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Buffalo Belles

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VOL. III

NO. IV

BUFFALO BELLES

APRIL 1994

HELLO TO ALL:

Spring is upon us which means warmer weather is soon to follow. That's the some of the good news. The bad news is that we lost 10 sisters who did not pay their dues, more on that subject later in this newsletter.

First of all the Meeting reports: Our March meeting was the Spaghetti Dinner Meeting with the following ladies attended, Denise [redacted]; Kathy [redacted]; Linda [redacted]; Patty [redacted]; Holly [redacted]; Francis [redacted]; Colleen [redacted]; Pam [redacted]; Jean [redacted] Jackie [redacted] and Yvette came but had to leave early; Janice [redacted]; and Jennifer from Canada came late to give us clean up encouragement. I personally like to express a sincere Thank You and a Big Hug to my sisters for all your help. You all made it easier to put the dinner together. For the sisters who paid their share but due to emergencies could not attend, we thank you. That was considerate and thoughtful, your donation helped defray the expenses, but we would much rather have enjoyed your company at the dinner, you missed a beautiful night.

Night out in Buffalo: From disasters to an memorable night, is the best way I can describe March 19, 1994. The ladies who experienced this night were Denise [redacted]; Jean [redacted]; Kathy [redacted]; Holly [redacted]; Janice [redacted]; Jennifer (Can) Patty [redacted]; and Jennifer [redacted]. This night started back in February when I booked the wrong day for the meeting place, lost our meeting day, time, and priority, which would have caused much anguish for the ladies needing to change at the center. A week before the night out, we still did not know where we were going to meet and any of the arrangements. The last few days saw frantic calls back and forth, Motel room arranged and plans set to notify the sisters. But the problems still plagued us. Upon arriving at the appointed hour at the Motel to register, the room was too small for the expected group, needed and waited for an upgrade. That accomplished, off went the messenger to record the information so that the sisters would know the room, But the messenger got lost in the Five minute drive to the message center. This is where I'm going to stop this story, maybe one of the other sister would like to tell about going to the wrong Hotel and knocking on the wrong room, about the lost pager. There may be other notes and highlights in this issue or the next about these events, it should be interesting reading. I do wish someone would describe the evening, for it did turn out to be a lovely night, so much so that we are thinking of making it an annual event, be the way I found a leftover shirt and a belt. Who do they belong to? I'll bring them to the next meeting.

April brings up Dress up meeting night. If you have or wish to display those fabulous dresses in your closets, this is your chance. We are planning to have a fashion show also at this meeting so you may need some extra money if you plan to buy anything. Its on the second Saturday of the month on the 9th. In May and thereafter we switch our meeting day to the first Saturday of the month, start arranging your schedules.

Did anyone review the Bathroom article in the The Buffalo News on March 1994, in the living section. Interesting topic to know about.

Lastly, a quick analysis of our membership indicates (23) full members, (3) associates members, and (8) support groups/ members, total of (34).

Now a word from our Newsletter Editor--- Love Denise



APRIL 21, 22, 23, 24 1994

Weekend of fun and fantasy in the heart of Manhattan!

Three days and nights of the excitement and sounds of the Big Apple.

- ♥ Comprehensive Educational Seminars
- ♥ Exciting Restaurant & Night Club Tours
- ♥ Thrilling Shopping tours and city tours
- ♥ Revealing Fashion show/Lunch
- ♥ Thrilling Dinner/Dance
- ♥ Dynamic Entertainment by the ladies of the Imperial Court
- ♥ Special hotel discounts
- ♥ and a lot more.

