



fanfare

See Pg 7

FANFARE

1985

FOR THE WOMAN YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE.

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THIS MAGAZINE IS PUBLISHED FOR
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SOUTH AFRICA.

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EDITORIAL.

While staring at this blank page, it suddenly dawned on me that the Festive season is almost upon us, and that this issue of Fanfare is, in fact, our Xmas edition.

On looking back over the past year (It went so quickly!), I wondered if the Phoenix has served its purpose.

Some of our members were locked in battle with un-accepting wives. Some are at present going through painful divorces or separations. One irrate wife bluntly accused us of being "SICK". So, what has the Phoenix achieved?

If nothing else, the Phoenix provided a understanding and willing to listen ear, and for many, this was indeed all that was needed.

We have all gone through the agony of not having anyone to talk to and that incredible feeling of being the only one, all alone in the world.

This is where the Phoenix had most of it's success during the past year. Of course, for the first time this past year, we were lucky enough to get some coverage in the news media and the chance to present our case....Let us make a point of it to keep up the good work during 1986!

THE FIRST TIME.

By Joyce.



Not all the things I have written for Fanfare have been true but here is one that is.

The first 20 years or so of my life, all my dressing up were done in deadly secret and it was only when I married that they became a bit more public.

The first couple of years of our married life we were pretty hard up and lived with Pauline's mother who was at some pains herself to make ends meet. To this end she became one of the foster mother's to the Child Welfare Society who, from time to time, needed a foster home to place children in need of care: for this she was paid, not much, but on occasion she had as many as three children staying at her home. At the time I refer to, she had two little girls with her, one of 6 and one of 8. She was supervising their bath on the evening in question but they were both a bit noisy and splashy. It was a bit naughty of Mums (thats what we all called my mother-in-law) to do this but she was wont to threaten her charges with their return to the Place of Safety if they were not pretty well behaved. Now, a fortnight previously I had donned on a woman's hat and coat, rolled up my trouser legs and slipped on a pair of woman's shoes and presented myself to the front door as a social worker from the Place of Safety to enquire how Gladys and Millie were getting on and if they were 'behaving' themselves. Although it was an awful 'Charlie's Aunt' type of dress up, the girls were electrified by my presence and butter wouldn't have melted in their mouths.

But back to the time I write about. I had gone to the bathroom to get something or other when Mums turned to me and quite out of the blue, said, "Gladys and Millie are being tiresome tonight; I wonder when that lady from the Place of Safety is going to come and visit us again?" "Oh, I did bump into her in town today and she said she would be popping around tonight," I replied.

"See," said Mums, "do you hear that girls? She'll be here tonight again to see how well you two are behaving."

In a flash of boldness that I rarely exhibit, I wispered in Mum's ear, "Go on, why not lend me one of your outfits to put on?" She gave me a sly nod and beckoned me out the bathroom with her.

"I'm sure that grey costume of mine will fit you; come and try on the jacket". I followed her to her bedroom, by this time my heart beating like a bloody hammer. She opened her wardrobe and took out the skirt and jacket, an extremely smart tailored outfit.

"I'm sure you could get into this," she giggled, "But it needs a blouse as well," which she promptly rummaged for. "This is a smart costume you know, and if properly worn with a pair of my shoes and stockings it will look super on you".

Breathless with exited delight, all I could say was, "Wow!"

"And if you are going to put on a pair of my stockings you'll need a girdle as well to keep them up, and a padded bra, of course". Without consulting me further, she fished out the necessary items from her lingerie drawer. She also included a pair of panties and a petticoat. "Go on, off you go and put these on. With a bit of powder and lipstick on you'll be quite unrecognisable."

I wasn't sure how Pauline was going to take this complete dressup with woman's undies and everything; I needn't have worried - if anything, She was even more enthusiastic than her mother and insisted that I bath first and nair my legs and underarms. By this time the bathroom was free and I made my way there as I was bid.

About an hour later I was just about ready. With a bit of padding around the hips and bum, the costume fitted me as if it were made for me. The stockings were extremely sheer and felt like heaven on. Mums took a 6 shoe and with nylons on they lipped on very easily. It was the days before acrylic wigs were part of the everyday scene but Pauline had a braid of her own hair and it looked pretty convincing. I protested weakly when Pauline insisted on plucking my eyebrows but she would brook no opposition. In another 15 minutes I was made up up to the nines and with hat, earrings, handbag and gloves, I escaped through our low bedroom window onto the veranda and made my way to the front door.

