handicapped persons from discrimination. We have sought to expand the rights of the mentally ill and the homeless, and to establish the right to counsel in landlord/tenant caess. We have fought to secure the right of students to an education free of censorship.

The Capital Region Chapter is a visible and articulate defender of civil liberties. Staff and Board Members appear frequently in the media, and in public forums to educate and promote individual rights and fundamental freedoms upon which our nation is based.

The Capital Region Chapter Needs You

In each generation, people of conscience must step forward to ensure that liberty survives. The Capital Region Chapter of the New York Civil Liberties Union works to protect liberty right here in your community.

Protecting freedom takes time, resources and dedicated volunteers — the Capital Region Chapter needs you. Please join us!

VOLUNTEERS

The Capital Region Chapter relies heavily on volunteers for leadership, fundraising, education, litigation and administrative assistance. You can volunteer:

In the Office:

Assist in our office at 90 State Street in downtown Albany. Tasks include phone coverage, processing intake calls, writing, research, and performing general clerical work.

Special Projects:

Research and write for newsletters and updates; be part of the speakers' bureau; assisting with the layout on our newsletter; serving as a legislative action advocate.

Legal:

Under direction of staff, volunteer attorneys—practicing or retired—investigate and research constitutional issues in response to citizen complaints, and help shape the Chapter's advocacy work.

Many of the basic rights and freedoms that today we take for granted, are protected because of past actions of the ACLU and its affiliates.

Hi. I'm Tina and I'm outrageous. I'm going to do a bit of a Myra Breckenridge thing here. That dates me somewhat, doesn't it? I'm talking about the book, not the movie. Myra bragged big time about herself in the book. Who is Myra Breckenridge? Look it up. Anyway, everything I tell you here is absolutely true, regardless of how braggartley or bizarre it seems. You can check among my friends, and you will find all this stuff is true. As I write this, it is the tenth of May, 2003, the day after my birthday. I had just celebrated my birthday at my new pad (you have to guess my age as this story unfolds).

This was a combination birthday and housewarming party. My new apartment is so much nicer than my old, cramped dumpy one with too little space for all my stuff. Two was a crowd in that place. Even in this new apartment, seating space is a bit of a challenge, but I'll make it work. The whole apartment with its white walls is perfect as a gallery for my artwork.

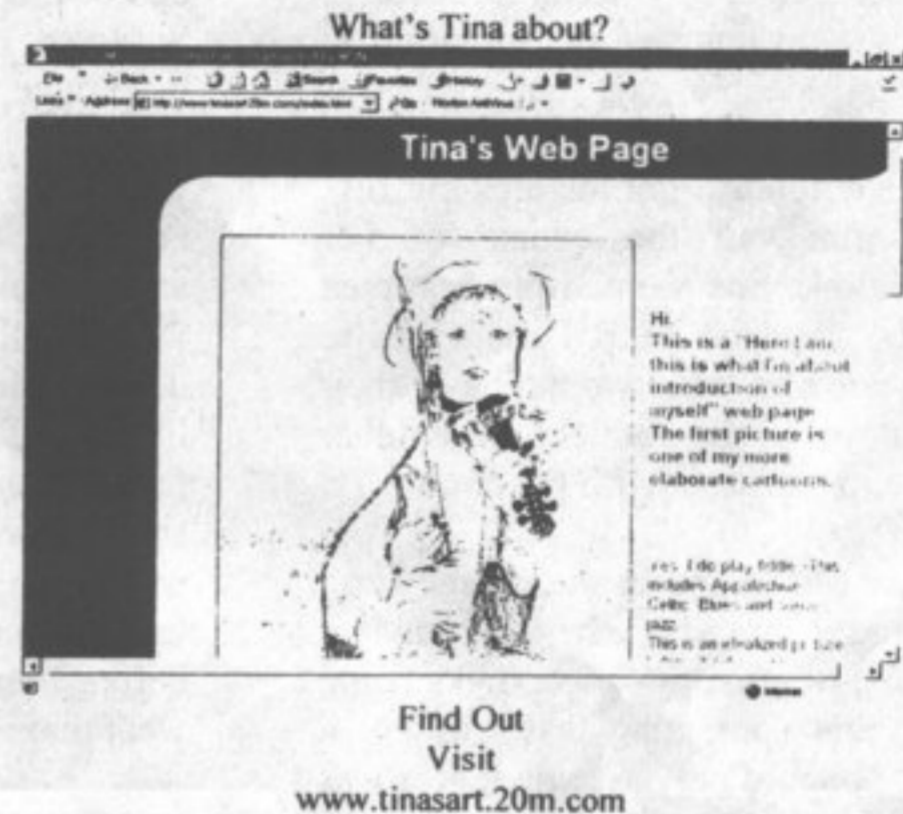
The day started out very well. I had invited people to come any time between ten in the morning and midnight in the spirit of an open house party. It was eight in the morning and I was anticipating a great day. I showered and fixed my face (even though it was not broken) and, oh, are there some fetish people out there? I guess I have to tell you what I wore. OK, there are some favorite things I start out with in the morning even though I may change or put something else on over it. I started with a form fitted open shoulder little black velvet mini dress which I can wear by itself or as an undergarment. These days, my body is slimmer and trimmer than ever from two incidents in the past couple years in which I was hospitalized. Folks, don't do this at home!! I definitely don't recommend it. I lost ten pounds permanently after my heart attack and open heart surgery in January of 2001, and another ten pounds permanently after being run over by a car on May 6, 2002. A year ago, on my last birthday, my body was in I.C.U. at Albany Medical Center. I say "my body" because my consciousness was light years away in dreamland for the two solid weeks of confinement in I.C.U. I have no memory of being in that room at all. People visited me, and I was aware of their presence and talked to them, but it all translated through my dream state. I was elsewhere indeed! A number of people have told me (warning, squeamish stuff) about the time I yanked stuff out of my body during that period. I yanked out the IV line from my arm, the supra-pubic catheter going directly into my bladder, and the breathing tube going down my throat (end of squeamish stuff). My voice is different now, and maybe a bit more feminine. Don't, I say, don't do this at home, you cross-dressers and transsexuals. Some of my misfortunes have hidden blessings, those I attribute to God in my life, not planning of my own. As a performing musician, one of my really good numbers is Cab Callaway's famous "Minnie the Moocher". In that song, I use the crack in my voice; the one many of us have between normal and falsetto, the crack that enables singers to yodel. That crack is barely there at all now and I miss it. I have to do that bit of the song differently.

