

FEMINIQUE

25th EDITION



THE SEAHORSE CLUB OF AUSTRALIA

VOLUME ONE – NUMBER 25 – 1984

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"EDITRESSIAL"

Well here it is, Number '25'.

This edition has been promised many times and some of you did not believe it would eventuate. For me, the one fingered, dyslectic typist it has been a long road. Since the last edition there have been some changes. I for one am the big change as I have never done this kind of thing before. Another change is, paid advertisements. Last but not least is the plain back cover.

This has been done because, you the members asked me to have a plain back cover, I am

told this is so members can take their copy to work and

leave it on their desk. So if there is anything else you want?

1984 has been a year of 'Ups' and 'Downs' for our club, the way it started we would all rather forget. Now with the year coming to a close, the committee could not be happier.

To the people who helped with this edition I say thanks, with special thanks going to Di for the cover, looking at the cover one my age can dream and wish they were nineteen again. WOW !

As this is the 25th edition things from the past have been included. We just hope you like reading them. For the future we plan to print 'The Best of Feminique' 1 to 10. This is providing you want it.

Also included in this edition are two stories, 'If The Cap Fits', one story from Maxine, the other from Rita. Both these ladies are wives of TV's. Yet their views are so different. Rita read Maxine's story and made the comment, "That wouldn't work in our home". So I asked her to write something. Like all women, she got carried away. Want to see your name in print, well send me your story, I will print it. If you cannot come up with a finished product, still send your thoughts, I will pass them on to my Devil, Diana the Phantom Writer, she can do a great job with padding.

Anyway I am off to bed.

Caroline

NEWS FROM SEAHORSE VICTORIA

Seahorse Victoria's Annual General Meeting was held on Saturday, September 8th, at one of the luxury apartments at City Gardens, North Melbourne. Thirty members and friends attended, which was a good turnout.

Business items were:—

The adoption of the Annual Report and Election of the new committee. All of this was carried out in an extremely short time, leaving us to enjoy the social part of the evening.

Three nominations were received prior to the commencement of the A.G.M. and three were received from the floor to fill the other vacancies.

The outcome was as follows:—

| | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| President | Jan Baxter |
| Vice President | Marcia Ford |
| Secretary/Treasurer | Sharyn Martin |
| Editor | Jan Baxter |
| Committee Member | Peta Coggan |
| Committee Member | Carol Swann |

After the business, a Video tape of the BBC programme "Real Life—Phantom Ladies" was screened. This is a sympathetic and informative report on three British transvestites. The video was well received, as were the nibbles, hot food and drinks.

Our October meeting is a Casino Night to which members are encouraged to wear formal clothing, and the November meeting will be a Bar-B-Que.

* * * * *

PUBLICATION DATES FOR FEMINIQUE

26. . . . January 1985
27. . . . April "
28. . . . July "
29. . . . October "

NOTE: Copy must reach the secretary one month before the closing date.



President's Page

Dear Girls!

It gives me considerable pleasure to be able to pen a few words and say welcome to this issue of Feminique and to our readers near and far, as many of you will know this is the first issue for some years. As I always say, everyday life goes on and for the energetic of you that has made this magazine possible, that's quite some effort on top of everything else that has to be done. I am sure everyone will enjoy reading number 25, especially those of you who are not fortunate enough to be able to attend meetings, the July gathering which saw 17 ladies defy atrocious weather conditions, in the way of a rain storm which to my mind was a real test of their enthusiasm not only to dress up, but to come to the meeting as well.

I would like to say to you readers, if you like the magazine and its contents, please drop the editress a line, if you don't like what you have read, still drop her a line, tell her what you would like to see printed in future editions.

Everyone has ideas and choices include, make up in all its aspects, wigs and their care, clothes and deportment etc, etc. There is no problem getting your wishes printed. So be sure and lets hear from you.

Best wishes,

DOROTHY.

The poorest of all men is not the man without a cent, its the man without a dress and high heeled shoes.

To be seventy years young and a cross-dresser is far more cheerful and hopeful than to be 40 years old.



“I WAS ONLY 14” by Caroline Joyce

I was only 14 when my mother decided to take me to London to see an expert. This expert was going to help me. Not that I wanted help, I just wanted to live my life as a girl.

The trip from Australia was fantastic, you have no idea the fun a 14 year old T.V. can have while being chased from deck to deck by just about every boy from the age of 12 to 16. Seven weeks on a ship WOW !

I should tell you, at the age of 14 and it being 1948 I really believed I was a girl, all I wanted was to live my life as a girl. Mother had told me that I was really a boy, but I didn't think this was possible. I couldn't see how someone who looked and felt like I did could be anything but a girl. I hated boys' clothing (unless there was a boy wearing them). I had many wonderful hours on that ship, holding hands with several boys, I let them kiss me and I kissed them back. How was it possible for me to do this if I was not really a girl.

The doctors rooms were cold and damp, they also had a bad smell. From the moment we walked through the front door of these rooms I knew I was not going to like this doctor. We had come half way around the world to see this man, yet he kept us waiting for over an hour.

We were called into a large room with a very high ceiling. The doctor then said, "This is the male subject that wants to be a girl". Before we could say anything this doctor spoke again, "Will you leave us alone Mrs. Joyce?" He did not even say PLEASE.

Mother closed the door as the doctor said, "I want to see you undress, put your clothes on that chair". He just sat there watching me, this I didn't like, it was the first time I had ever undressed in front of a man. I had just finished when he said "GET DRESSED". He stood up and went out the door.

We left the doctors rooms and walked a short distance. Mother found a seat and sat me down and while holding my hands said, "Caroline, the doctor wants you to go into hospital so he can carry out some tests, when he has carried out these

tests we will know what to do." I didn't want to go into hospital, but because Mother said it would be alright, I said I would go.

It was just after lunch when we arrived at the hospital and I was taken to the childrens ward. CHILDRENS WARD, I am 14, I should not be in here with children. I changed into a night-gown that the nurse gave me and quickly got into bed, there was no way I was going to let anyone see me dressed in that awful thing.

The nurse came back and took the screen and my clothes away. She took my clothes to the end of the ward and put them on a shelf. I lay there for a long time wondering what they were going to do to me, then the nurse came back and placed a screen around my bed, she then said, "The first thing we have to do is cut your hair". I was staggered, "NO !" This is all I said. I started to get out of my bed but before I got my feet on the floor the nurse had hold of me and she was calling for help. Two big nurses the size of Herman Munster came running down the ward. They took hold of me and the other one attempted to cut my hair. I wasn't very big, I could get into about a size 10, the two big nurses would have been about size 24 (they probably were about size 16, but to a little girl they looked so big).

After quite some time they found that it wasn't easy to hold such a little Australian girl down. The nurse who was trying to do the cutting went out of the ward and after a short time she came back with straps which she secured to the bed, then she strapped my wrists and ankles to these straps. Hitler would have been proud of these English nurses. (Just maybe they had been trained by him in the years between 1939 — 1945.)

After they had me strapped down they decided to have another go at my hair. Had they not given up I think they would have killed me. One thing for sure I was not going to let them cut my hair without a fight. My hair was well down my back and thats the way I wanted it. (I was lucky that it wasn't in plaits as this was the way I wore it to school under a cap.)

After they had given up they left me secured to the bed. I just lay there wondering what they would do next. I gave a lot of thought to Mother, how I did hate her. She let them do this awful thing to me.

A nurse stood beside my bed and said if I behaved myself she would remove the straps. I did not answer her so she stood there just talking and doing her best to comfort me. This was not what I wanted, I just wanted to get away from that awful place. After some time I decided that to get away I had to be free. So I told her I would behave.

She undid one side and my hand went straight to my hair, with the first touch I started crying. I asked the nurse if I could have a mirror so I could see what they had done. She said she would see what she could do.

During the hours I had been strapped to the bed I had decided what to do and when to do it, my clothes were still in the same place and I had £4.10.00 in my handbag. Because my hair felt funny, short in some places and long in others I hid under the bed clothes, there was no way I was going to let anyone see me. Tea came, and I told the nurse I did not want it. She said "Do you want me to feed you?" I sat up in bed and ate some of the worst food I have ever eaten, I again asked the nurse for a mirror, she did not answer me this time. I lay there for hours waiting for Mother to come and see me. I wanted to know why she had let them do these things to me. Came 7.30 p.m. and still no mother. My thoughts were, she did not love me. If I got away from this place I would run away and never see her again.

