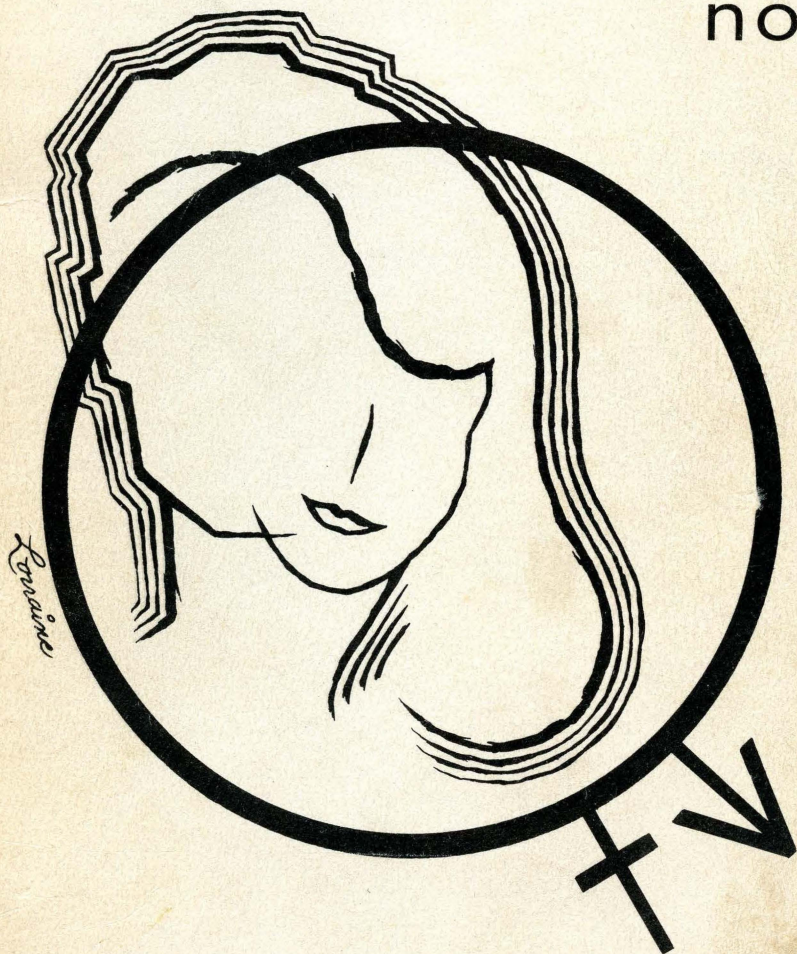


CRYSTAL

TURNABOUT

no. 1



A MAGAZINE OF TRANSVESTISM

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A Word to the Would-Be Transvestite

The publishers of TURNABOUT are in no position, at such an early stage in the magazine's infancy, to discourage either the casual reader or the "borderline" transvestite from reading the publication and benefiting from its contents. Nonetheless, our own consciences impel us to sound a clear and sober note of warning to those of you among our readers who have never felt the urge to cross-dress or who have never acted upon that compulsion.

If you are a curiosity-seeker delving into the mysterious by-ways of sexual psychology, we suggest that you are dabbling with disaster. If you can confine your interests in transvestism to the vicarious level, we recommend that you do so. If you can find any kind of professional help which might prevent you from becoming an active transvestite, we urge you to seek it out and take the fullest possible advantage of it. In short, if you can take transvestism or leave it alone, you should leave it alone.

Transvestism, even under the best of circumstances, is not a way of life which we would advise anyone to adopt. Dressing in the clothes of the opposite sex is an activity whose pursuit is littered with pitfalls for the unwary or the self-indulgent.

Those transvestites among us who are fortunate enough to have established a peaceful coexistence between the masculine and the feminine parts of their personalities have most often done so only after years of crisis and struggle — sometimes at great cost to their overall effectiveness as human beings. Few transvestites, no matter how well they may have adjusted to the compulsion to cross-dress, feel their lives to be better lived as transvestites; most of us, deep in our hearts, believe that there are many better ways of expressing the femininity which lurks somewhere beneath the facade of every man.

These statements should not be misunderstood as being an apology for transvestism or a rejection of our practice of it. Society, in its insistence upon absolute conformity in male attire, is quite likely even more absurd than the transvestite who rebels against the dictates of the so-called social "norm."

We hope all of our readers will enjoy reading TURNABOUT and will accept its various explorations into transvestic phenomena in the spirit in which they are published — as a means of understanding ourselves a little better. We wish only to warn you that some of our authors, in writing freely of their evaluations of transvestism, may act as inadvertent propagandists for the Big Lie — that transvestism is the best of all modes of life.

The biggest lie is that lie each man believes in himself.

Fred L. Shaw, Jr.
Publisher :: TURNABOUT

TURNABOUT

Aversion Therapy: TV Cure or Psychic Vivesection?

By Siobhan Fredericks

Thwarted in their vain efforts to comprehend the mysterious phenomenon of transvestism, the high priests of psychic vivesection remain undaunted in their eternal quest for a "cure" which will erase all vestiges of the transvestic compulsion from the soul of the cross-dresser. The search undertaken by the shamans of the subconscious goes on and on, literally ad nauseam and with no apparent regard for the scar-tissue too often left on their victims' souls by attempts to obliterate the urge.

A series of such experiments was reported by a London psychiatrist, Dr. James Pearce, at a recent meeting of the Royal Medico-Psychological Association held in Broadmoor, England.

Aptly terming his procedure "aversion therapy," Dr. Pearce claimed "promising results" from the injection of an emetic drug, apomorphine. After administering the drug, he would encourage his patient to dress up in women's clothes. When the patient was completely dressed, the doctor would start showing him pictures of himself in feminine attire and the apomorphine would begin to take effect, producing violent nausea and vomiting.

After an undisclosed number of repeat performances, the TV would find the act of cross-dressing so revolting as to be unbearable — whereupon Dr. Pearce would announce he was "cured."

In a chilling conclusion to his report, Dr. Pearce stated that the new technique "could be applied in the wards of mental hospitals" and offered the explanation that "these people are not homosexuals. We have difficulty getting into contact with as many cases as we would like. I would like to find more."

I'll bet he would! But our English TV cousins appear to be too crafty to allow Dr. Pearce to trap them wholesale or, at the least, snare them in numbers sufficiently large to enable him to fully substantiate his new "cure."

Dr. Pearce, of course, labors under a number of delusions founded in his ignorance of what moves in the mind of the TV. Not the least of his misconceptions is the belief that transvestism is, in itself, a disease and that its presence in an individual makes life in modern society so intolerable that he is forever seeking a cure for his compulsion.

Dr. Pearce's gravest error — one which seriously undermines the validity of his kind of aversion therapy — is his failure to recognize the act of cross-dressing for what it really is, a symptom of an underlying complex of maladjustments to the individual's sexual role, to his social milieu, or to those parts of his life which are too drab to be endured without some relief.

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Eliminate this symptom, and the malady lingers on ... to cause the transvestite untold miseries which will defy future treatment when he is driven back to the psychiatrist's couch or to the mental hospital — or when the TV seeks more self-destructive means of expressing the torment within him.

On the other hand, left to enjoy the innocuous pleasures of cross-dressing without undue interference from either society or psychiatry, the transvestite can often satisfy the gods of his internal volcano by offering up small sacrifices to them in the form of occasional TV episodes. When these episodes are denied him by Dr. Pearce's pernicious Pavlovism, that volcano may erupt and shatter the TV's grip on his sanity. If such a disaster occurs, Dr. Pearce's procedure has killed what it should have sought to cure.

From a philosophical viewpoint, Dr. Pearce's new "cure" for transvestism holds profoundly disturbing implications.

Stripped of its dignified psychiatric jargon, aversion therapy is nothing much more than brainwashing. In a sense, brainwashing resembles the widely discredited procedure of psychosurgery, wherein the portion of the brain controlling behavior is surgically tampered with in such a manner as to render a mentally ill person harmless to himself and to society. Brainwashing may be seen as psychosurgery applied to the human soul.

Is the transvestite such a threat to society as to require this kind of drastic treatment? I don't think so. Most often, the only threat posed by the transvestite is a threat to the tottering facade of masculinity of those who are loudest in its condemnation.

Brainwashing is a technique for human restraint and control which most thinking people find abhorrent, largely as a result of its widespread use during the Korean War to render American prisoners incapable of controlling their actions and their political loyalties. Aversion therapy, as described and practiced by our Dr. Pearce, robs the transvestite of a certain measure of control over his own will and denies him a harmless outlet for his transvestic compulsion.

The pity of it all is that nothing is given the TV in its place except hollow assurances of his "cure" and a superficial transformation into "normalcy." These assurances grow emptier and emptier and his transformation grows shakier and shakier as the years go by, and the neglected inner pressures which prompted the transvestite's cross-dressing build to volcanic proportions.

As an ironic coup de grace to the destruction of the TV's outlet for these pressures, his basic humanity has been degraded to the level of Dr. Pavlov's celebrated dog, who was taught through conditioning to salivate at the sound of a bell. Dr. Pearce's transvestite has been taught through a similar kind of conditioning to vomit at the rustle of a dress enveloping him. His degradation is far more profound than it ever was when he could still dress up in women's clothes without making a horrible nasty mess of himself. No matter what rationale society and Dr. Pearce wish to plead, the TV has gained nothing.

In spite of all the recent interest in aversion therapy as a "cure" for homosexuality, fetishism, and now transvestism, the basic technique used is really nothing new. Spawned in the heyday of the behaviorist school of psychology, fifty or sixty years ago, the theory that through controlling an individual's reactions to his environment it would be possible to treat his emotional disorders has long been rejected as an effective method of therapy. The reason is that these illnesses are much more subject to treatment when the patient is in control, to the fullest possible extent, of his actions and reactions.

Some years ago, a new method of curing alcoholism, one very similar to aversion therapy, was widely publicized as a breakthrough in the treatment of alcoholics. The technique involved the use of the drug Antabuse (disulfiram). Regular oral doses of the drug would be given the alcoholic along with the warning that he must not drink even the smallest amount of alcohol.

