

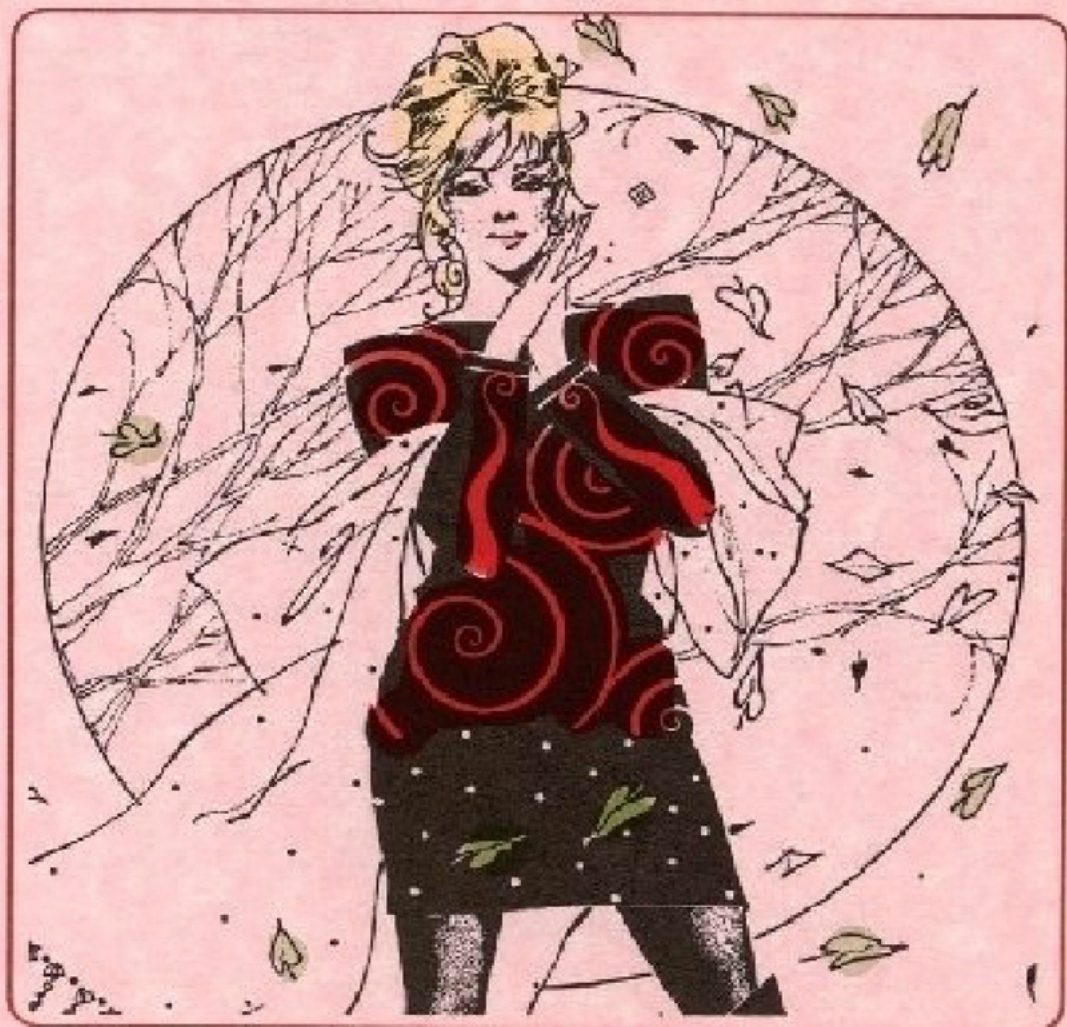
TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

Volume #23

PAUL: SISSY or GIRL MODEL?

*Learn all about the day to day
routine of Paul's life.*



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

TV FICTION CLASSICS

Volume 23

**PAUL:
SISSY or GIRL
MODEL?**

By Sandy



My first cover shot. I was thinking about the World Series.

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“PAUL: SISSY or GIRL MODEL?”

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THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author’s imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

QUOTE BOARD

Don't try to solve serious matters while
wearing high heels.

PAUL: SISSY or GIRL MODEL?

Once again in the City, Paul could feel the little reminder he always got whenever the frisky little breezes fluttered his skirts and swished the lace hem of his pretty, lace-hemmed slip. His high heels clicked faster as he was nearly late for an interview. The wind gusts were just another reminder that he was wearing a girl's dress and about to be interviewed as a girl model.

He was in public and out in the open for everyone to see—and while not on his mind, there was no way he could deny or hide that fact that he was a totally emasculated young man doing a girl's job.

