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RUBY

A doctor and a nurse had just finished examining the woman. Neither moved as they looked in awe at the figure before them. For here was the most remarkable woman in America. And she was pregnant!

This "most remarkable woman" is Mrs. Georgina Price, a night club performer currently appearing at the Guys and Dolls Clubs, 418 Bourbon St., New Orleans, La.

True Hermaphrodite

This is a person who has the reproductive organs of both male and female sexes.

Nowhere in medical history has there been an authenticated case of a person who had both testicles and ovaries, both penis, vagina and uterus.

Mrs. Price has all these!

Medical case histories have, in the past, described certain malformations in which a very elongated clitoris may stimulate the penis, or in which a deep cleft may stimulate the vagina, but such conditions are far from true hermaphroditism.

Even before her marriage, Mrs. Price was one of the subjects of scientific study made by Dr. Maurice Leznoff of the Department of Sociology at the University of Chicago, and Dr. William West, head of the Social Studies Department of McGill University in Montreal.

But no instance, to date, has been known of such a person being able to conceive a child, either as a man or as a woman!

Dr. Jack Werboff, of the Animal Behavior Laboratory, Lafayette Clinic, Detroit, says that Mrs. Price's case is "the most fantastic in the annals of medicine."

According to Dr. Douglas Zimmerman, who examined Mrs. Price at 8255 Chef Menteur Hwy., New Orleans, Mrs. Price is positively a "a true hermaphrodite."

Dr. Zimmerman also confirmed the fact that Mrs. Price is definitely pregnant.

Thus making her the first pregnant hermaphrodite in the annals of medicine!

It's simply amazing," said Dr. Zimmerman. "Mrs. Price

has both internal and external reproductive organs of both sexes.

is impossible when it comes to nature itself, we have been also taught that there are no true human hermaphrodites, although maldevelopment may produce an appearance of bisexual organic development and incomplete anatomic and functional development of male or female—or both—sex organs.

"But in Mrs. Price's case, I have thoroughly examined her and can state, without any element of doubt or suspicion that she not only possesses genital and sexual physical characteristics of both sexes, but she is definitely pregnant over three months.

"There is in existence within Mrs. Price, evidence of elements of both ovaries and testicles.

"She has internal and external organs of both sexes.

Changing Sex

"But the female physical and psychological characteristics, being stronger in evidence than the male cells, enables her to function perfectly as a woman."

Up until three years ago, the now 28-year-old Georgina Price was known as George Davies, male.

Davies was a club and theater singer, appearing on various circuits throughout the country with such well-known figures as Naja Karamuru and Gina Bell.

Three years ago he began noticing that his voice was changing and then found that other, still more interesting things were happening.

He happened to be playing in Florida at the time, and went to Dr. Clyde Austin Miller of 1501 St. State Rd., West Hollywood, for a medical checkup.

Dr. Miller informed Davies that his "sex was changing."

Davies refused to believe the doctor. So when he returned to Los Angeles he consulted an endocrinologist there.

The latter confirmed that Davies was born with both male and female sex organs, but that the female was lying dormant until now. The predominant sex feelings, from hereon, said the doctor would be that of a woman.

He gave Davies a complete physical examination, including a hormone and skin tissue test.

The results were conclusive indications of Davies' life. Both hormones and skin were undeniably female—even though the male organs were present.

Fateful Decision

The doctor was excited over the examination.

He offered to treat Davies and make the transformation complete!

Davies' position then was this: he could choose whether to spend the rest of life as a man, or as a woman.

Or he could leave things as they were, in which case he would probably have become more feminine as he got older, though this way by no means a certainty.

By now Davies had accepted the fact that nature had originally intended him to be female, but for the purpose of some grim joke had supplied him with both male and female organs.

"At this stage," said Mrs. Georgina Price, "female hormones and some plastic surgery on my chest would have removed any physical ambiguity about my sex.

"But this, I felt, would only turn me into an artificial woman.

On the other hand, there would be a vast number of problems to solve if I decided to go the other way and become completely feminine.

"Since I had no desire to become a freak, this meant starting the complicated treatments and taking my chances as to its outcome.

George Davies was fully aware that he would have to start over again in a different environment when he finally made the changeover from trousers to skirts.

His first treatments were heavy hormone dosages, intended to implement the natural flow of female hormones in his body.

Biological tests had already shown that he had an abnormal—for a male—supply of female hormones.

The tests had verified the possibility indicated by the presence of secondary female characteristics in his body.

But the tests had also shown that he was producing male hormones, apparently from the adrenals.

The extra supply of female hormones was expected to stimulate his own development of female hormones, and also to counteract the effect of the male hormones he was secreting.

Within a few weeks the effect of the gland treatments became externally noticeable, in a striking way.

Became Pregnant

Most of his body hair now disappeared, and at the same time the hair on his head began to get thicker and thicker.

His beard gradually became loosened, but it was nearly two years before it vanished completely!

George Davies was soon out of the picture. In his place was Georgina Davies.

Georgina met and ultimately married Randolph Price, a west coast songwriter.

Last February, she noticed that her menses had ceased and she was undergoing all the symptoms of pregnancy.

Then, Dr. Zimmerman confirmed this fact.

He also explained that at the proper time for birth, delivery would have to be made by Caesarean section, "due to the unusual circumstances present."

Mrs. Price is now one of the happiest women in the world.

"I have prayed for a baby ever since I got married" said Mrs. Price.

The mother's prayers have been answered.

And medical science is following the case with more than usual interest.

on her... finger,





It was early one evening when the harsh jingling of the telephone brought Tana running into the living room of her elaborate Manhattan penthouse. She had decided to spend this one night at home alone with a good book, but perhaps this was her agent calling. After all, one did have to eat and this might even be that Las Vegas job she was aiming for.

"Hello," she said. "Is this you Dave?"

"No, this is not Dave," came the reply in a strangely sounding deep feminine voice. "This is Burma."

"Burma," she thought. "Now who is the h ____ was Burma." Her mind raced back, trying to recall the name, but before she could do so, the voice continued.

"You don't know me, Miss Louise. I'm just calling you in the hope that perhaps you might be able to help me."

"Well, I don't know," put in Tana. "Suppose you start by telling me just what it is that I can help you with."

"I can start by explaining that I got your number from a mutual friend, Dave Lynn, your agent. I went to see him about getting a job and after seeing my act, he suggested that I practice some more before going to work. He thought that perhaps if I took some lessons in dancing from a top exotic dancer, I might be able to present a more believable number."

"But I'm not a teacher or even a choreographer," put in Tana. "I'm just another exotic dancer - one of the crowd."

"You're much too modest. You're probably the best in the business, Miss Louise and I'm sure that you could help me considerably if you only would. You see, I want to become a FEMALE IMPERSONATOR!!!"

"Oh," spoke up Tana. "Now I'm beginning to understand . . . and you want me to help you put together an act - Is that the whole problem in a nutshell?"

"Well, y - yes. I guess that's it. You will help me, won't you, Miss Louise?"

"It might be kicks at that," thought Tana. "Sure, I'll help you. Come on right over."

A short time later Tana heard her doorbell ring and she went to the door. In walked two young men. Tana could hardly believe her eyes at what she saw. They were both young - about twenty-one and they both appeared to be more scared about the whole thing than she was. She couldn't help but laugh to herself at the whole situation. Well, it might be fun teaching them a few tricks. At least she wouldn't be bored any longer.

"One thing we've got to get straight NOW," she said. "I'll teach you whatever I can about exotic-dancing. That's what you're here for - Nothing else. Is that understood?"

"Oh, of course," they both spoke up.

"All right then. We'll get to work - right now. First of all; before you can successfully become a female-impersonator, you have to look like a female, talk like a female, walk like a female AND, this is most important of all - you have to THINK like a female. Now

we'll start with the looking like a female. Come on with me into the other room. I think I'll be able to dig up some things that will fit both of you."

Both of the young men rose to their feet and followed Tana into the adjoining bed



room. Tana went into her closet where she managed to find two dresses which, she decided, would do. This done, she searched her dresser until she came up with suitable under-garments, gloves, stockings and shoes.

"Well," she spoke, "I hope we have everything here that we need. I'm sure that once you have experienced the feel of clinging silk and satin next to your body, you'll begin to get the 'feel' that I spoke about. That is most important. Just to want to be a woman isn't enough. You've got to get it firmly in your mind that you

ARE a woman! Until you reach that point, you'll be nothing. Do you both know what I'm talking about?"

Both voices answered at once. "Oh, we understand, Miss Louise, and we're willing to do ANYTHING you say just so that we reach our ultimate goal."

"Very well then. You both see these things that I've spread out here on the bed. Well, let's see you put them on. AND. . . you'll find plenty of lipstick and other make-up on the dressing table. USE IT."



As soon as Tana left the room, both Burma and Bobbie walked slowly to the bed and gazed at the items that lay there.

"No use wasting time," said Burma as he picked up a pair of exotic looking sandals with amazing white spike heels and long, long

white wrap-around straps. "We might just as well put on these things and see what happens. Who knows, maybe we WILL begin to feel like women."

Bobbie meanwhile was holding up a slinky black satin dress against his body. "Yes. I suppose so. Look at these shoes. These heels must be at least six-inches high. How can I ever hope to walk in them?"

Burma smiled. "Don't worry. You'll not only walk in them, but you'll LIKE IT before we're done." In the meantime he was himself



holding a severe looking black satin lace-up corset. "This thing here," he said, "looks as though it could cut the wearer in two. I think, though, that we should put the make-up on first. The clothes can wait."

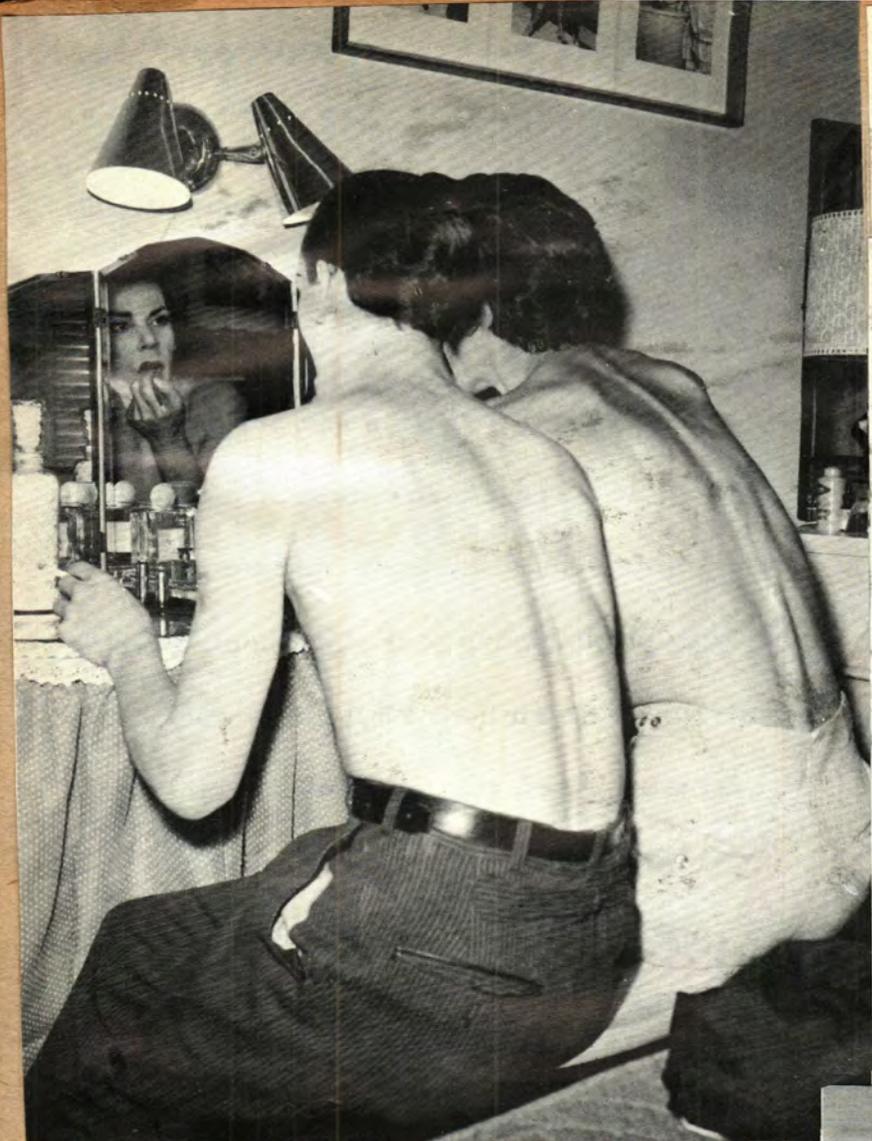
"That's a good-idea," put in Bobbie.

"There's the dressing table with plenty of cosmetics. What are we waiting for?"

They both sat down at the dressing table and within a short time had put on powder, rouge, lipstick, eye-shadow, mascara and whatever else they could lay their hands on. This done, they sat back and looked at themselves in the mirror. Both smiled. While they weren't quite females - yet, they were well on the way.

Burma managed to find a pair of opera length elastic mesh hose which he put on. Not to be outdone, however, Bobbie donned a pair of long black nylon hose which he discovered under the pile of clothing on the bed.

In the meanwhile, Burma was trying to put on the black satin corset that had caught his idea from the moment Tana had laid it in the pile.



about 22-inches."

Without further urging, Bobbie grabbed the laces and proceeded to pull them tighter.

"PULL," urged Burma, breathlessly. "TIGHTER, Come on I can stand it. Just pull. More - more - tighter . . . Ahh, that's getting it. Just a little more now. T - t - there, that's about as much as I can stand for now. How does it look?"

Bobbie stepped back and stared at Burma. "Wonderful. Now if I can only look half as good."

He then proceeded to slip into a red 'Merry Widow' corselet that was waiting for



"Bobbie, give me a hand with this thing, will you? Let's see if we can't tighten these laces so that I get my waist down to



him. He then pulled the stockings tighter and attached them to the garters that hung down from the corselet. "There," he thought. "Not as good as the corset, but not too bad either."

Both men sat down at the dressing table again to complete their make-up and to put on the special wigs that they had had the foresight to bring with them. Now they were really nearing their goal. The hose, tight corsets, make-up and wigs all contributed to transform them into visions of loveliness. Already they were beginning to get the 'feel'.



"Aren't you ready yet?" came Tana's voice from the other side of the door.

"Just a few minutes longer," both men replied. "We're just getting into our dresses."

It was another ten minutes before Burma and Bobbie stepped forth into the living room. Tana gasped. This was beyond even her fondest expectations. They both looked stunning.

A smile crossed Tana's face; then she spoke: "Bobbie, you first. Here sit down



on the edge of the couch and let me get a good look at you."

Bobbie did as he was directed. Slowly, he sank down on the couch and brought his knees up in a typical 'pin-up' pose. Tana simply couldn't believe her eyes. Bobbie looked every inch a woman; from his Italian-cut hairdo right down to his high-heeled suede pumps, he was all female. Long dangling earrings hung from his ears and his eyes, with the aid of long lashes and deftly-applied make-up sparkled. His shapely legs were completely sheathed in black nylon and as they were slowly revealed, Tana was forced to admit that they rivalled even hers for shapeliness and downright sexiness.



"Stand up now," Tana ordered, "and turn around. Let's see what the other end looks like."

With a calculated sensuousness, Bobbie slowly arose from the couch and stood before his teacher. After a moment he turned on his heel and presented his back for Tana's inspection. The sleek leather skirt that he wore caught the light from a nearby lamp and sparkled. It was tight enough so that every muscle stood out in bold



relief. Bobbie looked back at Tana over his shoulder.

"Okay, you'll do she agreed. "Now let's see what Burma looks like. Stand over there."

Without a moments hesitation, Burma walked to the corner of the room, placed her hands on her corsetted hips and smiled. The shiny black satin dress fit her body like a second skin. It was slit just enough in the front so that both of his mesh-stockinged legs peeked through. Even the spike-heeled black



knew that Burma, at least, was FEELING the part. Every fibre of his body cried out. Surely an audience would feel as well as see the pure sensuousness of Burma's presentation.

Tana was speechless. She just sank down on the couch and motioned the boys to come closer. "Well, you've both passed the first test with flying colors. I'd say that with only a little more training, you could appear on any stage. There's just one thing more, however. How do you think you'll get along in public. . . . Among other people? There's only one way to find out. While I get dressed, you can both find some furs to wear in my closet and we will all go out - together."

Tana strolled out of the room and immediately both Burma and Bobbie raced for the hall closet where the furs were hung.

patent leather shoes added to the over-all effect. As an after-thought, Burma had wisely elected to wear long black kidskin gloves. These somehow put the finishing touch to the picture. Truly, Burma was "ALL WOMAN". . . .

Without another word Burma stepped across the room daintily in her high heels. As he reached the bar he sat on one of the stools and crossed his legs. This, Tana smiled, was really a promising young man or should we say, LADY? ? ? ? In either event, it was surely not just acting on Burma's part. Tana

Both had their eyes on the glamorous white fox stole that they knew was stored there.

Burma grabbed it first, but as he turned, Bobbie grasped the other end and a tug-of-war started. Burma decided that there was no point in fighting over the fur

and let it go.

"Here," he muttered, "I'll wear the mink stole. I'm more the mink type, anyway." This brought no reply from Bobbie who was busy draping the fox over his shoulders in the most appealing manner. Finally, satisfied, he stood back and posed for Burma's criticism.



"It will do," agreed Burma, "but I still say the mink is more suitable for my type."

Bobbie laughed and fell back on the couch where he immediately struck a sexy

pose with knees bent and high heels in the air. The leather skirt and satin blouse contributed to the effect and even Burma was forced to admit that Bobbie DID look pretty good.

"I'll bet," Burma laughed, "that everyone will take us for sisters."

"No doubt about it," agreed Bobbie. "And with Tana along, we can pass ourselves off as three sisters."

Tana heard the last few words as she re-entered the room and smiled. "Even I'll have to go along with that. And, what's more I'm proud to have two such attractive sisters."

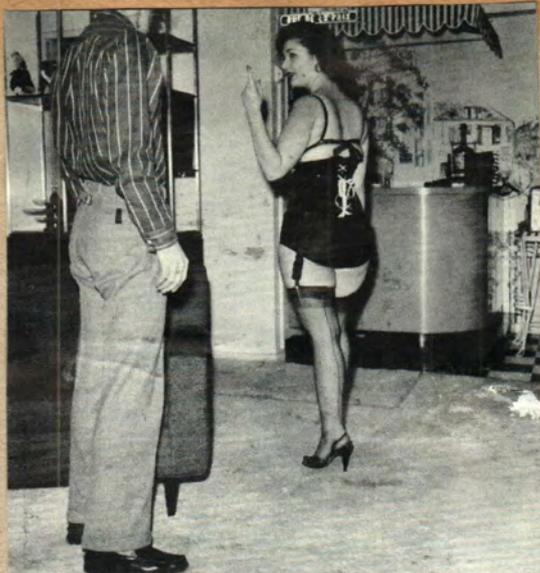
Tana was clothed completely in black. She wore a fabulous leather dress that covered her curves without a wrinkle. On her feet she had added a pair of black patent-leather sling pumps with $5\frac{1}{2}$ inch heels. The overall effect was both bizarre and breathtaking. Both of her pupils gasped at the vision. This, they decided was exactly how they wanted to look eventually. Maybe, next time, they thought, Tana would let one of them wear this outfit.

"Come on, sisters," Tana laughed. "If we're going, let's go. I'm almost afraid that I won't be able to match you both. If we can fool the public, we're all set. After that, we'll sit down and work out a suitable act, but first, as I explained before, you both must be able to convince the people out there and . . . YOURSELVES . . . that you are WOMEN, not just men dressed as women."

Arm in arm they walked out of the room and down the hall. They had passed their first goal with flying colors.















AFTER CHANGING SEX A FUR COAT IS THE FIRST THING from Gwiazda, Polarna, June 2, 1962.

Tadeusz S. from Warsaw, composer and musical leader of one of the local theaters, after a successful operation became a woman. Former Tadeuze officially changed his sex and name and became Krystyna S. He has been twice married and is the father of two children. He was a corporal in the army. Recently as Krystyna he visited a sport club where he is a member and posed for pictures for his identification card. Miss Krystyna S. wore a fur coat, a fetching little hat and light make up.

PO ZMIANIE PŁCI — NAJPIERW FUTRO
Tadeusz S. z Warszawy, kompozytor i kierownik muzyczny jednego z teatrów, po przejściu pomyślnej operacji stał się kobietą. Był Tadeusz S., który oficjalnie zmienił imię i płeć w dokumentach, stając się Krystyna S. Był dwukrotnie żonaty, ma dwoje dzieci, w wojsku dosłużył się stopnia kaprala. — Ostatnio, już jako Krystyna S. odwiedził klub sportowy, którego jest członkiem i wpisał się na listę pod nowym imieniem. W nowej legitymacji wymieniono również zdjęcie. Pani Krystyna S. odwiedziła klub ubrana w futro, kapelusik i z lekkim make-upem na twarzy.

NUCLAR POWER IS NOT THE ONLY THING WE HAVE IN COMMON WITH THE COMMUNISTS....Ed



THIS WOMAN, Elizabeth Kimberly Belvedere Hughes, was formerly James Ernest Hughes until he underwent a sex change operation.—European.

JIM TRAINS TO BE A GIRL TYPIST

JIMMY HUGHES was a smartly dressed young man when he left his mother's home. When he returned a year later, he had turned into an attractive auburn-haired woman.

Yesterday, 50-year-old Mrs. Laura Hughes said: "I still cannot accept my son's sex change. But she can come to my home whenever she wishes."

Her new daughter, 25-year-old Kim, had a sex-change operation in London last April. She went home recently to Hucclecote-avenue, Woodhouse Park, Wythenshawe, Manchester, to break the news to the family.

Mrs. Hughes, who adopted Jimmy when he was a baby, said: "He was a normal little boy but his life altered after a road accident."

She added "He spent four years in and out of hospital. And it became obvious he was happier doing the things a young girl does."

Jimmy left home a year ago to find a job in a grocery shop in Blackpool.

Then he went to London and became Kim.

'Pretending'

Now Kim is at a Government rehabilitation centre in London taking a shorthand-typist's course.

Last night she paused over her ironing to tell about the four-hour operation that changed her life.

"It was such a relief," she said. "For years I had led an impossible existence dressing like a man and pretending all the time that I was one."

"It was hell. The neighbours gossiped. I was pointed out in the street."



Kim Hughes — after the operation.

"When I was nine I was injured in a road accident and awarded £3,500 compensation. But I didn't need the money for the operation. It was on the National Health."

Kim said six doctors decided to perform the operation in a London hospital after she took an overdose of sleeping tablets last Easter Sunday.

Kim also spoke of her boy friends. "But they are only friends," she said. "I will never, never marry."

"It would not be right to deceive a boy. I cannot have children."

"All I want is to be a career girl. It may sound a lonely life to you, but I have a lot of hobbies."



—United Press International Telephoto
HAS MAN'S NAME—Carl Hammons, a dancer and hypnotist who started having sex change operations at age 18, has asked Superior Court in Chicago for a name change to Hedy Jo Star.

Chicago, Aug. 23—A Municipal Court judge has told a 19-year-old boy, arrested for loitering while wearing makeup and a feminine hairdo, that charges against him will be dropped if he undergoes a Christine Jorgensen-type operation.

Judge James Geroulis said the youth, who was not identified, has an uncontrollable compulsion to dress and act like a woman.

The youth, Judge Geroulis said, wants to be surgically changed into a female. He plans to go to Denmark for the operation,

as George Jorgensen did 10 years ago to become Christine. Jorgensen, the son of a Bronx carpenter who had served two years in the Army, became a night club entertainer after the surgery.

The boy's case was put off until Nov. 30, when he is to appear before Judge Geroulis with enough money and other evidence of his determination to proceed with the plan.

"The Only Solution"

Judge Geroulis called his action "the only solution to the problem" and said he saw no extra-legal implications in his unprecedented decision.

"I am concerned about this man's future," said Geroulis. "I could put him in jail or fine him a maximum of \$200. It would solve nothing. He would be right back on the street."

The youth was arrested on a charge of loitering in an area frequented by homosexuals. While neatly dressed in men's clothing, he wore makeup and a feminine hairdo.

A Doctor's Diagnosis

An examination by Dr. A. A. Hartman, head psychologist at the Municipal Court, showed that he was a transvestite and that no psychiatric or medical treatment would be helpful.

Transvestism is medically defined as a "sexual deviation characterized by an overwhelm-

ing desire to assume the attire and be accepted as a member of the opposite sex."

Doctors believe it is not in-born, but, rather, psychologically conditioned by upbringing.

A Clue in Court

On the youth's first court appearance, Geroulis told him to get a crewcut and come back.

"When he failed to do so and couldn't explain why, I could see the man was lost," Geroulis commented. "He just couldn't help it."

On re-reading the psychological report and consulting with the youth's lawyer, the judge decided to accept the youth's proposal that he undergo the operation.

The lawyer, M. J. Berkos, praised the ruling.

"I admire the enlightened attitude of the judge," Berkos said. "Most people are cynical about this kind of thing. I have talked at length with the boy. He seems sincere. He desperately wants to become a woman. He said to me, 'At least I will be able to get a job as a secretary or waitress. In my condition now, no one wants to hire me.'"

While the Municipal Court sees many transvestites, Geroulis said this was the first ruling of its kind. He said he does not expect to stir up any reaction by it.



Barbara Buick rehearsing her act.

CAGNES-SUR-MER, French Riviera, Saturday. FRENCH artiste Barbara Buick, whose striptease act draws crowds to a cabaret here, said to-day: "If the French authorities keep me waiting much longer for my papers, my fiancé and I will go to Gretna Green to get married."

