

FEMINIQUE

THE SEAHORSE CLUB OF AUSTRALIA



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"EDITORIAL"

BY TRINA BEAUMONT

The word to sum up this Editorial is BALANCE, and I'll try and explain why. The finding of a theme after twenty-two issues can be a trial; there's a danger of constantly using drama, exhortation and continually crying for more and more action. All these are fine in moderation, but if they get out of hand you finish up like the little boy (girl in this case) who cried "Wolf!" too often, then when help was needed, no-one was there to heed the cry. So as a change of pace, this is an introspective look at the magazine, and the view we have of transvestism. We're turning inwards this time to see if there is a reason and philosophy behind FEMINIQUE.

Magazines of all shapes and sizes begin their life at the end result, and the final arbiter is you. They exist because you read them; they contain in varying degrees what you want to read and understand. Most, but not all, who read FEMINIQUE are transvestites, because of the content and information. That's fairly obvious, but less obvious is how the mix and balance of the contents are determined, and the role of an editor. It can be best summed up as a marriage between us. So this describes my views on transvestism, how it fits in my life, and the effect it may have on the content of FEMINIQUE.

Sometime in 1972 I started what was supposed to be a short newsletter, which became an unnamed magazine, then by the second issue was called FEMINIQUE. Reading through the back issues, it is obvious there have been a remarkable number of changes in tone and direction. The transition could best be described as a growing up; of learning to accept that many of the problems were of our own making. They were not the result of an unthinking or unfeeling public, but the fears existing in our minds. My experience, I'm sure, was similar to all of yours, of a femme side impatient to catch up with living, demanding to get out into the open after thirty years of repression. After all, Trina is only nine years old, and Peter had thirty years' start! In a situation like that, life can get out of balance. I've the chance now to look back, make a few adjustments, and see how I want the femme side to fit into my life.

Shakespeare described it slightly differently, but the meaning's the same - through our lives we portray a series of roles; the worker, the father, the husband, the lover, and in our case, the woman. I'll

begin with the last; it's an extremely important part of my character, but that's what I want it to remain - a part. I don't want to be overwhelmed. I seek the fruits of both worlds, with a predominance of the male one. At various times I portray all the other roles as well. As a worker I enjoy my career; it's satisfying, challenging but also frustrating. It forms a large part of my life, and I don't want that diminished. The second role is extremely important; I've a wonderful relationship with a vivacious nineteen-year-old, there's a closeness that I cherish and no matter which way I'm dressed, I'm still Dad. She had no knowledge of Trina for the first ten years, and later, when she did, our relationship changed a little - for the better. We became closer through a shared knowledge, and the removal of some barriers which had built up through hiding the transvestite side from her.

Husband I'm not at the moment, but I was for eighteen years, and that was a key role; my feelings are that marriage and parenthood are the most responsible undertakings you'll ever be involved in, and it's here the balance of male and female is crucial. Let's look at it this way: most of the time you are husband to your wife and father to your children. There are acceptable variations to this, and you can be different, providing that the difference does not create fears, and you do return completely to your normal role. It's obvious that the difference I'm referring to is transvestism, and the great fear for the family is you becoming consumed by it. You could look upon your "femme" side as a guest in the household - maybe your wife's girlfriend or your children's aunt. Either can be acceptable to the family, they know their place and act accordingly in the household. If they try to take over and become too dominant and demanding, then like a real-life guest they've overstayed and are no longer welcome, and will be asked to leave. Probably, if too much of a nuisance, they'll be told never to return, or at the very best, acceptance will be a polite tolerance. In my opinion, understanding and acceptance is a question of balance and judgement - fitting the femme side into your life, and deciding that you want to control it; finding a point where those associated with you will be quite comfortable with your alter ego.

Over the past eighteen months I've had the opportunity to look at myself and rediscover what I want out of life. I'm single, though that will change shortly; and in answer to the question of divorce and its reason, it was not the result of transvestism. Now I'm in a position that most transvestites would find ideal; no responsibilities, comparatively young, with privacy and a good income. What's more, I've lots of friends, both transvestite and "straight", and practically all of whom know of my transvestite side. This newfound freedom brought no increased activity; if anything, it's made me lean towards the male

side, for with freedom there is also responsibility, and the time to reflect and ponder why. So many of our problems as transvestites have come from childhood. We all appear to have experienced that intense loneliness, and bear scars from it that only we understand. They come not only from guilt and the longing for acceptance, but the fear of asking for it. It's not unique, nor confined to us; maybe everyone goes through it, but that doesn't lessen the fear, and there is no one to turn to - no one to ask and find out why a little boy would want to wear his sister's clothes. I spent years of my life in this emotional morass, but that's changed now - or most of it has. The change wasn't heralded by a clap of thunder or a blinding flash of light, just a gradual dawning realisation that before you gain acceptance from others you must accept yourself, and to do this requires a long and hard look inwards; finding out what makes you tick, how you react to life, maybe finding out that you are not as "normal" as you like to think. The likely outcome can be disturbing, but emerging from it may be a more complete person.

I didn't want to make this a forum for my life and thoughts, but it appears that has happened. I must stress I'm not advocating this as "the Way". It's my view, that has grown over the years; it hinges largely on a commitment to a masculine role, an almost taboo area that's rarely mentioned as part of a transvestite personality, as though we were all trying to escape from it. If that is the case then there is danger, because like it or not, that's the larger part of our lives, and our fantasy part should not be allowed to take over; it is vital a balance is maintained. "He" must be at least as important and well cared for as the more demanding alter ego. In this way, the self-esteem you feel for both personalities is likely to be reflected back to you by family and friends as an acceptance rather than tolerance. The theme for this editorial is BALANCE, to look after all those aspects that make up your character; look good, feel good, and have fun! Be positive - don't try to escape from the male; it is more important, and maybe a total personality combining the best of both will emerge. So think about it - if you are escaping into a fantasy world, that's fine - for a time; the danger lies in not knowing when to return.

Now to the contents of this issue - also a balance; fantasy, fact and some advice thrown in for free! JO ANNE WILSON explores more fully human emotion than stories we've previously published.

PAULA HOWARD is from her articles a weekend Australian, and Sunday never seems too far away for her! Paula returns again to give a practical approach to WHY THE OPERATION? Is it the result of

social attitudes, or have they changed? The answer may be found in this interview with CHRISTINE JORGENSEN, now far removed from the controversial figure of the fifties. Living quietly in California, she explains the changes that have occurred since the first sex change operation.

Makeup - is it one of your problems? Then EDWINA JASON may be of help as she leads you through the why's and wherefore's of "MAKING FACES"! Afraid to ask the shop assistants for help in the selection of clothing? Then intrepid shopper SANDRA SIMS will tell you how. People pointing at you in the streets - then the answer may lie in ELAINE BARRY's article. It's all here in this issue!

For the more serious amongst you, Dr NEIL BUHRICH and Professor NEIL McCONAGHY will be of help, in their article published for the first time in a transvestite magazine.

I hope you enjoy reading this issue of FEMINIQUE as much as I did putting it together. Cheerio for now, see you soon ...



"DON'T START THE REVOLUTION WITHOUT ME!"

BY SANDRA SIMS

Recently I decided to follow EDWINA's advice from FEMINIQUE 22, and purchase some clothes quite openly for myself. Prior to this, in department stores etc, I'd select the article from the racks or display, pay the cashier and leave without attempting to try them on. I used the excuse of purchasing the item for my wife, who of course was about my height, girth, complexion and colouring! Doing the "lost little husband desperate to buy a present for his wife" act. On occasion, I'd purchase, or window shop, in boutiques mentioned in FEMINIQUE or the newsletters.

However, to cut a long story short, I decided to purchase some co-ordinated jackets and skirts, or a suit. So taking a few deep breaths (yoga relaxation procedures actually) I sallied forth into the wilds of the Parramatta boutiques. Walking around for a while window shopping, I realised that the main displays were the new season's dresses for the younger set, definitely not for me - a matronly 43.

For this reason, I found myself outside the local branch of THE WICKED LADY. "Right - this is it!" March in, look around. The sales lady came over. "Can I help you, sir?" "Yes. I'm looking for a skirt and jacket, size 18, (height) 170cm". "The skirts are over here, the tops here".

"That's a nice skirt", (muted checks in grey and burgundies), "What would you suggest as a top?" "How about this grey jacket? As you see, it's been reduced". (A private grin at the sales pitch). And now for the real test - "Yes, I like it very much, but I'm not sure of the fit; may I try it on?" - "Yes, of course. Come this way, sir." (Good God - THAT simple!)

The jacket fitted perfectly - and no one was more surprised than I. The sales lady checked the fit, then we went to select a matching blouse, which could be worn alone or beneath the jacket. It all cost more than I had wanted to pay, but was well worth it. The sale complete, she asked if one of their bags would be suitable to carry off my purchases. "Yes!"

Off I went, thrilled and still marvelling at my temerity and the simplicity of the transaction. My only regret is, that with the return of the hot, humid weather, I have not had an opportunity to don my new finery!

I decided later to purchase a good pair of shoes to go with the outfit, so summoning up my courage again, I sallied forth to LONG LINE SHOES in Darcy Street. I walked in and asked the salesgirl for a pair of shoes - "Something like those in the display there". "What size, sir?" "9½EEE". "I'm afraid we don't carry such a wide fitting, sir, but these 'La Ronde' may fit - would you like to try some on?" "Yes - thanks!" "Please sit down, sir. How do these fit?" "Too narrow, I'm afraid". "How about this size 10?" "Yes, that's better. What other styles do 'La Ronde' have in this size?" "Here is a selection, sir - would you like a stocking to try them on? Your socks are too thick. - Yes, sir - that one looks fine; does it feel comfortable? Stand up and walk around. These will be a good winter shoe also. Is that everything? Thank you, sir, and Happy Easter!"

No embarrassment, no coyness, no condescending looks or demeanour, just a simple, pleasant, rewarding business transaction!

Later that morning I returned to THE WICKED LADY to look for something more suitable for evening wear - not an evening dress, but a more 'dressy' skirt and blouse. In the shop, I was confronted by a lady exposing her 'all' - or a large portion thereof - in a dressing cubicle. She was accompanied by two youngsters, who insisted they see everything Mum was doing, pulling the curtain fully open whilst she was struggling into and out of dresses. Under the circumstances, I

decided that discretion was the order of the day, and left to return another time. This is one advantage of boutiques over larger department stores, in that one can often find them empty. I still have not gone into a boutique where there has been another customer being attended to - people have come in whilst I have been there, but being "in possession" gives one the psychological advantage and avoids embarrassment, since the decision to remain or not rests with the incoming customer.

Still on purchases - I went to DJ's to buy a basic makeup kit, on this occasion for my daughter, aged 14. She had recently been given the AVON catalogue, and was agonising over eye shadow and blusher. I had seen a basic set of 3 shadows, 2 blushers, 2 toners plus brushes in DJ's bargain counter the week before, and thought I'd just pick one up. They were no longer on display, so I asked the salesgirl if there were any left, explaining that it was (indeed!) for my daughter. After much to-ing and fro-ing, and making the same explanation three times to different (and more senior) salesgirls, the item was eventually located.

