

TURNABOUT®

Henry Hulse

no. 7



A MAGAZINE OF TRANSVESTISM

TURNABOUT

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Summer 1966 ● No. 7

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LABELS ARE FOR SUITCASES

ALAN WATTS, the distinguished philosophical author and lecturer, has said: "A human being must always recognize that he is qualitatively more than any system of thought he can imagine. Therefore, he should never label himself. He degrades himself when he does."

These cogent words point up a tendency common to most of us who live in the Age of the Pigeonhole, where category is king and where the compartmentalization of human beings has reached inhuman proportions. Whether we like it or not, we have been given a wide variety of labels — male or female, white or black, American or other-than-American, and an almost endless array of subcategorizations — which index us, cross-index us, and file us neatly away into our respective niches in the ordered scheme of things.

In short, without even trying, we have become the victims of a mad scheme of terminology which defines and degrades our very essence as human beings. And still there are new labels being prepared for us, the glue wetted and ready for the moment someone will slap them on us.

Perhaps this sort of thing is a necessary part of our complex way of life — necessary because without some means of identifying us, all would be chaos in the corridors of society. But there are labels which serve a useful function, and there are others — the ones we seem eager to paste on our own foreheads — that exceed their function and become controls on our behavior and on our freedom.

Take, for instance, the term transvestite. This is a convenient label with which we can group ourselves in common sympathy with others whose attitude toward feminine clothing is similar to ours. Used thus, the label is functional and, more or less, justified. The trouble begins when we start believing that this self-label defines our entire personalities and when we begin going out of our way to live up to it or conform to the various TV pundits' explanations of transvestism. At that point, the label has exceeded its function and become a trap which limits our inner selves to a pattern of behavior which has been outlined, defined, and decreed by someone else.

The only really valid label we can apply to ourselves is that of human being. All others are merely functional and fail to define our human essence. They stand in the way of our own free-wheeling attempts at establishing and defining our individuality, which is a difficult enough process. As Alan Watts has also said, "Defining yourself is like biting your own teeth."

— Fred L. Shaw, Jr.

ON THE LITERATURE OF TRANSVESTISM

By D. RHODES

ONE MIGHT WELL BEGIN a survey of the literature of transvestism by conjecturing what kind of literature there might be on such a subject and whether or not there is enough of it to warrant any kind of serious discussion. By literature, one usually means books, or serious attempts at novel-writing, involving plot- and character-development. One does not usually think of short little booklets, really not more than novelettes, published by unknown quasi-pornographers to be peddled in sealed packages in a few naughty shops on the more disreputable streets. Let it be said here that, while this stuff — and there are reams of it — certainly bears on the interesting question of men wearing the clothing of women, it is not to be the subject of the ramblings I intend to indulge in.

What my survey is intended to cover is only that kind of writing which could be called novels and which is published more or less in book form and which has as its primary focus the element of cross-dressing, male to female and not vice versa.

And I will further qualify this by saying that I am concerned only with what might be termed literature written especially for transvestically-inclined readers — and not stories where someone or other, in order to advance the plot, finds it necessary to don feminine clothing. Such stories are really not TV literature, although it may have some entertainment value for TVs.

A story like *IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER*, a book published in Australia and Great Britain, does not belong in this discussion, even though the prime element in the plot is the disguising of the male hero as a maidservant. It is not a book which is designed to titillate the TV's particular fancies; rather, it is a novel intended for the general public, a bit of light, romantic fiction written by a young lady without any apparent TV considerations. In short, the cross-dressing is just a plot gimmick rather than the whole point of the tale.

In the literature which I shall attempt to investigate, the cross-dressing is the raison d'être, the very essence, of the novel. That's the game involved, and how it's told is the whole point of the game. The audience is going to get a kick out of reading the book precisely because of and in direct proportion to the cross-dressing elements within the novel.

Perhaps the best example to begin with is the best-known TV novel of them all, the famous book known as *MISS HIGH HEELS*. It is the one TV novel whose fame seems to have reached into the general world of, let us say, naughty literature, and it is the only transvestite novel listed in Ralph Ginzburg's delightful study, An Unhurried View of Erotica.

In Ginzburg's book, MISS HIGH HEELS takes its place in his bibliography of the one hundred most sought-after titles among erotic novels, and its description is taken from the title page of the 1931 edition:

MISS HIGH HEELS. The story of a rich but young man under the control of his pretty step-sister and her aunt, written by him at this step-sister's order with an account of his punishments, the dresses he was made to wear, his final subjection, and his curious fate. Privately printed in Paris, 1931.

Let us consider this most famous of all transvestite novels in a little more detail.

THE 1931 EDITION referred to is a well-printed book published in the English language in Paris, and it does not bear the name of any author nor that of any printer or publisher. The date alone certifies to its publication. Ginzburg evidently regarded this as a first edition, and it has been since 1931 the one edition connoisseurs know best. But one thing is certain: The work originated long before 1931 and must have been available long before that date. The 1931 publication is not illustrated.

But illustrations are a vital element in most TV literature, and the lack has been remedied in the various editions which have appeared since and which were derived from the 1931 edition. The first appearance of the book in the United States since the Second World War was in the form of a small book titled HERMAPHRODITE IN SILKS. Illustrated by the unmistakable hand of the famous Mahlon Blaine — but never signed — it bears the title-page byline of "Masoch," and the imprint is of the Olympia Press, Paris. (I have also been informed that this same bowdlerized edition appeared under the title PLEASURES IN SUBJUGATION, but I have never seen that particular edition myself.)

Comparison of this postwar edition with the 1931 version reveals that the text is identical but that it has been clumsily abridged — pages simply being deleted wholesale. The illustrations, usually white on red paper, are invariably flagellation scenes, artistic in rendering but not likely appeal to the TV at all. An inquiry made to the Olympia Press in Paris drew forth the information that this edition was a fraud and that whoever published it, it was not Olympia.

The title HERMAPHRODITE IN SILKS derives from the fact that by some odd circumstance the hero has the bust of a young girl — an accident of adolescence which is not impossible and which has been known to occur in a very small number of cases.

A more complete version printed by photo-offset from the text of the 1931 edition was made available a few years ago in the form of a two-volume set of paperback booklets titled ESCAPE INTO BONDAGE. This edition contains the deleted sections of the 1931 book, some rather repulsive torture scenes, and a number of

quite sexy illustrations in rather modern clothing by an artist — probably Stanton — who is one of the regulars of the underground sex-and-sadism publishing trade, often referred to as the "barbed-wire garterbelt school of fantasy fiction."

What is MISS HIGH HEELS about? Let me quote you the famous opening lines:

Phoebe, the maid, though she was as big and strong as a grenadier, had the deft, neat hands of a French woman. She threaded a pink satin ribbon amongst the shining curls of my coiffure, buttoned the last button of my very long glacé-kid evening gloves, and dusted lightly with a powder-puff my white bosom and shoulders. Then she tucked a tiny lacy handkerchief in my corsage and said: "There, now you are ready, Miss Denise. Stand up!"

"Miss Denise" indeed! And "stand up!" The insolence of it! I remained seated.

"Ah!" said Phoebe with a malicious smile, "you don't like being ordered about by poor servants, do you? You are the young master of Beaumanoir, the wealthy aristocrat, the great landlord, Dennis Evelyn Beryl," and she uttered my name with amused contempt.

"Bah! I do not trouble my head about your position. You are in your own house, it is true, but you are under the control of your beautiful step-sister who very properly stripped you of your foolish trousers two years ago to punish you for your impertinence. You are over eighteen years old — I admit it — but for two years you have been mincing in petticoats in a girls' school. You are a young gentleman, are you? Nobody would believe it."

THAT'S THE WAY IT STARTS. And that's the way a surprising amount of TV literature starts: The male is under the control of dominating females and is made to assume feminine dress as a means of continuing their domination. The novel written in the first person tells how Denis attempts at various times to fight this control and how he is punished in a variety of ways until he finally enjoys his feminine role and accepts himself as Miss High Heels. Thus

I am to write the truth here at the order of my guardian and step-sister, Helen Deverel, and she knows me so well that I could not hope to deceive her. The thought that here was I dressed with all the dainty luxury of a very fashionable girl, standing obediently with my hands behind me at the bidding of a maid, while she adjusted my satin-slipped feet in the attitude of a schoolgirl, troubled my passions. There was something sensuously bizarre in the contrast which fascinated me. Besides, apart from the queer mental impression produced in me, the actual touch of Phoebe's hands on my insteps and ankles gave me a delicious physical sensation. For she was wearing long, white, glacé-kid gloves



Well, I'm sure you get the general idea by now. There are two elements here of special interest in the analysis of this novel: The emphasis upon satin slippers and the emphasis upon glacé-kid gloves. You will find both these elements — plus tight-laced wasp-waist corseting — invariably in evidence in erotic works of this sort going back fifty years or so. And the more recent the writing, the less you will see them, with the possible exception of the works of Nan Gilbert.

That MISS HIGH HEELS is a very old work, written long before the 1931 edition made its appearance, is clearly evident in the details of dress poor Miss Denise is forced to wear. Always the stress on satin slippers with high heels and silver buckles, always the glacé-kid gloves, always the corset being ever-tightened to smaller and smaller waistlines, always the description of the frocks as being long-cut and very much Victorian in style — and there are other underwear references having to do with ribbon-threaded petticoats and batiste pantalons. Though indeed, there is a constant stress on the shoes, the heavy accent is upon their being satin slippers, rather than the more modern high-heeled pumps.

My belief is that the original work was written somewhere about the middle of the nineteenth century, that it was British in origin, and that quite possibly the original title may well have been MISS SATIN SLIPPERS. The title makes much more sense that way. Nobody in 1931 — or in 1921, either — would have been interested in writing this work in just the fashion style it is in.

Just when MISS HIGH HEELS first made its appearance still eludes my researches. But I have turned up references to a French translation of it in a listing of pre-1912 vintage, and I have a print of an illustration from such an early edition. It is reproduced on the opposite page, and its quality is such that even TURNABOUT's printing press cannot improve it much.

WHO WROTE THIS FAMOUS BOOK? Well, it was not someone named "Masoch," as the phony edition fraudulently attributed to the Olympia Press would have you believe. Nor was it Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, either. There is plenty of masochism and sadism in the novel — poor Denis really goes through the mill — but the writing is not quite in the Austrian masochist's turgid style. Whoever wrote MISS HIGH HEELS may have been a masochist, but he was undoubtedly a very erotic clothing fetishist as well.

A clue is supplied by the French edition published by Select-Bibliotheque in 1929 (a reissue of the earlier edition) which lists as the translator one Bernard Vallones and which states that it is "translated from the English manuscript of Sir O'T., Esq." However, elsewhere in MISS HAUT-TALONS, is given the name of the author as "C.F." and in one of the sequels — yes, dear reader, there are sequels to MISS HIGH HEELS! — this is spelled out as being Celia Farley.

Sir O'T., Esq., or Celia Farley? The latter is surely one other pen-name in a literary genre replete with pen-names. And one may seriously doubt what the supposed Irish nobleman's initials are meant to imply.

This Bernard Valonnes did quite a lot of translating and/or writing for the Select Library series, along with someone called Don Brennus Alera. Whether Valonnes himself actually wrote some of the so-called sequels to MISS HIGH HEELS is a matter for conjecture, but he certainly wrote a number of the other novels in the Select Library line, most of which were paperback French novels dealing with sadism and flagellation. But a significant number were of TV interest and fall into two groups — one group being admittedly written in France, the other being purported translations of manuscripts by the same author who wrote MISS HIGH HEELS.