If the patient ingested so much as a cubic centimeter of alcohol while on Antabuse therapy, a highly unpleasant reaction would ensue — flushing, heart palpitations, high blood pressure, violent nausea and vomiting, and occasionally collapse. However, the Antabuse method was never very successful when used by itself, and the patient's underlying emotional problems, which had driven him to excessive drinking in the first place, were not mitigated in the least. As a result, Antabuse is seldom used today, and its role is that of supportive therapy with extensive psychotherapy being the main method of cure.

American transvestites should not become too secure in the belief that Dr. Pearce's depredations on our simple pleasures will be confined to Great Britain. Word has reached this writer — via that branch of the TV grapevine which extends into Baltimore, Maryland — that researchers at the Johns Hopkins Hospital are busily at work experimenting with their own formulation of aversion therapy as applied to transvestites. You see, it can happen here.

The source for our information is one of the several TVs who have volunteered for the experiment. Since we cannot, in all fairness, indulge ourselves in the luxury of dubbing these volunteers with the libelous label of "Judas goats," we will praise our Baltimore friends for their good intentions and suspend judgment on the Johns Hopkins study until all the facts are available on a first-hand basis from the researchers themselves.

Perhaps some negotiations via the mails may elicit a description of the Johns Hopkins experiment for future publication in the pages of TURNABOUT. In any case, such negotiations will be entered into in the immediate future.

Although I am personally somewhat cynical about the possibility of a "cure" for transvestism, I can only find encouragement in my heart for those TVs who sincerely wish to be rid of their compulsion to cross-dress. Please do not allow anything said in this article or in any other article in this magazine to dissuade you from seeking psychiatric or any other professional help toward this goal.

If you do need psychiatric or other professional help — either in making some kind of better adjustment to the realities of your life as a transvestite or in ridding yourself of the whole damned complication altogether -- proceed with great caution. Get the advice of your family physician, who is pledged by the Hippocratic Oath and other ethical sanctions to keep silent about your case as far as other persons are concerned, and let him help you contact persons qualified to give you the specialized help you may need.

Beware of those well-intentioned professionals who offer you nothing more than freedom from cross-dressing. By neglect of your underlying problems, they may inadvertently do you a great amount of harm. And, when the chips are down, they may turn out to know even less about transvestism and its complications than you do.

As for our equally well-intentioned psychiatrist friend, Dr. Pearce, one can only speculate as to what might happen if a group of our English TV cousins were to corral him some dark foggy night and subject him to doses of his own medicine.

For instance, what would happen were he to be given apomorphine and then encouraged to dress in men's clothes? Would he be sensible enough to take the obvious alternative mode of dress, once a sufficient number of repeat treatments had effected a "cure," and become a transvestite?

Probably not. But one can imagine what his cleaning bills would be like.

DRAG SQUAD

By

Gale Ava Priddie

The muggers and hoodlums of Central Park
Are in for a shock — we're not what they think.
We're thirty policemen — 69th Precinct —
Dressed as young maidens out for a lark.

The wife hardly knew me; the dog gave a bark
Today as I dragged home all lacy and pink.
The muggers and hoodlums of Central Park
Are in for a shock; we're not what they think.

Funny — with all the gay queens in New York,
The way they tell us to catch every fink:
Yet here we are, cops, dolled sexy in mink.
And most of us like this swish through the dark!
The muggers and hoodlums of Central Park
Will be shocked. But so will we, I think

How To Write A TV Story

By D. Rhodes

Writing stories of transvestism is really a terrible chore! Nobody would want to wish it on anyone — these stories are so really embarrassing to attempt. Goodness, just reading one of these simply dreadful tales gives a body the shudders! Can you imagine the agony one has to go through to write one?

But there are those tearful souls who insist on trying ... and try they do. Agonizingly, they put down on paper those horrid things that nobody — simply nobody — would ever wish to have happen to anybody, let alone the nice young men or healthy adolescent boys who become the unfortunate heroes (if that is the right word!) of these simply shameful tales.

Consider what you have to do. You've simply got to make the poor fellow go through some really soul-shaking experiences, just embarrassing beyond all get-out. That's one of the rules of writing these tales, you know. The poor hero (?) never really wants to put on those clothes — but he's got to. Somebody is forcing him, and he's just got to be in a position where the victim simply can't help himself. Not at all. He's a victim, that's what he is, and we all just simply sympathize with him all the way. We agonize with him, we do, but we write about it just the same! Tears in our eyes, probably — or there ought to be.

You can start in several ways. It all depends on what you are going to have to put the poor fellow through.

Suppose he's a boy, say a nice thirteen, a good kid in high school, athletic, all that jazz. So he'd never dream of being other than a nice, manly young man, and he really has no use for girls, you know. So how do we arrange the dirty work? Well, he could be an orphan and adopted by a mean lady with several mean older daughters. Or maybe his folks go away and leave him with that aunt — you know the one — the sour spinster with original ideas.

Or perhaps his mom dies and his travelling salesman dad marries again — that strong, healthy woman-type who aims to show her upstart new charge who is really the boss in that family when dad's away ... and he's always away!

You could even make it a fantasy of sorts, and he's a young prince that got spirited away by enemies and put in the charge of that slinky witch in the castle with those horrible dungeons and those things But that is complex, and let's keep this simple. You can get as complex as you want, later, in private ... on paper.

So, here we've got this nice young boy and here he is, in charge of this woman — no, not his mother, of course — but the

big woman with the strong will and the original ideas. And you know how those ideas do start. He disobeyed her, let us say, or he failed to make "the team" and she's going to shame him. Or he got too sassy with her real daughters, and she's going to make him "learn his lesson." Learning lessons is just the thing. They all learn lessons, those boys. A real educated crowd, you might say ... but, my, the things they learn!

For instance, there's that session with aunt, or stepmother, or sometimes it's a special lady tutor, or maybe a mean elder stepdaughter. He did it, whatever it is he did wrong — and he always makes that initial mistake. So there she is and there he is, and there's that bedroom of hers and that bureau and that closet — and you know what's in that closet? Guess. Just guess. Her clothes, you dope.

So she opens it, and he stares with anguish and blushes and all that at: High-heeled shoes, dresses, negligees, fur coats, skirts, wigs, what-not. (The "what-not" is room for your own imagination — hell, man, it's your own story, you know.)

Anyway, he blushes. We wonder why. What's on his mind? Nobody ever says. But he blushes, all right. He's never seen that stuff before. Never knew about. Never even noticed it. He's just a B-O-Y, boy.

And then she does it. She makes him take some of that stuff — makes him take it, not herself. That's part of the twist, the lingering of the agony. He's got to take it out, to touch that embarrassingly slinky stuff, that clinging cloth, those uncanny pointed shoes with the embarrassingly high pointed heels. And you know what? They're always the right size. Don't ask me why, but they fit. Because, you know, she's going to make him put that stuff on. She's going to shame him, you see. She's going to do it because that way she can control him, teach him a lesson. (There's that lesson again ... wish I knew what it was.)

But first there's the next lingering scene for the poor sweating TV story writer to create. The boy has to take his own clothes off while looking into that open closet — and while she's watching him, with a sardonic eye, too. That's important — that half-smile, that sarcastic glint, that eye. Wonder what she's thinking of? We'll never know. Nobody ever says. But I'll bet it's not what she's going to fix for supper.

So he takes his clothes off and asks, of course, whether she means all his clothes. You know, his shorts, too, like. And you know she means business, because he just can't withhold anything. Boy, do we suffer with him then! That's real shameful, but the big blush is coming, fellows, it's coming.

Because what she does next — the dreadful thing — is to open her bureau drawer and take out those unmentionables. That's the word for them. Lingerie. That's the word itself. The poor fellow, twisting inside, his heart going lumpety-lumpety-lump and perspiration bursting out of his brow (or it ought to be — somehow, that's never mentioned in the stories, and I wonder why not ... realism would have the lady worrying about Arrid or

something for the kid). He's got to take that stuff and put it on. Eccch! Panties ... and always trimmed with lace and slinky. Or, worse still, bloomers. And nylon stockings, and maybe a corselet or garter-belt to hold them up, and a bra stuffed with hankies or something, and a slip or a chemise or a fluffy bouffant petticoat. ... Anyway he puts them on, in a sort of slow-motion style. Everything is slowed down here. The panties move up his legs with the speed of a snail crawling up a flat rock. And with much the same feelings on the part of the suffering writer and his suffering reader. It takes the boy as long just to put that stuff on — if the writer is on the beam — as it took to tell everything that went before. A really good writer can make it take double that length of time.

That's a real killer of a passage. And after that's done, and the poor kid is standing in all that pink and nylon and lace and looking at himself in a mirror, he gets the dress and then the heels and then he looks at himself again. And the lady tormentor looks at him, inscrutably.

Now comes the real twist — the clincher. Suddenly he likes what he sees. It's enough to make anyone scream, that part! Nobody says why he likes what he sees. He doesn't know himself, the poor fish. But suddenly we all suspect that she knows, the old witch. But why she knows, we never learn.

Anyway, there he stands, and you can take the plot from there. The rest of a good story of this type is just repetition. In a paragraph, you can knock off the rest of the day. He exists, he's embarrassed, he goes through hell.

That's the first episode. You can drag this out anyway you like. There's lots of variations, but they are not too varied. Once the boy is made to dress again, and this time he is forced — forced, mind you — to appear before either girls or boys or (horrors!) both. Another variation is that he sneaks back when nobody's home and tries it all over again, this time on his own. A skilled writer can do this a dozen times in one story, stretching it out in all different ways.

But I'm going to level with you. I've told you how to do a TV story, and you can make up your variations and locales and so on. (It doesn't have to be a boy, either. A man, but in her power, that's the gimmick. What happens is much the same thing.) I've described a typical sort of start for a story. How it ends I leave to you. I have to, because, you see, the story tends to get a little hackneyed, sort of stereotyped. I never get much beyond that point I described. What can you say? Describe different styles of dress? Think up new excuses? (And who needs excuses any longer?) We're convinced that the kid likes it, so stop belaboring the point. Now, write on — I've given you the important part. Make up your own ending.

But let me see the yarn, huh? I may never finish it. But I'll take a look at it, just for laughs.

Embarrassing, that's what it is.

* * *

The Roundtable ...

