

FANFARE



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THE MAGAZINE FOR THE WOMAN INSIDE — ALL OF US.—

This magazine is published for members of the Phoenix Society only. Views and opinions expressed in these pages are those of the individual Authors and do not necessarily reflect those held by the Society.

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EDITORIAL

First of all I must admit to being totally stunned at the response of members in renewing their membership fee. We must be doing something right and even if a lot of you never write to us or attend regional meetings, the very fact that you still wish to be a member of the Phoenix Society, is an indication that you all want us to continue with the work the Phoenix started out with almost 5 years ago. Thank you for your support. Mere words can never express my appreciation.

When I think back to the beginnings of Fanfare I'm mystified why our members were so hesitant to write for our magazine. It gives me great pleasure to say that, even overseas, our Sister organisations appreciate your efforts so much that one can hardly open an overseas magazine and not find one or more of Fanfare's articles reprinted. Examples; Seahorse reprinted Lynne's story, "Lucy". The latest TEMPO issue reprinted "Lucy", Italian male model girls and A wife writes again. A number of magazines are using our cartoons. If this isn't an inspiration for you members to put pen to paper and write, then I don't know what is.

Thanks also to all those members who sent Photographs for use in Fanfare. They will all be used in due time. The process to convert them to be suitable for photocopying is costly, but due to the VERY! healthy state of Phoenix funds, we will be able to get another batch processed. I note with pleasure that we have some new members and we don't have photographs of them yet. Don't be shy, girls. Let us have some!!!

Speaking of new members.....A full list of current members will be published in the next issue of Fanfare.

Happy reading.

THE TAKEOVER - Part three.

By Lynne.



Diane spent the next few minutes serving coffee and cookies, having little time to notice what John was doing, but she was conscious of his eyes following her as she moved about the room and felt herself flushing with shame or embarrassment at his scrutiny. As she went to sit down herself, he stood and took her cup from her, "Let me help you with that, Miss Haworth!"

Across the room, Mrs. Collins relaxed. For a moment she had been concerned that Dane would suddenly re-appear, but as she saw Diane take the upper hand, she realised that everything was going to work out well.

As the two older women talked, Diane found that she needed to say very little as John was doing most of the talking. Suddenly she realised, and laughed inwardly as the realisation came to her, that he was trying to impress her. She merely had to ask a question here and there in order to keep him talking about himself.

She found listening to him easy and gradually relaxed into the cushions of the sofa. She smoothed her flared skirt about her legs, gently pulling down the hem over her knees, not knowing, that each little gesture appeared so deliciously feminine to John. She did realise that, without trying, just being there listening to him and watching him talk, that he was becoming fascinated by her. She began to feel a wonderful sense of self satisfaction. She realised at the same time that Dane's persona was slipping away deeper and deeper into the background and that Diane, that female side present in

every man, was rising rapidly to the surface. It had been one thing to pretend to be Diane to keep Mrs. Collins happy for a while, but this was different. This wasn't pretending to be a girl, this was actually being a female responding to the attentions of a male. She felt her male persona retreating even further and her own feminine self, Diane, flooding upwards and taking over completely.

Soon an hour or so had passed and Emily exclaimed, "Oh dear! Look at the time!" She turned to John, "Come on John, leave that lovely young girl and take me home!"

The two older women stood and commenced their good-byes. John stood and extended a hand to help Diane up. For a second she seemed to lose her balance and clutched him to steady herself. He threw an arm around her and she felt her heart miss a beat as he did so. John walked behind her and as they approached the porch, he whispered into her ear, "Can I see you tomorrow?"

Eyes sparkling, she nodded assent and then stood with Mrs. Collins as the car drove off through the rain.

Mother and daughter walked slowly back into the house with their arms locked about each others waists. As they closed the door behind them, Mrs. Collins spun her daughter around the room in a merry little dance, "Lordy Diane! You were wonderful! Oh, what a day I've had!"

Diane sat down, her mind in a whirl. What on earth was happening to her? What was she getting herself into?