Now I must interrupt this first digression with another digression. I just came back from a very pleasant drum circle jam session with Susanne, Charles, and a couple other people out in front of the Spring Eagle on Jay St. This happens on second Saturdays. We had a great time. A few people laid a little money on us. I have to say I get lots of comments when I wear my bright multi-colored tights that I got from foottraffic.com. People seem to think I got my legs tattooed with all those wild colors. No way!! Anyway, I've been making music jamming with people for more than thirty years at this point. Making music is my number one gift. It is definitely a spiritual thing with spirit to spirit communication going on. The music itself must be from the deepest part of our self that we can get to. All improvisational music from the heart and soul is deeply spiritual. It falls away from that high goal when we use it to glorify hurt, or when it comes only from the ego but not the soul. Most Jazz is deeply Spiritual. Am I sermonizing? Oh, well... We were at it for two and a half hours and it was too short. After the jam session Randy came along with his newly purchased twelve string guitar. It had a fine ringing tone. Randy is one of those people who looks to me as a sort of musical mentor. I play flute with him. We played a little together and then I split, eager to continue writing this story.

I was going to tell you what I wore for my birthday party, wasn't I, back to that. I started out with the open shoulder black velvet mini-dress. Over that I put on a silky black polyester blouse with just off the shoulder abbreviated sleeves like black flower petals, "v" neckline, a high waistline just below the bust level, with tassels in front, and a "v" shaped tunic like lower part which works well when it is worn outside, not tucked into the waist, very feminine. With that I put on a full length straight skirt, buttoned from top to bottom and left open as a slit, black with light brown calligraphy like designs. I wore nude color panty hose with my super comfortable red moccasins. A yellow-green flower petal chapeau adorned my hair. As always, I wore some of the wood jewelry that I make.

The first person to come over was Carole, the person to whom I used to be married. We have a far better relationship now because all the stress and inter-marital baggage is gone. We talked about stuff for a while. Then she asked me if I'd tracked down any music for the Taiwanese Moon Lute I'd acquired several years ago at a Salvation Army store. The thought struck me to do it right then, so I booted up the computer. It froze in a failed attempt to get on the internet as it often does. That pushed a big old button in me. My mind went back to the curse it was trying to believe/not believe, I was trying to make rational sense of a saga of electronic equipment failures going back to my brainwash days from born again fundamentalist christians over twenty years ago, a time when my life took on the aspect of a psychological-supernatural thriller in which the line between supernatural and psychological is very unclear. I ranted somewhat over this curse thing. Carole unfroze the computer and shut it down, then booted up and tried again. It would not behave. I finally shut it off by turning off the surge protector. I ranted some more. Carole, a gifted diviner, finally got out her pendulum and asked of it if I am indeed

cursed. It said yes. Then she asked me, for the pendulum, who initiated the curse. I named the person who is basically the one I believed and whose religious bullshit I bought into first and deepest, in a sense identifying him as a sort of arch fiend in my life. Carole also asked if she or I could break the curse. It said no. Then she called Tim, proprietor/owner of the Spring Eagle Magick Shoppe. Tim is an ordained Pagan and Wiccan minister. Tim, over the phone, walked Carole and me through an imagination workshop exercise to break the spell. Then Tim told me to interact with an electronic device that had been acting up. I went directly to the computer to boot it up and get on the internet. It succeeded without a hitch. Does this prove anything? Do I believe or not



believe in curses? I've had supernatural experiences. That's what changes everything. If you want to go deeper into this, get your hands on and read "Tina, God and the Devil", another of my biographical stories. I won't answer those questions here because the jury of life experience is still out on the subject.

