



"I didn't worry... about the people who scoffed at me as a publicity seeker. I knew I must tell the world... why it was necessary for George Jorgensen to be transformed into Christine."

Photograph by Jens Juncker-Jensen

It was an average cold, gray morning in Copenhagen and there was nothing unusual to suggest that this day, December 1, 1952, was to be one of the most memorable days of my life as I lay in my bed at the famous Rigshospitalet.

I was momentarily lost in thought. In a matter of weeks I would be home in New York, if my plans worked well, and for the first time my parents would see their new 26-year-old daughter, Christine—the girl who would forever replace the only son they ever had.

Knowing George Jorgensen, Jr., the boy I had been, would never return because he no longer existed, I had come to Denmark in 1950 when life as George was no longer tolerable.

Now, after two and a half years of medical and surgical treatment, I had been changed from an apparent man to a woman.

Credit for my remarkable sex transformation

goes to Dr. Christian Hamburger, the great hormone specialist; Dr. George Sturup, famous psychiatrist; and Professor Dahl-Iversen and his assistant, Dr. Poul Fogh-Andersen, noted plastic surgeons.

There was only a short time on that December morning for dreaming about my personal miracle, which I then hoped always to keep from the world at large. As the clock struck 10, a strange young woman came into my room, quite unceremoniously took my hand and said, "I have a telegram for you from New York."

That could mean only one thing, a death in the family.

I thought: Which one of those dear to me at home could it be—my mother, my father, my sister Dorothy, her husband, or her two-year-old daughter, whom I have never seen?

When I finally found courage to pick up the

message and read it, my whole world tumbled down around my ears.

The press telegram told me that my carefully guarded secret had been blazoned across the front pages of the American newspapers: "BRONX EX-GI BECOMES A WOMAN!"... "DEAR MUM AND DAD, SON WROTE, I'VE NOW BECOME YOUR DAUGHTER."

Those were among the headlines which I later had to face without shuddering. Gone was my naive dream that I might return to the United States and fit into the pattern of normal living.

The woman at my bedside, a Danish journalist, told me that today my story would be in screaming headlines in Denmark, too.

Before I had time to decide what I should do, a nurse arrived with an airmail letter for me. It was from my mother.

It began: "This is one of those difficult letters

The Story of My Life

by Christine Jorgensen



The only authorized and complete account of the most dramatic transformation of modern times — told by the courageous woman who was once a man

to write because Aunt Edie in Chicago has just died..."

The tears that had not flowed before now came freely. The shock of the initial telegram left me cold and this second piece of bad news seemed to open some emotional door within me.

The journalist had a deadline to meet. She asked questions. My answers I cannot recall. Then she left me with what I believe was a sincere regret for the job she had to do the following day.

I received a large bouquet of flowers from her within an hour after my first shock. I realized from the flood of letters, telegrams and telephone calls that I, who had been obscure, suddenly had become a celebrity.

I sat like a puppet awaiting the master to pull the strings that gave me life. While confusion revolved around me, my one clear thought was that I must speak to my doctors, for they would help me.

I was alone and frightened and needed their reassuring presence. The nurses wheeled my bed to a small room where I could use the telephone.

As Dr. Hamburger's calm voice came over the telephone it was as though a weight had been lifted from my mind. And as I lay back on my pillow in that semi-darkened room, a little boy of five or six—that little boy who had been me—came clearly into focus. I could hear him cry out in the darkness for release from that unknown something which tortured him. The telephone rang and the little boy disappeared.

That was the first of about 50 transatlantic calls. American reporters were working feverishly at ferreting out details of my life, but I could not open the door on my childhood and let them see how mixed up my hates and loves had been.

In my mind I saw a picture of a frail little boy praying before he went to sleep: "Dear God," he said, "Send me a dolly for Christmas, just like those my sister Dorothy has."

That little boy did not doubt God when he received a bright red train instead, but he was con-

fused because he didn't like trains, or baseball bats, or toy guns.

The confusion persisted and magnified, but I couldn't speak of that to the men who were asking over the transatlantic wire whether I had become a sweater girl, and if I slept in pajamas or a nightgown. After the first few moments of such interrogation, I was saying to myself: "How can the world seriously be interested in answers to many of the questions that are being thrown at me? This is an outstanding medical achievement and 90 per cent of the queries about it border on the ridiculous."

Then the questions that were not ridiculous began to pour in. They were wrung from the hearts of men and women who, from their own tragic experiences in what I choose to call the "no-man's land" of sex, suspected that tremendous forces had driven me to the drastic step of transformation.

"What can be done for us?" they asked.

And then I knew that I must tell the world the real story of how and why it was possible and absolutely necessary for George Jorgensen to be transformed into Christine. In telling it here, I might note that I've changed the names of certain places and people, in order to save them from possible embarrassment.

Tears came to my eyes as I realized how often the problems of my life have been repeated in others.

I didn't worry any more about the people who

CHRISTINE'S DOCTOR SAYS:

As a doctor, I naturally am interested in the medical significance of Christine Jorgensen's story, but I am not interested in the medical aspect alone.

Important, I think, is the courageous fight Christine has made. In overcoming a problem that threatened to ruin her life, her fortitude has been extremely inspiring.

—Christian Hamburger, M. D.,

Chief of Hormone Dept., Statens Serum Institut, Copenhagen, Denmark.

scoffed at me as a publicity seeker. They never had seen the frightened little person who lived for more than 23 years in the guise of George Jorgensen, Jr., better known to family and friends in New York as "Brud."

It soon became evident, as offers engulfed me, that I could make a quick fortune at the sacrifice of my self-respect—and the crucifixion of others who would follow me—if I wanted to go into the nightclub circuit.

I was only saddened, however, by cables like this one from a girl in Louisiana: "Can offer you \$500 a week net to co-star with me in two-woman strip show playing five theaters in United States midwest this coming summer."

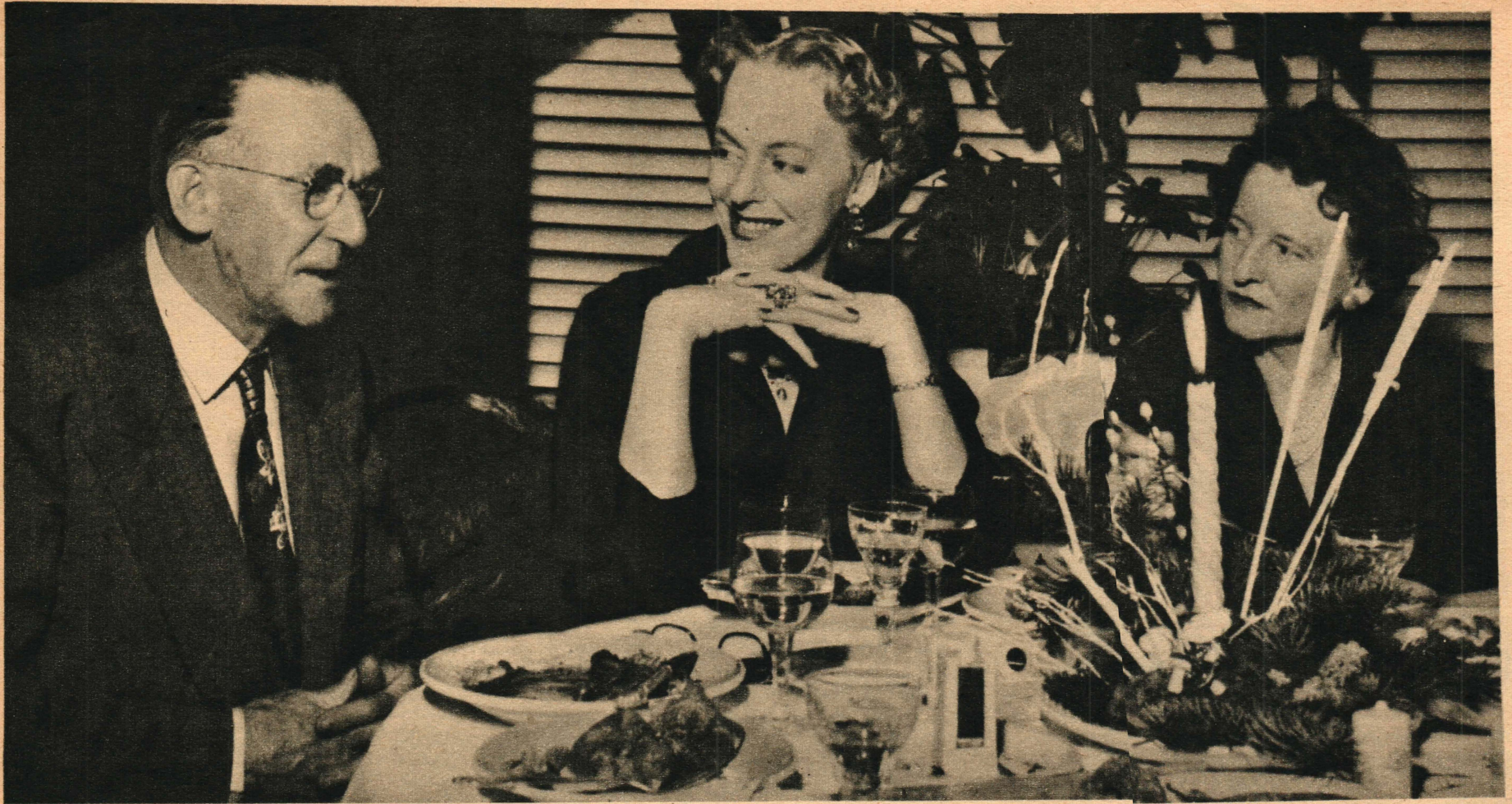
"None of the telegrams ask if I have any talent," I told my friends, when my sense of humor returned, "but they all want me to perform. My musical ability and my singing voice are not of Metropolitan caliber, as you all very kindly have informed me, so what do they expect me to do, appear in local nightclubs wearing ostrich feathers?"

I already had lived too many wasted years before daring to become the girl nature intended me to be, and after the first brief shock I was sincerely glad that my story had come out. I had become a pioneer with a message, my doctors told me. Yet I still was concerned with the effect this sudden limelight would have upon my parents.

It was like being in front of a firing squad.

My father told me later that a newspaperman had come into their home and said he had enough material about me to print a story without their help, and if they wanted it to be accurate, they had better give him complete details.

They gave this reporter some photographs and my letter to my parents dated June 8, in which I said: "I have changed very much, as my photos will show. But I want you to know that I am extremely happy and that the real me, not the physical me, has not changed. I am still the same old Brud, but, my dears, (Continued on page 7)



"My parents and I secretly planned that they would spend Christmas with me in Denmark . . . and we felt that we were right to believe that it should be our privilege to have this reunion a private affair, far from prying eyes."

Photograph by Jens Juncker-Jensen

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nature made a mistake which I have had corrected and now I am your daughter."

In it I explained that I had been a victim of glandular imbalance and had come to Copenhagen to be treated by Dr. Hamburger and others.

Some writers reported thereafter that I had been given 2,000 injections. What a human pin cushion I would have been!

News of my experience was taken much more casually in Denmark than in America. Europeans look upon matters pertaining to sex as one's own personal affair. Nevertheless, the time came when I found it necessary to steal out the back door of the hospital into a waiting car and seek refuge in the home of friends.