Now here was an instance of a genuine purchase of cosmetics for a female member of my family, and I am fully convinced that at least two of the salesgirls believed that the purchase was for me, and that the story about my daughter was a cover-up fabrication. I'm convinced that when I have used similar, but less complicated, stories in order to buy cosmetics for myself, the only person I was deceiving was me, and had to a greater or lesser degree created a barrier of deceit and mistrust between the salesperson and myself. When I have made purchases openly for myself, the salesperson has been at pains to provide merchandise which not only pleases, but is suited to my looks far better than anything I would have chosen unaided.

At a materialistic level, the salesperson is ultimately after sales, and a happy, satisfied customer who will return, often making more elaborate (and more expensive) purchases.

So I wholeheartedly support Edwina's plea to go and buy items openly. The exhilaration and satisfaction of having made a really suitable, well fitting purchase is beyond description. It is the direct, frank approach that counts - a covert one will only be frustrating and distressing, being unable to explain what is really wanted, and not knowing whether it either fits well or looks good till you get home.

The only items that a man will purchase for his "wife", "sister", "cousin", "lover" or "mistress" are lingerie and sleepwear, usually of the more exotic variety, or maybe perfume. All other purchases for the above "ladies" will be made in their presence and be of their choosing. Salespersons know this, and are quite aware of for

whom purchases are really made when asked for items for a lady who is "the same size and colouring as me!" It is here that condescension would be felt, since the salesperson is aware of the deceit on one hand, and on the other sees a person who has not the courage to make a direct purchase, and they are therefore unable to assist for fear of embarrassing the customer; the absence of that fleeting human bond of trust which is essential in any transaction precludes communication.

This article is more rambling than intended; it's always difficult for me to compress ideas I wish to communicate. I do hope, however, that this will help other TV's to go out and buy things openly for themselves - the only regret they will experience is that they didn't do it before, and the dumping of their "prior-to-liberation" wardrobe!

"GAMES ... "

BY JO-ANNE WILSON



It was a game they played. Everything was a game to Jenny. She was twenty-four, going on fifteen. Michael loved her for it; and of course for her beauty, for she was very lovely to look at. At first he had been disturbed and apprehensive about the way she played games during lovemaking. Kinky, he thought. But eventually he learned to take part willingly, and discovered that lovemaking itself was the most beautiful game of all. Sometimes he had to be a horse;

others, she made him play rough, pretending she was only thirteen and he was her first; sometimes he was a slave and she seduced him. Didn't matter after a while. She giggled like a little girl, and he laughed at her antics and adored her. All the games were a turn-on to her. In fact, some game or another was almost a condition of her successful arousal. Michael was aroused just looking at her, and occasionally the games consumed time he felt he would rather have spent just lying with her. The games were just games to him; part of keeping her in love with him.

Once in her softly lit apartment, they swapped roles. She pretended to be him, the masculine aggressor. He had to play at being evasive, aloof and hard to get. The next time they were alone together, she wanted to play the same game, with effects. They undressed, and Jenny put on his undershorts, shirt and trousers, and tied her blonde

hair back, and wiped off all her makeup. "Now I'm really Michael", she said smilingly, and then the smile turned to a pout. "But you're not really Jenny".

He was lying naked in the bed, covered only by a sheet.

"I'm pretending", he said defensively.

She came and sat by him and leaned to him.

"Please, Michael, you can do better than that".

He sighed. "What do you want me to do?"

"Put on my negligee", she whispered coyly into his ear.

"It won't fit".

"Yes it will - you're not much bigger than I am".

It was true. She was 5'8"; he was 5'9½" and trim to the point of being skinny.

He sighed resignedly and slipped out of bed and put on her white negligee.

"Hmm", she purred, "Very sexy. But you, er, kind of stick out".

He looked down and he laughed at the ridiculous effect and she laughed with him.

"Put on my pants too", she instructed.

When he had, it was just as ridiculous because her bikini pants pushed his member against his skin and it poked out over the top.

"I know", she said suddenly, "Take those off and put on my panty hose and then those over the top. That'll cover it up, and give me more to take off".

He shrugged his shoulders and did what he was told.

"You look lovely tonight, my sweet", Jenny said in her 'Michael' voice, and she came to him, and he resisted her as he was meant to do, until finally she had her way with him.

A few weeks later, as he wondered what they would play tonight, Jenny said to him, "Michael, remember that night, in my negligee? I thought you looked very pretty".

"Thank you", he said, arming himself for what was to come.

"Would you do it again?"

He agreed. That wasn't too hard to handle.

She came to him and slid her arms around his neck.

"But this time, more completely. I'd like to see what you look like in my clothes".

"What? - What on earth for?"

"Please, Michael. I just want to see. It won't hurt you".

As usual he gave in quickly.

"Oh, I suppose so. What do you want me to do?"

She shrieked with glee.

"Oh, goody!" she said, "I think you'll be beautiful!"

He undressed at her bidding. She gave him a tiny lycra girdle and

he pulled it on, and it flattened him completely. He rolled on the panty hose and the black nylon satin flared leg panties. She clipped a black bra around his chest, and he noticed it was padded and wondered about it, because Jenny didn't need any padding. Around his waist she put a black waist cincher, and even the two of them had trouble making the clasps meet, but when they did he was reformed, with at least two inches gone from his waistline. She gave him a full-skirted nylon and lace slip, and he dropped it over his head and smoothed it down over his body. By now he was resigned to her transforming him, and somewhat inquisitive about how it would all turn out. The clothes were not in the least uncomfortable with the exception of the waist cincher, and even that he was becoming used to.

His own hair was shoulder length, and Jenny brushed it out, moved the part to the middle, and restyled it. Sitting with his back to the mirror, she playfully made up his face with cream base, eyeshadow, mascara, blusher and lipstick. To his ears she attached a pair of pearl earrings. She brought a box from the wardrobe and he looked down while she slipped his feet into a pair of high heeled black patent shoes. They were a perfect fit, and they were brand new.

"Where did they come from?" he enquired.

"Never mind for now", she answered, "Stand in them. See how they feel".

He stood, and let his weight settle into the unfamiliar high heels.

"Throw your hips forward slightly when you walk, and don't be afraid to put your weight down evenly".

He walked, slowly and awkwardly at first but more confidently as he realised that it was not so difficult.

From a hanger Jenny took a plain bottle green cotton dress with short sleeves, a V neck, self belt and a slightly flaring skirt. She unzipped the back zipper and showed him how to tuck in the slip and step into the dress and pull it up over his shoulders. She zipped up the zipper, and he felt the dress close around his reshaped body. Again she sat him back to the mirror at the dressing table, and when she began to reshape his nails with a file, he objected.

"Oh, Jesus, Jenny! Not that too!"

"Yes, that too. Complete. Please, Michael, sit still!"

He noticed a change in her. Not so much of the little girl, more affirmative. The last was a direction, not a request. He sat while she painted his nails, and while they dried she examined her handiwork and added a long rope of pearls around his neck, knotted them and then put a pearl ring on his finger. She smiled finally, as if satisfied.

"You can look now".

Michael stood and walked to the full length wardrobe mirror. It

took him a few seconds to adjust to what he was seeing.

"My God!" he said, "My God, Jenny - what have you done to me? Is it really me?"

She came to him and took his hand. "You look very beautiful, Michael. I knew you would".

"But Jenny - My God, I wouldn't have believed it! It's not me at all. It's someone I've never seen before!"

Michael was affected by this game. His heart was pounding and he trembled a little at the sight of the beautiful woman in front of him. He stood, unable to move away from the mirror. He could find no sign of Michael. He put his hand to his face and peered more closely. It was his hand, with the long red finger nails, and it was his face with the dark eyes and the red lips. A profound and totally unexplainable feeling of pleasure came over him. He stepped back and swayed, and the skirt swirled around his legs. He turned to see as much of his back as he could, and could find no fault. He walked away from the mirror, and then turned and approached it, confident in the high heels. He looked at his breasts, the small waist, the shapely ankles and calves, and smiled. He turned to Jenny, who had been watching him but was now dressing herself in much the same sort of clothes.

"Oh, Jenny!" he exclaimed. "How marvellous! I don't know what it is, but I never felt so good in my life".

He hugged her and she responded, laughing a little. He went back to the mirror and lifted the skirt and surveyed his legs full length. Perfect. He let the skirt drop back into place. He turned again to Jenny. She was fully dressed now, and dropping some items into a black handbag and a brown handbag. She was wearing a beige sleeveless, straight-skirted dress, with dark brown stockings and tan high-heeled sandals. She dropped a set of keys into the brown handbag, slung it over her arm and passed Michael the black one.

"What's happening?" he said, puzzled.

Jenny smiled at him and kissed him gently on the mouth. She took his hand and he followed her to the door. "We're going out", she announced, and opened the apartment door and practically dragged him into the hall. He was about to protest when he saw that there were people about, and to do so would have drawn attention to himself. He walked alongside her to the main door, self-conscious, nervous and terrified. Out in the darkness of the street, he spoke.

"What are we doing! I can't go out like this!"

"You can, and you are - before you get a chance to change your mind!"

She smiled, but she also looked very determined.

"But what if I'm caught?"

"There is no way you will be caught, my love. You look

spectacular. Stick with me, and there'll be no trouble at all!"

They walked on, high heels clacking on the pavement, and Michael began to look around nervously.

"For God's sake!" she hissed at him. "Don't do that! That's a certain way to attract attention!"

She hailed a passing cab, and they slid into the back seat. She instructed the cabbie to take them to the shopping centre, which Michael knew to be closed but brightly lit. His apprehension did not decrease. Jenny paid off the cab driver and they alighted, and again she took his hand and guided him to the main row of shops. As if she had been doing this all her life, she then simply began to browse, commenting on things to Michael as they passed. Her confidence caused him to relax and he slowly began to enjoy the experience. He noted that no one took any more notice of them than they would of any other pair of attractive women window shopping. Jenny concentrated on the women's wear stores, and suddenly Michael found himself appraising the clothes with her, wishing he could try this or that himself. They walked for maybe a mile or so, and then Jenny guided him into a coffee shop where they ordered coffee and raisin toast. By now Michael had relaxed completely. The coffee shop with its blaze of fluorescent lights presented no difficulty. The waiter addressed him as "Madam". He was becoming quite light-headed with the success of it all.

Back through the shops again, Jenny stopped once at a shoe store. "That's where I bought the shoes", she said.

"What shoes?"

"Your shoes, silly!"

"THESE shoes!" Michael said, astonished, "You mean you bought them specially?"

"Of course. Mine wouldn't have fitted you. Actually, I bought the bra and the dress for you, too".

Michael stopped and turned to her.

"How did you know I'd wear them?"

"Don't really know". She smiled smugly. "But I knew. I knew you'd like it too".

"My God!" Michael said dumbly, shaking his head, "I don't believe it!"

"You object?"

"No", he said quickly, "No, I don't. On the contrary, it's fantastic. I just don't know how you knew".

"Call it intuition".

They walked on for a distance. Jenny said, "We'll come shopping here again soon, won't we?"

Michael knew what she meant. "Yes", he said, "I guess we will!"

Jenny giggled, back to her youthful self.

"This is the best game of all, isn't it?"

Michael looked at his elegant feminine reflection in the shop window.

"It certainly is!" he smiled.