FORWARD

I've been publishing for a few years now and I really enjoy the comments and letters from my readers. It's mostly a hobby business and publishing gender fiction is a way to escape the day-to-day tedium of real life. I had always hoped that someday I might have a true-life story to publish.

You can imagine my surprise when I opened my mail a few months ago to find the following letter:

Dear Sandy,

Your name was given to me by a hairdresser in New York City. I am writing to you because you might find my son's life interesting.

Paul is now in his freshman year in college. He is very bright and has done very well scholastically. We live comfortably in a subdivision outside New York City.

As for Paul, that is the reason I'm writing. He has been a girl model since he was fourteen and has had a very successful career.

The hairdresser told me that you publish fiction for people interested in gender and that some of them might like to become models. I thought you might be interested in meeting Paul and hearing his story and all about his 'life' as a girl model.

On your next trip to New York, please call me at 555-3723. I await your reply.

Cordially,

Mrs. James Eatting

The letter looked authentic but I had reservations. This was probably just someone's idea of a joke, right?

The next day I called and made an appointment. Without hesitation, I flew to New York and drove to the Eatting's. Up until I knocked on the door, I still wondered if this was some kind of a weird joke.

I was greeted at the door by a young teenaged girl. I was most shocked when the sweet voice said, "Hi Sandy, I'm Paul. Come in."

Paul escorted me into the living room where his mother was waiting. He was wearing a most stylish mini-skirted print dress and sported a gently curved figure most appropriate for a girl his age. His long hair hung in curls almost to his waist.

I sat fascinated as he told me his story.

Editors Note:

Believe it or not.... Before you hear this exploration of what the life of a young boy who becomes a girl model is like, I want to explain a few things.

You're going to be reading about some very moving experiences in the dual world of one special young man, Paul Eatting.

He handles both worlds that are polarized exceedingly well because he keeps them separate. His life as a “normal” boy teenager at school is every bit as important to him as his girl modeling career. And he tries not to let his assignments in front of the camera interfere with his studies, activities, or friendships. Paul is a little bit secretive about his girl modeling successes so I will not be able to tell you exact ad campaigns!

So does it work for Paul? How can a regular boy maintain a harmonious balance between a normal boyhood and a hectic, career as a girl model? I knew it wasn't all a bed of roses. There were thorns and pricks to endure.

If you or some boy you know has an interest in pursuing this “double life” as a girl model, there are a few very realistic considerations. One, can a boy handle the rigors of a girl's fashion routine; both physically and mentally?

Paul would never have been able to handle the world of female modeling, if it weren't for his mother. She was fully aware what this profession could do to a young girl -- both physically and psychologically. Paul was granted no immunity.

Second, whatever else girl modeling may be, it's work. It can be more exhausting for a young boy like Paul than a real girl because he had two responsibilities. He went to school all day as a boy, and then prepares himself for long (and sometimes difficult) girl sessions in his free time.

Paul's mother said, “Paul is pretty resilient, but I keep a close watch and we know his limits. Being a girl can be fun too.”

Paul's dress was cut daringly low, his soft swelling against the bodice rising round and full; leaving his upper arms quite bare. Paul's long hair to provided a dramatic contrast with the sapphire blue of his made-up eyes.

“You make a very pretty girl,” I said honestly.

“Thank you,” he said proudly, as he adjust the hem of his dress. “It’s a lot of hard work.”

Girl modeling can be hard on a young boy emotionally as well. No matter how beautiful he looks as a girl, there are still bookings he won't get, still jobs he'll not be right for. So there is a certain amount of rejection and self-doubt built in. It's normal; even for real girls. Parents must be aware of what repeated feelings of rejection will do to their son, especially in these formative years. Feelings of inadequacy or failure can last a very long time, and hurt is something we all can carry with us throughout a lifetime.

Of the other boys doing girl modeling, some feel they've failed their mother when they lose a booking. Some mothers force their only son into girl modeling because they didn't make it and the boys do it to make their mothers proud. In order for parents to fully understand what rejection as a girl means to their son, it's extremely important that they know what motivates their son to go into model girl's clothes in the first place.

Of course, modeling places extraordinary emphasis on physical attributes. Natural beauty, and certainly height, weight, the shape of one's figure, the width of one's nose, the straightness of one's teeth. Preoccupation with any of this is dangerous for both young boys and girls! In general, these are boys that do not have success in a male sense. Most were too small for sports.

A boy must not believe that self worth is directly related to physical attractiveness. Again, this is what the mother (hardly ever the father) must guard against, both in their attitudes and their son's.

