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May 1996

Buffalo Belles

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BUFFALO BELLES

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NU PHI CHI

M A Y 1996

OFFICERS
.....
CINDY H.
JEAN H.
KATHY L.

April 20

Dear Sisters,

The April meeting was a fine affair!. The weather finally started to act a little more lady like also. A good turnout was had. We went out of our heads with our pizza-added sausage to the pepperoni. I guess it must have bean the exuberance of our special guest-Kathy the tailor, who will for ever more be know as Kathy T. from now on.

Kathy's services are going to be well received by the group. Her personality will make her welcome at many meetings in the future. Just tonight I had a phone chat with our newest member Linda W. who attended her first meeting that night. She said she talked with Kathy for an hour and that she made her feel more accepting of herself than anyone in a long time. Although Linda did finally admit after some hard grilling, that the rest of us weren't too bad either.

But there is a lesson in this ladies. When you see a new face at a meeting, don't wait for her to speak to you, GO TO HER and make her feel welcome! It is the lady like thing to do. We can all spend a little more time with our attitudes of what a woman is like, rather just our appearances.

We did get to touch on some other topics.

A special mleting was held on Wed., April 24 at the Stage Door. It was annoucned on the hotline for ten days ;previous. A special letter of notification was sent out to 11 sisters who may have expressed the inability to attend a weekend meeting. I don't know if a report will make it to this newsletter or not. Time is running out, as we are on a short month with the past holiday. This may end up $\frac{1}{2}$ being one of our old p:atch and shoot type newsletters if it isn't ready in time for Jean's magic. On top of it myu correction ribbon is bad, so I can't correct my errors.

Cindy had her hair samples and will have catalogs for all by the next meeting for her Revlon wig selling. Price sheets were handed out. Contact her directly if you wish to order a new 'doo'.

Triess is looking for those who are language gifted. Can you translate in another? They have Portuguese and German, but are looking for others to do any, and specially French and Spanish. Can you help??

Have you noticed that IFGE has changed its address? Several months ago they changed to Po Box 229, WALTHAM MA 02254-0229. Sounds & looks similar to old, but only different number, town etc. but different!!

This plea has gone out before. Does any of you have cable with the premium channels? AND knows how to set the timer on her VCR???? (I don't want to mention a member who has the cable but not ability to program her vcr. And she is a "skilled tradesman" at a very, shall we say XXXL Corp. It's nice the way their attitude has adjusted over the years however. She has volunteered to pay for my recent \$700. dollar brake job after only 30,000 mi. of easy use. It brings a bit of a reward for the long time spent in her rehabilitation.) Thankyou, Percy! There are a spat of gender related movies playing on cable now. The flick "Just like a woman" is playing the late night premium rounds now. Can you make a copy???

Other films that may be appearing or will be, that are of gender roles that may be of some interest are: "I want what I want", "I Like it Like That", "Mixed Nuts", If you can catch any of these, please make a copy for us. I can duplicate for the library.

Speaking of movies, has any one caught Robin Williams in "The Birdcage"? It's the remake of La Cage and is currently playing.

Sorry for such a botched newsletter this month girls, but it came down to this or nothing!! See you at the next meeting.

Patricia J.

* * * * *

C A L A N D A R

May 4-BUFFALO BELLES Regular meeting

JUNE 1-BUFFALO BELLES Regular meeting
5-9th BE-ALL-Detroit this year

12-16th Spring Fling Provincetown
22? Erie Sisters come to town for visit

JULY 13 -Buffalo Belles regular meeting-date change

Hopefully we will have a special summer event like a boat cruise, More info

A SNOWBUNNIES FANTASY

by

Patricia (Patti) J.

We all have fantasies and dreams, especially when it comes to our feminine sides and one of mine was, skiing. I have always enjoyed skiing, and for years I fantasized about skiing as my true feminine self. I made resolution this year to do just that. So I made plans to go this spring, there is nothing like spring skiing in the warm sun. I have had this in mind over the past few years and have been slowly gathering the necessary equipment, ski wear, and most importantly the confidence to do it.

The ski equipment was the easy part, my normal skies, boots & poles would be generic enough to use. The ski wear was going to be more challenging. I was able to save my wife's old down ski jacket from our goodwill bag (two years ago). Trying to find ski pants that fit or would work with the ski jacket was difficult, I looked & looked and I finally found a cheap pair in a catalog. The ski pants fit great and they also went with my fleece windbreaker. I was able to borrow my wife's ski gloves, goggles & hat. Ski apparel complete!, it only took two years not to be a blonde?

