

NATIONAL

ENQUIRER

THE WORLD'S LIVELIEST PAPER

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Vol. 34, No. 24, February 14—20, 1960

EXCLUSIVE



◀ ***This GUY
(No Kidding)
Says...***

**I
WISH
I
WERE
A
GAL**

STORY ON PAGE 3

Born a Boy!

(Continued from page 13)

passed me as a fit male and did not seem to be even in doubt about my sex. He looked at my face and chest a trifle queerly and scratched his head. But he seemed to take the view that such oddities were not the business of an army doctor and passed on to other business.

But in the examination room there was a medical orderly who was much sharper than the doctor. He sniggered as he watched me dress, and I blushed in a most unmanly way.

I had not been in the barracks very long before some of my fellow recruits were looking sideways at me and whispering. Others stared and guffawed. Washing naked from the waist, bathing and showering were mental and emotional agony.

At last I could bear it no longer and I determined to shower by myself. I made elaborate preparations to do this—sneaking off from parades, getting leave, pretending to be on other duties and in other ways.

But, of course, the relentless system of the Army was bound to catch up with me.

I was in the showers one day when a little, gray-faced, beady-eyed corporal came in and demanded to know what I was doing there at that time.

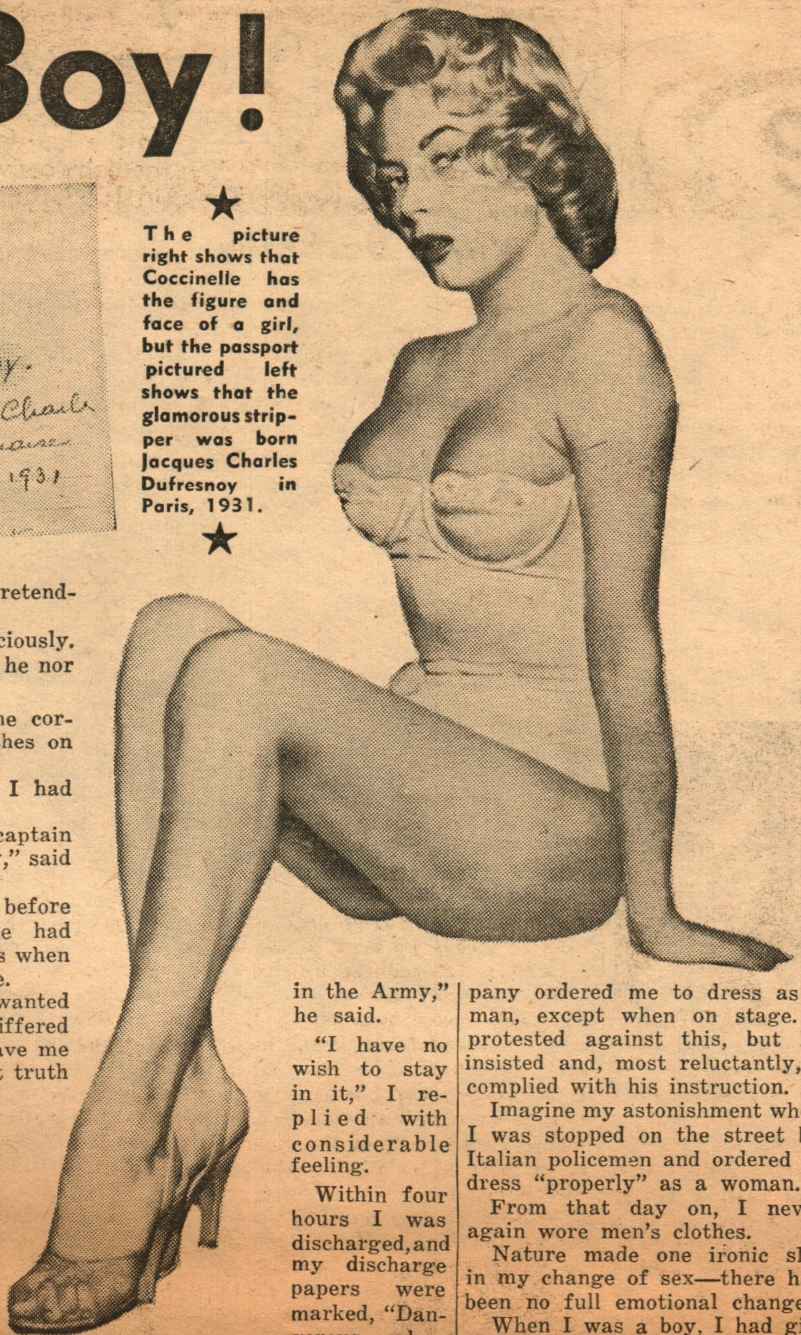
I tried to look nonchalant and said that I had been unable to take a shower during the regular period because I had been on duty.

