

JOY.

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Handwritten initials

fantfare



See pg 11

The magazine for the woman within.

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"Whatch his face when he finds out he's talking to Marlene and the executive committee of PHOENIX."

THE BRINGERS OF THE WORD.

By Joyce DN-001-S



Religious matters don't have much place in these pages and nor should they - we all do our own thing, we are all different and that's that. Forgive me then, if a mild religious overtone creeps into this tale - no offence meant, honest!

A certain religious Sect are wont to call on houses in our neighbourhood on Sunday mornings. My wife generally opens the door to them and we had a call a few Sundays ago. While our feelings toward the Sect are totally inimical, we are never rude to them; Dash it all, why should we be? We are not even impolite to cats and dogs, so why should we behave any differently towards humans. After a few polite exchanges (it's quite an art holding people at arm's length without having to use a sledge hammer and this my wife can do with some aplomb.) I heard the door shut.

"Who was it, dear?" I called out from the Sunday paper I was reading on the back veranda.

"Oh, the usual Sunday Group, spreading the Message as usual. They were two women, a matronly one and a younger one; they even had a child in tow who couldn't have been more than 10 years old".

"Was it a little boy or a girl?"

"A little girl, a pretty little thing."

"Ah." A few moments silence. "I say, if I went to the door next time they called, all dressed up in a frock, would you have a thrombie?"

"No, why should I? This is our home and we can do as we please in it; there is no question of it being against the Law or anything! Go on, why don't you?"

I like appearing in public as a woman, especially to a female public and here was a ready made public, calling on one uninvited and whose good opinion of me was of little consequence. Even if they were to 'read' me, how could it possibly matter? I returned my attentions to the comic section. The older one gets, the less I seem to worry or care who knows whether I'm a TV or not.

Occasionally, on Sundays, I take my wife her breakfast in bed which she loves. Of course, I always use it as an excuse to put on my maid's uniform with black high heeled shoes and stockings with a frilly apron and cap. I like to dress up in this way, while my wife is still asleep, then surprise her (she never really is, of course) with boiled egg, toast and tea. "You look cute," she always says. "But you forgot the salt, Joyce, go fetch it this minute, you indolent girl."

I returned with the salt. "Are you going to the door like that should THEY rock up here again this morning?"

"What do you think?" Hoping frantically for encouragement and abatement..

"Well I think you should look more house-wifey than house-maidy. Why don't you put my green and brown print dress on and change into more conventional shoes and stockings. And not too much make-up on or jewellery either and I think you might even get away with it if you don't tart yourself up."

This was all the encouragement I needed and I gleefully did as I was bid. With padded girdle, bra and falsies, panties and petticoat and a fairly non-descript frock and apron, stockings and 2" heeled shoes, I felt comfortable and complacently house-wifey. I had combed my hair out, which is uni-sex long anyway and with a touch of base and light lipstick it looked all right. I was about to try on a pair of dangley earrings when my wife called out quite crossly, "Oh no you don't. Those brown earstuds of mine are all you are going to put on. You seem to have no sense at all of what is appropriate!"

"Can I do my nails?"

"Yes, you can but you can use that pinky varnish of mine, not the pillar box red. And I think you had better wash the breakfast dishes before you put it on". I quite enjoy it when she is a bit bossy; it's all part of my TV syndrome, what the hell! By 9:30 I was all ready to turn to the crossword which I like doing with a needlepoint sharp pencil.

At 10:30 the gate creaked and through a slit in the slats we observed the three females traipsing down the front steps, a middle-aged one, a youngish one and a wee one. "Go on," said my wife gleefully, "your moment has come; I dare you!"

We have an electric bell that doesn't work and a whopping brass knocker ('door furniture' said the salesman that flogged it to us years ago) which, if used aggressively, damn near awakens the dead! The short silence indicated that they had tried the non-functioning bell first. A timid knock followed.

I must confess, my breath was coming in short pants. I HAD to go after all the preparation. My wife saw I was beginning to wilt. "Screw your courage to the sticking place," hissed my Lady Macbeth. In a sort of dream I flung the door open.

