

JANET



Christmas Edition

For the woman inside.

— EDITORIAL —

Once again it is THAT time of the year!

What girl does not get excited about the thought of lots of lovely presents? Some of us may be fortunate enough to have the 'girl within' recognised to the point that she is given presents. If so, you will have experienced what is to me the height of acceptance. If not, or if you are in a non-accepting environment, then to you I extend my fondest regards at this time of togetherness.

But let us stop for a moment and examine the real meaning of Christmas time. I recall with some sense of shock hearing a friend say one day, 'we do not give or expect to receive presents'. That was because I did not understand that they made a point of giving something far more important than gifts - such as acceptance, tolerance and understanding.

We are a minority group, like it or lump it! Often people in minority groups can become a bit one-sided in their outlook on life. We want acceptance, we want the right to live our lives as we see fit, we want.....The list is almost endless. It is very easy for us to become so mixed up in our own wants that we fail to recognise the wants and needs of our fellow inhabitants of this planet.

The Phoenix Society, with it's sister organisations throughout the world, is devoted to the respect for the rights of the individual. We do not believe in taking advantage of anyone less fortunate than ourselves, or in dominating our fellow beings. We believe that through love, understanding, compassion and caring we can enhance the quality of life of those who come into our circle, however briefly.

It has been said that it is more blessed to give than to receive. What I want to leave you with this Christmas is this....If you want to receive, then you had better start giving. I am not talking materially, but spiritually. The universal language of femininity is love. Not the sloppy soap opera kind but the real hard work kind of love where giving starts to hurt.

If you want love and acceptance, make it your loving duty this coming year to give love and acceptance whenever possible, and it will come back to you again and again.

HAVE A VERY HAPPY AND BLESSED CHRISTMAS!

Marlene.

A XMAS TREE FAIRY STORY.

By Thelma.



A flurry of snow swept across the platform as Fred settled himself in the corner seat of the compartment. In spite of the pre-Xmas rush the London bound train was not crowded. As the train pulled out of the station Fred closed his eyes and thought back to this time a year ago, it had been quite some experience.

Fred had known Elizabeth since early childhood, and though the two of them had remained good friends, Fred had the impression that she was something of a withdrawn and remote person; this left him with the feeling that she was somewhat introverted. Over the years their relationship remained on a strictly

brother and sister basis, that is up to one evening just before Xmas exactly a year before.

Fred had been watching the news on television when Elizabeth rushed in. "Fred, you must help!" She cried. "Mr. Miles who always plays Father Xmas has had an accident and has been taken to hospital and the children at the orphanage are expecting their presents any time now." She paused for breath. "Do hurry up Fred! I'll explain everything on the way."

In the car Elizabeth told a confused and bewildered Fred what she had in mind. "We can't find his Santa costume anywhere and it's too late to hire one now, so I've thrown some things of mine in the back, we'll just have to make do the best we can. I have arranged that we can use Mrs. McKenzie's cottage in the grounds to change." She gave Fred a smile, "Don't look so worried love, you'll be marvelous and we can't disappoint all those poor kids."

"Ah! there you are," exclaimed Mrs McKenzie when they arrived at her tiny cottage. "Please make certain that both doors are locked when you leave, Miss Elizabeth. I'm off to stay with my sister in Scotland for the next two weeks." So saying she picked up her two suitcases and left.

Elizabeth started to sort out the small heap of clothes as Fred stripped down to his boxer shorts. "You'll have to put these on first," she instructed, holding out a tiny pair of black satin briefs followed by a pair of thick red tights. "You'll have to wear this underneath or everything will cling," Elizabeth directed as she produced a short slip and a short skirted, long sleeved scarlet wool dress to go over the slip. "We'll tack cottonwool on the cuffs, collar and hem, it will look just like A Santa's tunic."

Fred had a slim figure, he was no athlete, his one sport was swimming for which he had won a number of trophies. This activity had left him with well developed pectoral muscles. When he had put on the silky slip Elizabeth started to giggle. "What's the joke?" Asked Fred. "That's quite a pair of boobs darling, for a man. I was just wondering if I should have brought a bra for you."

Being much the same height as Elizabeth, the scarlet dress fitted Fred perfectly when it was zipped up the back and the wide black belt fastened tightly around his waist made the short flaired skirt stand out even more. Fred found it a bit of a struggle to get his feet into the shiny, black

calf length boots. For a while he found the two inch high heels hard to walk in but a few turns up and down the room and he found he could walk without too much trouble.

