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Buffalo Belles

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VOL. III No. VII

BUFFALO BELLES

JULY 1994

Dear Sisters,

The June meeting got off to a slow start once again because of a wedding taking place. I guess we must arrive earlier! Blend into the guests and help fill out any side that is lowly attended. We'll provide the gist of gossip for years! "...did you notice some of the grooms Aunt's? Hope they don't have any girls..."

While waiting for the wedding to clear out, our resident explorer Jeanne, discovered a new element of our meeting place. It has it's own park!! If you go to the back of the parking lot, find the path into the woods. Follow it into the woods and there is a clearing with an open meadow and a picnic shelter & table. Further paths lead into the woods and need exploring further. Since Janice bills herself as "going where no CDer has before.." I guess it is up to her to charter these woods. But I guess with the discovery, the honor of nameing the park goes to Jeanne.

Around six we were able to regroup and quickly we had another fine meeting underway. Attending were Jeanne, Janice, Rene, Patty, Collean, Frances, Jenniffer, Linda, Kathy, Denise briefly, visitor Martee, Jackie and entourage of Yvette, DeeDee, Chrise and Dennis, and our newest member Ruth. Ruth is recently retired and new to the area and going to be quite active with us in the future I believe. A special personal thankyou to Ruth for responding to my plea last month for help in fixing my razor's charger!

Also a special thankyou to Jeniffer for being thefirst to respond to my plea for articles for the newsletter. She has responded with an interesting article included in this issue. Come on girls it is hot out. To hot for any ladylike activities other than taking the time to sip mint julips on the veranda. While doing so take along a pad and pencil and write your story!!!

KATHY

Speaking of our meeting site, it has been decided that we will hold the picnic at our regular meeting site. It has what we have been looking for to great degree-privacy, conveniences, lovely setting and now we know, wilderness. The next meeting will be for planning. The date to set aside is August 6. I am bringing a crochet set. Rules in next months newsletter. Hopefully we will get some visitors from Rochester or Erie for this event. But more than them, we want YOU. Details in next issue.

Received a nice note from Barb (TP). She hasn't been to a meeting in a long time but wants to say to all and hopefully will be able to start attending again soon. Nice to know someone is reading these efforts! How about some of you other "No See Ums"? It would be nice to hear from you! How about a note, or whatever. I've always been curious about those who are members but never attend a meeting. This is a way for you to at least say hi to the girls. Not attending is certainly your choice. We all have been where you are at one time in our lives. We do miss you!!!

Another lady we have missed lately has been Denise Miller. She has been tied up with work lately. She did make it to the Be All in Pittsburg last week, so will have plenty of stories to tell at the next meeting! She did make a brief appearance in drab at the last meeting. Bet many of the sisters thought who is that Dapper Dan? I imagine many thought "haven't I seen him on TV or the movies??? And I sure miss your page or two for the newsletter Denise!!!

So its Saturday night. First day off in 12. Has to still be close to 90° at dusk. Too hot to get dressed up, even though I have the chance and mood! Next week I'm off to big golf tournee for the year. So had to get this out a little rushed. Ladies it has also lately come to my attention that some of you are actually men. (Personally I don't believe it) but if so, and tomorrow is Fathers Day this cartoon is for you!!!



STEPPING OUT THE FIRST TIME

I've been cross dressing since the age of six or seven. Often I would sneak up into the attic and dress up in my older sister's sun dresses, hats, etc. As time passed, I found myself doing more. I relished in achieving the full look. Passing in public became a dream of mine. It's been with me since early high school. Last September (1993) I finally decided to do something about it. I wrote to four cd clubs and went to the meeting of the first group to respond. Yes, a club in Toronto was first! Off I went.

The people were very helpful. They helped me apply makeup - fully; and comb out my wig. (I didn't realize wigs needed to be combed, although it seems obvious now to me now.) Fully dressed in feminine street clothes, makeup, and hair, I stepped out for the first time. Everyone was friendly, and quite encouraging. Candidly, I was very scared, insecure, and, well, I shudder to say it, but almost paranoid I might meet someone I knew in my other life.