The next morning Dane woke quite early. The window in the bedroom showed the grey of the approaching dawn and he lay sleepily with consciousness slowly filling his mind. He had slept long and heavily and had problems collecting his thoughts as the light slowly crept into the room. As he became able to discern shapes, he suddenly realised that there were feminine underclothes strewn on the bed-side chair. He saw a bra lying carelessly on the floor and puzzlement flushed into his mind. What on earth were the clothes doing there? Then suddenly, realization flooded his brain and he knew that the clothes were his. He opened his eyes wide as yesterday's experiences flashed through his mind.

'What's the matter with you?' He asked himself, 'are you crazy?'

The other part of him replied, 'Only a little, and in any case, its all very innocent, and why shouldn't I help Mrs. Collins?'

'Oh come on!' He said to himself. 'Helping Mrs. Collins is one thing, becoming a member of the female sex is quite another!'

'But I only wore the clothes!'

'Did you??? And what about when you were with John? You were 95% female then, weren't you?'

He had no answer for himself on that question because he knew that it had been true. He knew that when he'd been with John, Diane's persona had taken him over entirely, and that for a short while, until he settled down for sleep, he had actually been a woman!

He squirmed when he remembered kissing the man. Him, Dane Haworth, a full blooded All-American boy, actually kissing another man!

He squirmed even more when he remembered the exhilaration he had felt when he had come to the bedroom. The way he had thrilled at his appearance, the way he had undressed in front of the mirror savouring the sight as he took off each article of clothing. He remembered with guilt standing in front of the mirror in bra, panties, stockings and high heels, admiring himself and wishing his breasts were real!

He got out of bed and looked with distaste at the night-gown he was wearing. Then he caught sight of himself in the mirror and he remembered that he had tied a chiffon scarf about his hair to protect his hair-do in bed. He wrenched the scarf from his head, throwing it away and watching as it drifted to the floor to land close to his bra.

His bra!? Never again! He kicked at the clothing in self-disgust.

"Good morning Diane, here's coffee!" Mrs. Collins breezed into the room, smiling as she entered, "I hope you slept well? Its going to be a lovely day as the rain has stopped."

He turned towards her, eyes wide and staring, "Then I can get my jeans dry!"

The happiness dropped from Mrs.Collins' eyes and she slowly put the tray on the dressing table and said sadly, "Yes my dear. But why? What's the hurry to get them dry?"

"Mrs.Collins-----"

"Mom, you mean!"

He faltered for a moment. "No! I mean Mrs.Collins. Look! Yesterday was another time, I got carried away and I don't know what got into me. I don't know why I acted as I did, I really don't! But today! Well, today Dane is back and Dane wants to be Dane, so that's why I want my jeans and things," he raised his hand against her attempts to protest. "No! Mrs.Collins, you have been wonderful to me and I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't come along the other evening. But don't you see? I'm NOT Diane, I'm Dane and I'm a boy, not a girl!"

"But you were Diane yesterday! You were!" Mrs.Collins said with tears in her eyes.

"But that was yesterday, not today. Look at me! You must admit, I'm a boy!"

She smiled wanly, a smile hovering on the brink of tears. "Not in my eyes, You may be a boy but even now you don't much look like one!"

"Oh God!" He stood up and walked over to the mirror to look at himself, then he turned to her and shook the skirt of the night-gown. "This! This is just clothes! It doesn't make me a girl, no ways!"

The tears rolled down her cheeks, her shoulders shaking in her misery. She raised her tear-stained eyes, "Please don't go! Please stay with me a little longer! One more day?"

His heart went out to her. "But Mrs.Collins, what good is it? I'm not a girl and we both know it! Don't we?"

She looked at him and nodded miserably.

"And I can't be you daughter permanently! I can't get married to a man and give you grandchildren and live happily ever after as a little house-wife, can I?"

She lowered her eyes and wept again. She managed to sob, "Y-e-e-s-s."

