



## The Periodical News Letter of the New England Tiffany Club



### THE TIFFANY CLUB OF NEW ENGLAND'S ANNUAL FIRST EVENT JANUARY 18-22, 2006 OFFERS SOMETHING FOR ALL TRANSGENDERED, FAMILIES AND FRIENDS



The Tiffany Club of New England will hold its annual First Event at the Crowne Plaza Hotel in Woburn, Massachusetts January 18-22, 2006. The five day event is part educational, part shopping and part entertainment. The event is the second largest Transgendered convention held every year in the United States and attracts attendees from as far away as California and Europe. Over 400 people are expected to attend this year's event.

Guest presenters from the medical, psychological, legal and beauty fields will present a wide range of workshops for the Transgendered individual as well as their families, friends and loved ones. Physicians include Dr. Mark Zukowski of Chicago, Dr. Pierre Brassard of Montreal, Dr. Marci Bowers of Trinidad Colorado, Dr. Toby Meltzer of Scottsdale Arizona, Dr. Jeffery Spiegel of Boston Medical Center and Dr. Alice Novic of Los Angeles. Therapists include Christine Becker and Diane Ellaborn; both L.I.S.C.W. Social events include the annual awards banquet on Saturday January 21 with keynote speaker Attorney Dean Spade, founder of the Sylva Rivera Law Project. Also during the convention, there will be a night out at

the theatre, a comedy night featuring Boston area comic Amy Tee and a fashion show. There will also be many vendors selling a variety of items during First Event. Confirmed vendors include: Glamour Boutique, Florence's Fashions, Terry Hall's Salon and Fantasy Girl.

Vendors, speakers and workshops are still being added, so the best way to find out the most up to date information is to go to the First Event website at: <http://www.tcne.org/fe2006/>

To register for First Event via a **SECURE** on-line site, please go to: <http://www.tcne.org/fe2006/registration.htm>

#### HOW TO REGISTER WITHOUT INTERNET ACCESS

By using the well designed web registration form, you guarantee the accuracy of your registration. If you have trouble accessing the Internet, you can go to a library or call the club on Tuesdays. Someone will enter your registration for you. You can also come to the club in person. Thanks for your help and understanding



See page 7 for  
TCNE Annual  
Christmas Party  
Information

#### TIFFANY CLUB CO-SPONSORS THE BOSTON TRANSGENDER DAY OF REMEMBRANCE SERVICE

Over 250 people gathered in Copley Square in Boston Sunday night November 20<sup>th</sup>, as part of the worldwide 7<sup>th</sup> Annual Transgender Day of Remembrance. The day is set aside every year to honor and memorialize those who have died by anti-transgender violence. The event began in Boston in November 1998 to honor Rita Hester, a Transgendered woman who was killed in what is still an unsolved murder. Several speakers spoke during the ceremony held in Copley Square Sunday night about the loss of family and friends due to violence against transgendered people. Candles were lit in the square and held by those who attended to help remember the lives lost that remain in their hearts. Before the service, the Massachusetts Transgender Political Coalition held a town

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## **MS SUSAN GOES TO NEW YORK**

*Part 2 by Susan Pauline Bauer*



The Food Show was great. This was the fourth year that I attended as Susan. It was nice talking with some manufacturers that I've known and have done business with for twenty-five years. While some may have questioned my choice of gender expression or my need to do so, no one was less than charming to me. Food ideas on marketing and plate presentation is still king. For the past eight years, I've used the Show for networking. I'd still like to be able to work full-time as Susan. However, when I look at and become aware of my limitations and realize what the real priorities are, I know it's never going to happen. The bills still have to be paid. You have to maintain your medical benefits. Without income, there won't be a choice of, "girl," or, "boy," clothes today. It'll be no clothes and you won't have a choice of which shelter you're going to sleep in. I'm officially, semi-retired and work enough hours to maintain benefits. I, "love what I do for work and while I sometimes grimace, at the number of days or hours I have to work, I think of my sisters at the club who have no work. I offer a prayer to St. Joseph on their behalf and then I keep my thoughts to myself. My Dad day, he prayed to Saint Joseph always have work. I've done vendors, fathers. I can remember introduced me to his daughter The two, "kids," run the comanately, she has MS just as my year, Alanna and myself, met chocolate company. This year, she came by herself. Hence, every so often I would go to her booth, and staff it for her so she could go to the bathroom and, "check out," some other booths. It was no problem for me. I was just selling and giving information on chocolate. I had to chuckle to myself. Two years ago at the Food Show was the first time I ever had to wait in line to use the bathroom. It's one, "girl thing," I wasn't prepared for. (How come no one at the Tiffany Meetings ever talked about having to wait in line to use the ladies' room?)