After the club meeting, several of us went to a local bar that welcomes members of the club. Riding in a car, for the first time, as my feminine self was a thrill and a bit scary. I felt that every occupant in every car anywhere near us was staring at me. As it turned out, no one paid any attention.

Probably the scariest part, however, was getting out of the car, walking across the parking lot, across the street, and into the bar. We passed a number of people. Most went about their own business. One couple greeting us and smiled warmly. A couple of doors from the bar stood a uniformed police officer. I gulped, and scenes of jail, cold steel bars, and not so savory cell mates dashed through my mind. The man in blue looked at us and said, "Good evening ladies." All I managed was a weak "hi." The rest of the evening went equally as well.

I'm writing this for the Buffalo Belles newsletter to encourage all our sisters to face the swarming butterflies in our stomachs and step out. Take the chance to explore the feminine part of ourselves. Only you can decide to do it. Many of the sisters and wives at the club will be glad to help you. I know I will.

- Jennifer [REDACTED]

(4)

Telling the kids...

05/10/1988 11/17

by Sandy

FROM
Circulating Crossdresser

Okay, so you've survived adolescence, finished as much school as you're going to, got a decent job, you're married with car payments and a mortgage. Sound familiar to this point?

Somewhere along the way you figured out that this crossdressing thing wasn't going away, that you liked it, and that it was good stress management therapy. Maybe even some of the guilt disappeared. You found the courage to share all of this with your Significant Other, and she understands you want to do it more often and more completely.

But invariably, these complications have come along called, 'The Children.' What if they find out? What if they find your wig and breast forms? What if they tell someone? What if they hate you? What if....

Whether or not to tell the kids is one of the most difficult issues that some crossdressers have to deal with second only to telling your spouse. Virtually everyone will agree that a spouse or S.O. should be told early in a relationship, but many people disagree with involving children at any time. A potential wife has the option to accept or reject a relationship with a crossdressing husband, a husband that children born into a relationship do not have.

Does that mean that children should be protected from the truth and the reality of who and what their father is? I am not an expert, but I have lived through a lot of the difficulties involved with starting and raising a family. I've learned how to balance the responsibilities of being a good parent and the need to express my femme side. Karen and I have agonized over whether or not to tell our kids, how to tell the kids, and why to tell the kids.

The road to making a decision and executing was a long one for us. We met and talked to an amazing variety of people, digested and debated piles of written material, and compared many living examples.

We learned a lot and every day try to share it with others. Much of what follows here will be anecdotal, but the rest will contain comments and ideas that others have shared with us. I apologize to anyone who feels proper credit is not been given to original sources, but in honesty, I don't remember some and can't assure of others. I hope all will agree this is important enough to share without a descriptive bibliography.

Please keep in mind that each of us are individuals with different backgrounds and different needs.

Each family has different dynamics and relationships. There will be no right or wrong answers or methods; only a sea of variables that we each have to build our own realities from. A solution perfect in one family, may be completely wrong for another. Finding our own solutions without judging and damning others is a challenge.

Although we weren't sure we wanted to tell the kids, we did want to desensitize them to the fact that there were Gender Dysphoric people around and that some men wear women's clothes. We found movies and magazines that dealt with men in women's clothes tastefully.

We watched Tootsie as a family in which Dustin Hoffman's character, Michael Dorsey, impersonates a woman in order to get a job as a female actor in a soap opera.

In Victor Victoria, Julie Andrews is a woman who plays a woman impersonating a man in order to earn a living as a female impersonator, was a little over the kids heads, but they saw the cross gender roles. Magazines with Boy George in them stayed around a little longer than some others just so the message that being different and wearing make-up were okay.

Transformations, a coffee table format book about Crossdressers and those who love them by New York City photographer Mariette Pathy Allen, is heartwarming and every story, though different, is loving. If written and photographic material is to be shared with others, this book is close to indispensable. Transformations is a book that remains out and is re-read frequently in our home.

A question that kept getting thrown back at us was "Why do you want to tell your children?" The immediate, but shallow answer was, "It would be easier to dress at home." That may be selfish but it might put a burden on your children to maintain your confidentiality.

That may be a lot to ask of others just for your convenience.