MISS Sissy, MISS BUCKLES, and LE PAGE EFFÉMINÉ are three of the transvestite novels ascribed to C.F. and translated by Bernard Valonnes. Each consists of two or more volumes, but so far I have not been able to turn up evidence of their having been originally published in English. They appear to be originally written in French, and I have seen English translations in manuscript form obviously taken from the French originals.

EACH OF THESE WORKS have much in common with MISS HIGH HEELS, but the style of writing is a bit different, somewhat more modern, in some cases almost sophisticated, and the trend toward masochism is always pronounced.

LE PAGE EFFÉMINÉ, published in three copiously illustrated volumes, is an example. The title means "the feminized page-boy," and throughout the story the stress is on a boy completely in the control of a sadistic woman who does not put him in dresses or complete feminine costume but keeps him in highly sissified male garb with many feminine elements, such as corseting and the inevitable high heels and long gloves. The preference here is not to transform the boy into a girl and make him enjoy the transformation — rather, it is to humiliate the boy and to keep him constantly aware of his humiliation.

The cover-title page of LE PAGE EFFÉMINÉ is reproduced — from a rather elderly photostat — on the opposite page. Note the exaggerated breast development, perhaps from tight-lacing, as well as the bondage element. Something for everybody!

Of more interest to the TV reader is MISS BUCKLES, of which I was able to obtain a translation and a series of the original French edition illustrations. Purporting to be a direct sequel to MISS HIGH HEELS, it really bears no relation to the story of Denis Beryl, is surely of the nineteen-twenties in background, and varies stylistically to a considerable extent.

The author of MISS BUCKLES starts right off by identifying with the supposed predecessor: "I have received much encouragement from those who read my book, 'Miss High Heels,' four years ago, so I have decided to write a sequel entitled 'Miss Buckles.'"

However, the scene is rather different. There is, we are told, an entire village set deep within a privately owned park in rural England. This immense park is overseen by a fanatical feminist named Elsie Curle in the name of its real owner, her stepson Adrian Curle. In the village live a number of wealthy young women and their women servants. These ladies, however, maintain a corps of pages, "each the slave of his particular mistress whose sole object was to feminize her young boy-girl

C. F. (auteur de Miss Boucles et de Miss Hauts Talons.)

LE PAGE EFFÉMINÉ

(MISS SISSY)

Traduit de l'Anglais par BERNARD VALONNES

Tome III



SELECT-BIBLIOTHÈQUE N° 95

and transform him into a complete girl. These boys, beautifully trained in smart feminine attire, were brought to this village to be punished and trained in the utmost severity ... These boy-girls went about in tightly corseted fashion, their arched feet in feminine shoes with fantastically high Louis XV heels, and garbed in fantastic feminine costumes of a rather bizarre nature, as though garbed for a fancy dress party."

Fantastic seems to be the word for it, all right.

The story itself deals primarily with the efforts of a Miss Vivian Dainty to domesticate and feminize her particular ward, the very handsome and effeminately pretty Rose-Dorian Buckles. When Rose-Dorian is tossed out of his boys' school because the schoolmaster thought his personal beauty too distracting to the other boys, Miss Dainty's course of action is obvious — and you can just bet that she pursued it. To the Curle village she went with the boy in tow.

Poor kid, though. This turns out to be as much a bondage story as it is a transvestic one. In fact, this is the dominant theme in all the works which seem to emanate from the dank precincts of the Parisian Select Library series, for besides pretty clothing, handcuffs and leg straps are the daily lot of the lads in this book along with frequent beatings, imprisonment, and so forth and so on, ad nauseam.

By and by, Rose-Dorian tells his own story. After his school experience, after undergoing certain cosmetic readjustments to his person, he is at last helped to dress — and by the usual maid found in these novels

Susan smiled as she said: "You are no longer a schoolboy, Miss Buckles. Gracious young ladies of your age dress for dinner at Curle, I must tell you."

Then I entered a world, fairylike but real. Susan put over my head, taking care not to disturb my coiffure, a silk chemise so dainty and fragile that a breath would have torn it. This silken vest caressed my skin as though I had received a million kisses. It was ornamented with satin ribbons of a vivid blue color. Susan handed me a pair of panties of the same material, also ornamented with ribbons of the same sort and trimmed with white lace. It was an exquisite panty for a lady, or perhaps I should say, for a princess. Happily, Susan let me put my legs through and adjust it about my waist without her help.

THEN FOLLOWS WHITE-GLACÉ-KID gloves so tight that Susan has to struggle with a button hook to get them on Rose-Dorian's fingers. Then, taking two more pages to describe them, come a long black silk pair of sheer stockings with garters of silk and offset with diamond buckles. Another page or two of rambling description of the delights of cross-dressing and

She handed me a shoehorn. On the carpet was a white carton, open. In her other hand Susan held a tiny pair of patent leather slippers still more marvelous than the marvelous stockings which clad my legs. They were of an exquisite cut and bright polish. The Louis XV heels of black enamel, as shining as the slippers, seemed to me as high as stilts. The hollow of the instep was such that one could only walk on the points of the toes, and since in front they were not equipped with barrettes

and were cut low enough to give value to the roundness and the arch of the instep, they were adorned with large buckles of cut jet which reflected the light and made them gleam with each movement. The buckles, almost square in shape, were shaped to follow the lines of the foot, and on each side were areas where their extremities almost touched the edges of the soles. These were white and contrasted in charming fashion with the lustre of the black slippers. Never had I seen a gewgaw so ravishing as these little slippers.

It takes two and half more pages to get those patent-leather slippers on, you may be sure. But, of course, having satisfied the lingerie and shoe fanatics, the author now has to pay court to the corset addicts

For with face of joy and excited eyes, she showed me a corset. A corset for a young queen to wear at a court ball. It was of blue satin, a little paler than the ribbons of my chemise and pantaloons, ornamented with rich lace, furnished with four garters for each stocking and with laces of blue satin.

However, an interesting bit of protest follows, for Rose-Dorian does exclaim to Susan: "But ladies do not wear them any more." Susan replies: "Feminine dandies have no choice in the matter." Ah, cruel fate!

And Rose-Dorian consents, as you knew all along he would. In literature, as in life, some things are downright inevitable. And need I say that at least another several pages are required to adequately describe the corseting of Rose-Dorian?

But I have given you enough samples of this sort of thing from MISS BUCKLES for the time being. The general modernization of dress described in these excerpts definitely establishes the book as having been written long, long after MISS HIGH HEELS. And the dressing goes on quite a number of times, interlarded with less tasty episodes of punishment and restraint, for there are three volumes devoted to Miss Buckles' life and doings.

In the next installment of "The Literature of Transvestism," I shall give you a breakdown of the other main volumes in the fabulous French Select Library series. And in succeeding volumes, lots more — lots more indeed!

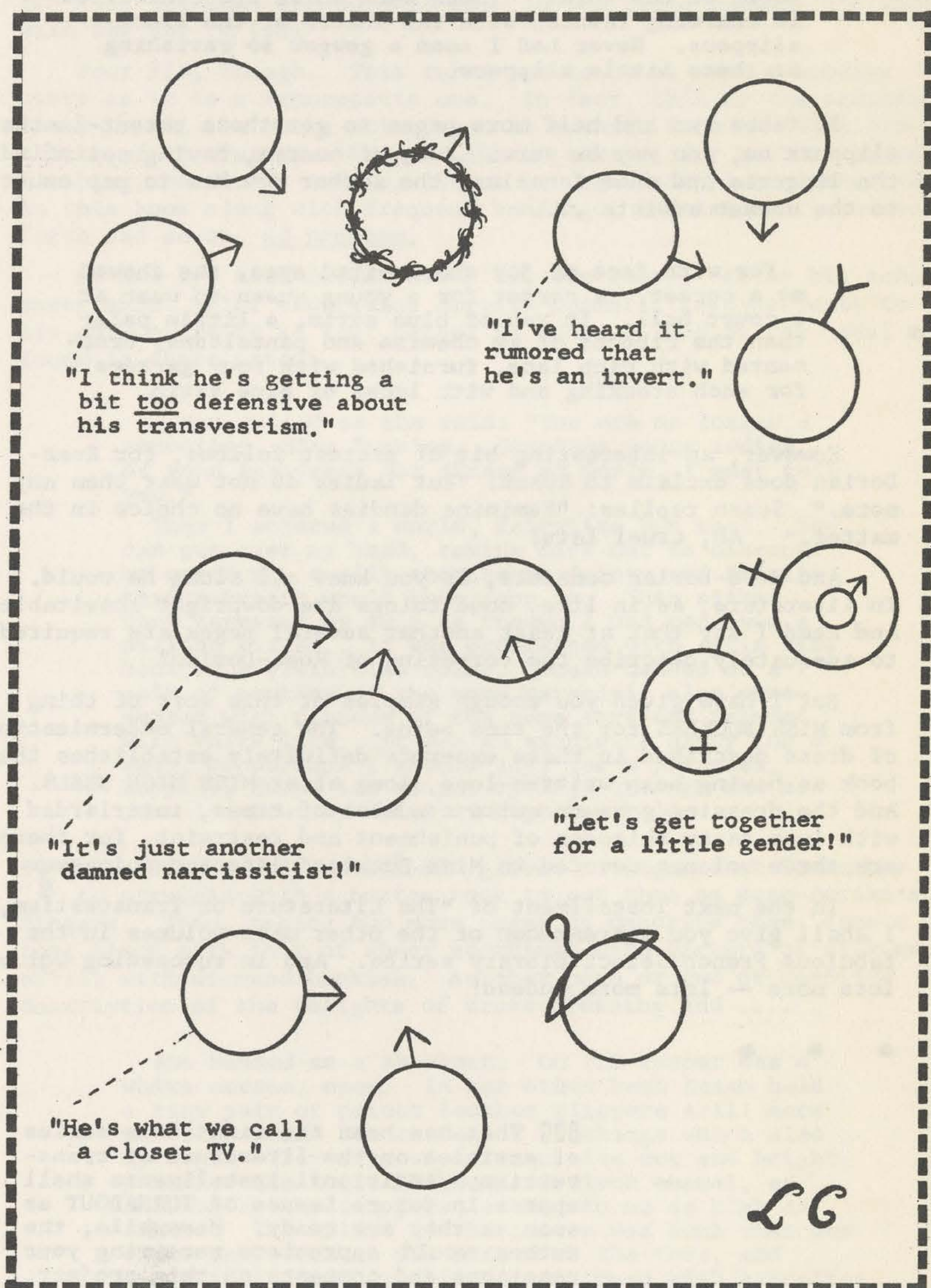
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000 This has been the first in a series of articles on the literature of transvestism. Additional installments shall appear in future issues of TURNABOUT as soon as they are ready. Meanwhile, the author would appreciate receiving your reactions and comments on this project.

SYMBOLIC TRANSVESTISM

With Apologies to
PLAYBOY Magazine

By LORRAINE CHANNING



SO THIS IS YOUR FIRST PARTY?

By TRILBY PILGRIM

"ARE YOU AMONG THE AVANT-GARDE of the unisexu-als?" I ask, "or are you perhaps the reincarnation of some delightful fifteenth-century nymph?"

"No!"

"... suffering from hormone unbalance, innate style?"

"What's 'innate' mean?"

