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EDITORIAL

Fanfare No. 21....Why does that seem - somehow - symbolic to me. If someone had told me this magazine would actually last as long as this, way back when I was doing the first issue during September 1982, I would have said, "NO WAYS!" But here we are...dare I hope to see issue No.100????

From all the correspondence it is clear to me that Fanfare has kept on improving and it is my hope today, as I write this, that it will continue to do so. Even if we have a very strong letter to the contrary in this very issue. Don't forget to read it. Also, this letter taught me once again that the old saying - You can satisfy some people some of the time, but never all the people all the time - is very true.

I can but only try!

Since issue No.19, in which quite a few photographs were published, I have had numerous requests to please continue to publish fotos. I'm pleased to say that the Society funds can afford to do so and it will be my pleasure to oblige, BUT, I can only print fotos if I get them from you, I can't print them from thin air. So, please don't be shy....Let us all share in your beauty. Send those fotos.

This issue is a real bumper one. 24 Pages! And I promise that it will become even more in future. This increase in pages is the result of a higher membership and it is my prayer that ALL of you will renew membership this coming end of June. Our magazine depends on it.

My apologies for not placing the promised article on skin care in this issue. We have simply run out of space. It will, however, be in the next issue.

Happy reading!

THE TAKE OVER.

By Lynne.

Part one.



Lynne, Author of this story.

The rain was falling in torrents!

The sky, in the gathering gloom, was leaden with unbroken sheets of cloud speeding across it and throwing their contents out onto the sodden earth below.

Dane gazed miserably out of the window of the remote country drug store and wondered what the hell he was going to do!

On a long walking tour of the Southern States, he had been carrying all of his belongings including his clothes, money, I.D. and everything else he possessed, in his back-pack, but it had been stolen while he visited the john at the back of the crummy store.

He had left the large pack at the door while he went in-back and when he had come out again, he had been in time to see a pick-up careering away down the road, with his pack, his rain slicker, everything, perched on the back.

He had shouted in the rain as the pick-up disappeared into the gloom, but to no avail. He had run back into the store and pleaded with the owner to lend him a car, or a truck, to chase the thieves, but the owner was not interested in giving any assistance to this bedraggled figure, a stranger in the area.

Attempts to phone the local police were also to no avail. The rain had affected all the telephone lines and no contact was able to be made with anyone or any where.

Now the drug store was about to close for the night and the country road stretched uninvitingly in both directions with no obvious sign of habitation as far as the eye could see!

The store owner was quite unsympathetic to Dane's plight, merely shrugging his shoulders when asked for help. Dane was disconsolate, and desperate and, frankly, more than a little scared of being stranded alone, without clothes, without I.D., without anything at all, other than the clothes he stood in, with a long and dismal night facing him, in unfamiliar area where he knew no-one.

Eventually, he had to allow the owner to close the store, and it was with a heavy heart that Dane watched him get into his car and drive away without even a wave of good-bye or a small sign of sympathy.

Dane looked at the rain, standing just outside the door and at last, resignedly, stepped into the torrential rain and started walking to his left. To the right or the left, it made no difference, there was nothing to be seen in either direction!

The road was empty, with cornfields and very occasional trees, on either side. Soon the dim night lights of the drug store vanished behind him in the rain as he slowly trudged along the road.

In a few minutes he was drenched, his long hair lying dank around his head and his shoes squelching with each miserable step. He felt as though he was drowning in the solid torrents of water falling about and over him, and his thoughts gradually became more and more miserable. He was drowning both in rain and self pity, and felt almost like weeping at the sudden turn of fate which had led him in this desparate position. If he could only find a farm-house, or a building of any sort, he could ask for shelter or at least try to get under the roof of a barn or out-house to protect himself from the accursed weather!

Time passed slowly and he lost all track of it, as what little light of day gradually faded and dark Stygian night fell all over, increasing his misery. He shuddered as the temperature slowly fell and the chill of his wet clothes seeped into his body.

Eventually, after what seemed like the whole night, the lights of a vehicle approached from behind, the only vehicle which had passed in either direction while he had been walking. In a matter of seconds, it swished past throwing a torrent of water from its wheels as it did so. The splash from the car made no difference to his sodden condition and only added to his misery.

A few yards ahead, the car's brake lights suddenly illuminated, and it pulled to a halt. Then it reversed back towards him. As it came alongside, the passenger door opened and the woman driver called to him. "Lordy! What a drowned young man you are! Come on, get in," she beckoned to him as she said it "I'll give you a lift along the way."