The clock at the end of the ward said 3.30 a.m. before I got my chance to move. The nurse left the ward, as she went out the door I was out of bed and within seconds I had my clothes under my arm, the rest of the clothes that were on the shelf, I picked up and ran back to my bed. I quickly pushed these clothes that did not belong to me into the bed, it was a bit rough, but in the dark I may just get away with it. I waited behind the door until the nurse returned to the ward, she came through the door and started her rounds of the ward. When I was sure she could not see me, I went through the door, down the hall and out into the street. The man on the door was not looking for anyone going out the door, so it was easy to slip past him. Once out the door I hid in the shadows and changed into my clothes.

The railway station was busy even though it was 4.00 a.m. I went straight to the ladies rooms. More than anything I wanted to see what they had done to my hair. HELL I what a mess. My long hair was not short, not short back and sides (thank goodness). It looked like rats had been at it. I combed it the best way I could, tied a scarf over it so no one would notice it, then out on to the station. I examined the departures and the next train out was a train going North. To me it did not matter as long as I got away from this place.

The train was not moving when I woke, there was a policeman standing in front of me saying, "Caroline". Without thinking I stood up and slipped past this policeman and ran out the door, only to run into the arms of another standing in the doorway.

We walked from the train to the police car, me in the middle and a policeman on either side. Arriving at the car I got into the back with the policeman who had woken me up. He said, "Caroline, I am taking you to my place where my wife will look after you till your mother comes to get you. Your Mother said that no matter what you won't have to go back to the hospital, nor will you have to see the doctor again". This made me feel much better.

When we arrived at the policeman's house his wife was standing out the front of the house waiting for us. He took me inside the gate and introduced me to his wife. He then went back to the car and they drove away.

After a cup of tea and a biscuit his wife asked me if I would like to lay down. I said "Yes". She took me to a bedroom, where she gave me a pretty nightie to put on.

I woke up after a long sleep and got out of bed. As I started to dress, the door opened and Mum was standing there. After a hug and lots of kissing we talked about what had been done to me. She told me to just wait and not put on any more clothes as she had something very special for me. She returned in no time flat with several parcels. She said, "I bought you some new things so we had better see if they will fit". She said, "If you need any help just open the door and I will be back".

With this she opened the door and left the room.

I opened all the parcels to find a new dress, underwear, bra (my first) and a pair of shoes with a 2 inch heel.

Standing in front of the mirror I found it had to believe, although I had done this many times before I was stunned: I was not a little girl any more.

Mum opened the door and said, "Need any help?" We looked at each other, I said, "Oh Mum, I am so happy". With this she took me in her arms, we just stood there like this for such a long time, then mum said, "Let me have a look." As she did she took the tissue paper from the shoe box and pushed it into the cups of my bra, "That looks better" she said. Looking at myself in the mirror I thought, "I look at least 17 or 18 years of age." Mum said, "Come on, lets do something with your hair". After mum had finished cutting my hair, I looked at myself in the mirror. Gee, I did look old, I looked at least 18.

As the train pulled out of the station we both waved goodbye to the policeman and his wife. It was night time when the train pulled into London. On the platform was my sister. When she saw me she said, "If I run away, will you buy me some new clothes?" My sister was 18 months older than me, but anyone would have found this hard to believe at this moment. Gee, was she jealous.

The next 10 days were ten wonderful days. We went everywhere. Mum bought us both some new clothes and had to buy me another pair of high heels as I wore my first pair out and I refused to wear my old flat heeled shoes.

The trip home was great, much better than the trip going over. Maybe it was because I had seen the doctor, and he had fixed me. He had turned me into a young woman, for which I was grateful.

Although I was still naive, I had learned a lot from this trip. I now really understood I was not a female, but I still wanted to be one and if need be, I would just go through life the way I was. I still could not understand how anyone that looked like me could be anything but a girl. So I still had much to learn.

(I was only 14. It is a true story and a part of my life, and I have told it the way I remember it.)

THE WAY IT ALL STARTED (1973)

Well at last the first edition of our very own magazine has been completed. It has been hard work but at the same time an enjoyable task, but after all this it seems such a pity that we can't claim a first in some aspect. Already Transvestia has passed copy 73, then to name just a couple of others there is Femme Forum and the Beaumont Bulletin.

We are certainly starting a long way behind; why even in Australia we are starting at number three position already foreshadowed by both T.V. Week and T.V. Times. I'm not sure whether jokes are allowed in an editorial but that was a fairly week one anyway.

The object of the magazine (and by the way it didn't start out as one, but only as a newsletter) closely follows the constitution of the Seahorse Club and to paraphrase the first part of it: -

It is to assist Hetrosexual Transvestites, to bring them into contact with each other and to disseminate information on Transvestism to Transvestites, the General Public and authorities in both education and entertainment. The emphasis is on entertainment to transvestites and in particular to members of the Seahorse Club, so it will contain news of the social scene of the Sydney Club and of our sister clubs or members in Australia and New Zealand, plus photographs and a short history of at least one other member per issue. Also any interesting news or titbits (?) featuring news or articles that may be of interest.

It is not intended as a message magazine or publication, entertainment and news of the Australasian transvestite world are the aim and that includes your opinions, so if you have something to say or some information on T.V.s lets have it and it will be printed. That brings me to a very important point, this issue has some fiction, a short history of one of our leading ladies and some shopping and fashion hints. The next issue and its contents will depend upon you, news items, fashion tips, makeup hints, where to buy, gossip column, fiction, in fact anything of interest, send it in and we may succeed with the second issue.

BEAUTY FOR ALL SEASONS

Did you know that the colours you wear can dramatically affect the appearance of your skin? Your skin tone is the key to selecting your own special colours, by means of a personal colour analysis, we can help you to discover those colours and uncover the real beauty that is really yours.

The right colours for you will smooth and clarify your complexion, minimise lines, shadows and dark circles. They will bring your face alive with a healthy glow, and send focus up to your eyes.

The wrong colours for you will conflict, sallow or muddy. They will accentuate lines and shadows, dark circles under your eyes, and blotches or blemishes. They will age your skin.

Using your colours, you will spend less time and energy shopping for clothes, yet you will have complete confidence that you are making the right choices. You will save money (no more expensive mistakes), you will get more wear out of your clothes, be able to mix and match with flair. The mystery of good skin care and makeup will be solved for you so you will be confident in the selection and application of the right products for the best results.

1. Are there any mistakes hanging in your wardrobe?
2. Do you buy too much makeup, or no makeup at all because you aren't sure that it is just right for you?
3. If you colour or frost your hair, are you positive that you've chosen the most flattering shade for you?

In selecting the most flattering makeup and clothes, colour is the most important factor, yet one expert estimates that 90% of us choose wrongly most of the time, sabotaging our whole image. If you aren't completely happy with your answer to any of the above questions, we offer HELP.....

OUR COLOUR CONSULTATION:

- A mini-facial, with individual advice on skin care;
- A colour analysis of each client, draping large swatches of coloured fabric close to your face, to study the effect of each colour on skin and eyes;
- Advice on the correct shades to wear in accessories, jewellery and glasses.

- Advice on hair colour;
- A complete makeup in the correct shades for you;
- And, to get you started, you will take away with you, Beauty For All Seasons quality cosmetics and skin-care.

The cost of this service to you is only \$55.00, taking approximately one and a half hours.

Finding your colours will make you look and feel so good. Your confidence will soar, because instead of just hoping you look good, you will know you look your very best.

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ARTICLE – FASHION NEWS AND TIPS

by Trina 1973

The current trend in shoe fashion for the rest of 1973 shows no indication of change. The present range and styling patterns appear to be with us for the rest of this year.

At first sight it would appear that this makes it rather difficult for the average Femmiphile, we seem to be just too tall for the extraordinary high platform soles presently dominating the scene. The one advantage is that they do help the person who is overweight, that extra height always gives a slimming effect, particularly to the hips and waistline. The higher heel is a further bonus as it gives a far better shape to the leg. Unfortunately, most of our legs tend to be more muscular than most would wish. One area in particular is the fatter calf muscle, an answer to this is a high heel to give a rounder shape to this part of the leg.

