

fanfare

JW

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FANFARE

FOR THE WOMAN YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
My live as a woman.....	2
Make-up and how to use it.....	7
TVism. A social disease?.....	8
"LYNNE".....	10
Photographs.....	12



Editorial.

Firstly I want to take this opportunity to thank all the members for the amount of patience displayed during the last 2 months while building operations were in progress at my home. I know that all forms of communication from this office has been sparse and it is with great pleasure that I can now announce that actual building construction is completed and only the finishing touches remains. This office is now back in operation.

The article in the July issue of Cosmopolitan was a great success and the response far exceeded my wildest expectations. We have obtained a fair amount of new members and the enquiries are still coming in. So much so that I had to have more Fanfares printed for all the new members.

Speaking of Fanfare...All members who have NOT recieved issue No.17 must please write to me and say so. Also due to the building operations and the amount of post I had to handle due to the Cosmopolitan article, I'm sure I slipped up on some applications and forgot to send off their Fanfares. Anyway, just ask and the mags will be in the post promptly.

Thats all for now...Happy reading.

MY LIFE AS A WOMAN.

By J.Thomas.

I have lived now as a woman for almost nine months, a normal gestation period for most newborns. However, one of the things that sets me apart from other women is the fact that my birth and entry into the world occurred in my fourth decade of life. You see, I was born a genetic male and my prior life was as a man, rather than as a woman.

Transexuals or gender dysphorics are persons that feel a compelling need to live as the other genetic sex. Often you hear or read of such a person feeling that "they are women trapped inside a man's body", that their physical form and psyche are in opposition; that the only way they can find happiness is to reconcile this great difference.

It is difficult to say what other Transsexuals feel or may have experienced. The differences between TSs seems to me to be much greater than what we all share in common. Although a trained Psychologist, I find it almost impossible to generalize from what I have experienced to what other TSs can expect to experience as they transition to the desired gender role.

However, I can recount some of what was important in my own transition. What follows is a brief account of some of the stellar events that occurred along the way, as I transitioned to the gender role that I knew I was destined to live. My story is told as a series of anecdotes grouped as they relate to some of the principals that seemed to work for this woman.

By society's standards I would be considered a heterosexual male. I grew up as a man, was educated as and launched my professional career as a man. Along the way I married women twice and am the father of three children. The first marriage ended in divorce. My first wife was certain someone such as myself must be homosexual---men just don't want to dress and behave as a woman unless they are homophiles.



My second marriage was more successful. Having been burnt once I did not enter into another relationship without first informing my prospective mate that I felt as I did. Sally and I were married for almost 20 years, during which we raised a marvelous son and shared many wonderful experiences. Our relationship was certainly affected by the way I felt, but Sally understood her mate. She considered me first a person, the one she loved, and she was able to deal with my lifestyle (even though she wished it might have been otherwise). Together we had a productive life.

Sally died of breast cancer after a valiant battle the last nine years of her life. When she died I was at a loss. The one person that had known and understood me was gone, and I was alone. Fate can be a strange bedfellow. When Sally was dying I realized that this marvelous lady would not continue to share my life. I knew I would be alone. All my friends would be trying to help - to provide support. But they would not know how I really felt. How could they really help me when they did not know the real problem?

Sally spent her last days at home. We were able to establish hospice and see that she received the best care in the surrounds that she loved. That meant having nursing care in our home. Sally and I discussed how we would handle having nurses living with us 24 hours a day. She knew the imposition that would present to my lifestyle. We decided to be open with regard to how I felt. We would no longer keep my lifestyle a deep dark secret.

I can still remember the first encounter with Susan, the nurse manager assigned to Sally's case by the visiting Nurses Association. She had met Jay on three prior occasions, and Sally had told her of my problem while I was at work. They decided that the nurses caring for Sally would be initially informed that I was a Transsexual. Those nurses who couldn't handle it would be replaced

with ones that would be more comfortable in the situation.

The first time Susan met the real me was quite an experience! At that time I lived a great part of my life as a woman --- working as a man, but spending most of my free time as Jane. Typically I would be Jay on those occasions when it was important to be the husband.