Your reasons have to be better than selfish ones. There are good reasons, and many of them. Every family and every relationship will have different qualities that will affect whether, why and when to tell people. All of these factors need to be considered.

One of the most important factors is communication. Where communication is good, problems don't occur as frequently and are more easily resolved when they do. Good communication will make the difference between answering questions with relevant answers or skirting issues. Good communication allows minor issues to be addressed before they fester and become major.

A supportive spouse or at least an understanding one is probably essential at least for telling younger children. Try imagine telling your kids; they go looking for a second opinion, and find rejection or uncertainty. It is not a wholesome situation.

Is your relationship with your kids a good one? Trust and love are cliché buzzwords, but if they don't exist in a relationship prior to telling somebody, one could be adding fuel to the fire in an already strained situation.



A common idea that Karen and I encountered was simply that if there was any chance that kids would find out accidentally you would probably be better off telling them before. Accidental discoveries lead to feelings of betrayal. They leave young and old people feeling untrusted. And they leave kids focusing on your feelings of shame and guilt for your secret.

Our family sure certainly doesn't resemble the Waltons. We aren't perfect and we all know it, but we strive for open, honest relationships. I've never known a kid that didn't have some inclination to snoop through drawers and closets. It's called curiosity and it's healthy. Curiosity is to be encouraged with due respect for the personal privacy of others. But boundaries are sometimes exceeded, rules are sometimes broken. Lord knows I did as a child, I still do exceed guidelines sometimes, and I don't expect my kids to be saints, only to know the difference between right and wrong. The idea that someday finding my clothes could destroy the trust they have had in me for years, shook me. This issue more than anything else committed Karen and I to telling our children.

Another common point of agreement we found among the sources we used was that

younger children accept different ideas more easily than older children. Infants don't question attire the way that a young adult would after they have had years to learn biases and prejudice. Most people agree that the earlier a child is told their father crossdressers, the easier it is for that child to adjust to and accept the idea.

Of course there are overriding factors. Can you risk being exposed by little tongues? Can your children handle the responsibility involved in possessing privileged information? Have you learned to be positive enough about crossdressing to present a healthy well balanced picture? The questions are many, and the answers must all be individually arrived at, since each of us is unique. Our children are unique and our relationships with them are unique.



Reading the Sunday paper has always been a delight for me. Especially the comics. And the ads-got to find those bargains! The Ames flyer of March 13, sure shows how far we have come. For in the flyer is a special pull out section of eight pages titled "Its men week!". In bold red print. So what do they advertise for us "men"? Pg. 1-jeans and sneakers, Pg.2-work clothes, socks and gloves. Pg.3-Tee shirts, workout clothes. Ho Hum how boring! Plod on however, as it is Men's Week-must be something I can use. Pg.4-Handbags, hoisery, sunglasses!Pg.5-jewelry, necklaces and earrings! Pg.6-girls clothing! pg.7-now they are arranging items in columns-Hanes page two Tee shirts for \$5 vs. two bras for \$14 or two 3pk of panties for \$9 vs.two 3 pks of jockey shorts for \$7. Socks came out even. It costs more to be a lady! Pg. 8-has all ladies clothing-shells, stirrup pants, blouses, and an ad for misses shorts-with the hairiest legs I've ever seen on a lady! arms folded accross a lacking chest. Like I said, this was a "Men's week special" so I guess Ames atleast knows what us manly men do prefer to wear! I guess we are making progress!

Kathy

CALANDAR

- | | | |
|---------|---------|--|
| JUNE | 25 | Rochester CD meeting- Salon |
| JULY | 2 | BUFFALO BELLES Meeting-plan for picnic |
| | 6-10 | Spice Convention- Chicago |
| AUGUST | 6 | BUFFALO BELLES PICNIC!!!!The Ladies take to the garden |
| | 5- 8 | Dignity Cruise 5 The last voyage, your last chance |
| SEPT | 3 | Buffalo Belles Meeting |
| | 15-18 | Paradise in the Poconos, CDS Services |
| | 28-10/2 | Fourth Southern Comfort-Atlanta |
| OCTOBER | 1 | BUFFALO BELLES MEETING |
| | 16-23 | 20th Annual Provincetown get togethr-Jan's favorite!! |
| NOV | 5 | Buffalo Belles Meeting |
| | | Erie Sisters get to gether weekend |

In the category of when to tell, if you haven't told the kids before they start adolescence, it is probably better to put it off for a decade. Teenagers today have enough personal challenges to deal with their own emerging sexuality, their social interactions, and their peer pressures. They don't need dad's cross-dressing issues added to their burden.

