

Dear Alice

Enc. please find a mag send to me, for you

Thanks for a super party on Friday, Polly is
With Compliments sending you a Bon Mt

Keep well, Blessed Be, Love David.



THE BEAUMONT SOCIETY

BM BOX 3084

LONDON

WC1N 3XX

Ms Alice Pennell

With the Compliments of

THE SEAHORSE CLUB OF VICTORIA

G P O Box 2337V

MELBOURNE VIC 3001

AUSTRALIA

Lynette


Secretary



BULLETIN - NOVEMBER 1983.

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

Love is ...



... letting him wear your things.

EDITORIAL.

The Editorial or Leader Articles of any good publication should, except on special occasions, express the opinions of that journal on matters of real importance. Important to its Editor if to no-one else! In the earlier series of this BULLETIN - that is before the now mercifully retired Committee's ridiculous Palace Revolution - we usually tried to do that. We say "tried" because it is a trifle difficult to express opinions on matters of importance when nothing much seems to happen - ever!

This month your Editor is going to permit herself the liberty of merely making a few sober comments about whatever maybe currently interesting her in the general Cross Dressing scene; and about which she hopes you may like to know, and share, her thoughts.

Firstly, let us take a look at the scene, AUSTRALIA-WIDE and starting at home with MELBOURNE. SEAHORSE VICTORIA continues to be, as it has been for some years now, the only significant association of Cross-Dressers in the country. With all its defects as a Social club - and they have been many due to attempts to regard it as some sort of Crisis Centre or "Knickers Anonymous" - it goes on, year after year. It has a formal Constitution; it has always around 70 paid-up Members; it has a worthwhile Library; it meets for Social Purposes regularly; and, except when inhibited by intellectually worthless committee action, it has a promptly and regularly produced BULLETIN, designed to amuse and inform, which is even read quite a lot Overseas. There is, so we are reliably informed, no such healthy situation in any of the other Australian Capital Cities! Let us dilate on this.

ADELAIDE has never been numerically strong but, in the past, as your Editor knows well from frequent visits there, it made up in quality and individual and group enthusiasm, what it lacked in numbers. However, in the past two years it has suffered gravely, it would seem, from crises of "management" and in "identity". When we visited the City of Churches in August 1982 and in May 1983 we gained the impression, from both local and country Members and ex-Members, that any social activity by SEAHORSE is at a very low level compared with its earlier years. We much regret this decline and, even more, the probable root causes at which we can do rather more than merely guess. We greatly look forward to its return to form!

BRISBANE and PERTH have never enjoyed any really worthwhile degree of club strength and substantially nothing has been happening there for a very long time. That is, of course, unless you are naïve enough to count as a club, two or three Cross Dressers who just happen to know one another as such and occasionally, without formality, do get together in the mutual interest. We greatly applaud this "getting together" but, in no way, can it be said to constitute a CLUB!

We now, sadly, come to SYDNEY and New South Wales at large. In the days of such militant cross-dressers as TRINA BEAUMONT, JULIA WHITE, WENDY GRAY, ROSEMARY HONG-KONG and quite a few other non-closet types, it was the birthplace of SEAHORSE in Australia and the inspiration for SEAHORSE action in all the other cities. In the years that it flourished (1972/79), a very active group within the membership, and generally led by TRINA, did many interesting and adventurous things in the field of Overt Transvestism and General Facing Up To Society In
(continued overleaf)

EDITORIAL (continued)

Femme Gear. Approaches to Government; Talking to the Police; Open Seminars With Many NON-TVs; Appearances on Television and Radio; Dining Out in Luxury Restaurants—they did them all. Often! Even a mass penetration, to spend a whole week-end, of the Sydney Hilton! Every month, it seemed, the patter of little size-ten high-heels could be heard in some new and public place! And then, quite suddenly, and as at ADELAIDE, the spectre of a Management Crisis loomed up and, in no time there was nothing.

There have been several attempts to resurrect it out of the ashes of its former success but they have always depended on the enthusiasm, skill and sheer hard work of only one, or maybe two, people. When these folk have fallen ill, or just become disenchanted, the club has effectively folded again.

At the moment, we are told, SEAHORSE in Sydney is still alive; but only just. At an August meeting only eight people showed up and elected, in 1982/3, no Officers because of lack of sufficient interest in the holding of an Annual General Meeting for that purpose. We see this as very sad indeed!

