

The Transvestites

The Erotic Urge to Cross-Dress (Part One of
Three Parts)

MAGNUS HIRSCHFELD

Part One

The Transvestites

The Erotic Drive to Cross-Dress Part One of Three Parts

by

Magnus Hirschfeld, M.D.

Translated by

Michael Lombardi-Nash, Ph.D.

Urania Manuscripts
[Kindle Edition]

DEDICATED IN MEMORY OF

Paul J. Nash

(February 20, 1934—May 7, 2010)

for his unconditional love and affection,
inspiration, dedication, direction, encouragement,
appreciation and support

Transvestites: The Erotic Drive to Cross-Dress (Part One of Three
Parts)

© 1992, 2020 by Michael Lombardi-Nash

Registration number

TX0003370397 / 1992-08-03

Translator's Note

Fifteen years ago, before the "New Scholarship," it was not an easy task for sexual intermediaries—Magnus Hirschfeld's words for transvestites, lesbians, bisexuals and gays—to learn about their history. Not only were their books banned, buried, burned and bowdlerized in a conspiracy of silence (the present work included), but they also were often relegated to special, difficult-to-access shelves or cages in the vaults of libraries. Many of the books that survived attempts at suppression are still not accessible unless readers are fluent in foreign languages or can find translations. However, many books by so-called sexual minorities have not been translated at all. Many of the early works, too, even translations, often are too stilted or "heavy" in language for modern readers. Two world

wars with Germany probably caused the German language to wane. Finally, people who could translate—professors—were too afraid to work with writings on a taboo subject that could threaten their tenure, at universities and colleges.

With regard to the current text, I have translated everything—titles of books, Latin words and phrases, and poetry—so that no reader feels left out. I have used Associated Press journalistic style—the "inverted pyramid"—in rendering newspaper reports in the current book, so that unlike the original German readers, we do not have to wait until the last word of the last paragraph to get to "the meat of the matter." I have added paragraphing and footnotes. I hope these make the reading easier. Also, I have faithfully adhered to the text where Hirschfeld uses "Uranism" and "pederasty" for homosexuality. All three terms referred to the same phenomenon in turn-of-the-century Germany. Pederasty was described by the ancient Greeks as the love of an adult man for an adolescent boy. In Hirschfeld's time "pederasty" referred to anal intercourse. Karl Heinrich Ulrichs coined the word "Urning" (i.e., homosexual), and Karoly Maria Benkert invented the term "homosexual" itself in 1868.

I would like to acknowledge the support of many. My parents, 'Tina and Tony Lombardi, who raised me around different languages. I am truly grateful to my now deceased mentor, Vern L. Bullough). To LGBT educators, historians, librarians and archivists W. Dorr Leg Jim Kepner, Don Amador, Hubert Kennedy, Frank Rector, David Fernbach, Massimo Consoli, and Harvey Milk for encouraging me to work in the field of lesbian and gay translations. For their contributions to American Indian culture and transvestism, works by Walter Williams and Judy Grahn were useful for this translation. The index of Greek words in John Boswell's *Christianity and Homosexuality* facilitated my work. Special thanks to Philip Reece, Jim Steakley, Gary Hundertmark, Massimo Wolfgang Kirchstein, Eckhard Prinz, Enzo Cuzzo, G. Dall'Orto, Will Roscoe, and Harry Hay. The translation was financed by Paul J. Nash. The loving kindness of the Nashs and Hiers keep them in my thoughts.

Michael Lombardi-Nash,

Jacksonville, Florida

January 12, 1991 and

January 12, 2020

Of *Transvestites*, Bullough wrote (Hirschfeld, 1991, p. 11) that Hirschfeld was a “co-founder of the science of sexuality,” and that Hirschfeld had “founded the first institute and journal devoted to the discipline of sexology.” Besides writing extensively, Hirschfeld coined the term “transvestite” to “describe people who had the urge to wear the clothing of the other sex.”

Bullough continues, “With this book, Hirschfeld opened new areas in the areas of sexuality. He viewed transvestism as a variation in its own right, apart from other sexualities. Most of the transvestites were heterosexual, some were bisexual or homosexual” (Hirschfeld, 1991, p. 12).

On translation, Bullough noted that without it, “confusion about the term caused folks to find it difficult to evaluate Hirschfeld's work, the one that led to the word he coined, 'transvestite,' sticking. One possible explanation for the lack of an English translation is that Hirschfeld wrote a rather difficult German, and occasionally he was a rather sloppy writer, misidentifying sources or giving incomplete citations....in spite of the fact...it is an outstanding classic....It is the pioneering work in what today is known as gender studies.” (Hirschfeld, 1991, pp. 13, 14).

The Transvestites

The Erotic Drive to Cross-Dress Part One of Three Parts

By

Magnus Hirschfeld

Contents

PART ONE: QUESTIONS OF RIGHT AND WRONG IN CONDUCT AND ANALYSIS OF THE CASE HISTORIES ... 10

1. Introduction and Cases ... 11

2. Analysis of the Cases (Complex of Symptoms) ... 172

Part One
Questions of Right and Wrong
in Conduct
and
Analysis of the Case Histories

Introduction and Cases (1-17)

Motto: There are more
emotions and
phenomena than
words.

Each new truth destroys the one held before it. The jolting results collapse one upon the other when the foundation is shaken, the one upon which they were supported. In the history of human culture and science, viewpoints, which had become worthy dogmas, have had to experience more than once, that they one day no longer held water. The deeper we are forced into the countless forms of the appearances in nature, the more is the unforeseen more obvious, the more plentifully have we had to learn afresh. That is uncomfortable and doubly uncomfortable, when it is a matter of presuppositions that have become foundations of government, tradition, society, and

religion. The advocates of the old ones for good reasons require inviolable facts from those who throw stones at such opinions, facts that one can test for those to whom honesty and honor have the same meaning. The advocates of the new, on the other hand, must be very satisfied when they find people who acknowledge not only the theory, but also the reality of the opinion that change and metamorphosis are inseparable from development and progress, persons who know that "wise people gladly travel from error to truth."

The separation of humanity into male and female halves belongs to the doctrines and guiding principles that have crossed over into the flesh and blood of every person. Those who occupy themselves uniting opposites such as energy and matter, God and nature, one and all, body and soul, also unshakably hold fast to the dualism of the sexes and, in fact, the masculine and the feminine are, in themselves, effective realities the duality of which admits of no doubt. Today, its mutual effect is more essential than ever for us to understand vital processes. One could almost formulate it so: masculine and feminine are the alpha and omega of higher substances—in other words, they owe their origins and features to the masculine and feminine principles. But it is a mistake if one

imagines that both are two fully separate entities, one from the other; to the contrary, the constantly present merging of both into one, the unending condition of mixing variables that begins with the man's semen and the woman's egg, each creating masculine-feminine, hermaphroditic organizations, this monism of the sexes is the core for the genesis and substance of the personality.

However, it is first my duty to present proof before I assume or anticipate anything; in the course of this book, which throws light on a new side of the problem of intermediaries, I will return in greater detail to this, my basic opinion, to which I already have devoted a long series of earlier work. It appears to me more appropriate if at first I allow the simple facts to speak for themselves without any introductory words, then draw conclusions, give explanations, and weigh the evidence whether and to what extent our views are suited for expanding and changing.

I confess that the remarkable findings that I herewith publish also came to me and my work as a surprise; in fact, those who occupy themselves intensively with sexual varieties and their laws must expect, again and again, new mixtures, new types, when they observe objectively in their great range of research. They must realize that they ultimately will meet men and women who, in spite of

fully normal inclinations of the sex drive, will exhibit psychically strong admixtures of the other sex; yet, although I, myself, have stressed this possibility in theory, I was still surprised when I became better acquainted with those rare people while doing my studies on intermediaries, who are the ones in question in this work. When I first observed Cases 10 and 12 I still believed that perhaps it was a question of self-deception, that, for example, in the case of a man, his own feminine feelings could stand so very much in the foreground; in the case of a woman, her own masculine feelings; that, compared with this, their own sexual drives, which in the case of many of those depicted, appeared, in fact, only to be weak, so withdrawn, that their directions were not clearly known, but very soon, however, I convinced myself that in these cases the inclinations for love are essentially adequate for the physical condition, while the mental condition agreed with the sex to which the ones in question felt themselves attracted.

As for the cases themselves, let me make a preliminary remark that I have followed up most of them for many years, some for 10 to 12 years or longer. With the exception of Case 15, which was transferred to me by my colleague Lubowski, and 17, who at first turned to my colleague Iwan Bloch, the procedure was such that

every case approached me personally or in writing, and then I requested they write detailed autobiographies, which they composed fully without pressure and independent of one another. They were supplemented as much as possible by painstaking questioning, investigations, and careful research. I have seen many of the {cases} cross-dressed in their men's and women's clothing. Also, most of them were colleagues who presented themselves for studying and testing. The descriptions of the lives published here, even if they appear unified in their depictions, are compiled partly from the various very comprehensive notes, oral histories, and personal findings, preserving in each case the original impression as much as possible.

CASE 1

Mr. A., merchant, ca. 30 years old, was born of healthy parents. There is no evidence of symptoms of deviations of the drives or degeneration in his relatives. His physical development as a child was normal. Although he took part in boys' games, he preferred to crochet, knit, and play with dolls. His appearance was always supposed to have been somewhat girlish. In school he showed good

abilities. His sexual maturity supposedly only began in his early twenties. His voice was always quite high, deepening somewhat only in his mid-twenties. Heavy beard.

Present status: manly hips, contours leaner, hands and feet medium size; likes taking walks, dancing, bicycle riding, and swimming. Takes big steps and moves swiftly. White skin coloring, soft, smooth. A middle-grade excessive tightness of the foreskin of the penis removed by circumcision. Full head of hair; insignificant body hair. Becomes easily pallid. Low threshold of pain. Small ears. Adam's apple protrudes slightly; high voice, unaffected, tends to speak in falsetto, sings soprano. Possesses a strong susceptibility toward affectation, tendency toward crying, also toward nervous attacks of laughing and crying; credits himself with tenderness, kindness, and self-sacrifice. Is very orderly, not inclined to living comfortably; smokes not at all; drinks little alcohol. Tends somewhat toward the art of theater, talent for music. Historical personalities who interest him especially are Nero, Napoleon, George Sand, Bismarck, Emperor Friedrich. Reads many novels and scientific works; is a Freemason.

Sexual life. The following was drawn from his notes:

"I have only vague memories of my childhood. As a two- or three-year-old child I was supposed to have been widely admired in a little blue dress with a white lace trimming, because it went so well with my blond hair and blue eyes. When I first began school, for the first year I resisted, and I was often spanked, and they were only able to make me go by force. The reason for my disinclination may especially have originated with the bad-tempered, rude nature of my teacher, whose morose face instilled fear in me.

"I later became one of the most diligent pupils, and I gladly went to school. Besides boys' toys I always had my doll. I dressed and undressed it and very regularly played with it. My mother and sister made many pieces of needlework in which I manifested lively interest. For that reason I, myself, learned to crochet and rather skillfully achieved pretty works of crochet out of wool and twine. I later extended my zeal for needlework to include knitting, so that many a product of my industrious needle soon ornamented our home.

"Otherwise, I took part in all boys' games, except, and even up to the present day, I could never understand engaging in horseplay. I can whistle very well; in this case I am entirely my mother's son, because my mother could whistle excellently. Ever since my earliest childhood I cherished the wish to put on girls' clothing. Between the

ages of 12 and 13 I promised myself I would satisfy this wish or drive later, when I had the financial means to support it. As I was growing up I was often teased because of my high voice and girlish appearance.

"Thinking back on my youth, I see myself in the circle of my playmates, girls and boys in the neighborhood, how we made garlands and wreaths out of oak leaves and decorated ourselves with them as brides and grooms, clearly defined the bridal path, etc. I often was the groom; however, I sometimes allowed myself to be decorated as the bride. My favorite girl friends were the two girls, Johanna and Maria. I endured all kinds of joys and sorrows with them up to the time I left school; we were, you might say, raised together. I often was mocked by the boys as a 'twit' [*Mädchenpflist*], an expression used in my hometown, so, we answered with the children's poem:

Girls have hair like gold,
Boys have hair like gel,
Girls go up to heaven,
Boys go down to hell.

(Boys sang the opposite.)

"From the illustrated catalogs of the big companies, like Gerson's, etc., I later used to make dolls' houses, to cut out pictures of models, furniture, and beds, and glued all of them in their proper order into a book, and assembled for myself in that way living rooms, bedrooms, kitchens, etc. The models were assigned to different rooms, put to bed, dressed and undressed, and things like that. If my girl friends took up their needlework, I, too, took out my crochet or knitting.

"Of all my toys I always preferred my doll the most. One day, when my mother and sister declared, 'that is the last piece of clothing that you're going to get for your doll; such a big boy should be ashamed to be still playing with dolls,' I slid away deeply upset.

"Around the age of 13 the girls spoke about the differences in the sexes. My girl friends discussed the theme with me, and we showed each other our genitals, but we definitely in no way felt any sexual excitement on either side. My girl playmates treated me exactly as one of their own; we had no secrets from each other. On birthdays and at Christmas I always gave them needlework I crafted myself, and was not a little proud of the fact.

"After my confirmation I was somewhat diverted by my studies, but my interest for female concerns did not decrease, and I followed the fashions, etc. At this time I read a story about the toilette of a rich Roman woman and was very fascinated by it (mentally, not sexually), and my entire 'ego' urged me on to feminine preoccupations. Deep in my heart I so wanted to be a girl and often dreamed about it with my eyes wide open, created plans for the future, etc. I often saw myself in my dreams as a girl, and today, about 14 years later, I can even recall the rooms in which I wanted to live or about which I dreamed.

"After completing my studies and moving to another city I gave myself a permanent wave (I was deeply driven to do it) and wore, unseen, every piece of women's clothing I could get my hands on; I often got up at night and tried to get a piece of clothing from the wardrobe of the landlord's daughter.

"How often did I stand in front of the window of a woman aristocrat and wish I were her female companion or her chambermaid. If they were having a dance at court, I was sure to be present to see my ideal off and to admire her toilette. For hours I unobtrusively followed fine ladies, observing them, studying their movements, and I would be delighted by the sight of them. To still my drive in some measure I bought (corresponding to my limited financial

means) a cheap corset (1.50M.). I wore it the entire day, then only now and then. At this time I was often mocked in the shops because of my high voice and my girlish appearance. I gave my entire attention to the fashion magazines and went window shopping daily, especially to women's clothing stores.

"I kept my propensity to wear women's clothing strictly hidden from my relatives and from all other people around me and avoided everything that could betray me. I was soon boarded up in another city where for the first time I fell passionately and deeply in love. My lover knew about my interest in women's clothing and often loaned me some pieces of clothing. In 1900 I firmly decided to live as a woman, especially when I came to know about the life of the beautiful circus-rider Ella, but I did not fare well because of small-town inexperience and my lack of money. To be sure I did make some attempts and did write to a famous female performer, revealed my heart and soul, and asked her to take me up as a female companion and to instruct me in her art.

"The letter, undeliverable, was returned, and today I say thank God, because I would have exposed myself to ridicule, and I destroyed it. Also, I was ashamed of my inclination toward feminine preoccupations and tried with all my energy to fight it. I traveled a few

years, and certainly did continue to follow concerns in this matter, but I never found any practical opportunity to engage in it.

"When I took up another job as a clerk, my wish for women's clothing became still stronger than ever, and I finally turned to an actress who was praised in the newspapers, with the wish to sell me a costume. After much negotiation, a few months later I received a costume, and for the first time, exactly on my birthday, I could dress myself completely from head to toe as a woman. Although the dress did not fit my body, I wore almost daily every charming piece on my dressing table, later, a few times weekly in the evening, in the still of my room, and obviously was happier than ever before. I later had the costume altered and with the help of my dressmaker could visit a masked ball. How extremely joyful I was when I approached the tavern and was treated entirely as a woman when I arrived. I danced a lot, was given presents by the men, and experienced one of the happiest hours of my life. I later had another evening dress made and likewise put it on in the privacy of my room.

"In the time following I did my best to fight the desire for women's things; I locked up my dresses and for four weeks, a quarter of a year, indeed, even for longer times I did not occupy myself with them. When the urge came I pursued all possible distractions and at

one time went in for a lot of sexual activity (i.e., a lot as compared to my usually weak natural tendency).

"I first experienced coitus at 24 years of age; however, after that I had little desire for it because of the fear of venereal diseases, namely, because I contracted gonorrhoea that very first time. For four years I abstained from intercourse. In the meantime I had corrected a condition in which the foreskin cannot be withdrawn over the head of the penis.

"I practiced sexual intercourse because I believed that by so doing I would be released from my passion. When this did occasionally occur, my urge returned even more powerfully, and I suffered much by changing states of mind. Following grinding activity I would then become so highly nervous that I needed a long time to recover. When I returned from vacation, business worries drove the urge into the background. I continued stubbornly to fight it; I grew a pointed beard so that I would not be tempted to go out as a woman. The latter was always my wish; I was always convinced that one fine day I would give up all the fighting and would only live out my urge. It finally hit me so hard that I ended up turning to a physician." —

So much for the approximate wording of Mr. A. Because he held himself so much in check, turned aside from all excess and

everything extraordinary, furthermore, since his libido was so weak that it expressed itself only three times per month, he was advised to try to spend some time in women's clothing to set aside his condition of highly agonizing unrest.

After lengthy preparation, after he settled his business obligations and raised enough money to buy one of those expensive, but well-fitting wigs, he traveled to a distant city and, dressed as a woman, spent a few weeks in a hotel, whose woman proprietor was instructed in everything. A few notes from a diary illustrates his stay:

"After coffee I read the newspapers, then was let in on the secrets of washing up, then took over the setting of the tables and other light work around the inn.

"I was always sorry that I had to put away my clothes before going to bed, so I would put it off and feel that each prolongation was a blessing, wearing the clothes making me feel so good and pleasant.

"There is not much I can report today. In the course of the late morning hours I was busy, or rather, I tried to make myself useful in the kitchen by helping in any way I could. In the afternoon I received a few letters, the answering of which took a long time. My woman patron, Mrs. M., came to visit in the evening. The time flew by in eating, drinking, and especially happily chatting; we grouped

ourselves on the sofa around the table in the living room where we could listen to the charming conversation and poems of Mrs. M., who is not an unknown poet. I cracked nuts for the women, and from the bottom of my heart I felt so comfortable in their midst, totally in keeping with my being. I cannot remember ever spending such a pleasant evening as a man in the company of men.

"After supper I wrote a few letters until Mrs. E. and Mrs. Sch. returned and brought me a big surprise, namely, two objects used in dressing from a lady-in-waiting to Princess X. Right then I tested both articles made of silk, satin, and chiffon and looked at the low-necked party-dress while Mrs. Sch. put on her house dress. Mrs. E., dressed as a Russian woman, served more coffee for us, and we spent so many splendid hours of listening to music, singing, and dancing that it was midnight before we knew it. I felt so wonderful in the splendid costume, wearing fine perfume, and the rustling of the silk slip was music to my ears, but, too, the ladies were enthusiastic about my whole appearance and especially my neck and throat. At no other time had I ever wanted to be a lady so much as this evening, and for that reason I got undressed with such genuine ardor. After I turned up the flame of the chandelier, I placed myself in the middle before the mirror and slipped off the splendid dress, then the lace slip as well as

the corset. After each object a long pause, a glance at the one just enjoyed, a glance at the one coming. My little knickers with their pale-blue bows between the lace bulged out gracefully around my thighs. Now the knickers, too, came off—and I slipped into my nightgown. Could there have been anything more beautiful for me? Truly not!"

The end result of this harmless experiment was greatly favorable for Mr. A. His depression disappeared, and for a long time he lived on the lasting memory of the happiness he experienced. During this time there were no occurrences of carnal pleasures of any kind.

The impression that he makes in costume is relatively genuine. The bluish shadow of his beard needed only a veil. He escaped notice everywhere, even on the main streets downtown. At most he was considered "a young lady who looked like some men," which was immeasurably disagreeable and annoying to him.

His erotic psyche was tempered to a minimum with masochism. The wish he expressed above, to be "a chambermaid to a nice woman aristocrat," indicated this. Furthermore, now and then he liked to read a masochistic book. The short story, "Captured Women" (*Weiberbeute*) by L. Fraumann especially interested him. This author appears as Case 3 in our casuistry. Besides this, when we made

more detailed investigations, we found incidents that influenced him, that in school, when the Passion play was performed, he felt an erection. This occurred over and over again at times when the subject of punishment or abuse was discussed.

"Handsome women" always appeared in his dreams. Nocturnal emissions took place at long intervals, in his opinion, especially when he had eaten and drunk well the evening before. Between the ages of 22 and 24 they occurred more often, i.e., every three or four weeks. One time he saw himself as a woman, and in that moment when he was tying the veil around, emission occurred.

For cohabitation he preferred women with well-developed breasts, especially well-nourished women with round forms. He preferred blondes. "Excess" and perversity are hated by him; but during coitus he likes to be a succubus.

Obscene conversation is an abomination to him; however, among friends, he often was one of the group so as to appear as "a fine fellow." When he put on fancy dresses it resulted in no erections, only a "pleasant feeling" that ran through his body. His interest directed itself toward the entire costume without favor shown to any particular item of his toilette.

CASE 2

Mr. B., 35 years old, married. On the question of degeneration there is nothing ascertainable in relatives or ancestry. Because he was weak as a child and experienced all the children's illnesses, he learned to walk late, meanwhile speaking at the right time, and he even learned to read before entering school. Was fearful and lachrymose.

Masturbation from the eleventh year on. Took part in most boys' games, but he also had a fondness for girlish behavior. Was mentally very alert and acquired for himself a well-rounded education. Inclined to dreaming and a poetic state of mind.

Present status: Medium frame; body leaner than average. Small hands and feet. Underdeveloped muscular system. Likes dancing and riding. Skin white and clean. A phimosis^[1] exists and occasionally causes difficulty. Hair receding; body hair and beard medium. Easily grows pale and embarrassed. Larynx protrudes considerably. Deep voice. Open to changing moods, tends toward comfort, pursues only those "preoccupations which interest him," because his means allow this. Drinks quite a lot without his always being able to tolerate it equally well. Smokes 50-80, indeed, 100 cigarettes a day. Flagging memory; rich fantasy. Has all sorts of

artistic and scientific passions. Would like to have a career that would allow him to ride and wear women's clothing at the same time.

Sexual life: The following details were taken from Mr. B.'s notes:

"Even at a very tender age, still long before school age, an indication of my emotional dualism expressed itself. And, to be sure, in that manner that irresistibly tempted me in secret to put on pieces of women's clothing (mostly the skirts of my sisters). I later also began to become interested in earrings, in spite of the fact that I found it highly comical to see other men (workmen, for example) in aprons wearing earrings, and that I displayed a boyhood disdain for everything feminine, which did not prevent me in particular from wishing them for myself. I would like to maintain that this contradiction was not based upon pretense or hypocrisy, but rather on the necessary result of my inner dualism. Incidentally, I was a very animated, gifted youth who dared to mount Pegasus in elementary school.

"One day, approximately in my tenth or eleventh year, when I was boyishly doing gymnastics on a chart-shaft, I suddenly felt a strong, pleasurable sensation and I discovered onanism for myself. After that I repeated this experiment as often as possible. The idea of camouflage was always connected with it. This and later similar

manipulations were, so to say, purely reflexive, because, in my absolute ignorance, especially of what sexual life meant, I did not know for years that by so doing I actually was masturbating.

"As a student I received several impressions that pushed me toward the path of `puellism,' as I used to call it. So, I used to read about Achilles in girls' clothing, saw my first female impersonator, and more of that kind of thing. Earrings on men and women and women's toilette in general exerted a stronger and stronger effect on me. I often found the opportunity secretly to put on women's clothing and tried to pierce my ears. In my naivete, however, I always let the freshly pierced hole heal up again and again; therefore, I always had to sharpen anew the point of the earring, which I truly must have done hundreds of times. Apart from the pain I experienced from this, I felt such a pleasurable sensation from piercing my ears that I often did it solely for that reason, even when I had no earrings at hand.

"Moreover, at that time I fell in love, the same as my friends, only somewhat later than they; in general I always followed my friends as a dreamy soul in this regard. Although several times I changed my lover (naturally always a girl), it always remained a shy kind of admiration. Even at that time my dreams of love were mixed with the recurring image that I always liked to devise, namely, that I,

too, like the beloved girl, wore girls' clothing, long hair, and earrings, and we both would be mutually enthusiastic about all these pretty things. It is a dream that became reality, at least for a moment, now, finally in my thirty-second year.

"When I left high school at 16, I not only found more opportunities to cross-dress in my parents' house, but, with time, in secret, of course, I was even able to procure a complete woman's wardrobe: clothing, corset, slip, blouse, panties, wigs, make-up, and, of course, many pairs of earrings. For the time being I used the method of piercing my ears as mentioned above, which sometimes lasted for several days. Finally, it came to pass that the openings no longer healed up, and I could now put in the earrings every time. At first, when I noticed this, my joy mixed with a good amount of fear and shame, on account of which for a long time I used to stop up the holes in my lobes, while I now boastfully let them be seen.

"I had sexual intercourse with many young women; however, I preferred to entertain myself with them about women's concerns, especially about clothes and jewelry, and I was flattered when they noticed my pierced ears and sometimes put their earrings in them. This is for me the moment of the greatest pleasure.

"I first experienced coitus at age 20; at the same time I had to deaden my shyness and my aversion to everything physically sexual with alcohol. And so it remained thereafter until I found my little darling, with whom I sometimes and even often felt the needed stimulation while sober. Yet, even in this case, too, clothing and earrings played a significant role, and my girl learned the value of the stimulating influence of the earrings so well that she sometimes admonished me to put the earrings on before the act, respectively providing the same herself.

"Even though for years I had been wearing (i.e., besides men's clothing) girdles, hosiery with garters, bracelets, sometimes also blouses, panties, scarves, and (abroad) even earrings, my wish still grew and grew to see myself in public in women's clothing and to be photographed in them. My little darling allowed me this, and so I attended three dances in 1905 with her in a woman's costume; I have also been photographed several times, affording me unforgettable hours. Before she became my wife, which occurred recently, she voluntarily promised me she would not be opposed to my individuality in marriage, but rather she would promote it as much as possible. She also kept her word. When we are all alone in our home, she lets

me put on her clothes, and every night at bedtime even gives me a woman's nightshirt, bed-jacket, and earrings.

"I have never had an inclination toward men; only when dressed as a woman do I like to flirt and play with them. When I am taken for a woman I am very flattered. There is one of my classmates who confessed to me his preference for cross-dressing."

CASE 3

Mr. C., between 40 and 50 years old, professional artist. No proof of perverse drives or neuropathological indications in his family. His parents grew to a rather old age; among his ancestors no blood relatives married each other. A cousin is supposed to have made a feminine impression.

His childhood development ran without any peculiarities. Noteworthy is that he wore girls' clothing up to the time he entered school, indeed, even later while on vacation (see below). His mental abilities were always good; literature and art always interested him the most. Only when he was 20 years of age did sexual excitement appear; also at that time did his voice change to an insignificant degree. Growth of beard at 25 years of age.

Present status: slender figure, lean; angular contours. Strong hands and feet. Muscular system normally developed, but soft. Stride small and firm with visible turning of the hips; bearing somewhat bent forward. Light beard. Rather sensitive to pain. Calm appearance. Manly facial expression. Larynx normal, speaking voice modest tenor; presence of the tendency toward falsetto.

Sensitive character, very emotional, with changing moods. Loves his orderliness, is diligent and modest, erratic, yet still stubborn. Structure of activity correspondingly heightened; a vivid imagination. Plato, Wagner, Nietzsche interest him the most.

Sexual life: His sexual drive was always directed toward the female; and intercourse is possible only with women. The thought of homosexual intercourse is repugnant to him. He wishes he had been born a woman. He preferred to get married and has had no extramarital intercourse. A series of healthy and intelligent children has resulted from their marriage. He considers his condition as inborn, is totally satisfied with it, wishes only a corresponding milieu for it. He has given his natural tendency a great deal of thought, which one can see from some of the special notes that follow here:

"After the most thorough and conscientious self-examination, my condition is such that I consider myself as a man equipped with

absolutely feminine passions and inner feelings. [Author's note: When these kinds of observations are reproduced, they are given only as illustrations of the psychology of the person expressing them, whether or not the overall critical results agree with these statements.] My yearning is not limited to women's costumes, but also extends itself to an absolute life as a woman, with all primary and secondary phenomena, naturally without pederasty.^[2] And, to be sure, this desire is so intensive and irrepressible in me that the inability to fulfill it brings me into conflict with life and takes away my happiness, in spite of all the provisos for happiness present in my marriage and in my fatherhood.

"When I put on a woman's dress my whole relationship to the external world changes. During this metamorphosis, which extends to how I dress my hair, I have a totally different view into the environment; the outside world affects me differently, finer and gentler, and challenges me to appreciate the delicate and the gentle. Noteworthy is that this effect is so universal that, in cross-dressing, I am repulsed by beer and smoking, in spite of the fact that I am a lover of both. My greatest desire goes so far as to be able to live untroubled and undistinguished as a woman, and what is worse, what I see in my future, is the impossibility of the fulfillment of this yearning.

"The total variation of the process in my psyche moves and is dispatched in the demonstrative perception of the feminine in me. I am firmly convinced that the passion for women's clothing, or rather for the absolute expression of the woman, is nothing but the desire of my feminine side to penetrate into its original reality and form. There are times when I have a direct aversion to men's clothing, when everything masculine causes in me a thorough loathing. I feel that I am violated and subjugated and as if I were taking flight on all sides in some measure into my own ego, to escape the circumstances. However, the more power I gain over the condition and the more I feel myself returning to myself, the more intensively do my masculine perceptual images retreat and my feminine feelings step forth. Then, when I discard from me everything about the man and put on the feminine externals, I can almost physically perceive how the false, the violence escapes out of me and disperses like a veil. Then, when, before the mirror, I see so much feminine in me, I become completely calm. I can perceive the calm quite clearly: the whole organism functions more uniformly; it is like resting after great fatigue, like the feeling of being at home in the total individuality in the role of the woman.

"A hundred times I have found it to be true that for me, my bright housecoat is especially disposed to writing scientific work, that another blue dressing-gown has an especially strong effect on the style, that a street-dress with a white ornamental apron as well as a so-called 'cabinet' dress without ado force me out of the most pressing fatigue and dullness toward an artistic competence, which I otherwise know in no way at all.

"It has also appeared striking to me that I struggle in vain against the power of the feminine in me. I am often so annoyed and vexed about this power that I should be ashamed of myself and want to force myself to work in men's clothing. But that is bound up with an entirely disconcerting impossibility. Indeed, it even happens that I do accomplish something in such a condition of constraint, but it is always such that I later have to change it around. In my best dress and with carefully dressing my hair I can create without stopping and with such vigor, that it is so easy as to be unbelievable, unless you saw it for yourself. I discovered this ability in me when, for certain reasons, I wore for some time only women's clothing. Today, my ability for work is directly dependent on women's clothing. I am as firm as a rock in my belief that I could create the most beautiful art if

at some time I were placed in the position to live totally as a woman and not be reminded of man by anything.

"All my secondary tendencies, too, are directly feminine. I like all kinds of work that belong directly in the domain of the woman, and certainly this work is totally becoming to me. My wife daily confirms it for me, and, indeed, it is also clearly visible in our household, when I turn away from my professional work and relax in the kitchen and perform housekeeping. Moreover, I am so used to all that routinely, that I could say it was my normal condition, which only struck me in the course of the exploration of that role.

"As to specific questions, I can say the following. I have never looked for verification of the same condition in other persons or in books; I never gave it a thought, because everything appeared in me by itself, even if deviating from the rule.

"Basically, I do not like idle reading; also, in my secondary condition, which is how I want to comprehend the feminine in me, I seek no sexual, at least no physical sexual, gratification. I do not think about such effects, but rather put on women's clothing exactly as a man puts on his. The only difference consists solely in that as a woman I get a very nice esthetic sense of pleasure, from which my ability to be creative truly is derived. With regards to women's clothing

I have a very expressive sense of taste. My taste is absolutely feminine, and as such is always correct, in the choice of color as in form, in general in the choice of costume ensemble for a specific personality, in the differentiation of material, decor, etc., up to the attitude and drapery.

"Earlier, in theater circles, I was very often recognized for successes with my taste, and women liked to ask me for my opinion. If my means were to allow me, I would explode in luxury as a woman, in opposition to my masculinity, where the slightest decor is repugnant to me. My personal pretensions stretch as far as to women's underclothing. What I like most are white slippers with festoons or fine, wide-meshed lace.

"I do not need a wig. I have very thick, full curly hair, which I never have cut short, but rather always keep it such that I can fix it and braid it. My feminine movements are quite in harmony, even if not elegant. The latter deficiency comes from my masculine upper body. I only wear a corset during the metamorphosis. My cross-dressing into women's clothing in general is always consistent, otherwise I am not satisfied and always feel that something is lacking.

"To the question, why I had to wear girls' clothing up until I started school or was allowed to wear them, I can give the following

details. Although I have no positive basis for it, I assume that my grandfather or my grandmother somehow deviated from the norm; because otherwise I could not explain it to myself what caused me to go around in girls' clothing for so long. As a child I never gave it a second thought, because I was used to no other way; besides, my grandparents lived apart from civilization on an old, inherited estate where they managed a farm. I remember that I was always referred to as 'Hanne' by the farm personnel; but later my grandfather called me by that name. But as far as I am concerned this circumstance cannot be the reason for the femininity I assumed from childhood on. Otherwise, I would have overcome the condition by deliberately protesting or would have felt it was repugnant a long time ago. The thought that a real man would wear women's clothing is, in itself, directly unpleasant. For that reason I think the passion originates from ancestors who likewise had the tendency.

"I never had intercourse with women before marriage; it was confirmed to me by a physician that I reached sexual maturity at 20 years of age. Nocturnal emissions came at the usual time.

"I lived through very hard times of doing without in my childhood at home and at school. Very clearly I still remember my displeasure when I was collected from my grandparents, given to an uncle, a

'professor' in upbringing, and the wearing of girls' clothing which in intervals had lasted up to my 13th birthday, stopped completely.

"To be sure I was surprised that during coitus I liked to be a succubus. But I never actually did it; it is something the irregularity of which comes to consciousness, therefore, is in opposition to wearing women's clothing, and in such cases I force the thought away in any way imaginable. On the other hand, I have to say that my thoughts of being a woman are very persistent. I even have had the burning desire to be pregnant and could rid myself of these irregular thoughts only by telling myself that was 'crazy.'

"My potency is not dependent on my femininity or on the influence of it on my male passion. I never concluded that the completion of my ideal condition rested on a man."

A few months after the exploration, Mr. C. had a physical experience that perhaps stood in unconscious connection with the question of the explorer, whether he never (as in several analogous cases) had the passing wish to complete the ideal of the condition of a woman by means of a male partner. Mr. C., who at that time was rather irritated by business circumstances, gave the following casual report:

"I stood before a painting that depicted a pair of lovers in absolutely opposite characters. The man was a giant, and the woman was similar to me in cross-dress. The intention of the picture pointed to the superiority of the masculine over the feminine. On the faces was expressed, in the case of one of them the reception of the highest sensual happiness, in the case of the other the consciousness of its fullness of might and the conversion of this feeling into passion. Since seeing this picture I find myself somewhat unsettled; I almost believe that I yearn for a man and, to be sure, for an emotionally and physically strong personality. This notion has already gained ground in dreams when I am asleep and painfully disturbs me. It is noteworthy that my wife now appears 'masculine' to me. Maybe contributing to it is that she has abstained from intercourse for some time because of painful side effects, without her suffering in the least by the abstinence. On the other hand, the more I am forced to live in abstinence, the more I perceive in her somewhat angular forms the male element in the energetic and at times stubborn character of my wife."

Mr. C. suffers some depression as a result of this increased discord and of other nerve-racking events. But after some treatment

this was overcome, and the unsettling yearning for men disappeared completely from his consciousness.

CASE 4

Mr. D., merchant, in his thirties. No proof of deviant activities or degeneration in his relatives. His childhood developed normally; except that he learned to speak late. Regarding his school studies, drawing and geography interested him especially. Sexual maturity at 14 1/2 years, voice change at 16, growth of beard at 20, first sexual arousal in his twenties.

Present status: Large frame, slender, relatively thin. Hands and feet average size. Muscular system poorly developed; except for walking-tours there is no special tendency for sport. Insignificant stride, slight turning of the hips. Skin smooth, white. Average growth of hair on his head, insignificant beard growth, body hair sparse. Rather sensitive to pain; easily embarrassed. General facial expression absolutely manly. Larynx hardly protrudes; voice loud, middle register, tendency toward falsetto.

Possesses a very even temper, loves order, but tends toward comfort, smokes not at all, drinks only on occasion. Good memory,

lively imagination; his ideal from history is Schiller. Would like to be a clothier or women's hairdresser.

Sexual life: His late-awakening libido was always directed toward women. Has practiced coitus and never homosexuality; however, has stated that intercourse with both sexes possible; he would like to love a man or be loved by one who represented in total the "typical man." He was able to control his sexual drive until he was 26 years of age and never practiced masturbation. He got married and led a "quite satisfying" married life. Has a boy who has shown no abnormalities.

We have taken the following details from his numerous biographical notes:

"It was at the time of my confirmation, at one of the family parties, that I heard something that I could not get out of my mind. A friend of my mother's, a woman, told us that her son, a young college student, arrived home one day in women's clothing and was so unrecognizable that for the longest time she and her husband had no idea they were talking to him.

"The idea of this scene roused me so much that I besieged my mother to let me do the same. Except, nothing became of it. But, soon thereafter, my parents went out one Sunday, and I had to take care of

the house. I secretly put on my mother's cream-colored damask dress. While I was thus preoccupied I got the very first erection in my life. I had the innocent feeling this was a 'sin' and stopped putting on dresses. Instead, I meanwhile frequently put on jewelry and gloves in secret and collected clippings from fashion magazines.

"One day I read about an American officer who owned the most charming women's toilette in the whole city and who moved about as a man only in the service. Another time I saw in the newspapers that in Berlin the wearing of jewelry was increasing; one could see even men wearing choice studs and women's rings. In another newspaper one woman complained about the fashion of men wearing bracelets; she even described a wonderful pearl necklace that she had seen around a man's neck; furthermore, the man was wearing a charming muff to protect his delicate hands from the cold. Such notices at that time were enough to set my whole being into feverish excitation, and even today they still have remained thoroughly inextinguishable in me.

"I later became an inspired member of a Christian youth organization, and in the company of people my own age I forcefully threw such ideas right out of my head.

"Around the age of 21 I became acquainted with my present wife. Never before had I felt an attraction toward any living female being whatsoever; however, totally in opposition to my earlier crude life, I quickly fell in love with her so that the wish appeared in me to be united with her for life. But, partly based on my Christianity, which I decidedly made a display of, partly because of the vow of chastity, for all of six years I maintained the strictest caution with regards to my betrothed; indeed, what is more, it never came to my mind to offer my beloved such a thing.

"We finally got married. Coitus, which was totally new to me, was not successful for the first three weeks, and I searched out a respected pastor for advice in the matter. He told me, meanwhile, he was a virgin and was not acquainted with such matters; I had to go to a doctor.

"We were, my wife and I, very sad that all our nocturnal efforts, which took all night, were crowned with failure. Then, one evening we were paging through some fashion magazines and were talking enthusiastically about questions of tailor-made dresses, coats, and skirts, which for every woman is an important concern. I thereby felt oddly excited and, during the next attempt at coitus, unintentionally

turned my thoughts toward the subject of my earlier pet dream. Finally I experienced a hefty ejaculation.

"At that time I began to get the idea what I was all about. Today I know what it is; I know that I was not aroused by anything physical, that it was not the lover's kiss that caused my first ejaculation, but rather only the intensive wish to be a woman, to feel and to think feminine. I heard it from hundreds of friends that they needed only a charming person or only to see a woman's arm or bust to 'explode' immediately. Nothing at all like that in my case.

"Well, ever since that time I cannot practice intercourse without at the same time imagining myself as a woman. When, during coitus, my wife presses her nails into my earlobes, it calls forth such a feeling as if I were wearing earrings, or when she puts her arms around my waist and presses herself tighter and tighter against me so that I have the feeling of being tied up: then an erection is sure to appear.

"Otherwise, although I relatively hardly give in to my tendency, during coitus I live and move as a woman mainly in my fantasy. I see myself in many kinds of toilette, beginning with the costume of a page, which garb still appears to me as the most inviolable that still depicts the man. I would like to attend concerts, the theater, and first-

class restaurants as a page with all possible nuances more easily identified with the feminine. I imagine a frock-coat a la rococo with lace cuffs, short, silk trousers, open-worked stockings, and fine shoes; as well as expensive ear, arm, and finger jewelry to dress up the entire outfit. So much for being in public.

"For the house, even for visiting friends, I would like to be a total woman and want real house, street, dinner, and party clothing, in short: everything that belongs to the state of being a real lady.

"My emotions appear to me to be totally feminine. Smoking, drinking, card playing, and such, I hate them. I like no dirty conversation, no common language, and enjoy the reputation of not being a real man, because people find me highly naive and secondly, in my company they have to be careful about bringing up the usual dirty jokes that men 'crack' among themselves. At work it goes like this: You run the most respected area around here, because you censure every double-meaning remark immediately.

"My sexual wish is not to be the woman of the female impersonator, but rather my ideal would be, as a woman, to lead a genuinely physiological love life with a man. A gentleman who often stared at me on the tram plays in this instance a major role in my thoughts. His outward appearance fascinates me. He was built as I

am, elegant as a former officer, his fine clothing fitting well, his beard neatly trimmed, his eyes, which were not overly large, filled with expression.

"A short while ago a friend explained to me about the different kinds of homosexual feelings. I confess openly that the world of unlimited possibilities that my imagination opened to me has something magical about it, which heterosexual intercourse could not at all have presented to me. (Just writing about this now makes my penis, which had been flaccid before, grow erect.) I imagine that no sexual behavior with a man would disgust me. I have been told that some women like to suck a man's penis as if to wash it clean. I would willingly offer my mouth to suck my lover if he asked me. Indeed, if my friend exposed his large penis to me and wanted me and I was excited, I would be willing to have intercourse with him. I have even dreamed about it, and it was so delightful to be 'his wife.' He loved me, gave me what my heart desired, and for the first time in my life made me into a happy person. If he wanted me to run around the room naked, as is the case with many men and their wives, I would do that, too, to please him; except that my feet would have to be in fancy ankle boots and in every respect the decorum of a lady would have to be preserved."

Mr. D. wrote this last paragraph under the momentary influence of an erotic fantasy. These ideas later became totally uninteresting in his case.

What remains is that he always wore a gold bracelet, sometimes also a corset. Questioned about his handicraft, he stated that he had completed "three entire yokes of a dress with shoulder pads and two pairs of stockings made out of fine yarn."

CASE 5

Mr. E., employed in applied art, approximately 40 years old, is descended from healthy parents. There is no evidence of deviant tendencies or signs of degeneration in his kinship. The physical development of his childhood ran normally. With regards to girls he was unusually shy even when he was a little boy; had no noticeable tendency toward girls' games or girls' preoccupations. He was strictly disciplined at home; there was no question about sexual abuse. In school he displayed himself as an able and good pupil, but he held himself back from his schoolmates, because their behavior was not to his taste. Sexual maturity appeared in his fifteenth year, insignificant

voice change at 17 years, light beard until his twenty-fifth year, later somewhat heavier.

Present status: Width of his thighs somewhat less than his shoulders. Lines of his body round, slight fatty swelling. Upper arms and upper thighs more rounded than sloping. Average-sized feet, hands somewhat rough from work. Development of muscles not especially strong, has little interest in gymnastics. Firm stride, when walking slight turning in the hips. Torso held erect. Skin color white, tanned face, otherwise smooth. Hair on his head vigorously developed, smooth; chest free of hair, hairy lower legs, beard growth moderate. Flushes and pales easily. Adam's apple projects slightly; voice in mid-range, falsetto developed through practice.

In cases of intense emotional soul affliction tendency toward crying, which, however, is mostly suppressed. Memory and alertness good, imagination lively. Ability for and inclination toward literary and artistic interests. Neither disinclination to nor impulse for feminine preoccupations. Sport interests him not at all; on the other hand, fashion, theater, horses, and dogs do. Reads a lot, novels and nonfiction.

Sexual life: At age 4 and later he first tried on his sister's dress and was very embarrassed when they noticed his attempts. So, he

continued to do it in secret, clearly wishing he would rather be a girl. The same feeling impelled him to stay at girls' houses and mainly only play with them. At age 14 the urge for women's clothing clearly entered his consciousness. Between the ages of 17 to 19 he felt it less, which he attributed to his time-consuming work in that period. Then it began anew to become more powerful from age 30 on, on the occasion of private stage plays. At carnival time he regularly sacrificed his mustache to fit his costume, and always with regret did he again put his women's clothing away. Almost always he wore long stockings and a corset under his men's clothing. In these he liked to smoke, which he never did in women's costume. The costume stimulated his work mood and his mood in general, but potency is not dependent upon it. His drive was always toward coitus with women; first experience in his early twenties. In actuality he likes to be a succubus. Intensity of the drive: an average of two ejaculations per week. There is no presence of homosexuality.

In the following we are rendering some biographical notes by Mr. E. almost without any stylistic change, because they offer good insight into the misunderstanding and confusion that can be caused by the love life of this natural tendency. You can see how "normal" these men's feelings are, in spite of their wish to wear women's

costumes on their own bodies, with all the subtle details. At the same time, the narrated incidents, whose veracity is supported by photographs, form a contribution to the psychology of a woman who is to be found as a Proteus in all situations and cleverly understands how to benefit from this for her own use and profit.

"The whole family sat down to lunch in great excitement; my sister, because this was her first party, me, a 15-year-old high school student, because I was supposed to appear as a skilled marksman at this occasion, and my mother, because all the preparations fell upon her shoulders. We hardly ate a thing, because my mother and sister were thinking about their toilette and because I wanted to attend to and clean both of my rifles, and also still had to do my homework for school. "My little sister, however, had to go downstairs to get some preserves, then—a piercing scream followed by moments of muffled rumbling noise the poor girl slipped and fell down the entire flight of stairs. They brought her bleeding back upstairs and put her to bed on the sofa. Fortunately, the injury was not bad; however, the misfortune was hard to bear, because she lost two of her fine set of teeth, and her injured upper lip was terribly swollen—for this time the party was out of the question.

"There she lay on the sofa, moaning and crying, partly because of the pain in her jaw, partly because of her anguish of mind, that all of her girl friends would glow -that evening, that she, however, had to stay at home with a compress on her bleeding little mouth. Of course, Mom was optimistic as all mothers, hoped for a turn for the better, and stroked and cooled the wound to no avail; the teeth came out and her lips continued to swell. Meanwhile, the party-dress was in her bedroom laid out on the bed, shouting with joy to its owner.

"Hardly had the loud lamentations subsided when a friend, a man from the party committee, appeared and had a long talk with my mother. I was the subject of the conversation. How so, I was soon to find out; my dear mother came to me, namely, in an unusually friendly manner. I was doing my math homework, and she asked me short and sweet if I wanted to be dressed as a girl that evening when I went to display my skill as a marksman. The program, unfortunately, had been misprinted, and, instead of my honorable masculine first name, a feminine name had slipped by, and a reprint was not possible, so, either or.

"Deep down in my heart, after the initial surprise, my joy was inexpressible. Me, in girls' clothing, in girls' dresses? As long as I could remember that had been my greatest secret wish, all the

greater the more I thought of the impossibility. At the age of five, even before I started school, before I had any idea of the opposite sex, I copied the gait of the girls, the swaying of the hips, and hoped that people would believe that I was a girl in boys' trousers. The little dress of my sister, too, I had tried on in secret, and my childish heart pounded with joy that it fit my limbs. As a second-form boy I would have sacrificed my entire life if only I could have been a girl just for three days, and now the wish of my dreams was suddenly supposed to be fulfilled?

"My mother saw the battle in my facial expressions, but misunderstood them, put her hand on my shoulder and said: 'Dear boy, you don't have to be ashamed or worry about it; we'll put your sister's party-dress on you, you'll behave yourself very politely, and right after your performance Minna will go to fetch you and bring you home, then you can be my good little boy and no one will ever notice!' And so, that is how she persuaded me, because she believed that even I, like other boys my age, would be terribly offended to be stuck into girls' clothing.

"Just how happy I really was I could not let my mother see. So, I went around looking ashamed and morose so that I was afforded all kinds of advantages to put me into a good mood. Among other things,

like a cunning businessman, I derived the greatest possible benefits by getting apple pie with whipped cream with my coffee. But then, it was time to get to the toilette.

"I was given a thorough scrub-down with water and soap, because I always had a dark streak around my neck where my collar rubbed against it. Then they put on me a little lace blouse that felt like nothing else on this earth. The corset caused a little trouble, but the lace stockings fitted me as if they were poured on and, what a thrill, a short, white slip flew over my head and was skilfully tied around my waist. Yet another lace slip of blinding white went over it, then I was made to sit down and my Titus-head was curled with irons. My face burned with embarrassment when they stuffed me with a small, discrete bust, and soon I stood there ready and looked like a fairy princess.

"My dear mother, the dressmaker, Minna, our good fairy in the kitchen—all three glided around me, pulling here, fondling there, and stitching all around me, because the dress would not fit me correctly. I soon overcame my embarrassment of standing like that in front of my family, but soon I was stricken with joy, that finally the wish I had yearned for was fulfilled. I hung in the balance between both of these feelings.

"As I pulled up the skirts a little by way of experiment and saw my open-worked stockings and the elegant silk shoes, I felt as if I had never gone around in any other way, as if all this were just right for me. Boys' trousers appeared to me horrible and disgusting.

"I only heard half of what my dear mother said, when she was telling me how to behave; my sister's voice reached my ears as if from afar, saying: 'Shame! Shame on you, you're not a boy at all; you're nothing but a girl!' The grief of having to see her dear party-dress on my body caused her to think much less of her own sex. Then, Minna left with me and brought me to the Wilkes', who wanted to take care of me, because my mother, too, was not going to the party.

"I would just like to mention that the Wilkes', father, mother, and daughter at first received me with some misgivings, then they could have died laughing, so unusual did the joke appear to them.

"When we entered the ballroom all my initial worry had ceased, and I walked steadily and self-confidently through the large room at Erna Wilkes' side and wore my clothes as if I had never once been stuck into a pair of pants. How light and pleasant it felt in the starched dresses; it felt as if I were floating along! The minutes felt as if they were flying by, and soon I was standing on the stage in my white

dress, and, with a firm hand I placed my rifle to my shoulder. I fired shot after shot with a confidence that I had never before attained, by all means as a result of the excitement, which did not make my hand shake, but rather made it steadier. There was something angular, ungracious, in my movements; that is what you see mostly in teenage girls; but this did not occur to me in the least. But the effect was original when I was about to step down among all the applause; instead of making the usual curtsy, I stood erect and presented arms until the curtain came down.

"Minna's attempts to make me go along with her were rejected with anger; I continued to play my role as a lady at the ball and heard many very comical remarks. An old major pinched my cheek and said: 'Tell me, little daughter, you shoot so brilliantly, why weren't you born a boy? We would have been able to use you!' Most of the people at the party had no idea at all that I was a boy; for that reason, I heard and saw many things that boys my age otherwise do not experience. Even if my dancing came off somewhat uneven, I never sat still, but rather flew from one arm into another; with my skirts swaying I twirled as much as I could.

"On the following day I was allowed to put on my party-dress once more to be photographed. [The picture was put before us.]

"Several months later I got my first position in D. and lodged in a nicely furnished room. The photograph of me as a girl decorated my table, because my sister sent it to me in a letter. My landlady, a newspaper editor's widow of about 40 years of age, brought dinner and asked if that was a picture of my sister. I had no reason to hide the truth and told her about my evening at the ball, which to her was grand, an unbelievable surprise. Then she asked me and urged me to put on one of her daughter's dresses for fun; she could not at all imagine that such a thing was possible. Joyful a thousand times over I slipped into the soft clothes and what was the consequence? As soon as the doors were shut at work I got back home as fast as I could and, one two—three! The men's clothing was stripped off, and my limbs were wrapped in a corset and soft slips. And so it went from one day to the next. I went around with no friends; I was my own best friend. To go home to my lovely women's clothes, that was my only desire!

"My entire pay went for clothes, hats, slips, and underclothing. But I had some wonderful times. Evenings I went like a girl for walks with my landlady, had fittings at an unsuspecting dressmaker's, and with deep breaths enjoyed the splendid air of the courtyard garden. Mornings I sat in my slip and lace night-jacket having coffee at the

table, and each time I had to put on my men's trousers to go to work I was deeply saddened. Sundays in general I stayed in my women's clothing, went for an early walk with my landlady, often also to church; afternoons we paid visits to befriended families, who actually thought I was a young woman, or wandered around the city. In short, it was so lovely, more than I could have ever painted it in my dreams. At the same time, I would like to make it perfectly clear, my landlady was always discreet as concerned me and never overstepped the boundaries of the permitted relationship.

"This exceptionally splendid time came to a sudden end; my firm failed, and in spite of every effort I found no second position in D. Sorrowfully I had to part, rich with women's clothing, poor in men's clothing, still poorer in money. H. took me into its walls, and there I continued my search for happiness.

"The battle raged fiercely for existence and, in spite of all my efforts to find a job, I came closer and closer to misery. One Saturday, since I again could not meet my rent, I silently took off, leaving behind my overstuffed suitcase with the clothes of the greedy vixen, which my landlady called herself. In the darkest corner of the seaport city I found a miserable hole that did not have to be paid for in advance, and from this obscurity I searched for work filled with despair.

"A few days later I found a copy of the Hamburger Fremdenblatt. There I read that I (my full name was given) was missing, because I had secretly left my apartment without giving any notice. After I was missed, landlord and landlady opened my case to try, perhaps, to find out where I had come from; to their surprise they thereby confirmed their suspicions, namely, that I was a female cross-dresser who for some reason rented from them and lived there in a man's suit. From my appearance and my behavior, of course, they had some idea, but only after seeing the content of the case did they know for sure. At the end I found the consoling observation that the police had taken up the case to bring light to the story.

"Now there was no holding me back; quaking and trembling I staggered to the telegraph office and for the first time asked my mother to send me some money so I could travel to C.

"I arrived there the following day totally destitute. But luck was with me; I not only found a good job, but also a very nice post through friends in a literary organization. They were going to perform a pantomime one evening, and they gave me a woman's role. That gave cause for an experience that I will describe here in detail.

"For this pantomime I had a very elegant street costume made by a dressmaker. I also had one of my own acceptable wigs, so that I

cut a good figure. One evening we had a dress rehearsal. At home I got dressed up as a woman and went the long stretch to the meeting place by foot. Because of that and the several repetitions of the acting ensemble, it was later than we thought, and finally I stood in front of the door to my apartment and could not get in because I had forgotten my key. I did not want the doorman to recognize me in my women's clothing; I hoped someone would come, so I paced up and down. Then a carriage came and out stepped a woman, who started looking in her handbag and—also could not find her key. This woman called to me and asked if I could open the door. When I said no she stood in front of me for a second as if she wanted to say something more, then, however, like me, she paced up and down because of the cold.

"We passed each other a few times, then she made some kind of remark that forced me to stand at her side, which did not make me all too happy; however, it did not take long for us to be having a nice conversation. While so doing I was able to notice and see that she was pretty and slender and liked to talk about all kinds of subjects. As we went along I could see that we were the same size, she, however, in spite of the winter clothing, far thinner at the waist than I. I do not remember what we talked about, but we did not run out of things to

say, because, when we met it was between ten and eleven o'clock, and when we finally could get into the building by means of a third person, and therefore had to part, it was three o'clock, and both of us were shocked, because we had thought it was hardly past midnight.

"But she must have taken a liking to me, because in parting she invited me over the following evening for supper at her place at eight o'clock sharp. She complained that she had no women as friends, her husband had been completely paralyzed for a long time, and if we got along and I visited her very often she would be very thankful.

"I had never been so absent-minded as on the next day at work. Before noon I told myself that it bordered on madness if I actually were to go. By that afternoon the mood for this bold enterprise hit me very softly, then harder and harder, and by that evening at six o'clock I was sitting in my corset and short slip in front of the mirror shaving myself, although I had no reason to; I had no beard in spite of my 21 years. At eight o'clock I rang the bell at her apartment, a maid took my jacket, hat, and umbrella and said, the lady of the house had asked about me more than once. With my heart pounding I stood for a second in front of her and saw that she, an elegant, pretty appearance, was on a divan reading.

"She got up, put out both hands, and pressed me into a chair, at the same time she felt that I was trembling with excitement. 'Oh, my dear young lady,' she said, stroking my hand. 'I am so thankful to you for coming, and you are trembling? This night at my side so bold and brave, and now so anxious?' Then she began to talk with so much kindness and so sweetly that I forgot all my worries and also became sociable, came later than we thought, and finally I stood in front of the door to my apartment and could not get in because I had forgotten my key. I did not want the doorman to recognize me in my women's clothing; I hoped someone would come, so I paced up and down. Then a carriage came and out stepped a woman, who started looking in her handbag and—also could not find her key. This woman called to me and asked if I could open the door. When I said no she stood in front of me for a second as if she wanted to say something more, then, however, like me, she paced up and down because of the cold.

"We passed each other a few times, then she made some kind of remark that forced me to stand at her side, which did not make me all too happy; however, it did not take long for us to be having a nice conversation. While so doing I was able to notice and see that she was pretty and slender and liked to talk about all kinds of subjects. As we went along I could see that we were the same size, she, however,

in spite of the winter clothing, far thinner at the waist than I. I do not remember what we talked about, but we did not run out of things to say, because, when we met it was between ten and eleven o'clock, and when we finally could get into the building by means of a third person, and therefore had to part, it was three o'clock, and both of us were shocked, because we had thought it was hardly past midnight.

"But she must have taken a liking to me, because in parting she invited me over the following evening for supper at her place at eight o'clock sharp. She complained that she had no women as friends, her husband had been completely paralyzed for a long time, and if we got along and I visited her very often she would be very thankful.

"I had never been so absent-minded as on the next day at work. Before noon I told myself that it bordered on madness if I actually were to go. By that afternoon the mood for this bold enterprise hit me very softly, then harder and harder, and by that evening at six o'clock I was sitting in my corset and short slip in front of the mirror shaving myself, although I had no reason to; I had no beard in spite of my 21 years. At eight o'clock I rang the bell at her apartment, a maid took my jacket, hat, and umbrella and said, the lady of the house had asked about me more than once. With my heart pounding I stood for

a second in front of her and saw that she, an elegant, pretty appearance, was on a divan reading.

"She got up, put out both hands, and pressed me into a chair, at the same time she felt that I was trembling with excitement. 'Oh, my dear young lady,' she said, stroking my hand. 'I am so thankful to you for coming, and you are trembling? This night at my side so bold and brave, and now so anxious?' Then she began to talk with so much kindness and so sweetly that I forgot all my worries and also became sociable, risking a word here and there. I was worried that she would notice something, so I was exceptionally careful, but she suspected nothing and spoke calmly and amiably. Then a gong sounded and a call to table; she then put her arm around my waist and led me into the dining room. To my horror I found her husband there, who was brought in helpless in a chair.

"She wanted to introduce me to her husband, then she realized she did not even know my name. I was so taken aback I said my real first and last name, namely Willi B . . . , but nothing occurred to them and she simply called me 'Miss her husband likewise.

"I did not eat very much, that you can believe; my conversation, too, was rather monosyllabic, but with deep joy in my heart I can certify: neither of them noticed that I was no woman.

"After dinner we sat together in her nice room; now the conversation went much better. As is usual among women the discourse finally turned to toilette. She jumped up: 'Would you like to see my newest? Charming, I tell you, oh, you have to see it!' She hurried out and brought in a costume, so delicate, so fragrant, like a poem translated into lace. She spread out this work of wonder in front of me.

"In silent delight we looked at it a while; then she asked me if I wanted to try it on, we did have the same figure and she would really like to see how it looked on me. I declined, terrified; the air cushions that gave the sumptuous curve to my bust collapsed. 'I do not want to force you, but would you help me into it?' she said. I was all for that. I helped the pretty woman to take off her dress and bodice, and at the same time proved myself thoroughly skillful.

"Even today, that is twenty years later, it is a treat for me to see a pretty little woman in a corset and pretty little slip. At that time everything cooked in my brain. There was tumult and a pressing in me when the beautiful woman stood like that in front of me. This sweet, white bust, this neck shadowed by her brown-red hair, that was to me, a totally innocent youth, a revelation that robbed me of my guarded manner. I jumped on her, pulled her to me, and kissed her

lips and bust, so that every kiss was like a burning-red spot against the white background of her skin.

"Half unconscious with terror she sank to the carpet on her knees; as I wanted to continue kissing, she must have come to her senses, because she became defensive and finally got back on her feet. 'Are you mad?' she screamed, pushing me away with both hands, 'Who are you, anyway?' Instinctively, however, she suddenly must have guessed the truth, and when it dawned on her she took flight behind a chair, and I will never forget the expression on her face. She cried out: 'You're not a woman; you're a man. You're a man in women's clothing!' Standing straight up, with breasts swaying, on her flushed face her golden brown eyes burning like fire, she stretched out her white arm toward the door and commanded: 'Out!---'

"In the cold evening air I slowly came to realize what had happened. I wandered down to the deserted Ubier Circle Road along the Rhine and, deeply torn apart, I stared into the river and at the floating sheets of ice. I was able to pull myself together enough to get home only when some people, who thought I was a woman thinking about suicide, came and spoke to me.

"You might want to spare me from describing that night. Toward morning I put together a plan, and it calmed me so much that I finally fell asleep. I did not want to rent the place for the rest of the month, but rather to leave my room as early as possible in order to move to a new apartment far from hers.

"In the morning, as I was on my way to work, I met the mail carrier on the stairs, who gave me a letter. I did not know the handwriting of the woman, but I knew for certain that the letter was from her. I went to work very upset and did not have the courage to open and read it. But when I finally did pull myself together enough to do it, I did not know if I was awake or asleep. I turned the little pages back and forth and reread it and reread it. Finally I really did understand it, and certainly for the first time, that she was no longer angry with me, but rather invited me to visit again. The letter went as follows:

Dear Sir,

Now that an hour has passed since you left I have been able to calm myself enough to be able to turn a critical eye to the whole affair. Unfortunately, I come to the conclusion that I treated you very unjustly, because I suspected

dishonorable motives. For that reason I beseech you to forgive my harsh appearance when I became frightened, and it would greatly please me if I could welcome you into my home this evening in the same disguise.

"It was not signed; in spite of that I knew the answer and longed for the evening with all ardor. She received me this time in the same way she had the day before, except that she was not positioned on the divan so seductively. But our conversation was just simply lamentable, because she avoided any address, said neither 'Mister' nor 'Miss,' and I found it very painful that she knew the truth about me. After minute-long pauses in our conversation, I got up to say goodbye; she hardly extended the tips of her fingers to me, and I left the entrance door with a downcast feeling that I really had played a miserable role. Feeling thus, I saw the bear's head on the large fur rug on the floor, I tripped, stepped on my dress, and took a pitiful fall.

"My audience said not a word, but I did notice that she stuffed a handkerchief into her mouth in order not to laugh, but then she did explode, and in total embarrassment I pulled myself up and laughed with her; what else could I do? It was hard for her to calm herself down because my conduct amused her again and again. She called

me back and said: 'Come, my dear young lady; you cannot leave like that. The lining on your dress has come apart; we'll have to stitch it up again!' Then she got on her knees in front of me and sewed up the torn pieces. She had to gather up the dress properly, she explained, and showed me how to do it. Since it did not work out so well, she placed each of my fingers in the right place and made it very feasible for me. Then she showed me how one had to walk in order to avoid such accidents, and she took such obvious joy in it that I made the effort to do it correctly.

"This was not the only visit; I also went on the following evening and finally became her steady guest. We continued our exercises and had to laugh a great deal at many a comical interlude.

"In the middle of December the beautiful woman got an idea: 'Do you know what, Willi? You always come to me in the same cheap rag of a garment, but if you had a prettier dress, no one would notice anything. I am now going to take your measurements and have a costume made for you. Stand up for a minute.' She took measurements in all eagerness and had her dressmaker make a very splendid dress. It came stitched together to be tried on, and one evening I found it there when I came to visit. I had to try it on and took my dress off doubtfully, so that I was standing in my slip. The bodice

had to be taken off, too. I unbuttoned it hesitatingly, one button after another, and now the pretty woman saw where my bosom got its fine curve and wanted to burst out laughing when the air cushion fell to the floor and a gaping emptiness became visible in my corset. Feigning indifference, I put it back into its place and lightly pressed my hand over the lining of the dress and the bodice. The beautiful woman, who was very embarrassed, eagerly made chalk marks here and there and, buzzing all around me, began to sew. The waist was soon completed, and Madame Trude picked up the lining, which, according to all the rules of the art, had to be treated skillfully. But alas, I was too big in the waist and too thin at the hips. One of Madame Trude's slips did not help the occasion. There was nothing else to do but to draw in the corset tighter and to sew padding into the slip; then I had a tolerable figure. It was not possible for me to be compared to Madame Trude: she so slender, supple, and gracious, while I was somewhat plump and heavy, my hands large and red. But she was happy, and her eyes shone. On that evening we formed a firm bond from the bottom of our hearts.

"From then on we were together daily. I thereby led a double life that sought its equal. During the day, in manly perseverance, I was eager and diligent so that my employers were satisfied with me in the

evening the soft women's clothing flowed around me, which totally replaced my ego. Madame Trude's maid, her husband—neither suspected that a perfectly normal man was hidden in these elegant visiting clothes. As soon as the maid took my hat and coat in the hallway, I stepped into Trude's room and silently we both sank into each other's arms and kissed wildly and passionately. Trude loved it the best when she knew there were hard limbs under the soft clothes, and I was madly in love with this beautiful woman, because she felt so soft as she pressed her body to me in my embrace. It was as if the one wanted to drink the other's soul dry with kisses. When we became somewhat calmer, the gong would sound and there would be a call to dinner, and then I would sit at Trude's side as an honest young lady, and avoided looking at her, because her eyes would rest on me with consuming fire, as if she wanted to swallow me up.

"On Sundays we went for a walk, first to the deserted regions of the old fortress wall, later, when I felt more assured of myself, also to the older part of the city and the area around the cathedral. From Saturday afternoon until late into the evening on Sunday I now had on women's clothing and felt good in them, as if I had never worn men's trousers. Several times already I was filled with the wish that it could stay that way. Now and then I would even tell Trude about it.

One nice day the conversation turned to it, and she suggested that I give up my job and stay with her as her lady companion for all the world to see.

"I never thought about it again. I kindly agreed. For a long time I had problems with my apartment. I would come home in the evening as a man, and shortly thereafter leave as a woman. I was never seen on Sundays, and for all of these reasons there was a lot of talk about me, which forced me to change my apartment. I came to an understanding with my newest landlady, an old widow. I explained to her that I had to travel for months, that she should always keep my room ready for me, and I would pay my rent three months in advance and, when my time of notice at work was up, I stepped one evening into my Trude's place as her lady companion.

"I spent many splendid days; as in a dream they passed and made me the happiest of mortals! My boldest wishes were by far outdone by the facts! If I had felt joy up to that time being able to slip into my beloved dresses in the evenings and on Sundays, well, now I was overjoyed, for, week after week passed, and all of the pretty little things that women put on themselves, I, too, wore, and my happiness was renewed daily by putting them on. My waist became more dainty because I got used to the corset; except that I did not wear women's

open knickers, because they gave me a terrible pain in my scrotum. The closed knickers, which could be fastened at the side, were a little less uncomfortable, but they afforded the proper support and the pain subsided. My hair grew longer and longer, and on a wonderful, sunny day in spring in C., when everything was dipped in gold, Madame Trude wandered with me along the circle walk, and for the first time I wore my own hair dressed in a woman's fashion. Even when at first it was relatively short, I did not really have to wear a wig any longer, and that made me very proud. Toward the middle of April we went on trips and stayed in the south until fall.

"During this first half-year we were very sure of ourselves. My hair was long, unfortunately plain and wispy, and had to be braided every evening. I also wore earrings. I felt very well in my clothes and in no way did I ever again want to wear a man's suit. My beard was practically nonexistent. Of course, my hands were still too large, but still softer in color. My face, too, improved with care. But in spite of all our efforts, I still had a somewhat rustic appearance. But I shared that with many real women.

"Here and there it did happen that we were afraid of being discovered. Sometimes men stared at us, sometimes women, for some reason, perhaps for no reason at all, and we were overcome

with anxiety. Afterward, when we knew we had nothing to worry about, we would laugh at ourselves and decided next time to remain calm. In spite of that, it happened again and again. In one hotel in Meran there was a man who did not take his eyes off me. I became unsettled and embarrassed under his gaze. However, Trude began to tremble and got palpitations. We had to interrupt our meal. Trembling, we took refuge in our room and, as we were beginning to pack our bags, the chambermaid brought us a little letter, in which this gentleman asked to speak with me and to be sure in a manner that clearly showed that he had absolutely no idea of the truth. The anxiety was again for nothing.

"Unfortunately, Trude was sometimes terribly jealous, and that made cause for concern, greater than everything else. As a woman, even with the best intentions, one cannot help saying a friendly word to other women; one gets into a conversation and suddenly has a girl friend. In a lonely Swiss village I was walking through the grass and met a Berlin woman, a pretty, young girl. We got into a conversation and, because the ground was not easy to walk on, she put her arm in mine, which, among women, is nothing unusual. That put Trude out of whack. It was hard to calm her down, and I had to promise never to do that again. On the lake of Zurich we took a boat ride. I rowed, and

Trude steered. I took the rudders in a thoroughly sportsmanlike fashion, and we went nicely forward. No one had ever seen a woman do that before, and when we were returning to the hotel a French woman expressed her surprise at my strength. At the same time, she was squeezing the muscles in my arm, without intending to be rude, and we talked a while about sports. I just happened to look in the direction where Trude was standing and looked into her dark eyes, which were wide and resting on mine. Before I could calm her down she went into a fit that I thought would never end. We left the next day.

"In another Swiss resort we met a nice German family, and we connected with them more. I got on well, especially with the two daughters. Sometimes we went waltzing off on the grass out of sheer high spirits, Trude, both of the girls, and I. Since they were still very young things, 15- and 17-year-olds, Trude really did stay away from being jealous. After a few days, more people came to the resort, and we thereby formed a large circle of acquaintances. Invitations hailed from everywhere: picnics, outings, and all things like that. If there were to be couples so that I had to sit next to a man, then Trude had nothing against that; but I did not especially like that, because I enjoyed myself much better with a woman. I made interesting studies

in this company. A young man, who on account of an organic failure had been raised as a girl [author's note: He means N. O. Body: *From My Years As a Girl By a Man*, Berlin 1907], told me that women in his presence felt troubled. I never felt that in my experience. They were never once troubled by me. Whether that was the suggestive effect of my clothing or whether the women around me were not so sensitive, I cannot decide. But I believe it is the former. Many years later, when for some reason I just happened to be wearing women's clothing, I often asked men I knew: Do I come across to you as a woman, or do you have the feeling that it is a man beside you? They always told me that they had the absolute feeling that I was a woman. So, the clothing must have the above-mentioned suggestive effect when there were no other factors present that gave this impression.

"Time passed quickly. In the fall we returned to C. and spent a splendid winter. We attended concerts, the theater, and parties and felt right at home in the midst of the hubbub of this lively city. Soon a full year had passed for me wearing women's clothing, and I still felt good in them and had no yearning for men's trousers. Recognizing this kept me busy and often brought me to doubt my own masculinity. If I were an absolute man, so I said to myself, then deep down inside, even if only a little bit, I would have to strive to wear the clothes that

truly fit my sex! But no, nothing stirred in me. To the contrary, again and again a wonderful feeling penetrated me when the silk skirts rustled around me. Trude said she could not think of me at all in men's clothing, and did not want to see me in them. I was born to wear slips, that I must take care that no one noticed the man in me. And, in the evening, when I had slipped into the soft, comfortable house dress, she would take me passionately and ardently into her arms and assure me that she would never let me go, that I could never wear anything but women's clothing.

"That, too, made me ponder, because I had noticed that a normal woman would not tolerate, but rather loathed, a man in women's clothing. Trude, on the other hand, was most passionate when I still had on my corset and slips, then she would take down my hair and burrow into it until she was taken by a thoroughly passionate frenzy, which ended with a deep embrace.

"With regard to sex she was very passionate. Her husband was ill, critically ill, and had to be moved in a wheelchair. He could offer nothing to the young woman. I was a year older than Trude and in the prime of life. But no matter how many times I gratified her, Trude was never fully satisfied. Fifteen minutes and she was ready for passion again. That gave cause for quarrel after quarrel followed always by

reconciliation, which appropriately had to be sealed. And so it went one day after the other.

"At one party I met a woman, a widow, who also wanted to engage me as a companion. She watched me constantly and interrupted my conversation. If she met up with me she would sit beside me and enjoy herself. That brought Trude to despair! When I swore to her that I had absolutely no intention of being enticed away from her, she did not believe me and finally would not leave me alone, even to walk on the street. This jealousy dampened our time together, and with the above-mentioned passion in the area of sex, the nice days were soon no longer nice.

"Meanwhile, it lay heavy on my mind that I was getting older and older and was getting nowhere. The good life and idleness made sad thoughts, and for hours I sat brooding with a gloomy face, seeing before me a dull future. As a woman I was totally without papers, and so, in order not to be totally erased from the ranks of the living, every three months I sent the rent to my landlady, because there at my apartment I was officially registered.^[3] One time I brought the rent personally, without her recognizing me in my clothes, and found a letter from my mother, who wondered about my silence.

"When I was terribly angry with Trude, I found my position to be a humiliation and in me I felt a powerful raging and seething. The increasing numbers of disagreements called up secret thoughts of flight, and, one morning, after I had behind me a terrible scene (to be sure, not without being guilty myself), which left Trude in a fit of tears, I got myself dressed to travel, packed a case with only the most important items, underwear, etc., and was about to close it when Trude entered. She knew right away what was happening, which she must have guessed, and did not say a word. In a terrible silence she raised her arm and I saw two flashes come from her hand and a little cloud of smoke ascending: the crazy woman had shot at me.

"I did not hear a shot, but red blood was dropping down from my ear onto my blouse, from a grazing shot. A bullet had made a small, round hole in the window pane; the other one hit the wall and blew out some chalk trimming.

"I have never in my life been easily frightened, and this occasion was no different. I found her behavior totally natural. When Trude fired the shots she let the revolver fall, and she sank silently to the floor. I took her to bed and called for a doctor, because I could not wake her out of her fainting spell. He confirmed a nervous complaint and ordered complete quiet. On account of the servants and her

husband I stayed another fourteen days with her, then I took my leave. The next morning I was in B.

"Here I lived in a temperance hostel for a few weeks, because I had no papers and for that reason could not rent a furnished room. Following all directions I endeavored to find every possibility to prolong my life as a woman, for I was greatly disinclined to work as I earlier did as a young man. Luck was not particularly good to me, and my money ran out little by little.

"It would take too much time to describe all my attempts, so I will say only a few things. I went to a women's employment agency, paid my fee, and wanted a position as a female companion. Her questions about where I had been I answered truthfully, but I could produce no references. She looked at my elegant clothing, and her eyes rested on my bosom, the inner emptiness of which she had no idea. Then she leaned over to me and whispered, 'Wouldn't you rather be a wet-nurse? We can always use good wet-nurses, and you have a strong figure!'

"In the hostel they gave out invitations to a festival put on by the city mission. In order to get my mind off things I went there, arriving in a nice costume that Trude had recently given to me. At the table I happened to sit next to a young lady whom I exceptionally liked

because of her soft and calm behavior, and I got into a nice conversation with her. This young lady became important to my fate, because she is now my wife. That I and this lady, with whom she often later spoke, are one and the same person, my wife does not know to this day. Because, when I realized that there was no possibility of my achieving an existence as a woman, as I had even worked as a female apprentice for a few days in a tie factory and on account of lacking a social security card, I had to quit, I strained every nerve to get out of my woman's role. That was more difficult than I believed.

"In the city park one Sunday I saw a familiar face, but did not know where I had made the acquaintance and followed the man for some distance. When I looked at him again I finally knew who it was, a countryman of mine, an architect. Determined, I walked up to him and called him by his name. He was very surprised, because he did not recognize me at all. With great effort I explained to him about my miserable position, because he thought by my statements I was playing a bad joke. Finally, when he began to understand and was no longer surprised, he found everything to be terribly funny. 'Know what?' he said. 'Today stay in your women's clothing, tomorrow too. Let's now go to get something good to eat; tomorrow evening we are

having a small art show and you'll come with me and be my date. And early the day after tomorrow we'll get a barber to cut off your long hair, and you get back into your trousers. I'll trust you with a suit so that you can return to C., and you can send it back to me again, and then we'll see how you get along!'

"The next morning, with great lament and sorrow, I had my beautiful brown hair dressed for the last time. I sadly put on my bright gray silk dress, and in the women's dressing room at the festival site I gave up my things, coat, hat, and boa. But then I became convulsively gay and passed myself off to the young artists as a lively lady, joining in the fun.

"The next morning at my friend's apartment the barber cut off my hair after I stopped resisting. Each cut hurt me. Then, for the first time in twenty months I again put on men's clothing and felt very unhappy in them. My soft, rustling clothes, however, went into the dark suitcase, and that evening I returned to C. to my landlady. I had to make a new existence for myself and work very hard.

"In my heart, however, the yearning to wear women's clothing again and to be considered a woman was never extinguished, and whenever it was possible, I wore my dresses, at home, too, in the quiet, little room.

"I later returned to B., this time as a man, and as I had a means of existence, I took for myself the lovely little woman, about whom I spoke above, as my little wife, and we both have been very diligent at work, have had a little luck, and have progressed. Two lovely children have completed our happiness.

"The yearning for women's clothing, in spite of everything, has not disappeared, but rather is always overpowering me, and when I get home from work, the first thing I do is put on a slip and a comfortable house dress. My little wife does not like to see it. It bothers her a little, but she tolerates it, because I stay at home. She considers it a caprice. She does not know that it is an inner yearning and should never find out."

CASE 6

Mr. F., professional artist, ca. 40 years old. As regards kinship and ancestry there is nothing abnormal or degenerative to report. The age difference between his parents was twenty years. His childhood development proceeded without any noteworthy incidents. Although he also took part in girls' play, he still preferred boys' games. There were romantic friendships with schoolmates, but without sexual acts.

At 21, on vacation in the Orient, he consented to anal intercourse by Arabians. Present status: Contours of the body more curved, average-sized hands and feet, rhythmic walk, loves dancing and walking tours; dark and impure complexion, light body hair, likes to wear his hair long, average beard growth. Becomes easily pale and embarrassed; larynx protrudes a little more than average, voice somewhat deep, borders on falsetto. Tendency toward crying, vanity, passion for adventure, dependence upon moods, eccentric behavior, as is often in the case of artists, are present. He drinks and smokes heavily. Superficial education, lively imagination. Sexual life: He has always masturbated a lot so that nocturnal emissions are unknown in his case. The power of his libido undergoes changes and expresses itself in approximately two to fourteen ejaculations per week. When he has on women's clothing, then it is easy for him to masturbate until he reaches ejaculation, without at the same time needing to think about male or female persons; indeed, it has occurred to him that he has not even had to touch his member to reach ejaculation. As especially exciting to him he designated a melodious voice, the soft skin of a woman, and perfume. During coitus he prefers the position of the succubus. He twice contracted love marriages, from which there issued two children. The following was taken from his

autobiographical notes: "As far as I can think back I was always tormented by the one thought that I wanted to wear women's clothing. At first it was the earrings and later women's boots, the sight of which always made the wish even greater. At the age of 10, I often dreamed I was out walking on the street actually wearing pierced earrings, and everyone found that absolutely natural. The idea that in my dreams I could show myself so frankly and freely caused me to experience sexual ease. I never told anyone about these dreams, which I carefully protected rather more as a great secret. I masturbated all the more eagerly because I was bothered with the biggest erections when I had thoughts about earrings. One time I got a pair of little boots with ornamental stitching, the fashion at that time; I was so terribly embarrassed to put them on and to show myself in front of people that they finally had to be returned. "The older I became the worse did this condition become in my case. I crawled on the floor, put on my mother's shoes, rummaged through her suitcases for pieces of clothing from the 'better' times, and got dressed up to my heart's content. I finally became bolder, went to my mother and told her my boots pinched me when I went ice skating, and made her let me borrow hers. This did not strike anyone as strange. At that time I

was so wild that I attacked many a girl whose shoes I liked, so that I could take possession of her footwear.

"When I was about seventeen years old and attended the academy it happened that I and my friends stood as models for each other, because at that time female models were not used; for me this always was a favorite pretext to put on women's clothes.

"The moment came when for the first time a female model posed in the nude for me. I found the person horrible and pitiable; I could not paint from her. The male body appeared to me more beautiful by far; statues of Apollo, striding around in his long clothing singing to the lyre, especially fascinated me. Finally, however, I did fall in love with a model, who, of course, no longer was as 'innocent' as I was; meanwhile, I could not grant her her silent wish, because I absolutely did not know how I should begin.

"Meanwhile, I continued to practice my secret vice. When one of my friends had skillfully played a woman's role at a fancy-dress ball, I came upon the idea to try it, too. My mask and allurements were so superior (it was a dance pantomime in the Indian style) that even the newspapers gave them critical acclaim. I felt so good in the clothes that I never wanted to take them off. But I did not tell anybody, for it was connected with onanism.

"Then, for moral or for some other reasons, I got married to the same woman who was 'no longer as innocent as I,' because in the meantime she had my child. I then put on tasteful women's clothing and got into costume in the morning to sit at the table for coffee. When company came or when I had to go out, to my great disappointment I had to change my clothes. In order to have sexual intercourse with my wife, she, at least, had to be wearing the clothes I would have liked to have worn.

"One fine day she fell in love with someone else and ran away. My consolation was my few pieces of clothing. But I was bitterly overcome with loneliness. Surely I was the most wicked person under the sun. I dared to confide in no one; so, continue to play the hypocrite! I needed company: fallen women, when possible newly fallen ones who liked me because I took care of them. I attracted them, which suited me fine, and went around at the same time as a 'gentleman' (by that time I had become the hit of the day). So, there was really no longer 'self-abuse.' My own women's clothing were abolished; I appeared very moral to myself!

"I used the young women as models, prescribed positions for them that, with time, they learned; they got used to my tastes in

fashion, until they ran away as soon as a suitable lover showed up. I 'tyrannized' them too much.

"My loneliness increased. I sometimes had a great yearning for a very talented lady of the theater; but she did not let herself be 'tyrannized.' As long as I was alone my vice exploded with redoubled power. I tried to overcome my disgust with myself with alcohol.

"I finally again became acquainted with a young woman agreeable to me. A short time before the wedding one of Forel's books fell into my hands and for the first time I received an explanation about my case, i.e., actually only about my fetish for boots. I then buried myself in similar books and finally found the courage to confess openly to my wife what was bothering me. The lightening of my spirits really made me delirious; I was blinded, like a prisoner who, out of the submerged dungeon holes of the castle, suddenly is moved up into the sunny little square and into freedom. I could have embraced the world and have begged for forgiveness for my petty and abominable hypocrisy. Only, somewhere buried deep a voice was asking: Why actually did you get married?

"Now I realize that that is just the way I am. Also, it is better being married than I had originally feared. People meet me half-way;

even my in-laws have nothing against my always wearing women's clothing at home, as long as I treat their daughter well."

CASE 7

Mr. G., until a short time ago a public official, ca. 40 years old. An uncle was tabetic, his parents cousins. Otherwise there is nothing to report about his kinship that could relate to degeneration. Mr. G. published reports about himself in a truly fine-looking volume. The most noteworthy details are given here:

With regard to his childhood development it says: "Whenever I saw men with bristly full beards or who were rough and tough in fairy-tale or picture books, I could not imagine myself ever becoming a man." G. always yearned for dolls and doll carriages, but never got any such things for toys. He had all kinds of play cookware; his mother refused to let him carry out his wish to play cooking with them.

Then there soon developed in the young lad an affection toward his sister, a few years older than he, especially toward her neck or part of her neck and toward all of her clothing. He very clearly felt this tendency as erotic, for it soon became for him a deep secret. "When my sister came home from school and sat down to lunch, I . would

climb up her chair from behind and cover her neck with ardent kisses."

One characteristic appeared early, one which he, himself, described as masochistic. "As a little boy I felt a sensual gratification whenever I lay on my stomach flat on the floor and my mother would take off her shoe and gently stroke my back and make walking movements over it. I called it 'walking like a frog,' and between the ages of five and six almost every day asked my mother to do it."

He thought of girls as supernatural beings. Although he had little opportunity to play with them, it was always his greatest wish to be able to romp around as a girl among other girls. The scuffles of the boys he found rude and repulsive. He always ended up crying.

He began school at the age of seven. His first disappointment was that he had no women teachers. On the other hand he did have the "pleasure" of being in the same class as the daughter of the principal of the school. On the way home he often followed her from afar. He was again stirred by the wish to be a girl such as this "in pretty low-necked dresses."

He was often beaten by his parents and teachers. His self-esteem suffered exceptionally because of them. Whenever one of the

other boys was punished, he, on the other hand, had "erotic feelings looking at the sacrificial lamb."

Daydreams and dreams at night set in at the age of nine. "I had the illusion that there was a whole row of the most beautiful women in low-necked dresses standing in front of me, and I was kissing and licking their necks and breasts to my heart's content."

Sentimental fairy tales interested him exceedingly. He wept bitter tears at the fate of Saint Genevieve. The stories of the martyrs and of the sufferings of Christ made his heart throb.

At age 10 he once got terribly excited by the sight of a "girl of six or seven years of age wearing her dress cut very low." He was impressed so much that in this report he gives the full details of the girl's dress. "I regretted that I could not go around so freely and gaily exposing my neck and wearing my hair so lovely and long, etc."

"A new impulse: Even at that time I felt in my chest a wonderful feeling so that at times I opened my boy's shirt and felt my chest. I also secretly went to the closed larder, took out a teaspoon of milk, and let it fall in drops over my teats to lead myself to the illusion of being a soothing mother. This brought on a strong feeling, naturally without ejaculation."

Then he fell in love with one of his teachers, "a type of polished original Germanic man." Whenever the latter stroked the boy's hair he was as if electrified. "I felt deeply embarrassed, because I felt the blood boil in my cheeks. On another occasion I got the feeling for the first time that I wanted to be the wife of this man."

In his eleventh year G., because of a luxation, was bedridden for months. "I read novels and became excited by reading descriptions of the beautiful arms, hands, feet, alabaster bosoms, and beautiful, splendid, and charming costumes of beautiful women. Whenever I paged through fairy tale books I would kiss the pictures of the beautiful princesses."

At age 12 he had "unusually nice feelings" while climbing the bars in the gymnasium. He was taken to the garden area and became enthusiastic about the girls' singing group in "their neat little dresses." One of the woman actors stirred in him the clear desire to make the same career for himself. His sexuality in general now became stronger. "At this time I had dreams from which I awoke truly invigorated; it bothered me that the dream had ended. It was if I were walking down the street in girls' clothing or were sitting in them at a school desk. Sometimes it seemed as if the other boys, too, indeed, even the teacher, had girls' clothing on. Then again, it was as if a

wonderful woman character, with a full bosom and in beguilingly beautiful blue skirts, were dancing in the air in front of me and lowering herself down to me, like Pallas Athena to the hero Achilles.

"In the summer of the same year I could no longer resist trying; when no one was looking I sneaked to the basket with the soiled laundry, picked out one of my sister's blouses, and put it over my head. It smelled so beautifully of sweat. I thought my heart would burst; my body trembled, and I shook like aspen leaves. Out of delight I bit into the lace lining of the low neck and beat, slapping, on my chest, shoulders, and upper arms."

Scenes such as this were often repeated in all kinds of variations. After such bouts of ecstasy he became for some time "very quiet and rational" and regretted his "weakness" a little. Ejaculation was still not present. We have to point out especially that manual masturbation was practiced only from his twenty-fourth year on.

He favored as lessons stories of men who lived for long periods in women's clothing. Achilles among the daughters of Lykomedes appeared "dumb" to him in the moment where he takes hold of the sword. Yet on the other hand, his ideal was the captain who, with

drawn sword, led the troops among the sounding activity. At that time he had no idea about the sexual act and the origin of people.

From his thirteenth year the following report can be made: "It happened one day that my parents and siblings went out for a few hours. Oh, how joyful was I deep down inside! My heart was so full it could have exploded. Trembling, I got naked, took out of the wash-basket one of my sister's blouses, a pair of stockings, knickers, and a pinafore, and dressed myself in them. At the same time I took a pair of her boots, fixed my hair with a bouquet of artificial flowers, tied a black silk scarf around my neck, and put on a pair of girl's gloves. Then I put on my head one of my sister's old hats and opened up her parasol. How happy I was then! And the pieces of clothing smelled so delightful; the odor seemed like balsam to me. Then I walked in front of the mirror—that was supposed to be a boy? My face became purple-red and showers of delight ran through my body."

Nocturnal emissions began in his fourteenth year, after which he awoke "as if reborn." In the following manner he describes a new peculiarity: "At that time I had the tendency of writing sentences in English such as: 'I am a very fine young lady; I am a beautiful girl.' Then I would tear up the pieces of paper. Sentences in French that I

wrote and found erotic were `Je suis une belle fille; je suis ta tante, ta mère.'^[4]

"My sister often asked me to help her fasten a button or two at her waist. I would linger behind her, look at her neck, and pull the hem of her blouse up high. Or I would cover her neck with stormy kisses."

When he was 15 he often used to have to stay up late to do his homework for school. It is noteworthy that he writes about it: "I was very sexually excited by it as a consequence." At that time he slept in the same room with his father and brother. As soon as they were snoring, he silently slipped out to the wash-basket, took out blouse, knickers, slip, and stockings and put them on. "To my great horror I ejaculated and put everything back into the basket. Only then could I go to sleep. I continued to do this almost every night for a long time, but never woke up especially enervated."

Of his sixteenth year the report says: "I was repulsed by the crude and mean talk of my schoolmates, because it heightened my fantasy and to a great measure excited me sexually. . . . Then again something new appeared. When as students we had a timed writing assignment in class and I still was not finished when the bell rang, I

was so worried that I would get a bad grade that, in spite of my energetic efforts to avoid it, I had an ejaculation."

He now used every opportunity to cross-dress. He clasped on earrings, gathered and held up his skirt, and moved around in the room swinging and swaying his hips in the manner of women. "Then suddenly I would have an orgasm without masturbating."

He had no trouble in the gymnasium, and in the fifth form was first in his class. As a sixth-form boy he cross-dressed less often. When it did happen, however, he liked to think of himself as a nurturing wet nurse. He put a napkin on his head like a kerchief, and using another, made it into a "child," and pretended to feed it while humming a lullaby. At that time he saw another woman actor who excited him so much that only with great effort did he prevent a spontaneous ejaculation.

Furthermore, he writes: "Ever since I can remember, I have liked to look at cows and horses grazing, because I greatly envied their endless freedom. I wished I had been able to be a cow; I could not turn my gaze especially from their udders puffed up with milk. The milking excited me the most." He goes on to explain more of the connections of these ideas. He procured for himself a series of

postcards that showed the milking of cows, and his looking at them did not fail to cause him excitement.

The following about his shyness and passivity is noteworthy: He got a younger student to tutor. The latter soon began behaving himself very rudely, teased him by calling him girls' names, and finally began to pinch, beat, and kick him. But he just let him do it to him, indeed, suffered such attacks with a certain pleasure.

Then Mr. G. began a career as a civil servant, but here, too, from the very beginning he contended with mocking and insults, because his taciturn nature frequently provoked them. At this time he tried with all his might, as he says, to keep his sperm inside his body. But just then he was very plagued by his "feminine" ideas, while after ejaculation he felt free and like a "man." In this manner he came upon the noteworthy idea of keeping the sperm in his body only for the feminine principle, "sort of as the rib from which God made woman."

To the idea of the obscene he gave the following data from this period: Sexually exciting words for him were cow, doe, mare; the queen in a deck of cards; the portrait of Chevalier d'Eon; from the song "Now Everyone Thank God" the verse including "our mother's body"; the literary figures Kriemhild, Penelope, Gudrun, Eboli; the sentence in Immermann's *Oberhof*, "When the maiden milks the cow,

her lover always appears before her eyes" excited him without measure. Whenever he saw a bridal carriage he always was envious of the bride "much, much more than the groom." After the death of his parents he confessed to his siblings, with whom he shared the apartment, about his tendency to wear women's clothing. He now conformed to this more openly, always standing in front of the mirror, and became enthusiastic about the "incarnation of the woman in himself." His body had become somewhat fat, or, as he called it, the "formation of the flesh of the woman" had been completed in his case; the image of his "bacon neck," his "sausage arms" were intoxicating to him; he kissed the image. One day he began to collect newspaper clippings about "men in women's clothing." Because the scarcity of such articles did not satisfy him he played his own editor. He composed articles such as the following: "Narcissus revived! A funny thing happened yesterday in Berlin. Walking between the train viaduct and Unter den Linden Street was a picture-perfect young woman wearing a terribly charming dress. . . . The woman, reported to the police by some jealous prostitutes, was brought to the police station, and she turned out to be a picture-perfect young man . . . who, crying, assured them that from his childhood on he had had the inextinguishable urge to wear women's clothing. When he was

brought before a higher official, Mr. G. was released with a friendly warning to avoid such jokes in the future."

Then he enjoyed such documents of mental masturbation in repeated, all-day-long readings. His alienation and peculiar manners understandably increased. His colleagues made a fool of him, or he believed that they did. They teased him because they noticed that he did not associate with women. The result was a heightened work of fantasy in his loneliness. With his erotic, written essays he finally lost absolutely all connection with the outside world. In the mailbox he posted unstamped letters with fantastic or real addresses, which led to the discovery of his drives, his dismissal, and, because of the peculiar contents, the motivation for which he stubbornly kept silent, to his indictment. His mania began when he wrote out a series of notes with the following approximate wording: "I would like to be a wet nurse who suckles a child on her blossoming, budding breast." He carefully deposited these notes in the hallways of apartment buildings, in the sand trays for cleaning up the streets, etc. Then he began writing longer letters. He addressed them to, among others, well-known dairies; then, however, also whole series in a child's handwriting as "Unhappy Nephew Felix" to an imaginary widowed aunt, "Mrs. Schulze nee Mueller, divorced Lehmann, separated

Lange in YY." In it he begged for girls' clothing, because he really was not a boy, etc. However, there were very obscene letters that, on the other hand, could have had serious consequences, as, for example, the following one, in which, of course, there is not one word of truth, which more likely points to a dreamed-up fulfillment of an erotic wish:

(Placed in a mailbox without a stamp and address) "I am a young man and public official by occupation. When I arrive home from work in the afternoon, tired and exhausted, my sister forces me to cross-dress myself as a woman, by kicking me, hitting me with a stick, whipping me, and boxing my ears. When I then have on girls' clothing I have to open the bodice and give my sister my breast, and she fondles around my breasts eagerly, like a suckling at the breast of its mother. She also kneads my breasts with her hands such as the maids milk the cows. She beats and fondles my neck, bites my throat and into my fleshy upper arm, and treats me in general as her milk cow. I cannot stand this life much longer. Is there someone there who can free me?"

At this time, Mr. G. was already rather irritated as a consequence of differences with an employer. After he sent this letter he thought he noticed that his co-workers intentionally more often used expressions such as "wet nurse" or "milk cow," so he assumed

everything had come out, although he had stuck several of these letters between stacks of wood when he went walking in the forests. Therefore, one day, because of pangs of conscience, he went to the head of his department and accused himself. The consequences were mentioned above, because the fact as such could not be understood without the knowledge of the relationship, and they had to urge upon a conclusion of diminished capacity.

The persistent mental preoccupation with the incidence of milking a full mammary gland caused Mr. G. to favor taking vacations in the mountains, where he had many opportunities to see such manipulations. At home in the large city he continued this preoccupation as he systematically visited all the cow stalls at the time of milking, under the pretext of having to drink warm cow's milk regularly for his health. In truth it was for him an erotic pleasure to observe the cow maids at work and to begin a conversation about it, how well the cows had it, and that it would be nice if one could be one of them, etc.

In spite of his distaste for prostitution he did at times have a masseuse. Because of their supposed "energetic" character they appeared to him as "half men" and for that reason a suitable opposite to his "female" being; they had to handle him manually and at the

same time talk about milking. He painted himself a picture that a masseuse "slaughtered" him, quickly cut his body, and tore out his entrails. He often visited the masseuse in women's clothing. One time one of them persuaded him to come wearing women's undergarments while a third made all kinds of love to her. He never did find out what the third one had for ideas.

The wish to be a woman also caused him to think about and perform autoerotic acts. He placed stick-like instruments between his legs and into his anus.

Furthermore, his eternal dissatisfaction brought him to experience peculiar incidents of exhibition. On hot summer days he went walking around in the area of the forest paths wearing a girdle instead of a vest. He stuck roses in his hat, hung his frock-coat over his arm; collar, shirt, and tie he packed into his pocket. Now the women's blouse he was wearing, and above all his "swan's neck," which he adorned with a little black-silk scarf and golden medallion, was visible for any passers-by who happened to come along.

From the dreams he described, here are some examples: "I dreamed the doorbell rang. I opened the door. An ugly old woman was standing in front of the door and wanted to force her way into the apartment with all her might. In spite of my closing the door,

nevertheless she was suddenly standing in the hallway. I woke up in a deep depression." Or: "I was a knight's lady in a huge old German room. I had on a bright blue Gretchen costume and a boy at my breast, while a small, awkward girl played with her doll at my feet. From the wooden veranda I could see out over the forests, valleys, and mountains. I put the child into the cradle and went over to the spinning wheel. The small girl held on tightly to my dress and said: 'Mommy!' So, I kissed it on the forehead. A fanfare sounded, and my victorious husband entered. His strong manly arms embraced me."

In women's clothing Mr. G. made the impression of an older well-loved lady of the demimonde. A list of the pieces of clothing that he wore during this presentation is the following: blouse with embroidery, blue stockings, ditto garters, blue canvas shoes, bright gray corset, white knickers with embroidery, white slip, bright blue costume with low neck, and matching accessories such as jewelry, bracelets, combs in showily dressed hair, etc. Bright blue is the favored color in the case of this gentleman and others with this tendency.

CASE 8

Mr. H., middle twenties, physician, corresponded with us about the matter from abroad. We did later become personally acquainted with him and his wife. We take the following particulars from his notes:

"I have a lively interest in the rarely observed feminine characteristics in the case of otherwise heterosexual men. The wish to cross-dress as a woman is almost always inhibited by upbringing, custom, etc. Yet many more men have it than is shown in practice. I, myself, love to cross-dress as a woman; however, for somewhat other reasons. I particularly like the so-called princess dress, for esthetic reasons, and feel I am a total woman in this dress, am also totally feminine in my movements, etc. With my mustache shaved off and a wig, I am absolutely not recognized as a man. The dress must be new, the underwear freshly washed; I like to wear perfumes, harvest fragrance the best. At the same time I am as heterosexual as could be, was married at 19, and have remarried since my wife died two years ago. Although for years I have visited in homosexual circles, as a scientist advocated the theory of natural variations, and as a philosopher defended the Hellenistic viewpoints, I still cannot with the best intentions bring myself beyond a simple friendship with men. The mere thought of same-sex intercourse thoroughly disgusts me. In contrast to that I have a few feminine traits in me. People often

tell me that I 'walk like a woman.' My hands are rather small, nimble, with narrow fingers. Although it is not usual in these parts, for a long period of time I wore a bracelet and long curls. I also love feminine craftwork, now and then embroider better than the women in the circle of my acquaintances, and weave.

"Actually, now, the charm of women's clothing has nothing erotic for me. It is as if at times the feminine in my character steps forward strongly; then I love the masquerade, because it suits my emotional condition. On the other hand, at moments when I feel more like a man, a tight-fitting sports jacket or a student uniform (battledress blouse or tunic) is more comfortable for me.

"At the psychiatric clinic in X., where I worked for a long time, I often was called upon by assistants of the women's ward because 'a woman always gets along better with women.' I even believe that I can sympathize with the female psyche better than most of my friends. I thereby have won many intimate friendships with women, and what is more, without them having had more than a Platonic charm for me.

"The only type of woman I love is the following: average slim appearance, strong, blonde, having very luxuriant hair, blue-gray

eyes, wide pelvis, thus physically, totally a woman; yet emotionally strongly developed, an intellectual.

"As concerns my libido, I am not satisfied or am not easily satisfied with simple coitus; it must be like rape and at the same time forced kissing with the tongue. My wife had somewhat masochistic tendencies, so our needs were met in this case. Up to this point I have had intercourse only with my wife; in contrast, out of pure loathing, I would be impotent with a prostitute. At least, when I once did visit a bordello, this feeling was so powerful that I only let the prostitute tell me about her life and then left. Moreover, every woman who is too willing or who approaches me with clear intentions leaves me cold. Go you to a woman, do not forget the whip! These words from Zarathustra are more to my taste."

CASE 9

Mr. I., 37 years old, former officer in the American army, writes: "I took part in two campaigns and can truthfully say that I behaved bravely, and that I deserved the military medal that I received.

"Physically I am a thoroughly developed man; genitals formed normally, and I have always practiced coitus with women. Yet ever

since my childhood I have always felt deeply feminine. Already at 14 it is noteworthy that I was charmed when I saw a boy in girls' clothes, and since then I have always been interested in men who looked like or dressed as women. Up until the age of 20 I had never heard about homosexuality, and then I still did not understand anything about it. My first coitus with a woman took place in my twentieth year, and the thought of sleeping with men has always caused loathing in me (with one single exception).

"More and more I was overcome with the urge to cross-dress myself as a woman, until it became irresistible. In secret, as often as possible, I put on women's dresses or other pieces of women's toilette, and only my mustache prevented me from going into the street in full costume.

"It appeared to me in the course of time as if my body were becoming somewhat more feminine. I now have a thin waist, heavy hips, breasts like a 15-year-old girl, smooth, white skin, and small feet."

(Since we were not able to reach the anonymous contributor, who was staying in England, we could not verify this data and had to leave them as they are.)

"My hands are average size, and my face is thoroughly masculine. And still, when I have on a wig and costume, hide the mustache, and am powdered and made up, I look exactly like a young woman. People who flirt with me often tell me, 'Vous avez un beau corps de femme!' My corset width is 68 cm, but still to some measure is symmetrical to my total height. I look like a strong, well-proportioned young woman in a chemise, bodice, and pink slip. And if I am so dressed, that is when I feel so well, so at ease, that I absolutely do not like to change again. In my corset I always breathe with my chest like a woman."

(This remark is interesting enough to justify a digression. The difference between the costal breathing of women and the abdominal breathing of men is evident in our width, unanimously confirmed by physiologists, and consequently is to be defined as a secondary sexual characteristic. All the more so since in the case of children the difference is not evident. On the other hand, that with strong, vigorous inspiration the difference is obliterated is explained by the tension of all accessory muscles that somehow are capable of causing an increase of volume of the thorax. The most current theory of the cause of this says that there exists a relationship between the possible gravity and the more modest descending of the diaphragm

in the case of the female breathing type. So far everything appeared in order. But recently it was maintained that the breathing from the chest by women is, perhaps, an artificial product of the corset, which is not unwillingly heard in the circles of the reform hygienists.

Decisive would be the observation of races who do not use corsets or, better yet, races who go around undressed. Since the literature about it contains only little or contradictory data, the question was submitted to the governing body of the Berlin Anthropological Society, and it proved that, in fact, hardly even one researcher had observed the breathing types of primitive folk. N. O. Body's example [*From My Years as a Young Girl by a Man*, Berlin 1907], meanwhile, seems to me proof enough to retain for the present the old conception of the secondary sexual characteristic of the breathing type. N. O. Body, born with hypospadias peniscrotalis,^[5] lived until his twentieth year as a woman and bound his waist very tightly to get his figure. I examined him shortly before his change in legal status and found the most fully developed abdominal breathing type. He said he often feared that people sitting behind him would discover his masculine nature from the lack of the rising and falling of his shoulders. The supposed effect of the corset, therefore, totally failed in this striking case. For that reason, I, too, believe that the statement

above by the anonymous contributor can easily be put into the realm of auto-suggestive effects, likewise several other observations about his corporeality.)

"As a rule I only cross-dress when my girl friend is with me; sometimes the urge is so strong that I masturbate in costume. The yearning to feel totally like a woman also leads me to have coitus 'with myself' using wax candles, cigars, and things like that. (I obviously mean that I put these objects between my legs as a pretended external fulfillment of the accompanying images in my fantasy.) At this point I must return to what I earlier called the 'one exception.' With my whole heart I long for once to be a prostitute and be able to spend the night with a 'strapping young fellow.' Not only would he have to undertake penetration with me, but also use force."

(From the loathing against intercourse with men mentioned earlier, it follows that this is a question of an imagined fantasy based upon the original heterosexual urge to cross-dress.)

"So, the main content of my yearning is to be a woman completely. An extraordinary fascination for me would be to shave myself completely, put on make-up, put on women's clothing; to be sure, truly elegant, the 'last word,' but not too loud, underwear fine and silky, narrow shoes, lots of embroidery, artistic hat, in short, to be

like a brilliantly entertaining prostitute. "There is no trace of any homosexuality other than that. I deeply despise Urnings and effeminate men. The idea of penetration without being in costume seems to me abominable; if I become the passive woman in dress, behavior, and character, then I find the thought more natural, indeed, even stimulating. I have never been able to realize my *`grande passion'*; however, if I want to enjoy my *`ejaculatio suprema,'* then I imagine it very forcibly in my mind. "I am a good sportsman, marksman, ride well, and have proved myself in the military. Nevertheless I feel freer in the company of women and drawn to them as if by an invisible bond. if I see a mother suckling her child I sigh, 'If only I had such breasts and could give milk!' Children alone interest me little."

CASE 10

Mr. K., 50 years old, teacher. There is nothing degenerative to report about his kinship or ancestors. His childhood developed without any peculiarities. Was somewhat nervous. Favored girls' games (cooking, crocheting, knitting). Romantic friendships occurred with two

schoolmates, without sexual acts. Sexual maturity began between the ages of 18 and 20.

Present status: Figure large and strong. Contours mostly round and fatty. Muscular system underdeveloped. Absolutely no interest in sport exists. Skin white, smooth, and clear. Hair thick on head, little body hair, average growth of beard. Pales and embarrasses easily. Slight protrusion of larynx. Is susceptible to moods; gives in to gossiping. Would like to be a milliner.

Sexual life: Mr. K. has already given a detailed description of his case published in the *Annual for Sexual Intermediaries*, vol. 2, 1900, pp. 324-44, under the title "A Case of Effemination with Fetishism." He mistakenly describes himself there as an Urning, while he himself expressly states that his sexual drive was always directed toward women. To be sure, he does maintain that he is indifferent to women, is loath to see naked women, and experiences antipathy toward coitus. Also, he is once supposed to have dreamed that he was a woman and was made pregnant by a man; which woke him up and kept him greatly agitated the entire night. But all these circumstances are easily explained by his urge to cross-dress.

To the above-mentioned, otherwise very precise report we are here adding the following newest data:

"I recall my tendency toward women's clothing as far back as the time I began school. I knew nothing about external influences, such as masquerades and the like. To me, even the mere names of pieces of clothing, such as a woman's gown, pinafore, veil, and slip, had something magical about them. As soon as it was at all possible, as a boy I dressed myself for moments in unfamiliar articles of women's clothing. Later I bought myself everything I thought worthwhile. Wardrobes were purchased, which quickly filled up with articles of dress. Truly 20 to 25 years of fashion journals I bought were looked at page by page, the most beautiful 'costumes' cut out and sent to the dressmaker so she could use them. Every possible material, silk, satin, and wool, was put to use. First-class specialty stores sent sample material.