"But good God! Thats ridiculous! Even you must see that!" She was weeping bitterly again and his mood softened. He raised her chin and looked in her eyes, feeling tears rising in his. "Don't you see Mom, it cannot work, can it?"

"You're right of course. I'm a silly old woman! But yesterday...yesterday. Yesterday I was so happy! I had my daughter back and it was wonderful. I wasn't lonely any more. It was so wonderful!"

She sobbed again, "But yes, it was pointless, I suppose." She clutched his hands, "But where will you go? What will you do?"

Dane had to admit that he had not given the matter any thought.

He racked his brains for a solution. It had been so simple to object to living as a female, but there is also the immediate future to think of as a male! Mrs.Collins, sensing his indecision, said, "Look, I'll do your jeans and T-shirt today but they'll have to be ironed, so you won't be able to have them before tonight."

He looked at her, puzzled for the moment, "And...?"

"Well my dear", she answered, "couldn't you agree to be Diane for just one more day....just one?"

"Oh well!--O.K. Mom! But only for today, y'hear?"

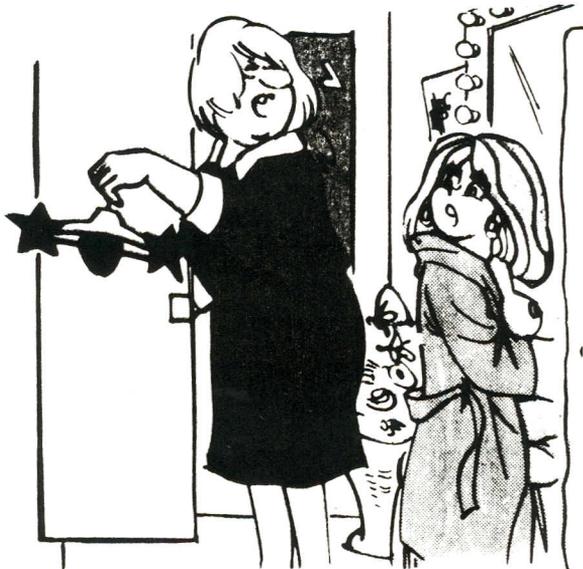
She smiled at him, "I hear! Oh, my dear, you have the ability to make me very happy, even if it will end tomorrow. It will have been two days of happiness which I'd otherwise not have had. Thank you, Diane, thank you!"

Mrs.Collins walked to the door, then turned back and asked, "Will you want me to help you dress?"

He took her lightly by the arm and steered her back towards the door, "Let a girl decide for herself what to wear!" He tapped her bottom playfully, "Off you go now."

Mrs.Collins laughed as she went out, closing the door behind her. Dane sat on the bed and put his head into his hands. God! another 24 hours of play-acting and then he would be on his way as Dane again. Thank goodness!!!

Continued in the next issue of Fanfare.



"Charles, you can put on one of your dresses. No son of mine is going to make an exhibition of himself in a costume like this!"

THE STEWART IN A DRESS ON THE 8.30

From the Beaumont Bulletin.

Mr. Jim Cooke had just boarded a morning train to London. Usually he just sits down and reads his newspaper, but that day he needed a cup of coffee.

He made his way to the Buffet car and was politely and speedily served by the attendant who was nicely made-up and neatly turned out in a smart dark blue and red dress, the standard female steward uniform. He started to walk away, then stopped and gave the steward a closer look. The 'female', he realised, was in fact a man. Mr. Cooke had stumbled across a sight which has apparently become a familiar one to some commuters using British Rail's South-Eastern region.

"I was amazed," he said. "The service was above average, if I may say so, but it is, to say the least, a trifle hard to take especially first thing in the morning. I could not believe British Rail would employ a man in drag so I asked another steward about it. He said everyone had accepted the situation, but I'm not sure I do."

Another regular commuter, Oil Company Executive Mr. Lin Walton, who travels up each day from Haywards Heath, Sussex, told me, "Everyone is typically English about this, and as far as I know, there have been no official complaints. Personally, I find it distasteful, although I suppose it has its amusing side."