"SHARE A THOUGHT ... "

BY TRINA BEAUMONT

FEMINIQUE shares in common with all magazines the need for contributors. We seek more experiences from our readers, be you transvestites, friends, wives (or all three). Maybe you're reading this in a doctor's surgery, or in the barber shop, or whatever. We'd like to share your thoughts and feelings, be they positive, negative or plain indifferent. We need to grow, outwards; to do so, we have to step outside our own experience, to understand the thoughts and feelings of others.

Become a contributor; let us share the joys, sorrows, exaltation, fears of that fateful (or ordinary) day. You can be anonymous (your secret is safe with us, dear!) or enjoy openly the thrill of authorship. Let's see through your eyes and senses the people or problems you encounter. It's not all fantasy (we want that, too!) that makes FEMINIQUE a special magazine; it's the realities we all live.

As an example, PHIA LAMONT some time ago sent in a letter that's been awaiting the right time for publication. It's an experience in the frustration she feels of being shut off, unable to express herself. It is unfortunate we are only seeing it through her eyes; it's only one side, and if look at in total may not be as clearcut or black and white as it appears. After all, responsibility figures largely in all our lives, and it must work in both directions.

We read of the needs and frustrations of transvestites, but unfortunately, little of the other side; of the problems, fears and emotional trauma of close association with transvestites and transvestism. It is possible there aren't any, but that's very doubtful. We seek the views, perhaps selfishly, of those involved. Of the bad, of the good - what you hate, what you like. With them, we may be better equipped to understand ourselves, to reach out and become more complete.

So please, from all sides - let's hear what you have to say; we'll guarantee confidentiality of authorship if you request it.



"ONE OF THOSE DAYS"

By Phia Lamont



Now and again I have "one of my days" and today is one of them. I am a bit far away at present to really participate in the Club, so a letter will have to suffice. Having had a couple of sleepless nights, I just had to "break out" for a while.

I went to work this morning until 9.30, and pleaded sick; then away I went. I drove to a nearby town and booked into a motel, and while they were finishing the room I drove into town to have a browse, and stepped into a little boutique. I picked out the loveliest little dress - blue-green, full sleeves, drawstring neckline. The owner-salesgirl was very helpful. I didn't tell her I was TV. We chatted for nearly half an hour, business being very quiet. Perhaps I'll tell her next time.

So over to the chemist for some Innoxia non-perfumed makeup remover, then back to the motel. Stripped, showered, shaved closely, then into briefs, panty hose, negligee and Scholl scuffs. On with my Mary Quant Smoothers, then Elizabeth Arden's Maximum Moisture makeup; eye shadow, rouge, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, eyeliner and mascara. Then on with my bra and fillers and beige slip. Slipped on my lovely blue strappy platform sandals, and then my new dress. Wow! Exact fit - you beaut! (Size 14 metric - and I used to be 20!). Combed and fitted my new golden-brown wig, and finished off with gold ring, earrings, fine necklace and heavy chain bracelet. Added as a bonus a dress ring and small lady's gold watch. I painted my false nails, then for a "touch of mystery" added a pair of lady's red-rimmed large sunglasses. A look in the full length mirror, and got a pleasant surprise; I think I would just about "pass", except for the excessive dark hair on my legs (even with two pairs of panty hose it's not really hidden), chest, arms and backs of hands. I have now found the stuff to remove it, Dr Scholl's Leg Hair Remover, but I can't use it - well, not yet; it will have to wait until I leave home, which is in the foreseeable future. I just can't go on living this life much longer - once every couple of months a release - it's too expensive, and it's got to be daytime as my wife watches me like a hawk, and forbids any action or talk about it at home. I can't keep things, as I've nowhere to hide them.

I suppose it's the same old problem for all of us who aren't accepted or understood. I can't get home from work late, or I am

suspect. So some of us have to make big decisions, sometimes even with the responsibility of kids (although most of mine are adult).

It's getting on to four o'clock, so will soon have to put PHIA LAMONT back into her suitcase until next time. Oh God, I wish it was dark! I'd give my right "you-know-what" to go for a walk and do some window shopping, then drive home, but I can't get the goo off if I leave the motel. Curses!

I have made a few small sorties late at night without the "final touches", but you would be too easily spotted, so it's risky - but sometimes, to hell with the risk!

Well girls, must away.

Incidentally, PHIA is about 35 years old, but her "brother" is going on 50, and by the last FEMINIQUE I read, I think there must be a lot about our age. I think that was the best explanatory edition I have read. Great work!

"THE EXPERIMENT"

BY ELAINE BARRIE

It was a very warm summer evening a few days before Christmas Eve; it was just beginning to grow dark, the time being around 8.30. As a male I simply love daylight saving; to be able to work around the garden, hoeing, planting, weeding, digging, and the million other chores that require daylight.

However, there's a complication; I'm a transvestite, and when ELAINE is in evidence, all dressed up in her finery, my enthusiasm for daylight saving is subdued, to put it mildly. I really don't know why, because Elaine overall really is not such a bad looking lady, even though I say it myself. Oh, how confident she was at the SEAHORSE Xmas Dinner! How composed and serene she was at the Group Meeting the following night! How much in command she can be in the imagined safety of her own home! Making the beds, preparing a meal, doing the washing, and all the other feminine duties necessary.

However, in this daylight saving era, when she goes out in public almost all her confidence deserts her. Why was that boy staring at her? That big woman must have suspected she was really a man! The way the passing taxi-driver looked, he must have penetrated the disguise as well. "Gosh!" she thought to herself, "Why can't I go for a quiet walk, without everybody staring at me - when I'm indoors and



see myself in my full length mirror, all I see is a good-looking, very feminine lady, full of poise, confident, elegantly dressed and expertly made-up. The greatest attention is paid to each detail; no hairy legs, seams straight on my Genevieve nylons, a very close, cleverly disguised, shaven face. There's no underskirt hanging below my brown velvet skirt, my breasts are both at the same level; every small detail meticulously checked, not a single thing that should betray me - and yet, they still stare! Why? Why? Why?"

It was then I decided to try out an "experiment". It was still broad daylight, even though the time was 8.35pm. I tiptoed down the driveway to the car. I always tiptoe, in case my next-door neighbour hears my high heels clicking on the concrete driveway. It's only some 15 to 20 feet betwixt the front door and the car, but in my excited state of mind, I was dead scared of the neighbour hearing.

Ah! Car safely reached; settle into the driving seat and tighten up the seat belt. Driving along the freeway - it's some 200 yards distant - came to the first set of traffic lights; better pull into the extreme right hand lane, then there will be no-one to stare at me from my right at least, should the lights be on "stop". I gave the appropriate signal to manoeuvre into the far right hand lane, feeling a bit frantic in case I didn't quite make it, as the lights were on "red" - "Gosh, I'll have to stop now! It's not too bad; I'm in the far right hand lane - I've only to worry about cars on my left". My car drew gently to a halt at the red light; I kept my head turned, so any other drivers wouldn't see my face, and from the corner of my eye watched for it to turn from red to amber, and then to green. I breathed a sigh of relief, and put the Mazda into first gear. "Whew! Thank goodness it didn't break down at the lights!"

I edged way over to the far left lane, and headed for town. Damn it! There was yet another set of traffic lights still to come. "I'd better get back over to the far right again in case somebody sees me". Flipped the righthand blinker on and moved to the centre lane, looking in the rear vision mirror; it was obvious that the fast moving traffic was fairly heavy in the extreme right lane. There were the lights just ahead - on "red". My heart thumped rapidly and I jammed the accelerator to the floor, and swung the little Mazda recklessly into the extreme right lane! "Wow! That was close - nearly didn't make it before I got to the lights!"

There it was now - green. We moved off and once again the Mazda got over to the left lane. Thank goodness - no more traffic lights! Better move over now into the far right lane again, in order to gain access to the car park. I was lucky there, a vacant space; carefully manoeuvring the car into it, I got out and locked the car. Then my heart missed a beat. "Driver!" exclaimed a voice, "Come over here,

please!" I turned in the direction of the authoritative voice - a police car! Trembling like a jelly, I reluctantly approached the vehicle. "We've been observing you all the way along the highway - if you persevere in changing lanes for no apparent reason, as you did on your approach to town, you are sure to cause a smash up - I won't give you a ticket this time, but let this serve as a future warning - stay in the one lane, unless you wish to overtake another vehicle, or make a right hand or left hand turn!" I walked away from the police car; I felt like running, but managed somehow to curb my desire - "Lucky I had my licence on me!" Walking down the street, having regained some composure, and congratulating myself on my good fortune in having met a decent humanitarian sort of policeman - panic stations! - some people coming! A man, a woman and a couple of kids; better get across the road to the other side and avoid them. I crossed the fairly busy street, keeping my head down so drivers wouldn't see my face. Suddenly there was a screech of brakes as a big Dodge jerked to a halt. "You stupid so-and-so - why don't you look where you're going?" yelled the Dodge driver.

At last I had a firm footing on the opposite pavement, and started to make my way down the street once more. "Oh, hang it - here's some more people this side!" I thought, as a couple of girls walked in my direction. "Better get over to the other side again". Once more solidly implanted on the opposite pavement, I glanced across the road as the two girls walked past on the opposite side. "It's you again, is it!" shouted a familiar voice. I turned - blast, it was the same policeman I had encountered previously. "What the bloody hell are you playing at?" he enquired, "First you drive your car from one side of the road to the other for no apparent reason, and now you're doing the same thing on foot! Why can't you drive and walk the same as everybody else?"

I looked squarely into the young policeman's face. "Thank you, Constable; you really don't know how helpful you've been. From now on I'll try to drive, and walk, and act like everybody else; you've taught me a lesson!" "I hope so!" replied the policeman, "There's no reason to be scared. Just calm down, and for God's sake, don't go zig-zagging all over the place, whether you're driving or walking. You don't see other people doing what you did. Just behave normally, as everyone else does, and you won't get into trouble!"

I smiled to myself as I drove home - the "experiment" had proved more successful than I had dared dream; I had learned why I attracted attention from people when dressed en femme. I was glad I had decided to conduct my little experiment - it had been a brainwave to go out in my male attire, and act the same way dressed like this as I did dressed en femme. So it wasn't so much my appearance en femme that attracted

attention from the people who had stared at me - no, it was the unnatural way I behaved! That young policeman was right; why the hell didn't I "act like everybody else!" - even en femme?

In future that's just what I will do - no more changing lanes unnecessarily, no more hanging my head low when crossing a roadway, no more avoiding people because they were walking towards me; from now on, my direction will be straight ahead, my head will be high, for I am - ELAINE BARRIE - a woman!

"WEEKEND PHILOSOPHY"

BY PAULA CAROL HOWARD

All my life I have lived my life from weekend to weekend, which I suppose is the hallmark of the inveterate loafer! But I cannot ever write about Sunday alone since that day, to me, is always a retreat from the more circumscribed amusements of Saturday. I permit myself, at weekends, the luxury of The Best of Both Worlds, unmindful of the sneers of my friends who insist that that is what my whole life is anyway. So first, to what I like to do on Australian Saturdays -

weather permitting.

