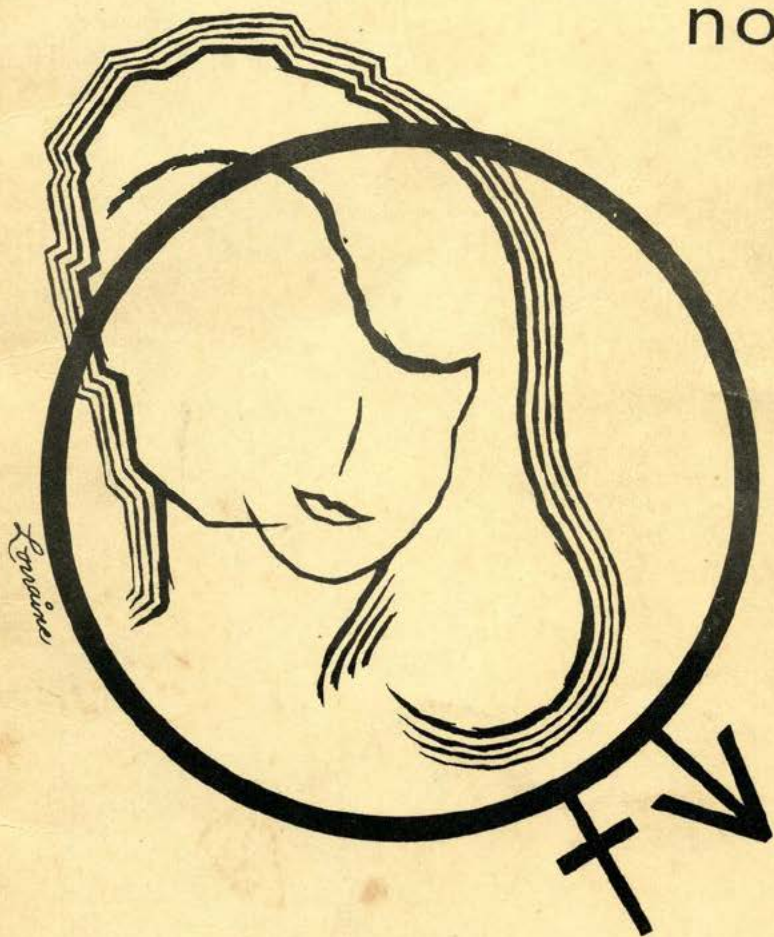


CRYSTAL

TURNABOUT

no. 2



A MAGAZINE OF TRANSVESTISM

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A PLEA FOR SKEPTICISM

If one were to name the most common behavior trait among transvestites, apart from cross-dressing, it would most likely be a voracious appetite for reading material, either scientific or fictional, which explores the complexities of the TV's dilemma. Needless to say, such literature is scarce. Really authoritative writing in the field is nearly as rare as fleas on a goldfish.

Much of the literature about transvestism is arbitrarily locked away in the "unfit-for-public-consumption" vaults in so-called public libraries. A large body of scientific writing, such as Magnus Hirschfeld's Die Transvestiten, has not as yet been translated into English. Perhaps the only extensive exploration of transvestism available to the general reader is that found in the two-volume set of Havelock Ellis' Studies in the Psychology of Sex (Random House, \$12), in which the author casts a compassionate eye on the phenomenon he calls "eonism."

With few exceptions, the remaining literature available to the TV consists either of vastly incomplete works like David O. Cauldwell's Transvestism ... Men in Female Dress (Sexology Corp., \$3) or of a growing body of unscientific trash calculated to earn its publishers a fast buck.

Most of you have been lured into buying the latter type of TV literature — or similar works on other lucrative types of sexual anomalies — by the presence of a physician's name on the binding, either as author or co-author. At least one lurid set of paperbacks, those authored by "Benjamin Morse, M.D.," which name cannot be found anywhere in medical directories, is either written by a publisher's hack or bears the pen name of a doctor who should know better. At best, they are superficial; at worst, they are dangerously misleading. But they seem to sell like crazy. Many similar works are written by physicians who, apparently, have never met a transvestite yet are uniformly hostile to us.

The point is that you owe it to yourself to cultivate an active, healthy skepticism with regard to all literature purporting to explore transvestism. None of it — and this includes TURNABOUT — should be taken as the last word on the subject. Instead, you should judge how much of it really applies to you and to your own experience with and observations of transvestism.

To make this judgment, you must be able to view yourself in an objective light. If you know yourself, you will not be misled by the false prophets and the quacks.

TURNABOUT's editors do not have the definitive answer to the TV's dilemma. No one has. All we can do is present as much information as possible as accurately as possible. It's up to you to determine its value in terms of your own life.

— Fred L. Shaw, Jr. :: Publisher

00 The editors take special pride in presenting below fragments of a new novel-in-progress which express the TV's dilemma in poignantly poetic terms. Because some of our readers may find the author's cloak of imagery difficult to penetrate, we submit the following key: This is an account of one man's struggle against — and defeat by — that feminine self which lives deep within each of us. 00

THE RANDOM MIND

BY

Trilby Pilgrim

■
With furrowed brow I dashed from star to star
While tearful souls
Wailed throughout the universe.
At each celestial orb I sought the golden oracle
But found instead
A closet filled with plumes so rare
Of turquoise blue, of pink and pearly white.

■
Dear Diary:

I struggle to resist her, but with each succeeding day the arguments for her case gather strength. She reasons with me, presenting facts of her existence which are undeniable. There was a time when I felt that it would be necessary to destroy her, but I know now that her destruction would also be mine — even as it would be, were I to give her full rein.

Even so, I no longer fear her — no longer run in search of overshadowing changes — for I understand her. She is all that could be wished for. She is, simply, a woman.

■
At Eventide

"Who is she?" asked the conductor of the Hellenic train. His voice echoed against a backdrop of dreams which were stacked like books in an old library. It followed me as I ran back and forth as far as my leash would permit.

"Who is she?"

"God alone can tell," I replied.

"We stop at Crete, then Cairo, then we go on to Hell — non-stop." He laughed through tubular steel teeth as he punched my ticket between the jaws of an ape's skull.

The ape spat a tiny circle of green cardboard out of its mouth.

"It's a misdemeanor to expectorate in a public conveyance," said the skull, which had miraculously grown flesh and now bore a remarkable resemblance to a face I once saw peering over the slate partition of the urinal at my old school, "... but he makes me do it several times a day — it's not fair."

"What became of your body?" I asked.

"If you get off in Cairo, don't prick your pretty fingers on the pyramids," said the conductor, as he handed me the remains of my ticket.

"She's a weird one," said the ape in an aside to the conductor as they moved away, "did you hear her ask about my body?"

Upon hearing this, the conductor spun around and began to giggle — his belly heaving. The giggle shortly developed into hysterical laughter and, as his head went back in a convulsive manner, I saw his entire facade melt away, and soon there was nothing left but a large plaster cast which a midget in an Ivy league suit knocked over without apology.

I got off in Crete with a shipment of bulls, just in time to catch the shuttle train to Grand Central Station.

At Prayer

She seems to possess power greater than faith itself — power that I would wish upon none other because ... while I do not want to be her host, I feel that I am responsible for her, and, in so being, I would not turn her away to others who might be less tolerant of her whimsical and impish ways.

Help me to learn more of her. This strange blending of wanting her, loving her, and yet detesting her and the agony that she once wrought cannot be understood by others. At times the anger within me threatens to break the taut gut which binds the seams of my soul, does she try to get in, or get out Sometimes I am overcome with a feeling of inadequacy as a man, my masculine pride is shattered, and I become a minute portion of her. Soon I become her entirely; then, when she is gone, there follows a realization that I must watch over her, protect her, and care for her. Death cannot part us, for we are one.

The Bridge and I

"I am a bridge. Come, jump from me. Peace lies below — an end to all this"

"No," I replied. "No, no, no."

"Uh!" the bridge exclaimed.

"You should be ashamed," says I. "'Tis you that should fall into the river. You have no beauty of heart, as I do."

"I'm sorry," the bridge explained. "I thought that you were troubled of mind."

"Not so, bridge," I laughed. "There was a time when such was the case, but not so now Go tell that to your shotgun friends, ropes, overdoses, and buildings high."

Night Again

She loves to drive alone at night, stopping at some lonely spot to watch the stars and wonder. She laughs at the world in all its petty cares and worries — and she dreams, too. In her dreams she is The Swan, dancing for the enjoyment of all. She wants to give, for she is the manifestation of benevolence — but who will receive from her ...? She is the awakening of youth. She is white chiffon in a springtime breeze, golden hair gently falling — and daisy chains, cockles shells all in a row. She is love. She is pleasure and sorrow in their broadest form. But most of all she is an imp — elusive, facetious, sometimes here, sometimes there, but always close by. She is fearless of all but me, for I am the master she has chosen — a doubtful master, for she does not yet know that she is my Delilah.

Probation

Shall I let her out or not? If I do, she will suffer, but at least she will be heard. She will be able to give, but she will be scorned and hurt by those who do not understand her. Those who merely see her will not know she is but a stubborn rib. She might tend to gabble about electronics or gas turbines, but that could be stopped. No, I must hold her a while longer.

An Encounter

"Why do you boss me about so much?" she asked, pouting.

"Because you are young and immature," I replied impatiently. We had been arguing for more than an hour and I was tired.

"I am the same age as you," she asserted.

"Confound it, girl. Leave me alone," I growled.

Pouting again, she blinked her eyes slowly and then pushed her bottom lip further forward. I rolled to the far side of the bed, yawning.

