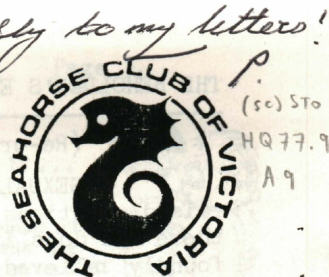


30/5 Will no reply to my letters!

THE AUSTRALIAN SEAHORSE BULLETIN

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JUNE 1984

EDITORIAL.

"WHERE IS SEAHORSE VICTORIA GOING?"

*Ariadne
me Page 2.*

This is going to be a short Editorial. Well, shorter than all save last month's sad IN MEMORIAM anyway. It is prompted - on this occasion since we have raised the question before - by an inchoate happening at the end of March.

At the AVANTI Social Evening in March a shapeless debate was allowed to develop concerning the fact that the Committee had already decided not to run any social occasion during April. The reason for this break was a wholly good one; no suitable venue for such a get-together was available! Nevertheless, discussion mainly by members who never lift a finger to help things along went on. And on!

Later a small group of members, including two former Presidents, elected to meet anyway in April at the private house of a member and to hold a discussion on the subject of:

"WHERE IS SEAHORSE VICTORIA GOING?"

Whether this discussion ever took place we do not know; but certainly this little cabal has, to date, issued no communiqué on its thoughts and its conclusions. We do not find this silence surprising since the subject of their proposed deliberations was as open-ended a subject as you will find in a decade of what is laughingly called "Organised Transvestism".

Over the years since SEAHORSE was first started in SYDNEY this subject has been raised, discussed - and dropped in disgust - ad nauseum. In VICTORIA it has not only been mulled over by your Committees and other little coteries such as the one referred to above, but on at least three occasions attempts have been made to canvass the views of ALL of the Members, active and inactive, as to how they see their Club and what they would like it to do for them. To these enquiries there was little response but most sensible and practical suggestions have all been acted on by successive Committees.

And what has been the result? When special entertainments as requested have been arranged Members have stayed away in droves - especially those who had asked for such music, quiz shows, fancy dress evenings, music, talks and whatever. The only well patronised occasions have been those dealing with GENDER DYSPHORIA ("Sex Change" to you!) which suggests that those who seek to differentiate between TRANSVESTISM and TRANSEXUALITY do violence to the facts!

All the now defunct SEAHORSE Clubs in other capital cities have had the same experience; and so do overseas TV/TS organisations. So "WHERE IS SEAHORSE VICTORIA GOING?" then. Your Editor begs leave to tell you!

SEAHORSE VICTORIA IS GOING NOWHERE - AND IT NEVER IT WILL!

It is quite pleasantly circumnavigating itself - slowly, steadily and without much imagination; and with a few providing all the ideas and enthusiasm and the remainder keeping mum in case they are asked for some personal effort.

But, let us be fair, it seems that the majority of Members like it just the way it is. From among those who DO NOT every year little groups break off to form more exciting little friendships of their own; and we wish them well. Maybe that is what SEAHORSE and all other TV/TS Clubs are really for!

OR - is saying that just a nice convenient alibi - a trite excuse for Failure of a Club?



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

(Re-printed with acknowledgements to THE OUTREACH NEWSLETTER, U.S.A.)

"SEXUALITY and gender role and their relationship to each other have always raised questions for me. What is inherently masculine or feminine? How did we get there and does it really matter? In high school, reading Margaret Mead, I was profoundly relieved to realise that the human family can organise itself to fit any pattern. Later, when I discovered the heterosexual transvestite, a phenomenon which conventional wisdom would consider a contradiction, I re-experienced this sense of relief. Here are people who question gender roles not merely with their minds, but with their lives. I see them as heroic because they confront, by the way they live, what most of us keep safely hidden in our innermost fantasies -- if we allow them even that much freedom.

The primary emphasis of this exhibition (of my photographs, largely inspired by FANTASIA FAIR) is on THE TRANSVESTITE, the man who yearns for femininity in his search for wholeness. Often he sees his feminine creation as his better half; the kinder, more charming person who has closer access to feelings and a greater ability to enjoy life. In the desire to find release from a strictly defined masculine stereotype. From this may come the freedom to see it all as illusion; a rite of passage out of the tyranny of sexual stereotypes altogether.

The smaller groupings in this exhibition include the drag performer and the transexual. For the performer, drag offers a way of playing with the illusion of femininity in consort with an audience that always knows the score. For the transexual, it is the body's maleness itself that represents the ultimate illusion.

If beauty is in the eye of the beholder, whether the beholder is the outside world or a person looking into his or her mirror, beauty remains for all of us an illusion. The same can be said for masculinity and femininity. They are the outward trappings that make a person appear to be male or female.