Then there was the sociologist that told us about the difference between secret and private. If you decide to tell your kids try to avoid making it a secret that should be kept from the rest of the world. Typically one of the first things that child welfare field workers look for is the secrets that have to be kept within a family.

Secrets imply guilt or wrong doing. Secrets are often associated with dirty or punishable things. Secrets can be used to hide other secrets of a much more severe nature. That's sure not the way I feel about crossdressing.

Private is like picking your nose. It's something people do, but it doesn't need to be shared with others. Private can be confidential for a variety of reasons. Because other

people might not understand or they might not agree, it might hurt them, or they might even tease us.

For us, a tradeoff was developing. Neither Karen nor I liked the deceit we were involved in. We didn't like the excuses of why the kids had to go to the babysitters again. We didn't like the little white lies or the secret hidden

It happened on a visit to grandma's house. Lynn, who was at the time almost seven years old, had been saving her allowance to buy a very special Playmobile set. We agreed to stop at the Playmobile store en route so she could buy the set. After proudly making the acquisition with her own money and getting back in the car she took the box out of the bag and proceeded to remove the \$30 price tag. Upon being questioned, she informed us that grandma would flip out if she knew how much money she had spent on the set. Apparently grandma's have no understanding of the value

of good toys, and they need to be protected from things that would upset them. From the mouths of babes.

We started to realize that if six year olds could formulate ideas like that on their own, it might be easier than we expected for them to understand who shouldn't be told about what.

Karen and I agreed that I should be the one to initially tell the kids. We had waited until they were both old enough at ages six and seven that we felt the necessary discretion was there, and I had progressed to the point in my confidence that if things did become more widely exposed it wouldn't be the end of the world.

The decision was made, I would do it! But I didn't have a clue how or when. A dozen times I formulated a plan. I selected the words, I chose the time and place. And every time something went wrong. One of the girls got sick. They got into a fight. A neighbour dropped in for a visit. And once the words were on the tip of my tongue when the cat dramatically deposited a large hair ball on the carpet.

Months went by. Maybe it wasn't meant to be shared. Every failed attempt led to greater anxiety. In the end the opportunity came by entirely unexpectedly and I was entirely unprepared.

A photographer who regularly snapped photos at crossdressing events showed up on the doorstep, to peddle some of his photos. Karen was busy in the living room working with somebody from the nursery school, so I took the photographer down to the basement. He had hundreds of photos he wanted to show, some of which were very artistic and of which he was very proud.

During this, Lynn came down to see what was happening. Remember, our family tries to be open and honest with each other. I didn't want her to see the photos, but if I sent her away it would acknowledge that something improper was going on. She stayed, looking over my shoulder. I tried to do some damage control by quickly turning face down any photos of me as they came out and duly admiring the others. In the end I paid for the photos I wanted and sent the photographer on his way.

After Karen's friend left, and needing to find out how much Lynn understood, I offered to show the whole family the newly acquired photographs. The girls expressed interest but there seemed to be no recognition so I asked if they knew who that was. No response. Clue. 'It's somebody you know pretty well'. Still no idea. Second clue, 'It's somebody in our family'. Elizabeth guessed tentatively that it was Karen.

They really had no idea that the picture was me. I hardly believed it after all of the clues had no idea ture was me. lieved it after ues dropped it few months.

Their reactions upon being told the picture was actually me were huge smiles and immediate grabs to get a closer look. Then came the questions. When was the picture taken? Where? Why was I dressed like that?

Wanting to test the water and not get in too deep, the explanation was not entirely direct. It was a party we had gone to a little before Halloween. That was fine but Elizabeth wanted to know why Karen didn't have a costume on.

