

x Trans-Scribe x

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An Organisation representing Transgenderists throughout New Zealand.

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CONTENTS:

Reports from around
Talking Point
Talkback or Backchat?
She's a man and He's a woman
Days in my Life episode 5
Book reviews
AUNTY Aggies Agomies
Message from The Editor.

TALKING POINT

Taken from Transvestia No 100. Susanna says;
The life and times of Virginia.

Commenting on whether we have really become liberated, accepted, she goes on to say:

I get the impression that our 'alter egos', the GG's, played a nasty trick on us all. They are forcing the masculine world to accept them in its midst. They are wearing the construction helmets and buzzing through computers and tearing engines apart while hanging on to the right to wear perfume, lipstick, jewelry and any type of fashion their wonderful minds wish to adopt.

And what about us, you may say. Have we walked those million miles of acceptance to do as we wish, to behave as we'd love to have our 'Girl within' behave. I am afraid not. The GG's are winning their revolution. They even defy polarisation. We equated skirts with GG's and pants with the masculine way of life.

We hated the GG's when she boldly snatched away from us our jeans and our shirts and ties. But we did not have the guts to retaliate by snatching away her petticoats and skirts and lipstick. So she advanced while we stood still. We just turned the other cheek. She was liberating herself while we withdrew into our envy world and dreamed of our girl within always in skirts, always in the femme frame where we wanted to keep her.

Our Transsexual sisters are willing to meet the cameras, to make the headlines but we are not willing to follow the example of GG's Transsexuals and Gays. We are still at the bottom of the acceptance totem pole, we are still looking for our true identity caught somewhere between our 'He' and our 'She'. The GG's are telling us that there is no such thing as a purely feminine world .. that the world is a blend of all the masculine and all the feminine dreams and that anybody can tread those heretofore forbidden paths.

They tell us that it is their 'right' as human beings to explore and live as they wish.

How come we do not fight back for our right to do so?

I have yet to see one transvestite in masculine attire wearing red nail polish. That's a none. And that's only one - there are thousands of other no-nos that keep us enslaved in our ancient patterns of living.

We are letting the revolution pass us by while we timidly hope that the GG's, transsexuals and Gays will win their fight so that we can gather a few crumbs from their banquet.

We can count on one finger of one hand the number of Transvestites who have dared to break through in radio, television and other organisations.

The rest of us sit back silently and do nothing but wish that something, somebody, would do something for our liberation

Editors comment..

It appears that some men are prepared to make the exception and wear the clothes of their choice.

A recent poll of Pop singers in Britain had one or two Male vocalists listed under the 'Best Male pop singer' and The 'worst female pop singer' categories.

The androgenous appearance of many of today's youth leads one to wonder if the revolution isn't already here and People just want to be people regardless of the clothes they wear.

Talkback

(or) Backchat

On Sunday 2nd January 1983, Suzan and Deanne [redacted] were guests of Felix Donnelly on his talkback show from Radio Pacific.

This show came about through Felix reading the last issue of 'Trans-Scribe' and the comments on the adverse publicity that Trans-people receive from the media.

In an attempt to provide an informative programme and some good publicity for a change, Felix asked Suzan to be his guest and Deanne agreed to participate also.

The show, which normally would have run for an hour, had to be extended owing to the number of callers wanting to discuss the subject and ran for two and a half hours.

The initial stages of the show were taken up with Felix asking both Deanne and Suzan questions on Transvestism, Transsexualism and Drag Queens before opening the lines to the public.

Felix introduced the show by giving a brief account describing a lifestyle that is different and fraught with problems of misunderstanding and ridicule.

He made his questions very clear and the answers from both Suzan and Deanne, although at times a little wordy, were spoken clearly and, I hope, made the differences between Transvestites, Transsexuals, and Drag Queens very obvious.

When the lines were opened to the public it was with an immediate reaction from the 'Hate' brigade. The vehement attacks that were launched on the panel made one think that perhaps this was the wrong subject to broach on a Sunday night but as the programme progressed it was noticed that the callers were becoming less inclined to attack the panel but rather to attack the lack of compassion and ridicule that previous callers had expressed.