Her head popped up in front of me again.

"Hi!"

"Go away."

"Won't!"

"Please, sweetie."

"Send me away," she dared.

"I'll give all your clothes away — then I'll be rid of you,"

"Now, you know that isn't true. I'm much more than clothes," she said, running across my pillow.

I ignored her.

"I won't bother you 'til tomorrow," she said.

"No dreams?"

"No dreams," she agreed.

"It's a deal," I said.

I tried to forget her, but she was too close. Her perfume was everywhere. I could feel her in the air about me, and, with each surrendering breath, I drew more of her into my body, as she, in turn, grew smaller. I opened my eyes only to see her smiling down at me.

"Boo!"

"Blast you," I said

Escape

We are at rest now. It is as though she were asleep. Her breathing is in unison with mine, and her presence can be felt on all sides. There is a peacefulness such as one might find on a hilltop in the stillness of a summer dawn marked only by the distant pipes of Pan. I cannot go. I cannot leave her, for she sleeps in serenity that can only be described in feeling — not mere words. One might suppose that while she sleeps, I could slip away unnoticed — lose her forever. Not so. She would find me again and, in any case, I could not consider any tricks that might cause her to sleep eternally.

To one who has not known this conscious duality of being, such a condition must appear incredible. I, too, find it impossible to understand fully — but what is there to do? If I lose her, then I myself will be lost.

One must be rational.

Eventide Once More

In all directions the hills were in view to the all-seeing eye. To the east they loomed gray beneath a solitary star set in a curtain of indigo velvet. To the north and south they were dusted with a luminous dew, and in the west the fire of sunset raged yellow behind the distant mountains. The sight was all too familiar with her. She had seen it so often and had even

carried its image in her mind's album. Far below, the village twinkled like an inverted sky — and she heard cattle bellowing in their echoing barns.

Commutation

"Where are you going?" the mist enquired.

"To Hades with the half-brother of an excommunicated nun from Afghanistan," I explained.

"What crime his?" asked the voice, foggy now

"He was a priest — what greater hypocrisy?" said another voice miles behind me.

"Quite so," allowed the foggy voice, "quite so"

Intoxication

There exists, in the least suspected place, a goblet the beauty of which bespeaks the palatability of the amber-gold fluid it contains. It glows with the promise of eternal satisfaction. Its effervescence whispers, in dulcet tones, a covenant of spring in the never-ending process of becoming, and the perfume of its precious liquid exceeds all flights of fancy. A mere glance into its glimmering depths will reveal a vision of Shangri-La, treasures glittering silver and gold dance before your eyes, soft things, white columns which stretch endlessly toward the vault of the sky, games of hopscotch and songs, music — a pastorate — imbued with laughter that tinkles with crystal gaiety. The rhythmic tempo of the heart increases and an irresistible yearning arises from within.

But wait! Do not drink — do not sip even as did I. It is a bane. It is Pandora's box, for that luring chalice holds a catalyst that will release, from her deep slumber, an alter idem of extremes. She will dash from within the dark passageways of your very existence and run, her laughter trilling in her newfound freedom, through a tangle of angular mores to the edge of that utopia. You will follow her and stand, her hand in yours, upon the threshold of a sundrenched world. Your eyes will feast upon an endless realm of tranquillity, and you will be enraptured as we were.

What obstacle stopped our headlong flight into that land? We pushed. We scraped. We pounded with our fists in our frenzied efforts to enter. A pane of glass? Could we smash it and pass through? Gently, perhaps, as Alice did.

No! I heaved with my shoulder while she beat upon it again. We fell exhausted, tears running freely. It was not a pane of glass. It was a vivid backdrop to which she, upon awakening, had added the third dimension. Yet she tries — again and again she tries — to pass through that impossible gateway. I stand in the wings, dejected, while the audience laughs derisively as

she plays her part before that cruel facade. I will implore again. I will beg for admission. I will pound again and beat again and — with her — I will cry again.

Ah, that I had not dipped my fingers into that goblet of promise! That I had not held my hands aloft to watch ten drop-lets dancing to the windsong!

One sip! One sip of that elixir — the quintessence of beauty — was all that I took, and look you ... look at me — here! Watch me as I dance my ballet.

Is it comical? Is it a travesty? Does it disgust you or abhor you? Does it invoke your pity — God forbid — or your scorn? Let your heart speak — your mind is too cluttered. Your eyes and your mouth will laugh, but your heart will applaud, for beauty is its meat. Will you condemn her? Will you condemn beauty to run aimlessly back and forth upon that vast stage of conditioned minds?

No need to condemn or condone her. She seeks neither scorn nor pity! Look beyond her tutu, her sparkling leotard, tiara, and snubnosed slippers. There you will see masculinity — but look deeper yet, look deeper! Do you see beauty? Beauty has no gender; it flows richly in the muck of my body; it has enriched my mind; and it has preserved my soul forever.

See her and pray that your alter idem is beauty — and none other. But, above all, know that your cup exists — in the place you least suspect

Another Dream

At the Pannine Gate, I paused to rest my foot, for I had lost my shoe in the bog of reason thirty years below. A guard with two wooden legs and artificial brass hair ran panting toward me from the bottom of the hill.

"Caill twert melodion," he said.

"What!"

"Brogvender sil platten en porgos," he said, as he handed me a muddy shoe.

I took the shoe and placed it on my foot.

"You are responsible for the wind," I chided.

"Would that I were the wind," he said, "then gently would I caress thine hair."

With a stroke, I sliced off his head, which proceeded to roll to the bottom of the hill — his faithful legs following.

"That ... for impertinence!" I called after him.

From the bog, a gurgling voice cried, "Ingrate. Ingrate. Ingrate"

Permanence

What great depth of being!

She is a pillar whose base is firmly founded in the far-reaching depths of eternity. She is the wings by whose means I can fly above the multitude — set apart, as it were, from the murky ocean of conformity below. Through her I am an outside one — one who cannot enter into or be absorbed by the purgatory of daily life.

She holds an infinitesimal me upon a velvet pillow, and we soar together above the minarets and spires. She is all things wondrous and beautiful — and yet, this paragon can become a demonic force that can wilt the spliney shaft of masculinity. It can deride, shame, shock, and even destroy itself — if not tolerated.

She is everpresent, sweet, and persistent. She is in my thoughts most of the time. Her sorrow brings tears to my eyes, but I try not to let them fall for fear of betrayal. She is repressed, and she knows it.

But whom can I tell that would not say that I am mad?

They cannot know even me, so how could they know her in the fullness of her being? How could they know the freedom I find in her? How could they know the peace of mind and body — and the supreme tranquillity?

There is an aura of bliss in her presence, and yet she must remain locked in the innermost passageways of my mind — a phantom to be released when, perchance, it is her turn.

In her presence I no longer exist. There is no place for me. I leave no void. There is no me.

THE GOLDEN RULE

"Do not do unto others as you would have them do unto you — their tastes may not be the same.... Do not love your neighbor as yourself. If you are on good terms with yourself, it is an impertinence; if on bad, it is an injury.... The golden rule is that there are no golden rules."

— George Bernard Shaw,
The Revolutionist's Handbook

ABSTRACT

Clinical Aspects of Transsexualism in the Male and Female

Read before the sixth annual
conference of the Society for
the Scientific Study of Sex,
New York City, November 2, 1963

By Harry Benjamin, M. D.

Transsexualism can be considered the third and most serious stage of transvestism (cross-dressing). In a transsexual, the anatomical sex and the psychological sex are in opposition. There is a false gender orientation. Therefore, he (or she) desires physical changes to be brought about through hormone treatments or through operations that alter the genitals and the secondary sex characteristics.

The cause of transsexualism is believed by most psychologists to be early childhood conditioning. Biologists are inclined to assume an additional, constitutional predisposition.

Four motives can be identified as to why the male transsexual wants the so-called conversion operation (castration, amputation of penis, and formation of vagina). First, the sexual motive: To allow sex relations as a woman with a normal man. Second, the gender motive: To ease the emotional stress of a female psyche being outraged by a male body. Third, the legal motive: To be allowed to live and work as a woman without breaking the law. And fourth, the social motive: To allow an embarrassingly feminine-looking man to become an inconspicuous woman.

Among a total of 200 transvestites seen by the author 125 were diagnosed as transsexuals — 108 males and 17 females. A sexual underdevelopment was present in 30%. In 15 patients (13 males and 2 females), the genetic sex was determined through chromatin tests. In all cases, it corresponded to the anatomical sex.

Evidence of childhood conditioning was found in 21% of all male transsexuals. It was doubtful in 27% and not evident in 52%.

The management of these patients is preferably conservative. Formal psychotherapy has proven ineffective. Psychological guidance with estrogen treatment for males and androgen-progesterone treatment for females offer the best chances for an improved emotional state.

However, 44 male patients underwent conversion operations. Forty were observed postoperatively for from three months to twelve years. The ages at the time of operation were from 21 to 58.

The results were satisfactory (if not excellent) in 34 of these patients, doubtful in four, and unsatisfactory (for non-medical reasons) in two patients. Twelve patients married post-operatively — as women to men.

A similar situation exists in the female transsexual, who is much rarer than the male (the proportion is about one to six). In the female transsexual, the gender, legal, and social motives play greater parts than the sexual motive.

Among the 17 female transsexuals, five had endocrine treatment only and seven underwent operations (mastectomy, hysterectomy) in addition. Their ages at the time of operation were from 23 to 47.