Pauline's sister Christina opened the front door for me. As she wasn't in on the 'jape' as Pauline described it, she didn't know who I was. She politely invited me in and went to call her mother. Thinking about it now, it was really quite surprising that she didn't recognise her mother's costume which she must have seen many times.

I'll never forget Mum's greeting of me. "Ooh, la, la, and who have we here. I do declare, you look absolutely super dressed up as a woman. We could take you to town like that and not a soul would know you!"

By this time, Christina knew who I was and her attitude was one of delighted awe. "Are you wearing EVERYTHING?" she enquired in amazement. "You look a trillion times better than you did the other night when you put mommie's hat, coat and shoes on. Let's take him like that to the Willard's next door".

I wasn't too keen on this as I preferred to keep it in the family.

"Well, we must go somewhere with you like that," laughed Mums. I'm glad they didn't push the idea of taking me next door to the neighbours; for some reason I have never understood, I don't like appearing in front of males when dressed as a woman and the household next door consisted of a husband, wife and two sons. We did however, go to the Blue Lagoon by car that evening for a couple of milkshakes.

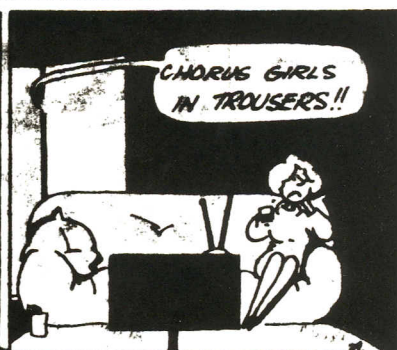
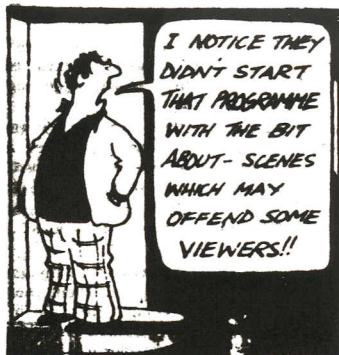
Anyway, that was my first REAL public performance and I really did relish every second of it, not the least of which, was the joyous and gleeful reception it got. Millie and Gladys never really cottoned on to who I was but they did provide the excuse for the whole 'jape'.

One last observation: I did get quite a kick out of wandering into Mum's room later that night in her undies but without petticoat; I was still made up and had the shoes and stockings on. Her only comment was, "We really must do this again to you one night and go to the drive-in with

you like that. I don't think I have enjoyed an evening out so much for years".

We did do it again, several times, in fact, but that is another story...

Ted, Vi





MAKE-UP AND HOW TO USE IT.

By Marlene.

Part 2...Foundation.

With the shaving done you simply must apply a good moisturizer. I like using "ELRIDA CREAM". It is cheap and available from your local Supermarket and Chemists. Elrida gives a very nice cool feel to the skin and makes it Oh, so very soft.

If you have a light beard, the shadow is effectively covered with "MAX FACTOR PAN STICK". Use a colour lighter than your own skin and apply only over the shadow area. Work it in well with the fingertips taking care that you do not stretch the skin. Remember to apply pan stick lightly as a little bit goes a long way. Pan stick is cheapest at O.K.Bazaars.

For a heavy beard you need something a bit more drastic. I recommend "HIDE A MARK". This product isn't so readily available, but any Chemist will order it for you. See the advert for the supplier's address and details. Sorry the advert is in Afrikaans, but if you can't read Afrikaans, I'm sure your Chemist can. Just take the advert to them and ask them to order the product.

Hide a mark seems like a very hard lump as it comes in a jar. To apply rub two fingers hard over the make-up and apply over the shadow area. Spread evenly with the fingertips and here the "use sparingly" warning is most appropriate. The make-up just seems to go on forever, which is just as well as Hide a mark is rather expensive, or seems so when you see the little bit in the jar. But the make-up will last a long time as you use so little. It is available in light, medium and dark, but for our purpose, medium will be fine.

HIDE-A-MARK

Bedek lelike velvlekke

NUUT!