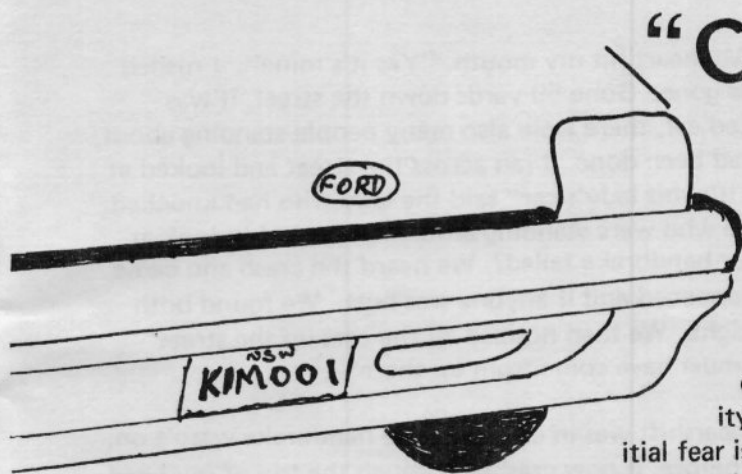
The platform sole is unlikely to disappear for a long time. Although it first entered the shoe scene as a rather 'gimmicky' approach to it, it is most suitable for the present styles. Shoes are very rarely a fashion on their own, but follow the current dress style. For this reason the 'POP' shoe fashion is vanishing as the more classical style of dresses return, and you are likely to find some real bargains in the 'gimmick' shoe in the coming sales. (The Minny Mouse-Carmen Miranda style etc.) The platform sole certainly does not help anyone with a height problem but they are really fun to wear and very feminine. They suit the longer dresses and wide bottomed trousers.

A tip for those larger feet (or to put it more politely - substantial feet). If you would like them to appear smaller, try a pair of sandals or the open toe design. This effectively breaks the length and in appearance can bring a size 11 to an 8. Also the higher the heel the shorter the foot. Remember that six hours a day in a five inch heel can be rather uncomfortable to say the least.

REMEMBER

As a child anyone not looking or acting like a 'boy' was a 'girl'.

Or thats what I thought.



“CRASH”

A TRUE STORY

by Kim Seabourne

I've recently opened the closet door and don't miss the opportunity to dress and venture out, the initial fear is no longer there, I don't advertise my hobby, but anyone pondering about my

long fingernails and hair style ought to begin to guess.

I waited at the office till everyone had left for home, then damn, in came the cleaners. It was 7.30 p.m. before I could put the finishing touches to my makeup and slip down the fire exit into the street.

My car was parked about a quarter mile away, I had thought of bringing it closer to the office, but decided against it. I wanted to walk the streets (not like that you bitches). There were plenty of people about, especially near the railway station, but like always, no one took any notice of me.

My shoes were not making the right kind of noises, I shortened my stride, the clicks began to echo out, that's better. Although I have worn these shoes for hours and not had any problems, five minutes in the street and my feet are killing me.

The car started and I drove to Edwina's. Its times like this I'm glad I drive a Falcon. (Before this night is over I will wish Falcons had square wheels). It was dark so I didn't expect any admiring glances. It was just as well 'cos I didn't get any.

It was well after eight when I arrived at Edwina's, I locked my car, and went inside, everyone was hard at work. In no time flat I was also hard at work. THEN, came a knock at the door. "Does anyone own an orange Ford?"

"There's been an accident". My heart hit my mouth, "Yes it's mine". I rushed out into the street, my car was gone. Gone 50 yards down the street, it was standing next to another parked car, there were also many people standing about, looking to see what damage had been done. I ran across the street and looked at the damage. "I've found her, it's this lady's car" said the lady who had knocked on the door. The many people who were standing around all turned to look at me. "What happened, has your handbrake failed? We heard the crash and came straight out to see what had happened and if anyone was hurt. We found both cars locked and not a soul in sight. We then noticed all the cars up the street and guessed the run away car must have come from up there".

I looked into the Falcon, the gearshift was in drive and the handbrake wasn't on. If my heart was in my mouth before, it now crashed through the top of my head, I must have visibly paled, as one of the ladies said, "Cheer up love, it could have been worse, no one was hurt".

As I exchanged names and addresses with the owner of the other car, he said, "You look nervous dear, what you need is a good strong cup of tea".

I said, "I've got additional reasons to be nervous as you will see". His eyes came up from my licence and he said, "GOOD GRACIOUS".

Standing so close and talking for so long, I cannot understand how no one had had any suspicions before that point. MY ADVICE to anyone who wonders if they would pass, is to find an easier way.

Is it being a girl that makes me so scatty, or being so scatty that makes me a girl.

=====

O what a night when your blind date turns out to be your wife's ex husband.

OR

You put on your bra backwards ... and it fits better.

=====

I need a typist to help with the production of future editions of Feminique. Any offers. Please !!!!

IF THE CAP FITS

by Maxine (Barbra Burrow's partner)

On behalf of wives blessed, or cursed, with TV husbands.

If the following advice is strictly adhered to, the wife of a TV will find her relationship with her husband a rewarding experience, so, my TV sisters, the choice is yours.

The following important things should be remembered, and practised, always – if they are not kept in their right perspective. I will go so far as to say that, in time, your femme self will go back in the closet, or, your marriage will go on the rocks. When you buy something for your femme self, remember to buy something for your wife, even if its only a single rose. When she makes herself attractive for you, always compliment her. After all, you like her to tell you that you look lovely, don't you? By all means admire yourself in the mirror, by the hour if you wish, BUT when your wife is around, do it casually, just as she does.

Always shower before you dress and use a deodorant. Always put away your underwear, and hang up your dresses. While your wife will pick up after her husband, and thousands of little things you take for granted, she will resent having to do the same thing for her femme girl friend – sure, she may do it because she hates to see the things laying about – but resentment will build up each time until, one day, she explodes. Room does not always permit, but it is better if you keep anything to do with your femme self out of the joint bedroom. Even if you hate it, always use male toiletries in your male image. She wants her husband to smell like a man. Channel 5 behind the ear lobes could be very off-putting, wouldn't you agree?

Never, but never, wear her clothes, unless she sincerely desires you to do so. Finally, when you are dressed, as your femme self, don't sit around and expect her to wait on you, offer to make a cuppa, or cook a meal, and above all, do not dress too often. I know this will be hard for some, but your wife gets bored with her favourite girlfriend when she visits more than twice a week, even though she likes the company. Invite her along to your social evenings, as she too needs the assurance of meeting other understanding wives.

FOR ANOTHER VIEW see *If the Cap Fits* by Rita.

IF THE CAP FITS

by Rita, wife of Caroline

The following story is true and I think goes to prove that the truth is stranger than fiction.

I admit we are different. I first met Caroline in 1954. Starting work in a large department store was a big deal for me, I was 17 and it was my first job. The supervisor introduced me to Caroline and gave her the job of showing me what to do. For some reason we hit it off and became good friends. For the next 14 months we were inseparable, when not working we were together. I moved into the same boarding house at Summer Hill, we both sang in the church choir and if we had a date, it was a double date. You name it, we did it together.

THEN, Caroline dropped a bomb, she told me about her/his life. I did not believe this, how could it be possible. Here was a girl who had taught me what to do at work, how to dress and be a young lady, trying to tell me she was really a boy. I was enraged, for 14 months we had shared everything, or I thought we had.

For the next month or so we kept out of each others way, but like most good friends we got back together. Six months later we were married.

Our wedding was something different, I wore a smart white dress, white hat and white sandals. John wore a double breasted navy suit, frilly white feminine blouse with a small red bow tie, on his feet he wore a pair of black suede shoes with a heel about 1 1/2" high and covered with diamonties. (There was no way they could have been mens shoes). Under all this was a bra, suspender belt, frilly lace panties and stockings.

Three blocks from the church John pulled the car to the side of the street, off came the suit coat and from the boot of the car came a petticoat and red taffeta skirt which John pulled over his head, these in place Caroline stepped out of the trousers. Then came a pair of white sandals with a 3 1/2 " stiletto heel.