While, I had my Show badge showing, I also had on my, Peet's Coffee and Tea name badge with, "**Ms. Susan,**" on it. Everyone in the food business knows Peet's Coffee + Tea. I merely told them, if asked, one I work for benefits and the other I work for fun. It was an excellent time. The, "playtime," after the show was super too. Right across the street from the Hotel Pennsylvania is the National Shrine for Saint Francis of Assisi; hence getting to church each day was no problem. Monday night, after Jene, the owner of the chocolate company, and I had dinner at, "The East of Eighth," and walked back to my Hotel room, Ms. Susan went down to the Village Vanguard for some powerful big band jazz. Last year, Alanna took a picture of myself and the widow of the founder of the Vanguard. This year I brought it down framed for Mrs. Lorraine Gordon. However, Monday night is her one night a week she's not there. After the gig was over and since I was already in the Village, I went back to LIPS for a nightcap and to catch their last show. Tuesday, I was planning to go to, "Birdland," However, there's this place in Penn Station that makes, "the best," "veggie burger." I had a couple of wines while waiting and struck up a conversation with some girls from Western New York and then a, couple of Irish Coffees. Well, after I got to my room, "crashed," on the bed. I woke up at 2:30 in the morning. I was still fully dressed and still with all my make-up on. After a quick shower, I re-

*Continued on page 3*

## FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

By Cherl Easton



Ms. Frances, who puts all of this stuff that I write and collect from everybody into a format called Microsoft Publisher, tells me that space is short this month. I have stories that people have submitted that will be in the January issue. So if you sent something in, just wait a month and it will be published. Now let me take the chance to wish everybody a wonderful Holiday season, be it Christmas or Hanukkah. Enjoy, but please take a moment and think about those in our community that are less fortunate than most of us. There are many who no longer see family or friends because they have been turned away for being Transgendered. May the meaning of whatever holiday we celebrate touch these people and help bring down walls that divide families and friends. This is a time of the year that people should be together and not apart. Think about not only adults, but Transgendered teens at Waltham House who have been tossed out of their homes for expressing who they really are. Maybe that lipstick "to die for" can wait and you could send a donation to the New England Home For Little Wanderers and designate it for "Waltham House". May peace be with you all this Holiday season. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.



**We all wish Cherl a speedy recovery from her knee surgery.**

*Ms Susan Continued from page 2*

membered those leftover salads, desserts and entrees. A morning snack! I slept through the 5:00 A.M. wake up call. At the Hotel for breakfast each day, I had the same waitress that my wife and I had in June. She was asking **me**, where I got **my** shoes. Then on that Wednesday morning, I saw in the *Times* that my favorite symphony, Edouard Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole* was a free concert in Central Park that night. I had dinner at, "Patsy's," on West 56<sup>th</sup> Street first. I had met the family at the Food Show on Monday. This is a nice Italian Family Restaurant that happened to be a favorite of Frank Sinatra's. I did pay more for dinner than I expected but with a no charge concert afterward, why not? I was perhaps, a, "tad," overdressed. I was in my red and black, long jacket dress with the side walking vents and my 4-inch black, patent leather, spiked (stilettto) heels. Patsy's is special. You never know whom you're going to meet and you can only make a first impression once and it's always fun to dress nicely. In my tote bag, I did have my umbrella and my red raincoat and a pair of, "9 to 5" style shoes I saw some people there with low tables, chairs and the tablecloths, candles, wine, food, et cetera. I grinned and commented to one family, "You've done this before?" They smiled and nodded yes. It was a very rich and beautiful concert program. First was Wagner's, "Overture to the Flying Dutchman," The second and my most favorite, was Edouard Lalo's, "Symphonie Espagnole for Violin and Orchestra, the final piece was 5 in E minor, op. 64. Dura, "chuckle," from people mini-flashlight, to get to Frances (Cardullo), a to a Gershwin production mini-flashlight from my "that in the theater when purse, you should have a one else is bothered, either onstage or in the audience. With the fifteen-minute wait in line, I got back to my place just before Symphony No. 5 started. I had changed my spikes for my, "9 to 5's," to go to the bathroom and the foursome next to me said, "We'll watch your things." I had spread out my red raincoat as a blanket on the grass.