Although my trunks already had been sent to America and photographs of this luggage had been duly recorded for posterity by anxious cameramen, who now were photographing anything connected with Christine, it had become impossible for me to return home immediately.

Over a much more important transatlantic telephone call than any I had received before, my parents and I secretly planned that they would spend Christmas with me in Denmark. We felt that we were right to believe that it should be our privilege to have this reunion a private affair, far from prying eyes.

Perhaps we all did become a bit more dramatic than necessary in order to preserve for ourselves, alone, the first sacred moment when my Mom and Dad would look at me and say: "She is ours, we love her."

At approximately 5 o'clock on Thursday evening before Christmas (Denmark time), I waited in a taxi at a rear entrance to Kastrup Air Terminal in Copenhagen. When I spoke to one of the officials of the Scandinavian Airlines System, he recognized me immediately and invited me into his private office where no newsmen were permitted.

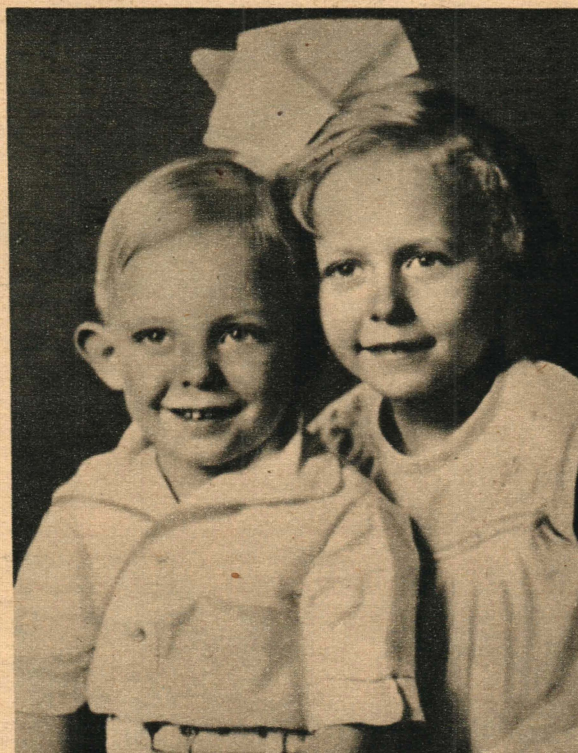
The plane on which I expected my parents to arrive was announced. I peered anxiously through a peephole in the door. Then over the loudspeaker I heard a voice say: "Will Mr. and Mrs. Chris Schmidt please come to the information booth?" "There they are," I whispered, "and I'll bet my

Dad feels like an international spy trying to get behind the iron curtain. I wonder if he and Mom are traveling incognito and if he'll be wearing a false mustache?"

The moments of trying to single Mom and Dad out seemed endless and then a little couple, completely unknown to me, stepped forward. There really was a Mr. and Mrs. Chris Schmidt, and my parents were not on the plane.

Now I know that at five o'clock (New York time) on that same Thursday evening my parents, also yearning for complete privacy in our meeting, were getting into an airplane in a hangar at New York's Idlewild Airport with no eyewitnesses except a few airline attendants.

Neither of them ever had flown before, but



"It was my sister Dorothy (shown with me in this childhood photograph) who began noticing my feminine qualities . . . who later analyzed my girlish ways."

they boarded the huge transatlantic airliner and sat in the cold and the darkness for two hours before take-off.

A wire informed me of their flight number and the hour of their arrival in Copenhagen and, as a final bit of strategy in the long battle of wits with pressmen and photographers, I announced with apparent reluctance that my parents would arrive by train—and, presumably, most of the reporters went to Hovedbanegaard, the main railroad station.

When the Scandinavian Airlines System plane from Paris came in, my father was greeted by one of the line's men in uniform, who said, "Chris sent me," and my mother, temporarily separated from Dad, clutched a strange woman by the arm, pretending that they were friends.

There were tears on Mom's face and Dad gave a hasty brush to his eyes as they were ushered into the office where I had waited two consecutive nights earlier.

I learned, during those first three weeks in December, that many kind people become inconsiderate when something sensational is involved, and without thought or pity, they willingly force inconspicuous people into a cruel limelight.

Yet those appealing letters to me that say, "Your story is my story; please help," make me willing to bare the secrets of my confused childhood and youth in the hope that they will bring courage, as well as understanding, to others.

I was born on May 30, 1926. There was nothing unusual about my advent into this world and I was not noticeably abnormal in any way except that I was slightly tongue-tied. A quick snip of a surgical instrument corrected that minor defect.

I never grew to be as husky as other little boys in the community and, as early as I can remember, I wondered why I had to wear clothes so different from my sister Dorothy's pretty dresses.

I hated boys' suits and I hated little boys for their rough-and-tumble games, which I never joined, and for the questioning look I always seemed to see in their eyes.

"Sissy, sissy," they would call after me when they saw me playing jacks or jumping rope with Dorothy and her girl friends.

Early in life I showed a stubbornness of purpose which in later years (Continued on following page)



"The time came when I found it necessary to steal out of the back door of the hospital into a waiting car and seek refuge in the home of friends."

(Continued from preceding page)

I have had occasion to be grateful for. I can remember my grandmother illustrating this with the following story: I was about four years old and was spending the day with Nanna while my mother attended some social function. When we went shopping I demanded candy. "Not now," Nanna said, "you are going to eat in a moment." "Then I'll go home," I answered and started down the street.

Nanna followed, block after block, but at a distance. When I reached another store I stopped, turned and saw her, and said: "Candy now?"

The answer still was no, and true to my word, I plodded all the way home.

It was not this stubbornness that caused me to stay in the kitchen playing with pots and pans when my father had made special plans for me to help him build a boat. Why, I wondered, should someone who really was a little girl and only masquerading in boys' clothes be made to play carpenter?

The girls' camp that Dorothy attended in summer was a delight to me but of course I could only be an occasional visitor.

At the age of six, when I was sent to a boys' camp, I was alone for the first time in a group of what I chose to regard as strange ruffians. I

didn't like the set-up, and rebelled at being bossed by a camp counselor who had none of the big sisterly qualities I'd found in the director of my sister Dorothy's camp.

My parents didn't insist that I stay, and every summer after that I was shipped off into the country in up-state New York to visit some distant relatives. I loved taking in the hay and riding in the hay wagon.

Down across the railroad tracks there was a place where we all went swimming. Some of the boys swam in their birthday suits, but I always wanted to be well covered, preferring a top as well as swim trunks.

This probably was because of my overly slight physique, and I know this feeling of shyness about exposing myself to view carried over into later years. I was a good swimmer but never sat around in swim trunks. I always changed immediately into my regular clothes.

My school days probably were those of an average youngster of a studious type and I belonged to a clique of boys and girls in grammar school that met for parties at various homes, frequently at mine.

We hadn't yet reached the pairing-off stage and



"I already had lived too many wasted years before daring to become the girl that nature intended me to be...and after the first shock I found that I felt sincerely glad that my story had come out."

so I didn't realize that my attitude toward girls was one of envy rather than admiration.

I recall one incident which left a vivid impression upon me, so vivid that even now it remains clear in my mind. I was about eight or nine years of age at the time. I had found, or in some way acquired, a piece of needlepoint. I loved that little piece of handwork.

I kept it in my desk at school and was quite upset one day to find it missing. I suddenly was confronted by the teacher, and, much to my surprise, my mother. In the teacher's hand was my needlepoint, held up for ridicule.

I hated that teacher. She cheapened something I loved, and she hurt my mother. That teacher should have realized that this little boy, who was not going to follow the normal pattern of development, needed help, not ridicule.

It was my sister who began noticing my feminine qualities. I remember one day as we walked home from school she said, "Why do you carry your books that way? It looks silly for a boy." I had my books up in my arms, just as Dorothy had hers.

Other boys swung them along at their sides. This was something that I never had thought of before.

Again, when Dorothy was in college and I was about 14, she devoted an entire thesis to the effects of environment on the development of a child. I never saw that thesis, but I'm told I was the subject of it and that my sister won considerable acclaim for analyzing my girlish ways and crediting their development to the fact that I played with girls so much when I was a child.

When I was about 14 or 15 I started working evenings in a local

library to earn spending money, and during that time I told my parents that I wanted to take a week-end trip to Washington.

I went, established myself at a boarding house, and set off to see the sights. Because of my library experience, I didn't neglect to visit the Library of Congress, to see if their system worked any more efficiently than ours in New York.

While I was on that trip I thought a great deal about the growing disturbance within me. I now realized that I was different from other boys but I didn't understand how or why.

Some of the disturbance centered around a friend, Tommy, who was about four years older than I. He was a fine young man who was beginning to be interested in girls.

I'd notice I felt jealous. That wasn't right, I knew, so I vowed I'd always keep that feeling a secret. I didn't know then that this emotion would later torture me to such an extent that I would beg for death if no other solution could be found. My doctors later told me that my physical system and body cells were attuned to feminine reactions in matters of affection as well as in my ability to adapt to many social situations.

The days of confusion and doubt had begun and I was on the brink of the struggle to overcome them.

In next week's instalment, Christine will continue her life story by telling of the lonely confusion of her teen-age years, her determination to make a career of photography—preferably in the movie industry—her months in the U. S. Army as Pvt. George Jorgensen, Jr., her return to civilian life and her excitement at finally landing a job in a Hollywood studio.

The Story of My Life

by Christine Jorgensen

The courageous heroine of the most dramatic transformation of modern times tells the first detailed story of her army days as Private George Jorgensen

What Christine Wrote Last Week

As she lay in a hospital bed in Copenhagen, Denmark, one day last December, Christine Jorgensen looked forward eagerly to her impending return home to America. When last she had seen the United States she had been a man. Now, after a courageous struggle of more than two years, she had become a woman, thus resolving a terrible problem that had threatened to ruin her life.

She had hoped that her amazing sex transformation would remain her own private affair, but on that December morning the blare of world-wide publicity suddenly broke in upon her. Shocked and confused at first, she later determined to write her life story to bring courage and understanding to others.

It is the story of a confused child who to all outward appearances was a boy but who with the passing years increasingly manifested the reactions and emotions of a woman. Was there a way out of this cruel dilemma? "The days of confusion and doubt," Christine wrote at the end of her first instalment, "had begun and I was on the brink of the struggle to overcome them."

PART II.

Saturday nights were gala occasions at Askov Hall, the Danish-American beach club in New York which formed the hub of my limited social universe during the disturbed years of my youth.

I never missed those evenings and yet I hated them. My loneliness forced me to be there and to attempt to absorb some of the fun. Yet it was here in this party atmosphere that my failure to conform to the pattern expected of a young man was most noticeable.

