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TURNABOUT

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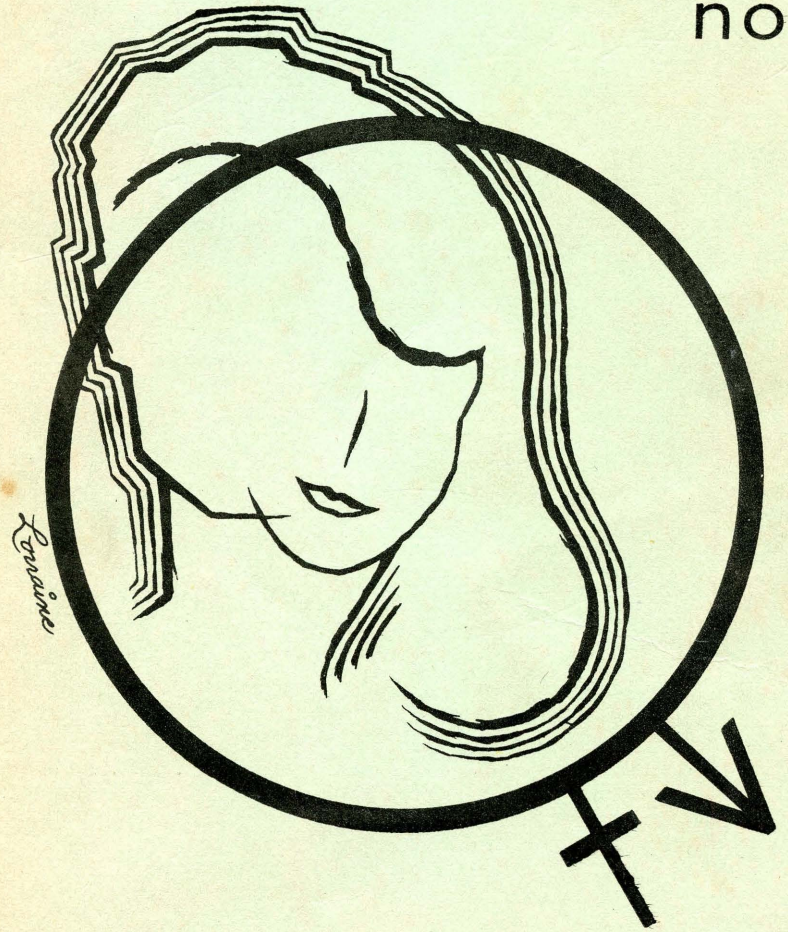

A MAGAZINE OF TRANSVESTISM

TURNABOUT

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LEVELS OF COMMITMENT

In the first issue of TURNABOUT, we suggested that those of our readers who had not yet committed their lives to transvestic pursuits should proceed with caution. On this page, we are adding another note of warning — in the form of a brief discussion of what we call "levels of commitment" to transvestism — to the large majority of our readers who have already become involved in cross-dressing.

Levels of commitment are similar to what other publications in the TV field call "stages of development" — thereby promoting the fallacy that some vague kind of growth is achieved by moving closer to femininity and farther away from one's basic masculinity. In a significant number of cases, quite the opposite is true. The TV finds himself regressing rather than progressing and discovers he's committed himself too deeply.

The first level of commitment to TVism can be the compulsive donning of one or another item of feminine clothing, with each repetition committing oneself further. The next levels become considerably less difficult to attain — dressing fully; shaving arms, legs, body; using makeup; purchasing a wig; adopting a feminine name; contacting other TVs socially; going forth in public "dressed"; and baring one's innermost life on application forms for so-called transvestite "sororities," thus categorizing oneself for posterity.

Each level commits the TV more firmly to the transvestic life; each may pose certain danger to one's masculine self — and to all within that masculine self which is worth preserving.

We do not necessarily hold that this mobility is essentially destructive. Moving from one level of commitment to the next may be necessary for the TV to preserve his equilibrium or to maintain a balance of power between the femininity he recognizes in himself and the masculinity which has become oppressive to him.

However, we do believe that moving from one level of commitment to the next should not be done on mere impulse. Once out on the limb, the TV may find the winds of reality too tricky to allow him to maintain that balance he seeks.

We suggest that you approach each new level tentatively and experimentally. Consider the implications it holds for you in terms of your relationship to the world in which you live. Find the level of commitment which most satisfies you and remain on it as long as possible before moving on.

Some TVs will doubtless counter these arguments with the cry: "I have no choice!" Such a claim provides an easy sop for one's guilt, but it is rarely true. Freedom of choice exists for most of us; let's use that freedom intelligently and take full responsibility for each level of commitment we attain.

— Fred L. Shaw, Jr. :: Publisher

OVERS AND UNDERS:

PARALLEL STREAMS OF TRANSVESTISM

BY D. RHODES

What has hitherto been considered a single type of cross-dresser — the male heterosexual transvestite — is, in fact, two parallel types. This is the considered opinion of the author after much investigation of and pondering over the personalities, the histories, and the writings of the great many transvestites he has come to know during the past two years.

These two kinds of transvestite are so nearly identical in their conduct and associations as to be able to mingle together with little awareness of their essential differences. Nevertheless, the investigation of the phenomenon of transvestism, which is so difficult and so complex for psychologists to understand and explain, may be clarified a little more by recognition of the duality of the transvestic pattern.

Intimate discussion with transvestites, personal association with them at their homes and meeting places, and lengthy correspondences have combined to create for the author a basis for distinguishing these two categories, which are parallel streams of transvestism. The author's theories in this regard have been outlined to many of his acquaintances and have usually received immediate recognition. In fact, it is a frequent occurrence for them to quickly sift their own backgrounds to determine which of the two streams fits their practice of transvestism.

As is well known, the source of transvestism lies somewhere in the childhood of the individual TV. At some point or another, some article of feminine clothing seizes upon the subconscious mind and sexual imagery of the growing child and so entrenches itself as to never be dislodged. The reasons for this are complex and are not a part of this article; however, it is so. Virtually all recorded cases of transvestism begin as fetishism which demands not only visual or tactile contact with the fetish object but also the actual wearing of it.

Questionnaires and case histories have revealed three standard types of fetishes, covering more than 90% of all such cases. These are: (1) high-heeled shoes; (2) intimate underwear, usually panties or bloomers; and (3) corsets and/or girdles.

Those transvestites whose first fixation in cross-dressing is on shoes follow one stream of conduct which governs their TV history from thence on. Those whose initiation involves under-

garments (whether these be panties or corsets) will follow another stream which is parallel to the first but different in a number of important ways.

To define these types more clearly, I have come to refer to them as the "overs" and the "unders." More definitive terms cannot be established. Suggestions have been made that "visual" and "tactile" might be more appropriate, but both types of TV behavior embody visual and tactile elements, or that "fetishistic" as opposed to "narcissistic" might be a more accurate distinction, but both streams also embody both of these elements.

The Over begins with shoes. The Under begins with undergarments. To explore how these streams diverge, we must now follow the process of thought and action which leads to the complete act of female impersonation — the transvestite in his final stage, that of total feminine simulation in hairdo, dress, and makeup.

Consider first the boy with a fascination for the feminine high-heeled shoe. A shoe is a visible part of every woman's clothing. It is not concealed, and it is thus an integral part of the overall feminine image. At first, the boy tries on only the shoes, seeking the thrill of them. But as this is attempted, the mind finds it necessary to set the high-heeled shoe-bearing foot off properly. This calls for the addition of long, sleek hosiery. Such a leg, in turn, is not complete, does not satisfy him, without the hem of the skirt intruding and adding femininity. A skirt hem calls for a skirt, and that in turn calls forth a dress. And so, in a fairly rapid series of adjustments, the excitement of the shoe brings forth the complete overall feminine mirror image.

The Over thus finds it necessary to assume the complete female impersonation quite early in his career. His imagination and sexual desire is sparked by the outward woman, the public appearance, and thus the Over will be the earlier of the two types to dress completely and work at perfecting the outer visualization.

The boy who begins with the panty or corset embarks with a different premise. He must call on his imagination to visualize those objects in use by women around him. They are the invisible parts of women's dress — secrets known only to their wearers. For the Under to wear lingerie or corsetry does not require the mirror visualization of the entire woman, because the addition of a dress at that early stage cancels the visual image for him. The Under finds no early necessity to complete his female impersonation. Not being required to see himself as a woman, his gratification comes from merely the knowledge of what he wears, the forbidden sight of it as worn, and the feel of it.

The Under transvestite comes to the complete impersonation later in life than the Over. He approaches it slowly, and, in many cases, never achieves it at all.

Observation of transvestites shows how the difference manifest themselves. The Over will have many pairs of shoes, often as many as thirty to forty, but he may never own more than a bare

minimum of undergarments, usually just what is sufficient for padding or for necessity, and most often chosen with no regard to fancy style, soft materials, or exotic color. His approach is purely utilitarian. Nightgowns usually hold no interest at all for him, and he may never entertain the notion of sleeping in anything other than male pajamas or in the raw.

The Under will have a minimum number of pairs of shoes in his wardrobe, but he will own a drawer full of lingerie, very definite in pattern, generally fancy, varied, expensive, and colorful. Early he will seize on any opportunity to sleep in nightgowns, which are considered a form of lingerie, and can thereby satisfy his private transvestic desires as long as eight hours per day. Quite often, the Under will contrive to wear panties or corsets as a regular part of his daily garb beneath his outer masculine garments.

The Over cannot completely fulfill his transvestic wishes, except either in private or by complete impersonation in public. The Under can fulfill his desires both behind locked doors and in the outside world and run far less risk of public recognition.

The other distinctive differences between these two parallel streams of transvestism are more complex. Observation has convinced me that these two types of TV conduct are not accidental but, rather, are indications of vastly different psychologies. They do not result from whim but tend to reflect very real variations in mental traits.

Once the two types of TV associate with one another socially, the differing patterns are somewhat obscured, modified, and even warped by the different backgrounds, social strata, educations, and personal problems of the individual proponents of each form of transvestism. Generalization is made difficult by the fact that no two individuals are ever exactly alike, yet the Over and Under patterns are sufficiently clear in most transvestites to permit us to draw some general conclusions.

For instance, there is reason to suspect that the Over is not greatly concerned with his physical surroundings, especially in his living quarters. The dainty details of feminine life hold no great fascination for him and he is likely to be indifferent to any feminine touches in his surroundings. The Under is more likely to be sensitive to suggestions of femininity all about him, such as color and texture. He is quite often more retiring as an individual and not as bold or aggressive as the Over.