When in Melbourne, which is usually, I have learned to keep well away from that quite incredible, boisterous ballet-without-music which is called Rules Football. Its aficionados call it "Footy", which I presume is a noun in our toilet-training-style argot and governed by the same speech laws that permit such things as "vegies", "bikies", "trammies", "bikkies", "hosties", "posties", "tinnies" and "pokies" - or is it "pokeys"? Similarly, when I am lucky enough to be in Sydney, I avoid being conned into supporting that furious, sado-masochist exhibition of concentrated venom known as "Rugby League" and which, as far as I can see, dead-heats with "Footy" as the Shortest Known Way to Life in a Wheelchair.

So, you will ask, what do I do in my flight from both these hysterical, bloodstained re-runs of pre-history jungle warfare? Well, suitably booted and furred, I take myself off to one of several suburban sports grounds where, under tight security it would seem from the small number of spectators, thirty Gentlemen play a splendid game clearly designed for Thugs and which, in my native Wales, is the Top Religion, leading the Chapel by a length and with the Established Church well down



the field. It is called Rugby Union Football and you can enjoy it - if you ever master the rules - without a noisy, graffito-sweatered, Esky-bearing, child-trailing lout of either sex in sight. And, in after-evening, no panel of Footy-ockers monopolising the telly with their eminently forgettable reminiscences, hurling insults at each other and counting their dead, along with replay after interminable replay.

Well, that, apart from a morning session in my Friendly Neighbourhood Wine Bar in The Village, takes care of my Winter Saturdays.

And in Summer? Off to the MCG or one of the numerous Club grounds, in summer dress and under a cartwheel straw hat, to enjoy the lovely sunshine and absorb the splendid scene which is Cricket in Australia; a Day at the Court of King Willow.

That accounts for most of my Saturdays, and I am simple enough to ask for nothing better!

Now to Sundays! After breakfast and the minimum of household chores that I can get away with, I become acutely sensitive to the idea of gins and chatter in someone's home; or even in my own four-by-two apartment in which I cannot swing a cat, though that's of little account since I left my beloved cat "Wedgewood" behind in Cape Town.

And talking of Sunny South Africa reminds me that when I first came to Australia (NOT with the First Fleet - as some suggest), the friendly, open-hearted, free ranging Australian Sunday delighted me. How could it be otherwise? If there were more sociable, courteous and open-housed people that the Aussies, then I had yet to meet them. But later, certain social facts bored their way into my understanding. It seemed that the people I most liked to foregather with weren't, for my practical purposes, anywhere around at weekends, at least until late on Sunday night, by which time I didn't want to leave my telly-viewing to go visiting.

So where were these nice hospitable folk that I would so like to have seen on Saturday and Sunday for gins and whatever?

Well - for the most part, they were in their own homes on Sunday surrounded by the debris of their Saturday, and trying to decide whether to scratch up cold chook for three or thirty uninvited, hung-over neighbours and complete strangers; or whether just to throw their hands up and take refuge in the high trees.

Or they were vainly trying to be all Toorak Village and Elegant, beating off their frightening terrorist kids with heavy sticks while chatting at the same time to the local police station to get Junior bailed out after suspected "pot" pushing at Angela's twenty-first down at Portsea the previous night. In short, all these friends had plenty to worry about without wanting to socialise with me!

But there were others - the cooler and smarter ones; the Collins Street Farmers and Farmers' Wives! Well, bless their warm hearts, I do so love those who have a little place (just a few hundred acres or so) up country and bravely accept the incredible difficulties and hardships of the Simple Life in ardent pursuit of Tax Avoidance. They would usually call me on Friday morning and say:

"Darling! We are going up to the little place thing - you know, the FARM - just to get away from it all, this weekend! DO give yourself a little "resties" and drive up and take "ginnies" and a spot of lovely lunch on Sunday with us!"

And off I'd gladly go, in cashmere and pearls and sensible shoes, looking like the Elegant Editress of a Glossy Magazine out on assignment, "burning with high hope" and bashing the Honda over tracks and paths and lanes and fissures and billabongs (or whatever) that its inscrutable little Nippon designers could never have taken into their calculations. Ways at which even Burke and Wills would have turned pale! And arrived, miraculously in one piece, I would find Brenda and Bertie (or whoever) busily small-holding in pursuit of nice tax-deductible expenses; up to their elegant South Yarra bottoms in mud and rotting vegetation; with not a cold soda or an ice cube in sight and with the paraffin-driven fridge strongly competing with the paraffin-driven cooker for reversal of their conventional roles of VERY COLD and VERY HOT. Then lots of hearty laughter and massive propaganda about The Obligation of Going Back to the Land followed by a disastrous three hour lunch which somehow I managed to enjoy because everyone was so very nice - and very jolly! But at the end of a hardly restful day - Collins Street Farmers are very good at keeping guests busy - a long voyage and a justifiably sulky Japanese motoring masterpiece to grope my way home in.

All of which brings me, belatedly but with some point I hope, to what, these days, I try to do on Sundays. I spend it largely with the Gay folk that I used to run into quite often at very Square and Straight parties. I spend it - always invited properly in advance and not just to replace last minute casualties - in large or small; chaotic or orderly; Mod or Edwardian (but always comfortable and loaded with character) pads or terrace houses - where conversations range unbelievably widely even if not very deeply.

There is never a fractious, shin-kicking child in sight and there are no hassles about warm soda or cold mulligatawny because they all seem to rely, and get pleasantly friendly, on red wine and plonk in great jars like something from a set for Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. And when to eat seems suddenly the thing to do, some gentle and willing dupe is given a basket and some money, and pointed in the direction of Macdonald's or The Colonel.

I can, and usually do, walk enjoyably to these Sunday Gay Gatherings, unless it's the other side of town, when I go by tram and read one of the abysmal Sunday "newspapers" en route in pursuit of marketable scandal. But, if I couldn't do this, I always get the nice warm feeling that someone would gladly fetch me as for a Gay Party, the Clan gathers, it would seem, from all compass points. And I usually get walked or driven home by a guest of some sex or the other because there's always, it seems, at the end of the festivity, two or more sides of an interesting and unresolved argument for us still to try to work out.

I delight in argument and heads-togethering, and I find all this much more intellectually awakening than getting deep into a serious conversation with a husband at a Straight party and suddenly realising that there's a full battery of hot-flushes trained on my back, and that the hostess is setting course to break up our little two-person synod before some wife makes an issue of it!

Of course, there are the occasional "domestic" tiffs between Host and "Hostess" but that seems to be a part of the ritual of being Gay. And even at its worst I find it more acceptable than the honeyed name-calling ("Darling! You're a rotten, miserable, cheating bastard, darling!") followed by powder-room sulking; and the snide sexual cut-and-thrust; both of which too often characterise Straight parties.

I think I should say that I, myself, am no frenetic Gay Liberation freak, but my Gay friends know that, and anyway, don't expect me to be; they accept my unspoken views by tacit consent. In practice, I always feel that they use my very ordinary but liberal "normality" rather as a sort of bench-mark or fixed point against which they can measure their own glacier-like progress towards society's genuine tolerance and acceptance.

Yes, Straight or Gay, I do like my Australian Sundays, and could happily use two in each week if any campus activist is ever short of a new foolish idea to demonstrate about!

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"MAKING FACES"

BY EDWINA JASON



I have found it a great advantage to have a daughter who is a Beauty Consultant working for a large department store. Her job is to advise women on skin care and the correct materials to use. She has been a great help to me in the care of my skin, which at my age needs greater care and attention than a younger person's requires. I have gathered from her hints on skin and beauty care which I feel will be of help to you. Beauty starts with basic skin care.

Understand your skin; constant exposure, especially of facial skin, to the sun and wind can often upset its natural process of renewal. An understanding of your skin type may help to correct the damage caused by the elements, or by neglect.

Normal skin has a smooth, fine, slightly moist texture, firm and supple to the touch. Dry skin has a flaky texture and often feels tight. Weather conditions can rob it of its elasticity making it prone to wrinkling and chapping. It tends to age faster unless properly cared for. Oily skin has a coarser texture with a shiny look. Excessive skin secretions render it prone to facial blemishes and constant care is necessary. Ageing skin is usually dry, and whilst it may feel tight, it shows signs of wrinkling and sagging.

Regardless of your skin type, it is important to cleanse it thoroughly each morning and evening, to remove makeup and the natural build-up of secretions and dust. Use a toner to give your skin that fresh youthful glowing look. After twice daily cleansing, use toning fresheners or astringents, depending on your skin type, to remove any traces of soap, lotions or creams. Dry or ageing skins need a mild toning freshener, whilst oily skins should use a toning astringent.

To replace the moisture and natural oils which all skins lose each day, moisturising and cleansing creams help the skin look soft and young. Dry and sagging, ageing skins require regular attention with a super emollient cream to discourage wrinkles, whilst oily skins need a humecant softener which protects against moisture loss.

Once or twice a week apply a cleansing mask to give your skin a "spring clean". Dry and ageing skins should use a moisturising mask which is applied and tissueed away, whilst oily skins need one of the peel-off masks which form a tight film which is later gently peeled or rinsed off.

When applying lotions and creams, always smooth on gently with the fingertips with upward sweeping strokes over your throat, face and forehead towards the temples. Pat on very gently around the eye area.

NEVER pick or squeeze blemishes. Use a hot compress to open the clogged pores, an astringent to dry the area and a medicated lotion to prevent infection.

Regular exercises will tone up your face muscles and help you to relax. Ask a Beauty Consultant at your cosmetic counter for an exercise plan. Use an under makeup moisturiser to suit your skin type before applying your foundation. Such moisturisers are usually available in creams, sticks, or lotions, or in aerosols, and will help both dry and oily skins to look fresher.

Choose your foundation carefully. Find the right shade to blend with your natural skin colour, using this to correct a sallow or ruddy undertone in your skin colouring. Used over a moisturiser, your foundation can also smooth out an uneven skin tone as well as hide tiny complexion flaws. If you have oily skin, a matt finish foundation will give a softer look, whilst dry skins will look fresher when a dewy finish foundation is used. When applying foundation, make sure you cover the entire facial area. Spread it evenly with your fingertips, blending it into your skin. Keep it even on both sides, and avoid finish lines at your chin, neck or hair.

Study your face, and ask your Beauty Consultant how you can correct the appearance of a nose that's too long, or a chin that's too pointed. The clever application of makeup can emphasise or subdue features as you desire.

Accent your eyes with colour. Get yourself a good modern makeup mirror, one that will show you clearly what you are doing, and the result. Experiment with eye shadow. Be daring. You can co-ordinate your eye makeup with the colour of your dress. You can set your eyes more deeply, or bring out deepset eyes. You can widen or lessen the space between your eyes by careful application and choice of shadow. Eyeliners, mascara and eyebrow makeup should be chosen and applied carefully. They can reshape the eye line, make lashes longer or thicker, brows lighter or darker to suit your hair colour. This is where a modern makeup mirror with a magnifying side can be invaluable.

Accent your cheeks with blushers and rouge to highlight features and bone structure. They come in a wide variety, from powders to creams, sticks or jars, in finishes from matt to high gloss. They are available in a range of shades to harmonise with your skin tone and clothes. They can be applied to widen a narrow face or slim a face that's too round or a little too wide.

Lip makeup should always be applied over a moisturiser to help keep lips soft and smooth. Use your lip makeup to define the outline

of your lips, and to reshape them if they are a little too thin or too full. First outline the shape with the point of a lip brush or pencil, starting from the centre of the upper lip and drawing to the corners, then outline the lower lip; the lower lip should be the same depth as the upper lip. Fill in the outline with the lipstick, making the upper lip just a touch longer than the lower to create a natural lift at the corners.

