

# TURNABOUT®

no.5



A MAGAZINE OF TRANSVESTISM

# TURNABOUT

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# WE CAN'T FLOURISH IN A VACUUM

Since the dawn of journalism, editors have constantly attempted to impress their readers with the idea that the success of any publication which conscientiously tries to serve its readers depends largely upon those same readers' active response. The cry has been sounded time and again: "This is your magazine. What it becomes is up to you!"

Certainly this is true of TURNABOUT, whose purpose it is to offer a medium for expression of ideas, attitudes, and opinions of TVs and others interested in the field. It does not matter whether these ideas differ from those held by the editors.

A case in point is the article by our friend Dr. Hugo Beigel which begins on the opposite page. We may disagree with what Dr. Beigel says, but his years of practicing psychotherapy and his record of treating TV problems make it imperative that his voice be heard.

Naturally, we — or any of our readers — have the option of replying to Dr. Beigel's attack upon certain sacred cows in our midst, and, in a spirit of friendly debate, the editor of TURNABOUT has exercised that option on page 6 of this issue.

The point we are laboring to make is simple: No idea is so outrageous, no opinion is so controversial as to be denied an airing in TURNABOUT. We've said it many times: Ideas do not offend us, but their suppression or repression do.

TURNABOUT cannot become the kind of magazine we want it to be without your help, in the form of articles, stories, letters-to-the-editor, photos (color or black-and-white). We do not expect polished writing; our function as editors is to supply the polishing and editing needed without altering the author's ideas. It is to our advantage to present your material in the best possible manner.

The alternative to a more active participation by you in TURNABOUT's future is a magazine which is staff-written. Unlike other writers in the field, TURNABOUT's editors do not pretend to be "representative TVs," much less the ultimate authorities on the subject of transvestism. Without your help, TURNABOUT can never become a valid reflection of the TV community.

Now that TURNABOUT has become a quarterly publication, many of its problems have been solved. How much we are able to stay on this new schedule depends largely on how much help you are willing to give — and how much you really care.

Transvestism never works well in isolation, we have found. And neither can TURNABOUT flourish in a vacuum. Write us now and let us know that you do care.

Fred L. Shaw, Jr.  
Publisher :: TURNABOUT

# THE MYTH OF THE LATENT FEMININITY IN THE MALE

By HUGO G. BEIGEL, Ph.D.

Certain myths which are rampant among transvestites pretend to explain some men's cross-dressing compulsion. One of these tales proposes that the male transvestite is endowed with a female soul and, by adopting feminine mannerisms and apparel, he seeks to express his hindered femininity.

The transvestite writers and speechmakers who travel on and on with this line modestly hint that the combination of masculinity and femininity in one person is an ideal. With the noble trait of femininity in his male body, they say, the transvestite is more closely aligned with perfection than the ordinary "square" who has only one sex — or rather "gender," as they would genteelly put it — at his disposal.

It's about time we examined this flattering and, therefore, widely repeated idea.

The combination of male and female sexual characteristics in one organism is called hermaphroditism. As a wish-dream fantasy, the depiction of human beings of this type occurs in ancient mythology and art and, in modern times, in the vivid imaginings of the lone masturbator.

In reality, complete male-femaleness occurs only on the lower rungs of the phylogenetic scale. Of course, using the word "lower" instead of "earlier" in speaking about the evolutionary process may be interpreted as an unfair value judgment: Creatures on the level of the earthworm may be better off than humans. But the course of development appears to be irreversible, and humans are divided into two sexes — male and female.

To be sure, it does happen occasionally that males develop some of the female sex characteristics and females some of the male sex characteristics. These so-called pseudohermaphrodites do not confirm the claim that the combination of both sexes in one person makes for greater perfection. On the contrary, medico-psychological findings indicate that the "plus" is a defect which in practically all known cases is also reflected in the physical and mental capabilities of the pseudohermaphrodite.

Fortunately, transvestites do not belong to this intersex group. They have sometimes been termed "psychic intersexes" because physically their sex is beyond doubt. This naturally poses the question of whence the alleged femininity in such a male comes.

Certainly the wish to be a giant does not make a little boy a giant. Does, then, the desire to be a female make a man a girl and does the act of dressing like a girl and imitating her mannerisms prove that the transvestite has the workings of a female soul?



# ONE MAN'S MYTH IS ANOTHER'S POISON

By SIOBHAN FREDERICKS

Dr. Hugo Beigel's provocative article debunking "the girl within" theory of transvestism will doubtless disturb many of TURNABOUT's readers. Speaking as a transvestite, I must admit it disturbed me, not because of the philosophic/scientific arguments put forth but rather because of the attitude which the article reveals on the part of its author, a prominent psychotherapist with considerable experience in treating TVs.

The arguments Dr. Beigel presents and the words he uses to clothe them in show a sincere belief that (1) the act of cross-dressing is fraught with danger to the individual's mental well-being; (2) the compulsion to cross-dress is prima facie evidence of progressive mental deterioration leading to psychosis; and (3) claims of an "inner femininity" on the part of the transvestite may be dismissed as nothing more than a rationalization by which he makes peace with his guilt.

These judgments, of course, are debatable, but they may be seen as basically scientific in their orientation and founded on Dr. Beigel's observations of the highly troubled TVs who seek his help. Above and beyond Dr. Beigel's scientific opinions, however, lurks an intruding patina of emotion which borders on righteous wrath. He seems indignant that TVs persist in a compulsive activity which brings them pleasure and release and that they dare attempt to explain their deviation from socially accepted behavior patterns by such oversimplifications as "the girl within" or "an inner femininity."

Although I am not qualified to dictate the manner in which a professional psychotherapist approaches the plight of the TV, I doubt that moral indignation, however well controlled, is the most valid route to a solution of the TV's dilemma.

Admittedly, the target of Dr. Beigel's attack is a particularly vulnerable one. The "girl within" theory of transvestism is loudly touted by at least one other TV publication, and its proponents have pushed it to the height of absurdity. The dual-gender concept is much too easy an explanation for a phenomenon as complex as transvestism, and most TVs who claim the presence of this mystical feminine inner self do so as a sop for their uneasy consciences.

Nonetheless, duality of personality can exist in severely disturbed individuals, and who can say that some TVs do not fall within that category? Until a definitive study of transvestism is performed, the possibility of a genuine "girl within" cannot be entirely ruled out of existence.

Some TVs carry the "girl within" theory a step beyond the dual-gender concept by claiming to have "the soul of a woman in the body of a man," thus adding the anima principle to the semantic confusion surrounding transvestism. What they are really trying to do is to explain their desire to cross-dress to those who are not TVs and who cannot be expected to understand.

Unfortunately, Dr. Beigel takes their explanation at face-value and goes on to debunk the idea of "body-soul dualism." Most TVs are aware that one's psychic components — the conscious mind, the subconscious mind, and the personality — cannot exist separately from the body but are intimately involved with the body's endocrine and central nervous systems and one another.

In the light of such knowledge, I find it strange that Dr. Beigel totally rejects the possibility of hormonal influences on the TV's behavior and flatly states that "deviations from the normal relation of androgens and estrogens are not more frequent among transvestites than in a random sample of the male population." How does he know? When were such studies of TVs and such a random sampling ever made in sufficient depth to either prove or disprove the hypothesis that hormone imbalance plays a role in the development of transvestic behavior?

In the absence of such definitive studies, such a statement can only be an educated guess. My own thinking is that environment probably plays the most important role in the making of a TV, but I am also aware that each human being is biologically two-sexed, that each human being has attributes which society labels "masculine" and "feminine," and that no two human beings have precisely the same proportion of "masculinity" and "femininity" because each human being is unique unto himself.

What is most distressing about Dr. Beigel's article is his attempt to equate transvestism with sickness. He says, "anything which becomes a compulsion indicates sickness," claiming that "in many cases, the seemingly innocuous habit has terminated in a psychosis." Let's examine these points one at a time.

Many psychotherapists believe that compulsions indicate sickness without ever critically examining that concept. Some persons, however, have a compulsion toward personal cleanliness so strong that they feel physically uncomfortable when they are dirty. Others have compulsions toward telling the truth, toward treating their fellow men with decency, toward protecting their loved ones. Are these compulsions viewed as symptoms of illness? Of course not ... they are socially acceptable behavior traits!

Transvestism is not a socially acceptable behavior pattern, and psychotherapists seem to have a tendency to characterize any compulsion toward an activity which violates social taboos as a symptom of sickness. It seems to make no difference that the taboo itself may be as outmoded or illogical as the body-soul dualism which Dr. Beigel denounces so emphatically.

The grim prognosis that transvestism often leads to psychosis is also difficult to swallow, especially since Dr. Beigel

fails to define his use of the word "psychosis" or to specify what kind of psychosis the TV is predestined toward.

The term "psychosis" once served as a convenient catch-all for virtually every behavior disorder, but modern-day psychiatry restricts it to apply to the more severe disturbances, those which are caused either by a disruption in the functioning of a segment of the brain or a deterioration of or injury to the structure of a brain segment.

How, then, does Dr. Beigel relate such a profound type of disorder to transvestism? Does he mean that continual cross-dressing somehow damages the brain or disturbs its function? I doubt that Dr. Beigel is capable of such an absurdity.

Perhaps he means that transvestism leads eventually to transsexualism and believes that transsexualism is a form of psychosis — a conclusion presented by some therapists who were frustrated in their attempts to divert transsexuals from their pursuit of a sex-change. Transsexualism, in itself, is no more a form of psychosis than is transvestism an automatic predisposition to transsexualism.

Understandably, Dr. Beigel makes much of the transvestite's unwillingness to undergo a cure for his condition, his weakness of motivation toward ridding himself of cross-dressing once and for all through psychotherapy. Assuming that transvestism is a symptom of some childhood or adolescent personality disturbance, which is the better course to follow — treating the symptom by raking up the psychic muck of the past during years of therapy or leaving well enough alone?

If a TV finds his aberration from the social norm a real source of anguish or a truly disruptive element in his life situation, then I would certainly encourage him to seek a "cure" if such exists. However, he should beware of any therapy which eliminates only the symptom of cross-dressing and leaves him in a situation where he is so obsessed with resisting the urge to dress that he cannot devote proper attention to the more important functions in his life.

