

#46

# Lad's Weekly

Exploring & Expressing Femininity

**Profile Girl  
Brenda R.**



**Roxy Wilson:  
Roxy Goes  
To School**

**Brenda Lawrence:  
Hormones**

**Lillian Farrell:  
Always A  
Lady**

**FlashBack:  
Sandelle  
Kincaid**

**...and  
photos,  
photos,  
photos!**

**Special Foto Feature**

**Sally's  
Hideaway**

US\$12 - Can\$24





# Letter From The Editor



What a dilemma, to dress or not to dress? That is the question. The day spreads out before you as a perfect opportunity to slip into the femme role. You have errands you can take care of as a lady and there is really no reason you shouldn't dress up and enjoy yourself. But, you hesitate. You find excuses: Oh, it's raining. Nah, I won't get out of the house till after two since I started so late. No, it's no good dressing up now

I'm in the wrong frame of mind. I don't have anything really fun to do today while dressed.

For those who have the freedom to dress whenever we want these kinds of doubts and concerns often come sailing in to keep us from dressing. Why are we plagued with these thoughts? What is the difference if we don't get out and about till an hour later? Why should rain stop us? It doesn't stop most real women from going about their daily routines. Isn't just being dressed fun enough? Buying groceries in drag should be more fun than buying groceries in drab. Yet, we hesitate, and in the end we let that dressing opportunity pass.

I know that some of you are saying, "Is she nuts? Passing up a chance to dress, who would do a stupid thing like that?" I remember when I would have said the same thing. Back when I first came out of the closet, when I took that first tentative step to a group meeting, I cherished each moment that I could wear femme attire in some sort of social situation. The end of the night always came too soon and I couldn't wait till the next month's meeting night. I'd plan my outfit for weeks.

Now, and for the past couple of years, I find myself asking "the question." I will often have a day with no real reason to be a guy. Why not be a lady? There's nothing stopping me. I have taken the steps necessary to make my life "dressing friendly." I can go to the bank, the grocery store, the bookstore, the office, wherever I want, dressed as I like. (At the place where the Renaissance office is located they prefer to see Angela.) What happened to make me ask, to dress or not to dress?

I believe there are a number of reasons. First, I don't have to focus all of my desire to dress on one specific point in time. By the time a monthly meeting of the local Renaissance group rolls around I will have already been out and about en femme around seven to eight times. Going to the meeting sometimes feels like more of an obligation than a looked-forward-to event.

Second, as I grow older I find that my priorities have shifted. No, they haven't shifted so far that I don't feel like crossdressing at all anymore, but a feeling of "been there, done that" has slowly descended upon me over the past few years. While shopping for groceries in drag is still fun (more fun when a clerk calls me "miss") I am not so excited about doing that as I once

was. Shopping for a dress in drag is just another day at the mall for me now. Since I can do these things almost any time I want, the thrill just isn't as big. And, I have other things I need to get done, some of which seem to me to require a male approach.

The third reason it's harder to dress is my old invention, gender inertia. I came up with this concept a few years ago. (If anyone else has I don't know about it.) Basically it means that when you are in male mode it takes an infusion of energy to switch gears and be a girl. In the beginning of a crossdresser's dress up days, the engine that drives the desire to get dolled up and go across the gender border is the libido. It is a turn on to get dressed up, so it is really easy to reach for the razor and shave whatever you need to approach your feminine ideal. A horny man will do an awful lot of things that he wouldn't even consider if sexual arousal wasn't a factor. As you grow into your femme persona you mature. Dressing is still erotic but it isn't the be all and end all. You develop other satisfactions from being dressed, and while you can use your crossdressing to become turned on when you want, it is more like a comfortable sex partner you have known for years than an exciting new relationship with a sexy young thing.

So where does the energy to make that effort come from then? You may find the necessary impetus in social activity while dressed. Going shopping with a female friend is fun. Meeting a group of pals for an activity (clubbing, a piano bar, dinner in some fancy spot) is still fun. I guess what I'm saying is, it's fun to be out in a social situation with friends and the fact that you have made plans may be enough to help you get the energy to start getting dressed. I know that once I get started I have no problem getting dolled up. All the excuses dissipate faster than a drop of eye makeup remover in the hot sun and the next thing I know I'm out there having fun. Then it's possible that I will suffer reverse gender inertia and not want to switch back to male mode. I think anyone who has been to a convention where they dressed for several days in a row will know what I mean.

What's the bottom line? This transgender stuff isn't simple. I think that sometimes, in some cases, gender inertia makes people feel that they need to go further. If it is so hard to cross the border because of all the shaving required, because you don't have real breasts, or because you don't look like a supermodel, then it is easier to decide that you must have some procedures done or take hormones so that switching gears is easier. Stop for awhile and contemplate which gender is really more comfortable. (Not more exciting.) What about the rest of your life? Is it going to assimilate more permanent gender shifting without a major catastrophe? If everything is green across the screen then go for it. If it is better to stay primarily male and venture into feminine territory now and then, so be it. Whatever you do, do it with care and guidance. Be comfortable, have fun, be excited... and don't let gender inertia slow you down.



# #46 LadyLike

Exploring & Expressing Femininity



Main photo ©2001, Brian Lantelme  
Inset: Studio Lites, Denver

## In this issue...

### Features

**Profile: Brenda R.** ..... 4  
This Princess had her dream come true.

**Foto Feature: Sally's Hideaway** ..... 17  
Brian Lantelme gives us an in-depth photographic look at the women who made Sally's famous

**Hormones & The Struggle Within** ..... 23  
Outspoken Brenda Lawrence gives us her take on a subject that seem to interest every transgender woman.

**Always A Lady** ..... 26  
Lillian Farrell confesses she's ..... learned her lesson.

**FlashBack: Sandelle Kincaid** ..... 31  
Can a real girl be a drag queen? Absolutely!

**Roxy Goes To School** ..... 36  
Roxy Wilson recounts a true life experience.

**The Trouble With Foxy Roxy** ..... 36  
Roxy goes to the airport and sets off the alarms.

## Departments

**Editorial** ..... 2

**Reader's Letters** ..... 10

**Mirror-Mirror** ..... 24 – 25, 28 – 29, 41, 44 – 45

**Resources** ..... 38 – 39

**On My Mind** ..... 46

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# Brenda R.



Height: 5'9"

Weight: 175#

Residence: Colorado

Shoe size: 9 1/4

Dress size: 16

Favorite Perfume: Shalimar

Favorite Music: Celtic & Country

Favorite Place: Great Britain

Favorite Movie: Braveheart, Gone With The Wind

Favorite Clothes: mini skirts, heels, sweaters, sheer nylons

Favorite Things: travel, historical sites, castles, sports car racing, 4 wheeling

Turn-ons: accepting people, beautiful women, style, fashion and makeup... being in LadyLike!

Turn-offs: bigots and rednecks, the extremely narrow minded and ignorant



# A Princess' Dream Come True



**LL: Hi Brenda. What was your first TG experience?**

B: I was six years old. It was a warm summer afternoon and five or six of my buddies and I were playing "knights." We had already slain a fierce dragon, and defeated an evil king. Now we would rescue a princess from the black knight. "We can't do that," the others retorted. "A princess can only be a girl, and we won't let any girls play with us."

**LL: Do I sense an opportunity there?**

B: I quickly said, "Oh, all right, I'll be the princess then." They said, "You can't be, you're not a girl." I said, "I'll pretend to be one." The others were perplexed. "Go work on your costumes, I told them. I'll think of something." As soon as they left, I asked my friend Paul to go get me one of his older sister's party dresses. I know that he had to be wondering, particularly when I told him exactly which dress I wanted him to get. He left with a puzzled look on his face and I shouted after him, "Don't forget the petticoats that go with it."

**LL: Tell us your plan. We're all ears.**

B: I fashioned a princess hat out of construction paper formed into a cone. I glued and stapled long flowing ribbons to it that would reach my waist. My pal Paul returned with the dress and petticoats as I finished the hat. The thought that I would be wearing them soon took my breath away. "I can actually be a girl now," I told myself. I stripped to my underwear and then slowly pulled the bouffant petticoats up to my waist. I loved the way that they flounced and bellowed. I then lowered the ruffled, lacy, tiered blue party dress over my head atop the petticoats. I loved the feeling of the dress and petticoats. I delighted as the feminine ribbons from the hat reached down my back, nearly to my waist. I was a girl. I wanted to be a girl. "C'mon lets play," I shouted to the manly knights and then stepped out onto the porch so all could see the princess.

**LL: How did your buddies react to your big debut?**

B: They all stopped playing. The momentary silence was replaced by giggles and laughter. "You're a girl and a sissy," they taunted. "Yes, I'm a girl, but I'm no sissy. I'm your princess. Now fight the evil black knight for me." For some reason they responded and the crack of wooden sword against wooden sword was heard. Finally a winner was declared—the good knight. "Now what?," he questioned. I said demurely, "You have won me. You must take me to your castle, and make me your wife, and we will live happily ever after." The others giggled as the good knight took my hand and led me to his castle (the porch). At the castle, I was declared to be the wife of the good knight.

**LL: How did that feel and what happened next?**

B: I was very pleased to be in the role of a girl, a princess, and now a wife. But we didn't know what a wife was supposed to do. We were only six. The game ended but the die was cast. Brenda was not named, but she'd been born.

**LL: Did the other boys let you play the girl parts after that?**

B: No. I quickly learned that it was not OK to be a boy and to express to others a desire to be a girl. I learned to hide my feminine desires. I played baseball, basketball, and called girls "cooties."

**LL: How about your family? How did they react to a boy with girlish tendencies?**

*continued on next page*







B: My father, raised on a farm, became disillusioned with his son who had no desire to go fishing, and refused to go hunting with him. "Go play with the girls," I was told.

**LL: How about school? What was that like?**

B: I did not do well in math, mechanics, wood shop, or science. I excelled in English and literature. I so wanted to take homemaking, but said nothing. It was during a social science class when students were talking about gender differences that a girl said, "Girls carry their books a certain way, holding their books to their chests with their arms, and boys carry theirs like a football." My face was red as the class turned towards me, and I quickly lowered my books to my side like the other boys. I had never realized that I carried my books like a girl.

**LL: I used a book bag. Did they ever learn your secret?**

B: I was not effeminate in high school. I played all the sports (not well) and chased after the girls. While attired in my football pads and cleats, I dreamed of being clad in the shiny satin, short skirted majorette's uniforms. I once told a majorette that she was some kind of a sissy because she wore tights under her uniform on football nights. She challenged me to wear her uniform on a cold night with bare legs. I accepted, but it never happened, of course.

I dated many a beautiful girl in high school. I completely enjoyed myself, but most of the time I wished that I could dress like my date. This really drove me crazy on prom night with all the beautiful formals.

**LL: Prom night can be hard for us. When did you first get to wear a formal?**

B: It wasn't until after I was out of high school. I purchased a beautiful red strapless formal with bouffant underskirt at a used clothing store. I started to purchase girls clothing as often as I could after I graduated from high school. I hid these clothes in my bedroom at my parents house.

**LL: There's a dangerous idea. Did you get away with it?**

B: I had one incident, which I'll get to in a moment, that made me get rid of all my femme stuff. Of course soon I had that urge

again. I replaced my female wardrobe and bought a wig on credit. I listed my parents as a reference. I had no idea that the credit company would contact them.

I loved the wig and was pleased that, with this addition to my feminine wardrobe, I actually did look like a girl for real. I took Polaroid pictures of my girl-self using a full length mirror. I tossed the peel off paper into the trash... where my father found the images of his son dressed as a girl. He confronted me about the pictures and the wig.

**LL: There's the biggest terror of most crossdresser's lives. How did that go?**

B: He asked me what was going on. I told him, "Dad, I was just curious about how I would look if I had been born a girl." I doubt that he believed me, and he asked if I wanted to see a psychiatrist. I said, "No, don't be silly, I'm all over it." Dad then gave me a piece of advice that turned out to be pretty accurate, "Son, no woman will want you if you dress like this. You have to be all man." How true I found that to be in marriage later in my life. Of course, I purged again (all but the wig).

**LL: What caused your first purge?**

B: Before dad caught me I would leave some of my female clothing in the trunk of my car and after dark I would drive out to the country and change into those clothes. I would then drive around the dark country roads dressed as a girl. No one ever was out there at that time of night. *Wrong!* I was pulled over by the flashing red lights of a state trooper. I was wearing a dress, petticoats, high heels, and nylons.

**LL: You have been through a few of the worst nightmares of crossdressers everywhere! How did the officer take it?**

B: The trooper was polite. He asked me why I was dressed like this. I told him that I had lost a bet with a girlfriend and this was my penalty. I'm sure that he didn't believe me, but he said nothing. He took my license and registration and went back to his car. He was gone for ten minutes.

**LL: Oh, that long, long wait while they sit back there with the lights flashing.**

B: I just *knew* that he was going to arrest me. He didn't (nothing was illegal—just strange). He told me to drive carefully and left.





I have always wondered what he must have thought, and what he told his buddies. As soon as I got home, I purged every bit of female clothing that I had collected. (Except, of course, that wig.)

**LL: Most of us hit our stride when we finally head out of our parent's home. When did you get your own place?**

B: I left home around 19 when I obtained a promotion with the company I was working for. While driving to Chicago, I celebrated by stopping at a rest stop and slipping on a pair of black stirrup pants, a really frilly blouse, high heels, and my wig (I still hadn't gotten into make up yet, except for some sloppy lipstick). I drove to the Chicago city limits so attired. This was my first time in public enfemme despite the fact that not a soul saw me.

**LL: But what a thrill! How was the Windy City for a young crossdresser?**

B: While I was in Chicago I began to learn about the world of crossdressing. I found a seedy book store that carried magazines about men that dressed as women. I learned that I was not the only male that ever donned a dress and liked it. I began to wonder about adult gender issues. Because I liked to dress as a woman, did that mean that I was gay? Should I be dating men? I wasn't sure, but the idea of being the girl on a date intrigued me. Christine Jorgenson was in the news and I wondered if I should become a woman. I had little time to dwell on these matters as a major change was about to happen in my male life. I was accepted for a position in a very masculine profession in the western United States. This was my chance to become a real man, and to leave my feminine life behind forever.

**LL: I think we know that didn't work out.**

B: I did well in my new job. I married a beautiful woman. What a man I had become. Then, Uncle Sam entered my life. He took me from my job and away from my wife for a tour in Vietnam. Yep, I had been in the National Guard.

**LL: That was a really bad way to become manly. How did you survive?**

B: I arrived in Nam just in time for the Tet Offensive. I quickly became a seasoned combat veteran and squad leader. I obtained the rank of Sergeant. My men and I received an outstanding unit award and were respected in the field. No one ever knew that their



Sergeant would drift off to sleep dreaming of wearing the mini dresses and shiny hose worn by the girls in the USO shows. I often wondered how I could obtain the skirt, blouse, and low heels, uniform of the women of the USAF on the base.

**LL: At least being away from home your wife wouldn't find out about your other side.**

B: Well, one evening several of us tied one on at the NCO club. Later that night I decided I should write to my wife back home and tell her of my love of wearing women's clothing. It was a really, really, really bad idea. I was shocked the next morning when I found out my letter was on a plane bound for the States. A round trip letter in those days would take about four weeks. I didn't hear back from her for around six weeks. I was pretty sure my next letter from her would come from her attorney.

**LL: Don't keep us in suspense. What happened?**

B: Finally she wrote. She had decided that I was a pretty good husband in all other matters and that after I arrived home we would find a doctor who would cure me. I agreed to her plan. I returned home about six months later. I had been a man's man while in Vietnam. My wife was proud of me. My parents were proud of me. I returned to my job and rose to the highest management levels.