Okay, so they wanted a more complete disclosure. The Halloween explanation is a great one. Everybody loves dressing up in fantasy costumes once a year. And everybody accepts that any costume is okay for that occasion. But kids especially accept that once a year just isn't enough, and kids especially understand the concept of favorite costumes. It's easy for them to relate that ever since you were a kid your favourite costume has been to dress up as a girl.

That seemed to be all the explanation they wanted or needed and they went off to be busy with other things. Several days later, Elizabeth, in her continuing quest for understanding asked Karen 'Why does Daddy have to do that?' It struck me that the weirdness of the activity had settled in, and I started to feel sick. My kid thinks I'm weird.

Karen argued with me that the explanation, 'it makes daddy feel good' was all that she needed. Even kids understand how important the pursuit of happiness is. Remember how important good communication is? I was falling down on the job. I wasn't following through. I had to talk to the kids, individually and together. What did they think? How did they feel? Was it okay, or not really?

Knowing about crossdressing and being involved in it, or seeing it were two different things. The kids knew, and they seemed to understand. That was the way things would remain. If they ever found wigs or clothes it wouldn't be a shock to them.

One day Karen told Lynn that after they went to bed, sometimes Sandy got changed to watch television or read. Lynn had long had a habit of getting up from bed after an hour or so and complaining she couldn't sleep. How would she feel if she came down and found her dad crossdressed? After due thought, the response was that she would make lots of noise coming down the stairs so if daddy wanted to leave he could, but if he stayed that was fine with her.

We gave the kids a couple of other people's names that they could talk to about crossdressing, in case they ever felt they couldn't to Karen or I. One was a close friend who knew the kids well, and also knew I was a transvestite. The other was the wife of a crossdressing friend with whose family we sometimes socialized with, non-crossdressed. As far as we know the kids have never used either resource person, but they did talk about crossdressing at home.

Telling the kids conclusion

Specifically, when were they going to see daddy crossdressed, and how did he get that shape, and where did his breasts come from and what did he do with what was between his legs. I wasn't too sure I was comfortable with these questions, but Karen felt honest questions they were, and honest answers they'd get.

Eventually the kids won. Their interest didn't diminish, and we had seen and heard of enough kids who had no problems with being around a crossdressed father that we decided to give it a go.

We picked a Saturday night and everybody could dress for dinner any way they wanted. Karen got all primed up and looked her best. Elizabeth wanted to do her make-up exactly the same as mine, and Lynn wanted to wear a floor length skirt and watch the transformation from start to finish.

The make-up was a riot, although it felt a little incongruous with dad giving his daughter a make-up lesson. The feel of foam rubber was noted with interest, the wonders of foundation were marveled at and exclamations and giggles were made at the crowning touch of adding the wig.

you're this, what if you?

As we were nearing completion, Elizabeth asked an interesting question. 'So when you're dressed like this, what should I call you?' I told her the same thing she always called me, Dad. 'But you don't look like Dad!' It reminded me of the first time Karen and I went out together with me dressed, and she wanted to know if holding hands would make her a lesbian. I assured Elizabeth that no matter what I was wearing I was still her Dad and she could call me that or call me Sandy since that was not a gender specific name. It's been Dad ever since.

Elizabeth was ecstatic with her makeover, but I could tell that Lynn felt she needed something. She had never had her ears pierced like her younger sister, so I offered to lend her a pair of clip-on earrings. We picked out a nice pair of black and gold drops and the moment she put them on we both knew she looked stunning. At the end of the evening she really didn't want to take them off. I told her since they looked so much better on her than they did on me she should keep them. It's been a while since I've seen anybody so happy.

I was amazed at how little heed is paid to my dressing habits after they learned the tricks involved in a transformation. Quite simply they don't seem concerned in the least what I wear or how often I dress.

Ground rules are in order though. The kids are always free to bring friends home after school, and I'm always prepared to greet them en-male. I usually ask if anyone objects before I get changed, just in case visitors are expected or something is happening that I don't know about. And I always try to be tastefully and properly attired when around the kids.

The criticism has been leveled at crossdressing families that the children are being used as guinea pigs in some kind of social experiment. Perhaps a better description is that we're pioneers living at the leading edge of social evolution. Twenty years ago children were being introduced into revolutionary families with gay relationships. Today those children are growing up as healthy, well adjusted young adults, and their sexuality hasn't been affected by that of their parents.