And in the surgically advanced era in which we live, anatomy itself becomes an illusion.

But the greatest illusion is that our sex determines how we are supposed to conduct our lives.

I hope that this exhibition will give the viewer some of the feeling of freedom I have experienced in coming to know transvestites, drag artists, and and transexuals: the realisation that we all have the right to present ourselves to the world as we see fit....."

(Ms MARIETTE P.ALLEN has been the official photographer at FANTASIA FAIR for the past three years. Your Editor hopes to meet her there!).

FANTASIA FAIR 1984.

Our friend, MS ARIADNE KANE of THE HUMAN OUTREACH INSTITUTE from whose Newsletter we quite often copy, has specially invited members of SEAHORSE VICTORIA to attend this year's 10TH ANNUAL FANTASIA FAIR. In gratitude we publish below the announcement in WINTER 1984 issue of OUTREACH NEWSLETTER.

FANTASIA FAIR

October 12-21, 1984

**A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY
TO LIVE, LEARN AND EXPLORE
DIVERSE ASPECTS OF
ALTERNATIVE GENDER STYLES**

" AT LOVELY
PROVINCETOWN ON
CAPE COD BAY (near
BOSTON, MASS) in the
U. S. A.!"

FANTASIA FAIR TYPICAL PROGRAM INCLUDES THE FOLLOWING ACTIVITIES:

Orientation
Participants' Dinner
Fashion & Beauty Course
Town & Gown Supper
Fashion Show

Fantasia Fair Follies
Awards Banquet
Fantasy Ball
Legal Seminar
Medical Seminar

Sociological Seminar
Outreach Seminar
Speech Workshop
Personal Growth Workshop
Spouses Workshop

For Full details, write The Outreach Institute
Kenmore Station, Box 368, Boston, MA 02215

Little fish beat big barrier

WOODY ALLEN says that bi-sexuality doubles your chance of a date on a Saturday night. This may be so, but what would he say about some species of fish on the Great Barrier Reef that have gone one better?

The pygmy angelfish, *Centropyge bicolor*, according to research at Macquarie and Monash universities, is hermaphrodite. That is, it can be male or female at various times of its life, although never both together.

Ms Jan Aldenhoven, a PhD research student, donned scuba gear to study the pygmy fish, one of about 100 fish species that are now known to change their sex as part of their life cycle. Over a period of two and a half years she observed several communities of fish underwater at the Lizard Island Research Station.

"What we have here is a situation where each little egg that develops into a larval fish has the potential to be both male and female," Ms Aldenhoven says. "They all start off life as females and later in life some change into males."

Ms Aldenhoven found that the pygmy fish lived in harems with one male mating with and protecting five to 10 females. During their lives they browsed on algae in their home territory — usually an area of reef no bigger than a suburban lounge room.

When the adult male — who was always the biggest fish in the harem — was removed, Ms Aldenhoven found that the largest

female changed sex over a period of about three weeks, turning completely male and taking over the running of the harem. Also when a harem reached a "critical mass" of 10 or more females to a male, this also sparked the largest female to turn male and steal away a few females to start a harem of his own.

Mr Aldenhoven said the fish seemed to change sex in response to social cues. Some changed sex early in life and lived a life of a



bachelor male, tying in wait for a harem male to die.

"If a male disappears then the bachelor males race in and fight it out. They are usually more successful in dominating the harem than the females which have to go through a sex change before they can take over."

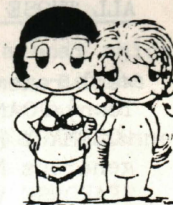
Fish are thus faced with two possibilities in their quest to ensure that a maximum number of offspring with their genes will sur-

vive... they can stay female all their life and spawn with one male, or they can gamble on turning male and winning the chance to spawn with a large number of females.

And they certainly go in for a lot of spawning. The male courts each female every night and spawns with each between November and May. At other times he will be spawning with one or two of the females.

"They usually spawn at sunset," says Ms Aldenhoven. "Then they go to sleep."

Love is...



...letting him wear your things.

FROM "The Sunday Times" PERTH!

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92	TVs TSs Seahorse Club of WA welcomes membership and counselling this and every 2nd and 4th Monday each month on 328 9292 8-11pm PO Box 43 North Perth.	AA-1
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.....AND NON-LEATHER FANTASY GEAR TOO!!

Leather Queen still reigns

Clad in black leather, whip in hand, she would stride through the streets and across the television screen. A former Kings Cross stripper turned street performer, Madam Lash caused more than a few heads to turn.

The lady in black reached the height of her publicity when she took a Sydney newspaper to court, alleging libel. But then she retired from the performing arts to study law at Sydney University.

