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FANFARE



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EDITORIAL

In Fanfare No. 26, I was telling about all that incredible heat of summer and here, just two issues later, I'm shouting, "Hooray! Winter is here and on with our very serious business of dressing".

Actually, to be quite honest, as I'm typing this I'm bathed in sweat from a sweltering heat-wave we are having here in Cape Town. But, since you will only be receiving this issue of Fanfare in about 1½ months time, it will hopefully be winter.

For most of the country, except Durban, winter means you will be sitting comfortably in front of a log fire, enjoying its warmth as it drives the cold from your bones. But, I imagine you don't like just sitting there with nothing to do...You will enjoy something stimulating and interesting to read. And what better is there than to read the latest issue of Fanfare?

The reason for the above is to remind you that subscriptions are due and must be paid, at the latest, by the end of June 1987. If not...You won't have the latest issue of Fanfare to read at the end July. Now, wouldn't that be a simply unthinkable disaster?

And yes! like everything else the subscriptions are also going up in price. Prices have increased on photocopying, photograph screening, postage, stationery and every item needed to produce this magazine. Fanfare No. 27 cost in excess of R120,00 to produce and to reach your postbox. Sanctions are making themselves felt and it is, unfortunately, you who pay the price in the end.

The subscription fee for 1987/88 will be R36,00. If any member has difficulty coming up with that amount, please do not hesitate to contact me as I'm perfectly aware of the financial plight of a lot of South Africans at the moment. Arrangments can and will be made to accomodate all, in the strictest confidence.

JOY'S SAGA STILL CONTINUES!

The date is Thursday 25/02/87.

I am sitting down to put into writing some of my thoughts and feelings leading up to the events of the last few days.

But first, let me give you some background.

We all know there is a difference between TV and TS. That we know and understand quite well. But is there a difference between TV and TV, and if so, what?

I believe that there is a very clear split in the TV camp, into what can be called TV (transvestite), and TG (transgenderist). The border line is very clear, once understood.

A TV is usually the initial stages through which a normal heterosexual male passes as he experiments with, and comes to terms with, his desire to wear female clothing.

Some TV's so enjoy the feminine side of their life, that after a while, 'she' becomes the dominant personality, and at the same stage, the one-for-one ratio between dressing and sexual release becomes one of many to one ratio, and various modifications to the male appearance become noticeable. Legs, and maybe arms are shaved, usually as the first and last daring step. Some go so far as to have their ears pierced, or even to let their fingernails grow long. Both of these leave traces which are not easily put away, or hung up in the closet after a dressing session, so it appears that the motivation in these cases must be different

For some, the desire to create as feminine an appearance as possible does not stop there, but goes further still. In such cases, the person usually resorts to taking hormones, a step which is never to be undertaken

lightly, or without a doctor's supervision, as there are more areas in your brain that are affected by the hormones, than in the rest of your body put together.

A very small group then resort to plastic surgery to further enhance the feminine image by the insertion of breast implants, or even having some of their male organs removed, in order to make the effect of the hormones more pronounced.

Those who resort to bodily modification can be separated into the TG or transgenderist group.

Please note that not once have I yet made mention of any motivation arising from a desire to have sexual relations with a man. I firmly believe that far too many sex-change operations were performed on transgenderists, as a result of the inability of the medical profession to differentiate between genuine transsexuals, and transgenderists.

Well, back to my story

I am a transgenderist. I have recently returned from a short trip to hospital, where I had a small operation. I thought very carefully about it before I had it done, as the operation is not reversible, and would leave me sterile.

I am now in a sort of no-persons-land between the sexes. It is a place where I feel that I belong. The hormones which I have been taking for some time now have had sufficient effect on my breasts that falsies are no longer needed. My hair is shoulder-length, and naturally curly. The grey has been replaced by a lovely golden brown colour, and apart from still feeling sore between my legs, I am very contented.