If someone believes that being gay or a transvestite is perverted or wrong then their children will probably grow up with similar beliefs. But if one believes it's okay then kids again will use these beliefs to build their own values on, but it won't necessarily make those children gay or transvestite.

8 continued

The answer could fill a book. In fact, it probably has filled many books. But let's keep it simple for the purposes of this article and try to figure it out together. First, let's agree that the sight of one hundred crossdressed men in party dresses is something of a spectacle. No surprise then that onlookers will gawk at us. And it shouldn't be surprising if some people react with a laugh or even make boorish comments meant to be overheard. The encouraging thing about our outings is that so many people do not react negatively to us. In fact, there is this fascination with us that is very apparent in the reactions and watchfulness of the male spectators.

What impels a man in mixed company to be so taken with the sight of a roomfull of crossdressed men that he will break away from his party to peek into our gathering like a child waiting up for Santa Claus? And it is hardly an isolated case. Whenever we've been in a public place, whether it is during one of our special functions in a hotel ballroom or after the meetings at The Ship Inn, we find men who are as compelled to watch us as we are compelled to dress in the first place.

If you've ever been to one of Renaissance's group outings, you have probably noticed this phenomenon. 'Straight' men just can't keep

The important factors in raising healthy children are the unequivocal love, the nurturing, and the stimulation to learn and grow and find a productive place in tomorrow's world. If parents provide those things then they will be doing a good job. Politics, hobbies, sexual orientation, aren't relevant to good parenting and it really doesn't matter if Dad wears a skirt, or pants, or even has antennae.

This isn't an epilogue, because this story is just the beginning, but Karen and I recently hosted a dinner for a few friends, mostly couples and families. On the day before, during Show & Tell at school, Lynn said she didn't have anything to show but her parents were having a party that weekend for a bunch of friends, and Elizabeth blurted out, 'Yeah and it's a crossdressing party!'

So much for discretion. Pioneers have never had an easy row to hoe. Community education...here we come.

end.



I would venture to guess that many of these men never even gave much thought to crossdressing themselves. But the sight of us seems to awaken an interest in it on some level. The crossdressed male is a powerful image that goes way back and is a device featured in literature and even religion. There must be a reason for its longevity in popular culture. It has almost a primitive appeal and has a lot to do with repressed sexual feelings but probably also pushes some subconscious buttons in men who perhaps never considered trying to crossdress for themselves.

If you're looking for answers to the phenomenon, I have none. I think we can take some encouragement from it though because it indicates a latent acceptance, if not downright interest, in what we do. Crossdressing may never be mainstream; I hope it never becomes a fad for the masses. But every once in a while we see signs that public acceptance is growing. If you see some men staring at us, don't be intimidated or put off by it. They may very well be envious or experiencing some unfamiliar and unexplainable feelings as they peek in. They may be wishing they were on the other side of those doors, with us, instead of just watching. (From Renaissance News, January 1993, submitted by Dina Amberle)

(Reprinted from gender newsletters)

Don't know...

Jayne's Jems

by Jayne [redacted]



From Canadian Crossdresser Vol. 11 #5

Mona Lisa: Could she actually be a he? Throughout the ages, people have wondered just who this mysterious lady could be. Was she a lover of Leonardo da Vinci, her creator, or just an image of his imagination? Some claim that it was the wife of a merchant named Giocondo, but was it? Well, the mystery may at last be solved. One theory claims that Mona Lisa is not a she at all, but merely a self portrait in which Leonardo attempted to recreate himself as a woman.

Ridiculous you say? Well, he was once accused of homosexuality. [Editor's Note: several other sources claim he was homosexual] although there was never any proof and he was known for wearing flamboyant clothes. He once wrote that the sex act was repulsive to him yet his art is full of the celebration of the feminine spirit and his male subjects are quite often androgynous looking.

Leonardo da Vinci was an undisputed genius of the fifteenth century (1452-1519). Was he also a crossdresser? Quite likely, he was. You be the judge. (From The Pink Slip, March 1993, submitted by Lucy)

Clear Polish Coverage: Ever wish there was a way to wear nail polish all of the time without anyone noticing? Everyone's thought of clear polish, but it's too shiny and easily seen, right? Wrong!