The results in these seven cases were: Satisfactory, six (at least three were excellent); doubtful, one. Four patients are legally married — as men to women.

Since the transsexual's mind (in both male and female patients) cannot be adjusted to the body through psychotherapy, the adjustment of the body to the mind through treatment and/or operation appears justified, especially in view of the results thus far observed.

The collection of a larger body of clinical material is essential.

Through the kindness of Dr. Benjamin, the above article is published by TURNABOUT in advance of the reading of his paper at the symposium on transvestism and transsexualism during the sixth annual conference of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, New York. Inquiries as to the availability of the complete text of Dr. Benjamin's paper — to be published by the Society at a future date — should be written to Hugo G. Beigel, Ph.D., Secretary, 138 East 94th Street, New York, New York 10028.

Further coverage of the symposium will appear in future issues of TURNABOUT. Among the scheduled speakers are Elmer Belt, M.D., director of the Elmer Belt Urologic Group in California; Virginia Bruce (sic), editor of TRANSVESTIA; Dr. Johann M. Burchard, professor of psychiatry, University of Hamburg, Germany; and Ira B. Pauly, assistant professor of psychiatry, University of Oregon Medical School.

The ROUNDTABLE

A MASCULETTER TO MY FRIENDS

By QUIVEN

I am heartily sick of being told that we transvestites are a special kind of minority group and that because of this we should be sympathetic to and identify ourselves with the causes of other minorities — meaning specifically homosexuals. This sounds logical at first: They have troubles, we have troubles, so let's stand side by side. Or: What's good for them is good for us, and so on

Well, is it? Are we a minority such as they claim to be?

I do not think that the division between males and females can be placed on a majority/minority basis. Everybody is one or the other — the number of genuine flesh-and-gland hermaphrodites existing in this world can be put into a small theater with plenty of balcony space left over. Nature tends to keep men and women pretty much on a fifty-fifty basis in the census.

Homosexuals claim to be a third sex, and this has been their special banner. As such, they are perhaps a minority group and are entitled to think of themselves from the minority-group viewpoint. But transvestites are males — even the so-called female TV is almost invariably a female transsexual or Lesbian of the "butch" variety. Male transvestites do not belong to the "third sex" category.

Let me qualify this. Transvestism is a behavior pattern, and the reasons for this behavior vary with each individual. There are indeed transvestites who are conscious homosexuals. These TVs belong to the homosexual minority group, and their spokesmen are the homophile's spokesmen. I am not now speaking to them in this discussion. Their reasons for adopting transvestism, a behavior pattern different from that of other homosexuals, do not remove them from the basic problems of that group.

But what of the rest of us, the heterosexual male cross-dressers?

If cross-dressing makes us a special minority, what of the men who are compulsive horse-race bettors, compulsive poker players, or even compulsive stamp-collectors. Are they also minorities entitled to segregate themselves from their fellow males and to holler for special recognition and sanctions?

Cross-dressing is a compulsive behavior pattern which, from a public viewpoint, is no more than a type of conduct which is special to some men and not to most. As such, it does not differ sociologically from other compulsive forms of human behavior. Our numbers are less, that's all — and, because of the special nature of the relationship between the sexes, we tend to be more ashamed of ourselves and more secretive about it.

But we are still males. And with the majority of transvestites the act of cross-dressing is erotic in nature — an incursion into the feminine half of the world, which titillates and excites the male in us. To qualify again, there are among us a hundred varieties of TV, some latent or conscious homosexuals. But as long as they are latent and unaware, they identify with the male world.

So, we are not a sexual minority. We are men who share a common interest in a certain activity. There are men who collect girly pictures, men who read erotic novels, men who philander, and many men who are in the business of selling clothes, cosmetics, and accessories to women. They are all men whose activities relate to the world of women. They are not minority groups. Neither are we.

Some among us find it difficult to continue being men, who fantasize their femininity and envision becoming women. I will caution them to think carefully about the meaning of manhood. It may seem strange to find an adulation of masculinity in a publication devoted to playing at femininity. But with the barrage of nonsense and "third sex" propaganda which has flooded the world of the cogent transvestite for the past three years, perhaps it is time to stop and reflect.

Most of us get a charge out of cross-dressing because we are men doing it. In short, our masculinity is being catered to and is being pleased. I won't go into our psychology — that's for more qualified students of the phenomenon — but it is our maleness which drives us to dresses. The fact that the injection of male hormones into a TV increases his desire to dress proves that point, as does the fact that female hormones decrease the desire.

In short, my friends, I am urging you to guard your masculinity. This is a man's world. Its laws, its customs, its jobs, and its concept of sexual roles in family and state are all slanted in favor of the man. Any woman can confirm this. As a man, you have much the best of it. So consider carefully before you sell this birthright out. Do not seek to identify with the outcasts of society, the enemies of womankind, the preys on mankind. Be a man; dress as it pleases you; and never forget that it pleases you because you are a man.

We do not have to sacrifice our male heritage when we wear feminine garb. We can remain men among men, rather than some kind of perverted minority leeching off the campaigns of society's self-appointed exiles.

Men in dresses can be fun; half-men can be nauseating.

A MASCU-REBUTTAL TO MY FRIEND

By CAMBODIA [REDACTED]

Quiven [REDACTED] has done his usual fine job of presenting a problem important to transvestites — whether or not we should identify ourselves individually or as a group with the efforts of homosexual organizations to pressure society into accepting a type of behavior it presently rejects. He is quite correct in his contention that we should not so identify ourselves and that there is no need to engage in special pleading for the transvestic "cause" — whatever that may be.

However, I must part company with Quiven [REDACTED] when he implies that TVs or TV organizations tend to associate their cause with that of the so-called "third sex" (an archaic term which even the homosexuals are beginning to find obnoxious) or that TVs tend to classify themselves as members of a sex separate from the conventional two. Most transvestites go to such lengths to disassociate themselves from the homosexual category that it often appears that they are protesting too much.

A certain percentage of transvestites are homosexual, just as a certain percentage of all males are homosexual. My observations of and discussions with some sixty or seventy TVs of my acquaintance lead me to believe that the incidence of homosexuality is probably less than that among the population as a whole.

Must we, then, fear and reject the homosexual transvestite, as Quiven [REDACTED] seems to imply? Must we cast him from our circle of acquaintance? If he were not more strongly compelled by the urge to cross-dress than to make love to males, would he seek the company of TVs in the first place? He'd be a damned fool if he did, because all he could expect from TVs is rejection and from TV gatherings, boredom.

The extent to which a homosexual transvestite is a TV will largely determine his behavior in our midst, and my experience has been that, like other TVs, he understands the value of human decency and the importance of not infringing upon others' individuality to the extent of "making a pass."

Another portion of Quiven [REDACTED] discussion bothers me a little. Whenever I find TVs equating their practice of cross-dressing with the practice of a hobby, I strongly suspect they are indulging in wishful thinking. To the transvestite, the act of cross-dressing is a profound ritual which should never be confused with the rituals of stamp-collecting or horse-betting. To do so is to sell oneself short, both as a TV and as a man.

Labeling transvestism a "hobby" sells one short as a TV because it implies that what we are doing is wrong and that we need guilty, superficial explanations. It sells one short as a man

because it implies that we, as men, haven't sense enough to select a hobby that doesn't go against society's grain to the extent that our reputations can be destroyed by public knowledge of our pastime.

Hobby? Who's trying to kid whom?

Much of every TV's experience with cross-dressing and his concomitant attempts to create a facade of femininity is involved with fantasy. Who is to say that this is wrong, that it should not be so?

However, I believe that each of us owes it to our masculine selves to maintain a firm grip on the reality of what we do when we cross-dress. Let's admit to ourselves that what we do is the result of a strong compulsion rooted deep within our personality. Let's understand that we DO have a choice between giving in to our TV urges and suppressing them. And let's also understand that because we choose to cross-dress rather than live a life of conformity, frustration, and impotence as human beings, we are exhibiting strength rather than weakness.

In a sense, the fact that a TV is willing to thumb his nose at society's standards of male attire and to cross-dress without apology to anyone is more a sign of true masculinity than of the kind of weak-sisterish, conformist conventionality preached at us virtually from the time of our birth.

All of which brings this "mascu-rebuttal" around to Quiven Enright's second major point — that TVs should not sell their masculinity short. I fully agree. After some thirty-three years as a conscious transvestite, my doubts about my own masculinity have disappeared to the extent that I can honestly say that my practice of cross-dressing in no way compromises my masculinity. Rather, it frees it to such an extent that I can better concentrate it on the masculine demands of my profession.

This kind of statement is quite different than one will hear in the pages of other TV-oriented publications, with their obnoxious talk of "femme-this" and "femme-that" and their pious exhortations to "think woman, feel woman, and be woman," as old Mei-Lan Fang put it.

By encouraging TVs to abandon their common sense and to sacrifice their masculine qualities forever on the altar of phony femininity, such persuasions leave the transvestite shorn of his best defense against the hard realities of his existence.

Let's put this on more pragmatic terms: We transvestites are men. Each of us is expected to deal with the world in masculine terms. When we devote all our energies to a vain pursuit of feigned femininity and abandon our ability to function in our social milieu as men, what have we left? Certainly not true femininity. Certainly no real capacity for survival in a two-sexed world as responsible individuals.

Cross-dressing can be fun. But allowing it to control your life can be disastrous.