This is the story of a success... I would say because there was a good, close mother-son relationship; if the boy is pretty levelheaded; and doing well in school,

unconcerned about his physical prowess, then there is a chance for that boy in the girl-modeling world.

Still with me? Of course, there are some very specific physical requirements. You can't get around those. And with boys, the requirements are even more stringent than they are for girl models.

The successful young boy modeling teen girl clothes are mostly between 5'-6" and 5'-11" and fit a fairly standard dress size. But a boy modeling girl's clothes must be a certain size at a certain age. That is, he must be able to fit in dresses that match his visual age.

It's not a grim life for a boy to be a girl model, as you will see with Paul! Most think it's glamorous and at the very least, fun. And it can be, but the boy learns quickly enough that it's not playing dress-up. A model, no matter how young, is expected to be businesslike and thoroughly professional. Nobody books a boy because he's the cutest little thing they've ever seen!

Modeling is not a long career. Once a boy becomes a successful girl model, there is still no guarantee that he'll make the transition into a successful woman model.

In fact, very few do. For one thing, the boy simply may grow too tall, or grows stays too short or his beard comes in early. Even if he does, he may have developed boyish habits through his off hours that may show through.

He may also grow bored and decide that part-time girlhood is not for him.

Mothers are nearly always very involved with getting a boy started. Mostly they were involved in modeling as girls themselves. They know agencies base their opinions on the pictures exclusively, not on the person. A boy will be judged only by what the camera sees because it's the camera that determines everything for a girl model. How he photographs is what he is. A

boy and his mother might think he's feminine and beautiful, but if the camera shows he's not, he's not.

For Paul, it was the camera that saw immediately the special, intangible feminine qualities. And in the pictures, you can spot these a mile away. They're what make some pictures jump off the page, and some just sit there.

Paul Eating has this star quality. There's something absolutely magnetic about his made-up eyes. He's got a pizzazz, an upbeat, sparkling feminine quality that comes through to the camera. That's what makes all the difference. That's why advertisers would use a boy to model girl's things when they could just as easily find a similar girl.

Some boy models project femininity so well because of an inner sense, a certain communion with the camera and the clothes. Maybe that's what makes Paul a top girl model.

Will he make the transition and go into women's modeling? Well, we'll see...will he even want to?

Here's Paul's story as told to me at his home:

PAUL: Sissy OR GIRL MODEL?

My name is Paul Eating. I guess the first things I should tell you are that I'm nineteen, and now in my first year of college. I love sports, playing the piano, and going to concerts. My favorite singer is 'Justin Bieber'.

I also like any boy, I like going to the movies, beach parties, and any shade of blue but also like pink.

I can live without school work at times, but who can't. Probably none of that makes me very different from any teenage boy. However, after school, I lead another life. I'm a model... not just a model, but I model girl's clothes.

Most of my close girl friends know and think modeling must be fun. Most of my parent's friends also know and a few think it's somehow really wrong.

But I work for a living and they know the money I make is better than flipping burgers like their sons. (Not that there is anything wrong with that....)

Do I always wear a dress at home? No. I'm wearing a print dress and high heels because I have a photo session later at the CHRISSY modeling agency that I'm signed with. It's a pretty famous agency, and I've been with them since I was fourteen years old. And in just over four years, I've gone from a very stiff (and scared) 'boy in a dress model', to a teen, to a regular "pro".

Before I get to how I got into this career, going to a school as a boy and working as a girl photographic model in New York makes me feel like I live in two completely different worlds.

It's fun to be 'one of the boys' in school one minute and 'one of the girls', running around the city in a mini-skirt after school. I think I have twice as much fun doing both.

Now that I'm changing and growing up, my career is changing, too. A lot of what's been happening lately has to do with my photographer friend, Barbara.

She was also a model, a real girl. (I tease her and call her an older model.) But she is kind of like a big sister. Barbara's been modeling since she was seventeen. She's been on lots of covers, and she travels, and goes on location trips, and does commercials--lots of things I like to do.

She sort of shows me the ropes and gives me advice on everything. Even what to do if I get a pimple. (She's got this magic overnight drying lotion from Europe that really makes it vanish overnight.)

When I'm in New York City, Barbara lets me stay at her place. So what do we do? Spend most of our time taking pictures and trying on different outfits.

Not that I can't get enough of being in front of a camera. It's just that Barbara is enjoying her second career as a photographer.

Before I begin at the beginning, I was never good at sports that required a big guy. I'm 5'-6½" now, and I know I should be at least 5'-9" to model on the runways as a woman.