Women's nails grow well because of estrogen and they can wear some form of protection also. In order for anyone to wear clear protection without detection here's how. Put on several layers of clear polish, three or four coats minimum, allowing all to dry thoroughly between coats.

Take nail polish remover and lightly dab over the entire surface of the nail. (don't rub) Before it can evaporate pat it gently with your thumb of your other hand until the stickiness disappears. Make sure the entire surface is covered because the polish takes the shape of your fingerprints and thereby distorts the reflective surface.

It very effectively dulls the shine and all but makes the polish invisible. You may have to practice this a few times to get the desired effect, but it's well worth the effort. (From Rosebuds, March 1993, submitted by Debra Berube)

Movie Tidbits: Jaye Davidson has been nominated for an Oscar as Best Supporting

Actor for his performance in the Crying Game.

Who is Jaye Davidson? Jaye is a pre-op transsexual who plays a woman and love interest for a black man captured by the IRA in Ireland. She is revealed for what she is when she undresses for a love scene!

Her paramour takes one look at him/her and goes into the bathroom to throw up. After his initial shock, the twosome are seen a couple of days later helping each other in a loving and caring manner.

This has to be one of the best kept secrets ever in Moviedom. (From The Primrose, March 1993)

When To Chuck Your Make-up: Since all cosmetics contain preservatives and other chemicals that deteriorate over time, it would be wise to know when to toss before trouble. Bacterial contamination risk increases with time and use, so in order to avoid potential infections the following are good rules to follow:

#1. Throw out ALL make-up, foundation, top coat or under coat; liquids, powders or cremes after one year, sooner if the colour, odour or consistency changes.

#2. Throw out mascara within three to six months, sooner if it thickens or clumps.

#3. Throw out all lipstick, powder, eye-shadows, liners and blush after a year to eighteen months, even if the colour looks good.

#4. Throw out all make-up you use when you have a cold sore, conjunctivitis, or other infection.

#5. Never share mascara or other eye cosmetics.

#6. Replace sponge eye make-up applicators often, or better yet, use a clean cotton swab each time. Q-tips make special cosmetic applicators which are inexpensive and can be purchased at most cosmetic and drug stores. They are sold in boxes just like regular Q-tips.

#7. Tightly close liquid make-up bottles and jars.

#8. Never add water to any make-up product

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unless the package directs you to.

#9. Apply all cosmetics on CLEAN and dry skin.

#10. Wash your hands before applying make-up.

#11. Replace your make-up carrying cases every few years.

REMEMBER - because we use cosmetics infrequently, we need to pay special attention to these rules! (From The Chi Tribune, March 1993)

Guys Are Nature's Afterthought: New scientific evidence suggests that being female may be the 'natural' body form, with a specific gene necessary to stop female development and create a male, according to one expert. Dr. Peter Goodfellow reported evidence that the sex-determining SRY gene he discovered may function in an unsuspected way that supports the notion that female is the basic human body form.

Goodfellow is with the Imperial Cancer Research Fund in England. That view of gender development is an about face from the one that followed discovery of the SRY gene by Goodfellow and associates a few years ago. (SRY stands for sex-determining region of the Y chromosome.) After discovery of SRY, some scientists speculate that the female human body type was a kind of 'default'. They thought females would develop passively unless all-powered maleness gene SRY stepped in.

Until the 7th week after conception, a human embryo may be genetically male or female but retains the capacity to develop into either sex. Goodfellow's new findings indicate the SRY gene may be a repressor gene that produces maleness by blocking events leading to a female body form. (From NWGA newsletter, October 1992)

Mr. Annie Oakley?: A supermarket tabloid shattered more lives several months ago when it reported the claims of historian Dwight Landers that Annie Oakley was actually a man. Landers claims that the real name of the star of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show was Philip Arne Oakley Mozee.

"He was a clever man who realized that he'd be much more successful if he pretended to be a woman," Landers said. "He was short and slight of build, but tremendously strong for his size. And he was a crack shot, an absolute expert with a rifle. As a man, he might have not seemed so special, but as a woman he was a sensation."

