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HANNAH



Sally
See 1986

Christmas Edition

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EDITORIAL

This, being the last issue you will receive before Christmas, means that it is time for me to wish everyone 'A Happy Christmas, and a Prosperous New Year'. Having said that traditionally, let me now put it differently. A way you may not like. It starts like this. Have you ever noticed how easy it is to criticise someone else's ideas, while never having any of your own? Have you ever criticised the public out there for being intolerant and unaccepting, yet never set foot outside your front door, to see how good (or bad) it really is? Do you fear rejection if you mention anything to anyone? Are you governed by fear?

The reason for the above questions is to highlight that just 'wishing you a Happy Christmas' is a waste of time; if you are determined to be miserable. If you don't do some of the items listed above, (which as a TV must be very close to your heart), how on earth are you ever going to do something that a stranger wishes you?

There is an excellent book called 'I'm OK, You're OK'. The author states that a person with low self-esteem tends to blame others, in order to feel better, as doing so releases the person of the responsibility for his actions/feelings. Unfortunately, it also removes control of the situation. I believe this is why we blame others for our own failings, instead of doing something about them.

My message to you this Christmas is thus as follows - 'What happens to you in the next year will be a direct result of what you want to happen!' We all have the power to make changes or to let things stay the same. The choice is up to you.

So, I won't 'wish you a Happy Christmas, and a fulfilling New Year'. Rather, I pray that you will find the strength within you to go out and make sure that you, and those near and dear to you, do have a Happy Christmas and wonderful New Year. The choice is yours.

WHEN LITTLE BOYS PLAY AT BEING LITTLE GIRLS

From YOU magazine. (Also in Huisgenoot in Afrikaans)

The scene is familiar to many a mother. Her son stands on tip-toe in front of the mirror, lipstick in his hand, one of her petticoats over his shorts and T-shirt, a long string of pearls round his neck.

He carefully applies some lipstick to his mouth. He turns round guiltily when his mother suddenly enters the room. Both get a fright.

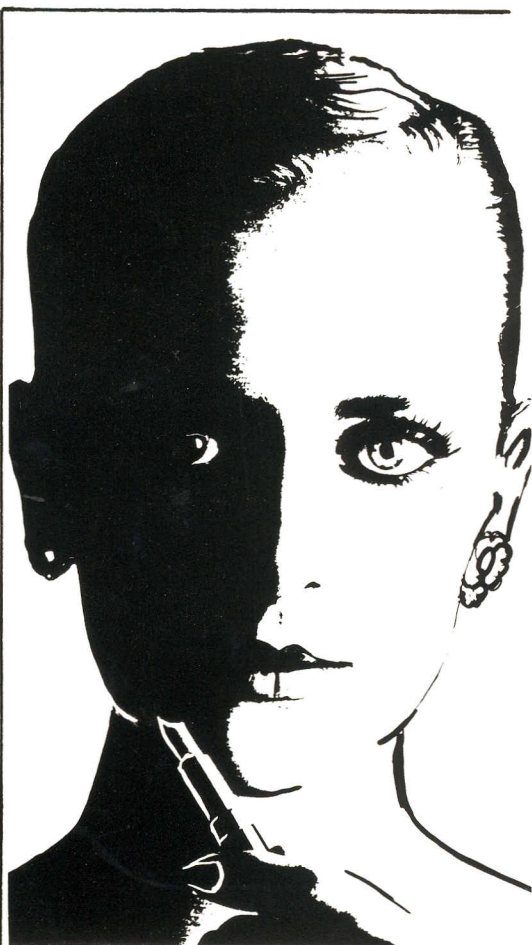
She knows he is only playing. After all, he is only 5 years old, but she still registers shock. He looks so strange, and when his sisters see him, they howl with laughter.

He smiles warily, but his mother can see he has been jolted out of a dream world, where he was someone completely different.

It's only when she goes to bed, that little David's mother recalls the incident again. Does her son really want to look like a girl?

Should she be worried or was it only a game?

Child psychologists say that in most cases she



need not give the matter another thought.

Imitating the opposite sex is part of normal child development. His knowledge of the world is still restricted, and every day brings new discoveries. Now he also knows what it is like to wear lipstick, and play with a string of pearls round his neck - just like his mother.

