

# FANFARE

EW



Page 9 Article by  
Sandy about W/End with Jay

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## EDITORIAL

Well, it is that time of the year again! You know what I'm talking about, don't you? I'm talking about the heat...the summer heat. A heat so fierce that there is absolutely no chance of keeping your make-up on!

What can one do to prevent the make-up from just melting right off one's face? Are there any suggestions out there? If there are...we'd sure like to hear about them!!

This heavy sweating (*Ugh!...What a word!*) which is a combination of heat and emotions which, it seems, a good 90% of TVs suffer from, is one of the reasons why TV activity seems to decrease during the summer months.

OK? Be that as it may...If we can't dress, we can still fantasise and the best way to express fantasies is to write about them.

Oh yes! I wasn't going to let you off the hook quite that easily. Fanfare is once again running short of material for publication and if we're not going to start using foreign material again, you, the members, had better put pen to paper and start putting those fantasies, opinions and personal experiences on paper.

Don't get me wrong...If there is something good in any other TV magazine and we have permission to use it, we will. It is vitally important that the TV organisations throughout the world keep in touch by sharing and expressing their various viewpoints. By using each other's magazine material we are using one of the best options available to us and hopefully this practice will continue.

But, that doesn't mean you can sit next to the pool or beach enjoying the sun...So, get busy writing. And you can even do that on the beach. Don't worry! I'll wipe the sand off. Happy reading! P.S. *The sun is bad for your skin.*

## THE TAKE OVER.

By Lynne.

Dane slowly came to full consciousness. He had a vague recollection of fighting with a man. John?...His memory was even more fuzzy about exactly what had happened...he seemed to think that he had got out of a car and had run into the road. His eyes remained closed as his brain fought to recollect the facts about what had happened. He re-



membered that he had almost run into the headlights of a big truck or something and, suddenly, he had felt a heavy hand in his back which had forced him forward out of the path of the truck and sent him sprawling into the road.

A deep voice broke into his consciousness, "Are you all right miss?"

He opened his eyes a fraction and wondered who the man was talking to. As his eyes focused, he saw that it was dark, but there were a lot of lights all about and seemingly a number of people skirting about the edge of his vision.

A strong hand touched him lightly, "Miss, are you all right? Can you hear me?"

He screwed his eyes shut again and tried to figure out what was going on. The man seemed to be talking to him, but why was he being referred to as 'Miss'?

He tried to open his eyes again, wider this time. He looked about him, puzzled. He was lying on a blanket at the side of the road. There was a large combine rig standing a short distance away, its lights blazing. There was a car parked a short distance in front of the

the rig and an ambulance between the two, its red light flashing on its roof. His head was aching badly and he rubbed his eyes. A policeman was kneeling beside him, with another man gazing somewhat anxiously at him.

The policeman smiled as Dane rubbed his eyes, "How are you feeling, young lady? Can you hear me clearly?"

Young Lady???

He struggled to sit up a little and was about to remonstrate with the police officer when he looked down his body and saw that he seemed to be wearing a dress, a burgundy dress with filmy material. It seemed to be hanging somewhat loosely from his shoulders...he had on stockings but no shoes.

Suddenly it all came flooding back and he sat upright, "Where is John?"

The policeman and the para-medic looked at each other uneasily and the medic leaned forward and put his arm gently about Diane's shoulders, a look of concern on his face, "He saved your life, Miss. He saved you from falling under the wheels, but in the event was unable to save himself and he fell under them himself."

He gripped Diane's shoulders, "He's dead, miss. I'm sorry, there was nothing we could do!"

Diane felt herself sinking into unconsciousness again as the shock of what had happened hit her like a blow. Before she succumbed again, she grasped the policeman's hand and gasped, "Please, please get hold of my mother, Mrs Collins, please contact her..."

She felt tears welling in her eyes and she shook off the daze of approaching unconsciousness, she opened her eyes wide, "Please officer, take me home!"

The policeman looked at the para-medic in question, "What do we do, Mac?"

The young medic looked at Diane, concern in his eyes, "You should go to hospital, Miss, you've had a very bad shock."

