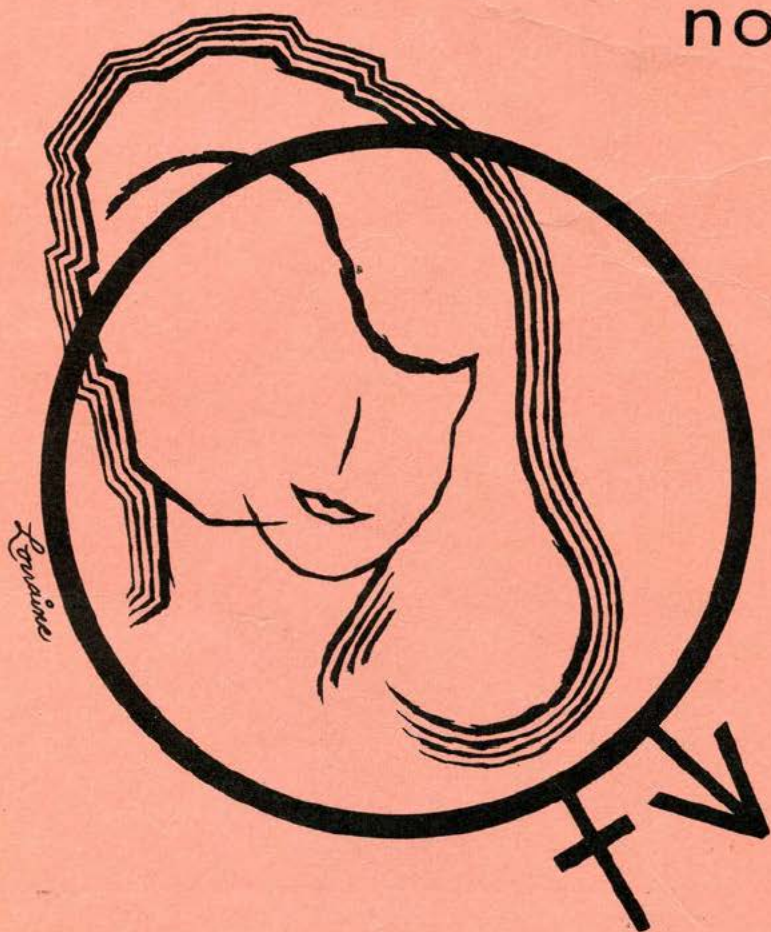


TURNABOUT

no. 4



A MAGAZINE OF TRANSVESTISM

TURNABOUT

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LET'S NOT BECOME "ANTI-THINKS"

"We must not think too much," cries Medea late in the action of Robinson Jeffers' version of the classic drama. "People go mad if they think too much!" Since the poor woman had been betrayed by her husband, had just murdered the husband's mistress (along with the local monarch), and was about to put the knife to her own two children to spite her errant husband, we cannot blame Medea for her impassioned espousal of an "anti-think" sentiment.

Listening to scattered rumblings from TURNABOUT's readers, we can sense that some of Medea's anti-thinkism has infiltrated TV-land. Complaints are that too many pages are devoted to the expression of ideas about TVism. "Too much deep thinking," one representative reader writes us, "too little entertainment."

On reviewing the first three issues of TURNABOUT, we must conclude that this allegation, in part, is true. There have been a few ideas expressed in our publication. But we cannot see that this is a bad thing, nor do we find that the thought content of TURNABOUT outweighs or conflicts with the entertainment features we publish, such as fiction, humor, and photos. To our surprise, we found the magazine reasonably well-balanced, diversified, experimental in its approach to its subject-matter. We also found plenty of room for continuing improvement.

The growing trend toward anti-intellectualism, not only in the ranks of TVs but also in our Western civilization, disturbs us considerably. The rejection of thought among the anti-think elements in our readership is particularly distressing, since we cannot accept the image of the transvestite as a happy-go-lucky hedonist with no problems, with no self-doubts, with no second thoughts about his involvement with cross-dressing, or with no desire to learn more about himself and how he relates to his social milieu. Such an image is falsely projected by other publications whose sole contribution is entertainment.

We suggest that it is impossible to "think too much" about matters which are vital to the TV's understanding of himself. We plan to keep TURNABOUT intellectually stimulating and emotionally reassuring on the one hand and as entertaining as possible on the other. We have nothing against relaxing and enjoying the emotional release of cross-dressing, but we think there is also room in each TV's life for exercising his mind and examining his inner self in the light of knowledge gained from TURNABOUT and other publications whose basic purpose is serious in nature.

Finally, we hope that TURNABOUT, in its own small way, can help combat the creeping cancer of conformism and anti-thinkism which has contaminated our cultural body politic.

● Fred L. Shaw, Jr.
Publisher :: TURNABOUT

TRANVESTISM AND HYPNOSIS

By LEO WOLLMAN, M. D.

The concept of treating the transvestite with the techniques of hypnosis occurred to me a number of years ago. It remained to determine in what respect this modality of therapy would prove to be most effective.

On the one hand, most psychiatrists believe that the cross-dresser should be treated for his deviation from the norm, while, on the other hand, most transvestites believe that treatment must aim for an acceptance by the patient of his somewhat uncommon mental attitude because he (or she) does not really desire a change. It is on the horns of this dilemma that the therapist finds himself when contemplating which route he should pursue.

My own opinion is that one should individualize each case and treat the patient. The type of therapy would then depend upon the patient's needs and motivations. In many instances, ventilation of problems by means of the therapeutic relationship serves as an adequate release, and the emotional catharsis thus gained provides the patient with some relief of his anxieties.

This ventilation of problems is the main reason why TVs who live in a metropolis seek out the company of other TVs. Only by an understanding of one another's problems can better communication become effective, and social intercourse can make such a process a pleasant time instead of a wary chore.

However, some TVs appeal for psychological or psychiatric help. They have ambivalent feelings toward their cross-dressing — they comprehend that they are different from other people, yet they feel their idiosyncratic impulses are not harmful in themselves or in others with whom they come into contact. The transvestic urge is not a *chiaroscuro*; there are no simple black-and-white sides to cross-dressing.

How, then, can hypnosis help the transvestite?

Hypnotism is the science and art of producing relaxation resembling sleep, whereas hypnosis is the state of relaxation which hypnotism produces. During hypnosis, the hypnotized individual is in a condition of altered sensation wherein his mental acuity is intensified while his physical state is completely relaxed. In this hypnotized state, a person is more suggestible — he accepts ideas uncritically — and he is better able to establish total recall by the elimination of distracting stimuli which clutter and confound one's memory.

The techniques of hypnosis can be utilized by the experienced hypnotherapist to obtain in the patient a state of hypnotic regression, so as to establish details of his original experience with cross-dressing. Once the original cause is recognized, the

reason for its existence may no longer be in operation, and the symptom of cross-dressing may then disappear, with the result being a clinical cure.

Other uses of hypnotism in the transvestite include the acceptance of existing circumstances and an avoidance of change — especially a change to more severe involvement with transvestism. This result of hypnotherapy may sometimes be quite as important to an individual as the alteration of existing faults or the solution of emotional problems.

In addition, the ego-building and bolstering of ego props by posthypnotic suggestion are of great value in helping the TV accept his true gender-role. Recognition of secondary gains via cross-dressing is frequently a factor in a case of transvestism.

A case history of juvenile transvestism will best illustrate the part hypnotism can play in the therapeutic management of this condition. The patient was a sturdy, fair-complexioned boy of 15 who appeared in male attire but was not neatly groomed. His domineering mother insisted upon being present at the initial session. It was learned that the father represented a weak father-figure. The boy had been mollycoddled, dressed in Lord Fauntleroy clothes, and not given a haircut until the age of four. His mother named him Leslie, a name chosen before birth in hopes he'd be a girl.

The patient readily accepted hypnosis and appeared sincere in his desire to be helped. During the second session, he peremptorily asked his mother to leave the room. She did so with surprise and some reluctance. This represented the first breakthrough in treatment. By application of hypnotic techniques to effect regression to age four and earlier, it was possible for the patient to abreact (to work off a repressed experience by living through it again under hypnosis) and release pent-up tensions which included an aggressive hostility toward his mother.

Eight sessions were required before clinical improvement was evident. He cross-dressed less frequently and the urgency for wearing female vestments was considerably lessened. Monthly sessions reinforced Leslie's ego-strength until his need for such support was minimal. Aversion therapy had been tried earlier but discontinued because of its unacceptability in Leslie's case.

■ ■ ■

■ Dr. Leo Wollman edits the News Letter of the American Society of Clinical Hypnosis and the News Bulletin of the Academy of Psychosomatic Medicine and is assistant editor of the Journal of Sex Research — in addition to practicing obstetrics & gynecology and psychosomatic medicine in New York City. He is also an accredited instructor for the American Society of Psychosomatic Medicine and Dentistry, a member of Sexology's board of consultants, and author of over a dozen articles on hypnotherapy. He is a life fellow in the New York Academy of Sciences, a fellow in the Academy of Psychosomatic Medicine and in the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex. Dr. Wollman was president of the Metropolitan New York Society of Clinical Hypnosis from 1960 to 1962. The foregoing article on transvestism and hypnosis has been prepared especially for TURNABOUT. ■ ■

FULL CIRCLE

BY D. RHODES

That was the year that transvestism caught on. It ought to have been predicted, but somehow it wasn't.

All the evidence had been there, right in front of us: The rise in the number of magazines dealing with transvestism ... the increase in the number of news stories of men found in women's clothing ... the rising incidence of such events until they no longer were unusual enough to make the newspapers at all. Everybody was able to report seeing someone who was evidently male strolling along in dress and heels and wig — and, often enough, not even bothering with the wig.

There was the increase in movie and television incidents, and then came the famous "Mixup Hour" in which, for a big prize, fifty million viewers were invited each week to guess which of four contestants was the real woman. The success of this show brought about a number of imitations which, in turn, virtually forced television producers to slip a female impersonation into most of the programs. Even Dr. Casey began to perform sex surgery when the script required it. And the script, more often than not, required it.