Carole had to go at that point. I did track down some music on a Taiwanese Moon Lute by a seasoned, gifted Moon Lutenist. It sounds like a blend of classical guitar and Arabian oud (pronounced as in foot). I ordered the CD. The moon lute in the picture was more elaborate, but clearly a generic similarity to mine

Later, just after finishing my supper, a fresh concoction of boiled Russet potatoes, Pollock, carrots, onions, ripe olives, blanched celery and green beans, all seasoned with basil, red pepper, ginger, extra virgin olive oil, fresh garlic, jalapenos and Spike Spice (look that up on google.com), Tim, Carole, Eric the Smart, and another fellow hanging out a lot at the Spring Eagle, all showed up. Carole describes Eric as the all around smartest person she's ever met. So I refer to him as Eric the Smart. He wanted to play my mando-chello bodied twelve string guitar which I had built twenty years ago to take with me on my year long motorcycle trip around the country. That whole story is still written up in long hand, one and only one book so far. I'll eventually need somebody to type that up, any takers? It is book length and I can't summon the ambition to type that. The Muses are too busy feeding me fresh inspiration. Anyway...Eric asked to play my guitar and blew my mind. He made it sound like an Arabian oud!!! Here we go with the oud again. An oud looks like a lute, but it's fretless, the oud came first, inspiring the fretted English lute. It turns out Eric had taken oud lessons. I was playing one of Tim's dumbbells, a Middle Eastern small mushroom shaped drum named after its sound: DUM becka becka DUM becka becka. Eric said my guitar was the finest he had ever played. I'm flattered. Does he mean that? He played the same technique on my moon lute. He was also impressed by my mouth bow playing (shades of Buffy Sainte Marie), and my nose flute playing (shades of Jean Shepard). Do I play ordinary instruments? Yes, I play guitar, flute, fiddle, hand percussion, pennywhistle, recorder, and ocarina; basically I play string, reed and percussion. That covers a lotta instruments when you get into naming instruments.

The party was a success. The last time I remember throwing a party, either planned or spontaneous, was when I had my farm over twenty years ago. Although Carole reminds me of the time we had house concerts in our big house in Johnstown. We are serious folkies, Carole and I. I am also into jazz, blues, the so called "World Music", certain hard core traditional music like Appalachian fiddle, Celtic, Flamenco, many forms of mouth music (look that up on google) and probably some stuff that defies categorizing. Rock, rap and heavy metal are not my thing. Is all my storytelling gonna be about music? No, I'll try to keep it down, although most of the parties and get-togethers I do are musical. Next story will be about my participation in the Rite and Oracle of the goddess Aphrodite.

"She Spoke of Dick"

The fat woman was talking with her husband and a couple of neighborhood kids on the porch across from my garage when I pulled in tonight. They smiled at me and watched for the garage door to raise as I maneuvered my car into its spot. I pushed the button to close the door as soon as the rear wheels cleared the safety beam, my usual procedure. Normally I do not pay any attention to what these people say, but as I was getting out of the car I could hear the fat woman say loudly "got his dick cut off" several times in the course of her conversation. She seemed pre-occupied with this. "Special, yeah, I guess they're special, anyone who would have their dick cut off", she thought of another sentence to construct with the phrase.

I had to mill around in the garage for a while and hear what she was saying. She spoke of a manly voice, dicks being cut off, and something that was not a woman. I could only assume that it was about me, or Susan, us being the only transsexuals with our 'dicks cut off' in this neighborhood. Anyway, it really wasn't worth listening to.

I met Obie going out the man-door of the garage and did some foot play with him as the fat woman spoke of someone in a garage. The conversation was quelled at my appearance from the darkness on the side of my garage. I made my way into the house while the cat was continuously attacking my ankles.

I settled in the house for a while, I was a bit upset for some reason. Some times it is hard to adhere to my policy of not caring what other people think. That

woman is devoting a great deal of attention to what she calls "dicks being cut off". I thought what I should have said to her, "why don't you get a life and let me live mine."

I went back out to the garage to get my beer, I really wanted one. As I approached the door one of the children, the frizzy red haired girl who has always been nice, said, "Hi." She was being sincere. I responded, "Hi, how are you?" The husband smirked, "Fine, how are you?" I knew it had become a game at this point. "I'm fine, just fine." I went in the garage, got the beer and decided that I would also take the cat litter in. I thought to make a good show: I threw the bag of cat litter over my shoulder and trodded like a construction worker to the house. I heard another loud comment from the fat woman before I entered the door, "I don't know what that is."

I am transsexual woman, I don't hide it. I am very proud of who I am, and will be who I am- it does not matter what others think, certainly not a loud mouthed woman with a weight problem. I don't try to put on an act. That's why I sound the way I do.

No I did not have my dick cut off, it is called a penile inversion, most of it still exists, configured differently. Why are some people so obsessed with this?

That fat woman really does need to get a life.

