

Male Facade is the autobiography of a Transsexual, who recently underwent conversion surgery from a man to a woman, revealing her life from the time of her first emotional interest in men at the age of 18, and culminating with her operation in Casablanca. He was a successful business man, youthful, very handsome, displaying no overt effeminate mannerisms. She is now considered to be a very attractive and charming woman.

In this story, the authoress reveals her innermost thoughts and emotions; her sexual relationships with the homosexual-type male, the bisexual-type male, and the near-sexual encounters with the heterosexual male. She also goes into depth, in a clinical fashion, describing these behavior patterns; those of the homosexual, transvestite, bisexual, queen (a distinct sub-culture from the homosexual and transvestite), and the transsexual. She gives short histories of some of the men who are troubled with these various behavior patterns, as well as episodes from her life with these males and her involvement in trying to understand and help them. She has seen and talked to hundreds of these men.

She philosophizes on society's attitude and ignorance of these various behavior patterns. She speaks of the anguish and anxiety suffered by individuals who exhibit these behavior patterns - some of which are almost totally unknown to the general public, the individuals involved, and even the medical profession.

This book was written to educate as well as to entertain. It has humor and sadness - hope and despair. It is a book of real life characters - a book of scope and depth about supposed deviant behavior never before truthfully, intimately, and starkly examined.

It was a time of daring exploits - finding new worlds to conquer - a time to test the mettle of man, his bravery, his thirst for adventure - his longing for fulfillment, to know the unknowable, to satiate his curiosity, to take up a challenge, to be different, to broaden his horizons, to be a complete human being, to be the first - a pioneer in the age of complacency, affluence - in an age with no more frontiers to conquer, where every inch of the earth had been mapped, exploited, conquered and re-conquered - it was a time of space adventure.

While three astronauts were rendezvousing with the moon, unsecure, aboard Charlie Brown and Snoopy millions of miles above the earth, I was rendezvousing with fate, secure in a big jetliner thousands of miles above the earth, heading for the mapped, conquered and re-conquered land of Morocco and the city of Casablanca. I too was to take part in an adventure, to know the unknowable - to be different - to be a pioneer - to conquer fear, prejudice, and complacency - to open new doors, to enjoy new experiences, to broaden my horizons, to suffer for daring to be different - for daring to be a complete human being - for daring to be me, attuned with my true nature.

I was wheeled into the operating room at 7 PM, May 13, 1969 - a man. I awoke seven hours later - a woman. My adventure had just begun.

However, my whole life has been a series of adventures as I progressed from one phase to another in a search for my true identity. When I finally permitted myself the luxury of admitting, after all, that I was different, I was 26 years old. Too many years of searching of mind and soul, of denials, emotional upheavals, anxiety, and guilt feelings, had already gone by, so I decided I must be a homosexual. Even then I could not consciously admit it to myself. I merely drifted, almost aimlessly, into a sub-culture that intrigued, appalled, and fascinated me all at the same time. I was looking for a human relationship of a kind impossible for me to attain in our larger heterosexual culture. I had spent years courting girls, but none was able to spark any romantic impulse in me. I sought male companions for a purely comradely relationship; none would have me, as there seemed to be an inexplicable barrier to any meaningful relationship. Most shied away from me and those who found me to their liking would unconsciously relate to me as if I were a girl. All too soon I would develop a romantic attachment to these men, and out of frustration and guilt, I would precipitate a parting of the ways, as I did not know how to deal with this peculiar, overpowering feeling. Some of these men, in turn, became aware of their

own strange attachment to me, which went totally against their nature, and our relationship would end. Thus, for the most part, I was left friendless. Out of frustration and loneliness, I sought the company of homosexuals. Upon joining the homosexual sub-culture I found I was equally frustrated but nonetheless devoid of any guilt feelings - as guilt had taken up a good portion of my life. I was a Catholic, very attached to the Church, and held to all its precepts. But, upon my first sexual encounter, I immediately withdrew from the Church and all my pent-up guilt feelings disappeared. I have never felt any remorse since that time. For a time I even yearned to recapture my guilt feelings, as I knew what I was doing was considered by the Church, as well as society, to be completely immoral; yet try as I might my conscience would not longer accept guilt.

For years my impression of a homosexual (gained from a traumatic experience while in my teens) was that of a pock-marked, purse-lipped, falsetto voiced, effeminate creature - a creature totally alien to the human race and one to be avoided like the plague. But as the years passed I now and again found myself in the presence of an admitted homosexual who hardly fitted the stereotype I had built up in my mind (with the help of a prejudicial society's viewpoint on the matter). I soon discovered that they were all around me, going about their jobs in fields of endeavor totally unrelated to occupations I was led to believe they pursued - those of hairdressing, cloths designers, ballet dancers, etc. They turned out to be managers of companies,

truck drivers, movie stars, doctors, etc. Nonetheless, I still avoided them, fearing probably that I would be tainted somehow. Of course, the stereotypes are around, but they constitute the minority - a small minority.

Another misconception attributed to the homosexual sub-culture is that each partner in a homosexual relationship plays a part - one being the female and the other the male. This particular idea was much to my liking, as I was prepared to be the woman in a relationship with a man. I was to discover on my first encounter that this much-believed fallacy was totally untrue, and almost completely alien to the homosexual culture. This, of course, was an immediate disappointment to me. I so wanted to be the female counterpart in any relationship with a man.

As sex has always been, and still is, an inconsequential part of my nature - one which is not in the forefront of my mind when I pursue a relationship with a male, I had no conception what homosexuals did in the sexual realm. All I wanted was loving, but to be loved as a woman.

The first gay (homosexual) bar I went to was one near my home. I just happened into it one night and returned a couple of times after that. The second time I went, I wore panties and a slip under my clothes, thinking that should I encounter a man to my liking, this garb would be appropriate for love-making, and an indication that I wished to be the female in the relationship for to look at me at that time, one would hardly have considered me feminine.

I spent the entire evening in this bar, and an hour before closing time I struck up a conversation with a man who appealed to me. He seemed interested in me, and I suggested we have coffee after closing time. He was agreeable, but then all the lights went on and he gave me a peculiar look and decided that he didn't care to join me after all. It turned out that under the bright lights one could see the outline of my slip under my light shirt, but it wasn't until later that I realized the sight of the slip was probably what turned this young man's attention from me.

On my third visit to this bar I ran into a fellow employe. I had seen him many times at work, and as he appeared to be a homosexual, I avoided him completely, even though every so often he had tried to strike up a conversation. I was extremely embarrassed to have him find me in this bar, but could do nothing but act nonchalant and talk with him. His eyes brightened at the sight of me, and after a brief chat, he suggested we go to another bar. I was agreeable, as I was interested in discovering other gay bars. He drove me in his car, and immediately reached over to hold my hand and proceeded to kiss me. I pulled away and told him that I wasn't what he assumed I was; that I was merely interested in visiting bars. He let go of me, unbelieving, but respecting my wish not to be mauled. We had a couple of drinks in the new bar, and he then drove me back to my car. The next week I drove to this new bar, and

there met a man who took an interest in me. I was flattered by his attention but knew I was not prepared for any romance with him. He invited me to a party that was being held nearby, and I went with him, avoiding his amorous advances all evening. The apartment at which the party was held was a seven room affair, dimly lit, and quite sprawling. It was sparsely furnished and populated by many males, sitting on the floor, or wandering from room to room. They were talking, kissing, and dancing. Some of the males were extremely masculine-looking while others were extremely effeminate-looking and were mincing about. I felt as if I were in a drunken daze as I wandered from room to room observing these males. I was frightened, but nonetheless interested in this most unusual atmosphere. No one, to my relief, performed in any outright obscene manner as I had fully expected. However, I was expecting that any minute some obscene orgy would commence, but it never did. While wandering through the rooms, I happened into a small bedroom, and there, alone, was a thin tall, blond, blue-eyed, handsome youth who resembled Troy Donahue, lying fully clothed on the bed. He asked me to stay and talk with him, as he claimed he was not interested in joining the party. After a brief chat, he asked me to have coffee with him at an all-night restaurant. I drove my car to the Hollywood area, where my new friend directed me to a restaurant that catered to the homosexual trade. That homosexuals actually had their own restaurants was another surprise to me. He seemed curiously interested in me, and I was pleased, as he suited my taste

as the ideal male partner. He seemed quite manly - not at all effeminate. I surmised later that he was interested in me merely because I was new at the game and I represented a challenge and perhaps a great thrill overcame him to be with a novice entering the gay world.

We returned to the apartment, and by that time the party had just about broken up. He asked me to spend the night, and I shyly accepted, warning him that I had no idea what to do in bed as this was my first time. He told me that he had suspected as much, and would gladly teach me. My idea of lovmaking was merely to lie near a man and kiss. His idea, it turned out, was a little more elaborate, and I refused to submit. He was considerate of my wishes, and asked if it were all right if he could make a frontal attack between my thighs. This seemed more natural to me, and decidedly to my liking. I thought I had met my ideal man and that I would have a lasting relationship with this young man who didn't fit the stereotype of a homosexual. In fact, an infatuation began to grow in me, as he called me every night asking me to stay with him. I managed to see him several times during the week. On my second visit, I foolishly brought along a pair of panties and a nightgown - sure that this would please him. I had convinced myself that he saw me as the female in our relationship. As we prepared for bed, I donned my feminine finery, only to have him curtly demand that I remove them, as it displeased him to see me so dressed. I was a little stunned but unquestionably unclothed myself and got into bed. He began to attempt other methods of copulation with me, but

I steadfastly refused. This went on for two weeks. Finally I let him try anal intercourse with me, but I found it painful, and told him to cease. He then decided he wanted to perform fellatio on me, and I became quite disgusted and very shocked at his proposal, thinking that surely he wasn't a deviate, and if these things actually were done, they certainly must be done by some gross creature. But then my mind flashed back to my army days when I accompanied a soldier friend through the streets of a German town, and he used to ask me to wait outside a house where he claimed a girl sucked his penis. I never believed him, and couldn't even conceive that such acts were performed by males or females. However, my present suitor assured me that it was done all the time, and that there wasn't anything particularly vulgar about the practice. Still I refused to let him "do me". Finally he asked me to perform sodomy on him, and again I was disturbed, as I thought I was playing the female role and this certainly was not a feminine attribute. So our relationship ended, much to my distress. I thought for sure he cared for me as much as I cared for him. I soon learned that he was extremely promiscuous, and not at all discriminating as to his partners. He would go with any kind of man, young or old, and do just about anything in the books that was demanded of him by whatever partner he happened to pick up or who picked him up. He even had affairs with women, and suggested I try a woman, as in his opinion it was an experience no one should pass up. After

learning all these things, I decided this was certainly not the life for me. But what could I do and where was I to go next? I liked men, and who but a homosexual would have me. So consequently I became more and more involved in the life of a homosexual. After many months and years I learned to tolerate what became to me the less vulgar aspects of sexual relationships between two males - sodomy and fellatio. For the most part, these are the usual sexual outlets for homosexuals. I was, for the longest time, merely a recipient, but eventually got up enough courage to be the giver - in effect, to be more aggressive in sex relations. Only occasionally can I say I had complete satisfaction in my sexual relationships. There was always something missing, and it became apparent as time went by, for almost all of my partners were one-night-standers. This, of course, left me more discouraged and lonelier than ever. For many months I would go into a sort of hermit stage and not bother visiting bars. Many times I promised myself I would quit this life forever - but no sooner was the promise made than it was broken. I just couldn't get away, as I had the hopeless hope that I would find one man out of all the hundreds and hundreds of homosexuals I came across who would satisfy my emotional need for a man and love.

Had I ~~not~~ had the courage of my convictions, an incident that occurred only a couple of months after my initiation into the dark recesses of the gay underworld would have been enough to determine me to quit gay life. This particular upsetting experience started when I met a

young man at a bar. He befriended me and asked if I would like to go with him to a "daisy chain". I assumed it was some kind of a party and as I was just catching onto the new gay terminology, I didn't want to show my ignorance by asking him the meaning of this phrase. He drove me in his car to a house about a mile from the bar. We entered an almost dark house except for a lighted candle in a far corner of the house. The candle, it turned out, was in the bathroom, which was in direct line with the entrance way of the house. We passed through a living room and a hallway leading to the bathroom with one bedroom off to the side. There was activity from one end of the house to the other, and I could see nude bodies in every conceivable position, all intertwined, covering every inch of space. I slowly walked from the doorway to the bathroom - all the while becoming sicker and sicker as I smelled and heard bodies smacking against each other. I made a military about-face and quickly exited the house, shivering with fear and disgust. I walked the mile back to my car determined never to visit a gay bar again. In fact, as I walked I saw a police car coming down the street and I was tempted to stop it and inform the police of what I had just seen, but my head was spinning with revulsion, so that I did nothing but continue to walk half dazed to my car. I then assured myself that all homosexuals were perverts, despite the fact that few bore any outward signs of their perverted nature. I was through with them. But, I soon let that incident pass from my mind, and became more involved in my romantic pursuit of a suitable mate.

I soon learned too that very few homosexuals cared for multiple affairs or "daisy chains". As the years passed, in fact, I adopted the philosophy of "Let live" as long as no one was harmed by such activity, and no one forced into such activity. As it turned out, some of my close friends in the homosexual world actually enjoyed this sport on occasion and they, for the most part, seemed to be ordinary human beings and not some sort of lowly creatures. They were just doing their things as I did mine.

However, my thing was not particularly acceptable to the homosexual community - especially not if I were serious about it. I wanted to dress as a woman and be accepted as such. The only way a homosexual group would accept a male dressed as a woman is when he "carried on" or mocked womanhood. On occasion I did this just so that I would be accepted by the homosexuals and get the feel of being a woman in the presence of men.

Sometimes I used this guise to advantage, knowing how easily homosexuals became turned off at the sight of feminine attired males. Many times some gay males became very persistent in their attempts to gain my favors, and to dissuade them - at the same time hoping they would accept me as a woman - I would agree to have them come home with me, warning them beforehand that I liked to sleep in panties and a nightgown. None believed me as I certainly didn't look nor act effeminate. My looks were such that it was inconceivable to most homosexuals that I could be anything but masculine. They, of course, built up an image of my masculinity simply because I had a very

masculine and handsome countenance. They were sure I was joking about my fetish and took up my challenge. I soon convinced them of my sincerity when we arrived home. Some decided I wasn't for them. Others, however, were at such a sexual fever pitch that they could care less, and went to bed with me. Few indulged my feminine desires as I had hoped. As most of these guys were unappealing to me, I thought that at least if they indulged me I could get some kicks. They just satisfied themselves at my expense, and I let them, being stuck as I was. None ever returned for seconds, anyway. I always wondered later why I bothered, but it seems I was easily flattered by attention given me, and found it hard to turn down a partner in my lonely state. Nonetheless, as the years passed, my attraction to the guys that patronized the bars waned. Whereas when I first "came out" I seemed to have no end of proposals. I think perhaps I was more appealing then because of my look of innocence and obvious newness to this world. I got fewer and fewer proposals, and soon had to exert some effort and start making proposals. A very hard task for me, and one that wearied and frightened me. The fact is that many gay men find it difficult to solicit a partner for the evening for fear of being turned down and for fear of soliciting a detective. Many of my gay friends would advise me as to how to go about attracting other gay men. Some suggested tight fitting clothing with plenty of penis protruding, which was totally against my modest and conservative nature. Some suggested smiling, and still others suggested the bold approach. I tried the latter two suggestions, to no avail. For some

reason, it seemed I was no longer attractive to the gay men, although I was still considered to be extremely good looking. Some older men and some very effeminate boys would occasionally approach me. The old men I turned down cold, but diplomatically. The effeminate ones I informed that underneath my male facade I was more effeminate than they. Sometimes I was informed that I appeared to be a detective and other times I appeared to be unapproachable - mainly because of my good looks. All the while I thought my good looks would be a factor in my favor, only to find out they were a hinderance to my "making out".

Still I hung onto the hope that "the one" would come along. Had I not had a boundless capacity for hope, I probably would have gone mad. At the same time I began to find the gay life and the gay men less and less appealing - even the very good looking and masculine homosexuals did little for me. Somehow, no matter how masculine these men appeared, there was the inexplicable something that marked them as different from the heterosexual male. Only a person familiar with the gay community can spot this "something". It is something in the way they look at other men, or some mannerism - so slight that only another homosexual or one familiar with homosexuals can spot it. Sometimes it is the way they phrase ordinary sentences while talking about men, sex, or a book. Some, of course, have a falsetto ring about their voice. I noted too that many gay guys have two voices as distinct as their double lives - one for the heterosexual community and the other for the

gay community. Why they make this distinction in their voices is a little beyond me, but I suppose they want to be more acceptable to the homosexual community or just to show they are different. Some forget themselves or from habit make no distinction and use their falsetto voices and effeminate mannerisms on all occasions. Still, most homosexuals are always seemingly heterosexual in voice and mannerisms all of the time.

After spending a year flitting back and forth in and out of the gay world, I managed somehow to be completely passive in sexual relations with other men. I fortunately was able to pick guys who were satisfied to be aggressive and undemanding in the sex act. However, this by no means meant that all were of the masculine type, as many times it is the very masculine looking man who prefers to play the passive role. Those new to the gay life, or who have had few partners, are under the impression, as the heterosexual community is, that the masculine homosexual always plays the aggressive role. Not so, as it is usually the most effeminate male who plays the masculine role in bed (or aggressive role). There is no way to tell who likes what without asking. Of course, most are pretty flexible, and will play any role that is satisfying to their partner, or play both, all in one night's sex play.

It happened, though, that my first experience at being aggressive in the sex act occurred while I was in the night clothes of a female. The desire suddenly came upon me as I was making love to another male, who happened to be fairly masculine in appearance. I picked up my nightgown and proceeded to pump him in the rear. Perhaps because he didn't seem to mind my dressing in female night clothes, I wanted to reward him. At any rate, he was less than kind, as he remarked that I certainly didn't look like a woman despite the female garb. In his mind, as long as I still looked masculine he could care less what I wore to bed. Our relationship was of short duration, but a little more satisfying, as I was permitted the freedom of wearing female night clothes whenever we had sex. My new experience as the aggressor was not at all displeasing to me when the mood hit me, but for the most part, I remained passive. As the paramount purpose of my life is to please rather than be pleased, I also played the aggressive role even when the mood didn't hit me.

Gaged by the morality of the heterosexual community I would be considered a very promiscuous person, but gaged by the morality of the homosexual community, I was a flop. I had partners, but they were few and far between. I was particular and always managed to have partners who made no unusual sexual demands - there being more than the act of sodomy and fellatio involved in some homosexual relationships.

In fact, it was still years later that I finally got up enough courage and cleared my mind of disgust before I performed fellatio. It was also quite awhile before I even permitted such a practice on me by other men. I can imagine that it could easily be surmised that I was not a particularly sex-minded person (after all I was 26 before I had my first sex experience). Sex was not the primary cause of my entering this sad, shallow, and useless homosexual life, but it seemed the only way open for a chance to find a relationship built on love. That is the way the game is played by the homosexual (and many heterosexuals too).

It is an axiom of the gay set that you don't go to bed with a male with whom you wish to be a friend. But surprisingly, I made some very good and lasting friendships just that way. There is a parallel in the heterosexual side, at least with the males, that you don't befriend a girl (or marry) who goes to bed with you. Still I had very few homosexual friends and I was rarely sought after by my friends for social contact. I suppose they sensed that I didn't fit in as their culture was completely alien to my nature, and one in which it was almost impossible for me to be comfortable. However, the pattern seemed to be the same in my heterosexual dealings. So my life turned into one long bribe as I tried to buy friendship and love through gifts, parties, dinners, etc. - all to no avail. My phone never rang and the doorbell only rang when people came to feast on my generosity. I was

handsome, intelligett, healthy, young, and moderately successful - and had nothing - not even memories - just an unexplicable burden and an overwhelming sense of loneliness, whihh I warded off by constant activity. I worked full time and went to school almost continually. I didn't fit anywhere. I wasn't an acceptable heterosexual and an even less acceptable homosexual.

The homosexual is not a female-garbed, perfume doused male, as the general public unreasonably believes. They rarely, if ever, force themselves on anyone, and they most definitely do not chase children or try to corrupt them. Some homosexuals like teenage boys, but most avoid them like the plague, even when a teenage boy makes overtures to them as often happens. Most homosexuals can trace their behavior quirk to their childhood, destroying the much-loved theory of the heterosexual community that homosexuality is caused by other homosexuals preying on the young.

Homosexuals are all around, and could be your neighbors or co-workers. Some are readily detectable because of their supposed feminine ways. To me, they look like caricatures of females, and do not have feminine ways, but demonstrate a mockery of femininity. However, the majority of homosexuals go undetected. Most have the same male interests and male mannerisms as their heterosexual counterparts. Their one big hang-up is a desire to have sex exclusively with males. Some homosexuals like the swishy kind as partners, but not necessarily because they remind them of women, as their relationship is strictly man-to-man. There is no role playing, even in bed. To them sex is sex - all kinds, and all ways, which has nothing to do with playing the male role and the female role. There are, of course, the passive and the aggressive, but one can never know simply by mannerisms or body structure, as a football player may be passive in bed and a swish may be aggressive.

There is one basic characteristic, outside of their sex interest, of a majority of homosexuals along with some other minority groups who exhibit sexual behavior patterns not embraced by the majority of the population, and that is that they are very selfish. For the most part, they are also irresponsible in social matters, thoughtless, and exclusively interested in using people for their own ends. Also, most of them are extremely sex oriented and sickeningly phallic-conscious. The phallic symbol is almost an item of worship. Within their own group they are extremely vulgar. Every sentence or nuance of a word or phrase is turned into a sexual meaning, whether they are talking of sex or not. Because of their lack of social responsibility, and their alienation from the general social mores, as well as not having women around to tone down their verbal excesses, they seem to be more interested in sex than most men, but they are probably no more lustful than other men. The homosexual just happens to have more freedom and opportunity than the heterosexual male, who, if he had the same freedoms, not hampered by the presence of females, social responsibility, and family responsibilities, would undoubtedly be equally as hedonistic as their homosexual counterparts. I believe the male, whatever his sexual persuasion, is more sex-prone than the female. My own experience with all kinds of males is ample proof of the excessive sexuality of men.

Although homosexuals cry out for tolerance of their behavior, they are not at all tolerant of other sexual minorities, not even in their own realm. For instance, they will have nothing to do with female homosexuals (lesbians), or drag queens (female impersonators). They do, however, accept homosexual negroes, only because they find them sexually stimulating. It is a curious fact also that the diehard Southerner is usually the first to embrace the negro sexually. Of course, there are cliques - the psuedo-sophisticates will have nothing to do with the laborer on a social level, but is not averse to having sex with the laborer. The butch (masculine type) will have nothing to do socially with the swish (effeminate type), but at times has sex with a swish. And the cliques go on and on, forming minorities within a minority, all with their own cultural and social patterns. One needs a dictionary to keep up with the terminology exclusive with each group; sometimes the same word or phrase will have a different meaning depending on which group you are associated with. Then again, each city's gay population across the land uses a different language, making it impossible to keep up with this confused variety added to our already complicated language.

A homosexual's occupation is not exclusive with the hair-burning or dress designing trades. They earn their living in every conceivable occupation. They are business men, professional men, engineers, etc. Some are very wealthy - others very poor. Some are very intelligent, hold positions of public trust and run large enterprises.

A surprising many are school teachers and professors.

Most homosexuals are cautious, rarely revealing their true nature. They, of course, lead double lives, which can be very frustrating. Some find it difficult to accept their own nature, which leads many to alcoholism and suicide. They are in constant fear of being discovered by family, friends, and employers. Many are rejected by their families when they are found out. Many, too, are summarily dismissed from their jobs when their private life comes to light. Most are unusually stable, more so than a lot of heterosexuals, when you consider the terrific social pressures they are under. They prefer their own kind, no matter what strata of society they may be in. They socialize reluctantly with the heterosexual members of our society, except for family or business reasons. They have their own social structure, unique language and symbols, and ways of doing things. They are constantly seeking their own kind, and have subtle ways of discovering other homosexuals, even though the general public finds it impossible to detect them. Homosexuals number in the millions (recent estimate 12 million^{U.S.}), but are concentrated in large cities. Some are married, because they discovered their true nature too late, or because they are ambitious, and need a wife to help them climb the ladder of success. (Many marry lesbians strictly for this purpose as a front). Many of the married latent homosexuals are very frustrated, because they are unaware of their homosexual nature. These are the men, married and single, who constantly and cruelly condemn homosexuals in general to cover up the guilt of their own latent

homosexuality. These men usually make life miserable for themselves, as well as their families and associates. Others who are married, adjust and seek their pleasures with other men whenever they can without disrupting their family life.

The great majority do not find pleasure in observing men in public restrooms. A good many who seek their pleasures in restrooms are those who are married, or are professional men (like a certain Presidential Aide) who cannot take the chance of being seen in public bars that cater to homosexuals, where the great bulk of homosexuals find their mates. It is also the professional and married men who pick up young boys hitching rides. However, I, and many of my friends, have picked up teenage boys hitch hiking, who would practically attack us. Almost all of the time his advances will be repulsed, as nothing seems worse to a homosexual than to have an affair with a teenager. Most homosexuals really do not care for youngsters, and the few that do exert great discipline, as they fear the hot breath of the law.

Homosexuals as a group do not hate women, but possibly fear them (fear of how to react in their presence). Many, however, have women friends and enjoy their company. Some women seek out homosexuals as friends, as homosexuals go out of their way to dote on them - sometimes to such lengths as to become sickening. A great many homosexuals have at one time or another had sex with a woman, which hardly puts them in the bisexual class as the number of times they have had women was limited. Some homosexuals impregnate lesbians so that they (the lesbian) may bring

up a child without the need to marry. In fact, many homosexual men would like to have children. I think the mere desire to want a child would suffice to make the homosexual a good father. No homosexual I know believes that any child should be raised as a homosexual. In fact, it would be a good idea to allow homosexuals to adopt children and relieve the social agencies of the great burden of rearing unwanted children. This alone would cut down the homosexuals' excessive sex interests, make him more responsive to the community, and give meaning to his life.

You'll find few philosophers or philanthropists among homosexuals, as they are forever seeking pleasures of the body and entertainment for the mind. Except for a certain few, they do not, as many people like to think, have sex orgies. In fact, at times they are overly modest; hardly in keeping with their image as sex enthusiasts. But I've been to many swim parties where the host urged his male guests to swim nude - none took up the offer. Yet I've been to very sophisticated straight parties where the male guests would swim nude. Homosexual parties, for the most part, are dull and humdrum and are used mainly to find new mates. If you should look into a homosexual bar (they refer to their bars and themselves as "gay"), you will see that the word "gay" is a misnomer. All they do is stand around hoping to get up enough nerve to ask someone to go home with them. The friends they seek are those who are entertaining. They like clowns and witty people and if you are not one or the other, you can practically forget ever having a decent re-

relationship with another homosexual strictly on a platonic basis. They cater to the young and good looking and even to heterosexual men and women who come to appreciate them. However, their interest in others is usually superficial as they like to make a good impression, being flattered that an "outsider" accepts them. Homosexuals have very little depth and are constantly seeking new forms of pleasure and entertainment. Few want to face reality, and most are very childish in their outlook on life. Many wish to get "married", but their relationships are shallow and strictly sexual on the whole. Their "marriages" are of short duration. Those "marriages" which last longer (some for 20 years) do so because arrangements are made with each partner so that they can have side dishes (sometimes they have threesomes) of sex. Sex seems to be their prime interest in life and old age does not seem to quench the fire. Many homosexuals make sure they are well off financially so that in old age they can pay for what they got for nothing when they were young.

Few homosexuals can live with themselves, or by themselves. Many are guilt-conscious, frustrated, and prone to suicide. Also, many are excessive drinkers. Society and the law are extremely harsh on these individuals who find it an impossibility to change their nature. Without society's rigorous condemnation of this particular behavior pattern, many homosexuals would not find it so difficult to lead more meaningful lives, and perhaps they would tone down their sexual interests and have more fruitful relationships with their own kind, as well as with the rest of society.

I do not go along with the theory that homosexuals are sick. As mental or/physical sickness destroys ones productive capacity and stability. Homosexuals are as productive and as stable in most matters as their heterosexual counterparts - no more, no less - with the exception of those who can not face the reality of their situation (which is equally applicable on the heterosexual side).

As for homosexuals taking over the world or influencing otherwise non-homosexuals, this assumption is very fallacious. After all, the homosexual is under constant pressure to conform to the heterosexual mould. He is bombarded daily by all media of communication with the glories of heterosexual love and sex; yet not one homosexual has become a heterosexual. It is only logical to assume that not one heterosexual will become a homosexual should this nation be bombarded by the glorification of homosexual love and sex - as is hardly the case at this juncture of history. Unreasonable fear has done, and is doing, more harm than this nation can afford. Homosexuals should be given a fair chance to lead normal lives (as many manage to do) so that they may channel their energies into more productive and useful enterprises, benefitting themselves as well as society.

My supposed homosexuality ~~didn't~~ blossom overnight at the age of 26 years; that just happened to be the age at which I actively sought a homosexual relationship. Actually, my homosexual (only technically would I be considered a homosexual) tendencies became apparent to me at the age of 18. However, at that time I wasn't prepared to place any name on my behavior - one reason being I had no idea what was happening to me. In any event, strange and inexplicable feelings were beginning to stir in me. Feelings I had never had before, which were to affect my emotions and even my health.

One day, while in the service, I was walking to the mess hall, and a very handsome, well groomed young air force man, whose uniform fit very snugly, caught my eye. I kept staring at him without any conscious reason as I followed him. Every day thereafter I waited for him to pass, and I continued to admire him. We never met, but he seemed to have a strange attraction ~~for~~ me. I finally decided I was attracted to him simply because he reminded me of a girl, and had he been one, I would have approached him. In all honesty, however, he didn't even come close to resembling a girl in looks or manner. But I needed some excuse for being interested in him. Such is the way of the mind, to make up fantastic reasons to account for emotional responses that do not fit in with the norm. After a few weeks this young man no longer appeared at the mess hall, and I completely forgot about him and my emotional response to him.

My next interest was a blond, short, and well-built man a couple of years older than I. I needed no fantasies for liking him, as we roomed together, and we both took to each other immediately. He seemed more like a big brother, as he was solicitous of my needs. I felt very comfortable in his presence, and missed him terribly if he left even for a short time. We became very close and were with each other almost constantly. However, we hardly ever exchanged much conversation. If we did, I really don't remember, as I felt as if I were drifting on a cloud whenever I was with him. One day we took a weekend trip, and traveled by train. I was facing him and beginning to doze against the window, when I heard a click, and opened my eyes and asked my friend what he was doing. He said he was taking a picture of my beautiful face, in a very serious and matter of fact manner. It seemed very strange to me that a man would tell another man that he had a beautiful face, but I was nonetheless flattered, as no one in my life had ever called me handsome, much less beautiful. That night we rented a room and slept in the same bed. I found it difficult to sleep, and woke up many times thinking ants were crawling over my body. I really wanted to snuggle up to this man, and felt he wanted to also, but neither of us made any move. I awoke very tired, but somehow very happy. That day seemed to be a very glorious day, and even my partner was enthused with the day as we strolled through the little German town and hills surrounding it. I had a very close

attachment to this man, and he to me, but there seemed to me that there should be something more in our relationship, but I couldn't figure out what it should be. Soon I was transferred to another base and he was to stay behind. However, I had become very influential in the office I was working in and had requested of the Captain in charge that my friend be transferred along with me. The Captain was agreeable, but my friend preferred to stay on. We parted and I felt very empty inside, but almost immediately forgot him when I reached my new base.

I became emotionally involved with two more men before I was discharged and with each one I became more and more deeply attached. They helped me along by their tender interest in me, and their way of deferring to me as *if I were a* female. They seemed completely unaware that they were treating me so, and I, in turn, did not realize that I was being treated differently than other men. However, I enjoyed the attention so much that I became physically ill and couldn't eat whenever either of them left for a day. Immediately after work, I would return to my barracks and go to sleep, as an escape, until my latest friend would return. I just couldn't think straight. I was of the earth but beyond it, seemingly always in a daze. One late afternoon while I was involved with my latest heart-throb, I laid on my bed to doze. It seemed to me, though, that I had not slept and that I distinctly felt the presence of a male figure leaning over me and a gentle but firm kiss placed upon my lips. It was so unbelievably real that I was sure someone was there. I

slowly opened my eyes to find I was alone. The thrill of that kiss and the warm secure feeling it gave me never left me and no real kiss I have experienced since then from a man could compare. That was the only time in all of my life, to that point, that I ever came close to dreaming of a man.

I had the amazing facility to let such incidents pass from my mind as if they had never occurred, and so was not consciously disturbed by this unusual episode. Still I remember all incidents of any significance in my life in detail, and have instant recall whenever I choose.

My latest friend was a tall, well built, very good looking Japanese man who I liked to think of as the male Marilyn Monroe for some unaccountable reason. He many times would put his arms around my waist, fuss over me as he would a woman, along with making remarks usually reserved for women. He also liked to wrestle with me on my bed as you would with a child. And like a child I did nothing but giggle, but unlike a child I became aware that at the mere touch of his hand I would get an erection. I was embarrassed by this and although he noticed it too, he never said anything, but continued to wrestle with me. I was very jealous of him at the time, and if he showed any interest in another man I would become very sullen. In fact, there was one man who seemed to have an unusual interest in my friend, and upon reflection I have come to the conclusion that he was a homosexual, but that was the farthest thing from my mind at the time. I now even suspect that my Japanese friend was probably a latent homosexual or bisexual.