**LL: Did anyone at work find out?**

B: I never shared my secret life with any of my buddies. I did, however, obtain my degree in administration with a minor in psychology. I learned everything that I could about gender confusion. Now everything had a label and a box. I discovered that I was, most likely, transgendered. I really felt that I should have been born female and should be female. In many aspects, my thinking is strictly that of a woman. While respected as a man, I befriended many female staff members because of the way that I could relate to them. One woman, who had shared aspects of her romantic life with me, once told me, "If you were female, I would want you for my best girl friend." If she only knew.

continued on next page





**LL: Your wife had a plan to cure you. How did that work?**

B: Well, my wife sort of accepted my love of the feminine, as long as I didn't go public. She even suggested that we attend a Halloween party at a car club we belonged to as a police officer and a hooker. I'd be the hooker. I was elated that she wanted to be the officer. She picked out a mini skirt, low cut blouse and fish net hose for me to wear. She also lent her blonde wig with a long fall to me. I wore high heels and that was the first time that I ever wore serious makeup.

**LL: Who did your face?**

B: My wife. She applied false eyelashes, eyeliner, shadow, blush, and foundation. I loved being made up. It was a thrill when she led me into the party with my hands cuffed behind my back. I was now helpless and totally under her control.

**LL: Now how many TGs have a fantasy like that?**

B: Okay. Yes, I enjoyed it. It was fun being allowed to spend an entire evening with our friends while dressed as a woman.

**LL: Any problems with tough guys?**

B: No. One woman told me that it was hideous for a man to dress up like a woman but she left the party and I never saw her again.

**LL: Did your wife come to enjoy your crossdressing after that?**

B: Our marriage ended in divorce years later but it had nothing to do with my crossdressing, which I had kept out of her eye.

**LL: You were divorced. Did that give you a greater chance to dress and enjoy your femininity?**

B: I was alone then, but not really free to explore my feminine life outside of my home, due to my occupation. I began to write crossdressing fiction novels. I contacted Sandy Thomas and presented my storylines to her. I feel that she has the best quality

CD fiction novels available. I became one of her authors, and she became my publisher. Together we published; Vow of Femininity, Virgin Vows, Exchanging Vows, and Exchanging Vows Two.

**LL: That's a whole heap of vows. The plot was...**

B: The four volumes detail a young boy's life, from posing for feminine photos for mom with his twin sister, to marriage to a woman who loves him more as her girlfriend. There is flirting, dating boys, romance, and more.

**LL: Do you have any friends who know about Brenda?**

B: I shared my story with a female friend I had known for many years. That was hard. Would I lose her as a friend? No, she was very accepting. She's a former model and she took me shopping for makeup, has bought me little feminine gifts and even a book on makeup. Although she's never saw me dressed, she has critiqued pictures of me dressed. She referred to our relationship as being girlfriends. It was wonderful to have a GG woman to share Brenda's life with.

**LL: When did you get involved with the TG community?**

B: I found an ad in the local paper announcing a crossdresser's group. The group, although small, introduced me to TG friendly businesses, and to TG/CD activities in the Denver area. The most exciting of the businesses was a store that catered to all needs of the CD crowd called Studio Lites.

**LL: What was your experience there like?**

B: Well, it took me several weeks of driving past the store before I had the courage to go inside. I just knew that every one of my friends who didn't know of my TG status would see me going inside to shop. I was uneasy until I actually went inside and met Chris and Rick, the proprietors. They showed me the whole place. They had hundreds of wigs of all quality, and price. They had women's clothing in sizes that would fit males. They carried fantasy clothing of all types and I learned that they did makeovers and photo sessions.







**LL: Did someone say photos?**

B: I wondered how I could look as a girl in the hands of a professional. I purchased a wig, the first I'd had in years. (Chris steered me away from some really wild ones that would have been frightful on me.) He selected several that would be appropriate for my face, and for my age (I do dress younger than my age, but still appropriate). I set up a date for a photo shoot. The big day arrived, and I showed up with my front zip, Fredericks of Hollywood mini skirt, high heels, and top. Chris did a total makeover on my face, styled my hair, and we did the photo shoot.

**LL: What did that feel like?**

B: For the first time in my femme life, I didn't look "kind of good." I looked like a woman for real, and I was actually pretty! I was ready to go out in public, but I lacked self confidence and I returned to being a male again. My memories would have to do.

**LL: Remember, always plan an activity with friends after your photo shoot. Often we get so focused on the shoot that we forget the rest of the night could be enjoyed with some preplanning.**

**Did you get any increased confidence out of looking at that pretty lady in the photo?**

B: I decided to share my secret with a few of my closest female friends. The result was wonderful! One of my GG girlfriends is a cosmetologist by profession and she taught me how to do my makeup. She also gave me lessons in female dress, mannerisms, deportment, walking, sitting, getting into cars while wearing a skirt. At times, I would become a girl at her home and she would take photos of Brenda. I loved to do this, but felt disappointed when I had to become a man again before leaving her place.

**LL: Did she mind you leaving dressed?**

B: She encouraged me to go out in public, even saying that I

wouldn't be read. But it wasn't until I introduced Brenda to another female friend of mine that I actually went out on the streets of Denver. My new friend, and best girlfriend even now, took me out to some TG friendly places and I loved being a girl in public. It was a wonderful adventure.

**LL: That's what it's all about, girl! Why should we keep ourselves from going out and doing what we want? Of course it is easier to make that first step out the door with a friend or two.**

B: Eventually I was fortunate enough to have four GG girlfriends.

**LL: Four! That's great.**

B: Yes, these girls have accepted me as one of them. We had a girls night out not too long ago. We went to an upscale mall in Denver for shopping and then to a straight restaurant for dinner.

**LL: That's a big step. How did you feel?**

B: One of the girls told me, "Would you please stop worrying. You don't look like a man in a skirt, and you're not beautiful enough to cause heads to turn. You look like an everyday woman." I was finally where I wanted to be, an everyday woman. I had been a man among men, and now I was doing what I really have always wanted. I was finally a woman, among women.

**LL: We talked about your early princess fantasy and the handcuffed hooker adventure, tell us about your bridal fantasy.**

B: Studio Lites transformed me into a beautiful bride.

**LL: I think our readers will agree that make a lovely bride. That dress is absolutely delicious. You must have felt fabulous.**

B: It was wonderful to be wearing that most feminine of dresses. It had a cathedral train. My makeup was exquisite. I looked like a woman on the most special day of her life. The Studio provided bridal accessories, lingerie, candles, flowers, and a limousine. I provided my own reluctant groom for some of the photos.

**LL: What was the best thing about it?**

B: I was not a man in a dress. For that evening, I was a woman, on the night of her wedding, and there is nothing more wonderful than that. All TG girls and crossdressers should treat themselves to one night in their lives as a bride!

**LL: Any special words for our readers?**

B: I welcome all T-girls, real girls, CDs, and men who love T-girls to write to me. I promise a response to all who write. I'm very open to all sexual orientations, and to all types of cross-gender dressing... just keep it legal.

**LL: We will include your address at the end of the Profile so people can write to you. Thank you so much for letting us hear and share your story.**

B: Thank you. What a wonderful magazine *LadyLike* is! I wish that I would have discovered it years ago but I'll never miss a future edition. Keep up the great work and thanks for being there for all of us T-girls. It's wonderful to have a respectable, wholesome magazine for T-girls.

**Write to Brenda care of: W.B. Rahn, PO Box 1812, Longmont CO 80502-1812.**

LL



# Letters



## Every Issue Better Than Last

I adore my subscription to LadyLike very much, and am amazed I'm about to start my eighth year as a subscriber! It seems that every issue of LadyLike gets better than the previous issue, which makes it a special publication.

Heather



I'm still in the closet, however, LadyLike has also allowed me to make some wonderful new friends from around the country, and for that I am grateful. I've also been thrilled at the times my photo was printed, and am enclosing a few more in hopes that they are good enough to grace the pages. If you print this letter, please print my address so I may meet others who enjoy the transgender community.

I enjoy history, and so I've enjoyed reading "Flash Back" by Ms Bob. They are very entertaining, informative, and rewarding to read. I look forward to reading more in the future. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely yours,

Heather Moe, PO Box 6705, Aloha, OR 97007

## LL First & Still Best

Surprise, surprise, it's P.J., with some new pictures finally! Thanks for getting my picture in LL#44. Sure wish my wife and I could have made it back this year for Paradise in the Poconos, but with buying the new house last year, and the cost of airline tickets these days, we just haven't been able to afford coming back to the east coast. My friends, Morgan Stevens, and Kelly Sheridan have kept me informed on the events. I can't believe I've missed it for 2 years now. Maybe this year, we can make it back.

I did attend Fall Harvest 2000 in St.Louis, only because it was within driving distance. It was okay, but still not the Poconos. I'm also going to attend the Colorado Gold Rush in Denver, CO. (Feb. 22-25), because it's only 60 miles away.

I wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed Roxy's letter, and article in #43. I couldn't believe that someone else was in my same state of mind. I got very tired of the local gay bars here also, seeing the same people every weekend. I stepped back and took a



good hard look. Am I having fun here? No!

I took a break for about a year, just didn't go out. I was content to just dress at home. I recently met a new CD friend in Denver named Monica. She goes out to clubs, both straight and gay, that have no problem with CD's. We've made plans to go out together. I'm really looking forward to experiencing the straight club scene. I'll let you know how it goes. I hope I get as much attention as Roxy does.

You know, I've been contacted by, a lot of copycat magazines of LL wanting me to send them pictures with promises of being a cover girl. I can only assume they're cruising your magazine for customers. Well, I do have loyalties. LadyLike was the first, and still the best! No one can compare!

P.J., PO Box 9038, Colo. Springs, CO. 80932

## Providing Vicarious Pleasures

Enclosed is my check for a new subscription to your fabulous mag. I've also included a few photos from some recent excursions to Chicago, New York, and my adventures around my home town. I hope you find them suitable for publishing. They represent some of the most liberated moments of my life.

I know that for many of my sisters it is, for one reason or another, impossible to get out much if at all. Perhaps photographs and stories from those of us who can from time to time venture into the world as the ladies we so desire to be can provide at least some vicarious pleasure for others who as yet have not attained that goal. I sincerely hope so.

You provide us all with a great service by allowing us to share our pictures and our thoughts with one another. Apart from the fact that it is erotic and great fun, it makes us feel a little less alone, a little less freakish. For so many of us there are times of great frustration and your lovely publication helps take the edge off. Personally, when I open my mailbox and

see that plain envelope with your return address, I feel like I'm about to unwrap a Christmas present.

Love, Lillian Farrell

(See Lillian's first story in this issue.)

## Adding To The Record

I enjoyed the feature called Little Known Facts About Hosiery in #44. As an aficionado of fine hosiery (from the age of three) I'd like to add a couple of facts and tips that were overlooked, or for which you didn't have room.

Did you know that the intricate design found on the heel of classic full-fashioned hosiery is called "the clock?" The girls should always buy stockings in groups of two pairs or more as that way replacements for "runners" can easily be found in unopened packages. In addition, this permits return of unopened packages of stockings that are often too short. Also, when you've found some vintage, or extremely expensive hosiery, first rinse them in "Hosiery Guard;" that will soften them and prolong the caress of smooth limbs.

Please find enclosed some of my hosiery photos. I hope you can use them. And always remember, the legs are the last thing to go.

Cena Williams

Angela replies: Oh Cena! I always heard the legs





were the last thing to go — then I got a varicosity. Alas, my lovely gams are getting bumpy. Yours look fabulous, honey. Be aware of the risks of varicosity and do a little bicycling three or four times a week to keep good leg health. Then you won't be exiled to active support hose like me.

### We're International

Hi girl! this is Jackie B. from Southern California again. I just wanted to express my thanks for printing my photo and dating article in LL issue 43. You were very kind in your response.

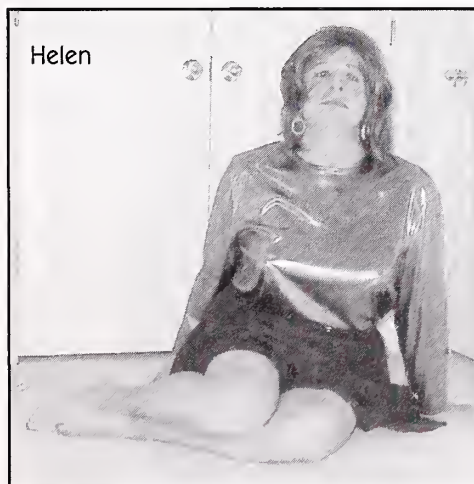
I want to tell you that your magazine really reaches some unusual and surprising places, like Israel, Jordan and Sweden. Due to the popularity of your magazine, I was amazed to receive letters and photo's from admirers in those countries. It was also refreshing and flattering hearing from nice gentlemen who know how to properly talk to a lady. (I am a sucker for a good looking man who knows how to treat a lady, but you already know that). Thanks to your magazine, I have also met several very real and sincere sisters. who enjoy their femininity as much as I do. Please keep up the great work on your magazine and accept my sincere thanks for all the effort and work it takes to produce a quality magazine.

Jackie B., PO Box 312, Nuevo, CA 92567

### Never Really Been Out

Please find enclosed \$36 to renew my subscription. I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed reading your publication and how much it has helped me understand the transgendered community.

I have been a "closet dresser" for almost 5 years now. All our children are grown which makes this easier. My wife is somewhat supportive but I think we both have a long way to go understanding this person who sometimes is "me." Although I have driven around some (I went to the drive-in at McDonalds recently), I have never really been out in public and have never met anyone else like me.



I have included several photos that I would like to share with your readers. I would welcome correspondence with other CDs to share information and to chat. I would dearly like to know how others deal with crossdressing, especially how they feel about themselves and how they maintain a healthy marriage in spite of all the obvious difficulties.

Sincerely, Helen, MD – FWD #3707

### Liked Brenda's Suggestion

Love your magazine! I have been a subscriber for several years and I have thoroughly enjoyed each and every issue. The recent articles by Roxanne Van Ness, Foxy Roxy, and Brenda Lawrence have been really great. Ms. Bob's column and the Profiles have also been superb.



Brenda's series of articles on dating certainly give a long overdue look on a subject which was considered to be taboo by many. In my own personal dating experience I have encountered different kinds of guys, as I know that other girls have as well.

Brenda's suggestion that crossdressers can take each other out is a good one based on my own experience. Some of the best dates which I have ever had were with guys who were crossdressers.

Sydney Boyd's letter concerning gay and straight crossdressers was a very interesting observation. It appears that Sydney's remarks may need some clarification, ideally, of course, from Sydney. My interpretation, or view, is that Sydney may have been referring to the difference between "closed" groups, which are supposed to be for crossdressers or transsexuals with an admitted sexual preference of one homogeneous type, and "open" groups which do not require any particular sexual preference of their members. Another possibility is that Sydney may have been referring to the general differences of attitude expressed in different TG publications.

I believe that Sydney has brought out a subject which JoAnn Roberts addressed in several earlier issues of LadyLike. The important point is that all TG individuals need to work together. The TG community consists of a number of relatively distinct groups with a number of differing agendas. Hopefully the organizations now in place will be able to cope with the differences and provide unity.

