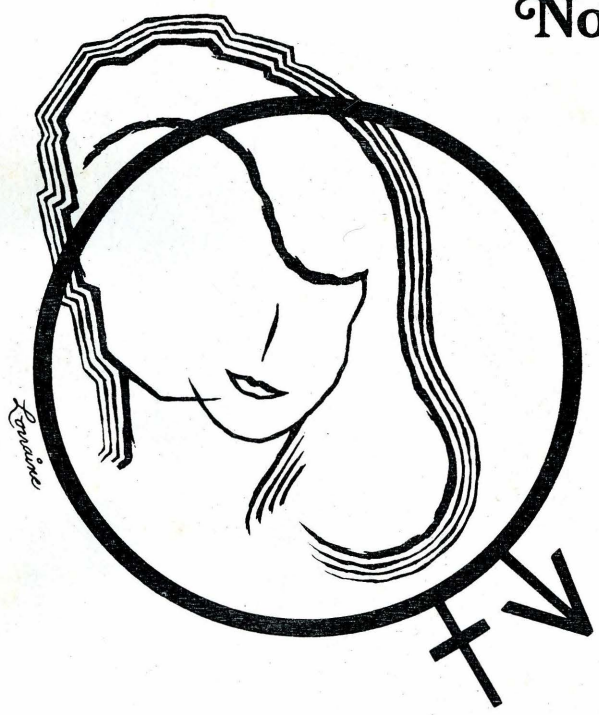


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# TURNABOUT

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A MAGAZINE OF TRANSVESTISM



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In order to achieve the greatest physical and emotional rewards out of our interest in transvestism, all of us have two basic questions that must be answered: why are we transvestites, and what do we really want to do about it.

Neither question can have a general broad answer that will fit each of us, of course. As individuals, we are as different in our feelings about this deeply emotional subject as we are in our minds and in our bodies. What is true for one of us is certain not to be the whole answer for another. Honest soul-searching within ourselves, and uninhibited discussion among trusted friends, can help each of us discover some answers to these fundamental problems that often haunt our lives.

Taking the second question first, there are two possible and mutually exclusive general answers. We may wish to abolish our need to dress in feminine clothing completely from our lives, and become "normal" in our emotional needs and demands. Or we may wish to ignore conventional, "straight" attitudes, and strive to enjoy our differentness to the utmost. If we make this latter decision, it will, of course, lead us off into many further decisions and alternatives.

If through fear of discovery and subsequent humiliation, or some frightening and traumatic experience, we feel that it would be worth almost any sacrifice to be able to eliminate transvestism from our souls, this can sometimes be accomplished. Sheer will-power can rarely succeed. No matter how hard we decide not to give in to these demands from deep within our psyche, it is almost certain that they will continue to plague us. The need to



transform our bodies and wear exotic feminine clothing will continue to arise from time to time with irresistible force and we will succumb. Each time that we give in to the demands of our compulsion means that our determination is weakened and there is less likelihood of eventual success. The mind can rarely control the heart.

In their efforts to escape the internal guilt and confusion that haunts them, many transvestites seek professional help on the psychiatric couch. The fact that they are actively seeking help and are paying large sums of money to conquer the feelings that make them different from most other people, can make these transvestites feel better at least temporarily. They are trying to change, so they need not feel so guilty. Being to bare one's soul completely to a sympathetic and understanding psychiatrist, gives one the feeling that he is not so terribly alone in his seemingly insurmountable problems.

Unfortunately, psychiatry does not seem to have a good track-record of curing us. There have been cases where the need for cross-dressing has been eliminated, but the percentage of cases cured and the ultimate happiness of the patient are discouraging statistics. The only real help seems to be that the transvestite has a knowledgeable and trustworthy person with whom to talk about his problem.

The only lasting cures, if they can truly be so labelled, occur after the subject has endured some really terrible and traumatic experience, usually at the hands of the law or of some cruel and sadistic enemy. Such an experience may make the victim so frightened of discovery in the future that he abandons all active participation in transvestism of any sort, but his desires and urges are still present, simmering beneath the surface, although he dares not express them outwardly. The fact that he has no feminine clothing hidden away in his closet, and that he never again wears panties or a garter-belt does not mean that he has been cured of the desire to do so. In fact, being deprived of his satisfactions may only result in greater unhappiness for him.

If the decision is to go along with our socially unacceptable desires, and enjoy the emotional rewards of transvestism to the limits of our ability, there are still several roads we may travel. One man may remain a "closet-queen" for his whole life; Another may become a public-appearing transvestite solely to satisfy his own needs; a third may make public appearances to attract others in some way and for some purpose; and finally, a transvestite may wish to go all the way and become a trans-sexual.

The "closet-queen" is probably the most common form of transvestism, although not the most socially visible type, since he operates only in the privacy of his own home. His interest is usually only in sleek and dainty feminine underwear, nylon hose and garterbelt, bra, and sometimes high-heeled shoes and some outer clothing. Behind locked doors of his furnished room, bachelor apartment, or sumptuous home, he brings out his secret cache of seductive feminine finery and puts it on. A large mirror is necessary so that reflected images can help his hands and body appreciate his transformation.

This is almost always a solo performance, forming a powerful emotional build-up to overt sexual excitement. Occasionally two closet-queens who know and trust each other may get together for this. They compare and admire themselves and each other, but it is still basically a solo activity. Rarely do they bother with the external accoutrements of female clothing, and never do they consider going out for public appearances.

As their hands and eyes study the effects they are creating, they think of their actions and reactions as being sensually appreciative of their pseudo-feminine roles. Actually their feelings are frankly erotic, rather than sensuous in the broad sense. They are building up by this exotic fore-play to sexual release. This release is almost always achieved by masturbation, rather than by heterosexual or homosexual activity. If two transvestites are present on the scene, each is concerned only with



his own body and pleasure. There is no love expressed between them; each is concerned only in reacting to the female he has created of himself. The man is responding to a woman, but the woman is himself as created by his transvestism.

The transvestite who makes occasional excursions in public in his feminine disguise but with no attempt to attract attention to himself, is the next type we will consider. His main concern seems to be to prove to himself that his masquerade is superficially good enough to pass general public inspection. He endeavors to maintain a so-called "low-profile", so that neither casual passers-by, the law, nor possible potential partners will be aware of his deceit. His clothing will obviously proclaim him a female, but will not be exotic or seductive enough to attract detailed interest from anyone. There will be the thrill of possible danger, a thrill that accompanies many forms of sexual behaviour, but this transvestite scores it a victory if he is able to escape detection and notice. A solo trip to a movie or dinner at a neighborhood restaurant, may satisfy his need for adventure. A few drinks at a local bar, or even at a "gay" bar would be the limit of his interest and daring.

Safe at home later, the excitement of the danger and risk, combined with the erotic stimulation of his exotic feminine undergarments, will suffice to bring him to rewarding release of physical and emotional tensions by masturbation. It may be weeks before he again feels the need to venture forth into public to prove his success at feminizing himself.

These two types which we have discussed are usually basically heterosexual in their approaches to love and sex. Many of them are successfully married and the fathers of children. Their interests in transvestism may be a closely guarded secret from their spouse, or, more rarely, may be accepted by the wives as a mere behavioural oddity of no real importance. They may be capable of, and may strongly enjoy, a vigorous heterosexual married life, with only occasional excursions into our oddity.





Quite another person, with wholly different motivation, is the exotically clad and boldly seductive transvestite who appears in public, especially in gay bars. In every possible way, from the inside out, he strives to hide his masculinity and emphasize his femininity. He wants attention and approval from all who see him, and often he makes no real effort to hide the fact that his whole appearance is a deception.

In many cases this false female, with all her flaunted feminine allures, is seeking to attract males on both an emotional and physical basis. In this group are most of the "flaming queens" who make up the popular concept of what a transvestite is. Their appeal and their needs are basically homosexual. By seductive disguise that is flagrantly artificial they hope their assumed femaleness will attract males of the type who will appreciate them. Some even want to attract normal heterosexual males by offering substitute activities in place of the intercourse a girl could provide. This allows the transvestite to give vent to his passive femininity in a way that is emotionally rewarding to him.

