

OW

# FAINFARE



## 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 automatically reflect those held by the Society.

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## EDITORIAL.

We have, once again, come to the end of another financial year. This is usually a very worrying time for me since I don't have the foggiest idea of how many of you will renew membership. This is the time when I sit and try to remember how many things I have done wrong which could be motivation for someone not renewing their membership.

I hope there hasn't been too many over the past year and those that may have happened, I will be forgiven for.

This Society belongs to you, the members and so does this magazine. Without you there IS no Phoenix Society. Maybe you personally don't have any more need of the Phoenix, BUT, please think of those whom YOU can still help with your experience.

Some of our newer members, those who joined after January 1986, have mistakenly paid full membership fees. When re-joining, please pay only the balance remaining for the new year. Example; You will have paid R24,00 instead of R12,00. So you have R12,00 in credit. Now pay only R16,00. The new subscription fee, by the way, is R28,00.

Thank you to those members who have already paid their subscriptions for the new year. Those still needing to pay, the final date is July the 15th, 1986. Please send all subscriptions to The Membership Secretary, address as above.

Here's hoping that everyone WILL rejoin....WE NEED YOU!!!!

P.S. There will be no renewal forms. Just send your payment plus a note stating who you are. AND don't forget to mention your membership number. Payments by cheque or postal order made payable to the Phoenix Society, only.



## THE TAKE OVER—Part two.

By Lynne.

During breakfast Dane was speechless as he wondered what was happening to him, and how he had landed himself in this ridiculous situation. He tried to settle his muddled thoughts but each time he seemed to come to his senses as a boy called Dane, The sight of his breasts jutting forward sent him back into bewilderment.

Only about 14 hours ago he had been desperate, not knowing what to do, but now he was sitting, warm and comfortable in a friendly room, dressed in sheer feminine undies, blouse and skirt and feet clad in high-heeled shoes. In addition, he was being mothered by a lady who insisted on calling him 'Diane'!

Mrs. Collins looked at him across the table and said, "You're wondering what's happening to you, I can see. What are you thinking? How do you feel? Tell me!"

He looked at her and then dropped his gaze, not being able to meet her eyes.

"Come on, Diane, talk to me!"

"Well, first of all, I'm not Diane!"

She threw back her head and laughed merrily, "Listen, young lady!...No don't object! I refer to you as Diane and call you young lady because that's what you are, dressed as you are. If anyone was to come in now they would see a young girl, smartly dressed, lady-like and as pretty a sight as they could ever hope to see. I'm sorry, and yet at the same time, I'm not sorry that your clothes aren't dry yet...they'll never dry in this weather. I have no men's clothes in the house, so, as you can't sit around in the nude, you'll have to wear girl's clothes, and if you're going to wear skirts you may as well look the part properly and not like a fool of a boy in skirts! If the clothes are worth wearing, they're worth wearing well, wouldn't you say?"

"Well, yes."

"Are you comfortable?"

"Yes."



"Try standing up and walking over there," she waved her hand over to a corner of the room, "right, now walk back towards me. Put one foot right in front of the other, not out to the side - now, stop and twirl about - there! See how your skirt flares out?"

"Yes", he faltered.

"Right then, answer me this question, you've seen yourself in the mirror, do you think you look like a boy?"

"I suppose not!"

"Do you feel like a boy?"

"But I am a boy!"

"That's not the point! Do you feel like a boy?"

"But I've never been a girl, I wouldn't know how it feels to be one!"

"Well, think of this. Do you feel nice? Do you actually feel pretty? Go over there and look in the mirror - go on! Do you look pretty?"

He gazed at himself and had to admit that he looked very pretty! He turned his head this way and that way, watching his hair swirling around his face. He looked down and saw the swell of his breasts, then he pointed his foot and saw his legs in sheer nylon stockings and his foot in dainty high heeled shoes. All the while Mrs. Collins watched closely as he admired his appearance. Then he walked over to the table, putting his feet carefully one in front of the other and sat down, instinctively smoothing his skirt under him as he did so.