At any rate, we became close friends, and I followed him around like a dog. He being Japanese, on occasion he would request that I wash his back when we showered. I did so with embarrassment as every time I touched him I began to get an erection and it took a terrific amount of discipline to control myself, especially in the shower, where there were other men around. No one else caused such sensations in me, and I wasn't at all interested in looking at other men's nude bodies, not even my present friend.

Our relationship continued until he was discharged. During our friendship I suffered quite a few emotional upheavels because of him. One time he promised he would meet me in Paris as I was taking a leave to go to Germany, being stationed in the Southern part of France at this time. He never showed up, and I spent one full day walking from one end of Paris to the other, just looking for him. I had no idea where to look, but I kept walking around and looking into bars hoping I'd spot him. This being my first trip to Paris, I managed to see all of the noted sights, but was not at all impressed, as my main concern was to find my friend. I spent 12 or more hours straight walking without feeling tired as my mind was afloat and I was very emotionally disturbed at his not meeting me. The next day I went to a lingerie shop and bought a pair of nylon pink panties (for my girlfriend), my first purchase of female attire. Still in a daze, I rented a cheap hotel room, took down the curtains and wrapped them around me like a dress, with my new purchase on, masturbated, and then took a train to Germany, still with the panties on under my uniform. When I reached Germany

I threw the ~~p~~anties away; forgot about my friend; visited the friend I left behind; felt no interest in him; and proceeded to enjoy my vacation with some German friends.

I returned to France and got just as emotionally involved as before with my Japanese friend. We finally made a trip to Paris together. We slept in the same bed at my insistence, giving the excuse we needed to save money, and then I attempted to put my arms around him. He pushed me away and said he was moving to another hotel, and I became very hysterical with apologies and begging him to stay on. He refused until I smashed my hand into a glass door. As I bled profusely, all the while weeping uncontrollably, he agreed not to leave me. The incident was almost immediately forgotten by both of us and we continued on as before. We parted as good friends when he left for the States, and I was ill for a couple of days. But as usual, I forgot I ever knew him, and a new man replaced him a few days after his parting.

None of the men I got involved with seem to have anything in common, except that they all were good looking and all treated me as if I were a girl. Their nationalities were different, their height, and coloring. Their interest in me and mine in them seemed to be mutual, and I suppose that was one link that drew us together. At that time I never made any special effort to meet anyone, so I guess they made a special effort to meet me. At any rate, we always managed to room together, as we pretty much had the freedom of choosing, where we wanted to live, switching back and forth at will.

My newest friend was a short, black curly haired, Midwesterner with a very shy nature, and a year or so older than me. The fact was that I just happened to be the youngest male wherever I went in the service, because I joined at the age of 17. My new friend and I roomed together, his bunk being directly opposite to mine. Something began to stir in me the first time I met him. We used to go to a nearby bar together almost every night, where I would proceed to get high on wine. And every night he would have to practically carry me home, which must have looked very funny as he was not more than 5'5" and I was over 6 feet tall. But I purposely got high so that he would have an excuse to put his arms around me. We were practically inseparable, but nonetheless he started to take up with the bar owners young daughter. I was furiously jealous, and I think the bar owner and his whole family noticed it. Still, we went to the bar together and came home together. But one night another man took an interest in my friend and, suspecting he had more than a passing interest in him, I challenged him to a fight over some silly reason that I made up. He took me up on it and we had quite a row until the fight was broken up. My friend just stood by with his girlfriend in tow and watched. This made me furious to think I was fighting over him and he just stood there holding this girl's hand. I went home quite dejected, but did not terminate our relationship. After all, I convinced myself, he had no idea I was fighting for him anyway. But one night I really drank a lot because I was getting more and more attached to this man. This night he

had guard duty and after the bar closed I found him on duty and asked him to sit in a nearby truck with me. He did and I proceeded to run my fingers through his hair telling him all the while that if I were a girl as his friend was I would not let him out of my sight. I kissed his cheek and continued to run my fingers through his hair, complimenting his looks, and commenting how lucky his girlfriend was. All the while he just shyly sat there making no move but soothingly asking me to stop - as if he wasn't sure he wanted me to stop or not. The next day I was choked up with guilt feelings and at the same time telling myself that it was love, and love after all was the most beautiful thing there was, so that there couldn't be anything wrong with a man loving another man. I was in quite a state and felt the need of some advice so I chose to talk to a Catholic priest in the nearby town - all the while hoping he would tell me it was all right to love another man - as I was beginning to convince myself that it was perfectly natural; otherwise, why would I be in love? To my dismay he informed me it was wrong and referred me to the biblical story of Sodom and Gomorrah - my first knowledge of this story and of its significance. Nonetheless, I went right back to my friend, but with the determination that I would control my emotions. It didn't work, but I made no attempt to make love to him for awhile anyway. When Christmas came around I bought him a very expensive sweater and so as not to make my interest obvious to some of my other friends in the barracks, I bought them presents writing little poems for each. The poem for my friend,

however, was more like a love poem. I placed all of the presents under the men's pillows, went to bed early feeling very lonely and strange, covered my head with my blanket and began to cry. I was all alone as there was a party going on in the mess hall and I choose not to go. My friend soon came in and found his present, quietly came over to my bed, lifted the cover from my head, threw his arms around me and kissed me on the cheeknas he thanked me for my gift. I shivered with happiness and was enveloped in a warm, comfortable feeling almost the same as the night of my phantom kiss. He tried to get me to go to the party, but I refused and went to sleep. The other men thanked me in the morning for my gifts, but they seemed a little stunned by my thoughtfulness as no one was prepared for a gift from me and no one, not even my close friend bought me one. A little after Christmas I went over to my friend'sbbbed and started carressing his head and kissing his face all over. It was dark and I couldn't see him. He didn't seem at all startled, but merely cautioned me that there were other men sleeping and that I best stop. I did, and a few days later I asked him if he and I could rent a hotel room in town and sleep together - all the while in a very nervous and agitated state. I had the peculiar idea that sleeping with him would cure me of my problem. He refused, and soon stopped seeing me, as he was by then transferred to another barracks preparing for Stateside duty. He left and made the effort to say goodbye to me. I was, as before, completely undisturbed by my latest encounter with a man as soon as he was gone.

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I wrote to him when I returned to the States after we were both discharged. I apologized for my peculiar behavior telling him I couldn't understand what got into me. He forgave me, theorizing I was going through a stage and claimed he stopped seeing me the last month or so before he left so that I could straighten myself up.

I had one last, but brief, encounter with another man before I went Stateside. This young man, ruggedly good looking and a blond, happened to be a friend of my last friend. However, he never talked to me, as he seemed jealous of my curly-haired friend's interest in me. I had the feeling from the way he used to look at me that he was aware of my unusual interest in his friend and probably was the cause of my friend not talking to me before he left. I also suspected he thought me some kind of a sissy as I began to question my own masculinity. At any rate, we wound up going home together on the same train. We became fast friends. We had a long layover in Paris before continuing on to the German port of debarkation, so my new friend suggested we rent a room and take a nap. We rented a room with one bed, at his insistence (to save money, of course). We both disrobed and went to bed, and I could sense an overpowering and strong desire on my part as well as his that we should be doing something more than sleeping. However, he made no attempt to do anything, and neither did I. We did lie close to each other, but stiffly, and I could feel my body heat up to the burning point and his body was equally as hot. Fortunately, or unfortunately, we were both tired and just had ourselves a good sleep. We awoke, returned to the train and that was

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the last time I saw him, although I looked for days trying to find him on the ship.

It is entirely possible that all of the men who took an interest in me were homosexuals or latent homosexuals, but because of my age and naiveness didn't dare approach me other than as friends. It is also possible that I stirred something in them that they couldn't figure out, any more than I could. But life went on, and all my near-affairs were completely put out of my mind, as I resumed civilian life at the age of 20. I do regret, however, that I was not earlier introduced into a homosexual type of affair. It may have brought me to an earlier realization of my femininity, and the fact that I was in most respects a woman in a male body.

He wore baggy blue jeans and a pullover sports shirt. His rear view left me with the distinct impression that he had just come off the farm. However, discounting his shabby dress, his front view was something else again. From where I stood he seemed to have quite a handsome face. But, of course, with my poor eyesight and the dim lights that I had to contend with, I surreptitiously took a closer look to make sure, as I made a quick walking tour of the room. I was impressed. My usual procedure is to say "hi" to any handsome man who catches my eye as I stroll past them. At times this seems to be almost a necessity, as many men are reluctant to strike up a conversation until the girl gives them some kind of a go-sign. I was debating with myself whether I should or shouldn't, and decided he was too shabbily dressed for my taste. Besides, he went to a table that was occupied by two overweight negroes, and apparently they were plying him with beer. That is all they served in this honky-tonk-type-bar. One of the negroes was especially solicitous of this young man. He seemed to be making an effort, somewhat unsuccessfully, at playing the feminine role. I say unsuccessfully, because he was in direct competition with the real fems in the bar who were appropriately dressed to play the part.

After walking about a bit and looking the scene over, with an occasional hello to some of the girls I knew, I sat directly across from this threesome at another table. I really didn't expect to get any attention, but then again maybe I was hoping I would, At any rate, I sat down and crossed my legs, making sure that there was a sufficient view of my knees. I happened to be wearing a full-skirted dress so I had to purposely lift my dress above my knee to get the desired effect. In this bar girls wear mini and tight-fitting skirts that come quite a way above the knee. In fact, they were wearing this type of clothing long before it came into vogue. But I always pride myself on being a lady, and rarely wear my dresses any more than an inch above the knee. My mode of dress doesn't seem to deter admiring glances from the men. However, most of the girls who come here like to dress "whorish", as they say, thinking men prefer that type - and many of them do. But there are some who prefer the lady-like type too. In fact, many men prefer me to the other girls simply because I am a lady. They rave about my poise, grace, and definite feminine air. I wonder sometimes if I'm overdoing it, especially in these sordid surroundings, but one never knows who might come in and prove to be a good catch for a decent-looking girl.

I had on a very attractive black dress with a sheer nylon neckline and long nylon sleeves. My gentleman friend across the way, it turns out, was to find other reasons than my clothes and femininity to rave about as he began to make motions for me to join his table. Being a

lady, of course, and still repelled by his appearance-(after all, they do say clothes make the man) - I tried to ignore him. But he was getting insistent, and I guess I was enjoying his attention, so I motioned to him to join me instead. He seemed unsure whether he wanted to leave his free-spending friends, but he eventually relented and approached my table. As he came across the ten-foot space between our tables, he exclaimed all the way, "Wow, what a big woman. You're the biggest woman I've ever seen, and I like big, broad women." Well really, I am tall, but hardly broad. In fact, my shoulders are quite narrow, and I have a terrible time keeping my bra and other straps up. But, if he pictured me broad, I guess I couldn't complain. At least I was getting some attention, something every woman craves. We did some small-talking for a few minutes, and he hinted he would like to spend some time with me. However, he cautioned me that he was broke - assuming, I suppose, that I was a hustler, as some of the other girls are. Apparently, he was one - as his black companion was decidedly displeased at this turn of events. Anyway, I innocently told him I was broke too, and so that made us even. He was delighted that I wasn't going to ask him for money, and he went back to his table to retrieve his beer and send his colored friends on their way. His one friend wasn't particularly pleased and tried to convince him, I assume, of what he would be missing. They nonetheless parted company amiably - to my relief.

He returned with his beer, and jokingly informed me that he "knew the score", and that "that thing you have in front (male organ) is merely there to be used to turn you over with." Well, I thought all along he knew the score, but, of course, it isn't wise to always make such assumptions. Even I've been mistaken for a real woman, and I wasn't the most convincing drag around at that time. However, it is never mine nor most of the girls' purpose to fool anyone, but occasionally someone unfamiliar with this variety of femininity comes along who doesn't know the score, and can't see through the masquerade. Then too, there are those drags that even fool me, but you can be assured that the bars I used to patronize cater almost exclusively to drags and those men interested in making their acquaintance. Well, my new companion was most anxious that we make it - like now - and this in itself surprised me because most guys want to stay until closing time. Many of them won't ask you directly either, until just about that time. And since I don't particularly like bars - it's trying for me to have to wait until last call - naturally I was happy to please. However, he decided he would like just one more beer. I, the broke one, bought it for him. He drank less than a quarter of a glass, and we were on our way.

He talked profusely on the way home - in my car, of course. Most the the men I meet are pretty poor conversationalists, but he proved to be a welcome exception. He mentioned he was a bit-actor at one time. He did resemble Paul Newman. He was also a boxer, and that was pretty obvious from the scar on his cheek and a slightly

quite a rugged-looking individual, was that he was also a hairdresser. However, he admitted that his present occupation was hustling. Anyone, usually homosexuals, with money, could apply. I didn't question him closely on the nature of his work or his clientele. I did feel flattered, though, that he sought me out and consequently gave up a good night's wages to be with me.

While driving home with me, my companion was still being very effusive about my size, and how he thought I could probably crush him in my arms. He did, in passing, mention that he liked me also because I was pretty. When we arrived home, I poured him a bourbon and we sat on the couch where he crushed me in his arms. It was quite delightful, naturally. His stomach, however, took precedence, and he asked if I could whip up a bit of food. Being of a hospitable nature, I always have plenty of food around, I fried him a steak. After he had eaten, we got cozy again, and he mentioned more of his background and inquired about mine.

I then changed into my nightgown (wig in place and makeup still on) and off to bed we went, with a jazz tape he requested for his bedtime accompaniment. He was very affectionate and it seemed he preferred crushing me rather than me him. I had no objections. We had a little sexual interlude, and he insisted I keep my panties off because he expected to make use of my body during the night and didn't want anything to slow him down. I told him I prefer keeping them on because I enjoyed having a man take

them off me. So that's the way it stood. They came down two more times before the night was over. He was quite active - and very loving. He kept telling me I was his baby, his woman, and his girl. All of which thrilled me as much as having sex. I like sweet things whispered to me while being made love to, and I enjoy being called someone's girl more than anything.

In the morning we had breakfast and he indicated that he liked my apartment well enough to stay awhile. Although I was somewhat flattered, my better judgment took over, and I realized that he couldn't even provide adequately for himself, and I wasn't about to support him. I said nothing, hoping he would forget the whole scheme. He didn't mention it again, to my relief, and late in the afternoon I took him downtown where he was staying at some cheap hotel with a friend who was also a hustler. Before we left my apartment, I presented him with a nice pair of form-fitting trousers that some guy left a few months earlier. He told me he would like to see me again - perhaps that very evening - but all would depend on whether his friend made any money the night before. If not, he would have to make the rent money himself in the evening. Then he asked me for my number, and a dime so he could call me. I never did hear from him.

The dictionary calls people who dress in the apparel of the opposite sex Transvestites (cross-dressers). However, some dictionaries erroneously state that most Transvestites (known in their group as TV's) are homosexuals. As you will soon see, this is an almost completely false statement, with but minor exceptions. The great majority of cross-dressers, male and female, are basically heterosexual. As society is not as harsh in dictating the apparel of women as it is of men, I shall deal here with the male exclusively, although there are many women who prefer the complete illusion of maleness by wearing every single item of male attire, adopting a male name and a male mannerism, and do so with little or no social consequence. I never had occasion to talk to an admitted transvestite woman, although I've read of them.

The drag queen on the other hand could definitely be called a homosexual, but there is no dictionary definition of these people even though their mental attitude is completely alien to the true homosexual, as our society prefers to lump all males under the heading of homosexual if they happen to prefer dresses to trousers. The term "drag queen" was apparently coined by the homosexual community. However, very few homosexuals are cognizant of the "true" drag queen as compared to those men, homosexual as well as heterosexual, who occasionally dress in the apparel of females for the fun of it. A drag queen also differs markedly from the Transvestite as well as from the ordinary homosexual, the majority of whom would rather be dead than be caught in female attire.

The drag queen is the second class of males who dress as women. In numerical terms, they rank way below TV's, as TV's constitute the great majority of men in "drag". The slang word "drag" by itself means female clothing. One never says one is dressing in female attire, but is getting into drag. I used to end some of my letters to dear friends with "If life becomes a drag, think of me," as I was going through my drag phase at the time. Homosexuals call anyone who exhibits feminine qualities queens, whether they dress or not. While the drag queen calls all homosexuals who do not dress as women "butch queens" usually said in a derogatory manner. To further complicate the term, in San Francisco a large homosexual club calls all of its members queens at one time or another, whether they exhibit feminine qualities or not, and every member has been given a female name.

If you wonder how I got the heterosexual male, outside of the Transvestite (also heterosexual), involved in this dressing game, it is very simple. At carnivals, balls, and the like, there will always be some men who will dress in the garb of the opposite sex just for fun. This is equally true with the majority of homosexuals when some chose to play "lady" for kicks. In the case of the homosexuals, Halloween is their big masquerade season. It is known in their jargon as "Witches Christmas". Some of the homosexuals spend all year, as well as many hundreds of dollars, preparing for this once-a-year event - which is about the only time in most cities when males may go legally as females in public.

Many of the homosexual balls are astounding to behold for the range and beauty of some of the males in female attire, as well as for their elaborate and imaginative costuming. San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New York are noted for the most elegant and well-planned balls. They go to all lengths, including the hiring of limousines and buses (in San Francisco, cable car buses), to transport them in great splendor to the hall where the ball is taking place. Many of the ordinary citizens who are aware of these happenings take great delight in watching the entrance of these costumed ball-goers as they would a Hollywood premiere. For the sheer delight and pleasure of seeing these unusual events, everyone should attend a ball at least once in their life.

As for the drag queens, they too attend these balls, as do the Transvestites. The drag queens are usually in the minority, however, because most of them can't afford to attend. Some, too, just don't want to be bothered, because they get more meaningful attention in the bars that cater to them, and on the streets. They certainly would not get any "tricks" at the butch queen balls. Economically, drag queens are low on the totem pole, because a good number of them lack the educational qualifications for a decent job; many are from economically poor backgrounds; and many have chosen the age-old profession of street-walking as a source of income, as well as for pleasure. They are more interested in personal attention than the attention of the masses, as would be the case at a ball. The Transvestites, on the other hand, would love to attend these balls, but most know nothing about them, and those that do are hard-pressed explaining to

their wives where they are going in drag. Most wives of TV's do not approve of their dressing, or are completely unaware of their husband's strange aberration. Roughly 80% or more TV's are married, or have been married.

So, you can see that the males who dress in female attire for attention are usually drag queens. They use feminine clothing as a device to gain attention as well as to seduce certain-type males who have a desire to have sex relations with them. These males are "straight" (heterosexual) in the minds of the queens not homosexual (butch queens). And, for the most part, these queen chasers are "straight" in a sense. Some daring drag queens, and those expert at the art of illusion, even manage to have sex with the true heterosexual male who is willing to pay for a "quickie". These quickies rarely involve penal penetration below the waist. The majority of males who do desire relations with drag queens are aware of the genetic status of these female-garbed males. These males in almost all cases are "ambidexterous" in their sex desires; that is, they look upon queens and women as equal when it comes to fulfilling their sexual needs as well as their emotional needs. For want of a better definition, although a new classification is needed, these males can be considered bisexual.

Transvestites wear female attire for their own pleasure; and although they are flattered by the attention of men while they are dressed, in the majority of cases, they prefer women as sexual partners. In fact, there is a wide gap among all three types of men who dress in female

clothing. The homosexual who dresses for fun (once a year or more) and exclusively for balls or special parties, is probably no different from the heterosexual male who might go to a masquerade in drag. To them, it is just a costume and gives them a chance to show their acting ability by being able to pull-off a good illusion. Generally speaking, each behavior pattern has a distinct separation, but there are cases where each of these three types converge or intermingle. That is, one person may possess some or all of the qualities of each - the homosexual, the TV, and the queen. A relatively new and little-heard-of fourth aberration is the Transsexual (known as TS). The TS behavior also fits in with the above in some individuals. This behavior is new only in so-far-as the general public and science are just becoming aware of it. However, all behavior patterns mentioned and those not mentioned in this book have been with us since Adam and Eve discovered sex.

From my vast experience and association with all four types, I have come up with my own definitions, which definitions are not always in agreement with medical science or dictionary usage. However, there are too many fine distinctive differences to place all behavior patterns in one classification, or even two or more classifications. If we are to understand these behavior patterns and the individuals involved there is need for distinctive classifications.

Besides, psychiatrists, the main group of medical men working in this field of sexual aberrations, and the ones who make the classifications, see very few of the variety of behavior patterns dealt with in this book. And the ones they do see are usually very disturbed, because of their behavior or for reasons not even related to their particular sexual interest. So the psychiatrists is at a loss to really have the opportunity to study the great majority of those men whose behavior pattern is not particularly condoned by society, which men are quite well adjusted to themselves and have no need of medical treatment. The cost and the lack of understanding precludes even those who wish medical attention to shy away, thereby piling myths upon myths as to what really constitute these different behavior patterns and what is really the cause. The psychiatric profession has a very low rate of cures and an even lower rate of understanding concerning aberrant behavior. They are also hung-up on trying to bring these people afflicted with these behavior patterns in line with the cultural norm, a "norm" which may not be the answer in many cases. It is possible, too, that the norm should be revised or simply chucked. The norm is that men are men and women are women and nothing is allowed betwixt and between. However, the betwixt and between have been with us since time began and will be with us until the end so why not just adjust to it and afford the "between" people a chance to live full, happy, productive lives without social ostracism. A factor little considered is the genetic, chemical, or chromosomal make-up of the body and the brain function, which may cause these aberrations.

We, of course, cannot find cures or help people, if these people are forced to live secret lives depriving science the opportunity to make intelligent studies. The fact is, society is losing out too as its unreasoning attitude towards these individuals deprives them of productive lives, causing many to go mad, commit suicide, or just become bums. I can not speak from other than personal experience, but I know that what society considers sexual aberrations are not all necessarily mentally or environmentally induced.

A homosexual friend of mine, knowing my penchant for female attire, thought I would enjoy going slumming with him and some friends downtown to a bar they had discovered that catered to drag queens. Although in the past I had occasionally seen males in the downtown area as well as in Hollywood, made up as near as is possible to a feminine manner, I wasn't ready for what I eventually saw. Prior to this time males in California were prohibited from wearing dresses in public. Those desiring to create a feminine illusion had to be content to wear make-up, outlandish hair-do's, and male clothing with a feminine cut. In most cases they presented a horrible caricature of the fairer sex, and could honestly be considered freaks. Their appearance was nauseating to the unwary and a travesty of all things feminine. Despite this, when I rarely did happen across them, I noticed that very good looking and even rugged males would be in attendance upon them. These males invariably struck me as being very subservient and docile in the presence of these gay, overpowering painted oddities. Consequently, I was prepared for the worst in my new adventure, despite the fact that my friend assured me, "These queens wear dresses." At that time I had no idea that the law had been changed so that males could appear in public in drag, provided they did not use this disguise for illegal purposes.

The downtown area of Los Angeles was always abhorrent to me because it reminded me too much of the near-slum existence in which I spent a portion of my childhood, and from which I had managed to escape. Nonetheless, my curiosity was aroused and soon, sure enough, I had my first good look at a drag queen completely attired. Many were absolutely undetectable, as they resembled women perfectly. Still, my friends and I found reason for derision for these creatures of another world. Most were dressed in the manner of prostitutes and paraded up and down the bar area screaming, laughing, and in some cases making lewd remarks. It was a cacophony of psychedelic patterns - falsetto laughter, screeching, and cackling - all to the accompaniment of rock music. Some of the queens were very attractive. Others were just a plain mess and did no service to the gender they proposed to represent. One in particular, however, was very stunning and witty. She was a natural, and provided us with some light-hearted entertainment. During the course of the evening she would repeatedly prance before us, knowing we were tourists, and in her very slinky one-piece lavender low-cut pants outfit, seductively threw off one shoulder strap and said, "Anyone interested in paying two dollars to fuck a movie star." Despite the vulgar language, she came over as very provocative and had I not been "different" myself, I might have taken her up on her^{\$2} proposition - which obviously was a joke - she certainly was worth ten dollars, at least. She had just found a new

and responsive audience and was making the most of this opportunity. Later, she was to become my hairdresser, doing my wigs.

Well, it wasn't long before I was to become a tourist attraction myself, rather than a spectator. In fact, it was no more than a month later when I nervously made my way into the shadows of this underworld of unreality, fantasy, and the lower depths of undignified humanity. The worse part of it was that I made no grand entrance decked out in an alluring and fashionably attired manner, but attired in a manner definitely apt to provoke derision and disgust from even the most vulgar and slovenly drag queen to walk into the bar. I was, that first night, the very spectacle I had abhorred when I first encountered these pseudo-females without dresses in the downtown area and Hollywood. As it turned out, instead of being discouraged, I was encouraged by the course of events of that particular debut. My intent all along was to find a masculine companion, preferably one of the handsome, rugged, and definitely male ones that hovered over the queens, as was apparent every time I happened to encounter these flaming creatures. I had spent years in pursuit of a male companion that suited my taste, but all I knew were ordinary homosexuals, and the ones I liked didn't like me, and vice-versa. Homosexuals are a distinctly different type from the men who

pursue queens. Besides, I had a difficult time making it with homosexuals anyway. They really didn't suit my tastes nor I theirs. I was tall, dark, and handsome, somewhat reminiscent of Tyrone Power, the envy of men and the admiration of women. I have large, expressive brown eyes framed in long black lashes, a straight, narrow, and slightly tipped nose, natural pink tinted cheeks, full red lips behind which are straight gleaming white teeth. My hair is thick, dark brown, and wavy, and my face is somewhat oval shaped, ending with a chin punctuated by a large deep cleft. Definitely not the stereotype of a homosexual, but there I was cavorting as if I were.

At this time I had a very minuscule wardrobe, consisting of two dresses - one store bought and one poorly handmade (by a gay friend) party dress, one pair of nylons, one pair of hi-heels, plain open-toed black slippers, and old mousey-colored sleeveless blouse, and one wig. I was a little better stocked with undies and nightgowns, as they had been my mainstay for years - I always retired in panties and gown. I had been to a couple of balls and private parties in drag, but was hardly the best-dressed girl around. I didn't know a thing about applying make-up, and relied solely on a hair-dresser friend to put my face on the few times I did venture out. I remember once trying to put my own make-up on, and putting blue eye shadow under my lower lids as well as above my upper lids, heavily applied. You've heard of a shiner (black eye) - I had two - only mine were blue. I thought, never in a million years will I be able to

apply make-up; and made no further attempt at it. Consequently, the night of my debut my make-up was sparse indeed. I put a dab of lipstick on and some pancake over my face to try to cover my thick black beard, unsuccessfully. That was it, and for the life of me I couldn't describe myself, but I'm sure I was a horror. I wore no wig, trying as best I could to arrange my own hair in a feminine manner. I slipped into my dingy blouse and wore a pair of tight-fitting kaki colored levis. Of course, nylons, and my black open-toed slippers. I not only looked weird, I felt weird, but I was determined to make my entrance into the nether world.

I sneaked out of my house and dashed to my car, driving nervously to the bar, praying all along I would not be cited for a traffic violation. I drove as if I were drunk - very slow and carefully so as not to break any laws. I also prayed that there would be a parking space at the entrance to the bar, and luckily there was. I dashed from my car into the bar and took the first seat at the bar, which was a couple of arms length from the door. Bless all bars for their dim lighting - just about anyone looks good under them.

My debut was to be very short. As it was early in the evening, there were few patrons in the bar and no drags at all. A young man was seated next to me facing the aisle talking to a very small, round-eyed and feminine looking Asiatic. I ordered a beer and just as I received

it, the cute Asiatic walked away and the young man turned toward me and immediately asked if he could buy me a beer. I declined graciously and told him I had just ordered. He was a very handsome young man and before I could even dream that he would like me, he reached out to put his arm around my waist and started spilling off some love nonsense to me. I told him I didn't think this was the proper place or time for him to get amorous. He agreed and suggested we go to my apartment. I want you to know I was in the bar no more than five minutes, and I was so floored at my astounding good luck that I didn't hesitate a minute. I immediately took him up on his offer. For one thing, I felt terribly awkward and unattractive and nothing pleased me more than to get out of that place. So out I went without even a sip of my beer. I wasn't about to dawdle, not with such a good looking guy seeking my favors. We hurried out and into my car. He didn't even give me a chance to start the motor before he was all over me, kissing me, feeling my leg, and putting his arms around my neck. I tried to ward him off as best I could but he persisted all the way home. Not only was I interested in getting home in one piece, but I was also afraid of being spotted by the cops. I do believe it is considered lewd conduct or worse for two males to be making love in public and also I still wasn't too sure that drag in any form was legal. I thought that it was probably allowed

in certain bars. It comes to that anyway, as if you are known to be a drag queen, no straight bar or gay bar will permit you entrance, even though it is not illegal.

Somehow, we made it without incident to my apartment. He didn't even give me time for pleasantries. He headed straight for the bedroom, starting to disrobe while at the same time mauling me. I managed by some means to get my clothes off and slipped into a nightgown. He lay back on my bed, and I went to the bathroom for a minute. When I returned he was out like a light. I said to myself, "Great, here you have a handsome, anxious, and amorous guy and he passes out." I wondered if I were so lucky after all. I began to think that he'd awaken in the morning in a fit of anger, not remembering anything of the night before, to find he was sleeping with a bearded, black bearded male. He was immovable and definitely out. Well, I've been to bed with drunks before, but to this day I can never tell when some men are drunk, unless they are staggering or their speech is slurred. However, I knew for sure that the other guys were gay, because we met in gay bars or at gay parties. This was a new experience, and I began to wonder if by chance this man just happened into the bar and didn't know the score and actually took me for a woman, as bad as I was. As William Bendix used to say, "What a revolting development this is!" For this poor guy at least. He was just too good looking and all male to be interested in a faggot like me - but possible, I guess. I'd just have to wait until he awakened.

I smoked half the night away hoping he would awaken and wondering what I would say to him or, for that matter, what he would say to me. It wasn't until dawn when he stirred. He was a little confused as to where he was, but adjusted almost immediately and without a word started making love to me. Was I relieved, in more ways than one. My appearance was of no concern to him, he apparently was a pro.

Another surprise was in store for me. While having breakfast with me, he told me he had just gotten out of prison. He was up for possession of marijuana and, of course, he was "framed". This time by the police themselves. He spent a good part of the morning convincing me of his innocence. For awhile, I began to believe him,; he was such an innocent-looking lad. At any rate, the surprise was the he was the first admitted ex-con I had ever met in my life. He was to prove not to be the last. If you think Hollywood has all the good looking guys, you're mistaken. Visit any prison, in California at least, and you'd swear you were in a movie-land film studio. Practically all the handsome, and I mean universally handsome men that I've met were in prison at one time or another. In fact, the odds that they will be good looking are so great that I took a chance and wrote a man in prison, who was a friend of one of the queens, without a picture or description of him. I wasn't disappointed when he got out and we met.

My lover of the dawn also surprised me with the revelation that he had lived with a queen for some time. I was sure none of these gorgeous guys would spend more than a night with a queen, after seeing them in the morning, wigless and paintless. It was sure encouraging to know that there was hope for me.

We returned to the bar in which we had met late in the morning. On the walls were 8 by 10 pictures of various queens who patronized this bar. My friend pointed out one very beautiful Hawaiian queen as the one he had lived with for some time. It turned out I was to meet this queen later, and we were to become very good friends. In fact, she is about the only queen with ^{whom} ~~which~~ I had a rapport. Although she had a minimum of schooling (because of her lazy nature) and represents herself as some exotic whore at times, she is intelligent, personable, and about the only queen I can communicate with on my own level. This is Tahia, known in her circle as the "Queen" of the queens, or Princess Tahia.

I left my handsome companion in the bar and he dutifully took my phone number. It seems it is just a ritual, as most of these men never call again. In fact, many of them only visit these bars sporadically. And, unless you're a steady bar fly, you may never see some of them more than twice a year.

Having now had my first successful experience in a drag bar, I prepared to make it a weekly habit. As time went on my wardrobe increased, my makeup improved, and I became more and more comfortable in my new role. My success extended to finding suitable male companions to compliment my new status.. I was now an acceptable drag queen. What will tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow bring?

Had I lived in a truly enlightened and educated society, I would have been a woman much sooner. My own ignorance and prejudices, a product of a supposed sophisticated and highly educated society caused me untold mental torture and more^l degradation. I live in a society that is highly literate, to be sure, but certainly not educated. It is a society with high moral surface values, yet hypocritical to the core. In fact, it started out on a hypocritical note, spouting freedom for all and immediately set up every conceivable restriction: religious, economic, political, educational, and most important of all, the restriction of the human spirit - to know thyself unhampered by a pre-determined value system having no relation to basic individual needs. We want to mass produce human beings as if they were automobiles - the only distinguishing feature being color. Despite all restrictions, we have progressed, but only on the material level. There is a dearth of spiritual values, human understanding, compassion, philosophical meaning of life as witnessed by the present wstate of our country: riots, murder, divorces, thievery on every level of society from income tax cheating, corporation financial manipulations, down to the base and visible bank robberies.

