

# THE AUSTRALIAN SEAHORSE BULLETIN

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## EDITORIAL.

This will be a very short Editorial - and a very sad one. We have felt it appropriate to give over the space to Committee Member, MARCIA [REDACTED] and partner, SHIRLEY for their IN MEMORIAM words concerning a recently departed friend of SEAHORSE VICTORIA.

WENDY [REDACTED] by MARCIA [REDACTED]

It is with great sadness that we must tell you of the loss of my dearest friend, WENDY.

Many will remember her, a gentle and sweet natured girl who not only accepted us but loved us for our feminine selves. Some will recall the fashion parade at H.I.A. House in November 1981 which was her idea, and which she presented for us; and remember her at the many meetings she came to where she lent a willing ear to all who spoke with her.

Tragically, no amount of the love and support freely offered by her many friends could overcome her own, apparently insurmountable, problems which led inexorably ( through anorexia ) to her untimely death.

Despite her own feelings of inadequacy and low self-esteem, she had the priceless gift of being able to build up her friends' confidence and sense of worth and, for that, I shall always remain in her debt.

SHIRLEY and I remember her with gratitude and miss her so sadly - as will all her friends and especially her sister.

May she rest in peace.

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We thought you would like to read this personal letter. The writer ROSEMARY [redacted] is a Doctor, a long service Member of both THE BEAUMONT SOCIETY and THE BEAUMONT TRUST. We think the letter is sufficiently self-explanatory and requires no editorial comment. Save to ask "could you imagine this, yet, happening in AUSTRALIA?".

CARDIFF,  
UNITED KINGDOM  
27 NOV 1983.

"My Dear Lady Paula,

..... Owing to my indiscreet use of a photograph to illustrate an article on Cross-Dressing I wrote for a free-distribution magazine for Doctors (not long ago) my identity as a transvestite is now well and truly known throughout the length and breadth of the U.K. - at least those parts of it that are reached by THE SUN, THE SUNDAY MIRROR and a B.B.C. mid-day magazine programme known as PEBBLE MILL AT ONE; not to mention the SOUTH WALES ECHO which ran three separate stories on it and tried for more.

Most of the response has been favorable but I have had to see off 2 or 3 purely fetishist and partly gay crossdressers; and to put up with some adverse remarks from 1 -only- of my colleagues. My new boss just said that if I was expecting him to ask me to take early retirement, I was mistaken. What the local police think, I don't know; but my awkward neighbour had already come round to accepting me fully. What set the seal so far as he was concerned was when, in August, he had a major epileptic attack and I, as ROSEMARY, had to go and render first-aid while we got the proper medic organised.

This public acknowledgement of my TV state had to come sooner or later though. I have thought for some time that if we are to seek acceptance of our TVism in ourselves, and that we want to lead a dual role in life, there is no alternative. How can one be said truly to accept one's self if one is not prepared to disclose one's self to others?.....

Outside of the little world of The Beaumont Society, in the next circle - those who are professionally interested in TV and TS people - the world, that is, of Counsellors, Psycho-therapists &c, I do find steadily more and more interest and acceptance of our states. They don't want to 'cure' us so much as to know what sort of people we are and how they can help us to adjust to ourselves - and how to help Society to adjust to us.

..... I have found in this body of professional people a strong upholding of these attitudes. It may be that, in a few years time...we will find a society that 'cares' for people as much more than at present as is the post-war society when compared with the 1920's and 1930's. In fact I find, from reading about that period and Orwell and Evelyn Waugh, that the 1980's and 1930's have much in common.

What I do NOT see so clearly, perhaps because I myself am in the middle of it, is the clear evidence of a reformist group ready and waiting to put its ideas into practice.....

Best wishes,

Yrs ever,

ROSEMARY [redacted]



"... Oh, come on Paula... I'm sure a lot of women have been mistaken for Danny la Rue...!"



'He says that under Clause 24 of the 1977 Anti-Discrimination Act he cannot be disadvantaged for behaviour which would not disadvantage a member of the opposite sex...'

Coming unexpectedly across this tasteful little cartoon and then thinking back to my three months lotus-eating stay in New Zealand, most beautiful and loyal of Her Majesty's Dominions, I now recall that, contrary to what I told you in the last Part, I did meet one TV/TS while there, apart from my Christchurch Host/Hostess. This was CAROLE, the chief engineer on a British freighter who, as such, enjoyed, on the high seas, a large cabin-suite to himself. Therein, he managed to stow away, safe ( he said) from the prying of his steward, a large selection of assorted femme gear. This was easily enough to enable him to have solitary self-snapping camera evenings on the sounding main; and to smuggle ashore with him in a travel bag when opportunity offered. Among such opportunities was Lyttleton, the port for Christchurch, and when he came to New Zealand, CAROLE usually came to my host/hostess' home to dress and be entertained. This happened while I was staying there and we later met in Sydney and Melbourne.

