

# Feminique



The Sea Horse Club of Australia





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 The Secretary...  
 P.O. Box 341  
 Royal Exchange,  
 Sydney, 2000....

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THE SEAHORSE CLUB OF AUSTRALIA.

executive members.

president	Wendy [redacted] r
secretary	Trina [redacted] r
treasurer	Jeannette [redacted].
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F E M I N I Q U E

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the official voice of the

SEAHORSE CLUB OF AUSTRALIA

Seahorse is dedicated to the needs of the heterosexual transvestites who have become aware of the other side of their personality and wish to express it.

FEMINIQUE PROVIDES.. EDUCATION

ENTERTAINMENT

EXPRESSION

with the aim of achieving.

UNDERSTANDING

SELF ACCEPTANCE

PEACE OF MIND.

We do not judge nor condemn the areas of homosexuality, bondage, domination, or fetishism. These interests are left to others, they are not part nor of interest to SEAHORSE or this magazine.

SEAHORSE seeks to gather information on transvestism and disseminate to all interested people in the legal, medical, counselling, and scientific areas to further knowledge and understanding of this field.

If you seek information of any sort or feel that SEAHORSE can assist you, please do not hesitate to contact us at

P.O. BOX 341 ROYAL EXCHANGE SYDNEY 2000.....

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SEAHORSE CLUB OF AUSTRALIA.

EDITRESSIAF . .

Well, welcome to the TEETH EDITION of FEMINIQUE, it does not take long for the numbers to roll around does it. As you all probably know since the last edition we have had quite a deal of publicity, what most of you I think will agree is exposure of the right kind. Not overly sympathetic but of a standard that allows us to emerge both as people and transvestites, the 'both' aspects being the main factor. Allowing people to view that aspect and also to grasp that we do live completely normal lives.

It's an inalienable fact that we are transvestites and it does have a great effect on our lives and personalities, but this effect is not total and I think must be kept in perspective. Being a transvestite, there is the compulsion to dress and be feminine with the result we are different in this respect to other males. The time taken up by this is not great, probably for most of us far less than ten percent of our life, that I think would be less than the time an 'ardent' weekend golfer spends on his hobby. The golfer however is unlikely to be branded a 'golfer' he or she is more likely to be known as a person who plays golf. In this regard I think we should be known as persons who are also transvestites rather than just branded as a transvestite. This may seem all terribly semantic, just playing with words for its own sake, but the perspective or the amount of time that a transvestite actually expresses himself, at least outwardly as a female must be kept in mind. Others and by that I really mean the public usually have been lead to believe that most of our life is spent "femme", it comes as quite a surprise to learn that this is far removed from reality, and has a large bearing on their reaction to transvestism.

The theme for this rose out of several articles I've been reading recently one of them an article by a 'leading' psychiatrist in the sex identity field Hugo .G. Beigel. called "A Weekend In Alice's Wonderland" written following a weekend he spent with the American Group F.P.E. at a "femme" holiday resort. Throughout the article, quite well written he was at pain to stress the remarks of the least happy in the group but the 'crunch' point came in the concluding paragraphs.

"Is a cure needed, my answer is in the affirmative. Behind those outgoing and seemingly happy people whom we met at the resort stand rows of men who guard their shame, who hide their guilt, their loneliness and the depression". In all effect probably a true and factual statement but that just about describes any group of people you are likely to meet. Beneath thousands of brave faces, smiling faces there are some very unhappy people, but from a lot of articles with this common theme, a number of psychiatrists appear to think it's the exclusive property of transvestites.

It is too easy to lump us into a category of a lot of unhappy men that are continually running around dressed as women all the time, our publicity and the recent exposure to the press, radio and television has aimed at presenting ourselves basically as people with a slight oh so slight eccentricity, hopefully that's the answer to a deeper understanding and acceptance by the public.

The seminar date is rolling on and as yet there has been little response on whether the subject matter covers most of what should be discussed.

One of these will be family life and transvestism, it's a major issue as th the majority of members are married with a family and at some stage for all of us it comes to a question of do I tell or not? A lot of us, myself included, have already faced up to it, reception, has been mixed but on the whole the majority have recieved a favourable reaction, maybe not initially, but as the wife began to meet other transvestites and their families.

The discovery that you are a transvestite must come as a shock , no matter how knowledgable she may be in human ways or how sophisticated her attitude. It's usually alright as long as it's somebody else and there is no personal involvement but when it's right on the doorstep or for that matter right in the house the discovery can be traumatic indeed.

So much depends on the manner in which it came to light, the emotional furo- re and wild accusation that are likely to follow an accidental discovery are unlikely to lead to a calm rational discussion. I believe the only way to do it is to sit down calmly and talk it out. If this can be achieved then the possible help from an outsider, either psychiatric backup, or someone from the club, experienced with a wife who understands, maybe of great help. In time she may like so many wives enter into the complete spirit of it. I must stress that this needs to be approached with caution, patience and enough confidence to explain clearly and calmly...

After that there is always the problem of the children. I believe that many children can uerstand their father's desires and subsequently treat them quite natuually. The explanation is most important and both parents need to be involved. An explanation along the lines of "Grannie always wanted a girl when Daddy was born, and she treated him as one and dressed him in girls clothes until he was five or six. He became so used to wearing them that even now he is a grown man, sometimes he wants to wear women's clothes". It's the type of explanation most children can understand and accept. There is also the need to explain that all this is a deep family secret, because a lot of people cannot understand a man having this wish and would be unking to him if they found out. It is very unusual for children of whatever age to break a secret like this. Any way you should know, from about the age of eight , it's very likely that you managed to hide the secret that you were a transvestite from everyone including your parents....

Well that's likely to be one of the main talking points, as the seminar date becomes closer we will be distributing the papers etc for further discussion and comment. Further news, by the time this magazine has been distributed you should have recieved a copy of "FEMLETTTER" the monthly supplement to the magazine. It is intended to keep MEMBERS up to date with the latest in Seahorse, it's a Newsletter nothing else a double sided quarto sheet distributed from the Regional Councillor, so if you hav'nt received it ,contact your councillor. For country members , Sue [redacted] is the one to contact..

Again I'd like to thank those willing and sometimes sweaty helpers that are involved in the production of FEMMINIQUE, all volunteers and usually uncomplaining... special thanks to Sherie [redacted], Margaret and Karen [redacted] r ....Once again best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.....

## A LETTER FROM A COUNTRY COUSIN

or

### ALL DRESSED UP AND NOWHERE TO GO.

by Jane [REDACTED].

I don't really know how to begin. I don't really know any of you, although some of your names are familiar through "Feminique". For the rest I'll just have to imagine you, as you'll have to imagine me.

I live up in the far north of Queensland in a small town famed for one particular agricultural crop; its cattle and the he-manliness of its inhabitants (many of whom are of European origin). Chief leisure pursuits of the town's male population is "grogging on", bugging around and 'having a good punch up'. Oh there are the few oddities who belong to the drama group - "must be bloody poofahs mate" - anyhow they are very much in the minority.

Well I guess I belong to that minority you see I commit all the social sins - I like theatre, I like classical music, I like reading things other than cowboy comics, I'm an avid coward, don't drink a lot of grog, I do find women's company interesting and most extraordinary of all - I even dance with my own wife at dances and parties. All of this makes me a bit peculiar, rather eccentric, but reasonably acceptable because I do drink with them sometimes, can talk about football and horses and do try to maintain some remnant of the masculine credibility. What they would say if they discovered that I was a transvestite I shudder to even contemplate. Maybe their masculinity is only a cover to hide their feelings of insufficiency against the rugged nature of the country they work - I don't know; but I do know what their reaction would be if they were to see me as I am now; make-up, wearing some of my favourite clothing - a white nylon lace blouse with a gold taffeta evening skirt and white high heeled shoes.

How lucky are you who live within easy reach of a branch of Seahorse. How lucky are you who live in a large city where your anonymity is easier to achieve. The problems of the small town transvestite are quite different from those of the city girl.

Can you imagine how difficult it is to even buy clothes? I have only recently accepted my femininity and for the first time begun to dress en femme at home with the knowledge of my wife. (Previously it had been in secret with grave feelings of guilt). Consequently I have to require a complete new wardrobe. A pair of party hose, (for the wife!) can be bought in the town without too many raised eyebrows, but to try to buy underwear for oneself would be an unimaginably traumatic experience. Picture the scene Mr. X walks into one of the three small dress and lingerie shops that the town boasts: Shopgirl: "Married Mr. X, can I help you?" Mr. X: "Er...yes...I want to buy a bra." Shopgirl; (Eyebrows raised): "Oh yes! I suppose you don't know the size."

Mr. X: "Oh yes.....36B"  
 Shopgirl: "Is it for your wife?"  
 Mr. X: "Well...er...yes."  
 Shopgirl: "Oh well you've got the wrong size, Mrs X would only be a 32. (She calls out to the back of the shop)  
 "Gloria, Mrs. X would only be a 32 bra wouldn't she?"  
 Voice from the back: "Oh yes, definitely 32."  
 Mr.X (beginning to lose confidence) "Well you see it isn't exactly for my wife."  
 Shopgirl; (eyebrows raised higher, mind ticking over furiously)  
 "Oh I see. Well what sort did you want?"  
 Mr. X: "Have you got a black lace padded one?"  
 Shopgirl; (eyebrows quite disappearing into hairline) "I'm very sorry MISTER X we don't stock that sort of thing."

Exit Mr. X, suitable chastened and quite braless.

Actually, in the choice of underwear the town does offer some very nice lines in wynciette or red flannel, with a few daring lines in stockinette, cut with real flair to expose two or three inches of naked flesh peeping provocatively above the knee. Faded pinks, greyish greens and virginal(?) white are the colours much in vogue.

Frocks are so old fashioned in style that they are almost back in fashion again, almost but not quite. The general style is either a garish print shift as favoured by Mum for slopping around the house or else the ultra formal Going-to-the-Agricultural-Society Ball type gown. Nothing frivolous or even elegantly relaxed. No caftans or patio dresses. No flowing skirts or frilly tops.

