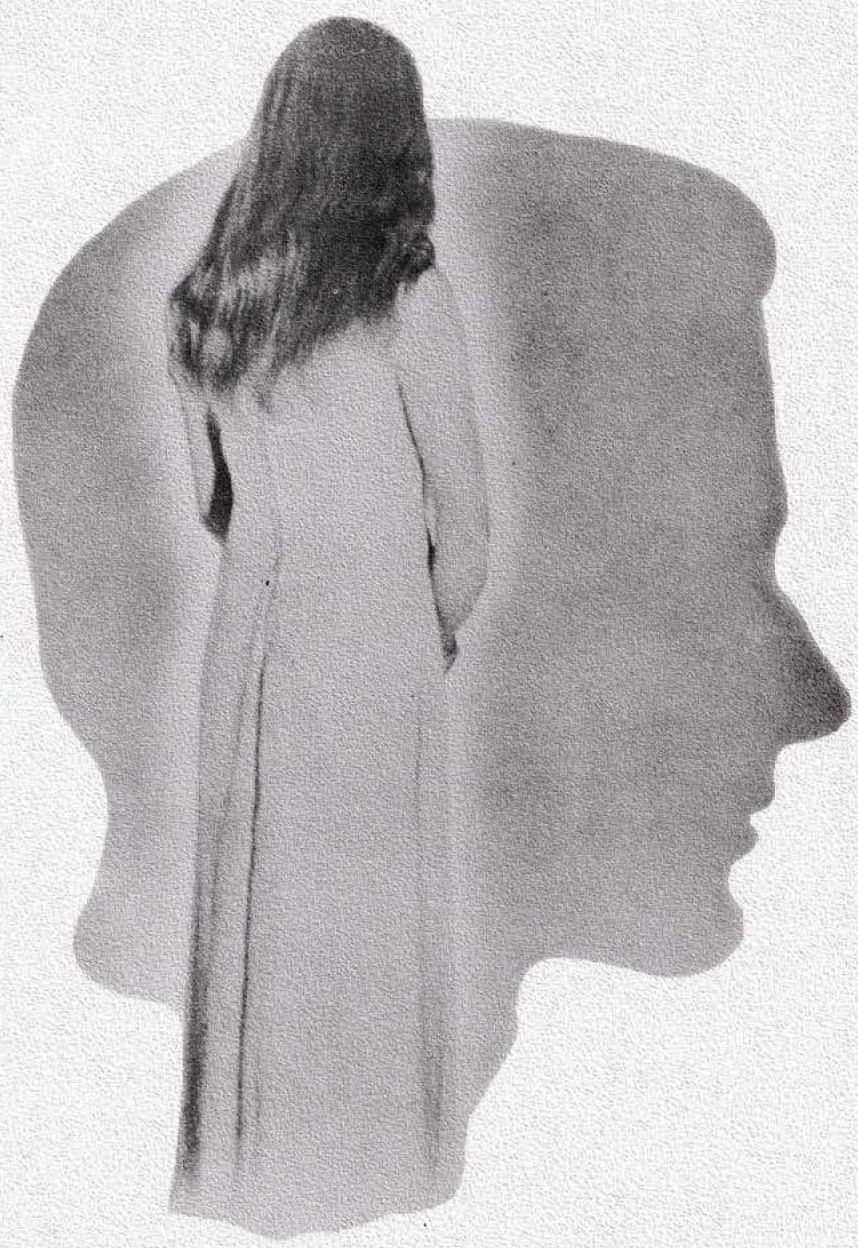


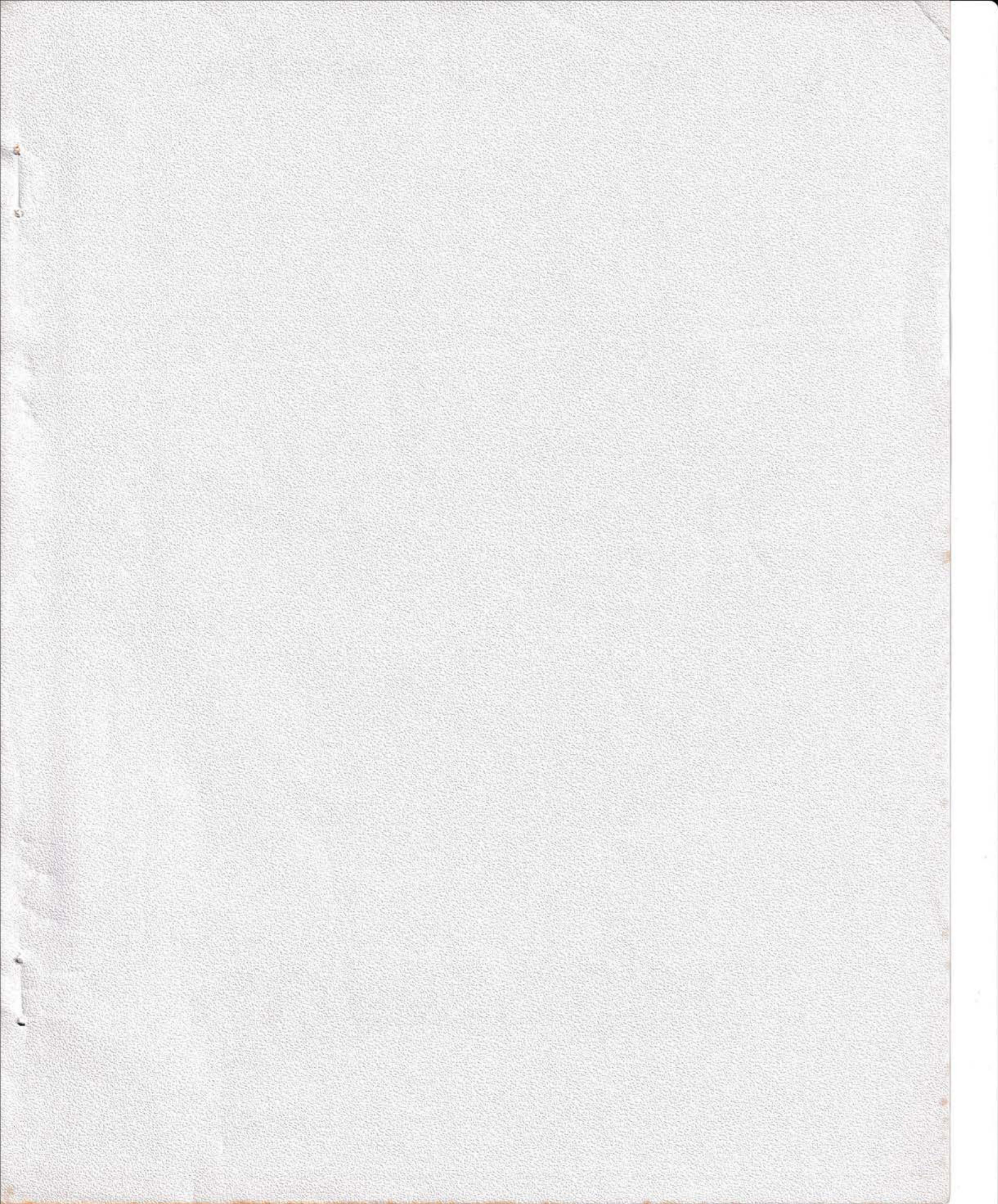
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Feminique



The Sea Horse Club of Australia





.....
F E M I N I Q U E
.....

This magazine is the official voice of the:-

SEAHORSE CLUB OF AUSTRALIA
.....

It is dedicated to the needs of those heterosexual persons who have become aware of the other side of their personality and seek to express it.

FEMINIQUE provides:-

EDUCATION----- ENTERTAINMENT----- EXPRESSION.

To help it's readers achieve:-

UNDERSTANDING--SELF ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND.

In the place of loneliness fear and self condemnation they have felt for so long.

We do not condemn nor judge the areas of homosexuality, bondage, domination or fetishism. These are left to others to develop. They are not part of the area of interest of THE SEAHORSE CLUB or this magazine.

SEAHORSE seeks to gather information and to disseminate it to interested persons in the medical, legal, counselling and scientific professions to further their knowledge about this little understood field.....

.....
NO PART OF THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE REPRODUCED WITHOUT
THE WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE SEAHORSE CLUB.
.....

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VOLUME ONE..

NUMBER SIX...

EDITRESS.....Trina [REDACTED] r.
 COVERColleen [REDACTED] l.

THE SEAHORSE CLUB OF AUSTRALIA.. executive members.

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sydney.	JANETTE	[REDACTED]

all correspondence to.... P.O. BOX 3 4 ..
 ROYAL EXCHANGE
 SYDNEY. 2000.

Please accept our apology for the poor quality of some of the stencils used in this edition. Some of you will also find page 38 is up-side-down. Sorry. T.T.

EDITRESSIAL
.....

.1.

I hope that's right, the title that is, I'm quite sure that if Editors can write 'Editorials' . Editresses can write 'EDITRESSIALS'. Well now to business., and as they always seem to begin.

Another magazine completed, well thats the sixth time I have been able to say that. It is getting easier all the time due to more and more people assisting both in contributions (articles) and the production of the magazine. So before I go any further I would like to sincerely thank all those concerned.

First of all to the contributors for some excellent articles, they are all 'home grown' and very interesting. As your names are above each one I wont mention them here. For those not in this one it's not a case of rejection, but merely a matter of waiting for the next issue, which incidentally is completed apart from the photographs. More of these are required for the CHRISTMAS EDITION, so dont be shy 'PUT A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE POST TOMORROW.' It would be very nice to see more of the 'out_of town' girls in print.

Back to the 'Production Team' a tremendous amount of work has been completed by Jenny, Sherry, Jocelyn , Dorothy and Wendy. I'll also take this opportunity to officially thank my wife Margaret for the enormous amount of work she has put into producing not only this magazine but also the previous ones, when we were considerably fewer in numbers.

Now to a more serious aspect, it seems that every group and organization has its detractors or (on this occasion I'll use a term I dont particularly like) KNOCKERS.