The classic claim of the ultimate transvestite, the trans-sexual, is that he has a woman trapped in a man's body. This person is willing and eager to go to any lengths, including injections and major surgery, to become as close as possible to the woman he feels he really is. By persistence and the investment of considerable sums of money over the course of several years, it is often amazing what a transformation can be achieved. Glamorous and daintily seductive feminine underwear, plus flesh-and-blood breasts, a slim waist above pleasantly rounded hips, give all the feminine attributes of a girl, beardless and with smooth hairless limbs. And when seen naked, there is no sign of former male genitalis; instead there is a pelvis that is visually and functionally female. The trans-sexual cannot bear children, of course, but can provide a husband with everything else that a real girl could for his entertainment.

Thus we have briefly outlined the several avenues that we can travel in connection with our transvestism.. These vary from infrequent solo sessions of dressing in a few feminine items of clothing, to going all-out in having the body changed to fit the soul. Each of us must make our own decision, based on all the factors involved in each individual case. The extent and direction of one's desires are the only guide to what we will do about them. Difficult as it may be, we must each decide our own fate. Do we want only an occasional solo session? Or do we want to make transvestism into a whole way of life?

Having sketched out the many possibilities, let us try to analyze the causes. Each case is different, but there are several general categories that account for many individuals. Unless we are to assume that transvestism is an inborn, genetically acquired characteristic, like red hair or blue eyes, it would seem that most of us can ascribe our feelings to one or more of the following: guilt, jealousy, fetish substitution, or fear.

In some strange way guilt is often found associated with transvestism. We do not mean guilt as the result of dressing in our feminine finery, not guilt in the sense of fear of being discovered. We mean guilt as a cause of our being different in our emotional needs from the average, garden-variety American voter.

Victorian hypocrisy implanted in our consciences and souls by narrow-minded, church-going parents during childhood can be one cause of this sometimes crippling guilt. By that old-fashioned standard of morals, now proven so dangerously narrow and un-naturally inhibiting, the female was pictured as pure, passive, righteous, and destined to submit dutifully to the cruel, bestial sexual demands of a dominant husband.

By these obsolete but still active standards, the male's animalistic concern with the needs of the body, rather than with the holier precepts of the soul, made the average normal male seem a veritable devil of insatiable lusts. In comparison with the pure, angelic, disembodied





and spiritual female who was meant to have no interest in sex or passion, the male was depicted as practically a slaving fiend. To be sure of getting to heaven, one should deny the demands of the body and cultivate the beauty of the soul. Is it any wonder that many boys grew into men with a severe built-in sense of guilt as a result of their completely natural and normal drives and instincts. In fact, if everyone had really accepted and believed the moral precepts of the times, it is a wonder that any girl ever consented to get married. The fact that marriage persisted and children were born of wedlock is living proof that Nature will win out in spite of all the obstacles that the righteous and godly try to put in the way.

Under these conditions it is no wonder that some men sought to avoid the guilt of carnality by imitating as much as possible the alleged high-minded and spiritual purity ascribed to females. They were guilt-ridden by the power of their own lusts, so they adopted the female role in order to escape from their own nature.

When we speak of jealousy as a motivating factor in the development of transvestism, we may have to search into the individual's earliest childhood for the traumatic incident or attitude. To an infant or very young child, love and life and food are synonymous. Without love and its equivalent in care and food, any tiny animal, including man, will die. The child will go to any extremes to get the love and acceptance which mean life.

If the mother seems to show preference for a girl, over a boy, the boy feels threatened. The only way he feels he can protect himself is by imitating the preferred child, the girl. Since imitation is the highest form of flattery, the small boy may even be trying to copy the source of love and life for him, his mother. This deep emotional involvement with a mother-figure, even in the child's maturity, is found in many sexual variations, as thinly disguised substitutions for unacceptable earlier incestuous urges toward the mother.



Since the time of Freud, many emotional problems in females have been blamed on some variation of the idea of "penis envy". We transvestites would seem to have our problems coming from just the opposite of this. We have been born with a penis, and are now striving to eliminate it so that we may successfully imitate the female in as many ways as possible.

Another factor that seems to be involved in many cases of transvestite interest is masochism. This means that the person get emotional, even directly sexual, pleasure out of being hurt or humiliated. In many sadistic-masochistic relationships, one way that the masochistic male can be humiliated and degraded is by forcing him to wear effeminate costumes. In this way the dominant character (either male or female) forces the slave to deny his manhood and become a servile second-rate human.

In actual use by transvestites, most feminine garments can produce actual pain in emotionally significant areas, as well as humiliation. High-heeled shoes are so un-natural for the human foot that to a person unaccustomed to them, they can be severely painful. A waist-cinch used to give a more feminine hour-glass outline to the body, can be laced in so tight that breathing becomes difficult and circulation is impaired.

For the transvestite who wears a tight panty-girdle to hold his genitals pressed snugly up into his crotch, there can be little doubt that some masochism is being demonstrated. Not only is he vigorously denying his manhood, but he is willingly subjecting himself to considerable discomfort in hiding his true sex.

One must not get the idea that this sex-linked pain is objectionable to the masochist. Actually a fairly high level of pain can be very exciting to him, especially in sensitive and emotionally significant areas such as the genitals. The expression, "It hurts so good" is a true statement of these feelings. The sensations of helplessness, constriction, and pain are often essential to erotic pleasure in these cases.







We have mentioned that some masochists feel degraded and humiliated by being forced to dress in feminine clothing. This is because for so many generations women were considered to be almost second-class people, and weaker intellectually as well as physically. This is the attitude that Women's Lib activists are fighting against so vigorously. The fact that so-called female clothing indicates an inferior person in our society, is the reason that the idea of unisex garments is being pushed so hard by some avant-garde elements of our culture.

These ideas, of course, are diametrically opposed to what we transvestites are striving for. Our goal is to imitate the physically ideal woman as much as possible. Long hair, bold high breasts, slim waist, rounded hips, long tapering revealed legs, high heels, - all these which we try to achieve or imitate are our way of worshipping womanhood, the unattainable mother of us all. The concept of Unisex in clothing is wholly distasteful and meaningless to us. The more obviously different the two sexes are, the more rewarding our transvestism becomes to us.

In the matter of fetish-substitution we sometimes encounter strangely confusing feelings. A fetish is when we substitute one part of an emotionally important object for the whole. A man may be as erotically turned on by a pair of girl's panties as he should be by the whole girl. Or long feminine hair, or high-heeled shoes, may be as exciting for the fetishist as a girl with those attributes would normally be. The confusion comes about when the man is wearing the exciting feminine garments himself.

Obviously he knows that he is not really a girl. Equally obviously he is not turned on by himself without the feminine clothing. The emotional chaos comes when he tries to rationalize his extreme excitement while wearing these garments. Is he in love with the substitute girl? Or is he in love with himself? Would these same clothes on a real girl be exciting? Or on a man? And what about a real girl without the fetish clothes?



Another point to mention as we try to sort out the emotional background responsible for our intense feelings about transvestism, is what feminine clothing does for and to us on a practical basis. Wigs, ear-rings, bracelets, form-fitting garments, a waist-cinch, nylon hose, and high heels all tend to limit our activities. Even a skirt is more restricting than trousers, effectively controlling our more violent and vigorous actions. Does this sometimes mean that we want these restraints on our bodies because we fear what we might do if our desires and bodies were given free rein?

A transvestite costume that includes a short skirt or tight slacks, or hot-pants type of shorts, always requires that the man wear a snug and constricting panty-girdle to disguise and hide his male genitals. Could there possibly be a more effective chastity belt than a strong elasticized panty-girdle? I think not. By eagerly wearing this garment we are in effect limiting and controlling any exercise or expression of our violent male passions or lusts. We know how potentially dangerous these carnal desires can be so we willingly frustrate them by holding our genitals tightly captive.