And then there was the gag sports show in which the New York Bruins appeared on the baseball field one summer day in middy blouses and gym bloomers, followed by similar stunts on behalf of other publicity-seeking, bottom-of-the-league teams.

We TVs thought we had it made. But we didn't realize that too much of a good thing could get out of hand.

When the men's clothing industry began to add an optional skirt to their two-pants suit bargains, we should have yelled halt, but we didn't suspect what would happen. We went right along with the gag. After all, most of us had just about given up buying men's suits anyway and had been patronizing the growing number of men's dressmakers advertising in the newspapers and magazines.

The men's clothing industry was in a bad way, there was no doubt of that if you look back at the times. The Ladies Garment Workers Union found themselves turning out dress sizes many of the workers had never made before. Every store stocked 22s and 24s, and new sizes like 12-W and 14-W were invented to accommodate wide shoulders and somewhat wider waistlines.

The big fight that broke out at the annual AFL/CIO convention in Miami when the ILGWU was accused of "muscling in" on the men's garment union will be remembered, as well as how it all

ended, the two unions deciding to amalgamate as one — the International People's Garment Workers Union. But not before the president of the men's union threatened to hit the president of the ILGWU with his new alligator handbag, and the AFL/CIO president breaking a heel in attempting to quash the ensuing scuffle.

The amalgamation of the two unions was the beginning of the big payoff. And when the President of the United States made a television appearance in a becoming evening gown and gold five-inch heels, it finalized the trend. After that, every businessman went in for similar attire, and tuxedos vanished utterly and entirely.

Of course, it didn't happen all at once. There were always old fogies who hung on, but they found it harder to get the clothes they wanted. Soon they had to pay dressmakers extra to bootleg pants and jeans and suchlike.

The men's underwear makers were safe from the trend for a while, at least until the winter came and men began to complain of drafts on their legs with just jockey shorts to keep them warm under their skirts. Some clever operator in the lingerie business saw the turn before the rest and began to place petticoats and bloomers on sale in men's shops and nylon stockings completely replaced socks, which never did fit too well in pointy high-heeled shoes. And one thing led to another, and very soon no man in his right mind would wear anything else under his skirt but elastic edged panties or bloomers and a couple of flouncy petticoats, what with the drafty winds and chilly streets.

By the next year, girdles and corsets were in and everything masculine was out, and it looked real cute on the streets. By summer, even the old fogey holdouts were going off their rockers with nothing in sight on the streets but frisky short dresses and fancy new air-conditioned wigs.

Women's shops and men's shops simply disappeared that year. There were just clothing shops — one sex, no disputes. For a while, everyone was happy ... equality had finally come, the women's leaders said, and who could say otherwise? Who would dare to?

But transvestites began to worry — and worry plenty. They began clustering again at one another's homes in a state of mutual melancholy and anxiety. Somehow it was just no fun anymore. The truth had dawned on them: There was no more women's clothing, there was just everyone's clothing — dresses and lingerie and high-heeled shoes and corsets and all that jazz. Everyone wore them, and everyone looked pretty and colorful and shapely, and that was the way men dressed.

The offices of the psychiatrists were beginning to fill up again with frustrated TVs. And there wasn't anything that anyone could do about it, that was the real horror of the situation.

But then came the final twist. Men had learned to like the new clothes. They found that they had been gypped out of finery and soft cloth and lace for too long.

But women are a strange breed, and with the new equality they began to return first to their slacks and Bermuda shorts, then to heavier clothes. And they began to rid themselves of their girdles and corsets — which they'd never liked very much anyway.

By the beginning of the third year, a new trend had set in. An increasing number of women were trotting about in grey flannels and wool tweeds and pants and jackets and starched shirts and ties and all that, while the men stubbornly clung to their colorful finery.

And now look at the situation we're in!

Why, just the other day I read of a young man — a decent young man, too — who had been nabbed in one of the new ladies' shops while buying himself a pair of pants and a set of jockey shorts, trying to make out like they were for his mother.

The indignant lady who ran the shop was shocked, I tell you, and when the cops ran him in, he was really given the treatment. They called him a homo and made him get back into his heels and dress and panties before they let the poor boy appear in court.

At the trial, the young man was really shamed by what he had done. He said he didn't know what came over him but that he had this mad impulse to wear women's clothes and couldn't overcome it.

The judge was so angry that he smudged his lipstick and got makeup stains on his new pink judicial robes. Even though I can sympathize with the poor lad, who obviously needed psychiatric care, I know how the judge must have felt.

What's the world coming to, anyway?

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SOUL

By

Carmen ■■■

There is a dark place where sometimes no one dwells:
It is called my soul.

It is lonely and silent and cold there
And far away from the warmth of the sun.

It is a lonely place, and few come there to visit.

It is a quiet place, because no one talks
Much above a whisper.

It is a place where one can think if one dares face
The fearsome things which are conjured
When one meets self.

□□ This article is the first in a projected series of articles which will explore the legal ramifications involved in the act of cross-dressing. The editors of TURNABOUT believe that such articles are of prime importance as information much needed by our readers and as insight into society's curious attitudes toward the transvestite. They will be compiled with the assistance of experts in the field of law or from first-hand information contributed by our readers, whenever pertinent. □□

TRANSVESTISM AND THE LAW **Part 1:**

How To Keep An Arrest From Becoming A Disaster

The legal status of the practice of transvestism has been given little attention by legislators and law enforcement officials. Few TVs have even the foggiest notion of what the laws in their states or communities are with regard to cross-dressing — if, indeed, any such laws exist at all.

However, most TVs quite rightly assume that they run the risk, no matter how slight, of arrest on one charge or another if they dare to venture forth in public dressed in women's attire. But few TVs know what charges may be levied or how to cope intelligently with such a situation when and if it arises.

In far too many cases, TVs go into a state of panic when arrested. They throw themselves on the dubious mercy of the police and attempt to talk themselves out of their plight. Sometimes the arrested TV gives up all hope and admits guilt to any charge, no matter how absurd, which is placed against him. A few TVs have been known to attempt suicide in their cells in the hysterical belief that the world will now automatically reject them. None of these three courses of action is a desirable one.

Few states or municipalities in the United States have laws which specifically cover the TV who is "dressed" in public but who is otherwise minding his own business. Among those statutes which do exist — such as the masquerading laws — the wording is so loose as to give a good lawyer a good chance of winning an acquittal if he has the complete cooperation of his client.

How can a TV assure himself of the best possible chance of being acquitted in the event he is arrested?

First of all, he must realize that everything he says and does from the time he is first challenged by a policeman until the time he appears in court is germane to the case — and it can

have a profound effect upon the outcome of the trial, no matter how innocent his words or actions may seem to him at the time.

Secondly, he should secure the services of a reliable attorney. Preferably, this should be done before he makes his debut in public in feminine attire as part of his preparation for it.

The recent arrest, trial, and conviction of a New York TV, described elsewhere in this issue, have convinced the editors of TURNABOUT of the urgent need to publish a set of ground rules — in the form of "do's" and "don't's" — to guide those among our readers who must go out in public in feminine attire on what to do and what not to do in the event they are arrested.

Compiled by a prominent attorney especially for TURNABOUT, the following pointers may well prevent an arrest from becoming a disaster which can destroy a TV's status in his society:

- DO** ADMIT your male status, if you are questioned in a public place by an officer of the law.
- DO** CHECK the identification of the officer, especially if he happens to be a plainclothesman.
- DO** OFFER your male name and address only, if you are asked to do so by a bona fide policeman.
- DO** SHOW the officer your own legal masculine identification when it is requested from you.
- DO** FOLLOW the officer peacefully to the police station if he decides to take you there.
- DO** INSIST upon contacting an attorney or public defender as soon as you arrive at the station.
- DO** REQUEST postponement of your court appearance if your attorney is not in the courtroom.
- DON'T** ATTEMPT to flee or evade arrest if a police officer challenges you.
- DON'T** TRY to bargain with the arresting officer or with any other officer.
- DON'T** GIVE any statement whatever, whether it is a written one or an oral one.
- DON'T** ANSWER any questions with regard to the subject of homosexuality.
- DON'T** GIVE any information as to your job or the identity of your employer.
- DON'T** ADMIT or DENY the charge which the arresting officer places against you.
- DON'T** DISCUSS your case with another prisoner or anyone else before trial.

These ground rules are important enough to be well worth your time in committing them to memory, whether or not you ever

plan to go out in public dressed, since for the most part they apply to anyone who is arrested on any charge. Essentially, they embody your constitutional rights to due process of law.

When an individual is arrested, it is his right to give only the minimum amount of information outlined in the foregoing rules. The police cannot, under the Constitution, demand information as to your employment, your family connections, your social status, your sexual life, or any of your activities not directly related to the offense for which you are being charged.

While you may think you can curry favor with the police by being overly cooperative with them or by making deals with them, the chances are good that by so doing you merely make the case against you stronger and sabotage the efforts of your attorney to gain an acquittal for you.

Especially in the case of TVs who are arrested, the police must make as strong a case as possible, since the laws under which such an arrest is made are frequently quite flimsy or inapplicable to what you were actually doing or even nonexistent. Unless they can make a strong case against you, they run the risk of being sued for false arrest. And, as anyone who watches detective movies on the Late Show knows, anything you say may be held as evidence against you.

On the other hand, by admitting to an officer who challenges you on the street that you are, indeed, a male, you greatly weaken any case he may make on the basis of masquerading. It is only logical that if an officer dares question you at all as to your status as a male, he is absolutely certain that you are a male. And a feeble attempt at that point to deny your true gender only adds to the strength of a masquerading charge.

Of special importance is the rule about withholding any information as to your employment status or your employer's name. Not only should you not give the police any clue as to how you earn your living, you should also avoid carrying anything on your person which would convey that information to the police. Only your male identification, such as a driver's license, should be carried on your person at such times.

In most instances, the court has no wish to cause you to lose your job if you are arrested on a masquerading or similar charge. The police are not so fastidious and will often call up your employer to check up on you, once they know who he is. So it is vitally important that you tell them nothing about your employment, no matter how they attempt to wheedle it out of you.