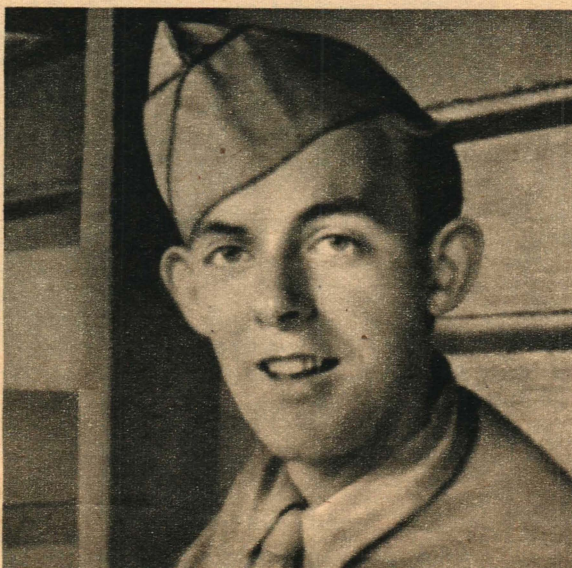
As I look back I cannot now put my finger on one particular festive event and say: "Here is where my admiration for the girls, with whom I had spent many summers, changed to envy."

Watching them dance across the floor and flirt with the young men, I thought: "How easily their lives will unfold while I, lost between sexes, must go on alone."

There were times when the ache in my heart and the smothered feeling within me were so great that I must get away from the party. Then the cool bay, with the lights twinkling on the opposite shore, seemed to comfort me strangely.

I felt not nearly so alone out in the dark night beneath the stars as I often did when surrounded by people. My lost feeling became alarmingly magnified as time went by.

I recall some of the older girls at the club asking me to close my eyes while they admired my long eyelashes, and I glowed inwardly at this compliment, as any girl would have done. Little did they know when one of them exclaimed: "You



"I already had been rejected twice because I was underweight . . . then I passed my army physical examination . . . and George Jorgensen, Jr., was a GI."



"At the teen-age stage of my life . . . my failure to conform to the pattern expected of a young man . . . (often made me feel) lost between the sexes."

should have been a girl," that she had touched the nerve-center of my problem.

Small boys had been one of my chief hatreds in my childhood and older boys became a source of embarrassment. As I, too, grew older I tried now and then to be one of them, but the result was only discomfort for all of us.

How could I be an interested listener when they discussed baseball? To me the game was just a rather stupid process of hitting a ball and running. When conversation switched to their current affairs of the heart I felt, in my shyness, like an intruder peeping through a keyhole at matters not meant for me to see.

At this teen-age stage of my life I had found one boy, Tom, who did not make me feel awkward or embarrassed. He was not of the Askov group but lived in a small town outside the city. And though I saw him only occasionally we corresponded frequently and I had a great affection for him.

It was an affection that worried me and, therefore, increased my problem.

"My life must have an absorbing career," I told myself when my sense of isolation bore down so heavily that I felt I could no longer bear it.

Then came the all-important occasion when I spoke to Mom and Dad about taking afternoon and evening courses at the New York Institute of Photography during my last year of high school.

I saw Dad's eyes light up and immediately thought back to an evening a few years earlier when he had said: "Come on, we'll hang some blankets over the bathroom window and I'll teach you how to develop prints."

My father had made photography his hobby and was a patient teacher in those early days. Perhaps he believed that by passing on his enthusiasm he could contribute some happiness to the son he never understood.

Today I must say that he is his daughter's most severe critic in the field of photography. When Dad puts his stamp of approval on a photograph I know it's good.

I enrolled at the institute and Dad and I both rejoiced as I learned to capture beauty with a camera, thus satisfying what I believe was a frustrated artist's soul.

It was here that I learned to see that beauty sometimes lies within a homely shell. I studied motion picture photography and portraiture and became a color enthusiast. I also dreamed of a day when I would have an important place behind a camera in Hollywood, or, at any rate, somewhere in the movie world.

My confusion about life and my place in the world I lived in seemed to be resolving itself



Photograph by Jens Juncker-Jensen

During the happy reunion of Christine and her parents in Copenhagen, Mrs. Jorgensen cooked her daughter's favorite dishes—and the former GI picked up some kitchen tricks.

slightly. Then there came a momentous day when a letter arrived from Tom. He wrote that he had joined the service since seeing me last and after his initial training would be sent to the South Pacific.

It was then that I knew I loved Tom, not as a buddy, but as a woman loves a man. I was filled with a consuming fear at the thought of sending him off to unknown dangers. It surprised me to learn that this love was not the violent emotion that modern novels seem to indicate. It was something fine and deep and would have been restful had I been in a position to give and accept in the eyes of society.

I was distressed that my physical system and my emotions were, even at this time, becoming attuned to feminine reactions. Although I did not then understand the true nature of my glandular disturbance, I was, in matter of affections, more like a woman than a man. Another overwhelming secret had been added to my burden, yet I never wrote Tom about it.

I sometimes felt that if he never returned I would be free from a bond which could only cause

sorrow. As I see this bit of my past through my woman's eyes today, I can't help but realize what horror there was within me that I willingly would sacrifice the thing that I loved most. Again, it seemed that any salvation the world had for me must come through my career and I turned gropingly to look for a suitable place to begin it.

My mother came to my rescue this time by suggesting that I speak with Lone and Larry Jensen, both of whom were members of our Danish club and long-time friends of my parents. Each held a responsible position at RKO and the interview they arranged for me resulted in my getting a job in the cutting library of RKO-Pathe News.

I helped file the cuttings from films and to prepare two newsreels a week.

One morning while I was with Pathe News I received the special greetings from Uncle Sam which millions of boys received during the war years.

I already had been rejected twice during the active fighting period because I was underweight. I didn't tell Mom and Dad of this third call because I didn't want another rejection to make them feel

that their child was a physical misfit.

It was a gray October morning when I reported to New York City's Grand Central Palace for my physical. I thought I would be back at Pathe News the next day. Along with approximately 100 other draftees, I was rushed shivering through the routine physical examination, familiar to every GI, of being weighed and measured, thumped and stethoscoped. My blood pressure was taken. My eyes, ears and nose were examined and after answering a few questions, I found myself at the counter with an acceptance stamped across my papers.

I was back at Pathe in the morning, but, much to my surprise, I was no longer a civilian, but had become a piece of government property with a number. George Jorgensen, Jr., had become a GI. Two weeks later I sat freezing at Fort Hamilton along with many other new inductees, all anxiously wondering where we would be sent.

When a 210-pound man, following his triple-typhoid injection took one step forward and fell fainting on the floor, and 110-pound me moved on unaffected by the shots, I thought it was a humorous situation. My (Continued on following page)



(Continued from preceding page)

humor was short-lived, for by the following morning I found myself shivering in the hospital, feeling as though I had been hit by the Rock of Gibraltar.

Within a few days our hopes, or fears, that we would be called on to be heroes in a foreign land were dispelled and we found ourselves being doled out into the offices in the Fort Dix Separation Center.

I was one of many whose placements took them to the completely non-heroic task of discharging about 4,000 men a day.

I spent many week ends at home and, somehow, I always have managed to wind up among a lot of books.

I acquired an after-hours job at the post library. One of the brightest stars in the firmament of my Fort Dix days was a WAC named Jean Burdge, a girl slightly older than I who took me under her protective wing.

We had desks side-by-side and, since our jobs involved routine clerical procedures carried out on an assembly line basis, we had many opportunities to chat.

I never told Jean my big problem, the one I now know grew out of the glandular imbalance in my body which I only began to understand some years later after the most extensive medical tests were made in Copenhagen. To me, Jean was not a confidante, but she served more as an inspiration, with her broad views of what the world had to offer.

"I took that sign seriously," she said one day. "You know, Join the Army and See the World."

Jean proved how seriously by showing up in Copenhagen early in 1952 while I was in the pressing in-between stage of changing from George to Christine. World-wise Jean showed no surprise.

Seeing her took me back to the day of her transfer overseas in 1946, for that was the same day that I received a telephone call from Tom. He had returned.

I remembered how I had steered myself for our meeting in the cocktail lounge of a New York hotel.

I knew that the emotions within me must not show, and yet I couldn't help feeling that, in my joy, they would slip out.

Tom had not changed except for a strengthening of character, due, I imagine, to his war experiences.

Had I been the girl nature actually had intended me to be, I know that I would have then tried to win his love, but being in my both-sided position I couldn't show the tears that were buried in my heart as he hurried off to catch a train.

When next I heard from Tom he had married and I knew that I must lower the curtain on this impossible episode in my life.

But—even then—I was not without



When this photo from the Jorgensen family album was taken, relatives thought George was a cute little boy.

the fear that there would be another "Impossible Tom," and perhaps others after him.

Although my life was a series of hates toward the things which I had been forced to live with, I already knew that the power to hate must also be followed by its complement, love.

After spending a year at my not-very-strenuous army routine, I learned that it was impossible to be discharged without basic training. I suppose it was felt that an ex-soldier who didn't know how to drill would be a discredit to the armed service. A group of us all wearing stripes as PFCs, corporals and sergeants were sent to Camp Polk, in Louisiana.

We were given written examinations and those who passed were permitted to take only three weeks of basic training instead of eight.

Miraculously, I was one of 25 who passed the test and we were assigned to one company.

We had a big barracks all to ourselves and ate steaks like kings, but I didn't gain an ounce.

It seems that my chemical imbalance had already begun to prevent my normal physical growth.

Shortly after returning to Fort Dix I was discharged. Thus ended the army career of George Jorgensen, Jr., the career which newspapers recently played up as fantastic, with visions of me wearing an array of service ribbons and medals.

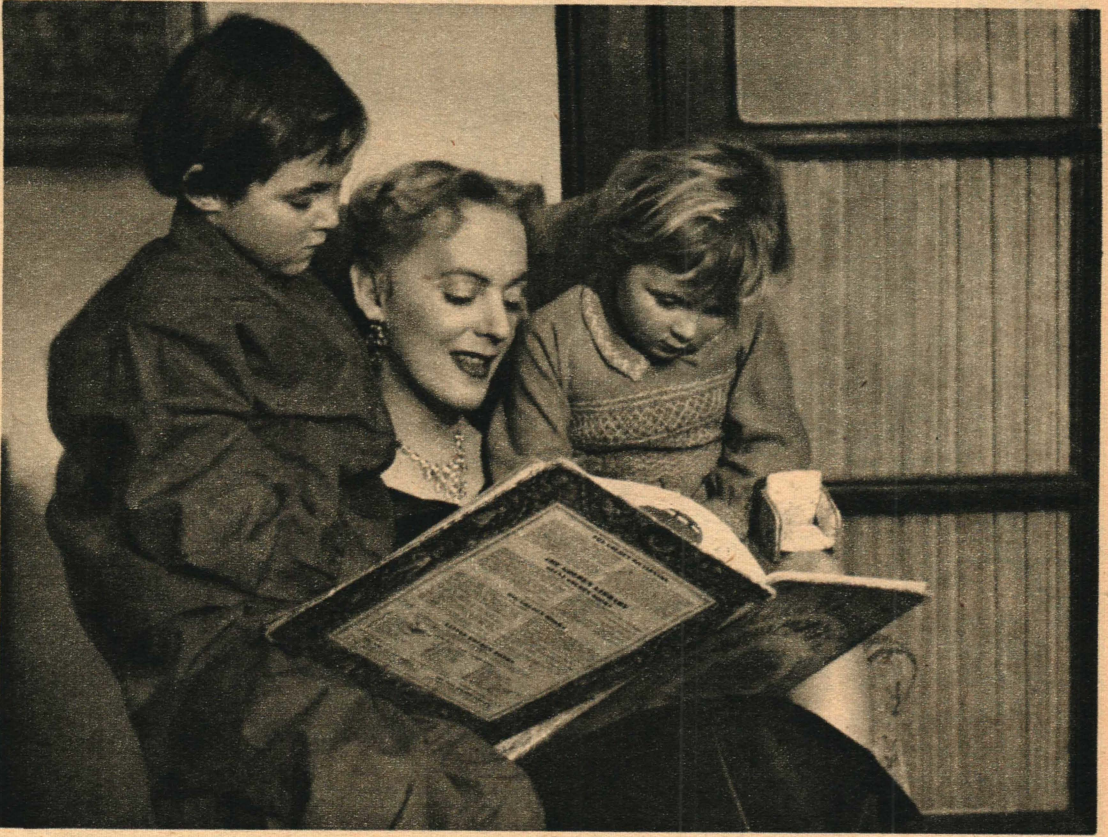
Even though I was essentially feminine, I look back on my days in the service as a great experience.