Considering the above tale of Rise and Fall, we invite complacent SEAHORSE VICTORIA members - and we have too many - to reflect upon the seemingly inherent impermanence and fragility of the so-called Organised Transvestism. Yours is, and so far has been, a very stable club but without your affirmed, active support it can fade just like all the others. You now have what is probably the first really effective executive in your Club's history. Come out, pay up - and really support it!

We have been noted, in the past, for slating successive SEAHORSE VICTORIA Committees for inexperience, lack of courage, closet-mindedness and preference to natter and defer to any problem (or proposal) instead of meeting it promptly - and head on. We have said - and we repeat - that large committees, in any sort of club hold up, instead of creating, progress. This is usually because most of its members have no specific job to do and just chatter, endlessly, pointlessly and with impressive ignorance. All business is just a gentle prelude to drinking coffee and wolfing fruit-cake!

This year - thanks to Allah - SEAHORSE VICTORIA chose only two Committee members in addition to the President and other Office Bearers and, before the next business meeting is over, even these two will have specific jobs to do, we predict. Accordingly, and provided the Chair is occupied firmly and knowledgeably, there should, in 1983/84, be a maximum of ACTION.

AT LAST! "The Committee You Have When You Are Not Having A Committee!"



"It all started when I was assigned to the 'Decoy Squad' to impersonate a woman . . ."



"Organdy party dresses at home, little black evening dresses at the office—as a transvestite, my son is a joke."

"WHERE HAVE ALL THE LADIES GONE?" (contd.)

Readers of our October 1983 BULLETIN will remember that, in repeating to you, out of Ariadne Kane's journal OUTREACH, the opinions of a certain Ms. M.P. Allen gained on her visits to FANTASIA FAIR, we said that this was her "first contact" with Cross Dressing. We now find that this was not so and what now follows will make that quite clear:

Ms Allen tells us:

" Six years ago, while having breakfast in a New Orleans hotel on the last day of the Mardi Gras, I was confronted with a room full of men in long sequinned dresses, butterfly eyelashes and cascading hair-pieces.

Being a photographer, my initial interest was strictly visual but intervening years have taken me well beyond that. Although I have wondered at the differences between men and women and explored them all my life, I never imagined that entering the mysterious world of the Cross-Dresser would prove a rare opportunity for increasing my understanding or would give me access to so many wonderful people and surreal adventures."

(Shortly after that New Orleans visit, Ms Allen and her husband, who was not a Cross-Dresser, were invited to a party in New York at an establishment which few Drag Queens would claim not to have heard of. This was LEE's MARDI GRAS BOUTIQUE and of course the party was almost entirely CD. She was a trifle apprehensive about her "straight" husband, fearing that he would be surrounded by eager queens like flies around a honey pot because she imagined, at this stage of her knowledge of CD, that men who dressed as women must do so to attract other men. Ms Allen with this in her mind goes on:)

"So I resigned myself to an evening of relative obscurity, similiar to a night at Fire Island!"

(The Fire Island Ms Allen refers to is New York's most famous homosexual community)

"The space at LEE's was dark, noisy and filled to capacity with CDs in cocktail dresses. To my surprise, once I was spotted as a GG, I found myself somewhat in the limelight. It seemed that almost everybody wanted to tell me about himself. First, most of them wanted me to know that they were straight, not gay drag queens or prostitutes, but married men with families and respectable jobs. One reason offered was that it was a way of relaxing from ultra macho jobs.

Arnold, a business executive, became much friendlier as FLORENCE and believes that she saves Arnold from getting ulcers.

..... I was seduced by all the openness and unexpected intimacy I was offered. Like many photographers, a natural voyeur and eavesdropper, I found myself happy to listen to personal stories and intimate details that might normally never be revealed in many years of close friendship.....

I was excited by the way they looked - by their fantasy of Woman-and I enjoyed their good-humoured posing. They were colourful and exotic - a photographer's dream"

And so, via being an observer at 1980 FANTASIA FAIR, Ms Allen found herself Official Photographer at the 1981 event of which my readers will already have heard something. We now go on to further impressions:

"The roads were flooding but the Awards Banquet was scheduled and we had to get there - Michelle, Betty Anne, Grace (an afro-wigged, sweet faced CD from Michigan), Vicky and I piled into Linda and Lucy's car. The Awards Banquet was held by candlelight (all electric power having failed!). ARIADNE, herself, was the Mistress of Ceremonies"

Ms Allen now tells about her Official Photography station at

SPECIFIC JOBS - COMMITTEE MEMBERS (see Editorial - Page 2).

