

# Fanfare

JW

Sept  
28

Chart



## EDITORIAL.

Sue from Johannesburg tells me that meetings are still taking place at the club. She tells me that everybody who attends has a lot of fun. I can vouch for that statement, since I've had the privilege to attend one such gathering myself, and can but only wish I lived closer to Jo'burg so that I could attend them more often.

Ronnie, the club owner, does go to a lot of trouble to make everyone very welcome. He provides tea, coffee and snacks at a really low cost. The conversation is stimulating, to say the least. Everything is discussed from fashion through style to make-up. All you ever wanted to know about being a TV, you can learn there.

This is why it rather amazed me when Sue told me that only a very small portion of the Transvaal members bother to attend. Please let me state that I can foresee Ronnie closing the use of his facilities to us unless attendance improves. This, I can tell you, will be a devastating blow to those Phoenix members who do use it, and I'd hate to see it happen.

The question is - Why don't the members attend?

It has been my experience that most TVs are scared to death of having to meet others. This is understandable - I've been through that myself. But, please believe me, the first time is the worst. After that you will wonder what you were so frightened of, and you will hate yourself for wasting all those opportunities to dress and chat with others who think just like you.

All members will be informed by post as to the dates of these meetings by me. Please remember that changing facilities are available, so you don't have to arrived dressed as your girlself. Also, members visiting Jo'burg are always more than welcome to attend. Make use of it! I just know you will have a ball.



## A VISIT TO THAILAND.

By Joanne.

I have recently returned from an overseas holiday to the Far East which included the sea side resort of Pattaya in Thailand.

This village has three TV/TG/TS Cabaret shows every night, and naturally one evening there had to include one of these shows. We attended the show at Tiffany's, which advertises 60 cabaret dancers with ten years experience.

No black and white photograph can do justice to the magnificent costumes and beautiful make-up of the dancers, but I'm sure the few photographs herewith will show the dancer's magnificent breast development which is quite real.

The comments from members of the audience were quite amusing with some people gasping in utter amazement and others not quite believing their eyes. Remarks passed included the following; "I don't believe it - just look at the cleavage!" - "Cleavage be damned, look at the rest of the body!". One lady remarked wishfully, "I'd be proud to have a pair like that". And I remarked, "Let me be part of the show".

After the show, the cabaret members paraded amongst the audience, charging a small fee, (+- R1,00) to have their photograph taken with arms around members of the audience. Some people, whilst standing arm in arm with the cast, didn't know whether to smile, hide or stare. All in all it was an excellent show with much chatting in our touring party as we went to dinner.

The show is advertised as 'Transvestite', but obviously it is more than that. Memebers in our group called them all 'gay', which is also wrong. At this point I opened my mouth to try to explain the difference between gay,



transvestite, transsexual and transgenderist. Suddenly I was aware of the entire group listening to my every word and asking how come I know so much about the matter....Silence.....After a few stutters, and a silly laugh I said I'd read it somewhere in a book and just shut up for the rest of the evening. (Pity! ED)

The next day, whilst walking around in the village market - which only opens for business from about 5pm, we came across a big neon sign which reads, 'PLASTIC SURGEON and V.D. CLINIC'. The wife was shopping two doors away and I just had to venture inside. The 'clinic' was no bigger than 4X5m, with a desk in front, attended by a middle-aged chinese lady. She certainly must have wondered what this short European guy needed from the clinic. Nevertheless, I walked up to the desk, took a deep breath, and asked the obvious questions.

Holding my cupped hands in front of me I asked, "Do you do plastic surgery?"

"Yes", came the answer.

"How much?", I asked.

"5000 Baht (+/-R400) for one". (Some customers only have one done at a time!!)

"How long will the operation take?"

No reply.

"Will you do me?", I ventured.

In a flash she jumped up and came and felt my chest. For a minute or two there was silence while she felt my fatty tissue - then a big smile and, "Yes! Yes!" And she started pushing me towards the back room.