"Well, never mind How about a male-with-a-female-locked-up-inside-just-busting-her-sweet-little-lungs-crying-to-get-out?"

A negative shake of the head, poorly Dynelled.

"No? Then do you think you are a man with an assimilated girl twin?"

"Oh, no!"

"Do you believe that you were meant to be born a girl but that your mother was frightened by a berserk mixmaster?"

"Pffft!"

(Thus I approach the newly-emerged transvestite, hoping to hear an uncluttered opinion and perhaps find some sort of magic key. But all I hear is a superlative-laden description of the ecstasy of new-found freedom.)

"It's so wonderful to meet all you wonderful people ... this wonderful party ... wonderful ..." says s-he. (Translated, this means "Wow!-my-past-indulgence-is-justified-and-now-I-can-do-it-as-much-as-I-want-without-guilt!")

"Who is that?" I am queried as a newcomer enters, breathing heavily because s-he spotted a policeman two blocks away when alighting from the cab.

"It ..." and I do mean "it" "... looks like Polly, from Purple Silo, Oklahoma." There is a flutter and lots of squeaky noises (falsettos) as longtime pen-pals rush forward to meet their correspondent, who has hit the Big Town for the annual Hog Bristle Convention and Exposition.

"Hi, how are you?" (Translated: "You look better than me!")

"Gee, you look great!" (Translated: "Ugh!")

"I like your dress." (Translated: "Yipes, what a bloody mess!")

"When does the convention end?" (Translated: "How soon are we going to be rid of you?")

"Did you fly in dressed?" (This is a put-down, usually by a disgruntled suburbanite.)

The babble subsides, and I am able to return to my conversation with the newly-emerged transvestite.

"Are you an Over or an Under?" I ask.

"Well, yes and no" (!)

"Do you feel that God selected you to be endowed with an extra dose of appreciation for beauty, instilled in a chosen few prior to parturition, and that it turned out to be a blessing in disguise?"

A smile and a shake of the head again.

"No, huh? Well then, why do you dress in feminine garb?" I ask point-blank.

"Because it's so divine to the touch, what else? Oh, I just threw wide my closet doors, my dears, and here I am among all you wonderful people. Pray, tell me your credo so that I may in truth belong." (Translated: "I need stronger crutches.")

"What kind of fantasies do you have?" I ask, prying the lid.

"Oh, none — I wouldn't know what size to buy!"

"Great.... great!" I sing, "You belong!"

WELL, IT WAS OBVIOUSLY FRUITLESS (ho-hum) to press the point any further, at least for an hour or so. S-he had opened the closet door but hadn't really come all the way out.

I leave the newly-emerged and stroll to a corner where a group of long-time-emerged-and-self-appointed-sages of the tee-vee world are holding court.

As I approach, Charity is speaking to one of the psychiatrists who, while ostensibly guesting as a friend of the group, is actually making an exhaustive study of the behavioral characteristics of transvestites — studying them in their native habitat, as it were.

"... and obviously a transvestite is entirely different from a transsexual!" she proclaims, hoisting her bosom (genuine).

She notices me and adds, for my benefit, "Of course, anyone who disagrees with this cannot possibly be a tee-vee. He must be a sexo-transistic-quasi-neurotic-narcissibishionist — and we ought to know!"

Responding to this jab at me, I say, "Yes, you ought to!"

"You're not one of us!" chorus les femmes sage.

Casting further around the room, I hear references to the girl-within, my-sister, my (ugh)-room-mate, my-dual-personality, my-other-consciousness, my-feminine-psyche, and a host of other delightfully romantic figments. After sweeping away visions of White Rock soda bottle labels, I realize that I must be wary.

After all, many of my fellow partygoers really do believe some of these things — crutches all!

I stroll on

"Of course, I don't condemn the homosexual. That's just a sickness, and"

"How often do you dress ...?"

"Yes, but just suppose for a minute that there was a pill that would cure it all — take away the desire"

"I wonder if you would mind taking a picture with Polly and me because she"

"And so I bought one for my room-mate, and now we have his and hers nighties. Hee-hee!"

I grimace and mentally throw up my hands just as Miss Newly-Emerged taps me on the shoulder. "I thought you were coming back," she says.

"Hi! Oh, well, yes! Let's sit by the window. It's warm in here."

"Would you help me, sometime when you have a chance, to do my makeup? I'd like to be able to do it good so that when I'm ready I can go out like you do."

I want to tell her that I won't help her, but then I'd have to explain why not and I know that them which hasn't found out "why not" for themselves are not going to believe a word I say. So I tell her I will, knowing full well that I will not!

"Do you know where I can get some hormone pills?"

"No Why?"

"Heh-heh, I just wondered ..." Miss Newly is slightly embarrassed for having asked.

I feel it's time to change the topic of conversation, so I ask: "Were you ever dressed as a girl — as punishment — and it kind of grabbed you?"

Apparently not.

"Do you feel that you are afflicted with a sickness?" Miss Newly jumps up, as if to leave. "Oh, sit down. I didn't mean to insult your intelligence."

S-HE SITS DOWN AND RAISES HER DRINK — Scotch and water which is very difficult to handle because it is in a flimsy paper cup which tends to fold up under the slightest pressure.

"Are you a homo whoa! Hold on!" S-he has jumped up again and booze sloshes over her dress, mine too, and the couch. "Will you please sit down. I'm not trying to insult you."

"Well," s-he says petulantly, "Okay, but that's one thing that I am not!"

"Do you think that you could be cured?"

"I doubt it," s-he says. "Has anyone ever been cured?"

"Do you think that you could not be cured?"

"No."

"Yiicch!" I emote, inaudibly.

"Are you then simply expressing an inner personality?"

"Well ... no."

HOW ABOUT the X percent female and Y percent — or vice-versa — bit? Or is it that you adore women so intensely that you must emulate them as a mode of expressing that admiration — the sincerest form of flattery sort of thing?"

I strike out again.

"You couldn't find a girl to your liking, so you created your own — and lost yourself doing it?"

"Hee-hee!" Miss Newly has calmed down.

"Do you wear women's clothes because you find them to be more comfortable?"

"Mmmm no!"

"Then it has to be because you find it an escape from the trials and tribulations, pressures and hardships of your daily masculine chores — a means of getting away from it all. No? Then is it just a habit?"

It's not that, either.

"Would you agree that you are being punished for crimes committed in a previous life — no, none of that sort of stuff. Do you feel that you are satisfying some sort of unknown urge that comes upon you from time to time — but is never really satisfied don't want to take the clothes off when the time comes ... you find greater peace of mind when dressed ... hate to revert to the masculine role?"

"Well, yes and no!"

"Would you like to have the sex-change operation?"

"Hell, no!"

"Gilda over there ... she's a changeling."

"Oh, really? Will you introduce me?"

"Mmm ... later. Okay?"

I excuse myself in order to "raid the bar, hee-hee," and I start to elbow my way through the crowd, thinking as I go about the graphs and charts ("Hello, baby ...") that I have seen over the past five or six years ("Watch it there, cookie!"). Graphs and charts made up from surveys old and new ("Oh, hell, there's Carpo!"), slanted and unslanted, loaded and unloaded. The results tabulated, totaled, culled, edited ("Hi, Carpo... No, I'm going home with my friend. ... Phew!") boiled, spoiled, curled,

and projected on to graph paper — with all unacceptable replies having first been thrown out. The resultant wiggles and squiggles on the graph, I'm told, portend our transvestic destiny ("... divine, you say? Thank you so much!") and when I coiled away in horror from the dire leer of this oracle, I was told to have no fear, to look. I looked as a gaunt finger traced a meandering line to a final point which, I was told, represented me at the present time — I was progressing! Two other graphs had showed me that I was not ("There's a will, there's a way!") progressing ("No, Carpo, no, no, no!") and I felt better until I came across three other charts that showed me I was progressing again! I found a circular graph ("...supposed to be scotch and soda, and how about a fresh paper cup — the wax is coming off this one — and what kind of scotch do you buy, anyway?") whereon my course was plotted from birth — at the center — over a devious course through various abnormalcies, including a spot for normalcy (!), to an ultimate point ("Thanks, sweetie, that's just fine.") on the perimeter. I was not told if the last point represented the present time or if it was a stabilizing or levelling-off point or death! But it didn't end there. In order to consider intensity, a third dimension was added to the circular graph, making it a sphere. The ball-shaped version of the chart ("Cool it, Carpo!") permitted the plotting of the transvestic course — progression — while indicating tendencies to other normalities ("NO!") plus the degree of intensity and commitment — against the external or educational influences

MY PLACE ON THE COUCH was still unoccupied. "I thought you were lost," Miss Newly says. "Let's talk some more. I'm surprised to find such nice people here — no characters or anything like that."

"Uh-huh," I reply, thinking of Carpo, who has now cornered Gilda. "Well, anyway. Do you wear women's clothing just for the fun of it, or do you feel you've consciously selected this as a mode of relaxation? ... Do you think we should be legalized ... allowed to roam at will ... left alone? Do you dress this way because you want to look like an aircraft carrier, a horse, or perhaps a kitchen faucet?"

"Oh, come on!!"

"NO? Then could it be because you want to look and feel as you think a woman looks and feels — because at times you wish with all your heart that you really were a woman, a REAL woman?"

Miss Newly detects the bitterness in my voice. "No. Never. I don't think so," s-he says thoughtfully. "I'm just a tee-vee — maybe electrolysis and possibly hormones ... Why are you giving me that knowing look? I'm only KIDDING!"

"You'd never believe me, Miss Newly. You'd never — ever — believe me!"





KAY



JODY

A TURNABOUT GALLERY

FIONA



DARLENE





■ I just saw your TURNABOUT two weeks ago in a magazine store in Baltimore. I was favorably impressed by the rational approach to the subject of transvestism in your nonfiction pieces, especially the editorial on the existentialist view of TVism.

I am especially fond of Nan Gilbert's writings in your fiction section and her novelet Petticoated Male. I had real sympathy for the "heroine's" feelings because of my own personal experiences. When I was in my teens, I attended a boarding school in New York State where the common form of discipline was petticoat punishment. For instance, if a boy student was caught dating a girl student, he was forced to wear a girl's uniform for an entire day and was dressed in lace-trimmed bra and panties, white knee-length socks, black patent slippers, frilly petticoat, a navy blue dress which came to the knees, and a middy blouse.

The prefect of the school usually turned the boy over to some girl students for this kind of punishment, and the girls loved to make a boy over into a pretty little schoolgirl, giving him a girl's name in the bargain. (I was called "Barbara Anne" one time and "Nancy Elizabeth" another.) Part of the punishment was to have the boy sit on the girls' side of the classroom, often with the girl he'd tried to date. For the entire day, he'd have to participate in whatever activities the girls had on their schedule — domestic science classes and ballet classes, dressed in tutus, and the like — and act the part of a little lady. It was a source of great amusement to everyone except the victim. On demand, he was expected to curtsy and show his frills.

Petticoat punishment seems to be growing in favor today, although I question the wisdom of enforced cross-dressing. I have read of five boys in a Texas court who were found guilty of molesting two schoolgirls and were sentenced to wear dresses for thirty days. And a Georgia school principal punishes male students by making them wear dresses and hair bows. Locally, at least two mothers I know of make their sons dress as girls when they act in an "unmanly" fashion. One boy has to be mother's little girl for a day at a time, help her with housework and all, while another is dressed in schoolgirl fashion — box-pleated

skirt, ruffled blouse, knee-socks, and girls "flats" — and is sent to a neighbor's house to play with the girls there. They all seem to love it — and so does the supposed victim.