It is completely futile for a man to get an erection while wearing a panty-girdle, so this chastity-belt keeps him safe from the fears and dangers that his unrestrained desires might bring upon him. As an ersatz woman, he does not have to worry about normal male aggressiveness in erotic circumstances.

In closing this discussion of some of the factors that may influence our transvestism, we only wish to point out that the more we all understand about ourselves and our desires, the better we will be able to enjoy them to the fullest in every rewarding way. Good luck.

The sign over the store window announced "Stage Costumes Boutique - All Sizes Available" and the display consisted of many glamorous and exotic items of intimate feminine apparel. Two young men, complete strangers to each other, were studying the display with intense interest. One young man glanced quickly over at the other and then turned his attention guiltily back to the displayed lingerie. The second man was peripherally aware of having been inspected and then he, too, gave a brief searching glance at the first onlooker before returning his gaze to the contents of the window.

After a couple of more minutes of intense, lip-licking study of the frothy frivolous garments, the first man took half a step toward the other and said casually, "Girls sure got to wear some really way-out things, don't they?"

The second man looked up in surprise and flashed a small tentative smile. After a moment of embarrassment at being spoken to by a stranger he murmured, "Yeah. Sure are some crazy sexy things there. You wouldn't catch a man wearing things like that, would you?"

Now the first man was frankly studying his companion for a few seconds. Looking directly into the display window he then said, "Not most men, I guess. But maybe some."

The second man now looked up, his face showing pleasure and hope. He gestured vaguely to the sign and said slowly, "It says they have all sizes of those beautiful things. If a man was interested, that is."

Now the two young men were frankly studying each other, each wondering how much he dared reveal on such short notice. They both knew that too much frankness too soon could be extremely dangerous in many ways. The first man decided to gamble and said, jerking his thumb toward the displayed garments, "Some of those things there sure would look and feel terrific on a person, wouldn't they?"





"On a girl," replied the second young man, and it could have been either a statement or a question, depending on how the other man might want to interpret it.

The first man took a deep breath, as if he was about to plunge into dangerous water. He smiled almost furtively and added, "Or on a man. The right man, that is."

The second young man heaved a sigh of relief and, after glancing around to make sure there was no one who could hear them, said, "Let's go to that bar down the street there and have a drink together. We may have a lot to talk about that could be very important to both of us."

Two hours later the second young man, carrying a suit-case, was ringing the doorbell of a small apartment in a very new and expensive building in a fashionable part of the city. Almost instantly the door was opened by the first young man, who was wearing a loose silk kimono over whatever underwear he had beneath it. The first young man smiled his pleasure and said, "I'm so glad you got here quickly. I was afraid you might not trust me, and might not come at all. Come in, Jackie. I can hardly wait to see the costumes you have brought. I just know they'll be so thrilling. On you. Bring your bag into the bedroom, and I'll get you a drink while we chat."

"Nothing more for me to drink, thanks, Win. I'll open my suit-case and you can look over my things. Then maybe you'll help me dress. It's so much more fun than doing it alone, isn't it?" said the second young man quietly.

It was some time later that they were standing side by side before the huge mirror in the bedroom, admiring themselves and each other. Win was wearing a babydoll pajama set of opaque white silk, with luxurious fur trim around the neckline, the armholes, and the hip-length hem. His pelvis was covered with a tiny elasticized pantie with the same fur trim around the snug leg-holes. There was a minor bulge deep between his bare thighs, where the elastic pantie tightly supported his genitals in its firm grip. On his feet were mules





of white silk, with high heels and fur pompoms near the toes. A wig of shoulder-length dark curls was on his almost crew-cut head, and expertly applied cosmetics emphasized the impression of a lovely and passionate girl. Within the top of the baby-doll set, full high breasts jutted out boldly, the nipples seemingly already erect with carnal excitement.

Jackie was wearing a costume more fit for daytime or evening wear, as distinguished from Win's sleep-wear. A wig of fairly short blonde curls adorned his head, and his make-up accented a pert, lively, sensuous expression. A white satin blouse displayed wide-spread thrusting breasts above an amazingly slim waist. A broadly flaring miniskirt of black patent leather covered well-rounded hips and exposed an amazing length of smoothly tapering leg and thigh, encased in sheer opera-length nylon hose. High-heeled pumps exaggerated the length of leg visible, and Jackie walked on them with graceful confidence.

Beneath the blouse and miniskirt Jackie was wearing a snug black corset that combined well-padded bra, tightly laced waist-cinch, and snap-crotch pantie-brief, into one exotic garment, as well as providing garters to support the taut, wrinkle-free hose. As he moved, one could almost see the crotch of his corset with each movement, beneath the excitingly brief skirt.

Before the large mirror each young man was studying himself and his partner. Neither actually saw the other as a person. Each saw himself depicted in the other and in the mirror. The hands of each glided sensuously and admiringly over his own transvestized body as his eyes luxuriated in what the mirror reflected. Each saw two seductively clad girls before him, but he was aware only of himself and his own reactions to the erotically displayed feminine bodies. The reactions were narcissistic and heterosexual, with no slightest hint of any homosexual interest in the other man. They were both men, but they saw only girls, and responded appropriately to what they saw.

"You're so lovely and desirable," murmured one of the actors in this bizarre charade.



"Lie down here so I can really appreciate your beauty. Your costume shows off your femininity so completely and perfectly. It makes me feel so excited. I want you. I need you."

Both men stretched out on the bed, side by side, and each began to fondle and caress the feminine figure beside him. Sensuous caresses, firm high breasts, plumply curving hips, and long writhing legs all received ardent manual worship from both individuals. Each partner could feel in himself and in the other the ideal female who could inspire total passion in any man. Both men were emotionally and physically responding only to the two girls on the bed.

Now the caresses became more directly sexual in their targets. Win's tiny elasticized bikini panties were eased down from his pelvis, leaving his genitals unencumbered. The removable crotch of Jackie's corset was snapped out, leaving his crotch fully exposed. The two outstretched figures on the bed were embracing and fondling each other excitedly, but there were no kisses exchanged. The action was completely narcissistic, and no one kisses himself. The directly sexual activity was purely masturbational, and solo sex is lacking in the deeper love that wants kisses. Their excitement was too selfish for that.

With two seductively clad girlish bodies for stimulation, each man's passions were climbing rapidly. Each man was stroking the other's penis, but it was as if he was exciting his own. They were not reacting to each other as men, or even as individuals. They were responding to the girls that their disguises portrayed. The emotional stimulation for each was symbolic, rather than real. Dual examples of the ultimate exotic and erotic woman were seducing both men, and it made no difference that all the values were false.

Under this deft mutual manual excitation, both men erupted almost simultaneously. In spite of what had happened, there was no hint of homosexuality in their emotions. Each was responding only to his ideal girl, as depicted by the other.

The geographical distribution of transvestism in the United States is a matter of considerable interest to all of us. A discussion of the factors involved will be enlightening, and will be of practical assistance to many of us in our search for a safe and rewarding life.

It is obvious, of course, that a city of five million people will have more TV's than a city of five thousand. In actual fact, it is found that there is a higher concentration of transvestites in and around New York and Los Angeles than the mere size of the populations involved would indicate. There are several good and valid reasons for this, as we shall see.

The wonderful anonymity of any large city makes for increased safety from discovery for any person who chooses to deviate from the so-called normal in appearance or activities. In a small town it is almost impossible to walk down the street without encountering a person one knows, or who knows you. If a transvestite disguise is adequate, it will eliminate the chance of recognition and discovery by a passing glance, but unrecognized strangers are a source of curiosity and even alarm in many small communities.

Statistically speaking, there is very little likelihood of a transvestite getting to know another transvestite in a small town. Where everyone knows all about everyone else, it is dangerous, if not impossible for a TV to purchase the feminine garments he needs under these cramping conditions. And if one of us is discovered enjoying his eccentric pleasure he is instantly ostracized, and has nowhere to go. In a large city, under even the worst circumstances, a TV need only change his job and his place of residence, and start life again.





