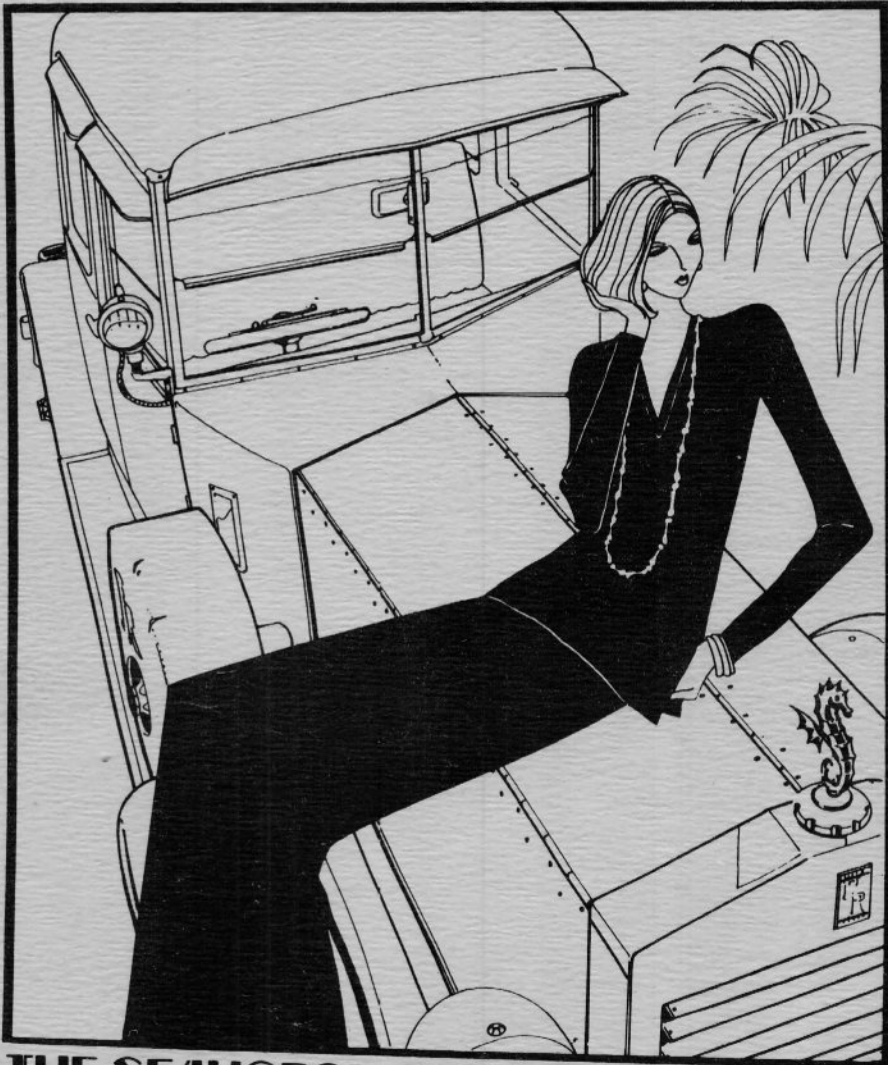


# FEMINIQUE



THE SEAHORSE CLUB OF AUSTRALIA



VOLUME ONE...NUMBER 15... 1977...



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FEMINIQUE is produced and distributed by the SEAHORSE CLUB of AUSTRALIA. We express the views of transvestites within this country and welcome all comments and enquiries from members of Seahorse, other transvestites and non transvestites within the community who may be interested in the subject.

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## "EDITRESSIAL"

BY TRINA TAYLOR



Optimism is a prime requisite for any voluntary organisation, and it's particularly needed when you are also responsible for Public Relations for Seahorse. Events have now proved that my comments in the last "Editressial", stating that transvestism is now accepted as part of the community, were somewhat premature. It's very true that the more "thinking" groups, the people we've been working with over the last year, readily accept us, and from that has probably grown a false sense of security.

I daresay it's natural that social workers, lifeline organisations and universities are more readily accepting of other people's points of view and eccentricities than is the general public. Their ready acceptance of Seahorse and their interest in transvestism led me to believe that theirs was the majority view, and that the acceptance continued all the way through society. However, experience over the last two months has shown that there is still a long way to go.

The first incident was probably the most traumatic, mainly I suppose because of the enormous gulf that exists between what a person will say and what they actually mean. It concerned the editor of a well known women's magazine, whose policy as stated on several occasions in her editorials was of responsibility to educate the public on as many issues as possible. This was not to be confined merely to the more "popular" issues, but was to include those generally regarded as controversial. These statements seemed to be aimed directly at Seahorse, so fired by her enthusiasm and obvious sincerity, I despatched a letter and article forthwith.

It produced no response - well, maybe they were busy, I thought, or it's lost in the post! I telephoned a month later, and after a great deal of difficulty finally reached "Her". You require a great deal of perseverance to fight your way through the legion of people all insisting THEY can help you, but when the problem is explained, saying "Oh, that's not MY decision, dear!". Eventually that well known and unmistakable voice was on the other end of the telephone.

Somehow or other the term "social" appears to have become confused with that other term "society page", and public education on controversial issues may remain in a realm with the question of red or white wine with fish dishes!

The subject of transvestism appears to be doomed to remain as an "also-ran" - "We're not THAT sort of magazine, it would upset too many readers". My argument that if nothing was ever printed for discussion the subject would remain controversial, was to no avail. "The public will be ready for it in two or three years' time", she said, "It's still TOO controversial today!"

Well, maybe it's still different, but surely not all THAT different. In fact, the more I think about it, the more positive I become that it's not the subject that prevents publication, but the thought of having to pronounce "transvestism" (with all its "s"'s) - with a lisp!

However, on this point all is not lost - a rival magazine (far more forward-looking) is likely to publish an article on transvestism before this issue of "Feminique" is printed.

The second incident involved the NSW Police Department - an entity, I hasten to add, with which we have always maintained good relations. However, their reaction to a simple request of ours was completely unexpected and quite contrary to what we had always understood. To cut a long story short, I telephoned the Police Public Relations Department with a request that a member of the Department be sent as a representative on the TransVenue panel. I told them who we were, what it was about, and the Acting Officer in Charge expressed no great surprise, merely asking that as a formality I make the request in writing. In due course the Department would inform us of the arrangements made.

Again I waited - a fortnight - and then rang. The Inspector - Head of Department then treated me to a long lecture on the evils of homosexuality! I in turn treated him to a long lecture on the dangers of ignorance. The matter now rests in the hands of the Minister for Police - who also happens to be the NSW Premier. I talked with his Head of Department today, and it appears most likely that the Police Department will in fact be sending a representative - as he said, if only to give the police some understanding of transvestism!

In contrast to the above, the initial response by the media to TransVenue 77 has been outstanding. To date, in the last two weeks Wendy and I between us have completed five radio interviews totalling three hours of air time. For any topic this is staggering, particularly as they've all been on top rating programmes.

The all important "lead-in" and "exit" remarks by the interview-

er have been excellent, and two of these people so far have agreed to do another programme closer to the Convention.


The television channels have really been in evidence too, and it's likely that all four channels will cover various aspects before April 23rd, including the prestige programme "Monday Conference".

The "Public Relations" aspect is always interesting, whether it be the quieter approach through the various organisations, or as on this occasion, the "out front" operation with the media. The image we present is so important - it's what the public sees us as. And always in the front of your mind is the caution that the remarks you may intend to be taken as a personal opinion, will in fact be taken as the official view of the Seahorse Club. It's always with a great deal of care that you answer questions which, with a slip of the tongue, may undo months or even years of good work in this field.

*Trina*

\*\*\*\*\*



SEE OVER 

"'Don we now our gay apparel...'"

# Deck the halls



Words traditional

Traditional Welsh Melody

With spirit, F C7 Dm C F C F Gm F C F

1. Deck the halls with boughs of hol - ly, }  
 2. See the blaz - ing Yule be - fore us, } Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.  
 3. Fast a - way the old year pass - es, }

F C7 F C7 Dm C F C F Gm F C F

Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly, }  
 Strike the harp and join the cho - rus, } Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.  
 Hail the new, ye lads and lass es, }

C F Gm C G C F C G C


Don we now our gay ap - par - el, }  
 Fol - low me in mer - ry meas - ure, } Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.  
 Sing we joy - ous all to - geth - er, }

F C7 Dm C F C F Gm F C F

Troll the an - cient Yule - tide car - ol, }  
 While I tell of Yule - tide treas - ure, } Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.  
 Heed - less of the wind and weath - er, }

## "FEMME FORUM"

WENDY GRAY



The recent publicity distribution to the media regarding TransVenue 77 produced an excellent response, particularly from radio and television. On radio Les Thompson of 2UE and Bob Rogers of 2GB snapped up the opportunity to broadcast an interview about transvestism and the seminar. Both of these announcers treated the subject very well and the resulting programmes were very good publicity for Seahorse and its members.

In his preamble to the interview with Trina, Bob Rogers described Seahorse as a group of people with the "guts" to stand up and be counted. Mike Willesee used the same expression preceding the interview on his television programme with Trina and family

If this style of description continues we may even see future editions of dictionaries describe transvestites as 'people with an ample degree of intestinal fortitude who dress in clothes of the opposite sex'. At the time of writing, a segment is scheduled for the 'Maggie Eckhardt Show'. Discussions are well advanced for an "in depth" segment on 'This Day Tonight' and it also seems likely that Seahorse will be the subject of a 'Monday Conference' programme. If this sort of response keeps up that anticipated dictionary definition may have to include "and often appear on television programmes".

