Devoted to the world of transvestism

Meet Monica Rey
The World's Lovliest Boy

All New and Improved

Also
• Fiction
• Articles
• Letters
• Personals
• Places to Go

Number 2
Sep/Oct, 1987
Welcome Back! We at En Femme have been very busy the past two months. First off, our own Donna Miller appeared on People Are Talking, a Philadelphia talk show hosted by Nancy Glass, on August 14. Also appearing were JoAnn Roberts and Angela Gardner of the Renaissance Group. The three discussed future appearances on Ms. Glass’ cable show Attitudes on the Lifetime Cable Network and a possible appearance on a new People Are Talking to be produced on channel 9 in New York, which will be offered nationally via cable.

Donna and Robyn Dormer will be at Fantasia Fair the first weekend of the Fair (October 16-18). Donna will be Program Coordinator of the Beauty Fair held on Saturday the 17th. Robyn will be covering the Fair for future issues of En Femme.

Roving reporter Nicole Stevens will be covering the Pocono Fantasy Weekend (September 18-20) for En Femme.
## Contents

- Letter From The Editor.................................IFC
- Amanda's A Man, Dear (Conclusion)
  - Fiction by Rebecca J. Buchanan..........2
- Monica Rey, The World's Loveliest Boy
  - Interview by Erica Lee.....................12
- Transvestite Private Eye
  - Fiction by Rebecca J. Buchanan........15
- My Lady
  - Poem by Donna.................................21
- En Femme Questionnaire............................22
- Femiphobia: The Fear of Being Feminine
  - Article by Gayle Young.....................30
- Still Waiting For The Videos...
  - Movie Reviews by Robyn Ann..............32
- Renaissance Update.................................38
- Subscription Form................................39
- Letters To The Editor............................40
- Personal Ads......................................42
- Classified Ads....................................44

## Staff

- **Publisher & Art Director**
  - Robyn Ann Dormer

- **Managing Editor**
  - Rebecca J. Buchanan

- **Advertising Director**
  - Erica Lee

- **Beauty/Fashion Editor**
  - Donna J. Miller

*En Femme* is published 6 times a year in January, March, May, July, September, & December. *En Femme* will consider the publication of contributions from its readers. Articles, stories, or artwork should be typed and in good taste. No pornographic items will be accepted. No submissions will be returned without a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Payment for use of submissions will be dealt with on an individual basis.
"I want to talk to you, son," Ross McCann didn't sound too happy. Ronnie McCann had left Amanda upstairs to freshen up before dinner. He didn't like the tone of his father's voice.

"It's that girlfriend of yours," Ross continued. "That Amanda. Tell me more about her."

"What do you want to know?" Ronnie noticed his mother was strangely absent from her kitchen. And dinner was cooking.

"Like, where was she born? Where did she go to school? Where are her parents? Does she work? What's her social security number - "

"Get to the point, dad. What's eating you?"

"Son, just how well do you know this person? Have you ever been, ah, intimate with her?"

Ronnie's face flushed. "I think that's a pretty personal question - "

Ross interrupted. "I'm sorry, Ron, but your mother and I have serious doubts as to the true sex of this 'Amanda' person."

Well now it was out in the open. A million thoughts raced through Ronnie's head. Should he just get it over with now? Should he bluff his way out of it? What should he say about himself?
Before Ronnie could get a cohesive thought together, a voice piped up from behind him. Amanda's.

"Your son has a confession to make, Mr. McCann. I came along to help make it easier on everybody."

"This is a private conversation between my son and myself," Ross said sternly.

"Dad, I need her here - I, I have something to tell you."

"What? That your girlfriend is really a man?" Ross was practically shouting.

Amanda gave out a little high-pitched squeal and lifted her hand to her mouth in mock astonishment.

"We were trying to show you that Amanda is a fine person, a warm and caring human being, despite the mix-up created at her birth. She's a transsexual, dad. She couldn't help being born that way, and she's trying to correct the mistake." Ronnie looked at Amanda for moral support, his temperature was rising, his heart pounded in his temples. Amanda looked back at him, her eyes dancing merrily, giving him that look, the one she always gave him when he was losing confidence when they were out dressed. The look that said 'who cares what people think? It's your life, and it's none of their business. Enjoy yourself!'

"Dad, I think I'm a transsexual, too."
Ross McCann looked at his son dumbfounded. He was about to say something when he was interrupted by a voice behind him. His wife, Marion.

"Oh, Ronnie!" She rushed past her husband and embraced her son tightly. Ross gave a deadly look at Amanda, who just smiled back. She went over to the visibly shaken Ronnie and his weeping mother.

"Come on, Ronnie. Upstairs. Everybody needs to calm down for a few minutes." She took Ronnie's hand and they left the kitchen in silence. Ronnie took one last look at his father before exiting and saw the anger had been replaced by bewilderment.

***

"I can't, Amanda! Not now! It's not the time."

"I can't think of a better time, dear. This is it. Everything is out in the open. It's time to show them that you are very serious about this. Now come on, get dressed."

***

"Where did I go wrong? How did I fail him? I must have mothered him too much - or, or, I remember I dressed him like a girl for Halloween a few times - I, I -"
"You can't blame yourself, Marion. I'm just as much to blame. I didn't pay enough attention to him when he was little so naturally, he identified with you. It's my fault." Ross and Marion were seated at the kitchen table. The dinner Marion had been preparing was forgotten.

Amanda appeared in the entranceway and both adults turned simultaneously to look at her. "It's nobody's fault," she said.

"Beg pardon?" Ross said. Marion dabbed a soaked tissue under her eye and looked away.