I asked CAROLE, who was a pretty convincing "femme", how it must feel to be in High Drag on the High Seas, alone in some madly kinky gear perhaps, knowing that at it was at least POSSIBLE that at any moment there might dash in from the engine room, a terrified apprentice, with a mouth full of cotton waste and deathly pale under a mask of bearing grease, to announce that the starboard boiler was about to burst. Being a dour Scot, CAROLE merely said that the vessel was diesel-powered and didn't have any boilers. I tried again. "But what if the Captain, himself, pissed out of his mind, came down to your quarters to tell you about his faithless wife back in Glochamorra - to drink your whiskey and cry on your shoulder? And there were you - dressed in your ballerina's costume and self-handcuffed to your commode?" He shrugged his satin-clad shoulders and said "Couldn't happen, PAULA! The Captain falls asleep when he gets stoned - always!"

I must tell you that I shuddered. Just the way I shudder when some kind soul taking me home after a party drives straight through a red traffic signal and says "Don't worry, old girl! There's never anyone about on the roads this early in the morning!" I am many years out of contact with CAROLE now but can't help wondering if Marine Fairies are still protecting her!

Which reminds me of the Torment of THERESA who lived in one of the Eastern states of the U.S.A. and was purser on a Yankee freighter which used to trade with The South African coastal ports. He was sent on a sort of "Missionary Visit" to sign me up for F.P.E. ( Virginia Prince's national organisation of TV Clubs ). He came, to visit me and I entertained him in my harbour-watching private suite at Hout Bay in which I had everything a Teev could desire in the way of clothes and books and pictures and wigs and actress-type dressing-room equipment. It must have been, to THERESA, like entertaining a kid in a lolly- and-toys shop and I was sorry afterwards that I had done so as I found out that while at sea HE could have absolutely NOTHING femme around him. He had to save up his shore-leaves until he had enough to make it worth while shaving arms, legs and chest; and then have a wild concentrated Cross Dressing jamboree until it was time for undressing, much depilation and back aboard his seagoing prison. Not even, like CAROLE - a seagoing closet! I am also sorry that, seeing the splendid time I had in South Africa, he gave up the sea a year or so later and got himself a job as a hotel manager in Durban. Wife and kids came too; and, so sadly, it just didn't work out. But it lasted long enough for them to give me a hell of a party when Lady Paula passed through en voyage for Fremantle, Melbourne, Sydney, Wellington - and CHRISTCHURCH! Another TV/TS I'd love to hear from again!

Meanwhile back at KAREN's flat at KEW. A regular visitor was HEATHER, a "cocky" and trotter-breeder from up-country; and I forget his male name. He used, usually, to show up about five on a Saturday afternoon, whether there was a party or not, and loaded down with an enormous plastic rubbish bag filled with etceteras plus a big suitcase of quite expensive shoes and dresses. HEATHER would then disappear into a bedroom to emerge two hours later elaborately gowned, corsetted to strangulation and tottering on the highest-heeled shoes she could ALMOST get into.

( to be continued )



"With all due respect sir, and without any malicious intentions, I relieve you of your command, sir!"

A couple of months ago there was ( in U.K. ) a spate of television programmes which were concerned with Cross-Dressing in one form or another. In the space of less than a fortnight the B.B.C. presented us with SOME LIKE IT HOT, IN AT THE DEEP END in which presenter Paul Heiny died a well-deserved theatrical death with an embarassingly un-funny drag act, and a television play called BELLES.

If those three programmes form a representative sample of how the Transvestite is portrayed by television and reflect the attitude of the General Public to Transvestism, then the (Beaumont) Society has failed in its aim to educate the public and gain wider acceptance for transvestites.

For as far back as I can remember there has only been one - perhaps two - where television has shewn transvestism as being a sexual variation of heterosexual males. In nearly every other case cross-dressing has been presented as a camp disguise ( as in SOME LIKE IT HOT ), drag acts (as in IN AT THE DEEP END or WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU? or BELLES; or as a way of raising a cheap laugh ( as in the CARRY ON movies or THE TWO RONNIES ); also about drag queens ( as in HILL STREET BLUES). With all that to contend with perhaps it's no wonder that Beaumont's attitude to admitting Gays sometimes seems to border on paranoia.

