

Ms Alice Purcell

With the Compliments of

THE SEAHORSE CLUB OF VICTORIA

G P O Box 2337V

MELBOURNE VIC 3001

AUSTRALIA

Lynette   
Secretary

# THE AUSTRALIAN SEAHORSE BULLETIN

Published monthly by The Seahorse Club of Victoria.  
G.P.O. Box 2337V, Melbourne, Vic. 3001.  
(Registered by AUSTRALIA POST - Publication No. VBH 3944)



FEBRUARY - 1984.

## EDITORIAL

### "Where Is SEAHORSE Going?"

Your Editor once was honoured to listen to George Bernard Shaw address a large London Rotary Club on the subject of "WHERE IS ROTARY GOING?". He beetled his formidable eyebrows at the splendidly attended luncheon assembly at a prominent hotel and started his speech. "Where is Rotary going? IT IS GOING TO LUNCH!". His meaning was slightly sour but appositely critical. Too many Rotarians, he was saying, join Rotary to attend luncheons rather than to render thoughtful service to the community. The same subject might well be allotted to a knowledgeable SEAHORSE member asked to address one of your Annual General Meetings - Where Is SEAHORSE Going?. But the answer would not be, if he/she really knew the form, as clear-cut as Bernard Shaw's to Rotary. Even if some Rotarians do not render as much Club and Community and International Service as they should they do at least regularly attend Club luncheons and stimulate the Fellowship without which Rotary could not arrange all of its Good Works. NON-lunching Rotarians are, quite soon, EX-Rotarians! "Where Is SEAHORSE Going?" the speaker would begin; and then, if critical and truthful, he would go on "It is pleasantly static, becalmed in a placid sea of largely silent subscription-payers, doing and saying absolutely nothing and getting for their subscriptions absolutely nothing save for this Monthly BULLETIN!" He would then wave his current copy in the faces of his hearers and add the reverse of what the confronted London Rotarians heard " They are certainly not even going to their own Subsidised Social Occasions!"

Why not? - one is entitled to wonder. We have noted from our reading of Overseas publications, and our now slender contacts with Cross Dressers in the other Aussie Capital Centres, that all CD clubs suffer from the Non-attendance Malaise or the Low Enthusiasm Syndrome. Australian clubs, it would seem, are victims to it and, apart from SEAHORSE VICTORIA, become terminally ill. Melbourne (Victoria), like the Beaumont Society and many of its Area Organisations all over the British Isles, suffers from the malady but presses on. In Melbourne we keep going by three factors which for your consideration we will now state; they are, we believe:

(1) The Club is run (however badly, from time to time) by a Committee and while Committee Management is, to your Editor, and like Democracy, a bad way of running anything, it is infinitely better than leaving everything to one poor soul, often with both too little time and indifferent health. In such cases, the One Man/Woman Band inevitably succumbs to pressures - and the Club folds.

(2) There is always a Monthly Social Evening at which most of the Committee attends and, as often as possible, this is held at the home of some hospitable Member in preference to some austere frigid and colourless institution's lecture room.

(3) For some years, the Club has boasted a small inner-circle of Members who are largely "out-of-the-closet", are dedicated Cross Dressers and by their enthusiasm help to keep an example alive for new and/or more timid TV/TS folk. (This year every Committee Member is in this category - which helps!)

Love is ...



Letting him  
wear your things

If we were looking for another factor we might cite "This BULLETIN" but we feel we needn't do that:

Your Editor would like to ask just one question. "IF YOU HAVE NOT JOINED TO TAKE PART IN WHAT WE DO - WHY IN GOD'S NAME DID YOU JOIN?"

EDITOR, LADY PAULA HOWARD, P.O. BOX 156, PRAHRAN, VICTORIA, 3181, AUSTRALIA.

"DON'T WORRY - I'VE GOT MY REVOLVER IN MY HANDBAG!"

Many SHV Members have expressed deep interest in America's FANTASIA FAIR, the annual get-together of CROSS-DRESSERS held at Provincetown on the lovely Cape Cod Peninsula in the state of Massachusetts. Here is an extract from an account by CYNTHIA [REDACTED] of BEAUMONT in U.K. of her experiences when taking part in it.

"It was decided to fly to Boston by T.W.A. and then on a small plane from Boston to Provincetown..... We had been told that the U.S. Customs would be rather stroppy towards males travelling with cases containing nothing but femme stuff but nowhere in England or in U.S.A. did anyone ask for a case to be opened. The flight from Boston to P-town ( as it is called ) ..... took only 20-25 minutes and thence a short taxi trip to our hotel. On arrival we quickly changed into our femme selves and decided to go out for a little nourishment ( and ) it was obvious that my wishes for gastronomic delights were going to be fulfilled... both as to quantity and to quality.....

" Returning to the hotel Ces ( Cynthia's travelling companion ) decided to retire but I could hear a disco powerfully playing down below and could not resist a little action. I was just starting my gin-and-tonic when a local American boy came up and said " Say, ma'am - d'you want to dance?" I was away for the evening thoroughly enjoying myself with P-town people and girls visiting FANTASIA FAIR. When I finally retired to bed it was exactly 24 hours since I had arisen in England.

