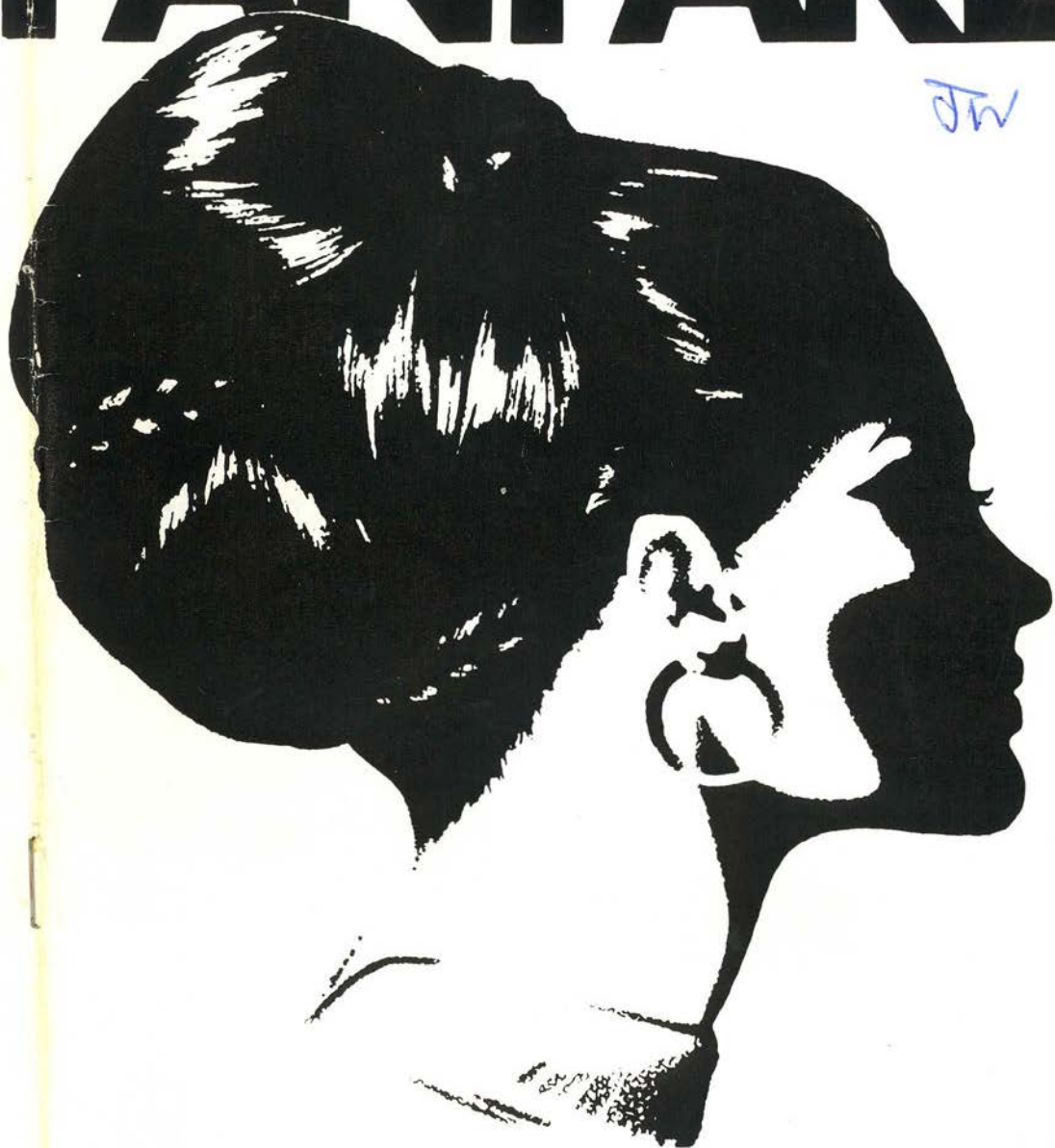


FANFARE

JW



ISSUE 17

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FANFARE

FOR THE WOMAN YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE.