VOORHEEN



NOU

Nuwe HIDE-A-MARK Geel- en Liggaanbedekkingsroom. Dit is al wat jy nodig het om lelike
 lewels, kalle, merke, spatsse en ander velvlekke te bedek. HIDE-A-MARK is waterbestand
 vlek nie on wond maaklik aan. Dit laat jou vel natuurlik heider lyk.
 In 3 skakerings: Lig- tot-Medium, Medium- tot-Donker & Donker.
WOU BY JOU APTEEK

Handelsnuur: Kemrade Distributors (Edms) Bpk. Posbus 244, Bergvlei 2012 Tel (011) 786-2664

Both the above products will cover the shadow area effectively but for most of us it is not quite enough. It stands to reason then that we need a Foundation cream which does some covering as well.

I recommend "YARDLEY PERFECT COVER", also available from O.K Bazaars. This is the tricky part of your make-up purchase. This is the one item of your make-up which simply must be matched to your skin. The only way to do this is to test it on the back of your hand.

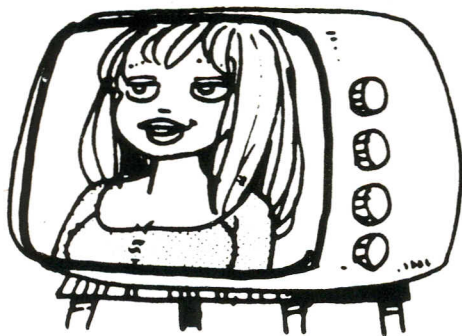
To apply squeeze a small amount into the palm of the hand. With one fingertip apply small dots on the forehead, nose, cheeks and chin. Spread evenly over the entire face, not forgetting around the eyes. Most important - Do not stop at the jawline. Continue a little way down the neck where the make-up should blend gradually with the natural skin colour. If this is not done it will look as if you have a mask on.

Next comes the Blusher. I prefer to use the pressed powder and not the cream type. I believe one has more control over the amount used with the powder. About the only thing to remember with blusher is that it must never show a sharp line where it ends or begin. Always blend the blusher evenly into the foundation. As to where to apply it? It varies according to one's face shape but here is a hint to start with....Suck in the cheeks and apply in the hollows that form in the cheeks. Use sweeping motions and take the colour right up to the temples and slightly towards the area between temple and eye. A bit of practise is needed, but I'm sure you will get the hang of it quickly.

Now we get to the final stage and that is the powder. Never use a pressed powder here as it simply does not work. Keep in mind that we already applied more make-up than what women would use in an effort to cover the beard shadow. With the slight pressure needed to apply pressed powder you may smudge all the carefully applied make-up done previously. In any case, pressed powder can never look as good as loose powder...Ask any make-up artist. All that the powder must do is to remove the slight sheen caused by the foundation and to even out your entire make-up job to a nice matt finish. A good loose powder to use is "MAX FACTOR" and the shade is "NATURELLE". Available from O.K.Bazaars at a price anybody can afford.

How to apply it? Use a good brush..The biggest you can find. Woolworths sell a very nice brush kit containing applicators for eyeshadow, lipstick, and whatever else you may care to think of. It is a worthwhile investment and you may as well buy it now as you will need all of the kit when we get to the eye and lip make-up. Brush the powder lightly over the entire face not forgetting the eyes and lips. The powder on the eyelashes will make them appear thicker and longer when you apply maskara and the powder on the lips will prevent the lipstick from running into the small creases around the mouth and assure you of perfect lips all day....If you should ever need it.

Thats all for now and in the next issue of Fanfare we will tackle the problems of eye make-up and the proper application of lipstick.



"....And this is your TV newsreader, Jim Ironside, saying, goodnight!"

PASSING OUT PARADE.

(A LETTER TO MY SISTER)

By Joy CT-004-S

Dear Ann,

Thanks very much for the phone call the other day. I really appreciated it. As I threatened to do, I am writing to you for the first time in ten years. I'm not sure if I will ever post this letter, or if the act of writing will be a form of therapy in itself.

Well, here it is. Where should I start. "At the beginning", they say. As I don't know where the beginning is, I can't start there, so I will start the only place I know where, and that is yesterday.

Yesterday, an event happened in my life which was the culmination of years of worry, doubt, fear, self-hate, etc. Before you get too worried let me tell you that I can't recall when I was more content in my whole being. Not only as James, but also as Joy, my "sister", or alter-ego. Yes Ann, I now know that I'm a Transvestite. Not a drag queen (Which is a Homosexual being) but a good old Hetrosexual 'TV'.