In summary, the best thing to do when you are arrested is to give only your name and address and say nothing else until you have the advice of an attorney. You do have constitutional rights which no policeman can abridge under the guise of an investigation — no matter what offense you are arrested for. But these rights are something you should never take for granted. It is up to you yourself — and no one else — to see that they are protected to the fullest extent possible.

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DON'T CALL ME ROOMMATE!

• A TV WIFE'S BILL OF RIGHTS

My husband is a transvestite. The reasons why he is what he is have little to do with this article I am writing at the invitation of the editors of TURNABOUT, so I shall not go into them. Suffice it to say that I knew that my husband was a TV before we were married and love him enough to accept that portion of his personality with very few reservations.

In our years of marriage, nothing in my husband's practice of transvestism has undermined my love for him as a man or my acceptance of this facet of his personality. However, from my experience as a "TV wife" and my observations of married TVs and their wives among our friends, I should like to pass on a few tips to the readers of TURNABOUT based on more or less prevalent problems which can throw a marital relationship involving TVism off-balance.

Some of these pointers I will make are drawn from admittedly minor irritations or annoyances; others are based on conflicts which can bear the seeds of destruction into a TV's marriage. I call them "The TV Wife's Bill of Rights":

● Don't call me roommate! I have no wish to be your roommate ... or your "sister" ... or your "girlfriend" — I am your wife and want to be treated as your wife, no matter how you may happen to be dressed at any given time.

● Never let me forget you are my husband! Nothing will make me feel more insecure in our marriage and in my own femininity than for you to become carried away by some mystical "girl within" and forget you are a man and my husband.

● Don't compete with me when we are out in public and you are "dressed." I don't mind your having a good time with the femininity you've achieved, but I bitterly resent any competitive comparisons you might make between your ersatz femininity and my own appearance. If others at a TV party are so rude as to make these comparisons, I want you to be on my side.

● Don't abbreviate me or other women in my presence. Whatever nut thought up such abbreviations as "RG" (real girl) or "GG" (genetic girl) certainly must have a deep-seated contempt for women. Unless you make me doubt my own femininity by your actions or attitude toward me, I need no abbreviated reminder that I am a "real girl." How would you like it if I called you an "RB" or a "GB?"

● Don't tell me TVism is "normal" whenever I might express misgivings about your dressing up as a woman. I threw the word "normal" out of my vocabulary years ago, when I found out that it no longer had any real meaning in a world where no two people are exactly alike. So let's leave such words as "normal" and "abnormal" to the psychiatrists, the psychologists, and the social workers, who spend their lives pigeon-holing human beings.

● Don't speak to me of hormones, either in citing them as an excuse for your being a TV or by talking wistfully of them as a means of making your anatomy "more feminine." I like your anatomy the way it is and don't want you suddenly to start sprouting breasts. And, in case you haven't kept up with the medical literature, estrogens can greatly reduce your sex drive, which, thank God, still contributes much to our marriage.

● Don't tell the children you're their "aunt." If they ever happen to see you "dressed," they know you pretty well and won't be the least bit fooled. Let me do any explaining which has to be done if such an emergency ever arises.

● Try lounging around the house in male clothes once in a while. I don't mind you donning a pretty gown or negligee now and then, but a steady diet of it tends to get monotonous. You would raise bloody hell if I wore nothing around the house but men's clothes. (And none of that pettifoggery about my slacks. You should look as good in them!)

● Don't always expect me to help you "dress." Believe it or not, it takes me time to look my feminine best when we go out. I don't mind helping with last-minute touch-ups, but I just don't have time to supervise every detail of your transformation.

● Listen to my advice, on the other hand, when I make suggestions as to your makeup or hairdo or carriage. I want you to look your best whether you're dressed as a man or as a girl.

● Don't wear my clothes without my permission. After all, you have dozens of outfits of your own, and when I'm planning on using an outfit of mine, I hate to see it all stretched and messy.

● Play fair with me when it comes to our social life. I don't object to your TV friends or to going to TV parties, so I expect you to accept my "straight" friends and attend their parties with no complaining about it.

● Stick to the budget when you buy your feminine clothes, just as you expect me to stick to mine. Let's talk it over before you buy something expensive, since I hate reading those nasty letters which come when the bills are unpaid. If you absolutely can't resist some choice item, try bringing one home for me as well. The gesture will go far to help soothe my nerves.

● Try paying as much attention to your male clothes as you do to your feminine attire. I weary of picking up your suits and slacks out of the corners you dump them in, and I wonder why you seem to treat your feminine things so much better.

● Stop making excuses for being a TV. If I manage to live with your transvestism, you should be able to bear up under it quite well. You might be surprised to know that, from a wife's point of view, a lot worse monsters live in this world than TVs, and I'm glad you're not a drunkard or a junkie or a compulsive gambler, any of whose problems make yours pale into insignificance by comparison. All I really ask of you is that you relax, be yourself, and be in love with me.

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ON THE SONNÉ SIDE

by sonn  teal

West Berlin...

In my first column for TURNABOUT #3, I told of how I landed the role of leading lady in the film *La Poup e*, but I neglected to mention one interesting sidelight to my participation in the film which my director, Jacques Baratier, pointed out to me.

La Poup e was written by a famed author of the *nouvelle vogue*, Jacques Audiberti, as one of his short novels. Baratier adapted it for the screen and submitted the film script to the French government, which subsidizes some ten films a year by awarding cash prizes to worthwhile scripts. The script for *La Poup e* won the second prize and was awarded about \$200,000, with the balance of the financing coming from private investors.

One of the things that tickled Baratier the most about his casting me in the lead role was that now the French government had financed a film starring a travesty (TV), which Baratier saw as almost amounting to official recognition of travesties!

After my own nightclub show finished its run in London, I accepted a fourteen-day cabaret contract in Antwerp, in spite of the fact that I had only fifteen days before I had to report for the filming of *La Poup e*. I had promised the other performers in my show that I would work with them until the last moment instead of taking a vacation. I was feeling a little tired after our London date, but I didn't want to have anyone out of work because of me. In fact, one of the provisions in the contract I signed with Baratier was that he must pay the others in my show a salary all during the filming, which, in effect gave them a paid vacation.

I really shouldn't have done that fourteen-day contract in Antwerp. I seemed never to stop running. We had to change our show around because Coco, the colored American boy we discovered dancing in an Italian revue, had to leave us to return to the United States to fulfill his military obligations.

Also, the club we went into in Antwerp was brand new and changed its orchestra three times during the two-week engagement, which involved new rehearsals each time. The costume designer for *La Poupée* came to Antwerp for several days to discuss the sketches for my wardrobe, since it was also in my contract that I would have the final OK on my costumes and that they would be mine to keep after the filming. Although the designer was a good artist, he knew very little about costumes and had no idea of how they were made, so it turned out to be quite a hassle. I started making my show costumes when I got into this business and knew that some of his vague sketches were not possible when it came to working with material and thread.

During the two weeks, I was called to Paris three times for makeup tests and fittings, which meant leaving Antwerp at 6 a.m. after working until 3 a.m. at the cabaret and returning the same night at 8 p.m. in time to eat, get ready, and go to work.

Finally, the Antwerp run ended and I was ready to leave for the film assignment. Bruce and Lana (an English boy we had signed in Paris when forming our revue) had been asked to stay on for an extra week in Antwerp, so I left for Paris alone.

The next morning I reported to Baratier, expecting to be caught up in the rush since the film had already been in production for two weeks. I was happy to learn that I wasn't slated to go before the cameras for another four days and had to show up only for final costume fittings.

When I first stepped in front of the cameras, I was dressed all in pink. I wore a pink lace cocktail suit with matching shoes, and my wig was rinsed pink, a color I had introduced to Paris when I first came to the Carroussel four years earlier. It wasn't a pale champagne pink, but rather a vibrant color. There was a small scene which called for me to say only a few lines to my screen husband in his office. I felt quite pretty that day and wanted to do my best and make a good impression. I don't know if I did or not, as the scene was never used in the final version.

That first morning I arrived at 6 a.m. for a makeup session, as filming was to begin at 8 a.m. I already knew the makeup girl, Lea, as we had worked together to find the right screen makeup. Lea was very sweet and well-qualified, as she is the makeup artist for Jean Seberg in all her French films. I was not nervous, but I did wonder what would be the reaction of the crew, the cameramen, the light technicians, and the stage hands.

The script girl came to the dressing room about 8:30 and asked if I knew my lines (I did), and then we went to the set. Upon my arrival, Baratier gave me my entrance cues, after introducing me to my film husband (Claudio Gora, the Italian actor). We rehearsed the scene once for the director, once for the light technicians, and once for the cameraman — then the cameras turned. We filmed the sequence three times, and then Baratier called time for lunch. The lights went out, and people started drifting away. I didn't know what to do until Lea tapped me on the shoulder and asked if I'd lunch with her. I said I would.

We went to a small restaurant near the studio. I hadn't even thought to change and mentioned it to Lea. She told me Baratier had said I was finished for the day, the scene was good, and he was going on with some other scene. I wouldn't have to wear this

particular costume again, so there was no need to change. When I asked her about the reaction of the people on the set, Lea smiled and said that none of the crew yet knew that I was not a woman. They had simply accepted me as an artist — no fuss, no bother, no remarks. I wondered how long it would last like that.

The next scene in the film was to be in the ballroom of the Hotel Continental, one of the older, more elegant hotels near the Place de Concord. Baratier phoned me the night before to say he had reserved a room for me in the hotel to be used as a dressing room for the two-week stay at this location. The two leading men had adjacent rooms, and the others — more than two hundred extras to be used in the scene — would make up in a large dining room converted for the purpose. Now, I thought, my real test begins.

I arrived on location early as usual. Lea was already waiting for me and was surprised that I wasn't living at the hotel. I had not wanted to change hotels just for two weeks. After I made up, Baratier arrived with a young girl, Catherine Millinaire, who was to be my film daughter, Mirt. She is the real daughter of the Duchess of Bedford in England.

Catherine and I quickly became friends. Although she is French — her French mother had recently married the Duke of Bedford — she spoke English, and it made a nice change of pace to speak English, as the film was done in French. Catherine didn't have a large role in the film, but it was a good one. I asked her if she'd like to share my private dressing room, and she accepted. Then I asked her if she minded sharing a dressing room with a man. She said she'd just been told by Baratier that I wasn't a woman but since I looked like one, she felt she was in the company of a woman, and that was that. There was no problem, so why look for one? I was accepted at face value, literally.