" The next morning there was a reception for us girls and a local police officer came along to welcome us saying: 'Now I want all you ladies to know that you are entitled to the full protection of the law, just the same as any other American citizen. Now if anyone calls you a fag or anything like that, just you dial 911 and we will come straight out and we're going to bust him. We don't expect any trouble but there may be some youths about who can be a nuisance and we have all their photos already at the police station!'

" In general the residents, shopkeepers, hoteliers etc. were pleased to see us and were nice and helpful, making us very welcome. It is difficult, however, not to be "read" in P-town as everyone knew that 70 or 80 TVs were about..... but what matters, we were enjoying ourselves to the full and making many friends - both locals and girls coming to the FAIR.

" There were many FANTASIA FAIR activities on most days - seminars, make-up courses, resident hairdresser - and also a corsetiere. Evening banquets, cocktail parties etc in various inns and one's time could be equally divided between official functions and freelance occasions. The Bathing Beauty Parade was most enjoyable: I think every evening I visited a disco. There are many of these, there being no admission charge though you are expected to have a drink. One evening I visited five in succession.

" On one occasion, after a sumptuous dinner, all together in the Lobster Pot, I was walking with Sharon and another American TV towards The Pied Piper at about 9 p.m. when a group of youths started shouting obscenities at us. The other American TV was rather nervous and I said to her 'Take no notice - it's all wind. Just keep walking steadily.....'. But Sharon said 'Don't worry - I've got my gun in my handbag!'. I looked at her in astonishment. 'Oh - don't ya know?' she said 'I'm a Chicago cop!'. She produced a large silver badge and added 'I have only to show them this and that will sure scare the shit right out of them!'

" One evening there was a show put on by the girls of the FAIR for the P-town residents which amazed me by the excellence of the acts - singing, guitar playing and dancing which would have made a hit in any London night-spot. Two evenings later the P-town people responded by giving an evening for us and engaged Linda Gerard, a first class American entertainer who put on a two-hour show.

" All too soon the nine days came to a close - and what a nine days it had been! After all anything must go well when you can start each day with a clam chowder and champagne for breakfast!"

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We are indebted to BEAUMONT BULLETIN for the above)

Gems From Your Editor's Perusal of Overseas Media!



**YOUR BACK DOOR IS MORE VULNERABLE THAN YOU THINK**  
**SEE OUR RANGE OF SECURITY FITTINGS**  
 Always available for your collection  
 FROM  
**GAY HOMES OF WIMBLEDON**  
 Wimbledon Guardian

**FUN AT A LADIES' DARTS MATCH IN WARWICKSHIRE!!!**

Two tons and a 97 served Lesley Newcombe well against Spa's Doris Amos, who landed a 121 near the end of the first leg, but was beaten in 39 darts. Doris equalised in 31 farts, throwing a ton, and 80 and 81, only to lose the third in 28.

*Leamington Spa Courier*

**THE VICTORIAN ARTS COMPLEX? OR LUNA PARK?**

Mr Robson is a graduate of Liverpool University School of Architecture and describes his design as "an elemental composition generated by contextual reference and indigenous geometry."

Chester Observer, 12 Nov. 1983

To appreciate the full beauty of this Official contribution to the Language of Shakespeare and Milton it is necessary to READ IT ALOUD with the left hand drooping from the wrist and the right hand poised elegantly on the (right) hip!

A flurry of garden birds shepherded by a distant dove in the 12½p stamp changes the ordinary act of posting a letter or card into a visual metaphor that says every thing we feel about communicating with friends or relatives who now live far away.

First Day Cover Envelope for Christmas 1983



"He's at that age when I even have to worry about these transvestites!"

**WATFORD**  
Nicholas [redacted]

**Body And Soul**

THE SMART, well made-up young woman who strides into the Bishop of Southbury's pinewood kitchen in the very first scene quickly emerges as no lady at all, but a transsexual who has made the great leap across the gender barrier. And not only that, when last seen by the bishop, she was the Rev Chris Miller, priest in the diocese, and now returned after months of sabbatical leave and adjustment, to reclaim vicarage and parish in what can only be termed her own wrong.

Or can it? This is the starting and sticking point of Roy Kendall's new play, and in a strictly legal sense he has an interesting problem to pose: for although the church draws a strict line against the ordination of women as priests what would happen to a transsexual, ordained vicar, whom the law would still classify as a man, despite the "artificial vagina" and other trimmings picked up on the way to unofficial ladyhood. And would canon law or some ecclesiastical committee be invoked if the demald vicar refused, as in this case, to do the decent thing and resign? How would senior clerics react to the spectre of the first ministering transsexual?