Dane peered at her through the rain, "Thanks Ma'am, but I'm soaked and I'll get your car all wet."

"Makes no odds, boy, come on, get in, hurry!"

He got in and shut the door, very conscious of the water pouring from him. He tried to shrink away from her so as not to spread water over to her side. As the door shut, the sound of the pouring rain was replaced by the drumming of water on the roof of the car. The woman switched on the inside light and they looked at each other for a moment.



Dane saw a fashionably dressed, early middle-aged lady with concern written all over her face. She, in turn, saw a drenched young man of 19 or perhaps 20 years of age with fresh open features and water streaming off every bit of his body.

"I'm Mrs. Collins, Mary Collins. Now what's your name young man, and where can I drop you?"

"I'm Dane Haworth, Ma'am, and I'm grateful to you for stopping like you did, but really, I'm not going anywhere!"

"I sympathise, but you boys'll have to make other arrangements"

"Lordy! boy, that doesn't make sense, everyone's got somewhere to go!"

"No Ma'am, not me, you see....."He told her the story of his predicament, and how he had worked to save money for this walking holiday, and then of the day's catastrophe.

"Oh deary deary me! What about your folks? We can phone them for you".

"I'm an orphan Ma'am, I've no folks at all. I've been working and enjoying my holiday for about a week now until this mess happened and now, "I don't know what I'm going to do".

She looked at him askance, then decisively reached upwards and switched off the inside light as she started driving again, she glanced over at him "Well young Dane, you'd better come home with me. I can't leave you in this awful rain with nowhere to go. I know this area, lived here all my life, and when it starts like this, it often lasts for three or even four days".

She drove onwards, peering through the windscreen at the driving rain outside and trying to see the road in the poor visibility.

"I live some miles ahead, Dane and you're welcome to come with me! Where else would you go anyway?"

"Like I said Ma'am, I've got nowhere to go!"

"Right then, thats settled. Now lets get home out of this terrible weather!"

She concentrated on her driving and they sat in silence for 10 to 15 minutes. Then they turned off the main road onto a gravel farm road. As they drove through glades of trees the sound of the rain lessened, but this only lasted a few minutes before they came out of the shelter of the trees and came to a halt in front of an old farmhouse. Mrs.Collins pressed a switch on the panel and the garage door ahead of them slowly raised itself. Soon the car was inside and she and Dane got out.

"Quickly young Dane, through this door here, come on! Follow me!"

She bustled ahead switching lights on as she scurried around. "I'll throw some towels in here and you take off those clothes and wrap yourself in them, y'hear?"

He nodded.

"Just drop those wet clothes on the floor, I'll look after them, then go down the hall there", she waved her arm towards a doorway, "You'll find the bathroom and have a hot bath. You'll find bath foam, soap and everything you may need in there. Off you go!"

Soon he was stretching in a hot bath, luxuriating in sweet scented foam, feeling the aches and pains and desperation slowly seeping out of him.

"Dane, when you're finished, put on one of the gowns hanging on the door and come through!"

After a while he got out and dried himself, reaching for the gown she had mentioned. He smiled to himself as he saw two ladies gowns, one pink and one pale green. The green was a good fit and he put it on, glad of warmth and dryness at last.

18 Months ago. It was a car crash. It was terrible!"

"I'm so sorry, Mrs.Collins!"

She smiled again, more cheerfully this time, "Don't be sorry Dane. Just think of it, she was Diane and you're Dane!"

For a moment there was silence between them and he could see her mind going back in time. Then after a minute or two she raised her head and smiled cheerfully again.

"I've been a widow for 6 years and when Diane was killed I thought the light had gone out of my life. I've lived alone ever since but must say that I miss her! I've gotten used to it though, but that's not to say that I don't like company now and again!"

Suddenly she stood up and held her hand out towards him, "Thats enough of that, come with me Dane and we'll find some food."

After eating they cleared the table and stacked the dishes in the kitchen. "We'll wash them all tommorow. No more tonight. I'm tired and I'm sure you are too. You'll be sleeping in Diane's room, come on I'll show you where it is."

The bedroom was dainty and feminine, decorated in light pastel colours. Dane felt like an intruder and said so to Mrs.Collins.

"No! My boy, don't feel like that. I'm glad you're here!"

She pulled out a drawer from the dressing table and turned laughing to him, "There's only Diane's nighties to wear! I'm sorry Dane, but this is a house for women!"