Now in her thirties, Gretel Pinniger still uses the Madam Lash title but now divides her time between her "fantasy-leather" business, Gamebtrds, and her 18-month-old son, Siegfried Spitzenberg.

"I never finished the law degree, but I am hoping to complete an arts degree over the next few years," Ms Pinniger said yesterday. "What I do is quite

DÉJÀ VU

well regarded, but it is still quite radical, too. We translate any fantasy into leather, even school uniforms.

"I still have the smaller of my two racks, but I had to get rid of my 12-by-12 prison cell when we moved premises recently."

With a collection of 18 of her garments in the Museum of Applied Arts and Sciences in Sydney, Ms Pinniger said her main aim was to become Madam Lash International with outlets for her "fantasies in leather" all over the world.

"Sometimes I think being Madam Lash in a city as small as Sydney is like trying to be Maria Callas in Newcastle," she said. —Mary-Louise O'Callaghan

WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT WAS LIKE?

BEING A WOMAN

MAY 4-7 and 18

AN INTENSIVE WEEKEND WORKSHOP designed for you to achieve more vitality, spontaneity, creativity, love and understanding within all aspects of your life, especially in relation to parents, husband or partner, children; to career, health and personal sense of worth, satisfaction, achievement and self esteem. This 2 day, 4 evening workshop is MOVING, LOVING, POWERFUL and FUN.

FREE Introductory discussions conducted by Babette Hayes, 7 pm, April 8, 10 and 17 at the Masonic Centre, 300 Albert Street, East Melbourne.

For further information phone Diana Warne (03) 82 7952.

SELF TRANSFORMATION CENTRE.



In Parts I and II I have told you of, or briefly mentioned, these well remembered folk - but not in strict chronological order: MARLENE (Cape Town); JOAN [redacted] (Christchurch, N.Z.); the two ALICES (Fremantle and Melbourne); ROSEMARY HON [redacted] (then in Sydney); GIANNA and WENDY THE WINE (Sydney); KAREN (my generous Melbourne hostess for 18 months); ROBYN PAYNE (Warburton and Founder of SEAHORSE VICTORIA); GRETTA (Melbourne); the Seagoing CAROLE; THERESA (also Seagoing); and HEATHER (Gisborne, Vic.) And it's with this same HEATHER, whose other name was Charles, that I now take up the story.

.....HEATHER WOULD THEN disappear into KAREN's bedroom to emerge two hours later elaborately gowned, corsetted to strangulation and tottering on the highest shoes she could (almost) get into. At our first meeting, I was alone in KAREN's Kew flat and hadn't been warned of a possible visitor. Fortunately I was in "fullest glamour" and we got on well - after I had made sure that he was not a spy from the Vice Squad! HEATHER took a great fancy to the sort of clothes I had brought with me from South Africa and most of that evening was taken up with trading some of my gowns, that I could easily do without, for Australian Dollars, which I was a touch short of! Later when I had found that clothes like that weren't available in OZ, HEATHER kindly allowed me to buy most of them back! Another thing I shall always remember - and thank - HEATHER for was that she, kindly, (and as Charles) escorted KAREN and me for dinner at the St Kilda "LES GIRLS". Hilariously, I thought, Charles as a concession to Security hid his identity as the squire of two Cross-dressers, behind a male wig and a furiously bristling handle-bar moustache! But earlier, Charles had been kind enough to escort me, alone, to the original "LES GIRLS" which was a much more matey place where showgirls and guests mixed freely. None could have been nicer to me as a visiting TV/TS than those stage "queens". I think they regarded me as very much of a Mystery "Woman" and several of them are still my good friends. Head "Showgirl" was STELLA who worked under the name of STAN MUNROE; we got on well and I found him/her pleasant, friendly and very talented.

After I had settled down into my "Full Time TV" life, I started to travel in search of further Cross Dressing friends and Sydney saw me staying at the excellent Wentworth Hotel for a few days every few months. The leading light in those days was TRINA [redacted] whose full energies, outside work, were devoted to making Cross Dressers socially and officially acceptable. TRINA while dressing and making-up very competently, made no effort to be mistaken for a woman. Her philosophy was, as far as I could understand it, "Society and Officialdom must be made to accept Transvestites as just that; and not just the few beautiful and "un-readable" ones. TV's should not need to try to hide behind a disguise!". (May I suggest you think over that approach; and consider it in the context of MS ALLEN's words in "THE BEHOLDER'S EYE" elsewhere in this issue). I could fill many pages with recollections of TRINA and her "family" of Margaret and Little Karen - their collective kindness and hard work for The Thing over several years and, in particular, their efforts to put on the 1976 and 1977 Cross Dressing Seminars at Pittwater, N.S.W. both of which I joyfully attended and met many N.S.W. and QLD. girls and their partners - even a few well behaved children!