New York and the large cities of California are the Meccas to which every transvestite eventually gravitates if he possibly can. No individual, unless he has two heads and walks on his hands stark-naked, attracts any attention in these huge metropolises. Even the simplest and least complex disguise will pass un-noted on the street, in the subways, or in most restaurants. Nobody is curious or alarmed about a stranger, because everyone is a stranger. To meet someone you know, on the street or without a specific appointment, is truly a rarity. You are safe in the anonymity of masses of people.

These few big cities where the various sub-cultures, of which we are one, tend to concentrate, have other advantages. The thousands of us in New York are a sufficiently large group to have our own clubs, bars, and stores. Even the least sophisticated TV from some mid-western village should be able to meet a few sympathetic fellow-travelers within a week after arriving in the big city. A leisurely walk through Greenwich Village, stopping for a drink at a few likely bars, is almost certain to be productive. Extreme care should be exercised, of course, in volunteering any personal information, until you are sure of the person you're talking to. Be willing to listen, but be wary of giving out possibly incriminating information until you are certain you are not dealing with the Law, or with some of the vicious predators who live on the fringes of any sub-culture.

In addition to Greenwich Village, there are also areas on the East-side in mid-town, and on the West-side, which may be worth investigating, especially after you have learned your way around a little. Taking things slow at the start is always best when exploring any strange territory. If approached properly, at least some of the natives should be friendly.

At many book-stores throughout the city, and especially in the Times Square area, one may buy booklets and magazines, including TURNABOUT, which will provide useful information. Places where TVs congregate are usually mentioned



and there are advertisements for stores where clothing and cosmetics may be purchased, with no embarrassment or questions.

In the matter of shopping for feminine garments, especially the more intimate and exotic articles of underwear, we have several definite suggestions. Always pick a big store, rather than a small intimate boutique where the sales-girls are more likely to know their clientele personally. And, as suggested in another publication devoted to the welfare of transvestites, go shopping at a time when the store is crowded. A rainy Tuesday is bad, for the clerks will have time to wonder about why you, a male, wants to buy a feminine pantygirdle or garter-belt. Pick a sunny noon-hour or a Friday evening when everyone is making last-minute purchases for the week-end.

Another suggestion is that you have a small piece of paper with your requirement written hastily on it. Thrust this note at the sales-girl, with some show of embarrassment, and say that you have been elected by you sister, wife, daughter, or girl-friend, to buy this for her at the last minute. If the clerk questions you about any details, you know nothing beyond what is written in the note, and make muttering sounds to the effect that dames should do their own shopping. Complain very mildly about how much the item is costing you, and then leave promptly but without suspicious haste. If there is another customer waiting to buy something, the clerk will not have time to wonder about you.

In New York, the ideal place to make TV purchases is Michael Salem's TV Boutique, on the north side of East 49th Street, just east of Lexington Avenue. Under one name or another, this shop has been serving us for many years, and now it is even better than before. They have available, either in stock or on one-day order, almost any size of any style of feminine intimate wear imaginable. Business is conducted with sympathetic courtesy, and you may try on items in privacy if you desire, with knowledgeable assistance from clerks who know our problems.





They know what feminine sizes will fit our masculine frames, and are extremely helpful in every way. Incidentally, the shop has a really wonderful selection of exotic feminine nightwear and lounging wear, in addition to all kinds of underwear and some items of outer-wear. For obvious reasons of safety and privacy for their specialized clientele, they do not encourage socializing among the customers, but it may be accomplished if done subtly.

Aside from its size and generally cosmopolitan atmosphere, Los Angeles has become a haven for transvestites because of the type of people who congregate there. The high concentration of show-business people and other creative souls make for an independent spirit that will not be cramped by conventional standards. It is widely accepted that a surprising percentage of the movie crowd are far from conservative in their sex-lives. The police are usually strict and unfriendly toward all kinds of variants, but the area has a very active group of gay and transvestite enthusiasts of all possible variations. Well-known people are never bothered, but the new-comer had better be careful until he learns his way around.

This whole article points out a basic truth of all biology: a plant, or a bird, or a crocodile, or a variant subculture of human society, will all flourish where the ecology is favorable. The environment must be such that the group and its individual members can survive and not have too many predatory enemies. Birds of a feather flock together, and transvestites have successfully concentrated their numbers in a few large cities for reasons of mutual protection, safety, and rewarding companionship.

I knew the whole idea was foolish and childishly adolescent before we started, but I never realized how terrible it would turn out for me. A bunch of the fellows from my fraternity house at the University decided one Spring evening to have an old-fashioned panty-raid on one of the girls' sorority houses.

Nowadays, when there is so much sexual freedom and permissiveness at the University, and when a lot of the dormitories are co-ed, it was downright silly to have a panty-raid, but somehow it seemed like a good idea to us at the time. Why should we want to steal girls' panties when we could have almost any girl we wanted just by asking politely and buying her some beer? Who needs panties when it's so easy to get what goes in them?

The fellows decided that it would be more fun to raid Hawthorne House, because that was where most of the militant Women's Lib girls and the Feminine Activists lived. Staging a raid on a bunch of girls who will welcome you eagerly and give themselves along with their panties, is no fun. It's much more of a blast to raid girls who hate men and male chauvinism and masculine superiority. We wouldn't be getting any bras for souvenirs, because they had all burned theirs in protest against being considered sexual playtoys for dominant males.

About six of us started off for Hawthorne House, and we knew we had to work fast once we started the raid, for these girls were the kind who would call the campus-cops and start screaming rape as soon as they knew what was happening. In front of the house, we started chatting with the girls who were sitting on the front porch in the warm Spring evening. They weren't too pleased at our being there, and took a dim view of our visit. Dawn Hammet, one of their leaders whom I





knew from an advanced math class, finally got annoyed and told us to bug off and stop bothering them. That was the signal, and we all dashed into the house and upstairs, looking for panties for souvenirs of the raid.

On the second floor each of us took a room and began rummaging through bureau drawers for cute items of feminine underwear to take. All hell broke loose, with lots of female screaming and anger and shouting orders to each other and to us fellows. Girls came pouring upstairs to defend their belongings, and within thirty seconds I heard the other fellows shouting in victory as they shoved protesting girls aside and ran back downstairs to escape. I was in one of the back rooms, furthest from the stairs. I had two pairs of cute colorful panties and a bright red satin panty-girdle as I started to make my escape.

At the door to the bedroom my way was blocked by half a dozen girls. I tried to push through toward the stairs, but I didn't want to get too rough and hurt some girl, even unintentionally. I glanced toward the windows, wondering if I could get out by the fire-escape. Then all the girls rushed me, shoving me backward until my knees hit the edge of a bed and I fell, with five or six angry girls swarming all over me, holding my arms and legs and sitting on my body.

"Just hold him, girls," ordered Dawn Hammet. "We've called the campus police and they'll be here soon. Then Charley will get what's coming to him; he'll probably get thrown out of college and may end up in jail."

"We ought to punish him ourselves," suggested another girl. "In Women's Lib we demand equality, so why turn this clown over to male cops? Let's give him a treatment to remember us by."

"That's a good idea," agreed Dawn quickly. "We can tie him up and give him a spanking that will keep his bottom red for a week. Then we can dress him up in our clothes for petticoat punishment. We'll make him sorry he raided our house."



While the other girls held me, Dawn put a plastic shower-cap over my face and head, holding it tight by a nylon stocking pulled over my head on top of the air-tight plastic. I was nearly suffocating, but they let me breathe as long as I did not fight against them. Now they ripped off all my clothes, giggling and making nasty remarks about my naked body.

Under Dawn's direction they now dragged the shiny red satin panty-girdle I had awiped up my legs and very roughly tugged it into place on my hips. It gripped my genitals and my whole pelvis much too tightly for comfort, but my female tormentors only laughed when I tried to complain at the pain in my cramped crotch, saying it served me right. Then they put a brassiere on my bare chest and padded out the cups with the rags of my torn clothes. I felt terrible shame and humiliation as they made me stand up in the middle of the room so they could see me and laugh at me.

