

The Sweetheart Connection

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Volume 8, Issue 1

The
Face of
Sex

Pages 10-11

Dignity
Cruise 11
Nov. 14-20
from Houston

S.P.I.C.E.
VIII

July 12-
16, 2000
Houston, Texas

S.P.I.C.E.
Cruise
from L.A. to
Catalina &
Ensenada
Nov. 13-17
2000

See page 12

For Contacts:

Forgiveness and your health

From November 15, 1999, Bottom Line/
Personal by Robert Enright PhD, Univ. of Wis-
consin

When we are hurt emotionally, our first reactions are anger and a desire to get even with the person who inflicted the pain. We want the people who hurt us to suffer...while a willingness to forgive them is viewed as a weakness.

But forgiveness is a powerful, courageous act that can ultimately be of great benefit to you and to those who are close to you.

Benefits of forgiving

People who are forgive whose who inflict psychological pain on them reap huge emotional rewards. They have less hostility and anxiety and have a better chance of suffering fewer stress-related health problems.

When you forgive, you also become more hopeful about the future and your self-esteem rises.

By contrast, nursing a grudge takes an emotional toll. people who fail to forgive are prone to depression, and the more resentment they harbor, the more depressed they are likely to

How to let go of a grudge...

become.

The stress of resentment also takes a physical toll. Forgiveness is a release of the anxieties that put unhealthy strains on one's body.

Example: In one recent study, volunteers were instructed to think about an emotional injury that was done to them. Then they were asked to imagine getting even with the perpetrator. Their pulses accelerated and their blood pressure rose. When they were told to imagine empathizing with the offender, their signs of stress softened significantly.

Insult and injury

Virtually everyone has difficulty releasing themselves from feelings of resentment and anger. Questions to ask yourself to determine your willingness to forgive...

How angry do you become when you are mistreated?

Are you still angry now about being hurt recently?

How much time and energy do you think you spend every day thinking about it?

When the hurt we feel

Forgiveness (Continued on page 3)

What did she Really want ?

An Ideal Husband

Esther Williams, MGM's "Million Dollar Mermaid" swimming star was in Italy in 1957 filming her 23rd movie for Universal. At 34, she was ending a second unhappy marriage and falling in love with her leading man, Jeff Chandler.

For two years something kept her from agreeing to marry this kind-hearted, passionate man. Then, one shocking night, she discovered what it was.

[Excerpted from the September, 1999 issue of *Vanity Fair*, pages 186-through-193 which in turn was excerpted from her book "Million Dollar Mermaid" with Digby Diehl, published by Simon & Schuster. © by Esther Williams. Editor]

...Jeff Chandler clearly was very attracted to me and told me so. Jeff was six feet five with strong features and distinctive, curly gray hair. He was a good actor who had developed something of the same typecasting problem I had. I had been pigeonholed in swimming musicals, He was stuck in Westerns and action-adventure movies, often as an Indian (no one

(Continued on page 7)

Editor's Blue Pencil



As an artist, I like to think of each of us as a "work in progress". Some of us are more skilled than others in the work.

Any mystique to art-work lies in recognizing when to stop; the piece is "as good as it's going to get". (Dependent on the artist's skill.) Which works with static art; relationships are plastic (meaning pliable or fluid) and given the first sentence above, are in constant flux or change.

Adding the "color" of CDing to one's life palette tends to create confusion, and from there tensions that can escalate to anger and resentment, usually on the part of the CDer's female partner. Her feelings of confusion, fear, anger and resentment can then bounce back with similar feelings for the CDing man.

Result: Chaos.

We have attempted, in recent issues of the Connection, to examine some of the possible derivations of those chaotic responses on the part of partners. Last month offered a compacted history with a huge gap "fast forwarded"; from Gonnick to Gotham. I will now focus a bit on that gap, drawing upon a thought stimulating book *The Alphabet Versus The Goddess: The Conflict Between Word and Image* (Viking, 1998) © by Leonard Shlain. It is a fascinating account of the evolution of our male and female ways of knowing, of the curses - not just the blessings - of reverence for the word alone.

As a neurosurgeon, the author first lays out a physiological premise based on a now familiar concept to many: right brain vs. left brain. He then extends that to the visual sensors of the eye: rods vs. cones, and explains how a shift in thinking and perception of life was created when the alphabet supplanted the oral/visual means of communication.

Pictograms and hieroglyphics must be understood to NOT be alphabets. While such can be amazingly complex, as in Chinese writing, the systems are visual images, codified. The alphabet, as developed by semitic tribes, lead to abstracted thinking and the demise of visual images and *The Goddess*. The logic of the alphabet became paramount, and with it the rise of the Patriarchal systems of society, religions and governments we now know.

