

TURNABOUT®

no. 6



A MAGAZINE OF TRANSVESTISM

TURNABOUT

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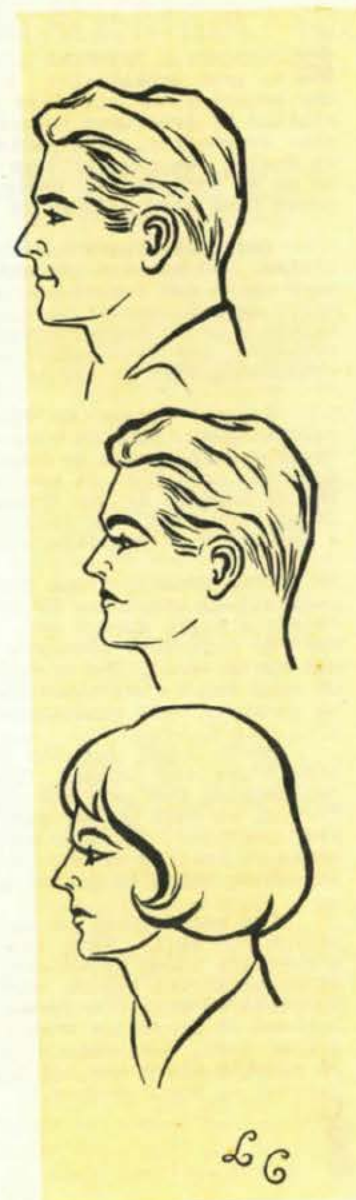
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← In This Issue →

TRANVESTISM: AN EXISTENTIAL VIEW

EXISTENTIAL THINKERS say that each human being must continue to grow emotionally, intellectually, and creatively during the entirety of his life. If we permit such growth to become stifled by pressures toward social conformity or by our own psychic stagnation, we experience a subtle — but very real — form of death. We may still go through the motions of living, but we do so as automata, because the most vital areas of our existence have been allowed to atrophy from apathy and neglect.

Existentialists define man as the sum total of his possibilities. To achieve our potential, we must consciously strive to grow above and beyond our present limitations, reject society's rigid definitions of what constitutes growth, and build for ourselves a truly constructive and creative life. In all of these respects, the existential approach is especially significant in evaluating what is called "the transvestite's dilemma."

A good friend of TURNABOUT, who is himself an existential psychologist, puts it this way: "Too many TVs have narrowed down their possibilities as human beings to just one — an idealized feminine goal that is mostly impossible, at least for many TVs." The TV hang-up is not cross-dressing in defiance of the dictates of society, but our tendency to deny the existence within us of a multitude of possible selves.

"The TV-self," our friend points out, "is just one of the many selves which the TV should explore." The TV-self is certainly a valid enough one, but we cannot afford to abandon other real or potential selves — the masculine self, the husband-self, the father-self, the creative self, and so on — in hot pursuit of some vague rosy feminine ideal. To deny any of our selves is to abdicate what existentialists call "authenticity" or reality.

Man's quest for his identity is a dominant theme in modern literature and drama. The TV may well be seeking his identity by assuming the garb and mannerisms of women. If we accept our TV-self as just one of many possible selves, our TVism is basically healthy. But when an assumed femininity becomes the single ultimate reality of our lives, we transform what is healthy into something which is pathological and self-destructive.

The transsexual is an extreme example of this narrowed-down search for self. Many transsexuals become so preoccupied with converting inner femininity into external reality that all their other potential selves wither away and die. Then no amount of surgical or social adjustment will make them whole human beings. Instead of providing them with a springboard into a fuller and a richer life, sex surgery too often becomes another manifestation of psychic death — and the heady wine of femininity turns into vinegar in their mouths.

— Fred L. Shaw, Jr.

□ In TURNABOUT No. 2, the editors presented "The Random Mind," which we think is the finest example of TV writing ever published anywhere. Now its author has come up with a second exploration of the inner life of a TV.

TRANSFORMATION & REALIZATION: 100

By TRILBY PILGRIM

"... bacon's salty as hell, and if I ever make scrambled eggs the same way twice ... give myself a medal; phew, that's awful; sip of beer — what the hell, take the whole jug and down the lot ... old reprobate ... don't know what that means ... look it up; blast the bacon; oh, sssh--!... getting late; want to be ready when Arthur gets here; Art and the party; Arty and the party — it swings; if I rinse the plate ... waste more time ... and if I don't, the old lady will holler — dried egg is a sonofabitch to get off, says she; rinse the damned thing anyway; hope the water's hot — ye gods! almost fell on me can; must have waxed the floor again: six-thirty ... not even started; six-thirty ... seven ... quarter-after; just about make it: wow, look at that sink, breakfast dishes and crap and she pesters me about washin' one lousy plate; got a long-playing mouth like that fat old bag next door on Pitman Street back in 19--; forget it, revealin' me age again — to who: now, if nobody comes to the door and the phone don't ring, be all set when he gets here; maybe I'll make him wait — guys are supposed to wait for gals anyway; should work out alright: damned egg-glop

... that broad's been usin' me good razor again — goddammit; gave her a razor all her own but she's too lazy to reach up into the closet for it; grabs mine all the time — and look at that hair! bugs me about washin' the dishes, then doesn't; leaves that filthy sink to clean 'fore I can wash and shave — should've stayed single; her Noxema ... shave with it, get back at her: hullo-there bearded bastard; goodbye like fast, boy; rapidly we go; how the hell a guy can change so much is a miracle; must be me inner personality; oh, crap! I'll be believin' that garbage if I keep it up: blast! that water's hot and where's the bloody plug? ... kid's room; wad of toilet paper makes a good stopper — like in the army ... Benning; save m'self a trip to the kid's room: while me whiskers is soakin' I'll nip out'a these pants and run the 'lectric razor over me legs; aaah! water feels good; wash a full minute ... soak out them little pyramids of grease they show on commercials; yeah; great: wonder who'll be at this affair tonight; ye gods, if it's like that last one, I'll scream aloud or something, just to liven the thing up; if I've got to sit and listen to anymore of that garbage about the girl within or dual personalities ... goin' to get up and leave — or heave; ain't got no co-id: Arthur will have fun though — havin' never been to a tee-vee party an' all; poor guy doesn't know what he's in for: towel must be about here; good-o ... I

found it with me eyes closed — soap an' all; be awful to be blind or lose a leg or somethin' — put a rotten end to me tee-vee career; better stop thinkin' that way ... be dreamin' again ... that one last Friday night was a doozy; old subconscious is leakin' too much for me own good lately; that dream should've been blocked like some of them others I forget so soon after I wake up: wonder if I can get a shock from this confounded razor; sittin' on the tub makes a perfect ground ... if this insulation ain't no good, pow! ... a poke and away I go! — nothin' but a cinder; but no mess, baby, easy to sweep up: now look — look at them legs — nary a whisker — and if I bend me ankles, see how pretty; good as them broads on Harper's cover — funny what a difference them little hairs makes: yow! hope me stockings dry in time; leavin' them 'til the last minute — but ... just can't wear them right out'a the box; could wear 'em wet — know he'll want to leave ... get to the party in a hurry so's he can change into drag; wonder if he's scared like I was the first time; hell, I was so jumpy it must have shown; looked like a real idiot ... wantin' to leave early — and all that malarkey ... me poor wife bein' sick an' the kids not feelin' too good either on account of their tonsils; would have been okay if it wasn't for that Carpo — starin' at me all evenin', givin' me the creeps; followin' me to the jon — and do I want a ride home; heck, baby, I don't want a ride anywhere — glad I had the car that night: there, that's nice; face as smooth as a baby's — nice an' soft for Arthur — oops! Freudian slip — now there's a thing, Freud of all people ... havin' a slip — was he a tee-vee too? ... but who am I kiddin' — I mean, after all: and I did rinse the sink, missus; see, no whiskers, so you ain't got no gripes comin': nylons still wet; squeeze the tops and toes — noisy tub — get some of the water out; love that color

... wish I could remember to clean this mirror; every time I sit down I've got to clean it off, and if I used glass-wax once in a while, it wouldn't have that damned greasy film over it: first, take out all the makeup — cosmetics, m'dear — then it'll be that much quicker: never know whether to dress first or put me face on; heck ... may as well do the makeup; legs cold without the fuzz: hi-there doll; tonight ... the whole works; make you real sexy-lookin'; you'd like that wouldn't you, you bitchy bitch — now, is that any way to talk, you naughty thing: better get a darker base, this is too light now that I'm gettin' a touch of sun and more to come: can't help thinkin' about Carpo ... thrilled really; if he wasn't gay ... might have danced with him; one thing to walk up the block and have somebody whistle, but bein' in the same room an' all ... different story; wanted to dance with somebody; what's in this tee-vee thing after all? doesn't make sense just to dress — and when I go out it's to be seen and admired as a woman; why stop there — apart from other considerations — it doesn't make sense at all; a woman is a sex, and sex is sex: eyes are nice tonight ... blue shadow; goes well with m' blue dress — now don't blink 'til the liner's dry: and I used not to be able to think about this sort of thing at all; gave me the screamin' habdabs long time ago when Gregory wanted

me to massage him after the football game; soon found out what he really wanted; stay behind after the others leave — a pointer or two he's gonna give me; oh-boy, were we ever alone in that locker room; wouldn't do a thing — poor guy was embarrassed — me too; shame ... such a nice guy — really ... funny, how can tee-vees say they've never thought this way?: horrors! this mascara certainly does not make my eyelashes longer, Miss What's-ya-name on television: and if they were honest with themselves perhaps they'd stop all that silliness about feminine personalities and souls and such: with blue shadow I'd better wear pink lipstick; heck ... have to clean the brush now ... orangey stuff on it; 'twill mix and make an awful mess darling: Gregory ... handsome guy, but I couldn't do anything — I'm not that way; so scared ... didn't sleep for ages and m' only clothes went into the garbage; confusing mess, but is it really? I mean — after all, if I'm gay and don't know it — but I can't be; if a guy looks at me that way when I'm straight, I feel like ... well, somethin' awful; but if I'm dressed I don't care — get a kick out of it as long as he's not gay — and I wish sometimes it could go on for ever and ever; and a girl like you should be looked at, shouldn't you, baby? ... try to be so beautiful; why do that if it's not to be looked at and to attract — men, that is, girlie; gosh, what's the reason for it anyway?: this feels so nice; touch of rouge and you're through, baby! Art has never seen me this way; oh-boy; hope we don't have any trouble drivin'; what with all that rain — listen to it!

