

# \*TransScribe\*

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An Organization Representing Transgenderists Throughout New Zealand.

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His name was Ellen

oOo

A Message from Your National Co-ordinator

Dear Members,

This year has been a bad year health and work wise and I have not been able to devote as much time as I would have liked to, to the affairs of Hedesthia. Things are now improving and I am looking forward to a more productive year in the coming 12 months.

I should like to use this time to wish you all a very merry Christmas and a happy new year.

May your hopes and dreams reach fulfillment and your holidays be filled with fun.

Suzan [redacted] y

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR.

Unfortunately this issue of Trans-scribe has been a long time in the compilation room and is somewhat overdue, but it is sincerely hoped that future issues will be published on a more regular basis. To help us with this it would be appreciated if you would note that the closing date for any articles, letters etc for inclusion in the next issue will be January 10th 1983. This should enable us to have an issue out by the beginning of February.

It is hoped also to introduce a page for your letters. A Page where you as a member may express your views on any topic which has appeared in Trans.scribe, or a topic which you would like to see raised in these pages. Many times someone has said that they have read an interesting article in such and such a magazine but hasn't been able to remember the date of issue and therefore it makes it next to impossible for us to follow up. So if you have read something of interest and want to share it with us, you should send us either a copy of the article or if that isn't possible, as much information about it as possible so that we can try and get a copy.

This issue I should like to raise the issue of 'Transvestism and Trans-sexualism: How the press represent us.

Recently in a number of weekly papers there have been reports on the 'Street Girls' and others who frequent parts of Auckland. As these articles seem to be the only ones that the Press is interested in, it reflects on all Trans People regardless of the type of life they lead.

If you feel strongly about these articles, write and let us know. We want to be able to present a balanced picture and the views of fellow members will do much to help give us a better image in the eyes of the general public.

Letters must, however, be kept to a maximum of 300 words so that we will be able to print a selection each issue instead of just one long one.

Letters should be addressed to:

The Editor  
Trans-Scribe  
P.O. Box 78-026  
AUCKLAND 2.

NEW MEMBERS

6553	Cheryl	[redacted]	ve	Auckland
6554	Marilyn	[redacted]	as	Northland
6555	Anna	[redacted]	s	Auckland
6556	Robyn	[redacted]	er	Auckland
6557	Janine	[redacted]	ms	South Island
6558	Gaylene	[redacted]	ny	Hawke's Bay
6559	Jane	[redacted]	px	Christchurch
6561	Janet	[redacted]	tt	Auckland
6534	Kim	[redacted]		Auckland

As you may be wondering about the numbering sequence it is because 6560 is still in doubt and 6534 is a big welcome back.

To all new members I should like to extend a warm welcome and I hope that your association with us will be a long and fun filled one.

A MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF A TV.

S T A R

By Christine.

When our local Church organised a Fancy Dress Party to raise funds for upgrading's. The local organiser rang and asked if I would play the part of a farm girl in a short play that was to be part of the evenings entertainment. I did of course wonder if they new something ?.

After thinking it over,I agreed and suggested to my wife that maybe I should dress as a woman for the fancy dress and that this would save a lot of time in changing for the play. She reluctantly agreed after a few days.

The night of the party finally arrived and I was very excited and nervous. I stated to get ready early as I wanted to appear at my best. After I had showered I close shaved alover. This was followed by a liberal dusting of talc(mum's of course). and then shut myself in the bedroom. I started to dress, on went a bra followed by panty-hose, panties and slip. Having thought about it for a while I decided to keep a casual approach to my dressing so on went a see through blouse and a full-skirt. Next, I proceded to make up. A moisturisers, foundation, powder, blusher, eyeshadow, false-lashes mascara, lipstick and perfume. A set of clip-on earrings were the only jewelry I wore. Having prepared my wig beforehand I slipped it on and admired the effect, I was very pleased. Putting on a pair of three-inch high-heels I stepped back to get a full lenght view. Musing that this was to be a great evening in my life as a T/V I was brought out of my reverie by a shout,'tea's ready'. On entering the dining-room I was greeted with giggles and looks from the kids who had never seen dad dressed this way before. I was amused but after a while they settled down and I felt they had accepted me.

I drove to the hall with my wife and friends and I was left to lock the car up as the others had gone on ahead into the hall( I think my wife disowned me). Taking a deep breath and trembling at the knee's I walked straight in and was greeted by a womwn friend of ours who told me I looked really lovely. This helped me no-end. Even the men-folk were eyeing me up and down. Well' the evening started and I changed for my part in the play. I made sure that I acted as femme as possible in everything I did. One woman asked me how could I walk so gracefully in high heels and that I looked terrific. Her husband wanted to walk me down the road. I did'nt accept. I was suprised and pleased when I won third prize in the fancy dress. However, all good things must come to an end and soon it was time to go home.

Next day at church, some of the men still went on about how nice I looked till my wife got annoyed again so I told them, 'enough was enough'.