Coverage in the popular press is, if anything, more harmful to our image than is our presentation on The Box. A few clippings recently seem to portray us as criminals; or in the case of a T.V. school-teacher, as possible corruptors of young children; and even in the Problem Page of a recent SUNDAY PEOPLE ("Shock of Husband In Drag:") as possible adulterers.....

On a more welcome note, the DAILY MIRROR did report a court case including a Transexual G.P., Dr Jerri Bean, with some sympathy ("The Angel in Dr Jeremy:"). But the following day the paper printed a (modifying) addendum emphasising that Dr Bean was a Transexual and not a Transvestite; and apologising for any distress the omission might have caused.

Arguably the most educated and responsible presentation of Transvestism and Transexualism is given by the radio. Polly Robinson ( wife of a Beaumont Member ) has taken part in an edition of WOMAN'S HOUR which discussed Transvestism and a few weeks ago Anna Raeburn's programme on Capital Radio discussed Transexualism.

Unfortunately such shows are infrequent and unlikely to be caught by the same mass audience who see us treated in quite a different light by television and by the press. We've got a long way to go before we gain the same degree of acceptance as Gays enjoy today. It's quite possible that we may never have the numbers or the organisation to achieve that goal.....

The point I want to make is that, while we know what it's like to be a Transvestite or a Transexual, we have to bear in mind that our partners, families and friends might well get a totally false impression of us. We can't rely on the media to tell them that we are still the same people they've always known so each one of us has to talk to, to reassure, them; either individually or with each other's help - when we decide to let them know about our (Own) Transvestism.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: We print that with acknowledgements to the BEAUMONT BULLETIN. It so happened that it came to our notice simultaneously with the news from Sydney that MIKE WILLESEE was contemplating a segment on our "THING". Fearing that, once again, Telly would present only the troubled, seamy, unattractive side of Cross Dressing, we sent him a copy of the BEAUMONT article, a copy of our MARCH BULLETIN and a letter hoping that, FOR ONCE, his medium might present Cross Dressing on a wider spectrum and not just a fearing, hole-and-corner, should-we-tell-the-children, we-are-madly-heterosexual- tough-guys-in-dresses cult. We pointed out, elaborating on what "2828" said, that to date Australian media has almost always shewn us " rather troubled, slightly demented, most unfashionably dressed people ..... and quite unable to have more than minimal chance of being accepted without unfavourable comment out among ordinary society". We suggested that it would be reasonable and easy to present Cross Dressing as something "lighter and brighter" by presenting the other end of the spectrum for a change. Maybe he'll ask your Committee if the Cameras may be brought to a T.V Dinner!

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SHORT STORY."THE CLEAN CATCH" (Part 1)

Having lived only the later years of her rather colourful life as a woman, Lesley [redacted] still retained, naturally, much of the secrecy concerning her movements and possessions that had characterised her earlier travels. She took a quick but searching look around her Mayfair hotel bedroom, mildly littered after her previous night's little party. Although she no longer had to care what the hotel staff who came in to do their "lick and a polish" room cleaning might find time to speculate about her she decided to stow away a few specially personal and revealing things. She saw no point in inviting enquiry. The past - when Lesley Fairbairn, as Lionel Fairbairn, had bowled fast-medium, straight-down-the-wicket stuff for Jesus College and then taken up The Law - was the past. That way it must now remain.

She took a much more careful look into the long mirror on the back of the bathroom door and, satisfied with the appearance of the silver-fox-clad lady who looked back at her, she went out into the corridor, dressed and equipped for days project - an autumn race-meeting on Epsom Downs. She locked up and went along the canyon of blind and numbered doors towards the elevators, her glasses in their pig-skin case over her shoulder. She never took a handbag to the races; for money, a lipstick and a few credit cards, the ample pockets of the silver-fox were always sufficient.

As she passed along from her corner suite overlooking Hyde Park. she noted that almost every other door carried the hotel's scarlet tag begging the staff - in six languages - at all costs to refrain from disturbing those within.