Caroline then combed her hair and applied some lipstock. She then picked up the suit and took it across the street and left it on the bus seat. (This suit had cost £18 the day before).

As Caroline walked across the street towards the car, I for the first time wondered what I was doing here. I was married to a guy who to look at was more feminine than the average girl anywhere. (Including myself). Caroline went back to the boot of the car and took out a red scarf which she tied around her neck, she then picked up her handbag, closed the boot and came and sat beside me. She said, "Well what do you think?" Although this had all been worked out before, even to the place John would change back to Caroline, but now I wondered.

The second day of our married life was a day to remember. We were booked into a hotel in Taree, we had just closed the door of our room when a knock came to the door. We both looked at each other and I decided I would open the door. There was a man standing there and he said, "You will have to leave, we don't want your kind here". We both looked at each other and wondered what we had done, but as we did not want any trouble we just left. We were more careful from then on, but they must have wondered about us, as we only ever used one bed.

For the next three years we had a wonderful life, we both worked and had a good time.

Then the children came along, Caroline went into the closet. From this point on our life together started to go sour. John tried hard, but he had problems getting work, there was always the question, "Where did you work before?"

John after years of real hell decided to leave home, so one morning before it was light, John went back into the closet and out came Caroline, it was still dark when she drove out the gate to start work as a house-keeper for a farmer just out of Orange N.S.W. This did not work out, as the man she was working for lost his wife and wanted more from Caroline than it was possible for her to give. Caroline then drove west and applied for a position in a large store as a shop assistant. Within days she took up her new position and was very happy, she was then given the job of manageress of the Ladies Department. (She got this job by using her reference from years before). We were divorced and Caroline started taking hormones with the view of changing her sex. Nine years to the day that she had left home, Caroline was dragged from her bed, by a friend who had broken into her flat, and kicked until she was unconscious and had 17 broken bones.

Back together again and in 1973 we married again and have been together ever since.

Our marriage works even though the only time I see John, is for 10 minutes before he goes to work, and for even less than this when he comes home from work. Caroline is with me for the rest of the time. When she is not away with Seahorse. We have plenty going for us, but most of all we enjoy each other. We just live as two girls together.

The reason I have told you all of this is because I, we don't believe there is any set formula for a happy marriage, it is just something between two people. Maybe I fell in love with Caroline when we were working together, and it is Caroline I really love. One thing for sure, I don't like John. He is a person I cannot stand to have about. He is not really a nice person. Give me Caroline any day. Another thing, had I met John before I married Caroline, I would never have married him.

SO LETS FACE IT, EVERY SITUATION IS DIFFERENT. So if the cap fits, wear it.

=====



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A SHORT HISTORY OF THE SEAHORSE CLUB OF AUSTRALIA

Formed initially by a member of the Beaumont Society (The U.K. Group) with the aim of establishing a transvestite contact group in Australia.

- It's purpose:--
- To provide a venue and contact means for heterosexual transvestites.
 - To assist them where possible with problems arising from transvestism, in the form of counselling and guidance.
 - To produce and distribute information on transvestism.
 - To introduce a social element into an otherwise lonely existence, by meetings and other functions.
 - To educate the public and authorities on the nature of transvestism, using whatever means available.

- 1971 The group formed. An initial meeting in June, 1971 of six members. A constitution was formulated and a monthly meeting venue established.
- 1972 Advertising surreptitiously carried out in the "Kings Cross Whisper". Even this paper would not carry the word 'TRANSVESTITE' openly. Membership 21.
- 1973 Open advertising accepted in "Nation Review", evoking a very healthy response. The club magazine Feminique was begun. Groups established in Brisbane, Canberra and Melbourne. Membership 75.
- 1974 Groups established in Adelaide and Perth. Television appearance and one radio talk in Melbourne following with the Jan Morris story. Contact made with outside groups. Links formed with the University of New South Wales, Prince Henry Hospital, Forum Magazine. Social activities increased to include cabarets etc. Membership 150.
- 1975 Association with Professor McConaughy resulted in a 2 year fellowship for psychiatric study into transvestism. Membership 225.
- 1976 to
1983 There is not much information available for these years. The reason, No Books.

1984 Acting committee took over in April when membership was seven. In June a committee of three were elected to run the club and try to increase membership. October 1984 Membership 122.

* * * * *

Most of the information about the history of the club came from Volume 1, Number 9, edition of Feminique. The following is from the same issue.

Executive members of The Seahorse Club of Australia:—

| | |
|--------------|-------------------|
| President | Wendy Grey |
| Secretary | Trina Taylor |
| Treasurer | Jeannette Neilson |
| Counsellors: | |
| Adelaide | Lynda Ailson |
| Brisbane | Julie Haines |
| Canberra | Colleen Carrol |
| Melbourne | Robin Payne |
| Perth | Jeanette Jacobs |
| Sydney | Susan Williams |

WHERE have all these girls gone?
DON'T they dress en-femme anymore? (JOKE)
From the information I have, only Lynda is still about. Maybe, the present committee will have to stage a back to Seahorse night.

DO YOU REMEMBER

THE GUILTY INNOCENTS

by Kaye Rama Ellis

Volume 1. No. 14. 1976

There are many forms of social injustice in our community, but one of the greatest of all intolerances is the discrimination against and the slurs that are thrown out at transvestites and trans-sexuality. To be an unfortunate member of either of these two groups is to invite ridicule at the very least; or at the worst actual physical violence, such as can only be inflicted by the "Ugly Australian" when he comes upon a situation he cannot readily understand or meets a person who is inclined to be rather effeminate, or unmanly, and a direct contradiction of his idea of the "Sun-bronzed Ocker"

(Have things changed?)

The Individual Wig

THE FASHION ACCESSORY FOR THE EIGHTIES

SUITE 201, 2ND FLOOR, EDGECLIFF CENTRE
203-233 NEW SOUTH HEAD ROAD, EDGECLIFF, N.S.W. 2027 AUSTRALIA
Mailing Address: P.O. BOX 226, BONDI 2026 SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA
PHONE: (02) 32-2185



In the last few years European and American Designer wigs have radically changed the whole concept of wearing wigs.

The new synthetic wig is light, easy to manage and easy to wear. It is made from a combination of synthetic fibres which mix together to look just like a real head of hair. The colours are also mixed in a more natural way and the range of colours available in these wigs is very impressive. Wigs today are root permed, body waved or even crimped to keep up with the latest advances in hair technology. The look is natural and soft in all styles from the young outrageous look to the more elegant conservative fashions. The hair moves as your body moves and even in the wind, these wigs will softly blow about and then fall back into place. The American designers have even brought out some wigs to swim in !

The most important aspect of choosing a wig is that it is your own wig and must suit your personality. If you are the type of person who changes their look then you must change your wig to suit whatever style of fashion and personality you put together. Your wigs must feel comfortable, wigs as a fashion accessory are like shoes, they have to be comfortable and they always get better the more you wear them.

As well as choosing the right wigs it is important to know how to "dress" them in a way that best shows off your features. A couple of hints from your wig consultant regarding care of your wigs, different styles from the one wig, the use of accessories such as clips and combs, different ways to tease them, and the correct way to use hairspray, mousse and other styling products will go a long way in making your hair look 100% natural.

If you need to be able to put a wig on and look great in a minute we will help you select the right style and show you the quickest way to get it into

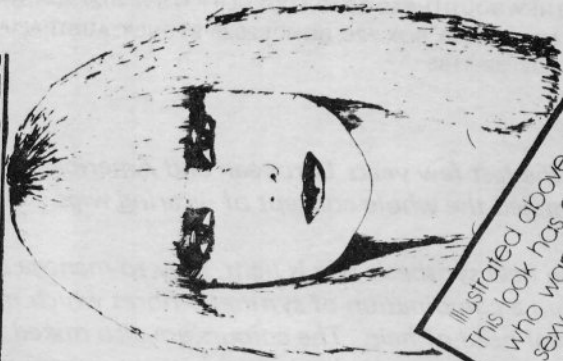
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THE FASHION ACCESSORY FOR THE EIGHTIES
Presents

**THEIR EXCLUSIVE DESIGNER WIG
COLLECTION. WE THINK THEY
LOOK SO REAL. WE CHALLENGE
YOU TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE!**



Illustrated above: WOLF. This style is designed to be sensual, cut with slight waves. This wig is ideal for women in a turn.



