

TRANSVESTISM



CHAPTER 1

What Is Transvestism?

"Transvestism is a term applied to a persistent desire to wear garments of the opposite sex," explains George W. Henry, M.D. in *All The Sexes*, "a desire so strong that the transvestite yields to it whenever it is feasible to do so. The interest may be primarily in the apparel itself, but often the clothing has enough erotic value to facilitate the wearer's sexual arousal. Sexual associations with clothing may be narcissistic, homosexual or heterosexual. As with other sex variant phenomena, there are innumerable variations and combinations.

"Interest displayed in dressing as a member of the opposite sex is most frequently noted in childhood. This interest is often fostered, or at least condoned, by adults. Although indications of transvestism may be evident in childhood, anomaly in dress is not given serious consideration unless it persists after puberty."

Transvestism is also called cross-dressing and "eonism". As far back as 1910, the famous sexologist Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, author of many works on this anomaly, termed it cross-dressing. Several decades before, Havelock Ellis termed it "eonism", named after the Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont (1728-1810), a French diplomatic agent under Louis XV. D'Eon lived in London, disguised as a woman with such success that not until his death was it discovered that he was actually a male!

Kraft-Ebbing who also prepared one of the earliest medical analyses of transvestism, erroneously called it a "metamorphosis sexualis paranoica." It was an encouraging start which alerted other psychologists to the problem of cross-dressing.

In 1910, Magnus Hirschfeld studied the situation and in his book on transvestism, explains that there are basically five different types of males who like to dress as females:

1. The heterosexual male who has purely heterosexual urges but enjoys feminine clothing.

2. The bi-sexual male who has a sexual attraction toward aggressive women and effeminate men. Such a male will don female apparel with aggressive women.

3. The homosexual male who imagines himself to be a complete woman only if he is dressed as a female.

4. The narcissistic male; here, the individual loves to examine and study himself, to worship himself and finds delight in feminine apparel as a means of enhancing self-beauty.

5. The asexual male who is usually impotent and uses transvestism as an "excuse" for his lack of maleness. Since he cannot properly function as a male, he prefers to dress and feel like a female.

There are misconceptions about the relationship between homosexuality and transvestism. Dr. Hirschfeld commented on this belief by saying, "Today, we are in a position to say with every certainty that, just as there are homosexuals who are not transvestites, so there are transvestites who have no homosexual tendencies whatever and feel sexually drawn to the opposite sex alone. Transvestism therefore is a condition that occurs independently and must be considered separately from any other sexual anomaly."

We can see how these two anomalies have some connection but there is no permanent intermingling of the two. Havelock Ellis also agreed with this viewpoint when he

said, "Eonism is a remarkably common anomaly; in my own experience it comes next in frequency to homosexuality among sexual deviations. In ordinary life the subjects present no startlingly unusual traits and may seem quite ordinarily masculine, but sometimes sensitive and reserved, often devoted to their wives, but seldom of vigorous sexual temperament.

"Their secret ideals are usually unsuspected, even by those nearest to them. Not all of them desire to adopt cross-dressing but when they do, it is with complete success, very skillfully, and with a minute and almost instinctive adoption of little feminine ways, which, they feel, come to them naturally. Male eonists sometimes feel an almost passionate longing for a woman's experiences. In mental ability they are above the average.

"On the psychic side, as I view it, the Eonist is embodying, in an extreme degree, the esthetic attribute of imitation of, and identification with, the admired object. It is normal for a man to identify himself with the woman he loves. The Eonist carries that identification too far, stimulated by a sensitive and feminine element in himself which is associated with a rather defective virile sexuality on what may be a neurotic basis.

"An abnormal childhood, with too close attachment to the mother, who may herself be rather abnormal, seems sometimes to encourage the appearance of Eonism."

Recently, Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey in his mammoth study on male sexual habits, also found that more transvestites are among us than is generally suspected. He also learned that many of such individuals have a strong urge for either sadism or masochism. Said Dr. Kinsey, "There are many cases of transvestism which are associated with sado-masochism. Then the masochistic male wishes to be identified as a female in order to be subjugated as males might, conceivably, subjugate a female . . . It is clear that transvestism depends very

largely upon the individual's capacity to be conditioned psychologically. There are few phenomena which more strikingly illustrate the force of psychologic conditioning. It is therefore highly significant to find that an exceedingly large proportion of the transvestites are anatomically males who wish to assume the role of the female in the social organization."

Current psychologists have learned that the average transvestite is masochistically inclined. He is unable to conform to the social dictum that the male be aggressive and the female passive. In order to erase any guilt feelings when he adopts the passive role in sexuality, the male finds refuge in feminine clothes. He imagines himself to be a female in frilly and dainty silk and lace garments, including skyscraper high heeled shoes. Obviously, rough-hewn overalls and man-nish clothing do not blend in with a masochistic and passive instinct.

The Encyclopedia of Aberrations tells us, "Transvestism has been studied quite extensively by many physicians and psychiatrists throughout the years and they have learned some very interesting facts about this phenomenon. What is the mental make-up of the transvestite? The act of cross-dressing may be relatively unimportant in itself but may dramatize phantasy if the pervert looks at his image in a mirror when so clothed. He must not only dress in the clothing of the opposite sex but he must have a constant image of himself in that dress.

