



BULLETIN -OCTOBER 1981.-

(EDITOR: LADY PAULA HOWARD)

" THIS IS YOUR EDITOR SPEAKING! "

For once the Editorial "We" - shared with The Sovereign - is being forsaken for the egoistic but less majestic "I". A reasonable precaution since, at the time of writing, the Annual General Meeting has yet to be held and, after those elections, you may well be without me and back to the days of twee, colourless writing, guaranteed not to offend you with just as much confidence as it is warranted to bore your ass off. And, by ancient tradition, telling you with mild enthusiasm, of SEAHORSE events and occasions which, by the time you receive the so-called News Letter, will usually already have gone down the drain of Recorded Time.

But should you still have me as your Editor after this issue of THE BULLETIN, which I challenge anyone to suppress and replace in time for OCTOBER, I think you have a right to know (that is if you don't know already) what to expect.

The position is much as I said, off the cuff, on the evening when my friend Barbra [REDACTED]'s lamented death led me to step into the breach left by her untimely shuffle off this mortal coil. "I'll do it provided I can do the whole thing, including getting it off into the mail, with only such help as I feel distressed enough to call for - and I know the few folk I can trust to rally round if the necessity arises. If anyone writes anything for the Bulletin which I think you would want to read, it will be included. But I don't need that - I would just like to have it. If there is none available you get a Bulletin entirely written by me! "

And so far that has been it! Or 90% of it!

From now on - please write in letters, send cuttings or quotations or have a go at articles. If they are interesting they will go in. And this applies as much to the newest Member as to the President or the Secretary. Or me!

I shall endeavour to put in our permitted six (or eight) pages what I think you would like to read and also what I think you should read even if you have your head so firmly in the sand - or the closet - that you would prefer not to be so informed or reminded.

Having been around now for 376 years (come Maundy Thursday), and having seen three forests rise and fall, I am never likely to be short of something touching upon our bizarre sexuality and the strange way in which some sublimate it with furs and frills and lace and leather and paint and powder and tactile responses.

But, in general, I would like to write for you about things and people and places and happenings that you have been or will be - or would dearly like to be - involved with.

You like that? If so - tell me. Or if you have a new Editor - tell her. It will surely be of some help to her. She's going to find me, as everyone has done, down the aforesaid ages, a pretty hard act to follow!



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THE WAYSIDE PULPIT

A Thought For The Month! "THE MONTHLY MEETING SHOULD BE AN ESCAPE FROM THE CLOSET - NOT JUST A BORING EXTENSION OF IT!"



PRESIDENT'S AND SECRETARY'S CORNER.

This month - by the time you read this - we shall have a new President and the Editor hopes that she will be both willing and able to make a gripping contribution to the monthly content of your Monthly Bulletin. I may say that I use the word "gripping" advisedly and that it is not a mis-print for "griping".

As far as the Secretary is concerned we can at this stage only guess as to who will take this post. It is truly very important but stripped of all the quite unnecessary do-gooding activity with which it has been invested since 1980, it is actually a very undemanding job both in terms of time-consumption and clerical skill. For a club of the small size and minimal activity such as ours, one person with method in their transvestite madness could easily do the jobs of PRESIDENT and SECRETARY and TREASURER in two hours work per week. And just think of the improvement in decision-making and speed of action! However whoever is appointed Secretary I do hope she will be able to write regularly and positively for your BULLETIN!

Now a word of solemn warning from the outgoing Secretary. Take heed - as Editor and Publisher and Copy Girl and Poster I assure you this is what is going to happen - BULLETINwise!:

1. IF YOU HAVE NOT PAID YOUR 1981/82 SUBSCRIPTION THIS IS THE LAST BULLETIN YOU WILL RECEIVE.
2. IF YOU DO NOT INTEND TO RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP, WE SHOULD APPRECIATE YOUR FORMAL RESIGNATION.
3. IF YOU DO INTEND TO PAY, WHY NOT DO IT NOW ?
YOU KNOW WHERE TO SEND IT.

CRIME CORNER by An Old Lag type Lady.