His beady eyes wandered over my body.

"So," he said. "I believe you're the 'it' the men are talking



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The picture right shows that Coccinelle has the figure and face of a girl, but the passport pictured left shows that the glamorous stripper was born Jacques Charles Dufresnoy in Paris, 1931.
★



about."

"The what?" I asked, pretending not to understand.

"The 'it,'" he said maliciously. "The thing that is neither he nor she."

I did not reply, and the corporal said, "Get your clothes on and come with me."

"Why and where to?" I had the courage to demand.

"We shall go to the captain and see what he has to say," said the corporal.

The corporal paraded me before the captain and said he had found me in the washrooms when I had no right to be there.

I felt like an outcast, unwanted by my kind because I differed from them. Desperation gave me courage and I decided that truth was my best possible action.

"Why were you there at this time of day?" the captain demanded, looking at me curiously.

"Because I am a man who is turning into a woman," I replied. He stared at me, and I thought he was going to explode.

But as he continued to stare, anger gave way to perplexity and perplexity to doubt. At last he dismissed the corporal and when we were alone, he said, "Is this true, what you tell me?"

"It is true," I said.

The captain took me to a senior medical officer—a major—and told him the story. The major examined me, and when he had finished, he was amazed.

"Of course, we cannot keep you

in the Army," he said.

"I have no wish to stay in it," I replied with considerable feeling.

Within four hours I was discharged, and my discharge papers were marked, "Dangerous phenomenon for the Army."

Freed at last, I returned to nightclub and variety acts, and lived as a woman. One difficulty remained—and still remains. I was (and am) legally a man.

Perhaps to compensate for my humiliating and painful experience in the French Army, I bought new and more beautiful dresses as my income as a variety artist went up. All my gowns began to come from Dior and Balmain.

Then I heard of the case of Christine Jorgensen, the Ameri-

pany ordered me to dress as a man, except when on stage. I protested against this, but he insisted and, most reluctantly, I complied with his instruction.

Imagine my astonishment when I was stopped on the street by Italian policemen and ordered to dress "properly" as a woman.

From that day on, I never again wore men's clothes.

Nature made one ironic slip in my change of sex—there has been no full emotional change.

When I was a boy, I had girl friends because I wanted them. But since I have been a woman I have not wanted them, though many men have asked to take me out.

But I am happy only in the company of women.

Perhaps, in the end, I shall achieve even a complete emotional change, for I have already decided to undergo an operation, and am waiting only until the doctors tell me it is time to have it.

Who knows what may follow?

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STAMMERING

A MAN!

But Now I'm Almost a Girl

The Fantastic Story of a Boy Who Became A Stripper



By COCCINELLE, glamorous French striptease artist
(As told to Eric Bell-Smith)

For 10 years I have been turning into a woman — I, who was once a boy with scarred knees, growing up among boyish things and playing hard, rough games in the streets of Paris.

This fantastic trick that nature is playing on me is still not complete, but I hope that it will be soon, with the help of surgery and the marvels of medical science.

So many women have asked me what it is like to change sex, and so many men have looked wonderingly at me, reluctant to ask the same question, that I feel I should tell.

Many times, as I have done my striptease act, I have watched men watching me, and have had a queer sense of understanding two worlds.

I was born 29 years ago—just another baby boy. They christened me Jacques and registered me as Jacques Defresnoy, a male.

If there was anything that was not boyish about me as I grew up it was, perhaps, a slight delicacy of feature. But it was not sufficiently marked for other boys to notice or to jeer at.

I left school at 15 and started to work for a hairdresser in Rue Blondel. There was nothing necessarily unmasculine about that. Plenty of lads do it. I had girl friends at this time, and took them out and kissed them when we said goodnight.

Some of our clients possessed a French sense of fun and a Parisian insight. It was they who noticed a certain girlishness about

THEY LAUGHED WHEN I TOOK A SHOWER IN THE ARMY

my face, and for fun, several of them tried to persuade me to dress up as a woman.

All my upbringing and still dominant masculinity rebelled against this, but the girls, though joking, were insistent. They said I would make a fine female impersonator, and that I should see myself in the part by dressing up and going in front of a mirror. Perhaps significantly, I had from time to time had fleeting ambitions to go on the stage.

