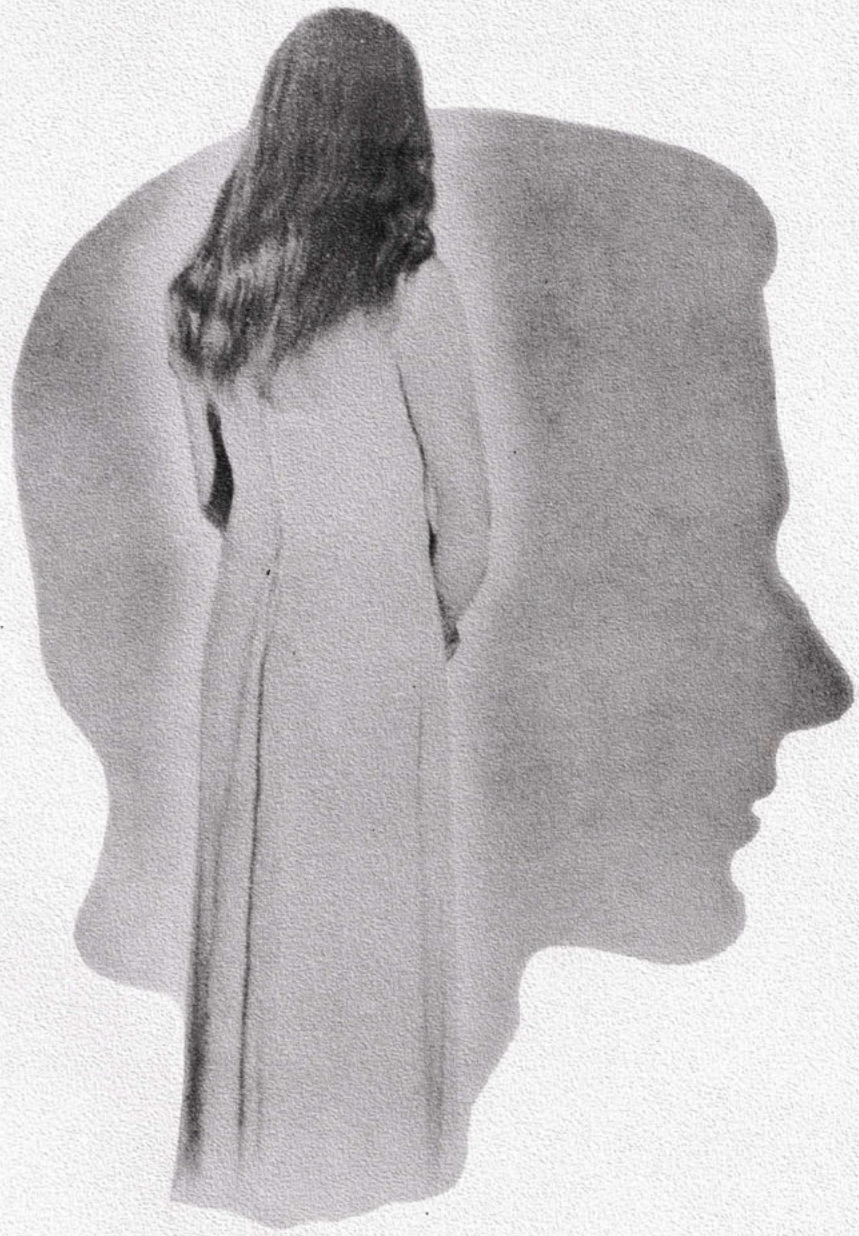


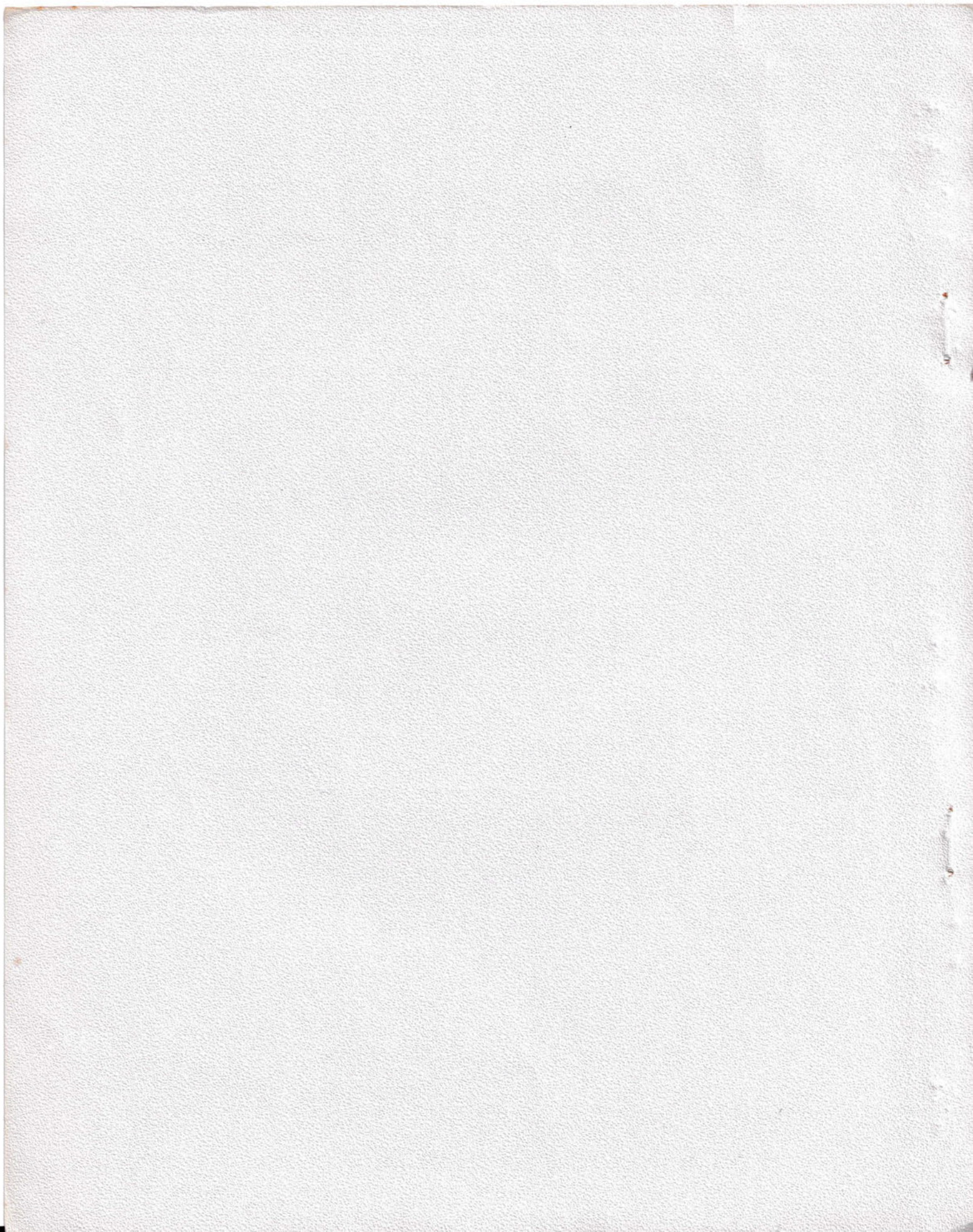
145

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 WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE SEAHORSE
CLUB..
.....

CONTENTS
.....

EDITORIAL	Trina [REDACTED]	1
WANDA'S LIFE "femme focus"	Wanda [REDACTED]	3
THE PHOTOGRAPHS .fiction.	Trina [REDACTED]	9
OFF TO THE BALL. poem.	Julie [REDACTED]	22
TV IS BOTH TELEVISION AND TRANSV- -ESTISM. real life.	Trina [REDACTED]	23
SOME EXPERIENCES OF A TV DADDY.	Robyn [REDACTED]	27
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A TV ACTRESS.	Joan [REDACTED]	29
CARTOONS	Trina [REDACTED]	37
LETTERS TO THE EDITRESS.....		33
ROBYN'S ROUNDABOUT.	Robyn [REDACTED]	40
SYDNEY BIT'S AND PIECES.	Trina [REDACTED]	42

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VOLUME ONE.. NUMBER ..5..

EDITRESS... Trina [REDACTED].
Cover .. Colleen [REDACTED].

=====

THE SEAHORSE CLUB OF AUSTRALIA.. executive members.

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perth	JEANNETE [REDACTED]
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sydney	JANNETTE [REDACTED]

.....

all correspondence to .. P.O. BOX 341
ROYAL EXCHANGE
SYDNEY.

(1)

EDITORIAL.. (that's not)

.....

For a change I have run out of space, usually it is the other way around with too much magazine and nothing to fill it with. I must say that this makes a pleasant change and long may it continue. The subject matter is without it's normal medical article, it makes a pleasant change to have an all members magazine.

The 'letters to the Editress' have increased to eight pages in this issue. There is an article or should I say adventure from across the Tasman, Robyn Pyne's experiences telling her children about transvestism. It's acceptance by them is an object lesson for us all. Wanda in Perth has related the story of her life, it's very human with a touch of comedy and a little pathos. In addition there is a TV and Radio adventure from Jill, Wendy and I and last but not least the inevitable fiction story. Yes the same authoress as the previous ones really it's about time someone new appeared.

The supply of material has increased, so we will be able to begin another one immediately. However I'm terrified to stop exhorting you for more in case the source dries up. So as one TV personality (television) says, "Keep those cakes and letters coming in" Well I'm prepared to forgo the cakes. It may not be published immediately, but the longest wait will be less than two issues. A pool of articles is a necessity if the magazine is to progress. If I can make a few suggestions, fiction is a top priority, the stories can be long or short, and the subject is up to you. If we obtained enough it can be published separately. Others are some of your 'experiences!', 'Femme Focus', photographs. These are in short supply, to be suitable they can either be black and white or colour, with a light background and well contrasted. Last but not least don't ignore the "Letters to the Editress", it's a simple way of expressing an opinion, these are also in short supply. For those with a humorous bent why not try a cartoon....

I hope to increase the number of issues this year to five. This will depend on overcoming the production problem of typing I was hoping to find some volunteer 'typistes'. I will send out the stencils to any volunteers, complete with instructions etc.

(2)

EDITORIAL (that's not) con't.

.....Any portable in reasonable order is capable of doing the job. It would involve about ten pages at a time, the reason for this is to prevent the magazine becoming too "scappy". Well if you are willing please let me know and we'll start off as soon as possible..

Good news at last on the membership "Directory" it is now well underway. Jeannette [redacted] our newly appointed joint "Counsellor", has it well in hand and you should receive it shortly after the magazine. Well that was the good news now for the bad. For those of you who have had their anniversary in the Club it now time for the subscription. Originally it was intended to make the 1st January the end of the financial year. That would have been rather hard on some of the later joiners. So it was decided to "bill" you as you had your Seahorse birthday. A birthday present in reverse it could be said. You will be sent the reminder as the date comes up, and it will be simplified if you return it as soon as possible. If you are not paid-up' you automatically come off the mailing list.