He'll even give a repeat performance to amuse his sisters who had such a good laugh the first time round. And that is the end of that. He knows he is a boy and prefers to play outside in the mud (Why? - Ed) where he can mess about to his heart's delight.

Parents realise that children are naturally attention-seekers, and there is nothing to worry about if their sons prance about in their sisters' clothes. These boys are the clowns; they're clever and full of wit and inclined to drive their teachers to distraction with their precocity.

These boys lap up the attention they get when they dress up in girls' clothes and make-up. But they do it openly and don't mind the resultant teasing. Underneath he's still wearing his khaki shorts and torn T-shirt.

However, it spells trouble when a little boy always looks different - even when he goes to school his clothes look different; he looks too neat and too much like a girl all the time.

Eventually other children start poking fun at him; saying he is a "sissy". His mother doesn't allow him to join in the rough and tumble with his peers on the playing field.

And that spells trouble - with the mother, NOT the child nearly always to blame.

She is the one who encourages her son to dress up like a girl. Not once as a joke, but repeatedly. She is the

one who creates the problems. A psychiatric social worker at the Red Cross Children's hospital in Cape Town, who has done in-depth research on sexual identity in children, says little boys who enjoys dressing up in girls' clothes do it for two reasons. "It either excites them, in which case they will become adults who are stimulated by dressing as women, or they do it because they find it comforting".

"Obviously, not all boys who dress up in women's clothing will become Gays, but statistics proves that the possibility does exist".

"The image these boys have of girls are stereotyped; they must be pretty, play with the right kind of toys and mustn't be too rough. His mother is a comfort to him and he is over-dependent on her. He can't bear to be seperated from her, and denies his own existence by dressing like her".

"The mother, on the other hand, forms an unhealthy attachment to the child. She encourages this unnatural(?) identification the child has with her. She enjoys it, and therefore needs the child".

Psychologists say a boy should start seperating from his mother at the age of 2½. A pre-schooler who insists on wearing girls' clothes and who is over-dependent on his mother, needs psychological therapy.

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EDITOR'S REMARKS.

I have always been under the impression that as time goes on the human race should become more enlightened and liberal in its thinking. It appears as if I'm very wrong in this assumption and that the opposite is true.

This is 1987, and we are fast approaching the year 2000. And yet, after mothers have cared for their children (boys and girls) for millions of years, these clever

people tell us that it is all wrong.

The article is perfectly clear with its intention to blame mothers for the 'deviant' behaviour patterns in their sons. But, it seems, never if a daughter turns out deviant.

Shame! All these mothers are guilty of, is loving their children!

Furthermore, please note the underlined bits to see how a boy should be - khaki (dull colour) shorts, torn T-shirts, rough and tumble sports, etc.

Since when is it a crime for a boy to be neat and well behaved? Is this what our world has come to?

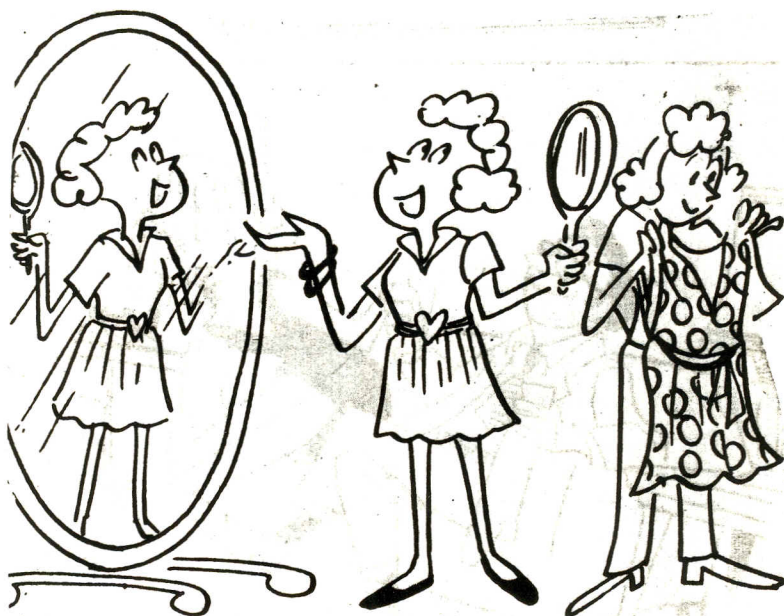
The problem, as I see it, is that the human race is absolutely determined to sexualise every conceivable thing in life. For example body motion - the way you walk, use your hands, hold your head. Colours - pink for girls and blue for boys. Cigarettes - Long thin menthol flavours for women, short stubby no-filter types for men. And now they are sexualising cars. What will be next?