Suddenly the enormity of what had happened hit Diane completely and she started to shake and shudder as sobs wracked her body, "I'm all right! I'm all right," she sobbed, "Please let me go home, Please?"

The policeman looked at the medic, "I know where she lives, I know Mrs Collins. I could take her home if you think its okay, Mac."

The medic shrugged his shoulders, "She's had one helluva shock! But perhaps her mother would be better for her than hospital."

He turned once again to Diane, "Are you sure you wouldn't rather come with us miss?"

Diane, hunched over in her misery, shook her head and mumbled, "I want to go home."

The policeman, taking charge, crouched and put his arms about Diane's shoulders and under her knees, lifting her as he did so, "Come with me, Miss Collins, I'll take you home."

She laid her head against his broad shoulder and slid off into unconsciousness again.

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Much later, she slowly opened her eyes to find that she was in her own bed at home. Mrs Collins was sitting dejectedly at the side of the bed, looking at her with deep concern.

"Hi, Mom."

Mrs Collins wiped a tear away from her daughter's eyes and smiled at the frail figure in the bed, "Hello my

girl. Are you all right?"

Diane looked at her fondly, "Yes Mom, I'm all right I suppose," Tears filled her eyes and she started to weep. "I'm so sorry, Mom. I'm so sorry!"

Mrs Collins gathered her daughter into her arms and held her closely, "Don't cry my darling. I'm here and you're all right, never mind what else happened. It was a terrible accident, but the main thing is that you're all right!"

She held Diane away from her and looked into her eyes, "I've lost one daughter in a road accident, I'm so glad I didn't lose another!" She looked quizzically at the girl in bed, "I haven't lost a daughter, have I?"

For a moment Dane tried to come to the surface, but Diane resolutely pushed him back deep into her subconscious mind and even deeper. She lay back against the pillows and looked at Mrs Collins.

Minutes passed...There was silence as Diane and Dane struggled inside the person on the bed. She closed her eyes for a moment, very conscious of the deep struggle taking place within her mind, conscious of the fact that for all of her 19 years she had been a biological male, she had dated girls and enjoyed being a boy. However, these last few days had opened up within her, her female side, a side which had never been tapped before, a side which had never been allowed to develop.

Perhaps Dane had always been mentally a girl, she couldn't tell. She did know, however, that, as a girl, once she had come to accept the fact of being female, she seemed to have found a deep peace and contentment within her. She no longer seemed at turmoil with herself. She had inner peace!

As Dane she was an orphan, with no-one who cared for her in the world. As Diane, she had a home and a loving

mother who wanted nothing else but to have her daughter with her again.

As Diane she was pretty, and she liked wearing skirts and pretty clothes. She liked the feel of being female and of being beautiful. She liked being a girl!

Diane looked at Mrs Collins, a look of love and affection in her eyes. She reached out and grasped her mother's hand, "No Mom! You haven't lost a daughter...You've gained one!"

Mrs Collins hugged Diane delightedly, "Are you sure, My darling?"

Diane smiled and as she did so, Mrs Collins saw Dane banished forever.

"I'm very sure Mom. Very sure indeed! I don't ever want to go back to manhood. I want to be a woman in every respect! I AM a woman!"

"I know you are my love! I've known since the first moment I saw you in a skirt."

"But what will happen to me, Mom?"

"We'll have to make some enquiries Diane, but one thing is sure, you are a woman to me and I'm sure to yourself too. Therefore, you WILL be a woman! Medical science is wonderful nowadays. I've read about cases of gender re-adjustment. I promise this, my girl. You will be a woman in every respect, I'll see to that!"

Mrs Collins tucked the bed-clothes in about her daughter, "You've had a shock in more ways than one and you must rest. Go to sleep now and later in the day, we'll start our new lives together."

She passed her hand over Diane's eyes, closing them gently, "Go to sleep, my love." .....she tip-toed out of the room.