Would I have been better off to have been born in another country? Probably not, but my beloved country is the only one which loudly touts freedom - and the pursuit of happiness. What happiness? Happiness to be able to own a late model automobile? Well, that seems to be the modus vivendi equated with happiness. You can have it.

After much prostituting of my moral values (values derived by osmosis from my society), body, and mind, I reached a stage of development that takes me where I am today, devoid of traditional moral values (but highly principled), a changed body, and a mind in tune with my nature. Had I been afforded the spiritual and medical help I earnestly sought, I could have skipped a few stages of development without ill effects. Dont think because I write of my many sexual encounters that I have no values and am just blightly drifting on an a sexual orgiastic plane without meaning behind it all. But what do you do when you are "different" and you seek aid from priests and psychiatrists; the priests turn you away in horror of being tainted with your "disease" and the psychiatrists suggest you go to bed with a woman to be cured. Christ came to this earth to save the sick and the sinner not the holy and the well, so what need of we to have priests if not to help the sick and the sinner? The psychiatrist is supposed to heel the mind or help the individual to adjust to his state, so what need of we to have psychiatrists if not to heel the mind or help the individual to adjust to his state? Go to bed with a woman! I much prefer to go to bed with a man, but sex has no meaning. In my case it was a means to an end - having a male companion on what I hoped was a female-male level. Sex has its delightful aspects, I agree, but it is too fleeting and devoid of meaning to be a source of an enduring relationship. Nonetheless, sex I have had - sometimes out of proportion to all normal requirements - but then to please and that was my life in the homosexual realm.

So bear with me as I relate to you all the madness I endured with people lost in a deluge of divergent standards of morality, and of mental and physical anomalies. We all are, after all, to some degree or other, afflicted with madness (personal quirks), if you wish to call it that. Some of us channel it into creative works, others grow strong because of it, while still others grow weak because of it. Some improve themselves, others destroy themselves as well as taking a few people with them. Many go completely mad in the true sense of the word. None of us are perfect and to know thyself is the only axiom worthy of contemplation. If you are aware of the whole of yourself then you can live with yourself - and the world, and no matter what anyone says or does to you, you will be able to rise above it. You will benefit yourself as well as your fellow man. But few of us know ourselves or will admit to our inner nature because we must conform to a society that is already half-crazed to the point of self-destruction. Nothing matters but our material well-being and conformity to archaic laws and concepts better suited to primitive societies. Even that analogy is not a good one as savages, so-called, at least lived by the laws of nature. If they couldn't figure out something they attributed it to some god and were then content. We don't even have gods or a god, except the false god of material progress, which has taught us nothing of ourselves, our fellow beings, or nature itself for that matter. Our religious gods are no better because they put unnatural restraints on us with very meager reasons for

these restraints. They cater to our primitive nature to find answers in a god but not ourselves. Our society and our religions then can share most of the blame for a goodly portion of our madness.

Most of us go through life without a sense of fulfillment. Our friends and associates are valued for the wrong reasons - our pleasures and interests are of dubious merit - our spiritual outlook is warped by meaningless rituals and self-seeking justification for our personal idiosyncrasies or misconstrued concepts of our relationships to other beings. We are proud, self-satisfying, materialistic, and base creatures. We are human beings with human faults and lack an appreciation of the meaning of life. We have no sense of contentment or complete satisfaction, reaching out for the unreachable, grasping for the unknown and by-passing what is already within our grasp. This is you, and this is me, and it is all the human beings I am about to deal with. So before passing judgment look into yourself and he who is without fault may then cast the first stone.

To say that a man is a man and yet a woman has its humorous aspects. For instance, we can take an old Vaudeville line already much abused and twist it to new heights of hilarity:

Man to Woman: "Who was that woman I saw you out with last night?"

Woman: "That was no woman, that was my husband!"

An expert on Transvestims and a transvestite herself (now living totally as a woman), Virginia Prince, founder of Chevalier publication and author of TV's His Wife club, both concerned with educating and entertaining transvestites and other interested parties, puts the transvestite population at about 4% of the male population in the United States. Most members of society not acquainted with this particular anomaly would unhesitatingly call these men who dress in female attire queer (homosexual). And they are queer, but only to the extent that the dictionary usage of the word "queer" merely means differing from the usual. However, at this point, it cannot be overemphasized that Transvestities are basically heterosexual. I say basically, and not definitely, because there are theories and there are theories as to the correct status of these males who prefer drag. For instance, one theory goes that Transvestites are latent homosexuals and use female clothing as a substitute for contact with the male body. Or that they wear female clothing so that they can safely fantasize a man pursuing them without guilt feelings of being homosexual. What seems more logical to some people who try to understand this behavior pattern, especially women who assume TV's ^{are} "afraid of contact with women, is that

transvestites use female clothing, especially their underwear, to have a feeling of being close to a woman without the physical necessity of closeness. Something like a Peeping Tom. However logical this theory may sound, a knowledge of most TV's sex lives does not bear this out at all. They are, in many cases, extremely sexual persons and exclusively interested in the opposite sex, whether they are dressed or not. Another far-out explanation put forth by some men who hear of this aberration is that the TV uses women's clothing to gain access to women's public restrooms. This would be another twist on the Peeping Tomism theory. However, anyone who knows the setup of women's restrooms, knows that there are booths and that it is almost impossible to see a woman giving vent to nature's call. You'd have a better chance in Europe or Asia as answering nature's call isn't as sacred and holy a ritual as it is here in the U.S.

So, let's do away with theories for the moment and examine the TV from a practical standpoint. In fact, let's examine these men and see if there is any basic underlying relationship among all of them. Were they all dressed as girls in childhood? No, except very rarely, as only one in 1,000 TV's can claim this game to fame. Do they all have a strong craving to have their flesh feel the smoothness of silk, nylon, and satin that only female clothing can satisfy? Only partly correct, as nylon and rayon underwear and even pajamas can be had in the ordinary male wardrobe. Well, do they all adore women so much as to want to be just like them? Only to a minor degree, as we shall see. This latter

explanation is a firmly-held belief of most TV's, but like all the other theories, it just doesn't hold water upon a thorough scrutiny.

Yet, how does one account for seemingly normal males wanting to comport themselves in the manner of females. Unfortunately, there is no ready answer. The public, as well as TV's themselves, would certainly like to know what makes them behave in such a peculiar manner.

Since there is no definite answer to this particular phenomenon, perhaps my experience in this field will at least give you an idea of the mental processes, actions, and reactions of TV's in general, as well as individually. One thing is certain; they all at one time or another or continually, and especially after puberty, have gotten sexual gratification from the wearing or the thought of wearing female clothing. All, to a man, admire beautiful, well-dressed, very feminine and sophisticated women. This may be real admiration or it may be envy. It is for certain that they don't come from any special socio-economic groupings. Nor are they of similar disposition (except perhaps in sensitivity), build, height, or less masculine than the average heterosexual male. Some, in order to compensate for their lack of completely masculine feelings or because of their particular background, are overly masculine in their outlook and pursuits. TV's hold positions in society from the menial to the highly professional. They are lawyers, doctors, truck drivers, entrepreneurs, executives, airline pilots, and just about every profession and work situation is represented. Another certainty is that hardly

any TVs show feminine qualities when dressed in male attire. In fact, few show feminine qualities when dressed in female attire, for that matter. They are completely undetectable to the public, as well as to each other. In contrast, a homosexual, although undetectable to the general public, is almost always detectable by another homosexual no matter how masculine he may appear. Also, homosexuals have meeting places; whereas TV's have none, except for some very secret clubs. Therefore, communication and contact with other TV's is limited, leaving many completely frustrated, some to the point of suicide, as they think they are alone in their oddity.

As stated before, 80% or more TVs are married or have been married one or more times. They function normally in social and work situations without any effort. Some are highly skilled, others very successful, and extremely intelligent, some geniuses. They are, for the most part rational, alert, and sensible.

Some do, however, become completely irrational and unrealistic when it comes to justifying their peculiar habits. They are the proponents of some of the extreme and outlandish theories explaining their behavior. They range from the idea that, when dressed, they are in fact women; to the fact that they are perfectly in tune with nature. The latter derived from the fact that the male of the animal species is by nature more colorfully and elaborately adorned. This is true; however, the human male adorns himself and is not born so dressed, as are animals. Nonetheless, history does attest to the fact that males are more interested in elaborate trappings for their personal adornment than are

women. That is, they go in for colorful garb, finery, including cosmetics. If a woman does dress more elaborately than a man you can be sure there was a male designer behind her. Take the American Indian, for instance, with his painted body and exotic-feathered head dresses, etc. And what about the dandies of by-gone days with their powdered wigs, silk ruffled shirts, silk underwear, silk stockings, perfumes, and jewelry. Nonetheless, these historical male fashion plates did not think of themselves as females or comport themselves in the manner of women. Even today, males are allowed more choice in styles, color, and texture of material than earlier in our history. So to say that males are limited in the range of clothing available for them to wear is a poor excuse for becoming a TV. Therefore, no theory that TV's put forth to explain their unusual desire is plausible. The simple truth is that they themselves do not know what causes this peculiar behavior and no one else knows either. This should not deter us from examining them generally, and individually, as will be done in the course of this book.

Transvestism does not just happen, as might be assumed if one were to read some of their fictional literature. The theme of this literature is always the same. A man finds himself in a situation where he is forced to wear female clothing, either because there is no male clothing available, or it is part of a ruse, or he has to take the place of a female for one reason or another. He, of course, protests - he is embarrassed - then he admits to himself he likes it but still outwardly protests hoping no one will take him

seriously. Finally, he spends most of his life, or a good portion of it, dressed as a woman, doing womanly chores. He also marries, or lives with an understanding female who digs all this nonsense. The idea of being forced to wear female attire gives TV's justification for wearing this type of costume. It is also a prevalent theme in their fantasies and dreams. Of course, if he is forced, it gives him an excuse to eliminate all male ties.

Back to average Joe TV. He comes from a fairly normal background, loving mother and father and the whole bit. From age 5 to 10 (the age he can recall the best) he yearns to wear a dress. Is it because his younger or older sister is getting more attention? Many TV's don't have sisters. Besides, how many millions of boys get less attention than their sister or girls in general and still never desire to wear a dress? Well then, how about the mother, or father, or both, who prefer a girl to a boy, and treat or dress their son as a girl? As stated before, only a handful can recall such an upbringing. Being a man or a woman is a learned process. Genetically, one is male or female from birth, but one learns to be a man or a woman according to their culture. And most TV's seem to fit in with the cultural norm for a man. I hate to wreck images, but some of our fine and even well known athletes are TV's. You're sure to find one or two on just about every other college football, baseball, basketball, etc. team. Certainly they are not forced to pursue this normally masculine field of endeavor, so one can say they learned their male role well.

One thing is established, Transvestism starts in childhood. If possible, the boy wears a dress now and again - his mothers, sisters, or girl friends. If not possible, fantasy takes care of it until he is older and buys a dress for his "wife" or whatever. Or, he may never buy a dress, and be content to wear his wife's or some other nearby female's clothing when she is not around. Some very few TV's are already full-grown when they first discover the delights of silk and swirl through accident or design. You might call having your wife asking you to put on her dress while she hems it an accident of sheer delight. You might call it design when you convince your wife you should go as a woman to a masquerade party, and she as a man. All will admit, at least, that they at times had thought of trying on women's clothing before the actual event, as late in life as it may have happened.

All admit also that they get or got sexual stimulation from the wearing of female finery after puberty and onward. Some ejaculate automatically, especially upon their first experience of wearing drag.

The items of clothing which take sexual precedence are, in order: panties, slips, nightgowns, nylons, and high heels. Foundation garments are also a major item. One reason for this is the confining effect of these garments. A great many TV's prefer tight fitting and even painful undergarments as well as shoes. A couple of theories are advanced for this. First, that they wish to feel that they are dressed as females at all times - which becomes a

temporary sex change, and with the aid of a mirror they can visualize themselves as female. Consequently, the more devices (underpinnings), the more female they become. Any pain or discomfort is secondary and can be put up with. They wish the female contour even under a loose fitting or shift dress. Secondly, they are masochistic, punishing themselves for indulging in their anti-social behavior.

Despite their oft-repeated adulation of women, TV's are highly critical of women in general. This criticism is especially directed to women's appearance and mode of dress. Since they are much taken up with silken and lacey underthings and sky-high heels, they are disappointed that a lot of women, including their wives, do not put much stock in these male inventions to enhance women's forms and excite the male libido. Now, after all, a woman does not need lace and frills to make her feel womanly, even though most males do prefer to see well groomed and dressed women. Of course, this is not to disparage women's taste in clothing, as most are style-conscious and do enjoy looking well. But, women, no more than men get a sexual thrill from the wearing of their designated apparel. Therefore, TV's criticism of women's lack of interest in certain clothing or any clothing is certainly unwarranted. Some TV's go so far as to criticize their wives for lack of understanding their Transvestism, and claim their wives are jealous of them. This is too absurd to even comment on. Others like to think that a woman's life is the ideal life, and that women are lucky to be born female. Well, just ask any woman if she thinks

a female existence is the ideal one.

Considering their supposed studied interest of women and things feminine, they generally make lousy pseudo-women. Except for a few, they are awkward, definitely ugly, and have poor taste in selecting women's clothing. This is partly due to the fact that many TV's are extremely tight with their money, even those who have plenty. Consequently, they do not buy the best or most stylish clothing. At any rate, they act silly, giddy, and look absurd. They spend hours in front of a mirror admiring their horsey painted features and unfashionable attire, and actually think they look good and even beautiful. They are never without a picture or pictures of their "sister", and need little prompting to proudly show "her" off. Even those who look half-way decent, choose their clothing badly, going in for much fluff and flair, which definitely not the current style.

Another reason given by these men who like to comport themselves in such an absurd and idiotic manner, not to mention being put in a downright embarrassing position, boils down to being comfortable, as some would have you believe. How a girdle, bra, waist cincher, tight skirts, etc. could be considered items of comfort is beyond me. Nonetheless, comfort is one of their themes. What they fail to admit is that it is a psychological comfort to be attired as a woman rather than an actual physical comfort. After all one can wear a man's light-weight robe of nylon instead of a nightgown if he is really interested in com-

fort. Or, for that matter, he could go nude. This charade is really an escape from reality and the responsibilities of being a male. It is an escape similar to that which an alcoholic finds in a bottle. It is also an irreversible habit that gets worse instead of better unless the underlying cause can be discovered. So far, however, it seems to be incurable.

Still others will admit they dress strictly for sexual gratification (which is technically a fetish), but that gets to be old hat after awhile, and then it is just habit that keeps them dressing, or whatever underlying cause may have initiated the habit. Some dress for the attention and consideration they get from males when they go out in public. However, this could prove embarrassing to the few that do venture out should they be recognized, or "read" to use a popular TV term, and, of course, it is always frustrating. Most TV's rarely find the opportunity to dress when they please. Many cannot find others in a similar situation, making their lives not only frustrating but lonely, and devoid of outside understanding. Of course, many have a terrible time with society and their families because of a refusal to try to understand Transvestism. Some in desperation commit suicide and are usually dressed in female clothing when they are found, but it is never publicized. Some adjust well to their behavior, but still, for the most part, life is less than pleasant.

It is a sad malady, more so because of the Dr. Jeckyl and Mrs. Hyde nature of it. Yet, it is never quite that radical, as the two personalities - male and female - are not that distinct. Actually, for the most part, they are male in female dress. At least a homosexual is a homosexual is a homosexual, but how can one be a complete man and enjoy all the privileges of this status and also a complete woman and enjoy all the privileges inherent thereto at the same time? Homosexual, remember, are basically male, but simply prefer sex with their own gender. They don't think of themselves as women nor do they act like women. Surprisingly enough, some TV's manage both roles fairly successfully, but with some difficulty at times.

On the point of TV's great love of females and things feminine that makes them want to be just like them, some actually believe, or want to believe, that they are complimenting women and learning to better understand them by wearing their garb. From my own experience, I can hardly agree that this is the route to understanding women, although it may sound plausible. My contention is that if you are an understanding person to begin with there is no need for masquerading to prove it. Besides, why are so many TV marriages failures, if they understand women so well? The fact is, many of them don't understand women, and don't want to, because they are only satisfying their selfish whims at the cost of a normal marriage. A woman usually marries a man, as males are designed in our society and throughout most of history, because she wants a male

companion, all the way, and not a part-time female companion.

TV's makeups are such that they are for the most part a very selfish lot and lack compassion or understanding of anything outside themselves. Even other behaviors, such as homosexuality, are strictly abhorrent to them. Of course, this follows, as they are constantly accused of being homosexual, and, I believe, possibly afraid of their potential latent homosexuality. "The (lady) doest protest toomuch, Methinks", to quote Shakespeare. Their low tolerance of homosexuals seems to give them a superior attitude, which makes them as normal as blueberry pie as far as they are concerned. But that's all right, as man needs a certain amount of pride to feed his ego and keep his sanity. And, of course, it is always gratifying to know someone else is worse off or more odd than you. Many homosexuals think they are "normal" too, especially when they don't fit into society's neat classification of their being out-and-out f/ops and sissies who dress in women's clothing. The queens think they are "normal" as compared to TV's, because queens at least play the woman's part all the way with sex, actions, etc. It's just a matter of whom you are comparing yourself to, I guess. And so it goes, "The whole world's nuts except me and thee, and sometimes I wonder about thee."

I may seem super critical of TV's and I am because I'm telling it like it is. I think TV's should do their thing and should be judged as individual human beings and allowed the freedom to express themselves as they see fit. The danger lies in their unrealistic attitude about their

"thing" which can lead to disastrous consequences. If they could only realize that being a woman is not the superior life they make it out to be and that wearing female attire will cure all mental ills, they would be all right. But some go to extremes and are not satisfied until they become physically a woman. This is the great danger as a TV and a Transsexual are miles apart in their psyche. The true TS actually has a psyche of a woman and the wearing of female attire is secondary to their nature. The TV's psyche is definitely male and the wearing of female attire is first to them. Sometimes TV's confuse the desire to wear women's apparel with that of being a woman. It is like a man or a woman who has a great sex desire for the other person and if it is not satisfied begins to equate this sex desire with love and then a bad marriage is made simply to satisfy his or her sex desire.

A pathetic case in point is that of a friend of mine (a TV) who convinced himself that the cure for all his ills was to undergo conversion surgery. He is now physically a woman with the mind of a man and on the point of madness or suicide.

He considered himself a transsexual. He was a handsome man of 27, 5'11" tall. He worked for the aircraft industry as a supervisor and had many side hobbies. He loved to tinker and build things. He built model ships and planes and did magnificent cross bows, building them from scratch.

He claimed he always wanted to be a girl from childhood and was a quiet and introverted person. He spent a good deal of his time by himself and would tinker and build motors,

models, etc. in his father's garage. He is a brilliant person and has a pleasant personality. He seemed to be quite considerate and conscientious, a quality not often found in transsexuals.

When I discovered this young man wanted to change his sex, I was disappointed, and at the same time curious, as he was the first transsexual I met. I asked him to live with me, as I planned to dissuade him from his course. However, I told him I wanted to make a study of him, which was true, and he had no objections. Since he was quite handsome and showed an interest in girls, I thought that once he was living with me and saw me dressed as a female, he would weaken, as many a TV has done, and start to pursue me. I wanted to break down his smug attitude that he would never seek a male until after his surgery. My victory was never realized, but he proved an interesting subject for study. And, in fact, the mere association with him convinced me that I was more a transsexual than he. From that point on I began, for the first time, to contemplate the operation.. I was sure that part of being a transsexual involved the overt or hidden desire for men companions. I soon found out that this was not always true. To this day, of course, it confuses me, as like any layman, you naturally think any male who wants to be a woman would also want to have a man as a mate or companion - playing the complete role of a woman, which would include an interest in men. Not so with Don, who had absolutely no such interest.

Don, in fact, was all man as far as his pursuits, interests, and thought patterns went. In fact, his pursuits

were super-masculine. Even though he may have chosen these super-masculine type challenges as a reaction to prove his own masculinity, he definitely enjoyed his jobs. He had been a deep sea diver, salvaging planes and ships. He was a skin diver as well, a pilot, an aircraft mechanic and an adventurous man going to the remotest corners of the earth as a supervisor on building projects, etc. He had lived in the wilds of the jungle and the barren deserts, sometimes alone, shifting for himself in the most primitive fashion. He enjoyed his work and adventures and felt especially manly when alone under the sea, in the jungle, or on the desert. He also felt quite manly when he could feel superior to his co-workers or was offered a challenge. He was very pleased and proud of the time he co-piloted a small plane which crashed, and while the pilot and the passengers panicked, Don didn't, saving passengers and the plane from being destroyed by fire.

Don had been engaged once but his girl jilted him, taking quite a sum of his money along with her, as he had been overgenerous and trusting. He had sent her all of his earnings and savings to hold, as he expected to marry her. He made excellent wages in whatever he did. Deep sea divers especially earn hundreds of dollars per dive. He was quite broken up about the loss of his trusted fiance, and this, I felt, was the clue to his obsessive desire to become a woman. He had weird notions that when he was transformed he was going to confront his ex-fiance as a woman. What effect he wanted to produce is still unclear to me. However, I told

him that it would be useless to confront her, and that she would simply laugh at him.

Don learned of sex late in life, as his father always told him his penis was just to urinate from and nothing more. While in the Orient as a soldier, he did have sex with a Japanese prostitute. He paid for her services but also brought her flowers and candy as if he were courting her. He claimed he didn't really enjoy sex and that he never had sex with his fiance.

I suggested to Don that he seek psychiatric treatment, but he claimed he had sought such treatment but found the doctor wanting, so he quit. He decided his doctor was incompetent. He would read books on psychiatry and mark off passages that he thought applied to him. One of the passages I remember that he marked off dealt with schizophrenia. In the margin of the passages he marked he would write notes like "that's me - exactly how I feel, etc." These passages covered a range of mental disorders. Yet, he seemed perfectly rational, intelligent, thoughtful, alert, and honest in his evaluation of himself and of his desires. He insisted that in spite of everyone cautioning him against the operation, he was doing the right thing. He claimed to feel and think as a woman, but displayed no femininity whatever in his actions, reactions, or thought patterns as far as I could discover. Still, he could pass as a woman in appearance - he had his nose done, his eyebrows surgically arched, skin peeled, beard removed, adams apple shaved, and lost weight. He was also under hormone treatment, and developed quite well.

However, I doubted he would last long simply having a female appearance. But, he insisted being a woman was the only course open to him, and he could care less if society accepted him, as he would be content to live a hermit's life in order to be a woman. At times he would talk of finding an old man who would treat him as a woman, one who would like sports, and would expect no sex. I told him that no man, whatever his age, courts or marries a woman without expecting some sex. However, he was sure he could avoid that aspect of a man-woman relationship and than at other times he claimed he probably would enjoy sex with a man, as he was convinced his mind would change when he was a woman. I insisted his mind would not change; only his body, and predicted to him that he was doomed to the funny farm or he would commit suicide.

Nothing and no one could change his course, he was determined to go through with the operation. I then left him alone, but suggested he at least make an effort to act like a woman when he dressed, and also work on his voice, giving it a higher pitch. I suggested he learn feminine mannerisms from queens, women, other sex-changes, and even me, as I had always had ~~subtle~~ feminine mannerisms. He insisted that we were all phonies and were just putting on an act and he didn't want to put on an act. I then reminded him that femininity even in genetic females was a learned process, and not an attribute you are born with. Again, he insisted that when he was a complete woman, all this would come naturally.

He then proceeded to inform his family of his in-

tentions and, according to him, they accepted the fact with no shock or criticism, claiming they suspected him all along of bearing definite feminine qualities. He went through the operation in Tijuana, Mexico, returned to Los Angeles, stayed with a married sister and his mother, then left for San Francisco to stay with another sister who was a school teacher, and a lesbian who had a lover. He returned a year later to Los Angeles and informed some friends that he just couldn't adjust to a female life and that he was more confused than ever, and hinted that he underwent surgery to spite his mother. The last I heard he was headed for Florida where his ex-fiance lived.

Don is but one of many who regret having had conversion surgery. Although a lot of supposed transsexuals look good as women, either naturally or through the process of hormone treatment, and many have definite feminine mannarisms, few really have the psyche of a woman.

What effect environment has on the development of differing behavior patterns is still being debated. What effects physiological aspects of the body and brain have on differing behavior patterns has yet to be studied. But I am of the opinion that our behavior is determed by both environment and our physiological structure. I also feel that perhaps enviornment merely triggers what is an already established fact of ones physical nature (or brain functioning). That is if you are born with the brain of a woman, or a homosexual you begin to realize this only when certain things in the environment triggers it off making you realize that your behavior pattern is not in accordance with the established cultural norm. For instance many boys play with dolls or wear dresses now and again while they are children for fun. Yet, only a very few get any reaction from this particular play-thing. These few then are the ones who grow into TV's, TS' and queens. Then there are boys who play doctor or in some other way discover another boys male organ. They may play with each others organ but only a very few get any reaction from this and these are the ones who grow into homosexual men. Others do not get their basic behavior pattern triggered off until later in life as their environment may be ^{X₀⁰}sterile for them to realize their true inner nature.

Since I am not equipped to discuss technical medical matters, I shall just continue giving you a glimpse of my childhood, a seemingly classical case of environment alone effecting my particular behavior pattern.

I was a reject of a loveless sex act and a non-

person among persons, and that is how my life started. I could identify with no one, not even women, but I was surrounded by women, and unconsciously adopted their ways. I was a male child, but denied male outlets. Rejected, loveless, alone, and hemmed in by females, my unconscious choice was clear - females had it made. None were everybeat as I was; none were without clean clothing as I was; none were without attention as I was; none were without love as I was; and none were as lonely as I was. How males survived I had no idea, as they were merely shadowy figures passing unobstrusively through the whole of my life.

No male had disciplined me, guided me, taught me, encouraged me, or loved me. No male had inspired me, impressed me, nor have I deemed any worthy of emulation. Yet, I have a strong attachment, yearning, and desire for them, as a woman does. I do not think it is a father image I seek, as I had no father to create an image of. I respect men and wish to please them. And, if I had my choice and could have been a complete male in all respects, I would have preferred to be a man rather than a woman, because men have more freedom, prestige, and respect when they make full use of their masculine nature. My nature, being what it is, (feminine, as if I were born so) gives me no choice or desire to be anything but a woman.

I was born of a 16 year old mother and a few days after my birth I was placed in an Orphanage for adoption. I was never adopted as two years later my mother decided against adoption. However, I did not return to my mother until I was 11 years old. In the meantime I was placed in two foster homes.

The first one I do not remember as I was between the age of 2 and 3. I know only that I was fed mustard and bread and was quite fond of it. I also remember one incident that I attribute to this home and that was a very low bed, a woman playing with me and telling me she was going to cut my penis off and make me into a girl. It seems to me my reaction was not at all of a fearful one. Now whether I imagined this or it actually occurred is hard to say, except I remember repeating this incident to someone a few years later in my life.

My next home at which I stayed 8 years, was with a family of five. A mother and father, two daughters, one ten years older than I and the other a year and a half younger, and a son, five years older than I. My brother, a year and a half younger than I, by another father, was also with me. Our life was a complete hell as the woman of the house was almost a sadist, but only with my brother and I as her younger daughter, who I remember more clearly than anyone, was never touched. She was loved and had all privileges denied us. My brother and I were practically forbidden freedom of play, especially rough play with the boys. I remember spending all of my time by myself wishing I could play boys games. My brother, on the other hand, spent all of his time with the girls as their soft games was not forbidden us as long as we were close to the house.

Life went on, as miserable as it was, and I shied from boys even at school, but recall a certain envy of girls, their closeness to the nuns and their games, as boys and girls were kept separate during recreation time. At home, when it was possible, I instigated playing with dolls and dressing up

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in female attire, which my brother and the younger girl of the family enjoyed doing. However, the young girl was not always interested in playing with both of us at the same time and one or the other of us would be left out of play if her mood dictated she wanted to play with my brother alone or me alone. She lorded it over us and had a tremendous influence with her mother causing my brother and I many days of punishment, either separately or together, again depending on the girls mood and the believable lies she could think up giving her mother an excuse to pound our heads against the wall, kick us and then send us to bed without food for the rest of the day. Of course, the mother didn't need her daughter for an excuse to beat us as she could pick on the most minor offense, real or imagined, to start fisting us. Ink on the back of my shirt, a small tear in my clothing or bedsheets, dirty hands, squeeling loudly while playing outdoors, etc.

Finally my mother took my brother and I away from this miserable environment, but she produced a less than miserable one for us and proved to be a very poor substitute of a mother. She tried, but was just incapable of being a good mother as she had quite a few psychological problems of her own. One being that when her boys found out about the circumstances of their birth they would leave her in disgust. So she decided that it was not worth being a good mother or showing love to her children only to be hurt by their rejections, so she cautioned us on the very first day she took us back that the only reason we were so privileged was that her latest husband wanted us, but that she didn't.

So I sometimes wished I was back with my foster

mother, not out of any love, but simply because I knew where I stood with her, but not with my mother who was a mass of confusion.

Anyway, I went to school, made friends with boys and girls my own age, but was too awkward to play boys games and I had little rapport with boys. I took up with girls thinking I was having a boy-girl relationship and no one found this odd even at my age when boys normally shied from girls. In some quarters I was considered a sissy and on occasion, in some neighborhoods along the Eastside of Manhattan I was whistled at and my nipples touched as I passed on the street by boys, as after puberty, my nipples grew quite large and through my tee shirt I looked like a developing teenage girl. I was extremely thin, which made this development the more unusual. These occurrences were rare but enough of them occurred to make me wary when I walked the streets of Manhattan. But it was not only as a teenager that I was looked upon as different and I even felt different, this feeling and some children's reaction to me was something that was a lifelong process. Was I different, or was I a product of my unusual background? In later years this question began to gnaw at me causing me much mental anguish and suffering. For the time being I lived from day to day waiting to grow older and hoping for a better future. But never did I think of myself as a girl and never did I consciously wish to be a girl. My body and society said I was a boy and then a man, although I cringed every time someone called me a man. I was determined to be just that despite the fact I really didn't think, feel, act, or react as a boy or a man. And I wasn't to become aware of

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what I really was until quite late in life.

I was now progressing steadily through phases of discovery of my true nature. After a couple of months of staying aloof from the queens, I finally talked to one. This particular queen was a heavy-set, but very convincing-looking woman. I saw her around quite a bit, usually on Saturday and Sunday mornings, and I always assumed she was for real, as she wore low-cut dresses exposing a good portion of flesh, or otherwise known as breasts. She also had a very high-pitched voice. The breasts, I was to find out, were a clever illusion; the voice was authentic.

I was in need of a hair stylist for my wigs, as my former (gay) hair-dresserfriend just didn't have time anymore. I was told Sheri was a good hair-dresser, and charged very little. I still thought she was a real woman when I approached her one day. I was dressed as a man, and I called her by name. She was very aloof, and snappily asked me what I wanted, and how did I know her name? I told her I was a queen, and was told she styled wigs. She softened somewhat after realizing I wasn't a copy, or some wise guy trying to make out. She told me to bring my wig to the bar, and gave me an address where I could pick it up after she styled it. I was a little hesitant to trust her, but then I figured what else could I do? So I brought my wig in, and a few days later, still attired as a male, I went to pick it up.

The address she had given me was a few blocks from the bar, and in keeping with the surrounding area, it was the next thing up from the slums. I was ushered into a

dingy, gloomy, unkempt apartment - a haven for mice and cockroaches - creatures I abhorred and had'nt seen in the many years since leaving my own semi-slum neighborhood. Sheri wasn't there, but at least six other queens were, including my soon-to-be good friend, Tahia. They too - in keeping with their surroundings - were a mess. Most of them were in different stages of dress and undress. A table in the kitchen had a big round magnifying mirror set up, surrounded by cosmetics of every description, along with hair-pieces, rollers, and bobby pins. It seemed as though all the queens were trying to put their makeup on at once. Some were putting on their makeup bare-chested and their backs and chests looked as if they had been whipped to within an inch of their lives, however, these marks were due to taping, bras, girdles, etc. Some of the queens had hair on their chests and backs; others bulged something terrible from loose flesh. Others were getting their makeup on, wigs combed out, and some even had curlers in their own hair. Some were partially clad in boys clothing, and others partially clad in female attire - girdles, panty hose, etc. The whole atmosphere was freakish. Falsseto voices, female clothing strewn all around, puffs of powder all over the place, noxious perfumes, and strutting queens. I thought for sure I was in some kind of amad house. While all this was going on, queens were in and out of the kitchen, digging bare-handed into a pot on the stove, and gorging themselves with food. They were a spectacle to beat all spectacles. Tahia introduced me around, using my female name. Then,

she offered me food. Believe it or not, I was impressed by her hospitality, and was to become more so every time I visited this apartment, as I was never to enter - no matter what time of day - without being offered food. I soon found out that Tahia was mistress of the apartment and Sheri lived with her, sometimes paying part of the rent, but most times not paying. This apartment was also the gathering place of queens of every description. They used it for their dressing room and even for a place to take their tricks (sex partners) for quickies. Most of the queens were Hawaiian, all of whom had arrived from the islands within the past three years. They were a close group and didn't much bother with queens of other ethnic origins, especially the Mexican queens, the next largest group, who were considered to be beneath the Hawaiians. The Mexicans were more prone to excessive drunkenness and brawling, dope taking, and were little concerned for the welfare of their fellow queens. I really felt flattered that I was accepted by the Hawaiian group as one of their sisters as time went on. My initial shock upon entering this squalid apartment wore off after awhile, and the "freaks" were soon transformed into very attractive and most convincing women.

