

JW

FANFARE



ISSUE No.24

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THE MAGAZINE FOR THE WOMAN INSIDE.

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

This issue of Fanfare indicates a birthday! Fanfare is exactly 4 years old. And, By Golly! Did it ever come a long way!!

I sat last night and reread Fanfare No.1 published in September 1982 and was astounded! About the only good thing I can say for that issue is that it was the thickest ever published. 32 Pages!

BUT! Oh Boy! The spelling and the grammar.....that was something else. Due to the constant biggerring of two members, Lady Paula Howard and Joyce, I like to think that there is very little left of that sort of thing. Thanks! Lady Paula and Joyce.

Oh yes! I have had plenty of grief with Fanfare, but it was all worth it. Fanfare was my baby and in those days I had to write almost the entire thing myself and being an Afrikaner, I didn't find it particularly easy. But due to plenty of help from all sources, I think we now have a little publication of which we can be a little proud.

I still recall the immediate improvement to Fanfare when Thelma started to do the cover designs and illustrations and now we have reached the stage where printing photographs is almost routine. Thank you Thelma!

I'm not saying that there isn't room for improvement. There is plenty and I hope I can rely on all our members, local and overseas, to continue to give me the support I need and advice I need to make those improvements.

I CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT YOU!!!!!!

Happy reading,
Marlene.

THE TAKEOVER—PART FOUR.

By Lynne.



A little later, dressed in a sleeveless floral print shirt-waister with high-heeled sandals, Dane went through to the family room where Mrs Collins sat reading the morning newspaper. She jumped up as he entered and looked quizzically at him. She let her gaze travel upwards and down again as she inspected him.

"Lordy! you've done a good job considering that its the first time you've dressed yourself as a girl without help." She peered closely at his face, "You've done well with your make-up too!" Grinning widely and with a touch of mischief in her voice she continued, "how does it feel today? To be a girl, I mean?"

"I'm not a girl! I'm just a boy dressed in girls clothes!"

He looked about the family room, "Shall I get us some coffee?"

"Yes Diane, be a good girl and do that."

A few moments later, he came back from the kitchen with fresh coffee. He felt vaguely foolish in high-heels and a dress, but, if it made the old girl happy for a day, what the hell difference could it make?

As she sipped her coffee, Mrs Collins looked at him over the brim, her eyes twinkling, "You may think that you're only a boy in girls clothes at present, but you just wait until later. Diane will start to take you over again just like she did yesterday! I watched her, you know. She slowly took you over and she'll do it again today, you just wait and see." She sat back against the settee, "anyway, lets talk about what we'll do today. I thought we should go into town again and I'd like to replace a lot of things you lost - your boys things, I mean, then you'll be ready equipped for tomorrow!"

He looked at her in disbelief, "But that's too much, Mrs Collins!"

"Mom", she said.

"All right then, Mom; but why should you do that? It's really very kind of you, but.....I don't know what to say."

"Then don't say anything! It will give me great pleasure to help you, although, Lord knows, I don't want you to go! But you've been kind to a lonely old woman and I'm very grateful. I know how strange it must have been to pretend to be a girl," she smiled, "despite how pretty you look! In any case, young lady, if I didn't help you, what could you do?"

He sat back, smoothing the hem of his dress down over his knees, "I don't know."

"Right then! There's no need for argument! But one thing I will ask you to do for me."

"What's that?"

"I'd like to buy you a pretty dress to take with you!"

"Why? For goodness sake!"

"Because right now, everything you have is Diane's, that's why! And who knows? You may want to be a girl again sometime in the future, so if you have a dress, shoes, some undies and a little make-up, well then! You'll be able to!"

There was a sudden peal of the front door bell and they both turned, startled, "Lordy! Who's comming calling so early? Go on then, young lady, you're well used to being a girl by now, answer the door for me please!"

Dane went through the hall-way and opened the door. He got quite a shock when he saw John standing there, and instinctively raised his hands to his face, feeling himself blushing as he did so.

"Who is it, Diane?" called Mrs Collins.

"Its John Smythe, Mrs Collins, can I come in for a minute please?"

"Come in, my boy. Diane! Bring the boy inside!"

John took Diane's hand and wispered, "You look right pretty, Diane!"