Mostly, I know I have to finish college. I know I'm special to have been signed with a big agency. Sure, some magazines will use 'real' girls (that's what they call nonprofessional models), but usually only once.

THE BEGINNING

My career really began by accident. An old friend of my mother's told her that a modeling agency was having a photo contest for teenagers, when I was eleven years old. I was so shy my mother couldn't make me go.

My mother's friend called us up a few years later to ask if I wanted to try again. My mom, who had done some catalogue modeling when she was a girl, figured, why not! Mom didn't take it seriously, but decided to send-in my picture. We dug up a good photo (it was a \$9.99 supermarket special), and she sent it. It was taken when I thought all you had to do in front of a camera was smile. To her surprise we were invited in for an interview.

After mom and I went in for an interview, the woman at the mall was confused, saying, "I thought he was a little girl... with all that long hair. He's too pretty for a boy."

My hair was very long but that was the style at school. Mother had allowed my hair to grow but always made me keep it clean and conditioned. Realizing that it

looked like a girls, I got real embarrassed and blushed deeply. The woman kept staring at my face and the photo.

We stood up to leave when the woman shook her head and asked, "I bet he would make a very pretty little girl... He would really look cute if you could put some pretty curls in his hair. He's got a very feminine face and pretty lips... do you think he would be interested in modeling a few dresses?"

I knew that she was joking.

The woman explained, "In modeling, only what shows in the picture counts and Paul seems to have 'it', whatever 'it' is."

They talked for quite a while. I knew there was no way I would ever wear a dress. Besides, I knew Dad wouldn't go for it.

That afternoon, mother called me into her room. There, on the bed, was a complete girl's outfit belonging to my married older sister who had moved out. It wasn't just a dress, it was all the accessories that went with it.

"No way," I told my mother.

"You are not going to be successful as a male model."

"I don't need to model at all!" I said flatly.

"Maybe we should do what your father wants and get you a crew cut? Or you can try these on and we'll take a couple pictures?"

At first, I was really skittish and afraid to even touch the clothes let alone put on my sister's panties and lingerie. But I did.

The camisole felt nice, made of a nylon spandex, with a soft cup mother called a "shelf" that gave me a smooth, soft-fitted, but feminine silhouette.

Within minutes, I was in a dress. "I feel so weird," I moaned.

“Oh, all you really need is some good quality time wearing skirts. Even I find myself developing less than ladylike habits if I don't wear skirts or dresses for a few days.”

For nearly an hour, mother taught me skirt management. How to sit, stand and walk. The time flew and mother had me in a bit of makeup, then in and out of outfits quickly, snapping a few photos in each.

I didn't say anything but when I was through with each dress that looked good, they went into my closet. It was creepy seeing dresses and skirts and blouses and shoes there, but I figured they would end up back in mother's sewing room (my sister's old room).

Mother didn't remove the lingerie, stacking things neatly on my chest of drawers, which resulted in a pile of panties, slips, girdles, and half-slips.

She left them there, never saying a word about it.

When we were finished, she insisted I come down and have a snack in my dress, makeup and lipstick.

At one point, she caught me in front of the hallway mirror with my dress and slip up in front and making female poses with my body. She laughed, “Very pretty. Sort of nice wearing lovely clothes, isn't it, honey?”

I stood there and blushed and tried vainly to smooth down the front of my dress in humiliation at being seen primping like that.

She said softly, “It's okay to be vain like a girl if you are wearing a dress. In fact, it's necessary.”

Then we spent the day together doing mother/daughter things. I admitted that I liked wearing dresses...but just as a lark and a joke.



“One of the first pictures taken of me – I think I looked boyish. Mother bought me the dress.”

But when my father came home that night, he scarcely recognized me...his son. I was wearing an attractive, modest blue dress with white accessories, my

figure, that of a pre-teen girl, my lower limbs daintily hosed, feet encased in white pumps with three inch heels and my long light brown hair, uncut for months, put up in pretty fluffy curls.

My eyes downcast in deep embarrassment. “Paul is that you,” he gasped. “Why are you dressed like a girl?”

“I... I... Mother...” I stuttered.

Mother came in the room and gave my father a stiff drink. I could tell he was distressed by my transformation but didn't want to make a big deal over it until he knew why. His eyes stared at my nyloned legs, pink polished nails and curled hair.

Mother announced, “We might have a star in the family.” She went on to tell my father the story of the lady at the mall, and how she thought I could make a bunch of money as a girl model.