'Transvestite' theory in hunt for £1m gems raid couple

By Our Crime Correspondent

TWO thieves, one dressed as a woman, who made off with £1 million of jewellery in a Mayfair raid, have hampered police investigations by stealing the shop's stock books.

One possibility being investigated is that the "woman" is a transvestite. This is suggested by the quality of "her" clothes including a full-length diamond mink coat, and an alligator skin handbag.

The clothing was noted by Mrs Claire Van Osten, 51, who spent many years in the fashion industry, and who is now manageress of the jewellery shop inside the Inn on the Park Hotel, Mayfair, where the robbery took place on Saturday morning.

The "woman" and the man walked into the hotel together and the man kept watch from a theatre booking office opposite the jewellers and kept staff there occupied while his accomplice went to the shop.

The shop is kept locked, and

is opened only to allow customers in and out. This procedure was followed on Saturday, but the customer asked to see a tray of rings and brooches which were kept in a safe in a rear room.

Karate chop

While the manageress was getting these she was attacked from behind by the "woman," who used a karate chop before using two pairs of handcuffs to secure the manageress's wrists and ankles.

The thief then took all the jewellery from the safe and the stock books and records, before escaping with the accomplice through a rear hotel entrance.

Police said the two arrived at the hotel by taxi and probably used one to make their escape. They appealed to any taxi driver, who may have seen the couple at about 10.30 a.m. on Saturday to get in touch with them.

The "woman" was wearing a felt hat, with a head scarf under it, black trousers, black flat shoes and the fur coat. "Her" face was well made up. The hair was bleached blonde and wavy.

The man was aged between 30 and 35 years, 5ft 10in, stockily built with dark short hair, blue corduroy cap, wearing a grey suit. He had a round face, red cheeks, a moustache and beard, and spoke with a nasal accent.

A reward of £50,000 has been offered.

This happy little piece of news appeared in the (LONDON) Daily Telegraph for 11th. May 1981. Will the SEAHORSE Member who was in or around the West End of London in May, please stand up and be unanimously elected PRESIDENT for 1982/3?



WIVES' CORNER.The Mini Arts Ball (by Irene [REDACTED])

The rather lovely Stardust Ballroom at St Kilda was again the venue for this annual event run (again) by the gay fraternity in the form of THE CHECKMATES CLUB and the room was a riot of colour the chosen theme for this year being "SOUTHERN BELLE". All who had ever seen Gone With The Wind or delighted in President Jimmy Carter's Teeth went back to Dem Ole Plantation Days and Crinolines and Black Faces were out in force.

Prizes were awarded for the best costumes in several categories and crinolines being the sort of devastating things they are, our friend Maxine won the prize for her representation of the Theme of Southern Belle, her gown being bottle green.

The prize for Best Couple was won by another regular supporter, Mame and Partner both in black and white and the former in a gorgeous hat. Of course our old friend, the ever-young Lottie, was elected Belle of the Ball wearing the splendid gold sequined sheath gown and enormous feathered super-hat she wore at The Arts Ball at Camberwell in July.

SEAHORSE VICTORIA folk won nothing but were there in some strength having a whole table of their own next to ours which - thanks to Lady P's association with Lottie of Checkmates - was just about the best table in the room. Thanks to Marina's efforts, this year has seen a real SEAHORSE VICTORIA representation at these big public balls and it is truly nice to see them at last venturing out. They clearly enjoyed themselves even though one couple left early saying that the band noises were too much for them. Sorry about that but noise is a fact of life at balls these days and when in Rome etc etc! By the way we hear that this particular couple are now engaged to be married. If that is so we would so like to hear it officially so that we can all offer our sincere congratulations.

While at the SEAHORSE table, I said hello politely to a male guest there and smiled when our eyes met. It was not until the next day that I learned that I was greeting Robyn Boyd, a long-standing member whom I had never seen out of femme gear before! Surprise! Surprise!

A great night! One of the best balls I have ever attended! Maybe it was the very good company at our table which consisted of Elena and Me, Paula, Sandra from Ballarat and eight of Lady P's gay, and also very jolly, friends.