Illustrated above: GEOMETRIC. This look has appeal for women who want to be outrageous, sexy. Punk or new wave trends style sets the pace and tends to turn heads.

REMEMBER!
Wigs look good for any occasion. To match your mood or a

Illustrated above, **WOLF**. This style is designed to be sensual, curled with slight waves. This wig is ideal for women in a hurry.

REMEMBER!
Wigs look good for any occasion. To match your mood or a special event in your life. We have the highest of top quality fashion wigs in colours and styles from ISRAEL, NEW YORK, LONDON & SCANDANAVIA

Illustrated above, **GEOMETRIC**. This look has appeal for women who want to be outrageously sexy. Whether you're into punk or new wave trends, this style sets the pace and is sure to turn heads.



Illustrated above, **TUXEDO**. This designer wig comes in several variations and is ideal for on-the-run business women who are well as their clothing.

Illustrated above, **TANGO**. This wig has soft, bouncy curls (say good bye to those heated roller affairs). Tango has heated rollers which says alot about your body.

IF YOU HAVE A HAIR PROBLEM. CONSIDER THE ALTERNATIVE. YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU BOUGHT A WIG FROM US! WE CAN HELP YOU TODAY! PHONE US FOR AN APPOINTMENT NOW!

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TMGFA/304/B

on the other hand also like a style you can "play" with for a
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are very much part of your total look which should be co-
With a bit of thought and a few hints you can achieve
k very easily. Everybody has an individual style that can be
he right accessories such as wigs, makeup and clothes and

Company at Suite 201, Second Floor, Edgecliff Centre,
with Head Road, Edgecliff, will be holding a few informal
ten at a time. You will be able to see and try out very ex-
uropean and American Designer Wigs, and our consultant
general care of wigs and answer your questions. Drinks and
ed and the first evening will be at 6.00 p.m. on Wednesday,
34. Please contact Catherine on 322.185 (B.H.) to arrange
ore information.

r a private consultation, please contact our office to make
we do have a "home visit" service in some areas.

le, please phone us for information or write to us and send
les you are interested in. If you decide to purchase a wig
lly written instructions with lots of ideas for caring for it.

PHONE: 32 2185

CATHERINE REILLY
CO-ORDINATOR

The Individual Wig

THE FASHION ACCESSORY FOR THE EIGHTIES
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EDGECLIFF, 2027

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A FEW PLEASANT DAYS

by Dorot

Following an invitation from Joyce to spend a few days with her in Sydney for the 150 mile drive to her home near Ulladulla on the New South Wales coast. The weather was fine and warm so I had chosen a melon pink skirt and a long sleeve white blouse together with a hat and black shoes to complete the travelling outfit.

After leaving Sydney my journey took me through hilly and then to the coast country which finally dropped me down to sea level at the city of Melbourne. The road which one then follows is the coastal route to Melbourne on the ocean including a number of sandy beaches. On the way I stopped at a filling station in the sleepy town of Berry. (Not self serve). After saying, "How are you today" from the attendant, I asked him to check the oil, all of which was soon done without difficulty and my journey arriving at Joyces at approximately 11.30 a.m. where I met a hostess who was wearing a light blue skirt, white blouse completely embroidered on the breast pocket.

After lunch we drove to a nearby shopping centre, at the Supermarket. It appears that Joyce was well known to some of the staff who greeted us in a friendly manner. I also noticed when we called into the fruit market that an exchange was exchanged between Joyce and the woman at the checkout, our conversation with the chemist for the purchase of a lipstick and matching nail polish. In the course of the evening we planned a scenic cruise for the following day.

On Thursday morning we drove to Batemans Bay where we boarded the "Princess" for the 2½ hour trip to above Niligen and back, the weather was sunny, but not too hot. Joyce wore a sleeveless brightly coloured dress, white shoulder strap handbag and white shoes (not high heels). I wore a white blouse, black shoes and black handbag.

Both banks of the river were thickly wooded with occasional groups of properties, the commentary by the skipper made the cruise very enjoyable.

Wednesday being sunny and hot we spent the morning lounging in the garden, after lunch we made our way to a beautiful beach which was only a four minute walk away from Joyce's home, where we enjoyed a sea breeze as we strolled along the sand to a point where Joyce, attired in a sun frock stretched out on the sand whilst I went in for a swim which was interrupted by what at first appeared to be a shark all too close for my comfort. So a short time later the 'Shark' turned out to be a dolphin. Thursday we had planned a trip to Pebble Beach some 20 miles along the coast where we intended to have a picnic lunch, but the weather was cool and overcast. We ladies had a quiet day at home where we spent some time writing this account of a few days that have gone too quickly.

"GOOD EVENING DRIVER"

by Kim Seabourne

"Good evening driver, this is a random breath test. Will you please blow in here until I tell you to stop". Normally it wouldn't worry me, I don't drink, but tonight I did have a beer. I had been to a drag show in one of the Oxford Street Pubs. I needed something to clutch as I looked around at the artist(e)s and at the crowd. I've never been to a pub before and I was scared.

"May I see your drivers licence please". Oh dear, perhaps I've failed, where's my handbag, I know the licence is here somewhere. Ar, got it, I pulled out the licence and handed it over. A hand took the licence and the face disappeared.

I peered out the window and the face looked at me. "Whats your name driver? Your address?" I waited. "This one is out of date". "Must be last years, my new one will be here somewhere". I searched among piles of papers. Got it, "I'd better tear the other one up". "Here you are, you had better tear the other one up, Good night driver."

If I give up smoking, I would have \$600.00 to spend on new dresses etc.....EACH YEAR !



The Seahorse Club

~~PO BOX 289, ENFIELD, 2136~~

Date

The Company Name and Address.

Dear

This letter is to introduce who is a member of our club.
..... wished to purchase a
and would like you to show her your range of goods to suit.

Regards,
Caroline Joyce
Secretary.

Phone
Ask for

MEMBER — The above is a copy of the letter that has been produced by the committee to help you when you go shopping. This letter can be obtained from Caroline. The reason we have developed this letter is to take away any fear you may have when you go shopping for the things you need. **ALWAYS**: phone first, make an appointment, then turn up on time, show this letter. You will then receive the best of service.

Remember the advertisers in this magazine want your business, they want you to be happy with what you buy, so they will give you the best of service.

NOTE: The thing about buying something for yourself, the salesperson knows it is for you, so they are able to offer advice. If you buy it for your girlfriend the only advice they can give is, have her bring it back if it is not suitable.

If you still have doubts, ask Caroline, she will go with you.

* * * * *

Dorothy always says, everyday life goes on.

Caroline always says, how can life go on every day, without at least putting on a dress, and high heels.



A BEACH BELLE

by Joanna Maguire

This was the day I had been waiting for, the tensions and frustrations of every day existence would be forgotten and this day would not be shared with another, my real self would emerge and enjoy what other girls just took for granted.

The cool wind from the sea felt it's way between my nylon clad legs and billowed under my skirt as I walked along the path that ran along the beach and up the stairway to the lookout, it was not easy to walk up the steps, I should have worn flat heels, but like always I wore high heels as they made me

look more feminine. I was at peace with the world.

The beach was deserted, so I could reveal myself and not worry about disapproving eyes, I was free to walk, run and dream. It was true someone could come along, but I didn't care, from past experiences I had gained confidence and to hell with the world.

With my hair held in place with a silken ribbon and a little silver-bells of my earrings tinkled as I made my way. At the headland the wind was fierce and I was forced to hold down my skirt to prevent exposing my lace panties. As the sea looked inviting and the beach was deserted I could go for a swim. I changed into my new two piece swimsuit and bathing cap that looked like a wig, the water was warm and made me feel wonderful. To be here at the beach away from the city and everyday pressure of work, I could do as I pleased. After my swim I changed and then drove back to town and the realities of life.

I dream of this day often and wonder how long it will be before I, the Beach Belle, can spend another day on the beach.