TURNTABLE

by d. rhodes

● Ray Bradbury, author and filmwriter, has a rather fine short transvestism story in a recent issue of the overpriced quarterly, Eros. The tale, titled "The Long After Midnight Girl," is a sensitive bit about a suicide found on the cliffside near Santa Monica, California. The same issue features several pages devoted to the Jewel Box Revue, with pictures

● Announcement from an Australian book publisher, Angus & Robertson, sounds intriguing. Book titled "In My Lady's Chamber" is described as "a hilarious novel with a crazy plot: A poet from Canberra, writing an epic novel about women, poses as an English nanny to an attractive widow." Australian readers please note: TURNABOUT would like to see a copy

● Did anybody spot the full-page ad for Seven-Up which appeared last year on the backs of a number of national magazines and showed a trio of dancing men dressed as girls rehearsing for a show? We spotted it in, of all places, Boy's Life!

● And speaking of magazines, how about the back cover of the July 1963 issue of Mad Magazine? We have also been asked whether the girl featured on the cover of the March 1963 Vogue is a girl or is April Ashley, the British transsexual "convert." Anybody know? And there's a Canadian satirical magazine called The Panic Button which has featured paper dolls for cross-dressing addicts (or at least those who are permitted sharp objects like scissors)

● We understand that the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex is holding its annual session in New York City November 2. We also have heard that an invitation has been extended to the noted California impersonator, Virginia Bruce, to lecture before the membership in drag. Incidentally, the topic of the day is "Transvestism and Transsexualism."

● Film-fan friend tells us of attending a midnight showing of one of those experimental films down in Greenwich Village, entitled "Flaming Creatures" and made by producer Jack Smith. We are told there are several TV scenes, including one where the producer-director himself appears as Marilyn Monroe

● Plans have been discussed in Los Angeles for the purchase and organization of a secluded resort for local and visiting TVs. We also hear that plans for another TV magazine which had been in the works have been temporarily shelved

● The famed TV literary classic, "Miss High Heels," a novel hitherto available only in a Paris edition often selling at a fantastic price, is now being distributed in America — appropriately enough, in disguise. The unaltered text will be found in two volumes with lurid covers under the title "Escape Into Bondage." It is not so identified, but comparison with the original shows it is the real book. Cost in New York appears to be \$3 per volume or \$6 total

● Speaking of "real girls" (and who was?), we are reminded of an occasion when a rather youthful and naive TV, who fancies himself a Southern Belle type, found himself riding side-by-side in a car with the wife of another TV. Snuggling up to the "RG," said TV coyly wiggled his false eyelashes and said: "Oh, goodie! Let's talk some girl-talk." Whereupon the wife turned to this character and asked: "What the hell is girl-talk?"

● Which reminds us of another RG anecdote which took place at the famous upstate New York "convention" last year when a certain California impersonator sought to compliment a local wife by telling her: "Your roommate looks lovely tonight," only to have the wife snap back: "Whaddaya mean, roommate? That's my husband, you jerk!"

● Labor Day weekend, the editor and art editor of TURNABOUT decided to take a jaunt (dressed, of course) out to Montauk Point, the furthestmost tip of Long Island, in the editor's newly acquired Volkswagen. Things went beautifully — a pleasant drive, a good dinner in a restaurant — until they ventured further out onto the Point in search of lodgings for the night. Spotting a motel far off the beaten track, the editor made an indiscreet U-turn and bogged the VW down in one of Montauk's infamous sand pits. So there they were — no male clothes, no traction, and no shovel. An itinerant passer-by would have been treated with the sight of a large lady in a white dress trying to dig the VW out with a piece of board and muttering unladylike epithets. All ended happily, though. On deciding to catch a lift into town and bring back a tow-truck, the editor flagged down the first car — a Willys Jeep with four-wheel drive and tow-rope which pulled the VW out safe and sound and left the TVs undetected and most grateful! ▲▼▲▼▲

TV NIGHTMARE

By Shelagh

The party's over; it's time to change.
First goes the hair — on its faithful block.
Shoes in the closet I neatly arrange,
Then on its hanger, my loveliest frock.

Stockings and underwear tidied away.
Bosoms in the drawer, side by side.
Fingernails laid out for some other day.
Now the face ... My God, there's no one inside!



JESSICA



JOAN

A TURNABOUT GALLERY

SANDRA



CYNTHIA



Dear Abbé:

■ Many thanks for the first issue of TURNABOUT. My congratulations on its birth, and all my good wishes for its healthy growth and usefulness.

There was a family resemblance to TRANSVESTIA, which may be just as well. I was very much pleased with your gracious acknowledgement to the "pioneer" publication.

The Quiven Enright - Amy Camus "forum" somewhat disturbed me in its references to transsexuals. Did the authors ever think how these people would feel when they read what Enright and Camus wrote? Those who want the operation, and especially those who have had it performed? Was it necessary to speak of "the disastrous float" toward transsexualism ... of the resulting "nonentity" ... of the "primrose path of self-destruction?"

The transvestite may indeed feel that way. But just as he wants understanding and tolerance from the "square" society, he should extend the same tolerance (if not understanding) to the transsexual. The male transsexual realizes only too well that he can never be a "normal" and "complete" woman, no matter what operations have been done — but why rub it in? He can be a valuable individual just the same and reasonably happy with his new status in life — in any event, happier than ever before the surgical intervention.

I trust that you will accept this little criticism in good spirits and try in future issues to think of the effect of the printed word. I think you and your associates have done very well with your first endeavor.

Cordially yours,
Harry Benjamin, M.D.
New York City

October 1963

Dear Abbé :: 19

■ As a member of your editorial staff, may I suggest for your consideration the following list as possibilities for articles or stories in future issues of TURNABOUT (if any):

"Alice in Wonderland — Transsexual?" by Carol Lewis ...
 "Transvestism — Conversion Therapy for Masturbation" by Miss Heather Greenblatt, FPE ... "I Owe Casablanca \$1200" by T. S. Hope ... "Why I Left the Convent" by ex-Sister Bessie ... "I Wear Shirts, Trousers, and Neckties — So What?" by Lorraine C.

"The Cabinet-Type TV As Compared with the Closet-Type" by Dr. Caligari ... "Why I Seek Castration" by Bruce "Honeybunch" ... "Silk Vs. Nylon" — Roundtable topic discussed by prominent members of the Fetishist Division of the American Society of Transvestites ... "Why I Believe the First Visitor to the Moon Should Be a Male Dressed in Feminine Finery" by Yuri Gagarin.

"Open Letter to a Non-TV" by Virginia Bruce ... "I Was a Male Lesbian for the FPE" by Sam Spade ... and "TV Adventures on Montauk Point" by the "Laurel and Hardy" editorial team of TURNABOUT.

I dare you to print this, dear editor-in-chief.

Very truly yours,

The Art Editor

■ You expressed a desire to have my comments on TURNABOUT #1. Well, I'll be happy to oblige, though I don't think they are of any special value just because I was a minor contributor.

It was a pretty good issue, although signs of the difficulties you had show to the experienced eye. It does fall short of the promises made in your first letter, but no doubt will pick up. Detailed comments, by pages:

- 2 — (Word To Would-Be TVs) — Rather strange; I didn't ever have much choice about being a TV and doubt others have.
- 3 — (Aversion Therapy) — Interesting; hadn't heard of this barbaric therapy in relation to TVism.
- 6 — (Drag Squad poem) — Nice job.
- 7 — (How To Write a TV Story) — Easily the best thing in the issue; my wife thought so, too!
- 10 — (Cartoon) — ??????.
- 11 — (Roundtable intro.) — Good idea; hope it works out.
- 12 — (Cherish Your Guilt) — Ridiculous; it isn't guilt but very practical fears that prevent "take-over."
- 14 — (Put Away Childish Things) — Pretty good presentation, well developed.
- 16 — (Kaleidoscope) — Mixture; best parts very good; others not bad.
- 18 — (Pictures) — OK; I like it, but I was always "vicariously motivated."
- 19 — (Dear Abbé) — Some good, some lousy; one signed "Troubled" was silly.
- 23 — (Vanity Table) — Good stuff; we can use lots of this.

- 24 — (Witches' Sabbath) — Out of place; whoever wrote the captions should have her brain washed.
- 26 — (Turntable) — Some good; some mediocre.
- 28 — (Views/Reviews) — Useful; now I can skip buying Gilbert.
- 30 — (Cartoon) — At least this one had a point.
- 32 — (Fiction) — TV fiction doesn't need improving, it needs revolutionizing! I'll try some after I get this damn book I'm writing done.
- 33 — (Grow Old Along With Me) — Better than most; not good enough yet.

So there you are. Sorry if I insulted some of your pet pages, but at least it's impartial. I'm not sorry to have had a part in the first issue and am looking forward to future ones. But, about those promises: "Be sure your words are sweet and tender; you may have to eat them."

Best regards,

Shelagh

■ I am Jinny: An ardent, feverish TV. I enjoy the best of two lives: (1) A business executive, respected, admired, a leader in my community and (2) a tingling TV who revels in being encased in cool, purry, filmy nylon.

"Herd" society is quick to jeer and ridicule and avoid the individualist who derives pleasure from pursuits not outlined by the so-called "norm." I feel that if I derive exquisite pleasure from dressing up into a bewitching, glamorous, hedonistic she-male, this special pleasure of mine should be enjoyed by me.

I feel that society, perhaps in fear or ignorance, instantly rebels at such an activity — and reacts with smears and insults. Yet I know that I derive infinite joy and pleasure in shimmering, glossy black opera hose and skyscraper patent leather shoes and filmy lingerie and, since I am a hedonist, I shall continue to enjoy my pleasure to its fullest, most satisfying degree.