"Although homosexuals may dress up as women to increase or vary their attractions to other men, the true male transvestite obtains sexual gratification from pretending to be a woman, and his phantasy is facilitated by wearing her clothing. In appearance, manners and interests they seem and feel more feminine than masculine and naturally adopt the little characteristic mannerisms of women. Investigation often shows that as children, their play and general behavior

was girlish, and as they grew older they acquired feminine rather than masculine occupations, associating and identifying themselves with women in preference to men.

"It is important to distinguish this type from the homosexual as they pass their lives with no sign of sexual interest in their own sex. Perhaps both are derived from the same physical type, but in the true transvestite, early homosexual seduction appears to be unusual and sexual activity is confined to phantasy and auto-erotic habits."

The well-known Dr. Hugo G. Beigel, in speaking of transvestism, says it is, "The disposition of a man for wearing women's dresses or of a woman for wearing men's clothing is considered a perversion and, if practiced publicly, a public nuisance. Transvestism may have one of its roots in the protest against one's sex role and is closely related to . . . fetichism."

This same belief is echoed by Dr. Kinsey when he wrote, "In not a few instances, transvestism develops out of a fetichistic interest in the clothing or some part of the clothing of the opposite sex. The adoption of the clothing of the opposite sex may not modify the original sexual history of the individual, whether it was heterosexual or homosexual."

CHAPTER 2

The Reasons For Transvestism

Why do males enjoy dressing as females? Among the many observations and explanations given, first and foremost are the two fears—the castration anxiety and the masochistic compulsion.

Dr. Otto Fenichel advanced the explanation that the transvestite has a castration anxiety and he fears losing his sexual organs. When the male dresses in female clothing, he assumes the personality of a female. This illusion assures him that as a female, he possesses no external sex organs and has nothing to fear. Hence, there is relief for his castration anxiety. Dr. Fenichel related this castration anxiety to many deviational practices, however, so it is not a hard and fast explanation. But, there are many transvestites who escape to the safe world of female clothing because of this anxiety so it has partial application.

The second and most prominent cause is that of masochism. In explaining about this reason, Dr. David O. Cauldwell reports, "When we think of the days of corsets when women were painfully laced into the unhealthy contraptions, it is surprising to learn that there are male transvestites who are happy only when laced as tightly as possible into a corset and wearing painfully small shoes with extremely high heels. This, of course, involves masochism (sexual stimulation through pain or punishment) or fetishism (sexual stimulation through sight, touch and smell of certain objects or articles.) The latter includes various parts of the body. It

should be stated that because of persistence and devotion to cross-dressing, transvestites almost universally make a fetish of their obsession. Furthermore, the obsession often becomes a compulsion."

Many male adults still recall how, during their childhood, they were punished for being naughty by being forced to wear a dress or girlish garments. Childhood influences are very powerful. It is understood that the sexual preferences of adults are influenced almost entirely by childhood conditioning and experiences. A child who is forced to wear a dress and then punished for "acting like a child" develops a possible craving for this type of activity—later it emerges into a transvestism-masochism compulsion.

Humiliation is another form of sexual gratification for the masochist. And to be forced to wear girlish bloomers and silken slips and panties is just the form of punishment which becomes exciting. Transvestism, therefore, accompanies masochism when the individual craves to be completely subjugated and humiliated—this is accomplished when a male is dominated by the female and the male wears girlish dresses and silk underthings . . . ordered to do so by the female. It is a humiliation to his male pride and it is precisely the emotion which he seeks as satisfaction for his masochistic instinct.

Often, just an innocent remark may have quite a jarring influence on a boy which may turn him toward the road to transvestism. Kenneth Walker, M.D., in the *Physiology of Sex* tells of a patient he treated: Aged thirty, an artist by profession. As far back as he can remember, he has always wanted to be a girl and whenever he was given the chance to do so he dressed himself up in girls' clothes. Only then did he feel happy and at ease. He can remember an incident that happened when he was an infant lying on his nurse's knees after a bath. Why you might be a little girl,' his nurse murmured in his ear as she dried him.

"This was exactly what he wanted to be even then, and

he recalls how happy he was for a whole week after the incident. The desire grew stronger as he became older. He heartily disliked the things his fellow school boys liked and preferred instead girlish occupations, a preference which did not make school life easier for him. As a youth he had no sexual feelings toward either sex.

"At the age of twenty-four, and in spite of the absence of real sexual desire, he married, in all probability because he had found a capable and affectionate girl who was eager to look after him. Two children were born and outwardly he and his wife appeared to be a contented and happily married couple. But he was very far from being happy for the desire to be a transvestite was as strong as ever in him, so strong at times that it became unbearable.

"When their elder child was five years old, his wife asked him to cease dressing himself up in female clothes in the privacy of home, as he had formerly done. She did this with good reason believing that it would be confusing for the child to see his father in woman's attire."

But to part with his female clothing made the male most frantic. He became wild, stabbed himself with a pair of scissors and horribly mutilated himself so that he could no longer function as a male. He was a frightened individual thereafter and extremely ill. "Life would be intolerable for him but for two things," concludes Dr. Walker. "His interest in his art, for which he has considerable talent, and the remarkable understanding of his wife."