"Nobody can say for sure what causes a person to become a transsexual. It is generally believed that the person is born that way. A mix-up at the gene pool, causing the wrong body to develop in relation with the mind.

"Some think it's sociological, something in childhood that triggered it. Nobody knows for sure. You can't blame yourselves."

"How long has he been like this?" Ross asked. Marion shot him a look, astounded that her husband was even talking to her.

"When I met him, he was extremely confused about what he was. This was two years ago. We've discussed it and dissected it and questioned it and then discussed it some more and we've decided that, yes, he is indeed a transsexual."
"So, he's attracted to men?"

"Ross!" Marion bellowed.

"When he's dressed, he seems to enjoy the attention of men, but only straight men." Amanda said, ignoring Marion's outburst.

Ross wiped his hand across his brow. "Dressed? He dresses like a girl?"

As if on cue, Ronnie entered the room. Both Ross and Marion stood up, Ross's chair tipping backward and crashing to the floor. Marion put both palms to her face and gasped.

Their son was wearing a full grey skirt, a silky pink blouse with full doman sleeves and grey pumps. He was wearing his blonde wig, his face made-up. He wore earrings and a bracelet.

He looked fantastic.

"Say hello to your daughter Debbie." Amanda said, breaking the silence.

"D-Debbie?" Marion said. She looked at her husband, who was staring at the shaking girl in front of him. He couldn't take his eyes off of her.

"Ross, do something! This has gone far enough!" She was getting hysterical, her hands had balled into fists. "Bring back my son!"

"Marion, calm down," Ross said. "We have to settle this like adults."
"How about we all sit down in the living room?" Amanda said, leading the way out of the kitchen. Debbie quickly followed. Her parents soon left the kitchen and found the two girls seated on the couch. Ross sat in his usual easy chair and Marion sat on the footstool beside him.

"Ronnie, please stop - ," Marion started.

"Debbie," Amanda quickly corrected Marion.

"Debbie! I can't call someone I raised, someone I named after my own father!, my own son - anything other than Ronnie!"

Debbie looked down at her feet, wringing her hands together in her lap.

"This is quite a shock," Ross said quietly. "And not at all what I expected. I always suspected that you were gay, son, uh, sorry." He looked sheepishly at his feminized child.

Debbie looked back at her father, seeing a new person. Here was somebody genuinely trying to understand. She then looked at her mother, who quickly looked away avoiding her gaze. Here was the person she expected to understand - or at least try to. It broke her heart to see her mother so hurt.

"I think a compromise is in order here," Ross said. "We can't be expected to just open up our arms and welcome our new 'daughter' home. There are other concerns to be dealt with. Like the rest of the family, your grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins. I don't think they need to be told just yet, if ever."
Upon hearing the words 'grandparents' Marion gave another little squeal and shook her head. "My mother will just die." she mumbled.

Ross continued: "If this is truly the way you feel, you must accomodate us. Whenever you are home, you are Ron, my son. You can do what you want when you aren't here, and we won't interfere. We'll even be supportive.

"Take some time to think about this. I think you should see a counsellor, and I think you should not do anything permanent until you are finished school. You should keep this under your, uh, wig, until you have graduated, so as not to jeopardize your schooling. Do you agree?"

"I think so," Debbie said quietly.

"We don't want to do anything to hurt you, believe me. We want to help and to understand, but it's not easy. Can you see that?"

"Yes."

"Okay then, under these terms, we accept your condition and promise to help in any way we can. Don't we, Marion?"

Ross' distraught wife looked at him, a tear running down her cheek. She looked at the pretty girl sitting across from her, a frightened, confused human being. A person she had raised, had given birth to. She saw the hurt in her eyes that she, herself, was causing. Marion wiped the tear from her cheek and stood up. She steadied herself and went over to Debbie. Debbie braced herself, not knowing what to expect. Amanda moved to the edge of the couch, ready to spring into action, if necessary.
But Marion only took the hands of Debbie into her own and gently pulled her up from the couch until they stood eye-to-eye. Then she threw her arms around her.

Both women were now crying profusely, clutching the other tightly. Ross stood up and felt his emotions, too, giving way. Amanda took his hand and squeezed, smiling. Ross squeezed back, and wiped a tear from his eye with his free hand.

"There, that wasn't so bad, was it?" Amanda said, and everybody laughed behind their tears.

"Welcome home, daughter," Marion said. "Now can we eat?"

They walked arm in arm into the kitchen.

THE END
I spoke with Monica Rey, vivacious star of the Finocchio show that recently ended an extended run at the Tara Supper Club in Downington, Pa., at The Raven in New Hope, Pa. I found her to be warm and sensitive, if not overly talkative, and it was easy to see why she is billed as "The World's Loveliest Boy." Monica's impersonation of Marilyn Monroe never fails to bring the house down, and unlike most professional female impersonators, Monica and the other cast members of Finocchio, lip sync on stage to their own recorded voices. The accompanying photographs were taken at the Tara Supper Club in Downington.

Q. What brings you to New Hope?
A. I made many friends from New Hope while performing in Downingtown. And after returning to Washington when the show closed, I just had to come back to see them.

Q. Where were you born?
A. Washington state.

Q. Where have you worked?
A. Portland, Oregon; Reno, Nevada; up and down the West Coast, Philadelphia, Downingtown, Atlantic City, and of course, New Hope.
Q. What are your future plans? When will the Einocchio show appear next?

A. I have no definite plans at the moment. The show is considering several possibilities - Tokyo, Reno, maybe Miami or Atlantic City.