Still my good friend, still keeping up her high dressing standards, was DOROTHY [redacted] who, in her male role, TRINA sent ^{to call upon me} one day soon after my very first Sydney arrival. To show me the delights of the Harbour City and to be driven, later on, to a party at T's riverside home at Chiswick. There is, I think, complete dichotomy between DOROTHY and her male persona; that is in appearance. She makes no attempt at trying to wear unsuitable, trendy, over-youthful gear; shoddy once-only stuff that so many Cross Dressers seem to burden themselves with. DOROTHY is a specialist in aiming at an image of the Very Mature, Modest and Conservative Lady and by also specialising in knowing all the best Pre-Loved Gowns Shops in Sydney and Melbourne she achieves this objective very successfully. Always! In this she is rather like, in her style, our own Melbourne Past-President JOCELYN HUTTON.

I saw a great deal of DOROTHY in those golden days when every visit meant a splendid evening at some society/showbiz restaurant, such as the "INN ON THE PARK" where we also had one memorable lunch which lasted from twelve until not much more than half-an-hour before my plane was due to lift off from Mascot for Brisbane at 3.30! But most spectacular was our evening at BEROWRA WATERS, then being billed as The Best Restaurant in Australia. To get to it, you drove out to one shore of a northern inlet and then signalled across the dark waters to the restaurant.

Then - provided they were expecting you - they sent a boat which had bench seats and a canopy and looked rather like a seagoing family pew, across to pick you up. Arrived on the opposite shore you reached the terrace restaurant by climbing almost vertically up a cliffside staircase, rather like a Bristol Channel Sea Pilot going aboard a tanker!

At one of the Sydney social occasions I caught up with an old TV/TS friend - and another ROSEMARY - to whom I was first introduced when he was a doctor in South Africa. We had met at a small party for the girls in Durban but as far as I remember I was the only one who was in drag. I took to ROSEMARY because, unlike most TVs one meets at TV functions, he could, and was anxious to, sustain a bright and serious conversation on lots of subjects other than Drag - and its Trauma and Delights. When the party broke up he drove me back to my sea-front hotel and I invited him up to my room overlooking the gaily illuminated esplanade and the Indian Ocean. I thought that a scotch and a short chat before he started his 45-miles drive home would be nice. We talked - and talked! When my bottle of Dimple Haig was giving out I filled his glass once more and strolled out onto my balcony. The sky was pale gold and streaked with very light blue - the colour of an English Hedge Sparrow's egg - and the great morning surf was building up, each racing breaker carrying its panache of foam, a surf board and a splendid mahogany-tanned youth. At the foot of the hotel steps a lone Zulu, magnificent in his feathered head-dress and massed beads, was already taking up his position with his decorated rickshaw. The City of Durban was stirring and rubbing its eyes. In short a new day had arrived and there was I with a man in my room, a thing then much disapproved of by the management of the best, oldest and almost the most conservative hotel in Southern Africa. I went in and chased ROSEMARY off before the two smiling Indians, one to carry the morning paper and one the tray, arrived with the morning tea.

ROSEMARY was - still is when activated - a very competent and experienced TV having spent years in England with BEAUMONT. She always gives me the impression being like an off-duty sports mistress at one of the classier girls' schools attending one of its expensive end-of-term celebrations. Handsome, athletic, a little larger than life, wholly credible. To me, a member of that small group of Cross Dressers who improves with the passing of time. Her besetting sin is - or used to be - a considerable degree of recklessness in confronting the Great Public. Some of the tight corners she has been in - and escaped from - when out in drag would make your hair stand on end!

After our Durban encounter I next met ROSEMARY when she was doctoring in Cape Town and I was a Full Time Lady, beachcoming until a suitable ocean liner hove up to take me to Australasia. ROSEMARY in full glamour and walking the dog as far as the letter box at late at night found herself being trailed by a cruising police pick-up truck. After crawling past her several times for the copper to have a jolly good look and assure himself that this was, indeed, a man in women's gear, or "moffie" as the Cape folk call it, the truck stopped firmly fifty yards ahead of ROSEMARY and the constable confronted her. Believe it or not the copper, who had no-one but a civilian informer with him in the vehicle luckily, when ROSEMARY confessed to being a TV announced that he was a dedicated crossdresser himself and couldn't they go back to her house (just around the corner) and have a good talk about it? Which they did! A point of interest which in no way detracts from ROSEMARY's history of Good Fortune is that she never actually got to see the policeman "dressed" and now thinks he was just a fetishist completely hooked on the THOUGHT of wearing women's clothes. From Cape Town, ROSEMARY went back to U.K. - and to BEAUMONT - and is now in Adelaide where FIONA W. and I stayed with her not very long ago. Although we seem now to have drifted out of contact, ROSEMARY is my longest standing TV friend our first meeting dating from the late Sixties!