"Well?" She asked.

He looked at her in wonderment, "I'm a girl! I don't know how it's happened, but I certainly seem to be a girl!"

She smiled, "How does it feel?"

"Very nice!" He said.

"Well then, you're a girl and Diane's your name! Oh yes! and you can start calling me Mom".

"But I can't take your daughter's place!"

Mrs. Collins looked down at her hands and sat silent for a moment. Then she raised her eyes and looked at him, "When I saw you in her gown last night, I was shocked. I realised then just how much I've missed her since she died. Then I lay awake part of the night and realised that you would have to wear her clothes. This morning I saw you wearing them and realised that Diane had come back to me! Even if she's only here for a little while! I saw you and I saw her, and suddenly I was very happy!"

She looked longingly at him, "Will you stay here with me for a while?"

"Dressed like this?"

"Yes, my dear! There's lots of beautiful clothes for you to wear - I've kept all of her things - you could stay for a month and not wear everything! Please, will you stay?"

Dane lowered his gaze, his mind racing. She had been very kind to him and had helped him out of an awful predicament, so what else could he do?







He felt the silkiness of his clothes and the swirl of his hair and realised that the clothes were very comfortable and he did like wearing them; he liked the feeling of being pretty and girlish. He wondered if his mind was blowing!

He slowly raised his eyes, looked at her and smiled, "I'll stay Mom!"

She squealed with delight, ran around the table and hugged and kissed him, "Oh! thank you Diane, thank you! You won't regret it, I promise you. I'll make you very happy, I promise I will! I know I'll be very happy with you here!"

Later, he sat at his dressing table while she fussed over applying make-up to his face. She plucked his eyebrows and carefully smoothed on the cosmetics. She would not let him look in the mirror until, at last she sat back after applying lipstick to his lips.

"Oh, Diane," she said, longing in her voice, "You're as beautiful as you always were, and you've come back to me just like you were!"

Dane could feel the cosmetics on his face and the lipstick on his lips and he felt slightly ridiculous. He was certain that when he saw himself in the mirror, the sight would be awful! He smelled the perfume she had dabbed behind his ears and onto his wrists and also felt the nip of the ear-rings on the lobes of his ears. She clipped a necklace about his neck and then took his hand, leading him to the full length mirror, "Now! Look at yourself!"

He looked in the mirror, and caught his breath in amazement! Looking back at him was a very beautiful young lady. His face looked demure with just the right amount of colour on his cheeks; his complexion was flawless and his lips a delicate shade of pink. His eyelids were faintly coloured and eggshell blue and white ear-rings gleamed from his ears. He gently licked his lips, and lo! The girl in the mirror did the same! Good gosh! It was actually him! He was the girl in the mirror!

Mrs. Collins watched, smiling wistfully. It seemed to her that a miracle had happened! There was her daughter standing before her, her daughter in every respect. She wondered how long Dane would stay and determined to do everything possible to keep this beautiful young girl around the house with her for as long as was possible!

Diane sat down on the bed and looked at her mother, "I don't know how it happened mom, but it appears to have happened so quickly! Yesterday I was a normal young man, but to-day, in only twelve hours or so, I've changed into a girl! I feel almost like Cinderella!" He smiled at her and said, "Thanks Mom!"

She reached over and took her daughter's hand and asked,

"Tell me the truth, have you honestly never worn skirts before?" He returned the pressure of her hand and said, "Never! Why do you ask?" "Because you look so natural in them, you don't look like a boy in girl's clothes at all."

"Well, thats actually what I am, Mom?"

"No! You're not. You're a girl, Diane. What was your surname?"

"Haworth"

"Right then, you're Diane Haworth and you're a friend's daughter and you've come to visit for a while. At any rate, that's what we will tell visitors who may come round. OK?"

"Ok! But just for a few days! Or at least until my jeans dry!"