Probably all of you have a different definition of the term and a different picture of what the person does to the morale of an organization. To me it's someone continually "whingeing"; moaning or carping... that this isn't right, why dont "they" do something about this , it goes on and on... Never any advice on how to fix the situation, or an offer to help. It's all destructive. They always know whats wrong, never have a solution, and are adamant that it must be put right immediately (by someone else). Seahorse has I think far less than similar organizations, but they are still there, unfortunately.

Initially, you are annoyed by the comments and remarks (usually behind your back) until you realize that it's pity they need not anger. If only they could involve themselves more in other people, rather than indulging in self pity.

Two paragraphs in the MEMBERSHIP Guidelines sum up the situation. Firstly as we state, **** we make no claims to make people happier or change personalities. Seahorse gives a
.....

EDITRESSIAL.. (con't)

.....

..... an outlet for expression, ..The opportunity to meet fellow transvestites, join in the activities and generally 'come out of the closet'. We cant change your sex, get rid of that big nose, or reduce your weight from seventeen stone to twelve. You are the only one who can do that.

Secondly , like any club of this ilk you get out of SEAHORSE largely what you are prepared to put into it. Myself, I get a tremendous amount of enjoyment and satisfaction out of SEAHORSE. (Trina Taylor blowing her own trumpet again, more ammunition for the knockers). Some of the work is timeconsuming and frustrating, but I really enjoy doing it. This is the case with all the members who do the work, at the moment Dorothy [redacted] is behind me in the study, turning the handle of our hand 'Duplicator' for this issue. It will comprise of two hundred and fifty copies each of forty pages, in total TEN THOUSAND PAGES about twenty hours required to complete that aspect of it. There is no reward (monetary that is) except that it is a job well done and someone who cant participate to the same extent will enjoy reading it, that's the reward. Next Sunday ten people are going to spend the afternoon walking around and around a table assembling the magazine and will enjoy doing it for the same reason...

Maybe it's something to remember next time you are unhappy with the way things have turned out for you, and you ask yourself why on earth cant the "EXECUTIVE" get off it's behind. Well all of us , Jill, Wendy, Jeannette, Fiona and Julie, Robyn, Lynda, and Jeannette have full time occupations and they must come first just behind our family obligation, then SEAHORSE. I feel that this must always be kept in perspective., so next time if you are not satisfied why not pitch in and try to help.....

As I mentioned before there will be another issue before Christmas, it will also include (if there is enough response) a section for any greetings or messages you would like to pass onto other members. Could you send those in as soon as possible please. Also Sydney is holding it's Christmas Cabaret on the 14th December if you are likely to be in Sydney at that time , we would like to see you. They are all imported artistes, Wendy [redacted] spent literally months combing the worlds night spots for them, after auditions a few were found to be up to the rigid SEAHORSE standards. You are likely to see Judy Garland, Liza Minnelli, Mae West, Julie Andrews, Jennette McDonald to name just a few. It's success(or otherwise) will be reported in a following issue...

Well... that's about it for this issue, hope to see you next time.....

ARTICLE

WHAT A BALL WE HAD.

by Trina [REDACTED]

"Queen's Birthbay Weekend"?

"Yes it's the first long weekend and we can use t
that to celebrate your birthday;"

I'm not sure whether I like the significance of that":

"OH.I'm a little slow tonight, I don't see the
reason. Oh, yes 'Queens Birthday'. Don't be so
sensitive , of course I didn't mean it that way'.
It's a date nothing more".

"Well alright Trina, it will be lovely to see the
lot of you again"

Well that is roughly how the conversation went with
Fiona, now esconsed almost permanently in the far north, or
Brisbane as the 'locals' so quaintly put it. The bookings were
made and my wife , daughter and I looked forward to a pleasant
weekend in Brisbane.

"Trina, have you made the bookings"?

"Well yes of course Fiona, where on earth are you
ringing from"? Fiona is one of these people wha seems always
in the process of turning up unexpectedly.

"Oh, Brisbane of course, well you see there is
this 'Drag Ball' on that weekend and I thought you might like
to attend , it should be rather fun. It's put on by C.A.M.P.
and we would be quite welcome if you would like to go."

What a question, does a drug addict need to be
asked if he wants drugs, of course I wanted to go.

"It's on Monday night":

Well that made it slightly more difficult, after
all we were supposed to be flying back to Sydney then. Never
mind where there is a will there is a way. Back to the travel
agent and a confirmed booking for a flight on Tuesday morni-
ng. It will be a case of worrying about how to catch a 6.45
am plane after a late night when the time comes. The old prov-
erb of jumping streams when you come to them, well something
like that anyway.

Next panic nothing to wear, as my new hobby is
dressmaking, the sewing machine ran hot all that week with the
construction of an 'EASY VOGUE' long gown in dark green satin
back crepe. It was close but finally finished just in time on
Thursday night.

Packing always presents the same problems,

Faint, illegible text at the top of the page, possibly a header or introductory paragraph.

Second block of faint, illegible text, appearing to be a paragraph or two.

Third block of faint, illegible text, continuing the document's content.

Fourth block of faint, illegible text, possibly a section break or another paragraph.

Fifth block of faint, illegible text, appearing to be a paragraph.

Sixth block of faint, illegible text, possibly a longer paragraph or a list of items.

Seventh block of faint, illegible text, possibly a concluding paragraph or signature area.

Eighth block of faint, illegible text, possibly a footer or additional notes.

WHAT A BALL WE HAD .(con't)

.....Not withstanding Fiona and I simply "flew " through the change. For the uninitiated the following guide may help to explain the rather different conception of time that any transvestite develops over the years. The times are for a change after shaving , showering etc.

- (1) Quick change3½ hours
- (2) Very quick change.....3.0 hours
- (3) Extremely quick change....2½ hours
- (4) Flew (as above)2.0 hours.

Completion was not far away, we were still in our respective bedrooms with Margaret smugly esconced in the lounge knowing that fifteen minutes would be ample to apply her makeup. There are certainly some advantages in being a real girl

Suddenly outside was the rather unusual sound of voices then a car revving as if truing to enter the garage. Rather hard as Fiona's station wagon was already there,

"there's a car in the garage, there must be someone in there"

Then the sound of an engine revving as it went down the driveway ,
WHEW::: thank goodness for that , it wold have been hard to explain our presence to strangers, we all relaxed and sat down to finish the job.
SUDDENLY:::a key in the lock, it was thought numbing, what will we do?
Fiona and I quickly solved the problem by closing the door and leaving Margaret to explain.

"Relax everyone it's only me, hullo Fiona hope I didn't cause too much of a shock" Ashen faced we hastened to assure Cathy (wanda's friend) that no we were not shocked only a little startled and our white faces were due to makeup, nothing else. A hurriely gulped strong drink to steady now trembling hand's we hastened to complete the metamorphosis.

We had the precise directions to the Ball, even so it was difficult to believe them to be correct.

"I'm certain Wanda said that it was an R.S.L. hall " said Fiona. "I know it's hard to accept that it belongs to the Returned Services League, yes and this is Queensland, those are the directions"

"But surely standards can't have fallen that far " I relied "Even 'playboy' is smuggled across the border and sold as steal-hily as smuggled watches, no it can't be the R.S.L. as we know it."

"Could it stand for the 'Return To Sinful Living'" suggested Margaret brightly "that is more in keeping for a C.A.M.P Drag ball.

.....

WHAT A BALL WE HAD (con't)

..... Wrong once again, there it was , there it was blaz-
-oned across the door "LEST WE FORGET"; a plaque and flag proclaiming this
as a genuine R.S.L Hall.

"They obviously have no idea what C.A.M.P. is" said
a very perceptive Fiona "The R.S.L. must think it's the outdoor activit-
-ies section of the Boy Scouts or Boy Brigade, and that "DRAG" is a fund
raising thing like 'housie::: I still don't beleive it:: Not the R.S.L.
it's like discovering that Belke-Petersen is at heart a socialist.

It was nine thirty by this time and Wanda had been
right , The hall was literally bulging at the seams. We moved towards
the door guarded rather menacingly by six very large bouncers.

"You'll be the last" said one obviously impressed
by our feminine charm. We smiled our thanks as we moved through into
bedlam. The organisers had obviously been trained by the japanese
railway commuting service. It wasn't really crowded, it was CRAMMED
full of humanity, we learned later that 300 had been turned away, but
that had certainly succeeded in getting everyone possible into the hall.
A table was out of the question, so unfortunately were glasses.
The latter meant that we emmitted a series of burps all night. Very
ladylike burps but burps none the less, as it was a festive occasion,
my very first Drag Ball , we had decided that the only appropriate dri-
-nk would be champayne. Unfortunately warm champayne drunk directly out
of the bottle without the aid of glasses has this effect.

We were soon on our feet the music was loud and swing-
-ing impossible to ignore, it doesn't take long to learn to follow and
dancing in a dress is far more fun, the swirl of skirt around silk enc-
-ased ankle and all that sort of thing. Midnight , brought several drum
rolls, as the start of the night entertainment began. Quite a novel
approach was presented at the beginning as the "Cabaret" opened with
the "stars" changing room and we watched , the men change into women
before our very eyes.

It was very entertaining, well presented with the
very occasional glimpse of the amateur production showing through.
The "Andrew Sisters" number , actually a collection of their song's was
especially entertaining, quite bringing back the nostalgia of my old
High school dances, (in my mid thirties I can still remember them)

Then it was a return to the dancing for an hour
until the presentation of the 'Oscars' for the best costumes, No we
did n't recieve any prizes that night, though Fioma certainly warranted
one. All too soon it was two o'clock and the ball was over for another
year. It will be on next years social calender. Then we will make sure
we are there by 8.30 .. it's certainly worth the trip.....

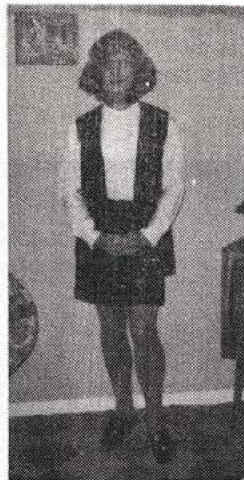
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.....



Celebrating Queen's Birthday at the
Brisbane R.S.L. !
Fiona Trina and Margaret.