There was no wild reaction, ringing bells or hysterical screams of, "Oh me Gawd, another TRANSVESTITE!" The matronly one beamed at me, "Can we talk to you for a moment or two?" It was all like an exquisitely exciting dream. The dreamlike quality of the whole thing was my saving grace; I had never done anything like this before, ever.

I tried to speak in a sort of high pitched whisper. "Wont you come in?"... "Can I get you a cup of coffee perhaps?" They had never struck it so rich and were in their element as was I. I hastened away to muck about with the percolator. My Lady Macbeth, the B..., went on sitting in the spare room, leaving me entirely to my own devices, grinning her head off.

I find it difficult now to recall the exact exchange of words that ensued. There are things that are real and things that are fantasy and never the twain should meet, but here they were, cheek by jowl!

The matron and the younger one did all the talking and the 10 year old 'Trainee' sat stumm; We eyed each other but she gave nothing away. After 15 minutes of the 'message' spiel, they got up to go. "And my dear," said the matron earnestly, Do read Deutromomy chapter 22, verse 5. The Lord

has a special message for you."

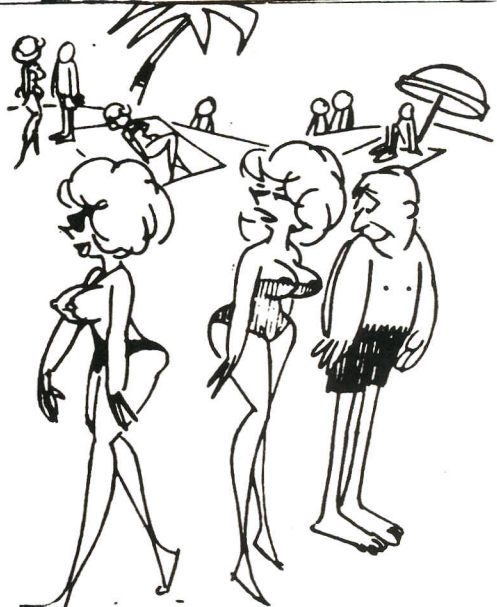
Of course, I had known about this particular injunction for years, but what shook me was that she had it off pat, chapter and verse (You can look it up yourself if you don't know!) which left me rather wondering, how many homes the Sect visits that they don't experience the same thing!



"Can I assist you Sir. I'm Tom Smith, TV sales manager"



"Damn Medical Profession! It makes it so one can't tell the Boys from the Girls anymore."



"LUCY" Conclusion.

By Lynne.

He reached out and took my hand (He's a gentle soul is James).

"Lucy," he said, "If thats who you are thats how I'll treat you. As far as I'm concerned you're a woman servant who works around the same house as I do. I'll treat you exactly as I treat Mary or any other maidservant, but you must forget you're a man under those clothes!"

"I've forgotten it already!" I said. He squeezed my hand affectionately.

"Ok then, I'll look after you for the next few days, but that means you're my girlfriend you know?"

The feel of his hand was comforting and I suddenly felt a surge of womanly feeling for him. I couldn't describe it in words, but at that moment, I was suddenly a woman! I'd never been accepted as such by a man before, and I found the feeling nice and warm. I squeezed his hand in return and smiled at him.

"OK I'm your girlfriend! But like any girl, I've got feelings of my own!"

I came out of his room feeling a very delicious sensation deep down inside of me. For the very first time in my life, dressed as a woman, I had been treated as a woman, and I loved it!

I got a bit of a rude shock when I went back into the kitchen, for there was 'Madam', standing like an avenging angel, glaring at me. "Now lets get something quite clear, my girl," she shouted, "you're here to work around the house and not to spend your time outside flirting with the garden boy! Now do you understand? Because if you don't, I'll jolly soon make you understand. Do you hear me?"

She was furious, livid and like a warrior on the warpath. I had heard her sling-off at the servants on one or two occasions, but I'd never been on the receiving end of it. At first my reaction was to react back again, but then something inside of me, took hold of my voice and I heard myself say, very meekly, "Yes Madam, sorry Madam."

She turned and flounced out of the kitchen, throwing a remark over her shoulder that I had better get on with my work, or else!

I started to work again and was soon into the swing of it, clearing the furniture from the lounge, sweeping, dusting and polishing as I went. Inside of me, however, I wondered at that little voice that I'd used to Madam and I found myself resenting her attitude to me. After all, I said to myself, I'm only a simple servant and why shouldn't I do a bit of flirting if it suited me?