"The following is how I managed ordering the preparation of clothes. The dressmaker is sent a completed cutting with the new material and at the same time informed that I would like a costume made for a birthday gift; measurements, therefore, are not possible. That is how we work it out. If it does not fit, then the piece of clothing, along with the changes, are returned, and the mistake is soon corrected. I personally purchase the trimmings, such as satin shoes, insertions, and other facing (braiding, lace, stripes with chiffon

applications, embroidered chiffon trimmings, silk fringes, small round bells, kilting, etc.), and include it with the worked-up material. I sometimes trim the clothes myself, also sew on ornamental buttons of glass or gold. Naturally, procuring slips and the like is easier. For belts I buy straps and buckles and then make them myself. I have a great number of veils, spotted and plain; in all possible colors and suitable for the costume; likewise hats, birettas, hoods, capes, jackets, woolen shawls; furthermore pinafores of wool, satin, etc. for church, play and the house. Most of the slips are the same color as the clothing. Also in great numbers are bracelets, splendid necklaces, gold brooches and earrings, wigs, too. I have boxes filled with samples of cloth, trimmings, silk, and satin ribbons in all widths and colors.

"As soon as I see a shop window with pretty pinafores, necklaces, hats, or even just ornamental safety pins, I have to buy them right then and there. In general I always look at showcases of women's ready-made wear with great excitement. Of photographic settings, only the models in charming costumes interest me. Postcards with pictures of women I have by the bundle. I favor red clothing, every kind of silk and white muslin and lace slips. I cannot describe the enjoyment I get from changes of clothing.

"I like to get close to well-dressed women and wish I could put myself into their clothes. I compare their figure with mine, whether the dress really would fit. I also like to sit between women whose dresses partly cover my legs. I like to feel soft material. Inside someone else's house, if I have the opportunity, I surely will steal a moment when no one is present, and try on the pretty hat of some woman I hardly know and look in the mirror. I am a friend to many pretty young women, especially if they wear clothing to my taste. On sleepless nights, which often come, I usually busy myself by fantasizing about the toilette of pretty women. When I read the paper I first look through the news briefs to find out whether or not a man has been seen wearing women's clothing. Men in women's clothing are unusually stimulating to me.

"I am a foe of social organizations. I love to be all alone and gladly give up parties and entertainment. My enjoyment is for me to stand in the stillness in front of the mirror looking at myself dressed in a corset, fine slip, charming clothing, hat, veil, bracelets, and necklaces, or to look through fashion magazines. I would be overjoyed if once a year in some house far away from everything I could spend some time with persons who think as I do or who were understanding; or if I could go walking dressed as a lady with real

women in broad daylight, even if only for a short distance. Formerly I sometimes used to allow myself this passion in the evening and go for walks alone; but I gave it up because the thing was too dangerous for me.

"I am not a homosexual; on the contrary, I can say I actually have been a Don Juan. It was always a special enjoyment to me to kiss pretty young women, to look at and touch their soft clothes; I also asked about the price, about the dressmaker, and how long someone actually could wear such a dress, etc. I am greatly charmed by pictures of the latest styles. I never let the opportunity pass me by to get hold of them. I bought whole volumes of fashion magazines. I once put an advertisement in the classifieds that I was looking for various volumes of fashion magazines. I made plentiful use of the offers I received. Years ago I bought several volumes of *Paris Fashions* from a bookseller in Heidelberg. I have also subscribed to *Vienna Fashions*, *Fashion World*, as well as *The Great World of Fashion*. I am greatly attracted to the shop windows of ready-made women's garments; be they ones with dresses, blouses, jackets, slips, or hats, the charm is always great.

"I used to believe my peculiar talent would fade away with increasing age or stop altogether, but the opposite is the case; the

tendency at this moment is greater than ever; it is inborn and for that reason will truly not grow less. Thus, for example, last week I sent away for the fashion catalogs from Wertheim's and other companies, furthermore, the fashion album of the pattern manufacturer in Dresden and *Butterich's Fashion Review*. My parents were totally normal; the same can be said of my recently deceased sister. I have only one brother left who, likewise, is normal. We children always lived on good terms with each other and with our parents. I always had the greatest respect and childish veneration for my parents, deceased now for some years (she was 81 and he 83 years old).

"I am putting together an inventory of my clothing:

1. Dress of crimson-red cashmere with velvet trimming and glittering metal buttons.
2. Red dress (a slightly different shade of crimson) with fur trimming.
3. A dress of Bordeaux-like red with black velvet inserts and splendid border trimming.
4. Dress of scarlet-red wool, collar and bosom inserts of flesh-colored taffeta.
5. Black woolen dress with pearl insert.

6. A coffee-brown dress of rather simple style.
7. A blue dress with black border trimming with matching belt with yellow bow.
8. Dark-green dress with bright-green velvet trimming.
9. Bright-gray woolen dress with bright-red trimming and collar.
10. Red satin blouse with black satin dress.

"As house clothes:

1. A mixed brown princess dress.
2. A green and red checkered dress with velvet collar, sleeves with red velvet facings.
3. A bright woolen dress with velvet collar.

"Jackets:

1. Black Persian lambskin jacket with insert.
2. Brown cloth jacket with wide collar of crepe.

"Petticoats:

One blue-and-white striped petticoat with frills.

One black-and-red striped petticoat with lace.

One mixed brown petticoat with frills.

One slip of red cashmere with frills.

"Skirts:

One chamois-colored bundled skirt with red trimming.

One blue-checked domestic skirt with bib.

Two black, woolen, small, fancy pinafores.

One blue-flowered pinafore with white lace trimming.

One black alpaca-wool pinafore.

One white cambric skirt with embroidery (the prettiest).

"I also possess:

One pair of cambric knickers with embroidery.

Two corsets, stockings, a brown bonnet.

One blue crocheted shawl.

One black-and-white checkered scarf.

One ordinary woolen scarf.

One felt hat trimmed with mignonette-colored band and decorated with two wings (of birds).

One olive-colored hat with fancy feathers.

One velvet biretta with white fancy feathers.

Four brooches, some genuine, some fake.

Two pairs of earrings.

Two bracelets.

"Veils:

Two black with spots, two white with spots, two plain white.

A collection of ribbons, a collection of lace-work in white and black, part cotton, part silk.

Two girdles of red velvet, one in black, one in silver and gold with elegant clasp.

Two wigs, two arrow-shaped hair ornaments, two ornamental hairpins with large heads, as well as a hair comb with five shining studs.

Approximately a dozen necklaces in black, white, green, blue, opal-colored, etc.

A rather large collection of trimmings in all colors and fabrics.

A collection of silk straps in all colors and widths.

A large collection of samples of women's clothing in wool, cotton, and silk in many weaves and colors.

"This would complete my inventory."

CASE 11

Mr. S., 40 years old, technician, married. Father was a drinker; in other respects on the question of degeneration there is nothing to report. His childhood ran normally, only that he first learned to walk at the end of his second year. Always loved boys' games. In his seventeenth year he became sexually mature.

Present status: Small figure, contours angular and lean. Muscular system underdeveloped. Becomes easily dizzy when doing gymnastics. Skin dirty and rough. Hair on head receding; body hair heavy; very heavy growth of beard. Easily embarrassed. Slight protrusion of the larynx. Voice loud and deep. For a long time has been suffering from emotional depression, because his wife shows all indications of paranoia. Is self-taught, very active mentally.

Sexual life: The subject employed me in 1904, and Iwan Bloch (Sexual Life of Our Time, 4th ed., pp. 598-601) had the kindness to publish this case with a detailed memorandum on questions of right and wrong in conduct. Following are the more complete notes from the year 1907.

"In my fifteenth year a desire awoke in me that like hunger and thirst demanded gratification, and that I followed purely instinctively. First of all, all the women's clothing laid out in shop windows attracted me with an irresistible and mysterious force. I could not resist standing in front of such shop windows and especially looking at lace slips and such things for long periods of time. In shoe stores I only had eyes for women's shoes. Every display that had to do with the women's world would thereupon be the first to be examined by me to see if there was something to my taste. If I found something I liked, then I immediately had the desire not only to buy it, but also to wear it. I was almost overcome by a desire to go around dressed in women's fashions; I would have loved to put on women's underwear, to wear stays, etc.

"Along with my peculiar tendency came the fact that I became shy and self-conscious in the face of the female sex. From the age of 16 on I avoided the company of females as much as possible. For

that reason I did not learn how to dance, but I still did continue to feel attracted' to women and would rather have been in the company of girls my age.

"One day my urge was so strong that I could no longer resist it. At that time I was approximately 16 1/2 years old. Since no one was at home, I took one of my sister's corsets out of the clothes closet and began to tie it around my waist. There were no other clothes available to me. It was here that I had my first erection. I had no idea what that meant and, half terrified, took the corset off. I was deeply dissatisfied with the whole process, because I would rather have kept the corset on. After a few days I again tied the corset on, following an unclear urge. Thereupon, without my doing anything, I got another erection, and, before I could put a distance between me and the corset, I ejaculated, too. At the same time I felt a great yearning for a girl I knew at that time.

"Then, for a long time I gave up putting on women's clothing. On the contrary, I began a battle against my urge. To this end I learned to play the zither, which, because of my lack of musical talent, was difficult for me. I also joined an evangelical boys' organization, where I was a member for a full two years. But all that was no help. The older I became, the more powerful, too, did my desire to put on

women's costumes and underwear become. I made a resolution that, as soon as I finished school, I would procure a complete costume, and I knocked myself silly trying to think how I could best bring that about. Then a certain event interrupted my plan.

"There just happened to be a group of actors in X., and I got a ticket for the evening. I was already 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ years old, and had still never attended a performance; I also knew nothing about women actors. Through the conversation of two gentlemen who were sitting in front of me, I first became aware that the woman acting was of the male sex. One of the gentlemen made a remark about the tendency that such kinds of individuals were supposed to have toward their own sex. The other one appeared not to have believed his ears, but the first one assured him he knew for certain that every man who put on women's clothing belonged to that race of men. That evening I went home very depressed and spent a sleepless night. Those words echoed in my ears for a long time. How could one condemn another person without more ado and maintain something that truly was impossible! For, in spite of my yearning for women's clothing, I felt in me not a trace of an inclination for a man.

"Meanwhile, it did not take long before I again began to become unsettled, in spite of what I had heard. My interest turned to fashion

magazines; I preoccupied myself with costumes, first in my mind, then on paper, as I would like to wear them. I came upon choices in color, material, trimmings and linings, etc. Yet, I never felt the slightest urge to make such clothes myself or to do other women's work.

"From my twentieth year until my middle thirties I was thoroughly charmed by the patterns and colors of costumes, slips, boots, corsets, and underwear that I saw laid out in the shop windows. I took note of certain favorite articles and always looked to see if they were still displayed.

"The fascination with costumes was not always present in the same intensity. First it appeared periodically, and constantly after my twentieth year. So, it happened that I later gave up resistance and thought about under what circumstances I could satisfy my wishes and the sooner the better. Finally, I was 24 years old, and I found the opportunity. To restore my weakened health I took a vacation and traveled to my parents' home. After about eight days I discovered there in my room a suitcase that contained a complete outfit with underwear, shoes, and dance corset: all things that my sister had worn to a party. I could not wait for evening to come when my parents went to bed, but right away, in front of the mirror, I began to try on one piece after another and verified with joy that everything looked rather

well on me. At the same time, a never-before experienced feeling of well-being flowed over me. I would have loved to just rush out into the street to show myself off in this outfit. I also got the urge to have a woman, one whom I would like, slender yet well-developed and nice hair. If I could have rushed into the street, the first thing I would have done was to approach such a woman. For as long as I stayed with my parents, and I felt secure, I allowed myself to stay in costume for one hour. The most wonderful thing was that I recovered quickly and in no time, whereas formerly I had resorted to a sanatorium for a long, futile six weeks. In these fourteen days in which I gave into my urge to cross-dress, my desire for a woman grew extraordinarily strong. I wished that a woman would like me in costume; then I could be completely happy.

"I again began to battle against the charm of the costumes, but in vain. I closely inspected the costumes, hats, boots, and hair of women who would pass by. If one was really chic, then I would feel overjoyed. Sometimes, when I would just hear the rustle of a dress behind me I would get the desire to be dressed like that. Even if my mind was intensely absorbed by any subject, just the sight of a tailor-made dress swaying by was enough to distract me. On the other

hand, sloppy clothes, sensible or sackcloth dresses, as well as sad women in general, had absolutely no effect on me.

"Of course, I also gradually had the wish to look like a woman physically at least as much as I possibly could, so that I could walk on the street properly and inconspicuously in my costume. Above everything else my heavy beard, which I already had at the age of 18, prevented me from this.

"I continuously thought about how I could get women's clothing. If I went to a dressmaker, besides the many other things I would have to worry about, I would have been afraid I would be erotically excited when I was trying on the clothes, and that, as soon as any woman had discovered my tendency, I might unconditionally have been brought under her power.

"At first my male being was absolutely not in agreement with my feminine tendency, and it cost a tough battle until I accepted the fact that I am a mixture of both sexes. So, I submitted to being unchangeable.

"I would like to stress that my sensuality is primarily directed toward the satisfaction of my yearning to cross-dress, and that opposed to that, all other wishes are secondary. When I had on any kind of women's clothing I immediately got sexually excited and, at

the same time, felt the desire for a certain type of woman. Never in my life have I ever been attracted to a man, not even when I am in costume. Females who are minors, also, do not excite me. I carry out coitus in a normal manner, except that I always put on women's underwear before the act. If the act is to be satisfying to me, then I have to have the necessary peace and quiet. I also enjoy it very much when I am gently caressed and kissed, etc.

"When I sometimes saw two intimate women friends going with each other arm in arm or holding each other around the waist, I immediately wanted to be one of the two. Later, when I knew more about the variations of love, I was always envious when I saw two girl friends being intimate. That, too, gave me erotic excitement.

"At age 21 I procured myself a fiancée. The only thing I wanted was to be dressed like a woman and be by her side. I often wished we could go around dressed as twin sisters, i.e., absolutely the same in the way of color, cut, etc. More than a hundred times I planned to tell my betrothed about my condition, but I was always prevented by the following: first of all I was afraid my fiancée might have heard something derogatory about such a tendency; then, naturally, I would have been finished as far as she was concerned. However, if she had allowed me to get into costume, I would have become erotically

excited and would not have been able to resist the temptation of the flesh. So, again and again I put off solving the problem. Whenever I was caressing my fiancée and I thought about the costume question, I ejaculated. Finally, one year before the wedding, I disclosed my condition to my betrothed."

The informant tried to explain his condition to his fiancée in a naive poem, but with characteristic stanzas, that was placed at our disposal. He told her she would find her double image in him, described in detail the particular pieces of clothing he wanted to wear because it would make him happy if he could wear them, and concluded with the following words:

Now I ask if you find any loathing,
In one who wants to wear the same clothing?
You, my dearest, pretty goal,
You, who sees my double soul,
Do you care who I really am?
Then live out your life with this one man!

However, the woman showed very little understanding and cooperation. "Only later did I bring her so far as to make me a

costume; then I got the underwear that I liked to go with it. Now I cannot suppress the desire to go dressed as a woman in the evening; it was all the stronger when during the day some event would give inducement to do it. I always took consolation in the evening when I could hope for some gratification. But if it did not take place I would get into a bad mood, I was upset, I was ill at ease, and as much as I tried, I could not get into a better mood. Even my meals did not taste good. But if I could dress myself as a woman for a few days running, my vitality increased and work was enormously more enjoyable.

"At first my wife looked upon the matter as a remarkable passion, but later she began to reproach me as being 'perverse.' She supposedly was being stirred up by women neighbors. Finally, it got the upper hand, and she made my life hell the whole year long. She developed a persecution mania, that I was a moral criminal and would violate my own children. All the things I had to suffer in this marriage should never be repeated."

It should be noted that, because of paranoia, the wife has been in an insane asylum for about three years.

CASE 12

Mr. M., lawyer, middle twenties. There are no hereditary taints in his kinship or ancestry to report. His mother was supposed to be nervous. At four years of age he sustained a slight concussion of the brain. From his mother he inherited a squint in his left eye, which was corrected by an operation. He often suffered headaches, was somewhat nervous, tended to be lachrymose. Always preferred to play with girls rather than with boys.

Present status: Large figure, yet slender and frail. He considers his hips to be overly wide, but they are only so to a small degree. Contours spare, arms and thighs sloped. Hands small and delicate. Muscular system underdeveloped. Tendency toward calm, rocking movements exists; but little interest in sport. Skin clear and smooth. Hair on head normal, body hair insignificant, heavy beard. Easily embarrassed; Adam's apple slightly protruding. Voice deep, manly; in his opinion of course soft and high. He is a moody creature, intelligent but idle. The feeling of being syphilitic depresses him and at the same time makes him careless. He also had a career he did not like. Fantasy very productive. His ideals in history are figures such as Dubarry, Pompadour, or Ninon de Lenclos. There is a tendency toward light women's handicrafts, such as sewing and house cleaning.

Sexual life: It would be best if we let M. describe almost all of his sexual life in his own words, although we will dispense with any systematic treatment of it because the varied observations of Mr. M. originate from different times, lacking any classification and often repeating themselves. As far as it goes we have tried to bring order to the particular items.

"My memory, as far as sex goes, goes back approximately to my fifth year. From my sixth year it is rather clear and exact, while from the earlier years there are only a few striking points that shine through. My father died at the end of my sixth year. I remember exactly being warned by him because of onanism, which at that time I carried out obviously in the open without being conscious of being evil. So, I must have started doing the latter before that. At that time there were a few young ladies in our circle of acquaintances whom I loved in the true sense of the word, i.e., in the still of my mind I thought it heavenly if they seduced me, took me all for themselves, spoiled me, coddled me, stuck me in girls' clothing and mocked me, in short, if they played with me like a doll. I was frightfully embarrassed when I was in their company and I was teased by my relatives, who called them my fiancées.

"As far as masturbation goes, I practiced it approximately into my seventeenth year, and in such a manner as by pressing my upper thighs tightly together. By so doing. I always imagined certain things, which I already mentioned above. I also used to think about the ladies in question wrapping me entirely in soft furs or in cotton-wool until I was totally defenseless; I also had to sleep in bed with them and now and then would get punched. I cannot say when I had my first ejaculation; I believe it showed up gradually. At first I in no way made a secret of my masturbation. So, as far as my physical development went, my family soon noticed the fact. At first I was warned, then later beaten with a rod on my bare behind, which was doubly contradictory, because we children never received this humiliating and severe punishment for anything else. They usually noticed my slips because I looked nervous and squinted more than usual. In school I usually masturbated secretly during the lesson; secretly at night, but the impulse was greater, at least, for example, when I held my pants clamped tightly between my legs.

"I always preferred to play with girls. I only played peaceful boys' games, because the slightest hurt brought me to tears. I liked very much to play with dolls;, furthermore, to cook, play ball, mother and child, school, and things like that. I easily learned to knit, and for

hours on end could play with small children in perambulators. I was told more than once that that was no way for a boy to behave; these impulses also made me ashamed of myself, and I tried to suppress them as much as possible. I looked girlish and sometimes was told that I did.

"One odd episode has never left my mind. One afternoon when my parents were sleeping I secretly got hold of one of my mother's dressing-gowns, put it on, blackened my face with burned cork, and looked at myself like that in the mirror; I masturbated at the same time. I was discovered and frightfully ashamed. Then it occurred to me: I was always opposed to playing the game "Black Peter" (where the losers have to paint a beard on themselves with singed cork) with my family; I was brought up with this apparently crazy bashfulness. It seems important to me to report these small details, because it was exactly those things that made me ashamed in public that I had a burning desire for in my fantasy. I also imagined the women I loved changing me into a Negro as black as coal or into a white-faced, colorfully decked-out clown.

"I was approximately 12 when I first experienced coitus; in contrast to my fantasies it seemed to me directly loathsome and dirty. But people get used to anything; I also could not eat caviar at first.

However, regular coitus to this day plays only a distant secondary role in my fantasies.

"Even as a child I felt a strong urge in me to put on women's clothing. Even the process of dressing myself up as a girl for fun got me greatly excited. But even at that time I did not dare to behave like that on my own for fear of being discovered.

"At nine years of age I one day happened to see a play where one of the ladies I idolized, wrapped in her fur, was being made up by her hairdresser. Ever since that day make-up and fur, on myself and on my lover, play a major role in my imagination. I later thought about women whom I found attractive to me. Most of them had golden blonde or black hair, were heavily made up and wore furs. I imagined I was in their power, they played with me, humiliated me, made me serve them; I had to sleep with my mistresses, perform cunnilingus, etc.. They put me into every kind of clothing that was as womanish or as comical as possible. For that reason I became interested in historical as well as modern costumes; however, I liked best the effeminate, womanish rococo with the white wigs. I cannot say where I got my preference for white hair. But I consider the fashion that took root at that time for dazzling blonde, unnatural hair on women and likewise the towering construction of curls as an indication of a

perversion that is very similar to my own, and that apparently appears at certain times; one might consider ancient Egypt, the late Roman Empire, the Age of Rococo, their hair dressing and sexuality." (As an exception we have let this paragraph stand, because this kind of philosophy is typical of our cases. This case is only repeating what one usually hears from "normal" people, namely, when they are looking at the whole world only from their own angle of vision.)

"At age 14 I first came by my own make-up and powder, and made a woman's wig out of wool. At night, sitting in front of the mirror, I cross-dressed myself as a woman with the help of my mother's costumes.

"I later once attempted to arrange a play with friends, in which I wanted to play the woman's role. The attempt failed, and I was basically glad, because I was extremely shy about appearing in any way effeminate in public.

"At 16, when I moved into a free-and-easy boarding house, I procured some tricot and wadded it into womanlike breasts and hips; furthermore I owned a blonde woman's wig, a white clown's wig, and a woman's fur coat, corset, womanish underwear, etc., and spent my days and nights masking myself in every way possible with them with the help of a lace bed cover or some other suitable object. Naturally

always made up truly womanishly. Looking at my distorted effeminate image in the mirror greatly stirred me; I felt sensual pleasure touching the soft fur, the restraint of the corset and the constricting clothing, indeed, even the pulling of the thickly applied make-up excited me. When all of this was going on I imagined that it would have to feel much better if it were not I, but rather someone else, especially a woman, who had put me in this position, forcing me to persist in it and show myself to other persons to be mocked or wondered at or to sexually arouse them.

"So, my manifold feelings were of this nature: First I saw in the mirror a being whose external appearance sexually aroused me. Second, the pieces of clothing on my body excited me, partly in themselves, partly by the feeling that they were effeminate. Third, I gave myself over to the possibility in the situation, as if she had been brought about by unknown persons, and signified for me, as a man, a disgraceful, embarrassing situation.

"In my opinion, masochists (1) want to be in the power of their lovers, and (2) will be humiliated by them. The former is best attained by the restraint of the body and as much as possible the freedom of movement of the mind. One means is external control (fettering and the like); but in this case freedom of thought remains in full. Besides,

the effect is weakened by a person who honestly resists and who would rather die than be humiliated. Masochists do want to resist honestly; then all their strength has to be forced by the beloved being. Finally, there is nothing at all humiliating or degrading when one is forced by persons who are ten times stronger, who do not tolerate resistance, or who use brutal force; this, on the contrary, would almost be the fate of a hero.

"On the other hand, it is more humiliating when a man is unremittingly forced into a role that is degrading or ridiculous for him, in which he certainly appears to possess the freedom of movement, but nevertheless in every moment is made conscious that everything that makes a man proud—his manly abilities, his strength, his gravity, his dominance over the female sex—is paralyzed at the same time. He feels every moment of the humiliation in front of the people and in front of the beloved woman; this goads him on to rebel. But not great, overwhelming power, but rather his own condition of weakness in which the woman has cleverly placed him, will prevent him. He has to look on helplessly as she pulls the net tighter and tighter, as she makes him weaker and weaker and thereby humiliates and degrades him. Is there a greater humiliation than when the physically strong man is forced to assume the form of the woman? For the true man,

who belongs to the proudest of his sex, the gratification of the sex drive is only in the order of maintaining health, a necessary physical practice to feel well; his noble, creative spirit changes from its otherwise higher planes and looks upon women simply as objects of pleasure. Well, such a man is captured into a small boundary of the female mind; he is forced to be what the woman is supposed to be to him, i.e., a tool for the gratification of the sex drive and of caprice. The above-mentioned coercion would truly be best arrived at by hypnosis; but, at the same time, the one being controlled would not be aware of his humiliation. Therefore, the sharp-minded masochist has to think of other means." (The irregular paths of this entire philosophy are intentionally reproduced here, because they belong to the psychological data of the case.)

"I have never heard of or read about someone who has practiced masturbation as often as I. Even today the average is three times per day. I believe it is the cause of my leanness; my memory and my energy appear also to have suffered. But no one has said they noticed me to be nervous or anything like that. I, alone, look myself over with a sharp eye, adjust myself, and show only what I want to be seen. I have never been able to let people see me in the true light of my sexuality. Naturally, I have tried with all my might to

wage war against masturbation; at first by praying to God for help; then by promises that my family forced me to make (once even on my word of honor!). Finally, through rational grounds, which my scientific and philosophical studies put at my disposal. I have clearly put before my eyes the physical and emotional misery that was sooner or later brought upon me; I have imagined in detail all the joy and happiness that a moderate pleasure would crown; I have drilled myself to be respectful and joined a students' club: nothing helped in the least. I nowhere found peace of mind, and I have always returned to my dreams.

"The first time I had coitus I was 17. It was a bitter disappointment; just for the pain of it, because I had a phimosis. I did not have coitus then except for about every six months when it became available, merely for the girls or for society, not because the thing impelled me, and mostly with prostitutes. I truly have my strong sensuality to thank for most of my successes in the act; but the woman in question always had to be somewhat active. I mostly simulated the pleasure; the only pleasure I had was when I saw that the woman was stimulated. Only after much practice did I succeed in ejaculating during the act. One of the very first times, moreover, I got syphilis. And although there are no shocking symptoms because of

my being careful and receiving continuous treatment, it continues to be depressing and discouraging to me. In my condition I cannot dare to reach for the ideal of my dreams in case I should meet up with it again. More than anything else this circumstance makes me sick of life. Of course, I have almost given up hope for the ideal simply because of the difficulty of finding it. I have not touched a woman for 1 1/2 years, a fact that my acquaintances would indicate as the greatest lie of the century. In spite of that, I always used to find some happiness with women, less by the first sight of them than by being friendly and yet resigned with respect to them. But since I always wanted to be the womanish, passive partner in love-making both physically and mentally, so that I then could give myself to them, to tolerate everything for them, I never could hold on to women for very long with my shamming gratification.

"I got my first information about homosexuality in the book, *The Disinherited of the Happiness of Love (Die Enterbten des Liebesglücks)*. Many passages had an extraordinary fascination for me, more than works about masochism, of which I likewise had read an entire series. Since I have to give up trying to find my ideal woman because of the reasons given above, I came upon the idea of getting a man to complement my desire. Because, with regards to love, even

the strongest woman would always want to be submissive to a man. But I needed a partner who would conquer me, as it were, would rape me. So, I said to myself, this role could only fall to a man. Many things that I read in the book about homosexuality confirmed my thoughts."

Observing Mr. M. for several years showed results that the turning to homosexuality was only ostensible, an additional accident to the constant, basic coloration of his libido. No kind of homosexual activity ever took place. Mr. M. wrote down in the form of a novelistic sketch that part of his emotional life into which the appearance of the man he loved entered, and which we reproduce here in edited form. We are presenting it for the following important reasons:

The sketch depicts a true daydream, and you would seldom find one published in this rough form (even in the works of the Freudian school). This daydream, to be sure, is in general to be considered erotic; however, it is highly erotic (for the psyche of the dreamer) at those places where for the majority of people there is nothing at all erotic, namely, where it is a question of putting on a costume, make-up, or the measures taken to force submission. The anomaly of the dream corresponds exactly to the anomaly of the dreamer.

We see that every attempt to stimulate a reaction at first by homosexual notions fails, and that can be seen in that in the course

of events he automatically smuggles in a woman, whose presence on the whole makes further events possible for the dreamer.

Nevertheless, the thing as a whole in one respect is also proof that the inflexibility of the natural tendency of the drive does possess enough flexibility to assimilate foreign elements at least temporarily.

Finally, one sees an excellent connection of the erotic with the literary (and on a broad scale, artistic) invention of stories. Many works of literature, which appear totally asexual, arise in spite of that in similar fashion from the lower stratum. The following is only a part of the sketch:

Reinhold was a happy student. He had many friends and spent many carefree days with them. There was only one thing he could never understand and share his feelings about with them. That was the passion for women and sexual intercourse. To be sure, women did attract him, and especially when they were chic and elegant, but mostly strange thoughts welled up inside him when he saw them. "Oh, if only you could wear such chic apparel just one time and look so charming, and be so admired." But he soon banished these effeminate yearnings to the depths of his heart and acted as if he

were like the others. He was peculiarly shy with men, and he could not find the basis for it and, likewise, with touching them.

One day, when he was wandering through Tiergarten Park, he noticed that an elegant, older gentleman was following him. An odd feeling made him slow down. The gentleman caught up to him and spoke to him. He looked at him so strangely with his beautiful, serious eyes. Reinhold had to lower his gaze. He was afraid of them. They got into a conversation and before parting made arrangements for another time. Thus did they often meet and got better acquainted. Reinhold put a great amount of trust into the friendly gentleman. He began to look at him differently from other men. The latter flattered him about his beauty, which always embarrassed him, and yet he liked very much to hear it. He said nothing to his friends about his new acquaintance. His friend, who called himself Edmund, even visited him once. They sat on the sofa to have a chat, and in the course of the conversation he put his arm around his neck. A shudder penetrated his whole body. Oh! if only Edmund would now just press his bearded lips—he wore a trimmed pointed beard—onto mine; he felt an odd, sweet feeling of lameness. But, no! How awful, bearded lips one on top of the other! and two men on top of that! Shame! And

taking fright he took away the arm of his friend and jumped up. The latter appeared to have noticed nothing.

One day, when they were talking about entertainment, Edmund said, "Do you know what? On Wednesday there's going to be a big masquerade here. We should go."

"Indeed, but in what costume?" Reinhold replied.

"I have a fabulous idea! You go as a cross-dressed, elegant prostitute with me as your cavalier! You would look charming in women's clothing. Yes, please do me this favor!" He looked at him with pleading eyes, grasping his hands.

Reinhold could not resist. He rejoiced inside; his heart's desire was to be fulfilled.

"Yes, but how are we going to do that?" he replied shyly.

"Just leave that up to me. You come over to my place on Wednesday afternoon. Everything will work out!"

"Okay, agreed," Reinhold said, smiling.

"Look, it'll be delightful. You'll look so good as a young woman that no one will recognize you."

Then Edmund took a few measurements, and they parted.

The next day Reinhold found himself feverishly excited. He could only think of his friend and of Wednesday. Edmund would

clothe him as a woman. People would look at him as a beloved, and Edmund would treat him as his beloved. Rheinhold would have to conduct himself as a woman in regard to Edmund, and for moments, would he, perhaps, totally forget he was a man? Heavenly, sweet thought! He dared not follow out his train of thought. He already saw himself as a woman in the arms of his lover! For he did love him; he knew that now; and not only his friend, but also the handsome, strong, intelligent man.

At four o'clock sharp Reinhold stood in front of Edmund's apartment in an elegant house in a Berlin suburb. He rang the bell shyly. His friend opened up and immediately led him through a tastefully furnished living room into a wonderful bedroom.

"You can look at the rooms later; but just come in here for now."

The entire room was done in white and pink, but—Reinhold hesitated, it appeared set up for a married couple. A large, king-size bed, a double wash-stand, a dressing table just as a woman would have had it.

Edmund smiled at the surprise on his friend's face.

"Yes, I was married once, but now I'm divorced from my wife. It wasn't my fault, but I'm happy for her sake and my own," he added, sighing.

Then he rang. An older lady in a house dress appeared. "This is my little friend whom you are supposed to make into a little girl today, Brigitte. And this is my housekeeper, Brigitte, who has been taking good care of me ever since I was a child," Edmund said, introducing her.

"Do you think it will work?" he said then, turning to her. Brigitte looked the youth over.

"Yes, splendid! He will make a charming slut; the men will go crazy for him."

Reinhold's face got redder and redder. He was terribly ashamed by his role, which Edmund had persuaded him to assume, in front of this woman, yet her prophecy delighted him.

"Well, shall we begin?" Edmund said, the odd smile still on his lips.

Reinhold looked at him, pleading. "Don't you stay here, please!"

"Well, you modest, young lady, if you cannot tolerate men around when you are doing your toilette, then I guess I'll have to go. But just you wait; I'll get back at you later!"

Then there began a feverish activity. Reinhold had to get undressed. Brigitte shaved off his small, blond mustache, and of his

heavy eyebrows she left only a narrow, neatly curved line. "But what if people see me like this tomorrow?" he dared ask.

"It'll grow back soon," she said, unruffled. She then took a needle, and before he knew what she was doing, she stuck it into his earlobe.

"Ouch!" he screamed. "No, don't do that!"

"You have to," she explained, "It'll all grow back again." She hung two large, fake diamond earrings on his ears.

He knew that in the next few days he could not let anyone see him.

She then put a wonderful, gold-blond wig over his head. It was terribly heavy, and, in his opinion, she had used much too much glue to stick it on with.

The hair on his arms and legs, likewise, was done away with.

"But why are you doing that?"

"Because a young lady like you has to look pretty everywhere."

She rubbed some fragrance on him. "That excites the men terribly," she said.

"But that doesn't do me any good!" he shouted, shocked; but he let her continue to rub it in, and joyfully excited, he took a deep breath.

(Then followed getting dressed, make-up, and hair-dressing, the detailed description of which truly filled M. with enthusiasm, but which is too long to include here. One can imagine an elegant woman of the demimonde dressed for society, laden with false diamonds, a huge, white feather hat, boa, perfumed over and over, etc.)

Reinhold looked in the mirror at himself from head to toe with his eyes half closed. Satin and lace rustled about his knees, the narrow corset forced him into a womanish stature, the gentle plumage of the boa around his neck, the heavy, burdensome hair, the long, narrow gloves: all of this whipped his senses into a pleasure never before experienced.

In no time he assumed the movements of a woman. It was as if it were his second nature. He forgot about everything else; he was burning to be admired by his lover.

Brigitte was overjoyed. "Oh, how happy Edmund will be! Right now I will lead Madam to her cavalier," she said, opening the folding-door, and led the embarrassed and hesitant person into the living room.

Reinhold reddened under the make-up. His lover stood there, smiling, elegant as ever, in frock-coat, handsome as a god. He could have flown into his arms had not Brigitte's presence held him back.

Edmund gallantly kissed the hand of his beauty.

"Congratulations! Well, are you dissatisfied with your transformation, my little dear?"

"No," came shyly from Reinhold's lips.

"I was right, wasn't I? But what should we call him?" Brigitte said, joking.

"We should call him 'Lilly,' our sweet Lilly. You do like the name, Madam," Edmund asked, joking.

Reinhold did not answer. Every fiber in his body quivered with excitement.

"No wonder; here I am standing here gaping," Brigitte suddenly called out. "Consider me gone." And with that she disappeared, and in an instant Lilly felt herself being embraced by the arms of her lover.

She wanted to pull away in girlish bashfulness. In vain! The rustling of the dress, the heavy hair, the intoxicating fragrance: all that let her forget who she actually was. She was now only the desired woman who had yearned so long for the kisses of her beloved man.

Without resisting he allowed himself to be laid on the divan.

"You sweet, dear man! Thank you a thousand times; Ill be yours forever—kill me—but let me be your woman," he stammered, wildly biting his teeth into the lips of his lover.

He suddenly jumped up and looked at the charming image of a perplexed woman in the mirror.

"You monster, what have you done!" he screamed, aghast, and, filled with shame and regret, he hurried as fast as his clothing would allow him into the adjoining room.

My God! What's happening here? He wanted to get away from here. He looked for his things. Everywhere, to no avail. They had disappeared. He was a prisoner, and so he could not escape his fate. He knew that for certain. His insides waged a furious war, and, weeping bitterly, he threw himself onto the bed.

Edmund had followed him with a cynical smile. He seemed to be charmed by his perplexity. He silently stepped over to him and bent over the sobbing pretty thing. A soft, deep kiss on the neck made his whole body shudder.

He gently lifted his victim up and led the unresisting one and, cleverly calculating, brought him in front of the mirror. "Well, what is the matter? my sweet, little Lilly!" he consoled him lovingly.

"I want to leave; give me back my things, please, please!" were the words that came from Reinhold's lips shyly.

"Your things? But, darling, look here! Doesn't this sweet, fragrant toilette that you have on, doesn't it belong to these full, cherry lips, to

these sweet, lascivious girl's eyes? Don't you see? You are not a man at all. You are, indeed, a timid young woman and for that reason you belong in these clothes, my dumb, little bitty woman!"

"Yes, you are right, beloved, and I will always remain so!"

Reinhold whispered, thoroughly joyful.

"But, my treasure, let's think about getting something to eat,"

Edmund said gaily. "I'll call Brigitte so she can fix you up a little better."

"No, no!" Reinhold called out after him. But Brigitte appeared right then with an odd smile on her face, which bothered him. He was terribly embarrassed in front of her.

Edmund then led his lady into the dining room, where the table was already richly set and the teapot was steaming. The three of them ate.

Brigitte instructed Reinhold, or rather Lilly, like a daughter. She had to serve the tea, butter the rolls, help, etc. Lilly hardly dared to raise her eyes. Only now and then did she steal a glance at her lover.

"Well, should we be on our way to the ball?" Edmund asked.

"It's getting late, children," Brigitte said, and Lilly kept silent.

After the meal they chatted a little. Lilly got only a very tiny lady's cigarette to smoke, to her dismay.

She was annoyed in general that Brigitte treated her totally like a girl without any ado. But what else could she wish for? She even once said when it was time for Lilly to go to bed.

"But I have to go home!" he said.

"Not tonight!" Edmund begged, "Today you are Lilly and have no home other than this one."

Like a somnambulist he allowed himself to be led to the bedroom by the housekeeper. Lilly wanted to take off the wig.

"It won't come off," Brigitte explained, "I stuck it too firmly to your own hair, little lady. Just keep it on. You also look so pretty in it."

At this point we will let the sample of Mr. M.'s manuscript rest. From what was said above, the ending is not too difficult to guess.

CASE 13

In 1905 the woman publisher of the magazine *Antenatal Care* (*Mutterschutz*) received a very remarkable piece of writing from a certain John O. from San Francisco with the request that she publish it. When the expected publication did not take place and, after waiting for a long time, O. turned to me, he was very disappointed that he had

received no word. With his letter, which I clearly understood, he included a copy of the odd piece of writing, and now I understand perfectly why the woman publisher thought it would be too much for her readers, because they hardly would have been able to understand it. Following is the wording of the main point:

"Your publication, *Antenatal Care*, interests me so much that I have to keep it: I am physically a man, mentally a woman; for that reason I have a lot of sympathy for everything that is womanly. Because you are fighting for sexual liberty, I would like to say a few words about the persecution of effeminate men. For many mothers do not understand their sons when they are girlish. I am convinced that when a boy becomes 8 or 10 years old and shows preference for girls' clothing, girls' work, and girls' games, then the mother, for the benefit of the child, should let him have free choice. The boy is, then, namely, only sexually a male, but mentally a female, and when such children are raised according to their feelings, then they are so much happier than when people punish them, mock them, or even abuse them to produce boyishness.

"But, if he is raised as a girl, then he will lose all doubt and will be more stable in his girlishness, so that he then never will ever want to become a man; if he is forced to behave as a boy, then he will feel

destroyed and will yearn for the time when he can make a living as a maid or something like that.

"I do not agree with Dr. Moll and his contrary sexual feeling, p. 448, where he says: one should attempt to do away with the effeminacy by punishment. Indeed, on page 157 he says, himself, 'in fact, it is striking how powerfully womanish behavior appears in many homosexuals. When one considers that the raising of such boys is mostly the same as any other, then it is amazing that the feminine nature finally breaks out in their case with such force in spite of everything.'

"I will agree that up to the fifth year, perhaps, many children can still be raised in their sex, but then mostly not, and if the girlish characteristics appear much stronger than the boyish ones, then it is much better for the child to be raised according to its mental sex. For that reason, dear mothers, raise such sons as daughters, because they will seldom become good husbands, they will even have an aversion to intercourse, except when they later, perhaps, find a woman who is manly. I would also allow for the police to leave such feminine men in peace and that they be treated like women.

"I myself, as a child, took every opportunity to wear my sister's clothing, was often beaten for it, mocked and teased, played with

girls, and yearned for the time when I would finish school and work as a nanny. I finally stole the clothes of a young woman and her certificate of domicile and, dressed as a woman, fled to Switzerland, so that for years no one knew where I was. For the first three months I sometimes wanted to work as a young man, because the work was hard and the woman evil, but the second woman employer was kinder to me, and so I soon forgot my own place or origin and my sex. At 19 I had my first sex experience by attacking a young girl, and during the act I, too, wanted to be a young woman. I sometimes cried because I was not a woman and could not become a mother.

"When I reached my twenties, young people would run after me, and sometimes their mothers would say what a good homemaker I would make. But I did suffer a lot because I was the other sex. Oh, how it hurt when I would see a couple in love flirting with each other, how envious I was of every young woman and still am today. Strong, manly women were always my ideal lovers. They always make me feel like a woman. Only because of the arbitrary actions of the police do I wear men's clothing outside of the house. Skirts are a sanctuary to me, and I would rather keep on women's clothing forever if it were allowed on the street. For a long time I have had the plan that as soon

as I find a secure position as a nanny or something similar, I am going to take it so that I can constantly go around in women's attire.

"I am now 43 years of age and single, have not embraced anyone in six years. I often dream that I am a woman, about child-bed and putting children to sleep, and feel happy when I wake up, until I realize that it is not true, and that, to my dismay, it was only a dream. So, dear ladies, can you imagine how unhappy your children feel when you try to suppress their natural tendencies.

"Such a boy would not be ashamed to appear as a girl; on the contrary, he is mentally a girl and wants to be one. I have spoken to many women-men mostly of whom have a weak sex drive and no idea about friendships with men, as long as they can move in the company of women and children. Even if they were not in women's clothing, they still preferred women's concerns and preferred living with a family where there were children.

"If ever there is total freedom of dress, then the effeminate people will connect with female society, just as the man-women will befriend the so-called stronger sex. When there is no longer a dress code, the woman-man will grow into the feminine and be attracted by the man-woman, because by nature both feel right for each other, he

as a woman and she as a man, and they will live as happily together as any normal married couple of today.

"The usual woman does not excite the woman-man, and the manly man does not attract the manly woman. Many women have been amazed by me when they by chance discover my sex, that they had not been able to see any manly characteristics in my case. Then how often have they said, 'Johanna, you would have been better as a girl.'

"Everything that I say here goes in reverse for girls with boyish tendencies. Many more of them would be successful as technicians, inventors, or something similar if they would be freely tolerated as men, which is what they want. Both would forget their sex and would be happy. Humanity would not die out on account of that; nature has already sufficiently taken care of that, and it would protect many a person from unhappy marriages, because a woman-man makes a bad bedfellow for a normal woman and vice versa. But if two get married, one of whom is a woman-man and one a man-woman, then he is the feminine and she the masculine part, and they will be happy; for, no matter what the sex is, emotionally they still are, indeed, opposite sexes, just as nature made them.

"For that reason, dear mothers, why not bring this theme into public discussion? Does it not concern the well-being of your children? If ever society becomes more tolerant and rational, many effeminate men and masculine women will realize why they were born. Just look into human life and you will find that what is inborn will not be suppressed. Has it not also been proven by history that many woman-men were great educators of children and have made many good contributions in female areas?

"In the case of so many, the sex is discovered only by chance or by misfortune, to the amazement of society, which never would have guessed such a thing. I, myself, have been wearing women's clothing constantly for the last 14 to 20 years, and lately for up to six months and longer at a time, and when I do work as a man, after quitting time the man is immediately dressed again as a woman and has no peace except in pinafores. But since one is ashamed about being discovered and by the police, these forced standards cause us pain. I have mused on the advantages of being male and the disadvantages of being female, but in the end I always want to be a woman, even to be a mother, and in all my dreams I am a woman and mother.

"For that reason, dear mothers, let your children live in peace and still their desires; they will thank you for it; when both can move

according to their nature, you will find them together in pairs and more and more the same-sex love will disappear by itself. By today's intolerance, moral people in reality are drawn into immoral actions; therefore, all human questions and this one, too, should be discussed openly so that everything is made clear about one's nature. Sure, much has been written about homosexuality, but almost nothing at all about us effeminate men. Do give this theme, dear ladies, some attention so that the next generation will be happier than we are.

"Sincerely,

"John O."

After I read this letter, I began a correspondence with O. and my suspicion was fully confirmed that here was a case of a typical representative of the group we are concerned with. I am abstracting here the most noteworthy parts of his very detailed reports, which many times are repeated in different terms and illustrations.

"I was born," O. writes, "in 1862. My father was a Tyrolean gamekeeper for the empire for 10 or more years, a horn player and participated from 1859 to 1866. Three brothers are childless; my only sister has two. One brother is married to a Norwegian woman in America; another lives with a widow. On my mother's side we have a great many relatives. Grandfather had thirteen children by two wives;

three with the first and ten with the second, who died at an advanced age in 1886. Grandfather died in 1873 of pneumonia at age 63. All my aunts and uncles on my mother's side have many children.

"My father and my mother were both born in H., Voralberg, as we were, too. Father died in 1867 of consumption; he was supposed to have drunk a lot. Mother died one-and-a-half years later; she was supposed to have been infected by my sick father. I am supposed to be the spitting image of my mother. I later found out that I was still wearing girls' clothing when the brother two years younger than I was wearing pants. Mother told me I did not want any trousers and put up such a fuss that I got to keep the dresses; and since my sister was one year older I could wear her clothes, until Mother died in 1868.

"My aunts then forced me to wear boys' clothing. My sister went to live with an aunt who lived several kilometers from us. Before I was born, Mother was supposed to have wanted a girl. Grandfather would have allowed me to wear girls' clothing if my aunts had not been so against it. The doctor was supposed to have said I would be a fine young boy. But I clearly remember I always only wanted to be a girl, and my relatives and acquaintances would tease me with words such as 'li'l girl,' 'girl's face,' or 'Johanna.' Also, many people were supposed to have asked why, then, the little girl wore boy's clothing. I

always liked Shrovetide because on that day it was allowed to run around in girls' clothing. I was always envious when I saw my aunt put on her clothes, because I was not allowed to put on girls' clothing, too.

"Because Aunt and Uncle were much more pious than my grandfather and Father, I was soon brought to a Catholic orphanage of the Sisters of Mercy. Soon after I became the favorite of Mother Superior Joachima. I often sat on her lap. She kissed me a lot, and I was allowed to do what the other children might not. Also, I was chosen to run all the errands to clergymen in the area; even at night I would be awakened to bring the priest to someone who was dying. The Mother Superior said that I, Hansel, performed best without asking questions; likewise I kept everything to myself or forgot everything afterward.

"Later, when I was already in America, my sister would often include in her letters regards from Mother Superior; she remembers to this day that I had been such an intelligent child and useful to everyone. I, too, have often thought about the Mother Superior, more than anyone else, and often thought that she had been a good mother. However, she would not allow me girls' clothing; on the contrary, she always dissuaded me from having these thoughts and

tried to get me to go to Brixen in the Tyrol and into the pontifical boys' seminary, but I wanted to go to Bregenz to the teachers' seminary, because later, I thought, when I finished at the teachers' seminary, I could go around as a governess or a children's teacher.

"Even at that time I had firm plans to come forward as a woman. But when I realized that my guardian would not give me my father's inheritance unless I went to Brixen, I began to think of ways I could thwart this. The Mother Superior always told me how nice I would have it as a priest, how my parents would be released from purgatory as soon as I said my first Mass, and much more. But at the time I was already praying only because the director wished me to do so. Also, the Mother Superior often took me with her when she went into other regions to visit the sisters who lived there. I was always with her among the Sisters of Mercy, who treated me well and introduced me to the other children as a good example. As a rule, it was customary for the best girl to come along, but the Mother Director preferred me.

"Once she even took me into the home for mothers near Feldkirch, and I heard as the resident director, who was her superior, asked her why she had a boy as a companion. She replied, 'Reverend Mother, Hansel is the most polite, most honest, and most

silent child in my charge and in many respects takes the place of many girls.'

"Well, when I saw that they were not going to allow me to study to be a teacher, I still had the thought again and again, in spite of all my religious training, of secretly procuring and setting aside some girls' clothing and running away in them. Then, when I became employed as a general hand for a rich landowner who owned a lot of property, cows, and pasture in the Alps, at the first opportunity I stole from a girl who was my size. I put on her things and took her certificate of domicile and burned my boys' things that night. Everything boyish I left behind in Voralberg and went to Switzerland so that my relatives would not know where I was. I was anxious about writing and was afraid, too, that they could force me to go as a boy.

"Well, I first went to work as a nanny and did general housework. At the same time I learned embroidery. I did not like the first mistress, but I later got another one and even more pay. However, she unfortunately found out that I was not a real girl, but she did not make a big fuss about it, because she said she had never had such a good woman worker. Meanwhile, I grew strong and not ugly, so that boys would lie in wait for me. My mistress gave me much good advice, I followed it and went dancing in the evening in the

company of boys. At that time I felt fully a young woman, except when the fellows got fresh with me, and it would occur to me that, unfortunately, I was not one. I mostly enjoyed Sundays, when I could go walking with the children, and me in a starched slip, white pinafore, and little hat; that was when I felt I was in heaven. Only when a handsome man looked at me in a friendly way was I annoyed that I did not have better breasts and hips. Sometimes, when I saw a young woman bathing, I wished I had the shape of her body, and gladly would have given her mine. Since I was still religious, I prayed, 'Dear God, please make me into a girl.'

"At 16 1/2 a man tried to rape me. I protected myself, but he gave me a bad name as being a hermaphrodite, so I had to move away and went to France, where I started as an embroiderer in Luneville. I had a friendship with a girl, who, like me, was in opposition to her sex, namely, manly, and when she went to St. Quentin to the embroidery factory there, I followed her. Not long after, an embroiderer coaxed me to come to Paris where I could earn more. There I had the opportunity for the first time to come together with women who with other women lived like married people, which in France is a rather widespread custom.

"Well, since I was a good woman worker with satin, embroiderers tried to get my employer to loan me out for a time, because their women embroiderers were not as skillful as I. So, one time it happened that I was forced to sleep together with a young woman my own age. I always had the custom of putting my shirt between my legs in such a way that no one could see my organ. In the middle of the night, however, my bed-mate woke me up and said to me that I was not made right. At first I was embarrassed and asked how she could say that. She said, 'I always touch the people I sleep with and found out that you are not like them.'

"I asked her not to betray me, otherwise I would have to disappear immediately. She said I need not be ashamed; that there really were other girls like me. She asked me not to tell that she had touched me. However, that morning she would not leave me alone. I was supposed to show her; maybe she could give me some advice; and because I trusted her words I finally allowed her to examine me. This young woman was the first with whom I entered into a sexual relationship, in which I was the succubus. I had the burning wish to become a mother by her. But she married soon after for money; nevertheless, she wanted me to move in with her.

"But I noticed that her husband, too, was attracted to me, and so, I smelled a rat. But I visited her often. One time her husband was home alone. He invited me in to wait until his wife came, gave me a lot to drink, and suddenly he embraced me, wanted to kiss me and abuse me violently, whereby he found out that I was no young woman. He then threatened to call the police if I did not leave the area.

"I then decided to go around again as a man and as such found work in Claparède, St. Denis on the Seine. However, I wore men's attire only during work; at home I immediately put on women's dresses and kept to myself as much as possible.

"I did not like to work with men at all. The clothing pleased me even less. And I was still afraid that the husband of my girl friend would report me. One evening I bumped into her, and she assured me that I really should go and live with her, that she was finished with her husband, he was too passionate; she thought marriage would be something better. Her husband had made her many nice promises he did not keep and, she said, I really should become her friend. She would never go with another man ever again.

"I did not want to, because at the time I, too, had doubts about myself. If at that time I had had the experience and knowledge I now

have, I would have taken the place of a wife for her. But at that time I looked at it as wickedness, suffered terribly amid thoughts of suicide, and no longer took any joy in my life as I was leading it.

"So, in 1882 I left France and went to New York. Here, too, I soon found work as an embroiderer but was discovered and then took a position as a maid on a farm in the State of New York, because I thought I would be able to live there inconspicuously. At the time the farmers had a great need for maids. And it did go along well for a while, but one day the farmer's wife was away and he became fresh. I was afraid of discovery and, as I had read, that in Jersey City they were looking for embroiderers, I left the place and got a good job in Jersey C.

"At that time I bought myself the most modern ladies' apparel, so that I looked charming, and spent all my savings, because, I thought, I would be working there for a long time and be earning a lot of money. However, the other young women made my job miserable, so. I gave it up.

"I could still manage well for a few weeks. Meanwhile I became acquainted with an embroiderer who did not let me out of his sight and followed me everywhere. One night we got drunk, and he found out that I was no young woman. I wanted nothing to do with him, but

he did not give in, and I became a victim of his intoxication. He threatened to call the police and tell them that I was playing a masquerade, so I gave him what he wanted. He forced me into sodomy and fellatio and treated me totally as a woman, even bought me pretty toilet articles, so that at that time I became a coquette. A few months passed during which I got more miserable each day and felt more unhappy. One morning, I packed everything together and, when he was away, sold everything of worth, sent my women's clothing off, dressed myself as a man, and traveled to Milwaukee.

"Here I worked as a man in a timber yard, then as a cook. But because I much preferred to wear women's clothing, I went to Montana in the spring as a woman cook. There, however, betrayed again, I took myself to S. Francisco and found myself there in February 1885 and still live there today.

"Soon after I arrived, the woman I lived and boarded with had a baby girl. Happy hours began for me now because I was able to take care of and clean the little thing. Who was happier than I when the woman said, 'Jenny' (I liked to be called by my feminine name when we were alone), 'Rich and I want to go out or go on a trip. Look after the child.'

"With what joy and care did I take it out of its little bed, clean it, throw the wet things into the wash, dress it again, cuddle and caress it, and walk back and forth playing with her. I knew exactly how a mother took care of a child and was happy when the woman praised me and said that I had become a good mother. In the four years I had the child and devoted all my free time to it, I had sexual intercourse only one time. I did not think about it at all, because the child was much too dear to me. Lizzie hung on to me and soon wanted to be taken care of only by me. As soon as she woke up she called my name.

"Her father even got mad because she liked me better than him and she said so. The child grew near to my heart as if she were my own, and never again did I love another child as this one. And that was just as well. When Lizzie left with her parents, I was totally despairing because I loved her so much. I was not as kind to the older boy, even though I certainly did everything for him when his mother was away, but kissed him less. Even today I often wonder if I should give up my bookstore and rather become a nanny. Bringing up and caring for children is my greatest joy, to raise them in the sense of Froebel, Pestalozzi, and other great pedagogues of children. I read everything I can get on the education of children and know for certain

that if I had been able to devote all my time to raising children, my sexual desires would have been totally extinguished. To be sure, I did notice that strange children were not as delightful as those at home.

"Meanwhile, in S. Francisco I began as an itinerant bookseller. I sought out the dance halls and sold trashy literature. I also had socialist writings and even took part in the workers' movement because I moved about as a man outside of the apartment. Through the dancers I later even got day jobs, such as cleaning their rooms, sometimes cooking for them, and became good friends with them.

"They often gave me clothes they no longer wore so that many visitors even thought that I was a prostitute. At the time I also drank a lot. It was all the same to me. I got used to all the bad things in society, which, to be sure, I avoided when I was sober.

"But I had to make a living, and at the time it seemed the best thing to do. The dancers, many of whom were educated, had seen better times at home, and accepted me just as nature made me. Finally, with the help of some of these young women, I set up a house and became their room mother, cooked when they invited their friends over, and besides that I also had my job selling books. Only as such did I have to play the man.

"At the time, I easily could have become the lover of one of these young women, but I had no desire and preferred to work rather than be taken care of by them. Well, as soon as I saved some money, I bought a small piece of property, had a house built, and totally gave up the work with the dancers.

"At this time I fell very much in love with a young woman of a manly type; however, she did not understand me, and I could not fully accept her. In short, she married another and is supposed to have never become happy.

"In the 1890s I began traveling for German newspapers, traveled through California, Oregon, and Washington, then back and forth again, and I still carried on the business of book-selling and of the bookstore. I hoped I would forget my feminine nature by traveling, but in vain. It came before everything. "Actually, I felt happy only in my dreams. I dreamed I was a young woman, and a young man whom I loved was waiting for me. I thought, if he really did lie down beside me, as a young woman I would behave by hesitating, but I would only be pretending to resist. And then I would dream I was pregnant and was not ashamed to be a mother out of wedlock. The only thought I had was whether the father would help me raise the child. I went into labor and hardly was the child born and cleaned that I was kissing it

and letting my lover know about the birth, and when he came to the bedside, the child held out its arms toward him, whereupon he kissed me and, weeping for joy, asked me if we could not both raise the child. "I put the child to my breast and played with it. When I would wake up I would look for the child next to me, because the feeling of being a mother was still with me. Then I would realize, to my dismay, that it was only a dream, and by feeling my body I would notice that I had had a nocturnal emission. But I felt very satisfied and sometimes I did not have intercourse for years because this and similar dreams, which I had often since about 1881, made me happy and satisfied. Today, I still dream I am an older woman who has ten or more children around her. Sometimes they are also grandchildren, and we speak about needlework, new fashions, veils, raising children, and much more, so that I am occupied in my dream totally as a woman. "In 1904 I put a few inserts into a marriage magazine that an effeminate man was looking for a manly woman. I could cook, sew, wash, iron, etc. I got many answers, but most of them were studied women who would do it only for money. "In March 1906 a distant relative came to visit me from Dakota. She seduced me, but it was not successful, and she irritated me by saying I was no good. She was very feminine. But in June of the same year an American woman

who lived in my neighborhood, who had a strong manly character and was well-educated, became friends with me. We spoke a lot with each other. I loved her very much and would have liked to have become her wife, but she did not propose to me, and I was not ready to make her any offer. "I expected the woman to make the first move and to be charmed by her, but it had to be an energetic, strong woman who would impress me mentally and physically. I even liked them to have a very small mustache. I would also allow them to wear men's apparel. I alone want to play the female's role, which they have to protect, as it were, as a man. As far as my wardrobe goes, I am exactly like a woman. What the others wear, I, too, must wear, except that the women's clothing must not have any manly cut or look anything like a man's suit. My taste is totally feminine.

"I myself believe that I can be of more service as a woman than otherwise. My earliest tendency was to raise children, and as long as I was with them, I never had thoughts of sex. So, how can people say that that is nothing but a passing fancy, when a person really has the tendency all the time, no matter how people, with the best intentions, try to suppress it?

"I am now 47 years old, born in Austria, worked in Switzerland and in France, in America for twenty-five years, in California since

1885, traveled for a large German newspaper in Milwaukee and always a welcome guest everywhere, and can again enter into every house where I once was, have never been arrested, and today it is still my deepest wish to wear a new princess dress, a new flowered hat, and lace petticoats. I also like needlework, have no time for it any longer, and if I were to find an energetic man-woman as a wife, then for her sake I would do all the work that in today's order of things the wife does, without hesitating. To the contrary, I would enjoy the greatest pleasure living as a wife, if only I did not have to wear hateful men's clothing any longer.

"Today, I have now been wearing women's garments on my property for years, am writing this, too, with a little white cap and white skirt on, decorate my bedroom in the manner of women, and a man seldom enters my room, because I am not a friend to men. Conversations with women satisfy me more, and I am always envious of educated women, because I always look up to them.

"For that reason I always have been an activist for equal rights, and I believe that if ever there is total freedom everywhere, many women would be better fighters than effeminate men, who would do their duty in other ways. If effeminate men would show themselves more often, it would be to their advantage. Really, why should we be

ashamed of ourselves! Is not the feminine more suitable to us than to many women? Ludwig Büchner, *On the Death-Fields of the Century* (*Am Sterbelager des Jahrhunderts*), says on page 327: 'Conversely, at no time has there been a lack of men, and there is no lack of them today, who are more woman than man and who would do better service if they would sit behind the stocking being knitted or the distaff.' I cannot understand why science has had little to do with effeminate men, when it really is something you see every day and is natural; and, unfortunately, we are often falsely considered to be homosexuals (*Paederasten*)."

CASE 14

An American journalist, 33 years of age, writes:

"From my earliest youth I had the urge to step forth in women's clothing, and whenever the opportunity presented itself, I procured for myself elegant underclothing, silk petticoats, and whatever was in fashion.

"Even as a boy I stole pieces of my sister's clothing and wore them in secret, until later, when my mother died, I came to the state of letting my wishes take their full course. And so, I soon came into the

possession of a wardrobe that compared with those of the most elegant ladies of fashion.

"Although forced by day to appear as a man, I still wore a complete set of women's underwear under this clothing: corset, open-worked stockings, and whatever else that suits a woman, even a bracelet and short, lacquered women's boots with decorative high heels.

"When evening came, I breathed easier, because I then let fall the burdensome mask, and I felt myself completely a woman. Wrapped in a tea gown with elegant fittings and rustling silk petticoats I was able, at last, to undertake my hobbies, among which was research in prehistory, some serious studies, or routine work. A feeling of peace surrounded me that by day in men's clothing is impossible. Although fully a woman, I really do not sense the need to give myself to a man. It is true, I am flattered when I create pleasure in my women's clothing, but I have no wish at all for my own sex. To the contrary. In spite of my expressed womanish customs, I married a lady and am father of a strong, beautiful girl, who does not come close to having anything similar to my tendencies.

"My wife, an energetic, educated lady, knows everything about my passion but believed she could quench it as time went by. She did

not succeed, but rather I gave in to my marital duties, and devoted myself still more to my customs. My wife refused the divorce I offered her, and, as far as it is possible for her, she is agreeable and, as I write these lines, is pregnant.

"My characteristics are thoroughly manly, with the exception of my hips and my calves, which show feminine forms. Resume: External appearances manly, when in women's clothing, conforming perfectly; waist, 20 inches; chest, 34 inches; 176 cm tall, weight 125 pounds; hands, long and narrow; consciousness woman. When in men's clothing a certain discomfort. Whenever I see an elegant woman or actress, I think how I would look in their clothing. I have a great number of earrings, pearls, necklaces and similar jewelry, and at balls I indulge in the thought of being able to show myself in women's clothing. Whenever it becomes possible I will completely give up men's clothing."

This case was already published by Iwan Bloch in *The Sexual Life of Our Times (Das Sexuelleben unserer Zeit)*.

CASE 15

A few years ago a young house-painter was arrested in a building in East Berlin. A man who maintained that his wife committed adultery with this painter pressed charges against him. To everyone's surprise, especially to the jealous husband and his wife, police investigations showed that the suspect did not belong to the male sex at all, but rather was a female, whereupon she was released.

The case was reported in all the Berlin newspapers. My deceased colleague, Mr. Lubowski, M.D., in Charlottenburg, was acquainted with this person in his practice, took a lively interest in her case, and brought her to me. Unfortunately, she disappeared out of our sight a few months later. Her accounts and notes, which basically impressed us as thoroughly credible, were verified by her and others as well as by a group photograph, which shows her as a sailor on the deck of a ship, are summarized in the following:

Helene N. was born in Berlin in 1880. When we met her she was 27 years of age. Her father had died of appendicitis. Her mother is living and is healthy. She has two brothers, the older 29, the younger 25, years of age, both healthy and apparently normal.

As a child she was very wild, took a lively interest in the boys' games of Indians and soldiers. Now we will allow her to report herself:

"I cannot report about anything of much importance from my childhood, only that I had the one burning desire that I really was a boy. I often blamed my dear father because I was not a boy, but what could the poor man do? My dear parents made every possible effort to make me into a quiet, gentle being.

"At age 14 they sent me to a priest in a boarding house so that I would become domesticated, homely, in short, a patient sheep. But it failed totally. After three months I disappeared through a window. Not because I committed a crime, but rather because the priest had had the audacity to give me a box in the ears and for what? Only because we were having a bit of fun, and when he was away, we danced. Of course, I was the one who incited it. We were, that is to say, nine boarders and we were supposed to do as we were told. But what did such a country priest know about Berlin blood? Well, I made it clear to him many times he should not try to hit a Berliner but continue to pick his country oranges.

"So, one night when it was foggy, I went out the window and slid down the gutter to the ground floor. Prior to that I had given my things to a miller's hand and now my life began. I was free and clear. The world was open to me. I thought about how I was going to see it properly. My girls' clothing was uncomfortable, so I put on men's

clothing. My burning desire was fulfilled, even if not to the degree I desired, but no one except me knew that I was a girl.

"First I went through the Harz Mountains, from one place to another. I overcame some obstacles well, others badly, got some jobs, which at first were difficult for me. But because I was tall and strong, I soon became accustomed to it. Finally I took a position in a coal mine. I liked the life of a coal miner right well, but I soon noticed that it was dangerous work for my health, so I had to quit my job after six weeks, which disappointed me, because I wanted to learn a bit more about the life of a coal miner.

"But it did not work out, because my co-workers would have found out that I was a woman, because I was afraid that at anytime I would faint in the suffocating air. Then it would have been too late. Then they would have wondered what I was doing and would not have believed me that I was doing it as an adventure, going around cross-dressed as a man. Then the good life would have been over, and it was really just now beginning.

"From Maegdesprung I went to Nordhausen, after having waltzed through various places. I stayed there and worked for a lock-and-key works. To be sure, I had no idea of anything about this kind of craft, but need breaks iron. I introduced myself as a lock-and-key

smith because it was the season and there was a demand for workers. The master did not ask me for papers and sent me as a helper to Bauten. I found everything there to my liking and stayed there three months.

"Only one thing I did not like was that I had to connect and do a lot with my coworkers, also go dancing with them. The others wondered why I did not have a wife as they did and helped me to get one. She was a very pretty young woman, but in my mind I thought what should I do with her, because a young woman will certainly want to be kissed, and I still was not sure of myself at the time.

"But there was nothing else for me to do. Then came the worst: she began talking about becoming engaged. I knew my last hour had come. So, in short, I suddenly left my very good-paying job to wander farther.

"Of course, it was not right for me to leave the young woman in the lurch, but there was nothing I could do. I certainly could not have married her, and so, I went away until I finally arrived in Kassel.

"I still had enough money to get a nice room at a guest house until I could find my own place. First I got a job where I had to go around with a hand cart. I did not like that, so I worked there for merely three weeks, then I tried it as a butler, but had the misfortune

of having to share a room, so that here, too, my stay was no longer than a month.

"Then I took a position as a shampooer at a hairdresser's shop, where I stayed for two months. I could not stand it any longer, because my hands were broken out all over because of the moisture. When I saw that I was having no luck in Kassel, I wrote to my mother that I would be coming home, packed my few things, and disappeared, after I had arranged for my women's clothing to be sent from Ballenstedt, where I had left them for safekeeping.

"Before leaving I, for the first time in a long time, put on women's clothing again, because my parents were not to know anything. However, hardly was I home a week when I began to get very bored again. I tormented my mother. She should let me learn ironing by machine and by hand, which she did, thinking thereby that she could chain me to Berlin, because I was really her only daughter.

"But when I finished school, my teacher came to me and asked if I wanted to earn a lot of money. I could take a job in Norway. No one could have been happier than I because I was suffocating at home, so I said I was ready right then. That very evening I traveled from the Stettin train station to Warnemuende and from there to Sweden by steamer, and on by train.

"My dear mother and my father were not too surprised when I told them that I wanted to go traveling again. But I did not tell them where I was going, because they would not have let me leave. Also, it was only fourteen days before Christmas. But what did these trivial matters and concerns mean to me? I left.

"I felt a bit funny traveling alone that night, but I felt better after I got some sleep. When I woke up that morning and was boarded on the steamer in Warnemuende, and for the first time saw the waves of the sea, I was very happy. Finally we stopped in Malmoe long enough for me to look around. I had enough money, because my boss gave me one hundred marks for the trip when I was in Berlin. But when we arrived in Christiania, I noticed that it really was not so easy as I had thought, because I could not speak a word of Norwegian. Also, no one came to pick me up, because my future boss believed I was to arrive much later.

"If I had not had a letter that had the address on it I do not know what I would have done. So, I showed the address to the coachman, and then I went on from there. Oh, how much snow and ice there was, because it was right in the middle of winter, and a Norwegian winter is not the same without them.

"So, now I was a young female worker in the ironing business in Christiania. I could make myself understood to no one and, since most of the others were older than I and found nothing to like about me because they mistrusted foreigners, the first four weeks were very difficult, but then I got used to it.

"But then my life got too cramped, and because I earned a lot of money, I did not hold out for an entire year. I was again overcome by wanderlust, and I traveled to Drontheim. But I did not want to start another life there in a laundry, so, get dressed straightway in men's clothing and off we go!

"First I looked for good lodgings, which I got right away, because a person is relatively much more welcome as a gentleman than as a lady. Then it was time to look for some occupation. I was lucky and found work at a barber's, first again as a soap person. But I was already bolder and also tried shaving. It went without a complaint. I stayed there four months because I liked it there in Trommen. Also, I had a nice young woman as a friend, the daughter of the prison warden. I spent a lot of time with her, because she liked me, and I have to confess I liked her, too. But, unfortunately, both of our dreams soon came to an end, because a co-worker found out about my secret and betrayed me.

"I had to go to the local police chief, who was very interested in the matter. My friend, too, found out about everything, but she was not angry with me, as I at first thought she would, but rather became a better friend. Even up to the present we are still friends. I now became acquainted with her parents, because the police chief housed me there. He said he wanted to keep me as a detective, an offer I encountered several times on my later wanderings.

"But all promises were broken. I got the urge to move on, and so I traveled to Randefjord, a sad nest. I did not stay there long and went on to Skien; stayed there a mere two months working for a company that made safes. The transporting of the safes was a little too heavy, but not the other work. Well, I went to Christiansund; I had better luck there, got work in a machine shop, and stayed there from February until July. There, too, I got a nice girl friend, because in the Bible it says: it is not good to be alone. Also, I had no desire to pal around with my co-workers, because most of them were older, married men, and the unmarried ones were not nice, so it was best that I connected with a young woman again.

"But, when summer arrived and the sun smiled into the damp shop, I could no longer stand it. I quickly tied up my bundle. I had already heard a lot about whaling, dreamed about it during the day,

and, as I now read in the newspaper that they were looking for young, diligent fellows for whaling, I betook myself to Arendal. I reported to a seaman's agency and got on a whaling boat. Oh, what a miserable crate that was! There were eight men penned up in one cabin for the crew. But I did not care. I really wanted to learn about whaling.

"On July 26 we sailed. The sun was shining brightly in Arendal, but, when we had been on our way for fourteen days, we got into the middle of a hard winter. For a change we once froze solidly in the icy sea for eight days. We could no longer wash or clean ourselves at all because of the cold. We finally were able to do some catching. We were lucky, bagged many whales, and everything would have been great if the lice had not tormented us so. There is one thing I can say. A person cannot get nauseous on such a whaling ship.

"We soon ran out of fresh meat, and so we went off hunting reindeer. If ever there was a meat I liked, it was that reindeer meat and the pork we roasted. Our captain also slew a polar bear. So, life would have been splendid if only it had not been so cold and so terribly dirty.

"It is hard to describe what I had to put up with at that time, and still there was the anxiety that my sex would be discovered. In spring we returned home. I was truly hit by homesickness. Since I had

money I got myself completely new things and traveled to Germany. Of course, I did not pay, but rather I worked my way over to Hamburg as a steward. Since I had already been on a ship, I wanted to take advantage of that, too, and save the money.

"So, again I arrived in Berlin. I did not say too much about my experiences, because if my parents had known about everything, they never would have let me leave again. But, people being who they are, I was home merely four weeks when I already got the urge to go to Schildhorn. I was so drawn by the water that I could no longer stand it, and in October I hurried away.

"I looked for someone to hire me, and I found a job in London. The trip was free, but I had to sign a contract for two years. I did this, but at the same time I had the thought of freeing myself again as quickly as possible. The main thing was that I got away; the other thing will soon be revealed.

"So, I moved from there happily, gaily went to Hamburg, and from there to London on a stormy voyage on the sea. But then something happened that I will never forget in my life. I met there, where I was supposed to get a position, the fiancée I snubbed in the Harz Mountains, the same one I had escaped from shortly before I was supposed to become engaged to her. I met her there as the lady

of the house. She recognized me in spite of the women's clothing, and so I now had to explain everything.

"With her agreement we broke the contract, and I took a position in an English resort, Scarborough, as a room inspector, where I stayed for the season. But I could not stand being in women's clothing any longer, and one day, when I heard that there was a ship in England whose personnel consisted only of women and was also managed by women, I could not stand it. I thought, whatever they can do, I can do better, but I did not want to be a woman, and so, I then went back to London. I got myself men's clothing and turned my thoughts toward my goal of going as soon as possible to a school for helmsmen. And I did.

"I fought my way through for six months, giving lessons in German and writing correspondence. In April I passed my exams and went looking for a suitable job. The opportunity soon appeared for a fourth helmsman on an English steamer. I took it and went sailing for a year. First to Japan (Yokohama), from there to Brazil (Rio de Janeiro), from there to North America (San Francisco) and from there to Hamburg, where I got paid off because I got homesick.

"Hamburg is a pretty little city, but I wished I had never seen it at the time, because it was there that I met my husband and committed

the gross stupidity of getting married.

"At first everything went very well. I suppressed my wanderlust, just for the sake of the child; but when my husband became thoughtless, I gave my child to my mother and went away. So that my husband would not find me, I again got men's clothing and since I did not feel as strong as I used to be to work as a locksmith, I became a painter, which I had learned a little about aboard ship.

"I was pretty successful at it. I went to Frankfurt-on-Oder, worked there for three months, then to Kuestrin, stayed there four months, but then work ran out because it became too cold.

"Then I started up in Kuestrin-Neustadt in a potato flour factory, which was hard, but I had to do it, at least through the winter. In spring I got an order for military enlistment. The staff physician would have been really happy to see me if I were to report, so I thought it better that I retire and quickly stuck myself again into women's clothing. Otherwise, who knows what kind of a sensation might have been mused, because, in such a small city, the people are somewhat limited. They never could have imagined such a thing existed anywhere on this earth.

"So, without warning I returned to Berlin, but I could not stand it at home being a thorough woman doing domestic work. I rented an

apartment and, in men's clothing, looked for work as a painter. And I did find a job, earned a lot of money, but again began the craziness of looking for a fiancée. This time my choice fell upon a married woman who was separated from her husband and lived with her mother.

"Everything went well and good for six weeks. But, one day, while we were painting the front of a house, and while I was sitting high on the scaffold, I was called on by the police. 'What now,' I say to myself. This had never happened to me before. I had not done anything wrong as far as I knew. I was taken to the police station on the Alexanderplatz, where an officer said to me, 'Well, my little one, you'll find out.' I became more curious, and finally heard that I had been accused of adultery. The husband of my so-called fiancée had become jealous and reported that I was committing adultery with his wife. But I told them that they could believe me that it was not true, that I would not know how to begin such a thing; in short, I was innocent, and the husband had to go away disappointed.

"Because of that I let my job slip through neglect, threw in the towel because I lost the desire to continue, but soon after began working in a factory that made medical instruments. I stayed there for a while, but Berlin got boring again, and I went out into the world.

"First I got a job as a traveling painter in Mecklenburg and finally ended up in Hamburg, where I again put on women's clothing, because they were looking for a stewardess. I signed on and sailed to the Orient. Then I got paid off in Hamburg and went as a stewardess on a West African Woermann steamer, destination Duala. There were trips on an East African ship, which went to Zanzibar. Then I got bored, got paid off, and went home to my mother, where I made firm plans to stay. But I think my mother would have had to put me in irons. I would have wanted to travel and would have parted again."

Present status: Helene N. is average size; the lines of her body, especially her upper arms and upper thighs, are more sloped than round. Hands and feet rather strong; walk firm and quick; well-developed muscles; skin smooth; breasts small; areolae of the nipples large and dark. There exists no anomalies of the external formation of the genitals. Beard fluff not present. The dark-brown hair of the head is kept short. Larynx does not protrude; average voice, not high. She smokes and drinks quite a lot, tolerates both well; her character shows a remarkable mixture of iron will and strong inconsistency; she really loves physical labor and every kind of sport.

Clothing, which is female at the moment, is markedly simple. Every ornamentation, which is odious to her, is lacking. Whenever

she is in men's clothing or at least wearing a man's hat, tie, underwear, and boots, she feels light, happy, and able to work; in women's clothing, constrained and in bondage. She has a special preference for the color blue, which is, in fact, connected with her tendency for sailors' work. Her intelligence is good and lively, actually exceptional when one considers her simple origins and her education.

When asked what famous person particularly interests her, she answered promptly, "Wagner." With regards to her sex life she says that her drive changes between both sexes; her dreams certainly did include women, where she then felt totally as a man. But her men were not sexually disagreeable. On the whole, any driving sexual urge appears to be rather weak. At least, it totally diminishes behind her burning wish to be a man, to go as a man, and to live as a man.

But, at the same time, she is totally clear on the fact that she is a woman. She loves her children very much, and she can get along with her husband, but she looks upon marriage itself as a fetter. She has often regretted getting married.

CASE 16

At the end of August 1909 the wife of a locksmith named O. came to visit me. She was at her wit's end because her husband, to whom she was otherwise happily married, told her he would end his life if he could not realize his wish to live and work in women's clothing. The man, about 24 years of age, who at first introduced himself to me in men's clothing, gave the impression of being very depressed. He obviously is totally dominated by the thought of being able to give external expression to his deep feeling of being a woman. He prepared an autobiography I requested, and the basic facts are given here.

"I was born on March 10, 1881, in K., in East Prussia, the illegitimate child of the legitimate daughter of Marie D. and of the workman Johann D. My grandfather, who raised me, was born in the 1840s. His marriage yielded four children of the female sex, of whom two, my mother and another sister, are still living. I hardly knew my grandmother. She died when I was 2 years old. My mother said that I was a very feeble child. But later I began to develop very well, was said to have been able to speak well by the age of two, and learned early how to walk. I was supposed to have had nice hair, which my mother let grow long, so that it reached my shoulders. I myself cannot remember this because my memory goes back only to my fourth

year. I later learned from relatives that I gave the impression of being so very girlish that Mother had my hair cut short for that reason.

Furthermore, I was supposed to have behaved myself well in every way, except that I resisted playing with other children of my own sex.

"I was supposed to have run away to play by myself, sitting alone in any corner for hours with some toy. As far as I can remember, I was very afraid of my mother. She did not know how to show her love for me. Because the help that my grandfather afforded was limited, and because he was often chained to the house due to illness, my mother had enough to worry and care about besides me.

"My grandfather was said to have disliked me also, because I reminded him of his daughter's disgrace and had come into the world to everyone's misfortune. So, I was left to grow without the proper love and caring, which might have contributed to my being shy and my present inability to get people to trust me. Miracles and ghosts, everything metaphysical in general, leave me cold because I do not believe in them and because I have never witnessed them, which could have changed my mind.

"I grew up in the country with very limited views. Newspapers were luxury articles for us, because the poverty-stricken class could not afford them. For that reason I cannot blame my mother, who

never left the boundaries of her hometown, when, to the present day, she has no understanding of the things that go on in the world. Because those who grow old with limited views cannot warm up to the unusual or the new, no matter what kind it is. And if I were to appear in front of my mother in women's clothing and say to her, 'This is the only thing that makes me feel good! From now on I want to live like a woman,' she would simply answer that I was ready for the insane asylum. She would want to know if she had brought me up that way to her disgrace, and things like that. There would be no way to convince her, and the best orator, one who had conquered hearts in a storm, would, unfortunately, have to retreat in despair. Prejudice becomes deeply rooted in people who have not received the proper enlightenment in their youth.

"In April 1887, at the age of six, I began school in a Catholic boys' school. I was very afraid for the first few days. For what reason, I cannot say. The only thing I know is that I resisted terribly and would have run away if the teacher had not given me some sweets. Even as a child I had a weakness for sweets, which has remained to this very day. I was very afraid of the other boys. I slowly got used to it, but, because the teacher was also very nice and friendly to me, I finally got to like it very well.

"Because I was a very intelligent boy for my age, I had no trouble with my ABC's. The school was set up with four classes, and each pupil stayed in one class for two years. But, unfortunately, the standards set for us pupils were not very great, and I am sorry to this day that I was not offered a better education. Besides reading, writing, arithmetic, Bible study, and some geography, there were no other subjects taught. As a consequence of my power of comprehension, I stayed in each class only one year, so that I was already advanced to the first class by age 10. Unfortunately, this caused me no great joy, because I, as a young lad, had to suffer much at the hands of the fourteen-year-old boys. I was mocked a lot because of my character, and often thrashed, which I later prevented by becoming the encyclopedia in some degree for the other pupils. Since I had no school homework to do except written work, I worked only for the others, which made life more bearable for me.

"At this time, too, I became aware that I was different than my other friends. But I did not know how to explain it. My unconquerable aversion to all the boys and their behavior led me to the conviction that I was not one of them, and I never was in the mood to go around on the street after school but rather preferred to stay home. At the time I had no siblings, so I was left to myself. This was all right with

my mother. She kept me busy with housework, went away for most of the day and locked me in, anyway, telling me that I was not to invite anyone over.

"Even at that time I much preferred the clothes of my mother and had a great desire to possess the same. For that reason being alone was very advantageous. As soon as my mother left, I had on her dress and blouse in an instant. I did not even miss an apron and, so dressed, I did the work I was told to do and felt happy.

"Unfortunately, I had to keep an eye on my mother. Because she was so strict, I was afraid she would beat me if she saw me like this. I also did not trust myself to ask, because I did not know how I should express myself, and finally, she would not have understood me anyway. As an aside, I would also like to point out that my mother made most of her own clothes, and, because she did not have a form as dressmakers do, she used me to fit and pin everything.

"We later moved to the city. Now I had the opportunity to get together with more children, which only resulted in my looking only for girls who liked me. I used to ask myself often why girls wore different clothes than I. And, since I liked dresses better than trousers, I was very unhappy that I was not allowed to wear dresses. I once did dare to ask my mother if I could wear a dress like a girl. She gave me a

gruff answer, saying I was a boy and should not ask such stupid questions. So, I had to be satisfied with that and never again dared to ask anyone that question.

"My being with and playing with girls was soon noticed, and I was mocked a lot and got a lot of comical remarks. I was also given a name to mock me, namely, 'father of the girls.' Oh, I gladly would have let myself be mocked if only I could have worn my beloved dresses. I felt very unhappy with the way I was. When I had finished all the work assigned to me, I still had a lot of time. Since I suffered by being in the company of girls, I looked for books to read. No one paid attention to what I was doing, so reading became such a passion that I devoured everything that came into my hands.

"Most of the books I preferred were stories of Indians and thrillers. I still remember one story whose title and author I have already forgotten. It was about a man who, because of a crime, was in prison but escaped, and in order not to be recognized, got himself some women's clothing, which he wore until his dying day. Well, this man became my ideal, and with a happy fantasy, I painted a picture for myself in which I imitated him.

"That is how I spent those years, thinking how I could get my hands on the dresses I was striving for, so that I could live as a girl.

Meanwhile, I became 12 years old and, because of my model behavior, was chosen to assist the Catholic priests during Mass. Here I must insert that I looked upon Catholic priests as women because of their attire. So I dreamed of becoming a priest, too, so that I could be allowed to wear such long gowns and underneath the most beautiful lace slips; for the gown would hide everything.

"In such manner were my thoughts blowing in the wind, but culminating in one thing: how and in which way I could get myself some dresses. When I became fourteen I was released from school. Now I was asked what career I wanted. I very much wanted to be a tailor, because, I told myself, you could always go around in dresses, because you will be working for yourself without having to have contact with other people.

"But my mother had other plans for me. Because we often had to worry about different things and about our daily bread, my mother thought about only money and she tried very hard to talk me into becoming a locksmith, because I could earn a lot of money and would get an income even as an apprentice. I finally gave in, but only because I hoped I could earn enough money to buy dresses so that later I could live as a woman. So, I got into a factory where I had to go into training for four years. In the first year as an apprentice I got

three marks; in the second, four; in the third, five; and in the fourth, six marks per week. The money came in handy for my mother to use for the household.

"The first year as apprentice went without any problems, because there was nothing else for me to do except submit to the coercion. The work was very hard for me. In total there were about sixteen apprentices. I was the youngest and the weakest of them and had to suffer their torment. Because work started early in the morning at six o'clock and lasted until 7:30 in the evening, I was already up around five o'clock. A half-hour went for breakfast, an hour for lunch, and a half-hour afternoon coffee break. Altogether I spent eleven hours at work.

"Since I was quick to comprehend, I learned easily, but still felt very unhappy at the time. By the time I got home I was always very tired and for that reason most times went right to sleep as soon as I got into bed. At that time I often dreamed that I was in a pretty house with many young women and had on the prettiest clothes, was called by a girl's name, and treated very kindly by a strange woman. Unfortunately, I too soon woke up from these dreams by the sound of my mother's

voice calling me to go to work. So, I was often very troubled and did not know where was.

"Even during my childhood I suffered with some kind of fainting spells, which often occurred repeatedly during my time as an apprentice. As soon as I got out of bed I felt so faint that I had to sit down immediately so that I would not fall down. I lay down, then, and lost consciousness. I lay like that, sometimes for twenty minutes. My mother was already used to it. When she came in and found me lying like that, she got vinegar, rubbed it into my temples, and I woke up, got dressed, and went to work. But for the entire day I did not feel quite right. My mother never did get a doctor's advice because she never had any money to spare.

"At that time a part of a newspaper fell into my hands. There was an article reporting that in a neighboring city, A., a woman was seen wearing a full beard. It then came out that it was a man who, because of a fracture, was allowed to wear dresses. From that day on I found no peace. I wanted to see the man and one day I disappeared. It was on a Sunday. Without a penny to my name, provided with only a piece of bread and butter, I made my way to A. Unfortunately, I did not get that far, because, when I had to spend the first night in the open, hunger began to plague me and, because my

feet were sore, I was totally desperate. A farmer found me in this condition, took me to his house, gave me something to eat and drink, and, since he had some business to attend to in my hometown, took me with him and dropped me off at my mother's. It took a few days at home for my feet to recover, then I returned to the factory. I was not exactly received in a friendly manner. Besides a few boxes in the ears I got a measure of curses and then had to get back to the work I hated.

"My mother, too, resented me for this. At that time she was in general very irritable because soon after she gave birth to a girl, likewise illegitimately. I devoted a lot of time to my little sister, cared for her, kept her dry, things that I liked to do. At the same time, I also noticed that my sister was formed differently than I and got the explanation from my mother that this was a girl. In still moments, I then began to wish my sexual parts would go away, because they were the only things that prevented me from being permitted to wear dresses. My mother sincerely loved my sister. I, on the other hand, felt a little resentful toward her because she was a girl, and my mother preferred her over me, which, however, was not the case later. In this manner did my apprenticeship come to an end.

"At 18 I was made an associate locksmith. Because I was a skillful worker, my boss treated me very well, and I earned twelve marks per week, which was a good income for one who finished one's apprenticeship as an associate and considering the level of wages in that area. Because I had to give up all my earnings, and my mother granted me a small amount for pocket money, it took a rather long time before I could put together enough to be able to travel. But since I had read a lot, as mentioned before, I wanted to travel to other countries, perhaps because I might get lucky enough to get some dresses.

"And so, one day I went to Berlin. Here, too, I soon got work and an income that I could not have dreamed I would get, namely, twenty-four marks a week. Now, I thought, I could buy myself everything that I wanted. Berlin made a great impression on me. It was too big for me to see and learn about everything. I finally fell into bad company, people who, because of my thoughtlessness, took all my earnings. At the time I went around with sailors, at least that is what they said they were, and the images that they painted for me had a great effect on my mind.

"I decided to take to the sea. I was also fascinated by all the money I was supposed to make. I traveled to Bremerhaven and got a

job hauling coal on board the fast-running steamer Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. The trip took us to New York. I got seasick on the way and wanted to die. But I soon recovered when we came into the harbor. Many of my friends convinced me to run away and stay in America. In New York I got a position as a donkey-man on a sailing ship to the West Indies. For about fourteen months I was on board, where I also learned to cook. In general I was happy being kept busy with all the work that, on land, women usually do.

"Because I felt attracted to such work because of my natural tendency, I did a lot of work for my colleagues that they did not want to do. But after a while this work did not meet my wishes, because the desire for women's clothing became stronger and stronger. Therefore, I decided that as soon as we landed I was going to buy dresses for myself and to go as a woman. Unfortunately, I did not get to do that. Because I am very generous, I always found friends who in one way or another would make me part with my money. On my travels I also went to San Francisco, and it was there that I saw my first man in women's clothing. At least it was pointed out to me that it was a man. I did not get to speak with him. I would liked to have connected with him to find out from him how one goes about getting permission to wear dresses.

"In 1902 I returned to Germany and was immediately taken into the military. In spite of the fact that I in no way wanted to be a soldier, I had to serve, and since I had been out to sea, I was put into the marines as a stoker in the torpedo division. My behavior in general was good, but I was not too enthusiastic about military discipline, and I was punished a few times for insubordination.

"How I envied the women, who were permitted to wear dresses, and how often did I curse my fate of being born a man. In 1905 I was released and went to Berlin. I soon got work at a locksmith's. But since I still was not getting the opportunity to wear dresses, also having no joy in my entertainment, I often had thoughts of suicide. However, I never tried to carry it out, because I always had the thought that it might be unnecessary to kill myself, since there still was the possibility that one day I might be able to wear dresses. If I ever came to the definitive decision that I would never get my wish to wear dresses, I would finally throw my life away, because it would be absolutely worthless to me. This was not supposed to be some kind of a threat, as many might suppose, but rather I meant it in all seriousness. Life is completely loathsome to me without dresses!

"The female clothing is the main thing in my case. Life loses all its charm when I am not permitted to wear dresses. I would not know

what to do if I were so lucky as to have this one single wish that I have fulfilled. Although I would like to wear jewelry, I much prefer simple clothing as any upright woman would wear it today.

"I came to the decision to marry. I thought, if you have a wife, perhaps you will change. Because I did not look for any enjoyment, I saw that it was necessary to use the newspaper. The answers I got were not suitable. Then I met my wife through a friend. We began to see each other often, and I began to like her more and more, so that I decided to marry her. She agreed, and in April 1906 we got married. At first I did not trust myself to tell my wife what was always bothering me, but because she has a good character, and I carried out my duties as her husband and performed them, one day I uncovered my whole life. She certainly was very astounded about it but finally allowed me to wear my dresses. She, too, wanted to assist me to the best of her ability. I love my wife with all my heart, because she is the only person who returns my love as no one else has been able to do. I have absolutely no love from or toward any male person.

"My sex drive is not so great. Whenever I do not have on a dress, I have absolutely none at all. I have intercourse with my wife every six or eight weeks. Otherwise, we live a happy life. Also, I treat my wife very well, because I take care of almost all of the housework.

My wife also gave birth to a boy, who, however, according to the doctors, was not capable of living.

"Unfortunately, my feminine tendencies also got us into financial trouble. Because the mania for dresses is very great in me, it hardly helps at all when I can get dressed after the day's work. Lately, it is almost impossible for me to fall asleep without putting on a slip. It is a force in me that I cannot withstand. This constant battling against a power has already frazzled my nerves. Because I have to use my hands at work, I have to control myself in order to work. Then it suddenly comes over me like a storm, my nerves fail, and I have to leave work, stay at home, which many times costs me my job, because today there are many workers available.

"So, we often have a bitter fight finding work, because the work goes to the most skillful workers. I would gladly do the most difficult work; indeed, I could work day and night if only I did not need to part with my beloved dresses. When I do work and earn good money, also not being a drinker and only an occasional smoker, I often buy myself really pretty things. I would easily pay one or two marks for an apron rather than ten or twenty cents for a glass of beer. But what use are all the pretty clothes if I may not wear them! When I am permitted to wear dresses permanently, and when I can wear these clothes in

front of other women without having to feel degraded, then my life will take a turn for the better.

"May God have mercy on me and help me with my dresses or call me out of this world, because I feel that, if I am not helped, I shall perish."

O. is ca. 178 cm tall, slender, weighs 136 pounds, average strength, underdeveloped muscular system; clear skin; hands and feet small and dainty as compared to the size of his body. Growth of the beard ostensibly limited; wears a small beard; the blond hair of his head is very soft. The expression of his face is not expressly manly, but also not markedly womanly. When he visited me a second time in women's clothing, he made the complete impression of being a typically dressed middle-class woman. His wife, who accompanied him, certainly looks much less complex than he himself. He came to me on the tram, which takes about an hour to get here, without causing a great stir.

CASE 17

The following case first came to my attention when this book was almost complete. In October 1909 the gentleman turned to my

colleague, I. Bloch, by writing him a letter regarding a case (Case 14 in this book) in his *Sexual Life of Our Times* (*Das Sexuelleben unserer Zeit*). Among other things, he wrote the following:

"For a long time I have believed that my condition was to be viewed as a thoroughly accessorial, pathological one, which, therefore, must be healed with therapy of the will. In this way I exerted a lot of energy and spent it absorbed in other preoccupations for longer or shorter times to free myself of the desire to give expression to my inner feeling for women's clothing, and I began to see that this battle is a fruitless one (in the long run) and, from the standpoint of mental economics, an irrational one. The latter is based on the fact that I get on better with my work in women's clothing.

"For example, if I sit at night at my desk in a negligee and with my hair dressed in a woman's fashion (wig made of rich, genuine material), my thoughts fall into place voluntarily, while during the day I have to fight to clear my mind. I am then fully dressed as a woman in underwear, slip, and in a Japanese wrap, my legs in elegant stockings, my feet in high heeled shoes. Putting on women's underclothing in no way calls up sexual stimulation but rather gratifies me insofar as the feeling in my soul is given external expression.

"For example, last winter I went on a ski tour in the Black Forest in the company of two men without my sex being discovered. I was wearing a woman's sports outfit. The influence of this suitable condition manifested itself clearly, as mentioned already when I am wearing women's clothing, in my feeling of peace and clarity of mind, and in my being able to perform better at those times. On the other hand, I do not include myself among the mentally degenerate, because I finished my studies in a relatively short time, and you would not have found me lacking in mental capacity and power of judgment, because of my extensive travels, which took me through large stretches of Europe, through Africa and Asia.

"You will understand, my dear gentleman, that, under such uncertain conditions, I would feel dissatisfied and unhappy. What should I do? Continue to fight? Pretend I am a woman and wear women's clothing? I would be greatly indebted to you if you would use this confession not only as more or less interesting material, but also as a stimulus for an emotional expression of opinion, through which you would establish my personality more than simply my sexuality."

My colleague, Bloch, in agreement with Mr. P., whom I later met, had the kindness of turning the case over to me.

First I will give detailed information about the answers to the questionnaire I gave to P., who is very intelligent.

P., 24 years of age, doctor of jurisprudence, single. Mother still alive, is said to suffer from weakness of the heart; father died eleven years ago of violent hemorrhage; he says his parents and grandparents were not blood relatives. When he was born, his father was 32, his mother 24 years of age. P.'s face looks like his mother's; he has his tallness from his father.

Otherwise he has assumed rather few remaining characteristics of his parents, developing mainly independently. He has no siblings, but before his birth, his mother is supposed to have wanted a girl.

His parents got married because they liked each other, and it was a happy marriage. He had a strict upbringing. He says he liked his mother more than his father. Regards his next of kin, on both his mother's and father's side, there were thoroughly healthy physical and emotional relationships. Both parents were from the country; his mother from a large estate in Baden, his father from the house of a minister in Saxony. His parents were social drinkers. In the case of his relatives, there were no suicides or noteworthy conflicts. There were no single persons above the age of thirty or family members, if males, who looked feminine; if females, who looked masculine.

On the question of abnormal sexual tendencies among his relatives, P. expressed himself as follows: "An uncle (brother of mother), a property owner in Bosnia, seemed to be a masochist, because of the books I saw in his library when I went to visit him." Two married sisters of his mother, he thought, were overly sexual. He thought that his mother, too, was overly sexual. Because of organic troubles in her abdomen after his birth, no other children were born. P. found out from his mother that it took him a long time before he learned to walk, after he had suffered from diphtheria and whooping cough. His first teeth came early; he lost most of them at four years of age because he carelessly jumped into a sand ditch. His second set of teeth were already in at the age of five.

He says he suffered "spasms in his head" because of the diphtheria. During his childhood he was supposed to have been neither fearful nor frightened, but rather quite courageous. He liked to watch military exercises. P. also says that in his early youth he preferred to play with boys, but after the age of four, however, he liked to play with girls; not before that, because there was no opportunity.

He said he preoccupied himself with tin soldiers as well as with the few dolls he owned. He did not participate in playing in the street.

As a child he could embroider well. P.'s parents were very particular about the children with whom he kept company. Because he still wore little dresses, many people thought he was a girl. His mother often told him that people would not believe her statements about his sex. Later on, too, he still kept his soft characteristics.

P. cannot remember the dreams he had as a child. His learning was average. As far as subjects in school are concerned, he preferred geography, history, and German, later also Latin. Proportionately, he disliked mathematics and religion, the latter to his mind, because in this respect he was strictly disciplined at home. Whenever his father would punish him, which did not occur often, he was spanked on his behind. He did not suffer at the hands of his teachers, with the exception of one Catholic priest in S., who had the custom of pulling the pupils' hair at the temples.

In the first two years of school, P. was tutored at home, and there was no sexual stimulation. P. made no exceptional friendships with the companions he had, since they avoided him because of his so-called haughtiness, and he did not care, anyway. He did take a liking to one of his father's friends because of his serious, solid intellect and his love of learning. From the age of four, P. had a room of his own, and he never slept with adults or with children. At the age

of fourteen he heard conversations about sex for the first time and learned a few things from speaking to his classmates, without, however, paying too much attention to the subject.

In his fifteenth year, after confirmation, he discussed it with girls, too, and had the same opinions about it as they did. P. stated the following regarding his sexual experiences before puberty: "When I was 11 years old I was given over to spend a few days with a respected family, friends of my parents, because we were preparing to move to Leipzig. One evening while I was there I saw the brothers taking part in unchaste touching of their sisters. The following night—I slept in the room of both of the older sisters, who at that time were 17 and 19 years old one after the other they came into my bed and pulled me toward them. Then they threatened me not to say anything, otherwise they would tell my parents I had been naughty. This did not excite me sexually. But I did unconsciously excite myself in another way, while I was riding my rocking-horse, which had real hair and horse-skin, when I rocked forward and slid up to its neck, which gave me a pleasant feeling in my genitals. But this ceased with the disappearance of the horse when I was about 6 years of age. At the age of fifteen, the girls I mentioned, with whom I had spoken about

sexual things, touched my genitals. Since then I have never again masturbated by myself or with anyone else."

P. reached sexual maturity around 14 or 15 years of age, when, one morning while taking his usual morning cold bath, he observed a secretion on his genitals, the result of a nocturnal emission. Other indications of sexual maturity, according to P., took place only later on. At the age of eighteen he had a light beard, which remained moderate. From his twentieth year, up to the time of his military service, he said he observed a minor protrusion of his nipples, which, compared with the surrounding area that was rigid, remained unusually soft.

Regarding the first attempt at sexual intercourse, P. reports the following: "At age 22, on a voyage to the German colonies, I gave in to the pressure of a highly sexed noblewoman whom I met on the way over. After being on land for a few months, the husband of that lady—there was a difference of 15 years between them—invited me to his plantation with the request to step in as his representative for the workers and European employees during his four-week absence in some port city, because his wife did not know the Negro language.

"Many times I had to dodge the lady and her clear wish for coitus. One afternoon I returned very fatigued from riding a great

distance, and I thought about resting for a few hours. Coincidentally (but it had occurred by order of the lady) both of my boys used the opportunity to turn my tent inside out and spread out my things in the sun to dry them out. Tired and sleepy as I was, I took the offer of the lady to rest in her husband's bed and soon fell fast asleep.

"I was awakened by a passionate embrace on the part of the lady of the house, who had lain down beside me. I could not fight off her caresses, and so it happened that I had coitus with her. It occurred in normal fashion. I repeated the act with that lady, who, moreover, was sterile, another two or three times."

The following can be said about his physical characteristics: P. is 184 cm tall, weighs 72 kg, has well-developed, yet not overly strong, muscles; body is firm and hard. He himself feels sexually attracted to tall persons at least 175 cm, but not taller than 186 cm, particularly when corpulence is lacking, and when the women have well-built bodies, no superfluous muscles, but also no flab. P. takes part in all kinds of sports except bicycling and hunting, the latter because he finds no joy in hunting. His special preference is fencing, riding, gymnastics, and swimming. He loves to dance but, to his dismay, cannot dance much because fainting spells come about easily.

He prefers to step-dance, particularly the minuet after the fashion of the Rococo Era with grandiose movements. His steps are large and firm when he walks normally. His skin is light and clear; likes his women to have a suntan. He especially likes the skin of the fellah women. The hair of his head is short, thick, and very soft. He has little hair on his arms, legs, and in his armpits; his chest and stomach have no hair at all; genitals typically manly.

P. has his dark-brown hair parted to the left, in front are wavy strands; prefers his women to have brown hair in all its shades. He does not get easily embarrassed, only under serious conditions; he says also he does not pale easily. In some cases he can control his low threshold of pain by concentration. Hands and feet are large; his handshake without affectation, with an average, not-too-strong pressing of the hand.

He has a slender, balanced figure, which he also likes in the case of women. The width of his shoulders, measured from shoulder to shoulder, is 52 cm; width of his chest, with his lungs filled, 98 cm; waist 68 cm; pelvis measured beneath the hips, 105 cm. His chest is manly and fully developed; nipples slightly feminine. He likes his women to have full, well-rounded breasts. His ears are average size and show no peculiarities. He says his green, sparkling eyes and

calm look attract many women without his consciously flirting. He likes women to have clear, brown- or green-colored eyes. P. prefers pine or rose fragrances, but only if they are not overbearing.

He does not use perfume but likes women who apply a small amount of English perfume. He does not enjoy bitter, salty, or heavily spiced food. His facial expression could be said to be totally manly. His larynx is built normally. After a while, his moderately loud, simple, mid-toned voice would bore a person; when he speaks loudly—for example, gives commands—it soon becomes husky. The tendency toward a bass voice is present when singing. In times of heavy workloads, P. suffers from anxiety and trembling. Insomnia and languor are present when he is sexually very excited and is not gratified. There are no physical deformities of the genitals.

P.'s character is more hard than soft, particularly since his eighteenth birthday. He says he has no great sensitivity for joy or pain, possesses no special tendency toward laughing or crying. He has an average, calm character, cares much about family tradition and ancestry, but has little feeling of family toward living relatives; he is very patriotic. In society he is amiable. He regards and estimates philanthropy especially theoretically; he used to be good-natured, less lately.

His ambition was supposed to have been strongly developed since his earliest youth, but he was always aware of his limitations. He attracted attention not with his person, but with his work. He does not deny his love for power, but he expresses it with somewhat a lack of consideration. He is very much wrapped up in himself and reserved; but if he has a good idea, he carries it out energetically; he is more mistrusting than credulous.

In religion he never went beyond the external commandments; at least that is how his religion teachers estimated him, the ones who were not dogmatic, because of his considered, frank answers. He belongs to no sect and, because of his heavily trained intellect, he has no sympathy for the metaphysical, miracles, or superstition.

P. has a great propensity for traveling for the sake of learning, and he prefers unexpected, sensational events. He is orderly and punctual, wasteful, he says, only insofar as, "he seeks to adapt the abundance of his external life to fit his internal needs." Apart from the area of sexuality, he does not suffer from compulsive mental images, drives, or oversights; however, with regards to his extravagance, it may be added that he must possess what he strongly sets his mind on to get. He used to be very resentful, now more indifferent; he

greatly values justified hatred because he sees in it the motive of many a moral act.

In relation to other people his will is well developed; not so very much in relation to his own person. Timidity is strange to him; he only likes personalities who are energetic, who know where they are going. P. observes further that his tendency for the good life greatly influences the fruitfulness and ability of his mental work.

Besides sport, he carries on no physical activity. He drinks socially but smokes many of the better cigarettes, which he also likes his women to do; he can not tolerate gluttony. He characterizes his memory as nothing special; it suffered from the taking of quinine in the tropics. He turns his attention only to things that interest him. He says he noticed the decline of his imagination as a consequence of the increasing use of his intellect. His mental endowment seeks as much as possible to appreciate the total intellectual life of the times and strives to be involved critically. There is no presence of literary or artistic tendencies. He preoccupies himself mostly with readings involving his studies, also enjoys poetry, particularly the classics; he only reads the newspapers to register the most important political, legal, and social events. He really wishes to write letters to exchange ideas. He practices no musical instrument but likes to listen to music;

he particularly likes combinations of grand piano, violins, and flutes; has the inclination, but no real talent, for the stage.

His ideal persons are those who, matching their individuality, carefully strive to reach the goals of humanity and who do not shy away from making sacrifices so that they can think about the general good and make a free world for themselves and for the things they want. Sport is, for him, the necessary completion of his mental activity; he has no inclination toward "modern amusements."

Up to the present time he has not taken part in politics. He is satisfied with his studies. P. is a friend of tasteful clothing, which should be elegant but not striking. For himself and for the other sex, he prefers that the clothing conform to the lines of the body, but not to be too clearly marked. He likes dark colors, particularly blue, black, and brown. Only white underwear; values good jewelry.

He is liked in general; he considers circles that stand far from him to be prideful and exclusive. He does at times need to socialize but otherwise stays to himself; loves living in the country or in the larger cultural settlements.

P. says the following about his sexual inclination and direction of his drive: "My sexual drive is directed toward women in whom I value all that which is lacking in men: long hair, form of the body, pretty

breasts, as well as the transition from the waist to the pelvis.

Especially pleasant and pretty I feel is the build of the female genitals in contrast to the male's, particularly their position as inner organs; with women it is discreet, in opposition to the protruding of the male organ.

"Before puberty I found that my thoughts agreed with those of girls, without, of course, ever feeling an urge in the direction of the male sex. In the further course of development, when I became aware of the physical charm that women had for me, it was esthetic satisfaction that attracted me to the female sex. Through the extended visit of a 20-year-old cousin, who always carried herself well, I learned about the outfitting of the pieces of underwear worn by women. It was for me an inner feeling of joy to see how the most intimate pieces were beset with splendid lace and embroidery and in such beautiful shapes. When I tell myself that these things are not worn for others to see, then that suits me fine, because I believe that people should dress themselves well, even if they are not seen by other people, especially if a person has a well-developed feeling for beautiful, stylish things.

"Later, following puberty and, moreover, after the first coitus, I often felt like a woman sexually. I yearned for caresses, and when I

became highly stimulated sexually, it happened that I put myself in the place of a woman having intercourse and suggested to myself the presence of the other party. But I also did have fantasies and wishes at times to practice intercourse in the manner of the male. But those were rare occasions. When in the act, it is always the admission, the receiving, the offering that I find so pleasant and that makes me so related to the emotions of women.

"I am attracted to persons who are more refined socially and intellectually than I, because I do not consider the total sexual drive as something physical, but rather I see in it a means of a spiritual bond. I am more fascinated by the half-covered body than the naked. Voices do not attract me particularly but can work against it. Skin that is too soft and flabby, as well as muscles too hard to the touch, are unpleasant to me. Deciding factors in my case are exclusively pure, spiritual moments, character, purpose, and intellect. In general I feel attracted as a woman to women, and, if I were a real woman, truly would love the same sex. I have seen myself many times as a woman in my dreams and as a woman have sometimes clearly felt the physiological processes of sexual intercourse. I involuntarily become more captivated by pictures, photographs, and depictions of women,

than when I am called to their attention on the street, at the theater, etc.