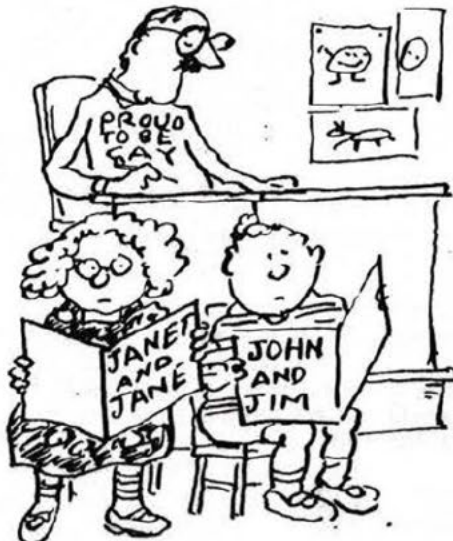
Mr Kendall relishes the possibility and it is not long before the working class, hockey Blue and trombone-playing bishop has put the dilemma squarely before the Archbishop of York, a Lord Justice of Appeal and assorted dignitaries clerical.

The thought of scandal agitates them hugely. Imagine the Sun or the Telegraph falling upon the unfortunate Rev Chris with the full weight of their prejudice while she insists on hanging on in there.

My objection to the play's sensational premise is that the protracted agonies on view would never have occurred: a transsexual priest returning from sabbatical and carrying a medical certificate which certified that his mental condition had required a sex change would be a suitable candidate for unfrocking.

Mr Kendall, who steers clear of any of the unmarried vicar's reasons for the change, makes the play's dilemma a shaky issue: I suspect that he is making a closet case for ordination of women (and this agnostic supports him manfully) but doing so with diversionary tactics.

**TO AMUSE OUR GAY MEMBERS (IF ANY).**



CHRISTMAS IN AN ANTIPODEAN ATMOSPHERE.

How nice it would be if my surname was PARTRIDGE; if it was I could have called this little thing "FROM MY PEAR TREE" which would be so much nicer for a bit of Social Commentary. I think!

But anyway it's not The First Day of Christmas; it's the Eighth and that's the Day for Maids A'Milking or some other group activity. Yes - it's The Eighth Day and the Christmas Spirit and the Christian Ethic are both holding up surprisingly well. No passing citizen ( or his brood ) has, as yet, swiped the Holly Wreath off my flat door. Nor has anyone, in some sort of disapproval of beauty, so common these days, scattered the blooms of agapanthus which currently riot decorously in some sort of modernistic amphora at my threshold.

And around the Melbourne suburbs ( some of them ), so the radio informed me, on the Eve of The Nativity those citizens who were not carolling-by-candlelight, in the warm evening and with sleeping babes blanketed on their bosoms, were at their traditional old game of wishing each other the Compliments of The Season with almost everything from car bumpers on the highways to fencing posts and broken bottles in the pub car parks and the Dark Places of The City.

All so friendly and nice! On The Third Day of Christmas, before I even thought of writing this tribute, I went out like some snowless Wenceslas, in search of Bread. The large and jolly milk bar lady liked my dress ( she said ), patted my upper arm and presented me with a slightly damaged mince-pie. And returned to the flat for brunch and a search for late christmas-cards, the old man in Number Five-A patted my ass seasonably; as he has been doing, come rain, come shine, since the morning I bent over to light the pilot of his gas water heater for him. Ah me! That was all of ten years ago - a week after I took up residence in Toorak and started out in a whole new life. The whole new False-Gender-Trip of Lady Paula Howard (late of U.K., Johannesburg, Cape Town, Uitenhage, Durban - and Page 429 of "WHO'S WHO OF SOUTHERN AFRICA").

Christmas ( except for Little Children ) worries me in Australia! Maybe it would in other Old World Countries too; but how would I know? I don't go there any more. It worries me because of the already rickety economy being further strained, in the name of The Miracle of Bethlehem, by a Disaster-sized Spending Spree. You can't Spend your way out of Inflation, comrades! Unless you are a Department Store Keeper or a Trade Union. (You should have seen how the Union Officials fed themselves at their Christmas Parties. One table in Lygon Street would have kept Jackson's in Toorak in luxury entrees and appetisers for a month!).

"Christmas! HUMBUG!" cried Ebenezer Scrooge to his jolly nephew and the clerly Cratchit in that memorable Dickensian scene in his office. He had a point! But if he had said it at the little partly cross-dressed dinner I went to on Christmas Night; or the "straight" Twelfth Night of Christmas Annual "Rage" which happily saw me - I'd have struck the old skinflint down in his slippered tracks! They were both, in their different ways, so pleasant and colourful. The Twelfth Night "thing" is given for his friends, and his friends' friends, inside and under the oaks and bushes of his home in Toorak (Le Quartier Latin), by writer JOHN HEPWORTH assisted by JOHN HINDLE, writer and film critic, and BIG PATRICK who does I know not what. It starts round about noon and goes on until the False Dawn. Apart from a soak of tosspots who stay throughout, as far as I can see, the guests work in shifts. 12 to 3; 3 to 7; 7 to 12 AND the Dawn Patrol! I myself attend all except the latter delighting myself and astounding the "straight" company by changing into glamour suitable for the changing to a later "shift". This year, being expected later at POKEY'S, I went only in one "5P.M. cocktail party" ensemble and the "straights" complained madly! Are there no other TRAK Cross Dressers you will ask? If there are - in ten years I've never met one!