I froze on the spot, and pulled myself free. I stammered, "How long does the operation take", pointing to my watch.

The chinese finger went into the air, "One hour, only one hour".

"I will come back later with the money", I mumbled.

Still smiling she mumbled something; and when she saw the puzzled look on my face, she repeated, "Bring a bra with, bring a bra".

In a flash I was out the door and went to wait for my wife outside the shop she was in. After a few moments she came out carrying lovely silk dresses, looking very pleased with her purchases.

She took just one look at me and said, "This heat must be getting to you, you look very pale. Lets go have a drink".

We walked back past the clinic with the chinese lady standing in the door. She gave us a big smile, touched the silk dresses and said, "Good, good. See you soon".

My wife smiled back and said, "Thank you", upon which the chinese lady was quite beside herself with joy and waved us into the clinic.

My wife would have none of that, and off we went to the nearest drinking hole. Over the drink I told my wife what had transpired in the shop when I visited there. Wifey made bloody sure she didn't let me out of her sight again for the rest of our stay in Pattaya City.

Most people in Thailand are very poor and decent accomodation and good food aren't easy to come by. I think to act in TV shows are also a means of earning a living. I spoke to a few of the locals about the people in the show with the question - Why?

They seem to have two theories - 1) The people are poor and see the show as a means of earning money. 2) The true TV/TS is able to live the life he wants, and get paid for it at the same time.

THE STARS AT TIFFANY.

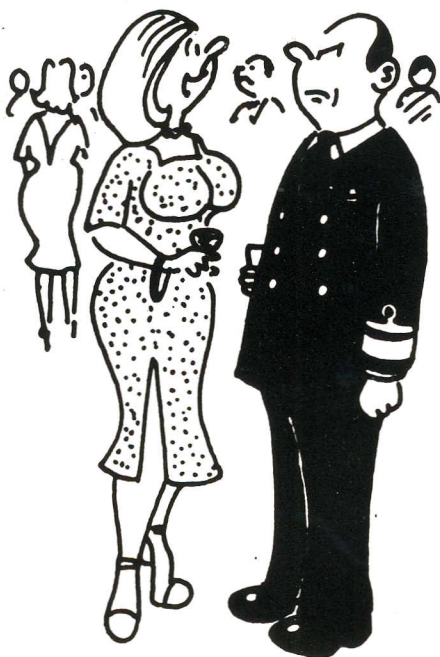




The people of Thailand are very small. They aren't hairy or over-weight. This applies to the men and women, so for the guys to act in the show is reasonably easy and even a slight breast development shows up beautifully.

And those are the people of Thailand. My stay at Pattaya was all too short and my walk through the village has left my mind racing with a lot of questions still unanswered. Maybe I'll go back some day!.

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"You should remember me, Commodore. I bought my way out of the service 3 years ago!"

# "GUYS"



BY THELMA

Jenny Jenkins sat in the small, sparsely furnished waiting room. Across from her sat two drag queens. Quite embarrassed by their uninhibited chatter and shrill giggles, she picked up a newspaper from the pile on the table and pretended to read.

The theatrical agency had called her, asking that she come round immediately. Having spent a lot of her rapidly diminishing money on a taxi, rather than waste time waiting for a bus, she was feeling a little put out at having to wait.

Jenny, a 22 year old dancer, was tall for a girl. A

fraction over 6', long-legged, and with a superb figure. She was attractive, thought most would have described her as handsome, rather than pretty. At one time Jenny had hoped to join the 'Blue Bell' girls, or one of the other famous chorus lines. She had the height and the training for it, but there were two things against her. A lot of people, on meeting her for the first time, had the impression, quite wrongly, that she was 'butch'. Add to this the fact that she had the misfortune to be short sighted and the contact lenses wouldn't stay in place during the frenzied activity of most modern-dance routines.

"Miss Jenny Jenkins? Mrs Klein will see you now". The spotty-faced secretary sniffed and ushered Jenny into the office.