Together they walked into the family room with Diane's hand held firmly in John's. Dane, for his part, tried to release his hand but felt the strength of John's fingers resist his efforts to release his hand. Mrs Collins smiled as she saw the two of them hand-in-hand.

"My, doesn't that look pretty. Come on in and have some coffee John, Diane just made some!" She pointed to a chair, "Sit down my boy!"

"No. Ma'am, I can't stop more'n a minute. I just stopped by to ask Diane if I can take her out to dinner tonight?" he turned to Diane as he said it.

Dane disengaged his hand and started to stammer a refusal, "Er-er...."

Mrs Collins held up her hand to stop Dane, "Of course she will, won't you Diane?"

Dane glared at the older woman, speechless. John took his hand again, "thanks Diane! I'll call for you at 7.30 tonight. All right?"

Dane looked at him. His ability to speak, frozen.

"That'll be fine John. I'll see that she is ready for you!" Said Mrs Collins.

"Right then, that's fixed! He turned again to Mrs Collins, "I'll take good care of her, don't worry."

With that, John raised Diane's hand to his mouth and kissed it gently, "Wear your prettiest dress tonight! We'll have a lovely evening!"

A moment later he was gone and Mrs Collins was rocking back and forth on the settee, her merry laughter filling the room.

Dane was furious, "what on earth are you laughing at? It's no laughing matter!"

"Oh Diane, if only you could have seen yourself there! You looked exactly like a young virgin who'd received her first proposal! You were blushing, and you had your eyes downcast. You'll never know how demure you looked and enchanting!---Oh Lordy!"

Diane glared at her, feeling alarm filling her, "But Mom! I can't go out with him! It would be stupid!!!"

"Why?"

"Well, you say that I'm pretty! I'll accept that for the sake of the argument, John says it too. So, if we were to go out for dinner, soft lights, sweet music and all that lot, what happens if he becomes amorous? I'm not stupid you know, I've taken lots of girls out myself in the past. Tell me, What'll I do then?" He sat down next to her taking her hand in his, "What will I do Mom?"

She looked fondly at the beautiful young girl before her, "Every girl knows how to handle an amorous boy m'dear."

Diane looked at her in desperation, "How many times must I tell you! I'm not a girl!"

She grinned at him, mischief lighting her eyes, "You will be by that time."

He looked startled, "What do you mean!"

"Listen Dane, I'll call you Dane just for the moment! In every human being there's male and female, some more some less, but both sides are there in each of us. Yesterday you started out as Dane in skirts, but, as the day went on, you became very used to wearing skirt and high-heels and having breasts and looking pretty, and you got used to being treated as a girl because you looked so much like one, then you found yourself enjoying it. No! don't deny it," she held up her hand to stop his protests, "I saw you enjoying it, believe me! Then the more you began to enjoy it, the more like a girl you became, and the female part of you rose to the surface and gradually took over you personality. I saw it as clear as daylight. Your male side almost completely disappeared. You were still the same body, but your personality had altered so that your mind accepted it as just being part of you. It was only me, knowing who you really are that I was able to see the transformation taking place," she smiled at him again, "Whether you like it or not, my girl, yesterday you became a girl and, mark my words, the same will happen today!"

Dane sat back and looked at her sharply, "Today it won't happen! And do you know why? Because I'll be waiting for it to happen and I won't let her take me over again!"

Mrs Collins laughed merrily, "We'll see young lady, we'll see. Meantime, we have housework to do and then we must be away to town."

In the early evening, Dane lay in a hot scented bath, worrying about the evening ahead. He and Mrs Collins had had a happy afternoon. It had pleased him to see the older woman carefree and contented and he felt that he had,

in part, repaid her for the kindness towards him. Diane had not taken over, although at times he felt her trying to come to the surface. He had been able to force the female side of his alter-ego down again and felt quite satisfied with himself.

Mrs Collins had bought Dane a large back-pack and had outfitted him with jeans, tee-shirts, sweaters, socks and shoes. He had protested about the amount of money she was spending on him but she would hear none of his protests, saying he had given her happiness, that she could spare the money, and that she enjoyed doing it!

In the boutique she had made him try on 3 or 4 dresses before they decided on a slightly severe, tailored dress, nipped sharply at the waist and with full sleeves, light brown with white lacey neckline and sleeve trim. He had felt very foolish standing in the changing room in a white slip while the assistant helped him on and off with the dresses. White court shoes finished off the outfit and that was when Diane tried to come to the surface momentarily.