Kaylie Lavedure



Giovanni Malito
96 Albert Road
Cork, Ireland

Clad

in a pale light
she walked
upon the lake
whispering
in ripples
and nothing
more
as the moon
shone down
and night
unfurled
to bathe her
with long shadows
and she disappeared
spreading out
a madness
that reached me
quivering
in phase
on the shore

The other

He stares
into her eyes
and like Narcissus
falls in love
with his own image

but unlike Narcissus
he thinks the image
is his own
and not that of another

the other that is
her image of him



Cyber Fuck

How I Got Her to Stop Turning Tricks/ Oct 2002

How high
Must a man
Build his
Ego
In
Order
To
Think
That he is
Serving
Humanity
By having cybersex
With
Lonely
Crossdressers
Who
Rarely
Leave their homes
Dressed
In
Their
Womanly
Best

I'm sorry
NinaTV
From Ecuador,
I faked it
At the end
Last night
I really didn't want you
To be disappointed

Jump up and down on my new upholstery seats
And tell me again
How innocent you are
It's not the money, you say,
That scratch they gave you for your brain
I loved you before
And I always will....

Baby on your good looks
And my subhuman charity checks
May you never have to
Sell your cherry again

Not at the Trannie Shack
On the saw horse
Where you got boils the first time
And not at Divas where the "working girls" are
And not at the Power Exchange
Where girls like you get in for free
"I'm just going to take this one to my car
and that'll be it," you tell me
I'm ok because I'm watching the biogirls
Onstage doing pole dances
While the Mexican boys take their pants down
And dance with their backs to me

You don't make anything that night
Even though you're the prettiest girl there

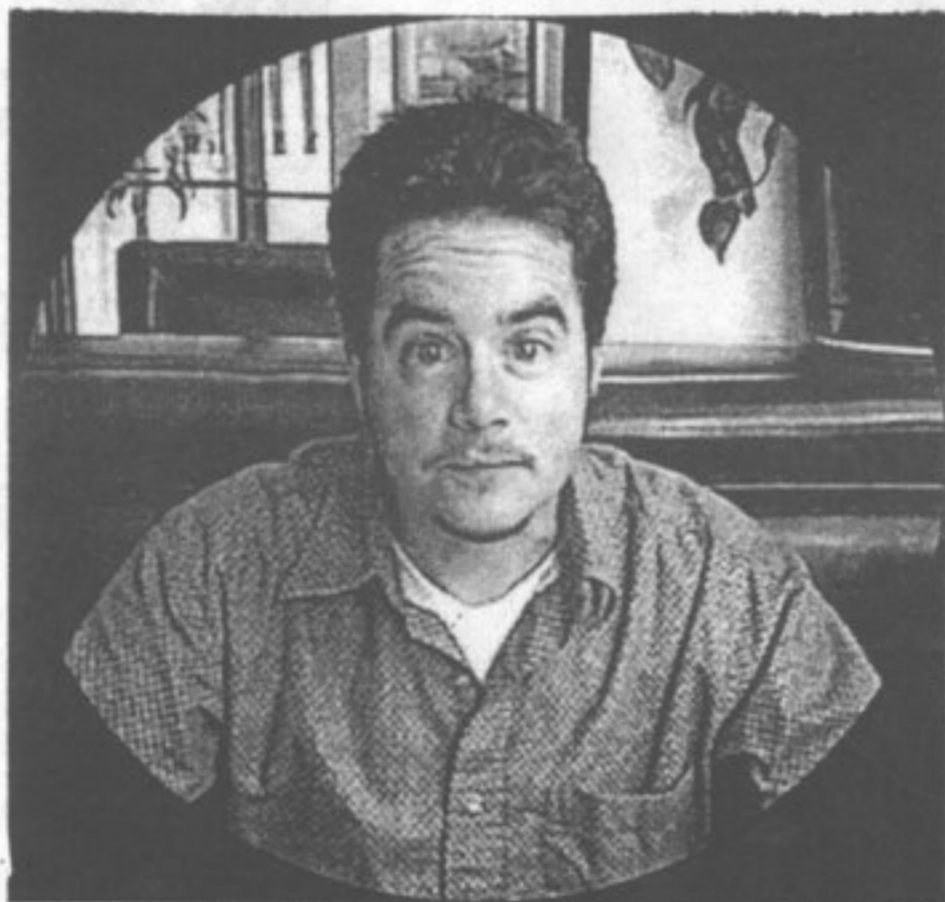
The next week I get my first shot of testosterone
And an unexpected check arrives
Twenty thousand dollars to keep you off the streets for awhile;
And the following week I'm careening down the mall
With two T-girls in tow,
Keeping to myself that I'd prayed for this
While the bags in my hand give me calluses-
Innocence.

Zen Baby / Christopher Robin
po box 1611
Santa Cruz CA 95061-1611

I also
forgot to

tell you
that
I wasn't
actually
born
a
man

how ironic



OUR COMMUNITY

My T-girl is trying to sell her golf clubs to Hispanic kids
At my housing project community sale
Then she brings them upstairs to my apartment
And shows them all her tackle boxes and fishing gear
then gives away all her best stuff
"we fish too," they tell her, "in the lagoon out back
but all we use is bread and string...."
Then they all go play ball downstairs
On the grass,
Her, Amanda, the other T-girl, and all the boys
from the co-op....