Dad sent me to my room and I could hear them arguing downstairs. Mother was most persistent and finally won by saying, “I'm just saying, let's give it one try. If he doesn't like it or they don't use him... that's it.”

They called me down. I was very aware of my skirt swaying prettily from side to side as I walked into the room.

“Gawd,” Dad gasped. “He actually does look like a nice-looking girl.” Turning to me, he asked, “Are you sure you want to do this?”

I looked at mother who was nodding her head for me. My mother was a real beauty in her day and I could tell this meant a lot to her. I said, “It's okay, Dad. Sort of like Halloween for a day.”

But it wasn't a day. A busy two weeks later, Mother and I were on the way to the modeling agency for a potential first photo session. Seeing my girlish appearance in the mirror, I realized how much work I'd accomplished in two weeks.

I wore a very trendy mini-skirt with an oversized knit sweater top with my teen flat-sized 'breasts' barely jutting out attractively -- the twin swellings caused by my puffy camisole. My shapely thighs showed the smooth flesh of my now shaven legs. My derriere had always been a little plump for a boy but was somehow perfect in a tight skirt.

Mother had taught me how to walk in heels -- adding a swing to my hips which she called 'girlish'.



CHRISSY is a large modeling agency. But it's not impersonal, or snobbish, or anything. Mia, the owner, is like the super-parent of one gigantic family. They even throw Christmas parties for all the kids in the teenager's

division. Everybody's friendly -- and there's always somebody to talk to if you need advice.

It makes me feel good to say “I'm with **CHRISSEY**.” Everybody in the business knows that's the top. And Barbara's with **CHRISSEY**, too. So it makes it fun.

A lot of people think that since **CHRISSEY** is such a well-known agency, it only handles famous models. But that's not true. They're always looking for new discoveries. If they like your look even if you've never modeled before they'll take you on. They don't sign a lot of boy's to do girl's modeling, but once in a while they find someone like me.

So in the Agency waiting room I sat, with my mother and waiting among all the other young girls. She whispered to me, “See how they keep their knees together?” I noticed their figures and how they crossed their legs just like mine.

Mother looked at me and said, “I'm so proud of you. You are as pretty as any girl here.”

I obviously felt really odd and afraid. I had been wearing a dress or a skirt at home for a full two weeks. Other than school, I almost forgot what it even felt like to wear pants—forgot what they even felt on my nyloned legs.

My older sister had left plenty of clothes, and I liked being able to wear her pretty dresses and slips and stockings, even her panties and pretty heels.

So there I sat, surrounded by my “competition”, squeaky clean and smelling pretty of a fresh flowery perfume. I liked the taste of my own lipstick—and weirdly knowing I was wearing it in front of strangers.

Looking around at the other girls, I knew the odds were against me but I was having great fun with mother dressing-up, but just the thought of these two weeks coming to an end caused me some disappointment.

Mother did her best to calm me down. After all, she was right. What did I have to really fear? So what if someone was bothered that I was a boy in a dress! Who cares and who should really care? If I was pretty and wanted to model dresses, that's my business. The true test was behind the door and what the Agency saw in me. They only cared about what the camera saw not that I had something hidden in my panties.

I looked at the flaming, effeminate man at the reception desk. He was certainly not going to call me a sissy. I felt a chill and saw myself as a little boy, all dressed-up like a girl and in-tow by his mother.

Many of the other girls had their mothers too. Some fooled with their girl's hair or giving them last minute instructions.

My mother had made it clear. When I left the house, primping time was over. I was a young girl in a pretty dress. "Expect to enjoy the attention," she said. My knees were together, holding my purse like the other girls.

And you know what? Suddenly I didn't even mind the possibility of all this happening again. Just like mother told me, I'd started getting used to feeling feminine. She said, "After a while, you might even start to like it."

In fact, I actually started to think about the next time I'd be in another pretty dress.

Before I knew it, it was my time. I was in the photo room...

There's a lot more to a modeling agency than just models. It's a business behind the scenes at **CHRISSEY**. Models who are just starting out have to get a lot of pictures of themselves for their portfolios. The bookers take the calls, make the appointments, and generally

help the new girls get together with photographers for test pictures.

Once you get a job or two, they take you seriously. Another reason, because other agencies want working girls.

I had hopes that my own weekly calendar could soon be filled with assignments, go-sees, fittings, or whatever's. But I'd been in the waiting room long enough to know most of the girls were given a quick glance and dismissed with a "good luck."

Of course, the agents knew I was a boy but mother had said, "All that matters is how you look in the final picture." When I walked into the photo room that first day, my short, frilly skirt bouncing to show off my long legs, they all stared in amazement.