ISSUE No. 17

July 1985

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EDITORIAL



Well, here we go again. The start of another new year and the beginning of a new look Fanfare.

As regards the new Fanfare, I can only hope you will all approve. If not, then for Heavens sake, write and tell me so. Also, don't just criticize, tell me how to improve the magazine.

Fanfare is now produced with smaller print and the reason for this is simply to get twice the amount of reading matter into the same amount of space. This means our production cost remains the same and the postage will only depend on the whims of the Minister of Post and Telegraphs.

For the new year, actually from the next issue of Fanfare, you may look forward to the most incredible artwork and cover designs. This artwork is all done by one of our new members who, modestly, wishes to remain unknown. I will, much against my will, respect her wishes, but still feel that such talent should not go unrecognised.

The Phoenix has once again made some progress during the last year and it is my fondest wish that it will continue to grow and improve.

You will notice that for the first time Fanfare contains photos. Please remember that if I don't get photos from you I can't print any. Come on girls...Let us see what you look like and don't forget to keep writing articles for YOUR magazine. Fanfare may not be much, but remember, it's all you have. Support It!

SHE LIKES MEN WHO DRESS!!

BY DIANA.J. FROM THE U.S.A.

From reading TV literature I learned a lot about how the straight crossdresser feels. I was surprised to find that their fears and guilt were a lot like mine, EXCEPT I'M FEMALE and had them for some time.

It's taken me a long time to feel at ease about liking men who crossdress. I suppose I'm still nervous about it. You had once asked if I'd like to write about my preferences and perhaps share it with your readers. I wrote you that letter many times but always tore it up. So, finally, here it is. I don't know if it will be particularly noteworthy but you are welcome to publish it.

My earliest recollection of beginning to like TV's came from watching old re-runs of silent movies on television. The men wore make-up and I sat riveted, thinking how much better they looked than any other men that I'd seen at that point of my life. I was about 5 or 6 years old but I knew what I thought looked appealing had to be elsewhere, also. I began to look. Again there were the old movies. Any movie that had

men sporting long hair and no beards bowled me over. I thought they were so beautiful.

My favourite picture books all contained handsome princes that looked like girls with their long hair, smooth faces and slender frames. By the time I was 8 I was always daydreaming about a best "girlfriend" who was black-haired, blue-eyed, beautiful and really a boy but only I knew it. I always wished my little friend would become a reality.

High school was even more of an agony than elementary school. It was so hard to fit in and I was so ugly and skinny on top of it. And since I was in high school in the

70's, they were long haired boys all around me. It would have been a look-about heaven except for two dreadful things: Instead of being gentle, they all seemed to work at being tough, always striving to prove that they were not sissies and usually they were all so wild and unfeeling that it always made me a little sad.

I couldn't understand why things were so confused. Why did there always have to be the iron clad pink and blue barriers there, making girls act like they were retarded,

all fawning after some boy's attention and the boys patterning themselves after insensate clods. I hated all the game playing and longed for honesty and openness.

Since I didn't fit in well, I became a loner. I felt guilty over the way I felt and finally began to put any thought that bothered me out of my mind.



"Darling, I'm so glad you like me dressing like a woman."

We moved to a small town and my last two years of high school were so much better. I began to date, my looks improved some and I felt happy even though I was sure that if had that special "girl" friend, I'd be a lot happier. Eventually I moved back into the city where I was born - Atlanta.

For all the sorority sisters who have tried in vain to get a girlfriend or wife to accept their crossdressing, I can certainly sympathize. It can't be worse than asking a man to let me make him up or would they wear a dress for me. Each put-down would hurt but I was determined to find someone who would enjoy playing dress-up.

I did date one man for a while who let me make him up and who would wear some of my clothes that fit him. I was ecstatic but it was only for a short time. One day he flatly refused and confessed that he hated doing that. He felt that it was degrading to him as a man. I was mortified! Out of guilt I let the whole thing drop and after a proper length of time had passed, I assured him that it was all only a passing phase. I hated myself for that one. Eventually we broke up.