It is very satisfying to see the media attitude to transvestism taking its present course. The sensationalism approach has been dissipated by constant contact and we are now seeing ourselves being fairly described.

At the March meeting of the New South Wales region an Annual General Meeting of the New South Wales region was conducted to elect a regional committee and discuss other local business. The New South Wales regional committee is Sue Lord, Gail Carroll, Edwina Jason

Judy Camberly, Barbara Smith and Jayne Cassel. I am sure that this committee will work very well together and I urge all members of the New South Wales region to give them any assistance requested of them.

Barbara Burrows recent acceptance of the post of councillor for Seahorse in Western Australia is I feel a very significant step in the consolidation of Seahorse on a national basis. Barbara's group the "Chameleon Society" now has an affiliated association with Seahorse and all Chameleon members have the option of taking up membership of Seahorse as well.

This strengthening of Seahorse national coverage provides another element to help ensure the achieving of the primary objective of your National Executive and I am sure all members as well, that objective being that "Seahorse must continue to exist". All members reading this magazine should recall what their life was like before they contacted Seahorse. I would not hesitate to say that we all have benefitted from the existence of Seahorse and we should all work to see that it does continue for the sake of those who have not yet discovered us, as well as the present members. I have been a member of Seahorse for five years now and have seen us accepted by the medical and counselling groups as being very responsible people.

At Transeminar 76 Professor Niel McConaghy stated that his continued association with Seahorse had created the attitude whereby he now considered that transvestism was no more of a problem than that of enthusiastic stamp collecting. This may have seemed a rather flip-pant statement but it was made by a man who is Associate Professor of Psychiatry at the University of New South Wales and he has been responsible for instituting a research programme to illustrate the suitability of his analogy.

Many of you will be reading this magazine at it's initial distributionpoint, TransVenue 77 and I take this opportunity to welcome you. To those who were unable to attend I extend my condolences, I am certain you are missing an exceptionally enjoyable weekend, but as some consolation I will be reporting on the weekend in the next issue of FEMINIQUE.....



## THE HISTORY OF SEAHORSE

By PAULINE WORNER

PAULINE WORNER HAS WRITTEN THE HISTORY OF THE CLUB FROM PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE AS ONE OF THE THREE REMAINING FOUNDER MEMBERS. PAULINE HAS BEEN DEEPLY INVOLVED IN THE CLUB ACTIVITIES OVER THE LAST TWO YEARS AND IS PRESENTLY NATIONAL TREASURER.

On many occasions I have been asked, as the resident co-founder of the organisation, for a history of the Club, and the story of how it began. Being a lazy person by nature, it has taken quite a while to raise sufficient energy to begin the story, and, as it may seem boring to some, I feel that the highlights only should be covered together with some of the more humorous incidents.

I am also a believer that magazine articles, like speeches, should be designed and constituted like female outer wear - long enough to cover the subject, yet short enough to be interesting!

We now have to go back in time to 1967, when Pauline, then a widower, had placed her three children in boarding schools, and to maintain some kind of home place for them, took a larger flat in a near northern suburb of Sydney. Naturally as a TV, consideration was given to security; a large wardrobe was given over to Pauline, and Pauline indulged herself whenever she was home.

One thing was lacking - companionship. My late wife had known of Pauline's existence and had tolerated her, but only just, and in the absence of other TV's I had met in the Air Force who had now been posted to the ends of the earth, the only social action that Pauline saw was through her long friendship with Shiela Cruze, the veteran vaudeville performer now choreographing for Les Girls.

In those days of course, going shopping or appearing dressed in public, discovery would result in police action. Shopping for certain items was best accomplished through a fellow called Jack Fischer who advertised in the "Australian Post" and supplied goods by mail. At that stage I had known of Jack for some years, and was one of the very few TV's who had met him personally. I wrote to Jack and asked if he could put other TV's in touch with me; shortly after I received a letter from Joan Kempthorne of New Zealand, and we commenced a lively correspondence.

Joan had been corresponding with Rosemary Langdon (who had settled in Australia) through their common membership of FPE, and shortly Rosemary and I were in contact. Others like Carole, a ship's officer from the UK who visited Sydney fairly regularly, soon appeared on the scene, and the stage was set for the inauguration of the Club.

Early in 1968 Joan was visiting Australia, and one night she, Rosemary and Pauline sat down to dinner chez Pauline. Being all mathematically minded we got around to estimating the number of TV's who were in Sydney that evening, and hypothesising (had they known of our existence) what numbers we could have had at the dinner. I forget the figure we came up with, but to me it seemed formidable, and as it turned out after later more accurate estimates, was actually very conservative.

The problem was, how to make contact? What could we do, and what would we achieve? We decided to try newspaper advertising and see what happened. Our difficulty here was that if the advertisement was explicit, no reputable newspaper or periodical would publish it, so off went the first ads to the more avant garde newspapers and periodicals, seeking "persons interested in TV activities". Needless to say, our mailbag largely consisted of replies from television fanciers - not exactly the birds we were after! However, some of our respondents were, and this encouraged us to further efforts.

This period also gave us the opportunity to formulate a framework of security and confidentiality exclusive to the Club, and this is in existence today.

During this formative period we were visited by Virginia Prince from FPE in the United States, who offered to vet all applications for us - for a consideration of course - but after some discussion we decided to go it alone. She did, however, accomplish one thing; which was to fire our enthusiasm.

Meanwhile Rosemary and I, with Carole and Joan during their visits, had been meeting regularly either chez Pauline or chez Rosemary, with the active encouragement and assistance of our acting unpaid hardworked secretary Jenny, Rosemary's wife.

Our first major breakthrough came following advertisements in the Kings Cross Whisper and similar publications. Some startling creatures came out of the woodwork, but fortunately also appeared the nucleus of the young Club, and the stage was set for the inaugural official meeting in 1970, when after much discussion the name "Seahorse" was adopted, and the Club was born.

I recall that it was suggested we adopt the zoological name, but on ascertaining that this was "Hippocarpus" we decided to stick to the common name!

We had had some inquiries from interstate, and as I was frequently on the go around Australia at the time, I followed these up with discussions and interviews, adding first Melbourne, then Adelaide, Brisbane and Perth to our list, forming nuclei for future expansion.

Sydney meetings were being held on a fairly sporadic basis, with membership slowly increasing, and we felt the time was ripe for a celebration - our first Seahorse TV Dinner, held in early 1971.

Mighty were our preparations. Julie, now resident in Melbourne, arranged through a real estate agent friend for the rental of a house in Bellevue Hill for the night. The friend was firmly convinced that blue movies were to be shown, and we did not attempt to change his opinion. Being of a practical turn, I asked Julie whether light and gas were connected, and was assured they were. As official caterer, I decided that frozen TV dinners would be most appropriate, and purchased accordingly.

With secret passwords the ladies gathered, some en femme, some partway and some au naturel. The secrecy would have done credit to the Ku Klux Klan. Power was in fact connected, although it need not have been as the continuous "flash" of flashbulbs would have lit up a reasonably sized tower.

Pauline now retires to the kitchen to prepare the food and - horrors! - no gas! Dressed in finest evening gown and evening slippers she checks gas meter and finds it on - the problem lies outside! Resolutely she proceeds to her car, removes toolbox, and in the dusk in busy New South Head Road, locates the main and endeavours to connect the gas supply. Julie, clad as I recall in a magnificent gold lame pants suit, stood in the front garden and shouted encouragement - such as "So you're a bloody engineer, well get it fixed!".

All efforts failed, and the inaugural dinner consisted of chips, peanuts, Cheezpops and the like. Not an auspicious beginning, but hilarious all the same. (I might add that the TV dinners were saved and eaten at a later date).

During 1971 and early 1972 our venue for meetings was at Mona Vale where Jill was our charming hostess. She was later to become our second President.

Our security here was, in retrospect, somewhat humorous, with secret knocks etc. which would have delighted any Lodge. I recall on one occasion Giana, who was always exquisitely gowned and made up (which of course took considerable time) arrived about 11.00pm, did not give the secret knock, and was left outside for a considerable period of time - much to her disgust and our amusement.

During this period we had elected officers and drafted a Constitution, and with Rosemary as our foundation President, the Club was well under way.

At this time too I recall the advent of two new members, both rather shy, Trina of the ready smile and Wendy of the long blonde hair.

The first newsletter came out about this time, typed and duplicated on yellow paper by the hardworking Jenny - bless her, she really worked hard in those days, as our Honorary Secretary.

Our first wedding, when Jill took the plunge, was a night to remember, with a magnificent wedding gown hired for the occasion. I had asked Rosemary to obtain a human hair wig from Hong Kong, and on its arrival it was styled and set for me. At the wedding party, looking with envy at Jill in her finest, I particularly noted the lovely hairdo. When later I picked my wig up from Rosemary (and of course immediately tried it on), I wondered why it looked strangely familiar! - Still, all is fair in love, war and the art of TV.

I was still carrying on the job of interstate liaison, and saw the start of the group in Melbourne. Wonderful nights - albeit small - at Kew Castle, Karen's residence, became the focus of activities. Then followed the start of Adelaide and Perth; however, due to some unfortunate circumstances and personality clashes, membership in both cities was slightly fragmented. It is pleasing to note that now Adelaide is growing again under the aegis of Lynda and Sybil, and in Perth a group with a common aim has got together and negotiations are under way for closer liaison.

