LadyLke Profile #1
Sharon Tinsley is a real stunner.

Auto-Photo Techniques
Delia vanMaris finishes her series on taking your own photos

LadyLke Profile #2
Meet Laura Ralston

Living Bra
Fiction by Sarah Spunda

And More...
By the time you read this it should be pretty close to voting time. I can’t and won’t make any predictions, but I do know we’re in for lotsa changes. A lot of factors will come to bear on the election. If Pennsylvania is any bellweather, then look out! We’ve had two instances here where political ingenues have knocked out seasoned incumbents.

First, after Senator John Heinz died in an airplane crash, the voters elected Harris Wofford instead of the party recommended candidate. Then, in a bid for Arlen Specter’s seat, Lynn Yaekel, founder of the Woman’s Way charity, beat out the lieutenant governor for the Democratic nomination in the primaries.

Can Yaekel beat Specter? Specter has beaucoup bucks, but his performance during the Thomas-Hill hearings did not sit well with women across the nation and it also didn’t help that Specter’s “single bullet” theory was ridiculed in Oliver Stone’s blockbuster JFK. I’d bet money on Yaekel.

So, are you going to just sit back and let the world go by while you read your crossdresser’s magazine and the guy who lives next door to you is out blocking the entrance to a Planned Parenthood office, and the woman down the street is writing to the Parents Music Resource Center because her son, who tried to commit suicide, listens to Led Zeppelin albums and the man over on Elm Street read about the Robert Mapplethorpe photos and so he’s writing to Jesse Helms to get funding for the National Endowment of the Arts stopped because he doesn’t want his taxes paying for pornography? Is that what you’re doing bunky?

GAWD I hope not! Get out and vote!

And now for something completely different...

Do you think LadyLike is a racist magazine? Well, at least one reader from the great Northwest does. I’ve been accused of deliberately not publishing enough nice photos of crossdressers of color. It doesn’t seem to matter to my critic that I have very few photos (except hers) of TVs of color. So, if you are a crossdresser of color, please send me some nice photos of yourself so I can get this bitc...errr, so I can publish them in future issues.

JoAnn Roberts
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Profile

Name: Sharon Tinsley  
Age: 31  
Profession: Sales  
Residence: San Francisco Bay Area  
Height: 5'10"  
Weight: 145#  
Measurements: 36-26-35/ Size 12  
Shoe size: 9½  
Favorite Things  
Shoes style: Pumps  
Perfume: Opium  
Movie: One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest  
Music: 60's - 90's Rock  
Style of Dress: Tight Minis  
Place: The Mountains  
Turn-ons: Women, music, fast cars.  
Turn-offs: Rush hour traffic & close-mindedness.

LadyLike: Like many of us, your first experience was at age 5 or 6. That was followed by a hiatus of about 6 years and you started dressing on your own. What was it like for you as a teenager?

Sharon Tinsley: Well, I was pretty confused. I liked wearing my sisters clothes and pretending I was a girl, but I also felt that what I was doing was wrong. I didn't seem to fit in with the other kids either. I started getting depressed and I stayed home from school a lot. I tried numerous times to stop thinking about girlish things, but that made me feel even worse. All in all, it was a pretty sad time for me.

LL: How did you discover there were other crossdressers? Did that make you feel any better about yourself?

ST: Seven or eight years ago, I was looking through an issue of, I think it was Penthouse, and I came across this gorgeous girl. She had lovely firm breasts, but to my surprise she also had a penis. I couldn't believe what I was seeing! She looked too much like a female to be male, but “she” had the penis to prove it. It was very exciting to read about someone who had the same thoughts and desires as me, but the article gave no information for someone who wanted to follow in her footsteps.

Then I found LadyLike and some other magazines a few years ago. It was like a dream come true. I had no idea there were so many crossdressers. It really did make
me feel better about myself to know there were so many others like me out there.

**LL:** When was the first time you ventured out in public as Sharon?

**ST:** I was in my teens and it was the first time I had the house to myself overnight. Usually there was always someone in the house and I really never got the chance to dress completely. So, when I found myself in the house alone with my sister's clothes and makeup, I was in heaven. I wanted to try on everything.

After hours of trying on clothes, I thought, "What a thrill it would be to go out in public!" I got dressed in one of my sister's outfits and waited until dark so I'd have less chance of being spotted by one of the neighbors, which I was very nervous about. I borrowed the family car and started off to San Francisco. I hadn't thought about facing the man in the toll booth at the Bay Bridge until I was almost there. I pulled up to the booth feeling very nervous. I could hear and feel my heart beating very fast.

Well, the way he greeted me with a smile and thanked me when I gave him the money, I think he really thought I was a girl. The rest went much better than I expected. I ended up on Fisherman's Wharf and decided that's where I'd take my first walk in public. I walked around for about an hour pretending I was window shopping. I was extremely nervous the whole time. My heart didn't slow down until I was back in the car. I went out one more time in my teens and never went out again.

**LL:** I think you look very feminine. Did you always look feminine and did that cause you any problems growing up? Does it cause you a problem now?
ST: When I was younger, I had a lot of experiences with people thinking I was a girl, probably because I was skinny and had hair down to my waist. It was kind of embarrassing when someone would mistake me for a girl, but it was nice to think about later.

One time I remember, I was in the high school gym for P.E. class playing basketball and I noticed a girl off to the side. It looked like she was smiling at me, so I wandered over to her to say, “Hi” or just see if she was really smiling at me. When I got over to her she was still smiling and said, “I thought you were a girl.” She really caught me off-guard and the only thing I could think of to say was, “Oh,” and then I wandered off.

This doesn’t happen to me much anymore. Every now and then a little kid will ask his mom or dad if I’m a lady or a man.

LL: One of the questions I keep getting from readers is “How do these girls get these great figures?” Some of the readers think that we’re “fudging” the measurements. So, how did you get that great figure and how do you keep it that way?

ST: Well, I’ve always been skinny and I couldn’t gain much weight if I wanted to. I’ve even tried those weight-on milkshakes. I gained a few pounds only to lose it a couple of weeks later.

It took time and work to get my waist down to 26-inches. I did a lot of waist exercises with a “sauna” belt around my waist and tried to cut down on eating too much junk food. So, my waist and hips are natural, but I wish my buns were a little larger. My chest, on the other hand, is only 36 inches with breast forms. Without them I measure 34 inches.
**LL:** You were fooling with hormones until just recently. How do you feel about taking hormones now?

**ST:** As long as I can remember, I've wished that I was a girl, so when I found a way to obtain hormones I jumped at the chance. I stopped taking them for the time being because I wasn't under the care of a doctor. I want to thank you again for the articles you sent me. They were very helpful in waking me up to the dangers of taking hormones without medical supervision.

After I stopped taking them I didn't know what to do. I didn't have the nerve to try to find a doctor on my own. Eventually, I found the name of a therapist that specializes in gender related issues. About another month of therapy and she'll refer me to an endocrinologist for hormone therapy. I wasn't on them long enough the first time to see any development, so I'm really looking forward to starting again.

**LL:** I am glad that you're going about the hormones in a sensible manner. Do you consider yourself a crossdresser or a transsexual? Would you like to try living as a woman on a full-time basis?

**ST:** I believe that I'm a transsexual and I'd love to be living as a woman. But thinking about that all of a sudden scares the Hell out of me. Having to face family, friends and co-workers who know nothing of my feelings and tell them I'm going to change my sex — well, I don't know if I can do that. What a predicament! But, I'm working on it.
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Girl Talk is your forum. Any question on any topic is fair game from makeup secrets to the psychology of gender transpositions. If you have a question for JoAnn, write to her care of this magazine.

Dear JoAnn,

Read your advice on ear piercing (LL#4 — sorry, out of print) and the plastic plugs used to hide the holes. What a great idea! How soon can the plugs be inserted in the earlobes after piercing?