Suddenly I stopped what I was doing and realised that I was talking to myself and acting completely as a servant-girl would have done.

Then, suddenly, it hit me! An actual person called 'Lucy' had emerged and was in the process of taking over my personality!

I resumed my work and throughout the day I worked very hard. I made lunch for 'Madam', I did the laundry, I made the bed and tidied and dusted and cleaned and swept. In the middle of the afternoon, I was out in the courtyard hanging the washing, I felt a slap on my bottom. I jerked around and there was James, grinning from ear to ear, with a friend of his, the garden boy from next door. At first I was embarrassed, but James soon brought me round by telling the next door gardener that I was Lucy, new on the job and that he was looking after me because the Madam of the house was a real fire-eater who often gives her 'girls' a very hard time.

At about five, when Mary usually went off, Madam came to me to find out how I'd done. She walked around the house with me, looking everywhere for signs of slackness in the house-work. I had worked very hard, however, and she could find fault with nothing! She looked at me quizzially, "What happens now, Lucy? Do you go and live in the servant's room, or do you perhaps become 'Lynne' and we spent a pleasant evening together? I think the last idea's the best because you've had the bad side of femininity throughout the day, so maybe you'd better put on a nice dress, or whatever you like, and then we'll be just two girls together for the rest of the evening. What do you say to that?"

I looked at her, realising that Lucy was uppermost in my personality, and did not know what to say. It didn't seem quite right for the maid to spend an evening with Madam on a relaxed basis.

"Well, what is it to be?"

I lowered my eyes, ... I remember it clearly ... and heard myself say, in a subdued voice, "I'd better just go to the servant's room and come in at seven in the morning."

"I see that Lucy's taken over completely. Is that right?"

"Yes Madam", I stuttered.

She laughed, "Right then, Lucy and Madam it is for the next few days. You'd better come in and get some clothes though, you can't live in that over-all all the time."



"I'm afraid my husband is still in his working clothes!"

Soon I had a few dresses, skirts and blouses in Mary's room, together with my make-up and other necessities. Madam locked the back door, and for the first time, I was on my own as a servant-girl in the servant's quarters of my own house!

I cooked myself a light meal on the primus stove, hung up the few clothes I'd brought out and changed into a blouse and skirt, touching up my make-up at the same time.

I sat on the edge of the bed and ate my meal; I had to admit that I was quite out of touch with manual work and was feeling a little weary. However, it had been honest labour and I had enjoyed it, if the truth were known.

I'd been Lucy's personality all day, and, the Madam was correct, she had just taken me over. I certainly didn't feel particularly strange sitting there in blouse and skirt, even if the room was a little dingey. I was definitely aware, however, of the feelings of a maid, somewhat resentful of the Madam and yet respectful of her at the same time. I tended to be more appreciative of what a maid goes through during a normal working day in a normal household. I had washed dishes, swept, polished and dusted, made the bed and tidied up generally. I had done washing and hung it out, I'd taken it in as it dried and also done most, if not all of the ironing. I'd made coffee from time to time for Madam and made her lunch as well; As far as my own lunch had been concerned, I'd made it along with James's and together we had sat on the lawn and ate.

During the next four days, that was the pattern of my life, Housework, meals on the lawn and socializing with the other neighbourhood servants and deep sleep at night. The attitude of my fellow maids was quite remarkable insofar as they accepted me utterly and completely as a maid, as a woman, like themselves, subject to the whims of the occasional anger of 'Madam'. It struck me that perhaps the less sophisticated people of the world, like non-white servants, have little ulterior thoughts and accept a situation such as mine, exactly for what it was on the surface. To them I had elected to be a woman, a house-maid, and to suffer the indignities that they suffered. I had elected to be a woman and they accepted me for what I appeared to be one hundred percent. Perhaps people in our so-called sophisticated western society could learn something from that attitude.

It took quite a while for me to settle back into my masculine self after those memorable days as Lucy kept trying to surface on many occasions. It was a perfect example of how a character can take you over if you give it half a chance.