The attendant is 43 year old Mike Clark who insists on being called Margaret. He lives near Eastbourne with his wife Olive, a local government employee, who, he said, 'understands and is right behind me'. He has been employed on buffet cars for over 14 years and his official position is now 'Chief Stewardess'.

I spoke to him as he served behind the counter of an Eastbourne to Victoria train. He was wearing make-up, an auburn wig and a dress. He told me 'Its nice of people to praise my service, I pride myself on it'. I started work on the railways just after 1970 but gradually felt I could no longer wear male uniform. I asked to be allowed to wear female clothing and was given permission. A vacancy came up for the position of Chief Stewardess on this line and I applied for and got the job. I have never had any complaints because of the way I dress. Very occasionally I get some cheek from customers, but I know how to deal with them.

Another steward told me, "When he started, he was just plain Mike, but now we have to call him Margaret."

A spokesman for Travellers Fare said, "We have had one or two comments, but no complaints".

QUEEN NICHOLAS THE BEAUTY KING!

The Argus 19/5/86.

Selsey (Sussex) - The winner of the beauty contest was Nicola Barret, but when she stepped forward for her prize she told the judges, "My name's Nicholas."

Nicholas Lewis, 17, said he entered for a dare. Friends put blond streaks in his hair, put on earrings and a necklace and zipped him into a pink strapless dress.

His friend, photographer, B. Cossan, "I took his picture and didn't know." - SAPA-AP.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF
CAGNEY & LACEY.

By Thelma.



Bonnie Davenport.

From information recieved it looks as if a fair number of Police Departments throughout the U.S.A. have, to coin a phrase, lost a son but gained a daughter.

Bonnie Davenport, Mary Collins and Jennifer McCormick are but a few of the serving policewomen in America who started their careers as tough male cops.

Bonnie Davenport, born 41 years ago, up to the time of his sex-change operation in 1978 at the Stanley Biber Clinic in Colorado. was known as Ormus Davenport the Third. After Davenport's wife died of cancer in 1976, Ormus, a TV in secret for most of his life, felt he could no longer continue to live a double life. "In my last year as a male cop I spent all my free time living as a woman", says Bonnie. In the end he got together with his three children and told them that he only felt at peace when he dressed as a woman and assumed a female role. "My children were very understanding and after discussing the problem, agreed

that I should go ahead and have the operation".

Before the operation Bonnie was a tough, fearless, gunslinging, bearded, undercover cop. Bonnie is now back on the same beat that he patrolled as a man, nowadays doing a regular scooter patrol among the drug addicts, pushers, prostitutes and other unsavoury characters that frequent the neighbourhood. "Most of my fellow officers have come to accept me as the woman I now am," says blonde haired, blue eyed Bonnie. "At first I would overhear the occasional remark like 'I never knew he was gay', but I never have been and most of my friends know it."

Vietnam veteran Joseph McCormick , a much decorated police officer serving with the Nassau County, New York, police force is now a woman police officer Jennifer McCormick. "In many ways I feel I'm now more effective as a law enforcement officer than I was before I became a woman. Now I'm able to see life from two points of view," claims Jennifer. Jennifer, Jenny to her fellow crimefighters, says that she enjoys the wolf whistles she gets in the squad room when she is dressed in frilly skirts, low-cut blouse and stiletto heels, ready to go on an undercover assignment. "It is a great morale lift for a 43 year old young lady." Laughs Jenny.

After a distinguished record in the U.S. Navy, Chester Collins served with the Bridgeport Conn. Police for 13 years. Of Chester, now Mary Collins,

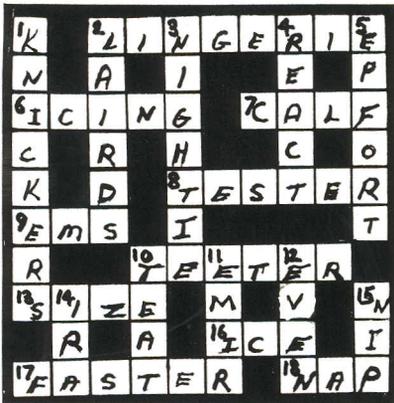
Police Commissioner Joseph Walsh says, "He has been an excellent police officer. Now she has re-joined the department Ms.Collins will be assigned to clerical and administerial duties for a statutory period of six months before going back into the field."