**IF YOUR WIFE GETS YOU DOWN
ENJOY IT**

UNDERSTANDING THE SECOND SELF

by Carol Beecroft

The Second Self ! The Woman Within ! Most every Crossdresser knows what we mean by this. But even crossdressers tend to under estimate how common, even universal, this Second Self is.

As newborn humans we are no more than tiny creatures, we have within us all the behavioral potentials as our female counterparts. But within moments after birth, our parents effectively punch the blue button on the central computer within their heads. Out comes an imaginary tape with all the behavioral receipts for making what society consider a 'proper boy'. Not only are we placed in the blue bassinet and wrapped in blue blankets, but we are also enveloped in the standard concepts of masculinity. And on the flip side, we are protected from, and punished for any manifestation of femininity. So, like all little boys, we have to deny and submerge 50% of our total personality in the interest of getting along with our parents, friends and society -- at -- large.

There is buried within every man a complete 'woman'. It is the sum of all those feminine potentials, those behaviors, those yearnings, that are part of our Birthright but which society says we should disown. The only real difference between crossdressers and other men is that we have somehow made contact with the 'woman within' and found it to be stimulating and satisfying.

For many of us, this contact came between the ages of 3 and 10. Some precipitating event like dressing up for a school play, or party, or simply curiosity, finding mothers slip in the clothes basket, wondering what it would feel like, and putting it on. For some of us, these events occur later in life, adult 'chorus lines' etc. Regardless of when or how, the impact is usually the same. It Feels Nice, both emotionally, sensually, and perhaps spiritually. Often among newly emerging crossdressers, it is sexually stimulating feeling. Whatever the feeling, it's a potent magnet, drawing crossdressers back time and time again! Conservative estimates suggest several million of todays males have had this sort of satisfying contact with their 'woman-within'.

Cont.....Next Edition.



CROSSDRESSERS DREAM COME TRUE

by Julie Adair

"Just slip into my Fur Coat and feel the lovely touch of it, there isn't it lovely". These words must have been the accumulation of an experience I had only dreamed of in the past years.

Supposedly going to my friends place to try to fix her television set. I talked and talked with her, somehow realising her reaction to my crossdressing desires, almost by accident my secret was out. Incredibly, here was someone who listened to me, read my diary like notes of my dressing up in motels and not only did not condemn or turn away, but actually helped and

encouraged me.

On my next visit she said, "I have picked out a dress for you, you can have it. Fortunately you are about my size". "Come, try it on!" The dress was a delight, but the dream was to continue, with a gift of shoes, stockings and beautiful costume jewellery. Then with my own wig and body suit, I borrowed a slip and the door was opened to the seventh heaven of delight as it was, "Try on this dress, now this one, this one ties at the back to keep the bodice in," until 6 or 7 more had been tried on, swished about in etc. This crossdresser did not know how many as she was in a state of high, no hysterical emotion, and loving every second of it. Can anyone but a crossdresser who has known frustration, understand how I felt. But the dream continued as we sat for a while, me in a lovely dress and shoes. How I longed to return to her some of the ecstasy in gratitude of a new self knowledge and especially the words of advice, don't waste time asking WHY! WHY! WHY! Just enjoy it whenever you can.

Most members I imagine have gone past this stage, but I hope some can still remember those first ecstatic steps.

P.S. Never did I fix the jolly television set.

We are looking for good short stories that are tasteful, non-sexual and well written. Send by return.

Yes, Pandora's Box, or should I say Vicki's little red bag, does exist. And yes, it does contain Vicki's femme gear, it all started with a phone call recently from someone who identified himself as "Ted from Queensland", in Perth for a short holiday. In very short order it was established that the caller was "Vicki", and it was arranged that Vicki attend our social evening a few days later. In due course, Ted arrived at our home, complete with the famous "Little Red Bag", and no time was lost in presenting "Vicki" for our appraisal. Both my wife and I were suitably impressed, and Vicki and I left for our clubrooms at 6.30 p.m.

I was a little apprehensive because, although I had notified several members, I did not expect more than three or four to turn up. However, my fears were groundless, and Vicki was made welcome by Vivienne, Toni, Jill, Shirley, Linda and Dawn, Dristine and Kay, and Jenny our newest member. A very pleasant hour was spent, talking and reminiscing, and around 9.30 p.m. someone suggested that we take our visitor to "Trisha's Bar". This was an important development, because in the course of conversation, Vicki had informed us that the "gay" element in Queensland would not have a bar of transvestites, a situation we have never encountered here in Perth, I think Vicki was a little dubious about our claim of being accepted without reservations, but after sampling the hospitality of Trisha's Bar I know her fears were set at rest.

In fact when Toni suggested that we round off the evening by visiting a Coffee Lounge, Vicki was very enthusiastic. Once again we were able to demonstrate the receptive atmosphere in Perth, when Vicki, Vivienne, Toni and I walked into a very nice Coffee Lounge, in the centre of Perth, at midnight, and were treated exactly the same as any other customers. The dozen or so other people at adjoining tables never paid us a second glance.

Finally at 1.30 a.m., Vicki and I arrived back, where after a pleasant half hour reviewing the evening's happenings, Vicki decided to go home in all her finery. What a difference from the Vicki who informed me at 7.00 p.m., that it was imperative that she returned to her host's place at an early hour!! Well, it was an early hour!!

In addition, we treated Vicki to a fireworks display when a faulty electrical appliance blew up, and plunged the whole club-rooms into darkness! Fortunately, the MCC rooms are well equipped with candles, and they do say that candlelight is romantic! Well they do, don't they? Summing up, Chamelion thoroughly enjoyed Vicki's visit and, although we cannot promise fireworks everytime, we look forward to entertaining any of our interstate sisters who may visit Perth.

The above is a reprint of a story from Barbra, and was first printed in "New Image" Volume 2, Number 2 in August, 1978.

OPENING HIS DRAWERS

by Mary, Wife of Angela

The following story is from March/April 1984, Beaumont Bulletin.

I've done it. You simply can't imagine how I felt! I waited for Arthur to back the car out of the drive, and then peeped through the bedroom curtains to check that he'd really left. Then - phew! I actually ran to his wardrobe, opened his underwear drawer and took out a pair of underpants.

I put them on and wore them under my skirt all evening. I felt tough. The cat meowed, "Get lost you ruddy feline!" Oh, it was good!

Later on, when he came home I felt guilty. I made a fuss of the cat and gave it some salmon to eat. Thank goodness, animals can't talk.

After that I encouraged Arthur to go out more. Of course, I was terrified he'd come back early and catch me. Now I've got a false moustache and even, occasionally, wear his trousers. Thanks to the Beaumont Society I can stay in with confidence.

By the way, what sort of Society are you? And why does Arthur always take a big suitcase with him in the car whenever he goes to one of your meetings?

If I give up smoking I can buy eight extra pair of "Footrest" shoes a year. (I may even have a little over).

WHATS THE MATTER WITH THE WORLD TODAY

by Velvert Lemair

In the World today, we have many people who are not happy with their lot. There are hundreds of people who want to change their sex, CHANGE THEIR SEX. What a crazy world. I have a friend who was a TV for many years, she lived full time as a female for 15 years. Then the operation. Her years as a TV were wonderful years, she was one of the best dressed ladies in town, she didn't even own a pair of pants or flat heeled shoes.

Then she had the operation and became a woman, I didn't see her for over 6 months, but when I did, she was a modern day woman, she looked awful. Her hair was a mess, she wore no make up, and wore a dirty T-Shirt, Jeans and THONGS....And this is the way she dresses all the time. I said, "Nancy, what have you done to yourself?" She said "What do you mean". I said, "You, your hair and clothes, you are a mess". She explained that she had tried to dress well after the operation, but the man she was living with dressed this way and really it was a waste of time to dress another way.

I cannot understand anyone doing this to themselves, if I was lucky enough to find a door I could just walk through and come out the other side a female, I would go through that door so quickly, once through that door I wouldn't downgrade womanhood by dressing like a man. What would be the use of having an operation to change my sex, just to go on dressing as a man.

This is not just something that has happened to my friend, I have met many TVs and they all do the same thing. Why do they do this to themselves? Don't they think they can get through life looking beautiful?