They had arrived home at about 6 o'clock and Mrs Collins had sent him off to bathe, "Come out smelling sweetly! I'll sort out a dress and things for you while you're in the bath."

When he went through to the bedroom she had his clothes laid out on the bed, and she was bustling around the room. "Come on now, get out of that gown and into these panties! I'll just slip out and you call me when you have them on!"

She went out quickly but was back again a moment later when he called her.

"Now then, turn around, my dear, while I hook you into this," she held up a long and boned corselette, strapless and with suspenders hanging from the bottom.

He looked at the garment in alarm, "I can't wear that!"

"Just turn around and let me get you into it!" she laughed. Soon she was busy at his back and he felt her doing up all the hooks.

"Breathe- in!" she called, and as he took a deep breath, she quickly connected all the hooks at the top. He felt the smooth comforting firmness of the garment, but had no time to dwell on it as she bustled around him once more, "Now the stockings! Sit down there and I'll help you on with them."

"I don't need to be dressed like a baby! I can do them myself!"

"I doubt it my dear! You've only worn pantihose up to now, these are stockings and they're very sheer."

In no time at all, the stockings were drawn up his legs and clipped to the suspenders and she was slipping very high-heeled sandals onto his feet. Pulling him up to the mirror she pointed into it, "Now look!!!"

He caught his breath as he saw how the corselette was giving him a pronounced feminine figure with nipped waist and slightly flaring hips. "I can hardly breathe!"

"That's the price of beauty!" she laughed, "now step into this half-slip." She turned to the bed as he adjusted the elastic band of the slip snugly about his waist, then she turned again holding his dress for the evening, "Now! I'll have to help you on with this!"



She held up a burgundy creation, which to his eyes was more floating chiffon than anything else. Resignedly he shook his head in bewilderment, "How on earth do I get into that?"

"Here! Over your head ---raise your arms --- stretch them into the sleeves! -- Yes! --now turn around and let me pull it straight at the back. Now, breathe in again while I zip you up!" She turned him this way and that way as she did final adjustments to the fit of the dress, then when she was satisfied, she turned him around once more towards the mirror, "What do you think of yourself now Diane?"

Dane looked at himself in the glass and, once again, he could hardly believe his eyes. Diane was standing there looking absolutely radiant. The dress was a burgundy chiffon lay-over with a burgundy satin sheath beneath. The sheath was strapless showing the outline of his breasts but the translucent chiffon extended over his

shoulders and down to his wrists in a floating cloud of colour. The skirt was full and was pinpointed here and there with diamante sequins which twinkled and sparkled as they caught the light. He could never remember seeing anyone quite so beautiful and, despite himself, he felt Diane rising to the surface of his consciousness. He gazed at the reflection in the mirror and suddenly, in a second, Diane was there and in charge. She gazed at herself again and turned to her mother, "Mother, Darling!! Its breathtaking!!!"

Mrs Collins looked gently at the beautiful young girl standing before her, "You're Diane again, aren't you?"

Diane looked at herself again in the mirror and turned and kissed the older woman, "Oh! Oh yes, mother! I'm Diane! I don't quite know how, but she's here inside me and I'm her!" She admired her reflection again, "Right now I wouldn't want to be anyone else! I think I'd be happy to be Diane for always!"

Her mother hugged her and cried with joy, "Oh, my dear, how I wish that it could be! It would make me so happy. But I suppose you're something like Cinderella - at the stroke of midnight you'll be Dane again!"

"Mom, let me live just for the moment. I can assure you that I'm Diane and I'm your daughter and all I can say it that I'd love to be your daughter always!"

Mrs Collins sat on the bed, weeping tears of happiness, "Oh Diane, it is actually you! I know! Somehow you're here again with me just like you used to be. I knew you would come back to me somehow, I just knew it!"

She looked at the young girl, "You're not just Dane pretending, are you?"

For a second or two Dane struggled upwards and he saw the beauty which had once been him looking outwards from the mirror. In the same instant Dane

was banished once again by the triumphant Diane.