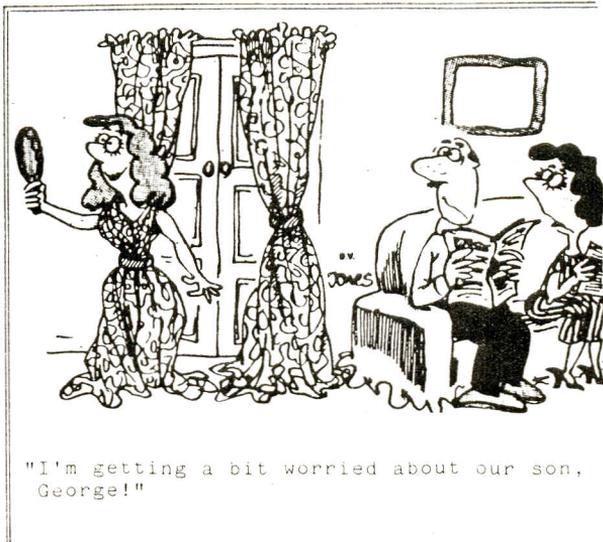
She handed him a pink brushed-nylon nightgown, "Put that on, you're the same size she was, so it'll fit you I'm sure."

He took it reluctantly.

"Don't feel embarrassed boy, just slip it on and jump in-bed!"

She turned to go out the door, "I'll bring you coffee in the morning. Sleep well and good-night my dear."

Dane awoke the next morning and lay for a moment feeling warm and comfortable but hearing the rain beating down outside. He reached over to the window and pulled the curtains apart. The day was the same dull leaden day as previously with unceasing rain. As he lay back,



the door opened and Mrs.Collins entered, a tray in her hands, coffee steaming in two mugs. "Good morning Dane! I hope you slept well?"

"Yes, thank you Mrs.Collins, very well."

She looked out the window, "Look at that awful day! That rain'll be with us a few days yet."

She sipped her coffee and he did the same, savouring the heat of the coffee through the china of the mug. "I'm afraid I won't be able to do anything about your clothes in this weather!"

There was silence between them for a moment, then she continued, "And you can't hang around the house in a nightie and gown, can you?"

"No, I suppose I can't."

She grinned at him, Well then, there's only one thing for it. You'll have to wear some of Diane's things, won't you?"

"What! Me wear girl's things!"

"What else is there? Anyway, you've slept in girls clothes, haven't you?"

"Yes but..."

She sat on the edge of the bed and asked him, "Ever worn skirts before Dane?"

"Never!" he stammered. "Well then, this'll be the first time."



"Damn Mother! He looks better in my things than I do!"

She looked at his startled face and laughed, "Don't look so scared Dane, after all, girls wear them all the time and it will be a while before I can do anything with your jeans!"

She went to the wardrobe and passed clothes over to him as he lay in bed, bewildered. "Here's panties and stockings and here's a slip....then she peered into the wardrobe again and passed over a light brown skirt and cream frilly blouse...and a cardigan to go with it."

He looked askance at the clothes and she laughed, "Come on Dane! You must wear something, mustn't you? Get washed and dressed. Do you think you can manage on your own?"

He nodded glumly.

"Well then hurry on and we'll have breakfast when you are dressed."

Dane lay back in the bed and tried to



collect his shattered thoughts. He looked at the dainty underclothes and stockings and felt that the whole thing was ludicrous,..him, wearing skirts!!!

He took of the nightie and pulled on the nylon panties. They fitted well so he started struggling with the pantie-nose. After a few minutes he'd managed to put them on properly. "God! girls go to a lot of trouble every day!" he muttered to himself.

Next was the slip and he felt a quite delicious feeling as it slithered over his head and down his body. He looked in the mirror and got a shock as he saw how girlish he looked. He fingered the lace on the bodice of the slip and stared at himself unbelievably.

There was a sharp rap on the door and Mrs.Collins breezed in, "How are you doing?"

He turned towards her, feeling ridiculous. "Oh Lord!" she exclaimed, "You're even more like her now!"

She looked at him quizzically, "There's something not quite right though."

There was silence for a few seconds.. "Oh yes! Of course!" She opened the dresser drawer and handed him a bra, "Here, put this on."

"I can't wear that!"

"Why not?"

"Well-----"

"Well nothing", she said. "Look Dane, what's the matter with wearing a bra? All girls wear them!"

"But I'm not a girl!"

"Oh yes? Just look at yourself in the mirror, My dear!"

He looked at himself again and despite himself he felt that he had to agree with her, he did look very much like a girl.