I reverted back to an old past-time that I had enjoyed back in '78 and '79, going to drag shows. Where else could I gaze to my hearts content at male crossdressers? Nowhere else that I knew of. I used to go every Saturday night, week after week. It gave me some hope. Some of the queens were just for fun but then there were others that were almost perfection. One in particular took my breath away. "She" was dark-haired with almond shaped eyes and a dazzling smile. She was near perfect and I was getting very fond of this person. The last thing I needed was to become enamored over a gay queen so I decided I'd go

once more and then not go back.

After that show, she passed by so I mustered my courage and told her that I'd enjoyed the show. She thanked me and smiled. I left and didn't go to any shows for two years.

Atlanta has several places featuring drag shows, so, around the early part of this year, I went to one and really enjoyed myself. I watched every move the queens made. I didn't feel guilty about going because I'd finally decided that I really adore men dressed up and there was no reason to feel guilty about being happy. The drag shows get old quickly but now I can go whenever I feel the urge. There's no harm in looking and one of my favourite sights is a man fashionably dressed with the right make-up, a flattering hairstyle and high heels.

I guess that I'm still looking for my "special" friend. I'm very interested in learning about the heterosexual crossdresser. I would like to correspond with single crossdressers and perhaps later on I might be interested in acting as an escort.

I'm sorry that so many of the wives and girlfriends of Tri-Ess sisters have difficulty in accepting the feminine side of their husbands or friends. It's so unfair to expect men to play the role of meek Melanie Hamilton. How would these females feel if there was no other option to the mold of an "ideal" woman?

I don't feel it's a threat to a woman if her husband likes to crossdress. I think it's wonderful and that she should feel flattered. In our culture it has been stressed that women are inferior to men. If a man decides he really admires the feminine side of life and enjoys the luxury of soft, pretty clothes, perfume etc. I commend them their good taste. It takes a lot more courage to admit one's self that certain non-

approved things (in our culture) make them happy and willing to accept it, even if it goes against the pink and blue barriers. Better to do this than conform all the way with outdated ideas and be unhappy. I'm one woman who admires crossdressers and I hope I'm part of a growing number.

Reprinted from Femme

Mirror

THE SUN PSYCHOLOGIST

Melbourne, Australia.

"S.R." writes: I'm 27, female, heterosexual and fairly liberated in my attitudes.

Recently, I went to a fancy dress party and was intrigued by the number of guys dressed up as women.

I particularly noticed that these were usually the burlier, more "macho" guys, and they seemed obsessed with being grotesque and boorish.

Since the party, I've found myself wondering what some of my other male acquaintances - who have beautiful features - would look like in women's clothes and make-up and NOT for a comic, burlesque effect.

At the same time I must admit that there's a wicked streak in me that would love to see some of my more arrogant and overbearing male colleagues wearing women's clothing, just to see how ridiculous they would feel and look.

As you've probably guessed, what I want to know is are these feelings normal?

Also, do other women have the impulse I've described and finally

are there any men who would like to be dressed and made up like a woman?

REPLY: On your first three questions - First, obviously your feelings are normal for you.

You have not only a "wicket streak" but also a fine sense of the ridiculous.

Second, since I'm not a woman, I have no idea whether other women have impulses similar to your own.

If they possess both that wicket streak and sense of the ridiculous they probably do.

The answer to your third question is "YES!" There are a number of men who like to dress up as women.

The clinical label for this is "Transvestism", the definition of which is - "the wearing of the clothes of the opposite sex, particularly if this tendency is associated with sexual excitement or an attempt to function psychologically or physically in the manner of the opposite sex".

The Transvestite act is regarded as a sexual perversion, the causes of which are presumed to be embedded in psychoanalytic theory relating to sexual adjustment.

Whether this hypothesis applies to the men who dressed for comic effect, like those you mentioned, is an open question. Two other casual hypotheses have been offered.

First, the TV is identifying with the parent of the opposite sex. Secondly, with males, crossdressing is a plea for love and security withheld in boyhood, and perhaps given instead to sisters.

The practise of men wearing women's clothing does not receive wide social acceptance. Although many male TV's are not "gay", all tend to be so regarded.

ED: And you thought it was only us in the RSA who had problems??