At one of the past meetings, I commented on my desire to go skiing, to a few of the girls. I was surprised that a couple of them were interested. Once I had convinced myself, I thought I would see if any of the other girls were as silly as myself. I needed a partner in crime to share the experience with because, I really didn't want to have to ride the ski lift with strangers. Tammy decided that she would be my sidekick for the day, but only if I didn't mind skiing with a snowboard chick, which was great with me.

I decided to combine the skiing, with a weekend getaway that I had planned in Rochester on March 23 & 24. The long awaited weekend finally came, I packed the van with all the ski gear & clothes (most of you know how much I normally pack), and off to Rochester I went. Saturday I treated myself to a day of pampering at a beauty salon, manicure, pedicure, facial & makeup application. It was absolutely wonderful, but that's another story. Sunday was skiing at Bristol Mt. south of Rochester. Tammy met me at the hotel in Rochester on Sunday morning at about 8:00 am, which was tough for her because she had to work Friday night until about 1:00 am. We both started getting ready, trying to decide what to wear? The forecast for the day was partly sunny with a high of 40, so we didn't need to wear our heavy ski jackets. Our ski fashions were best by: Tammy - (The Tempress Snowboard-ett) & Patti - (The Foo-Foo Snow bunny) (DEF. Foo-Foo = over perfumed, over made up, & over 40). Tammy finished packing up the van while I checked out of the hotel. I prepaid for the room so

I only had to return the room key to the desk. The manager was very nice and thanked me for staying with them, as he handed me my receipt. We left Tammy's truck at the hotel and with Tammy as co-pilot we made it to Bristol Mt. at about 11:45am. I parked the van off to the side of the lot next to another van. We started to make the last minute adjustments and decessions but ,as we did four kids came up to the van next to ours for their lunch break. The parking lot had to have 100 cars and I parked nexted to the only one full of kids eating lunch. So there we are getting our boots on ect.while the four kids(2 boys, 2 girls,8-14yr's)were bickering over who will get the ham & cheese. I don't think they even noticed us between all their fighting. Oh well, we just went about ourway to the slopes,picked up our lift tickets,then off to the ski lift .The lift lines were only a few people long ,just ski down and get right back on the lift,perfect!

We decided that our main focus of the day should be to make sure that we stay in our personnas' and not lose our head.In other words don't fall and lose the WIG! Tammy & myself ,lets just say we're both hair challenged, so if we "lost our heads" it wouldn't be a pretty site. That became the phase of the day, "Be carefull don't lose your head!" We skied for about two hours and had blast exploring the different slope. I was getting hungry,so we decided to take a break and get something to eat. We checked out the resturant but because it was the end of ski year they didn't have much to offer. We just grabed some fruit & cookies from the cafeteria, for some quick energy than back to slopes. We skied a few more runs and called it a day, about 4:00pm. We went back to the van for "Miller Time" and we reminisced about the day as we changed out of our ski gear and makeup. The day was absolutely perfect,it lived up to all my expectations and then some! The surprising part was that I didn't feel as if any one (made) us.It least there wasn't anyone that I noticed singling us out to other people.(You know, when they know) I'm not fooling myself in that we totally passed but,it felt that way. That is probably because, in our minds we were just being true to ourselves, two girl who like to ski and we were doing just that. All in all it was a great great weekend!!

So all you want-a-be snowbunnies this was the first annual so get your skis sharpened you only have a year!

PS: Tammy (THANKS!) without you to share this with, it wouldn't have been half as much FUN!!

 THANKYOU PATTI, for the fine story!!! I hope some of other girls will take inspoiration and write down some of your adventures for the newslwtter. We need yuour input girls!!

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Gotta dance

Speaking of bobbing nude on a beer-soaked stage in front of beady-eyed strangers - "Hi, Nomi!" may not have the same ring as "Hi, Brad!" But all over New York City and L.A., it's being shouted as "Showgirls," Joe Eszterhas' own personal "Ishtar," slowly becomes the '90s version of "The Rocky Horror Picture Show." The NC-17-rated flop about an ambitious Las Vegas dancer has been re-released on the midnight "Rocky Horror" circuit, with audiences in drag tossing fake money at the celluloid lap dancers and shouting out their favorite lines, most of which cannot be printed in this wspaper. With any luck, the Amherst Theater on in will buy up a copy of this sleazoid classic and can hit a regular showing each weekend.