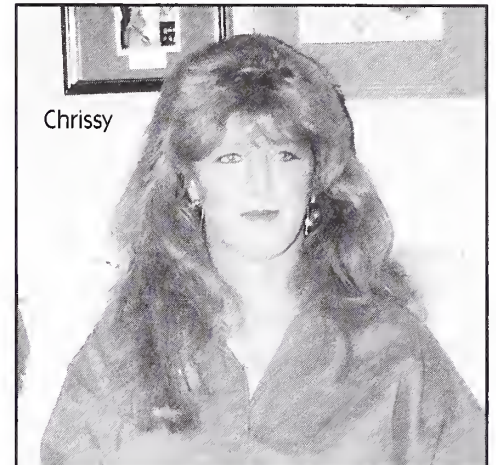
Leslie Fairmont

### Issues With Gay v. Straight CDs

Bravo, Angela, for going there girl. Your editorial in #45 accompanied by the article by Brenda added to my enjoyment of my first issue of LadyLike. I also liked the Hot Rods & Hot Babes segment.

One of these days I hope to make some a friend in our community, and, if I'm real lucky, she can take pictures of my little sporty convertible, and we could zip around with the top down.

I'm enclosing some more pictures of myself. The camera was kind to me in these shots. I like being able to look like an every day girl, or even a real lady but there's much more to me.



I agree with you that it would be fun to date crossdressers but, as long as they look reasonably well, why not go out as girls? As long as she isn't married. And while I'm on the subject I'd be scared to death to go into a straight club. I am proud to say I have friends in the gay and lesbian community and have heard straight CDs knocking being part of that community, yet one of them goes out trying to pick up the girls. Wrong! I have a gay friend whom I would love to see our friendship grow into more. It's bad enough that a five hour drive separates us, but one of our girl friends did a real number on him and he's real skittish. I brought up those stories because our behavior does affect others in our community. I dislike it when a gay female assumes I'm trying to trick her as others have tried. When a lesbian makes a mistaken advance on me, I let her know the truth even if she gets mad.

And I'm not against any of our community, even those who are married, with or without their wives support. I'm not a saint, I just wanted to give others something to think about. I once knew a person I believed to be female who was in a serious relationship with a straight guy. She was very good at hiding her secret from him. When that came out all I'll say is it ended badly.

Chrissy Ellen, PMB 203, 1115 E. Ridge Rd.  
Griffith, Indiana 46319-1398

### Enjoy Every Day You Can

You look fabulous! I haven't seen a photo of you since your days at the Community News.

Please feel free to edit this as you see fit. I may tend to run on, just please get this message out to all your readers and my sisters.

I know all you ladies may tend to feel caged in by the constraints of your everyday lives. I however, am truly caged (and not a gilded one). Due to some stupid choices I made I am currently incarcerated. I feel I must share what I've learned through the experience. I know it seems as though the times you

continued on page 13





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## Letters...

are able to dress and express your femininity are not as plentiful as you'd like. Please take it from me, whether it's a weekend, a day or an hour, enjoy it. Put on your pumps to make breakfast, wear hoop earrings to mow the lawn, just enjoy the times you can. I, too, used to be afraid to go out there and get looks and maybe not pass. Believe me, once that option was taken away from me I wish I would've done it when I could. What I wouldn't give now for a tube of mascara and a pencil, not to mention panties. So please, the next time you feel the urge, do it and enjoy it and put an extra spritz of perfume on for me. — Melissa

Michael Lombard #428973, ALC J40 0-1  
3751 Lauderdale Woodyard Road  
Kinder, LA 70648

### Been On A Photo Binge

Thanks so much for printing my photos and letter in #44. Seeing myself in your fine magazine, and hearing from others around the country has truly inspired me to further develop my feminine self. I've been on a bit of a photo binge lately and have enclosed a few of the best for your consideration. I hope you'll feel they're good enough to print in a future issue, either with this note or in your Mirror/Mirror section (which I absolutely love!).



Barbara

If you do print them, please also include my address so I can continue to meet new sisters.

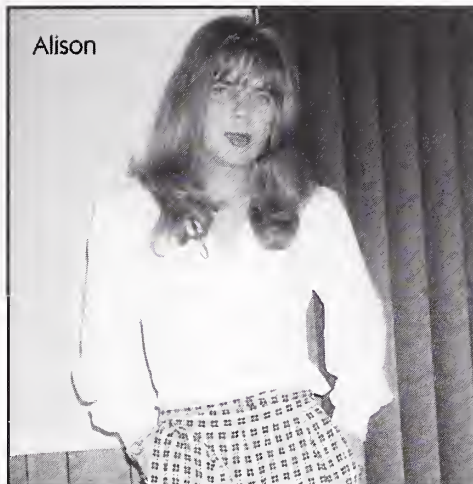
Barbara Roberts, PO Box 6372  
Baltimore, MD 21230-0372

Angela responds: You're a sexy brunette, Barbara, but I think the readers will agree you are hottest as a blonde. Keep working on it girl, you already look fabulous!

### Looking For Help In Sarasota

I'm writing to you again seeking help! I don't know why I didn't think about you first. I have been looking for a support group in the Sarasota, Florida area. I can't find one and I don't think there is one. I wrote to the Carolina Trans-Sensual Alliance to see if they could help me and they told me to ask you [JoAnn], and they said you were a great lady. Well, I knew that all along!

Are the support groups in LadyLike the only



Alison

ones? I wrote to three in Florida and no reply! I'm out of the closet thanks to LadyLike, but in Sarasota I'm lonely and feel I'm the only one here. I know I'm not because I got a lot of letters from your magazine. I can't be the only crossdresser in town.

Alison Van Horn, PMB 350, 15 Paradise Plaza  
Sarasota, FL 34239-6905

Angela replies: Our last issue listed ten support groups in Florida. Another magazine in the community lists seventeen. You certainly aren't alone in the state. The problem may be that often times a support group may be the responsibility of one or two over worked people. Your letter to them may have gotten misplaced or just added to the pile and not dealt with in a timely manner. The key is to not give up. Keep writing to them. Use the phone and leave messages on their hotlines if they have one. Don't give up.

### Long Time Admirer

I have been purchasing LadyLike magazine since it first came out. It is a wonderful publication. I look forward to every issue. I have neglected to subscribe up until now. I would like to correct that and subscribe starting with issue #45. I would also like to buy the back issue #42, which I unfortunately missed.

I am a 51 year old crossdresser. I am a heterosexual. I want you to know that I have always been a big admirer of yours, not only because you are so beautiful and feminine with a gorgeous face and a lovely female figure, but because of all of the hard work and selfless devotion you have give to the crossdressing community. It means a lot to people like me. I want to say thank you.

Daniel Slade, PMB 769, 633 Post St.  
San Francisco, CA 94109-8215

JoAnn responds: Thank you Daniel and Alison. All this praise makes my wig tight! However, don't get too taken in by our good works. We do what we have to do in order to make ourselves feel good. LadyLike is my labor of love and putting each issue on the street fills me with pride. Your letters are like the whipped cream on the strawberries.

### Worried About Making The Cut

Hi, my name is Jackie, I love your magazine. It really hits home with all the articles. We're not alone are we? I wish I were attractive enough to be

featured in one of your issues. But, I know I'm not as attractive as most of your ladies, however, if I sent you a photo could I make the page Mirror/Mirror? I've sent pictures in the past but never had much luck making one of your issues. I'm not complaining as I still enjoy your magazine.

I have been a crossdresser since childhood. Thinking I was all alone made me wonder about myself all my life. Then about fifteen years ago, I started answering ads. Well, one thing lead to another and discovered there are thousands of people just like me out there. I do love dressing and will never give it up. It's my release from a hectic day, my salvation when things get really tough. Backing away from the stress and just relaxing as Jackie has made all the stressful things melt away. Of course, they never really go away but the time spent away from them is relaxing, comforting and total pleasure.



Jackie

I am into writing people like myself, men and women too. Sharing ideas and fantasies is great fun. So if anyone would like to write to me please pass my name and address on to them. — Jackie

J. Bachman, PO Box 265,  
Springville, NY 14141-0265

JoAnn replies: There are many reasons why a photo doesn't make it into Mirror-Mirror and none of them have to do with being pretty or passable. The most common reason for rejecting a photo is that the picture is too dark to reproduce well in the magazine. Another is bad composition. Another more recent reason is that people are sending inkjet prints. These are completely unacceptable. We can only work with real photographs. So, keep working on your photos and keep sending them in.

Dear LadyLike,

Hello again and thanks for a continued excellent publication. The girls I have met (via the mail) and correspond with through your magazine are truly wonderful, honest, open and supportive. They are sincere in their desire to be more feminine and comfortable with the en femme lifestyle.

Do you distribute the magazine through bookstores, and are there any weekend events in the north? I'm sure these would be of interest.

Diane Buchan, PO Box 1724  
Sault St Marie, MI 49783

continued on page 15





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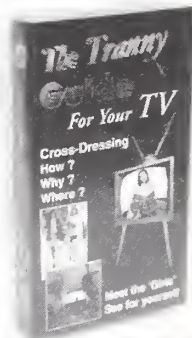
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## Letters...

Angela replies: Thanks for your kind words Diane. We are on newsstands and in bookstores across the country. Try a Tower Books, Borders, or Barnes & Noble. For upcoming events in the whole community check our Events Calendar which we run every other issue.

### Ya Gotta Have Friends

LadyLike has proven itself a valuable publication not just because of the excellent articles, it has put me in touch with the right people, people who truly have community interest in their hearts. So, I am delighted to renew my subscription.



San Francisco Bay area life was difficult with impossible rents, traffic jams from horizon to horizon, drivers with road rage, and disingenuous people in general. It was a bewildering culture even for a California girl. I needed friends. Since San Francisco is famous for transvestites, I took BART into the city and scouted for friends. I was detained by a man, taken to another city and raped. So my initial feelings were, "Goddess! San Francisco is 19th century gingerbread wrapped up in a condom and dipped in nicotine!" Pretty icky.

Then I took notice of LadyLike's support group listing. I wrote to each of the area support groups. TGSF responded. The girls there welcomed me and remain my dearest friends. Only then did I begin to enjoy San Francisco. The whole experience underscored the importance of a support group.

They also introduced me to things I never expected to do in my life. I competed in a beauty pageant, performed lip sync, got involved in TG civil rights activism... and I actually enjoyed it! This is a girl who had never gotten on stage and was sick of politics. So for all who may be reading, not in a support group, find one or start one. It's a step you won't regret.

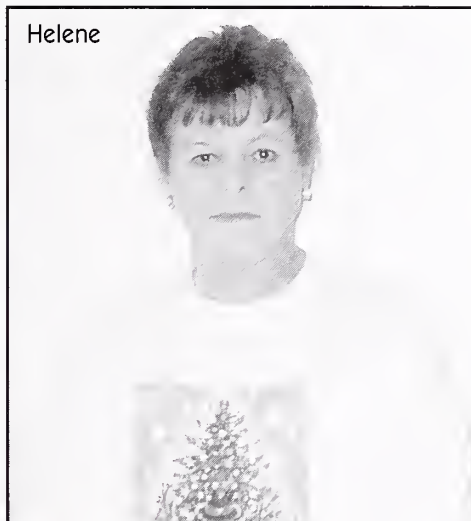
Eve though I have now moved from the Bay area I still maintain contact and membership in TGSF. And yes, I made contact with a group in my new locale.

Lynnea Stuart, FWD#3366, Wichita, Kansas

Angela replies: What you have written not only underscores the need for support groups but the need for vigilance at all times. Women are subject to the type of awful experience you had all the time. Whether you are born female or are developing your femininity it pays to learn how to conduct yourself in the safest manner possible. A good course on self defense for women might not be a bad idea either.

### Feels Like One Of The Girls

Hi, once again ladies! I find that it's again time to renew so I'm gladly enclosing payment along with a few photos. It was so nice to be included in your magazine's letter column (#42) along with being part of the "Babes in Lingerie" feature. Really makes one feel like one of the girls!



As so many other girls have written, the articles are better and better with every issue. Particularly helpful has been the Brenda Lawrence columns. (Not to mention your sound advice, JoAnn.)

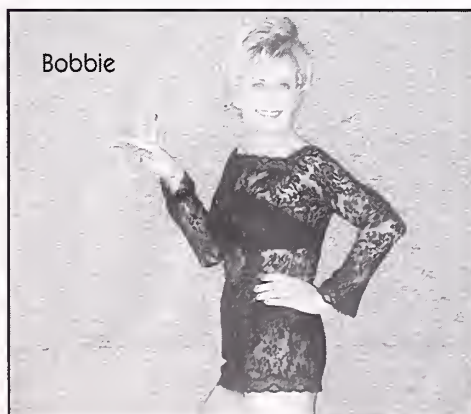
Helene Kay, FWD#3681, Wheeling, IL

### Life Has Changed Dramatically

Thank you for a great magazine. My check for a one year subscription is enclosed. Since Fall Harvest 2000 in St. Louis, my life has changed dramatically! I have found myself being dressed more, being out more, and enjoying life more.

I would like to talk with and meet attractive, serious transvestites and transsexuals in the Midwest. Your letter and photo will get the same from me. Please print my mailing address. — Bobbie

Robert Ware, PO Box 704  
Danville, IL 61834-0704



Angela responds: Well Bobbie, I don't know why you want to meet serious TVs and TSs. I always prefer to meet the fun kind. Our Support Group listing has seven groups listed in Illinois and Indiana. If you're looking for serious girls I'll bet you can find some there. Enjoy.

### First Time Out A Disaster

I don't normally write to magazines, but this one got my attention, maybe because I can relate to it. I'm a crossdresser and I've been hiding in my closet for... well, I'll say a lot of years. Anyhow, your magazine makes it easier to come to terms with myself, [to know] that I'm not alone. There are only a few people that know about my other side. When Jennifer arrives it feels so good, even though I'm trying to protect her. Living alone and no one to share this with sometimes gets a little crazy. My only social contact with people is when I'm shooting a wedding and when I get home I can't wait to transform myself to Jennifer, so I live a Dr. Jeckel and Sister Hyde life.

There's a club in Orlando where Jennifer went out for the very first time. I went there to see if my courage was up to going out as Jennifer. Entering this night club, I sat at the end of the bar in case I had to leave in a hurry, not knowing if I could pull off this transformation. There was this pillar with a long mirror and I saw myself as Jennifer in the long French vanilla blonde hair with the black dress and long gold earrings. Wow! I was impressed! I was nervous, too.

About that time the barmaid came over and took my order. As she looked at me for a couple of seconds she rolled her eyes and slowly shook her head. She knew who I was but she didn't know right away. It took her at least forty five seconds. It must have been the long blonde hair. I must have done something right. This girl and I know each other from a business deal. I couldn't believe that other girls were coming up to me and holding a decent conversation with me. To make a long story short, the night turned into a disaster. I will spare you the details. The last time Jennifer went out was July of 2000.

About 2 years ago some one gave me a copy off the Internet about a guy that crossdresses and he called his story, "About Myself." He was explaining how he and his wife go out and shop together and go out to lunch as two women. He talked about an event where all the CDs get together. As I was reading LadyLike magazine I noticed they have them here also. I would like to know when the next will be and where. I think that it would be fun to go.

Gee, I didn't think I could write this much. That shows how much I like your magazine. I'm looking forward to your next issue.

Jennifer, Florida

Angela sez: We'll keep saying it until it sinks in, it's not a good idea to go out by yourself. Go to a local support group (there are plenty in Florida), get to know some people and find out where they go for fun. Support groups also offer you resources like where to buy clothes, where to find large size high heels and much more. The community is busting with weekend events, too. Check the Internet. There's tons of information out there. But most of all, get out, meet people, and have fun!