"I must say you make a super girl, Fred," said Elizabeth as she busied herself with a big roll of cottonwool. "It's almost a pity to disguise you with all this." Soon all the white trimming had been stitched in place, cottonwool eyebrows and whiskers stuck on and a red stocking cap with a white bauble adorning his head. The snow was falling quite heavy as they rushed up the short pathway to the orphanage, having closed the cottage doors firmly behind them.

The reaction of the children was heartwarming, within the first few minutes Fred forgot all about his rather feminine appearance in spite of his whiskers, and the children were too young to worry about the fact that there had been no room under the red dress for the traditional rotund padding. At last all the presents had been distributed and, reluctantly, the kids were led out to get ready for bed.

"And now, on behalf of the governors and staff, I would like to offer a heartfelt thanks to the young lady who so admirably took the place of Mr. Miles as our Father Christmas at such short notice," announced the Vicar, his voice echoing around the hall in the silence that followed the children's departure. Fred blushed under his disguise, realising that he was once more the centre of attraction and under more critical scrutiny than that of the children.

"Bravo, my dear!" exclaimed Sir Fordham, chairman of the board of governors, as the applause died down. "I'm afraid that no one has told me your name." Fred gulped in panic. Smiling broadly, Elizabeth answered for him, "Freda, Sir Fordham, Freda Willis." Sir Fordham took Fred's hand and brushed it with his lips. "Charming," he murmured. "I insist that you two young ladies join us for some refreshment in say...half an hour? Lady Murial so wishes to meet you as well as the rest of the board." Patting Fred on the arm he turned away before Fred could make any excuse.

"We've locked ourselves out" wailed Fred as he shivered in the cold on the doorstep of the McKenzie cottage. "My clothes, keys - everything's inside!" Elizabeth gave the door another try. She took Fred's arm, "My place is only a few minutes from here and thank goodness! the flat keys are in my handbag. Get into the car before you freeze."

Back in the warmth of her flat Elizabeth would hear no argument from Fred, "We must go back, they all think you are a girl anyway," insisted Elizabeth. "Afterwards you can spend the night here and I can get a spare key from the cleaners in the morning and take you back later when there is no one about to get your things. In the meanwhile, you'll just have to stay as a girl." As she talked Elizabeth peeled the cottonwool from Fred's face. "Ouch!" he exclaimed as a lot of his eyebrows came away with the cottonwool.

Having no alternative and subdued by Elizabeth's dominant personality, Fred let her have her way. The underwired bra padded out with the remnants of his cottonwool whiskers, gave shape to the bodice of the red dress, now denuded of its white Santa trim. A gold mesh chain belt replaced the wide black belt and sheer black nylon hose now encased his legs. He found that the gold evening sandals were much more comfortable than the tight boots and their much higher heels were quite manageable as long as he remembered to take short steps placing one foot slightly in front of the other.

Elizabeth shaped what was left of his eyebrows to her satisfaction and gave him a full make-up, ending by making his lips full and glossy before placing her black wig in place on his head. It felt strange to Fred, framing his face and cascading down onto his shoulders. "You're learning fast, my girl," commented Elizabeth as he instinctively tossed his head to clear the hair from his eyes. She eased several rings onto his fingers, clipped a pair of gold ear-rings and fastened a selection of gold bracelets and bangles on his wrists. After Fred had been sprayed lavishly with perfume, he was bundled up in one of Elizabeth's winter coats and, clutching a small evening bag, pushed out of the flat and back into the car.

"My dear, you were splendid and you really are quite beautiful!" Gushed Lady Muriel, clasping Fred to her bosom and kissing him on both cheeks. The sight of the tall, long legged girl he had seen in the mirror in the entrance had given him confidence and Fred found that he was enjoying the female role into which he had been thrust. He wondered how much Elizabeth's skill in disguising him had towards him playing a girl's part and how much his remaining undetected was due to the large amount of Christmas cheer which was being consumed. Later, back at the flat, "Oh Freda! That was such fun!" Elizabeth laughed. "I nearly had hysterics when Sir Fordham caught you under the misletoe." She held Fred close to her and kissed him. "I do adore my new girlfriend," she whispered. "Now Freda, darling, here is a nightie, get undressed and slip it on and we'll decide what you are going to wear tomorrow before Fred has to come to live again in the evening."