op.21. After the intermission, Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5. During the intermission, I did get using their cell phones as a the, "port-a-potties." Thanks a few years ago, when we went in Cambridge, I pulled out a purse to use. She told me, you have to see inside your mini-flashlight. That way no

Grass stains are tough to remove. When I returned, everything was fine. After the concert was over, I took the, "D - train," from the 81<sup>st</sup> Street station to Columbus Circle's 59<sup>th</sup> Street Station to change to the, "A train." However, in all the years or times visited, I had never taken a Hansom Cab. I exited the station and walked across 59<sup>th</sup> Street and engaged the Cabby. I borrowed a line from Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse's movie, "Bandwagon," when asked, "Where to?" I replied, "Let the horse decide. "It was still too early to go back to the room for the evening. However, I did go back to the room to drop off my raincoat, my umbrella, and my four-inch patent leather stilettos. I replaced my, "9 to 5," heels with a pair of 3½-inch patent leather heels. I also brought the photo that Veronica took of me at our First Event 2005. It's the one that appears to be the front cover of a magazine. I had purchased a frame for it. When I got to LIPS, I offered the framed photo to the manager, Edwin. He said that he was re-arranging their photos and he'd get it, hung-up on the wall. Wow! After talking with some, "sisters," and a regular couple about the different arenas under the transgendered umbrella for a while, it was time to go back to the hotel. It was past, "Last Call." There was only one more day and night in Manhattan. Friday was my trip back to Brockton. Wednesday afternoon, when I talked with my better-half, she told me, that the repair bill on our automobile was just under \$1,700.00. I had only planned for about six or seven hundred

*Continued on page 6*

## A TRANSSEXUAL JOURNEY PART 4

By Frances Cardullo

In April of 2001 I decided to deal with the demon that had been living inside of me since I was a young boy. I took the first steps by going to a local Marshal's and purchasing some women's clothes and lingerie. At first it was exciting to wear the forbidden garments but when it just felt normal, I knew I was on the right track.



First night out with Angela and Laura

Thanks to the internet I was able to finally realize that I was not alone. It was also how I found the Tiffany Club. It was through a Tiffany club member that I was put in touch with Christine Becker who became my gender therapist.

My first night out in public, dressed, began at the tiffany club. It was about June of 2001. All the time that I was meeting with Christine, she was telling me that I should come out to Karyl, my wife. So, in

July I wrote the following coming out letter to my wife as an opener to our conversation.

Dear Karyl,

I know in my heart that you don't have a clue as to what's going on in my mind and body - although I have intentionally left you many clues. Shame on me for not being man enough to openly discuss it with you sooner. In defense of that last statement I must say that I thought I could suppress my desires and maybe they would go away. Well, after 50 or so years they haven't.

In fact, the desire as become even stronger lately. I have no explanation for this except that I think that as my testosterone levels decrease, my estrogen levels are more in control. I do not see this as bad - if the estrogen makes me a kinder, gentler person. (This has always been by goal when I was not playing the role of macho man.)

My ponytail was my most recent example of a clue. God how I hated to cut it off but I knew it would bless you. I miss it every day. I especially miss how it felt in the shower. I love showers. It is in the shower that I can be most in tuned to my body and - are you ready for this - my developing breasts.

This is not a homosexual thing!! It is not a sexual thing. I am merely enjoying the feminine side of me that has been suppressed for a long time. Because the urge has been so strong lately I had to find out if I was nuts, weird or whatever. Through the Internet I was able to discover that there is a whole world of cross dressers out there. (Please understand that we are not talking about "drag queens".) People who you would never suspect - such as myself - are cross dressers. I have further discovered that there are support groups for cross dressers and their families. I have joined one. The Tiffany Club of New England

To take things one step further, I have had several sessions with a trained therapist in these matters. Christine Becker - 781 862-6170. She has insisted that I discuss cross-dressing with you. She is also expecting a call from you once I have initiated our discussion.

This is as far as I desire the scope of this letter to go. I hope it will serve to open our discussion. I love you and Francis very much (and don't desire for Francis to know about this at this time).

Love, Frank / Frances

After Karyl read the letter, she told me that she felt, "threatened, deceived and betrayed". At the time I couldn't appreciate or relate to her feelings but as time

went on I began to understand. She asked me if I was going to have "the surgery" I told her no. At that time I was sincere when I said it. (The revelation changes when the circumstances change.) She wanted to set up a counseling meeting with our minister. I said great. He was a former California Hippie and I was sure he would understand. How wrong I was. He was more like the minister in the movie Normal. He didn't understand and hid behind Deuteronomy 22:3 (KJV)

So the trip began. I also found acceptance at the first Presbyterian Church in Waltham. This was a great relief to me since I was also having to fight a spiritual battle over cross dressing. The verse thrown at me most was Deuteronomy 22:5 "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so [are] abomination unto the LORD thy God."