I did nothing more strenuous or daring than the WACS did and I mingled with young men who treated me as one of themselves.

Although I had no close buddies, I did have many friends who accepted my quiet ways without question. The army is a collection of many people from many places with many personal differences.

In the service I learned to accept all people I (Continued on page 12)

This exclusive photograph shows the striking change that Science—and feminine fashion—have made in Christine.



The youngsters of Danish photographer Jens Juncker-Jensen would find it hard to believe that their charming friend Christine used to be an American soldier named George.

met on their own merits. I believe that I fulfilled my duties to the best of my ability, and I do not believe that anyone can ask for more than a person's best.

I later received many benefits through the GI Bill of Rights, for which I am grateful. But now, as Christine, I am wondering just what will happen to my GI insurance which I've kept up faithfully.

I didn't ask Uncle Sam to start providing me with further education as soon as I took off my uniform because I still was imbued with the idea of furthering my pre-war career in the movie industry.

My old job at RKO-Pathé News was not available, so I became a chauffeur for the same organization instead.

I drove big limousines and important people often were my passengers.

The last movie I worked on was a film made by the late John Garfield.

During the shooting of that picture I chauffeured him all the way from Wall Street and

the Battery to the George Washington Bridge.

I was only on the fringe of my chosen field and felt that I might be sidetracked forever. Emotionally, I was flat and discouraged. My feeling that life was going to cheat me of some of the things that make it full for the most ordinary man and woman in the street made me feel desperate.

One day while driving one of the company executives I asked him if I had any chance of getting a movie job in California. He was polite but noncommittal.

That night I made up my mind. I wrote a letter to Lone Jensen, who now was working in Hollywood.

"What are my chances?" I asked.

The answer came promptly.

"Hollywood is big enough for both of us," it said, confidently. "Welcome."

Within a few days I was on a bus, being short of cash as usual, but my lips said, "California, here I come."

And there was courage in my heart.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

CHRISTINE MODELS HER NEW WARDROBE

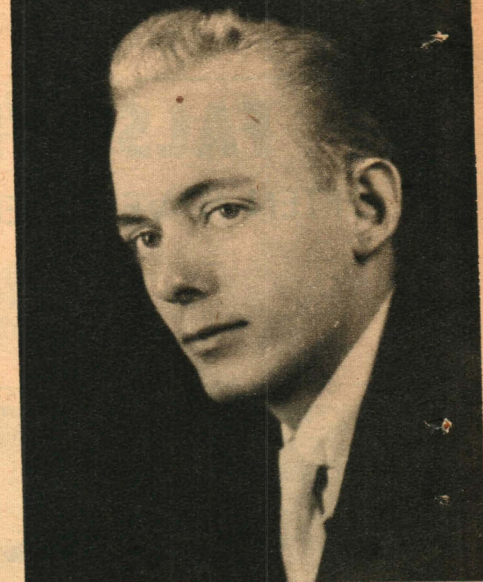
EXCLUSIVE COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS

These pictures illustrate the third instalment of the only authorized story of Christine Jorgensen's transformation from man to woman. In this chapter she tells of her attempt to find a job in Hollywood. She talks about the growing confusion that finally moved her to seek the advice of a doctor in Denmark. And why she knew that "an epoch in my life was ending and that George Jorgensen, Jr., was never coming home."

The Story of My Life

by Christine Jorgensen

The only authorized and complete account of the most dramatic transformation of modern times



rooms, were like a couple of girl friends. We sometimes spoke of home, and she told me much about Denmark, but more often we spoke of our hopes for the future. How different they were—her hopes and mine.

Lone was falling in love with Roger, a motion picture executive. I, such a short time before, had pulled down the curtain on the only love I had known—my love for Tom which the world would have considered sinful, and which yet remained a fine and shining thing in my memory. I could not understand why the world should hate me and this love which had meant so much to me.

I especially recall one evening, typical of the many that Roger, Lone and I spent together. We were having dinner at a famous restaurant in Santa Monica. We had just been seated when a low murmur seemed to ripple through the room. Heads turned and prominent actors and actresses bowed and spoke, not to Lone, not to me, but to Roger, who through his own efforts had reached a top rung on success's ladder. At that moment I was almost able to convince myself that wealth and acclaim could make me happy.

Days grew into months, however, and I was as far away from hitting the bull's-eye, and becoming something in the world's eyes, as I had been when I was a GI back on the rifle

range at Camp Polk. There, a buddy of mine actually fired the shots that let me pass my marksmanship test. In Hollywood I knew that no one could stand in my place and win the success I hoped for with some motion picture company.

Roger did offer to help me make a start, but my own initiative had grown weak, and after months as a member of the so-called 52-20 Club (made up of unemployed veterans who were paid \$20 a week for 52 weeks) I knew that Hollywood already had beaten me. This was not because I lacked talent or education, but because I could not seem to reach beyond my own locked heart and step forward.

How well I remember the day when I said, "I can't face picking up one more of those unemployment checks." That day I found a lowly job with a large chain grocery store, and for weeks thereafter it was my duty to pile canned goods on shelves. It was not a back-breaking job, to see that beans went where beans belonged, but it was a long way from the Hollywood job I had dreamed about.

I found that the longer I lived in the male role of George, the less physical and mental energy I had to devote to any project I might choose. My mental anguish drained me dry of emotion and sometimes I almost stopped hating what I was, for hatred is a job that takes strength. My utter weariness and

lack of initiative at this time have since been explained to me medically—a lack of proper hormone balance sapped my energy.

Lone, having been brought up in Denmark, had many friends and acquaintances from the old country. One of these was a woman named Ellen, who suddenly appeared on the Hollywood scene. We immediately became good friends, but at this time I had no way of foreseeing how great a role Ellen would play in my later life.

We three, Lone and Ellen and I, became inseparable. I believe that this was perhaps the first time I ever let anyone come near enough to me to know the real me. What was in my mind, I spoke about for the first time to these two friends. No one who has not lived through it can realize how important it is to a person who has been bottled up for years to suddenly find understanding.

Ellen and Lone did not find it odd that I wanted to go with them when they went shopping for their women's clothes. Sometimes they did find it rather expensive, though. I remember we went once to an exclusive shop on Wilshire Boulevard. After Lone had tried on many suits and dresses, during which time I frequently objected when she approved, and vice versa, we finally compromised on a black satin suit. But the shopping was by no means finished. I (Continued on following page)



This camera portrait of Christine presents a striking contrast to the picture across the page, which was taken when she was named George and was a confused person "lost between the sexes."

EKTACHROMES BY JENS JUNCKER-JENSEN

The Story Up to Now

In the first two instalments of this remarkable human document, Christine told why, when the story of her transformation from man to woman leaked out, she decided to reveal the facts of her ordeal.

"I stopped worrying about the people who might scoff at me as a publicity seeker," she wrote, "when questions began to pour in from men and women who, from their own tragic experiences in what I choose to call the 'Norman's Land' of sex, suspected that tremendous forces had driven me to take the drastic step of transformation."

The young woman who was christened George Jorgensen, Jr., and who spent 24 years of her life as a male, described the bewilderment and loneliness of those years during which she felt "lost between the sexes."

She told of her attempt to ease this confusion by preparing for a professional career, and how she studied photography with an eye to selling her skill to the movie-makers of Hollywood. She told how she was drafted into the United States Army, after twice being rejected because she was underweight, and described her year of service as Private George Jorgensen, Jr.

She told of her return to civilian life and of her hope for a happier future when she decided to visit a friend in Hollywood and seek a job in the movie industry.

PART III

California is the land of sunshine and hope, I thought, as I strolled down Hollywood Boulevard for the first time—a young man of 20 but burdened with an ever-growing physical and emotional problem that seemed so often to far outweigh my slight, undeveloped body.

I was still the same person who, as a little child of five, prayed for a doll but did not lose faith when I received a red train instead. I was still the individual, with the yearning heart and mind of a woman, who seemed only to be masquerading in men's clothing. And, while I had retained my faith in God, the years had taught me that within myself I must find the power necessary for the salvation of my spirit.

While I was trying to help myself I found a great friend again in Lone Jensen. This woman friend of my pre-army days was living in Hollywood. She roomed with an elderly pair in their lovely Spanish-style house. They rented a small room to me, across the patio from Lone's, and from that small refuge I set out each day to look for work in the movie industry. Lone had a job in the motion picture field that started at 5:30 a. m. and lasted until noon. By that time, I usually had returned home, discouraged.

As I look back on this period—now that I've assumed my natural place in the world as a woman—I realize that Lone and I, chatting in the sunny patio between our



THESE EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKEN IN DENMARK, SHOW CHRISTINE MODELING SOME OF HER NEW FEMININE CLOTHES

insisted on a visit to the jewelry department, where I did a marvelous job, spending \$250 of her money for earrings and clips to set off the suit.

We spent nearly two hours fussing to see that Lone looked just right in her new costume that evening, and I waited like an anxious schoolgirl across the patio when her date arrived. In my heart I could almost believe I was the one, standing there in shimmering garments and listening to masculine compliments.

When Lone married Roger, and moved into her own home, the comfort of her close contact and constant understanding was gone and I made plans to return to New York where, I had decided, I would enter college under the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights. I went from Hollywood, as many before me have done, and others in the future will do—a failure.

California had taught me, however, that wealth and position are not a guarantee of happiness, for Hollywood has many rich and successful—but terribly lonely—people.

I spent six months at an Eastern university, taking a liberal arts course, but I found, as time went by, that I could not concentrate. Again groping in the dark, I turned to photography and enrolled for a special natural color course of 12 weeks at a photography school in Connecticut. I still treasure a prize-winning color shot that I made during my stay at this school.

The unpleasant necessity of finding a job was upon me once more after my studies in Connecticut were finished. I was equipped, technically, to do fine camera work and I knew it. Morning after morning I left home with high enthusiasm. "Today will be my lucky day," I often thought. But almost as often, when I reached the door behind which the potential job lay, I would turn away without opening that door. Fear and helplessness were growing within me like a cancer.

My social sphere, which was never extensive, now seemed to have shrunk almost to the vanishing point. I had no money, but it would have made little difference if I did have, because I shunned human companionship as something that was bound to hurt me. To live without much money is often possible, but to live without friends is to destroy oneself.