This was Fred's introduction to the joys of life as a transvestite. With Elizabeth's help and guidance he spent many hours as Freda and as two girls they had numerous adventures together as he became more confident and skilled in feminine ways.

Fred opened his eyes as the train drew into the terminus. His reflections on life as Freda has been a pleasant way of passing the time. He made his way to his home wondering what Elizabeth had in mind for that evening.

"Hello darling! Hurry and get changed, we don't want to be late at the orphanage," Elizabeth said after welcoming Fred with a warm kiss. "Oh no! not Santa again! I thought Mr Miles was back in action by now?" Elizabeth led him to the bedroom, "He is, but you are going to help him." She opened the door, "There you are," she exclaimed. Laid out on the bed was a long pale blonde wig, an intricate silver head dress glittered alongside it. There was sheer pink tights, frilly white panties, silver pumps and a silver star attached to a long wand. Next to this lay a snowy white satin bodice and multi layered short skirt of a ballet dress on which silver and tinsel twinkled.



Elizabeth took Fred in her arms and said, "Freda darling, I think you will make a perfectly lovely Christmas Tree Fairy. Don't you think that is a absolutely marvelous idea????"

THE TAKEOVER

By Lynne.



Mrs Collins was clipping a diamond pendant about Diane's neck when the door-bell chimed.

"Let him wait a minute," she said, "I want you to look your best for your first date!" She looked fondly at the girl in the mirror, "These are my own diamonds and I want you to wear them tonight."

The door-bell pealed again. "Oh bother the boy! Here Diane, clip these on your ears and wear these rings and..." She stepped back and looked at her daughter, "Oh Lordy! you look beautiful!"

She scuttled away to open the door as Diane put the finishing touches to her appearance then looked intently at herself in the dressing-table mirror. Her hair was gently waved, framing her face; her make up was near perfect, her lips gleaming bright red. Diamond earrings sparkled at her ears

and twinkled as they caught the light. She looked down at her hands and the rings winked back at her; her finger nails trimmed, but not too long were painted a beautiful red and she turned her hands this way and that as she admired her overall appearance. She knew she looked her best and knew also that her appearance gave her the confidence to handle what was sure to be a wonderful, but at the same time, a potentially difficult evening.

Taking a deep breath, she walked slowly to the family-room where Mrs Collins and John sat talking. She stepped into the room, then stopped momentarily as shyness came over her.

John jumped to his feet and came towards her, holding out his hands and taking hers. "Diane! You're beautiful! My God! I've never seen anyone so beautiful in my entire life!"

She looked at him for a second, then smiled and lowered her eyes, feeling embarrassed. "Thank you John." She said softly.

Collecting his thoughts, John reached down and passed a cellophane box to his date, "A pretty flower for a lovely lady " he said.

Diane gasped at the beauty of the cream coloured orchid and stood silently as Mrs Collins pinned it to her left shoulder.

"Now you two have a nice evening d'y'hear?" She looked sternly at John, "and don't bring her back too late!"

Grinning boyishly he said, "No Ma'am!"

"Off you go my dear, and have a good time!"

In John's care, speeding towards the town, Diane sat silently, her thoughts a jumble of conflicting ideas. She knew that John was entranced with her appearance and with the delicate scent of her perfume. She knew that she was having a profound effect upon him, she knew it as any girl knows. She felt reasonably certain that she could handle him if he became too amorous; she knew also that she would be forced to allow him to be a little amorous as the price she would pay for the evening. She felt, however, that she would be able to draw the line between too far and just far enough. What worried her more than anything else were Diane's feelings about John. She knew Diane was in charge of her inner-self and she sensed that Diane was more than a little interested in John. As the thoughts flitted through her mind she looked shyly at him from under her lashes. He was certainly a good looking young man, clean shaven, broad shouldered and virile, a prize for any young female. She shivered slightly as she realised that she was highly attracted towards him and although she felt sure that she would be able to control him, she wondered whether she would be able to control herself!

John sensed her slight shiver and slowed the car a little. He turned towards her and put his hand lightly on her knee, "Cold Diane?"

She felt herself thrill at the touch of his hand on her leg and she covered it with hers. "No, not at all."

He squeezed her leg slightly and then took his hand back to the wheel as they approached the lights of town.

Soon he had handed his keys to the parking-boy and with his hand lightly under her elbow, he guided her into the exclusive country club.

They were taken to their table and he ordered aperitif's for both of them as she studied the menu, not clearly seeing the printing but seeing her escort instead, staring at her with fondness. Soft music was playing and there were a few couples on the dance floor as he came around the table to lead her to dance.

