

1) Regret intended visit to F.F.
now seems not possible. But
still working on it. *Paul*

Ariadne
Note P. 3! and 5

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THE AUSTRALIAN SEAHORSE BULLETIN

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JULY 1984.

EDITORIAL.

Only another two monthly issues and you will be reading the one for SEPTEMBER 1984 - and that will be the last. Or the last in my particularly wide-ranging, informative, opinionated, cynical, abrasive and completely disillusioned style anyway. But I seriously doubt whether most members, wholly absorbed in their struggling to achieve some sort of reasonable standard of making-up and dressing, will miss it; or even notice that it's stopped coming!

This month I may as well use this Editorial field to make a few comments on how, even if SEAHORSE is GOING NOWHERE (which I can quite clearly see), it can go nowhere more effectively and pleasantly.

Firstly, it can take a tip or two from ROTARY, a worldwide club which makes a great point, along with all the good works it is known for, of Fellowship and Practical Hospitality. In these two features, ALL TV/TS clubs I have known have fallen down badly. The incoming Committee should immediately elect a Sub-Committee (or appoint one experienced Member) to handle HOSPITALITY. This Member (or Members) should be charged with the duty of meeting each arriving member at Social Evenings, and especially new or very recent members, and see that they are made to feel welcome and are absorbed into the gathering.

Secondly, no Committee that I have seen working so far has taken much positive interest in "keeping the membership together". For example when some "regular" at Monthly Social Evenings suddenly starts to be a "regular absentee" surely someone should contact that member and find out the reason for the unaccustomed staying-away. I have, while in South Africa, often attended a Rotary evening I had planned to miss out solely because some Committee-man thoughtfully called me and said "You weren't around last Thursday - anything wrong? Hope we'll see you this week!"

Thirdly, let us not be so paranoid about Security. Many Members would like to be able to contact, telephone or write to others whose company or advice they fancy. I agree that, for several good reasons, some members may not wish to be contacted but there are plenty of the other sort too. I suggest that the Committee should publish, from time to time, the appropriate details of those Members who specifically elect to be placed on a sort of "Friendship Directory".

Fourthly, the attendance at the 2nd. June SOCIAL EVENING (Dinner) at which you had to pay \$18 a head plus any drinks you saw fit to buy at the bar was just as high as could have been expected had you been invited to the usual sterile evening (without Dinner) at \$5 (formerly \$3) a head. So it seems that the cost of your once a month night out in drag is, despite all that has been urged to the contrary, not so important after all. Leaving expense out of the consideration for the moment, if 2nd. June at THE PRESIDENT was the sort of thing you'd like to do on your Monthly Social Adventure, most of our problems (continuous since 1982) in finding suitable venues for "meetings" are dispersed. All we have to do is to locate a pleasant not too up-market B.Y.O. Restaurant and meet there for a "Dinner Evening" on an A La Carte PLUS B.Y.O. Drinks basis with everyone eating and drinking just what they fancy; and everybody being responsible for his/her own bill. Think about this after you have joined your fellow SEAHORSES at the already arranged Social Evening at MILAN'S CHARCOAL GRILL in BURNLEY on Saturday 11th. August!

Fifthly, the question of passing on wisdom and advice about Cross Dressing. If you are talking to another "girl" at a Social Evening and you think she does some pretty bad things in dressing or make-up, you will not of course, mention it to her as there's nothing she can do about the matter that evening and it will make her unhappy to hear your criticism. BUT - if anyone is doing something really splendid, TELL HER and ask her about it. She will be warmed and flattered - and YOU may learn something of value!



One of the results of folk like BOY GEORGE and MARILYN and numerous other non-music producers finding that it is highly effective for them to deafen their customers while wearing feminine clothes and cosmetics is that THE MEDIA, admittedly not over-burdened with formal education, has discovered the dictionary word, which most of us have (I like to hope) been familiar with since we changed short pants for short ladies' pants, ANDROGYNOUS. To wit, "having male and female characteristics; hermaphrodite". You may like to hear what the Johannesburg "SUNDAY TIMES" has to say about the "new" androgynous cult of music(?) makers which it calls "THE GENDER BENDERS".

" They are shocking. They are outrageous. They call themselves The Gender Benders - the latest youth cult to follow in the high-heeled footsteps of bizarre BOY GEORGE. Gender Bander boys are mad about make-up and adore dressing up. And some girls love it! Amazingly they find tremendously sexy!

These days, far from simply dressing up in the privacy of their own homes. the Gender Benders are coming out of the wardrobe. But why do they choose to wear Women's Clothes and Make-up? What do their wives, girlfriends and parents think? Why do they put up with abuse?