They are crazy. While they are transvestites they spend hours, weeks, years, trying to look feminine, they have surgery and everything changes.

WHY? WHY? WHY?

TREATMENT FOR TIRED FEET: "REST"

A BRIEF HISTORY OF CAROLINE JOYCE

I think I have been a Crossdresser all my wife as I have a photograph of myself aged 3 months, and even then I was dressed in a dress.

At the age of three my sister dressed me in a dress, because of the problem this created, my mother dressed me in dresses till I went to school, when I was forced to dress as a male during school hours, before and after school though I always dressed and lived as a girl. At the age of eleven we moved to a new town and Mother made me dress full time as a boy.

At the age of thirteen a girl friend talked me into going to a High School Ball dressed as her sister, her Mother made me a dress and I bought myself a pair of shoes with my own money. On the day of the ball I dressed early and on my way to the ball went home to see Mother. The following day, Saturday, I talked my friend into letting me wear one of her dresses down town, on Sunday I was back in my dress that I had for the ball, and off to Church. From that day till the day I was twenty five I dressed in a dress every day.

At the age of fourteen Mother took me to London to see an expert, this expert was going to fix me. (See I was only 14). Back home from London I went to work as a boy for 18 months I then left home for a holiday in Sydney, this holiday was the start of my living full time as a girl till I was 25. After living full time as a female for over four years I met a girl and we became friends. Only after twelve months did I tell her I was a male, some fourteen months later we married, I still continued living and working as a female till the age of 25. At thirty three I left home to work and live full time as a girl again, and did so till the age of forty two. After being beaten up by a male friend and spending nine months in and out of hospital I went back to living as a male. (I did dress whenever possible).

I then did some study, got myself a good job that would give me enough money to retire on.

I joined Seahorse in 1981, became Vice President in 1982 and secretary in 1984.

NEXT EDITION: A Brief History of Dorothy and Kim.



THE BIRTH OF LYN KYLE

by Lyn Kyle

My name is Lyn Kyle and I hail from Sunny Queensland.

At the age of 10, or was it 11, I first started to experiment with new things, Mothers wardrobe was like a magnet. Firstly it was her nightgown, then her dresses, underwear, shoes and makeup, this went on for years, but I was never left alone long enough to dress the way I really wanted to.

At the age of 19, I left England and came to Australia, for the first time in my life I was free, and could at last dress the way I wanted to. With my first pay I bought my very own femme wardrobe. Boy....or should I say girl, did I feel good. Every night I dressed as a girl. Sometimes I would open the door and take a few steps outside, but the door was always open for a quick retreat.

About this time I saw an article in a magazine about transvestism, then at a later date an advertisement for THE SEAHORSE CLUB OF AUSTRALIA, a club for Transvestites. (But I did not have the courage to write).

I then wrote home and told my Mother, I asked for her understanding and advice. Unfortunately, Mother was like myself, she did not understand.

After some time Mother decided to come to Australia to live with me. On her arrival we moved to [REDACTED] and set up house. It was a long time before Mother accepted my TV side, but she could see I was only happy while I was dressed as a female, so in time she did accept me as I am.

For the first time in my life I was happy.

I now dress as Lyn, whenever I like.

For many years, we in N.S.W. have been of the opinion that the only thing good to come out of Victoria was the Hume Highway, but we have received our copy of "Seahorse Victoria's Newsletter"

Thanks Victoria.

SEAHORSE ADDRESSES

The Seahorse Club of Australia – SYDNEY
Secretary, Caroline Joyce, P.O. Box 289, Enfield. 2136.

The Seahorse Club of Victoria – MELBOURNE
Secretary, Sharyn Martin, G.P.O. Box 23337, Melbourne. 3001.

National Seahorse Club of Australia – ADELAIDE
Secretary, Lynda Ailion, P.O. Box 89, Norwood, Adelaide. 5067.

For information on other groups, contact Caroline Joyce.

OVERSEAS GROUPS

- | | |
|----------|---|
| U.K. | Beaumont Society - London Organiser Karen Richerson B.M. Box 3084, London WC1N 3XX |
| U.S.A. | Tri Sigma Sorority - Carol Beecroft Box 194 Tulare Calif. 93275 |
| Denmark | F.P.E. (Northern Europe) M.A. Postboks 192, DK2600 Glostrup, Denmark. (Do not put F.P.E. on envelope). |
| France | Association Beaumont Continentale-Gaby Linsig 2 Tue des Charpentiers. 68270 Wittenheim. France. |
| Holand | (S1096) C/- U.K. |
| S/Africa | The Phoenix Society. P.O. Box 375 Parton R.S.A. 7500. Organiser Estelle. |
| Zurich | Femme Travestie 8023 Zurich, Postfach 6788. Organiser Jacqueline. |

Caroline has created a three day weekend, because it's impossible to cram all her social engagements into two days.

Don't forget! Enjoy life, dress often.



FOR THE FIRST TIME

by Joan Matting

For years I have been a very private Crossdresser, and only dressed in the privacy of my own bedroom.

Then along came Seahorse. Everything changed.

Caroline took me shopping for a new dress and shoes. Then came the big day, the last Friday of the month. I left work early and went to Caroline's place. Caroline was out, but she had given me a key and told me she would be back for me at 3.00 p.m. After my shower I stood in front of Caroline's full length mirror, for the first time in my life I had the chance to see myself. Not bad, not bad at all, I liked what I saw. Just then the front door opened and my heart went thump, then, "Are you there?" called Caroline. What a relief it could have been anyone. "You look great, just put on some lipstick and we will go", said Caroline.

She was as casual as you like not giving a hoot about anything in the world. "Come on Joan, we have to go" said Caroline. "You look OK, lets go". She opened the front door and said, "Come on". I stepped through that door into a new life. Never before had I been outside my bedroom and now I was being dragged across the street by Caroline, her car was a long way away and I started to run as I did not want to be seen.

Caroline said, "Slow down". As I reached the car I tried to open the car door, but it was locked, Caroline was just standing there at her door looking at me, then she walked around the car and said to me, "I have left the keys behind, just wait here, I won't be long".

She just left me standing there. For what seemed like hours I stood beside that door. There were children all about and I was sure they were all looking at me, they all knew I was really a bloke in a dress, or thats what I thought. Caroline came back across the street, opened the door and let me inside, "It wasn't that bad, was it?" she said. I just looked at her and thought "You bitch".

During the drive to Burwood Caroline talked about what she had to do before the meeting and did her best to calm me down. By the time we reached Burwood my knees had stopped shaking.

Caroline parked the car in the street and got out, she came around the car and opened my door and said, "Come on, or we will be late". We had about 100 yards to cover to reach the hairdressers, I was tempted to run, but Caroline held my arm and said, "Take it easy". My one thought was to get inside that hairdressers out of sight. All these people, someone must realise I am really a bloke, dressed as a girl.

Inside the shop at last, gee its worse in here, there are at least 20 people in here. (After I had been there for a short time I did a count, there were only 8 people all together).

The lady Caroline had introduced me to a week ago said "Come down here". My hair washed and then, "Take a seat up here". For the first time in my life I had rollers in my hair, then it was under the drier, then my hair combed up. While the lady was working on me I kept my eyes closed in the hope that because I could not see anyone, they could not see me. Then she said, "That will be \$8.00 thanks". I opened my eyes and for the first time saw myself in the mirror. I looked so different, I could pass anywhere, no one would know. All these things went through my head. I paid the lady and just sat there waiting for Caroline. Gee where is she. Then the phone rang. "Its for you", said the young lady. I took the phone from her and said hello, Caroline was on the other end saying her car had stopped and she was waiting for the N.R.M.A. She said I had better walk down the road and get a train into town where she would meet me. She said she would be at the first place we had met a week ago, before I had time to protest or say anything she hung up.

Here I was stranded in Burwood, dressed in a dress, my hair done in a feminine way, my shoes had high heels and my face painted. (I wished I had brought some mens clothes with me). I just stood there thinking and wondering what to do.

I could not turn back, I just had nowhere to go, so I walked out the door of the hairdressers and straight down Burwood Road, My thoughts were, I wonder how many of these people know I am really a bloke, but as I got close to the station I realised no one was taking any notice of me. (Why had I not done this before).