Miriam Klein settled her seventeen stone more comfortably into her chair. "Jenny, my dear, we haven't been able to do much for you so far, but we have an out of Town gig for you. They need a dancer urgently to replace one of their troupe who have fallen sick. I have their original letter here somewhere".

She shuffled through a pile of papers on the untidy desk. "That stupid girl has spilt coffee all over it, but I can make out enough to give you details". She glanced at the letter. "The two requirements are the ability to ad-lib, and to go topless. Well dear? I can tell you the money is good, and its for a six month season. Will you take it?"

Jenny thought quickly - her last job had been a small part in a television production, and that had been ages ago. She had never performed topless before, but she was desperate. "Tell me more", she said nervously.

"Well, dear", said Miriam, naming a large and fashionable resort at the coast, "GUYS is a very exclusive club, I'm told. They have been established for some time and their credit rating is very good. If you take the job I'm authorised to fly you down this



afternoon. You'll have to pack quickly, and be at the airport by six. They're offering....." Miriam named a figure which finally made Jenny's mind up.

"I'll take it, Mrs Klein", she said quickly, before she could change her mind.

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"Miss James?" asked Jenny as she entered the club and found the office.

"Thats right, Luv. You must be the new dancing girl. Lets have a close look at your legs then".

Jenny undid the waistband of her slacks and dropped them to her ankles.

"Good!" exclaimed the heavily made-up and flamboyantly dressed figure. "Now let's take a gander at the rest, bucks. Hurry it up, get it off!"

Jenny removed her blouse, funbled with the catch of her bra to finally stand in front of Miss James in just her panties.

"Hmm, very convincing, sweetheart, you'll do. Nip along to the dressing room, second on your left down the passage".

Jenny started to clamber back into her clothes.

"I shouldn't bother, if I were you, luv. There isn't a lot of time before the first show. Tell Jackie to give you Stevie's costume, it should fit you well enough, and better find a wig too", instructed Miss James.

Jenny dimly perceived that the gruff-voiced Jackie was a big redhead since she didn't wear her thick glasses when anyone was about, and everything was a blur to her more than a few inches away. She tried on the skimpy costume and it fitted reasonably well, with the aid of a few

safety pins. Jackie chatted away, "Ma James says you are a pro, been on telly and all that. This lot will be a piece of cake for someone like you. The opening you come on in, just turn and do your thing for a few bars and then line up with the rest of the girls. The rest of the act you just stay in the background and look sexy. For your big number, move to centre stage in front and the rest of the girls will line up behind you. Do anything you like, the other girls know enough to follow your movements. The music is a medley of 'I feel pretty' and 'Buttons and Bows'. Watch out for the double down beat. That's your cue to whip off your bra and don't forget to shake 'em about. The finale, on the drum roll at the end, hook your thumbs in the top of your knickers and make as if you are going to take them off and show the lot just as the lights dim. But don't actually do it, or you'll get us closed down!"

Jenny listened to the hasty instructions and tried to take them in. She found a space at the crowded make-up bench. "Hey doll, that's too much to be real", exclaimed the platinum blonde next to her in a high little girl voice. "Here, let me show you". She made a scarlet slash on Jenny's mouth, stuck on enormous false eyelashes, and made bold strokes with black eyeliner. "Now let's darken you up a bit between the bristols, makes them look bigger, you know".

Pausing with a hand on Jenny's boobs, the blonde exclaimed, "Fantastic! These aren't silicone - they're real boobs".

Before Jenny could make any reply, the stage manager called, "Positions girls, the overture is starting".

Jenny quickly tucked her short curls under the heavy blonde wig, and took her place at the side of the stage.

Miss James was warming up the audience and introducing the show about to start. With all seven of the cast on stage, there wasn't much room.

We are the girls from GUY'S  
we hope to decieve you  
to please you  
to tease you

they sang, each taking a pace forward in turn, screeching, "I'm Jackie, I'm Jenny, I'm Kate. We're Billie and Babs, I'm Tina and here is Jo too".