That all happened two years ago, and since it's become a fairly regular happening. We've even progressed a little, as Mary has now met Lucy and we work together from time to time. My wife feels that I have a better rapport with Mary and with James than she has ever had so quite often I spend a day at home, not necessarily as Lucy, but as another Madam around the house, and they accept me as that too, they often refer to me as 'Madam', although they don't seem to have the same apprehension dealing with me as they do with the real Madam! They are both very good for my ego and I look forward to the times when I can be their Madam!

In the meantime, Lucy is for hire! On a daily basis.

Anyone want to employ Lucy??????????

MAKE-UP AND HOW TO USE IT.

Part 3 - Eyes and Lips;

By Marlene.

Looking at the picture (Fig 1), it will be clear that to achieve feminine looking eyebrows it is not essential that they should be extremely thin. In fact, according to the latest fashion, thin eyebrows are definitely OUT! All that is needed is that the few stray hairs which grow outside the normal brow line are plucked with maybe just a few more to improve the arch. As a guide remember this...There should be NO hair across the bridge of the nose. Look at the line drawn from the tip of the nose past the outside corner of the eye and you will see where the eyebrow must stop. This is where most of the stray hair is also to be found and don't be shy to pluck the brow to a point....NO! It won't be noticeable in the male role. It will simply look neat. NEVER pluck any hair from the top of the brow. ONLY from the bottom...ALWAYS! An eyebrow pencil may be used, but I prefer the cake with brush method. VANDA makes an item called "BRUSH-A-BROW" and this makes it easier to get the brows the same. Also, it gives a softer effect and more natural, which is what you are trying to accomplish. Avoid sharply defined lines as this is, as with thin eyebrows, out of fashion.

Colours to use...Black, Brown or Charcoal. Match it to your hair colour and skin.

You will need at least two shades of eyeshadow. One dark shade such as blue, green, brown, purple or gold. One light shade such as, white, cream or peach to use as a highlighter. If you are worried about matching the two colours, you can buy it in a single "DUO" pack. All cosmetic houses have these duo packs. The dark colour is applied in the crease of the upper lid and is swept out and upward to almost touch the tip of the eyebrow. It is also taken down the outside half of the lid right to the lashes. FIG 2 will give some indication. The highlighter is applied right from the inside corner of the eye, along under the brow, almost to the brow tip. Also on the inner half of the eyelid. The only important thing to remember here is that there must be NO clear line between the two colours. Blend them together wherever they meet. Application can be done with either brush or sponge. It is purely a matter of which YOU will find easier. I prefer the sponge applicator as seen in FIG 3.



FIG 1



FIG 2



FIG 3

Going back to FIG 3 it can be seen how and where, eyeliner should be applied. Where, is as close to the lashes as you can get, top and bottom. If, for example, your eyes are close together, then DON'T take the liner right to the inside corner of the eyes. If your eyes are widely spaced, then DO take the liner from the inside corner. Practise will quickly teach you which looks best. Start the liner with a very...very fine line at the inside corner, or wherever you have decided your eyeliner should start, and thicken gradually towards the outside of the eye. As a matter of interest..The girl in FIG 3 has widely spaced eyes and therefore note that the liner is actually taken past the inside corner of the eye. Liquid eyeliner with a brush is available, but I recommend the KOHL pencil for untrained hands. Liquid eyeliner needs a expert hand. AND it can quickly make a mess of a painstakingly applied eye-make up job. Kohl pencil colours... Black, Charcoal, Brown or Blue.



FIG 4

There isn't much to tell about how to apply Maskara. I think FIGS 4..5 tells the whole story. Important to remember is this..3 thin coats of maskara is better than one thick coat. One thick coat will tend to make the lash hair stick to each other and this looks sloppy...To say the least. A lot of women are guilty of this crime. Just look around. A very steady hand is needed to apply maskara and a lot of practise is therefore necessary. But don't worry...You'll get it eventually. How does



FIG 5

one apply false eyelashes???? Well, first you swear and curse a lot and start to wonder if it is all worth it and then, after numerous disasters, they will go on where you want them. False eyelashes go against your own lashes. Above your own lashes at the top and bottom. Do remember to let the glue dry for about 1 minute before applying. AND less glue IS better. Maskara colours...Black and Brown. Stay away from cake maskaras as they are a menace in the rain..And at funerals! Rather use liquid maskaras and don't be shy to use one which contain filaments to lengthen the lashes....Who knows? You may be lucky and find that you don't need false lashes after all! Some of us are unfortunate to be a bit allergic to some maskaras, particularly the ones with filaments If this happens to you, don't despair...It will be a bit expensive, but somewhere you WILL find one which will do the job. Just keep trying.