A quick bible lesson here. This paragraph has been take literally and it's literal interpretation is completely out of the context of its original meaning. Personally, I don't think God give a damn about what we wear. God looks upon the heart not our raiment. (You don't want me to get on my "soapbox" about this one because I could fill this entire issue of Rosebuds.

It didn't take long for me to become very comfortable en-femme. I spent more and more time dressed and it was inevitable that I would have to go to work dressed one day. That day was early in September. It was on a Sunday morning and I was returning from a service at the Presbyterian Church in Waltham and decided to go

to  
work  
rather  
than  
go  
back  
to the  
apart-  
ment



First time dressed at work, Sep '01

Frances-continued on page 8

Continued on column 3

*Remembrance continued from page 1*

hall meeting to provide a forum and update the status of a non-discrimination law for gender identity and expression in Massachusetts. In seven years, the DOR has grown to an event held in most U. S. states and in 12 foreign countries with over 200 events being held to mark the day. The day raises public awareness of hate crimes against transgendered people, an action that most media do not perform. The day publicly mourns and honors the lives of transgendered murder victims who otherwise might be forgotten. The vigil and ceremonies helps express love and respect for our people in the face of national indifference and hatred. It reminds non-transgendered people that we are their sons, daughters, parents, friends and lovers. The event was hosted by TCNE Member Holly Ryan. Club President Sarah Thompson, First Event Chair Joan Stratton, Board Chair Cheryl Easton and Board Member Stephanie Edwards also attended the service.



### **You Are Not Alone Group**

Is held the 1st and 3rd Thursdays of the month is NOT a drop in group. You must be interviewed first before being admitted. For more information, please call TCNE Tuesday nights or e-mail us at:  
**info@tcne.org.**

## **FROM OUR NATIONAL CORRESPONDENT**

Hello Everybody,

As we close out 2005 I cannot help but to reflect on all the blessings and surprises this year has bought to me. I am looking extremely forward to seeing you all at First Event, Fiesta in the Sun, and Gold Rush in January and February to kick off 2006. Have you made your plans yet? In my capacities with these events I speak with "T" people from all over the country assisting them with travel plans and event information. First Event is shaping up to kick off the New Year with over 500 in attendance. What a party!! As our movement grows employers and vendors are becoming greater allies. Public awareness is at an all time high and steadily rising. It is so wonderful to be on the ground floor and watch our events attract so many new people and sponsors. I personally look so forward to my annual trips to New England. Many moons ago I came very close to landing a marketing job with Amtrak in Boston. Just imagine what kind of havoc I could have wreaked if I had gotten the job? I also just found out that I have been given the honor of working on-site registration for the next Harry Benjamin Conference in 2007. I worked registration in 2003 and it was such an eye opening experience seeing the care and love of all the working professionals who support our cause and assist us in our lives. At the recent Southern Comfort Conference I was asked to consult on a new event that they are planning for Toronto. I will pass on more information as soon as dates are confirmed.

I want to wish you all Happy Holidays and a Happy New Year.

If any of you are ever in Los Angeles I would be more than happy to show you around. From Jay Leno, to the beaches and the nightlife I can guarantee you a real good time.

See ya in January!!

Love,

Christine Hochberg



## **TRANS NEWS FROM AROUND THE WORLD**

In what appears to be a possible anti-transgender hate crime, police in Pontiac, Mich., are searching for two men in connection with an assault that nearly killed one victim. The two transgender women, ages 46 and 54, were attacked early Wednesday morning outside their home in downtown Pontiac, according to a report in The Oakland Press. "It appears that a vehicle followed them home," said Pontiac police sergeant William Ware. "They had left a bar downtown. The person [who attacked them] was calling them names and taunting them." An incident outside the Liberty Bar on Saginaw Street in downtown Pontiac may have involved the attackers, said Ware.