The result is that I am forced to make my own dresses, following the often confusing instructions of the pattern makers - a sort of haute couture by numbers. Even this is not as simple as it sounds, because in our town no normal(?) man would be seen flipping over the pages of Buttericks or McCallis. This means that I have to drag my wife in the twenty-five miles from our property to town to flip over the pages, while I stand next to her, trying to appear totally disinterested while mouthing instructions and comments from my closed lips like a ventriloquist.

However supposing that you do manage to find a pattern you like, there's a fair chance that it will be out of stock or not available in your size ("Are you sure you've got the right size Mrs. X?) If by some miracle you get a pattern then you are confronted with the next major problem, i.e. the buying of suitable material. Dead easy if you want large brightly flowered cotton or hard wearing sackcloth. Oh it is true that you could choose from a very small range of fabric stocked for making bridal wear, but the personal inquisition that would accompany such a choice makes the proposition untenable.

Shoes are another major problem. You just couldn't buy them without causing widespread comment. I was lucky enough to find a pair of almost new white strap shoes in the local opportunity (thrift) shop, which I bought (for the footy clubs concert).

And what about make-up? As I said earlier I've only just begun wearing dresses at home, and the same with cosmetics. The result is that I'm inexperienced at application and also find difficulty in obtaining the right shades. My wife helps and advises where she can, but can someone please tell me how to disguise that horrible blue-grey shading where the whiskers grow. (Yuk!) I've tried both pancake and liquid bases - finding that the solid covers better but tends to give a rather caked appearance. Any suggestions?

These problems of costume and physical appearance are however subsidiary to the psychological and mental difficulties for the girl living in an isolated area. To whom can you turn to for advice? With whom can you discuss the re-thinking which is necessary when you first accept your feminism? Obviously there has to be some re-adjustment of relationships within a marriage when one partner suddenly reveals a secret which has been hidden for over fifteen years. How can a wife easily accept the fact that her husband is also a girl-friend? While in a strong secure relationship, such as ours, these problems can be overcome with tolerance and understanding, how much easier it would have been if only there had been someone who could listen sympathetically, give advice and make suggestions as to how they had coped with the same problems.

Our final problem which plagues the bush-transvestite..... When you're all dressed in your finery, where can you go? Certainly not to town, not to either of the cafes or the five pubs. I suppose you could risk the drive-in but even there the danger of recognition is high. It's not very satisfying to get fully made-up and to wear ones black lace underwear and pale mauve taffeta evening gown together with high heeled shoes and wig while taking the dogs a walk. Nor is it very fulfilling to wear one's knee length lace-up boots, mini skirt and lace blouse while shutting up the animals for the night. Where can I go? Where can I meet some of my own kink? See what I mean about "All dressed up and nowhere to go"?

I'd be delighted to correspond with anyone who has the writing bug, or if anyone is going on holidays to Cairns, which is not too far from us, perhaps we could even arrange a meeting. Won't someone please take pity on a "little lost girl"?

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Reprinted from Beaumont Bulletin.

A young transvestite went to see his doctor and submitted to a very thorough examination:

"How long have you been having these headaches, morning sickness and when did you notice a swelling in your tummy?"

"About six to seven weeks ago: what's the verdict doctor?"

"I don't like to have to tell you this, but I regret to say you are pregnant"

"You mean I'm going to have a baby?"

"I'm afraid so"

"Then I've got to have an abortion, doctor"

"But why do you want an abortion when you could make medical history?"

"Be blown to medical history; what are my friends and neighbours going to say... Why I'M NOT EVEN MARRIED".....

THE KILT THROUGH THE AGES

by Sandra [REDACTED].

I have taken an opportunity to research the effect of the kilt on various writers and researchers and have presented their views on the subject from 1821 to the present day. ...S.S.

Rational Dress;

From: "Report on the country of Lamark", Robert Owen, 1821. See Cole G.D.H. (1927) Editor: "A new view of society and other writings by Robert Owen", Dent. Everymans Library.

"Food and lodging being thus provided for, the next consideration regards dress.

This, too, is a subject, the utility and disadvantages of which seem to be little understood by the Public generally; and, in consequence, the most ridiculous and absurd notions and practices have prevailed concerning it.

Most persons take it for granted, without thinking on the subject; that to be warm and healthy it is necessary to cover the body with thick clothing and to exclude the air as much as possible; and fine appearances favour this conclusion. Facts, however, prove that under the same circumstances, those who from infancy have been the most lightly clad, and who, by their form of dress, have been the most exposed to the atmosphere, are much stronger, more active, in better health, warmer in cold weather, and far less affected by heat than those who from constant habit have been dressed in such description of clothing as excludes the air from their bodies.

The more the air is excluded by clothing, although at first the wearer feels warmer by each additional covering he puts on, yet in a few weeks, or months at most, the less capable he becomes of bearing cold than before.

The Romans and the Highlanders of Scotland appear to be the only two nations who adopted a national dress on account of its utility, without, however, neglecting to render it highly becoming and ornamental. The form of the dress of these two nations was calculated first to give strength and manly beauty to the figure, and afterwards to display it to advantage. The first, expense, through a labour now employed to create a variety of dress, the effects of which are to deteriorate physical powers, and to render the human figure an object of pity and commiseration, are a certain proof of the low state of intellect among all classes of society. The whole of this gross misapplication of the human faculties serves no one useful or rational purpose. On the contrary, it essentially weakens all the physical and mental powers, and is in all respects, highly pernicious to society.

All other circumstances remaining the same, sexual delicacy and virtue will be found much higher in the nations among whom the person, from infancy, is the most exposed, than among those people who exclude from sight every part of the body except the eye.

Sex change and Dress Deviation - Gilbert Oakley, 1970  
Morningtide Ltd. (Lond.)

Chapter 5: Transvestite Exhibitionism: Page 69.

Today's transvestite is enflamed as never before by the sight of girls and women in very tiny mini skirts and dresses, by a display of thighs and buttocks without equal, by a sexual casualness, and a degree of female exhibitionism which can scarcely have any historical precedent. The transvestite argues that it is the immediate apparent availability of a girl's genitals, the ease with which the crutch can be viewed, that is the most disturbing symbol of feminine sexual independence today. He contrasts girls near nudity with the males insistence on completely covering the body. Where A WELL KNOWN fashion designer's prediction to become a fact that skirts and kilts for men will achieve popularity, the transvestite would jump for joy, for here would be a legal opportunity for him to emulate the female in society in a wholly acceptable way. A lot of his complexes would disappear, for he would consider himself on an equal footing with the opposite sex at last.

Kilts and skirts for men might however create new, undreamt of opportunities for transvestite exhibitionists to take advantage of the fact that a lift of the skirt, a swirl of the kilt would be enough to reveal the little or nothing that he had on underneath.

Sex Change & Dress Deviation - Gilbert Oakley 1970  
Morningtide Ltd.

Chapter 8: The transvestite, the girl, and the wife; Pp 98-99.

While the female garments grew pretty, the male garments, which had also been enlarged, grew more severe and plain, so showing, for the first time, a sort of fashion sense which reflected the active male and the passive female.".....

....."The managing director of a manufacturing firm which markets men's clothes and underwear, gave it as his opinion that "In the foreseeable future medical men will realise the physical threat to male potency which is occasioned by the continued covering up and restriction of the male genitals by tight pants, briefs and trousers, which permit no air to circulate around them, and which cause them to be permanently pressed close to the body. Only in bed, at night, he went on, are the male genitals free. It has been proved that repressive and binding garments are likely to cause impotency in men.

Scotsmen, whether or not they wear nothing under their kilts, are said to be far more virile than those who are forced by the dictates of fashion and convention to wear trousers and underpants."

A woman designer of male clothing concurred with these observations. "It is very possible", she added, "that in the future men, young and old, will wear short-skirts, or kilts made of "Mannish" materials such as are used for suits today. She visualised knee-length stockings to go with the skirts, or pleated kilts, and individually chosen undergarments which she considered would be made of light, airy materials, such as cotton, linen or nylon. These pants certainly would not be tight, as they are today, but would have very short, wide legs which would permit as much air as possible to circulate round the body.

As far as modesty was concerned, she thought since girls have no scruples about getting on and off busses knowing that their underclothes are visible beneath their mini skirts, men would soon get used to the idea. Once it had been accepted, she doubted whether anyone would object to the occasional view of a man's crotch.

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The mechanics of the nylon stockings or tights..  
Denier-Fully fashioned\*-and all that jazz.

I wonder how many girls buying tights or nylons know the meaning of all the jargon that appears on the packets.

Denier.... It may surprise you to learn that the term denier is not only applied to nylon. A denier is the weight in grammes of 9000 meters of the yarn--be it jute, hemp silk, nylon, etc.. For our purposes it is a measure of the thickness of the fibre--the lower the number the finer the yarn. Fifteen denier is the sheerest...

Gauge In fully fashioned hosiery this is the number of needles used in one and a half inches. The bigger the number the smaller the stitches.

Fully fashioned. These items are knitted as a flat piece of fabric with fewer stitches in the calf and ankle. This flat piece of material is then joined up into a tube shape with a seam along it's whole length.

Seamless Stockings These are knitted as a tube of fabric, with as many stitches in the ankle as in the thigh. Shape is given by boarding, that is the stockings are slipped onto a flat board and heated until they get the right shape.

Stretch Stocking.Knitted from yarn that has been given elasticity. One method is to twist the yarn and then heat it to set it in it's twist..

Single size Stretch Stockings or Tights.These are made by leaving out the boarding process..That is they are not given any shape by heat or similar treatment. This would lessen the the stretchiness anyhow, it is left to the wearer to give them the shape when they are put on.

Some general points :::

Don't be surprised if you find that one size tights only look big enough for your eight year old daughter..

Don't forget they will look lighter when you are wearing them, than they appear in the packet..

Never wash tights or nylons with other garments as the dye can run especially in hot water.

Avoid using very hot water as this can ruin the stretch of the stockings or tights....