... white underwear; garter-belt and bra; slip ... ye-ye, the new one; stocking ... dry by now; oh, darnit, put m' hair on first; that Mister Tomas did such a ducky job — didn't cut it — and hardly any spray ... soft and swingy; hold the sides with bobby pins and where's m' cute little bow?: fifteen minutes 'til he gets here — if he's on time; must be a nervous wreck by now, an absolutely complete wreck; his first party and he's giving me a lift, oh, lucky me! — no, lucky him — after all ... don't go out with just anyone and thank heaven I don't have to drive that old wreck of mine: Rolls and chauffeur; sit back and relax in a Dior and full-length mink — my favorite dream; dark-glass windows and nothing to worry about; oh, for a million dollars — if I had it ten years ago ... be a girl by now ... parlay it up to ten million; and how did I get my feet wet? ... water on the bathroom floor; need a tissue; there — good; now, if I don't run these stockings: can see poor Arthur wanting to know if I think it will be okay for him to dress — is it safe; big suitcase loaded with stuff all wrinkled ... poor wife doesn't know a thing; must be awful — but terrible — to keep everything locked up in the trunk of a car: up she goes, how come some just can't do their own zippers? ... never have trouble — but darling, you're so versatile; tell me ... all set — oh, jewelry ... rhinestones — no, pearls — after all, you're not a whore, my dear — must be conservative; yes daddy: do nails in livingroom ... catch news — no, play records

... no, no, shake the bottle, dearie — not the can; oh-yes, did bring tissues along — hey, don't forget the ring; after all:

really am married; that's a laugh — always a bridegroom, never a bride, darnit; ooh, wouldn't it be luscious, strolling down the aisle in white; squeezing the arm of — of whom; no face; he never has a face ... dream always seems to stop there; come on, now, stop this silly fantasy stuff ... doesn't make sense; yes it does; must stop kidding myself — after all I'm a big girl now; but so scared — not half as scared as in fifty-two though — twenty-after-seven; maybe he's not coming — standing on the edge of the cliff ... cold and damp; if they hadn't talked ... would have gone over; must have known ... hung around so long ... silly conversation; but they took my mind off it — ooh ... shuddering; waves — so far down; stupid to feel that way, but couldn't help it, I suppose; if I couldn't face it then, how can I think about it now without butterflies; I want to be a girl; must be because I can't face myself as a man — being a girl ... makes everything right; oh-golly, what other secrets does my unconscious hold? ... that dream ... all woman ... the last detail; woke up crying because I loved every moment — everything was right ... no shame; can't be gay — I mean, really — I don't swish or anything and I don't flirt with men; all man when a man and all woman when a woman: polish is going to take forever to dry — and where is he? ... almost seven-thirty: but it does make sense if I figure it's all in the unconscious mind; if it wants and the unconscious says no, there's got to be a conflict; must do all this just to make it right ... still wouldn't do anything even now, thinking the way I do and everything — probably back down or run out the way I did with Gregory; not as fast, though — there I go again, what makes me do that? ... oh, what heaven ... dance with a handsome guy and not become involved — maybe it's the involvement; hate myself in the morning — I just know it: stepping out of the Rolls at some night-spot, for an evening with Mister No-face — men staring; show a little more knee, but why attract attention? — why — if I say I don't really want it; must want it — can't be any other way: told them I had another personality locked up inside — well, only thing to say if you want to get along with most ... was beginning to believe it; suppose the desire is suppressed before it gets out of unconscious ... I could be something without ever knowing it — and no one could blame me for that; I mean, after all ... didn't ask to be a tee-vee either and no one in his right mind would want — I mean really want — to be a tee-vee or gay; but if I try to be the best girl — the most female female — it could be my unconscious mind trying to make amends ... square things, literally; when I'm a girl, it's quite natural to want male attention, now, isn't it: son-of-a-gun isn't coming; oh, be so mad if he doesn't show — oops ... doorbell ... watch it

... better be sure it's him before I open the door; a peek first; yes — well, here we go; a drink before we leave; steady his nerves; me, too: hi-there; he's smiling nicely — said wow! ooh, I like that — he's closing the door; don't forget the chain; turn out the top light; look better; legs going every which way — what's the matter with me anyway; still taller than me, even with these heels — luvly; what kind of behavior is this for a tee-vee? — bourbon on the rocks; I'll have a pink lady:

no, my wife is out — now why does he want to know that? ... now he's not going to dress for the party; oh, giving up dressing after seeing me — it should be so easy! I'd sell cures: what's he doing behind me? — oh, golly — but I'm only a tee-vee, and I thought he said he was; if he touches me, I'll ... must weigh 200; could flatten me — please do; there I go again, flirting with trouble; hope he's not a mind-reader ... just know I don't really want anything to happen — really; oh, the look I'm getting! ... and bring the drinks and sit on the couch, says he; well, if I don't, he'll be offended; gosh, what a situation ... love every second, and I'm not really scared; hope I don't spill this stuff; what if he grabs me? ... hope these glasses are clean; no detergent shadows: thanks — he's opening the soda — I fumbled too much: get my photo album? sure: yes, the party should be fun — he didn't have to sit in the very middle; I look sweet; oh, thankyou! ... not disappointed; after all, I tried to do a good job; but the way he said it: and now the arm along the back of the couch — oh-my, shades of old Gregory! but that wasn't a couch; cigarette; don't smoke — well, how about the album; me nervous, oh-no; not scared; just be firm in refusal if anything comes of — his hand is warm, and the album's closing after only one page; my knees are showing too much; oh-golly; starting to freeze ... other hand is warm too; well, he uses a very masculine after-shave lotion and ... oh-my; my perfume — he likes it; wish ... hadn't used ... much: now look honey

... best that we forget all about this thing — alright; glad he agrees; probably afraid I'll tell everyone, but I won't because it's nobody's business but our own and everyone will think I'm gay, for heaven's sakes ... be ostracized: let's get going; my raincoat; why not — it's raining; he'll keep me warm, he says; oh-boy, just kidding again; golly, why doesn't he take the coat and hold it for me; there — that's the way; if I get home in one piece ... be lucky ... sure can't stay here all the evening; he's blushing, and still quite flustered ... calm him down somehow: gosh, but after all I am a woman — really — and that makes it right, doesn't it; oh, I'd love to stay here — no I wouldn't, but I would ... can't be honest with me; oh-help; please, somebody save me; heavens — the groom has a face now ... Uncle Henry kissed me when I was a little boy: finish your drink — or is it ... yes, the ice has melted; it's ten behind eight, we really should be leaving ...

... the door locks by itself — hope he doesn't make me laugh when I tell them about latent femininity — and those guys ... thinking we really believe!"

■ ■ ■

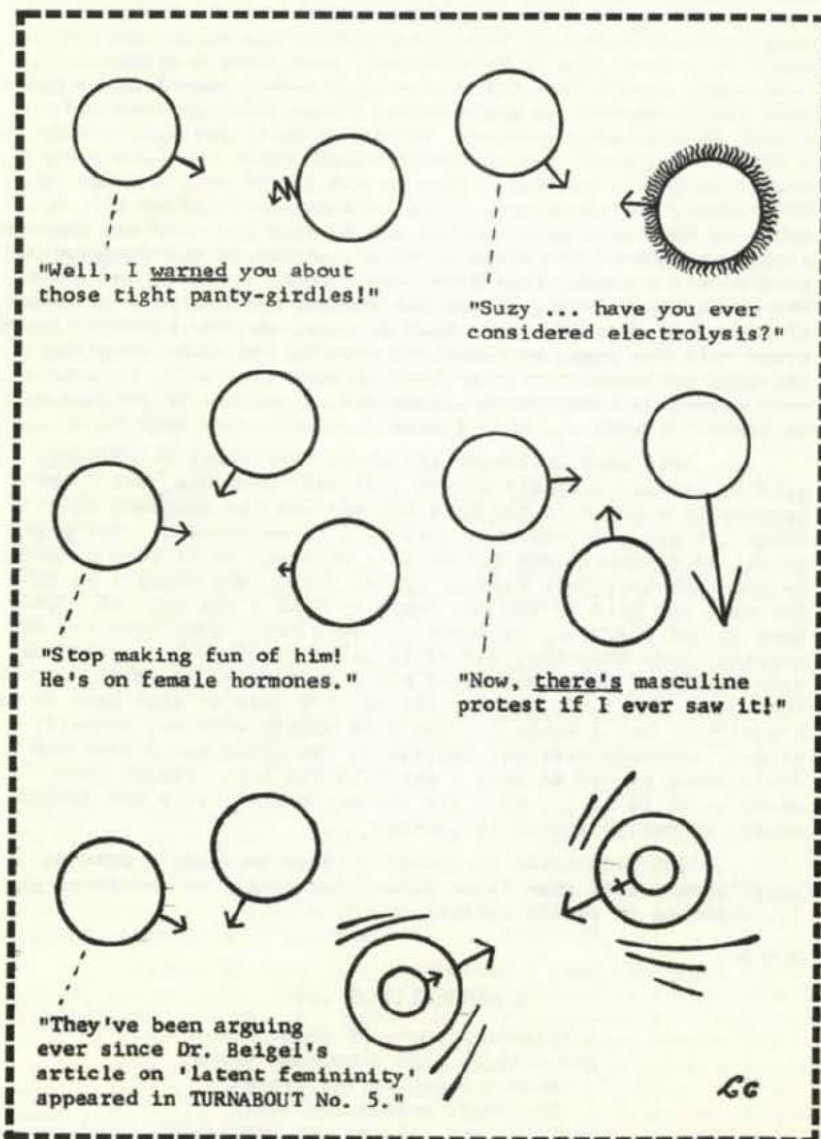
LIMERICK...

A hilarious young TV named Gina
Had a laugh like a wounded hyena.
When dressed on the street
She would muffle her bleat
And give out like an old concertina.

SYMBOLIC TRANSVESTISM

With Apologies to
PLAYBOY Magazine

By LORRAINE CHANNING



A RANDOM FACTOR IN TRANSVESTISM

By D. RHODES

WITH THE HOPE of unravelling the complex psychological knot which binds up the phenomenon of so-called heterosexual transvestism, this writer used the pages of TURNABOUT #3 to advance his theory of "Overs" and "Unders." That article postulated the existence of two parallel streams of transvestism which were often confused with each other, which sometimes overlapped, but which nonetheless represented two different approaches to and two different attitudes toward transvestism.

The type of cross-dresser called the Under is less concerned with complete impersonation of the female and more closely akin to the fetishist, if only because his dressing up begins as an autoerotic impulse associated with the more intimate garments of women, those not a part of their public image. As a result, his attitude toward cross-dressing is not directed toward achieving a complete presentation of femininity.

The Under is more inclined toward an imaginative expression of femininity, more prone to fantasies which involve autoerotic images of a sado-masochistic nature — fantasies of petticoat punishment are often indulged in. The Under's activities are originally masturbational with a heterosexual orientation, and his pleasure is derived from his male organs and male libido.

The type of cross-dresser called the Over is more likely to conform to the concept held by the uninformed public of what a transvestite is supposed to be, in that the Over is driven almost from the very beginning to complete the external impersonation of women. His original fantasies are derived from clothing elements which make up the outward image of the female, often beginning with high-heeled shoes and moving rapidly toward total dressing, wig-wearing, and makeup.

The Over also is given to fantasy, but these are fantasies of quite a different order than those of the Under, since they depict himself successfully impersonating a woman and being accepted into the world of women. Such fantasies are infrequently accompanied by masturbation, and the erotic element is subordinated to the compulsion to experiment with "passing" as a woman, to indulge in dangerous adventures in public, and to the desire to be seen by other persons without their being able to recognize the male beneath the dress.