All too frequently, this is the case with TVs who have "kicked the habit." Where the TV, prior to therapy, had been satisfied with occasional cross-dressing episodes, he finds himself devoting nearly all his mental energy to dogged denial of the TV compulsion and making a virtual fetish out of his "cure."

What really lies behind the compulsion of psychotherapists to "cure" deviant behavior? Dr. Robert Lindner said: "Nonconformity and mental illness have become synonymous. The rebellious, the non-conformist, is considered sick and subject to all the arts science can fashion to cure him of his 'sickness.' These arts are specifically designed to restore the individual to conformity. Therapies may masquerade as a boon to the deviant and a humanitarian modification of historic prejudice and hate, but they are, in fact, but another way to obtain the performance our dangerously petrifying institutions demand." ■ ■

## CONFESSIONS OF A SHAGGY DOG

By PERRO LE CHIEN

The story which I am about to tell will amaze some readers, annoy others, and stupefy a few. But I don't care. If I am to preserve what's left of my tottering sanity, I must get the whole shabby thing off my chest.

You may well ask — as did the editors of this magazine — what my story has to do with the general subject matter covered by TURNABOUT. No reasonable answer to this question is possible.

Suffice it to say that the observant reader may find certain oblique parallels between my case history and those sordid confessionals which grace the pages of other TV-type publications. (Perhaps I should add here that unimaginative geometers may find the phrase "oblique parallels" a contradiction in terms, but I won't. I'm too far gone for such piddling details.)

Such has been the extent of my desperation that I have been searching everywhere for help and for understanding of my dilemma: The Humane Society ... the ASPCA ... even the Bide-A-Wee Home. They have flatly refused to have anything to do with me.

The thinking of veterinarians is not much more advanced, if I am to judge by some of the unkind things they said about me, calling me "pervert," "monster," and — more kindly — "deviate."

You see, gentle reader, my problem is that I have the soul of a dog in the body of a man. Outwardly, I appear to be a physically normal male human being of medium height and average build with soft brown eyes and no distinguishing characteristics other than an abnormally cold nose, a habit of panting heavily in warm weather, and rather large eye-teeth (sometimes referred to as the "canine" teeth).

Yet, beneath all this lives the "dog within," pacing back and forth and gnawing away at the very foundations of my sanity. Living with such a secret being inside me is often more than I can stand. I must tell someone and, as a last resort, I am taking the opportunity offered by the kindly editors of TURNABOUT to tell my pitiful tale to all who are brave enough to listen. Confession, I am told, is good for the soul. Frankly, my soul would rather have its ears scratched or a nice pat on the head.

All I want from life, gentle reader, is to lie down before a crackling hearthfire and chew on an old slipper or a properly aged soupbone. Or to be taken out for a nice romp in a meadow where I can chase sticks thrown by some understanding person or flush out a covey of quail. Alas, this was not meant to be.

The constant conflict between what the conventional world expects from me and the demands made by my inner canininity has reached such a magnitude that it blights my life.

For instance, there's my job. As publicity director for a large manufacturer of dog biscuits, I have been criticized for having an overly subjective approach to creating advertisements for our product (which, incidentally is simply delicious).

Or take my relationships with other human beings. A former friend characterized me as having all the attributes of a dog except loyalty. I realize now that he did not mean it as a compliment, but I viewed it as such at the time, much to his consternation.

And, finally, consider my love life. ... Well, gentle reader, I hardly think a family magazine such as TURNABOUT is the proper place to discuss that!

Where did this preoccupation with dogdom begin? Far back in the dear dim days of my childhood the "dog within" was born — or, if you prefer, whelped. My earliest recollection of my incipient puppyhood revolves around my father, a huge, hearty, jovial man whom I dearly despised and who would barge into my bedroom at the crack of dawn each morning and rouse me from my slumbers with a huge, hearty, jovial greeting: "Time to get up, me boy! Rise and shine! Time to pop out of yer bed all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed!"

Oh, gentle reader, how I hated that rude awakening! Every morning of my young life, it was the same -- not a word, not a syllable of this horrible, degrading salutation ever changed. And then, one terrible morning, the inevitable happened. I really woke up bright-eyed and bushy-tailed and making low, growling noises deep in my throat.

After they pried my teeth loose from my huge, hearty, jovial father's throat, I was sent away to live, for a time, with my grandparents, who operated a nice little ranch where they raised Irish wolfhounds.

My grandpa and grandma were both very kind to me. While they couldn't hope to fully understand me, they were nice enough to let me sleep out in the kennels on warm nights. The Irish wolfhounds didn't really understand me, either, but they too were kind just so long as I took no more than my share of the bones. Those were the happiest days of my life — the long-lost days of my puppyhood!

As I grew to maturity, I learned that the world would never quite understand the needs of my soul. I became quite cagy in my attempts to conceal my innermost desires. As I progressed through high school, there were several love affairs with girls, but, as you might expect, these attachments were doomed from the start, being only puppy-love.

Appropriately enough, I took my college education at Duke University (something about the name appealed to me), where I matriculated in the Department of Parapsychology, majoring in lycanthropy, the study of werewolfism. I enjoyed my classwork, even though the laboratory sessions were enough to give one paws.

My real frustrations began after graduation. More and more, my wild canine spirit resented being curbed by the demands of social conformity. The neighbors took to complaining about my habit of baying at the full moon. Obviously, they were unaware of my overpowering urge for self-expression. The girls in my office complained about my wolfish leers which, unfortunately, were completely unintentional — not directed at them. And, to make matters worse, it was only through the utmost self-control that I was able to pass by a tree or a fireplug without stopping for a sniff or two to see who was new in the neighborhood.

One day in my late twenties, I discovered that I was not alone in my misery. Picking up one of the strange little publications sold from under bookshop counters, I saw an ad for the FCE (the Foundation for Canine Expression). At first, I was suspicious of organizational activities, being something of a lone wolf since my sad experience with trying to join the American Kennel Club, a snobbish bunch who rejected my application on the grounds of insufficient pedigree.

Finally, I summoned up the courage to write to the FCE. I suppose this first letter, duly signed with a nom de chien and paw-print, revealed some of the fear and trembling within my shaggy breast. But it was quickly rewarded with an application to join FCE, and this gave me a new leash on life. Not even the questionnaire, which delved deep into my doggiest secrets, discouraged me now.

Once accepted into FCE and awarded my lifetime correspondence code number, thoughtfully engraved on a dogtag, I eagerly purchased all the back issues of the official FCE publication, ARFPEGGIO, and spent hours with my quivering nose buried deep in fascinating articles on such topics as what to do about fleas, how to scratch one's ear with one's hind foot, and where to obtain bootleg testosterone guaranteed to make one's body hair grow in luxurious abundance.

As soon as an invitation to attend the next meeting of the local FCE chapter arrived, I quickly purchased a beautiful formal dog suit equipped with a realistic tail which wagged via an ingenious mechanism and a set of gleaming ivory fangs capable of crunching the toughest bone into powder.

The night of my fateful debut into organized dogdom arrived. Carefully donning the perfectly fitting dog suit, I stood enraptured before the full-length mirror, turning this way and that, posing and primping shamelessly.

Oh, gentle reader, if you only knew the glorious feeling of freedom I experienced that night as I loped along the boulevard on my way to the meeting, the intriguing scent of the official FCE perfume ("Le Mutt") trailing behind me. No passer-by would have dreamed I was not what I appeared to be — a handsome St. Bernard. Even the little brandy barrel hitting my throat at every bound failed to dampen my sense of utter fulfillment.

Alas, the chapter meeting turned out to be a bitter anti-

climax to what began as the most exciting evening of my life. I found a mere handful of people, none of them "dressed" (as I like to call it) in proper canine style, sitting rather tensely on their haunches in a circle around a rather outlandish creature attired in a French poodle suit which fit badly.

When I dashed exuberantly into the room, I secretly was hoping to be greeted with a chorus of wolf-whistles. This may not seem so important to you, gentle reader, but until you have heard a whistling wolf, you've not really lived. Instead of the warm welcome I'd expected, my brash entrance was greeted with stony silence and a biting admonition from the lecturer, who turned out to be chapter president. As I sat, crestfallen, in the corner, the lecturer went on with a dogged dissertation on the gross impropriety of chasing cats and the dangers brought upon the FCE "cause" by embattled cat-lovers in retaliation for such conduct.

After an hour or two, the lecture concluded amid a dutiful chorus of yips and growls signifying applause. Before I slunk from the room with my tail between my legs and a hangdog look on my face, I learned that my faux pas had been a serious one, as members were not allowed to attend meetings "dressed," a right which was reserved only for the top dog, as it were.

To make the evening a total disaster, I was arrested on my way home on charges of not having a city dog license, of violating the leash law, and of illegal transport of alcoholic beverages (the little brandy barrel on my collar was not properly sealed). At that point, I fear, I completely lost my head and bit the arresting officer on the leg with my brand-new fangs. The case is still under appeal, although I'm happy to report that the officer recovered quite nicely, with only a slight limp.

And so, gentle reader, you can see that a dog's life is not nearly what it's cracked up to be — especially when the dog you are is a "dog within," and something of a dog in the manger, at that.

While that dreadful experience with FCE left its scars on my canine ego — even worse than the scars I left upon that poor policeman — I still persist in my hopeless pursuit of the ultimate dogdom. I have collected a complete wardrobe of doggy disguises, but my only outlet is to occasionally venture out late at night. Sometimes, I feel moved to strike a blow for freedom by visiting the city parks and uprooting all the "No Dogs Allowed" signs, thereby baffling the police with what they believe is senseless vandalism. But most of the time life is less eventful than that.

In closing, gentle reader, I'd like to pass on a bit of homespun philosophy from the pen of Ezra Pound:

When I consider the curious habits of dogs,  
I must conclude that man is the superior animal.  
But when I consider the curious habits of man,  
I tell you, friend, I am puzzled.