Dragage Queens are a sub-class under the heading of Homosexuals. Their mental outlook and way of life is distinct from the true homosexual. The true homosexual thinks of himself as a man and wishes to be treated as a man, not only in society but among his own kind. Yet, he seeks an extension of his male image in another male. He has his own social structure and language, but functions undetected, in the

majority of cases, in a heterosexual society. Usually he participates as a heterosexual only to the extent of maintaining his economic status, avoiding other heterosexual contact as much as possible.

A Queen, in many cases, finds it difficult to maintain a male image in our heterosexual society as he, along with some true homosexuals, is usually the effeminate type. However, for his economic well-being, he does barely manage to be acceptable. A queen thinks of himself as a woman, and wishes to be treated as such. He seeks out what he calls "straight" partners to compliment his womanly image. The word "straight", except for queens, usually refers to heterosexual men and women. The queen regards the true homosexual in about the same way heterosexuals regard him, as a creature to be avoided. He calls homosexuals "sissies" and "butch-queens" even if they are the masculine type. His social structure and language is as foreign to the true homosexual as is the homosexuals to the heterosexual. The Drag Queen is an overly sex-oriented person who doesn't know the meaning of true love, and who equates love with sex. He is constantly seeking sexual and emotional gratification. To that extent, he is brother to the true homosexual. Where they diverge is in their methods, as well as in their thought patterns, in attaining this gratification.

One of their methods is creating the illusion of femininity, and wearing women's clothing. Their partners, although classified as bisexual men, are actually not true bisexuals as their mental attitudes are distinct from the true bisexual. A true bisexual likes women for all the

qualities they possess and the sexual and emotional gratification they offer, but also likes men in the same fashion as does a true homosexual - as an extension of his male image. The bisexual who digs queens thinks of them as an extension of true females but he still performs sexually as a homosexual. He will have nothing to do with a true homosexual, and thinks of them as most of society does, as monstrous creatures not worthy to breath the same air as he.

Most of the queens I've met come from economically depressed and educationally poor backgrounds. This is not always the case and could not necessarily be the cause of their aberrant behavior. Other members of their families are usually culturally "normal". Still, there are cases where two queens will emerge from the same family, or one queen and one homosexual. In one case I know of, two brothers are queens and one cousin goes with queens, women, and is known to molest children. Most queens homosexual activities started at a very young age, and their choice of male attire usually leaned toward the feminine style until they were able, or the law permitted, to adopt the complete feminine costume. However, they stopped short of wearing female underwear and night clothes. Although they enjoy female clothing, it is never for erotic reasons. Most only wear female clothing rarely, especially after they attain their goal of seducing a male partner for an extended period. One queen I know has been "married" for twelve years; another three were "married" for seven years respectively. Queens number in the low hundreds and are concentrated in big cities. usually in the depressed areas.

Some queens desire to have their sex changed - thinking they have the psyche of a woman or to avoid the penalties of the law for lewd behavior and to have a better variety of male partners without fear of detection. Those that do get their sex change soon discover their mistake as they find it impossible to adopt to a heterosexual society and discover that they really do not have a woman's psyche simply because they do not think as women. All they manage to adopt is the best in the female's outward mannerisms. Many queens are sexually aggressive causing those who have conversion surgery much frustration afterwards in their sex relations. A queen's view of womanhood is that of a glamorous, male adoring life similar to many of our glamorous, sex symbol movie stars, who when their beauty fades so does their life, many times by suicide.

Queens hold menial jobs as messenger boys, stock clerks, delivery boys, and minor clerks. Many don't work and live on the sale of their bodies to willing and avid customers. Some support their lovers, and in a few cases, their lovers support them.

As there is no solemnity to their marriages, and both partners being basically male and hedonistic, they have no qualms about cheating on each other when they can get away with it. This is one cause of friction and arguments, which sometimes leads to violence; the queen fighting sometimes like a woman, depending on her physical and mental makeup; other times fighting as a male would. Another cause of friction is the matter of support; one partner tiring of supporting the other. Marriages are usually short-lived, as

variety is the spice of life to them. As there usually is no basis for a relationship except sex, the novelty of a married state soon wears off. Queens especially are in great need of attention, and insist on going out to bars even while married, to show off and be admired. Their interests and pleasures, outside of sex, are very limited. They all anxiously await weekends, when they can dress and run to the bars. They live a shadowy and superficial life, and no friend, no matter how close, can expect any help from a fellow queen if it entails any sacrifice, especially the sacrifice of even a minor pleasure. Help is only forthcoming when it is convenient for the queen involved. The ultimate end of a queen is either a young death from disease, or sometimes murder, or a slow death on skid row. They care little, or cannot afford, to take care of their physical needs. Few break away from the sordid pattern of life they have become used to and the sex change is definitely not the answer for them, as pretty and womanly as many seem to be. Almost all return to the same pattern of life - some as high paid prostitutes. They just do not have the necessary fortitude to adopt a better way of life. Very few manage a decent way of life, but they are the ones who are better educated and realize the limitations of the life of a queen.

The female attire of a queen is usually quite stylish, but more on the whorish level; tight fitting and seductively draped clothing is greatly to their liking. They wear all kinds of devices underneath to give feminine contours. These are waist cinchers, girdles, hip and butt pads, tight bras stuffed on the sides with bags of rice or

rolled nylon stockings to push up and out the flesh to form cleavage - tape is sometimes used to create the same effect. Their makeup is very theatrical with much emphasis on the eyes. Their hairdos are sometimes stylish - more often outlandish. They go for built-up and out hairdos, out of proportion to their face and body - giving the appearance that their heads are about to fall off. They wear spiked heels and mesh hose. One bar (the Waldorf in Los Angeles) does not permit dresses to be worn, so the queens wear capris and other pant outfits with provocatively low-cut blouses.

While on the subject of bossoms, let us return to Sheri, who I finally met. I wasn't ready for what I saw. This time Sheri was'nt dressed as a female, and the difference was unbelievable. She was heavier than she looked dressed, she had no breasts but enough flesh to create a perfect illusion. She was not at all an attractive male. She had shoulder-length, black, straggly hair, a heavy, dark beard, a stubble of black hair on her arms, legs, back and chest. She was dressed in a loose-fitting, dirty yellow, torn, Japanese-style terry-cloth robe. The only way I could tell it was the same person I had met in the bar was by her high-pitched voice. However, she was a warm, generous person, and very appreciative of favors done her. She worked once a week in an after-hours bar as a cocktail waitress, serving water and soda mixes for those who brought their own liquor. She was an excellent waitress, fast on her feet and well-liked by the patrons. She had a

lot of charm and despite her weight she was very popular with men, who sought her favors. At times, she charged for her favors, especially the old men - but most times it was free. She kept her boyfriends for many weeks - not just one night as I did. Later, she was to become a cook for a married couple (straight) who owned one of the drag bars. She worked unstintingly, but rarely got paid because these people took advantage of her and the other queens who worked for them by keeping them going with unfulfilled promises. Sheri was a native Hawaiian of many national mixtures and was a fairly good hairdresser and seamstress. She made all her own clothes, and some for other queens for a nominal fee. She is now back in Hawaii working as a seamstress for professional female impersonators.

Tahia, on the other hand, looked like a typical Hawaiian male, not particularly feminine, but not particularly masculine either. She has long black hair, styled in a boyish bob. She has practically no body or facial hair and is a nice bronzed color. She is tall with a good masculine build. Her hands are quite heavy and masculine looking, but she keeps extremely long nails femininely shaped. Her voice is well modulated with few base tones, so that it can pass as a man's voice or a woman's voice. She drives a panel delivery truck on her job, but she thinks nothing of taking days or weeks off, ~~but~~ she is such a good worker that her boss puts up with her irresponsibility. She doesn't get paid for time off, but her personal pleasures and periods of laziness comes before work. At one time she made her living

selling her body; and garbed in female clothing, she is exotically and excitingly beautiful. She has many feminine ways about her and often goes on dates to plush straight night clubs, restaurants, and theatres, where she causes quite a stir, especially among male patrons. However, she is more at home in a drag bar and turns down many dates so she can "carry-on". She has been a first prize winner at many of the drag balls throughout the years. Her genetic sister is a well-known former beauty queen. Her family knows of her aberration, and accepts it, but she left Hawaii to protect the family name, since she likes the adventurous, slutty life and was bound to get in trouble with the law. She spends her very small paycheck on female clothing, jewelry and cosmetics, and when not buying clothes she is paying traffic fines, and fines for minor offenses connected with her drag activities. She hases no qualms about parading herself about as a prostitute, as she loves attention and whorish ways. However, she is more selective than most in her choice of mates - going without for weeks if no one appeals to her. In fact, she, like the others, sometimes prefer to parade around the bars high on pills than have sex. She responTahia is warm, very friendly, and hospitable, appreciative, alert, witty, intelligent, and interested in new idea and learning, provided she does'nt have to put forth too much effort. She fits well in any strata of our society, but pr3fers her own kind. She is a procrastinator, and dislikes being told what to do even if it is in the form of a suggestion. On this point she quickly gets angry, but never holds grudges, and treats everyone with respect. She's some-

times loud, showy, and dominant. She responds immediately to anyone in need (provided, of course, it does not interfere with her pleasures) and gives completely of herself and her material wealth, as meager as it is. She is never without hangers-on, but she has many sincere friends, too. She is not typical of queens in general, but is typical of a lot of Hawaiian queens, who for the most part, are more stable, have better manners (except for their atrocious and savage-like eating habits), usually hospitable, and show more concern for their fellow man.

Tahia comes from a large family, but was not deprived of anything. Her parents wanted her to go to college, but she was not interested in learning and barely graduated from high school. Her sex life began very early in life. She was about 8 years old when she recalls that her cousin (now a queen) told her of his having put his penis in the rearend of a playmate while playing under the house. Tahia said she was quite shocked and considered what they were doing as very dirty, but that the very next day she was under the house performing the same sex act with another playmate. Her interest in boys, however, went back even earlier as she loved playing doctor, examining boys bodies and also playing in female attire. She became a shoe shine boy in the downtown area of Honolulu during the second World War and she had many military men as customers. She soon began to take many of these men in the bushes where she sucked on their penises, at their request, and was paid in hamburgers or small coins. She continued this practice

throughout the war years, at first finding it repulsive but soon relishing the opportunity and even suggesting it to her customers. She claimed to have sucked thousands of service men - some of whom also performed sodomy on her. At the same time she and her sissy friends would throw rocks at female impersonators and obvious homosexual, cursing them and calling them mahoos (queers). She was a rugged individual and went in for rough play and masculine games during her teens. She especially enjoyed a challenge but claims this was not a reaction to prove her masculinity as all of her male friends knew she was a sissy and she was not ashamed of the fact. Her friends accepted and respected her simply because she was superior to most of them when it came to athletic pursuits. She started going to the drag bars when she was about 16 and then the potential drag queens and homosexuals younger than she started calling her and her friends mahoos and throwing rocks at them. Tahia's life as well as most queens' lives have been one long sex-orgy and they never seem to tire of it.

The queens are one thing, easily worthy of the appellation of "she", because of their perfect illusion of femininity, but TV's are something else. That is, when a TV is not a television (as I long believed) but a transvestite.

It is rather difficult even for me to accept or understand TV's. So if you folks out there in readerland think this book is one unbelievable, fantastic, and imaginary piece of fiction, I sympathize with you. I sometimes think I'll wake up and it will all have been a bad dream, especially the part about TV's. But unfortunately, I'm quite awake - (or am I?). I can accept homosexuality, not because I had performed as one, but because few people ever actually see them perform sexually; thus their masculine image is saved. I can accept queens because whether dressed or not, good looking or ugly, they just come across as women, and somehow it seems more logical that if a man desires to dress as a woman he act the part totally, including desiring a male companion.

As for sexual performance, period; heterosexual or not, should one analyze the actual sex act and scientifically examine the organs, etc. involved, I'm sure few people would care to indulge. However, thanks to our emotional and sensory devices rather than our sense of the aesthetic, we do have sex relations. When you come down to it, the act of sex, even between a man and a woman, done according to the rules, is not a very pleasant act to contemplate aesthetically. Consider too that all bodily openings, including the mouth, are excretory channels - so one

opening is as good or as bad as another, depending on ones sense of aesthetics, instincts, and emotional responses.

But sex aside, I am trying desperately to appreciate TV's as individuals, regardless of their mode of dress. The fact, is, some are so far out in their unrealistic attitude toward themselves that it makes it difficult to appreciate them. Instead of saying "I'm a TV and enjoy dressing", and let it go at that, some insist on their agonizing chatter of "How grand it is to be a woman"; "How thrilling it is to put makeup on and wear female clothing"; "How thrilling it is to talk girl talk"; etc.

And who can explain and I mean really explain how a TV while dressed as a woman, a professed heterosexual, could accept a man fussing over him, dancing with him, and holding hands with him, and still maintain his heterosexual status. The theory is, of course, that it just goes along with the masquerade - is tolerable if not downright exciting. Actually, these very same men, if approached in a similar manner while dressed as a male, would lash out and knock the poor idiot's head off for daring such a proposition.

The topper is this: A TV will profess vigorously his staunch desire not ever to become a woman completely, as dressing is merely a game, a form of relaxation, a temporary escape from male responsibility, an appreciation of females and things feminine, an expression of his female nature (which all males possess but express in different ways), yet I've seen the staunchest advocate of them all break the very sacred rule and spend the rest of his days as a woman, forsaking his cherished masculinity. This is

what disturbs me, not so much a TV ultimately divorcing himself from his masculinity, but the farce, perpetuated and loudly proclaimed to the public and each other, that TV's do not desire to play the female role completely; that they thus are capable family men and members of society. So girls, if I were you, I would never marry a TV who was not at least a stable individual, unless you eventually want a sister; as despite their continued protestations to the contrary, with age the desire to be completely female increases in a good many cases, and one never knows which guy is going to go all the way and which will just keep dressing as a sporadic hobby. Increased responsibility, boredom, lack of appreciation on the part of a wife of a TV's masculinity (which has to be constantly fed), traumatic experiences, habit, etc. tend to make transvestic males less interested in continuing their male roles.

I asked many TV's, all very masculine, all substantially engaged in the business world, some still married, others divorced, to really examine themselves and their motives and tell me truthfully whether if circumstances were right and they could pass well as women, they would not spend the rest of their days dressed and acting the role of a woman. I venture to say 85% of those asked claimed they would. I also asked how many ever contemplated, even once, changing his sex, especially after hearing of the Christine Jorgensen case. To a man, all said that they had contemplated it, some only once - other many times.

Then I pressed them on the subject of whether they would ever contemplate, or had already done so, having a man as a companion sexually or otherwise. Mowt claimed they had never thought about it or ever had the desire. Yet upon further pressing the matter, some said that if the right man came along, they just might consider a relationship. The right man meant, in this case, one who would treat them gently, with great consideration, and make them feel very womanly - something akin to many of our female's puritanical outlook on what man would be worthy of her favors - or at least cause her to loosen her virginal guard.

Well, I guess you have noted that I exhibit a definite prejudicial attitude toward TV's. An observation well taken, as it is typical of minority groups involved in aberrant behavior, along with their minority ethnic cousins; to be almost vicious in their condemnation of other minority groups. One would think they would be less prejudiced, as after all, they all seem to want the sympathy and recognition of their humanness from the majority of people in our society; but sorrowfully this is not the case. Do we then have the right to condemn our heterosexual society for not accepting us? Certainly not, but my hopes are that through education we will all learn to live with each other with understanding and compassion.

Actually, though, I am not as prejudiced as I might seem to be. My one difficulty is appreciating people - any people - who are not completely honest with themselves and with others. TV's, I have found, for the most part, are

always deluding themselves, and going into a verbal fantasy-land, in the hope of convincing themselves and other of the justification of their position. This takes the form of blaming women for all real and imagined wrongs - from woman not being feminine enough (so they, TV"s, fill the gap by admiring their horsey countenances for hours in the mirror and on photographs) to their idea that women are jealous of these same horsey female-attired males. Plus all and sundry other reasons given and mentioned in this book, which is a dangerous attitude as I've already shown. They are just too unreal to be real.

My first encounter with a TV was at one of the drag bars. He was a heavy-set, pleasant, round-faced man, although a bit sorrowful looking. He kept staring at me and finally got up enough nerve to approach me. I thought, "Well, here comes another admirer, but not one I would particularly care to take up with." He offered to buy me a beer and I accepted a little hesitantly, as I didn't want to feel obligated in any way, but it was a dull night and any company was welcome.

I thought I didn't hear him right when he asked if I were a TV. I thought he surely meant, did I have a television. At that time I didn't own a television so I answered in the negative. It seemed to me to be an odd opener for a conversation. And then he said, "Oh, I thought maybe you were." I replied, "You thought I was what?" He repeated, "I thought you were a TV." I figured surely this guy was nuts or maybe he meant that he thought he had seen me on television. So I told him I didn't under-

stand him and perhaps he could clarify what he meant by TV. He told me a TV is a transvestite. Now we were getting somewhere. I knew what transvestites were from my sparse readings on the subject and I was a little insulted by his assumption of my being a TV. At this point, I thought they were an odd lot and I didn't want to be classified with them. At least, I liked me and played the role to the hilt. I asked him what made him think I was a TV. He explained that I just didn't seem to fit in with the other queens, especially since I always stayed by myself and did not talk to any of the queens. Besides, he had been patronizing this bar and had just recently noticed me coming around. At that time I refused to make any effort to meet my fellow queens as they were beneath me, and seemed very vulgar. They never made any effort to make my acquaintance either. I came to meet men, anyway, and wasn't interested in socializing with these obvious whores who might cramp my style.

Well, my pudgy friend soon asked me to go home with him. Knowing that TV's weren't interested in males, I asked him what we would do. He said nothing, except maybe I could help him dress, and I could undress in front of him. I told him I was sure it wouldn't do a thing for me and that he'd better find someone else. It just wasn't my scene. He didn't press the issue, but began to tell me a bit about himself, especially the fact that he never went out in drag because he was too heavy and couldn't get decent clothes. He said he did dress occasionally with the aid of

an understanding girlfriend, whom he suspected of being a lesbian. I tried to reassure him that he really was'nt that heavy and surely he could obtain clothing to fit him. I imagined, though, that he was just reluctant to purchase any.

So, I met my first TV, a mild-mannered and very considerate man. He was always a gentleman and bought me a beer every time he saw me. He came to the bar often and just seemed to enjoy watching the queens prance about, perhaps with a twinge of envy. I came to meet many more TV's after him, some at the bar. However, he was one of the few to tell me he was a TV before asking me home - the others waited until we got home.

Then came my second encounter with a TV. A marine, at that. At this point I should like to digress for a minute. Of all the men who ever told me what branch of service they were in, not one served in the navy. Now, it is well known that many sailors are gay, but apparently they don't chase queens, as I never came across any. I have also never met any TV's who served in the navy, but I have met TV marines and army personnel. And, of course, no one expects a rugged marine to be gay, much less a TV. Well, we'll just have to revise our thinking on that point. At least they manage to keep in character - for after all they do chase girls - even if they are pseudo-girls.

I met my newest friend in the bar on a slow evening - always the best for me - little competition, you know. He was no more than 5'8" tall and very good-looking, in the All-American manner. He was at the far end of the bar. I

moved from the middle of the bar to within two seats of him, and smiled. That seemed to do the trick. He asked me why the other queens would'nt talk to him and everyone seemed to be so cold. Did they think he was a cop? I told him it was possible but that I did not think he was. He told me he was a marine on a pass, and he had been inquiring all day where he could find a bar that catered to boys who dressed as girls. Most of the people he asked, including those in gay bars, thought he was nuts. No one seemed to know where these creatures could be found, if there were such persons. Finally he met someone who knew of this bar. He was exhausted, and immediately suggested we go somewhere for a cup of coffee. I, of course, suggested my place. He had his own car and followed me home. I made him some coffee and after some discussion he asked if I'd mind if he stayed the night. I was delighted at the prospect and then he hesitantly and shyly asked if he could wear some of my clothes. That, in itself, bowled me over, but what was worse was that I decided he really did'nt find me interesting and was just using me. Oh, well, he was a doll, so I agreed to his staying and provided him with a waltz length night gown and a pair of panties. He ashamedly put them on. The gown was a bit too long. I turned the lights down so he would'nt be so embarrassed, and then I grabbed him and kissed him, picking up his gown and rubbing his panties. He relaxed - we went to bed - and he wasted little time in asking if I'd mind getting on top of him. He was too cute to resist and my initial disenchantment with going to bed with a masculine, handsome femininely clad man turned into a somewhat enjoyable ex-

perience. I actually delighted in treating him as a girl and playing the aggressive role. However, I didn't feel all that masculine, as I was wearing a similar costume. Nonetheless, I whispered to him that he was my girl, and asked if he liked his pretty panties and nightgown, and would he mind if I pulled them down a minute to perform - all of which, I'm sure, delighted him no end. However, his reaction wasn't mincing as I was to experience later with other TV's. I never completed the act, as this was his first try and he just couldn't take me. In the morning, he made up by being the aggressor. We had breakfast and I loaned him a dress (way too big), and even put a pink bow in his hair. His personality didn't change. He was still quite masculine and, I suppose, I reacted as some women do who like to dress their sons in girls clothing, I actually thought it was cute; the more so because he made no effort to play the feminine role. Had he tried, I would have been considerably disappointed, as sissy men turn me off completely.

He told me he was recently married to a very nice girl who was a college coed. He was disturbed by his desire to wear female clothes, but was reluctant to tell his wife. I didn't inquire into what caused his desire. I was just happy to have a cute companion, no matter how he dressed, especially since he didn't act like a girl. I knew too that he didn't much go for me, but I figured he'd be back, as where else would he be able to get clothes, especially ladies underwear. I explained to him that queens never wear female

undergarments, except for panty girdles to keep things in. He could'nt understand why they would dress and not wear undies. To his mind, as with all TV's, it did'nt seem worth dressing if you did'nt wear some finery underneath.

Well, I was mistaken about his coming back to me, because the next time I met him was at an after-hours coffee shop. I was dressed, and he came in with a very small, feminine oriental, who never dressed. He told me he had been going with her for quite awhile and that he was hitting all the interesting gay spots, especially the places that featured female mimics. It was another couple of months before I saw him again. This time I was leaving a bar to go home, and he drove up and asked where I was going. I told him I was going home and he asked if he could go with me. I was momentarily flattered that he wanted to make it with me again, then suspected that he just wanted to wear my finery. It did'nt matter, I liked him, and I was always pleased to have company. I offered him my clothes, but he declined saying he did'nt feel like dressing but he wanted to go to bed with me. This time he was able to take me. It seems he had had a bit of experience between now and the time he first met me. At that time I was the first male he had ever gone to bed with. I asked him why he still was'nt with the little dragless queen. He said he had had fun, but got tired of her as she, and others he had met and dated, were quite shallow. He just coul'nt hold a decent conversation with them. They were all too dumb. One of the reasons I enjoyed his company, not counting the fact

that he was so good-looking, was that I could hold intelligent conversations with him.

The next morning he went back to his wife. I tried to keep him a little longer, and again offered him my clothes. He just wasn't interested and he disappeared from my life the same as all the others.

Almost every weekend, I patronized one of the two bars I knew that catered to queens. For awhile I kept one night open for visiting regular gay bars, dressed as a man, and one night for the queen bars, dressed as a female. My luck in the gay bars was no better than before I began dragging and I slowly left them out for good. My luck was far better in the queen bars, and I needed to put forth very little effort to get a suitable partner for the evening, with the ultimate hope of finding one permanently. For the most part men would approach me, offering a beer or merely conversation. Some I approached with a cheerful "hi", and that usually broke the ice. The ones I approached were the best-looking, you can be sure. I did well the first few months, sometimes seeing the same man twice for a night of love. And if I didn't get a partner these bars proved to be an interesting place for the study of human behavior - until I got tired of my study and useless search for a mate.

"Miss", he said, beckoning me to come over to where he was standing. I slowly made my way through the crowd in the bar and approached a little old man, who immediately asked me how tall I was. I told him, in what I thought was a feminine pitched voice that I was six feet tall. He quickly frowned and blurted out, "You're not a girl", and left in disgust. Despite my dead give-away voice, which is quite base, I was getting to the point where men were not sure if I was or wasn't a woman. Some, apparently not concerned about my voice, were absolutely sure I was a female. Even homosexuals, who you might expect would spot a drag

queen. Nonetheless, there are many homosexuals who have never seen a female impersonator. And, too, some men who visit drag bars are completely unaware of the type bar they are in. These men are usually looking for women, and when they see females unescorted in a bar, that's the place for them. In fact, when I walked from one side of the street to the other in the area of the two drag bars on Sixth Street (and when I walk down any street at night) men would honk their horns, some stopping and asking if I wanted a ride, others asking how much I charged, and others would whistle. My, a girl is just not safe on the streets. Most of the men passing by in their cars had no idea what was going on. Some queens took advantage of this, a dangerous chance, and actually got paid for a quickie in the car; usually they would french (perform fellatio) and the man was never the wiser. I know of a case where a queen was shot when the man she was with discovered she wasn't a she.

I never made any pretense that I was not a male; nor did most of the other queens. One night, however, a middle aged man came into the bar and picked me out of all the other queens. He tried for quite awhile to get me to drink with him. Since I was at the other end of the room, he waved frantically every time I looked up. I ignored him for quite some time because he was older than I usually liked my men, and he wasn't particularly good looking. However, he persisted, and even came over to me several times asking me to join him. Finally, I agreed, and he was quite the

gentleman and I weekend under his gentle manner and his many compliments of my poise, etc, including the fact he dug tall girls. In spite of my better judgment telling me not to go home with him, since he really didn't turn me on, I was easily swayed, and I agreed. He followed me to my apartment in his car. It turned out he was a manager of an automobile agency. He talked of meeting a girl last week in front of this bar and had gone home with her. By this time I was comfortably encased in a semi-sheer pink nightgown, bra and panties - my wig still on. We were seated on the couch talking and still there was no contact, as he wasn't at all aggressive. He didn't turn me on enough for me even to touch him, so we sat. I asked him if the girl he had gone home with the week before wore a nightgown and to my surprise he said she did - a black one. Black, he said, was very sexy. I told him pink was the only sexy color as far as I was concerned, but that I knew men liked black. However, it bothered me to think another queen wore a nightgown, as I thought I knew queens, and was sure they never went in for that frilly stuff. I always liked to think I had that much over a queen, a wardrobe consisting of complete feminine clothing from underwear up. It was almost a point of pride with me, as I really didn't care to be classified as a queen, and thought myself more womanly. In fact, the queens would deride me when they discovered I wore female underthings and nightgowns thinking I was some kind of a nut and when I explained that TV's liked female underwear they used this knowledge to really hit me below the belt and called me a TV,

another title I abhorred. However, I knew that most men liked to see women in sheer, silky outfits, as well as to feel the material rubbed against a woman's body. I must admit too that in that respect I had somewhat of a fetish for female underwear as I used to get a kick out of wearing it, especially when I had no other outlet. At any rate my gentleman friend asked a very assinine question. "What do I do now?" As nothing was happening. I replied, "Call your mother and ask her."

I figured I was stuck with this creep, and decided to go to bed with him, hoping at least something would happen there, as I felt the need for some loving and rubbing too. Well, the bedroom atmosphere sparked the old boy somewhat, and he began to probe my body. Not being able to get aroused, I lay there and decided to let him do all the work. He started to kiss me and ran his hand up my leg to the edge of my panties. He then asked why I was wearing panties to bed and I said, "Because I like a man to take them off me." He was doing that very thing, when he jumped back in horror right after he came in contact with that little protruding thing between my legs. Immediately I realized this dodo just wasn't hep to the scene, and I was kind of glad, too, as it gave me an excuse to get rid of him. After the initial shock, he started to apologize for the fact that he didn't know and I apologized too, but asked him how it was possible I could have fooled him, when at that time I didn't even shave my very thick hairy arms (wore long gloves in the bar); and I had taken off my wig with his okay. ~~Also, I inquired~~

Well, he claimed I really had fooled him, and that he had traveled all over the world and had many women, but that I just came over like a woman. He had never been to bed with a male before. The hair on my arms didn't bother him, as he claimed he had seen many women with thick hair on their arms. My short haircut didn't bother him either, as he expected women who wore wigs to have short cuts underneath. It all confused me, so I asked about the girl he picked up the week before, inquiring if she were a queen. It turned out she was a real woman, and a prostitute, who was walking by the bar when he stopped his car and offered her money. I had no fear he would do anything drastic to me as he had too gentle a nature, and besides he was actually intrigued with the whole mixup. Of course he left, still apologizing as was I. We were like two Japanese men who accidentally bumped into each other bowing apologetically 'til one or the other was out of sight. That was my first intimate encounter with a man who didn't know the score, but not the last. However, other encounters were never to get as intimate - I had learned my lessons.

I was dressed in a straight, pink gown with a low cut bodice, my bosoms were overflowing. Although I am thin, I have always had small busts that looked like they were about to develop, my nipples were large and pointed, so one piece of tape across the lower part of my bust-line was enough to give close and genuine looking cleavage. I was quite elegant looking as my hair was fashionably styled and my makeup perfect. I wore a pearl necklace and earrings,

white high heels, long white opera gloves, carried a white beaded purse, and was wrapped in a pink stole. No way to dress for a bar, but Tahia and I were going to a ball that a friend of mine said would be groovy. It was 'nt Halloween season, but some straight club was puffing it on. We arrived at the designated place and stayed only five minutes, as we discovered it was 'nt a ball, but a dance, and it was being put on by an elderly group. We immediately felt out of place and left. So as not to waste an evening, we went to the drag bar. I sat at the bar and a very tall, very young, well-built man asked if he could sit in the empty seat next to me. I said sure. He began to rave about all the tall girls around and said he never saw so many tall girls in one place. He was decidedly pleased to have found this bar as he was 6'4" tall and liked tall girls. He was especially interested in the waitress who was no more than 21, as tall as I, extremely feminine blond with a touch of vulgarity in her language, and an aloof and snobbish air about her. He had seen her the week before and tried to make out with her, but she was 'nt interested. He asked if I would introduce him and I did, but she did 'nt even acknowledge him. Although she was completely caucasian-looking, she was a born Hawaiian. She had just arrived in Los Angeles, coming because she had stabbed a boyfriend in Hawaii. She was just 21 and had been working in a strip joint in Hawaii. She had an argument with her boyfriend and stabbed him, but not fatally. However, the law was looking for her. She was giddy and acted like a typical dumb blond, even though that

was'nt the true color of her hair. The hair to be sure was all hers, but dyed. Her first stop from Hawaii was Tahia's place, as it is sort of the port of entry for all Hawaiians, even though Tahia does'nt know many of the new queens personally - through friends they know ofher.

After being rejected by the blond, my friend decided to get interested in me. He bought me drinks, and suggested we go elsewhere. I told him I had planned to go to the after-hours place with the girls, and besides I felt overly dressed to be visiting other bars. I suspected this guy was'nt aware of the type of place he was in, but I just could'nt be sure. I kept going over to Tahia and asking her if she thought this man knew what was going on and whether I should tell him. She assured me he knew. It seems to break the illusion to go around telling all the men that you're not a woman. When you tell them, they say they know, and avoid the subject, as they don't want to be reminded. Anyway, I was'nt really interested in this man, and would be rid of him after the bar closed, so I strung him along. I figured if he did'nt know, it would be a good testing ground for me to see how long I could pass undetected. When the bar closed he asked if he could go with me to the after-hours place. I began to think now that he knew, and said he could come along, but that I would pay my own way in. He paid for my set-up and we danced. While we were dancing, some vulgar queen kept on throwing her dress up above her

head and using quite a bit of vulgar language. She was very flamboyant and not particularly good looking. She had a most outlandish hair style, and all these devices, which made her even uglier, were a means of getting attention. Everyone seemed to like her, and I suppose she was entertaining to them. Quite awhile later I met this queen and she turned out to be a very fine and stable person. She had come from a broken home and was cared for by one aunt after another. When young she was constantly being called a sissy and to counter her sissy image she took up sports with a passion and became a top athlete in her school. To prove even further her masculinity, she began weight-lifting and competed for the Mr. America title. She finally discovered her true nature and accepted it becoming a dancer and then a beautician. She now works in a beauty shop in Hollywood and all the woman patrons are hep to the gay life and consequently, she and the other gay men working in the shop are free to express themselves as they wish. Her life parallels mine in many respects. She's hardly effeminate when going about her business and her features are not at all feminine. She is intelligent and more stable than most queens and really fits better in the heterosexual culture than in the gay culture.