- MARINA L [] - Shopping Investigator and Shopping Guide; Convenor Ball and Dinner Parties; Escorts Register; Editorial Assistance (production matters).
MARCIA F [] - Skills Register - if approved and implemented by the Committee (see Page 5). Special Projects - as and when!

FANTASIA FAIR. Photography is a large thing in the CD life of most CDs and I have often said, with cynicism but some degree of truth, I claim, that few CDs would be so happy without a P.O.Box and a Camera. In the same way that Professor Walters would have far fewer candidates for the so-called Sex Change if one of the conditions of having it was that you forswore, for all time, the wearing of skirts and dresses and make-up! But I digress a trifle! Back to Ms Allen:

"The October weather..... was perfect and I wandered happily taking pictures of whatever seemed interesting; Betty Ann and Michelle's nightly pajama parties, rehearsals for the Fan/Fair Follies; Malinda at the Bar.

I hung sheets in my hotel suite as back-drops for portrait sessions and Grace, a former commercial photographer, volunteered to help me, I soon found out how much I needed^{her} (Grace of course was one of the CDs). I did not know how to put men into feminine poses! It was a subject Grace had studied carefully.

The individual sitting for me wanted a portrait of himself as his femme self and there he was, applying his make-up carefully, styling his hair, picking his jewelery and special outfits to capture his fantasy of himself.

When I made suggestions for positions, my sitters looked bolder, more aggressive. When Grace took over, they looked more demure and coy!

Some came with only one outfit - one look. Others came to play. Dorothy started out as a sweet little lady in tweeds and turned herself into Mae West for the end. Wendy (we've already heard about her! ED.) the breezy, engaging first-timer at Fantasia Fair came direct from a make-up lesson and was bubbling with excitement..... she brought at least four outfits to be photographed in."

Ms Allen also observed:

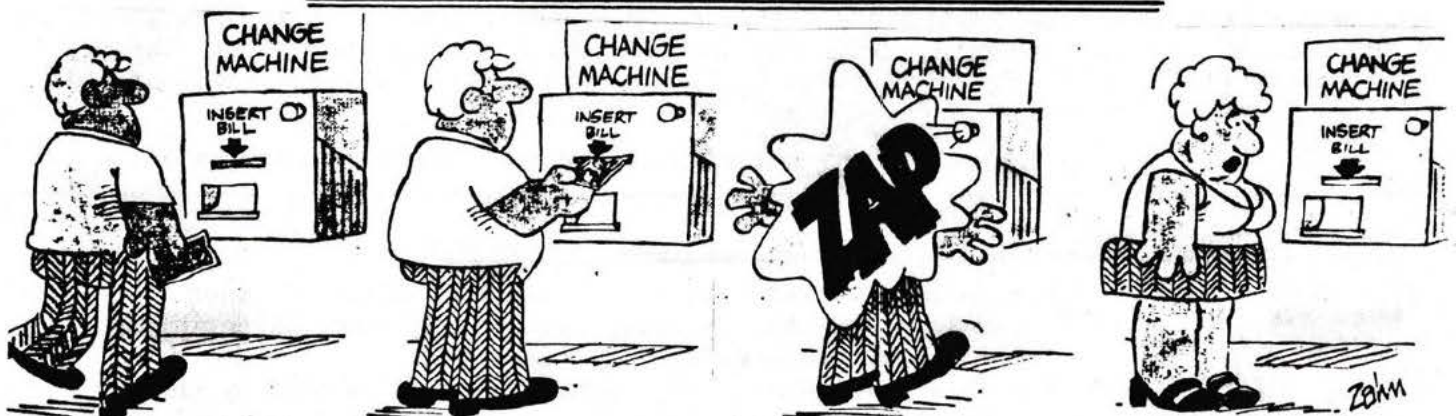
" When an unsophisticated TV puts on make-up it looks like a Forty-Second Street hooker/ The other clients in the beauty parlor were curious too and wanted to see what works on a guy.

When Grace posed for me, my lingering doubts about the honesty of the portraits finally disappeared. Although Grace knew how to pose..... psychological insight still came through. The essence of Grace was there and in revealing that essence, GREG too was revealed...What I saw was the vulnerability, the humanity that lay behind the masks of Grace and Greg. I felt immensely grateful for her sharing this with me."