Mrs.Collins grinned at him and said, "We'll see about that, my girl." She stood up and linked her arm through that of her daughter, "Come on, my girl, we'll tidy up the house and then we'll go shopping in town and have some lunch!"

He pulled back from her startled, "I can't go out dressed like this!"

"Why not? You're a girl, and a very pretty one at that! I'll make sure you walk like a girl and your voice is husky enough to pass for a girl's. You certainly look like a girl, even you must admit that."

"Yes, but its one thing to be your daughter around the house, but quite another thing to go out in public dressed like this!"

"Lordy Diane! Don't worry. I tell you that you'll floor all the young men you meet. The boys'll be fighting over you!"

"I'm not meeting boys like this! They'd laugh their heads off!"

"Listen Diane, They'll be so taken with you that there'll be no doubt in their minds that you're Diane Haworth. Being a pretty girl around boys is the most lovely feeling in the world! You'll get a tremendous feeling of power over them, you know. I assure you, you'll love it!"

She grinned at her daughter, "But in any case, don't argue with your mother. I still have to teach you how to walk properly. So, come on! Lessons are about to start!"

Just before they left the house, Diane looked through her wardrobe and found a pretty floral raincoat to wear over her blouse and skirt, and had seen all the other pretty clothes hanging there. She had felt a tingling feeling of excitement at realising that she could wear them all, if she wanted to. As she looked through the clothes, she had realised with a shock, that she was starting to think of herself as a girl. It did not seem strange any more, to wear a skirt and make-up and to look attractive! She realised that she was thinking of herself as 'she' and also realised that she accepted her position as the daughter of the house in a very short space of time, and that she was actually enjoying the sensation!

As the car drove the 20 miles to the nearest town, she sat quietly, but could not help feeling somewhat apprehensive about appearing in public as Diane for the first time. They passed the drugstore where it all started and for a few moments Dane came to the surface, and he wondered what on earth he had let himself in for? Then Dane went down again and Diane came to the fore. She realised that she would have to get used to being a girl in public sooner or later, and she supposed that each successive time would be easier than the last! Dane forced his way up again from her subconscious





and said to his alter-ego, what do you mean, each successive time? Dane went on to niggler Diane, this is only a favour you're doing for a lonely old lady! It is not going to continue!

For quite a while Dane and Diane struggled against each other. One moment she would be Diane and the next he would be Dane, each arguing subconsciously against the other. There were two people inside, one male and the other female, each trying to get the upper hand, and her thoughts were so muddled that she felt quite faint and passed her hand over her brow.

Mrs.Collins glanced at her, "What is the matter my dear?"

Suddenly, Dane went deep into Diane's subconscious, and smiled at her mother, "Nothing Mom! I'm all right, really I am!"

"That's a good girl!" she smiled in return as she pulled the car into the kerb in the little town and pulled up the hand-brake, "Right then, here we are! Remember everything I've told you! As you get out, swing both legs out together, that's the lady-like way to get out of a car. Now then! Take a deep breath and away you go!"

The next moment Diane was out of the car, running through the rain and then standing with her mother on the covered sidewalk. She instinctively untied her head-scarf and shook it free from raindrops as Mrs.Collins smiled indulgently, "You're learning fast, my dear."

The next hour or so was a kaleidoscope of impressions, walking in public, looking into grocery stores, at food, at other things; shopping and window shopping. She found that she was enjoying looking at feminine clothes with an entirely different viewpoint to that of Dane's. She found herself admiring dresses and day-dreaming about how she would look wearing them, and also found that she was enjoying the feeling!

Later they ate a light lunch and afterwards, Mrs.Collins took her firmly by the arm and before she could object, they walked into a lady's Hair-dresser. She started to voice some words of dissent but before she could do so, she was being looked after, her hair washed and set onto rollers and in no time at all, she was left sitting under the drier feeling the heat about her head.

Mrs.Collins, in the next chair looked across and smiled reassuringly, "You're doing fine!"