Jinny

■ Considering your need for subscribers and the very large number of TVs in England, where they seem to be able to practice their hobby more freely than here, was it the best idea (even for an editor with an Irish-German name) to slam them as on page 11 of TURNABOUT #1? Writing from Canada (a country so backward that we even allow darker skins to vote freely), I would like to point out that you are in error on a few things.

Cricket and soccer are so much faster than baseball and especially U.S. football that there is no comparison at all. As for the BBC, is it possible for it to be worse than the tripe we get from your "idiot boxes?" I must agree that Churchill is not to be compared with the writers of TURNABOUT, but even his books may yet attain as large a circulation as TURNABOUT.

Marjorie
 (Age 82)

■ ■

VIEWS/REVIEWS

BOOKS

City of Night by John Reichy (New York: The Grove Press, 1963), 410 pp., \$5.95. Reviewed by Cynthia [REDACTED]

This novel tells the story of a male prostitute who leaves home to ply his trade in a succession of American cities, the last being New Orleans where he attends the Mardi Gras festivities. He then returns to the town of his pathetic childhood.

City of Night is a dangerous book, for it tells only of the sordid world of the lowest form of male prostitution — a small part of the homosexual tale which some readers might presume to be the complete story of homosexuality. One reviewer stated that this book "makes the reader see ... the pathos of the transvestite ..." and yet there is not one transvestite per se in the entire book! (The reviewer was Peter Buitenhuis, in the New York Times Book Review.)

If this book can be misunderstood at the reviewer level, we hate to think of the misunderstanding it may generate at other reader levels, particularly if transvestites can be lumped together with male homosexual prostitutes!

As a novel, the book is poor. Mr. Reichy's practice of running words together — "morningpeople," "gleamingfaced" — without using a hyphen merely adds to one's distraction from a repetitious and boring story. However, it may contain some sociological information of use to law enforcement agencies, psychiatrists, etc.

Despite its shortcomings as a novel and the fact that it could have been written in much fewer pages, City of Night may hold some interest for some of our TV brethren — as a keyhole which permits them a look into a dreaded place.

Our Lady of the Flowers by Jean Genet, with introduction by Jean-Paul Sartre; translated by Bernard Frechtman (New York: Grove Press, 1963), 318 pp., \$6.50. Reviewed by S. Fredericks.

This latest U.S. publication from the works of Jean Genet, one of France's most powerful writers, was recommended to me by a transvestite friend as being "straight TV from beginning to end." My TV friend should have known better.

Like City of Night, this novel portrays the life of the homosexual prostitute but it has nothing in it of transvestic interest. Unlike Reichy's book, it is important as literature.

The "Our Lady" of the title is a member of the demimonde of gay homosexuals whom Genet knew intimately. While "Our Lady" lives most of the time either in "drag" or in highly effeminate male clothing, this is merely a convenience, an affectation, a trick of "the trade," and possibly a symbol of his status among homosexuals. There is no description of clothing per se, none of the cataloging of feminine wear, none of the insight into the feelings of a transvestite which would be characteristic of a novel devoted to transvestism.

I seriously doubt if Jean Genet (or my TV friend, for that matter) knows what a real transvestite is. In Genet's case, he couldn't care less.

The Velvet Underground by Michael Leigh; introduction by Louis Berg, M.D. (New York: McFadden Books, 1963), 192 pp., 60¢. Reviewed by Fred L. Shaw, Jr.

It is difficult to say which aspect of this tedious book is most offensive — the pseudo-research done by the author in a pious plea for total-conformity-at-all-cost or the insulting introduction by Dr. Berg, a psychiatrist who is unable to differentiate between the transvestite and those who practice bestiality, flagellation, bondage, sex slavery, sado-masochism, tribadism, miscegenation, cisvestism, and, for all one can tell, incest. Although there is only one scene in the entire book (which I must doubt that Dr. Berg read) which hints of TVism, Dr. Berg has us lumped in with this hodgepodge of perversions which he describes with almost salacious glee.

The book, purporting to be a "documentary on the sexual corruption of the times," is based solely on correspondence entered into through the "Boy Meets Girl" type of column in such publications as Justice Weekly. No actual personal contact was made with any of the lurid scenes described; the author relied solely on the fantasies of his correspondents. His high moral indignation is not an effective disguise for this piece of intentional pornography.

FILMS

La Poupée, starring Sonne Teal; written by Jacques Audiberti; directed by Jacques Baratier; produced by Gaston Hakim; filmed in Eastman Color. Time: 90 minutes.

Until the ideal transvestic film comes along, La Poupée ("The Doll") will do very nicely. With Sonne Teal, a female impersonator of international renown, performing the dual roles of an industrialist's wife and a mechanical puppet or robot, La Poupée has much to offer the transvestite both visually (see the pictures on pages 24 and 25) and intellectually.

((Continued on page 26))



LA POUPÉE ... starring

... SONNE TEAL



La Poupée turns many facets to the spectator, at once tongue-in-cheek and satirical, straightforwardly comic, achieving a profundity of ideas by reducing them to the absurd. Each spectator will find his own allegories and his own meanings from this film. This is especially true of the TV audience, who have their own vested (or perhaps transvested) interest in the proceedings.

In an imaginary country (or is it?), it is time for a revolution against the dictatorship. Moren, the industrialist, whose business is revolutions, is secretly behind the revolution with the idea of replacing the dictator but not the dictatorship. His wife (Sonne Teal) is the mistress to the present dictator, Colonel Prado Roth, and is so at the behest of her husband.

Meanwhile, in another part of the country, Professor Palmas — a scientific genius — devises a machine which will reproduce objects. He brings it to Marion, only to discover that it will reproduce her. As a means of bringing about his own revolution, he makes an exact reproduction of her — La Poupée — but with his liberal and idealistic mind and male personality inside her.

As Palmas' soul enters La Poupée's body, the masculine timbre of his voice becomes feminine, and he experiences the unique sensations of the transvestite at his first attempt at cross-dressing. These feelings are verbalized in a way that every TV will recognize.

At the same time, Moren's daughter, having gone to a tennis player's apartment for an amorous rendezvous, discovers the revolutionary plot and her own father's part in it. She can do nothing to prevent it, and she wisely decides to be a spectator. The denouement of the revolutionary plot is to be the assassination of the dictator on a certain day and at a certain hour, with the whole thing worked out as in a prepared script.

By mischance the tyrant is killed ahead of schedule by a professional assassin, Horsehair, and this endangers the revolution. A solution to the dilemma is found when a resemblance is discovered between Coral, a firebrand revolutionary, and Colonel Prado Roth. He is given a difficult assignment: to take the place of the dictator for the assassination.

Coral resists the idea unreasonably — he does not mind killing the dictator, so long as the dictator is not he himself.

Meanwhile, La Poupée roams over the countryside, inciting the plain people to revolution, while Marion, La Poupée's original self, complicates things behind the scenes, trying to gain a foothold in the revolution at anyone's expense.

It finally occurs to the hapless revolutionary, Coral, that by assuming the dictator's powers — as well as his personage —

he can take over the country and save his own life at the same time. Although La Poupée cannot exist beyond a limited time because of the nature of her corporality, the revolution she has started continues on after her disintegration, and Coral's tidy little plan is upset by floods of angry peasants pouring into the palace grounds.

Coral's liberalistic philosophy changes and he plans to put down the revolution by shooting everyone in sight. However, Moren, an old hand at being the power behind the throne, persuades his puppet-dictator to make peace with the people instead of annihilating them.

*

It goes without saying that the plot to La Poupée is a complex one. But for the most part, it makes a strange kind of sense in a satirical way.

Beyond its social implications, there may be found deeper meanings for the transvestite, especially in the figure of La Poupée herself. For one thing, the internalization of the male psyche which guides her through her brief few hours of life; for another, the very briefness of her existence will be familiar to the transvestite who must give in to limitations on his staying power in the feminine role — either because of physical limitations such as beard growth or because of other demands on his time.

Sonne Teal's performance rises far above female impersonation. As Marion, she plays the feminine role with absolute reality — which is not the stock-in-trade of most female impersonators. As La Poupée, she comes closer to the female impersonation as caricature of femininity, without quite bridging the gap into bad taste.

As Marion, every gesture is fluid, graceful, believable — there is no impersonation here, simply fine acting which many transvestites will envy her. As La Poupée, again, her motions are jerky, puppetlike, unreal, almost exactly like those of the TV on his first escapade into cross-dressing.

La Poupée is not the ideal transvestic film — for until a film devotes itself to portraying the realities of a transvestite's life honestly and completely, it cannot be ideal — but this fine film shows enough of the TV's feelings, even symbolically, to be a step in the right direction.

FILMS IN BRIEF

The List of Adrian Messenger and Love and Larceny both have brief scenes of cross-dressing, the first with Burt Lancaster as a militant lady, the second with Vittorio Gassman imitating Greta Garbo. Both are worth seeing for other reasons. ... The Conjugal Bed is also supposed to have a transvestite scene in it, but we have been unable to take the time to see it as yet. ... In any case, one scene doesn't make any film a transvestic delight.

KALEIDOSCOPE

by siobhan fredericks

■ The Abbé de Choisy Press, believe it or not, is back in business again, this time to stay. I know that this news will mystify some (new readers unaware of our travails of past months), amuse others (old readers who have to be shown), and mortify a few (competitors, bless them). At any rate, this time we're going about the whole thing a bit more sensibly. The purchase of our own photo-offset printing equipment removes the problem of balky printers and, once the machinery (costing about what a new Volkswagen sedan would cost) is amortized, the savings in printing costs will be passed on to our readers.