Diane rose sharply into her consciousness and, as she walked with John to the dance floor, she heard Diane asking whether she had gone crazy? Dance? With a man? Suddenly she found herself tightly held with John's arm around her waist and hers on his shoulder and once again, Diane was banished into her sub-conscious.

The music was dreamy and John's arm felt so wonderful about her that she had little time to reflect on whether she could dance or not, but found herself floating in his arms around the floor.

In high heels she was only about an inch shorter than her escort and she found his mouth uncomfortably close to her hair, and felt his breath in her ear. She felt faint giddiness engulf her and gripped his shoulder harder for support. His hand on her waist slipped lower to her bottom and he pulled her towards him even more closely. She felt herself melt into him, each part of her body pressed closely to him, and as Diane rose up inside of her, Diane banished him yet again, not wanting to listen to that nagging inner voice, or to question her own actions. She felt blood rush to her face and, smelling the maleness of him, she realised that Diane's feelings were going to be harder to control than she thought.

The music stopped and through the haze in front of her eyes she managed to walk back to their table, John's arm about her waist. She sat as he held the chair for her and as he walked to his seat, she tried to bring herself

back to reality, at the same time fighting the inner Dane who was now screaming at her from somewhere deep inside, telling her how crazy she was to pretend like this, and pushing upwards to try to take over the personality again.

She felt John's hand over hers and heard his startled voice, "What's the matter, my darling?"

Diane banished Dane yet again and smiled gently at him, "Nothing really."

He kept his hand on hers and with the other he raised his martini looking at her over the glass, "Cheers my love, here's to us!"

She raised hers in turn and looked at him through lowered lids, God! he was handsome!!

The evening seemed to flash by with much dancing and just a little eating. They seemed to spend most of the time on the dance floor locked in each other's arms, lost in admiration of each other and she knew that Diane was in control and that Dane was gone, perhaps forever as she fell deeply into the spell of romance.

When John kissed her neck she raised her head in ecstasy and found both her arms around his neck clinging to him and kissing him hungrily and passionately. She clung to him with every cell of her body aching and begging for him.

At the end of the evening, about midnight, they walked slowly out to the car, their arms about each other, lost in the wonder of the romance of the evening. He handed her in, went around to his side and drove away slowly; each lost in their private thoughts, hers being shrouded in utter confusion.

She knew she wanted him, she knew she ached for him, yet her inner self knew it could never be. On the edge of town he stopped the car and in a moment they were in each other's arms again, their mouths locked hungrily. She felt his hands wander around and touch her knee, then slide slowly upwards over her stockings and under her skirt and slip as he thrust his tongue into her mouth and she felt her senses reel.

With a last ounce of resolve she pulled her mouth free and gripped his wandering hand. He tried to resist her but kept his hand under her dress, stroking her thighs despite her own grasp on his fingers. She pulled back to the other side of the car and in an instinctive feminine gesture, pulled down her skirt and gasped, "I must look a mess!"

He was too aroused by her nearness, her perfume, her beauty and her sensuality and he lunged



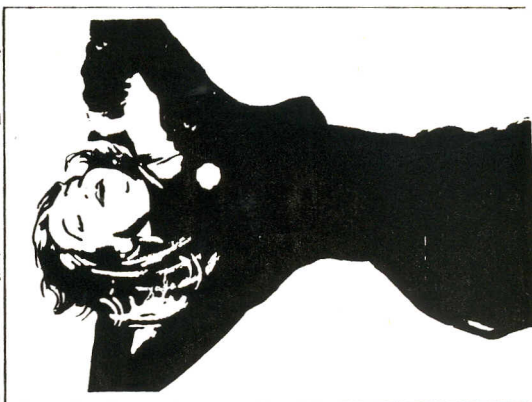
"In case you start getting ideas about the new maid...She's a Transvestite."

purposefully at her, lust inflaming his features, and trying savagely to pull her towards him. His arms were about her and she felt him pulling at the zip at the back of her dress, pulling it downwards. As she struggled against him, the zip lowered and his hand crept inside over her corselette and under the elastic of her half-slip. "No!" shouted Dane as he managed to assert himself into the personality which was jointly his and Diane's. He struggled away from John and once more threw himself to the other side of the seat. John, by this time, had lost all reason and grabbed for the girl again. Dane, horror stricken, managed to grab the door handle and pulled it. As the door flew open, he almost fell out into the night. As he did so, he thrust John away from him, and at the same time struggled to pull up the zipper of his dress, managing to get it half-way up before John was out of the car and after him, crazed with lust.