"Because I am more related to it, I feel less embarrassed in the face of the female sex; for that reason my sense of shame is somewhat less in the face of it than in the case of the male sex. For example, I avoid listening to or even telling questionable jokes in the company of men. I am more constant in my attachments. For me, friendship is the going together of two people who are equally strong mentally and inspired by the same goals; if one fails, the union ends and the other one goes on alone, because one should not hang around. Love is different, which seeks to strengthen the indecisive and draw them..to itself. Since I am unfeeling enough as it is, I cannot only, but rather have to, replace love with friendship.

"I am single, also have no children out of wedlock. My sex drive with regards to the emotional is lastingly uniform, occasionally interrupted by intensification, but never sinking below a constant level. It is otherwise with regards to the animalistic and physical. In this case my drive is well developed and at times (no doubt caused by the way I sit when I work) extraordinarily strong. For a long time I tried to suppress it through sport and alternatives; but then I could no longer find the time for such activities.

"In the interests of the constant maintenance of my ability to work I had to give in to the drive. I followed my tendency to dress myself and come forth as a woman. When I knew that my exterior was in absolute agreement with my inner feelings, I gradually found peace. Self-gratification through masturbation or reaching orgasm by means other than normal intercourse did not take place. During the last 1 3/4 years I have had sexual intercourse four times, the last time being, as mentioned, while I was traveling to the colonies, where it was not my wish to take part in sexual activity. Once it occurred in a holiday resort hotel with a governess; the other three times with the daughter of my landlady.

"In the first instance we had sexual intercourse in the normal manner. In the other cases the young woman, who was intellectually above the norm, knew about my inclination toward cross-dressing. Even if she did not feel the way I did, she did want to help me. To be able to feel as a woman I lay in bed with a woman's shirt, knickers, and long stockings, while she took the position of a man. I never felt any pleasure worth mentioning when, in general, I did the act in the normal way men do. In that case I looked at the function merely as a performance of the body. I consider it basically different when I am a woman. I have never attempted to undertake a union in any form with

a man. Through suggestion I can get the feeling of being a woman with a man, so it appears most suitable to me to be with a woman who plays the man's role.

"I get a stronger impression when the woman—vice versa likes to wear men's clothing and likes to feel like a man. Easiest for me would be to instruct a prostitute to reach these ends, but it is impossible for me to come into contact with such a person, because in all such persons the higher feelings are stifled.

"I never experienced a tendency toward sexually immature persons or a tendency toward inflicting on the beloved person any physical or emotional pain, nor have suffered such actions from the beloved person, namely, masochistic or sadistic urges. Except for my erotic drive to cross-dress, I suffer from no sexual deviation from the norm. But this drive, too, does not serve directly as an intensification of sexual feeling but rather is connected with the primary fact that in my mind and in my emotions in many respects I am feminine.

"When I clothe myself as a woman, I am striving to relieve my emotions by giving them external expression. This fact may be adduced as proof that I am not preoccupied with a fetish when I cross-dress, namely, that since I have been in the position to buy my own things, I would never wear the underclothing of other women; for

example with regards to underwear, I am very particular about the choice, and there must be a certain elegance. If I had to wear something other than my own, I would rather do without it.

"In my opinion, the drive in my case touches upon a totally inner urge, so that I cannot give a certain time when it began. I have been actively entertaining the urge regularly since my tenth birthday. I was at a seaside resort in Swinemuende when I first put on girls' underwear. It belonged to the daughter of a family we knew. Since I always kept silent about my cross-dressing, I confined myself to wearing underwear during the night or when I was all alone in the house. Later, particularly from my fifteenth until my seventeenth year, I wore women's shirts and knickers, which I had bought with my pocket money, under my daytime clothes.

"My collection of women's underwear was discovered by my mother, because I used to have her wash them with the rest of the clothes. There was an argument, but I did not reveal the nature of my drive, because I assumed that my mother would still not understand. With regards to other pieces, dresses, blouses, and hats, I limited myself to sharing my mother's as well as her female companion's wardrobes. I also own a well-made wig, which at the moment I wear when I cross-dress or at night. Also, I have a richly trimmed woman's

shirt. When I was a student I had a few pillowcases with lace borders that at the time I gave to the landladies to use when they made my bed. Since I now live at home with my mother, I had to give them up.

"If the results of the examination of my case is that I may pursue my drives in the future, I will leave my mother's house and find a room and set it up for myself as a woman. In spite of everything, I have tried to suppress my inclination, even if successful only for short period of times, and even if the urge was a very powerful one. To these ends I use the remains of my strong Christian upbringing and hold before me the words from the Old Testament in the Bible: 'And men should not go around in women's clothing.' Furthermore, to shock myself, I have tried to introduce myself in a grotesque fashion to another person, or I have painted a situation for myself in which I am found one morning, perhaps, dead in bed wearing a wig and woman's shirt. Then I consider the laws of economics, including the physical and emotional energy it takes to cross-dress. If the things just mentioned led to partial success, that I would promise myself to abstain from cross-dressing during the day, but then instead got up one or two hours earlier, then nothing could divert me from participating in my drive. Then the freedom and peace that cross-

dressing gave me led me to feel, on the other hand, that the reasons were inadequate.

"It oppresses me terribly that, in the face of my mother, I still have to hide my tendency from her, even though I have definitely discussed with her the basic differences in the questions of how one looks at life, and that this has led to a deep parting of the ways. Just as oppressive is the fact that no matter how careful I am, I could still be discovered by her while I was cross-dressed. According to her, such a tendency could only be considered as 'filthy,' because she assumes that I use the clothing merely to excite my sexual desire and gratify myself in that way. So, I have tried to discuss my tendency with her when the opportunity presents itself, be it by telling stories from my childhood (at that time they called me 'Erika), or by catching on to some of the ideas of her lady companion or the maids, who called special attention to how skillfully I set the table, did the housework, or performed other women's activities. But the result was always extremely negative. At the most, many times did I have to listen to her say, 'Oh, yes, I wished I had had a daughter. I know too well how sons easily like to break loose from their mothers!'

"I had always believed that my case was a very exceptional one and that in a certain sense was against nature. At the same time, I

could not consider myself as sick, because there were no adverse effects on my emotions when I gave in to my urge. To the contrary, I felt the needed peace of mind whenever I came forth as a woman. I think it is up to the individual if it is against nature. At work I am sympathetic and receptive. I have already stated that in times of intellectual stimulation I have the feeling of being a pregnant woman. I become hopeful and joyful. I would rather perfect my feminine side as far as the physical goes (genitals, long hair, breasts, etc.) than change my sexual condition, which would accentuate my masculine side. I have never met persons who feel as I do. I have no opinion about whether my natural tendency has any natural aim. I think that my sexual feeling is the necessary completion of my psychological individuality, which, in a spiritual way, is so very closely related to the woman's."

We have taken other passages from Mr. P.'s correspondence that complete the psychology of his personality:

"My mother told me that it was only out of necessity that she had me wear boys' clothes. It was she who called me 'Erika' because she had wanted a daughter. She was supported in her wishes by the expression of other people about the girlish appearance of the boy.

"If there was no doubt about my having feminine elements in the beginning, they were not in the least impaired by the fact of my having been raised almost exclusively by my mother. My father, a director of a large industrial complex abroad, was absent most of the time. If he had been at home, he would not have been the one I would have taken into my trust. He was from a long line of puritanical thinkers, including especially our ancestor Count Z., one of the Moravian brethren. So, my father gave me the impression of being extremely righteous, strongly pious, if not Pietist.

"My mother was a south German from Baden. Her way of thinking had more effect on me than my father's central German way of thinking. She did not let me escape from religion and her relationship to the Catholic church.

"I have no personal memories about my childhood, only a few, vague sentiments about playing with my dolls, learning the 'Our Father,' and trying to learn how to cook.

"In the summer of 1896 my parents moved to Leipzig. This event left me with an unpleasant aftertaste, because I had to change schools. In addition, my father was very agitated because of problems with his workers, and my mother and I suffered as a consequence. Because of his condition, in 1898 the doctor told my

father to spend the spring in Wiesbaden. He was to stay there for some time, so we followed him there in March. On April 4 I lost my father when he died unexpectedly. The family had just spent a wonderful day on a boat ride down the Rhine the day before. At first my mother could not be consoled and decided to move in with her sister in St. The latter was married with no children and lived in luxury. For support my mother took in one of my father's nieces, who stayed with us in Wiesbaden until August 1898. Through this cousin, as stated in the questionnaire, I learned about the articles in a woman's wardrobe, and at the time I often wore these clothes.

"From that time on I needed to make more friends with girls than with boys; not for sensual reasons, but rather because I got along with them better. However, I was very choosy. I rejected 'poor people,' which I did not limit to circles of material poverty.

"I did not follow my parents' wish that I study theology, and they would not allow me to study anything else. So, I became a merchant. But after two years, I knew that I should resume my studies and learn economics.

"During my studies, especially in Tübingen, I repeatedly gave in to my urge to cross-dress. Little by little I procured for myself a complete women's wardrobe, which I laid out on the bed and, to

make it more personal, fitted it with the lace and embroidery I took from my pillowcases. I especially valued the following: shirts of fine material; knee-length knickers in modern fashion, with embroidery, lace, and leg-bands; a little slip; and open-worked stockings. Over these I wore a pleated slip with silk frill and lacquered shoes.

"Whenever I worked in these clothes I threw over me a Japanese wrap, which I had brought back from my travels. Incidentally, I carried women's clothing with me when I traveled to Madagascar and to East and South Africa, which I always do on short or long trips. The reason for this is that I can cross-dress undisturbed in my hotel room.

"Ask me why I acted this way, and I will tell you:

"It is against my belief that the soul is magnified by asceticism, by curbing the life in the drives. The stronger the sensual enjoyment, the more I feel mentally fulfilled by its presence. To intensify the life of the soul—and intellectual activity—I find it necessary to intensify the happiness of one's physical presence. If at one time the natural laws are to be discovered, today we will have to become acquainted with the laws of the soul. Only then can we discover and recognize the laws of the life of society. However, we also have to learn how to remove the causes of sorrow, to prolong life, to make it more secure,

to make it more beautiful. There are opportunities everywhere to these ends, but they suffer from still being only fruits of reason. But the true wisdom does not remain in our reason, but in our feelings, which often are set against the awareness of our will.

"I may offer some analytical data, and you will understand, because I feel the need for it after having depicted the relationship of my transvestite tendency with the activity of the intellect and the effects this drive has on the world of feelings. I need to add a final word about my goals because, when I look at the whole, I find myself suffering from a discord. It is the cause of the casting down of my pure observation of sensual phenomena by the activity of reason, which enters immediately. It is impossible for me to make any kind of perception without, at the same time as it appears, questioning its original relationship to the external facts basic to it, and the direction of its aims. For me, in most cases, a pure, sensual pleasure is out of the question. So, I always search out a work of art to understand it more than to enjoy it and merely let it have an effect on my sensual perception.

"I tend toward the belief that the reason for this lies not in any indifference toward esthetic value, but rather is clearly, fully, and secondarily created out of the need for me to come to terms with

myself. This striving necessarily leads to an intensification of the ability to understand, to a far-reaching application of the means, bidden by logic, for such an understanding. However, I see the primary effective reason in that imbalance in my person, which I again refer to as a mixture of feminine and masculine elements in the activities of my emotions and my will. Finally, the urge to cross-dress is their external expression.

"I cannot give the time of my sexual awakening. The 'enlightenment' that I got by means of my schoolmates about the organic differences of the sexes did not awaken my sex drive as much as my curiosity to see, to become acquainted with, to understand the functions. The consequence was that I liked the female body more than the male. Externally: the lack of hair on the limbs, on the body, whose presence greatly impairs the beautiful form. Then the agreement of the hair on the head with the fullness and harmony of the parts of the body: it serves, as it were, as a natural coat. Also, the size and shapes of the hands and feet are more harmonic with the body in the case of women than of men; the same goes for the arms. Furthermore, the development of the bust with those natural and beautiful lines from the neck to the body. However, as stated in the questionnaire, finally it was the

arrangement of the male genitals that I found ugly. There is something beastly in the boastful exhibition of the male organ. Especially when it is sexually excited, I am offended by the sight. It is exactly the opposite in the case of women. They are more complete human beings. Everything is direct and inconspicuous. I wish I were a woman just for these characteristics alone. It would be a joy if I could have my genitals shrunk.

"This discretion also expresses itself in the clothing: men's clothing in actuality is only suited to adapt to their genitals. On the other hand, when speaking about women's clothes, they uncover more than they cover, a fact that favors the entire body, in contrast to men's.

"I am highly against the idea of making an attempt at a union with a man.

"With regard to the force of my sexual desire, I would like to mention also that it appears at its strongest and cannot be mastered when I have been busy with my work for long periods of time, work that calls upon all my mental capacities. It then drives me away from my desk and my books; my every thought is filled with sexual images. But only very, very rarely do I find the time to afford myself the opportunity. Then, I have an unconquerable aversion to prostitutes

and cannot bring myself to seek one out. I have no other sexual intercourse; also, it is difficult to find a young woman who would understand my natural tendency. With regard to the possibility of marriage, it is the same thing."

Analysis of the Cases (Complex of Symptoms)

What do they have in common, what is typical about the circle of people described here that sets them off from other people? In all cases we are clearly faced with the strong drive to live in the clothing of that sex that does not belong to the relative build of the body. For the sake of brevity we will label this drive as transvestism (from "*trans*" = over or opposite, and "*vestis*" = clothing). From the very beginning we would like to stress that we do not consider clothing to be "a dead thing," as Carlyle said was the judgment of the philosophers, that the kind of costume is not the chosen expression of an arbitrary mood, but rather is a form of expression of the inner personality as a valid symbol.

[In his remarkable book from the year 1831, *The Weeder Who Repairs, Or the Life and Thoughts of Mr. Devilsdroeckh (Sartor Resartus)*, Thomas Carlyle complains "that in spite of all the science and progress of the past 5,000 years, whose torches burn so brightly

that hardly a corner exists where its light does not reach, that hardly a crack in the area of art and nature is dark, at the same time, hardly anything of basic importance, be it from the standpoint of the philosophers, be it from the one of the researchers of history, has been written about clothing." In another place in his writing, he describes it as "the vital home of our being, the work bench of our crafts," and later says that the flight of the thinkers was too high for them to have considered clothing: "To them, clothing was a dead thing and never was considered as a piece of our innermost being."]

Dr. Rob. Sommer, a sensitive psychologist in Giessen, in his dedication to *People and Their Clothing: Described According to Their Individuality (Der Mensch and seine Tracht, ihrem Wesen nach geschildert)* (Berlin: Alfred Schall, 1905; with 29 tables) by Fritz Rumpf, assumes that, to wit, all apparel is related not only to the morphological and physiological characteristics of the body, but also "to certain basic characteristics of psychology and to be derived on these grounds." This is in keeping with the group of transvestites to a large degree.

Among other things, this proceeds from an unusually strong influence that the men's or women's clothing has on the emotions of the wearers described in these cases. In the apparel of their own sex

they feel confined, bound up, oppressed; they perceive them as something strange, something that does not fit them, does not belong to them; on the other hand, they cannot find enough words to describe the feeling of peace, security and exaltation, happiness and well-being that overcomes them when in the clothing of the other sex. Case 3 says it in these very descriptive words: "I feel as if I have been violated and subjugated and as if I were taking flight on all sides in some measure into my own ego, to escape the circumstances. . . . However, when I see myself in a woman's costume I become completely peaceful; I can clearly feel the peacefulness. My entire organism functions with more balance; it is like resting after being very tired, like coming home to the entire individuality in the role of the woman."

Case 11 reports no less eloquently, how, since his fifteenth birthday, a yearning for women's clothing controlled him, which "demanded gratification as hunger and thirst." Finally at 24 years of age, when he took vacation from his job as a teacher and went to stay at his parents' house for health reasons, the opportunity he yearned for offered itself. He puts on every piece of his sister's party costume. "A feeling of well-being that I had never before experienced penetrated me. . . . In the fourteen days that I gave in to my urge to

cross-dress, my yearning grew incredibly to be a woman as I would have wished her to be, slender, well-developed figure, with a full head of hair" and, "The most wonderful thing was that recovered soon after, whereas before, it took six weeks long in a sanatorium and to no avail."

And Case 13 even writes, in his letter mentioned above, "Slips, to , are a sanctuary," and, in another passage, "I liked Sundays best, when could go walking with the children in a starched slip, white pinafore, a little cap; that's when I felt I was in heaven."

Analogously, we hear from our female transvestite Case 15 that feels "light, well and able to work" when she is in men's clothing at least, when she wears "a man's cap, tie, underwear, and boots"; on the other hand, in women's clothing she feels "cramped and not free."

In most of the cases we can trace the urge back into their early childhood. It increases during puberty; the conviction becomes even clearer in their awareness at this time, and then remains almost unchanged for their entire life. This tendency is connected with a peculiar sense of shame even in early years, so that we can assume that it is rooted in the sexual life.

So, Case 5 reports: "At the age of four I tried on my sister's dress and was very embarrassed when people noticed these

attempts. Thereby emerged the clear wish that I were a girl."

Case 12 tells us: "Even as a child I felt a strong urge in myself to put on women's clothing. One time a babysitter cross-dressed me for fun, and I became terribly excited." 13, likewise, aptly tells us that he had heard from his mother that he strongly resisted putting on his first pair of pants, and for that reason still wore girls' clothing even though his brother, who was two years his junior, was wearing trousers. Mrs. P. (15) likewise describes how she reproached her parents, "Why was I not born a boy?"

In the case of the men, (1 to 14), it was established before their twentieth birthday, when they became independent, that they came forth as women and, indeed, we see that all of them, following the extremely strong urge, finally not only procured a complete women's wardrobe and put it on in front of the mirror in secret, but also played the role of the woman, too, for longer or shorter times and certainly often under the most difficult circumstances and dangers.

One of them (1) travels to a distant city and, as a lady, stays for a few weeks in a boarding-house, whose landlady is "instructed about everything." Another (5) lives for a few years as the lady companion to one of his girl friends. A third (8), who actually was supposed to become a priest, spends a large part of his life in women's clothing as

an embroiderer, babysitter, cook, innkeeper, and maid on a farm. And no less varied is our female case (15) who, in spite of the fact that she had hardly turned 30, had already put on men's clothing and had become a miner, locksmith, butler, barber, whaler, steward, house painter, and factory worker, and, at times in the clothing of her true sex, worked in a laundry, as a stewardess on ocean steamers and an active married woman.

The majority lead a peculiar double life, days at work and in society as men, at home and in the evenings as women. So, Case 11, a technician, married and father of three healthy daughters, describes how he can hardly wait for evening so he can get dressed as a woman at home. "If I could not," he writes, "I got into a bad mood, I became upset, I was bothered by everything and often could not put myself into a better mood no matter how hard I tried. Even my meals did not taste good. But if I was able to get dressed in women's clothes for a few days running, my joy of living grew and my desire for working unusually strong."

14 tells us, "When evening came I breathed easier, because then the burdensome mask fell and, wrapped in a house dress with elegant fittings and in a rustling silk slip, I felt totally like a woman." Similarly Number 5: "During the day at work I was diligent and

enthusiastic so that my employers were satisfied with me in my manly persistence—evenings I let the women's clothing flow around me, clothing that changed my ego entirely. Madame Trude's servants, her husband, no one had any idea that a fully normal man was hidden in these elegant visiting clothes." It is even more striking that many times there is the wish to be in the company of women when dressed like this, as one of them says, "Above all, I like to appear in the company of ladies as a lady."

When I myself gave physical examinations to these transvestites, I became convinced more and more that they wore at least some articles of women's clothing they desired underneath their disagreeable "forced" men's clothing at the same time so as to be reminded of the women's clothing that made them feel good, including corsets, and long, open-worked stockings; they carried perfumed lace handkerchiefs with them, when they could; also wore women's boots with high heels, women's jewelry such as necklaces, bracelets, marquise rings, and whatever one could wear without being conspicuous.

But all of this was only a weak last resort, a substitute for want of something better, for, in reality, the transvestite drive directs itself toward the whole costume to the very last detail. These men take

great pride in possessing, as much as possible, a complete and rich women's wardrobe with all that goes with it, when their means allow them (compare Case 10): when possible, house, street, and visiting toilette, party, theater, and dinner costumes; in some cases special attention was paid to specific items such as earrings, elegant lacquered boots, expensive corsets.

Corresponding to their tendency, all of these persons naturally and enthusiastically study fashion magazines and women's newspapers, receive catalogs from Herzog's, Gerson's, Israel's, and other large stores; trial samples, too; stand in front of displays in the fashion and ready-made stores and feast their eyes on the "splendid things," such as the countless stores for women's articles offer them in such richly expensive abundance.

"Indeed, I bought twenty to twenty-five annual issues of fashion magazines," 10 tells us, "that would be looked at page by page, the most beautiful costumes cut out and sent to the dressmaker so she could work according to them." And, very typically, he adds, "Even the mere names of specific pieces of clothing, such as woman's dress, pinafore, veil, slip, had something magical about them for me."

Also, above and beyond the clothing, these persons have the urge to live in women's surroundings. When feasible, they set up a

boudoir for themselves much like a woman's, decorate their living and bedrooms with women's ornaments and toilet articles, and find great joy in doing women's handicrafts. This tendency is the same as the one for females' games, particularly playing with dolls, usually also noticeable in early childhood. Thus, Case 1 learned to crochet as a boy; he watched his mother and sister and made all kinds of pretty works of crochet in wool and twine, later also of embroidery, and with skill. "Many products of my diligent needle decorated our home," he writes, and, as a boy of 13 years and later, he gave his girl friends work he made himself as birthday and Christmas presents. Others of our subjects could sew, knit, weave, clean house; one (14) could even make "three yokes of chemises with shoulder-pieces and two pairs of knickers complete with inserts of fine yarn."

Besides the female handicrafts, orderly housework in conformance with a woman's behavior, too, was not neglected. "All my secondary tendencies are directly feminine," Number 3, busy in his main career as a writer, observes in his characteristic manner. "I like all work that belongs to the realm of the woman, and certainly this work is right in front of me every day; my wife confirms it for me daily, and it also is clearly manifested in our home in that I relax in the kitchen and housekeeping diverts me from my career's fatigue."

According to all of this, it is understandable that these persons in general prefer being able to work in 'women's occupations and, as we saw, many do, indeed, realize this wish. One of them wanted to be a "chamber-maid for a fine lady," another a governess, a milliner, a women's hairdresser, a babysitter, indeed, even a wet nurse.

However, one officer (Case 9) longed with his whole heart "to be a prostitute. . . ." "The main content of my yearning is to be a complete woman. It would be an extraordinary allurements for me if I could shave my whole body, put on make-up, dress up as a woman, of course, very elegantly, be the 'last word,' but not too loud; underwear fine and silky, narrow shoes, lots of embroidery, artful hat in short, to be like a brilliantly entertaining prostitute." And, after such a declaration, this gentleman seems not to notice how naive, certainly in a certain sense also, how genuine the effect is, when he adds with gestures of superiority, "There is no trace of any homosexuality present; I deeply despise Urnings and effeminate men."

Of all of the women's occupations, the keen fantasies of motherhood asserted themselves in these odd men. The meaning of happiness to them means conceiving one's own child, giving birth to it, calming it, protecting and taking care of it.

Case 7 "secretly went to the unlocked kitchen larder, took some milk out of the pot with a teaspoon and dripped it onto my nipples to give myself the illusion of being a mother giving suck." Number 9 says, "If I see a mother suckling her baby, I sigh to myself, 'I wish I had breasts like those and could give milk.' " With what stirring sincerity and vitality does Number 8 describe the happy hours in which he takes care of his landlady's child, cleans, undresses and dresses the "dear little thing," and walks back and forth with it in his arms.

During the day, but more so at night are thoughts of the happiness of mothers given form and life in their dreams: conception, pregnancy and birth, child-bed, and the giving of milk. It is known that dreams play an important role in all those who are sexually divided. The sexually satisfied slumber most deeply and dreamless; not so for the sexually dissatisfied. Their sleep is restless. Those whose yearnings are run aground by the hard realities of everyday living, at least in the realm of their dreams, still experience spiritual times of fulfillment. "I feel truly happy only in my dreams," Number 13 writes and then describes his dreams, how he becomes hopeful, how he gets labor pains, how the baby is born, how happily he hands it over to the father, calms, it and lays it beside him—only, upon waking up,

to find the place empty, disappointed yet still satisfied that the lovely dream had brought him so close to grasping this gentle mystery.

In these cases there certainly is an extremely flagrant contrast between reality and the world of dreams. Standing in front of a mirror, several transvestites even imagine that they themselves are softer and more feminine than men usually are. Yet, since most of them show rough skin, hairy chests, heavy beards, a slender, often stringy build of the body, rigid lines and characteristics, and a deep voice, it is a matter of a pleasant self-deception, which, moreover, is not a deeply rooted one and also does not contain the characteristics of a mania. They know all too well that a profound contradiction exists between their bodies and their souls. Therefore, one can understand all too well that most of them wish they had been born female, a wish that is certainly expressed in great measure by homosexuals. On the other hand, it appears to me that in the case of the latter, particularly the feminine Urnings, the purely physical stigmata of femininity are relatively more abundant than in the case of the transvestites.

In order to formulate the sexual metamorphosis more completely, many help it along by methodically practicing a falsetto voice, shaving their skin smooth, and wearing long hair. To be sure, when cross-dressing, most of them make use of women's wigs; yet,

for example, Number 3 reports, "I do not need a wig; my hair is so very thick, heavy, and curly; I never have it cut short, but rather can always keep it braided and pinned up."

To a lesser degree than the secondary sexual characteristics, the primary—the actual genital apparatus show fewer deviations from the norm. To be sure, in many cases, just as in normal ratios, you find phimosis unusually widespread, but nowhere any hermaphroditic crevices, not even a trace of hypospadias. Of the sixteen transvestite men, nine are married, seven are fathers, two have even been married twice, even the seven single ones ejaculate normally. The female case, likewise, is married, menstruates regularly, and has given birth.

To be sure, it appears as if maturity entered relatively late in most cases, especially the awakening of the sex drive, and had little to do with the drive to cross-dress. Thus, Case 1 practiced coitus at the age of 24, then stopped all intercourse for four years; Case 2, who is now married at the age of 35, had sexual intercourse first after the age of 20; the voice of Case 3 changed only when he had reached the age of 20; his beard began to grow at 25 years of age, and he never kept the company of women before he was married. And Case 4, as he says, for six years, "never gave a thought" to having sexual

intercourse with his lover. The others, too, with the exception of one, for years had no sexual contacts and, in the case of 15, the sexual libido almost completely disappeared behind the desire, which continually came through, to lead the life of a man.

But when the drive to activity came forward, in almost all cases it immediately directed itself, agreeing with the physical constitution, toward persons of the opposite sex. Almost all of these persons put the thought of homosexuality out of their minds, many clearly stating an instinctive loathing. We already heard as Number 9 said, "I deeply despise Urnings and effeminate men"; and Number 8 writes, "Although I have been involved in homosexual circles for many years, the mere thought of same-sex intercourse thoroughly disgusts me." Number 3 reports that "it never occurred to me to complete my ideal relationship with a man." Number 11 says, "in spite of my desire to wear women's clothing, there has never been a trace of an inclination toward a man in me."

At the most, one could designate Case 15, Mrs. P., as bisexual, but in the case of many of the others, it had the appearance of being only "episodic" and accidental in character. It was either a matter of an undesired interlude (as in the case of 13), or as a desired experiment, but which was soon given up as being an unsatisfying

and depressing experience. Number 2 clearly brings the basic core of these relationships to expression when he observes, "I have never felt an inclination toward men; only dressed as a lady did I enjoy flirting with them, because I was greatly flattered when I was thought to be a lady."

With regard to the activities they tended toward, almost all of the persons explored preferred the position of *succumbentes*, i.e., "those lying underneath" or "those who yield." The wives themselves—in the course of time I personally met six of the wives—made the impression of being completely feminine. It is admirable how they adapt to their special kind of husbands, in spite of their initial opposition, finally even meeting them half-way.

(In many cases this is also valid for other relatives, especially for the mothers. The following letter from a mother written to her son, who works as a female impersonator on the stage, will serve as an example: [compare the essay "The Woman-Man on the Stage" ("Der Weibmann auf der Bühne") by Dr. S., M.D., in the *Annual for Sexual Intermediaries (Jahrbuch für sexuelle Zwischenstufen)*, vol. 3, p. 324].

"Come soon, my dear child, I can hardly wait until the little mouse of my heart is here to keep his Mama company. You will find work right away. Namely, I have engaged Miss B. [the dressmaker]

because I will need a lot of things for the spring and I want to change some things. You can help with your taste. Dear child, maybe you have some of your toilette left over so I can dress myself up.

Gretchen [one of the mother's nieces] is very happy about getting one of your silk dresses. Perhaps, dear child, you also have some chemises and knickers for Gretchen that you no longer need and that would come in very handy for her. Today she is still showing off in the two pretty slips you gave her as a present last year. I am terribly proud that you like your job so much and are making a pretty sum of money. Of course, I would like my child with me always. I think that some day it may happen. Gretchen wants to know if you have any use for some crocheted lace and a night jacket and if she could please you with a little dress made of zephyr wool she knitted herself? Finally, I would just like to advise you, dear child, that such a dress is soft, cozy, and warm.")

Case 2 says: "Before she became my wife, she voluntarily promised me that she would not oppose my peculiarity during our marriage, but rather that she would do everything possible to further it. Also, she kept her word. If we are all alone in our apartment, she lets me put on her clothes, and otherwise she gives me a chemise, night jacket, and earrings to wear every night when I go to bed."

Number 11 even says that not only does his wife meet him half-way, "but also all of my in-laws have nothing against my always wearing women's clothing at home, as long as I take good care of their daughter."

The following little episode, also, is not uninteresting: When Number 14 at one time showed me a photograph that depicted him in elegant women's attire beside his little eight-year-old daughter and I posed the question to him, "What does the little one think about it?" the gentleman, who lives in America, replied, "Oh, she only says, 'You are Papa-lady.' "

The transvestites themselves many times stress that they want their wives to be as manly as possible or even that they "appear" manly to them. To be sure, some of them say that above all, the truly feminine characteristics are what they like about their beloved wives. Thus Number 6 finds especially attractive to him: the melodic voice of the woman, her soft skin, her perfume, and Number 11, in a drastic way, says, "When I became engaged at 21, the only thing I wanted to do was be permitted to go by her side dressed as a woman. I often wished I could go around dressed as her twin sister, with exactly the same color, style, etc."

But most of them nevertheless emphasized that they did not want a person who was exactly alike, but rather a woman with contrasting characteristics to the ones they themselves possessed; above all, the woman they loved should be superior in body or at least in mind.

Even Number 8, apparently the most manly one of our cases, who truly believed in Zarathustra's words, "If you go to a woman, do not forget the whip" even he is attracted by a type of woman who "is totally a woman in body, with blonde, very luxuriant hair, blue-grey eyes, wide pelvis, average to slender and strong, but should be very strongly developed mentally, a so-called intellectual."

Number 7 goes in women's clothing to "energetic masseuses" whose trade in the large cities, indeed, many times serves as a front for those who seek out masochistic practices. Number 13 describes in the greatest detail the direction of his taste: "My ideal lovers," he writes, "were always very manly women; opposite them I can feel like a woman." He even put an advertisement in the newspaper that "An effeminate man seeks a manly woman" and expresses himself in another passage that he waits for the woman to take the initiative. But it has to be an energetic, strong woman, he continues, "who

impresses me mentally and physically. I even like her to have a very small mustache, etc."

Moreover, I have also found this preference for manly women many times in men who do not belong to this transvestite group, who are also in no way bisexual, but rather are purely heterosexual. According to my experience, the preference for physically very robust women, heroine types, as well as for older women who are considerably very superior mentally, points to a feminine strain in the psyche of the man, likewise as in the case of women, the inclination toward physically and mentally gentle, sensitive, or very much younger men points to the reception of a virile admixture. But it must be noted that making generalizations about the constructions and prescriptions that one finds here and there, that such and such a man would be best suited for such and such a woman, would very often lead to absurdity, because of the enormous differentiation in the laws of sexual attraction.

One of our transvestites wrote a novel in which he depicts the love and marriage of a woman-man and man-woman and the consequences. Naturally, it serves no purpose here to make a judgment about its artistic quality, but the contents of the book do afford a psychological glimpse into the world of the thoughts and into

the enigmatic mind of this totally interesting person. The author of the little-known book calls himself Luz "Fraumann." He is the third one of the cases above. His work, which has the title *Captured Women: A Remarkable Novel (Weiberbeute: Ein merkwürdiger Roman* [Budapest: M. W. Schneider, 1906]), is supposed to stand alone in the literature because of the originality of the subject. For us it is important and meaningful because it points out that "Every work of writing is a confession," W. Stekel's idea presented in his fine essay, "Composition and Neurosis" ("Dichtung and Neurose").

As Case 3 shares with us, he uses suggestion in his narration only as a means of making the peculiar substance of the strange world of thoughts appear more "plausible."

We are reproducing here some passages that throw some light on our theme:

"Nana Fransson, as an excellent horsewoman (actually one should say 'an excellent horseman,' because she never rode except in men's clothing and with a man's saddle), had won many admirers and lovers in a rich industrial city. Among these is Commissioner Beno Andreas, the one who adores her the most and is most irresolutely dedicated to her. His son, Walter, a gentle, sensitive youth of sixteen with a face 'as pretty as a Japanese girl's,' strongly

opposes his father's conjugal relationship with Nana. He hates the mistress who had supplanted and driven his mother to her death, his mother, whom he respected and loved 'as a saint.'

"Andreas wants to send Walter to Australia. But Nana would like to direct his future elsewhere; she wants to try her strong hypnotic force on him. After she lulled Walter to sleep, she said to her fiance, 'Conviction is in a person's soul; it is formed in the body. I will convince this youth that he is not a man, and bring him to believe that he is a woman. Then there will be no power on earth to convince him of the opposite. As a consequence of this conviction he will have female drives and female passions; he will know nothing about being a man, and the female sex will be felt and perceived in every nerve of his body. Finally, unconsciously he will be a woman and have a woman's voice. So that his manly prior life and his manly way of thinking will not disturb the woman in him, I want to instruct him in the school of the female sex.'

"May I ask you a question?' the commissioner interrupted her, 'What do you intend to do with the pseudo young lady? I cannot. . . .'
Nana's eyes flamed as she said, 'He will be dominated by me! In my house he shall assume the position of a lady companion and of a relative. In this way you will be rid of him, and I will take care of him

and take responsibility for him. There is nothing standing in our way. We can keep him here even after we get married. No one will suspect that behind the elegant lady, whom I shall create, is your son!

"After these words she took a few pieces of women's toilette out of a locked basket, laid them out on the table as she usually did, and, in a commanding voice, gave the following suggestion to the boy, who strongly resisted: 'When you wake up, you will find that you are a girl. You will feel like a girl and seek out anything near you that a girl would seek out and know. You will rise like a girl and do everything that a girl does, and you will think through exactly what you have to do, exactly as a girl does. Everything that you do not understand, you will think about it as a girl would think about the same thing, and you will ask me what you have to do! You will be soft and gentle in all things like a girl, but you will love me, passionately and gently and without thinking. You will love me like a girl loves her lover! Your voice will be as soft as a whisper, and you will always have the urge to speak with a girl's voice! You are Miss Luise Werder, and everything that you will experience, you will experience and think over carefully as Miss Luise Werder!'

"Nana Fransson thereupon led him, still slumbering, into his girl's room, put him to bed, put a woman's wig with long hair on the

head of the sleeping youth, and helped HER to dress her hair and to dress herself after she woke up, telling her that the evening before she had gone to bed early because of a terrible headache, so that she could keep her engagement as a lady companion to Madame Andreas.

"The commissioner looked on astounded as his son walked behind Nana as a slender lady, not only imitating the elegant posture of the head and of the whole body and, likewise, slightly swaying graciously, but also painfully pursuing exactly the imitation of the gathering up of the train of the dress and, looking behind him with the same facial expression, shaking the folds to give justified representation to the splendid lace slip.

"In the next six weeks the adventurous woman continued her work as instructor. 'Take care of your beauty,' she says to the former Walter, the present Luise. 'Vanity and love of dress are certainly not pretty words, but they are the foundations of feminine beauty; think about it always. As a lady you are exposed every moment to the eyes of those who were brought up in finery, and take care that you can take the criticism and criticize back.'

"She went with her into a large fashion store. Luise herself chose from the ready-made dresses a bright-blue woolen costume

with pretty lace trimmings, which was supposed to serve as a house dress. Besides, she bought a carmine-colored morning dress with a wide damask bow; petticoats; a quantity of cleansing and toilette articles; a set of lace underwear; equipment for crocheting, embroidering, and sewing; several hats according to the fashion of the day; parasols; and such a quantity of all kinds of expensive trinkets that Nana Fransson finally had to order a stop, otherwise Luise would have bought the whole store.

"Since Nana loved the fresh, youthful son of Benno much more than her hoary old fiance, she continually suggested to him the following: 'You will love me as your lover without your knowing it. This unconscious love will always grow and develop until you have recognized me as your husband and can do nothing but love me. This will all be inside of you, but you will not realize it until I tell you to. You will love children very much and, in a few years, the wish will grow inside of you to become a mother yourself.'

"She then ordered her pupil 'to put enthusiasm into her facial expression' and suggested she assume 'a bright, happy disposition.' The hypnotist cast a spell on his soul that he was to assume 'a melodic laugh like a teenage girl, your own personal kind of pouting, crying, diversion, and exuberance down to sorrow and pain, the entire

scale of moods that only a woman can have. Everything must be truly feminine, from becoming embarrassed to turning pale, trembling and shrieking with terror.' If you could imagine that Luise Werder could live to be a thousand years old, you would believe that, with time, the powerful will to become the female sex would have even withered away her male organs completely.

"Nana had been married to the commissioner for three years when she gave birth to his son named Otto. A growing antipathy toward the 'beast of prey,' his wife, began to well up inside the old man, and, when one day a friend of his, a pensioner named Mueller, asked for the hand of the gracious lady companion, he angrily insisted that Nana finally put an end to this masquerade of his son and heir. His proud wife, more than a match for him, refused coldly. But because he continued to oppose her, she finally took great pains to put him into a hypnotic trance and ordered him to shoot himself early the next morning in the garden of his villa.

"The next morning all of Munich was shaken by the news of the suicide of Commissioner Andreas. They assumed that the well-situated and happily married man took his life because of an attack of mental derangement and whispered about how the deceased was

deeply troubled by his missing son, who had been sent to Australia some years ago.

"Nana, who had become mistress of a large estate, pensioned off her son Otto and went traveling with her lady companion. Achieving the latter's deep love became more and more the object of her desire, on whose fulfillment she directed all of her concentration. For a long time she weighed the possibility of again turning Luise Werder back into the person she used to be, Walter Andreas, but she was afraid that the obedient and bashful Luise would turn into a hostile, revengeful man. Therefore, to keep her beloved chained to her, she decided to to become a man herself.

"She suggested to her that Madame Andreas had died. She then had her hair cut short, put on men's clothing, and came forth as the rich Mister Miller, and, as a consequence of her powerful hypnotic influence, Luise soon becomes the completely welcoming, dutiful wife of the man, Miller.

"They move to London. The fresh Mr. Miller here tries with vigor to rid himself of everything that reminds him of his femininity. Everything became masculine, from the ink well and writing paper to the Munich tankard; even a long pipe was not lacking. For a long time she even tried to make heavier the light hair of her upper lip by

applying means of growing the beard and by shaving, just as she had tried to remove the fuzz from Walter Andreas's face.

"In the quarter of the large city where she had taken up residency, Mr. Miller soon acquired the reputation of being a solid, courteous married man. People only seldom saw the pretty young wife, but when they saw her, from all sides they found the elegance and gentility of the pretty mistress refreshing. And they had to allow that the husband had to be the most beloved, gentle, and envied representative of the married species.

"Early one morning Mister Miller was sitting in the boudoir of his wife and was looking very respectable in his Turkish dressing-gown and slippers. Luise was preparing some tea and was floating through the room like a happy, domestic wife, coquettish, charming, rosy-cheeked, and in love. Who would have guessed that in this roguish, half-dressed little person in a white slip, in a jacket trimmed with white lace, under the tightly laced corset and in the chemise elegantly hemmed in lace, was hidden a member of the male sex? Who would have thought that this thick, luxuriant hair held up by a clasp, these ears adorned with massive, gold rings, and the truly feminine profile, the soft and round face, and the pleasant-sounding alto voice belonged to a man?

"Madame Luise took care of all the domestic chores herself, because Mister Miller suggested a passion for the household to her, and in every respect she was a flawless housewife. After the first breakfast, she retired for a half-hour, dressed her thick hair, put on a cotton dress, and slid into a sack pinafore. Whenever she would then patter throughout the apartments with her cleaning appliances, over-diligent and the enemy to every speck of dust, Mister Miller, again, could say nothing but 'You were born to be a wife. You are a real housewife, you are!'

"With the morning chores completed, she joined her husband to take their obligatory walk. For this, the couple took great pains over their toilette. The winter-like temperature demanded a substantial wardrobe, and Mrs. Luise Miller represented it by an elegant appearance in her Scottish colors, the ones she preferred to wear. The heavy woolen clothes threw full folds over the sparkling lacquered boots, and the train, worn with grace, allowed the priceless slip to display its value.

"Mister Miller, in an elegant Ulster and top hat, led his wife into one of the breakfast restaurants, where people took their second breakfast and where Mister Miller drank ale, and the mistress drank lemonade. Then came the round-trip window shopping in the modern

stores. Under no circumstance did Luise ever want to miss that. She studied each new piece of material, each piece of lace, veils or flowers, and with the eye of an expert looked over the latest styles of petticoats on the mannequins, and over the other toilet articles, and immediately had to know the secrets to their effects. Her interest covered everything down to hair adornments, underwear, corsets, boots, and gloves.

"The wish for a child of their own gradually became stronger in both of the married couple. 'I was already thinking about adopting a child,' Mister Miller said one day. 'No,' she replied, 'never think about a child I myself did not give birth to. I could never give it any genuine motherly love.'

"And now comes the climax of this odd story, so grotesque and fantastical, that it has to be a related soul to dare to depict it. Mister Miller, who was feeling filled with hope one morning, suggested to his wife that she would give birth to a child on May 21. Luise Miller had no idea about the actual sex of the man or of the woman. Except through the power of Nana, no one else could have brought her to recognize that she was a man, and that her husband was a woman. And so, Madame Luise also knew nothing about motherhood, except that she would become a mother. In spite of everything, her whole being

changed; her tendency toward wildness yielded to seriousness, even to melancholy. She often looked at the calendar, where she had circled May 21 in red, and sighed, 'If only it were today!' She had her hands full with work, because she herself was outfitting the baby's room.

"Three weeks before May 21, Mister Miller, who lately was feeling truly awkward and peevish, took a trip to Hungary. He again wore the clothing of his own sex for the time of his stay in a boarding-house and gave birth to a boy.

"On May 21 he returned to Vienna, his present place of residence. Excited with joy, she threw her arms around his neck and said, 'Today's the day. So, do you have everything ready, Luise?' Everything is in good order,' she replied.

"That night he suggested to her that she had given birth and gently lay the child next to her. When she woke up, with motherly pride, she showed the child she believed she gave birth to that night, to the man who was sitting, exhausted, on her bed. 'A splendid baby boy!' called out the father impulsively. 'No, it is a little girl!' Madame Luise said, thus making this important correction, not giving up until the baby no longer was dropping its bottle.

"Mister Miller, however, for the first time that he could remember, became embarrassed. Up to this time the female criminal had never blushed at the cold-blooded and, at the same time, premeditated deeds she had performed. Since the Millers in general were used to leading a secluded life, and the fantastically diligent young wife did everything herself, no one got the opportunity to see the little baby Luise or Lulu. No one imagined she was a boy, not even his mother, who in fact was her father.

"Many, many years flew quietly by in regular fashion for these mixed-up people. Miller, who genuinely worshiped his charming wife, was very proud of her, and loved her above all else. We find her portrait on all of the walls of the villa. Her picture, painted in oil by an artist, hung over the desk of the master of the house. She was depicted all dressed up, in a sky-blue formal costume, with an expensive lace shawl; a wide golden chain bracelet adorned her knuckles as she swept the train of her dress. The way she is grabbing the train allows one to see a white petticoat of genuine Belgian lace. The white hem of her dress, sleeves, waist, and neck were in harmony with her flaxen hair, which fell full and weighty over her ears and which was held in place by gold-inlaid tortoise shell combs. As an exception, in this picture she wore a shepherd's hat with flowers,

without a veil. Her long waistline and the singular shape of her figure gave the lady a somewhat gracious slender look that made Mister Miller compare her to a garden sprite.

"Then there were pictures from the time when she was the lady companion to Madame Andreas. In one she is in a pretty party-dress with a flowing train and veil, roses in her hair. In another at her work table in a white net dress with a dainty ornamental apron. There was also a wedding picture, in which she was depicted in a gray traveling costume, with everything in a matching gray.

"She looked very insignificant beside the stately Mister Miller, but this role suited her fine. Miller's passion for situation portraits of his wife bordered on the fanatical. He possessed pictures of her with her hair down, in a white petticoat and dressing-jacket, in white-spotted underwear and in a white pinafore in front of the ironing board. There were dozens of her in bright summer toilette behind the perambulator in the park, and so forth.

"She herself no longer considered herself a woman. She had a strong aversion against women's clothing insofar as they no longer had any use for her. She felt she was a man and a husband completely. Giving orders and dominating, embodying and demonstrating manly power in general, was fully agreeable to him

and much to his liking. In every respect he felt superior to his small, obedient, and languishing wife, Luise. He thought it was ridiculous and loathsome that this fragile creature should be the man and he the woman. He liked his suits to be made of heavy material, and he liked to wear his artist's coat and top hat; his boots had thick soles. All this seemed to him to be required of his manly power. And he was in fact strong and lifted up his wife like a doll.

"On the other hand, he had a true passion for seeing combined in Madame Luise everything frail, ornamental, and womanly. It was a joy to him to have a wife and to be her husband, and this joy became greater whenever he thought about his wife actually being a man. His abnormal organism was totally in love with this abnormal condition. Nana could not have been able to love Walter Andreas as fanatically as Mister Miller loved his wife Luise.

"Luise had been in the power of this hypnotic state, uninterrupted, for twenty years when Miller one day became seriously ill. He expressly forbade her to send for a doctor. Horrified, she listened as he called to her in his feverish hallucinations, 'You are not the wife, Luise, but rather the husband; I am the wife; you are my stepson, and I am the wife of your father; you are Walter Andreas, your father's heir. My son, Otto, is not justified in keeping your

inheritance. I am Nana Fransson and Lulu is our son; I gave birth to him, and you are his father.'

"She considered everything to be the ravings of a madman and could not at all believe there was a grain of truth contained in this wild speech."

At this time we want to break off our account. As skillfully and as singularly as the author tied the knots, he also knows how to untie and unravel them. But we can be satisfied with this rendering of this remarkable psychological story and refer readers who are interested in the further development and gradual resolution of the strange proceedings and conflicts to the original, in which the author has given us such a graphic view of his curious emotional life.

Since an erotic character is inherent in the effeminate drive, as such, without needing the thought or presence of a second person at the same time, then, among other things, the practice of the metamorphosis alone clearly arouses the pleasurable sexual feelings, without regard to its being connected with the feeling of sexual modesty, as already mentioned. A few of them, particularly Cases 3 and 8, as well as 13, who have, moreover, observed and judged their condition quite correctly, certainly notice that the charm

of women's clothing has, for them, nothing erotic about it; it is only a temporary pressing forward of their feminine characters.

However, in accordance with the entire manner of the phenomenon and, above all, according to what was told about analogous cases, this appears to be an incorrect understanding. Thus, we hear from one of them (2) that when he began to masturbate at the age of 11, "it was connected with the idea of transvestism"; from another one of them (1), that when he saw himself in a dream as a lady, in that moment, when he wanted to wrap himself in the veil, orgasm occurred. A third (4) confesses that, when in secret, when his parents were absent, he put on the cream-colored dress of his mother, for the first time he had an erection, at which time he had "the naive feeling that it was a sin."

Number 7 reports that when he cross-dressed and then went around the room grabbing his dress in the manner of women, he ejaculated without touching himself. Number 10, too, says it gratified him erotically when he stood "in front of the mirror in times of quiet dressed in a corset, fine petticoats, charming clothing, hat, veil, bracelets, and necklaces"; and Number 11, that "my sensuality in the first place is directed toward the satisfaction of the desire to get dressed in costume. . . . However, whenever I have any piece of

women's clothing on," he continues, "I immediately become sexually excited and, at the same time, yearn for a certain kind of woman."

Number 12 relates that, for him, the observation of "the image of myself misrepresented as a woman in the mirror" greatly excites him sexually, and Number 13 completes his earlier data by saying that, when he does not have on women's clothing he is almost impotent, that, on the other hand, when he tries on a new piece of women's toilette and finds that it suits him well, he immediately gets an erection and often reaches a speedy orgasm.

In many of these cases, they have almost tried to think that a division of the personality enters here in such a manner that the masculine part in the psyche of these people is sexually excited by their feminine side, that they feel attracted not only by women outside themselves, but also more so by the women within themselves.

In the case of the first ones who introduced themselves to me, in fact, I at first thought of monosexuality after I had seen no presence of homosexuality. And did not one of them (9) speak directly about it, that "the desire to feel I was a woman directly led me to have sexual intercourse with me, myself." Similar auto-eroticism can also be seen in Cases 7 and 12.

No matter how peculiar the drives of these persons are, their intelligence seems to diverge little from the norm a statement that is valid for those who in general diverge from the norm sexually that class that diverges according to whichever ancestry, career, and social standing they belong. I say "seems," because seventeen of the patients' case histories are to a certain degree lacking appropriate material for analysis, which is needed to be able to make a conclusive statement in that direction.

(Besides the ones described here, I note I was introduced to another eight very analogous cases of patients whose histories I was not able to complete. Whether erotic transvestism is a rare and exceptional phenomenon, or whether it occurs more often than we might at first imagine, more evaluation is needed at this time. With regards to homosexuality, for a longtime people believed it a rarity too, until they gradually recognized its relative frequency. The author quite naturally would like to reach the goal of having more exact studies in the field, that is, if researchers specializing in this genre would trust me or others with their work. Case 13 is quite right when he says that scientific research and the publicizing of this exceptional phenomenon will promise a better lot and more understanding for him and also for his companions.)

The transvestites we have come to know here are intelligent, conscientious people who have diverse interests and a broad education. This is also seen in their descriptions, which I reproduced here verbatim in part to give an image of their intellectual abilities beside the depiction of their emotional life.

In school, almost all of them excelled in motivation, diligence, and especially in their ease of understanding (which many psychiatrists today of course look upon as a slight stigma of degeneration). At present, all of them find themselves in good financial standing and in good jobs in which they have been promoted because of their great energy and proficiency.

Cases 1, 2, and 4 are in sales, all in their late thirties; Number 3 between 40 and 50; the author of the novel we quoted is active as an able writer besides his career in sales; Number 14, too, 33 years of age, is a writer; Number 13 is a bookseller (47 years of age); Number 5 found himself a nice position in the art trade; Number 6 is an imaginative illustrator (both in their forties); Number 8 is a philosopher and physician; Number 12 a lawyer, at present supposedly a junior partner (both in their mid-twenties); Number 9, 37 years of age, was an officer, good rider, and, like Number 5, an exceptional marksman, participated in two campaigns for which he was decorated; Number

10 is a technician, 40; and Number 11 a teacher, ca. 50; finally, Number 7 is a newly pensioned police officer (early forties). Number 15, now 29, learned the laundry business but was occupied in so many different careers. When he went to North America, where he had relatives he had not seen in a long time, they always asked him, "In what business are you now?"

Upon first observation, it could be striking that none of our cases appeared on the stage as a female impersonator. One, after all, has to assume that no one would be more charmed by or suitable for this career than our subjects because these female impersonators in general feel comfortable in women's costumes. Perhaps it is only a coincidence that no professional "women comics" appear among our transvestites; perhaps it is also thereby limited, because these persons, consciously or unconsciously, feel that the wearing of women's apparel is an erotic activity and, therefore, impulsively feel an understandable shyness and hesitation about opening themselves to the eye of the public. This inner resistance occurs less often in the case of homosexuals, where the femininity is more of a secondary symptom, often born out of the more or less clear urge to please men.

However, there is no doubt that there are a whole lot of completely heterosexual transvestites among the female

impersonators who are, by the way, as common and popular here as in England, America, and in the romance countries. Kraepelin, in his trailblazing *Textbook of Psychiatry (Lehrbuch)*, p. 784, says, "Moll maintains that 'female impersonators normally are homosexual.' This is obviously false in general."

(If the quotation by Kraepelin appears in the book *Contrary Sexual Feeling [Konträre Sexualempfindung]*, it does not agree in full with the original.)

This opinion is also the usual one the people have about this specialty. It would be well to remember here the event that Number 11 reported so plainly and impressively. He says that one day in the city of X. he got a ticket for a variety theater. "I was already 19 1/2 years old," he notes, "and had never before visited such a performance of female impersonators. Through the conversation of two gentlemen sitting in front of me, I was first made aware that the ladies on stage were of the male sex. One of the men made the comment about the tendency of those kinds of individuals supposed to have been directed toward their own sex. That did not seem possible to the other one, but the first assured him he knew exactly, that every male individual who wore women's clothes belonged to this race of people. That evening I went home very depressed and

spent a sleepless night. For a long time I could not get these words out of my mind. In cases like this, how can people simply condemn a person and maintain things about their contemporaries that cannot possibly be true? Because in me I really did not feel a trace of a tendency toward any man, in spite of my desire for women's clothing."

The erroneous judgment about female impersonators—valid also with regard to women's tailors is ripe for revision. This was the finding in the short study of statistics that a "physician" published in 1901 in the third volume of the *Annual for Sexual Intermediaries* (*Jahrbuch für sexuelle Zwischenstufen*) under the title "Woman-Man Onstage" ("Vom Weibmann auf der Bühne"). The unnamed author undertook evaluations and examinations of fourteen female impersonators. Of these, eight were married, five of them without children, but apparently happy marriages. Of the six single ones, two were completely and sexually normal "charmed admirers of the real female sex"; four homosexuals, among them three anal passive. Among the eight married ones, five of them purely heterosexual, three heavily suspected a homosexual co-tendency. Accordingly, there were 14 female impersonators; seven exclusively heterosexual; seven totally or partly homosexual; or, more precisely expressed,

seven therefore exactly half of them—heterosexual, four homosexual, three bisexual.

The preference for women's clothing and the female person is specific in almost all in the same manner. Eight of the men, among them five married ones, confess that they almost only wear women's clothing inside their apartments also, and even for a long time at night: chemises, little nightgowns, etc. Three of the married ones also go for walks in women's clothing, at any time, in the public street with their wives; they also take long rides in women's carriages. They assure me that none of them was ever confronted with an unpleasant event at these times. Eight have carried weapons and served in the military, three of them as one-year volunteers.

The fates of some of these female impersonators are very interesting. In one of these cases, a Frenchman, 43, father of two pretty daughters, appears with the youngest one, a 17-year-old girl: the father as a truly charming Pierette, the daughter as Pierrot. He is a quiet, gentle-natured, and practical house-father, loved and respected by his own, "not an obvious trace of contrary sexual feeling."

Another, likewise married, has a very adventurous life under his belt, that in many respects reminds one of our Case 13. After the

early death of his parents he ran away from school. As a cabin-boy he sailed to America. In New York he became a musician and, because he could find no position in a men's orchestra dressed as a young woman, he joined a women's band. He traveled many years with this orchestra as a woman flutist, without anyone noticing his true sex. When he left this post, he had in the meantime "found so much delight in his women's clothing," that he could not release himself from wearing them. He hired himself out successively as a barmaid, soda-water saleswoman, waitress, buffet hostess, and finally joined a circus where he quickly went from tightrope walker to skilled rider. A fall from a horse, from which he suffered a wound to a tendon, put an end to this period in his life. Then he again began to appear in public, this time as a female music-clown, and then joined with two "real" women to form a singing trio, where he sings the second voice and, finally, steps out on the specialty stage as a female impersonator.

From the genuine characteristic letters that Dr. S., M.D., received in reply to his questionnaire to the female impersonators, two are here reproduced:

One of them writes: "Even as a boy my mother liked to put me in girls' clothing, discovered my voice and my talent, and when I was 19

years old, let me develop. After fulfilling my military obligations I traveled with my mother and my sister, who competed to see who could make me up the prettiest. If, I did not feel comfortable in women's clothing, I would not perform on the stage. I prefer genuine jewelry, particularly diamonds, and fine underwear, which cannot be elegant enough for me. I leave my toilette mostly up to my mother and sister. In the company of women I find myself the most comfortable. At times I also even visit my Kaffeeklatsch dressed in a woman's costume. I am very well liked there, and they greatly admire my womanly needlework (my specialty is point-lace). When I have the time, I like to make myself useful in the household. Making beds, dusting, washing, and ironing are some of my favorite preoccupations. That does not mean that I still do not like a big cigar and to sit around the bar like a man. Sweetness has nothing to do with it. I love the photographs of me, at least the ones depicting me as a woman. I have had only temporary tendencies toward women. Any kind of admiration from men makes no impression on me. People actually should not ask a 'lady's' age. But, if you must know: I am on the last leg of my thirties. But, please, be careful not to let my agent know. Please . . . etc."

A second one answers:

Happily I wear my slips,
The silk it goes a-rustling.
You really need to understand
Before you go a-busting.
I made my bed for me to rest,
And ask not if it is the best!

Almost all of our transvestites originate from apparently healthy families; a nominally neuro-pathological disposition appeared in only two cases. Naturally, that does not prove that perhaps in the case of all of them a neurotic disposition present in the written memories of the authors could be suggestive of a present degenerative constitution. In the case of Number 11, the father was an alcoholic; of Number 7, the parents blood relatives. This one, the police official, moreover, is the only one of our cases whose erotic urge to cross-dress is connected with all kinds of highly remarkable associative ideas and actions in a form that makes one think that in this case a serious disturbance of mental activity developed in connection with the urge to cross-dress. Whether and how far the urge to cross-dress in and of itself falls under the concept of "illness" will be discussed in

the next chapter, where we will strive to penetrate into the actual essence of the whole phenomenon.

ABOUT THE TRANSLATOR

Independent scholar and U. S. Army veteran Michael Lombardi-Nash has been translating for more than four decades. Lombardi-Nash, an Italian born in Scotland, was a British subject. Raised a Catholic in Dublin, Ireland, at an early age he became acquainted with Italian, Gaelic and Latin. Lombardi-Nash graduated in German from the University of California, Los Angeles and took his doctorate from ONE Institute Graduate School of Homophile Studies in Los Angeles. He became a U.S. citizen and changed his surname from Lombardi to Lombardi-Nash in 1990, in honor of Paul Nash, his now deceased lover. Dr. Lombardi-Nash lives in Jacksonville, Florida. Lombardi-Nash's published translations include:

- Pretsell, D. (Ed.). (forthcoming 2020). *The correspondence of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs*. With translations by M. Lombardi-Nash.. London: Palgrave Macmillan. 375-400 pp.
- Hirschfeld, Magnus. (2019). *Memoir: Celebrating 25 Years of the First LGBT Organization (1897-1923)*. (M. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Jacksonville, FL: Urania Manuscripts. 274 pp. (Original work published 1923)
- Lombardi-Nash, M. (Trans. & Ed.). (2019). *Gedenkschrift Celebrating the Bicentennial Birthday Anniversary of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs (1825-1895): Architect of LGBT Pride, Community and Movement*. Jacksonville, FL: Urania Manuscripts. 356 pp.
- Hirschfeld, Magnus. (2019). *Sappho and Socrates: How does one explain the love of men and women to persons of their own sex?* (2nd ed., M.A. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Jacksonville, FL: Urania Manuscripts. (Original work published 1896)
- Lombardi-Nash, M. (Trans. & Ed.). (2006). *Sodomites and urnings: Homosexual representations in classic German journals*. Binghamton, NY: Harrington Park Press. 304 pp.
- Lombardi-Nash, M. (2000). Karl Heinrich Ulrichs und Amerika. In W. Setz (Ed.), *Karl Heinrich Ulrichs zum 175. Geburtstag: Die*

Geschichte der Homosexualitäten und die schwule Identität an der Jahrtausendwende: Eine Vortragsreihe (pp. 93-114). Berlin: Verlag rosa Winkel.

Hirschfeld, M. (2000). *The homosexuality of men and women* (2nd ed., M. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Amherst, NY: Prometheus Books. 1,209 pp. (Original work published 1914/1920)

Ulrichs, K. H. (1994). *The riddle of "man-manly" love: The pioneering work on male homosexuality* (Vols. 1-2). (M. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Buffalo, NY: Prometheus Books. 712 pp. (Original work published 1864-1879)

Sorneman, E. (1994). *Childhood phases of maturity: Sexual developmental psychology*. (M. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Amherst, NY: Prometheus Books. 325 pp. (Original work published 1981)

Hirschfeld, M. (1991). *Transvestites: The erotic drive to cross-dress* (M. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Buffalo, NY: Prometheus Books. 424 pp. (Original work published 1910)

Lombardi, M. (1984). The translation of the writings of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs with special emphasis on his *Research on the riddle of man-manly love*. (Doctoral dissertation). ONE Institute Graduate School of Homophile Studies, Los Angeles. (LD00952)

Featured in:

Scagliotti, J. (2017). *Before homosexuals*. [Motion picture]. United States. "Ulrichs and the first modern coming out story."

Contributing Editor:

Bullough, V. & Bullough, B. (1994). *Human sexuality: An encyclopedia*. NY: Garland.

REVIEWS:

"Michael Lombardi-Nash has been a mentor to me in the years before I embarked on studying Ulrichs and has helped and encouraged me along the way. As the translator of the only previous English translation of Ulrichs' works, Michael was the obvious choice to be translator on this project. His professionalism and expertise I could not praise highly enough. I am especially thankful that he was

able to devote so much time to ensuring that the quality of the translation was not compromised.” —Douglas Pretsell (forthcoming 2020). Author of *The correspondence of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs*.

“Reading about all the work you and Paul Nash have been engaged in for many years — translating and advocating and educating the public — is truly inspiring.” —Dana Rubin (2019), personal email; speakingwhilefemale.co

“Your translations are a huge help in my research. Thank you so much for doing them over the years!” —Daniel A. Brook (2019). Author of *The Accident of Color: A Story of Race in Reconstruction*

“Lombardi-Nash's translation was so loyal to the original text that after the first booklet, I did not run a check on every single quote.... There was a substantial improvement in accuracy and thoroughness in historians writing about Ulrichs after the...Lombardi-Nash translations.”

—Douglas Pretsell (2017). “Ulrichs and the urnings: the dawn of sexual modernism.” (Honors thesis) La Trobe University. Melbourne.

“Important studies...such as translations by Lombardi-Nash have restored Hirschfeld and Ulrichs...to a prime position in...LGBT activism.” —Tom Butcher (2019). “Karl Heinrich Ulrichs and Magnus Hirschfeld: Queer Patriots?” Retrieved from <https://aha.confex.com/aha/2019/webprogram/Session17848.html>

“As a native German speaker...translator and historian, I admire the great skill in translating the historic language with the subtle shifts of meaning from 1910 to today. In the many years I have used your translation [of *Transvestites*], I could always rely on it.” —Atalanta Ort (2017). Facebook Messenger.

“Having already done a great service by translating several classic German-language works of sexology...Lombardi-Nash delivers another...interesting collection...” —Clayton Wisnant (2016). Author of *Queer identities and politics in*

Germany: A history, 1880-1945.

“Thanks for your wonderful recovery, translation and analysis work that has helped me and many other scholars and activists do our work.” —Deborah Meem (2008), Professor of Women's Studies, University of Cincinnati (email)

“Dr. Lombardi-Nash presents us with rare and pertinent articles that give insight into the thinking and practices of another era that...are still very important for our understanding of the current view of homosexuality. ...Clear and very readable translations.” —Hubert Kennedy, Ph.D. (2006). The Haworth Press New Book Announcement for *Sodomites and Urnings: Homosexual representations in classic German journals*.

“Dr. Lombardi-Nash knows his history.” —Hubert Kennedy (2005). Author of *Karl Heinrich Ulrichs: Pioneer of the Modern Gay Movement*.

“We owe a debt of gratitude to Lombardi-Nash for his translations.” —William Percy & John Lauritsen (2002, Nov./Dec.). *The Gay & Lesbian Review*.

“This excellent translation [of *The Homosexuality of Men and Women*] by Lombardi-Nash brings Hirschfeld alive.” —R. W. Smith (2001). *Choice: Current Reviews for Academic Libraries*, 38(3).

“A few people have persisted, with the necessary energy, in researching the heroic past of a troublesome history which many have sought to hide or diminish or have us forget. If it were not for Michael Lombardi...we, today, would not even know about the existence of Ulrichs.” —Massimo Consoli (1999). *Bandiera Gay: Il movimento gay in Italia dalle origini al 2000 attraverso l'Archivio*, p. 53.

“Michael Lombardi-Nash...has done an extremely helpful and careful version. [He] is well versed in German sexological writings, having

previously translated the works of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs.” —Vern Bullough (1991). *Transvestites: The erotic drive to cross-dress*.

“[Lombardi's] Urania Manuscripts translation series offers some relief to the lack of historicity in the gay movement...and deserves the enthusiasm of all of us” —L. Rice (1980). *Gay Peoples Union News*, 10(1), 13-16.



-
- [1] A tightness or constriction of the orifice of the prepuce, arising congenitally or for some other reason, which makes it impossible to bare the glans (Trans.)
- [2] A contemporary term that preceded the word "homosexuality," especially referring to anal intercourse (Trans.)
- [3] In Germany, whenever people changed residences, they had to register with the local police. (Trans.)
- [4] "I am a lovely girl; I am your aunt, your mother." (Trans.)
- [5] Hypospadias is a malformation of the penis in which the opening of the urethra is along the underside. (Trans.)

The Transvestites

The Erotic Drive to Cross-Dress (Part Two of Three
Parts)

MAGNUS HIRSCHFELD



Part Two

The Transvestites

The Erotic Drive to Cross-Dress

(Part Two of Three Parts)

by

Magnus Hirschfeld, M.D.

Translated by

Michael Lombardi-Nash, Ph.D.

Urania Manuscripts
[Kindle Edition]

DEDICATED IN MEMORY OF

Paul J. Nash

(February 20, 1934—May 7, 2010)

for his unconditional love and affection,
inspiration, dedication, direction, encouragement,
appreciation and support

Transvestites: The Erotic Drive to Cross-Dress (Part Two of Three
Parts)

© 1992, 2020 by Michael Lombardi-Nash

Registration number

TX0003370397 / 1992-08-03

Translator's Note

Fifteen years ago, before the "New Scholarship," it was not an easy task for sexual intermediaries—Magnus Hirschfeld's words for transvestites, lesbians, bisexuals and gays—to learn about their history. Not only were their books banned, buried, burned and bowdlerized in a conspiracy of silence (the present work included), but they also were often relegated to special, difficult-to-access shelves or cages in the vaults of libraries. Many of the books that survived attempts at suppression are still not accessible unless readers are fluent in foreign languages or can find translations. However, many books by so-called sexual minorities have not been translated at all. Many of the early works, too, even translations, often are too stilted or "heavy" in language for modern readers. Two world

wars with Germany probably caused the German language to wane. Finally, people who could translate—professors—were too afraid to work with writings on a taboo subject that could threaten their tenure, at universities and colleges.

With regard to the current text, I have translated everything—titles of books, Latin words and phrases, and poetry—so that no reader feels left out. I have used Associated Press journalistic style—the "inverted pyramid"—in rendering newspaper reports in the current book, so that unlike the original German readers, we do not have to wait until the last word of the last paragraph to get to "the meat of the matter." I have added paragraphing and footnotes. I hope these make the reading easier. Also, I have faithfully adhered to the text where Hirschfeld uses "Uranism" and "pederasty" for homosexuality. All three terms referred to the same phenomenon in turn-of-the-century Germany. Pederasty was described by the ancient Greeks as the love of an adult man for an adolescent boy. In Hirschfeld's time "pederasty" referred to anal intercourse. Karl Heinrich Ulrichs coined the word "Urning" (i.e., homosexual), and Karoly Maria Benkert invented the term "homosexual" itself in 1868.

I would like to acknowledge the support of many. My parents, 'Tina and Tony Lombardi, who raised me around different languages. I am truly grateful to my now deceased mentor, Vern L. Bullough). To LGBT educators, historians, librarians and archivists W. Dorr Leg Jim Kepner, Don Amador, Hubert Kennedy, Frank Rector, David Fernbach, Massimo Consoli, and Harvey Milk for encouraging me to work in the field of lesbian and gay translations. For their contributions to American Indian culture and transvestism, works by Walter Williams and Judy Grahn were useful for this translation. The index of Greek words in John Boswell's *Christianity and Homosexuality* facilitated my work. Special thanks to Philip Reece, Jim Steakley, Gary Hundertmark, Massimo Wolfgang Kirchstein, Eckhard Prinz, Enzo Cuzzo, G. Dall'Orto, Will Roscoe, and Harry Hay. The translation was financed by Paul J. Nash. The loving kindness of the Nashs and Hiers keep them in my thoughts.

Michael Lombardi-Nash,

Jacksonville, Florida

January 12, 1991 and

January 12, 2020

Of *Transvestites*, Bullough wrote (Hirschfeld, 1991, p. 11) that Hirschfeld was a “co-founder of the science of sexuality,” and that Hirschfeld had “founded the first institute and journal devoted to the discipline of sexology.” Besides writing extensively, Hirschfeld coined the term “transvestite” to “describe people who had the urge to wear the clothing of the other sex.”

Bullough continues, “With this book, Hirschfeld opened new areas in the areas of sexuality. He viewed transvestism as a variation in its own right, apart from other sexualities. Most of the transvestites were heterosexual, some were bisexual or homosexual” (Hirschfeld, 1991, p. 12).

On translation, Bullough noted that without it, “confusion about the term caused folks to find it difficult to evaluate Hirschfeld's work, the one that led to the word he coined, 'transvestite,' sticking. One possible explanation for the lack of an English translation is that Hirschfeld wrote a rather difficult German, and occasionally he was a rather sloppy writer, misidentifying sources or giving incomplete citations....in spite of the fact...it is an outstanding classic....It is the pioneering work in what today is known as gender studies.” (Hirschfeld, 1991, pp. 13, 14).

The Transvestites

The Erotic Drive to Cross-Dress

(Part Two of Three Parts)

By

Magnus Hirschfeld

Contents

PART TWO: CRITICISM (DIFFERENTIAL DIAGNOSIS) ... 10

3. Transvestism and Homosexuality ... 11
4. Transvestism and Monosexuality ... 23
5. Transvestism and Fetishism (Explanation of Richard Wagner's Letters to a Milliner) ... 27
6. Transvestism and Masochism ... 46
7. Transvestism and the Illusion of Sexual Metamorphosis ... 63
8. Transvestism and Hallucination ... 91
9. Clothing as a Form of Expression of Mental Conditions ... 98
10. The Theory of Intermediaries ... 118

Part Two

CRITICISM

(DIFFERENTIAL DIAGNOSIS)

Transvestism and Homosexuality

Motto: Instead of no law
without exception,
one should rather
say no exception
without law.

How, in fact, are we to understand this peculiar urge to cross-dress, whose symptomatology we met in the preceding? Is it perhaps only a matter of a form of homosexuality? In front of us, do we have a phenomenon that belongs in the area of what Havelock Ellis calls autoeroticism, that Hermann Rohleder has described as auto-monosexualism, or related to narcissism, as Naecke maintains? Do we have here a special form of masochism? Does the condition fall within the heading clothing fetishism; does it touch upon delusion mania, a "retardation" of the judgment of the personality, which we in

psychiatry call paranoia; or, rather, do we have here an independent complex before us, which cannot be ordered according to recognized models at this time? Examining differential diagnoses will be our task in the following.

Since similar urges to effeminacy and masculinity, as we observe them here, were described only in the case of contrary sexuality, we at first were inclined to assume that we again had homosexuality before us, perhaps unconscious. However, more accurate testing revealed that this was not the case, because the main marker of homosexuality, as its root word—*homos*, or "same"—indicates, is the direction of the sex drive toward persons of the same sex. We saw in most of our cases that there was not a trace of it; that, on the other hand, there was an even stronger antipathy than normally appears in other heterosexuals. To be sure, some of them had homosexual episodes, which is not unusual for heterosexuals, but they were so transient and superficial that truly inborn homosexuality—and only congenital homosexuality can be true—is not a question here. Even if one could doubt some of the cases (such as 12 and 15), that there was present an urge, vacillating between the two sexes, therefore a bisexual urge, nevertheless, in the majority the direction of the drive toward the opposite sex is so sharply expressed

that the reality of effemination and virility in heterosexual persons must be seen as proven. So now, effemination and masculation step before us as distinct phenomena, which certainly often, but not always, appear related. One has to extend the sentence: "not all homosexuals are effeminate" to include "and not all effeminate men are homosexual." This conforms with the fifth of our laws, the law of geno-genetics (see Hirschfeld, "Transsexuals: Theses on the Development of the Differences Between the Sexes" [*Geschlechtsuebergaenge*], p. 18): "Each sexual character can divert, but still allows himself to establish a relation in the deviations which prove themselves in the same period of time." Whether effemination relatively often connects with homosexuality, which I at present still consider more probable than with heterosexuality, cannot be deduced at the present time because of the lack of exact statistics. According to the experience I have had up until now, I have the impression that in 50 to 60 percent of homosexuals virile characteristics prevail. Bloch, too, has the same opinion (see *Sexualleben* [Sexual Life], p. 551). He writes, "According to my observations, it seems to me the ratio between virile and feminine Uranians is approximately equal." Among this ca. 50 percent, the homosexuals with feminine tendencies, the feminine admixture is

natural, including every kind and every intensity and, in fact hardly 10 percent of them have a more intensified urge to put on women's clothing. To the contrary, the great majority of homosexuals, and not only the more virile ones, find transvestism thoroughly unpleasant. Still fewer are the number of those homosexual men who live fully as a woman; of Uranian women, fully as a man. If this is the case, then, if observed from the outside, a very nearly equal image is offered by homosexual and heterosexual transvestism. Only there is the one great difference, that the sex drive of the one, namely, the transvestites, better matches the physical characteristics; the homosexuals, more the psychological complex. When in such cases the sexual drive is not strong in and of itself, and its direction is a continually wavering one which, as far I see, happens only rarely the differential diagnosis could occasionally be difficult, whether in one concrete case the effemination is to be considered an accompanying phenomenon of homosexuality or the homosexual impulse is to be considered to be a secondary symptom of the effemination.

Because much has been written, before and after Krafft-Ebing, and above all including his own descriptions, of homosexual men and women, to use the words of the great Viennese psychiatrist, "whose entire psychological existence is accordingly formed by the abnormal

sexual feeling," let it suffice that at this time, from our Cases 1 to 17, we take just one example of our own observation of analogous phenomena in a homosexual man and a likewise inclined woman.

One case in recent years that stirred up some attention was the tragic suicide of a man about thirty years of age in Breslau. In December 1906 the press released it as "End of a Male Bride." It was a matter of a person who was born in Rio de Janeiro as the son of a German physician and a Brazilian woman. He inherited enough difficulties. His mother died in an insane asylum, the one in which his older brother now resides. He was able to leave home and go to Paris, where he soon played the role of the "Comtesse de Paradede," a very elegant young lady. He set aside a tidy sum, maintained servants, a carriage, and entertained many guests, without anyone guessing his true sex. Then his fate approached him when he fell passionately in love with a plain German teacher who was staying in Paris to learn French. The latter was attracted to the winning, spirited character, perhaps also by the wealth and the love of the countess, and finally became engaged to her.

When he returned to his hometown on October 28, 1906, she followed him. Her stormy moods he always considered somewhat "odd." His friends and relatives in Breslau, however, strengthened

this feeling in him. They inquired about the prior life of the bride-to-be and finally found out from her stepfather, who had returned to Germany, that he did have a stepson by the name of Alfred, but no stepdaughter Alma. Meanwhile, her passion for the teacher increased. She did not let him out of her sight, persecuted him with her jealousy, and threatened to kill him if he broke the engagement.

When he in fact did retreat, she tried to force herself into his apartment. Then the police interceded. On December 6, 1906, a police official went to her apartment but at first found no reason to interfere. She was very upset and demanded to see a doctor, one she had consulted before because of "anxiety attacks." He was busy and sent an assistant, who would make a full examination. The patient hesitated. When the doctor came in person on the following day, he found her in deep despair, because her fiance had separated from her, left her. When the doctor began the examination, Paradedá asked him to wait a moment, and she went into an adjoining room, from which she reappeared in thirty seconds and said, "Please take seat," and she sat opposite him. However, the horrible effects of the poison, which she had taken in the next room, became immediately evident. He cried aloud, went into convulsions, and was dead in less than a minute. The police official, who had just arrived with an arrest

warrant, found only her dead body. It came out that the deceased was a male; breasts, hips, and wig were false. When he heard of the sensational event, a journalist appeared in the apartment of the deceased and gave the following graphic report:

"It appears that this Paradedda was provided by natural characteristics to be directly predestined to play a woman's role. His waist was 52 cm, his dainty foot 32 cm; women know the meaning of these measurements. 'Auntie Didi,' as he was called by the little daughter of the landlady, in every respect showed good taste, and a glance into the boudoir, especially the closet, filled with the most expensive toilet articles made evident that this pseudo-countess did not lack the means of enjoying that overindulgent lifestyle. A bright, light robe is made completely of Irish embroidery; its worth supposed to be more than 3,000 francs. We also see a white silk blouse with delicately hand-sewn lace tucked in, a soft lace handkerchief that could be considered one of the finest pieces of artwork in handmade embroidery, also a splendid fan with skillfully inlaid ivory; pale pink satin petticoats, likewise set with expensive lace, and many other things such as only a laity of distinction and taste would know how to wear.

"Of equal elegance was the footwear, which consisted of gold-colored shoes, black patent leather shoes, and silk slippers. The silver toilet accessories, such as hand brushes, etc., are monogrammed 'A.P.' below a crown. Also, all of the cosmetics were to be found on the dressing table. Among her other social talents, she especially possessed an outstanding talent for story-telling, and those of you who would initially be startled at first glance would have been charmed as soon as she opened her mouth and told stories about Brazil or episodes from Paris society.

"It was reported that people could listen to her for hours, and every visitor went away in the conviction that he had spent an enjoyable evening. She was not only skillful in needlework, in horticulture, in hat-making, etc., people were not only delighted by her piano playing, which she did relatively well, but also 'her' talent in the kitchen was astounding, and the landlady of the boarding-house made good use of her knowledge.

"It might be an interesting characteristic of the deceased, that at his request the green-carpeted salon of his apartment got pink carpets and that, likewise, the plush furniture was re-upholstered with pink satin, because these were his favorite colors."

I would like to add to this example of a male an example of the female side, of interest to the public insofar as, to the best of our knowledge, it was the first time a woman was permitted to wear men's clothing in Berlin, where she obtained the permit to wear them not only at home and in society, but also on the street. Abroad, especially in France, this is, as we will discuss in detail in the next chapter, more often the case with official permits.

Details about the case came from an expert opinion that my colleague Karl Abraham and I will draw up to support her petition.

MEDICAL REPORT

Miss Katharina T., born 1885 in Berlin, had in an application asked the Imperial Police Force to make no protest if she went in men's clothing and used a masculine first name.

Miss T. came to us for examination at the beginning of the month of September. She wanted to certify the petition with an expert medical opinion. We undertook a thorough physical and psychological examination and spent a long time observing. Based on the knowledge and data we gathered in that manner, we granted

the following medical report of her physical and mental condition, with special emphasis on her sexuality.

Miss T. reported her prior life to us in the following manner. She came from a healthy family and is (except for a stepbrother) the only child of her parents. She lost her father when she was six, her mother when she was eleven years old. From her eleventh birthday on she was raised by an aunt.

As far as she can remember, she never felt she was a girl. Whenever she played house she always wanted to be the father. She preferred to play pirate, at the helm with saber and whip. Between the ages of six and eleven she said she mutually masturbated with other girls. At eight years of age she fell in love with a woman teacher, also often formed romantic attachments to other girls. She never went bathing with other girls, because she was embarrassed in front of them, and even today she blushes before women more than before men. She never had any tendency toward needle-work. She began smoking at twelve, which got her into many arguments with her aunt. The latter at the time was astounded by her development.

During adolescence she had no interest in boys. She cared only to form romantic attachments to girls.

She was average in school. When she left school at age 15, she became a saleswoman. She did not like this work; she held many jobs, each one for only a short time. She wanted a man's career.

She had her first period at 15, and it has repeated normally since then. Miss T. never suffered any serious illnesses.

Between the ages of 22 and 23 she is supposed to have noticed her voice was deepening.

As long as Miss T. had been coming forth in women's clothing, she said she has suffered many unpleasantries. Although she wore her hair long at the time, people thought she was a male transvestite. The youngsters on the street often used to run after her—in short, her appearance always attracted attention. She said she suffered a great deal beneath her unfortunate social position. In addition to that she felt uncomfortable in women's clothing and had the burning wish for a change. In March of this year Miss T. exchanged her women's clothing for men's and had her hair cut short. She felt far more satisfied. The wish to return to women's clothing has never been made. At that time she lived in Hamburg. She did not inform the local police although they knew about her sex. Since then all of the earlier unpleasant events have ceased. Miss T. goes around without

attracting any attention whatsoever. She is spared the former teasing and, as a consequence, her mood has greatly improved.

Miss T. feels she is completely a man, especially in the company of women. Men do not interest her. Especially lacking is her sexual tendency toward men. She has no interest in women's clothing or women's make-up. On the other hand she has a lively interest in men's fashions. Collecting ties and walking sticks is a hobby of hers. She smokes much and certainly mainly cigars, besides cigarettes and a short pipe. She drinks sociably, but often visits restaurants unaccompanied. Billiards is her favorite game.

When for the first time Miss T. visited us in men's clothing, we in no way had the impression that a woman was standing in front of us in men's clothing but rather the impression of a young man about 18 to 20 years old with somewhat feminine facial expressions. Her appearance is thoroughly manly. By her carriage, gestures, movements, etc., she always gives the impression of being a young man, which other physicians and nonprofessionals have observed. Miss T. is short in height. She wears the latest styles, but wears nothing striking. In men's clothing, she moves as if she had worn nothing but these. When she dresses and undresses she does so with skill. Her underwear, also, is all men's. Her shoes are quite wide,

as one sees them in the case of gentlemen; likewise, she wears a man's watch. She wears no jewelry of any kind. She owns a large pocket-knife, and she wears it like a man. Her gait is steady, and she takes relatively large steps. Her handshake is as strong as a man's.

Her hair is cut short and combed back. She has no mustache. She does have some hair on her cheeks. Miss T. says that she shaves now and then. Her color is light; skin of the face (as the rest of the body) is soft. Her chin is round, the form of the face neither expressly manly nor womanly. The voice is midway between the manly and womanly type. Her shoulders are round, hips wide. Bottom and upper thigh show forms typical to a fatty woman. She has well-developed, pendulous breasts. The external sexual organs are womanly. Pubic hair, likewise, is of the woman's type.

In the repeated interviews we held, Miss T. exhibited a good sense of understanding and a good memory. In general we were not able to perceive any signs of mental or nervous disorders.

EXPERT OPINION

In our estimations there is no reason not to believe the patient's statements. Contradictions are nowhere to be found, but rather by

their thoroughness give an image of the fixed type. Many details, on the whole, cannot have been invented. The statements agree completely with our own observations. They could be confirmed by the statements of others.

The shape of Miss T.'s body is thoroughly feminine. There is not even the slightest trace of hermaphroditism, but rather the sexual organs as well as the secondary sexual markings are expressly feminine. Menstruation is present. Only the forms of the face and its fuzz as well as the voice point to any relationship with the manly type.

In the case of Miss T., her mind stands in glaring contradiction to her body.

From early childhood on she did not like girls' games and preoccupations, and, the older she got, the less she felt like a female. Her sexual tendency was and is directed only toward females, in relation to whom she feels like a man. She has manly interests and hobbies. From her entire allure, her social appearance, her bearing, and her movements people would not suppose that they had a woman in front of them. Many nonprofessional people we know have such an impression, and we, too, have had no reason to withdraw our impression of having a young man in front of us.

Miss T. had always felt dissatisfied with her women's clothes, because they prevented her from living in agreement with her inner tendency. In women's clothing she appeared to the public as worthy of mocking, especially by the street youth. She understandably suffered terribly under these conditions. Since March of this year she has been dressing herself as a man. No disturbances have resulted, otherwise the Hamburg police certainly would have interfered. To the contrary, the teasing and derision that Miss T. was exposed to has totally stopped. Whereas her external appearance used to attract attention and incite public annoyance to a certain degree, this is no longer the case. Consequently, her mood, which used to be very depressed, has lifted. Her wish to maintain this condition is easy for anyone to understand. She now no longer possesses women's clothes.

Miss T. has a small fortune by which she supports herself. But she wants to open her own business doing something suitable to her. In this respect, too, her goals support our findings. However, whether she works in an office or any other position, her first name would hinder her everywhere. Everyone will request her name. There is hardly an employer who would give a job to someone with a feminine name who wears men's clothing. And if she were to find a position,

she would not be able to tolerate the teasing of old from her co-workers. By assuming a masculine name she would escape these difficulties. The toleration of this choice of name on the authorities' part would make her existence a great deal easier.

Miss T. is irreproachable. From her past behavior, there is no reason to assume she will violate the law. Since she keeps no secrets about her sex from the police, but, on the contrary, steps forward openly and seriously, one must deduce that she has no self-interested motives. Since now and then mentally ill persons, motivated by illusions, do put on the clothing of the other sex, we directed our examinations toward keeping an eye open for any presence of mental disturbance. The result of the investigation, however, was thoroughly negative. We could establish a defect in her intelligence just as little. For Miss T., the issue of her petition is, frankly, a question of existence.

Above this, another important medical experience comes into view. Sexually abnormal persons who are forced into a lifestyle that stands opposed to their nature often thereby fall into depressed mental states that at times even lead to suicide. Since Miss T. had previously suffered depression in women's clothing, denying her petition would bring her very close to the danger of that ill feeling.

We summarize our expert opinion as follows:

Considering her sexual abnormality and psychological characteristics, wearing men's clothing is natural for the patient. The granting of permission is a question of existence for her. Forcing her to live as a woman can have an adverse effect on her disposition. In men's clothing she causes no public outrage, while in her women's clothing she caused a disturbance. The very difficult existence of the petitioner would be greatly reduced by the police tolerating a masculine first name on the part of the petitioner. She would be protected especially from the ridicule of persons who do not understand her.

From a medical standpoint, we have to state that Miss T. has valid grounds for her petition.

Transvestism and Monosexuality

The result of our expert opinion was that at first she received a provisional permit to continue wearing men's clothing, then also a written one from the chief of police of Stubenrauch. The only setback to the young lady's joy over this decision was that she was not granted her other wish of being allowed to change her feminine first name into a masculine one formally and legally. Bloch (*Sexual Life*, chap. 20: "Pseudo-Homosexuality") suggested the label "pseudo-homosexuality" to differentiate true homosexuality—"congenital, original, and a lasting basic out-flowing of the personality"—from the sexual and metamorphic condition of heterosexuals. I think this is a good choice for homosexual impulses and behavior of non-homosexual persons, particularly when they appear as manifestations of puberty. The analogous label "pseudo-heterosexuality," too, deserves to be accepted for the sentiments and expressions of congenitally non-heterosexual persons.

Any homosexual acts by heterosexual transvestites from this standpoint could be considered pseudo-homosexual. On the other hand, I find the phenomenon before us as not totally in agreement with Bloch's statement. Because, for the people in question here, the most important matter just happens to be the absence of homosexual tendencies. We certainly cannot pin the label "pseudo-homosexual" on a man who says, "The mere thought of same-sex intercourse just makes me sick," or one whom we heard say, "It never did occur to me to complement my condition with a man."

As far as the present goes, one could at most think of a kind of "homosexuality second in potency," such that the attraction these women-men feel is as homosexual women feel toward other women. Several of them said they consider women as "the most intimate friends." In my *Essence of Love (Wesen der Liebe)*, p. 88, I already gave a short account of "sexually normal" man-loving women with strong masculine mannerisms who themselves say they felt they were homosexual men. They were the ones who were extremely strongly attracted to feminine men. Likewise, one could compare our transvestite feminine men with lesbian women. But the construction has something artificial about it for the simple reason that these

persons are completely normal, married husbands and fathers in accordance with their physical relationships.

As mentioned above, since in the case of many transvestites it appears as if they love the woman not only on the outside, but also in themselves, and merely cross-dressing, as we saw, is enough to arouse erotic feelings for some of them, Dr. H. Rohleder's (*The Human Sex Drive and Sex Life [Geschlechtstrieb und Geschlechtsleben des Menschen]*, Fischer's Medical Books, 1907, vol. 2, app. 60, Lecture, p. 509 and following) "auto-monosexuality," too, came up in explaining our cases. With regards to this we would like to stress that in these cases, what Rohleder considers as typical for auto-monosexuality, namely, that the individuals themselves love themselves in their imagination, in their dreams, and mirror images just as they are, and not in the form of the other sex, does not apply. That these persons are not satisfied with their contradictory depictions, but that in all of our cases there is present an expressed need to approach a second object, which through cross-dressing immediately undergoes an intensification, is especially in opposition to his description. Therefore, in these cases there is nothing that Rohleder labels as a characteristic of auto-monosexuality: "that the drive is directed toward themselves only and alone . . . that the

individuals in question, themselves and certainly alone, are the point of departure and end goal of the sexual drive."

Both forms have in common a certain psychic division and dissolution of the personality. When one of the two of Rohleder's cases was asked by the physician if it did not pain him that he had no sexual contact with any other persons, the patient answered (as R. says, "in a manner simply classic to characterizing the condition"): "Oh, not at all. I am completely satisfied with myself. My image in the mirror is a second, living ego. So, I exist in two persons. This second ego that I have in my fantasy, although I have tried to battle against it, always appears living to me, is to me the most deeply beloved being. This image, my own ego, is also what I have seen in my dreams and in the mirror." So, theoretically, one would expect a similar answer from a transvestite, except that, in practice, it has not been observed. In this case, it absolutely does not at all come into the question, when Rohleder presents further symptoms for his cases: "There is very blatant egoism, arrogance, excessive self-confidence bound with heartlessness against everything that does not concern their own person."

Our cases have less to do with what H. Ellis (*Sex Drive and Modesty* [*Geschlechtstrieb and Schamgefuehl*], Wuerzburg 1901, pp.

163-291) called "auto-eroticism," with the "phenomenon of spontaneous sexual arousal without any direct or indirect stimulation on the side of another person," than with Rohleder's auto-monosexuality. (in Madrid, Latamendi chose the word "*auto-erastie*" for the same phenomenon.) This sexual stimulation without a partner also are somewhat related to what Hufeland, in his studies of macrobiotics, called "mental onanism"; and after him, Kaan called "*onania psychica*" in his *Psychopathic Sexuality* (1844); what Gustav Jaeger called "mono-sexual masturbation"; what Kurkiewicz not inappropriately called "ipsatio" (selfness)—all nuances of a drive that a well-known German satirist quite correctly termed, using a play on words, "Love in and of oneself." Naecke sychiatrischen en neurologischen Bladen, 1899, and volume 8 of the Jahrbuch fuer sexuelle Zwischenstufen, 1906, p. 603), and later Fere correctly described "narcism" (also the expression narcissism) as "being in love with oneself," which Maerzbach [*Pathological Phenomena of Sexual Feelings (Die krankhaften Erscheinungen des Geschlechtssinns)*, Holder, Vienna, 1909] defined as "Egoism in love to the highest degree, because the influence of any stimulation from a second person is unnecessary." All in all, these have strict boundaries and are not clear enough to be precise. This group,

whose character contains egotistical auto-eroticism, except for other symptoms, differs essentially from our cases of transvestism.

Transvestism and Fetishism
(Explanation of Richard Wagner's
Letters to a Milliner)

If the question about the homosexual as well as the monosexual basic character of these cases is to be answered in the negative, then we now have the task of investigating what place inside of the heterosexual direction of the drive we must make available for this peculiar deviation from the norm. Two areas come into question here: fetishism and masochism. Observed purely from the outside, the intensive tendency to cross-dress strongly reminds one of clothing fetishism. Representatives of both these tendencies, as opposed to the great majority of their contemporaries of the same sex, seek to put themselves in possession of pieces of clothing that belong to that sex to which they physically do not belong. Specialists with whom I

have consulted about our cases, therefore, at first always suspected a fetishistic basis to the drive to cross-dress. The transvestites themselves, who understandably carefully think through their rare condition, starting, naturally, with their inner feelings, are surely as dissatisfied with this explanation as with the tracing back of their feminine drive to homosexuality. Those, particularly whose basic education allowed them an unbiased judgment, felt they were incorrectly labeled fetishists. They said that their urge to cross-dress could more easily be understood as a kind of masochism, a form of sexual humiliation. I consider both assumptions to be in error. Neither fetishism nor masochism, in spite of many points of contact, fail to solve the problem, even as little as homosexuality and auto-monosexuality could.

Transvestites are essentially different from fetishists by the following: "The sexual interests of fetishists are concentrated without exception on a specific part of the body of the woman or also on specific pieces of women's clothing," according to Kraft-Ebing (*Psychopathia Sexualis*, p. 108). The strong erotic charm that a part or especially the material covering it exerts, for which I suggested using the expression "part-covering" ("*Teilanziehung*") in *Essence of Love* (see chap. 6, "On Part-Covering," pp. 134-284), or "partial

attraction," is in this case the determining factor. An attraction to a "part," which extends to a woman from "top to toe," is a contradiction in itself, an impossibility. Furthermore, we also see in fetishists, but not in transvestites, that the object of their tendency in the first place is loved in itself in relation to a second person, in more pathological cases also detached from the latter (for example, a tuft of hair cut off, a stolen handkerchief), but in no way mainly loved as a part of them themselves.

The fetishist at times also takes the woman's shoe or slip to bed for the purpose of sexual stimulation. To bring himself as close to "the beloved" as possible, he in fact also wears the woman's underwear under his suit. He prefers to wear the latter's, while transvestites like to wear new underwear. However, in general, during the regular day fetishists in no way make use of the pieces of clothing in their favorite fetishistic form. On the contrary, the lovers of elegant shoes, fine patent-leather boots, often wear clumsy elastic-sided boots or even knee boots; fetishists for women's blonde hair do press it passionately against themselves but do not at all think about putting on a woman's wig, as little as a breast fetishist would stuff his chest. In short, fetishists lack the expressed urge to put on the form of the

beloved object, to identify with it, as it were, to change themselves into it.

Here, too, it appears not to be necessary to augment the already abundant amount of casuistry on clothing fetishism by repeating the newest observations. One example should suffice to illustrate in detail the blatant difference between the two. Some time ago I was requested to give an expert opinion in a divorce case of a couple living in Paris. From the files and documents before me, it was revealed without a doubt that the husband suffered from a high-grade bodice fetish. I am reproducing here the main parts of the expert opinion for greater clarity.

MEDICAL OPINION

Of value to the judgment of the question whether Mr. R. in fact suffers from a pathological fetishism, in the first place, are the documents by the French physician Dr. P., who had treated and observed Mr. R. for some time. In the first document, dated October 31, are the views of Dr. V., his colleague, and a specialist who had examined Mr. R. According to two of Dr. P.'s first documents dated October 30 and 31, 1905, this physician describes Mr. R. as a diseased person and

actually names his disease an "*obsession morbide*." Therefore, it is not a question of mere neurasthenia, which perhaps was present and may still be present, but also there is no doubt that the physician means the "obsession" of Mr. R. is connected with the sexual act. The label "*obsession morbide*," pathological hallucination, is chosen in this case for pathological fetishism. German specialists in general certainly do not connect sexual anomalies with this concept, but in and of itself, fetishism is a kind of hallucination, and it is especially to be stressed, that in France the physicians often simply place sexual anomalies under morbid obsessions. Therefore, when the French doctors, who had observed and treated R., call a peculiar mania for the narrow waist of his wife a morbid obsession, they say that it is not a matter of a normal preference for certain characteristics but rather of the characteristic pathological anomaly of fetishism.

Dr. W., too, a good friend of the family, who got a better look at the relationship of the married couple, calls the desire of R. for a narrow waist an "*idée fixe*" a fixed idea, a hallucination. In the beginning of this document, where the physician speaks about the sexual impotence of Mr. R., one may conclude that Mr. R.'s impotence can be brought into connection with his fetishism, i.e., that

he is only potent when the waist of his wife is made as narrow and as thin as possible.

In the documents of Mrs. R., the behavior of her husband is described as pointing to a characteristic fetishism of a pathological kind. According to them, Mrs. R. maintains that her husband continually requested that she tie her bodice as tightly as possible, that he was always concerned about her corset, her physical training, and had placed all the emphasis on her waist during sexual intercourse.

In a letter to him dated April 30, 1906, she writes a sentence that in a few short words precisely describes the sexual anomaly of her husband and shows with absolute clarity that in R.'s case a sexual anomaly is present. She writes, "As long as you are impotent with a woman because she is not tied up in a corset, you will be sick."

This statement in the mouth of a woman who most certainly knows little about sexual anomalies and has studied no medical books about them carries the stamp of truth, and it is unthinkable that she is not simply rendering the impressions she got from sexual intercourse with her husband.

This impotence without the lacing of the waist, however, clearly shows that it is exactly the narrow waist that is the ultimate condition

for R.'s sexual libido, therefore, that a true fetish exists.

The letters of R. themselves fully confirm this assumption.

Like so many sexually anomalous persons, he tries to explain and make beautiful his anomaly out of all kinds of esthetic, indeed, even hygienic motives.

He tells about his preference, his passion, for the narrow waist in the letter dated October 31. He recognized that he was preoccupied with the question of the narrow waist, the corset, etc., and that he wanted to give it up—except that he found his pathological mania to be natural.

In the letter dated October 27 he says himself that he advised his wife to tie her body tightly because it was good for her health.

In a writing dated November 18, he appears to feel that his anomaly itself is pathological.

In the letter dated April 21, he admits his sexual impotence and, in the sentence, "There is food that people love," he leads us to believe that his potency is dependent upon the kind of food that he loves, i.e., upon the presence of a narrow waist, of lacing. In the same letter he tries to convince his wife, by the report of the opinions of Dr. U. about his case, that she meet him half-way in his fetish. He tries to prove to her that, according to Dr. U.'s opinion as well as according to

his own, in reality, nothing can be changed, that the sexual intercourse he desires—i.e., the truly pathological fetishism, even if felt to be natural by R. is possible only with the sex drive that was planted in his nature.

The letter of May 7 shows that R. was worried his wife would get fatter and at the end he says clearly that his disease consisted of his not being able to see his wife having a "physical" problem, i.e., a wider waist, which he did not like. However, this dislike is not a usual esthetic dislike, but rather, as the letter of June 6 also says, that the wider waist would prevent him from finding his wife (sexually) desirable. That in his case he concentrates everything around the narrow waist during sexual intercourse is shown in the same letter of June 6 and the one of July 11, and certainly by the fact that he simply declares that it is totally impossible to think about the condition his wife made in the letters of June 1 and July 10 that they could continue to live together if he would declare in writing and with all sincerity that, during sexual intercourse, he would be "indifferent to the question of the waist" (wife's letter of June 1).

Finally, in the letter of April 12 to Dr. U., he also admits his fixed "idea," his fetishism, and doubts the possibility of his being able to escape it. The less important letters of other family members show,

too, that the family gradually came to the realization that, in R.'s case, there was a sexual anomaly related to Mrs. R.'s tight waist.

The sexual anomaly by which R. is limited is not considered by R. as something pathological at least, according to his letters, not consciously. It is probable that in R.'s case there are still other pathological symptoms, in particular of the neurasthenia kind, that may not be obvious.

However, in no case can one deny the sexual anomaly for the reason that R. is otherwise intelligent even in some respects more gifted—or because there is actually no question about any emotional disease. Because, in fact, sexual anomalies have nothing to do with psychoses in the usual sense of the word. They never lead to true emotional disease; they are often found even in the cases of persons highly gifted mentally. In spite of this, anomalies form a pathological phenomenon as the fetishism in question here.

R. is not to be made responsible for this anomaly in and of itself. It is not a matter of a caprice, of a mania for new stimulation, of a peculiarity that he could put aside by willpower, but more likely a matter of a special drive that was planted into his nature. It is also a matter of indifference to the person how the drive originated, whether one considers it to be congenital or as a consequence of a powerful

association made while one was a youth. In any case this fetishism was planted in R. and surely a long time ago. After the present thorough study and examination in this wide area, in general, researchers will now hardly consider it possible that an anomaly of this kind could originate arbitrarily and as a consequence of excess. From the essence and duration of R.'s tendency, it follows that curing him is next to impossible.

It was to be expected that R. could not be cured by the treatment of Drs. P. and V. The opposite would have been surprising. Bromine, baths, and the like could minimize the sex drive in general, could bring R. to want to have less intercourse with his wife. This kind of treatment can have no influence on the psychological need for R. to have sexual intercourse with the condition of the narrow waist.

Even if he were able to effect an erection and ejaculation without this condition, whether by the mere thinking about a woman with a narrow waist—a notion that, however, would easily be robbed of its power of stimulation by a reality that stood in contradiction—or whether by manual manipulation, this would never be an adequate form of satisfaction for him in the long run. He just has to have his fetish in sexual intercourse. That intercourse in the required manner is not to be expected of a woman requires no explanation.

As for R.'s responsibility for his sexual anomaly, the manifestation of the existence of the anomaly must be examined.

R. cannot be made responsible for the existence of the anomaly. It is not a matter of a characteristic dependent upon his will but rather of a matter of a self-validating feeling planted in him against his will and reason. Therefore, it is a matter of indifference how a person thinks this drive came into existence, whether one considers it congenital or is of the opinion that it is the consequence of a powerful association from one's youth or adolescence. In any case the thought of an anomaly coming into existence arbitrarily or as a consequence of excess has to be rejected.

Accordingly, I have no doubt that R.'s anomaly did not come into existence exactly at the time of his marriage, but rather previously, and surely had been planted into his nature for a long time. At one point in the correspondence there is also a direct indication that R. must have felt his sexual anomaly a long time ago. He speaks about the presence in his youth of his esthetic ideal of narrow women, an ideal that, however, in R.'s case never became a satisfactory ideal as one meets with in many men with esthetic feelings, but rather—as was shown with the intercourse with his wife became a degenerate ideal presented in the form of a sexual fetishism. In R.'s case there is

little hope for any positive results from therapy for the reason that in his letters he flatly rejects his wife's condition to give up his "corset and waist ideas," therefore placing himself in opposition to a counter-suggestion to his adverse condition of obstinacy. As concerns the broader question, R.'s responsibility for the sexual behavior flowing from his anomaly, the presence of an anomalous drive does not automatically make the person concerned free of responsibility for the activity of the drive. One could easily maintain that R. can try to have intercourse with his wife by the mere idea of a woman with a narrow waist, without burdening his wife with laces, wearing corsets, torment, and pressure. Perhaps one could also make him responsible for pressuring his wife to indulge in very painful sexual intercourse, instead of giving it up totally.

However, since R. finds true sexual gratification possible only by the lacing of the waist of his wife, and he is either totally impotent without this condition or can only undertake what he feels is an act of onanism, his resistance to giving up his "idea" is obvious. It is understandable that no woman be required to suffer from this anomaly and to tolerate sexual intercourse with a man under these painful and distressing circumstances. It hardly needs to be

emphasized that fetishism and, in particular, the concrete anomaly by which R. is affected represent the lack of a personal characteristic, namely, sexual normality and the ability to cultivate normal sexual relations. No one could doubt that his wife, if she had found out about this failing, would not have entered into marriage, also that in this case, R.'s not entering into marriage would have resulted in the appreciation of the essence of marriage.

At this point we have to take into consideration that it is not a matter of whether R. merely laces his wife during intercourse or torments her about the corsets, but rather the fact that he continues to pressure her to narrow her waist, suggesting and prescribing means of preventing the widening of her waist, etc., just for the purpose of making coitus possible for her husband. Burdens of this kind are flaws in regular home life—results of the sexual fetishism—that his wife, had she known, would have avoided with just cause by not entering into a marriage. In the literature on this question, too, sexual anomaly is recognized as a ground for petition, especially by Hoche as well as by Numa Praetorius in the *Jahrbuch für sexuelle Zwischenstufen*.

Finally, it is possible to answer in the affirmative the question whether the wife, only gradually and only after her husband received

medical treatment, could recognize his anomaly as such.

A wife who, like the plaintiff, is not completely in the know with respect to sexuality could not possibly recognize the perversity, the pathology, of such drives by herself, all the more so because at first, because her waist was still narrow, her husband's requests were not excessive. She was first able to recognize it when, in spite of the treatment by Dr. P. in Paris, the defendant visited her parents in January and April 1906, and it came out that the old evil ways were still present.

Therefore, in summary, my expert opinion is the following:

1. Based on the documents I have before me, I am convinced that Mr. R. is burdened with a chronic, incurable sexual flaw, or one that would be difficult to cure, whose presence affects the essence of marriage in such a manner that one cannot require the spouse to continue the marriage if the presence of this perversity is recognized as such.

2. From the documents and from the nature of the disease, it is to be concluded that the flaw was present at the time the marriage was concluded.

3. In agreement with her knowledge and with the peculiar nature of the disease, the wife was not able to discover her error within six

months after entering the marriage. On the contrary, this could result only gradually and certainly only after many years of cohabitation.

Clothing fetishism and transvestism have in common that in both cases, even if on the one hand the pieces of clothing are considered the form of expression of a mental condition in very different ways, they are to be looked upon as "a mirror of the spiritual essence" (Bloch, *Sexual Life*, p. 153), as "a measuring device for the special and the personal in an individual [Lukianos, "Eroticism and Clothing" ("Erotik and Kleidung") in *The Torch (Die Fackel)* by Karl Kraus (Vienna), No. 198, p. 12], as "an ideal nakedness" [Herman Bahr, "On Clothing Reform" ("Zur Reform der Tracht") in *Dokumente der Frauen*, vol. 6, no. 23 (1902), p. 665].

In *Essence of Love (Wesen der Liebe)*, p. 153, I explained that I cannot agree with Krafft-Ebing and Binet that the preference for a certain fetish can be traced back to a casual experience during youth, an accidental event ("*choc fortuit*"), but rather that I assume that it touches upon a connection of ideas that depend upon the psychosexual characteristic of the fetishists to project their endogenous peculiarity into a concrete symbol. So, too, the existence of the corset fetish just mentioned cannot be laid before just any

psyche but rather requires a certain sexual type that first must be heterosexual; secondly, sadistic; and thirdly, have the tendency to be receptive to the connection of thoughts (the possibilities of which are too great to be dealt with here) that call forth the charm of the narrow waist. These processes of association in the mind, which often are intricately interwoven in the imagination, very often create difficult problems.

That is also valid for the special case I am now treating, especially to show that the differential diagnosis between fetishistic tendencies and transvestism is also not always so simple. I am supported in this by the *Letters of Richard Wagner to a Milliner (Briefe Richard Wagners an eine Putzmacherin)* published by Daniel Spitzer [the last unabridged version was published in 1906 in Vienna by Carl Konegan (E. Stuelpnagel) Publishing House], a book that attracted much attention when it was published.