One item that has been promised for some time is a "Make-up guide. Well last meeting we had the first visit of a professional beauty consultant. Marilyn a very pleasant and charming person gave a talk and demonstrated the methods of application. Jeannette [redacted] was the model used for the demonstration and photographs were taken during the session of the procedure to follow. To print this as part of the magazine would have taken too much space so it will be produced as a separate publication. Including hair and body care, with photographs and illustrations, the cost hopefully will be \$3.00 and it will be available in another month.

The final point I would like to make, is the postal strike has resulted in quite a number of delays and I suspect the loss of a letter or two. If you have not heard from us in answer to a letter or query, contact Jill and I again. One point on that, it is not possible to answer every letter that is received. There simply is not enough time so please be patient if there is a delay.. Well that's all for now, hope you enjoy copy number FIVE, see you next issue.....

TRINA [redacted].....

FEMME FOCUS.
.....

WANDA'S LIFE.
.....

by Wanda [redacted] .Perth.

'At what age were you aware of your femininity?' This is the gist of a question on the application form for membership of "SEAHORSE". Upon reflection I cannot rightly say. I was born and raised in a typical English mining village, the eldest in a family of four boys, one girl. My parents marriage was not a particularly happy one, due in great part to their vastly different backgrounds. My father was left in a foundling home at the age of five, adopted out, and sent to work in the local mine at the tender age of eleven years, a common practice around that time, 1900.

My mother was the eldest daughter of a successful business man. And being the only unmarried daughter, at the age of twenty six was subject to pressure from her family when my father showed an interest in her. Their differences were further increased as a result of an accident when I was two years old, I was left with a pronounced squint in one left eye, and restricted vision. My father made much of this. He delighted in referring to me as 'Cock-eye'. Later, when I began wearing glasses, I was always addressed as 'four eyes'. This then was the pattern which led to our family becoming a divided camp. My mother, sister and myself in one camp, my father and the three boys in the other.

Until the age of sixteen I was surrounded almost exclusively by female company, my mother and her friends, my sisters and her playmates. Yet I cannot recall any pretensions to 'femininity'. In fact, my mother used me as a 'model' for dresses she made for the neighbours. Pinning up the hems, checking the sleeves for length etc. I hated it, possibly because it entailed standing still for half an hour or so.

Although I never made any intimate friends with the neighbourhood boys. I was active in sports, playing cricket and soccer for the school team, and the 'Boy's Brigade', gaining three international schoolboy caps in the process. I was given a trial for Cardiff City at eighteen. Unfortunately a broken ankle which left me with a limp for several years, put paid to any aspirations I may have had..

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FEMME FOCUS
.....

WANDA'S LIFE. (con't)
.....

.....I married at twenty four, and very soon discovered that my wife was a product of the Victorian school which believed sex was a dirty word. Something that a married woman had to put up with '.

My introduction to the pleasures of "dressing up" and the realisation that it was part of me which had been crying out for expression for many years, came about by accident. In 1941 Birmingham had been subjected to nightly bombing raids for several months. My wife decided to 'evacuate' herself and our son to her sisters place in the south of England. As her stay lasted several months I was left in the meantime to my own devices.

For a time my work as an aero-engine fitter with B.O.A.C. entailing long hours and six days a week. Plus frequent turn-outs with the Auxiliary Fire Service kept me fully occupied, and I had little or no time to become frustrated by the absence of my love life. Eventually things built up and on a night when I was supposed to be 'off duty' for the first and only time I went out with the intention of patronising a 'woman of the streets'. I found one quite easily, allowing her to take me to her room. A drab cheerless place, paid my money, but when the moment came for action, I completely froze and just could not go through with it.

I went home to a lonely, empty house, and later that evening, for no apparent reason, I sorted through my wife's clothing and dressed up. It was a wonderful sensation. To be honest, I must confess that for a long time after that first night my pleasure in 'dressing up' was primarily in the intense sexual satisfaction I derived from it. This I attribute to the years of frustration in an unexciting marriage. My wife's clothes were certainly not seductive, or glamorous, they were chosen for utility rather than fashion. During the remainder of the time my wife was away it became the pattern for me to 'dress up' each evening when I wasn't on duty, or on call with the fire service.

However one evening will always remain in my memory. I was thoroughly enjoying my feminine role when about about 9.30 pm, a fire tender halted out-

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FEMME FOCUS.

WANDA'S LIFE. (con't)

.....-side, and the Duty Officer hammered on the door. Apparently 'Jerry' had staged a lightning "Molotov Cocktail" raid, and there were literally hundreds of fires raging all over Birmingham, making it necessary to call on every available fireman. I knew that speed was of the essence, so only pausing to whip off the dress I was wearing. I donned my thick woollen uniform, belt and axe, gas mask and tin helmet. Of course the N.F.S. uniform was designed to be worn over lisle stockings, flannelette knickers, a corset and brassiere!!! I have never been so hot and uncomfortable in my life. I certainly don't recommend this practise as a means of 'sweating off' a few extra pounds! When my wife returned it was with a great sense of loss that I replaced her clothes, not knowing, when, I would be able to enjoy my new found expression again.

Gradually I found that I needed the sense of freedom, the beautiful 'feel' of feminine clothes, rather than any nebulous sexual enjoyment. Slowly I began in secret to amass a restricted wardrobe consisting of just the basic garments. The opportunities to dress up were few and far between, especially with a growing family. Very often it was only possible for my 'alter ego' to be able to emerge for only minutes. My greatest worry was hiding my parcel of 'goodies' securely. At first I hid them behind a panel underneath the bath. Of course, my wife some time later decided that the space under the bath had to be investigated. "Just in case there is anything perishable or likely to cause a smell". My precious parcel was duly discovered, luckily it was decided that the previous tenants had placed them there. However I was obliged to stand by, whilst my 'goodies' were consigned to the garbage tin. I trod very carefully for a while. Eventually my longing to 'dress' became so intense that I purchased another small wardrobe. This time I hid my precious parcel in the loft., accessible by a manhole in the bedroom. I was so very careful, as I thought. So it came as a great shock one day when my wife remarked.. "There must be something very interesting up there in the loft".. Knowing my wife's tenacity I saw the writing on the wall and got rid of my precious parcel once again. It was a deep sense of loss, like losing a very dear friend.....

FEMME FOCUS.
.....

WANDA'S LIFE.. (con't)
.....

.....I knew that my 'alter ego' would have to be forgotten until conditions were more favourable. Little guessing that it would be twelve long miserable years before she emerged..

In 1951 we migrated to Australia, and for six years I worked long hours as an Electrical Fitter at the Steelworks in Port Kembla. My spare time being fully occupied with the building of a three-bedroom house near Wollongong. Eventually in 1958, we moved to a farm in the Penrith district. This was developed slowly whilst I carried on working as an Electrician with the Department of Works. Finally in 1964, the farm demanded more of my time and I became a full-time poultry farmer. Gradually a pattern evolved where I was left, for most of the day, to attend to the many chores in and around the sheds. However it was some time before I submitted to my re-discovered urge to dress up.

To minimise the risk of discovery, I went to Sydney and purchased an assortment of finery, again restricting myself to the bare essentials. Each week day I would dress up at the first opportunity, and apart from the various company representatives I had no worries about anyone coming to the sheds. My biggest problem was, once again, hiding my goodies safely. Although I was left to my own devices during the week, our sons helped by doing the bulk of the feeding on Saturday morning..

Strangely enough, there were only two occasions in which my secret could have been discovered. The first was the company representative, who came down to the shed and peered through the slatted door. I was in the process of carrying a bag of feed, over my shoulder down to the far end. He turned away and walked towards the other shed. Calling out

"Where are you Bill"?

I dropped everything, changed hurriedly, and went around the back of the shed to meet him. In the course of conversation, he remarked.... "by gee, that's some amazon you've got working for you! You don't often see a woman humping a hundred pound bag of feed around"!

Another time my wife came down looking for me. Fortunately, she began calling me before she reached

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FEMME FOCUS.
.....

WANDA'S LIFE. (con't)
.....

.....the shed. This gave me enough time to climb on top of a stack of feed, where I lay full-length, hardly daring to breathe. All the time she went around looking for me, calling, and abusing me roundly for not answering. It was some time before I dared a return to the house. Giving as an excuse that I had gone across to chat with a neighbouring farmer.

This, then was the pattern which lasted until 1968, when, following a particularly disastrous season, when farmers all over New South Wales were losing thousands of chickens through disease and excessive heat we sold up and moved west. We attempted to start up all over again. My marriage had been slowly disintegrating, and finally, in 1970, we went our separate ways. I lived in a bed sitter for two years. During this time I managed to get together a small wardrobe and wherever possible I let my alter ego have full rein. I must say I came to enjoy her company very much.

I met and fell in love with the woman who is now my wife. I had some misgiving about telling her about my other self. For although I knew that she was unusually understanding, I had some misgivings about her understanding and accepting Wanda. I can laugh at the beautiful simplicity of it now, but it was a serious business then. I realise that my hesitation was probably due to the experience with my previous wife.

She is always very practical, and it was decided that to ensure that I was being looked after properly, I should board with her and her son. So, after much thought, and not wishing to risk her possible reactions, once again I disposed of my lovely 'goodies'. However, someone 'up there' must have decided to take a hand. Although I did not dress up and as far as I knew, my small wardrobe was out of sight, my very observant wife to be, noticed small things, and filed them away for future reference.

One of the wonderful aspects of our love-affair has been the ability to communicate. On all and every subject. One night during a discussion on an article in 'FORUM' I was asked.

"How long have you been wearing panties and

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FEMME FOCUS.
.....

WANDA'S LIFE. (con't)
.....

..... bra?"

I was literally 'bowled for six' and honestly scared of her possible negative reaction. I could not find words to explain so I found an article on Transvestism and asked her to read it. When she had finished, she said :-

"I didn't know anything about this before but I think it's beautiful!"

From that night onwards Wanda gradually emerged into full blossoming, and quite seriously, it is indeed difficult to decide who derived the most pleasure from Wanda's presence. Until recently our enjoyment of Wanda was tempered by the presence of my new stepson. A tough twenty one year old 'footy' player who abhors anything "sissy". He certainly would not understand or tolerate Wanda. Fortunately he has now struck out on his own, and we have taken a new flat where we are perfectly free to follow our every wish and inclination.