EXTRACT FROM "THE TOORAK TIMES" - a few Christmas shambles ago!

Well, I've seen everything now!

At a smart Christmas Eve Toorak party, Santa Claus (with a sack of presents for all) was quite a wow!

Santa was in tightly waisted scarlet velvet jacket, lavishly trimmed

with white fox, a white fox fur bonnet, skin-tight scarlet satin breeches and white suede high-heeled thigh boots. Very sexy indeed - especially when, as on this occasion topped off with long platinum blonde page-boy hair-do and generous matching

"beard" plus sweeping eyelashes and very scarlet lips!

A Lady Santa forsooth - but with such a lovely resonant male "HO HO HO!"

Is Christmas - as well as the focus of fashion at Gala Premieres - being taken

over by Trendy Toorak Transvestites?

Seems so - and, decoratively at least, there seems much to be said for it!

(FROM OUR ROVING REPORTER)

"ALL ABOARD FOR VIENNA, BUDA-PEST AND ISTANBUL!"

The other evening on that much-maligned Multi-Lingual Television Channel which we know as "O/28", I saw a part of an Italian series of an adventure on the never-to-be-forgotten "ORIENT EXPRESS" travelling on which must surely have been the greatest railway experience of all time. As I watched this TV movie I was delighted to recall that I was born early enough to have made one utterly, crazily memorable trip on it before all Europe convulsed under Adolf Hitler, and then burst into flames.

It was 1938 - a vintage year for memories as I look back on it - and a girl friend and three long-leave army officers and I ( already a confirmed and out-of-the-closet cross-dresser ) decided, for no very good reason as far as I can recall, to go to Istanbul which, at that time, we still insisted on calling "Constantinople".

We caught the boat train at Victoria, at four-thirty on a cloudless spring afternoon and in due course got safely aboard the fabulous "ORIENT EXPRESS" in Paris; but booked only as far as BUDA-PEST due to some administrative balls-up, which were just as common in 1938 in the travel business as they are now. But first - about my good companions, then! All of them have now died, the officers in the '39/'45 war and the girl-friend while trying to fly a brand-new R.A.F. bomber to its new owners at Old Sarum in Southern England from its northern factory on a night which closed down all airfields south of Manchester for foul weather. It was believed she flew on over the South Coast - and into The Channel. Her name was Amy and the three officers were Dudley ( a mad motor-racing millionaire ); Robert ( a failed chartered accountant like me ); and Arthur ( a splendidly courageous rider-to-hounds and Guards subaltern).

The trip on the ORIENT EXPRESS, until we said goodbye to it in Buda-Pest, was just as glamorous as it was when I saw it last week on the telly or, earlier, in that splendid movie ( with literally everybody one would want to see in it ) made from the Agatha Christie thriller. To add to the fun, there was Lady Paula ( in those days known as Miss Linda Appleby ), changing in and out of femme glamour to meet such happenings as lunch and dinner, drinks in the great and colourful saloons and to greet the interruptions of Customs and Passport Inspections at the various borders crossed. And the coming aboard of terrifying-looking police persons when the guard had wired ahead and reported the presence or suspected presence of foreign agents, card-sharps, jewel thieves, eloping couples and all the phantasmagoria without which, it seemed, no journey of The ORIENT EXPRESS to ancient Constantinople, where East Met West, could be considered complete.

We crossed the outstandingly NON-BLUE Danube at Buda-Pest and there hired an elderly but impeccably maintained open Rolls-Royce and set off to complete the journey by what, in that part of the world, was laughingly called "road". And all this despite awful warnings, from the A.A. and the R.A.C back in London, of bandits, antagonistic border posts, frequent cloudbursts, thieving peasants and wandering live-stock. For myself, the prospect, despite these hazards, was wholly delightful. I could immediately change into the role of Miss Linda Appleby, lounge in the back of the Rolls while the men did the driving ( and fended off any bandits! ) without any more interruption than a brief appearance as a male at a few international borders separated by days of lovely, lovely, transvestite adventuring. After two days we were in Rumania and I was feeling femme enough to look forward to being held up by some nice musical comedy-type bandits and, maybe, even carried off into the really lovely looking mountains! But - wouldn't you know it, with a Roller manned by three soldiers and a lady flyer? - we arrived safely in Istanbul, two weeks later.

There our Gallant Leader, Dudley ( to whom such trivial purchases were of no great moment, it seemed ) wired funds back to Buda-Pest to make the dear old Rolls his own property and thus avoiding the bone-shaking necessity of driving it back there from Turkey. Although I had enjoyed the trip I certainly didn't mind not going back there by road as my bottom, after a weeks residence in Istanbul, was black and blue from encounters with endless adventurous Greeks and Turks in the hotel lift which was hand-hoisted and took about five minutes to go up from the lobby to our fourth-floor suite. Oddly enough, although Miss Appleby was so afflicted throughout our entire stay the most attractive, real-girl, Amy, had very little trouble. She and I agreed that this must go to prove something or the other but we certainly couldn't work out exactly what unless femme French perfume on male skin produced some madly exciting effect on Greeks and Turks and Italians when encountered

"ALL ABOARD ETC....." (continued)

in small enclosed spaces such as lifts or in crowded tramcars or postage-stamp-size night club dance floors!