It was unreasonable that Wagner's letters were reprinted by *The Vienna New Free Press (Wiener neue freie Presse)* in 1877, six years before his death. (The originals, from the years 1864-68, are now in the possession of the Society of the Friends of Music in Vienna). It was especially unreasonable for Spitzer to publish them with the intent of "offering the public a farce" to show it a German man "who

could not be measured against even the *parisienne* most fond of fashion." But at this time it appears to me, as a specialist, to be very reasonable to submit this noteworthy document to an unbiased psychological evaluation. It makes a great deal of difference whether an embittered anti-Wagnerian provides these letters with malicious sarcastic comments "to criticize" the writer with having a so-called "more than womanly love of dress," or they serve under close examination as a contribution to psychology and to set right the conclusions that the mockers and ignorant have made. It is not right to infer a homosexual feeling in Wagner from his correspondence with the milliner, which, in our opinion, even Hanns Fuchs did not prove in his interesting book *Richard Wagner und die Homosexualitaet* [with the subtitle *With Especial Emphasis on the Sexual Anomalies of Its Forms (unter besonderer Beruecksichtigung der sexuellen Anomalien seiner Gestalten)*], published by H. Barsdorf, Berlin, 1903]. Moreover, in this book there are no details about these letters.

But it is even more incorrect—something that unskilled followers of Wagner still do today to be willing to explain the content of the letters as psychologically unimportant, because the master was supposed to have suffered from a skin disease. The very detailed

manner of ordering, the depth, the value that is placed on the coordination of the colors, the exact

description of how the articles are to be made, disprove this assertion, totally without regard to the fact that the satin did not at all touch the skin in most places, and, according to statements by skin specialists, would rather have had an adverse effect on any kind of skin disease.

The explanation one also finds in one passage in the diaries of Fedor Wehl [*Time and People (Zeit und Menschen)* (Altona, 1889), vol. 1, p. 31] does not hit the mark. The passage goes as follows: "On June 2, 1865, Herbert Koenig yesterday reported to us about Richard Wagner's living in luxury and, among other things, maintains that he is upholstered up to his neck in very expensive cushions." There is no doubt that deep, inner psychological impulses determined Wagner's peculiar inclination. Just how intensive this inclination was is shown in the calculations set down in Wagner's own hand, ones that are almost as informative as the letters themselves, from which it becomes clear that the articles ordered were for personal use. The wording of the bill is as follows:

Invoice:

		Yards	@	Florins
Yellow	Satin	8		7
Violet	"	27		7½
Crimson	"	20		7
Blue	"	30		7
Green	"	8		7
Bright Red	"	8		7
Fawn	"	8		7
Bright Gray	"	8		7
Pink	"	32		7
White	"	32		7
Dark Green		20		5
White		50	4 =	200 florins
Gray		50	3 =	150 "
Pink (cotton)		100	3 =	300 "
Blue (cotton)		60	3 =	180 "
Blue (light)		30		
Blue Bedspread with white lining.				
Pink Garlands		60	4 =	240 "
Peony Roses, 3 Baskets				60 "
1 White Satin and Embroidery.				
3 Pairs of Inserts			25 to 30	"
Wide, White with Garlands		20		

Invoice (contd.):

	Yards	@	Florins
Boots: 1 Pair White			
1 " Pink			
1 " Blue			
1 " Yellow			
1 " Grey			
1 " Green			
			20 = 120 florins
1 Pink Blanket			
1 Blue "			
Lace Chemise	100		200 = 400 "
Blonde Lace	100		4 =
50 Yards wide 1 fl. 10 kr.			1
Straps: Pink @ 18. 10 each.			
Blue, Bright Green, Yellow,			
Dark, and Bright. 10 each.	20		18
			<hr style="width: 100px; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/> 3,010 florins
Embroidery: 2 small, round cushions			
2 larger cushions			
in rose bouquets, full			

Spitzer accompanied this invoice with the sarcastic words: "Three thousand ten guilders! Perhaps that seems a lot to most people for the invoice of a German man from his milliner." From this invoice we see that, besides the expensive satin garments in all colors, Wagner also used a lace chemise at 400 guilders, furthermore, colorful satin boots, as well as richly stuffed cushions, baskets, and blankets made of the same material. The nature of the clothing is shown, among others, in the sixth letter, in which he writes:

"Dear Miss Bertha,

"Please let me know how much money I have to send you to make a house coat made to the enclosed specifications. The color should be pink, according to one of the enclosed samples, which I have marked 1 and 2, so that you can give me the price of both, because I suppose that each has a different price. No. 2 is somewhat stiff and inferior in the back—Austrian made, I think—but I like the color. So—exact price.

"With regard to the sample you sent, I choose the blue, which I hope is not too expensive. I need 18 yards. If you do not have enough money for the new expenses, I am now sending you an additional 25 thaler, which you will please put toward my account as soon as possible. Anyway, with the blue satin, send me another 10 florins' worth of the very narrow blonde lace I forgot for trimming the chemise. You know, about one inch wide. "Mrs. v. Buelow is waiting for her invoice for the music-case, which she is mending right now. "So how much will the house coat whose descriptions I have enclosed cost me? "Best wishes, Yours sincerely,

Rich. Wagner.

Lucerne, February 1, 1867."

In a postscript you then find the following description with illustration:

"Pink satin. Filled with eiderdown and sewn in checkered squares, like the gray and red blanket which I have from you; the same thickness, light, not heavy; inner and outer material sewn together, of course. Lined with light, white satin. The width of the bottom of the coat to be six feet, therefore very wide. Extra attachments, not to be sewn onto the quilting!—a scaled frill of the same material, all around; from the waist on, the frill should go down and become wider and wider, with a fitting in front to close it up.

"Look to the illustration for exact specifications: below, this attachment or frill, which has to be richly and beautifully worked, should spread out on both sides up to a half-yard wide and then go down to the waist, disappearing all around into the regular width of the scaled frill. On the side three or four pretty bows made of material. The sleeves, which you ultimately had made for me in Geneva, with scaled frill—full; a bow in front, and a wider, full one inside below on the part hanging own. Also a wide sash of five yards the full width of the material, only somewhat narrower in the middle. The shoulders narrower so that the sleeves do not pull: You know. So, below six feet wide (quilted) and on each side another half-yard of frill in front. So, six feet below and one yard wide."

To this letter Spitzer adds the following commentary, which, aside from its satirical form, contains many kinds of noteworthy remarks:

"The sixth letter is the one worth mentioning out of the entire collection; indeed, it is unique, because it contains two ink illustrations by the master's hand, namely, the drawing of the dressing-gown stuffed with eiderdown made of pink satin, a splendid piece of work in which any lady of the court would cause a furor, as well as the smaller drawing of the five-yard-long sash, which, because of his small stature, we can imagine he often tripped over as he walked.

"The drawing of the dressing-gown betrays an extraordinary knowledge of the best out of the fashion magazines. The 'sewn on checkered squares' are drawn with light lines and betray a noble feeling of gentility. The 'scaled frill and bows' are shown to us in broad strokes and with an energetic hand. The 'scaled insert' in front is drawn fantastically—in the manner of Callot. And what life is in the whole; the love of the master brought it to life; the eiderdown pulsates in the quilted squares; these frill are not scaled, feeling puffs them up; these bows breathe. In this dressing-gown there is a striving that knows its goal; it is as if it is storming forwards, and a voice in it is calling triumphantly: 'I am no ordinary dressing-gown; there is no

bosom of a thoroughly bad Jewish banker's wife heaving under me; in me beats the heart of a great reformer of German art; Wagner is wearing me. I certainly do know that I must soon die and perhaps have to make room for a white-flowered satin dressing-gown; but what is that to me? Better to be worn for a week by the great, serious man who discovered and understood me, than to be worn year in and year out by that 'ridiculous Rossini up to his ears in luxury,' that 'lascivious son of Italy, whose lustful roaming eyes leave me cold.' When the Wagnerians have placed the master as musician above all musicians before and after him and as poet next to Sophocles, then they will place him, after his having made this picture, as a dressing-gown Rafael among the ranks of the great painters." What the publisher thought of the letters he put in the motto he placed above them, using the first act of Die Walkuere: "He looks like a woman." He repeats it at the end of his statements with the remark:

"I believe readers will find the motto justifiable after they have read these letters, the one that I chose: 'He looks like a woman!' Hunding, Siglinde's husband, calls this out to the Valkyries, after he has gauged the progress of his guest, Siegmund, and continues: 'The glistening worm it is even gleaming out of his eyes.' When one reads this letter written to a milliner, when one sees how, in the same, the

exclusive subject, the love of dress, is dealt with enthusiastically and with interest, and when one finds out the large sum that is wasted on the glistening satin, one has to believe one is not reading the signature of a man; it must be the letter of a woman."

We, too, are of the opinion that Wagner's particular inclination justifies assuming that there is a feminine characteristic in his psyche, which, however, in no way deserves mockery and scorn. To the contrary, for psychologists not arrested by the superfluous, it gives evidence of the unusually rich and subtle complexity of his inner life, the continued study of which would be a difficult as well as a rewarding task for any modern psychoanalyst.

This femininity is not identical with homosexuality, as Hans Fuchs seems to assume when he says (place cited, p. 271): "That Nietzsche clearly recognized the mental homosexuality of the aged Wagner shows in the words: 'because Wagner in his older days was thoroughly of the feminine kind.' This appears to be evident in the case we have discussed here in a monograph. The third letter especially points to Wagner's characteristics that up until now appeared enigmatic but are made understandable here. So, we find this otherwise artistically creative man writing verbatim: 'I have confirmed it a hundred times that my bright morning coat is especially

good for the composition of scientific work, that another blue morning coat has a very stark effect on my style, that a street costume with a white ornamental apron, somewhat like a house-robe, immediately drives out oppressive fatigue and dullness and allows me to do my creative work like nothing else I know of."

In many cases, people depend very heavily on their clothing for their ability to be mentally creative. One often hears this particularly in the case of artists and of the educated. A short anecdote, which, when it was first published was found very ridiculous, has its comical side along with its psychologically interesting side.

"When one day Nebenius, a statesman of Baden, was called to the court of Grand Duke Leopold to write an urgent dispatch, he said: 'Yes, your Majesty, that will take a while; I have to have my pipe.' 'Well, you can have all the pipes you want,' the grand duke replied. 'Indeed, but I also have to have a pair of Turkish heelless slippers.' These, too, were produced. 'Indeed, but I also have to have a dressing-gown.' But that was the last straw for the grand duke, and he yelled, 'Thunder and lightning, so go home!' "[See Dr. R. Schulze, *Fashion Foolishness (Modenarrheiten)*, Berlin 1868, p. 235.]

Moreover, Beethoven, too, was supposed to be able to compose only in his dressing-gown. And it is reported that Haydn was

able to compose only when he was wearing "his finest toilette."

There is not the slightest bit of evidence of any kind of masochistic undercurrent in the allegations that so eloquently depict the intensification of activity effected by clothing. This statement is important for the relationship between transvestism and masochism, to which we will now turn our attention.

Transvestism and Masochism

Masochism is pleasure upon pain, regardless whether it is more of a suffering of physical pain or the toleration of emotional torment or more of a physical or emotional constraint. The essence of masochism is pleasure-emphasized dependence, as the sexual domination of sadism. Unimportant are the extraordinarily great number of ways and means by which the willingness to suffer and the willingness to allow suffering, the slavery and tyranny of love, are symbolically brought to expression.

As in the case of all sexual anomalies, masochism, too, makes itself already visible in early childhood by giving slight indications of the character of the drive to come later. Among our cases, too, there are a few whose clearly masochistic characteristics were evident long before puberty. So, we hear from Case 1, "The presentation of the Passion Play at school brought on an erection, which repeated itself at times when I would speak about punishment or abuse."

Another (Number 7) says: "I felt sensually gratified when as a small boy I lay flat on the ground and my mother would then take off her shoe and gently stroke my back with her foot, making walking motions. I called it frog-walking, and at the age of five or six I used to ask my mother to do it almost every day." Number 12, as a child, blackened his face with burned cork and masturbated at the same time. He was embarrassed and strongly resisted playing "Black Peter," a game in which the loser has to wear a beard painted on with burned cork. He very characteristically adds, "I am telling you this, because it was that thing that I was ashamed about that I hotly pursued in my imagination." To arouse himself, he later imagined that "beloved women changed me into a coal-black Negro or a colorfully dressed clown."

In many of our adult transvestites, too, there are many kinds of things that make a masochistic impression. So, we find that they mention the penetration of earrings or the tight lacing of corsets as especially pleasurable. Also, the wish of some of them to take the most ancillary position possible as chambermaids and housemaids, the preference for very "energetic" manly women. They said, as Number 13 did, "I expect the woman to take the initiative." Particularly the universal urge to be the supine partner during intercourse points

to sexual passivity. To some of them, however, the woman's role itself was felt to be, in the main, sexually humiliating.

This understanding is expressed the strongest by our Case 12: "Is there a greater humiliation," he says, "than when the physically stronger man is forced to take on the form of the woman?" He then explains that for the real man, the gratification of the sex drive is only a "necessary physical exercise for his well-being," that women are "only objects of pleasure" for his "noble, creative spirit. . . . What, then, could be more humiliating than when such a man is fixed in the narrow boundaries of the woman's spirit, is forced to be that which the woman is supposed to be, a tool for the gratification of sex drive and mood. . . . Much more humiliating to a masochist who sincerely resists being defeated by brutal force would it be if he were unremittingly subjected to a role that is for him degrading or ridiculous, in which he certainly appears to possess the freedom of movement, but nevertheless in every moment is made conscious that everything that makes a man proud, his manly abilities, his strength, his gravity, his dominance over the female sex, is paralyzed at the same time. . . . Not rough, overpowering force, but rather the actual condition of being powerless into which the woman has cleverly placed him, brings him to his knees."

With such trains of thought it is not surprising when the wish to be a woman is finally intensified by the temporary idea of being raped by a Hun, in spite of heterosexual orientation. Lost in ecstasy, M. calls out in his daydream: "A thousand thanks, beloved man. I will belong to you forever. Kill me, but let me be your wife." We have here a relatively rare case before us, that the homosexual urge of a person becomes entwined in the roots of the ideas of effemination and bondage of a masochist.

A much more radical case than our Case 12 appears to be the author of a British work by an effeminate masochist or by a masochistic effeminate man, which depicts a counterpart to the symbolic book *Captured Woman (Weiberbeute)* referred to above. It is the book *Gynecocracy: A Narrative of the Adventures and Psychological Experiences of Julian Robinson (afterwards Viscount Ladywood) Under Petticoat-Rule, Written by Himself*.

The edition in front of us contains three volumes and is dated "Paris and Rotterdam, 1893." (A German translation of this work appeared recently under the title *Weiberherrschaft: Die seelischen and koerperlichen Erlebnisse des Julian Robinson, nachmaligen Viscount Ladywood. Von ihm selbst niedergeschrieben zu einer Zeit, wo er unter dem Pantoffel stand*. First and unabridged translation

according to the original English edition by Erich von Berini-Bell. With six color illustrations by Carl Maria Diez. A one-time edition of 500 copies priced from 50 to 100 marks.)

Whether the one before me is the original or a later reprint is difficult to say. In any case, one can place the origin of the work in the 1880s. The anonymous author has not come forth to this day. His true name is of no importance to us anyway. But one thing is clear, that he is a man with a choice education and was gifted with a talent for writing, if not for art, and that he belonged to the high society of England, and possibly still does. His anonymous work is certainly erotic in part, but so dominated by psychological insight that it almost stands alone in British erotica, and also captures a first row in the world literature of this sort of self-confession, next to the works by Rousseau, Retif, and de Sade. We are reprinting from its rich content some passages that are especially relevant to our theme:

Julian, a young man in his teens, has his first naughty experience with the maid. His instincts have awakened. For that reason he has to leave the elegant home of his parents and come under regular school discipline. An uncle of his left a beautiful home in the country to his three

underage daughters, to be raised under the direction of a "mademoiselle," supported by servants. Julian was placed into these surroundings of nothing but women, and from the first moment on was treated not as a man, but rather more as a bauble and silent doll. The rebellious fellow got many a necessary box in the ears, whereby the strong maid had to hold him firmly. In this way the first enlightenment of female conquest over the senses fell to his lot: "I became aware of what Zola calls powerful woman's perfume *odore di femina*." To tame him even more, among the malicious laughter of the spectators he was now put into a corner with a slip wrapped around his head as a symbol of his future life under domination, and after that he was totally dressed in a woman's costume.

The multitude of his feelings of rebellion he described as follows:

It seemed as if each piece of clothing had a thoroughly mesmerizing effect on me. That slip, which first clung so tightly to Mademoiselle's body, then was slowly pulled over my head, over my face, while I, the one fallen in

humiliation, stood in the corner! It took all my strength away, all my power of resistance, my self-respect and made me repugnant even to myself—in short, it fully emasculated me. At the time I clearly felt my manly strength leave me as I stood there with the red slip hanging over my eyes, nose, mouth, and down to my shoulders, and I could think of nothing but that it was a woman's dress I was wearing, and that something so specifically womanly, whether I liked it or not, was forced on me. I had to become weaker and weaker by the flood of womanly influence that broke over me; bit by bit I had to give in to the power of woman.

Nevertheless, the reader should not believe that I was put under the yoke right away. It was more like a relapse. My manhood was continually raised to indignation, and it took many hard lessons to kill it fully. But I do have to acknowledge that with time my aversion gave in; my bursts of rage became more infrequent, and I finally became a henpecked husband.

Then Mademoiselle helped me put on my costumes. How oddly I was touched by all of this! However, I felt

degraded when I heard that when I was dressed, I still had to wear a pair of Mademoiselle's lace knickers over my clothes, with the waist-band around my neck and my arms through the legs, so that the legs became my sleeves. They put leg garters around my wrists. Thus dressed, I had to take my meals with the young women, as a sign of my subjugation and of the neutralization of my manhood.

Wearing slips was not enough! The knickers were enough to complete my degradation. Still, the oddness and discomfort of the clothing took my attention away for a short time from this great humiliation I suffered, and every movement took some effort. Because, walking in girls' shoes with high heels is no small matter. All those button-hooks dug into me, and because the shoes were so small, they had to force my feet into them, and the heels were like mountains to me.

I became embarrassed like a girl when I thought that my body was wrapped up in women's clothing, and that my arms were stuck into a pair of women's knickers. Yet I had truly girlish feelings toward the soft handkerchief I held in my hand. It had decorative lace and could not be used in

case of need. And I truly began to wonder if in fact I was not a girl as I moved into the dining room and was introduced to my cousins as Miss Julia.

I was conscious of a subtle, indefinable influence, but its cause was still a secret to me, its power an enigma. I did not know why I got a very large erection and why now and then liquid flowed from inside my body. I did not have the slightest idea about the procreation of the species. That seemed to me to be a dry subject for educators, the kind of thing you read in introductions to geography books explaining the seasons or the orbit of the earth, etc.

Through Mademoiselle, Julia then learns about the practical applications of the art of love. Then a kind of man-woman, Lord Alfred Ridlington, is introduced into the story. On the occasion of a ball, he was introduced to her as Miss Julia.

Lord Alfred led me to the table. He attended to all my needs as a cavalier treats his lady. I tried as much as possible to be a lady. I took pains not to encourage him too much, put an expression on my face and made gestures

like a girl who was choosy, stubborn, and capricious. He was a good-looking young man, blond, sturdy, with wonderful lips, teeth, ears, and hands. He wore an unusually large snow-white shirt with three brilliant diamond buttons. I noticed how white and how unusually well-formed his neck was and saw a certain gentleness, I would almost say, femininity, that I had to ask myself if he, too, had been subjected to the same training that I went through. I felt sad when I thought how bitterly disappointed he would be if he ever found out I was a man.

Finally, Miss Julia gets into a situation with the so-called lord in which he had to discover "her" manhood. But the Lord was little astonished, and Julia justifiably began to have doubts about his sex. "In spite of his knowing about me, his eyes gleamed, his lips pressed against mine, and he seemed to be as passionately aroused as I was. Was he really a man?"

The story now reaches its dramatic climax. Julia and Maud, one of his cousins, both naive and "absolutely inexperienced," forget themselves in perfect sexual intercourse. The scene where the pair are surprised by Mademoiselle is very exciting and the best part of

the book. The summary that the author extracts from this experience is remarkable enough. He feels (even if it is in fact not true) he nevertheless is a passive succubus. He writes:

When Hercules, as a consequence of the murder of Iphitus, became ill and found out from an oracle that he could not recover before serving for a period of three years as recompense, Hermes sold him to Omphale—who made him a father of several children! Indeed, I remember that well. No doubt readers will have noticed that the adventure, or rather this one adventure of Hercules made a deep impression on me and stoked my interest. I always had the impression that Hercules was made extraordinarily happy by his punishment, and people could strengthen this opinion by the incidental event that Hercules became the father of seven children by Omphale! Happy man! We know the head of Omphale. What a coquettish, small head and what a piquant nose she had. And then: this decisive and nevertheless pleasure-breathing mouth, these large eyes, out of which rays of light came streaming—eyes that glittered with moisture and looked like water lilies upon a

transparent, clear pond when their owner lost her composure or was annoyed, or when Hercules hurt her, whereupon she then would send him to his workroom, where she would slap him because of his clumsy behavior.

The initial expression on her face was filled with contempt and rebuke. And how quickly did her indulgent mood change into a fiery passion for revenge! In no time her Lydian young women were at hand to put the corset around Hercules and to make it extremely tight. They then would drag him into the queen's dressing room, where he no doubt was chained lying on his back—because otherwise he would have been untamable—a payment to the charming woman and the punishment for his bad behavior. That woman was his absolute mistress by divine right as much as by her charm.

It is noteworthy how this story got lost by a seemingly universal understanding among men. There are only a few illustrations of this period in Hercules' life, that is, if there are any at all. Statues of Venus slapping Cupid are plentiful. People have also seen representations of Circe sitting naked in a chair with her foot on the head of

Ulysses, armed, kneeling in front of her. But where do you find—except for the Borghese statue—a Hercules being slapped by Omphale, or Hercules in women's clothing?

Omphale dominated, like Mademoiselle, by the union of force and love. I have come to the conclusion that all men are dominated by women. Why do people not admit it? I would have little consolation if this were not so. I have many fellow-sufferers, and I am encouraged by writing down my experiences. But I can get no open sympathy. If someone were to start a club for henpecked husbands, there surely would be only one member, and that would be me. And I still doubt I would have the courage to join if SHE did not make me do it. It is all too probable that she would do it.

Seven children! Lucky man! Indeed, no doubt that Hercules had to be held down by force or by love and respect, and Omphale, turning around the normal procedure, became the incubus, until he was totally drained, exhausted like that other man Brantome tells about, how he woke up his wife. You know the story. The wife got on top of her husband more than once; two, three,

four times she copulated until he fell into unconsciousness. She then said, "So you will not wake me out of my sleep again, I have taught you a little lesson!"

As a punishment for his misbehavior with his cousin, Julian is supposed to be sent to London and be castrated, so that he will look even more like a woman. This threat makes him very afraid; actually, he meanwhile only has his phimosis operated on, "naturally by a woman doctor." But before that he has to run through some various stages of "discipline," which do not interest us here. On the other hand, various theoretical remarks are given:

In what lies the charm and the hidden influence of women? In the clothing? In truth, petticoats, knickers, corset, and long stockings exert a powerful and mysterious kind of magic. Maud, when she was naked, did not master me as much as when clothed. And when I lay down stark naked in front of Beatrice while she was clothed, I felt the difference. Had she also been naked, I would not have felt so embarrassed. There is nothing that bothers a young man so much as being naked in the presence of a clothed

woman. But where does this subtle influence of the clothing come from? When a woman wears rational or Calvinist costumes, she also at the same time loses much of her domination over men. Macaulay says, in his history of England: "The poison that certain writers dispensed was so strong that in a short time it led to evil-doing. None of them understood how dangerous it was to connect representations of impermissible pleasures with everything that is lovely and noble. None of them were aware that even the libido needs a certain amount of decorum, that clothing can be more seductive than nudity, and that the imagination is moved more by gentle hints to stir it than by coarse descriptions."

When a woman is to be depicted erotically, at least artists know fully how to dress her body with charming and noble pieces of clothing, such as frills, facings, and lace, and half uncovers choice parts of the body all the more to arouse the imagination as to what still remains covered. Had I lived during the times of the courts of love, I would have asked the question whether the lovers liked to see their loved ones totally naked or in full dress. I would have

requested that members of the tribunal give their opinion and support it in writing.

In London, Julian was brought to a fashion store and measured for all kinds of fancy dresses. During this occasion striking thoughts emerge over a piece of clothing that plays an important role in British eroticism, the corset. In "Corsets," the author has a woman clerk say,

are not as radical as canes, but nevertheless effective enough. Or, is it pain that you want? There are no split knots or splinters anywhere on the floor; anyway, a corset does not make a noise like a whistling stick, and then it is a part of women's clothing, right? I believe that when you get married you will be properly henpecked. It is the best thing for a man. And your wife will take care that you fear the corset! Do you know, madame," she turned to Mademoiselle, "many ladies buy steel bands here for their husbands or lovers. Just recently a young lady brought her fiance here and explained that she would marry him only under the condition that he wear one of our narrowest corsets and women's knickers, to prove to him that he was

no longer master of himself, but rather that he had to obey his mistress and was her property.

When Julia went to the woman doctor to be circumcised, she also pierced his earlobes, because he was to wear gold earrings.

In spite of Julian being used sexually as a man, he went around totally in girls' clothing, acted like a girl, and was preoccupied with girlish concerns. The charm of the women's underclothing and everything else grew immeasurably as he himself wore these things. The so-called lord again stepped into the picture. Julian behaved with girlish shyness: "I thought of the days," he writes, "when I used to be a coarse, uncouth fellow and am astounded and surprised, myself, at the complete change which I have undergone. My earlier behavior instilled horror in me. I was ashamed and embarrassed. The past was really and truly shameful for someone who for his entire life was to be stuck into dresses. The training that I had was so complete that even today, when I do know about and understand everything, how I was deceived, I cannot get rid of the strong impression that still strongly exerts its wonderfully taming influence on me."

Mademoiselle tries to convince him that he is a hermaphrodite and finally treats him seriously as her equal. "I thank Mademoiselle

for that. Stressing the equality of sex brought forth a flood of pleasant feelings in me. I was confused and could not divorce myself from the wonderful influence that the statement exerted over me, that beneath my girls' clothing there actually was a girl."

But the joy was short-lived, and he soon became ashamed of his virile corporeality. "I all too clearly felt the lack of an anatomical form that is necessary for conception. The lord brought about feelings that I knew would lead to nowhere." Finally in the novel, all this leads to the lord, the transvestite man-woman, having anal intercourse with Julia, the transvestite woman-man, with a device.

The novel depicts various other adventures, always under the same auspices, and ends with the marriage of the author, of course. The concluding words are:

the woman makes the man. At first she really makes him, because she has the baby and brings it into the world. Secondly, she trains him with the influence of her healthy understanding of the species and by henpecking. Would I have become something other than what I am if I had not come under the domination of the woman so strongly?

At the expense of being pitied and deplored, I have to confess that I love my fetters and my woman tyrant. She furthered my spiritual and physical development. And, there really are many and great physical compensations. There is a wonderful pleasure in having to bend to a woman's will, and it gives a greater sense of pleasure to carry out her orders than by forcing oneself. When I am reminded by something on my body that I am wearing some underwear of my mistress, it penetrates me to the marrow. And as far as carrying out my business, my wife takes care of that better than I. Nevertheless, I have an uncertain feeling that the man exists not only just for the woman. This is a woman's world, and it belongs to her entirely. To her belongs its domination, no matter how you look at it. Therefore, I believe that there must be another world in which the man plays the major role. Yet—it probably does not come off there without women, without their influence and the great mystery of their sex. is that the way it should be understood, as is written, that in a certain kingdom the effeminate shall not enter? Moreover, what makes an effeminate person? Do you mean to say

effeminacy just cannot be the result of a good, healthy training?

In spite of the fact that in this story of the Englishman and in Case 12, transvestism and masochism appear almost identical, I still consider both in this case as well as in general to be separate phenomena and certainly for the following reasons: First of all, in no way does one find masochistic characteristics in all transvestites, and if so, then only to a stronger or lesser degree. Indeed, in some cases one finds exactly the opposite, thus in Case 6, from whom the young ladies flee because he "tyrannizes them too much." And in the case of Number 8, who could only be gratified by acting out a rape and forcing kisses with his tongue. Especially to be considered is that which Krafft-Ebing convincingly made clear in his splendid "Essay on the Explanation of Masochism" ("Versuch einer Erklahrung des Masochismus"), that the latter in and of itself depicts a degeneration of a specifically feminine characteristic, while "sadism is to be looked upon as a pathological intensification of the masculine sexual characteristic in its psychical accessories."

In the case of our transvestites, almost all characteristics, which impress us at first as being masochistic, easily lead back to the wish

for effemination. Thus the inclination toward being the succubus during the sex act, the desire to possess an energetic woman and to be attacked by her, finally, also the pleasure of the initially uncomfortable and painful attributes of femininity, such as the piercing of the earlobes, wearing tightly laced corsets, shoes into which the feet must be forced and whose heels seem to one "like mountains." Exactly in these cases, the physical discomfort is more than compensated for by the emotional comfort of feeling and performing what is feminine.

If there are only a few algophiles (lovers of pain) among transvestites, then, on the other hand, it appears one does find among the truly extensive community of masochistic men that the drive to clothe oneself as a woman is present only very, very rarely.

Professional Berlin "*maitressen*" the word used here in its derivative from "*maître*" in the sense of mistress—who service a large masochistic clientele, when questioned, told me that among their customers, the ones who want to play the woman's role are relatively rare. I could find out only about two of them, who, before they go to see their "domina" (mistress), send a box of women's clothing in advance so that they can dress as a woman before their punishment. These may well be cases that, as our policeman (Number 8) who also

frequented masseuses, belong to the true transvestites who incidentally have masochistic tendencies.

A combination of transvestism and masochism seems to have been exhibited also in the case of one of the most eccentric and famous Englishmen named George Augustus Selwyn (1719-1792). [For more about Selwyn, see Jesse, *George Selwyn and His Contemporains* etc., London (1882); Roscoe and Clergue, *George Selwyn, His Letters and His Life*, London (1889). Also, Iwan Bloch, *Sex Life in England (Geschlechtsleben)*, Berlin (1903), vol. 2, p. 170, and vol. 3, p. 74.] Esteemed because of his great amount of knowledge, his fine humor, and taste for art, which for almost forty years set the fashion in London, and, at the same time, considered "as gentle and kind-hearted as a child," he followed, "with painfully enigmatic delight," all the details of acts of murder and had a true passion for attending executions, most of the time dressed as a woman.

His friend, Horace Walpole, the famous poet, tells several anecdotes about these rare desires. When in 1756 he once again was hurrying from London to Paris to attend the execution of Damile, who, because of his attempt on the life of Louis XV, was to be cruelly tortured to death, Selwyn, this time by way of exception dressed as a

man, pushed through the crowd so near to the scaffold that someone asked him, "Are you the executioner?" to which he was supposed to have answered, "No, no, sir. I do not have that honor. I am only an amateur."

More often than not, masochists use pieces of women's clothing. They tie on a pinafore or put on a petticoat. The piece most in use is the corset and the girdle, which, however, obviously have the task of being tools of torture rather than representing feminine symbols. In the literature on masochism I also find no analogies to our cases. Maerzbach (place cited, p. 116 and following), who devoted a splendid chapter to this phenomenon, alleges that, among the metamorphic forms of masochism, only persons such as servants, pupils, children, slaves, and animals (for example, dogs) wish to be so treated, not, however, as women, not to mention the fact that they really do wish to come forth in womanly form.

My initial assumption that Maerzbach's case "Elisabeth" (pp. 129-31 in his writing) was possibly a transvestite was not confirmed insofar as more complete inquiry from his "mistress" demonstrated that he only settled for a feminine pseudonym and in no way women's clothing, but rather wore only a corset and girdle. Nevertheless, I

would like to include one of his shorter letters, because it better characterizes the difference between both anomalies.

His words are as follows:

My dearest and most severe Mistress, cruel Lady! I hereby report, as ordered by you, and request that you carry out the treatment you intend for me. I understand how terribly I have trespassed against you, my dear mistress, by my disobedience, and that I can make good only by submitting to my fate and to your cruel torture. Standing before you on display in my girdle I will thank you for each lash of the whip; each lash of the whip will mean for me a happy hour in my life, and I only ask, that when you are satisfied with the torture, that you grant me your forgiveness by continuing immediately to torture me. Your loyal woman servant and female slave, Elisabeth.

According to all of this we can consider masochism as only an incidental and attendant phenomenon, and in no way as the original motive of the drive to cross-dress, just as little as transvestism is a form of masochism. There are also women who possess both

masochistic and sadistic tendencies, as well as ones who possess none of these. The necessary changes having been made, all of this is in reference to women who come forth as men. In this case, too, men-like women and sadism in no way coincide.

Transvestism and the Illusion of Sexual Metamorphosis

No matter how much transvestite men feel like women when dressed in women's clothing and women feel like men when dressed in men's clothing, they still remain aware that in reality it is not so. To be sure, some do imagine and if so, then the wish is the originator of the thought—that their skin is softer, their forms rounder, and their movements more gracious than are usual for men, but they know full well, and often are depressed by the fact that they do not physically belong to the desired sex they love. If they did consider themselves actually to be women, whether cross-dressed or not, as persons with megalomania think they are the Messiah or millionaires or even the emperor and pope in one person, then it would be an illusory idea, and the condition would have to be addressed as mental illness, as being insane, as paranoia. Such cases of the illusion of sexual

metamorphosis—*metamorphosis sexualis paranoica*—also do occur, even if only rarely in relation to other delusions.

Krafft-Ebing saw five such cases, two of which he described; besides these he published his findings in one case he observed in the institution in Illenau. In addition there is one published piece by Arndt and Serieux, two by Esquirol. I myself know two persons who belong here, a man who is physically entirely normal in build, who came to see me so that I could confirm for him that he had a vagina and mammae; another, of whom I have very detailed notes, which, unfortunately, I cannot publish at this time.

The following case appears to be a matter of the illusion of sexual metamorphosis. The well-known traveler to Africa, Dr. Stuhlmann, was kind enough to share it with me.

In July 1905, a man, who was always wearing women's clothing, was often caught running around the city of A. More detailed inquiries revealed that he called himself "Mwatsche a seme" (let it speak) and was originally from U. He left his home town and went to P., then went to live in K., and, for a short time, in M. He got married in P. and had two children. In K. he was supposed to have been

bewitched. At that time he became ill with a severe case of diarrhea and had to rest for a month. After three months the disease reappeared, and from then on he felt he was a woman. Since that time he never again had an erection but had to dress himself as a woman and could do only women's work. He maintained he had no sexual intercourse with men or with women, also felt no need for it at all.

In the case of most of these congenitally most strongly predisposed patients, a genuine drive to cross-dress is rare. Typical is that they feel that their genitals have changed into those of a woman. They imagine that they are growing women's breasts, that they have long pigtailed, that their clothing is women's when in fact they are men's. Most of this is confirmed by voices they hear saying, "He's a whore," or, when they are on the street, they will hear someone say, "Just look at that old hag." They also dream that they are a woman during coitus. One reported that that was natural" for him.

Of special interest is the patient observed in Illenau, a pianist, who was admitted there in 1865 at the age of 23. Initially he suffered from typical persecution mania, but more and more erotic ideas came

to the foreground. He continually hears obscene speech, sees prostitutes everywhere, and at the same time masturbates to excess. He says, "I am poisoned by lust that is affecting my sex drive," and, "I want to marry a woman who masturbates." At the same time, he has illusions of grandeur. He possesses a wonderful idea worth 20 million francs and a composition worth 500,000 francs. In August 1872, after he had already spent seven years at the institution thus, he requested to be moved to the women's ward. He was a woman. Then he wanted to go to the delivery ward because he was pregnant.

From December 1872 on his personality definitely changed into that of a woman's.

He supposed he was a woman all along, but a French Quaker artist was supposed to have painted him with male genitals from his first to his fifth birthday and had prevented his breasts from growing by rubbing and shaping his thorax.

He now energetically demands relocation to the women's ward, protection from men who want to use him as a prostitute, and women's clothing. Eventually he said he was also willing to occupy himself in a toy store working

with quilting and cutting or in a hat shop doing women's work. From the time of the sex transformation onward, a new era began for the patient. In his memory he perceived his own personality as his cousin.

He continues to speak of himself in the third person and declares he is Countess V., the most favored friend of Empress Eugenie, demands perfumes, corsets, etc. Considers the other men of the ward as young women, tries to braid his hair, demands an Asian hair-removal lotion so that people will no longer doubt his being a woman.

He says he was examined by the midwife and found to be a lady. He can no longer be dissuaded from the illusion that he is the Countess V. Since he did not get any women's clothing and high-heeled shoes, he spends almost all of his time in bed and acts as if he were a wealthy lady suffering, acts prudishly, bashfully; he braids his hair as much as possible, plucks out his beard, and makes breasts for himself out of breakfast rolls. In 1874 he died of tuberculosis.

In spite of the fact that the drive to dress in the clothing of the other sex and the illusion of sexual metamorphosis express themselves differently in each case and truly one can hardly be taken for the other, as with all the other forms of limitation and transition, anomalies used up until now for comparison are also present here again, forms in the case of which the guarantee of the differential diagnosis presents certain difficulties.

In 1890 a Hungarian physician sent Krafft-Ebing a very interesting autobiography that belongs here. He published it in a later edition of his *Psychopathia Sexualis* under the title "Transitional Stage to Metamorphic Sexual Paranoia" ("Uebergangsstufe zur Metamorphosis sexualis paranoica"). This case, which Krafft-Ebing himself describes as a "very valuable autobiography for science," is, as far as I can see in the literature on the subject, the only detailed description that points to a far-reaching relationship to our own. For this reason and because, coming from a physician, it offers important psychological insights into the inner life of other transvestites not only by his analogies, but also by his reflections, it appears to me that the repeating of this biography, in spite of its fullness of detail (one could also say, because of its completeness), is necessary at this point,

where its isolation, removed by the relationship with the rest of the cases, for the first time fully finds its true value. The patient writes:

Born in Hungary in 1844, for a long time the only child of my parents, because the other siblings were stillborn; only later did a brother come along who remained alive.

I come from a family in which there were many nervous and psychological diseases. As a small child I was supposed to have been very pretty, with blond curls and transparent skin; very obedient, quiet, modest, so that I was accepted in the company of women without having been a bother. Having a very active imagination—my enemy for my entire life—my talents developed quickly. At four years of age I could read and write. I can remember as far back as when I was three years old. I played with everything that fell into my hands, with tin soldiers or stones or ribbons from a children's store; only one thing I did not like and that was a device to work with wood. I preferred to stay at home with my mother, who was everything to me. I had two or three friends with whom I played, but I played just as well with their sisters, who also

always treated me as a girl, which at first did not bother me. I must have acted just like a girl, because I remember them saying, "A boy doesn't do that." I thereupon put every effort into playing the boy, imitated everything my friends did, and tried to outdo their wildness, in which I succeeded: there was no tree and no building so high that I could not climb it. I took great joy in my soldiers; I withdrew more from the girls, because I was not supposed to play with their things, and it did begin to annoy me that they treated me exactly as one of their own. In the company of adults, however, I was always unassuming and, at the same time, gladly seen. Fantastic dreams of wild animals that once drove me from my bed, without my waking up, frequently tormented me. I was certainly always dressed simply, but very neatly, and for that reason got the tendency for wanting nice clothes. I think it is peculiar that I liked women's gloves at the time I was in school. I used to put them on in secret as often as I could. So, I got excited when my mother once gave away such a pair as a gift. I was totally against it, and when she asked why, I told her that I would have liked them for myself. That gave her a

good laugh, and I was careful from then on not to show my preference for women's things. But they still gave me great pleasure. Masquerade clothing gave me the greatest pleasure, that is, women's only; whenever I saw it, I envied the woman who possessed it. I remember seeing two ladies in white who were two wonderfully dressed transvestite men with very beautiful girls' masks in front of their faces. And still, I would never have shown myself as a girl in front of others for any price, so fearful was I of being mocked. In school I was very diligent; was always top of the class. My parents taught me from my childhood on that first comes duty and always gave me themselves as an example of that. I always liked to go to school, because the teachers were nice and the older pupils did not plague the younger ones. Then we left my first hometown, because my father was forced to separate from his family for one year because of his job. We moved to Germany. It was much stricter and rougher, partly because of the teachers, partly because of the pupils, and I was mocked because of my girlishness.

My classmates went so far as to give my name to a girl who looked like me and gave hers to me. I hated the girl. But later I became friends with her when she got married.

My mother continued to dress me neatly, and I did not like that because I was mocked for it. So, I was happy when I finally got real trousers and real men's coats. But these brought a new plague. They bothered my genitals, especially if the material was somewhat rough. Also, when the tailor touched me to take measurements, it tickled me so that I shook, and it was intolerable, especially to my genitals.

Then I was to do gymnastics, and I could not perform, at least not well, not even what girls could easily do. I was embarrassed to undress to go swimming. But I liked to do it. I was very weak in the small of my back when I was 12 years old. I learned to swim late, but I swam so well that I could go for a long time without stopping.

At 13 my pubes began to grow; I was about six feet tall, but my face still looked like a girl's until I was 18, when my beard began to get heavier and I was done looking like

a girl. At 12 I got an inguinal hernia that finally healed when I was 20. It especially bothered me when I did gymnastics. Add to that, that since I was 12, whenever I sat for a long time and especially while working late at night, which occurred frequently, I experienced an itch, burning, and fluttering from my penis to the small of my back, which was made more severe by sitting and standing and which intensified when it got cold. I never would have imagined that this could have had anything to do with the genitals. Since none of my other friends suffered from this, it was strange to me, and I had to be very patient to tolerate it, all the more so because my abdomen in general often bothered me.

I was totally ignorant of sexuality, but now, as when I was 12 or 13 years old, had the certain feeling of preferring to be a girl. Their form is more pleasing to me, their calm appearance, their decorum, but especially their clothes please me very much. I am very careful to hide the fact, but I know for certain that I would not be afraid of the castration knife to reach my goal. If I had to say why I like to dress in women's clothes, I would have to answer that I

am forcefully drawn to them. Also, maybe I appeared to myself to be more like a girl because of my rare, soft skin; the skin on my face and hands is especially very sensitive.

The girls always liked to see me. Although I always would rather have been with them, I scoffed at them whenever I could, because I had to do it to excess so that I, myself, would not look like a girl. But I always envied them in my heart. My envy was especially great when a friend got long dresses or wore gloves and a veil.

When I went on a trip at 15 years of age, a young lady whom I lived with suggested that I dress up as a lady and go out with her. But because she was not alone I did not agree, no matter how much I wanted to. A lady who was fully dressed appeared to me as a goddess. If she touched me with her leather-covered hand I was happy and envious; I would liked to have put myself into her place and into her nice things.

Notwithstanding, I studied diligently, made it through grade school and high school in nine years, and did well on my final examinations.

I remember that when I was 15 I told one of my friends about my wishing to be a girl. When he asked why, I could not give him an answer.

At 17 I fell into questionable company. I drank a lot of beer, smoked, and joked with the waitresses. The latter liked my company, but they always treated me as if I, too, were wearing dresses. I did not attend the dances. I could not stand it. Had I been able to attend wearing a mask, then it would have been different. I liked my friends. I hated only one of them, who led me to masturbate. Shame on that day that destroyed me for life. I practice it rather often, but when I do it I feel like another person. I cannot describe the feeling. I believe it was manly, but mixed with the womanly. I could not get close to a girl. I feared them, but they were not strange to me. But they always impress me as if I were one of their own. I envy them. I would have given up every joy if I could have been a girl at home and had to go around like that completely. A petticoat of crinoline, a narrow pair of gloves were my ideal.

Whenever I saw a woman's costume I wondered how it would feel on me, namely, as a woman. I did not have a

desire for men. But I do remember one friend for whom I had gentle feelings. He had a picture-perfect girlish face and dark curls hanging down, but I believe my feeling was that we both would have liked to be girls.

In college I finally experienced coitus. I felt like I was the girl, and I wished my penis would have changed into a vagina. To her surprise, the girl had to treat me like a girl, which she gladly agreed to (she was rather inexperienced and for that reason did not mock me).

As a student I was wild. But I always felt that this wildness was nothing more than a mask. I drank, joined in, but did not learn how to dance, because I was afraid of giving myself away. My friendships were deep and without mental reservations. I was especially pleased when a friend got dressed up as a lady, or when I could sample the ladies' toilette at dances. I had a good understanding for it and gradually began to feel like a woman.

Because of unfortunate relationships I twice tried to commit suicide. For no reason I could not sleep for two weeks, had many hallucinations (both sight and sound),

had intercourse with dead as well as with living people, and that has stayed with me to the present day.

I also had a girlfriend who knew about my hobby, put on my gloves, but did not dispute my being a girl. I understood women better than men, and when they found out, I was again treated like a girl, as if one had found a girlfriend. I could not stand obscene language and only did it to brag. I soon put aside my initial loathing for bad smells and blood until I was the opposite, but there were some objects I could not look upon without disgust.

There was only one thing I just could not understand: I knew I held feminine tendencies but still believed I was a man, but still doubted whether I could ever admire a woman, except for coitus, which gave me no pleasure (which I attributed to onanism), without the wish of being the same, or asking myself whether I wanted to be one or wanted to come forth in her attire. Learning obstetrics was very difficult for me (I was embarrassed for the women lying down and sympathized with them), and to this very day I have a feeling of dread that is still to be overcome. Indeed, I thought that I felt their contractions along with

them. I held many successful positions as a physician and as a volunteer doctor went along on a campaign. Riding on horseback, which was painful for me even when I was a student, was difficult for me because my genitals felt more like women's. (If I had been able to ride side-saddle it would have been better.)

I still believed I was a man with unclear feelings, and always, when I came together with women, I was soon still treated as a uniformed lady. (When I first began to wear the uniform, I would have preferred to have slipped into a woman's costume with veil; I always felt bothered when people looked at the stately uniform.) I was successful in all three main branches of my private practice, then I went on another campaign. In this one my nature was to my advantage, because I believe that ever since the first donkey appeared on the face of the earth, no ass had ever seen so much patience than I had. I was decorated, but this left me cold.

Thus I went through life as best I could, never satisfied with myself, filled with weltschmerz, between

sentimentality or anger, which was usually most affected, vague.

I felt very peculiar as a candidate for marriage. I would rather have not married at all, but family relations and medical practice forced me into it. I married an energetic, kind lady from a family where female domination blossomed. I was in love with her as much as someone like me could, i.e., whatever he loved, he loved with all his heart, and, even if he did not appear so stormy, he did it like a total and a real man. He loved his fiancée with womanly depth as if she were the bridegroom and he the bride, except that I did not own up to this aspect, because I still believed I was only a man who was out of sorts, and that marriage would set me on the right path again. But already on the evening before the wedding I felt that I was functioning as a woman in the form of a man; I was only taking a woman's place.

On the whole we lived contented, and fortunately we had no children for a few years. Following a difficult pregnancy, the first boy came after a difficult birth. Since birth he has had a melancholic nature. Then came a

second, who is very quiet; a third full of tricks, a fourth, a fifth; all of them already tend to have neurasthenia. At that time I never considered myself out of place, so I always joined in with gay company, but always worked as hard as I could, studied, operated, experimented with many medicines and methods of cure, also always on myself.

In the marriage I left household matters up to my wife, because she knew how to handle them well. I carried out my duties as husband as well as I could, but without any satisfaction for me. To the present day the man's position in coitus is contrary to my nature and has been difficult. I would much rather have another role. When I helped my wife give birth, it almost broke my heart because I knew how much pain she was suffering. Thus did we live together for a long time until severe arthritis sent me to several baths for a cure. It made me neurasthenic. At the same time, I was so anemic that every few months I had to take iron for long periods of time. I also suffered from chlorosis^[1] or hysteria or both at the same time. Stenocardia^[2] often plagued me, then came the cramps in one side of my chin, nose, neck, larynx,

hemicrania,^[3] cramps in my diaphragm and chest muscles; for three years I had the persistent feeling my prostate was swollen, a feeling of expulsion, as if I were to give birth to something, pain in my pelvis, perennial pain in my crotch, and things like that. Enraged, I lost all hope of protecting myself from these female diseases or ones that affect women until three years ago when a very severe attack of arthritis broke me down completely.

No sooner had this terrible attack of arthritis occurred when I, filled with despair, took hot baths as near as possible to body temperature to extirpate it. Then all of a sudden it happened. I completely changed and felt near death. With my last ounce of energy I sprang out of the hot water, but I felt exactly like a woman with libido.

Furthermore, at that time extr. cannabis indica came into use and was highly praised. Frightened by the attack of arthritis (and pained by my indifference toward life) I took three to four times the regular dose of cannabis extract and underwent a mortal combat with hashish. Fits of laughter set in, and then came the feeling of increased physical power and swiftness, a peculiar feeling in my

brain and eyes, and thousands of sparks flashing through the skin of my head. Then, all of a sudden, from my toes to my chest I saw myself as a woman, felt, as earlier in the thermal bath, that my genitals were invaginating, my pelvis widening, my breasts shooting out, an unspeakable desire overcoming me. I closed my eyes so that at least I would not see the change in my face. At the same time, I felt as if my doctor had a giant potato for a head; my wife had the full moon on her torso. And nevertheless, when both of us left the room a short time later, I was strong enough to make my short, last will in my notebook.

But no one could describe the shock when I woke up the next morning feeling completely changed into a woman, and when walking and standing feeling a vulva and mammae.

When I finally got out of bed, I felt that a total revolution had occurred inside of me. Even during my illness a visitor said to me, "You're too patient to be a man" and gave me a blooming, flowering potted plant as a present, which appeared strange but still pleased me. From then on I was patient; I no longer wanted to storm

about, was as tame as a kitten, was mellow, forgiving, no longer vindictive—in short, like having the soul of a woman.

During my last illness I had many auditory and visual hallucinations, spoke with the dead, etc., but I myself still did not notice that on the sickbed the man in me had expired. The change in my disposition was fortunate because I received a shock, which I accepted with resignation, so that I no longer recognized myself. Had I received the shock during my earlier illness, it would have killed me.

Since I often mistook neurasthenia for arthritis, I still needed many baths. When the itching of my skin began to increase instead of decreasing, I had to give them up (I became more anemic because of the baths), and I inured myself as best I could. But the feeling of the feminine compulsion remained and became so strong that I was only wearing the mask of a man; otherwise, however, I felt myself in every respect as a total woman in all parts and at the time lost all memory of the old times.

What the arthritis did not affect was totally ruined by influenza.

Present status: I am tall, hair receding, beard becoming gray, my posture is beginning to buckle; since the influenza I have lost about a fourth of my strength. Face looks somewhat reddish; full beard; chronic conjunctivitis; more muscle than fat; left foot appears to be getting varicose veins, often falls asleep, is not perceptibly swollen but appears to be becoming so.

The area of the mammillary sticks out in spite of its small size. The stomach has the form of a woman's stomach; feet positioned like women's, calves, etc., like theirs; so are the arms and the hands. Can wear women's stockings and gloves from $7\frac{3}{4}$ to $7\frac{1}{2}$; likewise I can wear a corset with no problem. Weight ranges between 168 to 164 pounds. No protein in the urine, no sugar, has above-normal uric acid but when there is little uric acid, it is clear, almost as clear as water after any excitement of any kind. Stool usually normal but when it is not, then all the female problems of extreme constipation come. Sleep badly, often several weeks long for only two to three hours. Appetite

rather good, but on the whole my stomach can only tolerate that which a strong woman can and immediately reacts against sharp spices by skin rashes and burning of the urethra. Skin is white, for the most part feels smooth; intolerable itching of the same for two years, decreased in the past few weeks, appears mostly in the bend of the knees and on the scrotum.

Tendency to sweat; perspiration earlier as good as not present, now it makes all the ugly tinges of female perspiration, especially in the abdomen, so that I have to keep myself cleaner than any woman. (Perfume the handkerchief, use perfumed soap and eau de cologne.)

Feeling in general: I feel I am a woman in the form of a man. Even if sometimes I still feel the form of the man, the member in question, nevertheless, feels feminine, so, for example, the penis feels like a clitoris; the urethra as urethra and vagina; it always feels wet to me, even when it is dry; the scrotum as labia majora. In short, I always feel a vulva, and what that means can only be known by the one who feels or has felt that way. But all the skin on my body feels feminine, receives all impressions as a woman, be

they of touching, warmth, or hostile, and I have the sensitivities of such a one; I cannot go out with bare hands, because both heat and cold torture them; when the time allowed for us gentlemen to use parasols is past, the skin on my face suffers until I can again begin to use one.

When I wake up in the morning, for a few moments it feels as if in the dawning light I am searching for myself, then the feeling of being forced to be a woman wakes up. I feel the feeling of the vulva (or that such a one is there) and greet the day with a quiet or a loud sigh, because I am again anxious about the stage play about to be performed the whole day.

It is no small matter to feel as a woman and have to behave as a man. I had to learn everything as if for the first time; knives, apparatus, everything has felt entirely different for the last three years, and with the changed feelings in my muscles, I had to learn everything over again. I succeeded, too; only using the saw and the bone chisel continue to give me problems; it is almost as if I do not have enough strength. On the other hand, I have a better feeling for working with the sharp scoop in the

abdomen. I do not like it when, examining a woman, I feel her pains, which often astounds them. The worst is when I, too, feel the movements of the babies; for some time, for several months, I was plagued by the thought-reading of both sexes, against which I am now fighting; I can tolerate it more from women; from men it is repugnant to me.

Three years ago I still did not know the world through women's eyes; this change in the report of the optic nerve to the brain came almost suddenly during a terrible headache. I was with a woman who felt she was sexually reversed, when I suddenly saw her change as I now feel, namely, she as a man and me feeling as a woman opposite her, that I left her with badly concealed annoyance; at the time she was still not clear about her condition.

Since then all my senses of perception take on a feminine form and likewise their report. My cerebral system became almost vegetative so that all infirmities expressed themselves in a womanly fashion; the sensitivity of all my nerves, especially the auditory, olfactory, or trigeminal, increased to the state of

nervousness; just let a window slam, and I jump, i.e., inwardly the man may not do that; if the food is not absolutely fresh, I get the smell of a cadaver in my nose. I never believed the trigeminal was capable of being so changeable, that the pain can be a toothache or a sore eye.

Yet, since my alteration I can more easily bear toothache and sick headaches, also I am less anxious with stenocardia. I think it is a peculiar observation that I feel I am a worried and weaker being, yet when danger appears I am more cold-blooded and calm, likewise in the case of difficult operations. My stomach takes revenge (against the diet of a woman) at the slightest error whether by belching or some other difficulty, especially for the abuse of alcohol. The hangover of a man who feels like a woman is much more severe than the worst of any academic hangover; it is almost as if a person who feels as a woman was totally dominated by the vegetative system.

No matter how small my nipples are, they feel like mammae to me, as they use to swell and ache during puberty; for that reason I am embarrassed to wear any

white shirts or vests. In my pelvis I have the feeling as if it were a woman's; ditto my hindquarters and buttocks. At first I was bothered by my stomach feeling like a woman's, which does not want to wear pants and always has or gives the feeling of being like a woman's. I always feel I have a woman's waist. I feel I have been robbed of my own skin and am put into women's skin, which fits everywhere exactly, but which feels exactly as if it surrounded a woman and was expelling the man's body. My testicles, if not atrophied or degenerated, are testicles no longer and often cause me pain, with the impression as if they wanted to recede into my gut and remain there; when they move they often cause me pain.

Every four weeks, at the time of the full moon, for five days long as a woman, I suffer menstrual pains, physical and emotional, except that I do not bleed, while I do have the feeling of the emission of fluid, a feeling of swelling of the genitals and of the (inner) abdomen; a very pleasurable time, especially afterward, a few days later, when in the meantime I have the psychological feeling of the need to copulate, which comes with all of that power

that penetrates a woman. My whole body is then filled with this feeling, like a stick of sugar that is dipped into and saturated by water or as full as a wet sponge. One could say: first a woman in need of love, then a human being, and the need certainly is, it appears to me, more a yearning for conception than for coitus. The immense natural drive or the female rut allows modesty to retreat, so that coitus is wished for indirectly. I felt coitus pleasurable at the most three times as a man, otherwise I was quite indifferent to it; in the past three years, however, I have felt it clearly and passively as a woman, sometimes even with the feeling of female ejaculation. I always feel I have been mated and tired as a woman, also often put out of sorts, which is never expected from a man. A few times coitus gave me so much pleasure that I could compare it with nothing; it is simply the most delightful and powerful feeling on earth, for which everything could be sacrificed; at this time the woman is nothing but vulva that has swallowed up the entire person.

The feeling of being a woman has not been lost to me for one minute in three years; it is no longer painful to me

because I am used to it, although I do feel myself to be inferior since then, for to feel one is a woman without desiring pleasure can be tolerated even by a man; but when the need comes! Then the comfort ceases; the burning, the heat, the feeling of the swelling of the genitals (when the penis is not erect, the genitals act as if out of character). Severe pressure causing the feeling of sucking in the vagina and vulva is absolutely horrible, a torment of hell from sensual pleasure, but hardly tolerable. if I am in the position to have coitus, it is better; but because of the conception that is lacking, it leads to no complete satisfaction; I get the feeling of sterility with a feeling of terrible shame, besides the feeling of passive copulation, injured modesty.

One appears to oneself almost as a prostitute. Using reason makes no difference; the feeling of femininity dominates and conquers everything. It is easy to measure how difficult it is for people to work at their jobs at such times; yet you can force yourself to do it. Of course, it is almost impossible to sit, to walk, to lie down, at least not for

long, and add to that the unbearable feeling of trousers, etc.

Marriage, then, except for coitus, when the man must feel himself being copulated, still gives the impression of the living together of two women, one of whom can be considered masked as a man. If these periodic menstrual pains fail to appear the feeling of gravidity or of sexual over-saturation comes, otherwise unknown to the man, which, however, engrosses entire persons just as much as the feeling of femininity, only that they are disagreeable, so that a person would gladly have the regular menstrual pains again. Whenever erotic dreams or ideas come, then you see yourself in the form as a woman would have, and if you see an erect penis present itself, it is, since the anus feels feminine, not at all difficult to become a cinaedus,^[4] except that the positive religious prohibition prevents it, all other considerations come to nothing.

Since such conditions truly would be disagreeable to everyone, there is present a desire to be sexless or to allow oneself to become so. If I were unmarried, I long ago

would have said goodbye to my testicles, scrotum, as well as my penis.

What does it matter to have the greatest pleasures of feeling as a woman if one still cannot become pregnant? What use are the stirrings of womanly love when one has a woman for satisfaction, when she makes us feel as a man during copulation? How terribly shameful womanly perspiration is! How the man is humiliated by the feeling of joy in clothing and make-up! He wants to be in the altered form, even if he can no longer remember feeling sexual as a man and still not be obliged to feel as a woman; he knows full well that he never had sexual feelings, that he, too, was just nothing but a person, uninfluenced by sex! Now, all of a sudden is he always supposed to feel his individuality only as a mask, always feel as a woman, have an alternation when every four weeks he has his periodic discomforts, and in the meantime have his feminine desires that cannot be gratified?

When will he be able to wake up without feeling like a woman? He recently has been yearning for that moment when he can expose his mask, but the moment does not

come! He can only find relief if he can put on a piece of women's clothing, jewelry, a piece of underclothing, etc., because he certainly cannot go around as a woman; to be obliged to fulfill all his duties on the job with the feelings of an actress playing the part of a man and to see no end is no small matter.

Religion alone protects one from a big downfall but does not prevent the pain when temptation comes to the individual who feels like a woman, just as to a real woman, and must be felt and overcome just as they do! It is painful when a respected man who enjoys a great amount of trust from the public and possesses authority has to make his way through the world with his vulva, even if it is imaginary; when one comes home from a hard day at work and has to examine the toilette of the second-best lady, to criticize with the eyes of a woman, to read her thoughts from her face; when a fashion magazine (I already did this as a child) instills the same interest as a scientific work; when one has to hide his condition from his wife, whose thoughts, as soon as one feels oneself to be a woman, can be read from her face, while it becomes clear to her that

one has changed in body and soul. The torments that have to be overcome because of feminine weakness! On vacation, sometimes, you certainly might be able to live for a time as a woman, for example, to wear women's clothing, etc., especially at night, keep your gloves on almost all of the time, put on a veil or a mask in the room, so that you can have some peace with your excessive libido, but one day invading, domineering femininity demands that it be acknowledged; it often is satisfied with a provisional concession, putting on a bracelet, for example, but it strongly demands a concession of some kind.

The only happiness is that one can see oneself costumed as a woman without shame; indeed, that when the face is masked or veiled, one prefers to see oneself thus and appears natural to oneself; then one has, as any other fashion goose, the taste of the current fashion, so much is one altered! Until one gets used to the thought independently of feeling only as a woman and to a certain degree can fetch from one's memory the earlier manner of thinking for comparison, and then to express oneself as a

man, it takes a lot of time and immense self-control.

In spite of this it still happens that a person detects a feminine feeling, be it in sexuality, that one says: one feels so and so, which, however, a non-woman cannot know, or that one accidentally reveals that the feminine clothing is normal for oneself. It does not matter to women, because a woman feels flattered primarily when a person understands what matters to her, but that may not happen when it is your own wife! I was shocked once when my wife said to her girlfriend that I had a very fine taste for women's articles! How surprised was a proud woman of fashion when, because she was in the act of raising her little daughter incorrectly, I presented to her all the feminine feelings orally and in writing (of course, I lied to her that I had my information from books); but she trusts me now, and the child, who was on the verge of becoming insane, has remained rational and happy.

Namely, the child had confessed all her feminine impulses as sins, but now she knows what is to be endured as a girl and what has to be mastered by the will and religion and feels herself to be a person. Both ladies

would get a good laugh if they knew that I had obtained my information from my own sad experience.

But I must add that since then I have had a much more refined feeling for detecting temperature changes, also a feeling for the elasticity of the skin that did not used to be there, for tension of the intestines in the case of patients; however, hostile fluids more easily penetrate my (uninjured) skin during operations and dissections. Each dissection causes me pain, each examination of a girl or a woman with fluorine and the like is thoroughly painful to me. In general, I am now heavily under the influence of antipathy and sympathy, from the sense of color to the judgment of a whole person.

Women usually look at each other for their present sexual mood, for that reason a lady always has a veil even if she does not always wear it and usually puts on perfume even if only on her handkerchief or gloves, because her sense of smell as concerns her sex is enormous; in general, the effect of smells on a feminine organism is unbelievable; so, for example, violets and roses calm me

down, other odors disgust me; I could not stand the smell of ilang because of sexual arousal.

Touching of a woman seems homogeneous to me; coitus with my wife appears to me to be possible because she is somewhat more manly, possesses firm skin, and yet it is more of a lesbian love.

Add to that my always feeling passive. Often, when I cannot sleep at night because I am aroused, if I have my thigh extended, it is just as if a woman were copulating with a man; or if I am on my side, no arm or any bedding can touch the mammillaries, otherwise I cannot go to sleep; my stomach, too, cannot be pressed. I sleep the best in a chemise and bed-jacket, and then with gloves because I easily get cold hands; it also comforts me to have on women's knickers and petticoats, because they do not touch my genitals. I prefer the clothing of the crinoline era. Women's clothing does not embarrass people who feel as women, because they, as every woman, feel it as belonging to their person, not as a strange object.

My favorite communication is with a lady who suffers from neurasthenia, who feels manly since the last child-

bed, who, however, since I pointed out these feelings to her, has abstained from coitus as much as possible, which I as a husband was not permitted to do; she helped me to tolerate my condition through her example. Her feelings as a woman are clearer in her memory, and she has already given me much good advice. If she were a man and I a young woman, I would seek to court her, to her would I submit to my fate as a woman. But her present appearance is totally different from what it used to be; she is a very elegantly costumed man in spite of the blouse, etc., and hair-do; however, she speaks succinctly and no longer takes any joy in anything that pleases me. She has a kind of weltschmerz but bears her fate with resignation and grace, finds consolation only in religion and fulfilling her duty; she almost perishes at the time of menstruation. She no longer loves the company of women and women's conversations, likewise no sweetness.

A friend from my youth felt only as a girl ever since birth but has the inclination toward the male sex: his sister is the opposite, and when the uterus demanded its right

and she saw herself as a loving woman, in spite of her masculinity, she cut it short and drowned herself.

The following are the main changes I observed about myself since becoming fully effeminate: (1) the persistent feeling of being a woman from head to toe; (2) the persistent feeling of possessing female genitalia; (3) menstrual discomfort every four weeks; (4) regular occurrence of inordinate feminine desire, but without the desire for a certain man; (5) female passive feeling during coitus; (6) thereafter, the feeling of being the woman after having intercourse; (7) the female feeling when I see pictures of coitus; (8) upon seeing women, the feeling of unity and the female interest in them; (9) upon seeing men, the female interest in them; (10) upon seeing children, the same; (11) altered disposition, greatly increased patience; (12) final resignation to my fate, for which I thank positive religion, otherwise I would have committed suicide a long time ago.

In a cover letter, the patient thanks Krafft-Ebing for his writings. After reading them he wrote, "I can really join humanity again,

because I have fulfilled the duties of my position as physician, citizen, father, and husband." And in addition is related the following passage:

I did want to lay before you, dear sir, the results of what I remember and of what I thought, so that I could prove that a person with female feelings and thoughts, too, can be a physician; I consider it a gross injustice that medicine remains closed to women; at least in the cases of women's and children's diseases, women can have a feeling for tracing the cause of many a malady where men, in spite of diagnostics, grope around in the dark. If I had my way, every physician would have to go through being a woman for a quarter of a year; he then would have a better understanding and more respect for that half of humanity from which he originated, and then would know how to estimate the magnanimity of women, on the other hand, the harshness of their fate.

In common with our main cases is the very unusual early preference for women's clothing in this case, from 12 years of age on

having the wish "to be a woman." The drive to live as such becoming stronger and stronger, he also carried it out a few times; along with that expressed heterosexuality. Only as a youth did he once fall in love with a "picture-perfect friend with the face of a girl," but even here he had the characteristic wish they both might be girls. When he became engaged to the woman who later became his wife, "an energetic lady from a family where domination by women blossomed," he attached to his fiancée "deeply, as to a bridegroom." Theirs was in general a happy marriage, which, however, appeared to him as the cohabitation of two women. They had five boys.

Deviating from our cases is the fact that he finally also feels himself to be a woman physically. The first indications of it appeared in the severely neurasthenic patient when he took a serious dose of hashish. Since then he feels "out of sorts" every four weeks for five days; also, in the meantime he has feminine sensations, such as painful swollen nipples his shirt touches; pelvis and waist feel feminine, likewise his stomach, "which does not want to wear trousers." Movement of his testicles bothers him because they actually belong in his abdomen and should remain there, etc. In spite of this insane train of thought, Krafft-Ebing does not label the case as paranoiac, because "his ego is capable of maintaining control over

these psychosomatic and pathological proceedings"; rather he considers the case as "a notable example of compulsory feelings and hallucinations on the basis of a neurotic disposition."

Transvestism and Hallucination

Before we pin a label on our cases, let us again summarize our findings up to this point. We saw that the transvestites differ from the monosexuals in that transvestites feel attracted to a second person; from the homosexuals in that these persons belong to the other sex; from the fetishists in that they love the clothing not so much on the other person or isolated as much as on themselves, in order that they, through the clothes, give themselves as much as possible the look of the other sex; from the masochists in that their passive thoughts and wishes are for the most part not stronger than their women's roles demand; from the paranoiacs, finally, in that they know exactly that they do not belong to the other sex, no matter how much they wish to look like this sex. Transvestism stands closest to the large group of symptoms that in modern psychiatry is described as compulsion. There is no basis for any doubt that a similar

obsessive character dwells, as much as possible and in every single detail, in the peculiar impulse to assume the form of the other sex as, for example, in the pathological impulse to move (dromomania), the mania for collecting, the mania for playing, the mania for buying, dipsomania, pyromania, kleptomania, and similar phenomena, which, in other respects, are very different from each other, irrespective of the kind of impulse.

In the sense of the well-known formulation by Westphal ["On Hallucinations" ("Ueber Zwangsvorstellungen") in the *Berliner Klinische Wochenschrift*, No. 46 (1877), from a speech given to the Berlin Medical-Psychological Society], it is a question of a psychical element which, pressed by intact intelligence and insight into the foreground of consciousness, cannot be driven out of the mind of the individual despite resistance and which thwarts the normal course of ideas.

If we begin by asking the question whether and to what extent the undertaking of the behavior, in our case that of transvestism, is conditioned by compulsion (the force of the impulse and the force of the will are to be taken into consideration at the same time), then a compulsive urge or a compulsive passion at least seeks in advance

that which normal inhibition lacks through influence of the will and in its turn is established in compulsive feelings and hallucinations.

The French author Magnan (*Psychiatric Lectures, 1884-1887* [*Psychiatrische Vorlesungen*]), German translation by Moebius, Leipzig 1892] established the criteria for such compulsive conditions as obsessions, chiefly impulsion, as an urge felt as a force, then as irresistibility but with clearness of mind; furthermore, together with anxiety, a pressure called forth by force, a certain unrest and angst; finally, "consecutive satisfaction," the feeling of relief and ease of mind after the "accomplished deed" and the "gratification" of the drive: all of these symptoms take place in transvestism.

I certainly agree with Warda ["On Psychotic Hallucination" ("Ueber Zwangsvorstellungspsychosen"), *Monatschrift fuer Psychiatrie und Neurologie*, vol. 12, no. 1 (1902)]. He believes that the expression of the conditions of psychic compulsion—and this holds true to a much higher degree for the French "obsession"—gradually has become a "troublesome catchword"; on the one hand, there are too many different representations of disease embraced by it, often such ones which are very difficult to define, which we recognize as concomitant symptoms of hypochondria, hysteria, neuroses,

melancholia, degenerative insanity, and sexual anomalies, among others.

The name "*Zwangerscheinung*" (symptom of compulsion) is much too general.

The expression "*Zwangerscheinung*" was first used by Krafft-Ebing in the brief work from the year 1867 titled, *Contributions to the Diagnosis and Important Forensic Evaluation of Pathological Frames of Mind for Physicians, Judges, and Defenders* (*Beitraege zur Erkennung und wichtigen forensischen Beurteilung krankhafter Gemuetszustaende fuer Aerzte, Richter, und Verteidiger*), available from Enke. He gives a more exact definition of what he understands it to be in the work, "On Hallucinations" ("Ueber Zwangsvorstellungen") in *Physicians' Association News* [*Mitteilungen des Vereins der Aerzte*, Nos. 1-4 (1883), p. 59]: "A formal disturbance of the discharge of the imagination characterized by the following: any concrete idea, which frequently, with regards to the contents, is not at all contrary to common sense, remains fixed with pathological intensity and duration in consciousness, whereby, however, the person in question, in opposition to delusion, is conscious of the pathology of the process, especially as concerns the contents of the idea."

In my opinion, it would have been better if, instead of the compulsive, the peculiar, the bizarre, the strange in the "contents of the imagination" had rather been the basis for a definition. What makes the "notion of compulsion" correct but also inadequate is exposed by the great number of expressions that have been attached to Krafft-Ebing's statements. Thus, in the literature on compulsion (*Zwang*), besides the above names for individual "phenomena of compulsion" (*Zwangssphaenomene*), "symptoms of compulsion" (*Zwangssymptome*), and "characteristics of compulsion" (*Zwangseigenschaften*) in the "area of compulsion" (*Zwangsgebiet*), we find the following: "compulsive thinking" (*Zwangsdanken*), "compulsive behavior" (*Zwangshandlungen*), "compulsive moods" (*Zwangsstimmungen*), "compulsive emotional states" (*Zwangsaffecte*), "compulsive feelings" (*Zwangsgefuehle*), "compulsive impulses" (*Zwangsimpulse*) (pleonasm), "compulsive movements" (*Zwangsbewegungen*), "compulsive ideas of movement" (*Zwangsbewegungsvorstellungen*), "compulsive associations" (*Zwangsassoziationen*), "compulsive inhibitions" (*Zwangshemmungen*), "compulsive neglect" (*Zwangsunterlassungen*), "compulsive influences" (*Zwangseinfluesse*), "compulsive motives" (*Zwangsursachen*),

"compulsive tendencies" (*Zwangstendenzen*), "compulsive memories" (*Zwangserinnerungen*), "compulsive anxiety" (*Zwangsangst*), "compulsive scruples" (*Zwangsskrupel*), "compulsive hallucinations" (*Zwangshalluzinationen*), "compulsive fears" (*Zwangsbefuerchtungen*), "compulsive observations" (*Zwangsbeachtungen*), "compulsive doubt" (*Zwangszweifel*), "compulsive acts" (*Zwangsakte*), etc.; also "compulsive neurosis" (*Zwangsneurose*), "compulsive psychoneurosis" (*Zwangspsychoneurose*), and so forth.

Again, "symptom of compulsion" is too general, after we have recognized more and more that in fact within the wide range of health, the freedom and spontaneity of our feelings, ideas, and actions succumb to great limitations. This is especially also true of "compulsive love" (*Zwangsliebe*), against whose labeling L. Loewenfeld turned in his excellent work, *The Mental Symptoms of Compulsion* [*Die psychischen Zwangsercheinungen* (Wiesbaden: Bergmann, 1904)]. In his work, *L'Amour morbide*, Laurent stated that a passionate love "which knows of no limits or given full rein and makes a fool out of a person" is to be considered as "a veritable obsession," which, like other symptoms of compulsion, belongs to the syndromes of psychopathic degeneration.

No doubt with reference to Magnan's definition, he says literally: "It is accompanied by that characteristic irresistibility, a sort of morbid one, by that accompanying painful anxiety, by that complete state of consciousness and finally by that satisfaction of the accomplished act that follows, in short, all of the characteristic symptoms of obsession."

Opposite this, then, Loewenfeld correctly observes that even in normal or physiological love there hides some of the conditions of compulsion

like pathological love that could be considered having the criteria of obsession to some degree, at least that the boundaries between pathological and physiological love, from the standpoint of compulsion, cannot be easily drawn. He cites that famous verse that so clearly depicts what is not wanted in love:

Ich liebe Dich, weil ich Dich lieben muss,
Ich liebe Dich, weil ich nicht anders kann,
Ich liebe Dich durch einen Schicksalsschluss,
Ich liebe Dich durch einen Zauberbann.

(I love you, because I must love you/ I love you, because I cannot do otherwise/ I love you by an act of fate/ I love you because of a magic spell.)

But when Loewenfeld continues to say that we can with surety claim as pathological the conditions set by Laurent only if first, there is an unusual misunderstanding between the size of the tendency and of the quality of the inducing object; secondly, if the emotional state is totally and persistently uninfluenced by any rational idea; thirdly, if the mental life is dominated completely by the emotional state; and fourthly, if there is the presence also of "the sense of pathology in certain cases," then it appears to me that this contradicts what the author himself stated shortly before.

For all these postulates occur very often in the case of men and especially of women when the passion for love is strong, and we have no need to consider their tendencies pathological within the framework of the manifold expressions of the normal love life. How many times has it occurred that persons see that the objects of their love are not worthy of it—one is reminded of the expression, "love is blind" and reason helps not a bit (first and second postulate); their emotional life is dominated and fulfilled by their passion, and they tell themselves that this tormenting desire and jealousy have an

unhealthy character (third and fourth postulate)—all of his lies in the essence of their strong love in and of itself and still does not involve the concept of the pathological. Many authors consider that the prerequisite of a healthy, "natural physiological" love is that it "serves the procreation of the species." This viewpoint touches upon the erroneous placing of means and goal on an equal basis. I discussed this false conclusion in detail in my book *The Uranian Person (Der urrenische Mensch)*, pp. 150-58. It is in no way proven that love is a means to an end. It is just as conceivable that love is a goal itself, in that above all it serves self-preservation since it binds a person to life, which essentially loses value without the conscious and unconscious erotic attraction, because it would become void, shallow, and indifferent.

But if love particularly, even in its lighter stages, is in and of itself such an important element of life, then we are correct if we draw the boundaries of pathological love narrower and of sexual varieties substantially wider than is usually the case.

On the other hand, if procreation were the main factor, then, for example, the cases described here, whose love life is so very different and compulsive, would have to be considered physiologically, because the persons in question, indeed, as we saw,

feel attracted to the other sex and mostly fully capable of procreation. When deciding what is pathological, what as sexual variety has worth, one should not only consider the inner compulsion, or the prerequisite of maintaining the species, or even the relative rarity and peculiarity of the phenomenon, but rather above all the injury to sexual maturity and sexual freedom as the most essential prerequisites in respect to healthy sexuality.

However, when observing a sexual anomaly, no matter if it is pathological or not, in no way do we need to content ourselves with the highly simple stipulation that it belongs to compulsive manifestations or in the area "of impulsive errancy," but rather above all we have to make an effort to go in search of the mechanism of its origin, its roots, to ascertain the subconscious psychological elements upon which it touches; what determined, what fixated the peculiar drive? Through which series of associations did it go before it manifested itself before our eyes? Freud has as yet not received due credit for having pointed to the necessity of posing such questions.

Clothing as a Form of Expression of Mental Conditions

The external appearance, which we have to follow inward in our cases, is the cross-dressing of a male into a female, of a female into a male. At this point we meet with an important factor that differentiates this anomaly from many others in the area of sexuality. The divergent drive extends not only to a particular quality of the partner, the sex object, but much more to the sex subject, precisely the appearance of one's own personality that is wished for. And this certainly does not have to be only in the outer clothing, but rather also in the underclothing, as well as in all of the other accessories of the costumes, including headdress, that are like the other sex and, as much as possible, the use of commodities and customs as they are befitting to them.

Even at the beginning of the analytical part of this work I made short references to Thomas Carlyle, Robert Sommer, and Fritz Rumpf that here we are not to consider clothing as something arbitrary and capricious, as lifeless fabric, but rather as conspicuous, intentional indications of an inner striving. This is valid not only in these special cases, but rather in general, and to a much greater extent than is usually believed.

Rumpf (place cited, p. 319) correctly defines attire as "an indication and a reliable expression of all proceedings of development that can be traced only with difficulty or not at all in any other way." And, at the end of his ingenious work, *The Natural History of Clothing* [*Naturgeschichte der Kleidung* (Vienna: R. v. Waldheim, 1878), pp. 314 and 368] Emanuel Hermann hits the mark no less by exclaiming, "Clothing is the unconscious language of the spirit and clearly expresses itself all the more when the tongue is condemned to silence." He previously gave many examples how "the personality, with its original manner of thinking and feeling, reflects its character and its vital direction" in its clothing.

In his fine essay, "On the Philosophy of Fashion" in Franz von Holtzendorff's *Contemporary Controversial Questions in Germany: Pamphlets on Information of the Present* [*Deutschen Zeit- und*

Streitfragen: Flugschriften zur Kenntniss der Gegenwart (Berlin: Habel) vol. 11, no. 129 (1880)], Friedrich Kleinwaechter also advocates the same understanding. He says, "Clothing must indicate something, and this, its symbolic meaning, is rooted so deeply that—as paradoxical as it may sound—it manifests itself in one's clothing before a person realizes it. The designs that primitive folk apply to their own skin by means of tattooing is nothing but this drive to symbolize, which is rooted in the species."

I could give still many similar statements because, ever since Carlyle complained in 1831 that "up to the present there is hardly anything of any importance that has been written about clothing, be it from the standpoint of philosophy or from the one of history," many valuable writings from this side have been published on the subject. Moreover, there were some excellent early works in German about which the British author obviously did not know, particularly the multi-volume work by Robert von Spalart [*Essay on the Costume of the Most Pre-Eminent Peoples of Antiquity, of the Middle Ages and of Recent Times: Compiled by the Most Accomplished Authors* (*Versuch ueber das Kostuem der vorzueglichsten Voelker des Altertums, des Mittelalters und der neueren Zeiten*): Published at His Own Cost by Ignatz Albrecht (Vienna: Joseph Eder Bookseller, 1796,

and following years)], and the still earlier diligent work by Dr. Georg Ernst Kletten, *Essay on a History of the Drive to Embellish in the Female Sex, Etc.* [*Versuch einer Geschichte des Verschoenerungstriebes im weiblichen Geschlechte usw.* (Gotha: Carl Wilhelm Ettinger, 1792)].

From the standpoint of psychology and science, apart from Rumpfs more descriptive work (1905) mentioned several times, there is nothing that does any justice at all to the great and extensive problem of human clothing. And there is no end to what could be said about the psychology of clothing with respect to individuals and history, especially taking modern psychoanalysis into account.

How many moods are expressed by the color of material alone, from holiday clothes of splendid whites and joyful reds to modest blues and serious, sad blacks. Balzac maintained that even the temperament and character of a woman could for the most part be discerned from the color of her clothing. He says, for example, that headstrong women unconsciously choose green colors, truly beautiful women prefer blue, women who tend toward melancholy choose gray, and women who at one time were beautiful but no longer are prefer pale violet.

Naked people tell us nothing of their convictions, their rank, and education; but their clothing speaks: I am a prince or a beggar, a judge or convict, a priest or hunter. There is a costume for one's clan and position, uniforms, work-clothes, and political clothing, and so many other kinds that to mention them here would go beyond the scope of this work. "What a stirring and exalted sight," Hermann says in his book, in the section titled "The Physiognomy of Clothing" ("Physiognomik der Kleidung"),

is given to us by the little, old mother in her clean ceremonial dress, when she is hobbling to church on a Sunday morning; does not the true peace of God itself look out of all the small ribbons, out of the smooth, little pleats?

And first there was the consecration of the confirmation dress and then the wonderful and magical power of the wedding dress, that clearly express the life history of the maiden and woman with such thoughtfulness and willingness to sacrifice, and then the solemn colors, crapes and thick veil, how they repeat all the heartache, how they appear to make the splendor of the world

suddenly colorless, i.e., black, because of the loss of the dearly departed.

It certainly appears that, compared to earlier times, clothing has lost its individuality, variety, and depth of expression, particularly in the case of the male sex. But does that not demonstrate exactly the democratic and leveling spirit of our times? Not only the whole attire, but also the individual parts are symbols of the inner life. What can we learn from a hat alone, its form, its trimmings, and the manner in which it is worn: "Are there any nuances of the male character," Hermann says, "from the drunkard to the ideal dreamer, from the braggart to the miser, from the noble worldly one to the humble bigot, which could not be expressed by his hat?"

The other pieces of clothing, too, speak a no less eloquent language to the watchful observer. In his splendid essay on "Costume and Fashion" ["Kostuem und Mode" in *On Culture and Art (Zur Kultur und Kunst)*, Vienna 1878], Jacob von Falke occupied himself with the history of men's hats, and what he works out on the subject of clothing about the natural, subconscious relationships between world-shaking intellectual trends and the dominant fashions of the times has so much to say for the psychological understanding

of dress in general, that I want to repeat verbatim a part of his interesting presentation; he says:

Many readers will perhaps remember seeing the so-called Additional Exhibition at the Vienna World's Fair and a great number of men's hats that represented the fashion models of the hat during the last two hundred years. Among them certainly were rare styles, so unusual that one did not know if one should be very astounded over the grotesque ugliness of them or over the obliqueness of the heads that wore them, one after the other. And yet, in the course of time they had a highly rational, or, as science terms it, a pragmatic history.

Let us begin with the Thirty Years' War. At that time the felt hat dominated, an inherited piece from who knows when, but at the time it was new and characteristic in its appearance. The ceremonial Spaniards, who, prior to this period, were the masters of style, had their fine, silk hats very stiff and formed with a very small rim and passed them on in this fashion to the generation at the beginning of the Thirty Years' War.

Then came the wild movement, the push for freedom, or rather from the unrestrained, brutalized customs of the war. In place of the politician, the courtier, the citizen, the soldier alone became the genuine man, and the soldier, as the fortune of war swayed back and forth, became an adventurer, a bully, and a braggart, and became an adventurous figure in character as well as in manifestation. Therefore, there is nothing more grotesque than the form of the felt hat as shaped by the soldier and forced by him upon the rest of the world.

As he turned against all constraint and limiting customs, he made the felt hat soft, pliable, and formless, and, searching for the grotesque and the fantastical, he extended the small brim from finger's length to the size of an umbrella and had yard-long colorful feathers hanging down from the top to his back. In this manner the hat was evidenced as suitable and worn in all places and in all situations. The fortune-hunter, as long as Fortuna was kind to him, wore the brim well above his forehead; the citizen, who still respected and maintained himself in bad times, wore it simply straight and horizontal; however, those who

doubted the course of things and looked at life pessimistically, such as fugitive soldiers, adventurers pursued by misfortune, let it sag all around to cover their morose faces. Thus in these loose times did the hat serve individual whim and was definitely an exactly matching symbol of the character in general.

But even toward the end of the war a new spirit stirred and exerted its influence on the hat. While in Germany the war raged on, in France the history and customs of the salon began. This was the court of Louis XIV and the renewed court ceremonies, etiquette, and the stiffened manner of social intercourse. What use would they have for the wilted, formless, wild hats of the wartime adventurer? Of course, the French gentlemen had accepted this, an original German fashion, but they must have found it necessary to make it more delicate. Thus, already around the year 1640, therefore, still during the war, the hat lost its boasting appearance, and head and brim became stiffer and were shrunk into moderation. The turned-up brim remained, but it became two, then three, and this three-sided rim surrounded an ornamental

plumage instead of the long feather hanging down. That was how the three-sided hat originated, the hat of Louis XIV and his times, a very particular form that eliminated any individual preference, that agreed with the absolutism of that time.

But there were other influences that soon changed it again. It was the period of the gigantic elongated wigs, the truest expression of these hollow times, that loved pomposity, grandiloquence, and bombast and that framed the self-satisfying face with the fullness of curls, just as they framed their thoughts with affected phrases and their artistic ideas in ornaments disfigured by flourishes. The wig itself was a head covering, heavy and hot enough; another one was superfluous, and so the hat, which could only do injury to the well-ordered curls, became a toy for the hand, so small in shape that it could no longer sit on the head. Its task was no longer to protect and cover the head but rather to accompany the ceremonious movements and swaying of the hand and arm. However, because carrying it in the hand became somewhat burdensome, in the course of the eighteenth century they

folded it in two to be able to carry it more easily under the arm, a place for which it was not really intended. In this form it served the preeminent and educated society until the time of the French Revolution, and only outside of the salon or in the military were other forms tolerated beside it.

But from a totally unexpected side there arose an opponent that, with the help of the revolution itself, drove it from the field after a short battle. The large, wilted hat of the Thirty Years' War was worn, as in Germany, also in England, which at that time was in the confusion and wars of its great period of revolution. The cavaliers, the party of the royalty, wore it more freely and adventurously than the fortune-hunters of the German war; however, the opponents, the independents, the republicans, the Puritans, to be sure wore it similarly, but simply, with no feathers and with a straight brim. In this form the Puritans and the Quakers brought it over to America, where they maintained religious sects and political parties, while those in England, after the Restoration under Charles II followed the fashionable headdress style and went over to the three-sided and two-sided hat. The Puritan and Quaker

hat, until then unnoticed, suddenly came into fashion with the American War of Independence. The sympathy for this war, which was felt by the ever-increasing numbers of liberal circles in Europe, also transferred over to the American hat, and thus came to Europe our top hat—for the Quaker hat had grown into this form—as a symbol of liberal ideas, political, literary, and social liberalism.

Naturally, the top hat encountered resistance as did the revolution and its ideas themselves. At the opening of the French National Assembly in 1789, the so-called Third Estate wore it as a political statement, and with the Third Estate it quickly won a victory over all of France. Of course, it often did appear with the dandies of the Revolution, as at one time the hat of the fortune-hunters of the Thirty Years' War, in a very grotesque and wild form, very unlike our civilized and polished silk hat, and yet both are one and the same, separated only by the spirit of the times. In Germany it was at first the horror of all elegant and conservative circles. The Elector of Hessen had anyone found wearing a top hat sweep the streets, and the Emperor of Russia had them taken over the border.

In the *Times* of January 16, 1797, you can read how they treated those who first dared to wear a top hat on the streets of London:

John Hetherington, dry goods merchant, was brought before the Lord Mayor yesterday because of uncouth conduct and inciting a riot and had to pay a fine of 500 pounds sterling. In court it was indicated that Mr. Hetherington, a respectable man from a good family, appeared in public with a so-called silk hat on his head. The hat looked like a splendid high building well constructed to cause sensitive people to be shocked. In fact, it was stated by one of the officials of the Crown that several women had fainted, that children cried out, and that the son of the leather merchant Thomas was thrown to the ground by the crowd that had assembled for the remarkable spectacle and broke his arm. —M.H.

Hermann continues:

Except that, in spite of the political persecution, the hat spread and increased more and more in favor until it had finished fighting its political battle near the time of the

Restoration. The two-sided hat appeared only in the salon, and in a short time belonged only to the uniform to which, in fact, it still belongs today. The top hat also took possession of the salon, as it had been worn at one time on the street.

Sole dominion of the top hat was short-lived. As it, itself, became conservative, it ran into the same fate that had overtaken the two-sided hat. With the battle of modern liberalism and constitutionalism against the absolutism of the Restoration arose a new, first political and then social, opponent in the Carbonari hat, which, made of soft felt, sometimes gray, sometimes brown or black, took on many forms under the influence of fashion but always remained true to its role. In the beginning it, too, was looked upon with disdainful and distrustful glances by the elegant world, and even in the 1850s its wearers were punished with arrest in many places. Today, this danger to the state has been laid aside and the top hat has lost a great part of its domain, leaving it only the salon, perhaps too for only a short time.

From this history of men's hats, which is only one example for the rest of the clothing, one can at least recognize how much the sphere of attire comes under the influence of world affairs and the trends of the times. Whim, fancy, or invention of the individual essentially shrivels up into insignificance, and what appears as choice or as free will, that comes under higher laws and is the constraint of external circumstances and events.

When it is maintained many times, especially in textbooks of hygiene, that the need for protection and modesty are the actual roots of clothing, then, according to the present stance of ethnographic research, it is highly questionable whether totally different roots are not more in operation in this case. If clothing has the goal of protecting the body against unfavorable weather conditions alone, then it is not to be comprehended for what reason people use it also at those times when warm weather makes it unnecessary. Conversely, travelers have found the residents of cold zones for the most part unclothed, as, for example, on the Straits of Magellan. To warm the body, much simpler means of covering would be sufficient than is, in fact, in use everywhere

That would also have to be the case if modesty were the original reason for clothing. Based on his detailed observations of the primitive folk of Central Asia, we believe that the famous ethnologist Karl von den Steinen was completely correct when he said, "I cannot believe that a sense of shame, which is decisively lacking in the unclothed Indians, could be a primary feeling in other peoples." It is also still very doubtful whether the naked, the clothed, or half-covered body causes more sexual arousal or offense to modesty. Why should an uncovered face, bare hands, an "exposed" neck be more inoffensive than other exposed parts of the body?

There are many examples of the limitless variety of interpretations of customs and morals. At this point I would like to give just one. I recall one strange event in Eastern countries. It is known above all that the women cover their faces with a thick veil that allows them to see only through narrow slits. Only by way of great exception do they work with their faces exposed, when they believe that they will not be seen by any men. But if this does occur accidentally, then the surprised and bashful woman will promptly hold her blouse in front of her face in embarrassment. She thereby exposes parts whose sight would very much "injure our modesty and moral sense," but the feeling is totally strange to her.

B. Stein reports [*Sex Life in Turkey (Geschlechtsleben in der Tuerkei)*, p. 162]: "In the liveliest streets of Constantinople I saw heavily veiled women stop to lift up their dresses and scratch themselves in the groin." Still many other facts gained from experience could be presented that show how the concept of modesty, which is mainly a social factor, changes with time and place. However, in the case of all peoples, even in the case of the first residents of the ancient forests, where there can be no question of modesty and protection, we see the tendency of adorning and decorating the body, the drive to strengthen its natural charm artificially. Whether the primitive wear mussel shells or the civilized expensive pearl necklaces; whether the former put a raw piece of metal around their finger, arm, and leg, or wear gold rings and silver bracelets; whether one people pierces its nose with rods, rings, and buttons, another its ears; whether the primitive sticks feathers directly in the hair or the modern place a worked piece of straw or felt in between; whether the former color or paint a large part of their body surface, we our faces and hair only; whether the color is applied directly to the skin or worked into colorful scarves or clothing; whether Asian peoples make only their feet small by binding them or Europeans, with the help of fish bones, put on corsets and bind and

make narrow much more important and vital parts; even the decorative scars of the South Australians and the "renowned dueling scars" of German students are absolutely the same psychologically.

All indications are that today, as in prehistoric times, we use every possible object from the three areas of nature from the plants, flowers, leaves, and fibers; the fur of animals with skin and hair, metals and precious stones—to make us shine and improve our looks; there is no doubt that we can trace back this propensity to mold our bodies to make them prettier and more charming, as well as our clothing (the word clothing understood in its broadest sense), and also the wish to have our apparel appear more and more personal, new, and striking—to fashion. As has been recently suggested [see the essay by Dr. L. Zeitlin, "The End of Fashion" ("Das Ende der Mode") in *Future (Zukunft)*, October 9, 1809] wanting to replace this esthetic form with one based on functionalism means failing to recognize its laws, just as those persons who dream of a world language are deceived about the natural flow of the living development of expressions.

That the physiological drive to dress up, also described as a mania to dress up, also appears more strongly in general in the female sex than in the male, indicates that to a much larger degree

than one would expect, it is the courting part in spite of apparent patient waiting. Moreover, the individuality of female attire is not only conditioned by the stronger desire for embellishment and alteration, combined with the subconscious striving to intensify the alluring contrast of the sexes, but naturally also by further psychological and above all morphological differences of both sexes.

However, whether parents would do well to stimulate this individuality in their children long before the appearance of the secondary sexual characteristics appears very questionable to me. This in no way occurred always and in all places. For example, in ancient Greece the youth of both sexes wore the same apparel up to the celebration of manhood. In Rome also the children had their own children's clothing that separated them from the women and the men. Only at the age of 15 or 16 did the youths lay aside their children's attire and festively get their men's clothing—the *toga virilis*—laid out. Propertius (Sext. Aur. Propertius. 54. *Eleg.* 1. v. 13) says, "Before the gods the free man's toga is taken up," and Seneca (Senecae epistolae 4. in Lucilium) writes to Lucilius: "Always

remember how much joy you felt when, the toga bordered with purple laid aside, you took up the manly toga and were led into the forum.

Expect greater still, when you have put aside the boy and enrolled yourself among the men with philosophy." Valerius Maximus (Val. Max. L. 5 cap. 4 titul. 4.) also describes how impressive it was when the Roman youths received men's clothing at the Capitol before the gods and in these clothes were presented to the public in the marketplace

In our case, with regards to clothing, the most important point in life after birth that indicates we have reached adulthood is the receiving of long trousers in the case of the boys and long dresses in the case of the girls. The clothing that differentiates sex is put on them much earlier, often as early as the third birthday. Some time ago there was a story in the newspaper told by a child, which gives some food for thought about this problem. A country minister on a walk discovered a five-year-old boy bathing in a brook with some small girls. After he was scolded, what did the candid toddler reply? "I did not know, sir, that they were girls. They did not have any clothes on."

The deep sense of this anecdote finds its confirmation in a remarkable book that deals exclusively with the question of children's clothing by which the sexes are separated, an old book from the year 1791, remarkable by its content the title runs: *How to Bring the Human Sex Drive to Order and to Make People Better and Happier*

(Wie der Geschlechtstrieb der Menschen in Ordnung zu bringen und die Menschen besser und gluecklicher zu machen sind)—even more noteworthy by the great eagerness with which its author, Dr. Bernhard Christian Faust, Court Advisor and Physician for the County of Schaumburg-Lippe, defends his ideas. He recommends that the most preeminent of his contemporaries, naming especially Messrs. von Goethe, v. Dalberg, Herder, Hufeland, Schiller, and Wieland, assemble to form a commission to investigate and test his thoughts and suggestions.

These culminate in the outline of a detailed "Land ordinance for a future united clothing for children, which Germany's great, good, and wise princes as fathers of their people should place before the altar of humanity with the beginning of the new century in the year 1800 as law for their dear, loyal subjects." From the interesting subjects that the educated and well-meaning author includes in his outline for the law one passage deserves to be dusted off and raised out of oblivion:

Since in Protestant countries it is traditional that boys of 14 years of age, girls earlier, mostly in the thirteenth year, go to Holy Communion, and are accepted into the Christian

community: then it would be well and good that the opportunity be taken at this time of great celebration to lay aside the children's clothing and begin with new clothing (even if at the present it should be against expectation and is unusual now).

Up until then the children, male and female, should be clothed completely alike without the slightest difference.

Rousseau (*Emile*, Part 2, p. 96 of the Zweibrueck Edition of Rousseau's collected works) says, "We are born, as it were, twice: the first time to exist, the other for sex. Up until the marriageable age, children of both sexes have nothing apparent to distinguish them; same figure, same color, same voice, everything is the same; the girls are infants, the boys are infants: the same name suffices for beings so similar."

So, why do people not give the boys and the girls, who are children and the same in every way and are still without sexuality, one kind of clothing, too? Because of the prejudice that has become the usual lot of humanity since the infancy of the human race; because people do not respect nature, in which all is in order, but who always find

fault with it and want to improve it; and then they got the idea, to differentiate and separate the children into boys and girls by means of conspicuously different clothing, in spite of nature, according to sex, where, however, sexuality still does not exist. The venerable character of children is innocence, guilelessness, simplicity, and ignorance; sex and sexual feelings lay dead in children, and they know even less about a difference of the sexes: so, why do people draw the children's attention to the difference between the sexes by the quite essentially different clothing of the boys and girls? They do not only draw their attention to it, but truly also convey a more or less sinister conception of it, and thereby rob them of their divine innocence and holy ignorance, the peace and happiness of their childhood, and make them wicked and evil. There are no real or apparent reasons for it; and to be sure there is certainly something in the very different children's apparel that separates children by sex that is one of the main reasons for the ruin of humanity. For, this observation is true, (1) if people by nature have sex and

sexual feelings from within, then it will not matter if they do not acknowledge the difference between the sexes.

[One can then say of these children what Rousseau (Part 3, p. 124) says of his Emile: "As a wandering somnambulist while asleep, he walks to the edge of a cliff into which he will fall if he awakens (suddenly), like my Emile; in the sleep of ignorance he escapes the peril which he does not see.]

(2) If sex and sexual feelings are still not developed in children, they still learn the difference of the sexes: thus sex and sexual feelings are thereby awakened in them; if too soon, it goes bad and sinks to masturbation.

Many people, supposing they are wise, believe that there would not be enough men and women if they did not carefully separate the small people, who in the future will be of the male and female sex, according to their sex as early as possible in childhood before their sex develops. This sanctimonious anxiety interferes with God's wise providence and is madness. On the contrary: when people separate and cut off the little people from each other, the

innocent childhood and the peaceful republic of the small people is destroyed; innocence, joking, play, under the holy shield of childhood, go astray; the good, small people, who are naturally attracted to each other in the morning of their lives by innocence, play, and love, who become similar and congenial, improve their manners, understand each other, learn to tolerate and love, and the foundations for sociability and harmony, for friendship and love that they should establish for adulthood and the evening of their lives, are separated from each other as hostile enemies and discord and hatred is established between the children.

The boy attaches himself to the man, the girl to the woman; and these, who will rule the human race, will become totally opinion, nerve, and fancy. I lack the words, and I am not practiced in the development and the exact description of my feelings and thoughts, otherwise I could clearly show that the departmentalizing of the small people according to their future sex destroys childhood and leads humanity to perdition.

When people make people into men and women in their childhood years, they are in adulthood neither men nor women, but rather wretched intermediate 'creatures between adult and child, ruined in body and soul in their childhood. Never, never will these people become people if they were not innocent children in their childhood!

Dr. Faust considers the trousers of boys to be especially disastrous. Among the many reasons he gives for being against them, he correctly points out that perhaps people have noticed how, when the boys want to urinate, because they cannot manage it themselves, their members are pulled out of their trousers by "children, maids, and servants," whereby they become accustomed to touching the part and are easily induced to onanistic manipulations. However, above all, the author maintains that because of the wearing of trousers the sperm matures all too early, often already by the age of 12 instead of 16, and certainly for the reason that the testes, instead of being "allowed to enjoy the beneficial influence of the air, free, cool, and unrestrained, are rubbed, pressed, warmed, and brewed in the warmth and dampness as in a hothouse for eight to ten

years daily for many hours." Consequently, "the child ceases to be a child much too soon, before its body and soul are mature."

There is no denying that the viewpoints of B. Ch. Faust, even if some particulars, for example, the last point mentioned, are exaggerated, have a healthy core inherent in them, and that his recommendation for a sexually undifferentiated clothing for children is justified cannot be disputed. Only let no one believe that, in the case of many children not totally independent of their clothing, a male or female psyche does, without a sexual background, clearly come to light long before puberty. Not always do you find—and that is an important factor in the raising and the future of the individual in question the boyish psyche in the case of male, the girlish in the case of female children. It is often exactly the opposite. Our casuistry, mentioned above, also established this experience in various directions.

When we—to use an example nearest at hand—heard of children whose naive instinct made them rebel when someone first tried to get them to wear trousers, then there can be no doubt, according to our explanations, that these are already manifestations of femininity that resist the male attire, which is against their psyche, something they feel does not suit them, something strange and to be

resisted. We saw how in all of our cases this antipathy against being clothed as a male, and conversely the sympathy for the female cross-dressing of the individual personality, increased much more at the time of sexual maturity and then more and more resolutely struggled to be transformed into action.

If we imagine to ourselves once more the total complex of transvestite tendencies and then ponder to what extent we recognized the essence of the clothing as symbol, as unconscious projection of the soul, then it might become clear that in the psyche of these men there is present a feminine admixture—and in the feminine counterpart a masculine one which presses on to project itself. This alterosexual quota truly must be considerable since, as we discovered, it wants to withstand and does withstand very great resistance and inhibitions, not the least of which is the contrast between body and soul. To just what degree a dissipation/ laxity and division is present in the bisexual personality is expressed best by our Case 3. He speaks about "the flitting about of feminine elements in my ego." He describes "the mania for women's clothing, to look absolutely like a woman on the outside as the desire of his feminine side for corresponding forms." He continues, "Then, when I throw off all that is the man and put on the woman externally, I can almost

physically feel how the false, the violence, leaves me and disappears like fog."

In these statements is mirrored, even if not in medical terms, a truly clear and thoroughly correct image of the essence of the symptom as a freeing of the femininity usually bound in the man. We have before us here a special form of the mental double-sexuality (*Doppelgeschlechtlichkeit*), a phenomenon which represents an independent type in the series not only of the etiological but also of the character study-related admixture of male and female characteristics, as we have many times already become acquainted with them under the general name of the sexual intermediate stages in the areas of morphology and psychology. Since this "Theory of Intermediate Stages," whose drawing up and working through I consider a valuable product of modern biology and psychology, still meets with gross misunderstanding and misinterpretation, please allow me to explain it once more.

The Theory of Intermediaries

First let us stress that in the case of the precept of sexual intermediaries, it is not a matter of a theory at all but rather only a principle of division.

By sexual intermediaries we understand manly formed women and womanly formed men at every possible stage, or, in other words, men with womanly characteristics and women with manly ones.

Therefore, if a woman has a full beard or a man has milk-producing teats, we register such people, who exhibit such obvious characteristics of the other sex, as mixed sexual formations or intermediaries. But we do not handle only such obvious cases but rather also each and every other one and their number is not limited —ones who stand, in the physical or mental view, between a complete manly man and, in every respect, a womanly woman.

The hypothesis of this principle of division is, according to this, an exact explanation of what is manly and womanly, and herein lies the main difficulty and controversy, particularly because there are, besides pure manly and womanly characteristics, such that are neither manly nor womanly, or more correctly stated, not only manly, but also womanly. However, that these latter ones do not depend on full equality of the sexes goes without question; the sexes may be equivalent and have equal rights, but they are no doubt not of the same kind. What, then, is womanly, what is manly?

First of all, the feminine core cell is feminine, the egg, as well as the gland in which the egg is prepared, the ovary, also the connecting paths and organs in which the egg cell is preserved, fertilized, and incubated or through which it is again periodically eliminated in cases where no union with a male core cell has taken place: tube, uterus, vagina, and vulva, with all that goes with them. Corresponding to the structure and the function of this formation is the female pelvis, in which most of these organs are located, deviating in size and form from the male's pelvis. For this reason, the area of the hips is stronger and the placement of the legs extending from the pelvis a little different than the man's. All of these organs exist in a certain condition of rest approximately up to the fourteenth birthday, the point

in time when the egg matures. However, at this age emerge two further female characteristics, which from now on stand in close connection to the possible nourishment of the fruit: menstruation where the unfertilized egg and a carefully prepared mucous membrane are eliminated as well as the growth of the mammary glands. This, then, causes the female's upper body to become fuller, so that the total figure the fuller upper and lower body separated by the narrower "waist" is considerably different in appearance from the man's body.

The sharper curves form soft lines with the neighboring parts of the body; this rounding occurs by means of the richer deposits of fatty tissue. The skin that spans it is softer, finer, and smoother than the male's. Also secondary features, especially the hair, are thinner and softer, except that the hair of the head is essentially longer, while the body hair is only sparse, and the pubes show the characteristic formation of a triangle, corresponding to the mons veneris.

In accordance with the build of her body, which is so splendidly suited to conceive, preserve, and nourish the child, so, too, in her sexual life is the woman the receiver, responder, the succubus, and the more passive partner, who, as the one who conceives, strives to be the opposite of the man, the incumbent and more active partner.

She seeks to gain his attention and preference by intensifying and displaying her charms. Of course, as a point of departure for our observations, this is valid only for the "absolute" womanly type, whose frequency or rarity remains to be discussed. Beyond pregnancy, birth, and lactation, the woman devotes herself, to a much higher degree than the man, to the raising and education of the children; therefore, the quiet, domestic activities, the managing of the "nest" of the family, fall more into her domain

Not only in her love life, but also in her spiritual life the woman is more receptive, impressionable, sensitive, emotional, and more direct than the man, while she is less concerned with the strongly abstract, the racking of one's brains, or even the purely creative and active side of the human psyche. Yet, her ability to produce is completely sufficient to allow her to accomplish the relatively simple and easily learned obligations of almost all of the present occupations, including those which one normally describes as men's work.

On the other hand the proof is still lacking, and it is questionable whether her abilities are sufficient to perform the highest accomplishments of culture, the creation of exceptional masterpieces in technology, art, and science. If many past and present woman representatives of the women's movement maintain that the lack of

ingenious accomplishments and epochal productions exists because up to this time women have been given no opportunity to be left undisturbed to develop their potential, then I am of the same opinion as the Leipzig scientist Wilhelm Ostwald [in his work, *Great Men (Grosse Maenner)*], and of others, that it is not so much "the systematic oppression on the part of men" in this case, but rather the natural state of women in and of itself.

Goethe would have become Goethe without any schooling. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that at present we are still not quite in the position to measure exactly the qualitative or quantitative mental ability of women to produce, that certainly with practice it could be heightened considerably, and that it is wholly incorrect when Weininger and other "anti-feminists" state "that a real woman would never further the causes of women's emancipation, but rather that this is always done by more manly women who misinterpret their own nature and who do not examine the motives of their actions when they believe they are speaking in the name of women" [Weininger, *Sex and Character (Geschlecht und Charakter)*, p. 89].

Now let us treat the concept of the word "manly." First and foremost, the male core cell, the sperm (semen), is manly, as well as the glands that prepare the semen, the testes; furthermore, the paths

and canals through which secretions flow to accompany the semen, the ductus ejaculatorii with its small protrusions and appendages, such as the ampullae and prostata; manly are the enclosures of these ducts one finds for the most part outside of the pelvis, the scrotum and the membrum virile.