Dr. Walker advances two possible causes for transvestism: 1 — a defective endocrine balance. 2 — psychogenic causes. "It is probable that both of these factors play a part in its production and that their relative importance varies in different cases."

The transvestite is not an odd-looking creature as many ill-informed persons would suppose. Dr. Walker tells us, "I am told that a small coterie of these unhappy people often

meet together in London and that an outsider at one of these reunions would be hard put to decide the sex of its various members, some being dressed in accordance with their actual sex and others in harmony with their desires.

"Yet, many who suffer from transvestism appear outwardly to be completely normal and their burning desire to belong to the opposite sex is entirely unsuspected by their friends. Some of them even marry and have children, but when they do so, their inner secret longings usually become known to their marriage partners. Male eonists often have a longing for a woman's experience of pregnancy and motherhood."

CHAPTER 3

The Secret Life of an Eonist

What are some of the customs and habits of an eonist? It is interesting to observe the following report which appeared in the *Alienist and Neurologist*, a medical journal which commented upon the secret life of an eonist named Commander James Robbins. Part of this story appeared in the *Journal of Lewiston, Maine*.

Commander James Robbins, of Cooper's Mills in Maine, is one of the prominent men of his community, a citizen generally esteemed as a man of integrity and intelligence. Mr. Robbins has a brilliant war record. His house is a neat cottage house on the brow of the hill as one drives into the Mills. In the narrow front hallway is Mr. Robbins' bench, lathe and tools (he is a jeweler), and here you will find him placidly working away at the tiny wheels and springs.

If you are on sufficiently intimate terms with Mr. Robbins you will find him indulging in his hobby. He has one, like most of us. In his case the hobby is startlingly picturesque and it may be safely said that he is the most original man in the State of Maine, so far as his curious fancy is concerned. He wears petticoats! Not when he goes down the street for the mail or to do his marketing. At these times he slips on the masculine pantaloons. Yet he does not wear his trousers even like the ordinary masculinity. No suspenders for him. He wears a sort of dress about his hips. He always wears a woman's No. 6 shoe with high heels and graceful, slender shape. Mr. Robbins weighs something like 180 pounds, and

the effect produced by those shoes peeping coyly out from beneath manly trouser legs is startling, to say the least. Mr. Robbins doesn't mince or toddle, and his shoes seem to fit him pretty well.

He reserves his petticoats for the sanctity of the home circle, for the partial retirement of his orchard, and for calls upon neighbors with whom his acquaintance is close. Mr. Robbins isn't squeamish about showing himself in petticoats. He enjoys wearing them; he has worn them when opportunity has presented all his life long, and he wears them scientifically, too. In the first place, there's no half-way business about it. Every detail of feminine attire is there, and Mr. Robbins is rightly fussy about the details.

He takes pride in having only the best. His lingerie is elaborately tucked and ruffled, edged with lace and fashioned according to the most approved models of any lady's wardrobe. The material is of the finest quality and when Mr. Robbins lifts his skirts the eye gets a vision of ruffles, lace and "all such like" of dazzling whiteness and immaculate smoothness.

He is very particular about his ironing. Everything must be starched "up to the handle" and sometimes Mrs. Robbins finds her hands full and her clothes horse loaded down like a pack donkey. Amazed neighbors, who were not fully aware of the extent of Mr. Robbins' hobby have been obliged to ask for more details when Mrs. Robbins has laconically informed them that "It is Jim's ironing."

Mr. Robbins' hosiery is of the longest sort and it is currently rumored that the stockings are hitched up at the sides. His corsets he has made especially for his girth, and these he wears continually. His shape is fairly good, especially when he dresses up for afternoons. In the morning he wears print gowns, for he assists in the housework. Almost every morning Mr. Robbins in his print gown is seen sweeping off the piazza and whisking about the kitchen.

He wears petticoats at home almost exclusively, putting on the garb as soon as he enters the house. For afternoon wear his gowns are elaborate. Some of them are made by Mr. Robbins and some are fashioned by local dressmakers. One cashmere dress is quite a favorite, and this is frequently worn by Mr. Robbins when he promenades in the orchard. He has lots of these good clothes, all of fashionable cut, puffed sleeves, and all the fixin's that go to lend grace and dignity. Usually he wears an apron, and especially so when at his bench. The apron is white, ordinarily, and has a bib with ruffled straps and pockets. Therefore, does Mr. Robbins present a somewhat unique appearance as he works away in the afternoons or sits and converses with his wife.

Look at the gown and you see a stylish attired woman. But the face is very manly indeed. Mr. Robbins would be marked in any crowd. His face is full and he wears a mustache that possibly owes a colour to art. His hair is long, black and curly, his voice deep and full, and there's nothing effeminate about him except his attire.

This, of course, is rather extreme but it indicates the devotion an Eonist will give to his way of life!

CHAPTER 4

The Professional Female Impersonator

Males impersonating females upon the stage, in the theatre, are as old as the theatre itself. As far back as in the days of Shakespeare, all roles were adopted by males since it was considered undignified for females to appear on the stage. In particular, boys who did not yet shave were especially desirable to take female parts, donning wigs, wearing satin and silk gowns of brocaded velvet and lace.

The centuries-old Kabukai Theatre of Japan—endowed by the Imperial Empress—was composed strictly of males in female parts. Today, the Kabukai is still one of the most brilliant theatrical groups in the world . . . and they consist of transvestites!