She always thought that, of the foreign tongues, she preferred the French version. "Prière De Ne Pas Déranger". It had, somehow, an elegant turn-of-the-century politeness. A Belle Epoque flavour? Behind such a door one could, she thought, imagine excited ladies (no better perhaps than they should have been) in frilled long drawers, whalebone corsets, elaborately upswept hair and quaintly buttoned boots. Ladies delicately consuming lobster and larks' tongues while fiercely moustachioed gentlemen to whom they were assuredly not married poured out Vintage champagne into gold slippers - and Veteran compliments into ready ears.

Since her change-over of gender roles - a seven days wonder for the press, only ten years ago - she had delighted in fantasy and in devising romantic and imaginary situations for the short stories she now successfully wrote. At the drop of the proverbial hat she could invent some exciting tale; even at the drop of a beret, a turban, a sombrero - or a grey topper or a guardsman's bearskin for that matter. Friends were apt to say that Lesley could turn the simplest occurrence into a TV script. She wished that were only true!

As she went along to the lift she amused herself by wondering who was behind all those closed and protected doors.

Perhaps a genuinely exhausted businessman from the Antipodes sleeping away the burden of jet lag. Or a pair of young newly-weds heaving and loving and swearing eternal vaginal loyalties, what time their breakfast cooled and staled on the dressing table.

Maybe a pair of seedy, sinister little Central European tricksters, with as many passports as credit cards, conning each other into shady deals in illicit diamonds or drugs.

A solitary, fearful transvestite, perhaps - corsetted, black-stockinged and crudely painted; standing before the mirror and seeing, not himself but Raquel Welch or Danny La Rue or Verushka. His sad fantasy of being Playmate of The Month!

"There's none so queer as folk!" said Yorkshiremen and, by god, they were right!

She reached the elevator lobby and sat down on a low leather-topped bench. The flashing numbers above each lift told her that she might have to wait quite a time especially as one of the four was labelled "CLOSED FOR SECURITY REASONS". That one, she knew, for the time being ran only non-stop from the foyer to the penthouse where for some days an aggressively Islamic leader had been talking with British Foreign Office moguls about Peace; while clearly arranging his mind for War.

Everywhere in the hotel you could literally feel the tension and uncertainty. The foyer, usually full of youth and beauty every evening, was all day now almost taken over by uniformed police and the always quietly obvious special branch men. Lesley permitted herself the mildly cynical reflection that there was nothing like a small Middle East or African country for creating a really big fuss and inconvenience.

But she was in no hurry and sat contentedly marking her race-card with a gold pencil. Then the doors of one lift slid noiselessly open and a youngish, athletic-looking man stepped firmly out. He paused a moment and looked at her, rather as though they had an appointment to meet. A feeling of *déjà vu* took over. She had seen, she felt sure, those eyes and that level, challenging look before. Somewhere back in that male past of hers. For more than a moment his eyes held hers but he gave no sign or any gesture of recognition; nothing more than that cool holding of her attention. Just as if he was silently communicating to her something of great importance; at once, a warning and a demand.

Then he went away down the long corridor and when he arrived at the corner suites he went into the one opposite Lesley's. She was surprised to see that he went in without using any key, a thing she had always believed to be impossible at the famous Narborough Hotel. She made a note to check that later!

She was alone going down in the lift and able to check, in its long mirrors, her elegantly feminine dressing and appearance superimposed over what she seldom thought of, these days, as her still completely male body. She mulled over, too, the puzzle of the strange young man and the feeling that somehow, somewhere, he had been a part of her former male life. Suddenly, sitting under a great palm in the crowded foyer to while away a little surplus time, it came to her and she knew what it was all about. Those bold, calm, questing eyes were Arthur's. Arthur at whose feet, as a youth she had sat and worshipped. Not so much for his splendid looks but for his easy skill and poetry of movement in all the ball games that had brought them together. But especially at cricket at which Arthur was already a junior professional and on the ground staff of the Glamorganshire county side. Liking her emerging talent and keenness he had coached her with deep interest. What would he have said, all those years ago, had he known of the strange sexuality which was even then starting to intrude upon Lesley's feelings? But he had no idea and he coached her constantly and especially in the art and dangers of fielding close to the wicket and of being able to take a clean and certain catch from any ball, at any height and speed, from any direction. To react almost immediately and correctly, instinctively, to the sound of ball leaving bat.

She remembered, almost as if it was yesterday and there was not a whole World War between those scenes, the long evening practice sessions under the elms; and catching firmly, she would call out "How was that, Arthur?". The pride as he would tell her "First class, Leslie! First class, now!". As the world of a crowded international hotel circulated around her she dreamed on - to how, in the depths of her past she had loved him clearly, cleanly and purely but with no contact between them beyond beyond a love of the greatest of all field games. Nothing but a master-and-pupil relationship. Loved Arthur with what it was only now, years later, she knew to have been the same desire which had in time led her to becoming Mrs Lesley Fairbairn instead of Sir Leslie Fairbrother, Baronet, of Cefn Bryn in the County of Glamorganshire.