There were sounds from down-stairs of the campus police arriving, and Dawn went down to tell them that all the raiders had escaped and no serious damage had been done. Meanwhile I was given a tight sweater and a miniskirt to put on over my feminine underwear. High heeled pumps were brought out into which I had to jam my too-big feet.

The police left and Dawn came back upstairs with all the other girls who lived in Hawthorne House, to inspect their captive. My long blonde hair was combed, and a slash of bright red lipstick went on my mouth. Then the dozen girls led me in my transvestized humiliation into one of the larger bedrooms where there was a big mirror, so I could get a good look at what had been done to me.

My first glimpse of myself in the mirror was a terrible shock. I could hardly believe my eyes, for there stood a shapely and very attractive girl peering back at me. The encircling dozen girls laughed and taunted me, promising that this was only the beginning of what they had planned as punishment for me. I was really starting to wish I'd never got mixed up in the panty-raid.





now some girl remembered that they had threatened me with a spanking, and they all agreed that now was an ideal time for it. I started to protest, but they pointed out that they could easily call back the campus-cops and show them how I looked now after having been discovered hiding in a closet. The thought of that humiliation and disgrace was too much, so I meekly submitted. With thin but very strong nylon stockings they bound my ankles together as I stood there, and then tied my wrists tightly together in front. Now I was made to bend way over forward and they securely fastened by bound wrists to my bound ankles.

As I stood there helpless with my buttocks jutting out in their tight red satin casing, my miniskirt was flipped up over my back. Under Dawn's direction, all the girls began to parade around me in a big circle, and as each one passed behind my out-thrust defenseless bottom, she gave me a vigorous swat with whatever instrument she thought would be appropriate and handy. They used ping-pong paddles, leather belts, riding-crops, a western-style leather quirt, a thin limber cane, a yardstick, a rubber douche-bag hose, a wire coat-hanger, a big wooden spoon from the kitchen, and anything else they could get.

At first they weren't hitting my butt very hard, and my undignified bondage pose was not too uncomfortable. What was really worrying me was what I had seen in the mirror. I had always pictured myself as a definitely virile male type of young college man, but that image of myself as a sexy desirable girl was really shaking me up. Was I so close to being a girl that just a few clothes could make all that difference? Even with my genitals crushed up into my crotch by the tight panty-girdle, I had felt preliminary churning in my loins as I had looked at those legs, those breasts, that hair, and that miniskirt. How could a normal male get turned on that way by the sight of himself in a crude imitation of transvestite attire? It was a terrible jolt to my pride and my male ego.

As the circle of girls continued to pass around me, each girl delivering a blow with her spanking tool, the severity of the punishment

became more acute. My thighs and hips and back began to ache from my being trussed in that awkward and shameful pose for so long. The continually repeated strokes against my ass-cheeks were starting to burn hotly, and the tight grip of the elasticized panty-girdle seemed to concentrate the pain rather than offering any protection to my flesh.

I don't know how long this siege of spanking went on, but I found myself swaying on my feet from the pain of the prolonged beatings and the agonizing fatigue of my enforced pose. And over-all the horror of my femininity as I had seen myself in the mirror was the worst torment of all. Balanced as I was, all bent over, with my feet crammed into those high-heeled shoes, my swaying became worse and worse. If I completely lost my equilibrium I knew I would crash to the floor, because I could not use my hands to cushion my fall. And still the rain of blows kept falling excruciatingly on my girdled, out-thrust seat.

Suddenly the pain and shame seemed to overwhelm me. I seemed fully conscious, but I could only envision myself as a girl, fainting at some relatively minor disturbance. I was no longer Charley Johnston, virile young collegian. I was a weakling, a sexy girl, and I knew it because I had seen it with my own eyes. And then I felt a thump on my shoulder as I fell to the floor.

I was still completely conscious, and now I heard a woman's voice saying in alarm, "What are you girls doing to that poor girl? Don't you see she's fainted?"

I knew it was the house-mother of Hawthorne House who had come to find out what was going on. And from looking at me, she knew that I, Charley, was indeed a girl. Then I heard Dawn saying, "This is Charlotte Johnston, a girl from one of the other dormitories. We caught her stealing on this floor, so we're punishing her for her crime. A good spanking will teach her not to try to raid Hawthorne House for our girls' clothes. We haven't hurt her badly, just shamed her."

"Well, if you caught her stealing, I guess that spanking her is all right," said the





kindly house-mother. "But now you untie her and let her rest on the bed after her ordeal."

"Yes, Ma'am," promised Dawn. "We'll take good care of her. We may even let her spend the night, if she doesn't feel up to going back to her dorm alone."

"All right, but don't you young ladies hurt that poor girl any more. You've punished her enough to teach her a lesson," mumbled the older woman as she went back downstairs. My captors left my hands and feet bound but released my wrists from my ankles so that I could straighten out at long last. They had me get up off the floor, and as I straightened up I began to realize how painful my buttocks were from the long spanking. Each of my satin-cased nether hemispheres seemed to be on fire from the terrible deep inflammation. They ordered me to the bed, but when I tried to sit down I howled from the pain and had to lie on my stomach.

"Are you really going to keep him here all night?" one of the girls asked Dawn.

"Certainly. I've always wanted a submissive and totally obedient male slave, and I'll never have a better chance than now," Dawn told her. "Men have dominated and used women for their selfish sexual pleasures for centuries, and now we women have rebelled against that system. Now I'm going to use and abuse him in any way I want to get my sex-kicks. We've changed Charley into Charlotte, a girl, so now he's going to discover what it's like to be a helpless playtoy under a dominant mistress."

There were gasps of astonishment from the surrounding girls, and then one asked, "Are you going to use him all night all by yourself?"

"No. I'll want to get some sleep," smiled Dawn. "Let me have him for an hour or so, and then the rest of you can take turns using him for wild kicks. Make him do anything you want, but just be sure that he doesn't get to shoot his load or have any fun."



That's the way it worked out for me that first night: of my transvestite slavery to those dominant girls. I was stripped of all clothing except the tight elastic red satin panty-girdle which so crushingly gripped my genitals and my swollen inflamed bottom. Then I was given a long white satin nightgown to put on. My padded bra gave me feminine curves that seemed to thrust out boldly as if inviting attention. And I was made to stand before the big mirror, studying my transformed image, for a long time while the girls got ready for bed and planned my schedule.

Seeing my reflexion in the mirror, as a seductively dressed girl in gleaming satin, made my normal masculine responses start all over again. Not only was this increasingly painful within the tight confines of the binding girdle, but it was also very disturbing to my male ego, to realize that I had been turned into an attractive enough girl for me to get excited about. I was so terribly confused and frustrated in all my basic urges that I didn't know how I felt about myself. The girl image of me kept rousing the male desires of my body, so my instincts were in chaos.

Of course I cannot describe in detail the offenses against my body and my normal masculine sense of dignity and rightness, of that night. I was required to perform every imaginable sexual service of the many girls who demanded me for their carnal service. At no time was I allowed the release which my loins needed so badly, and my genitals, so tightly imprisoned within the panty-girdle, were often subjected to direct punishment whenever I failed to satisfy completely my partner of the moment. Suffice it to say that I got no sleep as I was traded around among the girls as their slave, and that the duties required of me were slavish and difficult. It was a night of both physical and emotional torment for me.

By morning I was exhausted but Dawn decreed that I was to spend the whole day with the girls of Hawthorne House, garbed in transvestite attire, and accompany them whenever they left the dorm for some excursion around the campus or into the nearby city. This continuing penance horrified





me but there was nothing I could do about it. All the girls came in to watch me shower and shave, making every effort to shame and embarrass me by their presence, their words, and their actions. The ones whom I had serviced during the night regaled their friends with stories of what they had made their new sorority-sister do for their carnal entertainment.

For the day I was made to dress in my well-padded bra and tiny colorful bikini panties over sheer pantyhose. High-heeled laced-up boots went on my feet, cramping them painfully and making walking very difficult for me. A button-down-the-back blouse of white satin seemed to intentionally draw attention to my falsified breasts, and a wrap-around short skirt covered my hips. This was an overly glamorous outfit for daytime wear, but it was certain to attract the maximum amount of attention to me and cause me the most possible embarrassment and male shame.