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# Sallys Hideaway

Photos & text by Brian Lantelme



▲ Carmen Xtravaganza

Octavia St. Laurent ►



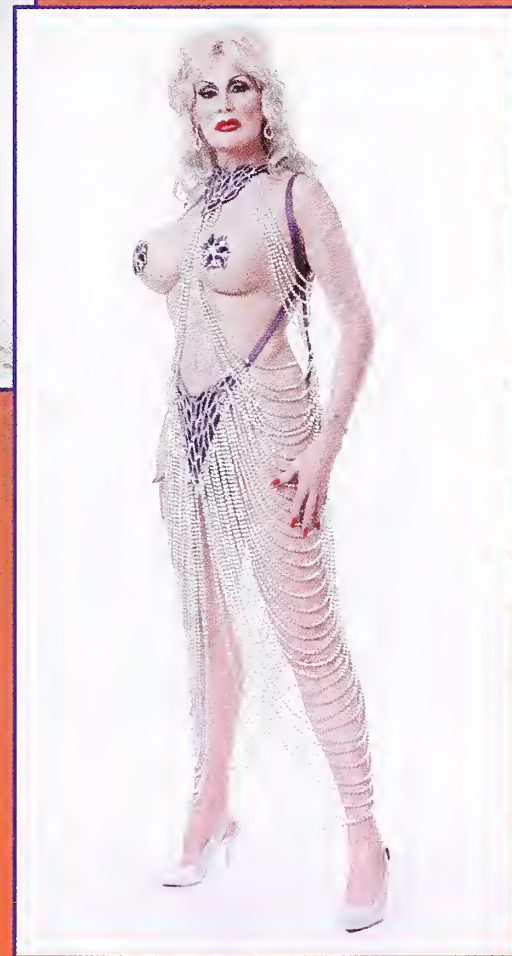
▼ Barbara Kent



▼ Octavia St. Laurent ►



◀ Tiffany



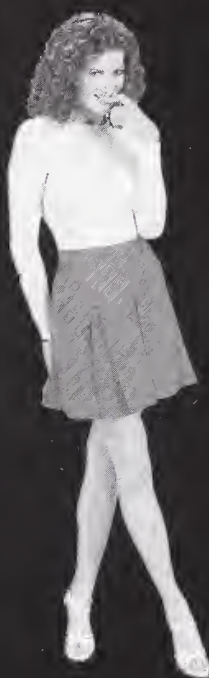


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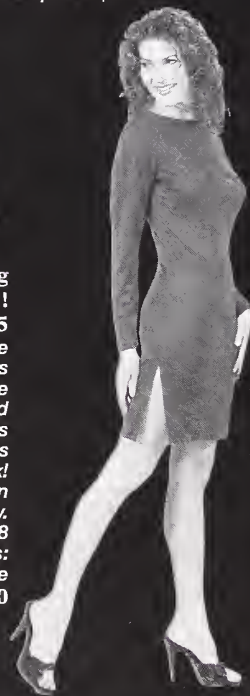


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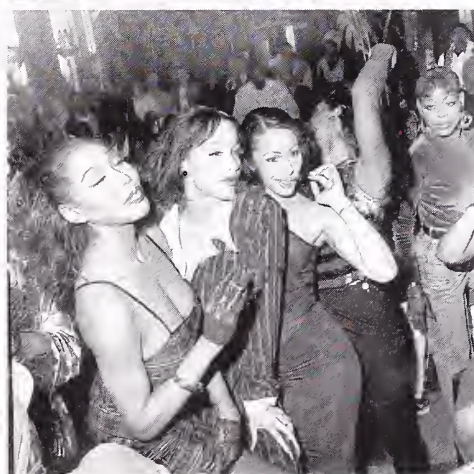
# Sallys Hideaway

**Sally's Hideaway** was a Times Square nightclub located at 264 West 43rd Street, between 7th and 8th Avenues, from 1986 to 1992. Times Square, during those days, in contrast to the Village, was the place where Black and Latin drag queens and hustlers were in their element, where sex was more a business than a form of recreation. Sally's was owned by a man named Sally Maggio. Maggio's previous business venture had been the **Greenwich Pub**, at 8th Avenue and 13th Street in Greenwich Village, opened in the early 80's. This was a popular gathering place for transgenders, gays and their "admirers." Sally began his "show biz" career as manager at the infamous 220 Club. The 220 Club was the foremost venue for the transgender crowd in its day, a distinction later shared by the Greenwich Pub, Sally's, and, later, Sally's II.

Sally's Hideaway was damaged by fire in 1992 and Sally, undeterred, moved a few doors down the block to 252 West 43rd Street. Renamed Sally's II, it would thenceforth be known simply as Sally's. Sally's conveniently connected by way of a catwalk to the lobby of the Carter Hotel. The 24-story Carter Hotel towered monumentally over the cityscape, its huge red neon sign visible for miles, a phallus, a temple, its rooms available for the "short stay."

Sally's had a circular bar two flights above the street, and a small lounge up another small flight of stairs to the side of the bar. The low-ceilinged lounge area consisted of a dozen small cocktail tables, a pool table, a parquet-tiled open area set aside for the drag shows and go-go boy contests. Behind the bar a wall of doors remained permanently closed until one day Sally discovered that the Carter Theatre lay beyond. This large, shabby, unused space, originally the hotel's dining room, contained another long set of doors to the immediate left as you entered the room from the bar area which opened directly into the lobby of the Carter Hotel. This space had apparently once been converted to a 70's-style disco, the mirrored disco ball and strings of flashing lights and spotlights still in working order around its expansive dance floor. It was into this space that Sally's II expanded, coming into its own, a venue for numerous drag pageants as well as a number of drag balls hosted-by or in-homage-to the great ballroom legends of the day - including Octavia St. Laurent, Pepper LaBeija, Danielle Reylon, Avis Pendarvis. It was here that Paris Dupree's "Paris is Burning" ball was held, the annual ball from which the documentary, "Paris is Burning," took its name.

Sally took his emcees - Dorian Corey, Angie



Xtravaganza, who was the Mother of the House of Xtravaganza, and the "Amazing, Electrifying Grace" with him from Sally's Hideaway to Sally's II. Another emcee, who died shortly after the move, was the famous Chaka Savalas. Both Dorian and Angie were principals in the film "Paris is Burning," and both were considered "Legends" within the drag ball world. It should be noted that - fittingly - the opening and ending sequences of "Paris is Burning" were shot outside Sally's Hideaway.

Sally Maggio died in October, 1993. His friend and business partner, Jesse Torres, managed the bar following his death. It was during this period that Times Square, under Mayor Rudolph Guliani and the real estate interests, began to undergo re-development. The vibrant street culture was stopped dead in its tracks by power-hungry politicians and greedy corporations intent on remaking Times Square into its own bland, safe, sanitized, commercialized, cynically re-packaged, contrived image.

Jesse Torres, tragically, died quite unexpectedly while attending the Miss Continental Pageant in Chicago in September, 1996 and Giselle, a long-time Sally's barmaid, was installed as the new manager. Sally's II, however, teetered on, closing off the ballroom space as business waned, sadly relegated to a small alcove area a few steps above the front bar, until it finally closed its doors forever, following a series of Guliani-inspired police busts, in November, 1997.

All of Sally Maggio's businesses had one thing in common — they were places where the dark and ravishing beauty of those denizens of the City of Night flourished - and it is in a spirit of awe and wonderment at the expression of freedom and the strong, flawed, fearless, tragic, and heroic humanity I found at Sally's Hideaway and all its satellite venues that this site is dedicated to Sally, Dorian, Angie, Grace, Jesse and the very many wonderful, beautiful, inspiring people who passed through those doors.

Here then, for your viewing delight, are the women of Sally's Hideaway.

LL

*Brian Lantelme has produced cover photos for the Styles section of The New York Times, The Village Voice, New York Magazine and several other international publications. He had a one-man exhibition of his work in New York City in 1994 entitled The Times Square Show on Transsexual Identities and received a Bronx Council on the Arts' Career Development Award that same year. Brian has been working on organizing material produced in the late 80's to mid-90's for two books of photography on "old" Times Square and the drag balls of Harlem. He is currently working extensively with Black Inches Magazine and Latin Inches Magazine.*



# Sallys Hideaway



Paulette

Paulette



Misha

More photos on page 40

Visit Brian's website

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## *Hormones & The Struggle Within*

I don't believe I've had quite the intense mental distress a lot of my sisters have had in their lives, but I do struggle almost daily with my feelings. As a youngster I instinctively knew that wearing girl's clothing was "wrong," but it was something I enjoyed doing, and I did it in secret. Even as a teenager, it was something I "had to do" from time to time. I simply **had** to put on girl's clothes, though I never did the makeup and had only had a cheap fright wig.

After marriage and the discovery of my hidden stash of clothes, my wife helped complete my transformation as a woman. By today's standards, I looked pretty bad but I felt wonderful and complete inside. I began dressing more often. The more I did it, the more I liked it, and felt that this was who I should be. We couldn't afford the services of a nutt-doctor, so we confided in our family doctor. She had no experience with a crossdresser, but did some research to learn what was out there in the way of "treatment." Afterall, any variation from the norm must be treated!

She ran across an article about the Brits who were treating sexcriminals with female hormones. The researchers learned that the hormones reduced the desire to perform whatever deviation the person was into. My doctor and I discussed this treatment and decided to give it a try. She put me on the "pill" to see what would happen. Back then, birth control pills were much stronger with a higher concentration of estrogen than today's pills. Within a few weeks my desire to dress seemed to diminish. With that knowledge, the doctor changed me to straight female hormones.

In the 1960's, not a lot was really known about hormones and their effects on humans. At first, I took one pill a day until my "desire" seemed to diminish, then backed off to one every other day. On the "Off" days I didn't seem to feel as good or have as much energy as the "On" days, so I went back to a daily dose. In short order, something changed in my head. I began thinking rather than quit this dressing up, how about if I become a complete woman. I really liked that idea and started taking 2 pills a day, 12 hours apart. I tricked the doctor into giving me extra hormones and within 9 months had a nice set of boobs going. I was dressing in secret again (so my wife wouldn't know) and mentally planning the day when I could live full-time as a woman.

That's when I developed internal bleeding that nearly landed me in the hospital for surgery. I stopped the hormones, which stopped the bleeding, and mentally packed away my desire to dress. That was enough to scare the

panties off any CD! I became a workaholic instead. I still had the urge to toss on something feminine (usually bra and panties), and did so when the urge was strongest, but nothing more than that. I held out for about 15 years without fully dressing. Then it began to get rough. I wanted to dress every day and live full time as a woman.

Finally, I just couldn't deal with it anymore. My wife and I saw a couple of nutt-docs who were more clueless than a brick, but quickly offered to dope me up with whatever was the latest craze in mind-altering drugs. Most of these characters with couches need more help than we do. It's only in the past decade that science and medicine are really beginning to come to terms with this "thing" we have... and they're *still* mostly in the dark.

For 6 years now, I've been messing with hormones again. When Angela and JoAnn warn you about them, **pay attention**. Don't go there without a doctor's permission and watchful eye. They can and do kill. I started on them again to control my desire to dress, though I don't know why this affects me this way. Along the way, I pretty much perfected a very good and passable feminine image. Also, somehow the idea of SRS is no longer objectionable for me. In fact, I've been thinking about it an awful lot lately. I really feel that I am a transsexual, but wonder how much of this is caused by the hormones. Plenty, I'm sure.

During the last part of 1999 and into 2000 I dropped the hormones and nearly went nuts with the desire to live full time as a woman. Back on the hormones again, I feel much better but still eventually want to live as a woman. At least for now the intense pressure is off my thinking in that direction. As I type this my thinking is on a daily rollercoaster. Right now I'm avoiding dressing up as long as I can. Yet, I'm on stronger hormones than in the past. I'm a very strong-willed person and when I really make up my mind to do something, *I do it!* I also have a lot of common sense (something badly missing in today's society), and it is holding me back from doing something very stupid. So the struggle within continues. Remember that first article... "Where Does It All End?" Truth is, it never ends.

Not long ago, I started writing to a transsexual from Florida who is transitioning. She's single, has a good job, and a greenlight with family and her employer. I'm living my desires vicariously through her now and hope that will do the trick for me. All the while, I'm seriously considering feminizing myself even more. Stay tuned.





# Mirror Mirror



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# Always A Lady



## *How Crossdressing Saved My Relationship*

I have had the strong desire to crossdress all my life, but it is only in recent years that I have given in wholeheartedly to this desire. Here's the strange tale of how I got started.

I have been a professional actor for the past twenty-five years. The world of professional theatre is a wonderful and exotic one. One of the many attractions of this world, especially for young people, is the opportunity for frequent and promiscuous sex. I must admit that in my younger days I availed myself of that opportunity on a regular basis. Unfortunately, while busy availing myself I was usually involved in one or another "committed" relationship. I have no doubt that these dalliances were contributory factors in the eventual destruction of all of those relationships. All but one.

About twelve years ago, I met Cherie, a woman whom I found outrageously attractive, and we began dating. After about three years, we moved in together and naturally after a little while the subject of marriage began working its way into our conversations. Despite the fact that Cherie was in both temperament and appearance a dream come true, I

was the one who continually resisted the final plunge. There were two main reasons for this. The first was that although I had not cheated on her throughout our time together, I was not ready to absolutely deny myself that option. The other was — you guessed it — transvestism.

I had not told her about that side of myself. I had hinted there might be something a little different about me and she had hinted back that it would probably be okay with her, but it was a long time before the dreaded words were actually spoken.

Finally, I felt I could not get involved at any deeper level of commitment unless I came clean. Yes, affairs had been significant factors in the failure of other relationships, but the frustration of being unable to reveal myself, of being unable to share such intimate and compelling thoughts and desires was ultimately even more alienating.

Finally, one night at dinner I spilled the beans. She was great! More generous, more compassionate, more loving than I could have imagined or hoped for. What followed was a long series of dialogues between us about these unusual feelings of mine, what their origins might be and how they might impact on our life together. All of this was immensely therapeutic for me as I had never been able to talk to anyone about such things let alone someone I loved. She seemed to be getting something out of it, too, since it increased the level of intimacy between us and since she was aware that it turned me on to talk about it and that in turn excited her.

But certain bridges had yet to be crossed. Other than a few minor experiments over the years, I hadn't as yet actually tried to realize my fantasies, and I certainly hadn't indulged myself when she was anywhere near.

Then one day I got a call from Jan, a former girlfriend. She and I had a short but torrid affair ten years previously. She was in town for just a couple of days on tour with a show in which she was playing the lead and wondered did I want to get together for a late dinner. Deep down I knew what the consequences would be if I said yes. I knew that if I said yes I would very likely betray Cherie. I knew that if I said yes I might end up jeopardizing the most important relationship of my life. I knew I'd be a fool to say yes.



So I said yes. We had dinner and innumerable cocktails and as the bar was closing she asked if I'd like to escort her back to her hotel room and again I said yes. That was that. We got to her room, closed the door and nature took its course. At four am I left her room and drove home in the rain wishing I was dead.

Cherie was waiting up for me thinking that I was, in fact, dead. Because I'd been out so late and hadn't phoned her she assumed there'd been an accident. She said she had even felt the presence of someone in the room, as though someone was saying goodbye. This sounded like the sort of hysterical fantasies people often have under stressful circumstances; however, not ten minutes after I walked in the door the phone rang. It was her mom calling to tell her that her father had just passed away. He had died in his sleep at the nursing home at about the time she'd felt someone near.

I think there are times in life when some cosmic design, a sense of destiny, becomes apparent. It seemed to me that we were having one of those times. However, I did not at that moment choose to tell her all that had gone on with me that evening. She had not been very fond of her father, but she was nonetheless understandably traumatized and I saw no reason to burden her with my bit of news. In fact, as we all know, it's crazy to confess infidelities to our mates as a general rule. It does no good. In most cases, you're just unburdening yourself of guilt; you're not doing the other person any good. And, you're certainly not helping the relationship. I knew it would be dead wrong to tell all.