Contact: Lynda [redacted] Registrar
GREATER NEW YORK GENDER ALLIANCE

330 W 45th St., 3H
New York, NY 10036

12-765-3561 Mon-Thurs 6-10 p.m. EST

1994 Spring Fling Social Gathering

Your Hosts: Terry & Lorrie [redacted]

Saturday Eve. April 30th

at the

Suite At The Inn

(refer to your confidential listing for exact address)

7 p.m.- Midnight

Doors will open at 6 p.m for those wishing To Change

Come and Enjoy your First (indoor) Picnic for 1994 and one of the last social events of the season

- *Beverages
- *Cheese & Crackers
- *Salads,
- *Cold Cut Trays and
- *Snacks will be provided

Cost: \$15 per person

Cost includes use of the room and food & beverage

...and as always- wives, mates, partners are most welcome and encouraged to come.
(At an additional cost of \$15 per person)

Deadline for reservations will be Monday April 25* Fill out reservation form below and send check or money order made out to The Rochester CD Network and mail to:

Nancy Ann [redacted]
P.O. Box 16127 We thank Nancy Ann for letting us
Roch. N.Y. 14612 borrow her P.O. Box for this event.

Registration Form for April 25th Party

Femme Name _____		Number of people in party _____
Address _____		
City: _____	State: _____ Zip: _____	
Amount Enclos. _____ (at \$15 per)		
Can you please help out with card tables and/or chairs <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No		How Many Chairs? _____
		" " Tables? _____

C A L E N D A R

APRIL 9 Buffalo Belles - Dress-up Night wear your finest!
15-Rochester CD-tentative date-church meeting place
30-Roch. CD Spring Fling Social see above

21-24-Moonlight in Manhattan see above

MAY 7-BUFFALO BELLES-regular meeting-new date

19-22-Paradise in Poconos-Creative design service

31-6/6-Provincetown Spring Outing-Jan's article location

JUNE 4-Buffalo Belles-regular meeting

8-12-12th annual Be All Pittsburg

NOTE FROM THE STACKS

Our collection has grown a bit since my last report. Several volumes have been added. Jackie has been wearing out her VCR making copies of all those talk show tapes. And the makeup video. She says she'll be done by the next meeting.

I am trying to secure a secure storage cabinet for our use by the next month also. Hopefully we will be able to keep our materials at the meeting site. Until then, please send me a note requesting any specific item you want. I'll bring along to the meeting or make other arrangements. Kathy Lorraine PO 361 Amherst NY 14226

Magazines, Club newsletters,

Tapestry, Femme Mirror-about a dozen copies of each

Rochester CD Net, Erie Sisters, Atlanta, Chicago, Newsletter in binder

PSYCHOLOGY, FAMILY UNDERSTANDING

Understanding Cross-dressing by Virginia Prince

The Transvestite & His Wife by Virginia Prince

My Husband Wears My Clothes by Dr. Peggy Rudd

Cross Dressing With Dignity by Dr. Peggy Rudd

Transvestites & Transsexuals by Deborah Feinbloom

IMAGE BOOKS

How to be a Woman though Male by Virginia Prince

Speaking as a Woman by Alison Laing

Art & Illusion 2nd ed. JoAnn Roberts

Art & Illusion Companion by Roberts

From Masculine To Feminine by Jeninifer Anne Stevens

Makeup for Brunettes by Susi Rogol

Hormones 2nd ed. Sheila Kirk, MD

Looking Terriific by Emily Cho

Style is Not a Size by Hara Marano

MY STORY by Caroline Cossey

The Turnabout Party Fiction-Chevalier Pub.

K.L

A few of us at the quilting bee the other night got to talking about what should be our next event. A picnic is what was hatched. Getting a nice secluded shelter at a park would be nice. Do you have any ideas on where a good site might be? Put on your thinking wigs!! And who is going to run this event? Any volunteers out there? Sabre playoff tickets are on sale now so it can't be too long away!!(Summer)...How about it??