Well there you go girls, a quick course in the mysteries of the underworld(sorry wear)....

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*TOP: Melbourne ... Toni*  
*BOTTOM: Serena*



**ADELAIDE...**

*Back: Lynda, Karen, Sybil, Pat,  
Irene, Holly.*

*Front: Sadie, Vicky.*



*Trina, Robyn, Wendy*



**MASQUERADE  
PARTY.....**

*Cherie  
Jeannette  
Irene  
Trina  
Wendy  
Margaret  
Barbara*



**FIONA** [REDACTED]



**JEANNETTE** [REDACTED]

## "TRUTH IS STRONGER THAN FICTION"

and I as Cinderella (which was very female character.)  
by Evelyn S. [REDACTED]

\*\*\*\*\*

by I advanced plan of hers met with favourable approval by  
Cinderella. Once more I looked at my reflected image in the long mirror  
'and then I remembered an old poem from my high-school years in  
Sambalanga East-Java:

stand in my Lady's Sight (Reflection ...Me!)

In deep Devotion;

Approach Her with folded hands

In sweet Emotion;

Dumbly adoring Her,

Humbly imploring Her!.....

(Extracted from my third Novel:

"Stronger Than Opium", a genuine

T.V. Novel in the Tropics).

I sighed deeply and click-clacked with swaying hips to our dining-room to catch a cold drink. Then I poured me a cold sherry and went back to our sitting-room, put a grammophone record on the electric turntable and got soft sweet piano-recital music.

I sat down on the rattan bench with its flowered cushions, and let my thoughts roam into the distant past of my youth, meanwhile admiring my lovely slender legs in the gossamer silk stockings and my small feet in the gleaming high-heeled dancing-shoes!

So I suddenly remembered my other high-heeled gilt-leather dancing-shoes as a Teenager in disguise as Cinderella, during our sea-journey with the Dutch mail-steamer "Ophir" of the Rotterdam Lloyd 60 years ago to our family in Holland, and our stoppage at Port Said for bunkering coal for the boilers. All ships sailed by that time.

With intense attention I followed the proceedings of the bunkering of the heaps of coal from the big barks alongside our steamer into the bunkering shutes in the hull of our ship.

The pitch-black Egyptians, fellahs they called them, carried the wicker-baskets with coal on their heads in a long row along a narrow wooden gangway to the yawning bunker-holes in the hull in which the big lumps of coal disappeared with a thundering noise.

What a dusty, sweaty and treadmill job this was! I, (and within me Evelyn too what I didn't realize not yet clearly then with her female sensitiveness), had great pity on this poor people, who in this dirty slave labour had to earn their scanty living. Their monotonous chorus songs sounded gloomily in my ears. Sadly I turned round and went away to the more frivolous sphere of our smoking-room, where one of the passengers was giving away a piano-recital.

when we sailed into the Mediteranean the following day, passing the grey Turkish warships and my thoughts wandered again in the very distant past of the Crusaders' War of 1096 till 1277 against the Turks, the Islam! I was then ten years old and my imagination was very strong also "due to Evelyn within" and I figured to myself the barbaric and cruel Turks rushing upon the Christian Crusaders with their sharp scimitars and of the brave Richard the Lion-hearted with his long big sword with which defended himself against a hundred Turks! But Evelyn, within, didn't like these creepy ideas and loved to think about much more cheerful thoughts!

And these "She" got the next day when, passing the island of Crete (where 30 years later the Germans conquered the English in the Second World War!), the passengers were entertained with a masked ball and a show of Cinderella, in which I was permitted to act too, but as Cinderella herself! .....How come???

Well, on a big Mail-steamer there were several families with boys and girls about my age between ten to fourteen years. But of my early female upbringing by my mother before kindergarten-school I didn't like boys of my age, because they were so wild, unruly and played naughty tricks with each other.

But on the other hand I had plenty Girl-friends of my age. One of my best girl friends from the first day on board, was a typical tomboy-girl of 12 years called Nancy [redacted] and her mother became a good acquaintance of my mother.

So we played always together and Nancy was lording over me and calling me Sissy, because of my high-pitched Girl's voice and my soft white skin like that of my seven year old sister Dinah .

But she was very fond of me and defended me when the older boys were teasing me with my high-pitched voice.

She was very impressed she told me confidentially by the unconsciousness of my femininity.

She liked to dress me by times in her own girl clothes and during lunchtime and dinnertime of the adult passengers (the children below 14 years were eating an hour earlier), when her cabin was deserted by her parents, she took the short opportunity to dress me completely as a girl and we walked then together along the long corridor between the cabins.

And so on the occasion of the masked ball she suggested to her parents and mine to change costumes, so that she would dress as a Prince (may be to gratify her tomboy feelings?) and I as Cinderella (which was very gratifying to my female character!)

This advanced plan of hers met with favourable approval by our parents and so I was dressed in the costume of the lovely Cinderella with clothes of the available stock of stage-properties of the ships' steward set apart for such occasions as a masked ball, stage plays and suchlike performances and a lovely blonde wig with pipecurls. Only I had to borrow and to wear giltleather ladies shoes with high heels matching my mediaeval costume.

But the narrow high heels were about four inches high, so that I first had to accommodate myself (never before I had walked in girl's shoes let alone with narrow high heels!) in walking with these stilts. So Nancy led me to the lifeboat-deck and then on this isolated deck of the ship she walked arm in arm with me, till I could click-clack alone without spraining my ankles.

Nancy and I were about the same height because as a boy of ten years I was rather tall for my age.

Afterwards when I was accustomed with my high heels, she began teaching me the first elements of dancing and waltzing for the big evening to ensure my performance on the dance-floor of the first class of the steamer was a great success.

Nancy was dressed as a handsome Prince in blue velvet knee-breeches and flat heeled shoes with gilded buckles on the insteps like shoes of a lackey or footman. And a small black moustache and a little pointed beard. A real manly Prince with manly dignity.

Nancy and I amused ourselves tremendously, when at her parents dinnertime, Nancy in her parents cabin dressed me up as a lovely girl.

"Ha, ha it is great fun to have such a lovely girl friend as you Willie, Darling! Your cheeks are so white, as a real girl's and your mouth is so small, then she kissed me on my lips, which gesture gave me a pleasant warm sensation. I was still too young to realise this forbidden fruit of Sex. But this was the first time I became acquainted with the very pleasant sensation of a tender kiss.

Afterwards in the junior-class of this masked ball Nancy and I got the first prize and everyone was very surprised and amazed that after taking off our masks, Cinderella turned out to be a boy, Me, and the very manly Prince, a girl, Nancy.

Our first prizes turned out to be a beautiful, so called Character-Doll, which could "sleep" and say "mamma" with a timid voice for Cinderella, Me.....and for Nancy as the Prince a hockey-stick. The Jury supposed that (because we were still wearing our masks during the distribution of prizes, and I coquetishly click-clacking on my very high heels by which I couldn't walk otherwise than with swaying hips like a sexy flapper and with my dangling pear eardrops. Besides my breasts had been stimulated by a small bra from the same girl from whom I had borrowed the high heels, to give me the appearance of sixteen years as Cinderella. So the Jury supposed I was a real teenage girl and after we put off our mask the hilarity was great and we had a thundering applause.

But never mind: Nancy, the tomboy-girl, was very happy with her hockey stick, she could use in Holland and I was very happy with the beautiful doll. It stimulated tremendously my inner female character and I kept the doll for years after as a remembrance of the festive night near the island of Crete.

But what impressed me most on that beautiful night near the island of Crete, was the attitude of my mother, who after the distribution of the prizes for the most original pair, in this case for Cinderella and her handsome Prince, pulled me on her lap and while hugging and kissing me, said to my father: "Isn't she lovely, our eldest daughter, father? A real lovely blonde teenager!", and saying this my mother remembered her dearest wish when I was due to be born, what I would be as a daughter, a little baby girl. And I by stealth saw her brushing away a tear.

And then she looked at my small feet in the high heeled gleaming gilded Cinderella dancing shoes, and said: "Oh Darling, what a lovely small feet you now have in these Cinderella shoes, of course the Prince should have searched after the charming owner of these lovely shoes left on the flight of stairs of his Palace after his lovely Blonde dancer fled away to her humble home on the stroke of twelve!"

I laughed very flattered by this words of mother about my small feet, jumped up and click clacked with slightly swaying hips to my Prince (Nancy) who came calling me for the next dance. I was really in Seventh Heaven.

And this festival evening imprinted my Feminine Character for the rest of my life. I became a slave to Evelyn, who later should save my life from the horror of the Second World War. I owe her my deepest gratitude and thankfulness.

My parents and those of Nancy too, considered my masquerade as Cinderella with her blonde Wig and lovely gilded dancing shoes with their very high heels, as a waggery, as a comedy, but for me Personally it was holy earnestness, I felt myself Evelyn, I was Evelyn, a lovely young girl.

This festival evening on board the steamer "Ophir" was the first occasion in my young life on which I got acquainted with high heels. And this fact, also in connection with the romantic atmosphere of that moonlit evening with the sleepy making monotonous thudding of the ships machines in my ears mixed with the melodious tunes of the dance band in my ears, contributed to bring me in dreamy and passive mood in which I indulged with the strong influence of Nancy's behaviour by considering me as her girlfriend.

It produced in me an unknown excited warm stimulating feeling which I couldn't place in my youthful brain.

This was the beginning of my controversial sex appeal, but not towards the opposite sex, in casu (as a boy) to the girls, but in this special case to "the girl within me".

So to Evelyn, and to approximate or to approach "HER", I had to dress like her and to click clack on narrow high heels like other young girls and feeling with delight the curls of my blonde wig tickling along my cheeks and long slender neck. And the dangling of my pearl eardrops on my earlobes, observing the make-up of my face and facing my dark-red painted lips in the mirror. So that altogether I felt physically quite the same as Nancy. And due to this metamorphosis

speaking with adults or older boys and accepted the ardent kisses of Nancy (the tomboy) as kisses of an older boyfriend. Her passionate kisses on my lips put me in an ecstasy. But on the other hand I didn't hold with the companionship of boys (though myself being a boy too.) So no Homosexual inclinations at all. You could compare the affection between Nancy and me as a being Lesbian Love.