When the time came to return to London, which was when most of us had **run out of money** and Dudley had refused to lend us any more, we shipped the Rolls and ourselves on a tramp steamer which seemed to have more rust on its sides than steel plates. The voyage was unusual. No-one on board except one permanently drunken stoker and ourselves spoke any English and the **entire** ship's company made it clear that they thought that two young women without wedding rings, travelling in the company of three young men, must be camp-following whores. We ate dinner with the captain and the first mate (when they were sober) and we spent each of such meals smilingly beating off blatant propositions for our bodies. As far as Piraeus, we tried to avoid saying "yes" by having two of the boys convoy us to our cabins after dinner; but then the captain smilingly dangled the mate's master key in our faces and we all knew the game was "on"! What to do? - remember this was 1938! Amy, delightedly, slept with Robert, to whom she was engaged anyway, in his cabin; and Dudley and Arthur took turns to sleep with me in mine. At that the ship's officers, mystified at their rejection up to then, were satisfied and left us alone! I think they just hadn't liked to see two perfectly good "loose women" wasted!

Arrived at Marseilles, Miss Linda Appleby, of course, had to get into male gear to go ashore and the faces of our officers and crew were a sight to see. I would have hated to have had to go back aboard that ship ever again - in either gender role!

Having landed the Rolls - and waited a week in grotty Marseilles for Dudley's father to wire a deposit for the customs duty since we had no triptyque - we drove across France, Miss Linda in the highest of high drag and spirits; until we got to Boulogne where Dudley sold the Rolls to a casino proprietor and we all became more or less ordinary mortals again.

Don't ask me why two single girls (one utterly bogus) and three seemingly sane army officers would have got themselves into such a crazy expedition. There wasn't even any reason for our goal being Istanbul (Constantinople)! I still don't know!

It just, somehow, seemed a terribly good idea at the time!

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WE DID THIS! SOME OF US!

On Saturday, 14 January 1984, members Jessica and Janet were kind enough to hold a Social Evening for us at their house at [redacted] Princess Street, CARLTON. Not knowing what a splendidly conceived and executed party they were going to miss, most of our "regular" attenders did not turn up. But the 14 who did seemed to your Editor to be really enjoying themselves and especially so because, it being a very warm and balmy evening, they could sit around a table under the stars and waving greenery, if they felt like it; or use that pleasant facility to retire out of range of the compulsory loud music (sic) which one now meets so often and which makes a modern nonsense of the old entertaining term "conversazione" which, having borrowed it from the Edwardian Italians, we might as well now send back.

The varied food items and the large punch bowl which Janet and Jessica provided were a credit to them and a possibly undeserved compliment to SEAHORSE VICTORIA.

Who was present? I have no details but as somebody said (could it have been me?) "Apart from Lynette, who MUST be silently ill, everybody who matters has turned up - except Marina who is at an inconvenient birthday party!" And it was good to see long absent Helen [redacted] and Canada-touring Jocelyn Hutton.

Driving home after my customary midnight-hour departure, I found it once again reasonable - to me anyway - to reflect that most of the nice things that SEAHORSE VICTORIA does in the interests of ALL of its members is wholly wasted on MOST of them!

For all I know, "THE AUSTRALIAN SEAHORSE BULLETIN" which we get out with most a-typical regularity, may be wasted on most of them too!

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CROSS-DRESSERS AND PHOTOGRAPHY (A Lament).

It might be said, I often think, that if anyone wanted to wipe out transvestism from the face of the earth, all that it would be necessary to do would be to make illegal Private P.O.Boxes and Cameras! But I have only brought this up again as an excuse to talk about the strange peculiarities of TVs with Picture-making Apparatus whether it be a Box Brownie or a highly expensive and sophisticated S.L.R. job.

A high proportion of transvestites own cameras and use them to record CD occasions and to be able, down the years, to contemplate their own sartorial triumphs and disasters; and, of course, those of their CD/TV/TS friends. Now the thing that has always baffled me is that although they may handle a camera quite competently when in their male role, as soon as they try to take pictures when in drag their ability to do so falls away dramatically. If you ask a fellow CD whose photograph you have just taken to take yours, he will, to your surprise since you thought him experienced, require massive instruction in how to operate the camera. Even then, you will be lucky if more than half of your carefully dressed person will in due course appear on the print. At this stage, I am referring to the use of the simplest and most rudimentary of cameras. But let a dressed-up TV loose - e.g. at static parties or other social occasions - with more sophisticated, semi-professional equipment, EVEN THAT WHICH THEY HAVE USED IN MALE GEAR FOR YEARS, and just about anything can happen. Except one thing - you will certainly NOT get a decent picture. Even if the flash actually works with any degree of regularity; and usually it goes on the blink at the sight of some poor posing cross-dresser!