What must SEAHORSE VICTORIA, after being charmed by the foregoing and wishing they could attend FANTASIA FAIR, learn from that?

I think the first thing is what I set out to try to stimulate last month; that the attendance of GGs at CD occasions is a great social blessing. The second is that Photograph Evenings might attract many of our Members; and thirdly, the discontinuation of the Big Seminars held at North Sydney in 1976 and 1977, which were really a scaled down Fantasia Fair, is greatly to be regretted. Just for the hell of it, later in this issue I will find space for a re-print of a part of Feature Writer Annabel Frost's article on the first of the Australian Seminars. You will note that she too was seeing her first "CDs in Bulk" but, unlike Ms. Allen in the U.S.A. she was a touch unkind!

Or were the Cross Dressers at FANTASIA much happier, forthcoming and generally extroverted than those ANNABEL FROST met at Australia's TRANSEMINAR? I personally found Annabel a lot of fun and far from censorious!



LOO TOPICS AND TECHNIQUES!

We are far from Closet Minded, as we think all members who know us will admit but, in view of the opening paragraph of the CLEO article on our own Page Seven, we thought we might say a word. It may, we suppose, have really been the practice of N.S.W. Non-Closet CDs, out in public, to pay visits to MEN'S lavatories but, frankly, we doubt it! We have always felt that, in Ladies' Loos, provided you are behaving yourself and don't hang around, you are quite safe. On the other hand to enter a Mens Loo, painted and femme gear, would be to make almost certain of some sort of aggro! As far as your Editor is concerned, she has used The Ladies at places as widely spaced as Buckingham Palace (Visitors) and The Melbourne Cricket Ground and would DIE rather than patronise anything other than that!

NEW BOOK REVIEW.

We are obliged to Ms Ariadne Kane of HUMAN OUTREACH for information about a new book which our own LIBRARY might do well to buy. This book, by Professor E. NEWTON is available from The Outreach Institute and costs \$US 6.95 PLUS \$US 1.50 for postage and packing. We are told that, for two years, the Professor did field investigation on the World of Female Impersonation and this book is entitled:

MOTHER CAMP - A STUDY OF FEMALE IMPERSONATORS
IN AMERICA.

The professor is a GG and she spent lots of time in noisy bars, chaotic theatrical dressing rooms and the cheap apartments (sic) and hotels that are the life of burlesque drag queens. She has compiled largely from in-depth interviews of many queens and tells in a lively manner of their life-styles. As we all know only too well, there is much confusion concerning the imagined - and often real - connection between Stage Drag Queens and those who "drag up" primarily to attract men; and the Transvestism of both Stage folk and "Hobbyists" such as SEAHORSE and F.P.E. and BEAUMONT; and between the homosexual and the non-homosexual Cross Dressers. This book may do much to disperse this confusion. To quote the review in OUTREACH:

" Her sensitivity about the nature of this art/entertainment form is reflected in her writing about particular 'stage' queens who shared with her the joys and the problems of their work and daily lives. The book is a trenchant statement of the social forces that shape the arbitrary nature of gender roles"

SKILLS REGISTER.

Do you ever find you would like advice or an interesting discussion about something which currently worries, puzzles or engrosses you? We are thinking mainly about something in the areas of your hobbies or special interests; or perhaps in building or repairing something for your house which is, of course, just a temporary "hobby". But could be, conceivably, a medical, legal or social problem.

If you belong to a club - such as SEAHORSE - there may well be within its body of members, someone who could help you and would be glad to. That is, if you only knew about his special knowledge - and he knew about your problem.

Why, then, do not we compile a register of members who are willing to assist or give assistance to other members and the areas in which they would be willing to give advice and/or assistance?

This would of course embrace purely CD areas as well as "straight". For example, Make-up, Dress, Department, Being Out in Public, Getting a Legal Femme Name and so on.

The Committee should think about the practical advantages of this, your Editor suggests.

NAME BROOCHES.

Those who attended the 8 October Social Evening will know that the much needed provision of Name Brooches which was suggested by a Member at the Annual General Meeting has already been implented. If you did not attend, then come to the next one and you will get yours. If at the end of a Social occasion you prefer, for some reason, NOT to take your Brooch home with you then just hand it in to the Secretary before you leave.