43 Year old Mary has two children. She says, "All my life I've had the urge to be a woman. It broke up things between my wife and me. It was driving me crazy." When things became overwhelming, Collins paid a spontaneous visit to the Boulevard Hospital in New York. His mother demanded to know what was going on, to which his reply was, "Mom, I can't take it anymore, it's either a sex-change or suicide!"

At the present time strong rumours prevail in a section of the New York Police Department over the extended absence of a young third grade detective who has gained a favourable record during his several years service. On several occasions on decoy assignments he has disguised himself very convincingly as a woman. So convincingly on one occasion that he was arrested by two uniformed officers as a hooker suspected of carrying drugs. As it turned out this added credibility to his presence in the area.

On another undercover assignment, two female officers who partnered him were dubious about his disguise being discovered, but over the several days of the stakeout they found it difficult to remember that he was a man and not another woman police officer. There is some humorous speculation in his particular precinct as to when he returns as a she, if she will be required to work undercover in male clothes!

SOLUTION TO X-WORD No.1



"Mr.Brown, when we agreed to allow you to dress at work like that, you said your male identity would be concealed at all times."



Linda - Jo'burg
Region Organizer.



Jane - Pretoria
Region Organizer





Jane (Left) and Joy (Right)
having fun New Year's eve
past.



Meet Sandra - Region organizer
Border Area.



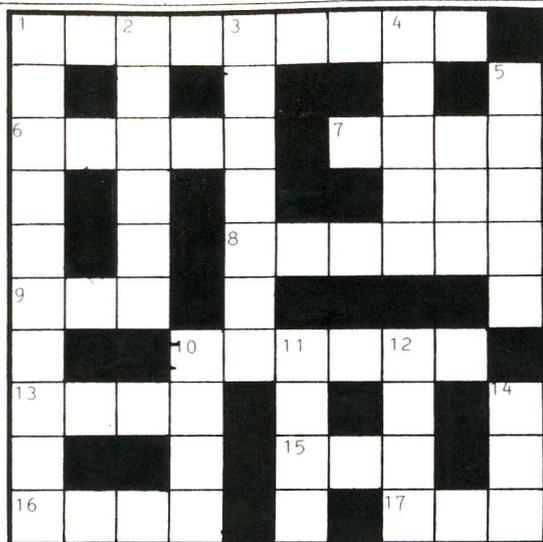
Meet Rita - Region Organizer
Durban Area.



Marlene (Left) and Jane (Right)
talking up a storm.



Anette Hall - Sweden



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 2.

ACROSS

1. Most of us have a number of these in several shades (9)
6. Requirements (5)
7. Indian woman's garment (4)
8. Tracks of heavenly bodies (6)
9. Set of related notes in music (3)
10. This may vary from dress to dress (6)
13. Sexual assault (4)
15. Many forms of this are worn with skirts or slacks (3)
16. Water bird (4)
17. Period of history (3)

DOWN

1. These are often worn in the evening (4-6)
2. We like our clothes to be this and the girl in the song felt it (6)
3. Coarsely woven silk fabric of Indian origin (7)
4. Military rather than a fashion colour (5)
5. Earliest in time or order (5)
10. Not plump (4)
11. Short letter (4)
12. Long narrow strip of fabric (4)
14. Supportive garment (3)

A STRANGE MARRIAGE INDEED!

From SCOPE.

A stunned registrar recently conducted the weirdest wedding of the year - the bride was a he and the groom was a she.

The woman in white, 51 year old Susan Bond, used to be a labourer before her sex-change operation. And new husband, Jim Chapman 29, the man in the grey suit, is half-way through surgery to change from a woman to a man.