KL

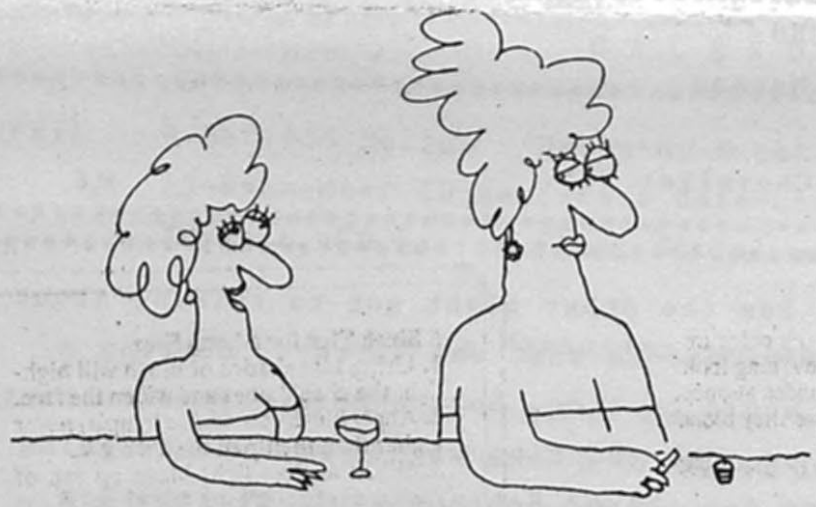


"I got a new dishwasher this week -- my husband is expressing his Femme side." KAT 5

CURTIS



Callahan



CALLAHAN



Many thanks to K.A. from Nancy Ann How

"I'm a CD looking for a supportive wife for the 90's, with an 80's kind of body, and a 70's sens. of humor." KAT

1. reb. C.D.

"You're a transvestite, aren't you? I like that in a man!"

3/12/94

I returned home from the Spaghetti Dinner awhile ago. Am just sitting back and reflecting on what a nice evening was had by all. Of course an old gal like myself has to sit back after eight hours in heels! And we all know the effect a full tummy has on one's energy levels!

I want to give special recognition to the sisters who did so much to make this evening such a success. Denise did all the planning, cooking at the church, bread and shrimp, table settings and only sat down once, while eating!

Equal recognition must be given to Jackie and Yvette. The spaghetti sauce they made from scratch was just incredible! They also provided our desserts of ice cream and yogurt.

We also learned how Colleen keeps that slender figure of hers! It's her breakfast food. Chocolate chip cookies. Made that afternoon! In huge quantities! They may work for her, but I gained a couple of pounds in the following week from my doggie bag!

Another secret of figure control was revealed by Holly. Her method is to lug around large pieces of audio equipment so as to put on a professional sound for our dinner. You may not believe this but,,, not once did "The Stripper" get played!!!!

Jean demonstrated who sets the table in her home! Her napkin placement, table settings were such a delight! She obviously has spent many hours involved with the Junior League!

It was also rumored that the wench in the print shop provided the salad. But I discount this as surly no shaft of light however meager ever makes it down to her lair in the sub-basement!

We had a special visitor at our dinner. Jackie and Yvette brought their lovely little girl Dee. I believe this is the first time we ever had a child visit us! Dee is a beautiful pixie of three years. She is such a delight. So open, warm and friendly! Jackie and Yvette you can be very proud of yourselves!!! Just ask Colleen. She was in heaven!

KL

The following is the conclusion of Janice's story of her trip to Provincetown in October 91. Has it inspired anyone else to make the trip to the Cape? The spring version is coming up soon. Also Pocconos in May and Pittsburg in June. Anyone making travel plans?

JANICE AT guest house



conclusion

I had a very nice supper with pleasant company and conversation with one minor tribulation to follow. I was told a number of times during the day to make sure to get to the Fanfare Follies with plenty of time to spare. I had good intentions but by the time I finished supper and changed my clothes I was only a half an hour early and not a decent seat was left. Instead of sitting I found a good place in the rear end of the hall with a good sight line and the shoes came off again. These were com-

(text continued on page 14)

fortable enough being only three and a half inch heels but I had no intention of standing in them through the close to thirty different acts that were scheduled.

That night was most enjoyable in more ways than just the follies which were very well done (I will leave a tape in the meeting room which includes the fashion show earlier in the week). After the follies there was several hours of very nice conversation and walking with a person I met in the buffet line. By the time we left to go to our separate guest houses it was nearly two in the morning.