The 2 snow bunnies of Patti's story

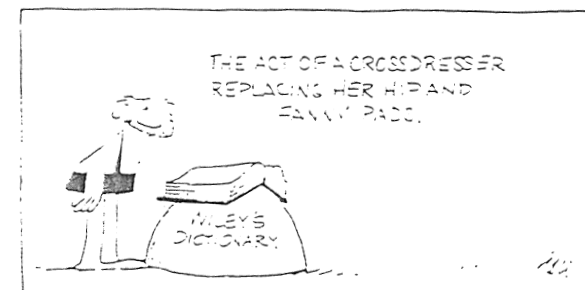


TAMMY

PATTI

B.C.

REBUTTAL



MY WIFE IS MOST SUPPORTIVE OF MY CROSS DRESSING

By SCOTT THOMAS
News Staff Reviewer

THE PACKAGING of "What Happened Was..." has to be among the most corrupt in video land. It shows one of the two stars, Karen Sillas, in something silky and golden and short, her bare legs stretched out alluringly; on the back of the slipcase there she is again, in bed.

It's all a lie, folks. Which is not to say the movie is unworthy. It's fine, and at a number of points, a whole lot better than fine. But it's not the seductress-between-the-sheets number you might be led to expect.

Instead, it's a movie about a first date between two co-workers at a Manhattan law firm, Jackie (Sillas), a secretary, and Michael (Tom Noonan, who also wrote and directed the movie), a paralegal. They aren't kids; they're hovering near 40, at that difficult halfway point in life when everyone starts to realize that those infinite expectations of youth are running hard up against the finitudes of time and talent.

The date is a cheap one: It takes place entirely in Jackie's loft apartment, with dinner by her and wine by him. They're both as nervous as Jell-O, and so the wine is a godsend: They toss it down with abandon throughout the movie. Their talk is strained for a long time as they circle each other.

She: "I like Air Supply... you know, that group from Australia? And Deep Purple."

He: "I remember the telephone numbers of all my friends from grammar school."

This scenario could be played for laughs, or it could be played for roller-coaster drama. It's neither here. The movie carefully draws the outlines of these two characters, and fills them in with small talk, stories, hesitations, pauses and rare moments of connection. This is not a first date that clicks. It moves from awkward to agonized and on to sorrowful. It's not, in other words, a great movie to watch if you're on a date of your own.

What gives "What Happened Was..." its punch is not the encounter itself, but the complexities of the people involved. We meet Jackie as a fumbling, overanxious woman, eager to please but obviously the less powerful piece of the dyad. Michael comes through the door hawklike, observant, content to settle back and let this flight co-worker try to win his interest.

By the movie's climax, though, the world has turned. Jackie reads aloud a horrific short story she has written that's obviously about the grotesqueries of her childhood and the strength she has needed to endure it; Michael's hints at a novel in the making are revealed as

around this odd and marginally appealing love story is a moat of

- **WHAT HAPPENED WAS...** 1994, 90 minutes, Evergreen Entertainment (to be released March 26)
- **JUST LIKE A WOMAN** 1992, R, 102 minutes, Evergreen Entertainment (in release)
- **NINE MONTHS** 1995, PG-13, 99 minutes, 20th Century Fox Home Entertainment (in release)



"NINE MONTHS": Hugh Grant is Samuel and Julianne Moore is Rebecca.

of gumption. Nothing much happens in "What Happened Was..." Yet it's never static. Director Noonan shaped the dialogue into final form as a play in his New York City theater, so he knows it works. And the cinematography — hard to believe in this small space — is remarkably effective. There's a lot of distance between these people, and the camera reflects that; and when we go deeper into their lives, we come tighter into their faces. Nicely done.

Michael and Jackie may lead flawed lives, but at least they have their clothes closets straight. That's not the case in "Just Like a Woman," which stars Julie Walters ("Educating Rita") as Monica, a British landlady, and Adrian Pasdar as Gerald, a mysterious young tenant with whom she falls in love. And the closets? Gerald has this, um, predilection. He likes to dress up in women's clothes. Not just a clandestine pair of pantyhose here and there, but the whole feminine armor: hair, make-up, shoes, an evening dress to die for. It's a movie plot seemingly torn from the files of Ann Landers.

Second only to the Japanese, the British are famous for their amatory detours. Monica is shocked, then amused, then enthusiastic; Gerald learns to share the thrills, and eventually the viewer is treated to the sight of them — the real woman and the sham woman — slow-dancing blissfully.

Around this odd and marginally appealing love story is a moat of

malarkey about Gerald's investment-banker job and a plot by his boss to engineer the takeover of some German companies by some visiting megabucks investors. Eventually the two stories dovetail, but you can see it coming a mincing mile away. An interesting idea for a movie, but not a fully realized one.