This is a look at the crazy new cult that's sweeping the world and which i;; become a part of the fashion history of the Eighties. The Macho Image is OUT (now) for many young men. According to people-watcher, Dr. Desmond Morris, the Gender Benders want to escape from the hairy-chested, he-man stereotype. He says they no longer want to be the type of men who are not allowed to weep openly, love tenderly or show any of the emotions that, until now, have been reserved for women.

'The fact is' he says 'the wearing of pseudo female costumes reflects the anti-macho campaign. It is trying to get a more balanced, sensible relationship between the sexes. It has nothing to do with homosexuality. It is just a fashion trend among males. There is nothing inherently unmasculine about (it). If a man starts dressing like this it shouldn't be assumed that he has homosexual tendencies'

And Dr. Morris isn't at all surprised that some women find Gender Benders a turn-on. 'The attraction of a woman to an effeminate-looking man has been going on for donkeys' ears' he said. ' It's an old trick to go to a party and pretend to be GAY! If a girl can convert a GAY to heterosexuality she feels that she has been a real Florence Nightingale. And perhaps these men feel that their make-up and style has this effect on the girls'

Gender Benders are becoming more and more common even in traditionally strait-laced South Africa However there's a very thin line between what is regarded as CAMP and what's regarded as GAY..... a man wearing women's clothes is presumed to be GAY. That stigma has so far served to confine the movement which is ironic really since the whole object is to attract Women!

A British Customs Officer is convinced that his glamorous make up and clothes turn on the girls..... John Raven, whose lip-gloss and eye make-up outdoes hat of his wife, Sharon, says that Women can wear men's clothes and nobody cares a damn but if a man wears women's clothes there's a riot! John's hobby is weight-lifting. He developed as a Gender Bender after seeing BOY GEORGE on telly. When he goes out in the evenings, Peter, a 22 year old, transforms himself into a staggeringly attractive girl..... flawless make-up, hair groomed to perfection and even a black leather skirt and high heels.

BOY GEORGE understands why women are sexually attracted to Gender Benders. He said ' It sounds an awful thing to say but for a girl to have sex with someone like me isn't such a problem. I am not masculine. I don't want to be. You can be a lot more attractivewith your mind than with your body' ".

Your Editor wonders what SEAHORSE Members will think about all this. Personally she finds the last comment by BOY GEORGE as confused as it is confusing. But if Gender Bending really does spread to cult proportions, will we see our members, still paranoid about security and meeting behind closed doors, what time the streets, squares, theatres, cinemas and discos are bright (if not gay) with "girls" and girls? And the world will have given up altogether bothering about whether or not, if your sartorial preferences are outrageously Feminine, your sexual preferences and habits must be Feminine too! Which, of course, deep down, they may well be. And sometimes not all that deep down!

Those of you who regularly attend the Home Counties meetings must have noticed that, lately,.....(I have seemed to be) "lacking in enthusiasm to dress". I do not,however, wish to imply that I did not enjoy the meetings. I did!

As some of you are aware,I (have in the past) always attended meetings "dressed".These days, however, the feeling of a certain lack of necessity seems to have crept in.

I have long held the view that transvestism is a state of mind or condition used as a "front" for another purpose. There comes a time when it may be unnecessary.....(and so) it may be with my dressing habits.

The work needed to edit the (BEAUMONT) "Bulletin" allows me to deal with my transvestism while it is still in the mind "I think - therefore I am". One or two of the Society's other officers have expressed similiar views, whereas, others have a need to dress on a regular basis. Some people dress so that they may give expression to the femininity within themselves; others,because they are unable to relax in any other way. Dressing and adopting a usually passive female role may allow them to throw off the responsibilities they hold as males, albeit for a temporary period.

I wonder just how far these two reasons are linked. Note that I refer to "reasons" and not "causes".

Regardless of whether we are heterosexual, bisexual or homosexual, almost everything we do physically is the result of mental conditioning. It is my view that once we admit to ourselves that this mental ^{state} exists, we are often able to cope with it more easily.

It has been said that " Once a TV - always a TV ". This may be true of the mind, but for me as long as I have the mental stimulation connected with transvestism,I have far less of a need to actually don my feminine attire. Regardless of this, I think of myself as no less of a transvestite than if I were to dress more frequently.

The above views are, of course, my own and should not be taken as anything other than personal.

CLAIRE DAVIS (S2227).

EDITOR'S COMMENT: CLAIRE is the current Editor of the excellent BEAUMONT BULLETIN and what she has said above should give our readers quite a few things to examine with their own feelings. Does writing or reading of TV/TS matter ever hold back your wish to dress yourselves? It certainly has never affected my own dedication to putting every skill I have into dressing to the absolute limits of possibility - from Hunting Vegetables in Early Morning Market to Theatre Gala Premieres!