In our own land, we can see examples of female impersonators in the Hasty Pudding Club and Powdered Wig Society of Yale and Harvard Universities. All participants of these theatrical clubs are males. When they appear on the stage, they take the part of females, attired in feminine garments.

In motion pictures, we have seen Charley's Aunt in which a female impersonator plays the dual role of Charley and his Aunt. Many noted actors such as Jack Benny, Ray Bolger and others have successfully been impersonators—or transvestites—and highly acclaimed for their skill.

Some Like It Hot, featuring Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon consists entirely of transvestism. These two actors disguise themselves as females, join an all-girl band, travel to

Florida, live as females and even make love to girls in their guise as females. At the very end, as they escape from their pursuers, in a speedboat, Jack Lemmon (who has been courted by Joe E. Brown) confesses that he is a male and they cannot get married. To this, Joe E. Brown calmly remarks, "Well nobody's perfect!"

Psycho, another film, also dealt with transvestism as the surprise twist. Anthony Perkins lives alone with his mother in a house adjoining a motel. A girl comes to the motel for a room but is cruelly mutilated and murdered by the mother. When a detective comes to investigate the missing girl, he, too, is murdered by the mother. And finally, when the dead girl's relatives come to seek her, they are about to be murdered when someone intervenes. At this crucial point, the camera shows the hidden man suddenly seizing the mother—but it turns out to be Anthony Perkins, in his mother's dress and wearing her wig! And it later is brought out that the mother had been dead for five years and remains in the house in a stuffed condition. Taxidermy has been young Perkins' hobby and he certainly made good use of it on his own mother! And as a transvestite, he assumes the role of his mother and she is responsible for the killings, not himself.

This, of course, does not show much sympathy for the transvestite and creates a wrong impression. The transvestite, of all sexual aberrations, is the most *harmless*. He most certainly does not have murderous instincts. History has shown that the eonist is a delicate and sensitive creature. But if Psycho has achieved any results, it is one: the fact that transvestism exists!

At the latest count, we have less than 100 professional female impersonators who confine their activities to the night club and burlesque fields of entertainment. Why does a man choose to become a female impersonator?

Tony Midnight, a former female mimic and mid-western designer of costumes was recently interviewed. He is a pro-

fessional female impersonator. "We don't want to become women," says Tony. "We just impersonate them on the stage." In his early 30's, Tony has the distinction of being an expert craftsman with G-Strings. Each year, on Chicago's South Side, there is an annual Halloween Ball. During this one particular day, transvestism becomes legal and the throngs come out. It is an opportunity for impersonators to display their abilities and receive appreciation for the fine craftsmanship of wearing female clothes with good taste. What started Tony in female impersonating? Here are his own words:

"I started in a chorus line when I was not quite 16. It was in New Orleans. There were supposed to be eight girls in the line, but really three of us were boys. The director said she liked it better. She said the boys were a lot less trouble than the girls. Most of the boys in the business start in similar ways. They just sort of fall into it. It's a real art—mastering the actions, the costume and the makeup to create a real illusion. It's quite a challenge. Actually, many get so much money involved in costumes, that they can hardly get out."

Another impersonator is young Mario Costello; a former singer with Xavier Cugat, he was born in Puerto Rico and has lived in the States since he was 9. With a dark, Latin complexion and thick, black hair that hangs in loose waves, someone suggested to Mario that he would make a good impersonator. He tried it and is quite successful, having appeared in Finocchio's at San Francisco, the My-O-My, Angel Room as well as the famous Florida entertainment circuit called Jewel Box Review; Mario, incidentally, was a football player in high school.

Mario owns a white mink stole that is valued at \$5000. The gowns of impersonators may be priced as high as \$1000 or more, for each. When the boys prepare for the show, in their dressing rooms, they start first with the sheer silk stockings; then the five inch heeled shoes. Usually, the shoes are

gaily colored in blue or green or "shocking pink" which is startling under the spotlight. The vamp may boast a beautiful multi-colored bow, a diamond, perhaps a glittering red ruby. Sometimes, the shoes are studded with diamonds and rhinestones and produce an exhilarating effect on stage. As in all forms of show business, female impersonating requires careful dressing.

Female impersonators slick down their hair, skin-tight to the scalp with the use of a moist piece of soap. Make-up consists of a jar of theatrical grease-paint. From hairline to cleavage, the make-up is completely applied. Since the shoulders, back and other parts of the body will be revealed, makeup must cover all of these areas. The eyebrows are likewise slicked down with moist soap. Many impersonators have no time for eyebrow pasting and prefer to have them plucked into pencil-line shape at a beauty parlor.

To complete the "boudoir" look that is a "must" among show people, the boys apply mascara and eye shadow. They also use false eyelashes, the black, curled and long ones that add lustre to their eyes. Some impersonators like "flitter"—tiny sparkling particles—fastened to their eyelids.

Once the greasepaint is thoroughly applied, next comes foundation paint and makeup, followed by red lipstick donned with a brush upon the lips.