At any rate, my boyfriend, after seeing her display, noticably changed, as if he had discovered something. He finished the dance with me, but moved a few inches away so that we were no longer dancing cheek to cheek. I began to think he'd finally caught on. I was disappointed in a way

that he had to discover the masquerade through the gross vulgarity of a queen, but glad, too, as I didn't think people who were unaware should get involved. We sat down and I noticed his puzzled look and questioning glances, so I asked him, "Did you ever meet a homosexual?" That was it, as he countered with, "You're a homosexual, aren't you?" I said, "Yes, in a way." He relaxed then, and began to inquire about what was going on, and were all the girls here men? I informed him most were, although a few were for real. He pointed to Tahia at the table oppositeus and said "Well, she's for real!" I said she was also a male, but he insisted she wasn't. I asked Tahia to tell him, and she did, but he still refused to believe it, and wanted proof. I asked him how come he was so sure I wasn't a girl, and he said he had thought I was, but after seeing the carrying-ons of the vulgar queen, he began to suspect me. He began to notice my voice, and also decided I was wearing a wig. He reluctantly was convinced that Tahia was a queen, and then left. I was relieved he found out, but still felt I would see him again as his curiosity alone would bring him back. Sure enough, the next week he was back. I approached him and told him that the week before he was disgusted with the whole thing, so why did he return? "Oh," he said, "it's just kind of interesting" and proceeded to inquire again of different queens as he was sure not all of them were male. I informed him that not one female-clad person in the bar was for real, except the owner, who was behind the bar. He said he would return again, but only to bring a friend to see these unusual happenings. However, I was

never to see him again.

I was to be mistaken many more times for being a woman, but when I was 'nt sure a guy knew, I asked him. Some were surprised and curious, but never belligerent. Some were so intrigued that they wanted to give it a try.

One incident which was a little humorous took place at a straight ball that Tahia and I attended. A gentleman in his mid-30's approached Tahia and asked her to dance, and she did. But while they were dancing and he complimenting her beauty, she told him she was an impersonator. He did'nt quite believe it, but took her at her word and continued to dance with her. This revelation, which amazed him, did'nt deter him from asking her to dance almost the evening away. He also asked me for a dance, and seeing we were together, he assumed I was also an impersonator. However, after the dance he told me that his assumption was wrong as he was sure now that I was'nt in the same category with Tahia, especially after seeing my cleavage. He was sure I was a woman. Well, I told him I was only part woman and left him to figure it out.

My very authentic and quite full bust line was always a source of amazement to men I encountered. At balls short men loved to dance with me so that they could rest their heads on my bosom and even kiss it. Others would light my cigarettes, always keeping the match low so that I would have to bend down, and they could really get a good view down my dress. One man did this all night long and it was quite a source of amusement to the other men around and I, always happy to keep them chuckling, complied,

dutifully bending over every time.

Of course, I could never walk down a street without some man pulling to the curb and asking me if I wanted a ride. All who did that got the same answer from me. I would tell them I was not a real girl and they, in disgust, would zoom off. However, many said they didn't care and offered to have sex with me. I turned them all down. No quickies in cars for me. I always wanted to feel wanted for myself and not for a quick french job. Of course, I know all the men I met at bars were only looking for sex, but at least they would play the whole bit of wanting me for me, and then working up to sex in a congenial atmosphere - like my apartment. All along, though, I hoped that one man would take to me and we would have a lasting relationship, but I was never to be so fortunate as some of the other queens were in this respect.

So I wandered from drag bar to drag bar in my hopeless search and one evening I walked down Hollywood Boulevard. I passed a pizza place and three men by the window saw me pass. All three, two soldiers and a civilian, dropped everything and started to follow me down the street, calling out what a beautiful shape I had. I was wearing a very tight fitting suit with no padding, cinch, or girdle underneath, as I rarely donned such devices. I must admit the suit was quite chic and complimented my figure very well. The jacket was long enough to hide the fact that I didn't have any hips but short enough to show off a very shapely rear end. The men kept following me making complimentary remarks, but nonetheless I was frightened. First,

I never made it a habit of walking the streets unless it was to get from one place to another. Second, I was afraid that they would catch up with me and discover I was'nt a real woman and get nasty. I figured I'd better get it over with, and let them catch up with me. They approached me, telling me how beautiful I was, and what a terrific figure I had. I warily told them that I was'nt a woman, and they all chimed in, "We know, but how much do you charge?" Well, needless to say I was flabbergasted, and all I can remember of my reply was that I did'nt charge. They then asked which one I would like to go home with. I said none of them, and kept walking. All three disappointedly returned to the pizza place to finish off their orders. I immediately returned to my car, but not before a bunch of teenage boys drove up to the curb and started to shistle and aks me to wait. I just kept on going at a faster pace, and finally reached my car, nervous as a cat. I got into my car, and a handsome man in a big, impressive-looking car, started to follow me. I turned the corner, stopped my car, and he stopped right behind me. I got out and walked over to his car and said, "I'm flattered by your attention, but I am not a real girl." He mumured disappointedly, "Oh," and I went back to my car. Later I was sorry, as he was a doll and I began to suspect that he could care less what I was, like some of the other auto pick-ups, I had encountered. I never went to Hollywood again. It was just too nerve-racking being a street walker, as one was never sure who he might take up with, including cops. Besides there were just too many men to choose from.

And anyway, as I said before, being picked up in the streets was too blatant an invitation to sex, whereas in the bars the men seemed more selective and at least gave the illusion of being interested in you for other than sex. Most men who picked me up in bars, by-passed far more convincing queens than me, because they saw something in me they didn't see in other queens. Their reasons ranged from my being prettier than other queens, to my poise, ladylike manner, intelligence, etc. As I was selective, their impression of me, as well as mine of them, was important. A vulgar man was automatically out in my books, including men who asked me what I liked to do in bed. My stock answer was, "Make love." Also, men who offered me money or asked me to buy them a drink never got to first base.

My involvement in the gay life became a stabilizing force in my life; it provided a needed emotional outlet. Had I not discovered the gay life I would have probably gone mad. Many times I was at the point of madness or suicide. Perhaps, thanks in part to my rough childhood, I managed to survive as I knew I had to make my own decisions. There was no one to turn to and I knew no matter how bad my life was as an adult it couldn't compare with my miserable childhood, after all, I was now master of my own destiny. I wanted to live and I was determined to find myself and a modicum of happiness. But, oh, the mental torture and the emotional instability I endured just to find myself. But to find myself took soul-searching years and the homosexual-type life was only a partial answer, but at least a start.

I was too busy surviving my childhood years to be concerned with my lack of masculinity and masculine interests; my lack of rapport with other boys, but my good rapport with girls; my sudden fetistic interest in pink panties at puberty, which I wore for self-gratification when the urge came upon me; my distaste at seeing hair growing on my face and body; and my dislike at being called a man or mister.

At the age of 20 I was honorably discharged from the service. My emotional attachment to certain men while in the service was completely forgotten. I was going to go to college and then move to California. Los Angeles was the only place I ever heard of and to me it was California. I worked at two part-time jobs and went to a Business College half days and began to save money for my move. I met a

charming, gregarious girl, a few years older than me and dated her steadily. I was always busy, but my fetish grew stronger and I was now taking to wearing nightgowns as well as panties, always pink, but merely for self-gratification and then I would be done with these items until the next time. I started getting guilt feelings, not so much for wearing female attire, but because I masturbated and I discovered from a Protestant boy in the service that masterbating along with tatooing ones body was the greatest sin of man, according to him. Before that I never knew masterbating was a sin, despite my Catholic background. I berated myself and I confessed my sin and soon saw a pyschiatrist but hardly got started with him when I decided to move to California. In the meantime I met a tall, dark, Puerto Rican man at school who was very friendly toward me. One day we went shopping for Christmas gifts in a large department store. The place was so crowded that I was about to lose my friend so I reached out for his hand and all of a sudden I got a warm, secure feeling at the touch of his hand. He grabbed my hand and held it tightly and I began to get a floating sensation and followed him in a daze as he took me to his apartment. We entered his apartment and he offered me a seat and then proceeded to grab me and kiss me, I pulled away in fright and disgust and ran out the door with him pursuing me, begging me to stay. He claimed I would get use to it and that I acted in the same way as his last lover who eventually found his way of life to his liking. I told him it was not for me as I was sure there eventually would be sex involved. I began to hate this man and suddenly found

him grossly ugly. He ran out to the street, stopped me and got on his knees crying for me to stay, offering me anything I wanted, and saying he would not hurt me. I was shaking all over, telling him to quit making a fool of himself in public in a hoarse whisper, and began to pray over him like a priest reciting the Hail Mary. I called my girlfriend and tearfully told her what had happened leaving out the part of my holding his hand. She tried to calm me assuring me I was not a homosexual. I then went to confession and told the priest that I felt it was my fault the man became interested in me because I seemingly encouraged him by holding his hand. He assured me it was not my fault, but it was weeks before I could shake the memory of this encounter from my mind. Yet, I vaguely started thinking of his offer to do anything for me and I wondered if he'd let me live as a girl. It was the first time I had ever consciously desired to be a girl. Then I started thinking of the very first encounter I had at the age of 17 with a homosexual. I was working as a mail boy for a big company and every night I would have packages that I had to take to the post office. It was just before I entered the service when I began to notice this weird character walking down the street near my office. He had popok-marked face, high falsetto voice and very swishy mannerisms. He would always scream hello^{mm} to another creature across the street who could have been his twin. One day he came to my office to deliver a telegram just as I was leaving the office laden down with a big package in each hand. He was at the receptionists desk joking with her in his falsetto voice and I was waiting for the elevator. When he was through

with his business he pushed the elevator button and then began to dance around me, singing in a high screechy voice. All the young boys I was working with were standing at the doorway laughing at this sight. But I was frightened out of my wits and his voice began to sound as if it were coming out of an echo chamber as my head began to ache and spin. I could feel my eyes becoming stiff and and I thought they would pop out of my head. I started to pray for the elevator to come and for this creature to disappear. I felt rooted to my place and completely helpless with both my hands burdened as they were with packages. I thought if that elevator did not come I would faint on the spot. It seemed like hours before it came and I finally reached the street to get a whiff of fresh air and shake away the most frightening experience of my life. I just could'nt imagine what this creature was going to do but I had visions of him pouncing on me and murdering me on the spot. with no one coming to my rescue as all the boys were getting quite a kick out of this creatures singing and dancing around me and began to think they were part of the conspiracy. No Sir, I was'nt having anything to do with homosexuals, no matter what they offered me.

So off I went to Los Angeles. No sooner did I get there when I encountered another homosexual. This one was the owner of the boarding house I stayed in and was a manager of a small company. Nothing about him betrayed his homosexuality and I lived peaceably in his house for awhile until he offered to take me to a bar. I just turned 21 and he took me to a very pleasant, large bar filled with men.

I didn't think there was anything unusual about the place, but did wonder why there were no women around. He started introducing me to some friends and I could see he was watching me intently to see if I had any unusual reactions. I just calmly drank and talked with his friends. Then we headed for home, he being quite drunk. He started to hold onto me and put his arm around my waist in an all too friendly manner. But, I figured he was drunk and thought nothing of it. I ushered him into his room and went to bed. In the morning I took a shower and suddenly this man burst into the shower with me and began to feel my body. I angrily pushed him away and asked him what kind of nutty thing was he think he was doing, and how dare he invade my privacy. He muttered something about last night and left my room. I stayed on, but soon left when I found out he was sleeping with one of his tenants. All the young men in the house were aware of this situation and the man he slept with began to get a guilt complex and started taking his guilt out on me. He started throwing spit balls at me claiming I thought I was superior to him and one day he brandished a small knife fhreatening to kill me. The next day I moved out, but would see the owner of the house downtown occasionally and he would always say that someday he was going to have me. I knew what he meant, but was not disturbed with his desire to have sex with me. I just smiled and told him it would never happen.

I was becoming more and more sophisticated about gay men and was no longer fearful of them, but always

avoided them when I had a suspicion any of them were around me.

I then rented my own apartment and advertised for a roommate. I was very careful in selecting a roommate going so far as to asking each applicant if he were a homosexual. Men who wanted to use my apartment for sex purposes with a girl were also turned down. I avoided good looking men too because I knew handsome men stir^{ed} something in me. So I selected what I thought was a not too handsome blond young man just out of the navy. He was a couple of years younger than me and within a few days he suddenly appeared very handsome to me and I developed a romantic attachment to him. To get near him I suggested he learn to dance, that I would teach him. He was anxious to learn and we began our lessons. We danced cheek to cheek and he didn't seem to find that odd, but my emotions were odd as I started to get an erection every time I danced with him. The next time we danced I used the precaution of wearing a jock strap in order to control my erections. Then I suggested rubbing his back and he found that appealing. My reaction was the same. Many times thereafter I would comb his hair and all these things started building up to a painful yearning for something more. My chance came when a newly married couple, friends of mine from the East came to spend their honeymoon. My friend and I slept in separate twin beds, but I did have a couch that could accommodate two people, but not very comfortably. I suggested the married couple sleep on the couch, but my roommate insisted it was too uncomfortable and that the couple should sleep in our twin beds. I didn't argue and we slept together. I hardly slept as I was very tense and excitable

sleeping so close to my companion's warm body. I had to restrain myself from reaching out and carressing him. As morning began to dawn and I was still half asleep, my hand reached into the fly of his underwear and I held onto his penis feeling it grow and grow. He got out of bed, not saying a word and went to the bathroom. I followed him choking with dry heaves all the way to the bathroom, where I attempted to vomit. I then composed myself and lashed out at him for permitting^m to do such a thing to him. He said he was half asleep and didn't quite realize what I was doing and felt no urge to stop me as he was curious how it would feel. I was ~~err~~ribly upset all day and promised him I would restrain myself after he decided to become angry with me and told me to behave myself. I managed to control myself but my interest in him became more intense and I would have to struggle to control myself from touching him even when we were not in bed. My friends left and we slept in our own beds, but the outline of his body under the sheets began to stir me with uncontrollable desires to jump into bed with him. One night it became toomuch and I asked him if I could sleep with him. He refused and a few minutes later I let out a shrill scream as if I were in pain. And I was, emotional pain at not being able to fulfill my desires. I frightened him out of his wits and he suggested I see a psychiatrist. I apologized profusely and told him I wouldn't do it again. But when I awoke in the morning he was gone along with all his belongings. I was frantic and called in sick at work and spent the remainder of the day trying to discover where he had moved. I finally

located him a few days later after I managed to get his home address from his office. Then I began my spying adventure. I knew what I was doing was not right, but one part of my brain refused to obey my better judgment and I uncontrollably followed him around learning his daily routine. I think my purpose was to accidentally bump into him and then try to persuade him to return with me as he refused to see me. I was in such a state that I cannot remember exactly what I did and for what purpose. I remember snatches: I know I did get to talk to him and he told me he was doing all right and that it was best we lived separately. I began to write letters to his girlfriend trying to persuade her of my need for his friendship. She never responded so I sent her flowers. I once called his office and asked for him and the girl told me he was'nt there and I screamed like a madman in the phone that I knew he was there and that he'd better come down and see me. I knew he told his girlfriend and her mother of my peculiar behavior and that set me in another turmoil as I did'nt want to be known as an oddball and my pride was terribly affected. I know that I followed him to his girlfriends house one day and waited in my car outside her house and she called the police and I was about to be arrested for disturbing their privacy or something and got arrested instead for neglecting to pay a parking ticket, after which I went to my friend's office and made sure he saw me as I sneered at him like some psychopatic idiot. I know too that he finally agreed to talk with me and had informed me that he had written a note for his boss to hold claiming that should he die violently that I

was the cause; that his girlfriend was terribly upset by my letters and flowers and all around behavior. I then suggested we clear up the mess by seeing a priest as I informed my friend it was his Christian duty that he should be my friend. And the night before we went to see the priest I was very happy at the prospect that my former roommate would be my friend again and I thanked God and slept on the floor as a sign of thanksgiving for God's blessing. We went to see a priest and he informed me that my friend had the right to make his own decisions as to who he would choose as a friend. I finally tapered off on my spying missions, began to get my pride back and soon forgot the many weeks of anguish, my peculiar behavior which was leading me to the edge of madness. My school work and office work was impaired until I finally got back to normal. I prayed harder and went to mass every morning asking God to save me from myself and my weird feelings toward men. For awhile I thought I was cured and then another man came into my life.

He was a typical college-looking man, crew cut, very handsome face, and a beautiful build. He was quite athletic and a lady's man. We met at a party and he immediately started a conversation with me all the while eyeing me with what seemed like love at first sight. I suggested he join a young people's club of which I was president. He came to our next meeting and gave me the same look as before. We started paling around together and one night we both had dates and we all decided to do a nutty thing, go home and get some more clothes and drive to Las Vegas. He was supposedly drunk and he came to my apartment while the girls went home to get some things. I was preparing to get my things and he

passed out on my bed. I tried to wake him but could'nt so I called the girls and told them we could not go because my friend was out cold. I then took his clothes off and slipped in besideshim. I was highly excited at the prospect of sleeping with him and trembling with passion I began to run my hands all over his body. I continued this all night long getting to the point of uncontrollable passion as I felt his private parts, which erected, and kissed him from head to toe. He did'nt make any move and seemed to be oblivious to all that I was doing to him, but I knew he could'nt possibly sleep through it all. I wondered too ~~that~~ if he were dead to the world how he could get an erection. I finally had to relieve myself and I lay on his stomach and began to relieve myself ~~between~~ his thighs. I felt terribly guilty and nauseated, but was so tired from all my activity that I fell asleep. We both awoke about the same time and as before I became ill and lashed out at him for permitting ^{me} to do the things I did. He claimed he did'nt know of anything that happened and that I should just forget it. All day long I was ill, but he insisted on our friendship and finally suggested we get an apartment together. Before we moved I allowed him to see me in a nightgown and all he said was take those things off and let's go out. So we moved into an apartment and I began to wear nightgowns to bed and he never said anything. However, I waited for him to make the first move. In the meantime I use to wake early every morning and rub and kiss his back. He never said anything and was usually upset if I broke my routine. Then one night he was lying on the couch and he grabbed me and pulled me down toward him and kissed me full on the lips and I began

to play with him, trying desperately to think of something more to do than just playing with his privates as I wanted some relief myself. Just as things were getting hot and passionate, someone came to the door and that ended our little love encounter. Still I was'nt sure of him and felt there was something wrong with me and not him because he was Oh so masculine. I began to blame myself and accuse myself of being queer. Yet he seemed jealous if I went out with girls but at the same time he would leave me alone many nights and not return as he pursued girls. I became very upset at his lack of concern for me and one night we had a fight he beating the hell out of me as he threw me over my bed, picked me up from the floor and started beating on me. It was all very upsetting as he began needling me and trying to get me angry by calling me queer and constantly repeating silly questions directed at me over and over again. When I would begin to cry he would come over and kiss me and try to make up, but every day he would repeat the same routine. Finally I went to a priest confessed that I had a love affair with a man, and that I wanted absolution, promising I would not go near him again. The priest first suggested we live separately and then looked down his nose at me as if I were the worst sinner he ever came across while he accused me of being the instigator and corruptor of this young man. I went home more guilt conscious than ever and felt it was all my fault as I just could'nt believe my friend was queer. I then began accusing myself of being queer in front of my friend and promised I would leave him alone. But he continued his harrassment of me, tempering it

with sweetness. I decided that he should move but he refused so I said I would and began to pack my things. He begged me not to move and that he would be more considerate of me and not go gallavanting with the girls so much. But our life together became worse and he steadfastly refused to move. I really didn't want him too but he was getting unbearable and my emotions were getting out of hand. I wanted him all to myself and he seemed to want me and yet not want me. So I again begged him to move and he refused. I was in a terrible emotional state and accidentally set fire to some papers between our beds while he was sleeping. A fire quickly started and his bed clothes began to burn. I sat motionless just watching the fire and not bothering to awake him as down deep I felt this would be the solution to my problem. I was actually going to let him burn to death. Somehow my senses returned to me and I calmly waked him and told him his bed clothes were on fire. He began to beat up on me and then ran to the phone. I thought he was going to call the police and I ripped the cord from the wall. This made him more angry and between my getting water to put out the fire he kept on beating on me. I finally put the fire out and he packed his clothes and left. The next morning I felt ^{wonderful} great as if a great burden had been lifted from my shoulders. I was surprised at my gaiety in such a horrible situation and fully expected the same emotional problem I suffered with my last roommate. I even went to his office and made up with him telling him how relieved I felt. He soon joined the police force and married a girl I had introduced him to. The marriage lasted a year and he became the father

of a boy. His ex-wife got in touch with me and told me he was a very sadistic type person, and that he told her he thought he was a homosexual. She wanted to know what our relationship was as many of my friends questioned why he moved in with me as they thought I was a little sissy. He told them he moved in with me to make a man of me. I told his ex-wife we were merely roommates, but she was suspicious that there was more. I never indicated to her our real relationship.

At this time I had reached my 25th birthday and after my friend announced his wedding plans I proposed to a girl I had been dating. She was no where near the type girl I normally dated. She was not too attractive and had few ladylike qualities, something I admired in women. But, nonetheless, she was a fine person with lots of personality and she was the most popular girl around because of her happy-go-lucky attitude. I was not in love with her and didn't even know why I proposed. She didn't want anyone to know of our engagement until Christmas so no one was told. In the meantime I decided to go to a psychiatrist and ask him if I were doing the right thing as I felt I was a homosexual. I had two sessions with him at \$25 a throw and his only advice was for me to go to sleep with a girl before I got married. I then decided not to marry this girl and started leading a very sedentary type of life returning to female night clothes and panties as a sexual outlet then burning the clothes. Finally it got to be too much and too expensive and I began to keep my underthings and every time

I felt blue I would don these clothes controlling my desire for sexual gratification from these items. I soon began to wear these clothes nightly without guilt feelings or the need to masturbate. These clothes soon became to me something akin to a security blanket. Any upsetting experience or emotional trauma, including loneliness would be relieved simply by my putting on panties and a nightgown. But all the while I prayed to God that he should maim me or blind me rather than have me suffer mental anguish and my uncontrollable interest in certain men. At that time I felt nothing could be worse than to be so afflicted with my peculiar desires and that it would be a kindness if I could be physically crippled and even struck dead than be mentally crippled.

To make matters worse certain men continued to take unusual interests in me. One co-worker who had coffee with me every day would always manage to start rubbing his knees against mine. He was married and had two children and I started avoiding him. I began to shy away from all men, especially the handsome ones, as I was sure everyone noticed my peculiar interest in men and that they were accusing me of being a homosexual. I felt safe nowhere thinking everyone could read my inner thoughts and that I was being pointed out as a queer. Another man, middle-aged who worked with me would always make remarks guardedly indicating my femininity and even suggested one day that I should wear a dress. A few days later I found a kotex in my desk drawer. I had one encounter after another with men and even some women who indicated one way or another

that I was less than a man.

I continued to have emotional interests in heterosexual men but became more aggressive and let them know my romantic interest in them, even after I joined the homosexual sub-culture, hoping they had similar interests. Some suggested we part company, but others would tell me to straighten up and that we should remain friends. Many times I was on the verge of suicide after an emotional encounter with some of these heterosexual men and their rejection of me. But my religious background saved me as well as my lack of courage and my ultimate hope in a better tomorrow. As I became more and more involved in the homosexual sub-culture I became less and less emotionally unstable but still made every effort to encourage a relationship with the heterosexual type male.

So now I was a queer, but far less paronic. I avoided almost all contact with men at work as now I knew I was queer and I didn't want to lose my job or shatter my masculine image.

In my queen phase, I became even more emotionally stable as I did not have to pursue true heterosexual males because similar type males were pursuing me. For lack of a better classification I call them queen suitors. These men are neither wholly homosexual nor wholly bisexual, at least in their outlook. The queen suitor is masculine in all respects, except sexually (as defined by our culture). He is a regular-looking member of society and many times a respected member. He is interested in culturally male pursuits, male ideas and ways of doing things. Most do not belong to any sub-culture but spend a good portion of their lives in the heterosexual culture. Nothing in a queen suitors makeup is any different than the true heterosexual male. He is practically undetectable from that of a true heterosexual. One thing they all seem to have in common is that 98% of them have been married one or more times, and many remain married, yet have occasional affairs with queens.

They are a difficult to pin down as to reasons why they like queens. Many have never bothered to analyze it themselves. And, of course, most of them would prefer not to disturb their illusions of courting a real woman by analyzing their interest in queens. None of the queen suitors would classify themselves as homosexuals (a group they abhor), but many would classify themselves as bisexuals, if pressed on the subject. Some adjust completely to their behavior pattern without guilt; others never do and go

about with guilt complexes.

Some of these men started off on their bisexual bent by permitting themselves to be seduced by old homosexuals (or old Aunties, as they are called in the homosexual community). Their main form of sexual outlet is to perform fellatio. Since this form of sex provides a tremendous amount of gratification, it could be ventured that 50 or more percent of males, especially those who have been in the service, have had this experience usually from some old sergeants and other homosexuals interested mainly in this form of gratification. By permitting a homosexual to perform this act, a basic heterosexual male has no guilt feelings, as contact is limited to the penal area. No love-making is tolerated, and certain homosexuals are satisfied to have the opportunity of oral copulation and nothing more. From there on some heterosexuals crave more than oral copulation, and begin to seek out queens. With queens, the new bisexual again salves his conscience, because he is dealing with another form of woman as far as he is concerned. With her, he can indulge in more sex and love activity without a guilt complex. Many men never go beyond anal copulation on queens, but others ease themselves into typical homosexual sex activity. They participate in several forms of sex - they themselves being penetrated anally and practice in fellatio on the queen. With them, however, it is a matter of another form of sexual stimulation, and their image of themselves as a man doesn't seem to suffer. A queen who participates in the aggressive role does not change her image either. She still thinks of herself as a woman.

Queen suitors seek their pleasures in the slum ardas where queens are more likely to be accepted in certain bars and clubs. As it is many queen suitors are of no higher calibre than the queens themselves as they too come from low income and educationally poor backgrounds. At first, many of these men just happen on the queen not knowing her true status until he offers to take her home. Also many discover their homosexual bent in prison (or in service) and are informed where queens can be found on the outside. Substantial and well educated men also find their way to the depressed areas, some while in the service, as the downtown area is right near train and bus transportation; others occasionally go slumming on purpose. These men then also happen in on the queen bars. Service men, of course, are noted for their loose living, and while away from home they seek their pleasures on the main streets of the United States, where prostitution and all other forms of sexual gratification are easily available. Prominent men are not at all immune from slumming either; they too wind up with queens on occasion.

In my case, I found a way to go to the uninitiated and better-calibre males through the underground papers. These men, of course, were aware of what they were getting into, as they desired my type of femininity but did not know where to find it. I had advertised and it paid off well. Many All-American college boys and All-American lower and upper managerial men sought me out, including TV's, who would take time off from dressing to be with a pseudo-female. They, of course, got even a greater thrill than most men, because they get excited over women's clothing, especially when a

psuedo-woman is wearing them.

Some of the reasons given by the queen suitors for their interest are: Queens are more feminine than a lot of women; Queens understand a male better being basically male themselves; there is more variety in sex outlets; they are just exciting for unexplainable reasons; and they are disappointed in women in general.

The reasons not given are: desire to be dominated; basic hidden homosexual drive coupled with removal of guilt feelings for this drive; forfeiting of male responsibilities, especially in married life; lack of patience attempting to understand women; more freedom to pursue their animal sexual drives; and fear of emasculation by women (dominating wife or mother).

Many queensuitors are strictly interested in the sexual outlet afforded them with queens. But many too seek emotional involvement. Some of these men prefer, or even demand, that the queen wear female garb all the time, or as much as possible. In some cases, especially when the man is willing to support the queen, or she is a prostitute, this mode of dress is possible exclusively. My hairdresser, and the first queen that drew my attention before my debut, was one of them. She got hooked up with a very good looking, very masculine man - a divorcee and ex-con who worked as a television repairman. Carol had her own very long black hair. She was slim and completely feminine with no trace of masculinity or masculine features or body type of any kind. She was Hawaiian, about 5'7" with a few chin hairs,

but otherwise hairless. Carol wore capris, shorts, dresses, or men's clothing in a feminine style. She never wore a nightgown to bed and wore jockey shorts under her clothes, except when she went out at night, when she wore a panty girdel with hip pads. She did not work and usually sat around the house watching television or doing wigs.

Then there are men who don't want their mates to wear female garb. As one man I knew used to tell his mate, "Now that you got me, what do you want to wear women's clothing for?" Still, he thought of her as a woman. Well, she did continue to wear drag, but only on weekends to go to the bar.

Surprise of surprises to me is that some men want to be dominated. Domination is one of the things I avoid. I don't wish to be dominated, and I don't wish to diminate. As a child I had enough of being dominated, especially by women. However, there are men who like to be dominated. At first it was hard for me to believe this, but now I know it to be true. I no longer feel sorry for the mousy man whose wife directs his every action, as I figure if he didn't appreciate it, he would do something about it - like giving her a good swift kick - a sure cure. Anyway, some queens are quite as adept at domination as their counterparts (women) are. Outside of domination, the life style of a queen is something akin to a real woman in a married situation, which makes it difficult to believe the queen suitors' contention that queens make better women or mates.

Some very few men ask their mates to get the sex-change operation and, in cases where the queen complied, their

liked his mate as she was originally. Some, as in the case of Carol, who suggested to her "husband" she might like the operation, tell their mates to forget it; that if they wanted a real girl, they would have gotten one. However, most queens do not want the operation, as they are not as much women as they like to think they are. They, like most of the queen suitors, are base sexual animals, and make full use of their male sex organs.

Not being a base sexual animal, preferring stability, and attuned to a heterosexual type of life, I began to think of where my life was leading. Could I ever be a real man, get married, and raise children. I so wanted to be normal, to make some sense out of my life, to love and be loved, to live, not exist, to find happiness. After all, what is life, but a search for that very elusive thing called happiness. Did I not have a right to find it as others do? Must I suffer, when the necessity of suffering could be eluded? Did I ask to be born as I was? Could I not remedy - cure my problem?

I weighed carefully ~~the~~ the past, the present, and the future. Was it possible I could be anything but what I began to think I was, a woman trapped in a man's body? Every sign led to that conclusion. I liked men, not as a homosexual, nor as a queen. I did not see a man as a symbol of sexual gratification, but someone to love, cherish, care for, sacrifice for, make home with, and share all the pleasures and pain that life together will bring. I never felt this way about a woman, and could not. I tried to reverse the image - love a woman instead of a man. All I came up with was the possibility of having children and my devotion to them, not my wife. Would I ever be able to think like a man - have a rapport with them? Would I be able to shake my subtle feminine ways - my bodily motions - my response to people and situations - all of which were considered to be feminine? Would men and even women stop treating me as if I were a woman? What if I put myself under psychiatric care and learned the male role - perhaps taking many years?

But what then if I could not change? I began to read books on people with similar dispositions as mine and talked with hundreds of homosexuals, transvestites, queens, and transsexuals. Could they change? Did they try to change? Yes, many, many of them had diligently tried through their own efforts and through psychiatric care. I found not one that was able to reverse their situations. Then would I be any different? Should I not devote my efforts to being what I am - a woman? I needed no adjustment mentally - just physically. My search to find myself was nearing its end. I found the solution and knew it was the right solution. But I must be sure and I must know all there is to know before I make the final decision. I could not, would not live in a twilight world - a sub-culture. I examined these sub-cultures and lived in them and found them wanting. However, before my final decision I made one more stab at trying to live a double life. Perhaps, if I found the right mate, I could maintain my physical status and have the best of both worlds.

Most of the men I met in the drag bars were male enough for me, but too unstable. So why not advertise. Sure, I may have to forgo moral principles, but my chances might be better if I could reach a more stable clientele.

I mentioned earlier that I had found it advantageous to publicize my availability as a female impersonator in our local underground paper. Well, I have had much success at it, and considerable education. Of course, I now can hear many of you say, "Why Not?". After all, those papers

are only read by the most debased and low, crawling creatures who just happen to be called human only because of their physical resemblance. But it stops there, as surely ~~surely~~ their minds and habits destroy any resemblance to humanity." So, now said, may I say I had at first agreed with you, but I discovered that the debased and low, crawling creatures resembling human beings, can't even read, or if they can, can't afford the few pennies it takes to buy the rag. Or if they can afford it, can't understand the sometimes clever and sometimes highly literate renderings of the subscribers' desires. I refer to the ads, of course; the rest of the paper is "sick".

I was introduced to our local underground press by a friend who thought it would be fun to answer some of the ads. Of course, he had'nt the nerve or the finesse to handle such a challenge, so I proceeded to call several of the advertisers. Since few ads were directed to homosexuals (of course, the hue and cry had gone up that the paper is salacious and caters to homosexuals exclusively, when in fact, fewer than 10% of the ads are placed by homosexuals) I answered the straight ads; those dealing with men interested in meeting women, discussing mysticism, seeking jobs, etc. I talked to seven men, all seemingly well educated, interested in talking, and possessing charming phone personalities. I played it by ear, talking impromptu, and, finally revealing my true nature, as I asked these men if my type of femininity would interest them. None were interested, but were curious, and none were rude to me. One young man, however, supposedly looking for a secretary, was very interested in me as a person. and from then on we

communicated via phone for some weeks. He told me he liked girls, but only the kind that were open-minded and accepting of differing behavior patterns, as he liked to have a wide range of friends. He said he tried homosexuality, and even dressing as a woman, but found both wanting, as he still was exclusively interested in female companionship. He enjoyed our conversations so much that we arranged to meet in person. I prepared a dinner and invited some friends, along with my new friend and his girl. I dressed as a woman, and Dick has not seen me otherwise dressed since we met over a year ago. In fact, he did not wish to see me except when I was dressed as a woman. We are strictly friends, and I find Dick to be very charming, considerate, intelligent and decidedly handsome. All his girlfriends took to me, and we have a girl-to-girl relationship.

