



**I Want What I Want**  
directed by John Dexter  
lately at the Cherokee Theater

**Diary of a Transsexual**  
by Lyn Raskin  
Olympia Press, New York, 1971

Transsexuals are persons who undergo radical surgery to have their own sex organs removed and replaced by facsimiles of the organs of the opposite sex. Christine Jorgensen was the first and still most famous transsexual. Males have been provided with vaginas formed from the skin of their penises, and women have been endowed with penises of their own. While transsexuals may have begun manifesting their distaste for their sexual identity by wearing the clothes usually worn by the other sex, they must be carefully dis-

tinguished from transvestites, whose protest does not involve surgical change.

Transsexuals have been demanding a voice in the decisions taken at Gay Liberation meetings, presumably on the grounds that by demonstrating the possibility for a person of one sex to take on the physical characteristics of the other, they have done more than any other group to challenge traditional stereotypes about sexual identity. Yet if Lyn Raskin's *Diary of a Transsexual* and the movie *I Want What I Want* accurately reflect the motivations and goals of transsexuals, then they have as much place in movements for sexual or any other kind of liberation as John and Martha Mitchell. To surrender one sexual identity because one yearns to behave like some standard glamor-magazine caricature of the other, as both works record admiringly, is the sort of false freedom our society already burdens us with overmuch—the freedom to choose Nixon, Humphrey, or Wallace to mislead us for four years, the freedom to pollute the atmosphere in a Ford, Chrysler, Pontiac, Volkswagen, Jaguar, or any of a hundred other “choices.”

*I Want What I Want* is a model of shabby dishonesty even in an industry not noted for its candor or clear-sighted appraisal of human diversity. So as not to shock the spectator's sensibilities, the man who wants to become a woman is played by an actress, Anne Heywood, who looks about as much like a male as Marlene Dietrich. Don't imagine, Dear Viewer, that this sympathetic fellow, Roy, who likes to dress in women's