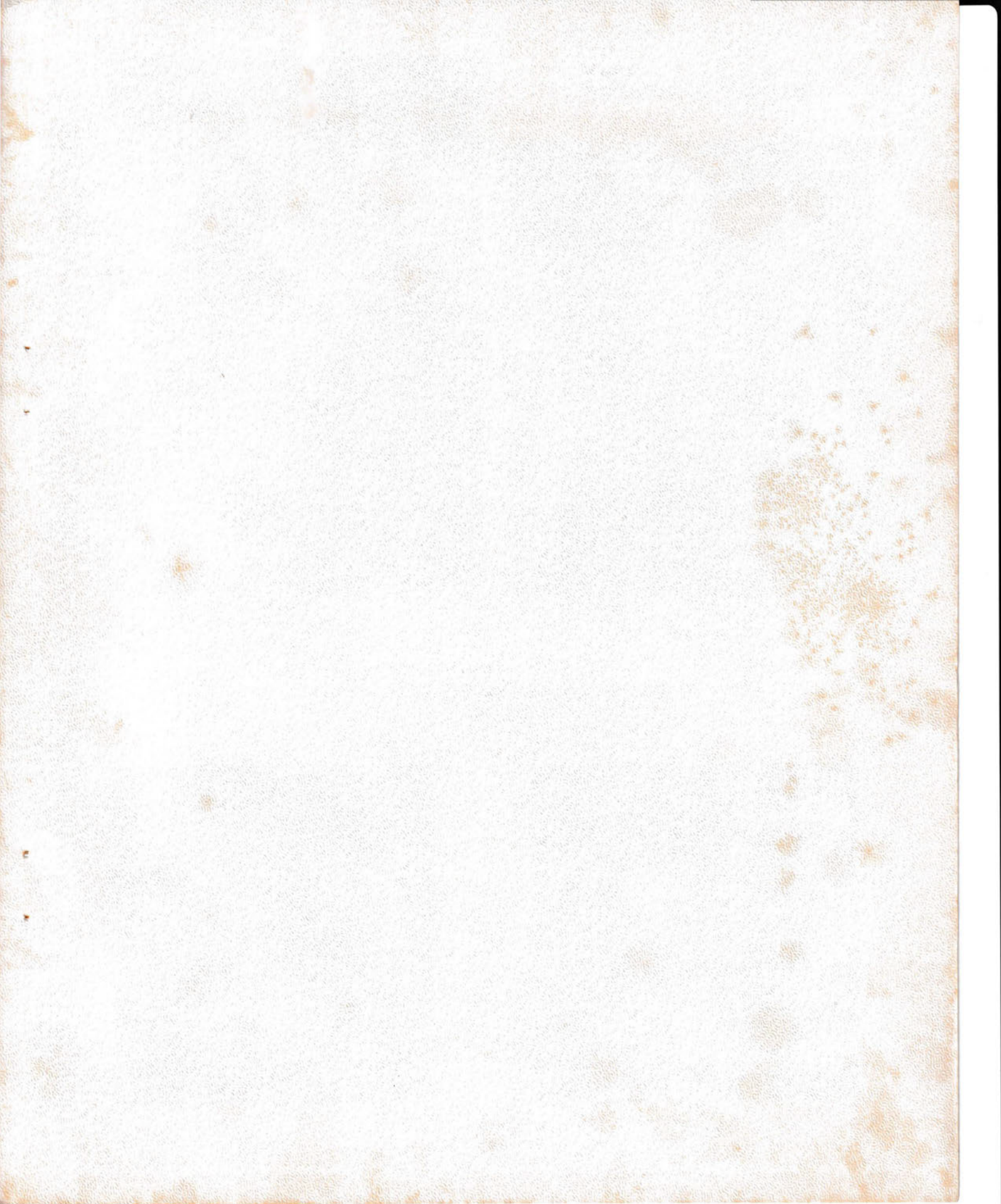
Being somewhat more than middle aged, I have no pretensions to beauty, even so I am very gratified to know that 'wanda' emerges as a very presentable middle aged lady, an image which must improve as I learn the art of successful make-up, a knowledge of which is sadly lacking up to the present. If any further incentive were needed, it is the fact that Jeannette Jacobs has been appointed Area Counsellor for Perth. And the certainty, that very soon I hope, I will meet some of my sisters on equal terms.....



"Femme Focus" WANDA [REDACTED]
Preparing her article "Wanda's Life"



TWO STUDIES OF JULIE [REDACTED]
Brisbane.



FICTION.
.....

THE PHOTOGRAPHS.
.....

by Trina [REDACTED].

I'll see you tomorrow then Phillip, it took longer than I expected this afternoon, but I think the meeting was worthwhile".

"I agree entirely Brian, though Pat [REDACTED] did labour the point a bit on promotional spending. Sorry I don't want to keep you, you must want to get home!"

"Well I did say to Sandra that I would be home early, can I offer you a lift?"

"Thanks very much, but no my car is over there in the corner".

"With a last"goodnight see you tomorrow" Brian walked to his car. It was alot later than expected. Feeling rather guilty that he had not telephoned Sandra to tell her he would be late. It was too late now, after all he had been expected home almost an hour ago. Well there was one consolation it would only take twenty minutes. The traffic peak hour was well past.

He settled behind the wheel, noticing from the corner of his eye Phillip manouVering his car out into the roadway. Seat belt fastened he moved towards Phillips recently vacated spot, as he passed it he noticed the envelope lying on the floor. Leaving the motor running Brian quickly picked it up, ignoring the impatient hoot from the Sales Director, also trying to leave the parking building. There was no chance to examine it. Thrusting it into his jacket pocket he began the journey home.

"You are late tonight darling"!

"Sorry Sandy I meant to phone you but forgot! I became involved in that emergency planning meeting. My god! how that twit Hardcastle annoys me. His knowledge of marketing must have been acquired around the Boer war. He doesn't seem to realise that things have

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THE PHOTOGRAPHS (con'T)

.....changed since then"

"Now darling, not before dinner, you can tell me all about it afterwards. I managed to get a lovely steak tonight, I'm using that recipe Jennifer gave me, you know the spanish one! After that you give me all the gossip from 'Ballantynes'!"

As usual the dinner was superb, even a compliment forthcoming from their fourteen year old daughter Janet. This most unusual from the highly critical teenager. Over port and coffee Brian brought Sandra up to date with the latest events at Ballantynes.

"What did Phillip think of it? you two are usually very much in accord!"

"Same as I did, we are making a big mistake, which reminds me, Janet will you fetch the envelope from my jacket pocket?"

"What envelope?"

It's a large white one in the left hand side. I picked it up in the car park just after Phillip left. It was in his parking space, he must have dropped it getting into the car."

Janet returned, playfully throwing it to her father with a "butterfingers" as it slid out of his hand onto the coffee table. As it did so a number of photographs slid out of the poorly fastened top.

"Janet how many times have I told you not to do that"

"I'm sorry mother I didn't think that would happen"

Brian began collecting the half dozen photo's now lying face up on the table. Well they were not of Phillip he thought. Mostly of an attractive brunette, though he was sure he had never met her, she was vaguely familiar. Strangely enough the third one was the brunette and Jennifer. Well at least he had not found out a closely kept secret. If she knew Jennifer it was unlikely that this was a case

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FICTION.
.....

THE PHOTOGRAPHS. (con't)
.....

.....an affair.

"Let me see Dad, why that must be Mr Bry-
-ces sister, they are so alike."

"I'm sure Brian does not have a sister,
that's so isn't it Phillip, but I must say she is very
like him."

Now very curious Brian looked closer, sure
enough on this enlarged closeup, there it was the
small gold filling on the middle tooth. Now this was
far too much of a coincidence, He had only had it
placed in a month ago. Now looking right back at him
was the same filling, it was unique in being slightly
heart shaped. This was not Phillip's sister in the
photograph this was none other than Phillip himself..

.....

CHAPTER TWO.

.....

"Well Dad is it his sister?" said Janet.

"Yes of course it is, now we must put these
away. It's certainly not the thing to look at other
people's private property. Anyway young lady shouldn't
you be in bed?"

"Oh Dad of course not , it's only eight
o'clock".

Brian noticed that Sandra was about to
say something, he managed to catch her eye and she
decided not to pursue the subject. Taking the oppor-
-tunity he pushed the photographs back into the enve-
-lope and out of sight. Diverting Janets interest
on the subject by asking her to choose
the television programme.

Once Janet was in bed Sandra lost no time
in returning to the subject.

"What on earth was that all about Brian?
You know very well that he is an only child!"

"Sandra I said that for Janets sake! I know
I shouldn't but I'm going to take another look at

FICTION.
.....

THE PHOTOGRAPHS.
.....

.....the photographs. The whole business has
me bewildered but completely intrigued"

There were a total of twenty five in the
set. The majority of them were of the Phillip lik-
-eness. They were all well taken and extremely clear.

"Well they must be of a cousin or at le-
-ast a very close relative "Sandra said looking at
the first one . "Poor Phillip is not as good look-
-ing as this! Why she is really attractive, no more
than that , in this one she is beautiful" she said
picking up the second. "No really Brian I'm sure you
are wrong, this is definitely not a man"

"Sorry Sandy but this time I'm afraid your
intuition has let you down, look at this one and you
will understand why!" He passed over a colour photo
of an attractive brunette, naturally styled hair fall-
-ing softly around the face. Green eyes emphasized
by a light touch of eye shadow and lightly mascared
eyelashes. The lipstick was a soft red colour framing
a perfect set of white teeth. Suddenly Sandra knew
that Brian was right!!!!

The teeth were perfect except for a gold
filling on the front right one, a tooth that Phillip
only two weeks ago had capped. It was just too much
of a coincidence that two people looking so much al-
-ike could have the same tooth crack.

There was little more they could do, Brian
thought of phoning him but decided against it. Far
better he thought to give him the packet tomorrow.
Sandra however was still puzzled, they both knew the
family very well, Phillip, Jennifer and their daug-
-hter Christine. In fact really they were their closest
friends. Yet there had been no indication in the
group that they were anything other than completely
normal.

"He's not homosexual is he Phillip?? Well
no he couldn't be could he? Not being married and hav-
-ing children!"

"I dont know Sandra, Phillip may be homo-
-sexual, being married is no sure guide. I dont see
what difference that would make, whatever he is , he's
a very nice person and really that's all that counts.
Anyway what make's you think that"??

"Well it's obvious Brian, wearing womens
.....

FICTION.
.....

THE PHOTOGRAPHS. (con't)
.....

.....clothes , makeup and all that. Why the way he's dressed, so well I mean, well it's obvious that it is not the first time.!"

"Sandy don't be so stuffy, wearing womens clothes doesn't mean you are homosexual. You must have read some of the articles in 'FORUM' recently. They have described it very well and it is known as transvestism. Anyway Jennifer appears in quite a number of the photo's, so she must accept the situation. Tomorrow I will be giving these back again, if Phil doesn't give an explanation, well as far as I am concerned the whole incident is forgotten!"