Look after your hair. Regular massage and regular brushing will help to control dryness and stimulate circulation. Regular shampooing removes dirt, grease and oiliness as well as traces of hairsprays and glosses. Conditioners are as important to hair care as moisturisers are to skin care. Ask your hairdresser the right type to keep your hair looking at its best. If a wig is your style, then the same advice is recommended; have your hairdresser style it and keep it in good shape. Make sure your hair is well cut and styled in the first place, for a good hairdo puts the finishing touch to a girl's appearance; remember to style your hair for every individual occasion.

Above all, remember there is no substitute for good diet and plenty of sleep, regular exercise, fresh air and fresh water.

I hope the foregoing hints on beauty care will be of great help to the new and the younger members of SEAHORSE, or to any reader of FEMINIQUE.



"IT'S NOT ALL CLOTHES"

AN INTERVIEW WITH CHRISTINE JORGENSEN

BY MAGGI WHITE

Interviewed from her home at Laguna Beach, Calif, Christine Jorgensen, 53, is as candid as she always was about her life, facing some minor corrective surgery in the near future and admitting that the cause of gender identification is "still a mystery". She is working on a new book and has filed a lawsuit to tie up the estate of the deceased producer of the movie CHRISTINE, which came out in 1970. "I own 10 percent of it,

have never received a dime and no reports." She's waiting for a trial date. As to her first book: "Where's the money?" she asks.

In the past few years she has been lecturing on university campuses and has talked to over 200,000 students, mostly about personal identity. "People are still searching", she says. "The girls are less inhibited on sexual themes. The men still say rah rah rah, but don't talk too much. But there's a tremendous difference from the 50s, which is the era I'm from. Sex was a no-no word. Husbands and wives were shown separated by card tables. I think I was part of the movement of enlightenment, got babies out of storks and cabbage patches. Now genetic abnormalities are openly discussed, and we're in the era of genetic experimentation. We're cloning. The young people are into The Six Million Dollar Man and Bionic Woman. My niece has a bionic doll. What happened to me would be extremely old hat today."

Christine, who was George until age 26 when the press found out about her sex-change operation in Denmark and then told the whole world, says she doesn't regret a thing. "It would be foolish. You're born when you're born, at least until the time machine. I think if it happened today I wouldn't even be in with the vital statistics section in the newspapers. The conflict with American people has been the concept that this is man, this is woman and never the twain shall meet. We all have within us the hormones of both sexes."

Her new book will deal with philosophical thoughts about her life in the past 25 years, people she's met who have influenced her thinking, the variables in life, her own personal growth. "I have had more of a life as Christine than I ever did as George. It has been worth all the hell, once I rode out the early years like a bad storm. It's the cream to have been able to meet and know Grandma Moses, Dr Ralph Bunce." The sex change and resultant publicity (which she didn't seek) "opened up a whole new world, and ANY price would have been worth that."

She lives well off real estate investments from her years of playing clubs, and owns a condominium in Hawaii. She is "busy, busy, busy" with many friends. She has had satisfying and unsatisfying relationships, she said, "like anyone's life, but more fulfilling, on balance." She says marriage is important for the stability of a family, but since she could never have children and does not want them, a piece of paper is insignificant for her life.

"Years ago I tried to separate myself from the gay life. I felt I had enough of a burden. Today I couldn't care less who is in the audience. Could be orangutans, as long as they pay their tickets and have an enjoyable evening. I have no negative concept. Some of my dearest friends are gay. I'm not interested in anyone's sex life unless I'm involved with them."

In life's ups and downs, hers has been average. She is not

currently involved with any one person, "but there are several men in my life. There is hardly a need to walk to the altar. My one attempt to get married that failed ... as I look back, I am not so sure it would have worked. Now I've been independent for over 50 years. Marriage is confining. Suddenly you have to make great compromises, and no matter what talk of love, the great love, look at the divorce rate."

She says doctors from all over the world now attend gender symposiums, but when asked what her own biological problem was, she is at a loss to define it. She also attends some symposiums.

"I don't know. Genetic changes. A flood of hormones. It wasn't a psychiatric problem. There is no cure. In my lifetime they'll probably come closer to the answer, to tell what it is like to have trans-gender. I prefer that word to transsexual. Sex doesn't come into it. I've known males who became females and became lesbians. There is physical gender and identity gender. What you do with an intimate partner is a minor part. It's the identity you are as a person that is the issue. It's not all clothes, makeup, mannerisms."

So what was it, Christine, you ask?

"I was a male, but not a man. I felt like a female. It's a way of thinking, can you say attitude? Identification? I can't pinpoint, I'm not sure. Trans-gender still goes on, even in an era of unisex. Gender is in the brain. In many ways it's still a mystery. It is where you stand and the social structure where you stand. I can't believe it was parental influence. In order to be sure you are not psychotic, the doctors make you dress in women's clothes long before the surgery. The surgery is the simplest part."

Her peak in nightclubs was from 1953-1967. A year ago she appeared at the Grand Hotel in Disneyland. She said she has no great drive to be in front of the public. For her lectures she receives between \$2,000 and \$5,000, but will play for less at small colleges. "You shouldn't outprice yourself."

Like any other woman of 53, she lives busily up on a hill, dines at home with a circle of friends, and enjoys a sister, two nieces, two grandnieces and one grandnephew. Her parents died 10 years ago.

"SUMMER 1980/81"

BY CHARLES AND ALBERT

TRENDS

Black and white is a very strong fashion combination this summer, and it always looks smart.

The other fashion colours are soft Ice Cream shades, gentle pink, cream, pale turquoise, mint green, with mauve being particularly important, and the classic red and navy are again with us.

Exciting new looks are the jacket dress, and the duster jacket.

Skirt length is what suits you best, and trousers taper gently to the ankle.

Scarves worn as chokers are important, and heels are lower.

BASICS OF STYLISH DRESSING

Remember:- If you are tall and well built, you will look remarkably silly in pale pink and mauve, with touches of soft turquoise.

It's a sad fact of life, but it happens to women too; some people just cannot wear frills, lace and exquisitely pretty floating dresses.

Define your style, and stay with it. How do you define your style? It comes with experience, but these pointers will help:-

1. Dark colours minimise, light colours magnify. If your shoulders are very broad, keep your jacket or top dark and simple.

2. If you are tall, and want to minimise your height, wear contrasting colours; a skirt in navy, and a blouse in cream, or peach, will effectively cut your height.

In the same way, using one basic colour, through to stockings and shoes, will give an illusion of height.

3. Accessories draw attention - if you're thickwaisted, wear a scarf at the neck to distract attention from the waist.

4. Jewellery should not be ostentatious - it should complement an outfit, not outdazzle it.

5. Keep shoes simple in style and remember that white shoes draw attention to large feet.

6. Fabrics with large patterns make large people look larger.

7. And, horizontal stripes make large bottoms even larger.

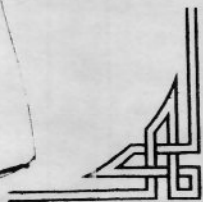
8. Jerseys, soft and fluid, should never be worn tight.

If you want to achieve a look of feminine elegance, keep it simple and understated - subtle colours, few but good accessories, and simple but stylish hair and makeup.

- NO false eyelashes
- NO elaborate wigs
- NO dangling earrings
- NO bright blue or green eyeshadow

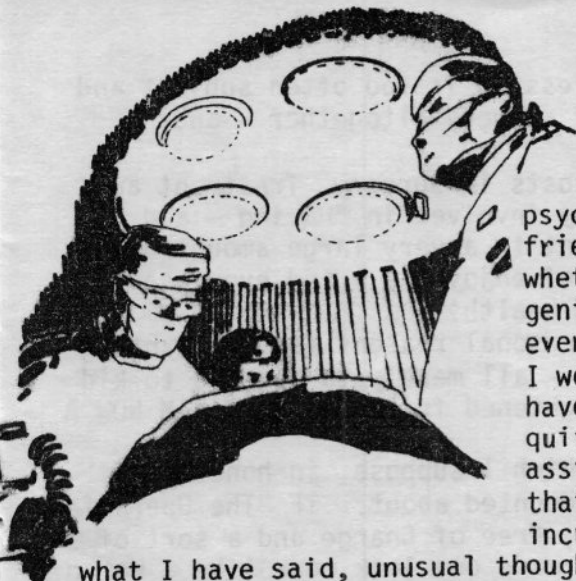
To look like Mae West, ignore the above (in our next issue, we'll tell you how to look like Mae West).





"THE OPERATION"

By PAULA CAROL HOWARD



From time to time, over the years, psychiatric persons and my "straight" friends have asked me quite seriously whether I would really like to have full genital surgery. When I have said that, even if I had been still in my twenties, I would not for a moment consider it, they have usually been puzzled. In the case of quite a few very experienced gender re-assignment psychiatrists, I have even felt that they were being merely politely incredulous; but I have sincerely meant

what I have said, unusual though it may be, as an attitude, amongst Transvestite Transsexuals.

Actually, to a dyed-in-the-wool pragmatist like me, the matter is disposed of in my reasoning processes by a cold-blooded piece of rationalisation; this is how I see the matter:

(1) I do NOT believe that I have, imprisoned within me, a WOMAN who is deeply unhappy and is madly striving to get out;

(2) Even if I did believe in the existence of this IMPRISONED WOMAN she would, as far as I am concerned, just have to make the best of it! She would just have to get by with what she could get out of my established daily routine of living. A life style of dressing and indulging my male body in the manner of a female in every respect which is open to me - which by now is just about the whole lot;

(3) To date, no-one, Doctor or Layman, has been able to suggest to me even one little feminine thing, active or passive, which having had such surgery, I would then be able to do - or have done to me - that I cannot, with ingenuity and improvisation, manage quite nicely just as I am;

(4) Should I undergo this hazardous and traumatic exercise in surgical legerdemain - and survive it - I would then be no more a woman than I am today. Admittedly to a casually interested observer surprising me with my panties off I might look, in that critical and localised region, like a female, but I cannot rate this occasional opportunity to flash a false fanny as of more than trivial value to me.

(5) To add to the above criteria I have to add that I am not good about pain, inconvenience, dislocation and hospitalisation. As a former husband, I had much experience of the knife-happy attitudes and gynaecological-plumbing, womb-whipping-out compulsions and morbid

mumbo-jumbo to which the medical profession is too often subject and I feel happier avoiding the matter of surgery altogether - and staying out of hospitals;

(6) The direct and indirect costs in Surgery, Treatment and Damage to Earning Capacity necessarily involved in "Having - and Recovering from - The Operation" amount to a very large amount of money indeed. I already have plenty of enjoyable - and even beautifying - ideas for spending that sort of wealth!