"BRISBANE GIRLS ALL"

Julie [redacted] Fiona [redacted] Wanda [redacted]



Jennifer Croft



Fiona [redacted] Julie [redacted]

BRISBANE

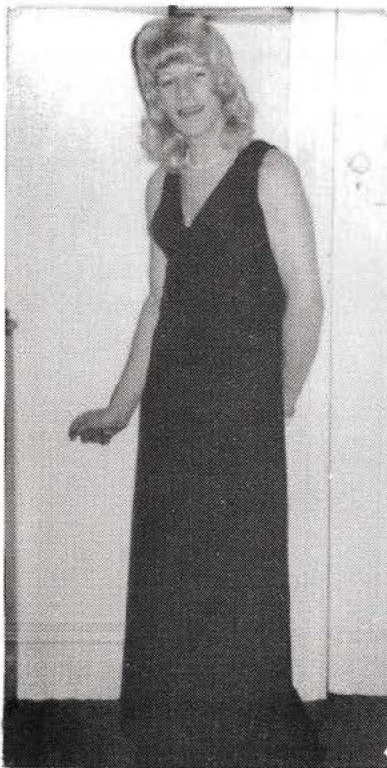
SYDNEY SOCIAL SCENE



Dorothy [redacted]
leaving for the
Paddington Town
Hall.



Rosemary [redacted]
and Wendy [redacted]



'THE SEDUCTION'
Wendy before the
Barry Humphry Show

'DINING OUT'
Trina, Margaret,
Wendy & Rosemary



"A LETTER TO MY MATES AT THE PUB"

By Julia [REDACTED]

Have you ever thought why do men love to open doors and light cigarettes for girls?

Have you ever wondered why boys have to ask girls to dance and not the other way around?

Have you ever considered why they have beauty contests for girls and not for men?

Have you ever asked why men have to defend a girl's honour but never a girl defend a boy?

Have you ever wondered why men are admired for their rugged looks and girls their sweetness and innocence?

Have you envied a girl's choice of clothes while men wear almost uniforms?

Have you ever thought about what men have to do to be accepted, like fighting, drinking, swearing, telling jokes while girls can be sweet and demure, attractive, sexy, interesting, pretty, etc. etc. etc?

YOU HAVE OFTEN WISHED YOU WERE A GIRL?

If you have answered no to any of these questions, you are either queer or a liar.

As for me, I have given up asking why and decided if you cant beat them, join them.

You blokes at the pub would go off your brains if you could see me having my cigarette lit for me, doors opened for me, being admired for my clothes and being sweet or sexy.

As far as I am concerned, you haven't lived. I'll tell you why and help you to live.

You haven't lived until you've spent at least a day in panties and petticoats instead of underpants and singlets which feel like sandpaper in comparison.

You haven't lived until you see the results of teasing and setting your hair rather than greasing and oil changing.

You haven't lived until you've had doors opened and cigarettes lit for you.

You haven't lived unless you've tried being a girl.

Now try this. You get up in the morning and slip out of a silky smooth, frilly, sexy, nightie and under the shower for hours (Girls are allowed to do that).

After having a shave (Yuk!) you can select a pretty pair of black panties and a black bra (padded unfortunately) and then a slip with plenty of lace and frills and then you can admire yourself in the mirror before make-up time.

Make-up, you will look prettier as you go and I can assure you, you will feel prettier as you go.

Then nail polish on fingers and toes. It is amazing even the grease under the nails will disappear and you will wonder if you have had a hand and foot transplant.

Stockings, dress, earrings, bracelets, rings, necklaces and a new you.

Pick up your handbag, a final brush to correct any errant locks of hair and then that night you go to the pub.

Bill says "I'll get another couple of schooners, it doesn't look like Bob is coming. I wonder what he's up to?"

Gary ignores the question "Hey, have a look at that Bill, doesn't she look tremendous. I'll ask her if she would like a drink".

You are instantly flattered by Gary's praise and pleased that Bill has missed you at the pub and here you are, the centre of attraction.

....

The conversation that follows is only what you want to talk about, the queue at the bar to buy drinks is someone else's problem and you are being admired. And the money you are saving on drinks and cigarettes will buy you a new dress or make-up to be admired in again and again.

YOU ENJOY BEING A GIRL.

Anyway, let's return to reality. This is all good fun but let's face it, you like girls yourself and if one of these drunken, smelly hairy so-called all Australian men lays a hand on you, you'll be sick all over the carpet.

Well, I didn't think I'd see it but YOU EVEN THINK LIKE A GIRL.

O.K. Now that you've read this letter so far, I know what you are saying "Poor old Bob has turned into a pooftah, he seemed like a pretty good bloke too. He used to throw good darts and he could handle his grog pretty well, I feel a bit sorry for him."

Don't feel sorry for me fellows.

I AM THE PERFECT MALE.

I am pretty, I smell nice, I am no longer a drunk and I am as good in bed as the best of you.

I don't have to lose teeth and get black eyes or drink till I crash over tables or chunder out the car window on the way home to achieve the honour of being a pretty good bloke.

I don't have to wear sandpaper clothes and most of all I don't have to maul girls.

I know what girls want and girls know that I know what they want. They also know what I want because I am one of them but for one important element.

I am gentle and they are gentle but I am still a man, a normal sensual man.

I AM NORMAL.

....

YOU ARE QUEER.

Why would girls want you when they can have me?

Why would anyone want to be like you?

YOU CAN BE CURED.

Follow my example and you can have a thoroughly satisfying and full life by joining the Seahorse Club.

You will be taught the rights and wrongs of make-up, you will learn how to select dresses and jewellery to suit your moods and you will learn to be yourself.

I WILL CURE YOU.

I will help you because you too want to be like me, with frills and laces and satins and silks and nighties and petticoats and stockings and lipstick and panties and eyeshadow and blush and long dresses and mini skirts and blouses and bras and perfumes and rings and bracelets and necklaces and petticoats and bras and skirts and jumpers and nighties and lipstick and nail polish and panties and dresses.

I love you all even if you are queer

Julia [redacted]. xxxxxx

P.S. Please don't circulate this letter too freely because there will be no hairy smelly drunks left and we will have too much competition. All the girls will go for us and we will be able to choose who we want but we must restrict our membership or we will become outnumbered.

A TRANSVETITE SONNET. (Reprinted from Beaumont Bullitin)

.....
Precarious, on stilted heels I sway;
The sheathing skirt about my silken limbs
impedes my step, from hip to ankle clings;
It whispers as the flowing contours play
with lustrous light, the undulating fold.
The bosom proud, above the moulded waist,
contrast enough for each discerning taste!
The tresses that my shoulder sweep with gold
enframe my careful maquillage- my throat
encircled all about with linked light--
and peeping from each flowering sleeve the bright
enamelled finger--heavy ringed, that floats in
harmony with every tiny pace.
--What better than endow ourselves with grace?
.....

REAL LIFE.
.....

.11.

ASIAN INTERLUDE.
.....

By Marissa.
.....

The first time I really realized that I was a Femmiphile was during a tour of duty in Japan. I was sitting with two of my friends in a beer hall in Japan one evening when a Japanese girl came in and spoke to the proprietor before sitting down at a nearby table. I told my two friends that I was going to try to meet her. I went over to the proprietor and asked him to give her any drink that she desired. In true Japanese fashion she sent her thanks back via the waiter. After this I decided to take the next drink over myself. Her name was Mickie, and I was amazed that she spoke perfect English. After a few more drinks I asked her if I could take her home and she accepted.

On arriving home I had to do the honorable thing and be formally introduced to Poppa and Momma San. I was invited in and we shared a really enjoyable evening, with a supper of fish and rice with saki. I had no idea that Mickie was a Japanese Femmiphile, and I became a regular visitor to the house. Mickie and I went dancing, to movies and floor-shows and even took in a Kubahi show. This is an all male show and the men live as females from an early age. Mickie and I had been going together for some time and we often walked hand in hand in the enclosed gardens and regularly enjoyed meals together with her family who accepted me completely. In public, as is custom in Japan, Mickie always walked a couple of paces behind and to the side of me. We often went window shopping and I always seemed to be attracted to those shops that displayed female clothing in the windows. We had a lot of fun discussing the various styles and trying to decide which was the best one. This carried on for some time and I began to pick Mickie up from her work. She wore make-up and female clothing during the day and I had no way of knowing, and no one hinted that things were not as they seemed. I always used to see Poppa San before going out with Mickie, and again on returning home. One evening while waiting for Mickie to dress, Poppa San asked me if I would care to join the family in the communal bath. The whole family bath in it, male and female together. I was

ASIAN INTERLUDE.
.....

..... expecting to see Mickie, but as she 'appeared' to be absent, I thought she must be dressing to go out. However there was a strange young man present, aman who I thought must be an out of town son whom I had not previously met.

This type of bath is quite common in Japan. Any visiting relative can join in, but for an outsider to be invited, especially a European, is a great honour. It shows how much respect the family has for the outsider that is invited. After the bath Mickie appeared, dressed, but without make-up. She asked me if I would like to watch her as she made her face. I accepted the invitation, and when she started to apply it, I was fascinated. I may have watched her too closely because she hesitated and out of nowhere she asked me if I was interested in female dress and make-up. I tried to get around the question but finally gave my assent. I had never told anyone that I enjoyed dressing but she must have sensed it. I used to play female parts in the Service, but noone had any idea just how much I enjoyed it. Also, sometime at home I used to dress for dances, we called them vice-a-versa dances. She said she would like to try something and asked me to take my shirt off. She then began to apply make-up. It was a quick job, but I was amazed at the facial transformation. Then, after some discussion and disclosing my Service entertainment activities, I admitted that I loved to dress and make-up and wear jewellery. After cleaning up, Mickie suggested that we have a talk with Poppa San.

First there was a long talk between Mickie and Poppa San in Japanese. I recognised my name several times, but did not understand what else had been said. Then both reverted to English and Poppa san asked me about myself, to which I repeated the things I had told Mickie. He asked me what I thought of Mickie, and I said that I thought she was a very nice girl. Then came the revelation! Poppa said that Mickie was his son! I was amazed and it took some time for them to convince me, but when Poppa asked me to adjourn with Mickie for "undeniable" proof, I was finally completely convinced. Poppa San later told me that this was not uncommon in Japan, and people who knew about it never discussed it.