"Come on then, off with the slip for a second...here! slip your arms through here! I'll do it up the back for you!...now on with the slip again!"

She looked at him, her head on one side. She reached into another drawer and pulled out some crumpled stockings. "There now, a little padding in the right place" she fussed with the bra for a moment and was apparently satisfied.

"Now let me help you with the blouse, it buttons down the back!" she turned him around and buttoned him up, "Now the skirt! I'll zip you up...right! now put the cardigan on and come take a look in the mirror now!"

She stood back and gazed at him fondly as he looked in the mirror.

He couldn't believe his eyes! He wasn't Dane anymore! He saw a pretty young girl in a dainty blouse and lacy cardigan with softly swelling breasts jutting forward.

Mrs. Collins brushed out his hair and it fell into wavy curls as she expertly handled it. He looked at himself again and felt a shiver run down his spine. A shiver of delight if he only admitted the truth to himself. He looked exactly like a pretty girl and could not take his eyes away from himself until suddenly she brought him to his senses, "Come on Diane, come to breakfast!"



Continue in the next issue.



"Well, I did warn you that you were dating a different kind of man!"



PAULA IN WONDERLAND.

By Lady Paula Howard.

I'm Paula, and I'm glad of it. Though let's be frank, I owe most of my ability to feel pleased with myself to somebody else, "June". She took me in hand and patiently taught me to be as near as outraged nature would permit to what I'd always wanted to be. Perhaps even a little nearer. This roughly, is how it happened.

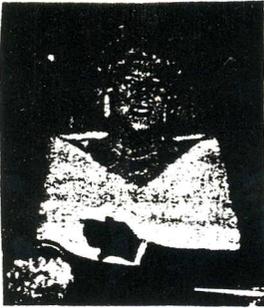
In 1957, after years of increasing TV activity, I left the family home and took an apartment of four rooms in a fashionable building way over on the other side of the city. There I planned to live as much of my life in a feminine role as my business and conveniently limited social obligations would allow. I had an interior decorator in and said, "Furnish, equip and decorate this apartment for my sister who has a super-feminine, exotic senciuous nature."

And that is precisely what the man did. You should have seen it....all it was short of was mirrored walls in the bathroom, a swans-down seat for the john and a built-in Afgan Hound. I loved it!, but a few ordinary friends who visited me found it rather strange. I explained that it was designed for my sister who would be joining me shortly...and so, a month later, Paula was installed and she set about building up a new and extensive wardrobe of dresses, wigs, lingerie, shoes and all that goes to make a well established TV life.

I went out and about quite a lot in the evenings...sometimes to visit good friends who knew about me and more often to the theatre or movies. I never got into any trouble except one night when I forgot where I parked and had to take a taxi home and had difficulty in getting rid of the driver on my arrival. It was a great thrill to ride up or down the elevator with my neighbours and to realise that there was no recognition Later I started to go out in the day walking in the park, shopping in big department stores. One night while seated at the pink-tinted mirror in the very plush powder-room of an Hotel, two women came in and seated themselves on either side of me. To my horror they were the wives of two business associates and close friends. I had dined at the house of one of them only a few days earlier! This, I thought, is the end! But, having glanced casually at me, they got on with their repair jobs made one scandalous remark concerning another woman I knew and tripped out to rejoin their husbands. Saved again!

After some months I became more than a little bored with my own company and decided that I must develope a small circle of acquaintances. As I knew absolutely no other TVs, I made up my mind to disclose my way of life to four old and reliable friends. I invited them around for a martini session one evening and dressed carefully for the occasion. On the front door I pinned a cheerful note saying, "Out for 15 minutes. Martinis are mixed, please go inside and help yourself." I remained in my bedroom until they were well into their second martini and then made my entry saying, "I know this will





be a surprise to you and I apologise, but please give me a martini and then give me a fair hearing while I explain what this is all about". They were literally speechless, but after I had briefly put my case to them, they could'nt have been nicer, particularly the wives.

Not very long after the end of 1958, I met a very lovely girl called June who was a fashion adviser. She ran a charm school and model agency in another town. As we proposed to marry, I felt it would be only fair to disclose my hobby. One night I showed her some photographs and after she recovered from her initial surprise, I told her all about it. A few weeks later she decided she must meet Paula before deciding whether our relationship should continue. This in due course, she did and she decided to accept the situation AND to perfect it as far as possible by way of her charm school technique.



The charm course was really hard work, but worthwhile. It is a pity not all TVs can have the benefit of a similar experience. Working in the school afterwards was most satisfying emotionally and as by this time we had moved away to another town where I was unknown. I suffered no embarrassment in my business life as a result of acting as June's assistant and gimmick.