A FORUM

The concept of the roundtable has been handed down to us through many centuries of Western culture. Originating with the ancient Greeks, formalized in the Roman Senate, and legendized in the myths surrounding King Arthur's court, the custom of free debate in an open forum symbolizes the epitome of democracy and recognizes that ideas vital to human life originate in the differences in human thinking.

Even in a today filled with confusion and social hysteria, one can turn on one's television set on a Sunday afternoon and usually find some sort of roundtable discussion in progress. However, while there may be said to be many discussions on TV, there are pitifully few in the public media about TVs.

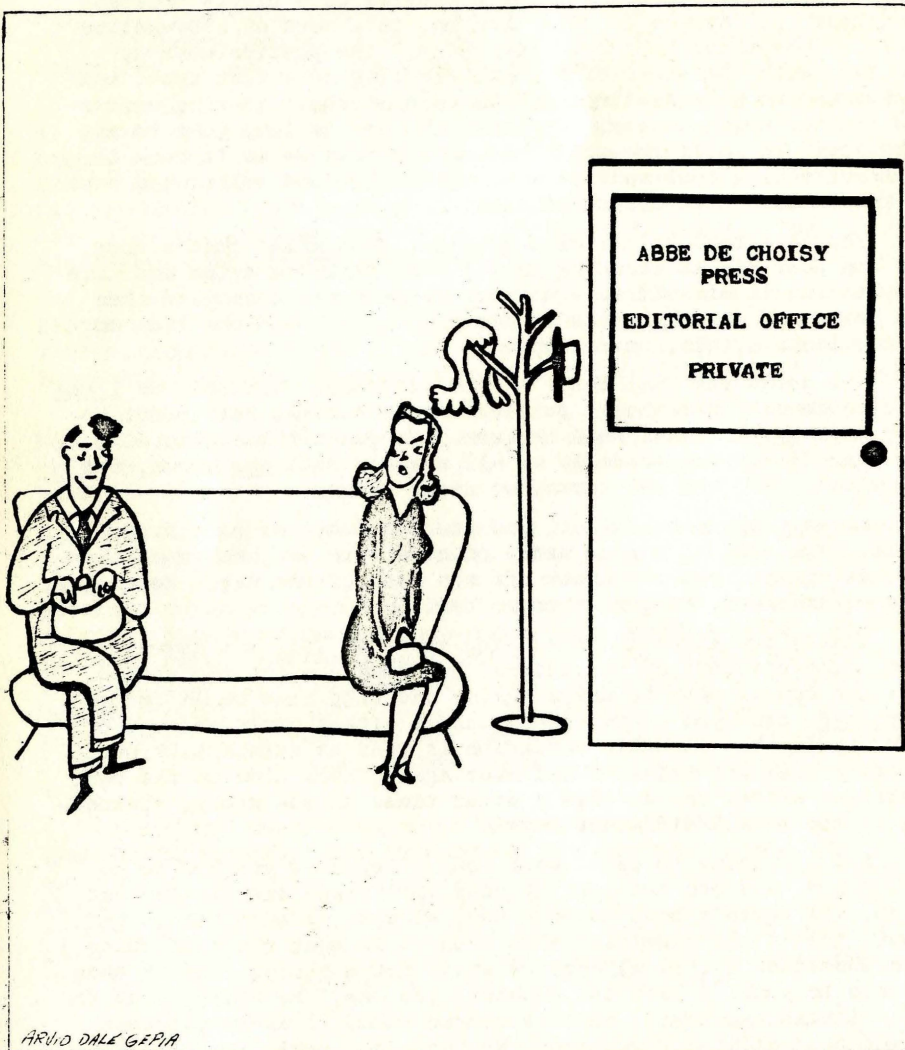
In an attempt to rectify this neglect of the TV, TURNABOUT proposes to conduct monthly debates — in the form of brief articles pro and con a given issue — in an attempt to shed a little light on the many unexplored or inadequately explored problems the transvestite faces in his orientation to or alienation from society.

Let the reader be warned. We hope to make you think about yourself and the world in which you live. You may find it an adventure — or you may find it a horrible bore.

Even if you do find the Roundtable a horrible bore, try wading through a few articles anyway. After all, the English have been enjoying organized boredom for many years and have even made it a national pastime -- cricket, soccer, the BBC, parliamentary debates, and Sir Winston's books.

Seriously though, we do hope you'll find a little cerebral stimulation from the articles in this issue of TURNABOUT and in the issues to come.

This month, we begin our series with an article on guilt by Quiven Enright and an answer to it by Amy Camus. Like the man says, you pays your money and you takes your choice.



ARVID DALE GFIRA

Cherish Your Guilt!

By Quiven Enright

Much has been said and written among transvestites and in TV publications about erasing one's guilt. This, it is always presented, is a desirable thing. But this writer wonders just how desirable the eradication of one's guilt really is.

What is this guilt felt by many transvestites?

It is guilt acquired in one's youth over doing something which one knows is not done by the accepted majority of his sex — dressing in women's clothes. Since, as a rule, men do not dress in women's clothes, the guilt derives from a desire to do so — a compulsion which brings about a strange activity which is contrary to the patterns of society.

Hence, the act of cross-dressing, the desire and the fantasy of it, are all surrounded by an aura of "Here is something wrong, something I should not be doing, something I am guilty of" The cross-dresser feels that he is guilty of violating the accepted social norm.

The transvestite's violation goes deeper than that. What the TV violates is the cherished portrait of the male as society holds him to be — big, strong, the leading member of his family, the risk-taker, the wage-earner, rugged, hairy-chested, athletic, etc. — the one toward whom our male-dominated society is mostly slanted. Therefore, to feel a compulsion to take on the semblance — even in deepest secrecy and in the smallest particular — of the underling sex, the so-called "weaker" sex, is for that moment to abandon voluntarily the male heritage.

Slated someday to be the captain of a family, the boy finds himself choosing to don the robes of the lieutenant. The result is guilt.

As time goes on, the transvestite acquires various patterns of cross-dressing, according to his abilities and his fantasies. Guilt usually remains, often growing in strength. Nevertheless, the self-appointed leaders of the TV world loudly call for the cessation of this guilt and conjure up various elaborate rationalizations as to why cross-dressing is really not abnormal and is no true cause for guilt.

"Eliminate your guilt!" they cry. "Come out and do as I do."

But, once again, what are the roots of the TV's guilt? The roots are both natural and normal. The cross-dresser is indeed violating the established norm of his sex.

By identifying himself in any way with the female sex, the TV is not living up to the male ideal -- not from a man's point of view, not from a woman's point of view. And the TV knows it.

The knowledge is marked deep in his subconscious mind by guilt. He knows that he should not cross-dress, but he does it because it is necessary to him, the result of one or another factor in his psyche.

The transvestite's guilt, it seems to this writer, is only nature's safety-valve. It is a proper reaction, a barometer of one's relationship to society as a whole — and we all live in society. None of us, not even in the most remote locked room, is ever free from being a part of society. Hence, the guilt you feel is a normal reaction. The guilt you feel is a guide to normalcy and, as long as it remains, you can know that you are not completely off your rocker, that you are still properly oriented to society.

As long as you can be aware of this guilt, it can serve as a brake on extreme folly, as a safeguard against self-destructive adventures, as a grip on your own true masculinity. To lose one's guilt may be the first step toward losing one's proper role in society, the first push-off on the disastrous float toward transsexualism, from which one emerges as a human nonentity — a not-man and a not-woman.

This writer believes that some discussion on this subject should come from transvestites. Those among us who speak the loudest about erasing guilt are most often those who are least successful in eradicating it in themselves.

The TV's guilt is not a bad thing; it is not undesirable. It is a valuable normalcy-gauge. Cherish it. Acknowledge it. Keep an eye on it, and you may find it will keep you on an even keel in relation to the world around you. A transvestite without guilt may possibly be like a ship without a compass. Lost.

Think it over

* * *

TAKE-OVER

By

Shelagh Niles

Girl in the closet, scratching on the door:
"Can't I have a minute, just one minute more?"
Girl in a briefcase, girl in a motel:
"This is really living; don't these shoes look swell?"

Girl on the telephone, girl in the car:
"Don't you worry, brother. I'm not going far."
Girl on the sidewalk, girl in a store:
"All I want is my share, not a penny more!"
Girl in the office, girl in the bank:
"I helped to earn it; don't try pulling rank."

Man in the closet, trying to think clear:
When did it happen? How did I get in here?
Man in the closet, staring at the wall:
"I gave her one minute. That started it all."

Let's Put Away Childish Things

By Amy Camus

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. — I Corinthians xiii

While reading Quiven Enright's thoughtful, provocative re-examination of the transvestite's guilt, I was struck by the fundamental shallowness of most writing on guilt-eradication in the current literature of transvestism.

"Cherish Your Guilt!" makes a compelling case for retaining our sense of guilt, for using it as a "normalcy gauge" to prevent our moving along disastrous pathways in our search for transvestic self-expression. But strong as this argument is, it is not without certain flaws.

Rooted deep in childhood and adolescence, the TV's guilt is founded on a constantly shifting quicksand of false assumptions — that it is desirable, or even possible, to be "just like everyone else"; that conformity to those about us is a cardinal virtue; and that a man's progress toward maturity as a human being can be measured by his ability to adjust to social "norms" — whatever they may be.

How this quicksand comes into being is described by the late Dr. Robert Lindner, psychiatrist and author, in his book Prescription for Rebellion:

Corralled in body and enervated in spirit by the delegated, elected, or self-appointed herdsmen of humanity, our society has been seized and held captive by the delusion that adjustment is the whole of life, its ultimate good. From almost the moment of a child's birth, the single aim of most parents is to discourage his innate rebelliousness and to find techniques to bury deep within that child his every protestant urge. Supported by the authority of all institutions, parenthood has come to amount to little more than a campaign against individuality.

Notice Dr. Lindner's use of the phrase "to bury deep within that child." How often has the parental authority been used to bury in a child caught at cross-dressing the powerful negative reinforcement of social taboos? What began as an innocent activity now becomes something forbidden, therefore pleasure-giving, spicy, a furtive delight. What might have become forgotten is never forgotten, at least not by the subconscious mind.