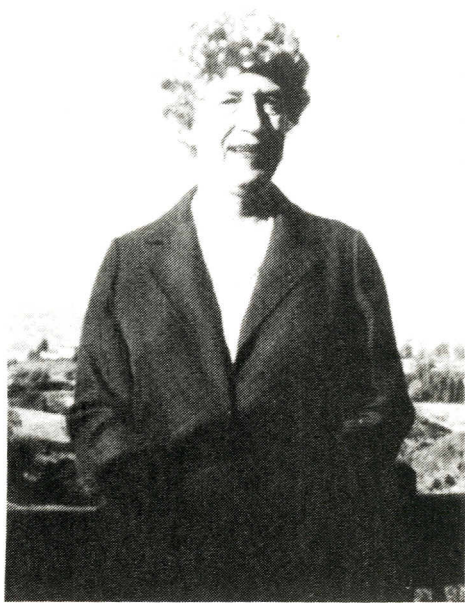
Although not the direct cause of my two marriages breaking up, it was certainly the cause of a lot of tension and anxiety in me as I tried to find out who I was and why I had these feelings. An expensive course of Psychiatry left me much poorer, (Think of all the dresses I could have bought) and none the wiser. The Doctor had never heard of TVs. You were either TS or Homosexual.

It was during this year when I saw a couple of articles in the Huisgenoot and Cosmopolitan on the subject of men who like to dress as women, that I understood who I was. It was through these articles that I heard of, and contacted the Phoenix Society. I very fearfully contacted them via Life Line and arranged a visit. I realised that I was taking a very great chance, as one hears terrible stories of blackmail etc. Here I was about to discuss my greatest fears with strangers. I need not have worried. I met Marlene that evening, who was my very first contact with another TV. I was immediately taken to her and very soon we discovered that apart from being TVs, we had many common interests such as woodwork, music and photography. Marlene gave me some copies of Fanfare to take home and study and showed me the video on "Phantom Ladies" produced by the BBC.

It was incredible! I suddenly found that I was not alone and that at last I found that I could accept my desire to dress as a woman while remaining sexually male.



Kim - England



Becky - America



← Toni - Malta

Lynne - Johannesburg.



Marlene toasting
the new Phoenix
Pub.



AUSTRALIAN SEAHORSE VICTORIA MEMBERS.

These lovely photographs of our Australian sisters were taken at the National Theatre Arts Ball on 17th of August 1985.



Eliane

Pam

Karen



Barbara

Jan Baxter

Marcia



All the girls having fun

From the books which I was always asking for and devouring at a great rate, I discovered that many men were successfully passing as women. This was my ultimate fantasy. The stuff dreams were made of. I read what was needed to do in order to "pass". One must dress suitably for ones age, height, etc. The beard has to be dealt with. (Mine is reasonable light, so I embarked on a course of plucking, which took about a week to do - it was sore, but worth while - no beard shadow, and one can safely go for 24 hours or more after a good pluck and shave to remove the few hairs you miss!) Finally, you must have confidence. I had spent many lunch hours strolling through town (As James of course!) looking at all the women - but in order to see if any could have been TVs. I saw quite a few who may have been, else they were masculine looking females. When I realised that even if I was 100% certain, what would I do about it? Probably nothing!

The hardest hurdle to cross is that if you want to go public, it is not your male-self who goes out "dressed as a female". It is a woman who goes out. This is what the public sees. It is what they want to see and believe. Only if you have been careless, do they start looking for things which are out of place. Remember the phrase, "Be prepared...Be well prepared. Pay attention to all the little details which would not be needed if you wish to dress at home and stay there.

With Marlene's help and guidance I learned about make-up, selected a lovely wig from a friendly wig store, got myself a very lovely 36B falsie, until I could present a reasonable image as a woman. I had a reasonable wardrobe of skirts and blouses, as well as shoes which I had collected during the year. Marlene assured me that I could "pass", but the question was - could I???

Sorry about the long digression, because this brings me back to the story I am writing to you about.

Yesterday, I got up early and got dressed after a bath with Badedas in it. I shaved my legs to remove any hairs that may be a give-away, and then I opened my wardrobe to choose what I was going to wear. This was the first time that I became aware of an argument between Joy and James.

Joy wanted to wear something more mature, with medium to low heeled shoes. James wanted the 4" stilleto heels. As Joy would end up being a 6 foot tall girl, that was going to be taking chances, so Joy won, and she chose a pair of red court shoes with a 2" heel. As these were the only pair of low-heels, the rest of Joy's outfit now had to follow in colour harmony. So a red skirt and white blouse were chosen. White pantihose completed the picture. As I put on each item, I got more and more excited, and also a bit nervous. What I was planning was madness!!! Or was it???