Intuitive thinking, the capacity to perceive grand or overall patterns, recognize subtle changes in shapes, faces and sounds, synthesize parts into a whole, to create - all were the purview of The Goddess, ergo feminine qualities. Shlain contends that much mischief has been done humanity with that loss. He also offers the optimistic hope for a return with the rise of television and computers expansion into more visuals for more people.

The change, as with any change, is chaotic also.

In *Reviving Ophelia*, by Mary Pipher, Ph.D. (Ballantine Books - 1994) contends that adolescent girls have always fallen through the cracks, but now they are tumbling into a chasm, as they struggle to maintain a sense of themselves.

Without blaming, vilifying, or shouting "Victim here," the author explores the psychological phenomena whereby young girls are damaged by our culture.

Many are the men, as they struggle to realize a second self, who find themselves perplexed over the nature of their spouse's objections, voicing Freud's patronizing question, "What do women want?"

It is not an uncommon reaction, when faced with stressful, turbulent challenges, to find an individual regressing to an earlier pattern of coping behavior, i.e. those stressful, turbulent teen-aged years.

That the thinking of those times was less than clear but heavy with an emotional overburden may help those concerned to sort out what is going on in attempts to deal with CDing in the relationship.

As Dr. Pipher says, "Each woman wants something different and particular and yet each woman wants the same thing - to be who she truly is, to become who she can become."

It is understood that our CD's want that for themselves also.

I recommend both books for informative education.

Onnalee

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Forgiveness (Continued from page 1)

is substantial, the act of forgiving is a lengthy process.

To initiate the healing process, you must admit that you feel hurt...and that you understand what it means to forgive.

Preparing to forgive

Many people find it hard to accept the reality of the injury they have suffered. It takes humility—and real courage—to acknowledge that someone had power over you that enabled him/her to hurt you deeply.

We resist forgiving because we misunderstand what forgiveness involves. Many of us think it means being a wimp—letting the other person "off the hook"—and inviting more mistreatment.

Forgiveness is purely and internal action—giving up feelings of resentment to which you're entitled and offering compassionate understanding to someone who may not deserve it.

Letting go of a grudge is an exercise in personal power, not weakness. It puts you in control, not at the mercy of others. Forgiving someone doesn't condone or excuse what he has done. By forgiving, you're not sheepishly accepting the action inflicted on you.

You don't need to forget about the mistreatment or pretend that the offense never happened. You don't have to allow the person who hurt you back into your confidence, your circle of friends or your home. You can forgive and still make the wise decision not to trust the offender or even to see him again.

Taking action

Once you have decided that you really want to forgive, these exercises will help further the process...

Imagine what it was like for the offender when he was growing up. What mistreatment, deprivation and pain might have created the inner turmoil that led to his malicious action? Thinking about the person's past will plant the seed of empathy in your mind.

Put the offense in perspective. Ask yourself what was happening in the person's life at the time of his offense. Acts that cause pain to others are often committed when the perpetrator is under temporary stress or pressure.

Accept the person as a human being. You don't need to think of him as virtuous but as someone who, despite mistakes, has intrinsic worth because he is a human being.

Accept your pain, and let go. In addition to accepting the offending person as truly human, you must feel free of negative energy rather than turning it into rage and fury. If you remain angry, the hostility will reverberate through all your relationships. When we're angry, we can't help but inflict pain on children, spouses, close friends and co-workers.

Bottom Line/Personal interviewed Robert Enright, PhD, professor of educational psychology at University of Wisconsin at Madison and founder and president of International Forgiveness Institute, box 6153, Madison, Wisconsin, 53716. He is a pioneer in the scientific study of forgiveness and is coeditor of *Exploring Forgiveness* (University of Wisconsin Press).



The Sweetheart Connection is published four times yearly. No boundary trashing. No bashing of any kind.

Our guideline for every issue will be that which shapes productive resolution to many problems:

1. What is going on?
2. Who's in charge?
3. What do you want?
4. Where do we go from here?

Each quarterly issue will deal with all four questions but will focus on one question in turn.

Subscription costs are \$15/yr. for four issues; a wife/partner may join Tri-Ess separately from her partner for a cost of \$12. She will receive membership and the Sweetheart Connection. If she chooses to receive *The Femme Mirror*, her annual cost will be \$25. Letters, comments and articles are encouraged and may be sent to the editor:

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Deadline Spring Issue: APRIL 15th



"Could I get a single perfect olive branch?"

Not taught in schools ... Daydream Power and

On average, the mind spends half its active time daydreaming. Daydreams are involuntary and fanciful thoughts that depart from physical or social reality in some way. Here's how to make the most of them ...