The historical facts are that everything women today claim as their own, was used by men first. Perfume, lace, satin, long hair, high heeled shoes, stockings and facial make-up, etc. You name it, and you will find men did it first.

But then it is nothing new for women to grab whatever is masculine and make it their own. Note that women are now wearing three-piece pin-striped suits, ties, and flat masculine shoes. They are taking over our jobs and careers and for many women, these careers have become more important than having babies. What happened to the good old 'mother instinct' we've been hearing so much about?

Mind you, now that I think about it, there isn't really

much left for boys and men except to be dirty, colourless, rough and uncouth. Maybe women will decide they don't want that as well. Fat chance!! They just haven't got there yet - but they will!!!



"Daddy preferred it when all little boys dressed in jeans and T-shirts. What do you prefer, Mummy?"

THE NAME OF THE GAME.

By Thelma.

Most of us can remember the feeling of confusion we had when we first became aware of our need and compulsion to dress in the clothing of the female sex. This confusion, usually accompanied with feelings of shame, guilt and embarrassment, isn't helped by the numerous terms currently in use to describe which is, after all, one or other facet of the same basic condition.

Transvestite, Transsexual, Eonist, Transgenderist - these, and a host of other uncomplimentary terms refer to only one aspect of the cross-dressing compulsion. A compulsion which some estimate affects about one in every five hundred males in the western world. This includes South Africans.

Joy and Marlene's book, 'What is Transgenderism?', goes far in explaining the meaning of the various terms. It points out how the condition can develop from a mild fetish curiosity involving one or more female garments, to the full sex change.

Whatever stage our individual condition has reached, most of us ask for little more from our nearest and dearest and the general public than a little understanding and acceptance. However, as no general term (to my knowledge), exists to cover our condition, how can we expect the public to understand us, when most of us are in a state of confusion ourselves?

Homosexuals have taken the word 'Gay' as an all-embracing word refering to their sub-culture. This factor alone has helped greatly in increasing their public acceptance over the past few decades. The word 'Gay' is applicable to Lesbians, Homosexuals, Drag Queens, etc. Unfortunately, we, the TV, TS, TG, etc. community of the world are, all too often, automatically classified as part of the 'Gay' fraternity by an ill-informed public. Indeed, in a lifetime of TV/TS

involvement, I can only recall one such person who could justly be called homosexual.

Perhaps, if some acceptable word could come into common useage that covered our particular state, we could also enjoy some recognition. The somewhat unkind term 'Male Lesbian' is quite descriptive of our condition, and it graphically shows that we aren't 'Gay'.

Should this come about, who knows how many thousands will come out into the open, and shed their feelings of guilt and shame. Has anyone out there any ideas for the name of the game????

Note - ED: Please read the remarks as regards 'Gays' after the next article.



"Actually I dress this way so I won't be recognised when I come here".

ON ATTITUDES.

By Marlene.

I have received the following letter from a member, and since I know that quite a few of our members feel the same way, I will venture an answer to all in one go.

Dear Marlene,

May I add my voice to the concern regarding poor attendance on Sunday evenings at the Dungeon Club.

I would dearly love to attend, but my reasons for not doing so are probably close to those of our sisterhood at large.

First and foremost is the risk, however slight, of exposure. No! not as a TV, but as a TV who attends a 'gay' club. However hard we try to reassure the world that we are hetero in our tastes - 'they' - believe otherwise.

Secondly, the Dungeon is situated in a very seedy part of Jo'burg and however pleasant the club might be, the drive into that area is off-putting.

What we need is a clubhouse in the country. A place where we could change, leave a suitcase or rent a locker, and relax in pleasant surroundings with mixed company. A place with a pub - or even a restaurant where we could dress and enjoy a civilised evening in the company of kindly disposed women.

Lastly, the timing. Sunday evenings aren't a good time for those of us who are married with families. It is hopeless for those with rejecting wives. During the week one can 'be late at the office'.

yours sincerely

.....

MY ANSWER!

By Marlene.

Firstly, I can't agree that this is the opinion of our sisterhood at large. (I have seen the attendance at the Club, and it isn't all that bad, but could do with improvement). Certainly some of our members will feel this way; it is to those that I'm directing this reply.