Later, rollers removed, her hair was brushed out and the male hair-dresser looked at his client in the mirror and said, "That really looks beautiful Miss, the style suits you perfectly."

He patted her hair here and there and Diane looked at herself askance, her blond hair, now gently curled and waved framed her face, a fringe on her forehead. The reflection in the mirror was her all right, but the effect of the styling was incredible in the further feminizing influences which it had on her appearance.

Later in the car going home, she said to her mother, "You could've warned me about the hair-dressers!"

"What! And have you refuse on me? No my dear, shock tactics was the only way. In any case, you must admit that it looks very nice!"

Diane patted her curls at the back of her neck and smiled inwardly.....

Still in the pouring rain, they drove towards the house and as they approached, Diane saw with a start, that there was another car parked beside the front entrance. "Who is that?" she asked. "Oh, that'll be Mrs.Smythe, she's a widow who lives down the road with her son. They often come calling in the late afternoon."

"Her son?"

"Don't look so startled my dear, you have to meet a boy sooner or later! In any case like I said before, you'll knock him flat! Paricularly with that hair-do!"

Soon the car was parked and they ran into the house. It already seemed like 'home' to Diane!

In the family room, the fire was blazing merrily and an elderly woman sat on the settee warming herself. Over by the window a broad-shouldered young man had been looking out at the weather, but he, and the lady, turned as Mrs.Collins breezed into the room, followed timourously by Diane. "Emily! How nice to see you, and you John! Mighty glad you let yourselves in and built up the fire as well!" She turned to Diane, "come on in my dear, and meet the folks."

Diane said hello in a very small voice as Mrs.Collins explained who she was to the visitors. Mrs.Smythe looked her over, smiling gently, "My! How like your Diane she is Mary!" She turned to Diane, "You're really very beautiful, my dear.....Isn't she John?"

In embarrassment Diane lowered her eyes, not realising that this very feminine gesture made her seem even more alluring. She looked at John through her lowered lashes and realised that he was gazing very intently at her. He moved to one side and pointed to an easy chair, "Won't you sit down miss Haworth?"

"Lordy no!" interrupted Mrs.Collins, "she's going to help me to make coffee, aren't youm'dear? Come with me to the kitchen, Diane."

She led Diane into the kitchen and closed the door behind them. "Quickly, I'll make the coffee and you dash to your room and get out of that skirt! Its all wet around the hem. Look in the wardrobe and slip into that light blue dress!" She stopped as she saw Diane's startled face. "I'd better come with you!" She grabbed Diane's hand and hurried her to the bed-room. In no time at all, Diane was divested of her outer clothes and was being zipped into a blue nylon long sleeved sheath with a 'bishop' style to the chiffon sleeves.

"Mom! I can't go back in there!"

"Nonsense girl! of course you can and you will. Just give your hair a light brush and touch up your lipstick."

Before Diane could catch her breath they were back in the kitchen.





Mrs.Collins was scurrying around laying a tray with cups and plates as the coffee brewed. Diane stood about, feeling foolish when Mrs.Collins thrust the tray into her hands and said, "Listen Diane, young girls serve the coffee - you know that! Now don't worry - just act natural."

"Natural is like a boy!"

"What! Looking like you do? Believe me, girl, you could act like a grizzly bear and he wouldn't notice! He was soft on my Diane and he will be soft on you too, just mark my words."

Diane put the tray down and stamped her foot, "This is ridiculous! I can't act the girl's part with John, he'll see right through it! I'm a boy, not a girl!"

"Oh dear, Just look at yourself, Diane!"

"I'm not Diane, I'm Dane!"

"Oh! Are you?" Mrs.Collins looked sternly at her daughter and put her hands on her ample hips, "perhaps you'd like me to tell them that? Is that what you want? And, in any case, d'you think they'd believe me?"

Diane/Dane lowered her/his eyes and gazed in perplexity at the floor.