As in the case of women, men also develop other sexual peculiarities, the so-called secondary sexual characteristics, when the germ cells mature; however, they have less to do with procreation than menstruation and the development of the mammary glands but rather are only changes and intensification of the peculiarities of the body in general: the voice becomes deeper and the skin rougher when, on the one hand, the vocal cords extend and become broad; the larynx protrudes somewhat outward (the "Adam's apple"). On the other hand, the skin becomes hairy, especially on the face and on the chest; the pubes, too, are somewhat different from the woman's, more rhombic, extending to the navel.

Since there is less fatty tissue on the chest and hips, and because there is less fatty tissue in general because of greater activity, manly body lines are less soft and round as in the case of the woman, but rather, besides this, the stronger bones and muscles protrude more visibly. A very significant difference, furthermore, is

that there is no periodic and involuntarily elimination of the germ cell, but their elimination is rather very irregular, conscious, and more copious. Because of this, in his sex life he is more the active, aggressive, searching, incumbent, and delivering partner. Also, the first intercourse does not cause defloration, as is the case with women. As a consequence, being more independent in the face of the total sexual sphere, he is by nature given more latitude to develop other physical and mental powers and, therefore, appears in both cases to be the more capable, active, enterprising, wandering, more differentiated person—in this case, too, it is always only the absolute manly type in question—while physically and mentally he is lacking the grace, gentleness, charm, and submissiveness of the woman.

With these differences, which to be sure are all the important ones, the particularity of womanly and manly characteristics is still not fully exhausted. If we were to go into detail about the structure and function of each and every part of the human body, it would be proven that there was in each case a difference, even if only a slight one, in the average constitution of the sexes, which of course in all cases would amount to only a small plus or minus. To use a favorite example, the average man (in Germany) is 167 cm tall, the woman 156 cm. On the average, the length of a woman's torso in relation to

her legs is larger than in the case of men. While in the latter's case the length of the torso is approximately 35.9 percent of the length of the body, in the case of average women it is 37.8 percent of the size of the body (according to Harley, Quetelet)

As a consequence, while seated, women appear taller than a man of the same size and make a much lower impression in men's clothing than in women's, which, of course, is caused by the fact that in contrast to men's trousers, the clothing that covers her legs reaches her waist so that the relative shortness of her legs remains invisible. On the average, the man (according to Bischoff) has 41.8 percent muscle tissue and 18.2 percent fatty tissue; the woman, on the other hand, has only 35.8 percent muscle tissue, but in its place 28.2 percent fatty tissue. The power of the hand of a woman, measured by the dynamometer, proves to be approximately one-fourth of that of a man; he can carry approximately double his weight, the woman approximately one-half of her own. In the blood, we find in men five million blood corpuscles per gram, in women four to four and one half million; in men, the hemoglobin content is 14.5 percent, in women 13.2 percent; the man's heart beats on the average 72 times a minute, the woman's 80 times.

It would take us too far afield and it would serve no purpose here to describe every part of the body. If years ago I drew my hypothetical conclusion in "Sexual Transitions" (*"Geschlechtsuebergaenge"*) that it is highly probable that the average sexual character extends into every single body cell as the building blocks of the total organism, then clear-sighted research, which recently has been conducted by Wilson, Rabl, Boveri, van Beneden, and others on the individuality of the cells, has verified this assumption completely. Based on their detailed observations using the latest microscopic equipment, these researchers have established that very probably there are also manly and womanly egg cells. The sexes differ morphologically from each other by a different number of chromosomes. This chromosome amount in the case of the fertilized egg cell that produces a female is also different from the case of the one out of which a male is developed. Accordingly, also in the case of the daughter cells, which originate by the continuous division of the chromosomes out of the one original or mother cell, so that finally the total organism is built up to a higher unity according to which sex it belongs, there is a different number of chromosomes.

It hardly needs mentioning that even if the egg cells and semen cells have a manly or womanly predilection even before their union,

the manly and womanly substance contained is mixed in the chromosomes; but if they originate again and again from the original cells, both substances unite in each other. That also is the reason that the fathers hand down through the manly germ cells to their descendants—no matter if they are male or female characteristics of their own mothers, the mothers by the womanly egg cells, characteristics of their fathers

However, if we turn from the realm of the microscopic back to the macroscopic, from the many similar but in no way complete observations made by the cell researchers back to the considerations, as they must be concluded from facts available to everyone, then we, to make the rest simple, summarize what has preceded by separating the difference of the sexes into four clear groups that can be defined one from the other; they concern, as we see:

1. the sexual organs,
2. the other physical characteristics,
3. the sex drive,
4. the other emotional characteristics.

Accordingly, a complete womanly and "absolute" woman would be such a one who not only produces egg cells but also corresponds to the womanly type in every other respect; an "absolute" man would be such a one who forms semen cells yet also, at the same time, exhibits the manly average type in all other points. These kinds of absolute representatives of their sex are, however, first of all only abstractions, invented extremes; in reality they have not as yet been observed, but rather we have been able to prove that in every man, even if only to a small degree, there is his origin from the woman, in every woman the corresponding remains of manly origins

However, if we ourselves assume that people existed who, to put a number on it, were 100 percent manly or possessed a likewise high womanly content, it still remains out of the question and here too we find ourselves still in the area of simple facts of experience—that very many persons exist who, in spite of their carrying egg cells, exhibit characteristics that in general belong to the male sex, and that, on the other hand, there are people who secrete semen cells yet at the same time have observable womanly characteristics. Since in our use of language we usually describe the bearers of semen cells simply as men, the possessors of egg cells flatly as women, there are, therefore, women with manly, men with womanly characteristics,

and these mixed forms are the ones that are understood under the expression "sexual intermediaries." We can order them most clearly as the sexual differences themselves, according to the four viewpoints we presented.

In the first group of the intermediaries, accordingly, belong such ones who lie in the area of the sexual organs, the hermaphrodites in a narrower sense, the so-called "pseudo-hermaphrodites," men who because of womanly split formations of the genitalia, women who because of an intensified growth of these organs, often give enough cause to be mistakenly identified regarding their sex at birth.

Franz Ludwig von Neugebauer, in his classic handbook, *Board of Directors of the Gynecological Department of the Evangelical Hospital in Warsaw: Human Hermaphroditism* [*Vorstand der gynaeologischen Abteilung des Evangelischen Hospitals zu Warschau: Hermaphroditismus beim Menschen* (Leipzig: published by Dr. Werner Klinkhardt, 1908)], the result of fifteen years of research, has compiled the gradations and combinations presented here with exemplary diligence and great understanding and critically classified the most differing viewpoints.

The second heading of the sexual intermediaries concerns the physical characteristics outside of the sexual organs. In this case we

find men with womanly mammary tissue (*gynecomastia*) and women without such (*andromastia*; also the word *A-mazon* means without breasts); women with manly hair, such as manly beard or manly pubes (*feminae barbatae*, *androtrichia*) and men with womanly hair type, such as womanly pubes, beardless, etc. Women with manly larynx and organ (*androglottia*) and men with womanly formed vocal chords and womanly voice production (*gynecoglottia*), men with womanly pelvis (*gynophysia*) and women with manly pelvis (*androphysia*). The famous Berlin anatomist Waldeyer [see *The Pelvis, Topographically and Anatomically . . .* (*Das Becken, topographisch-anatomisch*), part 2. Bonn 1899, p. 393] says with regards to this organ, in the case of which one certainly should *a priori* presume a strong sexual differentiation: "We also find women's pelvis with characteristics of the manly pelvis. The bones are more massive, the ilia remain stiff, the pubic arches are narrow, the pelvic cavities have the form of a funnel. For the most part the women in question also have something manly (*viragines*) about the rest of the characteristics of their body, but this does not always have to be the case."

Under the second heading we also find men with womanly bone and muscular structure and women with manly skeleton and manly

muscular systems, of manly size and figure, men with womanly, women with manly movements.

The graceful swaying movements of womanly men and the grave pacing about of manly women gave rise to most of the mocking statements of ancient writers; so, for example, the historian Dio Cassius reports the following in his history of Rome, book 79, chapter 16: "When the handsome athlete Aurelius Zoticus entered into the palace and gave Emperor Antonius Heliogabalus the customary salutation 'Greetings Emperor and Master,' the latter shook his head as a girl would and turned his eyes coquettishly and spoke, 'But do not call me Master, I am your Mistress'; he embraced Aurelius and, resting his head on Aurelius' chest as if he were his girlfriend, took his meal."

Under the same heading we find men with the soft complexion of women, and women with the coarser skin of men; women who have to wear men's and men who have to wear women's glove and shoe sizes: in short, no matter what part of the body we were to treat, in almost every case we can always perceive manly profiles in women, womanly profiles in men

Under the third heading of sexual intermediaries, persons divergent with regard to their sexual drive, we classify men who

engage in sex with a woman as a woman, for example, having the tendency of being the succubus, who love aggressive women as well as participation in forms of masochism.

Since physical and emotional sexual passivity, which we call masochism according to Krafft-Ebing, as this author has correctly stressed, is a "degeneration of specifically feminine and psychical characteristics," then its appearance in men is no doubt a strong feminine characteristic that, according to my experience, moreover, is often accompanied by other marks of femininity. Since, on the other hand, sadism to use Krafft-Ebing's words--"represents a pathological intensification of manly, psychic sexual character," then sadistically inclined women are manly women. According to this we count masochistic men and sadistic women, who belong in the domain of sexual intermediaries, while, it is our opinion, sadistic men and masochistic women are solely abuses of instincts that are rooted in the sex drive corresponding to the sex of the persons in question.

Under the third heading, the corresponding condition for women, are ones who tend toward being the incubus, being sexually very aggressive (apart from prostitutes, whose actions naturally have other causes) as well as ones who exhibit sadistic impulses. With reference to the direction of the sex drive, in the case of men it

indicates femininity when they feel attracted to women of manly appearance and character, to so-called "energetic women," sometimes even to homosexuals, also to manly clothed as well as to such ones who are considerably more mature, intellectual, and older than they themselves. On the other hand, women betray their manly mixture in a preference for the womanly kind of men, very dependent, very youthful, unusually gentle men, in general for such ones who in their traits of behavior and character correspond more to the feminine type. Juvenal, even (*Satire 6*) and Martial (6, 67) report about women who can only love "shy eunuchs with beardless faces."

Finally, belonging also to this category of intermediaries are women who not only love womanly kind of men, but also manly kind of women (bisexuals) or also only the latter alone, or even totally in like manner as "true" men, women of the thoroughly womanly type (homosexuals). The opposite of this subdivision are men who, besides women of the manly kind, also love men of the feminine kind (bisexuals) or only these or even totally like women, more or less men who strongly express the manly type (homosexuals).

In Group Four, in which we understand the emotional particularities in indirect relation with the love life, ones to be counted as sexual intermediaries, are men whose feminine emotions and

feelings are reflected in their manner of love, their direction of taste, their gestures and manners, their sensitivity, and many times in their particular way of writing, also men who more or less dress themselves as women or live totally as such; on the other side women of manly character, manly ways of thinking and writing, strong tendency toward manly passions, manly dress, naturally also such women who more or less lead the life of a man. Therefore, in this case also are our transvestites to be included. I would like to characterize this Group Four with a few sentences that I used more than ten years ago in introductory remarks in the *Annual for Sexual Intermediaries (Jahrbuch fuer sexuelle Zwischenstufen)*:

That the mental differences of the sexes contain very many exceptions is evident in history and everyday experiences. There are men with the gentle emotions of a Marie Baskiertschew, with feminine loyalty and modesty, with predominant reproductive gifts, with an almost unconquerable tendency to feminine preoccupations such as cleaning and cooking, also such ones who leave women behind in vanity, coquetry, love of gossip, and cowardice, and there are women who greatly outweigh the

average man in energy and generosity, such as Christine of Sweden, in being abstract and having depth, such as Sonja Kowalewska, as many modern women in the women's movement in activity and ambition, who prefer men's games, such as gymnastics and hunting, and surpass the average man in toughness, crudeness, and rashness. There are women who are more suited to a public life; men more to a domestic life. There is not one specific characteristic of a woman that you would not also occasionally find in a man, no manly characteristic not also in a woman.

All of these other sexual characteristics can be present in very different degrees. This basically depends on one's age. Sexual characteristics appear most markedly between the ages of 20 and 50. As is known, after maturity, boys often exhibit feminine features as young men, girls boyish ones as young women. And later too, after the period of the fifth decade, matrons after change of life often assume superficial virile stigmata, while old men frequently take on many kinds of feminine features.

Above all, however, even at the prime of life itself, this mixing appears in varying degrees. It happens, to use an obvious example, that beard fluff appears on a woman's face, sometimes just a trace on the upper lip, sometimes so heavy that it needs to be shaved; indeed, it can even become a full beard in a woman's case. Of further importance is that these characteristics can appear isolated or combined. So, it often occurs, to use the same example, that a *femina barbata* ("bearded lady") possesses a full beard, yet in every other respect is thoroughly feminine. However, every combination imaginable can occur, every possible combination of manly and womanly characteristics. To account for the number of possible combinations for only the four main groups as a whole, let us imagine that the first group, the sexual parts, is "A," the second, the other physical characteristics, is "B," the third, the sex drive, is "C," the fourth, the other emotional characteristics, is "D," "m" as manly, "w" as womanly, "m+w" as mixed. We then get the following overview of the possible combinations. (The following account of the number of intermediary types was carried out by me with the aid of Prof. Dr. K. F. Jordan.):

Table 1

$A_m B_m$	$C_m D_m^*$	$A_w B_m$	$C_m D_m$	$A_{m+w} B_m$	$C_m D_m$
$A_m B_w$	$C_m D_m$	$A_w B_w$	$C_m D_m$	$A_{m+w} B_w$	$C_m D_m$
$A_m B_{m+w}$	$C_m D_m$	$A_w B_{m+w}$	$C_m D_m$	$A_{m+w} B_{m+w}$	$C_m D_m$
$A_m B_m$	$C_w D_m$	$A_w B_m$	$C_w D_m$	$A_{m+w} B_m$	$C_w D_m$
$A_m B_w$	$C_w D_m$	$A_w B_w$	$C_w D_m$	$A_{m+w} B_w$	$C_w D_m$
$A_m B_{m+w}$	$C_w D_m$	$A_w B_{m+w}$	$C_w D_m$	$A_{m+w} B_{m+w}$	$C_w D_m$
$A_m B_m$	$C_{m+w} D_m$	$A_w B_m$	$C_{m+w} D_m$	$A_{m+w} B_m$	$C_{m+w} D_m$
$A_m B_w$	$C_{m+w} D_m$	$A_w B_w$	$C_{m+w} D_m$	$A_{m+w} B_w$	$C_{m+w} D_m$
$A_m B_{m+w}$	$C_{m+w} D_m$	$A_w B_{m+w}$	$C_{m+w} D_m$	$A_{m+w} B_{m+w}$	$C_{m+w} D_m$

* An absolute man.

The first horizontal row of Table 1 contains three combinations of groups of sexual characteristics that are different in that while the secondary, tertiary, and fourth-order sexual features (B_m , C_m , D_m) agree, the primary group points to the three different possible cases A_m , A_w , and A_{m+w} .

The second and third horizontal rows of Table 1 are repetitions of the first, with the difference, that the secondary sexual features are changed from B_m , into B_w , and B_{m+w} .

In total that gives 3×3 or three squared or nine combinations.

The second and third horizontal columns of Table I are repetitions of the first column, with the difference that the tertiary sexual features are changed from C_m into C_w , and C_{m+w} .

With that, all of Table I contains: 3 x 9 or 3 x 3 x 3 or three cubed or 27 combinations.

Then follow Tables 2 and 3, which are different from Table 1 in that the fourth-order sexual features are changed from Dm into Dw and Dm+w, while everything else is combined as in I.

Table 2

$A_m B_m$	$C_m D_w$	$A_w B_m$	$C_m D_w$	$A_{m+w} B_m$	$C_m D_w$
$A_m B_w$	$C_m D_w$	$A_w B_w$	$C_m D_w$	$A_{m+w} B_w$	$C_m D_w$
$A_m B_{m+w}$	$C_m D_w$	$A_w B_{m+w}$	$C_m D_w$	$A_{m+w} B_{m+w}$	$C_m D_w$

Table 2 (contd.)

$A_m B_m$	$C_w D_w$	$A_w B_m$	$C_w D_w$	$A_{m+w} B_m$	$C_w D_w$
$A_m B_w$	$C_w D_w$	$A_w B_w$	$C_w D_w^*$	$A_{m+w} B_w$	$C_w D_w$
$A_m B_{m+w}$	$C_w D_w$	$A_w B_{m+w}$	$C_w D_w$	$A_{m+w} B_{m+w}$	$C_w D_w$
$A_m B_m$	$C_{m+w} D_w$	$A_w B_m$	$C_{m+w} D_w$	$A_{m+w} B_m$	$C_{m+w} D_w$
$A_m B_w$	$C_{m+w} D_w$	$A_w B_w$	$C_{m+w} D_w$	$A_{m+w} B_w$	$C_{m+w} D_w$
$A_m B_{m+w}$	$C_{m+w} D_w$	$A_w B_{m+w}$	$C_{m+w} D_w$	$A_{m+w} B_{m+w}$	$C_{m+w} D_w$

Table 3

$A_m B_m$	$C_m D_{m+w}$	$A_w B_m$	$C_m D_{m+w}$	$A_{m+w} B_m$	$C_m D_{m+w}$
$A_m B_w$	$C_m D_{m+w}$	$A_w B_w$	$C_m D_{m+w}$	$A_{m+w} B_w$	$C_m D_{m+w}$
$A_m B_{m+w}$	$C_m D_{m+w}$	$A_w B_{m+w}$	$C_m D_{m+w}$	$A_{m+w} B_{m+w}$	$C_m D_{m+w}$
$A_m B_m$	$C_w D_{m+w}$	$A_w B_m$	$C_w D_{m+w}$	$A_{m+w} B_m$	$C_w D_{m+w}$
$A_m B_w$	$C_w D_{m+w}$	$A_w B_w$	$C_w D_{m+w}$	$A_{m+w} B_w$	$C_w D_{m+w}$
$A_m B_{m+w}$	$C_w D_{m+w}$	$A_w B_{m+w}$	$C_w D_{m+w}$	$A_{m+w} B_{m+w}$	$C_w D_{m+w}$
$A_m B_m$	$C_{m+w} D_{m+w}$	$A_w B_m$	$C_{m+w} D_{m+w}$	$A_{m+w} B_m$	$C_{m+w} D_{m+w}$
$A_m B_w$	$C_{m+w} D_{m+w}$	$A_w B_w$	$C_{m+w} D_{m+w}$	$A_{m+w} B_w$	$C_{m+w} D_{m+w}$
$A_m B_{m+w}$	$C_{m+w} D_{m+w}$	$A_w B_{m+w}$	$C_{m+w} D_{m+w}$	$A_{m+w} B_{m+w}$	$C_{m+w} D_{m+w}^\dagger$

* An absolute woman.

† Complete hermaphrodite

This gives the number of all possible combinations of the four main groups of characteristics, 3×27 or three to the fourth power or 81 combinations.

Then the groups of characteristics A, B, C, and D consist of a number of elements, individual features, therefore, that again can become evident as manly, womanly, or mixed characteristics.

Closer observation allows one—in favor of an agreement in the number -to divide each of the four groups of characteristics into four elements, although it is to be allowed that the analysis could without difficulty verify many, many more individual features

Elements we observed were:

Group of Characteristics A (Primary Sexual Features)		Group of Characteristics B (Secondary Sexual Features)	
1. Germ cell:	A ¹	1. Hair:	B ¹
2. Oviduct or Spermatic Duct:	A ²	2. Larynx:	B ²
3. Sexual Protuberance:	A ³	3. Chest:	B ³
4. Sexual Groove:	A ⁴	4. Pelvis:	B ⁴
Group of Characteristics C (Tertiary Sexual Features)		Group of Characteristics D (Fourth-Order Sexual Features)	
1. Orientation:	C ¹	1. Emotional Life:	D ¹
2. Approach:	C ²	2. Manner of Thought:	D ²
3. Disposition:	C ³	3. Occupation:	D ³
4. Manner of Activity:	C ⁴	4. Clothing:	D ⁴

Each one of these 4 x 4 or 16 characteristics can, then, as stated, again be of a manly, womanly, or mixed nature (m, w,

and m+w), so that since all 16 characteristics are present somehow in each individual, there is a much greater possibility of combinations than in our previous account, where we did not reduce the groups of characteristics into their constituents but rather looked upon them as units.

As an example, let us take the first of such combinations: A1m A2m A3m A4m B1m B2m B3m B4m C1m C2m C3m C4m D1m D2m D3m D4m would mean a complete man of the most pronounced kind, i.e., germ cell, spermatic duct, sexual protrusion, and sexual groove in his case would be of the manly type; the same for the hair, larynx, chest, and pelvis; his sexual drive and sexual behavior would manifest itself in the direction (whether young or old), in the kind of approach (whether aggressively courting or alluring), in the disposition (rooted partly in the emotional, partly in the sensual), in the kind of activity (whether, active or passive, incubus or succubus), in the manly character, i.e., the object of his desire would be the normal (characteristically feminine) woman, and in relation to her he would step forth aggressively and actively emotionally and sensually; finally, he would also depict himself as a powerful and strong manly person in his emotional life and in his

manner of thinking, in his activities and in the clothing he chose, as a master of logic, not preferring sewing and crocheting or cooking and such things, but rather using his muscles and mental powers, and would prefer men's over women's clothing.

From this aspect, how much has the number of combinations grown?

First of all, variations A1 (as A1m, A1w, and A1m+w) produces three cases. Each of these cases, through variations of A2 (as A2m, A2w, and A2m+w), yield three more cases, so that makes 3×3 or three squared or 9 combinations.

And again each of these cases falls under three more cases by variations of A3, which produces 3×9 or three squared (= 27) combinations. And so forth: for each of the 16 elements of the four groups of characteristics A, B, C, and D there is a trebling of the number. As a total number of all possible combinations, this produces three to the power of 16 or 43,046,721 combinations.

This enormous number could at first be surprising, since it equals approximately a third of the total number of the world population (estimated at 1,450 million); but with closer

consideration it becomes not only understandable but also could be considered as too small, because we observed that there are hardly two humans who are exactly alike. In appearance as well as in essence there is such an extraordinary number of deviations and nuances that each individual appears as somewhat distinct. This is true, as is scientifically verified here, especially of the sexual particularities of humans. There would be a greater number if we were to separate the four groups of characteristics A, B, C, and D into the four elements for each one, which, as stated, would be acknowledged as thoroughly justified. For example, if each of the four elements were divided into only two subdivisions, let us say, hairiness into beard and hair on the head, or clothing into under and outer garments, and so forth, then the amount of possibilities of sexual varieties would overtake the number of the world population.

If we want to represent these numbers of the mixtures of manly and womanly substances in a different way also, we can use the one-hundred-percent sexual type as a point of departure. Therefore, the manly admixture in a woman, who is only a little different from the absolute womanly type, can be

numbered from one to ten percent, but it could be significantly more, perhaps twenty-five percent. Finally, there could be an equal amount of womanly and manly features present; indeed, it could even be with a bearer of the female ovary, also, a woman whose numerous manly features had been represented as womanly ones, and little by little we come to the point where, except for the sexual organs, the sexual characters of the three remaining groups, the sexual orientation as well as the physical and psychical phenomena in general, are manly in kind. This type borders close to the absolute "one hundred percent" man, in whose case, then, the fourth group, the sexual organs, are male. And then the same repeats itself. It might be only a trace of femininity mixed in the man, or the feminine qualities might equal the masculine or even surpass them, in spite of the fact that it is a matter of a bearer of male germ cells, meaning a man, and so it continues until we gradually come to a point where Groups Two, Three, and Four are eventually totally feminine; only Group One is still masculine or, where possible, this too can even approximate the feminine type. With that, then, we again approach our point of departure, the complete female sex.

The British biologist William Bateson of Cambridge, in his "Materials for the study of variation treated with especial regard to discontinuity in the origin of species," London 1894, p. 38, divides the species of several male insects into "high males" and "low males," each according to the development of the secondary sexual characteristics; the individuals of all of the remaining sexually differentiated species of plants and animals can be divided similarly.

All of these sexual varieties form a complete closed circle in whose periphery the above-mentioned types of intermediaries represent only the especially remarkable points, between which, however, there are no empty points present but rather unbroken connecting lines. The number of actual and imaginable sexual varieties is almost unending; in each person there is a different mixture of manly and womanly substances, and as we cannot find two leaves alike on a tree, then it is highly unlikely that we will find two humans whose manly and womanly characteristics exactly match in kind and number.

Whether people view the sexual intermediaries to be pathological without ado in my opinion, an indefensible standpoint for biologists of the Darwinian school or consider

pathological only the more striking features of manliness in a woman and femininity in a man, the weaker grades as physiological—in which case it would be difficult to consider drawing a line in the ranks of the imperceptible overlapping types—or interpret all of these intermediaries as I do, as sexual varieties, and make the concept of the pathological in the sexual life dependent upon other instances; for example, to what extent prerequisites of both sexual maturity and sexual freedom endure injuries all these are only secondary phenomena in the face of the fact that we have to treat the sexual intermediaries as a widespread and important natural phenomenon.

I first met with the expression "intermediaries theory" in Forel, *The Sexual Question (Die sexuelle Frage)*, p. 264, almost at the same time in B. Friedlaender, *The Renaissance of Eros Uranios* (*Die Renaissance der Eros Uranios*), for example, appendix, p. 84, then in Bloch, *Sexual Life (Sexualleben)*, p. 588, in all cases with reference to my name and the *Annual for Sexual Intermediaries (Jahrbuch fuer sexuelle Zwischenstufen)*. They did not quite fully understand my concept, and I was inspired to write this all-inclusive description. The view itself, that between the sexes there are mixed formations sexual

intermediaries—is ancient. There is proof of it even in the mythological and historical traditions of the oldest primitive cultures. See Dr. med. v. Roemer, “The Androgynous Idea of Life” (“Die androgynisehe Idee des Lebens”) in vol. 5 of the *Annual* and my historical essay "On the Theory and History of Bisexuality" ("Zur Theorie und Geschichte der Bisexualitaet") in chapter 5 of *Essence of Love (Wesen der Liebe)*. The graphic and expressive artists of Greece preoccupied themselves particularly again and again with "hermaphroditos," in whom "the charm of both sexes was united" (as Christodoros of Koptos says in *Palatine Anthology*, book 2).

Of course, only in recent times has there been a scientific treatment of the question; we also even find beginnings and statements in Darwin, Weissmann, Hegar (see the above quotation, Ulrichs, Schopenhauer, and others.) In 1899 I founded the above-mentioned *Annual* with the purpose of a detailed, methodical study of the intermediary problem. Eleven volumes have been published up to 1908. Of the more recent important books that support or closely touch upon the teaching of sexual intermediaries, three stand out: (I) Otto Weininger, *Sex and Character (Geschlecht und Character)*, first edition,

Vienna 1903, a work which by its daring, mostly exaggerated conclusions caused the greatest controversy. It is his scientific groundwork "that, namely, in each man there is something of the woman and in each woman there is something of the man and between both transitional forms, sexual intermediaries exist," that fully agrees with the *Annals* that appeared four years earlier, which to be sure mentioned it only casually as a "deserving enterprise." (2) Wilhelm Fliess, *The Course of Life: Groundwork for Exact Biology (Der Ablauf des Lebens: Grundlegung zur exakten Biologie)*, Vienna 1905, and (3) Franz von Neugebauer, *Hermaphroditism in Humans (Hermaphroditismus beim Menschen)*, Leipzig 1908, a compendium of invaluable worth; on page 636 the author says, "In fact, there is an enormous number of people who somatically as well as psychosexually exhibit sexual intermediaries, which in the most impressive manner was first alluded to by Magnus Hirschfeld."

The "intermediaries theory" then, as we see, essentially aims at nothing more than a systematization; it is supposed to order methodically known and related phenomena. Should the question arise in an individual case whether the characterization

of a physical or mental feature is manly or womanly is justified insofar as it truly corresponds to the average type of the male or female sex, on the fact that in all four of the named groups of the differences in sex, mixed forms and sexual transitions occur, that does not change. It is my opinion that one could speak more exactly of an intermediaries theory when a theory is drawn up that seeks to explain the presence and the frequency of such mixed forms.

This explanation appears to me to be just as simple and clear as the principle of the intermediaries itself. It is supported by the fact that according to the laws of the mixed inheritance or inheritance from both sides, each child, whether male or female, who is created by the sexual mixture of man and woman, is born with the father's and the mother's characteristics; according to the laws of latent and alternating inheritance, characteristics from the mothers of both parents are carried over to each son, the characteristics of the fathers to each daughter. The portion of the competing testator is a variable one. Among other things, this is evident by the dissimilarity of siblings, which is always present and often not inconsiderable.

The most important researcher whom we have in the area of heredity, August Weissmann [*Germ Plasma: A Theory of Heredity* (*Das Keimplasma, eine Theorie der Vererbung*), Jena 1892, p. 467] says,

From our experience with humans, we know that all secondary sex characteristics are not only inherited from the individual of the corresponding sex, but also from the other one. The lovely soprano voice of the mother, through her son, can be inherited by the granddaughter, likewise the dark beard of the father, through his daughter, by the grandson. In animals, too, both sexual characteristics must be present in each sexually differentiated bion, the one manifest, the other latent. In this case the proof can be given only in certain cases, because we seldom can observe with precision the individual differences of these characteristics. The proof can be seen in less complex organisms, and the latent presence of the opposite sexual characteristics in each sexually differentiated bion must for that reason be understood as a general arrangement.

However, no one has expressed the influence of mixed and latent inheritance more beautifully than Goethe in the famous autobiographical poem, whose second half for some odd reason is often omitted when cited:

From father I have stature,
To lead the serious life.
From mother a happy nature
To want to tell stories.
Grandfather liked pretty things,
They come back now to haunt me.
Grandmother liked gold and silver
And I have them in my bones.

In battle with this inheritance of both sexes is what Darwin called the sexual. It regulates the bisexual hereditary factors and causes many of the peculiarities to develop only in male offspring, others only in female offspring. In such a manner the stag, as a rule, transfers horns only to male offspring; the female animals, the milk-producing glands to the female offspring. But the hereditary factors for these characteristic sex signs are

always present in the descendants of the other sex, but they grow a little or not at all.

In this case, too, two other authorities can be heard: first Darwin himself [*Variations of Plants and Animals in the State of Domestication* (*Das Variieren der Pflanzen und Tiere im Zustande der Domestication*), 2d ed., Stuttgart (1873), vol. 2, p. 59], who concludes his observations with the words:

"Consequently, we see that in many, possibly in all cases, the secondary characteristics of each sex are dormant or latent in the opposite sex, ready to develop under particular circumstances."

Then there is the famous gynecologist A. Hegar, who, in a splendid work, "On the Extirpation of Normal and Not So Extensive Tumors of Degenerated Ovaries" ["Ueber die Exstirpation normaler und nicht zu umfangreicher Tumoren degenerierter Eierstoecke" in *Central Paper for Gynecology* (*Centralblatt fuer Gynaekologie*), November 10, 1877, pp. 297-307], makes clear "that originally in each individual there are present two instances that stipulate sex, one of which leads to the male, the other to the female. . . . These seek to produce not only the specific germ glands, but also, at the same time, the

other sexual characteristics. . . . Usually, one direction of movement dominates so that only one specific type is created, while the other is suppressed."

He then explains that this suppression probably is based on mechanical causes—which I, moreover, do not consider as very probable—and ends by saying, "Then (when, namely, the suppression does not take place or only partially), the other instance that determines sex is asserted, and we see such an individual arise which has another sexual type than the one which befits it according to its germ gland. Mostly, there is of course present mixed manly and womanly features in manifold combinations, to the finest nuances, until we can speak of a womanly man and a man-woman."

The biological law that in each person there rests the sex that does not belong to it forms the basis for the establishment and the understanding of sexual intermediaries; I defined it in the introduction to the *Annual for Sexual Intermediaries*: "everything what the woman possesses, the man has, even if in very small amounts, and likewise in every woman there are present at least some traces of all manly features"; and in *Sexual Transitions (Geschlechtsuebergaengen)*: "In every living

thing that is produced by the union of two sexes, we find, beside the signs of the one sex, the ones of the other, often far beyond the rudimentary and in very different gradations."

That the gradation so often deviates from the average form particular to the sex in general, even if we understand this as broadly as possible, is all the more comprehensible when we take into consideration that the male or female formation always is preceded by a unified asexual state of different duration. Out of this neutral nature some parts grow stronger, others weaker, others not at all, and in the main the total difference of the sexes is based on this increase or decrease in development. In this manner, in the first group of the sexual differences, do the comprehensive organs arise in both sexes from the sexless sex glands, which, in men as well as in women, originally join the primitive loins, primitive loin ducts, and Mueller ducts, while on the body surface of both sexes the rudiments of the external genital formation are exhibited by the sex furrow, sex folds, and sex bulges.

In the second group of sexual differences, the homogeneous foundation is present right up to the beginning of maturity; during childhood there is no perceivable difference in

breast glands, hair, or larynx. As to the third group of the sex differences, too, it is now accepted in general that the differentiation of the sex drive is preceded by an undifferentiated state (see, among others, Prof. M. Dessoir, *Universal Journal of Psychiatry* [*Allgem. Zeitschrift fuer Psychiatrie*], No. 5, 1894], and, likewise, the remaining psychological differences (Group Four), even if often indicated in childhood (children are justifiably linguistically labeled as neutral) are in no way so developed and striking as in adults.

Of course, the final reasons why sex in general or a sexual token in particular out of the homogeneous basis turns at one time toward the manly side, another time toward the womanly, while in a third case forms a mixture, the end reasons, therefore, which cause in one case a boy, another a girl, another a sexual intermediary to be born, still remain in the dark, in spite of attempts and in plants and animals not totally without results--to influence the establishment of the desired sex in an arbitrary manner by dietetic and other means.

The knowledge that in each person rests the natures of both sexes indeed suggests the supposition that perhaps the degree of this development could be influenced from a third

quarter. Particularly in reference to Groups Three and Four of the sex differences, the sex drive and emotional life, this is not seldom maintained, even if not yet proven. It would take us too far afield if I were to attempt to go into detail about the equally difficult problem that is of concern here, the question how in this case too, the will, drive, disposition and suggestion, endogamy and exogamy relate to the sexual life.

I am afraid I already have tested the patience of my readers and will limit myself to the question that is connected directly with our main theme, my conviction, which I reached on grounds of theoretical considerations and empirical experiences, that is: Even if there is an internal or external influencing, inhibiting, and encouraging will, access to education, practice, and suggestion—and of course even control has its boundaries sexual individuality as such with respect to body and mind is inborn, dependent upon the inherited mixture of manly and womanly substances, independent of externals; it is formed in advance by nature and is dormant in the individual long before it is awakened, forces its way into awareness, and develops. It is particularly subject to temporary, even periodic changes; develops consequently

nevertheless, gradually increases; maintains itself at a certain level, then returns again, but maintains the same characteristic impressions in all essentials for the entire lifetime.

After this general observation of the sexual mixed forms, if we return to the main subject of our work, the erotic drive to cross-dress, it will then become clearer to us in many respects and less of a rare phenomenon. The important conclusions put in order not only its place as a natural phenomenon, but also its etiology, prognosis, and therapy. We have indicated that it belongs to Group Four of the intermediaries; with respect to the three first groups of the sexual differences, the sex organs, the remaining physical characteristics, and the sex drive, these men exhibit no or only insignificant deviations from the norm, unessential in any case in comparison to the remaining psychosexual characteristics, the urge to dress as a woman and the desire to live as a woman as much as possible.

As we have seen, since in this case it is a matter of a form of the intermediaries, which clearly brings into relief what has thus far been described, it appears fitting, too, to give the new form a new name, a special scientific stamp. The term I use to

characterize the most obvious internal and external images of the persons concerned, their feelings and thoughts, their drive to put on the clothing of the opposite sex, is taken from the Latin "*trans*" = across and "*vestitus*" = dressed, used also by the Roman classical writers as "transvestism." Both men and women are termed "transvestites." One disadvantage of the term is that it describes only the external side, while the internal is limitless. Some of the transvestites themselves have formed expressions that are quite noteworthy as expressions of their feelings. One of them (Case 2) called his drive "puellism";^[5] another (Case 11), in the paragraph in which he tried to explain to his wife about men who appeared or wanted to appear as women, but on the other hand who were sexually attracted to men, called them "junoren." Both words for several reasons are not fitting. They would describe the drive in one sex only, namely, the male sex, are not capable of being changed, and could cause misunderstandings.

If one wanted to stress the condition that it is not simply a matter of cross-dressing, but rather more of a sexual drive to change, then the word "metamorphosis" would be better. One could call the persons sexual metamorphotics, the drive sexual-

metamorphotic, and the phenomenon sexual metamorphism, the preference of cross-dressing as sexual metamorphosis. Apart from the ungainly expression, I would be against it because Krafft-Ebing already has designated the mania of sexual metamorphosis as *metamorphosis sexualis paranoica*, which, as discussed above, we had to differentiate sharply from the drive of sexual metamorphosis.

Sex researchers repeatedly use the practice, and in my opinion not a very happy one, of naming sexual anomalies after persons who have become famous by them because they had especially strong tendencies toward them. Some such words are sadism, masochism, narcissism, retifism, and onanism, after the biblical Onan. The corresponding "fame" is lacking among heterosexual transvestites. Perhaps the acumen of my readers will produce an expression that would better hit upon the core of the phenomenon than the provisional one, which, I imagine, will not be universally satisfactory.

There is little more to add about the cause of the drive to cross-dress, as can be said about the etiology of the sexual intermediaries in general. Why the womanly admixture is produced in one case that a hermaphrodite arises (example of

the first group), in a second gynecomastia (example of the second group), in a third case an Urning (example of the third group), in a fourth a transvestite (example of the fourth group) we can up to the present not tell.

I have explained in detail the diagnosis and differential diagnosis of transvestism in the discussion of related phenomena; as to the prognosis, I do not think it is probable that the transvestite drive can be made to disappear, according to the total character of this and related mixed forms, but we do not have sufficient experience to render a final opinion; one can definitely get at the drive itself by means of psychotherapy, by applying Freudian psychoanalysis, and by suggestion. Besides this, one would recommend, as with all analogous anomalies, a general treatment of the central nervous system, which has as its focus a strengthening of the will as well as an exact regulation of the lifestyle, which aims at a possible deviation of mental activity.

With all of this, if one does not come to the desired goal, then the most important thing is the decision whether or to what extent it is advisable to yield to the drive now and then. We saw in several examples how exceptionally comfortable and how

advantageous transvestites felt their drive was to them when this at times occurred. In their descriptions, one instinctively recalls the sentence of Eduard von Hartmann in his philosophy of the subconscious, that the non-gratification of a drive is a great wrong for the individual in question, rather than a moderate satisfaction. If one gives it more thought, that it basically is a harmless inclination by which no one is injured, then, from a purely medical standpoint, nothing can be said against the actual putting on of the clothing of the opposite sex; another question of a forensic nature is what would cause public disturbance and acting under false pretenses; these questions will be treated in the next chapter, where we discuss the position of transvestism in public.

At this time I would like to touch upon one other point, namely, whether these persons appear fitting to enter into marriage. As we discovered, many are married, most even happily. Only in one case (11) was the marriage a truly unhappy one because of the transvestite drive. Of course, in this case the wife was psychopathic, suffered persecution mania, delusions, and for a long time was institutionalized. It is unconditionally advised that a transvestite disclose everything to the spouse.

One cannot assume that the unprepared spouse will be so accepting. I was surprised that many wives found no difficulty even traveling with their husbands dressed in women's clothing, or even sitting evenings at the family table, both spouses in women's clothing.

But even if the wife is accepting of her husband's preference, I still have my doubts as to the suitability of these marriages; it cannot be argued that transvestism belongs to the sexual intermediaries in whose case the outer appearance of the opposite sex is exceptionally considerable. In cases of lesser features, for example, no more than 33 1/3 percent, then there can easily be a balance between the married couple, so that the descendants would not be endangered by a hereditary burden. On the other hand, where the sexual gap of the personality is such a great one, as in our cases, there is such a deviation from the pure sex type, that the deviation, even if it should not itself be considered a degeneration, can lead to offspring who are psychologically disunified and frivolous, who are unstable, degenerated individuals. Of course, I cannot produce any proof of this very theoretical supposition; on the contrary, the children of the transvestites whom I saw gave me

the impression of being good and healthy. But the material available at this time is insufficient to dispel expressed fears.

Raising children today demands one to have nerves of steel. Transvestites who want to raise children must be physically healthy and strong as well as mentally well-developed persons. They must be careful with their choice of marriage partners because of the children. Moreover, I would be against transvestite women marrying. They are mostly very restless spirits, inclined toward adventure, and find it difficult to chain themselves to domestic duties. In fact, most suitable would be which is in accordance with the wishes of these persons a transvestite man and a somewhat manly kind of woman, who naturally need not be a transvestite, or a transvestite woman to a womanly man, so that, to quote Schopenhauer [in *The World as Will and Idea* in the chapter "Metaphysics of Sexual Love" (*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*: "Metaphysik der Geschlechtsliebe")]: "The degree of his manliness corresponds to the degree of her womanliness"; to be sure, it would be more correct to say in our case the degree of her manliness to the degree of his womanliness.

ABOUT THE TRANSLATOR

Independent scholar and U. S. Army veteran Michael Lombardi-Nash has been translating for more than four decades. Lombardi-Nash, an Italian born in Scotland, was a British subject. Raised a Catholic in Dublin, Ireland, at an early age he became acquainted with Italian, Gaelic and Latin. Lombardi-Nash graduated in German from the University of California, Los Angeles and took his doctorate from ONE Institute Graduate School of Homophile Studies in Los Angeles. He became a U.S. citizen and changed his surname from Lombardi to Lombardi-Nash in 1990, in honor of Paul Nash, his now deceased lover. Dr. Lombardi-Nash lives in Jacksonville, Florida. Lombardi-Nash's published translations include:

- Preussell, D. (Ed.). (forthcoming 2020). *The correspondence of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs*. With translations by M. Lombardi-Nash.. London: Palgrave Macmillan. 375-400 pp.
- Hirschfeld, Magnus. (2019). *Memoir: Celebrating 25 Years of the First LGBT Organization (1897-1923)*. (M. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Jacksonville, FL: Urania Manuscripts. 274 pp. (Original work published 1923)
- Lombardi-Nash, M. (Trans. & Ed.). (2019). *Gedenkschrift Celebrating the Bicentennial Birthday Anniversary of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs (1825-1895): Architect of LGBT Pride, Community and Movement*. Jacksonville, FL: Urania Manuscripts. 356 pp.
- Hirschfeld, Magnus. (2019). *Sappho and Socrates: How does one explain the love of men and women to persons of their own sex?* (2nd ed., M.A. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Jacksonville, FL: Urania Manuscripts. (Original work published 1896)
- Lombardi-Nash, M. (Trans. & Ed.). (2006). *Sodomites and urnings: Homosexual representations in classic German journals*. Binghamton, NY: Harrington Park Press. 304 pp.
- Lombardi-Nash, M. (2000). Karl Heinrich Ulrichs und Amerika. In W. Setz (Ed.), *Karl Heinrich Ulrichs zum 175. Geburtstag: Die*

Geschichte der Homosexualitäten und die schwule Identität an der Jahrtausendwende: Eine Vortragsreihe (pp. 93-114). Berlin: Verlag rosa Winkel.

Hirschfeld, M. (2000). *The homosexuality of men and women* (2nd ed., M. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Amherst, NY: Prometheus Books. 1,209 pp. (Original work published 1914/1920)

Ulrichs, K. H. (1994). *The riddle of "man-manly" love: The pioneering work on male homosexuality* (Vols. 1-2). (M. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Buffalo, NY: Prometheus Books. 712 pp. (Original work published 1864-1879)

Stern, E. (1994). *Childhood phases of maturity: Sexual developmental psychology*. (M. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Amherst, NY: Prometheus Books. 325 pp. (Original work published 1981)

Hirschfeld, M. (1991). *Transvestites: The erotic drive to cross-dress* (M. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Buffalo, NY: Prometheus Books. 424 pp. (Original work published 1910)

Lombardi, M. (1984). The translation of the writings of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs with special emphasis on his *Research on the riddle of man-manly love*. (Doctoral dissertation). ONE Institute Graduate School of Homophile Studies, Los Angeles. (LD00952)

Featured in:

Scagliotti, J. (2017). *Before homosexuals*. [Motion picture]. United States. "Ulrichs and the first modern coming out story."

Contributing Editor:

Bullough, V. & Bullough, B. (1994). *Human sexuality: An encyclopedia*. NY: Garland.

REVIEWS:

"Michael Lombardi-Nash has been a mentor to me in the years before I embarked on studying Ulrichs and has helped and encouraged me along the way. As the translator of the only previous English translation of Ulrichs' works, Michael was the obvious choice to be translator on this project. His professionalism and expertise I could not praise highly enough. I am especially thankful that he was

able to devote so much time to ensuring that the quality of the translation was not compromised.” —Douglas Pretsell (forthcoming 2020). Author of *The correspondence of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs*.

“Reading about all the work you and Paul Nash have been engaged in for many years — translating and advocating and educating the public — is truly inspiring.” —Dana Rubin (2019), personal email; speakingwhilefemale.co

“Your translations are a huge help in my research. Thank you so much for doing them over the years!” —Daniel A. Brook (2019). Author of *The Accident of Color: A Story of Race in Reconstruction*

“Lombardi-Nash's translation was so loyal to the original text that after the first booklet, I did not run a check on every single quote.... There was a substantial improvement in accuracy and thoroughness in historians writing about Ulrichs after the...Lombardi-Nash translations.”

—Douglas Pretsell (2017). “Ulrichs and the urnings: the dawn of sexual modernism.” (Honors thesis) La Trobe University. Melbourne.

“Important studies...such as translations by Lombardi-Nash have restored Hirschfeld and Ulrichs...to a prime position in...LGBT activism.” —Tom Butcher (2019). “Karl Heinrich Ulrichs and Magnus Hirschfeld: Queer Patriots?” Retrieved from <https://aha.confex.com/aha/2019/webprogram/Session17848.html>

“As a native German speaker...translator and historian, I admire the great skill in translating the historic language with the subtle shifts of meaning from 1910 to today. In the many years I have used your translation [of *Transvestites*], I could always rely on it.” —Atalanta Ort (2017). Facebook Messenger.

“Having already done a great service by translating several classic German-language works of sexology...Lombardi-Nash delivers another...interesting collection...” —Clayton Wisnant (2016). Author of *Queer identities and politics in*

Germany: A history, 1880-1945.

“Thanks for your wonderful recovery, translation and analysis work that has helped me and many other scholars and activists do our work.” —Deborah Meem (2008), Professor of Women's Studies, University of Cincinnati (email)

“Dr. Lombardi-Nash presents us with rare and pertinent articles that give insight into the thinking and practices of another era that...are still very important for our understanding of the current view of homosexuality. ...Clear and very readable translations.” —Hubert Kennedy, Ph.D. (2006). The Haworth Press New Book Announcement for *Sodomites and Urnings: Homosexual representations in classic German journals*.

“Dr. Lombardi-Nash knows his history.” —Hubert Kennedy (2005). Author of *Karl Heinrich Ulrichs: Pioneer of the Modern Gay Movement*.

“We owe a debt of gratitude to Lombardi-Nash for his translations.” —William Percy & John Lauritsen (2002, Nov./Dec.). *The Gay & Lesbian Review*.

“This excellent translation [of *The Homosexuality of Men and Women*] by Lombardi-Nash brings Hirschfeld alive.” —R. W. Smith (2001). *Choice: Current Reviews for Academic Libraries*, 38(3).

“A few people have persisted, with the necessary energy, in researching the heroic past of a troublesome history which many have sought to hide or diminish or have us forget. If it were not for Michael Lombardi...we, today, would not even know about the existence of Ulrichs.” —Massimo Consoli (1999). *Bandiera Gay: Il movimento gay in Italia dalle origini al 2000 attraverso l'Archivio*, p. 53.

“Michael Lombardi-Nash...has done an extremely helpful and careful version. [He] is well versed in German sexological writings, having

previously translated the works of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs.” —Vern Bullough (1991). *Transvestites: The erotic drive to cross-dress*.

“[Lombardi's] Urania Manuscripts translation series offers some relief to the lack of historicity in the gay movement...and deserves the enthusiasm of all of us” —L. Rice (1980). *Gay Peoples Union News*, 10(1), 13-16.



-
- [1] An iron deficiency marked by greenish-colored skin (Trans.)
 - [2] Chest pain (Trans.)
 - [3] Pain on one side of the head (Trans.)
 - [4] A male temple prostitute (Trans.)
 - [5] From *puella*, the Latin word for girl (Trans.)

The Transvestites

The Erotic Drive to Cross-Dress

MAGNUS HIRSCHFELD



Part Three

The Transvestites

The Erotic Drive to Cross-Dress

(Part Three of Three Parts)

by

Magnus Hirschfeld, M.D.

Translated by

Michael Lombardi-Nash, Ph.D.

Urania Manuscripts
[Kindle Edition]

DEDICATED IN MEMORY OF

Paul J. Nash

(February 20, 1934—May 7, 2010)

for his unconditional love and affection,
inspiration, dedication, direction, encouragement,
appreciation and support

Transvestites: The Erotic Drive to Cross-Dress (Part Three of Three
Parts)

© 1992, 2020 by Michael Lombardi-Nash

Registration number

TX0003370397 / 1992-08-03

Translator's Note

Fifteen years ago, before the "New Scholarship," it was not an easy task for sexual intermediaries—Magnus Hirschfeld's words for transvestites, lesbians, bisexuals and gays—to learn about their history. Not only were their books banned, buried, burned and bowdlerized in a conspiracy of silence (the present work included), but they also were often relegated to special, difficult-to-access shelves or cages in the vaults of libraries. Many of the books that survived attempts at suppression are still not accessible unless readers are fluent in foreign languages or can find translations. However, many books by so-called sexual minorities have not been translated at all. Many of the early works, too, even translations, often are too stilted or "heavy" in language for modern readers. Two world

wars with Germany probably caused the German language to wane. Finally, people who could translate—professors—were too afraid to work with writings on a taboo subject that could threaten their tenure, at universities and colleges.

With regard to the current text, I have translated everything—titles of books, Latin words and phrases, and poetry—so that no reader feels left out. I have used Associated Press journalistic style—the "inverted pyramid"—in rendering newspaper reports in the current book, so that unlike the original German readers, we do not have to wait until the last word of the last paragraph to get to "the meat of the matter." I have added paragraphing and footnotes. I hope these make the reading easier. Also, I have faithfully adhered to the text where Hirschfeld uses "Uranism" and "pederasty" for homosexuality. All three terms referred to the same phenomenon in turn-of-the-century Germany. Pederasty was described by the ancient Greeks as the love of an adult man for an adolescent boy. In Hirschfeld's time "pederasty" referred to anal intercourse. Karl Heinrich Ulrichs coined the word "Urning" (i.e., homosexual), and Karoly Maria Benkert invented the term "homosexual" itself in 1868.

I would like to acknowledge the support of many. My parents, 'Tina and Tony Lombardi, who raised me around different languages. I am truly grateful to my now deceased mentor, Vern L. Bullough). To LGBT educators, historians, librarians and archivists W. Dorr Leg Jim Kepner, Don Amador, Hubert Kennedy, Frank Rector, David Fernbach, Massimo Consoli, and Harvey Milk for encouraging me to work in the field of lesbian and gay translations. For their contributions to American Indian culture and transvestism, works by Walter Williams and Judy Grahn were useful for this translation. The index of Greek words in John Boswell's *Christianity and Homosexuality* facilitated my work. Special thanks to Philip Reece, Jim Steakley, Gary Hundertmark, Massimo Wolfgang Kirchstein, Eckhard Prinz, Enzo Cuzzo, G. Dall'Orto, Will Roscoe, and Harry Hay. The translation was financed by Paul J. Nash. The loving kindness of the Nashs and Hiers keeps them in my thoughts.

Michael Lombardi-Nash,

Jacksonville, Florida

January 12, 1991 and

January 12, 2020

Of *Transvestites*, Bullough wrote (Hirschfeld, 1991, p. 11) that Hirschfeld was a “co-founder of the science of sexuality,” and that Hirschfeld had “founded the first institute and journal devoted to the discipline of sexology.” Besides writing extensively, Hirschfeld coined the term “transvestite” to “describe people who had the urge to wear the clothing of the other sex.”

Bullough continues, “With this book, Hirschfeld opened new areas in the areas of sexuality. He viewed transvestism as a variation in its own right, apart from other sexualities. Most of the transvestites were heterosexual, some were bisexual or homosexual” (Hirschfeld, 1991, p. 12).

On translation, Bullough noted that without it, “confusion about the term caused folks to find it difficult to evaluate Hirschfeld's work, the one that led to the word he coined, 'transvestite,' sticking. One possible explanation for the lack of an English translation is that Hirschfeld wrote a rather difficult German, and occasionally he was a rather sloppy writer, misidentifying sources or giving incomplete citations....in spite of the fact...it is an outstanding classic....It is the pioneering work in what today is known as gender studies.” (Hirschfeld, 1991, pp. 13, 14).

The Transvestites

The Erotic Drive to Cross-Dress

(Part Three of Three Parts)

By

Magnus Hirschfeld

Contents

PART THREE: ETHNOLOGY AND HISTORY ... 10

11. Introduction ... 11
12. Transvestism of Children ... 40
13. Transvestism and the Law ... 54
14. Transvestism and Criminality ... 78
15. The Duration of Cross-Dressing ... 109
16. The Discovery of the Sex after Death ... 122
17. Suicide in the Clothing of the Other Sex ... 137
18. How Transvestism Is Discovered ... 144
19. Transvestism for Reasons of Normal Sexual Love and Jealousy ... 154
20. Criticism of the Supposed Motivations for Cross-Dressing ... 162
21. Transvestism on the Stage ... 180
22. Comedy and Transvestism ... 207
23. Transvestites on Thrones ... 225
24. A Few Rare Reasons for Transvestism ... 231
25. Transvestism and Career Choice ... 241
26. Name-Transvestism ... 251

27. Women as Soldiers ... 255

28. Closing Remarks ... 293

Part Three

Ethnology and History

Introduction

"The inclinations of people
decide their fate."

JB = Annuals for Sexual Intermediary Stages (*Jahrbuecher fuer sexuelle Zwischenstufen*)

MB = Monthly Report of the Scientific Humanitarian Committee
(*Monatsberichte des wissenschaftlich-humanitaeren Komitees*)

ZFS = Journal of Sexual Science (*Zeitschrift fuer Sexualwissenschaft*)

SYMBOLS OF SEXUAL RELATIONSHIP

(ORIGIN OF CLOTHING)

I received many valuable literary references for this chapter from my friend Eduard Bertz in Potsdam; furthermore, from my colleague Dr. Bloch in Charlottenburg, Dr. v. Tricht in Amsterdam, Dr. F. Kraus in Vienna, and G. Ives in London. I use the opportunity to express my many thanks to all the others besides these men, who supported me with materials, as well as the authors of the reference books cited above, likewise the two gentlemen who so kindly supported me by reading and correcting the manuscript, Messrs. Alfred Weber and Paul Przyrembel in Paris.

Since we have analyzed and critically treated the cases placed in this sort of work, then the only remaining task for us now is to do observations by looking back to see if we can find related phenomena that have attracted attention and gained significant places in literature, history, and contemporary life. According to the entire genre of this and similar intermediary stages, we assume from the beginning that in this case it is not a matter of limited event and of personalities limited by time and place; and just how justified this assumption is, is realized by means of a researching of the sources coming into consideration.

Since these sources are very widely spread in ethnographical and other written works, the historical and literary summary, which we

would like to give in the following, can make no claim to completion; from the beginning it has been an initial attempt at a comprehensive description for the further development of a history of transvestism and an offering to the transvestites of a not entirely unfitting foundation. But we do not want to forget about our readers and ask them please, at their convenience, to make known to us any essential failings they notice or bring to our attention guidebooks, magazines, and any other publication not referenced here.

With regard to cases taken out of newspapers, magazines, and court cases for this chapter, the absolute reliability of only a part of them can be verified. Likewise, I consider the material in these reports as a whole also as reliable and applicable as those examples cited by ethnographers and historians, apart from the fact that these notices bring life into the field by their topical nature. Now and then a mistake might creep into one of them.

Such a case appeared with the title "A Suicide in Elegant Women's Clothing" in the newspapers, and this elegant toilette later turned out to be a very simple cloth dress worth 45 marks. The main point here—the transvestism—is authenticated by the character of the newspaper in which the reports first appear, and the newspapers paint the entire picture.

But if the fact, at first strange, can be proven, that transvestism is older than—the clothing, itself, in appearances a contradiction in itself, in truth, however, only one more fact for the comprehension that this propensity does not rest on unbridled joy in pretty shapes, colors, materials, but rather on the mostly unconscious drive to give external expression to inner womanly feelings. I several times have heard transvestites complaining loudly about the impracticality of their wishes, and I put to them a well-meaning yet sophisticated-sounding question, "But what would you do then, if you had been born and lived somewhere in which men and women went around naked or both of them wore the same clothing?"

A quick-witted or well-educated transvestite would be first able to ask me the counter-question, "Is there, or was there ever in general a country whose people renounced every artistic symbol of their membership in one or the other sex?"

This question—as far as I can see—would have to be answered in the negative. There too, where man and woman go naked, they differentiate themselves always into kind and manner as to how they adorn or disfigure their bodies, paint and tattoo themselves, slice into themselves, bore holes, color or pull out teeth, how they cover

themselves with shells, feathers, and furs, how they carry weapons or have their hair cut.

When Rumpf says (place cited, p. 284), "In primitive folk, tattooing had the same value as covering; naked tattooed people of the South Sea Islands feel just as clothed as clothed Europeans," he is agreeing totally with the reports of many traveling researchers, for example, the report by the traveling Mertens [Waitz-Gerland, *Anthropology of Primitive Folk (Anthropologie, der Naturvoelker)*, vol. 5, Leipzig 1872, p. 67], who asked the natives of Luknor about the meaning of the tattooing. The natives reported, "It has the same goal as your clothing, namely to be pleasing to the women."

That corresponding customs of erotic transvestism existed in these forerunners of clothing, however, is shown, among others, in a report by G. H. von Langsdorff [in his *Observations on a Journey Around the World in the Years 1803 to 1807 (Bemerkungen auf einer Reise um die Welt in den Jahren 1803 bis 1807)*, 2 vols. Frankfurt-am-Main, Wilmans, 1812]. He says that the Aleutians raise some boys totally as females; they pluck out the budding beard and tattoo them around the mouth as women.

Even more striking is the report by Schweinfurth in his *In the Heart of Africa (Im Herzen von Afrika)*, Leipzig 1878, p. 116), "Not

seldom does one see Bongo-men covered with the articles of ornamentation of a womanly kind. So, for example, many wear earrings on the edges of their ears and little copper leaves shaped like half-moons. Others, as the women do, stick a copper needle with a mushroom head in holes bored through their upper lips, now and then even tiny copper disks, mostly rings or a piece of straw."

Moreover, in peoples who already cover themselves with weaved material, a sexual difference in clothing is everywhere observable. Of course, the same often is extraordinarily limited; sometimes the difference is only in the length of the clothing. This is what Henrich Elis says about the Eskimos in his description of a journey to Hudson Bay, "The clothing of the women is different from clothing of the men only in that they wear jackets that reach somewhat closer to the knees." Of the ancient Germans Tacitus reports, "The garments of the women are no different from those of the men"; yet even Robert v. Spalart, in his splendid work [*Essay on the Costumes of the Most Important Peoples of Antiquity, of the Middle Ages, and of Recent Times (Versuch ueber das Kostuem der vorzueglichsten Voelker des Altertums, des Mittelalters und der neueren Zeiten)*], in four parts, Vienna 1796, Part 2, p. 355], shows, with the aid of illustrations, that this report in no way agrees with the

depiction of Germanic men and women as we often find them on antique monuments and coins. The tunic of Greek women, likewise, was almost identical to the men's, except that the women, corresponding to their calm manner of living, allowed them to fall down longer to just above the feet.

In general, for a long time, in many ancient cultures as well as in Greece, Rome, Egypt, Babylon, and Assyria, the sexual difference in clothing consisted only in the draping of the garments, in the manner of how they gathered and threw the large, unsewn wraps about their bodies. Not without interest for us is an observation which is found in Archippus; in this one, the son of Alcibiades is reproached with allowing his garment "to trail behind him like a woman, probably to be more like his father, who would wear his long, purple cape in like manner when taking walks in the public squares."

It is very surprising to observe and thoroughly instructive for the understanding of clothing as a mute language of gesture, how masterfully the ancients understood it, not only the sex, but also rank, social position and respect, education and character, pride and modesty, and many other features, by bringing to expression the mere folds in their clothing. Just think about the statues of orators in

the Lateran and many others which you find in Roman museums in Naples and in the Louvre.

The art of weaving material suited for clothing is one of the oldest prehistoric human achievements, as shown by the Egyptian antiquities and artifacts in the lake-dwellings. Much later, comparatively speaking, people came upon the thought of cutting the cloth into smaller pieces suitable for individual parts of the body, pieces which for a long time were held together by ribbons, clasps, and needles, until one clever person came upon the idea of sewing the pieces together more permanently, a man—perhaps even a woman—who should have had a statue erected to him or her by the tailor and dressmaker guilds if the name had not escaped us, because it was so long ago. That our legwear originally was two pieces sewn together in the fashion of a pipe is reflected not only in Roman reliefs, but also in the current custom of saying "a pair of hose."

TRANSVESTISM, THE BIBLE, AND RELIGION

Before the discovery of the art of weaving, societies of the wild made use of skins, animal furs, that now are still favorite articles of clothing,

and even before the people appeared to have placed leaves around their limbs; at least that is what the quotation in first book of Moses (Gen. 3:7) leads one to believe: "Then their eyes were opened and they became aware that they were naked—they then took fig leaves and made aprons for themselves." The Ipurianindian women in Brazil, besides their hanging fringes of cotton strips, even to this day occasionally wear a fig leaf as the only article of clothing. Among others, natives of the Congo wear plant belts. The women of Samoa wear grass skirts.

Another two passages out of the same first book of Moses deserve to be mentioned in relation to the history of clothing. Chapter 2:25 says, "And they both were naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed" and in the third chapter, verse 21, we hear that "God made coats of fur for the man and his wife and clothed them." There is no discussion about different garments according to sex, but they must have been present and it must have occurred that now and then persons of one sex put on the garments of the other, otherwise Moses would not have protested against it so energetically in Deut. 22:5. Here he says (according to the literal translation by Wettes): "A wife should not wear men's clothing, and a man should not put on the garments of a woman; for those who do it are abominations to

Jehovah, your God." Luther translates, "A wife should not wear men's articles, and a man should not wear women's clothing; for those who do such, they are abominations to the Lord, your God." Here it is a matter of the original word in Hebrew, which not only meant garments but also "everything that a person wears."

The commentators of Deuteronomy are not in agreement with regards to the meaning of this remarkable Bible quotation. I find the following in *Bible Commentary on the Old Testament (Biblischer Kommentar ueber das alte Testament)*, published by C. Fr. Keil and Franz Delitzsch, Part 1: "The Books of Moses," Leipzig: Doerffling and Franke, 1870.

Deut. 5: Just as possessions of next of kin were sacred to the Israelites, so was their more or less divine separation of the sexes, which middle-class life had sanctioned by the clothing of the sexes. "A woman shall not wear anything that pertains to a man, nor shall a man put on a woman's garment." The original Hebrew word כלו does not mean just clothing or just weapons but rather embraces everything in the house and other appliances, as Exod. 22:6; Lev. 11:32; 13:49. The immediate intention of this

prohibition does not concern prevention of vice or opposition against idolatrous rituals, because the proof that, for example, B. Spencer presented in *On the Laws (de legg. 1. 2. c.29)* for such customs of pagan folk is far-fetched. The intention, rather, is bound up in the religious observation of the difference of the sexes founded by the creation of man and woman. Israel should not sin against the difference. Any abrogation or effacement of this difference, for example, also the emancipation of women, is an abomination before God because it is against nature.

Another theologian, Fr. W. Julius Schrader, in his *Deuteronomy or the Fifth Book of Moses Treated Theologically and Homiletically (Das Deuteronomium oder das fuenfte Buch Mose: Theologisch-homiletsch)*, 2d improved edition, published by Pastor Lic. George Stosch-Berlin, Bielefeld and Leipzig, Velhagen etc., 1903, explains the passage as follows:

From the goods of one's neighbors and to the particulars in nature, in Deut. 5, the particularity of the sexes comes into consideration, and to be sure according to the manner of

each one's external appearance by wearing what is one's own. The original Hebrew word כּוּלָּו means something complete, manufactured, a tool, weapon, instrument, not just clothing, which is especially stressed soon after. The concrete expression would exemplify the idea that every interference with the natural particularities of the sexes, any effacement of the difference of sexes, no matter how little it should injure your neighbor, is all the more so in the eyes of God. People have been too biased about preventing vice by pointing to transvestite men, too far-fetched an opposition against idolatrous rituals. As regards "Men's implements on a woman," the history of Egypt gives us a drastic and instructive example. Did Moses know about the example? Then that would explain the original Hebrew word. It points to the unnatural in gentler women going around in men's armor, a man-woman inside and externally. For, Ha'tschepsut (Hatasu), the royal widow and sister of Thotmes II, the probable Pharaoh of the exodus, she who reigned after the latter, suddenly put on manly clothing after the death of her husband and appeared to have insisted she be addressed as a man.

She sought to obliterate the memory of her husband, abandoned and hated by the gods, in every scarcely conceivable way." (Brugsch). See Urquhart 2, p. 214.

To this, his interpretation, the commentator adds the following homiletical postscript:

Deut. 5. Luther: "Here it is not forbidden what is to be avoided because of danger or to carry out jokes or deceiving foes; it is simply to be understood as a woman minds her own business, and a man his own; in sum: let all be satisfied with their own things."

—Berl. Bib.: "Teachers, especially, when they do unsuitable things, are like people who cross-dress. Also, it is inappropriate when men imitate women at the dressing table" (1 Pet. 3:3)

—Calov: "The essence of Shrove Tuesday under the heathens took its rise from the Egyptians."

—Tub. Bib.: "Masking and changing of clothing leads to sin, Eph. 5:4" (1 Cor. 11:4ff.)—"No man-woman, also, no emasculation, no womanly man!"

Almost all of the other Bible commentators agree that this "prohibition of the covering of one's sex is obviously supposed to be to the first degree a protest against a cult custom that is found in the paganism of the Syrians, Phoenicians, and others, where men in women's clothing and women in men's clothing held marches."

That this occurred at the time in which the Mosaic law originated and long before and after it made its appearance many times in religious ceremonies, is true, but I question whether it was the intention of the legislators, as they, moreover, absolved the Judeo-Christian religion of their own prohibition of cross-dressing, actually only to enter a protest against it.

As all Asians, the ancient Jews saw in a woman a second-class person. If a girl was born, they found no joy—this, unfortunately, still happens today—but rather felt a bit disappointed. In the third book of Moses, Lev. 12:2, it says that "when a woman gives birth to a boy she is 7 days unclean and 33 days not in the state of grace; when, however, a woman bears a girl, then she remains 14 days unclean and must stay at home 66 days," a passage that causes commentators to form the opinion of the dominance of the male over the female sex.

According to the opinion of Asians, it must appear as a humiliation for the man, as arrogance for the woman, when he puts on women's clothing, she men's clothing.

One of the Bible commentators, Bertholet, refers to the Church Father, Eusebius, in Deut. 22:5, who was supposed to have related that during the Hybristica festival ceremony, the women put on men's clothing, the men wrapped up in women's clothing ("certain girl-men who have denied the holy dictates of nature"). They made the sacrifice. He also could have mentioned that the same Church Father (Eusebius 54, de laud. Const., p. 516) gave the description of a temple of Aphrodite founded on the summit of Mount Lebanon, a temple in which, as he says, "several androgynes, who were more like women than men, because they put aside the dignity of their sex and suffered what women do, worshiped God."

TRANSVESTISM AND PRIMITIVE FOLK

In his brilliant article, "On the Androgynous Idea of Life" ("Ueber die androgynische Idee des Lebens") in JB, 5, pp. 712-939, Dr. v. Roemer has several examples of the extent of similar cult rituals: in antiquity there was the feast of Dionysus and Ariadne, in which the chorus

consisted of two youths in women's clothing decorated with vine branches and grapes; there was the divine service of Attis and of the Great Mother, where the priests put on women's clothing; they were for that reason called maidens. There was the Thargelia, a festival of purification and atonement for Apollo and Artemis, at whose festival it was the custom for two men to be presented as a sacrifice for atonement, and one of the men represented the men, the other the women. They were familiar with the mysteries of Hercules in Antimachia, where the priests of Hercules likewise had to present the sacrifice wearing women's clothing.

In the last-mentioned case it is natural to suppose that it is based on the ancient myth of Hercules and Omphale. Omphale, the Lydian daughter of the king, so it goes in the saga of Hercules, bought from Hera the strong Hercules, by whom she bore one or more sons. In her service, Hercules is supposed to have become "a wife," put on soft Lydian women's clothing, spun wool, and become a homemaker, while his wife put on his lion skin and swung the club of the hero.

His neck, which had been like the one Atlas had and with which he had no difficulty holding up the heavens, now

displayed a women's gold necklace; the manly arms of the hero were covered with bracelets set with jewels and his hair, cut short, looked out from under a snood, while long women's garments flowed down over his limbs. There he sat, the dress in front of him, among other Ionian maidens, spinning the thick strands with his strong fingers, and was in fear of being scolded by his mistress, if he did not deliver sufficient quantity. If she was in a good mood, her husband had to tell stories about his heroic deeds as a youth to her and her women: how he choked a snake with his bare hands, slew the giant Geryones, cut off the head of the hydra, and had drawn up from Hades the hell-hound Cerberus. However, the women took delight in these stories, as people who take joy in fairy tales.

Hercules broke out of his sleep a few years later. "He tore the women's clothing from his body, and again he soon was the energy-filled son of Jupiter, who went out to do more heroic deeds. [See also Gustav Schwab, *The Most Beautiful Sagas of Antiquity According To Its Poets and Story Writers* (*Die Schoensten Sagen des klassischen*

Altertums nach seinen Dichtern und Erzaehlern), Guetersloh 1907, p. 163.]

Moreover, this saga is said to be of Asian origin, and to have originated in the story of the Lydian Moon Goddess and her husband, the Sun God, who, people believed, "exchanged the features of both sexes."

But not only in the case of ancient civilizations and religious cults, but also everywhere else where land and people have been carefully investigated, we reach the same conclusion as did Karsch in his extremely instructive work on "Uranism or Pederasty and Tribadism in Primitive Folk" ("Uranism oder Paederastie und Tribadie bei den Naturvoelkern"), which so concisely sums up the fact that:

(1) neither all women, i.e., persons born with female organs, nor all men, i.e., persons set up with male organs of procreation, feel the calling to play the role that by nature of their sex organs is placed before them: to assist in doing one's bit for the preservation and multiplication of the human race and in connection with this to execute those works that the human race is accustomed to designate to both sexes classified solely according to their

different sex organs; that, to the contrary, there is a more or less large number of individuals inclined toward assuming the role of the other sex, the one externally opposed to them, be it in one, be it in all aspects; (2) such persons without exception have appeared in all primitive peoples, as such are known: (a) black people, (b), the people of Malay, (c) Indians, and (d) people of the Arctic.

In these conclusions of this comprehensive study, the prominent Berlin sex researcher first of all leaves open the question whether all persons who "tend toward the role of the sex externally opposite to them and take it over" are to be viewed as having homosexual feelings. This careful manner of expression deserves recognition; it is not to be taken for granted that the researchers have been able to distinguish between the different grades of the intermediary stages: hermaphrodites (Group One), androgynes (Group Two), Uranians (Group Three), and transvestites (Group Four), in the face of their lacking foreknowledge of this relatively new area and the difficulty of achieving this difference without very thorough exploration and investigation.

What palpably confronted the ethnologists, really, was basically only the appearance that women lived as men, men as women. Some [see Adolf Bastian, *The Person in History: For The Founding of a Psychological View of the World (Der Mensch in der Geschichte. Zur Begründung einer psychologischen Weltanschauung)*, 3 vols. Leipzig: Wigand, 1860] believed this to be nothing more than and to be viewed as an indication "of abominable perversion"—in fact, one of the labels so often used in this area. Even Oskar Baumann ["Contrary Sex Phenomena in the Black Community in Zanzibar" in *Journal of Ethnology: Organ of the Berlin Society of Anthropology, Ethnography and Prehistory* ("Kontraere Sexualerscheinungen bei der Neger-Bevoelkerung Zanzibars," *Zeitschrift fuer Ethnologic.: Organ der Berliner Gesellschaft fuer Anthropologie, Ethnologie and Urgeschichte*), vol. 31, no. 6 (1899), pp. 668-70, with two illustrations on p. 669] says: "During their childhood, men of inborn contrary sexuality among the Bantu people knew that they showed no drive toward the female, but rather found enjoyment in womanly work, such as cooking, weaving and such things; as soon as their family recognized this they accepted the fact of the difference without resistance; the young man would put on women's clothing, wear his hair in women's fashion and behave himself fully as a woman."

Since effeminate homosexuals occasionally dress in women's clothing, many people conclude that those who have the tendency to cross-dress in this manner always have to be homosexual. This conclusion, however, has turned out to be a false one: just as not all homosexuals are effeminate, not all effeminate men are homosexuals. Even if a researcher could prove that a transvestite did have one experience of same-sex intercourse, which only very rarely does occur, then, according to our discussion above, it still has to be decided whether this is a secondary episodic result of the primary feeling of being a woman and the drive to cross-dress or whether the latter had developed as a result of a natural Uranian inclination.

However, it is also possible that in general no driving inclination —no matter whether purely transvestitic or homosexual—caused the cross-dressing, but rather that it was occasioned by totally different, more external reasons, a whole series of which we will become acquainted with. Of course, in these cases the external reason does not cancel out the inner tendency. When, for example, v. Roemer brilliantly makes clear to us that in the mysteries of antiquity, the presentation of women as men and men as women was supposed to symbolize the androgynous idea of life and of divinity, the man-woman principle of procreation and conception in one, then that does

not cancel out, but rather even probably allows the phenomenon that people chose to incorporate this deep thought preferably in the bodies of youths and maidens who, as a consequence of their nature, were well-suited and tended toward assuming the role of the other sex.

Many ethnologists, moreover, appear to have been more or less keenly aware that the judgments they made when confronted with this phenomenon were not so easy. Among other things, this is very evident in the careful writings that Karsch produced in the above-mentioned work on native Americans—the Indians. On the one hand, many authorities claim that "in general the Indians exhibit less tendency toward sex than other races"; on the other hand, that, from northernmost North America to southernmost South America, there was hardly one Indian tribe that did not have a surprisingly high number of "womanized men," and that there was not an insignificant number of women in equal number "who imitated the men in everything, as if they had ceased to be women."

Even in 1697, the traveling researcher Louis R. P. Hennepin [*New Discovery of a Very Large Country Situated in America Between New Mexico and the Arctic Ocean (Nouvelle découverte dun très grand pays situé en Amérique entre le Nouveau Mexique et*

la Mer Glaciate), Utrecht: Broedelet] identified among these men three forms that deviated from the norm. In the following report by Karsch, Hennepin identifies:

(I) hermaphrodites, i.e., persons with ostensible male and female sex organs; (II) men with womanly appearance who preoccupied themselves with women's work and neither went hunting nor to war; they are different from the hermaphrodites in that they were considered men; finally (III) men who served other persons of the male sex, among them also men with womanly appearance, to satisfy their sex drive. However, the hermaphrodites were unjustly kept strictly separated from the men with womanly appearances and at most should have offered a difference in degree of effemination, a task that without hesitation was then assumed by Coreal at the end of the seventeenth century. A short overview of the history of these effeminates, meanwhile, demands that we keep them apart for the present.

(1) The hermaphrodites. If one wants to believe the numerous writers who say they heard about or saw great

numbers of hermaphrodites among the Indians, or who truly trust the data of others about them, then the New World, not only at the time of its discovery, but even now, must be teeming with such beings who are provided with more or less complete organs of procreation of both sexes and must be a gold mine for anatomists. However, when an inspection of the hypothetical miracle was made, which infrequently occurred, each time it turned out to be a normally built man to whom clung a woman's shape, movements, and drives, so that it was not a matter of a purely somatic, as one supposed, but rather of a psychophysical hermaphroditism.

Hermaphrodites in great numbers are supposed to have lived especially in North America, in Florida and Louisiana, where in these areas there were many Indian tribes at the time of their subjugation under European occupation; their existence in Florida apparently was established for the first time by Laudonnière in 1586, and in 1591 by Le Moyne; later, in 1717, by Dapper, and in 1744 by Charlevoix. A comprehensive treatment of the hermaphrodites in Florida was written in 1769 by Pauw, Of

the Hermaphrodites of Florida (Des hermaphrodites de la Floride), a book in which he took the position that their existence was proven by the rumor of their existence and attempted to explain them.

Zimmermann, who did not believe in them, apologized for mentioning them solely in connection with Pauw's view and stated Pauw saw only what he wanted to see, seeking to prove the degeneration of the Americans more clearly by their hermaphrodites; he gives the vague impression that the hermaphrodites were only men made up and dressed as women. Entirely without hesitation Schneider reveals that the passion with which Pauw had attempted to stamp these "cinaedi" as hermaphrodites could only elicit a smile from him.

Lafitau, in 1724, attempted to view the hermaphrodites only as effeminate men, whose essence he idealizes and brings into connection with Greek love, and Bruzen La Martinière, too, in 1726, joins totally with Coreal, according to whom these so-called hermaphrodites were nothing more than effeminate men who, as Coreal added, "in a certain sense actually are in

fact hermaphrodites," the wording that La Martinière took over from Coreal.

Dumont, in 1753, did not want to maintain that there were no hermaphrodites among the Indians of Louisiana, since, according to almost all of the writers, this region was supposed to have been filled with such people; except that he assures us on his part that in his extensive travels in that region he did not find one single hermaphrodite. He believed that the fable about them touched upon a mistaking of the attendants of the women among the Natchez and other tribes, who not only wore their hair long and went around in women's clothing, but had also probably served to satisfy the lust of the men, whenever they accompanied them on the hunt or warpath, leaving the women behind. Moreover, it is not of little interest that in Louisiana, too, priests who slept on furs in the temples had to wear women's clothing.

In 1591 a description of the preoccupations of the hermaphrodites in Florida was presented by Jacobus Le Moyne accompanied by a copper engraving; following a somewhat reduced photographic reproduction of this

copper engraving (fol. 17), a written description was added by Karsch. The hermaphrodites are depicted in this case wearing long hair, as caretakers of their sick, carrying some of them on their backs, some on stretchers, to the place where they kept their sick. These hermaphrodites, stronger and with more stamina than the women, according to Le Moyne, were preoccupied with all kinds of heavy work; they carried food and supplies for the warriors; they removed the wounded from the battlefield and buried the dead; those who fell ill were taken by them to places to rest where they could take care of them until they had recovered.

According to De Lahontan, among the Illinois there were notorious pederasts and hermaphrodites, who helped themselves to both sexes without discrimination, a statement that truly is based only on conjecture. Ross Cox described his strange meeting with a "hermaphroditic" chief of the Kettle Indians; in 1814 De La Salle speaks of hermaphrodites among the Illinois as an effect of the climate of their homeland, and also even in the 1880s among some of the physicians in the service of the United

States there was talk of so-called hermaphrodites in the Indian tribes of North America east and west of the Rocky Mountains (Holder). Holder himself gave a thorough physical examination, according to Hammond's procedures, to a young Indian living in the Absaroke tribe. The Indian was dressed as a woman and he, therefore, considered him to be hermaphroditic, and to his surprise turned out to be a thoroughly normal man; they say that for many years the young Indian, as a womanly partner, lived together with a very well-known manly Indian of the Absaroke tribe. (Here follow observations by Holder on the practice of male-male intercourse, which we can pass over as not being relevant to this work.)

(2) The feminized men or effeminates. Cabeza de Vaca, in 1555, already treated the subject of feminized men among the Indians; he seems to have considered them as impotent men. Just as there were women with so much manly courage that they even won military honors for themselves among the Indians, there were also men who dressed as women. Among the Illinois, the Sioux, in Florida, Louisiana, and Yucatan, there lived young men in

women's clothing, which they then remained wearing for their entire life; they took pleasure in women's preoccupations, never married women, did not go to war, but did prefer religious ceremonies that affected the emotions.

In many places they thereby received great respect, which allowed them to be perceived as having a sublime position above the common man (Lafitau, Baumgarten, Marquette). Martius is not inclined to look upon the men as a special class, men who, dressed as women, devoted themselves to nothing but women's preoccupations, such as spinning, weaving, and making utensils.

"That this so very strange custom of transvestite men, who chiefly and at first were reported among the Illinois, the Sioux, and other Indians in Louisiana, Florida, and Yucatan, appears again so far from those countries, also in southern Brazil, is all the more noteworthy as is in general the essence and the vocation of such manwomen, which constitutes a riddle in the ethnography of America. Moreover, all reports appear to agree that the man-women had less respect among the Indians. There is not a trace of

a special cult or of an order of brotherhood. Therefore, I find it probable that they are connected with the so deeply rooted decay of the morals of the Indians; one ought not to recognize in them a set of ascetics who voluntarily humble themselves, or, as Lafitau did, priests of the Syrian goddess, albeit in extreme degeneration" (Martius 1832, 1867).

The men who dressed as women and took care of all of the concerns of women were treated formally as women by the young men, also lived in a certain "unnatural association" with them; the aged Charbonneau, after he had spent 37 years east of the Rocky Mountains, even maintained that in this respect the manwomen of the Canadians were preferred over the women; while Prince Maximilian zu Wied stayed in North America (1832 to 1834), not many of such creatures were found among the Indian tribes he visited; only a tall, deaf, mute man among the Manuans and among the Moennitari two or three of such individuals (Wied, 2, 133). Wied (22, 133, footnote) expressly states that the custom of the man-women was evident in the Indian tribes of the Sauk, Fox, Mandan,

Moennitari, Crow, Blackfoot, Dakota, Assiniboin, Arrikkara, and most of the nations of interior North America, with the one exception of the Menomomie (Folles Avoines) and the Ottawa (Courtes Oreilles).

The age at which these male Indians at first deny their sex and put on women's clothing is not always the same. Sometimes it occurs very early, in childhood, for unknown reasons (Marquette); many fathers then try to change the preference of their children, persuade them, even also offering them handsome weapons and pieces of men's clothing, making every effort to try to inspire them with manly activities, and if no change in their minds can be brought about by force, indeed, the boys are even thrashed, without producing any results (Wied).

In other cases Indians undertake this metamorphosis in advanced manhood; they then declare that they had a dream or received inspiration from above that they were recommended as medicine men or healers, and they persist in their resolve unhesitatingly, which of course draws to them a certain scorn, but nevertheless they are considered sacred by the entire tribe.

In such manner did a famous warrior of the Otoe tribe, following a dream, replace his war finery with women's clothing, as John T. Irving described in a special chapter, "The Metamorphosis." Evidence of the strong influence of their lively imagination on their external lives is given in the story of a Sauk Indian, according to which a man, if the evil spirit appeared to him in the form of the moon, has to clothe himself as a woman and resign himself as such ("become cinaedi," Keating). According to Wied, the Indians also tell a fable they believe: Once upon a time they tried to prevent a man from dressing as a woman; an excellent warrior threatened him. It came to a terrible fight, the consequence of which was that the man-woman was fatally wounded by an arrow and collapsed; instead of his corpse, they found on the ground a heap of stones and between them the arrow. Ever since no one ever got mixed up in this business, which they now saw as appointed and protected by higher powers.

But there are many more who mention men in women's clothing among the Indians, such as Bossu, Bernal, Diaz, Duflot de Mofras, Dumont, Falkner, Lopez de

Gomara, Hennepin, de Herrera, James, Peter Martyr, McCoy, McKenney, Oviedo, Perrin du Lac, Piedrahita, Ramusio, de la Salle, Tanner; almost all of these writers reported seeing them themselves, while others such as Bastian, Mantegazza, Peschel, Ratzel, Schneider, Schultze, Schurtz, and particularly Theodor Waitz compiled the source material made available to them.

The men in women's clothing no doubt gave the ethnographers the main reason to believe that the Indians in general were guilty of pederasty, although among them such acts surely did occur in a few cases. Since the tendency to appear as a woman to gain the favors of men was so very widespread among the Indians, it is hardly any wonder that the ethnographers were able to report the numerous names for them that the different tribes gave to these false women, such as agokwa, bardache, bote, burdash, camayoa, cudina, cusmo, joya, maricone, mihdaechkae, and mujerado.

Moreover, it should be mentioned that women's clothing in many Indian tribes was worn as a punishment by humiliation. Thus Waitz tells about a war between the

Delaware and the Iroquois in 1742 that ended with the notable event, that the completely vanquished Delaware "were changed into women," i.e., they were made to wear the women's dresses of the Iroquois for having broken a treaty, as they said, as a sign of peace, to which they conceded; only the interpretation of the facts, not this in itself, is doubtful. It was also declared that they could not sell land, because they had been conquered and had become women. And Bastian reports the conquest of Guanar-Auqui by Guascar, who, enraged, sent him women's clothing to wear to Cuzco, the capital of the Incas of Peru. On the other hand, there are reports that in many tribes the male priests had to wear women's clothing.

3. There are rarely any reports of the men who were desired by the man-women and who received their favors. To the inexperienced eye there were no noticeable differences between them and the rest of the men, not in their clothing nor in any other manner of appearance. And that is all the more probable than is many times said of men who are not used to making a difference between women and men-women as objects of the pleasure of love

(Dumont, Tanner). Meanwhile there were also some who avoided every contact with women, preferring to limit themselves to sexual intercourse with men and with such to cultivate an intimate association that sometimes was granted a special sanction by a marriage.

I am unable to produce sources that reveal that marriages took place among Indian men by a wedding, because an unfortunate series of events directly related to the works on the marriages among Indians has kept them unavailable to me. However, Bastian reports several examples of such male-male marriages. In the case of the California Indians, besides the mixed marriages, marriages of men with men took place; they took place publicly, but without the other customary ceremonies; even while in their youth, the men designated for the women's role were sought after to be instructed in the crafts of the women, to dress, to present themselves, and to dance in their manner, so that they almost equaled the women. Since they were stronger than the latter, and for that reason better suited for hard work, they usually were married to chieftains and the oldest, because while the men did nothing but fish, hunt, and prepare their weapons, the women were left to take over all domestic chores and work in the

fields (Bastian). West of the Rocky Mountains, among the educated "Tahus," men married man-women according to Castaneda and Alarcon in Bastian's work. (Karsch's report).

Of special interest are the authentic findings in the investigations by A. B. Holder, M.D., of a Bo-te in his service ["The Bote. Description of a Peculiar Sexual Perversion Found Among North American Indians," *The New York Medical Journal. A Weekly Review of Medicine*, No. 575, vol. 50, no. 23 (December 7, 1899), pp. 623-25].

With the word "Bo-te," which literally means "not man, not woman," the Crow in Montana, among whom Holder practiced, designated a group of men dressed as women, who have been described repeatedly in the literature as hermaphrodites.

"They wear women's clothing," — we quote from Karsch—

part their hair in the middle and braid it as a woman, possess or cultivate a woman's voice and gestures and live in constant association with women, exactly as if they were part of them; meanwhile their voices, facial expressions, and their manners lose their manly features so much that it would be difficult even for an attentive

observer to be able to tell the difference between a Bote and a woman.

One such Bote among the Crow did women's work such as sweep, clean, and wash dishes, and with so much skill and compliance that he often received work from the white population. The women's apparel was customarily worn in childhood and women's customs also were assumed very early; but the occupation to which he later devoted himself to was practiced by a Bote only at the time of maturity. A small pupil of an educational institution (an Indian agency's boarding school) was often caught when he secretly put on women's clothing; although he was punished each time, he nevertheless outgrew the school and became a Bote, a calling to which he remains loyal.

One accredited Bote of the Crow tribe who was one of Doctor Holder's clients was an Indian of Dakota; he is described as being a splendidly built youth with charming features, in excellent health, with lively movements and happy disposition. Holder took him into his employment and, even if after much resistance, he allowed him to make examinations after paying him a lot of attention and by

being polite to him. Five feet eight inches tall, 158 pounds in weight, 33 years of age, totally beardless, with an open, intelligent face, this Bote, whose female apparel consisted of four pieces of clothing, first put on women's clothing at age six. He wore his hair, which was 24 to 26 inches long, parted in the center and let it fall over his shoulders loosely in two waves. It is of course the customary way of wearing one's hair among the Dakota, but the Crow men part their hair on one side and wear it in long braids.

After stripping, the skin of the Bote showed itself to be soft and hairless, even the chest, arms, armpits, and legs were completely hairless, which, however, is characteristically insignificant, because all Indians who were clients of Dr. Holder, men and women, exhibited the same particularity. His teats were stunted as is the case in men. When the Bote removed the garments covering his genitals, he completely covered them with his thighs, a gesture Holder had observed only when examining bashful women, who accomplished this easily because of their considerably rounded thighs and because their genitals were more receded. Nevertheless, the Bote completely

succeeded in this feat, perhaps because of the formation of his thighs, which appeared to the examiner as having female fullness, or as a consequence of skillful practice.

Kindly having been asked to part his thighs, the Bote allowed his male organs to be exposed. They were not as large as one might have expected from his build but completely normal in formation and condition. His penis in the flaccid state measured four-and-one-half inches long, three-and-one-half inches in circumference; foreskin and glans penis were normal; each testicle was the size of a small almond; his pubic hair was thin and short, which is common in the case of Indian men. Before the examination, the Bote asked the physician to promise not to reveal his findings and afterward assured him that since his childhood, no one besides the physician had ever seen his sex organs.

His constant companions are women. And, when asked how he kept his genitals hidden while bathing together with women, he answered, "This is how I do it," and he again closed his thighs as he had done when he took off his last piece of clothing. Penis and scrotum were

completely invisible, and one would have had to have been very near to see clearly to which sex he belonged. He confessed he had never had sexual intercourse with women and added, pointing to his genitals, "No running sores and no scars!" This was a valid argument to Holder, who knew that the Crow were a very venereal tribe.

Holder asked other Indians about the sex life of his Bote, and a few of them told him that he did have sexual intercourse with women, while others told him that his main pleasure was, "to convince men to submit to his caresses."

Holder's report reminds one very much of the essay cited by Krafft-Ebing and other writers, the one that William A. Hammond, a military physician stationed in New Mexico, published in 1882 on the Mujerdos living among the Pueblo Indians ["The Disease of the Scythians (Morbus Foeminarum) and Other Analogous Conditions," *American Journal of Neurology and Psychiatry* (August 1882), p. 339] (according to Hammond, 1891, 107).

Just as among the Americans, we find many examples that positively show that transvestism in either sex is not a novelty, but

rather a human peculiarity, found among all other primitive folk and, as among them, also among the oldest and more recent civilized peoples, the Asiatic as well as the European; that it is not limited by place, time, race, origin, and religion, a phenomenon that has always been present, as moreover, each of the intermediate stages have been. The manner of its extent shows that it did not spread from one region to another, from the Mongolian race to the original inhabitants of America, from the Greeks somehow to the ancient Nordic mythology, in which Thor, cross-dressed as Freya, reclaims his lost hammer from the giant Thrym (in the course of which Loki, cross-dressed as his female servant, accompanies him), but rather developed everywhere independently, from within.

Transvestism of Children

Since boys and girls are influenced by their mothers and fathers, and since it is not at all so rare that the former are intentionally allowed to grow up in the apparel of the other sex, even if only to a certain degree, we have to separate examples of them as a group in itself.

As we discussed above, in the case of most peoples, the distinction between the sexes is expressed long before sexual maturity, usually at age three; in the case of many only at maturity; in the case of some, as in the case of the Koreans [Karsch-Haack, *The Same-Sex Life of East Asians (Das gleichgeschlechtliche Leben der Ostasiaten)*, Munich 1906, p. 130], only at the time of marriage; and of course in the case of many peoples it coincides with puberty.

However, as an exception, and we have met with it above, parents have dressed boys as girls—the opposite is rarer—who then

remained in that sex that did not correspond to their sex organs. Expert ethnographers have busied themselves trying to discover the reasons for this certainly very strange occurrence. If they have found them is difficult to say. Those who described the Kodiak who live in northernmost Russia say that there, when a son appears girlish to his parents, they designate him very early in childhood as an "achnucek," which means a person who is allowed to tattoo himself as a woman, to occupy himself and live as a woman. Even when the parents believe they are expecting a daughter but are deceived in their hopes, they supposedly make their newborn son into an achnucek. In the case of the Lache, a South American tribe, it is the custom that the sixth son to which a woman gives birth, to break the cycle if no daughters are born, is raised as a "cusmos," as someone who is considered female and clothed and raised as one [Theodor Waitz, *Anthropology of Primitive Folk (Anthropologie der Naturvoelker)*, continued by Georg Gerland. 6 vols. Leipzig: Fleischer, 1859-72. Part I: On the Unity of the Human Race and the Natural Condition of Humans, 1859 (ed. by G. Gerland, 1877); Part II: The Negro People and Their Relatives, 1860; Part III: The Americans, First Half, 1862; Part IV: The Americans, Second Half, 1864; Part V: The Peoples of the South Sea, First Issue, 1865, Second Section by G. Gerland, 1870;

Part VI: The Peoples of the South Sea, Third Section by G. Gerland, 1872; see vol. 4, p. 376].

Sometimes, they say, parents raise boys as girls because they appear to them to be especially gentle and weak, not equal to the rough life of men. Thus, in the case of the Sakalaves on the Island of Madagascar and also in the case of the Hovas, the main tribe of the island (even if not as often as in the case of the former), there are male children who are raised as females. They are called "sekrata." Of them they say (see JB 3, p. 578):

The sekrata are always normally developed male persons who are treated as females because they are very gentle and weak. They finally reach the point where they consider themselves females. They assume the apparel, customs, and character of the female sex, and the autosuggestion goes so far that they totally forget their true sex in all cases. They apply the greatest care to their toilette, wear long clothes and long hair in decorative knots. In their pierced ears silver coins are fastened as decoration, arms and ankles are adorned with bracelets. The sekrata behave as women and, as a consequence of practice and

imitation, eventually maintain a female's voice. They need not do any heavy work and occupy themselves only with domestic chores, kitchen work, and cleaning mats. They are free from military duty and do not have to watch the herd, since that occupation is reserved for the men. No one attacks the behavior of the sekrata; they find it, to the contrary, totally natural, and any expression against them would not be tolerated, since, according to their present superstition, the injured sekrata would cast the die and bring disease to the offender.

In civilized cultures, too, frailty has occasionally been given as the reason that moved parents to cross-dress their children, a reason that moved them to hide the male sex, such as in the following case, which occurred in 1903 in Dratsch in Silesia. Auguste Kl. was a maid. One day she became ill, and upon this event the physician verified that Auguste was a male. The girl was the child of poor folk from Bunzlau County and was baptized as a boy with the name August. However, since the boy remained frail and gentle, the parents raised him as a girl. When the parents died, the child was taken care of by a relative. Later, the supposed girl hired herself out as a maid. In 1903

the seventeen-year-old had to put on trousers, assumed his original name of August, and now works as a shepherd (JB 5, p. 1197).

There is a related motive when parents allow their children to be raised as the opposite sex: to facilitate their success. The following occurred in Cincinnati in 1905 (MB 4, June, p. 13).

The death of a young woman, Frances Lamouche, in a local hospital, caused an odd story to come to light, one that would have gone with her to her grave had she not confided in one of the nurses. The young woman was 20 years of age. Six weeks prior she was admitted as Frank Williams, wore men's clothing, and looked exactly like a young man. Her hair was cut very short, and nothing about her allowed her true sex to be suspected. She had been a dancer, jockey, and finally a bar owner. She could not remember ever having been dressed except as a boy. She told the nurses that she had been born in a small village near Paris. Her father was a comedian, her mother, a dancer and singer. Already at age five she had worn boy's trousers and began cross-dressing, which supposedly ended only with her death. "Look, my child," her mother

used to say to her, "You will be all alone out there one day, and it will be much easier for you as a young boy than as a girl." After her death they found a small packet hidden under her pillow. In it were letters from a young French man in New Orleans who asked her to allow him to help her and to return with him to France. Other correspondents offered her help. One letter was from Miss Marie Walker, M.D. (a female physician living as a man, about whom more later), from Oswego, N.Y. and received an invitation to go to her: "You can live here," she wrote, "and wear the clothing according to your own inclinations."

The British pirate Maria Read, too, who in the early eighteenth century made the seas uncertain, had been systematically raised as a boy by her mother, herself of the manly kind. Her mother hired her out as a servant to a French lady. However, Maria applied for a job as a sailor on a British warship and thereby began her adventurous life, which ended only when she fell in love with a soldier, whom she married [E. Whitehead. *Life, Deeds and Fate of the Most Remarkable British Robbers and Pirates, Etc. (Leben, Taten und Schicksale der merkwuerdigsten englischen Raeuber und Piraten usw.)* German by

J. Sporschill. Leipzig 1834, Part 2, pp. 75-81.] Bloch [*Sex Life in England (Geschlechtsleben in England)*. Part 3. Berlin 1903, p. 56] considers this female pirate, according to her love story, very justifiably as "doubtlessly heterosexual."

A few years ago a famous Parisian woman, a swindler of millions, came under suspicion of having falsely registered a son as a girl in the register of baptism and raised him as such, because the last testament of her lover had designated the child as the inheritor of a large fortune before its birth, if she, at the age of 18, would marry the nephew of the testator. The suspicion, nurtured by the deep, unwomanly voice and the manly stature of the daughter, however, turned out to be unjustified. (JB 5, p. 1244.)

However, that such motives can in fact occur is shown by the following case, which caused an uproar in Amsterdam.

A young lady lived for years there on Kinkerstraat, who at present meanders down the street as a young man. As a young girl, the young man for years ran a haberdashery and at the same time gave instruction in a Sunday school. One can surely imagine the horror of his girlfriends when they found out that "she" was a "he," who now went

window shopping in a bright summer overcoat and slouch hat. At the same time, "he" publicly announced his engagement to one of his former girlfriends. This disguise, which truly should have ended in the courts, was carried out right from the birth of the boy. A relative promised a significant amount of money to the parents should the expected child be a girl; after it reached the age of 23, the money was to be paid. So, the boy was registered as a girl. However, hardly had he reached his 23rd birthday when he put aside his girls' dresses and slipped into his men's clothing. His former girlfriends maintained that he had given them no cause to believe that he was not a girl. (JB 5, p. 118.)

The concern for the future of her child, according to the Greek myth, caused the goddess Thetis to raise her son, Achilles, in girls' clothing, an example that, moreover, shows that not everywhere in Greece, as in Athens, boys and girls wore the same apparel.

"When Achilles was nine years of age," Homer reports [G. Schwab, place cited, p. 253],

The Greek seer Kalchas announced that the distant city of Troy in Asia, whose destruction by Greek weapons was impending, could not be conquered without this boy. This prophecy penetrated the deep sea to his mother, Thetis, and into her immortal ear, and because she already knew that that campaign would bring death to her son, she ascended out of the sea, stole into her husband's palace, stuck the boy into girls' clothing and, in this disguise, took him to King Lykomedes on the Island of Skyros, who allowed him to be raised among his girls as a maid and grow up doing women's work.

However, when the youth's beard began to grow, the lovely daughter of the king, Deidamia, discovered his disguise. The secret united the two of them, the young hero and the royal maiden, and while he was taken as one of the relatives of the king, he had secretly become her spouse. But since the divine son was indispensable for the conquest of Troy, the seer, Kalchas, whose fate it was that no secret could be withheld from him, revealed his lot to the sons of Atreus, and the princess sent Odysseus and Diomedes to fetch Achilles and bring him off to war. When

the heroes arrived on the Island of Skyros, they were brought before the king and his maidens. But the gentle face of the maiden hid the future hero, and however sharp was the sight of the two Greek princes, they were unable to recognize him amid the crowd of maidens. Thereupon Odysseus took refuge in deception. In the hall where the maidens were, he, as by chance, had someone bring a shield and a spear, and then the trumpets sounded, as if the enemy drew near. When they heard these terrifying sounds, all the women fled the hall. Achilles, however, remained alone behind and boldly grabbed the shield and spear. Now he was exposed to the princes, and when they explained everything to him, he requested to lead the Myrmidons or Thesalians, accompanied by his teacher, Phoenix and his friend Patroclus, to enter the war with 50 ships to help the Greeks.

In most of the cases we hear about, there usually is no reason why parents assign to their children the sex other than the one with which they were born. We have singled out a few additional examples.

According to a report in the *Vossische Zeitung* (newspaper) [see JB 5, p. 1222], in 1583 it was reported that a young lady was discovered in boys' clothing attending school here in Berlin. She was from Paris, France, and did very well in school. She revealed her secret and was taken as a spy but released later, because her innocence was established. The Countess of Zollern took her in because she could sew well, then, however, gave her over to the wife of one of the administrators of Halle, Margrave Joachim Friedrich.

The Prussian *Lehrerzeitung* (Teachers' Newspaper) of June 2, 1883, carried the following report: "In Arnstade (in Thuringia) the 69-year-old hitherto female collector for the local Jakob Foundation died Friday. Only with her death was it revealed that the same had lived from childhood on as a man in women's clothing. The reason for this deception, perpetrated from the time of birth, went with the deceased to his grave and must ever remain a mystery." In 1903 the following was reported from Pilsen:

Local station security detained a woman on the Pilsen-Priesen train upon arrival here today. She had gained the attention of the passengers by her startling appearance. She was asked for identification and taken to police

headquarters. They finally established that they were not dealing with a woman, but rather a man. Proceedings revealed the fact that the 19-year-old man had been raised a female since birth and baptized and registered as Maria Karfiol. He resides in Bukowa near Breznitz and for two years has worked as a maid on the estate of Gustav Tremmel near Bruex, where he does all the domestic work. His employment record shows the name "Maria Karfiol." When asked, he said his parents always had raised him as a girl, taught him all kinds of handwork, and then he assumed a position as a maid. He is average in weight and height, has a very smooth, girlish face, wears his long hair in ponytails, and moves about naturally in his women's clothing. He does not smoke or drink and avoids every contact with females. Furthermore, he maintains that only his parents know about his sex, that they had forbidden him to associate with boys and allowed him to wear only women's clothing. The reason, he does not know. Maria Karfiol is now stuck in men's clothing and is robbed of her long ponytails. (JB 5, p. 1193)

Our own Case 3, too, who grew up in men's clothing, cannot give her parents' motive, and I know of one case personally, a young woman in Berlin. She was raised as a boy by her single father, in a dysfunctional family. He did not tell her what moved him to do it. His daughter, who has absolutely no desire to wear men's clothing, thinks that her father—because of the setup of the all-girl's high school wanted to give her the advantage of a better education.

Moreover, we see that children themselves sometimes put on the clothing of the other sex very early in life. A unique case was reported to us from San Francisco. In an orphanage there they discovered a girl, approximately eight years of age, who was a boy, and who had spent much time there in the institution with his sister. The young boy stated that upon the unexpected death of both his parents he put on the girls' clothing of his sister so that he would not be separated from her.

There was another case in 1900 in Muenster. An unemployed youth approximately 17 years of age was imprisoned in the local police jail for loitering. Events revealed that the so-called youth was a young woman. She stated she had worn manly clothing since early childhood; she had fled her father, a tightrope walker, because he

abused her; to help her to succeed and so she would not be so easily recognized, she put on the clothing of her brother.

What this all means today—and to a certain degree it is justifiably true—is that the drive toward transvestism can be conditioned in one's childhood, when parents raised their children in the clothing of the other sex. However, one cannot overlook that in the case of the great majority of transvestites, opposite influences had had their effects; moreover, since we are almost totally lacking in competent statements from parents, even now we cannot at all make evaluations of the children's own drives to put on girls' clothing at a young age—one recalls our own Case 14—or to what extent the parents instinctively felt the presence of the tendency toward the other sex. I cannot help getting the impression that in the case of such children, who are given the prerequisite of a sexual admixture characterized in a certain manner, the tendency toward the apparel of the other sex was decisively important all their lives long. Our casuistry is sufficient to show how uncommonly early the particularity tending toward transvestism is exhibited in symptomatic tendencies and behavior.

FROM CHILDREN TO ADULTS

Let us return from the transvestism of children to that of adults. It almost appears as if the drive to assume the appearance of the other sex has occurred relatively often in earlier times and in other places while presently it appears much less often in civilized countries, when one becomes acquainted with the relative frequency of the ones we hear about in the case of the ancient European peoples, compared to the lack of frequency of cases known to us and, above all, scientifically approved.

I consider both in error, originated on the one hand by the greater naivete with which unrepressed peoples regard normal behavior, on the other hand by the sexual anxiety in modern peoples, and this makes it more difficult for people to study sex life and the issues it raises. In fact, many travelers say they were disappointed because they had heard so much about "hermaphrodites" in some regions wearing the clothing of the other sex, and meeting hardly one on their way, in one tribe only two or three; on the other hand, if we look carefully around us we will see that even in our midst the transvestites likewise the other forms of the intermediary stages—are not such an extraordinary rarity after all, as those who do not pay attention most often say.

The old saying is true: you cannot understand what you do not feel, but it does not mean, as many appear to think: what is not felt is not in the world.

The guilt and modesty in sexual matters—no matter if natural or assumed—then becomes great when it is a matter of a greater deviation from the norm. This has had the effect of the stronger admixtures, all kinds of the more clearly marked physical or emotional hermaphroditism being considered against nature, abominable not as a natural tendency, but rather a character trait—at least something sinister, gruesome, by Christian folk, while the more frequent weak features of femininity in men and virility in women is most times overlooked, often with, more often without intention. On this matter the ancients stood on a much higher intellectual level. In physical hermaphroditism they saw a being who united the charms of both sexes. They celebrated Love with the same enthusiasm, extending to a person of the other sex or to the same sex, the "mascula Sappho," who, unlike her female schoolmates, was girdled with a coarse tunic, in which she clearly uncovered the angular curves of her thighs and her powerful sides—Megilla, who boldly raised her woman's wig, displaying her short, athlete's hair, calling out at the same time, "Have you ever seen such a beautiful boy as I am?"

Also, to men, who were so womanly that Martial says of them, they got everything from their mothers, little from their fathers—it included all of them, and all such types were at the most objects of good, clean fun. We still have disgraceful laws against some of the intermediary stages, and it is significant enough that people do not refer to scientific facts in their judgments and intentional making of stricter laws but rather refer to the so-called "knowledge of the people," which means, arbitrary penal codes closely linked to the ignorance of contrary instincts and antipathies.

To overcome these prejudices is just as important for the progress of civilization and humanity as was the abolition of the burning of witches and of torture, the freeing of the slaves.

People look down on men whose womanly tendencies "allow their guilt to show," always with a greater degree of contempt than on women who dress manly, and the reason for this is connected to a higher form of opinion, the one that men had of themselves; more or less unconsciously they felt it was a degradation of their sex, when a man, intentionally or not, forfeited marks of manhood. This is not only valid for emasculation in the true sense of the word—only last year I had the opportunity to meet a man in Rome, who, as an Italian soldier in campaigns against the Abyssinians, was castrated by them and as

a consequence of it had become totally womanly—but rather also for the lesser grades of emasculation. For that reason, ancient Jews looked upon the robbery of the beard as an outrage. In the second Book of Samuel, chapter 10, v. 4, it is reported, "So Hanun took David's servants and shaved off half the beard of each. . . ." One could ask if our policy of forced shaving of the beard in our prisons was not based on similar notions? I think it is possible. Indeed, often enough mechanical measures have continued for centuries, whose original intention had long been forgotten.