So, I told all. Not that night, of course, but a few days later. My reasons had not so much to do with guilt but more to do with the feeling that night might have had enormous meaning for both of us and it needed to be addressed.

Things were not too pleasant around our house for the next week or so. Her reaction was classic. She was very hurt and she was very, very, angry. There was little I could do to make her feel better since I had become a traitor and not to be trusted.

The details of the process she went through during that time would take up too much space, but suffice it to say that she is a truly fine person with great heart and soul. Not out of weakness, but as an awesome act of will, she set aside her anger; she determined that I was worth forgiving and that what we had together should not be destroyed. Watching her go through this, watching her find a way for us to stay together, was deeply moving for me, and I found myself loving her as I had never loved anyone before.

Not long afterward, we were married. For the first time in my life I felt that I could be at peace in a completely committed, fidelitous relationship. I knew that I would never cheat again; I even knew that I could stop thinking about cheating. What I could not stop thinking about was crossdressing. We discussed this further and decided it was time for me to actually do something about it.

So I did. You all know the process: the first awkward experiments, the terror of going out in public, the terror of being found out. She's stood by me through all of it, helping me develop a passable image, giving me emotional support, loving me in a way I never thought possible. I now go out on a regular basis. Sometimes Cherie and Lillian go out together. Sometimes, when my work takes me to other cities, we travel as girlfriends.

Her tolerance for what I am and her ability to support me throughout this peculiar journey has bonded me to her in ways at, I think, few men can understand. Ironically, there has been one other benefit reaped from this process. An erotic benefit. Forgive me for bringing this up since it is usually only coyly hinted at in these pages, but, let's be honest, we get turned on by affecting the appearance of women. In fact, anyone who doesn't get a sexual charge out of transvestism, probably isn't a transvestite. Being able to indulge myself in these wildly erotic fantasies enhanced my overall sexuality. Cherie is an extraordinarily beautiful woman, so our sex life has always been good, but I truly believe crossdressing has spiced things up.

The final irony is this, had I been having my regular excursions as Lillian around the time Jan came to town, there's no way I'd have gone up to her hotel room. One has only so much libido to go around, and I now seem to have reached a place of profound satisfaction.

I guess you could say that there is another woman in my life, and she is me. Now, don't get me wrong I'm not recommending this course of action for everyone. I know some of us are in situations where total disclosure would be disastrous. I'm just providing an example of how things can work out sometimes. I also don't mean to suggest that there are not still some problems to be addressed, and perhaps I'll write about those later. But, given all that has happened over the five years of this remarkable marriage, I've developed a kind of faith that things are going to be alright. The important thing is to continually find ways to improve your situation, whatever it might be, taking one step at a time. I hope that each of you will find your way.







▲ Janet L. FWD3944



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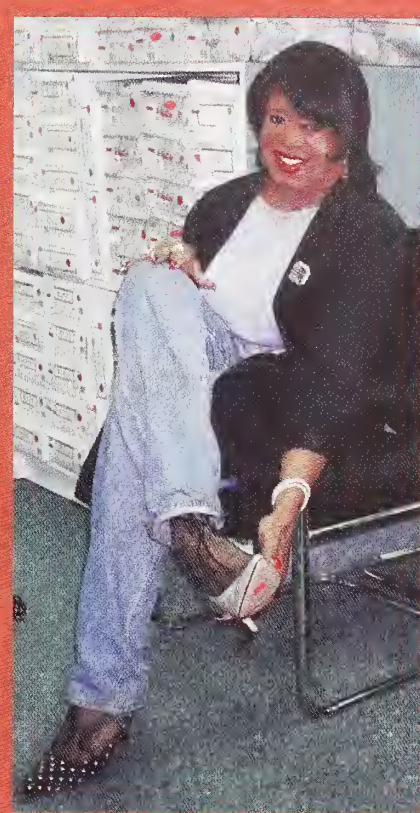




▲ Jan, Glos., UK  
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## Dark, Raven, Ravishing Babes

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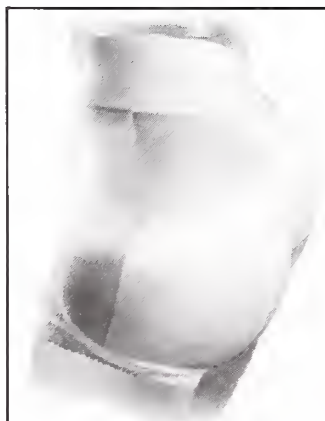
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# Aqua Net, Extra Hold, Unscented... We Couldn't Have Done It Without That!

*An interview with Sandelle Kincaid of Sluts A Go-go by Ms Bob Davis & Carol Kleinmaier — Part 1.*

Sandelle Kincaid was the female drag queen in Sluts A Go-go, San Francisco's reigning drag troupe of the 1980's. In those days she performed as Sandelle Hebert. Today she's a playwright, director and producer pursuing her theatrical career in Los Angeles. But in the 1980's she was a Slut on stage. Her consciously over-feminized persona fit the Sluts like a shoulder-high pink Spandex glove. Men have no monopoly on drag. The desire to become a screaming creature of the night can burn in any breast. Who wouldn't want to be a bigger than life, gaudier than hell, day-glow Barbie doll with attitude? Female drag queens are a San Francisco tradition. Women did drag in the legendary The Cockettes of the late 1960's. The Cockette are best remembered for drag queens with glittery beards. But that was only the most notorious of a variety of ways they pushed gender in performance. Chris Kilo is bearded in The Official Cockettes Paper Doll Book (1971). But it also contains female drag queens. What else would you call the pregnant Sweet Pam or Dusty Dawn with her glittering metallic wig? There's also Ocean Michael Moon, who can't be more than 3, looking splendid in his sequin g-string and halter top. Men, women, and children, fun for the whole family! San Francisco's Klubstitute Kollektive recently presented the 6th annual Faux Queen Contest. The Kollektive is a rainbow of genders and sexualities. This is an event the drag queens present to give their sisters, drag queens trapped in women's bodies, a supportive environment to pad their tits, share their glamour and stretch their imaginations as only drag can. Drag is not female impersonation. It's a recreation of the feminine in gigantic proportions. In the 1980's, when the San Francisco drag scene was almost a desert, the flame was carried by the Sluts a Go-go. Though dozens of performers passed through the company, the core group was an eclectic ensemble of five: Doris Fish, Miss X, "Tippi," Sandelle and Phillip R. Ford. Doris Fish, the dominant member of the group was a gay man who preferred feminine pronouns. In an interview she said her personality was both male and female in a proportion of about 60/40, though she never said which was on top. I suspect it varied. "Tippi" was a MTF transsexual. Sandelle, the "real" girl in the group and the bi-sexual Miss X were an item for several years. The director, producer, publicist was performer Phillip R. Ford, a gay man who dressed-up, but didn't do drag. If that boggles the mind, consider Phillip's Elvis impersonation, which portrayed the King in his sequined declining years. That's genuine dress-up, though not traditional drag. The Sluts' followed the Cockette's lead with male and female drag queens. Performers of all sexes and sexualities were their hallmark. In an era when many gay men wanted nothing to do with drag queens, drag queens found audiences in the art, punk, New Wave and larger queer communities. If the Sluts dramatis personae seemed to represent every gender and sexual preference, so did the audience's. Any 1980's San Francisco bohemian who appreciated the aesthetics of camp was

hooked on the Sluts and the Sluts were Doris, X, "Tippi," Phillip and Sandelle.

**Ms Bob:** How do you explain the pronunciation of Sandelle?

Sandelle Kincaid: It rhymes with Michelle, but you start with Sandra. If you put Sandra and Michelle together, you get Sandelle.

**MsB:** I know that was always a bone of contention. Sometime people would pronounce your name and it would sound like a piece of footwear.

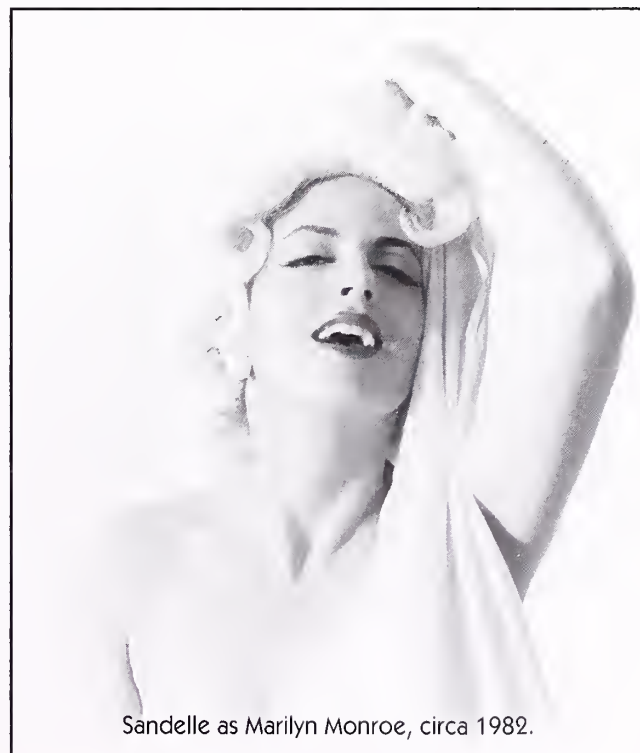
SK: Well, "sandal" is a problem. They can get off into "Shaundell" or "San-dahl," but they just can't say "sandal."

**MsB:** So tell me about your life before the Sluts.

SK: I'm an only child, a California girl. I grew up in Southern California in La Jolla, by the beach. I was getting tan and blond by the beach, then, when I was about 15, I met a 20-year-old punk rocker from San Francisco. All of a sudden I completely went the other direction. I couldn't go to the beach, because I wanted to look as pale as possible. I cut my hair. I never went, like, full Punk Rock. I was more New Wave. But anything in La Jolla at that point was just considered, well, it's not even like, "Oh, she's gone Punk Rock." It was like, "My god, what is she doing!?"

I wonder where I got the balls? Prior to that I really wanted to fit in. I'd been to Catholic school until 8th grade. Then I went into the public school system and I spend a year trying to figure out, "OK, what pants was I supposed to wear? How am I supposed to do my hair?" Then, that wasn't what I was interested in any more. I got very into Punk. I'd come up to San Francisco, get some great clothes, go back, shock the natives. I was the lone Punk Rocker at La Jolla High School. This would have been '79/'80. I graduated a half year early in '81.

continued on page 32



Sandelle as Marilyn Monroe, circa 1982.

Ms Bob  
&  
Carol Kleinmaier





Sandelle, 1986. The scarf makes her look like Kim Novak in "Vertigo."

I moved up to San Francisco at 17, ready to get out of Dodge. I had been acting in grade school and junior high. When I got into high school somehow I just couldn't find my niche in the drama department, so I got into the dance company. For a couple of years I was really into school. I was on the journalism committee. I was on the basketball team. (laughs)

So, when I came up to San Francisco, it was to be a dancer. I moved up March of '81. I lived with my boyfriend and his family. They lived in the Haight. The relationship had not been going well and on my 18th birthday I said, "OK, this is over." I moved out.

My birthday is November 1st, and Halloween is obviously the day before. I dressed up as Marilyn Monroe for Halloween. People saw me and then a couple weeks later they said, "You know, they're auditioning for a Marilyn character in this play. Why don't you go and audition?" I went to the audition completely dressed-up as Marilyn. Didn't realize it wasn't really a Marilyn, it was a Marilyn-esque part, but I went in full Marilyn regalia. And I got the part. The play was "Delivery," by C. D. Arnold, Chuck Solomon directed it. It was the first play to inaugurate the basement studio at Theatre Rhinoceros (America's oldest GLBT theater company). It was a huge hit. We did it there, and then we did a different version with a different director and cast at 540 Natoma (a San Francisco queer performance art venue.) That was how I got noticed.

**MsB:** Weren't you in "How to Talk to a Naked Girl" at 540 Natoma?

SK: Which was written by Lea DeLaria, by the way, who's just become the toast of New York. Silvana Nova (well know San Francisco female impersonator) was in it. Then, when (producer, director) Marc Huestis was putting together "Naked Brunch," he put me together with the Sluts. They needed an ingenue and they said, "Let's get her." So, he called me up. He actually lived around the corner from me. Maybe he came up to me after a show. I don't really remember us meeting, but he put us together.

"Naked Brunch" was a live beatnik musical soap opera. There were

episodes. It ran over the course of a year. "Delivery" was '81 and this was '82, the next season. We had four different episodes. The first episode was establishing the Black Cat Club that was run by Madame LaRue, who Miss X played. And Doris (Fish) was her evil sister, Connie Mertz the hamburger heiress. And she was trying to buy the club to turn it into a hamburger joint. I came to town looking for my mother. She's at the beach, the North Beach. My mother, Nurse Junie, was dealing drugs, so I got taken under the wing of Miss X, Madame LaRue.

We always threw a dance number in. The first number, "Cool," we stole from West Side Story. The second episode we're in jail, so it was a big "Jail House Rock" number. The third we go to Vegas, there's a "Viva Las Vegas" number. And the last one wound up at the 1950 Democratic Convention and there was Pat Nixon, Jackie, Marilyn and Kennedy.

**MsB:** How big was the cast?

SK: It was huge, maybe 15. There was Janice Sukaitis, Ann Block, Ginger Quest. Arturo Galster (best known for his inspired Patsy Cline impersonation, which he's performed on three continents without lip-syncing) was just starting to get into glamour drag and he learned how to really do make-up during "Naked Brunch." And he got so good. I saw him after a long time and he was doing his Eartha Kitt voice. I was stunned, "Oh, my god, honey, you have come so far. You're amazing!"

I remember the "Naked Brunch" tag line was, "Wig, make-up, costumes, story line and some choreography for five bucks!" We got so popular, people were stuffing the club to the point that people were

(l. to r.) Miss X, Sandelle Kincaid and Doris Fish at Doris' flat on Oak Street. The background is a good example of Doris' interior design. Sandelle, "We went to the Opera Plaza Café this night and I was the only one in girl drag. Everyone else was in boy drag, even "Tippi," which was so strange. I did my hair in the style of one of the characters from Sweet Charity. The guy who had done the hair and make-up for Sweet Charity was at the restaurant and he came over and gave us two tickets to see the show. So 'Tippi' and I went the next day."







"Tippi" and Sandelle dressed for a later 1980's Barbie look-alike contest. Sandelle is Barbie's cousin, Midge.

passing out. There were so many people there. I said that in an interview and the next night the Fire Marshall was there. That was a lesson. Watch what you say in an interview. (laughs) So then it was really a drag because the second exit was behind the stage, down the hall, though the dressing room. Now we had to open that up. The curtain had to be open so they could see the exit sign and people could look right into the dressing room.

So, I'll tell you when I first met them (Sluts a Go-go). At the initial meeting for "Naked Brunch" everyone's out of drag. I'm writing down their names and taking their numbers, making a little contact sheet. So I write "Mr. X" and they all start laughing. I'm like, "What's so funny?" "It's Miss X." And I was so embarrassed. I felt like I had committed the worst faux pas by calling him "Mr. X." I remember crossing it out and putting "Ms X," cause I had room for a "Ms."

**MsB: Was that your first show with drag queens?**

SK: Yes. Absolutely. I had this instant affinity with "Tippi." Just instant. And I'm trying to figure out Doris, cause Doris had a girl name. "Tippi" was definitely girl. Girl all the way. There was no question about it. But Doris had a girl name, but she was a boy. I was trying to figure that out. I remember the first time we had our photo call. I felt like I'd put on a lot of make-up. Doris comes up to me and says, "Oh, I see you're going for the natural look." (laughs) It was a slow process, realizing how much makeup I could pile on and how to put it on.