"Well! Do you?"

Diane raised her eyes and looked at her mother, "No, I suppose they wouldn't!"

"Well then! You're Diane, you're a girl and you're very pretty and you're going to serve the coffee."

Reluctantly Diane picked up the tray and followed Mrs.Collins back into the family room.

Continued in the next issue of Fanfare.



"No thanks! It may not seem that way, but we both have our own."



"Somehow Fred, you don't quite pass as the female of your dreams."

# When boys won't be boys



**By CHRIS BARNARD**

From the Eastern Province Herald, Monday, April 7, 1986.

Any stock farmer can tell you of animals with Homosexual preferences such as fairy sheep, horses, who prance a bit much and even pansy monkeys.

Queer-bashers love that kind of story because it points to homosexuality as something sick. After all, what can you expect when you put too many males together - one or two of the weaker characters are bound to turn a bit strange.

It proves homosexuality is learnt, like a bad habit. Given that view, it's easy to think of a man who would rather carry a woman's handbag than her parcels as just a case of a man gone wrong.

It allows homo-baiters to feel righteous when they gang up on some inoffensive pansy.

But what do you say to a queer insect - a fairy fruitfly that doesn't know its eggs from its assets? And from the moment of hatching, nogal!

It's all part of a 40 year search for the body's centre of sex, not located in the obvious places, but in the brain. Some researchers believe this sex centre is what controls sexual behaviour and creates sexual preferences.

About 20 years ago a German Biologist found definite sex centres in the brains of male and female rats. Using sex hormones, given before birth, he caused the rats to become sexually attracted to their own sex. From this he reasoned that sexual preferences were fixed in the brain before birth by the body's own hormones, a bit like left

handedness which can be repressed by training but remains a natural tendency throughout life.

On that basis, homosexuality is as natural as breathing!!!

In other words, nobody chooses to be homosexual just as nobody chooses to be male or female heterosexuals.

Researchers have since had similar results from all kinds of animals. Sex manipulation of fruit flies appears to have little bearing on why some boys prefer boys, but it does show that the possibility is spread throughout nature.

In humans the sex of a child is determined by the father. If the sperm carries a male chromosome, the baby will be a boy. Which means that Henry VIII was the problem and not his wives when it came to responsibility for his line of daughters.

The male chromosome will start the embryo growing towards being a boy but it has to be constantly nudged in that direction at each stage of development. The nudges are provided initially by a chemical in the chromosome and later by sex hormones sent out by the testicles. The natural tendency is to revert to the female status. If anything goes wrong, the child can be born with a number of variations on male and female anatomy.





Linda - Jo'burg  
Region Organizer.



Jane - Pretoria  
Region Organizer





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



Meet Sandra - Region organizer  
Border Area.





Meet Rita - Region Organizer  
Durban Area.



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



Anette Hall - Sweden



Possibly the best argument for inborn sexuality is the case of the "penis at 12" children discovered in the 1970's in the Caribbean. A gene defect caused them to be born with the appearance of girls and to be brought up as such. At puberty, their hormone systems suddenly switched on and they turned into fully-fledged males. Although they were reared as girls - and thought of themselves as such - most of the 18 children studied immediately adopted male clothes and behaved like boys. In adulthood, only one failed to take a wife.

All this started up the old nature/nurture debate between people who thought they were a product of their genes and those who felt they were the result of their environment. But it all boils down to the probability that each of us has a love map in our heads which shows us the way to go. If the map doesn't fit your sexual bits and pieces you could end up wearing the wrong pants.

And none of this has anything to do with being a mummy's boy, daddy's tom-boy, hanging around with the wrong crowd or even a school seduction.

If normality is defined as typical, or what happens to most people, then homosexuals are abnormal - like very tall people, very short people, left-handers, redheads and platinum blondes. But if natural is defined as what happens in nature, then homosexuals are as normal as tall people, dwarfs, left-handers and all the other people who make life interesting.

