

The All New

# En Femme™

#21

Magazine



International Queen '90  
IFGE Convention Update  
Video Reviews & More



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## Cover: The Imposters & Friends

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### THE CROSS-DRESSED SPIRIT OF HALLOWE'EN

Life and death sometimes come together. The cross-dressed spirit of Halloween is a part of the same magic that brings Santa Claus back to life at Christmas. She is an angel to all children and to those who share her love for the art of female impersonation. There are those, however, who, like Ebenezer Scrooge, see only something evil in the spirit. And it is important that I keep this story a secret from those people.

If I tell you the story, you must promise to keep it to yourselves. Because this is not your typical tale of a ghost or haunting spirit. This is a tale of the magical possibilities that lie in all of us, especially those of us who can remember the enchantment of childhood, the awe of the unknown, and the wonders which makes our youth so very precious.

I share this story only with those special ladies who must also live as men, or at least occasionally dress as men. It is not to be read or told to any man. It is a lady's tale, because a man would never understand the cross-dressed spirit of Halloween.

So if you are ready to travel with me back in time, be ready to allow all of your femininity to come to life and be ready to keep the secret. I will begin...

Michael Porter was born in 1949, at 10:35 p.m. on Halloween. It rained that night and the Atlantic Ocean threw the tide of a full moon against the rocky beach of Long Island.

The beach homes swayed on their wooden stilts as the strong winds pushed against the frames of the small houses and the tide pushed against the fragile poles that kept the houses above water.

Theresa Porter was in labor, prepared to give birth to her first child. Andrew Porter paced nervously around the sparsely decorated bedroom and wondered how much longer it would take for the ambulance to arrive. Soon neither Theresa nor Andrew could wait any longer. The baby was ready to come into this world, with or without the services of doctor or nurse.



Although the house was cold on this October night, perspiration covered their bodies. It soaked through Andrew's flannel shirt and had saturated Theresa's nightgown.

"I don't know what to do!" Andrew cried.

"Help me! Oh my God, help me!" Theresa cried out, as her tiny body writhed with pain and anticipation on their iron-framed bed. "I'm having my baby! God help us! I'm having my baby now!"

It seemed that the house was trying to help Theresa, as it rocked back and forth, but it was only the wind and tide reminding them of powerful forces of nature. These forces of nature waited for no man. And so it was for the baby whose head had already begun to emerge from its mother.

Andrew grabbed the baby gently. He urged tiny Theresa to push and to help force the child out. He cried as he watched his beloved wife sweat, and could almost feel her pain.

Andrew barely heard the pounding at the front door. The medics had arrived. And as soon as he distinguished their pounding from the sounds of the wind and surf, he raced downstairs to let them in. They arrived in time to save the baby, but not Theresa.

Theresa had given all of her strength, her entire spirit to assure that her baby would have a chance to view this world, this life. Andrew observed the coldness of death and the warmth of a new life together, as the medics covered Theresa's body and carried it out into the stormy darkness. Life and death had entered his world on the same night.

Andrew mourned the loss of his wife. He cursed himself for having moved from the West Indies to America and the opportunities he had told Theresa would be available in the "land of opportunities." What did his promises mean now that she had died?

Fortunately, his sister-in-law Elizabeth, who had moved to New York a year earlier, was able to help him. She cared for Andrew and the baby he had named Michael. She helped him to get back



into his work as a fisherman and to start making money to provide for himself and his child.

Andrew worked like a man obsessed, like a man who needed to forget some terrible wrong he had done. Theresa's death had not been his fault. She was a diabetic and could not withstand the stress of childbirth. Still Andrew accepted all of the blame.

His hair turned grey almost overnight. He grew a beard, and his beard also turned grey. And although he was only 27 years old, he looked like a man in his late forties.

There was something special about Michael, something so special not even Andrew could resist the child's charm. The resemblance between the child and his mother was uncanny. It was as if a part of Theresa continued to live on in Michael. And like his mother, the boy was small and fragile. He had her eyes and her smile—a smile so sweet it could fascinate a blind man.

After a year, Andrew accepted and loved the child as he no longer associated his son with the death of his wife. It was a slow and painful transition, but Elizabeth saw the changes and it helped to relieve her grief as well.

"He will never be a fisherman," she told Andrew. "He's not strong like you. I don't think he will ever be as muscular."

"He's my only son," Andrew answered.

"What does that mean?"

"It means he will be a sailor and a fisherman as I am. And he'll be a damn good one, as good as me, if not better."

Elizabeth knew better. She and the child developed a bond that was as strong as the bond between any mother and son. Michael took the place of the child Elizabeth never had. And Michael loved Elizabeth as much as he would have loved Theresa.

After Elizabeth moved from Queens to Freeport, Michael spent as much time at her house as his father would allow. They shopped together and picked out pretty things to place around the new house. The boy treasured their time together, helped her in the kitchen, and picked the prettiest lavender and yellow flowers from her garden. Lavender and yellow were his favorite colors, and so Elizabeth decorated the house using those two colors as a basis for her color scheme.

As soon as he was old enough, Andrew took his son out on the boat with him to go fishing. Michael hated the boat, hated the salt air, and the smell of dead fish. He complained of sea sickness and spent most of the time bringing up what little food he could eat those days he sailed with his father.

When they returned to shore, he begged his father to permit him to spend the night with

Elizabeth. Andrew however feared Elizabeth would make a sissy of him. But Michael pleaded with his father, promising to try harder at being a sailor, if only he could spend the night with his aunt. His father conceded hoping his son would one day make good his promise.

Alone with Elizabeth Michael could wear the soft frilly gowns she had made for him. He could help her brush her hair and make the house a very warm and pretty place unlike his father's house which was so cold and masculine.