It is said that Tony Midnite has a platinum wig of long, silky tresses, insured for \$500. To cover his hairline, Tony applies a white compound called "clown white" which hides the dark hair so that it does not show through the wigline. Spirit gum fastens the wig to the scalp. A female impersonator will spend more time with his wig than any other wearing apparel because detection is usually made by the exposed hairline. If an impersonator or transvestite is successful in the art of wig-application, he can delude many people. The impersonator treats his wig with loving care; nightly, he puts the wig on a wigmaker's block, combing the tresses, then

brushing it as thoroughly, if not more, than he would to his own hair.

How is cleavage possible? Tony Midnight says, "Simple." He uses adhesive tape, about three inches wide. "You tape your chest to make the crease." He shadows the indented area with brown and blue make-up. This creates an image of depth. Another boy applies the tape from armpit to armpit, forcing the pectorals together. Those who are less muscular must content themselves with a smaller bosom.

Some impersonators will perform as strip-teasers and deceive even the most discerning of audiences. Such strip-teasers select appropriate G-strings. A favorite is black nylon lace over fine satin and edge-trimmed with ruffled nylon lace, in colors of black and pink or black and gold. Some males prefer a matched fringed strip panty and bra set in a charreusse or turquoise set. For the more experienced impersonators who defy detection, they may wear a sequin trimmed hip fringe and patch set. One impersonator always wears a pleasant G-panty and French show bra set with imported lace over deluxe satin. Favorite colors are black ruffled lace trim over red, green or blue satin. As always, the female impersonator aims for color, brilliance of shimmering sequins and rhinestones. It's part of the act.

Some are so perfect in their craft that they wear pasties. Only those who are very, very close can detect a flat chest. The preferred is a beadette pasty with a tiny breast cup, each tipped with a simulated pearl and rimmed with a row of sparkling rhinestones within a circle of small simulated pearls.

As for hosiery, impersonators are impeccable. The seams must be perfectly straight. The impersonators usually wear garter belts, girdles and corsets which pinch in the figure to an hour glass shape. All of this adds to the appearance. There are many who agree that few women can boast of such perfection of fashion as the female impersonator.

CHAPTER 5

"Why I Love To Wear Dresses"

TOMMY, AGE 22, SINGLE

My desire to wear dresses as much as possible began when I was a very small boy. I was the only male child in a family of daughters and there was little enough money to spend on clothes. My mother did not make a fuss over me but gave me some of my sisters' dresses to wear; until I was about 8 or 9, at home, I usually wore old dresses or other feminine apparel. I did not object to this because I had hoped that by being a girl (even if in dress only) my family would accept me. I loved the feel of soft silk, delicate bloomers against my hips. It was sheer heaven if I could put on a pair of silk stockings, even if they were full of runs.

Once, hoping to further please my parents, I sneaked into my sister's bedroom and searched through her closet and dresser drawers. To my pleasant surprise, I discovered a pair of brand new skin-tight panties. They were sheer, with just the barest tinge of pink. As I daringly slipped into these panties, I could hardly control my emotions as the high cut French leg line, trimmed with saucy blue ribbons and loads of green nylon ruching, graced my thighs. Next came the brassiere which was milky white; the bust building ups were wired for an extra lift and molding . . . it was overlaid with nylon lace for lovely feminine appeal. The brassiere also featured breathing nylon leno sides and back with the same slight boning as in front, for sure, stay-put fit. The low back and the plunge front made it an exciting strapless creation.

The honey colored silk stockings were like soft zephyr breezes against my naked legs as I slipped into these heavenly creations. I made certain the seams were straight and examined myself in the mirror. Finally, I put on a one-piece nylon shorty which just barely reached my thighs. It was prettily and permanently pleated and hem-trimmed with ruching, scoop-necked and slit at the sides for a sensational effect. The shorty was a blooming rose color. No sooner had I slipped into my skyscraper shoes with unbelievably thin 8 inch heels, than the door opened and two of my sisters entered . . . catching me in the act!

But instead of being punished, they treated me with understanding. They laughed, kissed me and said that I looked just like a little girl. Everyone loved me, even my father. They all said that if I ever wanted to play at being a "girl," I was to just go right ahead.

Gradually, I added more frilly clothes to my own little wardrobe. I just loved long, black silk stage hosiery, and I thrilled to be secured in a waist-nipper or bone-ribbed corset. And my sister would certainly lace me into a corset so tightly that I could scarcely breathe. I had become the center of attraction when beforehand I was hardly even noticed.

Of course, in school and when playing with my friends, I had to wear boyish clothes. But I could hardly wait to come home and dress like a girl. Later, I was taught how to put on lipstick, mascara, powder with a fluffy puff, rouge and eyelash shadow. My curly brown hair made me look like a pixie. It was this affection from my family which I sought. And if it took feminine clothes to make them love me, I was only too willing to cooperate.

Now, at this writing, I'm in my early 20's and I live by myself. But at home, even though I no longer need to seek family love, I find that I simply *must* wear dresses and girlish clothes. Would you like to know how I get dressed, as soon as I come home?

I put my hair up in pin curls, slip into wispy panties and a tiny lace bra, then a frilly slip. Then I get into a gorgeous scoop sheath gown of shimmering satin. My favorite is a pale golden gown with a moist green tint. Delicate silken laces peek through to the rustling silken midriff. Wasp-waist, the gown is tight around my hips.

I love to wear high heeled shoes of shantung green to match this gown. Sometimes I wear black mesh stage hose or seamless silk hosiery. For an added thrill, I wear velvet gloves. Also, a glittering bracelet around my left wrist.