ASIAN INTERLUDE.

..... A Femmiphile was accepted in all levels of life. After fooling around for several nights with make-up and dress (Japanese style), Mickie suggested that we play a joke on my two friends. She suggested that we both dress and meet them and I would be her sister, Satsumie. I was dubious as I did not think it possible to pass as a Japanese girl. Mickie said that she could get some friends in to help who were in the cosmetic and dress fields. I finally agreed, on the condition that, if I did not appear right, we would call it off.

On the evening in question, we met at home and the transformation began. First a bath, then a complete body massage and then the make-up was commenced. I was concerned about my eyes as they did not slant in the fashion that Oriental eyes do. However this was overcome by something applied to the eyes which pulled them into shape nicely. I had to endure (enjoy) this for over two hours. I was rubbed with an oil that gave me the same coloured skin as the Japanese, this also seemed to serve as an extra massage and I can't recall having ever felt more relaxed. I was astounded at the change of personality that this transformation had produced. These girls, and I only presume that they were all girls, fitted me out with a beautiful wig, kimono, and even typical stockings with the big toe separate, and the wooden platform shoes, called me Satsumie and presented me with a mirror. The result was that I really looked like a normal Japanese girl! We then took a trishaw to the beer hall to meet the boys. What if the chaps recognised me? I was scared stiff! I could imagine the results; life would not be worth living if it got around, especially on the ship. We arrived, met the boys, and as arranged, we had drinks. During the evening Mickie did most of the talking and I took the part of giving girlish giggles and acting bashful. The time finally came to return home and the boys accompanied us. ON arriving home the boys got quite a shock. Poppa San should have won an academy award for his acting! He put on the irate father act for having his daughters kept out so late. The boys left in a hurry and I felt like bursting out laughing at their discomfort.

After this Mickie and I used to go

ASIAN INTERLUDE.

..... out together dressed up quite often. We enjoyed ourselves tremendously. To the ordinary person it appeared as if we were two sisters or girlfriends. We never had any trouble from a Japanese male, but many were the times that we had to brush off the advances of service men. As there were plenty of girls in Japan, these advances were never really forceful.

Once during my stay Poppa San and family were invited to a do aboard my ship. Once again Mickie suggested that I become Satsumie and be the number two daughter. I was still not sure if I could pass this test, because test I thought it was, even if only to myself. Poppa San was an important government official, so received full honours on arrival. We were all introduced to the ship's officers and a young lieu tenant was appointed as MY escort. During daily routine he actually knew me. I was grateful to Mickie as she managed to keep herself and her escort nearby in case of difficulties arising. She was a real friend. The next day I was told by my messmates that Mickie had been on board with her family. I was even asked if I could arrange a date for one of the boys with Mickie's sister! Little did they realize that they were talking to her.

I never enjoyed myself so much as during the period of 14 months that I was in Japan. To be in a distant land and to be able to appear in public dressed as a woman really astounded me. I shall never forget this as long as I live. I was, and still am, so disappointed that in a country like Australia we have restrictions that try to force femmiphiles to hide and dress in secret. When will people realize that we are human and deserve the right of complete expression

I would love to hear from other girls anywhere.

ROBYN'S ROUNDABOUT.
.....

MELBOURNE NEWS.
.....

By Robyn.

Many people have asked me recently about the "lack of organisation" of the Seahorse Club in Melbourne. To them, and to anyone else who may be interested, I would like to say that my belief has always been that happiness cannot be organised, it must be spontaneous. This belief is shared by a number of our local girls and so our disorganised, somewhat carefree happiness continues.

With a modicum of pride I must say that most of the Melbourne girls have shown that they are marvellous councillors in their own ways. I would especially like to mention Karen, Paula, Heather, Vanessa and Rebecca. These wonderful people have given understanding and friendship to many of those girls who quite often have an urgent need for the same.

Karen and Paula were recently escorted to Les Girls by a tall dark continental gentleman, or was it someone who is an expert in the art of disguise? During the intermission several of the troupe found the time to sit and talk with Karen and Paula. The situation with Les Girls in Melbourne is quite different to Sydney where I understand our people are not welcomed with open arms by the doormen. Paula has been a much travelled little lady recently, with happy little visits to old friends Lynda in Adelaide and Fiona in Brisbane.

Our girl Michelle from Albury has faded from the limelight due to the burdens of work and setting up a new home. Last time I heard from Michelle she informed me that she had bought a new living bra, but it was fast dying of malnutrition. Problems, problems.....

Vanessa has found an abundance of leisure time and has decided to utilize some of it by exercising her dressmaking talents for the benefit of the girls. Hopefully some of the new seasons creations will be on show in the very near future. Vanessa has also contacted Gay Lib to provide counselling for any TV's who may not feel comfortable in the Gay Lib organisation.

.....

ROBYN'S ROUNDABOUT.

.....

.....Lian, Angela, Christine and wife have been regular visitors to the Castle along with Heather, Vivien, Barbara and Gretta. The pleasure of the company of Marissa from Darwin is anticipated later in the year.

A memorable meeting was mine with the lovely Rebecca recently. As our brothers were workmates for a time during the past, a long and interesting discussion followed. What an enjoyable feeling it is to meet someone with whom you have been previously acquainted under such different circumstances, and what a small world it is!

During the past months successful and happy communications have been nurtured and maintained between the Melbourne and Adelaide group and the Melbourne and Perth group. It can be hoped that the forseen and forwarned burdens that dear brother's work have created will be an understandable and acceptable excuse for my almost non-existant correspondence recently. Although it won't become a regular thing considering the distances involved, personal contact will be made by one of our girls with the Perth group in the near future. It will be my pleasure to travel to Adelaide to visit Lynda, Sybil and Pat next month.

Pinally, I would like to offer a warm welcome to the new girls, Carol and Cindy, Marion and Mary. It can be hoped that we can ~~px~~ provide them with some of the things that their lives have previously been missing.

Meanwhile, back on the mountain, dear brother's presence is once again required. So girls, I had best be going now with the hope that I will see you again next issue.

.....

Dafter Definitions.

Transistor.. A broad that used to be your brother.

Falsies..The bust that money can buy.

Diet.. The art of sylph defence

Beauty Salon.. A room for improvement.

.....

FRILLS AND THRILLS.

or

The naked truth about Sydney's Underwear (world)

This is a self indulgent pot pourri of club news concerning the "going Ons" and happenings in and around Sydney recently. The author to retain an unbiased view and objectivity (as well as an unscarred skin) prefers to remain anonymous. The name of Louis Lane will be used instead of J..... N.....,

I heard a rumour that one of our members could be a possible contender for the 1975 Miss Australia Quest. She has been observed by the Director of this most famous organization flitting around supermarkets and picknicking in the foothills of our beautiful south

coasy , with two well known Wollongong Socialites. (No, not Aunty Jack and Hange Desire)

On questioning the Director, who does not at this point of time wish to reveal his name. Has spoken to the young lady concerned pretending at that time to be a safety conscious bystander , announcing that the car door was not properly closed. His only concern is that a suitable partner may not be found to escort her to the Miss Australia ball. Any suggestions W.G. perhaps Dorothy's brother may wish to escort a "Happy Hooker"

I was sitting in a small restaurant one night in a notorious part of Sydney, when a strange looking group , walked past the door, three girls plus two men, or four men plus one girl, or maybe two girls and three men. Anyway a comment was heard through the restaurant.

"There goes Les Girls going home"

If you are still intrigued and /or dont believe me, why not ask T.T., M.T., B.F., J.N., or W.G., . Maybe one of them will know how many men were in the group.....

The latest news in the Financial Review is that of an impending takeover by a well known financier , prominent in travelling with an almost compass like direction finding mind. Why last meetings a trip from Double Bay to Collaroy was almost accomplished without incident. Anyway to get back to the story, this business woman is going to buy a unisex salon for hairdressing.

On interviewing the lady in question, she said.

"It is such a bore having to travel around getting one's hairdressing done , sitting under strange dryers. Making dreary conversation to other women, so I've decided to buy my very own salon"

When I asked her if men could use it , she said.

CLUB NEWS.
.....

.18.

FRILLS AND THRILLS.

(con't)

..... "Definately not, it will be very exclusive, I shall simply name it 'BARBY'S PLACE'".

.....

I am beginning to become very concerned about the sanity of some of our members. Recently we were discussing putting on a cabaret, when I said we should have an interval. To my surprise everyone led by Wendy jumped to their feet, rushed home, changed into their best dress and raced off as fast as their high heels would carry them to a well known restaurant in the city....

.....

There is certainly a lot of advantages to having a T.V. in the family, one is that you can watch class of 74. The other is you can borrow hair pins when you need them, thats right, isnt it Karen,T.....?

.....

At a recent meeting of the Seahorse Club my eyes nearly went blue with envy, "Yes " I said " blue with envy". Seems Trina .T. decided she would have to buy a new dress for the occasion.. Yes it was blue, with ostrich feather trim. Also along was our Jetsetting Hongkong girlfriend Rosemary L.What did she appear in? "Yes" you've guessed it, a new blue dress with ostrich feather trim...

IT REMINDED ME OF TWO T.V.'S SHOWING THE SAME COMMERCIAL...

.....

FRILLS AND THRILLS

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH...

DEFINITION OF A T.V.

..A wolf in sheeps clothing.....

till next issue,

sincerely...LOUIS LANE...



Robyn [redacted] welcoming
her Adelaide visitors to
Melbourne



Ida [redacted]



"Melbourne's Social Set"



Vanessa with Adelaide
visitors Lynda & Heather

Tricia [redacted]





Paula [redacted]
Ready for the
'Paddo Aquarius' Ball

S
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President
Jill [redacted]



"Trousers suits are best for
Winter Picnics" says Trina [redacted]



August Cabaret at Trina's.
Compere Jocelyn [redacted] and
actor Paul [redacted]

SEAHORSE S.A. BREAKS THE STATE BARRIER.

by: Lynda [REDACTED] n. Adelaide.