In due course, my travelling took me to Perth to meet BARBRA BURROWES (now sadly deceased). Later BARBRA moved to Melbourne and was editor of the SHV Newsletter. In W.A. she had established her own club which she called "CHAMELEON" and though she modelled it on BEAUMONT SOCIETY principles, she wanted no association with SEAHORSE in Australia. She had her own way of working and always made it clear that she wasn't going to change it for anyone. She worked like a spaniel at digging out opportunities for what she saw as being good for the

small group of largely inexperienced TVs who formed her club. Nobody else in the club seemed to have any ideas or any initiative. BARBRA had both and was not afraid to be counted on either radio or telly. Of necessity, what she said just had to be done or - so she was convinced - nothing would be! In due time, as we have noticed ~~always happens~~ in such clubs, there was a Palace Revolution and she left. And as always happens, too, in such cases, very shortly there was NO CLUB! I liked knowing B.B. (originally WANDA RALPH) and admired her courage and tenacity.

(to be continued)
- or concluded!

"TRANVESTIA" - BACK NUMBERS:

This All-TV Magazine will probably be well known to Members (and others) having any reasonable degree of seniority on "THE THING"; but many may not have actually seen and read a copy. We should warn that its speciality is the classic TV Fantasy story and ads. for specialist impersonation equipment e.g. inflatable bras and bogus bums and hips. About four years ago its then Editor and Publisher, the famous VIRGINIA PRINCE, handed it over to her assistant and its style and format changed radically. VIRGINIA - an old friend of your Editor who was elected TRANVESTIA's "COVER GIRL" in Issue #27, gave her own Life History as a most experienced and much travelled Transvestite in Issue #100 which, along with most issues from #66 onward, can now be bought from VIRGINIA herself. Address:

Box 36091, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90036, U.S.A.

Prices (in U.S.Dollars):

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If you order	2 issues, each will be	\$6.50	or	\$13.00
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BY THE WAY - if any Reader of this BULLETIN has a copy of the Issue #27, your Editor is prepared to buy it, if in good condition, for \$A 30:00.

GOING TO THE ARTS BALL THIS YEAR?

EDITOR'S CURIOSITY CORNER. (Replay)

THESE ARE INCLUDED just because THE EDITOR happens to like them - the only "perk" which goes with the job!

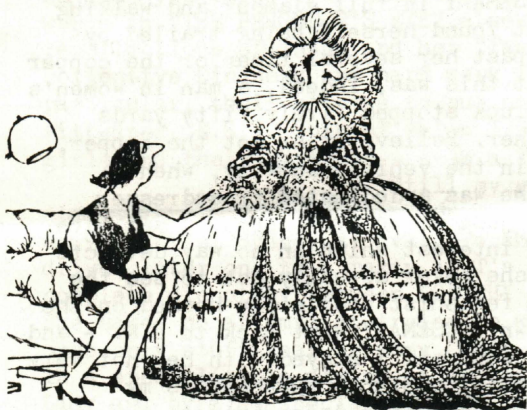
Lord Finchley fixed the
Electric Light
Himself. It struck him
dead. And serve him right.
It is the duty of the gentle-
man
To provide employment for
the artisan.

(Hillaire Belloc -
1870 - 1953)

Love is ...



... letting him
wear your things.



"Gerald, you know that from the beginning of our marriage I've understood, but you must be practical. We simply can't afford your being a transvestite from that particular historical era."

You will, we hope recall, the letter in May BULLETIN which we re-printed from BEAUMONT BULLETIN and which dealt with the poor and generally limited image given in the U.K. media to Transvestism. Because we had been told Channel Nine was about to do something about Our Thing we also sent Willesee a copy of the UK letter with your Editor's own comments. We are now glad to be able to report that the B.B.C. has apparently seen the light and made a new TV film in which the "stars" we gather are-

- RONA - a married TV and senior Beaumont Society member.
- VERA - "RONA's partner whom many of our Members will have met at the November Social Evening at JAN's Rathdowne St. place
- ROSEMARY KING - Beaumont Member whose letter about "coming out" appeared in our May BULLETIN.
- ANNE DOWNES - A full-time TV who runs a shop.

"Extras", we gather, are members of The Great British Public!

We now reprint, with minor editing, what RONA tells us of this most interesting project in her April letter

QUOTE The B.B.C. decided to produce a "straight" documentary about TVism with particular reference to how it affects a Married Couple. The film will be called "REAL LIVES" and the producer, ANN PAUL is assisted by COLLEEN TOOMEY (born in N.Z.) and JANE FREETH.