About 10 a.m., I was called down to the ballroom for rehearsals. As you can guess, almost everything is set, rehearsed, and then filmed. The director has an over-all plan, but the details are handled on the spot and almost always through a camera viewer. You can't establish lighting and camera angles on paper.

For this scene I was in a blue beaded dinner gown and wore it during rehearsal. The lights were powerful, and I began to perspire after about an hour. Baratier couldn't get just the effect he wanted, so we worked until nearly 5 p.m. without stop. Believe me, I was quite wilted and had to ask Lea how my makeup was holding out. She said it was about the same as for the others, but I shouldn't worry, since French union laws forbade extras from working past 6 p.m., and Baratier would have to stop then. Sure enough, he told the crew to shut down at about 5:30 p.m., and then called to me: "Marion, try this scene once again before you go." It was then I realized he was using my screen name instead of Sonne — and so were all the people I had talked to on the set. I was Marion, the wife of the industrialist Morin, the mistress of the dictator Colonel Prado Roth, the mother of Mirt, and the leading lady of *La Poupée*. No one looked twice at me unless the script called for it. Then I rehearsed another thirty minutes, and the work day was over.

Upon my arrival for makeup the next day, Lea told me that Baratier had decided to change the filming schedule. I was to make up as *La Poupée* instead of Marion. This meant an over-all white makeup with heavily accented black eyes, red mouth, and

red hair. I wore a red dress with a huge matching cape and bowler hat, also red. It was a long makeup session, but I was ready at 8:30 a.m. when the script girls called for me. Lea said she would come down with me, which was surprising as she didn't usually come down to the set unless called. Even Catherine said she would be down for the scene, even though she wasn't in it.

We walked in to the huge ballroom, and I headed over to where Baratier was standing, on the other side of the room. All of the principals and extras were there, including a twelve-piece orchestra hired for the scene.

I was halfway across the room when I realized I was alone in the middle of the dance floor, with everyone around me applauding and looking directly at me. The applause filled the huge room, and I stood there dumfounded.

I didn't know what to do until Lea and Catherine came through the crowd and took my arm and told me that Baratier had just announced before our arrival that I was a man playing the dual feminine lead. The applause was for my appearance. I was thrilled and flattered. What a lovely compliment, and what a lovely gesture for my co-workers to make!

Baratier then came over and led me off to the set, squeezing my hand and telling me how pleased he was with the way things were working out.

He couldn't have been more pleased than I was. Now I felt that things would continue on this way, and it turned out that I was right.

In future columns, I'll tell you about the accident I had during the filming, my troubles with the photographers from the French scandal magazines, and some of things which happened to me when we worked outside the studio, in the Paris streets, at a building construction site, and in the Arab quarter.

Meanwhile, I'd like to invite all those who read TURNABOUT to write me their reactions to my column or ask any questions they might have about the life of the professional travesty. I also would appreciate any suggestions for future columns you might wish to make.

Letters to me should be addressed to Sonné Teal, care of the Abbé de Choisy Press, P.O. Box 4053, New York, New York 10017. The editors will send them along to me by airmail at my West Berlin address without cost to you.

■ ■ ■

The editors of TURNABOUT will gladly forward any mail overseas to Sonné Teal as a part of our service to our readers — airmail, postage-free. However, since we do not wish to be placed in the position of censors, we ask that such mail be sealed in envelopes by you.



JOSEPHINE



MISTY

A TURNABOUT GALLERY



IRENE



JENA

TURNTABLE

by d. rhodes □ □

■ Rumor has it that Susanna Valenti plans a connection with a new TV magazine tentatively titled IMP, which is said to be well-financed. The grapevine has it that actual preparation of the new mag were delayed by Susanna's "brother" (as she would put it) overworking at the World's Fair. It appears that IMP would be a magazine somewhat along the lines of FEMME MIMICS, the year-old Selbee slick, which features nothing but female impersonators of the pro variety.

Meanwhile, we understand that a new season at the newly relocated resort has begun. The old one, incidentally, has returned to Susanna's ownership because of a lapse in the sales contract.

■ Speaking of the World's Fair, at least one other TV is working at the Flushing Meadow carnival. And we also understand a certain rivalry has sprung up among local TVs as to who will be the first to attempt to "pass" at the Clairol exhibit which is undemocratically billed as "for women only." Winner receives a blind date with a Pinkerton guard — or maybe the whole force!

■ Gloria Manning is working on a new version of the John Aarons catalogue, according to information gathered at her recent flash visit East. This columnist has surveyed the first color catalogue and must express a certain amount of disappointment. We think the stress on off-the-shoulder dresses, not to mention narrow skirts and unadorned simplicity of design, is not quite what the TV customer would most likely need.

We can understand that the majority of customers must be women, but still, all things considered, it would have been nice if something, at least, were designed with the TV in mind, besides the advertised additional cloth for alterations. Most TVs who have the standard male figures of wide shoulders, wider waists, and narrow hips can't get away with this shoulderless bit or the low-cut bit, either. And a wide skirt is the best of cures for lack of hippiness. But probably nobody told designer Aarons. Until shown otherwise, we must reluctantly say that you'll still do better with the Sears, Montgomery Ward, or Lane Bryant catalogues.

■ A series of booklets containing illustrated TV novellas are planned for publication by the Abbé de Choisy Press later on in the summer. We have seen advance proofs of the illustrations, and they are real wows!

■ Special trips by the staff of TURNABOUT to Eastern Seaboard cities have opened up new outlets for this magazine in a number of areas. If you know of any stores in your locality who would handle TURNABOUT, send along their addresses and we'll do the rest. Each subscriber sending along an address or addresses is entitled to have his subscription augmented by one free issue.

■ Activities around the Metropolitan New York area have been a little slow during the past year, but we understand this will change shortly. A number of interesting projects are being set up. Incidentally, TVs who are planning a trip to New York for the World's Fair (or any other reason) should drop TURNABOUT a note or, when in NYC, phone MAin 50040 and talk to the editor (if a man answers, don't hang up). Better to write first.

■ The TV situation in New York and New Jersey will undergo alterations for the better in the latter half of this year.

■ News from L.A. informs us that the Alpha FPE chapter has finally gotten going again, in a much smaller and strictly hush-hush way in an outlying suburb. We hear also that other chapters of this secret sorority are functioning in Chicago and Madison, Wisconsin, with lesser groups hiding out in closets in New Jersey, San Francisco, and maybe even Cleveland.

■ The recent death of an Ivy League professor was sadly noted by local TVs in this area, in that he had also been a TV. No doubt, there must be innumerable men of culture and standing in their communities who are TVs, but who keep it secret to their death-beds. They'd live more happily with friends in the know.

■ We were shocked to read in a recent issue of TRANSVESTIA a claim by Susanna, whose column seems to be getting more and more politically oriented, that TVs are mostly some kind of reactionaries and that such a thing as a TV bloc vote for conservatives exists. (We'll believe it the day Barry campaigns in drag.)

Our own observation is that TVs, like anyone else, have no special political opinions and range from far right to far left. However that may be, we offer this bit of advice: Transvestism is tolerated best in the more liberal communities and the more extremist the community is — whether intolerant right-wing or ultra-left — the worse it is for those who deviate from the norm. Common sense would dictate a middle-of-road caution and support of candidate with liberal attitudes toward social problems, just for safety's sake.

■ Browsing through Library of Congress recently, we came across this title in the card file: The Female Impersonators by Ralph Werther (Jennie June). "A sequel to the Autobiography of an Androgyne" and an account of some of the author's experiences ... as an instinctive female impersonator in New York's underworld. Ed. by Alfred W. Herzog. New York, Medico-Legal Journal, 1922." Anybody know this book? How about a review for TURNABOUT? ■ ■



Dear Abbé:

□ My apparent apathy in not writing sooner by no means expresses my true feelings that another magazine devoted to transvestism will now be published. I have been — and I choose the tense carefully — friendly with the magazine originating here on the West Coast since before its first issue. It has always been my contention that a well-directed publication could do wonders for people such as ourselves.

I give full credit to that magazine — and its publisher — for opening the door to the world for me. The realization that I could, within rigid limits, associate and mingle with ordinary people such as myself was breath-taking. Even a cursory reading of letters to that magazine would show that my experience has been repeated by many others.

I have consistently urged its editor-publisher to devote his main interest to the magazine. I have pointed out that besides a modest financial gain, he could be regarded as a great benefactor — perhaps the greatest that TVs have ever had. Apparently, he was not interested. I have never questioned his goals — but I have found myself increasingly critical of his methods.

I elaborate on these things for several reasons. One, I would like you to know that I am truly interested in your venture ... I am not subscribing for something "juicy" to read. Another, you state that all letters will be answered. While I won't hold you to that, literally, it does intimate that you will attempt to establish a personal basis of contact with your contributors and readers. If this should be so, I want you to know my position clearly: I shall praise and criticize with equal vigor.

I was particularly impressed with your statement of policy in your original brochure, especially with the warning to "self-styled" censoring-groups. Hurrah for our side! It's about time we invited a fight "by the rules" — not by our protests against their snide prejudices. Neither can we gain respect by "disassociating" ourselves from any other group which might incur social disapproval.

One last thing: There was once a time when I had the urge to write for the other mag. It, too, exhorted its readers to express their opinions, to submit articles of general interest — but somehow my communications never quite fitted into those categories. I'm not sure that I can recapture the zeal of those early days, but perhaps some day my poor, crushed ego will revive and I'll try again — for TURNABOUT.

Best wishes for an unqualified success

Elizabeth

□ I would like to get together with three to five other people, preferably in northern New Jersey in order to rent an apartment in which to pursue TV activities. Needless to say, the group would be formed only of mature, stable, responsible, discreet individuals.

I myself am over 40, married with two children, hold a professional degree, and have been an active TV for nearly 30 years.