It was an utterly out of the world experience walking back to the house with a long side trip to the wharf and pier. The town was nearly deserted at this hour, no pedestrian traffic on Commercial Street or cars on the road (no noise with the exception of the sound of my clicking heels). I stayed on the deserted pier for some time listening to the waves lapping against the pylons, slowly identifying one constellation after another in the starlit sky. The night was calm and clear and so were my thoughts and feelings with the only trial taking place when I reluctantly turned my back to the ocean and made my way back to the house.

Correction: there was another trial on the way back to the house - there is a risk even in Provincetown when you are on the streets at three in the morning. I was somewhat flattered by the invitation, but it was not an offer I wanted to accept and easily declare a miss-trial (it was a big miss) on this one.

To my amazement I was awake and up before seven the next morning. I was a bit surprised when going downstairs for coffee before showering and doing makeup (although the wig did go on). I was

greeted by name by this individual in the front room. It turned out to be Dawn who I had supper with the night before. I didn't recognize her since she didn't have her wig on and she had told me she was staying elsewhere. It was her trial and tribulation that based upon the recommendation of her consular for her to be in a house instead of a hotel, they moved her in around midnight, lock, stockings and lipstick. It turned out they didn't notify anybody in the house to expect her either.

They moved her in around midnight, lock, stockings and lipstick...

She was still there after I came back down from dressing, talking with Janet and another new face, Gillian, another first timer who checked in the night before. What was this? A re-trial of my first day...I could either leave and let Janet handle the situation or grab a chair and see where the situation would lead me. The decision, like the one made with Marie made several days earlier was made faster than warp speed. I grabbed a chair after grabbing another cup of coffee.

The conversation went for several hours and touched upon many topics, the majority being the various reasons why we were all here. In just our small group: one fair repeater who was there to escape for a short period of time the problems in her everyday life of trying to live as a female 50% of the time; one who is a crossdresser there on the recommendation of her doctor with the approval of her wife; one who felt she was a

potential transsexual and is trying to make a significant decision on what direction the rest of her life would take; and myself who was there for a simple (maybe not so simple) vacation. Actually due to the seminars and workshops, you could call it a working vacation (if only work could be like this all the time).

It was incredible how inexperienced some of these people could be. One of the first timers stated she had signed up for a seminar because it was still opened (Introduction to SM and BD) (okay - each to her own) and almost knocked me off my chair when she asked what the initials stood for. Janet and myself tried to persuade her (unsuccessfully) not to tie herself down for this seminar after explaining what the initials stood for.

The conversation broke up close to noon since both Janet and Dawn had signed up for noon seminars (I didn't since I had hoped to be elsewhere by this time). I volunteered to show Gillian where to register (another re-trial of the first day) since I wasn't scheduled for a seminar until after two. I also agreed with Janet to be back around five to see if any of the others wanted to go out for supper. After showing Gillian where to register and then where to go for the noon seminar she signed up for (or in this case to be her navigator since she insisted on driving) I had some time to kill. I wish it was this enjoyable all the time to kill time. I took a leisurely stroll back to the center of town and then walked to the end of the wharf, stopping for a clam chowder along the way. Interesting enough the person (non-Fair participant) in line in front of me complimented

(continued on page 15)

me on my dress which was the same dress a prior individual mentioned that I was overdressed in.

I have not spoken on the expert testimony that was being given during this trial but let me say there were over ten seminars, seven workshops, four personal development courses (two over a three day period), two speech classes (also over several days), a leadership training course in three parts and a number of fashion and beauty courses.

After I got back to the house, it was one thing after another including Janet asking me (with my total experience of two Canadian Cross-Dressers Club Ladies' Nights Out under my belt) if I could escort Gillian (her first time) and Dawn (her second time). It was close to seven PM before we finally went out for dinner.

During supper I was conciously, surreptitiously looking at my watch (how long can this one trial last?) since the Fantasy Ball was beginning at eight. By the time I finished supper so I could get my costume on it was close to ten before we arrived at the Ball. You name the costume, you saw it here and if you are interested I was conservatively dressed in a Star Fleet uniform from the original Star Trek television series.