The Over will often be the better impersonator, for he surely has had a head start. More likely, he will be the first to go out "dressed," to dare to make public appearances, to strive for external perfection in "passing" in public.

Not too concerned with public appearances, the Under will work at the full impersonation — when and if he achieves that stage — with greater attention to detail and less willingness to put it to a public test. Without the impetus of personal contact with other cross-dressers, many Unders are content to

go through life without ever completing the full transformation, whereas no Over will fail to attempt this at some time early in his TV career.

With no exact statistics to base an ivestigation on, it is risky to progress too far with the definition of the two streams of transvestism. Only scientific and impersonally directed study can outline the full extent of differences between the Over and the Under.

Realizing the risk involved, I will nonetheless pass on some of the ideas which have occurred to me as to other variations in behavior characterizing the Overs and the Unders.

It is possible that the Over's career interests tend toward the mechanical arts, the applied sciences, artisan skills, or manual labor. The Under is more likely to be the intellectual worker, the creative artist, the practitioner of one of the more abstract professions, or a worker in some area which would follow logically from his original preoccupation with the unseen as a basis for his imagination.

Getting in somewhat deeper, it occurs to me that Overs tend toward the schizoid personality patterm, to include in their ranks the dual-personality types of TV, and to trend more toward homosexuality and transsexualism. On the other hand, the Unders tend toward the manic-depressive pattern, more often become sado-masochistic and melancholic, perhaps even suicidal.

What of the roughly ten percent of transvestites who claim none of the three standard introductory points of early fetishism? It is much too early in formulating this theory to pin them down, but I believe that all TVs will fall into one or another of the two streams, although some seem to combine elements of both TV personality types.

It will doubtless be asked what value may be derived from the discovery that there are two parallel categories of cross-dressing rather than one. Well, for one thing, it will assist psychologists and psychiatrists in classifying patients who come to them for assistance in their mental travails. By means of a few quick questions, the patient's involvement in one type of TV behavior may be virtually eliminated as a possibility and a strong insight may be gained into his mental processes and into the depth of his involvement. It is entirely possible that if ever psychiatric aid is made available to the transvestite who seeks it, perhaps the physician will know in advance what type of therapy will assist one type of patient and prove worthless for the other.

Furthermore, the all-embracing theories handed down by one or another self-appointed pontiff can now be discarded as entirely obsolete or at least amended to fit the facts as seen in the new light shed by consideration of these two streams of transvestism.

What is needed now is careful investigation by professionals whose help is sought by transvestites or who have chosen to study this much-neglected field. ■ ■

ADVICE TO A TRANSSEXUAL

By Harry Benjamin, M. D.

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The editors of TURNABOUT are reprinting the following article from the December 1963 Sexology in the belief that it is of prime importance to those among our readers who may be considering a "sex-change" operation.

□

Dear Doctor:

What can I do to end my misery? In body I am looked at by others as a male, but in my heart and mind I see myself as a woman.

Life has played a dirty trick on me, forcing me to live with the outer appearance of a man, but the inner feelings and emotions of a woman. Although my sex is male, I really think I am very much on the feminine side. Except that I do not have breasts, I have a womanly figure. On occasion, while dressed as a female (something I feel compelled to do quite frequently to ease my emotional tension) I have been told that I am quite beautiful. People look at me with respect and admiration. Not so when I am dressed as a man.

Perhaps I could live always dressed in a woman's clothes; but then I would always live in fear of being recognized and arrested. That will not help. Even now, I feel that I am a true woman hiding in the false physical shell of a male.

I understand that some people like me have been able, after years of torment, to find relief and happiness by actually becoming female through treatments and an operation. I am convinced that this is what I really need to end my misery.

I want to change my sex. Can you help me?

DR. BENJAMIN'S REPLY:

Medical science and modern surgery have indeed helped cases like yours, although not too many and not always too well.

An operation to have your sex "changed" is probably foremost in your mind. Sometimes you may feel that such an operation is all you live for and that, without it and without the change you can accomplish that way, life is not worth living. This is an understandable emotional reaction to your deep-seated ambition to go through life as a woman.

You must realize, however, that emotion, especially if unusually intense, is not always rational and may well conflict with sound reason. Therefore, you should make an effort to think over your problem as unemotionally as possible, and to do so more than once. Let me help you to do it by supplying a little more knowledge and common sense. It may prove useful for your entire future life.

First of all, sex is determined at the moment of conception and therefore never can be changed. The so-called "change" by surgery concerns only those organs that make you physically and legally a man (or a woman). A serious major operation or series of operations are required to change the external appearance from male to female.

The difficulties of finding a competent surgeon are great. Few hospitals at the present time will allow such operations. Complications may arise afterwards, more operations may become necessary and the outcome is never certain. The artificial vagina that can be created by plastic surgery may or may not function to your later satisfaction in marital relations. I am speaking from experience with more than a single patient.

Furthermore, the operation, even if successful, does not change you into a woman. Your inborn (genetic) sex will remain male. You must be aware of this fact, although it may have no practical meaning for your later life as a woman. If the surgeon castrates you as part of the operation, you would be, technically and from the glandular point of view, neither male nor female. You would be a "neuter."

Only your psychological sex is female. (Otherwise you would not have wanted the operation in the first place.) If the surgeon merely places your testicle in the abdomen to make them invisable, you would have to be considered a male, from a glandular viewpoint as well as legally.

Yet, it is true, you could look like a woman in the genital region and function as one after the operation. Even a climax (orgasm) during sex relations has been reported by most such patients. But remember, a time may come when sex is no longer important.. Would you still want to be a woman then? Constant glandular treatment with hormone injections or tablets — off and on — probably would be necessary for the rest of your life.

Is your general appearance and physical build such that you can pass as a woman, or is it possible that you will look more like a man dressed up as a woman?

Don't ask the mirror. Take the word of an objective outsider.

Masculine features, a heavy bone structure, a height above the average, a prominent "Adam's apple" could be handicaps, because they cannot be changed.

The law, too, may cause you many difficulties and complications, even after the operation. Much red tape stands in the way for you to have your birth certificate read "female" instead of "male." But you may need that for a new job, or if you want to get married as a woman.

And then, please remember that you are not alone in this world. You undoubtedly have relatives — parents, brothers, and sisters. You must ask yourself how they would feel, having a daughter instead of a son, a sister instead of a brother. Their attitude and their happiness deserve your consideration before you undertake such an irrevocable step as a "conversion operation." You can only hope that they will put your happiness before their own preferences.

Religious convictions may trouble your conscience. Find peace and clarity of mind before you decide on something which cannot be undone.

Even if all obstacles (including the important financial one) have been overcome and the operation has become possible for you, you should remind yourself once more that when you awaken from the anesthesia, you are not a woman by any means.

When you have recovered from the pain and the after-effects of the operation, after a few weeks or months, your real work begins — to change into a "woman." You have to learn how to behave like a woman, how to walk, how to use your hands, how to talk, how to apply makeup, and how to dress. Existing handicaps would require special attention.

Of course, you may have had your experience with dressing and the like for some time already, but it was then more or less a game. Now it would be so much more serious because it is permanent. Also, your beard and body hair may require long and costly electrolysis in order that it be removed.

Finally — but highly important — how do you know that you can make a living as a woman? Have you ever worked as a woman before? I assume that, so far, you have only held a man's job and drawn a man's salary. Now you may have to learn something entirely new. Could you do that? Could you get along with smaller earnings?

Again, I ask you to think over all these problems carefully, sensibly, unemotionally. If you could try — perhaps with the help of a psychologist, to adjust yourself to your present male status, making the best of it in whatever form or manner, you

may save yourself immense complications in your future life and probably many sacrifices, too.

If you can, discuss the problem with someone who is understanding but who does not have the handicap of emotional involvement. If everything seems favorable, a doctor — preferably an experienced psychiatrist — should still be asked to approve of the step you want to take. If he agrees with you and recommends the operation, then I would say "by all means, go ahead, and the best of luck!"

The foregoing advice was written with the male transsexual in mind, a man who desires to become a woman. But there are also female transsexuals who want to become men and live and work as such. They are much rarer, but their emotional problems are the same. My explanations and warnings, in principle, apply equally to them.

The operations they are seeking with the same emotional intensity, naturally, are different. They want a reduction in the size of their breasts in order to appear masculine, the removal of the womb so there is no menstrual period to fear anymore, and sometimes the closing up of the vagina.

More complicated plastic operations on the genitalia are practically never requested. For instance, the construction of a penis that would be of use would require a series of complicated operations, costly because of long hospitalization and highly uncertain as to results.

Glandular treatment with hormones and psychological guidance are as important for female transsexuals as for males, but hormones naturally produce no permanent changes. These can only be accomplished through plastic surgery, which in turn requires as much mature and unemotional consideration as the parallel procedures in men.

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Now in his eightieth year, Dr. Harry Benjamin has practiced internal medicine, geriatrics, and endocrinology in New York City for forty-nine distinguished years. After winning his M.D. in 1912 from Eberhard-Karis-Universitat in Tubingen, Germany, he came to New York City where he was licensed in 1915. Dr. Benjamin has contributed to many scientific and medical journals, has served as consulting endocrinologist for the College of the City of New York, and is presently a member of the consulting board for Sexology Magazine. Within the past two decades he has personally treated more transsexual patients than have been reported on in the entire medical literature combined. Dr. Benjamin is also the "family doctor" for many TVs and his wise counsel, kindness, and patience have meant much to many of us.

EACH DAY I LIVE A LIE

BY LORRAINE CHANNING

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were — I have not seen
As others saw — I could not bring
My passions from a common spring.

— Edgar Allan Poe: "Alone"

Each day I live a lie. Mine is a life of deceit, for I am forced to wear a mask, to be an actor on a stage not of my own choice. I cannot do ... cannot act as I would like or as I feel.

Yet, I am not evil. I am not criminal.

I desire, in fact, to be good in the highest sense. I long to give, to help, to protect, to learn, to create — perhaps above all, to love ... and to be loved.

I look about me and see all that I cannot be and cannot do. My heart cries with a pain like no other, for my deepest desires — to me, my most natural wishes — cannot be fulfilled. I am forced to be and act that which I am not.