**MsB: "Naked Brunch" became a San Francisco legend. It seemed that everyone in that show became a local celebrity.**

SK: It was just a great mixing place. It was downtown in the Tenderloin, a seedy place to go to. You had the punk crowd. You had the gay crowd. You had the straight crowd. You had such a good mix of people because it was such a great place too. With that curved bar. There was a Weimar Republic feel to it.

**MsB: It's been gutted now. So you worked with the Sluts for a solid year. Were you incorporated into the company after that?**

SK: Pretty much. I spent a lot of time over at their place on Oak Street. X and Ginger (Quest, aka Greg Foss) were at Oak Street. Ginger was so brilliant, but she got bored really quickly. If she had to do a show more than one week it was like, "Oh, honey, I've got to come back next weekend too?" But she was a hysterically funny performer.

**MsB: From the public to the private. How did your relationship with Miss X start, which was at one time one of the most notorious relationships in San Francisco?**

SK: It's hard for me to remember an exact moment. Our characters in "Naked Brunch" had a love scene the very first episode. X was coming on to me through his character, so we had a closeness that was already kind-of blocked (stage movement is called "blocking"). That was happening and I don't remember when it started to shift over. There was a real affinity. Our birthdays are five days apart. We're both Scorpios. I think in some way I probably felt closer to X than I probably felt to anyone in my life. It's funny, you know the drag queen aspect wasn't really part of our relationship. When he was in drag, he was still X. I still had my same feelings for him, but it wasn't, like, he would dress-up and that's how we would have sex. That wasn't what our relationship was about.

**MsB: That's what other people's fantasies were about.**

SK: It was very much a standard male/female thing.

**MsB: I've seen you two referred to in print as Miss X and Madame X.**

SK: I think that had more to do with the fact that Doris, X and "Tippi" already were the Sluts and did a lot together. Then I came in and, I'm the kind of person who wants to make things happen, I'm "Let's enter the Barbie Look-Alike Contest. Let's do this and let's do that. Why don't we do this better? Why don't we practice more?" It can make things happen, but it can be really annoying too, right?

**continued on page 34**

Sandelle posing as Barbie's cousin, Midge, for a Barbie doll look-alike contest in the late 1980's.







Séance at Naked Brunch. (l. to r.) Joe Cappetta, Sandelle, Miss X, Silvana Nova, Doris Fish and Ginger Quest. Photo by Daniel Nicoletta.

**MsB: Especially coupled with youthful exuberance.**

SK: Exactly. It was like, "Who the hell does she think she is?" I've asked myself that question, "Who the hell did I think I was?" I had so much more confidence then than I do now. It's so funny. I don't know why I felt such an affinity to these people. But I really did. I think it's because I spent so much time alone. I spent so much time looking at old "Life" magazines growing up that my ideal for glamour was looking back. And here was a group that was embodying that '50's and '60's glamour. I felt that was more my time, my look, and my body type was more fitting in with that.

**MsB: Let's go back to the Sluts. Most people don't realize that they were a very unique group because there were all kinds of people involved with the company. It wasn't just drag queens and it wasn't just lip-sync.**

SK: I actually got to sing a song in the very first episode. It was My Man from "Funny Girl," but I sang My Mom.

**MsB: How about some backstage stories? Or weren't there any?**

SK: Oh there were! For me it wasn't even my second childhood, it was my first childhood. I was very serious and here was a chance for me to play dress-up. I felt like I was just taken under their wing so wonderfully. I just learned by observation. Like I said I started out with little tiny make-up and then started to put on more eyeliner and more eyeliner and finding out, "Oh, I can bring it all the way to here." Just how far can you go? You can go really far.

**MsB: If you're performing with drag queens.**

SK: Yea. And I'm tall. I was taller than Doris and "Tippi." I was bigger than Doris and "Tippi." So you got to the point where you didn't know which one's the man, which one's the woman. But there was a down side, too, cause I had size 9 feet. "Tippi" had 7, Miss X had 7 1/2 and Doris had 8. Closets full of shoes and I can't wear any of them! Except some of Doris'. Some of hers were 8 1/2 and I could cram my feet into those

**MsB: When women perform with drag queens and dress in the same style, it makes the queens look better every time.**

SK: Exactly, when that's the style. It was fun. Drag was like armor. Once you were in that, it was look but don't touch. But also I heard that some straight women, who might not have been into seeing a drag show, liked it that there was a "real woman" on stage. It made them feel more welcome I guess. I never quite got why women would have thought they were being made fun of. It seems to me pretty obvious that they're being glorified.

I remember hearing stories about how Doris and X would go down the street dressed up during the day and they would cause car accidents. And I thought, "Oh, my god, that would be the height." To be walking down the street and have someone look and turn and, of course you wouldn't want them to hurt themselves, but would a fender bender be too much? Doris always said it was about a look, to get a look: "Hey, LOOK!"

**MsB: Doris would be stunning on stage, but if you caught her after the lights came up you realized how much artifice there was. I was fascinated by the tooth paint.**

SK: I couldn't wear that shit to save my life. I tried to paint my teeth and I would just chip it off. I would look so bad.

**MsB: Doris could eat a whole meal without chipping it off. I think she threw the food against her pallet and only chewed in the back.**

SK: What I remember most about the shows is that you couldn't eat before, it took so long getting ready. There'd be food at these various places, but you couldn't eat because you were in drag. So it was all about eating afterwards. I remember so much coming home and slicing tons of potato bread, making eggs, making pasta. Coming home, taking off the make-up, and watching "Damn Yankees" or "Cleopatra." We had our favorite scenes. "Tippi" would have her bag that was plastic lined and she would have stuffed a bunch of food in there that she'd gotten from the buffet before the show, but we couldn't eat then.

Sandelle and "Tippi" ready to do at show at a party in someone's home.





**MsB:** *In the 1980's the Sluts almost were drag in San Francisco. The gay scene was very masculine then and drag queens didn't enjoy the popularity they had later in the 1990's.*

SK: In the mid to late '80's Doris and "Tippi" were called the Aunt Jemimas of the gay community. They were an image many people didn't wish to have out there for the straight world to see. Excuse me, if there's anywhere that has to be inclusive it has to be the gay community. So many people are ostracized by the main stream community; let's have some inclusion here. There shouldn't be one image that is put out as the stamped, official gay person. We got a little political, but not really. It was just not what they were about.

For me, it was about how amazing they were. I had never seen people who looked so incredible. There was no question about whether they were transvestites or not. They were drag queens. They're not trying to pass as women. They're these incredible creatures.

There's this incredible moment in one of the "Naked Brunches" where Doris was getting a massage and he had the whole cleavage thing going. You know Doris went to the gym all the time to build up tits, so she could squeeze them together for cleavage. She was in a towel. She had the fake bum. You know I was even putting on the foam pads, because anything you had you had to have more of. They would put on the fake bums and the fake thighs. I thought my bum was big enough, but sometimes I would put on the fake thighs. Whatever you had, you made it more.

Anyway Doris was on stage in just a towel and stripping down. There was this incredible moment when she was in just a bra and panties and then, almost like Gypsy Rose Lee would do, the towel would go and something would come in front of it. There was this tease. "Am I going to see something? Am I not going to see something?" And she looked stunning all the way through it. It was incredible. Incredible. Really kept up the illusion that this is a woman I'm looking at.

That to me was the essence of the Sluts, that tease between what the audience wanted and what we were willing to do. People were always trying to get us to go raunchier, but one reason we all had such an affinity is that we had a similar threshold for that. There was a point beyond which we wouldn't go and it was similar for all of us. We may have been Sluts, but we still had class.

**MsB:** *That's a goal many of our readers aspire to I'm sure.*

*Well, that's it for this issue. There's more about Sandelle and the Sluts in the upcoming October issue. If you're interested, we did a tribute to "Tippi" in LadyLike #13. International TranScript #3 (March 1992) had a photo feature on the Sluts A Go-go. Both issues are out of print.*

Ms BOB is a collector of gender-related books, magazines, recordings and ephemera. Currently she is seeking FEMALE MIMICS #6 (Aug. 1965) and NEW FEMALE MIMICS (Winter, 1970-71), EN FEMME #11 (1989) and LADY LIKE #7, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31 and 33. Visit Ms BOB'S ON-LINE BOOK SHOPPE & EPHEMERA EMPORIUM in the Transgender Forum Shopping Mall ([www.tgforum.com](http://www.tgforum.com)) for used and hard to find items. Ms Bob can be contacted c/o LadyLike or at [<msbob@tgforum.com>](mailto:<msbob@tgforum.com>).

CAROL KLEINMAIER is a founding member of Transgendered Nation. For almost two decades she has been an activist for both gender and AIDS issues.

If there is any subject you'd be interested seeing covered in FLASH BACK, please, drop us a note and we will try to oblige.



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# *Roxy Goes To School*



Here's another adventure of mine being Roxy. For those of you that haven't read anything about me (LL#44), I'm very open about my crossdressing. Everyone in my life knows what I do. Roxy is such a very important part of me that I see no reason to hide her and she wants people to know she's here, too. (I know that might sound schizophrenic, but I find that sometimes referring to Roxy in the third person makes things a little easier for me to explain.) I recently had a career change. I'd been a teamster for 22 years. It was a career which was a dead end and, to be honest, becoming more of a problem as Roxy grows to be a larger part of my life. So I took the opportunity of a job closure to make some changes in my life and I am taking a course in computers at my local community college.

A couple of weeks of class have gone by and we got to a section of the course that was about ways to look for hobby information on the Internet. I tried several things, but the instructor kept turning them down saying they weren't hobbies. I don't have time for hobbies as my crossdressing takes up a great amount of my free time. So, I was getting frustrated and decided to pull up the web site for Renais-

sance <<http://www.ren.org/>>. I showed him and he said it has to be a hobby, not just a point of interest. I told him it's neither a hobby nor a point of interest, it's what I am. He had a little problem believing me at first, but once he realized I was telling the truth, he was fine about it. He expressed some amazement and wanted to ask questions. I answered all I could as there wasn't much time with class going on.

Another couple of classes went by and we were at a section of the course about creating websites. The instructor asked if anyone had ever built a website. Four of us raised our hands. (I didn't create mine alone. My dear friend Amanda Richards [LL#38] did much of the work.) He wanted us to pull the sites up and, for those with no experience, he gave examples for them to pull up. I took him to the side and explained that my website was a personal site about Roxy <<http://www.geocities.com/roxyrocky59>>. He said that was OK since he'd be the only one to see it. Besides, he was curious to see the site.

I noticed that the other websites were work related and had little interest for the rest of the class. Then people started looking over my shoulder and began noticing my site. It's a little flamboyant. More of the class started gathering around and asking questions. They wanted to know how she was, how I knew her, etc. I said it was a friend of mine, which was going over until one girl looked a little closer and proclaimed loudly, "that's you." Like I said, I'm never ashamed or embarrassed of who I am and I told them, yes, it is me. They were all amazed, surprised and several other things, but not one person was negative. Sometimes I think when people know you first as a man, they find it a little easier to accept your crossdressing. They get to know and like you so they tend to not be as judgmental.

They asked me the obvious questions; how often I dress, where do I go, do I perform, etc. When I explained to them that I dress often and basically go wherever I want, they asked why didn't I attend school dressed. I explained that sometimes you have to be careful as you're never sure what



the reactions or consequences will be. They asked if I would come to class as Roxy. They even asked the instructor and he said if they had no problem with it, then it was okay with him. I told them that I would love to be Roxy in school, but I also told them that I'm taking school seriously and I need to do my work in the classroom. I also told them that I didn't want to distract the class and take away from the instructor's teachings.

I was very excited at the prospect of being Roxy while attending class, and at the same time I must admit that I had some reservations, too. After talking to a couple of people I trust and respect I decided to do it. I wanted to make a great first impression so I had to decide on the right clothes. I chose a casual business look, a "just got out of work, going to night school" look.

I was finally ready for Roxy's first night at school. I dressed and went to a local salon (Donna's Hair Studio) to get my hair done. The outfit was perfect and my hair came out fantastic. I felt very pretty and very excited. I got to school and something odd happened. I had this notion of how accepting everyone would be, but I didn't expect them to be about a thousand times nicer, friendlier, and accepting than I ever would have dreamed. Their reactions ranged from shocked to awe. They were complimentary and treated me no differently than before. They admired my makeup and were amazed when they learned that I do my own makeup. Most of the women said I did my makeup better than they could do theirs.

After the initial questions, they basically treated me as any other woman in class. So I got to do my work, the instructor had no distractions and the world was no worse off because a male went to school dressed as a woman. Later, one girl wanted to know if she could say something to me. I told her she could say whatever she wanted. I didn't mind opinions or comments. She wanted me to know that they had all agreed that I made a beautiful woman and had they not already known they never would've guessed I was a man. They'll never know how I wanted to hug them all and cry when I heard such a wonderful compliment.

During the lecture the instructor even stopped to com-

ment that when I spoke it was very feminine and how ladylike I sat and acted. I told him it's not an act, just how I am when I'm dressed. It's very natural for me to be Roxy when I'm dressed, because that's who I am. That might've been a little too much for him. It was enough that he called me Rock (my real name) all night and I kept yelling at him "Roxy!" He laughed every time I corrected him. I learned that as a crossdresser, sometimes you have to laugh at yourself. You have to remember that for all the emotions we feel and go through, for all the sympathetic people that listen to our problems and issues, to some people out there, you're just a guy in a dress and that's all you'll ever be to them. So laugh at yourself and watch how you turn those people around by just laughing with them and giving them a chance to get to know you.

After class ended I walked outside with the instructor. He wanted to know how I thought it went. I found that most of the men in the class tried to act like nothing was different. They didn't acknowledge I was crossdressed or say anything about it. Some of the women wanted to know where I buy my clothes, makeup and shoes. Other women treated me as they would any other women. And some members of both sexes wanted to know more personal details, like what bathroom do I use, am I gay, what do my children say, etc. The instructor was amazed that I noticed all those different reactions. I told him I enjoy seeing how people react since I'm trying my best to educate the world in any way I can about transgender issues. He left saying I could come to class crossdressed any time I wanted.

I finished the semester as Roxy, except for one class when I had no time to get dressed. Everyone wanted to know where Roxy was! It's amazing how people will accept change if it's handled in the right way. On the last night of class as we said our good-byes, at least five people came up to me and said that I had changed their minds about transgendered people. It feels good to know that I was able to spread the message of tolerance. Most of my classmates exchanged email addresses with me and want to stay in touch. I'll never forget my exciting experience attending school as Roxy.