Q. When did you first realize you could make a living as an impersonator?

A. The first time I did drag was in 1977, I entered a contest.

Q. Do you ever appear in public as a woman?

A. Yes.

Q. Have you ever considered hormones or breast implants?

A. Absolutely not! I enjoy being a man.
Q. Why do you think drag shows or impersonator shows are so popular?

A. Possibly because the theater, television and the movies have brought it to the public eye and has shown that men portraying women are not perverts. I really don't know.

Q. Where do you put it? (Just kidding.)


Q. Tell us about the other performers in the Einocchino show.

A. I'd rather let them tell their own stories and speak for themselves.

Q. One of the drag artists in the show is a real woman portraying a man portraying a man, right? You can tell us!

A. No comment. That's show biz.

Q. What are the current gay attitudes toward drag?

A. AC/DC. Some like it, some don't. You can't please everybody.

Q. In his book "Becoming A Sexual Person", author/sex therapist Robert Francoeur states, "most homosexuals do not find a drag queen role or partner attractive." do you agree or disagree?

A. I haven't read his book and would rather refrain from comment.

Thank you and good luck to you in the future, Monica. Hopefully, we'll be able to speak with your fellow cast members in the near future.
"Dawn!" Jonelle said. The man rose from his seat as Dawn slid into the booth next to Jo. "This is my husband, Mark.

"Pleased to meet you," Mark said smiling. He was exactly the kind of man Dawn imagined Jonelle would marry. She fought off conflicting feelings and took Mark's hand softly. At the same time she was feeling jealous of this man for marrying his Jonelle, he felt strangely excited at meeting him as Dawn. What had Jonelle told him about Dawn/David?

"You look fabulous," Jonelle said gushing. Dawn smiled, then noticed Mark staring at her. "Thank you. I believe your husband is staring." An old trick of hers when she felt uncomfortable in a situation was to turn the tables and make the other people uncomfortable. She saw Mark blush and smiled as he looked away. "Sorry," he mumbled. Jonelle was smiling as well.

After Dawn took a seat, Jonelle said, "so tell me about this job David got."

"Oh, well, he was hired to find former Senator Boyce's missing son." She took a sip from the crystal glass filled with mineral water, leaving a lipstick trace.
"Boyce?" Mark said. "Hasn't his son been missing longer than Lindbergh's baby?"

"He has reason to believe his son is still alive and living with a woman from the Them group." Dawn replied.

Jonelle looked surprised. "Them? Are they still around?"

"They've been broken up a few times, but they always seem to regroup. But Boyce says a detective he hired had evidence that one of those members had run off from the group before the raid in 1975 that resulted in the fire that destroyed their headquarters."

"I'm glad to see David is having some success in his field," Jonelle said with a twinkle in her eye. "And what have you been doing with your life?"

Mark looked at Dawn and asked, "who is David? I don't believe I know the name."

Thinking quickly, Dawn replied, "My twin brother. Sometimes it's hard to separate us. I was working as his secretary for awhile, but now I'm engaged to be married."

Jonelle nearly went through the floor, her mouth dropping open at this announcement. Then she saw the mischievous grin on Dawn's face and realized she was being put on. But Mark didn't realize it. "Congratulations," he said, offering his hand again.

"Thank you," Dawn said, touching it lightly again. "I'm happy."

Dinner continued and the conversation turned to other topics. As the evening progressed, Dawn felt more and more confident and soon forgot that she was anything other than what she appeared to be - an attractive young woman.

At the end of the meal, the tab picked up by Mark, the three exited the restaurant and stood outside in the twilight. The valet went for Mark's car.
"I wish we could spend the rest of the evening together, Jo. It really went well." Mark said, holding Jonelle's hand.

"You know we can't. Dinner was lovely. Thank you. And thank you for letting me invite Dawn."

"It was a pleasure to meet you, Dawn. Maybe we'll see each other again sometime."

"It was nice to meet you, too. You're exactly the kind of guy I imagined would snare my friend Jo."

Mark's car pulled up to the curb. "Can I at least give you a lift somewhere?"

---

I tell ALL my TV girlfriends about JoAnn Roberts' "Art & Illusion: A Guide to Crossdressing"!

Shouldn't you do the same?

Published by Creative Design Services P.O. Box 1263 King of Prussia, PA 19406 $10 postpaid 1st Class
Jonelle kissed him on the cheek. "Don't spoil it, Mark. Good night. Thanks again."

Mark held her by the waist for a split second, then turned and got into his car. He sped off.

"Call you a cab, ladies?" the valet said.

"Yes, please," Jonelle said, smiling at a bewildered Dawn.

Seated next to each other in the back seat of the cab, Jonelle answered Dawn's unasked questions.

"Mark and I were married a year ago. It just hasn't worked. It was a whirlwind romance, and we were out of our minds. It couldn't have worked and it didn't. We're getting divorced."

"I'm sorry."

"Ah, you know me. No guy can hold me down." She pinched Dawn's thigh through her skirt. "No ordinary guy, anyway." She smiled.

They went directly to Dawn's apartment. After locking the door and tossing her keys onto a desktop, Dawn found herself in the embrace of Jonelle.

"I really missed you," Jonelle said and she kissed her. A surprised Dawn returned the kiss. Jonelle's hands entwined themselves in Dawn's hair while Dawn's hands moved passionately about her silk dress-encased body.

The embrace became heated and animated and soon they had collapsed onto the couch, their clothes disheveled, their shoes kicked off. They stared deep into each other's beautifully made-up eyes and then they joined at the lips again, tongues leaping in and out of each others mouths. Dawn worked her hands up inside Jonelle's dress and stroked her inner thighs, evoking a low moan from her.
"Let's go into the bedroom," Jonelle said breathlessly. They got up off the couch and made their way into the bedroom, arms around each others waist.