"No Mom. I'm not just Dane pretending. Right now you see Diane! I don't know how long she'll stay here - maybe she'll go at midnight, as you say, and then I'll just be a scullery maid like Cinderella, or maybe she'll go slowly tomorrow, or maybe....." she looked wistfully at herself in the mirror once again, "Maybe she'll never go! Maybe I'll always be Diane."

Mrs Collins looked longingly at her daughter, "If she was to stay, if you were to be Diane always, what would you do?"

Diane walked over and sat beside her mother, "I don't know Mom, I really don't know! When I look like this how can I be anyone else, other than Diane? This is her room ---its my room, these are her clothes ---they're my clothes, there's an aura of her, of myself in this room. She is alive in here, she's alive in me! What would I do if Diane stayed inside me forever?" she half turned to her mother, "what am I to do?" she asked imploringly.

"Oh Lordy! perhaps we are playing with things we don't even begin to understand. We were only just playing a game really; I was lonely, you were lost and it was fun turning a boy into a girl," she took Diane's hand and squeezed it gently, "you enjoyed it too, yesterday and today, didn't you?"

Diane nodded, "I resented it at first...I thought you were a little goofy, but you'd been very kind to me and you seemed to want it so much, so I decided to go along with you for a day or two; at first I felt stupid being dressed as a girl, but then when everyone accepted me as such it became fun and I started to enjoy it. Then, last night, I felt Diane inside me and, for a while at least, she was 50/50 with Dane, and then she gradually started to take over more and more." She walked back to the mirror, "Suppose I try to be Dane....she turned back to her mother and struck an aggressive pose, her hands on her hips and her legs apart, "what do I look like?"

"Your hair hasn't been done, you've no make-up on, and yet..." she paused and looked at the figure before her, "...and yet, you look exactly like Diane used to look when she didn't get her way. You look like a young girl who is pouting and angry.

"Do I look anything like a boy?"

Mrs Collins laughed, "Look at yourself in that mirror....there's not an ounce of boy in you!"

"Right then", said Diane, "let me put on my war paint and some jewelery and just you wait, John Smythe, you wont know what's hit you when you see your date tonight!!!!"

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF FANFARE.

IT'S A BOY!

3/8/86

From The Sunday Times

There were red faces galore at Australian Penthouse magazine this week following the bombshell admission by its latest sizzling nude centrefold "Pet Of The Month" that she was born a man!

As the magazine hit the streets, Sydney dancer Julia Somers told startled Penthouse publisher Phillip Abrahams that her sexy body was created artificially - through breast implants and a sex-change operation.

"I was staggered" said Mr Abrahams. "I chose her myself and never in my wildest dreams thought she was anything other than a very sexy woman."

Blonde, blue-eyed Julia decided to make a clean breast of things after a jealous acquaintance had threatened to expose her masculine past.

Julia, who was christened Julian, told this week how she had lived as a female in a male body until her operation. "I have always felt like a woman," she said. "I played with dolls as a child and all the boys laughed at me. I could not even fight back because I was always smaller than the other boys."

In her early teens she started dressing like a girl. "I was lucky and could get away with it, because I was always delicate, never typically male in appearance and never even had facial hair," she said.

At the age of 16 she gained an apprenticeship as a chef - and went to work from the start as a woman. Everybody accepted her as a woman, but complete lack of certain feminine attributes, like breasts, made her terrified even to go to the beach.

So Julia, as she called herself by then, went to Sydney in 1981 where she underwent breast implant surgery. "That made me look and feel more like a woman, but I really wanted to be a complete woman," she said. "But getting a full sex-change in Australia proved to be a great problem. Doctors in Sydney thought it was only a vanity thing and sent me to a psychiatrist to help me change my mind. But I didn't want my mind changed - I wanted my body changed."

So Juli went to Singapore, where 3 years ago at the cost of R12000 she was transformed into a woman at last. "My surgeon regards me as his Masterpiece."

And no wonder he does. Some of Julia's sexy poses in Penthouse are so explicit that the N.S.Wales censor has ruled, for the first time, that Penthouse must be sold wrapped in plastic so that children can't flick through the pages at newsagents.

Australian males don't seem to mind that Julia was a man before, at least judged by the incredible rate at which Penthouse was selling this week.



AT THE CLUB IN JO'BURG ONE SUNDAY!