One day Susan came on her usual visit. At that time Sally hadn't told me she had talked with Susan. I was dressed as Jane. In such situations I would stay with Sally until her visitor arrived. When they reached our door (and I knew Sally would be OK) I would leave by the back door and return after the visitor had left. But as I started out, Sally said, "You don't have to leave; I told Susan about you -- she knows about Jane".

So Jane went to the door. Even though Susan had met Jay three times, she had never met Jane.

"Hello Susan", I smiled. "Hello, ." she started, but then stared at me in a disconcerted way,..."I don't think we have ever met".

"Oh, I thought Sally had told you -- I'm Jane". Susan's face broke into a smile of final recognition. "My God, you're gorgeous!"

Although living through the death of a loved one is a terrible thing, I was able to prepare myself during those last months for what lay ahead. I began to allow myself to experience all that had been denied me. Importantly, I began to observe what was going on around me, and how others perceived me, and how they reacted to this person who had changed gender.

Throughout this grief and loss, close friends now knew of the inner conflict I was dealing with. But these friends also had to deal with the loss of the Sally they had come to know, so there wasn't a flocking of attention -- but the support that did appear was genuine and honest. Sally's passing saw me committed and

well on the way to the next chapter in my life.

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Sally's nursing care lasted for five months. In that time Jay and Jane were introduced and came to know several nurses. Nurses who care for terminal patients are a breed unto themselves. Their dedication to their patients are unequalled to any other profession. All of these women were marvelous and several became good friends.

When a new nurse came onto the case we would not immediately tell her about Jane -- we had determined it prudent to wait a few days and see first if she worked out. In a situation such as Sally's, where a person comes into your home on a regular basis and provides such a necessary service, the chemistry has to be just right between nurse and patient. It seemed silly to air our situation before first seeing if the person was going to work out.

That being the case, and the fact that I still worked as a man, some nurses would first meet Jay, while others first met Jane. Later, if they stayed, they would be told Jay and Jane were the same person. In my situation, an interesting phenomenon occurred. There must have been a dozen nurses on the case over the five month period. Every one felt that the person they first met (Jay or Jane) was the role I was best suited to live. Even after they experienced the other Gender, they would tell me the person they initially met was "the real me".

One day I overheard two nurses in a lively discussion. Helen had met Jay first and Brigitte had met Jane first. The subject was the gender role for which they felt I was best suited.

"I don't care how attractive he looks as a woman, he is still a man.", Helen was telling the other. "But I know she is a woman", Brigitte countered. "I could never

have sat in the backyard and discuss the things Jane and I talked about, with a man".

Both seemed equally certain that the gender they had assigned to me was the appropriate role. The first impressions we have of people seem to have a lasting and deep effect. This point was later substantiated when I transitioned to the female role at my work. People who had known me as Jay had much more difficulty in making the adjustment to treating me as a woman, than did persons that met me first as Jane.

People do change their attitudes, but it takes time. Helen, for example, would later tell me I was better suited for the other role. Several weeks after she came on the case, I returned home in male attire. Helen and Sally were watching television. As I sat across the room with a glass of Chablis, I noticed Helen periodically looking my way. Finally she slipped me a cryptic note, "I've changed my mind. You look much better in dresses".

Being open and direct with regard to my gender dysphoria was the approach to be taken. I decided to face the problems caused by my status change in an "up front manner". For me it was not feasible to drop out of sight, resurface in another town as a woman, and start all over again.

I've been told repeatedly by friends and associates how courageous it was for me to make this change so openly -- to "air my private life publicly". I really don't see it as being all that courageous. For me, being able to live the rest of my life honestly was worth some risk. But in taking charge of one's life nothing worthwhile is ever accomplished by playing it safe. Taking a risk includes some hope of succeeding -- and this was part of my thinking.

Having made the decision to live fully as a woman I took six months to plan how I would present my med-

ical situation to my employer. During that time I continued to work as a man, spending all my free time as Jane. By this time my teenage son knew the truth and this gave him an additional adjustment period.

At work I diligently applied myself so as to make my services indispensable. By and large TSs have a difficult time transitioning in the work-place, and staying on their prior jobs. Employers have to have good reason for keeping such persons on. The successful cases I know of all had one thing in common; The person was good at their job. they performed an important function, and to lose such an employee would have been a significant loss to the company. What company would want to go through the aggravation and problems if the person's worth was doubtful or marginal.