Senator Boyce and his missing son were the farthest things from Dawn's mind at that moment.

CHAPTER FIVE

David Cole returned to work the next day, but his mind was not on it. In the tiny office located in the same building as his apartment, he shuffled papers and considered calling some sources, but didn't accomplish anything.

His previous night with Jonelle had been one of the best moments of his life. And the more he thought of how his impersonation had so completely fooled Mark, the more he was on Cloud Nine. But he knew he had a job to do and he rid his mind of all thoughts of the previous evening.

He reviewed the facts of the case for the hundreth time and then began to scribble in his notebook, a procedure that always helped him with cases in the past. He would write down all of his thoughts and ideas, no matter how silly or useless they seemed to him at the time.

His first priority he knew was to find the woman who had left the Them group, allegedly with a child who may or may not be Senator Boyce's son.

And the easiest way to find her? Question those who knew her, of course. That would mean getting into the federal prison to interview the Them members currently doing time. Or finding the current incarnation of the group somewhere in the city.

Both tasks would be extremely difficult as Them would never talk to a man. Continued on page 26.
Be confident.

Remove unwanted hair permanently.

Enjoy a future of care-free, hair-free beauty with electrolysis... the safe, permanent method recognized by the A.M.A. Come for a consultation and discover how confident you can be.

International Guild of Professional Electrologists
Member:

MARIE BOGRAD

SUITE 402
20 NASSAU STREET
PRINCETON, NJ 08542

609/924-0394

A BETTER IMAGE
Renaissance presents
A Very Special AIDS Benefit Show
Travelling Trash & Talent Tuesday!!

September 29th, The Mask & Wig Club, 310 S. Quince St., Phila.

FEATURING
The Impressions of:
The Divine Miss Wayne as Bette Midler
Philadelphia's Mecale St. John as Patti LaBelle
Special Guest Appearance by
STELLA of KYW's
SATURDAY NIGHT DEAD
and many other surprises!

Cash Bar - 8:00 PM                  Showtime - 9:00 PM

The Renaissance Education Association is a registered non-profit corporation. All proceeds from this benefit will be distributed to local AIDS organizations. All donations are tax deductible to the extent allowed by Pennsylvania and Federal regulations.

Please send me ___ ticket(s) to the Renaissance AIDS Benefit, on September 29th, at $25.00 donation per person. Enclosed is my tax deductible check made payable to Renaissance.

Name ______________________________ Address ______________________________

___$10     ___$25     ___$50     ___$100     ___Other

Sorry, I cannot attend but enclosed is my tax deductible donation to help fight AIDS.

Renaissance, Box 1263, King of Prussia, PA, 19406

___ Please send me information about Renaissance
Questionnaire

This questionnaire will help us put out the kind of magazine you most want to read. All replies will be kept confidential and anonymous. Please answer all of the questions and above all, be honest with your answers. Thank you.

1. Did you enjoy this issue of *En Femme*? [ ] Yes [ ] No.

2. What did you enjoy most in the magazine?

3. What did you enjoy the least?

4. What most prompted you to buy this magazine? [ ] The Title [ ] The Cover Art [ ] The Stories [ ] The Articles [ ] No Reason Over The Other

5. Would you like to see more stories than articles? [ ] Yes [ ] No.

6. Would you like to see more articles than stories? [ ] Yes [ ] No.

7. Which of the following topics would you most like to read about in a story? (Check more than one if necessary.)

   [ ] Forced To Dress [ ] TV/Bondage
   [ ] Gay Drag [ ] Stories With A Humorous Slant
   [ ] Historical TV [ ] Science Fiction TV
   [ ] Celtic Strips [ ] Teenage TV
8. Which of the following topics would you most like to read an article about?
   (Check more than if necessary.)
   [ ] Entertainers/Female Impersonators
   [ ] Interviews With TV's
   [ ] The New Gay Drag Scene
   [ ] Interviews With TS's
   [ ] Behind The Scenes At A Drag Show
   [ ] Interviews With Families of TV's or TS's
   [ ] Interviews With Partners of TV's or TS's
   [ ] Interviews With Leaders in the TV Community
   [ ] Beauty/Hair/Fashion Advice
   [ ] A psychologist's views on TV/TS
   (Put a line through any of the above topics you absolutely do not want to read about.)

9. I am [ ] 21-25 [ ] 26-30 [ ] 31-35 [ ] 36-40 [ ] 41-45 [ ] 46-50 [ ] 51+ years old

10. I am a [ ] TV [ ] TS [ ] CD [ ] Other

11. I am a member of a support group [ ] yes [ ] no.

12. I go out dressed [ ] frequently [ ] seldom [ ] never.

Thank you for your cooperation!

Mail to En Femme, P.O. Box 7854, Trenton, NJ, 08612.
"MY LADY"

Living with my Lady is wonderful,
But if you think it's easy,
Think again! She always seems
To make our neighbors queasy!

They don't understand a man,
Who wants to dress up and look pretty.
I try to explain, that it's not just a game,
But I always end up getting so giddy!

They have no idea how lucky they'd be,
To have a love like this,
To be able to feel what I feel,
Just at the thought of her kiss.
TV-TS TAPESTRY
P.O. Box 19
Wayland, MA 01778
(617) 358-5575

Tasteful, comprehensive, non-profit journal for all persons interested in cross-dressing and transsexualism

Single Copy $10, Subscription $30 ($40 1st Class), MC/Visa Accepted

Commercial & Display Ad Rates.