Wendi, MS

Dear Wendi,

Normally, they tell you to leave the piercing stud in place for up to six weeks. That’s so the hole has a chance to heal open. The gel or solution they give you is an antiseptic to prevent infection while the hole heals.

The potential problem with switching to the plastic plug too soon is that the hole will close to a smaller diameter than desired. Generally, the piercing studs are about twice as thick in diameter as regular earring studs. I’d wait at least a week before I switched to the plastic plug and then only for work. At home, I’d switch back to the piercing stud.

Everybody reacts differently to ear piercing. I had mine done in October and by late November the holes were completely healed, meaning I can leave out the studs and the holes won’t close. My partner had her ears pierced again when I had mine done. It’s February and she’s still having problems with the holes closing up if she takes the studs out for more than a few hours. So, you really can’t tell.

Be very careful with the plastic plugs. You must keep them clean. I always cleaned my studs with Hydrogen Peroxide before I put the gel on them and then inserted them. It also helps if you “twiddle” the studs every now and then so they don’t stick in one place.
Dear JoAnn
I heard about a makeup trick that uses Neutrogena soap and glue to block out eyebrows. Have you heard of this, and if so, what brand of glue should I use.
Jennifer, NY

Dear Jennifer,
Yes, I've heard of this technique along with several others for blocking out eyebrows. The soap is used in place of commercial Eyebrow Wax to mat down the hairs. The glue, usually a latex base (available at most art & craft supply stores), covers the hair so you can re-draw your brows into any shape you want. The problem here is finding the latex glue and, later, getting the glue out of your brows. Sometimes, it's very difficult to remove.

There is an easier and cheaper method. Buy a tube of white glue in a stick (Uhu is one brand name) and "wax" down your eyebrows with the glue stick directly. Apply your face powder to the glue. Gradually build up the color in layers. You don't have to completely block out your eyebrows. Start from underneath and work upwards until you have the shape you want. You can re-emphasize the brows with a brow pencil.

The stick glue washes out with soap and water in the shower and leaves no residue behind. You can also use this trick to block out sideburns.

Dear JoAnn,
I read your "trick" about using red-orange lipstick as a beard cover. I worked out a method using a cream blush (reddish-purple) and a yellow concealer (Mary Kay). It seems to me better to use something designed to be used on your face than something designed for your lips. What do you think?
Bonnie, CT

Dear Bonnie,
In some instances you are absolutely correct. There are certain cosmetics that can be used on one area of the face but not others. For example, eye shadows can be used anywhere on the face since the eye area is so sensitive, but you would not want to use a powder blush on your eyes.

Lips, technically speaking, are not skin. Lips are mucous membranes, like the inside of your mouth and nose, and as such, are more sensitive to cosmetics than your skin. So, I'd not worry about putting lipstick on your skin, but I would worry about other cosmetics on your lips.

I use the Mary Kay yellow concealer under and around the eyes — works great. I don't recall how much the concealer costs (I've had mine a while), but I'm sure the concealer and blush cost more than the $99 lipstick you can buy at most drugstores.

The only worry you should have (and this is true for any cosmetic product) is that you thoroughly remove all traces of makeup to prevent your pores from getting clogged. Clogged pores can cause minor problems like blackheads to major problems like skin cysts.

Here's a new trick from Jessica and Joanie in Massachusetts:
Take a piece of DermaClear plastic
medical tape about 1½ inches long. Fold the tape over your earlobe so that the tape forms a “U” shape. Now take a pierced earring and very carefully push the stud through the tape just below the earlobe. Jessica actually makes a little tab of tape below the lobe so that she has a double thickness of tape to hold the stud.

Thanks girls.

Dear JoAnn,
I keep trying to make cleavage the way that you suggest in your book, *Art & Illusion*, but no matter what I try, it doesn’t seem to work. I’ve seen your photos and your illusion looks great. I want mine to look that good.

Marcie, WI

Dear Marcie,
Well, it does take a little practice, especially if you’re going to do this by yourself. First, take the Sport Tape (Johnson & Johnson) and place it just under each nipple as shown in figure 1. It also helps to put some tape at right angles to this running up along the outside of the nipple to form an “L”.

Next, the moleskin tape is placed on one side of the breast and pulled toward the other side. Meanwhile, you are pushing the free breast tissue together with your free hand as best you can. Paste down the moleskin tape and you should have nice cleavage. Now, highlight and contour the breast tissue to create more emphasis and make it appears as if you have natural breasts. See figure 2.

The problem with this method is that it puts a lot of stress on the skin and can result in tearing of the skin and painful lesions. I’m working on a new, revolutionary way to create cleavage without any tearing of the skin AND it’s adjustable! More about this new technique in a future issue. I’m applying for a patent first before revealing the secret.

Hugs, JoAnn
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Resources

Our listings are the most up-to-date. Please keep us informed of any changes or additions. Thanks

- National Organizations
  International Foundation for Gender Education (IFGE), Box 367, Wayland, MA 01778, Publishes TV/TS Tapestry. Reprints and books on TV/TS subjects, other info. 617-899-2212.

  Outreach Institute, 405 Western Ave., Suite 345, So. Portland, ME 04106. General TV/TS information for personal and professional use. Hard to find books.


  Society for the Second Self (SSS), Box 194, Tulare, CA 93275. Organization for Hetero-TV's only. Publishes "Femme Mirror." See chapters listed below, look for "SSS."

- Organizations, Boutiques and Businesses by State
  Alabama
  Huntsville, Sigma Rho Gamma SSS, Box 16174, 35802
  Arizona
  Tempe, Alpha-Zeta SSS, Box 24459, 85285
  Tempe, A Rose, Box 24623, 85285-4623
  California
  Anaheim, PPOC, Box 9091, 92812
  Concord, DVG, Box 272885, 94527
  Duarte, CHIC, Box 562, 91010
  Glendale, NS Products (Breathe Forms), Box 6678-R, 91225
  L.A., Androgyny, PO Box 480740, 90048
  L.A., Alpha SSS, Box 36091, 90036
  Laguna Niguel, Fashion 2000 (consultants), Box 6502, 92607
  Mt. View, B&R Creations (Corsetry), Box 4201-L, 94040
  Sacramento, Sacramento Gender Assoc, Box 215456, 95821
  San Diego, Neutral Corner, Box 12581, 92112
  San Francisco, ETVC, Box 426486, 94142-64861
  San Jose, Rainbow Gender Assoc., Box 700730, 95170
  Sherman Oaks, Lydia's Fashions, 13837 Ventura Blvd., Suite 2, 91423
  Tulsa, Versatile Fashions, Box 1051, 92681
  Connecticut
  Farmington, Connecticut Outreach Society, Box 163, 06034
  Greenwich & New Haven areas, Jane Doyle Electrology, 203-869-2323
  Hartford, The XX Club, Inc. (TS), PO Box 387, 06141-0387
  Colorado
  Denver, Gender Identity Center, 3715 West 32nd Ave, 80211
  Denver, Energy Expressions (Transformations) 303-733-4328
  Northern & Southern Colo., please call 303-458-5378
  Florida
  Hollywood, Serenity, Box 307, 33022
  Miami, Animas, Box 420309, 33242
  Winter Park, Phi Epsilon Mu SSS, Box 3261, 32790
  Georgia
  Atlanta, Sigma Epsilon SSS, Box 250481, 30325
  Decatur, AEGIS (TS info), Box 33724, 30033-0724
  Hawaii
  Honolulu, Hawaii TG Outreach, 777 Kapiolani Blvd., Ste 3114, 96813
  Illinois
  Chicago, Chicago Gender Society, Box 578005, 60657
  Chicago, Divine Abundance, PO Box 148432, 60614
  Washington, Central Illinois Gender Assoc., Box 126, 61517
  Wood Dale, Chi Chapter SSS, Box 40, 60191
  Indiana
  Indianapolis, IXΣ, Box 20710, 46220
  Iowa
  Cedar Rapids, Iowa Artistry, Box 75, 52406-0075
  Kansas
  Kechi, Wichita Transgender Alliance. Box 315, 67067
  Overland Park, Crossdressers & Friends, Box 4092, 66204
  Shawnee Mission, Gender Dysphoria Support, Box 15561, 66215
  Louisiana
  New Orleans, Tri Delta Chi SSS, Box 870213, 70187
  Massachusetts
  Waltham, Vernon's Specialties, 386 Moody St., 02254, 617-894-1744
  Woburn, Tiffany Club, Box 2283, 01888
  Michigan
  Grand Rapids, IME W. Michigan, Box 1153, 49501
  Royal Oak, Crossroads, Box 1245, 48068
  Warren, Up Town Girls, 21823 Van Dyke, 48089
  Minnesota
  Minneapolis, CLCC, Box 16265, 55416
  St. Paul, MFG, Box 17945, 55117
  Mississippi
  Jackson, Beta Chi SSS, Box 31253, 39206
  Missouri
  Belton, Kappa Gamma Mu SSS, Box 98, 64012
  St. Louis, St. Louis Gender Found'n, Box 9433, 63117
  Nebraska
  Council Bluffs, RCGA, Box 680, 51502
  New Mexico
  Albuquerque, Fiesta! SSS, 8200
  Montgomery NE #241, 87109
  New Jersey
  Mays Landing, Renaissance SJ, Box 189, 08330
  Red Bank, MOTG, Renaissance Affiliate, Box 8243, 07701
  Teaneck, The Gathering (TS), PO Box 284, 07666
Resources