Now - go for a private "photographic evening" with a semi-professional or "skilled amateur" transvestite photographer and you will be driven round the bend! You will pose in an attic like a refrigerator or an oven. Or in a sitting room full of inconvenient furniture. There will be static lighting which, if it elects to work, will sear your make-up. There will be much posing of you in hideously non-flattering angle shots or worst of all, "cardid" exposures. You will either freeze or roast for long periods while exposure meters, charts, data and God knows what else are studied. You will be instructed to say "cheese" until you even start to feel hungry for it; finally, when no further tooth-baring strain can be endured and you relax into a sullen and defeated scowl, THEN the shutter will click:

Later - oh so much later that you have forced the whole dreadful night into the lumber-room of your memory - you will be confronted with horrid, glossy, black and white, high-contrast prints produced solely to amuse the photographer himself one wet evening. You will say silently to yourself "God grant that I never really did look like that. But if, in fact, I really did - then let Him grant that I have improved in the months since those shattering pictures were taken!"

But the most probable result of your anguished evening will be that your photographer will call you up the next day and say "We'll have to get together again, honey! I was so worried about that new wig I was wearing yesterday that I forgot to put a film in the camera!"

GET WELL MESSAGE

Temporary wiring electrician, Mick Saliba, is now recuperating after having his tpsno;s re,pved at Williamstown Hospital.

Mick is probably the most popular member of the entire ships services team, and his many friends extend to him their best wishes for a complete and speedy recovery.

HURRY BACK, MICK, ALL THE BOYS MISS YOU ...

.... AND, no doubt, just can't wait to learn exactly what it was that you did have "re,pved" in the Hospital!

DATE FOR YOUR ANXIOUS DIARY.

1984.

11 February MONTHLY SOCIAL EVENING at the home of Past President, JOCELYN at 8.00pm. This is in a quiet road and there is plenty of kerbside parking outside. The address, 19 Leopold Crescent, MONT ALBERT 3127.  
Be as early as you can!

? March As yet there is no venue available for a MONTHLY SOCIAL EVENING in March but maybe something suitable will occur to your Committee in due course. They will TRY not to make it the Y.W.C.A.! I hope!

EXPERIENCES OF A TRANSVESTITE JOB HUNTER.

When I first arrived to live in Australia, eleven years ago, two things were happening; that is apart from a Labour government just getting into its stride in characteristically fouling up anything which might be good while devising new and better ways to economic ruin. These were, firstly, the springing up all around of Massage Parlours (quite lush, with beautiful girls, in those days!); and, secondly, I was keen on the idea, having given up work as a male, of going back to some pleasant treadmill as a female. After a study of the papers, I wrote to two prospective employers who I thought might, at least, give me a laugh if not a job and in due course got invitations to attend for interview - both on the same day.

Let us take the first - first! A large and impressive firm of Funeral Furnishers wanted "a qualified lady as Company Secretary" and, to my peculiar sense of humour, that seemed a splendid opportunity. Only a few very large invoices to worry about, no massive credit control problem, no striking labourers; and lots of lovely books to browse through, full of hilarious little memorial doggerel poems such as "WE DID NOT KNOW GEORGE WAS NOT THERE - UNTIL WE SAW HIS EMPTY CHAIR!" and so on. And you could have bought yourself two Company Secretaries where I had come from, for the salary which was offered! And how nice for my friends back in Wales to be able to christen me "PAULA THE DEATH" or "PAULA OAK COFFIN"!

On the morning of my interviews I decided, with regard to the solemnity of the premises I was to visit, to put on my Best Black. Everything - Bible Black, indeed! And it so happened that, after weeks at sea, the only immaculate wig I had available was a black page-boy one with a deep fringe.

Arrived in the city, my statutory half-an-hour early, I went to the Loo of the Australia Hotel to view myself in its lovely long mirror which captured you, full length, as soon as you entered the door. I was thunder-struck at the madly kinky image the mirror hurled at me. A CREATURE - was the only suitable sobriquet! But quite immaculate, I felt. Costly black, pencil-skirted costume, tight as a second skin and stopping just above the knees; off-black, sexy stockings; very high-heeled stiletto shoes from Fredericks of Hollywood; black kid gloves; black feathered skull-cap. And a somewhat dramatic pale make-up with dark red lips. "Dracula's Daughter Hits Melbourne" - I thought I always think in newspaper headlines!

Well what had I to lose? Nothing! It's quite amazing, when you have sweet fanny adams to lose, how casual and insouciant you can be about the prospect of losing it.

Inside the Great Undertaker's richly mournful premises I got my first surprise; the pretty and chatty little receptionist was All In WHITE! And before I could even state my business she said merrily, "Oh! I'm sure you've come to see our General Manager, Mr ....." I said that was quite right but how on earth did she know. She smiled broadly and spoke to someone on the intercom. Then she said "Mr ..... will be sending down Miss Jolly, his present Secretary, to take you upstairs!". I asked again just how she had been so sure I had come to see her General Manager and she said "Just wait until you meet Miss Jolly and you'll soon see - you and she are going to get on like a house on fire!" Then she turned back to her typing job of sending out Very Large Invoices to The Dead.