We were having our usual Saturday meeting in March and as usual Pat and I were discussing the many wild ideas we seem to thrive on. Out of it all came the suggestion that we make a trip inter-state. Wow: what an idea, could we arrange it? How? We decided to go as soon as possible, hotel accomodation was arranged with suitable accomodation for a social get together. Sybil (Lynda's hard working wife) was requested to write to as many people as possible inviting them to a meeting in Melbourne during Easter. All seemed complete, and only then did the problems arise. The Hotel did not understand the request, the facilities left much to be desired, Was this going to be the premature finish to a good idea? Saved at the last minute, our new found friends in Melbourne Karen and Paula offered us the use of their flat. Karen contacting as many of her freinds as possible as well, to make for us the most memorable visit imaginable, we who had ventured across the state linewere made as welcome as long lost freinds. We had a wonderful first evening. Photographs were much in evedence as was my camera to make a visual record of our trip.

Present on this first night was of course our hostess Karen looking love I and serene, Paula elegant as usual, Barbara, Robyn and her lovely wife Marj . Robyn in particular impressed me with her frankness and progressive outlook, something I consider particularly admirable in a person. During the evening others made their appearance, Vanessa, Vivian, Greta, Heather quiet and very interesting and last but not least Chistine and her wife Beryl from Geelong. In explaining our first evening in Melbourne I have digressed a little, so I will now return to the start of our journey.

This began well, but within the hour heavy rain slowed our progress through the night. Sharing the driving and frequent stops for coffee meant we arrived in Melbourne in time for lunch instead of the originally planned breakfast. A couple of phone calls by Sybil to our freinds calmed their fears.. We overslept slightly, and after a quick bite to eat began to prepare for the meeting. Sybil of course after a life time of practice was ready first, closely followed as usual by Patricia. Unfortunately it was not my day, makeup refused to take, and I began to despair, but at long la st suces. We were all wearing long as befitted the occasion and after a final look in the mirror out we bustled into the hurley burley of hotel life. We had indicated to the manager that we would be going "en femme", but it was with mixed feelings we enterered the lift, down and into the foyer. Patacia managed to become entangled with the lift door. I stood still for a moment to assist I felt that everyone must be staring, but no hardly a glance, now more confident I moved with composure towards the car and we were on our way.

.....

SEAHORS E. S.A. BREAKS THE STATE BARRIER (con't)

.....Karen opened the door, then we were inside and being introduced to everyone present. I went cover the same ground but we had a wonderful evening, good food, wine and excellent company. The talking went on long and late, too soon it was time to depart. An invitation was issued to meet again the following evening at Greta's place we were only to delighted to accept it. Then it was back to the hotel and to bed, or at least that was what we thought. A surprise was in store:: Students everywhere, in the foyer on the lift, draped around the bannisters, and to top it all the lift is stuck.. What to do? Stroll casually across the foyer to the lift, ask softly "what's the problem"? "Some lout upstairs wont release the button" ayoung lass replies. Sybil bravely pushes the button and "good gracious" the lift descends. We piled in followed by the girl and escort, I obviously deserved examination as the lift rose she stared intently at my face whilst the boy examined Patricia. Our floor at last. we were not safe yet, the corridor was packed with them, we almost ran to the bedroom, opening the door we fled inside. The fun and games they enjoyed far into the night made it rather difficult to get our well deserved (and needed) beauty sleep .

Breakfast was largely a male affair , Sybil being the only woman present. We entered the dining room carefully watching for signs of recognition from those of the night before, all was safe and we ate a well deserved meal . The rest of the day was spent relaxing before the next evening a Greta's. It was decided to have breakfast first, and the hotel was the most time saving place.. Then upstairs to dress in a leisurely manner. We laughed whilst we dressed about the previous nights arrival at the hotel, then realised it may not be all over. Would we have the same experience on the way out? At last we were all ready, slowly making our way downstairs to the foyer, moving quietly amongst the crowd already gathered and without further mishap we were in the car and on our way.

We were far from first to arrive , after being greeted by Greta, there already ensconced were Karen Paul, Heather and a further friend of Greta's. We had a lovely evening, partaking of some mouthwatering waffles, handmade by Greta herself. More photographs were taken what T .V. evening would be complete without them and all too soon it was time to bid farewell, once more we were on our way not before arranging to drive out to Robyn's with Paula , Karen and Heather.

The hotel looked like Grand Central station, people everywhere, some of them we knew and to make matters worse they knew us. It was time to act like a lady and rely on the gentlemanly instincts of the male to help us. I slowly picked my way through the bodies, blessing my foresight in wearing a mini skirt, it made the leg movement so much freer, almost at the top. Luckily Sybil had the door

.....

SEAHORSE S.A. BREAKS THE STATE BARRIER (con't)

.....open , I dived in followed by Patricia almost on top of me. Then we began talking all at once, only to burst out laughing at the funny side of it. It was good to be home, but there was no sleep for us that night. The students carried on with fun and games till the early hours. We found out later they were holding a convention there and it was their last night---Morning finally arrived, and what a sorry group we were. Tired bleary eyed, and very quiet as we went down to breakfast. During the meal we discussed the proposed trip to Robyn's and sadly came to the conclusion that in view of the long trip home to Adelaide we would have to forgo the pleasure. A phone call to Karen and that was that. We finished packing , paid the bill and were soon on our way, leaving Melbourne and our lovely weekend behind. The talk on the journey was predictable and we promised ourselves that we would return in the very near future.

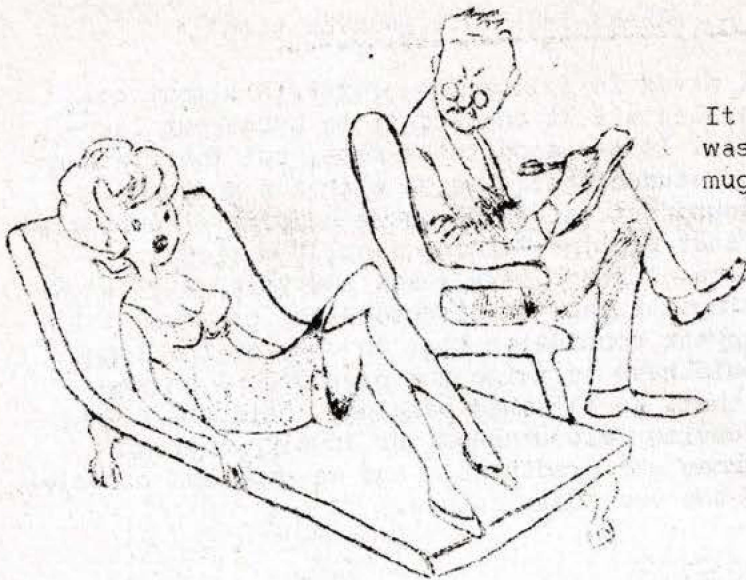
In telling you of our journey, I have not mentioned what we wore, so for those interested in the fashion side here goes. For our first evening at Karen's , Sybil wore a Black and White hostess skirt, red satin blouse with a white tie and a black waistcoat. Her shoes and bag were black patent all teamed with a maxi fun fur. Patricia wore a purple sweater teamed with a figured velvet hostess skirt in tones of blue, mauve and purple. A hostess skirt was also my choice with white voile blouse, silver strap shoes and jewellery also of silver. The night chill was kept at bay with my red coat with my hair combed out loosely. I must mention here that I am lucky to be endowed with a good head of hair which can be worn in numerous ways, therefore doing away with the need for a wig, this does make it a lot easier.

On our visit to Greta's we were a lot less formal. Sybil wore lime green flares, white skivvy and navy blazer with matching shoes and bag. The delightful Patricia wore a dark blue sweater, white pleated skirt, navy shoes and white jewellery. My own outfit consisted of a purple skivvy, black button through short skirt, black boots and a heavy silver pendant my hair again I wore loosely combed out.

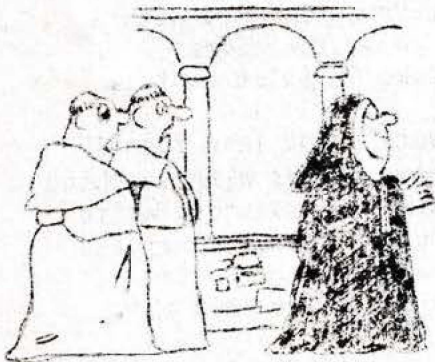
Well that just about winds up our trip interstate. I hope you enjoy reading about it as much as we did carrying it out. We certainly had a wonderful time, and a very special thank you Paula and Karen for your wonderful hospitality. We do hope you will grace us with a visit in the not too distant future.

We extend also an invitation to all our new friends. to visit us when in Adelaide and would be pleased to see any Seahorse members when they are visiting our fair southern outpost.....

.....



It all started when I was assigned to the mugging detail:



On the other hand it may just be a phase he's going through..



That's just my kid brother He's a tease..

SEDUCED INTO SKIRTS.

OR

IF DRAPING IS INEVITABLE WHY NOT RELAX AND ENJOY IT.

by Wendy [REDACTED] Sydney..

THURSDAY EVENING.

"I've just read a good review of the Barry Humphries show"

"Why don't we go?"

"Alright lets sort out a definite date, how does Tuesday week suit you?"

"Fine I'll get the tickets tomorrow."

SUNDAY EVENING.

"Did you get the tickets for Tuesday week?"

"Oh: no not yet, I'll get them tomorrow,
WHY DON'T YOU GO AS WENDY?"

"To the Elizabethan Theatre:: NOTHING DOING"::

"Why not?"

"No, no its not necesary, not necesary at all".

"You'll be alright, Wendy should go, besides you'll be with Margaret and myself.

"Well"::

"You can pass there wont be any problems".

"let's leave it up to how I feel at the time".

"Alright then, but I do think that Wendy should go".

"Yeh"::

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

"I picked up the tickets for Barry Humphries today"

"Oh yes:"

"I decided to get them in the Dress Circle, a little less crowded up there".

"Mm:"

"Three seats on the right hand aisle"

"Mm mm:"

"What are you going to wear?"

"Now wait a minute:"

"Something long should be suitable for the theatre".

"How about a grey suit and a white tie?"

"With makeup and a wig:That would'nt be suitable at all".