With my wig on my head and my best front on I attended to my make-up taking care to look like a middle aged lady going shopping and not as if I were on a night out.

Eventually, I studied myself in the mirror and decided that I had done my best. It was now or never! Hesitating as if I was about to jump into a cold sea, I opened the door to my flat and stepped out as Joy into the sun. What a lovely experience - to feel the sun on me while dressed as a woman!

I had to remind myself that James had been left behind and that I had confidence in Joy's ability to pass. My pulse rate was well above normal as I got into my car, straightened my skirt and drove into town to do the shopping which Joy had always wanted to do, and which James had embarrass-

edly done in the past.

As I drove I thought about my voice - what to do? Try and speak like a woman? I remembered a tip - talk softly in your normal voice. Men talk in an aggressive manner, by talking softly, your voice softens and can well pass for a woman's, which after all, men find very attractive.

By now I was approaching the parking lot, and the first hurdle was now a reality in front of me. I had to talk to the parking attendant! The difference in reaction that Joy got to that which James normally gets, began to become evident.

"Morning Madam" (So far So good!)

"How much do I pay?"

"80c please Mam, and will you please park right over at the front there".

"Thank you very much", said Joy, flashing her red well manicured nails as she passed the money to him.

"Damn! said James, coming up for a moment, "Nobody ever treats me like that!"

I gathered together the shopping bags and with heart pounding, got out of the car and started towards the Autobank which was to be the first stop. As I walked along I was careful to remember to tilt my hips backward slightly, and to walk with shorter steps. Women just don't walk the same way as men do. For a moment I panicked, as I thought my petticoat was falling around my ankles. Where has my confidence gone? With an effort, I sent James away again, and Joy took charge. She knew the petticoat would not fall down. A few people had passed going the other way, and none had given a second glance.

After drawing money it was onwards to Cuthberts where Joy wanted to change a pair of high heeled Flashdance shoes which James had bought on appro a week earlier. (Bless his heart!)

As Joy was about to enter, a wave of panic suddenly flooded through her. This was not a parking attendant! this was going to need face to face conversation! What was she going to say? Joy came to the rescue and went up to one of the salesladies.

"Good morning, my husband bought these for my birthday, but I take a 6½ and not a 7. Also, I would prefer white to apricot if you have them". With a "Certainly Mam" off she went. James stands around and waits for the attendant to return, but Joy saw a vacant seat, and went to sit down. A few minutes later, Joy was very excited to be able to try on a pair of shoes in the shop, walk to the mirror, turn around and study the heels from the back and all sides. The sense of freedom was fantastic.

"Thank you very much, I will take them", said Joy, at which point a sudden cramp went through my leg! Falling back into the chair, with a face contorted with pain, I clutched my calf and muttered that I had a cramp. Feeling a absolute fool, James tried to make a show in, but Joy told him to shut up...Women also get cramps! The attendant was very concerned. A few minutes later, as she was dealing with the docket, she asked tenderly about the pain, to which Joy replied that it was getting much better.

At no stage did I detect any sign that she was aware that I was a man. As far as she was concerned, she was helping a middle-aged lady, with a slightly deeper than usual voice.

Encouraged by my success so far, I decided to go to Woolworths and browse

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Encouraged by my success so far, I decided to go to Woolworths and browse

around the skirts, blouses and dresses to see what they had, while looking out the corner of my eyes to see if I was attracting any attention. No-one took notice of me at all, which was in fact exactly what I was trying to achieve.

By now, Joy was fully in command, and was feeling more than a little cheeky. She wanted to go to Truworths to the dress department where James had seen some exciting dresses during a lunch hour stroll.

On the way, Joy had to walk past a girl that James used to regularly flirt with! In passing, Joy caught her eye and smiled, but she looked straight through Joy. (Obviously, Joy did not stop to flirt.)

Joy experienced wonderful freedom in the dress department, looking here and there, selecting a dress from the racks and holding it up to her bosom as women do to see what it looked like. While doing this, an attendant came over and said, "Would Madam like to try it on?" So saying, she led me to the fitting rooms, where after a stand in the queue of a few minutes, Joy had a chance to actually try the dress on. It fitted perfectly! What Bliss!