Remember what you nearly forgot. Whenever the mind isn't engaged in a task or thought, it works on other things. This churning or daydreaming process is reminding you of details you forgot or need to address.

Action: Instead of dismissing the thoughts that pop up while daydreaming, take note of them.

When a conversation triggers a thought you suppressed or forgot, focus on that thought for a moment. Then write down what your mind is telling you.

Learn from past mistakes. Use your time spent daydreaming to play out what you can't test in reality.

Example: You are thinking about an angry conversation you had with a colleague. Imagine what you might have said in different scenarios. As you daydream and replay the incident in your mind, notice things about your behavior you hadn't realized in the heat of the moment. Put yourself in your colleague's place and see how you may have mishandled the exchange. Then

take steps not to fall into the same traps in the future.

Sharpen your instincts. We often daydream about future events — from the anticipated joys of an upcoming party to the terror of giving a speech.

Action: Imagine how you will perform. don't restrict your imagination. Allow various outcomes to play out.

Example: Let's say you are throwing a party. You start daydreaming about two potential guests and realize they will probably have a disagreement and ruin the event. Once this scenario becomes clear, make a note to yourself not to invite both people.

Solve difficult problems. We are most creative about solving problems when we are in our daydreaming mode. When we concentrate on solving a problem, our thinking is constrained by pre-conceptions about how the problem is to be solved.

If you are knowledgeable about a problem and motivated to solve it, daydreaming might provide the best solution.

Exercise: Stop deliberately working on the problem. Take a walk, or do something that doesn't focus your mind on anything in particular. Allowing your mind to roam stimulates creative thinking and produces creative solutions.

By Eric Klinger, PhD, professor of psychology at University of Minnesota, who has conducted research on daydreaming for past 30 years.

Luann: By Greg Evans



The Norm: By Michael Jantze



To: CDTRIESS@HOME.EASE.LSOFT.COM

Date: Mon., 10 Jan 2000 01:13:18
Subject: Privileges & Responsibilities

Dear Robert,

In a very real sense, just *being* a crossdresser is a privilege. We have a unique ability to experience the feminine gender within ourselves, and gain some freedom from the confining social stereotypes for males. With these privileges, however, come responsibilities. Here are a few:

- 1) We are responsible for integrating the femininity and masculinity within us. It is hardly credible for us to enjoy the nicer parts of femininity while insisting on all the prerogatives of masculinity.
- 2) We are responsible to nurture sisters who are struggling. Empathy is a most feminine gift, and we should use it to the maximum.
- 3) We should set a kind and dignified example for society, which has not yet fully made up its mind about us. We are worthwhile people with a special gift. We should act like it.
- 4) We have the responsibility to treat our families with selfless love, considering their needs along with our own.

As you say, "Wondrous things can happen when privilege and responsibility are exercised together."

Sincerely, Gil

NEW TRIESS PROGRAMS!

CARING FRIENDS!!!!

<http://www.geocities.com/Paris/Parc/1472/CaringFriends.html>

CDKIDS!!!! <http://www.geocities.com/SouthBeach/Plateau/2476/>

Gleanings from CDSO

Reprinted with permissions

3 Jan 2000

>>My level of acceptance changes almost on a daily basis. Some days I am ok with his cdng, other days I find it so difficult to deal with. <<

This issue has forced me to come out of the woodwork. Today is the day. You see, I thought I knew how I felt about the crossdressing, and knew before I was married, and have been at times the head cheerleader for the support squad. On occasion, I've been off the squad, and sometimes, I haven't even wanted to go to the games.

When my husband and I first met, I met her, not him. I had answered a personal ad online (first and only one I ever answered--who'd have thought!). I didn't meet 'him' until the third time we were together. To make a long story short, we met, fell in love, got married two and a half years ago. I was very accepting and supportive on all levels back then. Initially, I thought my husband wanted to BE a woman, and I think he let me think that it somehow made it more acceptable to him and he thought it would be more acceptable to me.

It was only after we got married that I really figured out that he dressed almost entirely for the sexual thrill it gave him, and that that was almost the ONLY way he really GOT that thrill. You see, I was silly and in love,

and I thought that we had a wonderful love life because he loved me and loved being with me. Silly me. It was great because he was with a woman who accepted 'her' and he got to be 'her' in bed. It didn't really have anything to do with me at all. As time has gone by, we've figured all this out, and the end result has been that I've had more and more problem dealing with it.

It's hard for me to make love to someone who's all excited, but isn't excited by me -- just by the clothes that he's wearing and the role s/he's getting to play.