If any reader feels he would like to participate in such a group, please contact me. I'd prefer to set this up in or near Newark, but New York City is not out of the question

Dixie

■ ■ Although our custom has been not to respond to 'Dear Abbé' letters in print, thus using space better reserved for communications from readers, Dixie's letter is so typical of many we've received that we feel compelled to make our position clear on acting as intermediary in the forming of friendships or acquaintances among our readers. We have neither the time nor facilities to operate a "contact" column in TURNABOUT. This does not mean that we are against TVs getting together and will not help, where possible to do so. Rather, we prefer to do this on a personal, face-to-face basis so as to be sure that what one reader considers "TV activities" to be does not conflict with what another might believe. Thus, we published the telephone number of the editor in TURNABOUT #1 and invited all who feel motivated to do so to phone us, be invited over to TURNABOUT's headquarters, and begin making contact from there. The invitation still goes; the phone number is 212-MA-50040; and the editor is usually there evenings and weekends. So give us a call, Dixie and anyone else. We do very much believe in establishing a personal basis of contact with our readers when possible. ■ ■

□ Like rare vintage wine, TURNABOUT improves with age and is a must for all TVs to let us realize that we are not alone and that somewhere there are others with the same desire to be members of the female world at various times. I, for one, eagerly anticipate the arrival of each issue.

The magazine is well written and should enlighten people on this eccentricity of persons inclined to be transvestites, and

especially can point out that most of us are not to be placed in the same category as the homosexual cross-dresser.

I hope TURNABOUT can continue its fine quality and guard against becoming pornographic in any way. You should always aim to maintain its high standards, so it can be recognized as serving its intended purpose.

The fact that we TVs enjoy living a double life and thus may seem a bit odd to most people who are ignorant of the underlying cause for TVism should not disturb us overmuch. If it does, then we certainly need no tranquilizers to calm us down.

When I am keyed up or frustrated about something, let me have a few hours dressed in feminine frills and I find myself calmed down enough to go on facing reality once more.

No tranquilizer could do that for me.

Mabel Ellen

□ After reading the first issue of TURNABOUT, I decided to put my own little cents' worth in and linked my thoughts to two articles — the first by Siobhan Fredericks which reported on studies of deaf children whose affliction prevented them from forming a vivid definition of their sex role because of lack of communication ... and the other by Quiven Enright which pointed out the "picture of the male in society," the "normal" male and all that the term implies.

Perhaps this picture of "normality" was created by the mass communications media — advertising, newspapers, and television — by sponsors who want to sell their wares to certain types of persons, in this case super-masculine types. Certainly, those who control the content of television programs are not loath to create other images of people's roles in life to serve their commercial purpose. Having attended a few showings of pilot films for sponsors, I have heard the men in charge boast of their power to shape public attitudes on social questions and family relationships.

The deaf child, in his isolation, may not be as susceptible to this kind of brainwashing as the child who has been overcommunicated to by such factions, and he may be unaware of the basic sex-role identification the status-quo seekers are trying to sell him.

Perhaps the great persuasive medium of television might be someday used to influence the public to deal with the transvestite with more sympathy and tolerance. Since one need be virtually deaf and blind to escape the influence brought to bear by television, perhaps a good long-range campaign to interest a sponsor might be in order. Maybe then, TV could help the TV!

Anyone got any ideas about this?

Daphne

A TURNABOUT PORTFOLIO of TV Drawings



by Barbara Jean



KALEIDOSCOPE

by siobhan fredericks

If this writer ever entertained any doubts that TVs would be willing to fight for their rights ... or band together virtually overnight to take action on a sociolegal issue of surpassing importance to all TVs who live under our English common law ... or combine resources to combat an unjust attitude on the part of society which has caused nearly every TV considerable anguish ... then those doubts were quickly dispelled this past April by a series of events which are familiar to most of the regular subscribers to TURNABOUT.

The events I speak of were triggered by the arrest, trial, and conviction of a well-known New York TV under Section 887-7 of the New York State Code of Criminal Procedure — the so-called "masquerading law" whose counterpart may be found on the books of many cities and/or states in these United States.

As most of you now know, this law brands as a "vagrant" a person who, "having his face painted, discolored, covered, or concealed, or being otherwise disguised in a manner calculated to prevent his being identified, appears on a road or public highway or in a field, lot, wood, or enclosure." In spite of the fact that this law was originally enacted to prevent criminal acts (i.e., acts which are in themselves criminal) from being perpetrated by disguised persons, it is now used almost exclusively to arrest TVs who dare go out on the street in feminine attire.

Used in this manner, the law is not only unconstitutional but also discriminatory. As such, it becomes ripe for attack through an appeal of a conviction rendered under it.

Until last April, no TV in the state had ever seen fit to appeal a conviction under Section 887-7, either because he did not have the money necessary to do so or because he feared publicity which might come from such an appeal. But in April, the ideal "test case" happened.

The aforementioned New York TV, a man of impeccable standing in his community and of good moral character, was picked up near his home in feminine attire, tried, and found guilty. His purpose in being out in public "dressed" did not involve any kind of criminal intent, and this was well-established in testimony before the court. He wanted to appeal the conviction.

However, since his arrest cost him his job, this TV doubted if he could spare the \$500 or so such an appeal would cost and, after several days of torturous soul-searching, he made his dilemma known to his friends, among whom were the editor and publisher of TURNABOUT and the editor and publisher of TRANSVESTIA.



Immediately upon hearing about the proposed appeal, the publisher of TURNABOUT contacted the law firm retained by the TV and pledged full payment of the fees attendant upon the appeal from his own income, meanwhile sending out nearly 500 letters to individuals on the TURNABOUT master list asking them to contribute whatever they could toward financing the appeal. In addition, he phoned the editor and publisher of TRANSVESTIA to discuss the possibility of cooperation between the two publications in launching the appeal — cooperation which was quickly forthcoming, in spite of past, present, or continuing differences between the two.

In addition to sending out a request for contributions with the next issue of TRANSVESTIA, its editor pledged \$300 toward the attorney's fees from FPE funds, since the TV who was arrested was a member of the FPE guiding council. This \$300 was quickly forthcoming, and within ten days of the time TURNABOUT's original letters went out, the entire fee (\$500 plus incidental expenses) for the lawyers was paid, with more money pouring in from both the West Coast group and respondents to TURNABOUT's mailing.

As things now stand, the appeal has been filed and will be heard by the Appellate Term of the New York State Court of Appeals sometime this coming Autumn. A total of more than \$1000 has been received by the Defense Fund, just about evenly divided between the funds received by TURNABOUT and those passed on by the West Coast group. A balance of more than \$500 now rests in a bank account set up by the lawyers and administered jointly by the publishers of TURNABOUT and TRANSVESTIA. This will be held as a reserve fund, in the event additional expenses accrue or an additional appeal is necessary.

Meanwhile, the attorneys are attempting to establish the strongest possible case for presentation to the Appellate Term. While we are not at liberty to discuss details of the case, we can say that the argument will be based on the larger issues involved — the constitutionality of the law itself, the application of Section 887-7 to TVs who go out in public "dressed," and the basic right of the TV to pursue happiness in such a manner when it does not conflict with the rights or security of others.

If the first appeal is successful, the State has the right to make its own appeal of that decision in a higher court, if it wishes to do so. If our appeal is not successful, we can do the same — and have every intention of going on with the case as far as possible. In either eventuality, the extra \$500 collected will be of great help in pursuing the case. And the higher the case must go, the more far-reaching will be the effects of the decision on the lives of all TVs everywhere.

No matter what the outcome — win or lose — the voice of the TV has finally been raised in protest against a vicious law which has been too long misused by intolerant elements within our society to suppress the socially innocuous activities of a group of individuals whose only desire is to be left in peace.

This protest, so long in coming, is a source of considerable pride on the part of the editors of TURNABOUT, and all of you who contributed your hard-earned dollars should share in this feeling of pride and, on this historic occasion, be encouraged that the conspiracy of silence which has for so long shrouded the legality of our practice of transvestism will finally be breached.

We are so impressed with the support which came from TVs all over the United States, Canada, and England that we'd like to pass on a few of the comments which accompanied the various contributions:

● New York State: "I am enclosing a check for \$— to aid in the appeal of the conviction of the N.Y. TV. I certainly hope your campaign is successful and that a legal precedent is established."

● Texas: "Hope this helps. All I can afford. We need to get rid of these damn laws."

● Illinois: "For the fund for the TV appeal. It must be won."

● California: "It is indeed wonderful that we can band together in this small way to help people with the courage such as you and the defendant show. I only wish my contribution could be more."

● Massachusetts: "I sure do hope something comes out of all this. It sure would be a wonderful thing for all of us."

● Washington State: "I hope this will be of some assistance to ———. I feel very badly about her situation, and we can all be grateful that she is willing to take this 'stand.'"

● Wisconsin: "Go to it, gang! About time something like this happened — I mean, the appeal. Sitting around, taking it on the nose never got anyone anything or anywhere. Sick em, tige!"

● New York State: "Here is a small contribution toward the appeal. I hope it will do some good."

● North Carolina: "I feel privileged to enclose \$— toward the appeal of a sister TV in distress. Best wishes for success."

● California: "I am very happy to do my part, small as it is, in helping the unfortunate TV make a successful appeal of his case."

● Arizona: "The enclosed is for your campaign to secure the rights of all TVs by striking down this law. Give 'em hell!"

■ ■

COMING IN FUTURE ISSUES:

□ □ "The Myth of the Latent Femininity in the Male" by Hugo G. Beigel, Ph.D. (in TURNABOUT #5) A provocative article which challenges basic beliefs many of us hold dear with regard to why we are TVs ... an article which may make many readers angry but is guaranteed to hold their interest.

□ □ "Story of an Unknown TV": A poignant autobiographical document left by an anonymous transvestite in the attic of a Texas house, where it was discovered some twenty years later.

□ □ "The Hook" by David Grinnell (in TURNABOUT #5): A short story which explores a boy's first experience with cross-dress in uniquely realistic terms.

● ●

The VANITY TABLE

● CARE OF THE HANDS

One of the principal problems TVs have in presenting an acceptable feminine appearance is keeping their hands presentable. This is particularly true if the TV works in a so-called masculine environment involving use of the hands in work presenting certain hazards to the nails and skin. Even office work can be tough on fingernails, as any female office worker will agree.