Trenton, Sigma Nu Rho SSS, Box 9255, 08650
New York
Albany, TGIC, Box 13060, 12212
Brookline, GNO, Box 369, 11235
Hempstead, LIFÉ, Box 31, 11551
Mountaville, Chi Delta Mu SSS, Box 93, 10953
New York, CDI, PO Box 29, 10021
New York, Metro Gender Network, Box 45, 561 Hudson St., 10014
New York, Mardi Gras Boutique, 400 W. 14th St. at 8th Ave., 212-947-7773
Rochester, CD•Network, Box 92055, 14692
Syracuse, EON Inc., 523 W. Onondaga St., 13204
Syracuse, SAAGE, Box 450, 13201
Tillson, Transgender Network, Box 177, 12486-0177
North Carolina
Charlotte, Kappa Beta SSS, PO Box 12101, 28220-2101
Ohio
Cincinnati, Cross-Port, Box 12701, 45212
Elyria, Alpha-Omega SSS, Box 954, 44036
Parma, Paradise Club, Box 29564, 44129
Reynoldsburg, Crystal Club, Box 287, 43068
Oregon
Portland, NW Gender Alliance, Box 4928, 97208.
Pennsylvania
Harrisburg/York, Renaissance LSV Box 2122, 17105
Jenkintown, Laine Alexander Image Consultant, 215-625-8858
Phila., Renaissance GP, Box AD, Bensalem, 19020
Pittsburgh, TransPitt, Box 3214, 15230
Upper Darby, Marilyn’s Wigs, 215-446-0799
Puerto Rico
Bayamon, Foundation for Advancement of Puerto Rico Sisters, Calle 2, #288, Forrest Hills, 00959
Texas
Alief, Tau Chi SSS, Box 1105, 77411
Arlington, Delta Omega SSS, Box 1021, 76004
Austin, Heart of Texas, Box 402, 78767
Houston, Gulf Coast TV Chapter, Box 90335, 77090
Riesel, TriPlex Gender Assoc., Box 381, 76682
San Angelo, Heart of Texas NW, Box 30413, 76903
San Antonio, B&P Society, Box 700042, 78270-0042
Utah
Salt Lake City, Alpha Rho Provesta SSS, Box 26711, 84126
Virginia
Arlington, DCEA, Box 16036, 22215
Arlington, Baroness Productions, CD Fantasies, 202-686-4774
Arlington, Jacqueline Urania, CD/TS Development, 301-499-4297
Falls Church, Feminine Mystique, 202-686-4853
Richmond, Virginia’s Secret, Box 34631, 23234
West Virginia
Huntington, Trans-WV, Box 2322, WV 25724
Washington
Seattle, Emerald City, Box 31318, 98103
Wyoming
Call 303-458-5378

• Canadian •
Cornbury Society, Box 3745, Vancouver, B.C. V6B-3Z1
Gender Mosaic, Box 7421, Ottawa, Ontario, K1L-8E4
Monarch Social Club, Mississauga, Box 386, Mississauga, Ont. L5A 3A1
Canadian Crossdressers’ Club Inc. and Wildside TV Boutique & Hotel, 429C Dundas St. E, Toronto, Ont., M5A-2A9 416-864-0420
FantasyLand, 274 8th St. E., Box 682, Owen Sound, Ontario, N4K-5R4

• Overseas •
Australia, Seahorse Society Victoria, GPO Box 2337V, Melbourne, Victoria
Australia, Elaine Barrie Project, Box 405, Altona, Victoria 3018
Denmark, FPE-NE, Boks 192, DK-2600, Glostrup
England, TransEssex, Box 3, Basildon, Essex, SS14-1PT
England, Rose’s Club Repartee Magazine, Box 339, Sheffield, S1-3SX
France, Assoc. Beaumont Continentale, 2 rue des Char-pentiers, 68270 Wittenheim
Germany, Transidentitas, Postfach 10 10 46, 6050 Offenbach
New Zealand, TransCare, PO Box 2983, Wellington
Norway FPE-NE, Postboks 1968 Vika N 0125, Oslo 1
Scotland, ADF Editorial Svcs, Rullochvenus Hse, Lumphanan, Aberdeenshire, AB31-4RN,
South Africa, Phoenix Society, Box 21163, 7502 De Tijger
Sweden, FPE-NE, Box 11107, S-500, 11 Boras

• Gender Dysphoria Programs •
MN, Minneapolis, Eli Coleman, Ph.D., 1300 S. 2nd St., Ste 180, 55454, (612) 625-1500

• Recurring Events •
Be All You Can Be Weekend, put on by Paradise Club, Crossroads, Trans-Pitt and Chi Chapter of SSS in June.
Fantasia Fair, 10 days, once a year in October, in Provincetown, MA. Contact the Outreach Institute.
IFGE Convention, once a year in March/April, '93 in Philadelphia. Contact I.F.G.E. or Renaissance.
On The Scene Nite, 2nd. Saturday each month at the Queen Mary, Studio City, Calif. Call (818) 506-5619.
Paradise in the Poconos, 4days/3 nights, May14-17, 1992 & Sept. 17-20, 1992, in the Po. Poconos. Contact CDS.
Southern Comfort, TV/TS weekend in Atlanta. Contact Sigma Epsilon.
Texas “T” Party, TV weekend in San Antonio. Contact Bolton & Park Society
Tiffany Provincetown Outings, twice a year in Oct & June.
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The ad looked more professional than most of the others in "Transvestite Supplies." It was well laid out with nicely balanced text and a picture of an attractive woman wearing the product — The Living Bra. The weird thing was the price. It was $700!

Ptolemy Marsh read the ad three times to make sure. "Comfortable and convincing," it promised. "Money back guarantee." But who would pay $700 for any bra? The price wasn't a typo. The ad went on to say you could pay in two installments of $350 instead of one lump sum.

He was curious, but he didn't trust money back guarantees. He suspected this was one of those mail order frauds where they take your money and send you nothing. Well, two could play at that game. He still had a checkbook from an old checking account he had closed years ago. He wrote one of the old checks for $700. As he tore the check from the checkbook, he was surprised at how loud a noise it made. It seemed to echo through the night.

A few seconds later, Ptolemy heard the floorboards creak. His wife Susan had been wakened by the sound, and was coming to talk to him. He slid the check and the catalog under the couch and pretended to read the paper.