The innocent urges buried deep within us by this constant pressure toward conformity grow more and more compelling as we become older. When we can no longer ignore them, when we must express them in action, they become a "deviation from the social norm" and instill within us grossly exaggerated guilt reactions.

Among those TVs who are motivated toward cross-dressing by some deep seated urge for masochistic self-gratification, guilt adds much to the pleasure of transvestism. The immature TV, who remains stagnant in the erotic phase of development, gains much satisfaction — albeit of a superficial kind — from the added "spice" his forbidden behavior brings to the equally forbidden act of masturbation. Here, the guilt of masturbation is exotically augmented by the guilt of cross-dressing.

Do you still wonder why some TVs persist in proclaiming their guilt? They are simply wallowing in the masochistic pleasure derived from their self-degradation through guilt.

How long must TVs be slaves to this mindless guilt-reaction? How long must the TV whip his childish eroticism with the barbed lashings of guilt? When will he stop being afraid? Certainly, guilt is based upon an even more fundamental emotion — fear.

My contention is that better checks and balances exist for the TV who wishes to control his cross-dressing than guilt. One of these is common sense, a much misunderstood and abused term. Another is the desire to avoid hurting other persons with our behavior — whether this hurt takes the form of making them uncomfortable through knowing that a man in women's clothing is among them or whether the damage is done by compromising our families' security by indulgence in cross-dressing to the extent that our jobs are destroyed.

These checks and balances are maturely motivated. They are the grown-up person's guide to normalcy. They should be enough to steer any sensible transvestite from the primrose path of self-destruction which Quiven Enright describes so abundantly.

Guilt is merely a childish reaction, one which should disappear when one's intelligence and knowledge of life are sufficient to bring awareness of the impossibility of total conformity, the senselessness of stifling urges which can be expressed in a sane and harmless manner, and recognition that the femininity which lurks within each of us must have some form of expression.

Let's put away such childish things as guilt.

* * *
* * *

Readers are invited to submit their own opinions as to the argument explored by these two writers. Manuscripts should be typewritten, if possible, and double-spaced. We prefer articles to be signed with a full name — even if fictitious or an assumed nom de femme.

Kaleidoscope

by siobhan fredericks

A kaleidoscope is an instrument which presents, through an arrangement of angled mirrors and the motion of bits of glass, an image composed of constantly shifting patterns and colors. No matter how much the image changes, it always remains symmetrical.

In kaleidoscopic fashion, this monthly column will attempt to capture the constant shifts in pattern and color of the many elements which go to make up the world of transvestism. In our explorations of the beauty and fascination of that world, as well as its hard realities, we hope to present an image which possesses the symmetry of truth.

*

In studying the ability of deaf children to adjust to their soundless environment, Dr. Helmer R. Myklebust of Northwestern University may have inadvertently stumbled on some findings which have an oblique bearing on the problem of transvestism. In one Northwestern study, the self-perception of deaf children and hearing children were compared through their drawings of a man, of father, of mother, and of self. It was found that the deaf child's body image and perception differed from the normal.

"This and other studies suggest that when deafness is present from early childhood, it is more difficult to attain awareness of the characteristic roles of sex," Dr. Myklebust said. "Masculineness and feminineness, to some extent, appear to be auditory in nature. Possibly the deaf child is more immature and confused in a psychosexual sense because he does not hear the taboos and innuendos regarding sex. The process of internalizing the male or female role — a complex process for the hearing person — is even more intricate and ambiguous when hearing is lacking."

Many of the transvestites I've spoken to have indicated that they were shy children, isolated from those around them, in effect deaf to the usual "taboos and innuendos" regarding the sexual role. The one common denominator between the deaf child and the shy child is his isolation from others. Could this isolation be a factor in confusion as to sexual role? It seems to me to be an area of investigation well worth the time of psychologists who wish to study various facets of transvestism.

*

By rights, this first issue of TURNABOUT should be dedicated to Smith Kline & French Laboratories, the makers of Benzedrine, that magic stimulant which kindles the flame which burns the midnight oil. The lateness with which this issue appears is a result of factors completely beyond the control of the staff. There's no point in going into morbid detail, but I'd like to assure you that we are struggling to get back onto schedule. The July issue should be out by mid-July and the August issue will be in the mails during the first week in August.

All of you can help us greatly by sending in your photos and manuscripts as soon as possible. Details are outlined on the rear inside cover of this issue. Meanwhile, pass the Bennies!

*

Word has reached us via the grapevine that some TVs are promoting a method of obtaining female hormones without a prescription — by ordering them from Sears Roebuck's animal nutrition department. The hormone is diethylstilbestrol, a powerful estrogen used in animal feeds to fatten up food animals.

Let me take this opportunity of warning any TV so foolish as to become involved in such a scheme that the Food and Drug Administration, which has police powers over all drugs sold or promoted for sale in the United States, has ruled that obtaining prescription drugs without a prescription drugs without a bona fide prescription is illegal, that promotion of any scheme aimed at obtaining such drugs without an Rx is also illegal, and that violations of the food and drug laws are punishable by both a large fine and a stiff jail sentence.

Diethylstilbestrol is a dangerous drug, obtainable only by prescription — whether the prescription is from a doctor or a veterinarian. Any attempts at ordering them by mail on a phony prescription can be deemed fraudulent by the post office as well as the FDA. And use of this drug is highly dangerous in itself, since there are literally dozens of dangerous side effects which can accompany diethylstilbestrol therapy — not the least of which is congestive heart failure, kidney and liver damage, mammary carcinoma in males (that's cancer, kiddo), and a most distressing loss of sexual potency. The minimal amount of feminization possible with diethylstilbestrol simply isn't worth the risk of taking the drug without competent and continual medical supervision. In fact, the risk is downright suicidal!

*

Because another publication in the TV field handles the difficult task of contact services for TVs, we feel that there is no need for TURNABOUT to attempt to duplicate the great job that publication does (its name may be found on page 48).

However, for those who are in the New York area at any time, I would be glad to render any personal help I can. I live in Brooklyn Heights; my phone number is MAin 50040 (area code 212); and I'm usually home evenings and weekends. If you seem on the up and up, I'll try to arrange for you to meet the local TV crowd, a friendly and informal bunch. :: Until later, arrividerci!



Vicki Carlyle



Carol Quinn

These are some of the people who have contributed much to TURNABOUT's initial effort. The editor is not among those presented because of modesty. After all, she's got one hell of a lot to be modest about.

A TURNABOUT GALLERY

Susanna Valenti



Lorraine Channing



Dear Abbé:

ADVICE TO THE TV-LORN

Dear Abbé:

I am a young transvestite, 25 years old, and I have this wife problem. She is really a lovely girl — sweet, intelligent, beautiful, and very enthusiastic about my dressing up. She even helps me with makeup and hair and selects the proper combination of dainty clothes for me to wear. As a result, I make a very authentic girl and can pass anywhere. Two or three times a week, she and I go out together, both of us dressed fit to kill in the loveliest of clothes, and shop, take in a movie, make the nightclub scene, the whole bit

Naturally, with her digging the TV thing so completely, our love life is ideal. But lately, after I've been reading some that morbid jazz in other TV mags about wives who hate TV, I'm getting worried. Maybe my kid isn't normal, not raising hell every time I get frilled up, and going along with the bit the way she does. Do you think she needs a psychiatrist?

Bothered and Bewildered

*

Dear Bothered, etc.:

Offhand, kiddo, I wouldn't say she needs a psychiatrist. But you do, kiddo ... you sure do.

The Abbé

Dear Abbé:

Just two years ago I had my fortnight in Casablanca and returned to America as a woman. It was the fulfillment of a lifelong dream. The surgery was completely successful; everybody at home accepted me completely; my boss even rehired me as his private secretary at double the salary I'd been getting as a mail (and male) clerk. All the time I'd spent preparing for the big change — the electrolysis all over, the beauty culture, the business-school training, the hormone therapy — really paid off. I've been very, very happy — until recently.

But now, Dear Abbé, I find myself with this horrible, perverted urge to dress up in men's clothes. It comes on me all of a sudden, like, and it's near to driving me out of my mind. Lately, I've taken to binding my breasts up real tight, tucking my hair up out of the way in a man's golfing cap, pencilling in a beard (it takes me three hours!), putting on old dungarees (how I love their gravelly touch!), and going down to the local pub to bend an elbow with the boys (I carefully lower my voice so nobody will suspect). It's just awful, I tell you, and I can't control myself.

Tell me, Dear Abbé, please tell me what to do.

Confused

*

Dear Confused:

Well, there really isn't much I can tell you, baby, except to relax and enjoy it. After all, once a TV, always a TV

The Abbé

* * *

Dear Abbé:

My problem is kind of unusual. I've been a transvestite all my life, and suddenly I have this brother problem. My brother and I have been very close ever since we were born. We're twins and we've been inseparable since childhood. He is not a TV and he knows nothing about my dressing up.

Recently, I've been preparing to go to Casablanca and have the sex change operation. But I think I'll have to get my brother's permission first. The hell of it is, he'll probably want to go too, and I don't see any way of discouraging him. We are that close, my brother and I.

Like I said, we're twins and very close. Inseparable is the word for it. As a matter of fact, we're Siamese twins.

What do I do now?

Troubled

*

Dear Troubled:

I didn't know we had any TVs in Siam

The Abbé

Dear Abbé:

My problem is a very minor one — perhaps too unimportant for me to bother someone of your eminence with. But anyhow, here goes.

Through some freakish fluke of nature, I was born with very delicate feminine features and a feminine body structure. Everybody, ever since I can remember, kept saying: "He should have been a girl; he's so cute!"

It was sickening, I tell you, because down deep I wanted to have a hairy chest, massive arms, and a big manly physique.

But down deeper, even, than that, I knew everybody was right. I should have been a girl. I believed it and began dressing up in my older sisters' dresses and lacy lingerie. They even helped me out, since they believed it too.

Then, when I was twelve years old, a great tragedy occurred in my life. They released the motion picture, National Velvet, starring Elizabeth Taylor — who was also twelve years old at the time. Now everybody started saying, "He looks just like Elizabeth Taylor; he's so cute!"