One of them asked my mother after seeing my photo, "Is this feminine creature really your boy?"

Mother said proudly, "Paul's a nice boy but dressing in girl's clothes has really softened him up and brought out an inner beauty."

"And you are all for this?" another agent asked her.

Mother talked about being in "the business" as a teenager and she knew the sacrifices. "As you can see, Paul is something special."

The agent shook her head. "I think he's awfully cute in girl's clothes. I hope you can keep him interested and not suddenly freak out... some might get all in a tizzy that he's dressed like that. His father knows?"

"Yes. We haven't saved anything for his college," Mother sighed, saying, "If he gets some work, his father will go along with it. And Paul gets quite docile when he's in skirts... it's really very ladylike."

I smiled and nodded and they took a few pictures and discussed the details of the work and conflicts.

“We always put *'ask first'* with any job that would conflict with school, but some jobs are right after school. Does he go to school as a girl?”

“Not really,” mother lied. “But most everyone thinks he’s a girl.”

“We like his hair color,” one said. “You might think about lightening it a shade or two.”

Mother winked at me. That was a good sign. They talked about the bookings, how they give the photographer's name, address, client, and what, if any, wardrobe is needed. They would tell my mother the detail when she took my assignments.

“Sometimes, especially at first,” one lady said, “you won’t have much notice.”

This was the only foreseen problem...if I was at school and had to be ready for a job on very little notice. Mother suggested that I get in a routine of making sure my legs were smoothly shaven, my toenails painted and my hair curled. If there were an unforeseen modeling opportunity after school, I would only have to slip on a dress, makeup and add a coat of pink polish to my fingernails.

This short look-see was lasting longer than any of the other girls and mother had told me “questions are good.” Means they are thinking about you.

“Do you do your own hair, sweetheart?” one asked.

“Mother helped me today,” I said softly.

Mother said, “We do our hair together. It’s a fun mother-daughter kind of activity we do together.” She failed to mention that it had only been two weeks.

Thus it began. I left with a pink care package of their commercial brand of makeup. I was not to be caught with any other brand.

On the way home, I saw some of my friends playing basketball as I was going through lipsticks, polishes and moisturizers in the pink plastic bag.

“I’m not sure I want to do this,” I said to her as we drove past the court.

“Try that frosted pink lip gloss!” she said excitedly. “And look! Matching nail polish. Do you remember the proper way to apply your lipstick?”

I lowered the visor mirror and put on a coat of the frosted pink like she’d spent hours teaching me. The result even made me smile. “I’m not sure I want to share this lipstick with you,” I teased as I squeezed my lips together and made a kissy face.

Then added a second coat, putting the tip of the lipstick against my lips and made a pouty face.

That’s a girl,” mother teased.

Pretty weird stuff, huh? A fourteen year-old boy trying to get his lips perfectly painted a frosted pink while traveling in a car!

I gave mother a sweet smile. “I can’t wait to get home and out of these heels!

“Honey,” she said softly, “I think they liked you. They made a fuss over your hair and all, so I guess that you’ll get a call-back.”

“What’s that mean?”

“I think this is not your last time in a dress.” Mother gave me an affectionate smile, the sort that makes you feel as though you are protected. “Ready to try it again? Pretty neat being a girl, isn’t it?”

I said coyly. “It’s not something many boys get to try.”

Dad met us for a dinner at a nice restaurant. It was a time-consuming, drawn-out event for me. I just wanted to go home. Since mother and I had new dresses, Dad even wore a suit and tie.

“Well, what do you think of your new daughter?” mother asked Dad at one point.

“You certainly did a job on him...her.”

I tried to remain as silent as possible, but it seemed to be a game with mother to entice me to talk. I tried my best to keep my voice high and soft.

On the way home, Dad shrugged his shoulders. “Paul, you could have fooled me. You look awfully comfortable in a dress. If those agents see what I see....”

All I could do was blush and reject the compliments.

Mother and Dad talked about what was next IF the agents called back. “Really, honey,” she said to him, “I think they are going to call and Paul needs to be ready.”

“READY?” That was what I heard loudest.

Mother continued, asking Dad, “Can I spend a few more dollars to make sure he has what he needs?”

“He can’t need much. It’s hard to believe that’s Paul underneath all that hair, makeup and dress. What’s he need?”

“They mentioned professionally lightening or streaking his hair a bit. And a few underthings.”

I was not excited by the idea of going to a beauty parlor. Dad said, “IF they call, we’ll come up with a budget. And what kind of underthings?”