"FANTASIA FAIR".

This Notice is included as a friendly gesture to its instigator, the American Transgenderist Personality, whose journal, THE HUMAN OUTREACH BULLETIN of BOSTON,Mass, has provided so many interesting and significant articles for your own AUSTRALIAN SEAHORSE BULLETIN in the past.I refer, of course,to ARIADNE KANE.

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| Town & Gown Supper | Legal Seminar | Personal Growth Workshop |
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Up to now, I have remembered and told you about friends and acquaintances as follows: MARLENE (Cape Town); JOAN (Christchurch N.Z; the two ALICES (Melbourne and Fremantle); ROSEMARY (Hong Kong and Sydney); GIANNA and WENDY THE WINE (Sydney); KAREN (Kew); ROBYN PAYNE (Warburton, Founder of Victorian SEAHORSE); GRETTA (Melbourne); the Seagoing CAROLE; THERESA (also a mariner); HEATHER (Gisborne, Vic); STELLA (Les Girls, Melbourne); TRINA [REDACTED] (Sydney); DOROTHY SH [REDACTED] (Sydney); JOCELYN H [REDACTED] (Melbourne); ROSEMARY (Durban, Pietermaritzburg, Cape Town, Oxford, Dubbo and Adelaide); FIONA WOOD (Brisbane and Sydney); BARBRA BURROWES (Perth); and for each of these here must be, I suppose, another six or seven I have known but not importantly enough to warrant mentioning here. All of which adds up to the fact that, since I am still quite a long way from my end, I have met and known, in various degrees, a whole lot of TV/TS folk: I will now continue.

Just about the time that I came upon the Australian scene, SEAHORSE AUSTRALIA was getting on its feet and only centre of any real activity was SYDNEY where TRINA aided by wife MARG. and daughter KAREN plus TV/TS friends WENDY GRAY, PAULINE WARNER and DI WARD (artist for their magazine FEMINIQUE) were starting to make things hum. While not being myself a member of SEAHORSE, nor even wanting to be, I started to pay regular quarterly visits to Sydney to meet these good people, and their considerable number of TV/TS friends, in search of dinners out and parties in homes. I well recall my first meeting with TRINA and COMPANY: I was invited to present myself one evening at their house in Chiswick. I duly did so, staying for a longish evening being eyed but not talked to much. Much of the time I seem to remember spending trying to raise a taxi to go back to my hotel again since no-one seemed to be anxious to drive me. If they liked me at all - beyond approving of my dressing - I felt they had a mighty peculiar way of showing it. However, these things have never bothered me much. There will always be Others - and Tomorrow! I wasn't planning to live in Sydney anyway!

Then I attended all of the first Transvestite Seminar and Three-Day Piss-Up at Pittwater and found, to my pleasant surprise, that by some strange alchemy TRINA and all her folk and friends had changed into very worthwhile friends of mine. And so they remained as long as we remained in contact. Then, at the Second Grand Pittwater Drag Knees-Up I met and became, briefly, very matey with two characters from Brisbane who shared a room somewhere above my own. This accommodation was at all times of the day a riot of empty suitcases, overfull drawers, unmade beds, beer cans, wigs and dresses and shoes. The hotel staff refused to enter it to try and tidy up; they couldn't anyway. These exotic creatures from Bananadom rejoiced in the names of APRIL and WANDA; the former some sort of estate agent and the latter a medical person. I had met the latter once before on a brief visit to Brisbane. She made up elegantly and well, making no attempt to look other than as a rather expensively gowned older woman, much addicted to the use of extravagant maquillage and masses of ballet-length eye-lashes. When on parade she looked splendid and reminded me of those ladies who ran expensive little drinking clubs on the south coast of England in those halcyon days which preceded D-Day. Ladies who, if they liked you, could always find you a bottle of scotch when no-one else in the U.K. seemed able to; and who came down to breakfast, still in cocktail gowns and reeking of Chanel No.5. Who were on first name terms with all the local aristocracy and were always slightly pissed on pink gins right through from bacon-and-eggs to bedtime.

The other Queensland Queen was APRIL LEIGH. APRIL was - and far to the north in NOOSA HEADS I trust she still is - Loud, Luscious, Long-lashed, Loose Limbed and Lotus-Eating; a splendid Chorus-Girl-Type! Rather like the Poor Man's Dorothy Lamour - long black hair and kohl-encrusted eyes like pee-holes in the snow. This pair had two splendidly attractive wives whom I met later when in Brisbane but who had been wise enough not to accompany their husbands to Pittwater!