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CHAPTER THREE.
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Immediately he arrived at 'Ballantynes' he went to see his colleague. Although they were both executives of the company, it was rarely their careers crossed. Brian was the Company Marketing Manager and Phillip the company Secretary. Entering the office he quietly closed the door and handed Phillip the envelope.

"I noticed this last night, just as I was leaving the car park."

"Well that is a relief, I wasn't sure where I had left it. Did you by any chance see what's inside?"

"As you can see the top was loose, we didn't mean to pry, but both Sandra and Janet happened to see them. He stopped Phillips attempted explanation. "Of course I'm intrigued, but really it's none of my business. As far as I am concerned we will just forget we ever saw them."

"It's obvious that you realized that the person in it is myself and you deserve an explanation. That is if you want to hear it? It certainly must seem rather odd to you both.."

"Certainly I would like to hear one, yes I suppose it does seem rather odd but really what's
.....

FICTION.
.....

THE PHOTOGRAPHS. (con't)
.....

.....normal these days. We all have our peculi-
arities"

"Well that's great to have an understanding
friend. what about lunch today. According to Sam
Off there's quite a reasonable little resturant' off
Martin Place. I certainly owe you a meal for return-
-ing these! God knows what would have happened if th-
ey had fallen into the wrong hands. They might also
have come to the same conclusions that you did. I wo-
-uld feel a lot better discussing it with you away
from the company"!

Lunch was up to expectation. The restaurant
was French, very authentically so! Phillip left the
subject till after they had finished the main course.

"You must have some strange ideas about me
after seeing the photographs"?

"Not really Phillip, I have known you for
some time and what you do is your own business. I
must say though that I'm rather mystified " .

"Well the best place to start is at the beg-
-gining. You see I'm a transvestite! I'm not sure wh-
-ether that means anything to you or not?"

"Yes I've heard of that , it's men wearing
womens clothing isn't. I've seen a number of trans-
vestites at the party last year that was held at les
Girls'!

"Well I dont want to confuse the issue, but
very many of the 'girls' in the show were TVs. That
probably sounds a little strange, but it's not only
the wearing of the clothes but the motives involved
in the wearing of them. We that is the members of the
Seahorse Club wear because we like wearing them and
that is the sole motivation for it"

"But surely that is always the reason?"

"Not quite a 'Drag Queen' may dress only to
make money as a Female Impersonator. On the other
hand there may be a homosexual element in dressing
to attract another male etc. Again that is their own
concern. The situation becomes a little cloudy once
everyone is called a transvestite. You see the main
criteria of a true transvestite is the reason he dre-
-sses".

By this time Phillip had lost the last trace
of nervousness and began a reasoned discussion on the
subject. Explaining that he was President of the
.....

FICTION.
.....

THE PHOTOGRAPHS. (con't)
.....

.....Seahorse Club. They were an Australia wide Transvestite Group and affiliated to the international Transvestite groups. The lunch as it turned out was too short to allow Phillip to finish the explanation though by this time Brian was beginning to see that Phillip had an entirely different dimension to what he appeared. He had never appeared to be more than an Accountant, rather dry and precise in business. His personality was a little colourless and his colleagues never expected him to be the life of the party. Although Brian had always found him to be a very deep thinker he had never expected this. Well the old story of still waters run deep certainly applied here.

"How does Jennifer accept it? Also Tania does she know anything about it.?"

"Oh yes, as you well know from the photographs, Jenny's known since we were married. I told her before we were married in fact. Tania, well we decided two years ago to tell her, there are no problems at all she accepts the situation as completely normal."

"Sandra knows of course and I suspect that Janet who accidentally saw a photo and commented on it also suspects that it was not your sister".

"My sister, what do you mean"?

"It was a little white lie, well I panicked and it was the only explanation I could think of at the time. So I will have to tell her the truth now"

"I do think that it is the best thing to do most people can accept it if you are direct in the explanation"

"Well Phillip I'm not sure whether I should be the one to tell them. I'm not capable of the clear explanation you gave me. Would you mind going through it again with Sandra and Janet.?"

"Alright if you are sure, I don't mind, let's make it a dinner party this Saturday, it's our turn this time anyway!"

"Thanks very much, I'm positive we are free that evening. Are you going to be host or hostess? I would certainly prefer to see the hostess"

FICTION
.....

THE PHOTOGRAPHS. (con't)
.....

"This Saturday! You are sure Brian?
I dont want Phillip and poor Jennifer embarrassed"

"Poor Jennifer, now what do you mean
by that? From what he has said Jennifer rather likes
the situation"

"Maybe the poor dears just being brave"

"Sandy if you are going to approach
it this way we will be better to call it off. I can
see it'sgoing to be one of those "all we women must
stand together" moods! Well dont forget I'm going
to be the only male there"

"Alright dear dont get upset. After
all you have talked to him and I haven't so it's
a little hard to judge. Cant you just give me
a brief explanation? OH! did you resolve the quest-
-ion of...well you know, is he "queer" or not?"

"No, there is no question about that. Rea-
-lly Jennifer I wish you wouldn't use those terms.
if you think he is homosexual, well say so! Phillip
is president of the Seahorse Club, apparently the
members are all heterosexual, most of them are
married".

"Seahorse, well, well that one! They
ran an article in Forum recently. I did 'nt read
it unfortunately, but Penelope Blayne was telling us
all about it over coffee only the other day. Pene-
-lope was very interested in it. What a pity I wont
be able to tell her we are having dinner with the
President no less"!!!

"Yes she would be the last person to
mention it to. With her mouth, it would be like
placing an advertisement on television. Now about
Janet, do we tell her or not? Phillip said it was our
decision. His advice was it is better to tell her
than her accident ally finding out."

"I think i agree with him, I'm positive
she wasn't fooled for a minute by your explanation.
Now let's be practical what do I wear"?

.....

FICTION.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS. (con't)

CHAPTER FOUR.

"Do you think this will be alright, I'm not over dressed am I?"

"Sandra what do you normally wear when we visit them? A terrace dress isn't it? Well there is no real difference about tonight. That dress look's terrific that deep red jersey really suits you. Now you really must calm down, try and treat this as just our normal get together amongst old friends."

"You are quite right dear "Sandra said gently squeezing his hand. "I think the 'stage fright has passed.. Oh! what about the make-up does that look alright?"

"You must have spent three times longer than normal preparing, it looks just perfect."

"You are sure ?"

"Sandra , both you and Janet have spent hours preparing yourselves for tonight! Why the panic are the both of you afraid of being 'upstaged' by Brian?"

"Of course not dear, but we thought we would look our best. Well we are ready to leave when you are!"

"C! Dad what name do we use, surely we don't call him Phillip tonight?"

"Just as well you reminded me. No not Phillip tonight Janet but Pamela! Well now lets go it is impolite to keep a lady waiting"...

Sandra was strangely quiet during the drive. Usually there was a running comentary on other drivers, their faults and helpful 'hints' on how to avoid accidents etc. Not tonight however. She was vis-ibly tense all during the drive and Brian was beginning to doubt the wisdom of the evening. However it

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FICTION.
.....

THE PHOTOGRAPHS. (con't)
.....

.....however now it would be more embarrass-
-singto call it off than continue. At last they were
outside the front door. Sandra rather nervously patt-
-ing non existent misplaced hairs into place as he
pressed the bell. There was a slight pause, then it
was opened by a tall blonde.

"Good evening Sandra and Brian. Ah!!
I'm so glad you decided to bring Janet along. I wasn-
-t sure whether you would come. I'm so glad you have.
Now won't you come in?"

"Phillip I mean Pamela it is you isn't
it"?

"Yes Sandra it is, who else did you
expect? I hope I'm up to expectation. "

"I just can't beleive it. Really your
photographs which I thought were terrific don't real-
-ly do you justice. Why you are really beautiful and
believe me that is certainly quite a compliment betw-
-een we women."

Brian hadn't managed to say anything,
was as taken aback as Sandra. It was true this was a
truly lovely woman. In fact it made him feel a litt-
-le uneasy. Why if he hadn't known it was Phillip,
Pamela was the type of girl that he would have made
a "pass" at. With the dark blonde wig a very natural
'make-up' and elegantly attired there was absolutely
no trace of masculinity.

They moved into the lounge.

"Now lets start with a pre dinner dri-
Sandra your usual?, Brian a whisky and water? Now Ja-
-net I'll leave you and Tania to get your own. There
is plenty of fruit juice in the refrigerator."

"Brian I think you should get these.
It's time you remembered that you are the only man in
the house at the moment. Besides I have lot's of
questions to put to Pamela. The first one being how
do you get such a wonderfully natural look with
.....

FICTION.
.....

THE PHOTOGRAPHS (con't)
.....

.....your makeup?"

At that moment Jennifer walked in.
"Ahh I see you have met Pamela already
sorry I wasn't here to greet you but the dinner took
a little longer than I anticipated.

That's perfectly alright Jen ,
Brian and I have been meeting the 'other' woman."

"Well she is not a very good hostess
I see you don't have a drink yet. Pam the poor dears
must be completely parched."

"I thought Brian could get them Jen
after all you can carry this 'liberation ' business
just a little to far. After all he is the man in the
house at the moment".

Accepting his fate Brian went to
the cocktail cabinet. The two families had known
each other long enough to feel perfectly at 'home' in
each others house.

Now Pamela lets look at you more clos-
-ely" said Sandra " I just can't believe it. Even on
the closest examination it's impossible to see any of
the signs. Now would you be a dear and stand up so I
can see how you move"

'Pamela' stood as requested, walked
forward and completed a manequin turn to show off her
clothing.

This evening , like Sandra, Pamela had
chosen the simple yet elegant line of a 'terrace' gown.
It was subtle yet so very effective. A filmy chiffon
gown splashed with large flowers in rich autumn tones
on a dark green background. The almost transparent
chiffon was worn over a lighter pastel green silk
under gown.

The neckline was cut in a 'sweetheart'
style, the cleavage cut rather low to display a
small amount of rather realistic 'cleavage. A mystery
which Brian hoped Jennifer would investigate more

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FICTION.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS (con't)

.....deeply From the shoulder the sleeves flowed into full 'Dolman' style sleeves. As the under-skirt did not extend this far. It showed slender arms 'mistily' covered by the sheer chiffon. The sleeves flaring out to be caught at the wrists by a three button cuff covered, the buttons that is in the self same fabric. The dress was cut in an "A" line, closely following the body to beneath the breasts then flowing into a full skirt.

Gold kid strap sandals were Pamela's footwear. Slender three inch heels with only a slight platform and soft kid lacing framed the dark tan sheer nylons. At Sandra's request Pamela rather shyly lifted her skirts to knee level to display a long shapely, so very feminine leg. Without a trace of masculine hair.

"Well that does solve a mystery for me" said Brian "I could never work out why you were almost completely hairless. Those times when swimming I just could not puzzle it out"

Now settled and enjoying the drink Pamela was now even more closely examined.