Let me not give you any false impressions. I have had to pay a very high price for finding myself. It is the price which society seems determined to ask from us. I no longer have a job, and my prospects for finding one,

are not very good, irrespective of who I send to look for work. My male self has long hair and fingernails, apart from boobs which are daily becoming harder to hide as they get bigger. It was the recognition of the fact that my boobs were so important to me, that led me to the hospital bed a few days ago.

It appears to me that I really do desire to live and be accepted in my chosen role as a woman. So I have gone as far as I wish to along the path of feminising my body.

Any further bodily modifications can only have sexual motivation and effects, and are thus not being considered. Only if driven to the verge of insanity by a non-accepting society may I yield to pressure, and have the final stages done. Without the final stages, I retain my legal male sex on my identity documents, which does make things difficult. True, I can at any stage change my name legally, which will make things somewhat easier.

So, it appears as if I am going to have to become self-employed if I am to earn a living honestly, unless any members have any ideas.

My past firm, in recognition of my twenty-one years service, and unable to come to terms with my desire to live as a woman, are at present trying to arrange for an early retirement due to 'ill health'!. Strange, but I have never felt in a better condition both mentally, and physically.

My greatest areas of concern at present hinge around earning a living, and my on-going relationship with my children. Since writing the article about how I told them, I have been constantly nagged by my ex wife, and various welfare organisations to refrain from such deviant behavior, else I may be judged to be an unfit parent, and loose the right to see my children albeit only for every second weekend. (What they fail to see is that the path on which I am treading has an inevitable conclusion which they are not assisting the children to

come to terms with). Exactly what the final outcome will be when I can no longer pay any maintenance, we will have to wait and see.

Let us now go back in time a month or so, and follow the chain of events which led to where I am at today.

Having taken a careful look at my sex-life over the last two years (nil), and my dressing habit (daily), I decided that a small operation would relieve me of some things that got in the way very much when dressing, particularly when wearing a tight skirt. As I belong to the school that does not believe in showing the bulge. I go to great lengths to hide things and to present as smooth a front as possible. It was therefore natural to me to consider the removal of some of the offending items.

The female hormones which I have been taking had already reduced my sex drive, and this would also. Frankly, the reduction of the urges was to me a blessing, as I had never felt at ease in the macho masculine role.

The hardest part was to actually pick up the phone, and make the appointment to see my Doctor. Once that was done, the rest went fairly easily, as from the Doctor's point of view, what I was about to do was a logical next step.

I was duly recommended to a plastic surgeon, who wanted to know how much I wanted removed, and he was favourably impressed with my bust development so far. We discussed my reasons and the benefits I expected to gain, and also the modern trend, even among genuine TS's to 'stop half-way'.

I thus found that he knew what I wanted, and agreed that to do things step by step was the best way. As a result, two small cuts were made on either side of the scrotum, and the contents were carefully removed, leaving behind all fatty tissue, and all the skin of the scrotum. This was in case at a later date of wanting to progress to

further stages of the operation, when the skin left would be vital in creating the new organs. We discussed prices, and urgency, and a date was arranged for the operation.

The night before the operation I packed my bags, taking not one single item of male attire with me, (I had cheerfully forked out the extra to have a private ward), and left to spend the night at Marlene's house. She had offered to put me up for a few days after the op, until I felt better. I really think that it was a case of 'curiosity killing Marlene'. Sure enough, she straight away said, "I want you to pour your heart into my word-processor while you laze at home with nothing better to do".

That night I was far more worried about what clothes I would wear to the hospital, than worrying about the operation I was about to have. As you can imagine, I changed my mind about what to wear every hour.

The hospital was one of the new 5-star Medi-Clinic 'Hotels', and I felt very pampered as I was ushered to a computer terminal, and all my personal particulars were taken. (Edited wherever possible to conform to the feminine image presented.) The Surgeon had made the booking in the name of Miss Joy ... so I never actually had to tell a lie, until it came to 'sex'.

My mind reeled at the thought of the computer program blowing a fuse because a Miss wanted to be castrated, so I reluctantly said 'better make that an 'M''.