## TRANVESTISM AND THE LAW Part 2:

### ARREST WITHOUT TRIAL By PEGIE VAL ADDAIR

The idea of being arrested while dressed as a woman was an event I had only vaguely contemplated before the catastrophic night it finally happened. Many factors led to my arrest, some so personally unique as to make my experience inapplicable to others. However, telling the story will demonstrate what can happen to an individual who dares go forth in society dressed as a female.

I had been under tremendous pressure — what I call "a rage to dress" — and undergoing stress resulting from an abrupt change of work, from that of an inside store clerk for ten years to that of a salesman traveling through six states in the Midwest. I was dressing and going out night after night after night, and here I was again in a small city of 20,000, fresh from enjoying a leisurely dinner in a restaurant.

The officer was on the opposite side of the street when I nonchalantly walked across the intersection. When he said, "Hey! come here a minute," I was astonished to discover he meant me. I tried to stay calm, but inside I was terrified as he asked to see inside my purse. I had trouble unzipping it and when I did get it open, he turned his flashlight into it and looked. Then he asked my name.

"Pegie ... Pegie Val Addair," I answered, still hoping I could brazen my way out of whatever this was all about. But his next question floored me: "Why are you dressed as a woman?"

Of course, this was it. He frisked me right there on the main street of town, and as we walked to the police station, I tried explaining that I'd gotten started dressing at a party and that now and then I feel like doing it again. He listened to me but could not understand. It had to be more than this; there had to be some logical — probably criminal — reason.

As I learned at the police station, the officer hadn't just "read" me on the street, he had a description of me, tentative at best — "a person in a cream-colored car coat, black slacks, and low-heel pumps; medium height; black hair; seen in a drug store and thought by two women clerks to be a man dressed as a woman." I was astounded to have been read by the two clerks. As I painfully recalled every moment I'd been in the store, I realized that a number of factors combined to give me away.

For one thing, I'd forgotten to carry lipstick so as to replenish my makeup after eating. I became nervous as I bought cigarettes and, after dropping a dime on the floor, I tried to pick it up with gloves on and botched the job. Then, while struggling for composure, I let too much masculine tone out in

my voice while ordering cigarettes. However, by that time, I had my nervousness under control and casually walked back out onto the street, believing that nothing was wrong. Returning to my hotel room, I applied fresh lipstick, picked up an order I wanted to mail to my company, and went to the post office.

But now it was too late to consider all the things that went wrong ... that I should have had a hotel room with better lighting to aid in a convincing makeup job ... that I should have been wearing high heels, nylons, and a skirt ... that I should have been carrying sufficient makeup with me.

Six officers were in the police station now. As each new one came in, one of the others would point at me and say: "How'd you like to shack up with her tonight?" The newly arrived would look at me, not understanding what the other cop meant, and then they'd break the news that I was a man. They'd all roar with laughter and anxiously wait for the next new arrival.

Along with the kidding and the horseplay and the sadistic jibes that went on for the next four days was intermixed the very serious business of finding out why I was walking the streets of their city disguised as a woman. I became aware that I was the personification of suspicion, every facet of my life became the property of the police, and this made any consideration of my constitutional or human rights of no consequence.

One officer wanted to know why I had used the name "Pegie Val Addair" when I was approached; I told him it just came to mind. But now they were rifling my billfold and purse, and I learned the rueful lesson that a TV should never ever carry anything while dressed which connects him with his employer or his family. In the purse was a huge sum of money and checks made out to my company as payment for sales I'd made that week.

"Check forgery your racket?" they wanted to know and began questioning me relentlessly. Some of the officers seemed to accept my explanation that dressing and going out were like alcoholism — once hooked, you have to do it every so often. I had photos of Pegie, and they examined them so as to establish that I'd been doing this for years. I thought perhaps my explanation would be accepted enough that I'd only have to spend one night in jail. But that hope was dashed when I discovered they were checking me out of my hotel and were bringing my belongings to the police station.

One break was their allowing me to wash off my makeup and dress as a man before they took me off to the County Jail, whose facilities the city used. I must have set a speed record for changing back into my male clothes.

This was a Thursday night, and a very miserable night indeed! More embarrassment was my lot at the County Jail, where the sheriff wanted a matron to examine me to make sure whether I was male or female or in-between. Finally, I was allowed to stay with the trustees on the second floor, where I then lay in my bunk and cried myself to sleep.

Friday morning, when the city police came for me, I was yet hopeful of being released, but once back at the police station the complexion of things changed. The police chief was highly suspicious and questioned me savagely on everything from bogus check passing to narcotics. Peculiarly, he seemed convinced I was a professional impersonator he'd seen at a night club.

The assistant chief had other ideas. He'd missed the fun of the night before. After mug shots and fingerprints were taken of me, he insisted they needed mug shots of Pegie. Another officer, who seemed more sympathetic than the others, suggested I dress from the waist up only and thus humor the assistant chief.

A most unique experience, indeed, dressing at the very direction of the police after they'd earlier warned me never to do such a thing again. Under their watchful eyes, I had to apply full makeup, bra, blouse, and wig. Needless to say, the mug shots of Pegie on that tumultuous morning will never appear in TURNABOUT or, I hope, anywhere.

While the mug shots were being taken, the full horror of the assistant chief's plan unfolded. He made me sit on a stool in the center of the room and drape my coat over my male trousers and oxfords, then he'd lead various men into the room and tell each one, "I'll give you fifty bucks if you'll mount her." As terrible as I must have looked with tears streaming down my face, I could hardly have been attractive, but one man almost took the assistant chief's offer until he was told the score.

The assistant chief's game was an ordeal beyond comprehension, and it sickened some of the policemen who had to watch it. Finally, I was allowed to wash off the makeup and dress again in my male clothes, whereupon the strange ambivalence of the assistant chief presented itself.

As the chief resumed his dogged questioning of me, the assistant chief reminded him that I had not done anything against the law. "Hell, women wear men's clothes all the time," he said, "so what's this guy done? We have no law he's violated." But his unexpected defense made no difference, and I was taken back to the county jail while they continued their investigation of me.

At this point I was still debating whether or not to phone my boss — or just how I should spend my one allotted call. I kept hoping I'd be released sometime that day. As I lay in my bunk, still afraid to look the other prisoners in the eye, I began reevaluating my situation. Then a horrible realization came to me: I had a revolver in my suitcase!

I'd completely forgotten about it. I'd kept the gun for protection on the road but recently had removed the chamber from the gun's framework and wrapped it in a plastic bag. But I knew the revolver's discovery would be the one thing the police were looking for, no matter what condition it was in. My suitcase sat right beside the chief's desk; of course, he'd go through it. I had to secure my release somehow before he did.

Finally, I pleaded with the jail authorities to let me call

my boss and they finally agreed. I told my boss nothing more than that I'd been arrested and was in jail, preferring him to get any explanation from the local authorities. He promised to get busy on his end and find out what was happening.

When the evening paper came out, I expected a detailed, front-page coverage of my arrest, but there was only a small item which did not give my name, my company's name, or what city I was from. I spent a more relaxed Friday night.

Saturday dragged by. I was more used to jail routine by then and fraternized more with other prisoners, who regarded me with complete nonchalance and thought nothing of my "crime."

On Sunday, I discussed my plight with a fellow prisoner, a trustee who was sympathetic. Since he was allowed off the jail premises, he agreed to place a collect call to my mother, and I knew she'd immediately phone my boss and find out why nothing was being done about my release. The maximum 72-hour limit for a prisoner to be held without charge placed against him was approaching, but the nightmare of the revolver in my suitcase was wearing my nerves ragged.

The trustee returned with the news that he'd spoken to my mother and it was her understanding that I should have been released long before now. My character had been vouched for; the chief had talked to my boss; but I was still being held.

At 6 p.m. — nearly 72 hours after my arrest — the city police came for me and, on the way to the station, they hinted I'd probably come back to the county jail. I knew the revolver had been found, and indeed it had. It was lying on the desk, still dismantled, the shell-chamber still in the plastic bag.

The questioning began. Why the gun? What about the letters (to other TVs) in my suitcase? What about the strange magazines? Should he turn me over to the postal authorities?

"I thought you said you weren't queer?" he asked at one point, indicating one of the TV magazines. He kept grilling me, trying to make me admit I was a criminal or a homosexual. Later I learned he was over a barrel himself. My boss was bringing political pressure to bear on him and he knew there was no real case against me. Finally, he released me with the admonition never to return to his city again — advice I hardly needed.

As I drove away from town, I now knew that my boss knew all about me and so, of course, did my family, some of whom were on their way to help gain my release, unaware that I was finally out.

The lesson is quite plain: Transvestites earn their right to go out in public by making themselves undetectable under all circumstances. But some circumstances cannot be anticipated, and once a TV is unmasked, society must be satisfied of the reasons for the masquerade. As I drove slowly home, the events of the past three days gave way to the realization that I must now face my family and my boss again, and their image of me would now be forever changed.



PAULA



HELEN

## A TURNABOUT GALLERY

GINÁ



JEMY





## THE MILLER CASE

In spite of the long silence on the part of TURNABOUT, for which I must personally apologize, there has been considerable progress made in the course of the Miller case through the courts. For those who are unaware of the appeal being made by the readers of both TURNABOUT and TRANSVESTIA in behalf of a fellow TV, a brief summary is in order.

Last March, this TV was arrested while walking in feminine attire, makeup, and wig on a street near his home in New York City. He was charged with violation of Section 887-7 of the New York State Code of Criminal Procedure, which classifies as a vagrant any person who "having his face painted, discolored, covered, or concealed, or being otherwise disguised in a manner to prevent his being identified, appears on a road or public highway or in a field, lot, wood, or enclosure." He was brought to trial, was convicted, and was given a suspended two-day sentence. He decided to appeal the case, providing that other TVs would help raise the money to finance such an appeal.

A great many TVs responded to the urgings of the editor of TRANSVESTIA and myself and donated nearly \$1200 toward the appeal. This was deposited in a special checking account titled "The John Miller Defense Fund," jointly administered by Charles Prince (publisher of TRANSVESTIA) and the publisher of TURNABOUT, Fred Shaw, with the attorneys for the defendant advising as to the need for disbursement of funds.