Finally, a few weeks ago, it came down to our latest attempt to deal with this. I had been getting all sad and weepy when "She" came over (our euphemism for him getting dressed). I think because I felt hurt that the clothes excite him in a way that I can't, and because part of me still longs to be 'made love to' like ... well, you know what I mean. I feel like I'm just another accessory, like the stockings and lipstick. He doesn't mean for me to feel that way, as he loves me with all his heart. He shows me that love in hundreds of ways everyday. Please don't misunderstand our situation--we're very happy together, but this dressing thing has grown into a real problem. So, our latest solution is for him to get dressed without me being around. We have a two-story house, and I just stay downstairs, or go out and run errands. Amazingly, this has worked pretty well for us. He gets to dress for the reason that he's used to (he

was single before we met, and dressed alone for the 'thrill' for more than 25 years), and I don't feel threatened or cheated. We still plan on making love sometimes when he's dressed, and when he's not, but the dressing is going to be primarily a solo act for him.

I'm really hoping that this works out, because I just am not good at pretending that I'm ok with the dressing when in reality it's gotten to be really hard for me. I couldn't care less about him dressing in women's clothes, or any of that. What I have a problem with is how he feels when he's dressed, and how that makes me feel.

I wanted, more than anything, to let those of you who have a LOT of trouble dealing with this situation to know that some of us who thought we were really accepting have found out that it isn't the way we thought it was; that it can be really hard for us too. So, please, please, don't be hard on yourselves for being where you are on the "spectrum of acceptance". Where you are is ok--we're all just doing the best we can here. Also, I want to let others of you know how very important it is to try to figure out what you're feeling. It took over two years for me to figure out what it was that was really bothering me. I was so busy protecting him from being hurt that the pain was eating me up and I didn't know why. My massage therapist used to ask me what I had so bottled up inside me, and I honestly couldn't tell her because I didn't know.

Jenni

"The more you know, the less you need." Australian Aboriginal Saying

Pamela's story

Date: Wed, 1 Dec 1999 09:37:21

I was an average eight-year-old girl with an un-average home-life.

My mother, an alcoholic and drug addict, couldn't keep a job or a man. The men she did manage to keep were not exactly the kind you would want your family to meet. One night while my mother was out with her friends, (a typical evening), her live-in boyfriend was at home, alone, with me. I knew he also had a drug and alcohol problem.

I heard him doing things in the bedroom next to mine, but had learned that it was in my own best interest not to look and see what all the noise was. I was lying in my bed; the next thing I know, his hands are all over me. I remember it hurting, but really didn't understand what he was doing to me. After what seemed like hours, he fell asleep next to me. I got up out of the bed and went in the living room to sleep on the couch.

I must have made too much noise leaving the room because about 10 minutes later he came out of the bedroom. He walked over to the stereo where he put on Sargent Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. He was fully dressed as a woman. I didn't know this 'til he came out into the living room, as I had kept my eyes shut and crying in the bedroom.

I still to this day cannot listen to that [music] without seeing his face and feeling what I felt that night.

After the music started, he walked over to me and opened his pants. He told me what he wanted, I was already crying, but began to cry harder. I refused and he grabbed my head and forced it where he wanted it. About 2 in the morning, he finally fell asleep again, after repeatedly raping me. When my mother came home, I told her of the evenings events, she said "well no wonder, you keep flaunting your body in front of him!" She did leave him, but went back two months later and almost married him. That is until he tried to kill her with an ax.

He kicked the door in trying to get to me and I ran and hid. He told her she was hiding me from him. She insisted that I ran on my own and that she would have nothing to do with it.

He then pulled out the ax and sat on her, held her arms up above her head. He had the ax in the air when I jumped on his back and dug my nails into his back leaving deep gashes. I am sure he died with those scars on his back. He threw a stuffed tomato at me and said that it reminded him of me. I didn't see him again after that.

After 14 years of therapy and trying to figure out how it could have been my fault, I now know that it wasn't my fault, but it does make it a lot harder to deal with crossdressing issues sometimes. I honestly think that his problems ran much

deeper than crossdressing. And the therapy I got during those 14 years helped to prepare me for what I have now. A wonderful husband with a second side of him that helps him to understand me better. For that, I am sincerely thankful.

Pamela TX-9655



Some things children can teach us if we pay attention:

- It's more fun to color outside the lines.

- If you're gonna draw on the wall, do it behind the couch.

- Ask "why" until you understand.

- Save a place in line for friends.

- If you want a kitten, start by asking for a horse.

- Making your bed is a waste of time.

- If your dog doesn't like somebody, you probably shouldn't, either.

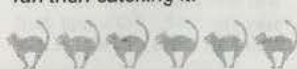
- Toads aren't ugly. They're just toads.