Having tried the dress on, I now had to get it off again. Anxious moments in case my wig comes off! But all is well. On my way out I realised that I needed a handbag to match as a necessity if I wanted to venture out in future, so I found and bought a small clutch bag which also had a shoulder strap.

Joy also spotted an exquisite Royal Blue evening dress in the latest style which is loose around the top, coming down to a band around the waist and a pleated skirt. Why is it that girls can never say no, particularly as this one was the last in Joy's size? Adding it to the pile, Joy went to pay. Luckily, James' chequebook does not have 'Mr', only the initial J so it was no problem for Joy to make out and sign the cheque. No goods on appro this time!

Joy is saving the blue dress for when she takes Marlene and her wife out to dinner to thank them for giving her a new lease to life!

From Truworths, where Joy left with many bags to carry, and an overdrawn bank account (How feminine) to Juicy Lucy for a glass of orange juice. This was to be another test, as James is so well known that the attendants give him the juice without him having to ask. This time Joy was asked, "What would you like dear?" and decided that she should have a medium size

So, she settled down to rest her tired feet and sore calf muscle, and watch the passing show.

Before finally returning home, Joy also went and bought a bottle of Champagne from a bottle store, and feeling very daring, went to the local Supermarket where, once again, the attendant whom James usually flirts with merely took the money and handed Joy the change.

Back home, Joy let out a restrained "Yipee! I did it!", and realised that far from being the end of an era, it was only the beginning. Since that day two weeks ago, Joy has been out shopping again, this time wearing her new contact lenses and she has also been out at night to see a movie. This time she did wear her 4" heels.

Now, after this very long description, I come to some of the reasons why I'm writing to you.

Do you have any idea where I could have got this need to dress from? (I know that dad died when I was 3½ and that I was the only son in a family of 2 daughters) Also, I felt the need to discuss this with you, as I know you have had your own share of problems.

By the way, you will find that Joy is much better at writing letters than James. Mom does not know why she is suddenly getting letters these days, but it is Joy once more. However, she has to be a bit careful of what she says and she leaves the signing of the letters to James.

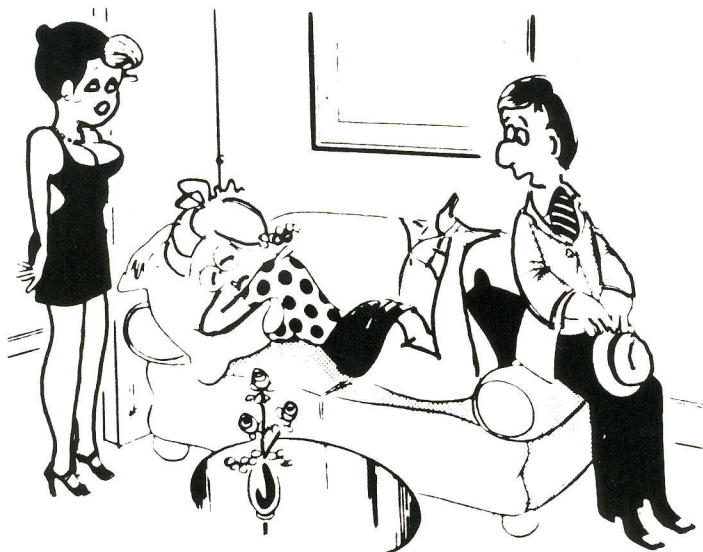
All my love,
From the sister you never knew you had.

Joy.

P.S. James sends his love also!

Footnote from Marlene... This letter was posted and Ann phoned Joy immediately. All Ann said was, "I always knew there was something and I'm very glad it is out in the open now. Joy has all my blessings."

I also wish to point out that Joy's case is a classic example of what can be achieved when one puts one's mind to it. Joy did not simply leave the closet, she quite literally leapt out. When reading this it is hard to believe that Joy had never dressed fully until some two months ago. Joy is indeed an example to all of us and it is a lesson worth learning. Joy did this all on her own and has proved what I have said before so often.. THE PHOENIX SOCIETY CAN'T DO THIS FOR YOU. IT HAS TO BE YOU YOURSELF THAT DO IT!!!!



"Ignore him George, he's just sulking because I borrowed his new dress".

"LUCY".

By Lynne.



Most of us fantasised from time to time, about being dressed in a Maid's outfit and acting as a maid in actual fact. I know that I have fantasised this way for many years!

Some while ago, however, it actually came to pass for me!