Our parting and farewell in Marseilles (where my family took the train to Paris and Amsterdam, while Nancy continued with her family by boat via Gibraltar to Amsterdam) was pathetic..... I never saw Nancy again, but I shall never forget her personality. She was the one who awoke my dormant femininity. She was the Fairy who touched the sleeping Evelyn in my body with her Magic Wand.....

The L.P. record came to an end and I click clacked with swaying hips to the turntable and stopped the music.

Yes that was a lucky time that four weeks long sea voyage with the Mail Steamer from Batavia (now Djakarta) via Marseilles to Amsterdam (Holland).....Melancholy rembrances!

Such farreaching events in your young pre-adolescence put their stamps on your further life.

And I can't think of them every time without being emotionally moved.

And now I was sitting here in this black outed house of us as a single girl of 23 years. (but in reality 30 years later as a Man of 40 years).

Then I thought of my twin-daughters now with my wife in Djakarta or Bandoeng, two lovely blondes of 11 years. Imagine that you could see me now here sitting on the rattan bench as a lovely blonde girl with high heels. Impossible. And now at present as I write this down I must remember Jan Morris the Trans-sexual or CONUNDRUM, of whom I sent you the Biography. Who was the aunt of his own children and a sister of his own wife. Then, in February 1942, I had the same feeling as being the lovely young aunt of my own daughters. And I imagined that they were sitting on each side of me here on the rattan bench, dressed in pretty frocks and lovely shoes and saying: "Yes Aunt Evelyn! Of course Aunt Evelyn! We love you so much, Aunt Evelyn!".....(not suspecting that I was their, in a young woman transformed Father!) I sighed and wished I was already in Java, reunited with my family.

But then Evelyn asked my attention again, and I went to bed dressed in my silk light blue flowered Baby -Doll. In Evelyn's underwear, bra and stowed away genitals in my abdomen, with my golden wig on my pillow, like a real gorgeous young girl, longing for her absent lover.

.....  
This was extracted from a much longer narrative from Evelyn who now lives in the far north of Queensland.

THOUGHTS ON TRANVESTISM, TRANS-SEXUALITY AND HOMOSEXUALITY

by Paula [REDACTED].

1. Is TRANVESTISM really divisible from TRANS-SEXUALITY?
2. TRANS-SEXUALITY (hereinafter called "T/S") may be defined as being a deep rooted desire to be and to be accepted as belonging to a sex opposite to that indicated by the individual's physical characteristics and, in particular, his external genitalia.
3. T/S is undeniably a state of mind, as such, affects the individual in a wide spectrum of different degrees of seriousness and intensity. These range from, for example, a mild feeling of dissatisfaction with his allotted physical (sexual) role to a chronic and traumatic condition of unhappiness and despair. In the latter state he will be obsessed with the belief that Nature intended him to be a woman and denied the ability to be so, he is often driven to anti-social acts, self-mutilation and in many cases, even suicide.
4. There are many symptoms and manifestations of T/S, most of which are of a behaviourist character. Of these, TRANVESTISM (hereinafter called "TVism") is the most common, indeed the main manifestation.
5. If it is necessary to define TVism it could be defined as "THE COMPULSION TO WEAR OR AFFECT THE CLOTHING AND/OR OTHER SOCIAL SYMBOLS OF THE OPPOSITE SEX including, inter alia, hairstyling, jewellery, watches, cosmetics or the adoption of a female christian name".
6. I believe that TRANVESTITES (hereinafter called TVs) and I include "partial" TVs, "name" TVs, female impersonators and female clothing fetichists, and all at some stage of Transexuality and that, according, TVism should not really be regarded as a separate phenomenon but as merely symptomatic of the wider and more significant condition.
7. It may be asked "why then do many - even most - TVs go through life apparently wholly contented with MERE DRESSING UP (or even less)?"  
To this one can reasonably ask in reply "but are they really so contented?"
8. Their so-called "contentment" may well be accounted for by some or all of the following factors:-
  - (a) The desire to "be of the opposite sex " may be very mild or, indeed, unsuspected (subconscious);
  - (b) They may have been able to exercise an important - and usual - degree of self-control at an early stage;

- (c) They may be effectively held back by the powerful restrictive pressures of family, social and economic conditions or of communal life in the Services;
- (d) An ingrained fear of pushing forward, too far, the frontiers of personal knowledge and experience;
- (e) The sublimation opportunities offered by the organised fantasies of TV group activities, specialised literature, theatrical shows of a TV character and correspond with other TVs. (Let me say at once that I approve in general of these sublimations and believe that they help and sustain many TV/TS people - far more, certainly, than they spur on to further excesses).
- (f) The ability of what is admittedly a minority of TV/TS people to go about in public in woman's dress and be generally accepted or at least socially tolerated. This admittedly can lead to deeper and increasing degree of gender dissatisfaction but, in general, I think it produces a static contentment - for those who are able to avoid trouble with law, at any rate!
8. As suggested above, it may well be that the seemingly contented and well-adjusted, controlled TV/TS has not, in fact, really learned to control and live with his condition, at all! He may well have hidden his real attitudes and his basic behaviour deep under a social mask, behind locked doors, even confining them to a separate and secret existence. My examination, as Executor, of the personal effects, pictures, writings etcetera of an elderly military figure of some distinction and a pillar of the Establishment, after his death, was most illuminating in this respect. It showed conclusively that not only had he been - almost entirely in secret - a TV/TS from a very early age, but that he had, in private and with great ingenuity indeed with impressive thoroughness, acted out the life and a range of experiences of a woman. Furthermore, he had supplemented this sublimation by voluminous correspondence and literary and artistic attempts, almost wholly transvestite in character and of amazing salacity!
9. This leads me to say that my intimate and personal observations on TV/TS friends and acquaintances convince me that that what they say - and probably believe - about being wholly satisfied with their excursions into drag ("just for fun, you know - can kick the habit anytime I like!") can only be accepted with a considerable degree of reservation. To sum up - "scratch a TRANSVESTITE and you find a TRANS-SEXUAL"!!!
10. It is often asked what relationship, if any, there is between TRANS-SEXUALITY (especially where still limited to mere "dressing-up") and HOMOSEXUALITY (hereinafter referred to as "H/S").

11. A very good question, indeed! But before we can discuss it we need to be clearly agreed upon what precisely we mean by "H/S". As things presently are, it seems to have different boundaries for different people - psychiatrists included!
12. The "Oxford Pocket Dictionary of Current English - 1969 Edition" defines the adjective HOMOSEXUAL as:  
 HAVING A SEXUAL PROPENSITY FOR PERSONS OF THE SAME SEX  
 and the included noun PROPENSITY is defined as A BENT OR PERMANENT INCLINATION OR PREDISPOSITION.
- Taking these two definitions together we can come to the conclusion that to be a homosexual you must be sexually inclined and on a permanent basis towards persons of the same sex. In other words, if you perform what are usually regarded as acts of a homosexual nature casually, occasionally and without a sexual bent for such acts THEN YOU DON'T QUALIFY AS A H/S. This, I guess, lets most of you off the hook! It also means that any connection between TRANSEXUALITY (and its handmaiden, TRANSVESTISM) and HOMOSEXUALITY is "purely co-incidental".
13. BUT - does the definition of HOMOSEXUALITY now require re-examination, up-dating and, perhaps, even radical extension? Is the present definition as set out above a realistic one? Should we not think deeply about this - and the other nightly shadows on our pillows? Does it not merit discussions with all those distant voices we hear a moment before sleep?

What do YOU think ? Or do you prefer not to?

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EDITRESSIAL COMMENT.

Well what do you think?

This article, Seahorse thought deserved a short comment, we prefer to publish all material presented, providing it's not pornographic of course.

Whilst this is excellently worded we consider some of the argument to be fallacious.

Linking transexuality, homosexuality and transvestism into one, is in our opinion, rather akin and has the same problem of preparing a meal for cats, dogs, tigers and cows, and selecting grass for them all, on basis that the majority of animals are herbivorous. Which I suppose is a long way round of saying that Seahorse does not completely agree with the conclusions-reached.....

Again can I ask just what do you think?????

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JULIA'S STORY

by Julia [REDACTED].

It was an ordinary sort of week night and, as usual, I went to the hotel for a few drinks but I felt different and I really knew that this was going to be a night that I would probably never forget.

I left the hotel earlier than usual and went to my flat. I was expecting Jenny a little later for dinner so I showered and then selected what I was going to wear critically; I put on a white bra and white bikini panties and thought how much prettier they looked and felt than the first pair of panties I had bought only about four years before.

After putting my make-up and blonde wig on I dressed in a long white floral dress with a round neck and flared sleeves.

When Jenny arrived we had tea and cuddled for a little while. She sensed what I really wanted and encouraged me. "You'd like to go out for a few drinks, wouldn't you, Julia?" she said, knowing my desire.

I wanted to, but felt anxious about it. Until now I had never let anyone see me but I had been out in the car a few times with Jenny.

"Let's go for a drive", I replied and freshened my make-up. Jenny did likewise and then we picked up our handbags and went down stairs and left the home unit black in Jenny's car.

I didn't have to tell her where to go, she knew and pointed the car towards Bondi Junction where there is a little wine bar which caters for the camp trade.

The drive took the best part of half an hour and my heart beat was enough times for a normal day during that time. It seemed to be really pounding and I think I felt my bra stretching and contracting about one inch every quarter of a second.

We stopped opposite the bar and watched for a few minutes before Jenny tried to ease my anxiety. She put her arms around me and we kissed deeply as a pedestrian passed by and I remember saying, "Look out, he will think we are Lesbians," and then we both laughed. We both realised that Lesbians were much more acceptable to our society than I was, a man who dressed whenever possible as a woman.

For the previous six months I had worn panties only and had recently started to shave my chest and my legs.