Unknown to my family, I had my ears pierced. One of these days I'll surprise my family by wearing earrings of shining pearls or emeralds.

What do they all say about my-cross-dressing? My mother and father love me as their "little darling" or "just like a little girl." My sister has accepted me and I no longer feel the pangs of loneliness as I did when I was an "outsider."

CHAPTER 6

"The Case of The Married Transvestite"

Is it easy for a transvestite to marry and continue on with his strange practice? Apparently, such things can be done. In his book, *All The Sexes*, noted George W. Henry, M.D. tells of a patient he treated, named Rudolph, who was so addicted to cross-dressing that he just could not resist this temptation. How did it begin? Rudolph told Dr. Henry:

"As a boy, I was dressed so prettily that my sisters were jealous of me. One time they got so sore that they threw me in a brook to see how I looked, covered with mud. They couldn't get boys' shoes to fit me because I had such a high instep. So I wore girls' shoes. I wore women's shoes on the street until ten years ago, and I still do when I can get them with low heels. People used to make fun of me.

"My older sister was a dressmaker. She needed a figure on which to drape her dresses, and she used me for a few years. I must have been twelve when it started. That attracted me to female attire and made me want to be a girl. In the beginning it was a sort of fetishism. I liked women's dresses, the feel of the material, especially the feel of velvet. I have a beautiful picture of Madame Pompadour. She wore material that gave me a thrill.

"When I was fifteen, I discovered a flowered bathing suit in my sister's closet. Mother let me keep it, and I wore it as a combination corset cover and drawers. At first I was interested just in underwear, and I didn't do much about dress-

ing in female attire until I was nineteen. The very first thing I had was an apron that I put on over my pants to simulate a dress. As I got more money I went into it more extensively. Now I have a wardrobe of about a hundred dresses and costumes of all kinds which I wear as my fancy dictates."

Rudolph admits that, "At home, I wear dresses all the time. I wear complete female underwear, even on the street. I wear lace as much as possible and old-fashioned lingerie. My wife knew about my desire for women's clothes, but she never approved. We had a continual fight about the dresses. At one time, she made the dresses for me. And at another she would tear them off. I have kept my hair long. I had Titian hair like my mother's. I wore it pinned up. I didn't go to a barber for twenty-five years. I had lots of fights with my wife about that."

Rudolph has children. They know about his transvestism practices. What are their reactions. Rudolph answers, "My children got used to it. My daughter was my pet. She called me her 'papa-lady.' She used to send me presents that would appeal to a woman. When the children got older, they didn't care so much for it. My son felt somewhat ashamed."

Rudolph says that he has problems with his wife. She could not sympathise herself with his ways and she left him. Rudolph was masochistic and required that his wife be more aggressive, even to the point of sadism but she did not understand. "In having relations with her, I had thought of myself as a woman. That's why I wanted to be under her. She did it that way once or twice. I wanted her to be a woman, but I wanted her to be aggressive. I object to anything that is not normal in the female. I didn't have to dress as a woman to have relations with her, and I didn't want her dressed as a man. I just thought of myself as a woman. My wife could have been happy if she had given in to my desires."

Unfortunately, Rudolph's wife could not go along with his oddity, and the marriage fell apart. Rudolph now lives

alone in a small apartment cluttered with figures and portraits of women and with forms upon which he displayed his favorite costumes.

Dr. Henry sums up the case by explaining, "His sexual associations with transvestism were only incidental. The motivations were almost entirely narcissistic—he wished to be admired as a female. His preferred sexual outlet was masturbation, stimulated by the fantasy of a man dressed in a woman's clothing."

CHAPTER 7

Transvestism And The Desire To Be An Exhibitionist

There is an interrelation between transvestism and the desire to be an exhibitionist. (To reveal the body as naked as possible, especially exposure of the sexual organs.) Havlock Ellis describes a case he treated, a 30 year old artist who is identified discreetly as only "A.T." Here, in the words of "A.T.", you can see how the transvestite urge blends with the exhibitionistic urge.

"Dressed as a girl I seem actually to become a girl. With my feet in high heeled shoes, and my legs looking exactly like those of a girl in black silk openwork stockings; feeling the clasp of my elaborate garters and the tickling of the frills of my drawers; clad in a delicate delicious chemise; laced to the utmost in shapely corsets; with a foam of lace petticoats round my ankles; with my neck and arms bare, and my bosom and shoulders rising nude out of the chiffons of a low-cut evening bodice, I look like a woman, and I feel like one, and then I seem to want a man to expose the charms of my person and clothing (to become naked), to kiss and caress me, while I give myself up to him in I know not what mad orgie of lascivious and voluptuous pleasure."

This young man then gives an insight into his secret longing to be an exhibitionist. "There still remains my extraordinary delight in nakedness and exposure. This is a matter of feeling as well as seeing, for when, for instance, my neck and shoulders, arms and bosom are bared by a low-necked even-

ing bodice; or a set of girlishly short petticoats and drawers expose above my socks or stockings a space of naked legs or thighs I enjoy the feeling of nakedness and exposure, quite as much as the sight of it in a mirror or on a pretty girl similarly exposed."