Taking care not to bump into anyone on the crowded stage, Jenny was too busy working out her dance routines to worry about having to bare her bosom. When the moment came, she hesitated for a fraction of a second before releasing the clasp of her bra. The tempo of the music changed to a rhumba and as she adjusted her steps to the pace of the music, she felt her boobs start to sway and gyrate, freed from the comforting support of the bra.

It was a new, strange and, she reaslised blushing inwardly, a rather exciting and stimulating experience for her.

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"You were just great, sweetheart", gushed Miss James. "They loved you!"

The cast were all back in the dressing room, drinking coffee out of paper cups; and making the atmosphere thick with cigarette smoke, which did nothing to help Jenny's blurred vision.

Miss James proceeded to give Jenny a few hints on how to improve her performance, and Jenny nodded her thanks. This show was so unlike anything else she had done before, but the audience reaction to her quickly improvised act encouraged her.

There was nothing really to going topless on stage, she decided as she took her position at the side of the stage as the second show was about to start.

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"You stupid cow!" screamed Miriam Klein as the spotty secretary mopped up spilt coffee from the desk. "You're always doing it. Look at this letter, I couldn't read half of it when the Jenkins girl was here". Miriam's vast bulk shook with rage. "Get me the GUY'S file. With any luck there will be a photostat in there!"

The secretary sniffed and minced over to the filing cabinet. Miriam reached into her desk's top drawer and took a handfull of soft centered chocolates out of the box concealed there, filled her mouth with them before fiddling with her glasses which hung from a chain around her fleshy neck, and opened the file the secretary handed to her.

The secretary winced and clutched her flat bosom as her employer turned white and heaved her bulk out of her chair like a surfacing whale. She swallowed the mouthfull of chocolates. "Do you know what's happened?" she croaked. "We've sent Jenny Jenkins off to join an all male drag show!!"



"Ah, Mr Levy, kinks are catered for upstairs, 3rd door on the left".



## SOME LIKE IT COOL.

By Thelma.

The other day I saw a rerun of the old classic film 'Some like it hot'. Afterwards, my companions, in no way connected to the TV/TG/TS scene and unaware of my own commitment in that field, came out with the statement of how convincing the two actors, Jack Lemon and Tony Curtis were in the guise of females. The conclusion was that if Tony Curtis and Jack Lemon were playing it straight instead of 'Hamming' it up, they would've been utterly



convincing as females. "Well its a great comedy, but it could never happen in real life". Said the wife of my friend.

I didn't want to disillusion her, but to my knowledge it has happened many times. To refresh your memory, in SOME LIKE IT HOT, two musicians seek refuge from avenging gangsters by disguising themselves as females and joining an 'all girls' band.

In the dim and distant past of my youth, the late 1930's, an orchestra of some thirty or so persons publicised as 'IVY Benson and her all Girls band' were a common sight as they toured the popular seaside resorts of Britain.

Of course I fell in love with all of them. How marvelous they looked, at least from the distance - Cont page 19

PHOTO GALLERY.



Lady Paula Howard showing her style.



PHOTO GALLERY.

Jan Baxter - Seahorse  
Club, Australia. And  
a Paid Phoenix member  
as well!



Marlene still trying  
to achieve THE look -  
Unsuccessfully!





PHOTO GALLERY.



Joy - Membership Secretary, trying to achieve THE look.  
With more success.

PHOTO GALLERY.



Sandy Beauchamp - Regional Organiser, Durban. This is  
THE look - very successfully!



of my seat in the audience, in their stylish hair-do's and glamorous evening gowns. Even at that tender age my transvestic tendencies were well developed, and I used to fantasize about being clad in shimmering satin, seated amid those heavenly creatures and playing brilliantly some complicated musical instrument.