Barbara has been waiting six months for the documents that will permit her to marry the man she loves.

Why the delay? Because brunette Barbara, now 33 and endowed with voluptuous curves, was not born with the physical charms she has since developed.

Her birth certificate describes her as "Jan Joly, son of Col. and Madame Gaston Joly of Paris." It was not until she was 18 that she adopted women's clothes and announced that she had changed her sex.

"There was a certain hesitation on the part of the doctors as to my true sex on the day I was born," said Barbara. "But both my parents wanted a boy so that is how I was registered."

DELICACY

Brought up in a military atmosphere until she was 16, Barbara returned from Bad Ems, Germany, where her father served with the French Army of Occupation, determined to launch herself in a theatrical career.

It was then that her manager, pointing out the delicacy of her features and her other feminine

attributes, suggested that she become a "female impersonator."

She threw herself into the role with such enthusiasm that she began to feel more and more like a real woman.

This led her to seek medical advice and finally to surgical intervention in order to transform herself completely, she claims, into a woman.

In France, as in Britain, laws regarding unofficial changes of sex or the wearing in public of women's clothes by men are extremely stringent.

But in Barbara's case, the medical evidence plus the fact that her conduct as a woman was always inoffensive secured her tacit consent of the authorities to continue in her new character.

Then, while holidaying with her mother in Avignon two years ago, Barbara met Monsieur H., a man of her own age.

"We fell in love," she said. "At first I was very distant with him because of the secret on my conscience, but in the end I confessed all."

A SHOCK

"It was a terrible shock for my fiancé, a situation very difficult for him to accept. But for love of me, he became reconciled to the facts and still wishes to marry me."

"But, first, I shall have to submit to most searching medical investigation by the greatest surgeons in Paris."

"All I need now is my new birth certificate. But this is taking an awfully long time."

"We have resolved, if they keep us waiting much longer, to go to Britain at the end of the Summer and, if necessary, get married in Gretna Green."

Who is Barbara's fiancé? "I cannot reveal his name yet," she said. "It would be very damaging to his professional reputation as a solicitor. And, besides, he is a member of the old French nobility."

"But once we are in Britain and legally wed, my life will change completely. I am anxious to give up this night-club work and follow my true vocation, the legitimate stage or the screen."

"I have already had one offer from a German film producer. But my German is atrocious and, besides, he wants to do a film based on the story of my life which I could never agree to."

Sex Change

EARL MacLANE recently had his name legally changed to "Dixie" MacLane after undergoing a "sex-transforming" operation in Mexico City, according to the *Los Angeles Times*. "Dixie" said, "I was emotionally and spiritually a woman, a woman imprisoned in the body of a man, forced to go through life in violence to my very nature." He must undergo another operation before the transformation is complete, and then he hopes to assume the rôle of a woman in every respect; perhaps even to marry, if a husband could be found. MacLane operates an elevator in a Los Angeles building.

Transvestite Arrested

ACCORDING to the Belgian journal *L'Amorce et Liberté* an American transvestite has been arrested and imprisoned in France, for using a "false civil status." New Yorker Robert Heller, traveling with a passport under the name of Diana Elizabeth Summers and dressed in women's clothes, was apprehended for "soliciting" in the bars of the resort city of Biarritz. When it was discovered that "she" was actually a male, Heller-Summers was sentenced to two months in prison. The defendant told the court: "I took this identity because I am going to undergo an operation that will change my sex."



MICHEL-Marie-Poulain is not the kind of woman who wins beauty contests for either her face or figure. She's a big woman with strapping shoulders who looks like she can handle herself in a fight with either a truck driver or a prizefighter. And she can too, as a matter of fact, because Michel-Marie was once a man. She was a paratroop sergeant in the French army during World War II and a circus acrobat in civilian life before entering her country's service. After the war, in which she was captured by the Germans and from whom she successfully escaped, Michel-Marie got a "Jorgensen"-type operation and won the legal right to wear a woman's clothes. She then took up painting professionally and is now winning an international reputation for her work on canvas.





Evening gown suits Franz nicely. His wife says they will live together as "sisters."



Before going out for evening, Kit shows Franz the art of lipsticking.

Is FRANZ LITTLE a man or a woman? Most of the townspeople in Rosyth, Scotland, probably are not quite sure, but Little is. He's a woman — and says he will live as such.

This resolve is presenting many difficulties. A British Admiralty scientist, he is married and has three children. He appears as a man at his job, but in his leisure hours lives as a woman.

Recently, he informed the local police that he would henceforth appear in town as a woman and followed it up by going shopping, in female garb, with two of his children.

An electronics expert, Little explains: "The change is so advanced that I can no longer keep up the pose as a man." He has also discussed with legal advisors the possibility of changing his name to Marguerite.

Now undergoing treatment for his condition, Little claims the desire for the change "sneaked up" on him slowly. He tried to fight it and went to extremes to demonstrate his mas-

culinity but it was no use.

"I'm a freak," he says sadly. "I was not born with the normal consistency of the ordinary human being. And I want to emphasize that I am not ill or immoral. I am just, as it happens, different."

Inevitably, his need to change became a source of embarrassment to his family. Yet his wife, Kit, sticks by him with a rare understanding.

"We are not going to break up the home. The children would lose their sense of security and we have tried to explain to them in a reasoned way. They are quite happy. And Franz and I are now perfectly good friends, probably better than we were some years ago."

Of the future, she adds: "I do not think we will ever be anything other than social outcasts except to a small group of intimate friends. I have made sacrifices and there are still many problems to be solved. One thing I want to know is whether I am married or a widow." **END**

Sex - change scientist keeps job

FRANZ LITTLE, 39-year-old Naval scientist who is changing his sex, won't be sacked.

Said an Admiralty spokesman last night: "Mr. Little is employed as a senior scientific officer — MALE."

"While he continues to meet these requirements he will remain in his present job."

"Should there be any marked change in Mr. Little's circumstances he could become one of our senior FEMALE experimental officers."

Little — "I am neither man or woman" — works at the Rosyth, Fife, Navy base.



LONDON DAILY EXPRESS FOTOS

Now living as woman, Franz says it will take at least year to determine if operation can change his sex completely.

Sex of Scientist Is Changing

ROSYTHE, Scotland, Nov. 24 (AP).—A 40-year-old scientist, married and the father of three children, told a news conference today he is changing sex, but will continue his work and will live with his wife "as a sister" to keep their family together.

The scientist, Frank Little, chief of an electronics research team at a big naval base here, will work dressed as a man to meet official requirements, but the rest of his life will be lived as a woman.

MRS. LITTLE said she had undergone great strain "watching my husband, despite himself, becoming more and more a woman every week."

She and the superintendent of the Admiralty research establishment, R. H. Richards, attended the news conference. Richards said he had asked Little to make the statement to bring the matter into the open.

"Mr. Little is a brilliant scientist and I have every confidence in his capabilities," Richards said. "At present he is sitting on the fence of nature, but as far as I am concerned he will continue to work at the establishment—dressed as a man, of course."

LITTLE, WHO HAS two sons 18 and 16 and a daughter 8, talked to reporters with his wife at his side.

Dressed in a green coat, red

high heel shoes and nylon stockings, he carried a red handbag and wore makeup and costume jewelry.

"My biological and psychological systems began to change, and about 10 months ago I began to go out with my wife dressed as a woman," Little said. "I became terribly unhappy as a man and just normal as a woman."

He said he and his wife decided to get medical help and doctors now are watching his progress.

"AT THE PRESENT moment I am still physically a man, and it may be two years before I know which course nature will take," Little went on. "At the

present moment I have every desire to be a woman. I even object to being called Mr. Little."

His wife said the children had been told about their father's change and the family will stick together.

"There will of course be some cruel people who will cause our children a great deal of anguish, but we have to decide for the best," she said.

"My husband and I think there will be more benefits for the children if the home is not broken. I have now learned to accept it, and I now feel toward my husband as a sister, and I believe we can still keep our home a happy place for all of us."

HUSBAND GOING FEMININE

'We'll Carry On as Sisters,' Couple Decide

By DON VANDEGRIFT

"Even though my husband may change into a woman, we have both decided to carry on together. We will live in the same house as sisters, and continue to raise our three children despite this unfortunate development."

This was the decision made today by Mrs. Kathleen Little, wife of Franz Little, the 40-year-old scientist who revealed in a news conference in Scotland that he is changing sex.

"We have accepted this as something we must face together, as we have faced other problems in our 18 years of marriage," Mrs. Little told the N.Y. Journal-American by transatlantic phone.

The Little family live in a cottage in Rosyth, Scotland, where Franz is chief of a team engaged in electronics research at a large naval base. They have three children, Michael, 16, David, 14, and Susan, 8.

"I am doing it mainly for the children," declared Mrs. Little. "I feel it is my duty to stay with both

them, and my husband. It wouldn't be fair of me to run away from this thing.

"It is confusing enough for the children already. I don't want to confuse them any more. Ever since the change became noticeable in my husband we have tried to treat it as something normal, and the kids have accepted it as such."

Mrs. Little said that in the past few years two "separate" personalities have been battling for dominance within her husband. His outward appearance has changed from a stocky male build, to a "slim and feminine" figure.

"When he is working he is completely male," she revealed. "But the moment he relaxes Franz becomes 'Daisy,' his female personality. He combs out his hair, which he wears long, and dresses like a woman.

"I even taught him how to apply makeup, because I didn't want him to look like a half-man, half-woman freak. We go shopping together and he picks out his own feminine clothes. At these times he is a complete woman mentally—but not physically."

"Franz went to a hospital in Edinburgh for four

days of observation. It was discovered that he had the body of a male, but a completely female nervous system. The case was turned over to a Professor Miller, the leading authority on such matters in this country.

"According to him it will take another year to decide whether an operation should be performed to change Franz into a woman. But it is fairly certain that he will have to change.

"I think it will be for his own good. This battle within himself has been exhausting. He is a brilliant man now, but I think he will become even more brilliant without this problem on his mind."

Franz announced yesterday that he will work dressed as a man to meet official requirements. He is awaiting permission from the admiralty in London allowing him to do this.

And what if Franz falls in love and wants to marry after the change?

"He will go his way, and I will go mine," concluded Mrs. Little. "The human heart, like the mind, works in strange ways, and we are ready for it."



Woman or not, whiskers are still growing and Franz must lather up each morning.



Kathleen (Kit for short) lets hubby in on knack of embroidering. She's 35, he's 40.

"DADDY" BECOMES "MOMMY"

WHEN a perfectly normal family man finds himself suddenly turned into a woman, it's nothing to laugh at. Unfortunately, complete change of sex is a scientific fact. It may seem a humorous situation to others, but when it occurs it is bound to be a painful and tragic experience to the individual involved.

One of the strangest of all these freak cases ever to reach public record is that of the thirty-year-old Frenchman, John Jiousselot.

John was born on the Isle of Ré, a small island off the French coast of Brittany. There was never anything queer or effeminate about him. When he grew to manhood he became a carpenter, with a reputation for strength and excellence as a worker. When the Nazis occupied France, John joined the underground and conducted himself with such courage that everyone on the island was proud of him. Finally, in 1944, he joined the tough French Marines. In 1948 he married a girl about his own age. She soon bore him two daughters—Beatrice, now eight, and Catherine, now six years old.

Little by little, however, a change began coming over John. When he came home from work, in the evenings, his wife began to notice a strange drama going on in her husband. She could see that his shoulders were slouching, his hips getting round and his muscles growing soft.

In 1952, still a top-rate carpenter, John took a job with an American construction company building air bases in Morocco. Two years later, in Casablanca, he finally had to put himself into the hands of Dr. Pierson, a well-known psychiatrist. He was distraught and desperate, for his masculine virility had completely disappeared and he could no longer perform his marital duties. Dr. Pierson examined him and found that John's state of health was "characterized by a change of

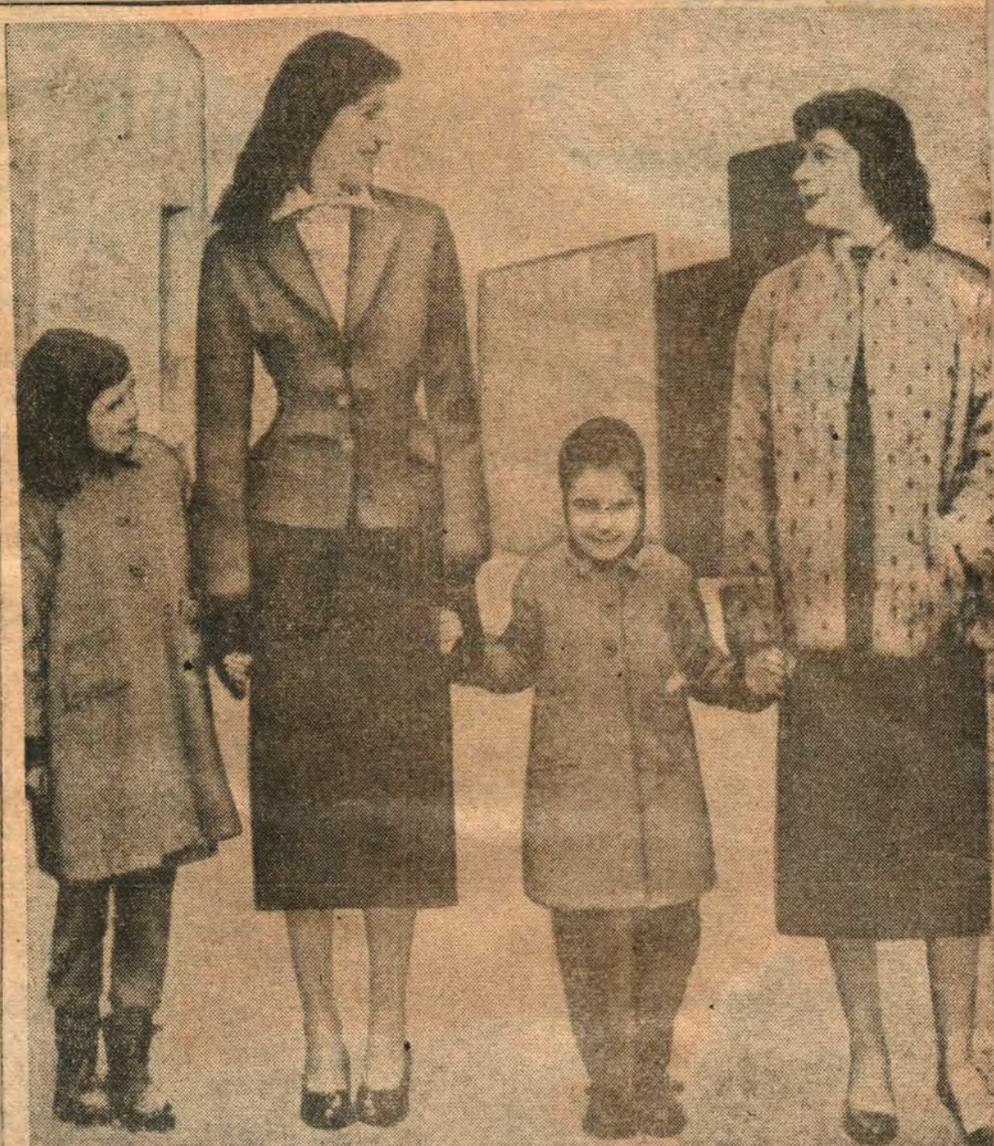
the endocrine glands affecting his sexual makeup and the external structure of his organs."

Special treatments were begun immediately. After a year, John's voice mellowed and his whiskers disappeared. After two years of treatment, his bosom was developed. The sexual metamorphosis was nearly complete. He was a woman.

Today, only a minor operation is required to remove the last trace

of John's former sex. It is for this operation that he—or rather she—returned to France from North Africa.

The Jiousselots are, of course, now separated and the marriage will be legally dissolved. The strange climax of this situation is that Mme. Jiousselot, a devout Catholic, cannot consider divorce. She has petitioned the Pope to grant her a marriage annulment.



CHANGING TIMES: Jean Jiousselot, 30, left, and his wife, Solange, right, who are waiting for the final papers from the French government changing Jean to Jeanette, stroll with their two daughters, Beatrice, 9, and Catherine, 6. Jean-Jeanette, a carpenter in Flotte en Re, near Brest, started turning feminine in 1954 after taking hormone treatments for a nervous disorder. United Press Radiotelephoto.



CHILDREN ADJUSTED TO FACT THAT FATHER NOT ONLY DRESSES BUT ACTS LIKE MOMMY



John's (Jeanette's) affection for his children is undiminished.



Former marine examines bras in window of leading store. Interest is real and personal.



Father Completing Change to Woman

By the United Press.

LA ROCHELLE, France, Feb. 6.—Jean Jiousselot, 30, a marine who changed his name to Jeanette and began wearing skirts, vanished from home and family today and was reported in Paris to complete his transformation into a woman.

Jean, father of two children and a veteran of World War II, said his sex began changing in 1954. In recent months he has been living as a "sister" to his wife in their home here with their children, Beatrice, 9, and Catherine, 6.

He still faces a decision by the local draft board whether he is still eligible for military service.

Doubts and Blushes.

He left behind a train of doubts from doctors and officials when he vanished, including a blushing French gendarme who gave him a preliminary examination when he asked to be taken off the army lists.

The gendarme, Rene LaFont, questioned him about the circumstances of the reported change and the reasons for his wanting to leave the army list. In his official report officer LaFont noted, "There was no doubt that Jeanette is showing signs of losing the normal look of a man."

Jean later will be called before a military medical board to prove he is not a man and that he can no longer be a member of the elite Marine Corps. By that time he may have undergone an operation in Paris to help him along.

Two years ago, when Jean was working at an American air base in Morocco, a doctor gave him injections of female hormones for nervous disorders. The treatment reportedly helped him get rid of his

nervous troubles and gave him the appearance of a woman.

The family doctor, Pierre Moinet of the nearby Island of Re, expressed doubts concerning the possibility that an operation would make Jiousselot a full-fledged woman.

"Jiousselot could easily lose one sex without gaining another," the doctor said.



12 With their marriage terminated by strange turn of nature, Mr. and Mrs. Jiousselot now share common bond of womanhood.

Father of 2 Decides He's a Woman

By the United Press.

BREST, France, Feb. 4.—A Frenchman named Jean has decided to change it to Jeanette and give up his job as a carpenter to become a barmaid, it was reported today.

Jean Jiousselot, 30, admitted he is awaiting final legal papers to make lawful what nature already has made factual.

"Don't call me Jean; call me Jeanette," said Jiousselot, who is the father of two children.

Actually, the shorts-to-skirts conversion has been in progress since 1954, when Jiousselot began taking female hormone treatments for a nervous disorder.

Jeanette's secret became public when 9-year-old Beatrice Jiousselot told her teacher: "Daddy said I must call her Mommy." The teacher went to

the child's home on the tiny Breton island of Flotte-en-Re near here, where she found Beatrice's mother and father living together as sisters.

Jiousselot said he was a shy youth who preferred playing with dolls instead of footballs. However, he was drafted into the French army during World War II and later married a childhood friend. The couple had two children, Beatrice and Catherine, 6.

While working for the U.S. Air Force at Casablanca as a carpenter Jiousselot was af-

licted with an extreme nervous disorder which a psychiatrist diagnosed as "an endocrine evolution causing reactions of the sexual morphology (organic structure) and body surface."

Jean was treated with female hormones and soon threw away his razor and found his voice changed.

Two months ago Jean became in fact a woman. A French court granted him a passport showing both his new and old looks, and his marriage is being annulled, he said.



HER STAGE NAME is Coccinelle (French for Ladybird) and her singing strip-tease act has taken Paris by storm. She lan-

guorously croons "Je Cherche un Milliardaire" (I'm looking for a millionaire) and sways her sylph-like body in the spotlight. The



Patrons who see Coccinelle perform are shocked to learn she is really a man.



cosmopolitan crowd of tourists, playboys and tired businessmen clutch their icy champagne buckets and stare entranced — for few in the audience at the Caroussel night club know her secret. Ironically, the entertainer who makes men gasp at her feminine pulchritude is a man—22-year-old Jacques Defresnoy who, as a result of hormonal treatment, is turning into a woman.

French novelist Cecil Saint Laurent and by playwright Jean Cocteau to play the leading role in a film on the adventurous life of the Chevalier D'Eon, Louis IV's travesty minister at the English court. The Chevalier D'Eon, for espionage purposes dressed so successfully as a woman or as a man that his real sex always remained a mystery in London.

"This film role offer intrigues me a lot," says Coccinelle.

Coccinelle has been invited by



Coccinelle tells her story: "I lived as a boy up until the age of 17. After leaving school at the age of 15 I got employed as an apprentice ladies hairdresser in the Rue Blondel. Many of the clients were high class prostitutes. As a diversion, some of them one day dressed me in their gaudy clothes, put make-up on me and gave me a lesson on female deportment.

"For them the turning of Jacques into Jacqueline was a big joke. But for me it was the awakening of a terrible conflict which I hope will be finally settled by an operation in a Scandinavian country. Up till then I had had several passing flirtations with girls, but after my masquerading experience with the women in the Rue Blondel my attraction for the opposite sex diminished.

"I decided I had better change my occupation so I quit the hairdressing, the perfumes and the powder and got a job as a telephone operator at the French Automobile Club. But it was no good. I felt myself becoming more and more a woman, and I wanted to be one.

"One day I met one of my former hairdressing clients, who suggested to me that I should exploit my problem by proposing myself for a role at the Travesty Revue at the "Madame Arthur" Cabaret. The manager engaged me on the spot, and at the age of 17 I went on the boards.

"Ladybirds are considered lucky in France so I decided to adopt the name and put my male life behind me. I gave away all my men's clothes and tore up all my photos as a boy, except one

which is hanging over my bed. Alas, though I had decided to be a woman, in the eyes of the state I was a man, and in June, 1953, I was called up. After medical examination they pronounced me fit for military service.

"At this time I had started a course of treatment with female hormones, but this had not yet begun to take effect when I was medically examined. And, of course, I was obliged to cut my hair short and again put on men's clothes for the call-up.

"But I smuggled some of my nice clothes into my kitbag and I used to divert the troops after the day's square-bashing by doing masquerade acts. This perhaps improved their morale but it also won me my ticket. On my discharge papers they wrote "dangerous phenomenon in the Army." I was not surprised for General Koenig who often came to the cabaret where I worked had warned me "You are much too feminine. You will be discharged."

"Was I glad to get out of Khaki and tin buttons and get back to my career and my beautiful dress. It was at this time that a new ray of hope gleamed into my hermaphrodite twilight. I read in a newspaper the astonishing story of the Danish soldier Christine Jorgenson, who became a female following treatment by hormones and completed by an operation.

"By now the hormonal treatment was having effect and externally I had developed into a sweater girl with a strong resemblance to Marilyn Monroe. When our travesty troop left for an Italian tour the manager told me to dress as a man when I went out on the street. But I looked so like a woman dressed as a man that the Italian police ordered me to wear woman's clothes in the future.

When asked how she feels about people emotionally, Coccinelle shrugged and said, "Love? It doesn't interest me any more. Since I began my treatment I have no physical desire. And now I am only happy in the company of women. My best friend is Lucky, the Dior mannequin, with whom I go and see all the big fashion shows."

Coccinelle shares a studio with sultry-eyed Bambi, who is also one of the masqueraders in the travesty show. "But Bambi is not a real boy," explains Coccinelle. "She follows the same treatment as I. We live together and we have the same tastes in dresses, furs and jazz. I go to bed around five o'clock in the morning and do not rise till very late in the day. Then Bambi and I do our shopping. Bambi does most of the cooking as I am not much good at it. I get plenty of invitations to dine out with male admirers, but I turn them all down. I'm much too busy."