But now came the rebuttal of all that dreaming over the stranger. Arthur was dead and he had been for over thirty years. He had died as he had lived - playing cricket. But not cricket on the green summer turf of England. It had been cricket with improvised bat and a tea-chest for a wicket on the hard low-tide sands of Dunkirk. Cricket organised to keep soldiers, awaiting embarkation when night fell, from being overwhelmed by the perils of the daytime with the almost ceaseless harassing bombing, shelling and strafing by German aircraft. Arthur, they told afterwards in many a bar-room when troops got back to Dover or Ramsgate or Folkestone, who had kept the games going all day, calling the players back from shelter to the wickets after each enemy raid had passed over. Then, out of the sunset, came a belated, lone Messerschmitt and got Sergeant Jones, A.A - 1035778 in the sights of all of its four guns. Arthur was dead and the next morning both the Cricket and the Evacuation were over. Memory, Lesley knew only too well, played some very bizarre tricks at times!

The foyer was by now starting to look like a military camp and a police depot. Clearly something very important was about to happen in the penthouse at the instance of the diplomats and Lesley got up and headed for the porter's desk.

( to be continued )

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is taken from one contributed by FLO NORTH to our friend, ARIADNE KANE's "OUTREACH NEWSLETTER" in the UNITED STATES. It tells of FLO's experience, as a G.G., at last year's FANTASIA FAIR at Provincetown, Mass.

For most of our 30-year married life, I didn't know about my husband's cross-dressing habit. On discovery of this four years ago, I was emotionally upset and didn't know where to turn for help. We finally found a good counselor who helped me overcome some of my difficulties in coping with my husband's behaviour.

In 1982 he went to a social week-end program for cross-dressers held in Provincetown and returned full of enthusiasm about his experience. He told me about FANTASIA FAIR, a nine days living and learning vacation for cross-dressers. He said there would also be a workshop for wives and girlfriends of cross-dressers which he wanted me to attend and to which he invited me.

I was filled with mixed emotions about this decision. Our marriage was undergoing some "rough sledding" with a real possibility of divorce as an outcome. Further counseling was not helping us to resolve the complex issues in our relationship.

After much thought, weighing the pros and cons, I said I would attend only this Workshop for Wives and, when it was over, I would return home. PENNY (my hubby's femme name) purchased a plane ticket in advance, right after the Wives' Workshop.

Well - I went to this workshop and met five other wives with similar experiences. This brought me "out of the closet". With NIELA MILLER, a professional Gestalt therapist and counselor, serving as a facilitator, each of us told our story.

It was like removing a huge weight off our shoulders. The experience of sharing so personal an issue with other women who had similar problems was emotionally very satisfying.

Space does not permit me to detail the many facets of the Workshop. However I will summarize what the Workshop experience did for me:

- IT CLARIFIED values and issues that were important for our relationship to continue;
- IT MADE clear that we really did love each other ( after 30 years of marriage.
- WE SET the stage to accept what can't be changed; and to negotiate priorities in our relationship.
- IT ENABLED us to share PENNY's secret with our three young adult daughters.
- IT PROVIDED a healthy basis for real and meaningful communication between us.
- IT ALLOWED for a renaissance of our relationship.

To seal the new bonds of our time-tested marriage, we bought each other a second wedding ring as a reminder of this experience at FANTASIA FAIR.

#### MUSIC AT SOCIAL EVENINGS.

While being deafened by the Three-Piece Assault Force at THE PRESIDENT I realised all too sadly that we were missing our usual dinner table chatter, And this despite the fact that we were seated as far from the music(?) as possible. We seldom have any music at SEAHORSE Social Evenings and, since most citizens seem these days to like being deluged in decibels perhaps this is what is wrong with our attendances. What do YOU think? Would you like there to be music? For Dancing? As a background? Or the normal brain-numbing type? Oh - and Boogie-Woogie or Bach? DO TELL US!



BOSOMS FOR THE BOYS (PART II).

In PART I you learned how friend since 1965, FIONA [REDACTED] now of SYDNEY grew a splendidly ornamental and practical bosom for herself aided only by Female Hormones; and did that without having so far run foul of the vicious side-effects which such medication often does involve.