The fascination which petticoat punishment has for TVs, I believe, is not really masochistic in origin. It has more to do with a rationalization of their love for dressing up. The thought process goes like this: "I love to dress like a girl. But I shouldn't want to do such things. However, if I am forced to cross-dress, then I need not feel guilty at doing so."

But even the most rabid petticoat punishment addict knows that, in reality, forcing a young man to dress as a girl can start him on a way of life that, at best, is distressing and, at worst, is disastrous. So none of us would really want such a form of punishment to be practiced on anyone else.

Barbara Anne

■ I'd like to take this opportunity to make a few cynical comments on the matter of security — especially with regard to the unwritten law that no TV ever makes trouble for another TV, be it in his home or in his job. My cynicism stems from an incident which took place a couple of years ago, and it involves a certain leading TV personage from the West Coast whose passion for security amounts almost to paranoia. When it comes to other people, however, her security measures are honored more in the breach than in the observance.

I work for a large, well-known company in New York, and my position is well up on the executive level. I was away from my desk one November day, and when I returned, a colleague of mine gave me this bit of delightful news: "You just had a phone call from some guy who called himself Miss Virginia Prince."

My heart leapt into my throat, narrowing beating my stomach on its upward flight, and I mumbled something to my colleague and slunk to my desk. There I sat, eyeing the window and wondering if I had the guts to jump to peaceful oblivion fourteen stories below. Before I had a chance to act on my logical impulse, the guy who called himself you-know-what came tripping in, leaving a trail of amused looks in his/her wake.

Well, I somehow survived the next half hour, although I aged a few years in the interim. It seemed that my visitor thought I might be able to get my company to publish a book she/he had in mind to write. I was a lot more cordial than anyone would expect, but I wasn't about to help him/her get his/her book published by my firm or anyone else's. I'd be boiled in oil first.

No, I didn't lose my job, and I eventually was able to explain my visitor away as a harmless crank, even though I know he/she ain't exactly harmless. Maybe this little visit in drag didn't harm me much in the eyes of my employers, but it could have — and there's the rub.

I hope you will have the courage to publish this letter, sort

of in the public service, for it contains a bit of a lesson for your readers and my fellow TVs: Don't let anybody — not even your best TV friend — know where you work; and especially don't fill out any application forms for male sororities when these forms require you to list your employer or line of work.

And, most of all, beware of those who preach absolute security to you, for they can be the biggest offenders and the most dangerous to your security.

Gillian [REDACTED]

■ After reading certain other TV publications, I find TURNABOUT rather therapeutic. One mag in particular regales its readers with manufactured words like femme-dress and femme-personation. A few paragraphs of these and I feel like I'm ready to femme-puke in my femme-bucket!

But maybe I'm being too harsh. Maybe there's method in their madness or madness in their method — or something. Anyway, I've hit upon a wonderful idea: TVs now can talk their way to mental health and happiness.

You know — well, let's face it — some of us gals, try as hard as we can, aren't very mannish. But, I've found that by constant repetition of the magic word BUTCH, you can almost feel the hair grow on your chest.

It's all very simple, too. Just add the word BUTCH to every other noun or adjective or verb. Don't put on your socks — put on your BUTCHsocks. Run a BUTCHcomb through your BUTCHlocks. And then go for a BUTCHwalk in your BUTCHfrock. (Whoops!)

Oh, I'm so happy that I invented this grand shortcut to masculinity. In no time at all, we'll have loads and loads of real he-girls!

I'll have to close now. My BUTCHfriend is coming over soon for a little gender.

ElizaBUTCH

■ A careful analysis of my very extensive files on the personal habits and preferences of hundreds of TVs shows conclusively that they fall into one of two clearly defined categories: Those who agree with me and those who are wrong.

Fearless Leader

■ All right, already. Who cares if you have the best-edited and best-written and best-laid-out magazine in the dirty book field? Who cares if you spend thirty hours on each page and lavish lots of mazoolah on special typographical effects and pictorial embellishments to titillate the tender sensitivities of your TV readers? Nobody cares, that's who! All we want is a raggedy piece of misprinted pulp-publication that comes out every week and ON TIME!

■ ■ ■

Your Managing Editor

VIEWS REVIEWS

THE EROTIC MINORITIES by Lars Ullerstam, M.D. Translated by Anselm Hollo. New York City: Grove Press, Inc., 1966. Hardcover, 172 pages. \$6.00.

— Reviewed by Lorraine Channing

Books like this one appear all too infrequently in these Benighted States — books in which the author has enough guts to protest against the mindless cruelty directed against the members of sexual minority groups by self-seeking and prejudiced political and religious leaders who control the masses through their influence upon lawmakers and law-enforcement officials.

Although Dr. Ullerstam's book deals chiefly with Sweden — purportedly a nation "advanced" in matters sexual — his cogent remarks are applicable to most countries with western cultures.

Dr. Ullerstam's particular concern is that deviants or so-called "perverts," i.e., individuals whose sexual needs are not exclusively heterosexual or are otherwise different from those of the majority of persons, are virtually deprived of the opportunity or the right to satisfy their needs because of outmoded penal laws which are unfair and unreasonable.

While his book deals with a wide range of sexual deviations, Dr. Ullerstam has especially illuminating things to say about transvestism, explaining that cross-dressing is usually a sexual need, but it is not always so. "In some cases," he points out, "men switch to feminine garb only in order to escape from the pronounced psychic discomforts caused by male clothing."

"Our civilization is hard on the transvestites," he continues. "Even when they aren't insulted, ridiculed, denied entry to restaurants, or actually prosecuted for 'indecent behavior,' they are regarded as fair game for the popular press. In this respect, our wisdom and tolerance are considerably less than that shown by most so-called primitive cultures, among whom transvestism is accepted as a wholly natural affair."

Psychiatrists and psychologists — professional people whose main duty is to help people — seldom help the erotic minorities.

They are certainly not being helpful or constructive when they engage in name-calling, as has Dr. Albert Ellis in describing anyone who indulges exclusively in homosexual behavior as "obviously pig-headed and sick, sick, sick!"

Psychiatrists not only make frequent unscientific and invalid statements about sexual deviants, but they also perpetuate the absurdity that deviations are psychopathological phenomena and are specific symptoms of disease. The pronouncements of most psychiatrists are most often moralistic judgments based on nonsensical theological promulgations or Freudian distortions.

Believing that most members of erotic minority groups should be helped toward achieving satisfaction of their sexual needs, Dr. Ullerstam contends that new sexual reforms are badly needed. How can these people be helped? The author advocates the legal establishment of brothels and clubs and meeting places for deviates. Pornography, he says, should not be legislated against but made available to adults, especially those whose only outlet is masturbation. Also, deviates should be allowed to advertise in special publications for suitable companions of like inclinations. And the sexual needs of those in hospitals or otherwise shut in by illness should be accommodated.

Skillfully demolishing counter-arguments with logic and iconoclasm, the author asserts that if these measures are taken, far more good than harm will result. Certainly, those measures which recognize the uniqueness of the individual would help combat totalitarianism. And sexual totalitarianism should be combatted, shouldn't it? Isn't it just another form of Big Brotherism?

●

THE TRANSSEXUAL PHENOMENON by Harry Benjamin, M.D. New York City: The Julian Press, Inc., 1966. Hardcover, 300 pages. \$8.50.

— Reviewed by Siobhan Fredericks

This long-awaited study-in-depth of transsexualism written by the world's foremost authority on the subject is a monumental work which represents ten years of first-hand clinical research and two years of evaluation and writing. As the first book-length survey of transsexualism, THE TRANSSEXUAL PHENOMENON breaks acres and acres of new ground in an area of human behavior too long neglected by the medical profession and its allied disciplines.

Although Dr. Benjamin's book is written from the clinician's standpoint and is aimed chiefly at enlightening physicians and psychotherapists — who are today encountering far greater numbers of transsexual patients than were ever thought to exist — its message is couched in terms and concepts which the intelligent lay reader, including most TVs and TSs, can quickly grasp.

Aside from its obvious importance to those who desire a sex-change, this book is also of vital concern to the less disturbed TV. Probably the most important single segment of the book is the meticulously worked out Sex Orientation Scale, reproduced on pages 24 and 25 of this issue. ((Review continued on page 26))

**TABLE 1. SEX ORIENTATION SCALE (S.O.S.)
SEX AND GENDER ROLE DISORIENTATION AND INDECISION (MALES)**

Normal sex orientation and identification, heterosexual or homosexual. The idea of "dressing" or "sex change" foreign and unpleasant. Vast majority of all people.

		Group 1			Group 2	Group 3	
Type O	Profile	Type I TRANVESTITE Pseudo	Type II TRANVESTITE Fetishistic	Type III TRANVESTITE True	Type IV TRANSEXUAL Nonsurgical	Type V TRUE TRANSEXUAL Moderate intensity	Type VI TRUE TRANSEXUAL High intensity
	GENDER "FEELING"	Masculine	Masculine	Masculine (but with less conviction.)	Undecided. Wavering between TV and TS.	Feminine. ("Trapped in male body").	Feminine. Total "psycho-sexual" inversion
	DRESSING HABITS AND SOCIAL LIFE	Lives as man. Could get occasional "kick" out of "dressing." Not truly TV. Normal male life.	Lives as man. "Dresses" periodically or part of the time. "Dresses" underneath male clothes.	"Dresses" constantly or as often as possible. May live and be accepted as woman. May "dress" underneath male clothes, if no other chance.	"Dresses" as often as possible with insufficient relief of his gender discomfort. May live as man or woman; sometimes alternating.	Lives and works as woman if possible. Insufficient relief from "dressing."	May live and work as woman. "Dressing" gives insufficient relief. Gender discomfort intense.
	SEX OBJECT CHOICE AND SEX LIFE	Hetero-, bi-, or homosexual. "Dressing" and "sexchange" may occur in masturbation fantasies mainly. May enjoy TV literature only.	Heterosexual. Rarely bisexual. Masturbation with fetish. Guilt feelings. "Purges" and relapses.	Heterosexual, except when "dressed." "Dressing" gives sexual satisfaction with relief of gender discomfort. May "purge" and relapse.	Libido often low. Asexual or auto-erotic. Could be bisexual. Could also be married and have children.	Libido low. Asexual, auto-erotic, or passive homosexual activity. May have been married and have children.	Intensely desires relations with normal male as "female," if young. Later, libido low. May have been married and have children, by using fantasies in intercourse.
	KINSEY ^a SCALE	0 - 6	0 - 2	0 - 2	1 - 4	4 - 6	6
	CONVERSION OPERATION?	Not considered in reality.	Rejected.	Actually rejected, but idea can be attractive.	Attractive but not requested or attraction not admitted.	Requested. Usually indicated.	Urgently requested and usually attained. Indicated.
	ESTROGEN MEDICATION?	Not interested. Not indicated.	Rarely interested. Occasionally useful to reduce libido.	Attractive as an experiment. Can be helpful emotionally.	Needed for comfort and emotional balance.	Needed as substitute for or preliminary to operation.	Required for partial relief.
	PSYCHOTHERAPY?	Not wanted. Unnecessary.	May be successful. (In a favorable environment.)	If attempted is usually not successful as to cure.	Only as guidance; otherwise refused or unsuccessful.	Rejected. Useless as to cure. Permissive psychological guidance.	Psychological guidance or psychotherapy for symptomatic relief only.
	REMARKS	Interest in "dressing" only sporadic.	May imitate double (masculine and feminine) personality with male and female names.	May assume double personality. Trend toward transsexualism.	Social life dependent upon circumstances.	Operation hoped for and worked for. Often attained.	Despises his male sex organs. Danger of suicide or self-mutilation, if too long frustrated.