"Who said I was wearing makeup and a wig?"

"Wendy always wears makeup and a wig"

.....

SEDUCED INTO SKIRTS.

OR

IF DRAPING IS INEVITABLE WHY NOT RELAX AND ENJOY IT (con't)

....."Warren doesn't"
"You're not still on at that are you?"
"Well"
"I'm sure Wendy will enjoy herself"
"Mm::"
"Most girls like to go to the theatre"
"ALRIGHT YOU WIN:::"
"Now what are you going to wear?"
"How about that long black crepe with the diamante motif?"
"Fine"

Now dear friends there it is , in print for all to read, the story of how our fearless leader and spouse seduced poor Wendy, thrusting her into the midst of a milling throng of theatregoers.

When we arrived at the theatre the foyer was packed. People standing shoulder to shoulder, forming what appeared to be an impenetrable barrier between the entrance and the stairway to the dress circle.

Hell:: so many people.

With all the skill acquired from a football career in my teens I managed to side step my way through the foyer without leaving a trail of casualties behind me and glided(or should I say flew) up the stairway. We paused for a cigarette before entering the theatre, we were early, only a quarter of the seats occupied, the whole place brilliantly illuminated, charming:

The theatre began to fill and it seemed that everybody in the Dress circle had to file along our row in order to reach their seats. At last the lights dimmed and the show began, for the next two and a half hours the theatre was rent with the shrill screeching of Dame Edna and the more dulcet tones of her masculine cohorts.

If any of you have not been to any of Barry Humphries shows I recommend that you see his show at your very next opportunity, an outstanding entertainer, to hold a theatre audience single handed for an entire show demands real talent and he undoubtedly has the necessary qualifications.

The first half had passed, then the interval and now the finale and encores had been completed. It was time to go and not one person had dashed off into the night, shrieking in terror

.....

REAL LIFE.

.25.

SEDUCED INTO SKIRTS.

OR

IF DRAPING IS INEVITABLE WHY NOT RELAX AND ENJOY IT. (con't)

.....because of my presexe .

"I'm hungry::"

"Let's go somewhere to eat , I havent had dinner yet"

And so we found ourselves in one of Sydney's oldest restaurants, suppers a specialty, located at Elizabeth Bay. The proprietor showed us to our table, I was certain that he had read me straight away but he persisted in coming to the table to invoke a conversation.

Have any of you ever thought of how difficult it is to infer yes or no without saying a single word, but how many ways there are of doing so. Well for the first hour of our supper I used every one of them in order to mutely convey my needs.

When we had finished eating, the other patrons of the restaurant had gone so we mutually decided that I should say something to the proprietor as we were leaving. His reaction was to smile, his facial expression conveying the message that he was satisfied now that he knew for sure. We talked about the show for a few minutes and then as we departed we were invited to return anytime..

As I settled into bed that night I reflected on my initial anxiety at the suggestion of Wendy going to the theatre, in conclusion I had to admit that I was glad that I had been "Seduced Into Skirts" for the evening.....

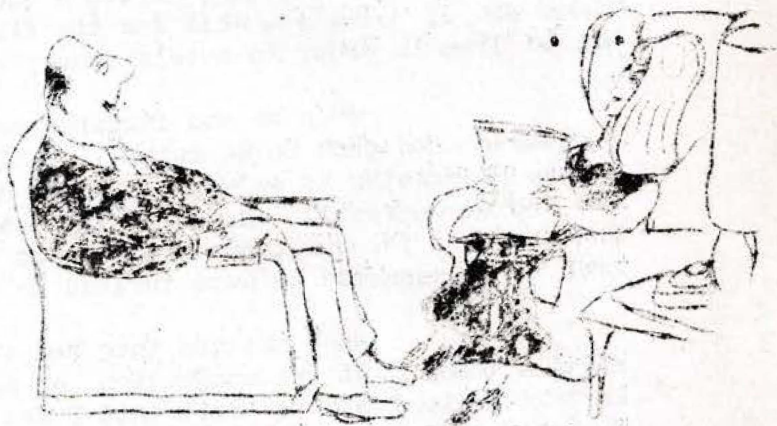
.....

" Wendy ,eh? That's pretty name"

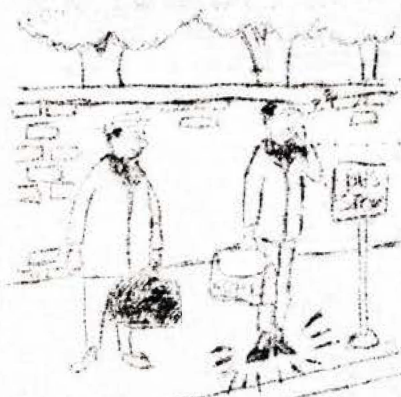




"I dont mind if women stop wearing bra's , but if they stop making them what about us?"



"Just because you have been to Casablanca George, it doesn't mean we can't be room mates."



"Did you get out of bed on the wrong side Rollo?"

cartoons drawn by Wendy [redacted]

CHAPTER ONE

"THE HOMECOMING"

The underground train drew into the platform of the North London Station of Eastcote. James ██████ grasped his kit-bag and stepping quickly onto the platform and through the ticket gate, he began the short walk home. It was early afternoon as he walked down the narrow tree-lined street. Worried as he was, James could still be impressed by the quiet beauty of the English autumn as by now the leaves had turned from their usual rich green to a deep golden brown.

He turned the last corner and three houses further on was his sister's mock tudor cottage. The door opened almost immediately on his knock and he stepped into the hallway and into the arms of his sister.

"Its wonderful to have you back James, I have so much to tell you".

James kissed her cheek, then standing back he looked Janet up and down. Even after six months absence she was exactly as he remembered. Slightly taller than the average girl (she was almost 5' 8") slender with a fashionably (at least at the moment) almost boyish figure, long golden blonde hair framing a gamine face with blue eyes and rosebud mouth set in a typical English "peaches and cream" complexion. Her clothes complimented her looks, "with-it", but not exaggerated, a pair of cornflower blue jersey slacks (exactly matching her eyes) worn under a white satin shirt with an extreme "mod" collar and very full bishop sleeves and stockinged feet peeping beneath the slacks.

As they stood together it was apparent to any casual observer that these two were not only brother and sister; but twins. Although because of their sex difference it was impossible that they were identical, their appearance belied this. The same height, slender figure, blonde hair, blue eyes and wide full mouth, certainly in no way could Janet be described as masculine but James was decidedly girlish.

"Jan I'm in trouble. I can't go back after the end of this leave, I'm going to desert".

She motioned him to sit down and after pouring a drink, James explained his problem.

His appearance was the starting point of his present trouble as Janet knew it had occurred before, but never reached these proportions. Not having to shave, shorter than average, his delicate appearance and no matter what he did to disguise it, he still looked like a girl even in his shapeless

army fatigues. He had managed to ignore the snide remarks and cruel teasing, the first two months were the worst but he had accepted his trial and allowed his tormentors free rein. After seeing his efforts in basic training, the fact that only he and one other had passed unscathed through the very difficult assault course and that his shooting had gained the highest marks in the Company, he had been accepted as being rather "odd" but one of the boys.

"But James, everything seems to be alright now and if you have managed to survive the first six months, the following eighteen should be easier."

As James continued, it became more apparent that the situation was untenable. It had been fine until the arrival of Major Webster and Sergeant Black to the Company three months ago. Both were sadistic bullies and even worse were raving homosexuals who used their position to obtain victims. James had been chosen by them and his reluctance seemed to further whet their appetite.

He had been appointed Company clerk directly to the Major who was the Adjutant and to Sergeant Black who was Headquarters N.C.O. and it had been strongly emphasised that unless he co-operated, his life would become a permanent "hell on earth", and now to seal his fate, the Company had been informed that it would be embarking immediately for the Kuwait Colony in Arabia for a twelve months tour of duty immediately it returned from leave.

"It's more than I could take Sis, I'm not sure what I will do but I can't return to the Army under these circumstances."

She could realise her brother's horror and distaste at these advances, as at the age of fourteen he had been the victim of an indecent assault which had fortunately not succeeded but had left scars which had not yet been eradicated.

"I'm sure you will be able to find the answer to the problem Janet. You have always cleared up these messes and I hope you can do it again."

Janet looked helplessly at her brother. It was true that she was the leader of the two ever since their parents had been killed in a car crash three years ago. Now that their biggest crisis had come, she had to tell him that she was leaving in two days time.

"James, I've been trying to tell you, I'm getting married in Australia in one weeks time. I leave here on Sunday and I don't know how to help you."

Looking white and shaken, he asked her to tell him more. She explained that they had met two months ago while Donald Jackson had arrived on a business trip for his Mining Company and it had been a case of love at first sight. Donald had flown home to make the arrangements for their wedding in Adelaide the following week.

James managed a smile, took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Congratulations darling, I'm very happy for you and nothing must spoil your marriage. I'll find a solution and manage somehow."

Janet sat deep in thought, then suddenly said "I think I have the solution. It seems foolproof but I'm not sure you will like it, but first you said you had been made a Company clerk, now how good is your typing and shorthand?"

"What on earth has that got to do with it? Anyway it's 100 words per minute typing and 170 shorthand which I think you will agree is very good for a mere male" he replied with an attempt at light relief.

"Well thats wonderful and I think everything will be fine, because you see my darling brother, you are going to change your name, to Janet and become me in the very near future."

...continued page 30.....

POEM.....

From Outside Looking In.....

reprint Beaumont Bulletin..

Who is the tall brunette we see
sometimes at number four?
Washing the breakfast things, perhaps,
or doing some other chore?

There's only Mrs Leslie there,
So far as we can tell.
(And also though he hardly counts,
Of course , there's Mr.L.)

But who's the big and buxom wench
With all that dark brown hair?
A stranger to the Crescent here.
She must be their "Au pair"::

.....

.....

CHAPTER TWO

"THE TRANSFORMATION"

James looked absolutely stunned, he tried to speak but only managed to produce a splutter.

"This is not a time for joking, I thought you at least would try to help. If this is all you can suggest I should have tried to get out of the country to-day instead of coming home. Dress as a girl, why its the very thing I'm trying to avoid. I don't want to become a homosexual."