The young man's narcissistic impulses are now clearly revealed as he tells us, "This exquisitely delicious feeling is tremendously increased in the case of my bosom when I am extra tightly laced in a pair of shapely corsets, and in the case of my legs and thighs when I have on very tight garters or the bands of my frilled drawers fit tightly round my thighs. It is almost more delightful to be thus half naked out of doors than in, and most of all to be in that condition in the presence of and before the eyes of a woman, who will give the nude parts the caresses they long for and enjoy. To be dressed like a woman, exposed before a woman, all at one and the same time, while she herself is in a state of undress and exposure has been to me the absolute height of erotic pleasure—until recently I have been assailed with the further longing to give myself thus to a male instead of a female lover, and at this point have decided that things must stop, or they will certainly get to the 'disgraceful' stage which they have not yet reached. I think I have the necessary will power to stop this." Such a statement confirms the fact that not all transvestites are homosexually inclined.

Furthermore, says the artist, "I could not see a woman undress without at once being mad to put on her underclothing and experience again all the exquisitely pleasurable sensations of being myself feminine. So potent has this erotic fetishism become that I can hardly tear myself away from the windows of an underclothing shop, or that of a corsetiere, while the sight of a girl's or a woman's accidentally exposed legs, petticoats or drawers will sometimes almost madden me with pleasure."

In summation, let us peep into A.T.'s innermost intimate

thoughts and see his emotions when he has dressed in feminine clothes. This young man's feelings echo the many thousands, perhaps millions of males who feel a compulsion to wear feminine clothes:

"Dressed in elaborate female underthings; corsetted and laced to the last gasp; low-bodiced and short-skirted; conscious of my exposed legs, my high-heeled shoes and tight garters; with the froth of billowy lace petticoats and flounced drawers round my thighs; with my breasts heaving in exquisite nakedness; and with the long hair of my wig flowing over my bare neck and shoulders and in this condition shamelessly displaying myself before a pretty woman, I become absolutely intoxicated with the exquisite femininity of my feelings and I feel that the next development of wanting a male lover would be actual madness and so must be resisted with all the means in my power."

CHAPTER 8

Curious Pleasures Of Transvestism

T. S. IN HIS 40's.

Another curious case of the strange pleasures of transvestism was recorded by Havelock Ellis with regards to a man identified only as T. S., who has always enjoyed wearing clothes of the opposite sex. Even at the age of 8, the boy would dream of himself in skirts, especially bright colors.

He recalls that he was disliked by his mother and she would frequently threaten to dress him in his sister's clothes but did not actually do so because his father would interfere. He recounts how he had always been forced to part his hair in the middle "like a baby girl." He was constantly told that he looked like a girl.

His first experience in actual cross-dressing took place when his elder sister forced him to don female clothes. T. S. was about 15 at the time. Here are his experiences in his own words, "My elder sister dressed me, and I remember her regret that my hair was not long enough to be curled as then 'nobody could guess you're not a girl.'" From that moment on, he became addicted to women's clothes. He travelled the world over, had his share of male and female companionship but always loved to dress himself in feminine clothes. He soon married and was at a loss as to initiate the suggestion that he wear feminine apparel. On an impulse, he once put on a pretty dressing gown of his wife. She sat up in bed and exclaimed, "Oh, how feminine that makes you!"

"I seized the opportunity, and she looked on in glee, I dressed myself in the clothes she had taken off.

"That was the beginning. She took her favorite sister into her confidence; her sister must see me dressed as a woman; for a time it was regarded as a joke. Then I think I betrayed my extreme content in women's dress and her instincts turned. We came to a sort of understanding; I might do what I chose when she was *not* in the house. And she was to hear nothing of my doings.

"We did not adhere strictly to this agreement, but it served its purpose inasmuch as our good relations remained undisturbed. On one occasion she took a dislike to a dress when it came home from the dressmaker; she allowed me to buy it from her and I had it altered a little 'for my sister,' to fit me. I took over other gowns from time to time, bought underclothing, shoes, etc., and finally, after experiments, had a woman's wig made.

"*A propos* those experiments, among others hired for 'private theatricals' I tried a black one. That was the only time I ever was dissatisfied with my appearance *habille en femme*; black hair gave me so markedly the look of a prostitute, I was filled with disgust.

"On the other hand, the first wig I ever tried created an effect exactly the reverse; it was one of the moments of my life when I saw myself completely transformed for the first time. I was then 43 years of age.

"My wife and her sister are the only people who have seen me in skirt, save occasional messengers coming when I have been alone in the house. I used to prepare for such occasions; wearing hat and veil to justify gloves—I always feared my hands would betray—I would make sure it was not a visitor, then open the door, acting my part.

"To be called Ma'am delighted me. I do not think I was ever suspected. Health compelled my wife to winter abroad; I made the most of it, sending the maids out that I might be

free. As already said, my sister-in-law was my only confidante. I once asked if it offended to have me dress as a woman. She reflected: 'It would in anyone else I know, but somehow it doesn't in you.' And, after a pause, a laugh: 'It seems natural for you to be a woman!'

"When first I began to dress as a woman, I was offended by the fact that it induced erection; this irritated me greatly, but before very long, as I became more and more used to skirts, there was no disagreeable effect. I could entirely forget I am a man."