The wrap-around skirt seemed relatively harmless until I began walking around in it, and then I realized why the tormenting girls had selected for me to wear. The skirt was intentionally too small for me, and with almost every step it seemed to flip open in front, revealing my tiny panties and the awesome bulge which my male genitals made in them. Only by moving and walking very carefully could I maintain any semblance of girlish modesty and hide the fact that I was a transvestized male. If anyone but my captors found out about my disguise, I would be in even more serious trouble than I already was.

Again the girls made me pose and parade endlessly before the big mirror before we ventured out of the sorority-house. And again I was deeply shocked at how attractive a girl I had been transformed into. What was happening to the masculinity of which I had always been so proud? While moving in front of the mirror, I found myself sneaking glances at my own crotch as the split skirt flipped open to reveal my panties. It was the same thing that every young man will do when inspecting a seductively dressed girl. But now I was the girl beneath whose skirt I was peeking.

When finally it was time for us to go out, I found that the other girls were all wearing dungarees and sweatshirts, or casual skirts and sweaters. I was so over-dressed for the daytime, and in comparison to my companions, that I was sure to get a lot of unwanted attention.

This was indeed the case, and Dawn even had the effrontery to introduce me to some of her friends whom we met, both girls and fellows. I actually knew a couple of the fellows slightly, and I nearly died from fear that they might recognize me and even think that I was a willing transvestite. Between this fear, my tight shoes with their high heels, and my efforts to keep my nearly exposed crotch covered by the flapping skirt, I was nearly a complete emotional wreck by the time we all got back safely to Hawthorne House.

That afternoon I was taken out for another expedition by my captors. This time I was dressed in a huge loose light-weight granny-dress that enveloped me in yards of flowing thin fabric over my bra, panties, and knee-boots. Again I was made to study myself in the big mirror for long minutes before we left the house, and then I discovered the embarrassing aspect of this costume which had been given me.

It was a bright sunny day, and every time the light was behind me, my legs and body were clearly silhouetted within the almost gauzy fabric of the dress. And again I found myself getting erotically excited at watching my feminized form through the dress, in the same way that every male we met would be doing and feeling when we appeared in public. The longer I was a prisoner of these cruel girls and their transvestite ideas, the more confused and upset I became. They were getting me so upset and so unsure of my basic reactions that I began to wonder what type of person I was. Was there really such a large portion of feminine in what I had thought was a purely masculine me?

As we later strolled around the campus I attracted just as much attention from ogling males as I had feared. Some even came up to us



and asked to be introduced to me after having leered at my exposed outline through the filmy dress. Dawn made no attempt to shield me from these obviously lecherous attentions, and when some of the fellows asked for dates with me that evening, she tried to encourage me to accept these invitations.

When we got back to the sorority house and had dinner together, it was time to prepare me for the coming night. There had not been time the first night for me to provide sexual service for all the girls who wanted it, so they were now scheduled to use and abuse me in the coming hours of darkness. They were to be allowed to demand anything that hit their fancy, on the promise that they would not allow me any satisfaction. I was still to be punished for my male chauvinism and my participation in the panty-raid.

That night I wore a baby-doll outfit with little panties under a short, hip-length nightie. Under the circumstances of frequent and continual sexual stimulation with my many female partners, a system had to be arranged to keep my masculine arousal from being too evident or satisfying to me in any way. To achieve this, a waist-cinch was laced so tightly around my middle that I could hardly breathe. Then a noose of thin but strong cord was attached to the end of my male member. The cord from this tight noose was drawn down and back between my thighs, and then upward in back where it was securely fastened to my constricting waist-cinch. This meant that under normal conditions I was not too uncomfortable, but as soon as my member started to thicken and stiffen under the influence of close proximity to sexually aroused girl, the cord would painfully bite into my male flesh and keep it from moving forward and upward.

Now I was despatched on my rounds of providing carnal entertainment for the many girls who wanted me. In the diaphanous and dainty nylon baby-doll outfit, I had to study myself before the mirror, and again I was shocked and alarmed at what I saw and what I felt about it. By now I was becoming so doubtful about my masculinity that I was wondering if I could be a really exciting and desirable girl if I really





wanted to. If I could excite myself, why couldn't I do the same to other fellows? Maybe they would want me the way they wanted other girls, real girls.

That night I had no chance to rest, and was exposed to a continual round of offering slavish and degrading stimulations to many girls, an experience even more shaming than the night before. Familiarity breeds contempt, and I had nothing but contempt for myself and my manhood. By the next morning all the girls knew that I had almost reached the limit of my endurance in matters like loss of sleep and loss of masculine pride.

After breakfast Dawn announced that I would be allowed to go home in the next hour or so.. Then I remembered that all my regular clothes had been ripped to shreds when I had first been captured at Hawthorne House. What could I wear? Dawn solved this problem by having me dress in shirt and slacks, obviously tailored to fit a feminine figure, worn over my usual padded bra and a pair of the frilliest, fanciest, sexiest panties I had ever seen. The girls loaned me a pair of low-heeled loafers for my feet and sent me out of the dormitory to get back to where I lived as best I could. If I was recognized as a fellow dressed and disguised as a girl, that was my problem, and I could try to get out of it as best I could.

It was an hour later that I managed to sneak into my fraternity house in my transvestite masquerade without being bothered. Quickly I stripped myself of all evidence of my ordeal and fell into bed. I needed hours of sleep to restore my body from its terrible fatigue and to allow my mind to recover from all the shattering ordeals and problems it had endured.

Dawn Hammet must have been a very clever student of human psychology, for she phoned me about a week later. At first I was frightened and wondered if she wanted to renew my transvestite punishment. Very calmly and pleasantly she told me that Hawthorne House was having a masquerade party the following weekend. She suggested that I might like to go as her date. She even had an idea for our costumes, subject to my approval.

She offered to provide a very sexy, seductive, and glamorous costume of girls' clothes, including thrilling underwear and shoes, for me. In return she would like to borrow from me an appropriate outfit of obviously masculine clothing. Very casually but with certainty she said that she was sure I'd like the party under these conditions.

I didn't even have to hesitate before I accepted. Ever since then, I have been the most exciting and alluring girl I know.

\* \* \* \* \*

P O E M  
by  
Claudette

There's a Mary in my mirror.  
How I love to see and feel her.  
Alone I am lost, but  
With her I'm whole,  
It's lovely to always be near her.

At work the day's so empty  
And I hate those who can't know.  
My hard hat labels me tough and rough  
But this all evaporates at night  
When I'm no more a lonely male.

From the closet comes her finery  
To give my form her beauty.  
Her body's a hymn; I know every whim;  
My beauty, my Mary, myself in the mirror.



Dear Editor:

I have read the several past issues of TURNABOUT, which were sent to me by a friend in New York recently. I am writing to you to see if you have an answer to my problem.

As you can see from the postmark on this letter, I live in a relatively small city in the midwest part of the United States. I am a transvestite and I have managed to get together a few articles of ladies' clothing which I wear sometimes in the privacy of my small apartment. Every now and then, when I really have the urge, I wear my nylon hose, garterbelt, and panties under my regular man's clothing when I go out. I am always very careful that nobody learns about my sensual and emotional interest in cross-dressing.

There are about twenty thousand people in and around this city, and I am sure that there must be at least one other transvestite among them. My problem is how can I find out who these other transvestites are without getting into trouble myself? All I am interested in is finding some sympathetic and understanding person to talk to about the way I feel about wearing feminine garments, - someone with whom to compare notes or possibly trade clothing items.

All the people in this area are very narrow-minded and God-fearing in regards to anything at all different in any way. If it was known about my hobby and feelings, I would be sure to lose my job and might even be run out of town by the conventional and conservative natives.

Have you any suggestions as to how I could make contact with any others who feel the same way I do? In the big cities, I hear that

there are special clubs or bars or other places where transvestite can get together without fear of trouble as long as they behave themselves, but there is nothing like that around here. Is there any kind of an advertisement I could put in the newspaper so that other transvestites who might read it would know I was looking for an understanding friend?