Also, many TVs find themselves in a dilemma with regard to maintaining their hands in such a way as to permit them to look feminine when the time for dressing comes. Being more than a little self-conscious about their masculine appearance, they prefer not to show up at their jobs with pointed fingernails or even clear nail polish, even though the latter will prevent unruly fingernails from breaking or shredding at the tips.

Most of this self-consciousness is founded on the idea that everyone one meets during the day's work is hyper-observant and will be staring at every detail of their appearance to detect vagrant signs of femininity. This is seldom the case, unless one's usual actions or appearance have aroused suspicion as to one's masculinity.

As a matter of fact, many men have well-manicured nails as a matter of course, and this usually involves the use of a thin coat of clear polish which serves to strengthen nails, render them impervious to dirt or other substances with which one comes into contact, and keep cuticle growth even. Clean, attractive-looking nails is just as much a part of good masculine grooming as it is of feminine grooming.

When one is getting "dressed," there is little difficulty in reshaping the most masculine-looking nails into more feminine contours — and the reverse is true when it is time to resume one's masculine role. By the time one is ready for another TV interlude, the nails will have grown long enough to permit one to repeat the process.

Before one begins one's manicure, one should scrub one's hands and nails as clean as possible. Then dead skin should be removed either with a pumice stone or, preferably, a cream designed for that purpose. One of the best and most commonly available of these is called "Pretty Feet" (since it is also used for a similar purpose on the feet), manufactured by Dunbar Laboratories and widely distributed in dime and drug stores.

Then the hands should be soaked in hot, soapy water for a few minutes to loosen the dead cuticle skin at the base of the nails for easier removal. Once softened, this dead cuticle skin can be removed by a cotton-tipped stick dipped in cuticle remover. Never push the dead skin back with a sharp object, as it

will bruise the tender root system of the nail and cause dents, ridges, and white spots in the growing nail. A pair of cuticle clippers will pick up any ragged edges of the cuticle.

After washing the hands again, to be sure they are free of all soap and grease, and thoroughly drying them, the nails then may be given an undercoating of base-coat lacquer which will hold nail polish on longer and give a smoother surface to nails. As with any polish, this should be applied in even strokes running from the cuticle along the length of the nail. With practice, one should be able to apply polish to each nail with three even strokes, avoiding contact with skin around the nails, the first stroke down the center and one down each side.

The base coat must be allowed to dry before the first coat of colored polish is applied, otherwise the base coat will partially dissolve and leave a bumpy, uneven surface. The first coat of polish is applied very thinly and allowed to dry, then the second thin coat should complete the job.

Fingernail enamel should be chosen so as to match the color of the lipstick. To ensure the ease of matching lipstick with polish, manufacturers, such as Revlon, usually make a series of lipsticks and polishes to match, and it is a good idea to follow their color-coding in purchasing both items.

After the second thin coat of nail polish is applied and is thoroughly dry, an additional coating of top coat or fixer will protect the enamel from nicks and give a hard, glossy finish.

When nails are completely dry, they may be touched up with an emery board and shaped to the desired configuration. Too-pointy nails should be avoided. The end point should follow the curve of the cuticle and be evenly rounded off.

Some TVs find that false nails offer some advantages in creating the desired feminine image. However, generally speaking they are difficult to put on, impossible to keep on, and take more time to fuss with than one's own natural nails.

Care of the hands and nails should be done on a daily basis, since it will be found that regular attention will keep the job of transforming them into more feminine appearance much easier.

Mirror, Mirror,
Before I Start Out...
Take One Good Look and
Eat Your Heart Out!!





DIANA



FRANCESCA

A TURNABOUT GALLERY

BARBARA JEAN



PEGIE VAL ADDAIR



VIEWS/REVIEWS

BOOKS...

The Naked Society by Vance Packard (New York: David McKay Co., Inc., 1964). 369 pages, \$5.95.

— Reviewed by Lorraine Channing

This volume is not just another of the author's highly informative best-sellers. It is a book which is indeed eye-opening and thought-provoking — not only for the general reader, but also for the transvestite or transsexual.

More than any other non-fiction publication today, The Naked Society shows clearly how George Orwell's "Big Brother" is taking over in government, in business, in education, and in society at large.

Instead of showing what the world might be like, as was perceptively and poignantly portrayed by the "Negative Utopias" of Orwell, Aldous Huxley, and Ayn Rand, this work shows the nightmare of what life is becoming — not tomorrow, but today ... NOW!

Like the works of the late Dr. Robert Lindner, this book demonstrates in terrifying detail how Americans, bit by bit, are losing their freedom — that most precious freedom known as the "right to privacy."

In arresting, fascinating sections, Vance Packard shows how this right is being attacked by the frequent but secret use of ultra-modern electronic devices; the use of hidden cameras, two-way mirrors, and closed circuit television; by the daring, impudent use of lie-detectors and probing "psychological tests"; and by the staggering amount of secret traffic in what should be confidential, highly private, personal information.

For instance, your school records, results of both academic and psychological tests, as well as any records of your religious, non-religious, or political opinions (if you've ever expressed any, knowingly or unknowingly) can be obtained with astonishingly little difficulty — and by almost anyone!

In one chapter, Packard discusses how the Bill of Rights is under seige, and, in the last chapter, he gives pointers on what we can do to protect ourselves against this onslaught against our right to privacy.

One thing we all must do: Wake up and escape from the bonds of apathy! And quickly! If we do not, we are clearly, definitely, and directly heading toward complete, collective totalitarianism.

Aside from the personal interest the TV or TS reader has —

or should have — in the matter of retaining his right to privacy and his right to pursue his own form of happiness as long as it does not impinge on the rights of others, here are a few specific points that the transvestite or transsexual should consider, as extrapolated from facts revealed in The Naked Society:

- If a TV goes out "dressed" and decides to go into a shop and try on a dress, he may be watched. More than ever, store "detectives" are keeping an eye on individuals (male or female) who go into dressing rooms. To prevent the customer from shoplifting, they watch by means of hidden cameras, two-way mirrors, or peepholes in mirrors. So, if you must go into one of these rooms to try something on ... well, just be sure you're well-hidden. And you know what we mean by "well-hidden," don't you?

- Apartment houses in many cities have closed-circuit television "protective" systems in operation. Doormen or superintendents use them to keep an eye on what goes on in elevators, lobbies, and even corridors. In some instances, cameras are concealed in the ceilings of elevators. So, if you're thinking of taking off your wig momentarily or tugging intimately at your girdle or doing anything else which might be "revealing," be patient and wait until later on, unless you want to take the risk of being picked up for "masquerading" or whatever else the law might decide to call your transvesting.

- Also, in some apartment buildings, tenants can inspect callers who ring their downstairs lobby doorbell by means of a hidden closed-circuit TV camera. Unfortunately, this method also enables inordinately curious neighbors to see which married women are going out with men not their husbands and what boys are calling on the girls in the building, etc. If you happen to live in one of these buildings and occasionally come in as a male and go out later as a "female," you should be particularly careful.

- Some corporations give applicants questionnaires which, either subtly or bluntly, seek to discover the extent of your sex drive, your sexual interests, and the degree of your "manliness." According to their evaluation, if you were to rate low in masculinity, they might conclude that you are too feminine to handle the job or that you have homosexual inclinations. So, think carefully about taking — and be on your guard when taking — personal "psychological" tests.

- In addition to simple wire-tapping (practiced more extensively than you think, by the way) and hidden tape recorders, there are long-range microphones used to pick up conversations from 100 to 500 feet away. Consider the possibility that your conversation at a gathering of TVs and/or TSs might be picked up! And don't say it couldn't happen to you!

- Think carefully, too, about revealing anything about your TVism to any of your fellow employees, no matter how trustworthy or broad-minded they may seem to be. Packard points out that a number of companies check on their employees for various reasons, and one method they use is having fellow employees as actual spies hired specifically to "keep an eye" on other employees.

- Some privacy invaders have even taken over the washrooms,

ostensibly to hear what employees may be saying about their employers or to catch in flagrante delicto those individuals who are addicted to decorating the walls with overly-intimate doodlings. To that group of our readers whom D. Rhodes, in his article in TURNABOUT #3, prefers to call "unders" — especially those who enjoy wearing lovely underthings under their masculine attire — what revelation could be more upsetting than this one?

■
The Art of Make-Up, Skin and Hair Care by Millie B. Hensley (New York: Hearthsides Press, Inc., 1960). 125 pages, \$2.95.

— Reviewed by Siobhan Fredericks

There are many books available on beauty and makeup problems, but this little volume is the most valuable one we've yet found, because it is thorough, explicit, and written so that even the most doltish male can understand it and apply it to himself, if, of course, he happens to be a TV.

In a series of nineteen chapters plus an introduction, the author leads you, step-by-step through the intricacies of making you as beautiful as possible using what physical advantages you may have to the fullest and minimizing your disadvantages. Although, of course, the book was not written with the TV in mind, its message is aimed at the novice in self-beautification and the style is witty and interesting throughout.

Although we don't often admit having help in preparing the "Vanity Table" feature in each issue of TURNABOUT and prefer, instead, to allow the reader to believe we come by our words of wisdom by divine inspiration or vast experience as a TV (neither of which, unfortunately, we have), this little book has been a huge help in making such information as we pass along to you authoritative and accurate.

Since the book may be difficult to find in bookstores, we suggest you contact the publishers by mail and enclose a check for \$2.95. Their address is The Hearthsides Press, 118 East 28th Street, New York, New York 10016.

■
Venus Casting: Famous Female Impersonators, Celestial and Human, by C. J. Bulliet, with illustrations by Alexander King (New York: Bonanza Books, 1956). 308 pages, \$2.98.

— Reviewed by Fred L. Shaw, Jr.

A "facsimile" edition of the original book written in 1928, this volume should be in the library of every TV, in spite of the fact that the author is so square that he thinks the wearing of wristwatches is a sure sign of homosexuality and that Alex King's illustrations were done (and shoddily done) with a brush dripping with venom. (We don't think anyone addicted to wearing pink bowties has a right to sneer at any TV!)