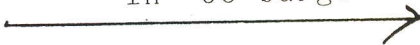


Ronnie (Club Owner) and Jane



Sue Ronnie Linda

Marlene at the club
in Jo'burg.



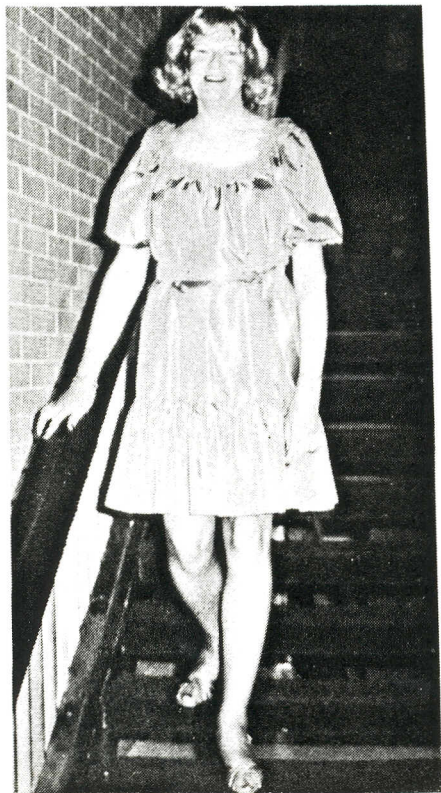
MEET SOME MORE OF OUR AUSTRALIAN SISTERS!!!



Introducing Marina Lang, AUS-002-S

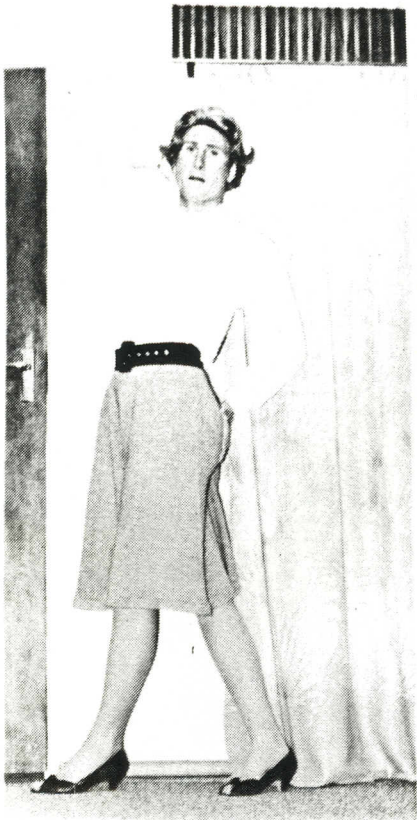


DINING OUT! Left to right; Marina, Lynette, Jan, Marcia



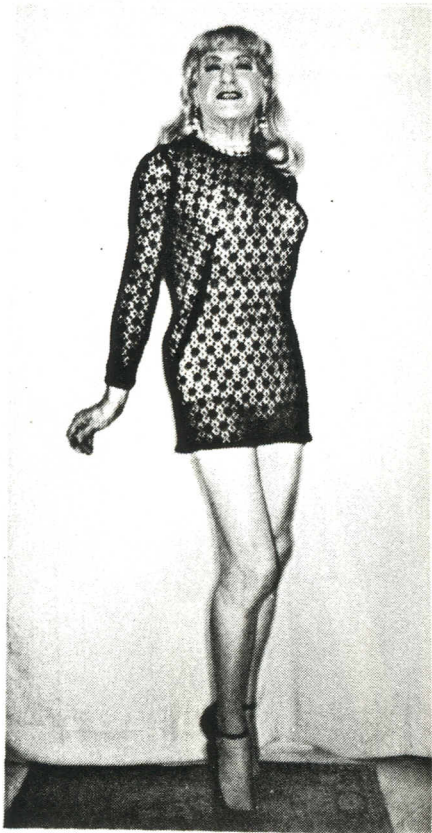
Marina being herself.





← Brenda TVL-001

Toni MAL-001-S →





**AFTER 65
YEARS THE
SECRET OF
CHRISTINA
THE NURSE
IS OUT . . .**



The ID picture of Christina Jwar . . . and her official ID registration as a woman

SHE'S a MAN!

From the Sunday Times 27/7/86

The death of an 85 year old nurse in Ficksburg had the small farming community in an uproar this week following the dramatic discovery that the nurse was in fact a man.