Because of this encounter, and having talked to the other young men who placed ads, I decided the paper did not really cater to the out-and-out perverts, but had a high-calibre readership who used the paper to meet others, especially women, who were not particularly moral as defined by our society but who were not sickeningly immoral either. Of course, as with anything, you will find some kooks, but on the whole, the subscribers of these underground news sheets are middle-to-upper-middle-class college, business, and executive calibre men. Some few women run ads, and many couples run ads, some seeking new friends, and some seeking new forms of sex interests.

At any rate, I proceeded to place an ad seeking a male companion to compliment my female image. The floods

came, and from all over the country but mostly the Los Angeles area. The replies were mostly terse and simple; "Would like to meet you - call or write." Others were long and well written, informing me of the writer's characteristics and/or a description of his looks. One or two were out and out vulgar, and one or two were written by semi-literate individuals. Out of 60 replies, I met ^{from my first ad} 8 men, talked over the phone to 15, and had more than one letter from about 6. Some men were TV's, none was homosexual. All, of course, were bisexual, or potentially so. I placed four ads over a period of a year or more. Two dealt with finding a male companion,; one with getting a job as a woman; and the other with forming a Transvestite club. I received over 400 replies, and they are still coming in. As of now, I made, I made five lasting friendships with men who answered my ads and even with some of their families. Not all those who answered were interested in sex. Some just wanted to discuss their problems, or meet someone with a problem. Many, of course, were interested in sex, but some actually took me out on the town working up to a sexual encounter. Being taken out pleased me as I needed exposure to see how I reacted in public and how the public reacted to me as a woman. Some very few I had sex with, and all my respondents were analyzed to one degree or another for this book. I received over 100 replies ~~along~~ from my TV club ad, and I spoke to or saw somewhere in the neighborhood of 40 TV. Replies came from all over the U.S. and Canada and many called long distance to talk to me. It just goes to show you the great loneliness that prevails in our society and the great need people have to talk

to understanding individuals. I have already been credited with saving a couple of marriages, perhaps a life or two, and I have tried to set many on a better course in life, or recommending they see professional people competent to help them. Many TV's are still TV's rather than TS', as they would have surely regreted having the operation.

I received replies from business men, one newspaper man, one from a local television studio employe, and one government agency employe - all of whom did not bother to disguise their identity or place of business or employment, as they used company letterheads and sent company phone numbers. Many told me what type of work they performed, but did not reveal their place of employment. Truck drivers, airline pilots, salesmen of all kinds, technicians, college men, ex-vice officers and policemen, writers, some service men, engineers, etc. wrote, talked to me, visited me, or had sex with me.

A man who owned a tool shop, married, and in his late 40's, took me out on a date. He seemed very proud to be with me. He thought I was very much a lady, and far more feminine than many women he had gone out with. He was delighted that I let him open doors for me, and do all the little niceties some like to perform, for what he called a "real lady". He wanted to make love to me, but I let him kiss me once on the lips, and left him at the door. I was the first queen he ever went out with.

Another gentleman about the same age and apparently well off (he drove a late model Lincoln Continental) also took me out very nicely two separate times. He was a former vice officer and a transvestite, a widower, with two teenage boys. He maintained a house by the beach, and an apartment in the city where he could dress as a female when he chose. He was now in his own business, but did not reveal the nature of it to me. He at first wanted to meet me while he was dressed as a woman, but decided against it to take me out on the town. He never had been with a queen before; was not interested in any males, and was especially against homosexuality, but he was impressed with my picture and my confidence in myself as a woman. He said a year ago he would have been aghast had anyone suggested he answer an ad or meet a homosexual, but he was intrigued with my ad with reference to a TV club. We met and he was overly impressed with my beauty and femininity and said that being around me made him feel more like a man, and that he would be willing to quit dressing, as I made him feel so masculine. He wanted to make love to me, but I said that I did not want to corrupt him, as after all I was a male, and he had never had anything to do with men sexually. However, he insisted that I was more woman than most women, and he did not look upon me as a male. I permitted him to kiss me a few times, but we never went any further (although had I initiated something more, I am sure he would have taken the chance). After the second date, and much talk about taking me to San Francisco for a weekend, he did not call again. Perhaps he enjoyed dressing too much, and was afraid association with me would cause him to stop.

I allowed myself to be seduced by some very virile and handsome young men who came by, but almost all were trying it for the first time, and when we got to bed they fizzled out. However, some other first-timers took to sex with a surprising amount of verve. In fact, one of the first things some of them did was to perform fellation on me, which just about threw me, as it took me years before I could bring myself to perform what I thought to be a disgusting act. It seems though, that most of these men had performed on women in this manner, and the transition from female to male organ was very natural to them, or at least not abhorrant. During the period when I had advertised, none of the men I met through this means ever penetrated me anally. Actually, I had sex with less than ten of all the men I saw.

Many of the men who answered my ads, especially the one covering getting a mate, were interested in "learning" how to be a homosexual, and thought that by starting with a female impersonator it would be easier for them. Some of these men were in their late 40's and 50's. I wrote them that you do not learn to be a homosexual; you either are or you are'nt, and that I was'nt about to teach them. Many, of course, just thought being with a queen would be an exciting experience, and those were the ones that I saw. But, as I said before, when they were confronted with performing sex, which they initiated, they just could not perform. It seems they build up quite an image before they ever met me and pre-determine they will have sex and that it will be very exciting (like the grass being greener on the other side of the fence). I generally had to soothe their male ego, as

many felt they had lost some of their masculinity. Many of these men, as handsome as they were, lacked confidence in their masculinity and with their chances with a genetic female. Some were sensitive type individuals, but were trying to adhere to what they considered the cultural norm - that all men were bulls and that every girl they met they had to go to bed with. And, if they could not perform they considered themselves less than masculine and their partner would consider them less than a man. I tried to convince them that in the first place they need not go to bed with every girl they meet and that women do not necessarily expect sex or even want it, especially in the courting stage. Many women appreciate sensitive men and want to be loved for themselves not for their reproductive organs. I tried to tell them that it did not matter to me whether they performed or not, which was the truth. As despite my eagerness to go to bed, I was really only looking for a steady mate, and always hoped that one of the men I went to bed with might be the one. Of course, in real life drama a girl doesn't necessarily have to go to bed with a man she meets, at least not in the beginning, or until she drags him to the altar. But in the fantasy world of drag queens, etc. it is practically a prerequisite to any kind of long-term relationship. Nonetheless, those men who did not make it with me will no doubt try again with another queen, and most likely succeed. I have seen this happen before.

I had been unfortunate in that no man had wanted to spend any length of time with me, but other queens seemed to have been more fortunate. Perhaps I was too sophisticated

and stable for most of these men. Or, as some queens told me, I'm too much of a lady and should be more whorish.

The truth lied somewhat in the fact that I was not really atuned to the life I was leading, and also the fact that most of the men I came across were passive and needed an aggressive queen - something I was not. I won't deny either that at times I was merely interested in gratifying myself sexually without thought of a long-term relationship, especially when I began to realize that life I was leading was less than the ideal.

Some men came over merely to discuss their transvestism, and wound up in bed with me, if I met them while dressed as a female. One young, handsome ~~TV~~, a divorcee with two children, and a plant detective, visited me to discuss his problems man-to-man, as he was inexorably against homosexuals and homosexuality. I met him dressed as a man the first time. However, the second time he came over, I dressed as a female at his insistence, but I warned him in advance that my female image tended to turn-on hitherto firmly heterosexual TV's. He assured me he was'nt one of them. He no sooner entered the door than he began to make passes at me, and eventually made love and took me to bed. I found him intriguing, but the second time he came around he was quite different than the usual run of TV's, as he liked to be chained and slapped and wanted all this done while he was dressed in female clothing. He became an entirely different person when he dressed - mincing and talked baby-talk. He groaned and squeeled as he thought a woman would. That finished him with me. Nonetheless, I was his first male, and, of course, when I confronted

him with his homosexual tendencies, he denied any such thing, claiming I was a woman. He kept calling me, wanting to see me. I rejected him, and told him to find another queen, but he would not have anyone else, as he felt I was a girl, and no other queen could match me. He eventually got involved with some other TV's with bisexual natures and they took him on briefly, but also could not tolerate his bondage fetish and childishness.

Another young man equally as far out as my TV friend visited me. He was a college student with a domination fetish. He found it difficult to get girls interested in this particular aberration, and thought he might try a queen. I was in my "let's try anything for a lark stage", but I had no idea of his true nature when he visited me. He eventually got around to the subject, and I told him I wasn't interested. I had no idea how to dominate anyway. So he explained the procedure, so I thought I'd give it a try. He actually preferred being dominated by a genetic woman, but since I was dressed as a woman, he thought I would do. Part of the domination act is to have the man dress as a woman merely as a form of humiliation. I insisted he dress in a night-gown and panties, and he dutifully did so. I tried my darndest to be dominant, but could not think up enough humiliating things for him to do. I insulted him about wearing female attire, and he moaned with delight, and kept on saying he wanted to be humiliated. His mind seemed to float away as soon as we started the game and he was an entirely different individual. He kissed my feet willingly, and did all my biddings, until I got tired of the game and sent him on his way, vowing never to associate with such people again.

or at least not in their games. He seemed perfectly normal, held a good part-time job, was young and nice looking, but just had this peculiar fetish. He told me it all started when his Aunt would punish him by having him kneel naked in front of her in her bedroom. He really only enjoyed being dominated by women. I found out later that domination does not necessarily involve a physical sex act with a woman as a woman can dominate by refusing the sex act, and this too pleases the male no end. Dressing as a female is not an erotic thing, but is considered very degrading, and another form of humiliation.

After him, I went back to the "normal" bisexual TV's and queen suitors.

I seemed to have hit a responsive cord in the TV community, as many of them answered my ad concerning having dates. The non-TV's I met were not half as interesting as the TV's when it comes to a study in bizarre behavior. However, TV's with bizarre natures are quite in the minority.

My next TV was a very rugged individual, fairly good looking, 29 years old. He dressed in female attire very rarely and his present girlfriend helped him to dress the few times he felt the need. He was a motorcycle racer of some note, and a Hollywood stunt man. He led a very wild and unruly young life - his parents disowning him because of his wild ways. He spent some time in prison for dope possession and he was a heavy drinker. However, while in prison, he educated himself and joined the AA. He eventually straightened up and began to realize that one of his problems was his guilt about being a TV and a bi-

sexual. He began to dress at the age of 12. Once he reconciled himself to the reality of his aberrant behavior, he calmed down, and is now making a success of himself in his own business related to motorcycles. He is now accepted by his parents and living with them. He likes queens and is especially fond of nylons. He invited I wear them to bed with him, which made me feel quite whorish and quite uncomfortable.

I have discovered that much of the anti-social and gangster-type behavior of some men is due to their trying to appear ultra-masculine to themselves as well as others because of their hidden and resented homosexuality, bisexuality, or transvestism. Once these men learn to live with their behavior pattern they become more socially acceptable members of society.

I shall deal with some other ad respondents later. The few men I have mentioned should give you a good cross-section of sexual interests, and the types of men who answered my ads. I'm sure should these underground papers increase their readership, many more men will start seeking other than heterosexual outlets. Few of the men who answered my ads read these papers as a weekly diet, but just happened across them. They were curious and some chose to take a chance in answering my ad. The majority of these men are perfectly acceptable members of society working and living amongst us without anyone detecting their hidden desires or interests. However, these papers presented the circumstances, and I presented the opportunity. It could be debated whether these papers offer a service or perform a disservice to the community, as without them many men would

find it difficult to pursue their peculiar interests. Still, many find that their interests is not what they thought it would be, and in this way a service is performed, as they can now concentrate on other less lowly matters. Others, of course, will find one way or another to satisfy their desires or curiosity, and should they not, they might channel their energies into more productive enterprises - or they may continue to be frustrated, and find less sociable means of expressing themselves, to the detriment of themselves, as well as society. I maintain that peculiar behavior is not necessarily a product of any particular environment, and certainly no publication, movie, etc., can bring on a nature that has not already been formed in the early stages of one's life. The only effect outside influences have on individuals is to make them more aware of their true natures, perhaps sometimes for the best as they can either correct their behavior or relieve what was formerly an unknown tension or frustration. Few, I am sure, are ever hurt by outside influences that help them to recognize their own unknown or known peculiar natures.

Although the calibre of men I met were far more stable than the ones I met in the bars and I managed to have some enjoyable moments, and even some intelligent conversations, I was still without a mate, but more determined than ever that I was going to be a complete woman.

Through Don, my first encounter with a supposed transsexual, I met Lana. Lana was 39 years old and had been a complete woman for over two years, but was still maintaining her male role for economic reasons and because she did not feel ready to join the world of women. She owned her own business but sold out and worked a couple of days a week as a male. Lana is 5'10" tall and fairly attractive as a woman. However, she is not satisfied with her appearance. She has had all kinds of plastic surgery to make herself appear more feminine. She has had her eyebrows surgically arched, forehead bone shaved, adams apple shaved, a nose job, skin peeled, and hair transplants as her hair is thin and she has a receding hairline. She is very knowledgeable about the female body structure, the TS phenomenon and effects of female hormones on males. She now plans on having her jawline made smaller and removing all her teeth which she claims are too masculine.

Lana never had nor has a penchant for women's attire and only wears female clothing because it is the costume of women. She likes the rugged and usually low-calibre type of man even though she is very intelligent. Although she had sex prior to her change she never really enjoyed sex in the manner of a homosexual. Yet, sex, even now seems to be her prime interest in life. She does not seem to be concerned with making heterosexual friends, except with men. She indulged in sex the first week she returned from her operation in Casablanca and has not stopped since. Sometimes she gives it away; other times she sells herself to business men, usually around the airport area.

Lana has subtle female mannerisms and looks quite female when dressed..She does'nt arouse jealousy or envy in other women as some TS's do as they are sometimes very glamorous and overly feminine.

Lana claimed she always wanted to be a girl since childhood. She would like to marry but seems a bit oversexed for that. However, Lana, has had quite an influence in my life. She was the first to encourage me to have the operation. Because of her own experience and fairly thorough knowledge on the subject of transsexualism, I relied on her for advice as to my own situation. She insisted I was a true woman and that I should at least start on hormone treatment. I was concerned as to my very masculine features but she assured me she was quite masculine looking herself at one time, and that my features would soften considerably.

I took her advice and began hormone treatment, but was still not sure I would have the operation. I was in hopes that the hormones would somehow affect me mentally so that I could make the ultimate decision. I especially wanted the treatment to cut down my sex drive to see if I would still like men even without a sex drive as female hormones are a form of chemical castration.

So began my study of transsexualism. I found out that a classical transsexual (TS) is a male who thinks of himself as a woman trapped in a man's body. He thus wishes to bring his body in harmony with his mind. The

method - a sex conversion operation. Many a TS follows the classic lines of a queen or TV. As a young child they wanted to be girls and they dressed when possible. In effect, they are TV's or queens with a twist. They are not content to switch roles as most TV's and queens are, spending part of their life as women and part as men. Also, queens and TV's are not at all displeased with having male sex organs and don't necessarily feel they are a hindrance or an obnoxious feature on their bodies. TS, in a good many cases, find the male organ to be quite obnoxious and want to be rid of it. A true TS, supposedly, will not have sex with a man until he has been converted as he does not wish to be labeled a homosexual. Also, having sex anally is abhorrent to him, or not in accord with his female image of himself. However, there are few classical TS's around. Many have had sex with a man before the operation. Some have not, but they have had sex with a woman. And, of course, having a supposedly female mind, many TS's will never admit to ever getting a sex thrill from wearing female garb. This, however, is true in many cases, which makes them akin to queens. However, many are just graduated TV's who wear female clothing as their right.

Some TV's get the sex change because they are basically asexual men and figure they are not losing anything. Some queens get the change because they feel they are gaining something in social acceptance as well as added sexual gratification - a good portion of which is psychological.

Social acceptance and avoidance of harrassment from the law, plus other legal entanglements drive many to change their sex who otherwise would maintain their male bodies but go about as women. There maybe as manyas 500 sex changes in the world and equally that many males who have not had their sex changed who go about as women all of the time. However, there maybe 3,000 or more males who are anxious to have the change. Some TS's marry women or live withthem as they were basically heterosexual before the change and can be considered lesbians after the operation. A good many TV's - now TS's think they would be able to accept a man as a mate but discover their minds donot change after theoperation, just their bodies and they still prefer women as before. Few, however, regret, so they say, having made the change.

As with other behavior patterns, there is no definite pattern of environmental effect as a cause, except for a few cases. A revealing and scientific study of the TS Can be found in Dr. Harry Benjamin's book, "The Transsexual Phenomenon." My own nonprofessional study, or rather personal contact with TS's in no way conflicts with the dedicated Doctor's study but because of my non-professionalstatus and the fact that I AM friends with a few TS's gives me the opportunity to bring a more personal touch to the lives of TS's I am about to relate.

She looked as though she stepped out of a fashion magazine. She was tall, slender with smooth white skin, long blond hair, and large hazel eyes. But at the time I met her she was still considered to be male. However, I would challenge anyone to prove she wasn't what she appeared to be - a perfectly beautiful woman. She was perfect in every detail to her lack of an Adams apple and slim un-muscular arms. This was Rene soon to be operated on. Rene, however, was a queen who probably never would have had the operation save for the generosity of an elderly and wealthy TV. This TV was a philanthropist of sorts in that he had helped four boys to become girls and his house was known as the "girl factory." His main concern was for companionship in his old age and a transference of his desires to be a woman into actuality for others, as he was too old and too big a man to ever make an acceptable woman. He never had any sex with these lovely creatures who hovered around him, as he liked genetic women and had been married three times. He also felt more at home with dependent people than independent ones and made no effort to help those who wanted to help themselves. At any rate, you can say he picked Rene up from the streets as she spent several years of her young life whoring around in San Francisco between jobs as a cocktail waitress. She probably was meant to be a girl all of her life anyway as she had no masculine features or ways about her and she adapted perfectly to her new role. She was the type no one would hesitate accepting as a girl even if they knew her as a boy because she was always feminine in manners as well as in her build.

Rene, who is 5'11", had the operation and was out of the hospital in five days; had her first sex as a complete woman a month later; and left her sponsor six months later as he could not put up with her loose ways. From her first sex act as a woman and for six months thereafter Rene had every man that crossed her path. She was extremely sex minded as before. After much experience with men and disappointment at their lack of true affection, she discovered to her great delight that she preferred women to men, claiming women were more loving and sincere. No one would have believed this to be possible knowing of her constant pursuit of men and her natural femininity. However, she confided later that she had always liked women and had gone to bed with them before the operation but was never able to consummate the sex act, possibly because of hidden fears of her lack of masculine looks and manners. Now she enjoyed women tremendously and wanted her mate to be feminine in bed even if she was not feminine in public. She claims not to have any regrets for the change but is having as much trouble with holding a woman as she did a man because of her penchant for variety, her aggressive pursuits, lack of modesty, loose ways, and unstable character. She drinks and takes dope. Her life or attitudes did not measurably change because of the operation as she never really lived as a man anyway. Having had the operation just makes her more acceptable in society, but not necessarily a credit to it. If she is willing to change her ways, which is doubtful, she can have a full perfectly normal life. She is 22 years

old now and her perfectly acceptable appearance as a woman is to no avail.

Of the four changes that went through the girl factory, she is the most unstable. The one after her is moderately intelligent and stable but also young and over-sexed. She works part time as a hair stylist and has a steady boyfriend who doesn't know about her former male status. She is darkly beautiful, being of Latin extraction, and about 5'5" tall. She was taken from a queens life also. Upon close examination she has some minor male features - a broad, somewhat muscular back and slightly muscular arms; otherwise, she is undetectable to the uninitiated. She nonetheless has made little effort to integrate herself into our heterosexual culture and as with most TS's is fearful of her former status being discovered.

The first change helped by the wealthy TV was a former fairly well-known male movie star, television personality, and hit singer, who is now 38 years old, but looks to be 25. She makes a perfect woman in all respects. She is about 5'6", very pretty and stable. She works as a secretary and is married to a young man who knows nothing of her past. She was married soon after her operation to a man who knew of her status but soon divorced her. She is the only TS to date that I know about who has become fully integrated in our heterosexual society. There are quite a few others who have become well integrated, but I do not know them personally.

The one after her was also stable, quite pretty and convincing, about 5'7" tall. She is extremely brilliant, reads a lot and is married to a former TV and one time desirous of having the sex change operation for himself until he met his new love. He had already gone through all the various beautifying operations only to discover that he was not a true TS. He is a brilliant scientist and works on top secret projects for the government. His leaving off of wearing female clothing for the sake of his wife is of doubtful permanency, but both seem happy and well adjusted to their new roles. However, the wife still does not make any great effort to mingle with our heterosexual society.

The latter two can be considered true TS's although both had married women before the operation. They, however, were more or less trying to conform to society and their former male images. They went through with marriage apprehensively and doubtfully. They both have a healthy and realistic outlook of life and sex and never led loose lives.

Of interest is a former female impersonator of European fame who is now a complete woman and a very well known, beautiful and extremely feminine movie star here in the U.S. There are other movie stars and top fashion models of less note who were former men. It is impossible to detect them, however, some are found out to the detriment of their successful careers. As they do no harm and pass perfectly as women it is a sad commentary of our supposed enlightened civilization for their bigotry and unjustified cruelty to their fellow

human beings denying them their right to happiness and a means of self support.

"The Clod" is what I uncharitably call her. She has no grace, displays little femininity, and is argumentative in a masculine manner. She is 6'2" tall but that is not against her as her face is very feminine looking but not necessarily pretty. However, she claims she needs no make-up as her skin is smooth as silk, which is not. She dresses in shorts or slacks, which does nothing for her figure and her hair is always poorly styled or not at all styled as she piles it on top of her head. She is completely unrealistic about her appearance and mannerisms making no effort to improve either. Nonetheless she has sufficient gumption to get out and work in an office and passes well. She is brilliant but lacks humility and makes a poor excuse for a woman. But then again there are many genetic women who are poor excuses for women too. Then again, who in the world expects a man to be running around in drag. Besides, the Clod is a full-fledged sex change and thus deserving of the female appellation in my book (although I hesitate sometimes). I know little of her background except that she claims to be a hermaphrodite and got the sex change operation at the age of 38. She has very forceful ways and despite everyone's prediction she would never make it as a woman she is doing very well in her new role, except she doesn't keep boyfriends long as she is very pigheaded, opinionated and lacks enough femininity for most men's taste. She so far has not admitted to having sex relations with men since the operation, although she, like many other TS's, is not adverse to showing off her nude

body to friends and the curious. It's authentic!

There seems to be a preponderance of males over 5'10" in height desiring to be women. It is hard to say what significance, if any, there is in the height factor; however, a recent survey shows at least three million women in the United States are 5'10" and over. So, these male/women of unusual height shouldn't find it too difficult adjusting in our society.

Many TS's I have heard of do not adjust to their new role as women, but they are no better off nor no worse off because of the operation, which is a pity. The reason most give for wanting the operation is to lead happier, well adjusted lives, but they are no happier and no less adjusted. Some are worse off because of the operation. It is a subject that needs much further study. If you are willing to accept the premise that mental processes, cultural role playing, and basic nature leaning toward femininity make the above ex-males women, then they are in fact women. However, they are in fact genetically male and no operation can alter that, but they are not culturally men. Male and female are genetic designations, but man and woman are cultural designations. There can be no designation for the above people if you insist on adhering to their basic genetic nature, which is male. In other words, if you insist they are male simply because they were born so, you throw them into a limbo of no sex. Many TS's have not rid themselves of their male organs, yet most of them live their lives as women and few in society are the wiser. So if these people can pass through life undetected and are considered by friends and

associates alike to be women, who can say they are not.

Although some of the individuals I have mentioned do not even fit in with the cultural designation of women, they think and feel they are and since they have gone through with the change, they will have to make their way with those willing to appreciate them for what they are - as individuals - rather than what they would like to appear to be - women. At any rate, it is difficult for me to appreciate women in general, who do not possess sufficient femininity and to appreciate TV's and TS's even less who do not come across sufficiently female. But then no one is forcing me or you to associate with these people. Yet there are people who can appreciate them so I see no reason why they cannot live their lives as they choose without harassment from individuals or society. We may choose our own friends but none of us has the right to judge - that's God's work..But certainly we must help people to discover their true identity so that they may suffer less not more by adopting an identity not suited to their nature. We must prevent identity conflicts all together by getting to the root of these mixups in the early stages.

However, I like to think of true TS's as psychological hermaphrodites and that they have the right as any physical hermaphrodite has of adjusting to one sex or the other by medical means. Again no one would deny a person who was born blind or became accidentally blind from regaining his sight so that he may lead a fuller life; then by that standard no one should be denied medical relief from a transsexualist disposition so that they may lead fuller lives.

My life was less than full and although some people liked to think that I made a poor subject for the sex conversion operation, I knew better. First, some people like to think that you must be maladjusted to the male role, have great anxiety to the point of madness or suicide, and be unable to function in society before you can be considered a good candidate for the operation. However, I think the above considerations are not necessarily a valid yardstick in determining who is or isn't a good candidate for the operation. As has been noted many maladjusted individuals had gone through with the operation and are no better adjusted than before. I just happened to be a very practical person and used to a hard life, so I made the best of what was at hand. I educated myself and became a success in business and I lived as best I could all the while trying to discover my true identity. I refused to let life and my problem let me down although I did have my moments of anxiety and suicidal tendencies. A strong faith in God and for a hopeful future kept me going until I discovered there was a way out of my dilemma after I recognized my true identity. As time passed and as I met more people with problems related to mine and found that there was no cure, I became surer that I was in fact a woman. Nonetheless, I still had some anxious moments as I wanted to be completely sure that my height and my features would not be an even worse deterrent to my leading a normal life as a woman. That would even be worse than living in a half world. So my next step was to gain confidence

in my appearance as that was the main stumbling block to my immediately seeking operative relief. I was helped along by negative encounters with various individuals I had some to meet as well as by positive encounters.

One negative encounter was the wealthy TV who ran the girl factory. I noted he was 67 years old and had been a TV all of his life and despite his wealth he was a very unhappy man. He was until his death desiring the operation even though he was heterosexual, grossly masculine in appearance and mannerisms. There was no cure for him and I had no intention of suffering the same fate.

A case even more pitiful was that of an elderly, bald headed man, a former police official and a potential police chief of a large metropolitan city. He contacted me via my ad concerning forming a TV club. It seemed his wife knew of his TV nature but absolutely would not accept it. She was the cause of his being thrown off the police force causing him to lose his chance to become police chief. He had been under psychiatric care but it was to no avail. He was a ruined and broken man when he moved to California to seek employment in the insurance trade. He was desperately looking for other TV's where he could at least dress once in awhile. He found none until he met me with high hopes of being able to dress without his wife knowing. He came with a car trunk full of new clothes and a wig. He sorrowfully and cautiously visited me hoping I could find a place for his clothes and somewhere to dress, as the club deal never went through. He left his wig to

be styled and I permitted him to dress in my house. This sad, bald-headed little man looked even more sorrowful dressed, but he did have beautiful legs, which I commented on. He relaxed and read magazines relating to transvestism, which I told him he could keep. He spoke little merely answering questions I put to him about his life and desires to dress, while I gave him a few digs about the police harrassing homosexuals, etc., which he admitted to doing while on the force. He then left and made plans to pick up his wig the next week. He wrote me telling me his wife discovered his clothes and magazines in the trunk of his car - she berrated him something terrible and then burned his things. He sent me money for the hair style and said he would try to pick up his wig in a couple of weeks. It has been over a year and he has not returned or contacted me. I now have a very nice new wig to add to my collection but a heavy heart for this very pitiful man.

One after another of men with one behavior pattern or other came to me to tell me their sad stories and their miserable lives, especially the TV's and I did not want to be a part of this misery. I did not want to be a part of any subculture either although most men belonging to subcultures, such as the homosexuals, lead less miserable lives.

So came into my life a doctor who had answered one of my ads. He was interested in meeting a female impersonator and became a very dear friend as well as somewhat of a lover. He was quite young, very intelligent, and very good looking. He was one of the very few men who came to appreciate me as a person as our friendship still

continues. He found me to be very charming and one of the kindest persons he had ever met. He had nothing but praise for me and constantly alluded to my virtues and complete femininity to his friends and even his girlfriend who I came to meet and befriend. She was unaware of the doctor's intimate relationship with me. However, he seemed torn between choosing me or her and eventually chose her. I think my status as a male caused him some guilt complexes, although he said I was definitely a woman and he was broad-minded and not prone to guilt feelings. He said I was merely going through an identity crisis and that I should definitely have the operation. He along with his girlfriend and other friends of long standing and some new ones encouraged me on my course. I was overwhelmed by my many friends of long standing, who knew nothing of my secret life, complete acceptance of my proposed new role. As I became more feminine looking through hormone treatment I became more confident that what I proposed to do would be the best life for me.

But I still had a ways to go before my ultimate decision and more people to meet who would afford me the opportunity of gaining greater insight into the underlayer of lives that few people are privileged to see. People came to me, even heterosexual ones, with tales that even a psychiatrist would find difficult to wrest from them. Perhaps because I was so willing to lay open my inner-most thoughts and desires others felt encouraged to bear their souls without fear of being thought odd. After all, who could be odder than me. So I began to learn the secret

thoughts and desires of my friends and acquaintances merely by my informing them that I was not what I appeared to be - a man - but a woman. My house became, without meaning to be a haven for group therapy sessions as well as individual sessions. Many of my friends and acquaintances went away with a better insight into their own lives and I, too, discovered myself more and more. But one thing still preplexed me and that was the matter of queen suitors. What made men, who were normally interested in women, seek out queens or female impersonators?

Out of all the men I had, only one or two gave me enough information on their background to help me determine what part environment may have played in fixing ~~kn~~ fixing their bisexual course. However, most the men's backgrounds were too diverse to establish any kind of relationship between environment and bisexuality. Many of the men I had met were ex-cons and were put away for various reasons from possession of drugs to petty robberies, whuch is one thing a lot had in common. I never met one who had a long criminal record or who committed a major felony. But then I also met many men who were just ordinary business or professionalmen and law-abiding citizens.

One man who earned a special place in my heart outside of the doctor was Carl. It also happened that the doctor was jealous of Carl because he lived with me. I met Car in a drag bar one night and took him home with me. Carl was quite drunk and I asked him if he would like to go home with me as he did not seem in condition to drive. He was at the point where it didn't matter who took him home. Some men purposely get in this condition, as being drunk gives them an excuse and sometimes courage to go home with a queen. This way they can say they were unaware of the situation and salve their conscience for anything they might have done with the queen. I was soon to discover that my new friend got drunk all of the time wheather he was seeking girls or queens and that he was a very passive

individual who brought out my motherly instincts. However, in matters of sex he was passive and aggressive, liking variety.

Carl turned out to be a very likeable guy, He was intelligent, had an excellent job with the aircraft industry, drove a sporty car, and dressed well. He was 5'9" tall, handsome in a boyish way and had a firm good looking body. He was very conscientious about his job and worked long hours. He enjoyed working because then he didn't drink as he was at a loss when he was idle.

I was the third queen Carl ever had and he met us all within a two week span. He admitted, however, that he had been with homosexuals (old Aunties) in the army, their interest being mainly below the waist at the fly-front. He never kissed me, perhaps thinking that it would make him less of a homosexual, but he had all kinds of sex with me. I saw him off and on for one year, but not because he was dating me. He came to sleep in my extra bedroom and I would always have to initiate the sex act, which I did occasionally after he retired. Sometimes he would ask me to rub his back and that was a sign he wanted sex. He sometimes sneaked into my bed while I was asleep and started playing with me, but that was very rare indeed.

The first queen Carl had met he honestly did not know that she wasn't a she as he was drunk. He went home with her and found out but then he was beyond caring. Now that he knew where queens were he came back again. This time he knew and went home with another queen. She rolled him and at the time I met him he was looking for her to get his money back. He always carried a lot of

cash and lost over \$40.

I catered to his every whim and he accepted my attention as if it were due him. He never made any effort to do anything for me. I was so hung up on him that I wasn't disturbed by his lack of interest, but just appreciated his company and grew quite fond of him.

Carl divorced his wife and left her with two children. He was saddened by the fact his wife made it difficult for him to see the children so he moved to California. He visits his family only rarely. He has a younger brother in California who is married and has two children but he also drinks and is not a good husband or father, constantly getting in trouble with the law for drunkenness and staying away from home for days. The first time I met Carl's brother he informed Carl that he had weird friends, meaning me. But the second time he came over I was dressed as a female and as he brought Carl over drunk I suggested they both sleep overnight in the same bed. Carl went to bed but his brother stayed up and began to criticize me as to my height and deep voice. I told him that being tall only meant there was more to love and that many men found my deep voice sexy. I then suggested he retire as I had planned to go into my room. He insisted on staying up and suggested I get into a nightgown and visit with him. No sooner did I come out in my night clothes than he literary attacked me. I had no idea he was interested in other than genetic females and as he was decidedly handsome in a rugged manner I weakened under his caresses and soon found myself in bed with him. He was far more

passionate than his brother and was not at all shy about kissing. We both fell asleep with our arms about each other. Awhile later Carl came into the bedroom and was gently trying to disengage us and I stirred and he ran back to his room. I never talked about his brother after that incident as I knew Carl had no idea his brother had a bisexual nature and I think the knowledge of it disturbed him. At any rate Carl was always surprised that so many of my heterosexual friends accepted me and that the doctor, handsome and intelligent and a professional man too could possibly take up with a queen. I thought all of this would help Carl to rid himself of guilt because he had a bisexual nature, but it seemed always to disturb him.