World War 2 had come and gone and I became involved in the music industry. Needing to recruit extra players for a show, I went to a well known cafe in Lisle St, Soho, the haunt of out of work musicians in London. There I listened spellbound to a middle-aged trombonist as he told me of his days as one of Ivy Benson's 'girls'. It appears that work was always available if a player was willing and able to pass reasonable well as a female, with Miss Benson's musical ensemble. Even more so if one could play the more cumbersome, heavy and less lady-like instruments. He claimed that at times there were up to a dozen male members in Miss Benson's exclusively (?) female band.

Ignoring the Drag acts and female impersonators who abound in their thousands, and of whose gender one is left in no doubt, there are many entertainers who earn their living as female performers, their true gender unsuspected, or at least undiscovered.

The star of the cabaret of the first night clubs to open in Vienna occupied by the Allies after the war, the Boccacio, featured a glamorous entertainer. Her stage name, if memory serves me correctly, was something like Gerda Tall. With long blond hair in a high necked sequined evening gown, slit to the hip to show off her opulent curves, she would sing provocative songs in a husky, sexy, Marlene Detrich like voice. At the sight of a pair of nylons, like gold dust in immediate post-war Vienna, she would be encouraged to leave the stage, with a great show of leg and thigh, undulating across the floor to one's table, seat herself on one's lap, twining her arms around your neck and huskily croon in your ear a number called. 'I want a baby from you'.

On a return visit to that city a few years later, a headline in the middle pages of the popular evening paper attracted my attention. It appeared that the once popular Cabaret artiste Gerda, who had not been heard of for some time, had died of cancer and was found to be in fact, an ex-Luftwaffe pilot who had been wounded early on in the war.

Back in the U.K., in the early 1960's, a number of West County youths formed themselves into a pop group. For some months they were in great demand at village hops. Not so much for the quality of their music, but because of the sexy, mini-skirted girl guitarist and singer. The group broke up after the night 'she' got 'her' wig caught in the mike and all was revealed.

More recently one hears of an act in the Sothern States of America about a group who modeled themselves on the once famous Supremes. Diana Ross was one of the original group. Their career came to an end when an over amouros member of the audience made an amazing discovery. A riot broke out, the coloured boys were stripped of their glamorous finery and severely beaten up.

So, dear reader, the next time you are enjoying the show at your favourite night spot in Hillbrow, Seapoint or Durban's beachfront, don't take the entertainer's gender too much for granted. She just may even be someone you know, like the next door neighbour's son.





## NATAL NEWS

From Liza.

May I take the opportunity of saying 'thank you' to the Phoenix Society and in particular, South Africa. Don't misread me about the latter, which does need some explanation on my part.

Being a newcomer to these fair shores (November 1981, to be precise) and having arrived at Halfway House (Age, silly) with many conflicting thoughts about myself, it has taken some soul searching to find myself.

I had the need to go to England on business during '85 and '86, and took the chance of seeking help while there. Soon contact was made with the TV/TS support group and I found myself coming out of my shell.

During the early part of this year I began sorting out my own state of mind, and eventually plucked up the courage to consult, firstly my own doctor, then very soon afterwards, a clinical Psychologist. You will be amazed at the changes I am now going through. I am aware that I am a far better person and at peace with myself, thanks to these professionals. Also I decided to join the Phoenix Society with one main objective in mind - I don't want anyone to go through all the traumas I experienced years ago. If I can help anyone in any way, then I consider it my duty to do so.

Hence the thanks to the Society and in particular those kind people who understand me for what I am. I am going to take life in both hands and say to myself, "Enjoy your feelings and emotions". Believe you me - I have been reborn with no shackles to hold me back.

Oh yes, I have a long way to go and there will be some stumbling along the way, but in the end, I will have something that is already very dear to me. Already the icing is appearing on the cake with many changes taking place - both physically and in a business sense. So, I

can say with honesty that my second innings will be the climax of my life.

Thank you dear people, you have something in life that can and should be put to good use for all around you to enjoy. Let yourself go and let life deal you all the aces.

(From the Editor - Liza, we are all awaiting that promised autobiography eagerly.)

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More Natal news.

Marlene.