In the privacy of my flat, I dressed in pretty clothes and had several feminine nighties.

Jenny decided to go in and look around before I got out of the car. She quickly returned and said that it wasn't very crowded,

but there wasn't any female impersonators there. She said Peter, a male stripper who we had spoken to briefly before when I was dressed normally was there and she thought that if she asked him to come in with us it would be okay.

She went back and returned with Peter a few minutes later and now I was doomed. I had reached the point of no return.

I got out of the car as elegantly as possible, but I could feel what seemed to be millions of eyes on me. We crossed the road quickly and walked in with Peter who took us to a table towards the back of the bar and we sat down.

I sat dead straight with my legs under the table and didn't look around at all. I fumbled in my handbag to find some money and eventually shakily I found a \$5 note which I gave to Jenny for our drinks. As we sipped them I slowly felt more confident and turned around in my chair and crossed my legs. While some people looked at me; they weren't inquisitive looks, just normal people looking around.

As my confidence grew I eased my dress up slowly to reveal the lace trim of my long slip which to me is very feminine.

I was about to get up and buy a second drink at the bar when time was unfortunately called. That would have been a real test to go to the bar myself, but I will be doing that sometime.

As we left and walked across the street, I received a number of wolf whistles but I didn't get all that uptight about it. It was such a tremendous relief to have done this, to go out and be accepted as I was, it was really something.

The drive home relaxed me again and as we changed into nighties and got into bed both Jenny and I knew that tonight had relieved so much tension that it wasn't funny.

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The FEMINIQUE,,, A few comments on it's size.

or

When less gives more.

Over the last year or so the rapid increases in postage and paper costs have made it essential to have a close look at the utilization of the content in the magazine. I've want to avoid "cramping " the pages it's far to difficult to read . Instead we have began using a smaller type facing and have lengthened the typing by an extra five lines.

Although it may look smaller (this sounds like an advertisement for THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S WEEKLY) the content has greatly increased. The biggest issue (page-wise) was number 5 , a total of 44 pages, in comparision Number 10 will be 34(it maybe 36 it's not quite finished) but in CONTENT it's now equal to 46 pages. I find that just as hard to believe as you probably do.....

LETTERS TO THE EDITRESS

Dear Editress,

I am writing to you for several reasons, the main one I guess out of loneliness and frustration, secondly I have found that in the past I have noticed that by writing about TVism (even writing to myself) has helped ease tensions, and the third reason will reveal itself as I write.

First, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Bill [redacted] (alias Michelle). I am 27 years of age, married with a beautiful 12 month old daughter. To take a short cut with my story (as my history of cross-dressing goes back to when I was 10) allow me to start about 4 years ago when I first met Judy (now my wife). I thought I was cured of this dreadful disease, as I was very much in love. We made plans for marriage and became engaged. I left my entire wardrobe of feminine apparel on the doorstep of the St. Vincent de Paul Society one evening and closed, what I felt sure of then, the doorway of transvestism behind me. We were engaged for 11 months and married for six months before I felt the familiar need to cross-dress again.

During that prior 17 months I never once dressed nor felt the need to dress as a girl. Certainly I admired women who wore the type of clothes I preferred to wear and who obviously enjoyed being women, but any faint twinge of jealousy was soon put to the back of my mind when Judy was in my presence. She was my ideal of femininity.

In the first few months of marriage it was a sheer joy for me to see my wife dress in the morning or undress at night and slip into "something more comfortable". Not long after this I just had to try it out again and did so whenever the opportunity arose. It didn't take long for me to realize that I had re-opened that door and I doubted if I would ever wish to close it again.

I guess I am a typical transvestite. When the need to dress must be suppressed, then the feeling of loneliness and depression is at it's peak.

I knew very little about the subject and knew only one other T.V. who in my mind was an excellent candidate for a sex-change operation. "She" unfortunately knew about as much as I did on the subject so I was still left with my problem.

One day I read in "Truth" about a married T.V. whose wife knew of and approved of her husband's ways. The article of which I refer to was in Father Glover's page and the reply from Fr. Glover was as I recall rather sympathetic on the subject. This gave me new heart so I wrote to Father Glover and asked him to pass my name and address on to the T.V. concerned. He turned out to be a member of your club, Robyn [redacted]e.

I had decided at this stage that I would tell Judy about my TVism but to do this I had to know a lot more about the subject. Robyn was able to help me there. I even spent a weekend with Robyn's family when Judy was away. This was the most enjoyable weekend I've

ever experienced. I learnt of the existence of the Seahorse Club, I learnt of its' members and its cause and may I say I was most impressed. I read the book by Virginia Charles Prince entitled "The Transvestite and his wife" and I felt I was as well equipped as I would ever be to tell Judy.

I spent many sleepless nights wondering how to go about telling her. She was 6 or 7 months pregnant at this stage, so I decided to delay telling her until after the birth.

It wasn't until about 5 months after the birth that I made my revelation. I felt the time was right because we were very much in love, my career was proving itself financially, we had not long moved into our new home and we had a beautiful baby daughter named Karen. Then the bottom fell out of our world. I was accused of being homosexual which hurt me greatly because although I sympathise with homosexuals I have never practiced nor have I ever wished to practice homosexuality. I asked my wife to read literature on the subject but she refused stating it was filthy.

I slept in the spare room that night, Judy went to bed but didn't sleep at all. I didn't blame her for her reaction because she led a rather sheltered childhood and had two older brothers who are doing well in their masculine worlds. One is in the Army and the other a school teacher.

I was lucky to talk Judy out of leaving me (she bought train tickets the next day). I had to promise her I would never indulge in cross-dressing again. At the time I believed I could keep that promise. Only another T.V. would have known I could not.

Since then, I have dressed in secret occasionally. I daren't raise the subject of TVism. We quarrel quite often and although Judy has never mentioned TVism since, I am sure it is never far from her thoughts. My problem as you can see is that I love my wife and daughter very much. I also love wearing feminine clothes very much however I can not have both. If I leave my family so that Michelle may appear in the evenings and weekends then I lose my wife and daughter. If I stay with my family I will lose Michelle and finish up with ulcers. I realise I should never have married Judy without telling her all about me but at the time I was sure there was no need to and I ran the odds on risk of losing her.

If ever I am in the position to buy a whole new wardrobe for Michelle then one of my first chores will be to join your club. I would feel rather elated to think of evenings out in Sydney with your members.

I mentioned earlier my third reason for writing would reveal itself as I wrote. My feelings are that it is through a club such as yours that public awareness may be made possible. All heterosexual TVs know that TVism is a manifestation of homosexuality. Society's attitudes as we know are very narrow minded on subjects such as this. If only the public could be taught why a tv is a TV then I and a lot of TVs like me wouldn't be in the predicament we are. I realise I'm not the only TV with my problems. What I'm trying to say is keep up the good work. Try and make more television shows and newspapers items. We are

in desperate need of more public awareness and I have proved through my business (Real Estate) that public awareness is achieved through advertising.

I guess I've said what I set out to say. I know you are busy with the club and your private lives but if time permitted I would love to hear from you. Meanwhile keep up the good work.

Michelle.

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I herewith enclose my entry in the name contest. It all started when I first joined Seahorse, I found that I had to have a femme name and surname. I had thought of myself by several first names, but now I had to choose one and stick with it.

So what was it to be. The old ones did not really seem to suit me, so thinking-cap on. It was during this period one of my work mates got the habit of calling me Paul. At first I did not take much notice, till one evening a couple of days later. I was all dressed up as I felt I must, not that I was going anywhere, you know the feeling. Anyway the name Paul came back into my mind and then it clicked why not Pauline. So I looked at myself and thought YES! you look like a Pauline. So I was born partily.

Right, thats my first name thats easy. But what about my new surname. It had to be something easy to remember and also be a personal contact with my other self. So I thought hard about my own surname and thought there was nothing I could do to that, other people will work back if a letter goes astray. So back to my first name, of course, [redacted] a male, so [redacted], and so Pauline [redacted] was born. Sorry its not very exciting or anything, but its true.

Another suggestion that may help new members like myself. Would any member who, before finding their right size in clothes, have be willing to pass on to others anything that does not fit.

I have two dresses size 18 and 16 for any member that may like them. They are only cheap ones but may help someone to build up their wardrobe. Even more so if their money is very limited. My own dress size is 14.

Keep up the good work with Femminique, I enjoy reading it. As yet I have not met up with Robyn although we have been in contact. I hope to do so very soon as the things that have prevented it in the past are cleaning up. One of which was cold feet.

Pauline [redacted].

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Just a few lines to let you know I'm still plodding on. I hope your family and you are well. Thank you for putting my view in No. 7 magazine. I enjoyed the "Family Tale" by Wendy - may be a bit near to home but very clearly written.

Lynda and I have been going about and having some very enjoyable outings. Occasionally we have been met while out by our friends and this we both feel enhances our image - especially in our regular haunts.

I haven't seen anything of the "Captain" or his shadow.  
Brian J. what a relief.

Sybil our "Green lion Angel" (Linda and I) anyway sorted us back out for our first "ball". There were at least 10 or 11 in our party which made a great outing for all. A group called "The Gay Deceivers" did a few floor shows. I don't know whether you have seen them but I thought they were very good and their costumes were beautiful. I think Linda is sending you photos taken at the ball.

Also please find enclosed \$10.00 money order for my membership renewal and magazine. Sorry I'm late, but time seems to be slipping by faster these days and I'm getting older and slower.

Well, kindest regards to all over there and happy TVing.  
Patricia [REDACTED],  
Adelaide.

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At some time in the dim distant past, dear brother was employed as a conductor by the N.S.W. Railway Department. At that time Sis was a nameless wench, just beginning to demonstrate her dissatisfaction to being continually suppressed.

It was a hot night, the train was packed and as usual the air-conditioning seemed to make the atmosphere in the carriages even more oppressive. Forward in car two were a group of snobs, the upper crust of Toorak. Cars five and six were packed with migrants for Bonegilla and car four was overly endowed with almost drunken sailors returning to their ship in Melbourne. And the train rattled on, the wheels issuing forth their endless indecipherable message; rickety-rack, rickety-rack.