June insisted that I took the entire course as she gave it to her girls, even down to gym work in black leotard and tights. Then the usual training in walking, turning, descending steps, how to remove a coat, putting and taking off gloves and the whole routine of fashion salon work. We walked miles window shopping while she taught me what good fashion was and how to recognise it. Browsed through countless magazines and spent hours just sitting in so-called smart places watching smart females and picked out who were really chic and who merely thought they were.



After the completion of the course June felt I would be wasted if I didn't assist her in the school. First as receptionist and general clerical duties and later as a stooge for demonstrations to a class. The angle being that if an ordinary male could be transformed into a well groomed woman with clothes, make-up and department store knowledge, how much more can they, as females, expect to achieve.

As the months and years slipped by my feminine personality also developed under June's guidance. All her suggestions I took. I took courses in needlework and dressmaking and have always been an enthusiastic cook. By the time I had mastered the art of flower arrangement and other domestic crafts, June was ready to hand over to me complete responsibility for house-keeping in our spacious apartment and I felt that I had really come alive.



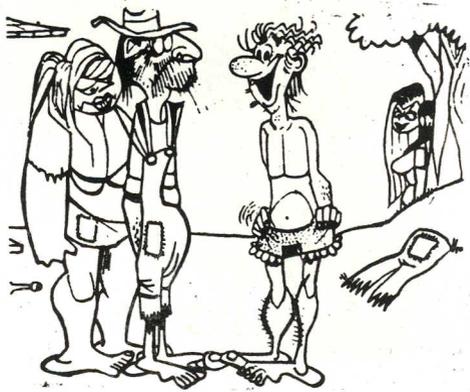
Lady Paula Howard, today.

This arrangement worked marvelously as I was ideally happy while June was free of domestic ties and able to devote her thoughts to the semi social side of her business life in which an ordinary husband to consider would have been, to say the least of it, a severe handicap.

Now we are in yet another part of the country live in a rural circumstances in a large house among magnificent scenery. I have my own apartment on the top floor consisting of what June calls "the play girl's pad", plus a dressing room with rails for all my gowns and a make-up table even Liz Taylor wouldn't mind using. We call the apartment Ma Folie (My extravagance) and I guess that name just about wraps the whole affair up.



"Is 'nt hormones wonderful?"



"The laugh's on you Paw...You said I couldn't get into a girl's pants!"

SEX-CHANGE CLINIC



"Well, Sis, It looks like we're Identical twins."



"The new identity is fine, but did it have to include a sex-change?"

READINGS OF A ROVING TV.

OR

JOYous CONFESSIONS.

By Joy.

Since I had my passing out parade, I have enjoyed going out en femme at least once every two weeks or so. This period has been dictated by circumstances so far, but may increase soon as a result of freedom after telling the kids.

I have enjoyed going shopping, trying on dresses and shoes, going to a movie and just enjoying the feeling of being out of the closet. My landlord and his wife have met Joy, although they have called her by her brother's name and sex.

I wonder if all TVs who have made it out of the closet start to feel as I do now. And that is ultimately what the hell if I'm read. I'm not a woman, this I realise very deeply every time I see a beautiful girl and identify with her. I can however do the best I can, and that I do.



Obviously doing one's own thing carries certain risks, which I now feel are decidedly worth while. Acceptance as a TV comes only when you ARE read, and apart from a flurry of excitement that seems to come in some cases, the folk reading you could not care less, as long as you do not impinge on their right to freedom of expression as well.

On what do I base these comments? I will share with you one or two times I was read. Admittedly, it was a great shock to my pride, but with a realistic appraisal of oneself, unless one is very good, one stands a good chance of being read, so my message is just this - prepare for it - decide how you will react - and then have courage.

The one time I was read (The one that hurt my pride the most), I didn't even know it. The lady in question was so professional that she never let on.

There was a cosmetic sales girl who worked in a certain department store. As happens in these places, there was a large illuminated photograph of an Estee Lauder advert and the lady bore a striking resemblance to the model in the picture. Being something of a Portrait photographer myself (Understatement - Ed), I could not help but comment on the similarity. In doing so my brother earned himself a place in her heart as a bit of a charmer. Also, he had to pass her counter to get to the dress and shoe department. All this is just to let you know that my brother is reasonably well known by the lady.