LIKE FATHER

LIKE SON

Or Something?

By Marlene.



This is a very strange story and I don't think many people will believe it, but, I assure you dear reader, every word is true. It has been said that truth is stranger than fiction and this story will bear out that fact.

I suppose it all started sometime soon after my birth, or before, but I only became aware of my strangeness when I was about 10 years old.

You see, I was a boy but really wanted to be a girl. In fact, I was convinced I was a girl but that my mother wanted a boy and hence I was brought up as one.

These thoughts remained my secret and it was just as well. When I was 16 years old I fell in love!With a girl. Oh, I didn't marry this girl but fell in love with regular monotony for heaven alone knows how many times. Until I met THE girl.

Marriage to Janine came when I was 22 years old and things looked set for a nice peaceful, ordinary and predictable life... Fat chance of that!! I still had my secret desire to be a girl.

Married life was good, however, and I found Janine a very loveable partner, but the close association with her clothing soon started to get to me. I came to the shocking conclusion that I was actually jealous of Janine's femininity.

As time passed things got progressively worse for me. Oh, Lord!! Janine was so sexy and beautiful in her low cut bra's, frilly panties and very high heeled shoes. I knew I could also look like that in her clothes.

Janine must have been a mind-reader because one day, sitting in front of the mirror dressed only in bra, panties, stockings and high heels applying her make-up, she suddenly turned on me and said, "Darling, you look so envious. Would you like to make up your face as well?"

Our marriage was very honest and liberated and suddenly I could see no reason to lie to her and simply sighed, "Oh, yes please."

Janine got a strange look in her eyes at this but said nothing and proceeded to make me up. When she was finished and I saw myself in the mirror, I was be-

side myself at seeing a girl's face look back at me and knowing it was really me.

Janine must have realised the truth and said, "We had better talk about this since it is obvious to me that you like looking like a woman."

We talked and I poured my heart out and by the end of that day Janine had given me consent to dress as I please at home. I gladly excepted and started to dress occasionally. Occasionally became gradually more often and before long I was dressed in woman's clothing 90% of the time I wasn't working.

I must point out here that I had inherited a very large engineering firm and was very well off. I almost didn't have to work. But I did because I enjoyed it.

As time progressed I began to realise that I wanted to be a woman full time. I discussed this possibility with Janine and although not too happy about it, she was willing to see how things worked out.

The very next day I put the factory up for sale. This was soon settled and, not too much to my surprise, I walked away a multi-millionaire. I would never have to work again.

Janine, on the other hand, was a very successful career woman and had absolutely no intention to stop working. So, I stayed home and looked after the household duties. Of course, the staff at home had to be informed of my change of gender, but there were no problems. And

why should there have been? At the wages they were getting, they weren't going to complain.

This situation continued more or less peacefully for the next 4 years. During this time I had my beard removed via electrolysis and with the proper skincare products I was blessed with a beautiful complexion. I had also started, without Janine's knowledge, to use female hormones. Janine did notice my fairly well developed bust, but thought it was because I was wearing a tight fitting bra all the time.

Then the bubble burst!!!

Janine got pregnant and our son was born. She immediately demanded that I revert back to male clothes. I agreed and adapted to the new circumstances. At home I wore male clothing and when the need to dress feminine came I would go to our beach house for a few days.

Some years later, my son, Julian, told my wife that he wanted to wear dresses and be a girl. Just like that! I was away at the beach house at the time and Janine

phoned me there and screamed, "your son is as queer as you are. I've had enough and I'm leaving. Now you and your son can be queer together."

I was in a mixture of shock, anger and hurt. I went home immediately and didn't even stop to change back to male clothing.

When I got home Janine was packed and gone. Julian was sitting in the lounge crying. When he saw me his crying soon stopped to make



"Oh, stop fussing, Harold, you'll pass perfectly."



Lady Paula Howard
AUS-001-S



Jane
TVL-002-S



Toni
MAL-001-S

Marlene
CT-001-S

Jane
TVL-002-S

Connie
US-002-S





Marlene
CT-001-S

way for surprise as it dawned on him that he was looking at his father dressed and made up like a woman.