During those six months I gave parties and really got to know well some of the people I worked with. I wanted them to think of me as a caring, thoughtful person. When I told them about myself, I wanted them to know me as a person and not just a clinical case to be dismissed.

Being widowed and living with my only son, it became the talk of the town that a blond lady would come and go frequently. Some close neighbors put two and two together. One day after picking my son up from school he informed me that a counselor had called him in to discuss his home situation.

One of the families in the neighborhood, being concerned for David's well-being had told the school that David lived alone with his father, who was now dressing as a woman. As David told me of his conversation with Sister Cheryl, I knew something had to be done to clear the air.

A couple of days later after dropping David off at school, I drove around the block and parked. I had dressed that day most professionally wearing a rich brown corduroy suit with suede patches at the elbows, a

light tan silk blouse and matching burgundy pumps and purse. I made my way back to school to have a talk with Sister Cheryl. We met in the hallway outside the administrative office.

"Sister Cheryl, I'm David's parent, and we need to talk". She hadn't recognized who I was -- with such a different appearance. What followed was a long and most candid discussion. We talked for over an hour. At the end of the session she smilingly patted my arm, wished me good fortune, and assured me that the school was no longer concerned about my son's welfare.

After the six month period, I talked successfully with my employer, and it was decided that I should take a two week vacation while the bank did what was necessary to inform the managers and employees that I worked with. After the two weeks I would return to work as Jane. I spent two weeks on a Hawaiian cruise and had a delightful time. To celebrate my success I went out and had my ears pierced.

Returning to work was most interesting. My reappearing as a woman caused a mild sensation! There were the expected stares and endless questions. Generally people were kind and considerate. I remember one day an executive and myself were at the lift on our way to a meeting. A young man, unknown to me, introduced himself. He began, "I just had to tell you how courageous I think you are. What you are doing takes guts, and I want you to know that I admire you for that".

When the young man left I said to Bill, "I didn't even know that person. I wonder how he knew about me".

Bill just smiled and said, "Everyone within a three-block area knows about you". In a few short weeks there were no longer the looks and stares. People began to treat me as they would any other person. I had given them something to talk about, but after that was over, all were back

to normal.

A close friend recently told me of her reaction on my return as Jane. Beth was away on jury duty when I returned. She is a single parent -- divorced and dating. It seems that Beth and a friend at work discussed the eligible men she might date. Jay's name came up as a candidate. When Beth called into the office the first day after my return, her friend had some shocking news for her; "About Dr. Thomas, I don't think you should consider him as someone you might date".... "Why not?".... "Because he is a woman."

Did relationships at work change? It's really hard to know. I had always felt closer to a certain group of employees, than to any others. There were two or three ladies who always seemed easier to talk with. Gradually these three became my close friends, and we often lunch or go out for a drink together after work.

I continue to maintain my friend-

ships with the other male colleagues as well. Certainly there have been awkward moments -- times when someone might make an off-colour remark in my presence, and then catch himself, look at me and become flustered. My own sense of humour put most people at ease. More than one person has told me that I made it easy for them.

Another observation regarding the reactions of my co-workers fascinated me. To them Jane seemed to be a more open person than was Jay. Mary from the personnel department told me that when she was told that a transexual would be returning to work, even after others tried to describe Jay to her, she could hardly remember who I was. She recalled working on one project with me. The point is that as Jay I was a round a lot, but not memorable. I always seemed to be in the background. To many I seemed a loner. Now I was able to express myself and people recognized the genuineness and relationships developed.

I am enjoying my life!



"..Yes, he's convinced I'm a girl and when I mentioned the 'Phoenix', he thought I was a secretary in an Insurance Company."



MAKE-UP AND HOW TO USE IT.

By Marlene.

Part 1... Shaving.

Since this is the first of a series of articles, we will start at the very beginning and, in our case, that means shaving properly.

There are a number of shaving methods to consider and the most appropriate one for you will depend on; how sensitive or tough your skin is, how soft or tough your beard is, and lastly, what the relation between the first two is. I.E. Very soft and sensitive skin with very tough beard.

Exactly how you approach your shave is entirely your own affair and my tips are only general, but, I'm sure will prove helpful.