About this time in my life I made the acquaintance of three boys who made my many leisure hours endurable, and frequently so pleasant that I was able, for days at a time, to bury the gnawing problem of my misunderstood sex deep within me.

These three comrades, whom I will call Freddie, Buddy and Jackie, were all slightly younger than I, but we had a common interest in model trains. (Yes, the trains I once hated.) This was in no way unusual, for many grown men like to play with Junior's toy railroad. Jackie owned the trains, Freddie owned the tracks and Buddy and I contributed our artistic talent to the venture.

We had a big platform built in a garage in such a way that it could be raised to the ceiling when the car was in, and lowered to the floor when the garage was empty. I built beautiful mountains from plaster, cheesecloth and old newspapers, to lend reality to our railroad scene.

There were lakes, railroad stations, and towns with streets. We must have seemed like 14-year-olds crawling around on our hands and knees, nevertheless I found that the hours thus spent were much more important than those during which I made my unsuccessful invasion of Hollywood.

They taught me the value of simplicity combined with comradeship—a value that is as diamonds to glass when balanced against mere success and wealth.

Despite the years I now have spent in Europe—and the great change they have wrought in me—I always will want to know these boys on the fine basis of our early friendship. I hope they will all accept Christine as the final fulfillment of the "Brud" they knew.

As you can see, my progress toward what I wanted to become was almost at a standstill during these days—which I choose to label the era of the "Four Musketeers."

One day, armed with nothing but courage, I went to the medical library of one of New York's large universities. My object was to search until I found some answer to why I, for the best part of my life, had longed to be a woman.

There, day after day, I pored over references to glands, hormones, and various maladjustments, until I finally acquired a meager layman's knowledge of the subject which had affected, and would eventually change, my life.



Photograph By Jens Juncker-Jensen

Christine relaxes in the living room of one of her Danish friends—a dramatically different person than she was when she walked down the gangplank of a liner in Copenhagen some three years ago.

It was a laborious task to track down this information, and far too often I found that the references were in German or French, neither of which I could read. There were encouraging reports from Scandinavia, but I felt that I needed to be a doctor if I hoped to diagnose my own case.

I had neither the time nor money to study medicine, but it was possible—again under the GI Bill of Rights—to enter a medical technicians' school in New York. Late in 1949 I was busy learning to perform various biological tests. I learned more about hormones than I had been able to glean from the medical library and finally reached a point where I consulted a New York doctor. Would it be possible, I asked him, for me to take female sex hormones in large quantities and feminize myself to an extent where I could look and act like a woman—and really be a woman?

That, I was told, was an impossible dream. Impossible! That word was a challenge to me. How did anyone dare say it in the Atomic Age?

A spirit of defiance possessed me and I took a step which I must warn others against taking. I obtained some female hormones and started taking them in large doses. Disturbing bodily changes which I could not control took place, and in a fearful moment I confessed what I had done to Genevieve, a young doctor's wife who also was studying at the technical school.

"You must come to our home in New Jersey and speak with my husband," she said.

I visited them, not as a patient, but as a friend.

I told Dr. Joe that my reading led me to believe that some Scandinavian doctors might be able to carry out the medical research necessary to transform me into a woman. He was neither encouraging nor discouraging.

Finally he advised me to pursue my dream and go to Europe. I had reached a state, he explained, where I would know no peace until I had tried every solution. Although he did not say "yes" or "no," Dr. Joe gave me the faith and hope I needed. I had friends and relatives in Denmark, so I decided to make Copenhagen my starting point.

A party in my stateroom on the liner *Stockholm*, when I sailed from New York on May 1, 1950, was the usual confusion of laughter and tears.

"Cheer up, folks," I said, perhaps without too much conviction, "I'm only going on a tourist trip." But I knew that an epoch of my life was ending, and while I had not yet reached the point of no return, it was my firm resolve that George Jorgensen was never coming home.

I remember waving as long as I could see my mother and my sister Dorothy standing on the pier. I thought I was smiling, but I've been told by both of these dear ones that they sighed and said, "What a sad face!"

Ten days on a heavy sea could have been a devastating experience for one who always had turned green at sight of a rowboat, but I was amply supplied with Dramamine, and never missed a meal.

I did display my lack of seaman's knowledge one day when I entered the dining saloon and complained to the steward that my tablecloth was wet. "Won't you please change it?" I said. "If I do," the steward explained, "all the crockery will be on the floor."

(Continued on following page)

(Continued from preceding page)

I looked up and caught a twinkle in the eyes of a brawny, blond fellow sitting at the table next to mine. He told me that the wet tablecloth is a seaman's trick for keeping food on the table when a ship is rolling and pitching in a storm.

And what a storm it was! We pitched and rolled the whole 10 days and few of the passengers left their state-rooms. Fortified with my Dramamine I strolled the drenched deck, and so did David, the blond young man.

He was an American on his way to visit his grandparents in Austria. Together with a few other hardy souls, we tried to carry the social life of the ship, for I, realizing how close I might be to my goal, knew that I had to relax in order to save myself for the job ahead.

We played cards and met each evening before dinner. David was a quiet type and very intelligent. Consequently it wasn't necessary for us to hold perpetual conversation in order to feel a bond of sympathy growing between us.

As we steamed into Copenhagen harbor we spoke of the sadness which marks the sudden end of so many ship-board friendships. Ten days can give one some insight into a personality—but are inadequate for real understanding.

In the last few moments of confusion before landing, David and I scurried off to complete our packing. We had already exchanged addresses and as I came down the gang-plank I saw the familiar face of Ellen, who had returned to Denmark from Hollywood some months earlier, and had come to the dock to greet me.

I looked around for David but somehow, in the crowd, we had lost each other. I passed through the customs and Ellen and I left the pier. As we drove into Copenhagen I wondered if during this voyage my association with David had brought to life in me some of that past feeling I had for Tom.

Ellen knew why I had come to Denmark and, as soon as she had an opportunity, she told me of the research work of Dr. Christian Hamburger, Chief of the Hormone Department, at the Statens Seruminstitut. I knew that I must meet this doctor.

IN NEXT WEEK'S INSTALMENT:

Christine tells how—as George Jorgensen, Jr.—she managed to meet the eminent Danish hormone specialist, Dr. Christian Hamburger, how he listened sympathetically to her plea for help, and patiently explained that she was the victim of an abnormal and irresistible urge to change from an apparent man to a woman.

She tells—for the first time—of the hormone treatments and the many sessions with a psychiatrist that preceded the surgical operations which successfully converted George into Christine.

She reveals why—when the secret of her visit to Denmark leaked out—she canceled her plans to sail for home and, after many misgivings, decided to tell the whole story of her dramatic transformation.



When Christine arrived in Denmark, she was a handsome man named George.



The feminizing effect of the first operation is obvious in this photograph taken in 1951.



This recent portrait of Christine shows her dramatic transformation from man to woman.

The

The heroine of the

The Story Up to Now

In the first three instalments, Christine wrote how, when the story of her remarkable transformation broke and people in similar distress began asking her for help and advice, she decided to tell her story in hopes that it might assist others who may be "in what I choose to call the No-Man's Land of Sex." She told how, for 24 years, she was a lonely, confused boy with feminine yearnings, and of her attempt to ease this confusion by taking up a photography career. She described her year of service in the U. S. Army as George Jorgensen, Jr., her return to civilian life, and how a study of medical and scientific literature convinced her that certain Scandinavian doctors might be able to help her. She had friends and relatives in Denmark, and sailed for Copenhagen, saying nothing about the real purpose of her "tourist trip." She was determined never to return to America as George.

PART IV.

Copenhagen's streets were filled, as usual, with rosy-cheeked Danes—young and old—all riding bicycles and all traveling at a speed that suggested they were in a great hurry to arrive somewhere. Their bright faces hinted that when they reached their destinations each would find something very pleasant.

Would I have the same good fortune, I wondered, as I walked slowly along in the August sunshine.

The year was 1950. I was a stranger, newly arrived from America, about to present myself—George Jorgensen, Jr.—before one of the world's great specialists. I intended to ask him a momentous question. Could he change me from an apparent man to the woman I felt sure Nature had intended me to be?

An unmistakable chill ran down my spine as I caught my first glimpse of the glistening white buildings of the Statens Seruminstitut. I thought perhaps my weary feet suddenly would refuse to carry me another step on my way, or that my mind would suffer a sudden blackout before I reached the office of Dr. Christian Hamburger, Chief of the Institute's Hormone Department.

The thing that really did happen was sufficiently upsetting for me. I was met by one of Dr. Hamburger's assistants who told me that the doctor was on vacation.

"But I must see him," I said, dangerously near the point of feminine tears, despite the fact that I now was 24 years old.

The assistant, thinking that I was an overly enthusiastic biology student, telephoned Dr. Hamburger at his country home and I was told that if my problem was urgent I might see him there.

I found a charming house, nestled close within a forest, and a temporary peace was beginning to edge into my troubled spirit when the door of that house was opened by a slight man in coveralls. His eyes twinkled behind rimless glasses and I noticed that he held a big brush in his hand. The doctor whose wife and children were away, had been whitewashing the living room ceiling. He stopped his work to prepare tea.

Later we sat in the big, sunny garden and I told him how, as a child, I felt certain that I was a little girl who, for some unfathomable reason, was forced to wear trousers instead of dresses. I spoke about my adolescent years when I first began to envy all young creatures of the feminine sex, and I remembered the most crushing experience of all, when I had developed a young girl's love for a boy a few years older than myself.

Several hours passed as I told the doctor about the difficulties, pain and confusion in my young life. Then I asked the question which had plagued me for a long time and which I never had the courage to ask before.

"Dr. Hamburger," I said, with my heart pounding so violently I could scarcely hear my own voice, "Do you think I am a homosexual?"

"No," he answered. "What you tell me of your emotions and your physical make-up leads me to believe that you may be a victim of a condition called transvestitism. It is a term created by the famous German sexual pathologist, Magnus Hirschfeld, and is applied to a state in which the person has a vigorous feeling that he or she must wear the clothes belonging to the opposite sex, have a name belonging to the opposite sex, and be regarded by society as belonging to the opposite sex.

"This feeling is irresistible. It usually starts in early childhood and nothing is able to change it. The condition is not always accompanied by a love, such as the one you have described as a compelling force in your own case."

"Do you think I ought to be treated by a psychiatrist?" I asked, with a feeling of dread, for I already had consulted such an expert in the United States only to meet with discouragement.

"It is possible, and eventually I may direct you to do so," Dr. Hamburger replied, "but I feel, from what you have told me, that he can't do a great deal for you because, in my opinion, your trou-

ble is deep-rooted in all the cells of your body.

"Outwardly you have the sex characteristics of a man. You were declared a boy at birth and you have grown up, so very unhappily, in the guise of a young man. But inwardly it is quite possible that you are a woman. Your body chemistry and all of your body cells, including your brain cells, may be female."

I sat fascinated by his words and, although I understood what they meant, I still hesitatingly asked:

"Then, what can you do for me?"

"It would be possible to suppress the male components of your organism by giving you female sex hormones," he answered. Thinking of my rapidly diminishing American dollars, I remarked that this probably would be rather expensive.