I am truly amazed how people accepted me as a woman and I certainly felt quite at home dressed as one. Well its come and gone now but I do look forward to another evening as Christine. Unfortunately I cannot dress at home so it may not be for some time.

oo

LADIES" DO YOU ITCH ? DO YOU SCRATCH ?

THEN RUSH THIS NEVER TO BE REPEATED OFFER FROM YOUR AUNTY AGGIES QUEEN STREET

WHOREHOUSE AND GET YOUR VERY OWN BILLY PEACH ' YES' BILLY PEACHE'S SPECIALY

DESIGNED.. 'F L E A G A R T E R '

B U Y O N E B U Y T W O

SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED SO BE QUICK' ' ACT NOW'

Definition of a Male Tea-bag A He-brew

# Days in my Life

EPISODE FOUR.

BY MARCIA

The day which I will now describe, was about ten years ago. ...All day long I've been ardently anticipating the precious few hours I'll have to myself this coming evening. Time has dragged as the hour approaches, I am in a fever of impatience. I seldom get the chance to dress up these days, as my wife so infrequently goes out. Little does she know how desperately I need time to be alone! Tonight she is going out to play badminton, that is if she does'nt change her mind at the last moment as she is apt to do so. All through dinner, for which I have little appetite and the tedious routine of cleaning it away, feeding the baby, and putting him to bed, I am increasingly tense and irritable. She then spends a good half hour 'getting ready'-backwards and forwards, in and out, while my nerves are stretched to snapping point. Finally, she leaves, and drives off, then I can relax, free at last.

There is plenty of time this evening, as she won't be back for at least three hours, so I'm going to indulge in my passion for elaborate and sumptuous crimoline gowns, which various thrift shop purchases have enabled me to gratify. Out of my carefully hidden suitcases I take the wedding gowns, underskirts and petticoats, and all the other things I'll need, letting the remaining gowns and dress's spill out over the bed and onto the floor in a multi coloured profusion of frills and flounces, silks and satin, chiffon and lace. I begin to dress with excitement. In corsets, stockings and hooped crimoline, and then in layer upon layer of underskirts of muslin and net, lacing each one tightly about me. Then I struggle into a bouffant wedding gown of dainty lace and net, which cascades over me, and envelopes me exquisitely as I ease it inch by inch over my padded bust and settle it snugly around my waist. Firmly I secure the fastenings before putting on, over this, yet another gown, my latest acquisition, a dreamy creation of sheer chiffon over satin, extravagantly full, yet soft and light, the skirt extending behind in a long train, and with beautiful floating panels falling from the shoulders. Carefully I work myself into this fabulous dress, until it is finally smoothed into a graceful position, displaying now its glorious fullness to perfection. I added a bridal headpiece with yards of tulle veiling, necklaces and bracelets, squeeze my feet into white satin heels and slip my hands into long satin gloves! There now I am ensconced almost inextricably in the most beautiful array of finery that I've ever worn. I smiled nervously at my incredible reflection from the mirror, trembling with breathless excitement experienced the matchless joy of wearing such a truly extraordinary costume. Billowing crimoline skirts encircle me and trail behind, swishing and nestling deliciously as I glide along the passage to the living room, where I stand, faint and weak with sheer pleasure.

Suddenly I freeze, appalled to hear the car returning! my heart hammers wildly. The unthinkable is happening I am utterly helpless and about to be discovered in as fantastic a situation as could be imagined, I stumble in panic back to the bedroom, closing the door just as she enters the house and calls out to me. Out of my mind with the dread of the inevitable confrontation that must occur in a moment, unable to answer her at first, I struggle ineffectually to untie the cords that so inescapably trap me in my gown. She asks why she can't come in. I have to admit the truth---Im all dressed up, I thought in silence. I was shaking uncontrollably, I could'nt escape from my attire, and dresses lay strewn all over the room. Concealment was impossible-she had to be shown everything. I cannot think anymore! all I want is to get it over with, Now. I open the door and go out into the other room. She is shocked out of her wits, screams hysterically. I rush to her, embracing her to quieten that awful sound--bringing her up against my skirts, my padded breasts! The baby's crying now, adding his wails to the nightmare. I try to explain--I love to wear these things, have'nt you ever heard of men who dress up in womans clothes? No, she has'nt- I am to get undressed. I leave her, dragging my preposterous skirts back into the other room, where I miserably disrobe. She quiets the baby. Half an hour later, we face each other, and I try to tell her about my Transvestism. I am torn between deep shame and relief, shame of my inexplicable actions and the years of deceit that I have made necessary, and the relief that my wife is able to listen with sympathy and compassion. The anguish of releasing my innermost secrets, combined with the agony of knowing how deeply I have hurt my loved one, brings me to tears. E

Exhausted we go to bed, I do my very best to comfort and reassure my wife that I am still the same person, that I shall love her as much as ever. Thankfully she seems to accept this.