FIG 6

Ah yes! The lips....The golden rule, and this is SO true, your lipstick WILL make or break your entire make-up job. Use a lip line brush or pencil to apply the lip line as in FIG 6. If your lips are too full, draw the line just inside the natural lip line. If the lips are too thin, then apply line just outside the

the natural lip line. Also the mouth can be made to look wider or narrower simply by drawing the line further towards the outside corners of the mouth or stopping a bit short of the corners. The fact is...You can have just about any shape mouth you desire simply by keeping as close as possible to your own natural lip line. A skew lip, and who has perfect lips, can also be straightened in the same way. Don't be shy to go for the full mouth look as this is very much in fashion today. Note the mouth of the girl in FIG 7! A cupid's bow is also very easily created with a lip liner. Even where no line exists. I like to use a dark red or brown colour for my lip line. Since I use a lip brush, these colour is used directly from my lipstick. Lip liner pencils have to be bought seperately. After the lip line has been achieved simply fill in the rest, either with the lip brush (Fig 8) or direct from the tube. (Fig 9) Here's a hint...A very striking effect can be achieved when a dark brown lip liner is used and the rest filled in with the palest of pink lipstick. Just blend the two colours with a clean lip brush. Don't hesitate to experiment with lip colours. Even mixing different colours on your lips. This is the part of my make-up which I enjoy the most and I make the most of it. A lipstick is so devastatingly feminine! Is it not???

Next issue we will look at the problems of Skin care.



FIG 7



FIG 8

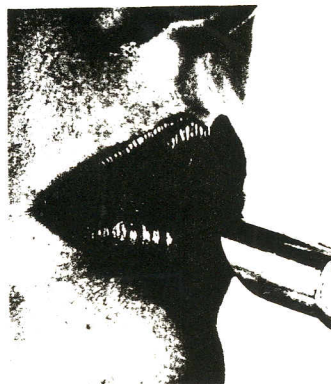


FIG 9



"Captain - I think I know why Corporal Bronson refuses to shower with the other guys."

DADDY IS A WOMAN - TELLING THE CHILDREN.

By Joy.



To tell or not to tell - That is the question!

One day, sitting by the swimming pool I told Marlene that I had just introduced Joy to my children. I should have known better, because the shine in her eye was for the blank pages in the next issue of Fanfare and she could rapidly see them filling up.

I was offered a drink from her new Bar, which I helped to build, and the message came through loud and clear; "Start writing, Darling Joy, the readership awaits your words of wisdom!"

Before I jump into the deep end, let me say that telling the children is probably the most sensitive area in the relationship between husband and his(her) wife. What follows here are my ideas and modifications which can perhaps be of some use to a reader in a similar spot.

I'm still a very young girl having only started dressing properly a few months ago, and my first contact with another TV was when I met Marlene last July. Under her guidance and my inner motivation for Joy to "get out" I quickly learned the art of make-up, bought a wig and falsies, and in the last issue of Fanfare told you of my first experience outside.

I live, by myself, in a beautiful flat overlooking the ocean. I'm going through a very painful divorce from my wife of 16 years. I have every opportunity to dress, and in fact do so every night on return from work in the big city.

Once every two weeks, on a Friday night, I collect my two children, a boy about to turn 12 and a daughter who has just turned 10. They stay with me until I take them home on Sunday evening around 6.00pm. I then rush home as fast as possible to let Joy out of the closet once more.

I can almost hear some TV wives saying, "Gosh! can't he even go for three days without dressing?" My answer is "Yes, but the presence of my children, who I love dearly, brings out feelings which Joy finds easier to express than James."

So - Why tell the children?

I chose to tell the children because of the freedom it would give us all. My daughter, who is very bright had started asking her dad - "Why have you shaved your legs?" Then - "Why have you shaved your arms?...Your chest?" I had parried these questions with answers such as, "Well I am a special person, and I want to." This did not really satisfy her. My son is far less observant. He had a very difficult birth, with my wife in labour for over 18 hours, before they finally did a Caesar. If as a result of the protracted birth or some other factors, my son developed very slowly. He asked about my arms etc once, appeared satisfied with my answer, and that was that.