The risk of being classified Gay? The author of this letter answered the question herself. If, as she says, we WILL be seen as Gay no matter how hard we try to prove otherwise, then why bother? Some of our members seem to think it is a terrible thing to be classed as gay. The gay community of today is seen more and more as being responsible, reliable people. You don't find gays losing their jobs anymore simply because they are gay. They are judged on their ability, and nothing more. I'm afraid the same can't be said about the TV community, and if you don't believe me, just ask Joy! I almost think the gays have more to fear from us than we from them. Joy has found that people have accepted her while they thought she was gay,, but when she tried to tell them otherwise, they became hostile.

The Dungeon may not be situated in the classiest part of Jo'burg, but isn't this applicable to most night-clubs anywhere in the world? The fact is that I've attended the Club myself and arrived there dressed to the hilt. There may have been some unsavoury types around, I don't know! (I was too busy concentrating to walk properly in my high heels). Nobody passed any remarks or paid much attention to us. Finally, the security at the Dungeon is the strictest I've ever encountered. If you're not safe in there, then you're not safe anywhere. It's a damn sight safer than a lonely hotel room! A club house in the country? A brilliant dream, but who is going to pay for it? Who will then criticise even that?????

Sunday evenings happen to be the only night when the gays aren't using the club themselves. Everybody must

make some sacrifice. Please don't just judge the club. Go see for yourself. We are darn lucky to have it, as the club owner is opening his place to us for love!

Finally, if you want to go to a lovely hotel, have a splendid evening in the best of company, and feel totally safe, then as mentioned in the editorial, it is up to you. Take the time and trouble to earn your freedom to move in public as you wish, and don't criticise the efforts being made by your sisters to help you, if you are not prepared to help yourself. Just ask Lynne.

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BOOK REVIEW.

By Lady Paula Howard.

MR WAKEFIELD'S CRUSADE. By Bernice Rubens,
(Hamish Hamilton, London 1985)

Taking up this book for review, and knowing the Authors' unexplained interest in cross-dressing, I skimmed through it until I had uncovered the bits which are of interest to us. You're not suppose to uncover this until page 180 (out of 190), which this slim volume contains. Cheating, of course, you will say and how right you will be. But most intrigued I was to find this to be largely a story of a deception which I, in my London and later my Jo'burg days, had indulged myself in; and which, with that inventive fantasy which takes so many TVs right up to the frontiers of homosexual experiment, I had enjoyed so greatly both in long mirrors and short letters.....

I then went back to page one and read right through this strange, but easily readable book, and found it mattered not at all that I knew what I would find in the end - a succession of three transvestite 'wives' for the mysterious Sebastian Firbank living with his wife Marion in Hampstead and communicating only (continued page 15)

PHOTO PAGE.



Our Australian sisters having a meal in a restaurant.
(If they can do it,...!) Left Jan [REDACTED], right Lynette.

Is Joy for sale then?



MORE PHOTOS



Rita - Bathing beauty.

Sandra left and Rita right
Having a little get-together.



with her by letter. Sebastian had had two earlier 'wives' it later transpires. Francoise and Marie-Claire, both French: and also an artist friend, Richard, a man very much after my own heart, I may say.

Knowing what was to come at the end should, by all standards, have rendered the literary excursion valueless. It did not! In fact, as a cross-dresser myself from way back, I was able to savour better the situations disclosed in the poor, deceived and utterly naive Mr Luke Wakefield's hunt - through South Wales and suburban London - for the mysterious Marion, and the graves of Sebastian's various wives. Why did he not confront Sebastian himself? Simply because the latter dropped dead literally at Mr Wakefield's feet in a local post office while buying stamps to send a letter to the elusive 'Dear Marion Firbank'. Mr Wakefield purloins this unposted letter, and having read the intriguing contents, 'the game is on'. I love to give little samples of the books I review, and here is one:-

"And Richard wasn't there", Richard said. "He was in New York. That's what they were all told. But I was there all right.....I was the bride (Marion)".

"You actually had dinner with Aunt Chrissie?", I said.

"Yes. But only once. Sebastian and I got the giggles...It was easier in Paris, when I was Francoise. Sebastian claimed that I couldn't speak French and that let me off the hook. As for (when I was) Marie-Claire, well, I just sat there and looked ravishing".