Which brings us to the most commercial of this movie lot, the enervating "Nine Months." Hugh Grant plays Samuel, a San Francisco child psychologist and smug self-satisfied partner of girlfriend Rebecca (Julianne Moore), teacher of dance. "Life is dangerously close to perfect, actually," he smirks early on, with those famous English dimples.

Until, that is, Rebecca gets pregnant — and Samuel is dragged, kicking and screaming, into fatherhood.

Tom Arnold and a funny Jo: Cusack co-star as the parents three with one on the way — the homebound, oatmeal-in-the-hank kind of people Samuel is determined not to become. And Rob Williams shows up a couple times doing a shtick as an O.GYN fresh off the boat from Russia.

If you can feel the pain of a guy who Porsche has a picture of Golden Gate Bridge wrapped from dou the time like slapp

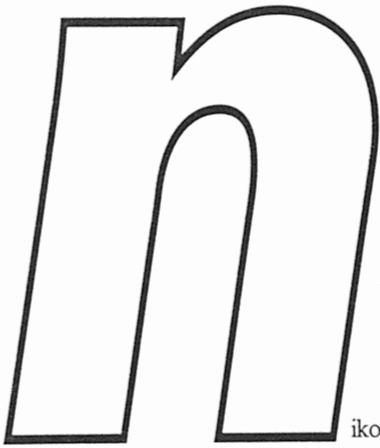


GEE DAD, WHEN I GET BIGGER CAN I WEAR SOME OF YOUR PERFUME



laser's edge

Imagine a spa devoted to permanently vaporizing unwanted body hair. Mary Roach checks into Spa Thira and lets a laser do her legwork. Photographed by Helmut Newton.



Nikolai Tankovich is a man with a funny little secret. He has one hairless leg. It's his right one, from just above his loafer to his knee. He achieved this himself, to test the hair-removal laser he has developed for a company called ThermoLase. Tankovich is one of the world's many laser experts who have turned their estimable talents from national defense to important peacetime pursuits, such as tidy bikini lines and smooth, comely underarms.

If all goes well, my own calves will look just like Tankovich's, only fatter and without the natty dress socks. Following a meeting at ThermoLase in La Jolla, California, I will be whisked across town to Spa Thira, the firm's newly opened hair-removal spa. Like wiry chin hairs, Spa Thiras will be popping up across the land, beginning later this year in Dallas and Beverly Hills.

Tankovich says two treatments with the laser rendered his calf bald, and that it has remained so for the past three years. I may or may not be as lucky as he has been. It sometimes takes four or five treatments. As with electrolysis, the hairs that are lying dormant in the telogen, or "resting," stage escape the blitzkrieg to grow in as they normally would, several weeks or months later. "That's why we moved in the direction of multiple treatments," says ThermoLase CEO John Hansen, who is sitting in on my meeting with Tankovich.

er Mark Wurth (one of the few ThermoLase employees with all their original body hair) envisions a minimum of four treatments. The hope is that a year's worth of lasering will suffice to permanently disable all the follicles. If it doesn't—if you should have, as they say, a resurgence—the hairs can be treated during \$250-to-\$400-a-pop "maintenance" visits once or twice a year.

I have asked Tankovich to explain the technique. What exactly is this laser going to do to me, and how? Tankovich begins. "Idea is simple." (Accent is Russian.) "You have white car and black car. Put under the sun. Which one will be hot? Black one."

Of course, now I see. They're going to upholster my calves in black vinyl and leave me in a parking lot while they run some errands.

"We have special black lotion which we are rubbing into the follicles," Tankovich continues. "Black lotion absorbs laser energy. Energy goes straight to black; doesn't interact with skin, blood vessels, melanin—only follicles. So. Inside follicle, we create a small explosion."

Hansen puts a hand on Tankovich's arm. "Nick..." "Like atomic bomb—phoo!" "Whoa, Nick, let's not use words like explosion." He turns to me. "We like to say vaporize."

Tankovich sketches an explosion...er, vaporizing—cell. "What we have afterward is cell damage: temperature damage and mechanical damage—coagulated proteins and mechanical eruption." Hansen winces quietly.

Despite the harsh vocabulary, FDA safety trials showed no damage to surrounding skin. The sweat glands still functioned,

and there was no scarring or lasting side effects. In fact, Tankovich claims the skin looks better afterward—smoother, softer, and with smaller pores. So much better that studies are under way to document the laser's "skin rejuvenation" effects.

Tankovich pulls up his pant leg. "You want to feel?"
"That's OK."