I see other women. I see them with children and am reminded that I cannot bear children, cannot give them life. Children are to have and hold, to cherish and caress, to nourish and nurture. Without them, I shall always be incomplete. To be a mother, nurse, or teacher, to be close with children — all this is denied me.

To have the love and strength of a man, to be secure in his arms and in his protection, to be cared for as are other women — that is another thing, and that, too, is denied me.

Oh, to be and to live as other women do! To do the things they do, to go to the places they go — these are vital to me. I wish to dress as they do — to wear the clothes, the jewelry, the cosmetics, all the things they wear — these are symbols of their femininity, their womanhood, their very essence.

Would that I were as other women are! Yet I am not a woman either in body or in the life they lead. I am a woman in my soul, in my fantasy. In the deep recesses of my being, I am like them. Inside me, I am one of them. How can I be more in their likeness?

That is what I want, yearn for, seek more than anything. Now I live only incompletely. I am in a prison — the prison of my body, the prison of a society which does not understand.

Until I can become more like other women — if I ever can — I must live a lie, day after day. Physically I am a man; mentally and emotionally I am a woman.

I am a transsexual. ■ ■

MINUTES OF THE OMEGA CHAPTER

BY LOUELLA, 36-38-36 F.F.F.

"The meeting, which was called for 8 p.m., opened promptly at 9:10 p.m., as Barbara May had forgotten to bring her wig and had to drive home to get it, and because Madame Chairman voted herself extra time to complete her makeup, having had to cover a black eye resulting from a slight dispute with Madame Chairman's wife — excuse me, roommate — over who was to wear the mink stole that day.

All the members were present except Lena, who had phoned in to say that she was being watched by store detectives at the Select Shoppe's big evening sale and didn't know how to get out of the store without being picked up on suspicion. A vote of sympathy was taken and passed unanimously. A committee to obtain her legal defense was formed, and we expect it to report at this meeting.

Madame Chairman opened the meeting by reading a six-page letter from Fearless Leader to all chapters of the Feigned Femininity Foundation explaining the high motives and pure code of the organization and announcing a new bargain rate whereby all members of FFF may take out five-year subscriptions to all the magazines of Decollete Publications, including the new illustrated series of Titillating Tales of Feigned Femininity — which are truly bargains when you consider you get sixteen whole pages at only five dollars per copy.

The members then rose, after being reminded to put their shoes back on, and sang the official FFF song:

Six-foot-two, eyes of blue,
Five o'clock shadow
Is bad for you ...
Has anybody seen my gal?

Old business then being in order, the minutes of the previous meeting were read and okayed, and I won't go into that. Our Outing Committee, consisting of Barbara Lou, then gave her report on our planned annual outing to be held at the end of the month.

This year's outing is to feature a picnic and games to be held in the dressing rooms on the popular-priced dresses floor of Blatnick's Department Store. Discussion was held, wherein Barbara Edith and Astrid tried to amend the plan in order to hold it on the better-dresses floor, but they were overruled by Madame Chairman, who had personally scouted both floors' dressing rooms and vetoed the higher-priced one. An observation by Barbara Edith that Madame Chairman wanted to hog all the better gowns for herself was voted out of order and struck from the records. Barbara Edith threatened to strike Madame Chairman from the records and

rolled up her sleeves to do so, whereupon several members pointed out that her Navy tattoo was showing. Disconcerted by this, she sat down and dissolved in tears.

Minnie Dee wished to remind the members that those who were to attend the outing must remember to wear panties under their femmeattire, as there was unnecessary risk in trying on dresses without them. Celeste wanted to know if Minnie Dee meant to be personal, as she had tried on dozens of dresses and didn't even own a pair of panties. Madame Chairman broke up a possible argument by offering to buy Celeste a pair of plain rayon panties at the chapter's expense — which would, of course, require an assessment on each member of one dollar.

Barbara Lou, as a peace offering amidst the grumbling which ensued, said that she would make Celeste a present of a pair of her panties, since she had some forty-three pairs in her own collection and might possibly be able to spare one.

A communique from the national contact committee chairman, Barbara Mae, reported that all contact with the Rho Chapter of the FFF was to cease immediately, as Fearless Leader had withdrawn the charter of this group and had excommunicated all its members for continuing to speak to Ariadne, who had just been expelled from Fearless Leader's own chapter for careless gossip.

The national contact committee representative then read out the names of three members who had been expelled from Omega Chapter during the past week for various offenses known only to Fearless Leader and withheld from the membership for security reasons. The excommunicated ones were Barbara Anne, Delight Adoree, and Barbara Barbara. Members were instructed to cross these names out of their little address books and forget they ever existed. Barbara Edith protested that Delight Adoree was really her father and she ought not to forget him, but she was overruled.

It was pointed out that this was properly a part of new business, but Madame Chairman ruled that it was time for new business anyway. Drawing of the door prize came next, and it was won by Hedda. The prize turned out to be a pair of simply divine six-inch-heeled shoes. (I wonder why Hedda isn't with us at this meeting?)

(Yes ... what's that? Do you know, Barbara Mae? ... Hedda is home with a severely sprained ankle? Oh, that's too bad; we must remember to send her flowers .... Oh, excuse me, Madame Chairman — I must get back to reading the minutes.)

Before proceeding to the big treat of the evening, Madame Chairman had to insist that Barbara Lou extinguish her cigar, as it was making Madame Chairman's eyes water and ruining her mascara. Maude asked whether it would be all right to simply chew an unlighted stogie, but Madame Chairman ruled that such conduct was unbecoming for a true FF (Feigned Female), even though nonmembers might have been seen doing it at home during Madame Chairman's frequent spot-checks via binoculars during her campaign to rout out subversive elements in her neighborhood.

Maude then asked why the members were allowed to sit around and put on their nail polish while hearing the secretary's report instead of paying attention — but she was howled down, since it turned out that a majority of the members present were, at that moment, doing just that.

The big treat of the evening turned out to be a newly arrived tape recording from Fearless Leader repeating her latest lecture on "Feigned Femininity As Divine Inspiration." During the two hours Fearless Leader's tape was running, the members dutifully retired to Madame Chairman's bar — which featured a bargain rate on champaigne frappes laced with chocolate sauce. Celeste, who had not yet finished doing her nails, was delegated to listen to the tape and to report on it afterwards.

Unfortunately, when the members reconvened, it turned out that Celeste had fallen asleep, having had a hard day at the boiler works where her "brother" is a steam-fitter. However, it was voted to send Fearless Leader a vote of thanks for her contribution to our understanding of Feigned Femininity.

The meeting closed at 12:15 a.m. in order that members who wished to change dresses, renew their crumbling makeup, refill their glasses, or compare notes on their undies could do so."

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THE SECRET SHOPPER

By

Pegie Val Addair and Shelagh Niles

So sad that Christmas comes but once a year,
But not for reasons obvious to most.
Not just for giving gifts and Christmas cheer
Or joys and thrills of playing Santa's host.
Most Turnabouts will hail a Christmas toast
To think of how stores played into their hands.
What a thrill to walk right up and boast:
"I want a bra just like those up on the stand."
And shamelessly try on some rhinestone strands;
To innocently pose before the eyes
Of clerks too numb to care — and make demands
For spike-heeled shoes in some outlandish size!

Who'd guess this customer with manners mild
Combines the roles of Santa Claus and child?

..... Christmas '63

ON THE SONNÉ SIDE

by sonné teal

The editors of TURNABOUT take pleasure in presenting the first in a series of regular columns by Sonné Teal, who has become one of the world's most honored female impersonators. Sonné recently distinguished herself in the dual feminine lead role in the film La Poupée.

West Berlin...

The editors of TURNABOUT were kind enough to send me their second issue, in which they reviewed my film, La Poupée. Because of TURNABOUT's interest in the professional travesty as well as the part-time or private travesty*, I have decided to write a series of articles for the magazine.

It goes without saying that I approve of TURNABOUT. Otherwise, I wouldn't be willing to associate myself with it. I like its approach to the subject and find it entertaining and informative. I only hope I can add to one of those qualities.

Before going on, let me say that I won't pull any punches. I've been around quite a bit and believe in writing about things the way I see them. Honesty is the main qualification for my writing such articles. While I may not hold the same opinions as some of TURNABOUT's readers, I hope they will respect my ideas just as I will respect the ideas of those who wish to write to me through TURNABOUT. But I won't promise to change my mind — nor will I expect them to.

So ... where shall I begin? The best thing, I think, would be to begin not at the beginning but rather with the film which brought TURNABOUT and me together — La Poupée.

In other articles I'll go back to my start as a professional and tell you of my days in New York City ... my experiences in Paris at the Carrousel Cabaret, where I worked with Coccinelle, April Ashley, and many others ... my two years as vedette Americaine at the Casino de Paris (one of the two big music halls in Paris, the other being the Folies Bergere) as the first travesty to do a serious role in French music halls since the war ... and some of the things — public and private — which have happened to me while I was touring through Europe, the Near East, and North Africa.

In my travels, I've met many men who live as women and many who would like to. I've met them in every country, and they all have one thing in common — as we all do — the need to have someone understand their feelings. Consequently, they are drawn to us, the professional travesties, ones who make their living from acting and dressing like women.

All during my early period in Europe, I had never entertained the thought of having a film career. I was once offered a lead role in an Italian film to be written by Mario Soldoty, but it never came off. La Poupée was to be better luck for me.

The first word of my film role in La Poupée came while I was spending a few days in Paris after finishing an engagement in Vienna. My cabaret show partner, Bruce, former first dancer at the Lido de Paris, was visiting backstage at the Lido and spoke to some friends of mine who had been trying to get in touch with me. They said that a director was looking for me to discuss a proposed film and had left his telephone number in the hope that somebody would be able to contact me. I immediately called the director, Jacques Baratier, and he came right over to see me.

Jacques told me that he had only recently become interested in using a travesty in the film. The role had originally been offered to Melina Mercouri, but she would not have been available for eighteen months. Later on, he had offered the role to Simone Signoret, but she didn't think the near-nude scenes were her dish of tea. Finally, Jacques asked some of his friends who they thought might fill the role.

Leanora Fini, the famed French impressionist painter, casually remarked, "The only woman to play the role is Sonné Teal." Jacques did not know who Sonné Teal was; however, his wife Nina said that she would try to find out.

At that time, Nina was working as a film editor for an importer of Japanese films, J. Fanneau, who knew me from seeing me at the Carrousel. When Nina asked him about me, Fanneau laughed and told her that I was a travesty.