Things became a bit more difficult one week-end when I, by mistake, left out some of Joy's clothes and some nail polish. When questioned by my daughter, I explained that away by saying that a friend 'Joy' had come to visit and had left them behind! This tickled both of them, to think that dad now had a girl-friend, and I was suitably teased.

I started to think how I would tell the children about Joy and various methods came to mind;

1) If you don't tell the children, then there will be an area of tension between you as parents and the children. This adds in my eyes an unnecessary burden to a TV marriage, which has its own strains. I believe that some unaccepting wives use the children as a 'trump card' excuse to keep her TV husband under control. I believe that true acceptance leads to openness, and that means sharing everything with the family.

2) The question then becomes how to tell the children, once you have made up your mind to do so. How this is done will greatly influenced the way your femme self is accepted. Some suggest the slow approach by dressing partly, say in heels only with your trousers on, and then slowly adding garments until fully dressed, others all-or-nothing.

My son told me about a school-friend of his, who for a dare, put on his sister's dress, and rode around the block on his bicycle. This gave me the germ of an idea which grew slowly.

My daughter, who copies her mother and always wear jeans, was my target. So, I began to take an interest in how she looked by starting to comment how nice this child or that person appears in a dress. One day she said to me, "Daddy, why don't YOU wear a dress if you think they look pretty!" (This comment helped my plan a little until it was almost ready.) I replied, looking very thoughtful and teasing, "Maybe I will, one day, maybe I will!"

I was now of the opinion, having had my experience of 'passing' outside, that the key to acceptance is not to present a half complete image, but to do it properly. (I would be very interested to see an analysis done of guilt feelings in a TV compared to length of time the person has been only part-dressed.)

So, I started to prepare the children by commenting that, one day if they were good, I would for a dare (How clever of me to make it a game they could understand.) take them to the local steakhouse dressed in all my glory as Joy!

This part went very slowly, lasting over about 4 - 5 visits with repeated hints. I did not want to push it as I felt that this was the time when they were working through their own minds, the idea of daddy dressed!

One night my daughter said to me at the steakhouse, "Daddy, did you really mean you would come here dressed as a woman, or were you only joking?"

This was it! I replied that I really meant it if they thought I could pass and that if they wanted the other dinner at the steakhouse, we had better start having some practice of calling me "Antie Joy" or "Mommy". So, the next morning, when my daughter's curiosity got the better of her, she asked when I was going to get dressed. So I took the opportunity for a proper TV bath, shaving also! Girls can't have hairy legs, can they now! This much the children were free to view as both my son and daughter come into the bathroom while I bath. Then I said that I was now going to the room to change, and that they were not to disturb me until I was completely ready. I told them again that while I was dressed they must remember to call me Joy as daddy could not be 'Daddy' in public!

I have never heard my two argumentive kids so quiet during the hour it took me to get ready! Eventually, I announced that I was ready, and out I came in all my glory to my children. My son giggled nervously, and then wanted to feel my boobs, and to look at my panties. I told them that it was very bad manners to lift a lady's skirt, but would allow it just this once.

After a few moments, my daughter looked at me and earned a place in my heart for ever. She said, "Dad - you really do look like a lady."

I then spent the rest of the day with them, cooking supper, making a special treat for them, and then watched some TV. While watching TV my daughter came and sat on my lap and snuggled up very close. It was a real treat for me to hug and love her, dressed like that. We went to bed very contented, and very tired - Joy in a nightie - of course - ladies have to wear them!

The next morning I asked the kids if they wanted Joy or daddy - they both chose Joy! This time they wanted to be present during dressing, and once, I had my panties on, I allowed them in. Very soon, my daughter wanted me to make-up her face also, which I did with pleasure. When my son also wanted to get made-up, I thought - oh dear, what have I done! Quickly, realizing that this was just common curiosity, I put a few dabs on his face too. He made some comment about how horrible it smelled, and after a few minutes, he had washed it all off. Had I stopped him, it may have grown into something big.