Left to herself, and slowly slipping into sleep, Diane smiled to herself. She slid her hands down over her body and felt the silkiness of the nylon nightgown she was wearing. She allowed her hands to come upwards and felt her breasts gently. As she gradually fell asleep she wondered, "Are they growing already?"

She smiled sleepily, I'll be so glad when they do grow. I'll be so glad when I wake up and start my new life. I'll be so glad to be a girl for always and always.

Deep within her subconscious mind, Diane withered away and died!

Diane smiled happily in her sleep.....

The End.

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"Alfred! So this is what you've been up to since you resigned from the darts team!"

## A JOYOUS WEEKEND.

By Sandra DN-006-S



The weekend I have dreamed about ALL my life suddenly became a reality when during a casual phone call to Joy she asked, "When are we going to meet you?"

On the spur of the moment I suggested the coming long weekend, then only a few days away.

Plans were made and the next day I booked a flight to Cape Town. I managed to get the last available seat.

I had been promising myself that I would venture into the world as a woman all my life, but never did, as I always lost my nerve and stayed safely behind my locked front door. The time had come and I was determined to make my dreams come true.

The flight was quickly over and after picking up my luggage, I went to seek the Cape Town girls, who came to collect me at the airport, both dressed to the hilt.

Very soon we were seated in Marlene's lounge chatting into the early hours. Joy and I then left for her flat where she explained what I had let myself in for. Remember, I had been out only twice before, at night, to a Phoenix Member's house.

Well, this shocked young girl went to bed wondering whether she would come out of this in one piece.

The next morning was spent painting our nails and faces in preparation for an evening at Marlene's where I would meet Michelle and her wife. The evening came all too soon as the elephants started dancing in my stomach at the thought of catching the lift 12 floors down and the long walk to the car. Actually the car was only a few metres away which seemed like miles. Once over this hurdle, my nerves calmed down and Sandra was there to stay.

Afterwards we had to take Michelle home. So we all jumped into two cars and set out across town to have tea before returning. On arrival there were a few people around and my nervousness returned in full force. Once in the street, I was fine and have never looked back since then.

The thought of Saturday morning caused me to lie awake for hours, but after a bath the next morning, Sandra was feeling on top of the world. We set off into the sunlight (what a feeling!) to town and boldly strode into the Golden Acre Shopping Centre where we started to spend.

Joy decided to walk a distance behind me to see if I was attracting any attention. As it happened, nobody gave me a second glance and as my confidence grew, Sandra's behind started to sway.

I was now having a ball, the feeling of just being myself was overpowering. We sailed into Truworths to see the Estee Lauder Lady whom Joy had befriended and received the best service I have ever had. Standing in the queue to pay, I started to sweat, but had no trouble. People either could not see through me or simply couldn't care. I like to think I pass perfectly but I'm not sure.

Then Joy discovered that she wasn't wearing any earrings. So, into Foschini we went where Sandra fell in love with a charm bracelet and had fun while the shop assistant made a fuss of fitting it to her wrist.

So, full of confidence it was back to the car to visit Foschini in Parow where Sandra had her first experience buying all the things I had been too shy to buy. She tried on shoes and bought two outfits with all the accessories.

We had lunch at Marlene's where Sandra showed off all she had bought. Now it was time to have my hair done! Joy had been so kind as to make an appointment in the name of Sandra, so there was no chance of getting changed. I had wanted a perm so for three and a bit hours people pampered me. I emerged from there feeling like a queen.

Being very late, we rushed home for a hasty change and set off to meet a lady friend of Joy's and her niece at the Nico Malan as we had tickets to see the ballet. The show was delightful. By now I was beside myself with pleasure, as I had accomplished more in one day than I had in my entire life.

The next morning I woke feeling on top of the world, as I lay in bed reliving the previous day, wondering if it

was all a dream. One look in the mirror assured me it had all happened. My hair was still perfect (*it is amazing what a perm can do*) and my nails were still painted. The only thing out of place was my beard. It will just have to go. Someone is going to make a great deal of money, as there are plenty to remove!