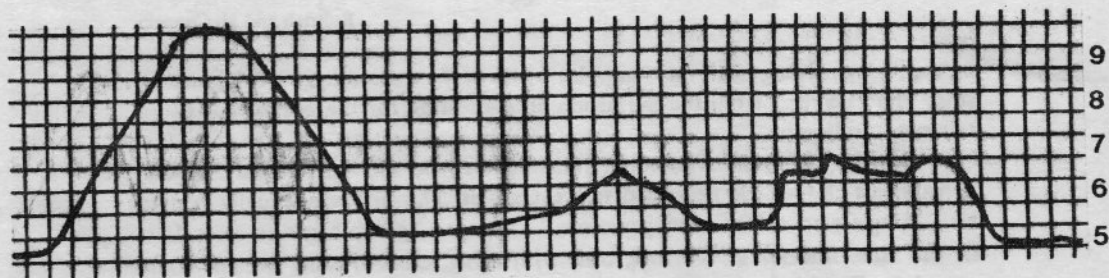
Well, that's it! Those are my personal reasons for not wanting to be castrated, opened up, re-bushed - all merely to be able to kid myself and any non-medical and unenlightened friends that "I AM NOW A WOMAN"!

That brings us to a hypothesis which I suppose, in honesty, I should not ignore but stand up to be counted about. IF "The Operation" were, in fact, Painless, Utterly Safe, Free of Charge and a sort of "Instant Woman" routine and one which made one look more like a Woman (with all one's clothes on!) instead of, as at the moment, doing nothing except converting one into a Castrated Male Transvestite - would I then feel differently about the matter? ANSWER - "Most definitely YES - I'd be into that hospital so fast that the draught as I went in through the doors would cause an epidemic of pneumonia throughout the Women's Wards!"

I have mentioned above the attractiveness, to me at any rate, of being surgically beautified. I have not, so far, treated myself to this luxury largely because, thanks to a benign Great Designer who didn't give me the sort of nose and chin and face shape which are such a boon to political cartoonists, and who did give me a good skin and gentle muscling, both of which I have carefully looked after, I have got by reasonably well without modifications.

However, nobody gets any younger or any better and one of these days I will, maybe, get around to some radical aids to mature glamour - like so many of the Toorak ladies I get around among.

When I do take that step I can only hope that it will be more successful than my numerous and costly researches into the lesser problem of having a lovely set of false finger nails which really "work" - instead of scattering in my wake like so many fallen rose petals!



The Clinical Syndromes of Femmiphilic Transvestism

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Thirty-four members of a club established for heterosexual transvestites were interviewed. They were categorized into two groups. Subjects in group I were satisfied with cross-dressing and did not desire additional feminization. Subjects in group II desired to alter their bodily appearance toward female by taking female hormones or by having surgical intervention. Group II transvestites cross-dressed more frequently and had a more intense feminine gender identity and stronger homosexual interests than did group I transvestites. A feminine gender identity appeared to be present from childhood in both groups but to be stronger in group II. Cross-dressing in subjects of both groups often occurred first during childhood and almost always prior to age 15. All subjects showed a period of fetishistic arousal to women's clothes during adolescence. With increasing age, fetishistic arousal diminished or disappeared and the frequency of cross-dressing increased. Terms in the literature used to describe the types of transvestism reported in this study are discussed. It was suggested that the term "femmiphilic transvestism" be used to describe the condition of the subjects of both groups. The term has fewer disadvantages than terms previously suggested.

KEY WORDS: transvestism; transsexualism; fetishism; gender identity.

INTRODUCTION

The earliest substantial description of cross-dressing was that by Hirschfeld in 1910. He defined it as "the impulse to appear in the outward trappings of the sex to which a person, according to the visible sexual organs, does not

The project was supported by a grant from the National Health and Medical Research Council of Australia. The research was carried out while N. B. was a Research Fellow of the New South Wales Institute of Psychiatry.

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belong." By adding that the "impulse often seeks exceedingly strong expression," he excluded from the definition cross-dressing for the purpose of entertainment or disguise.

Stoller (1971) interviewed 11 transvestites who showed fetishistic arousal to women's clothes. He described two categories. The first was sexually excited by a "single garment or a few garments." The second group began to cross-dress in the same manner as the first, but, with aging, cross-dressing became more complete. Fetishistic arousal persisted in both groups, but subjects in the second increasingly felt like a member of the opposite sex.

Bancroft (1972) reported 22 transvestite male patients who were referred for aversive treatment. All showed fetishistic arousal to women's clothes. He described two groups. A "transvestite" group was satisfied with cross-dressing. A "transsexual" group desired estrogen therapy or sex-change surgery.

Benjamin (1967) categorized over 300 transvestite subjects into three types. Type I transvestites were usually heterosexual. Cross-dressing gave them much emotional relief with "more or less" sexual satisfaction. Type II transvestites wanted to take estrogens or have surgical intervention to support their feminine identification. They were usually heterosexual in the male role and temporarily responded homosexually when cross-dressed. Type I and type II transvestites had shown fetishistic arousal to women's clothes. Type III transvestites were transsexual. Benjamin was uncertain whether transvestism differed only in degree from transsexualism. In an earlier article, he termed type II transvestism an "intermediate type" between type I transvestism and transsexualism (Benjamin, 1954).

In a previous article, the authors established that transsexualism and transvestism could be clinically differentiated on a number of parameters (Buhrich and McConaghy, 1977). They found that significantly more male transsexuals than transvestites had a strong female gender identity and had experienced homosexual contact to orgasm and that significantly more transvestites than transsexuals had shown fetishistic arousal to women's clothes. In the course of the study it became clear that a proportion of transvestite subjects were satisfied with cross-dressing whereas the remainder desired to alter their bodily appearance in a feminine direction by surgical intervention and/or by ingestion of hormones. Previous workers considered that these two groups should be classified separately (Benjamin, 1967; Bancroft, 1972). It was decided that subjects who were satisfied with cross-dressing should be compared with the remaining subjects to determine whether the two groups differed significantly in aspects other than the desire to alter bodily appearance.

METHODOLOGY AND SUBJECTS

One of the authors (N. B.) attended monthly meetings of a club established by transvestites which has been described elsewhere (Buhrich, 1976). Members

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were introduced to the author with an explanation that he required volunteers to participate in a project concerning transvestism. Thirty dollars was offered to each subject on the condition that he attend the Prince Henry Hospital for investigation.

During the investigatory session, which lasted about 4 hr, biographical data concerning gender identity, cross-dressing history, and sexual history were recorded. Penile volume responses to a series of moving pictures of nude men and women were measured, and a *U* score indicating sexual orientation was calculated. With this procedure, a *U* score of 100 indicates maximal heterosexual orientation and a *U* score of 0 maximal homosexual orientation. The method has been described elsewhere (McConaghy, 1967).

Interviews could not be completed for four subjects in the one session. They were interviewed a second time.

Approximately 15 members of the club refused to participate in the project on the grounds that they lived too far away, could not get time off work, or were not prepared to discuss their transvestism. Three subjects volunteered but failed to keep appointments. One subject who had not experienced fetishistic arousal was excluded from the study.

Thirty-four transvestite subjects were interviewed. All were male. All conformed to the criteria of transvestism suggested by Benjamin (1967) in that, in addition to gaining emotional relief by cross-dressing, they had shown a period of fetishistic arousal to women's clothes.

CLINICAL FINDINGS

Twenty subjects were satisfied with cross-dressing intermittently and did not want to alter bodily appearance by taking female hormones or by having surgery. Nine of the 20 had considered taking female hormones or having a change-of-sex operation, usually in their late adolescence. None had sought medical advice concerning these problems. Two subjects were prescribed estrogen in the past for medical reasons unassociated with transvestism. Neither was pleased with the side effects. This group will be referred to as group I.

The remaining 14 subjects compose group II. Six were taking female hormones prior to the interview and seven requested hormones during the interview. One did not want female hormones because he feared that his potency would be impaired. He and 11 other members of this group of 14 subjects desired surgical intervention. Five desired a complete change-of-sex operation. Three desired but desisted from seeking a change-of-sex operation because of responsibilities felt toward their family. Four wanted a partial change-of-sex operation. Comments from these four subjects were as follows:

I want to take female hormones and have silicone breasts implanted. I have thought about having a sex-change operation but decided not to because it is better being an old man than an old woman.

I would like to have breasts, wider hips, and to take female hormones. The idea of living permanently as a woman appeals to me. I would not have a sex-change operation because I do not mind having a penis.

My wife has had a mammoplasty and it looks good. I would like one too. But I am not interested in a full sex-change operation because I enjoy having sex. Sex is important for me.

Dress and Physical Features

One of the 20 subjects in group I and seven of the 14 subjects in group II presented at the interview dressed as women. This difference was statistically significant ($p < 0.01$, exact test). The mean height of subjects in group I was 5 ft 10½ inches (range 5 ft 6 inches to 6 ft 4 inches) and that of those in group II 5 ft 8 inches (range 5 ft 3 inches to 6 ft 1 inch). This difference was statistically significant ($p < 0.05$, Mann-Whitney test).

Biographical Data

The mean age of subjects in group I was 38 years (range 21-57) and that of those in group II 39 years (range 23-71). Sixteen of the 20 subjects in group I were married, including one who was separated. Four subjects had never married. Nine of the 14 subjects in group II were married, two were widowed, and one lived in a *de facto* relationship. Three had never married. The mean number of the children of subjects in groups I and II was 1.6 and 1.7, respectively. Social status ranking assessed on a 7-point scale (Congalton, 1969) is given for subjects in groups I and II in Table I. Subjects in group I had a significantly higher social status ranking than those in group II ($p = 0.05$, exact test, cutting point nearest the mean).

CROSS-DRESSING EXPERIENCE

Age at First Cross-Dressing Experience

The majority of subjects first cross-dressed before 9 years of age. Only one subject first cross-dressed after 15. The age at which subjects in groups I and II first cross-dressed is given in Table II. The difference was not statistically significant.

Frequency of Partial Cross-Dressing

Partial cross-dressing is defined as restricting the wearing of women's clothes to one or two items. There was no significant difference between the

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Table I. Social Status Ranking

| | Social ranking | | | | | | |
|----------------------|----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| Group I (N = 20) | 3 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 0 |
| Group II (N = 14) | 0 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 6 | 3 | 0 |

groups in the frequency with which they partially cross-dressed during adolescence or in the previous 2 years and in the frequency with which each group partially cross-dressed during the previous 2 years as compared with adolescence (Table III).

Age at First Full Cross-Dressing Experience

Full cross-dressing is defined as wearing underwear, blouse or dress, and shoes but not necessarily a wig, makeup, or accessories. Subjects in both groups tended to cross-dress more fully with age. Three subjects in group I and six in Group II cross-dressed fully at their first experience of cross-dressing. The age at which subjects first fully cross-dressed is given in Table IV. Subjects in group I first fully cross-dressed at a significantly later age than did those in group II ($p = 0.05$, exact test, cutting point nearest the mean).

Frequency of Full Cross-Dressing

Table V gives the frequency with which subjects fully cross-dressed during adolescence and in the previous 2 years.