CLOTHES AND THE WOMAN (PART TWO)

Knowing what suits you - and suits the occasion - is a gift of God. You either have it or you do not; and most Real Ladies, let alone we synthetic ones, don't! If you haven't been so blessed there is still quite a lot you can do about it - that is, once you have recognised the lack on your part and boldly faced up to it.

Firstly, you can experiment until you find a style of dressing or a "look" which makes you feel good, which looks right in your long mirror and may even earn you grunts of approval from CD and/or straight friends. The great disadvantage of this method is that such friends usually either cannot or will not give you really honest and valid opinions. But worse still, experimenting blindly is very expensive and will usually leave you with a whole wardrobe of discarded disasters and grave disappointments. So what then?

The second method - and the best one - is to resort to the opinions and assistance of some kind, knowledgeable and interested Real Lady who is prepared to be sympathetically involved with your special needs. If you happen to be married to this paragon - so much the better! BUT - she MUST possess the taste and the judgement that you, yourself, lack. Just a "second opinion" is not enough. Also she must have the willingness not only to choose for you in your early stages of your CD development but also to teach you, in due course, to be able to choose for yourself, criticising your efforts sternly but constructively as you learn. Over the years I have known quite a few of such ladies and their work in bringing to shining satisfaction, their initially unpromising husbands has been quite surprising to those who do not know the secret. As a matter of interest, SEAHORSE VICTORIA currently has several members who have wives who obviously (to me) could help their usually unsuitably dressed husbands but, sadly, are certainly not doing so!

Now to the question of having AN EYE FOR THE RIGHT MERCHANDISE. You can make some awful and costly mistakes in QUALITY, in FIT and in COLOUR at the hands of either unhelpful or too helpful sales ladies once you are in the store. The approval of these naturally biased sales people must always be treated with much reserve; they do not have to suffer the pain of ever seeing you in that awful dress again! If you do not really know how to judge the potentiality of a dress or a skirt or a blouse - then take someone else along with you who does!

Unless for some odd reason you cannot face up to this, ALWAYS TRY ON IN THE SHOP. Once in the cubicle take as much time as you want. Never allow the staff to hurry you; or come inside to "help" you unless that is really what you want.

Be wary of Sale Items and "Bargains". Special Promotional Dresses and, even more so, Promotional Dress Ranges at helpful prices are O.K. as they will merely have been made specially by some under-employed factory to draw attention to an already established Store or "Label". A bit like "specials" in the supermarket. But plain "bargains" - BEWARE as these are usually the Buyer's mistakes and disasters which she made earlier in the year after a nice long lunch and lots of gin with the dress manufacturer's hospitable traveller or sales manager!

NOW FOR THE HARD BIT! The wearing and general carrying-off of lovely clothes once you have acquired them. I first came out, in public, at South Africa's premier race meeting which, like the Melbourne Cup, is as much a day for fashionable ladies as for thoroughbred horses. That was in 1956 and since then I can only think of, perhaps, forty or fifty ladies (of any sex) that I've met and who have consistently been well and attractively dressed at all times. That is whether in the expensive cottons and silks of summer or in the costly brocades and jerseys of winter.

But those forty or fifty splendid dressers, I recall, wore always garments which were simple in design but of brilliantly chosen fabrics. These simple dresses (did you see Mrs Wran, with her Premier husband, on Parkinson's show on the telly?) were not only most carefully selected but worn with impressive panache. Comparing Jill Wran with Hazel Hawke is most instructive!

I cannot now remember who it was that used to insist that "Style Is Everything!" but he or she was most certainly right. I only wish that he/she had thought to add that "Style is Nothing without Poise and Quiet Confidence":

FLASH-BACK TO THE SEAHORSE GOLDEN YEARS!

(reprinted with grateful acknowledgements to the proprietors of the Glossy "CLEO")

**AUSTRALIA'S FIRST TRANSVESTITE SEMINAR**

Why do some men, macho in every other way, dress up in women's clothes? Australia's transvestite community came out of the closet to try to find the answer; and Annabel Frost filed this report from the first national transvestite seminar.

ADAM WAUGH suggested that they would cause less havoc in the women's toilets than in the men's but the organisers were adamant. "It's against the law for us to use women's toilets," said Trina, secretary of the Seahorse Club, covertly adjusting his bra strap. "But we're used to walking into the men's dressed like this and we can handle it."