Firstly acknowledge the fact that an electric shave can and never will last as long as a wet shave. In other words...If you intend to stay dressed for longer than 4 hours, or so, then ONLY a wet shave will do.

Electric shaving is fine for the person with a very light beard or if you intend to be dressed for only

a very limited period. The most important factor to remember is that (and this applies for wet shaving as well) beard hair don't all grow at the same time. About $\frac{1}{2}$ of your beard is dormant at any given time.

It stands to reason then that if you are planning a special event, you should let your beard grow for 2-3 days before. This way, some of the dormant hair will also have grown to shaving length and when shaved at this time will result in a much longer lasting smooth face.

Here follows some hints to get the best possible results.

- 1) Soak your beard well with hot water, or even better, steam your face over a bowl of boiling water for a few minutes while covering your head and bowl with a towel.
- 2) Before lathering rub PREP well into the skin and beard. leave a few minutes and then lather. PREP is available at all Chemists.
- 3) Use a soapy lather if you must, but I prefer a shaving cream such as "VANDA SHAVE PRETTY". A number of cosmetic houses make such creams for women to use on their legs. These creams will lubricate your skin and beard and reduce the risk of nicks. Also, these creams contain moisturizers and wont dry out your skin like soap lathers.
- 4) Use after shave only on areas where you tend to get a rash or go red. A good after shave is "JADE EAST".
- 5) And most important...Shave at least 1 hour before you start your make-up.
- 6) Use a liberal amount of a good moisturizer on your skin before applying make-up.

In the next issue of Fanfare, I'll be back with hints and suggestions for beard cover and foundation to assist you in getting that peaches and cream complexion we all seek.

P.S. If you want to stay dressed on a semi permanent basis, Electrolysis is the only way. Costly..yes, painfull..A little,yes.....

TVism. A SOCIAL DISEASE?

By Marlene.

Quote;

"TVism, TSism and a few other related conditions, would not exist if our Stereotypical Society did not CREATE the potential for it to happen in the first place".

Now, that is quite a mouthful and a very profound statement to make. I admit it, but sincerely feel that there is a lot of truth locked up there for anybody with an open mind to see. Allow me to explain.

I don't disagree with the clever people who state that traits like aggressiveness and competitiveness are inherently masculine characteristics, or that traits like gentleness and loving is naturally feminine characteristics.

What I do disagree with is the fact that it is automatically assumed that ALL males should be aggressive and ALL females should be gentle.

It is my contention that, if allowed to, some men could be as gentle as the most feminine female and if allowed to, some women can be as aggressive as the most masculine male.

I say "if allowed to", simply because this is just not done in our society. Society has reached a stage where it actually believes that it is morally wrong and even sinful for a man to be gentle. Society has become a little more tolerant of the aggressive militant female. Women have fought for this right and I don't hear as many people laughing at the feminist movement as they did in those Bra-burning days back in the early seventies.

Yes, women have made enormous progress and most of us older types will acknowledge this fact.

But this progress has been ALL one-sided since men have made NO progress at all. The only thing that has happened is that men are becoming more and more confused and



"Professor, There is no doubt that the patient is male this end".

are trying to be even more masculine. Which must be difficult for men since some women are becoming as masculine in behaviour as men faster than the men can become more masculine.

I firmly believe that ALL emotions such as love, fear, temper and the ability to cry is within each human, male or female. But in the process of growing up, we are discouraged from displaying emotions which "society has decided" is inappropriate for the sex/gender one belongs to.

This causes, at the very least, serious communication problems between men and women. Example; If a wife is gentle, the husband is unable, or afraid to, return this emotion because he has been taught that gentleness is "feminine behaviour". The husband is afraid of losing his manhood. Ridiculous, but true.

This is just one example to illustrate how these un-natural stereotypical role-playing we still adhere to, makes life difficult for men and women to co-exist.

And people still wonder WHY our divorce rate is 1 out of every 2,3 marriages?????

The greatest irony of all this is that, the very same wife who suffers from this communication problem with her husband, will bring up HER son to the very same stereotypical rules and thereby creating the same problems for her future daughter-in-law.

I have mentioned the "fear of losing their manhood" that most men suffer from and the most classic example of this fear is Boy George. You will find that it is mostly men who will ridicule him for the stand he is taking while women, particularly the young ones, like him and "approve " of him wearing make-up and behaving in a decidedly feminine way.