Cont.....





# His name was

# ELLEN

WHEN Edward De Lacy Evans was admitted to hospital in 1879 and refused to take a bath, he sparked off one of the big sensations of the year.

Mr Evans had a good reason for fighting off the attendants who were trying to bathe him - he was not a 'he' at all, but a woman, Ellen Tremaye, who had been living as a man for more than 20 years.

Ellen Tremaye arrived in Melbourne on the immigrant ship Ocean Monarch in 1857. A fellow immigrant, Mrs Thompson, later met Ellen at the gold mining boom town of Eaglehawk, in Victoria, where the girl was dressed as a man and living under the name of Edward De Lacy Evans.

As 'Mr Evans', Ellen Tremaye lived the hard-working life of a miner - "as an ordinary wages man breaking quartz" as a contemporary report states, and none of her fellow workers suspected the truth.

Neither, apparently, did any of the three ladies who laid claim to the title of Mrs Evans. One of them even claimed to have had a child by her 'Husband'.

A report in the Argus said: "Some 15 months ago the woman between whom and the supposed man the form of marriage had been gone through gave birth to a child, and, strange as the statement undoubtedly is, this woman passing as Evans' wife stoutly maintained that she never knew the secret of her presumed husband's sex."

"Some time back Evans met with an accident in the mine in which he was working, by which he sustained a severe head wound. The doctor who attended never had the slightest suspicion of his sex. The same gentleman was afterwards called to attend to him whilst he was in a dangerous fever, and then, again, the imposition escaped detection.

"Since the birth of the child, Evans had collapsed into an absent-minded and lethargic condition, and seemed to have lost heart for his work.

It was the 'absent-minded and lethargic condition' that eventually led to Evans being admitted to the Kew Lunatic Asylum. He was recorded on the hospital's books as 'Edward De Lacy Evans, male, married, admitted July 22nd., 1879, native of Kilkenny, Ireland, religion Church of England, dangerous to others, demented on his day of admission'.

Once the secret was out, Ellen became the subject of considerable publicity, and she received a constant stream of visitors. She appears to have given different accounts of herself to different people, and claimed at various times to have been born in Ireland, in France, and in England, the illegitimate offspring of a famous general named De Lacy Evans.

Perhaps the only truthful reply she gave was to the reporter from 'The Argus'. "Oh, it's all over now", she said. "You may as well finish me at once."

AUNTY AGGIES AGONIES

oOo

Hello girls, hope you are all keeping well, fit and remembering to do your push-ups.

Well now, the girls of our exclusive chapter decided to hold an 'Open--Night!(just to be original of course). It was a huge sucess, although some of the notables invided did'nt turn up. R. Muldoon sent his usual raspberry and Lord Kitchener and Lord Badon Powell did'nt even answer our invite. Anyway, unduanted, the show must go on,so I, your very own Aunty Aggie presented a paper on the sexual habbits of the chinese goosberry. The are at present known as Kiwi Fruit but this could change as the National Gay Rigths have protested to the Human Relations Committee with the slogan "Be kind to Aunty" as its motto. Anyway, the purpose of the paper was to draw to the notice of the public the plight of the male goseberry.

The fact of the matter is that artifical pollination is creating a high degree of sexual frustration in the male chines goseberry: Of course, when I say

Chinese, I am not being racial, it could be any other goosberry. However, I do think that this matter should be taken seriously as it could affect our economic position in the field of exporting our fruit. Please write to your M.P. demanding that the goosberry be given the right to express its sexuality as only a goosberry can.

oOo

This was followed by an open discussion.

Panel led by Windy Wanda of Wellington (well its not her fault), She opened the discussoon with the thought provoking question? "Will Skirts go up again this Summer!" Filthy Florie of Frankton said, that whilst she was not an expert on the subject she thought that if skirts did go up, perhaps panties would come down. Nancy of Nelson interjected at this point saying, it was about time Florie made up her mind as to whether she was talking about Fashion, Fantasy or Economics.

The subject matter deteriorated further when Dirty Girty of Dunedin broached the question, are professionally made prothesis becoming to expensive and would balloons be a cheaper substitute. Filthy Florie, who at this stage was on her second bottle of gin,lisped, The whole thing is a matter of inflation. Windy Wanda decided to close the evening at this point and did so with a loud Hurrump!(we inter--pretted it as HURRUMP!Ed). Actually this did'nt make much difference as everyone else had either gone home or was flake'd out on the floor anyway.

oOo

Aunty Aggy Says:

Frustration is having the desire to dress but not the Oppontunity-----

Panic is having the opportunity but not the desire.....

oOoOoOo

The diference between Male and Female is: —

When a man declares, "I am sure of my wife" it means he is sure of his wife. But when a Woman declares,"I am sure of my Husband "it means she is sure of herself.

Bye Honky-Tonks.

A: ie.

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