As Susan came down the stairs, Ptolemy was struck again by her beauty, as if he were seeing her for the first time. Her straight blonde hair perfectly set off her amazing skin, which was fine and pale, like an eggshell with a candle inside. Ptolemy caught his breath to see her.

"Hey, Pto, you coming to bed?" she said. She called him Pto, with a silent P, so it sounded like "doll."

"Yeah, babe, in a few minutes," he said. "I just wanted to finish the sports."

"You've been up a lot at night lately," she said, sitting down next to him with a look of concern on her face. "And then you seem so tired during the day. I think you should go to the doctor and get tested for a sleeping disorder."

"Oh, no. I'm OK."

"Well do it for me, if you won't do it for yourself," she said. "I can't sleep if you're always getting up and roaming around the house. Please?"

"Yeah. OK, " he said. On the way to work the next day he mailed the check.

That evening, there was a package waiting at home for Ptolemy, from Living Products Inc., the company with the Living Bra advertisement. "It can't be," said Ptolemy to himself, "I just mailed the check this morning." But he opened the package and there was a bra inside. Fortunately, it was Susan's night to go out with her women friends, so she wouldn't be home until late. He had some time to try it on.

Ptolemy shaved his face, put on a little makeup, slipped on his wig, and stepped into a pair of red lace panties. He took the bra from the package and looked at it more closely. It was a shimmery beige color with a little bow in front. It had an underwire, and the material felt smoother and more stretchy than other bras he'd had. It looked nice, but didn't seem to be anything special.

Oh, well, it hadn't cost him anything. He'd mail it back tomorrow, saying not to cash the check. Anyone'd be a fool to pay $700 for this. But, since it was here, and the material did feel interesting, he slipped his arms into the straps and fastened the clasp in back. And got the surprise of his life!

The bra felt alive. It shimmered and squirmed on his chest for a few seconds, as if it was trying to anchor itself and adapt to his body. Then, magically, little
mounds began to grow into the cups. He lifted the edge of the bra to see what was going on. It looked like his own breasts were swelling to fill in the bra.

The little mounds continued to grow, until a minute later Ptolemy had a pair of beautifully proportioned breasts. They looked like his own breasts. They felt like his own breasts! He ran a finger from his neck down to the bra, then underneath. He could feel the touch all the way. He moved his finger out to the nipple, and got another surprise.

The nipple, which had a large point in the middle, also felt like his, except it was much, much more sensitive than his own nipples had ever been. Just a light stroke, even through the fabric of the bra, felt wonderfully exciting. A little squeeze of the nipple sent shock waves of pleasure coursing through his body.

This whole experience was like the most exciting dream he had ever had. Suddenly, he had beautiful, perfect breasts and he felt more sensual than he ever had before.

Wanting to look more closely, Ptolemy took off the bra. Both his breasts quickly flattened out as soon as the bra came off. He put the bra back on, and they grew up again. He touched them again and once more felt waves of pleasure. The breasts were every bit as sensitive and pleasurable as his penis had ever been. He lay on the bed and explored different ways of rubbing, squeezing and massaging his breasts.

“So this is what it feels like for women,” he said to himself. “This is wonderful!” He resolved never again to neglect the breasts when he made love to a woman.

He got so carried away that he lost track of time, and was surprised by the sound of Susan’s car in the driveway. He barely had time to stash the clothes and wash his face before she came in.

For the next two weeks, Ptolemy was more excited about dressing and shopping for women’s clothes than ever before. With the new bra, his breasts looked perfectly natural, giving him a convincing figure in everything he brought home. He even bought a black sequined, strapless evening dress. He wore it by putting on the bra, and then after his breasts swelled up, lowering the straps and tucking them under.

He wished there were somebody he could show this miracle to. It made him want to get a pen pal from one of his transvestite magazines, or join one of the social groups he always saw advertised.

He decided to at least take some pictures of himself. So one night, on Susan’s night out, he dressed up in his best outfits. He took particular care with his makeup and hair, then put on the living bra with a sheer black nylon blouse. His bra and his beautiful shapely breasts were easy to see through the gauzy fabric. He finished off the outfit with a tight black skirt, red panties and pantyhose, and black patent pumps.

Just as he was figuring out the self timer on the camera, he heard the front door open and close. It was Susan, back far too early!

He ran into the bathroom, and tore off the wig and clothes. He took off the Living Bra, but for some reason, perhaps because his heart was racing and the adrenaline was flowing, his breasts remained swelled out—throbbing gently with what should have been a pleasant sensation, if Ptolemy hadn’t been completely panicked.

As he started to wash his makeup off, he heard Susan call, “Ptolemy. Ptol, where are you?” He scrubbed for all he was worth, and checked his breasts again, which seemed to be subsiding, but slowly.

He locked the bathroom door as his wife came upstairs. “I’m in the bathroom, Susan,” he shouted. “Be out in a minute.”

“Oh, OK,” she said, sounding dubious.

Ptolemy sat on the toilet. He stashed all his things in the cabinet under the sink. He made some grunting sounds. Then, when his breasts were all the way down, he flushed the toilet and went out.

Susan looked angry. “What were you doing in there?”

“Oh, just sitting on the toilet.”

“Naked? You were going to the bathroom naked? And I suppose you were running the water for inspiration?”

Ptolemy smiled and shrugged in what he hoped was an engaging way.

But Susan wasn’t buying it. “Ptolemy Marsh, you tell me what’s going on. I want an answer now!”

Ptolemy couldn’t speak. He had always wanted to be able to tell Susan about his crossdressing, but this did not seem to be a very good time. She was already angry at him. He had always pictured taking her to a candlelight dinner somewhere they liked, then leading into the subject gently, saying that he needed to talk to her about something important that he had never spoken to anyone about in his life. She would initially be shocked, but then she would understand that it was really not so horrible and maybe she would even like the idea of seeing him dressed as a woman to add a little spice to their lovemaking.

It was a delicate subject, and not one fit for confrontations.

“Well...” he began.

“Well, nothing!” said Susan, practically livid. “Is she still here? Is she hiding in the bathroom?” Susan flew into the bathroom and yanked back the shower curtain. Then she marched from room to room, banging doors and asking, “In here? In here? Or did she slip out a window while I came in the door?”

Ptolemy got himself a bathrobe and followed her, keeping his distance because he was afraid he might not have gotten every bit of makeup, and he didn’t want to give her too close a look.

Susan was really worked up. “Well if she slipped out the window, she probably didn’t have time to grab any clothes,” she said. She went to the bedroom window and opened it. “Hey, you tart!” she shouted out the window. “Take some of your clothes with you!”

Then she went to the closet, directly to Ptolemy’s trunk. She started pulling things out of his clothes stash, and
throwing them out the window. "This will help keep you warm. Here's a cute number. Oooh, this is a new one," she said, coming on the sequined evening dress. "Take this one downtown and find another pick up, you whore!" Out the window it went.

"Please," said Ptolemy. "Susan, stop. It's not what you think. Please, the neighbors."

"You should have thought about that before. You think I'm a fool? Why do you think I came home so early? I thought I might catch you in the act. I knew something was up. I just hoped it was my imagination."

Ptolemy touched her on the shoulder. "No, it's not that."

She spun around. "Don't touch me! I knew you were buying her little things, the lingerie, the earrings. I knew she left a purse with her things at our house. But I kept trying to tell myself it would pass. It was unimportant." Susan's eyes were filling. Her beautiful skin was turning red and blotchy.

"And then today I got the bank statement with a seven hundred dollar expense. Did you think I wouldn't notice? Are you going to tell me it was an early birthday present for me? You haven't spent half that much on me since our wedding!"

Seven hundred dollars? That's impossible, thought Ptolemy. I used an outdated checkbook for a closed account at a different bank, and we had a different address on the check. It can't be.

"And you can't even say a word in your own defense!" said Susan, crying copiously now. "That really hurts. You piece of shit!" She slapped him hard, hitting him partly on the eye and partly on the side of the nose. Then she ran out of the house and drove away.