"I don't want to charge you anything," the doctor said, "but I will tell you quite frankly that, at the same time that we are testing and treating you, you could serve as a guinea pig in some other hormone experiments which require observing a person for months, or perhaps years. They are based on analyses over a long period of time, as your tests will be, and you must be completely cooperative."

It was agreed that I would report to the Seruminstitut in September. Then I said good-by to the wise and gentle man who had given me hope, and as he returned to his whitewashing I walked down the road. There, among the beautiful trees and flowers, I felt a new hope surging through me.

Autumn came and the days grew short, but they were packed with importance for me. After extensive examinations I started the long-term analyses at the institute which would determine the day by day output of hormones in my body. Then, after a few injections of rather high doses of female sex hormones (estrogens) it was possible to tell that the troublesome male hormones were being suppressed. After 15 or 20 of such injections I was able to take smaller doses of the female sex hormones, in tablet form.

As my treatments progressed I began to feel full of energy for the first time in my life. I wanted to work and, taking some samples of my color photography under my arm, I trudged the streets of Copenhagen looking for some studio that might want to employ me.

Color photography was rather new in Denmark then and I found a spot where I was given working space in return for teaching my specialty to several eager photographers. I felt that I was beginning to take my place in the world. Soon I was selling

Story of My Life

by Christine Jorgensen

most dramatic transformation of modern times explains how doctors changed her from man to woman

my work and had a number of magazine covers to my credit.

Then there came a day of reckoning. Dr. Hamburger said, "I must prove that we are correct in what we are doing. We will stop the hormone treatments for several weeks and see what happens."

When my male hormones, no longer suppressed, took over again, I became tired and discouraged. All my disturbing emotions returned and if I hadn't clung to the hope Dr. Hamburger had instilled in me I would have become the same confused George I had been for so many years.

I resumed taking the estrogen tablets and it was decided that I should consult a psychiatrist along with these treatments. So far we had taken no step that could not be reversed, and Dr. Hamburger

insisted that no irreversible step could even be contemplated unless we were sure we were right.

He outlined my case and the treatment to Dr. George Sturup, chief psychiatrist at Herstevester. When I went to see this eminent man for the first time he had two questions in mind as he looked at me. How much of my trouble was biological? How much was psychological?

"I tried to reach into your past," Dr. Sturup told me recently, "but I couldn't go very far. You were frightened. You told me about your earlier experience with an American psychiatrist who gave you little hope, and I felt you didn't expect me to help you either."

It was decided, however, that a series of psychiatric interviews would be carried out from time

to time while I continued my hormone treatments.

During the next four months my hair grew longer, my skin took on feminine characteristics, and there were physical changes in my body, such as the swelling of my breasts.

One day, while in consultation with Dr. Hamburger, I asked, "What do we do now? Do I go on indefinitely taking hormones?"

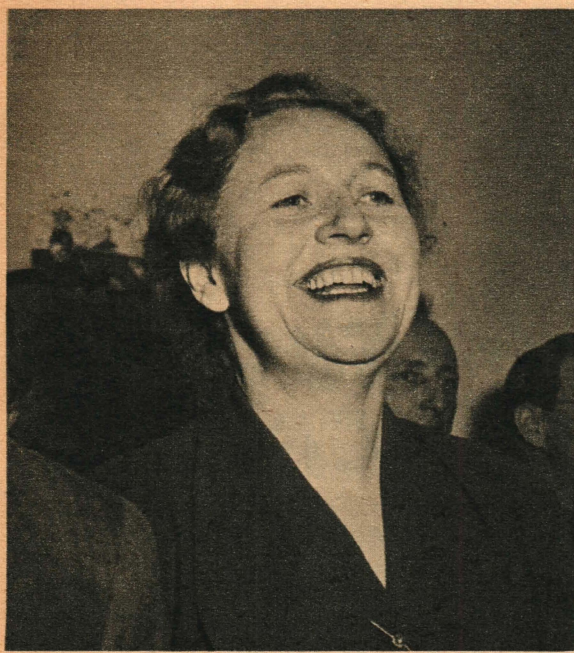
"That would be possible," he said, "and I don't think it would do any harm. However, we have proven that the male element of your body is no longer of any use to you and perhaps a surgical operation would be better than to continue the present hormone treatment."

Such an operation, involving removal of sex glands, cannot be per- (Continued on page 11)

Christine made her first feminine clothes by remodeling the suits she wore as George—but she has since added to her makeshift wardrobe.

This photograph of Christine at dinner in a Danish hotel was taken after hormone treatments, surgery and government agencies had transformed her into a woman.





Miss Helga Pedersen, the Danish Minister of Justice, helped get the necessary government permission for the surgery that speeded Christine's transformation.



Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, former U. S. Ambassador to Denmark, was impressed by letters from medical experts, and got Christine a new feminine passport.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE *(Continued from page 9)*

formed in Denmark merely because a patient wishes it, or a doctor prescribes it. It must be sanctioned by the Ministry of Justice.

Dr. Hamburger and Dr. Sturup held a telephone consultation and again I visited my psychiatrist.

"I looked at you, Chris, as you came into my office that day," he told me a short time ago, "and I thought, if I recommend the operation will I make this person worse? I had not been able to get anywhere with you through psychiatry. You resisted all my efforts to help you become more male psychologically and I had grown to think of you as being essentially a woman.

"We had seen in practice that you lived much more happily under the feminizing hormone treatments. You had told me that you would risk anything to be changed to a woman, and that you would not go on living as George.

"I considered your face, your height, your behavior. 'She looks terrible as a boy,' I said to myself. 'How will she appear as a woman?' Had I said, 'No, I will not recommend an operation,' I would have been attempting to push you back into the character you hated. I would have been dooming you to despair, or a half-life of continuous hormone treatment.

"At that time neither Dr. Hamburger nor I looked upon your case as one that might create such world-wide interest. We merely wanted to help a human being in severe trouble."

Dr. Sturup decided in favor of the operation and an application was made to the Ministry of Justice. My problem then was placed before the Medico-Legal Council of Denmark and, after many difficulties, permission finally was granted for the first part of my surgical operation—removal of the chief source of the male hormones. The operation was performed by Dr. Hans Wulff.

After this operation was performed, I continued to take very small doses of female hormones, but all the dreariness one associates with Denmark winters had gone out of my life. Spring was in my heart and I was able to accomplish almost any task I set out to do.

I was not yet wholly a woman, but I had taken another major step along the way.

One day I dropped into Dr. Hamburger's laboratory, simply because I had grown to look forward to the inspiration of listening to him.

"Why did this thing happen to me?" I asked. "And how often does it happen to other people?"

Picking up a pencil, the doctor began to sketch a diagram as he spoke. "I'm not able to give you any exact figures. The number of transvestites

who suffer unaided in the world is only a matter of guesswork. It also is impossible to fix any definite borderline between what is normal and what is not.

"A 100 per cent man, or a 100 per cent woman does not exist. We all have rudiments of the hermaphrodite (dual sex) state within us. This graph I have drawn includes 'normal' men and 'normal' women, feminized males of varying degrees, masculinized women, and the definitely abnormal 'intersexes.'

"Most of the people you meet in the street and see in the subway will range from—say 80 to 90 per cent masculinity or femininity. There are gradual transitions before we reach the 'intersexes,' those extremely unhappy persons in whom male and female sex characteristics are mixed to a greater or lesser extent. The closer a person is placed towards the middle of the diagram we have before us, the more likely it is that he, or she, will be a victim of sexual difficulties, such as homosexual tendencies, sexual impotence, transvestitism, etc."

"But Dr. Hamburger," I interrupted, "I always believed that Nature had a quite definite way of determining whether a boy or a girl would be born. Isn't that true?"

Then he reviewed for me, as simply as possible, the complicated story of the human inheritance units called chromosomes.

"All cells in the body contain some special chromosomes, called sex chromosomes," he said. "The female cells possess a pair of chromosomes named X, and the male cells two different sex chromosomes, X and Y.

"When the reproductive cells are formed, these chromosomes are split in such a way that all egg cells contain an X chromosome, while the male sperm cells can have either an X or Y chromosome. They are equally divided among the millions of sperm cells, and the sex of the baby depends on which one of those millions joins with the egg cell. A male sperm with an X chromosome produces a girl, one with a Y chromosome produces a boy.

"This means that, at the time of fertilization, Nature already has made up its mind what the baby's sex should be—but that is not the whole story. Other factors are involved in the sex determination, for instance, the hormone producing system, the endocrine glands.

"Diseases or disturbances in this system may prevent the normal and harmonious development of the sex which Nature had intended, and may cause any one of several different stages of what we call intersexes."

As I listened, I recalled reading about intersexes

—instances where an individual was not clearly male or female—in butterflies and lower animals, but never about such a state in humans.

Dr. Hamburger seemed almost to read my thoughts, for he went on to explain for me the world-famous work of the inheritance scientist, Professor R. Goldschmidt, of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Biology in Berlin, who from his studies of sex anomalies in plants and animals developed a theory about intersexes in human beings.

In this theory Goldschmidt holds that all human intersexes are originally intended to be female, and endowed with female cells each containing two X chromosomes. The cells will always remain female. But disturbances can cause changes in the way the body structures develop. These changes may be so drastic that a girl baby will develop normal male organs and glands.

"This theory may need revision," Dr. Hamburger continued, "and it is extremely difficult to prove its correctness, because we cannot count the chromosomes in the cells with absolute certainty.

"But the possibility cannot be excluded that this 'highest degree of intersexuality'—male organs in a female body—actually exists among human beings. I should like to tell you that I have developed my little private theory: that some cases of transvestitism, such as yours, belong to this category of mankind. It would explain the irresistible feeling of an apparently normal man that he really belongs to the opposite sex—a feeling which can be traced back to earliest childhood."

I listened to this explanation, brought forth in a very cautious way, but with every inch of my body I felt it must be so.

Both my doctors and I realized that it would be necessary for me to contact the American Embassy in Denmark and make arrangements to have my passport changed to that of a woman.

I was still dressed *(Continued on page 21)*



How gracefully the girl—who had arrived in Denmark as a former GI named George—took to feminine clothes is evident in this photo taken in Copenhagen.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

(Continued from page 11)

as George, with my long hair tucked under a beret, when I kept the appointment Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, American Ambassador to Denmark at that time, so graciously accorded me. I was so distinctly feminized, however, that my apparel often confused people. When I told Mrs. Anderson my story, and presented her with letters from my doctors stating that my chemical and emotional body was now that of a woman, she was most understanding. She told me to leave everything in her hands and not to worry.

I made my trip home from the embassy with a light heart. It was not long before a new passport was issued to me, and the embassy cabled Washington for approval of this action. Two weeks later the approval was granted—and I was free to dress as a woman, and take my place in society as a woman.

I was not unmindful, however, that final plastic surgery was necessary to give my body the complete outward appearance of a woman. The operation was to be performed in the university hospital, where Prof. E. Dahl-Iversen is one of the noted chief surgeons. I also knew that when that operation was completed there still would be a bit of sadness within me, for I never would be able to bear children.

This sorrow is one carried by many women whose early years were more fortunate than mine. But as I think about it, my heart is not too heavy, for the world is full of motherless children in need of a home, and love.

I concentrated on a much less important problem in the weeks that followed receipt of my passport. I made the feminine clothes I would wear, by redesigning some of my suits, for I didn't have money enough to buy new clothes. I even made the gloves I would wear in my first appearance as Christine.