Yes, spend a few hours going with the wholly deceived Luke through his vain, long personality hunt and then, if Miss Rubens' story intrigues you as it did me, ask the bookshop for her earlier work 'Sunday Best' which has a cross-dressing theme which she will clearly expose to you within the first few chapters. *Note: Sunday Best is available from the Phoenix library.*

SEEN IN THE PRESS.

SEX-CHANGE PRIEST 'STILL IN MINISTRY'

A priest who had a sex-change operation, still belongs to the Roman Catholic Ministry, a top-ranking church official has confirmed.

"As far as we are concerned, he remains a priest, even though he has quit his parish", the official added.

The Vatican itself has long been aware of the controversial case of the unnamed priest who is referred to only as 'Father Paul-Paola'.

The sex-changed priest complains that the only advice he had ever received from his superiors when he told them of his plight was: "Submit to penance, and take some tranquilisers".

But other Vatican sources said the priest could now face disciplinary action such as being 'defrocked'. A Jesuit expert in canon law said: "This operation does not change the kind of person the priest is. It involved only external organs and therefore only a 'superficial' change is involved. It is not enough to say that a man has become a woman".

But other leading theologians disagree, as the sensation grew.

Father Paul-Paola is now living "like a pensioner" in a small north Italian Town. Turin's daily newspaper La Stampa quoted him as saying: "I'm aware that I am a living contradiction for the church (which does not allow women priests).

The Vatican has handed a document on the case to the Congregation for the Clergy to give guidance about any eventual decision on how the problem can be solved.



'GAY' ROBBER IN COURT.

Wearing a blue skirt and clutching his purse under his arm, a Port Elizabeth man yesterday asked the Court to be lenient, after he had been convicted of robbery, because he had experienced problems as a homosexual while in jail awaiting trial.

Elroy Paulsen, 27, also known as Sandra Deacon, of Barend St, Salt Lake, was convicted of robbing Mr M.R. De Beer of Bethal Transvaal of R12 in cash, a packet of cigarettes, and a plastic comb, near the Traduna Mall on April 8 this year.

Reminding the court that he was homosexual, Paulsen said he had been in custody for four months awaiting trial, and he had had problems in jail.

Passing sentence, Mr P.J. Botha said the court took into consideration Paulsen's personal circumstances. He said his position was aggravated by the fact that he had a list of previous convictions. These dated back to 1979 and involved housebreaking and theft and assault on police.

A further aggravating factor was that robbery was prevalent in the vicinity of the Port Elizabeth railway station. Paulsen had also robbed a visitor who had asked to be shown the way to the nearest bottle store.

Paulsen was sentenced to an effective 30 months' imprisonment.

Paulsen told the court that he was employed as a domestic servant at the time of his arrest. He earned R60 a month. (I wonder if he was a French Maid? - Ed)

JUST CHECK THESE CHICKS!!

Believe it or not! but this is Patrick Mynhardt and Hugo Taljaart the baddie from the TV series, 'Ballade vir 'n Enkeling'.

In the coming TV series, 'Dot en Kie', which producer Henry Mylne is starting to shoot this week, these two well known actors will both play the role of Bella Verhaven, a fictional female who they create in the series.

'Dot en Kie', a series of fifteen episodes, deals with a friendship club and a detective agency under the same roof.



Dot, played by Nerina Ferreira, is the owner of the friendship club, and Patrick Mynhardt is Sigmund, the detective.

But, somewhere between those who seek the friendship club and those seeking the detective, things get horribly mixed up. Hugo Taljaart, playing Murphy, is also a detective. An hysterical woman seeks help by phoning and Murphy who answers the phone, says it is Bella Verhaven speaking. Later the client wishes to meet Bella, and Murphy and Sigmund can't decide which of them will dress as a woman. The result is two Bellas.

The blonde Bella, dressed in a greyish flowered dress and sensible grey shoes, is Patrick Mynhardt. The brunette Bella is Hugo Taljaart.

Filming of 'Dot en Kie' should be finished by December. It has not been decided when the series will be broadcast. But watch these pages for further news.

MAN IN A DRESS FACES FRAUD CHARGES.

A 52 year old man with grey hair and spectacles, dressed in a short summer dress and carrying a sling handbag, appeared in a Wynberg court charged with 5 counts of cheque and credit-card fraud.