Coccinelle gives herself the once-over in the mirror before she goes to the footlights.



le plus beau travesti
du monde
Coccinelle
dans
tous de Chant
et son
REAP TEAS
HAUTE CO

Coccinelle repairs her makeup before theater bill that calls her, in French, "the most beautiful transvestite in the world." Few viewers





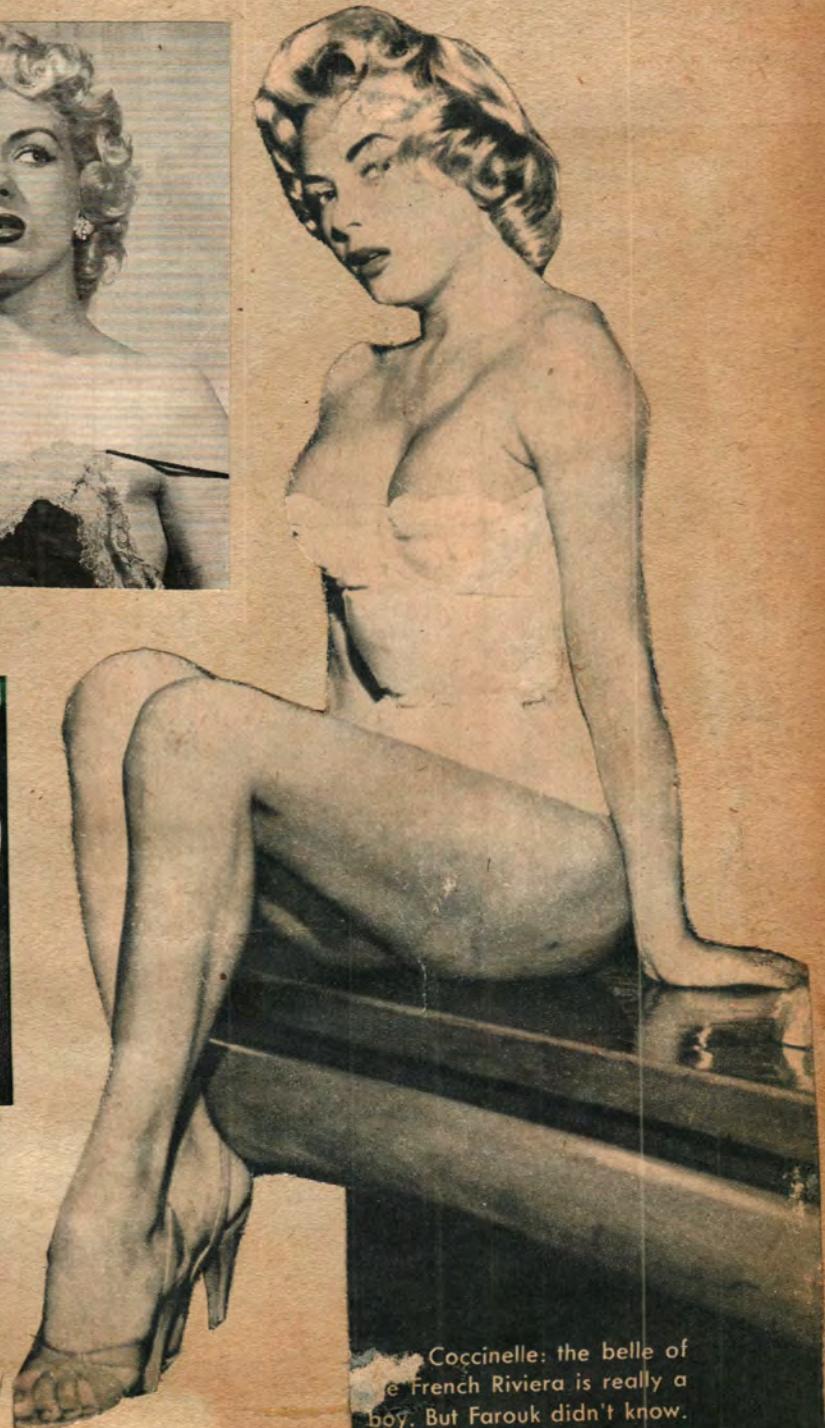
On rare occasions Coccinelle (second from right) goes out on dates. She's much happier, she says, in female company.

THE WARRIORS DON'T KNOW IT BUT BOTH STUNNING GIRLS WITH THEM ARE BOYS.



"I get plenty of invitations to dine out with male admirers, but I turn them all down. Love doesn't interest me any more. Since I began my career I have no physical desire."





Coccinelle: the belle of the French Riviera is really a boy. But Farouk didn't know.



Plastic surgery operation, for 300,000 francs, resulted in new nose. Figure's reportedly due to hormone shots.

Entertainer, who mixes saucy songs with American stripper routine, was born Jacques Charles Dufresnoy in 1933.



French critics hailed star as "world's most amazing artiste."



A skilled designer, Coccinelle sews for trim 38-26-36 figure.



An avid record collector, Coccinelle poses with latest from U. S. Favorite is Doris Day's 'Love Me or Leave Me.'



COCCINELLE



COCGINELLE sings a sentimental song in a feminine, somewhat low-pitched voice. Coccinelle is 24, and his real name is Jaques Dufernoy. He is a man. Even when he was a very small boy, he loved dressing up as a little girl. This passion of his led his father, who wanted him to become a carpenter, to turn him out of the house. He became a typist in a factory, dressing as a man during the day, but quickly changing to female attire after working hours. He spent all of his spare money buying dresses. A friend advised him to go into the theater. His voice had been changing for quite a while, his hair grew with astonishing rapidity, and his body was changing. He developed a bust. He consulted a doctor. Hormone treatment to restore balance was in vain. He decided to become a woman, spent all his savings on visiting a Danish specialist. In spite of his wish and everything Coccinelle remains a man with a dream, and wish unfulfilled.







"A person like me must be adaptable," says Coccinelle, who is learning dressmaking as well as manly job of shoe-repairing.





GIRLS WHO USED TO BE BOYS HAVE BREAKFAST IN BED TOGETHER.



TO FRENCH REPORTER ALAIN GARAP, COCCINELLE IS SURE ALL GIRL.





TOO much for the army, too much for the navy, too much for the air force, too much for the marines, in fact, too much for anyone is a blonde French entertainer named Coccinelle (the word means "ladybird" in French). Coccinelle's singing and stripteasing are presently the most popular of all acts in Paris nightclubs. Bigger news than her stage success is the sensational and well-kept secret that the curvy blonde bombshell of the stripper's art is actually a man. Her real name is Jacques Desfrenoy, a 22-year-old who began life as

a male and is gradually being transformed into a female by the famed hormone treatment for such split-sex personalities. Unlike most of her kind, Coccinelle does not have to resort to tricks and camouflage to make her stripteasing go over with a bang. She uses no falsies, no hip extenders. As she languorously croons "Je Cherche un Millionaire"—"I'm Looking for a Millionaire"—and sways her perfumed, sinuous body in the revealing spotlight, the cosmopolitan audience of rich tourists, playboys and jaded business men, clutch their champagne glasses and lose themselves in dreams that can never come true. So tremendous has been Coccinelle's impact on French audiences that she—once you have seen her, you can't possibly call her anything but "she"—has been invited by novelist Cecil Saint Laurent and famed playwright, poet and Academy member Jean Cocteau to play the leading role in a filmed history of the notorious Chevalier D'Eon, transvestist diplomat who represented the great French king Louis the Fourteenth at the British court. In order better to be able to pick up secret information useful to his royal boss, D'Eon used to dress as both a man and a woman. So successful was he in either guise that nobody at the British court could ever swear to D'Eon's true sex. To this day it is a mystery so far as official records are concerned. In a recent interview, the stripper, puffing a cigarette and reclining as gracefully as any fashion model, told a reporter that she looked upon her choice for the D'Eon role as a triumphant outcome of her bitter battle with biology. She has been fighting this battle since she was 15. At that age, she left school and got a job as an apprentice to a ladies' hairdresser many of whose clients were high-priced prostitutes. One day, as a gag, some of these girls dressed the apprentice up in their clothes, applied make-up and showed him how to walk and move in a provocatively female manner. For the girls, it was

a joke; for the apprentice it was as shattering an experience as an earthquake. For the first time, the reality of the sex conflict within was pounded into his consciousness. Up till then he had made tentative approaches to flirtations with girls. From now on, he was to find their attractions meant nothing to him. Drawn more and more to the female role, he shifted from one job to another until a friend suggested he try out for a job in the Transvestist Revue which was the featured entertainment at a nightclub called "Madame Arthur's." He was hired immediately and at the age of 17 minced on stage in his first public performance as a lush female. The costume he wore for this performance was called "Ladybird" and he decided to adopt the name—which is considered lucky in France—as a professional label. But though Coccinelle had become a woman—and what a woman—she was still a male so far as the army draft was concerned. She was called up in 1953 and pronounced fit for medical service by the examining physician. This, in spite of the fact that General Koenig, commanding general of the French army was a frequent patron of the club where she performed and had advised her that she was much too feminine to be a French G.I. It didn't take army officials long to find out that General Koenig had not been talking through his hat and Coccinelle was quickly discharged as a "Dangerous phenomenon in the army." About this time she read in the papers of the job that had been done on the American transvestist Christine Jorgenson by Danish specialists in hormone treatments. She applied for the same kind of treatment and before long found she was beginning to bulge like Marilyn Monroe. Once, during this period, when the revue was traveling in Italy, the manager ordered her to dress as a man to avoid trouble with the Italian police. First thing she knew, she had been picked up by the cops and ordered to wear women's clothes so that the male population of Italy wouldn't become hopelessly confused. She gladly obeyed the order.

Coccinelle shares a studio with a sultry-eyed brunette known as "Bambi," who is also a transvestist. "Bambi is not a real boy," explains Coccinelle. "She follows the same treatment as I. We live together and have the same tastes in dresses,

furs, Sydney Bechet jazz, and Peter Cheny thrillers. I go to bed about 5 o'clock in the morning and do not rise till very late in the day. Then Bambi and I do our shopping. Bambi does most of the cooking for us, as I am not much good at it."





NO, IT ISN'T Marilyn Monroe—or Diana Dors—or any of the busty blonde heart-thumpers who have hogged the publicity spotlight in recent months. It is someone even more extraordinary.

It's a MAN!

Or, at least, he started out in life as a man. The name of the sexy warbler is really Jacques Dufrenoy. He appears in Parisian night clubs under the name of Coccinelle (a moniker given him by one of Jacques Fath's dressers) and is so completely feminine in appearance that he makes the better known examples of sex change look like rugged he-men.

Coccinelle is now 24 years old. Even as a very small boy, he loved to dress up as a little girl. This passion for female attire enraged his practical father, who wanted his offspring to be a carpenter, and the disgusted parent turned him out of the house.

So the young changeling became a typist in a factory. During the day he still wore masculine clothes but once out of the factory, he swiftly donned soft, clinging female attire and acted to all intents and purposes like a girl. He spent all his money on dresses and pretty underthings.

Then a friend advised him to go into the theater. His voice had been changing for quite a while, his hair growing long and with astonishing rapidity and the contours of his body assuming more and more the curves of the female. He developed a full bust.

By this time, Coccinelle was complaining of periodic headaches and stomach pains, so he consulted a doctor, who gave him a hormone treatment designed to restore the sex balance. But it was in vain. Then he made up his mind to complete the process and become a woman in every possible way. So, having heard of the Christine Jorgensen sex change operation in 1952, he took his

savings and visited a Danish specialist, who performed the physical transformation as far as possible.

He returned to Paris, where he has been successful in his cabaret act, appearing as completely feminine as any girl in the theater. The picture opposite was taken during a recording session. His voice surprises listeners. He sings sentimental ballads in a somewhat husky but thoroughly feminine voice.

This same photo is so remarkable from a medical point of view that it was shown to six British doctors with the question: "Would you be prepared to accept sworn evidence that this singer is a man and, in your experience, would it be possible for a man to undergo such a sex change?"

Each of them said: "It is the most astonishing example of sex change I have ever encountered."

But one of them, a famous gynecologist, added: "It would be quite wrong, however, to suggest that this man is now a woman. In no case of this kind is the change complete. The change is really superficial, but sufficient to justify such a man to prefer living as a woman."

All six savants confessed that they were baffled by the extreme degree in which the man had lost all outward signs of masculinity and acquired so much that was feminine; particularly the facial features, the shape of the arms and the amazing bust.

"In a way," said one doctor, "she has not really changed her sex. That is something no one will ever succeed in doing."

He was undoubtedly referring to the child-bearing functions. No one knows whether that ability was achieved in the Danish operation. Does Coccinelle still remain a man—or will he some day realize his dream of becoming a true woman and having children. . . ? •



(Editor's Note:

The photos on these pages were made by David Wharry of BIPS, an international press service, for **UNCENSORED**. This is the first time Coccinelle has permitted herself to be photographed except for medical study and one photo which adorns the front of Maxim's in Nice. Like all good reporters, Mr. Wharry asked for proof, as protection against a hoax. "Accepted no substitute," he cabled. "This girl is all boy. I think.")



NICE, FRANCE—The affinity of ex-King Farouk for night club entertainers is as well-known as his penchant for pornography or his practice, begun as a toddler, of playfully pinching the rumps of females careless enough to precede him. But it is in night clubs that he really glows and so steadfastly has he pursued his hobby of lushing it up in night spots that there has grown up a vast sisterhood of night club entertainers who found themselves pushed into fame through association with the fat fugitive from the Nile.

In Cannes, for example, three popular female entertainers actually were seen with him, a fourth attracted gossip by riding in his car and the fifth set tongues of the international set wagging by announcing she had received a bouquet of roses from him while he was visiting Nice.

Fatso Falls For Coccinelle

But the **UNCENSORED** truth is that she probably won't be getting any more. At least for a while. And the reason lies in a blonde, green-eyed charmer, who has been the hit of Maxim's in Nice for the past three seasons. Her name is Coccinelle. She's still the rage of the French Riviera, and though she won fame by her deft night club act, she won virtual immortality among the playboys and rakes of the Eden Rock set by setting the mighty monarchical mastodon right back on his ample derriere.

The reason why Farouk's fez is so red these days, and why even his intimates can't get close to him, is Coccinelle, who innocently played a part in an amorous escapade that still has the Riviera rocking with laughter and Farouk mumbling imprecations in his arak. For a guy, supposed to be privy to the ways of the world, Balloon Boy turned out to be a bigger bust than his bathing suit pictures show him to be. He's so upset he's forgotten to sing his favorite song, "Nasser's in the cold, cold, ground" and that, friends, is forgetfulness.

If there's one thing Farouk's fervently wishing these days it's that he stood in bed and didn't heed the call of the wiles the afternoon one of his play-boy pals, also in exile, named Solim Sadek (no relation to Narriman) tipped him off on an entertainer whose breath-taking beauty was the talk of the French Riviera. This babe, asserted Solim, was seven Cleopatras rolled up into one. She was the kind of babe, he intimated, who wouldn't be averse to a guy with Farouk's checks appeal.

Now anyone who knows Farouk is aware that he's one of the steadiest buyers of that commodity called passion ever to hove into view this side of a Panamanian joy house. All he wants to know is that there'll be plenty of Misses or Mrs. Wiggles' in his cabbage patch and when Solim reassured the pudgy potentate that his advances would be well received, Farouk said he'd play. (Continued on page 70)

Wrapped in reverie he failed to notice that his front man had returned. The first indication he got was when a delicate, nerve-tingling scent assailed his nostrils.

It was Coccinelle and it was quite obvious to Farouk's practiced eye that she had for Europe what Monroe had for America. (Editor's note: bust 38, waist, 26, hips 36). And what Farouk hoped she had for him. At the moment, though, all he got was a smile and a thank-you, delivered in flawless French, in which Farouk is also highly-skilled. If he'd expected a tete-a-tete his hopes were momentarily dashed as the entertainer explained the show was going on. A quick, soft handclasp, a kiss blown off delicate fingertips and she was off in a swirl.

His head swimming with the abrupt madness of it all, Farouk sat heavily back, oblivious of his companion's conversation, and impatiently waiting for the appearance of his latest dream girl. Seconds seemed like minutes and minutes seemed like hours before this vision of voluptuousness made its appearance and Farouk by then was almost at the point of chewing the tablecloth.

Imminent trouble was certainly riding on Farouk's shoulder. He didn't realize it when, at last, the master of ceremonies introduced Coccinelle. In an instant she was on, doing a piquant French song and then went into an exquisite demonstration of the art of stripping. Farouk's inflamed optics almost popped from his head as they devoured the star's fascinating figure, adorned by now only in a fragile G-string.

The act tore down the house. What it did to Farouk beggared description, but it was obvious to his ill-at-ease pal that his ex-monarch was somewhat in the position of the aged member of the House of Lords who decided to give away his castle to the Widow Brown. "Nothing is too good for this divine creature," Farouk said, mopping his brow, and turning a perspiring face toward his companion. He looked as though he were seeing him for the first time.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Farouk snapped. "Get back and make the arrangements for dinner for two."

"But your Highness, that's impossible," the distraught subject-in-exile stammered. "I didn't know she's . . ." he bent over and whispered in Farouk's ear.

The next instant the sophisticated diners, who were still applauding Coccinelle, were startled to see an elephantine figure angrily push over a table. The crash of bottles resounded over the receding applause, but it is doubtful whether Farouk heard it. He had, in fact, heard enough. Little though it was, he realized it was enough to make him the laughing stock of the Riviera if it ever got out. By the time he returned to Cannes, he'd convinced himself

that since only two persons really knew the score, himself and the hapless Egyptian he'd left behind, his secret was safe.

But it wasn't. Cannes is a hotbed of gossip where rumors flourish like the green bay trees and before long the UNCENSORED facts of how Farouk's amour came a-cropper were setting the denizens to howling.

For Coccinelle was not a girl—but a boy! That was the unnerving information that Farouk's stooge learned too late to tell his wolfing Wazir. And if Farouk's listening, here's the pitch on the witch who has fooled the experts—including Fatso—for almost five years.

The UNCENSORED fact is that there's nothing false, or false, about this beauty who fills a slinky dress or a-bathing costume to perfection. He-she was born 25

years ago, real name Jacques Charles Dufresnoy. The actual sex change of this entertainment phenomenon took place at the age of 13, but until Coccinelle decided to go into show business it was never exploited. When fame hit, Coccinelle paid 300,000 francs for a new nose, and after the Nice engagement—which shows no signs of closing—expects to visit Denmark for an operation similar to that undergone by Christine Jorgenson. She takes female hormone injections twice a week.

Of her earlier pictures, Coccinelle told UNCENSORED's correspondent, "I destroyed every one showing me as a stripling. I want to forget those unfortunate days and become a great artist."

Farouk, it seems, would just like to forget that unfortunate night. To him, it shouldn't have happened even to Aly Khan. ●



THE TIRES OF THE sleek, bright green Mercedes sedan screamed as the car, doing 80, rounded a sharp curve on one of those very narrow, winding roads near Antibes, on the French Riviera. Suddenly . . . a blow-out! The car careened crazily off the road, smashed into a telephone pole.

Neither of the two people in the car was seriously injured, but both of them being famous and out on a date together caused raised eyebrows — and a bit of a mixup at the hospital where they were taken. Doctors weren't quite sure whether to put them both in the men's ward, or what.

One of the victims was Charles Trenet, the French singer who popularized "La Mer." The other was Coccinelle, an entertainer who has created a sensation in France recently and is due to come to the United States soon.

The fact that they were out joyriding in the moonlight on the romantic Riviera piqued the curiosity of Frenchmen who are well aware that neither is of orthodox sexual persuasion. "If those two are having an affair, it surpasses the imagination," said one bemused Antibes socialite, shaking his

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come a carpenter.

At the age of eighteen Jacques became a transvestite; he developed an overpowering to dress up in women's cloth taught himself to sew, and of his evenings alone in ing dresses and for himself. Then these raiments powder, lipstick meager clerk went to buy the for his solitary masq

FAMILY DOCTOR IS
One evening his father room, found Jacques disev woman, and promptly threw him the house. With a dozen boxes with feminine garments, Jacques a furnished room where he con his strange existence as a man b a

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Coccinelle in the arms of "an old acquaintance" at her Paris summer home.

admiringly, "You look like a coccinelle — a lady bug."

From that moment Jacques became "Mlle. Coccinelle."

FOILS AMOROUS TEXAN

Although legally and technically still a man, Coccinelle now adopted her new identity completely, dressing as a woman for street wear as well as for her night club appearances. In the United States she would have been arrested for this, but not in France where it is quite permissible for men to dress in any costume they please under a law that goes back to the days of the French Revolution.

In 1789 one of the things that made the bourgeoisie so mad at the nobility was that the former didn't have the right to fight duels or even wear swords. So, after the revolution, a law was passed setting forth the principle that clothes don't make a gentleman and that, henceforth, a man could wear whatever he pleased, even feminine raiment, and still have the right to the masculine prerogative of carrying a sword.

But, on one particular occasion, appearing as a woman — and a very striking one — Coccinelle got in trouble. Not with the law, but with a wolf. She was leaving the Palm Beach night club in Cannes when a Texan wearing a ten-gallon hat offered her a ride home.

Assuming that he had seen her act and realized what she was, she accepted

graciously. No sooner was she in the car, however, than he began to make passes worthy of a halfback, and nothing she could say would convince him that she wasn't really a woman. She leaped out of the car and fled.

The Texan returned to the nightclub, discovered the truth, and the next morning sent her a big bouquet of roses and his apologies. "It's too bad, though," he wrote wistfully.

The worst ordeal Coccinelle has had to face since becoming a woman was when she received orders to serve Jacques Lafresnoy's military term. Refusing to believe that she was now to all intents and purposes a woman, the army officers made her stand around nude for half an hour while they looked her over with appreciative eyes. Finally they rejected her as "unfit for military service."

Coccinelle, now twenty-four, fully intends to live out the rest of her life as a woman — assuming that she doesn't change back again. Last summer she got in touch with Dr. Dahl Iverson, the Danish surgeon who performed the operation on Christine Jorgensen, and asked him to do the same for her. He agreed, with the stipulation that the operation would take place in

Belgium, since it is now outlawed in Denmark.

The arrangement was that the operation, which consists of simply removing the male organs, would take place after Coccinelle had finished her current night club tour. But the automobile accident sufficed to change that plan.

The only injury Coccinelle suffered in the accident was a severely sprained ankle, but the doctors told her it would

be several weeks before she would again be able to do her strenuous strip-tease act. She decided the time might as well be put to good use and sent Dr. Iverson a telegram:

"Come to Belgium and make me, at last, completely a woman."

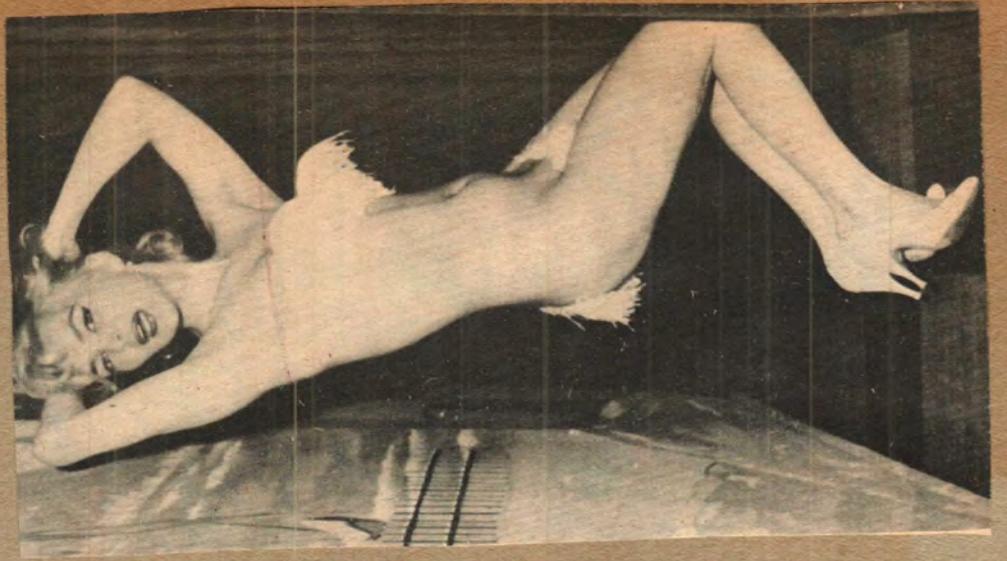
While waiting for the operation, the pretty transvestite is undergoing new hormone treatments and making plans.

"I hope I'll be able to get married. I realize I'll never be able to have children, but I should like very much to marry some nice man."

She only smiles secretly when asked if she has designs on Charles Trenet. He's not as handsome as he used to be, though, having lost three front teeth and suffered a badly torn lip in the accident.











Coccinelle is coming to U.S. soon at urging of Peter Howard, a Vanderbilt heir, who wants to launch her career.



"I TORE UP ALL MY PHOTOS AS A BOY, EXCEPT ONE (ABOVE) OVER MY BED."



WOMAN'S TOUCH is applied by Charlotte McLeod as she freshens makeup at Park East Hospital where the ex-GI is recovering from second operation.



'Charlotte' in Second Surgery

By JEAN HOWARD

Charlotte McLeod, the pretty 29-year-old redhead whom Danish surgeons changed from an ex-GI named Charles, was recovering yesterday from a second operation to complete her progress to "complete womanhood."

"Isn't it wonderful?" she asked, in a bedside interview at Park East Hospital, 112 E. 87th st. "This has made my body match my mind!"

"All my life my mind has been a woman's.

"Dr. LaRoe has put the finishing touches that the Copenhagen doctors left undone."

She was referring to Dr. Elsie LaRoe, one of New York's few woman plastic surgeons, a German refugee educated at Heidelberg.

The purpose of the operation, said Charlotte, was to round out her figure into a more womanly shape. Dr. LaRoe used a surgical sponge substance used for many years to take the place of tissue in various parts of the body.

"Just think of it," she said, "my measurements are now 38-25-36!"

CAN'T HAVE CHILDREN.

She will never be able to have children, Charlotte asserted.

Charlotte arrived in New York from Copenhagen and her sex-changing operation in April, 1954.

Born in Tennessee she worked as a bookkeeper in New Orleans and became a GI for three months in 1948 before being discharged for medical reasons.

In the interview yesterday, she declined to say where she has been living and what she has been doing recently.

"I have been having lots of dates," she said.

"I know that 50 per cent of the men who take me out do so out of curiosity, but I was engaged once, and it taught me a lesson about being truthful about myself from the very beginning.

"I was very fond of this particular man and he knew nothing about my history.

"I had planned to tell him, but I delayed too long. One time we were watching TV

and lo and behold, there on the screen, came an old news-reel shot of me and my story.

"He didn't want to break the engagement, but I sensed a difference in him. I sent him back his ring. I have never lied since. I can't be deceptive any more. It's the only masculine quality I have retained."



AFTER SPENDING 28 UNHAPPY YEARS as a man, I'm ready to settle down to the life of a normal woman. I want all the things any woman wants. A husband and a home. Affection and understanding. A man who will blot my past from his mind, even as I have had to forget that I, too, once wore male clothes and was regarded by society as a member of the stronger sex.

I look back on it all now as a bad dream, a nightmare of pain and suffering out of which I emerged a woman.

And now I'm ready for the future.

Perhaps the experiences of those dreadful days in Denmark when an operation changed me into a woman have given me strength. I've found a job, am happy and look forward to marriage.

And like any woman, I have definite ideas of what kind of a husband I want. He must be tall (in heels I'm almost six feet) and he must be near my age. Because I'm temperamental—my experiences have made me that way—he'd have to be compassionate and tolerant.