I do not know if the lady who was booking me in was already in the know, as her manner never varied at all. Very polite and a little chatty. I still do not know who knew the real story, as my card said 'Miss, for plastic surgery'. The point is, I enjoyed 5 star treatment all the way.

The pain is far less than I expected, and I have not taken any tablets today for the pain. The surgeon said

he wants to see me on monday at 4.15pm. It took me a while to realise that was the same time as I was due to go for my electrolysis. Things are sure complicated, as I can't go to see Doctor before electrolysis, as I will have a lot of hair sticking out of my face. Also, I can't go after, because then my face will be all blotchy from the elecrolysis. Damn, I will just have to try and see if he can take me tomorrow. Somehow, decisions such as these seem far more difficult to make.....Cheers. Till next time we chat.....



"Well, Your Honour, I want a divorce because my wife objects to the way I dress!"

A VERY PERSONAL LETTER,
FROM JOY'S MUM, TO JOY.

My dear J,

Well, here is one of the 'associates' writing to thank you for your very good letter. Ann (Joy's sister) has read it to me twice and I was deeply impressed and moved by it.

You have obviously done a great deal of thinking. As for the 'why', that is a question we cannot answer. The thing is to accept it, and do the best you can, which is quite obviously what you are doing.

Do not, my dear, be concerned about the effect on me - I'm so thankful that all of this has come out. It explains so much that I did not understand about you in the past and therefore, so often, handled you wrong.

However, all those mistakes are now behind us and a deeper love and understanding has grown out of them.

I do wonder whether it would be a good thing for you to exercise some self control and move into a neat male box, like you used to be, when seeking for a job or going to work and then getting into the 'Joy' box when you get home. James going to work to support 'Joy' at home. Wigs are useful!

As for the children - they so obviously love you and are happy with you. I'm sure they will accept the situation if it is quietly explained to them. Perhaps wait until Ann is with you. I'm so happy she is coming to stay with you for a while. She is truly a very wonderful character. Her care and tender love towards me are wonderful.

What a wonderful thing the Phoenix Society is - I'm sure that before long you will be helping others with your experience and deep understanding. I'm sure you could do a lot of good.

I was interested to hear about the possibility of early retirement through the firm. Sounds to me as if they are still concerned about you - would they not employ you again perhaps to work for them at your home?

Lots of love my dearest,

From your Mum.



"Oxford, did you say? How interesting. I'm a Cambridge man myself".

HAVE A LITTLE GIGGLE!

"When you told me that Jim
over there was a fun date,
you forgot to mention one
vital detail!"



YOUR FIRST HIGH HEELS.

The anticipation.

The sense of escaping at last into womanhood. The new-found sophistication.

And the doubts. The doubts that seem so silly looking back.

The ground look a bit far away. Your mother seeming a little shorter. Realising you'd never noticed before quite how many stairs there were to negotiate. And, on your first evening out, perhaps even working out an excuse in advance just in case someone asked you to dance.

As it turned out, you ended up dancing till you were ready to drop. And Oh!, the joy, the relief of knowing that high heels would be second nature in no time at all.

Like you, a lot of other people have been through the same experience. For more than half of all people are women.

They also had their doubts their first time out. And when you think of it, they wouldn't be wearing high heels now if their doubts had not turned out to be pretty groundless.

For one thing, they found out very quickly that it's far more difficult to drive and park a car than to walk in high heels.

Indeed, it's as easy as falling off a bicycle

So, enjoy your heels, my sweet!

'Adapted from a Volkswagen advert - by Marlene'.

ATTENTION ALL TV'S
THE HUSH-UP COLLECTION

We can supply uniforms and lingerie to fulfill your wildest fantasies: Maids uniforms, Nurses uniforms, Suspender belts, stockings,.....All items of feminine apparel. Made to order exclusively for the female you!

Simply write to us, c/o P.O.Box 30198,
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South Africa.

All correspondence will be dealt with in strict confidence and under plain cover.



Rita modelling one of the Maids Uniforms.

ENCOUNTER.