Dresses? Among us? Well to start with - Me in Coal Black Mammy (only West Indian Coffee-colour!) costume and mob cap as Serving Woman to Missie Elena in yellow and black and very large picture hat. Sandra was in pale blue. Paula, as always, was elegant and this time in a burgundy and white satin Edwardian ball-gown trimmed with many pearls. (Oh! THAT old thing! - EDITOR)

The band was one of the best I've heard at such functions and got everybody dancing with a repertoire stretching from waltzes to disco stuff.

I think the Checkmates Club should feel proud of such a well arranged function. I hope to see more of you at the next ball which will be the CUP EVE BALL at Toorak on Monday, 2 Novr 1981. You come too, ladies - not just the TVs! You will enjoy yourselves if you relax and swim with the tide!



APOLOGIES CORNER.

One's sins have a really refreshing habit of following one around. In May 1980 - note the date and year! - I wrote for the (then) Stale-News Letter, and under the by-line of Lady Paula Howard, a recipe for a LOBSTER dish (copies still available - of the recipe, not the goddam newsletter - from this office). I have quite recently received a complaint from a well-respected SEAHORSE member and feel I should apologise.

I said that where the SHERRY ingredient was concerned, "ANY OLD PARROT'S PISS" type, non-Spanish, sherry would do. This I have been informed was considered in some quarters as "OFFENSIVE". And, of course, dear friends and readers, IT IS! But so usually is any NON-Spanish Sherry, for god's sake!

However - noblesse oblige! My most profound apologies to all Parrot Lovers, "Bird Lover" (Box Hill), and the Editor of "OUR BIRDS" (London). And, Parrots everywhere, please note that no slur upon your good taste or urinary continence was intended.

Mea Culpa - and all that Latin jazz! —

SHRINKS' CORNER.THE ORIGINS AND CAUSE OF TRANSVESTISM.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION - As long as research into why some people are transvestites while the great majority are not, is left in the hands of psychiatrists and psychologists who question almost exclusively TV/TS folk who are either in the closet or but recently out - and only along the lines of the questioners' own experience in the field of their own disciplines, the results can be expected to continue to be as boring as they are inconclusive. Why SHOULD we expect the answer to the question "WHY AM I A TRANSVESTITE" lie in these so very narrow fields at all? Why not seek the answer elsewhere?

The writer of this article (VIOLET) - an English land-owner, an ex Guards officer and a friend of mine for some years believed passionately in what will now follow. I personally accept a lot of his argument and, indeed, have a very good reason to do so. I would very much like to see the late Violet's ideas further looked into. It would be at least interesting!

A COMPLETE ANSWER AND EXPLANATION

by V. [REDACTED]

Some 850 million people in the world believe in a religion which states that we have lived past lives, while another 600 million people (Christians) believe in a future life. According to the Buddhist religion our first earthly lives are very troubled and frustrated, and out of this emerges our second lives. There are no specified number of lives which we have to pass through before we reach a life which will be calm, serene, and where we will be at peace with the world.

Our first lives may be very troubled, particularly with regard to sex. In our first general state we may be a woman in one life and a man in the next. Traces of the first life as a woman may remain in our next life together, in some cases, with memories of the previous life. Our desire to cross-dress comes from the desire to dress as women in our previous existence. Our desire to be women is nature's mistake. We are too much dominated by a powerful woman's personality from our previous life but are born a man.

This is, in simple terms, the theory of Transmigration and Reincarnation of souls. Much more could be written about this completely unexplored territory.

Many experiences are recorded which bear out the theory that traits are passed on to us from our previous existence - the young boy who was terrified at seeing a handless man playing a piano in the Brompton road was found to be a Greek captured by the Persians who cut his hands off, a loose woman was found to have been a harlot in a previous life - but gradually we pass through our existences to achieve a perfect life and so become at one with Buddha.

In this state one ceases to exist as an individual and become part of Buddha by the process of absorption.

Traits of past existences are hidden in the subconscious and it is equally possible for the strong masculine trait to be passed to a woman in her next existence.

(contd. over) eaf)



"A Complete Answer and Explanation" (contd)
by the late Violet [REDACTED].

Among the North American Indians there appear 'braves', but in these same tribes there are feminine men who are recognised as having received their feminine characteristics from a previous existence.