The book traces a reasonably accurate history of public and private TV-ing and serves as a good source-book for TV historians as well as entertainment for the devotee. It is still available from Marlboro Books, 345 Hudson Street, New York City. ■ ■



GROW OLD ALONG WITH ME ...

By DAPHNE MORRISSEY

■ **Synopsis:** Having now agreed to spend his leisure hours as the "daughter" of Gustav, the family butler, and Gustav's wife Greta — in exchange for their silence regarding his TV activities — our hero finds himself faced with the disquieting but intriguing prospect of attending a gala dinner party being given in the family's absence by the two servants for the Swedish ambassador, an old friend of theirs from more affluent days in Sweden. What's more, our hero must attend the party as Daphne, their daughter.■

Chapter 4: Conclusion

Gustav had wasted no time in making his plans. That very evening he cabled his friend, the newly appointed ambassador, inviting him, his wife, and his staff to a formal dinner at our home. The ambassador's lay-over in New York City was to be for only three days. Since my family was not scheduled to return until a week later than the ambassador's visit, we agreed to give the statesman his choice of any of the three evenings not occupied by diplomatic matters.

The ambassador responded to Gustav's cable immediately and enthusiastically. His party would consist of five persons — he and his wife, another couple, and an aide — and the best time would be a Friday, the day after his arrival and only a week away. Since the time was too short for formal invitations, Greta spent hours on the phone contacting all those on the guest-list.

The response to Greta's calls was overwhelming. Only a few of Gustav and Greta's friends in New York could not attend, so that the final count was eighty-three, including the visiting dignitaries.

My only reaction to the prospect of being Daphne at such a huge party was numbness — but it was again mingled with that tingling sense of anticipation. I could not escape the underlying cold fear, but I took solace that I should be able to get through the evening successfully enough because of the anonymity I would find in the midst of such a crowd.

Britta's excitement mounted daily. She immediately bought evening gowns for herself and me and was consumed with making alterations in mine to make it a flawless fit. Her efforts were successful, although they led to some discomfort for me.

My gown was a white silk, lined, and having a deeply cut neckline which dipped to a vee at the cleavage and fanned out to just the outside tips of my shoulders. Full-length, tight-fitting sleeves extended across the backs of my hands and ended in a tip over the middle fingers. The snug bodice remained form-fitting to below the waistline, where a voluminous chiffon-oversilk flared and swirled by the yard over rustling white taffeta ending at the floor. Ice-blue sequins decorated the skirt for about a foot above the hem in large, graceful fern shapes, and additional sequins were scattered over all the rest of the skirt.

A major problem with the low-cut bodice-line was the need for cleavage. This challenged Britta's ingenuity only slightly. She obtained two hard-rubber pads which, with Greta's help, she mounted beneath the fleshy part of my chest. Then she wound a strip of sheeting tightly around me to keep them in place and secured the ingenious structure with three-inch adhesive tape which overwrapped the sheeting and fastened back on itself. The resulting effect was astonishing.

Preparations rose to fever-pitch in the next few days until the day of the party finally dawned. My tremulous excitement and trepidation sapped all my concentration at school. I hurried home the moment the last class ended to abandon myself to the reassuring ministrations which Britta had come to provide for me and upon which Daphne's pleasurable existence depended.

Britta was waiting for me at the door, a much-needed martini in her hand in anticipation of the state I would be in. I gulped it down and requested a second one.

"Don't be silly, Daphne," she said. "There's a long evening ahead and probably an alcoholic one. I should warn you especially about that. You must not be anything but a poised young lady tonight for your proud adopted parents, so drink very little — just enough to calm your nerves. But you know as well as I that you need have no fear, since you will look lovely."

Britta's reassurance was more soothing than the martini. She grasped my hand and led me upstairs to that beautiful room of Elaine's which I had come to regard as my own.

The preparations that evening were as delicious as they were

painstaking. A steaming, fragrant tub awaited me, followed by a close full-length shave, softening oils, and soothing powder. After I had donned my favorite white satin girdle, my sheerest and softest white silk panties, and nylons drawn to an absolute tautness to my garters, Britta came in to manicure my nails and pluck a few stray eyebrow hairs. My waist-cincher was fastened in its tightest position, and Greta was called in to assist Britta in creating my bosom as they had done a few days before. A lace-edged strapless brassiere enclosed all with a tantalizing effect.

Britta then stood behind me as I sat at the vanity table to apply my makeup. I had now become so accustomed to her presence that this supervision, instead of making me nervous, enhanced my confidence, however critical she might be. She would gently suggest a slightly longer eyeliner, another dab of powder, a bit less rouge; or she would lean over to subdue the color of the eye shadow with a deft finger-stroke; or she would balance a lip outline with a skillful movement of the lipstick brush.

And then that magic moment when she placed my carefully tended and newly set crowning glory on my head! As always, that was the moment of transformation, the moment I truly became Daphne.

I drew on the long, white silk half-slip which went with the gown I was to wear and tucked my toes comfortably into white satin evening shoes trimmed with pale blue brocade. Britta then helped me with the gown, pulled the zippers into place, and smoothed out the snugness about my torso as I gently swayed to experience the sensation of the full skirts insinuating themselves softly against my smooth, sheer-stockinged legs. A delicate tiara of pale blue rhinestones crowned my coiffure, and matching pendant earrings fell almost to my bare shoulders.

Ecstasy at the moment of completion was mine as Britta, with a little tug at one side of my skirt and a small pat to put one stray lock in place, led me before the full-length mirror. A new thrill suffused me as I saw for the first time the effect that the taping had on my appearance in the gown. Not only was there cleavage, there was a billowy expanse of flesh rising above my fitted bodice from which peeked a trace of the lace-edged bra. The feminine illusion was now complete!

Within the hour, guests would begin to arrive. Greta and Gustav were in the living room when I came downstairs. They had hired two maids to serve the sumptuous foods and drinks they had prepared. When I reached the last two steps into the living room, my pseudo-parents were giving instructions and, on hearing me enter, all four turned around. The expressions on Gustav and Greta's faces caused me to smile and, at the same time, glow with pride. I must have been as striking to them as I had been to both Britta and myself. The faces of the two maids were filled with admiration and envy, with no trace of disbelief that I was not what I appeared to be — a beautiful young girl all dressed up for a ball.

After the first moment of surprise, Greta and Gustav hurried over to shower me with extravagant compliments. Greta brushed my cheek with a soft, maternal kiss. A few minutes later, Britta joined us, looking more beautiful than I had ever seen her, and shortly afterward, the guests began to arrive.

Greta, Gustav, and I took up posts in front of the huge breakfront, and Britta brought in each of the couples to greet

us. Gustav was first on the receiving line, then Greta, and then I, whom Greta proudly introduced as her daughter who had spent the past several years away at finishing school.

The first arrivals gave me moments of anguish, but I soon realized that I need have no fear of detection. I was readily accepted, frequently complimented, and, as the room filled up, I would occasionally hear my name spoken or detect eyes stealing glimpses of me.

The guests of honor arrived after more than half the party had assembled. I executed a passable curtsy for the ambassador but, as I rose, my heel caught in the hem of my dress and I started to fall forward, when a pair of hands seized both my arms and brought me back to vertical.

I found myself face to face within inches of a handsome, broadly grinning, blond fellow. My features were flushed with both anger at my own stupid clumsiness and embarrassment, but I managed a feminine-sounding "Thank you."

I was then introduced to my rescuer, Victor Hansen, aide to the Swedish ambassador. A small group of concerned guests had ringed us in a move to help. I wanted only to escape this focal point of attention, and when Victor politely asked if there was anything he could do, I seized his arm and asked him to find us a drink. Greta, solicitous about what she recognized as my embarrassment, excused me from the receiving line and asked Victor if would comply with my request.

This unfortunate incident was to prove a source of concern to me for some time to come. Victor quite naturally interpreted my request for assistance as the overt gesture of a young lady seeking his attentions. I am sure he was not unaccustomed to such overtures. Although I was grateful for what he had done, I soon began to recognize that it had been a mistake to use him as a means of extricating myself from my dilemma.

Victor found me attractive and, for the remainder of the evening, I found myself unable to separate myself from him, even when I subtly flagged Britta's attention and tried to foist him off on her. I dared not be rude to him, lest I once again bring attention to myself. But attention nonetheless did fall on us both as the evening progressed. I began to be more and more aware of the increasing number of glances being cast our way, with that vacuous, understanding smile of elders which says: "What a sweet young couple they make!"

Victor was a bright, well-informed young man whose good looks and diplomatic position must have intrigued many young girls. I could only wish that there was one present who could divert his attention away from me. Britta was the only possible candidate, and Victor had — to my surprise and chagrin — rejected her.

Britta had begun casting venomous and, I'm quite sure, jealous glances at me, in the realization that the choice Victor had made was quite clear. I was just momentarily tempted to tell him the truth about me, but prudence dictated otherwise. Although I was, understandably, flattered by this turn of events, I could only look forward with great longing to the eventual departure of all the guests, especially that of Victor.

Bedtime was late that night and I was grateful to remove my restricting garments and the now oppressive taping and to crawl between cool sheets with a lacy silk gown clinging about my body and legs.

Late the next morning I was awakened by Britta tugging at my shoulder and offering me a tray with orange juice, toast and coffee. She informed me in frigid tones that I was to be ready at noon, since Victor would be picking me up for a luncheon date.

I passed this off as a poor joke until Britta assured me it was true. He had called early that morning, and Greta was not willing to wake me. But she gave him her approval and my consent to join him at lunch. She had done so, Britta explained, not out of consideration for me but rather out of the mistaken notion that she might offend Gustav's friend, the ambassador, if she did not set up this date for his aide.

The process of re-creating Daphne was, as always, a delightful experience. With Britta standing by, I gathered some much-needed advice as to how I should modify my makeup for daytime. The very fact that this would be my first daytime excursion should have been disquieting, but my success of the previous evening banished all fear. The subdued tones created by Britta's practiced hand produced a new and pleasing effect — softer coloring in the cheeks, less severe lines at the eyes, the barest suggestion of eye shadow, and a pale lipstick to match my refurbished manicure.