The appearance of the original article based on this theory in TURNABOUT #3 elicited considerable comment from readers, many of whom attempted to identify themselves with one or the other grouping. Since the article itself achieved most of its readership among transvestites advanced enough in contacts with other transvestites to buy or read a magazine such as this, it follows

very few of the readers who commented on the article represent totally isolated and untouched examples. The large majority of them have in some way been affected by knowing how other TVs approach cross-dressing, either from their reading current TV literature or by comparing notes with TV acquaintances.

As a result, a wide variation in approach has been reported by TURNABOUT readers. One individual would say that he believes himself to be an Under but that he has already adopted and mastered many of the techniques of the Over. On the other hand, an Over will be found to show an interest in the fantasies and preferences of the Under, such as frilly nightgowns and an emphasis on the color pink.

In short, a kind of osmosis has resulted from interaction among Overs and Unders, with a certain amount of overlapping throughout both groups and a wide variation in compulsions and activities among individual cross-dressers.

A RANDOM FACTOR has manifested itself in the mental makeup of members of the TV community. This factor serves to mutate and distort, becloud or intensify the purely Under or Over phenomenon. We know that no two individuals are subject to the same kind of drives. Considering the complexity of the human psyche, the existence of such a random factor is not at all surprising, and it is likely that others will eventually turn up.

What is this random factor I speak of? I think it can be best expressed as the proximity of the wish to be a girl to the conscious mind of the transvestite.

The idea that "things might have been better" had one been born a member of the opposite sex has doubtless crossed the mind of most human beings in our Western society. One is aware of the differences in physical and social orientation in the other sex as one grows up, and it is not at all unusual at some time or other to believe that the opposite sex had unique advantages. In the case of the young male, he might believe that a woman has an easier life, more luxury and less work, less responsibility, and that she does not have to drudge away at a hard competitive job, can stay safely at home, does not have to go off to war and risk getting killed, and so on. Similarly, the young girl at a similar point in her life realizes that the male is stronger, taller, has more freedom of movement, more opportunity for adventure, more social and sexual liberty, and is not doomed to a lifetime of housewife drudgery and monotony, or is free from the pangs of menstruation, the fear of childbirth, and the labor of child-rearing.

Normally, the individual harboring such thoughts accepts the facts of his life, never considers switching sex or sex-roles, and makes the best of the sex he was born with. The young girl is far more likely to verbalize such a wish than is the young man, for this is a man's world, women are still members of the "second sex," and no shame derives from her saying aloud that she wishes she were a man. Young men rarely voice the prefer-

ence to be a girl, even if this preference is stronger than just a passing thought, because he is expected to glory in the superiority of the male sex. Such thoughts are unthinkable, he knows, and he suppresses them as much as possible.

However, beneath the armor of masculine reticence about such inner thoughts, it is likely that nearly as many males entertain such wishes as do females. From the ranks of these young men come the transvestites — and some types of homosexuals. In the homosexual, for reasons not within the scope of this article, the idea of being a girl is merely an adjunct to sexual fascination with other males. In the transvestite, however, the thought "I wish I were a girl" is primarily asexual and is derived from intellectual comparisons between the life of the female and the life of a male. It is a matter of emulation and envy, rather than any sexual interest in other males. The transvestite's drive toward the feminine is not homosexual but emulative. The pleasure he derives remains hidden in his subconscious. He plays the enviable role of girl, shares some feature of a girl's private or public attire as evidence of his role-playing, and finds mental or sexual release in so doing. But he does not consciously know why.

In the Under, the sado-masochistic element in his fantasy derives from the wish that somebody would force him to become a girl because he has considerable inhibitions about voluntarily playing the female role. He knows he is a male and accepts the fact, but he still fancies himself in someone else's power compelled to assume the subconsciously cherished female role. But he is not motivated to see himself in the complete external image of the female. In the Over, this is the thought which is predominant — he must see what John would look like had he been born as Jane.

The random factor we find here is the measure of closeness to the conscious mind of the thought that life would be better if one had been of the opposite sex

THIS THOUGHT is either very deeply buried in the subconscious or else very weak in the case of the Under. The Under knows he can never be a girl and is aware of and accepts the many advantages of being a man; the argument for being a girl is not a compelling one, the desire is a hopeless one and becomes buried deep in the subconscious, which transmutes it into an emulative masturbational fantasy-mechanism.

But in the Over, this thought is much closer to the surface of the mind, is often quite clearly a conscious desire, and the drive is exerted toward attempting to achieve the impossible — to change oneself temporarily into a girl to satisfy the secret conviction that he should be a girl.

The power and potency of this thought, its closeness to the surface of the conscious mind, determine whether the cross-dressing impulse will center on Over activities or those of the Under. The closer the thought is to the conscious mind, the more likely it is that TV activities will be of an overt nature;

the farther the thought is from consciousness, the more Under the activities will be, until at the extreme end of the polarity such a faint tracery of transvestism is reached that it produces simple fetishism and is outside the definition of transvestism altogether.

Since, again, no two individuals are alike and no two childhood backgrounds are the same, the random factor operates at different strengths in each TV. Hence, no two transvestites will quite satisfy either the Over or the Under definitions. Further, once social contact is made between the two groups of transvestites, the random factor desire is invariably strengthened and a slow transition of the Under toward the Over begins. This transition may be — and usually is — resisted to some extent by the determination of the Under to be a man among men, by his success in masculine pursuits, or by his attraction to females as objects of conquest. But the Under will make some concessions toward the Over way of life, often by learning the techniques of full impersonation as a challenge to his masculine ability to master a thing of interest to him, and he will gain pleasure in doing so. Yet he will remain primarily an Under, since the Under has by far the more realistic motivation of the two types of transvestites.

FOR THE OVER, on the other hand, there will derive some element of Under interest gained from contact with the Unders in his acquaintance. An additional field of feminine interest will be opened up for him, gained from the more profound fantasy experience enjoyed by the Under, and perhaps some enlarging of his imaginative horizons resulting from reading the Under's compulsion-fantasy literature.

Contact with others is far more dangerous to the Over than to the Under, because when he meets other Overs who have progressed further toward "getting away with it in public" than he has, his already conscious desire to be a female is reinforced by the need to compete with his more successful peers in achieving more perfect femininity. The stronger and more conscious the desire to become in fact a girl, the more the likelihood exists that the Over will find himself considering assumption of the feminine role in sex as well as in dress. The latent homosexuality bit, so dear to the older theories of transvestism, does enter the scene here, for once the latency becomes reality and works itself into his life, the Over is well on the road to the transsexual operation, by which his long-desired "womanhood" is apparently achieved, allowing him legal license to function as a woman in society.

To summarize briefly, the intensity of the thought "I wish I were a girl" is the element which determines the nature of the transvestites activities, his method of approach, and his movement (or lack of movement) toward transsexualism, which is found more often among the Overs, in whom the random factor is many times stronger than among the more masculine-oriented Unders.

■ ■ ■

TRANVESTISM AND THE LAW: Part 3

THE MILLER CASE — A FINALE

IN EARLY OCTOBER of 1965, the Supreme Court of the United States of America made an announcement which brought an untimely end to the transvestite's quest for justice under the law, at least as far as the case of the State of New York vs. John Miller is concerned. The nation's highest tribunal denied our Writ of Certiorari in the Miller case, which means that it refused to consider the appeal which the readers of TURNABOUT and TRANVESTIA had joined together in financing.

As most of you already know, the Miller case began nearly two years ago when our good friend and fellow TV was apprehended by New York City detectives while on the street in feminine attire and charged with violating the state's antiquated masquerading law — Section 887-7 of the New York State Code of Criminal Procedure. After being convicted of this charge, our friend expressed his willingness to appeal the case as far as was necessary to win reversal if the TV community-at-large would help put up the necessary money.

The appeal was pursued through the New York state courts and, when these possibilities were exhausted, a Writ of Certiorari was filed with the U.S. Supreme Court. When this was denied, no further appeal was possible, and the case is now finished.

Lest any of you believe that our efforts were wasted, let us consider some of the more positive, even beneficial, aspects of our bitter experience in this pursuit of justice.

For one thing, a large number of transvestites forgot all their differences of opinion and personality long enough to participate in this appeal fund. More than seventy TVs contributed to the fund through TURNABOUT alone! They came from all parts of the United States, and there were contributions from England and Canada as well. This shows that TVs really do give a damn about one another and can work together when it's really important to do so.

Another benefit we have obtained is that our case gained a considerable amount of publicity among the legal profession, whose attitude toward the transvestite could best be described as medieval. The American Civil Liberties Union rallied to our cause, and other lawyers read of our efforts in their various legal journals. The staid New York Times ran a very sympathetic story about our case on its second front page, probably the only sympathetic newspaper story ever published about a transvestite.

But the most important benefit of the Miller case is the magnificent brief prepared by our lawyers in pursuing the appeal.

This remarkable document remains amid the ashes of our case, and we consider it the property of all who contributed to the defense fund. Very soon the brief will be published by TURNABOUT on 8½" x 11" sheets, and a copy will go to each contributor — and to anyone else who requests it.

The Miller brief deals not only with the constitutional aspects of the case and the misapplication of this antique law, but it also discusses the broader aspects of a TV's right to pursue happiness in his own way and demonstrates that a TV who appears in public in feminine attire is not engaged in an anti-social activity as long as he otherwise minds his own business.

We believe that the best use TVs who receive a copy of this document can make of it is to turn it over to their attorneys — especially if they plan to go out in public dressed. The brief cites valuable precedents and points of law which could prove useful to a lawyer who handles a case involving transvestism.

Some time in the near future, the New York legislature will be revising the Code of Criminal Procedures as a follow-up to their recent revision of the state's penal code. The vagrancy statutes, of which Section 887-7 is one, will come into close scrutiny because most are patently unconstitutional. The editors of TURNABOUT hope to gain support for a movement to eradicate this noxious law from the books once and for all. Since we've not been able to strike the law down in the courts, we may be able to do so through legislative channels. If we succeed, other states with similar laws may be influenced to do the same.

The Miller case is a dead issue in the courts, but its ghost may yet rise to haunt those unenlightened prosecutors and enforcement officials who deny the TV's right to cross-dress.

■ ■

NEWSSTAND BUYER — BEWARE!

Many of TURNABOUT's regular readers purchase the magazine from bookshops throughout the United States. Although we prefer a closer relationship with our readers, we certainly do not discourage this practice. We can understand that some readers are reluctant to establish contact with us under the mistaken idea that somehow their identity as TVs will be revealed. And if they are willing to pay \$2 or \$3 more for each copy to remain anonymous, that is certainly their privilege.

However, the first five issues of TURNABOUT have been illegally reprinted and distributed — pirated — in clear violation of our copyright. The ersatz TURNABOUTs are badly printed and shoddy imitations of our magazine. We are prosecuting the violators now, and we need your help. If you buy a copy of TURNABOUT which is substandard, please send it to us and we'll replace it with a brand new legitimate copy. All you have to do is note the name and address of the bookshop from which you bought it on the cover, and we'll take action against him.

Kaleidoscope



Siobhan Fredericks

A NEW PERVERSION?