Normal sex orientation and identification, heterosexual or homosexual. The idea of "dressing" or "sex change" foreign and unpleasant. Vast majority of all people.

The S.O.S. is reprinted from THE TRANSEXUAL PHENOMENON by Harry Benjamin, M.D. (New York: Julian Press, Inc., 1966), page 22. Permission has been obtained from the author to reproduce this chart in the pages of TURNABOUT.

^a The KINSEY SCALE charts human sexual preferences in seven stages from heterosexuality to homosexuality. A completely heterosexual person rates at 0; an exclusively homosexual person rates at 6; and a bisexual person rates from 2 to 4.

TABLE 1. SEX ORIENTATION
SEX AND GENDER ROLE DISORIENTATION

Group 1

Type O	Profile	Type I TRANVESTITE Pseudo	Type II TRANVESTITE Fetishistic	Type III TRANSEXUAL T
Normal sex orientation and identification, heterosexual or homosexual. The idea of "dressing" or "sex change" foreign and unpleasant. Vast majority of all people.	GENDER "FEELING"	Masculine	Masculine	Masculine less convinc
	DRESSING HABITS AND SOCIAL LIFE	Lives as man. Could get occasional "kick" out of "dressing." Not truly TV. Normal male life.	Lives as man. "Dresses" periodically or part of the time. "Dresses" underneath male clothes.	"Dresses" or as often. May live accepted as w "dress" male cloth other chan
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The S.O.S. is reprinted from THE TRANSSEXUAL PHENOMENON by Harry Benjamin, M.D. (New York: Julian Press, Inc., 1966), page 22. Permission has been obtained from the author to reproduce this chart in the pages of TURNABOUT.

ORIENTATION SCALE (S.O.S.) ORIENTATION AND INDECISION (MALES)

Group 2		Group 3	
<i>Type III</i> TRANSVESTITE <i>True</i> line (but with conviction.) ses" constantly often as possible. live and be accepted as woman. May "underneath" clothes, if no chance. osexual, except "dressed." "Dressing" gives sexual satisfaction with of gender discomfort. May "purge" elapse. 0 - 2 lly rejected, but can be attractive. ative as an experiment. Can be emotionally. empted is usually not successful as e. assume double ality. Trend to-transsexualism.	<i>Type IV</i> TRANSSEXUAL <i>Nonsurgical</i> Undecided. Wavering between TV and TS. "Dresses" as often as possible with insufficient relief of his gender discomfort. May live as man or woman; sometimes alternating. Libido often low. Asexual or auto-erotic. Could be bisexual. Could also be married and have children. 1 - 4 Attractive but not requested or attraction not admitted. Needed for comfort and emotional balance. Only as guidance; otherwise refused or unsuccessful. Social life dependent upon circumstances.	<i>Type V</i> TRUE TRANSSEXUAL <i>Moderate intensity</i> Feminine. ("Trapped in male body"). Lives and works as woman if possible. Insufficient relief from "dressing." Libido low. Asexual, auto-erotic, or passive homosexual activity. May have been married and have children. 4 - 6 Requested. Usually indicated. Needed as substitute for or preliminary to operation. Rejected. Useless as to cure. Permissive psychological guidance. Operation hoped for and worked for. Often attained.	<i>Type VI</i> TRUE TRANSSEXUAL <i>High intensity</i> Feminine. Total "psycho-sexual" inversion. May live and work as woman. "Dressing" gives insufficient relief. Gender discomfort intense. Intensely desires relations with normal male as "female," if young. Later, libido low. May have been married and have children, by using fantasies in intercourse. 6 Urgently requested and usually attained. Indicated. Required for partial relief. Psychological guidance or psychotherapy for symptomatic relief only. Despises his male sex organs. Danger of suicide or self-mutilation, if too long frustrated.

^a The KINSEY SCALE charts human sexual preferences in seven stages from heterosexuality to homosexuality. A completely heterosexual person rates at 0; an exclusively homosexual person rates at 6; and a bisexual person rates from 2 to 4.

((Continued from page 23)) Highlighting the first three chapters of Dr. Benjamin's book, in which many illuminating insights into the nature of TVism are offered and which explore in detail the relationship of TVism to transsexualism, the S.O.S. charts out six types of sex and gender role disorientation and indecision in the male. These range from the pseudo-transvestite in Type I to the hard-core transsexual in Type VI.

For instance, most of the readers of TURNABOUT would fall into the Type II category, as would the largest majority of all transvestites, while those who espouse the cause of the "girl within" and accept the TRANSVESTIA philosophy would find themselves in the Type III (or so-called "true" transvestite) category with some spilling over into the Type IV slot. This may serve to explain some of the clash of ideology between this publication and its West Coast rival as well as offer a useful definition of what we of TURNABOUT call "psychic transsexualism."

However, it should be remembered that Dr. Benjamin's chart has been worked out in clinical terms and the categorizations within it are for clinical, rather than general, purposes. In other words, most of us do not fit in any one category in every aspect of the psychosexual profile.

This reviewer must pose a slight objection to the subtitles given to the Type II and Type III transvestite categories, which define the Type II TV as "fetishistic" and Type III as "true" transvestites. The word "fetishistic" has taken on condemnatory overtones, on the one hand, while the phrase "true transvestite" is looked upon by some TVs as being the ultimate compliment to their inner selves.

Knowing Dr. Benjamin well, I know that he did not intend either condemnation or compliment in such appellations but rather meant them as purely clinical definitions. I only wish some other words would have done the job for him as well.

The truth is, those who are in the Type II category — the lowly fetishists, if you will — are a lot better off than those in the Type III group, for they have a much better chance of achieving some balance between the masculine and feminine sides of their nature than those who, as the S.O.S. chart puts it, find the conversion operation "attractive," "may assume double personality," and have a "trend toward transsexualism," and who are "heterosexual, except when dressed."

Nothing in the S.O.S. chart (and what an appropriate abbreviation that is!!) is meant to imply that transvestites are really transsexuals underneath it all or that there is any kind of progression from the simple, garden variety mode of TV expression as charted in Type II to the grimmer areas of Types IV through VI. If, as it has been contended, all those who cross-dress are expressing a desire to be a member of the opposite sex, the desire is most often buried so deeply as never to become a part of our conscious awareness.

The S.O.S. is not the only valuable contribution Dr. B's book

makes. He does battle with such myths as the notion that TVism is a form of latent homosexuality; that it is not erotic; and that it is solely environmental in cause. He also gives some genteel lumps to the so-called Freudian school of psychiatrists.

Most rewarding of all is the way Dr. Benjamin's own peppery personality and clear-headedness shine through his writing, in spite of some badly botched editing by the publishers. It is most assuredly a book which every TV should read for his own enlightenment and reassurance; Enlightenment in that he will know himself better; reassurance in that he will find he is not necessarily doomed to the transsexual's fate. ((Available from the Turnabout Readers' Service. See page 47.))

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I WANT WHAT I WANT by Geoff Brown. London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1966. Hardcover, 226 pages. 25 shillings (in U.K. only).

— Reviewed by Trilby Pilgrim

At last! A real transvestic novel! Hardbound, its innocent cover nicely done, this little bundle from Britain could be read while commuting! It is the story we've all read before, told at times in the abrupt phraseology of the teevee turned-on logic.

Brown's novel, however, goes far beyond the me-ism of the usual case-history sort of thing, for, in addition to describing the subject's innermost emotions, it tells of the effect of his problem on others. His father (rejection), his sister, and people both aware and unaware of his transvestic desires. Written for the general public, and not the teevee market alone, this book should contribute a great deal to a wider, better, and more sympathetic understanding of the teevee's dilemma.

Wendy, the hero(ine), unlocks the door to her unconscious, laying bare a panorama of transvestic spirits — truths — that will appear unbelievable (even forbidding) to the so-called true-transvestite. However, the genuine-transvestite will find complete rapport with Wendy as she alternately ponders the problem's cause and blurts rapid-fire fantasia interspersed with rationalizations and "solutions."

It will, of course, be argued that this is not a transvestic novel but the story of a transsexual! It is suggested quite simply that all who persist in maintaining the distinction stop reading at the end of Chapter 17, Part II. Perhaps they could on to the end of Chapter 22 ("... my legs would be admired ... no reason why the girl in the mirror should be suspected of being a male!") And Chapter 23 will not (should not?) be of interest to the dilettante — heavens, fancy going off to live as an actual woman! No doubt these suggested limitations will go unheeded and some daring teevees will press on. But be forewarned, Part III is for the enlightened only!

Brown's insight is amazing. There's a lesson to be learned here. IWWIW is a book to be read just once — then studied again and again! ((Available from Turnabout Readers' Service; see page 47.))



The Vanity Table

..... by the Editors

What About Electrolysis?

Many of TURNABOUT's readers have expressed interest in what electrolysis can do for them, in what it costs, and in what it really entails. In response to this interest, the editors have compiled the latest available data on the subject and are devoting this installment of The Vanity Table to the subject.

First of all, however, we'd like to point out that most TVs are reasonably satisfied with their male roles in life and must function as men in a masculine world. To some, the presence of a beard and a reasonable amount of body hair symbolize their masculinity. And if this is the case, the removal of this hirsute symbolization may create difficulties for them in their non-TV life. So, we do not recommend any TV's rushing off to the local electrologist without giving it considerable thought.

1. WHAT IS ELECTROLYSIS, EXACTLY?

Electrolysis is the removal of unwanted hair by electricity. It may be accomplished either by galvanic current or by short-wave (high frequency) current.

Galvanic current electrolysis was developed in 1869, and it accomplishes hair removal by destroying the cells of the papilla, which is the tissue at the bottom of the hair shaft in which the hair's root is attached. The process is one of purely chemical decomposition; no heat is generated and the needles remain at room temperature. A very fine, highly polished, round-pointed platinum needle is carefully inserted into the hair follicle. A gentle galvanic current is then permitted to flow for about fifty seconds, causing the destruction of the papilla, thereby eliminating the cause of the hair's growth. The treatment, when skillfully performed, is not especially painful and can be tolerated in the most sensitive areas.

Most electrolysis practitioners use galvanic electrolysis only when the patient cannot tolerate the more painful high-frequency currents. Galvanic electrolysis is slow and cumbersome and requires that the patient hold a ground terminal in his hand. But it is also less damaging to the skin.

Short-wave electrolysis is the method most favored and most used by electrologists. It uses a high-frequency current which is diathermic — or heat-producing. This current literally boils away the hair papilla by means of electrocoagulation accomplished with a needle probe not unlike that used in galvanic methods. The heat applied to the papilla is intense but lasts only a split-second, otherwise it might prove intolerable to the patient. In that split-second, the temperature around the papilla is elevated high enough to destroy it, and the heat-coagulation begins at the tip of the needle and then spreads up equidistantly around its shaft. The hair is then lifted out with tweezers.

In both methods — but especially in short-wave electrolysis — much depends upon the skill of the operator in placing the needle precisely along the shaft of the hair without going too deep or off to one side. Much also depends upon the patience and ability of the patient to tolerate the pain of the process.