The tendency for subjects in group II to fully cross-dress more frequently than those in group I during adolescence was not statistically significant, but that in previous 2 years was significant ($p < 0.01$, exact test, cutting point nearest the mean). Lack of opportunity was often cited as a reason for not cross-dressing more frequently. Subjects who cross-dressed "at least weekly but not all the

Table II. Age When First Cross-Dressed

| | Age (yr) | | | |
|----------------------|----------|------|-------|---------|
| | Under 9 | 9-12 | 13-15 | over 15 |
| Group I (N = 20) | 9 | 6 | 5 | 0 |
| Group II (N = 14) | 11 | 0 | 2 | 1 |

Table III. Frequency of Partial Cross-Dressing

| | During adolescence | | | | In previous 2 yr | | | | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------------|------------------|--------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------------|------------|
| | All the time | At least weekly but not all the time | Between weekly and monthly | Occasionally but less than monthly | Not at all | All the time | At least weekly but not all the time | Between weekly and monthly | Occasionally but less than monthly | Not at all |
| Group I (N = 20) | 0 | 2 | 12 | 4 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 5 | 1 | 9 |
| Group II (N = 14) | 0 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 7 | 4 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 8 |

Table V. Frequency of Full Cross-Dressing

| | During adolescence | | | | In previous 2 yr | | | | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------------|------------------|--------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------------|------------|
| | All the time | At least weekly but not all the time | Between weekly and monthly | Occasionally but less than monthly | Not at all | All the time | At least weekly but not all the time | Between weekly and monthly | Occasionally but less than monthly | Not at all |
| Group I (N = 20) | 0 | 1 | 9 | 4 | 6 | 0 | 2 | 15 | 3 | 0 |
| Group II (N = 14) | 0 | 4 | 6 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 8 | 5 | 1 | 0 |

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Table IV. Age When First Fully Cross-Dressed

| Age | Age (yr) | | | | |
|----------------------|----------|------|-------|-------|---------|
| | Under 9 | 9-12 | 13-15 | 16-20 | Over 20 |
| Group I (N = 20) | 2 | 2 | 6 | 4 | 6 |
| Group II (N = 14) | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 2 |

time" worked dressed as men but frequently cross-dressed continuously for a week when they were away from home. The trend for subjects in both groups to fully cross-dress more frequently in the previous 2 years than during adolescence was significant for group I only ($p = 0.05$, exact test, cutting point nearest the mean).

Cross-Dressing in Public

Nine of the 20 subjects in group I and 12 of the 14 subjects in group II had appeared in public dressed as women ($p < 0.05$, exact test). A further four subjects in group I and two subjects in group II had ventured for short distances at night or had driven to club meetings dressed as women. Seven subjects in group I had cross-dressed only at home or at club meetings.

GENDER IDENTITY

Degree to Which Subjects Felt "Like a Woman"

Subjects were asked to assess the degree to which they felt like a woman when dressed as a man, dressed as a woman, and nude. The results are given in Table VI. Two subjects in group II felt like a woman all the time. Significantly more subjects in group II than in group I felt like a woman when dressed as men or cross-dressed ($p < 0.05$, exact test, cutting point nearest the mean).

Fantasy Concerning Being a Woman

Subjects were asked what they fantasized most frequently in relation to cross-dressing. Two subjects in group I and 11 subjects in group II fantasized living permanently as a woman ($p < 0.01$, exact test). Thirteen subjects in group

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Table VI. Degree to Which Subjects Felt "Like a Woman"

| | | All the time | Often | Occasionally | Never | Don't know |
|----------------------|-----------------------|--------------|-------|--------------|-------|------------|
| Group I (N = 20) | Dressed as a man | - | 2 | 2 | 12 | 4 |
| | Dressed as a woman | 4 | 8 | 4 | - | 4 |
| | Nude | - | 1 | 3 | 11 | 5 |
| Group II (N = 14) | Dressed as a man | 2 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 3 |
| | Dressed as a woman | 9 | 1 | - | 1 | 3 |
| | Nude | 2 | 5 | - | 3 | 4 |

I and three subjects in group II fantasized being a woman for some but not all the time. Statements exemplifying this attitude were

I would like to be a woman for 2 weeks and then return to being a man.

... to be a beautiful woman 20% of the time.

... to be a woman all the time except when I am with the family in the evening.

... to be a woman all the time except during intercourse. I then prefer to take the active masculine role.

Five subjects had no fantasies concerning being a woman. Of the five, three wished to appear in public as convincing women but did not desire to be women. Two denied transvestite fantasies.

SEXUAL FEELINGS RELATED TO TRANSVESTISM

Fetishistic Aspects

All subjects had shown fetishistic arousal to women's clothes. The mean age at first sexual arousal to women's clothes for subjects in group I and group II was 13 years. The range was 7-15 and 6-26 years in the two groups. Nine subjects in group I and eight subjects in group II first experienced sexual arousal while cross-dressed. The frequency and intensity of sexual arousal to women's clothes diminished with age in all but three subjects. In one subject in group I the frequency and intensity increased and in two subjects in group II it remained the same. The intensity of sexual arousal to women's clothes experienced by subjects in groups I and II during adolescence and in the previous 6 months is given in Table VII. Subjects in group I and group II showed significantly less

Table VII. Intensity of Sexual Arousal to Women's Clothes

| | | Spontaneous ejaculation | Masturbation | Seepage or erection only | No arousal |
|----------------------|-------------------------|----------------------------|--------------|-----------------------------|------------|
| Group I (N = 20) | During adolescence | 6 | 12 | 2 | 0 |
| | In previous 6 months | 1 | 9 | 4 | 6 |
| Group II (N = 14) | During adolescence | 7 | 6 | 0 | 1 |
| | In previous 6 months | 0 | 9 | 2 | 3 |

expression of fetishistic arousal in the previous 6 months than during adolescence ($p = 0.05$ and $P = 0.01$, respectively, exact test, cutting point nearest the means). Nine subjects in group I and eight subjects in group II heightened sexual arousal during intercourse by fantasizing that they were wearing women's clothes.

Masturbatory Fantasies

Seventeen subjects in group I and ten subjects in group II reported that they had masturbated in the previous 6 months. Fantasies were relatively unaffected by whether the subject was cross-dressed during masturbation.

Nine subjects in group I and three subjects in group II masturbated to fantasies of being either partially or fully cross-dressed. This difference between the two groups was not significant. Reports of such fantasies were as follows:

I am wearing a nightie and falsies.

I am wearing a slinky dress and very high heeled shoes.

I go into a public toilet dressed as a man and come out dressed as a woman.

I am dressed as a woman at work and nobody recognizes me.

Four subjects in group I, during masturbation when dressed as a man, fantasized having sexual intercourse with a woman. Of these, two, when masturbating cross-dressed, fantasized being the passive partner during sexual relations with a man. During masturbation when dressed as a man, one subject in group II fantasized being the passive partner during sexual intercourse with a man. Significantly fewer subjects in group I, when dressed as a man, fantasized having sexual relations with a man ($p < 0.05$, exact test).

Three subjects in group I and two subjects in group II masturbated to their own reflection while cross-dressed. Fantasies of these subjects included the following:

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I dress up as Sharon and by looking in the mirror, imagine I am having sexual intercourse with her.

I like to screw the girl in the mirror.

One subject from each group masturbated but denied masturbatory fantasies.

SEXUAL ORIENTATION

Heterosexual Experience

All subjects had experienced heterosexual intercourse. The mean age at first experience of heterosexual intercourse for subjects in group I was 19 years (range 14-21) and for those in group II was 23 years (range 14-28). Five subjects in group I and six subjects in group II had experienced intercourse with only one partner. Subjects in group I had a nonsignificant tendency to first experience heterosexual intercourse at an earlier age and with a greater number of partners.

Homosexual Experience

Eighteen subjects in group I and ten subjects in group II had not experienced homosexual contact to orgasm. Two subjects in group I had a total of four homosexual encounters to orgasm. All encounters had occurred since adolescence. Some subjects in both groups had fantasies of being escorted by a man while cross-dressed but not having sexual contact with him. Typical statements exemplifying this attitude were the following:

I like being taken out by a man, my chair held at restaurants and my cigarette lit but the thought of sex turns me off.

I like to imagine that I am escorted by a man to a party and that we dance closely. But I would never get into bed with him.

Sexual Orientation by Self-rating

Subjects were asked to give as a percentile rating their sexual preference for men and women when dressed as a man and cross-dressed. When dressed as a man, 18 of the subjects in group I reported 100% sexual interest in women, and two subjects reported sexual interest in men of 2% and 5%. When cross-dressed, 14 of the subjects in group I reported 100% preference for women, and four subjects reported a sexual interest in men of 10%, 20%, 20% and 75%. Two subjects denied any sexual interest in men or women.

When dressed as a man, 12 subjects in group II reported an exclusive sexual interest in women. One reported a sexual interest in men of 30% and one subject

Table VIII. Kinsey Rating Scale

| | Kinsey rating | | | | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|-------------------------------|
| | 0 (entirely heterosexual) | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 (entirely homosexual) |
| Group I (N = 20) | 15 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Group II (N = 14) | 5 | 5 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 |

reported an exclusive sexual interest in men. When cross-dressed, seven of the subjects in group II reported an exclusive sexual interest in women, and five reported a sexual interest in men of 5%, 5%, 20%, 50%, and 70%. Two subjects reported an exclusive sexual interest in men.

When cross-dressed, subjects in group II compared to those in group I had a nonsignificant tendency to have a greater sexual interest in men as compared with women.

Kinsey Scale Rating

The Kinsey Scale rating was assessed by one of the authors (N. B.) on the basis of the subjects' reported heterosexual and homosexual experiences and fantasies. Subjects who fantasized sexual contact with a man during heterosexual intercourse or who stated an exclusive sexual interest in men while cross-dressed were given a Kinsey Scale rating of 3. Fantasies of being cross-dressed during sexual intercourse with a woman were not considered to be a homosexual feature.

The Kinsey Scale ratings for subjects in groups I and II are given in Table VIII. Subjects in group I were significantly more heterosexual than those in group II ($p < 0.05$, exact test, cutting point nearest the mean).

Penile Volume Response

Two subjects refused penile volume measurements. The other subjects' penile volume responses to ten segments of moving pictures of nude men and ten of women were measured and a U score indicating sexual orientation was calculated. Scores of 77 and above indicated a significant difference at the 0.05 level in the heterosexual direction. Scores of 50.5-77 indicated a heterosexual orientation, but the differences in the ten responses to pictures of men and the ten to pictures of women were not statistically significant. The mean U score for subjects in group I was 80 (range 50-98.5) and for those in group II was 66 (range 31-100). The U scores for subjects in groups I and II are given in categorical

Table IX. *U* Score

| | >77 | 77-50 | 49-23 | <23 |
|------------------------------|-----|-------|-------|-----|
| Group I (<i>N</i> = 19) | 12 | 7 | 0 | 0 |
| Group II (<i>N</i> = 13) | 3 | 9 | 1 | 0 |

form in Table IX. The penile volume responses of subjects in group I were significantly more in a heterosexual direction than the responses of subjects in group II ($p = 0.05$, exact test, cutting point nearest the mean).

DISCUSSION

Group I and Group II Transvestites

Subjects in group I and group II of this study conformed in sexual orientation and gender identity to type I and type II transvestism described by Benjamin (1967). When cross-dressed, subjects in group II compared to those in group I more often fantasized sex with a man. They were rated less heterosexual on the Kinsey Scale and showed penile volume responses indicating less heterosexual orientation. Subjects in group II more often felt like a woman and more often appeared cross-dressed in public. Significantly more group II subjects came to the interview cross-dressed.