We lived, my wife and myself, in a rather big house on the outskirts of Johannesburg, and like most people in the area, we kept a housemaid, and because of the size of the garden, we also needed a gardener. Our maid was, and still is, a Xhosa woman from Kimberley, and like all servants, she has leave from time to time.

My wife is a fantastic woman who knows all about my TVism and while not eagerly keen on it, she knows that it is a part of me, and therefore she accepts it and helps me as much as possible with clothes, make-up and general advice.

However, when our maid goes off for a few days, my wife tends to become all worked up and on edge, so I rather dread it when the maid has to be absent as the atmosphere in the house deteriorates somewhat. So when Mary, the maid, suddenly announced that she had to go home for 4 days, my heart fell more than somewhat.

At the time I had a few days leave due to me and felt that I needed a rest from work, so I said to my wife that I'd stay home for 4 days and do the housework for her. Like, no doubt, a lot of TV's, I have always quite enjoyed working around the house...it seemed to fill a basic need somewhere! My wife was quite pleased about it and I arranged at work to have the 4 days off. I looked forward to a break from the office even if it meant doing housework.

When I arrived home from work the Tuesday evening and greeted my wife at the door, she smiled and said, "There's a present for you on the bed, go and look and see if you like it!"

Somewhat surprised, I went down to the bedroom and she followed, smiling all the while. What a surprise! There on the bed was a maid's uniform, a floral overall with matching pinafore and, of course, a matching "dook" or head-square.

I looked at it in surprise, "For me?" I asked.

"Yes my love, for you. If you're going to be doing the work, you may as well look the part, don't you think?"

I felt that familiar feeling of delight in the pit of my stomach, I'm sure

we've all had it from time to time. I looked at the uniform and could hardly believe it! My wife saw the look on my face and smiled, knowing what was going on in my mind.

"So, my girl" she said, "it'll be starting time at 7 in the mornings as Mary normally does and then you're the maid for the next 4 days".

"Wow!" I said, "I never thought of this, honestly".

"No!" she said, "its entirely my own idea, but believe me, you'll get no special treatment as the maid, so you'd better do a good job. In the meantime, we'd better think of a name for you. What do you want to be called?"

I was still a little stupefied and could hardly collect my thoughts.

"Well, lets see" she thought for a little while then suddenly said, "Lucy! thats who you'll be!" and with that she went down the other end of the house, followed shortly by me and we spent our usual pleasant evening together.

The following morning the alarm went off just after six a.m. and I woke up conscious that this is the start of quite a day for me.

The previous evening I had put the uniform in the spare room together with all the clothes I'd be wearing, so I jumped out of bed, showered, shaved and then went into the spare room, in quite a fever of excitement!

It took the usual time to put on the waist nipper, together with a long-line bra, then underwear, pantihose and my padded girdle. I put on a white slip over that and then tried on the overall. It was a perfect fit! I had a pair of wedge-heeled sandals, very comfortable for long periods, and put those on. Then I put on my make-up and wig, brushing my hair down smoothly and the last thing was the little apron and after tying that behind my back, I looked in the mirror.

There, facing me, was a housemaid...Lucy, in fact! I went through to the bedroom where my wife was still dozing and touched her lightly, "What do you think, darling?" I asked.

"Not bad!" she said after looking me up and down, "but lets get something straight right at the start, I'm certainly not 'darling' to the maid, in the usual way you refer to me as 'Madam', and from this moment on you're Lucy! Now off you go and get started, there's a lot to be done."

I faltered for a minute then entered into the part fully, "Yes Madam!" I said, and turned to go out.

"Lucy" she called after me.

I went back, "Yes Madam?"

"Don't forget to feed James. He gets his breakfast at 8 o'clock. Porridge, toast, jam and coffee, and you give it to him in his room on a tray".

"Me? feed the gardener? what on earth will he think when he sees me like this?"

"Listen Lucy, you volunteered for this job, so don't complain. In any case I've already told him that Mary's gone and that there will be a new girl looking after things. So, you'll have to convince him who you are." She looked sternly at me, "now off you go and don't forget my coffee!"

I went down to the kitchen somewhat dumbfounded. I had not really bargained for this. In a few minutes I was busy washing last night's dishes and generally tidying up. I was immersed in the work when suddenly I became conscious of someone leaning over the top of the back stable door and looking at me. I may have looked all right in the uniform, but it was obvious who Lucy really was!

"You may not believe it James, but I'm Lucy!"