Consolidation of the Club took place in 1973 and 1974; I of necessity had to spend considerable time overseas, which precluded me from taking part in many activities, although the finger was still on the pulse.

About this time Rosemary, with, I suspect, much misgiving, departed to take up an appointment overseas. Jill was elected as our second President and Trina took on the arduous role of Secretary. "Feminique" became an established magazine produced on a regular basis, although still in its duplicated form.

Times were changing and society was taking a more liberal view of people it regarded as "different". The media also became less restrictive for advertising purposes, and increased advertising resulted in increasing membership. The work of the Club grew, and with the advent of more sophisticated members, some with understanding wives, together



with the growing self-confidence of longer-standing members, we became more daring and in doing so, grew more determined to claim an accepted place in society.

This period I like to call our "missionary phase". Trina was firmly entrenched as Secretary, ably assisted by wife Margaret; Jill had resigned as President, and Wendy, late of the long blonde hair, took over as our third President. The team proved a winner, and they set forth to storm the ramparts of society bearing the tidings of Seahorse. The media - press, radio and TV (I mean the square, electronic one) - were reeling under the onslaught of letters, phone calls, personal appearances and whatever.

Eventually the breakthrough was made in late 1974 when Jill, Wendy and Trina were interviewed on the Mike Walsh Show - TV's were on TV! The interview was conducted in semi-darkness, but we had arrived. This was followed by an interview and article by Patricia Johnson, a staff writer on Cleo magazine. The ice had melted and the avalanche was released - membership inquiries ran hot both in Sydney and interstate. The Seahorse Club was now at strength, the public was aware of us, and we were aware of our place in society.

Further television appearances - this time not in darkness - were made in Melbourne and Sydney, and the medical profession requested our assistance for a psychiatric study of the transvestite. We agreed with alacrity, and Neil Buhrich commenced a long study with Club members participating as research subjects. Some of his findings are now being published, and will certainly help to give the public a better insight into our personalities, and dispel many doubts as to our heterosexuality and our motives.

To further our aims and place ourselves squarely before the public, a Seminar was arranged and held in May 1976 at the Newport Inn. What a weekend! - delegates from all states, Rosemary and Jenny from Hong Kong, mixing with the public and being treated as equals; learned men of the medical profession; marriage guidance counsellors; social workers - all meeting together with the common aim of learning what makes a TV tick, and discussing problems of mutual interest.

Rosemary, Jenny and I stood during the Seminar looking down at the delegates, happily at ease in their finery, and reminisced about the days of '68-'69. I must admit we had tears of pride in our eyes witnessing the success and strength of our child, which had had such a puny beginning.

Regular meetings are now held in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane and Canberra; membership continues to grow and strengthen. Social outings en femme are arranged to restaurants, theatres etc.; shopping expeditions en femme are commonplace. On occasions some of

our members who drive with less care than they might have had personal interviews with representatives of the Gendarmerie, with no comment as to why they are dressed that way.

Missionaries still go forth lecturing to social workers at universities, church groups, Marriage Guidance Councils, Lifeline and self help organisations. More TV and radio interviews are scheduled, and articles in prominent magazines.

This year in April will see TransVenue '77, a three-day weekend with all expenses - held once again at the Newport Inn. The format this year includes a one-day workshop situation where problems peculiar to TV's will be discussed, boutiques, fashion parades, classes in makeup, hair care and deportment, and of course the fabulous Seahorse Cabaret. Again we will have many prominent medicos, sociologists, humanists and the like attending. From present indications it will be a sellout with over 150 attending.

Often I wonder how it all came about, and then I realise it was due to the hard work and dedication of a few who refused to give up, who believed, were prepared to face ridicule (which happily did not occur) and gave selflessly of their time.

Next year Seahorse, although it is not your official tenth birthday, I for one (joined I'm sure by Rosemary) will raise a glass in silent toast and say, "Happy Birthday, young daughter, long may you prosper!"

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FEMINIQUE  
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editress.  
art directress  
production



printers

FEMINIQUE  
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Trina Taylor.  
Di Ward.  
Bronny Ward.  
Margaret Taylor  
Karen Taylor  
Wendy Gray.  
Dorothy Selwood  
Pauline Warner  
Gail Carrol  
"COPYSET" Burwood.

Further copy is required for future issues..fiction..articles...  
fashion tips...makeup advice...experiences....



## BOOK REVIEW

By PAULA HOWARD

SUNDAY BEST by Bernice Rubens (PENGUIN BOOKS)

A clever and often very funny book; and a "must" for any transvestite whose reading tastes rise above Truth, the Westerns and the Sunday Comics!

It is in paper-back, priced in Australia at \$1.20 and at that it is well worth the money even if one cannot resist the cynical observation that in London the same edition sells for a mere 35p.

The story tells of the quite credible (to me anyway!) though a little unusual happenings in the married life of George Verrey Smith, who admits reluctantly to being 42 and is a schoolmaster and secret transvestite, when he gets carried inevitably out of his depth beyond his long established closet-queen activities.

George/Georgina ventures out, firstly, to buy himself his own wardrobe having tired of his wife's hand-me-downs; his experiences at an elderly Jewish woman's boutique are hilarious and well told. Secondly, he decides to attend the funeral of his next door neighbour in his newly acquired finery, and throughout these obsequies remains undetected by either his wife (who has never actually seen him dressed) or the other mourners.

Flushed with this success he then elects to leave home and live in Brighton in the role of Mrs Emily Price, widow. Suspected of the murder of a school colleague and unaccountably absent from his home, the calm of his drag existence is soon disturbed by the inevitable police search for him, and he is early unmasked.

The tale is fairly ingenious and well told though in the first part the authoress permits herself too much and too many excursions into non-essential discourse and justification which, though impeccably written, does little or nothing to advance the progress of the plot and may well try the patience of the more avid TV reader.

A representative sample of Georgina's transvestite revelations, all exciting and believable but in no way corny or salacious, is worth quoting:

"I dressed completely (in the new clothes) without once looking in the mirror. And then I hesitated before the final confrontation. Every item fitted superbly and I knew that I was beautiful ... I drew up a chair and sat opposite the mirror, crossing my legs discreetly

to reveal the breaking of the black (dress). Black was a colour full of suggestion and promise ...

"Why, indeed, had I insisted on black? And then I realised that, somewhere along the line, consciously or otherwise, I had made the decision to go to Mr Johnson's funeral in drag".

And so our anti-hero/heroine did. With what dire results in due course, it's worth chasing up this paperback to find out!



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### HOW WE SEE IT

FOUR LETTERS EACH EXPRESSING A DIFFERENT VIEW-POINT ON TRANSVESTISM ...

Dear Trina,

I have read thoroughly the last three copies of "Feminique" and I am impressed enough to want to add my bit. I have no idea whether anyone else in the Club is in a similar position to me but since no two sets of circumstances are ever the same my experiences might be of interest.

The background I will keep brief, since it parallels most of the other stories I have read in these pages. Suffice to say I spent over thirty years of my life as a closet TV. When the opportunity and encouragement finally came for me to come out of the closet I was only able to do so to a limited extent; you see I am a well known public figure, identifiable in almost any street in any city of Australia. Despite the fact that my female disguise is reasonably good the chance still very definitely exists that some situations could result in my being "sprung". So I elect to "show" myself to a select few and because of my work load, only occasionally. Frankly, I would infinitely prefer "occasionally" to "not at all", and I find solace in that fact. But I am still envious of those who live their private lives privately; those who, even if they were "found out", are simply not identifiable to the great mass of Australian people.

I have the added disadvantage that my wife, although she knows, most definitely does not approve, understand or even moderately accept. For this reason I have to "escape" from home from time to

time or wait until I can get the family away for a week or so without me.

Once I had been through the business of "coming out" I wrestled with myself for a couple of weeks while I made my final decision. I was sorely tempted and it would have been so easy to toss it all in and do my own thing. But my career depends upon my remaining "clean and credible" and I don't really want to lose contact with my kids at this stage of their lives. So I simply balanced the pros and cons, and compromised.

And it just has to be a better arrangement than I had before. Even a few knowing and encouraging friends are a mile better than going it alone.

... JO-ANNE WILSON ...



Dear Trina,

At the moment I am sitting in a very hot and stuffy office in my very uncomfortable male clothing. How I wish I could dress in something loose, flowing and silky!

I have been thinking of the various styles of dressing again and I can find no reason in my own mind why men and women should dress differently.

There are of course certain jobs or tasks which demand specialised clothing - either manual labour in the open, on the factory floor or in the laboratory. In each of the above instances workers, both male and female, tend to dress the same as the protective clothing has been found by experience to be appropriate. However, when one considers the so-called professional and service fields, no such requirement exists and it is here that the greatest contrast in dressing occurs. Men, particularly, always appear in blue pin-stripe suits (or variants on that theme).

For leisure-wear, the contrast is similar except for the uni-sex look blue denim jeans and jacket, appearing to me to be hot, tight and uncomfortable.