Within the next few months, an appeal was filed in Miller's behalf with the New York Supreme Court, Appellate Term, and a brief was written and duly filed. The New York Civil Liberties Union, a branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, became interested in the constitutional issues involved in the case and filed a separate brief as amicus curiae ("friend of the court"). At that time, a reporter for the New York Times got wind of the case and wrote a generally straightforward and sympathetic story, after consulting with the defendant's lawyers and TURNABOUT's publisher. He avoided any close identification of the defendant in the story, used only the first and last names "John Miller," and made no reference to any aspect of Miller's

private or public life which would identify him or harm him any further. This intelligent and restrained handling of a story which virtually any other newspaper in the United States would have blown up to sensational proportions is typical of the New York Times. To my knowledge, it represents the first time any newspaper has given any TV fair and impartial coverage.

The civil liberties brief and the Times story took place in October, just as the attorneys were in the final stages of preparation for a hearing in the Appellate Term. That hearing was scheduled for later in the month but was postponed for 60 days at the request of the prosecution.

During this period of postponement, a significant complication came to pass. The defendant's lawyers were tipped off that the New York State Court of Appeals — the highest court in the state — had just ruled adversely on a case in which two TVs had appealed the same section of the Code. The basic facts in their case were quite similar to those in the Miller case, but their lawyers apparently chose to argue on the basis of misapplication of the law rather than its constitutionality, which is the main characteristic of the Miller appeal. In spite of this, the two TVs' appeal was viewed favorably by two of the seven justices in the Court of Appeals.

This denial of their appeal affected the Miller case considerably, since the Appellate Term, being a lower court than the Court of Appeals, could be expected to refuse to overrule the higher court by ruling favorably in our case, no matter how different the basic arguments might be. Our attorneys decided to go through the motions of presenting the brief to the Appellate Term, and the hearing was held early this year. As expected, the Appellate Term denied the appeal, although the decision was split four-to-three against the appeal, a somewhat surprising turn of events in that such a close vote was unexpected.

Permission was then requested from the Court of Appeals for a hearing of the Miller case. Because of their prior decision in the case of the two TVs, permission was refused and our recourse to law in the State of New York was at an end. This meant that the next step would have to be the Supreme Court of the United States.

Considering the fact that financing of the appeal was made possible by TVs all over the United States (as well as Canada and England), we can view this turn of events as beneficial to our "cause." A favorable decision in the U.S. Supreme Court would have considerably more meaning to all TVs than such a decision by a New York court, since the U.S. Supreme Court's rulings become the law of the land and the touchstone for any future defense of TVs accused under masquerading ordinances such as New York's Section 887-7.

As the case now stands, a Writ of Certiorari will soon be filed by our lawyers requesting that the Supreme Court hear the Miller case. The Supreme Court, of course, has the option of refusing this Writ of Certiorari, and it exercises that option

in about nine out of ten cases by refusing to schedule the case for hearing. If it did not refuse to hear 90% of the cases in which such a writ is filed, its calendar would be hopelessly jammed with appeal cases and it could not function at all.

What are our chances of the Supreme Court hearing the Miller appeal? No one can predict them, since much depends upon the mood of the nine justices who comprise the U.S. Supreme Court. If they consider the constitutional questions raised by our appeal of sufficient importance to the meaning of the Constitution itself, they may decide to schedule our appeal. If they do not consider our appeal important enough, then that's the end of the entire affair. No further recourse to law is possible.

But this is the chance we must take. The stakes are now too high, the potential benefits of a favorable Supreme Court decision in the Miller case are too great, for us to back out now. Thus, the writ is being filed, and we must wait until the Supreme Court decides whether or not to hear the case.

Incidentally, the two TVs whose appeal preceded the Miller appeal through the New York court system have disappeared, and their lawyers have abandoned the appeal. This leaves the way clear for the Miller appeal, apparently, and it is unlikely that any other similar case will be taken to the Supreme Court before our Writ of Certiorari is considered.

While it will be a few months before we know whether or not the Supreme Court will hear the case, various expenses and filing fees have eaten away at the \$1200 defense fund. In spite of the fact that our lawyers have handled the case at rock-bottom fees, they have informed us that another \$150 may be needed within the next month or so.

At present, a balance of \$243.18 is in the defense fund account. The filing fee for the Writ of Certiorari will be \$100, and other expenses (such as printing) connected with writ will amount to between \$50 and \$100. The attorneys' fee for the certiorari proceeding will be \$200.

As a result, I am renewing our earlier request for contributions toward defraying the \$150 which will probably be needed. If you missed out on the chance to contribute a year ago, we'd greatly appreciate your sending in whatever you can afford. If you have already contributed, we hope you'll want to add a few more bucks to your original sum. All checks and money orders should be made out to the John Miller Defense Fund — not to the Abbé de Choisy Press or to the lawyers.

As we said a year ago in our original request for contributions, here is your chance to help strike a blow for your freedom from unfair and unconstitutional laws. Now that our appeal has come so far, it would be a shame to let ourselves down. Even though the financing of this Writ of Certiorari is, admittedly, a gamble, it is a gamble well worth the taking, because the stakes are so high. The chance of a hearing in the U.S. Supreme Court may never come to the TV community again!

## ABSTRACT: ATTITUDES TOWARD SEX TRANSFORMATION PROCEDURES

Richard Green, M.D. ■ Robert Stoller, M.D.  
Craig MacAndrew, Ph.D.

To date, no explicit statement of the medical ethics regarding the indication for performing change-of-sex procedures has been established. No standardized laws govern the handling of these requests. Furthermore, there is no documentation of what attitudes prevail among physicians concerning the ethical, legal, and moral questions raised by the transsexual patient's request for a change of sex.

The present paper reports the results of an attempt to document certain attitudes of selected medical and lay groups on these issues. A 200-item questionnaire was constructed which collected data on attitudes toward such operations, the general problem of transsexualism, transvestism, and homosexuality, and certain biographical information concerning respondents. Groups polled included psychiatrists, urologists, and gynecologists (the surgeons usually called upon to perform the surgery), general practitioners, transvestites, and male and female homosexuals.

Four out of five responding psychiatrists thought that, by definition, a biologically normal male requesting a change-of-sex procedure was "severely neurotic" as did the same percentage of surgeons, general practitioners, and the sexually deviant groups. By contrast, only one in six psychiatrists considered such a person "psychotic" as did an approximately equal percentage of the other physicians.

Regarding the moral status of a biologically normal male requesting such an operation, only 1.8% of psychiatrists considered him "morally depraved" as opposed to 14% of the surgeons and 3% of the sexually deviant groups.

Three percent of the psychiatrists felt these patients should be institutionalized compared to 12% of the remaining physicians and 1% of the deviant group. Over four-fifths of all the respondents thought they should be given outpatient psychiatry. Not one respondent from any of the medical or deviate groups thought the transsexual should be imprisoned.

As part of the questionnaire, a transsexual case history vignette was presented of a biologically normal male who had always felt as a woman and who wanted a change-of-sex procedure. Given only that information, 9% of psychiatrists, 3% of surgeons, 7% of GPs, half the transvestites, and a third of the homosexuals would be willing to approve the request. Given the additional stipulation that a psychiatrist had examined the patient and had found him neither "psychotic nor severely ill mentally," one in five psychiatrists would be willing to approve the request as compared to only one in 13 surgeons, one in five GPs, and a majority of deviant group members. Given the further stipulation that a psychiatrist, after two years treatment, also felt the operation indicated, 45% of psychiatrists and 37% of surgeons approved the request. (( Continued on Page 27 ))



# ON THE SONNÉ SIDE

By Sonné Teal

West Berlin ...

In my last column in TURNABOUT, oh so long ago, I told of how kindly I was accepted by the crew and cast of La Poupée, who finally had been told that a man was going to play the female lead in the movie. This column will continue the inside story of the filming of La Poupée.

Perhaps you are wondering if it will ever finish. During my work on the picture, I wondered if it would finish, too.

Jacques Baratier, the director, had made only one full-length feature film prior to La Poupée, a film called Gora, but he had had great success with a number of short subjects. Gora was set in North Africa and had proven a critical success but not a financial one. Baratier hoped that La Poupée would be a moneymaker, and he was always searching for gimmicks by which he could attract the public. One of these was using me for the feminine lead, but he hadn't yet decided when he would spring my identity upon the public.

As you can imagine, it was hard to keep a secret, once all the extras and crew were in on it, but Baratier told me never to admit anything about being an impersonator. At the end of each day, I would take my makeup off and leave the studio. There was never any trouble until the beginning of the second month of filming.

We had moved to a new location on Montparnasse. It had originally been a cabaret and was quite plush. Baratier had redecorated it to serve as the apartment of Marion, the woman I was playing. Potted plants were everywhere and statues peeked out from behind everything. The fellow who did the costumes had also done the decor, so you can have an idea of how many of his paintings bedecked the walls. Most of them were quite "far out"

but I must admit I liked a few of them. He had painted a portrait of me on a mirror, with bits of the mirror reflecting out through the painting, and this was quite good and original.

The thing I liked best about the bedroom setting was the bed. It was a good eight feet square and had more than thirty pillows on it, as well as two dozen ocelot skins strewn on the bed and the floor. The entire effect was quite luxurious and comfortable. In fact, I often curled up and dozed on the bed while Baratier was working with the other artists in the film.

Shooting on the film went along slowly but smoothly until one day, as I was leaving the studio, a man came up to me and asked if I was Sonné Teal. Not knowing him, I answered "No," and went on my way. The next day, one of the dancers from the Lido was visiting me on the set and had waited for me to take off my makeup at the end of the day. When we left the studio, the same fellow who had approached me the day before came up to us and asked my friend the same question. My friend also answered "No," but turned to me. I said nothing and we went on our way. The third day, I expected to see this same mysterious man again, but I was mistaken. No questions were asked me, but a number of photographers were taking pictures of me.

What could I do? I just ignored them and walked off, as though they were making a mistake. I told Baratier the next day what had happened, and he decided that since the news of my impersonation had leaked out, he might as well capitalize on it now. He had an assistant call several magazines and invited them to attend the next day's filming. From then on, anyone with a press card was allowed on the set. This meant that I had no control over photos taken while I was working, but I did not allow myself any posing off the set.