I went to him and held him to my breast and kissed his tears away. His arms went around my neck and he held me as if his very life depended on it.

When we were more or less calm again, he looked at me and said, "Daddy, you look beautiful but why are you dressed like a woman?"

I answered, "Julian, like you, I also prefer to be a woman and now you must not cry anymore. I'm sure we can work things out."

The divorce went through quickly and Janine was so kind not to divulge the real reasons. On her insistence Julian was placed in my care and we parted company with Janine saying, "John, I wish you and Julian luck and will pray for you both. God knows, you will need all the luck you can get."

I was, to say the least, rather relieved that it was all over. I immediately went back to being a woman full time again. Now I could once again grow my hair and fingernails long and also do what I've always wanted. To have breast implants.

This was duly done and as you can imagine, I was very pleased with the results and so was Julian.

I could't do much for Julian as he was in the middle of a school year. But I did take him to see a Psychiatrist.

I explained my own situation to him and told him all the facts. After some months of sessions with the doctor, he confirmed my own opinion that Julian was a Transvestite but offered no advice as to what to do about it. I decided to follow my own head and see how things worked out.

By this time Julian saw me as his

mother and himself as my daughter. I had already bought him some skirts and dresses and allowed him to wear them at home. It soon became obvious to me that Julian also wanted to be a girl all the time. He was only happy when in skirts.

At the end of that school year, I took Julian out of that school and changed both our names legally by deed poll. Julian became Julia and I became Joanne. We left Johannesburg and moved to Cape Town on a permanent basis. We soon settled down in our new luxury home as mother and daughter.

I sent Julia to a private school and she passed without notice. I had to supply medical reasons for Julia not being able to attend Gym classes, but this did not present too much of a problem.

Our lives soon settled into a happy routine.

On Julia's 14th birthday I gave her, her first female hormones. She touched my breast and signed wistfully. I said, "Don't worry, my little darling, it won't be too long."



"Are you the gent who asked madame for something a little different?"

Julia had by now started using make-up and her hair was shoulder length, lightly permed to give her a slight curl and bounce. She was truly beautiful and bore a striking resemblance to her mother.

On Julia's 16th birthday, we decided to have a intimate dinner for just the two of us. Julia didn't want another of those noisy teenage affairs.

The two of us prepared a wonderful dinner in the afternoon and then proceeded to dress up to the hilt for our candle lit dinner that evening.

I dressed with care and was not a little pleased with the picture I made when fished. I was wearing a loose chifon gown wich reached to just below the knee. The bodice was tight fitting and very low cut. It showed off my bust and small waist to perfection. I was wearing sheer stockings and my highest heels. I was using a bit more make-up than I ussually did and my nails were freshly painted. The very lenght of my nails made my hands look very

slim and feminine. I looked at myself in the mirror and was justly proud of my looks. I was 40, you know. Julia came mincing into my room and exclaimed, "Mommy, you look marvelous, just like a film star."

What can one say about the way Julia looked? She was wearing a tight fitting gold lurex dress, ankle lenght with a slit which reached her thigh. The top was halter neck design with the back completely nude. The front was slit almost to her navel revealing her beautiful mature breasts. She could not wear a bra with that dress, even if she wanted to. She had on 5½" high heel, gold shoes. Her painted toe nails peeping through the open fronts. Her fingernails, long and shaped, painted the same colour. She wore her long, dangling, gold earrings in her pierced ears. (A gift from me). Her hair piled on top of her head in loose curls. I could only sigh and wish for youth.

We had a very pleasant dinner and finished a bottle of Nederburg Cuvee Brut between us. We were just sitting down with our coffee, cigarettes in hand (Yes, Julia was smoking on special occasions), when the front door bell rang.

Julia said, "I'll get it," and minced to the door, cigarette still in hand.

She opened the door and then stepped back startled, hand flying to her breast and exclaimed, "Mother, is it you?!"

Janine stepped inside, a teenage girl in tow and looked at Julia and asked, "Julian, this can't be you?"