Later, after he picked up the clothes from the lawn, Ptolemy called several of Susan's women friends, but none of them would admit to knowing where she was.

The next day Ptolemy stayed home from work. He called the Living Products 800 number. "I have a question about billing," he said.

"Mr. Ptolemy Marsh," said the woman operator. "I have your account on the screen. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I had a seven hundred dollar charge to my bank account, the wrong bank account, you understand, and I just wondered if you had anything to do with it."

"Yes, the check you sent us was not backed by any funds, so we debited another account."

"You can't do that can you?" asked Ptolemy. He had never heard of a company getting access to someone's bank account like that. And how had they known his name before he told them? "Besides, I have a money back guarantee."

"Would you like to return the item? We will happily reimburse you the sales price."

"Well, no. I guess not. I like it. I like it a lot."

"In that case," said the operator, "we can send you, for your approval, a sampler of other Living Products. Naturally, there is no commitment on your part, unless you decide to keep them."

"Oh Well, I guess so. Sure. How did you know my name?"

"Mr. Ptolemy, we have a data base, of course. Thank you for doing business with Living Products! Goodbye."

Ptolemy went out for lunch, and when he got home he found that Susan had been there. She had taken all of the suitcases and most of her clothes. She had even taken the porcelain dogs that she kept on her dresser. Ptolemy feared she was planning to be gone for a long time.

The United Parcel Service had also been there, leaving a package from the Living Products company. Ptolemy was impressed once again at the speed of their deliveries. He felt he should spend the afternoon trying to get Susan to talk to him and begging her to come back. But before he did that, he was dying to see what Living Products had sent.

The first item in the package was labeled, "Living Panties." He slipped them on, and his body underwent the most amazing transformation. In one minute's time, his hips and butt grew outward. While his waist shrank down by ten inches. He took the panties off, and everything went back to normal. He put them back on again and acquired the bottom half of a feminine figure. His hips and butt were a hit jiggly, and his thighs took on a soft subcutaneous layer.

He quickly put on the Living Bra and his wig, then looked to see what else was in the box. The next item was labeled, "Living Mask," and it looked like a piece of cellophane with holes cut in it for eyes, nose, and mouth.

He laid the thing on his face, and it sank into his skin. As he watched in the mirror, his face seemed to melt and reform. His nose and chin were smaller and finer than before, his eyes were larger and his eyebrows thinner and higher. His five o'clock shadow was gone, and his skin had become as smooth and soft as a child's. His lips had become much more prominent, swelling into a beautiful curve across the bottom of his gorgeous face.

Now, in the mirror, he looked for all the world like an attractive young woman. Ten minutes ago he had been a middle-aged balding man, and look at him now! It gave him goose bumps to move, and see the pretty woman mirroring his actions.

While admiring his well shaped hips, Ptolemy noticed with a start that there was something missing. The lump of his bulging penis, which had been full and erect a few minutes before, had disappeared. He peeked beneath the panties to confirm his suspicion - there was nothing there!

Actually, it was not really nothing. There was a dense clump of pubic hair, hiding a slight raised area. He explored with his fingers, and made a wonderful discovery. As he touched the fold of skin, and probed the damp opening, a wonderful feeling overwhelmed him. It was a feeling of warmth and sweetness, of rightness and tingling. He moved his fingers back and forth, up and down, creating sensations that flooded through his body.

continued on page 34
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Jennifer Richards (Princess of the Poconos)

All photos courtesy of CDS Paradise In The Poconos
When I first spoke with Laine Alexander on the phone, I liked her immediately. She seemed a warm and sincere person with a desire to help others. So, I set up a meeting with her since she’s close by the LadyLike office.

I wasn’t sure what to expect when we met but what I found was an attractive woman with a lot of cosmetic and fashion savvy. Laine formerly owned and operated a very successful beauty salon and clothing boutique. While she owned this business, she dated someone who was naive at the time treated it like it was a game, but when her friend wanted to wear all her clothes, she thought that was really weird. Laine had done makeovers and some fashion consulting for a few gay men and she assumed, erroneously she now admits, that all cross-dressers were gay.

She got out of that business a few years ago pending a new career as a “wife.” (The funny thing is, I can’t picture Laine sitting home doing nothing.) But personal circumstances didn’t work out and Laine was looking for a new start-up business about a year ago. Her concept was a service oriented business to help people and she investigated many options.

Meanwhile, she was getting her personal life back on track and met, not one but, two men who happened to be crossdressers. Each one tried to convince Laine she should use her fashion and makeup expertise to advantage with transvestites. She resisted the suggestions until she saw the Stephanie Lloyd story about Transformations in England on the show A Current Affair.

Laine took an ad in a local magazine and received a lot of positive responses. One of her clients brought her a collection of publications from the community, including Tapestry and LadyLike. So, that’s how she found us.

Laine provides a number of consultation services that include, makeup application and evaluation, makeup lessons, dressing facilities and evaluation, color and style analyses, advice and evaluation on gestures and movement, and photography of the finished product-you. She also provides a shopping service where she will shop for you or with you. And, finally, if you’re going out but just need a place to change, before and after, Laine can provide that simple service as well. She has a large selection of clothes, wigs and shoes to try for those who don’t have their own. Free storage of clothing and personal items is provided for regular clients.

Laine is as concerned about your security as she is of her own. An initial interview is required along with a deposit and prospective clients must provide personal identification which is kept strictly confidential.

Time is money, as they say, and Laine’s time is no different. A $25 non-refundable fee is required for your interview. This is to discourage “no-shows” and the fee will be credited toward your initial consultation. A one-hour initial consultation is $75 with a lower rate for follow-up visits and a price break on longer consultations. The shopping service fee is $50 per hour. Fees for other services are detailed in a comprehensive schedule available from Laine.

I’ve spent about 40+ hours with Laine Alexander and I’m certain that she has the best interests of her clients at heart. She’s also a “perfectionist” for whom less than her best effort is unacceptable. So, if you’ve ever wanted to see what you could become with a total transformation, but were afraid to ask, give Laine a try. She’s “Aces” in my book.

Laine Alexander
Image Consultant/Transformations
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Left: A very nice selection of wigs. Every wonder what you’d look like as a redhead or a blond? Here’s how you find out.

Below: A small sampling of cosmetics awaits you. Let yourself be pampered in the chair. You won’t believe the results when Laine is finished.

Left: Just some of the clothing Laine has on hand. If you don’t know what size you should be wearing, this is one way to find out without spending a lot of money on clothes that you’ll never get to wear.
Laura Ralston
**LadyLike**

**Profile**

**NAME:** Laura Ralston  
**AGE:** 43  
**PROFESSION:** College Professor  
**RESIDENCE:** Suburban Chicago  
**HEIGHT:** 5'11"  
**WEIGHT:** 180#  
**MEASUREMENTS:** 36-30-36/ Size 16  
**SHOE SIZE:** 10  
**FAVORITE THINGS**  
**SHOES STYLE:** High Heels, 3" or better. I can wear 6" with ease, but 7" for photos only  
**PERFUME:** Tatiana  
**MOVIE:** Snow White & Seven Dwarves  
**MUSIC:** Rhythm & Blues, C&W, 50's and Standards in a piano bar.  
**STYLE OF DRESS:** Classic: Fashion comes and goes, but style never goes out of fashion.  
**PLACE:** Charlie’s Angels lounge, Chicago  
**TURN-ONS:** Finding good friends, going to socials  
**TURN-OFFS:** My own fear of exposure.

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**LadyLike:** In our early conversation, you said that your early fantasies were of **forced dressing**. Why do you think that was so important to you?