Meanwhile, at this writing, I have no idea how the printing job we amateurs will do will come out. Please bear with us if it turns out badly. Photo-offset printing is a complex process, but we'll learn as quickly as possible. Enough shop-talk ...!

■ At midsummer, a most intriguing article appeared in the British Medical Journal (July 27) over the by-line of the Baroness Wootton of Abinger, M.A., L.H.D., LL.D., titled "The Law, The Doctor, and The Deviant." Lady Barbara Wootton, a remarkable woman who was recently made a life peer in the British House of Lords because of, or in spite of, her fine liberal record on the legal aspects of medicine and psychiatry, makes some telling points which tend to bear out my TURNABOUT #1 article on aversion therapy.

Lady Barbara's article explores the concept that modern-day psychiatry, either through default or design, has overstepped its rightful bounds. Instead of limiting itself to curing the mentally ill or the neurotic, psychiatry more and more concerns itself with making decisions properly in the realm of law — decisions which profoundly affect the civil liberties of the patient and often constitute legal judgments.

The depredations of the psychiatrist upon the social deviant's basic rights of privacy and self-determination are explored, as in the following quote:

"Certain methods of treatment in some psychiatric hospitals are already said to be causing some disquiet in the nursing profession, although ... in suitable cases the use of these techniques seems highly promising in the treatment of transvestism, fetishism, and homosexuality. Yet, if a man's erotic impulses

are directed towards his own sex, or if he experiences a persistent urge to dress like a woman, to what extent are we entitled — in the name of the healing profession — to make him thoroughly ill in order to change these idiosyncrasies?"

Lady Barbara refers, of course, to aversion therapy as it is currently being practiced in England — one might suppose without the consent of the patient. It seems to me that she strikes at the heart of an important problem: When, if ever, has anyone the right to tamper with the personality of any other human being? It's well worth thinking about, for it profoundly affects all of us, whether we are social deviants or not.

■ Early in the summer, the Schering Corporation published a précis of its Third International Symposium on the potential of women, held at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco. Schering, interestingly enough, is one of the world's leading manufacturers of hormones (both male and female).

Among the participants was Dr. John Money, associate professor of medical psychology and pediatrics at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and a leader in the fast-growing field of genetics. Dr. Money, speaking about hermaphrodites in particular and about human beings in general, pointed out that the evidence he has collected "shows that it is possible for psychosexual differentiation to be contradictory to chromosomal sex, gonadal sex, hormonal sex, external genital sex, internal genital sex, and to agree instead with the assigned sex."

Dr. Money went on to say, "One is confronted with the conclusion ... that there is no primary genetic or other innate mechanism to preordain the masculinity or femininity of psycho-sexual differentiation."

No matter what an individual's various sexual components are, Dr. Money seems to find that his gender role and identity become "imprinted" through environmental influences in early childhood and then become, usually, irreversible. "The die is cast, pretty well, by the age of six," he noted, although he does not hold that environmental influences are the sole components in this complex process.

Incidentally, Dr. Money is presently studying, on a long-term follow-up basis, 15 children with transvestic impulses to see what role this "imprinting" process plays in their development. Since he is not ready to make any conclusions just yet, he was unable to comment more specifically on his project.

At this juncture, perhaps I should point out to the reader that none of the above necessarily implies that transvestites are what they are because of gender-role confusion. Such may be true of some TVs and is possibly much more true of the transsexual, but there is a suggestion in Dr. Money's report that the old theory of childhood conditioning may have more validity for the transvestite and the transsexual than is presently being assigned to it.

Now, to move from the sublime to the ridiculous ... One of TURNABOUT's most avid West Coast readers has been nagging at me for months now to reveal, once and for all, the proper way to pronounce the name Siobhan. (Seems a body just hasn't got any privacy left!)

If those of our readers who are familiar with the Gaelic tongue will forgive me for giving in, I'll let the cat out of the bag — Siobhan is pronounced Shi-yawn. Simple, isn't it? Incidentally, Siobhan is Gaelic for Joanne or Joan and is the feminine equivalent for Sean (pronounced Shawn) which, in turn, is Gaelic for John. Had enough orthography, avid West Coast reader?

Incidentally, there's no truth in the libelous rumor that the John Birch Society is a group of TVs (or flagellationists, for that matter). It is only coincidence that their motto is: "I'd rather be dead than read."

Also, speaking of rumors, don't believe the word that's going around that certain West Coast impersonators are organizing charter airline flights to Casablanca. You still must go there full-fare — and no green stamps, either.

TURNABOUT is still hungry for material — stories, articles, black-and-white photos, drawings, and especially opinion pieces (does the word frighten you?) I'd hate to think TVs were members of the silent generation or that they were so mentally dead as to have no opinions about anything.

So, come on out of the closets, my friends, and tell us your ideas about the world of the transvestite. As we've said many times before, ideas do not offend us in the least, and you can count on our sympathetic consideration of anything you send.

■ ■ ■

WINTER SONG

By Adelaide [REDACTED]

The autumn display windows burst abloom
With fashions that HIS summer maleness craves
To rescue HER from the dark cerebral tomb;
Such clothes his eyes seek with renewed pleas.
A wool knit sheath with long and slender sleeves,
The short coat calling forth the need for gloves
And heavy nylon hosiery that deceives
And lends the femininity SHE loves.
The clatter of high heels startling doves
Along the leaf-strewn sidewalks of the park
Would wash away all memory as it shoves
HIS masculinity to wintery dark.

Dare he indulge in such a wintery scheme,
Or go on, as in summer, and only dream?



ROBIN [REDACTED]



LORETTA [REDACTED]

A TURNABOUT GALLERY

PEGIE VAL ADDAIR



LORRAINE CHANNING



The VANITY TABLE ...

... Eye Makeup

Among the most valuable assets a TV can have in his makeup armamentarium is a thorough knowledge of eye makeup. With today's emphasis on effective grooming of eyebrows, eyelashes, and eyelids, it behooves every TV — especially those contemplating venturing forth in public dressed — to make the most of his eye assets

— and, believe it or not, most of us have almost as much potential as the members of the fair sex have.

Chief among the difficulties besetting the TV in making up his eyes is in knowing exactly where to put the makeup. The sketches on these two pages may be of some help as a basic set of rules, which may be varied later on to individual tastes.

The general philosophy of eye makeup is good taste and restraint. The trick is to use just enough eye shadow, eyebrow pencil, eyeliner, and mascara. Too much ruins the overall effect and calls attention to the wearer's inexperience or poor taste. So start out with the idea of using the smallest possible amount that will achieve the effect you desire. If this does not do the job, then add more on the next try.

Figure 1 shows the proper shaping of the eyebrow. This is one of the biggest headaches for most TVs, since to pluck the eyebrow is an act which also must reflect in his masculine life. However, to avoid sudden stares when you enter the office in the morning, all you need do is pluck a very little each day. This way, no one will notice the change. In point of fact, no one goes around peering at people's eyebrows to begin with, and any oversensitivity you may have is in your imagination.

Once plucked to the best shape, and this usually requires nothing drastic unless you happen to be a John L. Lewis type to begin with, the inside boundary (1) of the brow should be even with the corner of the eye, the highest point of the arch (2)

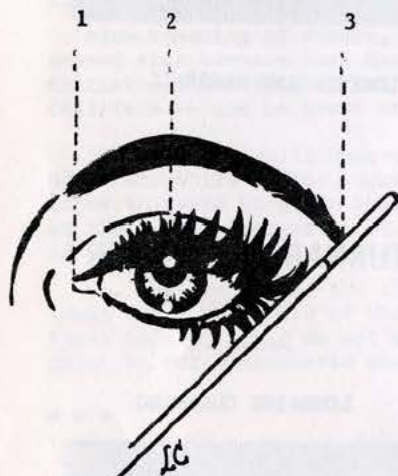


Figure 1: The Properly Shaped Eyebrow

should be directly over the center of the pupil, while the outside end should be at a point (3) determined by placing your eyebrow pencil in the natural groove between the high point of your cheekbone and the forehead. Where the top edge of the pencil intersects with the brow line, make a small mark. Then extend the eyebrow line no further than that point. Use short strokes with the eyebrow pencil and keep them light and feathery to simulate hair.

Although there are many good eyebrow pencils on the market, the most readily available is the Maybelline mechanical pencil for which refills are supplied.

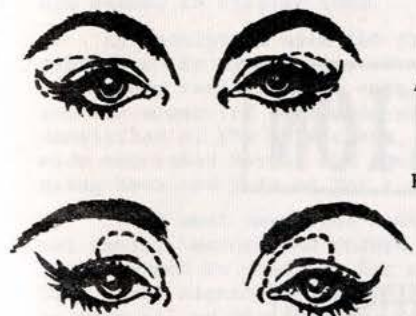


Figure 2: The Proper Use of Eye Shadow

Eye shadow should never be put under the eyes, and its use above the eyes should be handled with extreme care. Generally speaking, women use very little eye shadow during the daylight hours, but save the dramatic effects for evening hours. For the novice, the liquid eye shadow is easiest to use and must be applied with a small brush or cotton swab (like a Q-tip). Figure 2 (left) shows the proper use of eye shadow for close set (A) and wide set (B) eyes. The color of the eye shadow depends on the color of your eyes or the dominant color of

your costume. The so-called "iridescent" shades should be used only at night and only when you get more experience in their use. Again, restraint is the key factor in successful eye makeup and this applies especially to eye shadow.