- Just keep banging until someone opens the door.

- Don't pop someone else's bubble.

- You shouldn't ask to start over just because you're losing the game.

- Chasing the cat is more fun than catching it.



... it was in my own best interest not to look and see what all the noise was.

(Continued from page 1)

knew to say native American yet). His most successful film had been Broken Arrow, in which he played Cochise. The portrayal brought him an Oscar nomination, and he was cast as Cochise in two more films after that. In a way, we arrived in Italy like two of a kind. ... both of us were trying to escape ... the box that Hollywood had stuck us in.

No matter how many times he asked me to marry him over the next two years, I always said no to Jeff Chandler, and I didn't understand why.

... but I knew a lot about Jeff. He was a good-hearted, generous man who treated me with a love and respect I had never experienced before. He was manly and responsible, yet sweet with my two young sons. Unlike ... my first husband, he was proud of his Jewish heritage and knowledgeable about the history of his family. He was serious too. He wanted to sweep me into his life and give me everything I had worked so hard for.

I was in his kitchen ... cooking his favorite meal, chicken cacciatore ... I realized he had been upstairs a long time and dinner was ready. ... I called him... "Jeff, dinner's ready. Come down and we'll have it out on the patio."

"You come up here," he called down.

I knew that tone of voice. It meant that there might be love-making instead of dinner, I said, "O.K., I'll be right up."

"Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!" I froze at the bedroom door and started screaming. ... the kind of scream you make when your mind shuts down.

Jeff was standing in the middle of the bedroom in a red wig, a flowered chiffon dress, expensive high-heeled shoes, and lots of makeup.

I just kept screaming.

Jeff was terrified by my reaction. "Please, Esther. For God's sake, stop screaming. I beg you."

"Take that off! Take that all off now!" I yelled, and started screaming again.

He retreated into his dressing room in a panic and undressed as fast as he could.

I still couldn't believe what I was seeing. ... Suddenly, I couldn't make sense of a large part of my life ... my lover ... was a cross-dresser.

My head was swimming with questions ... this wasn't the time to ask them. ... I could see how fragile he was. He had just revealed the most sensitive secret of his life to me, and I hadn't taken it well.

[The next morning]...it didn't take me long to find what I was looking for.

The room he had converted into a painting studio... had a large walk-in closet. ... it was like the designer department at Saks Fifth Avenue. It glowed with wonderful women's suits and dresses... negligees ... lingerie ... swimsuits ... foundation garments ... shoes ... hats ... And wigs, lots ... Colors and styles.

Conflicting emotions washed over me. Jeff was dead serious about this dress-up game and obviously had been at it for a long time. The investment in clothes was staggering. I studied the pearls on the hats and had some second thoughts about his fashion sense. I found myself becoming his girlfriend as

I inspected this huge wardrobe — a girl with her girlfriend.

I grew uncomfortable being alone in the house with those clothes and drove away to spend a troubled day thinking.

He tried to explain the childhood influences that [had left him]...feeling happy and secure only in women's clothing.

I listened to Jeff as sympathetically as I could, but I still couldn't understand where all this left me and our relationship.

[After some exchanges, and even a laugh, Jeff said] "I knew you'd have a sense of humor about this, Esther."

"Jeff, that's not humor. That's bitterness. Twenty-four hours ago I was having happy fantasies about our marriage. You've ruined all that with your little secret. I can't see you again after tonight. It's over between us."

"Jeff, you have a secret love life that doesn't include me at all — unless you count my lingerie. I'm just a part of your fantasy. ... I didn't think of you as the man in my life. You were a nice matron. I can't be married to a matron." [Tears were flowing down both our cheeks.]

"Jeff...[I'll] give you're a fashion tip before I leave you forever."

"What's that?" He smiled a confused smile.

"When I looked in your closet, I saw blouses... dresses... Even hats with big polka-dots."

"So?" he said.

I opened the car door on my side and looked at him lovingly for the last time. "Jeff, You're too big for polka dots."

In the November, 1999, issue, Vanity Fair's readers responded (Letters, page 96 ... continued on page 8)

(continued from page 7)

...By William's own admission, Chandler was "good-hearted, a generous man who treated me with a love and respect I had never experienced before." Too bad she couldn't treat his memory in the same way. Shame on you, Esther!

DOROTHY P. SLATER
Dewey, Arizona

... Mr. Chandler died tragically and prematurely at the age of 42, only a few years after the events Williams describes. ...

Mr. Chandler was not an A-list star, but ... Some people think that he had the most charismatic screen presence of any male film star of the post-world War II era.

He does not deserve to have his privacy invaded in this pointless way, 38 years after his death. His daughters and their families do not deserve it, either.