A couple weeks later the taunting begins
"transsexual, faggot, shake those hips..."
they throw things at her Cadillac when I'm not around....

But I can't tell who they are
They run like rats in a maze through the dark
And I can never find them

Needless to say those boys never returned to our apartment to play
And now they call me "faggot" too-
"yeah run, you little punks," I yell into the darkness
as they scatter....

The next week she gets evicted for nonpayment of rent
And I move her in with me
There is a little less spring in her step as she walks,
Gingerly through her new life...

POEM FOR GWEN, AND FOR JENNIFER 10/18/02

Her first thought was:
"tonight
I'll either
be killed
or someone else will...."
Before arriving at the mountain bar
Where they bought her six drinks
And flirted
And questioned her
"well, what do you think?" she'd retort
batting her eyes, giggling or evading....
"all the bio-chicks liked me in there..." she said
when she returned
(drunk)
"I was like their Mother Hen..."
and after she sucked my cock
we lay together on the tiny couch
and she cried and told me the bad news:
"they killed her last night," she said
"she'd been fulltime for two years-
beat her to death and strung her up by a
rope.....
she was seventeen..."
and every time I know she's in some strange bar
I think,
"is it going to be her tonight?"
and she tells me she has to do it
it's not the men
it's the experience
she has to be regular
she has to fit in
and when she comes home we talk about it
and wonder....

BITCHY XZHAOUXIYE'S REVIEW
OF CAPITOL DISTRICT
TRANSGENDER GROUPS AND
HANGOUTS

SOCIETY OF THE SECOND SELF (Tri-Ess) Tri-Ess has made out well in the midst of the fracturing of the tg community by TGIC earlier this year when TGIC ousted transsexuals and transsexual services from their midst. The local Tri-Ess is a fun, dignified, unpretentious, diverse and well-attended group that meets at a nice club in Schenectady once a month. Their number is in the national Tri-Ess mag, The Femme Mirror, 8880 Bellaire B2 Ste. 104, Houston TX 77031.

COLORED AMERICAN TRANSGENDER SOCIETY (CATS) Smart and sassy babes of color meet regularly at Whitney Young Health Center in Albany. Call Harry at 518-465-4771.

ALBANY GENDER PROJECT (AGP) This is a small tax-exempt service and advocacy group dealing with transgendered health, housing, legal and other social concerns. They developed the Transsexual Clearing House guide to area transgender professional & support services, and cover TIL as an independent non-profit project. They've been bounced like a ping-pong ball to different locations for the past year. With the closing of the Transcenter, (or Scenter, as we called it), they're meeting every other Tuesday at the Womens Building at 79 Central Ave. in Albany. Call 518-785-7866.

TRANSGENDER INDEPENDENCE GROUP (TGIC) As predicted in the last ish of TIL, the vice-president of TGIC

was the third officer to resign this year due to the hostile, often transphobic atmosphere under the new president. A few years ago, before ringleader Bobbi Williams moved here, TGIC had about 60 members and a couple dozen reportedly came regularly. Bobbi's devious and widespread vilification of many transfolks now has membership down to about 15 and it nearly folded last summer. They never come to their attic clubhouse in Albany except for the monthly business meetings. Nevertheless, they're in the process of installing a second new more expensive lock, for no apparent reason other than to make sure members don't use the place. Key Club members must now ask permission in advance to use the clubhouse in an emergency and pay an extra \$20 each time. They've depleted the funds left by the previous administration and have been operating at a loss with a budget of only about \$300 a month.

I erred in TIL #3 in stating that TGIC President Jennifer Holmes suppressed our Trans Family agenda item. It was put on a ballot and passed. Since then however, President Holmes complained to former TGIC president Kaylie that she didn't keep secrets from her partner, (me), particularly about Holmes' attraction to Kaylie, although Holmes had often made it obvious at the clubhouse. Holmes belied her deep feelings for Kaylie by, as she stated, trying "to see (Kaylie) dragged down" for her association with me. Meetings with President Holmes and other TGIC members have shown that they can't keep their eyes off our boobies. Okay, neither can we.

TALE OF THE G.L.B.T. DOG*

We are the unwanted tail, Frankenstein
grafted to this unwilling dog
with politically correct
sense negative surgery.
We make the dog awkward, unwieldy,
we need to wag to a different beat
This dog won't go where we need to go,
lifts its leg at what we hold dear,
sullenly resents the forced grafting,
the stupidly wasted resources
used to give this political fiction
a semblance of actual life.
We are the T of this dog, for most
an unwelcome, uninvited embarrassment,
a Tail like us, connected awkwardly
to such a nice,
almost otherwise socially acceptable dog.
Our only use is to catch the merde,
the blame, as the tail of the G.L.B.T. dog.