On balance this programme did much to enhance the knowledge about transpeople and showed just how much bigotry and prejudice they have to face in a so called civilised world.

The courage that Suzan and Deanne showed in allowing themselves to be exposed to this should be applauded and it would be nice to think that other members would have the courage of their convictions to do the same thing if they were approached in the future.

Many of you may remember the television programme which was screened some years ago in which our founder Christine Young was interviewed. It has taken five years for someone else to come forward and allow themselves to be interviewed publicly.

How much longer will we have to wait for the next?.



SHE'S A MAN AND HE'S A WOMAN

The following article was first printed in Sunday News on Dec 19 and is published here courtesy of them.

IT'S THE ULTIMATE SEX-SWAP STORY: He's a she, she's a he, they got married and lived happily ever after.

Confused read on

I thought I had had one gin too many after interviewing the odd couple who both changed their sex.

Bearded, muscular and extremely good looking Martin is a woman

His wife, Louise, is slender, fair and feminine, but is genetically a man.

Martin goes off to work every day to be the breadwinner.

He has a responsible job. The women on the staff think he's dishy and who'd blame them. They are not aware that he is a female.

Their life could be shattered if we revealed their true identity. But when Sunday News spoke to them in Auckland this week, Martin said he could lose more than just his job if his employers knew the truth about their handsome colleague.

Journalists see their fair share of the more bizarre and curious sides of life. But this story beats the lot.

Martin and Louise telephoned Sunday News this week after reading our story about sex-swap candidate Betty [redacted] to [redacted] and her apparently futile attempts to become a man.

They claim it is possible for a woman to change her sex in New Zealand and Martin is living proof of that. All the treatment he has received has been done in New Zealand.

They claim there are other women who have changed sex and other completely transsexual marriages like their own.

While Louise (the genetic male) and I sipped coffee, Martin (the genetic female) pulled up a chair, poured himself a beer in his pewter tankard and flung down his manly frame to relax after a strenuous day.

It is very unnerving sitting opposite a female who is as much a he-man as Burt [redacted]s. But they forgave my hysterical stutter, stare and giggles.

But why on earth would a woman want to change her sex?

"Well, right from the start I was a tom-boy," Martin said.

"When I played house as a child, I always liked to be daddy. When the boys used to go off to play war games I wanted to go too. I was very much a loner.

"The most traumatic thing in my life was growing breasts. When boys began to look at me as something other than a good mate, I hated it. I can remember one instance when a boy tried to corner me and I nearly smashed his head in.

"The trouble is that I was a pretty little girl in pig tails. But I've always had a violent temper.

"I have always felt like a man. I remember standing in front of a mirror pretending to be a man and I always thought I looked much better as a man. But as a teenager I had a 44 inch bust and I hated it.

"Because I didn't go out with boys, other girls said I was a lesbian but I wasn't.

"I went out with a couple of boys but to this day I am still a virgin in the sense that I have never had intercourse with a man." Martin is now in his thirties.

After a family tragedy, Martin had a slight breakdown. He recovered, still convinced that he was a man in a woman's body.

"I thought I must be a lesbian but when I was introduced to some lesbians I found I had nothing in common with them. They actually liked being women. I didn't enjoy being a woman at all."

Martin showed me photos of himself as a bridesmaid. He looked like his own sister.

As a young woman he was attractive, almost pretty.

I still couldn't help wondering whether the whole interview was a joke.

In 1975 Martin met a university counsellor who introduced a new word into his vocabulary: Transsexual.

"Once I knew that I wasn't the only person who felt like that it snow-balled. Someone once said to me that I had a choice to be either a man or a woman. But I didn't have a choice. My mental state was very different from my physical state. It is much easier to change physically than it is mentally:

"If I had a choice I would have been a woman - changed mentally to feel more at ease as a woman

Martin learned there was a condition called gender dysphoria from which people like him suffered. It's like being the right person in the wrong body.