For a few days, I carefully watched the reaction of the photographers. Most of them were interested only in cheese-cake, but one was nice enough to ask if I had any ideas that would be of interest. He also asked if he might get pictures of me making up. I told him I never liked photos taken when I was half ready, as the transition should be seen only when it was finished, and he understood. I thought that was quite nice of him, and I was even more pleased when he arrived the next day with a series of photos taken earlier and gave them to me as a gift, for which I was most grateful.

We had one last scene to do on this location. I was to come running down a long stairway to greet Professor Palmas. I told Baratier the first time I went up the steps that they didn't seem solid, but he assured me they would hold. I came down the stairs for the first rehearsal, but Baratier wanted me to run faster. I tried again, but halfway down the stairs began to wobble, my heel caught in the lace pajamas I was wearing for the scene, and I started to fall. Naturally, I tried to grab something to stop my fall, but unfortunately my hand found a modernistic statue which was about ten feet tall and made of iron and plaster. It didn't hold me, and I turned in mid-air and fell on my back at the bottom of the stairs, the statue landing on my face.

(( Continued on page 26 ))



▲ PEPA DARENA is from the south of France close to the Spanish border, so she naturally had a strong Spanish feeling for dance and song. On the way to a dance career she took the advice of friends, who were astonished by her nearly natural soprano singing voice, studied with a Parisian voice teacher, and then went on into several operetta productions in Paris. She's made a tour of South America and has appeared all over Europe. At present, Pepa is with me in our nightclub show in West Berlin.

## SONNÉ TEAL'S SCRAPBOOK



▲ LANA is from London, England, and began there as a professional impersonator. Later on, she worked at the "Carrousel" in Paris. For the past four years, Lana has been with me in our show. Two summers ago she appeared in a film made in Italy — one similar to The World by Night — which will soon be released throughout the world. During our last engagement in Vienna, Lana did a Charleston program on TV.

(( Continued from page 23 ))

While I wasn't knocked out and felt no pain, I knew I had taken the full force of the statue on my face and thought only of my teeth. I ran my tongue over them and they all seemed to be there. Baratier was beside me. The stagehands had removed the statue, and I wanted to get up, but Baratier wouldn't let me. He began putting pillows around me and told me to rest quietly and calmly. Soon after, a local pharmacist arrived to provide first aid. He touched my chin a few times, then said that the bleeding had stopped and that I could be moved. I was helped up, my back hurting from several chunks of plaster I'd been lying on. Baratier informed me that the ambulance had arrived and would take me to the hospital. I wondered why, then I looked down. The whole front of my costume was red, where it had originally been beige. I had bled a lot but felt no pain.

Baratier came with me to the ambulance. The policeman in charge asked my name, and for some reason Baratier gave my real name, which is definitely masculine. The two police officers looked at each other, and one said that they couldn't take a man to the hospital, which I thought was quite stupid. What difference does one's sex make when one is hurt? Baratier was unable to believe what had been said, either, but rather than waste time, we got into his car and he took me to the best plastic surgeon in Paris.

In a few moments we were at the surgeon's hospital and his nurse took me into a small operating room. I lay down on the operating table and the nurse began cleaning away the blood from my chin, mouth, and forehead. The surgeon arrived and gave me several injections of a local anesthetic. Then he looked at my costume, which was quite transparent, so I thought I should explain. But he said that he knew I was from a film and that no explanation was necessary. When I asked him what he had to do, he said he must clean out a few cuts and then put in a few stitches. The anesthetic was taking effect, and he went to work.

A half hour later, the doctor was finished. Then he took pictures of his work, explaining that it was his policy to do so in accident cases in the event proof would later be necessary. Then I asked what he had done to my face and he explained more fully. There were five stitches in my right forehead, five on my upper left lip, and twenty-two on the left chin. Because that cut was deep, ten stitches were placed halfway in the cut and the rest on the surface. Had the cut been two inches lower, I would have been dead. A few inches higher and I would have lost my left eye. Nonetheless, the doctor assured me there would be very little scar, and he was right! The scars on the forehead and lip can hardly be seen today, and even the chin scar is so faint as to be invisible on stage.

Baratier came to see me at the hospital. The doctor told him that I wouldn't be ready for work for about two weeks. All my expenses were paid by the film company. Baratier asked if I would be willing to go to work as soon as possible? I told him I didn't feel like talking business right away. The truth was, my mind was going fast, since I hadn't seen the extent of the

damage to my face. In my business, the face is the fortune, so to speak. The impersonator's public wants to see boys as pretty girls. I've always said that any man can look like a woman, but not every man can look like a pretty woman. I told Baratier I'd rather talk about it later, and he reluctantly agreed to wait.

The next day, I contacted a lawyer friend. He said that I could sue for damages affecting my future career. I considered this for a while, and when Baratier called on me the third day after the accident, I told him what my lawyer had said. He explained that if I sued, the film would have to be halted and that any delay of more than three weeks would shelve the entire production. The other actors had commitments, and too much of the film had been shot to start over again with new people.

Realizing this was true, I asked him what he had in mind. He offered to pay all my expenses, plus whatever costs might arise should future operations become necessary. Naturally, I didn't want La Poupée to be cancelled, if such could be avoided. I considered myself lucky to have been chosen for the part and knew that the film would help my career. I accepted his offer and have never regretted my decision.

In future columns, I'll wind up the story of the filming of La Poupée and then go on to tell you how I began my career after starting out as a schoolteacher. ● ● ●

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**ABSTRACT** • ATTITUDES TOWARD SEX TRANSFORMATION PROCEDURES  
(( Continued from Page 21 ))

The probability of suicide by the patient should his request be denied raised the percentage of approving physicians only slightly; the majority of psychiatrists felt that this factor should not influence the decision in any way.

If the patient was defined as one of a group of pseudo-hermaphroditic anomalies, the percentage of physicians approving the request rose even further. For none of the anomalies, however, did a majority of psychiatrists approve the request and only for patients with penile agenesis (defective development or absence of a penis) did a majority of surgeons approve.

Some idea of the prevalence of transsexualism may perhaps be indicated by the fact that one in three responding psychiatrists said they had seen such a patient, as had one in three responding surgeons and one in ten responding GPs.

(( The foregoing abstract is of a paper which was presented May 7, 1965, at the 121st annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association in New York City. The abstract is published in TURNABOUT as a news service to its readers and publication does not imply special authorization by the paper's authors. ))

# VIEWS REVIEWS

She Male by Carlson Wade (New York: Epic Publishing Co., 1963). Clothbound, 192 pages, \$7.

Reverse Sex by Mario A. Costa. Translation by Jules J. Block (London: Challenge Publications Ltd., 1962). Paperbound, 192 pages, 7 shillings, sixpence (\$1.05).

Aside from the fact that both these books are about Coccinelle, the famed Parisian sex-changee, a remarkable number of similarities occur. Witness, for instance, the first paragraph of the first chapter of Reverse Sex:

I caught sight of her for the first time at the Crazy Horse Saloon in the Avenue Georges Cinq. I was behind the scenes at the cabaret, chatting with Mac Ronay, the amazing mimic, when suddenly she appeared, attracting every eye, impeccably dressed, dazzlingly elegant, and overwhelmingly beautiful.

And then compare it with the first paragraph of the first chapter of Carlson Wade's She-Male:

When I first saw her, I was seated in a corner table at the famed Crazy Horse Saloon in the Avenue Georges Cinq, the main artery running through the sensuous Montmartre district of Paris. I was chatting with Mac Ronay, the internationally famous pantomime, gathering material for a series of articles on Paris night life, when she suddenly appeared. The entire house was hushed when the patrons caught sight of her. She was a vision of perfume, fur, and dazzling glitter.

The similarities, of course, do not end with the book's first paragraph. They run through the entire book, with paragraph after paragraph, chapter after chapter, coinciding as to content — if not exactly word for word.

With a few exceptions, the photos contained in both books are identical. In the Carlson Wade version, a few photos from the comprehensive files of the Epic Publishing Co. (which appears identical with Selbee Associates and Kaysee Sales as a business entity) have been added to the 64 in Reverse Sex with some deletions of photos from the latter book.

Quite obviously, there's dirty work afoot here somewhere. No amount of coincidence can explain the appearance on the market of two books with precisely the same content. Someone has to be a literary thief, and the evidence favors that honor being bestowed on Carlson Wade, since his book was copyrighted in 1963 and the copyright on Reverse Sex was registered in 1962.

Just to be sure, this writer contacted Challenge Publications and asked if they were aware of the New York publication. In reply, G.M. Molver, the managing director, stated that they had heard only rumors of Carlson Wade's striking similar book and that Reverse Sex was the only authorized and authentic version of Coccinelle's life history. No other publication of the work had been authorized by Challenge, and She-Male must, therefore be an out-and-out piracy of their original publication. The copyright held by Challenge was covered by the International Copyright Convention and is valid in the United States as well as England.

Challenge also pointed out that they had licensed only one distributor in the United States — a well-known West Coast entrepreneur of transvestism — and that his distributorship had expired. Apparently, he had not bothered to inform Challenge Publications of this blatant piracy of their book so that they could initiate appropriate legal action against Wade and Co. And this in spite of the fact that sales of She-Male were cutting into the sales of Reverse Sex, because of superior promotion and distribution tactics.

What has happened is that the purchaser of TV literature is the man in the middle of this situation. After plunking down \$3 (or more, if bought from newsstand outlets) for Reverse Sex, he is then hooked into plunking down another \$7 for She-Male, only to find that the one book virtually duplicates the other! One can only hope that TVs can afford to be suckered in this way.

As to the comparative quality of the two books, Reverse Sex is obviously superior to She-Male, because the writing itself is free from the pretentious turgidity which characterizes Carlson Wade's style. As an added attraction, Reverse Sex costs only a little more than one-seventh of the price of She-Male, when it is purchased direct from the publisher. The address of Challenge Publications, by the way, is 10 Old Compton Street, London W. 1, England. An international bank draft of, say, \$1.50 would very likely tempt Challenge to mail the book to any TURNABOUT reader who has yet to add either version to his library. When you buy Reverse Sex, you get a bargain. When you buy She-Male, you get a cheap imitation pirated from the original.