Back Cover (eventually to be 2-color) - $200,
Full Page - $100, Half Page - $50,
Quarter Page - $25, Eighth Page - $15,
These are introductory rates and will be raised in the future. Ads should be camera-ready, including screens for photos. Any work that has to be done by the staff will be billed and a proof must be approved before appearing in the magazine.

En Femme Magazine
P.O. Box 7854
Trenton, New Jersey 08628
Continued from page 19.

So would he would have to come up with a woman who could speak with the group members. And he knew the woman.

Jonelle.

"You want me to what?!" Jonelle said over the phone later that evening.

"I'm desperate, Jo. I need your help."

There was no sound coming from the receiver. "Jonelle?"

"I hear you. Look, David, you're pushing our friendship here. My only interest in you is because of Dawn. I've had it with men. I'm not interested at all in David and I don't want to help him out. Do you understand that?"

"I think so."

"Okay, then. When I'm ready to see you again, I'll call you. Don't ruin it, David. I can't go to work for you. I'm sorry."

The phone went dead. David didn't hang it up until after the operator came on and told him his call did not go through, please hang up and try again...

The next day he went to work in earnest. He called every snitch and informant he had ever used before with little luck. Them had gone very underground and nobody seemed to know where they were or even if they still existed. He began to frequent lesbian bars, feeling very out of place, but keeping his ears open for any information that may leak out. He tried questioning some of the bargoers but got nothing more than a cold shoulder. He was an outsider, he didn't belong. He would get no information from anybody.
But he ran into a drag queen in a particularly tough dyke bar, who was as out of place as he was. She was dressed in a party frock, with a beehive hairdo, stiletto heels and more make-up than the rest of the bar patrons had ever worn in their lives. Combined.

She had information. For a price.

"I'm here every night, dear," Erica said to David outside. "It's okay for me, they leave me alone, they're even protective of me. I'm kind of the bar mascot." She chuckled and pulled a mirror from her sequined purse. After applying more lipstick, she continued.

"Anyway, the other night I was sitting in a booth, by myself, as usual, when I heard this conversation in the booth behind me. The music was very slow at the time, y'know slow-dance stuff - I could hear every word. Apparently, somebody was recruiting for Them! I couldn't believe it!"

"Did you see who was doing the recruiting?"

"Yes - I was very discreet. I left my booth very quietly and went to the bar. I didn't look to see who was in the booth when I got up, in case they looked at me. I got a drink then I headed for the dance floor. Then I looked. She was a mean bitch - let me tell you! I had never seen her before. And I haven't seen her since."

"Okay, thanks. Is there anything else you can remember about her? Did she mention a name?"

"She did, at first, but I didn't pay attention at that time. But she did mention an address later, after she had said she was with Them."

"Excellent! Do you remember it?"

Erica held out a large hand, her sculpted nails glistened in the light from the overhead streetlamp. She slowly turned her palm up. David reached into his
pocket and put a twenty in the paw. She took it, then stuck her hand out again. David reluctantly gave her another twenty.

"A girl's got to eat," she said, shoving the twenties into her purse. "3137 Eastwood. I remember it clearly."

Eastwood Street was in one of the worst sections of the city. But it was the only lead David had. If it were true, it that was their new headquarters - how could he get inside? He knew they would spot him if he tried to stake it out and observe the goings on. But he had to talk to one of Them.

It was time to enlist the services of Dawn Cole,
CHAPTER SIX

It was a sunny Monday morning in June when Dawn Cole cautiously exited her apartment building. Dressed in a comfortable, knit two-piece dress, she looked like any other young woman on her way to the office. She wore white leather sandals, very little make-up, no nail polish and only tiny silver earrings. Her own brown hair was teased and blow-dried, the blonde wig temporarily retired to a wig block in her closet.

She began to walk, gaining confidence with every step. She slung her canvas purse over a shoulder and swung her tanned and athletic bare arms in rhythm with her walk.

She relied on the city's subway system to deliver her to Eastwood Street, and the trip took over an hour. On the corner of the 3000 block, she stood, observing the neighborhood, watching the cars hot rod up and down the three-block long street.

The inhabitants of the neighborhood seemed to be very interested in the presence of the pretty lady in the skirt and low-heeled sandals. Oddly enough, the men left her alone. A few whistled at her and they all watched her intently, but Dawn expected a confrontation, and none came.

Continued on page 35.

**K. D's**
**Intimate Boutique**

Intimate Apparel For Men & Women
Prosthesis For Mastectomies

CROSSROADS PLAZA
RT. 38 & COOPER LANDING RD.
CHERRY HILL, NJ 08002

AMY PEAK, PRES./OWNER (609) 667-9345
FEMIPHOBIA: THE FEAR OF BEING FEMININE
by Gayle Young

They are men who shun pain and never back down from a fight. They drink, smoke, and drive fast - without wearing seat belts.

They used to be called macho. Now psychologists are calling them femiphobics.

"Every man has femiphobia, or fear of being female, to some degree because it's so much a part of our culture," said psychologist Denis O'Donovan. "For some, the fear makes them exaggerate certain behaviors that are actual hazards to their health and longevity."

At a recent annual meeting of the American Psychological Association, dozens of psychologists met to discuss the newly-defined disorder, which was unheard of five years ago.

O'Donovan, a professor of psychology at Florida Atlantic University in Boca Raton and founding father of femiphobia, said studies indicate femiphobics die prematurely because they take unnecessary risks, thrive on dangerous confrontations and tend to ignore the warning signs of the disease.

"Women worry about their bodies, about internal things, not men," O'Donovan said.

O'Donovan contends all little boys fear becoming a girl because they see early in life that males have more authority and respect than females.

"The surest way to get a little boy not to play with a toy is to have him see a girl playing with it first," O'Donovan said.