I thought all the blood in my body went to my face when mother said, “A few padded brassieres and special girdle-type things. Most of the girls his age have started getting really cute little boobies.”

When we got home, there was a call from the agent saying, “We’d like to see Paul again.”

FIRST BRA...

It didn’t take long. As I walked out of school the next day, mother said, “Did you notice that most of the girls were wearing brassieres? Let’s stop and get you a couple before your next interview.”

I remembered my older sister and she could hardly wait for her first real bra. I remember teasing her and trying to pull her bra straps to 'snap' her.

I also remember her changing. In her growing up, I remember no other change more significant than that. She was suddenly not a tomboy and her manner of dressing completely changed. I mentioned this to mother and she said, "Wearing a bra tells the world that she is no longer a little girl but becoming a young woman. You'll see."

I tried to tell her it was unnecessary, but mother decided I should understand what the other models my age were going through as they began feeling more grown-up.

My older sister got her first bra one Easter and before I knew it, we were at the mall and mother was picking out mine. I just stood there watching her pick out different styles; she didn't need my help or opinion. Then came the other stuff....

Finally at home, I was like a young teenaged girl opening presents on Christmas morning in front of my mother. Each expensive item was individually wrapped in tissue paper and I had to unwrap each then wait for mother to explain why she bought it. She said when I opened the first, "A training bra is the first bra worn by girls whose breasts are just beginning to develop but are not yet full enough for a traditional bra."

"Why so many?" I asked.

"These training bras will help you adjust physically and psychologically to the idea of wearing a brassiere. Girls have to wear them every day."

"I'm not!" I stated flatly. "And you shouldn't have bought so much."

"I know, silly," she said, "but a comfortable bra fit will get you more likely to feel at ease wearing lingerie."

The idea is to find a type of bra you can enjoy wearing and find comfy.”

Most of the bras had soft cups and gave the impression of a natural shape of breasts beneath clothing. As I tried on each, mother just had me put on a t-shirt to see if my chest looked natural and age appropriate.

A few padded bras were designed with molded cups and soft silicone padding which greatly increased the visible size of my bustline.

One was a push-up bra, which was padded to push my chest flesh up and together to form cleavage. I looked at mother and shook my head. I'd read an article about mothers of girl models and being pushed to wear padded, push-up bras to make the girls look like older sexy women. I stated, “I'm never wearing this one.”

Mother just smiled knowingly.

Once the bras were all laid out on my bed, I opened the other packages that I assumed were some kind of panties or girdles.

Maybe not surprisingly, several of the bags contained at bottom control thing, called a dancers “gaff.” I cringed as I held one in my hands like it was red hot; it was made like a garter belt but to state it plainly, control and flatten what was between my legs. A plain, nude colored, and efficient garment; nothing sexy about it at all.

“You can wear very pretty panties over it and it's made to never show anything,” mother said.

That was it.

This was the most intimidating garment I'd ever worn, and remembered I'd worn a dress in New York City!

Just holding it made me feel like the biggest, loser boy in the world. I knew what “sissy” felt like before I knew the meaning of the word.

I looked at mother and she looked back, saying nothing.

I understand a girl’s “it” is called by many names but when I started dressing as a girl, mother simply called it “down there.” We never had any major discussions and I guess I caught on quickly what IT was supposed to look like in panties and the importance of that gaff garment.

If I had any problems “down there” I was supposed to tell my mother. I was to be careful “down there,” and make sure my father never saw anything “down there.”

I took the garment and went to the bathroom to figure it out. When I finally got it on, I put on a pair of my new panties and came out in bra and panties to show mother.

“Very pretty bra,” mother said, saying nothing about the lack of an “elephant in the room.” There was no formal introduction, no preparation for my passageway into girlhood.

I simply now was “without” and panties fit the way panties should fit. I should have been frightened about what was wrong with a boy like me. But I had hair to do, makeup to learn and dresses to try on. The absolute focus was on my next appointment with the agency.

I didn’t know what “sissy” meant but somehow I knew I was acting like one. But I also felt special. I survived the initial “Oh, I can’t wear that!” phase to “I look pretty in this, don’t I?”

My father still looked on all this as a lark. I guess I did too. I was having a little dress-up fun, but when

mother and I walked back into the Agency for more test photos and interview, I was really scared.

“Chin up, chest out,” mother whispered.

I was afraid of rejection and of acceptance but didn’t know why. I was relaxed; after all, I had been wearing a dress nearly every minute when I was not in school.

Again I assumed that all this was coming to an end... and rejection.

Mother really calmed me down. She spat, “So what if someone knows that you are a boy in a dress! You can wear whatever you want and your mother likes seeing you in pretty clothes.”