So if we study these Eastern Religions we can find a complete answer to the causes of transvestism and transexuality, yet we continue to flounder about in spiritual ignorance.

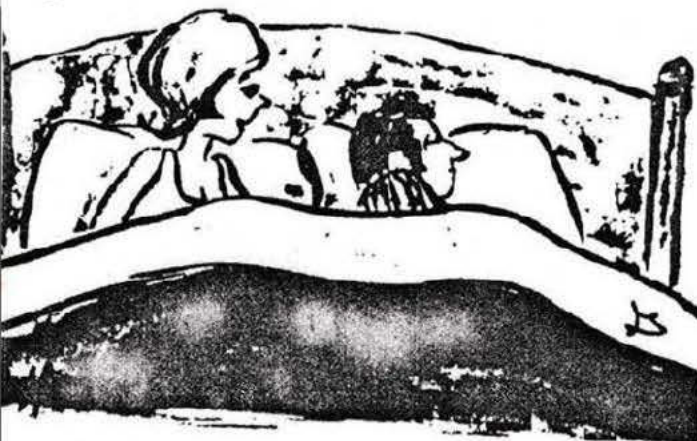
* This article has been condensed from a short discussion paper produced for the Beaumont Society's Conference at Leicester in 1975. Since that time the author has died. The paper is included here because it was felt that it gave another slant on the transexual/transvestite phenomena.

The Editor begs leave to suggest that you would all do well to think well over this. Do not dismiss it as fanciful nonsense. For many of us it explains many things which may well be otherwise quite inexplicable. We publish this with thanks and acknowledgements to The BEAUMONT SOCIETY in the United Kingdom.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY!

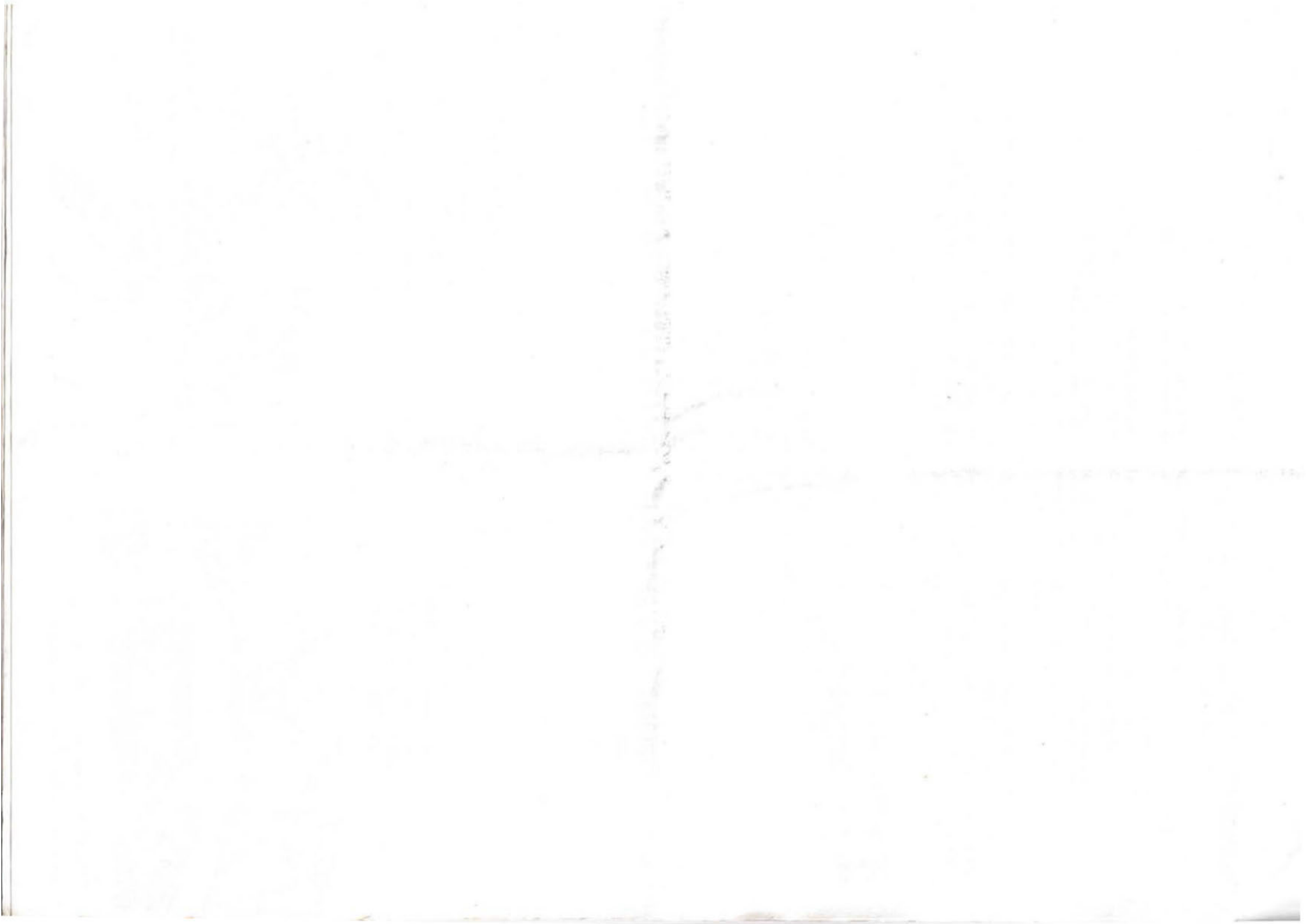
1981.