In one study reported at the meeting, little boys were asked what they would do if they saw a contemporary playing with a female doll. The majority of boys said they would make fun of the child, avoid him and even physically hurt him.

Psychologists also reported on another study in which 4-year-old boys told they had to use a girls' bathroom expressed fear they would become girls if they did so.

"At some point of age, boys realize no matter what, they are not going to turn into girls," O'Donovan said. "So the fear goes underneath the surface."
"That frightened little boy within us is what femiphobia is all about."

O'Donovan said femiphobics shun any behavior considered feminine and assert their maleness by indulging in behaviors that are considered masculine, from poker to driving hotrods.

They have a compelling need to have girlfriends so they can prove their masculinity, but they tend to treat women with little respect.

Most psychologists who study the disorder believe males raised in homes where females have little status or power are most likely to exert femiphobic behavior.

Some studies suggest boys with fathers who are emotionally distant or rarely home also tend toward femiphobia, but O'Donovan says such research is far from conclusive.

"We don't really know what causes any phobia," he said. "The point is when there is a weakness, a fear, we tend to marshall all our resources to combat that fear, which only makes it worse."

Some psychologists at the meeting argued women also have a fear of appearing "like a man", but O'Donovan said his studies suggest men are much more anxious to appear masculine than women are over appearing feminine.

---

**Business for Sale**

The largest and most successful metaphysical shop in New Hope! Main street location in lovely tourist town - low rent, high volume. $75-80,000 in inventory and fixtures. Mail order business included. Asking $175,000 with $75,000 down. Negotiable. Creative financial payment or three-year pay-out. Call (609) 392-0710 for more information or appointment.
Still Waiting For
The Videos...

A Psycho imitator that is just as interesting as Hitchcock's classic. Jean Arless (man? woman?) plays two roles - Emily and Warren. There are murders galore, a decapitation scene that is a classic in itself and a special "Fright Break" five minutes before the end of the film.

LET ME DIE A WOMAN (1979).
The modern equivalent of Glen or Glenda. Actual film footage of a sex-change operation, interviews with transsexuals before and after the operation, stock footage from newsreels and porno films and a free copy of the paperback in the lobby.

A demented variation on the Triple Echo theme - the army deserter who masquerades as a woman to avoid the service. Only this deserter forces his former lieutenant to be his French-maid and feeds him hormone pills. Together they run an extortion ring. Bob Clark went on to more profitable, if not more intelligent, films with Porky's in 1982.

Still shown on late night television, but not on video as yet. Sondra Locke talks with a doll named Aaron she believes can kill people. Her father (Robert Shaw) shows up after 10 years and people start to die. Also stars Sally Kellerman and Mary Ure. If you're not familiar with this one, stop reading now as I'm about to reveal the ending. Okay, ready? Sondra Locke was a boy raised as a girl! Great scene of Sondra on a boat being pawed by a boy admirer and she developing an erection beneath her dress is cut from television version.
There will be a special "FRIGHT BREAK" during the showing of William Castle's "Homicidal." All those too timid to take the climax will be welcomed to the COWARD'S CORNER!

WILLIAM CASTLE'S
HOMICIDAL

THE STORY OF A PSYCHOTIC KILLER!

GLENB ORBETT • PATRICIA BRESLIN • EUGENIE LEONTOVICH • ALAN BUNCE • JAMES WESTERFIELD • JEAN ARLESS

Written by ROBB WHITE • Produced and Directed by WILLIAM CASTLE • A WILLIAM CASTLE PRODUCTION • A COLUMBIA PICTURES RELEASE
HOUSE ON BARE MOUNTAIN (1962) Directed by Lee Frost.
A man masquerading as a woman runs a girls boarding school. His/her assistant is a werewolf. The Frankenstein monster and Dracula do the twist with "Miss Hollywood." The ads for this "adults only" film promised "20 terrified teen lovelies tastefully unattired!"

An old favorite that also pops up on late night TV now and again. However, it is an edited version. It may be on videocassette but I haven't run across it. The same old story - Dr. Jekyll (Ralph Bates) concocts a potion, but turns into Martine Beswick. And likes it.

WARNING!
THE SEXUAL TRANSFORMATION
OF A MAN INTO A WOMAN
WILL ACTUALLY TAKE PLACE
BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!

PARENTS:
Be sure your children are sufficiently mature to witness the intimate details of this frank and revealing film.
A woman exited a post office in front of Dawn, and briefly glanced at her. She was overburdened with packages and letters. She also matched the description given of the woman who had supplied Erica with the street address in The Bicycle Seat, the lesbian bar.

Dawn caught up to her. "Need some help?" she asked politely.

"No, I can manage," the woman replied and kept walking.

"Are you sure? I don't mind." Dawn hustled to keep up with the woman, who moved at a fast gait.

"No, bimbo, get lost." The voice was hostile now, and Dawn backed off. She watched as the woman attempted to cross the busy street.

She had almost made it when a car careened around the corner, and never slowing down, sped by her, spinning her around, sending packages and pieces of mail scattering about the street.

The woman screamed after the rampaging automobile, but it was soon out of sight. She began to pick up the pieces of mail in the street. Dawn ran across the street and started to help her, dodging cars in the process.

She handed a pile to the woman and again offered to help her. She smiled sweetly and the woman rolled her eyes. "Geez-us!" she said. "If this ain't puppy love, I don't know what is!" Dawn smiled brighter. She was in.