They even bathed together while Theresa told him stories of her younger days on the islands of the West Indies. He closed his eyes and imagined he was the little girl she described so vividly.

"I wish I were a girl," he confessed one night.

"Why would you want to be a girl?" she asked.

"Because that's the way I feel inside. I have always felt like a girl. I don't like being a boy."

"But you don't have any choice," Elizabeth tried to explain. "You were born a boy and some day you will be a big strong man like your father."

But Michael no more wanted to be a man than he wanted to be a sailor. He loved everything feminine.

One day while Elizabeth was out shopping he went over to her house and used the key she had given him to let himself in. He went upstairs to her bedroom and undressed. Then he dressed himself in her clothes, selecting one of the prettiest dresses from her closet. Afterwards he put on makeup and scented himself with her sweetest perfume.

When Elizabeth returned home and saw him, she immediately burst into tears. At first Michael thought that his dressing had displeased her and that she cried because of his unwillingness to be masculine. But later she confessed to crying because Michael looked so much like her departed sister. The similarity caused her to be overcome with childhood memories.

"You remind me so much of Theresa," she said while trying to wipe away her tears. "I see you really do want to be a girl."

"I am a girl!" Michael answered.

"Then in this house you will be Michelle. In this house you will be my niece — my sister's daughter!"

Michael had never been happier. He even became a better fisherman, which pleased his father enormously. Andrew's fears of Michael ever being a sissy were removed and he no longer objected to Michael's requests to spend nights with his aunt.

Elizabeth spent her time instructing Michelle in all of the arts of being feminine — how to walk,

*continued on page 22*



*Roberta Angela Dee: Commentary . . . from page 5*

talk, gesture, and dress like a sophisticated lady. Michelle learned these skills quickly and readily, which further convinced Elizabeth that Michelle was the spirit of her departed sister Theresa come back to life!

Over the years, she and Michelle developed a completely separate life in the town of North Babylon — less than an hour's drive from Freeport. They had friends there. It became a place to socialize, party and go shopping.

No one in North Babylon knew that Michelle was really Michael. She was a perfect lady, and had aroused the interests of several young men in that area. The men competed with each other for her time and affection. And even the other women saw beauty in Michelle they could not even find in their own daughters.

Her eyes captured the attention of all who looked at her. Her smile, like her mother's smile, erased everyone's sorrows as soon as she entered a room. All eyes focused on the lovely Michelle!

One of the boys, himself only thirteen, had given her a ring and had promised his love to her until the end of time itself. Elizabeth noticed Phillip's affection for Michelle and encouraged the girl to spend more time with him. But like most girls her age, she was infatuated with her budding femininity and the attention she received from all the boys, too much so to focus her attention on any one.

Michelle had experienced so much happiness as a girl that it did not even bother her to have to spend some of her weekends at sea with her father. Michael lived for the times he could be Michelle!

It was the morning of her fourteenth birthday that Andrew decided to take Michael out on a long excursion onto the ocean.

"Not tonight, father," he pleaded. "There'll be so many parties tonight. It's Halloween!"

"You're still a young man," his father answered. "You'll have plenty more nights to party. First you must learn to really sail a ship."

At about ten o'clock that night, a storm developed and the shipping boat swayed in the merciless water of the Atlantic Ocean. Michael helped his father on deck as the tide splashed against the ship and up onto the deck.

At about 10:35 p.m. Andrew noticed that Michael had disappeared. He ran to the cabins below to look for him but he was not there.

The next morning after the storm had quieted and the sun emerged to make day, he discovered Michael's body floating alongside the ship. He had been washed overboard and had drowned.

The loss of both his wife and now his only child broke the spirit that had been Andrew. He began drinking heavily, so heavily that after a time it was necessary to have him committed. In the sanitarium he withdrew into himself and never uttered another word.

Elizabeth remained a spinster. She visited the cemetery where her sister and niece were buried, nearly every day. She carried lavender and yellow flowers for both of her departed relations.

People who've lived in Freeport for many years and who knew Michael will swear that on some nights they can see what appears to be a spirit. It is the spirit of a young woman who bears a striking resemblance to the boy who was washed overboard on that October night during the early sixties.

Strangest of all are the accounts of children who claim to be hypnotized by the ghostly presence with the beautiful eyes and comforting smile. Many believe that Michelle returns to decorate the shores of Long Island with lavender and yellow flowers, and to encourage those special ladies who must also live as men, to allow their feminine souls to live the fullest of lives!

Michelle seems to be a part of each and every cross-dresser who seeks to portray a truly feminine spirit. You can see her in their eyes, their smiles, and the graceful way in which they move. And only women and children can see her.

If ever there was a patron saint for cross-dressers, she would be the lovely Michelle! EF

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*Selena Ann Shephard: Commentary . . . from page 7*

For whatever reason, a corselet binding my waist provided a great outlet for the release of my pent-up pubescent energy. Hustling down the ice with a puck in front of my stick brought about similar results. I would fantasize a future time when I would be able to combine my two passions, but, alas, I never quite had the nerve, unless you consider the hockey game in which I wore a panty girdle instead of a cup (not only did it feel nicer, but it seemed to give me just as much protection).

I've not played hockey in over 15 years, but I'm still deeply involved in transgending. I sometimes feel only half-fulfilled, but I've discovered a cure for such blues. I dress to thrill in my finest femme fashions, a black merry widow, sheer negligee, thigh high leather boots, and sit back on the sofa to watch the Oilers battle the Flyers on ESPN. It's the perfect way for me to experience the best of both worlds. I recommend it for any guy who "can't get no satisfaction" in the '90's. EF