Dane tripped in his high-heels and slipped them from his feet quickly, wondering at the same time how he had ever managed to get himself into this terrible situation.

John stumbled after him and reached out for Diane, this beautiful girl who had aroused him so much and was now trying to cool him down.....a cock-sucker like most of them! He'd show her just how good he was when he got hold of her again! He lunged out and grabbed at Diane, managing to grip the chiffon sleeve of the dress. As Dane ran further, the fabric ripped and John became even more inflamed by the sight of white flesh gleaming in the star light.

They struggled together on the side of the road, and neither heard the klaxton of the approaching rig as it thundered towards them, its head lights throwing a swathe of light in front. The driver saw the young girl and man struggling as they came into the path of his lights, and he started to brake, normally at first, and then hard as he realised that neither of the youngsters was aware of his rig approaching them. He felt the wheels grip the road fiercely as the emergency brake came into operation.



Dane pushed and fought against John and felt the chiffon dress rip even more and pull down almost to his waist as John made one further desperate lunge, grabbing for her breasts. Diane screamed and threw herself sideways in blind panic, stumble and fell, hitting her head against the road, sending her into blissful oblivion.

The rig driver had one second's glimpse of the young man, eyes wide with fear and panic, before that awful moment when the wheels hit him. He felt the lurch as the wheels passed over his body, the rig shuddering as it mangled the body beneath it and came to a juddering halt.

CONCLUSION IN NEXT ISSUE OF FANFARE.



Sandra - Durban.



Michelle - Cape Town





Marlene and wife.
←

Rosslyn - Durban
→





Jane and Joy - Still drinking,
I see!



Another scene at the
Club in Johannesburg





Michelle - Cape Town.

No! It isn't a misprint!

We actually have two here.

A GENDER TRANSIENT WRITES BACK.

By Phaedra Kelly from
TEMPO magazine, UK.

What was missing from 'A Wife Writes' in TEMPO magazine? We read therein a Feminist plea to be rid of 'sexism', but what exactly is sexism to the male woman? Surely, as the innocent victim in the middle of two mighty monist genders, it is we who are the soft target of just that and more.

The Wife writes of a woman's role as the hardships of dirty nappies, drudgery and unequal pay; what role does she imagine a male one parent family lives in, in an increasingly feminist world? That, plus no pay at all for most of the time, and should they happen to take a conscious decision to put their gender into motion for the purpose of investigating the polarity of the genders, i.e. become a transgenderist like me, they run the risk of losing the child which they may have, like me, fought for eight years in Courts to gain custody of.

I have, in my time, been father/mother to children, delivered my son into this world, been a freelance female model with a reliable agency, a film and stage actress and occasionally a nurse. All of these jobs I have done across the scale, from male to female via my Transformation; having done other jobs entirely as a male, including farming and seaman's trades, I have some comparison to make. They are all equally tiring, dirty and difficult, rife with pleasures, though some may be less dangerous than others. I can safely say that I would suffer them all gladly were I free to do them as a male woman, without having to run the gauntlet of tangled assumptions of both men and women.

Recently, while nursing an elderly man through the night, who had pneumonia and incontinence, I had the feeling that while it would be just as mucky having to clean him up, just as stressful to soothe him through delirious ramblings, I would add greatly to my sense of achievement were I wearing a female nurse's uniform. No! Not the kinky type, I mean the starched apron and blue denim hospital tradition. I will not apologise to either gender for that wish. Nor shall my transformation be shaped by the feminist stereotype anymore than by some male stereotype. I am NOT some male, I'm a transgenderist and have my own gender, my own history, art science and religion. So do we all who transform.