- Sept 15 Committee Only - unless you are subpoena-ed to attend! First Meeting of the New Committee and, as far as I know at the time of writing, the New Editor! 8.30 at Mont Albert. No Flowers By Request.
- 21 This BULLETIN to be mailed to all Members - even those who are still in arrears on Subscriptions.
- 26 Elaine Barrie's Social Evening at THE HUB, [REDACTED] Adderley St, West Melbourne. Elaine needs - and deserves - more support for her effort. Why not give it?
- Oct 3 Special SEAHORSE VICTORIA Social Evening at East Kew. Food, wine, good CIVILISED changing facilities. This is at the private house of friends (but NOT members) of your club who are doing all the catering. The cost - payable NOW if you want to come - \$10.00 all included. Snacks, canapés, sandwiches PLUS a Hot Dish; and wines and beer and soft drinks.
- 10 The USUAL MONTHLY MEETING for all Members and for which a specially good turn-out, with as many visitors and wives and girl friends (of any sex) is hoped for. Place: Housing Industries Bldg, [REDACTED] Jolimont St, E. Melbourne. Time 7.30pm onward and the usual basic changing facilities available.
- Nov 2 The Remarkable and Entertaining CUP EVE BALL to be held at the Lincoln Rooms, Toorak Village. Do come! Ask Marina in due course for details and a seat at the Remarkable and Entertaining SEAHORSE VICTORIA Table. A gay spectacle and another "all-provided" deal.



" Oh, alright, if you're going to be that way, go ahead and put on your 'buh-dolly' "





It all depends on what you perceive as "do-gooding". Throughout my grown-up life I seem to have been one of those people on whose shoulder acquaintances and friends (often, in my younger days, distressed, worried, puzzled and attractive ladies) have had a compulsion to pour out their woes in the hope of comfort, succour and at times practical help. I don't think I am much more of a sucker for a sob-story than most, but, through inclination and perhaps also the aforementioned pre-conditioning, I have usually tried my best to listen sympathetically and to react appropriately. If that is "do-gooding" then I am certainly guilty.

Nevertheless, this time quite consciously (whereas previously it was often involuntary) and after a lifetime of being a TV with few problems of self or family acceptance, I felt that, just maybe, here was an area in which I could offer practical help and advice. I have seen it as part of my role within the Club to listen: (incidentally you may have noticed that I also talk a lot!). I have listened, often at length, in person and on the telephone, to the often confused ramblings of hesitant, embarrassed, ashamed, guilty or worried self-suspecting TVs and, not infrequently, to their ladies as well.