Saturday - last day and still much to see and do (not counting the noon seminar on Alternate Personas, I quickly dressed in my most casual outdoor outfit (short Brunette wig, denim skirt, black blouse and inch and a half high sandals). I had been promising myself for four days that I was going to get to the Cape Cod National Seashore and this was my last chance. Either my luck or timing was good (or maybe the fact we stayed up till two the night

before talking and everybody else was sleeping in) since I didn't meet anybody and I was up and out of the house before nine and on my way. It was the first time my car moved since I parked it on Tuesday and only my second time behind the wheel in skirts and heels.

"...taking a deep breath, I was out of the car and in the center."

Since the National Seashore was only a short distance away, I was at the visitor's center before nine. Do I go in the visitor's center or not? This was not exactly Provincetown and I was every bit apprehensive. After hesitating about thirty seconds, checking my wig and makeup for the nth time in my rear view mirror and taking a deep breath, I was out of the car and in the center. I'm not sure if I was gratified or not, there was not all that much to observe in the visitor's center with the exception of the road layout and the walking trails.

Off to race point beach which only had a couple dozen cars in a parking area the size of Rich Stadium. No hesitation here, just out for a long leisurely stroll along the almost deserted beach.

Watching and listening to the waves lapping upon the vast white expanse of shoreline, feeling the heels of my sandals sinking in the soft sand, and the ocean breeze blowing my hair (which is why I wore my short wig) made me feel wonderful. Losing all track of time, I was suprised when eventually I turned around and saw how far in the distance the building was that I had parked my car next to. So of course I walked a bit farther before

turning around and slowly making my way back to the car. After I drove down Province Land Road I enjoyed another stroll along Herring Cove Beach.

The one last thing to do before leaving the National Seashore and that was to stop by the Beech Forest Trail. This trail (noted as being one of the best on the cape) skirts the margins of two freshwater ponds and extends through a mature stand of American Beech and other hardwoods. The total distance was about one mile, much of which was in soft sand. Heels are, of course, not recommended.

After a quick trip back to lunch, I was only fifteen minutes late, but I managed to catch all of the seminar.

Then it was on to the last item on my revised vacation list; Pilgrim Monument (the tallest granite structure in the US of A being two hundred and fifty-two feet high) and Museum at it's base located on top of Monument Hill.

A unique system of ramps was interspersed with a few steps that takes one to the top for a superb view of Provincetown, the Bay and a large portion of Cape Cod. There were no windows, just a lookout at the top. The view was fantastic with all of 'P-Town' set out at my feet. The wind was fierce, I had to keep pushing the hair out of my eyes (yes, I had no scarf with me).

After several trips around the top, I worked my way back down. It was worse going down then up since the downward slope on the ramp broke one sandal strap and then a second. Would the third and final strap make it till I got back to the house? And by the way, where was a mirror - my hair must have been a colossal mess.

(continued on page 16)

Later with my hair put in place, I toured the museum taking the tape recorded tour of the pirate ship Whydah. To be honest, I probably spent as much time looking at my reflection in the glass (not totally believing it) as the exhibits on the other side of the glass. It was almost closing time and I had to change for the Fanfare Banquet so I left hoping the last sandal strap would make it.

Sunday was only a matter of repacking my car with all the clothes I didn't wear (less every pair of pantyhose and stockings I had brought, a pair of sandals, a lost compact and my contact lens). I had the best intentions and I finished packing before ten but it was well after two before I could drag my body out of the house, start my trip back to Buffalo and leave the trial of Provincetown behind me.

The result of this trial is that I was guilty of having one of the most incomparable, unparalleled, unmatched, unequalled, best, great, premium, elite time of all my life. However, to make sure of this beyond a reasonable doubt I demand a re-trial (I would already have my deposit down for Fantasia Fair '92 if I didn't have a monthly business commitment between the 15th and 21st of October '92) or a change of venue (IFGE Convention in Houston in April, Paradise in the Poconos in May or October, Be-All in Detroit in June...).

Trial postscript: Just because you leave the physical location of the trial it does not mean you have left the trial totally behind you. As I stated earlier, I was there for a vacation but I discovered it was going to be more, much more. The impact was no greater than when I took a detour from the Beech Forest Trail and went up and over a sand dune.