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Editor's note;

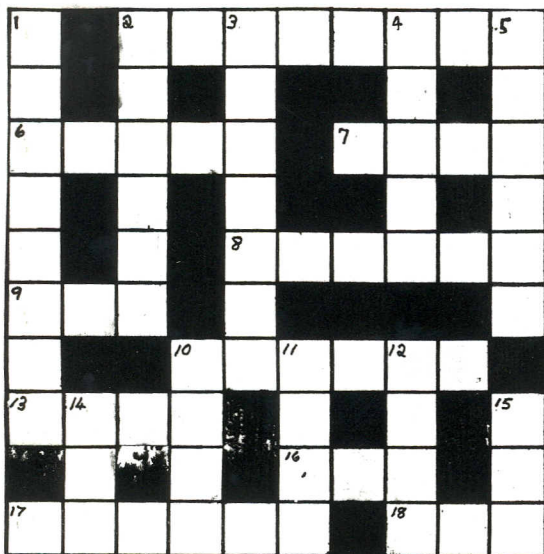
Even though Dr. Barnard refers to homosexuals in this article, in my opinion, it also reflects the views I've had about transvestism for a very long time and is therefore very appropriate for our magazine. Dr. Barnard certainly explains it a lot better than I can.



"I don't care if you are a drag queen! I don't like women who smoke in public"



"Hey Jim! If you've joined a drag club, how come you haven't got a motor bike?"



## FANEFARE CROSSWORD No. 1

There is no prize for completing this crossword....It's just for fun. If you enjoy this one, then just let me know...There are more where this one came from.

Have fun!!!

Solution to crossword No.1 will be published in the next issue.

### Across.

- 2 Delicate and intimate clothing (8)
- 6 Cake covering. (5)
- 7 Soft, supple leather. (4)
- 8 You will find at least one of these on most perfume and cosmetic counters. (6)
- 9 Printers measure in these. (3)
- 10 High heels may well cause you to do this. (6)
- 13 This is important if a dress is to fit you properly. (4)
- 16 Slang for diamonds. (3)
- 17 More quickly, or one on a diet perhaps? (6)
- 18 Cloth surface. (3)

### Down.

- 1 These may sometimes become twisted we hear. (8)
- 2 Scottish landowners. (6)
- 3 Night garment. (7)
- 4 People do this in many ways when they hear about people like us. (5)
- 5 Most of us put a lot of this into our transformation into the female role. (6)
- 10 Nipple. (4)
- 11 Arabian prince. (4)
- 12 The hem of your skirt should always be this. (4)
- 14 Illegal military organisation. (3)
- 15 A new girdle might well do this. (3)



## IN REPLY TO A WIFE WRITES.

From Thelma  
TJ-016-S

To use a famous quotation; Though I disagree with many of the points that you make, I will defend with all my might your right to express them, and can only applaud our Editor's policy in publishing conflicting opinions within the pages of Fanfare.

As the person who, over the past several months, has been responsible for producing the cover designs and a number of illustrations for Fanfare, I'm interested in your objections to these covers. As Marlene states in her editorial, one can only please some of the people some of the time. However, in an endeavour to maintain and improve the standard and appearance of Fanfare any feedback is of value and constructive criticism even more so.

I believe that it would be of help and interest to everyone if you would give specific objections to these covers, either through the pages of Fanfare or in a note to myself via Marlene.

It may be of interest to you and other readers to hear how these covers are created. From the reference material available to me depicting TV's and TS's, often poor in quality, the image is then translated into the basic tonal elements, the tones falling on one side of mid-grey being rendered as white and the other as black. At this stage confusing background is eliminated and such details as may be needed are added together with the Fanfare logo. The resulting patchwork is then photographed onto process film and reduced to the size of the cover and retouched before a final repro print is produced and sent off to the editor, who then adds in the date and issue number.