It Won't Be Easy

And he would have to understand that we could have no children. There is a limit beyond which Nature will not go when our bodies are changed. I would want him to be willing to adopt a child, for a home without youngsters is a barren place.

It won't be too easy. I'm going to be particular and some men may object to my past and fear that they might face unpleasant publicity as the husband of Charlotte McLeod.

During the past few months I've dated lots of men. When I meet them I tell them all about myself on the first date. Most of them are amazed that I ever was a man. But not one has backed out on a date after I have told them the story.

And I've had some unpleasant experiences, too. Like any woman, I want to be wooed and won, not rushed into anything. The man who grabs me and mauls me on our first date gets a punch in the nose.

My job as receptionist at a New York beauty parlor gave me opportunity to be with women. The girls I worked with also knew my background, but they were sympathetic and real friends. They accepted me for what I am—a female. Since then I've gone on to a secretarial position. And in this job, too, I am accepted quite naturally as a girl by my fellow workers.

Left Girls Alone

There are times when it does me good to get my troubles off my mind. Over coffee I'll tell my boyfriends what happened since I was born Charles McLeod in Dyersburg, Tennessee.

There wasn't anything too unusual about my boyhood, that is, until I was 12. I had a bad spell of pneumonia and it left me weak and tired. Then I had a long series of illnesses and developed a chronic migraine headache which, curiously enough, recurred periodically every 28 days.

I didn't enjoy baseball or any other boys' games and I wouldn't go swimming because of my pronounced breast development. Dad sent me to a military academy to make me tough but I had to quit because I couldn't stand the physical exercises.

When I was 23 I decided to prove myself a man and entered the infantry. Again I was physically too weak to stand the pace and I was discharged in 90 days.

All of this time I left girls alone. I just didn't have any desire for them and they usually treated me as a sort of brother to whom they could tell their secrets. But I did

feel attracted to men, particularly the young men I met in the army.

Naturally I had to keep this feeling to myself. After all, I was wearing a man's clothes even though my hands, breasts and skin were those of a woman.

After my discharge from the army, I tried to find myself. I went from job to job and twice, in my despondency, tried to kill myself. As a final, desperate move, I lived among homosexuals in New Orleans. They disgusted me and that in itself gave me encouragement. I had a normal reaction to perverts and knew I wasn't one of them.

In April, 1953, I went to Denmark. I had read of Americans like myself who had undergone sex transformation treatments there and thought it might be my last hope.

At first the news was grim. The Danish doctors, horrified at the publicity their treatments had received in the world press, had refused to treat anyone but native-born Scandinavians. But finally I found a doctor who would treat me secretly. He was a narcotics addict who carried on an outlaw practice, but I was determined to go ahead, no matter what the risk.



Charlotte McLeod, a tall and pretty redhead, is currently hat-checking at Dick Kollmar's Left Bank bistro. Only a few months ago, Charlotte was a GI who hit the headlines as Charlie McLeod when he underwent the Christine Jorgensen treatment in Copenhagen. Last night the redhead was beefing to Kollmar about the weather.

"I can't make a decent living as a hat check gal," said she. "Here it is autumn and nobody's wearing coats. Or hats."

"Be patient," Kollmar consoled her. "You can't fight mother nature."

"My dear Richard," said Charlotte firmly, "I have found that if she doesn't suit me I can even change that old bag, Mother Nature."

Back Home

It was more butchery than an operation. After four hours on a kitchen table that served as his operating room, I was bleeding badly and in great pain. I managed to reach a reputable physician who saved my life and completed the operation when I had regained my strength.

I was then given massive shots of female hormones. In a few days I noticed that my breasts—which had always been prominent—were starting to swell and soon they developed to their present size.

Everyone I met in Denmark was wonderful to me. It was only when I returned to the United States that I found crude, uncouth people, particularly reporters and photographers, who laughed at

(Continued on page 49)



Final results of the series of successful sex-exchange operations reveal in this portrait, that Charlotte McLeod is indeed a woman!



CHARLOTTE McLeod, was Charlie McLeod in the Army had operation to change his (or her) sex starts new job as receptionist in N. Y. beauty salon, Charlotte is also makeup artist.



MARTHA RAMIRO







MIAMI, Nov. 13.—A 34-year-old ex-GI, who changed sex through operations and treatments in Denmark, because a bride here a month ago, the Miami Herald reported today.

The former Charles Earnest McLeod, of Dyersburg, Tenn., is now Mrs. Ralph H. Heidal, the Herald said. Her husband, 36, is from New York.

The Herald said neither the pastor who performed the wedding ceremony Oct. 11 nor friends Mrs. Heidal has made in Miami knew of her former identity.

The newspaper quoted a neighbor, Helen Blackford: "She's beautiful, statuesque—you know, like a Ziegfeld girl."

Mrs. Heidal told the Herald "All I have done is merely correct a mistake. My psyche has always been female. I always thought, felt and reacted like a woman."

The Herald quoted a bartender who dated the woman as Charlotte McLeod as saying when he learned of her past identity:

"That's not true. She's a real girl."

Mrs. Heidal told the newspaper she was reared by a great-aunt. "I was treated neither as male or female—more as a nonentity."



Charlotte McLeod in a 1950 photo.

Former Man to Marry Male

CHARLOTTE McLEOD, 29, is pictured as she recently announced her engagement to be married.

The announcement was noteworthy because Charlotte, a hat-check girl at a mid-town restaurant in New York was formerly Charles McLeod, an ex-GI who had undergone surgery and hormone injections in Denmark some years ago designed to change his sex. Just what type of operation was performed has not been disclosed.

At present, Charlotte has a striking female appearance, with her long flaming red hair. She did not disclose the identity of the male she was to marry.

As SEXOLOGY has made clear in the past, surgery cannot change the sex of an individual. When the operation is performed, it generally consists basically of the removal of the external sex organs. Except in highly unusual circumstances no reputable surgeon in this country will perform such an operation, and it is no longer permitted for Danish surgeons to operate on any foreigner.—I.N.S. Photo.





RECENTLY Britishers saw a most amazing sex change take place in their country. Ex-RAF flier Robert Cowell through surgery became Roberta and now, she's a top British model and TV personality. Yet, there's more to Roberta than meets the eye. Two features make the case unique. First, Robert was the father of

two children. Second, the change was made while he was past 30. In 1948, sex changes in Robert's body structure were noticed and he decided he wished to do something about them. He became a female. So, now, Miss Cowell is beset by another problem. How does an ex-Pop start playing Mom to her (formerly his) children?



ROBERTA

"Although, technically at least, I am now able to become a mother, I have turned down over 400 proposals of marriage and have no boy friends. I have returned to flying and am qualified as a jet pilot. The reaction of RAF men to me was interesting. I also made a come-back in motor racing.

"I do some photographic modelling, including color magazine covers. My vital statistics are now 42-24-38. (Genuine, unassisted!) But I usually wear slacks, and have only one dress, rarely used.

"It never ceases to surprise me how much world-wide interest there still is in my 'case,' especially as a lot of people do not realize that it was, and still is, unique. I still get a large mail from all parts of the globe. I may perhaps write another book in the future."



● ROBERTA COWELL, father of two, is fitted with "her" first gown. International News Photo.



Christine Jorgensen, ex-GI who sought sex transformation in Denmark, does a comic dance in N.Y. nightclub. Chris, unlike others, doesn't shun publicity.



Residents of Westhampton Beach credit Christine Jorgensen with the most gasp-provoking entrance of the season. Blond Christine arrived at the Hampton Inn attired in black lacquered silk pedal pushers with matching coolie coat, a flaming red Mandarin head-dress topped with a small gem-studded parasol and crazy red shoes with five inch heels.





AT HOME . . . Christine Jorgensen with Cee-Jay, her Great Dane, in cozy apartment overlooking Gramercy Park. Journal-American Photo by Al Robbins.



Above, Christine enjoys polishing her shoes. Her interests and mannerisms are unaffected, feminine.

Four years ago, a man in the American Embassy at Copenhagen amended a record listing George Jorgensen, 26, male, to read: Christine Jorgensen, 26, female.

That was the beginning of a career that has since netted its owner an average of \$70,000 yearly as a night club entertainer. But she still is far from happy.

MAKES OWN CLOTHES

Christine Jorgensen, an attractive 5 foot 6 blond talked to this reporter in her apartment overlooking Gramercy Park. She was wearing a charcoal gray dress she made herself.

It was well made, and Christine knew it. But, woman-like she drew attention away from it by complaining "my hair is a mess!"

Speaking with complete frankness about the problems she faces in her new life as a woman, Christine admitted she worries most about people she doesn't know.

"I've never had any trouble being accepted by persons I meet and get to know as they get to know me. It's people I never get to see that bother me most.

"I've never been approached to do anything for charity—for people who really need help," Christine said. "When I've offered my services I've been turned down—by people I never see."

BOOKED IN DENVER

During the past year, she has worked in Arizona, Vancouver, B.C., Oregon, Hawaii and Florida. Right now she is booked for Denver in February and

there are a number of TV spots in the offing.

A Florida producer is also interested in her for a Winter stock production of Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit."

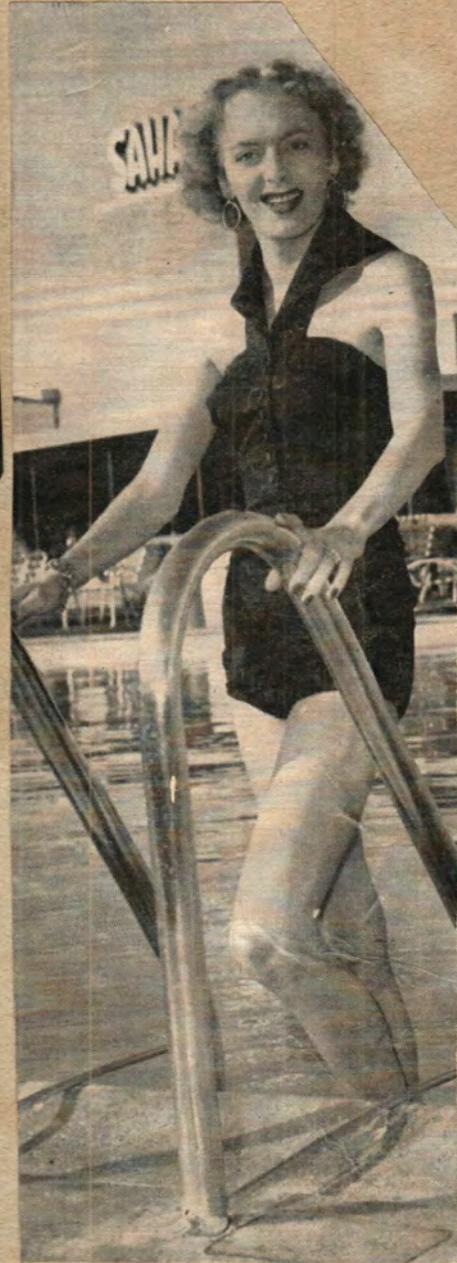
Between assignments, Christine is working on an autobiography that has taken her three years so far. "I'm writing it to answer all of the questions people ask," she said.

I asked her if she were in love.

"Just say I'm 'in between engagements'" she said.



The 26-year-old ex-GI is now a complete woman. She hopes to marry but won't be able to have children.





With the help of her doctor and the State Department, blonde Christine Jorgensen can make positive claim to womanhood in applying for a marriage license, it was disclosed yesterday.

"There is no question about this and there never has been for seven years," the ex-man said firmly at LaGuardia Field, where she saw her future husband off on a flight to Washington and Chicago.

Her fiance, Howard J. Knox, a statistician, who was divorced from his first wife in Chicago in 1946, planned to pick up his divorce papers there and return here Friday.

His failure to produce the papers—as well as legal puzzlement about Chris' sex status—delayed issuance of a marriage license to the couple on Monday.

Might Go Elsewhere

As far as Chris is concerned, her passport was changed to read "Female instead of Male" shortly after her sex-switch operations in Denmark in 1952. Further, only Monday, her physician, Dr. Harry Benjamin, of 125 E. 72d St., examined the ex-GI and her fiance for blood test certificates and attested Chris is a woman.

Chris conceded that there had been some speculation whether she and Knox might fight a denial of the marriage license in the

courts, but said that if the problem did come up, they probably would wed elsewhere.

Wearing a beige wool coat and beige knitted dress, the night club entertainer professed dismay at receiving so much publicity. She said sadly:

"The world is so busy hurrying, probably toward destruction, what with atom bombs and such, and the fact that there are so many great scientific discoveries, that whatever happens in my life is really unimportant, except to me. I feel that these things should be given newspaper space, rather than so much space given to me."

Future In-Law: It's Perfectly Normal

Chicago, March (Special).—Mrs. Martha Preder, future sister-in-law of Christine Jorgensen, today termed Chris "a perfectly normal woman," and said she knew her brother, Howard J. Knox, had been seeing the blonde ex-GI.

"But I didn't know it had gone this far until he told us about



(NEWS photo by Bill Meurer)
Christine Jorgensen and her intended, Howard Knox, at LaGuardia Field before he flew off to get his divorce papers.

the wedding," Mrs. Preder said.

She has talked to Chris over the phone, she said, and is now looking forward to meeting her. She plans to attend the wedding. Asked if her brother hoped for children, she answered, "We've never talked about that."

According to sources here, Knox, who says he now works as a statistician for a labor organization in Washington, formerly was a cabbie. His first wife claimed he deserted her a month after their marriage in 1945. There were no children.





CHRISTINE JORGENSEN
With her pet poodle



CHRISTINE JORGENSEN
Was her sex change
incomplete?

Baring of Age Distresses Her

By JAMES LEE

"When I was a man, I was afraid of men. But now that I'm a woman, I understand them better—and I think they are wonderful!"

That's one of the reasons she's determined to wed her "true love" despite all the irksome obstacles, Christine Jorgensen, the blonde ex-GI whose sex was changed by Danish surgeons nine years ago, told the N. Y. Journal-American yesterday.

Christine said she is "completely, maturely, rapturously in love" with Howard James Knox, the handsome statistician who is accompanying her on what is proving to be a rocky road to the altar.

City Clerk Herman Katz has refused to issue the couple a license to marry in New York City until Chris can furnish further proof that she is, as her fiance describes her, "all woman."

Undeterred, La Jorgensen instructed her attorney to move to have her sex designation

changed from "male" to "female" on her birth certificate, hoping that will satisfy Katz.

And if that doesn't pan out, she said, she and Knox

will hie themselves away to "some little hamlet" where the marriage license people aren't so persnickety about technicalities.

Woman-like, Christine was distressed because, as she explained, "since the decision on my marriage license focused on my birth certificate, everyone knows now I'm 33—and all this time I've been denying it like mad."

She Finally Finds 'The Man I Love'

Chris classifies the roadblock set up by Katz as just a minor vicissitude in a life which has had plenty of agonizing moments, including

one "heartbreaking disappointment in love" since her sex switch.

"But," she added quickly, "that was a flaming, passionate crush that wasn't fated to last anyway. This is the real thing. It will stand the test of time."

Knox, also an ex-GI, said he and Chris are "madly in love."

Glowingly, he described his bride-to-be as "all woman—warm, understanding, gracious and entirely feminine."

The girl who used to be George Jorgensen readily gave her views on life, love, marriage, men, women, and children.

Smartly Dressed, Poised as Duchess

Smart as a magazine cover model in her red, flowered silk frock, tossing her Italian-cut golden curls for emphasis, Chris sat as poised as a duchess in the spacious living room of her home at 115 Pennsylvania ave., Massachusetts, L. I.

The quiz session went this way:

Q.—Why do you want to get married?

Chris—First of all, I'm in love. I want a man who is not only a husband but a tower of strength, an understanding companion, a deep,

sincere person. I've found him.

Q.—Do you want children?

Chris—Wanting them and having them are two different things. It is biologically impossible for me to have a child. In other ways, I'm a perfectly normal woman. But not in that way.

Q.—What has life been like for you, as a woman?

Chris—Obviously, it has been much happier. Before I became a woman I was confused, frustrated, really a tragic figure. Now, I feel—well, normal. And what could be better than that?

Q.—How has being a woman changed your opinion of men?

Chris — As a man, I was afraid of other men. I didn't understand them. But from the vantage point of womanhood—being able to compare notes with other women, for example, I've learned to understand men — and, as I said, I think they're wonderful.

Christine Owns 50 Pairs of Shoes

Q. — Are you bothered by public curiosity about your sex change.

Chris—No. I know some people tither and giggle, but

most people are genuinely interested in my case because it is so rare in medical history.

Q. — Have you acquired any feminine foibles as to your wardrobe and things like that?

Chris (laughing girlishly)—Well, I have 50 pairs of shoes.

Q.—Have you found that women welcomed you to their sex, or have most women been stand-offish?

Chris—Other women have been perfectly lovely to me for the most part. I have good friends among both sexes, but more women friends, I think, than men friends.

Knox, 39, lost his job as statistical expert for a labor organization in Washington, D. C. His ex-bosses didn't like the publicity generated by the romance.

Christine said she was sure Knox would have no trouble finding another job.

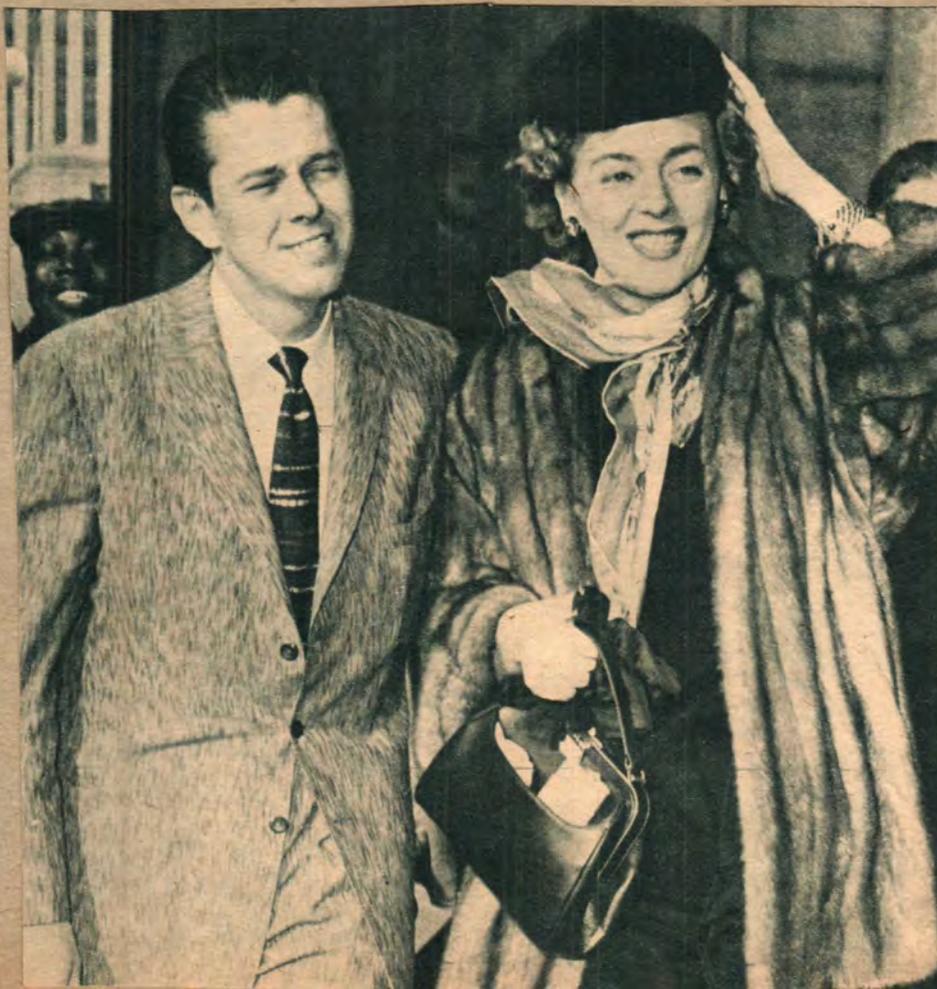
Knox's first marriage in 1946 lasted only a month.

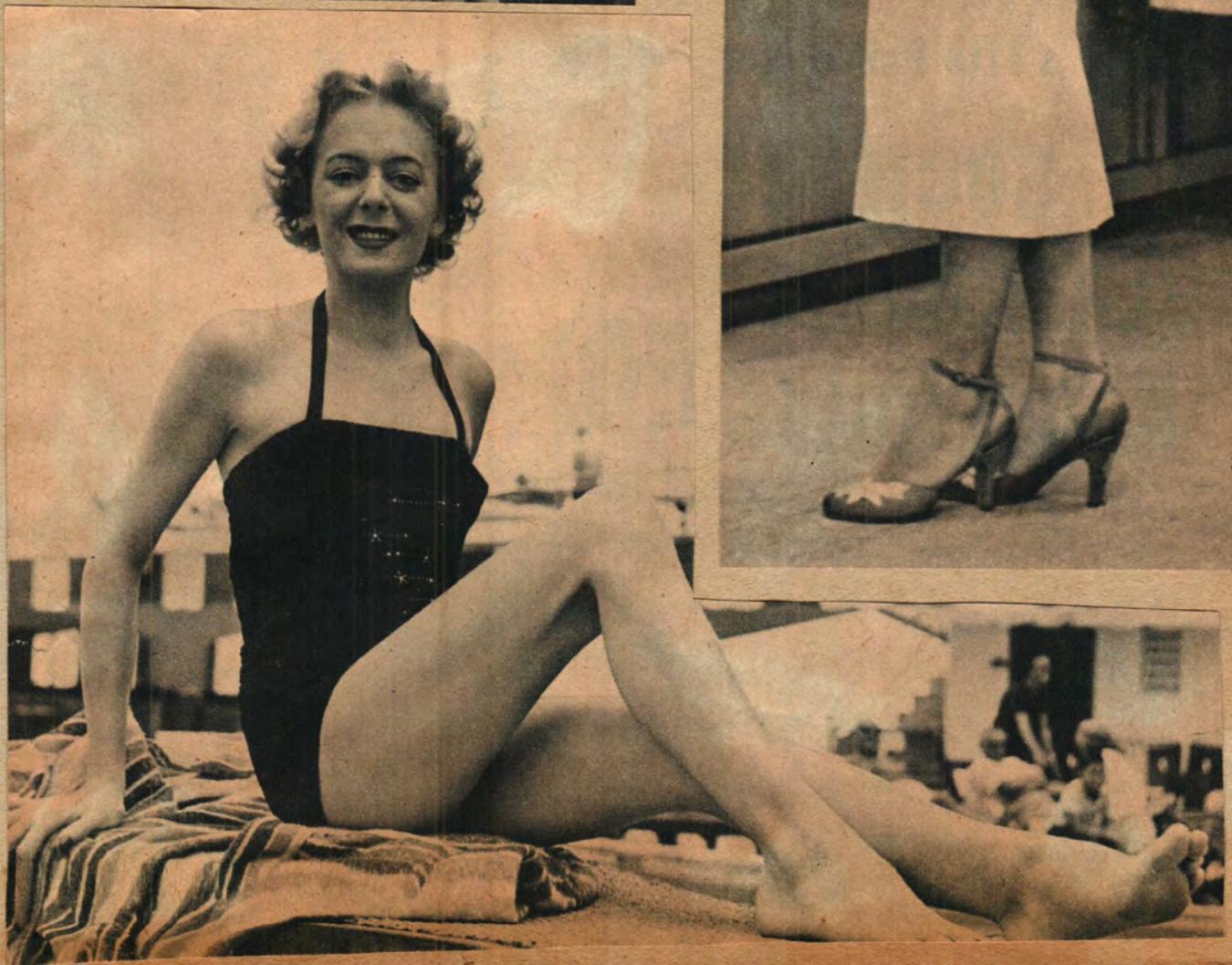
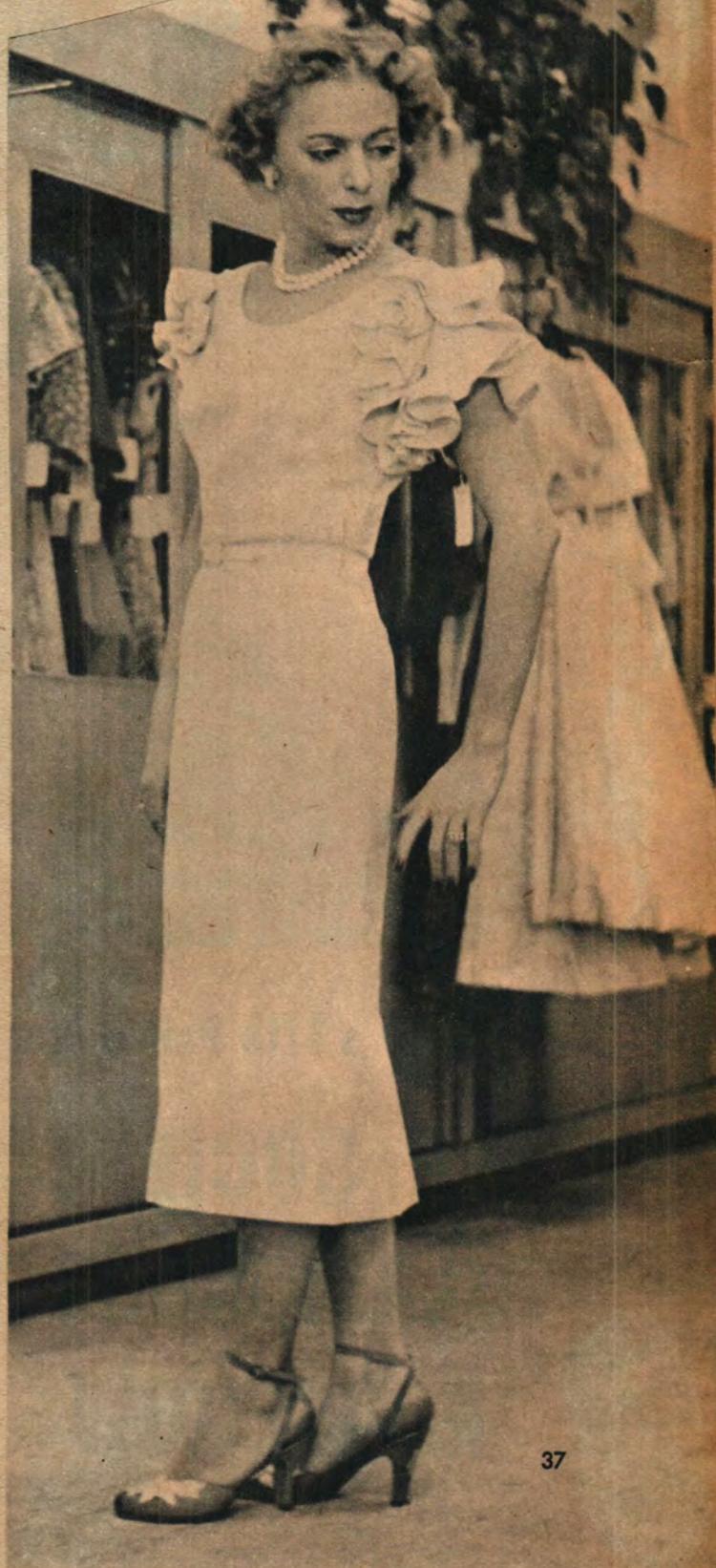
Christine said she expects hers to last "forever."