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## ADDENDUM

As an addendum to the announcement on page 41, which was made up and "plated" some weeks earlier than was this page, the new headquarters for TURNABOUT in midtown Manhattan are now a fact, and our new telephone number is ORegon 92539 (Area Code: 212). Any of our readers may use this number to contact the editors regarding the magazine or to hear a friendly, understanding voice in the wilderness which surrounds the transvestite in America.



**DEAR ABBÉ:**

●●The very provocative article "Overs and Unders" by D. Rhodes in TURNABOUT #3 certainly deserves comment, and this letter represents an attempt to review it from the viewpoint of an "Over." I was much impressed with the theory discussed in it, even when the author broached his ideas to me before publication.

The theory of two distinct classes of transvestites seemed to explain a good many of the differences and antagonisms with which TV society is afflicted. I immediately classed myself as an "Over," although an atypical one, in that my first experience with transvestism (as far as I can recall) involved lipstick rather than high heels. Probably the scarcity of size 12-D in high heels had something to do with that.

With this favorable bias toward the theory, I attempted to gather supporting data in the course of many business trips. Since I personally know some 65 TVs and correspond with half a dozen others, this search for verification of the theory seemed a reasonable objective. Unfortunately, my "survey" was far from scientific, and on many visits prior to the actual publication of the article, I had to describe the theory on only general terms. I kept no written records and can produce only limited statistics from memory. However, the results were so clearly negative in the majority of cases that I present this informal report with only minor reservations as to its accuracy.

Of the TVs I interviewed, about 15 classed themselves as "Unders" and seemed moderately well satisfied with this category. However, only one — so isolated that she has never yet met a TV and corresponds with only four — really fit the pattern described by D. Rhodes. The others were all affected, more or less, by contact with the "Overs" and tended to develop some desire for a polished exterior and considerable skill in achieving it. Most of these self-styled "Unders" own wigs, wear them often, and deviate in many other ways from the pattern. They were unanimous in one thing, aside from their early obsession with lingerie which still dominates their purchasing, and that is the absence of any feeling of a dual personality.

The "Overs" are a much more confusing group — if, indeed,

they may can be properly grouped at all. Doing my best at following the author's basic line of demarcation between "Overs" and "Unders," I promptly ran into a few "Overs" who had, to the best of their memory, started cross-dressing with lingerie for reasons of expediency but had no special interest in it then or later. As all these TVs had strong feelings of duality of personality, I classified them as they preferred to be — with the "Overs." At the other extreme, I found I had only one companion who shared my almost complete lack of interest in feminine underwear. In short, the "Overs" seem to represent a spectrum of TV preference rather than a distinct group. Their interest in feminine clothes varied from 60% to 99% in favor of the visible garments over the underwear.

All of the "Overs," as I said before, had awareness of a secondary personality, but this also varied from the feeling that "she" was mostly a conversational convenience to the impassioned certainty that anyone who couldn't see "her" separateness was either dim-sighted or obtuse. It may be of some import to record here that none of the "Overs" felt they had acquired this concept of duality by reading TV magazines or TV literature. In all, 60 or more "Overs" reported that this concept of their dual natures had risen spontaneously long before any contact with TVs. This common bond among us seems to be the hallmark of the "Overs" — and the bone of contention which sets us and the "Unders" at one another's throats.

The great psychiatrist, Carl Jung, who developed the Anima-Animus concept of the unconscious mind structure, was well aware of the inability of some people to grasp this idea. These terms, which refer to the feminine component in men (Anima) and the masculine component in women (Animus), seem to be meaningless to them. It seems plausible to relate this group of people to our "Under" TVs. In my very limited discussion of the Jungian theory and philosophy with "Overs," they have all recognized his Anima as the "girl within" who has been with them for years in the form of (to use Jung's words) "an imago of relatively autonomous nature."

The general reaction of the "Overs" to the Rhodes theory was considerably more negative than that of the "Unders." Typical reactions: "Oversimplified." "This is Dr. Ellis' fetishist vs. narcissist in disguise." "Interesting, but incomplete." The statement that "Overs" tend more toward homosexuality and transsexualism was not well received.

As for the other points made by D. Rhodes, I accept the idea that "Overs" include most of the applied scientists and engineers among TVs. They tend to read the more conservative TV publications and write the most TV poetry. "Unders" include the literary intellectuals, are less able to shake off guilt feelings, are less gregarious, write most of the TV fiction, and tend to read the Nutrix publications as well as TURNABOUT.

Shelagh Niles

■ ■ ■



JAN



AUDREY

## A TURNABOUT GALLERY

VICKI



BARBARA JEAN



## The Vanity Table ..... ..... by the Editors

### A Basic Makeup Wardrobe

Probably the most difficult problem faced by the TV who enjoys making his transformation complete is the selection of a basic makeup wardrobe. Advertisements and television commercials bombard one with tantalizing visions of a promised new beauty if only one follow their commandments and acquire a wide range of cosmetics bearing their brand name.

So the question asked by many TVs is, "How many of these things do I really need?" You should keep in mind that rouges, lipsticks, powders, eye shadows, nail polishes, and the like should be available in varied colors to harmonize with changes of costume and season (as when one is tanned, for instance). Assuming this, here is a basic recommended makeup wardrobe:

- Cleansing cream for dry skin. Cleansing lotion (or soap and water) for oily skin.
- Astringent for oily skin. Skin refresher for dry and normal skin — to remove final traces of cleansing product — or a clear water rinse for soap users. The idea is to close pores, tone and stimulate skin, and give a finer-textured surface.
- Moisturized cream or lotion for all skin types. Provides smoother, more evenly distributed color when applying lotion or cream foundations and protects skin while makeup is on.
- Cream foundation for dry skin; lotion foundation for normal or oily skin.
- Cream rouge for dry skin; liquid rouge for normal and oily skin. Dry cake rouge is best for touch-ups during the day.
- Blemish-covering stick for covering up dark areas where beard might be difficult to cover with foundation. Miner's Stick or Max Factor's 'Erase' are fine.
- Face powder which blends properly with foundation cream or lotion. Avoid so-called all-in-one makeup creams which promise to dry to a finish which requires no powder. They just don't work well for TVs.

●Lipstick. Avoid indelible brands, since they're hell to remove. The creamier the lipstick, generally speaking, the less wear and tear on the lips during removal. Always use a brush.

●Nail polish. Remember, polish should always match the lipstick you use on any given occasion. Avoid far-out colors if you plan to go out dressed in public.

●Mascara. Liquid forms are easiest to apply and remove. Eyelash lengtheners combined with mascara are especially useful.

●Eye shadow. Liquid forms, again, are easiest to apply, and far-out colors should once more be avoided in public.

●Eyebrow pencil and brush. The mechanical types are the most convenient. When eyebrow pencil is applied, it should be brushed in evenly.

●Eye-liner. Never use eyebrow pencil to line eyes. The liquid eyeliner is more authentic and should be applied with a small No. 00 artist's brush. Takes longer, but it's worth it!

●Hand cream or lotion for hands, elbows, knees, and heels. Also, a dead-skin remover (such as 'Pretty Feet') helps to keep callouses and rough skin down to a minimum.

●Hair spray. For wigs, avoid lacquer-containing sprays like the plague! Use as little of any product as possible.

●Deodorant or antiperspirant. These are an absolute must for the TV, for obvious but all too often ignored reasons.

●Body or dusting powder. These are especially helpful if one wishes to avoid the sticky girdle syndrome.

●Fragrance. This is another neglected or abused item. For daytime use, toilet water, cologne, or cream sachet is best — but only one scent at a time. Heavier perfumes are for night.

Most TVs spend entirely too much money on their makeup selection by purchasing cheap, dime-store cosmetics. A cheap cosmetic is not worth anything at all, for you'll quickly discard it as not helpful to your problem. Avoid this kind of false economy and stick to the recognized brands, for you'll find that you're saving money when you don't buy on a hit-or-miss basis.

THINK

By

D. Rhodes

To think of petticoats and skirts  
And lace-edged nylon panties  
Makes some men frantic with desire  
And others purchase scanties.



## THE HOOK

By DAVID GRINNELL

He was a good-looking boy, if a fellow of sixteen can still be called a boy. He had clear blue eyes, a nice shock of unruly hair, a slightly uptilted nose, and just a hint of freckles left over from his boy scout days. He was out with a girl friend and it was a Saturday-night date and everything was as it should be with nice kids from nice homes out on high school dances.

The dancing was over and they were just sitting out on the terrace of the country club where the dance had been held and there were other couples around and nothing was wrong whatsoever. His hand was around her shoulder and she was gabbing away about the game next day with a rival school. He was listening and just chatting and you would suppose that maybe he was thinking about the girl and the fun and the novelty of going out with girls.

Somehow, he was and he wasn't. He was idly stroking the neck of her dress, for his arm was around her lightly and her pony tail was flowing softly over his hand and he was trying hard to pay attention.

Was this love, he thought, or was it something else? Because he felt a tingling and a thumping and he couldn't say for sure. It troubled him, it always did. Was this love, this tingling and, if so, why was it that it was the soft soft cloth of her dress that so disturbed him and not the warmth of her body that touched against his on that balmy spring night?

He knew what the other fellows would be doing — letting hands rove or thinking about it — and maybe he should be seeing how far he could move his fingers on her before she would push them away and maybe giggle and say now cut it out and behave yourself, George Sillers, but that wasn't happening. Instead, it was the soft cloth and the tingling that started where his

fingers touched it and rushed warmly over his skin so that he longed to rub against her dress all the way. But somehow it was the dress, not her, and that was what was bothering him — and maybe beginning to terrify him.

Because he'd felt that way before. He'd felt that same terrifying tingling whenever he'd touched girl's clothing. Not from 'way back — he'd noticed it when he was several years younger and had handled some of his sister's clothes, sort of by accident. It made him blush inside, blush out of sight, and it made him feel shameful and yet somehow exhilarated and he had been terrified.