Mikki

*The title refers to the way the Transgendered have force grafted themselves to Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual organizations and titles.

In spite of claims of honoring member confidentiality, they've recently taken to publishing closeted member's legal names, without their permission and against their wishes, in their newsletter. Their newsletter is getting much better, but don't believe everything they say about themselves. The new TGIC number is 518-436-6789.

CLUB PHOENIX The area bar of choice for trannies, especially Friday night karaoke. Karaoke, yikes. 348 Central Ave. Albany.

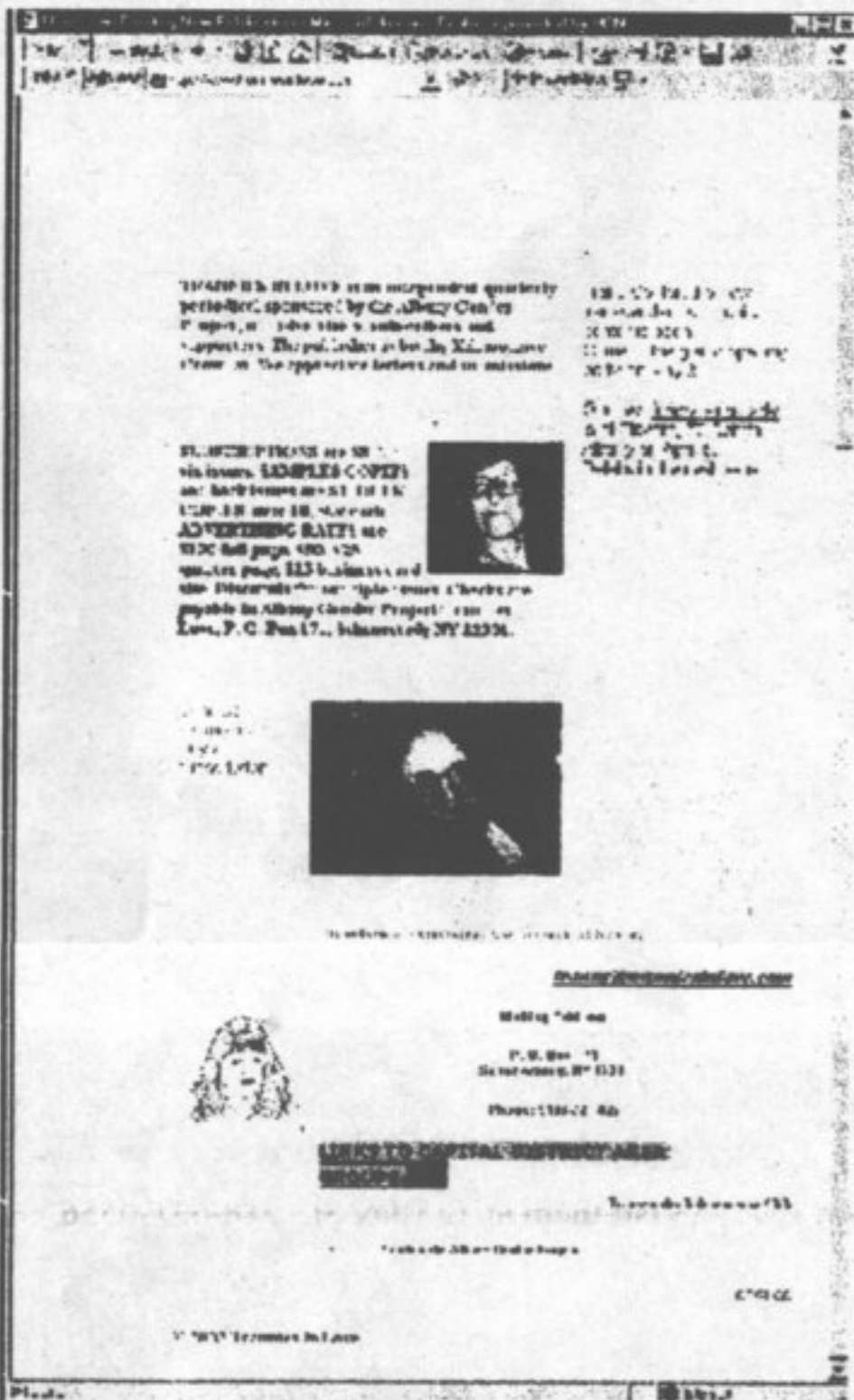
CHIA BOB'S This girls' bar is becoming a more popular weekend trans hangout. 1036 Crane St. Schenectady.

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH Yes, trannies go to church too. Most who do go to MCC, an open, loving and positive spiritual center. Services are 1PM Sundays at 275 State St. in Albany.

SPRING EAGLE MAGICK SHOP Trannies with a more pagan bent frequent Spring Eagle, a cool shop that has a variety of daily activities and services. They're practically Schenectady's Alternative City Hall. Visit them at 123 Jay St. 518-631-0556.