ANGELA M. WOOTTON
London, England

I am so disappointed by

Hagar the Horrible: By Chris Browne



Beetle Bailey: By Mort Walker



what Esther Williams has said about Jeff Chandler ... He was a gentleman of an actor and very handsome. When he died at such a young age after back surgery, it was the first time I lost a screen idol. It was very upsetting to a young, impressionable girl. What Esther Williams said about him and cross-dressing was disgusting. ... (As an author) I hope I never have to stoop to destroying another person's image as a ploy to sell my books!

CASSIE EDWARDS
Mattoon, Illinois

Most of us regard cross-dressing as an off-putting but harmless, aberration. Does it warrant an Edward Munch-like scream? No. Get real, Ms. Williams. What is harmful is to reveal a "sensitive secret," indelibly betraying a kindhearted friend and good man.

I am not outraged by Mr. Chandler's red wig. I am by Ms. Williams's big mouth.

ROBERT SCHMALZRIED
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

As an interesting side bar, in our matriarchal macho society there is more tolerance for a woman with "masculine" characteristics than a man with "feminine" characteristics. That is because the woman is seen as trying to rise above her poor, pathetic sex, while the man is seen to be lowering himself and disgracing his noble manhood.

From "The Gemini Journal"
January, 2000

Date: Fri 5 Nov '99 07:14 AM
From: CDTREISS forum
Subject: Women's Fantasy

>> In a recent Harris On-line poll 38,562 men across the US were asked to identify a woman's ultimate fantasy. 97.8% of the respondents said that a woman's ultimate fantasy is to have two men at once.

While this has been verified by a recent sociological study, it appears that most men do not realize that in this fantasy, one man is cooking and the other is cleaning.

Judy Daniels

I FORESEE ...

by Cheryl

Everyone wishes they could close their eyes and see the future. I'm no exception. I find that as I get older, I don't enjoy leaving quite so much of my life to chance. After all I've only got so many years allotted to me and I've used a few already. It would be a shame to waste them. So today, I'm dragging out my crystal ball and looking at what lies ahead for me this year.

Hmmmmmm ... I see a wedding. No, it's two weddings! I'm sure that's no surprise to anyone. August and September will be full as we (Lisa and I) celebrate our nuptials. Not many get to marry the same person twice in two weeks. What is different is the role reversal for the second wedding. For me, it will be a symbol of my acceptance of the Lisa in Matt. That is very important to me. It is my way of showing how much I care. Besides I think I'll look great in a tux!

What's that just before the weddings? Looks like July in Houston! Houston? July? My crystal ball must be broke. Dam and I just bought it. Now it is showing me a shelf from the kitchen. A SPICE rack??? Why, this silly thing is "speaking" in riddles. Of course, SPICE this year is being held in Houston in July and I'm flying down just for it. Oh no, I'm rooming with who????? Pamela! We'll be banned from Houston. BBQ at Peggy and Melanie Rudd's? I love BBQ! Look at those great seminars being held! This is all too exciting! A last month fling with great people and I'm leaving Matt at home. He tipped the canoe last year. No telling what he'd do with a spaceship!

It's time for a moment of seriousness. In any relationship, there are conflicts. In the transgendered those conflicts are enhanced by the concerns surrounding crossdressing. To date, there is little out in the world for us SO's to access for help. Within the last year or so, the CDSO, Caring Friends, CDKIDS and SPICE have been developed and offered for our use. These are places for us to share our thoughts and work out our

issues. The mother of the group is SPICE. With each SPICE we are challenged to lay our lives open to change, to growth, to freedom. This year is no exception. The days are packed with knowledge and sharing that is ours to take home and make our personal relationship better. SPICE works if we work. It is not easy. It is a challenge offered. I dare you to accept this challenge. I'll be there in Houston, will you?

Back to my crystal ball. Just for a peek. Aloha???? I think I know where we're going for our honeymoon. Bye!

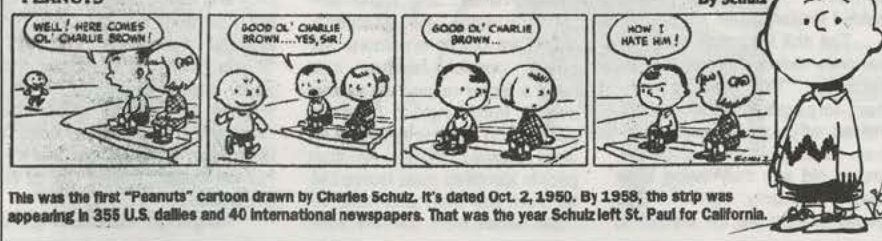


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PEANUTS



This was the first "Peanuts" cartoon drawn by Charles Schulz. It's dated Oct. 2, 1950. By 1958, the strip was appearing in 355 U.S. dailies and 40 international newspapers. That was the year Schulz left St. Paul for California.