I sat down to periodicals which must have been old when their first customer fell due for burying and a few minutes later I saw, coming down the great ornamental stairway, a woman - another CREATURE! Clearly this was Miss Jolly whom I planned to replace. Let me tell you how she was dressed! Costly black pencil-skirted costume, tight as a second skin and stopping just above the knees; off-black, sexy stockings; very high-heeled shoes (outdoors I felt sure she <sup>also</sup> wore black kid gloves and a black feathered skull-cap). And, wouldn't you know?, she wore a dramatic pale make-up, dark red lips AND a black page-boy, fringed coiffure!

We took a long, cool, look at one another and decided we did not care for what we saw. Understandably, we did NOT get on like a house on fire - we got on like a train disaster! And as she conducted me upstairs to Mr....., I could hear the Nice Little White Receptionist laughing like a mountain stream in my Welsh Hills.

I did NOT GET THE JOB! Mr..... must have been utterly baffled by the sight of Miss Jolly and The Lady Paula Howard sitting there before him, each it seemed devoted to sartorially sending up the other. Any way - what did he need with me? He already had one just like that!

(continued overleaf)

I said a cheery farewell to the The White Lady Of The Switches and went off to my Massage Parlour appointment which, believe it or not, was in St. George's Road in Toorak. I little thought then, in Kew, that I would a year later be living in that Rich Folks' Suburb. To my delight the place was owned and managed by a society-type lady with a lovely Viennese accent. The house had a big garden and massive wrought iron gates, two features which, after the high living of South Africa, gave me a nice warm feeling. The lady was not deceived by my dressing for more than a few minutes but quickly decided that a competent transexual, well dressed, would be rather a suitable gimmick as Receptionist.

I lasted for eight months serving Madame in many interesting and quite enjoyable ways apart from greeting the visitors and sounding inviting over the phone. Then we closed down in the face of the massive expansion in the number of Melbourne parlours, the entry of criminal pressure boys - and the amazing slide down-market of both premises and the sort of girls they employed. It was good fun while it lasted - not even a hint of drugs, never any aggro or standing-over. A real up-market operation! I am still honoured by an annual invitation - a re-union for Class of '72, I call it - to Madame's Christmas Party down in Mount Eliza.

One final reflection, not on Funeral Furnishing but on Massage Parlours. Remember Air Hostesses? While they still called them that and not Stewardesses or, worse still, Flight Attendants? In those days they were chosen almost entirely for Beauty and Charm and quite often they did, in no time after recruitment, marry some millionaire passenger. Well, in the Sexy Sixties, until suddenly everybody rushed into the business, Massage Parlours did exist in exclusive suburbs; and the girls had much the same charm and beauty - and marriage expectations - as the Air Hostesses of the Fabulous Fifties.

Sic Transit Gloria ██████:

## A life that Rose to the occasion

ROSE Jackson, an ageing but elegant transvestite entertainer tells the story of her life and her loves in a new late night show at Kinselas.

In an often funny, sometimes sad and frequently philosophical cabaret she dances, mimes and sings of the circumstances that have influenced her existence from the moment she was born Barry in 1935. She reflects on her 48 years as a person who always felt there had been a bad mistake: she should have been a woman.

In the 1950s she began hounding 20th Century Fox for pictures of Marilyn Monroe which she framed and put under the glass of a coffee table. She was dubbed Rose by one of Fox's young publicity men who became her first love. The name Rose actually came from Marilyn's role as Rose Loomis in the 1953 film *Viaqara*.

Rose also idealised Lana Turner, copying her dress whenever she got the opportunity - and anyone who dares to be different within society but who craves respect, acceptance and love from that society has a difficult task finding such opportunity. Yet, David Mitchell and David Penfold have won respect and admiration for Rose in their sensitively written biography, *Rose's Turn*.

### Cabaret

Rose's Turn  
Kinselas, Sydney

Not many years ago, police were able to arrest drag queens if they were not wearing men's underwear. This amusing little legality was parodied in *It's No Sin to Wear a Frock* and D.J. Foster's natural tummy over-hang was an asset in a great send-up of an anti-poofter cop.

Every time Rose left the stage, occasionally for less than a minute, she returned with a different costume. Mostly variations of feather boas and sequins, and sequins and feather boas. She managed 14 of these remarkably quick manoeuvres.

The history of the Sydney drag scene has been well recorded in *Rose's Turn*, and always with a witty-touch. For example, Capricious was described as it was 'before arson and amyl-nitrate raised their ugly heads'.

Rose has made her turn entertaining and enlightening.

Rose is shown as an honest and open person who says of herself "on mature reflection" that it all may not have been such a bad mistake; she is now content with life and whatever happened in the past was worth the worry.

### SUSAN BREDOW

#### YOUR EDITOR'S NOTE.

I have been more than pleased to cull and gently re-arrange this sensitive crit by SUSAN BREDOW from Australia's only adult morning paper "THE AUSTRALIAN".