2. IS THERE SUCH A THING AS PAINLESS ELECTROLYSIS?

Generally speaking, no. All electrolysis methods are accompanied by discomfort, and any electrologist who claims to be painless is making a false claim. However, some patients have a higher pain threshold than others, and some electrologists have a very light touch coupled with a high degree of accuracy. Others — and they are in the majority — are bunglers who will leave your face ravaged by scarring and your nerves jangling with pain. We know of individuals who require at least two high-potency codeine tablets (such as 'Percodan') before they undergo treatment.

3. WHAT WILL COMPLETE BEARD REMOVAL COST ME?

That depends upon how heavy the beard is, and how skillful your electrologist is, and, of course, how much he charges you. For the average TV, beard removal requires at least a year of weekly one-hour sessions. At \$20 per session, that comes to at least a thousand dollars. Some of our acquaintances have gone for at least two years and spent more than \$2,000 — and still have some regrowth.

4. HOW DO I KNOW I'M GETTING A GOOD ELECTROLOGIST?

You don't until it's too late, usually. Selecting an electrologist is a tricky business. In most states, more's the pity, they are not even required to have a license or attend a school. In such states (and New York is one of them), all they have to do is buy a second-hand machine, hang out a shingle, and start butchering the unsuspecting.

The worst of it is not that their treatment is ineffectual but rather that they can leave you permanently scarred, with your beard growing merrily through the scars, more intractable to treatment than ever.

Your best bet is to find out if your state has licensing for electrologists and consult the local licensing office for some

sort of recommendation as to how to begin your search. Even in states which do not have licensing of electrolysis practitioners, some of the better electrologists have banded together in associations aimed at elevating standards and protecting the good practitioners from the bad. They make their members toe the line in the quality of their work, and they will recommend a member near your vicinity.

However, some of these so-called professional associations are nothing more than promotional societies aimed at peddling the work of their members, whatever the quality, and their recommendation isn't worth much. You're usually better off contacting your local medical society and asking for the name of a dermatologist (who is an M.D.), then asking him for a recommendation of a competent electrologist to whom he regularly refers his patients.

5. CAN ELECTROLYSIS REALLY REMOVE ALL MY BEARD? PERMANENTLY?

Yes, but only if you've selected a really good operator and if you're prepared to stick with him hour after hour, week after week, month after month, for at least a year.

You should set aside from your annual budget at least \$1000 for this regimen of treatment, and you should insist that your electrologist make you a realistic estimate of what the treatment is going to cost you over what period of time.

If possible, you should try to persuade your operator to do the entire job at a flat rate. If he agrees to this, he'll want you to sign a contract guaranteeing regular payments and ensuring that you'll stick it out. On your part, you should insist that this contract guarantee results absolutely. Don't sign anything that hasn't been approved by your lawyer.

Above all, don't get started on this tedious process unless you are prepared to go through with it. Anything less than complete results are not worth a nickel of your money or a minute of your time.

If you want your beard removed, electrolysis is the ONLY way it can be done. There are no magic pills, lotions, do-it-yourself kits, or depilatory waxes that will do the job. Tweezing hairs out only breaks up the roots, scattering them and causing multiple hairs to grow from the old root. Tweezing can also cause abscesses and skin infections and ingrown hairs which are far harder to cover by makeup than is a normal beard.

■

If the foregoing has discouraged you from wanting electrolysis, count yourself lucky — and hundreds of dollars better off! If it hasn't, then you are a prime candidate for the process and we wish you luck. You'll need it, for the problems of finding a competent electrologist are great, and it's tough to endure a weekly torture session for a year or more. Personally, we don't think cross-dressing is quite worth all that agony and expense.

■ ■ ■



LYDIA



VICKI

A TURNABOUT GALLERY

EILEEN



LILI





IN MEMORY OF SONNÉ TEAL

■ On March 5th of this year, a day marked as one of the most disastrous in commercial airline history, a jet airliner carrying Sonné Teal and four members of her troupe as well as more than a hundred others crashed and disintegrated in the vicinity of Tokyo. There were no survivors.

News of Sonné Teal's death will no doubt come as a shock to TURNABOUT readers, whose response to her fine column "On The Sonné Side" was enthusiastic, and I know that all of you will join us in mourning the untimely loss of a friend.

Sonné died at the peak of her career as a professional travesti, and she was considered to be the leading practitioner of her art in the western world. She was also a fine actress and was widely acclaimed for her starring performance in a dual role in Jacques Baratier's prize-winning film, La Poupee. We of the staff of TURNABOUT were honored to have her as a featured columnist and foreign correspondent for this magazine. Her witty and clear-headed writing will be sadly missed.

SPREADING THE WORD

■ To turn to happier topics, the subject of transvestism in general and TURNABOUT Magazine in particular received a good deal of welcome publicity this July when the publisher of TURNABOUT was interviewed by Barry Farber on his The Barry Farber Show on WOR-RKO General radio. The ninety-minute program was aired "live" in fourteen of the United States and broadcast via syndicated tape in outlets in thirty other states.

It is an ill-kept secret that Fred Shaw, publisher, and Siobhan Fredericks, editor, inhabit the same hulking body, so I doubt if many of our readers will be confused if I refer to this unique experience in the first person. It was a unique experience to be interviewed before a live microphone under my real name and admit with hardly any embarrassment that I am a TV, and, to my surprise, there were no crowds waiting at the studio entrance after the broadcast to stone me or tar and feather me. In fact, there have thus far been no reprisals for my foolhardy act of self-revelation. Nonetheless, I wouldn't recommend that any

of my fellow TVs emulate my example. It's a bit of a tough go to sit down before a live mike and bare one's inner life, especially when one hasn't the foggiest notion of what the interviewer's next question will be. It's strictly cold turkey.

The Farber interview was arranged by Lyle Stuart, publisher of *A YEAR AMONG THE GIRLS* — reviewed in *TURNABOUT* #6 and further described on pages 34 and 47 of this issue. Farber had done his homework well. He'd read the book thoroughly and familiarized himself with *TURNABOUT* in advance of the broadcast. He was so favorably impressed with both the book and this magazine that he expanded the originally scheduled forty-five minute interview to a full ninety minutes.

Farber proved to be a fine interviewer, open-minded and most understanding, and we were able to get the subject matter onto a fairly sophisticated level from the start. The first half of the program involved only the two of us; the second forty-five minute segment brought in Dr. Tom Levin, assistant professor of psychiatry at Albert Einstein Medical College, who aimed some intelligent, if long-winded, questions at me.

This was the first time a radio discussion of TVism reached a national audience, but it was actually the second time TVism had been aired on radio, for in January 1965 I participated in a panel discussion on New York's listener-sponsored station, WBAI-FM, with such eminent persons as Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, co-author of the Kinsey reports and presently doing research on transsexualism with the Harry Benjamin Foundation.

There's a good chance that TVism, *A YEAR AMONG THE GIRLS*, and *TURNABOUT* will enjoy further exposure this Fall (November) on the new David Susskind Show on television. The present plan is for me to be accompanied by a dressed TV (one of *TURNABOUT*'s favorite authors). Unless Susskind or I or my TV colleague chicken out, the show will be seen throughout the U.S. via syndication. The usual time-slot is 9 p.m. to 11 p.m. Sunday evenings, and I hope you readers will keep an eye on your local program listings.

DISSENSION IN THE RANKS

■ One can't help but be amused at the antic behavior of our FPE friends and note the way it varies from the official party line as handed down from the Valhallan heights by the male sorority's house organ and fountainhead, *TRANSVESTIA*. It's refreshing to observe that FPE's attempts to standardize TVism fail so dismally despite stern manifestos and dogmatic directives from on high. Dissension appears rampant among FPEers, and we applaud the rebels for hanging onto their individuality and common sense.

A case in point is the review of Darrell Raynor's *A YEAR AMONG THE GIRLS* which appeared in a recent *TRANSVESTIA*, ostensibly authored by FPE Field Commissioner Sheila Niles, who intended to bestow the kiss of death on the book — a book which we lesser mortals view as the greatest thing to happen to TVism since someone thought of cross-dressing. Said Commissar Niles of the book: "It's petulant and spiteful."

But here are some of the comments which the author has received from highly placed FPE members — and which TRANSVESTIA will never, ever, publish:

- A founder of FPE: "The service that is done in the bringing out, as you have, of the material in the book is tremendous!"
- A regional counselor of FPE: "Fair and factual. The book will do a real good job for doctors, clergy, lawyers, and so-called normals who find the TV an enigma."
- Another regional counselor of FPE: "I have enjoyed reading it very much ... delightful!"
- An editor of TRANSVESTIA: "I read it through twice and loved every word of it."
- A chapter president of FPE: "The best thing ever written on the subject. I'd like to see a copy placed in the hands of every judge and law officer in the country."
- Another chapter president of FPE: "It is a remarkably understanding work. I agree with practically all you say. I would call it The TV's Bible, honest I would. A truthful and sincere work. No punches pulled."
- A member of FPE: "It is definitely the best description of transvestism I have ever read."

These and other well-documented reactions from rank-and-file FPEers seem to indicate that the field commissioner's troops are not the intellectual patsys their commander thinks they are. I suppose there's an FPE-type word for it. How about something like femme-deviationism?

HOT FLASHES

■ Knowing of the passion our fellow TVs have for reading about transvestism and similar topics, we of TURNABOUT have instituted a new book service to make worthwhile literature easily available to those unable to find these books in their local retail outlets. It is the Turnabout Readers' Service and is described in detail on pages 44 and 47 of this issue.

■ New life — and a better organizational structure — has been given to the operation of the Abbé de Choisy Press. The past couple of months have seen a flurry of activity on our part and we are determined to keep it up in earnest. Actions speak louder than words, we know, so we'll simply have to prove that we have reformed by getting the next issue out on time and soon!

■ The legal brief presented in the Miller Case is now in print and is available upon request from the Abbé de Choisy Press. Those who contributed to the defense fund will receive a copy without asking. Others may have a copy by sending 10¢ in stamps.

■ Our telephone number is still 212-MU-41034, and we welcome any reader of TURNABOUT to call us at any time. All we can offer is a friendly voice and a bit of understanding and maybe a chance to meet other TVs — but that's quite a bit, isn't it? ■ ■ ■



LITTLE MISS NOBODY

By QUIVEN [REDACTED]

LET ME TELL YOU how it was that my wife and I sat in on what was probably the most bizarre evening of our lives — and didn't know it at the time. We thought that it was just a perfectly pleasant evening on the town, with maybe just a slight touch of shadow, but nothing too alarming.

One thing about being a writer is that the chance to meet your editor does not come often. Not if you live in a far-off city like Seattle and the center of the publishing industry is in New York, clean across the continent. So when Edward St. Regis wrote me that he was going to a book sales conference in Spokane, it looked like a good chance to renew our friendship.

You see, I had met St. Regis a couple of times before: once on a visit to New York and once when he came out to the Coast and clear up to Seattle. I had been selling him stories and books for many years, and we had exchanged letters pretty heavily. So we were good friends, really, and it was just as much to renew that warm association as to keep in good graces with the man responsible for buying most of my yarns that I went to that northwestern city.

Spokane wasn't more than a day's drive from Seattle. The weather was delightful, it being late Spring, and my wife went along with me because she had met the St. Regises when they were out west here and still wrote occasionally to Ed's charming wife.