On hearing this, Jacques Baratier became interested in the idea of a man playing the dual role of Marion and The Doll in La Poupée. The dramatic possibilities intrigued him, and the

extra publicity the film would gain was not unattractive to him.

When he first spoke to me that night in Paris, Jacques had never seen my cabaret act. I told him that I'd be working next in Brussels. He said he'd come and see my performance there.

About five days after our troupe's opening in Brussels, Jacques and Nina appeared backstage. Unbeknownst to me, they'd watched the show, and Jacques was most enthusiastic about my performance. He gave me a copy of the La Poupée script to read and said he was taking the morning train to Paris to get permission from the film's backers to let me star in the production. I gave him the address of my next engagement — in London — and then waited to hear from him.

After being in London for nearly two weeks, I received a phone call from Jacques. I had begun to think he'd changed his mind, but I was pleasantly surprised to hear that he was calling from the lobby of my hotel. He had flown over from Paris with the contract and was ready to talk business.

As for myself, I am always ready to talk business, so he came up to my suite, the arrangements were made, and the contract was signed. The film was to start production on July 15th and was scheduled for completion by October 15th.

So here I was — signed up for my first film role ... never having had a screen test ... having always considered myself not photogenic ... and having never done any serious acting.

Naturally, I was a little worried. Such a role would be a big undertaking, and much of the film's success might depend on me. However, I decided that if Jacques had that kind of confidence in me, I would not betray his trust. I'd do my best.

In the next issue of TURNABOUT, I'll go on with my story of the making of La Poupée; of the reaction of the people with whom I worked, of the accident which happened to me during the filming and which almost stopped the production, and of my life in front of the cameras.

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* Editor's Note: Lest some of our readers be unduly puzzled by Sonné Teal's use of the somewhat ambiguous word "travesty" throughout her column, it should be explained that it is the English equivalent of the French term travestie, used to include both transvestites and female impersonators. In typical Gallic fashion, Frenchmen have little patience with distinctions to be made among the various types of cross-dressers. .... Incidentally, salient portions of Sonné's first letter to TURNABOUT may be found in the section titled "Dear Abbé."

A TURNABOUT GALLERY ..... SONNÉ TEAL

The VANITY TABLE

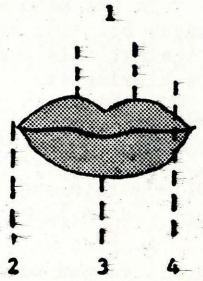
One of the most common problems in makeup is difficulty with the use of lipstick. This is not only true of TVs but of women as well. Proper application of lipstick requires patience, a steady hand, and nerves of steel. One miscue and the surrounding area of the face can become involved, usually at the expense of carefully applied base and powder.

Lipstick should be the last thing applied during the makeup process, and it should be done when you are not smoking or talking or planning to use your lips for at least five minutes, otherwise a carefully done job can be ruined because the lipstick has not had a chance to set.

The first item of importance is the proper type of lipstick. Ideally, an indelible lipstick is the best; however, TVs who wish to return to a male appearance within a day or so had best avoid it and use a more easily removed type. Revlon makes a very good lipstick, as do many other cosmetic manufacturers of Revlon's quality.

In choosing a lipstick, one should avoid outlandish or overly bright colors unless one either is not planning to go out in public or doesn't mind added attention given him in public. Lipstick colors must always match the color of the fingernail polish; this is a makeup dictum founded on simple good taste and visual consistency. If possible, rouge should also match the lipstick.

Lipstick is best applied with a brush — an artist's no. 7 camel's hair brush is just the right size for outlining the lips and filling in the outline as well. Avoid combination lipstick-brush gimmicks, since they usually involve liquid lipstick which can be a very difficult substance to handle.



The proper shaping of lips is the key to attractive lipstick application. The trick is to use the least amount of lipstick which will be effective in reshaping the lips into more feminine contours; overuse of lipstick makes for a garish look. The idea is to keep the size and shape of the lips in proportion to those elements in the face. Generally the natural line of the lips is in close harmony with the size and structure of both men and women's faces.

The diagram above shows correctly shaped lips. Point 1: The highest points of the upper lip should round off at the same level on both sides, never come to a pointed peak. Point 2: The outside corners should be in line with each other and extend

the same distance from the center of the lips. They also should be in vertical line with the pupils of the eye when centered. Point 3: The lower lip should be the same width as the widest part of the upper lip at its highest points. Point 4: The sides of the upper and lower lips should gradually taper the same degree of width, up or down to the outside corners.

Lips which are one-sided or uneven are easily corrected by using a lipstick brush to even both sides. Just outline the smaller side to match the larger side. If one side is shorter at the corner, outline it to the desired length. If lips are too wide on both side, narrow them down by ending your brush strokes before you reach the corners. Fill in inner lips with brush or tube.

Lips which turn down at the corners into an unhappy looking pout may be corrected by using the lipstick brush to turn the corners upward. But they should not be turned up too sharply, otherwise you'll be accused of using clown makeup.

Lips which are too full or heavy may be corrected by outlining a smaller border just inside the natural lip line. This must be done smoothly and evenly to avoid its looking careless.

Lips which are too thin and small may be corrected by outlining just outside the natural lip line. Again, outlining must be done smoothly and evenly to avoid smearing.

Paper tissues should never be used to blot lipstick. It will leave a residue of fuzz on the lips which cannot be removed without disturbing your lipstick. For similar reasons, cloths, handkerchiefs, or towels should be avoided since they will leave an imprint of their weave on the lips. A terry-cloth towel will leave a lovely polka-dot effect which may be in style in outer areas of Patagonia but not in our society.

After the lipstick has set, the best way to remove the excess is to use the muscular area just below the lowest thumb joint on the palm of either hand. Make sure it is clean and free of powder, oil, or creams of any kind. Turn the hand with the palm side toward the face, the little finger pointing down, and place the lips gently, slightly parted, against this curved area of the palm, more or less as if you were kissing it.

Repeat the process a number of times, wiping the lipstick from the hand each time. When no lipstick appears on the hand, the lipstick on your lips is sealed properly and will last for the amount of time you plan to be dressed. The warmth and slight pressure meld the color into the lips and that coated look is avoided.

Even non-indelible lipstick is difficult to remove with ordinary cold creams. The best thing is a good bath soap on a wet wash rag, rubbed briskly over the lips. A few rubs and the lips should be clean. If not, a follow up with cleansing cream will pick up the residue and, at the same time, soften and lubricate the lips. If one is reasonably careful, rubbing the lips will not make them sore and raw.

KALEIDOSCOPE

by siobhan fredericks

●● In the second issue of TURNABOUT — which somehow seems so very long ago — we promised coverage of the symposium on transvestism and transsexualism held as part of the sixth annual conference of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, held in New York City late last Fall. Since the only press coverage was by the medical press, many of our readers may still be wondering what happened.

As far as its shedding any objective light on the subject of transvestism is concerned, we found the symposium rather disappointing. Topic A for the day was transsexualism, and it rather dominated the meeting. One reason for this is perhaps that transsexualism is more easily understood than transvestism. A person with a logical mind can more quickly grasp the idea of a man wanting to become a woman than he can the paradox of men who don't want to be women dressing and acting like them.

In any event, transsexualism ruled the day — whether it was the practical kind discussed by Drs. Johann Burchard, Harry Benjamin, and Ira Pauly or the strange breed of psychic transsexualism promoted by the editor of Transvestia, who spoke to the meeting dressed á la femme and chose to further complicate her masquerade by assuming the name of Virginia Bruce for the occasion. (Will the real Virginia Bruce please stand up?)

In all fairness, we must admit that Virginia Bruce/Prince came the closest to dealing with transvestism as most TVs practice it. Her approach, of course, was subjective, just as ours frequently is, but there is some scientific value in the subjective approach if it is honestly self-revealing and if one is presenting oneself as a case history.

We sensed some restlessness on the part of the audience when Dr. Bruce/Prince chose, instead, to present none of her own history and to expound on the subject in terms familiar to the readers of Transvestia — that society's rules of dress are unrealistic and artificial and, even, unfair; that males are ennobled by expressing the female side of their nature; that all TVs find their greatest satisfaction in escaping from the dungeon of masculinity into the bright sunlight and fresh air of femininity. These points are, to some extent, true, but they do not represent the viewpoint of all transvestites or even a majority of them.

Taken as a whole, Dr. Bruce/Prince's presentation did not harm the image of the TV in the minds of non-TVs present at the

symposium. Whether it did us much good, other than showing that a transvestite can make an acceptable public appearance in female dress, is to be doubted. Perhaps the so-called "straight" world is not yet ready to accept the ideas Dr. Bruce/Prince so militantly espouses. We're not sure that TVs are ready to accept them, either, judging from the apparent failure of attempts at organizing them into a crusade against the social status quo.

Of the speakers who dealt with transsexualism per se rather than transsexualism of the ersatz type, Dr. Benjamin made the clearest, most informative, and most clinically supportable presentation, the abstract of which was published in TURNABOUT #2. Dr. Benjamin's scientific advantage was quite clear — he has personally dealt with more cases of transsexualism than any other physician in the history of medicine, and his report covered the largest body of case material ever presented.

Clothes Make the Man And the Woman, Too

Medical Tribune—World Wide Report

NEW YORK—A "big moment" at the sixth annual Conference of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex came with the appearance of Virginia Bruce, editor of *Transvestia*, as a speaker during the section devoted to transvestism and transsexualism.

She appeared on the podium as a conservatively dressed, unspectacular sort of woman, serious in manner, a bit of the bluestocking.

At the end of her remarks, she told the audience: "I am in fact a man. I am not a homosexual. I am happily married and have two children. I prefer to wear women's clothes when I can."

In addition to the material presented in his abstract, Dr. Benjamin made the following points:

- Many transsexuals have a general antagonism toward homosexuals and other transvestites.
- Transsexuals receive little sympathy and much opposition from the medical profession and are often severely depressed and on the verge of suicide or self-mutilation.
- In 52% of the patients he has dealt with, there is no evidence that would lead Dr. Benjamin to conclude that transsexualism had its origin in childhood or infancy, and none of the confirmed transsexual patients is accessible to psychotherapeutic treatment, as a means of "curing" his desire to become a woman.

In conclusion, Dr. Benjamin said: "If the mind shows that it cannot adapt to the body, then the body will have to simulate adaptation to the mind" via hormonal or surgical treatment.