But the sex swop saga didn't end there - Even the bridesmaid Helen Sinclair used to be a fella!

Registrar David Simpson performed the wedding after making exhaustive checks and deciding that all was perfectly legal, just very confusing....

Like when groom Jim vowed: "I take thee Susan Bond to be my lawful wedded Husband".

Afterwards, back home in Seacroft, Leeds, Jim explained: "The official truth is I was the bride and Susan the groom. But now I'm half-way through my sex-change to become a man. Susan had her's done a few years ago".

A lot of people would think this odd, but we just don't care. We are in love and that's that.

I can't wait for our first night as man and wife - it's just a pity we can't afford a honeymoon.

Bridesmaid, Helen, said, "They're a lovely couple and I've known them for years".

Registrar Mr.Simpson said, "In the end I referred to the law which governs that a marriage is a union of one man and one woman. I'm quite satisfied that the people who were married today, fit that description".



JOY'S SAGA???.CONTINUES.

To put the following article into perspective, a few points need to be mentioned. Firstly, the long divorce is over. Joy is now free to live her life as can best be achieved in the circumstances, and she continues to go shopping, to the movies and, in fact, she even went to the Nico Malan theatre one night. (And her latest was to have her hair coloured from greyish dark brown to a beautiful chestnut, upon which Joy left the hairdresser and walked straight into the jewelers next door and had her ears pierced -Ed)

Barbara, Joy's ex-wife the author of this article, has also had quite a time adjusting to life on her own, with two kids who are causing a few problems.

Well, the other night at a school function, which Joy's male half had to attend with Babara, they decided to go for coffee. Much talking was done about where Joy fitted in and an arrangement, believe it or not, was made for Joy and Barbara to have dinner at a posh little restaraunt where more talking was done.

What follows was written by Barbara as she wrestled with the new person who had entered her life.

- - - - -

What are the feelings of a wife who discovers her husband is a Transvestite? Confusion, panic, . . . What will I do? Where will it lead? What will the neighbours think? What about mom and dad, and the children???

Such questions and feelings are natural, and need to be freely expressed, and openly. Any attempt to bottle them up can only lead to frustration and despair, and these are the wrong things to base the new relationship with your husband which needs to be begun, because it is a NEW relationship! He is no longer for you the total man, but a new person who is to some extent unknown.

He is the same person, he has the same likes and dislikes, he still enjoys the Saturday movie on the box while he cuddles with you on the sofa. The only difference now is that both of you will be wearing dresses, make-up and high heels. How can you best adjust to this????

One thing is certain - Adapt or Die, to quote another eminent Transvestite.

Many marriages, including my own, have floundered on the rocks of non-acceptance. Not accepting the fact that your husband feels good dressing like a woman will NEVER stop his feelings. Instead the feelings submerge, and cause deep frustration which can turn into aggression and bitterness, and wreck the best relationships. Trying to forget about it wont change anything - it will still be there tomorrow!!

For 14 years my husband tried to bury his feelings, and finally we broke up, bitter foes, tormented by our own personal frustrations. A wife with a frustrated husband is not nurtured and she withers like fruit on a tree, becoming dry and brittle, and even painful to herself.

What to do then????

Accept and have a woman for a husband? How would that feel? Would it last? And what about his job? These are all questions which can't be answered by anyone but yourself. Nor can you find the answers easily, or straight away. Time provided the answer for me. Time - and a divorce.

Parted we found ourselves alone, and with no-one around to stop urges, nor to prevent our growing through suffering. I found a house, job and a great satisfaction in being financially independant, able to make my own decisions - a person in my own right.

My husband found himself alone and unhindered by my needs and judgements. He bought himself a wardrobe of tasteful clothes and shoes and ventured out into an unexpectedly accepting world. He grew his nails and his hair, bought nail varnish and falsies and felt good as he always wanted to be. He is now taking female hormones and is busy having his beard removed by electrolysis. He is becoming more what he wants to be with every passing day. He is accepted by those around him, although he has not tried it in his work environment, which seems to present the final challenge.