I am not a trained psychologist, nor do I necessarily believe that the psychologist has a major role to play in many cases where transvestism is a factor. He or she may well have, especially where transvestism is a major disruptive influence in a family relationship, but that has much more to do with helping two people to live together in comparative harmony no matter what. There are far more frequent and potent causes of the breakdown of personal relationships- alcoholism, drug-dependence, incompatibility, economic stress, work-pressures to name a few - but, only too often, the discovery of transvestism is the final straw.

Convention and education (both at school and in the home) attempt to drive us all to conform to a stereotyped form of behaviour. If they could succeed there would be no crime, no alcoholism, no drug-dependence nor any of the Pandora's box of behavioural deviations which plague, and have always plagued the world. This stereotype applies especially to gender-behaviour. We are brought up to believe (or our mentors hope that we will) that certain actions and reactions are the sole prerogative of one sex or the other, and that to "cross the line" which marks the division between the sexes is at best unacceptable. Any departure from "normal behaviour" - (what is normal anyway?) - is regarded as suspicious, and at the worst with total revulsion. So, when an apparently normal, healthy male crosses the gender-role line because he happens to like cross-dressing and practises it, he immediately moves outside the stereotype and becomes (often in his own eyes as well) something abnormal - like having two heads!

Over the past two years or so, I have talked to a large number of people - single, engaged, married, alone or with their partners, in their homes or mine, in coffee-bars and carparks, at all times of the day or night. It does have it's lighter side - and that was what prompted your Editor to ask me to write this - but I think the overwhelming impression with which I am left is of the intense seriousness which prompts an undeclared TV to take the plunge and declare himself to a total stranger (me!) and to talk for hours in an endeavour to sort out his own ideas about himself and this deep, dark secret he has so jealously guarded for so long. Many of them believed, until they took that plunge, that they were unique; many suffered (and may still suffer) enormous feelings of guilt and shame (that stereotype again!); most shared the despair of loneliness and isolation and wanted desperately to escape from it; few saw any chance that it would go away whatever they might try to do about it. Almost all sought social contact with others who feel as they feel. From some I have heard no more; the Club has welcomed many others.

If, by doing what I do, I have been able to help any of them towards self- and perhaps also family acceptance, then I am content to be labelled a "do-gooder"!

EDITORIAL ADDRESS.



In case anybody should be interested, the Editorial Address is P.O. Box 155, Prahran, Victoria 3181. Telephone? 240.9802!

TOORAK FOREVER!

An elderly member of the Socially Aware living in a block of luxury flats in Toorak Rd, has a beautiful young bird as a house-keeper companion. The young bird is a Transvestite.

He is a constant escort to her on the cocktail party rounds and nobody realises she is a man. Wonder if he does?

Just a few philosophical words on what our Yankee sisters used to call - maybe they still do - BEING READ which was to them, I used to gather, virtually The Kiss of Death. You had gone out in your best and highest drag, spent hours on your face, spent dollars on your hair and descended to the sidewalk (pavement to you!). You had started to cross the pavement (roadway to you!) and, halfway, you saw sniggering on the kerb (curb to you) two horrid youths who were demonstrating their unwillingness to accept that you were the smart girl you thought you were.

"Oh calamity! Ah lackaday me! All is lost - I must never venture out abroad again!" was usually the cry. And quite often, so they used to tell me, they didn't either. But they did at anyrate have some reason for their enforced caution as you can - or could at least - get into some strife with cruising cops and there was no sense in inviting that even if you could extricate yourself, later, from the station house (cop shop to you!) without any charges.

But strangely, to me, I hear the same TV cries of pain about being " spotted " here in Australia! Where, on the mainland at any rate, you can go around en femme (provided you are otherwise behaving yourself) to your heart's content! My own view is that most TVs think far too much about the possibility of being identified as a male dressed as a female if, or when, they are out in public. I think, too, that a large number of TVs imagine that because no-one has actually spoken to them about it; or followed them up the street ringing a bell and calling out derisively "DRAG! DRAG! DRAG!"; or been stoned by the multitude - that they have "passed" and not been "read". Let us briefly consider both these attitudes - together.

Firstly, unless you meet and are recognised by The Boss, Great Aunt Agatha who might take fright and strike you out of her will, The Horrid Old Bag Who Lives Next Door or your innocent mates from the Pub Down The Road, does it really matter whether you are "read" or not? That is, as long as you don't look ridiculous or outrageous and feel confident and contented with your state? Of course not!