**Laura Ralston:** My first response is that it was a very easy way to handle the guilt trip I felt about wanting to wear girl’s clothes. I suppose that by putting the blame on someone else or on the situation of being **forced** to wear girl’s clothes, with the pretense of a “struggle,” allowed me to save face, even in a fantasy. Of course, the humiliation in the fantasy was excellent penance for the feelings I was harboring. (Is my Catholic background showing?)

It was a very difficult time for me. During my pre-teen years, I liked being a boy but why were there pleasurable thoughts about wearing girl’s clothes? Sissies were laughed at and teased; I wasn’t a sissy. I liked sports, playing cowboy, soldier, being mischievous, etc. So, the “forced” aspect just helped take the wrongness out of it.

Later, as I came to read more literature on the subject, I was amazed at how common many of my fantasies were: having to take a girl’s part in a play; living with an aunt who didn’t like boys; being placed in a girl’s boarding school because I was bad; being adopted by a large family of all girls and having to wear their “hand-me-downs;” being an only child and my mother wanted a girl instead of a boy, etc.

One of my fondest [fantasies] was based on the film *The Incredible Shrinking Man*. In the film, he shrinks to the point where he has to live in a doll house. I thought, “What
if a mad scientist shrunk me and gave me to his daughter for a 'live' doll and she dressed me in Barbie clothes?” I think that one gave me my first orgasm.

**LL:** I see that you were introduced to the world of transvestism through the magazine *Female Mimics*. That's interesting because that's how I discovered it too. What was it like for you finding that magazine?

**LR:** It was one of the most exhilarating experiences of my life. As I've learned, the feeling that you are the only boy in the world with this desire is not uncommon and that's the way I felt. This feeling was like a weight that held this “wrongness” aura or “am I crazy?” feeling down on me. When it was lifted, my spirit soared.

I was about 15 and in a bookstore in Chicago where I didn't have any trouble buying bondage magazines. As my eyes scanned the shelves, I saw *Female Mimics* sticking out of the very top shelf. I could not believe my eyes. I wanted to shout at the top of my lungs right there in the store, “I'm not the only one! I'm not alone!”

Waves of discovery kept flooding over me: men could look just like women, there were ads from people trying to meet other people, stories like my fantasies, stores that catered to people like me and there were professionals. The thought that it was possible to do it for a living was too much to even hope for. Even more astonishing, was finding a female impersonator night club in my own backyard. By the time I was old enough to get it, it was closed.

My whole fantasy structure changed at that point. I still enjoyed “forced” fantasies from time to time, but now I had role models that triggered “want to” and “enjoy
it" fantasies. It was the first crucial turning point in my feminine development.

**LL:** When we were running personal ads, you were one of the few that consistently received mail from every issue. How important are/were those ads?

**LR:** Let me first say that I was very disappointed when you dropped the ad section. The quality of people who responded to my ad was so far above expectations that I really miss not running an ad. I've been searching for another magazine to place an ad, but it's not only the way the ad is written, but the quality of the publication and its target audience that brings about desired responses.

Ads that I ran in magazines less tasteful than yours usually generated letters that I had to respond with "thanks, but no thanks." It's flattering to have someone respond to your ad, but it will always be read in the context of the magazine it appears in. I think it's great that all these people looking for sex have lots of publications, but those of us who aren't need a forum for meeting like minded people and your publication filled that void.

From the letters I received through your publication, I've come to believe there are a lot of sisters who would like to reach out, but are put off because it seems that sex is the reason people correspond.

But getting back to your question, ads are a very important part of my life. Through correspondence I developed way beyond any point I could have on my own. The free exchange of ideas and comparisons of lifestyles with first-timers, those at the same level I am, and those who are way beyond any level I will ever reach, really helped me put my femininity in perspective. I know I could never enjoy it as much
LadyLike Profile

as I do if it weren't for all the friends I've made through my ads.

It started a couple of years ago when my desire to come out of the closet exploded. I decided that I was going to answer a few ads and finally be able to talk about these feelings with others. I started shopping, practicing with makeup, taking hundreds of pictures just to get one or two acceptable ones to send with my responses.

Finally, I did it. I took the leap! Would there be anyone out there to catch me? Would I be rejected? Was I good enough?

To my utmost joy, I received a reply from a real angel, Allison. I have no idea what course my feminine life would have taken had I not met her first. She had so much empathy for what I was going through and she brought me along very slowly because she sensed my hesitancy. I could not have picked a better friend at such a fragile time in my life. I will never be able to repay her for what she did for me. However, what I could do was run ads and be there for someone else.

**LL:** I get the feeling that you revel in your femininity, but that you're also terrified that someone will find out. How do you deal with that kind of stress?

**LR:** I handle it by having a really good understanding of where my feminine feelings fit into my life and what my goals are. I'm happy that I'm masculine and have no desire to change that. The "suit" of manhood fits and serves me well. But when I want to, I can enjoy the sanctuary of my femininity. And I take that very seriously. I don't wear feminine clothes under my masculine clothing. I either do it all the way or not at all. I look forward to the times I can set aside to be feminine. It's special.

I've developed a theory that masculinity and femininity are on a continuum and I fall
into that precious range that grants me both feelings. I feel it is a gift to be a transvestite because it affords me the opportunity to explore so many more avenues in life. However, I don't feel like I have two personalities and never refer to myself in the third person. Sure I act differently in a dress, but then I act differently in a three-piece suit than when I'm in jeans too. I'm still the same person. All I'm doing is expressing a facet of my personality through the clothing I choose to wear at that time.

My femininity must remain my sanctuary because of the prejudices that Society harbors. I do carry a tremendous fear of discovery because it could possibly destroy the relationships I have with family, friends, and business. I'm very careful about the pictures I send out. They have to be the ones where I can't believe it's me.

My femininity is so special to me that I don't want to expose it to those who don't understand it.

**LL:** At one point you said to me that you don't have the "courage" that others do and that seems to make you feel badly about yourself. Why?

**LR:** A lot of that comes from my feeling that my transvestism is a gift. I believe that when someone is given or has a talent or special ability, that an obligation comes with it to use it. It should be shared and used to make the world a little bit better. By giving something back, gratitude is expressed for the gift.

I have a Significant Other who cares for me, friends I can share this lifestyle with, a TV organization that affords me the opportunity to have a place to go, my things organized in a closet, no longer in suitcases, blessed with both masculine and feminine characteristics and the inner contentment to explore and enjoy them.

So, why do I feel badly? Because I see what contributions people like you and other organization leaders have made.
Living Bra

His other hand moved, as if of its own will, to the breasts swelling beneath his bra. As his hands rubbed and gently squeezed his feminine parts, a sort of signal seemed to travel back and forth between his vagina and his breasts. It was a signal of pleasure, and it felt wonderful.

And as the signal proceeded back and forth, up and down, it seemed to grow in intensity, picking up steam on each round, as if liquid golden electricity was traveling through his nerve fibers. The weight of the sensation seemed to be forcing air into and out of his lungs, in rhythm with the signal, and he could hear sounds of moaning, almost crying, which were coming out of his mouth.

At each end of its journey, the pleasure signal seemed to pop, shooting little sparks of sensation through his legs, his arms, and his head. And then it would flow back, in a wave of pleasure to the other end. The waves and pops got faster and faster and stronger and stronger, until at last they reached his breast and his clitoris at the same time; both areas exploded, his head exploded and the room seemed to be filled with stars!

It took Ptolemy a few minutes to catch his breath after that. He rested for a while and reflected on his state of pleasant lassitude. He put on some more clothes — a black skirt and jacket with a green silk blouse. Looking at himself in the mirror, he thought that his own mother wouldn’t recognize him. And if she did, she would be very surprised.

There was one more item in the box. The tag read, "Living Lozenge, place in mouth." He put it in his mouth, and nothing happened. He looked in the mirror, stuck out his tongue, got a flashlight and examined his throat. It all seemed unchanged.

"Oh, well," he said. "What? What?" Ptolemy couldn’t believe his ears. When he talked, his voice came out funny. He had a woman’s voice, higher pitched and clearer than his own.