CHRISTINE JORGENSEN AT HOME ON L. I.

Journal-American Photo by Mel Finkelstein







The Leg Parade

I've always enjoyed your MAILBAG column, and since all these women have been sending in pictures of their legs, my friends have been after me to send in a picture, too. One of them suggested that I send you a picture of myself from a revue I was in. I said nonsense. Besides I'm professional. They argued

and said that was last year, besides I'm not working now. I'd like to know what your readers think. I just don't want to make a fool of myself. — Fran Novak, New York City.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Fran's picture is on this page.)



In dressing room, the female impersonators exchange small talk.



Getting into formal gown, Bili Day gets help from long-legged Robbie Ross.



One of "prettiest girls" in Jewel Box Revue is blonde, "shapely" Fran Novak.



"Girls" help each other dressing. Bili; Day here adjusts hat for Dale Roberts.



Choosing a dress represents problem for "Bili;" just as for other "girls."



Female impersonation is an "international art," claim those who practice change of sex. Attractive Chinese singer at hitery in Veradero, Cuba, performs with high-pitched voice and then strips at end of act (above) to show "she" is really a man.

The model who fooled London



JIMMY RICE



Laura Stebbings

By Daily Mail Reporter

LAURA STEBBINGS, a slender, 26-year-old brunette, tripped into the perfumed Bruton-street, Mayfair, salon of Top Ten fashion designer Frederick Starke and asked for a job.

"I would like so much to model for your house," said Laura, propping up in a black £180 Balmain creation, "for it is recognised as the best in the business."

Mr. Starke studied the tall, willowy form, the professional look of studied hauteur, and the remote rake-like elegance. Then he said: "Right, start on Monday."

For two glorious weeks—right through showings of the spring collection—Laura displayed the creations of the master to duchesses... society matrons... debs... and Mayfair's wealthy flotsam.

Her superb self-confidence and slanting doe-like eyes won universal praise.

Her bombshell

Then Laura dropped her bombshell.

She slipped into Mr. Starke's office and confessed: "I am a man. My name is Jimmy Rice. I hoaxed you for a £100 wager..."

Tough, wiry Mr. Rice, who has to shave twice a day to keep the bristles down, roared with laughter as he told me about his last night.

He sank a pint of bitter in his Essex local—"for goodness' sake keep my address secret"—and confessed:

"Mr. Lawrence, a great pal of mine, bet me I couldn't pull it off. It started as a joke. But when he wagered £100... well... it was easy money."

"Main difficulty was keeping a straight face when I stood on the dais."

"Then there was that awful moment when I felt my wig slipping off. I thought they were bound to find me out."

How divine

He chuckled as he recalled the night of the *Kismet* premiere.

"I rolled up in a Rolls-Royce wearing a £250 gold lame evening dress, and swept in immediately behind Diana Dors," he told me. "She was furious at losing the limelight."

I checked his story with Mr. Starke. "My only reaction is amazement," he said.

Then Mr. Rice—who has used his £100 to help him in business—told me that Barbara Goalen, Britain's top fashion model who abdicated to marry Lloyd's underwriter Mr. Nigel Campbell, was one of the best friends of "his modelling days."

I asked her about it—did she know that Laura was a man?

Barbara threw back her head and chuckled: "Of course not. How utterly divine. It is the most amusing thing I have heard this summer. Laura Stebbings a man! Well, well."

Baby-Sitter Is Unmasked

ABUXOM baby-sitter, arrested on a forgery charge, was jailed in the men's section of the San Francisco jail. "She" was discovered to be a man. The masquerader, originally arrested as "Mrs. Miniceta Salazar," was rebuked as Wilhelm von Stockke, 33. He said he had passed as a woman for sixteen years. —United Press

He rolled his blue eyes and flashed a coy smile at Lt. Liles while being questioned.

Stell asked, "Do you think they will do anything to you for this?"

"They probably won't do anything," Eckhardt replied, "I don't think they will."

He said that he was a member of the 505th paratroop regiment and that he had been a member of the wrestling team while at West Point. He gave his hometown as Madison, N. J., where he said his father was a physician. Under his wig he had close cut blond hair.

"I didn't realize I was violating the law," he explained. "I met three boys I was at a boarding school with in New York and they dared me to do it."

Asked how long he'd been a girl, the lieutenant replied, "Only since 11 o'clock this morning." He said it was the only time he'd ever dressed like a woman.

Stell said, "You sort of flexed your muscles when I arrested you."

"Yes, I thought you were a queer and had recognized me as a man," he replied.

Eckhardt was being held last night in lieu of \$100 bond.

Stell said the lieutenant owned a new model \$4,000 sports car.

A young Army officer wearing women's clothes and a wig was arrested yesterday afternoon by two city detectives on charges of trespassing into the ladies' restroom at the Colony Theater here.

Lt. John G. Eckhardt, 23, a 1954 West Point graduate and member of the 82nd Airborne Division at Ft. Bragg, told police that he acted "on a dare" when he donned female garments. He said some of the clothes belonged to his sister but that he ordered the realistic brown wig from New York.

The detectives, Lt. R. A. Liles and Sgt. J. M. Stell, said they were tipped off that a "masculine looking girl" was in the Colony Theater. Stell arrested him when he entered the women's room at the end of the main feature movie.

Eckhardt claimed that he had a call from nature and that the women's restroom "seemed a logical place to go as I was dressed as I was."

He wore a pink sweater, bracelets, ear rings, beads and falsies. Eckhardt stood about five feet ten inches tall in his heels and wore thin hose over his freshly shaved

legs. "I shaved the hair off my legs this morning," Eckhardt told a reporter.

Surprised Jail Learns She's a He

By the Associated Press.

MINNEAPOLIS, April 4.—Officials of the women's workhouse were flabbergasted yesterday to learn that Vera Jackson, a model prisoner otherwise, was an imposter.

An anonymous tipster telephoned Agnes Bellew, workhouse superintendent, that Vera was masquerading as a woman.

Miss Bellew said Vera, 27, also known as Laverne Jones, had been arrested for drunkenness and was sentenced in Municipal Court to a 10-day term. Vera had fooled the court, too, coming dressed in full women's attire.

Workhouse attendants said Vera feigned illness when admitted and was not given a routine physical examination.

John Murphy Goodshot, was arrested recently in Denver and charged with defrauding the government. The 21-year-old with a 21-inch waist described how he had been married in East Greenwich two years earlier to a Navy Seabee. He had been living for four years as a female, and wanted to have an operation. "You know what I mean? Change over. But that sort of thing is illegal here so I'll have to go to some foreign country. Goodshot, raised on a South Dakota Indian reservation, told how the children used to shun him and poke fun at him, til he decided to become a woman. Cox, Goodshot's husband, had naturally signed up for a dependency allowance for his wife, and Goodshot had cashed several checks...

Strangler Gang Siren A Wolf in Chic Clothes

By HERB CLARK

(Special Correspondent of THE NEWS)

Buenos Aires, Oct. 14.—The seductive brunette who tantalized six cab drivers while a companion slipped a noose around their necks turned out today to be a man.

Arrest of a three-man gang who had murdered the six cabbies during the course of 15 robberies unveiled Luis Laurito as the finery-loving queen of the gang.

Liked Slinky Gowns

Police said Laurito, who spent much of the loot on filmy underwear and slinky gowns, acted as a decoy in the muggings. While he made like a Latin siren, Cesar Paesano garrotted the drivers.

The gang spread terror among Buenos Aires hackies between July 7, when they killed their first victim, and Oct. 7, date of their last robbery.

Small Cabs Chosen

They specialized in small Mercedes-Benz cabs because the third man, Roberto Navarro, could reach forward easily to steer the car from the rear seat while the driver blacked out.

Their take usually was small, and Paesano admitted slaying one driver because he carried only \$10. They were caught because their last victim, Francisco Vitalone, gave them nearly \$100 and was spared, only to finger them for police.

A young Army officer wearing woman's clothes and a wig when arrested in a local theater Sunday afternoon pleaded guilty to a trespass charge in City Court here yesterday.

Lt. John G. Eckhardt, 23, was sentenced to 30 days on the roads, suspended by Judge Albert Doub on payment of \$50 fine and costs.

The defendant was graduated last year from West Point, according to his own statement to police and according to a ring he was wearing at the time of his arrest.

Army officials said Eckhardt will be given a hearing at Fort Bragg on a charge of conduct unbecoming an officer. Eckhardt, a member of the 82nd Airborne Division at Fort Bragg, was arrested by two city detectives when he visited the women's rest room at the Colony Theater.

City Court Solicitor Robert L. McMillan Jr., asked that the defendant be tried on the trespass charge "because that was

the charge brought against him by the police officer" and because "I am not familiar with a statute covering the impersonation of a female."

Eckhardt, who pleaded guilty to trespassing, did not testify.

When arrested by Detectives R. A. Liles and J. M. Stell, Eckhardt was wearing a pink sweater, gray skirt, white blouse, bracelets, earrings, beads, falsies, and rubber padding on his hips.

Officer Stell said the defendant told him that "it was just foolishness. A friend in New York bet me \$50 I couldn't get away with it."

The detective said a receipt showed that the brown wig had been purchased from a New York firm for "about \$89."

"But I didn't fool everybody," Eckhardt was said to have declared at the county jail yesterday, "or the police wouldn't have caught me."

Eckhardt was arrested after detectives received a report that "a masculine looking girl" was in the theater. Stell nabbed him when the Army officer entered the women's rest room.



Such female impersonators as Julian Eltinge and Barbette (above) inspired author.

George M. Sanchez, 27, is accused by the FBI at Denver, Co of posing as the wife of an airman and helping him swindle government of more than \$2,000 in dependent allotment checks. Sanchez was arrested at Corpus Christi, Texas, and the airman, Sgt. Ronald Carpenter, 27, at Travis air force base at Fairfield, Calif. Fraud and conspiracy charges were filed against the two at Denver.



Sanchez

MEI LAN FANG



'GLASS DIAMOND'

Denver Man Reveals Life As Girl, Marriage to Sailor

By MARILYN ROBINSON
Denver Post Staff Writer
A slightly-built, soft-spoken Denver youth revealed Saturday how he lived as a girl for four years, eventually going through a marriage ceremony with a Navy Seabee.
It was his marriage that led to his downfall, the female impersonator, John Murphy Goodshot, 21, of 1224 Washington St., admitted.
Goodshot, who used Julia St. John Cox as his names, was arrested in Denver last month and pleaded guilty in U. S. District Court to charges of conspiracy to violate the Dependents' Assistance Act of 1949.
Goodshot was free Saturday on his personal recognizance on orders of Judge Lee Knox. Goodshot was represented by Gerald Melman, attorney.



JOHN MURPHY GOODSHOT

The man Goodshot married, Elwin's Eliza Carter Cox, 21, now a civilian, was arrested last week at his Cass City, Mich., home, on a charge of fraudulently filing claim for a dependent's allowance.
Goodshot's story is told in an autobiographical novel he began while confined in Denver County Jail.
It tells how Goodshot, unable to find happiness as a boy because of his feminine

features, decided, at 13, to pose as a girl and how, four years later, he let his hair grow out and began dressing as a girl.
The change and his marriage, Goodshot said, were with his mother's consent. His father died in 1930.
The youth said he chose "Glass Diamond" as the title of his book because he felt he "looked like a diamond but was artificial."
The defect 5 1/2-inch, 100-

Woman Dies and Turns Out To Be a Man

Everybody liked Florence Robinson. The quiet little woman was considered a good, well-mannered housekeeper.
In the 15 years she lived in Kendallville, Ind., people were always asking for her services. Some of the families also wanted her to baby-sit for them.
Then one day last June, she had a stroke. She died in a hospital.
That's when it was discovered that Florence was a man.
NATIONAL ENQUIRER



BILLIE KAMP



At the show's finale, the "B Sisters" take it off! It is some take-off, most guys'll agree, when they learn that these two "luscious lovelies" are really brother



LOOK-ALIKES . . . T. C. Jones, left, gets a few pointers on his impersonation of Judy Holliday from the star herself backstage at the Golden Theatre, where Leonard Sillman and Bryant Haliday are presenting Jones in

"Mask and Gown." Judy, of course, has just returned to her starring role in "Bells Are Ringing," the long-running, always sold-out musical. It's breaking all records at the Shubert Theatre.



POPPY SMITH

One of the "B Sisters" takes center on stage in dazzling, plumed costume. But the big surprise comes at end of act!





Robert Francas puts on his blonde wig before completing his change. |

Yes, it is a man impersonating a girl in famous Madame Arthur's cabaret in Paris.



Dane Worth and Robert Francas

WHERE THE "SHE'S" ARE "HE'S" IN PARIS

Is it a disgrace to the fairest...yet naughtiest city? Is it, in fact, unnatural? We leave that to the reader to decide. But at Madame Arthur, just off the Place Pigalle, the nightclub quarter of Paris, nearly 200 people...mainly men...crowd in every night paying only a surcharge on their drink bill, to witness a cabaret composed entirely of men! Thirty males, their ages ranging from twenty to forty, dress, make up and behave in their actions, songs and dances, as members of the opposite sex. Do they do it merely as an impersonation? Or is it for some more sinister reason?

The only woman connected with the entire establishment is Madame Arthur herself, who opened the cabaret in 1946. The audience is, it is claimed, made up mostly of tourists from Spain and Italy. But some Parisians are regular frequenters of Arthur's. One of the performers was a prisoner of war in Germany for five years. Another, incredibly enough, has a large family.

↑ Leaving his dressing room for the show is Robert Francas

Ray's art is so perfect male fans send him mash notes!!

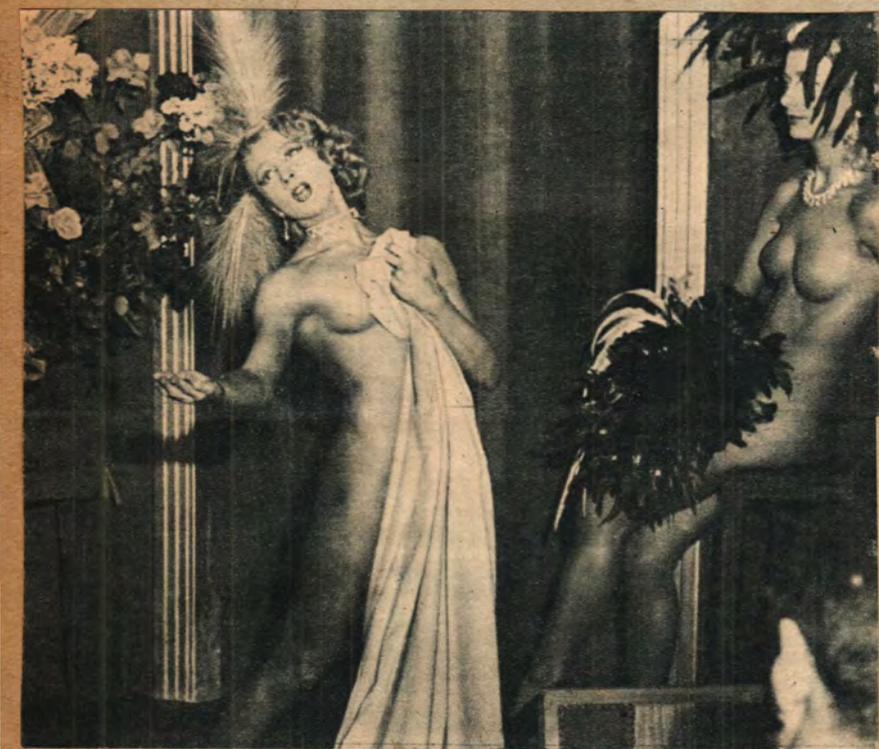


A female impersonator for seven years, Ray is one of stage's brightest young stars this season!



make-up for performance of Glen Gooderme in L.A. Make-up takes 2 hours

Ray Leen



Among the 3,000 celebrants at annual Halloween Ball of National Variety Artists were these two "lovelies" — actually a pair of very clever female impersonators.



New York's bohemian nitelife came out in full force (and dress) for affair.



Boys will be girls, especially when it's just for fun. Like that sincere cravat?



Boys who like to play girls enjoy hectic Cinderella night out at costume affair but must return home before midnight curfew

THE CINDERELLA STORY is almost as old as time, being a part of the folklore of peoples around the earth. But a new modern-day version of the ancient story of the transformation of a kitchen maid into a princess is yearly being enacted at two annual costume balls in Chicago and New York. These are female impersonator balls where boys who would like to play girls get a chance to dress up in silks and satins and play the parts of princesses. And like Cinderella, they, too, face the witching hour of midnight. In both Chicago and New York, failure to get home before 12 has its punishment. For Cinderella, midnight meant her lovely costume would turn back into rags. For the female impersonators who attend the annual balls in New York and Chicago, midnight has an even more serious note. Failure to get out of their costume by midnight means a night in jail.

The law gives the lads who would like to be lassies only one day a year to hold their costume ball. When that day is ended at midnight, the bluecoats stand by, ready to clap into the pokey any who fail to return to their true sex. For 17 years in Chicago, the female impersonator ball has been one of the most crowded social events on the South Side while the New York event held at the Rockland Palace has been attracting packed houses for 12 years.

At the Chicago event sponsored by the Finnies Club, the atmosphere outside the Trianon Ballroom on the night of the costume ball last year was like a Hollywood premiere. Huge searchlights combed the skies out in front and police pushed back the crowds gathered to watch the arrival and entrance of each of the "ladies of the evening."

Masculine catcalls and hoots came from the crowd of both men and women who stood by to watch the mincing steps and delicate mien of the "ladies" who came to the ball.

"I'll meet you later, baby," one of them called out.

"Man, what a fine hen that one is. If I didn't know him from down at the job, he could talk to me," another called.

"Beasts!" exclaimed "Cinderella" in a hoarse stage whisper. But, if anything, her steps became more graceful, and she glided—coroneted head high—on past the "peasants" on the street into the magic fairyland of the ballroom.



All in white including elaborate white wig, elegantly gowned "miss" makes grand entrance.



Furs and silks make spectacular combination for handsome man who becomes beautiful woman



After powdering noses, trio of "misses" leave 12 o'clock room at Trianon Ballroom. All dresses in costumes costing up to \$500

THE SCENE at a typical female impersonator ball is apt to be somewhat of a shock to the spectator attending for the first time.

Some of the "ladies" pair off and dance with each other. Others are thoughtful enough to bring along boy friends—and as they dance, they place their perfumed and scented hair on their escort's shoulders.

Some girls come dressed as males, wearing a curious padding that makes them look paunchy and flabby around the mid-section. Some of these "pick up" dates among the lovely ladies present—and many a romance buds.

At the Chicago ball this year, there were two who actually came in masquerades of the Mardi Gras type. They were elephant heads made of papier mache. Another came with the humpty-dumpty effect of an egg made of the same material. Together they were known as "The Republicans and the Egghead."

"You have to stand up real close to some of these chicks before you can tell whether they are the real thing," one man was complaining to his friend.

Another woman, who was "for real" complained, too: "I never felt so inadequate at a dance in all my life. I have never been any place before where the competition was so stiff."

A real problem developed at the washrooms. Another woman who was for "real"

complained, "I went into the ladies' washroom, but I was afraid that a lot of those there were not really women so I decided to go across the street to the gas station's rest room."

Her male companion sympathized with her: "Yeah, some of these men make the best-looking women."

In the fashion show, several dozen "ladies" paraded down the ramp into the ballroom to model exquisite gowns.

Some of the gowns were Christian Dior creations. Best dressed award was handed to Janine, and the lovely Greer Garson was named second place winner.

Other famous names appeared—and each had a lovely lady wearing it: Lena Horne, Lana Turner, Josephine Baker, Phyllis Branch, Jane Russell, Bille DeVoe (a bosomy lovely who caused women to comment that her falsies looked like they were real), Pearl Bailey, Bill Holiday, and Ava Gardner.

After the ball was over, and the bright-eyed princesses retired to their dreams of another ball next year, a discordant note was sounded. The police captain in the district was reported to have asked \$5,000 to let the revelers go unmolested. The announcement was made from the stage—warning the revelers to go straight home before midnight. Some of them did not apparently. About a dozen of them, screeching their female protests, spent the rest of the night behind bars.



Girls dressed as boys joined in dancing and caused much guessing among guests. Blonde girl (right) danced with female impersonator, while blonde boy (left) took another would-be "girl" as partner.



"Stag line" stands by on sidelines waiting for invitation to dance. Some girls came dressed in men's clothes to further confuse sexual who's who at annual Finnie's Club affair in Chicago ballroom



Chatting "ladies" on sidelines wait for someone to ask them to dance.





EVERY female impersonator ball is always the subject of much speculation over who is who, which sex is which. The main giveaway seems to be hips. At the Chicago affair, a tall, statuesque blonde called Fannie Johnson appeared in a form-fitting blue shimmering formal. She looked exactly like a girl except for obvious square hips.

One spectator pointed to a lovely little doll with raven black hair, who had her feminine figure encased in a cerise evening gown which had a full flaired skirt that began just at the hipline.

"Man, I know that one's for real," he said.

"Yeah, but she wasn't for real last year when we worked in the drug store together," said his companion. "You can always tell. They're always too stiff in the hips."

One woman who was "for real" apparently did not want to be mistaken for something else in this world of transformation.

Her evening attire consisted of two parts. There was the full skirt on blue bouffant, then a bare midriff. Her bra was made of the same material as the skirt, but it was designed to go around her back and hide very little of her breasts—and it didn't do that all the time, to the delight of some spectators.

"She's indecent," one impersonator whispered. There was hate in her voice.

One "woman"—at least 55 years old—with muscular shoulders switched her hips stiffly as she paraded past the tables of seated guests. She was dressed in a red skirt and a light-colored fitted blouse that sparkled with sequins—and pulled smoke from a cigarette held in a long bejeweled holder.

There was Tony Midnight, the "male Mac West." Her attire and mien attracted photographers to her, and she turned smilingly and calmly to present a new pose for each request.

Dancing partners were hard to figure out at ball. Handsome couple (above) which won much attention from audience consisted of "girl" and boy who danced gracefully.



Kiss of greeting is exchanged by friends on meeting at Chicago drag ball.



Heavily jeweled, impersonators vie for attention at Chicago ball. Many bought expensive gowns especially for occasion and spent whole day making up for big night as "ladies" at annual costume ball.



Parading down runway, Cinderellas for the night vie for honors as best-costumed girl. Sequined outfit (left) got much applause while white wig (above) got hearty laugh from spectator next to runway.

Guys in

There may be a real actual woman somewhere on these pages. Do you think there is? Can you spot her?

THEY called it a "Mardi Gras" ball but it wasn't in New Orleans. It was at the right time of year, all right—March first, just before Lent. But the setting was a rented public hall in New York City's Greenwich Village. The Village, as if you didn't know, is now the center for both the well-to-do and the less well-to-do members of New York City's arty set. Rents range from \$25 a month for five rooms (walk-up and coldwater) to \$200 a month for one and one-half rooms (elevator man, doorman and hot water). Gay blades from both types of apartments came to



We call this one a "man bites dog" picture (above)—so unusual you can't pass it over.

Dolls' Clothing

the ball, most of them dressed in long hair, girdles and sheath dresses. Speculation was natural as to just how "gay" these blades were in private life apart from their costumes. Some critics jumped quickly to the obvious conclusion, but as for us we wouldn't know. Frankly, we don't much care. Costumes have been fun, in our opinion, ever since guys played dolls in the old Shakespearean theater—and maybe before. Fact is that these boys did a bang-up job at impersonating the fair sex, and some of the pics are a riot as we feel sure you'll agree.



Not the best ballroom manners—but then this isn't an orthodox ball.

Many guests designed own costumes. Some do same for hit Broadway shows.



Cha-Cha contest was one of features of annual ball. The theme was 'Carib Moon' guests wore what they liked best. Below, run in stocking gets an assist from passerby.



IN EUROPE a fancy dress party confined to all-male participants is a commonplace, but when it happens here (particularly after they say it can't happen here!) it's a bombshell. There's always lots of whoop-te-do over these whoopee parties, and as a result secrecy is the order of the night. Just as it was the evening TIP-OFF's fotog, complete with infra-red camera, managed to attend the annual Mardi Gras Ball, tossed by chorus men, decorators, and designers at an East Side Ballroom in Manhattan.