In some ways, I cannot see the universal fashion for trousers over the past 300 years as anything except an aping of military uniforms. This is especially true of the late Georgian and Victorian eras - note the braid on the coats and jackets and the stripe down the trousers. These garments may have been suitable for armies ploughing through the mud of Europe, but are most certainly most unsuitable for sedentary occupations in the Mediterranean to sub-tropical climates which we experience in Australia. I really fail to

see the reason, other than Anglo-Saxon pride, why the flowing robes, kaftans and skirts adopted by other peoples in similar climates have not been adopted here. All exports of commodities and culture from the Northern Hemisphere - so-called "Western" societies - were or are not necessarily good - dress being one such feature; and ought to be discarded in favour of more sensible usage long adopted by societies living in the tropical or sub-tropical regions.

On another theme, referring to the article on Transeminar '76 in August Cleo, I find the attempts to place all TV's into simple categories or boxes repugnant. The analysis of our past and present motivations seemed simplistic in the extreme, since as humans we are extremely complex beings and as we grow up - I was going to say "mature" - our motivations change. I agree that certain patterns or reactions are "set" in childhood and adolescence, but if these characteristics remained unchanged we would never grow up; we could never adapt to changing circumstances and cultures. Homo sapiens is the most non-specialised, most adaptable being or creature on this planet, and whilst he has need of roots and mores to foster a sense of belonging, when these mores restrict his thinking or ability to adapt they become a danger to the survival of society.

We as TV's, whilst being a minority in society at large, nevertheless represent a very wide cross section of the population and hence have many different characteristics and motivations, ranging from transsexualism to fetishism and including homosexuals and heterosexuals, the successful and the failures in life, married and single persons - the list could go on and on.

For my part, I find my motivations in dressing vary with my mood and with external pressures. Sometimes my cross dressing is escapist and sexually oriented; at other times when dressed I feel feminine, elegant, beautiful; and again, there are times when I merely want to wear the beautiful fabrics and dresses whilst remaining wholly masculine in all other respects. On these occasions, as now, I have no desire to ape being a woman as I know that I could never be accepted in public as one (I have the typically trapezoid body shape, no waist, and thick neck, wrists and ankles associated with the male). Whilst wishing to look neat and elegant, I have (at these times) no desire to wear a wig, foundation garments or makeup. I merely wish to be myself - i.e. Sandy - but wearing clothing suitable to my age and shape (fat!) which is loose but well-fitting, has a smooth sensuous texture and is comfortable!

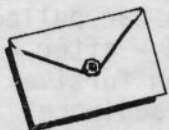
Talking of the latter, I personally am glad to see the reintroduction of French knickers by a number of manufacturers getting away from the hip-hugging briefs of the last decade. (I wonder where the

above statement places me in the categories so eagerly sought after by society?)

Well, I'm still hot, uncomfortable and sticky, but I feel freer having "let off steam".

My very best wishes to you and all those others who make being a TV a lesser burden.

... SANDRA SIMS ...



Dear Trina,

This is my first letter to you since joining Seahorse. As yet, I still have to attend a meeting "en femme". On first joining I promised I would not put the Club first; there have been several occasions when I could have attended alone, but I preferred to wait until my wife could come too. Our first opportunity was the May meeting.

My first consideration was not what to wear, but what to drive - the Morris Minor or the Rover. The Morris is less conspicuous - the Rover is 25 years old and people do take a second look. However, as we would have a round trip of 100 miles we decided the Rover would be more comfortable, and had the advantage of not needing refuelling.

We set off full of anticipation, arriving in Melbourne at 8.15pm. Then our troubles began; we could not find the right road, only one with a similar name but no motor inn. After driving around and asking unsuccessfully for directions, we gave up and headed for home at 9pm.

There I was - all dressed up and nowhere to go - so on the way home we decided to do some window shopping at Box Hill, and called at a takeaway food place for supper. My wife did the buying; I felt too self-conscious about my appearance! (I was wearing a white blouse, shoes and cardigan with a blue calf length skirt).

Although the evening did not develop as planned, we did enjoy the drive - and I have the consolation that I can wear the outfit to the next meeting we attend!

... HELEN ...



Dear Trina,

I had what must be a rather unique experience in going on a public outing with the Club before having attended my first meeting. For a while I was in a real flap because I looked

like having no car! Neither could I book in at an hotel, at least one that I knew wouldn't mind - though looking back I don't think they would have noticed me anyway.

We had a house full of people so I decided not to chance it which meant I had to change en route, and with a slightly defective car that also meant changing after I parked the car! This was not as difficult as I had imagined, and only seven minutes' walk from the theatre. I did almost cause an accident when a man in a big green car pulled up suddenly to make a pass - a good morale booster indeed - after all how many ladies change and make-up in a parking lot between furtive glances around to see that they are not attracting an audience?

We saw "Betty Blokk Buster" which proved to be just as enjoyable the second time around (I had seen it before but could not resist the chance to go en femme). Our party all stayed in their seats at interval which I thought was rather a pity, however I went and had a drink after the show and then wandered around the shops admiring the fashions for a while before reluctantly returning to the car and my everyday self once again. With all due respect to "Cleo", I prefer something straight off the rack with a nice tasteful modern look to it and my cheeks were a long way from "band-aid colour"; they were actually burning with natural colour to start off with, it being the first time I had had to confront so many people at one time!

I think it really went off remarkably well, and I must remember to let Mary Quant do her stuff for me next time (I will probably need her help then, being - hopefully - cool, calm and collected!)

... CLARE SHELLEY DENVER ...

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## VICTORIAN VIEWS

**ROBYN PAYNE**

With our greetings from Victoria once again, it is my pleasure to spend a few minutes talking about our very successful development during the past year. It is quite surprising though that our success has not developed

through being involved in new and fantastic activities. It has resulted through the realization by our group that membership unity is of paramount importance. This theme has been carefully nurtured for some time and is now a reality.



As yet we have avoided any degree of direct advertising of our group's existence. We feel that, at the moment, it is far better to form associations with counselling and guidance organizations and with the psychiatric and medical professions. We are of the opinion that by adopting such an approach we will be far better informed to consider and advise regarding any future member's personal problems that may be encountered.

Our contacts now include the La Trobe University, an ever increasing number of psychiatrists, psychologists, doctors and many of Melbourne's personal guidance organizations. Through this contact alone, membership to the Victoria group has increased by some 20%.

Monthly meetings have been well attended, usually with from twenty five to forty members and wives present. For the entirety of 1976 the venue was either the bridal suite or the conference room of a city motel. With spiralling costs at that venue though, our continued custom is fast becoming financially unrealistic. It is sufficient to say for now that an exciting new era will be entered by the Victoria branch as from the March meeting.

During the past eighteen months our local monthly newsletter has played a major role in our group's development. As a result of its popularity amongst our membership., it has become a major production. Interest has dictated that, on two occasions so far, our own local magazine has been produced.

Success down South is fine, but is it enough?? We are just one small chapter in the development of the Seahorse Club of Australia. Surely it is realistic to assume that, without a united National organization, our future success has serious limitations. It saddens me to hear that counsellors, committee members and members have severed contact with the club without explanation. It is unfortunate too that almost no news of the development of many of the Seahorse branches can be found in the pages of Feminique.

Surely if complaints or problems arise in any group, they can be discussed locally and formally submitted to the National Executive. To any problem there is a solution. But that solution cannot be found if the problem is not first voiced..

In closing, I would just like to add, if we want a worthwhile and meaningful National Organization, then please, let us work together towards unity in 1977.



Switch  
onto '77  
it's gonna be a  
great  
year!



BITS AND PIECES. by Trina Taylor.

A fashion tip used by many girls that are a bit light on the 'boob' department is to use as well as a padded bra some blusher between where they should be to give that hint of illusion.

For the eyes remember that old light and shade trick, it really does work. Paler eyeshadows will 'bring out' eyes while darker shadows will make them recede, seem more deep-set than they are.

Lip magic, always use a lip brush when applying colour as you get a much neater look. First outline your lips carefully with a shade slightly darker than the lipstick you are going to use then fill in with the lighter colour. One thing though if your bottom lip is a little too big don't use gloss it will make it appear even bigger. Thin down too wide lips by outlining just inside the natural lip line. Fatten up too thin ones by outlining just outside the lip line. Remember however that all these lip illusions have to be subtle, don't try to alter the actual shape of your lips or the result will look phoney..

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#### FEMINIQUE

The second part of Christina's Odyssey by Christine Young has unfortunately due to space had to be held over until the next issue. Judy Camberly continues her account of DREAM 76 in this issue....



## JOAN'S SISTER - PART TWO -

BY JO-ANNE WILSON

JO-ANNE WILSON DECIDED TO CONTINUE THE MOST INTERESTING STORY BEGUN BY MICHELLE CHARLES IN FEMINIQUE NO. 11.

Bob Wilson had always been aggressively heterosexual - even butch. Like so many men he was controlled by conditioning and peer group pressures. Although he didn't admit it at the time the revelation of Colin transformed into Carole weighed heavily on his mind. To begin with, he couldn't quite understand why he had accepted it so readily. According to his social conditioning he should have rejected and ridiculed. But Carole seemed so natural, so at ease, yes, even attractive. His prejudices had begun to break down without his even knowing it. It was four days later, on the Thursday, before it had plagued him sufficiently for him to want to talk about it.

At dinner he broached the subject. "Janet, this Colin into Carole bit is puzzling me. Is he planning a sex change, or is he just doing this for kicks, or what?"