Martin had his massive breasts removed and started a course of intramuscular male hormone injections. In time he sprouted a very respectable beard. His body began to change in subtle ways. He now has very muscular biceps and shoulders. His waist thickened, even the shape of his nose changed.

Most important of all his voice broke. He now looks and sounds like a man.

He is still a woman in one sense though.

He does not have a penis. He still has a vagina and has not had a hysterectomy.

At the moment he has no plans to undergo an extremely delicate operation called a phalloplasty which would construct a penis.

The operation is still experimental and technically the standard and success rate is low.

When Martin's emergence to manhood became complete he became involved in a relationship with a young woman.

"I used to explain my lack of male genitals by saying I lost my penis in an accident. I always wore underpants or pyjamas to bed.

"Now in fact my clitoris has grown in size considerably so that it looks like a small penis.

"I was very fond of my girlfriend and she was in love with me. But in the end I told her the truth and by then I had met my lovely Louise

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NEXT ISSUE: LOUISE'S JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD.

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For those members who would like to know more about Female-to-male transexualism there is available from Hedesthia Library a book called

EMERGENCE

By

Mario Martino

This book is the only complete autobiography of a woman who has become a man.

It is the astonishing true story of a person who has experienced sexuality in the body of both sexes!

Joan Scherer Brewer of the Institute for Sex Research Library, at Indiana University had this to say when reviewing Emergence.

"Martino's courage and single-mindedness that culminated in a operation transforming him into the male he knew himself to be could serve as a model for anyone encountering life's obstacles. The first published account of a female-to-male transformation, this belongs alongside 'Christine Jorgensen: A personal Autobiography' and Dr Harry Benjamin's 'The Transsexual Phenomenon'"

Days in My Life

By Marcia

Episode 5

Throughout the day I anxiously watch the weather. Will the wretched rain ever cease? I do so want this evening to be fine. Normally it wouldn't matter, as I go to the orchestra on Tuesdays, but tonight's rehearsal has been cancelled, leaving me free to go out without my wife suspecting anything. Little has really changed since she found out that I'm a transvestite. She just doesn't want to know, and by tacit agreement we act as if I wasn't one. While the dread of being found out is now behing me, I can still dress up only in secret, and while it's nice to dress up in the comfort of home when she is out, I also enjoy the freedom out of doors. I am careful to chose places where I can be sure of solitude, and these forays give me enormous satisfaction.

As the afternoon wears on, the weather breaks and it looks as if it will be fine after all. What a relief! Everything is ready for tonight which I hope will be quite exceptionally rewarding. I'm going to wear a dress I bought recently in a thrift shop with no great expectations at the time, but which turned out to be a fabulous find. The unpromising, crumpled bundle unfolded to reveal a gorgeous, full-skirted gown of turquoise taffeta, with a low cut firmly boned bodice attractively draped across the bust and complete with flounced net underskirts. The whole delightful creation proved quite heavenly to wear and fits me perfectly, exquisitely light and rustling as I move. Carefully pressed and ironed, it lies waiting in the boot of the car, along with the rest of my emsemble, which now includes, at last, a lovely shoulder-length wig.

After work, I drive out to the western hills and park. The sun is setting and I wont have to wait long for the friendly darkness to fall, shielding me from the inquisitive eyes should anyone appear while I effect my transformation. I'm getting very excited at the prospect and butterflies flutter in my stomach. At length I can wait no longer, and I start the familiar routine, abandoning sanity and dull normality for my feminine world of silks and lace. Off come my trousers, socks and shoes, and I slip into a girdle and pantyhose and fasten myself into a boned, strapless corselette. Now I take off the rest of my ordinary clothes and put on a windcheater in case I am interrupted. Although no other car has turned up so far, one could arrive at any moment. Firmly encased now in my second skin, and smoothly moulded into a feminine form, I put on a pair of pumps and then take out my three precious petticoats, arranging them so that I can wriggle into all of them at once, and then doing so, securing myself into their glorious embrace, a mass of frills and flounces. The first one is a slim satin sheath adorned with tiers of tulle; over this is a hooped crinoline which in turn supports full petticoats of embroidered muslin. With all this firmly fastened about my waist, I quickly slip out of the car to shake out my skirts and arrange them properly. Next I put on my taffeta gown making the zip secure with hooks and eyes, then, easing the whole dress round to embrace my breasts, and finally straining it upwards so that the thin shoestring straps can be eased over my shoulders.