The transvestite also gives an interesting observation of masculinity vs. femininity "I have worked much with men and with women and my conviction that the differences between the sexes has been exaggerated has been confirmed. *Man merges into woman, woman into man.*

"Methods of education, of up-bringing and dress, I believe go very far to emphasize what differences there are, save in those persons whose sexual character is particularly strong."

He also tells of a strange dream in which he actually envisioned himself becoming pregnant. "I was with child. I felt the life stirring within me and knew a moment of indescribable exaltation. I woke to find that a trifling and passing pain in the stomach was thus rendered by sleeping thought. I think I can explain this, to some extent, by my great love of children.

"To say that I adore nursing a baby is hardly adequate. A young child in my arms confers a feeling I cannot describe. Children, of course, understand and always come to me. Some years back, while on a small ship, there was among the passengers a woman with a small boy—a jolly chap at the sturdy toddling age. He came to me and we talked—I knowing no word of the language. His mother's amazement and indignation were comical. I really believe she suspected the Black Art, for my wife's assurance that children always come to me did not seem to satisfy her. There are advantages,

luxuries, boons, to obtain which some of us cannot make up our minds to face tasks we dislike. Children fall into this category with myself." Thus ended this dream in which this self-confessed transvestite expressed a strange longing to become pregnant and then enjoy motherhood!

Still another patient is described by Havelock Ellis as becoming passionate when dressing in feminine attire. In his own words, listen to:

R. L. AGE 48:

Regarding the clothes themselves, I admit frankly that they are very, very attractive to me and I love wearing them. I should like to have a complete outfit of essentially feminine things, dainty French lingerie, smart corsets which give a delicious feeling of snugness, pretty shoes and silk stockings, lovely petticoats and underskirts and smart gowns, hats, lovely furs and cloaks, coats, wraps of all kinds.

Dainty accessories such as hankies, hand bags, gloves, jewelry, perfume, sunshades, veils—all have a truly feminine lure for me. My one great desire is for a really good seal coat with a shawl collar and large cuffs of fur. To see one of these makes me very envious and this frequently happens. Hats have a great attraction, too, and I love a veil.

Now, underwear is known to have an influence on men's passionate feelings, but with me, much as I love to see it on, or in shops, yet my desire is to wear it. Except when shaving during my 'lives' I banish everything masculine, and I never see my head without a wig on nor expose my person below the waist.

Dressing is a sort of ritual; I am really 'in the spirit' and see and feel myself, to be a woman; it is pleasing to put on the clothes, especially the touch of a pretty blouse on bare arms and shoulders. The soft comfort of underwear, the clasp of corsets, the caress of petticoats around silk-stockinged legs, the smartness of shoes, together with the delightful sensation from the graceful movements, and happy frame of

mind, all combine to cause the most delicious aesthetic feelings of happiness and content, so that any sacrifice, if necessary, of such an animal passion as masculine feelings often cause, is not to be even thought of as worth weighing.

"The great desire is to be as much a gentlewoman in appearance, deportment, personality, thought and desire as possible, and whereas the details of clothes are forgotten, skirts becoming a part of oneself, yet the delicious result remains in a happy feeling which surges up now and again in the *Te Deum*: I AM A WOMAN!

"When undressing at night I like to do so slowly before the mirror (should also like a long-haired wig to sit and brush), but my feelings are simply one of peaceful happiness, in that my real self is living without conflict with my physical self which lies dormant and subject.

"In various stages of undress I proceed to the last, where I release undergarments from my shoulders and slipping on a dainty nightie, I let my things fall to the ground as a modest woman would, never revealing my deformities. Then in a pretty boudoir cap I sometimes sit and gaze in aesthetic satisfaction at my woman-self, stooping to enjoy the roundness of the slight breasts thus emphasized. Then to bed, only regretting that a loving husband, or a dear little baby is not to nestle near me."

R. L. further explains that he is *not* a homosexual as one would immediately concur from his above proclaimed love of all that is feminine in attire. He scorns any homosexual relationship and when desiring sexual relationships in his feminine attire, requires his partner to be feminine and—if she wishes—to pretend that *she* is the man.

Havelock Ellis, in analyzing the psychogenesis of this interesting patient, explains the following:

"We see that his sexual instinct is held in balance, as it were, between his native masculine nature and his ideal

feminine nature, pulled in either direction but unable to go to the full extent in either, for the ideal feminine nature prevents full enjoyment as a man, while to accept the sexual enjoyment of a woman though not yet possessing a man's body would hardly befit R. L.'s conception of a lady's behavior. We see that there is a sense (though not the usual sense) in which we can say that R. L. is an example of dual personality. But to say that would not be to offer any explanation of his condition.

"If we were to investigate him psychoanalytically, we might possibly find the influence of an infantile attachment to his mother. No attempt whatever was made to ascertain that influence, and there is nothing to show that he himself attached importance to it. So that it is all the more instructive to observe that his references to his mother, his recognition of her superiority, and his early championship of her against the irritable father, would agree with such an assumption.

"An infantile and always mainly unconscious absorption in the mother, on the part of a sensitive and sympathetic child, may well have furnished the point of departure for the attitude of Eonism which early began to develop in him, and in the absence of any strong sexual impulse, more and more tended to an absorption in, and finally an identification with, the social, material and the domestic aspects of womanhood. This seems the only key we can expect to find, or need to find, to the influences that have molded R. L.'s life."