A friend of the victims, Cindy Kemp, told the paper that attacks on gays and transgenders have been rare in Pontiac. Crystal Witt, a victims' advocate of the Michigan gay rights group Triangle Foundation, also said Pontiac has not been the scene of such hate crimes. Kemp said the viciousness of the attack was easily apparent. Both victims were knocked unconscious, the paper reported. The 54-year-old victim was beaten so badly that "every part of her head was bruised or scraped or cut," Kemp said. "And she had two black eyes, a fracture in her lower eye socket and her jaw, and boot marks you can see down by her spleen." The second victim suffered 15 broken bones in her face, resulting in a weeklong hospital stay, the paper reported. (Advocate.com)

## AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS

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I'll make these cards available at  
First Event in January. *Frances*

**Tiffany Club Thanks our  
sponsors for their  
continued support.**

**Please patronize them.**

*Susan continued from page 3*

dollars. Well, when Ms. Susan went shoe shopping (it's no fun going alone.), Ms. Susan kept her purse closed and just looked. I didn't even venture into Ann Taylor's Loft as Alanna & I did last year. I didn't want to test my will power or lack of it. When a girl goes shopping, there are two rules you must live by. First, you never go shopping with someone that is the same size as you. Second, you never go shopping with anyone that you either share a bed or a last name. There's a corollary, if you find something you want and it's perfect, and then buy two if you can afford it. You'll never see that item in your size again. The Blue Note, in the Village was my last night out. Great big band jazz this time. Maynard Ferguson was performing there. It was great time. "Top Flight," Jazz, nice scotch and good food but I went a little overboard on a, "few," CDs. It was another beautiful ride home on the train. I picked out my light blue and gray jacket dress. That meant my gray purse and my gray pumps. My car was right next to the Club Car. Spoke with the parents of two adorable twin babies in said car. I talked with them about my twin grandsons and showed the pictures of my Granddaughters. I would think that all of you do carry a, "brag book," in your purse with pictures. All genetic women do. They're named and dated on the back too. I experienced all kinds of assistance with my two bags on my trip back. My ever loving wife picked me up at the Campello Commuter Rail station and she drove home. I unloaded the overly heavy suitcases and we went out for dinner at our favorite spot, Owen O'Leary's Pub at the Brockton-Easton line on Route 123

She reminded me that the next morning was Saturday, a workday for me. I'm always very sad, when it comes time to remove my rail polish. It means that Susan has to disappear for a while. ... Until the next time out, in my, "skirts and heels."



**EVENTS DECEMBER 2005**

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
<p><i>"A Christmas wish- May you never forget what is worth remembering or remember what is best forgotten."</i> --Irish Proverb</p>				<p>1 You Are Not Alone 7:30</p>	<p>2 Couples, Friends and Families 7:30 - 9P Christine Becker</p>	<p>3</p>
<p>4</p>	<p>5</p>	<p>6 Open Meeting 7 - 11 PM</p>	<p>7</p>	<p>8 You Are Not Alone 7:30 PM</p>	<p>9</p>	<p>10</p>
<p>11</p>	<p>12</p>	<p>13 TCNE Christmas Party</p>	<p>14</p>	<p>15 You Are Not Alone 7:30 PM</p>	<p>16</p>	<p>17</p>
<p>18</p>	<p>19</p>	<p>20 Open Meeting 7 - 11 PM</p>	<p>21</p>	<p>22</p>	<p>23</p>	<p>24</p>
<p>25  Christmas</p>	<p>26</p>	<p>27 Open Meeting 7 - 11 PM BOD Meeting</p>	<p>28</p>	<p>29</p>	<p>30 </p>	<p>31 Tiffany Club wishes everyone a very happy New year.</p>

*It's Christmas Party Time*

**Chestnut Stuffing\***

8 Tbs. butter (1 stick) or margarine  
 1 large onion chopped  
 4 stalks celery chopped  
 12 cups fresh bread cubes (use French or Italian)  
 1 cup chopped dried apricots  
 4 Tbs. chopped parsley  
 2 12 oz. cans drained whole chestnuts (Available at Cardullo's)  
 1 1/2 tbs. poultry seasoning  
 1 - 2 tsp. salt & pepper to taste)  
 parsley sprigs for garnish

Preparation:  
 In a large skillet, over medium heat, melt butter, add onion & celery and cook until tender, stirring occasionally. Remove skillet from heat, stir in bread cubes, apricots, chestnuts, poultry seasoning, salt & pepper and toss to mix well about 20 - 30 minutes before using. If you are going to serve stuffing separately toss stuffing in turkey drippings in pan to add more flavor. If there is too much fat in the drippings then skim some off or add the drippings to the bowl of stuffing using a pouring cup that separates the fat.