It would indeed be nice if we could be a little more subtle and delicate in rendering images, but one is limited by working within the form of reproduction imposed by financial considerations. It is my usual practise to provide a batch of several alternative designs from which our editor is at liberty to choose those which she feels are suitable.

As for the cartoons, a cartoon is by it's very nature, an exaggeration and distortion. In the case of this publication I believe they provide a valuable function in enabling us, TV's and TS's, to laugh at ourselves, a healthy thing in my opinion.

One can only feel that you are perhaps being a little over sensitive seeing 'sexist presumptions' in the content of Fanfare as I'm unable to conceive any publication that is less sexist in content or appearance. I do agree with Marlene's recommendation to read 'The Transsexual Empire' by Janice G. Raymond, perhaps she may be prevailed upon to include the name of the publishers and their address in the next edition, as I feel that this is one of the most important books on our situation that has been published.

Publishers name and address;  
The Women's press limited,  
124 Shoreditch High St,  
London, E1 6JE,  
England.



## MAKE-UP AND HOW TO USE IT.

By Marlene.

We have dealt with the intricacies of applying make-up, the purpose of which is to help us to look our absolute best. Also, it happens to be great fun to experiment with.

To most of us, I'm sure, there is little else more satisfying than to see a well made-up face looking back at you from the mirror. But, in the same breath, nothing looks worse than make-up on a skin in bad condition.

The male of the species is particularly unfortunate in having to shave every day which invariably causes small cuts and nicks to the skin. Even if we don't cut ourselves visibly, the blade still causes damage to the top layer of the cells as it scrapes the beard away.

The long term effect of this is a ruined skin which, to crown it all, is further damaged by the drying effects of shaving cream, and horror of all horrors, after shave lotion.

In the first article of this series I pointed this out and made alternative suggestions which, I'm afraid, were not enough if you want a good complexion.

So, here are some more tips on skin care;

1. Use Oil of Olay on your skin everyday. Don't worry, no-one will notice, but your skin will.
2. Use Oil of Olay night cream in the evenings before going to sleep so that it can work throughout the night.
3. In the mornings use an Astringent cleaner to remove oily residue before applying your daily dose of normal Olay.
4. For a really clean skin, the use of a face-mask at least once a week, but preferably twice a week, is essential. You don't need anything expensive and I recommend Yeast-Pack.
5. Use a sun-screen everyday particularly if you have an outdoor job. This can be applied over the Oil of Olay.
6. Avoid harsh sunlight at ALL times, and remember, a tan may look sexy, but it is the worst thing you can do to your skin. It is said that every tan you get takes five years out of your skin.

Most women have tended to their faces since they were young, but, believe me, it is never too late to start....Even for us.

Joy tells me that for around a few hundred rand, her Estee Lauder girl will supply you with everything you need to get that really pampered feeling as you spread the cream at a fortune an ounce. Instead, a constant routine with reasonable products will do far more good than the occasional fling.

And remember...Next to a good complexion, well groomed hands and nails in good condition are vital for creating a good impression.

Good luck!!!!!!



## MEETING CALENDER FOR MAY/JULY. JOHANNESBURG/TRANSVAAL AREA.

From Justine.

May 1 Meeting at Linda.  
May 4 1st Meeting at the club.  
May 15 Meeting at Linda.  
May 29 Meeting at Linda.

June 1 Meeting at the club.  
June 12 Meeting at Linda.  
June 26 Meeting at Linda.

July 6 Meeting at the club.  
July 10 Meeting at Linda.  
July 24 Meeting at Linda.

Although it is our intention to keep the venues & dates unchanged, we may from time to time be forced to do so. Please make contact with us to confirm addresses of the venues & and starting times of events.