The woman led her down the street and onto the next block. To 3137 Eastwood. The outside was a shambles - boarded up windows, graffiti-covered door. It looked from the outside to be like any other house on the block. But the inside -
was startling. The walls were brightly painted and the place was spotless. A thick, luxurious rug was on the floor, heavy curtains completely covered the windows, plants were strategically placed. Despite the absence of windows, the place was well-lit, thanks to expensive-looking brass pole lamps.

"My name's Sandy, by the way," the woman said, leading Dawn into the kitchen. "And this is Bertie." Another woman was sitting at a glass-topped table reading a newspaper.

Dawn stuck her hand out and the woman called Bertie took it in a crushing grip. "Hiya."

"Hi, my name's Dawn. Dawn Cole." Dawn took her hand back and lightly shook it. "This is a beautiful place. I'd never have realized -"

"Just who are you, Dawn?" Bertie said, saying her name derisively.

"Somebody I met outside," Sandy said. "She helped me pick up the mail when I dropped it. I think she's hot for me."

"Actually, I had seen you at The Bicycle Seat the other night. I overheard you talking in a booth and I tried to find you to talk to you."

Dawn noticed Bertie eyeing her up and down, her brows knitted.

"Yeah? Why?"

"I heard you were starting a group called Them - I remember them from my college days. I'd like to join." Bertie's inspection of her was making her nervous, but she kept still.

"You always dress like this?" Bertie said.

Dawn looked down at her dress and then back to Bertie. "No, I was just heading for work, I have to dress like this to please the bosses, you know?"
"Yeah, I can imagine." Sandy said, opening a letter. "Well, Them doesn’t exist. You heard wrong. And even if it did exist, what makes you think you could be a member?"

"I may not look like it, but when I was in college, I was such a feminist radical, I was expelled. I had a newspaper, I staged rallies, I had Equal Rights Amendment fund-raisers..."

"Okay, stop right there," Bertie said. "Sandy, can I see you for a minute?"

The two women left the room. Dawn’s heart was racing now. She couldn’t tell if she had convinced them or not. And if she didn’t, she had no back-up plan.

The women returned a few minutes later. Dawn had refrained from inspecting the mail sitting so invitingly just a few feet away, but it was too risky.

"Okay, Dawn," Bertie said, saying her name sarcastically again. "We have decided to allow you to join us. Sandy here sees some potential in you. You haven’t quite convinced me yet, but I’ll give you a chance."

"Welcome to Them, sister."

TO BE CONTINUED!

En Femme Magazine
Devoted to the world of transvestism

Issue Number One Still Available!
Containing the First Parts of Amanda and T.V. P.I.
How To Make Love To A T.V.
Electrolysis: The True Story, Comics, and More!

Send $5.00 To:

En Femme Magazine
P.O. Box 7854
Trenton, New Jersey 08628
Renaissance is a non-sexual, social organization of individuals who share the desire and need to crossdress. It is a means of meeting new friends who will know and understand how you feel. It is a group that will accept you and help you to grow, at your own pace. Renaissance is also a source of support, information and help, if you want it. You may join Renaissance by writing to JoAnn Roberts, care of C.D.S., P.O. Box 1263, King of Prussia, PA 19406 and request admission. Be sure to provide a means of having the Steering Committee contact you.

Scenes from Renaissance meeting of September 11.

En Feme's Donna Miller and Robyn Ann Dorner.

Erica Lee addresses a group.

Erica Lee, Renaissance President JoAnn Roberts, Jennifer, and Berry Lyndon.
FANTASIA FAIR'S SPECIAL WEEKEND PROGRAM
"RELEASING THE WOMAN WITHIN"
October 16 - 18

FRIDAY:  o Welcome Registration  o Open House Cocktails
SATURDAY:  o Orientation  o "Going Public" Lunch

o The Fashion Beauty Fair
Wherein our staff using the "county fair" approach will help you develop an individualized personal guide to your best make-up, foundation selection, wardrobe style, and much, much more.

o Cocktail Party  o Ladies Night Supper

o Late Night House Party & Discussion Group
Wherein you can let your hair down to share your thoughts with your sisters for mutual understanding.

SUNDAY:  o Farewell Breakfast  o Church Program
Single Occupancy: $230  Double Occupancy: $220
Married participants with spouse: $385

Contact:  Eve Goodwin
Fantasia Fair LTD
Lincolnia Station, POB 11254
Alexandria, VA., 22312

COME TO THE FAIR
AN EXPERIENCE TO REMEMBER

Subscribe!

YES! Enclosed is my $25.00 for 1 year (6 issues)

En femme Magazine
P.O. Box 7854
Trenton, New Jersey 08628

Name:__________________________________________
Address:________________________________________
City, State: __________________________ Zip: __________
Dear Ladies,

I enjoyed the first issue of *En Femme* and can't wait for the second one! However, I do have a complaint. The photos as printed in issue #1 are very poor. I hope this will be corrected in the future. Let's see more photos, also! I'd like to see photos of Robyn, Donna, Rebecca, and the other girls who put the magazine out. How about it?

Ali
Dover, N.J.

Wants Better Photos

Women of *En Femme*,

Congratulations on your first issue! Enclosed is $25 for a one-year subscription. I also plan to make arrangements to have my hair done on a Wednesday night at Donna's. I've never been to a beauty parlor and I'm a bit nervous, but you people seem so friendly and helpful that I've decided to try it and meet you. Hope to see you soon! Love,

Kimberly
Mt. Laurel, N.J.

Wants To Get Hair Done

Dear Robyn,

Last summer (1986) I purchased a copy of a magazine called Boychicks. In it was the entire story of *Transvestite Private Eye*. What gives? I enjoyed the first issue of *En Femme* even though I had already read one of the stories before.

Laurie
Glenside, Pa.