# North American Support Groups

## National US Membership Organizations

**International Foundation for Gender Education**, PO Box 540229, Waltham, MA 02454. Publishes Transgender Tapestry (\$40/ year subscription). Reprints and books on TV/TS subjects, other info. Hosts annual conference in different locations around the country. Phone: 617-899-2212. <ifge@ifge.org><www.ifge.org>

**Renaissance Transgender Association, Inc.**, 987 Old Eagle School Rd., Suite 719, Wayne, Pa. 19087. 610-975-9119 24 hr. answering machine, but phones are answered personally on Monday and Thursday evenings. Membership fee of \$40 includes the monthly publication "Transgender Community News." Also publishes Background Papers and Community Outreach Bulletins on transgender issues for personal and professional use. Speakers available for classroom, corporate, or media discussions of transgender issues. Renaissance currently has four chapters and seven affiliates. Affiliates are noted with "(!)" in the list below. Renaissance is a 501(c)(3) non-profit membership organization. <angela@ren.org> <www.ren.org>

**Society for the Second Self (SSS)**, Box 194, Tulare, CA 93275. Focuses on families and relationships. Tri-Ess publishes the Femme Mirror quarterly and hosts an annual convention. Tri-Ess chapters are marked with "#" in the list below. Tri-Ess is a non-profit membership organization. <jefftris@aol.com>

### AK

Alaska T People, c/o Bobbie Wendy Tucey, PO Box 670349, Chugiak, AK, 99567

### AL

Madison County Gender Center, c/o Metropolitan Community Church, 3015 Sparkman Drive NW, Huntsville, AL, 35810

### AZ

A Rose, PO Box 8108, Glendale, AZ, 85312-8108

Alpha-Zeta (Tri-Ess), PO Box 1738, Tempe, AZ, 85280-1738

Evolere Transgendered Foundation, 1830 E. Broadway Blvd. #124-269, Tucson, AZ, 85719

Tau Upsilon, 8802 E. Broadway Blvd. #145, Tucson, AZ, 85710

### CA

3rd Sect, c/o Sacto. Gender Assoc., PO Box 215456, Sacramento, CA, 95821-1456

Access Point, PO Box 7180, Los Osos, CA, 93402

Alpha Chapter, 409 N. Pacific Coast Hwy. #320, Redondo Beach, CA, 90277

American Transsexual Education Center, 1626 n. Wilcox Ave. #584, Hollywood, CA, 90028

Androgyny, PO Box 480740, (Santa Monica) Los Angeles, CA, 90048

Bom Free, PO Box 52829, Riverside, CA, 92517

CD Social Group, PO Box 224, Montrose, CA, 91021

Center for Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual & Transgendered Community, 3909 Centre Street, San Diego, CA, 92103

CHIC, PO Box 8487, Long Beach, CA, 90808

Diablo Valley Girls, PO Box 272885, Concord, CA, 94527-2885

Emergence-Support for Christian TS, 208 W. Manning, Reedley, CA, 93654

FPSG, #634 PO Box 410-990, San Francisco, CA, 94141-0990

Gender Awareness League, c/o Grace Bredow, PO Box 46062, Los Angeles, CA, 90046

Gender Expressions, PO Box 816, Lakewood, CA, 90714-0816

L.A. Gay & Lesbian Center/ The Village, 1125 N. McCadden Pl., Los Angeles, CA, 90038

Ladies Knight Out, PO Box 19608-179, Irvine, CA, 92713

Neutral Corner, PO Box 19008, San Diego, CA, 92159

Omega Chi, PO Box 1088, Yorba Linda, CA, 92686

Powder Puffs of California, PO Box 1088, Yorba Linda, CA, 92886

PSGV Transgendered Support, 401 South Main St., Suite 104, Pomona, CA, 91765

Rainbow Gender Association, PO Box 700730, San Jose, CA, 95170-0730

Sacramento Gender Assoc., PO Box 215456, Sacramento, CA, 95821-1456

San Francisco Gender Information (SFGI), PO Box 423602, San Francisco, CA, 94142-3602

Sigma Sigma Beta, Tri-Ess, PO Box 19933, So. Lake Tahoe, CA, 96151

Silicon Valley Gender Association, 175 Stockton, San Jose, CA,

Society for Initiatives & Services in TG Issues, PO Box 30844, Oakland, CA, 94604-0844

Society for Second Self (Tri-Ess), PO Box 194, Tulare, CA, 93275

TGSF, PO Box 426486, San Francisco, CA, 94142-6486

Thursday Irregulars, c/o Joan Sheldon, PO Box 6541, San Jose, CA, 95150-6541

Trans-Action, 973 Market St. Suite 500, San Francisco, CA, 94103

Transsexual Support Group, The Center Long Beach, 2017 East 4th St., Long Beach, CA, 90814

Tri Chi Tri-Ess, PO Box 194, Tulare, CA, 93275

U.S. G.I.R.L.S. Club, P.O. Box 3182, Cerritos, CA, 90703-3182

Ventura Transgender Outreach, c/o GLCC, 3503 Arundell Circle, Suite 3-A, Ventura, CA, 93003

Nadia Cabezas c/o Jeff Faircloth, 191 Golden Ave, San Francisco, CA, 94102

### CO

Delta, Tri-Ess, PO Box 16208, Denver, CO, 80216-6208

Gender Identity Center of Colorado, Inc., 1455 Ammons St., Suite 100, Lakewood, CO, 80215-4993

Phoneix Project, 1740 South Buckley Road, #6-178, Aurora, CO, 80017

Pueblo TV/TS Support Group, 1144 Clarmont, Pueblo, CO, 81004-2808

Teenage Kids of TSs, c/o Laurie Ciccotello, 1740 S. Buckley Road #6-178, Aurora, CO, 80017

### CT

Connecticut Outreach Society, PO Box 163, Farmington, CT, 6034

connecticutView, PO Box 2281, Devon, CT, 6460

GBSING, c/o PO Box 162, Haddam, CT, 6438

Twenty (XX) Club Inc., PO Box 387, Hartford, CT, 06141-0387

### D.C.

Washington-Baltimore Alliance, PO Box 50724, Washington, D.C., 20091-0724

### DE

Renaissance, Delaware Chapter, PO Box 5656, Wilmington, DE, 19808

### FL

Animas, PO Box 420309, Miami, FL, 33242

Gamma Chi Beta, PO Box 510045, Punta Gorda, FL, 33951-0045

Gender Society of the Palm Beaches, c/o Compass, 1700 N. Dixie Highway, W. Palm Beach, FL, 33407

Lauderdale Area TG Support, c/o Diane Arnold 3990 NW 42nd Ave, Lauderdale Lakes, FL, 33319

Mu Beta Gamma Tri-Ess, PO Box 4126, Hialeah, FL, 33014

North Florida Sisters (NFS), PO Box 5765, Jacksonville, FL, 32245-5765

Phi Epsilon Mu, Tri-Ess, PO Box 3261, Winter Park, FL, 32790-3261

Starburst, PO Box 6822, Clearwater, FL, 33756-6822

Tau Lambda, Tri-Ess, PO Box 3426, Tallahassee, FL, 32315-3426

Trans Alliance of Gainesville, PO Box 143102, Gainesville, FL, 32614-3102

### GA

AGE, PO Box 98330, Atlanta, GA, 30359

Montgomery Institute, PO Box 33311, Decatur, GA, 30033

Sigma Epsilon, Tri-Ess, PO Box 272, Rosewell, GA, 30077-0272

### HI

Hawaii Transgender Outreach, PO Box 4530, Honolulu, HI, 96812

### IA

Central Illinois Gender Assoc., PO Box 1925, Clinton, IA, 52733-1925

Iowa Artistry, PO Box 75, Cedar Rapids, IA, 52406

QCAD Group, PO Box 1534, Davenport, IA, 52809

### ID

Tri-States Transgender Group, PO Box 6691, Boise, ID, 83707

### IL

Central Illinois Gender Assoc. (CIGA), P.O. Box 3082, Champaign, IL, 60826-3082

Chi, Tri-Ess, PO Box 40, Wood Dale, IL, 60191-0040

Chicago Gender Society, PO Box 578005, Chicago, IL, 60657

Sunday Society, PO Box 478850, Chicago, IL, 60647

Transgender Outreach Project, PO Box 441, Urbana, IL, 61801

### IN

IXE, PO Box 20710, Indianapolis, IN, 46250

Transgender Outreach of N. Indiana, Ltd., PO Box 2372, Portage, IN, 46368

### KS

KCCAF (Kansas City Crossdressers & Friends), PO Box 4092, Overland Park, KS, 66204

Wichita Transgender Alliance, PO Box 3002, Wichita, KS, 67201-3002

### KY

BGB (a.k.a. BlueGrass Belles), PO Box 20173, Louisville, Ky, 40250

### LA

Gulf Gender Alliance, PO Box 56836, New Orleans, LA, 70156-6836

### MA

COMPASS, PO Box 229, Waltham, MA, 02454-0229

Investments, PO Box 2194, Orleans, MA, 02653-3160

Sunshine Club, PO Box 564, Hadley, MA, 01035-0564

TG Support Group, 36 Alpine Rd, Wayland, MA, 1778

Tiffany Club of New England, Inc., PO Box 71, Waltham, MA, 02454-0071

### MD

Chi Epsilon Sigma, PO Box 505, Brooklandville, MD, 21022-0505

The Bridge Club, c/o Michelle Gerald, PO Box 11737, Baltimore, MD, 21206-0337

Tran\*quility Gender Information Society, Inc., c/o GLCCB, 241 W. Chase Street, Baltimore, MD, 21201

Trans Info Project (FtM), PO Box 1145, Greenbelt, MD, 20770

Transgender Support Group of Baltimore, c/o Gay & Lesbian Community Center of Baltimore, 241 W. Chase St., Baltimore, MD, 21201

Washington-Baltimore Alliance, PO Box 1994, Silver Spring, MD, 20915

### ME

Maine Gender Resource & Support, c/o Jean Churchill, PO Box 1894, Bangor, ME, 04402-1894

Transsupport, PO Box 17622, Portland, ME, 4101

### MI

After Six, PO Box 126, Comstock Park, MI, 49321

Crossroads, PO Box 1245, Royal Oak, MI, 48068-1245

Friends North, Inc., PO Box 562, Traverse City, MI, 49685-0562

IME of Western Michigan, PO Box 1153, Grand Rapids, MI, 49501

### MN

Beta Gamma, Tri-Ess, PO Box 8591, Minneapolis, MN, 55408

City of Lakes Crossgender Community, PO Box 14844, Minneapolis, MN, 55414

continued on page 40



Gender Education Center, PO Box 1861,  
Maple Grove, MN, 55311

## MO

St. Louis Gender Foundation, PO Box 9433,  
St. Louis, MO, 63117

## MS

Beta Chi, Tri-Ess, PO Box 31253, Jackson, MS,  
39286-1253

Southern Belle Society, PO Box 3112,  
Gulfport, MS, 39505

## NC

Carolina Transensual Alliance (CTA), 112  
Edwardia, Charlotte, NC, 27409

Kappa Beta, Tri-Ess, PO Box 12101, Charlotte,  
NC, 28220-2101

Phoenix Transgender Support, PO Box 18332,  
Asheville, NC, 28814

Sigma Rho Delta Tri-Ess, PO Box 90141,  
Raleigh, NC, 27675-0141

Triad Gender Association, PO Box 2264,  
Jamestown, NC, 27282-2264

## NE

River City Gender Alliance, PO Box 8076,  
Omaha, NE 68108

## NH

Tri-Ess New England, PO Box 7681, Nashua,  
NH, 03060-7681

## NJ

Chi Delta Mu, Tri-Ess, PO Box 1, River Edge,  
NJ, 07661-0001

Epsilon Nu Gamma, PO Box 4, Three Bridges,  
NJ, 8887

New Jersey Support, PO Box 9378, Trenton,  
NJ, 8650

Sigma Nu Rho, Tri-Ess, PO Box 9255, Trenton,  
NJ, 8650

## NM

Phi (Fiesta), Tri-Ess, 8200 Montgomery NE,  
#241, Albuquerque, NM, 87109

## NV

Equinox, 8175 S Virginia, Suite 850-256,  
Reno, NV, 89511-8981

TG Support, Community Counseling Center,  
1120 Almond Tree Lane, Las Vegas, NV

## NY

Buffalo Belles, PO Box 1701, Amherst, NY,  
14226

CD\*Network, PO Box 92055, Rochester, NY,  
14692

CDI, 404 W40th #2, NYC NY 10018

CNY TransMenace, 405 Howard St, #1,  
Syracuse, NY, 13203

Expressing Our Nature, Inc., c/o Pride  
Community Center, PO Box 6608, 745 N  
Salina St., Syracuse, NY, 13217-6608

Gender Identity Project at the Lesbian & Gay  
Community Services Center, One Little West  
12th Street, New York, NY, 10014

Lambda Chi Lambda, Tri-Ess, PO Box 1010,  
Cooperstown, NY, 13326

LIFE, PO Box 1311, Watertown, NY, 11976-1311

Metropolitan Gender Network, 561 Hudson  
St., Box 45, New York, NY, 10014

Rochester Transgender organization, C/O Gay  
Alliance of the Genesee Valley, 179 Atlantic  
Avenue, Rochester, NY, 14607

TGIC, PO Box 13604, Albany, NY, 12212-3604

Transgender Network, PO Box 753, New  
Paltz, NY, 12561

## OH

Alpha Omega, PO Box 2053, Sheffield Lake,  
OH, 44054-0053

Crossport, PO Box 1692, Cincinnati, OH,  
45204

Crystal Club, PO Box 287, Reynoldsburg, OH,  
43068-0287

It's Time Ohio!, PO Box 21310, Columbus,  
OH, 43221

Paradise Club, PO Box 29564, Cleveland, OH,  
44129

TransFamily of Cleveland, 2121 S Green Rd, S  
Euclid, OH, 44121-3300

## OK

Central Oklahoma Transgender Alliance, 3334  
W. Main Ste. 203, Norman, OK, 73072

## OR

Intermountain Transgender Outreach, 1524  
Monroe Ave., La Grande, OR, 97850

Northwest Gender Alliance, PO Box 4928,  
Portland, OR, 97208

Phoenix Rising Foundation, 620 SW 5th  
Avenue Ste. 710, Portland, OR, 97204-1422

Rho Gamma, PO Box 5551, Grants Pass, OR,  
97527

## PA

Erie Sisters, 1903 West 8th St #261, Erie, PA,  
16505

Renaissance - Lehigh Valley, PO Box 3624,  
Allentown, PA, 18106

Renaissance, Greater Philadelphia, 987 Old  
Eagle School Road, Suite 719, Wayne, PA,  
19087

Renaissance, Lower Susquehanna Valley, PO  
Box 2122, Harrisburg, PA, 17105-2122

Transpitt, PO Box 3214, Pittsburgh, PA, 15230

TSG (Transsexual Support Group), 6020 Penn  
Circle South, Pittsburgh, PA, 15206

## TN

Memphis TransGender Alliance, PO Box  
11052, Memphis, TN, 38111-1052

Tennessee Vals, PO Box 92335, Nashville, TN,  
37209

## TX

Alpha Tau, PO Box 1398, Georgetown, TX,  
78627

Austin Second Image, PO Box 679, Leander,  
TX, 78641

Central Texas Transgender Society, PO Box  
300487, Austin, TX, 78705

Epsilon Tau, Tri-Ess, PO Box 945, New  
Waverly, TX, 77358

Gulf Coast Transgender Community, PO Box  
90335, Houston, TX, 77090

Helping Cross Dressers Anonymous, 6804 E  
Hiway 6 S #334, Houston, TX, 77083

ICTLEP, PO Drawer 35477, Houston, Texas,  
77235-5477

Metroplex CD Club, PO Box 141924, Irving,  
TX, 75014-1924

Nu Epsilon Tau, PO Box 14096, Pantego, TX,  
76094

Spouses & Partners International Conference  
for Education (SPICE), Peggy Rudd, c/o 8880  
Bellaire B2 #104, Houston, TX, 77036

Tau Chi, Tri-Ess, 8800 Bellaire B2, Ste. 104,  
Houston, TX

Texas Assoc. of Transsexuals (T.A.T.S.), PO  
Box 142, Bellaire, TX, 77401

## UT

An Engendered Species, PO box 11897, Salt  
Lake City, UT, 84147

Western Transsexuals Support Network, 4667  
Holladay Blvd, #2, Salt Lake City, UT, 84117

## VA

Chi Epsilon Sigma tri-Ess, c/o PO Box 382,  
Norge, VA, 2317-0382

Trans-Gender Education Association, PO Box  
16036, Arlington, VA, 22215

## VT

TRANS, PO Box 5687, Burlington, VT, 5402

## WA

Bellingham Gender Group, PO Box 2004,  
Bellingham, WA, 98227

Emerald City, PO Box 31318, Seattle, WA,  
98103

Ingersoll Gender Center, 1812 E. Madison,  
Suite 106, Seattle, WA, 98122-2843

## WI

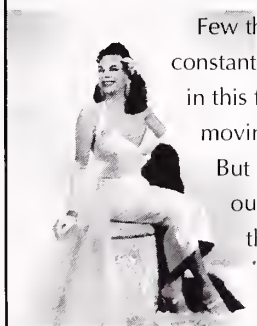
Gemini Gender Group, P.O. Box 44211,  
Milwaukee, WI, 53214

Madison Transgender Group, 14W Mifflin St,  
Madison, WI, 53704

## WV

Trans-West Virginia, PO Box 2322,  
Huntington, WV, 25724

# The Queen is Dead! Long Live the Queen!



Few things are  
constant or stable  
in this fast  
moving world.  
But during  
our lifetime  
there's  
been one

truth in the crossdressing  
community. One institution  
whose focus has remained  
constant since the first time you  
put on a pair of pantyhose; that  
was steadfast as the North Star  
even before the invention of  
pantyhose. That unchanging  
rock in the firmament was

Finocchio's, a nightclub "where  
the most beautiful women on  
stage are men." Finocchio's was  
in San Francisco "at the same  
location since 1936." But on  
November 27, 1999, after 63  
years, Finocchio's chiseled off her  
make-up, hung up her tits, and  
went dark. San Francisco Poet  
Laureate Lawrence Ferlinghetti  
said it best, "What a drag."