The vision was beautiful with all the morning haze burned off showing a vast expanse of white sand with scattered vegetation trying to take root like it accomplished on the trial I just left. At that instant I could hear the town bells behind me chiming out eleven o'clock and from out of nowhere I broke into tears. I was suprised and shocked since this had never happened to me before. It could have been thirty seconds or it could have been five minutes, either way it felt like an eternity with time standing still.

Back home for the first couple of days, I crashed as I told a friend, "This was like being in an F-15 after being in a Piper Cub all my life. If I can't fly that high again do I really want to leave the ground?"

What is the verdict of this and how long did it last? It didn't last long. As I told the same friend a few days later, "I might not be able to soar like an eagle, but I can walk like a duck. They both have the same type of feathers."

That Saturday I was back at the CCDC clubhouse and by the time I sat down for a solo dinner at Jennie's, I was at a trial recess with myself. I wish I could say the jury was still out but I'm unsure which side the defense should be on and at the current time is still in the pleasant process of taking further testimony (next issue of the Canadian Crossdresser Magazine) and gathering further evidence (the blue dress I purchased last night).

Photo Tips by Gary

Film & Processing

(How to get better than professional results developing in chicken soup)

A lot can be said about the great yellow father from Rochester when it comes to film and processing, little of it good. Kodak does their market studies and figure that most of the pictures you take will never get any bigger than the original 3 1/2" X 5" or 4"X6" when you get a roll processed. A good example of this type of thinking falls into Kodacolor film. It looks good on the small print but get an enlargement done and you've got grain you can pick your teeth with. Major loss of detail and clarity. Part of the problem is the "one-hour" lab work done with your film, more on that later.

Professional films are made with the possibility that enlargements will be made from every negative. Therefore, it makes sense to start off with a good film to get the best your camera has to offer. I can show you a 5"X7" print made from Kodacolor film done with "drug store" processing and another 5"X7" done with pro and pro processing, the results are quite different using the same camera. This pro film is readily available for you here in town. It has to be one of the best advances in film technology in recent years. The sharpness, clarity and colors will astound you. It's called Fuji Reala film. Rated at ISO 100, it can compete very effectively with Kodak's pro films without busting the purse. Reala is very flesh-tone friendly and it's made to record colors much like the eyes see color. And those 5"X7's I talked about? You can count the nose hairs on my model using Reala and pro processing. Great stuff! Get Reala at Van Tuil's Photo or Phar-Mor here in Erie. Van Tuil's price is about a dime or two lower than Phar-Mor's.

About processing, there are two very basic types: what you'd get from K-Mart, drug stores, one-hour labs, grocery stores, etc. and what you'd get from proper processing. All those listed places can't do film the right way. They warm up the solutions to get it in and out faster. Also, rollers are used to keep the film going in one end of the processor and out the other end. Rollers have a bad habit of scratching film during processing, but you'd never see it until you order an enlargement. See? All bets are you won't get blow-ups of your favorite pictures. If you're not worried about subject matter, you can get high quality processing locally at Van Tuil's Photo Johnston's Cameras at 720 Sassafras Street. Just be sure to ASK for the pro work done on your film, otherwise they might lump it in with the rest of the quick stuff. You'll even get good results from Kodacolor. Forget Johnston's in the Colony Plaza, it's a glorified one-hour lab. Drop Dale Laboratories in Florida from your processor list. They advertise heavily in photo mags but it looks like they took sandpaper to my negs. Two times!

If your subject matter is sensitive, then there is only one lab I can offer that you'd be happy with. This lab has no restrictions on subject matter and gladly do pro work. I've used them and I can't complain at all. The bad side is that they're out of state. That could be good news depending on how one looks at it. V.I.P. (Very Impressive Processing) is slightly expensive but the quality is spelled with a capital Q! Contact V.I.P. at 615/429-3616. Or write them at 1842 Winfield Dunn Parkway, Highway 66, Box 5787, Sevierville, TN., 37862. They'd be happy to send you a price list, order form, and an ordering envelope

DONT BLINK !!

Gary Hildreth

MIRROR IMAGE