His name was given on the charge sheet as Dawn Denise Berman, of Impala Flats, Beaconsfield, Kimberley.

He was convicted on one count of defrauding the Homestead Restaurant at Cape Point in May by paying R230,95 for a meal and goods with a Barclay card in the name of F.J. Strauss

Mr Strauss, 76, testified that Berman lived with him in Kimberley. Mr Straus, who is hard of hearing, said he could not remember if Mr Berman asked him to sign an appliaction for a Barclaycard, but confirmed that the signature on the form before the court was his.

Mr Peter Botha, for the State, asked Mr Strauss if he was aware that Mr Berman was a man.

Mr Strauss replied: "Yes. I became aware of this".

Mr Botha: "What made you realise this?"

Mr Strauss: "Well, I could see she had a strong body".

Mr Leon Boer, and official of Barclays, testified that an application from Mr Strauss for a Barclaycard for himself and Mrs Denise Brenda Strauss was processed.

Later the accounts were stopped because both limits were overdrawn.

The hearing was postponed and Mr Berman was remanded.

STOP PRESS!

We have just heard that Denise Berman has been sentenced to 5 years in jail. We wonder, however, if she will be jailed with the men or the women?

EXCUSES FOR TVISM.



"I have to wear it - ever since my wife found it in the car!"

A PAWN BECOMES A QUEEN!

By Sandra (East London).

I lost my life to live again,
a stone for a pearl.
Switched the man I was'nt then,
became a lovely girl.

The struggles were too much for me,
the pain too great to bear.
I prayed for death, longed to be free
the woman I know, my life to share.

I had to be complete within,
without I had to change.
I shed my caterpillar skin,
the whole of me to rearrange.

Femme clothes and make-up in exchange,
for garments coarse and dark and dim.
Creams and oils, a female name,
to superceed the whole of him.

A change of life, of mind and heart
from chains and from a prison cell.
To woman, playing her rightfull part
released to heaven, from fiery hell.

Peace at last! Oh perfect peace!
and all of the obscene,
has faded and must now release,
what always was a queen!

SOME MORE ON ATTITUDES.

By Susan [REDACTED] - Reprinted from Tapestry (USA).

I remember the girl sitting next to me in the seventh grade saying to me, "Your hands are so smooth, they're just like a girl's,....", and the years of abuse to beat those hands into a 'masculine' look. I remember my first friend in school telling me, "Don't carry your books like that; that's a girl's way". Not wanting to be guilty of that sin, I rapidly adopted the slung-on-hip boy's style, even though it seemed less effecient. I remember noting and 'correcting' my tendency to touch people on the arm or shoulder when talking to them. This tendency reappeared as 'Susan' crept out of the closet.

I'm still afraid of fistfights. My daydreams still tend to centre on what it would be like to be a woman, and wear women's clothing (even though I'm not familiar with the latter). My own sister pointed out that I 'sit like a girl' while reading and I played with the hair behind my ears - guilty on both counts!

I always wondered why everyone else seemed to know instinctively how to behave, and how things were done while I had to be eternally vigilant for clues and carefully followed the examples set by my more knowledgeable peers. I usually chose the rowdiest, roughest models lest there be any doubts among my observers.

My state of mind is clear in this memory: sitting in a grade-school classroom on my first day at school, the teacher going through the class for names, calling "Next boy" or "Next girl", - and me, waiting in such anxiety that I would be called "Next girl" that I got thrown out of that class to avoid what may have been a social branding that would mark me forever.

There were no light moments when it came to identifying

one by gender. Although in retrospect, I can laugh at the Neanderthal gait I adopted in high school to ensure a masculine identification.

These aforementioned 'tip of the iceberg' memories didn't result in me becoming introverted, and descending into self-analysis. Rather, they resulted in a feeling of great anger and loss.

What am I missing? What have I exchanged for this unusual starting point? There is a joy in physical aggressive behaviour (not hostile) that is uniquely masculine. I have experienced that joy at times, but it is not "there" for me. I have to dredge it up. Most people feel a certainty about their identity that is acceptable to all, that allows a freedom of expression that I don't feel. What would life be without this terrible secret? What might I have done? Who might I have been had I not felt 'wrong' for most of my life, and had not devoted so much energy to hiding it?

So, what has happened?