Differences between subjects in groups I and II are present from an early age. Subjects in group I tended to first experience heterosexual intercourse earlier and with a greater number of partners. Subjects in group II compared to those in group I first fully cross-dressed at an earlier age. The difference between the two groups in cross-dressing cannot be explained as a consequence of a stronger fetishistic interest in women's clothes as an intensity of fetishistic arousal was not significantly different for the two groups. The findings of this study suggest that a more intense feminine gender identity is present from childhood in subjects in group II.

Stoller (1971) reported that fetishistic arousal persisted in transvestites who fully cross-dress. Benjamin (1967) reported that fetishistic arousal usually persisted in type I transvestism and diminished with aging in type II transvestism. In this study, fetishistic arousal significantly diminished with aging in both groups but more so in group II.

To accept that subjects who have an inner need to cross-dress and who cannot easily be categorized as transsexual cross-dress to satisfy a purely fetishistic need (Epstein, 1975; Feldman, 1973; Bancroft, 1972; Stoller, 1971; Randell,

1959) appears to be an oversimplification. Subjects in this study cross-dressed in the previous 2 years more frequently with significantly diminished fetishistic arousal. Cross-dressing which "brings gratification without genital excitation" in subjects who otherwise lead "ordinary" male lives has been termed "simple transvestism" by Roth and Ball (1964). Whether such subjects have shown fetishistic arousal in the past was not made clear by the authors.

Previous workers believed that in transvestism the feeling of belonging to the opposite sex increased with aging (Stoller, 1971; Bancroft, 1972). The mean ages of subjects in group I and group II of this study were not significantly different. This suggests that at least most subjects in group I do not develop a more profound feminine gender identity with increasing age.

Prince (1967) suggested that the transvestite may be dissatisfied with a permanent masculine role and that he finds escape and relief by identifying with a "passive, accepting, nondemanding" feminine role. The lower social ranking of subjects in group II may be interpreted as predisposing them to be more dissatisfied with their expected masculine role and to intensify their urge to escape masculine responsibilities by identifying with a feminine role. As a consequence, subjects in group II may seek to alter bodily appearance toward the feminine. In addition, the significantly shorter stature of subjects in group II may help them pass more successfully as women and thereby intensify their feminine gender identity. However, these factors are unlikely to provide the full explanation, as the more intense cross-gender identity in group II subjects is already established in childhood.

Femmiphilic Transvestism

Terms frequently suggested in the literature to classify the type of transvestism described in this report are "heterosexual transvestism" and "fetishistic transvestism." The subjects of this report were not exclusively heterosexual. Twenty-five percent, while continuing to cross-dress, have not shown fetishistic arousal for at least 6 months. Alternate terms suggested to describe transvestism are "symptomatic," "secondary," "true," and "genuine." These terms are sometimes used to describe cross-dressing which occurs in transsexualism as well as that which occurs in the type of transvestism reported here (Hamburger *et al.*, 1953; Anchersen, 1956).

The term "femmiphilia," which means "lover of the feminine," emphasizes aspects which transvestites themselves generally offer as the predominant reason for cross-dressing (Benjamin, 1964; Prince and Bentler, 1972). The term "femmiphilic transvestism" has the advantage that the diagnosis does not depend on heterosexual orientation, fetishistic arousal, or a feminine gender identity.

It is suggested that the term "nuclear transvestism" be used to categorize those subjects who have an inner need to cross-dress but who do not seek to

alter their body toward the feminine by taking hormones or by surgical intervention. This category would include the subjects in Bancroft's "transvestite group," Benjamin's type I transvestites, and the group I type transvestites of this study. Benjamin (1954) suggested the term "intermediate-type transvestism" to categorize the transvestite who "inclines at times towards transsexualism but is at other times, content with merely dressing and acting as a woman. He wavers between homosexual and heterosexual desires usually according to chance meetings." This category would include the subjects in Bancroft's "transsexual group" and the group II type transvestite of this study. It is suggested that the terms "nuclear transvestism" and "intermediate transvestism" be used in a purely descriptive sense. They give no indication as to whether there is an association between transvestism and transsexualism. The nature of the relationship between these conditions at present remains undetermined.

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BETTY'S NIGHT OUT

By BETTY HAMILTON

There I was, a beautiful moonlight night, feeling really feminine. What to do with it? I know! Do something different. My usual outing, apart from going out locally after dark, was to a large town about forty-five miles south. Why not go north? No sooner said than done. I was already dressed. I started early and dressed with care. I usually shower, but this time bathed, with bath salts and smelt really delicious. A dusting with a new body powder I had bought from one of the large shops in Brisbane. I had bought a matching set of panties, slip and bra and pantyhose at one of those small exclusive expensive shops. To go with the bra I bought a pair of new type falsies or "bust improvers". I hadn't seen them before. They look the real thing. You girls in the city probably have seen them. The salesgirl jokingly asked me what size I took, and I replied seriously, 38B. She looked stunned for a moment. I suppose she thought at first that I was buying these things for a wife or girlfriend. I have given up making excuses. When she saw that I really meant it, she was a great help.

The fitting of my new things was a tremendous experience. I already had a body shaper, a type that can be worn with or without a bra. The cups are of a gauzy material. My frock was a pale lavender. The assistant at the shop advised pearl necklace and earrings, and small pearl coloured handbag. The shoes had fairly high heels and I thought I might have some trouble walking, but they were really comfortable. My favourite wig, and I was ready for the road. The town I was going to was sixty miles away, but a good road, and only a bit over an hour's comfortable driving.

I had had a few sherries and felt very composed and confident. I decided to experiment before leaving my own town. I pulled into a service station and in my best voice asked for two dollars' worth of petrol. Like a real lady who expected to be waited on I kept my seat and gave my best impression of being haughty, so as to discourage conversation. I almost laughed; the attendant was very servile and called me "Miss". It was in the half light; I wonder whether he would have picked me in the full light.

When I reached this town I drove into the main street and, bold as brass, got out in front of a lot of people as though I owned the place.

place. A leisurely stroll down both sides of the main shopping block and I was ready for home. A fairly slow drive home to enjoy a beautiful night, and I felt as though I was truly happy.

I have gained a lot of confidence since joining SEAHORSE. I have that feeling of having a lot of moral support from all the girls, and it pays to be fairly open. Don't take too many risks though. Not foolhardy ones, I mean. I intend to repeat this experience soon.

HOLIDAY WIFE'S LAMENT

BY JO-ANNE WILSON

I hear the swish of silken skirts,
The click of your high heels.
I see your hair is long again,
And your makeup is so real.
You're looking grand, my darling,
And it makes me feel a heel.
But really, must you be a woman when
For a man I'd gladly kneel.

I catch a nose of perfume,
Makes my head just fairly spin,
See a pretty nylon ankle,
And a lipstick outlined grin.
Dark eyes sparkle at me,
And I know the state you're in.
But do you have to be a woman,
It just fills me with chagrin.

I don't mind your pretty clothes and face,
Three times a week, or more.
But your female poise and dainty grace,
Has become a daily bore.
It's such a strain to keep ahead.
When I know you look so good.
But when I need some real male love,
Be a man; I wish you could.



"IMPROVING OUR APPROACH TO COMMUNICATION"

By Sandra Sims

Although I have been a member of SEAHORSE for some years, I have been unable to attend meetings and other social functions and have had to rely entirely on postal correspondence, newsletters etc for details as to the specific functions of the office bearers (State, Regional or National).

I thought perhaps there might be other members in the same position as me - and equally scatterbrained and helpless with regard to organisation and efficiency in directing correspondence etc to the "Few" who ARE indeed the Club - and to those whose legion efforts over the years have been of inestimable value and joy to me.

In order, therefore, to make your task somewhat easier, it occurred to me that a list could be prepared setting out explicitly the function of each member of the Committees (Regional and National) - setting out the list by position rather than by incumbent - the latter changing after elections etc.

I feel that such a list - giving also the kinds of queries etc that ought to be directed to specific officers, and whether letters with multiple queries ought to have the questions directed to, say, the Secretary or be made out as separate pages and directed specifically to the member in question (or rather the member who looks after such specified topics) - would be extremely valuable.

I am aware, painfully, that many letters to SEAHORSE are of an emotional nature, or rather written in an emotionally excited state and therefore very difficult to approach in such a "business-like" fashion as suggested above. However there are many instances when such an approach could be utilised to the advantage of the Committees.

Incorporated in these ideas (the listing) is the thought of a revamping of the "Introduction and Objectives" pamphlet sent out to members on their joining the Club. The copy which I have is a very early edition, and over the years changes have been made to the Constitution, membership types, composition of Committees, etc. Thus of necessity it is somewhat out of date, and the modifications are scattered through Femi-Briefs, Newsletters and FEMINIQUE - often set out implicitly in articles etc, but not explicitly - and as mentioned at the beginning, I cannot attend unfortunately any of the meetings and therefore do not have the personal contact which would in the first

instance resolve many of the problems and queries that arise from time to time. but in the second deprive me of an intimate knowledge of the organic functions and interactions of the Committees. I have to rely on my interpretation (frequently erroneous) of statements in letters etc sent out by the Committees.

From your statement in your Newsletter it would appear that I am not alone in this (again my interpretation (?)) and therefore it would be of general assistance to have some form of list distributed either separately or incorporated into the "Constitution" of SEAHORSE (the latter being redistributed on payment of production and postage costs).

Finally, are there any moves to reissue (on request at cost) the Directory of Members (again my list is somewhat outdated both as to membership and individual summaries which may have changed over the years), and the Library List of Books.

My motivation in writing this is guilt on reading the "Crie de coeur" regarding those who fail to meet their obligations promptly and those like me who write long rambling letters covering many topics that would be most efficiently dealt with by addressing separate sheets to the relevant Committee member.

Again, as I have done in the past, I must express my heartfelt thanks for all that SEAHORSE has done for me over the years - I am really a new person (persons?) thanks to the personal assistance and various publications, pamphlets etc, all of which I look forward to and devour avidly. My only regret is my inability to participate in the social functions - jealousy and loneliness result in reading of your (the most fortunate of "sisters") exploits in the social whirl and meetings.

Another thought! (My Professor at Uni always said I had a mind like a chook; always turning things over, scratching around and generally uncovering things best left covered - all puns intended! And generally not getting on with the topic in hand). Would it be possible to arrange small, infrequent, informal meetings - in "male" clothing unfortunately - for those members who live around Sydney but cannot go to the monthly meetings "en femme" for an entire evening? This would not of course necessarily involve members of the Committee, but any member who would like to sit and chat over a quiet drink, over lunch, in the afternoon or early evening for a couple of hours or so.

Essentially what I am asking is this: "Are there any members in the Sydney Region who have expressed similar desires - either as listed in the Directory (mine is five years old) or separately in letters?" If there are, I could write to them - as per Directory instructions - and take it from there.

The SEAHORSE CLUB of AUSTRALIA is an Australia-wide association of non-profit transvestite groups whose purpose is to make life a little less lonely for transvestites.

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

Group addresses:-

- | | | |
|-----------|---|--|
| BRISBANE | - | P.O. Box 367, Kenmore. 4069 |
| CANBERRA | - | Contact Sydney. |
| MELBOURNE | - | P.O. Box 2337V, G.P.O., 3001 |
| PERTH | - | Contact Victoria. |
| SYDNEY | - | PO Box 341 Royal Exchange Sydney NSW 2000. |



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