Putting on my jacket again, I drive down to the beach in the gathering darkness. The dress so constricts me that I can only take shallow breaths and the shoulder straps bite deeply into my flesh as the bodice is so tight. I drive cautiously, having to take care not to entangle my flowing skirts in the controls. Arriving at the beach I am relieved to find the parking area deserted, and here I quickly complete my preparations, tying a silken ribbon about my throat, donning my beautiful wig and blissfully brushing the soft tresses about my face. I sheathe my arms in long satin gloves and finally put on bracelets, earrings and glitterring necklaces. I am ready! I pause, gathering up my courage and my skirts ready for the wonderful moment. - Now! I step outside - I am exposed to the world as a woman! and with shaking hand I lock the door of the car and swiftly walk away, committing myself completely.

Days in my Life continued:

At once I find that the satin sheath makes haste impossible; Having only worn it indoors until now, I haven't realised how effectively it forces me to adopt a graceful, feminine pace so suited to my attire. It is a truly perfect evening, the soft yet brilliant moonlight casting a sharply defined shadow to remind me of my wholly feminine silhouette, my head adorned with curling waves of hair, my body now feeling so naturally and comfortably embraced by my wonderful costume, with its wide skirts airily floating from my waist, fluttering in the breeze.

The soft lighting gleams and shimmers on the silky fabrics encasing me and indeed the whole expanse of sand and surf is so brightly illuminated that I feel too conspicuous for safety. All the same I am thrilled to the core at being so helplessly exposed.

Slowly I walk the length of the beach, pausing from time to time to savour to the utmost every detail of the fantastic predicament to which I have brought myself. I am living in a trance, enraptured. I cannot escape if anyone appears on the scene - my skirts make it quite impossible to run away. The whole situation is as close to perfection as I can wish for. My costume might have been made to order; no detail has had to be improved. I am blissfully aware of the encumbrance and the silken rustling of my voluminous skirts at every step, without being weighed down by the excessive weight of clothing. My bare shoulders are caressed by my swinging tresses and while flushed with excitement, I am gently cooled by the breeze. Never before have I felt - indeed known - myself to be so beautiful. If only it were possible to remain like this - if only I was born a woman in another age, to be so gloriously bedecked from head to toe in elaborate costumes my whole life long.

My excitement is too intense to be prolonged, and after a while I bring my ecstasy to a shuddering peak. Afterwards my delight remains practically undiminished, but I feel at peace, relaxed and passively accepting the risk of being observed as I make my way unhurriedly back towards my car.

As I approach the parking area, however, I become more apprehensive and quicken my pace only to stop abruptly as I see another car parked close to mine! I sink to the ground, my head racing, silently exulting in my predicament. If anyone is in the car, I cannot drive away unseen; yet if the car is empty, then someone is on the beach, who, even if he hasn't already seen me, will be sure to do so if I move away from the cars. Every minute I delay increases the danger and I imagine I see someone approaching, so, without more ado I get up and head for my car, resolving to brazen it out if necessary. In fact there is no-one in the other car and I waste no time in making a rapid departure, still wearing my entire disguise. Thankfully there is no sign of pursuit, and I relax and enjoy driving as close to home as I dare, in full drag, before getting changed and putting everything away after a truly memorable evening.....

To be continued.

Little girl to mother:

"Mummy, how do lions make love?"