Thus it was that Joy arrived at her counter, one day, to purchase some Estee perfume. The service which she got was totally professional. Never once did I get the feeling that she knew who I was, bearing in mind the banter that existed between my brother and her, and I duly bought my fragrance and tucked my free gift under my arm and left for home.

A few days later, James went to the same lady and casually said, thanks for serving me last Saturday, expecting a blank look and a comment that "I did not see you". I was totally unprepared for the comment which came...."Oh yes, I remember - why do you do it?"

I was so flabbergasted that I muttered something about needing to do it, and beat a hasty retreat.

Anyway, being a sensitive soul, as most TVs are, I felt that I had hurt her in some way, so, James went and bought a card saying "Sorry", and a spiral vase with two red roses in. These were duly presented, together with an invite to lunch 'if she really wanted to discuss it'.

The lunch date was duly arranged and went off very well. It came as a shock to her to discover that I wasn't homosexually inclined at all! James did his best to get off with her!!!!

I asked her what had led her to recognise me. Was my make-up bad? What was it that had led her to read me - was it something that would be read by others? She replied that she remembered faces, and had considered James a bit of a charmer! (I believe James let the cat out of the bag as he forced Joy's eye to twitch just like a wink as she passed!)

It came as a great shock to realise what Joy's visit had in fact done to her. No sooner had Joy left, than she burst into tears. Apparently she feels that she is fairly sensitive to people and things, and had not picked up the slightest feelings from James about the existence of Joy. It also appears that she has a friend who is a sex-change, as well as many gays in the cosmetic industry.

After our lunch, we both went away, I feel, with a better understanding of each others points of view, and we continue to banter every time James goes past. Pity she has a boy friend whose hobby is moffie bashing..... I don't think I will have a chance to explain.

She read me and yet offered perfect service. I am now accepted as I am and yet not under the false guise of passing as a woman.



"Mind if I try it on for size after you miss?"

A few weeks later I had two experiences as far apart from each other as one could hope to imagine, yet within one minute of each other. In one I was definitely not read, yet in the other I'm sure I was. And very quickly at that.

Episode one occurred after a full morning shopping en femme.

As things will happen, my bladder, which is well known for its incredible capacity, suddenly gave warning that enough was enough, and something had to be done, and soon. I was darned if I was going to go home to have a pee, so the only other option was to go to the ladies. Well, I have always believed that a decision is only made taking into account all the factors ruling at the time. The prospect of being locked up for going into the ladies was trivial compared to the pressure from within. So, putting my best foot forward I marched into the ladies as if I have been doing it all my life. I never looked around, just went in and found the first vacant loo.

Thank heavens I didn't have to wait - there was one free. I now understand the line in 'I want what I want' when Wendy says, "There I was - safe in the ladies lavatory". I had got in safely - I still had to get out. Remember to do it sitting down, and not standing! Having done the necessary, I left the security of the capsule, and emerged into the ladies again. I decided I had better powder my nose and refresh my lipstick which I duly did.

Now for episode two;

I left the ladies and walked into a restaurant opposite, and was read almost on entering.

As I entered the restaurant, a fairly cocky youngster came up and said, "Good afternoon madam - I see you are alone. Are you waiting for company?" "No", I replied, "I'm on my own".

He asked, "Would you like to sit here - or somewhere,,,MORE PRIVATE?"

Somehow I missed the significance of those last two words.

I had hardly sat down when I became aware of some ribald comments being made from the table on my left, across me to a table on my right. I soon became aware that I was the butt of the joke. Remembering Virginia Prince's comment to smile your way out of trouble, I gave the fellow on my right a smile which said that even if you know that I'm a fellow, and Buddy you can't know for certain, I can take it. He smiled back a little self-conciously, and hinted that I should hit the fellow on my left, who had been making the comments. Something to do with '...my underpants'. I heartily agreed that what he needed was something like that, and I was considering the matter. This de-fused the situation, and I waited to place my order. A few minutes later, the fellow who had showed me to my table came to take my order.

Did I imagine the 'Can I take your order - SIR?'

I thought that maybe I did, until the waitress came to take my order. I politely told her that I had already given it to the fellow who showed me to my seat. She explained that he couldn't take my order, and would I mind repeating it, which I did. I was now certain that the fellow who showed me to my seat, had read me loud and clear, possibly through the banter on entry, and came to point me out to others.

The waitress was very polite and helpful and nothing exiting happened until I got up to pay my bill. There were an unusual number of people around the till which I didn't think was strange until someone who may have been the manager came past and told them to get on with it. Seems the staff had gathered around to have a good look, or something! I left with a cheerful thanks! As I walked away, I made sure that my walk on my high heels was as feminine as possible.