We now tell you what we have been able to find out from the experiences of our good friends, RENÉE [REDACTED] and DEBBIE who appear usually in the All Male Glamour Shows which seem quite unstoppable at POKEY'S in St. Kilda.

Surrounded by Soiled Socks, Delightful Animals, Bottles of Vintage Port ( instead of Afternoon Tea) and an Always-ringing Telephone we sat happily at a breakfast bar in RENÉE's Seaside Residence and, on your enquiring behalf, we quizzed these Beautiful Bosom-owners about how it all came about.

RENÉE entered into the Boob Building sphere some 6 years ago and, since this was, we knew, some years after she decided to move over permanently into the (Non-Operative) Femme Gender Role, we immediately asked WHY she thought it worth while. "A great advantage in SHOW-BIZ" she said reasonably. "When you can flash them - you are much more believable on stage! Also, honey, it makes wearing the sort of gowns and 'corselettes' you need as a show-girl much easier - to wear and to fit". DEBBIE agreed about this. Then RENÉE added, with the candidness I always find appealing, "It also greatly improves your love life - as you can imagine!" I happily admitted that I certainly could!

Having decided to go in for breast surgery, how then does one go on from there? RENÉE went to a well-known cosmetic surgeon who we will call Dr. A. He said he did not feel able for professional reasons to do this sort of operation on a genetically male person. Undeterred - as she usually is by obstacles - RENÉE went along to Dr. B. He had no such ethical hang-ups and in due course she had her first pair of implanted breasts at a well known private hospital; one which has a splendid reputation for its kindly and sympathetic treatment of those receiving both cosmetic and genital surgery. However this first operation was not wholly satisfactory though that was in no way the fault of the surgeon but of a special technique used which, though in no way experimental, just did not work out with RENÉE. She did not find the contours of the finished job satisfied her. "Let's do it over again!" she said.

A year later, the indomitable RENÉE tried again with Dr. B. for whose skills she has nothing but praise. This time the implants ( Salistic Bags filled with Salinated Water ) were inserted by opening up beneath each breast , and putting them in place. That was five years ago and, would you believe it? - RENÉE now wants another stab at it! It seems that over the years there has been a build-up of scar tissue which has made the boobs feel hard to the touch and, always a perfectionist, she proposes to have yet another job done on her mammary region.

DEBBIE's surgical experience is different only in two details. Firstly she didn't get knocked back by the first surgeon she was referred to; and, secondly, there was no fault in the first attempt to give her the "look" she wanted. But there was a slight difference in technique in her case. The incisions for inserting the implants were effected by cutting across the "equator" of each breast but with the cut passing around, and beneath, each nipple area. The girls consider DEBBIE's Dr. C. to be just as kind and skilled as RENÉE's Dr. B.

"But what about these Silicone jobs?" you will no doubt ask having heard the word bandied about for years. Not a good idea at all, the girls told us. It seems that injections of "loose" Silicone is illegal in Australia because it is unstable and in traumatic "throwing about" - such as in a motor crash - it tends to migrate to other parts of the body from where it has to be surgically removed. Sterile bags filled with Silicone are not illegal but can also break up under such stresses and are, we were told, inadvisable.

Back again to RENÉE's wish to swap what seems to the writer to both look and handle like a first-rate pair of knockers, the like of which any real girl ( over thirty!) would be most glad to have, for a new model. The reason is that, due to a build-up of scar tissue, they have "gone hard to the touch"; and for RENÉE, a dyed-in-the-wool perfectionist, that's just not good enough.

And in a TV/TS World in which so many approach their Femme Dressing and Maquillage with such negligence and lack of attention to detail, we would be the last to discourage another perfectionist!

UP: THE PROFESSIONALS AND THE SWEENEY:

One of the nice things that The London Bobby can no longer be expected to do is go around patting kids on the head, chatting up nursemaids in Regent's Park and stroll up saying "Now what seems to be the trouble?" to crims at work or on the run. These days special elements of The Boys in Blue are armed - heavily and adequately. Not long ago, employing the contemporary method of shooting first and asking questions afterwards, they managed to mistake a non-involved citizen for a well-known terrorist every copper in London was looking for, and as the said innocent was actually riding in a car with a lady friend of the said terrorist, they felt justified in opening up with just about every weapon they could reach. (The innocent survived to sue the police for the little mistake). Not unnaturally, for some days after that, the Guardians of The Law were a little anxious, testy, tetchy and touchy when going about their nocturnal and diurnal business.