We met Ed about the time his sales conference was breaking up. It had lasted a couple of days, and he was glad to see us. I found him just as nice as ever, a man in his early forties, quite distinguished, touch of grey at the brows, and the best darned talker on literary subjects that I have ever met. After all, that's his business. To talk shop may be a bore to most

people on their time off, but for a writer the opportunity is so rare that we can go on for hours. So my wife and I spent most of the afternoon sitting around his suite in the hotel talking away about books and publishers and magazines and trends and so on, and I'll admit that Ed put up with us patiently. Patience, in case you don't know it, is the hallmark of a good editor. They've got to humor us, just as we've got somehow to please them.

But it was my wife who spotted that Ed was getting a little fidgety and tired from just talking. He'd had enough of that at the conference. It was Marge who suggested that we make a night on the town.

"Let's go somewhere for dinner, some place with music and dancing and soft lights. Maybe a bit of a floor show or a good singer. If we're going to drive you back to Seattle in the morning, we ought to give you a little rest from all this chatter." My wife does have a good sense of timing. Ed looked grateful for the suggestion, and I jumped to it also.

"Let's," I said. "It's a great idea." Then I hesitated. "It'll be a threesome, though. You wouldn't happen to know any young lady among the people you met at the conference you'd care to invite along, would you?"

My wife made a quick face at me. After all, she corresponded with Ed's wife, and this did sort of smack of unfaithfulness. I was kind of astonished when Ed, after a minute's deliberation, nodded slowly.

"That's a thought," he said. "Why don't you folks go up to your room and dress, and I'll see what I can do. Meet you in the lobby in about an hour."

WE WENT OUT, and on our way to our room my wife gave me a hard time. Did I think that Edward St. Regis was the kind of man to go out with another woman — even on a trip like this? I simply shrugged. "He's human, isn't he?" I said.

We came down to the lobby in an hour. Edward St. Regis had not arrived yet. We were standing near the desk when we saw this young woman come in. She was sort of uncertain, I'd say. She came through the revolving door, looked around very hesitantly, then walked quickly over to the desk.

She had medium brown hair and sort of scared brown eyes. She was tallish, maybe about five-feet-eight, I'd guess, and she gave a definite impression of shyness. I watched her because of that. She looked like a girl with a problem. She was neatly dressed, wearing a black outfit, clinging and well-proportioned. She was nice in a way, tall for my taste, but with an air about her — sort of daring yet meek, if you can visualize it.

She hesitated at the desk and the clerk asked what could he do for her. She spoke slowly in a kind of breathy low voice: "Would you ... would you ring Mr. St. Regis's suite for me, please?"

I nudged my wife with my elbow to get her attention. The girl picked up the phone, talked briefly, and hung up. And then she stood silently, waiting for the elevator to come down.

Ed arrived in a matter of moments. He stepped out of the elevator, looked around a little uncertainly. The girl came up to him at just about the same time my wife and I reached him. The girl said, "Mr. St. Regis?" in her low timid voice.

He turned to her quickly and held out his hand. "You'll be Carol. I'm delighted to meet you. Glad you could make it tonight." His eyes seemed to linger on her, but then he turned toward us.

He introduced us. Her name was Carol Andersen. Miss Carol Andersen, obviously. No wedding ring. My wife was nonplussed, but we shook hands a little awkwardly, and then we all went out of the hotel.

WE HAD A VERY PLEASANT evening, as a matter of fact. Carol was sweet, actually. We had dinner, we found the place we wanted. We sat and chatted and had some light drinks, and there was soft music. I danced with my wife, and Ed danced with Carol, and once I got to dance with Carol.

I couldn't figure it out. This was no call-girl, I said to myself. She was so strange. And Ed wouldn't be the kind of man who'd take out a call-girl, not in the presence of people who knew his wife and respected him.

Carol was a nice girl, but reserved. Shy was the word, as my first impression had indicated. And there was no call-girl-type date involved. Because when we all went back to our hotel, I was there when Ed called a taxi, helped Carol into it, thanked her for coming along, and told the driver to take her home.

As she got into the cab, I noticed Carol looking at him. It was a sort of gratitude, a sort of thank you, a sort of shining elation.

When Marge and I got to our room, we just couldn't figure it out. Who was Carol?

"I know he never met her before, I know it!" said Marge. "Why, that girl knew very little about him. She certainly was not a writer, or anything like that. She was a strange one. I tried to draw her out, and she struck me as being so shy, so withdrawn, so almost naïve. I can't understand it. I couldn't find out a thing about her. But I am sure she has hardly ever been out with a man before, and she must be nearly thirty."

"Yes," I said. "Carol did bother me. She has a certain pensive sweetness about her, almost as if she had spent her life in a convent or somehow completely sheltered. She danced well, but the thing that got to me — as a man — was that she seemed somehow transported. I've heard the old expression, 'stars in her eyes' — and she had them."

"For Ed?" said Marge, skeptically.

I looked at Marge. "That's just it. I don't know why she had stars in her eyes. She didn't seem to be stuck on Ed at all. She was just in a sort of secret, inner ecstasy — for nobody and for the whole world. She radiated a kind of secret delight which she was afraid to show openly. I'm damned if I can figure that girl at all. Damned if I can!"

We slept on that. We drove to Seattle the next day. It's a long drive through some terrific scenery, if you know the Pacific Northwest. After about two hours of driving, Ed sharing the front seat with me and Marge in the back seat knitting, I knew the subject would come up.

"Carol's a nice girl," said Marge suddenly. "Did you call her this morning to say good-bye?"

Ed smiled. "Nope," he said.

"That doesn't seem nice," said Marge. "After all, she appeared to be such a charming girl. But she was so hard to get to. I really couldn't find out a thing about her. Do you know her well?"

"Never met her before in my life," said Ed, looking out at the scenery.

"Well, for heaven's sake, will you tell me who she is and how you met her, before I burst from curiosity!" Marge exclaimed. "Does your wife know her?"

"No," said Ed with a curious little smile. "I am sure she doesn't. I doubt if anybody outside of the three of us and maybe three or four other people in the entire country know Carol."

"So," I put in, "then who is Carol?"

Ed St. Regis looked a bit pensive as he turned to glance at us. "There is no such person. There is no Carol Andersen. She doesn't exist."

MARGE GASPED, and I concentrated on my driving. There was silence, then my wife said slowly, "Ed St. Regis, there is so a Carol. She sat with us last night, she ate food, she danced with you, she danced with my husband, she talked with me. She was flesh and blood, real as I am, even if she was sort of quiet. Don't tell me differently!"

"Still," said Ed slowly, "there is no such person. I could not call her this morning because she does not exist this morning. There is no such person in this world today."

I caught a glimpse of Marge's eyes in the rear-view mirror. She was mad, getting obstinate, and also looking a bit peevish.

"Are you trying to tell me we all had delusions? Or maybe that that was a ghost you conjured up? Ed St. Regis, if you don't explain right now who that was, I'll make Joe stop the car right here and we won't go another inch!" Marge was letting her voice get a little more than edgy. I happened to know that Marge is just a little bit afraid of ghosts, in which she claims

not to believe, and it was becoming quite apparent that she did not like the trend of this conversation at all.

Ed laughed then, a light, self-conscious laugh. "Well," he said, "there's an explanation, all right. Only ... it sort of ... well, it takes a little understanding."

NOBODY SAID ANYTHING, as Ed paused. We were waiting for him to go on. He spoke softly when he did. "We are presently working on a book at the office written by a San Francisco psychiatrist. It's all about his cases and about the strange, sad things which happen to people. As editor, I've been working with the doctor, and when he heard I was to be in Spokane, he arranged my meeting with Carol. I was skeptical, you see. I'm not any more. The doctor is one of the three or four others who know about Carol.

"Carol truly does not exist today. She existed last night. She may exist briefly a few weeks from now. But this morning, in Spokane, there is no such person." He hesitated. "You've heard of split personalities. 'The Three Faces of Eve' sort of thing?"

"Sure," I said. "People who seem to have two distinct personalities occupying their body, each not always aware of the other, each entirely different. Like two souls accidentally in one body."

Ed nodded. "Carol is such a person -- but very unusual. You see, Carol isn't just a submerged personality of another woman. Carol is about one-tenth of another individual, but ... that individual is a man."

"What!" cried Marge. "Carol was no man!"

Ed shook his head. "Nevertheless, there is a man in Spokane who did not exist last night for a few hours. This man is about thirty, married several years, the father of two kids, well-educated, successful in business. But all his life, he has been haunted by a second personality. In his case, that personality is entirely feminine.

"Everybody has a little of the other sex in their makeup. In this man that fraction somehow concentrated itself, embodied itself in a totally distinct personality, and cried out for liberation. Carol emerges, has to emerge at least once every few weeks. The man's sanity depends on giving this buried spirit those few hours.

"The San Francisco psychiatrist treated this fellow. The patient had tried to suppress the strange desires that used to overcome him even from his earliest boyhood. He'd want to dress in girl's clothes, call himself by a girl's name, act out the part of a girl. He would remember these incidents afterwards with shame and horror, and he couldn't understand what had come over him.

"When he tried too hard to suppress these impulses, he'd

become depressed and gloomy, and he'd suffer from headaches and think of suicide.

"Carol is buried in this man's mind. She is a distinct personality who must take over regularly. His wife knows it. She hates Carol, but she loves her husband. And so she bears with it when the change has to take place.

"Carol has a room of her own in this man's house, a room with her dresses and underclothes, her padding and girlish things. When he goes in there, he becomes Carol. Usually he stays in there until Carol has had her hours of freedom, still behind locked doors like a prisoner. And then he comes out as himself once more.

"What I did last night was one of the finest deeds I've ever performed. I followed the doctor's suggestion and gave Carol her first evening out in her life. I telephoned the man, and he was ready to free his submerged alter-ego. He surrendered himself to Carol.

"Sure she was timid ... but tell me, Marge, wouldn't you be timid if that was your first date and your first escort and your first night out all of your own?"

Marge was silent for once, and I said, "But she looked like a girl. She was entirely feminine. I saw no man."

Ed nodded. "Yes, it was an experience. Carol is real — when she takes over. As for her looks, this man has become — under her direction and at his doctor's advice — a very expert female impersonator behind locked doors."

Ed was quiet for a while, then he said, "Carol was sweet, though, wasn't she?"

Marge said softly, "Poor little Miss Nobody. She's missed so much."



CONFLAGRATION

By Carmen [REDACTED]

God is Godot and God is time.

I am as much Godot as anyone.

We are all our own connection: Our own Man.

There is a spark in each of us.

Which if we would but kindle

Would burn eternally.

THE GENTLE SNARE

By THERESA [REDACTED]

HIS MOTHER AND SISTER have taken the afternoon to engage in the enviable carnivorous stalking and preying known among women as "shopping for clothes," and he is alone in the house, free at last to embark on his long-awaited day adventure. Here, almost within his grasp, is the opportunity he has craved with all the longing of a tortured soul.

With tremulous steps, half-hesitating, protesting the impulse, he walks quietly into his sister's room, trying not to run. Leaning his back against the door he has just closed, he waits for the trembling to subside, then, with knees shaking anew, he walks slowly across the room. His hand, drawn irresistibly by compulsion, reaches for the bureau drawer. He watches his hand as if it were disembodied and possessed of a will of its own as it slides the drawer slowly open. There, revealed to his eyes, nestle the sweet intimacies whose caresses he craves.