Dr. Johann Burchard, professor of psychiatry at the University of Hamburg, Germany, received the lion's share of attention from the medical press, possibly because distance lends enchantment but more likely because of the great amount of controversy which has accompanied his explorations of transsexualism in Europe and especially in West Germany.

Dr. Burchard stated that transsexualism must be approached clinically as an extreme stage of the transvestic syndrome and that the TV syndrome must be regarded "as a sexual deviation, or in severe cases with rapid progression to transsexualism, as a sexual perversion."

And then came the most astounding statement of all: Among transvestites and transsexuals, Dr. Burchard said, homosexuals constitute the most numerous type — "doubly oriented toward themselves in a narcissistic sense and toward a partner of the same sex." In that group, he indicated, "the process of 'changing sex' absorbs so much of their vital energies that the individual becomes, later on, incapable of finding a close contact with other people, because his basic behavior pattern shows a direction of action — not visible, but phenomenologically relevant — toward his own person."

Not satisfied with lumping transvestites and transsexuals together and hinting strongly that TVism is but an early stage of transsexualism, Dr. Burchard also chose to contradict the findings of the Kinsey group as well as those of later studies by Dr. Wardell Pomeroy that there is actually a slightly lower incidence of homosexuality among transvestites than among the male population as a whole. And the TV-as-narcissicist bit is an old theory which does not carry its age too well.

Viewing the symposium as a whole, the afternoon was certainly not a waste of time. Nonetheless, the discussion was disappointingly sterile of any new ideas on the subject. Perhaps we should feel flattered that, finally, a scientific group is willing to devote a seminar to such subjects. But better luck next time!

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THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

By

Shelagh Niles

The prisoner hiding within my mind
Stares at me from this glassy pool.
Her eyes, as always, probe to find
Some weakness which could end my rule.

The silver film between us here
But marks the edge of the abyss
(Bridged by our hate, our love, our fear)
Which lies between her world and this.

Far more than glass keeps us apart,
This alien twin and I; and yet
This skein of veins, this single heart
Bind us together like a net.

An uncouth man, a dreamy miss,
Each with a stubborn driving will;
The only girl I cannot kiss —
The only man she dare not kill!

DIANA DAVIS

SUSANNA VALENTI (L.)
and CYNTHIA CHANNING

BEATRICE (L.) and
PEGIE VAL ADDAIR

KAREN TURNER

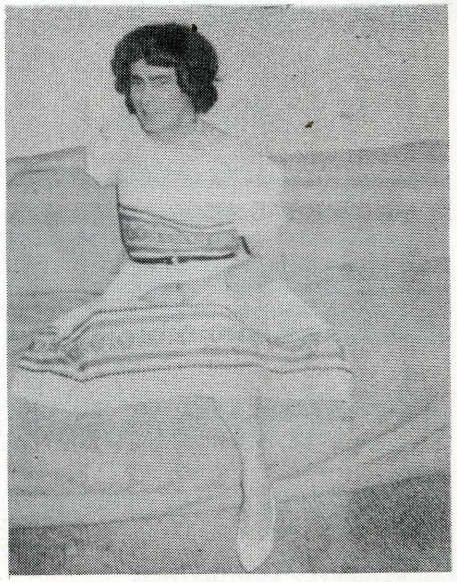
TURNABOUT GOES PARTYING . . .

CAROL QUINN

L. to R.: JOAN, PEGIE,
HELENE, and BEATRICE

L. to R.: KAREN, CYNTHIA,
NORMA, SUSANNA, and MARIANNE

VERA ROSS



VIEWS/REVIEWS

BOOKS

Over the Sex Border by Georgina Turtle (London: Gollancz, 1963). 318 pages, 30 shillings (about $4.20).

Transvestism, edited by David O. Cauldwell, M.D. (New York: Sexology Corporation, 1963). Third edition, soft cover, $2.00.

Advances in Sex Research, edited by Hugo G. Beigel, Ph.D. (New York: Hoeber, 1963). 261 pages, $6.95.

— Reviewed by Leo Wollman, M.D.

This trio of books deals variously with the subject of transvestism and transsexuality.

Over the Sex Border was written by a transsexualist, a former British Navy surgeon lieutenant who was a male for thirty-seven years and officially became a female in 1960. In 1962, she married an engineer, a man to whom she dedicated her book. Her attitude, based on personal experience, is a sympathetic one, and her book is well worth reading.

Dr. Cauldwell's book is a compilation of scientific articles and autobiographic case histories. It is replete with illustrations depicting transvestites. Francois Timoleon de Choisy, the so-termed "Prince of Transvestites," is given a chapter by Professor Hector Uribe Troncoso. The eighty years of the Abbe de Choisy's life were spent in fantastic fashion and the facets of his personality were manifold.

In Advances in Sex Research, the first volume of a proposed biannual series of volumes compiled by members of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, the latest clinical and experimental work on sex is outlined. A chapter in this volume is devoted to male transvestism, specifically "The Male Transvestite's Motivation in Fiction, Research, and Reality" by the editor and a co-author, Robert Feldman, LL.B. Dr. Beigel suggests a psychotherapeutic approach to the management of transvestism.

●

Transvestism Today by Edward Podolsky, M.D., and Carlson Wade (New York: Epic Publishing Co., 1960). 128 pages, $7.

— Reviewed by Fred L. Shaw, Jr.

Subtitled "The Phenomena of Men Who Dress as Women" to give it some measure of scientific appearance, this absurd little volume attempts to mix the erotic with the studious and ends up as virtually meaningless.

Obviously an attempt to cash in on the success enjoyed by Dr. Cauldwell's book, reviewed above, Transvestism Today is about ninety-eight percent written by Carlson Wade, a noted dilettante in the fetishistic fiction field, and Dr. Podolsky may have contributed the remaining two percent.

The only worthwhile parts of the book are a rather brief introduction by Dr. Podolsky and a few chapters suspiciously close to the Cauldwell book in content and arrangement of information. A chapter on the professional female impersonator may have been cribbed to a great extent from Femme Mimics by E. Carlton Winford, which appeared about ten years ago and is now distributed by Nutrix.

The last half of the book consists of the most banal and imbecilic case histories ever fashioned out of the whole cloth. Even if they had been written by TVs, which is unlikely since they bear the mediocre stamp of Carlson Wade's writing, they bear no relationship to the realities of any transvestite's existence.

Consider some of the chapter headings: "Bloomers Are My Life" by "Flossie" who is probably the world's most effeminate lumberjack; "I Am a Rock 'N' Roll Transvestite" by "Billie" who is probably the world's most effeminate street-gang leader; and "Are Cross-Dressers Afraid of Sex" by "Anonymous" who is terribly confused about everything.

Were this level of imbecilic hilarity to be sustained throughout the book, Transvestism Today might be worth reading. But no luck. The author apparently takes himself too seriously to let us have even that small pleasure.

What I cannot understand is why Dr. Podolsky or any physician would allow his name and his reputation to be connected with such a shabby enterprise.

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Love Cult by Myron Kosloff (Cleveland: Nitey-Nite Books, 1963). 157 pages, softbound, 75¢.

— Reviewed by Siobhan Fredericks

Maybe I'm getting overly suspicious in my old age, but I could swear that this is another Carlson Wade epic. The extensive scenes of transvestic delight are in the same kind of style he is famed for (if that is the word to use), and the cover is done either by Gene Bilbrew or Stanton, both of whom have illustrated Wade pieces for Selbee and other publishers of the barbed-wire garterbelt school of fetish fiction.

Liberal doses of sado-masochism, lesbianism, homosexuality, incest, rape, and generalized scatology are mingled together with transvestism in this fermy brew. But it is titillating enough, and the story line is a trifle better than what one usually gets for his six bits from the smutty-paperback crowd. (Nitey-Nite Books is located at 21 Public Square, Cleveland, for those of our readers who care to buy direct.)

I Am a Male Actress. Anonymous (Los Angeles: Chevalier Publications, 1963). 106 pages, softbound, $5 to $7, depending on where it is bought.

— Reviewed by Siobhan Fredericks

This book will undoubtedly please a great many TV readers, for it is a pleasant fantasy, for the most part, and totally devoid of any disturbing profundities of thought or subtleties of style. It is as bland as bonnyclabber, to use an old Pennsylvania Dutch term which is untranslatable in a family magazine such as this one.

Now, blandness and lack of profundity and subtlety are not necessarily bad in a book of this kind. Certainly, no postal inspector would give the tome more than a passing glance. There is a total absence of any kind of sexual relationship, normal or otherwise, and one reads the book marvelling at the hermetically sealed atmosphere in which the book moves and wondering if the author (whoever he, she, or it is) lives in a similarly pure environment.

As the second novelette published by Chevalier, it amply reflects what appears to be the guiding theme and principle of that publisher — psychic transsexualism, pure and simple. (I made reference to same in my column in this issue.)

Consider the plot: "A reporter acts the part of a girl on a dare ... gets a movie contract as an actress ... lives with a famous star as a girl ... finally marries her," says the precis on the book's front cover. That about says it, except that the hero continues to live as a girl even after marriage to the famous star. One is consoled by the apparent fact that they will never reproduce.

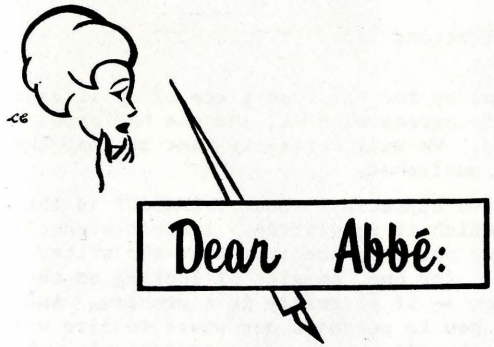
Someday ... somewhere ... somehow ... someone will write a transvestic novel that is based on reality rather than fantasy, on real people rather than glamorous shadows in a miracle world, and on some identifiable human emotion rather than mindless self-indulgence. We doubt that Chevalier would publish such a book, but we'll be glad to. Anybody want to start writing for real?

COMING ... in Future Issues of TURNABOUT

● "Transvestism and Hypnosis" by Leo Wollman, M.D.: A brief article on what hypnotism can — and cannot — do for the TV, written by the editor of the American Society for Clinical Hypnosis Newsletter.

● "The Story of an Unknown TV": A poignant autobiography by an anonymous — but very real — transvestite who left his manuscript in an attic in a Texas house, where it was discovered twenty years later.