By Thelma.

Roland sat up and stretched, smoothing the blue pleated skirt he was wearing over his nylon clad legs. Claspng his hands behind his neck, he stretched to relieve the tension that has built up. The action made the conical mounds of his bra thrust against the thin silk of his blouse. If only they were real breasts, he reflected to himself with a small sad sigh.

He had spent several hours on his home computer. It only needed one breakthrough and he would be able to resign from the Data Bank Company he worked for and sell the results of all his hard work on the open market for a small fortune. He had already evolved several computer games, however, he was bound by contract to hand these over to his employers. This has resulted in a number of bonuses, but nothing near the amount of money that a direct sale to one of the rival companies would have brought him.

Standing up, he committed the display on the screen to the computer's memory before walking to the glass doors that led to the small garden. A breath of fresh air might clear his brain, he thought.

The slight evening breeze made his skirt flutter around his legs and it felt deliciously cool. He sat down on the small garden asbestos seat, thinking to himself that soon the trees and shrubs he had planted on either side of the plot would be tall and thick enough to give him complete privacy from peeping neighbours.

As Roland relaxed, he became aware of a subdued glow of light behind the row of trees that marked the boundary of his property and the open land behind it. Slowly the light grew in intensity, merging from violet to green in colour. During the short space of time the light became so bright that he could have read the small print in a newspaper. A curious aspect of this light was that it

cast no shadows. He felt that he should be alarmed by the strange light, but he felt quite calm, even when the glow started to condense to a mere pinpoint of intense violet light.

Calmly he stood up and went back to the house. It was as if a voice was telling him not to be frightened. At the glass doors he turned, the glowing light was still there. Then it spread again into a shadowless glow and disappeared as quickly as it had appeared. Dismissing the light as some sort of optical illusion, fireflies perhaps, or the image of his computer screen retained on the retina of his eyes? Heaven knows, he had been peering at it for hours on end.



Seated again at the keyboard, he tapped in the next group of figures in the mathematical progression that he had worked out. A completely different combination of figures appeared on the screen. Roland stamped his high heel in a gesture of frustration as he depressed the cancel button and re-inserted the original figures. Before he could reach again for the cancel button, a voice that he could not place, told him to press the proceed key instead.

Rapidly the screen filled with rows of figures and the print-out clattered busily. After a few moments the computer came to the end of its burst of frenzied activity, the equation that Roland had been striving for, for so long, displayed triumphantly on the screen.

The voice came again, "The concept is so very simple, but it is not easy for you to understand with the

limited and narrow view of you people." The voice inside him continued, "We find it strange that so many of you are capable of so much and have developed so far, yet you impose such restrictions on your knowledge".

Roland was aware of the presence of the source of the voice that spoke to him. For some strange reason he was not alarmed. Strange, because he was one of the vast majority of uncounted secret Transvestites who only assume their feminine role in private. His only venture outside his home as Rosemary were occasional furtive trips to post letters in the corner mailbox under cover of darkness late at night. He had always dreaded discovery, but somehow this was different and he felt at ease.

"It is not often we find people on this planet with whom we can communicate. Do not fear us, there will be no harm". A feeling of absolute peace and calm overtook Roland as the words formed in his mind. It was a curious sensation being able to carry on a conversation without speaking. The words formed in his brain, "Where are you from and what is your name?"

"My name is Arc, I'm a visitor from a universe many times beyond the range of even your most powerful telescopes. But I'm perplexed...you have the appearance of a female and have the name Rosemary, yet you choose to have the physical structure of a male named Roland. How can this be? I'm in contact with the mind of the female Rosemary within the body of a male. who has the outward appearance of a female. Is it not unnecessarily complicated?" enquired Arc.

Mentally he related the story of his life. It gave him a feeling of great relief to be able to talk about his most private feelings to another living being. He told Arc of his desire to be a girl ever since he was a small child, his compulsion to wear female clothing and how he managed to structure his life to enable him to spend most of his own time as Rosemary. He spoke of his fears of discovery and the problems of social acceptance of

the transvestite. After his story was told he started to ask Arc about his life. "Are you a boy or a girl?" was his first question.