The queen is dead! So, long  
live the queen! But who is she?  
Who inherits Finocchio's mantle  
of baubles, bangles and bugle  
beads? Which venue has the  
distinction of being the oldest  
showroom in America dedicated

to professional female imperson-  
ation? Have you been there? Is it  
in your hometown?

LadyLike and Transgender  
Forum are beginning a search.  
We want to discover who's been  
carrying the torch the longest.  
Which are the **three oldest clubs**  
featuring drag acts at least three  
nights a week, ten months a year.  
Is there a club in Atlanta? Maybe  
there's an older one in Seattle?  
Not a bar with an occasional  
show, this has to be a nightclub  
with tulle as its foundation.

Send us letters. Send us tips.  
We'll follow every lead you  
provide and sometime next year

LadyLike and Transgender  
Forum will run a series of  
articles, one on each of these  
venerable institutions. Join the  
search for community history!  
Send your nominations of old  
clubs to the old queens at  
LadyLike:

LadyLike/CDS  
P.O. Box 61263  
King of Prussia, PA 19406.





# Sally's Hideaway



**Brian Lantelme  
Photography**

**312 W 24th St, 17E  
New York NY 10011**







Katie does a  
makeover on our  
publisher  
JoAnn Roberts



The LadyLike Staff visited with Katie Wannabe, a relatively new transformation artist in the metropolitan Philadelphia area.

Katie is a beauty salon owner/stylist with more than 17 years experience and she has been in her current location over 9 years. Her transformation business started four years ago when two transsexual customers were heard commenting how difficult it is to get clothing, shoes, wigs, accessories that fit properly. Katie decided that she could do something about that and added those items to her beauty salon. Entrance to the salon is from a secure parking lot located behind the building. Salon appointments are available anytime for any day of the week.

The Katie Wannabe Salon is a full service salon and boutique, specializing in male to female transformations. They carry a wide variety of retail items for all your beauty needs. In addition, the boutique is filled with elegant formal wear and accessories including shoes, wigs, evening purses, head pieces, specialty stockings, prosthesis and hip padding. They also do alterations and custom pieces to match outfits out of leftover material from your altered garment (wraps, hats, scarves, etc.)

Katie shows off one of the many gowns and dresses in the shop



Katie Wannabe Salon  
13037 Bustleton Ave  
Phila Pa 19116  
215-673-3722  
[www.katiwannabe.com](http://www.katiwannabe.com)



# *Roxy (almost) Stripped-Searches at the Airport!*

Last month, a non-crossdressing admirer came into town. He is from San Jose, California and looks like John Goodman, the Hollywood actor who starred in the movie, *The Flintstones*, so we'll call him Fred for this story. We have been corresponding for several months now and when he earned my confidence, I invited him to come to town. And, I did something crazy. I went to pick him up at the airport as Roxy! This is a true-adventure story.

Fred flew into town on a Friday night, for the weekend. To save time, I'd pick him up at the airport as Roxy, take him to his hotel and then we'd go out for dinner get to know each other better. Now, I've never been to the airport in drag and the idea sounded both exciting and scary. Would I be able to walk through the security metal detector without being read? If I dressed down a bit, with a sweater dress, and toned down my makeup, I felt confident I had a chance to pass through undetected.

That night, a chilling wind decided to blow hard through town. I parked in the short-term lot, swapped my 5-inch dancing shoes for 4-inch pumps and removed my jewelry in order to be able to glide through the metal detector with no problem. I also decided to leave my purse in my vehicle as well, but I stuffed my camera and eyeglasses into the pockets of my coat.

I stepped out into the cold wind and walked quickly to the entrance of the airport. When I reached the vestibule, I realized my hair was now a gnarly mess and I'd better make an unplanned stop at the nearest ladies room to fix it. As I walked into the well-lit lobby of the airport, I began to feel as if all eyes were upon me and it scared me to think that people might discover me, point fingers, laugh and request that security personnel escort me out.

I spotted a nearby monitor and checked to see what gate Fred was going to arrive at. It indicated his plane was going to be a few minutes late. Luckily, the public restrooms were nearby, so I walked into the ladies room and was relieved to find no one in front of the lavatory. Facing the mirrors, I discovered my fingers alone were not going to undo the damage the wind had done to my hair. Surely, I could not let see Fred see me like this. I decided to go back out to my vehicle to get my hairbrush out of my purse to undo the damage. I walked back out to the cold night wind, retrieved my hairbrush and managed to return safely to the ladies room without getting stopped for impersonating a woman - with bad hair, no less!

Once I fixed the damage, I walked to the escalators and up to the second-floor concourse. I spied the security metal detectors looming ahead and nervously approached the line of people. When it was my turn, I put my keys, watch and camera into the basket and nonchalantly walked through the detector assuming everything would be fine. Not! The alarm went off!

I stepped back and quickly put my wire-rimmed glasses into the basket. Surely, this would fix it. I walked through the security detector again and that damn alarm went off again! What the...? Did I forget and wear my metallic-trimmed panties? By now, there was a long line of anxious people behind me and the officer in charge ordered me to step aside so the female security agent could run the handheld wand over my body. Now I was shaking in my pumps!

As she ran the device up my side, it alerted her to something metal in my pocket. When I pulled the offending thing out, it turned out to be my hairbrush! Apparently the plastic-tipped bristles are made out of metal! Whew! What a close-call. They were relieved it wasn't a bomb, and I was relieved I wouldn't have to be read my Miranda rights. They even said, "Thank you, m'am," when I picked up my belongings from the basket. My nerves now settled, I continued to the far end of the busy concourse to the gate where Fred was scheduled to arrive.

When I reached the gate, seeing no line at the airline attendant's desk, I decided to inquire if Fred's plane had arrived. Without giving me a funny look, the attendant said the passengers were due to deplane at any moment. In order to avoid calling undue attention to myself, I sat in the nearest chair, removed my coat, covered my legs with it and waited patiently, trying not to make eye-contact with anyone. Nevertheless, it wasn't long before some guy waiting to board, dressed in baggy clothes and cap on backwards like a rapper, walked by me, tugged on my sleeve and remarked, "Smile, pretty lady." I managed to force a somewhat nervous smile and luckily the fellow continued on his way. The attendant then asked for boarding passengers to form a line and I jumped up, alarmed that I hadn't seen Fred, nor anyone else for that matter, get off the plane! By now, there were several people standing at the attendant's desk and I decided to brave it and talk to her once more, lest Fred and I lose one another. Unfazed by my masquerade, she responded that the arriving passengers had already deplaned, and walked out the 'tunnel' on the



other side of the wall — where I couldn't see!

I thanked her and hightailed it down the long concourse but I slowed down at the escalators when I spotted a city policeman working security, carefully observing everyone. Once downstairs, I scampered to the baggage claim department, turned the corner and was discouraged to see hundreds of people. How was I going to find Fred in that crowd? I wandered to the luggage conveyor listing Fred's arriving flight number. Suddenly out of the corner of my eye I noticed a tall figure approaching me. I turned to look and the man said "Roxy?" Cautiously I replied, "Fred?" He breaks into a smile, says yes, and to my surprise gives me a hug - in public! Flattered (and bashful), I tell him I'd better wait for him outside the area while he retrieves his bags. As we walked parallel, on opposite sides of the low partition, he approached me once more, reached for my hand across the fence, kissed my wrist and said "You look lovely." In front of people! I'm not making this up.

Needless to say, I'm in seventh-heaven! I can't believe he doesn't care what others might think! He locates his luggage and joins me outside the fenced area while I explain that after he checks into his hotel we can go out and have a drink at my favorite bar. Before walking out the exit, I whip out my camera and ask him to snap a photo of me as proof that this crazy airport adventure really did happen!

LL



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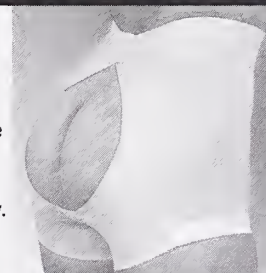
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# Colorado Gold Rush 2000



▲ Denverites Dr. Deb-Ann Thomson (l.) and photographer Donna T.



▲ LadyLike #23 covergirl Lori Larkin



▲ The Ubiquitous Christine Hochberg



▲ Newbie - Steffanie  
This was her first time at a convention and she'd only been "out" 2 months.



▲ Betty Arend at the Fri. nite social hour



▲ (l. to r.) LL#32 covergirl Anndrea Daniels, Morganna from Studio Lites, Teri S., and Betty Arend get ready to party!



▲ Britanne Macey reviewing the many offerings of the event.



▲ Robynne Pennington of the GIC preparing for the Mardi Gras banquet

The Colorado Gold Rush is a relatively new event hosted by the Gender Identity Center, Inc., in Denver, Colo. By all accounts, it is a fabulous event. This year the theme was "A Gender Odyssey." The event will be held next year on March 7 - 10 at the Red Lion Inn, Denver Colo. Contact GIC, Inc. for details. [www.transgender.org/tg/gic](http://www.transgender.org/tg/gic) [gicofcolo@aol.com](mailto:gicofcolo@aol.com)

Thanks to Donna T. and GIC for the photos.



# Paradise In The Poconos 2000



▲ (l. to r.) Linda K., Diane Dale, Denise Mason



▲ (l. to r.) Patty, JoAnn Roberts, Misty



▲ Rachael Jean Tracy



▲ Amanda Grae (l.) & Morgan Stevens



▲ (l. to r.) Carrie, Roxy (LL#45), Gloria

▼ JoAnn Roberts & Dyana Lea



▼ Diane Dale



▼ Carrie (l.) & Karen

Photos courtesy of:  
Rachael Jean Tracy  
Diane Dale  
Denise Mason  
Dyana Lea



# On My Mind...



I've done this rant before, but I need to do it again. Money, money, money!

Just this past March I witnessed an obscene waste of money that could have been used to far better good. Rikki Kay Swin hosted a reception at her Rikki Swin Institute in Chicago in conjunction with the annual convention of the International Foundation for Gender Education. Ms. Swin hired tour buses with special video monitors to transport conventioners to the reception. En route, we were treated to a video. The video was "borrowed" from a local television station and Ms. Swin then had herself inserted into the video where she discussed the mission of the Institute. (For those of you not aware, Ms Swin has been buying up collections of transgender related books and other materials to build an archive.) Oh yes, we were served hor d'oeuvres and champagne, too.

Upon arrival, we disembarked from the bus and were left to wander (and wonder) just where the Institute was. There are no external signs, well, except for the CORT Furniture sign that still marks the building. You'd think that after 18 months, they'd at least have a sign outside.

After we located the front door, we climbed four flights of stairs to reach the reception where we were treated to more champagne, more hor d'oeuvres, and desserts. As I roamed the space I could not help but notice how stark and empty it was. Now, Ms. Swin had warned us on her video that the archives had been moved out to make room for the reception. Fine, but there was not a remnant of the sort of infrastructure one would expect to find in a library/archive... no desks, no stacks, no computer terminals, nothing. How odd, I thought and I was not the only person to notice.

On our departure, one person remarked that the building was, "... a nice box. I hope she has something to put in it." While another opined the building would

be a Krispy Kreme donut shop in a year.

I couldn't help but think what a waste it all was. So much money spent to display one person's ego instead of using it to do something really great for the community... like an endowment for one of the major national groups, like supporting the International Congress on Sex and Gender, like funding a database of legal decisions that affect transgender people, like making a grant to NTAC, or any of the myriad projects waiting for financial support. These have all been turned down by Ms. Swin.

I'm not here to trash Rikki Swin, but she is a very visible part of a larger problem; the lack of financial support for the community by well-off community members. I know there are financially secure transgendered people who do not support the community. There's the one who wears Chanel and Gucci and makes sure you know its real. There's the one who is a New York Times best-selling author. There's the one who owns a chain of stores. There's the high ranking politician. There's the one who owns a race horse. And I could go on.

Do I begrudge these folks their comfort and wealth? Hell, no! Look, I drive a new Corvette so I can't exactly cry poor mouth. But I do my part for this community. I put my money where my mouth is. My business partners at Transgender Forum are very like-minded, I am proud to say. And, Diane Dale at the Transgender Fund is a model transgender citizen when it comes to helping out the community financially where it needs help most.

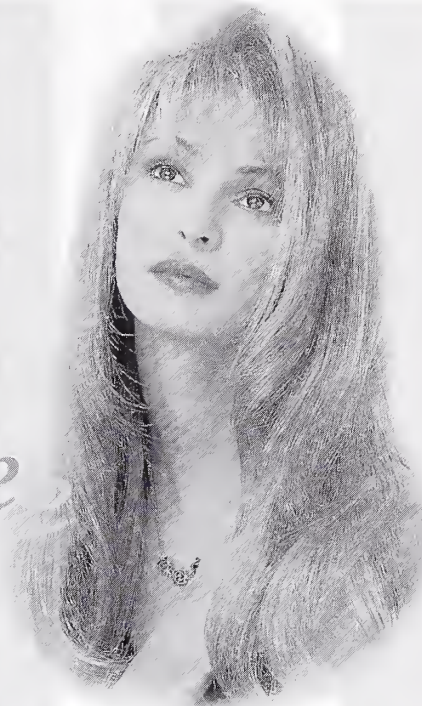
So, if we can't rely on the deep pockets of the well-to-do, who can we turn to for support? You, that's who. The average person. Dick Nixon's "Silent Majority." Your sisters and brothers need your financial support more than ever before because the deeply closeted "big guns" aren't carrying their share of the load.

You can make a difference because of your large numbers. For example, if every subscriber to LadyLike gave \$5 to the Transgender Fund, there'd be plenty of money for all its projects. So, that's what I'm asking you to do — give \$5 to the Transgender Fund (see their ad page 14). If you're better off than most, give \$50, or \$500, or \$5000. It will feel good. I promise.

**JoAnn Roberts**



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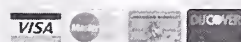
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