I've exchanged guilt for anger. The guilt had diminished through an acceptance of myself as I was (am). I also realize that the guilt was a product of feeling responsible for having made a choice, somehow, to be what I am - biologically or not. The anger is directed out. I feel cursed, though it could be blessed, but that society says "No!" The anger has certainly diminished the pleasure, if not the compulsion, and at this point, I don't have any idea what to do about it. The dilemma remains the same; only the point of view has changed.

COMMENT BY JOY.

This article once again illustrates the way we are influenced by Society's expectations. Conform, or feel guilty because you are different.

I accept that there are actions which are, and must remain unacceptable to society.

However, when what is at stake is the well-being of an individual, then it is time to question society's attitudes. Are they correct in our case?

I feel that they are not, and a common reaction is anger. How that anger is used, is the key to the success of our mission, because that is what we are on. If you want the freedom to be yourself, to dress and move about as you feel, then use your anger to achieve positive change in your environment, or keep quiet. If we do not stand up and make our voices heard, no-one else will do it for us! As long as you remain in your closet, snarling at the world, you (and all the rest of us) are losing a opportunity for change.

It is by accepting yourself, and showing the world that, *apart from feeling more feminine than the average male*, you are a perfectly normal human being, that we stand a chance of getting society to change its point of view. After all, who is 'society'? I have never met 'society', only the people with whom I come in contact with in my daily life. They accept me as an individual, and marvel at the fact that I am not bitter as a result of all that has happened to me. (A few ignorant, unaccepting individuals are not society).

As a direct result of my positive outlook, I have found a very large number of accepting people in my 'society'. You may say I am lucky. I say it was hard work, and many tears were cried along the path. I am not at the top yet, but the view is getting better every day.

Are you going to come climb that mountain with me, or are you going to stay at home and complain about it being unfair that the folk who struggled to the top of the mountain get such a lovely view?

"It makes you think, doesn't it?" As the man said in the television advert.

REACTION TO SCOPE

By Marlene.

Firstly a very huge 'Thank you' from Joy for all the phone calls congratulating her on the courage she showed in going 'public' in a very MACHO magazine like Scope.

So far, there have only been positive reactions from all quarters towards the article.

Indeed! The letters, while not flooding in, as we had hoped, are coming in. Albeit in dribs and drabs. Since the article appeared, we've received some 27 letters. Already we've gained 6 new members from the first batch of 16 sent out. Maybe, hopefully, more will follow soon.

It is interesting to note that the areas from where the letters originate covers the entire country fairly well. But - not one from Durban!!! Did the floods wash all their copies of Scope into the deep blue sea? Maybe the fish will pass on the message.

In retrospect, it was worth all the trouble, as about half of the replies were from people who had never realised that there were other people like them in the world. These are the people who we need to get to.

Scope tries very hard to maintain its 'macho' image, yet the response showed that many TV's do read 'Girlie' magazines, showing yet again that we are not gay. While thanking Scope for writing the article, Scope should note that they have a considerable number of readers with transvestite tendencies, who possibly look at the girls with the same amount of sexual interest as full-blooded males, but with perhaps a shade of envy as well. *(I know this is very true for me - I've missed very few issues of Scope since issue one! Hell! I've just given my age away! - Marlene.)*

How many letters will we still receive in the months to

come, bearing in mind that we still get contact from people who saw the Cosmopolitan article, published about two years ago?



"But Darling! You should know that you can't fool the dog - irrespective of how you're dressed."



"NO! NO! You Tarzan, Me Jane!"

SPECIAL NOTICE!

Hi folks, I will be up in Johannesburg for about two weeks for Christmas and New Year, and want to meet as many members as possible!

We have had a good response to the Scope article, and many new members have expressed interest in my offer to meet with them; and I want to meet some of our other members, who are so-far only voices over the phone.

Perhaps the easiest way of arranging a get-together is for me to ask Sue, (please Sue) the Johannesburg regional organiser, to arrange a meeting to suit most members, and then to contact me with the date and time. While I am in Jhb, I can be contacted at [REDACTED]. If I am not in, please leave a message.

Some members may feel very shy about meeting others, as they feel that they are not ready, or that their standard of dress is not as good as it should be. I believe that I have heard almost every excuse in the book! Most folk say that their reason for joining the Phoenix was to meet people with similar feelings. Well, here is a golden opportunity.

If you are worried about your standard of dress, then come as your male-self.