"My dear brother, I'm perfectly serious and certainly not suggesting anything of the sort. You could easily pass as me and don't be so indignant about wearing girls' dresses as it certainly wont be the first time you have worn mine."

James relaxed and decided not to keep up the pretence. Janet was right, it wouldn't be the first time, in fact, several times before his departure while Janet was out he had completely dressed in her clothes. On the last occasion he had thought the coast clear and had taken a short walk in their small rear garden. Suddenly the next door neighbour had appeared and he had had no option but to pass the time of day.

Mrs. Tulloch had not suspected when he had explained that a sore throat was making his voice huskier than usual. This near escape had been enough to stop him dressing again.

"Alright sis, I have dressed but how did you know?"

"Well, I had noticed that my underwear had been disturbed on a number of occasions but I hadn't taken much notice of that until several months ago Mrs. Tulloch asked how my sore throat was. I realised I had not been speaking to her on that occasion and put two and two together. Luckily I realised the truth before she was aware that all was not as it seemed."

"I can type and take shorthand but what about all the other problems? I don't know who you work for, I have no insurance certificate or social security clearance and I can't work without them."

"James I will be leaving the country. I only need my passport and all my other documents will remain here as far as everyone is concerned I will have never left. Work is no problem as I will explain later so lets not waste any more time and get you into some proper clothes."

James was sent to shower and remove any hair from chest, arms, legs and face whilst Janet laid out some clothes to suit. The hair removal was accomplished with a feminine razor and with a liberal dusting of powder, delightfully lavender scented, he draped a large full fluffy bath-towel around him and with mounting excitement, proceeded to the bedroom.

Janet took from the vanity chest a filmy garment, a pair of blue stretch satin bikini briefs lavishly trimmed on the legs with smokey coloured venetian lace.

"Now James, lets start with these, OH, its alright, remember its not the first time I've seen you naked recently and I want to make sure the change is perfect."

James drew on the briefs as they slid up his legs his excitement began to mount, this rapidly becoming evident and with difficulty he settled them on his hips.

"Now brother, that's not very ladylike. Lets see whether we can get rid of that bulge with these."

She handed him a champagne coloured lycra panty corsolette. James drew it on over his powdered body, it was very light with no boning or zips and Janet fastened the crotch pad hook and eye fastening between his legs as he settled the shoulder straps.

"Phew", it looked featherweight but he could feel it firmly moulding his body. Now there was not tell-tale bulge and his figure was almost perfect.

"Now" said Janet "lets top it off with these, whoops I didn't mean that as a pun" as she handed him two flesh coloured plastic pads filled with liquid. It was obvious where these were supposed to fit, in place of the brassiere they completed the feminine look and his figure was perfect.

The next item was a pair of dark plum coloured pantyhose. He balled the stocking legs and balancing precariously on one leg he drew the first leg on. It slithered caressingly up the smooth skin to just above the knee and he received the same delicious feeling as he drew on the second leg then drew the sheer bikini panties to fit snugly over his hips. To complete his underwear, a satin mini-slip with full lace bust shaping and a further three inches on the hem was slid over the head to finish four inches above the knee.

Janet place a nylon negligee over his shoulders and motioned him to the vanity table.

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"Now let me make up your face before we go any further. On second thoughts as we only have two days, you make it up and I'll describe how to do it. Remember with your complexion you only need a light application."

Seated before the mirror he began to apply a beige liquid foundation, starting at the forehead he worked it carefully into the skin finishing at the base of the neck. The eyes were next, after three attempts, a successful eye-line was drawn on the top lid and under the eye. The mascara almost resulted in defeat but with patience and advice, his eyelashes became the perfect frame for the cornflower blue eyes. A light blue shadow was worked into the inner corner blending smoothly into a mid brown carried slightly past the darkened eye-brown line. A blush pink rouge was used to emphasise the high cheekbones and the final application of a "Mary Quant" lipstick in deep red completed the face. It slid on smoothly and with a very ladylike "pursing" of the lips, a perfect rosebud shape emerged.

Janet turned him quickly from the mirror. "Wait till we have finished then you can see what you really look like."

She took a blonde wig from its case and fitted it. A half dozen quick strokes of the brush and the tresses framed his face with two heavy locks reaching almost to his breast. From the closet Janet took a claret coloured crepe midi dress which almost exactly matched the stockings. The neckline was heart-shaped and the shoulders flowed into long full sleeves buttoning at the wrist into a long four button cuff. From the neck, dozens of tiny pearl buttons held the dress together leaving it up to the wearer to decide on the length of leg that would be displayed. James slipped into it and fastened the buttons until only an inch of the slip's lace peeped beneath. He slid his feet into matching suede pumps and at last he was dressed.

"Well sis, what do I look like - will I pass?"

"James, its hard to call you that now. You look absolutely fantastic, I really feel just a little twinge of jealousy."

He turned to the full length mirror. Was that beautiful creature reflected back really him? Moving closer he examined himself from top to bottom (also just the right shape) and finally pirouetted to reveal a neat pair of girlish thighs.

"Okay, thats enough! I know you are good looking but you don't want to develop a narcissism complex this early. Now we had better prepare you for your new job."

CHAPTER THREE

"JANET'S DEPARTURE"

They went downstairs for dinner. As this was James' first walk in high heels, the first dozen steps were very shaky and the walk down the stairs nearly resulted in disaster, but with a little practice in walking around the living room he began to enjoy the tightened calf muscles and the need to take smaller steps. He began to realise that the caress of the skirt brushing his legs and the leaning back to counteract the high heels gave constant reminder of being feminine.

"Well James; not that's silly, I can't keep calling a lovely creature like you by a man's name, from now on you are Janet and I'll use my second name of Tania, anyway you must get used to being called by that name. You prepare something to eat while I draw up a list concerning what you must know about the job, who you should know, their nick-names, etc. and little facts about being a lady."

Over a rare steak with green salad and a bottle of Chablis, she explained the work, the job was with "Executive Girl" a small Company who supplied temporary secretaries to Companies as a replacement for holidays or when someone was required urgently as a replacement. The salary was excellent and there was a variety of work. She explained that the clothing he was wearing had come from her last job at "BIBA'S" the latest London boutique and she had finished that job only yesterday. Her resignation should have been submitted a fortnight ago but somehow it had been overlooked which as it turned out was extremely fortunate and also as she was starting a new job next Monday, it would be very easy to fit into the position.

"Wait while I get the details" as she went to the bedroom "It's with Anglo United dairies as secretary to the Marketing Manager. It's likely to last for up to three months so there should be no problems, Just memorize all the names at "Executive Girl" and when they contact you which wont be for a couple of weeks, you should have established yourself."

The two "girls" sat talking, 'Tania' explaining the need to buy sanitary pads as she normally did and live according to the instructions she had prepared. Suddenly they realised it was midnight and that some sleep was required.

"Now just a moment Janet, its not just a matter of flopping into bed now as that complexion of yours must be protected. In the bathroom cabinet you will find removal creme, cover your face with it and wipe off with cotton wool to remove the make-up, then cover it with the night creme;

don't forget to pat it gently in under your eyes. I've laid a night dress out for you."

'Janet' completed his toilet preparations and went through to his bedroom to remove the clothing he was certain now he should have been born to. "Ah" it was good to remove the corsolette but he was glad that tomorrow it would begin again. The gown was victorian styped, a high neck ruffled and tied with a satin bow falling straight to a ruffled hem, the sleeves long and full and fastened again with the satin ribbons. It was beige coloured and the material was a clinging crepe georgette. 'Janet's' body tingled with delight as the cool fabric slipped over his head and caressed his body. He fastened the bows and slipped into bed as his sister bid him goodnight; well that had certainly been an eventful day.

Tania was first up in the morning and hurried out of bed as shopping was the order of the day. A quick shower and then a surprise as he was told to dress in male clothing with full feminine underwear including stockings underneath.

"Well brother dear, some people are sure to have seen you arrive so they had better see you leave. Put on some civilian clothing and carry your kitbag with all your army gear, we will have an argument as you leave the house so that Mrs. Tulloch will remember."

He was to take the train to a station five miles away where Tania would collect him in her car, change into a dress and return as Janet whilst with the aid of a short dark wig, a pair of glasses and different make-up, Tania would become a friend who was staying the night.

The plan succeeded, the tearful argument took place on the front door step and produced the required twitching of neighbours' curtains as James stormed off shouting that he had expected more help from his family. After an interval, Janet returned with a dark haired companion in her blue mini cooper 'S'.

Janet prepared for the shopping trip dressing in a buttercup yellow three piece linen suit, a blazer styled jacket over a pleated mini length skirt, the pleats seamed to mid hip then released to flare softly to six inches above the knee. Underneath the jacket was a white polka dotted yellow taffeta blouse softly draped with the neckline finished with an artists bow and completing the outfit was a pair of knee length white kid boots.

"Well brother, you look very smart, even better than the real Janet."

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The first visit was to Harrods in Kensington to purchase an absolute necessity, a body stocking. This padded in the right places would allow Janet complete freedom from detection as well as being comfortable in bed. After parking their car, Janet was rather nervous walking along the street but soon realised the looks they were receiving from both male and female alike were the same any beautiful girls received, some of admiration, others of envy.

The purchases were completed (too quickly thought Janet as he was just beginning to enjoy himself) so he managed to persuade Tania to have a cup of tea and explore some of the nearby boutiques. It was very exciting examining racks of lovely clothes, testing lipsticks and trying on a number of hats. Tania insisted that he try on some clothes in the changing rooms and with a feeling of trepidation and her assistance, Janet did so. He quickly gained confidence and after sending his sister out for a number of changes of clothes, completed his purchases by buying an evening gown.

"I think we should go out tonight for a farewell dinner" said Tania as he completed the purchase "I'll book the table."

Then it was home for a quick shower and change before the evening's entertainment. Tania had managed to obtain a table at "Danny LaRue's" club in Mayfair so it was a good opportunity to wear his new gown. The make-up was slightly heavier this time, especially around the eyes as he added a gold flecked deep blue eye shadow to emphasise them, then on with his latest acquisition, a deep blue panne velvet gown, falling straight from the boat neckline to the hips where the ~~unpressed~~ pleats were allowed to flare softly on them towards the ankle length hem. The "camelot sleeves" followed the same pattern. As the gown was perfectly plain, he chose a heavy silver pendant to match the silver satin evening pumps.