With no understanding of their language, it seemed to take hours to reorganise the migrants into groups of family and friends - curse those people in the booking office. Most of the sailors have given up their mischievous battle against sleep and those arrogant bitches up front have finally settled down for a couple of hours. Peace at last!

Back in the conductor's compartment dear brother relaxes and makes another attempt at a half read book. The heroine in that book was one Robyn la Strange and in some of her escapades she assumed a masculine disguise (the junk some people read). It was so easy for dear brother's self to identify with the heroine. Some time later when "other self" had fought and foiled all the baddies, reality beckoned as the train was fast approaching Albury and many passengers were to disembark.

Cars four and five seemingly produced tons of luggage that had to be removed from behind the seats. The excited chatter from so many foreign tongues soon became a monotonous gabble and by closing my ears to it and concentrating hard, I became aware only of the frantic messages emanating from the wheels of the carriage; rickety-rack, rickety-rack. Past the bleary-eyed, grog requesting sailors whose taunts were being drowned out by the incessant roar from below;

rickety-rack, rickety-rack. And on to car two.

"Young man, give me my coat", rickety-rack.

"Help me with my cases laddie", rickety-rack, rickety-rack.

"Conductor, get my bag", RICKETY-RACK, RICKETY-RACK!

There is a message! The wheels, they are telling me  
ROBYNS QUEEN, ROBYNS QUEEN! With a happy, regal smile I ruled over  
my little kingdom imagining that the passengers were my subjects.  
Thereafter, whenever life became a burden, refuge and solace was  
easily found within myself as Queen Robyn.

And so it was dear friends that Sis was named. And so it  
is that Robyn still rules, with one exception. Robyn never made it  
as a Queen, just a Princess.

Robyn.

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Poets Corner.... (reprinted from the Beaumont Bulletin.)

MY DAY (with apologies to Wordsworth)

I wandered lonely in the crowd  
Cautiously glancing up and down  
I felt so nervous yet so proud  
On my first journey into town  
My skirt fell soft, above my knees  
Fluttering gently in the breeze.

Making my way from shop to shop,  
My heart was beating oh so fast  
"Oh: goodness me: is that my wife?"  
With head held low I hurried past  
"Why must I act like this?" I thought  
"I'm far more likely to get caught"

With bolder steps I made my way  
Into a store that stood nearby  
A young girl smiled at me and said  
"Would madam like a dress to try"  
This was much more than I dared hope,  
I wondered--can I really cope.

I changed into that lovely dress  
With nylon frills and lots of lace  
The mirror there reflected all  
The happiness upon my face  
The sales girl murmured with delight  
"Oh madam: That suits you right."

I bought the dress and hurried out  
The minutes sped by much too fast  
Oh: how I wished it would not end  
The day I found myself at last.  
Of one thing I'm really sure  
I'll be a girl for ever more.

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WENDY'S FORUM

by Wendy [REDACTED]..

The Seahorse scene in Sydney has been reasonably quiet in the last few months, a temporary pause between that state of winter madness and the beginning of the Christmas and New Year whirl.

A "straight party was held by Irene and Renee [REDACTED]s at thier home in early October and we were able to welcome new members Di Ward and Helen [REDACTED] together with their respective wives. This form of party has been a consistent success for us in Sydney and I strongly recommend the format to all groups in other areas. The September and October "femme" evenings followed their usual pleasant course with new members appearing at each evening.

The purpose and format of our November party was however very much different to all previous parties. The party was held at Dr Neil Buhrichs' home, his house becoming the set for the filming of a segment for the Sydney A.B.C. programme "Nationwide"

Filming for this segment started around 4-30 in the afternoon when Trina and myself met the crew from the A.B.C at Circular Quay. It was a terribly windy afternoon and our composure was constantly tested by the knowledge that our wigs were being whipped up into some form of improvised "afro"-style. The A.B.C. Director had intended to hide the camera man in a car and film peoples reaction to us as we walked through the city streets. He dropped the idea, his explanation being somewhat of a back handed compliment, he said we looked rather different to what he had imagined and felt that people would not react in the manner expected.

We went to the N.S.W. Art Gallery and shot some film of Trina and myself walking around outside the gallery. Around 5-30pm we went back to Circular Quay to film some "Vox-Pops"(spontaneous man in the street interviews). When we arrived, I noticed that the handrail is decorated at two metre intervals with cast iron seahorses and naturally some film was taken of these to edit into the opening. The crew then began to stop people and ask them about their feelings and reactions towards transvestism. Trina and myself were standing about ten metres behind the persons being interviewed and we were forming part background for each interview. All of the people initially interviewed passed reasonably favourable comments on transvestism, so it was decided to attempt to find someone who would prove more antagonistic in order for us to enter the interview and answer some of the derogatory comments. Many of the most conservative looking types were approached and questioned, after an hour we gave up, nobody interviewed had any caustic comments to pass and we were left with no case to answer.

This may perhaps provide a little food for thought for those of you who are worried about the consequences of discovery by friends or neighbours, these days it appears that the vast majority of people really don't care enough about our situation to become aggressively excited. The crew packed up down at Circular Quay and set out for Neils home where a number of members with friends and wives had arrived, incidentally everybody present had been informed that the camera crew would be there. A lengthy interview was filmed with Dr Neil Buhrich and then the filming was

was finalised by an interview with Trina, Susan, Jeannette and myself, the people present at the party providing visual and audible background. As has become customary we insisted on a preview of the proposed segment and we feel that once again we have been treated fairly and that another step has been taken in presenting a true image of transvestites to the general public.

Our Christmas and New Year activities began with a straight party on the 6th December, then followed our "femme" Christmas party on the 13 th December. We are taking a breather then for a few weeks until a dinner party on New Years Eve at a rather conventional style restaurant in the city, the proprietor always greets us very cordially and is not the least perturbed by the prospect of a large party converging on New Years Eve. I may have quit a deal to report from the festive season in our next issue of Feminique.

Now I will close by wishing all of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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THE TREASURER SUMS UP OUR ACTIVITIES IN 1975

by Jeannette [redacted]

If one was to sit in the background just watching Seahorse in 1975, it would be a very impressive sight. It has been a year off new members, good publicity and a greater acceptance by the general public. Seahorse has reached the stage now where it cannot look back, but only further ah ahead, to yrt more members and greater acceptance, whilst of course still keeping in mind security and the guidelines of the club.

So if you are wondering , as a member, how you can help us to leap forward to greater heights in 1976 let me offer a few suggestions. At this stage though I must put in plug for that old favourite FEES. Response has been very good to our plea to send your annual subscription in but we sstill have many outstanding.

If perhaps you are still wondering where your money goes, I will attempt to put you in the picture with a few quick facts. There is always a minimum of four Feminique magazines sent out per year. Each issue costing \$360.00 to produce and another \$80.00 to post to more than 200 members. Another extremely important part of the clubs activities is publicity, which included advertisements, printed circulars sent out to medical practitioners, information and magazines distributed to those who enquire. All of this comes to more than \$500.00 a year.

There are many more expenses, such as correspondence to members and answering enquirerries to people who may wish to join. These expenses and others I will list in a formal financial report., around about April of next year.

Now so much for fees, onto something far more exciting.....

As you probably read in Trina's Editressial about the Seahorse Seminar in 1976, well I've been given the job of organizing the evenings entertainment. The format of which we are still not sure, but one important part will be another spectacular cabaret, similar to the ones we have had in the past. But this one I hope will be a little more professional in appearance as a lot more of the public will be watching.

We hope the duration of the performance will be a TOTAL of 45 minutes, so what I would like is a few ideas, perhaps to the type of show you would like to see, keeping in mind of course that the facilities will not be up to the standard of 'Jesus Christ Superstar'. I would like to see a number of superstars from amongst our ranks who are willing to perform and put in some hard work into rehearsals, and I can assure you from the last cabaret rehearsals can be fun. So if you are interested please drop me a line, and we will get the show on the road. Those from interstate that would like to participate, please don't be put off, if you have an act or some thoughts on it I'm sure we will be able to sort something out.

There are many things we can all do for Seahorse in 1976, writing for the magazine, participating in our shows, or just joining in at the meetings. So lets not sit around in the background this coming year....1976 can be even more impressive than 1975.....  
Compliments of the season to you all\*\*\*\*\*

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NEWS FROM LYDIA-LAND SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Lynda [redacted] n.

Here we are again from South Australia with our communication from "Lynda Land"

This time around I will concentrate on our groups recent visit to Melbourne and the reasons for this. As you will no doubt realise by now we are busy with our movie, and most of the things we are involved with are related somewhat to this, by way of plans or rehearsal. This film traces the life of a transvestite from an early age, until middle life, where hopefully our transvestite has come to terms with his past, present and hopefully his future. With this in mind popular tv activities are included in the script. The highlight of the film will be a masquerade party with guests from all states. The venue for the event is to be Kew Kastle in Melbourne which has been kindly offered by our dear friend Karen. WE feel that Melbourne being more central offers a chance for more involvement from the other states. The Masquerade sequence although coming at the end of the film is being filmed early because it is likely to present more difficulties than most, and for this reason our visit to Melbourne was to finalise plans. The tentative date fixed is Saturday 17th January 1976, commencing around 4pm (to capture the daylight for filming). Chicken supper with salads galore, plus red and white wines will be served, and prizes will be various. It should be a success, and we hope you will come---  
---YOU might just be crowned Queen of the Masquerade (or King). The crunch of course---there has to be one---the cost \$5.00 single- \$8.00 double. Children free under twelve. Do bring them, most children love to dress up. More to the point, when Dad dresses in future it won't seem so strange if he is accidentally seen.

Our visit this time allowed us time for shopping and filming, with many spectators watching with interest as Lynda casually strolled through the market looking for those elusive bargains, whilst the cameras whirled.