Herodotus tells us that Croesus advised Cyrus not to make the Lydians slaves but rather prohibit them from bearing arms, order them to wear long dresses and high heels, to instruct their boys in music, playing the zither and harp, and in trading. "Then, oh then, Croesus, you will see that soon men will become women, and you will not have to fear their defection." Otherwise, in history we repeatedly hear about the victor sticking the vanquished into women's clothing.

I mentioned above examples of this kind of thing. I heard that in Scotland, there is a folk tale according to which the so unusual kilt of the Highlanders is based on a punishment imposed in prehistory by a Scottish ruler on the male population because it had not fought bravely enough. Whenever women assumed manly customs and

traditions, men in general looked upon this as less than a degradation of the female sex, but more as a presumption. Nevertheless, I believe that the ancient Roman precept, according to which prostitutes had to wear a man's tunic, was not based on homosexual instincts, as is believed, but on the striving to differentiate in a degrading manner between the women who could be bought from the honorable ones. See Horace, Sat. 1, 2:62-63; Marquardt, *Roman Private Antiquities* (*Roemische Privatalterteumer*), Part 1, p. 42, fn. 204; *ibid.*, 80-82.

There is a very peculiar custom among the Meredites, a Catholic tribe living in Dalmatia, reported by, among others, Hahn in his *Albanian Studies* (*Albanesische Studien*), Bernhard Stern and E. Vely (in the *Berliner Tageblatt* of May 12, 1907). Supposedly, according to an ancient custom, a young woman may go to the priest and declare, "From now on I want to be considered a man and live as one." The priest then brings this to the attention of the congregation after Mass and gives the young woman a man's name. Thereupon the Meredite woman puts on men's clothing, bears arms, and from then on is treated as a man by everyone. "Of course," E. Vely says, "by this choice, this new, legitimate and free man may not exhibit any kind of womanly weakness, may not relapse or fall in love. She then would surely be faced with death, being on a totally equal basis as

men. According to Stern (place cited, p. 171) she faced death only if she became pregnant after her announcement as a man.

Transvestism and the Law

That Christian priests take part in this peculiar ceremony of the "becoming of the man," but in spite of the fact, as we have seen, that the Bible so strongly forbids a woman from wearing men's clothing, is remarkable; even more remarkable is that the biblical dress code has never been transferred into the law books of any Christian peoples, although it does stand on the tip of the so-called elastic prohibition against lewd conduct. The oversight, at least the insignificance, is difficult to bring in line with the diligence of the church otherwise to interpret as many sexual sins as possible. Perhaps they believed this case did not need any special prescription to make the earthly life of humanity miserable and more difficult, but rather more generalized laws corresponded sufficiently to those we already have plenty of in

the sections on gross indecency, on public nuisance, on any injury to moral and ethical feelings.

In fact, men have repeatedly made use of such laws to punish persons who wear the clothing of the other sex. In my opinion unjustly. In a brilliant work, which the former District Attorney Wilhelm in Strassburg recently published titled, *The Rights of (Physical) Hermaphrodites: The Law As It Is and Proposed Law (Die rechtliche Stellung der [koerperlichen] Zwitter de lege lata and de lege ferenda)*, the author also takes a stand on the question of "the legislated persecution of cases in which men go out in women's clothing, women in men's clothing." He writes:

In the law book there is no paragraph that covers the putting on of clothing that does not agree with the true sex of the person, or the going out in such clothing. To the best of my knowledge, also, in no state of the federation—at least I know this for sure about Prussia and Alsace-Lorraine—has there been any prohibition with fine based on the universal maintenance of the peace, order, morality, propriety, etc., or any police blanket laws. Such prohibitions, with regard to their permissibility, would be

subject to heavy consideration. Consequently, police action can be taken based only on Paragraph 360.11 of the penal code because of gross indecency. However, this paragraph presumes a burden on the public, a disturbance of the peace. For that reason, the putting on of clothing that contradicts one's own sex, in and of itself, therefore, particularly in closed company, cannot be punished as gross indecency; furthermore, not even the going out in such clothing, as long as this does not come to the attention of the public and does not disturb the peace.

I was told by the commissioners of the vice department at the Berlin Police Department, the Berlin police and the Attorney's Office of the Berlin Justice Department that this principle extends to the prosecution of homosexual men or women walking in false clothing. In this respect I had the opportunity of meeting a very unique case through Dr. Hirschfeld, whom I had turned to for material for this work.

A homosexual woman, a truly manly one, in voice, gait, gestures, features of character, etc., fully a man, for a long time has been wearing men's clothing and lives fully

as a man. The person gives the impression of being a young man in every respect. This person would like to see her feminine first name changed into a masculine one in the registry of births, which naturally is impossible, because she has to be considered a woman because of her genitals being totally normal; furthermore, however, and this is the heart of the matter, she wants to wear men's clothing almost exclusively.

The law cannot interfere in this case. The person does not attract attention; everyone takes her for a man, therefore prosecution because of disturbance of the peace, because of gross indecency, are excluded. But there is no other way to force her to wear woman's clothing.

To find out her rights this person, accompanied by Dr. Hirschfeld, went to the police commission. After the official in question inspected her appearance and gestures and himself was convinced that the person gave the impression of being fully a man, stated that as long as her clothing and behavior did not attract attention in public,

incited no uproar, etc., nothing could happen on the part of the police.

Noteworthy is the fact that, according to the data given by this person, the reverse was true, that in wearing women's clothing on the street she became the object of mockery and looked upon as disagreeable; the passers-by had laughed at her and looked back at her; the children mocked and ran after her, etc. It was this attention, apart from her inner feeling and impulse for men's clothing, that prompted her to put on the latter.

In any case it is impossible and unthinkable for her to live again as a woman. Obviously, the person, whenever she went out in women's clothing, in spite of the public burden she incited, could not be charged with gross indecency, because in every case people have the right at least to wear the clothing of their own sex, whether the clothes suit them or not.

The case of Counselor Wilhelm's young lady mentioned here is the same expert opinion handed to the police commission, the one mentioned above in detail. I know a whole series of examples where

people attract more attention in the clothing of their own sex—and attention in this case almost means the same as an annoyance—than in the one of the other sex.

In Berlin lives a young Polish man who in men's clothing totally gives the impression of being a cross-dressed young woman; I was convinced by what I saw, that almost all the people who met him on the street stood and stared and turned their heads. In stores and bars the people's curiosity led them to surround him. The very sensitive young man suffered so much by it that he finally could hardly trust himself to go out in the street after the break of day. If he decided to wear women's clothing, surely neither the public nor he would be bothered.

In St. Louis a few years ago a young lady, who had seriously attempted suicide, was handed over to the hospital. Her case caused great controversy between the physicians of the hospital and the St. Louis Justice Department. The lady, who calls herself Anna Smith, explained she wanted to wear men's clothing from now on, and if they hesitated giving her the permission, she would again attempt suicide. "Miss Smith has a thick, black beard. She fled her home city St. Louis because the people there mocked her because of her beard and her manly mannerisms. She tried everything to remove the hair, but the

beard got longer and longer. For that reason Smith wants to be dressed as a man or die; she says under no circumstances is she going to wear women's clothes again. The authorities will of course have to grant her permission" (JB 3, p. 547).

In one of the larger cities in northern Scotland lives a man who is a respected gentleman in the local business community, and everyone knows that he is no man, but rather a woman. She attends all public events, takes an active part in public life, her clothing and her manners as a man are blameless; her sex is all the more easy to hide because not only does she have a full, rich, deep voice but also possesses a respectable beard (JB 5, p. 1187).

In Germany it has happened many times that women are arrested because they are taken for cross-dressed men. I want to single out a few cases that caused a certain amount of tension.

In Wiesbaden they arrested a female participant at the fifth general meeting of the national organization of German women. The Wiesbaden Rhenish Courier reports the details as follows.

Yesterday afternoon we were advised by the executive committee of the women's organization that a delegate of the women's organization had been arrested on

Friedrichstrasse, brought to the police station and, after establishing her identity, was released without a word of apology. Since this event seemed unlikely to us, we inquired ourselves and were given the following information: Yesterday afternoon an officer noticed a man on Friedrichstrasse who, surrounded by approximately 300 persons, slowly walked along the street. The officer suspected it was a case of indecency, hurried over and told the gentleman to follow him to the police station, where they asked for a name, and to their surprise they found they were talking to a woman who was a bonafide Berlin delegate at the women's organization. The officer had cleared the area of onlookers before taking her to the station.

Recent reports reveal that Mrs. v. D. wore a man's hat along with her reform dress. Under the hat her hair was cut short. This surprised a police officer. He thought she was not a woman, but rather a man who was dressed like a woman. (JB 5, p. 1226)

Miss Katharine F., M.D., assistant at the University Clinic in Bonn, writes to one of the Bonn newspapers (December 15, 1906):

Yesterday I was on the Cologne-Hamburg train. Once in Hamburg, I was suddenly arrested by the police, who told me they wanted to see me at the Bremen station about being a cross-dressed man. I add that I had on a very well-made jacket I wear every day to work at the hospital. That certainly was sufficient for the occasion. Furthermore, I stressed that I did not even have short hair. If the originator of the charge had looked just a little closer, this whole thing would not have happened. Also, there was no officer in the car, only a conductor in Osnabrueck. Also, I never left the car. So, it must have been the station in Bremen or maybe the statement of the conductor who alarmed the police, who was motivated by his own prejudice. Besides this, I also add that the police in Hamburg agreed, that they do not understand how the Bremen police made the mistake. I did not carry identification. They called the University in Bonn. I do not know if the perception in Hamburg would have been formed so simply if it had had nothing to do with

a women working a steady job at the Royal Clinic. I reported the incident to the government ministry. (MB, 1906, p. 19)

In February 1907 a female author named K. went public. Seven times she had been arrested because they thought she was a "man in disguise." Now she was arrested again by a Berlin policeman, and in spite of her reassurance that people in a nearby cafe to which she was going could positively identify her, she was brought to the Oberbaum Street station. Having arrived there, she was asked to produce papers. She was happy she had with her her passport and marriage certificate. The same name appeared on both.

At first they thought she was a thief. But the lady produced another piece of identification anyone would have thought enough to convince them. It was a certificate signed by the city and a police physician in Bingerbrueck-on-Rhine. It stated that Mrs. K., nee C., herself arrested on suspicion of having cross-dressed, was examined by the police physician and was a certified female.

For all that the official could not decide to believe her. He considered the identification papers as having been produced by a criminal investigation. Eight police officers and a sergeant were present at this scene. Having seen her enormous hairdo, someone called out in fun, "She's wearing a wig, isn't she?"

A Berlin newspaper adds to this report,

As fate would have it, this lady was arrested a seventh time, but in a more painful manner, and this is very significant. Without ado, we agree that Mrs. K. has the external appearance of being more like a man than a woman. She looked like a man wearing even the prettiest wig or woman's hat. Her appearance would not attract attention if only she would wear men's clothing. But then she would be going against the law, even while now she has been arrested seven times and seven times proven innocent. What should she do? If she breaks the law and wears the clothing of the other sex, then the authorities at least will have to be made aware of the exception. This

married woman who lives in B. must be allowed to wear men's clothing. She herself will feel much better, and the police, too. (MB 1906, p. 74)

In another example we see the events as they were presented by the arrested lady and the authorities. They gave descriptions of the case, according to a report in the newspaper, *The Women's Movement (Die Frauenbewegung)*, as follows.

Miss A., a doctor in jurisprudence established in Weimar, was on her way to the train station and went up the street in a normal manner, when suddenly she was stopped by a police officer who had been following her for some time, about three to five minutes. In his official language, the officer asked her for information about what she was doing in Weimar. The policeman placed no significance on her truthful answer. Upon his additional question, "What are you then?" he got the terrible news that she was a "doctor of law," which appeared humorous to him.

Now Miss A. asked questions of her own. She asked, "Is there something about my appearance that does not

look right? Do you want to arrest me?"

The policeman explained he certainly had that in mind. Miss A. then went with him, calling to his attention that his false arrest could lead to complications for him. He nevertheless insisted, and the march to the station was under way, naturally not without having attracted the attention of from 40 to 50 curious onlookers who swarmed along in the 15 minutes it took them.

At the police station the higher official saw that it was absolutely a false arrest. Miss A. is receiving an official letter of apology for the carelessness of the policeman, who has been duly "disciplined." When this story received much publicity in the press, the Weimar mayor, as chair of the Weimar police, soon released the following "bulletin":

The reports in the newspapers about Miss A. cause me to reveal the events as they have been officially established: The lady in question came to the attention of Officer Haldrich—and according to his statements and to both of the train conductors' statements—because of her voice, face, hairdo, hat, and gestures (how she took off her hat

and ran her fingers through her hair). The policeman became suspicious, that a man cross-dressed himself and had chosen clothing to prevent himself from being recognized behind his disguise.

Because there had been much violence in the area, the police were watchful, especially evenings and nights. So, the policeman stopped her and asked a question. Without answering, she said, "You'll probably want to take me to the station, so, go ahead and take me; I'll talk to your officials and make an official complaint."

The officer insisted on an identification, but the lady answered by repeating her wish to be taken to the station, withholding her name and occupation from the policeman. The policeman took her to the station, where Officer Schultz, who had the watch, verified that Officer Haldrich asked the lady, "Would you please tell me your name?" She answered, "No, I will not tell you my name. I demand to see your superior."

Criminal Police Investigator Quehl got the lady's name and her story. She told him that she actually brought the policeman in, and not he her, because she needed

such material so that she could have one of the sections in the penal code removed (she names a section in the code book). She was going to go to the Federal government, where her name was known. Almost all the newspapers were at her disposal. We have had cases in Berlin, Munich, Wiesbaden, and now we have another case in Weimar. (Weimar, October 30, 1902. The city council of the capital of the Grand Duchy. Mayor Pabst, privy councilor)

What this and other cases basically have in common is that officers mistakenly thought that persons who in reality were women and dressed themselves accordingly—because they were wearing normal women's costumes, dresses—were cross-dressed men.

To show that in cases of true cross-dressing, German courts repeatedly take the viewpoint that Dr. Wilhelm sees as the only rational one, I want to give a few more reports of court actions, the first one being a cross-dressed woman, the second a cross-dressed man.

"It was an odd catch" (we quote from the report of the Munich N. N. and JB 5, p. 1179) made recently by Officer

Katzbichler of Pasing, on his daily patrol to Holzapfelkreut. For some time he had been interested in a young, average-sized, clean-shaven man dressed in a black sackcloth, with a stiff black hat, wearing a collar and black tie, who day after day ran around Holzapfelkreut. When the officer asked him who he was, the young man replied his name was Max Ben, and that he was an apprentice tailor and presently unemployed, living with his parents in Haidhausen.

The officer looked him over closely and hesitated. When pressed, the youth admitted he was no man, but rather the unemployed 19-year-old waitress Sophie Berr from here. She was arrested and stood before the judge and jury, charged with the commission of gross indecency, perpetrated by wearing men's clothing, another one of giving false identification and unemployment status. The defendant appears in women's apparel and gives the impression of being totally a man stuck into women's clothing. Ms. Ben has manly facial features, manly gait and movements. The hair of her head is cut very short, shaved behind the ears, and comes to a small part in the front in

military fashion. She says she feels very uncomfortable in women's clothing because dresses do not have trouser pockets, and she is used to putting her hands into her pockets. She confesses that for a long time she had put on men's clothing even during the day, but mostly at night walking inside and outside of the city, and thinks the whole affair was caused by her hairdo.

In reality Berr had several times received work orders from the authorities, which she ignored. Characteristic about all this is that no one who saw Ben, even on the open street, thought she was a woman. After a lengthy trial Berr was sentenced to 30 days in jail because of the above-named infraction. Of the charge of practicing gross indecency perpetrated by the wearing of men's clothing on the street and in public places, Ben was acquitted. The appeals court had to decide whether the wearing of men's clothing by women came under the section of gross indecency and was punishable. At most one might consider gross indecency when persons bother the public by their behavior. But this was not the case of the defendant, whom everyone considered a man.

For that reason the sense of Section 360.11 of the Imperial Penal Code Book is lacking, which is necessary for prosecution, and for that reason the defendant has been acquitted.

Forward (Vorwaerts) reports about another case (JB 5, p. 1197):

Since he loves to walk around in women's clothing on the street at night, artist W. came again into conflict with the police. Two days ago he again stood before the eighth district court of Berlin County because of gross indecency. The court decided that the wearing of women's clothing by men is grossly indecent when it easily comes to the attention of passers-by that a man is hidden in woman's clothing.

This is of course not the case here. Rather, the defendant's figure and face have something womanly about them. But the observations by a policeman stated that the defendant circulated the streets like a real prostitute and had gone to Tiergarten Park accompanied by men, which everyone knows is forbidden to prostitutes.

On these grounds the court sentenced the defendant to six weeks in prison.

The following report is filed under the Berlin court cases of February 9, 1904:

A small joke turned out to be more than just that for actor Albert B. of Stettin. Last spring, his niece was celebrating her engagement at her residence. Behrens, cross-dressed as a woman, performed a funny speech. He pleased everyone and himself in his woman's role, so much so that he got into the mood and submitted his talent to another test.

He decided to take a walk as a woman down the streets of Berlin in the company of a gentleman. When both of them reached Schumann Street—the theaters were closing at the time and there was heavy traffic—the cute pair were noticed by a policeman who recognized Behrens as a man. He took the false lady by the collar to the next police station. Behrens was charged with gross indecency and was sentenced before a judge and jury to

six weeks in jail. He appealed. The eighth district court yesterday decided in favor of the defendant that the passers-by had not recognized the cross-dressed man in the supposed lady, and that the policeman arrested the defendant only because he just happened to know the sex to which he belonged. Therefore, it was to be assumed that the defendant did not act with the intention of committing gross indecency, and thus, without any financial cost, the decision of the jury trial is reversed.

The following is a similar case:

Is the wearing of men's clothing by a young lady gross indecency? A decision was made Dec. 15, 1886, by the Danzig court. The extravagant lady known as Mrs. Martha Pieske, a long-time resident of Danzig and presently employed as a store clerk, was sentenced to pay a fine of 30 marks at the Danzig judge and jury trial, because she repeatedly went out into the street and attended public trials at the courthouse in men's clothing. She appealed this decision and on Thursday even presented herself in

court in the incriminating costume, maintaining that even at the home of her parents she often had worn such clothing, that they were more comfortable and enabled her to function more easily at work. They could see nothing indecent about the young man's costume the defendant was wearing, reversed the decision of the judge and jury trial, and she was totally exonerated.

The following two exceptionally remarkable trials reveal that not all courts have the same point of view concerning defendants such as these:

In the *Berliner Tageblatt* of March 22, 1881, the following was reported: "A lady who by her behavior was attracting attention by smiling at the male passers-by and blowing kisses to them, was arrested a few days ago at night by a criminal investigator at the Potsdam Gate and brought to the nearest police station. Here she nevertheless avoided answering any questions and therefore was taken by police car to another station and placed in women's custody until her trial began. But she was betrayed. They

found out that the secretive lady was a man, namely, the 18-year-old former cobbler's apprentice Paul Mandelwirth of Treves.

"The following Saturday she was brought before the judge, and since they could not keep the defendant in the men's or women's jail, he had been kept in the courthouse. There was nothing, not even a trace of anything unwomanly, to be discovered about the defendant. His voice as well as his carefully attended woman's hairdo, his girlish appearance, his small, graceful hands covered with fine gloves, his elegant dress, along with a woman's coat bordered with fur and mink had completely disguised his sex.

"Mandelwirth already has been convicted four times on similar charges, and the prosecution therefore asked for six weeks in jail. The defendant, who has set up an elegantly furnished apartment here in Berlin, asked for mitigating circumstances, because it was only a joke, and asked to be released, because he was having company over that evening.

"However, the judge sentenced him to six weeks and refused to release him. The defendant was taken away and put into isolation. Bidding farewell, he said, 'The honor was all mine, gentlemen!'"

The same newspaper reports in its May 11 issue of the same year:

The well-known 18-year-old cobbler's apprentice Petrus Paul Mandelwirth of Treves Thursday again stood before the Molkenmarkt judge. He had served the six-week sentence pronounced upon him March 19 but was again brought before the judge because he kept on wearing women's clothing. After he served his sentence on April 30, the defendant had to be released in the women's costume he wore when he was handed over, because he did not possess any men's clothing. In this costume Mandelwirth, on Thursday evening, sat in one of our most elegant Viennese cafes, when Officer Weien entered the bar and arrested Mandelwirth whom he knew well. The defendant gave in to the charges and burst into tears,

because he had no men's clothing and was unable to get any for himself. The judge advised him to sell the well-cared-for women's apparel and buy himself men's clothing with the money, a suggestion that the defendant refused because he had bought the women's apparel on credit and that the clothes would be his only after he had paid for them.

When the prosecutor moved the defendant be jailed for six weeks because of gross indecency, and the judge asked Mandelwirth the question, if he had anything to say, he gave a well-prepared defense.

He said that the simple going around in women's clothing that he did was not the perpetration of gross indecency. No one was bothered by his toilette, no one recognized him. The possibility of such a thing happening, he agreed, is real, but as long as this was not proven, he must remain innocent, because the attempt to practice indecency remains unpunishable. If someone ought to be punished, it should be the officer who arrested him, because it was through this man alone that a disturbance was caused, not him.

But the defendant did not succeed in reversing the judge's decision; on the contrary, District Judge Holzapfel sentenced him to another six weeks.

The French demonstrate the same view, a more liberal one than from most German authorities.

A few years ago the wife of anthropologist Dieulafoy accompanied him to Persia in men's clothing and later also attended official functions in academic circles wearing a top hat and a ribbon from the Legion of Honor in a buttonhole on her frock coat.

The *Petit Parisien* newspaper collected information on whether and how far such "masquerade" might be allowed in appropriate situations.

The Cologne newspaper reported (JB 5, p. 1188) a higher official stated that in the latter case, it is only a matter of hours once a year on Halloween when cross-dressing is allowed on the open street. But when persons can assure you that they wear a costume every day that agrees with the costume of the place, there is no reason why anyone could prevent them from clothing themselves the way they want according to the needs of their class. Otherwise, one will have to

prohibit the clergy from wearing their habits, the official stated, because one could consider them womanly.

There are cases in which women work in bricklayers' suits and driving uniforms, and the police overlook that. At the governor's office they said that strictly speaking the present question could only be decided by a police regulation dated November 7, 1800, that made the authorization of the many frequent masquerades at the time subject to a physician's certificate that the male or female applicant needed the special clothing for reasons of health.

Exceptions to this have occurred from time to time, for example, Aurore Dupin (George Sand), Rosa Bonheur and Marguerite Bellanger, the Margo of Napoleon III, who made the empress jealous. In earlier days there were more applications for permission to wear men's clothing, but since the introduction of clothing that easily reminds a person of the stronger sex, for example, for women who ride bicycles, the desire of women for other manly apparel appears to have decreased.

England, the British colonies, and the United States of North America take the strictest action against cross-dressing. In many cases this is judged to be deception and punished as such. We could interpret it as such only when the cross-dressed person in question

intended to break the law by wearing the clothing of the other sex. Then action is taken because of the crime and not the wearing of the clothing in itself, because that falls under the right of people over their own bodies.

In countries where women are fighting for voting rights and being tried in court for that reason, the events are made all the more interesting by the way the newspapers report. They report as if they thought the public found such things to be funny. A few examples in the practice of English law serve to illustrate.

The London press (JB 2, p. 453) reported the scandal that broke out in the criminal court in Clerkenwell, Old London. A young man being investigated appeared before the bench as an elegantly dressed lady. He wore a flawless black costume that appeared to have been made especially for him in the latest fashion. Around his neck was a feather boa that matched color with a coquettishly dressed sailor's hat of felt. His hands, dressed in pearl-gray kid, were hidden in a fashionable hand muff. The remarkable individual leaned against the bar that separated the judge from everyone else.

It was revealed that the defendant, an employee in a respectable house on Gresse Street, appeared the evening before on Euston Road in the same clothing and attracted much attention to

himself. The adventurous man said he wanted to play a joke. A plainclothes policeman had been following the suspiciously acting person for some time. Then the latter turned suddenly and linked arms with the officer. To her dismay, the supposed admirer grabbed her arm energetically instead of gently and said loudly, "I'm a detective and have reason to believe you are a man."

The "lady" tried to free her arm and cried out in an angry tone, "You miserable beast. I'm a lady!"

However, when the officer gave no indication he was going to release him, before he could stop himself, he punched him in the mouth.

"You'll not take me alone!" the transvestite cried out in a rage, clawing at the face of his opponent. The officer wrestled the "lady" to the ground. "She" took him with her and bit his finger. Meanwhile, other officers arrived and overcame the individual, who was punching, clawing, and biting, and dragged him to the police station.

The defendant was sentenced to three months in jail for wearing women's clothing and another three months for injuring the body of an officer.

On November 13, 1908, a London man, Julius Walters, 38 years of age, who called himself "Klara Myer," was sentenced to five

months. The latter had already served three months in 1895 "for masquerading as a female"; in 1896 he received the same sentence for the same crime. In 1899 he received six months; in 1900, sentenced to 12 months; in 1904, to "twelve months and 12 strokes for masquerading as a woman and frequenting the streets." In 1906 and 1907 he received shorter sentences.

The *Natal Mercury* (cited in the *Berliner Nationalzeitung* dated August 1, 1905) reported a court trial in Durban:

A young woman of average appearance stood before Judge Stuart because of gross indecency. "What crime did she commit?" the judge asked the policeman. "She did nothing—but he—the young lady, namely, is a man!" The surprised judge looked at the muslin dress, the shawl around the shoulders, and at the headdress. "A man?" he asked in disbelief. "Yes, indeed, all man, Your Honor," the policeman replied. "This manly-womanly being has already served two sentences because of his masquerade. But again and again she—he, I mean—runs around in his little muslin dress."

"Well, what is your name?" the judge asked the pretty little false woman.

"Wee Marie," came the reply. That put an end to the judge's serious tone, and he got into the jovial mood that broke out among the people in the courtroom! Silence recovered, the judge asked the male "Wee Marie" why "she" was running around in women's clothing.

"Well, I feel comfortable in them," the "man-woman" replied. "Wee Marie" was sentenced to pay a large fine. Since she did not have the specified amount on her, for three months she had to sit in jail. "When I get out, I'm still going to put on my muslin dress," the "pretty one" said, smiling, as they took her away.

There is very little unity in the verdicts in North America, where the individual states have very different laws. Not all of them are as lenient as the one in Ohio, where the following case was recorded in April 1906:

Randolph Milburn, long-time music teacher in Washington (Ohio), was recently arrested because he appeared on the street in women's clothing. When asked why he preferred to wear such

clothing, he stated that a certain Miss Mary Walker was permitted to go around in men's clothing, so he too should be allowed to wear women's dresses.

That raised the question of the constitutionality of wearing such clothing, and when they asked about the laws of Ohio, they found a law in Ohio under which people are permitted to wear what they like, as long as they were not attempting to pass themselves off as the other sex. To avoid further conflict with the law of the state, Milburn now carries a large silver breastplate while in women's clothing. On it is written, "Randolph Milburn. I am a man." The police said they were satisfied with this inscription.

Not only most of the states, but also almost every large city in America has laws prohibiting the wearing of the clothing of the other sex except inside of the home and on Halloween. California, for example, has no specific law, but instead most of the heavily populated areas have municipal laws that punish masquerading one's sex with fines from 5 to 100 dollars.

In 1890, a rather popular politician by the name of L., who later even became a member of Congress in Washington, was arrested on the grounds of wearing women's clothing and fined 100 dollars. Of

course, in the campaign, his opponents could not mention this often enough.

In the State of New York in 1904 a man by the name of Becker was sentenced to six months in jail because of going around in women's clothing. He was turned in to the police by a woman.

The following report appeared in a New York newspaper dated July 7, 1907:

Because he could find no work, John Becht put on an elegant, tailor-made costume, provided himself with a blond wig and a colorful hat, and, dressed in this manner, applied for work. He got a job as a cook in different households. Thursday night he fell into the hands of the police. He was sentenced to nine months in jail because of endangering public morality by his masquerading as a woman.

Cross-dressing in "free" England and America, too, even if it does not disturb the peace, is considered as disturbing the peace. There, in general, of course, only men who are found out are

punished, while women appearing as men come away with a reprimand or a warning.

Japan is the only country where expressly wearing the clothing of one's sex is law. Dr. Suyewo Iwaya reports from Tokyo in his interesting study "Nan-Sho-K" in volume 4 of the *Annual for Sexual Intermediary Stages*. Japanese actors who appear only in women's clothing used to wear women's clothing at home too, but no longer, because it is the law that men wear men's and women wear women's clothing.

We have seen the several ways different countries treat this question. The most suitable answer to us seems to be to permit the public wearing of the clothing of the other sex with the stipulation that the person in question notify the police, as they did in France during the French Revolution. Persons would have to show reasons to support their requests; in most cases, we recommend obtaining an expert opinion from a physician and two photographs, one dressed in men's, one in women's clothing.

In principle permission has to be granted with the stipulation that it will be revoked if the person in question disturbs the peace or should commit a crime in this clothing.

Transvestism and Criminality

The latter occurs in not a few cases. Sometimes the punishable act is a direct result of the transvestism as is the case occasionally in cases of forgery, desertion, and robbery. Other times the masquerade is used to facilitate the perpetration of a crime or transgression, or to cover one's trail. Naturally, the desire to cross-dress does not have to be present. And even if it is present sometimes it almost appears to be a natural instinct-- freedom of choice is in no way influenced with regards to the criminal acts outside of the transvestism. The most outspoken transvestite, therefore, is just as responsible and punishable as any other mentally healthy person. At most, crimes directly originating with the drive to cross-dress can come into question when freedom of choice in the sense of Section 63, formerly Section 51, was not present or there was surely diminished capacity to a high degree.

Punishable behavior that is directly related to transvestism is mainly the following.

First, false identification. Men appearing as women will assume feminine names, and women as men who work in men's jobs will also make use of masculine names. If they did not, they could hardly keep the secret they guard so carefully.

A typical example of false identification is presented in the following events reported by the authorities.

The Dresden County court passed sentence on the so-called male helper Ernst Schulze, who allegedly was born on May 12, 1881, in Burg near Hoyerswerda. He was sent to jail for six months for embezzlement, fraud, and signing a document with a false name. When the convict was handed over to serve his time, Dr. Donau, a court physician, certified that Schulze was a young woman.

Further examinations revealed that she was the maid Johanna Casper born on April 6, 1875, in Neudorf near Hoyerswerda. Without anyone being aware of it, she wore men's clothing for years, worked as a butler, and was, as noted, convicted as a man. Because she gave a false name to an officer, she was sentenced to an additional month in jail (JB 3, p. 560).

A waiter by the name of Michael, working at a hotel in Lemberg, was sentenced to three days in jail for falsifying his time card. It seems that Michael was a cross-dressed young woman. As a 10-year-old, Michaeline fled her parents' home and, dressed as a boy, took a job (JB 5, p. 1247).

Two more cases occurred in Austria-Hungary, where laws concerning transvestism are similar to the ones in Germany. They are reported from Vienna:

Sunday, in Zirkus Lane in the city of Leopold, on the open street there was a shabbily dressed man stretched out sound asleep, and it did not take much to recognize that the sleeping man was very drunk. The officer who wanted to wake the man up had great difficulty getting him to his feet and escorting him to the station. First they took him to a cell to sober up. The drunken fit for the most part wore off overnight and now began the usual police procedure: doctor's visit, taking down of general information. The doctor soon made the discovery that the arrested was in no way a man but was a woman. He was greatly surprised,

and she immediately and openly gave her story. She had been wearing men's clothing for thirty years.

The woman's name was P. E., presently 53 years of age, living at 10 Raid Lane in the home of a shoemaker, and just about making ends meet as a harp player. She is supposed to be the daughter of a higher official, after whose death she was placed in an orphanage, which she left when still a minor. Since she had no mother and no relatives to support her, she was left to her own resources and looked for work. Abandoned by everyone and embittered by her ugliness, she then came upon the odd idea to put on men's clothing. So Miss Paula became Paul E. Because she had learned to play the violin, she stayed with music and went from bar to bar, sometimes alone, other times with company, just getting by well enough financially to stay poor. From these data, the police will charge P. E. with false identification. (JB 3, p. 531)

Another case, likewise from Vienna, was of forensic interest for other reasons-. transvestism and an inheritance conflict.

Some time ago in Vienna the 45-year-old Anna Drexelberger was convicted of false identification. She had worn men's clothing for thirty years and, since it is the law in Germany, she went to the police station to report a new residence and identified herself as Anton Horner, "butler." Court records revealed that Anna Drexelberger—at least so she said—wore men's clothing only because "she could get a job as a butler as a man." She chose jobs in which her sex would not be discovered. She finally decided to become a woman's companion to an elderly lady.

Anna Drexelberger died late last year in London. Shortly before, she had inherited 50,000 florins from her employer. Of this money she bequeathed 30,000 florins to a young woman in Vienna who had respected her as a man, and, to be sure (as it said in the will), "as a consolation for accepting her in her error."

The woman who left the will was called mentally abnormal by her relatives, who took the case to court. The Vienna court decided yesterday to recognize the will as valid. The court found no reason to doubt the soundness of mind of the writer of the will at the time it was written. The

authorities, on the contrary, found the arrangement "totally believable." (JB 2, p. 451)

What is to be considered is if the persons who are looking for work or an occupation in the clothing of the other sex are consistently granted permission by the police to use a pseudonym, or at least a first name that matches the chosen clothing. Whenever petitioners are refused—as we have seen above—then it is extremely difficult for them to find a social position and easily creates the notice they want to escape.

Another crime that can be closely associated with transvestism is desertion, as the following examples illustrate.

According to the *National News (Nationale Zeitung)* dated September 1900, a deserter in women's clothing was captured in Troppau (Austria). infantryman Jaskulsky of the Austrian First Infantry Regiment was charged with desertion. He made it more difficult to find him because the infantryman had a job as a maid.

His girlish appearance and the fact that in earlier years he had performed as a female impersonator himself and thereby had trained his voice was to the advantage of his disguise.

At a dance hall he frequented as a maid, in spite of his women's clothing, he was recognized by a soldier, who had him arrested on the way home. The deserter was discharged after disposing of his women's clothing and was put into men's civilian clothing (JB 3, p. 554).

On March 8, 1896, in the ladies' car of the arriving Oldenberg-in-Leer train, train personnel became suspicious of a young lady because of her deep, bass voice. A police sergeant was called to the scene and took a seat next to the young lady. He soon noticed that he had a man before him. He opened a conversation with him. The transvestite passenger said he was going to Holland on vacation in women's clothing. Well, the officer brought the suspect to the police jail, where he finally admitted he was a deserter from Oldenburg.

On April 16, 1897, a deserter was captured in women's clothing in Weissenburg. People had noticed a suspicious person around the area for some time. The person's slight mustache and a few other less-than-womanly features motivated one resident to call the police about this strange lady. As it turned out, under his woman's clothing, the arrested man was wearing pieces of uniform from the Twenty-Third Infantry Division stationed in Landau. The deserter had been

born in Kaiserslautern and had already served five years in the Foreign Legion.

On June 8, 1895, an officer and two assistants appeared at the home of Potelli, a lawyer in Mantua. They suspected he was housing a deserter and came to make an arrest. The lawyer protested that there must be some mistake, but in vain. The house was searched—to no avail. Suddenly entered the wife's chambermaid, who had been hired only six days prior. Seeing the officer and leaving occurred simultaneously. The officer and his men stormed after her. The chambermaid was captured and turned out to be the deserter they were looking for, and they immediately took him to the garrison in his women's clothing. Mrs. Potelli is supposed to have sworn that she would never hire another maid unless she knew for certain it was a young lady.

It is absolutely clear that totally normal soldiers can put on women's clothing to cover their trails. Moreover, more numerous than men who cross-dress to get out of the military are women who cross-dress—to get into the military.

As we have seen in the examples above, when related to crime, cross-dressing is also more often used to facilitate robbery as well as

sometimes being the reason for it. Following are a few examples of both.

Eugen B., a butler, came under heavy suspicion of disloyalty and was charged with theft before the county court. B. was employed by Commerce Minister B. The latter went with his family on a vacation to the south, without taking the defendant along. He now spent his time doing nothing but indulging in pleasures.

A masquerade ball was scheduled to take place in a hotel on March 7. The defendant wanted to go but did not have the means of acquiring the expensive masquerade costume he desired. He got a crazy idea. The lady of the house, who took care of the house for the minister's wife in her absence, had control of the key to the clothes closet. The defendant wanted to appear at the ball as an elegant lady. When the lady of the house was out, he stole the key to the clothes closet and took out the most expensive items.

In his room he tried on an expensive lace gown and tore it. He took it back to its original place, and he brought the rest of the items to a friend's apartment, Mr. D.'s. After spending a night of revelry, he changed clothes at his friend's apartment and left the lady's clothes there.

After a few days the lady of the house noticed the clothes were gone. She called the police. When the officer questioned the defendant, the latter told where he had left the clothes and why he had used them.

They had the clothes fetched. They looked awful. They were torn and dirty. The defendant told the court he was sorry, that he had been drunk at the party and in that condition could not properly take care of the clothes as much as he had wanted to. Estimates revealed that the items had been worth more than 2,000 marks and now were almost worthless.

When the prosecution motioned for three weeks in jail for theft, the defendant objected. He said it was impossible to convict him of theft because he did not have the intention of keeping the clothes. He admitted neglect only for not having returned them to their rightful owner. It was his opinion that he could be convicted only for property damages.

The court agreed. There was no theft, just property damage, and for that reason the defendant was sentenced to four months in jail, because the behavior demanded the stricter punishment (JB 5, p. 1196).

In another case, the 19-year-old waiter Wilhelm Hans Julius Sch. was charged with theft. He was remorseful at the sentence and asked for a milder one. The prosecution wanted ten months in jail and two years probation. However, the judge decided on eight months, less the six weeks spent in jail while under investigation.

In October of last year the defendant settled in Hamburg to look for a job aboard a ship. He stayed with people with whom his absent father had left him, along with his rent. One day Sch. found two savings passbooks worth more than 2,700 marks in a closet in his room. He took the books and made several withdrawals at the savings bank for a total of 500 marks. He bought a woman's costume with the money. He put on the clothes and wore them on the street.

The defendant appears to be a mentally abnormal person with the peculiar inclination to dress up in women's clothing and to walk around in them (JB 5, p. 1185). A female counterpart to these males is the subject of the following report from the year 1898:

An engagement, which could stand alone in its kind, threw the family of an official into chaos.

His 17-year-old daughter recently met a young sailor at a party. He quickly won her heart by his smart uniform

and his pleasant manners. The handsome sailor was, as he said, on a long shore leave. After only a few weeks her parents consented to an engagement, which did take place with music and a dance.

One day the sailor disappeared. The abandoned woman turned to relatives whom her fiance had mentioned earlier. She found out to her great surprise that the chosen one of her heart was no man but rather was of the female sex.

The young lady could not believe it, so she arranged to see her fiance in Berlin. He had not left the city after all. The fiance had no idea in front of whom he was to appear in women's clothing.

As things turned out, the fiance was the same female sailor. Recent reports say she cheated a tailor in the north out of two sailor's uniforms. From her appearance, no one could see that she belonged to Eve's sex. A manly face and short hair facilitate the masquerade very significantly. Her parents are totally powerless in the face of their daughter's drives.

In criminology there is a whole different series of criminals of all kinds who cross-dress to cover their tracks. Even Harmodius and Aristogeiton cross-dressed as female dancers and as such knifed Hipparchos the tyrant.

In 1807 a thief caused an uproar in England. He moved in women's clothing and preferred to rob wealthy men traveling by stagecoach after having spent a pleasant evening with his victims.

The following event occurred in Copenhagen a few years ago.

A local club was holding a large masquerade party. Among those attending there was a beautiful German woman dressed as Pierette. All the men wanted to dance with the charming lady. This beautiful Pierette was no prude, because she answered each caress with a gentle embrace of her own. Pierette's many conquests, however, made the other women jealous. One of them, who kept a sharp eye on her, soon made the awful discovery that while dancing, the German lady looked through the men's pockets and made their wallets her own. She called the police, and when they verified her report, they led the young lady to the police station, where Pierette was questioned. You can

imagine how surprised the police were when the woman turned out to be a man, an apprentice book binder named Alois Embusch. They found several wallets on his person. He confessed to having emptied a whole series of pockets. He will serve a long sentence. (JB 5, p. 1191)

The following report is from a Berlin criminal investigation dated February 2, 1892.

Franz Froelich, a house servant, yesterday stood before the second county court of petty sessions charged with theft and bodily injury. The defendant, whose face has thoroughly womanly features and whose hair falls to his shoulders in long curls, makes a business of walking the streets of Berlin and in cross-dress took the opportunity to rob and to attempt other punishable acts.

One evening, when he was again wearing a woman's costume, his pretty shape caught the attention of a seaman, who made his way over to the lady and offered to accompany her. The defendant then found the opportunity to steal the wallet from the friendly man who accompanied

her, and when he discovered it was gone, he confronted the woman he was with, who gave him such a fist in his mouth that he knew she could not be of the fair sex. He called for help, and the defendant was arrested, the court sentencing him to two years and six months in jail.

On May 8, 1908, the following case was reported from Paris.

For some time Paris criminal investigators have had their eyes on a remarkable couple. A very elegantly dressed lady, accompanied by a wet nurse carrying a baby in her arms, went to the large stores and warehouses every day around noon. They would appear on the street some time later without having bought a thing.

Since cases of very refined acts of shoplifting have been occurring in the last few weeks in Paris, the Paris chief of police ordered his men to keep an eye on the suspects. The officers did their duty, and the observations led to surprising results. The officers noticed how the lady disappeared with the wet nurse into a house on Rue Francois I. They scouted the place and made a forced

entry into their quarters. The secret police did find the lady in the small, scantily furnished apartment, but instead of the wet nurse they found a man.

The suspects were arrested. At the police station they verified that the elegantly dressed lady is Mrs. Hortense Zelter, who had been convicted of theft several times. Her partner, who went out in women's clothing to commit theft, they recognized as L. Fenerand, a laborer, who also had served several jail sentences.

When they did a thorough search of the apartment of the pair of robbers, they also found the baby. This baby consisted of a small wooden box whose removable top was painted to look like a baby's face. In this box they discovered many kinds of tools and several articles they had stolen.

Both operated in the following manner. While the lady distracted the clerk and placed articles in front of her, the male wet nurse, standing beside her, carried out the theft.

There were also women who committed theft in men's clothing.

For several months a young medical student, who called himself von Kaminski and said he was of Polish royalty, regularly visited the family of the medical advisor in Charlottenburg. Some weeks ago the medical advisor made the unpleasant discovery that several expensive surgical instruments as well as a few ornamental objects of value had disappeared, and his suspicion turned to the young Pole.

To be sure, he hired a detective to observe the young student. Within only a few short days the detective told the astounded medical advisor that the so-called Polish man was a Polish woman who lived in a woman's house on Knesebeck Street. The medical advisor, accompanied by two detectives, went to the house of the so-called student and exposed her in her deception. They could not find any of the stolen articles, but only a few instruments. The swindler, who was living in Charlottenberg under a false name, kept company with the best of society in men's clothing. (JB 5, p. 1230)

Whitehead, in his *Life, Deeds and Fates of the Most Remarkable English Robbers and Pirates (Leben, Taten und Schicksalen der merkwuerdigsten englischen Raeuber und Piraten)* [German by Sporschil (Leipzig 1834). Part 1, pp. 93-96 and pp. 186-89. See also Duehren-Bloch, *England*, p. 59 ff.], already reported of female robbers who, dressed as men, practiced their trade.

He tells about Moll Cutpurse at the time of the reign of Charles I. She committed theft near London. He also tells about another one who once met the notorious robber Thomas Rumbold, who was executed in 1689. Dressed as a man she demanded his purse. They say they got into a fight, and Rumbold won. When he restrained the hands and feet of his opponent to search his pockets, he was surprised when he opened his coat. He found the so-called man to be a woman. The virago told him that she was the daughter of a weapons smith.

"When I was young, my mother wanted to teach me to sew, but all her pleading could not change my wanting to be a fighter. I was hopeless in the kitchen, so I stayed with my father in his shop. I was delighted to be able to handle the weapons. My favorite pastime was swinging a beautiful, sharp sword."

At twelve years of age she secretly took fencing lessons, married an innkeeper at fifteen, but it was an unhappy union. From time to time she left the inn dressed as a man to see if there was anyone to rob on the highway.

Martin Pieske, in reality Martha Pieske, a female swindler whom we briefly mentioned, gave the West Prussian courts much to do in the last decade. She was born in 1860, the daughter of landowner G. from Gellnitz (Berent County). She said she was raised as a boy by her parents. Her parents and her husband, whom she divorced, are dead. She was the wife of an officer and large-estate owner, formerly of Prussia-Stargard County, but driven from his homeland by the crazy pranks of his wife. Mrs. Pieske had a peculiar desire to dress as a man. Her adventures were the talk of the town in Danzig and the surrounding area, but she very often came into conflict with the law.

When finally she lost her fortune, she sank lower and lower, went to jail, later to the penitentiary, and hardly had she been released, again and again she was sent to the penitentiary.

After a hard life they found her again in a village. For months she had been a loyal and diligent worker on a farm. But they became suspicious of her, and she had to flee. Her crimes were theft,

deception, and cheating. One of the last cases was as follows; we are quoting from the trial records.

Mr. Pieske, the well-known man-woman, again appeared before the Elbing court in her men's clothing, wearing a peaked cap. She has enjoyed many days of her life in prison and in the penitentiary.

First, Mrs. Pieske was sentenced by the Danzig court to three years in the penitentiary for several counts of fraud she perpetrated in Danzig and Prussia-Stargard. At that time we gave details on "Mr. Pieske" and his lifestyle, rich with the changing of his clothing.

Before "Mr. Pieske" came to Elbing, he was working for Mr. Fabian in Kalthof as a farm worker. Because his property burned to the ground, "Mr. Pieske" lost his position and out of necessity took to the road of crime. The deeds of "Mr. Pieske," who knew how to obtain employment from cobbler Friedrich Mater by some fantastic stories, are probably still in the minds of several readers.

On January 21 Pieske visited Franz Hoffmann, a cobbler, and promised him a share of an inheritance he was expecting in exchange for room and board. Hoffmann looked into the matter of the inheritance, and he found out he was swindled.

"Mr. Pieske" was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary and to pay a fine of 150 marks or twenty additional days in the penitentiary. (JB 5, p. 1206)

The last report I have about Pieske is in the *Konitz News* (*Konitzer Tageblatt*) dated October 18, 1909. The article says:

The so-called manager Martin Pieske of Sellinen, Labinau County (Prussia), who was arrested for evading to pay one of his bills, turned out to be a woman. At the next investigation, Martin turned into a Martha, who said that since her youth she had official license to wear men's clothing at any time. She does look like a man and is fifty years of age.

A counterpart to Pieske is Notburga Kerndl of South Germany. A court report tells of her last trial, which occurred in June 1909.

On the list of the county court in Munich you could read:
"Notburga Kerndl of Woernsmuehle for fraud."

The defendant before her was led away, and the bailiff called out, "Notburga Kerndl, enter!" A sturdy fellow came strutting into the room, that is to say, Miss Kerndl, wearing gray, coarse woolen cloth trousers and a brown jacket. She held a green hunting cap in her hand. A tobacco pipe was sticking out of her breast pocket.

"You are Notburga Kerndl?" the bench asked. "Yes, indeed," the defendant replied and took her seat. The defendant's clothing did not attract the attention of the court again.

Miss Kerndl, who is now fifty years of age, has already appeared thirteen times before the court. Notburga has been wandering the Bavarian highlands in men's clothing since she was twenty. She never hired herself out as a maid, but rather always as a farm hand and, as the farmers say, did enough work for two. She did not call

herself Notburga, but Jakob Kerndl. She is known in the Miesbach region as "The Old Shoe." She made men's customs her own. She likes to drink; fifteen to eighteen glasses of beer are nothing to her. She holds her own at cards and bowling. She also won a few fights where they had to drag her opponents away. Her pipe is indispensable to her. She used to stand at her window and flirt, and in earlier days a few pretty young women swore their loyalty to her.

Now Notburga again stands before the court for evading payment of one of her bills. On February 19 she went to the restaurant in Wendelstein in Miesback, drank nine beers, ordered food, ate it, then smoked a few cigars. At closing time the waitress asked her to pay the bill. She replied, "Today I don't got no money, but one day I will." Notburga said she would pay the following day and as collateral left a worthless watch chain. Notburga left and never returned, leaving the waitress with an unpaid bill of 2.17 marks.

The judge asked why she always wore men's clothing. She replied, twisting her little cap in her hands,

"I've been doing that for 30 years. When I was a young girl a boy wanted to take advantage of me; you can guess what. We got into a fist fight. Ever since that time I don't like men. Since I lived in peace from then on, I kept on wearing men's clothing."

Notburga was sentenced this time to three months in jail.

More dangerous than both of the ones mentioned is a female swindler who practices her crime in Melbourne. The following is a report dated June 20, 1909.

Amy Bock, who has several times committed fraud in Australia and New Zealand, was again arrested in Port Molyneux, New Zealand.

She was residing in a room and board in Port Molyneux under the name "Percy Carol Redwood." The people in the pension house were led to believe that she was a "nephew of Archbishop Redwood," so they treated her with respect. "Redwood" lost no time getting acquainted with Miss Ottaway, the daughter of the

proprietor of the pension house. He finally proposed to her and she accepted.

A few days after the engagement the parents of the happy bride-to-be received a letter which appeared to come from the mother of the "fiance." She wrote that her son had riches which she would double on the day of the wedding, and that when she died more money would follow.

Another letter, written on the letterhead of an official in Auckland, reported to the parents of the bride-to-be that "Redwood" had been employed as a secretary at a wage of 140 marks per week.

Then "Redwood" traveled with his bride-to-be to Dunedin and while there bought her jewelry costing 3,400 marks. To pay for it "he" said he had as collateral an "estate in the north," which he could prove by some documents he had.

The wedding was held shortly after—a splendid party that received columns in the local newspapers. Meanwhile, they became slightly suspicious of the very courteous

"fiance," and a lawyer was engaged by the family, and a detective hired, who brought the matter into the light.

"Ah," he said when he saw Redwood, "just as I thought, Amy Bock! The game's over, Amy!" "All right," the false fiance replied indifferently.

Those who were swindled by the arrested, besides the jewelers who took the "estate up north" as collateral, and the parents of the betrothed, also include a young lady, the daughter of her earlier innkeepers, whom she cheated out of 800 marks to pay a diver who was supposed to recover "Redwood's" lost articles, such as wallet, jewelry, and bank notes he had lost on a boat trip.

Marriage fraud is a crime women in men's clothing like to devote themselves to. In the court records of Taunton, the capital of the British county of Somerset, there is a report dated November 1746. According to it there was a woman named Mary Hamilton who was charged with having married fourteen different women. Her last "spouse" was Mary Price, who, when she discovered the deception perpetrated against her, had her female spouse arrested. She testified against her in court.

The case was so unusual the court did not know how to punish her.

However, they were of one opinion that the prisoner was "an unusually wicked swindler." As such, she was sentenced to be "whipped publicly in Taunton, Glastonbury, Wells and Shipton Mallet, and six months in jail," which was a relatively mild punishment at a time when lesser crimes were more severely punished (JB 5, p. 1189).

Mantegazza [in his *Anthropological, Cultural and Historical Studies on Human Sexual Relationships (Anthropologisch-kulturhistorische Studien ueber die Geschlechtsverhaehnisse der Menschen)*, Jena, p. 98] says that on July 5, 1777, in London, a woman was sentenced to six months in jail. She had dressed as a man and married three times.

Another similar case of marriage fraud is reported in a Baltimore newspaper.

"Mr. Herman S. Wood," actually Miss Lola A. Sawyer, this morning was brought before the police court. She was wearing a black men's suit, nice shoes, and a fashionable

straw hat. She is supposed to have received money under false pretenses. Miss Sawyer had been presenting herself as a man for six years. She played her role excellently, smoked cigarettes, took part in men's sports; in short, no one had any idea that under the men's clothing a woman was hiding.

Only through her marriage with Mrs. Ernestine L. Hauch, a 35-year-old widow with two children, did her sex become known.

"Mr. Wood" had lived several months with the widow, and a week ago the marriage of the odd couple took place. Last night the very young bride appeared at the home of Rev. Anthony Bilkousky, who had performed the wedding ceremony a week ago. She was very upset and told the minister that her husband was not "the real thing" she had been looking for. The so-called man is either asexual or also a woman, in any case not built like her deceased first husband.

The minister informed police captain McGee, who this morning visited the couple at 719 North Eutaw Street. The false man at first firmly maintained that he was a man;

his wife did not know what she was talking about. But when the police continued to question "Mr. Wood," he came apart and admitted he was a woman and Lola A. Sawyer was her name. She is from North Carolina and is 22 years of age.

She said she had been raped six years ago. She had a baby who is now in the possession of her mother in North Carolina. To hide her shame she put on men's clothing and came to Baltimore. She worked here in many jobs as a "man," without raising any suspicion about her sex. Because she had wormed 100 dollars from the widow during the time they had been married, she was arrested for that.

In the case of the American woman Alice Brown, it was more than about inheritance and marriage fraud. She was left a legacy of 180,000 crowns that, however, was to be awarded only after she married. Although she badly wanted to take possession of the money, she could not decide on a husband. A woman friend of hers agreed to present herself as the opposite sex and marry her.

The wedding in New York went well. They showed the marriage certificate, and the money was paid. The deception was discovered only after the heiress died.

The assumption suggests itself that those women who take on the appearance of men to approach women are homosexual transvestites. But this is not always the case. The disproportionately larger group of men who act as women opposed to men, too, are not always by nature homosexual.

Particularly in the case of those who present themselves as female prostitutes this is generally taken almost always for granted. But they could just as well be simple transvestites or—even if less often—totally normal males.

A very well-known prostitute had been around Paris a long time. One day she suffered a bad accident on the street and had to be taken to the hospital. It was there that they discovered to their surprise that they had a normally built male before them.

This person had a lot of followers because of her temperament and her dazzling beauty. She always refused sexual penetration with the excuse that she was menstruating or had a genital infection, or for some other reason. These are the customary reasons most often given by cross-dressed prostitutes.

This prostitute lived together with a female friend. Both were inseparable. For that reason her friends considered her to be a homosexual woman. However, in reality, she was a woman-loving transvestite man.

Cross-dressed men engaging in marriage fraud occur less frequently than cases of cross-dressed women, but they do occur occasionally, as shown in the following case reported from Nordhausen.

A young Dresden woman answered an offer of marriage appearing in a personals column in the newspaper. She said she had a fortune of 24,000 marks in bonds at her disposal. She was invited to B. and appeared before the young man who wanted to marry, and before his parents. she even presented proof of the 24,000 marks in bonds. She visited for four weeks in the home of her future mother- and father-in-law. Gentle and meek, she not only captured the love of her fiance, but also won the very high regard of her mother-in-law.

The four weeks' vacation over, the couple decided to announce the engagement. They traveled together to

Dresden, the supposed home of the fiancée, to get some important papers necessary to get married. On the way to Dresden, the couple decided to cash in the bonds. So, in Dresden, the first place they visited was the bank. After inspection of the papers, the bank was ready to buy the bonds. The banker prepared to pay the amount by going into an adjoining room, which caught no one's attention. The door soon opened and several criminal investigators appeared at the doorstep. They arrested the couple. The bonds were stolen property. The man was able to clear himself, but not her. She was held and turned out to be a cross-dressed man. He had tried to cash stolen goods in such a manner that would not draw attention.

Belonging to this category is a report by the *Echo of China* (*Echo de Chine*) in Shanghai dated February 25, 1907.

Hiu-A-mei, a Chinese good-for-nothing from Poutong, 26 years of age, was convicted in absentia and was served a severe sentence for several crimes. The fugitive put on women's clothing and went as a woman. He found out that

his transvestism was a splendid means of taking in suckers.

His mother in agreement, he went to offer his hand in marriage to a Chinese tailor who wanted to marry. The wedding over, there was the matter of discovery on the wedding night. Hiu-A-mei feigned a headache. He was so good at it he did it the following night. But his passionate partner could hold out no longer. So, he had to find out his wife was a man on the third night. The tailor had the deceiver arrested.

Before the court, the latter stated, "When I was 15 years of age my parents taught me obscene songs, ordered me to wash my hair and to dress it. They then married me off to a certain Sino-tang, a hairdresser in Poutong. I lived with him for three years. I then took the tailor as a spouse, and you know the rest.

"I beg your forgiveness because I was ignorant of the law, and I am not the guilty party."

As punishment the judge decided on 500 lashes to the soles of his feet for the false spouse and 100 slaps in the face for his mother, as well as a forty-dollar fine to be

paid to Ming-A-hon, the deceived spouse. Hui-A-mei's first husband, too, was arrested and sentenced to 300 lashes to the soles of his feet.

Men dressed as prostitutes who try to catch men is a more frequent occurrence. The Berlin Police Department has twenty photographs on file of individuals who do this as a regular business. They often not only satisfy themselves with the money that is given to them voluntarily but also commit acts that fall into the category of what is called in criminal terminology as "theft while having sexual intercourse." We have a few examples of that, too.

A young man in women's clothing was turned in to the Moabit police station for investigation. The 19-year-old waiter Franz W. of Berlin always liked to go out at night in women's clothing. In these clothes he lured men and used the opportunity to carry out theft and extortion. On Friday he fell into the hands of the police.

At the police station on Alexanderplatz he was recognized, of course, as a male individual, but since they had no special uniforms for people in jail under investigation, he was taken to the Moabit station in his women's clothing, where he naturally had to change immediately into the jail's uniform (JB 3, p. 543).

A female impersonator in Berlin who used to go in women's clothing on the stage as well as on the street was arrested for theft. Dressed as a woman, he accompanied a man to his apartment. As soon as they arrived the impersonator feigned illness, fell over with cramps, and left after a short visit. Right after that the man missed his gold watch and chain worth a few hundred marks. As soon as the police heard the circumstances, they immediately knew who the culprit was.

A young fellow from Mainz, whose father is a wine seller, got himself some women's clothing after he graduated from school. He had a womanly voice and he looked good when he was cross-dressed. He went on adventures in women's clothing. He sent the most passionate letters to people whom he knew only by name, especially to officers.

When he was older, he became bolder. As was reported in the *K. Press*, he met the rich Baron von E. in Frankfurt. The impersonator told him he was the impoverished Countess v. S. He played his role so splendidly that he fully dominated the baron who richly supported him.

He knew all too well how to parry the baron's approaches: he was a "nice girl." But because he was very uncommunicative to the

baron about his family relations, the baron went to other sources to clear up the matter. That is how he uncovered the fraud.

One day the young man again disappeared from Frankfurt without anyone knowing where. A waitress was arrested because of theft weeks later in Darmstadt. It was the young man, who had been working at the inn the whole time and had flirted with a military man, who had to resign, because he was mocked too much by the other troops.

The barracks of the Hussars was the stage where he played his final role. Here, too, the young man was in good standing with the officers. From one of them, to whom he had presented himself as a noblewoman, he stole a valuable wallet. None of the gentlemen wanted to believe that the lady who could write such glowing and passionate love letters and who moved about as a woman of the world was a common thief. They put him into an insane asylum for a while, but they could not keep him there very long, because he did not appear to be dangerous, attracting attention only by minor acts of theft.

He was hardly set free when he again began his old occupation. He was arrested, and his case went to court (MB, 1906, p. 198).

The following occurred in Berlin in the summer of 1907.

An older, well-situated gentleman took a trip to Berlin to study life in the big city. Accompanied by his nephew, a gay student, the gentleman made his way to satisfy his thirst for knowledge and collect material for a report on his homeland, which would then one day be claimed by his wife and children, friends and fellow ninepin players as an inalienable right.

After seeing the museum and other points of interest, they went to a restaurant for refreshments. Because just then it began to rain, a fine young lady entered the restaurant with them at the same time. The pretty blonde gracefully gathered her summer dress with its silk frills and at the same time accidentally dropped her umbrella.

The sober country gentleman was not at all adverse to a minor adventure. As a cavalier, he quickly recovered the umbrella and with a courtly bow handed it over to the Berlin woman. With that began the acquaintance. After a short conversation, they agreed to conclude the day with a little supper. An auto took the little group to an expensive wine restaurant, where the champagne flowed freely. The air was hot and humid in the small quarters, and the young lady decided to remove the little hood she was wearing.

Gradually their mood heightened, and they were sitting closely together. It was unfortunate that a strand of the lady's blonde hair

caught in the old gentleman's glasses. Then fate took its course. To everyone's dismay, in its attempt to untangle itself, the entire wig came off and was hanging on the old gentleman's glasses. The lady's head, which had been decorated with lovely curls, suddenly became the bald, shaved head of a young man.

Then it turned into a small argument that the headwaiter had to settle. They then agreed to accompany the female impersonator to the street and to supply him with enough money to get into a coach and disappear as fast as he could (ZFS, p. 55).

Such impersonations also take place in brothels. The *Rhine News* (*Rheinische Zeitung*) of December 12, 1907, reported that a vice officer ran into an elegantly dressed woman on Elster Lane. She was wearing silk clothing and came under suspicion as being a prostitute. The officer led the lady to the station, where they discovered that they were dealing with a young man dressed in women's clothing. They verified that he was a 20-year-old waiter who for the past two years had been wearing women's clothing and, purse in hand, went street-walking. The waiter was previously convicted of theft. He stated he could not wear men's clothing.

An international swindler, Renato Rivolta of Venice, was arrested in Genoa in 1904. Wearing elegant diamonds and under the

name of Countess Neri, he deceived officers and carried out his refined trade in Paris, Brussels, and in other large cities (MB III, 1905, p. 8).

It occurs less often that women pose as male prostitutes, but that it does occur is proven by historical accounts, for example, Seneca (*Contr.* 1.2) and Juvenal (3. 135). They wrote that in Rome female prostitutes cross-dressed as youths and lured men. Duehren-Bloch reports of exactly the same thing in the history of the customs of the eighteenth century in his *New Research on the Marquis de Sade and His Times* (*Neue Forschung ueber den Marquis de Sade und seine Zeit*) (JB 7, p. 825). Even now in Paris, female prostitutes in men's clothing are not a rare sight, especially during Mardi Gras. I witnessed many cross-dressed as apaches during Mardi Gras in the bars in Montmartre in 1910.

To close the chapter on the relationship between cross-dressing of the sexes and criminality, there is only one more item to mention, and that is that cross-dressing occurs either during or, more often, after the criminal act.

During the Steinheil case, which caused a big stir in Paris, a young actor came forth and wrote the following to the judge:

"I can no longer bear the burden of responsibility and wish to confess. I am the 'woman in red' who took part in the crime. I put on a wig and wore it during the crime. Jean Lefebvre." This self-accusation, of course, in this case was a product of fantasy.

As we have seen in the case of deserters, it often occurs that fugitives and runaways of all kinds, criminals with warrants of arrest, also spies, put on women's clothing. Naturally, in all of these cases it is doubtful whether it is a matter of people who deviate from the sexual norm.

In this manner did the well-known Dutch educator and politician Hugo Grotius in the clothing of his brave wife escape prison and flee from his persecutors in 1621 and save himself in France.

A recent case (October 29, 1909) was reported in the press.

There has been a warrant out for the arrest of Artur Mueller, a laborer, for a long time. He has been previously convicted on several counts of burglary, and most recently sentenced to the penitentiary. But he has always found a way to escape arrest. Now the police have information that M. has a fiancée in Nauen and is staying with her. Many officers have gone to the apartment where they have met

with a young woman, who has said without ado that Mueller had been there several times but that he had not been there for some time now. One of the officers noticed the somewhat coarse hands of the woman, and further investigation revealed that the so-called fiancée was a man and certainly the fugitive himself. The true fiancée soon appeared while the police officers were still in the apartment. Mueller was immediately brought to Berlin and put in jail for investigation.

One case that caused a great sensation in its day occurred in Austria in 1887. At that time, a postal worker in Vienna named Zalewski embezzled very large sums of money. A warrant was put out for his arrest but came to nothing. They looked for him in all the large cities of the New and Old Worlds. All the while he was living in the same place he committed the crime—dressed as a woman. Unembarrassed, he even went for walks with his brother, a soldier, the deceiver in women's clothing, his brother in uniform, so that everyone who saw them walking arm in arm took them for lovers.

One day a maid by the name of Cecile Zwicker reported to the police that her lover, Zalewski the soldier, had borrowed her passport

and working permit and wanted to know if that was legal. This brought the police on track, and finally it was revealed that Zalewski, with his lover, a certain Miss Nathanson, had traveled to Paris. He had used Zwicker's passport. By the time the police were informed about this Zalewski had already left for New York. The American police were notified, and while the fugitive, now sailing the high seas, was thinking about his new life in America, the authorities were waiting for him in New York. When the ship docked, he was met by Austrian officials. On the fugitive's person they found 100,000 guilders.

There are more examples.

A 15-year-old boy, George Sch. from Nuremberg, moved to Hamburg. Since it is the law to check in with the police after change of residence, Sch. reported to the Hamburg police as Maria on October 31, 1894. Since he had no means of support and could not locate the sister he was supposed to have had a Hamburg, he requested a return fare to Nuremberg. During an investigation the police discovered the boy's sex.

As an apprentice, he had run away from his master barber's shop in Nuremberg, stealing from him 35 marks, and with the money bought clothing to wear as a disguise on his trip to Hamburg. On the

way he met a woman who lived in Hamburg who offered to help one she thought was a girl. He had spent the last ten days with the woman and earned room and board working as her maid, facts that were revealed by the woman.

On May 29, 1907, a report came out of Budapest. In this capital a sugar-baker named Lukacs hired a waitress. She had been there three months, and Lukacs was all the more satisfied with her because she did not associate with the clientele. Well, on this day the police showed up at L.'s and arrested the waitress because she was not a young woman, but rather a 19-year-old comb-maker's apprentice whose name, likewise, was Lukacs Alexander. It was confirmed that he belonged to a band of thieves, and had hired himself out with a stolen work permit to escape police detection.

As was reported in several Berlin newspapers on February 8, 1886, a maid by the name of Rosa was hired by a family on the west side of Berlin. In a short time she had the complete trust of the family. But one day a gentleman appeared and inquired after the new young woman and, of course, got all the information he wanted. Who could describe the horror of the woman of the house when, on the following day, when the maid answered a knock on the door, two men yelled at her, "Off with the wig!" And what happened? Under the pretty blonde

wig Rosa presented herself as a man with short hair. He was the one the officers were after, and he had a lot to answer for. According to the facts, this was not his debut. As a maid he hired himself out, stole from his employers, and made off with the money, never to be seen again.

Criminal police also use the same means of deception to catch criminals. In the criminal section of an international photograph exposition in Dresden there was a photograph of a police officer dressed as a woman looking unobtrusively at gamblers [see "Photography in the Service of Criminal Investigation" ("Die Photographie im Dienste der kriminal Polizei") by State Attorney Dr. Erich Wulffen in *The Week (Die Woche)*, No. 34 (1909)].

A high-level police official in Amsterdam made several observations of criminals in action, dressed as a woman selling matches on the street, for which, moreover, he was satirized in the comic papers. His disguise was facilitated by the fact that he had the facial expressions and voice of an old woman, as he himself showed me.

In Paterson (North America) in 1909 a man ambushed several women at night, smothering them with kisses and pinching them. The police were unable to apprehend the person for a long time. They

finally decided to cross-dress several policemen when the attacks began to take on greater dimensions. And, in fact, this led to the speedy arrest of one of the citizens of Paterson, Edward M., a kissing maniac who is now serving six months in the Paterson jail for his actions.

The motive why men dress as women and women as men for the purpose of intentional deception of the other sex is many times the same as what appears unconsciously and instinctively as mimicry in the animal world.

The Duration of Cross-Dressing

It would be a mistake to point to transvestites as criminals or to their number, using data recording the number of male and female criminals who are caught in the act wearing the clothing of the other sex. It is a fact that cross-dressers who behave themselves in an unassuming manner and who commit no crimes are seldom bothered by the police.

Indeed, many transvestites limit themselves—as we have seen to wearing women's clothing only at home. In fact, many are content only to fantasize.

Case 4, to complete his earlier report, recently wrote to us:

Except when I am working, I see everything through the eyes of a woman and purely objectively, when for hours I am in department stores or in front of shop windows

displaying women's articles, shoes, fine underwear, modern hats, hair styles, more specifically clothing, corsets, and women's accessories. These I follow as a cult, unfortunately only in my fantasy, but I do hotly pursue it with all my heart, as if I possessed all these things in reality. In my mind I picture the ideal woman. I research and observe so that I could become the most beautiful image that my eyes ever set upon, so that in my mind I imagine that in reality I am forming a harmonic totality.

I daydream of sweet hours with beautiful older and younger women so that I begin to believe I am one of them. Or I think about handsome, rich men who would want me to be their wife. So, I think it would be splendid to be a whole woman, with nothing lacking. The wish was born and becomes stronger, at least to have a few women's things. So, I like to wear bright-colored, open-worked stockings or garters with pink satin ribbons, women's shoes with high heels. I even used to like to wear a corset. When alone, I have many times pierced my ears with fine, thin sewing needles. All I needed were some

earrings, so that I would not have had to go through that painful experience over and over again.

So far I have done without all these good things, the earrings and clothing. But one day, when I can afford it, I will buy everything I have dreamed of owning.

I have sexual intercourse only with my wife, and to get me in the mood all I need is my fantasy. During intercourse I imagine I am a woman, think about the most beautiful toilette, and play variations of it from one extreme of being a feminine man, where for social reasons I cannot give up my sex but paint myself as being so feminine and gentle as possible—preferably in rococo style—to being a complete woman in her bridal gown with wreath and veil and the wedding night that follows.

Of course, I am happy in my fantasies, because I can be anyone I want, but unhappy, too, because I am not permitted in reality to rid myself of every shirt and to change into a lady of fashion from my bare skin outward.

The other extreme of these transvestites who use their imagination are those who wear the apparel of the other sex year in

and year out, often for decades, and who have become so accustomed to it that no one becomes aware of their secret, which often enough is revealed only upon their death. Indeed, it does occur that it remains unrevealed even then.

That is not so surprising when one considers that coroners many times are content just to inspect the eyes and the pulse of the deceased without inspecting the rest of the body, particularly the genitals.

In this respect there was one instructive case many years ago in Riga (JB 2, p. 456). The widow of a respectable man there requested that she again be allowed to use her maiden name, because her deceased husband, to whom she had been married for twenty years, had been a woman. When questioned why she had waited so long to make a report of this, the widow explained that she had been too ashamed to reveal the facts.

Transvestites who face the greatest risk of exposure are men who are forced by their occupation to wear men's clothing but who cannot resist the temptation of going out from time to time in women's clothing. The anxiety and excitement of such persons are shown in the description by a police secretary (our Case 7) who went out in

Berlin. We are giving here a full account in his own words so that you may get the full effect.

August 17, 1909, was a dry, but not a very nice day. I got dressed up as a woman and left my apartment between four and five o'clock. I was dressed in the following manner: white open-worked blouse; women's knickers; brown open-worked stockings; blue garters; white lace slip; gray corset; blue woolen dress with wide, dark-blue stripes and buttons; small black silk scarf; silver bracelet; white gloves; bright-blue leather handbag with woman's handkerchief; etc.; white parasol; women's boots; gold-blond wig; white straw hat with forget-me-nots and roses; and clip-on earrings.

Several days prior, my young charwoman, who had seen me dressed up like this, warned me not to go into the street dressed like that. The color of my wig, she said, was too conspicuous; besides that, my blouse did not fit me well around the waist. Perhaps people would not take me for a real woman, but rather as a hermaphrodite. She

believed experts, at least, would notice that something was not right.

But I ignored her warnings and left my apartment. No one saw me on the stairs or in front of the front door. There were four to five children who used to be playing there, but no one was to be seen. I was glad to be out of the house.

It is true, some men and even some women on the street did look me over, but apparently no more so than they would ordinarily do to people who caught their interest. Most of the men, women, and children passed me by without taking any notice. W. Street is not a very busy one in general, and that afternoon was no different. When I crossed the street, three pupils, whose colorful caps indicated that they went to a good school, appeared to make fun of me. I acted as if I had not noticed and quietly went my way.

Then I went into an underwear specialty store owned by a Jewish woman on W. Street. I had bought women's underwear there several times, and she knew my inclinations. I had made friends with her and liked to shop there. I had already told her that I would visit her as a

woman, and at that time she said, "Yes, get real dressed up and come over to see me." When I went to see her this time, she was astounded. She said I was very brave to come to her like this because I was very attractive. She admired my courage, she said.

Then several women shoppers came into the store. But no one said anything with regards to me. It is a very, very small shop, enough room for eight persons at most.

One of the young ladies working in a nearby liquor store entered with a small boy and bought something. This boy is the darling of the proprietor, and she played with him. The child also held out his little hand to me, and I patted it. I was sure he notices nothing. The proprietor ordered a lemonade from the young lady, and I, too, ordered one, because it was very hot.

The young woman soon brought the two glasses, and I paid for my drink by opening my leather handbag and handing the young lady the money. She appeared to notice nothing odd about me.

However, the proprietor of the dry goods shop later told me that the young woman had noticed my rather

rough voice and was told that that was the case with some women. I was sitting on a seat in the shop. The proprietor had offered me one by saying, "Please, have a seat, Miss." She then asked me if I wanted to buy some underwear. I said I needed a man's necktie, but it would look odd if I were to buy one now as a lady. She said that I could be buying one for my fiance. She then placed several samples in front of me, and chose one of them.

The saleslady noticed my underwear through my blouse, one I had bought from her, and she brought it to my attention that I had bought it there. She did not want to let me leave, because she appeared to be worried about me, that something would happen to me, because I had told her I wanted to take the tram to Tiergarten Park. She kept on telling me that my wig was too conspicuous because of its color.

Finally, because it would soon have been eight o'clock and dark outside, she said to me that I could go; my hair would not attract so much attention in the twilight. In fact, I learned later that she was right.

In Berlin there are many rough elements, and it was not like being in the mountains, where I could go as a lady unhindered. So, I left the shop and walked along with many people on Weinmeister Street, where I visited a masseuse. There was a girl about twelve years of age standing in the hallway. She was looking at me. I was not used to climbing stairs and stumbled on the very first step. I gathered my dress, and that made it easier. I still do not understand how a woman can climb stairs, get on a tram, etc., without gathering her dress. It's not that my dress is too long; it is as long as it should be.

The masseuse recognized me right away when she opened the door to let me in. She was glad to see me and inspected my noble exterior. I showed her everything. But I did not have a massage because, quite simply, I did not have enough money. How I would have liked to have had myself massaged now as a woman!

After a time I left the masseuse. There was a woman standing on the stairs giving a girl, probably her daughter, chores to do. I went by both of them unnoticed. A man and a woman were standing at the door, and I hurried past

them. So, now I was on the street again, amid the throng of people, which was almost as large as the one on Friedrich Street.

I made my way toward Rosenthaler Gate, passed men and women, even friends I had in my club, and from there on to Elsasser Street, where I visited another masseuse. Here, too, I had a hard time climbing the stairs.

"Is that you again, Gretchen? It's nice to see you again." These were the words with which the masseuse greeted me. She had recognized me right away. She urged me to come inside and likewise looked me over from top to bottom. I showed her my stockings, my little knickers, my little slip, etc. We commented on every item on my person. Likewise, I told her I had come only to show her myself as a lady, but that I would not have a massage. She did not take it amiss but rather remained quite friendly, sat on an ottoman, and indicated to me that I should sit beside her.

We then talked about all kinds of things like two women, two true girl friends talking to each other. Naturally, the main topic was love. When I was with this

masseuse and talking to her, every manly feature was as good as extinguished. I felt I was a total woman and looked upon the masseuse as one of my sisters.

It was almost ten o'clock already when I left her. An older gentleman on L. Street looked back at me. Likewise, on the same street a few young women, maids, etc., were standing in front of a house. They laughed at me, and I distinctly heard them say, "That's got to be a man; let's follow him!" However, I remained calm, and the young women did not follow through on their suggestion.

In spite of that, I became very anxious, and inwardly I wished very much I were at home again.

As I was approaching the Pfefferberg brewery, two young men, who looked like laborers, came toward me. One of them took his hat off to me, held it in his hand, and stood in my path without saying a word. I acted as if I had not noticed and continued walking unhindered.

Four of five half-grown youths were standing on W. Square. They laughed behind my back. One of them kept repeating a local expression, "Oh, look at that funny cow's head! Gosh, what a cow's head! Isn't that a real cow's

head?" These boys had no idea that in my case in truth it was the head of an ox.

Shortly thereafter a whole party approached me. It looked like a father, mother, uncle, aunt, as well as three to four children. One of the men or one of the women in this party said, "My word!" but I do not know if I was being referred to.

"In spite of that, I was still anxious. However, it was only a few houses, and I was standing in front of my own house door. Meanwhile, it had become a quarter to eleven. I quickly took my keys out of my handbag and opened the door. It was pitch black inside on the stairs, which made it all the more difficult for me. Fortunately, no one met me on the stairs. I quickly closed the door to the hallway, and I was safely back home.

Oh, how happy I was! I felt as if I had been saved. Still in my women's clothing, I actually got down on my knees and thanked God nothing had happened to me. The anxiety I experienced as well as the climbing up the stairs literally took my breath away. I undressed and went to bed.

The very next day, I went to a wig maker and had my gold-blonde wig colored brunette.

There are transvestites who never go out into the street, who do so only occasionally, and who do so on a regular basis. Also, there is a fourth class that is especially well-represented in the casuistry of the first chapter of this book, persons who are successful, for longer or shorter periods of time, in leading the life they desire, in the clothing of the other sex, who then are forced by external relationships to return to their own sex.

It is astounding how such persons often deceive those persons they must relate to on a daily basis for such duration their co-workers, room-mates, their employers, their domestic help; indeed, no matter how strange and fantastic it may sound, even temporarily their spouses.

First of all I would like to present two persons who hid their sex for forty years, a British man and an American woman.

In 1904, in the Westminster part of London, a small old man was questioned by the police. On the police record he was listed as Charlie Wilson, but in reality was named Katherine Coombe. For forty-six years, from the age of 23 to 68, she had gone around in

men's clothing unmolested and undiscovered. At age 16 she was married to a schoolmaster who mistreated her. She finally left him and went to the house of her brother who was a sign painter. She learned the same trade, put on men's clothing, called herself Charlie Wilson, and took a job aboard a ship as a painter and decorator. Four years she spent at sea, returned then to London and married, and this time indeed as a man. Her wife was a maid, and they were married by the civil authorities in Westminster, and they both were happily married for fifteen years.

Then the wife died. The female widower again hired herself out as a painter in a large ship factory in London and in this position earned 40 marks per week.

She told the court clerk about her love life:

On my first trip with Captain Peiannie and his wife I experienced my first romance. One of Peiannie's lady friends was aboard ship. She was a pretty and famous actress, and this pretty person, who had been the idol of many Londoners, fell head over heels in love with the curly-haired little shipmate. On her knees she begged me to marry her. I was hardly used to wearing pants and so

embarrassed that I said to her I was only a girl. Her love changed into friendship, and she remained my friend until the day she died.

It was not only here, but everywhere there were young women who fell in love with me. One of them told me that I was kinder and more friendly than most men. Then, when I got my own living quarters, I wanted it to look real nice and sought the friendship of a good woman. I wanted to marry as men do, who work as I do, and so I finally married my first wife, Annie Ridgeway, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

Annie loved me tenderly and was selfless. Our marriage was very happy, but after four years she died, to my dismay. I missed her company terribly. She was a good wife who made a good home, and so, some time later, I remarried.

My second wife was as loyal to me as my first, and for twenty-four years we lived happily together, until death took her from me.

From then on happiness appeared to have evaded her. She gave herself up to drinking, was repeatedly found drunk in Piccadilly, sunk deeper and deeper until finally she had to find refuge in an almshouse, where, before she took the required bath, she herself revealed her secret to the administration (JB 5, p. 1130).

Dr. Mary Walker, a woman who for forty years has been wearing only men's clothing, lives on an estate near the city of Oswego on the east end of Lake Ontario. She is known throughout the entire area.

Some time ago her secret was discovered by accident, but she is not worried about it. Rather she continues to lead the usual life of a gentleman, which suits her fine, without anyone taking offense at it.

She loves to go riding, hunting, and fishing, enjoys plowing, and is an enthusiastic smoker.

The woman in the following case, too, knew how to deceive her acquaintances for a relatively long time. The *Berlin Daily* (*Berliner Tageblatt*) of March 30, 1881, reports:

It may sound like an unbelievable story, but our sources are sound. It happened in Berlin. A few years ago a maid committed suicide in Marzahn, a village near Weissensee. She had a love affair with a butler employed in the village. At the time, everyone assumed the

young woman took her life because her fiance, who was approximately 40 years of age, would not crown their relationship with marriage, no matter how much she pressed for it.

In the course of last week, then, a laborer named K. appeared in M. to make inquiries about his sister, whom he had not seen in 20 years, and who was supposed to have been employed somewhere there. But a maid by that name did not exist there, although there was a butler who did bear this last name, whose bride-to-be, as mentioned above, had taken her life.

The stranger made inquiries at the office of the village mayor. Since he had accomplished nothing, he began to leave. Then coincidentally the butler who was mentioned passed by there. "There's my sister," the stranger shouted. The village mayor thought things were not right upstairs with the man, because that K. had already been working as a servant in Malchow, Marzahn, and other villages for approximately 20 years, so a "sister" there could not possibly be.

The butler was called over and placed in front of the stranger. However, he said he did not know him, and said, besides, that he must be crazy. The stranger was so positive that he was most certainly his sister that the village mayor was forced to conduct an

investigation. It turned out that the supposed butler was in fact a woman. For more than 20 years she had succeeded in deceiving the people about her sex. She had always worked as a servant and as such taken on heavy work. Now, good advice was hard to come by. They did not know what to do with the man-woman. The village mayor held her for two days and then released her when he received instructions from higher up. Last Sunday the unmarried K. was supposed to have hired herself out as a maid in another village.

The Discovery of the Sex after Death

Yet of very great interest are the truly large numbers of men and women whose true sex is discovered only after death or while on their deathbed. In spite of this I fear that the large number of individual cases would somewhat exhaust readers. Therefore, I believe that a summary would be more beneficial, because only by placing the many different events into some order can the corresponding conclusions be drawn from the peculiarities, frequency, and legality of this phenomenon.

The *Echo of the Present* (*Echo der Gegenwart*) of March 9, 1905, contained a report under the headline "The Englishman from Ligneuville," a feature article by Fré Pascal. We quote the following passage:

It could not occur very often that a woman could hide her sex in men's clothing and never have to revert to wearing the clothing of the female sex without the fact coming to light.

Approximately sixty years ago a young Englishman, about 30 years of age, a very charming and handsome fellow, arrived in the well-known holiday resort of Ligneuville near Malmedy. He stayed in a small inn and, since he was pleased with the countryside and the people, he soon purchased the small house of one of the farmers in Pont (very near Ligneuville). He had the place refurbished and furnished to his taste.

The man lived alone quietly; one maid took care of the household and of Mr. de Hawarden, as he called himself. He made no friends or acquaintances. He loved dogs and appeared to enjoy walks in the forest, especially by moonlight. It is also said that he preferred to take walks along the banks of the Amel, as if sunk in reverie.

Mr. de Hawarden had no correspondence; only once a year was the letter carrier permitted to enter the lonely house, namely, when he brought Mr. de Hawarden his

pension check. Occasionally de Hawarden went to Malmedy to go shopping, spoke little in the shops, but in one of the better department stores they noticed that the Englishman acted so much like a lady. Once when one of the proprietors dared to mention this, the Englishman only smiled and quickly changed the subject. The people always remained in the dark regarding him.

In this manner Mr. de Hawarden lived for twenty years in Ligneuville-Pont, until suddenly he became ill. Dr. Closet was called, but before he could arrive, the secretive stranger was dead. Only after the physician had examined the remains did he discover that the supposed gentleman, de Hawarden, was a woman, which greatly surprised the maid.

According to another version, de Hawarden was supposed to have already confided in Dr. Closet about his secret when he had become ill once before.

Mr. de Hawarden did give his true name in papers he left behind; but no one ever found out anything else about him. In his will he requested to be buried in Ligneuville and wrote what he wanted on his gravestone, in the French

language: "Here lie the remains of Miss Meriora Gillibrand, died in Ligneuville March 1, 1862, at 58 years of age, provided with the sacraments of the church."

What story was hidden in this existence? Before her death, Miss Gillibrand told nothing about her date or place of birth, and no one has taken any interest to find out. Hopefully these lines will not cause anyone to research the facts, and the secret of the deceased can remain in peace. Without a doubt the woman carried the secret in her heart, and the small farmers respect that, even if they knew Miss Gillibrand only as "Mr. de Hawarden."

Vasili Popovici, a monk, died in June 1905 in Tzibucani Monastery in Romania at the grand old age of 90. He had lived a contemplative life in the quiet rooms of the monastery for a quarter of a century. Believers in great numbers came from far and wide to pay their last respects to the deceased, whom they considered a saint. How greatly were they astonished, however, when they were washing the body and saw that Vasili Popovici, the monk, was a woman.

The brothers of the monastery notified their superiors. No one had any explanation how it had been possible that the woman had

been able to live in the monastery as a man for twenty-five years. It was true that the deceased did not have the customary beard that the orthodox monks wore but otherwise had totally manly features, and nothing about her pointed to her true sex.

The mayor of Tzibucani brought the case to the attention of the state attorney, and people are anxious to know the solution of the riddle and about the secret hidden behind the remarkable case [MB 7 (1905), p. 12]. There was a widespread legend during the Middle Ages about Saint

Marina. When her father Eugenius became a monk, she put on men's clothing herself, so that she could become a monk and go with him. She changed her name to Marius. As such she was supposed to have produced a child and was cast out. She did not defend herself but took the child as her own. Only after her death did her sex come to light. Bayle, *Historical and Critical Dictionary* (*Dictionnaire historique et critique*), vol. 4, p. 110b, mentions a monk who was supposed to have become pregnant and given birth to a child. And, according to a poem by Jehan Molinet, he was supposed to have possessed the genitals of both sexes and to have impregnated himself. Bayle himself considers him to be a hermaphrodite but does not believe in the self-impregnation. According to the *Chronique*

scandaleuse de Louis XI, this pregnant monk was thrown in jail. According to Robert Gaguin the case occurred in a monastery in Issoire en Auvergne.

A case that attracted much attention a few years ago was reported in the Italian and German newspapers.

An older German gentleman, who called himself Professor Anton Herrmann, died in May 1906 in the little city of Sori on the Genoese Riviera, a few kilometers east of Nervi. To everyone's surprise, after his death it was revealed that this man was the 49-year-old Viennese woman painter Hermine Hermann, the sister of a university professor in Innsbruck. She had been residing in Sori since 1889.

She ordinarily wore a long, black mustache. But some people say that they had seen her without a mustache playing ball in the garden, and a young woman maintained she had once seen her black mustache fall off in church.

In Sori she frequently visited a German couple living there, a former colonel, Dr. Z. and his wife. Especially after the death of the colonel one could frequently see the tiny,

slender professor in the Villa "Wilhelmina," which was tastefully furnished and purchased by his lady friend.

Professor Herrmann later moved into Villa "Moresko," which had been rented by Mrs. Z., and where in 1904, Princess Alice of Bourbon, daughter of Don Carlos, lived for some time with her brother Jaime. The villa was called "la villa misteriosa" for a long time by the people, and it would soon live up to its name again.

A few months ago, Professor Herrmann became ill, and several physicians were asked to make an examination but received no permission. On the day before Easter, the condition appeared to be cancer, and so a priest was called. When extreme unction was to be administered, Mrs. Z. requested that the chest not be exposed, which surprised the priest.

The patient died on Monday, and a brother of the deceased arrived after being notified by telegraph. He notified the priest and the registry of births, marriages, and deaths that Miss Hermine, 49 years of age, had died. The court physician verified the truth and the sex of the deceased. [MB VI (1905), p. 13]

In November 1906, in the little town of Colombes in France, a driver was hurled from his wagon by an automobile and died because of it. Before he was buried they discovered he was a woman. Further investigations revealed that hidden behind this remarkable driver was a young woman from a good family by the name of Klotilde Filly, who thirty years before had left her home after a dispute with her family and since then lived in men's clothing.

Because she was physically strong her friends called her "iron arms." All the riders were afraid of her because of her hot temper and willingness to start a fight. They never, ever would have guessed that there was a woman hidden behind this strong boxer who could throw a heavy punch.

An eccentric man departed this world in Paris in 1903, not without leaving behind an original surprise for all the world to enjoy, which corresponded to his peculiar character.

Marius, an officer worker, was a modest, witty, and well-known journalist and a personality known throughout Paris. He had access to most of the editors' offices of the capital. Marius was small and beardless; people were always in doubt about his age when they saw him. The former president of the board, Burdeau, arranged a place for

him on the editorial staff of *Soir*. He also worked with many other newspapers. Marius's last post was with the sports newspaper *Auteuil-longchamps*. They found him yesterday dead in his bed.

At first they thought it was suicide, but the court physician verified that Marius, at the age of 62, had died a natural death, and thereby came upon the surprising discovery: Marius was a woman (JB 5, p. 1203).

Professor C. Sundberg rendered an account of a case that drew much attention. He made his report to the Swedish Association of Physicians in Stockholm at the end of November 1909.

A man, whose first name was Emil Kristian, had died there of consumption in the 1850s. In his will he requested that Professor Sundberg, whom he knew, should hold a postmortem examination so that his sex finally could be determined without question.

Professor Sundberg undertook the postmortem and discovered that Emil Kristian was a woman. Professor Sundberg himself had the kindness to tell me that this person had been considered a woman up until her twenty-fifth birthday. She had gone to a girls' school, became physically well-developed, frequented the teachers' seminar, passed her examinations, and became a teacher. As such she gradually began painfully to attract attention because of her peculiar

mannerisms. She had a small estate in the country, there undertook the most laborious farm work single-handed, and drank and smoked "like a man." More and more the parents of her pupils began to take offense at her behavior, until there was nothing left for her to do but resign her teaching post.

In the time that followed she nourished herself exclusively by farming. She sold her farm products herself in the neighboring city. She experienced many an adventure traveling to and from the city because of her being robust and because of her peculiar and rough voice.

On one of her longer journeys she took a train and ordered a place on a sleeping car for women. While doing her toilette, another woman became concerned because of her "robust" presence. She called the conductor, who ordered the woman who looked like a man to leave the car. When she disagreed with this order, the station police ordered her to leave the train at the next station. She then ordered them to take her to a physician. They complied, and the physician verified her female sex, and she was permitted to continue her journey in the women's car on the next train.

She became bitter because of these and similar experiences, and finally found a doctor who would give her a certificate verifying

that she was a man. Prof. Sundberg writes to me about it: "I regret having to say that a doctor could make such a diagnosis without consulting a specialist or colleagues who were more critical." Of course, she did not menstruate, had no development of the breasts, uterus and ovaries were not palpable; on the other hand, her external genitals were purely female, but atrophic and thin labia majora and almost no labia minora, clitoris not large, vagina short and narrow. "She" received permission from the court to be considered a man, with the help of a physician and a high-ranking lawyer with whom "she" discussed her case. Accordingly, the local minister made the following change in the registry: "Emma Kristiana, teacher, is to be considered a man from this day forward and be identified as "Emil Kristian, farmer."

Emil Kristian felt very comfortable in men's apparel and as a "man." "He" took care of his farm, and "his" life continued without incident. A few years later "Emil Kristian" became a driver for a beer company in a neighboring town. As such he visited Professor Sundberg a few times and told him of "his" peculiar circumstances. At the wish of the professor, "he" allowed himself to be examined. The professor had his doubts whether "he" was a woman. But he was energetically opposed to any attempt of changing his sex again. In his

pocket, Emil Kristian always carried the legal document stating that he was a man. As Professor Sundberg reported to me, this person was "not homosexual," because, after she was declared to be a man, she always associated with men. Only once did she frequent a woman's company. The *New York State News (Newyorker Staatszeitung)* published an article on November 12, 1907, datelined Trinidad, Colorado:

Miss Catharine Vosbaugh died today in the local hospital. She had lived as a man for sixty years.

Born eighty-three years ago in France, she found difficulty earning a living because of her sex, so she put on men's clothing and took a job as a bookkeeper in Joplin, Missouri. After occupying this position for nine long years, she took a job in a bank in St. Joseph, Missouri. In the latter city she married a young woman with whom she lived for thirty years under the name of Charles Vosbaugh.

Two years ago they both arrived in Trinidad as man and wife. After the death of the wife, Miss Vosbaugh took several other jobs, until last year when she became so weak that she had to be taken to the hospital. Her true sex

was discovered there. Yet even then she hesitated putting on women's clothing and up to the day she died she wore men's clothing. (ZFS, p. 59)

Cases of cross-dressing appear to occur particularly more often in America. What we have seen above about very similar occurrences in Native American Indians points to the fact that cross-dressing was in no way initiated by the modern women's liberation movement.

One case that in recent times was very often observed and discussed was the case of Murray-Hall, the famous politician. Dr. Galager, a physician specializing in fatal illnesses and breast cancer, reported that the deceased was a woman after performing a postmortem on Mr. Murray-Hall's remains. He had a beardless face and gave the impression of being a good-natured elderly gentleman. His voice was a deep alto and could very well be considered a man's voice. He went around for thirty years in men's clothing without giving anyone cause for suspicion. He died at the age of 60 years, and when his secret was revealed after his death, all New York was astounded to hear that the famous citizen and staunch Tammany politician, "Mr." Murray-Hall, was a woman. Even his adopted daughter was greatly

surprised to have become acquainted with this so very novel side of her father after his death.

The most unusual thing, however, is that "Mr." Murray-Hall had been married twice and was supposed to have lived happily with both women. He was the senior partner in a large New York firm and left a legacy of 250,000 marks, after he had donated large sums of money to charity and political organizations during his lifetime. He was one of the most active agitators during the elections, and when the Tammany "boss" was defeated, he was supposed to have been inconsolable. On her deathbed she confessed that she cross-dressed so that she could earn a better living, and her success was her justification (JB 3, p. 583).

Not long after this occurrence another event took place that was similar even down to the name.

Miss Karoline Hall, the daughter of a Boston millionaire and architect, studied painting abroad and had gained some celebrity with her art. She finally took up residence in Milan, where she met Josephine B., who was studying at the art school there. Both women became intimate friends, and when later Miss Hall put on men's clothing, Signorina B. was considered to be Mrs. Hall.

Because of her great admiration for Rosa Bonheur, her colleague, Karoline assumed the mannerisms of a man and put on men's clothing. She was everywhere considered to be a bon vivant and good old fellow. As Count Cassini she was known among the best society in Paris and London. She hunted and played golf in London, frequented the cafes in Paris, went shooting, drank a lot, and behaved exactly like a man.

When she sailed from Genoa to New York on the *City of Torino* with Signorina Boriani as Mr. and Mrs. Hall, she became so ill on board that a doctor had to be called, who discovered her secret. She confessed that she was a woman but requested he keep this from her friends, which the doctor agreed to do. But her illness became worse, and as the ship approached New York harbor, she died (JB 5, p. 1182).

Also, in the case of a fisherman in Brittany, they found out that he was a woman after he died. He was well off; he owned a small fleet of boats and had saved a significant sum as emergency money. He was respected by everyone, and at the time of his death he was a widower. In fact, he had been twice married and had been able to hide his true sex for half a century. No one ever imagined he was a woman, not even the women he married (JB 5, p. 1190).

The following was reported from Spain in November 1906:

The city administrators of Seville must have experienced a nice disappointment on account of their oldest police officer. For thirty years Fernando Marqueuse had kept his superiors in the dark in a most unusual manner. To wit, a few days ago, the 70-year-old took a bad fall and was taken to the hospital. But who could describe the surprise on the faces of the doctors when on November 1 they discovered that the old man had been a woman all his life.

The governor at first could not believe the news of the late metamorphosis of the officer of the peace and that he was actually a woman, and so he immediately ordered a second medical opinion. But he confirmed without a doubt the opinion of the first diagnosis.

Someone pretending to be the other sex, likewise discovered in a hospital, was reported in June 1902 in the Paris newspapers as follows:

Lariboisière Hospital in Paris at this moment has a patient who registered himself in men's clothing as Monsieur Paul, but who soon after turned out to be a woman.

Monsieur Paul is a driver by occupation. He spent years in this position without anyone every suspecting he was a woman. His coworkers assured us that he can handle a whip as well as any good driver, as well as curse and swear as well as one. And yet Monsieur Paul is a woman with a large body, tall and strong as a man, and in every respect has manly features. Her entire person exhibits manly habits, large, wide hands; strong biceps; and sharp, thoroughly manly facial expressions, in spite of the lack of a beard.

Monsieur Paul is a foundling. He was found and taken in by a good family of drivers. She was brought up around horses—she is now 25 years of age. Since she liked the profession of her adoptive father, when she became of age, she put on men's clothing and put a whip into her hand. Not one person suspected that the young driver was a woman.

At the time she was taken to the hospital, she was employed by one of the largest trucking companies in Paris. Since the time of the discovery of her true sex, she has been living in constant fear of losing her job.

The reverse case, of men turning out to be women after death or after serious illness, appears to occur less often. Perhaps manly women have more energy to carry out this very difficult task than womanly men.

We already discussed a 69-year-old collector in Thuringia who was discovered to be a man after she died. Tarnowsky [*Sexual Instinct and Its Morbid Manifestations: A Two-Fold Matter of Jurisprudence and of Psychiatry (L'Instinct sexuel et ses manifestations morbides. Au double point de la jurisprudence et de la psychiatrie)*, Paris 1904, p. 27] reports of a famous British actress, Elisa Edwards, who, "after her death, was discovered to be a man in disguise!"

In Petersburg, in January 1907, there was a case that attracted much attention in wide circles. A few years ago a young lady appeared in Petersburg who wanted to get a job as a teacher and who founded a girls' high school. She was an energetic person,

modest, and had the ability to handle children. So, her enterprise soon became successful, and among her pupils were young girls from the best circles of society. The parents were not suspicious, but some of her pupils did witness one day that when the teacher, accompanied by her pupils, gave a blind beggar woman a few kopeks along with a few kind words, the beggar answered her, "Thank you, sir!" Ever since then they noticed many things about her, her manly sounding voice, her gait, her clothing, which was always an oddly long dress and a jacket. Only when the teacher died did the truth come to light.

In the teacher's apartment, where no one had entered previously because she was very reserved, they found many articles used by a man, for example, a razor, half-full and empty cigarette packs, tobacco pipe, and many other things. And among the papers she left, which now became public, they found the reasons for her disguise. He had used the transvestism to protect himself against police prosecution. Many years ago he had committed a crime of a political nature and was sentenced to hard labor, fled, and since he had only a woman's passport, lived as a woman and led this life happily until the day he died.

The *Courier* (*Grenzboten*, Leipzig, dated March 22, 1906) published a lengthy article by Ch. Baron von Fabrice under the headline "A Strange Personality." It was about someone using the name of Miss Henriette-Jenny Savalette de Langes.

He knew how to get along in the highest circles of the aristocracy. He penetrated this exclusive sphere and remained there to his death. No one ever doubted his sex, although some knew about the facts.

Henriette-Jenny (the author does not give the true name) had mastered the way of an elderly spinster. He was also good at embroidery, crochet, and tapestry. His cooking was famous, and his recipes were much applauded. In bearing, language, gestures, and behavior he was supposed to have been just like a woman, yet the children of Count S., with whom he spent much of his time, called him "Aunty Beardie," because when they kissed "Aunty" they found his beard so rough.

The discovery that Henriette-Jenny was a man was made only after her death, owing to the court physician. A sign was put up at

the house where the supposed Miss Savalette de Langes had lived. It read: "For sale because of the death of the man who in life called himself Henriette-Jeanne Savalette de Langes." That gave the people the idea that the strange woman had been Louis XVII, the poor dauphin of France. Many people at the time did not believe he had died in the temple. [Also see the feature article about this case by Dr. A. v. Wilke, "The Man-Woman of Versailles: An Enigma" ("Das Mannweib von Versailles, ein Raetsel") in the *Berlin Daily* (*Berliner Tageblatt*), No. 438 (1906).]

A report came out of Budapest in March 1903 about a cross-dressed man who was discovered when he was taken to an insane asylum: "A young female dancer was hired a few years ago by the Royal Opera. She soon found success because of her grace and modesty. A few days ago the dancer began to show signs of mental disease and had to be taken to Leopoldifelder Insane Asylum. When examined by Professor Salso, it was discovered that the young female dancer was of the male sex. The authorities were notified."

Suicide in the Clothing of the Other Sex

It agrees with our postulation above that transvestite women appear to exert more energy in fulfilling their roles than do men who tend to simulate women; that, as far as this can be verified by observations up to this time, this causes the latter to prepare an end to their lives more often than the former. I have a great amount of information to report of suicides of men in women's clothing, while being able to present only few examples of the suicide of a woman.

In Koenigsberg in Prussia a few years ago, von F., the owner of an enormous estate and a millionaire by virtue of his art collection, hanged himself dressed in elegant lady's toilette. On the Isle of Wight not long ago, a body dressed in women's clothing washed ashore, a man who turned out to be a distinguished London attorney who was reported missing. The *Berlin Daily* (*Berliner Tageblatt*) of April 19,

1904, reported that a postmortem examination that took place on Staten Island revealed an interesting discovery.

A Captain Tweed, who had crossed the Atlantic Ocean for many years as a captain, had been admitted to a seamen's hostel. Captain Tweed appeared to have become disconsolate because he did not socialize with the other residents of the hostel and finally became seriously ill. On Monday they found his body with his throat cut. There was no doubt that he was tired of life and had committed suicide. When the physician made the prescribed investigation at the postmortem, he discovered that Captain Tweed was a woman. People certainly had wondered about the complete lack of the captain's beard but never suspected anything of that kind.

On May 27, 1891, in Berlin, across from the house at No. 17 Waterloo-Ufer, a man wearing women's clothing was fished out of the water. They could not establish his identity.

The deceased, a strong man in his middle thirties, wearing a little beard with a light whisp of blond in it, was dressed totally as a lady. On his fingers there were a number of decorative rings that were later, however, found to be mostly imitation. Among the rings there was one with a blue stone; a wedding ring, initialed O. J.; a flat, silver ring, initialed M. S.; a similar ring; and a false wedding ring without initials. A white handkerchief showed the symbols H. J. 7.

On November 5, 1903, a young man who had traveled from Dortmund to Bochum committed suicide in a hotel there. There were peculiar circumstances. When the stranger had not appeared in the morning, the door to his room was forced open. Well, a remarkable sight greeted those who entered. Spread out on his bed, wearing a white bridal gown and veil, a myrtle wreath on his head, they found the man's body. He had shot himself in the chest with a revolver. Near the body they found two notes, one of which contained the words: "Dear Mrs. B . . .!" while the depressed man requested in the second note to be allowed to be buried as a bride. The dead man was

later recognized as a 32-year-old worker named Pompluhn from Gerez in Koeslin County.

I had the opportunity of obtaining further details through the kindness of the head physician of one of the departments of the Urban Hospital about another case recently reported in the Berlin newspapers. The notice of the newspaper correspondent went as follows:

We were informed about a mysterious suicide affair from the Friedrichstadt. A young, elegantly clothed lady registered at a hotel on Schuetzen Street near Friedrich Street. She rented an expensive room and wished not to be disturbed. Some time later the service personnel were aroused by an odd noise coming from the room of the newly arrived guest. Finally, they opened the door and then found the person, assumed to be a woman, on the floor swimming in blood. On the table was a sharp knife, with which the dejected person had cut the arteries of her left hand. Then they made the surprising discovery that hiding behind the elegant lady was not a young woman but a male person, a 17-year-old named P., who was living

with his parents in Spandau. On the table they found a farewell letter from the dispirited person, in which he wrote that in the last few days of his life he had truly felt like a person and had enjoyed the beautiful side of his being. The young suicide victim was brought to the Urban Hospital in critical condition.

When I visited P. on the third day after he was admitted, he had only shortly before become conscious, consciousness that he had lost because of the heavy bleeding. His head was totally clear and he was happy about having come through with his life, after I had pointed out to him that the sun was shining and was streaming into his room at the hospital.

I found a very pale, young person whose looks quite matched his seventeen years, with fine, somewhat feminine expressions on his face, soft skin and hair. Little by little I was able to win his confidence. He then told me the following: Since his early youth he had taken great pleasure in women's clothing. A few years ago, after he had seen a man appear as a woman on the stage of one of Berlin's variety theaters, a yearning was awakened in him, which grew stronger and stronger, that he also appear as a women in the

circus or in the specialty theater. His parents his father has a wooden-shoe factory; his mother is a dressmaker—at first did not take seriously this wish, which followed him from the time he got up until he went to bed, and then, when he bothered them about it, they vigorously repulsed him. They then handed him over to study with a painter. In spite of the fact that his master was good, he was not happy, because he still just had to wear women's clothing. Shortly thereafter he read in a newspaper for artists that a young woman in Hamburg, who had wanted to appear as a man, was looking for a partner to play in London, who should take the female's role. He inquired about it and embezzled 300 marks from his parents to travel himself to Hamburg, where the first thing he did with the money was to buy women's clothing. Nothing came of the engagement because the lover of the young woman, a count, insisted that she take no male partner. His spare change soon disappeared. He traveled from Hamburg to Stettin and from there to Berlin, always in women's clothing, and nowhere was recognized as a man, not on the train, where he traveled in the women's section, or in the hotels, where he registered himself as Selma Bruegge. Since he did not trust himself to return to his parents, and they did not want to respect his wish, without whose fulfillment his life would have had only a limited

meaning for him, he decided to cut his wrists. When questioned, he continued that he had chosen a bride, Emmy Sch., with whom he had often been sexually intimate; he loved her dearly, as he was in general attracted to dark-haired young women. He had intended to marry the young woman later, especially since his parents approved of their relationship. He had never felt an attraction to men, also could not understand that it was possible. To be sure he did have a good friend whom he had convinced to attend a masquerade party with him and even in women's clothing; but he was only a good friend, and he loved his bride-to-be in a totally different way. It had been very uncomfortable for him when he noticed his beard was growing; he had tried many depilatories. When he appeared as a woman (he had practiced this many times in secret), he did not have to change his voice, which to be sure is rather high.

I also sent for the parents of the depressed youth, and they confirmed and completed his statements. Both parents are healthy. Willy is their only child; two children had died young. His mother explained that Willy, as a child, had indeed said he did not want to be a boy, and when he received his first boy's suit, he had cried a lot. He had always stayed with her in the cutting room and found creative things to do, especially on the sewing machine, over which he had

total control; she had often forbidden him as a child from always making women's clothing. His main pleasure was always dolls and clothing for dolls; he also liked to knit and especially dress hats; he had played to his heart's content only with girls. His mother had never given it a second thought. His father said that the boy has always appeared to him as "fanciful," that the boy's art teacher had been satisfied with the boy preferring to paint "very romantic pictures" and women in particular. He was easily upset, spoke a lot in his sleep, and often complained about headaches. Both parents said he had been a truly fine, obedient child whom they never expected to attempt suicide; they had only wanted the best for him, sending him to art school and dissuading him from "dumb thoughts" about becoming a comical female impersonator. Of course, they finally now see that they will have to give in to his urges.