The masquerade, which had fooled the locals for at least 65 years, was unravelled when she was taken to hospital for an examination, and horrified nurses and friends uncovered the truth.

She was affectionately known as Christina Jwar to the black community. The shock of her real identity being revealed was too much for her and she died from an heart attack shortly after being admitted to the Ficksburg hospital.

Two administration policemen acted on a report that her home had been locked for

three days and went to investigate. After forcing open the door they found her on the floor of her bedroom - desperately ill and with her feet and legs badly swollen.

They called friends to help carry her to the car, and took her to a local doctor who told them to rush her to hospital. They took her to the women's ward to be undressed and left her with her friends and nurses while they waited at reception. Then the four friends who had accompanied her to hospital came running out, shouting that she was a man.

A cousin from Vereniging, Mrs Agostina Charles, 72, who was on a visit to Christina, said she had known her secret all along. "I knew she was a man, but as everybody accepted her as a woman, I did not want to embarrass her", she said. "We grew up in Lesotho and he, then known as Gerrard, used to dress up in girls' clothes and do woman's work like sweeping, cooking and washing. He left home because his father beat him up for behaving like a woman - and he never came back".

Inquiries revealed that she had worked at the Ficksburg hospital as a nurse and was later promoted to Sister until the hospital was taken over by the Province in 1968. She later retired from nursing and set up a Shebeen (Illegal Booze shop) in the local township where she played the role of Matriarch to the local community and, according to friends, remained somewhat aloof.

According to friends - who never suspected she was a man - she had a deep voice, but in all other ways was totally feminine.

Feminine side of 'Macho' Mike

Sunday Times Reporter - London.

Former England cricket captain Mike Bearley has told how he wore a skirt because he envied his girlfriend's womanhood.

The Macho sportsman said he was 'drawn' to wear the Indonesian sarong while his Indian-born lover, Mana Sarabhai, was pregnant. He said, "It had lain unused in my drawer for years. My inclination to wear it was, I'm sure, my way of identifying with Mana's womanhood - and also my envy of her for it."

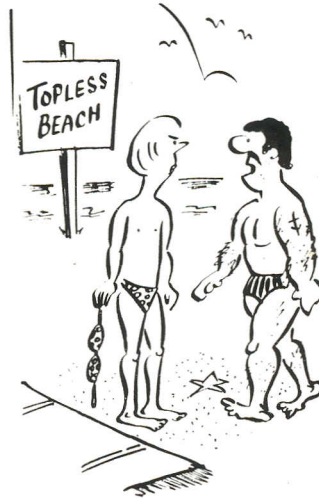
Bearley, who is not married to the mother of his two children, was appealing for men to open up the feminine side of their nature. He admitted in the National Marriage Guidance Council's journal; "I'm a little less masculine than I was. It's difficult to say how I became so."

"But it's important that boys should be allowed to assert their feminine side and girls their masculine side."

Bearley, now a Psychoanalyst, added that men's tendency to avoid gentle emotion made them envy women's ability to bear and breastfeed children.



Solution to X-word No 2



"No George! You look more convincing with the bra on."

IMPORTANT NOTICE!!!!!!

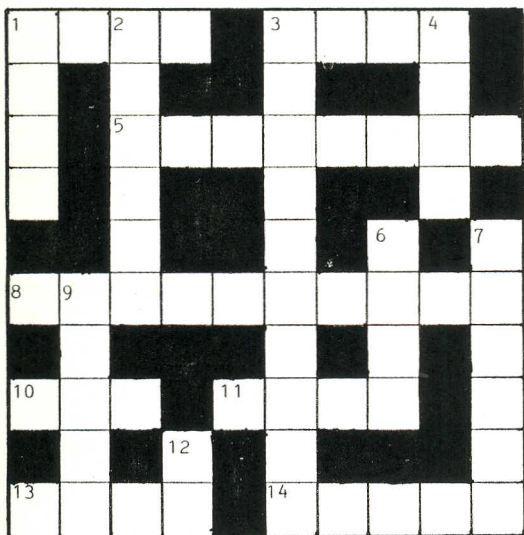
It is with the deepest regrets that I have to announce that Linda has resigned as regional organiser for Johannesburg.