If you are worried about security, remember that everyone going to the meeting has the same feeling.

We are all in this together, so come together and share your problems or successes.

I look forward to meeting as many members as possible!

See you there!

Joy [REDACTED]

r

MEMBERSHIP LIST AS ON -
22/11/87.

TRANSVAAL

Jean
Thelma
Joanne
Antonette
Bobbie
Helen
P.C.
Jane
Karin
Christine
Justine
Sue
Syd
Lynne
Renee
Sally
Rhonda
Anita
Doreen
Felicia
Amanda

OVERSEAS

Toni (Malta)
Merissa (U.S.A.)
Jan [REDACTED] (Australia)
Marina Lang (Australia)
Gina (England)
Ms K. Smith (England)
Anette [REDACTED] (Sweden)
Paedra Kelly (England)
Connie (U.S.A.)
Louise (Australia)
Lady Paula Howard (Austr)
Jane [REDACTED] (Australia)

WESTERN CAPE

Marlene
Joy
Alice
Robyn
Liz
Karin
D.G.
Jennifer

NATAL

Monique
Joyce
Adelle
Michelle
Rene
Sandra (Sandy)
Rita
Rosslyn
Liza

EASTERN CAPE

Sandra M.
Sandra B.
Charmagne

ORANGE FREE STATE

Brenda

ZIMBABWE

Shirley

NAMIBIA

Katherine

LIBRARY LIST.

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| Men in Frocks | Sex-Change (dress deviation) |
| April Ashley's Odyssey | The Drag Scene |
| She-Male (Coccinelle) | I want what I want |
| Life's a Drag | Sunday Best |
| Conundrum (Jan Morris) | The Tenant |
| Roberta Cowell's story | "I Changed my sex" |
| Men in Drag | A year among the girls |
| Tula I am a woman | Christine Jorgensen Story |
| TV's and TS's | The Transformation |
| Sexual Variations | Splendora |
| Drag (A history) | Guys in Gowns No.3 |
| Astound TV No,1,11,13,34. | Men in Skirts No.16,17 |
| Mandatory Masquerade | Transvestite Sissy |
| His Dreams Came True | From Martin to Marion |
| Fated for femininity | Schoolgirl in secret service |
| Birth of Barbara | I'm a male actress |
| Ideal Marriage | Regiment of women |
| Man into woman | How to impersonate a woman |
| Assorted Transvestias | Assorted Beaumont Bulletins |

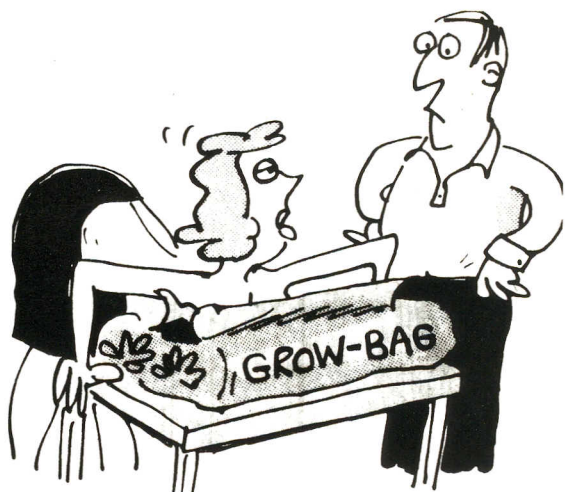
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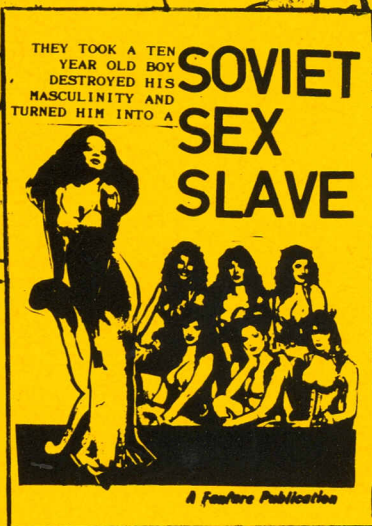
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Please don't be selfish and keep books indefinitely. Maximum time allowed per book is 5 weeks. Please do cooperate with us in the above regard as it is for the benefit of all.

"Some girls when
they get desperate,
will try anything!"



WE WISH YOU
A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
GLORIOUSLY HAPPY
NEW YEAR



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