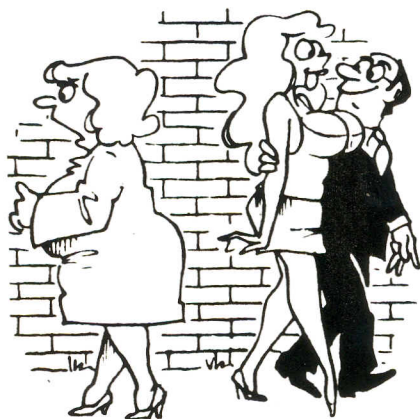
After a Radox bath and plenty of razor work, I spent the next hour getting ready for a Photo session while Joy turned the lounge into a studio with spots, tripods and what a camera! I can hardly wait to see the results. Feeling most glamorous we packed up and set off to dinner at Marlene's and on to the airport.

Coming out of the lift an elderly man and his dog were waiting to get in. His eyes lit up as he gazed at us until we were out of sight. I must admit to my most provocative walk. ( My weekend was drawing to an end and I must make the most of every second!)

Once at Marlene's the fashion parade began once more...This time with Marlene behind the camera. After a great meal we departed for the airport only to find that the plane had left 2 hours previously. I wasn't very popular with my boss the next day.

All I can tell you girls who remain behind doors is that if you want it bad enough, everything is possible.

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"That was Dad...You know..  
like father, like son!"

# TRANSFORMATION TRAUMAS

By Thelma.

Accurate figures do not appear to exist, but estimating from the often conflicting information available, it appears that between a quarter and half a million sex-change operations have taken place within the past 35 years. Other estimates claim that for every one trans-sexed individual, anything between 1000 and 5000 TVs, (i.e. potential trans-sexuals), exist. That's a great many people like us! And it is my belief that this figure is very much an under estimation of the real figure world wide.

One source of reference consulted calculates that there are something in the region of three thousand surgeons who are both able and prepared to undertake trans-sexual surgery on suitable candidates. There is little doubt as to their medical ability in this field. However, over the past couple of decades the moral, ethical and practical end results of many of these operations have been questioned. Many of these operations have been performed for financial gain, professional prestige and even political reasons other than having the best interests of the patient at heart. (The reader is referred to 'The Transsexual Empire' by Janice G. Raymond.)

The origin of much of the controversy stems from a ten year study of 50 patients from the John Hopkins Institute in America. Of the 50 subjects studied, half had undergone the operation and half wanted to, but for one reason or another had not. The findings of the investigating team, under the leadership of Dr. Johnathan Meyer, state that in their opinion, the majority of the group that had NOT been operated on were better off in many ways than those who had been operated on. The team stated that the operation often caused great stress and emotional problems and social instability, in spite of the undoubted technical success of the majority of those operated on.



Surgeon Stanley Biber, the Colorado Doctor in his operating theatre with a handfull of his over 1300 sex-change patients.

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Most of the main centres performing sex-change operations in Britain, Europe and the U.S.A. claim a success rate in the region of 70%. However, in the case of many of these interviews there is some doubt as to the extent of in-depth follow up and investigation over any worthwhile period of time following most operations.

The cost of a sex-change is high and it isn't always the case that you get what you paid for. Dr. Stanley Biber of the Mount San-Rafael Hospital in Colorado in the U.S.A., who has recently completed his 1300th sex-change operation, says he can justify the claim of a virtual 100% success. His fee is a comparatively modest R7500 with hospital fees at an additional R6000 to R7000.

Even extremely virile looking Transsexuals can be adjusted to have the appearance of an attractive female in all respects, provided they are convinced that they are 100% women in all but their physical appearance, states Stanley Biber. The actual surgery is just a technique consisting of making an incision in the centre of the patient's scrotum, removing the testicles and the tissue from the inside of the penis. A vagina is then cut to the depth of 15cm into the pelvic floor which is then lined with the skin of the penis. The sensitive skin which formerly surrounded the penis is used to form the clitoris and to shape the vulvae.