The Seahorse Club is for heterosexual transvestites. Six hundred of them have joined since it started five years ago. The Transseminar weekend at NSW's Newport Inn-Motel was their first public do. Proprietor Adam Waugh was approached by Trina whose voice over the phone is unmistakably male and he readily agreed to provide conference facilities for 100 people. The details were sprung on him later. "By the way it's for transvestites. Do you still want to go through with it?" Waugh did a doubletake. "I'm a businessman," he said gallantly. "It doesn't make any difference at all."

It wasn't as simple as that. The normal form of address to a guest dressed in a frock at the Newport Inn-Motel is "Mrs"; but many Seahorse members were accompanied by their wives. Were both partners to be called "Mrs"? The dilemma was resolved quickly. "First names for every-

one," said Trina, "and that includes my mother-in-law who'll be coming along too." The conference was due to begin at 9.30 on Saturday morning. Waugh expeditiously arranged to have his public accountants' seminar off the premises by Saturday breakfast. But 40 transvestites checked in on Friday night. With a deep breath Waugh introduced everyone. No point in hoping that the new group would pass unnoticed. The "two groups gelled instantly."

"It takes time to work out whether to behave as though to a prankster, an elderly female relative, a sister or simply man to man," said one of the benumbed accountants, "but the confusion wears off eventually. It's clearly not a joke; they're not camp and they're not expecting old-world courtesies. Polite and friendly, that's the key to communication I reckon."

The first function was tea and lamingtons on the terrace. Dressing up at home or for an evening out with the family is one thing; fronting up to 50 other TVs and members of the public is another. Everyone, TVs and non-TVs alike, suffered from over-exposure — 50 dyneel wigs, 45 of them slightly askew; 50 chalked and crayoned faces melting in the unseasonable heat; 50 pairs of feet squeezed painfully into spiky stiletto

CLEO - JULY 1976.

shoes. Shoes are TVs' biggest buying problem. They don't like cloggies. They want 1950s winklepickers. Gradually other similarities in their choice of fashion could be noted. Most of them were dressed as middle-class, middle-aged women, circa 1950.

"Freudians say we're aping our mothers," said Paula, who could afford to be objective since he was the most elegant person there — one of the few who'd mastered the sit of his wig. "Behaviourists say we dress because the first time we masturbated we happened to be playing with Mummy's clothes."

That might explain transvestism if the incidence was one in 10,000 but experts put it at one to three per hundred. That's too many to fit the masturbation theory."

Everyone wants to know whether TVs dress up for sexual stimulation. Few TVs can be classified as fetishists because most of them dress up more often without sexual activity than for masturbation or intercourse. "If I'm in the mood for dressing," said Trina "and I've gone to bed in a nightdress I won't take it off to make love to my wife, but I don't need the nightdress to obtain an erection either."

One or two of the TVs, including Paula who looks as if he has stepped out of a Toorak Tupperware party and Fiona whose pectorals are limp enough to drop into a bikini top, are reasonably convincing as women. The majority are blatant imitation. This was perhaps best summed up by Bettina Arndt, editor of Forum who said: "None of you look like me or my friends. Instead you've chosen to caricature women." At that moment morale sagged palpably. In spite of the clumsy wigs, hairy arms and legs, male gait and make-up which in color and texture resembles Elastoplast, every TV claims that he wants to look indistinguishable from the real thing.

There's a fine distinction between wanting to look like a female and wanting to be taken for one. "We don't use female voices," said Wendy Gray, the Seahorse Club president, "and most dressing up is done among friends and family. Admittedly the greatest thrill is going dressed to a public function. My dream would be to go to a first night at the Opera House. This doesn't mean I'm getting my kicks from tricking people; it means that I like to be me with my own mannerisms and my own voice and my own conversation but looking stunning in female dress."

SPECIAL NOTICE TO 1982/83 (AND EARLIER) MEMBERS.

It has not been easy to get the resurrected BULLETIN going again but we believe, and hope you share that belief, that we have been able to restore it to its former standard, just as if it had never been discontinued.

We have made this effort because we have been told so often during the fourteen months when you had no significant written message from your Club each month that many members would be inclined to drop off the vine because, without BULLETIN, they felt that got virtually nothing for their annual subscription. This was, of course, particularly true of Country members and those who for other reasons are not able to attend the SEAHORSE VICTORIA monthly social gatherings.

At your Editor's special request the Secretary has sent this issue of BULLETIN (and the October one) to those who had not yet paid their 1983/84 Annual Subscription though it is supposed to go only to paid-up members.

This non-member distribution cannot, you will realise, continue and, if you are still, by the end of November, not a paid-up member then you are now reading the last issue you will receive.