Please let me know if you have any safe ideas for me. I would be glad to do almost anything if I could only find someone to share my secret feelings with.

Sincerely,

J. J. A.  
(address withheld)

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I have made a discovery that may be of considerable help to all of us transvestites, so I am writing to share it with all the readers of TURNABOUT. It is so simple that I wonder why no one has thought of it before.

It is obvious that women's clothing is not basically designed to fit men's bodies. To us transvestites, this means that we will buy a really stunning and expensive gown and then find that it is too tight here and wrinkle badly across there; it is more or less the proper size but it doesn't fit US right.

In pondering this problem, I had an inspiration, and it has worked out very well for me over the course of several years. All that is required is that we keep a sharp eye out in reading the local paper, or while driving through the poorer sections of our own town or city.

In the classified newspaper ads, there are often such items as "Dress-making and alterations. Reasonable prices." In the poorer parts



of town there are yard-signs or window-cards, saying essentially the same thing. These advertisers are the people we need.

I intentionally rip the sleeve in a new shirt and then go calling at one of these "dress-making and alterations" places, asking if they can repair my shirt for me. Of course the woman can, and charges me about a dollar. This gives me a chance to inspect her place and get an idea of the woman. If she is poor and really needs money, I suggest that there are some other sewing jobs she might do for me, for which I am willing to pay well. If she shows real interest, I make her promise to keep our dealings secret, even from her friends and family. I seal the bargain by giving her an advance payment of five or ten dollars, so she knows I can be a valuable client. Then I make a date to bring my garments to her when we can be alone.

These women are usually very expert in making the necessary adjustments to have feminine garments fit me. They are always surprised at the existence of transvestism, and I usually say that I want the garments for a masquerade party. Generous payment for their work always quiets their doubts and curiosity, and I end up with a wardrobe of clothing that really fits.

I hope this suggestion will help some of your other readers.

Sincerely,

D. H. C.  
Montclair, N. J.

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may not prove so thrilling and rewarding to other readers of TURNABOUT as it has to me.

Through our absorbing interest in transvestism, we know that we want to LOOK like women, and, as much as possible, to FEEL like women. I have discovered a most exciting way to keep myself aware of the basic femininity that is in my masculine body.

One of the important physical elements of a woman is her breasts. By the use of padded bras, or even by silicone and hormone injections, we try to imitate the appearance of women. My method goes even further, for it keeps me continually aware of my FEELING of being a woman, which is at least as rewarding.

When preparing to dress up in my feminine clothes, (usually a solo performance, for I rarely go out or have friends in) I get some mildly irritant salve or liniment, such as Ben-Gay, or Vick's Vaporub, and gently massage it into the skin of my chest around my vestigial male nipples. Then I put on my padded bra and complete my disguising costume.

The warmth and mild inflammation produced will last for several hours. It does not hurt and I find it quite exciting, for it keeps reminding me sensually of my assumed womanhood. The only disadvantage that I have found is that the smell of the liniment is quite pungent and penetrating, and cannot be disguised by even the strongest perfume. I hope to be able to discover some sort of similar irritant that is relatively odorless, so that I can have the thrill without smelling like a football locker-room. I will keep your readers posted on any better ointments I discover.

Sincerely,

A. H. L.  
Baltimore, Md.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Editor:

There is one way that the publisher and editor of TURNABOUT could help your readers in their already confusing lives as transvestites. What I, and many others like me, need can probably be supplied us by you with little or no trouble.

I am referring to some sort of table or chart that would allow us to convert standard feminine sizes in all types of feminine wear into sizes or numbers corresponding to our masculine dimensions. In dresses, for instance, what is a size 14? How is that different from a size 14½? And where do the supposed dimensional sizes come in, like a size 38? Also how do "Misses" sizes differ from "Ladies" sizes? If a man has a size 42 chest, that means his chest is 42 inches around. But what dress or blouse or sweater size does he need when he adds a well-padded Bra?

Shoe sizes for women seem to be different from shoe sizes for men. How does one calibrate these size differences? And what about nylons and pantyhose? I think that cup sizes for bras can be figured out easily, and one can vary the padding if necessary, but what numerical size bra does a man with a 40 inch chest need?

I think I've caught on to the system of giving arbitrary sizes to girls' panties, with a size 2 very small and a size 7 very big, but how in hell do you figure sweaters? I have a 40 inch male chest, but a size 34 girls' sweater is far from excitingly tight on me. In picking a size for a waist-sweater, do you give the dimension when you start lacing it, or do you pick the dimension you hope to achieve after weeks of tight-lacing?

As you can see, the problem of sizes and dimensions is very complicated. You could make it much easier and less embarrassing for us novice TVs if you could publish some charts or some simple rules for us to go by. Please help.

Sincerely,

H. P. G.





## TURNABOUT FICTION BOOKS ... Description of Contents

### Six Volumes of "Leslie's Adventures in Petticoatland" by Nan Gilbert

**Book 1: PETTICOATED MALE.** Leslie's aunt, who is also his guardian, decides that the best way to rear him is to dress him in the dainty petticoats and frilly dresses of a young girl, to "curb his boyish spirits," as it were. This first novelet in the series describes his initiation into the lacy world of panties and Pettis and what happens when he attends his first all-girl party dressed in them.

**Book 2: PRISONER IN LACE.** In this book Leslie spends the night with the lovely hostess of the party, a girl his own age, two of them snuggled in their dainty nighties in the same bed. Then, later on, he is enrolled in a school for girls operated by a Miss Staylace, a beautiful but formidable woman who loves boys dressed in girlish attire. Leslie attends his first formal in skirts.

**Book 3: CAPTIVE IN SILKS.** After the formal party, which was a huge success for Leslie in many tantalizing ways, Miss Staylace persuades his aunt to let her 15-year-old nephew spend the weekend under the lovely headmistress' guidance and tutelage in the ways of love and feminine life. Leslie is seduced by Miss Staylace, who is careful to cater to his budding femininity and masculinity at the same time.

**Book 4: PETTICOAT SLAVE.** The next day, a Sunday, Leslie's maid Marie, who has been instrumental in training him to wear feminine clothes and act like a girl, arrives with an armload of new frills for Leslie to wear while at Miss Staylace's apartment. The two women put Leslie through his paces and make mad love to him as well.

**Book 5: ENSLAVED IN LACE.** Back home again, Leslie discovers to his horror that his aunt has arranged with a local plastic surgeon, a Doctor Jane, to have breasts installed on his boyish chest by means of implanted padding. The surgery is performed, over his protests, and his new breasts bring to him a measure of acceptance of his new role in life — as a lovely teenage girl, delighting in her frills.

**Book 6: FROM PANTS TO PANTIES.** Seeking new fields of feminization to conquer, Leslie's aunt now persuades one of her friends, a Mrs. Sinclair, to have her son Philip dressed in frillies under the maid Marie's tutelage. Leslie must stand by and watch the younger lad subjected to being dressed in frilly panties, childish petticoats, and lacy dresses, and knows that Philip (now Phyllis) will not be the last victim of his aunt's mad scheme to feminize all boys.

[The two Matrix books, LAD IN PETTICOATS and BOYS WILL BE GIRLS — also by Nan Gilbert — continue the story of Leslie, his aunt, and his maid Marie and describe in loving detail his further triumphs.]

### Other Nan Gilbert Classics of Petticoat Punishment:

**ADVENTURES IN PETTICOATS:** Before becoming a Turnabout Book, this all-time classic story with 48 detailed illustrations sold for a whopping \$42 (\$7 for each of six sets of eight chapters). It tells of 16-year-old Robert who goes to spend a summer with his eccentric aunt and is introduced to the exotic world of petticoats and female finery. He goes on to a member of exciting adventures as a rabid transvestite which would thrill the very soul of most TVs! [MORE]



Other Nan Gilbert Classics of Petticoat Punishment (cont.)