Distraught Mother:

"I don't know dear. All your fathers friends are Rotarians

FROM THE EDITOR

This issue of Trans-Scribe comes out just before I go on my holidays and I hope that all members find something to interest them.

We have the continuing story from Marcia and also a reprint of an article that appeared in Sunday News. A review of a talkback show and as usual Auntie Aggies.

Even though there is supposedly a wage and price freeze on, it seems that the cost of printing materials and postage seem to keep rising. Members will be aware that we are trying to get 'Trans-Scribe' back into the swing of things. Also many members who receive this issue will, I hope, take stock of their involvement in Hedesthia and perhaps forward us their overdue subscriptions.

As all of the work done on Hedesthia's behalf is almost all done voluntarily we have been able to keep subs reasonably low but with so many members neglecting to pay subs it is getting to the stage where we will have to reconsider who gets copies in the future.

It would be a shame to have to limit the number of copies produced and sent out to members as we have worked hard to get things to this stage.

Hedesthia is only as strong as those members who support it and this magazine relies on members to submit articles and clippings that may be of interest to others. Please remember that if something is of interest to you then other members may wish to read it also and we can bring it to them through the pages of 'Trans-Scribe,

Last issue we raised the subject of The media and how it represents us. It appears that members are quite happy to see the salacious stories printed and very little about the positive side of Transpeople

This issue I would like members to write and tell us what they expect out of their membership to Hedesthia.

Have you any questions which other members may also want the answer to? If so we could print a selection of questions and answers that are most commonly asked about transpeople.

NOBODY CARES NOBODY

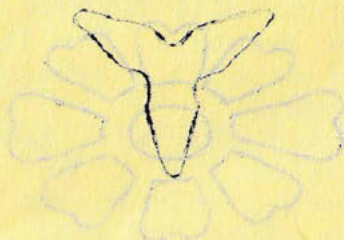
We often hear that old cry e hoing around our ears and this is the place to make your answer plain.

If you feel that you are being neglected and there is some article that you want to see published get it in to the editor and we will see what can be done

Everybody likes to think that they have something important to share and many do have something so get your pads and pens together and let us have your comments

TRANS-SCRIBE is your newsletter Give us the news.

Next edition loses on 10th March so lets hear from you.



Auntie Aggie's

agonies

Auntie Aggie really stirred things up this xmas.

Instead of stirring puddings she was stirring minds to Speak out.

Sister Suzie and Dolly Deanne were guests of honour on a talkback show (see story on other page), and I must confess that their nerve should serve as an inspiration to all of us.

Talking of inspiration, Filthy Florrie felt so inspired by the xmas spirit (although I think it was the gin) that she put on her best tutu and became the fairy on the xmas tree much to the annoyance of Pretty Peter who thought she was usurping his position.

Mind you, with some people wearing all their xmas clobber it was sometimes hard to tell which was the xmas tree until something moved.

Gloria Gossip has been on holiday so we will have to wait until she returns to hear all the latest titilating stories but I feel sure that she will ahve much to tell.

I heard through the grapevine that when she arrived in town half the population went into hiding for fear that their life stories would be bandied about at the next meeting. Honestly where she gets her news from leaves me gasping. She seems to have an unerring instict for just the right place to llook.

Maria Megastar is rather peeved that Dustin Hoffman got the starring lead in a new movie called Tootsie. It tells the story of an out of owrk actor who impersonates a woman to get a job on a soap opera. Well Maria says that she has been doing that sort of thing all her life and why they should give the part to a rank beginner is beyond her. Personally I feel that Maria is getting a little too long on the tooth to be playing such parts but she will persist.

It seems th_t Jennifer Justice has become a reality. Many of you will know that a slang turn for the law has been Jennifer Justice and now in america a police officer has undergone a sexchange and called herself Jenny. They do say that Truth will out.

Auntie Aggie was walking down the road the other day when she met a man pulling a cabbage along on a leash.

"Why are you dragging that cabbage around," she asked.

"Cabbage?," replied the man, "Why the man in the pet shop told me it was a collie (cauli)"