Being a sucker for punishment, I went and booked a seat at the local movie, and spent a very uneventful time waiting in the lobby for about 15 minutes without attracting any attention.

So, there you have it... A reading sandwiched inbetween two very enjoyable excursions.

More recently, I went to a shoe store where I found a very attractive young lady with long dark hair. She helped Joy to try on at least four pairs of shoes before having to decide between comfort or elegance. I decided it will have to be comfort - pushing James down who wanted none of this comfort

thing.....elegance all the way.

A week later, James was in the same shop looking for a particular style of black sandal. The same lady came to help, and showed no apparent sign of recognition. Yet, when I asked if I could take them home on appro, she suggested that I take the size asked for and another size, to return only the one 'That does not fit you'. Once again, was I being sensitive? I don't think so. She recognised me, and it made no difference.

We say that we have a problem with society. To a certain degree I do accept that, but society may be a very handy whipping horse - someone to lay the blame on for our own failings. Although I realise that I'm a novice, and will probably be shouted down, I'm coming of the opinion that the average person in the street or shop is far more tolerant than we give them credit for. As long as we behave ourselves with dignity and give them the respect we wish to receive ourselves. The gay community came out in the open some ten years ago. They did not try to imitate anyone. They simply stated that 'This is me - I accept myself - I ask for acceptance in return.'

Strangely enough, we don't have to worry that much anyway. The rest of society sees us as gay, and so we benefit from their groundwork. However, we say we are different, and so try to pass as women. This is the irony of the situation. As long as we are successful, society will never get a chance to accept us, as it will never see us! It is only when we are unsuccessful, for one reason or another, that our presence will be seen, and for us to become noticed.

I'm certain that I have said some pretty provocative things here and that a lot of you will have something to say about it. Please do so through Fanfare so that others will also have the benefit of your views.



"Even if Wilbur has come out in the open, he still likes to feel he's one of the boys".



"Sir, is this the one you're looking for?"

From Thelma.

I have prepared this short article from information given in an Italian publication.

The original text is long and full of petty details of little interest... reaction of hotel staff, what they were given to eat, etc. In any case, my Italian is not good enough to do a full and proper translation, so I have just done a re-write of the basic details.

As for the pictures, the originals were rather flat and badly printed on poor paper. I have increased the contrast to an extent where they should reproduce fairly well in Fanfare without the use of screening.

ITALY'S MALE MODEL GIRLS.

Over the past several years, more and more young men have found employment as professional models in the main fashion centres of Italy, Rome, Florence, Milan and Turin. Working together on an equal footing with their feminine counterparts displaying the latest creations from the top design houses in front of the camera and at trade and public fashion houses.

A spokeswoman for a large Milan based model agency estimates that there are at least twenty male model girls working full time in that city alone. It would also appear that they are in great demand by show organisers, being undetectable in wigs and make-up from the female models.

The minimum height requirement of 5'8" for a high fashion model eliminates many of the young women from entering the profession, however perfect their looks and figures.

Several show organisers and fashion photographers have stated that working with these male models have the advantages of these 'girls' having greater stamina, being more emotionally stable and are in general more reliable than many of the female models available.

It is also claimed that, once having attained the required weight and vital statistics, the male model girls retain their looks and figures far longer than most women, having less diet and weight problems.

The majority of these models are Transvestites rather than Transsexuals, although it would appear that most have resorted to female hormone treatment in order to develop acceptable breasts and feminine curves. The audience at fashion shows are usually unaware that some of the models presenting a fashion collection are in fact males, so perfect is their appearance and presentation.

Recently however, particularly in the field of fashion photography, it has become something of a feature to leave the true identity of the model's gender in doubt. At a trade show of a lingerie collection presented to an audience of international buyers in Venice earlier this year, the models displaying the garments were all male. The photographs illustrating this article are informal shots taken during a break in rehearsal for this show.

How soon, one wonders, shall we see one of our Phoenix members on the cover of Fair Lady, Sarie or Femina????



TWO OF THE MALE MODEL GIRLS AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF THE REMAINDER OF THE TEAM.



TIME TO RELAX AND DISCUSS THINGS DURING A BREAK IN REHEARSALS.



A STRAPLESS BRA AND DRAMATIC LIGHTING MAKES THE MOST OF HORMONE INDUCED BREASTS.



A QUICK CHANGE IN THE MIRRORED ELEGANCE OF A VENICE HOTEL.

A WIFE WRITES — AGAIN...