Beware, gentle readers, the brainwashers are once more on our trail! This time they're masking their sadism under what they quaintly call "electro-shock aversion therapy," which consists of placing a transvestite in front of a full-length mirror, encouraging him to don his beloved lingerie and other feminine accoutrements, then administering a series of agonizing electrical shocks to their victim as he attempts to enjoy his finery.

This not-so-new method of dealing with such terrible perversions as transvestism and fetishism has been described with thinly disguised glee in the March 1966 issue of Science and Mechanics (page 61), whose editors saw fit to include a do-it-yourself design of an aversion therapy machine which can be built by anyone for a total cost of \$3.

The technique, according to the article, is being used most widely in Great Britain, the classic home of birching, petticoat punishment, and other forms of sadistic pleasures. One can only hope that American psychiatrists have better sense than to rely on the long-outmoded behaviorist therapies, but it is a wan hope at best, considering what passes for psychiatry here.

Behaviorism came into full flower when Pavlov discovered that by ringing a bell when he presented food to a dog, the poor beast could be trained to salivate all over the place whenever the bell rang, food or no food. Modern behaviorists, if they may be called modern, believe that by providing an unpleasant stimulus whenever their human subject is doing something he shouldn't do, the subject will eventually stop wanting to do it.

At best, all the behaviorist can do is eliminate a symptom, such as cross-dressing, while ignoring completely the underlying causes for such behavior. At the worst, the behaviorist dehumanizes his subject, robbing him of his free will to motivate a real cure for the activities which may be troubling him. And who wants to be reduced to the motivational level of Pavlov's poor old slobbering dog, anyway?

The manipulation of symptoms is, I believe, a superficial approach to the treatment of psychiatric problems, especially

those such as transvestism which occupy a low standing on the scale of mental aberrations. Cross-dressing may sometimes create acute difficulty for the transvestite, but these are difficulties which arise from society's attitudes, most often, and if society's taboos are so rigid as to be outraged by the act of cross-dressing, what is to be gained by brutalizing the individual TV with electric shocks to make him conform to that which is the real sickness?

How much better it would be if the psychotherapist helped the transvestite cope with whatever difficulties arise from his cross-dressing, understand himself better, and learn to place his TV desires in the proper perspective in his life, instead of reducing him to the level of Pavlov's poor old slobbering dog!

SOCIAL NOTE

In June, July, September, and October of last year, TURNABOUT headquarters was the scene of four huge TV parties, with an average attendance of about fifty persons, conducted in an effort to restore some vitality to the New York TV scene. In spite of the fact that each party was successful in itself, the experiment has to be termed a failure, because the same old cliques — the FPE dilettantes in northern New Jersey, the more mendacious "Uptown Branch" centering around Susanna, and the various "closet TVs" scattered around the area — remain as rigid and uncommunicative as ever. Seems a shame, somehow.

The housewarming party on June 12 celebrated TURNABOUT's moving to more spacious, more centrally located quarters — a second-floor loft in midtown Manhattan. Highlighting the festivities was a showing, in CinemaScope and Technicolor, of the uncensored version of Sonné Teal's film, *La Poupée*, which is now out of circulation in the U.S. except for 16-mm. rental. The other three parties couldn't quite top this event, but they had their merits nonetheless. As for future parties, much will depend upon our finances and the interest shown by local TVs in helping out with such affairs.

HOT FLASHES!

● ● With the publication of our two fiction booklets, *THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS* and *PETTICOATED MALE*, our financial situation is improving and we think 1966 will see TURNABOUT come out on its previously announced quarterly schedule at last.

● ● TURNABOUT now has a new phone number — 212-MU-41034 — and we still welcome calls from the TVs among our readership who are interested in making contact face-to-face with us, or who have any difficulties they wish to talk over, or who just want to hear a friendly, sympathetic voice. Everyone connected with the publication of TURNABOUT is himself a TV and knows how hard other TVs' isolation in a hostile world can be. We've all gone through it ourselves. ■ ■ ■



BARBARA JEAN



BOBBIE

A TURNABOUT GALLERY

LILLIAN



THERESA



VIEWS REVIEWS

BOOKS...

A YEAR AMONG THE GIRLS by Darrell G. Raynor. New York City: Lyle Stuart, Inc., 1966. Hardbound, 189 pages. \$4.95.

— Reviewed by Siobhan Fredericks

This reviewer can say without reservation that this book is the most important study of transvestism to have been published in many years. And in terms of its potential for increasing public understanding of the transvestite's milieu, it is the single most important work ever published. In fast-moving reportorial style, the book presents a sympathetic — but nonetheless analytical — "inside" view of the TV phenomenon in terms which the average non-TV reader can readily comprehend and accept.

The author, who happens to be a member of the staff of this magazine, charts out his personal experiences during a single year — June 1963 to June 1964 — in which he first "came out of the closet" and made contact with the TV community so well known to the readers of TURNABOUT and TRANSESTIA. The events which took place and the personalities which he encountered are thoroughly detailed, as are the effects which these individuals and events had on his own life.

The most amazing thing about A YEAR AMONG THE GIRLS is the accuracy of the author's reportage. This reviewer had the rare privilege of reading the book in manuscript form, at a time when his own remembrance of the events and characters it describes was still fresh in the mind, and could find no quarrel then or now with the preciseness with which the facts were presented. The conclusions which the author draws in later chapters are another matter, for there are a few areas of basic disagreement. But never does the author allow his own opinions on the nature of the transvestic phenomenon intrude upon his reportage.

To quote from the surprisingly sensible blurb on the book's jacket: "A YEAR AMONG THE GIRLS describes a cross-section of the male transvestites of America. They include virile men, beloved husbands and fathers, business leaders, engineers, and scientists

who spend their secret, leisure hours impersonating women. The incredible roster includes Virginia, the transvestite publisher; Felicity, the airline pilot; Annette, the comely businessman; Jessica, the advertising executive; Irene, the aircraft engineer; Susanna, the radio commentator; and many more."

The author, as the above quote would indicate, uses the well-known feminine names which the characters in the book — this reviewer included — have assumed, except where such names are too close to the characters' real names. This is an important exception, because the author is especially careful not to expose anyone's identity to public scorn or ridicule. On the other hand, by using true feminine names wherever possible, he gains considerable authenticity for his book.

This is a book which every transvestite in America has a considerable stake in, because it may well bring us more public understanding and, perhaps, sympathy as well. It should be said, here, that the official publication date of the book has been set for the first week in this coming April. However, the publisher will certainly accept pre-sale orders for the book up until that time. The address of Lyle Stuart, Inc., is 239 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10016. Enclose an extra 25¢ with your \$4.95 to cover postage; New York City residents should add another 25¢ for sales tax. And please tell Lyle Stuart that you read about the book in TURNABOUT. For those of our readers who may want more confidential handling of their orders, we are presently negotiating with the publisher for a few copies of the book for distribution ourselves.

THE ABNORMAL WORLD OF TRANSESTITES AND SEX CHANGES by Antony James. New York: L.S. Publications Corp., 1965. Paperbound, 192 pages. 95 cents.

— Reviewed by Lorraine Channing

If you expect serious enlightenment in this book, forget it! Beyond the impressive list of contents, rude disappointment is in store for you, not just because the purportedly true case histories are fictitious but because they are atrociously fictitious!

As the author imagines it, it is commonplace for a youth with no prior training or practice to dress as a woman and then quickly obtain a position as a maid in a wealthy household and — mind you — embark on a series of adventures which make those of Fanny Hill seem prosaic. Most of the history-tellers — by sheer coincidence, of course — are predisposed to panty-girdle fetishism, spend much time at the movies "dressed" and fighting off the advances of handsome men, and, as the author says, live "only for sex," being "slaves of passion" (to quote a prominent psychiatrist who is also fictitious).

Beyond a facade of serious reporting, a facade as flimsy as a pair of nylons, the main purpose of this paperback is to titillate the reader sexually by frequent descriptions of the

aforementioned fetishism plus breast-biting, masturbation, and oral copulation. Somehow the author neglected animal contacts.

This work is so shoddy and nonsensical that if the author does enlighten his reader, the reader must be indeed beyond psychiatric help or have been too long "in the closet." Some factual information is present, but it's scanty and misleading. Disappointing also is the printing of the book — enough typos occur to make the least literate TV squirm in his panty girdle.

•
GAMES PEOPLE PLAY by Eric Berne, M.D. New York City: Grove Press, 1965. Hardbound, 158 pages. \$5.00.

— Reviewed by Quiven Enright

This best-seller does not deal specifically with TVism but contains much perceptive comment on people's attitudes and reactions to one another, which may shed light on some TV social adjustments. This study of human interaction which the author observed as a group therapist shows that human beings fall into various routines he calls "games" played out in set fashion deriving from three primary facets of the ego — the Parent, the Adult, and the Child — each representing different attitudes in our minds and accounting for the different "personalities" one displays under varied stresses and toward different persons.

For TVs, the three ego-facets may be an answer to the non-sense expressed by some TV theorists about dual personalities and "the girl within." What is mistaken as a "femme-personality" may be merely a Child or Parent phase intruding upon what should be Adult behavior. But what struck this reviewer the most was Dr. Berne's description of the game of "Alcoholic." A number of TVs have alcoholic records, and they often claim that dressing now offsets the craving for liquor. That some truth may be in this claim is suggested by this quote from the book:

"The psychological cure of an alcoholic lies in getting him to stop playing the game altogether. In some cases, this has been feasible, although it is difficult to find something else as interesting to the alcoholic as continuing the game. Since he is classically afraid of intimacy, the substitute may have to be another game." Dressing provides the risk and excitement of an activity which can bring about social or business disaster if discovered and may satisfy the craving for self-destruction and psychic torment which Dr. Berne says is the alcoholic's sought-after "payoff."

The "Alcoholic" game requires five players, although one person may play two or more roles: the Alcoholic (or TV), the Persecutor (wife), the Rescuer (sometimes wife, sometimes another Alcoholic — or TV), the Patsy (sometimes wife, sometimes an accepting friend), and the Connection (for Alcoholics, the bartender; for TVs, well, you can guess). Anyone versed in the propaganda of "femme-personation" and the male sorority based on that propaganda can easily understand the game of "Dressing Up" as played under the rules of the game of "Alcoholic." ■■



DEAR ABBÉ:

■ I recently had the opportunity of reading your TV publication for the first time. You are to be complimented on your good taste in its content and in attempting to avoid the "sensational" material. In addition, I think the moderate intellectual approach is effective and adds much to the stature of the magazine.

The fact that you are willing to publish an article on the alleviation of transvestism speaks highly of your editorial policy. It seems to me that the great majority of TVs tend to disregard this possibility and rationalize the problem as "normal" or incurable. Regardless of how well one rationalizes, I think it is very hard to deny that TV behavior often reflects a moderate amount of pathological features, and such features are sometimes quite destructive to certain personality types. It appears that the alternatives are ignored or denied and the whole problem is turned around, thus making TV behavior as desirable and to be encouraged. When the TV reaches this point, it becomes highly pathological and quite destructive to the individual.