Saw Story Before

Dear Robyn,

Thank you for sending out my copy of *En Femme* #1 so fast! I received it four days after I mailed you my order. Enclosed is my Questionnaire and subscription order. Some suggestions for future issues; an advice column for hair and makeup where TV's can write in with their problems and you can help them. Also, how about a photo lay-out showing a transformation from man to woman? Good luck to you in the future, and I hope your magazine is around for a long time!

Jacqui

Has Suggestions
purchased the story from Rebecca and are serializing it over five issues in a somewhat different form. Rebecca has re-written the story for us. If you haven't been reading it, please do, it is definitely a different story. And your copy of Boychicks is now a collector's item!

Where Can I Go?

Dear En Femme,

Where can I find out the names of places where I can go dressed without feeling like an outcast? I live in the Philadelphia area, but can travel to Trenton.

Name and Address Withheld

There are numerous places. But first, have you tried joining a group? The Phi Chapter in Cherry Hill, N.J. or Renaissance in King of Prussia, Pa. meet every month. Some of the group members frequently go to clubs after the group meetings. Some bars and clubs that have had drag shows are Gatsby's, Cafe Nicola's (Cherry Hill), the Saratoga and Studio Six (Atlantic City), and the Raven (New Hope). Readers are invited to let us know of other places. We will compile a list and publish it. Any establishments that cater to TV's, TS's, DR's, etc. are urged to contact us so we can let our readers know where to go.

A great place to bring and make friends

8pm - 2am • 7 days

499 Centre St.
Trenton, N.J.
(609) 392-9188

Now Offering a Light Menu
En Feme will not publish an ad that contains sexually explicit language or photo. Any words or phrases relating to sexual activity may be excluded at the discretion of the editors, which reserves the right to edit or re-write any ad that violates this policy or its intent.

Free Personal Ad For Subscribers!

The free ad is limited to 35 words and the printing of a suitable photograph. Words over 35 will be charged $0.25 per word. See subscription form on page 24.

Answering Coded Ads

Put your response in a sealed, stamped envelope with the code number of the ad you are answering in the lower left hand corner. Place these letters in a larger envelope, along with $1.00 for each letter to be forwarded (maximum fee - $5.00) and mail to En Feme, P.O. Box 7854, Trenton, N.J. 08628.

TRANSSEXUALS/ CROSSDRESSERS

Individual consultations on Wednesday evenings. Hair, nails, cosmetics, waxing, ear piercing. (Trenton area.) For appointment call Donna or Eric at 609-883-0002. 10% Off with this Ad!

Robyn Ann
Box NJ100

SWM TV, 29, member Renaissance, Phi Chapter. Artist/Writer/Editor of En Feme. Interests include music, film, computers, photography, shopping, traveling. Pass easily and go out often. Will correspond/meet with others with similar interests.
Jennifer  Box PA102

TS, 30, living as a woman for 8 years in Philadelphia. Member of Renaissance, Phi Chapter. Interests include science fiction, Dr. Who, comic books, video, The Kinks.

Nicole  Box NJ103

SWM, 40, TV, member of Phi Chapter. Interested in corresponding with others. Interested in photography, video, aircraft, music, foreign films.

Dixie  Box PA104

BIWM, 45, TV. Interested in meeting others from N.E. Penna. Enjoy photos, videos, boating.

Jeff  Box IN105

GWM, 28, 5'10", 175 lbs, brown hair, blue eyes. Considered sensitive, an easy-going pacifist. Hobbies include art, music, dancing, nature, poetry, cars. Interested in corresponding with and possibly meeting with TV, TS, CD who wishes to find out what acceptance really is.

Angela  Box PA101

SWM, 36, actor, musician, party girl. Interested in fashion, film, photography, dining, shopping. Member and officer of Renaissance, member of Phi Chapter.

A word about your subscription. If the number 87/2 appears above your name on your mailing label, this is the last issue you have paid for.
Free Classified Ad For Groups!

Groups may list themselves, their addresses, phone number, or mention their upcoming events in the classified section free of charge. *En Femme* is published every two months (Jan/Feb, Mar/Apr, May/Jun, Jul/Aug, Sep/Oct, Nov/Dec), so ads should reach the magazine the month before publication. The editors reserve the right to edit or rewrite classified ads to correct grammar or spelling or to refuse sexually explicit words or phrases. Any ads soliciting money will be considered commercial ads and are not available as a free ad.

**TIFFANY CLUB**

Write to: Box 19, Wayland, MA 01778.
Meets casually every Saturday at 7 p.m. Rap groups every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

**PSYCHOTHERAPIST**

Holly Odell, MA
Feminist counselling in New Hope, PA.
Individuals, couples, women's groups. Insurance Accepted. (215) 862-9460.

**PHI CHAPTER**

Write to: D. Beeman, P.O. Box 2512, West Chester, PA 19380.
Meets 4th Saturday of the month in Cherry Hill, N.J. Next meeting in September.

**TS SUPPORT GROUP**

Write to: TS Support Group, P.O. Box 15835, Phila., PA 19103.
Meets 1st & 3rd Tuesdays of each month at Dignity House, 252 S. 12th St, Phila.

**TRANSPHIT**

Write to: P.O. Box 59406, Pittsburgh, PA 15210.
New CD group in Pittsburgh, PA, and tri-state area.

**OUTREACH INSTITUTE**

Write to: B.A. Lind, P.O. Box 11254, Lincolnia Station, Alexandria, VA 22312.
NOW APPEARING

JOHN BAROCAS & CO.

at The Raven

385 West Bridge Street, New Hope, Pa.
Call (215) 862-2081 for information and reservations.