Do these women, perhaps, see some

hope for the human race in people like Boy George? Do they see that maybe men are starting to shake off the "society imposed shackles" of masculinity? Do they see a new breed of men who will not be afraid to show their emotions and dare to be even a little bit feminine? Do they see a man with whom they can share life because they will have common interests? Someone who will be interested in more than booze, cars and sport. Someone who can even worry a little if his lipstick matches his shirt.

I don't know, but I certainly hope so. If not, the world will continue to shiver under the terrors of what man's manhood has become.

My statement with this article is simply this; If people are allowed to develop and grow into...Just that...People, men and women...yes, but not masculine and not feminine either, then there will be NO more TVs or TSs. Simply, because the very factors which created them in the first place, will not be there.



"LYNNE"

By the Wife of Lynne.

As the wife of a transvestite who loves her husband and tries to understand his desires, I don't always find it easy but I think I can say that I'm sympathetic towards his needs.

We had been married for quite a few years before he ever told me that he was a transvestite and I must admit that, at the time, I didn't even know what a transvestite was! I have since read quite a bit on the subject and think I have a fairly general knowledge.

One of the pluses is that we can talk clothes together, he loves to come shopping with me and sometimes we just go browsing through clothes shops like two girlfriends. Of course, he can't go 'dressed' but, apart from that, it is just like having a girlfriend with me.

I try to help him with his make-up and think I'm very critical in this field. Lynne (his femme name) has improved no end over the years and whilst I would never really think she was a woman, I think this is because of my foreknowledge of her. Lynne is to a certain extent, more feminine than I am, and like her male counterpart has a lovely nature.

I gain quite a bit in that Lynne is always keen to help me round the house and to do all sorts of female odds and ends for me and, as I said, we can always sit down and chat fashionwise and, in fact, femininewise on a great variety of subjects.

I know that as a result of Lynne, my husband is the person he is and I don't think I would want to try to exorcise (if that is the word) Lynne from his life for he would not be the same person without her and as I love him dearly I would hate him to be different from the person I have always known and loved.

I don't always think he looks good when Lynne comes out but it makes him happy and contented and I do my best to understand and to make suggestions which I think improve her appearance, etc. Lynne has become part of our family as she is part of my husband and so I have HAD to accept her and I find it easier as time goes on.

I would not like my husband to go out 'dressed' as he is a fairly big man and would, therefore, stand the chance of being 'found out' but, in the privacy of our home, I'm happy to have Lynne around on occasions.

She is part of him, so is also part of us.



ADVERTISEMENT - ADVERTISEMENT - ADVERTISEMENT - ADVERTISEMENT

I have recieved a warm and FULL reply to my letter to the organisers of Fantasia Fair, Provincetown, Mass. U.S.A. If you are interested in reading all about it the material is available from me.

The full package will consist of;

- 1) Letter to me of general explanation from Eve Goodwin, Promotions Director.
- 2) A 2-page History of Fantasia Fair. (Illu.)
- 3) A 1-page programme guide on Androgeny and the Cross Dresser.
- 4) An illustrated brochure on the 11th Annual Fantasia Fair - this may run to about 3 photo-copied pages but I'm not sure.
- 5) A 1-page ad. for Fantasia Fair Albums. (The older issues are \$15 each but last year's one is \$25.)
- 6) A 2-page Registration form outlining costs and type of accomadation offered.

As well as other bits of nitty-gritty information. (For instance, rule 2 of conditions for participation: Fantasia Fair Participants are expected to maintain certain minimum standards of attire and deportment that are appropriate to individuals of any respectable group.) It would seem that the Organisers have got some sort of 'clearing' as well as blessing from the local Law Inforcement People!

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Price to non members.....R5,00

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76 Clancy Ave,
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"No doubt you know ALL about TV that there is to know, but we are looking for someone with a knowledge of Electronics!"





Lady Paula Howard - "The Lady in Black".

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- Denmark M.A. Postboks 192, DK2600,
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- New Zealand Hedesthia, Ms.J.F.Gall, Box 78-026
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- Japan Chikako Ishikawa, Ant Trading Co.,
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