Could I have accepted all this in a home with children, parents and neighbours? That is something I need to think about deep and long.....

One thing is certain; My husband seems to become a quieter, more at peace person when he is a woman. As a man he is brittle, and somewhat on edge. He needs to put on the costume in order to feel the part - and he does it to perfection - far better than I do. I can but only admire his choice of clothes, and colour schemes, enjoy his joy, and be with him in his new found personality. What lasting effect al this will have on the children is something which now has to be left to time to tell.

We can only trust that each of us will grow a little more tolerant and understanding of the unique needs of all others, be they man, woman, or both.



"So he wants to wear your nightie to bed! That's not the end of world, you know!"



"Isn't this just a little too kinky, Harcourt?"

AN OUTING!

By Joyce.

Sybil bought me the pink tracksuit in Cape Town for Xmas, 1982. She got it on some kind of sale; she's one for sales, is my Sybil, she didn't pay more than R100 for it - a lot less, in fact. Now tracksuits are, by and large, uni-sex garments but when a sort of dusty pink in colour, they edge over into the female side. And if one is slightly androgenous looking, a pink tracksuit is the best garment ever devised for appearing in public, 'legally' in drag! (A foible dear to my heart.) One thing I find irritating about tracksuits is that there are no trouser pockets - at least mine doesn't have. There is a sort of front-loading, hold-all space in its top half for cigarettes, lighter, banknotes, coins, hankie, car keys, etc., and when one is loaded up one has the faint feeling of being a sort of female kangaroo!

Okay, so we were down at our time-share flat at Glenmore Sands on the South Coast, about 10km from the Casino in the Transkei. I had put the tracksuit on for shopping in Port Edward. My hair, by the way, is not short back and sides, nor does it hang halfway down my back although my neck is covered; it is thick and curly and greyish. It is not possible to go on a shopping spree in Port Edward - one merely buys the essentials.

We had been to the butcher, the baker and a green grocer and a tea lounge. We still had a few more items to get at a largish SPAR-like store. The biggest in town. We made our way there slowly after our tea and some very self-indulgent cream scones. Sybil, turning to me said. "You do realise, I suppose, that at all our four places we have been so far, you have been addressed as 'madam'". She grinned wickedly.

"Of course I didn't miss it; it gave me quite a thrill too!"

"Why don't you go into SPAR for the bacon and eggs in my high heels, my earrings and carrying my handbag?"

"Hell, do you think I dare?"

"Oh go on, why not. No one knows you here and you look so feminine in that tracksuit and we ARE on holiday. Go on, slip your sandals off and get into these," she said, slipping off her pinky-red 2" heeled shoes. So saying, she was already adroitly fitting her large plastic pink earrings on to my lobes.

I put her shoes on doubtfully. Fortunately the change-over escaped public notice - there was hardly anyone about at that moment.

Rummaging around in her bag, she took out her lipstick. "Just a smidge," she said, putting it on me rather rapidly. "We don't want you looking like Boy George, of course, just an ordinary little housewife. There," she said, standing back and looking me over, "that's it to a T."

I must confess, I was a little nervous as these minor changes to my get-up constituted a deliberate act to deceive and could well be construed to be a breach of the peace. Fortunately it was a coolish overcast morning so I put up the hood of the tracksuit top.

"That looks even better," said Sybil approvingly. "Off you go now and you'll be all right." She picked up my sandals and made her way back to the car.

Taking my courage in both hands, I bravely entered the store and picked up one of their plastic shopping baskets. No one screamed "DRAG!" or, look at that funny MAN, mommy!" Nothing, absolutely nothing happened. I proceeded to shop around for the items we wanted. I remembered to transfer the money from the kangaroo pouch to Sybil's handbag. It was important that I merely tender the money without exchanging too many words with the Coloured cashier at the desk. I had also added a large bottle of Coke and Indian tonic to the shopping basket so it was quite heavy. I approached the till, trying to look as dull and obscure as possible.