Yes mother, except it is Julia now"

Janine sobbed and grabbed Julia by the shoulders and said, "Darling, you've turned into a lovely girl and so sexy and grown-up too."

Julia flew into her mother's arms and Janine kissed her daughter's



"Don't worry. This is just the beginning. By next month I'll have him in skirts."

hair, eyes and lips. Julia did like wise.

Julia pulled her mother into the lounge and said, "Mother, come and meet Joanne, my other mother."

Janine looked at me with a strange expression and said, "Hello Joanne, still as lovely as ever, I see."

"Hello Janine". My heavens, She was even more beautiful with maturity on her now, I thought.

Janine turned to the other girl and said, "Cindy honey, come and meet Joanne and Julia."

Janine, it turned out, had remarried and Cindy was his daughter from his first marriage. Cindy's father had died a few months ago of cancer. Janine and Cindy decided to make a go of it alone since Cindy had no other relatives.

Janine, having kept tracks of our where abouts over the years, and knowing it was Julia's birthday, wanted to come and see how the two of us had made out.

Janine and myself excused ourselves from the children and retired to the study for a private talk.

The moment the door closed behind us, Janine turned on me and said, "Did Julia have a sex change operation. She looks so totally feminine?"

"No," I said, "She's still a boy and so am I. Julia has spoken a few times of having the operation, but I have insisted that we wait and see."

"Oh, I'm so very glad. Now tell me what have you been doing over the years?"

Well, to cut a long story short, I brought Janine up to date and then she did the same.

By the time we realised that we had been talking for a solid 2 hours, we had come to the conclusion

that we still liked each other a lot and maybe we could get together again. We decided to give the matter some serious thought.

Before we went back to the children, I took Janine in my arms and kissed her long and passionately. She hesitated at first but then returned my passion with a hunger that surprised me. We broke and smiled.

Yes, it was going to work out.

We walked back into the lounge and was stopped dead in our tracks.

Julia and Cindy were sitting on the sofa, talking away like they have known each other for years. It was Julia's shining eyes which caught my attention.

Julia suddenly looked at me, smiled and winked.

I knew what it meant. My little girl has fallen in love for the first time....With a girl.

There would be no more talk of sex change operations. Of that I was certain.

I wondered...Could they?????



"He's a she and She's a he. What a marriage this is going to be!"

How do we handle this Situation

BY MARLENE CT-001-S.

I have, on numerous occasions when meeting TVs, observed an uncertainty, or is it a slight embarrassment, amongst those present as to how to behave towards and treat the persons who are dressed.

To clarify allow me to sketch an illustration for you;

A TV whom you have known for many years who happens to have a lot of confidence and therefore pass easily, comes walking towards you one Saturday morning in the street dressed to the hilt. Imagine that he makes a very convincing and attractive woman.

His manner and behaviour will obviously be totally feminine. How will you greet him? With a firm handshake? Or maybe a shout of "How are you my good buddy?"

Another example;

You are playing escort to a fellow TV on a night out for dinner and maybe a cinema or the theatre afterwards. How do you behave towards him? Do you open the car door for him? Do you pull out his chair for him? Do you hold his elbow when walking? In other words, do you treat him as a gentleman should be treating a LADY?

I have observed some very strange rituals amongst TVs when they meet where some are dressed and some not. It would seem as if, even when they are dressed, some TVs still find it necessary to behave in a slightly masculine manner in case someone might think they are over doing things a bit.

I wonder how many of us have ever bothered to note how females behave towards each other in public? I am, of course, referring to those who have been friends for a long time.

Girls will hug each other and maybe even kiss each other. NO! Not the long smouldering type of french kiss. Simply a peck on the cheek is the most common. Unless they are lesbians.

The point of all this is that I have taken some situations at random to illustrate that we don't know how to behave towards each other and if we are to rectify this we will have to make a point of studying female behaviour very closely indeed.

This is particularly true for the TV who goes public at times. If we are to be seen in public, our behaviour MUST be beyond question. Its no good just looking the part, We must think it and where is there a better place to practise this then at a TV gathering?

Try to treat each other, when dressed as ladies. And even try to remember to use the appropriate name! I have personally been called "Marlene" in public when dressed as a male. This could be very embarrassing.