Eye-lining should always be done with a small 00-size brush, available at any art goods store. The longer the handle on the brush, the better chance you have of getting the liner where you want it. Line only the upper lids, applying it in the thinnest possible line as close to the eyelash roots as possible. The line may be put on in short dabs at first, but it must be evened out eventually. This is probably the most difficult part of the eye makeup procedure to master, but the results are so important to your over-all authenticity that it is well worth the extra time spent in practice.



Figure 3: Applying Mascara to Tips

The most important thing to know about mascara is that it is essential to feminine looking eyelash. Use mascara on the lash tips only, as it will work its way down the lash by itself. Figure 3 (above right) shows the proper method of attack.

Once the basic arts are mastered, then you may experiment with eye makeup until you have the right combination for you. ■



GROW OLD ALONG WITH ME ...

By DAPHNE [REDACTED]

((Synopsis of Chapter I: Having given into his long-suppressed desires by experimenting with his sister's wardrobe, our hero has experienced the delights of cross-dressing and grown careless in his nocturnal escapades. One morning at breakfast, it becomes obvious that the family butler is wise to his little game. We left him wondering when the axe of revelation would fall, and how his family would react.))

Chapter 2: ■

That entire day at school was lost to preoccupation. I kept conjuring in my imagination the scene I was certain to face on my return home. Convinced that Gustave had discussed his discovery, at least with my mother, I knew I must prepare a story which would stand up under questioning.

I reviewed a few alternative ideas in my mind: I had done this in connection with my work at school; it was a rehearsal for a forthcoming masquerade party. Both ideas seemed plausible enough, but how could I explain the reason for dressing in the early hours of the morning? It would have upset my father —

that was it! But he was already familiar with my Gittel performance with Gloria and, although he had been far from enthusiastic about the school's method of teaching, he understood and accepted the idea. And, as far as the masquerade idea was concerned, it was an equally absurd excuse, since he was bound to have seen me the night of the party.

I felt that I desperately needed someone to discuss this with — someone whom I could trust and from whom I would receive some understanding. The first person who entered my mind was Gloria. From her comment on presenting me with the falsies and girdle, I knew she was aware of my inclinations, however much she seemed to dislike them.

My absorption with the problem screened out any mental participation in my classes. That absorption was so complete that I suddenly realized that school was almost finished for the day and the moment of reckoning was all too close at hand. At the completion of the last class, I made my way quickly to Gloria's side and asked her if she would spare me a few minutes before going home and join me for a soda.

There must have been something in my tone of which I was not aware, because she turned toward me with a quizzical expression, seemed to study me for a moment, and said: "If you like, Git. (That nickname from Two for a Seesaw seemed to have caught on with all my classmates.) Something seems to have been bothering you all day today. I noticed you never took notes and didn't appear to hear a word that was said in classes. Is there something wrong?"

"I'll tell you all about it. I have a lot of things on my mind, and I don't want to delay you too long. Can we leave right away?" The only moment of comfort I had had all day was the knowledge that Gloria was sufficiently concerned to have detected my anguish during our classes.

As we walked uptown together that warm, sunny June day, I realized that this was the first time I had been this close to Gloria since our scene together. In a way, I had grudgingly avoided her because of her apparent distaste to the obvious pleasure I experienced in my Gittel Mosca role. It felt very good to be with her once more, to be able to admire her again so close at hand. Her beauty was a source of pride, in that I was proud to be in her company. She kept pressing me to talk about what was on my mind, but I steered the conversation toward chatter about school, her mother, and herself, until we had entered a little soda fountain a few blocks from school and found a secluded booth in the rear.

Seated across from her, I found it difficult to embark upon the subject which was troubling me. We ordered sodas, and I gazed into her questioning, doe-like eyes. The customary aloofness had been replaced by a soft look of concern which eased my embarrassment. I plunged into an uninterrupted torrent of words.

I began with my childhood, my earliest recollections, my close association with my sister and parents, particularly with

second revelation within a single hour. And this time it would be far more humiliating than my tryst with Gloria.

Mother was immediately concerned when I entered the study, my face ashen and my brow beaded with perspiration. I quickly assured her that my health was fine, that I had simply skipped lunch and felt a little hot and weak. She helped me to an easy chair, offered me some canapes, and mixed a cool gin and tonic for me.

"Would you like to join me in a toast to our bon voyage?" she asked, raising her glass.

"B-but where are we going?" I sputtered in confusion.

"Not we, dear — at least, not you and I. Your father announced at breakfast that he'd arranged some tickets as a surprise for our wedding anniversary. Two weeks from tomorrow, we sail on a three-month round-the-world cruise. Isn't that exciting news? If you hadn't dashed out so early this morning, you would have heard it the same time I did."

This turn of events so stunned me that I could not react properly. Once again, a gigantic weight had been lifted from me. All the needless anxieties had vanished. Color and vitality poured back into my body, as I enthusiastically drank the toast and wished Mother a glorious holiday.

I couldn't wait to tell Gloria the news. The next morning I was undismayed by the Blue Fairy glass by my plate and once again left the house early so as to be sure to see Gloria before classes began.

The next two weeks passed swiftly. Gloria's genuine relief at the scene I had been spared had been reassuring. Then she surprised me once more with an unbelievable request. She asked to see Gittel once again. The only evening this would be possible was Gustav's and Greta's next night off. My parents planned to have dinner out and go to the opera for one last outing before the cruise.

It was the most exciting evening I'd experienced in my life. Gloria prepared an early dinner for her mother at their apartment. In the meantime, as soon as I was alone in the house, I did as meticulous a makeup job as I could. I decided to wear my favorite white hostess gown with gold accessories. After combing the wig out carefully and making the final adjustments, I descended the three flights of stairs to the ground floor of our house for the first time dressed. I'd just finished mixing martinis when the doorbell rang — two short and one long — the signal arranged with Gloria.

As I opened the door, I watched carefully for her reaction. She stepped back in surprise and then grasped my arms, kissed me on the cheek, then held me away from her.

"Why, I would really not have recognized you! You've come

a long way since our play — the gown, the makeup, the hair — all done to perfection, and in such good taste! I can't get over it! It's even impossible to visualize your male self."

At that moment I experienced the greatest confusion I'd ever known. The emotions of two people inside me were colliding. I was proud, pleased, and a little conceited in the role I was playing; at the same time, my masculine being was stirred by this new, warm, and gentle Gloria I was just beginning to know.

The care taken in preparing for Gloria's arrival had produced the most radiant girl I'd ever achieved. I accepted her compliments with grace and, to avoid the embarrassment that any further praise would create, I grabbed Gloria's hand and led her into the bar. She wanted to know all about me, and how I had learned all the little feminine tricks of dress and makeup in such a short time. It was difficult for her to accept that I'd managed it all alone, through observation and endless experiment.

Those first moments in the bar with Gloria can only be described as delicious. Gone was her attitude of cool disdain. I had accepted her compliments at face value, because I wanted to believe them. In all honesty, I realized she was being overly generous; but the essential thing was that her reaction to me had apparently changed — even toward my feminine being. We chattered like two girl friends — dresses, fabrics, styles, furs, and makeup. It was all quite meaningless and shallow, but at that moment of my life, there could not have been anything more important. I was being accepted — not scorned.

After our drinks, we went into the kitchen at the front of the house, donned aprons, and fussed about, preparing supper. Afterwards, we went into the living room.

The luxury of this room had always impressed me, no matter how often I entered it. It was the full width of the house, about fifty feet long, and had a small garden beyond French doors at the rear. A pair of grand pianos flanked the far end of the room in front of the garden windows; a tremendous breakfront with Bohemian and ruby glassware lining its shelves centered the right-hand wall; a fireplace faced it on the opposite side, a large baroque Italian mirror hanging above the mantelpiece; a card-playing corner was in the left foreground; and a staircase leading up to the dining room was at the right. The furniture was upholstered in regal red velvet and deep red and white striped satin. The nine-foot walls were covered in ivory brocade with old-gold fleur-de-lis in relief.

The room had never seemed so luxurious as it did that evening. Gloria and I sat together on a couch beside the fireplace, my voluminous white skirt draped in sharp contrast against the red velvet. Soft music played on the radio as we stared at each other for an interminable moment.

"I've thought about you a great deal since our talk last week, Git. You have a great deal of sensitivity which I've always recognized. I like your other self so very much. That's

why I was so disturbed by your 'Seesaw' performance. Now, for the first time, I can see how important all of this is in your life, and I'm quite surprised at myself for liking the attractive creature I see. I think I must understand you better than I do myself, because I seem to like both of you. Does that make any sense? I'm not sure it does to me."

"I can't begin to tell you how please I am," I said. "And I don't know whether your feelings make any more or any less sense than my own. I'm flattered by your attention and, as you must know from your own experience, I bask in your admiration. It doesn't seem to make much difference in my feelings toward you as to which clothes I wear. I don't think that make too much sense, either. But there it is."



Gloria and I spent the next two hours there together, trying to clarify the apparent conflicts in our emotions, listening to music, and sipping liqueur. The evening slipped by all too quickly. It was time, much too soon, for her to leave and for me to retire upstairs before my parents' return from the opera. With great reluctance I bade her goodnight as we hugged and kissed.