\*This recipe was published in my Holiday Gazette two years ago and is being repeated because of the many requests I have had for it. *Frances R. Cardullo*

Please join us on Tuesday  
 December 13th for our annual  
 Christmas / Holiday Party  
 from 7 - 11 PM.  
 It will be held at the TCNE  
 Club in Waltham. The party is  
 open to Tiffany Members and  
 Non-Members.  
 For directions please call the club  
 on Tuesday nights at  
 781-891-9325.

## An Opinion on Trannycide

By: Joan Hoff



After reading the article about the Joel Robles murder trial in the November, 2005, issue of **Rosebuds**, I was reminded of the warning given by the much maligned civil rights organization, The National Rifle Association, to its members; "Do Not Mix Alcohol and Gunpowder." A slight modification of this axiom should also be given to the members of the Transgendered Community; "Do Not Mix Alcohol and Sex with Strangers." In both cases, the consequences could be horrific. As described in the article, Joel Robles was stabbed multiple times by Estanislao Martinez after an evening of drinking, presumably alcohol, and upon learning his new found 'girl friend' was not what he expected her to be, genderwise. My question is: "Did Ms Robles place herself in danger and possibly bring on her death by her own actions?" I can hear the voices now. "Joan, Joan, you're blaming the victim. You're saying it's OK to murder trannies." I assure you that nothing could be further from the truth.

For example, when have you read or heard of a known Transgendered person being murdered at, say, a church function, or in a cocktail lounge at a five star hotel? Probably never. How often have you read or heard about a Transgendered person, usually an M to F, being beaten and/or murdered sometime during the early morning hours after an extended period of alcohol consumption at a disreputable 'pick-up' bar located in a sleazy part of the city by an intoxicated, perverted, sex crazed man she had just met? All too often. In almost every murder case of this type, there is a familiar scenario. The victim passes herself off as a bon-fide woman, perhaps as a prostitute, (excuse me; I should have said the politically correct thing, a sex worker). The perpetrator is looking for a quick score and an erotic penile exercise. They meet and drink at the bar before retiring to his/her apartment to look at the History Channel's program on the Punic Wars, or perhaps to discuss the latest Supreme Court decision. Sorry, I got carried away. I meant to say. "Have Sex." Something goes wrong and she is beaten and/or murdered.

Is this a justification or an excuse for murder? Definitely not. However, when alcohol and sex are combined in a hedonistic environment, the outcome can be unpredictable and dangerous, even fatal. To paraphrase Lamont Cranston, aka The Shadow, "Alcohol clouds men's minds so that they can no longer reason coherently, nor effectively inhibit their emotional behavior." Furthermore, the sex drive is probably the most powerful primordial instinct/emotion known to man. Taken together under the right (wrong) conditions, the result could be disastrous, especially when one of the 'partners' is not what they had presented themselves to be.

Trannycide will continue no matter how many candle-light vigils we conduct to mourn their deaths, or how many Hate Crime Laws are passed, as long as the 'Victims' continue to place themselves in harms way by acting with careless abandon.

And in closing: The murdering bastard should be drawn, quartered, and eviscerated while still alive.



## Frances - Continued from page 4

and change. Needless to say, I was very nervous. (Interestingly enough, I was more concerned about the Cambridge Police force seeing me—turned out the Cambridge police was a none issue and quite accepting.) At first the staff didn't recognize me but that didn't last long. I had a Brazilian girl working for me and she was immediately supportive and this helped to relax me.

After that day I began to go to work dressed more and more. I began to get bolder about going in and out of my apartment dressed. One neighbor told me that she had seen my "sister" walking my dog. Another one said that she had seen my sister driving my truck. When they found out it was one-in-the same, they were all supportive and accepting. Chalk one up for Cambridge.

Early in October I went to my first Laura and Joan weekend in Provincetown. It was wonderful and I was so comfortable for the entire weekend. I could easily write an entire article about that weekend.

All through this period I continued my visits With Christine Becker.



Laura & Joan Weekend Oct '01

The goal of my visits was to get Christine to approve a prescription for estrogen. I was even becoming frustrated but at the time I didn't appreciate the fact that Christine is an excellent "gatekeeper" of the Harry Benjamin standards of care for the transsexual community.

In the meantime I was picking up as much estrogen from soy products as I possibly could. I was also purchasing the "vitamins" from the Phoenix project. These all helped and my breasts were budding. How exciting was that!

I had also begun electrolysis. That was anything but exciting. It was a love-hate thing. I loved the results but hated the process.

Well that's all for this month - Cheryl didn't leave me quite enough room to finish part 4 so it will be incorporated into part 5 in January. Merry Christmas and a Happy and Health New Year to all. *Frances*