At the Town Hall, Caroline was waiting for me, I said, "Thanks Caroline, at last I am Free".

FOR SALE:

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SYDNEY HOSPITAL HERE I COME

A True Story

by Caroline Joyce

It was about four months since I came to Sydney to live full time as a girl.

It was Wednesday morning, and I was ready for work, so I went down to the kitchen for breakfast. As I sat down at the table I felt very ill, my temperature went up and up. Mrs. Porter fussed over me and helped me back to my bedroom. I was very sick and did not think I was going to make it to my room.

Mrs. Porter covered me with a blanket, she then sat on the side of my bed. I kept telling her I would be alright and then she said, "Do you know whats the matter?" I said, "No, I don't think so". Then it came, "You aren't pregnant are you dear?"

"Mrs. Porter, how could you think that", I said. "Well my dear, you left home some months ago and came to Sydney to live, and often thats why girls of your age leave home and come to Sydney" said Mrs. Porter. "I thought it might be morning sickness".

I looked at her and thought what is she talking about, morning sickness, should I know something about this? After a few hours sleep I felt much better, I got up and changed my clothes, I then went and told Mrs. Porter I was going to see a doctor. I caught a train into town and made my way towards where I worked, I know I should not have been doing anything but going to the doctors. But this could cause problems.

I felt well enough to go to work so I thought thats what I would do. As I walked past Farmers store I started to feel sick again. Here I was in George Street, and that ill I now knew there was something really the matter. I propped myself against the window, then I fainted. I don't know how long I was out to it, but when I came to, someone said, "Don't worry, we have sent for an Ambulance, so just lie still". There were several people standing about, just looking and not saying much, someone said, "Is she drunk". I passed out again.

When I came to this time I was in bed at Sydney Hospital, there was a nurse beside the bed. When she saw I was awake she went through the door to look for a doctor.

The doctor was beside my bed in a flash, he said, "How do you feel now young lady?" With this question I got a sharp pain in my right side. The doctor examined me and then said "Well young lady you have appendicitis and I believe they have to come out". Although I was trying to get a word in and tell this doctor that I really should not be in that ward because I wasn't a girl. But he just kept telling me to be quiet. Anyway when I did tell him, he took a quick look (as much as to say I don't believe you). With great speed I was moved into a private room. I was left alone for a short time, then the doctor came back into my room, with him came a sister, she asked me a lot of questions and wrote the answers down.

The doctor left the room, and the sister stayed. She gave me a hand to get into a nightie, it wasn't the nicest nightie I have ever worn, but it was feminine. On the sheet of paper she had written Caroline (not like London where they wrote John). The sister talked and talked, the questions, she wanted to know everything. I explained that the only people who knew that I really wasn't a girl were the people at the hospital.

By this time I was very sick, my temperature was 106⁰ and was getting worse by the minute. The sister got the doctor, while I was being examined I passed out again. The next time I woke up I was on my way to the operation, my appendix had ruptured and had to come out. The doctor explained they did not want to operate because of my high temperature. But they could not put it off.

Three days later I came to, I had been in the operating room from 7.00 p.m. till 2.00 a.m. the next morning, there was a nurse beside my bed, I just lay there and it was about half an hour before she noticed my eyes were open. My nightie was white satin that I had not seen before, I wondered where it had come from. Someone must know I am here as I could see things that belonged to me. The Nurse took my pulse and made some small talk. But I was not interested and drifted back into the land of nod. The next time I woke up I stayed with it a little longer. It was Sunday, I had been out to it for three days. The operation had lasted about 7 hours. And I had 22 stitches. There must be something wrong with me, its Tuesday, where did Monday go?

Weeks went by in which time I was used as a pin cushion, I was told by everyone I should give thanks to Alex Fleming for his discovery of penicillin, I was told that I had on three occasions just about left the world.

The next four weeks were great, I grew stronger and really did not want to go home. I liked being the young lady who was the centre of attention. Every day I had many visitors and they all wanted to know the same thing. "Whats it like being a boy, and living as a girl". This was a hard thing for me to answer as I was 17, and most of my 17 years had been spent in a dress.

The day came when I had to go home, not to work though, I had to take it easy for some time yet. My doctor came and talked to me for a long time, he was kind and helpful, not like Dr. J. S. Fullitim-Brown the barber from London. The doctor told me he had spoken to Mrs. Porter, but he had not told her about my being a male.

Mrs. Porter arrived with my clothes and with the nurses help I dressed. My dress was much too big, I had lost so much weight I was down to a size 12, the day I went into hospital I was size 16.

The thing that really surprised me was that I had been admitted to hospital, examined, placed in a female ward, without anyone finding out I was really a male. I wonder if this would be possible today.

During the next months I lived a life of luxury. Mrs. Porter spoilt me rotten. I gained weight and by the time I went back to work I could fit into a size 14 dress.

From the day I fell ill in front of Farmers and the day I went back to work it was four months. These four months although I had been very ill, I made full use of my time whenever possible. I visited many doctors to see if they could help me. Turn me into a girl or something.

Every doctor I saw all had the same answer for me, which was, "You have got a problem, haven't you, you should go home and be a man". One thing they did not realise was that it was not I that had a problem, I knew what I was about, I just wanted to be a girl. It was them that had the problems. Maybe now in 1984, they understand, or some do.

LATE NEWS FROM CAROLINE

Just received word from Jayne Halstead. Jayne has arranged Queensland's first meeting for 1984. (Its Queensland's first meeting, for years). This meeting will be held on Saturday 10th November. We all wish Jayne luck and hope to be able to visit you soon.

Three members of Seahorse Sydney, went to Hornsby to speak to a group of 50 people from different service groups on Tuesday, 16th October. These three ladies had a great day. BUT, most importantly, there are now another 50 persons out there that at least know what the word "Transvestite" means.

During the weekend of 12th to 15th October, both Kim and Caroline spent the weekend in Melbourne. What a wonderful weekend. We both came back with renewed energy for work. The open hearted hospitality we received was really something. Thanks Melbourne. Special thanks to Jan and Monika and their wonderful connections that provided us with great weather.

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Letter to the Secretary.

Dear Sir/Madam, I am writing to obtain information you may be able to offer me as I have a friend who is in such a state and has asked for my help, but I am not able to offer any answer as I am not aware of this situation, and feel upset that I cannot give any answer to her problem. SHE was living with a man for two years, for family reasons they parted for a period of seven months. They are now living together again. However the thing that confuses her so much and has her so upset, he has begun to dress in womens underwear. When they go out, he is very much the man, yet at home he is the complete opposite. He won't discuss the matter with her. She does not know whether transvestites normally behave in this manner, or do they have sex with other men. Please treat this matter as a very serious one, as any help you can offer would be greatly appreciated. J.R. Hurstville.

NOTE: I receive about one of these kind of letters a month. What do we do Caroline?

HAVE YOU EVER?

Have you ever gone to work with a ring of nail polish around your nails, and spent all day with your hands in your pockets?

Have you ever run into the back of a bus while trying to look at a beautiful dress in a shop window?

Have you ever worn shoes that really hurt, but had to keep smiling because you had insisted, before, that they were the ones you really wanted?

Have you ever spent what seemed like hours, waiting for those friends knocking at the door to decide that you weren't home, after all?

Have you ever thought what those friends think when, every time they arrive you are having a shower?

Have you ever spent so much time getting ready for the meeting that it is over when you get there?

Have you ever wondered how dull life would be if you were not a TV?

* * * * *

The above is from New Femme, No. 1. June, 1978.

GROOM'S DRESS

Bruce Laker is about to take legal action, so he can be married in a white wedding gown. The Isle of Wight transvestite wants to wear a traditional flowing Bridal Gown and his bride a man's suit.

The Registrar General has said no, on the grounds that the wedding would be inappropriate.

I still haven't given up smoking, so it looks like I don't get all those extras this year.

See you soon, Caroline.

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SEAHORSE CLUB OF AUSTRALIA (N.S.W.)

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| ART WORK | Caroline Joyce and Reproductions |
| ADVERTISING | Caroline Joyce |
| PRINTING | Copy-Set Service, Burwood |

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