We were terribly shocked and distressed to hear of Sandra Beauchamp's (Regional organiser - Natal) sudden setback healthwise, and her need to be hospitalised for an operation.

I'm sure that every member of the Phoenix will join me in wishing Sandy a speedy recovery to full health.

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"George, I've been searching high and low for that wig you're wearing!"



## TRUE EXPERIENCES.

By Jane M.

Bliss is having the house to myself while the entire family are away for a few days!

This morning I awoke in a nighty and then (horrid) shaved in a bra and panties. I slipped on a grey shirtwaister dress, tights, pink mocassins and my long brown wig. A little make-up and Jane was set for the day.

First I had breakfast outside on the patio in the sun. After washing up the breakfast dishes, I made a shopping list. New pants, stockings, make-up and some casual wear. I got the car out and went for a drive trying to pluck up the courage to actually shop. Failure! I couldn't think how to handle my voice.

I drove back home, cleaned my face, took off my wig, and dress, and dressed in a pair of jeans with a blue tracksuit top, and set off again to the shops.

Shopping finished, I roared back home to spent the rest of the day as Jane, cleaning the house and cooking supper, after which I had to take our puzzled dog for a walk.

There was a slight drizzle of rain outside which gave me the perfect excuse to wear my wife's mac, which she bought in Canada. It is made from a shiny black rubber cloth in a trenchcoat style. Very, very sexy.

As I strolled along, I heard footsteps behind me and then a cheery, "Hi Pussy!" - which is my wife's nickname. It turned out to be George, my nextdoor neighbour taking his dog for a walk as well. He came up beside me and gave me a big hug and a kiss - and it was only on passing under a street light, that he realised I wasn't Pussy! I was mortified, and just about wetting myself from sheer terror.

"Oh my God! " he gasped. "It's you, Fred!".

I stammered something about it all being for a bit of a joke, and we sat down on a bus shelter bench. My explanation seemed, even to me, a bit weak and he started to laugh. He told me that he had often been turned on by Pussy when she wore the mac, and that he couldn't blame me for having a bit of fun in it while she was away.

I pleaded with him not to tell a soul, and he agreed, but as I stood up to go, he put his arms around me and kissed me again.

I pulled away, and told him that I wasn't that sort, I'm not gay or even bi-sexual and he must cut it out. He then said it was to be our little secret - but if he were to keep mine, then I must keep his. I must never tell his wife that he kissed me. We came to a sort of truce - I let him hold my hand on the way home and he praised my girlish tastes.

The next evening George came round to see me. He was very apologetic, and brought me a bottle of Chivas Regal and a pair of very saucy panties. We parted still friends, but I vowed to be a lot more careful next time.

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"You could've told me she was your brother-in-law!"





## MEET ROBERTA CLOSE!

BRAZIL'S MOST BEAUTIFUL  
TRANSESTITE.

From Bunny Girl Magazine.

Roberta Close, at 22, is one of Brazil's most unique "heros" - or more like, "heroins"; she is the country's most beautiful and famous transestite.

As a national phenomenon, she is the envy of other women - and "fellow" transestites.

One hapless TV, in fact, committed suicide from chagrin, unhappy that she/he would never have the same level of admiration as Roberta.



With her myriad of engagements, a member of the Brazilian jet-set, Roberta has attracted international attention. She is well on her way to becoming a star.

Brazil, a nation better known for 'the soft and enchanting girl from Ipanema' and what most girl-watchers consider to be among the loveliest females in the world, currently has as its number one sex symbol, a transestite. "Its name is Roberta close, real name Luiz Roberto Gambini Moreira, who today is not only Brazil's top female model but a Playboy cover girl receiving exorbitant fees, inviting the envy of the real female models of Brazil.