"The wig how on earth did you get it so realistic? It must cost the earth to have it set!"

"Not at all" replied Jennifer. "It's a synthetic and it only requires a light brush to set it perfectly. I must say it is rather a nice one though. I have borrowed it several times myself. Poor old Pamela, 'she' has quite a problem keeping her clothes to herself. We are the same size, which I must say is very handy. Now even Tania's casting her eye at some of the dresses".

The accessories were perfectly matched, a gold choker necklace framed the throat, and was matched to the bracelet and earrings. The major attraction to Jennifer however was the cosmetics and makeup. It was as near perfection as both Brian and Jennifer had ever seen.

"Well the two secrets, are no mystery really. It is time and practise. It takes almost an

.....

FICTION
.....

THE PHOTOGRAPHS. (con't)
.....

.....hour to complete the make-up, that's after a bath and all. I've been doing this for several years now so you get to know your face.!

"Alright I can understand that, you will promise to give me a course in make-up won't you Pamela? Really I mean it!"

"The next question is a little personal. I've seen you swimming recently, so I know your chest is normal. But what about tonight? Your cleavage is so real! How on earth do you achieve an effect like that?"

'Pamela' looked towards Jennifer. "Now that is really asking for all the trade secrets. Do you think I should tell her?"

"Yes dear and don't tease. It's unlikely that Sandra will ever have to use the method she has the real things."

Quite unabashed 'Pamela' explained. "It's a matter of a tight underwired bra, some sticking plaster and the padding in the right places. If you squeeze it in the right places you suddenly have a quite painless cleavage for the night. Unfortunately though" Pamela said with a small almost regretful laugh. "It's not all that it seems."

It was well after midnight when they began the drive home with Janet almost immediately asleep in the back. There was little comment on Brian's driving habits for a change. Sandra's mind was still on the night's dinner.

"I felt very nervous about going tonight she said "I think it was because I was feeling sorry for Jennifer, thinking of what a problem it must be coping with Phillips 'affliction'. It shows you how wrong you can be. They are so close. Unlike me Jen is not even a golf 'widow!"

"Darling " she said snuggling up close to him" Why don't you try it! I'm sure my clothes would fit."!!

"Sandra, Phillip likes it because he's a transvestite. Me, I'd rather stay the way I am. Frankly I think that golf will remain my obsession!!!!

***** THE END *****

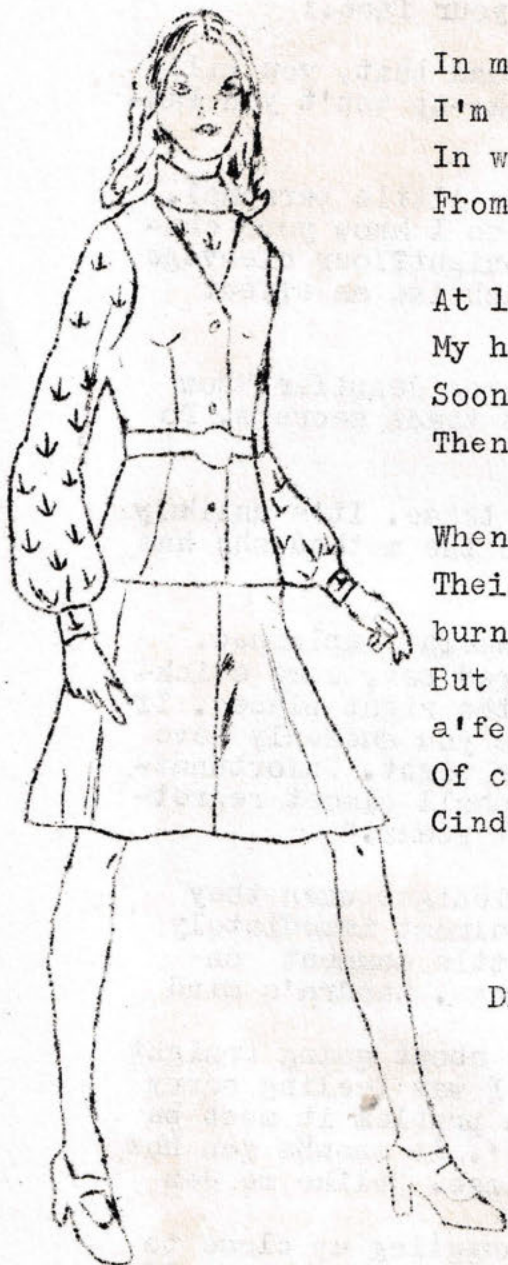
OFF TO THE BALL..

.....
By Julie [redacted] Brisbane.

In my heels I feel so tall,
I'm nearly ready for the ball,
In wig and gown and finest hose,
From boy to girl I transpose,

At last all is in it's place,
My heels click as I pace,
Soon my coach will arrive,
Then off to the ball we will drive,

When I enter heads will turn,
Their eyes, green with envy, will
burn,
But at midnight, will I turn into
a'fella',
Of course not, I'm Julie, not
Cinderella....



Drawing,
by Margaret [redacted]...

REAL LIFE.

.....
TV IS BOTH TRANSVESTISM AND TELEVISION.
.....

by Trina [redacted] Sydney..

It's surprising what a telephone call and a letter do to suddenly bring you out of the closet. First of all it started with a telephone call at ten thirty one Saturday morning about a month ago.

"It's Claudia [redacted] here, from 3AW Melbourne could I come and have a talk with you about the Seahorse Club"?

Even when you are prepared for these events they can be a shock, when you are not it's a bolt from the blue. Strangely enough my wife and I had seen her on television recently, so at least I had some idea of whom we were about to talk to. She explained that a journalist friend with whom I had been in contact had given her the telephone number. Her time in Sydney was limited to the next four hours before flying back, would it be possible to tape an interview about transvestism in that time?

What will I say? This went through my mind awaiting her arrival, I was still puzzling about it when we sat down in front of the microphone. It's easier than I thought it would be. At first the presence of that dreaded microphone seems to take all thought away from you. Once you begin to ignore it, the task becomes easy. You talk to the person not the machine. Claudia [redacted] was very easy to talk to. Sympathetic, asking the right question to lead the conversation along.

The first question was :- "Why do you dress, sitting here you are a very masculine looking man. Why on earth do you want to wear women's clothes?"

Well I went into the answers, but it was easier than I thought. The inevitable questions arose. How does it affect your sex life, do you have to wear them for sex? how old were you when it began etc etc.. It did not take long to move into a more general line of conversation about the Seahorse Club and transvestism in general. In fact I did my usual act of monopolising the conversation. this time for nearly forty five minutes. My wife

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REAL LIFE.

TV IS BOTH TRANSVESTISM AND TELEVISION.(c)

..... Margaret gave her views for the next ten minutes. Then suddenly it was all over..

It's a strange experience, though far from unpleasant and there would be no hesitation in doing it again. My one complaint is I have yet to hear it. It was played in Melbourne about a week after it was made, luckily Robyn [redacted] wife (also Margaret) heard it and presented her thoughts on the "ring in " program that followed.

I'm not sure how large the size of the audience was. Apparently it reached quite a number. Claudia [redacted] was very pleased with the reception and listener reaction. Approximately fifty people phoned in to 3AW about the broadcast, almost without exception they were favourable.

EPISODE TWO..

.....

The following Monday morning after making the recording another surprise awaited in the Post Office Box. It was in the form of a letter from the O-10 Television Network, asking for representatives from the Seahorse Club to appear on the Mike Walsh Show..TVs on Tv (yes the scope for puns on that is enormous).

Well this was a little different, it's one thing to record a radio program in the privacy of your own home. It is quite another to appear in a television studio and be shown on the screen. However nothing ventured, nothing gained. This time however it would need to be more than just the one. Jill and Wendy were contacted, their thoughts were much the same as mine.. After the initial shock had worn off it really didn't seem so much of a problem

This was obviously not a case of "jobs for the boy's" it would be 'girl's 'to the fore. The producer was only to happy with this arrangement the segment of fifteen minutes would be far more effective if the audience were seeing the members in their true colours. A list of questions was prepared by an associate Producer, all this was conduc-

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REAL LIFE.
.....

TV IS BOTH TRANSVESTISM AND TELEVISION (c)
.....

.....-ted by long and protracted telephone conversations.

"have you transport?"

"just ask at the reception desk, they will show you to the Green room"

Well it certainly seemed simple enough, anyway who worries when the programme is still three weeks away. The worry comes more real as the time approaches..

Preparation on the day was long and protracted for us all. It might be only for fifteen minutes and the lights would be dimmed. However we were all determined to look our best. My normal time for cosmetic makeup is an hour. This time it was extended to two. Clothes were carefully checked, we had decided on long dresses, more casual than formal.

All too soon it was time to leave, my wife and daughter were coming to lend moral support. The arrangements were that we would all meet at Wendy's before proceeding to the studio. This at least would allow us to arrive 'en masse'. Jeanette Nelson was masquerading as Ian for the evening and was 'press-ganged' into the role of chauffeur. It was quite a long walk from the car park to the reception area, though by this time all of us wishing it was longer. The receptionist was obviously used to "show people" without turning a hair he asked us were we on the 'Mike Walsh Show' and directed us to the "Green Room".

AH! we all thought, at least we will be out of the public gaze in there. How wrong can one be. Already there waiting to go on the show were The Four Kinsman, well they call themselves a singing foursome, unfortunately they don't sound like it... Two Salvation Army ministers, A "match stick" artist, a girl with a 'bean eating cat' and a few others. My wife and daughter and Ian went off into the studio audience, leaving Jill, Wendy and I to sit nonchalantly with our audience. It's very difficult to sit nonchalantly when you don't feel the slightest bit nonchalant. Jill solved the problem by taking out a bottle of nail varnish and touching up her nails. Then it was off to the make-up room
.....

REAL LIFE.

..... TV IS BOTH TRANSVESTISM AND TELEVISION (c)
.....

.....to receive another boost in morale as the makeup artist, after a careful examination said that she couldn't improve on it.

At last it was "show time", we followed the associate producer through to the rear of the stage arriving just in time to hear Mike Walsh saying, "after this commercial break we will be meeting three men whom I'm sure you will find rather different"

A pause whilst the lights were dimmed, then into the 'spotlight'. A gasp of astonishment from the studio audience of about sixty, mingled with a whistle or two and we were seated before the cameras.

"This is Trina, Wendy and Jill, who are not Trina, Wendy and Jill, they are from the Seahorse Club and are transvestites", with that the show, to speak loosely was on.

Well not surprisingly we were a trifle nervous, but it really was not as bad as we had expected. The questions were the usual ones and I think that all of us managed to present a very balanced point of view. We tried to avoid making the subject a case of sensationalism, and hopefully showed an audience that it's not so unusual to wish to be feminine some of the time. On all shows such as this the time is very limited, so it is difficult to present a reasoned argument. However we got the main points across. That we don't consider it a sexual deviation, that the sexual aspect of it plays a very small part in it.