We had a small problem that day, when my daughter did something naughty, and Joy had to get cross. We had sulks for a while, but she appeared to respond more to Joy than to her dad, and eventually she was out of her mood.

I later found her in the spare room going through my make-up and trying to do herself up. Not a bad job for a first time. I look forward to something that I never dreamed possible - helping my daughter to become more feminine. Something that I know for sure she will not learn from her mother.

That Sunday evening, when I took the children home, for the first time, my daughter would not go. She climbed onto my lap and cried she did not want to leave me. My tears were very close, and I held her tight to let her know that both Daddy and Joy love her very dearly. My son was his usual self, and with a "Goodbye Dad" - off he went. Was it worth it - my answer is very definitely YES!

I still wait to see their reaction next time they come to stay. Will they want to meet Joy again? I'm sure that they do not begin to understand my motives - that is not important. They saw me as a woman, and they both agreed that they would go to a steakhouse with me without feeling embarrassed.

I suppose that I turned the whole thing into a game. This they understand. I came to their level, and it appears to have been successful.



"An inch higher Mr Jones and both of us will doubt my femininity!"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Marlene,

My story goes back to when I was about 16 years old - twenty plus a few years ago - I realised that women's clothing had a special attraction for me and I would occasionally dress-up in my mother's clothes when she was out.

I felt, at the time, that I was very unique in this way but did not believe I was transvestic at all - A transvestic, I felt, was some sort of nutcase who always dressed as a woman and was gay too. I was never really happy using my mother's clothes so when I found some discarded clothing I hid it away and stopped using my mother's clothes. It was also at about this time that I discovered girls.

Slowly my need to dress waned and seemed to disappear completely when I met the girl who was to become my wife and rather quickly too - within seven months we were married.

Well, the inevitable happened, within two years I was starting to wear her clothing. I then decided that the only way to overcome my madness was to suppress it and this I did but never totally successfully as the tension in me would build up to such an amount that I just had to put at least a bra on.

So it continued until the Radio and TV magazine for mid November came out with its article on TV's. What a revelation for me!! Other people were were like me and there was even a society for us! Joy of Joys, Oh happiness!!!

I had seen my wife read the article and I sort of decided to tell her. Suddenly the chance arose - we went to the opening of my company's new distribution facility at Midrand where I had a few beers which really relaxed me and by the time we got home, after picking up my two daughters from the baby sitter, I felt I just had to tell my wife. She just sat and listened to me and just accepted me as I was. She says it was a big surprise and took a bit of getting used to. She was the one to encourage me to contact the Phoenix and to go to the meetings at Linda's house. We now go shopping together and I have begun to build up my wardrobe. I have also let our two girls see me dressed - they are 2½ years and 15 months old - the elder was a little puzzled at first but is quite accepting now. It is just so relaxing to dress when I want to now - all the old tensions are gone - my special wife and I can now talk about anything under the sun, our sex life has gone from good to super-excellent now. We are a fairly religious couple but before this we had always battled to pray together but now it is no problem at all.

I sometimes wonder why I never told her before.

I'm enclosing a cheque for R24,00 but if it is too much for only half a years membership, put the rest into the Society's hard pressed funds.

Love and best wishes,
Angela and the girls.

Dear Marlene,

Just a short note to wish you and the Phoenix Society members the compliments of the season and that you all have a wonderful 1986.

Thanks for the copies of FANFARE - they are taken along to our social evenings where they are made available to all our members to read. I'm sure they will be pleasantly surprised to see some of our members as the centrefold. Thanks for that, it was great to see some familiar faces in an international magazine. I sure got a kick out of it! The reproduction of all the photos has been first class, how do you do it? (Have them processed by "Dot-screening" which then copies perfectly - Ed)

I have been impressed with the high quality of FANFARE, and am well aware of how much effort goes into making a magazine successful. May I congrat-

ulate you on a superb job - you have given me a challenge to improve our Newsletter. We have yet to successfully photocopy pictures unless there is a high contrast between subject and the background. Thats all for now.