Naturally, it is not always the case that transvestites with suicidal tendencies kill themselves directly in the clothing of the other sex. On March 1, 1905, the following article appeared in the Berlin press:

Willibald Grothe, a merchant's assistant in Halberstadt and the 18-year-old son of a military officer's widow, shot

himself on the occasion of visiting relatives. The young man had left his home town about a year ago. At that time he came to Berlin and went around wearing women's clothing. After a week of traveling he arrived on Monday afternoon at the home of his relatives at 16 Mariendorfer Street. His aunt gave him a friendly welcome, but whispered a mild reproach. Whereupon young Grothe sought out a distant place where soon two shots were fired. He had shot himself in the right temple with a revolver.

On February 19, 1909, in Czernowitz, they reported the suicide of a woman dressed as a headwaiter:

The headwaiter of one of the best restaurants, who called himself Michael Semeniuk, died here yesterday. On Tuesday he rented a room from the steward named Sturm on Rotkirch Lane, where yesterday Semeniuk became very ill. The physician who was called wanted to make an examination, but the patient did not allow this. This behavior appeared all the more peculiar to the doctor

because Semeniuk's condition was so alarming. The physician then placed a thermometer in the patient to establish his temperature. At this time the doctor had the opportunity to notice that Semeniuk's physique was feminine. Without making a diagnosis the doctor left. On the next morning he was told that the patient had died. He again returned to the room of the deceased and verified with certainty that Michael Semeniuk, who was approximately 26 years of age, was a woman who for twelve years had worn men's clothing in Czernowitz and was known everywhere as a headwaiter. The cause of death was poisoning.

How Transvestism Is Discovered

It should be noted that all these persons are very reluctant and only with difficulty are persuaded to discuss, even in front of a doctor, the emotional life that led them to transvestism.

As in the cases described, when it is not a matter of serious disease or of a sudden accident, when the need arises they usually consult a doctor on account of illness. Prior to so doing they divest themselves of every piece of clothing, especially underclothing, that conflicts with their own sex.

The reason is not only the modesty mentioned above, but the fact that they themselves consider their inclination and the adherence to it more as something very peculiar than as something pathological. Besides that, they believe—up to now not at all without reason the doctor cannot give them the understanding they need to make a proper diagnosis, which is indispensable for their nervous and

emotional difficulties. This lack of trust also explains the lack of specialty literature containing descriptions and cases of pure transvestism.

To be sure, among the many biographies by Moss there is a series of cases in which homosexuality is associated with effemination and transvestism, but not one case that would belong in the special field covered in this monograph. In the previous chapter I already examined the biographies discussed by von Krafft-Ebing and I. Bloch.

As an aside, Prof. Cesare Taruffi [*Hermaphroditism and the Ability to Procreate (Hermaphroditismus and Zeugungsfähigkeit)*, German by Dr. Teuscher, Berlin: Barsdorf, 1903, p. 197] mentions that he remembers as a student the case of a trial judge who dressed himself as an elegant woman when he was home alone.

Another short but truly interesting description is found in Forel. Unfortunately, from the description it is not clear whether the person in question actually considers himself to be a young woman or only has the intense desire to be one a decisive point for a differential diagnosis. The case, which Forel himself designates as "a purely emotional inversion of the sexual personality, or, if you will, a purely emotional hermaphroditism in sexual anesthesia," reads:

A. M., 22 years of age, resident of a village, son of a drinker, has a feeble-minded sister. Always has been gentle, but very intelligent and alert, with completely normally formed genitals, which have been developing thoroughly normally since puberty. From childhood on has felt he is a girl. He hates the company of boys as well as all manly work; on the other hand passionately pursues cooking, sewing, patchwork, washing, ironing, embroidery, and generally all domestic work.

An irresistible desire drives him to wear women's clothing. Scorn and punishment do not help. He simply maintains he is a girl and wants to have a woman's career. The attempt to perform manly occupations completely failed. His womanly behavior became so suspect that the police considered him to be a woman dressed as a man and threatened him with arrest.

Forced to wear men's clothing he wears women's undergarments, even a corset.

Forel thoroughly examined the case. He writes,

The most interesting thing about it is that A. M. is sexually completely anesthetic. Everything to do with the sex drive is a torture to him. He is more horrified at the thought of sex with men, whom he fears, than normal intercourse with women. He has never had an erection, although, as stated, his testicles and penis have developed completely normally.

His voice, to be sure, is high, and his whole being gives the impression that he is a eunuch. In this case it obviously is a case of sexual anesthesia bound with pure, emotional inversion of the sexual irradiation of the ego.

This very instructive case indicates how the psycho-sexual personality can function independent of the sexual organs, purely in the brain, is predetermined by heredity, and can function even without any sexual feeling and any sexual drive.

The third reason most often given for transvestism, after criminality and disease, is drunkenness. Now and then it happens that persons in a state of intoxication show themselves as men

dressed as women or women dressed as men. In this category both sexes participate, one as much as the other. Following are some examples.

In a police report dated October 12, 1900, it says: "A man in women's clothing was found last night at three in the morning intoxicated to the point of unconsciousness in front of the house at 14 Suisen Street. The supposed woman, who had long, blonde hair and was wearing a large feather hat, was taken by an officer to the nearest mission. When they were about to put her to bed they discovered they had a man on their hands. The man was then taken to the police station."

The Gera newspaper writes in January 1903: "On New Year's Eve around seven o'clock a woman in men's clothing caused a great stir and a public nuisance in the Altenburg castle. She was totally drunk. A police officer was called and placed her under arrest."

In Mount Vernon, a suburb of New York, an individual by the name of Emma, who for several years was the cook for President Roosevelt, was sentenced in September 1904 by a police judge to four months in jail.

Although Emma Becker is approximately 60 years of age, she has still not been able to cure herself of the passion for getting drunk. After she had become totally drunk to the point of unconsciousness in a bar, a police investigation of her revealed Emma was no woman but was a man.

Investigations revealed that in his youth, Becker was raised as a boy. He stated he was teased because of his high voice; they said he must be a cross-dressed woman. That certainly turned him into Emma, whom the police have proceeded to destroy. While still young, Emma B. emigrated from Germany.

On June 22, 1906, not far from the west side train station, a London policeman noticed a fashionably dressed lady who was obviously drunk. Her behavior, which was attracting attention to herself, caused him to approach her to tell her to go home. The lady answered gruffly, using vulgar language. The policeman threatened to arrest her, and a fist in his mouth is what he received. He attempted to seize the lady, but he was beaten to the ground. Other officers arrived and tried to secure the drunken lady, but their efforts were parried. Her resistance was being cheered by the large

audience that gathered. Two policemen got bloody noses and big, black eyes, and they were out of the fight. Finally, seven officers were employed to overcome the lady and take her to the police station.

In the scramble she lost her gold-colored wig, and she tore her satin dress. People saw she was not a member of the fair sex, but rather a herculean man.

He was a sailor, whose one day's leave for recreation in London cost him him three months in jail, a dear price for resistance and bodily injury.

Moreover, John Vonbrugh has a drunk man, Sir John Brute, appear on stage in women's clothing in an old English play, *The Provoked Wife*, from the year 1697. Arrested by the police and brought before the judge, he describes in an amusing way his wife's life as if it were his own.

All other reasons for cross-dressing take a seat far behind those mentioned. Denunciation is a rare occurrence.

A long time ago in a small English city a landlady filed charges with the police. She thought that a young woman living in one of her apartments was a man. Her laundry gave her away almost immediately, and, in fact, her suspicions were supported.

Likewise in England, there was a case in which a woman dressed as a man denounced herself to free herself from the hands of extortionists. The strange life story of this woman---her name was Mary East---attracted a lot of attention in London in the middle of the eighteenth century. She had been married for sixteen years to a young man who turned out to be a hardened criminal and was hanged.

Ever since, she wanted "nothing to do with men." She met a girl friend, and one day they agreed to live together as man and wife. They threw lots to see who should take the man's role, and Mary East won. She immediately put on men's clothing, and the marriage was celebrated as it usually is. The couple lived very happily together. They won a lawsuit and ten thousand crowns, so they ventured to establish an inn.

It succeeded very well under their direction. Except that thirty years later "the wife" became ill and died. Then a woman without scruples, who had known the couple since the beginning of their relationship, tried to extort a lot of money from the "husband."

A case was built against the female extortionist. The details mentioned came to light during the trial and attracted much attention.

Mary East, whose man's name was James How, died in 1781 at the age of 64 years.

The following case was discovered in an unusual way. Based on the testimony given by Dr. Toeppens, Johann Burger, a typesetter, was arrested in St. Louis. Two years ago Berger left Leipzig to go to St. Louis with a very young woman, Hedwig Lutze.

He got a job as a typesetter in the print shop of the German newspaper, *Die Tribuene*. He rented an apartment for himself and his so-called stepsister, Hedwig Lutze, from one Gammater, a jeweler who had emigrated from Berne. Burger immediately began a love affair with Martha, the daughter of his landlord. Gammater, who saw his daughter's passion for Burger grow from day to day, made inquiries into Burger's past employer, one of the largest printers in Leipzig. No one by that name had ever been employed at the printers in question. But the dates did coincide with those of a woman typesetter, Anna Mattersteig. She was in the company of a young woman, Hedwig Lutze, when she left Leipzig for America. In Leipzig she always was sorry she was not a man, but she certainly would wear only men's clothing in America.

Anna Mattersteig was born in Sellerhausen on December 26, 1863. She had worked at the printers from 1880 to 1893. This

information left no doubt that Anna Mattersteig and Johann Burger were one and the same person. Anna Mattersteig testified before the court that she felt innocent of any wrongdoing. She felt she was a man and only because of an error of nature was she born a woman. It never occurred to her at all to live a life in such an error. If they thought she was guilty of wrongdoing, then she would accept the punishment, but she would not agree to put on women's clothing. They would have to lock her up for life (JB 2, p. 452).

A Russian farmer in 1903 turned to the government health agency with a very peculiar request. He reported his wife was a man and wanted her to be declared as such.

Ruskoje Slowo, a local newspaper, reported the lady who stood before the court did, in fact, look like a man. She was wearing a man's shirt, high Wellington boots, and had a man's haircut. After the medical examination of the woman, who was young and looked like a handsome youth, the medical authorities could not grant the request and stated that his wife was a woman.

The little farmer was dissatisfied with this opinion and remained stubborn. He said he should know best about his

wife. He went on to say that even though they had been married for four years, his wife remained childless and, as things were, would remain childless. The farmer needed testimony, as he said, so he could get church permission to file for a separation.

We discussed above about the marriages of transvestite men and women. The partner who is inclined this way must inform the other partner that cross-dressing is a condition for completing cohabitation, because, if the other party is unwilling, the marriage will not last. We have seen the results of this in the expert opinion given regarding the case of R., the married man with the corset fetish.

But I did state earlier—and the following examples, too, attest to this—that people given to transvestism often enjoy happy marriages, and this is as true for those who have married a person of the opposite sex dressed in same-sex clothing as it is for those who have married without such clothing. As we have seen, both occur.

Which sex is preferred depends firstly, if not exclusively, on the sexual orientation. In each case it is terribly difficult to form an opinion in which direction the drives are oriented from the short notices by which most cases of cross-dressing come into public view. From

what little is known, we can hardly decide if it is case of true transvestism or if purely external motivations led to transvestism.

The former is to be assumed when the transvestism is constant, of very long duration, or repeated after short intervals. For example, if an actor on the stage occasionally plays a woman's role among many other roles, then this probably is considered only a task. But if he constantly plays women's roles, particularly these days, when the stage is not closed to women as it was in Shakespeare's day (see below); also, if he wears women's clothing outside of the theater, then one could easily conclude that this was a case of a true drive towards effemination.

The case is the same of women who wear men's clothing at work or in sports. If this occurs only on these occasions, there may be no transvestism. But it is to be assumed when these women say they wear men's clothing to facilitate their work but always make use of the same clothing outside of the said activities.

It speaks for transvestism when wearers give little support for their reasons or ones that are closely related to the desire to cross-dress; for example, when women say they cross-dressed to become soldiers. That is not in any way to say that the persons in question intentionally give false motivations for their actions. They do it mostly

unconsciously, and they themselves are not too clear about the actual reasons, interweaving essential and unessential things, personal and external reasons, which may or may not interrelate but which are closely connected ideas.

Of course, intentional falsehoods do occur. The following is an example:

A New York policeman on his beat noticed a person in men's clothing come running and screaming out of a restaurant. It sounded like a woman's scream. When the policeman got closer he saw that it was in fact a woman, approximately 27 years of age, in men's clothing. She was taken to the police station where it was revealed that she had had a dispute with an Italian in the restaurant. The Italian had thrown a glass of beer at her, severely wounding her forehead. The police took away the loaded six-shooter she had in her purse.

Asked why she cross-dressed, she said she hoped that in this costume she could help her sister escape from prison. Investigations revealed this story to be false. Actually, the woman is married to a 40-year-old man who stated that his wife had been showing "weird" tendencies for a long time; she had always expressed the wish to be a man and be able to run around like one. She put on men's clothing whenever she could, and when her husband got into a fight with her

about it, she said she would leave him and go wherever she wanted;
"and that's exactly what she did!" [MB (April 1905), p. 11]

The following statement by an apparently homosexual man bears the stamp of incredibility (JB 5, p. 1204):

A remarkable, yet true story took place in the southwest side of Berlin. A widow living there was looking for a woman as a domestic helper. On the very same day, a young woman presented herself. Although she was wearing a high hair-do, she was employed because she was pleasant. She called herself "Rieke," did everything, even the washing, to her employer's full satisfaction. She had only one failing, that she kept company with the men renting rooms from Mrs. R. That continued for some weeks until one of the tenants confided in her that he really believed the woman was no woman. A casual event came to assist the exposure of the secret. "Rieke," who did not sleep at Mrs. R.'s, said, namely, that she wanted to go to a masquerade party and wanted to show off her costume. When she was changing, she said she was no young woman. And it was so. The disguised young man was

glad; he gave away his secret with a smile and said he undertook the experiment because he could find no work as a painter. Naturally, the young man in women's clothing was immediately released from his duties.

Transvestism for Reasons of Normal Sexual Love and Jealousy

It is often hardly possible to tell whether transvestism is a partial manifestation of a homosexual inclination or the main and primary element in those cases that are not carefully analyzed in the stories of historical and newspaper accounts, especially when we consider, as we have seen, that in many transvestites the actual sexual moment retreats extremely far behind the wish to cross-dress. One just has to be reminded of Forel's case mentioned above where a person appears to be almost asexual.

In some cases the heterosexual orientation cannot be at all denied, for example, when a woman puts on men's clothing to work by her husband's side. Some time ago a woman was discovered working in one of the American coal mines. She was doing heavy

work by her husband's side. She had wanted to be able to stay with him all the time.

A department manager in a large department store in Germany was very successful because of her ambition and energy. She lived together with a woman co-worker in the same store. One day they were to be picked up by a third woman co-worker to go for a walk. However, the visitor showed up an hour earlier than expected. The result was a surprising discovery. The department manager was just —shaving himself. A look round the place left no doubt that she was a man. He assumed the other sex so that he could live together undisturbed with the other young woman, whom he adored and watched over jealously.

A very curious transvestite story took place a few years ago in Lubeck. A policeman noticed an odd couple on Holsten Street, which goes from the train station to the city. It was a farmer and a youth dressed as a young artist, who was acting strangely. The policeman thought the youth was a lady in men's clothing, followed both of the fellows, and, as they approached the police station, asked them to go inside. The youth was asked to take off his hat and wig as well as his blue eyeglasses. The farmer was very upset about his friend being stripped. While on the train to Lubeck, his "friend" had entered his car,

and they became friends almost immediately. Now the farmer was in for an unexpected surprise. His "friend" turned out to be his own wife. She had wanted to follow her husband unrecognized, because he had wanted to go to Lubeck to celebrate Christmas alone.

This is not the only case where jealous and curious women in men's clothing have followed their husbands. They wanted to make sure their husbands remained loyal. Moreover, this motif has been used many times in literature.

I know of a divorce case in Berlin where the wife used this means to prove her husband's disloyalty.

The following event took place around Berlin in August 1890. A man dressed as a young woman met a young woman at a dance and later tried to rape her in an open field—a case in which there can be no doubt of the heterosexual nature of the transvestite man. Both young women agreed to leave the dance by foot and walk to Berlin. Suddenly, the one forcefully pushed the other to the ground and tried to rape her. Just then the Berlin woman, to her horror, recognized that it was a young man in women's clothing. She cried out for help, but her opponent held her mouth shut. They struggled hard for at least a quarter of an hour. Men from a neighboring town finally appeared and

rescued the young woman. "The young fellow will have to pay dearly for the crime he committed in the clothing of the other sex."

The famous knight and minnesinger Ulrich von Lichtenstein was motivated by his love for women to put on women's clothing. In his autobiography, *In the Service of Ladies, or History and Love of the Knight and Singer Ulrich von Lichtenstein, Described by Himself* [*Frauendienst oder Geschichte und Liebe des Ritters und Saengers Ulrich von Lichtenstein. Von ihm selbst beschrieben* (from an old manuscript, edited and published by Ludwig Tieck), J. G. Cotta: Stuttgart and Tuebingen, 1812], he describes in detail how he had women's clothing made in Venice, "twelve skirts and thirty women's sleeves on shirts and three white coats of silk and one white hat decorated with white pearls" and provided himself with "two large and long brown braids" that reached his waist, "as well as satin gloves." In this manner he rode like a queen with a body of knights through the countryside from Venice to Vienna, "looking for many handsome women and kissing their ruby lips." Here are his actual words:

On the morning of the next day, while I was still in bed, there must have been 200 women waiting outside the lodge to find out when I would be going to church. One of

my valets saw the women and asked me if I, "Noble Queen," knew that many lovely women, all the women of the city, had come and had been waiting for me for some time now. When I heard that news I quickly got dressed in clothes that only a woman of worth would consider: a small, long, white shirt with two beautiful arms, a small skirt that was as small and as white as a swan, and a white coat of silk with many animals embroidered on it with gold thread. I dressed my hair with my long braids with pearls set in them. I wore a veil so that only my eyes could be seen. I put on a peacock hat, gloves, and like this I went out enthusiastically and was greeted by many ruby lips. They said, "Welcome, Queen Venus!"

In chapter 12 he reports,

I took a comfortable room in Villach, and on the next day I heard a wonderful Mass. I had put on splendid women's clothing and gone to the church. Many men laughed about it. Afterward, I wanted to put on a splendid toilette, and so I looked through all my dresses and found one I did not

recognize. I asked my valet where it had come from. He answered, "My Lady, I do not know." I said that was a miracle, someone giving you a dress and your not knowing who it was. I loosened the dress and found a belt, a headdress made of flowers, and a stitched booklet, all of which were very pretty; there was also a letter in German in it. I was very angry and said, believe me, this treasure will bring trouble! _He said, "Dear Lady, do not be angry; for the life of me I do not know who gave it to me." I quickly had the letter read to me, which went as follows:

Hail Venus! Noble Queen!
Do your noble deeds through me!
Women owe you greatly,
To us you are so saintly.
Thank you for your travesty,
Humbled, please accept from me
Venus, dear, from all of us!
Forevermore,

—Anonymous!

Ulrich was especially proud that he could act as a woman very naturally. In chapter 17 he says,

I put on pretty clothes and was in a good mood when I rode up to the castle, where I received a warm welcome. The innkeeper and his wife came toward me, and many women followed them downstairs. Their dresses, in many cases reaching the stairs, their good gestures, their gentle customs, and their loving appearances touched my heart. Since they were approaching me, I did not want to stand there and be uncouth, so I went toward them. All the women smiled because I was so relaxed and was wearing women's clothing and such lovely braids. We laughed a lot about it. The innkeeper said, "Dear Queen, welcome." I approached him with proper taste: the women greeted me, too. I went over to one of them and kissed her. She became as red as a beet. I went to another one who, out of modesty, too, became embarrassed. The lady of the house took me by the hand to a pretty church. They sang a Mass in praise of God, and many women stood by my side; I have to confess that God was not well served. I almost got

caught in the web of love by many sweet glances from sparkling eyes, and my loyalty alone warded them off so that I was not captured by love. It seemed as if the women were reaching my heart by penetrating my eyes by the sight of their sweet gestures and pretty appearances. I saw their ruby lips smiling and sweetly talking to me. Alas, if I had lost my faith they would have forced my senses.

And he continues,

So, I stood with my thoughts as one with women on his mind. I did not know where I was until they began to read the gospel. Since it was another minister who began, I came to my senses. Since people wanted to go to communion, I begged the lady of the house to go before me. She said, "How would that appear: my going before the Queen?" So, I went to communion, and many pretty women followed me. They laughed a lot when they saw me acting out many women's gestures and the way I moved myself. My steps were hardly the width of a hand:

how slowly and softly I walked to and from my place. I celebrated the service exactly as the women had.

In spite of the fact that he wore women's clothing, he jousting with one hundred knights in battle and played the part valiantly. In Keller's *Stories from Old German Manuscripts (Erzaehlungen aus altdeutscher Handschriften)* there is also the story of a Friedrich von Auchenfurt who was promised by his lady that she would be faithful and would be his if he were to go into battle in women's clothing without armor; he did so and was badly wounded.

Ulrich continued, "Many said, 'Oh! Look at Queen Venus knocking down those knights. I have never seen a woman being able to bring down a man like that.'" He once even battled against a knight who was also dressed as a woman: Otto von Buchawe, widely known for his "proper behavior and manliness." When the herald challenged him, Ulrich replied, "Before all men I am a maiden, and I am sleeping with women with great joy. If your woman is a true wife, then I truly can earn your respect without armor. The herald replied, "Then let it be known to you that my woman is a brave knight and has dressed as a woman; he is an affectionate man and often has risked his life for an affectionate wife. I said, if your woman is a man and wants to

honor me in battle, then that makes my heart glow, and his wish is granted, because his challenge was put so beautifully."

Ulrich von Lichtenstein only once refused a challenge in the beautiful play between knights, and that was because he had heard that that person, Hadmar von Chunringe, "courted the men." Some transvestites today are great enemies of homosexuals just as it was with Ulrich, although he went out in women's clothing. He describes homosexuals in his *Women's Book (Vrouwen-bouch)* as follows:

What will people be doing next,
What they are not doing with the opposite sex?
Animals know much better
To get caught in such a fetter.
You surely know what I mean,
The act is so unclean
I cannot give a name,
To the damned who live in total shame.

Criticism of the Supposed Motivations for Cross-Dressing

It is recommended to become better acquainted with the external causes mentioned for transvestism insofar as such can be established in general or were given. The motivation will lead us to essential points of departure to decide the difference between a purely external masquerade and a driven inclination.

Motivations we meet with here are very diverse and often highly personal. On the island of Madagascar men are often supposed to dress as women to evade taxes. Women do not pay tax there. Numerous men spared nothing—so the traveling writers report—they let their hair grow long, put on women's clothing; indeed, they even went so far as to hire themselves out as maids to Europeans. These womanly men were called "sharimbary," and before the French occupation, Madagascar was swimming in such individuals.

In recent times authorities have intervened and energetically taken action against this kind of tax evasion, so that "sharimbarys" are decreasing in number, but individual cases are punished still, "mostly in Tananarivo."

Of course, the French authorities assumed the purpose of the travesty was tax evasion, but surely there were other cases. Have we not seen that travesty already existed as one of the customs of the people of Madagascar? It would be easy to prove. Just tax the women.

Freienwalde, a little place in Prussia-Silesia, was until recently the residence of a highly talented man named Clemens Jung, who had lived in women's clothing a full seventy years, supposedly so that he could hide his wooden leg. His right leg had been amputated as a result of a bad fall he had taken as a child. His neighbors called him "Ol' Clementine."

He entertained them with his harmonica, and what they gave him was enough to survive on. A picture shows him with his distaff, and he makes a thoroughly womanly impression. His wooden leg is clearly visible, which makes his reason for living a single life of a woman less credible than he would have us believe. Trousers would have done the job just as well to cover the artificial limb. He would

have worn them long ago if in his soul he had not wanted to put on women's clothing.

A mannishly dressed woman artist, the Caroline Hall, alias Count Cassini, mentioned above, gave the reason for her transvestism as follows: admiration for Rosa Bonheur. This reason cannot be taken seriously. People will hardly fail to notice that she loves the image of herself, or better the spiritual features they fulfill and which wrestle within her to be expressed. A more enlightened explanation, one which we have met with repeatedly, would be the desire to put on the clothing of the other sex because one's own does not agree with the secondary sexual characteristics of the body.

I have given a series of examples in several passages where police officers considered women as cross-dressed men and men as cross-dressed women and would only like to refer once again to Mrs. K., who was arrested seven times on suspicion of being clothed as a woman.

In these cases it can be a matter of a combination of androgyny, homosexuality, and transvestism, thus an intermediary stage of the second, third, and fourth degrees. Yet it is also possible that there is only an intermediary stage of the second degree, thus only womanly

masculinity and manly femininity or a union of androgyny with transvestism.

One of the most famous transvestites of all times to put on women's clothing on his womanly exterior was the Chevalier d'Eon. My work would be incomplete if I did not give special treatment to the peculiar lifestyle of this man whom everyone discusses. My main source of reference is his well-documented edition of his memoirs arranged in 1836 by Frederic Gaillardet, *Memoirs of Chevalier d'Eon: Family Papers and Authentic Sources Written Down in the Archives of the Ministry of External Affairs, Edited and Published for the First Time by Frederic Gaillardet (Memoiren des Chevalier von Eon. Aus dessen Familienpapieren and nach authentischen Quellen)*, a free translation from the French by Dr. E. Brinckmeier (Brunswick: C. E. Meyer), 1837.

Of his eighty-three years, d'Eon spent forty-nine as a man and thirty-four as a woman. The controversy over what sex he belonged to was carried out with great enthusiasm for decades. Particularly in England did he make a stir. It was said that in England bets on his sex amounted to 200,000 pounds sterling, while in France it was 80,000 pounds.

Some people said, and they were convinced, he was a man; others claimed with just as much enthusiasm for the female sex, and still others declared he was a hermaphrodite.

D'Eon was born on October 5, 1728, in Tonnerre, a little city in Burgundy. It is reported again and again in his biographies that he received a masculine and feminine first name when he was baptized. This is what it says in the *Biographie Universelle* by Michaud: "In the church registry they gave him the name Charlotte, Geneviève, Louise, Auguste, Andrée, Timothée." But this is not correct. The right baptismal certificate reads: "On October 7, 1728, Charles Geneviève, Louis, Andrée, Timothée, the legitimate son of the Honorable Louis d'Eon de Beaumont, director of the Royal Domain, and of Lady Francoise de Chavanson, was baptized. Date of birth the 5th of this month. Godparents were Charles Regnard, legal representative in Parliament, bailiff of Ausy, Lady Geneviève d'Eon, wife of Mr. Maison, wine merchant in Paris, who have also signed." (Extract from the Registry of the Church of Notre Dame in Tonnerre.)

In this baptismal certificate there are only two names with feminine endings: Geneviève and Timothée. The latter is usually a man's name and is written the same way whether masculine or feminine. The former in itself is not more striking than the names

Marie, Sophie, Eleonore, which were given to many Catholic men in France and are still used. Besides, these names can originate directly from his godmother or aunt.

It also appears to be incorrect that, as many say, he was raised as a girl up to age 10. More likely he had been a very lively boy. Gaillardet describes him as a true boy. On the other hand, the same author writes,

Chevalier d'Eon was gentle by nature. At age 10 his mother liked to dress him up in his sister's clothes. He was supposed to have acted exactly as a little girl in these costumes, so fine was his waist, so soft his hands, so small his feet. But underneath the external form of the young girl the young boy stirred. Taking part in both natures, he possessed manly strength under a womanly exterior. Still in his twenties he possessed all these qualities: long blonde hair, gentle, blue, transparent eyes; not tall, but robust, muscular. His arms remained totally soft, his fingers long and narrow; but when he collected his powers, his hands became so strong that one thought that iron tongs were hidden under this rosy skin. A person

could circle his waist with both hands. He used to wear one woman's glove, had no beard; he hardly showed any fluff on his chin.

His sex drive appeared long after maturity and seemed to be an extraordinarily weak one. It is especially pointed out that the "purity of his heart was shocked at the threshold of the brothel." He expressed himself in 1771, thus 43 years of age, in a letter to Count Broglie, "It pains me that I am still as nature made me, and that my peaceful temperament never leads to lust. This is what gives my friends in France, Russia, and England the impression that I am of the female sex."

There are no reasons to believe d'Eon was homosexual. Of course, when he lived as a woman, people said he had a love affair with Beaumarchais, the famous author of *The Barber of Seville* and *The Marriage of Figaro*. But these obviously issued from the mouths of those betting, a legend that one could understand of a person known to many. On the other hand there were erotic inclinations toward beautiful women, for example, Countess Marie Rochefort and Milady Ferrers, especially Nadège Stein, and others who played a significant role in his life.

In 1755 we find him in Paris in the house of Countess Rochefort, a young widow, who had more of a maternal relationship with her "Benjamin," as she called him. He himself writes in his biography, "The white, gentle fingers of the carefree countess played with the long, blonde curls of my soft hair. I began to shake, and when I was touched by this woman's hand I was seized by a feeling I had not known before."

She introduced him to the court on the occasion of a costume party at Versailles. Upon the advice of the friends of the countess, the feminine youth appeared in an elegant party dress from her wardrobe, that she allowed him to wear. D'Eon makes the remark,

Just the mere thought aroused in me a shudder of unspeakable joy—to put on one of the countess's dresses; to feel a dress next to my skin, one that had covered the bosom of this fair lady, this material which had touched that beautiful body. This dress must have been filled with the aromatic emanations of the woman who had worn it. It will intoxicate me, because even the thought of it intoxicates me. I had to get dressed, because it takes a lot of time to put on women's clothing. They turned me over to

an older chambermaid who had grown old in the diplomacy of the dressing table and was above reproach.

At the court ball he caught the eye of Louis XV, who had no idea that a man was hidden in the pretty young woman. A funny incident occurred. The king requested the company of Mademoiselle d'Eon and retired to a neighboring room with her. She made it clear to the gallant monarch that he had made a mistake about his true sex. Madame Pompadour, the king's favorite, suddenly entered. She had in the meantime been informed about d'Eon. She laughed heartily and—excused herself.

From then on the king received the bright, young, and clever chevalier and soon decided to send him on a diplomatic mission to Russia, dressed as a woman, to the court of Empress Elizabeth (it was during the political upheaval of the Seven Years' War), to reconcile Russia with France. At the beginning of June 1755, the Chevalier d'Eon, 27 years of age, received from the hands of the Prince of Conti a complete young woman's wardrobe, and in the costume of the other sex he left with Chevalier Douglas.

En route the travelers stayed a long while in Neu-Strelitz. Chevalier Douglas, d'Eon's escort, pretended he was her uncle. The

young, interesting niece was warmly received by the ducal family.

One of the daughters of the deceased duke, the young Sophie Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (later Queen of England), formed a particularly close friendship with one whom she supposed was a young woman, and became so deeply attached to her that it caused Chevalier Douglas much anxiety. He therefore suggested they take their leave. The princess gave Mademoiselle d'Eon a letter of introduction to one of her friends in Petersburg, Nadège Stein, the "honorable friend of Her Majesty the Empress of all Russia." This recommendation was of great import for d'Eon. Nadège became the one true love of his life.

Empress Elizabeth (see below) was charmed by the beautiful mademoiselle and soon engaged her as a reader of French books. She became even more charmed when he finally confided in her that he belonged to the male sex.

The czarina was not the only one in Petersburg who fell in love with her. Many others, too, were charmed by the beautiful French woman. Among them there were Milord Ferrers, Peer of England, admiral, famous mathematician, and physicist of the Lavater school. He was known to be able to read fluently the symbolic secret writing on any human's face, an art, however, that suffered shipwreck in the

case of d'Eon: Milord, in love with the supposed young woman, wanted to go behind his wife's back. D'Eon betrayed him to Milady.

Unfortunately, there is not enough room, as interesting as the utterly singular life of the knight d'Eon was, to go into it in detail here. He fulfilled his mission in Russia with great skill. When he returned to France, it says in his biography,

Chevalier d'Eon triumphantly left for Versailles, but his heart remained in Russia. In spite of her white forehead and her languishing eyes, it is not Milady Ferrers; in spite of the splendor of her throne, and in spite of her acts of kindness, it is not Empress Elizabeth whom he was saddened by. It is Nadège! Poor, lonely Nadège! He was sent to Russia twice dressed as a man, supposedly as the brother of Mademoiselle d'Eon, on a political mission. On his third stay the czarina took great pains to chain him to Russia. But he could not decide to stay. Before he came home he took care of some matters in Vienna. There he visited, again in women's clothing, Neu-Strelitz. Here he became seriously ill. He was given tender love and care by Duchess Sophie Charlotte, who had no idea about his true

sex. Well again, he went to Paris, but did not remain long. He joined an army unit in the north Rhine that was confronting Frederick the Great on the battlefield. He served under Marshal Broglie in difficult operations during the Seven Years' War. Under Hoexter he led a transport unit with gunpowder, over the Weser River, met Ultropp, and was wounded in his hands and head. He distinguished himself in the victorious battle of Wolffenbuettel, became a captain of a unit of dragoons, named a knight of Saint Louis, and after the campaign ended returned to France, where he immediately assumed the post of plenipotentiary and was sent to the court of St. James. King Louis wrote to him at the time (Versailles, October 4, 1763): "You have served me just as well in women's clothing as you have in the clothes you are now wearing," and the Marquis de l'Hôpital congratulated him with the following words, "I wish you luck in your new character as a plenipotentiary. You are suited to any high position and will win honor. You have what it takes to inspire people, spirit, and courage, and with them unite the features which regularly accompany first two, virtue and honor. You are now

recognized as a genuine, pure man, Vir! Whatever you are lacking in a physical sense, the exceptional success of your character and the good application of your time will stand out beyond all question."

The more fame and admiration he won, the more the monarch honored and rewarded him, the greater the number of his enemies became. At the top of the list was Count Guerchy. They wrote pasquinades and lampoons against him. Naturally, again and again they maintained that he was a hermaphrodite. He defended himself against them by publishing his letters and memoirs. He had already had a two-volume book published, *Customs (Usages)*, that had attracted many antagonists to him. Finally, his detractors went so far that he fell out of grace with King Louis. At that time he wrote to Duke Nivernais,

"Weeping, I am sending you, dear Duke, my political testament. It is for a people whom, in spite of their shortcomings, I love to a frenzy. I painfully see myself forced to call back at them: Ungrateful country, you have no heart! I am closing with a passage from Bacon's testament: `My compatriots will recognize me after I am dead.'"

Meanwhile, in England the opinion spread more and more that Chevalier d'Eon was a cross-dressed woman.

At one time Queen Sophie Charlotte called him to her because her child was ill, and she wanted advice. George III, her husband, entered the room and the following, from an eyewitness report, occurred:

"How long have you known this person?" George III asked. "I saw him for the first time in 1755 in Neu-Strelitz, where he had arrived from France with a man from Scotland. He went, or rather, she went to the court of Empress Elizabeth, because at the time he was a young woman."

"A young woman! Have you seen him as such?" "Yes, I and my family, because she was staying a while at the palace."

"And no one had any idea he was a man?"

"No one, not in Neu-Strelitz nor in Petersburg, where he was the private reader of the Empress."

"Odd!" the king mumbled and appeared greatly roused. "I immediately want to write to my ambassador in Versailles so that he can obtain an explanation from Louis XV about this secret."

When Louis XV received the question he became embarrassed. Because he was not able to make a decision in this difficult case, he

referred it to Madame Dubarry, Pompadour's successor, and she asked Duke Aiguillon, her favorite.

D'Eon wrote about this secret council in his diary: "They finally decided I was a woman. I later received the details from Dubarry herself. Louis XV shared with George III the observations of me by Duke Praslin on account of my sex. With this he added the letters and dispatches sent to me in St. Petersburg or ones sent by me, as well as a few notes from the empress to her female reader."

As soon as George III received the answer from Louis XV along with the documents, he lost no time sharing them with his court. After a few days all of London knew, and from all sides you could hear: Chevalier d'Eon is a woman. One would deny, another affirm it. The bets were raised, and Chevalier d'Eon's sex became a stock market speculation.

We will pass over the proceedings and sensationalism that took place now all year long in London about his sex, including the correspondence between d'Eon and the sovereign's ministers following Louis's explanation. Besides the question of what sex he would belong to in the future and what clothing he should wear, these letters concerned his financial and social standing.

Beaumarchais finally intervened. Louis XVI, very religious and adverse to any scandal, had ascended to the throne. Beaumarchais made a contract with d'Eon, who was now 50 years of age, using the following words:

We, the undersigned, Pierre, Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais, by special order of the King of France, dated Versailles, August 25, 1775, to Chevalier d'Eon in London, on the one hand—and Miss Charles, Geneviève, Louise, Auguste, Andrée, Timothée d'Eon de Beaumont, former captain of the dragoons, knight of the Royal and military Order of Saint Louis, plenipotentiary of France at the royal court of Great Britain, also doctor of civil and canon law, legal representative in the parliament in Paris, royal censor for history and fine arts, ambassador to Russia with Chevalier Douglas to resolve differences between both courts, ambassador and secretary of the Marquis de l'Hôpital, empowered ambassador to her Royal Highness the Empress of Russia, diplomatic secretary of Count de Nivernais, empowered French ambassador in

England at the conclusion of the last war on the other hand, are agreed:—

This contract describes d'Eon as if he were a woman in men's clothing (not the reverse), and assures him an annual pension of 12,000 livres and expenses. He himself writes in the agreement, "I volunteer to declare myself as a woman in public, to state my position without a doubt, and to wear women's clothing until the day of my death, unless designated by His Majesty to wear men's clothing while serving in the military, where it would be impossible to wear women's clothing. I will attempt to get used to it by living at the Royal Abbey of Bernardine Sisters or some other women's cloister of my choice, whither I would retreat for a few months after my arrival in France."

However, he stipulated that he wanted to be allowed to wear the Cross of St. Louis over his women's clothing. He wrote, "This cross has always been a reward for bravery on the battlefield. Many officers have become priests or politicians and have worn this distinction over their new apparel. Therefore, I do not believe that a brave woman, who was raised in men's clothing by her family, can be denied this right after she has carried out the dangerous duties in a praiseworthy fashion."

The closing order of the king reads, "By order of the king! Charles, Geneviève, Louise, Auguste, Andrée, Timothée d'Eon de Beaumont will abandon the usual uniform of the dragoons worn by him and again dress himself in the apparel of his sex, with the prohibition of appearing in the realm in articles of clothing other than women's. Given in Versailles, August 27, 1777. Signed. Louis."

The young queen Marie-Antoinette herself attended to his new trousseau.

On a November evening in 1777, Gaillardet writes,

Chevalier d'Eon disappeared one day and appeared again the next, astounding the center of Paris and Versailles as a lady. The court and the city applauded this kind of visible metamorphosis. Everyone closed in for a better view of the new Joan of Arc found in a dragoon who had nothing left of her uniform except a beautiful, large Louis Cross, resting proudly on a cotton pillow, which was meant to help the natural lack of a bosom. Copper etchings depicted her from all sides and in every costume for the eyes of a curious public.

One of them engraved in London depicted her as Pallas with a helmet on her head, a lance in her right hand, and a shield in her left. Words around it said: "And now grave Pallas dictated her decisions." Beside her there are flags with the motto: "The ruins will her smite her unafraid."

Soon after he put on women's clothing never again to put them aside, he had the great joy of seeing Nadège Stein again, the love of his youth. He thought she was dead, but she had only been exiled by Empress Elizabeth. He writes about it in his diary:

"One day the door opened and a woman walked in, dressed in the costume worn by those in northern Russia. My eyes fell on her face. I cried out loudly and went like lightning into her arms. Nadège! It was she. I recognized her beautiful manly face, in spite of the changes caused by suffering and time. I hung on her neck, embraced her, suffocated her with my kisses."

Both then went together to Tonnerre, his old Burgundy home, and two years later to London, after the end of the war between England and France. During his stay in Tonnerre he received a visitor who would be of interest to people who know about the history of

sexual intermediaries: Prince Heinrich of Prussia, brother of Frederick the Great.

When d'Eon moved to England, the first one to whom he disclosed his true sex was Queen Sophie Charlotte, who until that moment considered him to be a woman. He also wanted to tell her that Nadège Stein, her childhood girl friend, was still alive and that both were staying in London as a happy couple. D'Eon writes:

"On the following day the Queen of England came to my home on Brewer Street, dressed as a simple citizen of the city of London. She and Nadège had not seen each other for twenty-eight years. When they stood in front of each other after this separation, they looked at each other for an instant, too emotional to move, but they then flew into each other's arms. I left them alone not to disturb their conversation. My presence would had to have been a burden."

Even seventeen years later everyone in London could see two elderly women always going out together and returning. One of them, bowed from age and always carrying a walking stick, wore a beautiful large decoration on her chest, a splendid decoration usually worn only on the chest of a brave soldier. The other one, not as aged and somewhat stronger, gave her arm to her 80-year-old companion, who appeared to enjoy being supported by it. Occasionally, when the

women had returned to their little home after a long walk, you could see a carriage decorated with the royal coat-of-arms stopping in front of the door of their refuge. Sophie Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Queen of England, herself aged too, would then step out and knock on the door of this modest abode of d'Eon and Nadège Stein.

Finally, on May 21, 1810, Chevalier d'Eon died at 26 New Wilman Street at the age of 83 years. As a contemporary of two centuries, he had seen, one after the other, both monarchs Louis XV and Louis XVI, the Republic and the Empire, and died at that moment when France's fame stood in its fullest blossom. Gregor Samarow's *The Grand Duchess (Die Grossfuerstin)* deserves to be mentioned as one of the novels that takes poetic license with regards to the life of d'Eon. After his death the following attestations were published:

A.

ATTESTATION

I hereby certify that in the presence of Messrs. Adair and Wilson and Father Elysee that I have examined the body of Chevalier d'Eon in a

postmortem and have found his male genitals to be complete in every respect.

Wilman Street, May 23, 1810

—Tho. Copeland, M.D.

Persons named below were also present at the same time: Sir Sidney Smith; the Honorable W. T. Littleton Douglas; the Count of Yarmouth; Stoskins, attorney; J. M. Richardson; King, M.D.; Burton, M.D.; Joseph Berger-Partney; Joseph Bramble; Jacob Delannoy.

B.

EXPLANATION FOR SUPPORT

1. I certify that I have known the so-called Mademoiselle d'Eon in women's clothing and have seen her body after her death. As a consequence thereof, I swear that the body contains everything that characterizes a man without any sexual admixture.

May 24, 1810

—Chevalier Degeres

2. I declare that I knew the person generally known as Mademoiselle d'Eon, and today have seen the body of a male at 26 New Wilman Street who appears to be the body of the person in question.

—von Dostanville

3. I declare that I knew Mademoiselle d'Eon in France and England and that she served in the Harcourt Regiment as a captain of the dragoons, and that the named woman was a lieutenant in the Caraman Regiment in 1757, and that I, upon request, have seen the body of the deceased and recognized it as the same person as Chevalier d'Eon; also that, since I was shown the naked body, saw everything on him that constitutes the male genitals.

68 Dean Street, London. May 24, 1810

—Earl of Behague, Lieutenant-
General

4. I certify that Chevalier d'Eon lived with me for approximately three years, that I always considered him to be a woman; however, after his

death and upon observation of the corpse discovered that he was a man. My wife certifies the same.

26 New Wilman Street

—William Bouning

If we look at this short biography, a rare one that would be difficult to discover in the history of the world, then the riddle that the Chevalier d'Eon posed to his contemporaries and historians, and much later to many psychologists and historians, is no longer difficult to resolve according to the present state of science.

This person, who for three-and-a-half decades lived as a woman and nearly five decades as a man, surely falls into the category of intermediary type. He does not belong to the first degree, the hermaphrodites. The postmortem proved that. He also does not belong to the third degree, the homosexuals, because, according to all we have discovered, his sex drive was not strong, yet was still oriented toward women.

However, he no doubt was an intermediary type of the second degree, because he clearly had the physical features of a woman. Also, the painting by Angelika Kaufmann clearly shows the formation of a bosom (gynecomasty). There were most probably transitional

phenomena of the fourth degree, namely, transvestite tendencies. Since he was granted a pension, which he almost never received, his order to remain wearing women's clothing is not sufficiently explained. Nonetheless, his character exhibits overwhelmingly manly features: as one of his biographers reported, "He took part in more than thirty duels, the man most feared not only in France and England, but in all of Europe."

From a purely objective viewpoint of his life, one could easily say he wore women's clothing first of all for the reason that he could more easily carry out his important political missions. However, the true facts about the motivation would hardly be exhausted. So it is in many other cases that people assume the other sex to try to appear to be fulfilling one specific task, mostly for means of deception, while the actual intention, even if unconscious, is dependent upon the emotional peculiarities. That is to say that cross-dressing can occur totally without any inclination toward transvestism.

Transvestism on the Stage

In the circus and the specialty theater, women horseback riders, acrobats, athletes, and lion tamers who, in fact, are men often appear on the programs as having full-sounding feminine names to deceive the audience. For example, in the famous Franz family of artists, a man dressed as a woman places a man on her shoulders and has one girl hanging from each of her outstretched arms.

One of the most famous female circus-riders in the sixties and seventies of the last century, Ella Zoyara, likewise, was a man. It is said about her: Omar Kingsley that was his real name was born in St. Louis in 1840. He was only eight years of age when he became so fascinated by the circus that he ran away from home to find a job with it. In Philadelphia, Spencer Stokes, the circus director, had him instructed in circus-riding, but Omar would have to appear as a young

woman named Ella Zoyara. His pretty face, his slender body, and his sumptuous black hair helped deceive the audience.

Kingsley later went with Stokes to Europe, where he appeared in the larger cities, especially in Berlin, as a female circus-rider. Naturally, the presence of the terribly clever and brave woman rider gave rise to many a romantic episode. In Moscow a Russian count fell in love with "her" and offered the director a large sum of money if he would introduce him to the "beautiful circus-rider."

However, Miss Ella celebrated her greatest triumph in Italy. After seeing her in the circus, Victor Emanuel requested she come to him. Zoyara appeared at the king's, but accompanied by a woman servant who was always around him. Emanuel attended the performance at the circus several times and presented Miss Ella, whom no one knew as a man, with a splendid black stallion.

Back in America, where he had been offered several marriage proposals, in total secrecy he married a co-worker, Sallie Stickney, the circus-rider.

In Manila, a Spanish officer fell in love with Zoyara but was turned away. So, several other officers said to "her" that she was not a woman. The officers went to her dressing room as Zoyara was returning from one of her performances and wanted to tear the

clothes from her body. Wilson, the circus director, at the time a friend of hers, knocked two of the officers to the ground. Zoyara and Wilson then were thrown into jail for several weeks, where they discovered Zoyara was a man.

Only when he became a partner in Wilson's circus did he give up his woman's role, to put them on again only for benefit performances. Then there was always a full house. After Miss Ella had traveled the entire world, the pretty, false woman fell victim to smallpox in Bombay in 1879.

A counterpart to her was Emil Mario Vacano, who died in 1892. Before he became a writer, he was, for many years, under the name of Signora Sangumeta, a very popular woman school-rider. Only a few people knew about his true sex.

A few years ago, quite a stir was raised in England. In a divorce case it was revealed that the Marquis of Anglesey loved to appear secretly on the variety stage as a woman snake dancer. The British press at the time reported about his personality:

It seems the daughter of Sir George Chetwynd and the Marquise of Hastings was just 18 years of age when she gave her hand in marriage to the then Earl of Urbridge two

years ago. With her beautiful features surrounded by a splendid head of hair, and with eyes as blue as violets, she was considered one of the most beautiful young women in England.

Miss Chetwynd was surrounded by many admirers, but the very gentle earl made such a good impression that she preferred to marry him over all the others. But she had no idea how much her chosen one was similar to a spoiled, eccentric woman, and that he possessed all the moods and weaknesses of such a one.

In fact, the 25-year-old nobleman, who became the fifth Marquis of Anglesey when his father died soon after his marriage, did have the appearance of a beautiful woman in men's clothing. Curls as soft as silk surrounded his rosy face with soft, sympathetic features. To appear paler and more interesting, he used powder and toilet water. He is always heavily perfumed, and his soft, slender fingers are covered with rings.

People see him taking walks in Piccadilly or on the Paris boulevards, often carrying under his arm a snow-white poodle with bows. Like its master, the dog smells of

patchouli and eau d'Espagne. As a fiance the marquis gave his bride-to-be jewelry costing more than one-and-a-half-million marks. He himself has four million marks per year at his command. His wife receives an annual income of a quarter of a million marks.

His favorite pastime is to appear on the specialty stage as a female snake dancer, an art in which he stands not too far behind Loie Fuller.

A truly original case, a doubly mystifying one, was often discussed in artistic circles in August 1907:

A Berlin singing chorus, which appeared around Berlin, advertised that it had engaged a popular female impersonator, an "artist of repute." The new female impersonator established himself as an attraction. As is many times the case, after his performance, the female impersonator usually removes his woman's wig so that the audience will know that everything was only an "imitation." A menacing bass is used to augment the effect.

But one evening last week, the report went on to say, while the ensemble was entertaining in Neuendorf, a catastrophe took place. The female impersonator had finished his act and wanted to take off his woman's wig. But this wig got caught in his man's wig, and he was uncovered as a woman. An older female singer was standing in front of the hooting audience. She was ruined along with the rest of the chorus. The ensemble soon broke up after that mishap. (ZFS, p. 59)

We already discussed a case of a true female impersonator above. The other side of the coin, male impersonators, appear relatively less often. One still finds them in Vienna, mostly as folk singers.

A few years ago I saw one of the best ones there, who caused a furor as a fire fighter: Betti Kuehn. The most popular one in the second half of the last century was the Viennese folk singer Josephine Schmeer. She is the subject of a report in JB 5, p. 242:

In a suburban hospital in Vienna there still lives a little elderly mother who has seen better days. She has

harvested a rich crop of applause on the variety stage. She gives credit for her success to her peculiarly manly nature, which allowed her to appear as a folk singer. No one ever imagined there was a woman underneath the mustachioed man with the sonorous tenor voice and the totally natural and energetic movements. Many of those who admired her were of the opinion for a long time that "she" was really a "he."

Advancing age prevented Josephine Schmeer her stage name was Pepi—from utilizing her natural tendency in the service of an art, which was so truly characteristic of the impulses of the old city of Berlin.

In the *Duesseldorfer Artisten*, one of her fans wrote about her: Josephine, or Pepi, Schmeer is now in a home for the aged and will end her days there in peace. She saw many good days, Pepi Schmeer, because she was totally original on the stage. They called her the "female prince." When, forty years ago, she played small roles in the Prater Theater, she imitated the director so well that when she remained unseen, people thought they were hearing the prince. And she remained the "female prince" on all the

posters where she invited the public to her evening performances.

She always appeared in men's clothing. They said she had special permission from the police. As long as she remained young, versatile, and attractive, the young woman in men's clothing drew a large following. Even at home she was supposed to have preferred men's over women's clothing.

One of her songs caused a sensation in Vienna, and the entire city of Vienna sang with her, and people still sing it today. She sang it like no one else. Those were her best and most beautiful days, the ones when everyone wanted to hear her sing that song. About ten years ago she had a stroke on the stage, and all her co-workers came to her aid. She then appeared a few more times, but her health was broken. She then found it necessary to go into a nursing home.

People will never forget Josephine Schmeer, the "female prince," and her place in the history of Viennese folk singers. And those who knew her at the height of her career will never forget her.

A long time ago Paris had a very outstanding female artist of this genre: La Vernet. She was a natural when it came to making sketches of men. Her house-steward, Pipelet, was one of the funniest figures ever to step in front of an audience. Josephine Dora, too, and Hansi Niese deserve to be mentioned here, especially for their performances as Knieriem the Cobbler in Nestroy's *Lumpacivagabundus*.

The last word in male imitators today, however, has to be London's Vesta Tilley. She depicts characteristically British types. In her men's costume she unmistakably apes their sing-song voices, and she is very convincing. In my opinion this popular artist deserves the thunderous applause when she appears as the Policeman, Clergyman, Elegant Swell (this vulgar term approximately corresponds to what one used to refer to as a dandy, or even "toff"), as City Clerk at the seaside, as Tommy the Recruit, and the Eton Boy. I was told that Vesta Tilley was supposed to be a very happy wife and mother. It is not uninteresting to learn that for some years now in England a young female impersonator, Reginald de Vieulla, plays Vesta Tilly and, likewise, harvests much applause.

But not only as folk singers and in the specialty theater, but also as veritable opera singers have women appeared on the stage.

In the 1890s Mrs. Conti-Geissler appeared in the Royal Theater in Stockholm as a tenor and, as a critic writes, "has found much favor because of her well-trained voice."

A few decades before, a young German woman artist, Felicitas v. Vestvali, undertook the same experiment with success. The true name of this woman was Anna Marie Stegemann. She was the youngest daughter of a high official in Stettin and was born there on February 25, 1829. Her talent showed itself early in her life.

As a child she wanted to be a missionary preacher. When the school-room in her parents' house was empty, she would stand behind the lectern and preach the good word with enthusiasm far beyond her years. At other times she fooled about with her brothers to see who was the wildest.

The more she learned about the theater, the more she wanted to become an actress. But as was often the case, her parents wanted to hear absolutely nothing about it. It did not take long for her to decide to run away. She was wearing boys' clothing. We find her, after taking many wrong paths, studying voice with Mercadante in Naples. Under his direction her voice developed into a deep contralto

so that her impresarios advised her to study tenor parts. She sang the part of Romeo in Bellini's *Romeo and Juliet*, of Tancred, and was especially successful as Figaro in *The Barber of Seville*.

She finally received an engagement to play at the grand opera in Paris. Napoleon III presented her with a silver armor for her Romeo. In 1864 she went to America. They really followed her there as a cult and called her "Vestvali, the Magnificent!" They paid her 10,000 francs per month.

When she arrived in Mexico, Henriette Sonntag, the director of the National Theater there, had just died, and they chose Vestvali as Sonntag's successor. She agreed. Because of bad reviews she received for Gluck's Orpheus, she decided to go over to the theater, appearing first as Romeo and Hamlet, and was again successful.

There were men who appeared far and wide in women's singing choirs, especially in Italy. They were hardly to be found on the opera stage, no matter how clearly evident this was in the Zerlin parody from *Fra Diavolo* and no matter how many times men appeared on the variety stage not only with artificial women's voices, but also with natural alto and mezzo-soprano voices. For that reason, male impersonators have had a greater "role" playing on the stage. One could write a separate book on the theme: the man as actress. It has

existed since ancient Greece, and now, for example, in China and elsewhere, where men play all the women's roles. Even today, when it is something "unheard of," men, such as the Petersburg actor Glagolin, play the Maid of Orleans.

No woman ever stepped on stage before the second half of the seventeenth century. Shakespeare never saw the most splendid and most gentle women, not Desdemona, or Juliet, or Perdita, played by women. All the heroines down to the chambermaids were played by men. When in 1629 a French company brought two actresses to London, the moralists raised their hands in indignation. Genée, in his *German Theater: Years of Apprenticeship and Travel (Lehr- und Wanderjahre des deutschen Schauspiels)*, p. 289, reports: "When in 1629 a French troupe arrived in London and thereby for the first time introduced actresses to the British audience, they drove them off the stage with rotten eggs and fruit."

Women appeared on the stage circa 1670 in the English theater under Charles II. (See Isaac Disraeli: "The History of the Theatre During the Suppression," in *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. 2.) An epigram from that time went:

There goes Virtue out the door.

Shameless women out they pour,
The men on the stage to join,
Making off with your fine coin.

William Kynaston was one of the last actors who had made himself famous in women's roles. He was the darling of all the women and lived well into the eighteenth century. "He was so great a favorite with the fair sex that the court ladies used to take him in their coaches for an airing in Hyde Park."

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Stephen Hammerston was "the most noted and beautiful woman actor," and Alexander Goffe, "the woman actor at Blackfriar's," was almost as popular.

It is not without interest to hear the explanation and judgments of German literary historians when they write about this custom, which today is so foreign to us. Kreysig, in *Speeches on Shakespeare (Vorlesungen ueber Shakespeare)*, 3d ed., vol. 1 (Berlin 1877), p. 93, writes the following:

As you know, no women were tolerated on the English stage in Shakespeare's time. Therefore, all the women's

roles were played by boys and youths. No one today could imagine the preparation that went into training them. It is to these young women that Hamlet says, "Since I last saw you you have gotten closer to heaven in the time that it takes to have an intermission. Pray God that your voice has not lost its ring as a worn coin." There is no question that the blunt language in many Shakespearean scenes depends heavily on this distribution of the women's roles, as well as on the circumstance that proper ladies visited the theater only when masked. Just think of all the intrigue, distraction, and incidents that were eliminated in the art school that prepared boys and youths in the finesse of Shakespearean women's roles so that they pleased the master!

And Gervenus, in his *Shakespeare*, 2d ed., vol. I (Leipzig 1850), p. 158ff. writes:

One should bear in mind how many diversions, because of false sensual desires, the players and audience were spared, how much easier it was to compose oneself, just

by the fact that no women played. The morals of the time held strongly on this point. This one custom eliminated all schemes behind the wings and much of what placed the players' character in danger! But it also had a deeply rooted consequence that was beneficial to the art of acting and its improvement. The women had to be played by boys. This necessitated a boys' theater. But it became an acting school that in no way compares to the ones we have today. And what actors! These schools produced Field and Underwood, who were already famous as boys. Just consider how well boys had to be taught so that they could play Cordelia or Imogen!

On this point, see also *The Theater of the English Comedians in Germany (Die Schauspiele der englischen Komoedianten in Deutschland)* published by Julius Tittmann (Leipzig 1880), p. vii; Wuelker, *The History of English Literature (Geschichte der englischen Literatur)* (Leipzig and Vienna 1896), p. 289; John Richard Green, *A Short History of the English People* (London 1878), p. 419.

In older German theater, too, for example, in the pieces by Thomas Schmidt in Heidelberg in the sixteenth century, all female

characters were played by young men. Of the German theater of the seventeenth century, Genée says, "There was no question about women appearing on stage even then."

The old tradition lingered longest in Italy, where in the nineteenth century men were given women's roles. Goethe stayed in Italy during the year of 1790 and honored this rare phenomenon with a lengthy observation:

In Rome, but in no other place in the world, the past speaks directly to the observer with so many voices. They have held on to several traditions that have all but disappeared elsewhere. The ancients allowed no women to step up on stage. They arranged their pieces so that they could more or less dispense with women, or the women's roles were played by actors who were accomplished in this area. The case is the same in modern Rome and the remains of the church state, except Bologna, which, among other privileges, also enjoys the freedom to admire women on its stages.

Goethe reasons that customs are retained in Rome because "in general, modern Romans have a special tendency to mix up the clothing of both sexes at masquerades. "During Mardi Gras," he says,

many young fellows dress themselves up in the clothing of the women of the lowest class and in fact appear to enjoy themselves very much. There are many drivers and servants who are often very presentable as women and, when the people are young and well built, are dressed decoratively and charmingly. On the other hand, there are middle-class young women who dress very well as officers and appear to be very happy doing so. Everyone seems to continue to enjoy this joke, which we all enjoyed as children. It is very noteworthy that both sexes enjoy themselves in this pretense and try as much as possible to usurp Tiresias^[1] privilege. Likewise,

Goethe then continues,

the young men who devote themselves to women's roles seem to have a passion for perfecting their art. They

observe in detail the facial expressions, movements, and behavior of women. They try to imitate them. And, if they cannot change their deep voices, they give them suppleness and charm. In short, they do as much as possible to dispose of their own sex. They are just as keen on new fashions as women themselves. They have themselves dressed up by skillful milliners, and the first actress of a theater is often happy enough to have reached her goal.

With regard to supporting roles, they are not actually the best. And it cannot be denied that Colombine sometimes is unable totally to hide her blue beard. That is the way it is in general with supporting roles in most theaters. In the capitals of other empires, where one takes more care with regards to theater, one hears many bitter complaints about the incompetence of the third and fourth players, which totally ruins the illusion.

I visited the Roman comedians not without bias. Except that, without really thinking about it, I soon found myself reconciled. I felt a new pleasure and noticed others shared it with me. I thought about the reason and believe I

found it in that, in the case of such a presentation, the idea of imitation always remained alive, even though it was a kind of illusion.

We Germans remember the truly successful female impersonators and the double pleasure they gave us. The twofold charm comes from the fact that this person is not a woman, but rather portrays a woman. The youths have studied the features of the female sex, its nature and its behavior. They imitate them as artists. They do not play themselves, but rather a third and actually a strange nature. We learn to recognize this all the more because they have observed it and reflected on it. They do not present the thing, but rather the result of the thing.

Goethe saw a youth playing Goldoni's *Locandiera* and then gives a description (Duse made the role famous in Germany). Goethe says that a woman in this role would have damaged the direct truth, and that a male player with his imitation would be more satisfying. He comes to the conclusion that "even though it may not please everyone, thinking persons find occasion to bring to mind those times to a certain degree, and are inclined to believe the testimonies of the

old writers who in several passages assure us: it was the male actors in women's apparel who were most successful in charming a refined nation."

The old tradition of allowing youths to play women's roles is still in existence today. Without exception, students and pupils in the private schools in England and certainly not only in Oxford and Cambridge, but also in the public schools, such as Eton and Westminster, today play the classical dramas without drawing in women. It is likewise so in the United States and recently, too, in Germany, where the works of Euripides, Sophocles, Aeschylus, Menander, Plautus, and Terence entertain in high school productions. Particularly the Lauchstaedt productions in Halle have attracted much interest and found much praise. See Prime-Stevenson, *The Intersexes*, the chapter "College Theatricals," pp. 177-180. This author warns against permitting youths, who like to do it, to dress up as girls. According to all that we have learned about the transvestite drive, I can understand his good intentions, but not as very practical. The Puritans obviously were outraged at the idea of putting pupils and students on the stage depicting female roles. We cite a passage from the work of Isaac Disraeli, *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. 2, in the essay "The History of the Theatre During the Suppression":

The same puritanical spirit soon reached our universities; for when a Dr. Gager had a play performed at Christ Church (Oxford), Dr. Reynolds, of Queen's College, terrified at the satanic novelty, published "The Overthrow of Stage-Plays," a tedious invective. Reynolds takes great pains to prove that a stage-play is infamous, that a theatre corrupts morals; but the most reasonable point of attack is "the sin of boys wearing the dress and affecting the airs of women."

Besides antique dramas and church plays, they also often presented "school comedies" in the German cloister schools and grammar-schools of the Middle Ages. They were written by school dramatists. Among the most famous ones were Rollenhagen, Bartholomaeus Krueger, Martin Rueckhard, and, at the end of the seventeenth century, Christian Weise.

Today we find the same thing, even if in nothing less than classical pieces and more for the lack of something better, in the case of soldiers' productions customarily presented at military celebrations. Also particularly on German warships, as on those of all

other nations where sailors and cabin boys, in their women's clothing, often played before emperors and kings; for example, on the *Hohenzollern* and the *Victoria and Albert*.

We often see children playing theater. The boys like to play girls' roles, and girls like to play boy's roles. Here, too, there often is "a deep sense of childish play." Grillparzer, in his autobiography, tells about his youngest brother "who, like a girl, liked to knit and embroider." He mentions the play the brothers put on together and remarked, "The female role fell on my brother, and he knitted himself a belt, armbands, and a necklace with his own hand." I would just like to add that among family members, particularly the sisters of poets and artists, there are relatively more sexual deviants who depart from the fully manly or fully womanly types. Consider what Goethe says about his sister, Cornelia, in his *Poetry and Truth (Dichtung und Wahrheit)* and what Adolf Wilbrandt says about Kleist's sister, Ulricke, in *Heinrich von Kleist*, pp. 41-42, "Her original and restless spirit broke the barriers of her sex. Nothing pleased her more than adventurous situations and to appear in men's clothing."

Wilhelm Steckel, in his *Fiction and Neurosis (Dichtung und Neurose)*, p. 34, writes, "He says that Ulricke preferred to wear men's clothing and was never overcome by love. That means she was

homosexual." But if you look at our cases reported in the casuistic part, even if Ulricke von Kleist did belong to the sexual intermediaries, one can in no way conclude with certainty that "she was homosexual" because of her transvestite inclinations and her lack of heterosexual feelings.

It is truly remarkable that the particular custom of excluding women from appearing on the stage should appear in cultures that have developed totally independent of each other, such as in China and Japan, exactly as once in England, Germany, and Italy.

Traveling writers who stayed for long periods of time in China cannot tell enough about how women were excluded from the theaters and how the youths dressed as females and demonstrated all the peculiarities of Chinese women: their voices and the way they walk with their bound feet.

Matignon, in his *Superstition, Crime, and Poverty in China* (*Superstition, crime et misère en Chine*) (Lyon: Stork and Company, 1902), p. 206, reports that the "most elegant woman" he had ever see in China was a male actor who played a woman's role.

Karsch (place cited, p. 35) writes, "In the theater in Chinatown in San Francisco men play women's roles as in China. The heroine of

their dramas cannot be distinguished from real women, so well done is the make-up, language, and gesture."

As in China, in Japan, too, actors who are to play women exclusively are found by talent scouts, even in their childhood, and prepared for their career. Suyewo Iwaya, the Japanese scholar, says of them, "I do not know if the actors who play women's roles are all homosexual. The only thing I can say is that those actors who are trained for women's roles tend toward womanly behavior and by nature are built somewhat like women. No anatomical researcher in this area would come away without some interesting findings."

Iwaya has sent us photographs of the most famous actors who play women's roles today. He reports that Eizabro and Metora have very womanly appearances, while Fuknoske and Gennoske "appear manly, but by nature have much of the womanly about them."

For decades women have conquered the stage even in Japan. Indeed, they have even established competitive enterprises, troupes of players consisting solely of women in which the men's roles, too, are played by women dressed as men. (See Emile Guimet, *Promenades japonaises* (Paris 1878), p. 198, and Karsch, place cited, p. 120.)

In other places, too, women, when they have been able to enter the stage, have tried to play men's roles. We have already discussed one of the most famous actresses in the field: F. v. Vestvali. She played Hamlet at the Royal Lyceum Theatre in London in 1868. Lord Bulwer asserted that he had never seen the role performed better. The London Union of Art made her an honorary member, as the Danta Caecilia in Rome did before that. Soon after that she entertained at the Berlin National Theater. The critic of the *Berlin Daily* (*Berliner Tageblatt*) gave a rave review of her performance of Hamlet:

A blond son of the northland, with shining hair and a fresh, healthy coloring, portly, actually a little "plump," and for that reason innately hypochondriacal—that was the Hamlet of Felicita von Vestvali. It was justifiably one of the most famous and doubtlessly one of the most genial and original performances in all the theater arts. Indeed, it stands alone in its genre and interpretation. Mother Nature never before has brought to life someone so splendidly gifted in what is specifically manly, except in Felicita von Vestvali. Her build and her powerful voice, which often seems deeper than a

tenor's, reminds one of the—so-called—lords of creation. As regards to the artistic interpretation of the role, all we can say is that out of the two dozen Hamlets, hers is the most original, not only externally speaking, but solely from an intellectual point of view; not only the shell, but down to the core of her delivery.

Madame Felicitas Abt, a century before Vestvali, played Hamlet at the court theater in Gotha in July 1779.

The public and the critics praised the experiment that, likewise, at the time had caused a great stir.

Felicitas Abt came from a good Biberach family. It was there that she met the skillful theater director Karl Friedrich Abt, who inspired the enthusiastic young woman to join the theater. Felicitas suggested to the director that he secretly give her acting lessons without the knowledge of her parents. The teacher soon became the lover, the student the beloved. She was gladly seduced by the man of her choice, because her parents were against this union.

Charlotte Cushman was a very famous actress who played men's roles at the beginning and in the middle of the nineteenth century. Her Romeo particularly pleased many. The actress was an American. She was born in Boston, was initially instructed as an opera singer, but then turned to the theater and had her first great dramatic success in London.

Her roles of distinction were Lady Macbeth, Cardinal Wolsey, and Romeo. Her first performance of Romeo took place in the Haymarket in 1846. Charlotte Cushman's sister was her partner as Juliet. A respected critic wrote about the production, "It was an unusual triumph. Romeo gave free reign to her enthusiasm and the manly power of her style. As a lover she surpassed in her ardor of love every actor that I have ever witnessed. In the scene with the monarch she outdid Charles Kean. Everything excessive and irrational in Romeo's behavior was forgotten in the ardor of his love, and the audience was carried along with the stormy excitation."

So, it was no novelty when a few years ago Sarah Bernhardt, too, first appeared as Hamlet, as did Mme. Judith and Mme. Derigny before her in France. Anyway, it was noteworthy that she did it at such an advanced age—she was already far past 60—and that she,

besides Hamlet, also understood how to play rather true to nature the roles of Mephisto, high-spirited cavaliers, as well as the bon vivant in *Les Bouffons* and the young Duke of Reichsstadt in *L'Aiglon*.

Other famous actresses who played Hamlet are Mrs. Brown Potter in England, Sada Yako in Japan, Modjewka, and Sandrock, while the role of Romeo was best played by Schroeder-Devrient, who "made you forget that this character should be acted by a man."

The eccentric Countess Morny, a niece of Napoleon III, was an actress who caused a scandal by appearing in a man's role several years ago in Paris. She appeared in a play she wrote herself, *Dream of Egypt (Rêve d'Égypte)*, in which she played the part of "Archeologist Morny." Her performance in a love scene with her friend, the famous Paris writer Colette Willy, was so lively that the audience threw pillows, footstools, matchboxes, and orange peelings at both of them.

In spite of this "execution," of this "relief of the conscience of honest people"—as *Figaro* called the performance of the previous day—the actresses played their roles to the end among all the commotion. Fifty years before this, there even was another Countess Morny who caused a sensation in Paris by her manly allure. Our source is the little book written by Dr. Rudolf Schultze, *Fashion*

Crazes: A Mirror Image of the Times and Customs for the German People (Modenarrheiten, Ein Spiegelbild der Zeiten und Sitten fuer das deutsche Volk) (Berlin: Nicolaische Verlagsbuchhandlung, 1868). She caused a trailblazing fashion trend, one that was new and never heard of before. She simply put on her husband's overcoat over her rather flimsy dress. She was racing in the first running competition in Chantilly. People thought this was so "charming" that a week later, at the second run, a crowd of ladies were already appearing in men's overcoats, and soon all Paris had adopted the new fashion.

Theodor Fontane, in his "Theater Review" ("Causerien ueber Theater"), p. 19, speaks about women accepting men's roles. "They fretted about that peculiar something, perhaps, 'Here I am,' that actresses always cultivate to distinguish such roles." [See the essay by Madame de Renier, "Do We Need Men on the Stage?" in *Accompany You (Ich begleite dich)*, vol. 1, no. 31.]

Moreover, with regards to women in men's and men in women's roles, no matter how much tastes and customs have changed in the past few centuries, we still have males playing female roles. (People already have said that playing comedies in general has something unmanly about it, and so it is better to leave the entire thing to women.) The only difference is that earlier, young actors in general

played women, whereas today there is a whole series of roles where women almost always play, sing, or dance the part of young men, such as Spinoza in *Uriel Acosta*, the young count in *Koenigsleutnant*, and Vittorino in *Renaissance*.

It has come to the point that on many of the stages in the large cities, particularly in London and New York, almost all men's parts in ballets and in the so-called reviews are played by women.

The custom of the so-called "men's part for actresses" was taken over from the opera stage, where in Italy all women's singing parts originally were played by young men (part of the time even by castrati). The composers naturally had to make use of voices for presentation by youths. Finally, when women were admitted into this area of song, they also took over the parts of the male sopranos, mezzo-sopranos, and altos. For that reason almost all opera composers today have such roles to note down.

In a partial list of such men's parts played by women, we include Beethoven's *Fidelio*; from Mozart's operas Cherubino in *The Marriage of Figaro*, the three boys in *The Magic Flute*, Idamantes in *Idomeneus*; from Richard Wagner the Fairy King in *The Fairies*, Adriano in *Rienzi*, the young shepherd in *Tannhaeuser*, the four pages in *Lohengrin*; Urbain in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*; the title role in

Weber's *Oberon*; Orpheus and Eros in Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydike*; Bjoern in Holstein's *Haideschlacht*; Sandmaennchen and Taumaennchen in Humperdinck's *Haensel and Gretel*; and for the rest Siebel in Gounod's *Margaretha*; Benjamin in Mehul's *Joseph of Egypt*; Ascanio in Berlioz's *Benevenuto Cellini*; Lazuli in Chabrier's opera by the same name; Carlo Bracchi in *The Devil's Part (Des Teufels Anteil)* by Auber; and the pages in Joncieres's *Johann von Lothringen*; from the Italian opera, Romeo in Bellini's *Montecchi e Capuletti*; Orsino in *Lucrezia Borgia* by Donizetti and Pierotto in his *Linda von Chamounix*; Rossini's Tancred and Oscar in *The Masked Ball*; country squire Spaerlich in *Falstaff* by Verdi; finally, in operettas, among others, by Jacques Offenbach, Niclas in *The Tales of Hoffmann*, Orestes and Pylades in *Helena*, Cupid in *Orpheus in the Underworld*; Fritzchen in Furtonio's *Lied*; from Strauss, Prince Orlofsky in *Die Fledermaus*, the title role in *Prince Methusalem*; Suppe's Bocaccio in *Galathe*; the title role in Lecoque's *The Little Duke (Der kleine Herzog)*, and others.

One opera that has transvestism directly as the subject is *Achilles in Sciro*, a play set to music by Antonio Draghi, poetry by Cay. Ximenez. It was performed in Vienna on November 18, 1663, on

the birthday of the widowed Empress Eleonora. [Full score no. 17287 in the Vienna Hofbibliothek. Italian text in Milan (Brera).]

Following is a short summary of the highly original text, which borrows from the story of Achilles among the daughters of Lykomedes already mentioned above. (The summary is from an as yet unpublished work by Dr. M. Neuhaus on the composer Antonio Draghi.)

Achilles, dressed as a woman and under the name of Artamene, lives on Sciros at the court of King Lykomedes. No one on Sciros is aware of the deception. Deidamia, the king's daughter, falls in love with her half-sister, Artamene-Achilles, and confesses her love to Achilles. Achilles turns her away with the words, "but it is customary that love is only between a man and a woman." But that does not affect Deidamia's feelings, and Achilles, too, finally returns her love.

Ulysses comes to the court with his trusted friend, Arsindo. He has discovered that Achilles is staying there hidden behind women's clothing. He wants to call him to arms. Arsindo is to dress as a jewel merchant so that he

can better observe the young women at court. Without recognizing him, Arsindo sees Artamene-Achilles and his heart is set on fire. But Meraspe, the king's confidant, loves Artamene too and asks the king for the hand of his foster child. The king consoles him with his assent; however, he cannot give her to him, because he loves Artamene himself. He asks his daughter, Deidamia, to intercede for him with Artamene. Deidamia, astonished to recognize a competitor in her father, sings the aria "Infelice, che sento," which in its bitterness and genuine beauty leaves us with no doubt about the painful situation.

But Lykomedes cannot wait for his daughter, Deidamia, to intercede for him. He meets his foster daughter and himself asks for her hand. Artamene-Achilles without hesitation gives him his "yes." Deidamia soon hears about the king's engagement to Artamene and charges the cross-dressed hero with disloyalty. Artemene-Achilles calms the jealous woman with very remarkable words: "Believe me, my beautiful one, please, // if I join with him // I am joining with you."

Meraspe, beguiled by the fact that her king and master is a rival, swears that she will let go of Artamene. She is in alliance with Ulysses to assassinate the king.

The king battles with himself for a long time and finally decides that both should die. Achilles appears. He has heard about the outbreak of the Trojan War and complains bitterly (as was customary in the opera of Venice): "Asia shakes under the burden of war, and laurels call from the Xantos River. I remain here and do not go into battle! What will I do when the men begin to take up arms? Love robs me of freedom, and Mars breaks the chains of love."

Exhausted by this passionate singing, Achilles-Artamene goes up-stage to lie down and go to sleep in a grotto. One of the king's servants, Rullo, appears. He has heard remarkable things about the conspiracy of Ulysses and Artamene and decides to cross-dress as a woman so that he could find more "evidence of female cunning."

As he is leaving, he is noticed by Arsindo, who is approaching. He complains jealously, "Woe is me, ye

Gods; what do I see? There lies Artamene! She rejects everyone except this lout of a servant!"

Deidamia approaches him and asks if he has seen Artamene. Arsindo says, "Yes, she was just with a young man." He points to the grotto, where Deidamia now sees Artamene. Deidamia wakes her up and makes some strong charges against her. "You unfaithful one! You have been caught in the act. You cannot deny it. You were in this grotto with a young man."

Artamene answers meaningfully, "I am always with him."

Deidamia: "So let him go his way."

Artamene: "Fate will not allow it."

There follows a burlesque love scene between the servant Rullo and the elderly servant Pittora. Both have carried out their intention of cross-dressing. Rullo appears as Artamene, the elderly Pittora as Ulysses.

The king, approaching them, is deceived by the travesty and has them both arrested so that he can extract a confession of their conspiracy. Arsindo approaches, dressed as a jewelry merchant. He sees the prisoners and

recognizes Rullo and Pittora, and the king sends for Deidamia and Artamene. These two appear together with Ulysses to buy some jewelry for Arsindo. Deidamia takes a piece of jewelry, Artamene a sword. Ulysses then recognizes her as Achilles.

The king who is sad because he must leave his beloved Artamene calls out, "Artamene, my treasure, Achilles, my dearest; I loved you as a young woman and honor you as a demigod." He becomes resigned and makes Achilles his son-in-law before he sends him off to war.

Another opera with the transvestite motif is Charles Lamb's *Comic Opera* (without a further title). Lovelace, whose courtship Violetta has rejected, lets himself enlist as a soldier and goes to Spain. Violetta, cross-dressed as an officer, follows him to Gibraltar. Jesse, her maid, accompanies her as a servant. In the third act Violetta drills the recruits with affected brutality and thereby deals Lovelace a blow, whereupon the latter threatens to stab her with a bayonet. At the court-martial Violetta faints and is recognized by Lovelace.

In this area there has been a complete change in attitude. While women in men's roles today awaken hardly any esthetic or ethical consideration, at one time it used to represent the epitome of gaucherie. Now men playing women is permitted almost exclusively in comedy. I have already discussed the extremely rare exceptions, such as Edwards, the actress whose male sex was certified only with her death, and the Joan-of-Arc player Glagolin. In general, women were played by men on the stage only as grotesque and burlesque figures, as in the ubiquitous English play *Charlie's Aunt*. The author, Penley, was the first and best interpreter of the hilarious title role, also of "American" farce.

In these and similar roles, it is not a matter of personifying women, or even of parodying women, but rather of men who cross-dress as women, just as some of our most famous comedians do. There are, for example, Robert Johannes as Aunt Malchen; Arnold as Thisbe; Pategg Engels in *The Comical Women*; Kainz and Basil together in the speech in *At the House of the Hostess*; in England, besides Huntley and Bobey, especially splendid was the recently deceased comedian Dan Leno. They all knew how to draw applause and storms of laughter.

In the middle of the last century there was a piece that everyone found amusing, *Das Fest der Handwerker*. It was played on all the German stages. "All the roles were reversed" — men played women, and women played men.

In short, if we want to find the reasons that caused players to step on the stage in the role of the other sex, then we have to make a distinction between those who do this more or less exclusively and those who only occasionally attempt it as a secondary role. Among the professional female and male impersonators there are surely a great number of intermediary types, both of the second and third as most certainly of the fourth degree. The majority of those who do it now and then may like the challenge of difficult dramatic roles. They like to play lovers as well as villains, princes, and heroes, and also persons of the opposite sex. Or they do it for "comic effect," those men and women who present themselves as members of the opposite sex and carry it off with near precision.

Comedy and Transvestism

As everyone recognizes, our point of departure is that the essence of the comical lies in the contrast that moves us to laughter, in the relation between the demand of the person or situation opposed to us and the genuine meaning that does not correspond. Kant gave a short definition: in the sudden fulfillment of an expectation in nothing. It is clear that these prerequisites of the comical effect in the case of transvestism sex and apparel—are rendered to a great degree in a contradictory unity. The more evident the contrast, the more bluntly comical and burlesque; the more it is hidden, the effect is more refined comedy and filled with humor.

Consequently, the transvestism in the case of people who feel they belong to the other sex and who know how to move naturally in their clothing and know how to behave, has a less drastic and grotesque effect than those who cannot hide their true sex, giving

themselves away because their gestures and movements do not correspond to their apparel.

There is hardly one humorist who will not occasionally be served by this profitable material. What German cannot remember being a child and seeing Theodor Koerner's *The [Male] Cousin from Bremen (Vetter aus Bremen)*? In the twelfth scene he appears in three different roles—disguised not only as Gretchen's father and lover, but also as a cousin from Bremen. In *The Governess (La Gouvernante)* by the same playwright, Franziska cross-dresses. As a young man, she tries to get certain letters from the governess, ones she is withholding from the (female) students. In a conversation with her, she says softly to herself, "My brother's wardrobe came in handy, and they do not recognize me, because they have no eyeglasses."

One of the oldest German humorists already has skillfully applied the transvestite motif—Hans Jacob Christoffels von Grimmelshausen. Chapter 24 of his *Simplicissimus* still has its comical effect. The heading reads: "Simplicius is changed from a youth into a young woman and is courted by different people." He himself relates,

As we came into a large village, I saw the opportunity to change my clothes. I fell in with the crowd and thought I would go and pick something out that I could exchange for my fool's cap, something that peasants wore. But since I did not find what I wanted, I had to buy a piece of women's clothing. I put it on and hid my other clothing. The only thing on my mind was to get out of my fix.

I was walking on the grass in this outfit when some women officers approached me. I took tiny, little steps, as Achilles did when his mother cross-dressed him as a girl and placed him with Lykomedes' daughters. But hardly was I out of the house when foraging expeditions were coming my way, and I thought it better to spring and leap, because, when they shouted, "Halt, halt!" I ran all the faster and finally arrived before they did where the women officers were. Before the same I fell to my knees and asked, for the sake of all womanly honor and virtue, that they should protect me from those knaves. My request not only found a good spot everywhere, but also, I was taken up as a maid by one of the female cavalry captains. I was

happy there until Magdeburg, the recruiting officer, Havelberg, and Perleberg, too, were captured by our side.

Young as this woman cavalry captain was, she was no longer a child, and she became so infatuated with my smooth face and straight body, that only after much effort and useless, wasteful prolixity did I give her to understand that I was all too German and where her shoe pinched her the most.

At the time, however, I was still conscientious, tried to keep a low profile, and did nothing to upset anyone, acting as a pious young woman.

The cavalry captain and his knave lay sick in the same hospital. For that reason he ordered his wife to get me better clothes so that no one would have to be ashamed of my nasty peasant's overalls. She did more than was was ordered and made me up like a French "Popp," which stoked the fires of the three all the more; indeed, it finally got so that they competed for me, the knave and his master, for something that I could not grant to them, holding them off in a nice way. The cavalry captain looked for an opportunity to take from me by force

what was impossible; his wife noticed as much, and, because she finally wanted to win me over, would not let him pass and put off all his tricks until he thought he was going crazy.

Once, when master and mistress were sleeping, the knave was standing at the wagon where I had to sleep every night. He had tears in his eyes as he begged me for mercy. But I showed myself harder than ever, like a stone, and gave him to believe that I wanted to keep my virginity until I was married.

In Grimmelshausen's *Defiant Simplex or the Strange and Wonderful Biography of the Arch Female Fraud and Female Property Aggressor Courage (Trutz-Simplex oder wunderseltsame Lebensbeschreibung der Erzbetruegerin und Landstuerzerin Courage)* [continuation of *The Adventures of Simplizissimus (Der abenteuerliche Simplizissimus)*], the opposite occurs. In 1620, after the acquisition of Prague by the Bavarians, Courage cross-dressed as a boy and as such took a position in the service of a cavalry captain. During a scuffle, someone discovered her sex. She said, "He grabbed for my courage," thus her name. She later became the cavalry captain's lover.

In Wieland's *Aristipp* (vol. 2, letter 23ff.), Lasthenia, Lais's servant, joins the academy as a cross-dressed youth. Writing about the transvestism, the latter says, "Nature fortunately had prepared us faithfully. For Lasthenia truly has the face of a handsome boy as well as of a girl; the tone of her voice is deep as well as soft and pleasing to hear; at the same time she is relatively strong of muscle and bone, shoulders somewhat broad and narrow at the hips, and has not much more of a bosom than is usual for a fresh, well-fed youth of her age; so that in case of emergency she could pass as a youth even in the palace (except for a very minor covering up)." In her transvestism, Lasthenia makes friends with handsome Cleophron, who makes her pregnant.

In *Wilhelm Meister's Apprentices Years* (*Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahren*), not only Mignon, the one who is often imitated in music and literature, appears cross-dressed as a youth, but also Marianne, right at the beginning of the first book. She was dressed "as an officer," and "charmed the theater audience." She now stepped into the room with unusual haste and gesture. She threw her feather hat and sword on the table and walked up and down impatiently. Finally Wilhelm comes, "the young, gentle, unhindered merchant's son."

Goethe said, "She threw herself at him so enthusiastically! He embraced the red uniform with great delight!"

Other such treatments of the Mignon-theme include Karl Lebrecht Immermann's novel *Die Epigonen*. Fiametta follows Hermann in the clothing of a boy. In Baron Joseph von Eichendorff's novel *Idea and the Present (Ahnung und Gegenwart)* (1815), a young woman follows Count Friedrich, whom she met in a public house of thieves, unrecognized as Erwin, a boy; only upon her death is she revealed to be a young woman. In the novella *The Marble Statue (Das Marmorbild)* by the same author, Florio meets up again with his girl friend wearing boys' apparel and marries her. In the fifth act of Count August v. Platen's *Loyalty for Loyalty (Treue um Treue)*, Nicolette appears cross-dressed as a troubadour, sings, and speaks with Aucassin, without being recognized by him. Ernst Moritz Arndt's romance *Rudolf von Burgund* describes a young woman whom the hero loves; she serves cross-dressed as his page. He is severely wounded, and she tears off her shirt to bandage him up. After he has recognized her sex, he marries her.

In Hermann Kurz's novel *Schiller's Years at Home (Schillers Heimatjahre)* (chapter 230, young Laura, a homely daughter of Duke Carl Eugen, appears as a gypsy boy at a gala night and runs directly

from there into the Black Forest with a band of gypsies. In Ludwig Achim von Arnim's *The Equals* (*Die Gleichen*), the Count of Gleichen returns to pretty Amra after his release from captivity. His wife, disguised as a man, follows him to Venice; Amra falls in love with the supposed man. In E. T. A. Hoffmann's "King Arthur's Court" ("Der Artushof") in *Serapionsbruedern*, Traugott copies a picture in Arthur's court in Danzig. The picture depicts a youth beside an elderly woman. The figure of the youth attracts him forcefully; suddenly both originals come to life right in front of his eyes. He goes into the elderly woman's house, where he discovers that the youth is a young lady.

In Kotzebue's *The Roebuck* (*Der Rehbock*), the chambermaid of the baroness cross-dresses as a youth; the farmer's wife falls in love with her. In A. F. E. Langbein's novel *Thomas Kellerwurm* (1806), a cowardly major creeps into the hay during a night attack; his beloved canteen proprietor, Gertrud Schnick, puts on his clothes and conquers the enemy instead of him. When she tries it a second time, she is felled, and the major's cowardice is discovered. In Count von Benzel-Sternau's novel *The Golden Calf* (*Das goldene Kalb*) (1802), Bella William, the British woman, travels with Klarenfeld in men's apparel under the condition that she never be reminded of her sex. When he courts her, she leaves him.

In C. F. Meyer's *Gustav Adolf's Page*, Leubelfing, the page, is a cross-dressed Nuremberg patrician's daughter. Wilhelm Heinse, too, repeatedly treats the transvestite theme, as in *Ardinghello* and in the adventures of Encolpius. One more to mention, finally, is in Schiller's *Turandot* (act 4, scene 8), where Barak's wife, disguised as a man, slips by the guard to the cailiff. Also in a contemporary historical novel by Wilhelm Jensen, *German Men (Deutsche Maenner)*, a centenary tribute only recently published, Ebergard Falke, daughter of the innkeeper in Gibichenstein near Halle, goes in manly clothing under the name of Eberhard to join the Duke of Brunswick-Oels on a crusade.

Besides Marianne and Mignon, *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahren* has a third young woman in men's apparel. In book 7, chapter 6, a "young, good, well-behaved hunter's fellow" appears. It is Theresa, who has come to take Wilhelm for a walk. She tells him that she has gone to an estate where she grew up and learned forestry. "I ordered men's clothing so I could ride and walk better." Lothario first recognizes her after she has been made noticeable through the jokes.

Molière used this motif among others in *L'Etourdi (The Dizzy One)*, act 3, scene 11), when Mascarille, Lelie's valet, appears as a

woman. His master says of him, "Good gracious, how pretty she is, and how much she reminds me of Mignon!" Furthermore, in *Don Garcie de Navarre* (act 5, scenes 3, 4, 5, and 6), Done Ignez is disguised as a man, and in *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac* (act 3, scenes 2-7), M. de Pourceaugnac appears as a woman. They wanted to arrest and hang him, so he flees in women's clothing. In scene 2 he practices womanly behavior.

In Boccaccio's *Decameron* (Second Day, Third Story) Alexander meets an abbot whom he recognizes as one of the King of England's daughters, who becomes his wife. Boccaccio also varies the old saga of the courtly singer Reinmann von Brennenberg, who has also crossed over into other romantic literature. This singer is supposed to have gone to Paris as a secret lover of the Duchess of Austria, disguised as a tradeswoman at court, "where he slept with all the court maidens."

However, no one has mastered the material better than Shakespeare. Who has not had a hearty laugh when Falstaff appears in women's clothing in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (act 4, scene 2), when Ford takes him for the fat woman from Brentford, whom he cannot stand, beats him soundly, and throws him out; or, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (act 1, scene 2) where the roles are being

allotted. Flute is supposed to play Thisbe. "No, my goodness," he says, "Do not make me play a woman's role; I am already growing a beard." Bottom, the weaver, presses for the woman's part. "If I may cover my face, then give me Thisbe. I'll speak in a terrible voice, `Thisne, Thisne!—Oh, Pyramus, my beautiful beloved! Your beautiful Thisne, and beautiful young woman."

Besides Falstaff, Bartholomew in *The Taming of the Shrew* is the only male character Shakespeare has appear in women's clothing. On the other hand, there are women dressed as men in *Henry VI*, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and in *The Merchant of Venice*.

Portia, who in *The Merchant of Venice* is disguised as a doctor of jurisprudence, decides the trial between Shylock and Antonio. There is a German counterpart to this in the literature of the Middle Ages depicting chivalery: *Emperor Lucius' Daughter* (*Kaiser Lucius Tochter*) (Hagens Germania 9, p. 187ff.), in which the heroine, likewise disguised, appears as the judge over her lover. The common source for both pieces of literature is the *History of the Romans* (*Gesta Romanorum*). Again in Shakespeare, transvestism is featured in *As You Like It*, *What You Will*, and in *Cymbeline*. My source is Erich Schulz's dissertation, *The Transvestite Theme in Shakespeare's*

Works (Das Verkleidungsmotif bei Shakespeare), published in 1904. With much diligence and understanding, the author did a thorough job researching all the sources on transvestism available in Great Britain.

Carrière [*Annual of the Shakespeare Society (Jahrbuch der Shakespeare-Gesellschaft)*], 6, p. 367ff., recounts that in Spanish literature, especially in Lope de Vega (1562-1635), this is a favorite motif: women in men's apparel traveling behind their men; the wife cannot leave her husband in need or misfortune; the beloved crosses paths with her fiancé while experiencing new adventures or wants to conquer him with devotion and loyalty. Calderón (1600-1681), too, had the same kind of transvestism. Using it most boldly and humorously, Tirso de Molina (1585-1648) turned it to good account in *Gil with the Green Trousers (Gil mit den gruenen Hosen)*.

An older English drama that treated the transvestite motif was the comedy, *The Plain Dealer* (1677) by William Wycherley. A ship's captain, who has become a misanthrope, hates his former girl friend who, cross-dressed as a page, follows him to war. The captain's present girl friend falls in love with this page and asks for a rendezvous. The page betrays her to the captain, who then gives up

his position and later marries the page, who is recognized as a young woman.

Voltaire gave a free rendering of Wycherley's *Plain Dealer* in his comedy *La Prude*.

Also, Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster or Love Lies a Bleeding* (1606), deserves mentioning, a drama in which Euphrasia, disguised as a page under the name of Bellario, enters into the service of the prince, whom she loves. Also deserving is Ben Jonson's *Epicoene or the Silent Woman*, a comedy in which Morose, who can tolerate no noise, looks for a quiet wife. His barber refers him to one, whom he does indeed marry, but right after the wedding she makes a big spectacle of herself and finally reveals herself as a cross-dressed young man.

In more recent English literature, Lord Byron, particularly, was interested in the transvestite motif. So, in *Lara*, Kalad, the page, is recognized as a young woman when during the war he collapses in a faint at the sight of his master, who has just fallen in battle beside him. Of Don Juan, who in women's clothing is sold at a slave market and brought into a harem, where he lived many a pleasant adventure, Byron says (canto 5, verse 105), "His youth and features favor'd the disguise."

To mention a work of a contemporary humorist, Mark Twain's *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (vol. 1, chapters 10-11), has Jim, the Negro, persuading Huckleberry to dress as a girl. Huckleberry does it, practices behaving girlishly, and goes out in the evening in a canoe to a small city on the banks of the Mississippi in Illinois. He sees a woman through the window of a house and goes in. The woman immediately recognizes him as a boy, not by his face, but by his movements, and explains to him how men and women are distinct in their different functions, when threading a needle, when throwing, and particularly: "And mind you, when a girl tries to catch anything in her lap, she throws her knees apart; she don't clap them together, the way you did when you caught the lump of lead." The distinction between manly and womanly movements was observed very well by Mark Twain and described in a very funny way.

It is also the comical effect of transvestism that causes so many people to have fun at masquerades and fancy-dress balls, at costume parties and carnivals—today, just as in Goethe's time. What our great authority so clearly reports in his Italian travels about the carnival in Rome, occur more or less everywhere, not rarely even with the character of a traditional custom.

Freimark (place cited, p. 402) told a fine story about a public celebration that takes place in Saarlouis, where it is the custom that a laborer, dressed as a woman, carry around an evergreen tree.

When I went along last winter to visit the carnival in Nice, everything there was pulsating with life in the old, colorful spirit of pleasure-seeking. It again occurred to me how for years many men and youths, particularly ones from the lower classes of the people, liked to appear as women. Not as large, but still considerable, were the number of women who depicted manly types.

In fact, the disguising of the sexes leads to some of the funniest misunderstandings. I would like to quote from the Rome Tribuna. A few years ago it reported on one of the largest carnival parties in the "Eldorado" in Rome:

A student had played the role of a Japanese female dancer in a parody of Mascagni's *Iris*. He was so pleased at the success he won in women's apparel that he stayed in the women's clothing during the dance, too. As he was strolling along between dances, someone suddenly whispered into his ear, "A beautiful creature!" He turned around and saw a youth, who wore the expression of naive

admiration. So, the student immediately got it into his head, "Aha! A man in love, who thinks I am a genuine woman."

The student decided to take the adventurous youth for a long ride. He seized his arm, gave him one of his most passionate looks, and whispered with a high voice, "Do you like me, little one?" — "Very much," the young man replied, blushing. The student led his charmed worshiper crisscross throughout the dance hall and gently dropped a few suggestive words. "I have an enormous appetite." — "Really? Well, let's eat," the youth answered, wasting no words. No sooner said than done. Shortly thereafter, the little couple found themselves at a romantic meal. They ate and drank very well, but when things got too romantic, they asked for the check. The young man looked it over and then, hiding a smile, said to the waiter, "The gentleman will pay!" The waiter bowed discreetly. But the student was left with his mouth wide open, and, looking at his "admirer," asked him in a hardly audible voice, "What did you just say? Who is going to pay?" — "You!" — "I?" — "Well, yes. The gentleman always

pays."—"Right. But are you not the gentleman?"—"I? Not at all! I am only dressed as a man. In real life I am a milliner."

This story also recalls the narrative by Julius von Voss, *Don Vigo and Donna Cajetania*, in which the fiancée and bride-to-be discover that he is a young woman, and she is a young man.

In one old play, *Galathea*, John Lyly made use of a related motif. Because Neptune demanded the most beautiful maiden as a sacrifice each year, two farmers in Lincoln allowed Galathea and Phillida, their daughters, to dress as boys. Each of the girls considered the other to be a boy and both fell in love with each other. The difficulty was solved when Phillida was changed into a genuine boy by the gods.

Not all masquerades of this kind have happy endings. For example, a truly tragic event occurred in March 1905 at a masquerade party in Ofen near Pest. A woman of attractive appearance formed the center of society and was wooed by all. At the height of the festivities, the lady removed her mask, and her dance partners recognized her as Johann Antal, the carpenter's apprentice, who allowed himself to play this joke. According to the *New Free Press*

(*Neue freie Presse*), several of the dancers became so enraged that they came at him with knives.

The case was not as bad in Petersburg [B. Stern, *History of Public Morality in Russia* (*Geschichte der oeffentlichen Sittlichkeit in Russland*) (Barsdorf 1908), vol. 2, p. 567]. Potapow, a student at the country squire's school, was sentenced in a court to be exiled in Pskow, for wearing women's clothing at a masquerade party at the court of Emperor Alexander II. He had done such a good job on the deception that he kissed the country squire's hand. In exile he set himself up in a totally womanly apartment, mostly wore women's clothing or wore expensive Turkish shawls over his manly garb. As a special curiosity, Stern even focuses on his use of an "ornate woman's chamber pot with his coat of arms."

As I just mentioned, the participants at the parties found no fault with such deceptions of a now humorous, but not seldom also sorrowful kind. With minimal exception, either only men or only women participated in the wearing of the clothes of both sexes—which until two years ago was still a sight to see in Berlin. From appearances, these costume parties that for many were an escape from the everyday routine to find some harmless fun were difficult to distinguish from ordinary masquerade parties, where both sexes

attended. Unfortunately, there recently has been a bitter turn of events, made more difficult by a prohibition placed on these entertainments by the authorities, which bars prohibits men totally. Whether we can legally justify it appears questionable to me. Those who give and attend the parties take great care in seeing that no one at the parties breaks the law. The parties suffered heavy financial damages by the prohibition of this amusement, often attended by thousands of people, who themselves made very sure that nothing happened that stood in disagreement with existing laws; in no case did anything demonstrable occur. Scientists, physicians, and jurists have repeatedly accompanied me to these parties; psychologists particularly consider them as treasure troves of interest. To summarize the impressions they received, I would like to present a few sketches of these parties by reporters of the Berlin press. First, something published in *Impressionen* in which a female correspondent writes about a "Costume Festival of the Women Artists of Berlin" (JB 2, p. 472):

On the evening of the costume party the Berlin women artists went at it with a frenzy, with a passion, as if the honor of their entire sex depended on it. Since this original

as well as fun festival always draws an enormous amount of attention—this time we are speaking of about 2,500 female party-goers the executive committee had to rent all the rooms at the Philharmonic, even Beethoven Hall and the large, white Oberlicht Hall.

The festival begins at eight o'clock, but hundreds of impatient little feet already have been standing in front of the closed portals. There is laughing, teasing, calling out. They can hardly wait for "our" festival, the women's festival, to begin.

Otherwise, the worried and curious fathers, brothers, husbands, etc., are permitted to accompany their relatives up to the cloak room, where they can get a glimpse of all the fun not available to them, being lucky onlookers; meanwhile the day before even this innocent, vicarious pleasure had been forbidden for the men. And so, they were totally limited to what they could catch on the street.

You can see women leaving their carriages, a lot of fantastic shapes, women and men, because half, a strong half, of the ladies appeared in men's apparel. They are charmed by showing up as men and by feeling that way, to

go courting, to play the gay Lothario. The handsome young women take so much pleasure in it that they act as if the one wooing her were a "real" man. We proudly stepped by the onlookers outside, eager to linger and look—we were the "in" crowd—and entered. What a buzzing, what laughter and joking! I truly believe that once every two years the Berlin women came alive with fun, occasionally profoundly alive. Harmlessly, friendships were formed between the poor and the rich, high aristocracy with the simple women workers occupied in the crafts. Besides the solid profit, the value of these festivals consists in the proof that such easy-going intercourse is possible.

It is still too early, but the grand hall of the Philharmonic is already filling up with guests greeting each other. "Something you only see in pictures," was the remark made in *Parole*. Well, the field was wide open. All wore costumes that suited them and they felt comfortable in. As mentioned, since many of the women wore men's clothing, the hall had hardly anything more interesting to offer. The hands and feet of the "gentlemen," however, are so small and decorated, their moustaches (when they are

there) so pretty and regular, because artificial, and the voices—indeed (pardon, my ladies), from the very beginning a person could not understand a word; the friends at the festival had very loud voices.

At nine o'clock things came to order; the great, historic festival parade begins. Heralds in the apparel of the Renaissance lead the way, then Egyptians follow, Apollo and the Muses represent Greek art; the Middle Ages and Gothic style make up the forerunners of the Florentines and the Renaissance. The times of Rembrandt pass by, represented by the main figures in Rembrandt's paintings; you can see Saskia with the fat, feather hat, the master himself, and all the familiar, energetic heads of the characters from the great epoch of art in the Netherlands. Dancing farmers at the Dutch carnival provided much humor at the festival.

Then little rococo figures appeared taking gracious and festive steps, followed by the Empire. Not to be forgotten is a group from the times of Germany's classical literature—Schiller, Goethe with the councilor's wife, Lessing, and all the others. The Japanese contingent was

very gracious. The geisha girls are swinging apple blossom branches. The new century closes the interesting, changing parade. The many art trends are represented: mysticism, symbolism, and many other "isms." When the parade has passed the stage, historical dances follow. Apollo allows the Muses to flutter around him, the Florentines step into a roundelay, the Dutch farmers hop and fool about totally naturalistically; the rococo rocked into a minuet, the Japanese women got into the rhythm, greeting and swinging their blossom branches. All this was carried out with so much devotion and eagerness there was something electric about it, and all the women looking on continually gave way to loud applause.

The "historical" society on the stage soon joined the public. Everyone became friends—they hugged each other, kissed, laughed. Dinner was ready in the neighboring halls, and when we retired to do some writing, many a little pair were already drinking the sparkling champagne. A specialty theater group began to perform in Beethoven Hall. They played a dream, a free rendition of one by Ibsen, an impressionistic clown appeared, and

finally, at one o'clock, a ballet scene, "The Boy and Girl Shepherds" ("Schaefer and Schaeferin') was performed by the Women's Royal Ballet Dancers.

Everywhere you looked there was fun, grace, and beauty—who could have been responsible for so much magic in our sober Berlin?

Again, here is something of an analogous report about a "male" costume festival.

In front of us there is a small, white ticket with the words: "Admittance to the Costume Festival, Friday, October 13, 1899." Armed with this card, Friday night at 11 o'clock we stepped into the festival grand hall at the (the name follows) Hotel, doing our duty as festival reporters. It was almost packed. Several hundred gentlemen in elegant frock- and dress-coats were standing or sitting around in groups, chatting with each other like friends. The music played a lively waltz. In no time fifteen to twenty couples, but gentlemen only, are twirling around the dance floor. The gentlemen being led are mostly young men between

the ages of 20 to 25 years. They sway their hips graciously, look coquettishly left and right, and fan themselves, exhausted by the dance, with a lace handkerchief.

An hour later the party took on a different appearance, because the "ladies" have appeared. When we write "ladies," we mean gentlemen in dress-coats and cocked hats who have entered the hall accompanied by friends. The "ladies" in question act exactly like their friends of the female sex, eager to please, polite, decent. With eyes to the floor, just as a young woman at her first dance, one of the "beautiful ones" tripped through the hall, surrounded by a number of cavaliers who flattered her on her appearance.

More self-conscious is that elegant, almost royal figure who appears in the hall in a black satin dress and a blonde, curly wig covered by a Rembrandt hat with waving feathers.

"That is the Baroness," a gentleman seated at our table whispered to me. Under this nickname hides an actor who as a young leading man in a suburban theater won the hearts of all of the women in the audience. Simply

"chic" is the apparel of two "ladies" who appear in Paris fashion. They know how to keep their admirers a mile away from their throats. The conversation with their worshipers truly reminds you of one you might hear at a subscription dance or a similar formal kind of amusement.

A Paris prostitute as tall as a military guard stepped into the hall, and everyone said hello to him. "Pretty Emily" —in regular life, Emil F., a hairdresser— smiling, threw himself into the arms of a dashing cavalier and rested, while the music played a galop, and he was carried off.

Toward midnight, the "more beautiful male sex," has almost reached the majority.

Even if a very large number of those who take part in costume festivals such as this dress in the form of the other sex, there can be no question of there being one particular transvestite drive. Without a doubt a not-so-small portion of physical hermaphrodites much prefer to make use of this opportunity offered to them so that in fact they can express their drive for once truly uninhibitedly and without attracting unwanted attention.

Transvestites on Thrones

In this regard it is worth mentioning the peculiar dances at the court of Empress Elizabeth of Russia. This czarina ordered that at her masquerade parties, which took place twice a week during the season, all the women should appear in the apparel of Frenchmen and the gentlemen in women's clothing (see *Memoires de Catherine*, vol. 2, p. 148).

She herself, who had many articles of men's clothing in her wardrobe, would appear one day as a French musketeer, the next day as a Cossack, then as a Dutch sailor. There is hardly any doubt that this ruler belonged to those transvestites who found her complement in feminine men, whom she preferred to see in womanly clothing. We will not find her preference for Sir d'Eon as her reader so strange when we read that she would send for Sswistunow, a handsome cadet, to dress him up herself as a woman. She also

escorted Beketow, a cadet, into her bedroom, after they likewise had visited her wardrobe and where she helped him with his ladies' toilette (Stern, place cited, p. 414).

Napoleon III, too, had Marguerite Bellanger, his lover, throw on the apparel of the other sex. But there is no reason to believe that he did this for psycho-sexual motives. He more likely ordered the clothing to deceive his jealous wife or, let us say, to protect her.

It was a totally different case with regards to Nero. Suetonius (Nero, chap. 28) writes that Sporus, his lover, was allowed to walk around in the apparel of a Roman empress, after he, Nero, had him castrated. Sporus entered Nero's house wearing a red veil. Here it appears to have been a matter of a complicated case of bisexual orientation.

Empress Elizabeth was not the only transvestite princess of her time. In the harness-room in Copenhagen, you can still see a man's saddle made of green velvet heavy with silver embroidery; and with gun holsters on both sides. It belonged to Queen Mathilde Karoline, the wife of Christian VIII, sister of King George III of England, friend of Struensee. She was routinely seen wearing a red, gold-embroidered frock-coat and vest, yellow leather trousers, high boots with spurs, and a man's hat on her unpowdered, loose hair. To everyone's horror

she appeared in this apparel with Struensee at her side, even in 1770 at the bier of the aged Queen Sophie, wife of Christian VI, who had died, they said, because of her vexation over a breach of etiquette (MB, 1906, p. 72).

The most famous Scandinavian princess and the most important female transvestite who ever sat on a throne was no doubt Queen Christine of Sweden, whom we have mentioned several times. See the essay on Christine by Sophie Hoechstetter in JB IX, p. 17ff.

Until the day she stepped down from the throne, people saw her dressed in the manner of a man. Leopold v. Ranke said of her, "She never did women's work. She know how to shoot wildlife at first shot. At home she read Tacitus and Plato and knew them almost better than any professional philologist."

It is noteworthy that she later became a Catholic. She wanted to end her days in Rome. Her main reason was that she wanted to belong to a church so she could have its consolation. She believed this church helped "so many young women to overcome the weaknesses of their sex and sacrifice themselves to God." It is doubly worth mentioning when we compare what we will later hear about the

Maid of Orleans, Catalina de Erauso, and other women soldiers who spent part of their life on the battlefield and part of it in a convent.