I am a TV and I am also a psychologist and therapist. As a result, I have both a clinical and personal interest in such behavior. I find that I have been able to deal with the problem fairly successfully so that it has not interfered with my married life or my professional activities. TV activities are controlled, and they are not a dominant force in my life. At times, however, this has been very difficult, as many of you are well aware.

Although I have given much thought to the nature of TVism, I do not have any definitive answers. I think there are a variety of causal factors, and such a multiplicity of causes are related to individual personality patterns. In many cases, I strongly suspect that some TV problems are symptomatic of other more severe disturbances. In such cases, TVism thus serves to mask these underlying problems. Fostering TVism or encouraging adjustment may result in further behavioral difficulties. Hence, as I have indicated, it's hard for me to subscribe to the idea of TV behavior as being an asset or something that elevates one

above the masses. This sort of rationalization is so common among homosexuals that it reaches the point of an almost delusional quality.

With regard to therapy, I have mixed feelings. It seems to me that, as with all people, the approach should be varied according to the individual. Perhaps it is best for many TVs to adjust to their desires. However, it is a grave mistake to make a sweeping generalization. The conditioning therapies show some promise of success, but I get the feeling that they are little more than symptom manipulation. Anyway, there are no black-and-white answers — only lots and lots of grey.

You're probably wondering: "You've got the training, so where's the cure?" Well, the cure — or whatever one calls it — is not the key. The key is motivation. I would strongly suspect that anyone who has the motivation would be able to dispense with TVism. As with all behavior, pathological or non-pathological, the major factor is the desire for change. The problem then is how to motivate, and, frankly, I can't give you an answer. Personally, I haven't been able to achieve this end for myself, and since I don't feel that TVism is a major impairment vocationally and socially, I haven't put my mind to it. (Poor advice from one who should know better!)

Well, so much for my discourse on TVism. I would enjoy hearing from any of you at TURNABOUT or from any TVs concerning my comments or any other aspects of TVism. (I am assuming that many of your staff members are TVs — if I'm wrong, I apologize.)

Harle [REDACTED]

■ The article, "The Myth of the Latent Femininity in the Male," in TURNABOUT #5 did, as you predicted on the publisher's page, disturb some of your readers. Had Dr. Beigel deliberately set out to antagonize a large segment of the TV community, he could hardly have done a more thoroughgoing job of it.

The comments in Siobhan Frederick's reply to Dr. Beigel's article are, in general, very much in line with those I should have liked to originate myself and had the distinct advantage over the original article of being clearly written. I must start, however, by taking her to task over two misstatements of fact. First, the Anima principle is not at all what she wrote in her critique of Dr. Beigel's article. Far from being the "soul of a woman in the body of a man" (a claim made by no TV I have ever met), the Anima is defined by Dr. Carl Jung as an "archtype of the unconscious." This means, in the best English translation available, "a relatively independent feminine personality within a man's mind which represents the idealized sexual image of Woman." Rather than adding to the semantic confusion, I feel that this definition is semantically sound and corresponds to "the girl within" as I and my friends know her.

Siobhan's second slip — if it may be called that — lies in her reporting the current definition of psychosis. Being

well aware of my own limitations, I took this to an eminent practicing psychiatrist who provided me with this nontechnical but presumably adequate definition: "The state of functioning in accordance with inner needs in a manner not appropriate to external reality." He added that the origin is not relevant; it may be purely psychological or caused by a toxic condition or result from physical damage to the brain. While this definition does not contradict Siobhan's, it does seem more specific.

With regard to the article itself, I can view it in three different lights, and none of them are favorable:

● Perhaps the author has overestimated his ability to convey a meaning in technical jargon to an essentially nontechnical audience. If so — and this is my psychiatrist-friend's interpretation — Dr. Beigel has been guilty of violating the proper author-reader relationship.

● Again, Dr. Beigel may, in a spirit of jocularity, have willfully distorted the picture of the TV's problems. If so, and if, as he professes to believe, transvestism is a serious illness, such levity is in very poor taste.

● Dr. Beigel seems to be talking about an entirely different group of TVs than those with whom I have come in contact. To coin a bad pun, there may be several TV channels, but I am not tuned in on one single TV who claims to have the soul of a woman nor who believes in demoniac possession nor who subscribes to a belief in the transmigration of souls ... and I do get around quite a bit. Furthermore, none of my friends uses "gender" as a genteel synonym for "sex." They use it to denote "sex roles," a term which Dr. Beigel approves explicitly on page four of his article.

There are many more differences between Dr. Beigel's contacts and mine — and they will probably persist. It may be that the transvestites he describes will continue to seek his professional help, but I scarcely think the ones I know (and for whom I presume to speak) will be attracted by his article.

Shelagh Niles

((Shelagh's remarkable letter makes many constructive points, but I would like to point out that some 2000 years before Jung, a Greek named Aristotle coined the term anima to mean "soul" in a more general sense, and it was to that I referred. However, I might have been more specific and avoided the confusion. — Siobhan))

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COMING IN TURNABOUT

■ THE LITERATURE OF TRANSVESTISM — A survey by Quiven [REDACTED] of some of the forgotten or neglected classics of TV literature with uninhibited quotes and pictures.

■ DIARY OF AN UNKNOWN TV — An autobiography found in manuscript form in the attic of a Texas house slated for demolition.



KAY and
JEANNETTE



ANGIE [REDACTED]

Turnabout Throws

A TV Party!!



BERNICE [REDACTED]

JOAN and
BARBARA JEAN



The Vanity Table

..... by the Editors

Care of the Face

Preparing the face to receive makeup is for most TVs a difficult and often neglected part of the process of transforming themselves into an acceptable semblance of femininity. It takes more than a coat of makeup, no matter how expertly it is applied, to soften masculine features into more feminine configurations, and this is especially true when one is past thirty, as are the majority of the readers of TURNABOUT.

Minimizing the beard is only part of this process, a first step. Most electric razors are inadequate for a really close shave, one which will leave the whiskers so short that they do not penetrate the first layer of foundation makeup. The goal in shaving prior to makeup is to reduce the beard to the state where it cannot be felt by the fingertips, and for this, a good wet shave with a heavy lather like aerosol Noxema is essential. The advent of the stainless steel razor blade and the adjustable razor has been a boon to many TVs, and these should be used in all directions — with and across the grain of the beard — until the result desired is obtained.

For TVs cursed with noticeable jowls, the next step after rinsing the face with clear water and drying it thoroughly is a tricky but effective one. A one-inch wide elastic band is put around the head tight enough to stay in place but not so tight as to cause later discomfort. The band should be arranged so that it is at the same height as the hairline in front and crosses the temples at a moderate angle.

From this headband, two or three two-inch lengths of clear plastic adhesive tape (not ordinary gummed tape but clear surgical adhesive tape) should run down either cheek and be attached to the loose skin after it is brought upward as far as possible. The other ends of the plastic tape can be pinned to the headband at the temples. The effect is that of a face-lifting, and the tape is unnoticeable when covered with makeup base and powder. The wig will cover the headband, which also serves as a good means of anchoring the wig to the head. A couple of bobby pins at strategic points will serve this latter purpose well.

Whether or not a TV requires such an engineering trick, he should avoid using an after-shave lotion after the beard is reduced to a minimum. After-shave lotions tend to dry the skin too much and are usually incompatible with the makeup base. A good moisturizing lotion such as the yellow emollient cream made by Jurgens should be substituted for after-shave lotion and will tend to heal up nicks and irritation caused by close shaving while, at the same time, providing an excellent makeup base and keeping the makeup from drying out and flaking off.

All parts of the face and throat should be covered with moisturizing cream rubbed in thoroughly and evenly; however, one should try to keep from impregnating the eyelashes with it as it makes mascara or lash-lengthener difficult to apply. While a thin film of moisturizing cream is still noticeable, one can go over troublesome spots of beard with the razor if such still exist.

Eyebrows are usually quite a problem for TVs, who are torn between the need to keep them masculine enough for everyday activities and trimmed enough to allow a more feminine line when dressed up. The trick is to pluck just a little each day, to avoid sudden changes which might be noticeable in one's male life, and to concentrate on removing the hairs between the brows and below them. The emphasis in women these days is somewhat heavier brows, and it should not be difficult to reach a happy medium point.

The final step before applying the first coat of makeup is to touch up darker areas with stick makeup such as Miner's stick or Max Factor's Erase in appropriate shades. Usually, the areas around the upper lip and chin are darker and require this coverage. In TVs with dark, heavy beards, a thin layer of clown white greasepaint, available from theatrical makeup shops, will often make an amazing difference.

Since most TVs tend to perspire, especially when wearing a wig, water-soluble pancake makeup should be avoided like the plague, because its staying power is very poor when one perspires. A good cream-base makeup foundation resists dampness effectively and will cover and smoothe the skin remarkably. The best such foundation cream we've found is made by Goubaud of Paris and is called Blend-Glo. Goubaud has stores in virtually every major city in the U.S., and they also have a mail-order service. For information, write Goubaud of Paris at 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036. Goubaud also makes a powder which combines with the cream to create a durable matte finish.

In the next installment of "The Vanity Table," we shall endeavor to pass on some solid, reliable information about what electrolysis can and cannot do for the TV, the dangers in certain electrolytic processes, and how to select a competent operator. We hope to make this information especially authoritative by persuading one of the expert electrologists in our acquaintance to prepare the article for us.

Meanwhile, keep your powder dry — but not too dry! ■ ■



ON THE SONNÉ SIDE

By Sonné Teal

West Berlin ...

In previous issues of *TURNABOUT*, starting with #3, I wrote of how I managed to land the lead rôle in the film *La Poupée* and what happened during most of the filming, up until the time when I had the accident which very nearly halted shooting on the film permanently.

While recuperating from the wounds to my face, I managed also to have ten days of much-needed rest. The hotel in which I lived was near many restaurants, and I was only a five-minute walk from the Arc de Triomphe. Since it was a beautiful summer in Paris, I enjoyed the 45-minute walk to the doctor's office. I'm quite a fast healer, thank heaven, and the stitches were removed after only a week.

Daily telephone calls came from Jacque Baratier, the director of *La Poupée*, and he finally explained that he had been filming around me, shooting scenes in which I was not scheduled to appear, but was now at the point where he was using shots of Marion, one of the two rôles I played in the film, in mob scenes but using my double, since the shots were from the back. When I told him I'd be ready for work the following Monday, or three days after the stitches were removed. I made one special request of Baratier, that he should start the filming with the Gallito scene where *La Poupée*, my second rôle in the film, was painted from head to toe in gold.

Baratier agreed to this when I explained that the scars — especially the one on my chin — were still quite noticeable and that I was afraid that normal film makeup wouldn't cover them. It meant extra work for the set decorator, since the sets for that scene had not been completed, being scheduled for later on.

When I arrived at the set at 6 a.m. the following Monday, there was a couple of hours of delay while the makeup girl went out to purchase the special gold makeup the scene required, and the makeup job itself was a terribly long ordeal. First, the face was done and the blonde wig carefully glued in place and arranged. Then came the body makeup. I was almost nude, except for long purple spats and matching gloves. The purple feather G-string was held in place by adhesive tape, as there were no side strings, and the feathered bra was glued on, since there were no straps. After that came the gold greasepaint.