Much as I hated to, I started believing them and imitating Elizabeth Taylor's mannerisms and mode of dress. I was sent to a girl's school by my mother, who gave up trying to get me into boy's schools, and I have lived as a girl ever since. And people still say, "She looks just like Elizabeth Taylor; she's so cute!"

Last Christmas, I flew down to Puerto Rico for a holiday. On the airliner, all the hostesses thought I was Elizabeth Taylor and kept badgering me for free passes to Cleopatra (I've seen Cleopatra since, and it would have served them right if I had given them tickets!).

Tell me, Dear Abbé, why does everybody keep saying, "She looks just like Elizabeth Taylor; she's so cute!" It's driving me nuts.

Richard Burton

*

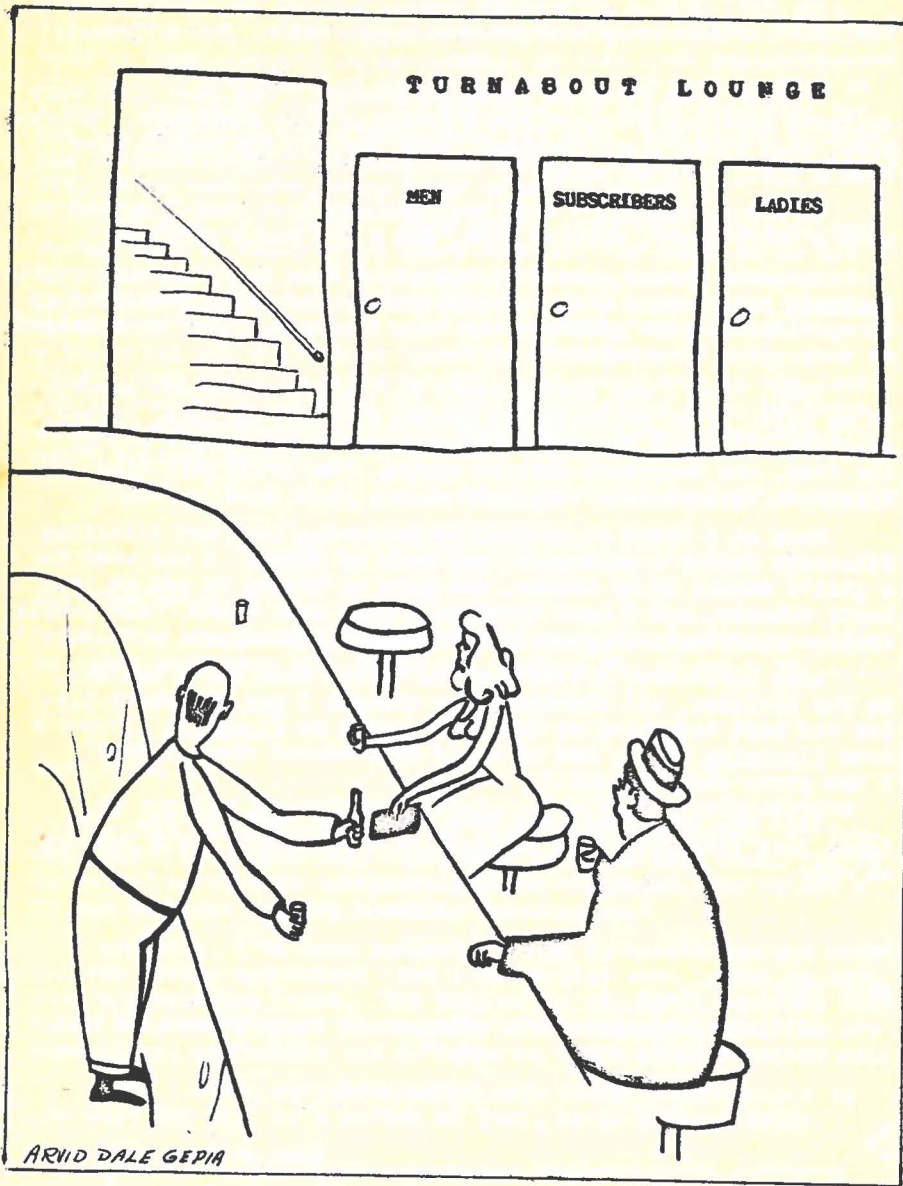
Dear Rich:

Well, it could be worse. They could say, "She looks just like Marjorie Main; she's so ugly!"

The Abbé

*
*

It may have occurred to some of you that the foregoing letters are somewhat fictitious. Well, they are. However, we do not mean to take serious problems lightly or make fun of people who are really unhappy. In future issues, the Dear Abbe section will be devoted to real letters from our readers. And they will be handled with great respect.



"Did you happen to see
which restroom he went in?"

The Vanity Table

This monthly feature in TURNABOUT will attempt to explore the problem of makeup, one which plagues many TV's who are interested in creating a completely feminine image. If you do not happen to be much interested in going this far with the TV "hobby," then we suggest you flip the page and read on in some other section. If you can be satisfied "just dressing," then you should not get involved in a process which is expensive, time-consuming, and may lead to more preoccupation with transvestism than you had originally intended.

This first installment of "The Vanity Table" will deal briefly with the problem of foundation preparation, since this appears to be a fundamental problem with many transvestites — especially those plagued with dark beards.

Most beards can be covered to such an extent that they are not an obvious giveaway. The first thing to do, of course, is to shave as closely as possible. I have yet to find an electric razor which can do this without tearing up the face. So, I recommend a safety razor with an extra-sharp blade. Once the beard is reduced to its absolute minimum, you should immediately put on a moisture cream formulation. This will help soothe the irritation from close shaving and lay a proper basis for the foundation you are going to use. Jergens makes a very good moisture cream; so does Pond's; both are quite acceptable.

Once the face is prepared with the moisture cream base, a very light coating of clown white greasepaint (use sparingly) will lighten the remaining darkness of beard. Over this, you should spread a good quality foundation cream, such as Max Factor's Pan Stick or, better yet, Goubaud's Blend-Glo (this is available with the right blending powder by writing to Goubaud's of Paris, 42nd St. and Fifth Avenue, New York 36, New York).

The trick is in getting the foundation cream spread smoothly and evenly over all the face from the neck on up into the hair-line. Q-tips will help in difficult areas around eyes and nose. Once the cream is spread evenly, then cover the same areas with a coating of powder patted on evenly and lightly. Don't rub with a powder puff, ever. Disaster will overtake you. While it is well to powder as lightly as possible, don't be afraid to use as much as needed to cover beard and other skin flaws. Better to have the foundation on too thick than to have dark areas around chin and upper lip give the whole game away.



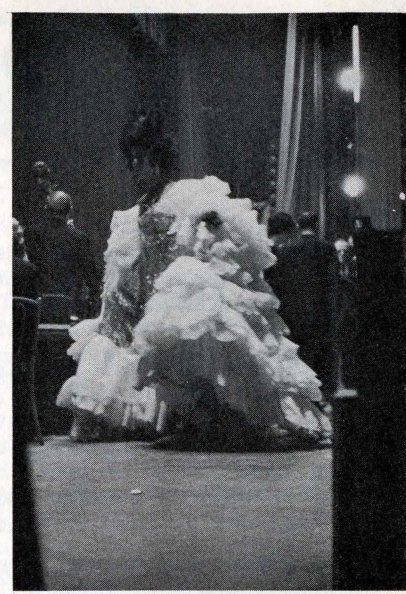
"I'm a little prairie flower,
Growing wilder by the hour."



"What I want to know is, what
fink stole my jockey shorts?"



"What do you mean -- I've been
chosen 'Queen for a Day'?"

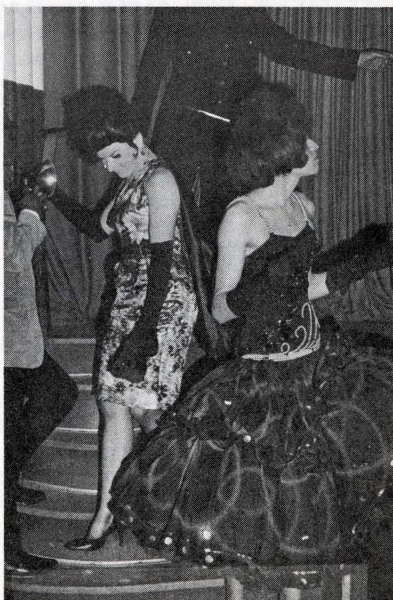


"Whoever that is under there
... your nose is cold!"

THE NATIONAL VARIETY ARTISTS' MASQUERADE ... **WITCHES'**

"Man, I dig the material, but
what a square design!"

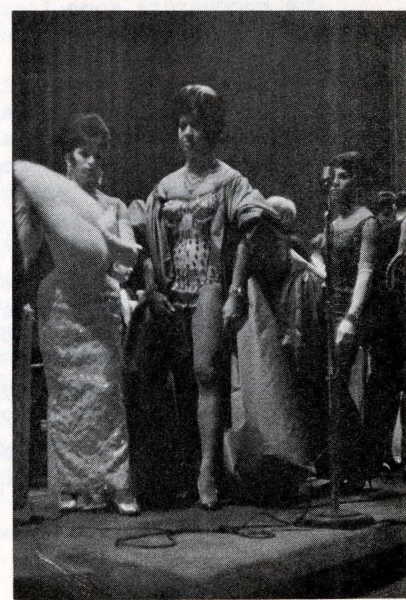
"Dammit, officer ... I don't
want to join the Drag Squad!"



SABBATH ... HELD IN NEW YORK CITY TWICE EACH YEAR.

"You see ... I'm a TV and I
brought my closet with me."

"Man, I don't care where I am.
When I itches, I scratches!"