But not only top cash is involved in what some observers call 'La Close Phenomenon' which is currently sweeping Brazil. On July 20, in Brazil's southern city of Curitiba, another aspiring TV, Patricia La Douce, read

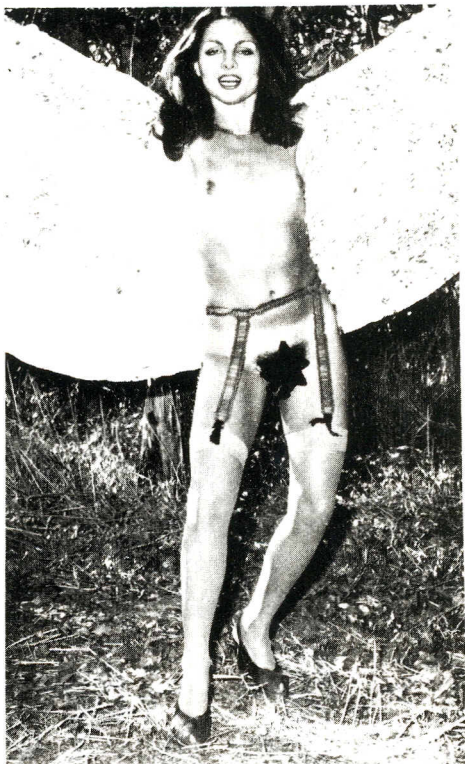
Vilmar Salvador Nica, 19, literally died of a broken heart, when out of jealousy, he/she shot herself in the heart. This act of desolation occurred shortly after Patricia had attended a lively ball with a group of other Transvestites.

"Patricia couldn't stand being anything less than Roberta", recalls 'Gisele' a TV friend. "When she took part in the fashion parade of the workman's ball, parading nude, the poor thing only asked everyone if she was equal to Roberta. Everything she did was to live up to this idea - to be admired, respected and to have Brazil at her feet. She concluded that she would never be Roberta's equal and Patricia ended her life".

Born and raised in Rio De Janeiro in a family including three other brothers. Her father, a macho man who works in various business ventures, was eventually induced to accept that 'Roberta', his son, was different.

Roberta's mother, Maria says that at 12 he used to lock himself in his room. He spent full days reading, without leaving it. She says it never occurred to her to abandon him, but rather tried to understand him.

Today this problem child is not only a modeling sensation but the little girlfriend of Brazil, according to 'Contigo', a popular Brazilian maga-



zine. One of the current top selling records is 'Close', a rock number written by Erasmo and Robert Carlos. Close also appears regularly in the social pages of the newspapers, along with the cream of high society, who apparently seem proud to be the friend of Brazil's top Transvestite.

"She conducts herself like a well-educated woman, and seems to be someone from the provinces of Brazil: naive, doesn't smoke, drink or cursew", says Sao Paulo night-club owner Jose Vittoria Oliva.

Brazilian psychiatrist Eduardo Mascarenhas tries to explain: "Roberta is pretty, well-educated, delicate, serene, a lady, a tropical princess. But outside these facts is a man. The transvestite concerns itself with something which Plato spoke about: The myth of the Hermaphrodite, something which unites all the possibilities of being".

".....and this is a picture of Joy before she met Marlene!"





## JOY IN THE BEAUTY BUSINESS

Hi there, it's your's truly again,  
This time to tell about Avroy Shlain.

Excuse the feeble attempt at a rhyme, but I was staring at the blank screen of my own word processor, which runs on the computer which I eventually bought. I realized that I was trapped in a vicious circle - there was no way that I could afford to buy a machine until I got a lot of work in the computer business, and there was no way I was going to get business until I had my own machine. So, after much soul searching I decided that I had better do something constructive about earning a living. After all, by the time that this article gets into Fanfare, it will be close to one year since I was last officially in full time employment. However, there has only very seldom been a period of more than a day or so without enough to keep me reasonably busy, albeit not profitably.

So, I did two things at almost the same time. I regard the buying of, and working on the computer as a more masculine type occupation, so I balanced it at the same time with a more feminine pursuit of enrolling myself in the Beauty Business.