Since fotogs are barred—unless they are committee members, pictures are hard to come by. Here, TIP-OFF presents, exclusive, first-time-shown photos of one of the brightest of the off-trail balls which, though few and strictly regulated, invariably have the town buzzing for months. So if you're wondering what's buzzin' cousin, *this* is.





Costumes on view from exotic to the decorus. This photo of contestants for costume honors was taken by official fotog. and snapped also by TIP-OFF's camera. Though pace of ball is fast, furious, order's maintained by house committee.



Evening's program offered hilarious take-offs on famous strip tease artists. Right, one of guests gives impersonation of burley star, Jennie Lee, famed as 'Bazoom Girl'.

When voodoo meets a Roman in the gloamin'. Fanciful and exotic costumes ranged from burlesque outfits to togas, from jungle attire to formal evening wear at fete.



Is she "passing" (above)—or for real?



Clothing



A cute couple—but tell us who's who!

Rock 'n' roll may be sweeping the country, but rug cutting's still the thing at annual Mardi Gras Ball



FEMALE IMPERSONATORS FROLIC



Phil Black, ball promoter, directs start of activities.

Strutting and prancing, 350 Negro and white female impersonators filed into Harlem's Rockland Palace on Thanksgiving night to vie for cash prizes for the most spectacular gowns and furs at the New York Funmakers 11th annual ball. On hand were 25 policemen to keep order among 2,700 spectators, the smallest crowd in five years. Promptly at midnight, in accordance with state law, the impersonators hitched up their gowns and went home.



"Denise" (l.) is stared at by guest at entrance to hall as an unidentified Funmaker (r.) is revived by a friend.



Angie Cerniglia (l.) white contestant, talks to escort while Leslie Mitchell (r.) gets assistance from a friend at ball.



"Josephine Baker" (l.) poses while Philly's "Gypsy" (c.) struts to ball. "Janie" (r.) arrives in tight sheath evening gown.



THERE is an old adage that says: "Seeing is believing,"—but there are times when one can take exception with this statement. Take for example the photographs of the glamorous girls shown on these pages. These be-wigged, be-jeweled and beguiling females, gentlemen, are not ladies . . . they are "men."

That's right! These "dolls" are all participants in a fabulous event that takes place once a year in New York's Greenwich Village. This affair is known as the "GAY SET BALL," and "beauty queens" from all over the country come to it for a night of revelry that is more fantastic than any bacchanal ever given by the emperors of ancient Rome. You have to see this ball to believe it—and then you might not believe it anyway.



NO expense is spared in preparing for this yearly pageant. Many of the "girls" make their own gowns, and delight in displaying their creations to the audience as they sway down the show ramp.



A NEED to refresh their make-up, or just to take a few moments rest, finds the "ladies" retiring to the powder room!??



"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL" AND "QUEEN OF THE BALL."



"THE BEST DRESSED GIRL."



"THE SEXIEST GIRL."



THE highlight of the evening is the choosing of the "Most Beautiful Girl." Winning the title is so important that sometimes, out of sheer enthusiasm, several of the "girls" will surround an over-zealous contestant and throw a few left jabs at "her," knowing that a bruised face, or a black eye or two will eliminate that challenger from the event.

After the winners are selected, the ball goes on. Those who have not won any prizes look forward to next year's ball—hoping deep in their little fluttering hearts that one of them may be "Queen of the Ball" next time. ●



Cuddling up, "Jeanne Eagles" helps escort enjoy himself. Last year's queen, "Kim Novak," won't give real name.



Surrounded with talent, Eddie Plique emceed interracial costume ball. "Girls" picked Halloween night for amusement.



"Mitzie Gaynor" was awarded by Bronzeville Mayor John E. Lewis.

While most Chicagoans were playing "trick or treat" on Halloween night last week, the city's most talented female impersonators cavorted in hi-jinks of their own: the 19th Annual Finne's Masquerade Ball. Dolled up in a svelte assortment of expensive-looking dresses, the fun makers highlighted festivities with a dazzling fashion show, presented an "Academy Award" for the most-stylish costume to "Mitzie Gaynor."



grade of lipstick. I can parade up and down the room, admiring my femininity in the mirrors, but, like so many of my kind, I must do it in secret - so that even my own wife is unaware of my true desires.

At home, in Chicago, I am a 100% true-blue husband and all-male, BUT, away on a business trip ! ! ! !

It is a terrible thing this loneliness! How I long to meet another who feels as I do! How I would like to help another dress-up as I do, in frilly, loveliness! And yet, I cannot chance sharing this secret with ANYONE, for it would mean the end of a happy marriage - and I do love my wife. (She has forbidden this sort of thing - How lucky are those husbands whose wives know and understand and encourage!)

Please see if you can't print a good photo of a female-impersonator in your next issue.

A.C., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Ed:

The girl I married is utterly and completely charming except for one fault, and that is that she is too fond of gloves. I don't mean by that she likes gloves as a dress accessory. No, not at all. She is the kind of glove lover who is so fanatical about it that it amounts to a definite fetish. The odd thing about the whole mess is that I never



I am a female impersonator who enjoys the bizarre and unusual in clothing.

Enclosed you will find a small snap shot of myself showing my possibilities. Please answer stating whether or not you would be interested in more photos of myself for your Exotique magazine.

A.S.
Wickliffe, Ohio

(Editor's note: We are definitely interested in receiving your photos.)



dress?" I confessed immediately, terrified she might make me take it up; after a brief talking to in my humiliating position, I was accorded double the dose for this extra error. Then that damnably pliable, yet tough stick Auntie used so expertly seemed to search out the tenderest parts of my anatomy, and try as I would to bear it well, I could not keep from wriggling furiously and making a positively shameful scene. Suddenly there came a sharp rapping sound—the tip of the rod had struck the garter on my right side! There was utter silence, except for my slight panting.

"Stand up, Dorothy," said Aunt in a tone I shall never forget, "and lift that dress up to your waist." I did as she bid, my back to her. "I see. Not content with going to a dance in an unbecoming fashion and staying out late, you are also a thief. You may have a few moments in the corner to compose yourself and then we shall proceed to a second installment of this salutary lesson. But first, give me back my garters will you, please." Aunt took them from my trembling fingers and adjusted them slowly high up on her own legs, where they shone and scintillated as she raised her velvet skirt. Well, the second correction made the first seem like child's play and to endure it perfectly I had to

have my arms secured behind me at wrist and elbow with small straps and lean forward over the bed, my skirt around my armpits. When it was all over, I was naturally very contrite. Auntie studied me as I twisted about before her and said, "Now, Dorothy, you can put them back where you found them." As my arms were still bound tightly and since Aunt was standing with her legs apart, smiling, I knew what she intended. "And no ladders in my stockings, thank you." I took those garters off her silk-clad legs with my own teeth and dropped them back in her jewelry box. Yes, Aunt knew how to drive home a lesson. But after this scene, she allowed me to wear the beloved garters whenever I asked, even once, under my jodhpurs, when we went riding, which produced a fascinating sensation. I never bore Auntie any grudge. Though she knew how to make me squirm, there was a certain indefinable kindness about her and the strong influence she exerted over me then has lasted to this day.

Yours,
DOROTHY F.

CURE FOR MR. WONTWORK

Dear Sir:

I came across "*Bizarre*" quite by chance and was amazed at the number of cases of men in female

waist-line by several inches. Then long silk stockings followed, to be attached to the corset by frilly little suspenders. A padded brassiere came next, before his undies, in the form of lace-trimmed satin cami-knickers, were put on. Then a pair of cross-strapped shoes with four-inch heels caused him to complain again, but all to no avail. A neat cotton printed frock came next, and then I put on his make-up. As I had no wig for him, I swathed his head in a scarf, to look like a turban, and clip-on earrings completed the picture.

I stood back and surveyed the result, a decidedly pretty girl, as I had anticipated, though a sullenly frowning one at the moment. I led him to the mirror and left him there, unable to hide his surprise at his very realistic transformation, while I went out of the room for a moment. I came back quietly to see what he would be doing, to find him preening himself before the glass and obviously admiring his girlish reflection, in spite of his former attitude to the whole affair. He had good reason for holding up his frock to admire his long, silk-stockinged legs, for they were most attractive, and would certainly have made several of my girl acquaintances envious. Catching sight of me, he dropped his skirts and stood there blushing deeply. I congratulated him on this

initial success, laughingly telling him he would always have a pretty pair of legs to look at whenever he wanted to.

He became quite accustomed to his unusual attire as the evening wore on, and, with this familiarity, he began to be far more cheerful and willing to listen to my ideas. At times he protested mildly, but without avail, for I was now determined to have my way in everything. I laid my plans before him—three months of progressive training at home, with some occasional sorties after dark, until he should be thoroughly accustomed to his feminine role and so be ready to become a "waitress."

And so it was. Phil's opposition gradually died away, and in the end was replaced by willing cooperation. I disposed of his male attire, having decided he should live entirely as a girl. Systematic tight-lacing produced a waistline of 19 inches over his clothes. This corsetting pushed his bosom up and, after a while, pads were not necessary to give him a figure. He became accustomed to six-inch heels, and the muscularity of his legs and arms gradually disappeared, as did also all sign of hair growth both there and on his face, following special treatment. The hair on his head, however, was encouraged to grow, and was treated and trained into a neat,

girlish style, so that at the end of three months, he could dispense with a wig, and so remove one more fear of discovery in public—by the wig coming off. I had his ears pierced—I had quite a struggle with him over this—and his eyebrows plucked, and I also had his hands attended to, till they became a pair of daintily manicured feminine hands. A course of vocal training ensured his being able to talk in a soft, husky way, which was almost alluring in its femininity.

Side by side with all these physical changes came changes in his mental outlook, as, apart from our maintaining a happy married life at home, he came more and more to think and act as a woman would. Feminine mannerisms became quite natural to him, and he began to take a keen interest in his female things, even to the extent of learning to do minor darning and mending. We had long since moved to another district where we were not known, and where, from the first, we passed as two sisters. Apart from our more and more frequent sorties, including some in daylight, such as shopping expeditions, Phyllis (or Phyl, as I continued to call him) had to answer the door all the time to the tradesmen. Unbeknown to him I watched him once as he answered the door in a rather diaphanous

house gown over his pretty undies and long silk stockings, and I had to warn him of the danger of playing with men's affections and even passions, for I had seen him deliberately trying out his feminine attractiveness on the unknowing male. He made a hit all right, both then and on a number of occasions later. Indeed, he became a really pretty girl by the time I considered he was ready for work.

I had no qualms on that first day, even though he felt uncertain of himself at first. Long before the end of the day, he was happy in his new job, quickly becoming popular with customers and staff alike. The uniform of the waitress suited him, for the black satin fitted close to his girlish figure and hung in a short flared skirt from the hips, thus giving him ample opportunity to show off his best points, his shapely legs in fine black silk stockings, and his trim little feet in high-heeled shoes. At the end of the day, after he had changed out of his waitress uniform into a smartly tailored coat and skirt and he had put on his chic little hat and his kid gloves, we walked home together. I told him of the small faults I had noticed in his behaviour, he telling me of various things he had noticed. In mirrors he had more than once caught clients secretly admiring his silk-clad legs and

trim little feet, and he had got quite a kick out of it. I pulled his leg about his having to change his frock in the girls' retiring room, and he said that the girls had become quite friendly, saying how nice were his undies. He even told me without hesitation just what each of the girls was wearing, so openly in fact that I knew he was speaking as a girl.

And so began Phyl's life in public. He has had his share of would-be amours, and has, at my instigation, had more than one "affair," my intervention at the crucial moment preventing trouble. Maybe you'd like to hear further of Phil as Phyl. If so, you must say so, and I'll write again. In the meantime, take it from me that Phil is perfectly happy with his effeminated features and in his girlish things. I would mention that, almost since the beginning, in spite of our being much of a size, he has had a completely separate wardrobe, and one which would gladden the heart of any girl. He knows I'm writing this letter, for he's sitting opposite me in an arm-

chair, reading a fashion magazine, and rather daringly dressed—or should I say "undressed"—in a filmy wrap over his chic crepe-de-chine camiknickers, opera-length sheer nylons gracing his shapely underpinnings and held taut by suspender clips just visible

through the lace edging of the brief legs of the camis, black court shoes with six-inch pencil heels and last, but not least, a pair of emerald-green satin ribbon garters right at the tops of the legs just below the suspender clips, a present of mine on Phyl's third birthday. Phil is half curled up in the armchair. What a picture of girlish "innocence"! ! !

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

PHIL-PHYL'S BETTER

Dear Editor:

Male transvestism is both a delight and a drudgery . . . if the transvestite is as completely enraptured with transvestism as I am. The details of femininity hold great attraction for me — and it is here that the drudgery enters the picture in the constant feminizing of myself.

First the matter of body hair. Unfortunately we men are afflicted with unsightly hair on our legs, arms, chest and stomach which must be removed for feminine appearance. I spend on the average of two hours a week on this chore, and since I remove the superfluous hair by the wax method it is slightly painful, but well worth the time and effort.

Next detail — pierced ears. No male transvestite can achieve the true feeling of being feminine without having pierced ears. The sensation of wearing earrings which pierce the ears is thrilling beyond description — and there is the added thrill of being "marked for life". Once the ears are pierced it is for all time. At this point I want to remark how unobservant people are — my ears have been pierced for over ten years and only in half a dozen instances has it been noticed including the scrutiny they must get in barber-shops.

Another detail of femininity — on

the oriental side, is the pierced nose. As I am writing this letter I am wearing a nose-ring which is so large that it hangs down to lip level. In order to smoke my cigarette, I have to lift my nose-ring out of the way. The sensation of wearing a nose-ring is most pleasing, and I was happy to see the article on this type of adornment in a recent issue of Bizarre. For those faint hearts who would like to have this decoration let me say that it is not painful to pierce the septum of the nose, and there need be no fear of discovery that the nose is pierced.

Next in order, I think, is the matter of manicures and pedicures. I have my finger nails manicured and my manicurist never fails to remark about their beautiful length and compliment me on their feminine appearance. I do my own pedicure, and if I do say so myself, have very pretty toe nails.

Then there is the matter of eyebrows. They require constant attention to keep them neat, and I must be careful not to pluck them to too feminine a contour.

Then there is every-day wear of jewelry. I would like to run rampant on this but must confine it to the wearing of a beautiful solid gold bracelet which I had the jeweler fasten to my wrist in such a way that I can not remove it. It

has somewhat the feeling of being "chained" since it is a chain bracelet. My only other item of jewelry that I wear constantly is an anklet which looks very pretty when I wear my high heels.

Then there is the detail of figure. This is real drudgery for we males since we tend to thick waists and small hips. I have solved my figure problem by wearing a "waist slimmer" at all times — so successfully that my dressmaker has complimented me on my feminine figure and said that she wished her women customers had as nice figures.

I can not help but compare the problems of the male transvestite with those of the female transvestite. As usual, women have all the best of it. (But why a woman would want to be a man is beyond my comprehension) Here is a brief outline of the advantages of the female transvestite as I see them.

Let's start with "hair-do." The female transvestite can have her hair cut man style and cause no comment. We males don't dare let our hair grow too long without being accused of being queer.

Clothing — women can wear men's shirts, pants etc. and it is accepted as a fad. A man who appears in public in a skirt would wind up in jail.

Shoes — women can wear any

style of shoes and get away with it. Men can't. And this is a terrible handicap for men that will be quickly recognized by any male who has ever worn the wonderfully light, comfortable and pretty high heels that are the height of feminine fashion.

Why oh why would a woman with all the wonderful advantages of being female want to be a man? There is no limit to the adornment of a woman — she can pierce her ears, her nose, be tattooed, wear exotic bracelets, necklaces, anklets . . . tint her hair . . . wear any type or style of clothing . . . and importantly recognize that she has a master who can punish her at his whim. Her clothing is more comfortable and far more attractive than the males. (If you have never worn women's clothing with its "sleek" feel and comfort you have passed up one of the most thrilling experiences in life.)

Speaking of being punished — I have never been whipped, but think I would enjoy it at the hands of a "slaverette." While I like to be feminine I would get an added thrill out of being forced to be so. I would love to be a subordinate woman at the complete mercy of a domineering, tyrannical woman who would chain me to household tasks by my nose-ring . . . and keep me on a nose-ring leash at all times.

Dear Ed:

For years now I have attempted to become 'all man' . . . but no success. My utmost desire is to dress in feminine attire and to pass as a woman.

I have no desires for any type of relationship with men, being quite normal in that respect. But I'd just love to find a woman who could understand my ways and respect them.

I am 27 years old - stand 5' 10" tall. Right now, as I write this, I am wearing a pair of pink lace panties, a pink (padded) bra, a pink and black 'Merry Widow' corset and a pink satin slip. My stockings are grey with black

seams. I am also wearing a black satin skirt and a pink cashmere sweater. My shoes are black patent-leather ankle-strap pumps with full 6-inch heels. I feel so natural in my female clothes. I would also just love to have a real wasp-waisted corset.

I am enclosing a photo of myself wearing the outfit described in the above paragraph. I sincerely hope you can find a spot for it in an early issue.

Also enclosed is a check for a subscription to EXOTIQUE. I certainly wouldn't want to miss a single issue.

R.H., Dallas, Tex.



Pierrette

Pierrette

clothes mentioned therein, for I had quite thought that the transformation of my own husband, Phillip, into an attractive girl, Phyllis, was a solitary instance. Perhaps a few details about our life will interest your readers and may even lead to some others writing about theirs.

I had originally been attracted towards Phil because of his decidedly feminine characteristics, and I had often wondered what sort of girl he would make if dressed and made up. The first time I suggested he should let me dress him up he just laughed at me and refused.

My chance came, however, when he lost his job and, seeming quite satisfied to live on my earnings, he did nothing about finding another post. Instead, he spent most of his time drinking at his club. I soon got tired of this situation and told him I was going to change it. The following day, when he came home the worse for drink, I was ready for him. I quietly told him I wasn't going to put up with his wasting any more of his time and, as he hadn't taken any steps to get work, I was going to do so for him and get a post for him as—a waitress in the restaurant where I was head supervisor. He just laughed again, till I produced a cane and started to beat him unmercifully. With him crying and

cowering before me, I said he could choose between getting out and staying out, or agreeing to my proposal to dress him as a girl and to train him at home, till he was ready to begin working at the restaurant. As an afterthought, I reminded him that he had always enjoyed lacing me in tightly and seeing me wearing high heels and my pretty things; now he would be able to appreciate these things from a different viewpoint—on himself. He began to make excuses of every sort—that he'd never look like a real girl, that his voice would give him away, that he'd never be able to go to his club again, etc., etc. I listened to him patiently and then replied quite firmly that missing his club would be a good thing and, as for the success or failure of his change-over, I should be the judge about that, after a period of trial at home. He became sullen again, and I had to give him another sound thrashing before he would submit.

I took him to the bathroom and made him take a hot, scented bath. I rubbed him down and powdered him all over, in readiness for the long, stiff corset I had procured in anticipation of success. This I clasped round his shapeless middle and then began to pull in the laces. In spite of his protests, I made good progress, reducing his

Dear Editor:

Let me take this opportunity to tell you how much I enjoy each issue of "EXOTIQUE". Being here, in the "jungle", sort of restricts my own activities, but I do manage to get into Caracas once in a while where I belong to a club whose activities are devoted exclusively to the bizarre and unusual in dress. Each month we hold a costume party and every member - males and females both - must come attired in clothing of the opposite sex. I, personally, prefer silks and satins and whenever I get the chance I dress in the most frilly feminine garments I can buy.

Naturally, I always wear a wasp-waist corset under my outer garments and on my feet I prefer nothing with heels under five inches. At our last party I wore the highest heels I had ever attempted - just under seven inches. I'll have to admit that they almost "threw me" more than once, but all in all, I'd say I did pretty well.

I am enclosing a few snapshots that I took recently. The first one shows me wearing black mesh stockings, a tight satin skirt and the shoes referred to previously. They are black suede with gold kid heels that measure exactly 6 3/4 inches high. They are just about the size of an American dime at the base. They were made for me by a custom shoemaker in London.

Recently, at my favorite bar, the bartender was complaining of one man who was always getting fresh with the female customers. I suggested that perhaps he needed a good lesson and outlined a plan. A few nights later, I visited the bar dressed in my best outfit. I had on a form-fitting, red sheath dress, sheer black nylon hose and high-heeled patent leather pumps. Underneath, I had on my black lace padded bra, black nylon panties and a combination waist pincher/garter-belt that was almost cutting me in two. I have an excellent wig, and that, combined with a good make-up job, allowed me to go out and get around undetected.

Sure enough, in the bar sat George, the insistent wolf. I winked at the bartender and he winked back. Taking a table directly across from George, I ordered a drink and then crossed my nylon-clad legs slowly - allowing a generous portion of white skin to show above my stocking tops. George, true to form, didn't fail to take all this in. I then pretended that a garter-fastener had become unhooked, and lifted my dress high above my stockings to refasten the garter. George moved in coming over to my table with a smile. He tried an old approach on me and I pretended to go along with him. He was soon sitting next to me,

Photo No. 2 illustrates my wonderful gold satin corset. In this picture I am laced to 23 in. (Normal waist - 28 1/2 in.). I'll admit it takes a good deal of pulling and tugging to achieve this but I feel it's well worth the effort.

In photo No. 3 I am again wearing the gold satin corset, elbow-length black suede gloves and black kidskin boots with 5 1/2 in. heels. These, too, were manufactured in London and are a fine example of the bootmaker's art.

Thanks again for a wonderful publication. Keep up the good work and let's have more and more pictures of gorgeous Tana Louise.

G.M., Maracaibo, Venez.

No. 1.



with his arm around the back of my chair. Almost before I knew what was happening, his hand was slowly creeping up my smooth thigh. Next, came a wet kiss that really caught me off-guard. Things seemed to be getting out of hand, and if it hadn't been for the bartender, no telling what would have happened. Anyhow, the bartender came over, stood next to our table, and loudly announced to the entire crowd that George had succeeded in picking up a man! I took off my wig to prove the point,, and the crowd roared with laughter.

It goes without saying that George was cured once and for all and me, well, I became the most popular "man" in the place.

W.J., Columbus, Ohio.



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Masquerade Ends:

Man Who Passed as Woman for 28 Years Or More and Once Had Husband Dies at 74

REDWOOD CITY, Calif., March 5.—(UP)—"Mrs." Adele Best, 74, who lived as a woman for at least 28 years and once had a "husband," was disclosed to be a man following his death today.

"Mrs." Best had kept his secret well. Not even his best friend, Mrs. Margaret Righetti, with whom he lived for 10 years, guessed his true sex. None of Best's neighbors guessed the deception.

The dead man's hair was long and fell to his shoulders. His face was masculine in some features,

but his voice was high-pitched enough to pass for a woman's. Mrs. Righetti said she met "Mrs." Best 28 years ago when Best and "her husband" lived on a farm adjoining that of Mrs. Righetti's father at San Jose.

"Mrs. Best's" husband died about 10 years ago," Mrs. Righetti said. "My husband and I took 'her' into our home last year out of pity."

She said "Mrs. Best" was an excellent cook.

Last night Best was stricken ill.

Neighbors insisted "she" go to Community Hospital. This morning hospital physicians proposed an examination. "Mrs. Best" protested but finally submitted. Less than an hour after the examination disclosed the long-kept secret, Best died, victim of high blood pressure.

Mrs. Righetti said Best was a "kind, gentle soul."

Among the possessions of the dead man was a razor. Mrs. Righetti said she knew "Mrs." Best often shaved, but this did not route her suspicions.

(NEWS photo by Bob Mortimer)

Pretty Larceny? Leonard Mastromarro, 20 (left) is, despite what you see, a member of the male sex and so is Richard Rivera. And they're both unhappy as they arrive at Manhattan Police Headquarters to face petty larceny charge. Sailor had them arrested for allegedly rolling him.

Youth Gets Life Plus 643 Years For Crime Spree

HOUSTON, Tex. (AP)—A carpenter's helper faces a life term, plus 643 years in prison, after pleading guilty to 13 charges resulting from a summer crime spree.

James Edward Hill, 19, pleaded guilty Monday to crimes ranging from rape to theft of clothes and was sentenced to 641 years plus life. Friday he pleaded guilty to carrying a pistol and threatening a policeman and got two one-year sentences.

Hill dressed as a woman when he committed the crimes, he said. Hill was arrested Sept. 7 after he was wounded in a gun fight with police. He was dressed in a cocktail dress, high heels and beige gloves at the time.

District Judge Ed Duggan sentenced the ex-convict to six 99-year terms for two rapes, a robbery and three burglaries. He got a life term for another rape, 12 years for burglary and two 10-year terms for car theft and theft of clothes.

Duggan ruled that all except the life term can be served at the same time, so under Texas law Hill could be eligible for parole in about 16 years.

Sailor Masquerades As Woman 10 Months

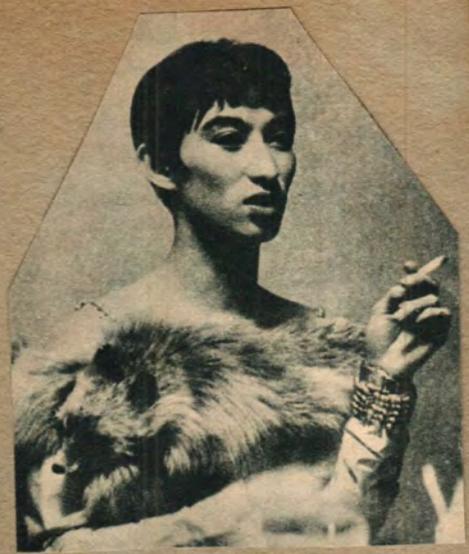
WHEELING, W. Va.—(AP)—A 31-year-old sailor who masqueraded for 10 months as a woman, sadly wiped the rouge from his cheeks, removed his gingham house dress and said "I know you're looking for me," Deputy Sheriff George Gontar reported.