At the time of writing, a replacement organiser has not yet been appointed for the area, but as soon as this is done, you will be notified.

Also, please note, the date and venue calendar published in the previous issue of Fanfare, is 'nt applicable anymore. Once again, as soon as a new calendar has been compiled, it will be published in Fanfare.

I'm sure that everyone of our members who have known Linda, and have not always appreciated her hard work over the last 5 years, will join me in wishing Linda a joyous, peaceful and well earned rest. We all hope that Linda will soon be fully recuperated and will come bounding back!!

Marlene.



FANFARE CROSSWORD No.3

ACROSS.

1. You might look like this in a pretty dress. (4)
3. Something few of us will have a chance to wear. (4)
5. Girl's playthings. (8)
8. They are often seen wearing 5 down. (5-5)
10. Obtain. (3)
11. Two or more girls may often do this with their clothes. (4)
13. Girl's name. (4)
14. One likes to have hair that is like this. (5)

Down.

1. Some of us have hair that does this naturally. (4)
2. Hot. (6)
3. Original dresses. (5-5)
4. A unisex garment these days perhaps. (4)
6. It's easy to do this in high heels. (4)
7. The feathers of this sea bird were once popular hat and gown decorations. (6)
10. Musical play. A type of long stocking. (5)
12. Feminine prefix. (2)

THE MARRIED TRANSVESTITE.

Reprinted from the Seahorse Bulletin.

By Louise.

Even without the complications of TVism, a perfect marriage, if it exists at all, is an extremely rare phenomenon. Some adjustments to their patterns of life by both partners are needed to make the marriage work. A successful marriage is where the partners can make adjustments and be contented. Such a marriage is a very worthwhile and rewarding goal.

It is essential that both partners make their contributions towards this goal. Marriage is a partnership. Both partners have their own psychological needs. Some of these are more important to them than others. Understanding of each other's needs is the first step to obtaining this goal, and free discussion is the way to get this understanding. Any need should not be belittled by either the one in need (out of love for the other) or by the other because he/she can not understand it. We all have different ideas about things, and we must respect the ideas of others, and most importantly, the ideas of loved ones.

Each partner should feel free to raise any matter concerning their psychological needs at any time. These needs may not stay constant. Sometimes, a better understanding of them may be obtained, leading to a strengthening or reduction of that need. This openness with each other keeps a marriage healthy.

The keynote is tolerance of each others views, and a readiness to compromise on both sides. This is the essence of mutual love. Discussion, tolerance and compromise are needed very much so when one of the partners is a Transvestite.

Often the TV enters marriage, while knowing that he/she has obtained pleasure and/or arousal in wearing the clothes of the other sex, but not understanding why, believes that this will pass once he/she is married. He/she therefore sees no reason for raising the subject of his/her crossdressing before marriage.

When, as is often the case, there is a fetishistic content to his/her TVism, in the early ecstasy of the marriage full arousal usually occurs without this fetishistic stimulus. However, after a while the fetish link with TVism returns, and can act in reverse...arousal can raise thoughts of TVism.

In any case, the TV has not been cured by marriage, and it returns, often strengthened by the presence of the spouse's clothes.

Because of the latitude in women's clothing, the female TV can readily provide an outlet for her TVism without upsetting her partner. However, the male TV has no such easy outlet. If he shows a desire to wear women's clothing, the natural reaction of the wife is to feel upset. "I married a man! I don't want to be married to a woman!"

Unless the husband is in fact a Transsexual, she HAS married a man. It is up to the husband to show that in all essentials he IS a man, and, with love, try to persuade her to learn about TVism so that she can understand his need to crossdress.

The TV drive can be strong or mild. It is NOT a sickness! Different authorities give various causes for TVism, and which may apply to any particular case is usually far from clear, but this is too big a subject for inclusion in this article. Sufficient to say that there is NO known cure. Some degree of suppression may be possible, particularly if the TV drive is mild. However, the drive would only be suppressed, not eliminated, and tension results. Attempts to suppress a strong drive to crossdress will create such strong psychological tensions as may lead to a breakdown of the marriage if not the health of the partners.

If the drive is mild, then occasional crossdressing will satisfy the TV. But a strong drive, more frequent crossdressing will be needed to avoid tension build-up.