On the following night a police patrol, SAMBA ONE, was in the Fulham Palace Road when, drawing up at a set of red traffic lights, The Old Bill reps. were excited to notice that the driver and passenger of the car alongside them, pretty obviously Transvestites, wore long blonde hair and lots of lipstick. So being aware that their sworn enemy, David [REDACTED], (in mistake for whom they had "wasted" citizen Stephen [REDACTED] the night before) was reputed frequently to disguise himself as just such a blonde they prepared to give the car and its suspicious occupants the full Bodie and Doyle treatment.

Suddenly, the suspected car shot forward through the red lights and dashed away up the thoroughfare. SAMBA screamed after it and in due course, having called up every car in range, overtook the pseudo-femmes and blocked the road ahead. Courageously - in view of [REDACTED]'s reputation and expressed intentions regarding all coppers - one constable approached. He must not have heard that Martin included a small flame-thrower in his armament! Arriving at the car his suspicion was in no way disarmed by finding the all doors were locked and the windows too.

Now among the features of modern police forces is the ability to quickly congregate around any happening, like starlings awaiting orders for migration, and in no time our two blondes were surrounded with half the London fuzz and all the paraphernalia of terrorist suppression. In no time they were coaxed out of their car and arrested. The forces of the law, maybe a touch disappointed that there had been no automatic weapons, flame throwers or other offensive novelties employed against them, dispersed to other lawful occasions in Central London, particularly the hunt for David [REDACTED].

Meanwhile back at the Old Police Ranch-house it was being discovered that the two transvestites were a pair of chartered accountants out for an evening in drag, much as you, Dear Readers, are apt to enjoy from time to time. It should here be explained that quite the most respected and reputable members of the British Community are the Associates and Fellows of the Institute of Chartered Accountants and having breathalysed them, without dramatic result, the Lily Law was at something of a loss to find something to charge them with. Being dressed as Women? No - not illegal! But what about that old act passed just after Wat Tyler's Rebellion (or was it Perkin Warbeck?) which made it a sexual offence to wear women's drawers under anything from a ballet dress to a wet suit? Splendid! Charge them! We would have loved to see the wording of the charge sheet!

But in the end the affair dissolved with sad smiles all round. Well almost! The following morning, Blonde "A" turned up (straight of course!) at the relevant Cop Shop and announced that, having taken legal advice, they proposed to charge the police with having used an unreasonable degree of force and weapons to make what had proved to be only a relatively minor arrest. The Old Bill, mindful of the Red Faces over the shooting, by mistake, of Stephen [REDACTED], agreed to overlook the male-blondes' sartorial preferences (together with we suppose the little matter of the Red Lights and the Wearing of Female Knickers) in return for the Anti-Police Complaint being dropped.

The moral for SEAHORSE VICTORIA Members? I can think of none!

(AS FAR AS WE KNOW, our friends, THE BEAUMONT SOCIETY, have not to date claimed responsibility for the happening; nor has THE INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS IN ENGLAND AND WALES disclaimed it. The traumatic blondes could well have been members of the Scottish or Irish Institutes!)

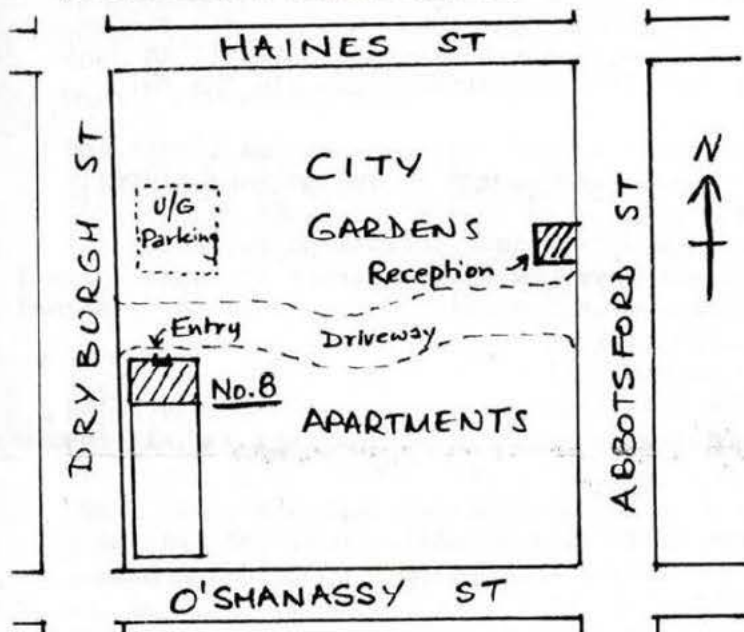
BOSOMS FOR THE BOYS ( A Postscript ).