● "The Myth of the Latent Femininity in the Male" by Hugo G. Beigel, Ph.D.: A provocative article challenging the beliefs which many of us hold dear, written by a prominent psychotherapist.



□ Thank you very much for the copy of TURNABOUT you sent me. Your thoughtfulness in sending me a copy was very touching, as I've found in this business most people do not bother to put themselves out for the pleasure of others.

You were very kind in your critique of La Poupée, and I was pleased with the spread of photos. As for the idea of the producer-director of the film in using a travesty, it did not signify anything in particular other than that they were looking for a new idea.

As for me being attracted to this profession, that is quite a story. I'd attended a university in a midwestern city and then went into teaching. While on summer vacation and looking for a summer job, I became acquainted with female impersonators for the first time and, consequently, got into show business.

I could go on with so many other things — how I got to Paris and became featured at the famed Carrousel ... why I left New York and the 82 Club ... my friendship with Coccinelle when we worked a year together in Paris and with April Ashley when she got her start in Paris and her slow change from gawky boy to lovely travesty ... and many other experiences.

What more can I say, except that I would find it very interesting to write, perhaps, a series of articles or a column for your magazine. I also have so many pictures, both private and professional, of European artists which might accompany the articles. I am willing to do this, as I find your magazine very interesting and worthwhile, and I like your approach to the subject matter.

Also, I would be willing to answer any reasonable questions written in to me providing that you forward the replies to me from your office, as I am sure there are many turnabouts who would like to know something of the life of the professional.

My best wishes for your success,

Sonné Teal
West Berlin

□ A few comments on your second issue of TURNABOUT, which just reached me:

"The Random Mind" was by far the best piece of TV literature I have ever read. My wife agrees with me, and she had grown weary of reading TV prose. We will certainly want to read the complete novel when it's published.

One of the things I do appreciate about TURNABOUT is the seemingly light vein in which it is written. I don't mean light in content necessarily but one gets the idea that the writers do have a sense of humor. I, for one, am sick of looking on the gloomy side of our problem — if it really is a problem. And I'm also sick of reading how to persuade our wives to live with it. Good grief, if a man hasn't enough sense to tell his wife about something of such magnitude, he shouldn't be getting married anyway. I for one realized early in life that I would have to pick a girl who would understand my situation.

Also, I note a happy absence of crusading in TURNABOUT, and this is refreshing. After all, we happen to be people who have a motivation simply not accepted by the general public. All the laws we could ever get passed are not going to change that fact. We'd all be better off if we could just learn to live with that fact and enjoy our TVism.

A bit of criticism: It seems to me the Roundtable space could be used to better advantage. After reading the two articles twice, I still felt the authors were just agreeing with each other and taking two different paths to get to the same spot. Also an awful lot of your authors have phony-sounding pen names ....

Liked your review on La Poupée, and the pics were something, although they kicked a hole in your article advising against taking hormones for breast development. I, for one, started thinking about it all over again!

At any rate, keep up the good work and don't start jousting with windmills.

Linda Phillips

□ No. 2 is an improvement on No. 1. Keep it up! I liked particularly the Roundtable. Your fiction has a good start; who doesn't like a little fantasy?

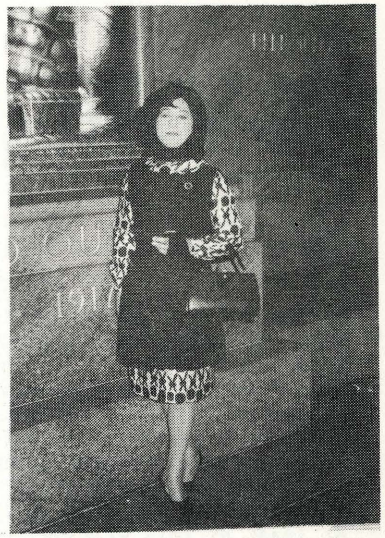
Dig into "The Random Mind" and it makes sense — but it takes a little effort!

Lou

□ You editors are all alike. You get a little success and it goes to your head, and you start telling people how to live their lives. Like, if you'd spend less time deep-thinking and more time working on the magazine, maybe I wouldn't have to be all the time apologizing for a monthly mag which became an annual.

The Publisher

BETTY EDWARDS

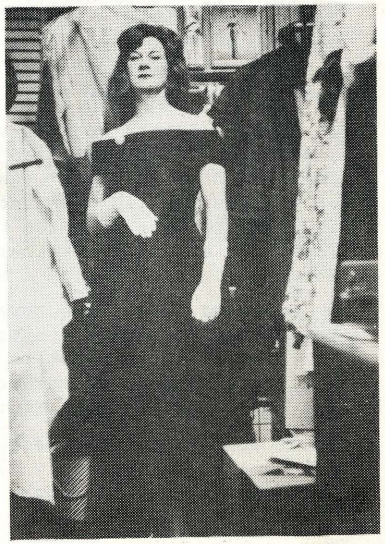


GAIL WHEELER

A TURNABOUT GALLERY

VICKI CARLYLE

SANDRA CARTER



TURNTABLE by d. rhodes

● The folly of going out in public "dressed" for no valid purpose was amply demonstrated last December when a subscriber to this magazine was picked up by the cops in a small midwestern town after a visit to a restaurant. Although he had not committed any offense nor broken a single one of the community's laws, he was held in jail for four days and subjected to harrassment, insults, fingerprinting, interrogation, and involvement of his family and employer. Fortunately, his family and his employer rallied to his side in time, and no serious damage resulted, at least at this writing.

● Getting off luckier was the famed Virginia Prince, who spent her entire time in New York City during an Autumn vacation en femme. While she got away with it without detection, she was the subject of a holdup just at the doorstep of the home where she was a guest. The holdup men, two of them, took about $27 out of her purse, but the glib-tongued 'personator managed to talk them into returning the handbag and the rest of its contents. The robbers don't know it, but had they given her another ten minutes, she'd probably have talked them out of their pants and into skirts.

● Incidentally, Virginia's trip East, during which she did a guest appearance at the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex convention, was partially financed by the FPE — after a democratic yes-or-yes referendum. And while she was here, she held open-house in a suite in a large New York City hotel which she rented. The faithful were allowed audiences with her at $1 a head. We don't know whether she charged entertainment tax.

● Penguin Books' amusing volume of Ronald Searle cartoons and anecdotes, The St. Trinian's Story, about a fictitious but nonetheless infamous girls' school, contains a whole page of photos of various English boys and men garbed in girls' school uniforms. It seems to have been the rage about the island at one time. There are a couple of other bits of similar interest in the book. Ruddy place sounds like a flamin' TV resort!

● A recent Crime Club novel titled Grieve for the Past by Stanton Forbes has quite a sympathetic, but not always understood portrait of a transvestite. Other references to TVs — mostly of the flaming queen variety — will be found in Charles Wright's The Messenger and W.H. Manville's Breaking Up.

● We don't know what morbid influences it may have had on Tarzan, but it was recently learned that his creator, Edgar Rice Burroughs spent six months as the only boy in a girl's school at

at age twelve. This was one of the best-kept secrets of his life and further details are lacking. However, in some of his novels there appear tribes of dominant women and feminine men.

● We hear that the well-known Gloria Manning is planning to enter the mail-order women's wear business in partnership with designed John Aarons of Los Angeles. They will feature ready-made as well as custom-made dresses, standard sizes up to 22.

● The 1954 movie, I Changed My Sex has been revived once more with recent showings in New York City. Featured are a transvestite and a transsexual — and also, for some inexplicable reason, Bela Lugosi. Opinions differ as to the film's merits.

● Friends of Fiona (formerly known as Joan) of Australia will be pleased to hear that the long-planned wedding came off on schedule, and that the couple seem to be starting off well on their married life — with Fiona safely locked away in the closet.

● The advantages of transvestism — if any — seem to be illustrated in this true anecdote. Six of the "girls" had gathered one evening at the apartment of one of them. As the evening was still young and there seemed nothing much to do, they thought of going out to a certain nightclub known to be hospitable to this sort of thing. But still, it would hardly look good for six girls to go out together without escorts, would it? So they drew lots, and the three losers excused themselves, retired to the dressing room, and a half hour later three couples, properly assorted as to apparent gender, went out for the evening.

● Simple definition from a deep-thinking correspondent: "A TV is a man who loves to wear women's clothes." So much for your in-depth psychological studies.

● What did you get for Christmas? One correspondent claims that his Christmas present from his wife was a custom-made corset in pink satin and black lace with pink shirred satin garters and black satin tabs. It was measured to fit, completed, and tried on at the corsetiere's along with black patent pumps, black hose, black satin long gloves, pearl choker, blonde wig, lace parasol, and white fox stole. Price — of the corset only — $100.

● From time to time, a newspaper called Justice Weekly, which is available only through the mail in the United States, publishes long letters from transvestites, often devoting as much as a full page to them. Also, TV themes are commonplace in the pen-pal section of JW, but we wouldn't recommend anyone answering such ads. Subscription is $7 per year (52 issues) and may be had by writing Daniels Publications, Penthouse Suite Two, 595 Bay Street, Toronto 2, Ontario, Canada. Comes discreetly folded through the mail and is good for an occasional laugh and cheer. The editor, Phil Daniels, is in his seventies and has a good time raising hell with the powers-that-be, even though he can hardly be called an angry young man type.

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GROW OLD ALONG WITH ME ...

By DAPHNE MORRISSEY

((Synopsis: Having taken advantage of his sister's vast wardrobe, our hero's forays into the forbidden fantasy-world of cross-dressing have led him to being discovered by the family butler, Gustav. For some reason Gustav has not revealed his knowledge to our hero's parents. When they go off on an extended holiday, Gustav and his wife take over the establishment and inform our hero of the price of their silence — he must become their "daughter" Daphne, a piece of blackmail which our hero finds most intriguing.))

Chapter 3:

Using some of Elaine's more redolent bath oil, I bathed luxuriously, shaving my legs carefully as I soaked in the tub. After a vigorous rubdown with one of her large initialled towels, I powdered my body with a fragrant dusting powder.

I had already grown to enjoy the slow, deliberate steps of effecting my transformation, with special care given to each detail. With trepidation mixed with a kind of perverse pleasure, I was determined to do the most perfect job I could in preparing for the new role I was about to play.