**MINISKIRTED MALE.** Another novelet in which a young man is sent to live with an aunt who has very odd ideas about the training of young males. This time his nasty behavior with the maid Suzanne brings it on himself: he is dressed in very old-fashioned girl's attire for a long time, given careful petticoat training, and finally earns, by good behavior, the right to wear more modern girl's clothing, which he learns to love!

**LINGERIE AND LACE.** Two Gilbert short-stories. "Excursion in Petticoats" tells of the initial public outing of Reggie (now Regina) who is taken to the most fashionable salon for young ladies in town to add to his dainty feminine wardrobe — all the while dressed in his girlish garb. "A Fascination with Furs" is what leads young Robert into an embarrassing situation while he is visiting his strong-willed aunt. She surprises him one afternoon while he is revelling in her fabulous fur collection, and she decides to let his punishment fit his crime by dressing him furs and feminine garb from then on!

**PETTICOAT TALES.** Two more Gilbert short-stories. "Pants to Panties" describes in loving detail the transformation of rambunctious Robert into a sweetly demure Roberta at the hands of his spinster guardians. "Lavished with Lace" is what young Gerald becomes when his mother takes him on a fateful journey to a dainty salon catering to young girls' tastes for frilly panties, dainty pettis, and cute frocks!

**THE CORSET.** Two more Gilbert short-stories. "Double Switch" reveals the offbeat fate of little Bobby and his twin sister Mary, whose Mom decides Bobby is too rowdy and Mary too much of a tomboy. She solves both problems by dressing Bobby as a girl and Mary as a boy, much to their mutual chagrin! "The Corset" depicts the tribulations of a 21-year-old TV caught in the act of stealing an irresistible satin corset from a lingerie shoppe. In order to avoid prosecution, he must agree to give up his masculine job and work in the shoppe as an exquisitely attired young woman! And we all know how much he'll hate that!

Great New Transvestite Fiction by Siobhan Fredericks:

**PETTICOAT PARADISE.** Simon Garret, writer, is sailing his sloop one day when a sudden vicious storm wrecks his boat on the shoals of a small Caribbean island tenanted by a pair of beautiful sisters. What complicates matters is that he is a TV and, as is his custom, he is dressed from the skin out as a young girl when his boat founders. His only male attire is lost at sea. The girls rescue him and then allow him to continue dressing while his sloop is repaired.

**TURNABOUT ISLAND.** A sequel to "Petticoat Paradise," this novelet continues to describe Simon Garret's adventures with his two lovely hostesses, blonde Janet and brunette Delia, who encourage him to wear their daintiest clothes and make mad passionate love to them.

**MASQUERADE IN PETTICOATS.** Robert Carroll, a chorus boy in a British music hall, is approached by famed moviestar Lola LaVant, whose one remaining ambition is to take first prize at the annual Chepstowe Ball, which is for doubles only. She offers to pay him handsomely if he will accompany her to the ball, but he must appear with her as her twin sister! This requires him to undergo three months of intensive training in dressing and makeup, etc., but since he is a secret TV anyway, he eagerly accepts the challenge.







TV Fiction by Siobhan Fredericks (cont.)

**SAMURAI TRANSVESTITE (Volume One).** This lavishly illustrated novelet tells of a young man who is reared in Japan by the world's greatest practitioner of the martial arts, a samurai warrior who also believes that ferocity must be tempered with gentleness. The young man, whose American parents died before World War II, receives training as a samurai, becomes expert in karate, kung fu, judo, and kendo, and also is trained by geishas to wear feminine garments and be a gentle lady. After the war, the boy's only blood relative, his aunt, sends for him and he goes to America to live with her. She is an ardent feminist (much like Leslie's aunt in the Gilbert stories) and encourages him to dress as a girl whenever he wants. He goes with her one day to the house of an oppressed young boy-girl (who happens to be named Leslie), who is desperate to escape the clutches of his mean aunt and vicious maidservants, who are merely her tools in a plot to grab his inheritance. Our own hero, when ordered around by them, exercises his karate skills and floors them, each in turn.

**SAMURAI TRANSVESTITE (Volume Two).** This erotically illustrated sequel to the first volume describes how our young TV hero plots to free poor Leslie from his imprisonment and the clutches of his mean aunt. He poses as a girl scout selling cookies, lays out the braunny chauffeur with a judo toss, demolishes the burly cook and fierce maidservants with various feats of karate, and rescues Leslie once and for all from his servitude. The two novels are actually a satirical take-off on the Nan Gilbert stories.

**ONE SUMMER IN PETTICOATS.** The amazing experiences of a young man, Steven Middleton, who spends a fascinating summer in a girl's posh finishing school with the connivance of his dotting mother. Enrolled in the school on a trial basis, his true gender is not known to the school's staff or to the young ladies with whom he comes in daily intimate contact, and he realized the TV's dream of a summer-long fling in the utterly delightful realm of feminine life.

**THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS.** This novelet charts a young man's journey through the world of transvestism from childhood to adolescence. His mother dresses him as a little girl until he is five years old, then he rediscovers the delights of feminine attire when he reaches the age of thirteen. The resolution of his dilemma at that time is aided by his mother, who fully accepts his dressing up and aids him by buying him a whole new feminine wardrobe any girl would love!

Transvestite Correspondence Collections:

**TRANSVESTITE MAILBAG.** Some of the greatest TV letters ever written. In this book you will meet the only known TV samurai (who later on was the basis of two Turnabout books), a TV who had one of the highest batting averages in organized baseball and struck out at home, a TV who flies higher than any other, a mother who solves a twin problem in an unique way, and other TVs who glory in dressing up!

**TRANSVESTITE LETTER-BOX.** More the the greatest TV letters ever to have been published. In this book you will meet the young man whose sister discovers him in her best gown and lets the punishment fit the crime; a genuine female TV; a TV who was not a flop at a sex orgy; a mother whose son dresses up every chance he gets; and others. This book also contains the sexiest illustrations you've ever seen.





**IF YOU ENJOYED THIS BOOK, HERE ARE OTHER  
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**Other Nan Gilbert Classics:**

Adventures in Petticoats (all 48 Drawings)  
Lingerie and Lace (two TV short stories)  
Miniskirted Male (a transvestite novella)  
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**Superior TV Fiction by Siobhan Fredericks:**

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**TRANVESTITE POST-BOX.** A third volume of the greatest all-new letters from transvestites, in which you'll meet a TV who began to cross-dress with the help of the girl from next door, a TV whose explorations of the London deviant underground (via person-to-person ads) produced some rather startling results, and the TV who is researching the use of the kilt in petticoat punishment and quotes letters from mothers who dress their sons in frillies -- as well as many other fascinating people.

A Turnabout/Matrix Special!

**FRANKIE:** and **THE STRONG-WILLED WOMAN WHO TURNS BOYS INTO GIRLS.** This is one of the most beautiful TV books ever published, mainly because of the work of a great new artist whose work has never before been seen in the field. This new artist, whose identity is a closely kept secret because of his fame in the art world, has contributed a total of nine magnificent drawings which we have reproduced line for line, tone for tone, and shading for shading. The story concerns a young man in his early twenties who is recruited by a wealthy woman to become her private secretary, but only if he will give up his male attire and dress in the lavishly expensive garb of a young woman. A profoundly moving story fraught with TV delights and tinged with a hint of bondage and enforced petticoating. A must for connoisseurs!

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**TURNABOUT MAGAZINE:** Volumes 5 through 9 of **TURNABOUT: A Magazine of Transvestism** are presently available, with **TURNABOUT #10**, our tenth anniversary issue, to come out in the very near future. **TURNABOUT** is by far the finest publication in the serious transvestite field and explores the world of the TV from the inside with articles, photos, sketches, fiction, poems, and a veritable feast of a TV-oriented features. **TURNABOUT** is clearly the magazine for the intelligent (perhaps even intellectual) transvestite, but it is also endlessly entertaining since its editors enjoy taking satirical swipes at various pomposities and prime movers in the TV world. **TURNABOUT** is published with love and patience and is well worth looking into.

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