The tactile teasings of the smooth nylon and lace against his fingers shortens his breath still more, and in a frenzy of haste he clutches the shimmering pink half-slip and presses it to his burning cheek. This moment and the anticipation of what is to come mean more to him than life itself at this instant, although he knows the softness, the smooth foldings, the light gay scent of the femininity is which he glories are not really his to enjoy but are forbidden. But drawn, magnetized by this deep secret craving, he knows only that he must give way, he must surrender to this fiery passion, this only deliverance.

In a moment, he has shed the outward threads of his masculinity and with breathless haste steps into the beckoning circle of the tiny girdle. With ecstatic writhings, he draws it upward until it tautly clasps his hips in its lover's embrace. Next, the saucy nothing of the cool nylon panties, so fetchingly iced with frilly lace. Now that his maleness is so effectively concealed, he murmurs a litany of gratitude that his sister has included at least one padded brassiere in her wardrobe.

The familiar groping in that impossible region between the shoulder blades — aah, there it is; the pretense deepens. He resolutely avoids the mirror, sinks daintily onto the skirted chair, and draws on a pair of teasing cobwebs which are somehow masquerading as stockings. Again the awkward fumbling to find and fix the back garters, the front ones being so much more cooperative. And then success, and he stands up to feel the sweet pulling pressure of the stockings and tucks an arched foot into the fragile high heeled shoes to complement the newly graceful, nylonned limbs and transform himself into teetering, unsure gentleness. Tripping back to the bureau, he selects with sure

decision the glowing half-slip which first greeted him as he entered the room. Stepping gingerly into it, he thrills again as he feels the gossamer touch of the airy nylon slinking upwards over his tautly gartered thighs. Now he allows himself an abandoned twirl and feels the magic sensation of its billowings.

With an ever-growing apprehension, he once more approaches the closet, seeking the alluring mystery which has led him to this moment. There, reposing amid his sister's fragrant dresses, is the object of his longing, that enticing new prom dress which she hasn't even worn yet. Taking it from its hanger, he presses its alluring folds against himself, breathless with excitement.

In a few moments, he once more has control of his emotions and can continue with his sweet ritual. He gently raises the dress, allows his arms to enter its frothy billows, then experiences the exquisite sense of submergence in the full, almost smothering skirt. Tenderly, softly, he draws the ruched garment downward past the two treasured mounds of his padded brassiere, so easily yielding, downward to grace the slender waist, downward to hug the proudly swelling of the girdled hips, downward finally to fall in dainty disarray around lace-kissed knees. And now comes the tiny wriggle to arrange the silken armor and finally he turns toward the mirror.

What a sweet shock of recognition! What a familiar marrying of the inner male with the outer female! What a melting agony of raptured bliss. This moment, at once thrilling and calming, suspenseful and fulfilling, is the reward for his labors, and he savors the heady, breathless excitement which is so accented by an underlying, quivering dread of discovery. The deepening pool of serenity and tranquillity is his to treasure, and he is aware of the mirrored personification of self-embodied perfection. But the all-encompassing sorrow and rage brought by the knowledge that this beauty is not his to enjoy for



all time intrudes upon his blissful self-admiration, and he feels a thickening lump of sorrow in his throat.

All these emotions, one conflicting with another in a perplexing panoply, swell in waves throughout the sensuous essence of his being as he devours with starving eyes the reflection of his own private, secret angel of the mirror.

Hear his unspoken thoughts: If only this once, just this once, I can see myself transformed this way, it will be enough. But it is really never enough and, at the same time, too much. Today, in this forbidden hour, my loneliness disappears and I am once more a whole person, even though I must soon return to that lame substitute which is my permitted existence. Do I feel sorry for the others who cannot know this kind of fulfillment? Or do I hate them for their blind condemnation of what I have now created, my lady of the mirror?

How patient she is ... how truly ladylike in her quiet waiting ... how she relishes these rationed moments! How can she be so collected when for days and days I have had no peace?

HOW CAN SHE BE I? How can I be he? In that long ago moist dark moment of conception, when life first sparked, were we meant to be twins?

Have I really two minds in this choked and crowded brain? Have I this thing called split personality? How I wish I knew the answer. I've been through all this so many, many times and the solution always slips from my grasp.

I wish ... oh, how I wish ... I could share her with someone, someone who would understand. But what's the use? I can only wonder if that will ever come to pass and stop quibbling with the present moment and enjoy our company.

■

Poor confused lad, following his firefly. Like so many, many others, he is caught in the gentle snare, the perfumed addiction whose paradox is incomplete fulfillment.

How happy he is ... and how passionately yearning! How tenderly familiar.

Who among us knows him not?

● ● ●

OH, YOU ID!

By Heather [REDACTED]

Psychological I am,
I know my own neurosis.
For Freud I don't give half a damn
He can't cure my psychosis.



A NEW SERVICE

The year 1966 has been one which has seen a significant increase in serious books aimed at illuminating the world of the transvestite. Within a few months of one another were published Darrell Raynor's *A YEAR AMONG THE GIRLS* (reviewed in *TURNABOUT* #6), Dr. Harry Benjamin's *THE TRANSSEXUAL PHENOMENON*, and the British novel *I WANT WHAT I WANT* (the latter two reviewed in this issue of *TURNABOUT*).

Since none of these books have achieved wide bookstore circulation in the United States and the British book is completely unavailable in retail outlets here, the publishers of *TURNABOUT* have decided to establish a new service for our readers which will enable them to buy these books through us at the publisher's list price, where such has been established.

Without exerting our imaginations too greatly, we are calling our new service the Turnabout Readers' Service, and we hope that the response will be great enough that it will be worthwhile to add other new books in the future.

Presently, the readers' service will make available *A YEAR AMONG THE GIRLS* at \$4.95, *THE TRANSSEXUAL PHENOMENON* at \$8.50, and *I WANT WHAT I WANT* at \$4.50, the latter amount including import duty occasioned by its being brought in from England. In the future, we expect to add other books, both hardcover and paperback, which have something significant to say about transvestism or allied subjects.

In addition to offering books for sale, the Turnabout Readers' Service will help our readers find other books, in or out of print, in which they may be interested. Our location being New York City, the center of the publishing and bookselling world, we will be glad to track down volumes of special interest to any of our readers if it is within our power to do so. All that is required is an inquiry enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope and containing an accurate description of the book by title and author.

For further details on this new service, please turn to the advertisement on page 47 of this issue of *TURNABOUT*.

NEW TV FICTION BOOKLETS FROM TURNABOUT



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■ **THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS** charts Steven Middleton's journey through the world of transvestism from his early childhood to his adolescence. Dressed by his mother as a little girl until the age of five, he rediscovers the delights of feminine attire when he reaches the age of thirteen. The resolution of his dilemma at that time comes about in an unexpected fashion. Illustrated. 40 pages.

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■ **PETTICOATED MALE** is a classic story of petticoat punishment by the author of the famed "Gilbert" novelets. Fifteen-year-old Leslie lives with a strict aunt who attempts to curb his boyish arrogance with a regimen of dressing him in frilly female clothing and treating him as a young girl. Needless to say, all Leslie's protests fall on deaf ears, and he is lavishly outfitted at an exclusive salon for young ladies in preparation for living the social and domestic life of a young girl. Illustrated, 44 pages.

Adventures in Petticoats

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■ **ADVENTURES IN PETTICOATS** is an authorized reprint of this famous classic of transvestic literature by Nan Gilbert, which sold originally for over \$40.00. The story concerns young Robert, a lad of fifteen, who spends a summer with his eccentric aunt and is introduced by her into the exotic world of frilly petticoats and feminine finery. He goes on to an astonishing number of intriguing adventures in his beloved petticoats. 48 illustrations. 52 pages.

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A YEAR AMONG THE GIRLS

by Darrell G. Raynor 189pp. **\$4.95**

● Probably the most important book to ever be published on the subject of transvestism, it describes a cross-section of the male transvestites of America — virile men, beloved husbands and fathers, engineers, scientists, business leaders, and men from all walks of life who spend their leisure hours impersonating women. The first serious work of its kind on a topic of growing concern, the book offers significant insights to psychotherapists and sociologists and guidance and understanding to the individuals and families whose lives have been shadowed by the urge to cross-dress. A must for every TV.

THE TRANSSEXUAL PHENOMENON

by Harry Benjamin, M.D. 300 pp. **\$8.50**

● The first in-depth study of the complex phenomenon of transsexualism conducted by the world's most experienced clinician in the field, THE TRANSSEXUAL PHENOMENON is a report on and review of the psychological, endocrinological, surgical, and sociological aspects of sex conversions in males and females, and includes before-and-after photos, a description of the sex-change operation itself, autobiographies of transsexual patients, and their case histories.

I WANT WHAT I WANT

by Geoff Brown 226pp. **\$4.50**

● "I want what I want, not what other people think I ought to want," the hero of this strange and disturbing novel obstinately insists to all those who attempt to help him — the psychiatrist at the mental hospital in which he briefly finds himself; the baffled but affectionate sister whose clothing he's stolen; his father, proprietor of a fish-and-chip shop, who is appalled that he has produced such a son. What our hero wants to be is not a man but a woman. A small legacy enables him, not to have the operation on which his heart is set, but at least to live as a woman. The book is a superbly written tour de force which explores the problem of a young man who feels irrevocably alienated from his ideal self. A fascinating study of cross-dressing.

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CONTRIBUTIONS

Written materials for any section of TURNABOUT is welcomed from any source — TV or non-TV — and all will receive careful, sympathetic consideration by the editors. All contributions will be acknowledged. Authors whose works are selected for publication in TURNABOUT shall receive one issue free of charge.

The chief criteria for acceptance of manuscripts for publication in TURNABOUT are significance and uniqueness of thought content. Style and accuracy of language are less important, as the editors are glad to supply these in their handling of the manuscript. No manuscript will ever be rejected because it varies from the editors' point of view; on the contrary, we encourage the submission of ideas differing from ours, since we know that divergent viewpoints bring vitality to our magazine.

Drawings and photographs are also welcomed. Drawings which are submitted for publication should be done on white illustration paper, if possible, and in India ink on an area measuring no more than 6" x 10" [preferably smaller]. No typing, drawing, or printing should appear on the reverse side of such paper.

Photographs should not be smaller than 3" x 4" image area, and they can be either black-and-white or color prints in good condition with ample contrast. Selection will be based on the authenticity of the subject as well as over-all good taste. Any photo which has been previously published in any other form is not eligible for publication in TURNABOUT. Return of any photo must be specifically requested if such is desired. The sender's mailing address should be attached in such instances.

All contributions must be accompanied by the sender's first and last names — neither need be his legal name. The policy of TURNABOUT is always to use first and last names in by-lines.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Until further notice, TURNABOUT will be available at \$3.00 per copy. Subscribers should indicate on the order blank found in this issue which issues of TURNABOUT they desire, such as #1, #2, #3, #4, etc. Overseas orders cost \$3.50 per copy because of higher first-class postage costs. Overseas airmail: \$4.00.

ADVERTISING

Advertising space in TURNABOUT costs \$30 per full page or \$15 per half-page, with ad acceptance entirely at publisher's discretion. Art work is available at nominal rates and is limited to line drawings and special type faces. Proofs and mats in good condition and meeting our size limitations (6" x 10" before reduction for a full page ad) may also be submitted.

TURNABOUT



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P.O. Box 4053
Grand Central Station
New York, New York ■ 10017

Printed in U. S. A.