Another very early - if not the very first - SEAHORSE member in Sydney was JULIA, resident in Melbourne by the time I got there. JULIA had a delightful blonde wife who it seemed shared his/her fondness for fantasy gear and long black shiny thigh-boots. Many were the exciting photographic evenings we had with them at KAREN's place in Kew. Then JULIA got divorced and married again and lovely wife No. 2 was less enthusiastic it seemed to me. But she will always live in my affections. When I met her for the first time at a Drag Garden Party at Gisborne. I was in black chiffon and with an enormous black cartwheel hat. I hoped that I looked good but no-one had actually said anything comforting about it. Then I was introduced to

DONNA, JULIA's new wife and my doubts were dispelled. She said "So this is the famous Lady Paula - why did nobody tell me that she was ELEGANT and BEAUTIFUL as well?". My day was made - you don't have to actually BELIEVE the nice things that people are kind enough to say on such occasions but they are certainly very nourishing to the spirit!

After I met LYNDA A [redacted] and her family in ADELAIDE I made that city the target of a visit every few months. LYNDA, supported by wife SYBIL (a lady with charm and taste) and daughter MAURISSA (with bosom friend MARIE), were among the very early visitors KAREN and I had at the flat in Kew. I think they were put in touch with us by TRINA . In those now far off days, before a domestic break-up, I used to think that ADELAIDE SEAHORSE was the most progressive, genuine, all-together and compact cell of SEAHORSE in all Australia. And when LYNDA and SYBIL built an annexe in the garden entered by way of the main house and started to hold all their club functions there I felt that its only limits would be those of space. But the annexe was large enough to hold their Christmas Dinner for their some twenty Members and their wives and friends, there was no immediate problem. I remember delightful pub evenings, restaurant dinners and even one Sunday barbecue in the National Park to say nothing of an occasion when there was an airways strike and I was pleasantly marooned there eating my head off at the most friendly and convenient (for TVs) Flinders Lodge Motor Inn. But I gather that no such pleasant junkettings - or at any rate not on that scale - still go on in Adelaide. Such a pity!

Also in Adelaide - though it was when she came to stay a week-end with us at Kew that we first met - was a seafaring gent called, en femme, CATHERINE. He was a disciple of VIRGINIA PRINCE in the U.S.A. whom he regarded as his sort of Guru. He preached the Gospel According to Virginia and expected all whom he met to accept these teachings without question. He was so shocked by my own homespun theories concerning The TV and Society and, more particularly, The TV and Homosexuality that when he got back to The City of Churches he wrote us a letter saying how much he disapproved of our attitudes and reproached me personally as being "a worthless harlot" which I thought then, and still think, was just about the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me. With all his/her faults, and they were many, I am glad to have known CATHERINE and wish we could meet again!

I think that I should now tell you about my oldest and dearest TV/TS friend FIONA W [redacted] who one or two Members will have met since I imported her from Sydney for the 1982 Arts Ball. She has also contributed to BULLETIN - recently in BOSOMS FOR THE BOYS - and will again shortly. For years when I lived in South Africa we were in correspondence - she in U.S.A. and later in Brisbane where we first met in the flesh. But let me first tell you what I originally read of her in a paperback book called "A YEAR AMONG THE GIRLS" by Darrell Raynor; he is writing of an encounter in New York:

" There was a third person in the room. This apparent young girl was curled up on the settee and watching us with a half-smile. As we came in the girl came to her feet and moved to meet us. She was very feminine in an off-white cocktail dress with a bouffant skirt..... it was clear that she was perhaps a little taller than the average girl. FIONA had just arrived in New York..... she made the difference to our conversation and had that mystical something called charm. We soon had a relaxed and easy conversation going." A nice appreciation is it not?

I have known, or known of, FIONA W [redacted] now for something like 20 years and we have more in common now than we had in earlier years. Of course among the things we share is a whole lot more experience than possessed by most of the TV/TS people we meet. We are both very much extroverted TVs and our main complaint is shortage of occasions on which to parade our skills before the public - together. The last was our motor trip to Adelaide to visit with ROSEMARY and she will shortly be describing that trip in BULLETIN.

Another TV with whom I corresponded for some years before I came to Australia and we actually met, was ROSEMARY (Hong Kong). She had made the long journey down to Sydney for the 1976 Seminar and three years earlier, of course, she, as RICHARD, had taken me to LES GIRLS. But when I met her dressed for the first time at Pittwater I was greatly surprised and a little put off my stroke. I readily recognised the face from pictures by post over all the years but this was just not the ROSEMARY HONG KONG of my expectations. What the hell was it?