ANN DOWNES is an ex R.N. officer who left the service when the urge to go full-time became too strong.

We had numerous visits from ANN PAUL and COLLEEN TOOMEY before filming started and both VERA and I (as RAYMOND and as PONA!) found them to be delightful ladies, very professional and persistent in their researches; but kind and perceptive of our feelings and views. We all agreed that the film MUST be TRUE, contain nothing salacious, and reflect happiness that can come when both partners have come to terms with the "phantom lady". We will be seeing ANN's initial copy of a film in a few weeks and she has promised to take out anything we don't like. Shewing on B.B.C. is scheduled for 26 June on "TUESDAY DOCUMENTARY" which runs for 35 minutes.

Filming (at our house and in Christchurch, Dorset) took place over six days and we had the full crew of two cameramen, one sound and lighting man complete with masses of gear. Add to that the three ladies turning up at the house, day after day, much to the interest of our neighbours and the tradesmen.

ANN wanted, of course, to film me as RAYMOND as well as RONA. They followed RAYMOND and VERA to Cherbourg on a delightful day trip; then RONA and VERA to a theatre in Southampton to see "The Merry Widow". Then RAYMOND and VERA cycling in the New Forest and some delightful scenes of walking by the sea. Also RONA and VERA shopping and having morning coffee in Christchurch and, finally, RONA in Debenhams (departmental store) in Southampton buying cosmetics from the Estée Lauder counter served by HILARY an ex-Bluebell girl; and getting a new hair-piece from JENNY at the "Head Of Hair" counter.

We are thrilled and happy that we have (we hope) been able to contribute something worthwhile to the public's understanding of just what Transvestism is all about.

It has been a great experience for us to get to know The Media at first hand and we are very impressed. The camera and sound men were marvellous. Their painstaking methods to create just the right impression meant that some sequences had to be repeated over and over again. The lighting expert created a marvellous effect in a long sequence shewing me making up to get ready for the theatre trip. I have also been filmed machining up a new summer dress and subsequently there is a sequence of VERA fitting it on me! But of course only about 10/15% of all the footage shot can go into the actual film but it promises to be a very happy one. ANN was thrilled to be able to open the film with a sequence in the New Forest followed by a shot of a signpost pointing to NOMANSLAND - a little hamlet ANNE DOWNE's friends live in.

We gave ANN PAUL a copy of your BULLETIN and she has been shewn pictures of you. Had you lived here you would most certainly have been wanted in the film!

There was also a B.B.C. man called Nigel Walters who works very closely with ANN PAUL.

UNQUOTE:

"THE CLEAN CATCH" (Part 11).

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE. Mrs LESLEY FAIRBAIRN, formerly SIR LESLIE FAIRBROTHER and a very good cricketer, is staying at a London hotel temporarily almost wholly taken over by a critical conference of Western and Middle East political leaders and under massive security arrangements. On the way down from her suite to go off to the Races, Lesley has encountered a young man who, in a first flash of recognition, she has mistaken for Arthur Cranston, county cricketer who was her coach as a boy but who she has now realised has been dead for many years. She walks over to the Head Porter's desk feeling that if she doesn't get out of the hotel now the security men will, any minute, be closing all entrances and exits.

"Lovely morning, Mrs Fairbairn" the porter said, knowing her well from many past visits. "Are you needing a cab, this morning? We'd better call it now- before the V.I.P's come down. Security will clear the lobby any minute and you won't be able to get in or out till they've gone across the Park to the Foreign Office". Lesley took a load off his troubled mind. "I'll walk, Jenkins" she said "I'm going racing - by train. I'll walk to the station as I've been turned out of your hotel so early!" Jenkins smiled relievedly. "Rather you than me, Mrs. Fairbairn!" and turned back to silence, with extreme hauteur, a clamouring group of overseas innocents.

Lesley moved away from his desk and out across the deep piled carpets towards the bright sunlight which marked the crowded forecourt and the steps of the hotel. Beyond the glass doors it was a gay expanse of contrasting paving with here and there a flowering shrub. It was, that morning, occupied by citizens with all the time in the world, so it seemed, for standing around to see the V.I.P s. Cheering, jeering or just looking on in sullen silence according to their political tastes and state of temper. Who could tell what would happen when the unloved foreign visitors emerged? The Special Branch and uniformed police didn't seem to be taking any chances, Lesley decided. And she didn't want her hidden masculinity unmasked!