Tensions feed on themselves and on other incidents too minor to be otherwise noticed until they become great enough to be disastrous to the marriage. Remember that it is the children who suffer most from a marriage break-up.

When all is said and done, how harmful is the husband's predilection for wearing women's clothes. The wife did not, we hope, marry him for what he wears. She married him for their mutual love, to care for each other, to share life's joys and troubles, and for each other's company and consideration. What he wears is, really, irrelevant to any of these. Nor does it mean that he loves his wife any the less if he wears nighties instead of pajamas. An understanding wife will get MORE love, certainly not less.

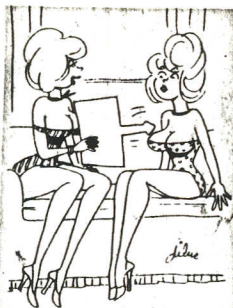
Understanding and acceptance by the wife will bind the marriage more firmly. Non-acceptance will almost certainly drive the TVism into concealment. Concealment is totally wrong, as a husband and wife should have NO secrets from each other. It generates guilt tensions. It invests the harmless act of crossdressing with quite un-merited 'wrongness'. It involves the TV in deceptions which he knows are not right. There is the constant fear of being 'found out'. If the wife has difficulty in fully accepting her husband's need to cross-dress, then compromise is the only answer. It is then up to the husband to do his part towards the compromise. He must show his wife that he appreciates any sacrifice she is making on his behalf. Also he should show that he understands what being feminine involves - the burdens of housework, cooking, ironing, etc - and not just seek the glamour side of his crossdressing role. If he does not do this, then his wife will almost certainly have feelings of jealousy to add to any resentment of her husband's TVism.

Should the children be told? It is marvellous how much children know without being told by their parents. Openness is usually best. They will have heard about TVism, or will soon hear quite a bit. It is coming more and more into the open - eg. the film Tootsie, and various interviews on television and radio. Openness allows discussion and proper understanding by the children, instead of picking up the wrong ideas from their contemporaries.

There are many happy marriages where the TV father is fully accepted by the whole family. This ideal can only be achieved by REAL mutual love between husband and wife, and fully understanding the nature of transvestism by the wife and the needs it produces in her husband.



"Nice body, yes...But that is my daughter's husband, Mike!"



"This a photo of me in the nude. Interested now?"

"Are you trying to tell me this is what you looked like before you became a Transgenderist!"

"I hope this guy is different from all the other dates she's had!"



LIBRARY BOOK LIST.

Astounding TV tales No.3	Men in skirts No.16
" " " No.11	" " " No.17
" " " No.13	Mandatory Masquerade
Transvestite Sissy	His dreams came true
Ideal Marriage(3 Books sent as one)	The turn-about party
I am a male actress	Fated for femininity
A schoolgirl in the secret service	From Martin to Marion
Tales from a pink mirror	The birth of Barbara
Man to woman	Men in frocks
A year among the girls	I want what I want
Regiment of women	I will fear no evil
Life's a drag	Dressing up
Miss high-heels	Drag. A history of female impersonation

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

Tula. I am a woman	Roberta Cowell's story
April Ashley's odyssey	Shemale (Coccinelle's story)
Christine Jorgenson's story	I changed my sex. Hedy Lamarr.
Conundrum. Jan Morris.	

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 TJ-004-S Linda
 TJ-005-S Gloria
 TJ-009 Joanne
 TJ-011-S Lynne
 TJ-010 Antonette
 TJ-015 Sydney
 TJ-016 Thelma
 TJ-020 Ronda
 TJ-023-S Sue
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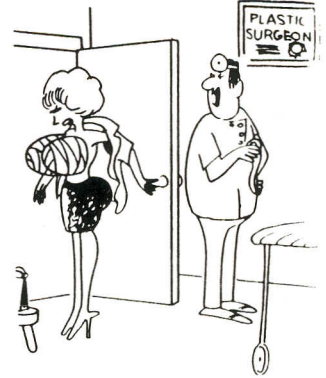
Jan Baxter
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 Connie
 Alice Purnell
 Kim Smit
 Toni
 Annette Hall

PS. If I've left out any names, please
 let me know immediately.
 Marlene.



When read - DON'T
 PANIC!!!!

"Excuse Sonny, can
 you help me across
 the street?"



"Sorry Mr. Smith! I always
 get my centimeters and inches
 confussed."