After easing myself into a comfortably restricting panty girdle, padded bra, pale blue silk panties, matching slip, and sheer taupe nylon stockings, I pushed my feet into backless mules

and donned a lavender peignoir. Seating myself at the dressing table, I proceeded to go through the delightful ritual of making up my face, manicuring my nails, and erasing all traces of masculinity. I then removed my wig from its block and pulled it carefully in place on my head.

It is always at this point that I find the moment of transport — the catalyst which brings Daphne into being. Starting here, my gestures suddenly become more feminine as I comb the flowing hair into an orderly coiffure.

Returning to the closet, I removed the peignoir and kicked off the mules. I then selected a dark blue pleated linen skirt, an elbow-length open-neck white blouse, a broad bright red belt, and matching red leather shoes. Some judicious dabs of perfume, suitable jewelry, and the application of nail polish to match my lipstick completed the transformation.

My descent to the ground floor began with an air of ease and aplomb which belied the tremulous butterflies which now began to flit about in my stomach. I fought to maintain my composure, fearful of I knew not what, as I made my way down the final set of steps into the living room. The last time I had entered that room as Daphne was my evening alone with Gloria — except that I had not really been alone with her, since it was on that night that Gustav's wife Greta had had her first secret glimpse of Daphne.

And now, as I entered, two heads looked up from their books with an expectant, if not anticipatory, expression. Gustav, in slacks, sportjacket, and open-necked shirt, sat in a large barrel chair near the fireplace where my father customarily sat; Greta, in a comfortable-looking lounging robe, sat near him separated only by a small end table on which stood two half-empty highball glasses. They looked like people who had lived in this house for a long time, so natural did they appear to me in attire in which I was unaccustomed to seeing them.

"Oh, Daphne! You're really a very pretty girl," Greta said, eyes glistening with an emotion which proved her sincerity. "I do at last have a daughter!" Unable to think of an adequate reply, I kissed her lightly on the cheek. She squeezed my hand gently in acknowledgement.

"Please sit over there on the couch, Daphne," Gustav said. "We've waited patiently for you for a long time. There are things we would like to tell you, and there's just time enough before dinner. Would you care for a drink? I think perhaps you need one. You seem so tense, perhaps a martini will help you relax."

I accepted Gustav's offer with thanks, struck once more by the realization that he seemed able to divine my innermost thoughts in spite of my attempts to screen them. Seated on the couch, I could not escape the sensation of pride in Greta's admiration as she gazed at me with obvious pleasure. However, under her constant scrutiny, I began to feel uncomfortable and lit a cigarette to cover my embarrassment.

At that moment Gustav returned with a shakerful of martinis, set it on the table in front of me, poured a cocktail, and returned to the chair facing me.

"Now, Daphne, let me outline the plans we have arranged. Starting immediately, you will be living in Miss Elaine's suite. Your own rooms will be off-limits to you for reasons which I will explain." Although kindly, his tone gave every indication that

these were orders which must be carried out without dispute. I nodded in understanding, sipped my martini, and was momentarily distracted as I inspected the lipstick-smudged tip of my cigarette in my manicured hand with comfortable satisfaction.

"As I have told you, the time you spend in this house will

be spent exclusively as Daphne — which is to say all of your time with the exception of the hours you will be going to and returning from school. The only time I shall see you other than as Daphne will be when I serve your breakfast. Greta will see you at all times as her charming and obedient daughter until your parents return home. Any violation of this agreement will naturally release me from my promise not to reveal Daphne to her real family."

"I'd like just one exception to this pact," I broke in. "Next Friday I have an invitation to dinner with Gloria and her mother before Gloria leaves the city on an acting tour. It will be an indefinite time before I shall see her again."

Gustav turned to Greta, who gave an almost imperceptible nod of approval, and then granted my request. Then he continued:

"There is just one person whom we have, of necessity, taken into our confidence. You may, perhaps, have seen her — an attractive blonde girl named Britta who has visited us here a few times with her parents. She alone knows of our plans, and you may be assured that our secret will be safe with her.

"Britta is nineteen, a graduate of a modelling school here in New York, and has eight months' experience at a famed Fifth Avenue salon, advising customers on grooming and makeup."

The premonition of what Gustav was about to tell me started the color rising in my cheeks. I tossed off the remainder of my martini and leaned forward to refill my glass, as Gustav went on: "Britta has been living with her parents in New Jersey. Tomorrow, however, she is making a change. She has an attractive offer to manage a beauty consultation salon, starting in September, and will take an apartment here in the city. Until then, she has kindly consented to spend her vacation time in what she considers a challenging project — making Daphne over completely into the attractive daughter she knows we have always wanted."

Small unladylike beads of perspiration formed on my forehead as I gulped down half the drink I'd just finished pouring. My heart pounded in my throat as Gustav droned on unperturbed.

"As I started to say, I don't believe Britta's job is quite as challenging as she imagines it to be, judging from what I now see before me. However, her training and experience will be invaluable in polishing this rare gem which we have discovered.

"Tomorrow, Britta will arrive and move into your old rooms. She'll assist you in dressing, makeup, grooming, and deportment. You shall regard yourself as her pupil and accept her advice and direction in good grace. Your cooperation will make things a great deal more pleasant for everyone. Are you quite ready to accept these terms — or do you prefer the alternative?"

This unforeseen development was a shock for which I hadn't been prepared. But Gustav certainly knew I would not consider the "alternative." In any event, I couldn't reject my mounting

fascination with the idea that Britta would doubtless enhance the rapidly emerging identity of Daphne. I had indeed caught a glimpse of Britta when she had visited Gustav and Greta. The prospect of a closer association was far from unattractive.

"I accept your terms," I said quietly, lifting my martini as if raising it in toast to our mutual pledge. Gustav picked up his glass, moved it slightly in my direction, and tossed off the remainder of his highball. Greta came over to me, grasped my shoulders in her hands, and kissed me gently on the forehead.

"Thank you, dear," she whispered, and then aloud: "I'll have our dinner ready in about half an hour," departing for the kitchen.

"Well, Daphne, I hope you do not consider our plans too extreme. It's my guess that you rather enjoy the prospect of the next few months. And I'm sure you have recognized already what happiness you are providing for Greta," Gustav said.

"She's a sweet woman, and it's a pity that such a warm and kindly person should have been deprived of children. I'll enjoy being a temporary daughter to her. I must admit, however, that I have some misgivings as to the effects of Britta's training on me. I can only hope that my days at school will help me maintain some balance."

That night was my first in the luxurious femininity of Elaine's suite. Greta came upstairs after I'd changed into a floor-length satin nightgown and replaced my wig with an old-fashioned lace sleeping cap Greta had provided. She helped me into bed, kissed me goodnight, and drew the draperies closed. "Sleep well, my daughter," she said softly.

On Sunday morning I awoke earlier than usual, probably subconsciously keyed to the excitement of what that day would bring. Gustav had not told me when Britta was expected, but I wanted to look my best for her arrival. After a careful shave and scented bath, I drew on fresh underthings, the mules, and the peignoir and headed downstairs for breakfast, the smell of bacon and coffee hastening my descent to the dining room.

Gustav must have heard my footsteps on the parquet floor, as he called to me: "Daphne, please join us down here in the kitchen." I came down the last flight, reviewing the words I'd carefully memorized after finishing my makeup in Elaine's dressing room.

"Braw moogen, moodehr ohck fahdehr," I said gaily in as close an approximation to Swedish as I could manage. Greta and Gustav turned to me with surprised expressions, then great smiles across their faces.

"Where did you learn that?"

"I looked it up in one of Elaine's dictionaries upstairs. I guess it must have been fairly close to the right pronunciation — you seem to have understood me."

"It was fine, wasn't it, moodehr," Gustav said, turning to Greta, then back to me. "I think our little family is going to

get along well. This has been a wonderful beginning." They were both obviously pleased with my small extra effort at cooperation.

With Britta being expected sometime that morning, I hurried through breakfast and back to "my" room to prepare for her arrival. I selected a colorful paisley shirtwaist dress with matching shoes, returned downstairs, and sat reading in excited anticipation.

I did not have long to wait. Britta was there before 10 a.m. My immediate reaction was that she was even prettier than I had remembered — a classically handsome Nordic girl with high cheekbones, peaches-and-cream complexion, sea-green eyes, a fine narrow nose slightly tilted up at the tip, and softly waving blonde hair falling to her shoulders. Despite my high heels, she was a few inches taller than I.

Any embarrassment in her presence was instantly dispelled by her easy composure at our first meeting. She commented, as Gustav had surmised, that her project with me would not be as difficult as she had supposed it might be. Then she asked me to walk down to the piano and eyed me critically as I self-consciously complied. She said my gestures and movements would be the first things to which she would devote her attention.

"Please help me get settled in my room, Daphne, and then we can go right to work, all right?" The question was obviously rhetorical. Before I could answer, Gustav took her suitcase and led the way to the top floor room I'd recently vacated for her.

Britta made it clear that she intended to enter upon her undertaking conscientiously. As soon as she had freshened up and changed into more comfortable slacks, blouse, and flats, we immediately began the stringent program she had carefully laid out.

Far from being the casual lark I had imagined, her schedule was continuous and insistent. Apparently a most conscientious and observant student herself at modelling school, she meant to exclude not the slightest detail in passing on all she'd learned.

That first Sunday afternoon she had me walking up and down the length of the living room until my feet were screaming for relief, and I learned this was to be the pattern of our relationship. Whatever dreamy ideas of delightful dalliance I had envisioned with this lovely girl were quickly dispelled that day.

During the days which followed, I would have a quick shower upon my return from school, dress hurriedly, and join Britta for instruction all evening after an early supper. Under her unrelenting guidance, I quickly mastered the easy walking movement she required of me by mid-week. She then combined the basic walk with posture training and carriage so that, by the end of the week, she was satisfied that with continuing review and supervision she could go on to other phases of my training.

Friday night I obtained the respite which had been promised. Instead of returning home immediately after school, I waited for Gloria, and we strolled back to her apartment. As soon as she joined me, it was clear that she was angry.

"I wasn't sure you would come this evening, Git. You certainly have been distant this past week, dashing away as soon as school was over, scarcely speaking to me all day."

"It wasn't intentional," I replied. "I simply haven't had enough time until now to explain what has happened. Of course, I've missed seeing you — terribly. But there has been a most unexpected development which has had me on the run."