The Saturday night gathering at Kew Kastle we all agreed was the most enjoyable yet. We met some new people, and renewed some old friendships. Travelling from Lynda- Land with me this time was my wife Sybil, and two good friends who had not previously made the trip, Sadie and Alex (Irene) Peter(Pat) flew down later. We were greeted with warm friendship by all and Irene was an immediate success with her uncontrollable Scots humour. We found it tremendously fulfilling to be able to talk in the atmosphere that Karen somehow manages to create for us. We love her for it, and in our own way hope we give something in return. This trip by the way, was the longest period for many years for Lynda to be on show. Five days in all, I mention this for those of who are interested.

I know that many of you find the fashion side very interesting, so I will just mention a couple of outfits. I travelled down to Melbourne in a beige skirt and green skivvy. Black shoes, bag, and jacket completed the outfit. Very practical for driving, for the filming on the Friday whilst shopping I wore a green pinafore dress and blouse also with black accessories. Incidentally during my walk through the market I came across a beautiful pair of white leather boots, which I just had to try on. They fitted like a glove, and as I was admiring myself someone came along and pinched my bottom. The camera was not rolling at the time, more the pity so I only have the boots to remind me of the happening. I also purchased a pair of denim shoes at Myers. Very much the in thing this year.

On Saturday night I wore a long green pinafore dress with a yellow top, and beige shoes and bag. Patricia wore a long black skirt, delicate pink blouse, and over jacket and black shoes. Irene had a figured blue silk suit, very smart indeed. Sybil wore a blue Rumanian caftan, and looked as beautiful as ever. Her shoes and bag were pink. Finally Sadie who looked delightful in a white evening blouse and dark red velvet hostest skirt. One more outfit that I must mention as it is one of my favourites I wore it whilst in Melbourne and for travelling back home. It is a blue jersey silk dress in the new length, under I wore a white high necked bubble blouse. The shoes and bag are also white, and I hope it comes up well on film.

I would like to welcome to our group two new members. Kristine, who recently made her debut together with Helen. Both were very nicely presented but were very nervous. A warm welcome to you both. They have both written articles for Feminique, so we hope they will be included soon and you enjoy reading them. This issue hopefully carries some flattering pictures from South Australia.

SEASONS GREETINGS TO YOU ALL .....

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A report from Western Australia is on the last page \_\_\_\_\_

Unfortunately we are lacking news from Melbourne, Canberra and Brisbane

After women's lib, men's lib; and of course the two are connected. Men's groups (very much not the same as gay lib) are now emerging in Britain.

Would you give your son a doll to play with? Or let him wear a dress? Or teach him how to knit and sew? If not you may, unconsciously, be reinforcing the stereotyped sex role that will, in later life, turn him into a male sexist pig.

Until a few years ago, women made all the running in demands for a change in the role of the two sexes. Now it's increasingly realised that women cannot have two roles - at work and in the family unless men also have two roles. They can't shoulder more of the responsibility of work, unless men take a more active part in home making and child rearing. Equality for women thus requires a fundamental change in the way men see themselves, and women's lib is incomplete without men's lib.

The first signs of an emerging men's movement to work out these conundrums showed up in America around 1970. Ironically enough, it sprang from a feminist group, the National Organisation of Women, now set up a working party to study the "male mystique." The head of this working party was Warren Farrell, subsequently a lecturer in sexual politics; Many of the estimated 300 men's groups in America arose after meetings addressed by Farrell. Both in America and in Britain, the main impetus to the formation of further men's groups has been the existence of women's groups - the husbands and boy friends of militant women's libbers are often the moving spirits. The need for men's groups may be for a kind of psychotherapy to readjust to the threats to the male identity posed by an autonomous woman about the house. Rationally, the men usually agree with their wives' demands for equality and freedom, and join the group in order to work out ways of changing themselves to comply with what women's lib demands. As Warren Farrell points out in his classic book BEYOND MASCULINITY (Random House 1974), if men are not also resocialised women will only achieve "closet liberation."

Although the response to women's lib was the starting point the groups soon began to go further than that, to try to discover what were the aspects of the male character that had so far prevented equality - and, generalising, look at all the aspects of male behaviour that might be dictated by a stereotyped male sex role learned while growing up. Before we look at what the men's groups actually do, it might be helpful to go through the elements of that male mould; to see what it is the groups are trying to overcome.

The men's groups started off by looking for what it was in themselves that oppressed women; but they soon found other traits that horrified them. For although women had a raw deal in society, the fact was that men as well as women were confined by a limiting and damaging sex role. As Joseph Pleak (another seminal writer on men's lib) says: "Many of our most important needs cannot be met by our acting in the ways we have been expected to act as men." Because the stereotyped sex

roles hived off, for example, all the emotionality onto the woman, and all the logic onto the man, they prevented both sides from being fully human.

The process of growing into the male sex role starts young: the little boys are given guns and cowboy outfits and literature which encourages senseless heroism and bravado. They soon get outlandish ideas of what it takes to be a man, and can never quite achieve it, so they feel anxious and insecure. They are all "strivers" of one kind or another, says Farrell: physical strivers, who try to excel in sport or gang warfare and in rebellion against school; student strivers, who allow themselves to be manipulated by the rules of the academic system in order to win approval and advancement. Later they may become sex strivers, who use women not for their own sake, but to prove themselves in the eyes of their fellow men.

The adult male role is summed up by Pleck: "Keep cool and get ahead," or "Suppress emotion and seek achievement." The taboo on the public expression of emotion by men is strong, at least in Anglo-Saxon countries: in most organisations they may even fall in jeopardy of losing their jobs if they ever break down and cry. They are not encouraged to admit dependency on anything. They are expected to be good speakers rather than good listeners, self-confident rather than humble, hard, tough and aggressive rather than soft and persuasive. The penalties for showing weakness are high - Farrell quotes, for example, Ed Muskie who fell out of the presidential race because he wept in public, and Thomas Eagleton, who could not be made vice-president because he had had psychiatric treatments.

A man is under a strong pressure to be successful and competitive, and to make others appear unsuccessful. His work is intimately connected, through his role as breadwinner for the family, to his sexual potency. If he is middle class, he is generally expected to put his work before his family. Ostensibly, this is to protect his family and to increase their prosperity. In fact it damages his children, his wife and himself. Men are supposed to know it all, and at home and in public must maintain a facade of omniscience and expertise. Even in sex they have to take all the initiatives.

This whole syndrome, the men's literature holds, imposes an immense and partly unconscious strain on men - for example, they have to take all the sense of wounded pride involved in sexual rejection. The male role does, in fact, seem harder to keep up than the female one. It is very strange, for example, that little boys come in for torrents of ridicule if they allow themselves to lapse for one minute and behave in a "cissy" way, whereas little girls can get away with being "tomboys" without any sanctions. It is also singular that women are allowed to wear male clothing, but men may not under any circumstances wear women's clothes without being called "poofs" or "transvestites". One American writer, Sidney Jourard, claims that the tremendous stress imposed by keeping up the male facade is responsible for men's lower life expectancy. Men have a thicker Reichian "muscular armature" than women, they are more "uptight", and they are not even allowed to admit their difficulties to get them off their chest. And because of the strong link between work and the man's sense of value and potency, when work ceases at retirement the man's life often disintegrates.

I don't intend to go into an extended critique of these ideas, but one or two limitations must be pointed out. The first is that, like the women's lib theories, the literature of the men's movement denies that there is any instinctual foundation to the difference in the two sex roles. Secondly, it is written by middle class American males and expresses their hang-ups (and, to a large extent, those of middle class Englishmen) - one need only mention that Mediterranean men and African men have no inhibitions about expressing their emotions in public and even crying. And even working class Anglo-Saxons - unless they desperately need the money - don't put their work before their family, though they may put the pub or sport in front. In other words, the theories, as they stand at present leave out of reckoning national and class cultural differences in the male stereotype.

These then are the underlying ideas of the men's movement. In practice, they are worked out in men's groups with six to nine participants. These are only partly therapy groups, though they may engage in sensory awareness exercises, group criticism, and talking through the problems of individual members. Their principal function is "consciousness raising", that is, questioning every aspect of the members' lives that might be dictated by stereotyped sex role. They talk about relations with women, sex, work, education, masturbation, the problems of men relating to men without competition.

As well as meeting for group sessions, the men's groups in the US also join in demonstrations and protests about different aspects of sex role stereotyping. There have been demos outside toy departments for example, demanding dolls for boys (they, too, have to be parents one day).

In Britain the movement has been much weaker and more disorganised than in America. The first groups seem to have emerged in London about four years ago, recruiting members from the husbands and boyfriends of women's libbers and through adverts in fringe publications. To date there have been five national conferences, which have led to further groups forming. There are now 20-30 groups.

Many of the groups are extremely shy about talking to the press, but the two or three I managed to contact revealed a pattern of activity similar to the American groups. One group in the Moseley area of Birmingham, for example, started up in response to extremist action by a strong women's group. Women were insisting on their independence, going out at night on their own without saying where they were going, and being unfaithful to their partners, according to one of the group's members. The men (amazingly) were theoretically agreed that their women should have autonomy, but (not surprisingly) had "problems" in relating to their partner's other man. They felt hostile and jealous towards him, and this, for the group, seemed related to their feelings of competition and aggression towards other men in general. The group then became a forum, not only for working out men's relations with women, but with other men as well.

This group now helps to run a women's lib playgroup, in which sex stereotypes are, if not repressed, at least not encouraged. The group does not provide sexist toys like guns or dolls; it encourages the boys to dress up and the girls to play as cowboys. It also does play

in which the traditional sex roles are reversed, or in which women win.