Carl was born in the Midwest. His father was an alcoholic. His mother was a very dominating woman who beat her husband. Carl says he felt sorry for his father but at the same time respected him. This seems a little odd as most boys don't respect their fathers if they don't exert their masculinity. Carl had been in trouble with the law when he was young and had been in prison for petty theft.

Carl liked girls very much and spent a good deal of time with them, but he used them mainly for sex. He said he could't live with a girl more than a month because then they got to be dominating, wanting to know where he was and why he was late, etc. He wanted no responsibility and did not want to answer to anyone. I introduced him to a very beautiful and sexy transsexual and he had used her the same way as all his other girls, sex, sex, sex.

Girls found him decidedly attractive as I did so that he had no trouble getting what he wanted without much effort. He was completely irresponsible, outside of his job. He never kept dates and rarely went out of his way for anyone. However, he paid his bills, was completely honest, and never took advantage of anyone unless the person wanted to be taken advantage of. That is, if he was catered to, it wasn't that he demanded it, it was because girls and myself were hooked by his boyish good looks and masculine ways. He was generous when it came to buying drinks for everyone he met in the bars, more as a matter of showing off I imagine. He spent almost all of his pay check on liquor and saved very little. What he saved he bought clothes with and maintained his automobile.

Carl claimed he divorced his wife because she did not love him. He was married seven years and was 28 when I met him. He moved about quite a bit and rarely kept a job more than a year. However, the type of skills he had always qualified him for a good job wherever he went. He was a sad individual possessing youth, good looks, health, good wages, and people anxious to befriend him, but he dissipated and is still dissipating his life away not caring for anything or anyone but drink and sex.

His very simple view on queens: They remind him of women. He liked me more than he would admit and just accepted my sometimes masculine, sometimes feminine role as he was to see me in my business suits, dresses, and fluffy bedtime wear. He wasn't too sure I'd make an acceptable looking woman, mainly because of my height, but he felt I played the role well and probably was meant to be

a woman. However, he thought I was an extremely good looking man and was surprised I never had sex with a woman. In fact he was sure I was lying. He wanted me to be bait on his trips to bars so the girls would come to me and I would pass them on to him, as my looks were such that I was quite irresistible to women, in all modesty, of course, I much prefer to be irresistible to men.

Carl met a nice girl who he decided he would like to marry one day and she finding out about me became very jealous claiming I was very beautiful. So I now rarely see Carl but he does keep in touch. I have the feeling he is keeping me in reserve.

Another young man of interest is John, now 22 years old. John is a Viet Nam war decorated hero. He was born and lived in Tennessee. He happened in on the drag bar before he was discharged. He was attracted to a fair looking Hawaiian queen named Connie, who is quite popular in the bar and is very personable. John never had anything to do with males sexually, but this particular queen intrigued him, especially after he found out she was one. He thought she looked like a girl and his curiosity was aroused upon learning her true status. He went home with her to talk and had no sex the first night even though he slept with her. He came back to the bar the next week and decided to try sex. He was very shy and self-conscious about his naked body and hid under the covers until Connie got into bed. He grew so fond of her that he divorced his wife, with whom he was 'nt getting along anyway, after he was discharged and moved in with Connie. He continued to be shy and never touched Connie's male parts but always per-

formed sex anally on Connie.

John is a rugged extremely handsome and intelligent young man. He is now going to college and working for a Securities company. He occasionally dated girls; doesn't care for the drag bars; and is constantly being sought after by the true homosexuals, individuals of whom he is exceedingly afraid. At a party once he asked for my protection from a homosexual who was after him. I told John that all he needed to do was to tell him he was "married" and the guy would leave him alone. He is constantly being sought after by queens too but is merely flattered by their attention. He claims to be in love with Connie and has never had sex with a girl or queen since moving in with Connie over a year ago. He did, however, leave Connie for a couple of months as Connie wanted some freedom and did not want any more "husbands" as she had lived with one for over eight years and he left her. She never quite got over it. John returned to her because he felt more comfortable with her than real girls whom he dated during his two month absence. Right now though he has left Connie for a real girl again.

John's male friends are all straight, as far as he knows. They like to drink together, go swimming, fishing, hunting, and ride motorcycles. Connie never joins in these pursuits and stays in the background when his friends visit. John's friends have asked him if he were staying with a homosexual and he tells them he doesn't know, but that the rent is cheap. He is altogether too masculine for anyone to suspect he is the least bit interested in other than women.

John says he thinks of Connié, the only queen he's ever gone with as a girl, treats her as a girl, has sex as he would with a girl except for the reverse position but, of course, is aware that she is a male.

Comnie has a beautiful male body which actually has turned many a queen suitor on after they have gone to bed with her. She is not adverse to doing rugged male jobs and doesn't overdo the female bit. She, however, in contrast to many queens, refused to play the aggressive role in bed.

I, of course, never cease to be amazed at the variety of good looking, stable appearing men who seek out queens. One such man stands out in my mind because of his close resemblance to Robert Goulet. He came up to talk to me one night and was very impressed with me, he said, because of my poise and grace. He was also taken aback because I accidentally bought him a beer whereas all the other queens would sidle up to him and other men and ask them to buy beers for them. I never asked anyone to buy me a drink. He was impressed by all this and the fact that I was so different from the other queens. He felt he could talk intelligently with me. We, naturally, spent the night together.

He was a college graduate and an engineer of some kind for a large firm. He had been married and had a daughter, but he was now divorced. He appeared to be between 35 and 38 years old. To supplement his income to pay alimony, he held a job for awhile with a large department store selling men's suits on Saturdays.

His manner and masculine poise, coupled with his extreme good looks made me think I was in a dream world. He seemed like the perennial Knight in Shining Armour that most girls dream of and never get, and here I had him. He rarely came into the bar but every so often I see him still pursuing queens, many of whom won't talk to him suspecting him to be a vice officer, as some of them too are quite good looking.

As a P.S., cops are not immune from the charms of a queen either as a number of them have by-passed the moral laws they are supposed to enforce to break them.

Another man I remember very well because I saw him a record four times. I met him at a new bar that just opened not too far from the two well-established bars, "The Stage Door" and "My Place" located across the street from each other on Sixth Street behind the Good Samaritan Hospital. Both have since closed. This one was named the "Four Aces", and was on Figueroa and Pico next to two low-calibre straight bars, now the site of Los Angeles' new convention center. He was seated at the far end of the bar and I at the other end, with a few scattered queens in between. He asked the bar maid (queen) my name -- she, not knowing it, told me of his inquiry -- so I told her and he promptly ordered me a beer and headed for my end of the bar. He introduced himself and told me that there was something about me he liked, but could'nt pinpoint. I was to hear this phrase for weeks, its meaning was never resolved satisfactorily. At one time in our relationship I suggested that perhaps what he liked about me was my looks. He said that was one reason, of course, but still there was something else I could'nt tell whether I should be flattered or

insulted by this oft-repeated remark. Anyway, he was fairly good-looking, in his middle twenties, and about 5'8". I'm six feet in my stocking feet. I was flattered by the fact that although the barmaid suggested he take up with a very attractive queen she knew (she didn't know me, and I assume, wanted to keep him in the family), he insisted on meeting me.

We moved to a booth to drink and talk. When it came time for another round, however, he informed me that he was broke and -- would I mind buying him a beer. He promised he would pay me back shortly, as he was about to get some cash. He apologized for his ungentlemanly manner, asking a girl to buy him a drink, but as he said, he would pay me back. We talked a bit and he quite liberally peppered his conversation with the names of girls he knew or went out with. Well, what got me was I did not know where the girls left off and the queens started, as he never mentioned queens. I began to wonder if he knew what was what, so I asked if he knew that I was not a real girl and he said he sure did. I then asked if he meant real girls when he spoke of girls, or queens, as I was getting a bit confused. He said that as far as he was concerned we were all girls and he never made a distinction. I appreciated the compliment, but not the confusion, as I liked to know who was being talked about. He knew a few authentic ones, too. But I just had to suffer through "girls". You see, most guys makes the distinction; at least when they talk about another queen, they say she is a queen. When they refer to the queen they are with, nowever, they always refer to her as girl, woman, or some other feminine gender term.

Paul had been married and he had a baby daughter who had been placed in his custody. It turned out that one of the straight bars down the block was owned by a little old lady who took care of the child. He was a bum and did not work except to do odd jobs. When he ran out of money he would get some from the old lady. He used a form of blackmail on her by threatening to take his daughter from her care.

He decided he wanted me to meet this woman, but I told him I had never been to a straight bar in drag and thought I should'nt attempt it as I was not the most convincing queen around. He, conversely, was of the opinion I was, and finally got me to the bar. It was a sleazy bar, even worse than the one we left. The old lady was a pleasant woman - quite thin and looking in need of nourishment. There were three patrons, two middle-aged men and one middle-aged talkative, drunk woman. My friend introduced me around and suggested to the owner of the bar that I looked somewhat like his wife. I saw a picture of her, but could'nt see any resemblance to myself. Anyway, he was most solictious of my comfort and wants. But the drunk woman kept insisting he dance with her as he had done on other nights. He told her he was not interested as he was with his girlfriend. She became adamant and told him he never let his other girlfriends interfere with his dancing with her. He said, with annoyance, "Well, she's different." IT THEN struck us both that his remark was very apt, and I said to myself, "If only she knew how different." She was quite upset and kept on repeating in her drunken way, "Who does she think she is with all her fine manners. she does'nt belong in here

anyway." When my new companion went to the back room with the owner -- to get some money -- my antagonist decided to be friendly, even to the point of borrowing my compact, as I was fixing my face. She told me how pretty I was, and how much she admired me, and how kind I was to let her use my compact. She then offered to buy me a drink - a complete reversal of her former bitterness. I attributed it to her inebriated state and, no doubt about it, she was "schnokered". All the while I said as little as possible, afraid my voice would give me away. I weathered my first straight bar pretty well, which was proven by the fact that before we left two young fellows came in with a girl, and as I passed by them to go to the ladies room no one took any notice of me. Except, my new-found woman friend, who was all compliments of my beauty and ladylike poise. She kept offering to do anything she could for me, ending every sentence with "Honey". She did buy me a drink, and then one for my boyfriend, and then we left for my apartment...sans drunk woman.

The next morning we talked about his wife. He said she was nice enough, but that she was foøling around with other men, and that he beat her. I told him, jokingly, that I didn't think I wanted to go out with a woman-beater. So he asked me what I would do. I told him I did not go around beating anyone for any purpose as I couldn't stand violence. He said, "Suppose I were a woman and you were a man and you caught me with another man. What would you do then?" "Well", I said, "in that case I'd probably beat you." He replied, "I'm sure glad you're not a man." His reference to my being a woman kind of thrilled me, especially since I was completely dressed as a man when we discussed his wife.

I asked if he fooled around with other women while married and he said he had. So I suggested that he forgive his wife. He said he could, but that they wouldn't get along anyway, because she was always nagging him to go to work. I told him I agreed with her as to who was supposed to support his family? However, he wasn't having any of that talk from me either. I told him I could care less, as he wasn't my husband. He seemed a little disappointed that I wasn't ready to support him, and argued that a woman should be happy to provide for him, just so she could have a man around the house. Such thinking was a little beyond me, as a man wasn't much of a man in my books if he didn't support his family.

So finished another chapter. Another one-night-stand as far as I was concerned. I took him back to the bar. He was disappointed that I did not dress as a woman that day. I told him it was a little difficult to go about during the day as a woman, what with neighbors, and my poor makeup. He took my number, of course, but never called. However, I was to see him at the bar for several weekends. Always he would be waiting for me when I did show up and inquiring about me when I didn't. I sort of got hung up on him, and took him home a few more times. But I soon got tired of buying his drinks, and the day he asked me for one of my shirts to replace his dirty, torn one, did the trick. I gave him a shirt and his walking papers and never dated him again.

Of course, I continued my weekend prowls, sometimes meeting well-educated and substantial men, but most times just meeting ex-jailbirds who held menial jobs, or none. Some were fairly intelligent, others were just a mite above the intelligence of a queen. The closer I got to making my decision to have the operation, the less I went out, but just stayed at home and read or wrote on my book.

It is hard enough to have to contend with one personality and variations thereof, but two distinct personalities housed in the same body is something else. It leads to conflict and eventual self-destruction. A TV has one personality with a strong fetishistic component which he likes to translate as femininity within. In actuality, few possess a true feminine nature - if they did then they would be considered transsexuals. A TV, for the most part is a parody of the true female when he so decides to play the role of a woman. He likes to think he is capturing the nature of a female in his play-acting role, but actually does not have the slightest concept of how a true female really feels. His male component is too strong and is projected in his female role. He is in effect a child with a strong imagination and sense of fantasy and is merely playing a game. No more than a child can capture the role he plays in his imaginative wanderings, a TV goes through the motions parroting the outward manifestations of the female, but can never emulate the inner nature of a woman. However, I came across a male who claims to have both the distinct components of a man and the distinct components of a woman - an actual split personality housed in the same body. Not only is this a psychological manifestation, but also a physical one. He claims to be a bi-morphedite, one of about four in the world that have been studied, and the only one with a split personality. A bi-morphedite is a genetic male as well as a genetic female (something to do with chromosome count). He has the cells of a woman and possibly the internal structure, ovaries, etc. Like a

hermaphrodite with external male and female organs, a bi-morphedite can be changed surgically into either a man or a woman, depending on which component is strongest in their nature. My friend on the other hand was having a war with himself as to which was the strongest component and like the case of the "Three Faces of Eve" one of the other personalities is trying to dominate. However, unlike the Three Faces of Eve both personalities were completely aware of the other and the male personality could slip through the female personality (when it was out) and return it to some sort of limbo until the female personality was called out again by the male personality. I actually observed the twopersonalities and found them both believable and completely distinct from each other.

I met the male personality first. The man was a very masculine creature with a booming baritone voice, a sometimes very charming and captivating male, but an ego maniac of the first order. He introduced himself as Charles E. Jones and Rosalie the Rose, Thee Twins, Thee Double, and proceeded to tell me of his unique nature; that he was the only one in the world of his kind, and then pushed two photo albums packed with pictures of his female side in my face, a tape of his male and female voices characterizing different personalities he played on stage, produced another album with clippings of news stories of his uniqueness, documents from doctors confirming his nature, and then started telling me of all his acquaintances in the theatrical field he knew and other he was going to contact as he was the best actor-actress in the world all the while telling me how unique, how important, how great,

he was and how mixed up he was as his female side wanted the sex conversion operation and his male side wanted to keep things as they were since they both were great actors. He used this same line over and over again with every person he met, even people in the street. He carried all this material in his car and could produce it on a moments notice. He was boorish and a bore and rarely got off the subject of himself. When he managed, but rarely, to stop talking about himself he could be very pleasant and charming. At any rate, I got stuck with him for two weeks as a house guest and went through a private hell. He dragged me all over town to meet agents, spilling the same story over and over again. If he met a person only once he would have the agent call him up to confirm how great he was, how unique he was, how honest, how talented, etc. He would also insist that the agent call Texas and talk to his mother, his doctor, other agents, friends, etc. all supposedly acquainted with his unusual characteristics and aware of his great acting ability. He insisted on being billed as Thee Twins, Thee Double and not as a female impersonator as he definitely was not a female impersonator but an actual man and an actual woman, the same if not superior to the genetic female and definitely superior to the transsexual (even Christine Jorgensen, especially). He claimed to be the best stripper in the world, fan dancer, actress and actor - no man or woman stripper, fan dancer, actress or actor could compare.

In the meantime I was introduced to Rosalie The Rose, a female counterpart that had nothing to recommend her. She was a most sickening type personality. The way it was done was like this: Charles would go out of the room put on a wig and high heels and would emerge a giddy, dumb, slutlike female creature. The personalities were entirely distinct, the voice was definitely female something like a Marylin Monroe voice at her worst (a movie star Rosalie liked to emulate in voice as well as mannerisms), and Rosalie even looked womanly even without makeup or a dress. The first thing Rosalie would do was to remove her clothes (male attire) down to her jockey shorts, parade about the room, and supposedly in a seductive manner ask anyone present to feel her skin, how soft it was. If there was a man present she would immediately make a plunge in his direction and try to seduce him in what she considered to be the most sexy approach she knew, all the while claiming how distinct she was from Charles, whom she had very few kind words for, blaming him for her condition and that he was preventing her from being a complete woman by having the operation. Charles, on the other hand, always spoke kindly of Rosalie and sympathized with her condition. Rosalie came across as a woman but of the worst kind and I was always happy to have Charles back as I could at least talk to him, try to convince him to tone down his ego and quit plunging into his uniqueness, etc. and just let people accept him for himself. He listened and seemed pleased I was so honest with him in trying to help him adjust, but no sooner someone came by he was at it again. However, Rosalie could not accept any

criticism whatever as she was the perfect personality and the perfect female. So I never said anything but nice things in her presence and if I slipped she would sulk or disappear and Charles would emerge almost immediately. Of course, it was impossible even to tell Charles of Rosalie as Rosalie was aware of everything that went on and when she emerged would lash out at her critics. She never liked to talk about Charles and, in fact, was jealous of him. First because he could emerge through her but she could not emerge through him, except when he was having sex with a woman. Secondly, he was definitely the stronger personality and also the more stable one.

Charles would always be popping out of Rosalie whenever things got too rough for Rosalie to take: criticisms, difficult tasks, or a pretty woman. Charles would come through Rosalie whenever he noticed I was more attractive than usual. He did it when I danced, wore an attractive cocktail dress, or nightgown. He thought me the perfect lady and a very attractive woman.

Most of his life was spent as Charles, but he would take pity on Rosalie and let her out now and again and she would always be annoyed and pout when it was time for her to disappear - when Charles had to conduct business, or go out amongst the public. When dressed Rosalie was quite convincing looking and even attractive. She would make blatant passes at men and many would take her up on her seductive proposals, only to have her turn them down. She played a dangerous game. Although she wanted sex with a man, she knew that Charles would be disturbed and think

himself a homosexual and in that area she was considerate of his feelings. Consequently, they never had sex. He had been married and had a child but everytime he had sex with his wife Rosalie would emerge. His wife was understanding, let Rosalie have free reign in their lives but soon it became too much for his wife and himself as he was not able to have sex so he gave up his wife and sex life completely. He was even at the point of wanting sex with me, but again feared Rosalie's emergence. I had absolutely no desire to have sex with him whether Rosalie emerged or not. Rosalie liked me because she liked to think we were complimentary to each other and could talk girl talk. Finding Rosalie intolerable, I always tried to get Charles back by making myself attractive and sexy. It usually worked.

I was completely convinced of Charles -Rosalie's distinct dual personalities. More so because I was around them for two weeks straight, unless, of course, he was a good actor after all. Many times Rosalie would emerge to go to bed at night and wake up as Rosalie with no sign of any masculinity, the same voice and mannerisms. Then sometimes Rosalie would go to bed and Charles would wake up cursing in his booming voice as to what the hell was he doing in Rosalie's clothes and how disturbed he was to be wearing female attire, as after all he was a man.

As for his-her acting ability, his verbal outpourings had me convinced he was all he said he was, or Rosalie was - a great stripteaser, fan dancer, etc. But I was privileged to see Rosalie in action doing the strip and fan dance. I was extremely disappointed as the dances were done in a stiff manner and by the numbers, there was

no natural flow to any of the movements. The routines were good, but the actual performances were far from first rate. It turned out that the agents who witnessed these performances decided to use Charles-Rosalie, but only as a comedy relief. However, they never revealed this to Charles letting him think they were impressed with his dances and that they actually believed he possessed a dual personality - something none of them believed. I told Charles that there was no need to go into the fact of his uniqueness, etc. with the agents as all they were interested in was that he had the talent he claimed. They certainly were not interested in his medical history. They wanted to make a buck on him for his talents in the show business field, not parade him around as a unique medical phenomenon. He would not have it any other way and consequently he lost opportunity after opportunity, as he oversold himself and was too insistent on the fact of his medical background. One agent, however, took him on and sent him to a club where Rosalie proceeded to make advances to the manager and the owner, came late for performances, and was immediately fired..

Another agent gave him a bloody nose. It all happened when Rosalie went to see this agent about getting a booking. I went along, driving the car. The agent was in a bar talking on the phone to his wife. Rosalie came swishing through the bar trying to intice all the men present as she made her way to the agent. IN the parking lot she cautioned me that this was a business visit and I was not to try to make out with any men. The agent told her he was talking to his wife and would be with us in a

minute. Rosalie took the phone from him, seductively informed the agent's wife that her husband would be safe with her and that she had no intentions of taking him away from her even though she could with no difficulty. The agent took this all as a joke and they proceeded to talk business. However, Rosalie decided she wanted to show the agent just how good she was at the fan dance and strip and insisted she perform. He cared little whether she could perform or not as he had already decided on bookings for her. She was so insistent, however, that the agent asked the owner of the bar if it were all right for her to perform. The owner gave his permission and Rosalie proceeded to order me about helping her prepare for her performance. She got upon the little stage available and informed the small audience, mostly men, of her intention to perform and she demanded a response. They gave a light applause, which did not suit her, but she nonetheless began to perform. Her performances were terrible and were received with little enthusiasm - all of which was very upsetting to her. She then busied herself with seducing some big lug who was drunk and lecherous. In fact, he tried to make out with me while Rosalie was performing and I told him to blow. At any rate, she played up to this guy and he thought he really had him a woman for the night only to have Rosalie start screaming at the agent to protect her from this masher, whom she encouraged in the first place. Well, the bar closed and the agent suggested discussing the remainder of business at his home.

Rosalie began to tell the agent how unique she was, how she wants to be booked, and various and other impossible demands were issued. As they argued on childishly, somehow the fact that Charles was in the marines, and an officer at that came up in the conversation. That was the end of negotiations as the agent, a tough self-made man, who emerged from the slums of New York, became furious at what he considered to be a blatant lie. Being an officer in the marines himself, he was positive that no sissy of the calibre of Charles-Rosalie could have ever been accepted in the marines. He insisted the marines built men and no freaks could ever become an officer. I reminded him that I had many marines as mates. He conceded that it was possible homosexuals could be in the lower ranks but never in the officer's ranks. I informed him that homosexuality, etc. did not impair one's performance in fulfilling one's duties. He just wasn't having any of it and argued loudly with Rosalie that it was an impossibility and if Charles were in the service then what was his serial number. Rosalie did not know and the argument was getting too heated for her - something a lady could not bear, so she decided to let Charles take over. Rosalie went to the kitchen took off her wig and high heels and emerged a booming, angry Charles with a long white gown and slicked back hair and makeup. The argument continued with no one giving an inch. I just sat back and listened, occasionally interpreting to inform them that they were here to discuss business and not whether Charles was in the marines or not.

The agent wasn't having any business until he could break Charles down from his insistence that he was an officer in the marine corps. Charles could not remember his serial number, a fact that convinced the agent he was lying, as he claimed the marines brainwashed its personnel to remember their serial numbers above anything else. The argument became more heated as the agent accused Charles of being a liar and a freak. Finally, the agent had an idea and called a Colonel he knew in New York to verify, at least, that the program Charles claimed he got in the marines under, really existed. Charles, who at the time was not aware of his split personality, but suffered by his desire to be a woman, had complete control over Rosalie and she was never allowed to emerge. He had joined a college program where he could enter the officers corps of the marines direct from college. He actually was in the marines but was soon discharged with a medical problem as he sought psychiatric care in the service. The Colonel verified (at 6 a.m., New York time) that such a program was in effect as Charles stated. Charles then grabbed the phone from the agent to talk to the Colonel of the credit of the agent and his disbelief in Charles' claim. The agent was still unbelieving because Charles could not produce a serial number, which the agent was going to have checked out. So I suggested Charles call his mother in Texas, I thought of the plan earlier but knew it was quite late, 3 a.m. Los Angeles time and so didn't suggest it until after the Colonel was called. It seems Charles had his discharge papers framed

and they were hanging over his mother's bed. He called her and confirmed his serial number and insisted the agent talk to his mother, accusing the agent of calling his mother a liar (which he did not) and that he should apologize to his mother. The agent refused. Charles hung up the phone and began to argue with the agent again and threatened to fight the agent. Charles apparently tried to swing at the agent but the agent was too fast for him and gave him a good whack on the nose knocking him to the floor. Charles lifted himself up bleeding profusely all the while complaining that the agent bloodied Rosalie's expensive costume. I took the agent in hand and tried discussing other matters as he was very upset at having hit Charles. I told the agent he did the right thing as Charles was quite obnoxious anyway. So that ended that wild night and soon Charles E. Jones, Rosalie the Rose, Thee Twins, Thee Double moved out of the State, still a very sad, mixed up person, but as egocentric as ever.

I never considered I had any but one personality, not a split personality or a dual one. I determined I was one person with one personality. I always resented transvestites version that if you are dressed as a man, you are a man and if you are dressed as a woman, you are a woman. No matter how dressed, I was always the same - a woman. But TV's speak of themselves as if they were two distinct people - referring to their sister or brother depending on how they are dressed. Or saying, I am going to take Cindy out of the closet and put Bill in the closet - and Cindy would not do that type of chore whereas Bill would, etc. All this seemed so nonsensical to me. No matter how I was dressed I always referred to me - "This is a picture of me in female attire"- not this is my sister, or "This is a picture of me in male attire". All I needed to do was be rid of my male role which did not suit me. The odd thing is that I do'nt even envy women, at least on conscious level. I found many women to be avarious, cunning, sly, gossiers, holder of grudges, vengeful, ambitious, and destroyers of anyone, male or female, who get in their way or slights them. But I am stuck with my female nature and it fits me well. Like many women I at times envied men and wished I were one (but complete), but not strongly enough. It is a curious commentary of our culture that women can openly wish to be men without any eyebrows being raised, but a man dare not wish to be a woman, even casually, without someone summoning a psychiatrist. Just as curious is a girls' prerogative of being a tomboy and adapting a male name, but no boy dare play female games without being subjected to degradation.

My childhood upbringing exclusively by women may or may not have had a great deal to do with my present state of mind, but I feel it is of little consequence at this stage of my life. As I have said many times, environment alone does not always necessarily determine ones basic nature. But women, no doubt, have had a great influence on the demasculination of a good portion of our male population. They can not, however, be entirely blamed because men have forfeited their responsibilities and left women with no choice but to take up a task of raising boys according to their lights. Women, I fear, are not emotionally equipped to handle leadership tasks, or the raising of boys to be men.

Then too, we have put all women on a pedestal and named them Mother. We have started a cult of worship of womanhood and everyone knows you don't copulate with goddesses. Statistics to the contrary and the indignation that will flare up at the mere mention of it e from men and women alike, our society has fostered a castration syndrome affecting all men and whether they are professed homosexuals, TV's, etc. or not, you can be sure most of our male population is not far behind in fitting into one of these groupings. Given the right chance or opportunity and also the conscious-salving notion that none of these deviant behavior patterns are really bad, I guarantee 75% of our male society would be out tomorrow giving one form or another a try. It is bad enough having a nature of a deviate, but to indulge in such behavior when one does not have such a nature is to be roundly condemned. The men will

scream I am sick, of course, and the women will surely set upon and tear me to shreds, but I have my own theories. I've seen with my own eyes such moral decay and I was one of those males who considered all deviant behavior abhorrent and not worthy of a flicker of thought and then found myself indulging to my heart's content. But, at least, my nature was not in opposition to such behavior and I did not indulge to satisfy a curiosity. Well, my friends, as our society is now constituted with women at the apex and men, or rather males, scurrying to do her every bidding, you can be sure we are not living in a healthy age. I say male rather than man because I've yet to find a man among us who has not been shorn of his masculinity somewhere between the ages of 3 and 7 by our over-indulgent, zealous, and holy womankind. I wonder, too, could this be the reason homosexuality is so much feared and hidden because we all realize the very potentiality of it affecting our male population? Are we then admitting the possibility of homosexuality being latent in us and by hiding it and not speaking of it, it will go away or at least not affect us? Like our fear of death - if we do'n't think or talk about it, it will never happen to us or our loved ones! But death and homosexuality is ever present and you deal with it sensibly and prepare yourself or not at all. This is not to say that all males are homosexual or even potentially so, but some are and we should deal with the subject with an open mind. This, of course, includes all other behavior patterns of a similar nature. I believe a goodly portion of latent and overt homosexuality, no matter what form it

takes is due to our preoccupation with virtuous womankind - potential mothers, sacred vessels who can do no wrong, the epitome of human kindness, beauty, and knowledge; the reservoir of suffering, sacrifice, sinlessness, and the scapel of painless castration. I do not hate women as it may seem - after all, I am one. I respect those worthy of respect and I think women have a great part to play in our society, but at present the rules are all wrong. For one thing, men should not have their psyche interferred with. They should be able to maintain their own identity without women horning in on their clothing styles, private clubs, sports, etc. Many males do not even know how to be men as they have nothing left to identify with.

So to be realistic about it, many women are in fact the cause, wittingly or not, of some of the mess a great many of our males are in today. To spell it out would take a book and one author has already saved me the trouble. I refer you to the "Generation of Vipers " by Philip Wylie. In the meantime, I still maintain that no man can be forced, coerced, or influenced into homosexual activity or any variety thereof if he does not have the nature for it, but the potential is ever present and he will seek it out on his own or circumstances will present the ideal opportunity.

It took awhile, but the opportunities finally presented themselves in my case to my ultimate satisfaction as I was able to come to a firm decision as to the course of my life. However, what is important now is my reaction to my own personality as well as the reaction to those of my associates and friends to my feminine nature and desire to be a woman.

Do I really think I am a woman? Do I think I can live a life of a woman? Do my friends think I am a woman? Do they think I can live or even pass myself off as a woman?

My answer to the first question is that I know physiologically, as far as I can tell, I am not a female, but culturally I fit the woman's role and am comfortable in it. I did not spend my life consciously wishing I were a woman, but I did spend my life consciously trying to be a man and not succeeding. Unconsciously I did want to be a woman and many times felt I was.

Being a stable, adaptable, and well-adjusted person, I believe I can live the life of a woman. However, I fear public censure and the ever present possibility my former physiological status as a male being unearthed to my detriment.

As for my friends of long standing whom I recently told of my true nature, both men and women, all were surprised to one degree or another, but surprisingly almost all have accepted me as I am appreciating my basic worth as an individual rather than as a male or female. Of course, many feel sorry for me. What a waste of beautiful manhood, for one thing (female reaction). But sympathy I do not need nor want as I feel perfectly normal and adjusted to my female role. In fact, I think I am far better adjusted than many of my heterosexual friends who feel sympathy for me. However, one woman in particular who I know, knew of my homosexual tendencies but not of my desire to be a woman and she finds my new role choice completely unacceptable. It disturbs her very much. She always liked to think of my

homosexuality as a transitory thing and that should the "right" girl come along, I would change my ways. Too many people think a girl is the sure cure for homosexuality, etc., including psychiatrists, who should know better.

Where I really have a hard time trying to gain acceptance for my female desires is with my homosexual friends, who are firmly against tampering with ones sex organs. Not for any religious reasons, but to them it is like killing a god. Few are sympathetic or understanding. Some have rejected me and others have been vicious in their condemnation of my desires. One good homosexual friend who was always quiet, pliant, considerate, and of a very gentle nature, just about raked me over the coals when I told him of my intentions to be a woman. HE, in fact, gave me my female name and had taken me out on dates while I was dressed as a woman, but he thought it was all in fun and not serious. When he realized I was serious and had told a mutual female friend (who never really know of either of our homosexual natures, but suspected) he became absolutely unreasonable and furious calling me all the worst names he could think of. I toned him down by telling him as far as society was concerned he was just as bad or worse in their eyes than I and that he had no more right to judge than anyone else. However, he has come to realize that, in effect, I was never a homosexual.

Some of my heterosexual friends have always noticed my subtle feminine ways and were not particularly stunned at my decision. Some others noticed my feminine ways but ignored them. All through my life, however, my feminine mystique had affected many people, mostly men, and thus

without consciously realizing it, they would treat me as they would a woman even though I wore only male attire. I was never able to communicate with men on their level (man to man) but automatically communicated with women on their level (woman to woman). I had many girlfriends as dates but the reaction in almost all cases was the same - they communicated with me on a female level. None seemed to realize this peculiar relationship as I appeared quite masculine in build and looks. I was much pursued by women and shunned by men for other than business or philosophical discussions. I was never relaxed with men while playing the male role but completely relaxed with women. I had always to watch my reactions, my movements, my responses to be sure I did not display any femininity, but still my femininity came through. Except for my distaste of petty gossip and small talk in general, I got along well with women friends of my choice. Most of them I admired and respected.

Some of my friends definitely think I could pass and live as a woman. In fact one woman friend of mine was so impressed with my feminine poise that she asked me to teach her how to be more feminine. Other of my friends are not sure that I would make it probably because of the long-standing image they have built up of my masculinity. Naturally too, since I lived as a male most of my life I still exhibit some masculine traits that for the most part were adopted by me in order to survive, but the feminine traits, gestures and way of doing things are predominate in my nature. Some people prefer the masculinity in me, others the femininity. It's all a matter of personal choice as well as the great difficulty for some people to make the mental and emotional transition after knowing me for so long in the masculine role. However, had I looked more feminine than masculine, the transition would be much easier for people to make. Those who have met me recently and under circumstances when both my natures were revealed have little difficulty accepting me and most prefer my feminine image.