The foundation of what we are is TRUE DUALITY. But here we are floundering in the middle of men and women's false duality, and the rut of negative reciprocal exploitation which that creates. They, it is who call it the 'sex war' and make a rod for their own backsides. Only we can step outside it, and establish among us, our own cycle of positive exploitation. Consider, men and women only meet on one point, that upon which they accuse each other. By day both dress to please their own sex, because regardless of their sham of integration, it is their own sex to which they cling when the can. Business becomes the excuse for this behaviour pattern. When they wish to attract each other, they slip conveniently into the glamour wear appropriate, which has hardly changed in all these years - that same glamour wear which on us they call kinky or stereotype or whatever. All that has altered now, is that they still slag each other for their own success in attracting each other; they just use trendier words to do it. If a woman ask a man's opinion of her choice of clothing, she may be in love with him and thus she may follow his advice. If she does not follow his advice, interest is flagging and she is looking for another mate. The same thing is likely of a man asking a woman's opinion. If a male woman asks for an opinion, it is to confirm her own. While she just might take the council of a fellow transformer,

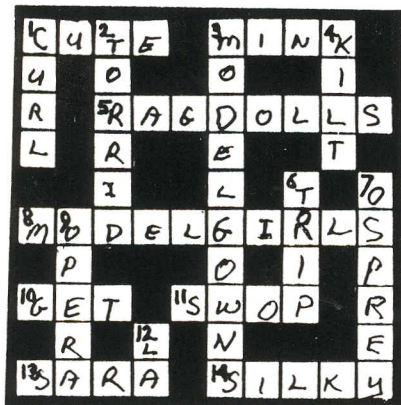
the opinion of men and women, tinged by their gross androgyny envy, false monism and false duality, is hardly trustworthy. If they express disgust, they might easily be immaturely and thinly disguising envy, which one should take as a compliment. In the end, if a male woman's transformation does not look good she has no one to blame but herself. So she is likely to take care that no blame can be laid, and if that makes her look better than a man or a woman could manage, then more strength to her.

We owe ourselves these bountys, for as the wife forgot, we ARE men who must accept all the dirty jobs, the heavy lifting, the tricky and dangerous, which women, even the feminists, will not allow themselves to do when the crunch comes.

So, women now do these jobs too, what do they want, a medal? We have always done them. It's quite some feat to be both male and female, to learn to accept and love one's male self equal to the female self and that is the pioneering role that both sexes really envy.

Meanwhile, we might investigate among ourselves, the beneficial areas of our identity as male women, our advantage over others who can not accept that they have both beings in one. We can see, for example, that women are gently assertive and men are assertively gentle, yet to them, the stumbling block labels of matronising/patronising blind them to the merits of cross harmonising those twin units. Social science recently created the 'Socio-biologist' or, one who investigates behaviour from the standpoint of being an alien from another planet on a visit, for the sake of abstract perspectives. Given the way we have been treated the past thousands of years, we might question the need for that invention. I ask you, my sisters, and whatever brothers may be reading this, to look into yourselves for identity, and outwards at the world by comparison, and to report on it in the magazines. Let us conduct some worthwhile and exciting experiments of our own on our voyage of discovery.

SOLUTION TO X-WORD PUZZLE No.3.



"You see Mr Brown, that brand of hormones didn't work nearly as well for me as they did for you!"

MOTHER'S GIRL

BY JOYCE



A PHOENIX PUBLICATION

— SOMETHING NEW —

Phoenix Publications, a new company, are launching a series of booklet stories that are sure to please our readers. We feel that the first of the series, MOTHER'S GIRL by Joyce, beautifully illustrated by Thelma, will have you begging for more.

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"What do you mean...Charge my husband's account. I am the husband!"



"No son, Dad isn't upset because you wear skirts....It's those bills from FOSCHINI!"

I'm an Addict!

By Lynne.



Have we in Phoenix ever stopped to think about the good that has come out of the Phoenix Society?

Have we ever stopped to ask ourselves whether we would be as free as we are without all the work and the assistance from the Society's officers?

Firstly, before finding the Phoenix, I knew no-one like myself in S.Africa. Like we all have experienced, I was desperately lonely, aching to meet others like myself with whom I can throw off all the barriers, stop counting every word I said and just be myself.

The Phoenix Society opened doors for me and showed me that there are other people out there, just like me, looking for friendship and companionship with some person or persons who speak the same language as I do, who love pretty clothes and wearing them and talking about them, who are not necessarily gay.

Phoenix made it possible for me to meet people like me! Phoenix didn't introduce me to them, not at all! It made it possible for me, taking my courage in both hands, to take a deep breath and get out there to meet the nicest bunch of people I have ever known.

Phoenix got me used to accepting my TVism, that it was actually something to experience and enjoy and not to be ashamed of. I had never actually been ashamed of it, but like most of us, tended to hide myself away from the rest of the world shuddering at the thought of being caught dressed in skirts and high-heeled shoes and other pretty things.