I became conscious of ROSE JACKSON as a bright star in the Drag firmament shortly after I arrived in Sydney and very much wanted to meet her. I felt, instinctively, that she would have much of real worth - as distinct from Drag Queen Gay Gossip - to tell me about Living As A Lady In Australia, a course I felt sure she was taking, too - over and above and beyond her Show-biz activity. Then I moved to, and settled in, MELBOURNE and the opportunity was lost. But I still cherish the wish for a long and exploratory chat with her one day. And especially because it would seem that though 12 years have passed, ROSE JACKSON has not only surmounted many social obstacles but retained her built-in elegance and superiority on what, in Australia, is so widely and loosely categorised as "THE DRAG SCENE".

Her article "I'll Just Be An Older Woman!" in the book "DRAG SHOW" (in our library) is well worth your study. None of us gets any younger - or any better!

LADY PAULA HOWARD.

A VISIT TO SEAHORSE VICTORIA AT MELBOURNE

We have received this account of a visit to your Club and, in particular, to the late Editor, Barbra [REDACTED] from our "Magazine Only" Member, JOYCE of NARROWALLEE in NEW SOUTH WALES. She refers to her Beaumont Society membership in which connection we should explain that this comes in two stages. One may be an Ordinary Member, with very limited facilities beyond receiving their BEAUMONT BULLETIN, without any personal interview. One may then pass on to SPONSORED MEMBERSHIP, which includes being able to write to and socially contact other Members, only after being interviewed and, if approved, "sponsored" by some existing SPONSORED MEMBER. In this case, the Sponsoring Member was Barbra. This is what JOYCE tells us: "She ( ALICE FURNELL, Beaumont's OVERSEAS REGIONAL ORGANISER ) suggested that I contact Barbra Burrows for an interview, but as she lived in Perth, some 3000 miles away, I decided to let the matter of my Sponsorship drop. However later I noted that Barbra had moved to Melbourne. As Melbourne is a mere 500 miles, I decided to write to her and we arranged a meeting at her home in Box Hill.

I set out the day before, dressed for my long drive in a short-sleeved floral blouse, green slacks and flat brown walking shoes. By four O'clock that afternoon I had covered four hundred miles and as I was not meeting Barbra until the following evening, I decided to book in at a motel for the night. A shower and a change into a dress soon freshened me up and, after dinner, I went to bed and soon fell asleep. The next day was only a short run to where I was staying in Melbourne so I decided to wear a blouse and skirt instead of slacks. I then looked around the shops.

In the evening I put on a floral short-sleeved dress, red high-heeled shoes and took a red handbag to match. I had no difficulty in finding Barbra's house as her directions had been excellent. We had a pleasant evening together and as SEAHORSE VICTORIA were having a social evening on the following day, it was arranged that we should meet again at her house and go along together.

For the evening I wore a very full white skirt with a blue and green motif and a top to match which had no sleeves - just two narrow shoulder straps - and finished off with white high-heeled shoes and jewellery. I felt 100% and had a very happy evening, even meeting another Beaumont girl, Linda Grace.

The next morning I left the motel at 7 a.m. to face the journey home. Apart from a few early mist patches, I had a good run, keeping the speedometer needle around the sixty miles per hour mark. A short lunch break and I was home at six in the evening."

JOYCE [REDACTED].

MAGAZINE-ONLY MEMBERSHIP ( for INTER-STATE and OVERSEAS readers).

With the current, and increasing, costs of Paper, Copying and Mailing your Club cannot, for much longer, support the sending out of the BULLETIN to those who have either never been Members or who have "dropped out".

Accordingly we beg leave to draw to your attention our "MAGAZINE ONLY" Subscription which is available to any interested party whose permanent place of residence is outside the State of VICTORIA.

This facility is, of course, open to OVERSEAS readers and, in fact, most of these Members that we have to date, reside in NEW ZEALAND, the U.S.A. and GREAT BRITAIN. "MAGAZINE ONLY" Members, visiting Melbourne, will be invited to any Club functions occurring during their stay.

The "MAGAZINE ONLY" Subscription is \$15:00 per annum and any requests for joining should be addressed to the Secretary/Treasurer at G.P.O.Box 2337V, Melbourne, Victoria, AUSTRALIA.

ABUSE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

This being the season for making Senseless Good ( and Bad ) Resolutions, your Editor has resolved to make no further comment on Bad Spelling, Sloppy Sentence Construction (Syntax), Incomprehensible ( to the conventionally schooled ) Vernacular and such. After cursory discussion with a local person charged, it would seem, with the education of the young, and who feels that provided you can be understood, any butchering of the Language of Milton and Shakespeare is acceptable, your Editor has decided, no further to stimulate her choler in such matters. As and from 1 February, all the worst excesses and crimes of what is laughingly called "The Educational System" will be calmly accepted as just a part of The Great Australian Cultural Ethic. ( Other Trans-genderist Publications, domestic and foreign, please copy.)