Your Editor hopes that you will signal your approval of the revival of this journal by sending, promptly, your outstanding cheque for 1983/84. Despite inflation this remains at \$25:00.

THE HUB.

Having been loaned, by Marina, the Master Copy (should this not be MISTRESS Copy?) of Elaine Barrie's NU-SCENE we note that THE HUB Saturday Evenings still continue at 144 Adderley Street, West Melbourne. We are glad to see that Elaine keeps her NU-SCENE going (if ever there was a labour of love this it!) but we do wish she would go to the trouble of cleaning the keys of whatever piece of Office Machinery Curiosa she types its pages on. When we last saw it, a year ago ~~there~~ were only three letter keys bunged up with gunge. Now there are seven! And oh! The spelling and punctuation! Elaine! - you owe yourself (and your twenty-odd readers) better than this!!

ESCORT AGENCY.

Who would like to start one within SEAHORSE VICTORIA? Before there is a sudden rush of misunderstanding let us explain. In the palmier days of SEAHORSE SYDNEY and, over the years, in BEAUMONT in England, the advisability of CD folk wishing to go out in public having some sort of "companion" has been recognised. Few CDs feel entirely comfortable and safe from interference when out in public alone. Although, these days, their fears are largely exaggerated they still exist and what is one to do? Probably better than being entirely alone at, say, the movies, is to go with another dressed CD. Next in giving that secure feeling is to go out with a wife or girl-friend. But best of all, safest of all and most comforting of all is to have a male escort!

In BEAUMONT it is quite common for CD members to team up with other members on the basis that John esquires "Melinda" to some function and later, to square the account, Melinda's alter ego, David, goes straight and takes out John's femme self, "Lucinda" to some balancing occasion. Expenses? Well there are quite obviously many ways in which this can be equitably arranged.

Does the idea appeal to you? If so give your name and ideas to MARINA (a committee worker) and she will start to compile a register of willing escorts. Your Editor would like to just mention that she has been reliably informed that acting as escort to a convincing Cross Dresser and watching how the public react to her can be most aesthetically stimulating - sometimes even exciting! And quite safe!

Think about it!

Those friends who have paid up and accordingly will be reading our Christmas Number will note that, as foreshadowed in October, the name of your monthly journal. It will, in future, be styled THE AUSTRALIAN SEAHORSE BULLETIN (being the Monthly Journal of THE SEAHORSE CLUB OF VICTORIA). As you will note, we have not dropped the now familiar circular logo - which your Editor smartly nicked from the now defunct FEMINIQUE and adapted to Victoria - and we shall continue to display the "LOVE IS..." drawing until someone concerned sees fit to make us drop it!

PARIS BY FRIGHT

PARIS (AAP): By day the leafy glades of the Bois de Boulogne are a haven for joggers and picnicking families. But at night the famous Parisian park turns into a kind of sexual carnival, drawing thousands of transvestites, prostitutes, exhibitionists - and hordes of gawking tourists.

Worried French police call it the world's largest outdoor brothel.

Tourists in the 800ha park are targets for thugs, pickpockets and switch blade knives. And then there were the Brazilians. Over past months, every mass circulation tabloid has published reports on the flood of Brazilian transvestites who have been staking out greater stretches of the park since they first appeared there in 1977.

Then they numbered a few dozen, but now were estimated at 500. They have gradually intimidated the female prostitutes into a retreat to the edges of the park.

NEXT MONTH'S BULLETIN FEATURES:

Article - PROFILE OF A MALE SHOWGIRL. This, unless the "lady" concerned, on reading your Editor's draft for it, censors it too heavily, will tell you about the ideas and private life of one of MELBOURNE's Glitter and G-String Brigade.

Short Story - to appear in 3 or 4 parts - and entitled "THE CLEAN CATCH". It is about a more or less true occurrence when the life of two statesmen was saved by the instinctive action of a Transgenderist - or a Post-Op Transsexual maybe as the story doesn't tell us which. And who cares anyway?

SEAHORSE VICTORIA MEMBERSHIP POLICY.

If you are a serious, friendly and well-behaved CROSS-DRESSER then SEAHORSE VICTORIA exists for YOU! The Club is not interested in whether you are (or are not) Heterosexual, Homosexual, Bi-Sexual, Multi-Sexual or A-Sexual. If you are on your gay and heady way to Professor Walters' "Programme" - or on the way back if it comes to that - you will be just as welcome as if you are a mere "hobbyist" TV! Maybe even more welcome as you will have more to tell us about - if you WANT to talk about your experiences.