During the walk to her apartment I told her in detail all about the events of the past week. I observed with curiosity the transition of Gloria's reactions as waves of astonishment, amusement, and disbelief crossed over her expressive face.

"Well, that certainly seems to explain everything. But I have missed you so very much. I thought we might have had at least one evening together at your house before I left — with you as Daphne. Is that what you are now known as?"

"That's right ... it will be Daphne from now until the family returns. I've missed you, too, and hoped for us to be together every evening this week — until Gustav revealed his plans for me. As a matter of fact, I'm lucky he didn't insist on my breaking our date tonight. Do you suppose your mother would mind if we went dancing after dinner? This is our farewell party and must last for a long time."

That evening was the pleasantest I'd had for as far back as I could remember. After a beautiful dinner, Gloria and I went to one of the big hotels and spent the rest of the evening dancing, drinking, and talking. I had never felt so close to anyone as I did to Gloria that evening. It was my first recognition of love, and I felt the pain that the prospect of our parting would bring. Early morning came before I returned her to her apartment — but not before we'd promised to write each other frequently. Our parting was tearful and emotional — a bitter-sweet experience.

The next morning, Britta, oblivious to the time I had gotten to bed, woke me at an hour I was unaccustomed to on weekends. I discovered that this was to be the scheme of things throughout her stay. She was dedicated and indefatigable in carrying out her course of instruction.

As the weeks slipped by, I discovered that I was also caught up in her enthusiasm. Even my thinking became, little by little, feminized. Whenever I was away from the house, I found myself having to exert more and more effort not to let the effects of Britta's tutelage reveal themselves.

Walking in heels had become second nature in a short time, and I had developed the same regal carriage Britta had mastered. She taught me to sit and stand properly, use my hands and arms gracefully, and employ refined gestures, feminine mannerisms, and subtle facial expressions.

Two full weekends and the evening between were spent on makeup. Despite Elaine's elaborately stocked kit, Britta gave me a list of items she wanted me to have. I learned to avoid

the theatrical look I had effected on my own, how to blend base shades for different uses at different times of the day and with different costumes. Britta showed me tricks of shading intended to obscure my less desirable masculine features and enhance the more attractive points of my features.

I was taught how to care for my wig properly — with Britta urging in vain that I grow my own hair and obviate its use —

and how to set and restyle it. She taught me how to care for my skin, pluck my eyebrows, manicure my nails, and to keep my legs shaved with the least number of disasters.

Occasionally, Britta would request money from me and use it in shopping expeditions. Little by little, she began to acquire a basic wardrobe for me, adding properly fitting dresses, suits, skirts, blouses, shoes, and lingerie to the waist cincher, falsies, and wig which were all I could originally call my own. Each item she added augmented my excitement.

In a few weeks Britta had assembled a white cotton pleated skirt and wool skirts in hunter green and teal blue; with each of them she had obtained a coordinated blouse, always long-sleeved to cover the muscularity of my arms. My new wardrobe also included suits of blue and white ribbed wool and white and fuschia cotton chambray; two shirtwaist dresses, one a deep green paisley offset with black and red, the other flowered in dark brown, orange, and gold. For more formal occasions, I had a deep-cut, vee-necked black silk cocktail sheath and a scoop-necked gold lame topped cocktail frock with a full honey-colored chiffon skirt.

The wardrobe compiled for me was completed by both a black and a white longline Cleopatra brassiere, half a dozen panties in assorted colors, a few panty girdles, slips and nighties in different styles, and a supply of nylon stockings in basic shades. I required few of Elaine's things any longer, but I was glad to have them to supplement my own wardrobe with.

At the end of three weeks, Britta's unstinting efforts combined with my eager willingness to learn had resulted in a most satisfactory product. Greta and Gustav, although constantly on hand to observe the instruction and see my gradual development, were effusive in their approval and frequently remarked on the amazing progress of the transition which was taking place. Of course, Britta herself was pleased with the results.

Upon my return from school one evening, I apparently had come into the house unexpectedly, for Britta, Greta, and Gustav all seem startled in the midst of a conversation and hastily slipped off to the kitchen. At dinner, the subject of their conversation was revealed. Apparently, Britta had been urging them to allow me a public appearance with her. She felt it would be beneficial to her program to expose me to public view and thus instill in me some confidence in my newly acquired pattern of behavior. Greta and Gustav had agreed, subject to my willingness to go along with the plan. It need scarcely be stated that I tingled with excitement at the idea of such an experiment and readily gave my approval.

From that time onward, after a few brief sorties with Britta around the block and home again, it became a standard part of our week for Gustav to escort his three ladies out a couple of evenings for dinner, a movie, a concert in the park, or simply an evening stroll.

I had just about reached the point where I wished that my parents had planned a longer cruise. I realized that more than half their trip was over and that this pleasurable existence which had been contrived for me must come to an end. I cast the thought from my mind.

As the weeks passed, I learned a great deal more about my temporary parents than I had ever known. It was revealed in their conversation, without any attempt to brag or complain, that in their earlier life in Sweden they were not only very much a part of the upper social stratum but also quite friendly with people highly placed in governmental circles.

One Sunday morning, as the four of us sat reading the papers, Gustav startled us with a sudden outburst. He read an announcement of the forthcoming arrival of the new Swedish ambassador to the United States, who planned to be in New York for a few days prior to assuming his duties in Washington. I recognized the name as being one whom Gustav regarded as a close friend before he had come to this country.

"We must entertain him and his wife, Greta," Gustav exclaimed. "We could not let them be in New York after all these years and not offer our hospitality. What do you say to our having a big dinner party for them right here?"

"But, Gustave, this is not our home. Why don't you ask Daphne's opinion? It does seem a tremendous imposition, and her parents may be very much disturbed to hear that we had done such a thing." She glanced over at me and added, "It does seem a wonderful idea. They are such dear old friends of ours."

Although I had no idea what my folks would say, Gustav and Greta obviously had their hearts set on having the party and the

people they planned to entertain could not be nicer. I told them at once that I was sure that my family would have no objections.

"Oh, thank you, Daphne," they said, almost in unison, and Greta went on to say, "It is going to be so wonderful to have them meet our beautiful daughter!"

When I had given my consent, I had not considered that they would wish to include me in their party. I was dazed at the suggestion and sat trying to comprehend the enormity of what such an affair might entail.

The conversation between Gustav and Greta went on unchecked and naturally assumed that I would be a part of all their plans. They discussed the guest list, and Greta was happily jotting down a list of names as fast as she could write them.

Rousing myself, I moved over to a point behind Greta and saw that she had already listed about forty couples, with more yet to be written.

Britta, stunned as I was at the challenge such an evening implied, just sat in her chair bug-eyed. I began slowly trying to project my imagination into the gala evening which lay ahead. I knew that I could not dissapoint Greta by refusing to participate in her plans, but the more I contemplated the affair, the more fantastic it became.

I knew that Daphne had made great strides toward a believable feminine role, but this ... it was too ridiculous to think I could get away with this!

■ ((To be concluded in the next
■ issue of TURNABOUT))
■

SANCTUARY

By

Siobhan Fredericks

When I'm beset with problems which perplex
Or find the strain of daily life too great,
I seek withdrawal to the haven of my soul:
The sanctuary of my meditating mind.
And when the forces of confusion have combined
To oust me from the refuge of my pensive role
Of introvert, I can but concentrate
Upon my solitary thoughts complex.

And when I venture forth into reality
And mingle, stifling, in that human throng,
A sense of fear invades my restless mind
And, as my apprehension mounts, I find
Myself attracted by that siren song
Of transvestism's subtle integrality.

That shopping poses a problem for the TV is well enough known. Most of us have gone through the timorous stage where we apologetically buy bits of feminine finery under what we imagine is the disapproving stare of the salesgirl who, supposedly, stands in judgment upon our souls. Nervously, we grab the first thing which looks close to our wants, only to find out later that it doesn't fit or looks positively hideous when combined with other parts of our wardrobe. By that time, wild stallions couldn't drag us back to exchange the item.

At least ninety-five percent of this aggravation, fear, and frustration is totally avoidable, since it results only from our own attitude toward what should be a perfectly straightforward business transaction. Most salespeople are professionals; they do not question, even in their own minds, why a customer buys a given item — or for whom. They are interested in making a sale, satisfying the customer's needs so he'll come back again, and getting through the day without collapsing. They leave the moral judgments to the priests and the editors.

No earthly reason exists why any TV can't enter any kind of women's-wear store as if he expects good service and will insist upon being professionally served. If he goes in sick with fear and self-reproach, even the most obtuse salesgirl will be suspicious of his motives. And, in the final analysis, what does it really matter what salespeople think of you?

For those who find shopping in person an unnerving process, there are a number of mail order houses of good repute. Lane Bryant and Roaman's both have a wide selection of good quality merchandise in a size range suitable for most TVs, and, in the case of Lane Bryant, even shoe sizes range up to 12 EEE. (Their headquarters for mail orders is in Indianapolis.)

Also, many TVs have taken advantage of Miss Helen Lancaster's "shop without fear" service, which the editors of TURNABOUT can recommend without reservation, since we know that complete confidentiality is always given by Helen to her customers.

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Drawings and photographs are also welcome. All drawings should be done on white illustration paper (at least 20-weight) in India ink on an area measuring no more than 7" x 11½". No typing, drawing, or printing should be on the obverse side of the paper. Large areas of black and heavy lines should be avoided, because of the limitations of our printing process.

Photographs should be no smaller than 3½" x 5½" image area. They must be black and white. Selection will be made on the basis of the authenticity of the subject and overall good taste. Previously published photos are not eligible for publication in TURNABOUT. Return of photos must be specifically requested if it is desired. The sender's mailing address must be attached.

All contributions must be accompanied by the sender's first and last name (not necessarily his legal name). Both are needed for use in the author credit line (or by-line).

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Until further notice, TURNABOUT is available at $3 per copy. Subscribers must indicate on the order blank found in this issue which issues of TURNABOUT they desire, such as #1, #2, #3, etc.

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Advertising space is available in TURNABOUT at $30 per full page or $15 per half page. Full pages measure 7" high and 4" wide. Half pages are 3½" high and 4" wide. Acceptance of ads is entirely at the discretion of the publisher. Ads are accepted only on a competitive basis; no exclusive generic contracts are honored. Art work is available at nominal rates and is limited to line drawings and special type faces. Plates or mats in good condition and meeting our size requirements are welcomed. All responses to ads must be handled by the advertiser.

TURNABOUT

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