Mike Walsh was very sympathetic, as were all the technicians and others involved in the show. This helped a great deal and it was really quite a pleasant experience. The three of us found little difficulty and will probably do it again when the opportunity arises. However there are many pitfalls, the main one being the attitude of the producer. If it is treated unsympathetically it could be disastrous. This one wasn't luckily and hopefully it has done a little more to present to the general public the problems that transvestites face in the present social climate.....



ROBYN [REDACTED] Melbourne
Ready for an "at home"
Dinner Party



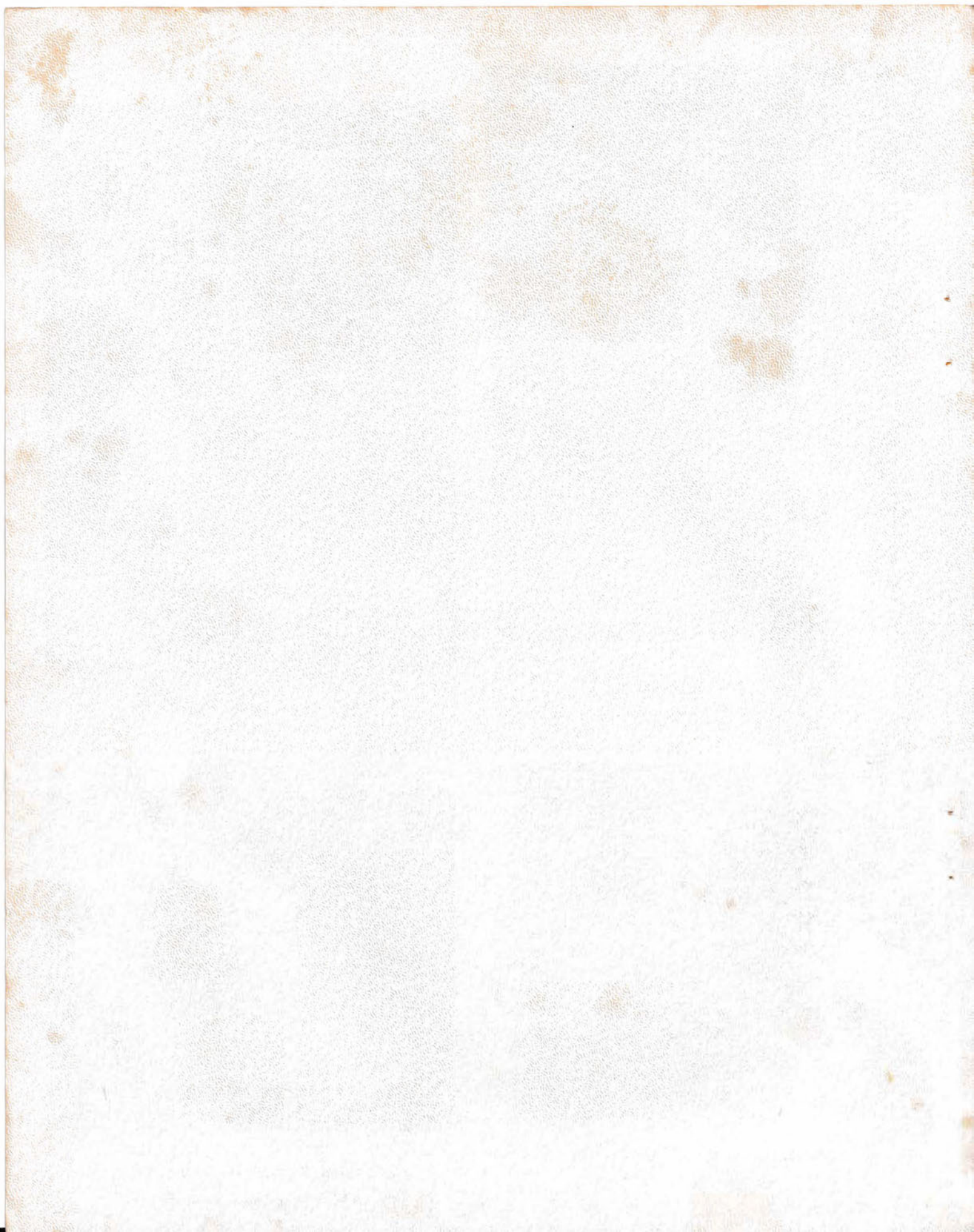
ROBYN on a recent visit to Sydney



ROSEMARY [REDACTED], Hong Kong
enjoying the afternoon sun



TRINA [REDACTED] and **JILL** [REDACTED]
at March meeting at "Trina's".



TRUE EXPERIENCE.
.....

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A TRANVESTITE DADDY.
.....

by Robyn [REDACTED]... Melbourne.

As with many married femmiphiles, children have created certain difficulties regarding my activities. Quite by accident I stumbled onto a path that has led to tremendous relief from those difficulties. Whether useful to anyone else I do not know, but it is topical so I would like to relate those circumstances so that maybe someone else may benefit from them.

I am fortunate in that I am married to a wonderful and understanding wife. We have three children and the eldest a girl has been a light sleeper from about the age of nine years. Her momentary glimpses of that "other woman" disappearing into the darkness began to activate her suspicions to such an extent that dressing at home was fast becoming an ordeal.

The fear of losing her trust and respect prevented us from revealing the facts to our daughter and family relationships were fast becoming rather strained. Quite by chance we were all having dinner in front of the television set one evening, while a current affairs programme was in progress. One of the people being interviewed was a singer who performed in 'drag'. This led to quite a family discussion during which a fairly comprehensive but basic explanation of the motives behind transvestism was given. The two eldest children (the third was not born at the time) acknowledged that they understood the explanation and appeared quite willing to accept transvestism as a part of some people's life..

Our son, aged seven, did not pursue the matter further. However our girl did. After asking many questions, she was given to the best of our ability, a complete understanding of transvestism and finally taken completely into our confidence. Her request to see "Robyn's" wardrobe was met and the tranvestite's secret weapon, the photograph album was produced. Further discussions closely following on this one gave us reason to believe that

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SOME EXPERIENCES OF A TRANSVESTITE DADDY (cont)

.....everything was satisfactory and very happy on the family front and soon felt quite at ease in inviting another transvestite couple to dinner. As can be imagined we were rather nervous about it, however the date soon arrived and we were most happy that complete acceptance of the situation was shown by our children.

Several days later the inevitable happened. Our daughter asked to see Robyn in person. A date was set and on its arrival Robyn made the most nervous and shaky entrance of her career!! Dear daughter however, was soon to put her at ease. She was most impressed and considered the occasion called for her to 'dress up' as well. And so, she spent a most enjoyable evening with her mother and new found 'girl friend'. When her bed time arrived her total acceptance was declared by a good night kiss and the words "I wish we could do this every Saturday night daddy!"

Returning to our son, although he has not pursued the matter further, we are comforted by the knowledge that should an awkward situation arise he at least has a basic understanding of transvestism. He is at an age where his whole future can be influenced by his parents actions. Therefore my own life in retrospect deters me from possibly influencing him towards transvestism. At the moment he does not associate such behaviour with his father, perhaps he never will. But either way he has been given a detailed explanation of transvestism and as he grows older, should he ever be confronted by it he will be able to remember our own honesty and respect for it. For now though he is far more interested in the masculine company and mateship that a father offers.

In conclusion I would like to say that for many years we failed to realize just how well the minds of children can assimilate that information that many adults consider unworthy of understanding. Society could greatly improve itself and its circumstances with the openmindedness of children. I hope that these few words will prompt someone else to train other young members of the community to generally accept and understand transvestism as a normal, socially acceptable occurrence, not something to be despised and ostracised.....



JOAN [redacted]
"TV ACTRESS" ON TOUR
CHRISTCHURCH, New Zealand



JOAN [redacted]
as "Gabrielle"





TRUE EXPERIENCE.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A TV ACTRESS.

by Joan [REDACTED].

Please let me introduce myself to the members of the Seahorse Club. My name is Joan [REDACTED] and I am a TV Actress and Cabaret Artiste. I appear under the name of GABRIELLE. The name chosen because I am partly french, and speak it and partly because I picked up so much of my act and cabaret work at Madame Arthur's in Paris. This combines so smoothly with the years of acting in Repertory and the Gilbert and Sullivan Society.

We get into some very amusing situations with the amateur group I perform with. I should add That I do not earn my living in this way, but both the repertory and cabaret work allow me a very pleasant outlet for dressing and performing as a woman. One incident that comes to mind was most amusing and I hope you enjoy it as much as I did at the time.

The company was playing a most successful musical for one week and decided to take it on tour. The towns chosen were two country centres, each a day's journey by road from Chistchurch. To one of these, B Blenheim, which Trina will know, the journey would be made by chartered bus, which would carry the fifty four members of the cast, backstage crew, costumes and 'props' but three of us who were beyond the bus capacity, decided to follow by car.

We often do these shows in other towns and it is my custom to dress the part of a woman for the trip, and we always have a lot of fun, that is the boys and girls aiding and abetting. I dressed in a blue suit, with 'vyella' shirt and brogues--which as you can see from the photo is most suitable for travelling. With bunting and streamers tied to the sides of the car. Tins and one of my old shoes fastened to the rear bumper, a white painted "JUST MARRIED" on the rear window we were ready to leave.

I haven't laughed so much for years, people waved encouragement, shouted "good luck" at us, tooted their horns and generally added to the fun. It was obvious that they had no idea that it was not at all a real honeymoon beginning. One old man sweeping the roadside in a little town called Cheviot made a

.....

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A TV ACTRESS (con't)

.....very obscene movement with his broomstick.

At one time we stopped by the roadside in the mountains and had some coffee. The traffic streaming past re-acted splendidly to the "JUST MARRIED" sign and we laughed till our sides ached. Finishing the very welcome coffee we continued further up the coast until we came upon a little wayside 'Pub' We were rather hilarious amongst the locals who wondered who on earth had come amongst them. There was a very intense game of 'pool' in one corner and a rather fat maori was about to play a shot when I fired my blank pistol! When the chaos and shouting had subsided, I went to the lavatory. (No! it was the men's not the ladies.) Immediately there was a rush of 'locals' a tremendous rush I must add, to see the 'girl' lift up her skirt at the urinal with as one might say the rest of the boys.

As I left the establishment, I paused for a moment at the door whilst the men settled in a row at the urinal. Allowing them to relax (well as far as one possibly can at the time) I then fired the pistol once again and hurriedly left. I understand the effect on them was quite amusing.