OBITUARY.

When your Editor left the luxury of life in South Africa and came to live in Australasia, it was at the invitation of a long-service CD with whom she had corresponded for some five years. At "Joan"'s invitation she went to live with her in Christchurch, New Zealand for a few blissful months prior to making her home in Melbourne. Joan was a dedicated Cross Dresser but worked out her great skill in transvestism, not in Clubs or Closet, but by appearing as a cabaret artiste all over New Zealand and always for worthwhile charities. She was unique in that her reputation never suffered by reason of her transvestism because all her business and socially straight friends, knowing of her cabaret activities thought this to be the extent of her femme dressing. Imagine the strain of keeping this reputation up!

Joan C. was known to many Australian CDs - particularly in Sydney - and her quite recent death as the indirect result of a wartime injury will be much regretted by those who had the honour to know her. R.I.P.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY.

- 1983.
- 31 October THE CUP EVE BALL at The Lincoln Reception Rooms, Trak Building (where the TRAK CINEMA is), TOORAK VILLAGE. Come straight or in femme gear - contemporary or period. \$30 a head with all food and drinks included. Contact MARINA LANG if you want to join her table.
- 3 November The VICTORIAN OAKS STAKES at Flemington. We include this in our calendar just so that we won't forget to put on our 1907 MY FAIR LADY gown and king-size hat and, once again, be the only CD in the Members' Enclosure!
- 12 November SOCIAL EVENING. Again, by kind invitation of Member, Janine [redacted], at 134 Rathdowne Street, CARLTON. On corner of PALMERSTON STREET and entrance in PALMERSTON STREET. It is intended to be a "FRENCH EVENING" so try and drag up as Madame Du Barrie (or Elaine Barrie if you prefer), Toulouse Lautrec (or Mme Lautrec), Zizi Jeanmaire, Gigi or just put on a striped jersey and a black beret and throw little women all round the room. Or come as just your usual Saturday Night TV self. We don't care - as long as you come!
- 10 December SEAHORSE CHRISTMAS DINNER in a Private Room at the President Motel, Queens Road, South Melbourne. This generous evening will only cost you \$15 a head, drinks included, as the Club will be subsidising the affair. We would like to see you in long or short formal gowns but if you don't have such glam gear - well COME ANYWAY!
FOR this occasion, YOU MUST BOOK! Hand or forward your booking and your cash or cheque not later than 30 November to The Treasurer, GPO Box 2337V, MELBOURNE 3001.

WHERE SEAHORSE VICTORIA MET - AND WHO CAME.

20th August 1983 - at MONT ALBERT by kind invitation of Past President JOCELYN.

As is usually the case with Home Entertainment, in our experience, this was a most pleasant and relaxed evening. These came:

Angela & Sonia; Belinda K; Carol S.; Jocelyn! ; Cora B; Debra & Lou; Elaine & Pat; Gail M; Greta H; Helen & Wanda; Jennifer B; Janine B; Jeanette R; Lesley T; Lynda G; Marina L; Marcia & Shirley; Peta Cogan; Paula L; Stevie & Sue F; and Lady Paula H.

10th September 1983 - The Annual General Meeting at the YWCA, and like most A.G.Ms -

and all evenings at the YWCA, a bleak and dreary evening! The following suffered it: Carol S; Angela & Sonia; Chantel P; Doreen P; Debra & Lou; Elaine & Pat; Janine B; Kay J; Lesley T; Lynda G; Lynette J; Lynette T; Marcia & Shirley; Michelle C; Peta C; Paula L; Stevie & Sue; Toni B; and your present Editor.

8th October 1983 - at the invitation of Janine [redacted] this was held in the charming ground floor flat at 134. Rathdowne Street, CARLTON; and as on earlier occasions, everybody enjoyed the evening; and also looked as if they were doing so! The following were smart enough to be with us:

Angela & Sonia; Belinda K; Chantel P; Cora B; Janine!; Jeanette & Sonya; Jessica & Janet; Lynda G; Lynette J; Marcia & Shirley; Marina L; Michelle C; Peta C; Stevie & Sue; Toni B; and The Editor.



"Sorry, but transvestites can only be associate members."



"Gee, Harold, when you said you wanted to get into my pants..."