Was it queer of him? Was there something wrong with him? Was he maybe what the fellows would call a fag — and maybe he didn't know it?

She babbled on and he mechanically commented and he worried to himself about it. Did he ever feel anything for boys? He couldn't think of any instance. He had had good friends, sure. Charlie was a nice guy and they'd been pals — but think of him that way ... no! He knew what girls did to him. They could make him feel all cozy and tingly and night-dreamy — and no fellow could ever do that.

No, he thought of the fellows like they were on his side — sort of in a private male conspiracy to get the girls. He knew that girls were in their own conspiracy too. And that was what made it fun. Both sides were sort of scheming to meet the other to rub elbows, touch hands, hold each other close in dances. They had been enemies only a couple of years ago, like boys and girls always were before somehow they knew better.

No, this was fun. And he enjoyed conspiring with the fellows and talking about the babes and the chicks.

He liked the girl he was with. She was cute and warm and curvy and a good pal — and somehow he was terrified because of her dress. That was crazy, he knew, and he knew also that none of the other fellows seemed to notice it. They didn't pay any attention to it, but he couldn't seem to touch a girl's dress without getting the shudders and delicious horrors.

So what was with him?

He wasn't a queer — he knew he wasn't. But why did that dress — and any dress — bother him so? And, what was worse, why did he get so terribly troubled about what was beneath it?

Since he was twelve, he could get the tingles whenever he saw girls' underwear hanging on a line, drying, or pass a store window full of those delicate-looking pink and white things so trimmed with lace. They were so soft, so feminine, so denied to a fellow who was a he-man and a good athlete.

But he couldn't get them off his mind. He'd think about it in the dark of night and once when his mother and sister were out of the house, he went into his sister's room and opened the drawers of her bureau and simply looked at the undies therein,

getting all flushed and crazy, sort of. It was an agony he had to keep to himself because how could you tell anybody else?

And his hand stroked her dress and rubbed her collar until she jerked around and said you'll get me all mussed up, George, are you listening to me or are you falling in love with my dress?

Oh, God! What a thing for her to say, even though she did not mean it just that way. She was hitting awfully close and he pulled his hand away and rapidly made excuses and said it was getting late and her mother would be worried and maybe they ought to start going home.

She got a bit huffy, but he was a good scout and laughed her out of it and soon they were going to the car smiling and chatting about school and about tomorrow's game. He was on the team, though whether or not the coach would send him out for this game was something he didn't know for sure.

Somehow underneath all the small talk he kept asking himself why do I feel this way, what's wrong with me, why ... And he knew the one question he didn't dare express, even to himself. And finally he was seeing the girl off at her home and, turning away, he asked it of his mind: Why do I want to ... and even his mind rebelled and he couldn't finish it. But he finished it in his silent thoughts: Why do I want to wear it myself?

Now it was out and he felt his brow begin to get damp and warm and something was twisting a knife deep down in his guts and he protested: I'm not ... I don't love boys, I love girls, I can't see enough of them and I ... I love the things they wear!

All the way home he suffered with this question and he couldn't answer it and he thought of all the lingerie stores and all the agony he would feel when he looked into one and he thought of a drawer full of pink and silky stuff in his sister's room next to his and he felt desperate and curiously hungry — Oh, so strangely hungry and he recoiled with mental terror at the sensation.

What would the fellows say if they could read my mind? How they'd laugh, how they'd point, how they'd destroy me.

And the girls, they'd giggle and snicker and snub me and ... Oh, God, what kind of a thing am I that I love girls so much I want to see what I would feel like in their clothes? Am I a queer, is this what it means, but how can it be, how can it be? It's just that it does things to me, it drives me mad somehow.

When he got home, there was nobody there and he recalled that his mother and father were spending the night at his grandparents' place, and his sister was at a sorority meeting and she would probably get home hours later.

He entered the house like a thief in the night or a conspirator going to an assassination. He entered the house and shut the door and went upstairs and went to his own room. He wrestled with his mind while he undressed and thought he would now go straight to bed and he went to the bathroom in his pajamas to wash



and he couldn't think of it and his mind was seething and his body was goose-pimpling and he knew perfectly well what he was going to do and he didn't want to do it and yet he knew that it was what he wanted to do more than anything else in the world and that he might not get a chance like this for weeks and weeks and finally he went out and down the hall and into his sister's room and snapped on the light.

He pulled down the shades quickly — not that anybody could look in or would look in. He did it because this was secret and shameful and somehow he couldn't live if anyone ever knew.

And, still feeling secretive, he looked over his shoulder and he opened the drawer of her bureau and he looked inside and he glanced over his shoulder again, because he was filled with guilt. He stopped stock still, listening, but the house was empty and nobody was coming and he was still safe.

Drawing a deep breath and with his heart pounding like crazy, he took stuff out of that drawer and he laid it gently on the bed and at first he just looked at it and breathed deeply and ran his hands over the smoothness of it and he felt almost sick and he felt almost as it must feel if he were drunk — which he never had been — sort of pounding and hot and crazy and wonderful ... wonderful.

And he dropped his pajamas and he took those things and he drew them up against him and he changed his clothes ... and the feel of it was a sensuous tingle of unbearable delight and unendurable terror. He fastened the things which were meant to be fastened, and he pulled on the things that were meant to be pulled on, and he slipped his head into the things which went on over the head, and he looked into the mirror.

His heart beat a mile a minute and his breath pounded in his lungs and he liked what he saw.

What am I, he asked, and he forgot the question in his aura of strangeness. And he went emboldened by frenzy and ecstasy to the closet and there he found a dress in soft blue which he had liked. He took it out and carefully unfolded it and managed to get it over his head and pull it down, finding it tight in unexpected places and loose in other places more to be anticipated, and he tried to zip it up the back and it was an acrobatic feat he found unexpectedly difficult for him, but he finally managed to do it.

And he looked again in the mirror and what he saw bothered him in a vague way.

At last, after unknown moments of looking and walking slowly back and forth before that reflection, he felt he must take it off and put it away and never let it be seen again and nobody would ever know.

And at that moment he heard the sound of a car stopping outside and his heart stopped with it and he held his breath while his heart began pounding in his ears like a kettle drum.

Who was it, he thought, and what was it and can I get this outfit off in time in case it is my sister or my parents? And he heard somebody slam the car door outside and his heart pounded worse and he tried to get the zipper hook down and it stuck.

He twisted and struggled with his hands over his head and he could hear something tear in a seam and his head reeled with terror and shame and the knowledge of sure condemnation.

But whoever it was outside did not try the door to the house as yet and he didn't know what to do and he struggled carefully with the hook on the zipper but found it hopelessly snagged. Something — maybe a fold of the slip underneath — had gotten tangled with it and he'd never get it off and he felt his mind blacking out with terror and shame and a certain mad ecstasy and he knew then that he could not face anyone and that he could not live with himself without this desire and this concern.

He didn't know what he was. But no man did this and no man could survive the pointing fingers that would come at him. And if he was queer, this certainly didn't seem to be the way others were and even they wouldn't do this.

He felt the laughter of the world on him and the shame of the world and he knew that he loved girls and he loved girls' things and he wanted more than anything else to join them and know them and care for them and marry them and be happy with them and their things — which he wanted for his things.

And it was all mixed up, all wrong, all wild, and he could not live with it and could not live without it. And he heard the front door open finally and his sister's voice saying something to someone.

He went into the bathroom then, because he didn't know what else he could do, stuck as he was, and he closed the door and locked it. He looked at himself in the mirror and he saw himself in the medicine chest mirror looking sort of like a young and pretty and boyish sort of girl in that blue dress with the distinct outline of the pink slip beneath it.

Suddenly he threw back his head, tingling with a strange sort of ecstasy and he climbed into the bathtub, first taking the cord of his bathrobe, which was hanging on the hook by the door. He took the cord and strung it around the bar of the bathroom shower curtain and, standing on the edge of the tub, he put it around his neck and fastened it tight in a good boy scout knot and he hanged himself as he heard his sister's steps coming up the stairs.

Of course, they found out a few hours later when the cops broke down the door, and there was an item in the papers about it the next day.

At the school they couldn't figure it out, and some said it must have been a gag he was going to pull on his folks, and his girl said, gee, he was a nice guy and a baseball team man and I just can't understand it.

His folks didn't believe it for a minute, even though the evidence was there in front of their eyes and they said it must be a cruel fraternity prank, an initiation trick which had back-fired, and the cops should question everybody.

But there were a few readers of the newspapers who knew. And some of them were single men, lonely men, and some of them were married men with kids, and they read the story and they understood.

And they shuddered and pitied and prayed silently for the soul of a fellow being who had failed to find his way though that terrible silken, satin, lacy maze that spreads like an invisible web across the land.

And now and then it tangles an intangible, indissoluble, and irremovable hook in that little spark of femininity that burns secretly in every man alive, and sometimes slays.

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## AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

As most of our readers know, TURNABOUT has been unable to maintain a decently regular schedule. This has been a source of deep regret to its editors and, undoubtedly, a source of considerable irritation to its subscribers, who deserve some sort of a reasonable explanation.

While it's possible to come up with a number of glib alibis for this failure, we'll limit ourselves to only three: (1) Lack of sufficient working space in which to turn out a complex magazine such as TURNABOUT; (2) difficulty in fitting in all the many tasks required for its publication into the staff's free time — all of us have regular full-time jobs aside from this magazine; and (3) the necessity of augmenting TURNABOUT's finances by taking in outside printing jobs, thus further reducing the time we have to work on the magazine.

We think we have come up with a plan which will bring TURNABOUT out on a regular basis from now on — TURNABOUT has now become a quarterly, with issues to come out in Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter. This will mean that an issue will appear on or before April 15th, July 15th, October 15th, and January 15th. This kind of schedule is one we can live with.

As a further aid in relieving our editorial constipation, TURNABOUT is negotiating, as of press time, for more spacious quarters in a large loft in midtown Manhattan. This will mean a more efficient operation, and there will be ample space there for regular TV parties and other socializing. The next issue of TURNABOUT will contain our new telephone number and an invitation to our housewarming party, providing our negotiations are as successful as we think they will be. Meanwhile, our present telephone number — 212 MA 50040 — is at your disposal. ■ ■

# IN SPRING, A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY!

By SANDRA CARTER

At eleven o'clock on that Monday morning, the Spring sun was shining brightly on Fifth Avenue, and the plush beauty salon of Madame Joyce was gradually coming to life.