In the course of doing my researches for the PART II in this BULLETIN, we turned up some facts concerning the present line-up of Show Girls at the amazing Melbourne phenomenon, POKEY'S. Apart from the specially talented DOUGIE [redacted] one Male (i.e. NOT Drag!) Dancer and one Real Girl there are five "girls" in the Corps de Ballet. These are RENEE [redacted] DEBBIE, LEVI, MICHELLE and CRYSTEL - and only the first three of these have had "Breast Jobs". In MICHELLE's case hormones have so far provided all that she has required to match her natural beauty and femininity. CRYSTEL is comparatively new to Show-Biz and is, so far, undecided about the matter.

Would you like to know roughly what is involved, by way of expense, in having a "Breast Job"? Well you will not see any change out of a grand, we are told.

Another bit of gossip we picked up - and it's true because we have read the script and seen the Crawford Productions contract - is that RENEE will soon be appearing in an episode of a new Television Crime Series - as a Drag Queen, as you may have guessed.

Your Editor learns more in an hour AMONG THE GIRLS in St. Kilda than she has in ten years of Toorak's straight parties!

YOUR MAY 1984 SOCIAL EVENING.SATURDAY, 12th. May 1984.

Our Social Evening has been arranged at a new venue: The CITY GARDENS LUXURY APARTMENTS in NORTH MELBOURNE (see map alongside). DOOR FEE - \$5:00.

We will meet in Unit I.8 which is a 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms Town House and adjacent to the entrance in DRYBURGH ST.

Our Social Evening will start at 8:0pm, as usual, but anyone wishing to arrive earlier may do so, as from 6:0pm, and may take advantage of excellent facilities for "changing".

Ample parking is available either in the streets or, on site, in an underground garage opposite the Unit I.8

Come and see what you think of this as a meeting place. We may be using it again in JULY.

SEAHORSE VICTORIA'S FORWARD INTENTIONS.

2 June 1984. - This Saturday Social Evening will take the form of a DINNER at THE PRESIDENT MOTOR INN, Queen's Road, South Melbourne (as was the one just before Christmas); and like the Christmas one it is being subsidised, substantially, so that you will have to pay only \$18:00 for entertainment costing the Club <sup>more</sup> much than that. BUT YOU MUST BOOK - AND WITH A REMITTANCE - not later than 28th. May.

Wines and soft drinks during the Dinner will be provided free at the table as will, also, be Sherry beforehand. Any other drinks you may want you can buy, and pay for, at the Cocktail Bar. Please come, bring a guest (\$18:00 too), and, after dinner, do not be afraid to tell any Committee member what you think of the arrangements - for that evening and in general.

14 July 1984 - a BASTILLE DAY Party at CITY GARDENS or a PRIVATE HOUSE. Details in JUNE BULLETIN. Costume preferred but NOT essential. Come anyway!

TAILPIECE.

This is not the last of my BULLETINS which you will have just finished reading. The LAST will be the SEPTEMBER issue which should reach you just before your ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING. By then, the current series articles, such as "ALL THOSE YEARS AMONG THE GIRLS", will have been completed and, after that, I feel that such skill as I have and my not inconsiderable range of both Experience and Experiences, can be better employed elsewhere.

27th. March, 1984.

Dear Member,

This letter is to advise you that I have resigned as President of The Seahorse Club of Victoria and also from the Committee.

It was with great reluctance that I took this step but it was necessary due to ill-health and business commitments. I regret that it had to occur during the course of the year but I felt that I had no alternative.

I believe that the Club will be better served by a President who can devote more time and enthusiasm to the Club's activities than I could spare. I have complete confidence in Jan and am sure that you will appreciate the job she will do as your President.

The Committee have been very supportive to me during this period and I would like to express my thanks to them, particularly our Secretary/Treasurer. I will continue to attend the Club meetings and enjoy the social functions the Club organises whenever possible.

It is my belief that it is most important that the Club continues, that wives give their support and that the members give continuing support to the Committee.

I must stress again that my decision has been prompted entirely by my inability to do the job to my own satisfaction. Thank you all for your assistance.

Yours faithfully,

Toni [REDACTED]t.