Turntable

by d. rhodes

Apropos the name of this magazine, there's a store in San Diego whose front displays its name: "The Turnabout — Women's Apparel for All Occasions." Sounds encouraging. We know of a few rather specialized occasions, too

Did you know that the Galaxie automobile was planned as an exclusively woman's car, designed for women and to be marketed only to women? It seems that the Ford people took a second look just before beginning their campaign and realized that it might be too risky. But it would have been interesting and something to think about. It makes the present Galaxie still something of a transsexualist car, at that

A recent historical novel titled "Master of Castile" by Samuel Edwards (New York: William Morrow & Co., 1962, \$4.50) has an opening chapter involving the ladies of the Spanish Court in an episode in which they compel a young man to appear before the Court garbed as a maiden, despite his hapless protests. A rather intriguing opening for an otherwise standard novel

A novel technique in purchasing clothes is used by a friend of ours in New Jersey. He goes into shops and tells the sales-girls that he is a member of the New York City Police Department "decoy" squad and needs the feminine garments to help him in his work. The system works very well. He gets good cooperation and no suspicion. We wouldn't advise everyone to try this, however. That drag squad may get a little too big

One encounters some fascinating mental types in this TV racket. For instance, that of a ministerial gentleman in California. He has occasionally lived part of his life as a lady name of "Caroline." As Caroline, he belongs to women's clubs, has taught Sunday School classes, and lived a regular feminine life. He keeps a diary as Caroline. When we met him in his male role, he confessed that he cannot recall the contents of Caroline's diary when he is not being Caroline. But it seems that Caroline never quite forgets the details of his life. Schizophrenia? Or a real dual personality?

Another talented deceiver is a Midwesterner who has contrived to live twelve hours a day as a woman and the other twelve as a man. As a man, he has done business with people with whom he had dealt as a woman only a few hours before — and nobody has ever put two and two together. All this in a small town, besides! No schizophrenic loss of memory here, however

We know of another TV who happens to be a high-ranking officer of police in his home city. When he wishes to go out on the town dressed, he assigns patrolmen to the beats where he won't be -- and then patrols the uncovered beat himself, as a woman

Speaking of police, we heard a story about a recent dress-up party in another city where among the guests was a genuine badge-toting lady detective. She voluntarily offered protection to the party from any police intrusion (they were getting a bit noisy with record-playing and dancing late at night) by using her police status to allay investigation. She herself was helping one of the boys to dress

Then there's another story of that famous jet pilot... This time it's that when he puts up in a strange city for a night's layover, he registers at the hotel desk as man and wife saying that the little woman will come in later. Then he goes up to his room and, a short time later, the "little" woman herself comes down. We wonder what the chambermaids think, later on? If he draws a room with twin beds, that is. Or does he sleep in both beds?

About five o'clock one Sunday morning, three of our local TVs were coming home from a late dress-up party in Westchester County. The three of them — two dressed and the driver in his male impersonation (for the sake of propriety) — were crammed into the confines of a diminutive Austin-Healey. Just as they were turning onto one of the big New York parkways, the car's engine died and refused to budge the vehicle. The largest of the three — and he was dressed — volunteered to get out and push the car, in hopes that it might start on the slight downgrade available. Needless to say, it didn't start and after an hour or so, with daylight getting brighter and brighter, it was decided that the driver should go off and fetch a tow-truck. So off he went.

Meanwhile, one of the two TVs left behind started to get panicky and decided to change back into his male attire — a neat trick in a tiny sports car. But change he did, just in time for the tow-truck's arrival, and he couldn't understand the strange expression on the face of a garage man.

Seems the driver of the Austin-Healey had been careful to emphasize that he'd left two girls back in the car

Readers are cordially invited to contribute material for the TURNABLE column of TURNABOUT. Any brief anecdote which is of a humorous nature or which may contain information as to what goes in the TV world will be welcomed by the editors. Humorous articles should avoid malicious personal references to any TV; the humor should be based on the TV's actions and the things which befall him in the course of human events.

Address all items to: D. Rhodes, care of the Abbe de Choisy Press, P.O. Box 4053, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. If the contributor wishes, his item will be identified any way he wishes — with his nom de femme or any pseudonym he designates.

views / reviews

THE GILBERT BOOKLETS :: Reviewed by D. Rhodes

The so-called "Gilbert" booklets are among the most interesting and intriguing examples of modern American transvestic writing. At the same time, there seems to be no definitive guide to these works and not much in the way of accurate knowledge about them.

Four such booklets have been published. They take their name from the signature of the illustrator. No credit ever appears for the author at all, and many readers assume that writer and artist are identical.

They are not.

Gilbert was apparently the signature used by some hack artist employed by the purveyors of slick, salacious flagellation and fetishistic materials sold throughout the nation in little gangster-run shops specializing in nude photos and sexy novels.

Among transvestites, however, the works signed Gilbert have acquired special interest because of the fact that the author is unquestionably a talented writer with precisely that type of TV imagination calculated to grip the fantasies of most transvestites. In short, the writer is obviously himself a transvestic day-dreamer of a particular sort.

The particular sort here is that of the petticoat-punishment addict.

In youth, and perhaps in the start of many transvestite's lives, petticoat punishment — that is, the enforced wearing of frilly girls' garments by a boy as a form of chastisement — is perhaps a strong factor in the start of his career. Not in reality, for in reality this form of punishment is now very rare, dating, as it does back to Victorian customs primarily in England, but in the fantasy-excuse of the boy who is driven by his own self-compulsion to dress in the garments of the opposite sex. Hence, when later on the TV encounters one of these booklets, presenting in all its exquisite agony the written and visual presentation of the fantasy, he is hooked. For a while, anyway.

The four pamphlets are fairly uniform in appearance. A page or crowded half-page of story and one clear line-drawing of a scene from that page. Three pamphlets are complete and run to about forty-eight so-called "chapters" each. The fourth pamphlet was never published in its entirety.

The man who wrote the Gilbert pamphlets is the same person whose biography and six-year-old photo appears in Dr. Cauldwell's book on transvestism (taken from Sexology articles of ten or more years ago) under the signature of "F.X.Y." He is also the person whose photo appeared in an early issue of Transvestia under the name of Nancy of New Hampshire.

He is now in his middle sixties, more or less retired, and still living in New England. He has a fairly wide correspondence under a variety of signatures and contributes regularly to the Canadian newspaper, Justice Weekly, in the form of long petticoat-punishment anecdotal letters signed by many names but usually associated with the antics of a Mrs. Watson, a presumed Englishwoman who is raising her twenty-year-old son in the pantalettes and petticoats of a twelve-year-old girl.

According to "F.X.Y.," the four pamphlets were written a dozen years ago for a publisher in New Jersey. They have gone into a variety of pirated printings, have appeared in mutilated editions, in photo-offset editions, and are currently sometimes available in the form of packets of glossy photos of the illustrations alone — or sometimes with the text included.

MEMOIRS IN A PINK MIRROR is the first of these. This is the story of a young boy of twelve whose father entrusts him to the tender mercies of a strict stepmother. Almost at once he is forced into frilly dresses and petticoats and ends up in a peculiar school where boys and girls are dressed alike and taught to be proper young ladies.

ADVENTURES IN PETTICOATS is the second book. Almost like the first, the boy takes to his skirts with delight and meets other boys in similar circumstances, goes out into the world, grows up a bit, but always is close to petticoated pleasures.

TRANSFORMED is the third booklet and the one never published in full. It appears as a booklet by "the Utopian Press" and begins slower than the other, with a boy also left with a lady guardian who has a daughter of the same age. This book lays a heavy stress on flagellation, but it ends in the middle of the tale when the boy is at last forced to wear the clothes of a girl's school to which he is being sent. Recently, a series of photo-offset illustrations (without text) appeared which reveals the balance of the story, his adventures at the girl's school, etc. But a letter from "F.X.Y." says that a second complete novel was written as a follow-up to TRANSFORMED, but it was never published and is presumed lost.

The fourth and perhaps least of the booklets is PANTY RAIDERS which deals with college boys caught in the act of panty-raiding by the strict housemother of the girl's dorm -- and you can guess the rest.



"Yes, yes ... What I'm trying to say, young man ...
You're in the wrong office!"



Felicity Chandelle
and Young Friend



Gene Stuart
Famed NY Impersonator

A quartet of photos which seem to prove that

CLOTHES DON'T ALWAYS MAKE THE MAN ...

Gail Wheeler



Alice Donnelly





This page inaugurates a regular and vitally important part of TURNABOUT — the fiction section. On mulling over the quality of most transvestic fiction, the editors were sorely tempted to leave it out of the magazine entirely. However, on reflection, we recognized the fact that a close and significant relationship exists between man's inner life and the fiction he writes — coming, as it does, from the fantasy he dreams.

We also believe that the quality of TV fiction might be improved if we, as editors, encourage it properly and if TURNABOUT, as a magazine for the transvestite's self-expression, offers it a place in which it might grow.

That this philosophy has already borne fruit is shown in the following novelet by Miss Daphne Morrissey of New York City. It will appear in serialized form in the next several issues of TURNABOUT.

We hope our readers will like it and will feel encouraged to contribute fictional writings of their own.

Grow Old Along With Me...

By Daphne Morrissey

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

-- Rabbi Ben Ezra, Browning

There has always been a close bond between my sister Elaine and myself. Our tastes and temperaments are similar, and our physical dimensions are not too far apart. She is a year older than I, pretty and rather large-boned but always well-dressed and well-groomed. Chic would, I suppose, be the most accurate description.

About twenty-five years ago, our family moved into a remodeled brownstone house on Manhattan's upper East Side. I was away at college at the time. Elaine, still in her late teens, had interrupted her formal education to "explore her potential" as she liked to describe it. The exploration up to that time had embraced the theater, a brief and unrewarding motion picture contract, a short dabble in archeology, and the current phase was pursuing studies of languages while living at home.

Elaine had been given free rein in decorating her quarters in our new home according to her desire. She had, I neglected to mention, also waded her way through a course in interior decoration in the pursuit of her self-explorations. Although I have confessed to similar tastes as my sister's, I was rather startled by the decor she had created for her new rooms when I first saw them completed during my Easter vacation from college.

I don't believe the style could be traced to a decorator's catalogue -- if it could, it might possibly be referred to as "bizarre feminine." I don't mean to imply that it was tasteless or garish; it was simply feminine to an extreme. I will try to do it justice with as accurate a description as I am able to recall.

In the new home, Elaine and I shared the top floor. I was situated at the front of the house in a large bedroom - living room with a gigantic studio window. It was comfortably and handsomely furnished in masculine style with dark browns, russets, and golds predominating. A small bathroom adjoined. The central area of the house was occupied by a stairwell with a hallway along one side. Across this passageway was the door to Elaine's suite.