"Hello. This is Ptolemy Marsh speaking," he said to the air. "Do you recognize my voice? How do you do? I would like to make a reservation for luncheon tomorrow, please. How much wood would a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck could chuck wood." The sentences flowed light and melodious, with an effortless lilt. He thought that if he talked to someone on the phone who sounded like he’d want to meet her. In fact, if he ran into himself on the street, he would want to get to know himself. What an attractive woman he was.

A plan came into his head all in a flash. He knew exactly what he had to do and how to do it. All he needed was to prepare his appearance a little more and to think of what to say.

Ptolemy took everything off and gave himself a bubble bath. He shaved his arms and legs, and shaved the hair of the backs of his hands. He put on false fingernails (Mulberry Blossom color), and spritzed his neck and the backs of his knees with perfume.

He got back into the Living Bra, the Living Panties, and the Living Mask, which all performed their magic transformations. He put on a little bit of makeup - this face needed less than his normal face, because it already looked so nice. He had to tear himself away from the mirror, it was so fascinating to fool around with his new features. He added his wig and the green and black outfit, and popped the Living Lozenge into his mouth. Then he drove to Susan’s office and waited in the lobby until five o’clock.

When he saw her come down the stairs, Ptolemy suddenly got cold feet. He was afraid she would recognize him and then what would he do? But he smoothed his skirt, forced himself to stand up in his high heels, and stepped right into Susan’s path.

"Excuse me," said Susan, trying to step around.

"Susan," said Ptolemy. "Mrs. Marsh, I mean. You are Ptolemy Marsh’s wife, aren’t you?"

"Yes. Have we met?"

"Well, in a way we have. But not really. Please, I have to talk to you," said Ptolemy, in his pleasant lilting voice. This was going very well. She hadn’t recognized him. Now that he was actually talking to Susan, Ptolemy was starting to have confidence in his disguise. He rubbed one knee against the other to feel the smooth friction of the nylon.

Susan got a suspicious look on her face. "You’re THAT friend of Ptolemy’s, aren’t you? I’m afraid I don’t have any time right now. Excuse me." She pushed past Ptolemy and walked out of the building.

"No, wait," said Ptolemy. "Mrs. Marsh, please wait for me." He hurried after her, but he wasn’t very good at running in high heels. He stumbled after her all the way to her car. "Please! I really, really, really have to talk to you."

Susan wasn’t in a mood to listen. She dug her car keys out of her purse. "I have no idea what you and I could possibly have to say to each other."

Realizing she was going to get away, Ptolemy opened the car hood and unplugged the distributor. "What are you doing? Are you crazy?" asked Susan.

"Please. Just five minutes. We can go in that coffee shop there. Please," said Ptolemy.

Neither of them spoke until they had coffee in front of them. Then Ptolemy launched into his prepared speech.

"You’ve already guessed who I am," he said, with a little quaver in his voice.

"You’re Ptolemy’s plaything," Susan interjected.

"But what you don’t know is that on that night, the night you came home early and nearly caught us... that night Ptolemy had already broken off our relationship.

"I wanted it to go on, forever if possible, but he said no. He said his marriage was more important to him than any affair. He said there was no future for us."

"I tried to argue with him. I pleaded with him. I tried to reawaken what we had had together. But he told me something I couldn’t argue with. He said he had no desire for me. He said the thought of you, and the pain you would feel, drove out any joy from our relationship."

Susan was looking dubious. Ptolemy poured it on.
“Oh God, how I hated to hear that! And after you left, I went back to him, I crawled back to him to beg for his love. I know that man and love that man in a way that nobody else ever could.”

“He told me I was young and attractive.” Ptolemy turned a little sideways to display his lovely profile. “He said I would find someone else.” He was starting to get wrapped up in his story. His voice caught in his throat a bit.

“But I know that there is no way in the world that I could be happy if Ptolemy is unhappy.” Susan was buying it, he could tell. “And I know the only way he will be happy is if he has you back.

“I won’t be around any more to cause you trouble. I’ve just accepted a job in Alaska, and I’m leaving tonight. But I had to tell you the whole story before I left. You’ll never see me again.” Tears swelled up in Ptolemy’s eyes, and he glanced at the mirrored tile beside him to watch a tiny drop trickle down his pretty cheek. “I wanted to try and undo the harm I’ve done.” He reached across the table and squeezed Susan’s hand. “I hope you’ll be as happy together, as happy as we could have been. I have to go now.” And he got up to leave.

“Wait a minute,” said Susan, obviously moved. “What’s your name?”

Oops. He had forgotten to think of a name. “That’s not important” he said. “Just think of me as, ‘the other woman’.”

Ptolemy hurried out of the coffee shop, still having a little trouble moving fast in heels. He hurried home, figuring it would take Susan hours to think things over and she wouldn’t show up, if at all, until tomorrow.

He took off everything and scrubbed himself clean and dressed as a man. He packed all of the Living Products in a big envelope, and gathered up all of his women’s clothes into a giant trash bag. He put the trash bag in a dumpster. Susan did not come home that evening.

The next morning, he took the envelope to his bank, where he rented a safe deposit box to hold the magical goods. When Ptolemy got back from the bank, Susan was at home. He acted surprised to see her. “Susan! You’re here! Have you come back home’ I’ve missed you so much.”

“Oh, Pto,” she said. “I’ve missed you too. Is that woman really gone?”

“Gone for good. Oh, babe,” he said, and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

One thing led to another, and pretty soon they were in bed. Ptolemy found that he had a new awareness of Susan’s body. Whenever he touched her, he could also feel something himself, as if his touch produced an echo in himself. This awareness and appreciation led both of them to get very wrapped up in their lovemaking, which resulted in an extremely intense experience for both of them.

Afterward, as they lay together, Susan got a quizzical expression. “Pto,” she said. “Your legs are all smooth. Did you shave your legs?”

Ptolemy was momentarily at a loss for words. How can I explain this? Then he was struck with inspiration. “Well,

Susan, this is what it is. I felt like I needed a way to control my raging libido, so I wouldn’t be inclined to have affairs. So I’ve come up with a new hobby. It has to do with women’s clothes...”

And they lived happily ever after.
Transformers! More than meets the eye! — So went the commercial for the toys that transform from telephones into tanks. But, that saying is so appropriate for our transformation subjects in this issue; Linda and Dawn.

Our first transformer is Linda. She was so impressed with Dee's transformation in issue #9 that she decided she wanted to do a similar one.

So here's her results. You decide if she achieved the result she was looking for.

Meanwhile, why don't you send us photos of your transformation?
I don't know how she does it, but Paddy at Wildside always seems to get permission to publish these great transformations she does.

Here is another of her expert and amazing transformations. Next time you're in Toronto, you have to stop in at Wildside and say "Hi!"
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If your local vendor doesn’t carry our products, have them write to us, or write yourself. Don’t miss out!
Following our first two installments (LL#12 and LL#13), there are several additional areas that can improve your auto-photography. These involve some specialized areas as well as re-emphasizing some previous points already covered. Again, I recommend that you keep a log of your efforts and be very systematic. Keep a note pad handy so you can jot down sudden ideas that you may want to try during future photo sessions. When you’re browsing through magazines, clip and file photos that appeal to you in terms of poses, clothing, makeup, lighting or location. Although it sounds like work, the results will make the process well worth the effort. Remember, for us, this is a consciousness-raising endeavor and a means of self-expression. That should make it easier to accept my Rule-of-Thumb: Only one out of every 24 photos you take will produce the results you want!

More On Portraits

We went into portraits in some detail. Even though you may have been successful with some of the techniques, you may have been disappointed with your facial expression if it appears too taut. If so, try this: set up the background and lighting system with the intent of shooting a whole roll of film to get a good portrait. Use the flash on the camera and the telephoto lens. If you use reflectors, set them at 45 degrees aimed at the top of your head. If you have a light-bank, use it as an underlight (with adequate ambient light you may not need any additional lighting).