I donned the paisley shirtwaist dress with full skirt, a set of simple gold jewelry, set a small pillbox hat on my head, and borrowed one of Britta's simple, lightweight, hip-length jackets. No sooner finished than I heard the doorbell downstairs, snatched up my gloves and purse, and went down to meet Victor in the bar.

Gustav prepared a mild Dubonnet cocktail for us and, happily, remained with us to chat before we departed for lunch. Victor was solicitous about having had me awakened so early after the late party but explained that he had to fly to Washington later on in the afternoon and wished to have one last opportunity to see me.

I responded pleasantly but guarded against behaving in any way he might construe as encouragement. After one more Dubonnet, we left the house, caught a cab, and were shortly afterward seated in a little East Side restaurant someone had recommended to Victor and which happened also to be one I liked and frequented often.

My confidence had now reached the point where I felt quite at ease. Victor and I chatted quite aimlessly, but I tried to keep him on the subject of his new job in Washington and how fascinating his position must be. I had just one transitory moment of alarm when a classmate from my dramatic school who had seen my performance as Gittel Mosca came in the restaurant with a date on his arm. I knew that Daphne was a far cry from the Gittel characterization, but Victor detected my reaction. As the couple passed me, I smiled and nodded slightly, and the boy bowed with the rather bewildered expression one wears when trying to recall just where it was that a previous meeting took place. I relaxed and even took pleasure in the situation, then explained to Victor that I had met the young man several months before at a party.

I'm sure the luncheon was more enjoyable for me than it was

for my escort. I relished the waiter's every reference to "mademoiselle" as he served each course, and I found an added thrill as we left when the manager pinned a single rose corsage on the lapel of my jacket. It was a lovely sunny afternoon so that, at Victor's suggestion, I readily agreed to a stroll over to Fifth Avenue and a ride in a hansom cab around Central Park. When we returned, there was just time to stroll back to the house before Victor had to dash for the airport. As he left me at the front door, his farewell was rather pathetic but served only as further reassurance of Daphne's potential charms.

The fourth night after that was the last of Daphne's tenure in Elaine's suite. My family would return the following afternoon, so Greta, Gustav, and Britta gave her a going-away party. It was, in a way, a rather poignant evening for all of us. For each one there was a special and individual significance.

As I left to retire that night, Greta was the most emotional of us all, weeping almost uncontrollably at the realization of the loss of her "daughter." I was on the point of tears myself when I said goodnight, impulsively took her in my arms, kissed her tenderly, and thanked her for her warm and sweet affection.

My family's return was indeed anticlimactic. The opportunities to dress from that day forward were obviously restricted to those times when both parents were out. I would not return to the tiring late-hour sessions I had previously known. But Gustav and Greta would respond eagerly to the evenings when Daphne could share with them. Neither of them have ever betrayed our agreement. To this day I still regard them as a second set of parents — Daphne's parents.

■ ■

The next two and a half years were largely dormant ones for Daphne, but they were important ones in the larger scheme of things to come.

I was graduated near the top of my class from drama school that Fall, after my folks returned from their world cruise. Almost immediately, I obtained an insignificant acting job which had me on stage for no more than four minutes per performance. I pursued an elusive acting career for almost a year with little success. Then I turned to production. It was here that I found what talent I did possess in the world of theater had its market.

Leading a bachelor's life most certainly provides, in itself, the maximum opportunities for pursuing one's inclinations toward "dressing." However, time is also an essential ingredient, and I seemed to have very little of that. But it was because of the deprivations forced on Daphne that I was able to forge the basis for a successful career and, as a consequence, to revive her in a climate of freedom and understanding that I could never have believed possible.

I consider myself fortunate to have achieved the successes which came my way in the ensuing year and a half. My services slowly grew to be in greater and greater demand. The value I was able to place on them grew in direct proportion, and the result was a comfortable income, more leisure time, and greater opportunity to devote to an insistent Daphne, whose lust for expression also grew in direct proportion to my neglect of her.

Concentration upon my career was awarded in a second way. Just as I reached the plateau of financial security, my path circumstantially crossed Gloria's once again. It was almost inevitable that this would happen. Over the years of our separation, I marked the development of her career through various roles from minor ingenues to more and more important parts. I knew her to be ambitious about her theater career and, as her name grew in importance in the theater, her appearances in any one city came to be of longer duration. In more recent years we had started to maintain contact through correspondence. The relationship, while pleasing because of her sustained feeling for me and mine for her, was painful because of the distances which always seemed to keep us apart.

The day of our reunion ultimately arrived. A production schedule of mine coincided with her appearance in the starring role in a road company of a Broadway hit. It was in Chicago, and the morning I arrived, I found her staying at the same hotel. Both of our schedules permitted us to be together until evening.

She was as lovely as I had remembered her — more mature, of course, and this seemed to enhance her desirability. We sat talking excitedly, each interrupting the other as we tried to bring each other up to date about ourselves. Questions and answers were tossed back and forth in our urgency to know every detail about each other.

During the next two weeks, we saw each other so constantly that it was as if there had been no intervening years. The deepest, most enduring friendships in life are like that. But it was more than just a friendship, as we both were well aware.

The evening before I returned to New York, we had a farewell dinner. I proposed to Gloria and she accepted. We arranged to be married as soon as the current run of her show was over.

It was a month later that the small wedding with just a few friends and family present was held at my parent's home. It was a strange feeling to realize that the last time I had attended a party in that house was the night of the ambassador's party.

After a two-week honeymoon in Acapulco, I plunged back into my production work once more. Gloria was "at liberty." The first weekend after we returned, she expressed a desire to renew her acquaintance with Daphne. I had been anxiously waiting for this, but I was unwilling to have the suggestion come from me.

That evening was another most important one in my life. I was naturally eager that Daphne appear her very best to justify the stories I had told Gloria about her. I was a long time in preparation, once more savoring the exquisite pleasure of a meticulous transformation. I selected a gold brocade hostess coat which I had recently acquired in anticipation of this occasion. It strongly resembled that first favorite attire of mine which belonged to Elaine in the days before I had obtained my own wardrobe.

Makeup completed with care, I donned the sensuous feeling undergarments and slipped into the hostess coat, ran a comb over my hairpiece, stepped into a pair of gold mules, and went in to meet Gloria.

Her reaction evidenced so much pleasure that I was relieved and reassured to realize that Daphne would be the cause of no disruption to our relationship. "I thought you were exaggerating, Daphne," Gloria said, "but it's true that Britta has brought you even more charm and beauty than ever before. I hope our marriage will permit us to share sufficient time like this together. I confess that I find you almost equally attractive as Daphne as I do as your masculine self."

That evening was another great success as we chatted easily together, enjoying each other's company until the early hours of the morning. A vital decision was reached and plans laid to implement it as soon as possible. The accomplishment was no attained for another year, but I now can look back on six years of what has come to be an ideal existence for both of us.

Stage production proved to be a profitable field. My efforts concentrated on producing summer theater programs, packaging these shows in a repertory group, and scheduling company units for appearances in various cities. My work begins each year early in March when the companies are put together; production is under way by late May and continues until September. Gloria heads the cast of my best repertory group, as she is pleased to be active in her career and be guaranteed the opportunity to do so for as long as she wishes. At the same time she can luxuriate with me in five and a half months of vacation during the rest of the year.

We have bought a ranch with a swimming pool on fifty acres of land in the Southwest, where we are known only as "two theatrical women from the East." Gloria and Daphne revel in this home which nestles in the foothills of the Santa Rita mountain range. Both of us like horseback riding, so we have a small stable for our horses. We have five now, so as to accommodate ourselves and any visitors who might care to join us on the trails.

A middle-aged couple lives in a small cottage on the ranch all year around, he caring for the livestock and grounds and she being in charge of the cooking. If one were to look closer, the couple would turn out to be Gustav and Greta, who frequently join Gloria and Daphne at dinner as Daphne's adopted parents.

Our plan for living is an ideal one for us — six and a half months of work, five and a half months of play ... a dual life for me and, in its way, a dual life for Gloria, too.

Our teamwork in our stage careers during the summer season is mutually satisfying; and our feminine understanding of each other — and the renewal of our relationship with Gustav and Greta — continue to contribute to our joy and satisfaction.

It is a way of life we have achieved with one another, unusual, to be sure, but built on a familiar and practical foundation of hard work and mutual understanding. If others are able to attain the goal we have reached, they must surely join with us in our favorite quotation from Robert Browning:

Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be ...

■ ■ ■



MALE ORDER or MAIL ORDER ??

An interesting new concept in merchandising has been advanced in the latest catalogue from John Aaron Fashions, Inc., sent to many of our TV friends. Although their business is aimed mainly at women at large, rather than TVs, they will custom-cut dresses on a mail-order basis for a charge of \$10 added to the \$25 to \$60 asking price for the garments.

TVs may find the prices a bit steep, but the chance to have a dress that fits "the problem figure" is attractive to some. The people at John Aarons suggest careful measuring in such instances and, if possible, a front and side view photo to work from.

The full-color catalogue we saw from Aarons has a few items we found attractive, but the overall stock still seems limited. However, those who wish to take a look at what they offer may obtain a catalogue by writing John Aarons Fashions, Inc., 6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California 90028.

Generally speaking, mail-order buying is not nearly as satisfactory as buying-in-person or having someone familiar with your particular problems, figure-wise, do the buying for you. As we have said before, TVs who fear going in and asking for what they want overestimate the degree to which this lets the world in on their private lives. The awful truth is, no one really cares enough whether a person is a TV or is not a TV. It rarely enters the mind of a salesperson, in any case.

For TVs who don't mind shopping in person, the Paradise Bootery, located between 46th and 47th Streets on Broadway in New York City, provides completely private fitting rooms for men to try on high-heeled shoes ranging in size up to 13.

TVs with "problem feet" may also be interested in the catalogue of a firm in Philadelphia which specializes in mail-order handling of large or unusual sizes, particularly for wide feet. Offering a large selection of women's shoes from size 4 to 12 and widths C to EEE, the firm is Syd Kushner, Inc., 733 South Street, Philadelphia 47, Pennsylvania. Catalogues are free.



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