Arc's reply flowed into Roland's brain. "We too are human beings and similar in structure to the people on Earth. However we are in a stage of development several million years ahead of yours". Fascinated, Roland settled in his chair and smoothed his skirts about him. Arc continued, "There are two main differences between our people and yours. The first is that our concept of time is on a variable scale. We are not limited by the speed of light as you understand it. We are able, for instance, to make the journey between our planet and Earth in a matter of a few days, which on your scale would take many thousands of years". Roland signaled his understanding. Arc continued, "The second difference is our ability to change our body cells at will. At this stage I'm neither male or female. Our children are born with the capability of being either and they make their choice at puberty".

"Oh!" exclaimed Roland. "If only I had that choice".

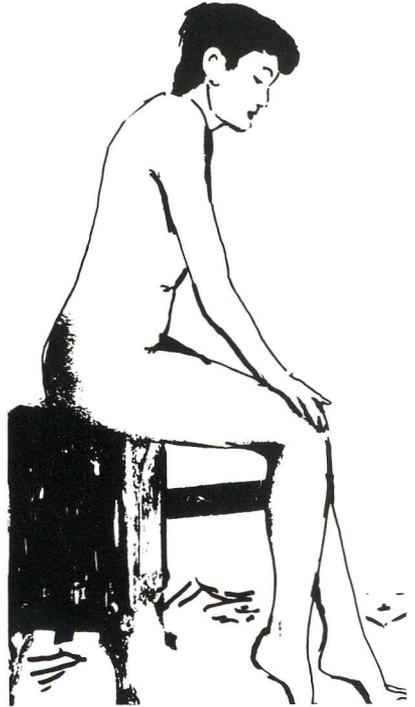
"The ability is within you all, but it will take many generations for your race to develop that ability", said Arc. "On our world most people choose to be female. We too live as couples together but, we have limited ourselves to one child each, one of each couple becoming male in order to beget the child. After the child is born, the couple reverses sexes so that each may know the joy of giving birth, the father reverting to his female entity as soon as pregnancy is established. Most of our children grow up having two mothers".

"If what you say is true and we all have the potential to assume the sex we wish, can't you help me to do it?" pleaded Roland. He could feel the thought waves build up like the start of a headache as Arc pondered over his request.

At last Arc spoke. "The part of your brain, which you

aren't even aware of, tells me that your request is genuine and that more good than bad will be done. But remember, in forty eight hours you must return to your male state and I have to depart back to my home planet".

Roland had no recollection of removing his clothes and lying down on the low coffee table in the centre of the room. He felt the light touch of Arc's fingers on his temples. For what felt to be a long time, he lay half asleep in complete relaxation before becoming aware of a strange sensation. At first it felt like all his insides were becoming liquid like. It was as if he could feel every cell in his body slowly expanding or contracting as they readjusted themselves in relation to each other. His skin tingled as a thousand minute and subtle changes took place.



He lay half conscious in this state for what felt like an hour or more. Then, ever so slowly, the feeling of liquidity vanished. It was replaced by a sensation of a vacuum forming in the lower half of his torso and he became aware of his sexual organs being drawn deep inside his body. As his male appendages gradually became enveloped, so his hips widened. As the last vestige of his maleness disappeared, he felt a strange feeling of completeness before becoming conscious of his expanding nipples thrusting forward and his breasts swelling roundly. He was reminded of dough rising in a warm oven.

Aware that Arc had withdrawn, Roland ran his hands over his abundant new curves. With an ever increasing sense of wonder, his hand explored the deep space between his

smooth tapering thighs and the moist hidden cleft. He swung his legs onto the floor and stood up, the sway and bounce of his luscious breasts taking him by surprise.

He had only two days to live in and enjoy and make the most of his feminine form and he did not want to waste any of it. But tiredness overcame him and his last sensation were of the nightgown slipping over his body, his breasts filling the bodice cups to overflowing, before falling into bed.