Spa Thira is gorgeous. If you're going to have your proteins coagulated, you couldn't pick a nicer place to do it. Blond wood, soft lighting, lilies, and Perrier in the changing rooms. The Spa Thira experience begins with a consultation. My consultant is Celeste Amlicke, a flawless beauty with a glossy braid of thick black hair, the sort of hair my own ignoramus genes opted to place on my calves and chin.

Celeste begins her spiel, telling me that the spa was named after the island Thira, in Greece, whose women were known for having perfect skin, and presently introduces me to Lilia, whose name tag identifies her as an aesthetician. "Lilia will be waxing your legs today," Celeste says brightly. I take her aside and carefully explain that, no, in point of fact, I'm here for the laser hair removal.

Celeste smiles patiently. For optimum effectiveness, she explains, my follicles must be empty vessels, wide open to receive the black lotion. So yes, in point of fact, my legs will be waxed. There is a certain nagging irony at work here, but let us press onward.

I am ushered into room three, which contains an examination table, a dishwasher-size laser unit, and Lilia's tidy arsenal of cosmetic torture devices. Lilia applies paper squares to patches of hardening green goo on my calves and, humming quietly, proceeds to rip out my hairs. She shows me the papers after each ripping, the way a car mechanic will show you the old parts so you know he did his job. I nod appreciatively. They look like tiny Rothko paintings that the dog brushed up against.

Major revelation of the day: Having your legs waxed is not all that bad. It's not pleasant, nor would I describe it as painful. In fact, I'd put it about on a par with having small explosions take place in your hair follicles.

Here's the lowdown on laser hair removal: At its worst—in sensitive spots like the knees and ankles—it feels like someone snapping tiny rubber bands at your skin (a sensation the Spa Thira brochure describes as "a rather exciting tingle"). At its best—which for me was about 80 percent of the time—you feel nothing beyond a mild warmth.

The ThermoLase people make a big deal of the fact that the laser is less painful than the electrolysis needle. The way they talk, you'd think the electrolysis needle were a branding iron. I had my

chin electrolyzed years ago, and it's no big deal. It feels like someone dabbing quickly at your skin with a just-extinguished match.

The laser's giant advantage over electrolysis is that it's infinitely faster. The thousand or so hairs on an upper lip or armpit can be lasered in a matter of minutes. Doing it hair by hair via electrolysis takes months of weekly visits. Having your legs electrolyzed is simply beyond the boundaries of cosmetic sanity.

We're a quarter of the way through now. It's an interesting little scene. I'm dressed in a plush white Spa Thira robe and a pair of laserproof industrial safety goggles. My legs are coated with slippery black gunk. I look like a roughneck with a terry-cloth fetish.

The laser work itself is done by a registered nurse rather than an aesthetician. The beam shoots out of a handheld tube and takes the form of a dime-size white spotlight on my skin. The spotlight eats a swath through the black, vaporizing the surface lotion the way Pac-Man gobbles whatever it is he gobbles. Underneath, inside my follicles, little white dots flash and fade, like the Gulf War Scuds as seen on CNN (sorry, Mr. Hansen).

The entire process takes three hours. The nurse leaves, Lilia returns to clean and massage my legs, and that is that.

As for the results, I can't really say. I've had only one treatment, and it was just three weeks ago; waxing alone is supposed to keep the hair at bay for a month. So far, so good.

To get a better idea of the laser's effectiveness, I called four of the women in ThermoLase's ongoing clinical trial. All had had disappointing experiences with electrolysis and were thus far quite impressed with the laser technique. They variously reported hair reductions of 60 percent (armpits), 70 percent (back), 95 percent (neck), and 100 percent (bikini line) one month after the first treatment. The hairs that grew back were typically finer and eventually stopped reappearing after three or four more treatments. Chin hairs were the most stubborn, probably because their growth is influenced by hormone levels; they generally required seven or eight treatments. None of the women had had their legs done, making Nikolai Tankovich the only long-term leg subject. (His success, he says, may be traced in part to his being

male and thus immune to the cyclical effects of estrogen.)

The question remains whether or not these women's newfound hairlessness will prove to be permanent. It's possible that the follicles will eventually recover and start producing full-strength hairs again. "We just don't have enough data yet to say," allows Mark Wurth.

My advice? Adopt a wait-and-see attitude. Wait for the price to come down; see if the treatment does indeed turn out to be permanent. My guess is that both will happen, and that Spa Thira will become as much a household name as Nair. □

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snapping
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bands at
your skin,
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Thira brochure
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