Lea, the makeup girl, required an assistant for this job, since I couldn't help much, only stand still and let them smear the greasepaint all over me. After the gold paint, the eye makeup, and the lips were done, I was bedecked with flitter, or tiny sequins which were patted on me all over. It was noon by the time the makeup was finished, and, naturally, it was time for lunch. Mine was sent in to me, for I could hardly break bread with the cast and crew in the near-nude.

The scene got underway in the afternoon. The *Poupée* was to be working in a cheap cabaret as a chanteuse singing political songs which were supposed to work the audience up to revolution. The *Poupée*, or doll, was an artificial reproduction of the body of Marion and was inhabited by the revolution-minded professor who had made the doll. A male soul in a female body, which is something of a switch, you'll admit.

The curtain was to open and the *Poupée* was supposed to advance down this ramp into the audience, singing all the while, and carrying — or wearing — a painting. I had thought that I was to sing against the wierd background of the painting, but, no, I was to carry it on my back as I sang and danced. Two straps went over my shoulders and held the painting in place. I tried it on, found it not too uncomfortable, but felt as if I were strapped to a kite. I hoped the scene would be short.

But I was wrong. We worked five days on the scene, and one day I did the song fifteen times, at least, so that it could be used in the background while other actors performed. At the end of each day, I had to take off the makeup and gold flitter by covering my body with cleansing cream, once for the top layer and once again for getting it off the skin. The makeup took three hours to put on and two hours to get off.

But the biggest makeup job was during the week we filmed the scenes in the enchanted forest. The *Poupée* entices the dictator, Colonel Prado, to leave a party and follow her into the forest, where he chases her with seduction in mind. As he pursues her, she magically changes colors and costumes. First was the white, or normal *Poupée* makeup, then into pink, yellow, and blue. While in blue makeup, I wore silver objects strung, draped, and glued on me; in yellow, I had flowers and fruit attached so they seemed to grow from my body; in pink, I had pieces of animal skins glued on and an alligator skin down my back and over the top of my head. Quite a job to get on and off!

The scene was filmed in one of the tropical gardens in a Paris park so as to capitalize on the exotic plants, trees, and bushes. The filming had to be done at night, for the gardens were open to the public during the day. It was really a huge building much like a glass-roofed airplane hangar, but the lush vegetation and walls blended together so as to persuade one that he was in a real jungle. Although it was summer, the nights were cool and the location seemed even cooler because of the dampness of the building. I was virtually in the nude again throughout the scene, and I felt the chill.

Finally after these two weeks of filming special effects and special, grueling makeup, we went back on normal schedule and normal makeup for Marion and the Poupée. We began with the scenes where I, as the Poupée, ran and danced in the streets and gathered converts to the revolution. One location was in the Arab quarter of Paris, on the outskirts of the city. All the men in the mob scenes were supposed to be dark-skinned types, and Baratier saved money on extras by hiring Arabs for about \$2 per day, and a full day at that.

During my tour of North Africa, I had seen Arab cities, but I certainly never expected the Arabs of Paris to be so poorly housed and clothed. The Arab men were extremely friendly, but the women, most of them of the old school and wearing veils, would call their children into the house when they saw us strangers in the vicinity.

One scene had me on top of some oil barrels, preaching revolt to the supposed peasants. The script included words like "liberty" and "freedom." After the first rehearsal, Baratier asked me to make up other words if I could. The scene was a long shot and the sound would have to be dubbed in later. This was at time when Algeria had yet to gain its independence in France, and most of our Arabs were from Algeria. With someone shouting about "liberty" and "freedom" and exhorting them to revolution (even if only for film purposes), Baratier was worried that we might start a real revolution of our own.

At last, there were just two more exterior scenes to shoot. The locations were closer to my hotel than to the studio, so Lea and I decided we'd do the makeup in my room and drive to location with me in wig and makeup. I must say that when we stopped for traffic lights, and the drivers who pulled up along side of us got a look at the bright red wig and grotesque Poupée makeup, there were quite a number of amusing double-takes.

Finally, the film was over, and I said goodbye to the many friends I had made and headed back to Antwerp, Belgium, where our show had another one-month contract. Baratier said he'd keep in touch with me about the release date of the film. At the time I didn't know that he planned to do almost all of the film cutting and editing himself. It's a huge job, but he wanted it to be his film, and that meant doing everything possible himself. It took Baratier some six months to complete the job, and the film emerged later on as a ninety-minute feature.

After our stay in Antwerp was over, our troupe went on to Milan for our next cabaret contract. It was there I received a call from Baratier, who needed some still photos for publicity and display use in the theaters. He flew to Milan and arranged an afternoon session at one of the big studios there. After that, he told me that it would only be a few weeks before the release of the film.

Three months later, we were working in Florence, when I got a telegram from Baratier offering me \$800 to cover my expenses if I would fly to Paris, where the film was to open in two days. La Poupée was to play at four cinemas simultaneously, one of them on the Champs Élysées. He wanted me to stay for the first four days, to appear at each theater.

Fortunately, I had in my film contract a provision that I must have one month's notice if the producers expected me to come for the opening, as there is in the usual contract a clause which requires the star to attend such functions. I had to telegraph back my regrets, because our show had just started a six-week engagement. If I pulled out for four days, which also happened to be a weekend, our contract would be broken and our whole troupe would be out of work.

Actually, I didn't really regret not attending the opening of the film. I always hated to do publicity and pose for promotional-type photos. I like to work, both on the stage and in front of cameras, but I hate the interviews and publicity stunts that so often accompany show business.

The film opened with quite a good success, and it was soon exported to Belgium, England, Canada, the USA, and Austria, and it received generally good notices wherever it was shown. The New York reviewers, particularly on the Times, gave favorable reports and managed to take the fact that a man played the two female leads in their stride, judging my performance for its merits as acting.

Finally, I myself saw the film in England, and I was quite pleasantly surprised as I watched the film, feeling almost as if it were someone else up there on the screen. The film looked better than I thought it would, especially the decor. I had never seen any of the daily rushes, figuring that since I'd not made a film before, it would be a bad idea to see and try to judge my performance as it progressed. I preferred to leave it to the director to tell me whether I was doing well or not, as I didn't want to complicate things and maybe change style in the middle of my work on the film.

Another nice surprise was when La Poupée was selected as one of the official French entries in the German Film Festival in Berlin. No prize was won, but being a representative of France was quite an honor.

So, enough of the film. I'll next tell of when I wasn't a professional travesty, and how I became one. I was a private TV long before I went on stage, but that's for next issue! ■ ■



KAREN



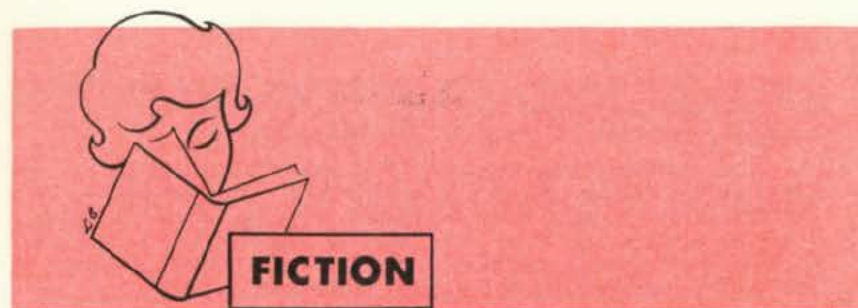
MARGUERITE

A TURNABOUT GALLERY

JODY



GINA



LOVE'S LOVELY STRATAGEM

By the MARQUIS de SADE

ADAPTED by AMY CAMUS

"OF ALL THE MANY eccentricities of nature, the one which seems the most widely discussed, which has most often attracted unwonted attention from those half-baked philosophizers who seek to analyze everything while understanding nothing," Mademoiselle de Villeblanche would say, "is that strange predilection which women of a certain temperament have conceived for persons of their own gender."

And so would begin this lovely libertine's spirited discourse on impure reason, carried on whilst she was dallying absent-mindedly with one or another of her devotées. Her theme was always the vagaries of official and nonofficial attitudes toward the activities of the followers of Sappho; she would then turn to numerous but always inventive variations on that theme; but her coda most often would involve a repudiation of the quaint notion that amorous activities between two women were violating the laws of Mother Nature.

"Oh, let us leave the good mother to have her own way, and let us be assured that her resources are infinite, that nothing we mortals do will outrage her, and that we lack the sheer power to commit any crime which would subvert her laws."

Mademoiselle Augustine de Villeblanche, whom we encounter at the age of twenty, was mistress of all her actions and the beneficiary of an annual income of thirty thousand francs. To the frustration of her courtiers, she had vowed never to marry, for she was completely preoccupied with what some call sapphism and could find amorous pleasure only with members of her own sex.

Augustine was a staggering loss to men: tall in stature, an artist's feverish dream of perfection, with loveliest hair, her nose aquiline and patrician, fine teeth, and skin of whitest

delicacy. Little wonder, then, that men who sought her favors and were rudely rebuffed cursed the Isle of Lesbos and the masculine frustration that bit of rock symbolized.

The beautiful Augustine went her own way and sneered at the petty gossip raging behind her lovely back. She mistreated her would-be suitors until they retreated, cursing, into the sheer oblivion of rejected love. All hope of her conquest had turned to dust when a young man named Franville, her equal in wealth and social standing, fell insanely in love with her.

Not only did Augustine's harsh treatment of him not dismay him in the least, but he vowed his determination not to abandon the battle until she was his to do with as he wished. His wish was marriage, in spite of the doubting jibes of his friends.

YOUNG FRANVILLE was only eighteen, as yet had no beard, and was blessed with a very pretty figure, the most delicate features, and hair which matched Augustine's in loveliness. When dressed as a girl, he so became the masquerade as to be continually deceiving both sexes, which led to some amusing and highly ambiguous situations.

But do not be misled, gentle reader. Beneath Franville's soft exterior beat the heart of a lion, and a male lion at that. No one offered impertinences to him a second time, for he was never known to be runner-up in a duel.

Franville was well aware of Augustine's great pleasure in dressing as a man at carnival time and haunting the assemblies in this guise, which was so analogous to her tastes. Her purpose was to conquer the most desirable female at the ball, and she too was never known to lose such encounters.

Through his carefully placed spies, Franville discovered that the charming Augustine was to attend a ball given by the subscribers of the Paris Opera and would be attired as a captain of dragoons. On the day of the masquerade, our young lothario disguised himself as a woman, having himself adorned and fitted out with utmost elegance — the daintiest of lingerie, the most stunning gown, the most exquisite perfume, and a veritable quintessence of the cosmetic arts. He was a walking man-trap, but his victim was to be the spurious captain of dragoons.

Accompanied into the room by one of his hopelessly outdone sisters, Franville had scarcely dropped his mask and taken a turn about the room before he was singled out by the all-seeing eyes of Augustine. Had she worn a mustache that evening, she would undoubtedly have twirled it in anticipation of her conquest.