- - - - -

The sun shining through a crack in the curtains woke him in the morning. For a moment Roland felt as if he had been dreaming, but one glance at his body confirmed the reality of his situation. He gazed in awe at the size and bouyancy of his breasts. Out of pure joy he started to sing. After a few notes he suddenly stopped when he realised that instead of his normal light baritone, a light, full, soprano emerged. He was overcome by the realisation that he was indeed a female. Complete, right down to the tiniest detail.

Rosemary was in heaven as she walked along, her full bust straining the thin fabric of her silk blouse. The wide belt, taking up the last notch for the first time, emphasised her narrow waist and her skirt fluttered in the breeze, tight over her broad hips and rounded bottom.



The two hours spent in the beauty parlor was a delight and a memory she will cherish for the rest of her life. She emerged from the beautician's deft

hands with her shortish hair in a mass of elegant curls, made-up to perfection and immaculately manicured.

As she walked along she desperately tried to think of some excuse she could use to convince Arc to leave her as she was. She couldn't face the thought of having to return to her former male self.

Rosemary was determined NOT to be a man again!

Does Rosemary succeed? Of course she does! And she continues to experience delights which are reserved for the female of the species alone.

ENCOUNTER is just a short portion of the complete story. But if you want to read the full text you'll have to buy the book.

This book will be available towards the end of June and will be published with the title, 'ROSEMARY'S BABY'. Watch Fanfare for further details.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!!!

Included with this Fanfare is a membership application form. No! Its not meant for you to rejoin - its simply so that we can get all our records up to date again.

Please complete the form and return it to us with your membership fee.

I would like to ask that members who have paid their subscriptions already to complete the form and returning it to The Membership Secretary as well. If you have paid, then please state this anywhere convenient on the form.

PLEASE!!!! Do return all the forms - Yes! That even means you! If you don't, you could very well find yourself deleted from our records.

TO THE PHOENIX EXECUTIVE,

I am both overwhelmed and deeply flattered by the signal honour of your award of Honorary Life Membership of the Phoenix Society, which I accept with sincere thanks.

The product of such skills that circumstances have made possible for me to offer Phoenix have, I assure you, been done without any thought of such a reward, but because I believe in the work that Phoenix is endeavouring to do on behalf of us all.

If my efforts have in any way, however small, helped to further the aims and endeavours of the Society, then I consider that to be ample reward. Please be assured of my wish to continue to help to build a strong and effective Phoenix Society in the interests of and benefit to everyone concerned.

Yours sincerely
Thelma (TJ-016)

ATTENTION!

The Phoenix Society has been assisting the SABC in producing a documentary film about TV's and TG's and TS's. All the filming now seems to be completed. This film will be shown on the program 50/50 which is broadcast on Sunday evenings at about 6.45pm. Unfortunately we can't give you an exact date, but it will be from the middle towards the end of May 1987. If we get the notification we have asked for as regards the exact date of broadcast, we will endeavour to let you all know. If not, you'll just have to watch the program on a regular basis.

Our members who have agreed to participate and be filmed are Joy and Sandra from Durbs, whom you all know from their continued experiences and photographs in Fanfare. Joy was filmed in Tandem hairdressers having her hair tinted and styled. This was followed by a scene of her doing window shopping in Parow's main road and looking through clothes in Foschini. Then she was filmed arguing

Never Screened.

sellers and buying a huge bunch of flowers.

The interviews were conducted in Joy's flat by the well known presenter Liz Dick. So, do yourself a favour and keep a look out for this show. Remember! It will be on 50/50.

The reason why this project wasn't mentioned before is that we have had so many promising interviews with various magazines and the news media in general, and for some reason or other, it always came to nothing. The excuses usually being that the Editor or somebody has refused to publish these articles. Now the SABC show seem to be fairly certain and I felt that all our members should be told since they would never forgive me if they missed it.

The publicity for Phoenix will be tremendous. Join me in holding thumbs that it will come to pass!