So, gradually I progressed and (hopefully) improved my appearance as I worked at it and practised over and over again at putting on make-up, at wearing dresses and skirts properly so that I would look in the mirror and see a woman, not just a man dressed as a woman.

Phoenix taught me to actually FEEL like a woman when wearing skirts. I have always felt like a woman, my entire life, but had never looked like a woman at all. They helped me to put it all together, to look like a woman and feel like a woman at the same time! And the greatest hurdle of all, to go out in public dressed as a woman and, wonder of wonders, to be accepted as a woman out there.

It happened, fellow Phoenicians, (is that what we are?) that I was in Cape Town on business and, of course, phoned Marlene and was invited to her home. I was staying in a company flat, so didn't have to worry about being seen in a hotel, and on the day when Marlene and her wife said they would come and pick me up, I got myself all dressed up ready for them.

I must point out here that I had a wig which, to say the least, was lousy!

But it was the only one I had so I tried to make the most of it.

When they came for me, Marlene's wife, lovely woman that she is, complemented me on my appearance, and then we sat and chatted for a moment or so; I was dreading the moment when I would have to make my move and leave with them, and brave the big wide world out there as a woman. I had never been outside the house dressed in skirts in my life.

I remember that I was unsure of myself and said to them, "What is your opinion, should I come like this or not?"

They descended on me like a ton of bricks! "It is your decision", they both said, "and your decision only! No-one can help you with that decision, and sooner or later you will have to face up to it!"

So I took a deep breath and went out with them. We had to walk along a corridor and take a lift from the eighth floor of the block of flats, and when the lift came, and other people got out of it, I froze with fear! However, I got into the lift with them and we went down, only to be confronted at the bottom with more people waiting to enter, I froze again! We walked out of the building and across the road. Marlene helped me into the car and was I glad to get into that protective cocoon of steel and shut the world about me out. That was the first time!

It was like wine! One drop and you want more! That was when Marlene made her famous remark to me, "Watch out, its addictive!"

Jeepers Creepers! She was understating the whole issue by 1000%!

Since then I have invested in a new wig, going to a wigmaker that Jane (Pretoria) and Linda (Johannesburg) recommended to me. What a difference it has made!!!

The old wig was black and severe. The new one is brown and soft and wavy. Because I am in my fifties, it is scattered here and there with greying hairs. As Marlene and her wife said to me, "Dress your age! If you are fiftyish, dress like a woman of fifty. Not like a Flapper!!!"

Well, how right they were! My hair is soft and wavy and just this morning I took myself off to the man who made the wig, dressed in skirt and jumper, high heels and (my wife's) fur coat. Mike, the wig maker, gave me a lesson on how best to draw the waves about my face to soften my whole appearance. I had not been doing it correctly and with one sweep of his brush, he transformed me into a normal looking woman whom we all see on the streets every day.

Two days previously, I had taken my courage in both hands and driven to Johannesburg (I live in the Northern suburbs) for a visit to my Psychiatrist, a dear old gentleman who I've been seeing for 6 years and who prescribed hormones for me long ago. I'm still taking them to this day! I'd made the appointment but had not fore-warned him as to my appearance. The first hurdle however, was to walk along Jeppe Street by myself, clutching a hand-bag tightly and waiting for the challenge. It never came!!!

And there is whole wonder of passing as a woman in the streets! Everyone else is so tied up with themselves that they have no time to bother with the likes of you! Once we TVs can accept that, provided that we have taken great care with our appearance and are not looking ludicrous, no-one gives you a second glance!

So what did I do today after the wig maker had brushed my hair for me?

You guessed, I went to Johannesburg, parked the car in a busy street and went to walk and look around the shops.

I KNEW that I looked good! I KNEW I looked like a woman! A big woman perhaps, but there are some big women around, but a woman none the less. I squirmed inside with the sheer thrill and enjoyment of the experience. Walking along the pavement, jostling passers and being jostled as well, but with never a glance at me, not one raised eyebrow, not one smirk behind the hand! What a fantastic experience!

To be able to stroll, look in shops, admire dresses and shoes and not feel strange that people would look at me as a man admiring dresses. I even walked into Woolworths in the lunch time session and mingled with hundreds of lunch time shoppers, fingering this dress or that, feeling material, holding a dress up against myself, just like all the other women do. And nobody turned a hair. I felt so full of confidence that I would have been game for anything, but, as with all middle-aged women, nothing happened. I was purely and simply accepted for what I was, a woman doing casual shopping.