One of the girls had just set and brushed out my hair in a flattering bouffant design, and my nails were manicured and polished a cheerful shade of red. A conservative beige dress and gold earrings and bracelet completed the picture.

As receptionist at one of the most exclusive salon de coiffures in New York City, my job is to appear particularly neat and attractive — and it's a job that I love.

While I was reviewing the new week's schedule of appointments, the telephone rang, signalling the beginning of another busy day.

"Good morning ... Madame Joyce's ... May I help you?"

"Good morning. My name ... my name is Mr. Arthur — Jim Arthur. Do you ... do you set wigs?"

"Of course," I replied in my most encouraging manner, "May we be of service to you?"

There was a long pause, and then the voice resumed: "Well, you see ... I have a wig — a very fine woman's wig — and it needs restyling. I'm trying to locate a place where I can have this done ... in privacy."

Poor dear, I thought. He must be trembling. "Mr. Arthur, perhaps I can put your mind at ease. We do style wigs here and it's done under any conditions requested by our clientele. If you'd care to stop by and discuss this matter with me, I'm sure we could be of assistance to you."

The voice was firmer now: "Thank you. I would like to talk. I'll be by shortly."

I went about my business, handling appointments for the ladies who called and tending to some other chores around the salon. I'd all but forgotten Mr. Arthur when the door to the outer reception room opened and in stepped a slender, strangely handsome young man. His eyes clearly showed the apprehension he must have felt upon being admitted to this totally feminine world.

"Mr. Arthur?" I asked, walking toward him in the belief he was about to faint. "I'm Miss Carter, who spoke to you on the phone. Do come in, and please — relax! Our policy is to make our customers comfortable and treat them with warmth and under-

standing. The girls who come here to be beautified must be in a contented state of mind, or else all our hair magic and our cosmetic trickery would be a total waste of time. You understand, don't you, Mr. Arthur?"

A thin smile crossed his smooth features and, after a moment, he said rather coolly, "Yes, Miss Carter, I do understand. Please forgive my intrusion. I really must go and allow you to return to your regular duties."

As he turned and moved toward the door, I had the feeling he hated to leave, in spite of his embarrassment. "Mr. Arthur," I said, "right now, YOU are my 'regular duty.' I think I know what you want. You have a wig and you want it to be styled here — and I'll bet you'd like to wear that wig during the styling. You want to undergo our famous two-hour hairdressing session and emerge with a fetching new coiffure. Right?"

He blushed deeply and stammered, "Yes ... yes, I do. Please don't laugh. It's just that I've always wanted to go to a beauty parlor and have my hair done."

"I'm not laughing — and I don't think you're being silly. Now, calm down and smile a little. You have such a good face." I reached out and took one of his well-shaped hands and led him gently toward our salon's inner sanctum. "Mr. Arthur, I'm going to guide you through a land of fantasy. Here some of America's best-known women are transformed into gleaming jewels. Follow me!" I commanded.

We entered a large room which gave one the impression of an ancient Roman bath. "Here, the ladies remove their street clothes and, in complete privacy, take a refreshing dip in a scented pool. Then, each client is provided with a comfortable peignoir to wear during the remainder of their visit. And now, let's meet some of our stylists."

We walked into a larger room where several young men and women were busy setting, combing, and shaping the coifs of a number of customers. "Eileen," I called out, "would you mind stepping over here a moment, please?"

One of the stylists moved over to us and, after appropriate introductions, I said, "Mr. Arthur tells me that he has a very fine wig which he'd like to have dressed. He was wondering if he might stop in some day and have it done while he waits. Don't you think we could do it while he's actually wearing the piece?"

"Why, of course, it would be fun!" Eileen replied. Turning to Jim, she said, "That is, if you have plenty of time and don't mind my tugging and pulling and rolling up the tresses and then putting you under that big dome over there to dry for half an hour. After the dryer, I'll comb it out and you'll look gorgeous. Glory, Sandra, won't he be exquisite in long hair?"

Although he was still a little embarrassed, Jim was beginning to enjoy himself. "You see," I reassured him, "you're quite welcome here. I might suggest, also, that while you are

sitting under the dryer you have your nails done. Red nails will do so much to complement those wonderful hands of yours."

"Now, Miss Carter," Jim replied, "you've been most gracious and kind. But really ... the wig I can take off, but how do you expect me to step out onto Fifth Avenue wearing a business suit and scarlet nails?"

"Ah ... I was waiting for that. Come deeper into our feminine trap." I led him into another room, where a fashionable lady in a white smock was arranging a variety of cosmetics on a shelf. "Miss Lillian," I said, "I want you to meet Jim Arthur. Jim, Miss Lillian is our makeup consultant. Lil, would you like to try your hand on our young friend here? He's coming in soon to have a wig done, and I feel he needs the magic of powder and paint to complete his transformation."

"Oh, but definitely, Miss Carter," Lil answered in glee. "He has such a lovely face ... what fine skin for a man. Give me an hour with him and I'll have him looking like a Vogue cover girl!"

As we left Miss Lillian, Jim stopped me and said, "Miss Carter, this is all like a wonderful dream, but it's ridiculous! I'd create a panic among the customers with my presence. And how could I leave here all done up in lipstick and powder? The whole idea is crazy!"

"Jim Arthur! When you're clad in a peignoir and have your hair up in curlers, no one will know you're not a real woman. Furthermore, on the day of your appointment, you can bring along a dress and some underthings — panties, bra, slip, hose, heels, and so on. After we finish with you, it will be the only outfit you can logically wear, anyway. Just imagine how wonderful it will be to leave here looking so beautiful and go window-shopping down the Avenue."

It was obvious that I was telling him exactly what he wanted to hear. He wanted this sort of day in our beauty salon more than anything he had ever wanted in his life. I understood his desires completely, and I smiled to myself.

Just three years ago on a Spring day like this Spring day, I walked out of that insurance company office in downtown New York, never to return, went to my apartment, threw away my itchy wool suit, button-down shirt, slim necktie, and snap-brim hat.

On that wonderful day, I changed into frilly lingerie, a pink dress, and high heels, never again to put on masculine garments. And I went off to keep my appointment at Madame Joyce's.

Now, I thought to myself, maybe it's Jim's turn to find his freedom.

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## THE WIG BOOM — A BOON TO TV BUYERS!

During the past few years, a boom in the wigmaking industry has occurred and has proved to be a boon to TVs who desire the ultimate in feminine adornment. The advantages of this influx of hairpieces onto an eager market are threefold: (1) Wigs are less expensive in relation to their quality; (2) wigs are easier to buy because of the plentitude of retail outlets; and (3) many women now wear hairpieces in public as a matter of course, which leaves the TV less conspicuous when he's dressed in public and his wig is detected. Of course, this camouflage becomes useless if all else about the TV's appearance is not authentic.

Among the disadvantages of the wig boom is that there are a lot of junky products on the market, especially in the under-\$50 class. A junky wig bought as a "bargain" isn't worth any amount of money, no matter how small, if the TV is striving for the kind of authentic appearance which will permit him to "pass" in public.

Obviously, the TV needs some kind of minimum standards to go by before he goes and buys. Since good human-hair wigs may be had for \$50 to \$70, you should insist that your wig not be of the ersatz variety. It isn't necessary for a wig to be handmade, although that is a distinct advantage, especially when it comes to fit, but it should be well-made and this can be checked by inspecting the inside of the wig-cap. If the rows of sewn-in hair are reasonably close together (these make up the "weft"), the wig is worth buying as long as it looks and fits well.

Many TVs believe that their first wig must be handmade and they seek out the wigmakers who cater to TV trade. They are fair game for the sharpies and exploiters, for, having little experience with hairpiece-buying, they'll accept virtually anything and pay up to \$250 to get saddled with a handmade wig which is guaranteed to fall apart in a few months. Better to experiment with the less expensive, machine-made wigs first, then, when you are ready to invest a large sum in a wig, you'll be much better able to judge its quality.



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## ANNOUNCING...

A Brand New Series Of **TV-FICTION BOOKLETS!**

Certain technical difficulties have delayed the publication of the first in our projected series of TV-fiction booklets, **THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS**. However, work has now resumed, and we expect to be publishing the novelet within a few weeks after this issue of **TURNABOUT** is released. We do wish to reassure those who have sent in reservations that the novelet will soon be on its way to them, and we appreciate their patience.

*The Abbé de Choisy Press*

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## Publication Information

The information on this page is supplied for the convenience of our contributors, our subscribers, and our advertisers.

### CONTRIBUTIONS

Written material for any section of **TURNABOUT** is welcomed from any source — TV or non-TV — and will receive careful, sympathetic consideration by the editors. All contributions will be acknowledged. Authors whose works are selected for publication in **TURNABOUT** will 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 not criteria, 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 find that ideas do not offend us.

Drawings and photographs are also welcome. 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 7" x 11½" (preferably smaller). No typing, drawing, or printing should be on the obverse side of the paper.

Photographs should be no smaller than 3½" x 5½" 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. A photo which has been previously published in any other forms is not eligible for publication in **TURNABOUT**. Return of photos must be specifically requested if it 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 name — neither need be his legal name. The policy of **TURNABOUT** is always to use a first and last name in by-lines.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS

Until further notice, **TURNABOUT** will be available at \$3.00 per copy. Subscribers should indicate on the order blank found in this issue which issues of **TURNABOUT** they desire, such as #1, #2, #3, #4, etc. Overseas orders are at \$3.50 per copy because of added mailing costs. Canadian currency: \$3.25 per copy.

### ADVERTISING

Advertising space in **TURNABOUT** costs \$30 per full page or \$15 per half-page, with ad acceptance entirely at publisher's discretion. Art-work is available at nominal rates and is limited to line drawings and special type faces. Plates and mats in good condition and meeting our size limitations (7" x 10" before reduction for a full-page ad) may be submitted.

# TURNABOUT



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