Augustine lost not a single moment in engaging herself in rapt conversation with the Mademoiselle de Franville, who first retreated in maidenly shyness, turning away and eluding her pursuer momentarily, all to make herself more passionately desired. But the wily Augustine was no amateur in the game she was fond of playing, and soon our little bird was in the hot clutches of our impassioned puss-in-dragon's-boots, being whirled around the ballroom floor in Augustine's iron grip.

"The heat in this ballroom is staggering," said Augustine, who may not have been the first to use that particular ploy. "Let us leave our companions and seek the air in the garden."

"Oh, sir, I dare not!" cried Mlle. de Franville. "My dear mother will soon arrive, accompanied by the man I'm pledged to marry. There would be trouble!"

"Well, well, now. You should be able to rise above such childish fears.... How old are you, sweetest angel?"

"Only eighteen, sir."

"Then let me assure you that by the age of eighteen you are mistress of your own fate. Come, child, follow me and abandon such foolish fears." Franville allowed himself to be led away from the throng, still protesting his endangered innocence. "So, you charming creature," Augustine continued, drawing her victim-to-be out into the twilight of the garden, "you are actually going to be married. How I pity you! And what is he like, this lucky individual destined for you? A tedious clod, I wager, all hairy chested and grotesque in his maleness. Oh, how I wish I could marry you in his place. ... Would you be willing to marry me? Be quite frank in your answer, heavenly girl."

"Alas, sir, one cannot always follow the promptings of her heart when she is as young as I," Franville said demurely.

"Refuse him anyway, delicate flower. We can come to a more intimate acquaintance with each other, and if we suit each other, why not arrange what should be arranged? Abandon your parents' odious plans for you, and perhaps we may be united in love."

WITH A MOTION swift as a panther's, Augustine swept her innocent prey into a secluded grove of trees. "Oh, dear God," exclaimed Franville as his captor pressed him close. "What are you doing to me? Merciful heaven ... alone with you in this out-of-the-way place! Leave me be, I pray you, sir, or I shall call for help at once!"

"I shall deprive you forthwith of the power to do that, my purest angel," Augustine said, pressing her lovely mouth on our Franville's lips. "Call now, if you can, and the sweet fragrance of your breath will only caress my heart the sooner." And with one hand, Augustine began her inevitable explorations.

Franville, it should be said, defended himself only feebly. Feigning anger is impossible when you receive with such tenderness the first kiss from the woman you adore above all others. Augustine, encouraged, pressed home her attack with the vehemence which only a delightful woman carried away with forbidden desires can muster. Hands began to wander in earnest now, with Franville giving equal measure to Augustine, yet playing the part of a yielding woman to the hilt. Soon clothes were being pushed aside, with Augustine being hampered by having to lift layer upon layer of lace-lavished petticoats before she could invade the sanctuary of Franville's dainty drawers. Nonetheless, at almost the same instant, their fingers attained the target of their searchings.

Instantly, Franville reverted to his masculine voice and cried out: "God in Heaven! You are only a woman!"

"Horrible creature!" exclaimed Augustine, placing a hand on certain objects which permitted no illusions. "What trouble I have gone to only to find a hideous male ... I must be a most unfortunate woman!"

"Truly, no more unfortunate than I," muttered Franville, carefully readjusting his silken garments and feigning contempt. "I adopt a disguise to seduce men, men whom I worship and search for, and all I wind up with is a whore!"

"No, not a whore," said Augustine bitterly. "I have never been that in all my life. It is not right that one who abhors men should be treated in this shabby fashion."

"What! You are a woman and detest men?" Franville asked.

"Yes — and for the same reason that you are a man and detest women. Our meeting is truly unique, and that is the best that can be said for it."

"The worst than can be said for it is that I am now defiled for the next three weeks. I belong to an order which has vowed never to touch woman, and now I must spend a fortnight and a half in abstinence from men to do penance for my crime."

"But surely your vow does not include women such as I."

"I see no great reason why your special vice should grant you special merit," Franville snapped.

"A vice? But is for such as you to reproach me for my vice, when yours is equally infamous?" Augustine countered.

"Come now, let us part in peace." Franville prepared to leave the scene of his feigned disillusionment, only to have his path blocked by Augustine, who inquired as to how she could be sure he would not spread the news of their misadventure throughout the assembled guests at the ball.

"Then we shall leave the party together. I shall see you to your home, and there we shall part in complete confidentiality."

AS THEY RODE toward Augustine's rambling estate in Franville's carriage, she found herself warming up to the lively wit and bright mind of her young companion-in-chicanery to such an extent that it surprised her. Soon she was offering motherly advice and tried to persuade him to abandon his tainted life in favor of the same normalcy which she, herself, rebelled at.

So deeply fascinated was she with this unusual young man that she invited him to have a glass of wine with her in her sitting room. When he feigned a half-hearted protest, she exclaimed, "Really, my dear! You shouldn't try to return to the ball in hopes of finding a real man this late. You may be accosted by thieves and cutthroats who, mistaking you for a young lady, would have their way with you. There's no telling what might befall you at large in such lovely attire!"

"That's true," said Franville, with little reluctance. "I do not fancy being skewered or strangled when they find out that I am not what I appear to be."

"Then, pray remain here with me until dawn, and let me try to persuade you that the way of life you have embarked upon is destined for disaster. You are much too young to commit yourself for all time to such perverse pleasures. ... Oh, I admit to a similar perversity, to be sure, but I'm older and wiser."

"Perhaps..." Franville replied, choosing his words with care, "... perhaps if I were ever to know the love of a beautiful woman, my tastes would change."

AUGUSTINE considered this idea for a long moment before she replied. "A capital idea ... but what kind of woman would wish to make love to a man with all the feminine attributes you so skillfully exhibit?"

"Why, my dear Augustine, you yourself were doing just that not two hours ago!" Franville pointed out. "And I cannot deny that I found your attentions anything less than pleasant."

Strangely, Augustine found herself agreeing with him. "And I, for my part, must admit to the most exquisite of pleasures."

"Then maybe you ..." Franville drew a deep breath "... maybe you might teach me the error of my ways and save me from a life of misdirected debauchery. What has either of us to lose? We have both this night been defiled by the touch of the opposite sex, and certainly nothing worse can happen."

Always the logician, Augustine put her wine glass down and moved over to the settee upon which Franville was waiting. She drew the unresisting young man to her and began divesting him of his dainty attire with trembling fingers, and she was amazed to hear herself say: "It would almost be pleasant if you were to remain so sweet ... so feminine."

Before the sun rose the next morning, Augustine's illusions about Franville's effeminacy had once and for all been laid to rest, along with her ignorance of his true identity. But she was long past caring. Never had she imagined that a man's ministrations could be so gentle — and yet so compelling!

A fortnight later, Augustine's friends were both amazed and appalled at news of her wedding to a man named Franville. And his friends, in their turn, were only a little less astounded and were much more admiring of his perseverance and good luck.

And after the marriage rites had taken place, both sets of friends would have been even more surprised had they dropped in to visit the young couple on the frequent occasions when the demurely feminine Mademoiselle de Franville was being passionately pursued by a handsome, but somehow familiar looking, captain of dragons!

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MORE THAN THE FLESH CAN BEAR

By NAN GILBERT

MRS. TENNISON'S face was flushed with anger as she placed the receiver of the telephone down on its stand and turned around to face her sister, who had just come to town for a long visit. "That is the last straw!" she said. "It's more than the flesh can bear!"

"What in heaven's name is the matter, dear?" her sister inquired. "I've never seen you so upset before."

"Do you know what that miserable child has done?" Mrs. Tennison asked, her eyes flashing sparks. Without waiting for a reply, she hurried on: "It's hard to believe that he'd do such a thing — such a terrible thing!"

"What happened, Mary?" her sister asked.

"That was Susan's mother on the phone. She complained that Susan had come to her in tears, saying that ... that ... Oh, I just can't believe it ... Robert, my Robert, had been so nasty as to raise her skirt and make sarcastic remarks about her lingerie. Oh, dear! How can I ever punish him for doing such a horrid thing?"

An inspired gleam came into her sister's eye. While it was true that she was a maiden lady and had no children of her own, she had definite ideas about how to handle boisterous children, especially fourteen-year-old boys like Robert.

"Are you asking me to suggest something, Mary dear?"

"Of course, Martha! I'm so upset that I just can't seem to collect my wits!"

Martha smiled coyly as she spoke: "There's one way to handle the situation — let the punishment fit the crime." She paused momentarily to allow her remark to seep in.

"Yes, Martha? What is it? He's been so ill-mannered and horrible the past few weeks that I'll do almost anything to discipline him."

"Well, since he's apparently so fascinated by what little girls wear under their dresses, why don't we let him find out for himself?"

"What does that mean?"

"Permit him to wear girl's clothes for a week, whether he wants to or not, and treat him like a little girl for that entire period. I'm sure that he'll change his manners after that."

"I don't know, Martha. It seems a trifle severe."

"Humph! Severe!" Martha snorted. "It would serve him right!"

Mrs. Tennison considered her sister's statement for a long moment, weighing the possibilities. Then she smiled and said, "I think you're right, darling. The experience would give him a wonderful opportunity to see how the other half lives, and maybe he'll learn to be more considerate with girls in the future." She looked thoughtful. "Perhaps I could give a little party and invite several of his girlfriends."

"Oh, wonderful! A perfect solution!" Martha exclaimed.

For the next hour, the two women gleefully discussed their plans for the hapless Robert, then put their hats and gloves on and embarked for a shopping expedition at one of the fashionable girls' shops downtown. Robert's aunt seemed a bit miffed that her sister had disagreed that they should take Robert along.

As the taxicab sped along the boulevard toward their destination, the two sisters' thoughts were occupied with quite different matters. Robert's mother was considering how nice it would be to have a little daughter around the house, even for a while, and his aunt was anticipating the delight of crushing her nephew's overbearing ego by putting him into frilly frocks and the daintiest lingerie.

WHEN ROBERT came home that evening for dinner, he couldn't quite understand the pleasantly cordial reception he received. He knew that his misbehavior had been reported to his mother, yet nothing about it was mentioned. He was mystified by the fact that his mother and aunt seemed happily excited and spent considerable time whispering between themselves. Robert definitely smelled a rat, but he could not figure out what was wrong. He went to bed still mystified.

The next morning was a Saturday, and since there was no school that day, Robert slept late. When his mother called to him to come down for breakfast, he climbed out of bed, yawning and brushing the last traces of sleep from his eyes, and looked toward the chair on which he'd placed his clothes the night before. He stared in utter disbelief to see that they were gone and in their place were a neatly folded frilly pink silk vest and elaborately lace-trimmed pink silk panties! He shut his eyes tightly, then opened them to have a second look. The dainty garments were still there!

With a cry of dismay, Robert rushed to the bedroom door and shouted down the stairs to his mother. "Mom, where are my trousers and other things? What are these girls' clothes doing in my room?"

"Why, Robert, they're for you!" his mother replied, calmly. "Won't you be thrilled to wear them?"

"Wear them?" he cried out, believing that his ears were playing tricks on him. His worst fears were confirmed when he heard his mother say:

"Of course, dear. Aunt Martha and I will be up in a minute to help you get dressed! Try to be patient."