OUT OF THE ASHES.

By Caroline.

The Phoenix Society lives up to its name. Out of the ashes of sanctions, the world-wide pathetic exchange rate against the Rand, punitive import costs and the general economic depression has risen two new undertakings associated with Phoenix Society - Fanfare publications and Phoenix publications.

Transvestite and transsexual books, both fiction and non-fiction, have never been plentiful, cheap or easily obtainable. Such material originating mostly in the U.S.A. and the U.K.

Even in days, not so long ago, when R1.00 was equal to \$1,00 U.S. or R2,00 bought you £1,00 Sterling, importing TV literature in the R.S.A. was never all that easy an undertaking.

The publishers of TV and TS fiction in particular cater for a minority group. Therefore titles are not produced in large quantities, resulting in high production costs. The huge outlay involved and the problems incurred in obtaining foreign exchange combined with import restrictions make such a venture, even in the case of private individuals ordering single volumes, highly impractical.

Good TV/TS fiction is of great value to the Transvestite, living as we do, in a fantasy world to a greater or lesser degree. Works of this nature provide a safety valve for our emotional frustrations.

The Fanfare and Phoenix publications volumes currently available, compare favourably in content, appearance and standard of production with the best that is available at a far higher cost from overseas.

To be honest, when I first heard about this local publishing venture, I had grave doubts, anticipating a product of a somewhat inferior nature. Having seen copies of the first titles and having had the privilege of inspecting some of the material that will be published in the months to come, I'm happy to confess that I should have had more faith in the ability and imagination of our South African Transvestite authors.

One thing I had expected was that the stories would be very localised and repetitive. This is far from being the case. Settings vary from the Kruger National Park to the Mid-west of America - from the streets of Paris to the vastness of outer space. Yes, science fiction, murder mystery, intrigue and humour, all this and much more are covered in this collection of fully illustrated transvestite tales.

Within the list of current and forthcoming books there is something that will appeal to, and delight, every transvestite reader, however particular and discerning. In addition one may be assured of the validity of these publications written as they are by transvestite and

transsexual writers specifically for the interest and entertainment of TV/TS readers.

Unfortunately, there are a number of overseas publishers who, knowing that there is very little likelihood of comebacks from their customers, have produced work that is poorly printed, presented and illustrated at rip-off prices, bringing other publishers who produce excellent work into disrepute.

In the case of Fanfare and Phoenix publications I predict that the books now being produced will, in a short space of time, become greatly treasured and valuable collector's items.



"Ok! So I'm a transgenderist. Now stop staring at my essentials and get on with the fitting!"

A FRENCH COLLECTION

STORIES
OF THE
TRANVESTITE
WORLD ...
WITH A
FLAVOUR OF
FRANCE



P.O. Box 375
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South Africa.

A FRENCH COLLECTION - R7,00
TV/TS SI-FI - R7,00
THE TAKEOVER - R9,00

tv/ts si-fi



TRANVESTITE DREAMS AND TRANS-SEXUAL FANTASY
MERGE WITH SCIENCE FICTION IN THIS COLLECTION
OF STORIES SET IN AN IMAGINED FUTURE.

Also Available:

MURDER IN PANTIES - R7,00. A masterpiece.
WHAT IS TRANSGENDERISM? - R5,50. Please
note that this last book contains some
explicit photographs.

COMING SOON:

TV/TS SI-FI Book 2
LONG & SHORT.
These two books will be available
around the end of June 1987.

A REMINDER:

All orders from outside South
Africa **MUST** be accompanied
with an additional R2,00 per
book to cover postage. We
just can't afford to cover
this additional cost.

All cheques and postal orders
must be made payable to
A. KNOETZE.

The TAKEOVER

By Lynne



DANE OR DIANE? EVERY
TIME HE LOOKED IN THE
MIRROR IT GAVE HIM THE
ANSWER. BUT IT TOOK A
LITTLE OVER FORTY-EIGHT
HOURS TO CONVINCE HIM.