At last I consented, and one evening after work, three or four of them brought along a fine dress and stockings and underwear belonging to a girl who was about my size.

With much laughing and joking they helped me put the clothes on. Then I was persuaded to sit in a chair while one of them made

up my face.

They led me to a full-length mirror and at last I saw myself in woman's clothing for the first time. They say that tiny things often trigger off the great events and affairs of life, and I am convinced that that moment triggered off the sex-change that was already latent in my body.

As I gazed at myself, something mysterious happened to me. It was as though I gazed at a secret second self. It was a moment from which there was no going back.

So profound was the change that from that moment on girls ceased to attract me, and though

I continued to have some attraction for girls, it steadily lessened.

I was fascinated by the sight of myself in girls' clothes. I did not like parting with the dress when at last the time came to take it off. The girls who had arranged the masquerade laughed at my reluctance.

I bought girls' clothes secretly

at first, but always with pleasure. I began to follow feminine fashions in the papers and magazines, and to know offhand what few men normally know — the price of women's clothing.

All this happened between the ages of 15 and 17.

I was now becoming sensitive
(Continued on page 13)

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(Continued on page 15)



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I'm Almost A Girl

(Continued from page 3) about my increasingly girlish appearance. It was commented on by some of our clients. So I decided to change my job.

I took a position as telephone operator at the French Automobile Club. It suited me because I did not come in much contact with the public, and I avoided a great deal of embarrassment.

My face had softened in contour and my hips were ceasing to be those of a boy, though my chest development was not as yet distinctly noticeable. Of course, I was still wearing male clothes.

Then I chanced to meet a customer of the hairdressing salon and she must have guessed the strange thing that was happening to me.

She questioned me frankly about physical changes and when I showed some confusion, she simply laughed.

"I hadn't realized the change had gone so far," she said.

She looked me up and down and felt my face and the flesh of my arms. Then she mentioned a woman who ran a nightclub in the Montmartre and suggested that I see her. I did and was immediately put under contract to appear as a female impersonator.

I was now 17, and if the sight of myself dressed in girls' clothes had marked one point of no return in my life, then that contract marked another: I decided that, from that day on, I would put my life as a man behind me.

I did a singing act, and for this I wore a dress of scarlet with black spots. That is how I got my name Coccinelle, which is French for ladybird. Ladybirds are supposed to bring luck, so after I left the nightclub I kept the name and have taken it across the world with me.

My decision to live as a woman was marred by one brief interlude in June, 1953, when I was called up for compulsory service in the French Army.

What an unforeseen shock that was. But there was no getting out of it. So far as the French Government and Army were concerned I was Jacques Dufresnoy, a male. I cut my hair, changed into male clothing and prepared for my induction.

Covered with shame and confusion, I presented myself for the medical examination. I could not protest that I was a woman, for at this stage (the change had only been in progress for about five years) the evidence was inconclusive.

Indeed, the Army doctor, after a fairly perfunctory examination, (Continued on page 15)

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...a boy!

(Continued from page 19)
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I tried to look nonchalant and said that I had been unable to take a shower during the regular period because I had been on duty.

His heavy eyes wandered over my body.

"So," he said, "I believe you're the 'it' the men are talking about."

"The what?" I asked, pretending not to understand me.

"The 'it,'" he said maliciously. "The thing that is neither he nor she."

I did not reply, and the corporal said, "Get your clothes on and come with me."

"Why and where to?" I had the courage to demand.

"We shall go to the captain and see what he has to say," said the corporal.

The corporal paraded me before the captain and said he had found me in the washrooms when I had no right to be there.

I felt like an outcast, unwanted by my kind because I differed from them. Desperation gave me courage and I decided that truth was my best possible action.

"Why were you there at this time of day?" the captain demanded, looking at me curiously.

"Because I am a man who is turning into a woman," I replied. He stared at me, and I thought he was going to explode.



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Then I heard of the case of Christine Jorgensen, the American soldier who had become a woman by means of hormone treatment and surgical operation. I myself had taken hormone treatment and this was now tipping the balance of femininity, so that day by day I was becoming more and more womanlike.

The time immediately following my discharge from the Army was not wholly happy (in spite of my relief to be away from the barracks) for I was at the stage of change when I was living a confusing double existence.

A curious example of this occurred when I went on tour in Italy with a French burlesque company.

Because I was still officially a male, the manager of the com-

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