If you have trouble with beard shadow showing, set the camera on the tripod well below your neck level and position yourself so that the center circle is aimed at your bosom. This achieves an underlighting effect. You should probably keep your hands out of the picture, since most men’s hands are too big and rough-looking — unless you’ve worked very hard on this aspect of your appearance.

Be very careful to check your teeth for lipstick that might ruin your smile. Go easy on the lip color but heavy on the gloss. You might even try a light coating of petroleum jelly on your teeth, like many beauty contestants.

Utilize the time delay on your camera to advantage. Try the “Laughing Hyena” technique. Practice a good howling belly laugh so that it ends just as the camera shutter fires. If your camera will shoot two auto-photos in succession, so much the better. I know it sounds ridiculous, but try it. You will often capture your most relaxed, natural smile with this technique. Any goofy-looking shots you can throw away.

Boudoir Shots

Many women have gone to studios that specialize in boudoir photography. Almost every
women I know that does cosmetology, nails, etc., has personal photos hanging in her shop. They are popular for a simple reason — it can be a very fulfilling experience. The photos are meant to record a feeling and recycle those warm fuzzies. It is for this reason that these sessions take from several hours to a half a day. You are encouraged to bring your own favorite lingerie and there’s mood lights with sensuous props like silks, furs and feather boas.

So, how can we get in on this great experience? You don’t find many advertisements that specialize in boudoir photography for crossdressers, although I’m sure there are some. Well, approach this task as if you were a professional photographer. Accumulate the props, set the mood, and chose lingerie with great care. Of course, makeup is extremely important, and many commercial endeavors include this as part of the package. Doing autophotography will pose additional problems with positioning and framing. Can you assume a languid, reclining pose in 10 seconds? You can if you practice. Since you will be exposing thighs, buttocks and breasts, creating an illusion is much more difficult. Tuck and tape with care, since an ordinary G-string is not meant to support or hold anything, but merely to cover. Think carefully about what the camera will see. Casually draping a fur, boa, or satin sheet may provide just the cover you need. Boudoir shots need not be done in the bedroom which tends to be too dark anyway.

A few specific male problems need to be addressed. First, keep your feet away from (never toward) the camera or they will look huge. Wearing high heels (the higher the better) will make your feet look smaller. The same careful positioning of your hands is essential. Consider wearing lacy gloves to cover your hands. Cut off the glove fingers if you want to show off your long red nails. Next, forget the orgasmic look. Men and women just don’t have the same expression. Men tend to scunch up their face and look tensed while women seem more relaxed. Try the laughing hyena to loosen your face. Finally, don’t be surprised to find unwanted anatomy in some of the photos — learn from your mistakes.

**Figure Shots**

If you think boudoir photography poses difficulties, figure shots will really tax your imagination. Most drag beauty contest have swimsuit competition and contestants dislike them. After all, what self-respecting drag queen will get all dressed up and made up then jump in a pool? Not many, but that still doesn’t stop some of us from wanting a good shot in a bikini.

Corsetting and padding is definitely out for this kind of shot. I have always liked women who are lean and muscular. Also, I live in Florida where it is not uncommon for octogenarian women to parade around in a bikini and bare skin is a natural consequence of the climate.

So, start with a total body shave. This includes working on your bikini line and maintaining it until it is free of razor rash. Opaque stockings and other tricks just won’t do. The chest, abdomen and underarms must be shaved absolutely clean and be rash-free. I also recommend shaving your arms. I know, plenty of women have hairier arms and hands than you do, but they have other assets to offset that small liability.

Next you must moisturize everything you shave. If your skin is really dry, get a paintbrush and paint yourself with baby oil, then blot yourself dry. You want your skin to have an attractive luster, especially your legs. Here again, you must tuck and tape to hide anatomy, create cleavage, etc.

In selecting a swimsuit, you can generally forget a string bikini (isn’t it a shame?) because they tend to shift around and won’t hold anything in place. This, of course, is precisely why men like them on women, since this shift may occur at any moment, especially while swimming, running or playing volleyball. Even though you won’t be involved in these activities, you may still need some cover-up props, like a scarf, gloves or a bolero jacket.

Unless you’re going for the female bodybuilder look, don’t flex your arm muscles, cover your biceps and keep elbows in with palms out to give your arms their thinnest profile. Don’t wear flats, wear heels or go barefoot. If you are barefoot, don’t point your toes, instead, I recommend you put your foot in position as though it
were in a high heel. If you can balance yourself this way, your legs will look quite attractive.

Also, look for a strategically constructed one-piece suit, especially with cut-outs or a criss-cross back. The over-the-shoulder straps will keep you tucked-in and keep your cleavage in place. Some two-piece suits are fairly skimpy with starp-like halter tops and these are also very good. Unfortunately, you may buy a number of suits you can’t use until you find the one that does the job. If you are so impressed with your photos that you really must pass in a bathing suit, get one of the new neoprene suits. They’re skin-tight, compressive and thick enough to cover. You will, however, sweat profusely without the indulgence of an occasional dip. Speaking of which, a quick dip before you shoot can enhance your skin tone. Or use a small spray bottle of water to achieve the same effect indoors.

**Couples**

Here I’m talking about you and another woman. I’ve never been interested in photographing myself with another male and would have trouble finding one if I did. In order for the photograph to have the proper sense of proportion, your male escort would have to be six feet six inches tall and weigh about 240 pounds.

Photos with another woman will have a similar problems, but we’ll work around them. To begin, don’t just stand there, utilize props and have a theme. I’m particularly fond of the Amazon Women/Warrior Women scenario. Both models should accentuate their makeup and either use the same scheme or sharp contrasts. When posing, use parallax to advantage, i.e., put the smaller person closer to the camera and the larger person behind the smaller by about three feet. This will help equilize apparent size.

Couples photos are especially adaptable to darkroom creativity using solarization or posterization techniques. (If you don’t know what these are, consult any basic darkroom manual—Ed.) The result may be attractive enough to hang in full-view without fear of discovery and that can be a realHugh. Your photo has been transformed into a work of art, you can get fairly

**Backlighting vs. Backdarking**

Both inside and outside, we’ve detailed the vagaries of backlighting without adequate balance from front lighting. There’s one technique I particularly enjoy that I call “backdarking” a name I made up. You can use backdarking just at dusk, about right when your auto flash would kick in. Get yourself all dressed up in white or a pastel color. A white prop, like a car is helpful to achieve the effect. Take a couple of frames, the flash should go off, but be certain there are no additional sources of light in the background. You will stand out in bold relief, but not in silhouette, since your face and figure will be well illuminated. If you have trouble with beard cover, remember this technique as it may provide your best shot. This doesn’t work in total darkness, it must be twilight.

**Finis**

By now you should be collecting quite an album to remember and cherish your feelings and experiences when dressed. Even with some setbacks, you will improve your makeup, posture, and image in addition to gasining photographic skills. Having this part of yourself to share or enjoy in private is a great asset. Of course, being able to “strike a pose” is not the same as moving or vocalizing. You’ll need to get into video to improve that aspect of your female presentation. But then, that’s another story...
Fig. 1: Relaxing the face after the "hyena" laugh. Slight forward lean and zoom in for the shot.

Fig. 2: Taken at the end of a session. Plenty of light softens wrinkles and has an ethereal look.

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Fig. 3 (above): A boudoir shot using a mirror for added effect. Be careful what you display from behind.

Fig. 4 (right): The boudoir shot taken out of the boudoir! Merry Christmas!

Fig. 5: Looking mischievous in a bikini.

Fig. 6: Another bikini, sexier, and a sultry look.
Fig. 7 (above): The "strategic" one-piece keeping everything in place.

Fig. 8 (above right): Another suit with props and a cover-up to hide shoulders and biceps.

Fig. 9 (right): The technique of "back-darking" suggests a romantic, evening mood.
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