"Would madam like a boy to help her to her car?" she said, addressing me in a respectful third person.

I shook my head and mumbled a sort of lip-reading 'No thank you'. I left the shop feeling quite triumphant and elated and even swung my hips confidently as I made my way back to the car. I never pulled a stunt like this before, ever.

"Well," grinned Sybil, "how did it go?"

"Went fine," I said cheerfully. "It's fun being madamed by everyone; that is what I call a COMPLETE holiday change."

Sybil laughed. "The next time we come in to town you can wear one of my frocks and a bra and a pair of my stockings. You're quite unrecognisable but we must just make sure your legs are nice and smooth. You can even do your nails."

"Do you really think we should," I said hopefully.

"Yes, why not. I think it will be a lovely idea. We'll do it next Friday afternoon. Come on, let's get home to lunch."

In the safety of the car I applied a bit of face powder from Sybil's compact and put on a bit more lipstick - more like Boy George this time and we made our way back to our time-share.

I'll tell you about Friday's real drag outing next time.



"I was a Karate Champion before my Sex-change operation."

Transvestite enticed man

The follow up story on the TV who were arrested for soliciting as reported in the last issue of FANFARE.

From the Cape Argus.

A transvestite was yesterday fined R300 (or 90 days) suspended for three years for enticing a policeman to pay for sex.

Cornelius (Now Deidre) Bezuidenhout, 22, of New Church Street, Cape Town, was born male and started developing female organs at puberty.

Bezuidenhout pleaded not guilty to a charge of soliciting in Bree Street, Cape Town, on February 21.

A police reservist, Warrant Officer M.De Santos, told the court he had gone to Bree Street to look for women who were soliciting and was approached by Bezuidenhout who had climbed into the car.

"She said that for R80 she would give me a nice time", he said.

Another policeman, who may not be named, said Bezuidenhout had made Jigging movements and preened her hair every time a car drove by.

Mr.E.Kluk, for Bezuidenhout, said anyone could jig if they heard music and it didn't necessarily mean they wanted to have sex.

Bezuidenhout told the court she never mentioned sex and that Warrant officer De Santos had invited her to the car, after flicking his lights to attract her attention, and HE had then suggested sex.

A probation Officer, Mr.M.Duffet, said Bezuidenhout had always wanted to be female but could not afford a sex-change operation.

Passing sentence, the Magistrate, Mr.M.J.C.Tolken, said he accepted that Bezuidenhout was a product of an unhappy family situation. He also accepted that the identity document Bezuidenhout carried presented problems when applying for a job, as prospective employers saw a female with a male identity in her book of life.

Drink and drag don't go

An ex-servicemen's club has been ordered to pay damages to a Homosexual refused a drink because the barman feared he would use the women's toilet. The club president, Mr.J.Griffith, told New South Wales Equal Opportunity Tribunal that the self-confessed homosexual came in wearing make-up, a blouse and high-heeled shoes. The barman said he feared a repeat of an incident in which a Transvestite entered the lady's toilet. The Tribunal ordered the Club to pay \$200(R325) damages on grounds of discrimination which is illegal in New South Wales.

In Queensland plans have been announced to oblige barmen to deny drinks to sexual deviants, drug dealers and child molesters on pain of losing their licence.

Please note amongst which company us TV's are classed. Will this injustice never end? - ED

- I REMEMBER IT WELL -

By Joy.

I remember when you could tell the difference between a boy and a girl,

By the colour of their booties
by the length of their hair
by the clothes they wear
by the way they swear
by the things they dare
by the way they swank
by the way they drank
by the games they play
by the things they say
by the way they flirt
by the amount of dirt
by the height of their heels
by the way they feel
by the way they cry
by the way their bosoms swell
by the way they yell
by the colour of their lips
by their finger tips
by their jewels and gold
by the way they grow old.

Ah - yes -

I remember it well,
when you could tell
the difference between a boy and a gal !!!!!



"Daddy, why do you always dress-up like that
to read me my bedtime story???"