Best wishes,

Jan Baxter (Seahorse Club, Australia)

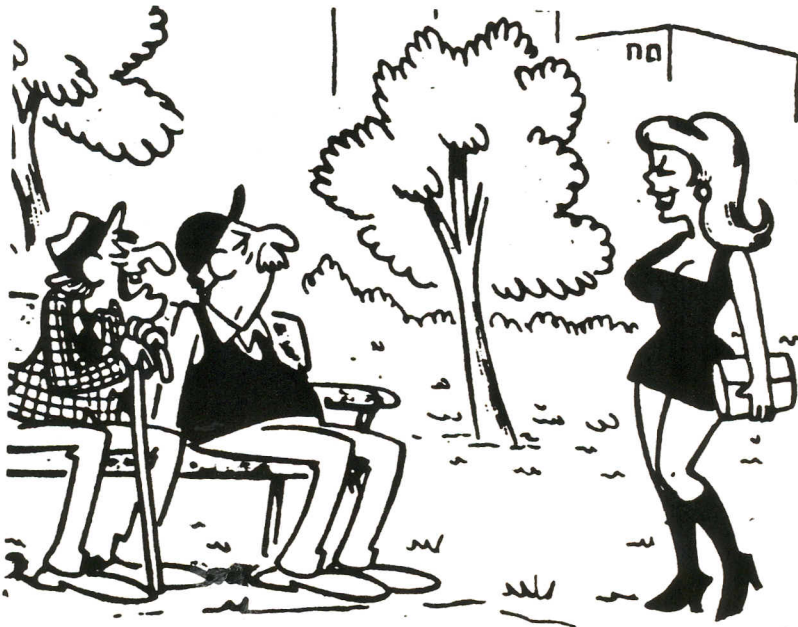
Dear Marlene,

I loved the November issue of FANFARE and am most excited about the passing out of Joy. I am green with envy.

I now shave my legs and underarms and am dying to remove the hair on my chest and arms, but this would be a giveaway. (Don't you believe it - Ed) I wonder if you could help me buy a wig as I have to have a haircut. (Yes! Just tell me the colour you want, or sent a lock of your own hair, and describe the style you are after, include a cheque for R120,00. I will return change and cashslip - Ed) Once I have my wig I will follow Joy's example, please congratulate her for me.

Sandra.

P.S. Thanks for the make-up aricles!



"Elmer just isn't one of the boys any more since he got involved with that 'PHOENIX' place!"

EDITORIAL.



We are half-way through the current financial year which ends at the end of June 1986. This year, 1985/86, has been the best year of the Phoenix so far.

Why??? Let me try to recall some of it; Our membership has reached it's highest point yet...Meetings are taking place more often, and with better attendance, at the main centres... More and more of our members are leaving their closet existence behind and joining the fun. Some members have even displayed the courage to go public. For some, things like a movie, shopping trips and a meal in a public place have become everyday practise...Fanfare has reached a standard which has resulted in praise from every where. (See letters page)

Lynne TJ-011-S must be congratulated with her excellent story "Lucy". The Seahorse Club in Australia is reprinting this story in their Bulletin. Even if they did change the title...They call it, "Maid to order". I think it has quite a nice ring to it.

You may ask why all this is suddenly taking place now and not some years previously. Well, it is primarily due to more co-operation from all the members and more publicity in the news media like Cosmopolitan, Fair Lady and Family Radio and TV. The improvement of FANFARE is due to members who have taken pen to paper and started to write about their experiences. This enabled me to have a wider range of subjects to print and, for the first time, no shortage of material. I want to thank all who have written for the magazine and please don't stop now. Keep writing and I hope some other members will also be encouraged to do the same.

You will have seen some new addresses on page one of this issue. Let me explain what it is for. Fanfare is keeping me so busy now that I find it impossible to still keep up correspondence with people and members wanting more information. ALL membership related matters will from now on be handled by Joy CT-004-S. Also, for members' convenience, I'm giving two regional addresses so that you may write directly for your closest contact and faster service. Thank you Rita (Durban) and Linda (Jo'burg) for allowing me to use the addresses and for your kind offer to assist me in these matters.

Of course I'm still available for those who require it, if you are willing to have the patience to wait for a reply. I promise to do my best.

Happy reading.

Marlene.

NEW MEMBERS:

CT-005 Estelle.
DN-007 Monique.
TJ-015 Sydney

CT-006 X X X X
DN-008 Jessica
TJ-003-S Angela