Many, but by no means all centres dealing with TSs require that the subject spends a year becoming used to the role he has chosen. Just being able to show the subject is able to pass as a woman, is not enough in Stanley Biber's opinion. Before accepting a case for operation, he has to be convinced that the patient feels himself to be a woman emotionally, morally and instinctively. He further demands that all his patients must have been socially intergrated, lived, worked and earned a livelyhood as woman for at least a year.

Stanley Biber's ex-patients include actors who have become actresses, policemen who have rejoined the force as policewomen and clerks who have become businesswomen. Biber's girls have appeared in the front rows as chorus girls from Las Vegas to Broadway. All of the representative sample interviewed by a New York journalist, appear to be happy and content in their female lives that have been made possible by the concerned little surgeon from Colorado.

Comment has been made on Stanley Biber's apparent success record to the effect that *"He only plays safe"*. And *"He is only creating sexless dolls"*. His answer - "Until something better comes along, I shall continue to adjust the Transsexual's body to the requirements of the psyche. I can help these people; my patients are living proof of this".



# PETTICOATS & POLITICS.

## A humorous fantasy.

By Thelma.

*(With apologies to the British)*

Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Home Affairs sat across the table from Mrs Thatcher in the cabinet room at 10 Downing Street, "And furthermore, Prime Minister, I consider it all a grave security risk." He indicated the thick folder that lay on the table between them.

"How so?" Mrs Thatcher raised an eyebrow. "I fail to see what possible security risk there can be in feminine attire." She flicked a minute speck of fluff from her hand-made heather mixture tweed skirt.

"Perhaps not!" Admitted the Home Secretary. "But it's become endemic, why it's even spread to M15 and M16. Why half the blighters are fully paid-up members of the Beaumont Society!"

"Hmm!" reflected Mrs Thatcher, "Perhaps I should advise the Queen to confer Royal patronage, I believe it is a long established institution."

"Then there's the trouble with the policewomen. Half of them are unable to go on duty because the constables have borrowed their uniforms. They claim that they are more stylish and becoming!" said the Secretary of Home Affairs.

The P.M. turned to her personal secretary, "Joyce, make a note for Policewomen's uniforms to be issued immediately to the Metropolitan and all County Forces. You had better see that there is an adequate supply of black stockings too, they ladder so easily." Her attention reverted back to the Home Secretary. "What about the Mounted Police?"

"We have issued them with side saddles. However, that

has raised another problem. Now the Horse Guards are demanding equal treatment."

Mrs Thatcher broke in, "Let the War Office attend to it's own problems. They have only just been given feather boas and gold lame blouses to wear on ceremonial occasions." Mrs Thatcher dismissed the matter with a wave of her hand and rang for tea.

Pouring Earl Gray into the Royal Doulton cups, Mrs Thatcher addressed her personal secretary, "Joyce, do be a dear and fetch my sweeteners from the breakfast room." The secretary, in a flutter of skirts teetered from the room on her 6" heels with a sexy sway of the hips.

"Haven't I seen your secretary somewhere before?"  
Remarked the Home Secretary.

"Most likely", replied Mrs Thatcher. "The Lord Chancellor's younger son, a most suitable choice, don't you think?"

A large, sleek, black tom-cat emerged from behind the curtains, stretched and stalked to the door. Mrs Thatcher sniffed delicately, "I really must have that animal seen to," she murmured, continuing in a lower voice, "Perhaps I could have Dennis fixed at the same time."

Somewhat more calm and refreshed after his tea and biscuits, the Home Secretary consulted his notes. "About that scene in the House yesterday. The Honourable Member for North Bootle addressing Parliament in pink chiffon?"

"Yes!" interrupted the Prime Minister. "A delicate gesture, I thought, seeing that it was his first maiden speech. What does perturb me a little is the Chief Whip wearing a leather mini-skirt. Something longer and more elegant would be much better at his age!"

The Home Secretary gave a long sigh. "I must protest, Prime Minister! The standard of dress in the House is appalling. It makes a mockery of Parliament. It must be stopped!"

Mrs Thatcher looked consolingly at her Home Secretary. "My feelings are that we have sufficient old women in both houses and that an influx of young blood is a healthy thing. However, you do have a point. Perhaps a Parliamentary Advisory committee on fashion should be formed, I wonder if Princess Di would agree to take the chair?"