There was no way to hide things so I thought I'd brazen it out. He came in to the kitchen and looked me over, while I tried to stop blushing like a school girl.

"You like it like that?" he asked.

I took a deep breath, then, in for a penny-in-for-a-pound I said, "Yes James, I like it like this, and I'm not Master for a few days to you, I'm just plain Lucy. We're two servants together so lets make the best of it.

He grinned at me, "Ok Lucy, that's all right by me. What about my breakfast?"

"I'll bring it to your room just now" I said, "and I'll bring my coffee too, Ok?"

"Ok Lucy" he grinned, "See you later".

Suddenly I realised I had not done the Madam's coffee. Quickly I made it and almost ran down to the bedroom. "Sorry I'm late with the coffee," I said.

She looked at me sternly, "Sorry Madam! you mean, don't you?"

I looked at her sheepishly, "Yes Madam. Sorry Madam", I said and went back to the kitchen.

My mind was in a whirl, I admit. I was going to take some getting used to, I could see. However Lucy I was supposed to be so Lucy I would be!

I next made James' breakfast and a mug of coffee for myself, then took the tray into the room outside. James was sitting on the bed grinning at me. "You really like it like that?"

I gave him his tray and sat down on the bed. "Listen James, all my life I've liked to wear dresses, skirts, make-up, high-heeled shoes and everything a woman wears. Sure, I like it! This is really me! The other person you see around the house is not really me. Anyhow, as far as you are concerned, I'm Lucy for the next 4 days!"

(Continue in next issue)



"OK - you win the bet, you really are Bill Smith".

MEMBERSHIP LIST 1985/86.

Joyce DN-001-S
 Rita DN-002-S
 Linda TJ-004-S
 Lynne TJ-011
 Gloria TJ-005
 Bobbie TJ-001
 Diane TJ-002
 Sandra DN-006
 Sandra BR-001-S
 Chantal CT-003
 Brenda TVL-001

Rosslyn DN-004-S
 Jane TJ-002-S
 Joanne TJ-009
 Thelma TJ-016
 Caressa TJ-003
 X X X TJ-008
 Antonette TJ-010
 Adelle OF-001
 Marlene CT-001-S
 Joy CT-004-S
 X X X WP-001

Overseas Members;

Anette [REDACTED] - Sweden
 Jan [REDACTED] - Australia
 Lady Paula Howard - Australia
 Alice Purnell - England
 Janine - Zimbabwe

Toni - Malta
 Marina [REDACTED] - Australia
 Connie Nichols - U.S.A.
 Kim [REDACTED] - England
 Shirley - Zimbabwe

OTHER OVERSEAS GROUPS TO CONTACT.

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Tiffany Club - Merissa Sherrill Lynn (Exec.Secretary), P.O.Box 19,
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Norway; Phi Pi Epsilon Nothern Europe, Postboks 1968, 0125 Vika, Oslo 1.

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Australia; Seahorse Victoria, GPO Box 2337V, Melbourne, 3001.

Seahorse Club New South Wales, P.O.Box 341, Royal Exchange,
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National Seahorse Club, P.O.Box 89, Norwood, South Australia,
 5067.

New Zealand; Hedesthia Central, P.O.Box 78-026, Grey Lynn, Auckland 2.

Japan; Chikako [REDACTED] (President), Ant Trading Company, Sakata Building,
 1-12 Iwamoto Cho, Kanda, Chiyoda Ku, Tokyo 101, Japan.

Switzerland; Femme Travesti, 136/Mona/Redaktion, P.O.Box 6788, 8023
 Zurich.

David [REDACTED], in co-operation with Linda in Johannesburg, is in the process of starting a Club for Transsexuals and Transvestites. The club will offer the following; Disco, outings and talks by experts on subjects like, TV/TS and the Law, make-up and hairstyling. It is proposed that the club will meet, at this stage, once a month and all TS/TV, with their wives/girlfriends/partners, will be welcome.

To make this venture the success it deserves to be will need the encouragement and support of all our members. Please help and I'm sure it will help a lot of TVs who are still in the closet to emerge and have a social life at last.

All interested must write to; David [REDACTED],
P.O.Box 48564,
Roosevelt Park,
2129, Johannesburg.

ALL LETTERS/ADDRESSES/PHONE NUMBERS WILL BE
STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL. Supply your phone number
for quick contact.

The Phoenix Society wishes all its readers,
members, friends all over the world a very
happy Xmas and Prosperous New Year.