Now let us consider this question of being recognised which can arise, you must realise, even if you are a very skilled and splendid looking creature in your femme gear and have the carriage and grace of a model. The lady next door seeing you leave your flat or, worse still, letting yourself in with a latch-key, is going to see through your disguise as fast as a laser. I once knew a very good TV who, full face, looked quite beautiful and not even the said Aunt Agatha would have recognised her; but, in profile, her features were so unmistakeably Arthur's that no amount of make-up or postiche art could have disguised her. And I was once - in my early years - caught out because I had forgotten, in my TV euphoria, that my 3-litre Vintage Bentley was the only one in the whole county, apart from having a personalised number! watch out for TV's dangerous euphoria, friends!

And we might as well accept that when we become confident enough, out in public, to look passers-by in the face we shall find that nearly all the folk we used to think were deceived by us because we never actually faced them, either saw through our disguise or at least were damned curious about us. I would say that of all the TVs who go around socially in public, nearly all believe themselves to be undetected whereas only a small minority can really deceive anyone - male or female - who takes a long cool look at them. In this statement, of course, I exclude those androgynous types who look neither definitively male or female as they go around in their long lank hair and thongs; and jeans which have either been condemned by the Department of Health - or should be. And of course the lucky.

(or unlucky?) rarities who have truly femme faces and other visible features and who must have come down the human assembly line while God was out at the water-cooler. Their problem is passing as males though genetically indisputably such!



And what does all this philosophy and practice add up to?

In short, do not expect to fool all of the public, all of the time that you are really a woman as it's most unlikely that you will. Do not expect to be interfered with by the citizens or The Old Bill even if they do read you because you are not going to be as long as you are on some patently lawful enterprise. Do not think that large quantities of make-up will hide your real sex but very skilfully applied cosmetics - in large or small quantities - will help a great deal to do so. As also will well chosen clothes whether spectacular or dreary.

In fact to quote that rather bitchy old poof, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark (admittedly in a rather different context),

"..... get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this same favour she must come; make her laugh at that!"

Finally, unless you are going to be wheeled around in a bath chair by a grizzled and tottering attendant, give all the attention you can to achieving a nice easy, graceful way of walking and standing and using (NOT concealing) your hands. With those qualities and plenty of confidence-many of the folk who may have read you, or thought they had, via your face and hair and clothes, will decide that, maybe, they've made a mistake.

Lady Jane [REDACTED].

NEWS FROM INTER-STATE.

Still not very much which is of interest to us really except that it is now confirmed that there is, once more, a New South Wales SEAHORSE Club the Secretary of which is one HELEN ROSS who also writes - and sends us - copies of a Newsletter. We have, also now, details of who the other Officers are and when and where and how often they meet. We gather that the club is centred on an outer Sydney suburb called Marrickville but have no idea how strong, numerically, they are. Perhaps the good HELEN ROSS will tell us!

We hear from Lynda Ailion that the South Australian club, which is predominantly centred in Adelaide, but likes to think of itself as the NATIONAL Seahorse, is still going along nicely. I would say that, although their numbers in Adelaide and its environs remains small, they do just about as many things as does SEAHORSE VICTORIA. This is, of course, because of Lynda's long-standing enthusiasm, universal personal involvement and the making of her home available always for monthly meetings and other functions. This keeps the club together and, though small in numbers, it works and plays as a group. (Victoria's Monthly Covens are in strict contrast to this!)

We gather that, in Queensland, there are just two small groups (?) whose only real activity is to subscribe to Lynda's "National" effort and to receive her occasional News Letters. There does not appear to be any club as such - not yet anyway. And in Western Australia the situation seems to be much the same. Tasmania too. Nowhere seems there to be Victoria's strength and continuity.

ACHTUNG!!! (Which is German for WATCH IT, MATE!)

Unless you have paid your Subscription before the end of September 1981 - you have just finished reading the LAST copy of SEAHORSE VICTORIA BULLETIN WHICH YOU WILL RECEIVE!!!!!!