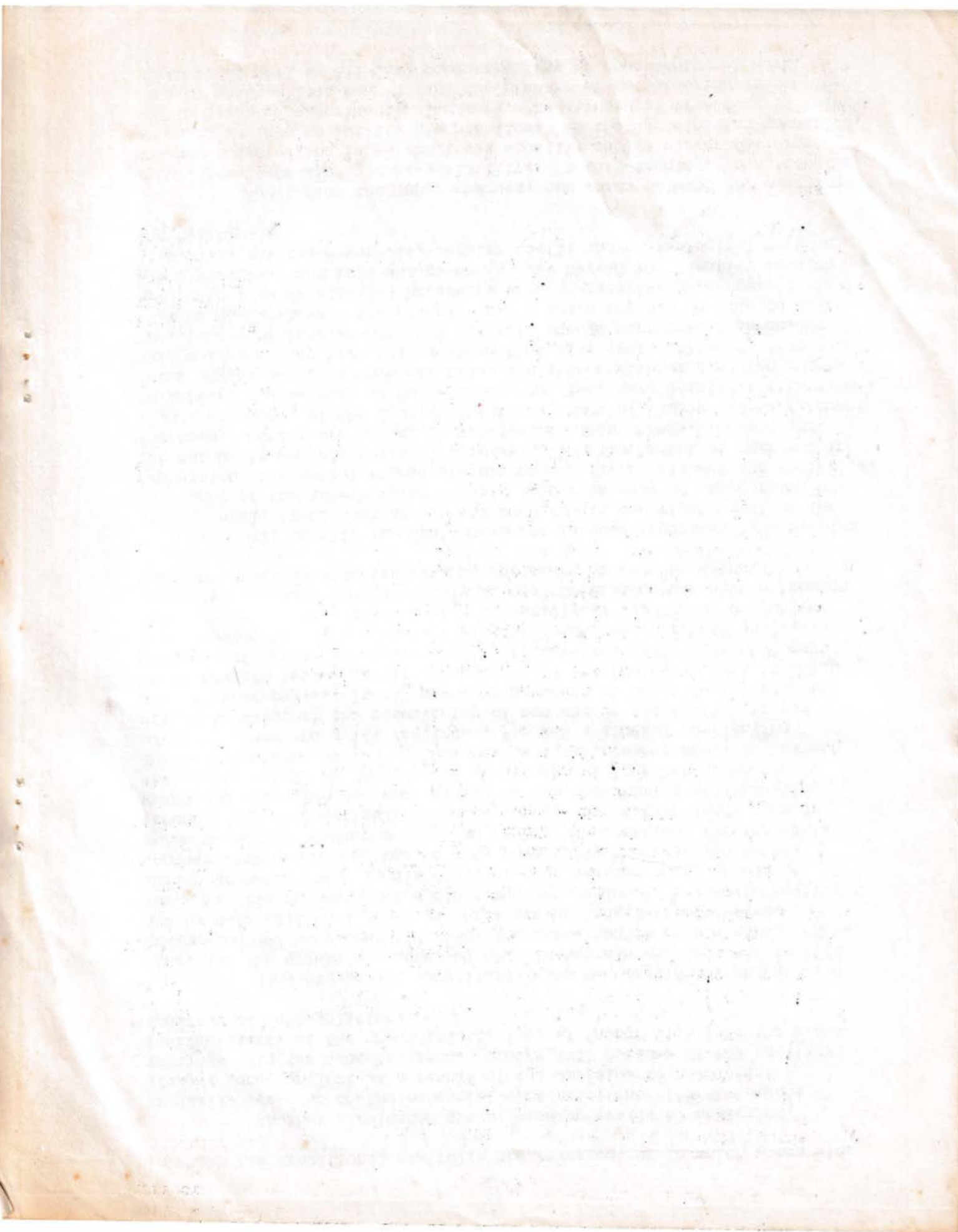
Another Birmingham group, made up mostly of academics, gradually broke up on the potential contradictions of active men's groups: one man left as a result of the decision to hold joint meetings with the women's group. Others left because of the political ineffectuality of the group and its lack of integration into the broad spectrum of left politics.

Mens groups are very fluid: the membership may change with time, and the groups may come and go. In Britain the movement is still fragmented and very confused about the direction it should take. There are as many political lines as there are factions left of centre, and there is disagreement over whether the groups should engage in political action or not. There is disagreement over whether there should be contact with women's groups or not. Generally the relation to the women's and gay movements has been highly problematical for the men's groups: are they strictly there to change men so they don't oppress women any more (Men against Sexism) or are they aiming at liberating men (men's lib)? An "agenda" of questions put together after the London conference of Men against Sexism last November shows the extent of uncertainty and guilt feelings: "Is MAS a liberal outflanking effort to reassert the masculinity of men who do not fulfil the sex role stereotype? ... Is MAS merely a movement of unsuccessful sexists? Do we have to become gay in order to grow? (Relating to gays is a big problem for "straight" men in men's groups - the infiltration of gays has almost made the straights feel guilty that they are not gay) ... Where do we direct our struggle - at ourselves? ... Can we do public activity - perhaps public unmanly things?" British groups have no common programme yet, no organisation, no agreement or ends or means.

All in all, the men's movement is more important as a symptom of an overall trend than as a phenomenon in its own right, just as the militancy of the tub-thumping women's libber is only an exaggerated expression of a social change proceeding quietly in all western societies. The change in women's roles is already having its impact at work and in the home, and men are having to readjust to this change. Robert and Rhonda Rapoport, of the Institute for the Study of Family and Environment in London, and authors of *Dual-Career Families*, have pointed out that there may be limits to how sex roles can change without damaging people's self esteem - they have called these "identity tension lines". For a man, it may be intolerable that his wife should earn more than he, or that he should have a woman superior. A woman may not be able to allow her husband to do allotted housework without interfering or questioning his standards. Sex role change which goes beyond the identity tension line will, say the Rapoports, require social and psychological work on the "victims".

Apart from the inner changes, new forms of work are emerging which make "mens lib" a real possibility. In this country, young couples who have adopted the ideas about sex equality choose career patterns which allow them to put it into practice. In the Scandinavian countries, and in isolated experiments elsewhere, the structural framework is being created which allows men to take their share of childrearing responsibilities, as well as allowing women equality of opportunity at work.

These are points which could and should become part of the



In September, 1974, a programme organiser approached me to perform two of my cabaret tunes in late November for Their Excellencies, the Governor-General and Lady Blundell, at a reception. I was naturally thrilled at the honour and the organiser said she had heard about me but it was necessary for her to see a selection and pick out the items to be presented.

After some thought I hired a small hall one evening and gave her and some of her committee (husbands/wives) a one "man" show. It amused me when I arrived at the hall and they were waiting for me, to see how they did not recognise me in my make-up - its always amusing, and of course to me, it means the make-up is good.

Came the great night, and off I went to the Reception rooms, known as the "Winter Garden". The doorman greeted me as an old friend. The Manager lent me his office to change. There were about 300 guests and a buzz of excitement in the air. They were having five items of which I was contributing two.

For my first number I wore my black velvet, long evening gown, bare back and halter neck with a deep cleavage. Wore long white gloves and a single string of pearls with seamed 'darkish' tights and rather nice mod black patent sandals. After that item, which was a sophisticated one and well received, I changed in the office into my scarlet lurex leotard with white fur trim and white net bustle - imagine my dismay when I accidentally pulled the zip out of the back. I hurriedly pinned it together with safety pins from my "running repair" kit, but as the costume was so tight, particularly around the bust so as to accentuate the uplift and cleavage, the top pin kept popping open. I was distraught but realised I would have to reduce my wriggling round to keep 'done up'.

Sitting behind the small dais in the band room wondering if it would stay done up, I suddenly saw a champagne cork on the floor with the wire still round it. I pounced on it unravelled the wire, pushed it through the top of the zip and twisted it together. Hey, Presto! I performed my act - a French night club one, wearing beige high spike heels and nude tights and dashed off, perspiring profusely from the strain and the 'near miss'. That is a pun too, for of course, I was a near miss also. The Governor was most generous in his remarks afterwards.

At a Convention early in December I was engaged to present two items interspersed with a male sextet. I performed in the centre of the floor with the tables all around and a long 30 foot trailing lead on my microphone, and the sextet stayed and watched me. Afterwards their leader said they would have liked to give me their support in the French number I did and could we join forces. I was thrilled and we are in the throes of rehearsing some numbers together for the approaching "season". On that occasion for the French number, I wore a pink/white candy stripe, halter neck bra and outrageously short black mini skirt with seamed 'midnight' tights and my mod black patent open strap sandals. I felt pretty good, out there in front of them all, with so little on. Several wives had to full their husbands back on their seats!!

Talking of having little on, I hadn't done a strip for a few years so decided to include one for last year. In my last article for "Feminique" I described how I had performed for a Christchurch Entertainment Club at Dunedin at a Convention, attended by the Mayor and Corporation, and the public, and I mentioned that the Club had asked me to perform for them again at their next bi-annual conference, this time in the North Island.

I decided to do a strip and selected a suitable number. A strip requires the acme of perfection in an impersonator's make-up and I put a lot of preparation into this. I started off the act in my sophisticated black velvet evening gown with long white gloves and finished up as shown in the enclosed photo in white brief and bra.

It brought down the house and I was thrilled that it went over so well. It was necessary to flatten out completely between the legs, using strong adhesive plaster as the cover was so little I wore nude sheer tights and these had to be finished off, in the bikini stretch brief. I had a rhinestone 'belly button' safety pinned on and the bra was tight to produce the cleavage required to look natural.

Someone in the audience dashed round backstage when I had finished calling out "I must get a photo" and elbowing aside stage hands and even the stage manager, and made me pose for a special one. This made it so exciting.

When I returned to my hotel the reception and management staff still on duty were waiting to see me and greet me with 'oohs' and 'aahs' - I was in a shirt and slacks to return to the hotel and escorted by my very close woman friend, Noelene, whom Trina and Margaret have met.

Its an exhilarating thrill, being in "show biz" and being successful but its a slippery ladder and one must be on ones toes and be 'spot on' to retain that hold.

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Gabrielle, we hope will be with us for the seminar during May and we will be prevailing upon her talents for a , or I should say the, guest star of the cabaret that will be accompanying the day's events.....

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A detailed plan of the seminar will be available shortly after Christmas; leaving enough time to make plans for the attendance at the major event for transvestites.....

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