"Well, the way I understand it from Joan - no, he's not going to have a sex change - a. because he doesn't need it, and b. because it would interfere with their sexual relationship. And I hardly think he's doing it for kicks. Surely you're not naive enough to have missed out on the information that all men have a little woman in them. In Carole's case I would assume the woman is predominant, psychologically if not physiologically. He would just rather be a girl. And since in our society one conceals the body under clothing all he needs to be a girl is to change his clothing".

"Surely that's an oversimplification", argued Bob. "I certainly couldn't be a girl just by changing my clothes".

"That's possibly true, love, but Carole is slightly built, no hair, you know what I mean. Besides if you'd like to put money on it I'd be prepared to bet that you'd make a lot better girl than you think".

"But I'm five feet ten inches tall for a start - and I do have hair, as you so delicately put it".

"You're not challenging me to prove it are you?" asked Janet.

"No, no. That's just a speculative argument".

"What a pity".

"What do you mean?" Bob was inquisitive now.

"I simply mean that it might be rather fun seeing how good a job I could do of turning you into a girl".

"No chance, baby. Get that right out of your head".

"Oh yes, that's right, you're much too butch, aren't you. I wonder what ever happened to your so-called enlightened sexual policy".

"You mean that anything that happens between consenting adults in private is OK. I still think so but it's worth considering that I said 'consenting'".

Janet hadn't lost yet. "So you reject my hypothesis?"

"What hypothesis?"

"That there is a little female in every male and that it's probably dying for the chance to get out occasionally. The trouble is you guys are so much into your beer and mates syndrome, you just casually throw aside any suggestion that any degree of gentility and sensitivity might be lurking there somewhere". Janet tried her hurt look now.

"You really want to try me on, don't you?" Bob asked. Silence.

"If I thought you'd ever mention it to anyone I'd strangle you".

"Oh Bob, that means you will. You are a darling after all".

There was some further small talk with Bob on the defensive and Janet reassuring, but the die was cast. Janet was going to have her way as usual. She felt decidedly excited about it. She would not have said so but the plan had been growing in her mind ever since Sunday. The next trick was to pin Bob down to a time and date, which she finally managed - Saturday night - because as Bob put it, it would be "cheaper than taking you out to dinner again".

When Saturday night finally came Janet gently reminded Bob of his promise at tea and although he again protested she detected, delightedly, a weakness about the protest and perhaps also a tiny sign of enthusiasm.

They went to the bedroom right after the ritualistic washing up procedure and Bob somewhat resignedly stripped. Janet was well prepared. She gave him a pair of brief white lycra pants and when he had them on showed him how to tuck his maleness down and out of sight. Now a pair of light coloured pantyhose which she rolled for him first. Over the top went a pair of pastel blue nylon pants with gently flared leg. Then a matching bra which looked a bit incongruous over the hairy chest, but Janet knew she could cover that up, for this time at least. Over the top went a knee length nylon slip and Janet was aware of a slight shiver as the soft material slid over Bob's skin. None of Janet's dresses would fit Bob and she knew it, but she had a very

pretty wrap-around house coat that looked rather like a dress when it was tied at the waist. Bob put it on obediently. Then Janet led him to the dressing table and sat him with his back to the mirror while she carefully made up his face. Finally she added her shoulder length brown wig.

"Just one more thing. Close your eyes", she said.

She took from the bottom dresser drawer a box which contained a pair of high-heeled strappy sandals which she had estimated to be Bob's size when she had bought them the day before. She slipped his feet into them and attached the ankle straps.

"Now, stand, gently because it will take you a few minutes to get used to the high heels, and then turn and look at yourself in the mirror".

Bob did so - and looked and looked and looked, but said nothing. Finally Janet said, "Well?"

"I can't believe it", said Bob a little hoarsely, "I just can't believe it. Is that really me?"

"Sure is, lover".

"Well, while I have to admit that's very impressive it's also just a little frightening. I guess the proof of the pudding is in the eating, as they say. I would never have believed you could have produced that sort of femininity in me".

"Make-up, darling, the wonders of modern technology", Janet said gaily, not a little proud of her achievement. Bob really did look good. Perhaps by any Miss World standards he was somewhat heavy-jawed and coarse-skinned, and certainly just a touch overweight, but he could have passed, provided he didn't talk too much.

By now Bob was in a strange mood. Somewhat confused, he really wanted to undress again and revert to the security of the Bob he knew - or thought he knew; and that was the conundrum. Some nagging irritating thought kept telling him that he really didn't want to get out of these clothes at all. They felt nice and they made him feel good - why on earth should he want to deny himself that pleasure. He resolved the doubt - in a typical male fashion. He made an excuse to stay dressed.

"Well, since you've gone to all that trouble I guess I better stay like it for a while - let you get your money's worth".

"Fine", said Janet, "See how long you can handle the shoes".

Then went out into the living room, as Bob said, "Yes, and that reminds me, so much for the cheap night!" But he really didn't mind at all. As he left the room he threw a final glance over his shoulder at the mirror and shuddered slightly at the sight of fairly thick hair showing through the thin nylon just above his shapely ankles.

When Bob and Janet had dinner the following week with Joan and Carole, Janet, into her fourth glass of Henschke Rhine Riesling, spilled the beans. Bob at first was livid, but the marvellous reaction of Carole and Joan, who insisted on knowing all the details, tended to dispel the anger.

"You must do it with us one night", Carole insisted.

"Yes, please do", said Joan.

"Not a chance", Bob retorted. "It was an experiment - nothing more. Janet's proved her point. I'm not going through all that again for anything".

"Tell me this, Bob", Joan asked, "Did you enjoy it or not; be honest now".

"Oh, yes - I suppose so".

"Come on, seriously - yes or no?"

"Yes".

"OK", Carole was the questioner. "When you had your first adult glass of Henschke, did you enjoy that?"

"Yes".

"So, having enjoyed it did you determine to deny yourself that pleasure for the rest of your life?"

Bob was silent for a moment.

Carole persisted. "Come on".

"No, of course not, but that's different. It's natural to enjoy wine. It's not natural to enjoy something that's - not natural. If you know what I mean".

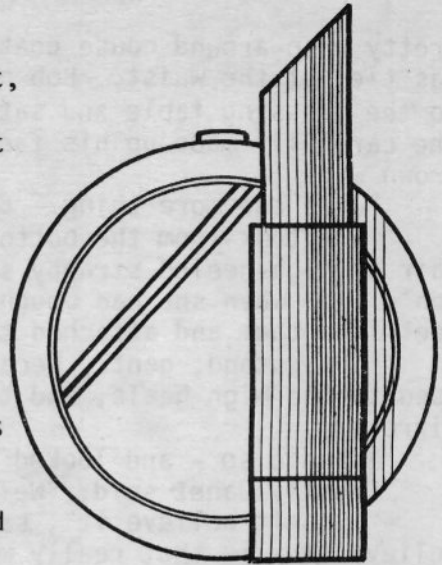
"No, I don't know what you mean. Why is it ever natural to deny yourself something you like?"

"Yes", chimed in Janet, "And besides it's not natural to like wine for everyone. Some people don't drink it at all".

Joan joined the attack. "I had trouble convincing Carole at first too. And it may be that it's more natural for her than it is for you - if you insist on using that word - but no-one is saying that you have to do it all the time. Just don't push it away, if you like to do it at all".

"You're all very determined", Bob said.

"Bob, I remember about a year ago when you wanted me to join the Golf auxiliary, that you pushed me pretty hard too. And now I love it. I repeat, but I'm saying it for the last time, don't deny your-



self, love".

"I'll think about it", said Bob, and changed the subject to food.

"Just four days later Bob had been thinking about it a great deal. Janet was at a golf club committee meeting. He was home alone. And right now he wanted to know whether the sensation was the same tonight, alone, as it was that first time, with Janet. He went to the bedroom and stripped and then, seeking the items he required from Janet's drawers he dressed again in the same clothes. And each item he put on had much the same effect. Smooth, sensuous, pleasant and slightly sexually arousing. He sought and found the shoes and the wig, but knowing nothing of make-up at this stage, was unwilling to experiment with it. So dressed, he went back to the living room and sat down to watch television for a while - and promptly fell asleep.

When Janet arrived home she was amazed to find her husband in full female finery, asleep in front of the television set. She was also quite delighted. Uncertain at this point what to do, she sat for a moment thinking. Then she went to the kitchen and prepared coffee. She put the coffee tray down in front of Bob and gently nudged him on the leg. He woke with a start.

"Shit", he said, "You would catch me like this!"

"There you go again. Stop fighting it. I don't mind. In fact I like it. It's a kind of different you. Sit back, have a cup of coffee, relax, and tell me what you've been thinking".

Bob took a mouthful and thought a moment.

"You'd keep this between us and Carole and Joan?"

"Of course, dopey!"

"OK, you've got me. I have to admit I feel nice, if that's not too inadequate a word. I'll go along with you - no, that's wrong for a start. I'll go along with myself for a while and see how it works out. Why don't you ask Carole and Joan over Friday night after dinner and we'll do it then".

"Great - good boy. Only thing is I'd like to buy you a proper dress before then. OK?"

Bob nodded.

"And, let's do it FOR dinner, not after".

"OK". They finished the coffee and went to bed with Bob now easier in his mind since he had at last made a decision.

On Friday evening Bob showered first and then shaved very carefully. He then used the trim on his electric razor to cut away all the hair on his chest and legs and finished off with the close attachment.