The Facial Map of Sex

Excerpted from the book "The Face" by Daniel McNeill (Little, Brown and Company, © 1998) Ch.2, pp 103-8

In 1954, Chinese opera singer Shi Peipu began an affair with an unwitting French embassy bookkeeper in Beijing. Their infrequent sexual relations always occurred in haste and darkness under a blanket with Shi Peipu hiding his genitals in his hands. Pregnancies were proclaimed and "miscarried", all in the distant absence of his lover. After twenty years, both were arrested as spies and Shi Peipu was revealed to be a man. These events became the basis for *M. Butterfly*, which won a Tony for Best Play in 1988.

Such a tale raises all sorts of questions: how could the Frenchman have failed to see Shi Peipu's maleness in his face? We normally recognize facial gender at once. We use secondary tipoffs, like hair length and makeup, but we hardly need them. In one experiment, researchers showed volunteers 185 photos of women and clean-shaven men, all in shower caps to hide their hair. Subjects were 96% correct in guessing whether the face was a man's or a woman's. Other studies have yielded similar results.

The skill is central, since facial lines define the sex that attracts us. We need to know them to perpetuate the species. Indeed, at puberty, male and female faces grow more disparate, and in old age they swing back toward similarity again. The genes exaggerate the distinction

during the child bearing years.

Identifying gender by face is so important that evolution seems to have made it automatic. Hence few can articulate the differences between men's and women's faces. The feat has long stumped scientists, and only recently have they gained some insight into it.

The clues lie scattered across the countenance.

Men in general have craggier features. Their brows and chins jut out more. Their foreheads often slope more steeply, and their eyes lie in deeper sockets. They have longer cheeks and greater overall depth of face. More hair follicles dot their faces, which can make their skin look coarser, especially in older men.

Women, on the other hand, have smaller faces, usually about four-fifths the size of men's. In addition, their faces look more child-like. They seem wider and their eyes appear much bigger. Audrey Hepburn had relatively larger eyes than William Holden. The issue around them is more sensitive to changes in blood circulation and darkens more quickly, an alluring effect women heighten with mascara. Their eyelashes are longer and thicker. Their eyebrows are thinner and grow sparser with age, while men's get weedier.

The nose also sets the sexes apart. Women have smaller, wider, and more concave noses, like children's. Men's are bigger and more protrusive, possibly because men need a larger respiratory system overall, from lungs to breathing passage to nose. In one study which showed noses in isolation, people identified male noses better from the front and side, female noses from the 3/4 view.

Researchers speculated that all noses look somewhat male from the front, and that the 3/4 view better revealed the diagnostic bridge.

Women have other signal features. Their mouths are smaller and their upper lips relatively shorter. Their cheeks stick out more than men's, because of both their smaller noses and their extra layer of fatty tissue there.

Women's faces are smoother than men's. Not only are their facial muscles smaller, but their facial fat hides them better. Hence, their minor facial movements are less detectable. Men seem to have more mobile faces, and some researchers think we associate facial mobility with masculinity, facial stasis with femininity.

But this effect obtains only for slight movements, and in fact women re more facially expressive overall. Their faces respond more to highly charged material. They report feeling stronger emotions, can better match their faces to expressions in photos, and display more happiness and excitement in interviews.

There is no litmus test for telling men's faces from women's. Features like nose length and cheek protrusion overlap between the sexes and are not dispositive. Vicki Bruce of the University of Stirling in Scotland masked parts of the face and tested people's ability to tell male from female. "You get graceful degradation," she says. "If you cover the eyebrows, the ability doesn't disappear. If you remove information about the nose and chin the ability doesn't disappear. It looks like the human system makes use of all the pieces."

Intriguingly, One study found

that people can not only handily separate faces into male and female, but also easily rate faces on masculinity or femininity, a rather different task. That, is, they can say, "This is a masculine looking face, but I know it's a woman's." We sense aspects of the male pattern even though we round off to female.

One group of investigators sought to fuse numerous facial variables into a single formula for distinguishing male and female faces. Though somewhat successful, these researchers concluded that the great lesson of the endeavor had been the difficulty of driving such a measure.

Men have posed as women repeatedly onstage, and not just in the time of Shakespeare and Moliere. The male *onnagata* of Kabuki have played females since 1629, when the shogunate banned actresses because their prostitution had led to jealous feuds among the nobles. Some *onnagata* lived as women offstage as well, and one once wandered absentmindedly into the female section of a bathhouse. Police arrested him.