The evening was very enjoyable, Janet not realising until the end of the cabaret that the rather tall husky woman who sang so well and held the audience in stitches with the risqué jokes was in fact a female impersonator. At this Janet realised had been organised by Tania to give him confidence in the time ahead.

All too soon it was Sunday morning and after a quick breakfast, they commenced packing her clothes for the flight. "You can take me to the airport James but don't take me in as twins might just cause someone to speculate."

Tanie wore the short wig and glasses again until they were clear of the district and with their last tearful farewells completed in the car, he watched Tania walk into the terminal and realised that now he was definitely on his own.

CHAPTER FOUR

"THE CAREER GIRL"

Monday started as a perfect, crisp sunny day with not a hint of cloud. Janet rose early and hoped the new job would be as trouble-free as the day was bright. First a bath with the water slightly scented then he commenced to dress as "Miss Career Girl 1972" in accord with his sister's list. First the lace trimmed batiste panties, then came the Lycra panti-corsolette which had finally become comfortable to wear for long periods. Tania had fixed the pads into place underneath the normal breastline which resulted in his chest muscles being forced up to form a deceptively natural cleavage. Next the silky nylon mini slip with the lace trimmed hem finishing six inches above the knee and then his first secretary's dress, light grey in a very fine wool, cut almost on the lines of the old school tunic. A pintucked bodice with the skirt box pleated, a snowy white shirtstyle collar finished with a grey and white striped silk man's tie fastened at breast height with a diamente stock pin. The same styling reflected in the cuffs fastened with discreet cuff links. Smoky grey nylons, and suede shoes in almost the same colour completed the outfit.

Janet arrived at "Anglo United Dairies" and was taken directly to the Marketing Manager, Mr. R. Walker (Robin was his first name as he later discovered) and was surprised to find him so young, no older than thirty, slightly built and very good looking in rather a feminine way, soft spoken and proved very easy to work for. He explained that his previous secretary had to move suddenly to another area due to her husband's promotion and if Janet proved suitable, the job could become permanent.

There proved to be little to do that day and at Robin's insistence, Janet was introduced to the other Company Executives and their secretaries. It was with trepidation that he joined at their insistence, three other women members of the staff for lunch, but by listening more than talking, he managed to get through the period without incident. Helped by his previous interest in womens' fashion, this allowed him to divert the conversation into these areas when their interest began to focus on his own life.

The rest of the week continued without incident, the work was not arduous and he quickly realised the job was more than typing letters and collecting cups of coffee. Robin, as he asked Janet to call him, spent a good deal of time away from his office and as he noted that Janet was efficient and prepared to use initiative more and more, he became personal assistant rather than just a secretary. He had been asked to stay on permanently and had accepted.

On Saturday he had decided to rise early and do some shopping. He had spotted a delightful blouse in the local boutique and was determined to secure it. He was somewhat surprised by the abrupt and insistent ringing of the doorbell, pulling a high necked satin negligee over his matching night dress and checking his blonde wig was naturally positioned, he opened the door to find two burly "red caps", the British equivalent of the military police.

"Sorry to disturb you Miss, I'm Sergeant Miller and we are enquiring about Private James Butler. He is at present absent without leave and gave this as his last address."

Janet tried to conceal his nervousness. He had seen Sergeant Miller on a number of occasions in the guard house and it seemed so strange that he hadn't been instantly recognised.

"Yes Sergeant, I'll try and help you. I'm his sister and he did stay with me last Friday night a week ago, but after telling me he wanted to desert and I refused to help him, he left early Saturday morning and I haven't seen him since."

"Desert! He told you that Miss? Its a very serious offence."

"I know Sergeant and after our argument I thought he was going back to camp, I didn't think he would carry out his plan."

"His plan Miss, and what might that have been? It will be for his own good if you tell us and we will try to make it easy for him."

Janet pretended reluctance but finally informed them of James' plan to go to the Republic of Ireland and hide there. After further questioning they departed satisfied.

Janet decided after that he would cheer up by doing some shopping and after a quick breakfast went up to shower and change. Removing the satin nightgown and negligee he reflected how much more comfortable it was sleeping in a nightie, especially the cool slippery satin rather than the cotton pyjamas he had worn for so long and after this morning's episode, it looked as though he would be able to continue wearing them for the rest of his life.

He finished lavishly talcing with the lavender scented powder and pulled on a pair of pink silk panties, this was followed by the panti-corsolette and fastening the crotch, a dark pair of nylon panti-hose.

Saturday was always casual in London so he decided on a pair of black tapestry velvety "Knicker suit". The pants fitted with an elastic waist band and fastened just under the knee with a silver tab. A yellow silk high necked blouse went under the velvety short jacket and as the black nylons matched, he decided to dispense with boots and instead chose a pair of high cut patent pumps. Make-up was easy to apply and with a hint of dark eye shadow and a dark red lipstick, he was ready for the days shopping.

Sunday was a perfect English autumn day and after passing the time of day with Mrs. Tulloch who was very sympathetic about James.

"Wasn't it terrible, etc., such a nice lad like him deserting. It must have been very hard on you having to tell the authorities but it was the right thing to do in the long run."

Janet decided to celebrate his successful impersonation with an open air concert in Regent's Park and again decided to wear the knicker suit, this time with a white crepe blouse and high patent leather boots. It was a wonderful afternoon, the band of the Coldstream Guards played a complete selection of music from pop, jazz, classical and a number of traditional marches. Janet thought rather ryley that it was possible to enjoy the marches now, but a couple of weeks ago they would have driven him mad.

The afternoon was perfect and he decided to stay on and have a meal at the open air restaurant next to the Concert stage while the music continued. The only thing to mar a perfect day was to be alone. Janet realised that for the time being, there was no one with whom he could confide in or share his problems. He was convinced that apart from a few female impersonators and some sex changes that had been highly publicised, he was alone with a rather unique problem and he did so wish that he could meet someone in a similar situation.

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"THE HOMECOMING "will be continued in FEMINIQUE

Number seven.....

SEAHORSE FORUM.

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NOTICES AND VIEWS , this issue from the secretary.....

Unfortunately we have to announce two resignations, firstly from Fiona Wood, our very lovely Brisbane Councillor. Unfortunately due to increasing career and family responsibilities has been forced to forgo the post in Brisbane. Julie Haines has agreed to take over the role and I'm sure will carry on the excellent work started by Fiona. Thanks very much from all of us Fiona, and also for offering to help Julie in the future..

Lynda Allen is our new Councillor in Adelaide, and I'm sure will do her best to get the group moving down there. Lynda agreed to the job following Catherine Peters resignation from SEAHORSE last month.

Originally her letter of resignation was to published detailing the reasons leading to the decision, but following her request not to I'll just comment on them, the main aspects that is. Catherine was not happy with SEAHORSE, as it is not in her opinion upholding the ideals of the BEAUMONT SOCIETY (The English Group) or F.P.E. (The American Group). Apparently in Catherine's opinion SEAHORSE is not serious enough in its approach to transvestism and one or two of the members have homosexual leanings.

Well it's rather difficult to comment on either of the statements, I myself am a member of both the above groups and SEAHORSE has a lot in common, the same ideals and philosophy, still that's her opinion and she is certainly entitled to it, as to the other aspect I'll comment on that later. We all wish you well Cathy, and thank you for your past work....

The point on homosexuality does I think require some clarification, as we state in the CONSTITUTION, Seahorse is for heterosexual transvestites. Unfortunately sexual classification is not neat and tidy nor is it black and white. There are many shades of grey in a persons makeup. Seahorse is for the expression of the male who feels he has another side, a strong feminine aspect to his character, not effeminate, but a genuine feminine gender side. Of all the liberation groups, the psychiatrists show that transvestism is oriented towards an asexual reason, rather than a sexual one. We don't on the whole get 'dressed to achieve sexual arousal or gratification'. Our MOTIVE IS TO BE A WOMAN.

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SEAHORSE FORUM (con't)

..... A heterosexual transvestite joining in the Seahorse activities is interested mainly in bringing forth his feminine aspects. The meetings become a pleasant social gathering, and not that of a 'pick up' point for partners. We have yet to see a 'dressed member' sieze the nearest girl (real) and make a 'bee-line' for a convenient bedroom. On the whole most leave it to their brother to complete this very necessary side of life.

Why then if this is our feeling as heterosexual transvestites, do we consider that a homosexual transvestite can't have the same or similar motives. That they also wish to express the 'feminine gender' of their character without bringing the sexual aspect into it. As that is what SEAHORSE is all about, I together with other members of the executive feel we cannot exclude them from the club..

For the GROUP to continue successfully the other aspects, such as homosexuality, wife swapping, bondage, sadism, should and must remain completely separate from SEAHORSE activities. We would be a unique organization if all our members had no interest in some of the above. These must be COMPLETELY separated from the club, if you are homosexual and transvestite, fine, but we in SEAHORSE are only interested in the transvestite side. If bondage and transvestism are your interests, well, transvestism is all we want to be involved in. What you do outside Seahorse is your business and yours alone. Don't involve us in any other activities nor bring them into the club. We welcome your feminine aspects and prefer to leave it at that.

One other aspect is we need to keep this in perspective, more than 95% are straight transvestites (Or at least appear to be) it's a small minority that have been honest enough to admit to the other side. We generally consider that we are a persecuted minority. Is it right to continue persecution within our own group? Understanding and the acceptance of others is I think an essential ingredient of the SEAHORSE philosophy.....

In conclusion I must apologise for making this sound like a 'message issue'. It is rather like a latter day crusade or it sounds like it, with attacks launched against all and sundry. What with the Editressial firing broadsides against 'knockers' and now this. I'm beginning to feel a little sensitive when I hear the name of Amelia Pankhurst, "or Germaine Greer rides again". Both came up at the same time and required an "airing". I would like to hear your views on it so why not drop a line to "FORUM"....

..Remember above all to keep a sense of humour.....

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