The sight of his smooth hairless body was strange to him but his immediate reaction was that he preferred it. He applied a skin cream

to the newly shaved areas and to his face, since the tube claimed that it was an excellent make-up foundation. Janet came into the bathroom and admired his cleanly shaven body and asked that he dress only as far as his underwear so that she could then lend a hand with his make-up. In the bedroom Bob found that Janet had bought a lot more than a dress. Everything was laid out on the bed for him and he dressed lavishly in nylon satin pants and slip of mid blue with black panty hose, full corselette and padded bra beneath. He slipped his feet into a new pair of black patent high heeled sandals, and finding them extremely comfortable, walked confidently back to the bathroom for Janet to do his make-up. She carefully gave him the full treatment and capped it off with a full short and curly dark blonde wig. Bob looked in the mirror and was impressed. The new wig was more his colouring than Janet's brown one, and the make-up was very effective.

Back in the bedroom Bob finished his dressing with a simple and very plain long-sleeved black jersey dress and a necklace and earrings of large simulated pearls. Complete now, he surveyed himself in the mirror and was pleased. Janet was full of praise. Together they went to the living room to await the arrival of Carole and Joan.



Their first reaction was one of complete admiration. But within minutes Carole had emphatically refused to call Bob by his male name so they spent ten minutes concluding that Shirley was agreeable to Bob, even though at first he had some reservations about it.

The end result of the evening was that Shirley got the "bug", as it were. He finally agreed that provided they kept his secret amongst themselves he had no objection to pretending to be a girl occasionally. On the contrary, he was in fact most enthusiastic about it.

Within two weeks Janet and Bob had been shopping and filled a small new wardrobe with a range of women's clothes for Shirley. Bob's whole outlook on life was modified substantially. He became more tolerant, more relaxed, better in bed and at his job. In the sense that the "true" transvestite longs to dress as a woman most if not all of the time, Shirley was only a part-timer. But nevertheless with Janet's

enthusiastic co-operation Bob became Shirley at least once a week, sometimes more often and at least one weekend a month he spent from Friday night to Monday morning in his other role. The simple fact is that he enjoyed the release from impressed and compulsory masculinity. Bob and Shirley were living proof that no-one is 100% anything. What a pity about all those closed minds.

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## MAKE-UP

### KAYE STEVENS OFFERS TO HELP



Many ladies received a notice recently referring to "Kaye Stevens, Beauty Consultant". "Who on earth is she?" Well, I am female and Kaye Stevens is my adopted "femme" name.

"What can she offer me and why is she doing this?"

It all started when I was about three when I took to wandering around the house draped in anything I could lay my little hands on that gave me the feeling I was dressed "like a lady". I was the despair of my poor mother (not a very talented seamstress) with my incessant demands for pretty clothes and fancy dress costumes. By the age of fourteen I realised that if I wanted lots of lovely clothes I would have to make them myself - which I did. The first few were hardly "haute couture" but I have improved my technique a little over the years.

I began wearing make-up at fourteen, after many years of subjecting my dolls to rather messy beauty sessions. When wigs came into fashion several years ago I was delighted, not then having successfully grown my hair to a decent length.

Most of you will have experienced the feeling of suddenly finding something that feels right and awakens a deep interest, and will appreciate how I felt when I met my first transvestite. It changed my whole life.

My continued contact with transvestites made me realise the difficulties encountered by those who do not have a woman to assist them. Apart from the problems of purchasing goods (often bought in a hurry and not always suitable) there is the art of applying make-up

and wearing wigs and clothes to advantage.

With my interest in the subject, combined with several years working as a model, I have acquired a certain knowledge of cosmetics, hair care and fashion sense. I now feel that I would like to use this knowledge to assist transvestites with their own particular beauty problems.

I am offering the opportunity to spend an evening in private (for a small hourly fee) experimenting with wigs and make-up, discussing fashion or learning how to walk and sit correctly. Open evenings (no charge) for up to five people are also being held (tea and cake provided if the diet allows), or I will visit homes in the metropolitan area for groups of four or five.

I have a good range of cosmetics chosen to suit the particular needs of transvestites, and I also have a range of wigs and can take orders for most styles and colours.

For country, interstate or those people who do not have an evening free, I am offering a mail order service. I will be happy to forward a list of cosmetics and wigs available and advise on any beauty or dress problems.

For further information or to arrange an appointment, write to:-

Kaye Stevens  
c/- PO Box R74  
Royal Exchange  
SYDNEY NSW 2000

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I've shaved all over, (well, nearly)  
Powdered, perfumed, had two cups coffee  
While my fingernails dried bright.  
Carefully, lovingly, I don in turn,  
Lycra, Nylon, Dacron, Satin, Silk, and Crimplene -----  
Their very names echo through my mind  
In a silent crescendo of Joy.  
Carefully follow the ritual of make-up  
That gives me free rein to admire  
Each step of my femme-transformation.  
Just a touch of brush over my hair,  
What? Of course, it's mine !! I paid for it.  
Now I'm all dressed up and -----  
NO ! Why, it's crazy ! Dangerous too !! What if -----?  
All right. I'll do it. I'd go stir-crazy else;  
I want to go, in fact I NEED to go.  
It's 2 a.m., heart beating faster,  
Jewellery ajangle, I quickly grab  
Before my resolution withers  
Handbag, keys, lighter, all that;  
My nylon-clad thighs whisper  
Secret thrilling messages to each other  
As I close and lock my door;  
I turn and step right into  
In the hall  
Three mischievous drunks -----  
Between me and the loo.

## A "DREAM" COME TRUE

BY JUDY CAMBERLEY



The Oregon coast is a pretty place and probably a better location could not have been found for "Dream '76". The organisation had provided for breakfast in our suites and this was shared by me with Sandy from Los Angeles and Michelle from near San Francisco. I soon felt that I had known them all my life, and having breakfast as girls was really good. We had two bathrooms, which helped a lot, as we girls sure do seem to need plenty of time what with bathing, powdering, pampering and makeup - working on trying to look beautiful certainly was a great pleasure as always. The main trouble seemed to be getting enough sleep and this problem worsened as the week went on, but then who wanted to sleep! There was plenty of time for that later. Our American and Canadian sisters did not appear any different from my Australian ones and the wee small hours ticked away relentlessly for all of us "doing our own thing".

On Sunday evening "Class Schedules" had been distributed. Makeup was on for Judy from 9.00am to noon on Monday. Fancy three hours of instruction! Imagine also two of the prettiest ladies from "Glorea Lavonne's Studios" in charge, in the persons of Rusty and Linda. All of us "girls" really lapped up this morning's proceedings. We had to arrive without makeup - just so as they could see what went on - but had to take all our preparations with us. Imagine the makeup class arriving - "girls" all but no makeup!! The wigs even looked bad without it. It was a real beauty parlour demonstration though, with capes, mirrors, lights, instructions on colouring - the lot - and we all began to look better as the morning went on. After lunch we had "T/V Lib" and discussed many topics of interest to us all. These included "covering of beard", "looking younger", "facial treatments", etc. This time all without the wives present, as were all our classes - from experience it made us T/V's easier.

A "Sugar 'n Spice Night" was held in the evening, necessitating a bus ride of some 7 miles to a restaurant by the sea. Long frocks were the order of the evening. How good I felt, being beautifully dressed in company with over 50 others! I wore a long floral dark blue frock with gold sandals and gold accessories including evening bag and wrap. Our wigs and makeup had had that last minute "touch 'n glow" attention from Glorea's experienced staff and that made us

all feel a lot better. Several of the "girls" had not been out like this before and it was a very special event. The wives and Glorea's staff joined us at the restaurant for a lovely meal, good wine, much chatter, a little well-planned entertainment and plenty of photos!! - Oh yes, photos! - I forgot to mention them! What a lot were taken - a real T/V's delight. Later, in "something comfortable" back in the suite we sat and chattered - and chattered - and chattered. What a lot to talk about - as usual when T/V's get together.

At 9.30am Tuesday, dressed in day frocks, suits, skirts and blouses, etc. we all clambered aboard a bus again - destination same as for last night's dinner - for a whole morning of "comportment" instruction from Glorea's staff: walking, sitting, bending, bearing up and down stairs, and so on!! Gale and Rusty were our instructresses and they made it look so elegant and easy, and were so pretty to watch. We all tried hard, learnt a lot and had a great time - learning how to act like a real woman while dressed as one! - how exciting! Luncheon followed after wives had joined us and Judy was asked to speak about Australia and how we manage as T/V's in our own fair land. Trina had given us some copies of "Feminique", also our "general information" folder and both publications were very well received and praised for quality and style of production - please take a bow, Trina and your hard-working assistants including Di. Some 20 came forward to ask me if they could be regular subscribers to "Feminique" and this was good. Everyone was very interested in "Seahorse" and Australia. The management of the restaurant were so courteous, attentive and thoughtful and our comings and goings were no trouble, yet so important and so happy for us all.

Many activities went on upon our arrival back at "Conference Headquarters" including an official photo on the patio by the sea. Different "girls" wanted to talk to me about Australia, about themselves, about a problem or two, and time passed very quickly. A photo was always "on" and as I had bought a 5 x 70 Polaroid camera to take to "Dream '76", "instant photos" were so lovely to have and I could share many with the "girls".