THINK ABOUT IT!

A MATTER OF FORM

By Prudence.

It is, I believe, true to say that the majority of TV's endeavour to dress, behave and appear in the most feminine way possible when the opportunity presents itself, in complete contrast to our everyday masculine appearance. Not for most of us the ambiguity of Unisex.



Distinction between the sexes in dress and bearing was perhaps at it's greatest during the late Victorian and Edwardian era. It was an age when women went to extreme lengths to emphasise and enhance their figures and feminine attributes, an age when the womanliness of women was appreciated and respected.

Having a sister whose vocation lay in the field of stage costumes and who aided and encouraged me in my transformation into the likeness of a convincing looking girl led to my attending a number of fancy dress and costume functions in the guise of a Victorian miss.

Never having been a devotee of bondage, my first sight of a Victorian corset filled me with forboding. With all it's straps, buckles, hooks, laces, steel and whalebone, it looked more like an exercise in structural engineering than an aid to curvaceous femininity.

After a long struggle I was encased in the garment and after becoming accustomed to the tightness and restriction, I was able

to appreciate the incredible improvement to my figure. My tightly held rib-cage and constricted waist made it a necessity to take short breaths and maintain a straight posture. I soon found the tightness at my waist was no less bearable than the waspie corsetlette that was at that time part of my usual outfit.

My sister had sewed in a little extra padding to make my hips fuller and more rounded, and which had my waist line look even smaller. Six suspenders hung down the front and sides of my thighs. In addition an elasticated strap, when buckled in place, supported and lifted my buttocks, giving my bottom a feminine rotundity.

The shaped and stiffened front pushed up the loose flesh of my chest forming it into a pair of high protruding breasts of reasonable proportions, the illusion being heightened by the subtle application of make-up making them look even fuller and rounder with more than a hint of cleavage. Two half moon cork pads inserted into the top under my pushed up flesh completed the illusion of a shapely bosom.

Voluminous silk knickers, seamed stockings and several layers of frilled and flounced petticoats went under the silk brocade gown. When I had been hooked and buttoned into this, the long full skirt, flat in front and gathered and full over the hips and the back where a huge complicated bow rested on my behind. From waist to neckline it fitted over my torso like a second skin where a froth of filmy gauze made a partially concealing nest for my bosom and continued over my upper arms leaving bare powdered shoulders.

The main area of discomfort was my forced up and pushed together breasts. However, the final result was well worth it. The reflection in the mirror was one of complete transformation to the female image,

from naked shoulders, hands and arms made sleek by long elbow gloves, tiny waist, long skirts flowing over full rounded pelvis and the tips of satin shoes peeping from under the deep frill of the skirt hem. Never before had I looked, or indeed felt myself to be, so utterly feminine.

Alas, it is now some years since I have worn such a costume. The London firm of 'Axfords' have a large selection of wasp-waist, lace-up and Victorian style corsetry, together with lingerie, shoes, wigs and stage and TV spec-

ialities. Their address is 306 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, Victoria, London. Brouchures £2. plus overseas postage.

In addition reproduction corsets are available from 'Button', Boot & Spatterdash, Freeport, Colchester CO1 2BR, England. Self addressed envelope plus international postal reply coupons will bring full colour literature.



"How many times must I tell you, Shave before you dress!"

Other Groups to contact overseas

U.S.A.	Tri Sigma Sorority-Carol Beecroft, Box 194, Tulare, California, 93275.
Denmark	M.A. Postboks 192. DK2600, Glostrup, Denmark.
Australia	Seahorse Victoria, GPO Box 2337V, Melbourne, 3001.
New Zealand	Hedesthia, Ms.J.F. Gall, Box 78-026, Grey Lynn, Auckland 2.
Japan	Chikako [REDACTED], Ant Trading Co., Sakata Building, 1-12 Iwamoto Cho, Chiyoda Ku, Tokyo.
England	The Beaumont Society, BM Box 3084, London WC1N 3XX.
France	Gaby Linsig, [REDACTED], 68270 Wittenheim, France.