Patient! Oh, no, Robert said to himself, they couldn't do that. They must be joking! Yet the terrible thought that it could be true pervaded his consciousness, and he seriously considered throwing himself out the window in despair. As he stood there in shock, he heard his mother and aunt coming upstairs.

Between them they were able to drag him back into the room, his mind reeling. It was not until his pajamas had been removed and the silk vest was pulled over his head that he found voice to protest. With a shout of dismay, he attempted to yank off the hateful garment, only to have his wrists grabbed firmly. When his aunt threatened to tie them together if he did not behave, he stopped struggling and gave voice to his rage.

"What are you trying to do to me? I won't wear such silly clothes! I hate you! I hate you!"

"My, my," his aunt remarked. "What an awful tantrum for a little girl of your age! You should be ashamed to carry on so!"

"I am not a girl! I won't wear girl's clothes! You can't make me wear them!" he shouted, tears forming in his eyes.

"Why Roberta!" his aunt smiled. "You know you'd like nothing more than to wear frilly undies like other girls. Weren't you envious when you tried to see them on Susan yesterday?"

So that was it! All became clear to him! That was why he had not been punished last night. He pleaded with them not to do this thing to him, but his pleas fell on deaf ears. Finally, he realized that nothing he said or did would make any difference and he stood there, his spirits crushed.

HIS MOTHER smiled at him and told him to hold out his legs one at a time while the frilled panties were drawn on him and adjusted about his waist. In spite of his utter distaste for the garments, he couldn't help feeling a tingle as the soft silk brushed against his flesh. When his aunt commented on how becoming his panties were, he began weeping bitterly. Pink ankle socks were then pulled on his feet, followed by a pair of black patent-leather Mary Jane shoes.

Then Robert's mother went to the bureau drawer, where his regular clothes had been replaced by a mass of frilled lingerie, and brought out several layers of daintily frilled petticoats. She instructed him to hold his arms over his head while she put these on him, and he did so, knowing any protest would not help him out of this situation. Then she went to the closet, where, again, his boy's clothes had been replaced by a number of fashionable dresses, and brought out a pink satin frock with puffed sleeves and hemline trimmed in lace. This fitted him perfectly, the hem just reaching his knees, and his mother added a silken ribbon around the waist and a black velvet bolero-type jacket over his shoulders.

Then he was marched into his mother's room and seated at her vanity table. After one glance into the mirror, he closed his eyes tightly, not wanting to look at what they had done to



Barbara
Jean

him. His mother set to work feminizing his face with the barest hint of makeup — a little powder here, a dab of faintly colored rouge there, a bit of eyebrow pencil, and light pink lipstick. Meanwhile, his aunt fussed around with his hair, which had been allowed to grow rather long in keeping with the current style imported from Britain. He regretted that he'd not had it cut shorter when he saw that she had been able to rearrange it into a most acceptable girlish style by curling it slightly at the ends and fixing a pink ribbon in it. His mother added a pair of dangling gold eardrops to his earlobes, then stood back to admire her work.

"Now I have the beautiful little daughter I've always wanted!" she exclaimed, putting her arms around him and hugging him close to her. In spite of himself, Robert was just a little pleased at this unexpected show of affection. Meanwhile, his aunt inwardly scoffed at such nonsense, for it had no place in her plans, which were to punish and humiliate him.

Then he was led to a full-length mirror to view himself. A gasp escaped his lips as he saw what had been done to him. The reflection from the mirror was that of a daintily dressed little girl which no one would possibly take for a boy. "Please, Mother, please don't do this terrible thing to me!" he cried, turning to her with tears trickling down his cheeks.

"You might as well make up your mind to accept it," she said sternly. "You are going to be a pretty little girl for one entire week, and that is that. And if you show any resistance at all, we can easily extend that week to two weeks. I want to give you ample time to reflect on the nasty things you've done." As she spoke, a horrible thought crossed Robert's mind. What about school? Would he have to go to school dressed this way? His mother's next words eased his mind. "I'm telephoning your school Monday morning to tell them I'm keeping you home for the week, but you'll keep regular study hours under my guidance."

ROBERT WOULD never forget that first day he spent dressed in feminine frills. He was obliged to help with making the beds, tidying up the house, and preparing meals — all the activities he ordinarily disdained as mere girl's work. He would be constantly reminded to act in the proper girlish manner, and he was even taught how to curtsy properly. That night, he was decked out in a pink nylon nightie, lavishly trimmed with lace. To his later surprise, he found he had never slept so soundly.

In the ensuing days, Robert was kept busy around the house and soon found that even the hateful girl's work was becoming second nature to him. By midweek he was getting terribly restless from the confinement of the house, and when his mother saw this, she decided that he should go with his aunt and her to luncheon in a nearby restaurant. He was so glad to get out into the fresh air that the thought of anyone recognizing him as a boy in girl's clothes never occurred to him, and he thoroughly enjoyed the outing. Thinking him an exceptionally pretty girl, the waiters in the restaurant made a big fuss over him, and he

found himself pleased and flattered at all the attention. The next afternoon, several of his school chums dropped by to ask what had happened to him. In spite of his protests, his aunt invited them in and explained that he was away visiting relatives. He was introduced to them as her little daughter and they seemed to accept the impersonation completely.

The party his mother had wanted was arranged, without his knowledge, and scheduled for that Saturday, the last day of his confinement in feminine attire. A number of girls were invited, among them the Susan he'd treated so shabbily, and their mothers had agreed that it would be a proper punishment for him to make his girlish debut before them. The girls were not told who their hostess would be.

ON THE DAY of the party, Robert was marched upstairs just as soon as he had finished lunch. He found himself being so painstakingly dressed that he wondered what the occasion was, and his aunt told him that it was for a little surprise she had planned for him. In addition to the frilliest lingerie in his unwanted collection, she put a tiny, sub-teen brassiere around his chest, padding it lightly with cotton so that it would do justice to the lacy bodice of his party frock. After taking special pains with his makeup and hairdo, she hung a little pocketbook over his arm and tucked a lacy handkerchief into the charm bracelet around his other wrist, then led him downstairs to the drawing room. As he approached, the shrill chatter of girl's voices fell upon his ears, and the terrible truth suddenly dawned on him — he was expected to confront a group of giggling girls!

"No, No, I won't go in there!" he cried, trying desperately to free himself from his aunt's iron grip. When she pointed out to him that any resistance would mean another week in dainty girls' attire, he calmed down and allowed himself to be led into the room.

His mother greeted him at the door, then turned to the assemblage and said: "Roberta is very happy to welcome you to her party, girls." Then, to him: "Curtsy to your little friends, Roberta dear!"

As Robert performed this hateful task, complete silence permeated the room, the girls trying desperately to figure out who he was. Then, as recognition travelled through the crowd, all burst into excited exclamations at almost the same time, their voices echoing through the room and drumming through Robert's fevered brain.

"Oh, it's Robert ... I mean, Roberta!"

"Isn't he ... I mean, she ... pretty?"

"What a dear little outfit she has on!"

His aunt led him to the center of the room. "Of course, you know of Roberta's interest in what you wear under your little frocks, girls. Now she can model hers for you!" With that,

a new outburst of delight filled the room. Reaching down, she gathered the skirt of his frock in her fingers and raised it to expose his frilled petticoats, then these were lifted to show his dainty panties. Robert prayed that the earth would open up and swallow him, as the girls shrieked with laughter and delight, clapping their hands in approval.

With that, his aunt left the room after announcing that she was going out to help his mother prepare a snack. "Don't tease our little Roberta too much, girls. She may begin to like it."

Poor Robert found himself surrounded by the giggling girls, who swarmed around him and tugged at his skirts while he desperately tried to keep them from being raised, all the time knowing that word of his humiliation would reach all his school chums. "Please, please, leave me alone," he cried, covering his face with his hands.

To his surprise, Susan, the girl he'd made fun of on that fateful day, didn't participate in the hazing and even persuaded the girls, finally, to leave him alone. Taking his hand in hers, she led him to the chair next to her own and suggested he sit down. The other girls settled down some, in anticipation of the refreshments Robert's mother was bringing in.

"Don't pay any attention to them, Robert," she said softly. "I think they're terribly mean to you, and I'm sorry your mother decided to punish you this way."

"You're very kind," Robert told her, "and I'm sorry I made fun of you and caused you to cry. I really do like you a lot."

"I like you too. And I think you make a very pretty girl. I'd love to have you come over to my house some day, all dressed up this way." Somehow, the way she said this, Robert knew that she was not teasing him, that she was being sincere. And he was surprised to find that he was quite flattered at her compliment. It made the remainder of the party easier to bear.

SOME WEEKS LATER, Robert was spending an afternoon at home, with nothing much to do. He remembered his experiences of the week he spent as a girl and was thanking the fates that the girls who'd attended the party had not spread the word of his embarrassment all over school.

His aunt had gone home by now, and his mother was attending a formal tea given by some friends. Robert's thoughts suddenly went to the closet where his mother had stored his girlish attire and he was a little surprised that he now felt like looking at them again. He went to the closet, opened the door, and stared at the frocks in their sealed dress-bags. Almost without realizing it, he reached up on the shelf where his lingerie was stacked and took down an especially dainty pair of panties. Then, quickly making up his mind, he divested himself of his clothing and put the panties on, drawing them up slowly, glorying at their touch. Then he put on a matching pink silk vest and went to the long mirror in his mother's room. He knew then what joy was! ■ ■



A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY FOR TVs

The editors of TURNABOUT have just recently made contact with a truly remarkable individual who is offering a unique series of beauty services to TVs who live in or travel to the New York City area. Her name is Miss Lola de Borsody, and she is an internationally known facial specialist and physiotherapist.

Furthermore, Miss Borsody understands and sympathizes with the TV's special problems in achieving a more acceptable feminine image, particularly with regard to facial beauty, and she is now opening her upper East Side studio to the readers of TURNABOUT. Among the services she offers are European facials, expert electrolysis, shaping and tinting of eyebrows, and the teaching of makeup techniques aimed at minimizing the masculine and emphasizing the feminine features of the face. This latter service can consist of individual instruction or group classes in makeup techniques and cosmetic technology, depending upon the number of applicants.

Miss Borsody is an eminently respectable person who is well known to the editors of TURNABOUT, otherwise we would not recommend her services or allow them to be advertised, as they are on page 48 of this issue, to our readers. She is a welcome guest at TURNABOUT headquarters in mid-Manhattan, and she has demonstrated an uncommon understanding of the TV's motivations and, especially, his need for complete confidentiality.

Consultations with Miss Borsody are by appointment only, which means that a telephone call and a definite appointment must be made in advance of any visit to her studio. Although she can adjust her schedule to her clients' needs, so that a working TV can come in after hours, this must definitely be arranged well in advance.

One of the TV's biggest problems is getting help with his makeup problem from qualified professionals, especially those willing to sympathize with his needs. We think Miss Borsody is offering a unique opportunity to our readers, and we trust that our readers will not only take advantage of her offer but also act with a sense of responsibility in any dealings with her. ■



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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.

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