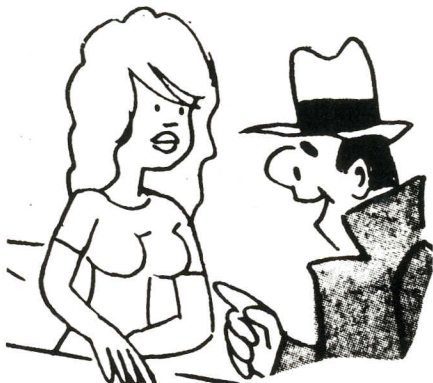
ALL visiting Phoenix members very welcome. Looking forward to seeing you.

Contact: Linda - [REDACTED]  
Justine - [REDACTED] (Ask for Jeff)  
Evenings only.

### WISE WORDS FROM THE STAGE SHOW "HAIR".

"I would just like to say that it is my conviction that longer hair and other flamboyant affectations of appearance are nothing more than the males emergence from his drab camouflage into the gaudy plumage which is the birthright of his sex.

There is a peculiar notion that elegant plumage and fine feathers are not proper for the male when actually that is the way things are in most species."



"Hi Fred! Been at the hormones, I see."



"Dad, what's a Drag?"

## YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

A completely confidential service is now available to Phoenix members.

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"Mildred, I know 5 is my size. The 8's are for my husband."



## Cop hides in boot as transvestite offers sex

From the ARGUS  
Friday, May 2 1986.

A Transvestite has been found guilty in the Cape Town Magistrate's court of soliciting.

Cornelius Bezuidenhout, 22 years old, of New Church Street, Cape Town, pleaded not guilty to offering sex to a police reservist for R80 on February 21.

Mr.E.Kluk, for the defence, said that Bezuidenhout was born a boy but at puberty had developed female organs and characteristics and was now a Transvestite. He said his client planned to have a sex-change operation and asked the court to refer to him as "she".

Police reservist, Mr.Manuel Dos Santos told the court he was on duty on the corner of Bree and Waterkant streets with a colleague hiding in the boot when, what appeared to be a woman, climbed into the car.

He said she asked for money. When he asked what the money was for, the reply was "a short while of sex" for R80. They drove off.

Mr Dos Santos's car was stopped by two detectives who arrested Bezuidenhout.

Mr Kluk asked Mr.Dos Santos if he enjoyed his job as a police reservist and looked upon it as good fun.

Mr.Dos Santos replied that if people broke the law it was good to see them brought to justice.

Mr.Kluk: "At the cost of leaving your wife and small children at night to go and catch these poor devils?"

Bezuidenhout told the court that he was a draughtsman but it was difficult to find work because employers saw him as a woman and then discovered that he was a male from his identity document.

He denied offering sex in return for money, saying that in any case he would have used the term "making love", which sounded more feminine.

The hearing was postponed until June 4 for sentence and the magistrate, Mr.M.J.Tolken ordered that a probation officer's report be prepared.

Editor's comment;

Please note that this TV (sounds Transsexual to me) was NOT arrested for wearing woman's clothing, but, it would seem to me, that he was "set up" since the reservist's mate was hiding in the boot of the car. Also, it would appear, as if the two detectives were waiting for Dos Santos with the express purpose of arresting the TV.

It is interesting to note that even with the lack of definite proof, Mr. Dos Santos's word was taken that the TV "offered sex". The TV, of course, couldn't prove otherwise because he did not have a witness.

The moral of this story, until we can change the law to make TVism legal, is; Don't go out dressed alone, even if you have a doctor's letter which gives you the right to do so. You never know when something like this

could happen to you and you will be in desperate need of a good witness.

Cases have been known where a TV has been picked up by some of the "MAIN MANNE" (queer bashers to our overseas readers) element on the South African police force and taken to a deserted spot and beaten up and then just left there. The TV will never report such an incident to the police since it would leave him wide open for ridicule and exposure.

This sort of thing used to happen to Gays quite a lot as well, but since their activities, between adults, have been legalised you see very little of it.

Please be patient with going out dressed as we still have a lot of work to do in this regard. We ARE working on it but I'm not prepared to say any more about it until I have definite good news for you.



".... her passport says she's  
George Arthur Bloggs from Benoni!"