Even if there is no doubt as to the historical existence of the women mentioned, I am still of one mind with Ignaz v. Doellinger [*Fables of the Popes during the Middle Ages (Papstfabeln des Mittelalters)*] (Stuttgart: Cotta, 1890), pp. 1-53] Wensing, and others that the story of the woman Pope Johanna, which for centuries was considered absolutely true, must be relegated to the realm of legend.

The story has been told and treated many times, for example, Boccaccio, *Book of Famous Women (Buch von den beruehmten Frauen)* (1691); Spanhemius, *De Papa Foemina*; Bayle, *Dictionnaire crit. et hist.*, 4th ed., vol. 4, pp. 580-92; Kurtz, *History of the Church (Kirchengeschichte)*, 7th ed., vol. 1, pp. 82-83. The material was treated in literature by Theodorich Scharnberg, "Spiel von Frau Jutten" (1840); Hans Sachs; in one of Flins' French dramas (1794); and in Achim von Arnim's play, *Die Paepstin Johanna*.

The most widely known version says that she, as Johannes III, had been the successor to Pope Leo IV and in 855 was supposed to have held the papacy for two-and-a-half years. It is said that the young woman was born in Mainz. Because of the great mind she showed even as a child, her parents had her instructed in the

sciences by male teachers. She fell in love with one of them, a monk. To study, she put on men's clothing and went with him to Athens, then to Rome, where Pope Leo raised her, as Johannes Anglicus, to the position of cardinal, "because she was an outstanding scholar."

Later chosen as pope, she became pregnant by an intimate friend and gave birth during a festive procession, whereupon she was discharged from office. Local history has it that because of her, during the procession between the Lateran and the Vatican, popes never step into that small street on the way, but take a detour. Also, they say that a German has never become pope because of the story of the woman pope, who had been a German. All these stories were handed down harmlessly not only by enemies of the papacy, but also by priests and monks, especially Dominicans and Minorites, and are easy to disprove.

The legend may have referred to a nickname. Pope Johann VIII, because of his womanly features, may have been called Pope Johanna. This would be much in keeping with the very popular custom of feminizing the names of womanly men, to make a Prince George into a Princess Georgina, a King Louis into a Queen Louisa, a waiter into "that pretty waitress."

It is not possible here to treat all the historical personalities who more or less showed transvestite inclinations, from the Babylonian to the Nordic Semiramis; the rulers of Sardanapal and Heliogabalus, who often walked about proudly in expensive women's clothing; Henry III, the King of France and Poland who, like Chevalier d'Eon, was considered by most to be a hermaphrodite (see the satire aimed against him, *Description de l'isle des hermaphrodites* from the year 1605), obviously only because people often saw him "in women's clothing with all the effects of a flirt" (Mezeray, *Abrégé chronologique de l'histoire de France*, vol. 5, p. 229); Philip of Orleans, the famous brother of Louis XIV, whom Michelet, in his *Histoire de France*, vol. 15, pp. 57 and 137, calls "a painted flirt who went to parties in make-up and in women's clothing on the arm of his beloved friend, Chevalier de Lorraine; Emil August, "the Happy," as he wished to be called; the Duke of Saxony, Gotha and Altenburg (1772-1822), one of the most opalescent princes of all time. In 1804 he became ruler of his land and for eighteen years led it happily in an age when times were not especially good in Germany. Napoleon I called him one of the most gifted German princes. Jean Paul called him the wittiest prince of his time, and Karl Maria von Weber, the composer who was his good friend, writes, "His appearance has something uncommonly noble

about it, and in spite of his high stature, something soft, almost womanly, which also has to do with his preference for women's articles of clothing." He was twice happily married (in spite of the fact that Reichard and Karsch stated that he "liked the company of men very much." (F. Karsch, in JB, pp. 615-93, wrote a splendid psychobiography of him, in which he also included the literature about Emil August.) Through his only daughter Luise, whom the Duke Ernst of Saxony-Coburg married, whose son Albert became the prince consort of Queen Victoria of England, Emil August is the great-grandfather of the present king, Edward VII. All those who personally knew him were astounded by his womanly features. Louise Seidler, the writer of memoirs and painter, says that, "When once my aunt and I went to visit him on a sick-call, he received our visit in bed. During the conversation he coquettishly pulled up one of the sleeves of his white night gown up to his shoulder and showed us a whole series of the most splendid bracelets that adorned his arm. His head was covered with a kind of hood that was trimmed with expensive lace."

Friedrich Foerster met him and afterward made the following, somewhat malicious description:

"I have never seen so comical an aristocrat in my life. He was already a mature man at the time, but his bedroom was set up as if a

Paris milliner lived there. He was known to have attended the Leipzig exposition dressed as Franchon with the lyre music of the savoyard and made a good profit in Classig's Kaffeehaus, in Auerbach's Keller, in the "Blue Cap," and in other taverns."

In *Summer-House (Gartenlaube)* of 1857 (no. 7, p. 93) there is a picture showing the duke as a Greek woman with a little lap dog on a sofa in a totally womanly pose. The following words in a letter he wrote to his intimate friend Sidonie von Dieskau (dated November 11, 1817) show just how well and how clearly he felt the woman in him: "I felt much better, and self-love and self-esteem flared up in me more strongly when I shed that miserable, burdensome, and clinging slush of the manliness which has been forced upon me." Finally, let it be added that the duke had occupied himself as a writer, poet, and composer of songs and sonatas.

A Few Rare Reasons for Transvestism

Persons who prefer to wear the clothing of the other sex give as their motives practical reasons, such as to facilitate their careers, their material existence. But before turning to this point, we would like to investigate another motive by mentioning other explanations to present a complete picture.

Even if rarely, there are individual cases where transvestism occurs for health reasons. Fr. S. Kraus [*Primary Source (Urquell)*, 1897, p. 132; *Journal of Ethnology (Zeitschrift d. Vereins fuer Voelkerdunde)*, 1893, p. 372 and 1895, p. 129] reports that in many cases, peoples with superstitious customs put on the clothing of the other sex in cases of sickness "to deceive the sickness demons."

Schindler (p. 186; in Freimark, place cited, p. 413 quote), in his work, *Superstitions during the Middle Ages (Aberglauben des Mittelalters)* mentions the rare custom in some areas of Germany

where women giving birth put on some articles of their husbands' clothing, for example, his shirt and trousers, because they believe it facilitates delivery. It may possibly be that this superstition has its roots in the occult belief in the androgynous idea of life.

Ludwig Tieck, in his story *The Male Mother* (*Die maennliche Mutter*), gave a highly peculiar motivation: a mother rescues the honor of her pregnant daughter by putting on men's clothing and marrying her.

Another totally different reason is given by persons who are caught wearing the clothing of the other sex: they did it on a dare. In this case it can be the result of a joke in the sense of reaching a comical effect by transvestism—or of persons with transvestite inclinations trying to prove that they can carry out their desires. We will give two illustrations of real occurrences.

In Allenstein, an East Prussian city, a woman bookkeeper had a job in an export products and grocery store. Her extraordinarily pretty face attracted much attention, but the rest of her body, her gait, and her hairdo led people to believe she was a man.

A physician, who was once called to her bedside when the bookkeeper was ill and found her smoking in her smoke-filled room, doubted her femininity, too. However, there was no physical

examination. After working there approximately six weeks, Miss Luise Schwarz, which was the name she gave in Allenstein, left the city to take another job. Mr. Kaufmann L. in Osterode engaged her in a manufacturing plant. When one day the young woman failed to arrive on time, Mr. L. went to her room, but what he saw there made him dumbfounded, for, standing in front of him was his "woman" bookkeeper in street-coat and top hat greeting her boss with the words, "From today on I am again going to be a gentleman." They later found out that the young gentleman took a bet that for a certain period of time he could earn his bread, unnoticed, as a "young woman." The day Mr. L. surprised him was the day he had won the bet (JB 2, p. 448).

From Vienna it was reported:

A large woman came to the attention of a police officer in Vienna on the evening of September 22, 1896, at the crossing of Opernring and Kaertner Streets. She was heavily veiled in light but elegant autumn clothing, walking slowly. Because her movements lacked grace, she did not look as if she belonged to the fair sex. The policeman approached the lady, and one look convinced him his eyes

had not deceived him. For, in spite of the thick veil, he saw an imposing blond mustache on the lady's upper lip. The policeman asked her to follow him to police headquarters, and there they identified him as Ludwig K., a 21-year-old employee of a private firm. The young man made a bet with his employer that he, dressed as a woman, could take a walk from his apartment, over Elizabeth Bridge, down Kaertnerring, and to Schwarzenberg Bridge without being stopped. The bet was 10 guilders. After the facts were taken down at the station, K. drove home. But he will have to explain himself to the police judge.

A person arrested, again in Vienna, likewise gave a truly peculiar reason this time it was a young woman dressed as a man. The event (of August 20, 1899) was described as follows.

A young, clean-shaven man was walking in front of the building of the police headquarters in Vienna. He attracted attention by his shy mannerisms. He appeared to be undecided whether he should enter the building or not. A policeman, who had for some time been observing the person in question, approached him and asked him if he had perhaps lost something. The young man answered that he

wanted a work permit from the police. A magistrate had sent him here. He was taken to see an officer but was unable to get what he wanted for lack of documentation. During the process, his behavior was so peculiar that the police officer came upon the idea that, perhaps, the young man was a young woman. When the officer said so, the "young man," crying, confessed immediately to being a young woman. Further investigations revealed that this young woman had worn men's clothing for two-and-a-half years. As a reason for the transvestism, the young woman said that as a maid on a farm she was subject to much persecution. She said she then began to work out in the fields as a (male) laborer; no one in the county had any idea about her true sex. The young woman, who could neither read nor write, raised suspicions, and the police set up an official inquiry. They found the young woman had arrested mental development, stayed with the truth of what she said, and had no malicious intentions. Since she had no means of support she was placed in an almshouse and given a warning not to dress in men's clothing.

A Russian woman of the best society, to flee from her family, with whom she lived in discord, and to avoid their tracing her, worked for years as a man at a train station. Expressing that the facts were true, the *Kiev Ganin* reported the following story from Kischinew.

Approximately four years ago a young fellow entered the service of the southwest railway as a regular worker. He called himself Alexander R-ski. He worked and lived with the other workers in a barracks and shared in the work of his comrades. In a short time R-ski, through his diligence and his ability, won the trust and respect of his employers, and he soon was made a supervisor. In this position, too, R-ski, because he was a model employee who carried out his duties well, advanced to a higher position of responsibility in one year. To the amazement of all the acquaintances of the supposed young man, it was revealed a few days ago that a woman was hiding under the simple clothing of the supervisor—the daughter of a government secretary, named Alexandra R-skaja. She had graduated from high school and at the same time passed a test in the Latin language, which qualified her to attend a medical institute for women. When she had graduated from the high school, Miss R. held a position for a long time as a teacher at a county school, and one day she disappeared without a trace. When all inquiries were

fruitless, everyone in general thought she had met with an accident. The railway worker has presently changed again into a woman and will surely have to answer for her metamorphosis in court.

From antiquity it is reported that Euclid, in women's clothing, came from Megara to listen to Socrates, his teacher, because during the war the Athenians decided to threaten to kill any male person from Megara who entered the city.

In *Krates und Hipparchia*, Wieland has Hipparchia, dressed as a youth, attend the lectures of Krates, the philosopher. She falls in love with him and finally becomes his wife.

Clodius Pulcher is supposed to have dressed as a woman and slipped into one of the festivals of the Bona Dea, where men were not permitted entrance.

Related transvestite motives in life and literature are not exactly hard to find. In "The Princess, a Medley," Tennyson wrote a comprehensive, satirical poem in which a princess has established a woman's republic. No man may enter without being punished by death. The prince (her official fiance) and two miners slip in wearing women's clothing. They are gradually recognized by others, then by

the princess herself. Since the prince had saved her life, they are not put to death but are thrown out by powerful women. In women's clothing they return to the king, and their appearance raises much laughter at court.

Dr. Fr. Kraus, the foremost expert in Slavic folklore, told me that in Bosnian Guslar songs heterosexual women dress as men. Kraus published one such song in the third issue of *Neuer Kosmos* (Berlin, 1908); and another under the title "Orlovic, the Baron of Raab" ("Der Burggraf von Raab") (Freiburg i.B.: Herder, 1888); and a third one in his *Research on Slavic Peoples (Slavischen Volksforschungen)* (Leipzig: Heims Verlag, 1908).

Slavic folk-songs often celebrate women in men's clothing as feared chiefs of Hajduk tribes. Kraus wrote to me, saying that in Serbia, people call men dressed as women "zenkara" (plural "zenkare"), while "zenkar" means a rip or a rake.

We often meet with the transvestite motif in old English and Scottish folk ballads. Karl Zuege [*The Transvestite Motif in English-Scottish Folk Ballads (Das Verkleidungsmotif in den englisch-schottischen Volksballaden)*, Halle-Wittenberg: Inaugural Dissertation, 1908] treats the contents of five ballads in which men dress as women and ten in which women dress as men. In almost

every case, the motive for cross-dressing is love, the wish to be at the side of one's lover during war and danger. They reach each other unrecognized, speak to each other, so that they can test each other. In the pretty ballad "Lord Livingston," the beloved wife says:

I'll dress myself in men's array
Gae to the fields for thee

and in "Fair Rosamund," the pretty Rosamund says to her king, Henry II:

Nay rather, let me, like a page
Your sword and target beare.

Conversely, in "The Holy Nunnery," Willie follows his beloved Annie, who had been put into a convent because her parents denied her their blessing forever. After brooding for seven years, he cross-dresses himself as a woman:

And nane could ken his pale face
But he was a lady fine.

He finds a way into the convent, where Annie recognizes him by the look of love in his eyes:

Fair Annie kent her true love's face
Says, Come up, my sister dear.

In Holland I heard a transvestite folk song that has been learned by every child since olden days. Adults, too, often like to sing the melody. I am grateful to my colleague, Mr. B. v. Tricht, in Amsterdam, for writing it down. It goes as follows:

There once was a cunning young woman/ / She wanted to sail
the seas/ / There once was a cunning young woman/ /Who wanted to
go to sea as a sailor/ / She had to climb up the mast/ / Set the sails/ /
She had to climb the mast/ / Set the sails and make them fast/ / But in
a storm, a thunderstorm/ /The sails blew, knocked, and banged/ / But
in a storm, a thunderstorm/ / The sails blew from top to bottom/ /
Captain, O captain don't strike me!/ / It's me, your turtle dove/ /
Captain, O captain don't strike me/ / I'm your love as you can see!

A well-known author told me of a true-life story he recalled about a similar motif where cross-dressing played a role.

In the summer of 1871, at the time I was 18 years of age, I lived in Guben. There I was writing a short novel that I later burned, under the title, *Platonic Love* (*Platonische Liebe*). Plot: A young man falls in love with a young woman who is dressed as a boy. They marry, but only platonically, i.e., without sexual intercourse, so that they could put Schopenhauer's philosophy into practice.

A friend I had in my youth, likewise born in Potsdam, by the name of R. I-I., had been in the high school in Hamm near Westphalia and from there gone to Kuestrin. He had read in manuscript form my *Platonic Love*, about which he was enthusiastic, and so he visited me in Guben at the beginning of the summer vacation. Here he told me he had left a young woman behind in Hamm, whom he wanted to marry. She was the daughter of a rich factory owner. But her father wanted to give the factory and his entire fortune to his son and turn his daughter into a sister of a Protestant nursing order. He just had to talk to her again. But how? She was jealously watched over by her father.

I suggested he dress as a young woman! He was ready to do it. We traveled to Berlin to his married sister. She put him into her clothes and made up his yellow face with greasepaint. He already had long hair hanging down — nothing needed to be changed there. The only thing he had to do was wear a pair of dark-blue glasses and wear thick veils. In Hamm I bought him a parasol, too. He looked like an ugly governess. He traveled as my Aunt Adelaide Sturm, and I as her nephew Walter Sturm. We went to the train station in a cab and in a second-class coach from Berlin to Hamm in Westphalia.

It was very hot in the train car, and the sun melted the greasepaint on his face so that it glistened like the butter on a piece of bread. In Hamm we went into an inn, took two separate rooms, and ate in them. No one showed any suspicion. When I went with him on the street, we were even greeted with respect: at the time I looked very theological, and I am sure people thought I was a chaplain. The villa in which R. H.'s lover lived was outside of the city on a hedged road. Where we approached, the young

woman was sitting at one of the open windows on the upper floor. He whistled the melody:

O, Richard, O, my king,
The universe abandons you.

She recognized him by it. She gave a sign that she was coming, and she was soon following us. While I stood watch, both of the women sat for hours on a park bench. There they definitely became engaged.

We stayed overnight in Hamm and returned the next day, but this time only to P. Here I brought him by cab to his mother, then I went to see my own. The prank was totally successful. There was not the slightest importunity, and Richard H. did in fact marry the young woman.

In an old play by Elias Schlegel, *Der Triumph der guten Frau*, Hilaria, the wife of a Don Juan, cross-dresses as a man and plays harder than he at being a lover, so that she can outdo him with all the ladies.

Transvestism and Career Choice

We are now coming to the motivation that has been most often given: greater comfort and better career choice. In the evaluation of the motivation, it is not insignificant that the same reasons are given by women for wearing men's clothing as by men who wear women's clothing.

One such person was the widow Hedwig Fischer nee Adler from Koenigsbrueck, whose name in reality, however, was Julius Fisher, a weaver born in 1845 in Grosshain. He said he "became" a woman to flee from his wife, with whom he was always arguing, but mostly because it was easier for him to find a job as a child caretaker. As such, he did in fact find good jobs in Posnan and in other cities.

A counterpart to this man is an eccentric who lives in the Black Forest. Seppli is the water and canteen proprietor in his home town,

Trinberg. He is well known and liked in the surrounding areas of Elz and Glotter Valleys.

Josef Weber—that is his true name—appears at work as a woman. Anyone who did not know him would think he was a milkmaid from this region. By wearing a pair of large earrings he tries to embellish his face, which is bronzed and wrinkled. One of his neighbors says of him,

The people here ask him to have some coffee with them to show they are satisfied with him, but also often out of pity. Coffee gives him the most pleasure on earth. Seppli scorns wine and beer. Even though he has to travel far, no one has ever said that he ever had to beg for coffee. He takes joy in what people give him. He makes no demands, and there is no one in the community who can say that he costs them a penny. He does not like city folk, is very distrustful of them, and is very uneasy when talking to them, while all the children are his friends and confidants. When he makes his rounds he has a crowd of children with him, and they keep him busy enough with their questions.

A French farmer from the suburbs of Paris went to the police for permission to wear women's clothing and received it, for "business reasons" no less. He said that a woman's dress was necessary as a part of his equipment to do his kind of work at a nursery garden. Permission for the same thing was granted to a Paris potato merchant. The following case made a great stir in April 1907 in Spain.

An English woman, who has been living in Granada for a long time, made her living giving language lessons. She was well regarded in the families of her male and female pupils. A few days ago she tried to cash a check at the Bank of Spain. The teller hesitated to pay the amount, because the check was made out to a person with a masculine first name. A short time after, a man in elegant clothing returned to the cashier with the same check. The teller recognized the same features and appearance of the woman whom he had seen earlier. He became suspicious that it was some kind of fraud and had the individual arrested. At the police station it was revealed that she actually was a man. Out of necessity and without a job, years ago he had decided to go through life as a woman,

because by so doing he hoped it would be easier to get a job. In this respect he was right.

A Berlin weekly newspaper, which reported this event, added without being malicious, "Perhaps this case, too, belongs in the chapter on sexual intermediaries. The man had the nature of a woman, and it is obvious that his masculine features were clumsy and awkward. He unmasked himself only when he dressed as a man."

We now turn to those women who for business reasons accept the clothing of the other sex to make it easier for them to find a better existence.

On February 12, 1901, a young fellow was arrested at the Hamburg train station. He had offered to carry a passenger's baggage. The passenger became suspicious of his behavior, because he questioned his service. The passenger noticed that the fellow did not know any of the streets or directions and asked a policeman to arrest him. At the police station he was asked for his name and where he was from. He said his name was Karl Lurek and that he had no identification. The policeman on duty was about to make a body search when the fellow suddenly became anxious and

called out, "No, you may not examine me; I am a young woman!" A stream of tears followed this exclamation. She then confessed the following: She had to get a job because her uncle had just died, and he had been looking after her. She saw that there was a business opportunity in Berlin and decided to try her luck there, because she knew of a friend and distant relative who had made good there. As soon as she got to the businessman in Berlin, she was asked for 15 marks for a month's keep. So, she was then forced to look for other decent work "because she wanted to stay respectable."

She noticed the young porters at the train station who were making 3 to 4 marks a day. She soon decided to cut her hair short and to travel to Hamburg in men's clothing a girl friend had procured for her. At the train station she then offered her services as porter and got 80 pence for her first efforts. By her second attempt she had already reached her fate. They made telegraphic inquiries to Koenigsberg and Berlin to certify her story. After spending a night in jail she was released.

It was reported from Boston in May 1905 that Governor Herrick received a letter from a woman living in the southern part of the state of Massachusetts. She was seeking permission to wear trousers. The reason she gave for her request was that her main occupation as

director of a farm was outside of her house, and therefore it was more practical for her to wear men's clothing rather than dresses. The letter was sent on to the attorney-general with the comment that a change in the law for such cases should perhaps be introduced.

A similar case from London (March 20, 1906) was reported.

A young woman in a man's suit appeared at a trial that began yesterday in a small town in the County of Kent. The judge, who obviously was amazed and who asked for an explanation, got the reply that the young woman had already been working for years on a local farm and always wore this kind of clothing, because she considered it to be "healthier and more comfortable."

She was wearing an overcoat, long trousers, spats, and a hard hat. She is well known throughout the district. The people have become accustomed to her suit, so that no one actually pays any attention to it any more. The people on the farm on which she works simply call her "Jack."

Rosa Bonheur, too, in her petition to the government for permission to wear men's clothing, gave as her reason that dresses prevented her from finding artistic motifs in nature.

A few years ago a 14-year-old girl in the coal district of Merthyr Tydvil in Wales, England, ran away from her parents and put on men's clothing so that she could find "a better job and more quickly." And she was right, because she soon found an occupation as a coal-boy in one of the mines and earned 15 shillings a week, which for a 14-year-old girl was a lot of money. However, she soon became ill and had to be taken to the hospital, where she was forced to confess her secret.

Twenty years ago two young women, Katie and Marga Mint, came from Ireland to America. Since neither of the two young women could find work, Marga, who read an advertisement in the newspaper that a couple was wanted to work on a farm, decided to function as a husband while Katie, the weaker and more graceful one, had to represent the wife. The couple got the position. Marga worked in the fields, Katie in the kitchen. They later became naturalized, and as the man, Marga exercised her right to vote [*Record Herald* (Chicago), April 25, 1906].

As reported in *Wide World*, two young German women aged 18 and 19 years live in the mountains of Mendocino County in California. They supervise huge herds, with guns in their holsters, riding fast horses in manly fashion in men's clothing. Twenty years ago their father, landowner Jakob Lahm, went to Santa Rosa, married there, and moved then to Mendocino County, where he obtained 10,000 acres of wild country for his herds. But this country was thick with forest and, besides gigantic sandlewood, spruce, and pine trees there also were panthers, bears, prairie wolves, and many other wild beasts that had to be cleared. Jakob Lahm soon became famous throughout the land as a hunter and trapper. The ranch soon had livestock valued at \$50,000. Their father is deceased. His fresh, eager, and strong daughters, Gustel and Luise, have taken over his work. They know nothing about life in the capital. They got their education in the schoolhouse that is far away. Since they have to look out for horses and cattle besides 5,000 sheep, they have little spare time to put on women's clothing. They put on trousers and ride over the mountains to bring in the sheep before nightfall. The young women know every foot of the way over twenty English miles. They go shooting; set traps; use the lasso; shear the sheep; track down wild animals; plow, harrow, sow, and harvest; brand the animals; sell

the wool; and cook for the men whom they employ during the sheep-shearing season. Their estate is dangerous at times. Between the chain of mountains there are hollows where the livestock graze. It sometimes happens that the animals go too far. The young women then have to go searching day and night, in the wind and rain, to bring the lost quadrupeds back again. During these excursions the sisters separate and systematically scour different areas. Shepherd dogs accompany their mistresses. It also sometimes happens that predators steal a lamb. If they come across bear tracks, they hunt day and night until they catch it.

In their home you can find hunting trophies they have won since early childhood: furs from black bears, panthers, and lynx. A short time ago Gustel brought in a panther weighing 232 pounds. The young women loaded the beast on the back of one of the horses. They fear the prairie wolves the most. They lay traps for them. When forest fires threaten their land, their energy is put to a hard test. They then use desperate means, working day and night, until the danger has passed.

Gustel and Luise are splendid to look at and enjoy high regard everywhere because of their integrity and their diligence.

Of course, we know that in Europe there are many places where for ages women, for practical reasons, have been wearing manly clothing, especially trousers, at work. To be mentioned are the Australian fisher-women in Zealand, whose trousers cover their bodies down to their waterproof boots; Russian women on the banks of the Volga, working in the preparation of caviar; on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean, the women whose clothing is no different from the men's in the same occupation; the dairymaids and women harvesting in the pasture-lands in Tyrol in Switzerland and Styria; those women working in the mines in Belgium. Out of all of these women, only the women farmers in Champéry wear trousers outside of their work; all the others put on their dresses again in their rooms at home, especially on Sunday and holidays. It was this condition that made them essentially different from the women mentioned previously, who declared they wanted to put on men's clothing for business reasons, who in their petitions to the French government even referred to some of the manly work-clothing worn by women in the occupations mentioned here. All these women also make use of manly clothing outside of their work at home, on walks, in society; in general, many do not even have any clothing at all that belongs to their sex.

Several years ago a Paris correspondent reported:

Mrs. Dieulafoy, the famous entrepreneur of the excavations in Susa, in an elegant frock-coat with the little ribbon of the Legion of Honor in a buttonhole, received the President of the Republic and his wife, who had come to the Louvre to see the treasures that had been excavated. She offered Mrs. Carnot her arm and led her around like a cavalier. During a dinner given by the Dieulafoys, the lady, who appeared to have totally changed her sex, placed a woman each on her left and on her right, while her spouse, opposite her, did the same thing.

Even Mrs. Dieulafoy already had a predecessor in the "Honorable" Esther Stanhope, the divorced spouse of the British Earl Ellesmere. Her area of research was Assyria. She finally made it her residence after she married an Arabian sheik. She always went in Oriental men's apparel. The so-called "comfort of a man's suit" gave rise to a New York club whose members consisted solely of professional women artists. It was reported: The luxuriously decorated rooms of the club, situated on one of the most prestigious avenues, admitted no men under any circumstances,

and the women members were permitted to appear in men's clothing only, which could be modified from an esthetic standpoint according to the taste of the wearer. Thus, Miss Jessie Bartlett-Davies liked herself in a blue frock-coat with gilded buttons and breeches of the same color, while Miss Edno Wallace Hopper, a brilliant star of the farce, preferred to wear a golf outfit. Miss Ethel Barrymore wore loose-fitting trousers and a light-colored blouse. Josephine Holl and Miss Lilian Russel, members of comic opera, took an interest in double-breasted frock-coats. The sculptresses and painters who belonged to the club made use almost exclusively of the conventional manly artist's costume made of velvet or plush. The woman painter Miss Edith Sarah Crowndale preferred to wear high top-boots with her manly costume in the club as well as outside of it (MB, 1906, p. 43).

Clubs and associations in which persons preferred to wear the apparel of the other sex, put together, are in no way rare. In St. Louis, too, there was a women's group whose constitution stated: Each woman who enters the group is in duty bound to wear men's clothing, to smoke, to drink, and to appear at the clubhouse two evenings a week. Women's handicrafts are forbidden in the club, while riding, fencing, and gymnastics receive first position on the club's program.

Each member who enters marriage leaves the club. This club took on a religious aura by choosing one of the older individuals in the group to head a prayer service based on Christian or Mohammedan beliefs (JB 3, p. 529).

Here again, too, we meet with the male analogy. The conformity revealed in the examples given speaks for the fact that the reasons for assuming the clothing of the other sex are truly essentially more profound than the persons in question themselves believe.

For a case in point, *Genuine Character Traits of Odd British Persons* [*Originalzuegen aus dem Charakter englischer Sonderlinge* (Leipzig 1796), p. 158 and following] reports about eccentric characters in 1794, when an anonymous caller denounced a tavern to the London police. Judge Bond had the place raided and arrested eighteen men elegantly clad in the most recent women's fashions. The men were calling each other by feminine names, such as "Lady Golding" and "Miss Fanny."

A very similar event took place in Budapest a few years ago. Dr. Krecsani, the chief detective, picked out one society he gained access to through a charge that odd persons were gathering in the courtyard of a coffee house. Police observations discovered the nature of the "closed society." All the men called each other by

feminine names. The waiter's name was "Niobe," while the coffee house keeper had the sonorous name "Koronas Aranka." Others were called "Trilby," "Ibolyka," "Melanie," "Biri," "Beatrix," "Premes," "Zsuzsi," "Ida," "Czigany," "Aranka," and "Margarit." There were many evening teas. Whenever a stranger wanted to enter, the coffee house keeper would send him away with the words, "Pardon, a closed society is holding a meeting!" The young people put on women's clothing, put on make-up, perfumed themselves, and there was dancing until the wee hours of the morning. One detective was successful in entering the society, where he received the name "Ella." Saturday night the society gathered again for a meeting. The courtyard was decorated with garlands of flowers, and the young people put on their most beautiful women's clothing. When the society had gathered, detectives pressed through the door to the courtyard, where a couplet reading by Niobe was on the program. Thirteen persons were arrested, but all were released, because they could find nothing incriminating (according to newspaper reports).

Name-Transvestism

If we take an overall view of the examples presented, then we will see that a truly great number of cases of the tendency to live in the clothing of the other sex is closely connected with two other wishes, to take those names and occupations that correspond to the apparel.

These three belong together as a triad, in spite of the fact that in desire and truth they in no way connect in every case. Especially in the past, but also in the present, one finds women writers who hide behind a masculine pseudonym—certainly also a kind of sex transvestism, which absolutely is not only confined to transvestite women, just as on the other hand there doubtlessly are a great number of manly kinds of women, even ones with a more or less strong desire toward transvestism, who write under feminine names.

Besides Daniel Stern (Countess d'Algout), George Sand, Liszt's friend, is the most famous example of an active literary woman writing

under a masculine name. Sand, a striking personality, stood beside Musset, the lyricist, and Chopin, the composer. Even when she had long been called Mme. Dudevant and was the mother of two children, she almost always wore men's clothing and was rarely recognized as a woman. Moreover, they say that her mother, too, went around in Paris in manly clothing for the sake of her spouse, Dupin, and supposedly for the reason of concerns for—economy. Weininger, the anti-feminist, again exaggerates to sound intelligent, too, in this case when he makes the following generalization (place cited, p. 84):

There is a more profound reason why women writers so often assume a man's name. They feel they are almost men. In cases of persons such as George Sand, this corresponds fully with their tendency to manly clothing and manly occupation. The motive for choosing a masculine pseudonym must be in the feeling that only such a one corresponds to one's own nature. It cannot be rooted in the wish for greater respect and recognition on the part of the public. For, whatever women produce, as a consequence of the piquant quality bound up with it, has always attracted more attention than the creations by men, and,

because more is expected from the very beginning, is always treated with more consideration, if it was good, it was rated incomparably higher than what men had done equally as well. It is so especially today, and it will continue in the future, that productions will be more respected if they are by women, while if they had originated with men, scarcely anyone would notice them.

On the other side, there has been no lack of men who write under a feminine name. Of course, they are rarer. To be mentioned as an example would be William Sharp, the British writer who died in December 1905. Writing under the pseudonym Fiona Macleod, he had pensive creations published. Only after his death was he identified as the famous "Celtic woman nature-singer." When alive, he guarded his secret carefully and in conversations often stressed that the works of Fiona Macleod, whose person was unknown, could have been written only by a woman.

The memoirs of the Marquise de Créquy were published at the beginning of the nineteenth century (last edition, Paris, 1834) in ten volumes, filled with moving, gallant, and piquant anecdotes taken from the times of the *ancien régime*, so that they were devoured with

great enthusiasm, especially by older people in melancholy recollections of their youth. The Marquise de Créquy, who in these memoirs cast herself in the role of a mistress of a castle, who imbued everything that happened after 1789 with antipathy, was no one other than M. de Courchamps. In reality he had totally identified with the marquise.

When once his publisher went to visit him, he found him in bed, his head wrapped in a fine piece of lace cloth. "Please excuse me," M. de Courchamps said with pain in his voice, "Today I'm having my vapors!" (= period)—He wrote his memoirs in a kind of boudoir amid mirrors, drawers, make-up compacts, knickknacks, and embroidery. Let only a small sample of his manner of writing suffice.

The marquise tells—in all her reports it is a matter of fantasy—how she returned home from the wedding celebration of the dauphin, which found such a tragic ending. As if saved by a miracle, she was forced to go home alone. "It was the first time I ever put my hand on the knocker of my back door, and I did not know at all how I should begin. Oh, good gracious, what are we ladies when we go about without lackeys! "

Duke Emil August von Gotha, whom we mentioned above, also wrote a novel that consisted of letters of two women friends of high

rank. One of them was the gifted Baroness of Werthern, the other the duke himself under the name of a Grand Duchess Anna in the role of a young widow.

It appears superfluous to me to investigate what is primary, secondary, the original point of departure, what the consequential phenomena are in the cases where the clothing, name, and occupation of the other sex are associated. For all these things, whether they appear together or alone as far as they are in general inwardly conditioned and not external occurrences—originate from one and the same source. Therefore, they are not independent of one another but rather in a relationship of coordination. If an orientation that is more psychological than physical in character joins as a fourth, then this one, too, as we have seen, does not at all necessarily always have to be homosexual. As another feature to be coordinated, it has to be viewed as originating from the same admixture of the basic substance of masculinity and femininity.

Women as Soldiers

Of all the occupations that are allotted to one or the other sex, none has been considered so much a male privilege as that of soldier and warrior. Even in those countries where women judges, preachers, physicians, and architects are routine, military status is closed to women, and even the most advanced women pioneers of equal rights have up to the present time not demanded that women be entered into the army. However, at the same time we could fill an imposing volume, if we were to search the past, with an enormous number of women who would exhaust the theme of "Women as Soldiers," with women who appeared in sagas, such as the Amazons and Valkyres, and with women in our own time.

To a certain degree, it is amazing how often these women overcame great obstacles for the sake of their lust for war and love for their country. Especially amazing in most cases is how long and

with what cunning they knew how to hide their sex, so that one can truly assume that a great number have never been discovered at all.

With regard to the Amazons, I do not believe they have been historically proven, in spite of the fact that older and even more recent authors do not doubt their existence. What Herodotus, Diodorus, Plutarch, Justin, Quintus Curtius, Homer, and Strabo, what various Arabian writers and later Abbe Guyon in the work *Histoire des amazons anciennes et modernes* (enlarged by Medailles, Brussels, 1741), Vierthaler in *Philosophic History of Peoples and Nations* (*Philosophische Geschichte der Menschen and Voelker*), Spalart in the work already mentioned above—what they report about them is so contradictory and, for the most part, so fantastic and adventurous that the facts of these authorities can hardly be viewed as reliable.

Naturally, the Amazons, too, are repeatedly celebrated in heroic literature, such as in Edmund Spenser's *The Faerie Queen* (epic, 1590): Sir Artegall is captured by Rudigunde, the Amazon queen. She is killed by Britomartis, the heroic young woman who destroys the matriarchy. In *Arcadia* by Sir Philip Sidney (1581), Pyrokles cross-dresses as an Amazon. Basilius the king, who thinks he is a woman, and the queen, who has discovered his sex, both fall in love with him. In the heroic poem by Helmhart von Hohenberg, "Der Hapsburgische

Ottobert" (1664), Euphrasia falls in love with Ruremunde, a pretty Amazon. The latter secretly writes to her former lover Ariston in her place. At the wedding tournament Ruremunde conquers all her opponents. In the heroic story by Daniel Casper von Lohenstein, *Arminius, the Magnanimous General with His Most Illustrious Thusnelda* (*Der grossmuetige Feldherr Arminius nebst seiner durchlauchtigsten Thusnelda*) (1689), Zeno is raised as a girl because his father cast him off. When he is about to marry a man, he takes flight. He comes to the Amazons in women's clothing. Penthesilea, the queen, and her sister are in love with Prince Orogestes. He, however, loves Zeno, who he believes is a young woman. The Amazon motif is treated also in Kleist's *Penthesilea*.

The pictures of Amazons on numerous ancient ash jars and coins prove their physical reality as little as do the depictions of Germania and Victory on our monuments. The reports of their residence are not even agreed on. Some say they lived on the north side of Asia Minor. From there they were supposed to have crossed over to the other side of the Black Sea and up to the region of the Caucasus. The Sarmatians are supposed to be descended from them. They were also supposed to have come to the aid of the Trojans and made conquests as far as the Don as well as in Syria.

Theseus and Hercules, too, are supposed to have fought in battle against the Amazons who had ranged as far as the area around Athens. Grave stones and other monuments of them were displayed even in classical times.

Many authors put them beside the Gorgons, another nation of women, especially in the western part of Africa. According to Adam von Bremen, Amazons were supposed to have lived on the banks of the Baltic Sea, too, as late as 1050 CE. They were supposed to have sexually united with merchants who fell into their hands. I would like to give some short reports by older and recent authors.

Diodorus tells about the queen of the African Amazons:

Her bravery and her fame grew by the day. When she had conquered one tribe she went to war with the next one on the border. Since luck was on her side, her pride grew. She called herself a daughter of Mars. She had the men do all the women's domestic chores. She legislated so that women were raised to do the work of battle and that men, on the other hand, were lowered to the rank of knave. The arms and legs of newborn males were made lame so that they would be unfit for the military. However, the right

breast of the girls was burned off so that they would make better use of their weapons in battle. This is where the nation, itself, was supposed to have received its name (Amazon = without breast).

This explanation of the name does not fit well with the fact that all the depictions by the ancients always show the Amazons with two well-maintained breasts.

The Jewish author Ibrahim ibn Jabut tells that, "West of the Urs there is a city of women. They possess acres and slaves and are made pregnant by their servants. And when the woman gives birth to a male, she kills him. They pursue the skill of riding and do their own warfare. They have courage and bravery."

Spalart writes:

The Amazons in ancient times were a warring nation of women who in their lands took care of the government and military order. On the other hand they left the womanly chores to the men or even did not tolerate men at all among themselves, but so that they would not die out they occasionally got themselves some men from the

neighboring nation. Moreover, on all the monuments depicting Amazons one notices a serious face mixed with sadness or pain, sharp eyebrows, and large breasts. They either sent the boys back to their absent fathers or made them cripples at the time of birth so that they were unfit for the military. They wore helmets much like the ones worn by the Romans, with a bush of feathers sticking up. They wore low boots on their feet that reached up to their calves. Besides a shield, called a "pelta," they possessed battle axes, quivers, and bows. Their lances, which one finds depicted on some Tyrian coins, looked exactly like those of the Greeks.

Friedr. Creuzer [*Symbolik and Mythologie der Alten Voelker, besonders der Griechen*, 3d. ed. (Leipzig and Darmstadt: Carl Wilh. Leske, 1836-42), Part 1], and after him, von Roemer, on the other hand, maintain that the Amazons are to be understood as manly kinds of moon priestesses. Creuzer says, "The Amazon was a strong, manly woman in military service to the stars—just as the eunuch (that is say the womanly man) was supposed to depict femininity in men in the same sidereal rite."

Even if we leave open the question whether or not the Amazons really existed or, like the Valkyries, were only mythological figures, still the firm belief in them proves that, because of experiences in life, people still believe in the possibility of these military, manly women; indeed, even consider it probable that in prehistoric times, in some place and somehow, there was a group of some kind of women warriors, thus creating a widely spread tradition.

This supposition gains probability when we consider what we know about women as soldiers in historical times. We have to limit ourselves to giving a more eminent series of examples that serve the purpose of illustrating the type and nature of this phenomenon, and, of course, here, too, we will choose examples from different peoples in order to show that no form in the area of intermediary types appears bound by place and time.

From German history, let us first name Eleonore Prochaska, born on March 11, 1785, in Potsdam. Under the name of August Renz, she took part in the infantry division of Luetzow's Volunteer Corps as a volunteer rifle shooter and was severely wounded on September 16, 1813, in the battle near Goehrde. The brave young woman died

from her wounds on October 5, 1813. The following notice was reported in one of the newspapers at the time:

Dannenberg, September 16, 1813. A young woman suddenly appeared the day before yesterday at the battle that the riflemen of Luetzow's Volunteer Corps had at Goehrde. Unrecognized until then, she had participated in all the dangers and hardships of the campaign. At this time, too, her sex would not have been betrayed if a terrible necessity had not forced her to reveal her secret. With her comrades, she had advanced bravely into the forest against the enemy and was wounded at this time by a shot. However, she did not retreat from the skirmish because of that. When they pressed forward into the enemy zone, she was one of the advance guard against the French and was wounded by a shot in her thigh, which made her withdraw from combat. Shortly afterward, at the ensuing advance against the enemy position, she was behind the front lines that determined to break in on the French, while she had a gunshot wound in the thigh and thereby would sit beyond the position, longing to take part

in the battle. Because of this wound, she found herself in an embarrassing situation and finally decided to disclose her sex to an officer, in order to escape all notice and to obtain, through his intervention, all the nursing needed in the situation.

This brave young woman was named Prochaska and is the daughter of an innkeeper from Potsdam, where she lived quietly and behaved herself, until the call of the threatened fatherland forcefully seized her and brought her to disguise herself. All her comrades agreed they had witnessed her blameless metamorphosis. None of them knew her secret, which could have been noticed by her finer voice.

No less cunning was Friederike Krueger from Friedland in Mecklenburg. She was a noncommissioned officer in the War of Liberation. She was recognized as a young woman at the battle of Dennewitz. Reukert says of her:

This non-commissioned officer bravely
Fought with true manly avidity.

Battled much and wounded many,
Won an iron cross as well as any.

The *Berlin News* (*Berlinische Zeitung*) reported the highly remarkable events from the year 1746 under "State and Intellectual Matters":

A piper garrisoned here in the Haak County Regiment, who participated in both Silesian campaigns, unexpectedly had a son. Naturally, the piper was a woman, and the father of the child was a drummer in the same company where the former served. The father became Regiment drummer and, at his son's baptism, found the most prominent personages at court and other respected people and people of means there. The mother of six weeks received so many gifts that she came into the possession of several hundred talers.

Koenig, the historian and writer, states among other things, "The wondrous fact is that the piper not only lost weight, but also lost her

commission, and that drummer and piper afterwards led a good married life."

Musketeer Bertha Weiss, like Krueger in the War of Liberation, was a noncommissioned officer in 1870-1871.

Adventuress Bertha Weiss, small, and not pretty in shape, served in the Twenty-Ninth Regiment in Koblenz during the German-French conflict. Although she very much wanted to go into enemy territory, her superior officer would not permit her, because she showed herself to be a little too rigid while serving. More the desire of adventure than the enthusiasm for military heroines caused Bertha Weiss to become a soldier. What made it possible for her as a woman to stick herself into a uniform and be put into the ranks as an active soldier can be explained only by a lack of control resulting from the confusion of the war and the deployment of troops. It is also not impossible that Bertha Weiss used false or falsified papers with the knowledge of another. Because French prisoners of war were held in Koblenz, the musketeer, proficient in languages, soon advanced to become a non-

commissioned officer, until her sex was one day discovered.

She was arrested and released. When released in a sergeant's uniform, which she was forbidden to wear, as a supposed recipient of the Iron Cross, she paid a visit to the eastern provinces of Germany; however, in Silesia she finally changed her uniform for a monk's habit and went (in no long time) around Breslau as a lay brother in the monastery of the Brothers of Mercy. At the end of 1871 we find her in Switzerland where, under the name of "Lebeuf," she worked at a publishing house in Einsiedeln. She then returned to the monastery as a monk. She became ill there, which led to her discovery. As a man, she then appeared in Switzerland and lived in different places. She was sent to prison several times after that. Her obituary appeared in the newspapers at the end of 1878.

We are adding information from a trial record from 1874 that characterizes her personality well:

Bertha W., whose romantic metamorphosis of lifestyle has often been recalled and who has often come into contact with the justice department, stood before the Breslau Criminal Court. She thoroughly gave the impression of being a man cross-dressed as a woman. Strong, manly stature; broad shoulders; serious, manly facial expression; and smooth, black hair. When questioned, she answered with chosen words and a deep, sonorous voice. The defendant is 27 years of age, was born in Schoeneberg near Goldap, orphaned very early, and is the foster daughter of a lawyer, who in every case gave her a good education, because she knew how to express herself clearly just as well in French as in German. She said she supported herself earlier by painting and other work. She already appeared early in different manly clothing and, with the help of falsified identification papers, carried out her deceptions.

She had received military training as a soldier in a south German regiment, is supposed to have entered a Prussian regiment on active duty as a trooper under the name of Bernhard v. W.; however, because she was not

skilled in Prussian weaponry, she had been sent back from the war zone to the reserve unit.

Under the same name, at the beginning of September, she was admitted to the Brothers of Mercy in Breslau, saying that she had been wounded in battle and was still in pain. From that day forward she wanted to devote her entire life to a monastic existence and was initiated as a novice; however, the condition was that she present her military record. When they pressed her more strongly for these records, Bernhard v. W. one day vanished, and they discovered the disappearance of a number of pieces of clothing out of the novices' closet amounting approximately to 25 talers, as well as of approximately 3 talers she took by forcing open Brother Amantius's wallet. Besides these, she had a gold and a silver watch, as well as a taler and 10 silver pennies she was holding for three different children in their care.

During her six-week stay at the monastery she lived and slept in the same cell as Brothers Amantius and Fortunatus, without having revealed her sex. She wore a broad binder around her chest, saying that she had to

protect her wound. In a sly way she had got out of an investigation, because she easily convinced the resident physician that she was as fit as a fiddle and already had been examined. Even when she left, it was a long time before the monastery monks discovered they had had a woman in their midst.

That there continue to be women in Germany today who are serious about military service is shown by the words used by a woman in the last census (December 1, 1905). She was from a small city in central Germany. Under "Sex" she wrote, "Female, unfortunately. But if ever I could, I would like to be reborn a male." Under "Military Training," she wrote, "No military training, but alert when necessary. Willing to be drafted when war declared against hypocrisy and stupidity."

Franziska Kamps, a worker from Stewken, who held the nickname "Der Herr Major" in the local artillery, was brought in October 1905 before the Thorn Court of Jurors because of gross indecency and sentenced to a week in jail, because she had gone walking in men's clothing, wearing an artillery cap on her head, in the vicinity of the fort on the other side of the Weser.

Among the women soldiers of Austria, Franziska Scanagatta was the most significant. Herself a soldier, this lady married a soldier when discharged from the military. For her entire life she mostly kept the company of soldiers and had the additional joy of seeing her grandchild in the same military academy she had attended. The commander even invited the "woman comrade" to the 100th anniversary celebration of the founding of this academy.

Franziska Scanagatta was born August 1, 1776, in Milan as daughter of respected and well-established parents and received the most careful education at home. In 1794, Giacomo, her brother, was supposed to have been taken to the military academy in Vienna-Neustadt; Franziska, however, was to continue her education in the cloister of the Salesian nuns in Vienna. Because of the dangers of traveling, her father allowed her to make the journey to Vienna in boys' clothing. On the way, Giacomo confessed to his sister his disinclination toward military status; he became ill in Venice, and so the father, who was accompanying the children, was hindered from further travel.

Franziska, in boys' clothing, was entrusted to the Giuliani family who befriended her and who, coincidentally, were traveling to Vienna. They were to deliver her to Dr. Haller, the senior physician at the

Neustadt Academy, where Giacomo, the student, was to find room and board, until the arrival of his father.

Franziska, who was skilled in hiding her sex, went so far as to convince the Giulianis that she was Giacomo and was the one chosen to join the military academy. Franziska was delivered to Dr. Haller in Vienna-Neustadt. He, not having any idea that he had a young woman on his hands, soon had her admitted to the military academy on February 16, 1794.

Great joy filled Franziska's heart when she thought of the future prospects now open to her by the happy and successful entrance into the academy. However, she had to contact her father, who was spending time in Venice. Concerned with his daughter, he now hurried to Vienna-Neustadt. He tried to persuade her not to keep herself in jeopardy any longer and to resume the woman's role. She should put aside men's clothing immediately, go into the cloister in Vienna, or return home so that she could make right her wrongdoing.

But Franziska pleaded. She pleaded so long that her father, who loved his daughter so much, finally gave in. All obstacles aside, Franziska now went directly to her goal; applied herself in the institution with eagerness to the success of her studies; received excellent marks especially in skills such as riding, gymnastics,

fencing, and swimming; and after a stay of two years serving as a trooper in the Warasdin St. George's Border Patrol Number 4, was discharged on January 16, 1796. When once her battalion was transferred into another garrison, Franziska was threatened by exposure. Some ladies of the garrison it was in Sandomir—who in the evening frequented the casinos where the officers of the battalion appeared, became suspicious of Scanagatta's sex and told their men. On one such evening a gentleman, whose wife's beauty was celebrated that season, approached trooper Scanagatta and disclosed to him that the ladies thought she was a cross-dressed woman. "If that is so," Scanagatta answered laughing, "then we will have to allow the ladies to decide that disputed question —since it is they who bring it up—and I will gladly submit myself to your dear wife to judge the matter." The ladies, abashed by such a manner, refrained from spinning this gossip further.

Scanagatta once caught cold on a march and had to be taken to the headquarters in Lubin. Here she was chained to her bed for eight weeks long, plagued by physical pain, and accompanied by the anxiety of being discovered by the physicians treating her, but luck did not abandon her this time either. She recovered without having been discovered.

At the beginning of April 1799 we find her standing in the field with the Twelfth Border Regiment in Italy. Her battalion belonged to the blockade troops of Genoa, and she participated in the assault on Barbagelata, where, with her company, she was the first to penetrate into the trenches.

Because of the strong French counterattack, her battalion was forced to surrender most of its troops. One division alone, the one to which Scanagatta belonged, succeeded in escaping the catastrophe. The division joined the troops of Count Klenau, a general, and here Scanagatta received orders to join a detachment that was to occupy Barbagelata again and to cover the retreat of the Austrians in the rear guard, a task she fulfilled to the complete satisfaction of Klenau—as the regiment's journalist reported—"with much tact and skill."

While traveling through Cremona, to where her parents had moved in the meantime, she stayed with them for a few days. Mother and father did everything in their power to convince their daughter to return home. All in vain. Proud of herself and filled with thoughts of being raised to the rank of sergeant, she stated, with love and respect for her parents, that she had to remain in the ranks of the imperial army, and left.

Six years later, however, her father had had enough and reported her to Count Castelli, the then general in command in Lombardy, whom he had taken into his confidence. By so doing, Country Squire von Melas, general of the cavaliers at the high command of the Austrian army in Italy, discharged the former's daughter, who in the meantime had advanced to the rank of lieutenant.

On June 4, 1800, the day Genoa fell, Lieutenant Scanagatta was forced to resign. Country Squire v. Gottesheim, the corps commander, held a going-away party in honor of Scanagatta, where she for the last time appeared as an officer.

Following a report to Emperor Franz I, Scanagatta received a substantial pension. Then in 1804 she married Spini, a lieutenant in the guards. Their happy marriage resulted in two sons and one daughter, whom the mother raised with the greatest of care. After twenty-eight years of marriage, Franziska became a widow in 1832, and Emperor Franz augmented her pension to that of a major's widow, "so that Austria's Amazon could end the days of her eventful life carefree and in peace."

Even in advanced old age she, always young at heart, had social intercourse with Austrian officers, ones who were the best

situated in Milan. She often thought of her former commander and comrades and often expressed sympathy for the French of the east—as the Poles were referred to—and enjoyed telling about her interesting episodes from her "Amazon days," which she called the happiest time of her life.

Franziska Scanagatta died in 1865 in Milan and was carried to her grave with much pomp, according to a report in *The Times* (*Die Zeit*) dated October 29, 1907.

Anna Jaeger excelled in the Tyrolean Wars of Liberation of 1809 to such a degree that Aschbacher, the rifle major, gave her the recommendation that "at every instance she fought with unbelievable bravery."

The female sex showed itself exceptionally useful in 1809, when deceiving the enemy was called for. They preferred to use women as spies—a perilous assignment—to set up signals by fires, or by lighting camp fires in the high mountains to deceive the enemy as to the size and position of their striking forces. And as they increased the firing power of the riflemen in battle by being charged with reloading the rifles, they also decreased their heaviest,

tiring, and time-consuming work of digging into the earth. Ambushing the enemy as it marched through narrow passes by causing avalanches was also the work women did. They dug the trenches all around Iselberg that allowed Andreas Hofer to take that position on his retreat from Innsbruck.

The Maid of Orleans differs from most of the war heroines we know about in that she made no secret about to what sex she belonged. Schiller has her say:

Do not swear on my sex! Do not call me woman!
Just as the incorporeal spirits do not marry
In a worldly fashion, I adhere to no human sex,
And this armor covers my heart.

From the literature and sagas of Joan of Arc it appears that it can be historically verified that she was born around 1410 on the border of Lorraine and Champagne. This very famous personality was born in the country on a farm into a family of farmers. From childhood on she tended the herds on the pastures, never learned to

read or write, but became all the more devoted to the studies of faith her pious mother taught her. She grew up amid a terrifying war between England and Burgundy against France. She was supposed to have been inspired to go to war by a prophecy. She was told that the French empire was thrown into war by a shameless woman and would be saved by a simple maiden from Lorraine.

Big and strong in stature, already at age 13 she had dedicated her maidenhood to God. She clothed herself in the manner of men—which later became an important point in the charges against her before the church court—finally provided herself with armor and horse and set out against the enemy.

In *La Pucelle (The Maid)*, Voltaire has Joan of Arc stealing the trousers of a sleeping British general, after she already had provided herself with armor from the church. She displayed so much bravery and cunning in battle that she amazed the old generals and horrified the enemy. But she already received wounds on May 24, 1430, in Compiègne and was taken prisoner. The British charged her with heresy and with immorality. Her sex, too, was placed in doubt.

Hyrtl, in his *Handbuch der topographischen Anatomie*, reported (without giving sources) that Drs. Guill. Decanda and Guill. Dejardini examined her by order of the British cardinal and were supposed to

have found that she was a woman, but that her vagina was built so narrowly that sexual intercourse could never have taken place.

The church tribunal condemned Joan to death for heresy. In 1431 the Catholic Church burned her at the stake and canonized her in 1909.

The equestrian statues of the Maid by Frémiet in the Place de Rivoli and by Dubois in front of the Church of St. Augustine in Paris depict Joan in full manly armor, with greaves, etc., also in manly seating position, just as Tuillon has his beautiful naked Amazon on horseback in Berlin Tiergarten Park. The head of both is womanly.

Joan of Arc was not the first woman in France who was a famous warrior. There were, to name only a few of the many women long before her [sic]: La Maréchale Renée de Balagny who, in 1595, in "boots and spurs," led the defense of Cambrai, and Mme. de Balmont, whose life was described by Vernon, under the title *L'Amazone chrétienne* (Paris 1679); there was Christine de Meyrac, "The Musketeer Heroine," who entered her name on the recruitment list under the name of Saint Aubin, gradually was promoted to captain, became an adjutant at the battle of Valenciennes (1677), and distinguished herself when Luxemburg was taken by Marshal Créquy (1684). There is Mlle. de la Charce to mention by name, a famous

beauty of her time. See *Histoire de Mademoiselle de la Charce* (Paris 1731). There is a portrait of her with the comment: "L'Héroïne du Dauphiné" in the Versailles museum; Napoleon III had it painted. A monument was erected to her in 1857 in Lyons, "for defending her country against the Austrian army." De la Charce was disappointed in love and driven by revenge and pulled into the war against the troops who invaded her homeland, commanded by the man who broke her trust. There is the poetess Louise Labbé who, under the name of Captain Loy, played a role in the capture of Perignan (1542); and the innkeeper's maid Madeleine Caulier, who enlisted as a dragoon during the occupation of Lille (1708-1712); and the unique "Chevalier Baltazar," a young woman who had the irresistible desire to live the life of a man and who, because of her mania for cross-dressing and boyish manners, had to suffer much from childhood on. During the occupation of Namur, she ignited the passion and blinded, as it were, a woman of position who wanted to dance only with the handsome young man and "never forgave her for making a fool of her." See *Histoire de la dragone, contenant les actions militaires et les aventures de Geneviève Premony sous le nom du Chevalier Baltazar* (Brussels 1721).

In his book, *Les femmes célèbres de 1783-1795*, Laituiller reports on two Alsatian sisters who served in the army of General Dumouriez and became his adjutants because of their bravery. They were supposed to have excelled especially in the battle of Jemappes. The soldiers followed them with passion and enthusiasm. The whole army was filled with ecstasy when the general led them to the front and praised them as models of military virtue.

Well known are the roles women played in and out of uniform in the battles of the French Revolution and in the Commune; for example, Alexandrine Barreau, who, dressed as a grenadier, followed her husband and brother into the army of the west Pyrenees. There is a pretty picture of her in *The Annals of the French Nation* (*Les fastes de la nation française*).

And there was Marie Lollière, who in 1793 was condemned to death because she took up arms in the ranks of the Counterrevolution during the defense of Lyons. Her execution was an even greater barbarism because she was pregnant.

Marie Adrian, a seamstress, took the same opportunity, too. She served in a gunner's uniform against the Republicans. See *Catalogues des lyonnais dignes de mémoire*.

Angélique Duchemin wore a uniform until the end of her life (1852). At 21 years of age she took up arms to avenge her husband, who had fallen on the battlefield.

A young Italian woman, Alessandria Mari, was less known by her military accomplishments than by her similarity to the young General Bonaparte. A picture shows her as "Adjutant en Chef de la division du Valdarno et de l'avant garde aretine (circa 1797)." Her sharply defined features clearly show an unmistakable similarity to Napoleon in the famous pictures of his youth. See the fine book, *Les femmes militaires de la France* by Tranchant and Ladimir, as well as *La femme en culotte* by John Grand Carteret (Paris: Flammarion).

Occasionally, when we meet with depictions of women who participated in the Revolution as "inhuman, bloodthirsty hyenas," we must remember that no proof exists whether this so-called fury is caused by the nature of women or the nature of war. When it was convenient to pursue this, it was found that women soldiers were just as "inhuman" as their male comrades. This is true, for example, of the most famous woman barricade trooper of the French Commune, the "Red Virgin," and "the one who commits arson by means of petroleum" Louise Michel. Regarding her transvestite feelings, it is noteworthy that during the time of the Commune she used two

complete uniforms; while in her womanly toilette she always neglected herself, and when she possessed two dresses, she soon preferred, as a consequence of her inclination, to give the better one away. Of course, she also wore mostly men's clothing at political gatherings and speeches.

In the biographic study of her in the JB, Karl v. Levetzow drew a clear picture of how she behaved around the dangerous fire. He writes:

Louise Michel at the barricade has nothing more of a woman in her. And she is not there only to set fires and to encourage the men; no, she battles and shoots with them exactly the same, and does the most difficult work of orderly duty and patrolling. Here she felt in her element. She loved the smell of powder and the thunder of canons, and she scorned death so deeply that she really and truly completely forgot the danger. Women's "hysteria" simply was lacking. The total picture absorbed her in such a way that she no longer thought about the tiny detail that one of the bombs flying overhead or crashing around her could hit her.

One scene, for example, had a very great effect, where at the noon break she quietly and contentedly sipped coffee and discussed Baudelaire with a Russian student who carried around a volume of his poetry in his back pocket. Both had become acclimated to the movement and the dangerous fires set to barricade the streets. During the heat of the discussion they ignored the shells flying left and right. Their comrades, who long since had betaken themselves to covered positions, could no longer tolerate seeing this and became angry with both of them. They then finally also retreated, and hardly had they done so, a bomb fell into the middle of the coffee cups they had left behind.

Helena Petrowna Blavatzky was a very similar type of intellectual warrior as Louise Michel. See Hans Freimark's biography of her in volume 7 of JB. To be sure, she made a name for herself in an entirely different area from politics, namely, theosophy. This "female Ahasuerus," too, could not withstand the temptation of digging her heels into the tumultuous war. In 1863, filled with thoughts of the Revolution, she joined Garibaldi's guerrilla detachment in Italy.

She fought in the battle of Mentana and was severely wounded. Years after that she showed the scars to her friend Olcott.

Blavatzky was born in 1831 in Jekaterinoslaw, the daughter of Peter von Hahn, a Russian general, and his wife Helena Fadeff. At age 17 she married and soon fled from her husband and reached Constantinople in a sailor's uniform.

It is noteworthy to see how emotional interests find human expression, not only in their kind, but also in how differently expressed. Blavatzky, after a very active and busy life, died in the eighties of the last century. She held no thought other than being "reincarnated as a male. Her expectation of this hope becoming reality was very positive." Sinett, her biographer, reports of her in his *Incidents in the Life of Mad. Blavatzky*.

Huc [in *L'Empire chinois*, vol. 2 (Paris 1854), pp. 245-47], a missionary, reports that in China there is a sect of women whose members believe that they "are lucky they will one time be born again as men and then may take revenge on their husbands, who will return to the earth in the form of women."

In the same year, 1863, when Blavatzky was fighting in the south under Garibaldi's leadership for Italy's freedom, we find Angela

Postowitoff in the north wrestling for Polish independence. A biographer writes of her:

From the best family, strong, cunning, and loving the fatherland, soul of deep, religious feeling, Angela Postowitoff participated in the recovery of her fatherland. Another Joan of Arc in the military advice she gave, as on the battlefield, first as a regular, then as an officer, filled with glowing enthusiasm. Very, very pretty, her beauty was increased by the spruce uniform. She was one of the most attractive and romantic figures in the Polish army.

Whether she was a pure female is not clear; she appears more like an asexual person totally devoted to defending her unfortunate fatherland. General Langiewicz, her comrade-at-arms whose adjutant she was, proposed to her, but she could only promise him lasting friendship. At the battles of Chrobrze and Busk she was wounded at different times while she was fighting at the head of a patrol of young Polish patriots. Soon afterward she had to go into exile with many other fugitives. She died a few

years later in Switzerland in the arms of General Langiewicz.

The women last mentioned had their roots in cultures that since ancient times—perhaps ever since the Amazons, whose homeland is set by many in the south of Russia had a great number of women at war. In the ancient Russian heroic epics; for example, in the one about Prince Wladimir's round table, Poloniza, the heroine, plays a major role.

Nastasia was an especially famous Poloniza, "who always sat on a horse." One day she said—an old folk song reports—"Young hero Dobrynja Nikititsch, I like you and I want to marry you. But if you do not want to, I will kill you." Hero Dobrynja thought to himself: If she decides to kill me I cannot defend myself, because she is much stronger than I. But she is a stately and pretty women. So I shall marry her. He says aloud, "I will marry you, strong heroine Nastasia Mikulischna." They kissed each other, rode together to Kiev, and were married there."

When the Greeks conquered Constantinople in the year 626, among the slaughtered Slavic soldiers there were many corpses of women. In the Russian department of Wlatka in the city of Jelaburga

recently, a monument was unveiled in honor of the memory of the heroic Nadjeschka Andrejewna Durowa. She died in 1866, after having served with high honors, under the name of Alexandroff, in the campaigns against Napoleon I, especially in 1812.

Raised to the rank of captain in a Lithuanian regiment, she received honors from her superiors at different times because of her cunning and tactful leadership and was decorated with several orders. When they no longer needed her services, she turned to writing. Her sketches, historical studies, observations, and personal remembrances of her days in the service were widely popular. She reached the age of 83 years. The unveiling of the monument for Captain Durowa took place among much military pomp, where several high-ranking officers represented the Russian army.

Let the following examples be mentioned from the last Russian wars:

From Odessa it was reported that Princess Zorka Iliewa, who commanded a patrol of insurgents in the last Macedonian uprising, arrived there and in an audience with General Kaulbars, the local governor-general, requested permission to enter the Russian army as a

volunteer. The princess is a strong, muscular woman of 23 years and wears men's clothing.

Xenia Kristaya, filled with passion for her fatherland, had left her small native village in men's clothing so that she could go to war against the Japanese in the Far East. After many difficulties and much effort, she succeeded in joining the regular cavalry. No one had any idea about her sex, and for two-and-a-half-months she performed acts of true heroism. For example, in the midst of battle she carried several wounded soldiers out of the firing line, bandaged them, and still protected them against the Japanese attack, until she herself was seriously wounded. In recognition of her bravery, the commanders of the First Army gave her the military Service Medal Fourth Class. Since her sex had been discovered by then and her romantic story reached the czar's ears, he saw fit to award her the permission to continue to wear the medal as an act of grace in recognition of her extraordinary patriotic and courageous behavior, for, in Russia, military honor awards are not presented to women, according to law. (MB, 1907, p. 153)

A Reuters' special correspondent reports under the February 23, 1904, dateline from Tokyo: "A Japanese policeman discovered a woman dressed as a man of approximately 20 years of age among the Russian prisoners of war being transported to Nishima. She was taken to special quarters."

Jelena Michailowna Smolka, the spruce, red-cheeked Cossack, was known far and wide on the battle stage of Manchuria. "During the last turmoil in China, Jelena, the daughter of a retired Jewish soldier in Vladivostok, 17 years of age at the time, decided to serve in the border patrol." She spoke Chinese and Korean fluently, because she had had much contact with Chinese and Koreans in her childhood. The enterprising young woman exchanged her name for a masculine one, Michail, provided herself with men's clothing, and in Vladivostok passed the examination for military interpreters. At the end of 1900, Smolka served as interpreter and member of the border patrol stationed in Ninguta, where she participated in all the patrol's skirmishes at the border. In 1901 Smolka was detailed to Kaiga with a reconnaissance company. After a long march, the company bivouacked. While they were resting, they were attacked by

the enemy. Smolka, who this night held watch, saw the danger in time and alerted her company as the enemy closed in. There was a murderous attack and a forced retreat. During this skirmish Smolka got her first wound, to the left shoulder. Smolka received money for reparations for this and other outstanding acts. She also received a saber with a silver handle and the inscription "For Bravery," and a silver medal. When Japan opened fire on Russia in January, Jelena turned to the commanding officer of the army to be inducted into the ranks of the volunteers. Without waiting for an answer, she hastened to Charbin and carried her request to General Wolkow, who refused her, however.

Smolka again provided herself with men's clothing, pinned her silver medal to her chest, and searched for an opportunity to join the active service at her own risk. At this time there were no railway tickets for sale to private persons going to the south. But resourceful Smolka knew how to handle that. She hid in a freight car and happily succeeded in reaching Liaujang in the manner of a "stowaway." The headquarters were in Liaujang. Jelena met there numerous former comrades from the border

patrol, and with the help of Jessauls Wischnjakow of the 2nd Nertschinsk Cossack Regiment, she was successfully inducted into active duty. Her company soon after received orders to go on a reconnaissance mission around the city of Huanschensien. Just as before, Smolka's linguistic abilities were of great service to her company, by calling its attention to the approach of a large enemy detachment, so that the company was able to retreat in time without casualty. Following that, Jelena, under the name of Michail Smolka, was detailed by General Rennenkampff as a volunteer and interpreter in the Second Nertschinsk Cossack Regiment. Smolka participated in many reconnaissance missions with this regiment. She received a slight wound to her foot from enemy gunfire.

During her life as a soldier, Smolka took part in all the skirmishes and difficulties of her regiment and without a murmur: she slept in her clothes with the other soldiers, rode beside her comrades, sang, joked and ate with them, and wanted only one thing, to be treated as a man. But Jelena was a woman, and a young and pretty one too, and so, in spite of all reserve on her part, it was no surprise that

many of her comrades, and even several superior officers, fell in love with her during the "terrible womanless war." Moreover, the officers and soldiers attested to her good behavior.

As in Russia, in America, too, the list of women soldiers is a truly imposing one. If in the latter the Amazon tradition plays a role, perhaps the Indian heroines unconsciously play or should play a role here. In both places, and everywhere, there are sex types who psychologically stand between the sexes. Who knows?

When recently it was reported that in the Philippine war against the Americans, a cunning daughter of the island of Luzon was supposed to have gone to battle leading armed troops and made several contacts with the Americans, people in America were reminded of heroines whose names and deeds are found in the annals of the history of the United States:

A woman, who for years kept her sex secret and participated in many battles and campaigns in the Union army, was known as Frank Thompson of the Second Michigan Infantry Regiment. As an ordnance trooper,

under heavy fire she sent messages to Fredericksburg for General Poe. She later married a Mr. Seelye and was active and diligent in the care of sick and wounded soldiers.

A romantic figure in the Civil War had been Loreta Velasquez, a Cuban who left her homeland and joined to strengthen the South. As Lieutenant Harry Buford she fought with courage and cunning. A love adventure then arose between the woman lieutenant and an officer of the North. She convinced him to join the South and there they married.

A young woman from Brooklyn, whose name has never been discovered, cross-dressed as a youth and joined the trumpet corps of an American infantry regiment. At the battle of Chickamanga she was finally shot by a bullet.

Charlotte Cushman, too, displayed military valor. She was an actress who served as a spy in the Civil War. After her release as a prisoner of war, she was raised to the rank of major by General Garfield. She is the same one

mentioned above under actresses who successfully played male roles.

However, no woman played as great a role in the American Civil War as Bridget Divers, usually called "The Irish Bidd." She performed exceptional work as a camp-follower, nurse, hospital cook, later as a soldier, and as a physician. She was a splendid rider, and three horses were killed under her in battle.

Mrs. Turchin was another heroine, wife of General Turchin. In 1882, when her spouse was seriously ill, she led the troops and gave the necessary orders while at the same time caring for her husband.

Nicolai de Raylan participated in the last American war against the Spanish in a Chicago cavalry regiment. In December 1906 he died of tuberculosis, and, to the amazement of all, even of his wife, was revealed as a woman. For the last thirteen years of his life he held the position of secretary at the Russian consulate in Chicago and had lived as a man for at least eighteen years. He acted like a true cavalier, and since he was handsome, too, he was very lucky with women. He was married no less than three times; however, the

prenuptial contract stipulated that after the wedding the parties live together as man and wife in name only because of his lung disease. This certainly was the reason two women soon divorced him while the third, who outlived him and worshipped him, found out only later that she was a woman like herself.

Nicolai de Raylan left behind a not unsubstantial fortune, his widow as beneficiary. But the will was contested, and the pitiful spouse who took such loving care of Nicolai had her trouble for nothing.

A sailor on the battleship *U.S. Vermont* recently (March 1907) was discovered as a cross-dressed woman. She enlisted as John Wilkinson and, because she was considered a good, orderly fellow, was detailed to serve in the officers' mess. When once the *Vermont* entered Boston harbor, seaman John Wilkinson, who otherwise remained unknown to the comrades with whom he housed, took a bath and was discovered. The spruce officer's orderly was a young woman. The false John Wilkinson, who did not know what made her take her remarkable step, was immediately turned over to the harbor patrol.

Christina Davis, among the woman soldiers of the British army, deserves to be mentioned. She died in 1739, after having served

many years in the Scottish Second Dragoon Regiment, who later received the name "Scottish Gray" because of her gray horse. She was born in 1667 and at a very young age married a man by the name of Welsch. One day her husband was drafted into the army and sent to Holland. Christina cross-dressed herself as a man and had herself inducted into an infantry regiment to follow her husband. After many adventures, one of which was the battle of Landen, she was wounded, captured, and exchanged again. She had love affairs and once had to fight a duel because of a lover. She later enlisted in the cavalry and took part in the occupation of Namur. With the Peace of Rijswick she returned to Ireland without having found her husband. However, she had become so "accustomed" to the soldier's way of life that as soon as the next war was declared, she enlisted. After the battle of Blenheim she finally met up with her husband, posted as a prison guard. She had thought he had been long dead. She then decided to disguise herself as his brother and to continue in the army. She was seriously wounded at Ramillies, thereby revealing her sex. Her husband fell at Malplaquet, but she later married two more times. After she died she was buried with full military honors (JB 5, p. 1212)

In the British museum of London one can find a picture of Hannah Snell, who likewise followed her beloved, Billy Taylor, in

men's clothing. He was in the marines, and she fought by his side. Her sex remained undiscovered until she was shot in the chest. Her secret was uncovered when the bullet was being removed.

We know that women have always excelled in bravery during war. What is less known is that transvestite women have also functioned as military doctors. Maclod, for example, was a military doctor who for twenty years served in the Indian army. She was a very skillful and experienced practitioner. But a young lieutenant one day mocked Maclod for living the life of an old spinster, and he lost his patience. He punched him so severely he ended up in a duel. The lieutenant fell, and Maclod was discharged. He retired to England and settled near London. Only after his death did they discover the diligent surgeon had been a woman who stemmed from one of England's oldest families.

Dr. James Barry was one of the most remarkable figures in the British army. "She" died at age 75 as inspector-general of the British Veterans' Hospital in 1865. Miss Anne Barry was related to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, through whose influence, she claimed, she was discharged from the army because of repeated disciplinary problems. She disregarded regulations, and her sharp tongue many times brought her into conflict with the authorities and individual officers.

She once engaged in an exchange of words, and since at that time it was customary to duel, "Dr. Barry" hesitated not a moment to take up a pistol against her enemy. The duel did end without blood, but Dr. Barry put a stop to all the hassles from the young officers. She served in England, India, Canada, etc., and died a sudden death in London. An officer who rode with her once suddenly said to her, "You truly look more like a woman than a man!" She whipped his face for it. After a complaint to the governor, he was transferred to Tristan d'Acunha. Only a few knew she was a woman, and her gravestone, too, does not reveal it.

Major Arthur Griffiths, in his recent book, *Fifty Years of Public Service*, mentions her in detail. Oliver Goldsmith suggested "female warriors" establish British Amazon regiments in the tenth of his essays. He recalls the ancient Amazons, and of course those who dwelled in Cappadocia; Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazon, who, according to Homer, was joined with Priam during the Trojan War; Thalestris, to whom Alexander the Great gave one hundred armed Amazons as a present; Diodorus Siculus, who reported about a nation of women warriors in Africa, women who fought against Hercules, the Lybian; furthermore, in the travels of Columbus you can read about Caribbean islands and the tribe of woman warriors there

whom the neighboring islanders fear. He mentions two famous woman pirates, Mary Read and Anne Bonny, and says he himself had the honor of drinking with Anne Cassin and other women warriors who had excelled in American campaigns. He also spoke to Moll Davis, who as a dragoon had served in all of Queen Anne's wars, and who received a veteran's allowance in Chelsea.

"The last war with Spain" (written in 1762) "and even the present one have examples of women who enlisted to serve on land and at sea and displayed bravery during battle, in the clothing of the other sex. And who has not heard of the celebrated Jenny Cameron, and some other enterprising ladies of North Britain, who attended a certain adventurer in all his expeditions, and headed their respective clans in a military character?" Goldsmith writes. It is not very clear whether Oliver Goldsmith meant his suggestion as satire. In fact, in most countries it was possible to bring together a regiment consisting of women soldiers without great difficulty

From the Dutch past, too, two examples are presented: In 1633 Barbara Adriaens was exiled for twenty-four years from Amsterdam and its surroundings for twenty-four miles around, because she enlisted in the army in men's clothing as "Willem Adriens" and later

publicly married a woman in a church. After the discovery, the latter turned in her "husband" for fraud.

Francina Gunningh went traveling to Paris as a woman messenger with the widow of a French captain and, upon her advice, on the return trip traveled home more safely in men's clothing. But because she was completely without papers, she was taken to Cherbourg as a suspected deserter and enlisted in the army. She succeeded after a while in escaping to Germany. But she remained a soldier and served under Bluecher. Wounded in battle, she was discovered in the hospital to be a young woman. She was discharged, continued traveling as a man, and stole money and clothing from someone. In 1813, in Zwolle, she was sentenced to three months in jail. After serving her sentence she again provided herself with military clothing and participated in the defense of Holland against the French and served at the occupation of Kampen, Coevorden, and Deventer by the Home Guard. To provide a good place to stay during this time she promised to marry Alida Landeel, the maid of a farmer. After the war she could not take leave of Alida; they traveled together to Apeldoorn, where Alida's father was a coppersmith. They stayed there for a time and signed up to get married. She called themselves "Franz Gunningh Sloet, Junior,

Master of Amerongen, 26 years of age, born in Alkmaar, residing in Deventer, son of Hans Sloet and his wife, Amalie Gunningh." They were summoned on May 15 and 22, 1814, but when they could not produce the papers, they were arrested for fraud. On the night of August 17 to 18 they escaped with two male prisoners. Her description (always as a man) became known. They caught her and, since the state's attorney got suspicious, had her examined by physicians on September 7, 1814, and found she was a woman. On December 28 she was sentenced to three years in jail and fined 25 florins at Zulfen because of deception (ZFS, p. 255).

A Spanish woman warrior led a very adventurous life. In many ways she reminds us of Bertha Weiss's life as a vagabond. Catalina de Erauso, called La Monja (the nun). Alferez, was born in San Sebastian in 1585. As a child she was given over to a relative, a director of a convent of sisters of education. Until age 15 she wore a nun's habit. People expected she would take orders, but Catalina was a spirited novice. She played hard with the sisters and finally decided to escape from the convent to lead a material life. After her escape she spent a few days hiding in the forest, until she provided herself with the clothing of a young fellow. When she reappeared, Catalina de Erauso had vanished and in her place stepped forth a young man

who called himself Francisco Loyola. She kept her wits enough to return to San Sebastian and take a position as butler with the family of a respected citizen. Unknown in regard to identity and sex, Catalina remained at this post until one day her father appeared on a visit to the residence. The main topic of discussion was the disappearance of his daughter. Her father did not recognize her when he met her in the hallway, but from then on she no longer felt secure at work and considered it wiser to disappear from the house and from San Sebastian. But not before taking money (that did not belong to her) to pay for the journey. She then became a boy on a large ship belonging to her uncle, Captain Esteban Eguino. He had hardly ever seen her before and never knew her as a relative or as a young girl. He took to Catalina—or rather Francisco—extraordinarily well and made her his personal servant. But one day, while they were anchored at one of the harbor cities, she left without word and again not without taking money that was not hers.

She sailed to South America and arrived in Panama. The rest of her life she first spent in the western hemisphere. At the time, Catalina had grown into a handsome man. As a butler and guard she worked for several gentlemen. Everyone liked her, although she continued to play rough with her co-workers. She got several

proposals that she refused, however. She later arrived in Lima in Peru. She met her brother in the city of Concepcion. He was secretary at the governor's office.

Here begin the most peculiar romantic episodes in Catalina's life. Her brother did not recognize her. He felt a passion for the handsome young fellow he had met while out enjoying himself. Both became good company. A war then broke out with one of the native tribes, and Catalina enlisted. She battled with honors, and when she recaptured a lost position she advanced to the rank of officer. Her brother was in the same company. Catalina stayed on active duty for five long years. She displayed herself as "a man of sharp intelligence and cunning" on the battlefield as well as to her comrades. She had already had several duels, some memorable, one occurring in total darkness. Catalina left her enemies dead on the spot. Her brother was in the area, and he came to care for her wounds. She then disclosed the secret of her sex to him and that she was his sister Catalina de Erauso. Catalina deserted soon after. She went to Tucuman in Argentina, had to suffer some discomforts until finally she thought it better to go.

A daughter of a rich native landowner once fell in love with her. However, just at that time she had already promised herself to the

niece of a high-standing local clergyman. Catalina became engaged to both young ladies and received many gifts, but when the ceremony was about to be performed, she escaped again.

Her many other adventures include military campaigns, joining thieves and bandits (she twice was condemned to death, once granted mercy only at the gallows), and getting in a terrible nocturnal brawl in a funhouse in Guamanga. She was to be arrested, but she defended herself energetically and claimed asylum at the local bishop's office, where she was protected. She made a full confession to this bishop. She first revealed herself as a woman and told her origins and her adventures. But the bishop wanted to be sure about her sex, and two midwives examined her and swore she was found to be a woman, as at the time of her birth.

The pious man was totally shattered and filled with amazement. He pressed Catalina to take up women's clothing again. She finally agreed and entered a convent in Lima. After two years of quiet retreat she decided to retire to Spain. On the way she wrote her autobiography. There is no reason to believe she exaggerated the details. Many of the unique facts have been proven true. In Spain she was considered as a kind of world wonder and in all of Europe they talked about her experiences. She turned toward Rome and was

received by Pope Urban VIII, entertaining him with her autobiography; he, on the other hand received her confession and issued her a papal license to wear men's clothing. From Rome she went to Naples, became involved with a street scandal where she, as usual, drew her sword. From that time forward her fate is unknown. It is not explained whether she returned to South America or where she died. Her appearing in Rome for a visit is described in a letter by the famous Italian traveler Pietro delle Valle. He speaks of her as a slender, strong, dark-haired person of approximately 45 to 50 years of age who in no way made the impression of being a woman.

In the last war Spain and the United States engaged in, too, a woman, Captain Rosa Castellanos, found fame in Cuba. To the present day there is no lack of related types of women among the peoples of the Balkan Peninsula from the times of Rhodugenes. At the news of enemy attack, before brushing their hair, they take to their horses and ignore themselves until the enemy is beaten. After all we have seen above, this hardly needs mentioning.

A description from the last war was sent by a journalist in Tirnowa to the *Frankfurt News (Frankfurter Zeitung)* (JB 5, p. 1197):

On my return from the Schipka festival I decided to stay two days in Grabovo because there was no transportation available at that moment, because of the festival. I wanted to go to Tirnowa, and there was no railroad for the 45-kilometer-long stretch. When at last I was able to get a coach and took leave of the owner, a man entered wearing the clothing of a Bulgarian farmer. To me, his feet were much too small and his face too beardless for a farmer. Under the national fur cap he had short black hair, and his chest was decorated with a row of medals he had won in Russian-Turkish and Bulgarian-Serbian campaigns. One coach owner, who greeted the newcomer as an old acquaintance, whispered to me, "That is no man, but rather a woman." That got my curiosity up, and I engaged in a conversation with the interesting person. Her name was Ivanka Carcova and was by birth from Rula near Widden. In 1855 she, dressed as a man, enlisted in the Bulgarian Legion and helped protect the Schipka Pass, and as a veteran she was now back again at the Schipka festival. After the campaign she married a farmer from her hometown. However, when war broke out with Serbia, she

could no longer suffer at home. She ran away from her husband and again joined the Bulgarian army, with which she took part in the battle of Slivnitsa. Because of this extravagance her husband divorced her, and ever since then she has worn only men's clothing. Her face has a pleasant shape, but the features are hard, and her skin is covered by wrinkles.

It is not at all proven, and I say that it is not settled, that all of these women had a very substantial admixture of the manly soul, these women who stood in the rank and file on the field or as officers led commandos, who were just as brave defending the trenches and bastions against the Turks in Hungary as against the Moors in Spain, who in hundreds of uprisings and border skirmishes held a musket in their arm instead of their children, who served at the cannon instead of in the kitchen, women whose true sex often was discovered only after being severely wounded and in a hospital bed or dead on the battlefield. In most cases it was certain to a high degree, even in the case of women who took to warring out of love for their husbands, because we know that in the tendency toward certain manly types the virile admixture is not absolutely out of the question. Finally, let it be

remarked, therefore, that Neugebauer compared nine cases of female pseudo-hermaphrodites, of women who mistakenly were taken for men because they departed from the sexual norm of the first degree, who fulfilled their military duty as soldiers.

As a counterpart to the women who appeared as soldiers are the soldiers who appeared as women. Remember our Case 9; remember the soldier who deserted in women's clothing; Chevalier d'Eon; and let us add another report reprinted from a newspaper article of December 17, 1893, in JB 2, p. 330:

Mr. James Robbins, commander of the military station in Coopers Mills, Missouri, wears only women's clothing at home and takes great pride in his clothing down to the smallest detail, that it is the latest fashion and is immaculate. Everything must fit perfectly; indeed, the commander even wears a woman's hat. Not one of the women in Coopers Mills, not even the wives of the other officers, has such a variety of clothing as his. All his clothes are of the finest material. He buys only the best. His white underwear is of the finest linen, set with pleats, fittings, and fine lace.

Closing Remarks

People occasionally meet with the view that the colorful and sparkling, decorated, pressed and ironed soldier's uniform is more worthy of a vain woman than of a serious man. This opinion is based on a widely held false assumption that a lesser need for bodily adornment is in the nature of the male in and of itself.

This might be true for people who have not looked at history objectively and observed the change of fashions. But in general this is not true. In the animal kingdom the males are known to show off their horns and manes, feathers and spurs with more color and spectacular display. Male animals also often appear in female hair or feathers and female animals in male. In Edmond Rostand's human animal drama *Chantecler*, the female bearer of the main role, with whom Chantecler falls in love, is a female pheasant in the splendid feathers of the male. The place under discussion (act 1, scene 6)

reads: "The female pheasant to Patou (the dog): I have used the splendid feathers of the male and am justified in doing so because I wear them better than he. My golden tail spreads and sparkles. I have given more grace to the green shoulder decorations and have made an entire toilette out of the simple uniform."

As shown by Rostand's play, not only birds deviate from the sexual type, but also insects and most other animal species. Of course, when they depict even purely external transvestism, they belong in the sexual transitions, second degree, that concern not the emotional life, but rather the physical body in general. A large comprehensive work is still lacking on this important type of intermediary for which, in my opinion, people should reserve the word "androgyny." The work would fill a gap in the literature, since we now possess more detailed specialty work on the intermediate stages, first degree, in Neugebauer's compendium often referred to, on the intermediary stages, third degree, in the several monographs on Uranism, and on the fourth degree among others in the book before us.

Just as we see transvestism among the animals, so also among the primitive folk the man, especially the warrior, far outshines the

woman in painting and tattooing, in feather ornamentation and other decoration.

However, if we stay exclusively with civilized times, peoples, and culture, we see that the sexes seldom are in step with regard to clothing. For the most part, when one sex wore plain clothing, the other tended toward more form and color. Never was the clothing of the man more overdone, his hair more grotesque, his neck more exaggeratedly swaddled than at the time women went back to Greek simplicity and "a full set of clothing of a Berlin women weighed 160 grams." That was at the end of the eighteenth century. At the end of the nineteenth century it was reversed. Who can say what it will be at the close of the twentieth?

Now for several centuries underwear developed into the major mark of difference of between men's and women's clothing in almost all civilized nations: men's leg covering—underpants—as opposed to the women's petticoat, which covers both legs together. This remarkable difference also is expressed in that, without being considered a man, a woman can wear men's upper-body clothing: hat, tie, vest, and jacket almost unchanged, not trousers. In folklore we hear about the truly energetic women symbolized as "the woman who wears the pants," and about the man who behaves the opposite,

"the man who belongs in a petticoat." While we are on the subject, it would be worth while for philologists to think about why (in German) the word Rock means both a man's jacket and woman's dress, one covering the upper body, the other the lower body.

If we take an overview of all the many changing images of the history of costume, everyone would easily recognize that there are countries and periods when the fashions of the sexes closely approached one another—just think of Grecian times—and then still other epochs, such as in the present, when they depart far from each other.

R. Guenther [*Cultural History of Love (Kulturgeschichte der Liebe)* (Berlin 1900), p. 364] writes about the fashion of medieval Germany:

Men's apparel showed feminine characteristics. Beards were considered bad taste. On the other hand, curls, especially blond ones, were seen falling to their shoulders in the fullness one once liked to see only on women. The clothing appeared bright and caught your eye; even the armor, which was worn only in battle, often did not escape fantastic decoration. Eastern cosmetics and rich, warm

baths played a main role in toilette. Corsets and means of hair removal, likewise, appear to have been used very often.

W. Fred ["Psychologie der Mode," in *Die Kunst (Art)*, ed. Richard Muther (Berlin, no date), p. 30] says, "In the fifteenth century it was a fashion craze for men to remove hair from their shoulders, neck, and arms, like the women, and the apparel had to be styled so that both sexes looked similar. In fact, men had false chests."

In *Deutsch-Franzoesischer Modegeist (The Spirit of Ger-Fr Fashion)*, a fashion magazine from 1689, there is the following item: "What clothes do men have that women have not copied, as coats and skirts, jackets, caps, trousers, muffs, gloves, shirts, bed-furs, and the like? As soon as the men wear something new, the women have to wear it, too."

In all depictions where the fashions of men and women approach each other, there is always that unmistakable undertone that imitation is actually some form of depravity. This is what it says in Sebastian Brant's famous *Ship of Fools [Narrenschiff]*, ed. Zarneke (Leipzig 1854), p. 306 ff.: "Now, women are wearing the same clothing as men, and hair is worn down to their hips with little hats

and caps, just like the men. Ugh! Shame and filth! Oh, what do you get for all your long hair? Lice? Is this your treasure, your god, to worship in front of everyone? Think, Judith brought down Holofernes by decoration, and Absalom was left hanging by his hair and died on the oak tree."

A long time later Retif de la Bretonne lost his temper in a similar manner. He writes: "Should I stand by quietly when I see women, to their detriment, blindly wearing men's fashions; see how they are stamping around in low heels while the little men wear high heels, how they cut their hair, how they have done away with wearing belts? No! No, I say to you women: To equal the men in footwear, clothing, and carelessness, i.e., to degrade your ornamentation, means taking from him his sex characteristics."

Still more did it always lead to disdainful remarks when men of the time wore women's fashions. Even Virgil, in his *Aeneid*, speaks of the feminine apparel and lifestyle of the Phrygians in the following words: "You wear saffron shimmering with purple, you dance around, your battle coats have sleeves, your hats have pretty little braids—women, not men, of Phryia, leave the weapons to the men, lay down your arms."

Literary evidence repeating similar opinions, from the ancient writers and moralists to the modern ones, can be adduced in great number. The most biting satire and characterization, however, have never been able to kill off any men's or women's fashion no matter how garish. The power of a fashion—caused by suggestion or a conscious effort—is much stronger. To a large degree no one can escape its domination for very long. Even when one changes fashion for reasons of hygiene, someone else will try it, or if a man or a woman appears on the street in the fashion of 100 or even 50 years ago, they are thought of as psychotics, at least as truly strange oddities. And not only children, but adults, too, would soon follow the "extraordinary oddities" by the dozen. This uniform desire is not only as regards apparel as a whole, but also, if not to the same high degree, as regards individual "pieces" of clothing.

While writing this I am reading in one of Berlin's daily newspapers [*Morning Post (Morgenpost)* of November 28, 1909] a remarkable article in this area by Dr. M. Pollaszek, about ties. In spite of many exaggerations colored by mockery, the article is serious in character. It at least reflects a very wide circle of opinions.

The author fastens on to Balzac's famous book, which we already cited above as a fine example of clothing psychology, about

the art of knotting a tie in twenty-eight ways, and writes a respectable history of this piece of clothing from the time the cravat was introduced to Europe up to the sixties and seventies of the past century, times when everyone's pride was the Byron knot "this mockery of canvas and paste" to the tied scarf of the present. At the beginning of his writing, the author says, "Put two men in front of you, one a tramp in rags and with a neat tie, another an elegantly dressed gentleman with an untidy tie, or even—God forbid—with a stitched tie, and the choice is easy; the tramp is the gentleman, and the other is a coolie." He concludes, "Of course, unfortunately, we have to admit that the knotted tie reigns; there are men who do not blush at wearing ready-made ties. For that reason it is possible to distinguish those born to riches and those to poverty."

Of course, there have always been people in some status positions and social classes who were somewhat tolerant, even some of the most conservative adherents to the apparel of the time. Those were the women and men who, through special efforts in liberal areas of art, ethics, and science, while being at the same time representatives of the old triad of the good, true, and beautiful, stood out among the crowd. Also, in times when all men cut their hair short and wore tight clothing, artists and educators were allowed to wear

longer hair and flowing coats, and even today people still allow women artists and women university students a short, manly hair-cut and stronger individual deviation from the style in fashion. Similarly, people have also always allowed magicians, jugglers, priests, judges, and others of the "middle" stations in the case of almost all nations to wear more asexual work clothes, robes, and gowns. Beyond that, however, the mode that carried "the scepter" to a large degree deserves to be called by its name: tyrannical

Those who turned against certain modes, especially also against the appearance of a strong womanly feature in men's fashion or of a manly character in women's fashion, have made use in several cases of the guise of mockery and sharp witticism; yet serious, impressive voices of important personalities were also not lacking, and here I would like to present some of them now.

The following passage from the famous work, *Die Familie* by W. H. Riehl (Stuttgart 1861), p. 18, is worth mentioning:

The great difference between men's and women's apparel occurs in all peoples and in all periods of history. Here is a true consensus of the people. Civilization has been unable to balance out this difference. Special women's apparel is

the tangible protest of all nations against the equal calling of women and men. Women justifiably make much ado about their costume: it is the reality of her individuality; and true socialists, seeing these women's dresses, must be grinding their teeth, for, as long as there are specific women's dresses, there is no place for socialism.

Riehl here falls into the same biased and erroneous fallacy as Ihering, the jurist, famous for his bright, penetrating work, *The Goal in the Law (Der Zweck im Recht)*, vol. 2, 1886, p. 311ff. He writes,

In the case of every civilized people, the difference between the sexes is given in the difference in clothing, and this is not just usage and custom, but also morals, i.e., a kind of forced institution.

A man may not publicly appear in women's clothing, a woman appear in men's apparel. Why? Because of esthetic concerns? It is right that the differences in anatomy call for different clothing, and the esthetic viewpoint may be sufficient to declare the reality of this

difference, but the forceful law of morals is distinct from esthetics.

The motive of morals is not an esthetic kind, but rather a practical one just think about a situation in a society in which the sexes were not distinguished by their apparel, and no one would doubt the sense of an institution that immediately makes recognizable the visible contrasts of the sexes. The differences of men's and women's apparel belong to the most fundamental and most immense institution of the moral order of society, for they remind us not only of how we are to behave in social intercourse with the other sex, of the limitations in words and manner of speech and behavior, but also at the same time they guarantee society the easiest and most effective means of publicly supervising the social intercourse of both sexes. Then we have the vice squad to execute the morals of the moralists to carry out their moralistic prophylactic function. Should custom itself, in true recognition of its indispensability, not have enacted these strict regulatory measures, the state police would have to do it, and if morals lost the power to maintain it, the latter in

its stead would have to take it in hand, as was done on the part of Mosaic law by special injunction: "A woman shall not wear anything that pertains to a man, nor shall a man put on a woman's garment; for whoever does these things is an abomination to the Lord your God" (Deut. 22:5).

"Michaelis, *Mosaic Law (Mosaisches Recht)*, 4, paragraph 22, discussing this law, points to a case in London, "where a man became a maid at a boarding school where young women were educated, the results of which were revealed a few months later." This is the law in Japan in the past decades.

Let us add to Ihering that it was recently reported from Shanghai that a Chinese woman was condemned to death for wearing men's clothing: "In Yuenwo a 'man' has been arrested for kidnapping. When they were about to punish him by hitting the soles of his feet with bamboo sticks, they discovered the delinquent was a woman. Although she declared she wore men's clothing because the death of her husband left her to starve, she was sentenced to hanging because of 'injury to public morality.'"

The severity of both large Mongolian nations in the face of transvestism is all the more awesome because they have been known for their tolerance. I would like to refer to the chapter on "Transvestism and the Law" and add that Professor Dr. Naecke has turned against the prohibition of transvestism. He does this in an afterword to a work by police justice Dr. Wilhelm in the *Archiv Fuer Kriminal-Anthropologie und Kriminalistik* (vol. 14, p. 57) in which this noted jurist, in a very careful way, writes about the history of the trial of a man arrested in Strassburg i. E. in 1902. The man had been up to his tricks as a woman prostitute, he said, after having earned his keep for nine years and four months as a waitress in Switzerland. State Attorney Dr. Wulffen, in his recently published large work, *The Sex Offender (Der Sexualverbrecher)*, p. 572, expresses his opinion that "to put on clothing that is not of one's own sex can be seen as the practice of gross indecency when performed in public and disturbs the peace."

Ihering adds,

children in the first years of their life cannot be distinguished by their clothing, but hardly have they stepped out of the kindergarten when all of a sudden there

is the contrast in apparel. Why? In this case it cannot be a question of sexual danger. But the wisdom of morals again touched upon what is right. The institution has a serious teaching goal. Boys' and girls' clothing are the first beginnings of sexual growth.

From a moral standpoint, all this leads to in what sense we can judge the efforts to reduce the contrast of men's and women's apparel to a kind of hermaphroditism in apparel. Men have nothing to fear, as attempts at similarity always come only from the women, and today they have reached a degree that seeing some of the women these days makes you think they plundered a man's wardrobe. Only a woman who forgets the women in herself or would like to forget and the prostitute or the emancipated woman can come to the thought of tearing down the barriers that morals have established between men and women with wise consideration, and only stupidity and lack of judgment can lead one to initiate such an example. That may have been the fashion in Sodom and Gomorrah. In a community where morals and

breeding dominate, each such beginning should be punished with scorn.

This pretext of pathos and provocation is not fitting. The famous authority of juridical laws shows through his wording that the laws of clothing, which are forms of the expression of emotional conditions, are not familiar to him. His seriousness and eagerness are more the expressions of unconscious subjectivity, as the mockery of Sebastian Brant's *Ship of Fools (Narrenschiff)* and the "thou shalt" of Deuteronomy. The characterization of a woman as a "prostitute" or as an "emancipated woman," to use Ihering's expressions, is not conditioned by her clothing. The saying "Clothes makes the person," which merely signifies that an impression can easily be awakened through clothing—as if in richly ornamented clothes lay a rich man, a lady in fashionable toilette—is only an expression for the external person, one just as naive as blaming the weapon and not the user. "The hermaphroditism in apparel," the stronger desire of some people to make women's fashion approach men's, has nothing in common with breeding and morals. "This hermaphroditism of apparel" Ihering made a fitting choice of words only points to the fact

that in certain persons the manly and womanly psyche appears to be a more complex mixture than in other people.

The language and writing, movement and clothing of humans have in common that each has something acquired about it, that each reaches over into the others, yet with each having its own nuances. Of course, each person perceives the forms of fashion of others in their vowels and consonants, the ups and downs of their handwriting, the bending and stretching of their limbs, and yet even then all make their individual impressions, fluent for those who understand how to read them.

In this sense, on the one hand clothing and transvestism are much less external than they appear, because they mirror a good part of the inner being; on the other hand, however, they are more visible than we believe, because they are still only images, symbols, and external projection, behind which persons, in their inner condition, stand as stationary and decisive images. To be able to establish the essence of personality, to be fair and just to each other is one of the most important tasks. This book hopes to make a contribution to that purpose.

None of us can deny using far too many generalizations, having been motivated by the stereotype, I almost want to say, as mass-

produced material. We often have acted unjustly, destroyed much beauty in the bud, allowed much goodness to be turned into evil and thereby prevented the progress of the whole. We have no right to condemn people we cannot heal, whom we cannot even help. We do not have the right to judge persons because their peculiarities are strange to us, incomprehensible, perhaps even unpleasant. We would look down on soldiers who thought less of their wounded comrade. It is almost just as cruel to "punish with scorn," as Ihering demands, those who are emotionally wounded (I do not say diseased), who are only victims of inheritance.

There are two phenomena in the world that are bigger and better than all the miracles in the Bible put together: inheritance and multiplicity, the common and the diverse, the permanent and the changing. The miracles of inheritance, bound up with two germ cells—the female of which is no bigger than the head of a pin, the male 1,700 times smaller have been studied a lot in the last generations, even if so far unsatisfactorily.

Besides Darwin, we should also mention here Gregor Mendel (1822-1844), the prelate from Brno whose work on the laws of individual features in inheritance found little regard in Germany, while in England "Mendel's law" has long been established in the

foreground of biological interests. See, among others, R. C. Punnett: *Mendelism*, 2d ed. (Cambridge: Bowes and Bowes, 1909). However, we know much less about the laws of multiplicity, of the essence of personality.

The examples of transvestism given here as a group are ones that attract attention and are striking, even if relatively rare cases. Their value lies not in themselves, but in that the stronger degrees allow us to understand the milder. In the one direction we saw the drive toward transvestism increase to the mania of sexual metamorphosis; however, on the other hand stand the incomparably more numerous persons in whom the same transsexual features emerge into view insignificantly, but still recognizably and in a manner worthy of observation.

The more we delve into the essence of personality, the more we will learn that in this world, certainly rich with natural beauty and things worthy of seeing, nothing is more attractive and worthier of knowing and experiencing than people.

ABOUT THE TRANSLATOR

Independent scholar and U. S. Army veteran Michael Lombardi-Nash has been translating for more than four decades. Lombardi-Nash, an Italian born in Scotland, was a British subject. Raised a Catholic in Dublin, Ireland, at an early age he became acquainted with Italian, Gaelic and Latin. Lombardi-Nash graduated in German from the University of California, Los Angeles and took his doctorate from ONE Institute Graduate School of Homophile Studies in Los Angeles. He became a U.S. citizen and changed his surname from Lombardi to Lombardi-Nash in 1990, in honor of Paul Nash, his now deceased lover. Dr. Lombardi-Nash lives in Jacksonville, Florida. Lombardi-Nash's published translations include:

- Preussell, D. (Ed.). (forthcoming 2020). *The correspondence of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs*. With translations by M. Lombardi-Nash.. London: Palgrave Macmillan. 375-400 pp.
- Hirschfeld, Magnus. (2019). *Memoir: Celebrating 25 Years of the First LGBT Organization (1897-1923)*. (M. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Jacksonville, FL: Urania Manuscripts. 274 pp. (Original work published 1923)
- Lombardi-Nash, M. (Trans. & Ed.). (2019). *Gedenkschrift Celebrating the Bicentennial Birthday Anniversary of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs (1825-1895): Architect of LGBT Pride, Community and Movement*. Jacksonville, FL: Urania Manuscripts. 356 pp.
- Hirschfeld, Magnus. (2019). *Sappho and Socrates: How does one explain the love of men and women to persons of their own sex?* (2nd ed., M.A. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Jacksonville, FL: Urania Manuscripts. (Original work published 1896)
- Lombardi-Nash, M. (Trans. & Ed.). (2006). *Sodomites and urnings: Homosexual representations in classic German journals*. Binghamton, NY: Harrington Park Press. 304 pp.
- Lombardi-Nash, M. (2000). Karl Heinrich Ulrichs und Amerika. In W. Setz (Ed.), *Karl Heinrich Ulrichs zum 175. Geburtstag: Die*

Geschichte der Homosexualitäten und die schwule Identität an der Jahrtausendwende: Eine Vortragsreihe (pp. 93-114). Berlin: Verlag rosa Winkel.

Hirschfeld, M. (2000). *The homosexuality of men and women* (2nd ed., M. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Amherst, NY: Prometheus Books. 1,209 pp. (Original work published 1914/1920)

Ulrichs, K. H. (1994). *The riddle of "man-manly" love: The pioneering work on male homosexuality* (Vols. 1-2). (M. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Buffalo, NY: Prometheus Books. 712 pp. (Original work published 1864-1879)

Stern, E. (1994). *Childhood phases of maturity: Sexual developmental psychology*. (M. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Amherst, NY: Prometheus Books. 325 pp. (Original work published 1981)

Hirschfeld, M. (1991). *Transvestites: The erotic drive to cross-dress* (M. Lombardi-Nash, Trans.). Buffalo, NY: Prometheus Books. 424 pp. (Original work published 1910)

Lombardi, M. (1984). The translation of the writings of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs with special emphasis on his *Research on the riddle of man-manly love*. (Doctoral dissertation). ONE Institute Graduate School of Homophile Studies, Los Angeles. (LD00952)

Featured in:

Scagliotti, J. (2017). *Before homosexuals*. [Motion picture]. United States. "Ulrichs and the first modern coming out story."

Contributing Editor:

Bullough, V. & Bullough, B. (1994). *Human sexuality: An encyclopedia*. NY: Garland.

REVIEWS:

"Michael Lombardi-Nash has been a mentor to me in the years before I embarked on studying Ulrichs and has helped and encouraged me along the way. As the translator of the only previous English translation of Ulrichs' works, Michael was the obvious choice to be translator on this project. His professionalism and expertise I could not praise highly enough. I am especially thankful that he was

able to devote so much time to ensuring that the quality of the translation was not compromised.” —Douglas Pretsell (forthcoming 2020). Author of *The correspondence of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs*.

“Reading about all the work you and Paul Nash have been engaged in for many years — translating and advocating and educating the public — is truly inspiring.” —Dana Rubin (2019), personal email; speakingwhilefemale.co

“Your translations are a huge help in my research. Thank you so much for doing them over the years!” —Daniel A. Brook (2019). Author of *The Accident of Color: A Story of Race in Reconstruction*

“Lombardi-Nash's translation was so loyal to the original text that after the first booklet, I did not run a check on every single quote.... There was a substantial improvement in accuracy and thoroughness in historians writing about Ulrichs after the...Lombardi-Nash translations.”

—Douglas Pretsell (2017). “Ulrichs and the urnings: the dawn of sexual modernism.” (Honors thesis) La Trobe University. Melbourne.

“Important studies...such as translations by Lombardi-Nash have restored Hirschfeld and Ulrichs...to a prime position in...LGBT activism.” —Tom Butcher (2019). “Karl Heinrich Ulrichs and Magnus Hirschfeld: Queer Patriots?” Retrieved from <https://aha.confex.com/aha/2019/webprogram/Session17848.html>

“As a native German speaker...translator and historian, I admire the great skill in translating the historic language with the subtle shifts of meaning from 1910 to today. In the many years I have used your translation [of *Transvestites*], I could always rely on it.” —Atalanta Ort (2017). Facebook Messenger.

“Having already done a great service by translating several classic German-language works of sexology...Lombardi-Nash delivers another...interesting collection...” —Clayton Wisnant (2016). Author of *Queer identities and politics in*

Germany: A history, 1880-1945.

“Thanks for your wonderful recovery, translation and analysis work that has helped me and many other scholars and activists do our work.” —Deborah Meem (2008), Professor of Women's Studies, University of Cincinnati (email)

“Dr. Lombardi-Nash presents us with rare and pertinent articles that give insight into the thinking and practices of another era that...are still very important for our understanding of the current view of homosexuality. ...Clear and very readable translations.” —Hubert Kennedy, Ph.D. (2006). The Haworth Press New Book Announcement for *Sodomites and Urnings: Homosexual representations in classic German journals*.

“Dr. Lombardi-Nash knows his history.” —Hubert Kennedy (2005). Author of *Karl Heinrich Ulrichs: Pioneer of the Modern Gay Movement*.

“We owe a debt of gratitude to Lombardi-Nash for his translations.” —William Percy & John Lauritsen (2002, Nov./Dec.). *The Gay & Lesbian Review*.

“This excellent translation [of *The Homosexuality of Men and Women*] by Lombardi-Nash brings Hirschfeld alive.” —R. W. Smith (2001). *Choice: Current Reviews for Academic Libraries*, 38(3).

“A few people have persisted, with the necessary energy, in researching the heroic past of a troublesome history which many have sought to hide or diminish or have us forget. If it were not for Michael Lombardi...we, today, would not even know about the existence of Ulrichs.” —Massimo Consoli (1999). *Bandiera Gay: Il movimento gay in Italia dalle origini al 2000 attraverso l'Archivio*, p. 53.

“Michael Lombardi-Nash...has done an extremely helpful and careful version. [He] is well versed in German sexological writings, having

previously translated the works of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs.” —Vern Bullough (1991). *Transvestites: The erotic drive to cross-dress*.

“[Lombardi's] Urania Manuscripts translation series offers some relief to the lack of historicity in the gay movement...and deserves the enthusiasm of all of us” —L. Rice (1980). *Gay Peoples Union News*, 10(1), 13-16.



[1] The Greek mythological figure Tiresias lived both as a man and as a woman. (Trans.)