We 'rendezvoused' with the bus again, near Kaikoura, where Trina stayed at Christmas, and had a picnic lunch by the roadside. There was the usual 'horseplay', impromptu acts and entertainment. One of them being an impromptu 'shot gun marriage'. Some photographs were taken of the event and it was only after seeing one that I realized the 'bridegroom' had been lifting my skirt.!!!

Our arrival was somewhat later than the rest of the company in Blenheim. Most of the company were booked in at a hotel, however some of us overflowed into a motel. The receptionist said to the 'bridegroom'

"I have only one double bed, sir, so you and your wife can have that"!!! The bridegroom said

"we don't want a double bed -she is a man"

The incredulous look on the receptionist's face, then she ran to get the rest of the staff. They were still laughing and waving goodbye when we left next morning. You can imagine the joy and happiness, the uninhibited fun, we can put into our 'show' after a day like that. The tiredness vanishes and we are happy and satisfied.

The incident took place in September 1973

.....

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A TV ACTRESS. (con't)

.....and if the club members are interested, I would be happy to give some further chapters in my successful theatre career as a part time female impersonator.

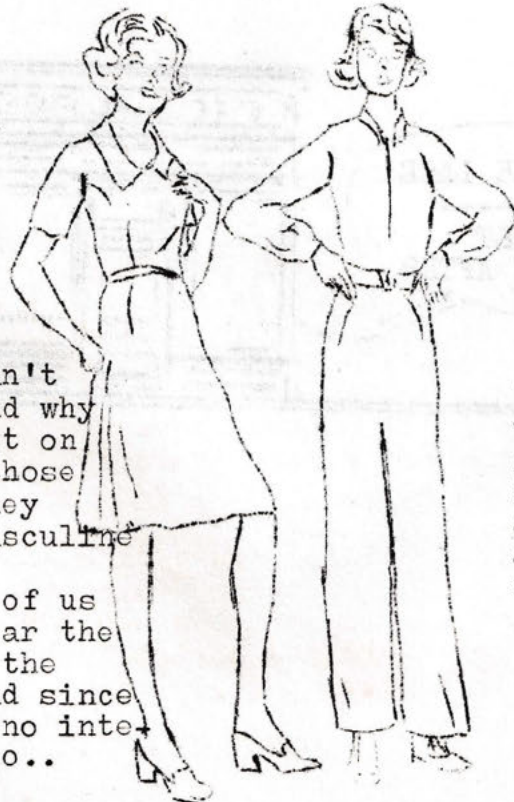
In the show referred to in this story , I played the role of a female. I'm sure you wont find that as a surprise. The part I played was the second female lead, as a nurse.....

Editors note.. As you have no doubt realised Joan is from New Zealand. Both my wife and myself spent a very pleasant day with Joan's brother when we were last in New Zealand...

"OF COURSE THE LACE
TICKLES-----
BUT WE ALL GET
USED TO THAT AFTER
A WHILE SIR"



"But honey, that's not what I meant when I said that Mother and Father were coming over tonight to watch TV"



"Dear I can't understand why you insist on wearing those slacks they are so masculine"

"Well one of us has to wear the pants in the family and since you have no intention too.. I WILL!!"

"Frankly Charlie, I'm wondering when it's going to stop. In the service, you were always borrowing my after-shave lotion; now it's my Face Powder" !

LETTERS
..... TO
... THE
.... EDITOR.
.....

Last issue introduced this new section to FEMINIQUE. According to the survey on what you would like to see in the magazine this was a very popular one. Consequently there are quite a few additional letters in this one. We do need more though so drop me a line on your views. It doesn't matter what it is about , it will interest someone....

Dear Trina,

Thank you very much for firstly answering my enquiry into joining the SEAHORSE Club, secondly for sending me a copy of your very interesting magazine. I found that reading the magazine very informative. I only wish that I would have had someone to discuss crossdressing before.

Although my Mother discovered that I was dressing in her clothing she didn't say much about it. Though from what other people have said and the way in which they spoke. I was always given the impression that anyone doing so was homosexual. Which of course was utter rubbish, but to try and explain it would have been disastrous..

Dressing as a female as far as I can remember started when I was about ten. Unfortunately it has been only in the last three years that I have been able to dress when I wished. In this period I have been able to dress up every second night, as I now have a flat of my own. My only trouble is that I have a very tender skin and I cannot shave every night. I have tried all the new razors including an electric but it is still no good.

In any case Trina I would like to receive a copy of your constitution and anything else that is relevant in helping me join the Seahorse Club. Thanking you once again and hoping to hear from you in the near future..

Dorothy [redacted] re..
Sydney...

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. (con't)

.....

Dear Trina,

Thank you very much for your letter and the copy of "FEMINIQUE". Although it was missing page 34, but no matter I enjoyed it very much. When I arrived home and saw the envelope I sent to you waiting for me I immediately picked it up and went to my room to read the contents.

I would like to join SEAHORSE very much. As with many others, as I gather from the "Letters to the Editor" section, I also felt unique. Though I have known for some time that Stan Munroe of the Melbourne 'Les Girls' troupe is married with two or three children. This has given me a feeling, though not great of security. Now that I have read more of this in the magazine I am almost fully secure in the belief that I am a heterosexual transvesite.

I am looking forward to the "Femme" nights with great anxiety and to meeting the other 'girls'. Although I have only the bare essentials, no femme shoes, wigs or makeup at present. I anticipate buying in the very near future. Especially when I find out where I can buy it with sympathy and understanding.

Thanks once again for writing and congratulations on a job well done.

best wishes,
Carol .Melbourne.

Dear Trina,

Many thanks for your letter, together with FEMINIQUE. I'm afraid that things came to a shuddering halt for a half an hour whilst I enjoyed reading both.

Yes Fiona and I have exchanged letters and should meet shortly in Brisbane. Unfortunately after changing companies recently I won't be getting to Sydney so frequently. However this will happen one day. Trina you are so lucky to be able to be Trina at home!! I think your wife is just marvellous--do you dress most of the time at home??

LETTERS
TO
THE
EDITOR. (con't)

.....

I have a female friend, a business woman who buys most of my clothing in Rockhampton. However when in Brisbane I buy myself. Being a big person I find I have to buy most of my things in the bigger city.

However I get by I guess. Had my first long 'dress-up' in months last weekend. Wife went to Brisbane so Shirley had a great time. Edna (my female friend) came up and helped. It was so nice to have someone to admire the result. I have never dressed in the company of transvestites, but have done so on occasions with other females. Due to the lack of opportunities, I have let my figure go somewhat. And of course the sun up here makes one pretty hairy. Due to wife I can't shave other than my bust. I so envy Fiona and all the others who can shave all over.!

I had hoped for some photographs last weekend, but unfortunately Edna's camera broke down! However soon I hope to do some more modelling with her and so produce the 'goods'. Can hardly wait for the end of the month, to meet Fiona and perhaps others in Brisbane.

sincerely

Shirley.. Rockhampton....

Dear Trina,

Thank you very much for your letter and for the copy of FEMINIQUE number four..

I found the articles in the magazine extremely interesting and useful. I am so glad to find that there's others like me with a longing to don female clothing and attire but afraid and unable to do so within their present situation. Like 'B..... my wife does not understand my feelings on this matter at all and dressing up at home is NOT POSSIBLE the Club therefore would provide an outlet for me.

The matter of purchasing clothing and shoes etc also presents a problem as I like Jeannette, in

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LETTERS

TO

THE

EDITOR (con't)

.....

.....her article, find it difficult to approach shop assistants and have confined my self to purchasing articles of underwear only. I was pleased to see that there are shops where one can buy clothing, wigs, shoes etc without embarrassment. I would be grateful if you could send me details of these shops so that I can begin to look around for a wardrobe. As my wife is unsympathetic, the items will have to be purchased over some period of time as money on our rather tight budget is rather limited. I do hope the boutiques etc are not in the exclusive class.

I see from the letters that you give advice on makeup etc. This will pose a problem for me initially as I have quite a degree of bodily hair-even to my fingers. Removal of this will have to be a gradual process if it is not going to arouse awkward questions from those familiar with my present appearance. Advice on how to achieve a gradual metamorphis will be appreciated.

I am generally undecided on what type of gear to get. I have never considered purchasing a full set until I read your magazine. Being scots I have managed up till now wearing a kilt with feminine underwear and occasionally stockings etc when on my own. There was a time when I was ill and had to wear male support hose. These were extremely uncomfortable and I was able to persuade my wife to buy the feminine counterparts and girdle to support them. In this way I was able to wear girdle and stockings under my trousers for a number of months and enjoyed myself for that time.

I'm now thirty eight and unfortunately a little overweight, still I'm reducing slowly. Considering these factors I should I believe think about purchasing long dresses, although I've always liked skirts. I used to dress up in my sisters clothing when I was much younger and living at home. Again on the purchasing the choice of wigs is not easy. I have a roundish face and high cheekbones and also very bushy eyebrows. My choice of wigs would be away from the face with the brow clear, but how long? I shall have to get the address of a friendly wig shop from you. I realize this letter is a bit of a mess! But I'm so excited at finding other who feel the same

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LETTERS
TO
THE
EDITOR. (con't)
.....

.....as I do. However of all the 'what ifs' milling around in my head the one that sticks is that if I don't write to you I will be terribly disappointed and will feel cheated. The main difficulty is my presently rather staid habits and routine. Also the problem of creating a time apart for the club and dressing up away from my other activities, wife and home.....

regards,
A.....Sydney..

The difficulty is usually the committal point once you learn to accept yourself, and this is by far the hardest part others will find it easier. One necessary item for any transvestite is patience and perseverance. It won't go away, that is the desire to dress. So the secret is to make haste slowly, no matter how frustrating it may be.

Editress....

Dear Trina,

For over a week now (since your last letter and the magazine arrived) I have been through quite a bit of internal turmoil.

Should I or shouldn't I get more deeply involved than I am?

At last I have decided. Yes I would like to meet Jeannette Jacobs. I need contact with people like myself, who fully understand. The decision has not been taken lightly as you will realise. From the tone of the magazines, your letters, and other readers letters I am relatively sure that this decision will not result in disaster.

Thank you for printing my letter and for your comments. It was indeed a pleasant surprise. I am returning with this letter (as you have no doubt noticed) the questionnaire. On e point I feel may need elaboration. You will see that I have placed 'Medical Articles' low on the list-- I don't think Apex or Rotary newsletters, magazines, or journals try to justify their members actions on medical grounds and I feel that this is overdone in FEMINIQUE.

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LETTERS
TO
THE
EDITOR.(con't)
.....

Perhaps we are different, but does that mean we should over compensate or put ourselves under a microscope any more than do other members of other organizations. For example surf clubs don't think that surfing is 'sick ' although to me it's an odd way of spending ones leasure time.--- Or are we like alchoholics anonymous. (If you feel like getting dressed give me a ring and I'll talk you out of it!)