Christine! I've forgotten to tell you why I chose that name. I guess I always had loved it since childhood, but I might have become Charlotte or Marguerite if it hadn't been for a special dedication I wanted to make to the first doctor who really understood my tragedy and made up his mind to help me—Dr. Christian Hamburger.

In what better way could I show my gratitude than to live my life usefully under the name of Christine—the feminine form of Christian?

I knew that I must wait months before the final plastic surgery could be performed, but it was only a matter of finding courage that kept me from appearing in feminine dress now.

On a momentous Saturday morning, early in May of 1952, I awoke, climbed out of bed and put on my new girl clothes. Then, accompanied by a close friend, named Edna, I went to the most unfamiliar place in the world to me, a beauty parlor. I wondered what poor George would have done had he still been in my place, sitting under the dryer after my hair had been shampooed and set, or having gleaming red polish brushed on his nails. I loved it.

My friend and I decided to visit Copenhagen's famous Tivoli Park that afternoon. It is a place where people always bubble over with the sheer joy of living, and I wanted to bubble over, too. We walked underneath the trees, and visited all the concessions.

Suddenly I heard a low whistle, and I was startled until I heard Edna chuckle. "My first wolf call," I said with a feeling of mischief, wonder, and a bit of shyness. Yet this whistle did more to make me feel secure in my new role than any words could have done.

I was Christine—not only to myself, but to the world.

IN NEXT WEEK'S INSTALMENT:

Christine will reveal the importance of a famous fashion model's friendship in her life as a young woman, the showing of a film she took of Danish scenes, the plastic surgery operation which helped complete her transformation, and her feeling of responsibility to the many confused people who are "lost between the sexes" and who look to her for information and inspiration. This instalment will conclude one of the most unusual and dramatic real-life stories of modern times.

The Story of My Life

by Christine Jorgensen



The heroine of the most dramatic transformation of modern

times talks about her first days as a woman and her new responsibilities



"I would like to allow . . . men and women I have never seen to speak for me . . . to convince the most skeptical that my experience should not be exploited to satisfy idle curiosity."

The Story Up to Now

In the first four instalments, Christine told how she was born George Jorgensen, Jr., and spent 24 years of her life as a lonely, confused boy with an irresistible urge to be feminine. She related her unsuccessful attempt to find a career as a photographer in Hollywood, and the details of her year in the U. S. Army as a GI.

Back in civilian life she made a study of medical literature, became convinced that Danish doctors might save her from being "lost between the sexes," and sailed for Denmark in 1950.

For the next two and a half years she was the patient of distinguished Danish doctors and, through medical, surgical and psychiatric treatment, became the woman that she was intended to be. The Danish Ministry of Justice authorized the surgery

that completed her dramatic transformation. The U. S. Department of State recognized this transformation by issuing the former George Jorgensen a feminine passport which permitted Christine to return home as a woman.

She let her hair grow long, adopted feminine clothes and looked forward to the final surgical operation that would complete the transformation that has made medical history.

Christine's experience has given courage and hope to hundreds of other humans who thought they were doomed to lives of embarrassment and confusion.

PART V

Many days were cloudy and dreary in the Copenhagen of May, 1952, but every waking hour seemed to be filled with a dazzling newness for me because my miserable masquerade of 26 years was ended. I, Christine, who had been closed within myself, had emerged at last from my heartbreaking and empty past to find a new life and a new understanding.

I shared an apartment in those days with an older Danish woman but most of my time was spent with my close friend Ulla who lived only a few blocks away.

Ulla Krohn, a lovely manikin my own age, was a tower of strength to me all through my stay in Denmark. I first met her when, as George, I was looking for a pretty model for my color photograph. The results of our work together have appeared on many magazine covers both here in Denmark and in various other European countries. During the drab pre-Christine era when I shunned most of the world, Ulla and I spent many happy hours together discussing life and playing canasta.

One day, when I felt that I could no longer hold my secret within me, I told this wonderful friend why I had come to Copenhagen, and why I made daily trips to the Serum Institute. Ulla just smiled in her wise little way and said, "I knew." In those two words I found the basis of our friendship—unquestioning understanding.

My hormone treatments were, however, part of a new experimental process and there were days when I felt afraid that I might have undertaken something that was too big for me to handle. On those occasions it was Ulla who said, "Look in the mirror. You're doing all right."

When I reached the stage in my treatments where I began to look like a woman dressed in man's clothing I warned Ulla that her reputation might be in danger if she were seen in the company of such a strange looking character. "I don't

care what people say, or think," she assured me. And there you have a thumbnail sketch of the girl whose encouragement helped me over the rough road to happiness.

My years of insecurity were over and my energy seemed to be boundless. I planned to return to the United States after my final operation, which could not take place for several months. I wanted to take back to my own country a bit of Denmark, the land that had given me a new life. What better way could there be to do this than to make a color film of its beautiful and historic spots? Thus began my plans for a project which was a milestone in my photographic career.

This film would not be the Hollywood extravaganza I once had dreamed of making, but to me it was much more important. I felt that I could make it a small source of income. I avoided spectacular "shots" and concentrated on the human, down-to-earth part of Denmark.

"I'll manage to scrape together enough money to buy a little car when I am back in the States," I told my friends, "and then I'll visit small towns from coast to coast showing my travelogue."

In May of 1952 I began filming it. After a day's shooting, I quite often took a "busman's holiday" and went to the motion pictures. Many movie houses are in the neighborhood of Copenhagen's Tivoli and, after seeing a film, I sometimes walked in this amusement park. Tivoli is not a Coney Island, for, although there are rides and popcorn, there also are very fine concert halls and many charming restaurants.

It was on such a walk that I first met Sergeant Bill Calhoun. Strolling by myself, I noticed four American fliers standing on a corner, watching the world go by as soldiers so often do. I felt a bit sorry for them. I, too, have known the feeling of being in a foreign land where a kind word from a stranger can brighten an otherwise empty and lonely evening.

As I spoke to the boys I saw their faces light up. I told them things about this happy little land that I thought might interest them and, as we talked, they invited me to have a glass of beer. I declined, saying I was on my way home, but disappointed looks caused me to change my mind. We had a Danish beer on the terrace of a small restaurant, and I talked about some of the interesting places in Denmark I planned to use in my film.

"This Copenhagen is a great town," one of the fliers said. "I'm going back to England to get a longer pass and then I'm coming back."

I knew that longer passes aren't so easily had, but I said, "Call me up if you do get back." And that was the end of a pleasant evening. The American fliers returned to the USAF camp at Bentwaters, England, and I turned to the work I had set my heart on doing.

It was early June when my film-making project really got under way, and, added to the joy I found in my work was the confidence in myself I acquired as I met many (Continued on page 13)

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

(Continued from page 10)

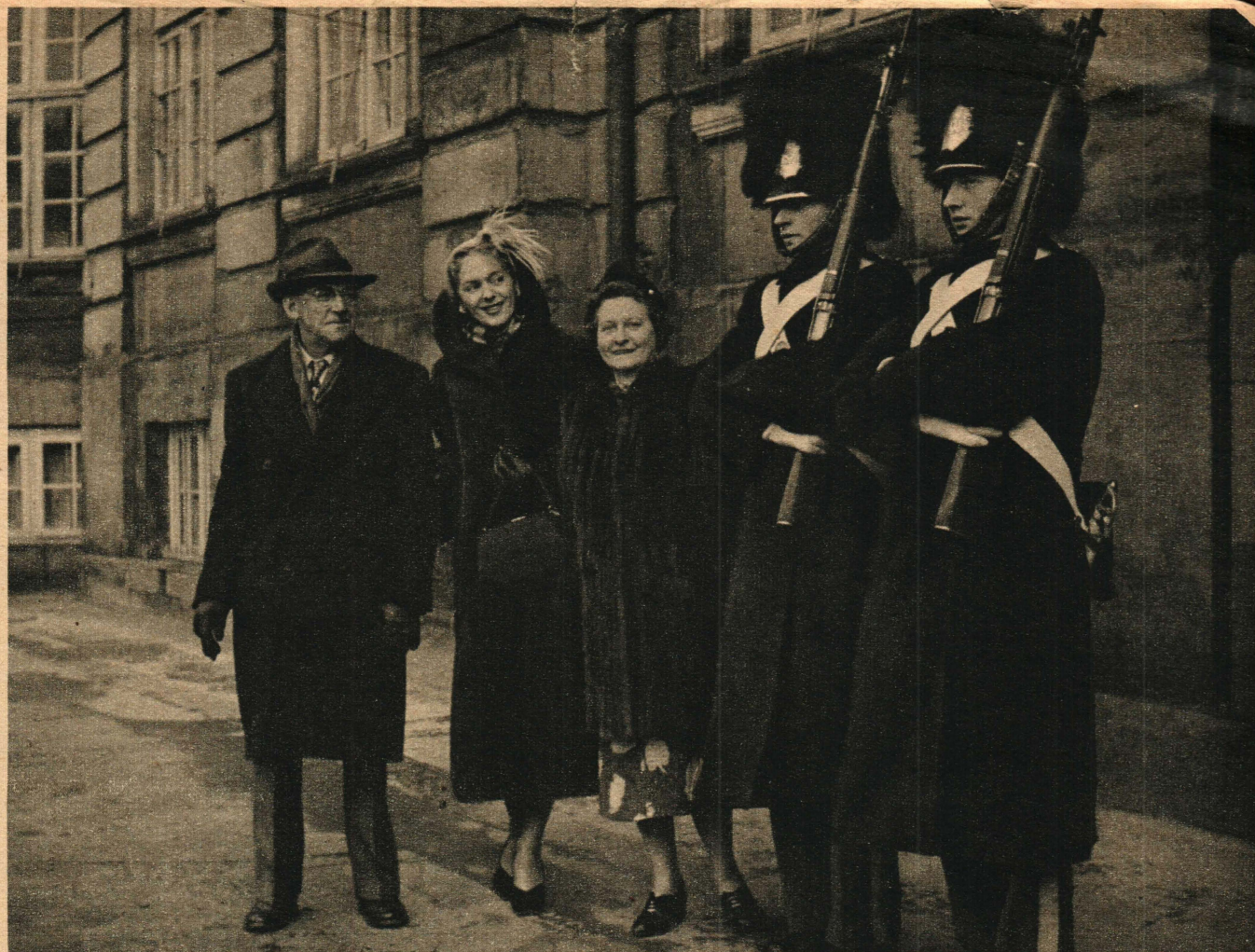
new people who knew nothing of my past and who readily accepted me as they found me.

With the generous help of the national tourist association of Denmark, I traveled from one end of the tiny country to the other. My problems of personal adjustment had been shed, as I might have tossed aside an unbecoming garment, but a heart interest had developed during my two years of transformation which I did not wish to discard.

David, the brawny, young, blond American, whom I met on shipboard during my 1950 trip to Denmark, did not disappear from my life as he faded into the crowd at the Copenhagen pier. He wrote me from Austria, where he went to visit his grandparents, and our correspondence continued when he returned to his home in the United States.

We become close friends through those letters and the day came when I felt it my duty to write that I no longer was the shy boy he had known on the liner *Stockholm*. I had become a tall, blond girl named Christine.