I missed the "Model Selection" for Thursday evening but as it turned out, it may have been just as well. However, on Tuesday afternoon I had my "Personal Critique" from Linda of Miss Lavonne's and instead of 20 minutes I was there one hour and 10 minutes. Just imagine a beautiful lady talking to you personally and summing up all your "points". It was really too much but surely proved a highlight of "Dream '76" for me. We all had a foolscap page with a girl sketched on it. It was called "Dream Doll Design" and included hair, shoes, face shape, stockings, makeup corrections, wardrobe, personality type,

and dynamic posture. Linda had got to know what made me tick - she had been observing me, before this critique! I could not help but "observe" her! Oh what an event - a Personal Critique from Linda. It was really helpful too and I think I shall always cherish my "Dream Doll Design".

Later we had an informal barbecue on Tuesday evening; for this I wore tangerine slacks and blouse with sandals and short hair - a new wig which Rudy had styled so beautifully - Rudy and Gerri run a wig salon in Portland and for Rudy it was "Dream No. 4"! The programme said for Tuesday evening - "Nocturnal Fling" from 10.00pm in Suite 34. It was just that!

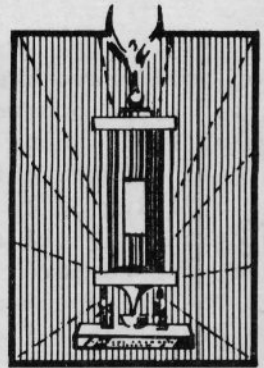
On Wednesday at 9.00am after looking at that Oregon surf and doing my best to make-up my sleep-starved face, I made for the hair styling and wig care and instruction class conducted by Patti. What a glorious person! Blonde, gracious, beautifully dressed and made up and an inspiration to all us "struggling females". Patti had "hot pants" on - suede - with a suede jacket and boots, and a lovely brown scarf around her neck! (Judy just happened to notice all this!) We heard of wig care and hair attention from Rose - another lovely girl assisting Patti - and then Patti showed us how to brush and comb our wigs and we practised on others. Chin straps for wigs were shown, correct combs and brushes to use, shampoos, and all regular things that ladies should know. Three hours of this instruction was so helpful and not at all hard to take.

The afternoon was for organised discussions, chatting informally, walking around or doing just whatever one liked as one's femme self and as we were all getting to really know one another now, it became more and more enjoyable. Just to be one's femme self day after day was making a real difference to all of us, and to have some wives present and Glorea Lavonne and her ladies, capped it all.

On Wednesday evening we had a "Carousel Dinner" - (a progressive dinner) - with drinks or cocktails in one suite, dinner in another and coffee in a third - it was a great idea and I pass it on to you all as something you could well try - ingredients are 3 houses, willing participants and good workers - result is a ball! I wore a long pink lurex skirt and a port-wine coloured blouse with tie top, my silver gold shoes and some accessories on wrists and fingers. Also my long wig which I had brought with me but which Patti had re-styled, cut and set so beautifully. Plenty of photos, good fun, happiness and fellowship was had by all. The main dinner was a fondu - really nice but a little embarrassing to some who had not encountered it before.

Thursday was to be THE DAY and THE EVENING. I went to a three hour class conducted by Glorea Lavonne, entitled "Final Touch and

Comportment (Personal Instruction)". It was marvellous. Imagine walking in front of mirrors as a woman, with Glorea telling you how to improve your stance, poise, walk etc. as a woman. I really needed every bit of this instruction. How quickly the time went! Glorea and her staff also conducted a panel discussion after lunch, and this brought out many questions. Judy was also asked to comment on fashions - USA vs Australia - and they all loved my new German-framed blue-rimmed glasses!



That night was billed "The Pink Banquet" at our 7 mile distant restaurant and THE night of feathers and finery to wind up "Dream '76". "Miss Dream '76", "Miss Congeniality", and "La Grande Dame" would all be presented and "crowned", and also "Miss G.G. Charm '76" - a special one for ladies (real of course!) Forms had been distributed and the judging panel was to submit 3 names for each title (from those submitted) for voting on at "The Pink Banquet".

I had a 5.00pm hair appointment with Patti to brush up my new (dark) Coppertone Wig which she had done in a special way. I followed this with a make-up by Rusty (I had a special one of these each afternoon and they proved good and helped me to appreciate colouring better). Rusty's theory is that you make up your face to look beautiful, not to hide (necessarily, that is) everything that is wrong with it. Brown and pink eyeshadow, plenty of red and pink blush, two or three coats of mascara on the eyelashes, "pretty pink" lipstick and a final dusting gave a good appearance to my new chiffon shocking pink evening gown (bought especially for the occasion from that boutique. What good clothes they had there, and how reasonable in price!). My long stick-on nails were pink too and my accessories plain and gold, with gold shoes. I really felt a million dollars as I went with all my good newfound girlfriends to the venue for the Pink Banquet. How nice they all looked! How well they carried themselves! How well they walked, and how much "Dream '76" had meant.

Our place-cards showed us where to sit and an excellent three-course meal, delightful wines and a little gift for everyone was to follow. What a colourful lot of "ladies", wives and good friends of Dream were in that banquet room! The staff admired us, I know, and did a great job. Chatter was at a good level. Photos were many. A truly lovely event for any woman - especially for us!

Forms for voting for "Miss Dream" and the other titles previously mentioned, were there for filling in and were later collected. The "Fashion Show" began - and any big retail establishment designer or

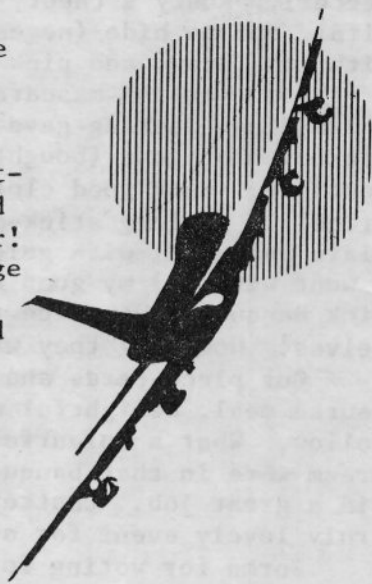
buyer would have been proud. Glorea Lavonne had done well with our "girls" - one or two real ones were "thrown in" for good measure. A poem or two (I hope to have these printed in "Feminique" for you to share at a later date) was read, and then came the awards - four of them building up to "Miss Dream '76". Cameras were flashing (official photographer Nicki also did a great job) and Sandy, last year's Miss Dream, was compere.

The announcement - "Judy, from Australia, the 5 x 70 Kid" was Miss Dream '76. I could not believe it. It had taken me completely by surprise and now I had to go forward and receive from Glorea Lavonne the most beautiful of trophies and the most wonderful one I ever have or ever will receive from anybody and for any other thing. At the time of writing this I am still in the United States and still have to take the trophy home, but it will get there, I can assure you! Everyone rose and applauded, I kissed Glorea and she kissed and hugged me. It was all so real and it meant so much. Congratulations came from everywhere! These people - these T/V's like me - were the most sincere I have ever met. I took my time to say what I wanted to say. I fought for composure and won. I thanked them, one and all. I dwelt on many incidents. Judy was right now very real and thinking in a special way. I thanked Patti, Rusty, Glorea, Marilyn, Sandi, Rachael and many others.

Marilyn looked resplendent as a stunning blonde, in a red gown. She had a special cake and a little ceremony with it too! It was a fourth Dream she had so wonderfully organised and conducted. Glorea Lavonne opened a huge box in a way only she could - and then presented us each with a certificate having completed Stage I of her usual course. Yes, it was over!

1.00am Friday - a bus trip, a quick change for some, photos galore for many (especially with "Miss Dream '76")! Going to bed just did not seem to matter.

Friday saw some leave, the rest of us on Saturday. It was sad to say goodbye. It was easy to thank people for a unique and wonderful experience. I shall never forget being dressed for a whole week, those wonderful people whose addresses I have and who I hope to see again. It was all so unbelievable but it was true - "Miss Dream '76" - it was indeed for me, "A DREAM COME TRUE".



October 25, 1976



Dear Trina,

I am writing to comment on the magazine of our Club - "Feminique". As you know, I have recently been in the USA and attended "Dream '76" in Portland, Oregon, whilst I was there. I was afforded the opportunity to speak at one of the luncheons about the "Seahorse Club" and also about "Feminique" and the pamphlet which we especially prepared for our "Seminar" at Newport.

The group, which comprised some 80 to 100 people, including some 60 TV's, were very interested and particularly thought the production of "Feminique" very good. In fact I shall be sending some 20 copies on a regular basis to those who placed their names on a list and signified that they wanted to receive the magazine as it comes out each time. Of course it will be my pleasure to send it to them.

It is indeed a high quality magazine and full of interesting stories and helpful hints and advice about many things so dear to a TV's heart. The sketchwork, presentation and information contained in each issue is very worthy of note and congratulation, and the Seahorse Club is indeed fortunate to have such dedicated people as yourself who produce such an excellent publication.

I hope that those of us who can pass on copies of the magazine here in Australia to those who would be interested in reading same, will do so and I also trust that many of our members will come forward from time to time with interesting stories and articles for inclusion.

Keep up the good work Trina and your magazine committee! Hearty congratulations on a good job!

Sincerely,

*Judy*

JUDY CAMBERLEY



## SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE TRANSVESTITES

BY DR ROSEMARY JONES

ROSEMARY WROTE THIS ARTICLE WHILST A MEMBER OF THE BEAUMONT SOCIETY, BEFORE MOVING TO AUSTRALIA AND JOINING SEAHORSE. THE ARTICLE - WRITTEN FOR THE MARRIAGE GUIDANCE JOURNAL IN BRITAIN - HIGHLIGHTS THE SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE TWO ORGANISATIONS, AND INDICATES HOW SIMILAR THE TRANSVESTITE SITUATION OVERSEAS IS TO THAT OF AUSTRALIA.