Landers said he examined birth records in Darke County, Ohio, and saw that Philip was born in 1860, but that years later, the name on the record was changed to read 'Phoebe Anne.' He also said that there were no local newspaper reports of Phoebe Anne competing local sharpshooting contests, but Philip plenty of mention.

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A Short Short Story

by Janice [redacted]

When my friend stopped at the entrance to the hotel lobby it felt like a tractor beam suddenly came into existence. I had to enter a word of caution not to show the apprehension and nervousness that was obviously present. My friend was as skittish as a matter/anti-matter intermix chamber ready for a cold restart.

I quickly and quietly told my friend a few facts of life: we would more than likely be stared at, pointed at, and talked about. You might hear laughs and giggles behind our back that you immediately think is directed at us. Some of the more courageous (or so they believe) on a dare from their friends, or if they've had a few drinks too many, will come directly up to you and ask how you can make a public spectacle of yourself and what do you get out of this.

Before carrying the conversation or going any further into the lobby I ask the Prime Question. "Is this what you really want to do? Remember, you have as much right to be here as these so-called normal individuals. Not all the statements directed at you will be negative or derogatory, ignore the laughs since they could be for anything such as a simple joke and not directed at the way we are dressed. If someone comes up to you to try to instigate a conversation you could just ignore him or her and continue on your way. The IDIC philosophy covers what we are doing here and you know as well as I do what that acronym stands for."

The answer was a while in coming as I patiently waited but eventually it came. "Yes, I worked a long time on this outfit and this makeup and I want to do it. I have fantasized about it for the last two weeks, I see how you carry yourself and the way you don't seem to worry about these mundanes. How do you do it?"

"The only thing I say to myself when these new situations arrive is damn the photon torpedoes, ahead warp factor two. You have to factor in what you want, versus the worst case

scenario. If you want to change your mind, now is the time. Once we go through the door, you can't call Scotty to beam you out of here." I then asked, "Do we proceed ahead or do we apply the retros and back out of here?"

Eventually the decision came, as if dragged out of a black hole - "Make it so. Let's go," and all of a sudden I was left standing alone in the doorway. I quickly caught up and exclaimed, "I said warp factor two, not eight, slow down and take it easy." I was thinking as we went down the few steps and across the lobby how small of a distance this was to me whereas to my friend, it probably looked longer than a light year.

It was less than two minutes later that we entered the convention area and I didn't have to ask my friend any questions since the smile was all the answer that was needed.

While waiting in the registration line I mentioned that if the desire was there later on in the day we could make a trip to Wildside where we could remove these male science fiction costumes and I could put on my female uniform from the original Star Trek series and we could fix up a fantasy outfit for my friend and then come back to the convention.

I could see the thoughts going through my friend's head and the smile gradually coming to the forefront.

Footnote: The above story is not true although many of the conversations have taken place some time in the past in a slightly different context. The bottom line premise is correct; I have seen more stares, and have heard more laughs and smickers from mundanes at a Star Trek or Science Fiction Convention than from these same normal individuals at a group of fashionably dressed CDs in a hotel lobby. And if you are wondering if I have ever gone to a convention in the above female uniform, the answer is yes.

And for you non-trekkers out there - The IDIC acronym stands for Infinite Diversification in Infinite Combination of which I am one as we all are of this diversification and combination in this beautiful universe of ours.

Buffalo Belles

July '94

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CCDC member Janice [redacted] and Commander Montgomery Edward Scott of the USS Enterprise.

"Why Lassie, did I ever tell you about the time way back on stardate 5928.5 when we were on our way to Beta Aurigae, and we get this distress call from Camus II? That's the time when the Captain, you know, James T. Kirk, got involved with a life entity transfer with the now infamous Dr. Janice Lester and her notorious cohort, Dr. Coleman. Sulu and Doctor McCoy thought he kinda liked it, if you know what I mean? Say, Ye not be related to Dr. Janice Lester by any chance, are ye?"



BORN UNLUCKY...

Giovanna [redacted] 26, lost out on her dream to become Miss Italy recently when she was disqualified because she was born a man.