"It's our image overseas as well, Prime Minister!" continued the Home Secretary. "Here is a dispatch from Pretoria asking for us to arrange reduced membership fees on a block basis for the entire Embassy and the Consulate staff. They are asking for a dress allowance as well!"

"I see," said Mrs Thatcher. "I'll send a diplomatic note to P.W.Botha to have a word with that nice Marlene, who runs the Phoenix Society. About the dress allowance, Joyce, see to it that accounts are opened with Foschini's. We can't have our Diplomats looking dowdy, can we?"

Joyce handed Mrs Thatcher a copy of a confidential report. "Ah yes! The Australian problem. I see the entire diplomatic staff were at the Seahorse AGM instead of attending the government reception. Someone has bungled, the reception should have been put back for a week. I want to know who is responsible for this blunder!"

The Home Secretary squared his shoulders and faced the Prime Minister. "I look upon this report as a serious security threat. It says Ponsinby of the foreign office was seen at a fashion show with Polotov of the Russian Embassy."

"What is so alarming about that?" enquired Mrs Thatcher

"They were holding hands and calling each other Mildred and Olga!" Exclaimed the Home Secretary.

"We must be thankful for even small points of agreement between the Kremlin and her Majesty's Government." Replied Mrs Thatcher as she examined her nailpolish. "Well Mr Home Secretary, I'm glad that we have cleared these little details up. Joyce, you can go home too and I do like that shade of lipstick you're wearing. Good evening to you both."

With a sigh of relief she quickly undressed, put on her latex tights, shiny black leather thigh-high boots with 6" high heels and matching corselette. She picked up her heavy platted rawhide whip. "Dennis", she called to her husband through the open bedroom door. "Put on your maid's uniform, the black satin one, and bring me a fresh pot of Earl Gray!"

The End.



"He has been confused ever since Jones joined the Phoenix group. He likes to check up!"

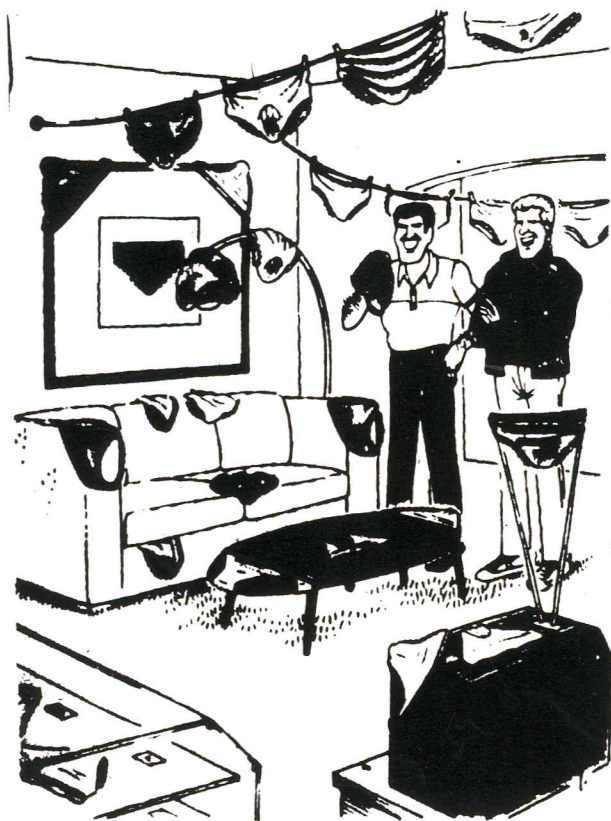
## Note to Library users!

The Following TRANSVESTIA magazines are now available at the normal cost. All existing library rules apply to these magazines as well. Please order by number and keep your own record of which you have read.

Marlene.

No's, 12, 23, 24, 25, 26, 41, 55, 59, 71, 73, 74, 75,  
77, 87, 98, 100, 102.

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"If I hang them outside to dry, the neighbours start talking."