YES!...THE SAME ONE.



Yes, it's me again! Congratulations on the rising membership - and on the wide publicity you've received over the past year. Great things from small beginnings!

BUT - Oh dear! I still have some gripes about some of the sexist presumptions in 'Fanfare'. I find the cartoons featuring big-boobed, sexily clad women draped all over the furniture pretty distasteful. The least said about the covers, the better.

Before your readers howl in horror at a moralising, puritanical prude, let me set their minds at ease. For those who do not recall my last letter (A wife writes - Fanfare 13), I said then that our society forces the sexes to conform to particular stereotypes. The masculine man and feminine woman, and all that those limiting terms imply. We are constantly bombarded by these images through parents, our peers, the media and the ubiquitous advertisement. Men appear strong, con-

trolled, protective and ever so suave, while women either ooze sexuality and availability (as in Fanfare cartoons) or are submissive, gentle, totally incapable of performing the most simple task and rather scatter-brained. Do you recognise the stereotypes???

Well, have you ever known anyone who fits those images? (YES -Ed) Think of your own friends and family, those people whose 'masks' you have been able to penetrate. I can immediately picture strong controlled women as well as gentle, scatter-brained men, and many more people who have bits of both personalities. TV's, themselves, admit to an envy of the feminine stereotype and an irresistible urge to BE it. I too envy the ease with which society accepts the 'male' point of view, adulates its supposed strength of will and body, and the social and job opportunities open to men BECAUSE they are men. Isn't it true then that women like me and TV's are fighting the same enemy - the constrictions placed on us of our biological sexes? Why then is Fanfare reproducing those stereotypes???

You could say that the big-bosomed ladies are the ideal denied to men and that you are merely catering to those needs. That's pretty fallacious logic. How many TV's - or women for that matter - attain the Rachel Welch image? Most of us are quite ordinary and not about to set the world on fire! Many TV stories mention the excitement of being able to 'pass' as a woman. No real life stories talk of passing as the ultimate sex siren! Yet Fanfare continues to project that image - the same image found in rather tatty and sordid 'men's' joke books. My husband, Janine, like all other TV's, envies the feminine ideal created by society, but he and I both realise that it is only a fantasy which bears no relation whatsoever to real lives that women live - and in fact it is decidedly unfair to expect women to spend

their lives trying to conform to this image. The lives of women, and I'm referring to the large majority of women in our world, is composed of drudgery, wet nappies and unequal pay. We may have curves which men don't have, but how long do they last anyway? My life is full of frustrations, mundanities and stress but I'm quite happy being the person I am, sometimes even ecstatically happy.

(Ed-You should try working at a job you hate, amongst people who are absolute insensitive louts, for 30/40 years simply because you have to AND because you ARE a man. Like you said, we are in the same boat but don't think it is ALL moonlight and roses for men AND don't stare yourself to death only at the entire issue from a woman's viewpoint. I, for one, can't live up to societies ideal of a man AND I have no intention of even trying. Also no interest to try. I enjoy living as a TV - even if a lot of it is fantasy. It keeps me sane in a unjust world. -ED)

I can hear you all say; Yes, but we would be happy too if we could play the same role! Well, I don't play that role. I don't wear make-up, I don't wear high heels or tight shirts, I'm certainly not submissive and, horror of horrors, I don't shave either, Joy! You're all probably wrinkling your noses in disgust! Well, don't! I have no desire to be feminine or sultry (What a laugh!). I just want to be contented with myself and project an image based on reality. Don't TV's want the same things? (Speaking for myself..... quite. - Ed) No more hitting people, no more suppression of your needs, no more guilt?

Why then succumb to the stereotypes foisted on us every day of our lives? There are women (Biological) out there supporting you. Don't contribute to our exploitation by presenting us in crude, ridiculous poses. We all want a society in which we are allowed to be the people we really are. Lets work for it together.

Well, there you are, dear readers. I have taken the liberty to put in a few remarks which is my own viewpoint, but as such, I'm leaving the issue wide open as this is YOUR magazine and YOU shall dictate which format it should consist of. I'm awaiting your answers...Do you want Fanfare to continue as it is, or do we become another feminist viewpoint magazine. I would like to get as many responses as possible on this and I WILL publish your answers. I will Not publish your names. Could we have some remarks from our overseas readership as well??

As a matter of interest^e...If you wish to have a better insight into this matter, I suggest you get the book, 'The transsexual Empire' by Janice G. Raymond. It makes for very interesting reading and it is available in South Africa. Editor.