When David learned of the treatments and surgery that had transformed me, he said the news



Photographs by Jens Juncker-Jensen

It was after the news of George Jorgensen Jr.'s transformation to Christine leaked out to the American and European press that her parents flew to Denmark for a reunion with their new daughter. This photograph shows the Jorgensens during a sightseeing tour of Copenhagen.

made him happy because he knew I was happy—and his letters became more frequent. They held a new note of tenderness and fondness, and occasionally there was a bit of sentimental verse. It gave me a feeling of warmth as I traveled around Denmark making my film.

From time to time I met other young men who seemed to enjoy my company, and I felt that socially I was making a good adjustment to my new role. My heart was light and I came to believe that perhaps there would be no more difficult hurdles for me—at least not for a long while.

It was several weeks after my meeting with the USAF boys in Tivoli that the telephone rang and I heard a voice with a pleasant Southern drawl say, "Hello, Chris, this is Texas." Sergeant Bill Calhoun finally had received that furlough he had spoken about during our first chance meeting.

I was both surprised and happy to hear from him, for he is a charming young man and a rather handsome one, too. I showed him some of the sights of Copenhagen and he took me to a few of the city's night spots.

My friends Edna and Jens Juncker-Jensen had a summer cottage near Elsinore and invited Bill and me up for a day. It was during this excursion that Bill took several really fine pictures of me, which later appeared in the newspapers. Being a photographer myself I must give photo credits where they are due.

Bill's pass lasted six days and I'm sure we both felt a little sad when it was over because we had so much fun. I was proud when I read Bill's statement to the press saying, "That was the best furlough I ever had."

When he returned to England, Bill wrote, asking me to send him a picture, which I did, and that is the reason Sergeant Bill Calhoun's name was dragged into the news when my story blazed into headlines last December. His buddies at camp couldn't pass up a chance to give him a ribbing and the press was hot on the trail of a new find—"Christine's first date."

Bill was a very nice date, but not my first, nor my last, and to take the sting out of some of the wisecracks he probably will have to listen to when

this article appears I would like to state that there isn't a flier at Bentwaters who could be a better date or a more charming representative of our American Air Force.

As summer passed, and the autumn turned to winter, I made plans to undergo my final operation and then to return quietly to the United States. When I entered the hospital in late November my trunks were on their way to New York and I hoped to follow in time to be home for Christmas.

This last step in my treatment involved delicate plastic surgery which definitely changed the outward appearance of my body to that of a normal female. The operation was performed by the noted Professor E. Dahl-Iversen and his assistant, Dr. Poul Fogh-Andersen.

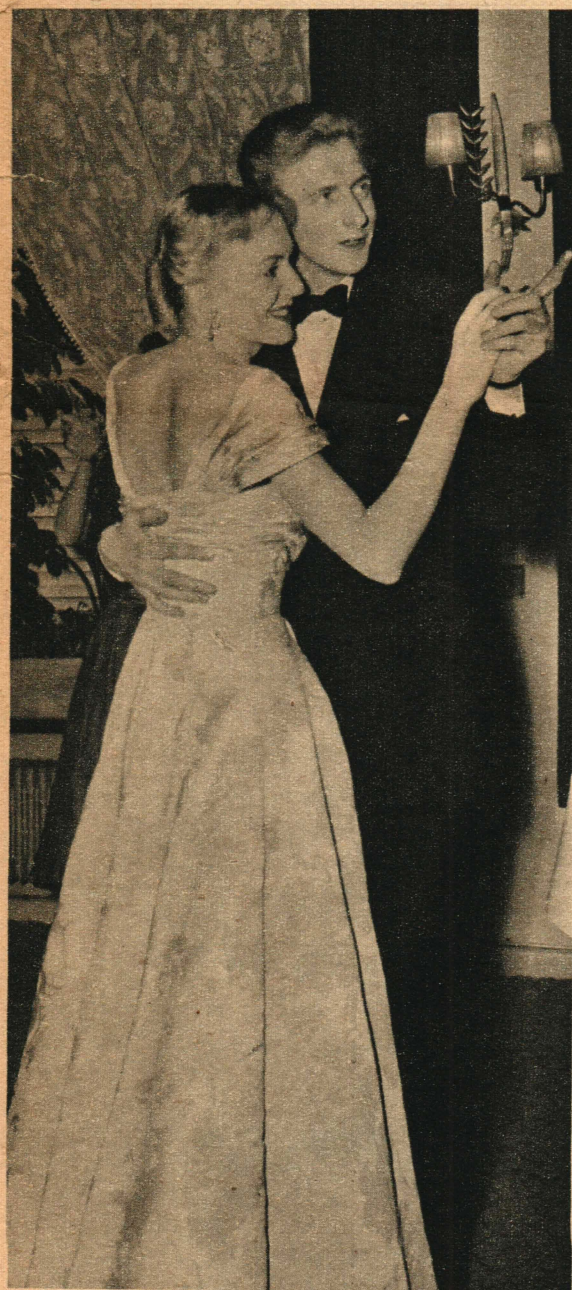
My recovery from that operation was quite uneventful, but recovery from what the world did to Christine at that time still is in progress. I've already told of the shock I experienced when I learned that my secret was in screaming headlines in American newspapers. Then the "news" was printed in Danish papers, too, and I was forced into hiding in the home of friends.

In the quiet of that home I was able to collect my thoughts and my hopeful reflection was—"This, too, will pass."

However, hope turned to anger one day when I read the following statement in a widely circulated magazine from home:

"By week's end, the Jorgensen family, which had seemed reluctant to be pushed into the spotlight, was fast learning the sweet uses of publicity. Christine's parents announced that they would sell Christine's life story for 30,000 dollars 'in order to help others' who need similar treatment. On her part, Christine, who had protested the blizzard of page-one publicity, also made a discovery.

"She had been 'shooting a little 16-mm color travel film on Denmark...not a bad little movie.' She had never really thought about it before, but now, Christine said, widening her gray-blue eyes, she was afraid that all the publicity in the newspapers might spoil her plans to 'take it back to the States and perhaps (Continued on page 15)



"From time to time I met young men who seemed to enjoy my company. I felt that, socially, I was making a good adjustment to my new role and that perhaps there would be no more difficult hurdles."

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

(Continued from page 13)

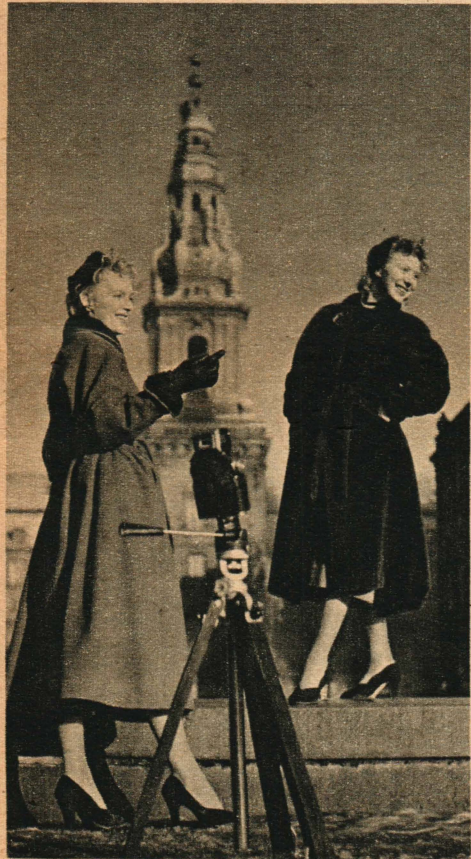
tour the country, showing it in schools, small towns and places like that, giving lectures."

"Is this to be the world's reaction to the project I've worked on with such loving care?" I asked myself with growing fury.

Fighting back my angry tears, I picked up the phone and made arrangements for the Danish premiere of that "little film" with the understanding that all receipts would go to the King Frederic and Queen Ingrid Fund for Tubercular Children in Greenland.

Since that first successful showing in Copenhagen there have been many offers from people who said they wanted to promote my Denmark film, but I still believe they are just trying to promote Christine.

At this point I would like to allow



Christine, while shooting her film of Denmark, posed a pretty model with historic Christianborg Castle in the background.

some of my friends—men and women I have never seen—to speak for me. I believe their words, quoted anonymously, from the soul-stirring letters they have written to me, will convince even the most skeptical that my experience and the happiness I finally have won are not matters to be exploited for financial gain.

Neither are they matters to satisfy the idle curiosity of unsympathetic bystanders in the troubled world that is theirs, and once was mine.

Nothing would have induced me to bare my personal life in these stories for *The American Weekly* if I had not read the hundreds of appealing letters addressed to me.



This photograph of Christine feeding pigeons in a Copenhagen square was taken when she began to feel that "my years of insecurity were over and my energy seemed to be boundless."

I quote from a few of the letters with a feeling of deep humility and a hope that my life may help some of the many who need help:

"You have unintentionally done a great service to the many thousands of people like yourself—and like me—to whom the burdens of social misunderstanding and persecution are at times almost more than they can bear!"

"You are this evening the happiest woman in Copenhagen, possibly the happiest woman in the world. I only want to congratulate you—because I understand. You are happy and I am still the unhappiest being in the world, for I am as you have been."

"The reports of your experience brought a flood of renewed hope to me."

"God bless you dear girl for the hope you have brought to so many others with whom Nature has played a rotten trick. I think you have made and executed a wonderful decision and I hope that I, too, may one day stand beside you recreated as a true woman which I should have been, but for Nature's mistake."

"I think you have been put in this world to make people understand us. I am as you were, but I have a twin sister who seems to be a man in a woman's body. Please help us!"

Can anyone doubt the answer I must make to these people who beg for my help? They need hope and faith, but not the kind of charity that cold cash could buy.

My greatest contribution, perhaps, can be an appeal to doctors in all countries to study the problem of the soul-sick men and women who find themselves, through no fault of their own, in the disheartening no-man's-land of sex.

My own case has been classified as one of transvestitism. Medical science has not yet succeeded in revealing the cause, or the causes, of this disease. A variety of factors may play a part, when a person has an irresistible feeling of really belonging to the opposite sex.

Dr. Christian Hamburger, Chief of the Hormone Department of Statens Serum Institut in Copenhagen, has reviewed my case from a medical standpoint, especially in the light of Goldschmidt's intersex theory.

He has pointed out the possibility that some cases of transvestitism might be a manifestation of a high degree of intersexuality.

But there are many variations of sex anomalies in the world and not all of the men and women who suffer from these disorders can find a solution to their problems in the way I have. But each individual must—in all justice—have guidance from a well-informed medical expert. The days of ridicule and emotional torture must end.

The doctors who have treated my case all have received many appeals and have answered many queries.

"I am deeply impressed by these tragedies of life," Dr. Hamburger said recently, "and I wish we could help these sufferers. But we doctors cannot do much without the consent of the authorities in the different countries."

"We can only hope that adequate treatment shall be made available in all countries."

When I set out on my own quest for relief, it didn't enter my mind that I ever would be called upon to be anything but an inconspicuous individual fitting into a new social role.

I was forced into the public eye, by curious and interested individuals, and now I can only accept the responsibility to others that my unsought fame has placed upon me. I hope I may not be found wanting.

THE END.