Joy is now a Beauty Consultant. All of you who read the Fanfare by torchlight while stuck in the closet with all your finery - help is near! I am prepared to offer any Phoenix member my full assistance in the fine arts of selecting and using all those hundreds of lovely bottles of fragrantly smelling substances which beautiful women all around the world use.

I was given a huge book and told to study it, as I was expected to write an exam on the subject. Also, I was expected to buy a full set of cosmetics for demonstration purposes which set me back somewhat before even starting. All of which comes in a lovely grey and cerise case. After much study I am now just starting to arrange Beauty



workshops, and I sold just on R250 at my first go, to some of the women that I used to work with! Some strange irony in that - here am I teaching the women at work how to do their make-up.

This is a venture being undertaken by me in all sincerity as a means of earning a living, so if you will excuse the commercial, PLEASE SUPPORT ME - I NEED IT. You will find an order form enclosed with this copy of fanfare, and in the rest of the article, I will give details of what you should order for the basics of skin care. Those of you reading by torch-light, don't worry, good skin care makes you feel great, and does not show in the way cosmetics would during the day. It will encourage your skin to a better condition, and thus your lady-self will look better.

The following steps form the basic way to go about introducing a skin care program.

1. Determine your skin type to see which you need
2. Understand why skin care is needed
3. Purchase the basics
4. Get into good habits, morning and night

If you feel that your wife will not go along with your using skin care products then she perhaps needs to be given a set of products herself! Maybe she is just plain jealous.

## 1. UNDERSTANDING NEED FOR SKIN CARE.

We have all seen and heard so much about the amazing promises of eternal youth offered by some Beauty Houses without understanding anything. In simple terms, your skin contains three main layers in which the outer layer is the one we can get at directly via skin care products. The inner layers are affected by things such as smoking, alcohol, diet etc, so you need to take care from both sides. The skin which we see is the outer layer called the 'dermis', which actually consists of dried out dead cells mainly. The dermis is 5 cell layers thick, and is

constantly being rubbed off from the outside as part of every day life, while being replaced from the 'mother cells' busy reproducing themselves in the basal layer under the surface. The truth of the matter is that, using a process called mitosis the mother cell makes an exact copy of herself, each time she reproduces. If she is tired and worn out the copy will also be in bad condition. This is where effective care comes in, and also why patience is needed, as the cells produced take from 28 days in a young person to 45 or so in a mature individual. For this reason, a skin care program should be started, and good habits built up. It is not much use starting and stopping all the time.

2. The next step is to decide which skin-type you have, as certain products are aimed at dealing with particular difficulties. There is nothing mysterious, as there are basically only 6 skin types. These are

- a) normal
- b) oily
- c) dry
- d) young problem skin
- e) mature dry skin
- f) mature combination skin

It is perfectly 'normal' for the forehead and nose areas to be slightly more oily than the rest. Dry skin is usually confirmed by signs of dryness or lines around the eyes, and very fine pores. If you have oily cheeks and rather large pores then you probably have oily skin. If in doubt, treat your skin as normal.

### 3. BASIC SKIN CARE.

I remembered the sequence of what should be done with the little meaningless letter-sequence 'c f m n s' which stands for 'cleanse-freshen-moisturize-nourish and stimulate'.

## CLEANSING & FRESHENING

Not many people are aware that to cleanse without using freshener is to ask for trouble, as cleanser contains ingredients to cause the pores in your skin to open, so that the agents can remove the old oils and dirt from the day, or overnight. To stop at this point is to leave your pores wide open to collect dirt straight into the pores, so this is where a freshener is used - it 'tightens' the pores without closing them, allowing the pore to breathe. A freshener also restores the skins natural slightly acid balance, which is a good protection against bacteria.

In following issues I will go into the other stages, and their needs. If anyone wishes to order, please send your order form duly marked with what you require, and I will arrange for it to be sent to you. Please add on GST and allow for postage. Make cheques out to J. Wellbeloved, or enclose postal orders. I am also available on the phone, or will answer your letters. I look forward to helping you. Will you let me?

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