Just as she was coming to this decision, up in the rarefied air of the penthouse suite, something went awry for the protective arrangements of Her Majesty's Government. That casual occurrence against which the best of security plans are never wholly proof. Deep in conversation, the V.I.P s had turned left instead of right on leaving their suite and before they could be headed off by Special Branch men, had stepped into the wrong lift; the automatic doors had closed and unexpectedly they were on their way - unguarded. Because of this hitch they arrived in the foyer at the wrong point for being greeted by the deployed bodyguard of security "heavies" - and a full minute too early for its carefully timed escort arrangements. Meanwhile, elegant in furs, the former Sir Leslie was almost at the door.

Arrived, still chatting earnestly, they headed straight for the entrance across the as yet uncleared lobby and as Mrs Fairbairn passed through the glass doors, thrown wide open, they were but a few paces behind her. Rather as though Lesley, elegant in her furs and characteristically unhurried, was some unusual ceremonial fore-runner of their progress to their waiting limousine.

Out in the autumn sunlight the crowd came to life; it stirred and gathered itself into factions to demonstrate. Security men, alerted by a feeling that, back in the foyer, something had gone terribly wrong moved in from the wings towards centre stage. History - of a sort - was about to be made. Androgynously!

From somewhere out beyond the margin of the crowd a small, dark and speeding object, silhouetted against the misty-bright London morning, soared upward. It reached the zenith of its trajectory and then, dead on course, swooped down towards the steps of the hotel and the emerging figures. The ministers, the ministerial aides and the security men had no time to see it coming. But Lesley, in a flash-back to Leslie, did. She unthinkingly reacted as would a first class fielder in the slips with a really fast bowler beating the batsman unexpectedly.

A voice, long forgotten, long remembered, long loved and long lost spoke sharply and clearly in her still conditioned brain. She reacted just as she had been trained to do all those war-and-peace years ago. She turned like a robot towards the flight of the speeding object and as it came to her she caught it cleanly, neatly and surely, claspng it to her body so that it should not fall to the ground.

When the smoke and the reek of cordite - and the little that was left of Mrs. Lesley Fairbairn - were no longer around the entrance of the so-dignified Narborough Hotel; and when the ministerial party, unharmed, had been safely spirited away; a Special Branch man, reporting to a worried superior said:

"The strange thing, sir, is that she seemed to be expecting it! How else could she have reacted so fast? Do you reckon she could have been one of them - and just changed her mind at the last minute? About the assassination, I mean".

"Hardly likely" said the other. "She wouldn't have been staying in the hotel, and coming out, if she was one of them. She'd have come out of the crowd into the foyer and tried to stop them leaving!"

The Special Branch operative persisted. "Still, she certainly was pre-warned in some sort of way - there's no doubt about that. As she took the grenade and held it close to her chest I heard her call out, just as if she'd been playing cricket or something, 'HOW WAS THAT, ARTHUR?' - or some such thing.

And then the damn thing exploded and she just wasn't around anymore."

That evening, up in the penthouse, a worried Security chieftain and a vastly relieved Foreign Office mogul were going over the evidence with the Narborough's reception manager and his head desk clerk.

"Not a thing to help us anywhere in all those record cards!" the Security man said. Nothing to suggest why it should have been your 'regular', Mrs Fairbairn, involved either. M.I.5 know nothing about her and the local police reports don't help either. Apart from being a regular guest here, there's just nothing known." He turned to the Foreign Office man and gave a wry smile.

"I suppose there's no chance she was one of those off-the-record operatives you people keep - against all your own regulations?"

Diplomatically urbane the permanent private secretary pronounced:

"A somewhat loaded question, if I may say so, Commander! Let me just assure you that Mrs Lesley Fairbairn was not on our payroll - and never has been!"

"You wouldn't admit it, sir, even if she was! But just where does that leave us? You say the P.M. is throwing a fit and you say we've just got to come up with some sort of plausible bromide to calm him while we really dig into it. Thank God the Home Secretary's in Washington. At least we can stall, hoping to get a line on her, until he get back!"

He turned to the reception manager. "Nothing else you can suggest, is there Saunders?" The manager looked uncomfortable. "Our infallible guests arrival cards system appears to have gone wrong for the first time. There's just one other guest unaccounted for and he checked in only half an hour before the - occurrence. In the rush this morning the desk clerk didn't notice that he hadn't filled in all the detail before he went upstairs. Now he's vanished! His suite was on the corner right opposite the - er - deceased"

The Security man looked unimpressed. "Oh well!" he said casually, "Better give me his name and address and we'll run a check on him. It'll look good to the Home Secretary anyway. 'Every avenue' - and all that! No baggage, you say, Saunders? No sign of him now - and key still down at the desk! Maybe he's got some form at Central Records for hotel theft!"

Saunders answered unhappily. "That's just the hell of it, sir! The arrival card doesn't show any proper name and address for you to check on! No address at all and just the christian name 'ARTHUR' in block letters"

The Foreign Office man's security aide suddenly came to life for the first time during the discussion. "ARTHUR?" he asked, excitedly, "wasn't that the name the Special Branch men heard her call out as she caught the bomb?"