As you entered, you found yourself at the end of a short hall with a doorway on either side and one at the far end. The door next to the right was to the bathroom. A glass-enclosed tub stood at one end, next to which were racks lavishly embellished with newly initialled towels. Shelves lined the opposite

wall with a host of tantalizing aromas seeping gently from the tops of perfume and cologne bottles, powder boxes, jars of complexion creams, and assorted varieties of hair preparations and scented soaps.

The door to the left in the hall led to a combination library and dressing room. One part of the small room seemed devoted substantially to the intellect, with a small desk and row upon row of shelves which housed books embracing every conceivable subject. The other side of the room was reserved exclusively for the enhancement of physical charms. A ruffle-skirted dressing table with paneled mirrors was the setting for a wondrous assortment of makeup. Beside it stood a small glass-topped table, its shelves chock full of additional supplies designed for beautification.

A small door opened off the rear of the study into the bedroom, which could also be reached through the door at the end of the hall. The first time one made his entrance into the bedroom was a rather amazing experience. There was an aura of other-worldliness. The walls were painted a kind of off-white mixed with silver, and as one walked about the room, he became conscious of a silvery writing as if written by a giant hand.

At no point could all of the written phrases be read, but as different portions of the wall were hit by different beams of light, a phrase would become distinctly discernible. All of the writings were things which had given Elaine pleasure in life: Brief quotations from favorite poems, titles of books or music, places she had visited.

The entire wall on the left side of the room was one gigantic mirror. Standing about two feet in front of it and centered on that wall was the head of the bed, which was the focal point of the room. The mattress was about a foot off the floor, and a canopy with outside dimensions the same as the bed's was suspended from the ceiling with lights installed above it to give only soft reflected illumination.

White organdy streamed from every side of the canopy, enclosing the bed in a cloud of white. Entry to the bed could be obtained by pulling drawstrings at one corner. At each of the corners, about waist-high, a life-sized artificial bluebird held the gathered overflow of organdy which trailed across the white-carpeted floor, ending in large glass marbles. A chaise longue, richly upholstered in a lustrous white satin, stood near the foot of the bed. Beside it was a small end-table with a telephone, ashtray, and cigarette box.

A fireplace centered the wall at the foot of the bed, with small white angels supporting a carved mantelpiece. On either side stood a delicately carved white chest, each containing an intriguing variety of silken lingerie and topped by a dainty porcelain figurine and a lamp, its shade having a punctured design to send forth small sparkling shafts of light. The end walls of the house was broken by a series of windows, ornate with diaphanous white curtains and heavier white satin draperies

The last remaining feature of Elaine's suite was a walk-in

closet at the corner of the bedroom. A full-length mirror was hung on the inside of the door. Two of the walls were crammed with hangers laden with tempting styles of all description for year-around wear.

Hats perched on their individual stands on the shelves above. And the third side contained shelves holding boxes of accessories to complete the most exacting costume.

Small preoccupations with things feminine had stalked my conscience for years. Some lingering yearning, unexpressed and unfulfilled, was bound to bubble to the surface one day, despite the accompanying fears and misgivings. How many years of those familiar gnawings of desire, those craven feelings of guilt had there been? How many more were there to be? One thing now seemed to crystallize my resolve to fulfill my yearnings — Elaine's suite, so close at hand and yet so unavailable. Only time would solve this dilemma and, although I did not know it then, the time was not far off.

The following June, I graduated from college and planned some postgraduate dramatic studies in New York for the next year and a half. It was not long after I had moved into our new home that I learned Elaine was planning a year of "artistic exploration" of Europe. The fantasy I had dreamed of for so long — of converting my rather small, lithe, masculine frame into a female image — seemed finally to be on the brink of realization. The tingling excitement of anticipation mounted in intensity while awaiting the day of Elaine's departure. The night of the day she was to sail was to be my night of -- what? Fulfilment or merely hollow disillusionment? I would soon know.

The hallway crossing from my room to Elaine's now represented a moat of conscience whose trespass signified eternal damnation. On the other hand, it represented a languorous pathway to forbidden pleasures and sensuous joys I knew I must experience. The fight between desire and intellect was waged only briefly. The decision had actually been reached subconsciously many months before.

With dampened palms and trembling fingers, I crept slowly across the hall, hugging the wall away from the stairwell, and stood in the midnight darkness before Elaine's door. The house lay in a pall of silence, with my parents and the servants asleep below.

The small metallic sound of the turning latch and the minute squeak of the door on its hinges sounded in my heart like the crashing blare of a burglar alarm which must surely alert the entire household to my secret intrusion. My bare feet padded silently across the threshold. I closed the door behind me and swallowed hard to restore some moisture to my parched throat. I stood for a moment, listening intently for signs of life, but heard only the resounding beating of my heart in my straining ears. I turned on one dim light.

Although I had been in these rooms before, the present circumstances gave the place an aura of strange unreality. It was a feeling of oddness that Alice must have felt when she stepped



The First Nighter:

"A strange new feminine companion looked back at me. She was quite theatrical ... but a charming creature with whom I could now share my life."

through the looking glass — but for me there was a very special significance. A long deferred challenge had been met. The soft perfumed aromas of femininity wafted around me, and I experienced a sudden draining of strength, an overpowering desire to luxuriate in the very role I had been so carefully tutored to shun all my life. Despite an overwhelming urge to rip thing from their places and regale my eager body, a perverse sense of deliberate-ness and self-containment gained control.

With meticulous care I explored every drawer, every shelf, every cupboard, every hanger, imagining all of those things to be mine to use as I chose. I filed away small mental notes as to where particularly delightful articles of lingerie were stored, which stockings might be used without detection, which of the dresses I could most likely fit into, what makeup would be suitable. Among my most exciting discoveries was what first appeared to be a plumber's tool kit pushed to the rear of the bathroom cupboard. I flipped off the cover and pulled the jointed tray off the top, folding it back on the cover.

Here was a complete professional makeup kit, a vital tool of Elaine's theatrical career, the existence of which I had no knowledge until now. Surely I would have all the ingredients I could possibly wish for to make my transformation completely authentic.

My familiarization tour was simply a tantalizing prelude to that first delicious experiment. How often had I dreamed of finding myself one day in precisely these circumstances? The blissful actuality was so unreal as to seem still a dream. I wandered about from one room to the next, savoring my delight in a kind of numb, ecstatic haze.

Having selected the sheerest of lingerie and the most restrictive of undergarments, I had clothed myself in a full-length white sharkskin housecoat, trimmed in gold, with a matching pair of white silk mules threaded artistically with gold. I had achieved what authenticity I was then capable of through the rather lavish use of the contents of the makeup kit. Combing a few curling wisps across my forehead, I draped and swathed a long white scarf around my head and shoulders. The effect, enhanced, of course, by the addition of earrings, necklaces, bracelet, and rings, was beyond the most optimistic picture I had been able to conjure in anticipation. I had, in fact, rather dreaded seeing a vulgar effemination of my male self. To my gratified astonishment, I had managed to eradicate the boy I knew and met each day shaving.

A strange new feminine companion looked querulously back at me. She was quite theatrical, I had to confess to myself, but not only eminently satisfactory but also a charming creature with whom I could now share my life. I revelled in her company, unable to take my eyes off her as she glided happily back and forth, assimilating her identity with the lovely surroundings. It was near dawn before I could gather the fortitude to destroy this creature and drag my wearied remains back to my room for the removal of the last vestiges of femininity.

The impact of that first night was, of course, no hollow disillusionment but rather an inducement to further indulgence.

The presence of strange fasteners in unusual places ... the sensation of luxurious textures against flesh accustomed to coarser fabrics ... the satisfaction of restrictive pressures creating more delectable contours ... the sight of a new and attractive feminine face conjured up from boxes, bottles, sticks, and tubes ... all added up to a sense of satisfaction and alluring contentment. It was not long before I knew precisely which drawers contained those goodies I could safely wear without stretching or ripping, which gowns would envelop my body without undue strain, which shoes my chastised feet could bear. There were infinite varieties of changes to be explored, abundant assortments of costumes to lavish on a long-deprived masculine frame.

This indoctrination course brought other changes as well. The alluring strangeness of my new attire gave way to a most appealing familiarity and a far greater ease of bearing when my transformation was completed.

An odd pattern also developed. No matter what outfit I enjoyed or however many changes I made, I would finish each session of dressing by changing into the costume of that first night. It became a symbolic ritual which I have never been able to explain.

The indulgence of my "hobby" was pursued with greed. Each day that followed Elaine's departure was an eternity of preoccupation with the anticipation of darkness and the reappearance of my feminine counterpart. I gradually learned to curb the length of time that I would permit the existence of this new creature. It became quite obvious that the greater part of the night could not be sacrificed, on a regular basis, to her demands on me. Periodically, I compelled myself to ignore her naggings so that I might restore my vitality with sleep.

I was almost equally fascinated with the daily pursuit of my dramatic classes. In the initial stages of the course, we covered theater history and dramatic theory, but soon we embarked upon experimental acting, the projecting of moods and characters through the presentation of one-act skits and scenes.

Then, quite unexpectedly, a project which surpassed the wildest play of my imagination was assigned one day. Boys and girls were paired off and assigned to prepare a scene in which the roles were reversed — "to challenge your versatility" was the cryptic explanation of our teacher.

My partner, a girl named Gloria, was a serious-looking brunette with straight, pageboy-style hair. Her looks had fascinated me since the first day I had seen her. She was slightly taller than I, even in her customary "flats." The most striking feature of her provocative face was her doe-like eyes set above high cheekbones, which gave her countenance an oriental cast.

The preparation of our project over the next two weeks was unalloyed joy. I had all I could do to keep from showing my over-eagerness for the role I was to play. Gloria and I had selected a scene from "Two for the Seesaw." Because of her obligation to her mother, with whom she lived alone and who was an invalid confined to a wheelchair, it was agreed that our

rehearsals would take place at her apartment. At the beginning of the second week, I brought a complete male outfit for her to wear, and she selected a costume for me from her own personal effects. I had been understandably eager for that day when we would begin our dress rehearsals. It was to be the first time I had ever dressed as a girl with anyone else present. Gloria's mother had been most helpful to us, giving us encouragement and dissipating our self-consciousness by praising our efforts all during our rehearsals.