Tony (He was Tony when he said it first) and Marlene (she told me the same thing) were absolutely right!

It IS addictive and I'm hooked!!!

I am a sworn addict, completely and utterly hooked on this thing that happens to hundreds of women, nay! thousands, nay! millions, the world over every single day of the week, every week of the year.

And what is this thing that happens to them?

Nothing really!

They're just accepted as what they appear to be, namely, women!

And I personally owe it all to the Phoenix Society. To the advice, help and encouragement to face up to the reality of TVism and the sheer and utter friendship they have shown me.

All of us who read 'FANFARE' have seen Marlene comment many times that 'IT IS YOUR SOCIETY'. Well, all I can say to that is that I agree, but also to say that it is what it is because of the persistence of the people who run it.

You can sense from the tone of this article that I'm ecstatic! I'm on a High! I feel wonderful! Marvellous! Incredible! and all the other adjectives you can think of, and all because I've crossed the first hurdle of passing and with the inner confidence that my appearance is good, I can go out there and SOCK IT TO 'EM!

Thank you and God bless the Phoenix!

2 October 1986

Dear Marlene,

Thank you for your letter, I was hoping you would spot the advert. I did try to place a more direct advert but your newspapers are not too keen on assisting our type of organisation.

Halcyon is a small T.V. society catering mainly to the publishing needs of cross-dressers in the Midlands and North of England. I heard of your society via a Rhodesian who is a member here; unfortunately he did not know your address and he also mentioned that most southern african T.V.s used Chevalier or Tri-Ess, hence the advert.

Firstly I would like to place an advert in your newsletter offering your members our products and services at a discount. Also we offer freindly advice and assistance to any of your members who are visiting this part of the world (or those who are thinking of emigrating). Unlike many T.V. groups we offer a very wide range for what we see as a very wide spectrum of needs. From the simple fetish needs of only partial cross-dressers, through the 'forced to feminise' fans and 'femme Dom' scene, to the complete transexual. I have enclosed a complete list of products.

Sincerely,

June.

Newsletters:

APRON - published monthly for transvestites with particular emphasis on 'Fifties Fashion'

APRON STRINGS - which is also published monthly but is more suited to the taste of F.D fans who appreciate stories with a forced feminisation or humiliation scenario...some babyism.

PINAPORE PAGES - monthly newsletter for Male Maids and for mail order purchase of Maid Uniforms, Punishment Outfits, corsetry etc.

Magazines:

MAID TO KNEEL - MAID TO PERFORM - MAID TO HUMILIATE
all 'forced to feminise' stories

PAUL(ETTE) - PETTICOAT PAIR - NIECE OR NEPHEW? all T.V.
stories.

BOUND TO KNEEL - HIGH HEELED GOVERNESS - MADAM IN BLACK
all F.D. stories with some T.V. element.

GAYGIRLS - LESBOS LTD - MAID TO LOVE all lesbian stories
with the accent on older woman taking advantage of younger
girl, some humiliation, discipline and good clothing
description.

All Newsletters and magazines are well illustrated. Prices - all
Newsletters £5 each or three issues £12; all forced to feminise mags
£12 for three, all T.V. stories £12 for three, all F.D. stories £20
for three or £8 each. All lesbian stories £6 each or £15 for three.

FROM THE TRANSVAAL REGION.

Dear Members,

It is with regret that we have to say farewell to Linda who has stepped down as Regional Organiser in Johannesburg.

We would like to take this opportunity to say a very heartfelt THANK YOU to Linda for all her efforts over the past 4½ years of organising meetings, phoning around to remind us all about the meetings, setting up the Club and always doing much more than her fair share of the work.

Linda, thank you for your time, your interest, your love and care you have lavished on all of us. A thank you from the many others whom you have always found time to listen to, to encourage and to advise over the years.

We hope you will always be there when we need your guiding hand, that nudge in the right direction and a bit of sound advice.

Thank you Linda for everything and enjoy this opportunity to rest and be refreshed.

You more than deserve it!

At the same time I would like to take this opportunity to inform all members that I will be taking over from Linda with immediate effect.

I may be contacted at; [REDACTED] in the evenings. Ask for Angela, or
A. [REDACTED]
P.O.Box 1595
Edenvale, 1610.

Angela Williams.



"George, if you want to be the woman around the house, you had better take some cooking lessons!"



"Go for the Op; you said. Think of all those glamorous jobs waiting for pretty girls like us!"