The table fell silent and the Commander and the P.P.S looked at each other, weighing up the significance of this revelation. Then the Security chief said carefully:

"What a pity, P.P.S, that neither your Master nor mine is of the type to believe in visitations and extra-sensory-perception - and all that. If only they were we could serve up a neat psychic explanation that would wrap the whole matter up - and get us both off the hook very nicely!"

The Foreign Office agreed and poured two more glasses of the hotel manager's whisky. He said to Security:

"Better put out a general call for the mysterious ARTHUR. It will keep both ministers and the P.M. happy but, somehow, I don't think that all your resources are going to find him. In this world - anyway!"

CHANGE OF NAME.

Long-standing Member - and former Secretary of S.H.V.-has asked us to tell her friends and acquaintances that in future she will be known, for all purposes, NOT as Lynda Grace, but as:

LYNDA RUSSELL.

Lynette Jones - please alter your records accordingly:

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY.

2 JUNE 1984. - DINNER at THE PRESIDENT MOTOR INN, Queens Rd. STH MELBOURNE. \$18:00
8:00P.M. You MUST Book with The Secretary. Fixed menu with included Wines and pre-dinner Sherry etc. Other drinks, at your discretion, you pay for.

14 JULY " - CITY GARDENS again! Appt. J8 in SHANNASSY STREET or as diverted. It's
8:00 P.M. BASTILLE DAY - so, IF YOU CAN, come in FRENCH-style Fancy Dress. But-COME anyway!

11 AUG " - B.Y.O., Choose AND PAY-FOR-Your-Own-Food Evening at MILAN'S CHARCOAL
8:00 P.M. GRILL, 405 Swan Street, Richmond, MLB. NO DOOR FEE of course!

MARCIA FORD SAYS.....THE MAY SOCIAL EVENING AT CITY GARDENS.

"WELL, Dear People! You certainly know how to keep us guessing, don't you? Here we were, your Committee/Hostesses, ready and waiting for you to arrive at our first Social Get-Together for two months; but seriously we were wondering if we might as well just settle down and watch TV! Fortunately, we were saved by a belated knock on the door and from then on the evening developed into a thoroughly pleasant one of some hours of enjoyable chatting with friends in agreeable surroundings. Ample and tasty refreshments were provided, attractively presented, by LYNETTE, and it was well after midnight before everyone had, reluctantly, departed.

This was the first occasion we'd met at CITY GARDENS APARTMENTS in North Melbourne and all agreed that this venue rated very highly. These "apartments" are motel units - with a difference. Ours was a largish, comfortably furnished Town House having its own entrance off a quiet street, with parking. (One does NOT have to pass through any Reception area at all). Upstairs were bedrooms and bathrooms with multiple mirrors so anyone for whom dressing at home is difficult or impossible could come early, as I did, and do so in luxury.

The only tiny problem is that we cannot be guaranteed any particular unit, something which was not originally made clear. However, on future occasions, go to the announced Unit and a notice of any last minute diversion will be posted on the doorway. We had to do this at the May occasion and believe that nobody got lost!

We were pleased to see many familiar faces - ELAINE & PAT; STEVIE & SUE the latter larger than ever!; LOU & DEBORAH (in a striking, short, black and red dress); JEANETTE; a new look LINDA RUSSELL; the irrepressible CAROL SWANN; and LADY PAULA in white lace with feathered cocktail hat. We also welcomed another CAROL, from Frankston, for her first appearance; we do hope we see more of her. Also happy to see MONICA; MICHELLE (from Albury); and JACKIE COLE whom we wish we could see more often.

Those, together with JAN (President); LYNETTE (Secretary/Treasurer) and myself, made a total of only SEVENTEEN!

DEAR PEOPLE - where are you all? Another eight or ten (making the normal twenty-five) and the evening would have been an unqualified success. With only seventeen, we could not cover our costs!"

MARCIA FORD.

TAIL-PIECE.

MYER MELBOURNE's Bourke Street Wig Department, which we understand is patronised by several SEAHORSE folk, is no longer on the Ground Floor. It is now incorporated in a much larger Beauty Complex on the SIXTH FLOOR. Improved Display of Wigs and two most private cubicles for trying on and/or comb-ups. USE THE LIFT on the Ground Floor in the GENTLEMAN's HABERDASHIERY DEPARTMENT (Elizabeth Street end) which will take you straight into WIGS without having to go past the Receptionists for the Ladies' Beauty Salons.

Most of the Wig Girls from the Ground Floor (including BARBAPA) will be delighted to greet you in the new - and much improved - location - so our MARINA assures us.