The matter of communication with men was always the difficult thing when I am playing my male role. When they did communicate with me they would do so as they would with a woman. They avoided or apologized for using vulgar or risqué language. They rarely talked about traditionally male subjects or their interest in girls. They seemed to sense that "man talk"

would not illicit a responsive cord in me or perhaps they noticed my wanning interest in their manly chatter. Anyway, men seemed always soliticious of my comfort, were usually courteous, and treated me as a frail creature who needed care and protection. However, frail I am not, neither looking the part nor particularly consciously acting the part. But, nonetheless, I have this effect on men and I'm not about to worry about it as I definitely like the results. I am unabashedly thrilled at the attention I get from men, even when dressed as a man and the men around me know nothing of my true nature. However, I have had some stinging and sly remarks from men about my femaleness. This usually from what I suspect to be latent homosexuals or unstable people. They would call me by a female name or use the feminine pronoun and other such female derivatives when talking to me or about me, usually in public, merely to embarrass me. . . I stopped that nonsense with one co-worker simply by greeting him one day as "Mary", in public. On another occasion I sought to defend myself but wound up with a chipped tooth and no let up from my derogator. Most of the times, however, when men refer to me as they would a female, calling me she, girl, young lady, beautiful, etc. they do it not offesnively but unconsciously not realizing either the effect of their words or the fact that they actually uttered them.

For instance, one day an executive in my firm looked me up and down from head to toe and casually said, "You really look good to me, but, of course, I like girls," and proceeded on with his business. The very next day I walked into his office, his female secretary at his side and he casually said, without forethought, "What can I do for you young lady," and without so much as an "er. hump", then said, "What can I do for you young man."

I spent five years with one boss who daily greeted me with, "Good morning beautiful brown eyes." He would call me "sweetheart and honey", tell me how beautiful I was, how he missed me, apologize for risque language, etc. all without realizing the levity of his remarks. He would often do this in the presence of other people even asking them to note what beautiful eyes I had or how cute I looked or how sexilly I used my eyes. No one, to my knowledge, ever took these remarks from him as unusual as he exhibited none but masculine traits. He just fitted these remarks in his sentences in such a way that they could easily be overlooked by anyone but an astute and perhaps suspecting observer. I was always a little embarrassed, but secretly thrilled. Some people, men and women, would seemingly be making a joke when they would say, "Wouldn't he make a good wife," or "I could go for you if you were a girl," etc. but these type of "jokes" to me always seem to have hidden meanings to my particular case as they were used so often and males that appear and act masculine rarely are subjected to such "jokes".

Some men would rub their leg against mine under the table (and knowing homosexuals very well, it doesn't seem to be one of their traits), put their arm around my waist, open doors for me, wait for me to go out of elevators first, jump to light my cigarette, take packages of groceries from the counter and carry them for me, fix things for me at my merely asking them how to fix something. They would shove me aside and not even accept my help. All these men were basically heterosexual as far as I knew. None tried to go out with me or make any advances other than perform chores for me, be overly courteous, and considerate - all thanks to my feminine mystique.

Some women too would twist my otherwise male name into some sort of female sounding derivative, or describe me as pretty instead of handsome, along with other means of separating me from my male ego, all without conscious forethought. I approached one woman recently, upon telling her of my true nature, about her references to me, on occasion, in the above described manner. She claimed definitely not ever saying anything as to what I described and that she looked upon me as a male and nothing more, which only fortifies my theory of the unconscious workings of peoples minds. I also approached a young man who was in the habit of treating as he would a woman, along with making appropriate remarks, he too denied any such intentions or for that matter ever having said or doing the things I accused him of.

So, as you can see, I hardly fit in our heterosexual society as a male member, but do fit as a female. I want to be a part of society and live life to the fullest but, to my mind, this can only be done by me being a woman. I don't even fit in the homosexual society as they too do not find me acceptable. Besides, I dislike leading a double life or restricting my social activities to a strictly male environment as do homosexuals. I think their lives are very limited and not at all fulfilling as it is wearing on a person to adopt two separate and distinct identities, one for public consumption and the other for personal fulfillment. Of course, public and private lives of most people is usually distinct but not completely so as with homosexuals or others with different, yet equally socially obnoxious behavior patterns.

Surprisingly though when you consider the gap between a homosexual and other of their ilk's social and public roles they certainly deserve a modicum of admiration for their strength in bearing up to their diversity as people with lesser problems and no social stigma to worry about fall apart or go completely mad. It takes courage and a strong will to face life under these circumstances and most homosexuals, along with TV's, etc. are to be commended for their fortitude. Perhaps, I have little fortitude as I cannot see myself spending the remainder of my life in a limbo of social and even public acceptance as an individual - as I don't fit either way. I want to be a whole person playing one

role and not two or any combination thereof simply as a temporary stop-gap. I must fuse my whole personality into one role and go from there.

Of course, I am neither a TV nor a queen either as both wish to retain their masculinity to one degree or another. Thus, I am a Transsexual and a potential woman in our society enjoying the social and public acceptance of that status along with its attendant responsibilities.

It is never wise for a defendant in a court case to handle his own defense, but I have no intention of defending myself as I am merely stating facts as I see them and my personality as I see it. So in order to get a better picture of me I shall briefly describe my philosophy and personal characteristics as I see myself.

I have a gentle nature and an even temper, rarely resorting to anger. Should I become angry, and that only occurs when someone persistently takes advantage of me, it is fleeting. I never hold grudges but can be very determined in righting an injustice to myself, someone close, or for a cause. I am, for the most part, very thoughtful of others, especially concerned as to their physical, spiritual, and mental well-being. I am very forthright and honest. However, because of this quality I

sometimes offend others without considering their feelings. Nonetheless, I try to keep uppermost in my mind the effect of my words and actions on others always being as diplomatic as possible. I readily apologize for offensive behavior or words but never for what I did or said justifiably. I accept friends at face value and then judge later. At times though I come to immediately dislike certain people not knowing why but usually my dislike eventually justifies my first response. I think people for the most part are good but usually thoughtless and too self-centered. I have a certain amount of prejudices, which I try to overcome. I admire moral strength, courtesy, honesty above all in dealing with others and with ones self, and thoughtfulness especially in the little things associated with daily living. I cherish life and friends. I have a great capacity for self-discipline. I make sacrifices willingly, more so for a cause or friend. I am not a wholly happy person but I'm not wholly unhappy. I'm just content and have high hopes, able to live by myself and with myself. Depression is a rarity with me and whenever I'm overwhelmed with depression or loneliness, I either sleep it off or visit friends. I never complain about my physical or material state to the annoyance of others, but do complain at the lack of interest most people have in people and in me as an individual. I have a certain amount of wit and charm and a great need to love and be loved. I have high principles, but my moral standars are a little less than acceptable by contemporary standards,

although sex actually is quite secondary with me, in my former state it was a means of alleviating loneliness and a certain need for physical and emotional gratification. I am firstly an individual of the genus, Homo sapien, and secondly a woman of the culture I was born to - Americanus.

I enjoy being a girl for all the reasons enunciated in the song and it is doubtful my belaboring the subject will make my desires anymore understood. I am what I am and stuck with my nature and my role choice for better or worse. I do not think the operation solves any problems outside of gender identity and I expect to have as many problems as any man or woman in our society. I expect still to have to struggle for happiness, but I feel I can face problems and pursue happiness in a more relaxed manner as my body now conforms to my true nature - that of being a woman.

I fully expected to be a nervous wreck before I reached Casablanca. In fact, I took a precaution along in the form of tranquilizers. But to my surprise I never used them on the trip. I did, however, find use for them two weeks before my departure. At that time I was definitely nervous. Thinking of a decision and making a decision are two entirely different things. I could not sleep. I had a tightness in my stomach and felt a floating type pain on my left side above my waist. My electrolysis suggested the pain on my left side might be an indication that I had ovaries which were being activated by the female hormones. She told me to see a doctor and perhaps have him cut me open to see if, in fact, I did have ovaries. I did see a doctor, but I did not believe I had ovaries and I was'nt about to have my stomach cut up just to see if I had ovaries. The doctor could not diagnosis the pain, so I determined it was due to my nervous state. At this time I had a vague fear, but I could not figure out whether it was because I feared pain on having the operation or I feared I might be doing the wrong thing. I went over and over in my mind the negative and positive aspects of becoming a woman. No matter how hard I tried I could not budge from my determination to have the operation. The only negative aspects I could think of was pain and the loss of a high paying job. Nothing else. At this particular time it seemed as though my friends had abandoned me. I was sure they had regretted advising me and that they were fearful of my future, so they ignored me. But actually it so happened they had to attend to more pressing matters than that of holding my hand. But the two

weeks prior to my departure none of my friends called. Had some of them spent sometime with me at this time I might have been less fearful. But, I began to realize that, after all, it was my decision and I should not be concerned whether my friends approved or not. Nonetheless, their approval was important to me, and thanks to my friends I got more than my share of encouragement.

I immersed myself in my job those last two weeks so that I would not have to think of my pending operation. Every so often during the day I would write on a piece of paper "Negative" and "Positive" and always came up with the same listing: "pain and loss of high paying job." I tried to imagine how one would feel losing a member of ones body but just could not phantom such an experience. I wanted to experience real fear concerning the destruction of my maleness but could not. I just spent my nights going over my past and trying to see the future in a new body. I saw that my past was a minor hell and I could not envision the future.

Since I had such good luck in most of my friends accepting my soon to be new status, I felt bold enough to tell my boss. It turned out to be a regrettable decision. I told my boss of my nature but not before I made him promise he would keep it a secret and also not fire me. I informed him that my desire to be a woman did not affect my mental faculties and that I would be the same person. I had planned to work a year after my operation as a man in order to recoup some of the money I would spend for the surgery. I was also informed

that it might take a year or more before I would look sufficiently female to pass in public, especially during the day. My boss promised he would go along with me. He took my story calmly enough but made no comments except to advise me not to come to work dressed as a woman. I assured him that female attire was'nt my hang-up and I had no intention of ever coming to work so dressed. He never mentioned the subject of my change after that intial conversation. But I detected that he seemed uneasy having me around.

I planned to have my operation during my three week vaction and was in hopes I would be able to return to work in time. That was another reason for telling my boss in case I was not able to return to work on time.

My real fear was that fact that I had to go out of the country to have the operation and alone. Although I had just enough money for the operation with a little left over, I started inquiring of my friends if one of them would accompany me. I offered to pay their plane fare. A number of my friends were willing, naturally, but then luck stepped in. My electrolysis, a ~~vaxious~~ vivacious, charming woman, a close friend and confidant for the past three years, had planned to vaction in Portugal. So I arranged to join her tour along with her husband and a woman friend of the family. Bobbie who was like a mother and a girlfriend gave me electrolysis treatments for the removal of my beard and I saw her at least twice a week for three years. She was one of the few truly dearest friends I ever had. I was very pleased and happy to know I would be traveling with her. She gave me confidence and strength and it was probably due to her cherry nature and our trustful relationship that I

was so relaxed all during my trip and subsequent operation. Bobbie was 54 years old but had the spirit of a 20 year old. She livened up any room she entered and was loved by everyone. She made an excellent traveling companion. She was warm, friendly, dedicated, and a highly spiritual woman. She never preached but lived the Christian life and she just glowed.

So now I was set to go. Al, another dear friend, who happened to be a transvestite, but a realistic man concerning his behavior, accompanied me to the airport all the while giving me encouragement. I remember him saying that the operation was like a divorce, you hate to part but know it won't get better and that it will take time to adjust to not being married. Somehow it seemed to hit a responsive cord and it seemed apt to my situation. I would lose my maleness and it would probably be hard to part with the male person I had lived all my life with and yet I could not live happily with my malness. At any rate, I think Al brought up the subject of divorce and the pain of it because at this time Al's wife did not know of his transvestism and their marriage was falling apart, neither of them really knowing why. The cause was discovered a couple of months later when his wife met me and we discussed transvestism. Their marriage was on the rocks simply because Al was afraid to tell his wife of his problem and she sensing he was not giving of his total personality felt he no longer loved her. When she found out, through me, that he was a TV she cried with happiness that she was to know him totally as she loved him dearly. To her being a TV was far more tolerable than Al seeing other women as she suspected. So Al's analogy

of my operation and divorce was quite apt at the time as he was willing to make a substantial sacrifice for his wife's happiness and I was willing to make a substantial sacrifice for mine by the destruction of the symbol of my maleness.

I was calm all during the trip over to Lisbon, where I spent a day touring the city with Bobbie and the members of our tour, which consisted of about 19 women and four men. I was one of the men, as I traveled dressed in male attire. I recorded my thoughts, feeling, and the events in a diary from the day I landed in Lisbon until I left Casablanca after my operation;

May 11 - Portugal - Arrive Lisbon - take short tour -

impressed with charm, architecture, and designs on sidewalks. Big streets, parks, lots of greenery. People very small and swarthy.

Tired, but have a good appetite.

Jack (Bobbie's husband) advised me there is no turning back (after operation). Informs me tall women never marry.

Susan (friend of Bobbie's) says I should learn to be a man and not go through with the operation, but admits noticing my feminine nature.

Bobbie made few comments but indicated I would make a good woman, but that it was not an easy life being a woman.

I stopped debating with myself about having regrets, my height, and my passibility as a woman.

Been through all that for a year. I expect trauma, regrets, and a period of adjustment. Pray

G
 God and friends will help. No sign from God yet not to go ahead. (Although I did not adhere to any articles of faith in an established church, I did believe in God and I was always sure he was guiding me and would not let me make so drastic a decision without intervening if I were wrong. Bobbie agreed with this theory of mine, being a religious person herself.) Trust in Him, although fallen away Catholic. Believe in signs and that God is always directing me.

May 12 - Portugal - Rested, but only slept til 4 a.m.

Went to bed at 11 pm. Thinking about many things - future, past, friends, but nothing profound.

They play American music exclusively on some stations. American movies shown with sub-titles - no dubbing. "Funny Girl" playing at one theatre. (Said goodbye to Robbie, etc. and took taxi to airport alone for one hour flight to Casablanca) Arrived hospital 4:30 pm. Greeted by two negro Moroccan women in office. Afraid they are a little disbelieving of my intentions as I am dressed in a business suit. They called another woman (white) who took me up elevator to a room called "Tulip". Asked me to sit and wait. I'm still calm. Just got switched to a bigger room - pink curtains, no less, bassinet, and also a patio. O, yes, pink walls. The little woman looked like she was waiting for the coast to clear ~~before~~

before switching me to this bigger room as this is an all woman hospital (maternity). I'll probably be stuck in this room for the rest of the duration.

Madam Burou came in (doctor's wife) and asked why I was not dressed as a woman. Told her I could not get a passport. She claimed I could. She then objected to my bank draft (\$4,000) saying I should have sent the money to their Swiss account. I told her I was not so informed by letter but she insisted I was informed. She was not impressed at all that I was womanly, but was soon convinced when I showed her some pictures of me in female attire. She said I looked very feminine, but that I looked different in each picture. She asked if I had my breasts operated on (silicone). I told her they were natural (hormone development). She left saying I would have to send the draft back and get it exchanged for proper endorsement to their Swiss account.

Madam Burou is small, but has a determined looking face, and looks about ready to send me home. She is rather young and passibly good looking. (There is a story that she might be a sex change. This was determined by the fact that she had very large hands for a woman her size).

After two hours wait, Dr. Burou came in and asked to see my breasts and penis. He gave a quick look

and then asked if I wanted the operation and whether my mind was made up. He wanted to know if I were prepared and I said yes and he left. He spent less than five minutes with me. He is not as tall as "The Clod" (the 6'2" sex change who gave me a rundown on the operation, etc.) described him and not as young or good looking as his picture. He is quite wrinkled in the face and had a butt of a cigarette in his mouth all the while he examined me. Typical European (he is French) they smoke a cigarette until it burns their lips.

Just waiting to see what happens next. Been here three hours with my feet propped up on the bed and dozing on and off. Smoking too much, but only about three-quarters of the way on my cigaretts. The cleaning girl will probably make use of the left over butts.

Four hours later: reading mystery novel. I'm frozen in thought - can't think of regretting, or debating with myself, or even being afraid.

My mind is just a blank. Just trusting in the Lord. I still do not know the doctor's decision. I suspect he is probably fighting with his wife concerning me as I'm told she has the upper hand. I get the impression he is ready to operate.

Half hourslater: Madam Burou came in. Her disposition is very changed from our first encounter - she is very sweet. She just gave me instructions on how to transfer draft to Swiss account and asked me what I wanted for dinner. She informed me I must go to the post office in the morning. I still have no idea when the operation will take place as it may depend on whether the money gets where it is supposed to go. (Had to write to Al to exchange the draft in Los Angeles and have new one sent to Switerzland.). She now tells me to sign an I.O.U. (perhaps will operate on my signature).

The dinner consists of cold chicken, ham, salad, fruit, and a bottle of wine.

Madam Burou chats with me awhile. I mentioned my doctor friend and she says that Dr. Burou is planning a tour of the United States and would like my doctor friend's address.

May 13 - Casablanca - After last night I am more convinced than ever I would never want to be married to one of those creatures (women). Madam Burou came bursting into my room in a nightgown and grabed my check and letter (I was asleep) and informs me she can handle without sending the letter to the United States. IT WAS ABOUT 11:30 pm. It seems women are money mad all over the world.

Woke up at 7:30 am thinking I would hate to be a leering old faggot, if I don't go through with the operation. My mind is functioning again, back to should I or shoul'nt I. Just wish I could be sure of a good husband so all this will be worthwhile. There was a good sign at the airport. There was a French girl as tall as I and quite unattractive. Next to her I think I am a beauty.

I don't know anyone's name as the girls just pop in and out saying Bon Jour. All look familiar, thanks to Marge's (The Clod) pictures. Keep praying, Folks.

Forgot to mention that I showed Madam Burou pictures of three sex changes, two of whom had their operation done in New York and the other in Casablanca. She did not remember the one that had it done here, but she asked if I saw the operations and which was better. I said the ones done in Casablanca (to her delight). She then asked in a sarcastic way if I tried it out (meaning if I went to bed with them). I did not dignify the question with an answer.

Thinking about you, Bobbie, knowing you are praying for me. Pray harder, please!

Aisha (the white woman who showed me to my room and I assume is Morrocan) brought my breakfast - french braad, butter, and coffee.

Georgette (Secretary to M. Burou) took me to the Post Office to mail letter and check, after all). She is French. She informs me that the operation will take place at 7 pm today. I am relieved as I feared the operation would not take place and I would have to go home having the same body as before. If this were to happen, I might try again or resign myself to live as I had been living.

At least they supplied me with a razor. Had to shave my own private parts. If what Roxie (the change who encouraged me) says is true, I am a true TS. That is from my rectum to my scrotum a thick dark line - continuing up scrotum in folds (like it was stiched together) is quite obvious. From top of penis to stomach there is a similar line but lighter. On sides of inside thigh there are two thin brown lines curving toward legs. Pubic hair is straight across (in male usually rounded) in female pattern. Belly button below waist (in male right at waist). (Roxie claims studies made on TS's indicate that many have these features which are considered female and that the folds along the scrotum indicate that it should have developed into the lips of the vagina, but did not).

11:15 am - Calm - reading mystery and waiting. The myster so far is not to my liking, page 59.

Pray all!

Thinking of Al, my doctor friend, Carl, and the doctors girlfriend. Have pictures with me.

Thinking of Bobbie more than anyone. Can see frown of disapproval on Busan's face and the look of inevitability and regretability on Jack's face.

Praying for minimum pain - better if there were none. Also praying for psychological adjustment. Need all my friends to see me through. Have fear the cure may be worse than the ailment, for awhile at least. Would be nice to be sure one is loved, especially by a man.

Still resigned - no thought of backing out. Wish I could hypnotize myself out of this world for a week at least.

The 13th in the past has issued in events that changed my life. However, the 13th day that changed my life before were on Fridays. Entered army on the 13th of April and returned to my mother from the foster home on the 13th of June. Today is Tuesday, the 13th. Can't say that the two incidents of the 13th were a sign of luck, but big changes did occur. Bobbie, last night seemed like there might be a sign (the mixup about the check and my male appearance) which would have cancelled the operation. I had no feelings except

resignation to whatever transpired. I felt I would go directly to Los Angeles and cry - then sleep it off (the disappointment) and return to my routine same as before and perhaps make another stab at it - this time dressed as a woman and already living so. As always - my chief worry - height, but nothing else although I know it will take time, even guts to live as a woman.

Some music, classical and American - too much talking. Couple of Moroccan stations and one Spanish. I must be a nut of some kind of supper human being. It is 12 pm and I have no anxiety and am ready to dance to the music - not out of happiness, but just because music stirs me to dance, but blast it, they don't even finish a piece and then yak, yak.

Remembering Jack saying that I have to be emotional and less analytical as a woman as women are not analytical. At this point I am glad I am analytical, but do have lots of emotion, but learned to hide it since childhood. Also learned to resign myself to events as I was forbidden self-expression. However, I have learned to change events when possible.

2:15 pm. Stomach getting a little tangled - must be getting nervous. Finally got some steady music, concertos, show tunes, all Western and familiar.

Only good feature about being a man - you can stand to relieve yourself - been going all afternoon.

2:45 pm. Given a shot to sleep. Fatima (nurse, negro) gave it to me. Not nervous, just worried about pain.

(I remembered being wheeled into the operating room, grabbing the hand of the nurse and asking her to pray for me. She then proceeded to tie my right hand on some kind of a pole with a wrist rest and then I asked her to untie my right hand so that I could scratch my nose. She complied, retied my hand and then injected a needle in my arm. I thought she was going to take a blood sample. As soon as the needle hit my arm I was completely out. (You get no pre-operative care whatever here and knowing this, I had myself thoroughly examined in the States before coming here).

May 14 - Casablanca: (Actually wrote all this down after I awoke from the operation. I was weak and my notes were not very legible.)

No pain to speak of - just plain discomfort. Wriggled loose one of my hands, which was tied. I thought maybe they did not operate as I feel nothing. Remembering fighting and screaming violently (perhaps after operation) when being tied down. Kept on screaming for Añ. May have been a dream. (Found out later from a nurse

that I did, in fact, scream, but for the nurse. Marge had informed me that there would be terrific pain and that I should call for the nurse immediately upon feeling pain and the nurse would give me a shot. I guess this was going through my mind and that is why I called for the nurse. I can't say that I appreciated Marge even telling me I would have pain and then showing me pictures of the operating room too. She was a very bold person and no one is permitted to enter the operating room or take pictures, but she did.)

I woke up before dawn, got my right hand loose and buzzed for the nurse. I originally was calling out to her, but then I realized that I was in a maternity hospital and my masculine voice would be heard all over. I had no idea why I buzzed the nurse, except that I had this vague idea (from Marge) that I had pain, which I did not. So when she came I asked her for water and took two pain pills (my own supply) more to relax than out of pain, as one position is murder for me. Just can't sleep on my back. (I also asked the nurse her name - doing this in French as before I had the operation, I learned how to ask for one's name in French and just felt I had to use the phrase. She looked at me funny-like -

for one thing my speech was slurred and another thing is, I guess, she could not imagine why anyone would ask such a question after coming out of sedation. She told me her name and said she was very tired. I then asked her for a pillow and fell asleep).

It is light now and I feel well enough to walk out of the hospital right now - do not feel weak - must be the vitamin pills Bobbie insisted I take every day months before the operation. Feel no remorse or anything.

Actually have not bothered to look down toward the operative area. Feel a mild pressure - probably the plug. (A rod, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and 9 inches long is placed in the vagina to keep it open).

I expected the worse and so far very good. My anxiety was for naught (the fault of Marge). I did pray hard though and I know all of you prayed. Now all I need is the strength to play my new role convincingly. God help me! Tea for breakfast.

Three tubes from middle of left leg - draining blood, etc.

Just noticed one tube going to the right side under leg - for urine.

Broth for lunch. Uncomfortableness gets intense at times and tapers off. I doze every so often. Window is open and there is a nice breeze.

2:30 pm. Dr. Burou came in with young man - looks like son. Gave a quick look at operation telling me everything ok. The doctor is in sports clothes and looks better today and even good looking. Probably had light last night which gave me bad impression. He has a sweater slung over one shoulder and the ever present cigarette butt in his mouth.

7:15. Dinner, broth in silver dish and a dish of apple sauce.

Still pretty uncomfortable, especially my rear end. Will be a luxury to lie on my side four days from now. (I was told the rod stayed in five days and I assumed when it was out I would be able to turn on my side. Actually it was two months before I could comfortably sleep on my side).

Remembering I got two shots before going into operating room - one about four hours before 7 pm and the other just before being put on table. The operating table felt like it had rubber on it. I could see the whole operating area, if I wanted, but purposely did not want to, although I looked up once at the light fixture. One arm was tied low (left). Right arm tied high with elbow bent. Must have been in the room ten minutes before I blacked out completely. Vaguely remember struggling when I was tied to my bed and was screaming for Al.-

somehow unrelated to operation - like having a fantasy. It may have been a dream as it is hard to get anyone to tell me anything due to the language barrier.

Nurse just took tape off my arm - notice several marks - maybe that's where I got the knockout shot.

People may ask do I feel happy now or sad, or what? Well, I don't feel any different than before and it will take time to realize my status has changed especially since I have to continue working as a male.

8:20. Feel much less discomfort. Did take pain pill awhile back. (All the pain pills I took were mine, as I got a prescription from my doctor before I left home).

May 15 - Casablanca - Got penicillin shot from Fatima this morning.

5:20 am. Passed miserable night - no sleep pain in rear and back. Maybe due to taking too many pain pills during the day, probably became immune to shot that I was given to make me sleep.

Madam Burou came in after I buzzed for help and she asked me where the I.O.U. was I was supposed to sign. (She had no interest in my health and could see I was not feeling well).

I told her to give me a piece of paper and a pen and I would sign her stinking paper. She

that decided that another time would do.

Dr. Burou took out the three tubes that were for drainage. There was very little drainage from the looks of the content of the bottles. The Dr. says he wants to take out the rod tomorrow. I must be healing well as the plug is usually taken out five days after the operation.

10:35 am. Just had my bed changed, brushed my teeth and washed my face and got sprayed in my face with my own perfume by Rachael who says she is from Isaril. She is very nice, young and pretty. She says she is studying here (she assists the doctor on all operations). She says she will return to Isarel. She thought I was a Jew.

Feel 100% better after short nap - back stopped aching.

5 pm. Tea.

7 pm. Vegetable soup and apple sauce. First solid food I've eaten. Guess for sure plug will come out tomorrow.

Feel fine now but took pain pill an hour ago.

Second pill today.

Lots of birds outside, but I don't see any trees.

My room overlooks another building. My room name is Violet and some kind of poen written in French is tacked to the door, signed

"@irection" (which I think means Director, who is Madam Burou).

Gas in stomach, uncomfortable!

May 16 - Casablanca - Woke up every hour on the hour

but passed a fairly comfortable night.

If they only had air beds, I would not have any trouble. One position is murder at times.

Tea for breakfast.

12:25 pm. Dr. took plug out. I did not feel a thing.

12:29 pm. Carrots for lunch and yogart.

Ate half of each.

Medicine would advance not at all in the United States if it were not for the innovactive Euro peans. Americans are hung-up with images, supersticions, morals and mixed up interpretations of religion. Religion is for the soul not the body. God put medical men here and gave them superior knowledge to help the body. All major breakthroughs in medical science began in Europe - heart transplants, etc. If it were not for our European heritage we would be as primitive as the Indians we disseminated. Even the Indians believed a person should be what he wanted to be, not what society wanted him to be. Here in Casablanca, I am a patient not a curosimy as I would be in the U.S. Inthe U.S. I would'nt even get in a hospital and if I did the whole place would be starring at me as if I were some kind of a freak.

From the day the plug was removed, I got out of bed and went to the bathroom to wash, etc. and every day I would shuffle around my room getting stronger and stronger. I had little pain, but a lot of discomfort and no real sleep and on May 25, thirteen days after my operation, I left the hospital voluntarily so that I could catch up with the tour which was due back in Lisbon on the 26th. I could have and probably should have stayed in the hospital at least ten more days, but all went well, although I had a rough time walking and sitting. Bobbie told everyone on the tour that I hurt my back and I got a lot of sympathy. All the women were very impressed with me, but disappointed because I did not make passes. One woman kept on threatening to come into my bathroom while I was bathing to wash my back and Bobbie cautioned me that she might just do that so that I'd better be sure my door was locked, otherwise my secret would be known.

While in the hospital I met three recent sex changes, one was from Paris and the other two were from Boston. We had very little contact because the rules of the hospital was that we were not to visit other patients. I fell in love with all the nurses as they were just grand. I felt very generous and gave my \$40 radio to Rachael, whom I dearly loved and money and cigarettes to the other nurses. They all had a marvelous sense of humor, especially one big fat colored gal who had me in stitches every time she came around.

I began to get pain in my legs and this pain

continued on and off for two months, sometimes getting very severe, but otherwise that was the only place I had any pain. There was practically ~~xxxxx~~ none where I expected there should be - between my legs. The structure and functioning of my female organ is no different than that of any other woman.

I arrived home quite exhausted as we had a 20 hour flight from Maderia, where I spent three days. Al met me at the airport and took me home. When I arrived, instead of going right to bed, I began to clean house. This was 12:30 AM six days after leaving the hospital. On Monday, I returned to work as planned and was told by the Manager of the company I was fired. My boss gave him no reason except that he did not want to see me and the Manager was to handle the affair. I was not particularly unahappy at this turn of events as I felt I needed time to recuperate anyway and it would just up my schedule to start in on my new role.

Six months later, I am completely adjusted to my new role as I went into it as if I were playing "lady" all of my life. The only thing that annoys me is having to keep my hair styled, which is difficult after sleeping on it. I pass well, but my voice does need training. Many people think I am very glamorous and they ask if I am a model. Men find me very attractive and I am pursued constantly. However, I date few men as I am saving myself for "the one".

I still have not experienced any regrets, no trauma, and no great struggle to adjust as I had thought I might. I felt no different than if I had my tooth pulled.

I have developed more friendships and have more friends than I thought imaginable. All of my neighbors accepted me so that I now would feel guilty if I left my house dressed as a male. Some friends have offered me jobs, but I decided to take advantage of my unemployment insurance and make sure I pass well enough so that there will be no doubt as to my new status. No one seems surprised at my change, even strangers who I deal with in changing my drivers license, etc.

I am now a woman in every sense of the word and I am a completely well adjusted and satisfied person because of it. I deal now with the future, not the past. The past is as if it never was and that is how it should be as I must be judged for what I am now-a woman and not what I appeared to be before - a man *living with a male facade.*

You may destroy a people of certain national origins or people with certain religious beliefs (as has been done) because it is the one sure way of complete elimination, but you will never wipe out behavior patterns of the kind mentioned in this book. However, some self-righteous, ignorant, and guilt-ridden people would recommend just that. An impossible task because there are no religious, ethnic, color, or economic categories that tie these peoples together. They are diverse as the land we live in and as hard to see as the very air we breathe. They are in fact simply human beings, born of women and nourished by the land. They are neither devils nor angels, yet they seek the same guaranteed rights of our American Constitution - to find happiness in their own lives in tune with their nature - a nature none of them had much to do with. They are, for the most part, law-abiding citizens, contributing to the rich fabric of our society. Most never hurt anyone and are content to be with their own kind. They ask one thing, understanding, and if that is not forthcoming, then they ask to be left alone, not wishing to interfere in anyone's life and not wishing to be interfered with.

This book is written to give you, the reader, a glimpse of people that have been relegated to the trash heap of our society. Myths have grown up about them and their habits, they are looked upon as some monstrous beings from another planet. They are considered to be few and readily distinguishable; while in fact they are many and are your fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons. And since your fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons are involved, it behooves you to know something of these aberrations so that you may be prepared to deal with them sensibly, with understanding and compassion. Perhaps too if we all came out from hiding, we might prevent some of these anomalies or at least give science a free hand in determining the wherefor of the so-called "deviant behavior" which seems to offend so many people's sensibilities.

Some of the descriptions in this book may appear to be intended to excite prurient interest, but that has not been my intention. The passages dealing with sex are intended, however, to add authenticity and interest to this book, despite the questionable educational value to the average reader.

My views are hopefully objective as possible though it is somewhat difficult to be very objective when one is deeply involved and a very part of the life unfolding before you.

However, my late age in discovering my true personality gives me a better understanding and view, as from the outside looking in. My first impressions were similar to those of you who may have heard or read of these behavior patterns, but rarely, and from an unemotional and detached position. My prejudices and lack of compassion were the same as yours. My revulsion and lack of interest in subjects and human beings beyond my scope of understanding were the same as yours. My complete self-satisfying belief that I would never be a party to such madness were the same as yours. Yet, here I am the subject of a good part of this book, revealing in all truthfulness and intimate details the unfolding of a portion of my life in the underground of sexual deviations of the kind condemned by religion, society, and governments. And, I expect you to understand what I could not and still can't? And, I expect you to accept that which took me years to accept? No, but as I said in the beginning, you cannot destroy these things or sweep them under a rug, but you can, in your own way and time, appreciate the fact that people are not what you want them to be, but what they are. These then are your brothers, fathers, husbands, and sons.