The female impersonator Julian Eltinge (William Dalton, 1883-1941), who had soft features, large eyes, and chubby cheeks, became rich from his talent. Ruth Gordon said that offstage he was "as virile as anyone virile." He liked beer and horse-racing, cultivated a reputation for bar-brawling, and repeatedly stated that he was in it for the money. Many performers, like Charles Pierce and Jim Bailey, mimic female celebrities onstage. And the whole plot of *The Crying Game* hinged on Jaye Davidson's duping of the audience.

Women have acted male parts on stage, too, though less

often. Sarah Bernhardt (1845-1923) made a sylphlike Hamlet, and Sarah Siddons, Judith Anderson, Eva LeGallienne, and over fifty other actresses have also played the disturbed Dane. Peter Pan has almost become a female bailiwick, dominated by actresses like Mary Martin and Sandy Duncan. In Japan, the actresses of the all-female Takarazuka Revue pose as men and woo their women ardently, as Japanese men notably do not. About 2.5 million fevered fans pay to see them each year, and 95 percent are female.

But the most fascinating impersonators are those who successfully live as the opposite sex. Profane, cutlass-wielding pirates Anne Bonny (c. 1695-?) and Mary Read (d. 1721) dressed and passed as men; they apparently kept this secret even aboard ship though it is unclear how. Actress Eliza Edwards (d. 1833) was deemed a great beauty and the women who cared for her in her death throes were amazed to find she was a man. The Chevalier d'Eon (1728-1810) was a male general who retired at forty-nine, then

convinced everyone he had been a woman passing as a man, and posed as a female for the last thirty-two years of his life.

The secrets of long-term deceptions like these probably twine art with transsexual will and sensibility. But stage performers cross the gulf with a variety of tricks. They don the right clothing, alter hairstyle, bind and pad their bodies. They use makeup wisely. Eltinge accented his lids with blue, thickened his lashes, and made his eyes almond-shaped. In general, cosmetics that make the nose smaller, the skin smoother, the eyes bigger, and the lips redder will make a man look more like a woman, and vice versa. Good impersonators also mimic voice, gait, and gesture. The actresses in the Takarazuka Revue, for instance, learn men's mannerisms from the films of Cary Grant, Tyrone Power, Sean Connery and Kevin Costner.

Like ventriloquism, magic, and conventional acting, this feat demands years of practice. We underestimate the power of long-term study, and a person who flourishes enough tricks at once can sometimes conjure a true vision.



Attitude is everything! It is well-said that "we cannot direct the wind, but we can adjust our sails."

Hair: Jose Eber
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A Love Story*Author unknown*

A woman came out of her house and saw three old men with long white beards sitting in her front yard. She did not recognize them. She said "I don't think I know you, but you must be hungry. Please come in and have something to eat." "Is the man of the house at home?" they asked. "No", she said. "He is out for the day." "Then we cannot come in", they replied.

In the evening when her husband came home, she told him what had happened. "Go tell them I am home and invite them to come in!" The woman went out and invited the men in. "We do not go into a house together," they replied. "Why is that?" she wanted to know. One of the old men explained: "His name is Wealth," he said pointing to one of his friends, and, pointing to the other one, said "He is Success, and I am Love." Then he added, "Now go into your house and discuss with your husband which one of us you want in your home."

The woman went in and told her husband what was said. Her husband was overjoyed. "How nice!!", he said. "Since that is the case, let us invite Wealth. Let him come and fill our home with wealth!" His wife disagreed. "My dear, why don't we invite Success?"

Their daughter-in-law was listening from the other corner of the house. She jumped in with her own suggestion: "Would it not be better to invite Love? Our home will then be filled with love!"

"Let us heed our daughter-in-law's advice," the husband said to his wife. "Go out and invite Love to be our guest." The woman went out and asked the three old men, "Which one of you is Love? Please come in and be our guest."

Love got up and started walking toward the house. The other two also got up and followed him. Surprised, the lady asked Wealth and Success: "I only invited Love, why are you coming in?" The old men replied together: "If you had invited Wealth or Success, the other two of us would have stayed outside, but since you invited Love, wherever he goes, we go with him. Wherever there is Love, there is also Wealth and Success!!!!!!"

**"I only
invited
Love, why
are you
coming in?"**

OUR WISH FOR YOU...

Where there is pain, we wish you peace and mercy. Where there is self-doubting, we wish you a renewed confidence in your ability to work through them. Where there is tiredness, or exhaustion, we wish you understanding, patience, and renewed strength. Where there is fear, we wish you love, and courage. Invite Love by sharing this story with all the people you care about.

Editor