Without labouring the point to much, I hope you can get my reasoning---whether you agree or not is another matter! In any case I look forward to future editions of "FEMINIQUE" and again congratulations on a job well done.

I look forward to contact with Jeanette, with hope of acceptance in the near future...

yours sincerely,

Jenny [redacted], Perth...

As you will see by now Jenny , a second letter has been printed. I'm glad you have decided that more "involvement" may be the right thing. We will all do our best to live up to a certain faith that you show. On the second point I agree that we should not have to justify our action. It's our business and in no way do we harm society. However the articles are not included for that reason. They are to let us understand ourselves a little better. Thank you for the letter we must keep questioning and seeking a few more answers..

Trina [redacted].....

Dear Trina,

I was quite thrilled finally to receive your letter with all the information I wanted. Studying the constitution of the club I found myself quite amazed with the sensible rules. You people

.....



CATERINE [redacted] - Adelaide
on a recent visit to Sydney



WENDY [redacted] -- Sydney



NEW MEMBER - JANE, SYDNEY



NEW MEMBER - PATRICIA, ADELAIDE



LETTERS
TO
THE
EDITOR. (con't)
.....

.....must have spent a lot of time threshing them out.

I feel much better about myself now. After being in contact with people who think and feel very much like myself. As you said it is quite lonely here. Most of the people, especially the men up here would ridicule a transvestite, unmercifully I feel. Of course they have not the slightest basic idea about the whys or wherefores of human nature.

Just last night we did a variety show here in the city. The money will be going to flood relief. I am an active member of the theatrical society. People see me quite frequently as an actor or as a musician playing a variety of instruments on stage. Still I'm moving away from the point I want to describe.. Anyway there was this one act:-

The stage is dark and a woman's voice says
"Charles take off my slip, now Charles take off my shoes..."

The full strip goes on till the panties then she says in a very angry voice.....

"Charles I warn you never wear my clothes again"

Funny for many people, I didn't feel very good about it at all.

Other difficulties are of course to get clothes and cosmetics. I have a few sets of clothing and a make-up set. However I'm still not sure about my size, especially where foundation garments are concerned. I would be very grateful if I could get detailed information on that, then I can buy more things from a mailing house with certainty.

At the end of the year in December I hope to spend a few days in Sydney, and possibly meet a few of the girls. Well that is all for now, thanks again for your kindness in answering my letter.

Sincerely yours,

Rita..Papua , New Guinea..

A pleasure to hear from you Rita and we hope to see you over Christmas. We will send up the information on sizing.....

Trina [redacted]....

CLUB SCENE.

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ROBYN'S ROUNDABOUT IN MELBOURNE..

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To begin , I would like to thank the Seahorse organization for appointing me to the office of Melbourne's councillor. Unfortunately, I live some distance from Melbourne though, and due to that, I may not be capable of giving the position the full justice that I think it deserves. I shall do my best though and let the results be my judge.

From the girls referred to me by Sydney only three have contacted me. I would like to take this opportunity to welcome Vanessa to our group on behalf of the club. Vanessa made her debut to our group on the Easter weekend wearing a floral skirt and a white frilly blouse(products of her own dexterity). Although initially overcome by nerves as a result of the glamour of the occasion, she soon settled down and enjoyed herself immensely. We are hoping to have her as a regular guest and participant in our future activities.

Arrangements are well advanced for meetings to take place with the new girls, Cathy and Angela. Due to her regular travels overseas, Angela is often unavailable and it seems that the Sydney group will have the honour of the first meeting with her.

Early in the year I was fortunate enough to meet LEIAN and family. Incidentally, Leian has attempted to join the club but due to a blunder by our usual meticulous postal department those attempts have ground to a halt. At our meeting in the pleasant surrounds of Melbournes Zoological garden. Soon after, Leian was introduced to Heather, a near neighbour. Recently she met more of the local talent at Karen's Kew Kastle. Karen's usual inimitable ability to make everyone feel perfectly at ease, and the superb culinary efforts of herself and Lady Paula would, without doubt, make the Castle the most popular T.V. meeting place in Melbourne.

A recent visitor to Melbourne was one of our sisters from the Apple Isle. On this occasion her stay was almost over before circumstances allowed contact to be made. However from a short telephone conversation, the opportunity to meet should present itself in the near future.

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CLUB SCENE.

ROPYN'S ROUNDABOUT IN MELBOURNE.

..... MICHELIE from Albury was a recent guest at Robyn's cactus patch. The long trip home after a very enjoyable weekend would have done little to enhance the glamour of the occasion though, Michelle will be accompanied by the family on her next visit. Michelle informed us of an old friend, Kerrie, in Melbourne, who has made an appointment to join us in the near future, so the family grows.....

The cactus patch was the venue on Easter Monday for a luncheon date at which Marg and the family played host to Heather, Karen and Lady Paula. Following lunch and drinks we all adjourned to the spacious garden for a photography session. For a change the weather was in our favour and the afternoon was a pleasant success. Finally though with the sun sinking low in the west, the girls had to board Heather's magnificent chariot and beat a hasty retreat homeward. It was unfortunate that the interstate visitors who had been to Melbourne for the weekend did not have the time at their disposal to be present.

In the latter part of 1973 Father Glover was kind enough to give publicity to 'femiphilia' in his action page in the Melbourne Truth. Father Glover's comments were most satisfying and as a result of his kindness, some fifteen replies were received from all over Australia. Several of these have since been introduced to other T.V.s in their locality and have found some happiness in such newly gained acceptance. Personally, I am proud to say that as a family, we have gained some really marvellous friends through this channel..

That's about all from down south so with kindest regards to all my wonderful sisters throughout Australia and New Guinea, see you next issue.....

SYDNEY BIT'S AND PIECE'S..

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Well by this time next issue this portion of the magazine will be handed over to our daring "SOCIETY REPORTER" . I suppose you could call her a cross between Louis Lane and Clark Kent, well at least she will be doing the act of popping into the telephone box and changing clothes. This intrepid girl reporter wishes to remain anonymous, quite understandably if the preview is anything to go by. Facts and stories about some of our older and more respectable members have been unearthed and libel laws notwithstanding these will be printed..So it is a time to watch every word you say. That next indiscretion, that slip of the tongue is likely to be printed for everyone to read!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I just had a letter from Anne of Hong Kong, those of you who were at the meetings between November and March will probably remember her. I thought I would publish it to remind us of an extremely lovely person..

Dear Trina and family,

Well , h. we are thoroughly enconced in the dear old U.K. despite all the television and newspapers is not really all that bad.

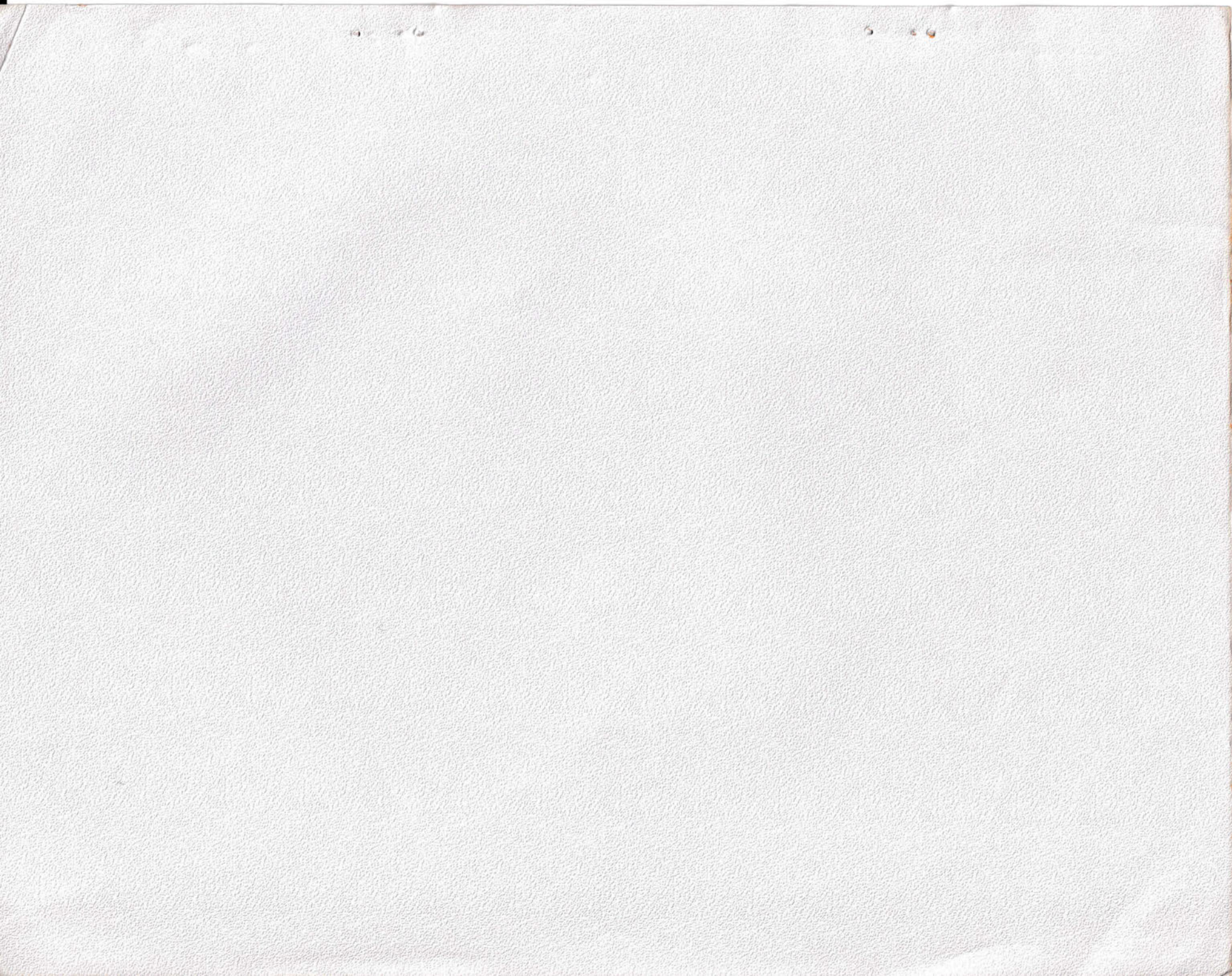
All of you --thank you so much for all your hospitality, both to Iain and Jan when they came and to Anne when she came. Jan is definitely going to a meeting some time; she just hasn't decided when! Margaret, bless you for being so patient and helpful with us 'girls'; especially when sometimes you must have been thinking" Oh god, not again! Will I get through the evening?"

Trina, thank you so much for all the introductions, and generally stage managing such an interesting and pleasant stay for me. I have made some contact with the Beaumont Society ladies here.

v Please give my regards to the other girls--particularly Jill and I really look forward to meeting you all again..

Love and best wishes to you all,

Anne.....



1/5