Then the penny dropped - it was that over all the said years she had never sent me any pictures other than extravagant glamour shots of some intimacy. The only time I had seen this lady before she had been in lurex dresses well above the

(continued overleaf)

knee and with a great flashing of "glitter" stockings. More often, even than that, she had been pictured seated in a bath, immaculately coiffured, with a rather splendid bosom only half concealed by a profusion of soap bubbles and smiling enticement into the lens of the camera!

Oh yes! All those years have amused me a lot - even if they have taught me little!

Paula.

"TV OR NOT TV?" (copied from "BON MOT" of the SOUTH EASTERN ENGLAND
by "JEAN". GROUP of the BEAUMONT SOCIETY)

TV in this case standing for Transvestite. You'll have talked to one, perhaps met one. You probably find it hard to understand what makes him do it. So does he.

Why does a man want to dress as a woman? No-one really knows. The most accepted theory is that he is born with the compulsion. It is usually evident to him at the age of puberty, sometimes earlier. But it is as well to define TV as distinct from the better known TS (or Transsexual). A TS believes he has been given the wrong body and wants a physical change (by way of surgery or hormone therapy or both). A few TVs become TS but the true TV is quintessentially male. It is not sex which is involved but gender; he does not want to lose his equipment he wants to remain male and continues to think of women as any male does. Above all he is NOT Gay or Homosexual. The TV's compulsion relates solely to clothing. If he goes on to wig and make-up, it is not part of his compulsion but to extend his opportunities for dressing.....

There is nothing anyone can do to get a TV to abandon his dressing. Various methods have been tried. Some may work for a short time; for instance, at the beginning of a relationship with a woman he may give it up. But he will be dressing again within months at the most.

What problems bring a TV to (seek help)? Guilt, secrecy, loneliness. Guilt because he doesn't understand his condition and doesn't realise that others have it. Secrecy, because if he can't understand, how can others? Curiously, in these days of acceptance of transsexuals, gays, lesbians, homosexuals, the Transvestite alone is not accepted - simply because that condition is not well known. Loneliness, because the compulsion to dress, in secret, takes precedence over relationships.

The main desire of a transvestite is to be able to dress in company, either of other TVs or of supportive Non-Tvs (straight folk)..For someone like myself, living alone, an officer of the BEAUMONT SOCIETY, who can and does dress publicly, transvestism is not a problem but a pleasure..... But how can Help Organisations aid a TV? By just talking about it with him. By letting him come to their centre dressed (if he wishes). As HER.

For the TV the great question is "TO TELL -OR NOT?". Only HE can decide. Certainly no TV should enter into a close relationship (with a woman) without telling. If she finds out, the relationship will often fail horrifically. If she does not find out the relationship is likely to fail simply because the need to dress will drive him to withdraw from it.....

I lived a secret life for thirty years; and then one day I was able to say (to a Beaumont Society official) "I AM A TRANSVESTITE". I'm lucky- I've found peace. My peace may be unobtainable for others; (but) a Club's willingness to listen, to meet him dressed, may be all the peace he needs!

JEAN.

Neither your Editor, nor your Club's policy, would agree with all of what "JEAN" says and we think she can be accused of a degree of over-simplification of the TV v TS relationship; and the question of "Are TVs and TSs Homosexual?". But we feel her article is both interesting and deeply sympathetic and that you would like to read it.

At your Editor's request to the VALHALLA management, this ANDY WARHOL movie which we wrote about in BULLETIN some time back was recently shown by that adventurous cinema and Marina and I went along to see it. Marina has asked me to assure you that she didn't like it at all! However I feel I must tell you that her objection was that it "showed Transvestites/Transexuals in a very poor light" and that was not a valid objection since Marina had overlooked the fact that the movie did not present Transvestites/Transexuals AT ALL! There were six - admittedly rather nasty - female characters in the plot of the film but they were supposed to be WOMEN IN REVOLT and the fact that Andy Warhol had chosen drag queens to play three of these parts was to add spice to the appeal (if any!) of the movie. These TV/TS "actresses" were acting as REAL WOMEN in the play and NOT as Cross Dressers.

Actually the movie, though vulgar and noisy and tasteless, has relevance in the vulgar and noisy and tasteless world of today, and I wouldn't mind sitting through it again to watch for and savour the many clever twists and turns of Andy Warhol's novel techniques in direction. Using drag queens to play the parts of real women is an idea which, on a more elevated social and intellectual level, has always attracted enthusiastic Cross Dressers; and is the reason why C.Ds have found plays like TOOTSIE or the recent JULIE ANDREWS effort or I WANT WHAT I WANT only partly satisfactory to them.

BOSOMS FOR THE BOYS (PART III).