(Rosemary Jones is the femme name of a medical practitioner who has been a transvestite for as long as he can remember).

This article should if possible be read after prior reference to the excellent article by Pippa Evans (Marriage Guidance, Sept/Oct '75) in which she reports with accuracy an "outsider's view" of the problem. I hope to be able to amplify that view from the "inside", tracing briefly our history, our underlying philosophy and our hopes for the future.

Transvestism is known in history from the biographies of public figures such as the Chevalier de Beaumont and the Abbe de Choisy, not to mention an eccentric Governor of New York who wore his dresses to work. In the common man it was not observed until this century, and indeed the term was not coined until 1910, by Magnus Hirschfeld. The years since World War II have seen the widespread emergence of transvestism and transsexualism, not as a new phenomenon but as the old problem brought out into the light of day by more liberal attitudes to sexual anomalies. Other cultures have tolerated and even encouraged transvestite behaviour (see the writings of Margaret Mead), but they were isolated from the Western World. The first group organisation in this country (the Beaumont Society) was launched following the publication of an article in the Observer in 1968 which, over five days, drew a correspondence that filled three suitcases; such was the hidden need.

Membership of the Beaumont Society is increasing with a geometric progression, there having been 700 enquiries in the past year, and, on past experience, there will be half as many again this year. Just how many transvestites there are in the country is difficult to

say, but they are thought to number between 10,000 and 200,000 males; Havelock Ellis believed transvestism to be as common as homosexuality. Being a group susceptible to marital problems, these, then, are the sort of numbers that could be presenting for counselling - but with the basic problem securely concealed, since the transvestite is very hard to detect when not "dressed".

The Society developed in a completely amateur way, as a self-help group, to deal with the social complications of the transvestite life, and has met with great success. It was conceived as a means of putting transvestites in touch with each other in order to promote mutual exchange, and to provide the help that is so therapeutic to the isolate; but we do not feel competent to help the crossdressing homosexual, or to cater for the homosexual's needs for sexual communion. Mostly these meetings take place in members' homes or in small halls. Individuals may then exchange addresses, and hold further "in-depth" discussions in the privacy of their own homes. Far from being in any sense orgiastic, these meetings have been snidely but accurately compared with those of a Women's Institute. The high spot of the TV "season" is the Annual Dinner in a smart restaurant in London, when more than a hundred guests attend, but with the presence of only one or two "visiting" pairs of trousers; on the guest list will be some thirty wives, indistinguishable from their husbands to the casual glance, but honoured in the speeches as the bridesmaids of the occasion.

So, for the first years, the main function of the Society was introductory and social. The need, however, for education and publicity was soon realized, and in 1975, following a most encouraging conference held the previous year by the Leeds TV/TS Group, the Society's hitherto fragmented efforts in this direction were crowned by a conference held at Leicester University. This is not to minimize the heroic efforts of so many of our envoys who, over the years, have forsaken the security of their homes to speak to any group that will accept them, not to mention several radio broadcasts and at least one television show. A recurrent disadvantage in this campaign of publicity was the need to observe the discipline of secrecy of identity inherent in the rules of the Society. This difficulty was one of the reasons why a charitable trust was set up, which will be called the Cordell Trust. (It was initially known as the Beaumont Trust, but the name has been changed to avoid confusion with the Beaumont Society, from which it is quite distinct).

The trust has three aims - research, education and publicity - and is served in these functions by seven Trustees. The research is being conducted at present through the professional efforts of Dr

Harry Brierley of Newcastle, but it is hoped to extend this function, as and when funds are mobilized, to assist other academics and social researchers; in terms of scientific enquiry, this is an almost uncharted field, and the effort is only retarded by the unfavourable economic climate. Dr Rosemary King of Cardiff has been "borrowed" from the Beaumont Society to continue his efforts in the field of education and publicity, where only the lack of money and continuing unfavourable editorial bias in the national press are the retarding factors. We need to have an office, secretarial help, a manned telephone and improved printing facilities, of which only the last two seem to be imminent possibilities. The other Trustees include an administrative secretary, a Catholic priest (Father O'Brien), a social worker and founder of Access (Doreen Cordell), the President and Vice President of the Beaumont Society and myself. My function is to construct and supervise a nationwide system of counselling.

Consideration of the feasibility of setting up such a system led me to believe that it was impossible at present owing to the lack of organizational infrastructure. It was after addressing the Press Lunch to which the National Marriage Guidance Council invited me, that it occurred to me that my only chance of setting up a counselling service would be to do it under the wing of an established service such as MGC. I put this idea to MGC, and although our discussions are still at the exploratory stage, I have been very cordially received.

Moving on to more philosophical considerations, you may well ask by what right does the transvestite merit your attention. Does he have a right to inflict the performance of his chosen feminine role on those around him, and indeed to move in public as such? I say "he", since although female transvestites exist in theory and female transsexuals in practice, the existence of the former has not emerged in our experience (the constitution of the Beaumont Society does, however, make provision for their membership). The short answer is that the transvestite is not such by conscious choice; he exists and therefore he is. He nearly always marries, not being homosexual, and his habit inevitably tends to be thrust upon the wife and family. Concealment of the habit places intolerable strains upon the individual and is a disruptive force to family integrity. "Normalization" of his femininity in society is the



goal that gives the greatest sense of fulfilment of "self". Transvestism is not a psychiatric entity, a disease, so much as a division of gender identity. (It is not really a confusion of gender identity, since the TV has good insight into his masculine and feminine roles, and the time allocated to each is clearly defined. However, his awareness of these issues does not diminish his sense of dilemma.) We may say sincerely that it is not us who are sick, but society that is at fault in not accepting us. We do, however, question basically society's traditional concepts of what is masculine and what is feminine, and, in that, we may be in the forefront of the current gender revolution. The practical point is, lock a man up with his problem and he may go mad; allow him to mix and expose his problem and he is likely to become a more useful member of society.

Robert Stoller in his latest book, while conceding clearly that the transsexual has a problem that invites the serious attention of the medical profession, appears to write off transvestism as a fetishistic perversion. This troubled me, until I realized that the sort of transvestite who is seen by the psychiatrist is likely to be quite disturbed, and is often an immature person, so that it is understandable that no account is taken of the large body of men who learn to live with their problem. Not that I would deny that most of us, transvestite or not, go through a fetishistic phase (and some never emerge from it), but we mostly go on to bigger and better things; I'm making a serious claim to femininity, whatever that is!

Well, what right can the transvestite have to be accepted in public? The basic premise is that the last thing the TV wants is to cause harm; we want no old ladies running off in hysterics or young children cowering from the clumsy "auntie". With appropriate appearance and behaviour, many of us should be able to "pass" in public when crossdressed, and at other times reveal our alternate masculine identity to those whom we feel are sympathetic. Although gender direction is largely beyond our control, all of us (TV or non-TV) still have the responsibility to make our gender role performance efficient, so that we are sufficiently attractive to be acceptable to those whom we are with.

I haven't mentioned transsexuals separately as a group because it is my current view that they are not distinct as a group. I believe that most transvestites harbour transsexual fantasies, but it is only the transsexuals who attempt to realize them. Certainly, I believe this to be true of the middle-aged transsexual who goes to surgery to escape the castigations of society should his transvestism be made public; it's curious how many of them, such as Jan Morris, cease to be incisive in their thinking when asked point-blank why they can't

live on happily as women with contradictory genitalia. The only true transsexual, in my estimate, is the child-cum-teenager who is fiercely driven towards sex reorientation. Certainly these youngsters have a priority on treatment. My main quarrel with transsexualism is that it enjoyed a disproportionate exposure in the press because of its sensational nature, and has left the public with a distorted view of the total scene. In comparison with transvestites, transsexuals are numerically quite rare.

What are the alternatives to public acceptance? The transvestite who represses may become genuinely ill in some other way. The transvestite who hides the habit inevitably separates himself from the wife and family, and from there it's a short step to the wife separating herself from him in the courts. The divorce rate in transvestites is high; the percentage of divorcees in the Beaumont Society is 11%, but it should be remembered that the membership has been drawn predominantly from social classes I and II. One solution to the tormented, lonely transvestite is to separate himself permanently from his conflict; in the absence of detailed evidence, I can only state rather lamely the incidence of suicide among transvestites is said to be higher than that among the average male population. I reflect sadly, too, on the number of suicides I have come into near contact with, despite help having been made available.

If I have one last word to offer it is to regard the possibility of transvestism in your counselling work in the same protean but pervasive way that the physicians of yore had to regard syphilis. If you don't look for transvestism, you won't find it. And don't be misled by the appearance in your client of those characteristics thought to be typical of the supporters of Rugby football; we have plenty of such non-effeminate-looking men in the Beaumont Society.

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THE SEAHORSE CLUB of AUSTRALIA is an Australia wide non-profit organization of heterosexual transvestites whose purpose is to make life less lonely for transvestites in Australia, by:-

- \*Providing a venue and contact for members.
- \*Providing a social element by arranging meetings and other functions.
- \*Producing and distributing literature of which FEMINIQUE is a part.
- \*Educating the community and authorities on the real meaning of transvestism.

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