Gloria had chosen a simple, full-skirted paisley shirtwaist dress for me -- one printed in pale blues and greens "to complement your eyes," she told me in mocking tones. In order that we both might project ourselves into our roles as completely as possible, we had decided to fully dress the parts. I was sent to their small bathroom to don the underclothing, while Gloria did the same in the bedroom which she shared with her mother.

While her mother helped Gloria bind her rather boyish bosom, I was discovering a rather exhilarating pleasure in attiring myself in her most personal unmentionables. Although she had never found the need for one herself, Gloria had obtained a long-line waist-cincher for me — "to give you a more feminine waistline," she told me. I had stuffed my socks into the brassiere, as I had always done at home, but when I emerged from the bathroom, Gloria removed these and replaced them with a pair of falsies which she had also bought for me, because of the greater degree of authenticity they would provide.

My initial embarrassment at appearing before these women was soon dispelled by their common earnestness in the job of making both of our transformations believable. After making some minor adjustments in the bra-straps and pulling the wrinkles out of the stockings by tightening their fastenings to the girdle -- a procedure which I had intentionally overlooked -- I was attired in the dress.

Gloria then sat me before her dressing table and I watched intently as she applied makeup to my face. It all looked so simple as she did it. In half the time it usually took me to do this job she was finished and the results far exceeded any of my own experiments at home. Her mother then took over and produced a chignon from her bureau drawer. The hairpiece blended in quite well with my own hair coloring. She commented on how fortunate it was that it matched so well and that I wore my hair rather long.

Having added the chignon to my hair with the aid of bobby-pins, she blended my wavy hair into the piece with some deft strokes of a comb and arranged a most convincing coiffure into a becoming hairstyle. I gazed with self-satisfied amazement at the reflection before me with an obvious expression of pleasure. I seemed to be hypnotized momentarily by my own image, and, when my eyes shifted upward, I saw Gloria looking in the mirror at me and detected a fleeting expression of amusement cross her usually impassive face.

"Why, Gittel Mosca, you certainly do look most attractive



The Thespians:

"I had been so absorbed in my own transformation into femininity that I had scarcely realized that Gloria, all traces of makeup removed, had changed completely too. The result was an oddly handsome young man"

and excitingly feminine this evening." Her voice was cool, and I could sense her disapproval of a job too well done.

This threw me temporarily off balance, but I came back to reality and to the realization that Gloria had called me by the name of the character I was to play in our scene. What an unattractive name it was in contrast to the lovely creature which Gloria had created!

"You're mighty handsome yourself, Jerry Ryan," I replied, "but you'd best either have a haircut or tuck some of those wispy hairs of yours back into place." I had been so absorbed in my own transformation that I had scarcely realized that Gloria, all traces of makeup removed, had changed completely, too. The result was an oddly handsome young man — perhaps more like a young boy with a hint of oriental parentage created by slightly slanted eyes and a beardless face.

I urged Gloria to use a bit of makeup to produce the suggestion of a beard and to pencil in a few lines to harden and masculinize her face. Once this was done, we made a more believable couple — as Gloria's mother was quick to comment. My only source of regret was having to wear a pair of Gloria's flats. We'd agreed that it would be better to maintain the slight height advantage which Gloria already had over me.

From that point onward, rehearsals proceeded with greater ease. Feminine lines emerged more smoothly from a feminine mouth, and Gloria seemed to assume more masculine authority in her part. The week passed too quickly. Each evening after classes, we returned to Gloria's apartment and rehearsed in full costume — smoothing down the rough edges until we were satisfied that our performances were as convincing as we could make them. Gloria's mother was interested enough to be helpfully critical, and she too put her stamp of approval on our work.

During the following week, our class periods were consumed by each of the couples presenting the scenes they had selected. Gloria and I had been scheduled for the early part of the week. We knew, both from our own self-evaluation and from the enthusiastic applause we had received, that our presentation had been the best by far. I became most aware of the other boys' transformations and, as the week went by, it became quite clear that Gloria's job on me had been easily the most convincing.

Gloria seemed disturbed by this development, and, as fellow students had come to nickname me "Git" — after Gittel — she acted cooler and cooler toward me. I thought it unwise to speak to her directly about it and soon concluded that she felt a revulsion to the obvious pleasure I had demonstrated in the part of Gittel Mosca.

We received the highest credits in the class for our scene, but the loss of my association with Gloria struck me as a high price to pay. When I attempted to return the waist-cincher and falsies, she pushed them back into my hands, telling me that she was sure that I had more use for them than she did. I could only mumble my thanks and console myself that she at least had the decency to confine what she'd learned about me to herself.



The First Wig:

"There can be no more thrilling moment — except, perhaps, the first tremendous step into femininity — than the first glimpse of one's feminine self completed and fulfilled by that first hairpiece."

During this two-week episode at school, I had not found any need to pursue my dressing at night in Elaine's rooms. Now that the scene was over, I returned to my previous schedule, eager to apply the makeup knowledge I had gleaned from Gloria. I sorely missed the enhancement of the picture provided by the chignon, and I decided that at the next opportunity I would obtain a wig.

As with everything else which one has a burning desire for, the economic practicality of the matter almost immediately faded away. I screwed up my courage as well as my budget and headed for an establishment where I was assured of perfect discretion before selecting the style of my choice and was measured meticulously for the crowning glory which was to be mine.

That stalking ghost, anticipation, seized me once more. The tingling feeling which precedes the actual experience became unbearable as I awaited the completion of my blonde pageboy with the soft wave across the forehead. The golden day finally came, but an eternity seemed to stand between the time I picked up my prize new possession and the dark security of midnight.

There can be no more thrilling moment — except perhaps the first tremendous step into femininity — than the first glimpse of one's feminine self completed and fulfilled by donning that first hairpiece. The long, softly falling tresses perfectly frame and complete the picture; subtle ends of wispy hair caress the forehead and cheeks, imparting sensations hitherto unknown. The disguise seemed to me now to be complete — I was no longer myself at all but a fascinating female who had secretly stolen her way onto the premises and now shared the top floor of our house on equal terms with Elaine and me.

Familiarity breeds contempt, they say. While this may certainly not be said to apply to my relationship with those beloved clothes, the contempt which was brewing in me was with regard to security. The carefully contrived logistics which applied to my initial forays into my sister's domain gave way in a few short weeks to a spirit of recklessness, and abandonment of caution, and — I suppose — even a haughty indifference. My careful top-floor blackout was abandoned, and I also took to wandering regally across the hallway, permitting a breath of feminine charm to grace the masculine domain of the top floor.

It was no more than a week after I had acquired my wig when I came down to breakfast one morning and, immediately upon entering the dining room, experienced the sensation that something was different from usual. Gustav, our Swedish butler, was waiting my arrival, as always.

Customarily, I was the first one at the breakfast table and was usually about finished and ready to leave for classes before my parents joined me. I had become quite friendly with both Gustav and his wife, Greta, our cook, and I enjoyed Gustav particularly for his sense of humor. Today there was a sly, bemused expression on Gustav's face when I sat down, an expression I had no familiarity with up to this time.

"Good morning, princess," Gustav said.

I felt as though he had slapped me in the face and fought, in vain, to suppress the deep redness which I felt mounting in my cheeks. Avoiding his eyes, I managed to mumble a response to his salutation. I busied myself hurriedly, directing a badly aimed spoon at my grapefruit. I barged through the carefully cut segments and was served some bacon and eggs, which I plunged into at once.

And then a second shock hit me.

As I reached for a drink of milk, I saw that in place of the usual cut-glass goblet, there was a plain, cylindrical glass of the variety that commercial jellies are sold in. It was one of a series which a chain store was promoting with pictures taken from "Alice in Wonderland" painted on its sides.

This particular glass had a picture of the Blue Fairy — with the name inscribed beneath the figure.

This time I felt the blood drain from my face and, indeed, my bones seemed to melt within my body.

There could be but one explanation. With my new-found bravado, I had become so careless as to allow myself to be seen crossing the hall the night before. Gustav must have been in the lower hall and had caught a glimpse of my escapade.

My only thought was to bolt the remainder of my breakfast down and leave the table to be cleared before the arrival of my parents. But the uppermost concern in my mind was how far Gustav had disseminated his discovery.

Certainly he had revealed it to his wife; but he could not have had the opportunity of saying anything to my family as yet. I yelled a perfunctory goodbye up the stairwell to my parents and fled the house.

The thought that Gustav would reveal my secret to my mother and father was more than I could face. I could only pray for his discretion.

((To be continued in the))
((July issue of TURNABOUT))

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POSTAL INSPECTORS, PLEASE TAKE NOTE ...

" ... to determine whether a work of art or literature is obscene has little, if anything, to do with the expedition or efficiency with which the mails are dispatched." — Judge Clark, Circuit Judge, speaking for the court in the case of *Grove vs. Christenberry* in the matter of Lady Chatterly's Lover, March 25, 1960.



In the sense that TVs are special people, their buying and service needs are also specialized. Thus, the editors of TURNABOUT are establishing a section of the magazine aimed at putting TVs in touch with those who sell goods and offer services to the transvestite in an atmosphere of sympathy and understanding, rather than mere tolerance or thinly masked hostility.

Part of the section will be devoted to editorial descriptions of the goods and services offered by advertisers as well as by others who show professionalism and courtesy in meeting the TVs' wants. The bulk of the section will be allotted to paid advertising. Only those individuals or firms who have shown willingness and ability to cater to the TV's requisites of privacy, confidentiality, and discretion will be able to buy advertising space in TURNABOUT.

Miss Helen Lancaster, known among the New York TV crowd as one of the best friends the TV has, offers costume-making and shopping services for TVs, whether they live in town or out of town. Her studio has become a gathering place, a haven for the weary and footsore TV who is out dressed and on the town, and a place where one can usually find a sympathetic ear.

Marie's wigmaking services are also available to in- and out-of-towners and include styling, setting, and repairs. And Bette-Dee comes highly recommended as an electrologist for TVs.

J. Carroll's candid photography talents are widely known in the TV community — and feared by some of us who have a habit of getting too nonchalant when we are a la femme. He shot many of the photos on pages 18, 24, and 31 of this issue.

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