When this series first started, I said I would wind it up by telling of my own breast-building experiences and I was just about to do that when two things happened. Firstly, Gretta changed her mind about telling all and if I can ever drive her into a corner for long enough to get her story you shall, in due, course read that; but, secondly, I received a letter from my old friend VIRGINIA PRINCE, the founder of TRANSVESTIA and F.P.E., nationwide, in the U.S.A. who had read and appreciated what we have had to say, so far, on the subject in BULLETIN. Here is a very relevant quote from her letter:

"This is my 18th year as VIRGINIA! I have had no surgery but I have taken hormones for breast development as described in your "Bosoms For The Boys. I have a nice pair of B-Cup boobs and have had since about 1970 but I haven't taken any hormones since then either. They (the boobs) don't go away when you quit providing you were on the hormones long enough for the firmer glandular tissue in the middle to form. Those that have been resorbed had simply only gotten to the fat deposition stage and, since fat can be moved around the body, since it really isn't tissue but simply a deposit of fatty material in and around cells, discontinuance of the hormonal stimulus means disappearance of the apparent growth."

Well that's VIRGINIA's experience and rationale but it does not accord with my own and anyway it seems likely that the length of time over which you must take hormones and raise satisfactory charlies before you can stop medication and the said charlies will still stay around, varies from subject to subject; and, no doubt, from type of hormone to type of hormone.

My own experience has been thus. I started taking the costly PREMARIN in 1970 and within six months had produced good, firm, self-supporting breasts of approximately A-Cup size. Development then appeared to stop. I went on taking the PREMARIN until 1973 when I stepped ashore in Sydney Cove. Like most other things I encountered in Australia, I then found PREMARIN too expensive. In Melbourne, a new doctor prescribed ESTIGYN and I started taking these at 0.10mg per day. Then things really started to happen and in no time I was up to roughly C-Cup proportions and was becoming notably whistle-worthy. Then the bill from outraged Mother Nature came in and I started to suffer from swollen ankles and insteps which condition largely, but not completely, went away when my ESTIGYN intake was cut to 0.02 per day. Heart and circulatory troubles would have been the penalty for keeping up my 0.10 mg per day routine so the specialist assured me. Now my splendid equipment has subsided; not altogether but down to a level which, if I were a schoolgirl (through no fault of my own I am not!) would excite only very minor admiration in the Junior Swimming Change Rooms. And there- in both the medical and the literary senses -I propose to leave the matter!

Paula.

Reading and writing and dreaming fantasy about Cross Dressing and Sartorial Compulsion seem to play a large part in the activity of the average Transvestite. They influence the letters an Editor often gets; and the little articles readers often send him and which they would like to see in print. Indeed quite a few authorities suggest that all Transvestism is really just a piece of FETISHISM. Except that, instead of being 'hooked' on Gloves; or Corsetry; or Spike heels; or Long Boots; or Maquillage; or Certain Materials like Satin or Chiffon, one is 'hooked' on the Whole Damned Lot! In other words, the Cross Dresser who really goes in for it properly is just a WHOLE GIRL FETISHIST! Your Editor could admit to that!

In "BULLETIN" we have always refused to print Fantasy or Fetishist Letters or Articles but with the end of "BULLETIN" now only a few issues away, perhaps we might humour our Fetishist and Fantasy readers just a little. Below we reprint some "LETTERS TO THE EDITOR".

"Dear Editor

..... the party was a great success. At the end of the evening, when Mary took the girls into her bedroom to get ready to leave, she told Georgette to stay and serve us fellows with a last drink. It was Bertie who decided that he wasn't going to let the chance slip of feeling this curvacious piece of French femininity in his arms and tasting those inviting scarlet lips. She was soon reclining on the sofa in a froth of raised chiffon, lacey petticoats and black stockings. But at the critical moment he was interrupted by peals of laughter from the girls who had sneaked back and caught him about de-flower Georgette. Bertie's own wife seemed to more amused than any! And it wasn't till he turned back to his 'victim' that he realised just why. The saucy, smiling Georgette had by now removed the juliet cap and the mass of golden curls to reveal the close-cropped head of a man.

Imagine our delight, not only at the evening-long deception, but at the lovely extent of John's (Georgette's) effemination - that pretty made-up face, that slim corsetted waist, those alluring curves. Those lovely legs, these set off by black silk hose, now visible through Bertie's intervention right up to their tops, together with gay frilly garters and gossamer knickers.....

Sincerely yours, "OUT FOR FUN".

(this is just an extract from a 6-page letter!)

Dear Editor,

I am afraid I am a funny sort of person. A young business man, I am quite normal and am considered by my family to be a great success. I am aged 27....

Once a month I go away for a week-end telling my family that I am spending a few days in the country with friends. I am short of stature being only 5ft 4½ inches in height.