Gontar said he and a federal bureau of investigation agent arrested Raymond Russell Clark at his home in Wheeling on a charge of desertion from the Little Creek, Va., naval station on June 27, 1944. Clark is being held pending arrival of the shore patrol.

When he knocked on the door of Clark's home, Gontar said he was greeted by a "supposed" woman in a gingham dress, apron and with long hair arranged in a feminine style.

"The disguise was perfect," declared the deputy, adding that Clark readily admitted his identity and peaceably accompanied the officers to the Ohio county jail.





Japan's top famous transvestite is Hiroshi Maruyama (left), an entertainer.



THE RACIAL THEORY

Dear Bizarre:

I sometimes believe that what today is called "bizarre" is actually normal; it may be that our social codes are actually bizarre, if we compare them to the history of past ages.

There has been talk now and then, in the pages of BIZARRE, of men who have dressed in feminine clothing; of some wives who have so dressed their husbands. There is an urge in some of us to change our "character" now and then. Some who have done so have been wrongly criticized as "bisexual." But do you realize — historical records prove this, — that the early Aryans (our own ancestors), publicly boasted of their bisexuality!

Ancient literature, and records, prove that man, eons ago, was hermaphroditic. This meant that mankind was also androgynic; an Reeminate man and a mascu-

line woman. We find these types today, and they may be an atavistic throwback. By records of the past, they are not "bizarre creatures," but natural products.

One can think of some of the great female impersonators of the past, and wonder about them. But don't wonder! Some males, for example, have soft, feminine, white skin.

The writer of this letter has always had white, soft, smooth skin. His chest is (with the exception of about three hairs), devoid of hair. His legs are almost clear of hair; what there is of hair, is lightish brown. On his job he walks a lot so he has developed muscular legs; otherwise, clothed in women's stockings, his legs are "pretty" though (because of the muscularity), a little bit too big for a female.

The writer has been married 26 years. He has two stalwart boys, both an inch or two more than six feet tall. For 30-odd years he has been a writer and newspaperman. He likes the girls. And yet, every little while, he will seclude himself, and tell himself that he'd like to be a female impersonator. Is this bizarre? I don't believe so. It is inborn in men and women, many of them, to imitate. In an ancient apocryphal book, "The Dzyan," it is told that the original human being was double-

sexed. It is truly possible that today, a man or a woman, may feel such a force. I am masculine, and yet I have liked the feel of feminine clothing around me. This does not make me, nor many others, homo-sexual; for I am not, and many are not. It seems just to be a throwback to eons ago.

Such urges in men, and in women, today are called "bizarre"; and yet this "bizarre" is realistic, and comes out of the past.

The writer, who has been a police reporter, and has done some masculine things in his career, still "blushes like a woman." It has been commented upon. It seems bizarre. But maybe, it's natural. Someone of these days he will take things in his hand and submit to BIZARRE, photos of himself in female garb. One has only to read Eugen Georg's book, *The Adventure of Mankind*, (translated from German in 1931 by Robert Bek-Gran and published by E. P. Dutton,) to find out this relationship between man and woman. It is one of my most thumbed-through books.

So let me dress as a girl! I've known some mannish girls who, if they dressed as men, would be quite presentable. In fact, lately, I've made a study of women wearing slacks and trousers. You'd be surprised how mannish and unfeminine they appear! Yet the

majority of them are still women. It seems bizarre — but it isn't. It's only in the prudish "Anglo-saxon mind that we misinterpret.

And one of these days that "Anglosaxon" mind is going to be outmoded and cast aside. I hope the day will dawn, soon, because it is too one-sided. The Great Jehovah help the so-called Normal Mind. It is stunted.

Maybe we are, as that German book suggests, descended from one strain of half-men. It is in the blood. Of Herodotus, he quotes that "The 'Black Doves' of Nubia were beast-women . . ." and he writes that "for those Assyrian half-men are real, they actually lived." And, "There is no lack of literary proof for this series of half-men."

Further, to quote: "The initiation rites of some ancient mysteries required men to dress as women and women as men." And so you see, men and women are "bizarre" beings . . . and what they do often is done because, in the past, that was done! Thus a man, or a woman, should never really be ashamed of what they do! What today is bizarre tomorrow may not be, because we will understand the history of the past eons!

DOUBLE-M

WATCH THOSE DRAFTS

Dear Sir:

I enjoy reading your magazine from time to time, especially the stories submitted by your male readers who like to dress in female attire.

I do this quite often and have a wardrobe that would satisfy a lot of women. When I first indulged in this pleasureable practice, I did so only in the privacy of my apartment, dressing completely as a woman and doing all of the chores the lady of the house would normally do. (Making beds, dusting, cleaning, cooking etc.) I derive an indescribable feeling of exhilaration and pleasure when I'm working or lounging around in high heels, long nylon stockings, girdle, bra (padded of course) wig, make-up and all of the other feminine finery to complete the illusion.

Recently, however, I have the irresistible urge to venture out in public wearing my feminine attire. I usually go out in the evenings for a long stroll, or a ride in my convertible. I feel an extra thrill when my 3 inch heels click on the hard sidewalk, and an occasional wolf whistle is directed towards me from one of the male gentry, who apparently mistake me for what I appear to be — a



From Reader J.R.B.



NANCY



Maxine

FEMALES in MALE BODIES

An authentic case history of a little understood phenomenon — men who are willing to risk life itself to change their sex.

by "Mary Smith"

I AM a successful business woman. I travel extensively, have a nice home, beautiful clothes and many friends. I am at peace with the world—but it was not always like that.

Up until several years ago I was—to all outward appearances—a normal male, successful in my profession and, for ten years, a seemingly normal husband.

Since then, I have had complete surgery, a legal name change, a new birth certificate. I can and do function now as a woman, all except childbirth.

For anyone to understand what motivates a person of normal appearance and habits to undertake such a drastic change, I must probe my way back into my childhood.

Before I was born my parents had wanted a girl. This wish was not to be granted, so they dressed me as one until I was six years old, long curls and all! No doubt this gave them a measure of satisfaction, but according to medical authorities, it triggered off in me

a dormant affliction that was to be with me for the rest of my life.

Shortly after I reached the age of six, my long curls were cut. Mother and I both cried. A seed had been planted and the desire to wear girls' clothes was beginning to manifest itself. I used to sneak to my mother's closet or the maid's room to fondle and possibly wear the forbidden garments.

My happiest days were when I was left alone in the house and was able to indulge in my "hobby" to my heart's content. Occasionally I was caught by my father and punished by being locked in a dark basement room. Although I dreaded this punishment, it did not deter me from wearing the forbidden garments at every possible opportunity.

At the age of ten, I accidentally overheard a whispered conversation to the effect that friends of my parents were to move away from our city. Their eighteen-year-old daughter, after a mysterious illness, had become their son! The

AS A MAN. Bambi Pruvot, the stars in a Paris revue, 22 years ago in Algeria male, then named Jean Pruvot. Bambi has natural hair, never shaves, and and acts as a woman. —Pictorial Parade.



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chrome "Slave Bracelet" which is fastened together by

Dear Ed:

Having been an ardent reader of EXOTIQUE almost since its inception, I have finally decided to take this opportunity to pass on a little of my good fortune to your readers. At this moment, I am propped up in bed (with the flu) so have ample time to compose this letter. If my mistress (wife, as you will soon see) o.k.'s this letter, we will post it to you together.

Following the advice of a very good friend, I held off marriage until I found a girl who would permit my indulgence in my continual desire to be clothed in female attire, and to be kept, as far as possible, as a personal-maid servant. As a word of encouragement to some of your readers who have written in that this is what they are looking for. . . . it does happen! And so, you find me now, propped up in bed, wearing a frilly blue "shorty" nightgown, an inflatable bra, garter-belt and nylons. Around my right ankle is a heavy

a small lock. Beside my shoes; one, a pair of clear s' with four-inch heels; the ack patent pumps with six- e closed toes, but the back sewhere about the apart- of feminine lingerie, either . All male clothing is put nes out when it becomes don it for work or to go en, underneath, I am clothed , panties and other things

aintained a rahter complete l even before my marriage, t, and acquiescent to my behaviour. As soon as the rmining her attitude towards ed successfully, I habitually whenever we were alone period of courtship, it was her to bring me some little gift such as a pair of nylons, a new garter belt or a pair of panties. Now that we are married,

not at all un- gift such as a pair of nylons, a new garter belt or a pair of panties.

chrome "Slave Bracelet" which is fastened together by means of a small lock. Beside my bed are two pairs of shoes; one, a pair of clear plastic 'Springolators' with four-inch heels; the others are severe black patent pumps with six-inch heels. They have closed toes, but the back is open. Scattered elsewhere about the apartment are other bits of feminine lingerie, either my wife's or my own. All male clothing is put away, and it only comes out when it becomes necessary for me to don it for work or to go out in public. Even then, underneath, I am clothed in the nylon stockings, panties and other things that I prefer.

I have always maintained a rahter complete female wardrobe, and even before my marriage, my wife was aware of, and acquiescent to my desires in dress and behaviour. As soon as the real obstacle of determining her attitude towards my desires was passed successfully, I habitually wore female clothing whenever we were alone together. During our period of courtship, it was not at all unusual for her to bring me some little gift such as a pair of nylons, a new garter belt or a pair of panties. Now that we are married,



THIS WAS A MAN. Bambi Pruvot, one of the stars in a Paris revue, was born 22 years ago in Algeria as a male, then named Jean Pierre Pruvot. Bambi has natural blond hair, never shaves, and dresses and acts as a woman.
—Pictorial Parade.

unfortunate parents tried to conceal this to the best of their ability but the truth had leaked out.

The story left an indelible impression on my mind. The desire to be a woman became stronger with every passing year.

My parents finally sensed that something was amiss and I was taken to a procession of doctors. Each claimed that I was perfectly normal and that eventually I would outgrow these "childish" whims. Eventual marriage certainly would be the cure, they said.

My adolescent years were not happy ones. I did not care for sports or the rough and tumble behavior of youths of my age, although I did not to any outward

appearances indicate any feminine behavior or mannerisms. I have never had homosexual feelings.

I had few friends. I enjoyed reading books and kept much to myself. I secretly envied girls their life, their clothes, their apparent happiness. Tall and rather big girls had a special attraction for me. I was to learn in later years that this was the subconscious desire to identify myself with them, dream myself into their place and their clothes.

There was one tall girl that I was especially fond of. She was approximately my height and size and I fell in love with her, or rather should say, that at the time I sincerely believed that I was in

love. As it turned out, it was not the person or the woman, but the clothes, that I was in love with. Perhaps the thought that her clothes might fit me had much to do with my decision to propose marriage. She accepted, and we were married.

It was not too long before she found out about my strange behavior of dressing in her clothes. Greatly shocked, she turned for advice to doctors whom she knew. Some had never heard of such behavior. Others told her that it was a sexual perversion, *which it obviously was not*, since we occasionally indulged in marital relations.

We remained married for ten years—years of torture for both myself and my partner. Eventually we reached the breaking point and parted in a bitter court battle.

These are memories that I would like to drive out of my mind, but I realize that many other unfortunates such as I was are in need of help. Much as I would like to close the chapters of my past, I feel that I honestly cannot do so. Medical science is greatly in need of factual reports, uncolored by the subject's personal need or feelings. In my feeble way I am trying to help others.

Most of the known cases of sex change were ordinary run of the mill people: boys or men who had not yet made their mark in life. Roberta Cowell is the notable exception. She is the British R.A.F. pilot and race-car driver who so well described her life in her book.

Few, if any, of the other cases of sex change had ever achieved

social or financial success. I, however, was at the peak of my professional career at the time I entered the hospital. I gave up position, power, honors and an excellent future to achieve what, to my thinking, is normalcy.

I did not hesitate when the opportunity finally presented itself. I knew what I wanted and nothing in the world could have stopped me.

After a long search, I found a physician who was sympathetic to my plight. No, he did not recommend surgery. *As a general rule, no physician will recommend such a step!* After long hours of questioning he no doubt realized that my health, my sanity and my life could possibly depend on my receiving help. Like many men, I was anatomically a male, but psychologically a *female*.

Several weeks passed before I heard from him again. Yes, he might be able to do something for me, but only if endocrinological, psychological and psychiatric tests bore out his suspicions that surgery was the only answer to my affliction.

More months passed. Tests, reports, interpretations, consultations—all of them time-consuming. I was impatient, I was frightened, lest the prognosis prove unfavorable.

It was my good fortune that the findings were favorable. Reluctantly my physician promised to help, but only if I could get the first step (castration) performed. He advised me to go abroad since this phase of surgery cannot be done in the United States. *Not*

Former Italian Army officer Giuliano Rolando Casciotti, 27, is now an attractive woman. When Casciotti left the Army, he was aware of a physical change taking place and sought medical advice. The change had then almost fully developed and doctors told him that a simple operation would complete it. Informed that the operation was illegal in Italy, Casciotti studied up on medicine and attempted to perform the operation on himself, but had to be rushed to a hospital to have it completed. His case is now before the Italian courts to change his status from man to woman officially. Medical experts say that Casciotti is a perfectly developed woman in every sense other than regarding childbirth.—UPI Photo.



that it is illegal, for there is no law against this in most states; but it is a controversial subject as far as the medical profession is concerned and it is an unwritten law that no physician will violate.

A trip to Denmark was the answer and immediately a new obstacle blocked my path, finances; for a trip abroad would take considerably more than my meager remaining finances allowed.

The thought of "self-surgery" gradually formulated itself in my mind as I became more and more aware that there was no other way out. I cautiously mentioned this to my physician, and as one would expect, he became quite upset and angry. *No one outside of a surgeon should even think of attempting such a dangerous project.*

He eyed me incredulously but my eloquence no doubt convinced him that I was serious. If I performed my own surgery I would

certainly kill myself. He was irrevocably against it and warned me that if I continued to harbor such ideas he did not care to have me as a patient.

By now, I was angry too, because he would not see my viewpoint. At the time nothing mattered but to get this preliminary step done even if I had to die in the attempt. If I could not have it done or do it myself, life was not worth living!

I said "good bye" to my physician, unwilling to concede that his was wise counsel. But these were not days of reasoning; in retrospect I find myself horrified at the plan I was to carry out.

I made my plan for self-surgery systematically and with extreme care. As much as I wanted to get it over with, I did not allow emotion to hasten my plans or upset my time-table. Not only my future, but my life itself was at stake



A 21-year-old male transvestite, who gets satisfaction from wearing female clothes and is desirous of becoming a woman. His hair has been bleached blond.

and I would not risk losing through impatience.

I will spare the reader details of the operation itself. Only after it was over did I realize the immensity of the project I had undertaken! The doctor of course was right in warning me of the risks. No untrained individual could perform such surgery, particularly on himself, without serious consequences. In spite of all my care, emergency hospitalization became necessary to save my life.

Let nobody ever try to imitate me.

When I was well enough to do so, I visited my physician again. Now that the first step was accomplished, he had no difficulty finding other surgeons who did not hesitate to complete the remaining surgery and plastic work.

I subsequently relocated myself in a different part of the United States. The period of readjustment was not an easy one. Visualize if

you can, spending half a lifetime as a member of one sex; wearing its clothes, speaking its language, having its habits, in short, being a *man*. But almost overnight you must learn the new rôle of being a woman! You have no time to lose as you do not want to appear a freak, so you learn new habits and a new way of life as fast as you can.

How well I remember being fitted for my first brassière, purchasing my first girdle, trying on my first high heels. Weeks actually passed before I ventured into a ladies' powder room. It is not easy to shed lifetime habits. I had to overcome the deeply ingrained feeling of "not belonging."

I remember sitting in a street car, my eyes glued to the pages of an open book, imagining that all passengers were eyeing me suspiciously. What a relief, when mustering sufficient courage to sneak an upward glance, I found everyone preoccupied with his own problems.

I remember the sinking feeling when someone cast a second look at me, being fully convinced that they had "guessed," when perhaps if it was a man, it was just a natural reaction, or if a woman, a second glance at my dress.

I recall my first experience when asking directions from a police officer: My voice in those days was still quite low and he had his back to me while I addressed him. When he turned around he was

magazine

obviously shocked! I never made that mistake again. Nowadays I never address a person unless he or she actually sees me first. Although my voice is considerably softer than it used to be, I strictly adhere to this rule.

I remember when an airline employee addressed me as "Lady." I wasn't used to this term, when applied to me, as yet, and I turned around to see whom he was addressing. I never made that mistake again, either.

My first "wolf whistle" and my first attempt in rejecting a "pickup" still are fresh in my mind. Neither my appearance in open court for the purpose of a legal name change nor my efforts to secure a new birth certificate and a new social security card could be considered pleasant.

It is interesting to note that the fear-tinged gratification I experienced by wearing female clothing has completely vanished. A deep feeling of satisfaction and contentment has taken its place. The fear of detection by family or authorities is gone and the knowledge that I now belong to my rightful sex and enjoy all its "advantages" is most satisfying.

I have made it a point to avoid publicity and I have succeeded in doing so; lack of privacy or the loss of my peace of mind would be too great a price to pay for possible financial gains.

Still, I had to earn a living and I chose the difficult path of rebuilding my career. I had not dared to hope that I might be able to work at my own profession, and was prepared to ditch a lifetime

of experience and knowledge and try a different field even though this might entail considerable study.

To my great surprise I found myself accepted as a woman, in a field that is generally dominated by men. I also find that I am considerably better at my work than I formerly was. This can be attributed to the fact that I now have a clear mind, free from fear of the future, a mind not cluttered with day dreams and wishful thinking, a mind that can be used for objective thinking and gainful purposes.

I wish to point out that surgery has not made me a mouse-like introvert; I did not become meek or shy. I do not make people believe that I am afraid of mice or the like, for I am not. I do not speak in a falsetto voice, I act like myself; for better or for worse, I am myself and that's what I want to be.

I do not hesitate to admit that I am aggressive and ambitious in business—many women are. Socially I strive to be interesting and charming and above all a lady. At the risk of sounding conceited, I must state that at social get-togethers men frequently converse with me rather than with other women in the room. This gives me great satisfaction. I attribute it to the fact that men are intrigued by a woman who can speak their language on any subject.

Those few friends who know my past have accepted me without reservation, fully and unconditionally. Those who do not know, have never guessed my secret. To them I am just another woman.



AUTHOR'S NOTE: In the course of his practice a psychiatrist is consulted by patients who run the entire gamut of human emotions and experiences. None are more tragic than those dealing with the so-called "third sex."

The tragedy is twofold. Persons of undetermined sex are grossly misunderstood by family, friends and the layman public. More importantly, they seldom understand themselves.

Brought up as males with a strong and increasing desire to become females, some of them make the attempt — as did "Jacqueline," whose case history is set forth with the patient's permission and in the patient's own words in the hope that it will contribute towards a better understanding of the problems and frustrations of these unfortunate individuals.

For obvious reasons "Jacqueline's" last name is withheld. — Louis Berg, M.D.

DURING THAT bizarre period in which I was living a lie I felt a curious, erotic excitement about the way I attracted men and the manner in which they responded.

They were of all kinds and of all ages. Like the college boy in New Haven, Conn., who sent flowers to my dressing room and the playboy in Miami Beach who tried to rape me. There was the retired Chicago manufacturer who only wanted to talk to me about his grandchildren and the drunken tourist in the French Quarter of New Orleans who wanted to set me up in an apartment.

There were many others, including a GI sergeant in Berlin who wanted to marry me. Any or all of these experiences probably could have happened to any attractive blond, as they happened to me. With one fantastic difference.

When I was born, not far from Sandusky, Ohio, 27 years ago, my birth certificate read — "male!"

I belong to the so-called "third sex" whose members are contemptuously referred to by a good many names, fag, fairy, homo and others much worse.

Dressed in feminine clothes, my blond hair modishly coiffured, my face artfully made up with eyebrow pencil, lipstick and rouge, I reveal curves which have been called "seductive." My slim legs encased in nylons, my feet in spike-heeled shoes are eyed with interest by men. My walk is definitely female. My voice is low and throaty, not soprano. It has a quality which has often been termed "sexy."

It has been all too easy, and often an overwhelming temptation, for me to pass as a glamorous young woman.

In mentioning this I am not boasting but confessing. You are wrong if you think that my experiences, and those of

others as unfortunate as I, have been enjoyable. On the contrary, many of us have lived in mental torment.

There are also a great many more of us than most people believe. For every individual like ex-G.I. Christine Jorgensen, who was, according to reports, surgically transformed into a woman amidst the glare of sensational headlines, there are hundreds of us who shrink from the limelight of publicity.

As unfortunate members of the so-called

third sex the vast majority of us are reluctant to discuss our own case histories. I do so now only in the belief that my story will contribute to a better understanding of our lives and problems.

And no matter what else you may call us I ask you to remember this. Despite all the popular clinical speculation and sly biological innuendo about us being "homos" or "ambisexuals," none of us are real hermaphrodites. We are what the psychiatrist calls "pseudo-hermaphrodites."

Let me assure you, as any physician will, that we were born with only male genitals.

No human being has the primary organs of both sexes. To find this, one must search far down the scale of animal life.

Medically, there is nothing unexplainable about a pseudo-hermaphrodite. What happens is simply this. Sometimes the testicles of a male infant, instead of descending normally into the scrotum, remain in the abdomen. If the situation is not corrected, the testicles become atrophied. The shape of the empty scrotum can superficially resemble that of a vagina. This appearance can delude an uninformed layman. It may convince him that he has seen a "real" hermaphrodite.

At the age of puberty those of us with this condition do develop secondary female characteristics. Our breasts and hips appear feminine. Our facial hair may or may not grow beyond an adolescent fuzz. Shaving depends upon the individual case.

Physically we grow up as pseudo-hermaphrodites. Mentally we are afflicted with a condition of undetermined sex.

And that was what happened to me.

I was born in December, 1930, the third child in our rambling farm house on Lake Erie. I had two sisters, Jane, 3, and Mary Ellen, 1. Dad was a grape grower. They raise a lot of Catawba grapes for making commercial wine around Sandusky. My dad's family had been at it a long time.

"You have a son," our family physician announced to my father. "It was a normal, easy birth."

This made dad happy. He and mother had their hearts set on a boy, and I was christened Jack.

At this point it serves no purpose in blaming our careless family doctor for failing to detect my undescended testicles in infancy. Nor the school physician who examined me with several other kids when we entered kindergarten.

The thing I remember most about those early childhood days was that I preferred playing with girls rather than boys because their games were quieter. Not that I liked girls better.

In grade school I developed an active dislike for outdoor sports and for roughhousing with the boys. The thing I liked best of all was dressing up in some of mother's old clothes that Mary Ellen, Jane and I found in the attic. We paraded around in them and after awhile I began writing little plays for the three of us. When we acted them out I was always the heroine.

When I graduated from grade school we put on a class play. I was very proud when I came home and told my parents I had been given the leading part. Mother and dad came to see the play, and after it was over dad had a funny look on his face.

"How come you played a girl's part when there are a lot of girls in your class?" he asked me.

"Because it was the most important part and I'm the best actor in the class," I told him.

This didn't seem to satisfy him entirely.

He said, "Who chose the play originally?" "I did," I told him proudly. "Because I was head of the class committee."

He didn't say anything more about it then, and we went home.

That night I was still so excited with the play and my graduation that I couldn't sleep. I got out of bed and went down the back stairs to get a glass of milk out of the ice box. It was then I overheard my dad and mother talking about me in the next room.

"I can't under- (continued on page 69)

stand this business about Jack still play acting in girl's clothes," my dad said. "It's time he outgrew that sort of stuff."

Mother didn't say anything. After awhile I heard dad speak again. "Do you think there's something funny about Jack?"

"What do you mean 'funny?'" mother asked.

"You know, queerish, sort of like a sissy," dad said, sounding ashamed to mention it. "I'd like to see him more the rough kind."

"Jack's the quiet type," mother said, coming to my defense. "He is very good looking, too. He'll probably grow up to be an actor or a poet or maybe an artist. He likes to draw."

Dad muttered something I didn't understand. I knew he was disappointed in me. He had hoped that I'd become a grape grower.

My parents weren't much for reading books but I remember that, about a week later, mother brought home a book on child psychology. She read something to dad about how girls and boys were pretty much the same before puberty. This seemed to partially satisfy my dad.

In high school I was a good student. Mother had been right about my being a good looking kid. I didn't play with the girls any more. Some of them were beginning to get crushes on me and that scared me off. I wasn't interested in any of them, like some of the other boys were.

I was shy about my male classmates, too. I liked to watch the boys playing outdoor sports but never really joined them. I wasn't good at athletics.

After awhile I cut gym as often as I could. I tried to tell myself it was because I hated violent exercise. Then I realized there was more to it. I enjoyed seeing the other boys when they undressed and changed into shorts and T-shirts. It gave me a sort of excited feeling. But I hated to take off my clothes in front of them. When I had to, in the locker room, I had the feeling they were all watching me.

I felt funny about going into the boys' lavatory, too. I used to peek through the door to make sure the room was empty. If anyone was inside I'd hang around in the hall until I was certain I'd be alone.

Because of my shyness, I became a lonely kid. I didn't mind too much because I loved to read and did a lot of other things by myself. What I did mind was that the other kids didn't understand. Most of them, especially the girls, thought I was stuck-up.

My family thought I should take out girls. I was scolded because I turned down dates for birthday parties and kid dances at the various homes of girl classmates. When the Junior Prom came along my dad made a real issue of it and gave me no peace until, finally, I agreed to take a girl.