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



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

FRIENDLY OVERATURES
FROM TGIC

Wishing TransCenter Best of Luck

In the most recent issue of *Trannies In Love*, it announced the opening of the TransCenter in Schenectady. On behalf of myself, as well as all of the members of TGIC, I would like to congratulate Kaylie Lavedure and Susan Poe for being able to open such an establishment. We wish them all the luck in the world towards the success of their Center.

Jenny Holmes
 TGIC President

The Transgenderist

TRANNIES IN LOVE
 The Capitol District Journal of the X-Sex
Transcenter

Transgender Community Center
 E-mail: tranny@tranniesinlove.com Website: <http://www.tranniesinlove.com>
 P. O. Box 171 Schenectady, NY 12301
 (518) 393-0394

Tuesday, May 13, 2003

Hi Jennifer.

Thanx very much for the congratulations on the opening of the *Transcenter*, mentioned in the *Transgenderist*. It's a particularly good issue of the TGIC newsletter. TGIC members are welcome to drop in at the *Transcenter*, or we can arrange to have Club events there. We're here to share our resources. We're publicly funded and non-profit. We've discussed among ourselves the possibility of doing a fundraiser for TGIC later this summer. We heard from Keith Hombrook at the CDGLCC that Bobbi is arranging for TGIC to meet there and that you're closing the clubhouse. I'm sorry we couldn't help out sooner to keep it.

Right now we're having our own excitement figuring out how we're running the Center and how we'll learn to work together on such a project without us all choking each other regularly, so don't think I don't appreciate how you've maintained your position and held things together and are finding direction with your leadership, especially with me around.

Now for the annoying stuff. The TGIC Audit Committee Report was of most interest to me because it outlines some of the wrongdoing of the previous administration that has been claimed Kaylie or I were responsible for, but we were never addressed with. Kaylie, Cheryl, Bobbi and I have a wealth of documentation that you must not know about that explains this situation. It should have been brought before the former officers, and our records brought to bear on the matter, before an admittedly poorly documented report with assumptive conclusions was printed which the primary document holders were not even aware of.

The Business Meeting minutes were taken and kept by the secretary, Bobbi. Kaylie took the Sept. '02 minutes. Bobbi, Kaylie and Cheryl could not set another business meeting after the Sept. one, when I was appointed Vice President, for various reasons and in spite of much documented haranguing by me to do so.

Bobbi gathered and counted the votes. By fall of '02 our polls of members showed that a number of votes were 'disappeared' by Bobbi. So were bills due, in Kaylie's name, leading to Kaylie taking the Club mailbox and P.O. Box keys from Bobbi. When Cheryl kept complaining that Bobbi was writing unaccounted for checks after Bobbi announced her resignation, Bobbi's name was taken off the checking account. We were all very, very close to Bobbi at one time, but when she refused to account for the money and mail and votes, the officers felt that the note apologizing for her mishandling these matters was the least we owed the membership without an uproar.

Bobbi kept the records of *Transgenderist* advertising accounts. We found out last winter that she supposedly collected no advertising revenues in 2002. We should cross-check this with the advertisers.

Bobbi unconstitutionally changed the business meeting and newsletter schedules to every other month. I protested it repeatedly.

The Club 501(c)(3) application was in the works by different people for over two years. Helen, Kaylie and I realized after much work on the matter that TGIC did not function as a 501(c)(3), its constitution is legally flawed on many points, and it does not qualify as a 501(c)(3), so we started the AGP as such a resource for the whole community. The April "Ballot Proposal" in 2002 to change the constitution was put up by Bobbi without explanation, not by me as she stated. What she put up on the proposal were my notes from months previously, detailing legal changes needed in the constitution to qualify for 501(c)(3), with notes added by her. It made no sense as a ballot proposal. The AGP already had 501(c)(3) status by then and can cover TGIC programs as non-profit. Renaissance affiliation would be legally, financially, and politically costly for TGIC. Their insurance is of no benefit to TGIC. Your landlord has coverage wherever you meet.

What this all leads up to is why you probably had trouble with the mailing list and who the members were a few months ago. We knew there were at least two different mailing lists. Bobbi kept a padded list, ostensibly of associates she mailed the newsletter to at her own expense. In the meantime TGIC had a lot of problems with complaints of receipts for donations and membership dues not being sent out, along with people coming by saying they paid their dues and delivered membership forms that we had no records for. It always pointed back to Bobbi and would go unexplained dismissively or described as another "mistake".

The Boring Part

Since the last issue of TIL, #3, we've gotten feedback that Bobbi was signing up members at Club Phoenix since last summer at least, and not turning the money or info over to the Club, but sending out the Transgenderist to her separate club. We know who some of these "members" are now and know where the evidence is. In the last two weeks this info has come up independently at TGIC.

This explains why we didn't take "all the members" concerns into consideration. We didn't know about Bobbi's separate club. In the two weeks before your election Bobbi sent in 6 to 10 renewals and new memberships who voted for you. We'll have to check Cheryl's records whether Bobbi sent in their dues, and check member's receipts, for those that have them, to see when they actually paid. We know who they are.