When the urge takes me which is every few weeks I go to the flat of a lady in a distant suburb and once there I am entirely deprived of my male personality. My male clothes are taken away from me by the lady and I am entirely dressed as a schoolgirl of about fourteen. A uniform of dark blue, with school-girl's hat and badge. A short skirt, long black stockings and patent leather shoes with louis heels. I wear a real hair wig of long curls. When I am dressed as just an innocent schoolgirl the lady and I depart for her secluded country cottage for the whole week-end. Once there I am treated, from dawn to dusk (I have to go to bed at six-thirty), completely as a schoolgirl of my (apparent) age. I have long lessons including, of course, French and German, painting and music. For misbehaviour I am punished just as a child would be. The lady is very strict!

Miss Golightly has a complete programme for me over the years. At every few months interval my dress and instruction will move forward FIVE years. This will mean that very soon I shall be dressed and instructed as if I really were a young lady of nineteen and after "qualifying" in that role I shall become a young matron of twenty-four and be taught all that a young married lady should know about cooking, "the bedroom" and entertaining a husband's business guests.....

I often wish to break myself of this headlong progress towards womanhood but after brief struggling, I find it hopeless to do so.....

Sincerely "DORA LITTLE"

(this letter was in beautiful copper-plate writing and ten pages long)

"OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR!"

" From the first, our producer, a bullying sergeant-major, told us that he was going to convert us into "real girls", not just young men dressed as girls; and he really did all in his power to carry out his plan. He got in to help him, three old retired French comedy actresses who worked on us - our figures, features, and our deportment; and real women's attire. Much of the latter, the shopkeepers in the nearby town of Arras were blackmailed into providing and the best-looking of us were even provided with expensive furs borrowed from rich townspeople who came and sat in the front row at all performances.

It was clear from the first that the locals were, as males, very excited by our appearance as showgirls and much of the lovely hosiery, garters, shoes, stockings and fashionable frocks came from the many gifts handed across the footlights at the end of almost every performance. All the showgirls used to get flowers and invitations handed to them as we left by the stage door. And the whole company had an open invitation to the very lush "maison" which was in a small street leading off the main square; but whether as temporary girls on the staff or just as visitors was never made clear!

After the usual chaffing, the chaps settled down to their unwanted training and tried quite seriously; and at least they could no longer be rostered for guard duty since all soon had shaven hair, no eyebrows, long finger-nails and walked like women! The shortened step that comes with long hours in very high heels. We had been also much schooled in the art of "using your eyes to bewitch" and that's something you can't just turn on and off, I tell you!

In six weeks intensive practice for The Revue wonders had been done with us. This was evident when the house was nearly brought down by the opening chorus who with the six six-foot show girls standing behind them, danced so well that those in the audience not in the know thought they were seeing a show of English Beauties sent over the Channel to comfort the troops!

All the show went well and the final chorus got deafening applause - especially when the "girls", with a quick movement, whipped off their luxuriant curly wigs to reveal completely bald male heads. Then as a last touch, we all strode off in our high heels showing glimpses of lace undies, silk tights and jewelled garters.

I shall always remember those nine months of what should have been soldiering and all the dressing in the dressing rooms of a dozen French theatres. Every detail had to be right so the famous French impersonators, Jean Malin and Barquette told us when their help was asked for by the military. A silk vest, close-fitting satin corsets, padded brassiere, silk tights or tightly suspended stockings, high-heeled shoes and figure-fitting silk and lace cami-knickers. Only when dressed to this level properly were the "girls" allowed to start make-up at the dressing room mirrors, usually three girls to each mirror! Make-up included whitening arms, neck and face, rouging cheeks, cobalt blue eye-shadow, powdering the face heavily, pencilling sweeping brows; and outlining a scarlet cupid's bow mouth. At this stage we really looked like "real girls" and were then allowed to dress for the first number - in knee-length frocks, sashes, white gloves, broad-brimmed hats, bracelets, earrings and cute little vanity bags.

Well there, Dear Editor, is my account. Maybe some of the "girls" in that show will recognise my identity from the above so I'll sign the name I bore in the chorus.

Sincerely - "JAYBE JAYCEE" (Red-head)

BULLETIN EDITOR'S NOTE TO HER READERS. Well, there's typical Fantasy Writing for you!!!!! Let me assure you no Editor is safe from it! But those letters were NOT received by your editor!

The first two I have printed for you are dated in 1913 and 1916 and the third one is dated 1919. So - what's changed in sixty or seventy years of "Dreaming About Being In Women's Gear"? Very little!