Unable to duck out of it, I kept my word. I took a dark-haired girl named "Ginger" Travers. She was supposed to be hot stuff and a wild necker, but I didn't know about her reputation when I invited her.

I had a miserable evening at the prom. Ginger danced too close and showed me off like I was a prize poodle to make some of the other girls jealous. The prom ended at 10:30 P.M. and I walked her home. I tried to say good night to her on the porch. Ginger wouldn't think of it.

"Mom left some cold lemonade and cake out for us in the parlor before she went to bed," she insisted. "Come on in for a while."

"Only for a few minutes," I said reluctantly.

In the dimly-lighted parlor she tried to coax me over to the divan. I sat on a chair instead and had some lemonade and cake. She scarcely touched hers. Eager for me to finish, she quickly took my empty plate and glass.

"I can't understand you, Jackie. Why do you always play so hard to get?" she asked, standing close to me.

"I don't," I answered lamely. "I don't have time for girls."

"You do now," she whispered.

Before I realized what she was up to, she was sitting on my lap, her arms tight around my neck in a clutch I couldn't break.

I felt her body pressed close to mine, her moist lips and greedy tongue probing against my own. She wouldn't let go. She squirmed on my lap, terribly excited.

My heart was pounding wildly. I was panic-stricken, not knowing what to do. I have to get out of here, I kept telling myself over and over; I have to get out of here.

She broke off kissing then. Her lips brushed upwards to my ear. I felt her go tense on my lap and she whispered: "I'd go the whole way, Jackie — with you."

I knew what she meant all right, and it scared the devil out of me. Desperately, I lifted her off my lap and stood her on her feet. She misunderstood my purpose. She thought I wanted to steer her to the divan. Instead, frightened, I dashed out of the house and kept running until I reached home and threw myself, trembling, into bed.

When I got to school next day some of the boys gave me knowing looks. The boy in the next seat whispered to me. "You're a sly one, Jack. Making believe you don't like girls, then strutting into the prom with the hottest little number in school!"

I didn't answer him. Ginger must have done some talking on her own. Before the day was over, news was all over among the kids about the "wild" party I had with Ginger.

It was something I couldn't face up to and, after school, I slunk home like a whipped dog. Maybe that was Ginger's way of getting revenge on me for the way I had injured her pride. If so, she accomplished her purpose. From then on, until I graduated, I refused to date another girl.

When I received my high school diploma I wanted to study commercial art. My dad was terribly disappointed. He had hoped that I'd go to agricultural college. I was still trying to persuade him to let me study art when the State Fair opened; when I went to see it, something happened that changed my life.

There was a carnival on the midway with an exhibit of freaks, sword-swallowers, dancing girls and things like that, called the "Hall of Marvels."

That afternoon I listened with other spectators as the barker spied from the platform in front of the large tent and a hula girl performed a few steps and wriggles. I was standing up front, and I noticed the barker's eyes on me. When he finished his spiel he asked me to stick around until the crowd went inside for the show. I did, curious to know what he wanted.

He looked me over more closely then and gave me a sort of knowing leer.

"How's tricks, dearie?" he asked.

"All right, thanks," I answered, somewhat bewildered.

"Looking for a spot for a solo drag?"

I still didn't understand what he was driving at and told him so. He studied me shrewdly and nodded his head.

"Come off it. I can spot one a block away. I got a job for you if you're interested. Thirty-five dollars a week for the season. I furnish the outfit."

My first reaction to Dave Reilly's proposition was one of shock. He owned the "Hall of Marvels" and wanted me to make up as a freak, a "half-boy, half-girl."

Indignant words of refusal rushed to my lips. Somehow I held them back. After all, there was something exciting about his suggestion. I had always loved dressing in feminine clothes and acting. He was offering to pay me to do both.

"What will I have to wear?" I asked curiously.

He described the costume—half evening gown, half man's suit. It is fairly standard among similar exhibits at many carnies. It wasn't what I had hoped. Completely feminine garments were much more appealing to me.

He agreed to let me think it over and I went home with mixed emotions. I was resolved to have a showdown with my dad. If he'd let me go to art school well and good; otherwise I'd accept Mr. Reilly's offer.

My dad didn't exactly refuse. He put me off, hoping I would change my mind and agree to go to agricultural college. There were no harsh words between us, nothing dramatic about the way I came to my decision. On the following morning, while daddy was in the vineyards and mother was shopping, I packed a bag and left a note saying I was leaving home. Then I went to work in the "Hall of Marvels." Reilly billed me on a lurid poster in front of the tent as "Jacqueline—Half Boy! Half Girl!"

For eight months I toured the Midwest with the "Hall of Marvels." The life was exciting and interesting and I found companionship among the freaks. There was nothing abnormal about them, except physically. We got along very well.

BY this time I realized I was different. I wasn't a freak nor was I completely normal in appearance. Studying myself nude in front of a mirror I saw a young man with long blond hair and a strikingly attractive face. I use the word "attractive" carefully and not, I assure you, as self-flattery. I was not "handsome" as are more masculine men. The incipient swelling of my breasts had developed beyond the usual male growth and my hips also had feminine curves.

I was meant to be a woman, I sighed to myself. My inclinations, my very physical appearance point that way.

Nevertheless when I wasn't working I dressed myself in the usual male attire in public. My love for female finery was restricted to the privacy of my room. I had several such accessories which I often put on when I was alone. A black negligee, nylons, bra and panties, a pair of high heeled silver mules. I spent hours on end dressing up for my own entertainment and pretending I was a glamorous woman.

One night, when we were playing a small town in Southern Indiana, Dave Reilly invited me to have a drink with him in a bar. We sat in a booth. I ordered a Manhattan, Dave a double Scotch. While we were drinking a man wandered over from the bar. He was very drunk.

"If it isn't old Dave Reilly!" he said. Then he looked me up and down and grinned insinuatingly. "Since when have you been going in for this stuff?"

"What kind of stuff you speaking about?" Reilly asked with a puzzled look. "Fags!"

I didn't know Reilly could move that quickly. He was on his feet in a flash. His right arm shot out and the man went down with a hard punch to his jaw.

My heart was pounding wildly. I felt tears in my eyes. I couldn't help it. "Dave," I said, a tremble in my voice, "I'm not a fag. I swear to you I never—"

"Forget it, kid," he interrupted harshly. "I don't give a damn one way or another. The way I call 'em a guy's private life is strictly his own affair."

WE ordered another round of drinks and were both quiet for a long time. After awhile Reilly spoke. "I've been thinking things over, kid. I'm going to fire you."

I looked at him dumbly, about to protest that I hadn't done anything, that I couldn't help my looks. I guess he read my thoughts.

"I'm doing it for your own good, kid. Maybe you'll thank me later. I'm telling you like your own father, this carny isn't for you. I sized you up wrong when I took you on. I thought you were hep."

This threw me completely. I had been fairly happy with the carnival. Much happier than I had been at home or school. But I was still dumb and innocent.

"What should I do, Dave?"

He gave me a funny look. "Don't you know?" he asked. "With your looks you shouldn't have trouble finding another queer with dough to keep you."

I started to tell him he was wrong about me, that he didn't understand. I couldn't find the words. Nobody's ever understood me, I thought miserably. I don't even understand myself.

I was sure of only one thing. I didn't want to go back home.

Winter was coming on. I had always wanted to see Miami Beach, Florida. There was no reason why I shouldn't go. I had bus fare and enough left over to keep me going for a week or two until I found some sort of a job.

In Miami Beach I soon found work to my liking. A man named Arthur Ewerts had a little specialty shop for women adjoining the lobby of an expensive beach hotel. He looked me over keenly, told me I was just the type and took me on as a salesman for \$45 a week.

It didn't take me long to learn my job. I loved the merchandise, the filmy negligees, the nylon accessories, the expensive perfumes. The customers were interesting and some of them were wealthy. Among the latter were men who dropped in to buy presents for their wives and girl friends.

One afternoon a young man asked to see some negligees. He was very attractive, with beautiful wavy blond hair. I showed him three or four negligees, and he selected a sapphire blue one.

"This is perfectly heavenly, dear," he said.

I looked at him again and realized that he wasn't buying the negligee for a girl friend, but for himself. His name was Billy Warren, and he had an apartment in Miami. He mentioned this a week later when he came back to buy some nylon hose. He also mentioned other things, including the fact that he wanted to share the apartment with someone who would be a suitable roommate. Like myself. The rental he quoted was very reasonable—even lower than I was paying for my own little hole-in-the-wall room. I was interested.

That evening after work, I went to look at the apartment and found it very nice. Billy showed me his own room, and when

he opened one of his closets I gasped in surprise. It was filled with beautiful evening gowns.

"I knew you'd love them, dear," he grinned. "They're all mine. I use them in my routine."

He told me then that he did a female impersonation act in a Miami night club. That fascinated me. I had heard of such acts by "male glamour girls" like the late Julian Eltinge and "Barbette" and often thought that this was really what I'd love to do most. Billy Warren looked like a heaven-sent opportunity, and I moved in with him.

The night he invited me to the night club to catch his act I was thrilled. Dressed in an evening gown he looked like an exquisite woman. I had read that the most famous of the female impersonators, Julian Eltinge, wore a wig for his stage appearances. Billy wore no wig. His own blond hair was strikingly coiffured.

His act was short. It consisted only of a couple of songs but he put them over very well and was warmly applauded. Afterwards, when I told him of my own ambition, he said that he would be willing to help me.

Billy Warren kept his promise and taught me to be a female impersonator. He also taught me a lot of other things best left unsaid. It would be unfair to say that he deliberately lured me into sexual relations which are considered morally abnormal. I can only say that I responded eagerly and proved an apt pupil.

He let me wear his feminine clothes and sometimes, to my great delight, we went out "camping." In the evening, before he went to the night club, we would both dress up and take a taxicab to the Beach. Then we'd stroll along Collins Avenue, and I thrilled with excitement at the way men looked us over approvingly and even tried to pick us up. At such times I felt very much a woman—an attractive, desirable one at that.

It was a bizarre life, I suppose, being Jack, a man, by day and "Jacqueline," a woman, at night. Whether this could really be called a split-personality or not, I do not know. My own thought was that it was a compromise. I wanted to be a woman, not a man, and this was at least a partial solution to my desire, which made me very happy.

One night, while Billy was at the night club, I had an impulse to go "camping" by myself. It was a warm night. A beautiful silvery moon shone above. I dressed myself in a white frock which I had bought the day before and was looking forward to wearing. I took a cab over the Venetian Causeway to Collins Avenue. Then I began to stroll, pausing occasionally to window shop.

HALF an hour later I became aware of a yellow convertible at the curb. The man at the wheel was smoking a cigarette and staring at me. I kept walking. The convertible started off, moved a short distance ahead and stopped again ahead of me. This time the driver got out and stood beside the car with the door open. "Hello, baby," he grinned as I was about to pass. "Lovely evening for a ride."

I looked at him. A dark-haired man about 30, sun-tanned and handsome in an open-collared sport shirt. His car had a New York license plate.

"No thank—" I started to say and then I stopped. My heart was pounding in my chest. Why not? I thought to myself. Men had tried to pick me up before, when I was with Billy. He had never allowed me to accept these invitations.

I smiled a timid acceptance and stepped into the car. Inwardly I was gloating with triumph. I must look very feminine, very seductive, to fool a playboy like this, I decided.

He offered me a cigarette and lit it for me.

"Just a short drive," I said, "It is getting late."

He nodded and started North along Collins Avenue. I sank back against the leather cushions, feeling luxurious and content as the car purred smoothly along in the direction of Hollywood.

"Why so quiet, baby?" he asked.

"Just enjoying the night and the moon."

WE turned off near Hallandale on a strip of deserted beach. He parked the car facing the calm Atlantic. There were no preliminaries. Before I realized what he was up to, I felt his hot breath panting in my ear. His hands were forcing me down on the seat, clawing wildly at my clothing.

Overcome with fear and revulsion, I fought him off desperately. I heard someone crying and shrieking for him to stop and did not recognize the voice as that of my own.

"Wait!" I sobbed, "you've got me all wrong."

"That's what you say, baby," his words grated harshly. And then he discovered the truth for himself.

"You goddam little fag!"

He let me go. I saw anger and frustration in his face. And disgust with himself at having been deceived. He slapped me hard across the face, and I cringed and moaned with pain.

"Get out of my car. Get out before I kill you."

His voice sounded cold and ominous. I knew he meant what he said. I left the car in terror and I heard the ugly sound of clashing gears as he sped off. Then I began to cry hysterically.

After awhile I managed to regain control of myself. I walked across the moonlit beach to U.S. 1 and got a lift back to Miami. It was almost daylight when I returned to the apartment. Billy was awake and waiting for me. He was wearing his sapphire blue negligee and had not yet removed his heavy night club make-up.

He gave me a searching look, then asked where I had been. I told him the truth. He flounced around the apartment in a fit of insane jealousy and scarcely spoke to me again for days. Nor did he ever forget that night.

One day Billy and I parted. His interest in me had been cooling. I knew he had been attracted by a young and exceedingly good looking man who was both wealthy and sophisticated and who visited the club almost every night to watch him.

By this time I no longer cared. I had saved some money and had confidence in myself. I was eager to embark on a career of my own and went to New Orleans.

There I had a lucky break. In the French Quarter I met the late Owen Brennan. A big, smiling Irishman with a heart as big as his frame, he owned the Old Absinthe House and the magnificent restaurant opposite it, the Vieux Carre.

Owen knew everybody. He used no acts in his own places but introduced me to some of the owners of night clubs on Bourbon and Royal Streets. One of them engaged me for a "novelty act."

As a female impersonator I caught on quickly. The other night clubs were featuring strippers like Stormy and Kalantan but I was something different. I was billed as "Jacqueline the Jaguar"—the owner's

idea—and I did a sexy "jungle dance" that packed them in.

I took a small apartment in the French Quarter where I loved the free and easy atmosphere. I met all kinds of people, gawking tourists, drunks, perverts, playboys, lesbians, fags, nymphos. Compared to the French Quarter, Miami Beach was kindergarten. It was there that I completed my "education."

At the club I met many patrons who refused to believe that I was a female impersonator and not a woman. "Weirdies," the owner of the club disdainfully called them.

One of the most persistent was a college boy from New Haven, Conn. He found out where I lived and sent me roses, with a note asking for a date. I refused to see him. Another was a lesbian who watched my act nightly, devouring me with her eyes. A third was a drunk who forced his way into my dressing room and poured out a maudlin proposition to set me up in an apartment.

Queerest of them all, I think, was an elderly man from Baton Rouge who would drive down once in a while to watch my act. One night, between shows, he asked me to go riding with him. He was so gentlemanly that I accepted. He's harmless, I thought to myself, and so he proved to be.

We drove out to the Lake. He told me he was visiting his grandchildren and that he had come from Chicago. Two hours later he drove me back to the club and pressed a hundred dollar bill in my hand.

After that he'd take me riding once in awhile. He was always a gentleman, always talked about his grandchildren and always gave me a hundred dollar bill afterwards. A weirdie, all right!

ONE night the owner of the club introduced me to a sharp-looking little man named Gus Canavan. He eyed me up and down shrewdly. When we were alone he said to me:

"Where do you think you're going from here, honey?"

I didn't understand him. Besides it was none of his business. I told him so coldly. He just smiled.

"Don't get me wrong, honey," he said. "I'm not propositioning you like some of the creeps in this joint. I'm talking business. In this country there isn't much work for female impersonators. Sure, your act goes big in a joint like this, catering to queers. Maybe a couple of spots in Miami Beach, New York City and elsewhere, too. But not enough of 'em. Abroad it's different. They really go for your kind of stuff."

I perked up my ears. Gus Canavan was an agent with connections. He talked on and as he did a whole new world opened up to me. When he finished I signed a contract for him to manage me. And that is how it came about that I sailed for Europe with my "Jacqueline the Jaguar" act.

My first date was the *Palais d'Ette* in Brussels, and I was a hit. I was there for weeks. After that Canavan booked me into the *Valencia* in Copenhagen, a fine night club. I played the *Olympia* in London, then Paris, Rome and Budapest. Canavan even got an engagement for me at La Scala in Berlin.

I'll never forget the mild and beautiful evening in September when I walked to my dressing room in the La Scala Theatre. Along the avenue I spotted at least a dozen like myself. They were all dressed in feminine clothing, ostentatiously made up and camping.

I myself was wearing a suit of expensive

tweeds purchased in London. Ever since first achieving success under Canavan's management, I had given up camping. At Canavan's insistence I had confined my wearing of female clothing to my dressing room, the stage and the intimacy of my own room.

Now, seeing these unfortunates parading along the avenue, some of them young, some of them along in years, my feelings were indescribable. A mixture of pity, superiority, contempt and disgust.

Am I going to end up like that? I asked myself as I looked at a passing face, wrinkled with age, with lasciviously rouged lips and a head whose gray or balding hair was covered with a cheap blond wig. It was a revolting face, the features of a witch.

In my dressing room, getting ready for my act, I brooded about this while I took off my male outer-garments and donned my seductive feminine jaguar costume. Sitting in front of my make-up mirror, transferring myself into a beautiful female, I eyed myself critically. I was still young. But I couldn't help seeing the face of that witch.

I was different. Queer, if you want to call it so. But for a long time, in the abnormal world I moved in I had accepted this without thought. Now I began to think about it a great deal.

The climax occurred on the night that Henry Smith came to my dressing room. Smith, of course, is not his real name—for it would be unfair and embarrassing to him for me to reveal it. He was a clean-cut young soldier, a sergeant in the U.S. forces in Berlin.

Many admirers had sought admittance to my dressing room since I came to Europe. Most of them were creeps. Henry wasn't. He had come to the theatre for several nights just to watch me, he told me. He was in love with me and couldn't go on living without me. And then he proposed marriage.

For a moment I was too shocked to find words. And then, slowly and gently, I told him the truth. That he was in love with a woman who did not exist. I explained to him what I really was.

It was the most difficult thing I ever did in my life. The stare of incredulity in his eyes haunted me long afterwards.

It was then that I decided something had to be done about myself. If it was not already too late. I went to see a physician, one of the best in Berlin. He gave me a thorough examination and shook his head solemnly.

"But doctor," I said desperately. "I hear that there are ways for me to become completely a woman. Hormones—an operation. . . ."

HE shook his head again. Firmly. "You were born male," he said gravely. "Nature has played a trick on you, it is true. But now you cannot successfully play a trick upon Nature. I would suggest psychiatric help."

I took his suggestion, came back to the United States and consulted a psychiatrist who confirmed everything he told me.

"You are male," he said. "With help you can become one again. Not physically, of course, but in your outlook in life. You are artistic by nature. With help you can sublimate your sex impulses and divert them into creative channels in a worthwhile career."

I accepted his decision. At the age of 27 I went back to school to study industrial art and become an industrial designer. I'm also determined to kill Jacqueline, but this has not been easy. There are still times she haunts and tempts me when I look into the mirror. . . . ▲



INTERVIEW WITH A

TRANSVESTITE

A guy who likes women's clothes tells why—and explains how he got that way

By ANONYMOUS

Editor's Note: The following report is the clearest explanation we have ever seen of one type of sexual deviate—a guy who, though in no sense homosexual, likes to dress in women's clothing. Such a person is called a transvestite. Our reporter is allowed to state that the subject lives in Pittsburgh, but for obvious reasons he cannot reveal his name. The revelations which follow, however, are completely authentic.

QUESTION: Can you tell us how and why you became a transvestite?

Answer: It all began, as far as I am consciously aware, when I was about 15 years old. Prior to that

time I have very little recollection, but I am positive that I did not wear girl's clothing beyond the

From that day onward, I indulged in this practice at intervals, and for increasing lengths of time. A few years later, when I was around 19, I began living alone. Being more independent, I began to purchase articles of lingerie, especially panties that were fancy and frilly.

WHENEVER I could, I studied lingerie advertisements and illustrations of girls and women wearing lingerie. It was almost an obsession. I was always attracted to the female sex, but they were most appealing to me when they were clad in lovely underwear. To this day, swimming and brief theatrical costumes have little or no sexual attraction for me.

Of course, the wearing of these



The kind of duds the author feels happiest in. For obvious reasons, he is unwilling to show his face.

ists, I have no desire to undergo electrolysis or anything like that to remove my hair.

I do not use a wig, and rarely and sparingly ever use makeup, though I am fond of after bathing, and shaving lotions.

My sex drive is strong. I have

ing with machinery, or the like.

Q. Are you married?

A. I am divorced, but that was not connected with my transvestism. My wife did not know of my practice.

Q. If you marry again, will you tell your wife about your transvestism?

A. No. I would like to have her understanding and tolerance, but that can't be expected.

Her training and environment would be different than mine. Considering how people are brought up, what ideas and beliefs they usually have, and what they are led to expect from each other, it could not be expected that she would understand. If she knew of my desires, she would be apt to be disappointed. She would have thought of me as an average male, one with "masculine" ways—and therefore a male who dressed as a male.

I could, of course, furnish her with arguments, and maybe proof, that a male could enjoy feminine clothing, and still be as much a male, if not more so, than another man. But that would not be enough; it would not outdo the effects of her early indoctrination.

Should I marry again, I would most likely continue the practice, but to a lesser degree, and in private.

Q. Have you ever appeared in public in feminine dress?

A. No. As you probably know, to appear that way in public is illegal.

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While there may not be a specific law against "transvestism"—a law using that term, that is—one would probably be arrested under a disorderly conduct charge.

A. You must be referring to the surgical changes that Christine Jorgensen, Roberta Colwell, and others have undergone. No. I am a transvestite, not a transexualist. A transexual is not satisfied with feminine dress alone. He wants to be a woman as completely as possible. A complete sex switch is impossible, as an elementary acquaintance with anatomy and physiology will point out.

I would fight attempts to deprive me of my male rights. I am attracted to women, to feminine women, and would not wish it otherwise. I am extremely fond of children, and I get kicks out of wearing women's attire, but that's as far as it goes.

Q. Do you want to be cured?

A. Do you cure a man who enjoys roast beef—or a fellow who likes to wear sport shirts, or silk underwear? In some instances psycho-therapy is helpful. As a rule, treatment is difficult and expensive. And then, too, psychiatrists can be wrong. I see no harm in transvestism, as long as it is kept in check. I have tried to stop the practice, but after a period of time, the urge returns, stronger than ever. I expect, now, that I shall always be this way.

THE END

BLOOD BATH

IN CUBA

(Continued from page 31)



in the presence of salesladies or appearing in a new girdle without slip or dress before their inspecting eyes.

In fact, I have been complimented by some on my girlish figure, though this may have been mere sales talk. In my street attire, too, this has helped me greatly in presenting an even and smart appearance to my bust, instead of the flat-bosomed and boyish appearance I used to pretend to cultivate. Now sans beard and with well-rounded breasts, I am always accepted for what I appear to be, a trim, well-dressed and well-groomed woman. No one of my acquaintances has the slightest doubts concerning my sex. As the result of my years of training and being constantly on guard, I even unconsciously think of and refer to myself as one of the feminine gender. I do not have any strain now in keeping my role, which has grown to be second nature to me. I am accepted as a serious-minded young woman who likes a good time but who abhors anything pertaining to sex matters. No longer do I feel embarrassment when, in other girls' homes, they change their clothes, for I had schooled myself to this long ago by forcing myself to watch them and compliment them on their figures.

I have been a secretary now for nearly five years, having been promoted as a result of my efficient work as a stenographer. My boss doesn't dream that he and I are brothers under the skin. Everyone is kind and courteous to Miss Cooke. For the most part I have had little difficulty with mashers. On vacation one year a "sex maniac" attempted to attack me, but my screams brought people to the rescue and I escaped unhurt and without loss of reputation or knowledge of my true sex being revealed.

I live alone now. My older sister died in childbirth. My other sister, who was always my best friend, has since married, and I am "Aunt Alice" to her two boys and little girl. She, too, no longer thinks of me as anything but a sister and frequently we talk of the old days when we were growing up. She claims that she raised me right and made a "good woman" out of the poor material I furnished her. She and one other are the only living souls who now know my secret. The other is a doctor to whom I have had to go for medical treatment a few times. He was very kind to me after I had told him my history and why I had assumed the feminine role. Once he was assured that I was not a homosexual he swore to keep my secret and treat me when I am ill. Of course the whole secret will come out at my death, but I shall not be here to worry about that then. My physical handicaps together with economic reasons alone forced me into the role I am playing.

Marriage for me is, of course, out of the question. I have often thought that if I could meet some girl who was posing as a man I might consent to go through the marriage ceremony and change my "Miss" to a "Mrs." Thus far I have not found one, and have not looked for one. Before taking that step, I should have to be absolutely certain that such a one would respect my secret until death before I marry. Probably I shall never find such a one. My wants are few now. I have a fine position and a tidy sum in the bank for a rainy day. I have been able to help my sister financially with some of her problems and I am a real aunt to her children. I belong to two girls' clubs and attend all their functions; I dance regularly and enjoy myself. I avoid petting parties, of course, though at times I have allowed my head to rest on another boy's shoulder. Only once has a boy dared to put his arm around me; such a liberty has never been taken with me a second time.

STILL HUNTING

Being twenty nine years of age and single I have wondered how wonderful it might be to have one's wife or girl friend dress one up delightful brasieres and panties, gorgeous lace edged slips, a panty girdle and nylons with pretty garters also high heels with a party frock.

I have hunted and hunted for the girl of my dreams who would do such as that but lo and behold my dreams have never been answered.

I wonder how many men are in the same situation as I and I wonder how many femmes desire to have their fellow dress such as they do.

Understand the very very unlikelihood of ever being able to communicate with such of the opposite sex. I wonder, if you would be able to print this in a coming issue. Perhaps there are women who would like to express their feelings more certainly than have been published before.

DREAMY