Our lawyers advise that this is a classic scam and is criminal fraud that could be turned over to the Prosecutors office, especially to protect the former responsible officers that served with Bobbi. Since it could only amount to a few hundred dollars, instead I'll pump the documentation to you to deal with the matter internally. I'd rather have good news in the July TIL. The Audit Committee were friends of Bobbi's. So are you. So were we. We're just finding out how badly we were had by Bobbi. So will you. I have no reason to believe that the current TGIC treasurer won't investigate this matter with integrity when the documents are provided.

Enclosed is a start, although chronologically it's coming from both ends with stuff scattered in the middle. There are emails and a letter between Helen, Bobbi and me from Jan. '02 that provides a take-off point for these issues. Kaylie's financial records are in here for the last year. Her emails to and from Cheryl and Bobbi will be forthcoming and will explain more than these records alone do. Also enclosed is Bobbi's special edition of the Transgenderist from last summer that Kaylie, Cheryl and Denise refused to allow released due to inaccuracies, proposals contrary to TGIC's purpose, and Bobbi's emotional state at the time. It shows that many of the procedures at TGIC that we have trouble with were independently initiated by Bobbi.

Copies of my own letters and emails with Cheryl about this stuff, along with some of Cheryl's and Kaylie's and Bobbi's communications will be forthcoming. Checking Cheryl's membership and financial records against Bobbi's will make this all more clear. We have parts of Bobbi's records too.

Good luck. Keep me informed so I can put good news in TIL and keep myself away from the prosecutor's office.

Best,
Sue Poe
372-1027

TGIC MEETING MINUTES

AUDIT COMMITTEE REPORT

President Holmes called for an Audit Committee Report. Kelly Webb and Susan Cooper both stated that the Audit Committee was done for the year and with the April 11th, 2003 propositions and ballots having been published in the Transgenderist, no report was given at this time due to unavailable complete membership ballot votes.



If everyone is
'passing' you
Left and Right

Maybe you should think
of moving to the slow
lane on the right.

**OR, BETTER MAKEUP
MIGHT BE IN ORDER.**

"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

**Do You Like Your
Detectives
Hard-Boiled...**



...or Fried?

"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

Tales of the Ling Master

You've read the short stories -- now read the mini-comics!

Preview #1 "'Jimmy,' or, The Bread-Doll Fancier"
The Miracle of Life in a Suitcase
12 pages



"I, The Stallion!"
Ancient Wisdom of Tibet
8 pages -- Starring Jack Saunders!

Preview #2

Preview #3 "The Squid Boys of Terre Haute"
Close Encounters of the Third Grade
12 pages -- Cameo by John M. Bennett!



\$1.00 each
postpaid
\$2.50 for all 3

E. J. Barnes/174 College St. #2
Amherst, MA 01002-2329
ejbarnes@theworld.com



Bobbi Jo
Albany, NY
United States

Bobbi Williams

Bobbi Jo is a bi-TV living near Albany, New York. She loves to make new friends through her website at TUNY She "welcomes visitors & friends to come by & check out the area or write to her."

for housing, jobs and medical care that sometimes overwhelm us. Bobbi has actively tried to stop these trans services steadfastly for years, this being a case in point. She likes to write about them though. We understand Bobbi's many disappointments with transsexuals and her ego needs that we admire. It gives us no joy to remind readers, as we pointed out in TIL #3, that we had to turn Bobbi and others at TGIC down for sex dates. It sounds like a bad joke, but it really is what has motivated a glaringly abusive hostility from some at TGIC towards us. They'll notice that we haven't cooperated like victims. We're sorry we hurt your feelings. Get over it. There are more important things to do for the community than pick at your egos.

THANK TO BOBBI WILLIAMS

Bobbi has greatly enhanced interest and support for **Trannies In Love** and the **Transcenter** by announcing that all we did at the community center was crank out porn. We only wish. We apologize to all those like Bobbi with high expectations of a sex club. We're really kind of lame, although extremely glamorous and desirable. Making and marketing porn isn't as worthwhile as some imagine. Suzy's old hardcore video is no longer available but she can't stop bragging how hot it is. With three grandsons a porn career for Suzy looks doubtful. Too bad.

Bobbi has also lovingly suggested that former TGIC president Kaylie Lavedure, who works on TIL, is a liar, rapist, "stupid dolt" and "grossly misguided". No denials have been forthcoming from Kaylie. Kaylie is also one of few who visit the sick, find housing for many tg girls, and make referzals for those needing doctors or therapists or other services. Bobbi has never had any part in these sorts of activities and is unaware of the local tg needs



PERSONALS

TRANNNIES IN LOVE PERSONAL ADS
\$10 for 50 words. Include contact info.
Checks payable to **Trannies In Love**
P. O. Box 171 Schenectady, NY 12301

Tall scrawny over-confident good-looking jewish bitch. post-op, offers public verbal abuse, shunning, psychoanalysis. Cheap. Respond to **Trannies In Love P.O.Box 171 Sch'dy NY 12301. Ad 1.**

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