The quotations - and the long hilarious one we propose to publish in a later BULLETIN - all come from a long dead fetishists's magazine called "LONDON LIFE"; it was published for many years until 1940 when, due to inability to get enough newsprint to continue, it changed into a "straight" tabloid of no great interest to anybody - fetishist or otherwise.

This was held, earlier in the month than usual because of the onset of the Queen's Birthday holiday, on 2 June; and the PRESIDENT MOTOR INN in SOUTH MELBOURNE was the venue.... and what a successful and enjoyable evening it turned out to be! The large room had been partitioned off to provide cosier surroundings than those on our last visit there. Pre-dinner sherry and lively conversation started off the evening nicely, followed by an excellent three-course dinner.

Members moved from table to table during coffee thus ensuring conversation didn't lag. The night concluded around midnight when the die-hards were advised that the bar was closed.

Guests included Elaine and Pat; Debra and Lou; Lynne; Monica; Helen; Greta; Helen and Dorothy; Carol and friend Dianne from the show at "TRISH's" Coffee Bar; Peta; Lynette; Marina; Neulah (our Sydney member); Marcia and Shirley; myself and Kim. PLUS - and most importantly - THREE new members, MARIE; JILL and JAENE with her escort KEN. The Committee extends a warm welcome to them and hopes to see them again soon.

The attendance represented a 33% increase over that of the May Social Evening and the Committee fervently hopes that this a sign of a steady increase to come.

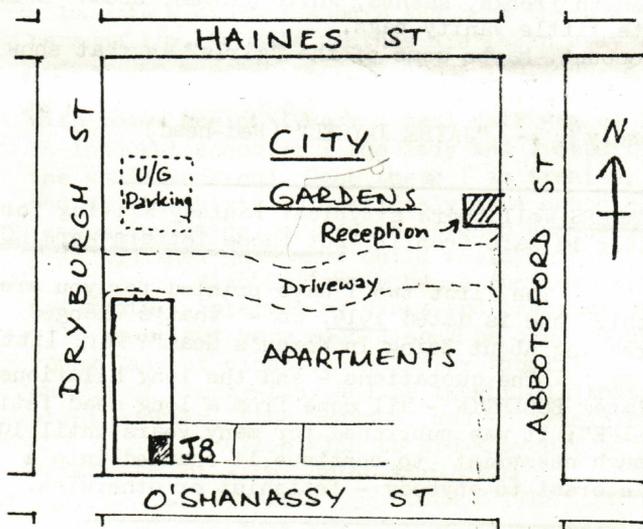
Jan Baxter (President)

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY.

- 14 JULY 1984 - SOCIAL EVENING at CITY GARDENS - again! It starts at 8:00p.m and it is hoped that it will be held in APARTMENT J.8 (in O'SHANASSY STREET) as on the last occasion. Try there first and if, by mischance, we have had to take another unit, there will be a diversion notice on the door-post. It's BASTILLE DAY (the French National Day) so come in some conception of ancient or modern French dress (preferable not a French Letter) if you can. BUT COME ANYWAY! Usual Fee of \$5 per head.
- 11 AUGUST " - RESTAURANT SOCIAL EVENING at MILAN'S CHARCOAL GRILL, 405 SWAN STREET, RICHMOND. This will be a B.Y.O. Evening and also an A La Carte matter. In other words - NO DOOR FEE and you pay your own bill for what food you choose PLUS the cost of whatever drinks you elect to bring. O.K? YOU MUST RESERVE A TABLE THROUGH "LYNETTE" at G.P.O. BOX 2337V, MELBOURNE 3001 ON OR BEFORE 4 AUGUST AS NUMBERS WILL BE LIMITED!
- 8 SEPT " " - THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING at which, sadly, you will have to try and elect almost a complete new Committee and Secretary/Treasurer as good as this year's has been. Few if any of the present officers seem willing to go on for another year. Details of venue next month. Most likely the cheerful and comfortable CITY GARDENS APARTMENTS.

HOW TO GET TO CITY APARTMENTS IN NORTH MELBOURNE.

FLASH-BACK.



AGATHA'S
Column
Her Ladyship On The Prowl

Mice

"Of Mice and Men" the Steinbeck classic opened at Russell St Theatre last week. I enjoyed it thoroughly.

Ray Lawlers production was flawless.

A devastating interpretation of American folkeraama. Among the audience I noticed US Consular types and the Australian-American Association fraternity.

A pity I didn't bring my stars and stripes to wave.

Others noticed at the premiere included Lady Paula Howard.

Lots of the local gay crowd turned up too.

It was almost like a Frances Faye first night with so much swishing and limp wrist virtuosity.

Must say it's the first time I have had to play second fiddle to a bunch of transvestites.

FROM "THE TOORAK TIMES"