The euphoria induced by that evening would sustain me for the ten days remaining before my parents' departure. Already I began looking forward in the future to the magic combination of parental absence and servants' night out which would permit a repetition of that evening with Gloria. The familiar tingling anticipatory feeling returned as I realized that this could be a regular Thursday evening date during all the three months my folks would be away. Gustav's jibes, which had at first stung deeply, were no longer anything but pinpricks.

Not a week had passed before this illusory bubble had burst. Gloria's good looks and undeniable talent had been spotted by an agent at one of the many drama workshop productions at school. We were well aware that there were generally one or more agents who scouted these sessions for talent. Gloria had been interviewed and signed to a contract by one of the largest theatrical agencies in the city.

She had breathed not a word of this to anyone. Quite understandably motivated by her modesty and the superstition that she might thus jinx herself, she preferred not to toot her horn until there was something to toot about. The agency contract was, of course, meaningless until she was actually signed for a job.

During the past several weeks she had had the opportunity to read for two or three possible roles and had landed one of them, the ingenue part in a road company of one of Broadway's long-run comedy hits.

It was significant to me that Gloria confided the news to me first — on a Tuesday, just four days before my parents sailed. But it was small comfort compared to the devastation of my plans for us. I did my best to sound happy for her, but even dramatic training failed me when I tried to disguise my disappointment. Gloria knew me too well to be taken in by my transparent enthusiasm about her great opportunity.

"Please don't put on an act for me, Git. We know too much about each other now for that. I'm sure you're rooting for me; and I'm just as sure of your disappointment at our separation. I can only say that I share your feelings and just as deeply. The worst part of this is the short notice. I must leave the end of next week. We're going right into rehearsal at our producer's estate outside of Pittsburgh. You must come for a farewell dinner with Mother and me a week from this Friday."

On Saturday evening I saw my folks off at a midnight sailing party. I'm afraid they mistook my lack of gaiety for thoughts of missing them for three months. One or the other would break away from the guests thronging the stateroom from time to time to offer me a drink and a word of consolation.

It was late when I got back to the house, and only the customary night lights burned. I turned them off in succession as I made my way upstairs to the top floor, bed, and a restless, wakeful night. I was still tired near noontime when I rose and went downstairs for brunch, totally unprepared for what was now about to take place.

When I sat down to eat, I noted that the Blue Fairy glass was, for the first time since its original appearance, supplanted by the customary crystal. I was too tired and downcast to attach any significance to this sudden change. My preoccupation with Gloria's impending departure made Greta's characteristically fine cooking seem pallid and tasteless.

As I picked at the food on my plate in a disinterested manner, I suddenly became aware that both Greta and Gustav had come



in and were standing looking at me from across the table. There was an odd expression in their smiling eyes as they did something I had never seen either of them do before. They quietly seated themselves opposite from me.

"Aren't you being rather presumptuous?" I inquired coldly. "What is the meaning of this behavior?"

"Don't get yourself all upset, princess," Gustav said. The

tone of his voice was like a warning signal which suddenly alerted me that some threat was implied.

"That is the last time I wish to hear you refer to me as 'princess,' Gustav," I said. "And now if you would both leave, I'd like to finish my meal."

"It is the last time you will hear him say it," Greta spoke for the first time, and there was a tender quality in her voice which I had never heard before. "From now on, you will be known as Daphne — our Daphne — Gustav's and mine."

In that instant, I felt detached, as if I had been jolted out of my being, and some strange person was sitting where I had been sitting. Something unreal, unbelievable was happening and my startled wits could not comprehend it. My mind seemed to race about looking for some piece of stability to snatch at, hold, and return me to reality. Again I slowly became aware of Gustav's voice — first its tone and then his words.

"... for thirty-two years, and she has always wanted a child. Most of all she wanted a daughter, but after losing six babies in pregnancy, the doctor advised her, in the interests of her own health, to abandon any further thought of children." Gustav's tone was gentle, and he seemed to be addressing himself more to Greta than to me. She was gazing at him, listening intently, a great poignance in her expression. Gustav turned to me and went on.

"You know, sir, how much Greta and I have always liked you. And then, by accident one night, I discovered your secret, as you surely must have realized. I know how terrified you were that I would expose it to your family — but only Greta and I know."

"The other evening, Greta saw Daphne for the first time — the evening that you entertained Miss Gloria. I imagined that you would be looking for an opportunity when everyone would be out of the house. We went out the other evening, before your parents left for the opera. After they left and you had gone to Miss Elaine's rooms to prepare yourself, we returned, went back to our quarters, and waited."

"You and Miss Gloria were so absorbed in each other that neither of you were aware that we were watching — and listening. For that, we ask your pardon. We were both startled by Daphne's beauty that night — it far exceeded the description I had given Greta. Let me congratulate you on the improvements which you have made."

"But ... what do you intend for me to do? I can't possibly live as ... Daphne. I must continue with dramatic school. And what will happen when my parents return?"

"We have considered all that, sir — rather, Daphne, for that is who you will be while you are in this house, until your mother and father return. Naturally, you will continue your schooling during the week. But your evenings and weekends will be devoted to being our daughter — and our niece visiting us from Wisconsin on those occasions when our friends come calling."

My mind was still in a whirl, trying to focus on the nature of my future life — or, at least, the next three months of it — as Gustav was describing it. It slowly began to shape into reality and, as it did, the fruits of anticipation again became sweet to savor.

These people were not being malicious — and surely they were in a position to be, what with the knowledge about me they possessed. In any event, it was obvious that I had no choice in the matter.

Gustav must have been probing my thoughts.

"You really have very little choice, Daphne," he said. "Our scheme cannot be too unappealing to you. We have ample proof of that. It's really a perfect arrangement for all of us; you comply with our plans for you, and we agree to keep your secret from your family."

Although I knew that the plan would certainly not be too unpleasant, I was still wavering. Then the fact that compliance would be kindness to Greta, who had always been very good to me, removed what little doubt I had with regard to the logic of the situation.

"Come, we are wasting time," Gustav said. "Go on upstairs and prepare Daphne. When you are ready, come down to the living room. Greta and I will then tell you more about the plans we have for you."

I got up slowly, exchanged an embarrassed glance with each of them in turn, and walked slowly to the door. My continuing silence gave eloquent, if tacit, indication that the bargain had been sealed.

As I mounted the stairs, the full import of my new situation became even clearer. Eagerness mingled with some slight misgivings as I nearly raced the last few steps toward Elaine's opulent suite of rooms.

What had Gustave meant when he had said that they would tell me more of their plans for me?

((Chapter Three will appear in the next issue of TURNABOUT.))



Although we originally intended to devote this page to a brief shopping guide for our readers, an uncomfortable situation has arisen which we feel is serious enough to warrant delaying the shopping guide to the next issue of TURNABOUT.

TURNABOUT's advertisers have been kind enough to agree to service the special needs of TVs in an atmosphere of security, dignity, and friendliness unavailable from any other sources of goods and services. Reports have reached the editors that, in some instances, TVs have reciprocated by making excessive demands on the time and patience of our advertisers.

In at least two cases, Helen [REDACTED] has referred TVs to a corsetiere of her acquaintance, only to be told that these individuals have taken up several hours of the corsetiere's time without making any kind of a purchase. Corsetieres who are willing to custom-fit foundations for TVs are quite rare, you must admit, and the privileges extended should not be abused. Naturally, this corsetiere is quite upset at the lack of consideration shown, and Helen will think twice about any future referrals, since she values that person's friendship.

The same treatment — TVs taking up valuable time and then not being courteous enough to make a purchase — has been accorded Helen herself. As a result, she is now requiring a deposit or service charge of \$5, applicable to the final purchase, of each customer — which we feel is only fair and just.

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Perhaps the greatest asset any magazine can have is the loyalty of its readers. Their patience, their belief in the ultimate honesty of the publishers' intentions, their willingness to contribute, through subscriptions, to its support — all these are intangibles which have very practical application to the process of turning out a magazine like TURNABOUT, which is now, more than ever, committed to continuing its operations.

Inadvertently, the publishers of TURNABOUT have abused this loyalty on the part of its readers. A number of external factors — and a number of factors within our loosely knit editorial group — have contributed to our failure to maintain our original monthly schedule. To go into them in any detail would be both a fruitless undertaking and a display of poor editorial taste. There are no excuses which can justify our inaction this past summer and early fall. As editor, I take full responsibility for whatever its causes were.

Some of our readers are under the impression that TURNABOUT is a full-time activity for its staff. This is not so; all of us engaged in its publishing and editing are holders of demanding full-time jobs beyond our duties with TURNABOUT. This, again, is no excuse. It is merely an extenuating circumstance which we failed to consider carefully when we drew up our original monthly schedule.

TURNABOUT's new schedule, which I am announcing on this page, takes these and other factors into consideration, although it is still a demanding one and will require constant effort for a while.

TURNABOUT remains essentially a monthly. However, it will be published ten months a year — the exceptions being July and August — and our publication date will be the fifteenth of the month. All subscriptions originally extending to December 1963 will be continued until the contracted number of issues have been sent to each subscriber. The fact that we now own our own photo-offset machine will help get us back on schedule and will eventually reduce the per-copy cost to you.

We need your help. Don't hesitate to submit your writings, photos, and drawings to us, for these are the life blood of our publication. You will find information as to how to submit material to us on the inside back cover of this issue.

We do appreciate your patience and understanding.

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The chief criteria for accepting manuscripts for publication are significance and uniqueness of thought content. Style and accuracy of language will be supplied by the editors. No manuscript will be rejected because it varies from the editors' point of view. On the contrary, we encourage the submission of ideas which differ from ours. Ideas do not offend us.

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

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

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