So there I sat in a room full of pretty girls, soft music surrounding us and the scent of many perfumes filling the air. (Including my own.)

I tried to relax by taking a big breath and savoring the pleasures of the soft clothes. Over the last weeks, I learned from mother about the rituals of dressing.

Who wouldn’t like the softness of a nylon slip and matching camisole? The crispness of a fitted dress that slippery danced about my legs with every step. Even the high heels while uncomfortable made me taller, almost feeling conceited and older. My hair was done-up, and with basic earrings I felt stylish and actually pretty.

Many pictures were taken and again we were told, “We’ll call you.”

That night we got a call. They said, “We like Paul’s look. We’ll call you with something in the next week or two.”

Nuts and Bolts....

In addition to the agents for photographic modeling, there are some that handle the models for commercials.

The accounting department keeps track of billing the clients and paying the models. Some models make a lot of money, but they don't make plans for what to do when their modeling careers are over. It's a hard business to grow old in! So I saved nearly everything that I made for college and essentials.

When the money started coming in, even my father was shocked at the amounts. We sat down at the dining room table and made up a budget: 40% went to savings, 30% for taxes and 30% for my personal use. A lot of that would be spent to improve my modeling abilities.

At first that didn't seem like much but as I started working a lot, it really added up. My father was shocked that I would need to buy new girl's things for work. Mother told him, "He needs fashionable dresses for interviews, and weekly appointments for his hair and nails."

I soon found that girl's clothes were much more expensive and complex. A nice pair of nylons costs many dollars, and I was wearing out (or snagging) three pairs a week. In underwear alone, for every pair of boy's shorts, I had to have special bras, panties, and sometimes a special girdle.

Mother suggested that since there wasn't much difference between girl's jeans and boy jeans that I buy girl's. The same with sweaters, socks, tennis shoes, t-shirts, jackets, etc. I wear cotton panties under my boy clothes except for days that I had gym. After a meeting with the principal, it was decided I didn't need to take Gym anymore. A Home Economics class was substituted.

Since nearly everyone knew about my modeling by that time, it wasn't too embarrassing and gave me freedom to be more prepared for after school interviews and sessions.

Mother told me from the beginning not to be ashamed by what I was wearing. She advised, "Watch

how the other girls act and do whatever they do. You don't want to be different. Remember, girls don't talk about football and for heaven's sake, don't even think of talking about sports during an interview. But don't be shy, you might discover girls are fun to be with."

Mia also really helped me develop as a model since she first signed me. And she's watched me go through a lot of changes... good and bad. When I first started modeling, I was so inexperienced, I just didn't know how to move gracefully.

I tried to be like the other girls, but it didn't come easy. I even had trouble responding to being called 'her' and 'she' even though from the first day at the agency everyone called me 'Paula' or 'Pauline'. I hated it at first but realized that being called Paul wouldn't work.

At one of the first shootings I looked at all the other girls as we all slipped in and out of dresses then waited for the photographer for our turn. I couldn't stop thinking, "I can't believe I'm really doing this. I'm modeling with a bunch of girls and I'm to act like them." The term 'sissy' kept popping in my mind but soon I was too busy to think and it was over. I had passed a hurdle and was elated -- a new feeling swept over me -- one of pride. I was proud of being able to be girlish. Mother said later sensing my fear, "In front of the camera, you're not a sissy -- you are a girl."

I have fun at shootings now because, after over years of practice, I pretty comfortable in female clothes, know what I'm doing.

It's great to have clients who use you over and over again. But in order for these clients to book you, they have to see you. So agencies are constantly sending out head sheets or composites of their models to

photographers, editors, advertising agencies, or anybody else who might be a prospective client.

A head sheet just shows a very small head shot of everybody in each division. This is usually the first thing a client will look through when he's searching for a new face. Say he finds you. But he still may not book you without seeing more than just that one shot. So the agency sends out your composite.

A composite is a small folder printed with four or more pictures. Usually a full-length shot, a good clear close-up, and others that show as many different looks as possible. It also includes "vital statistics" like weight, size, hair and eye color and height. (Good thing it never mentions sex.)

Having just the right composite is really important to a model's career. A client looks at it and makes a decision to have you come for a go-see or book you, or forget you. It's a good idea to get the best advice you can when you're selecting your pictures for the composite. Everybody was in on choosing mine -- my mother, Mia, and Barbara. They all know better than I do what people look for.

My first official adult woman-looking composite shocked even me. Before, I just had 8 x 10 glossies to show. I could present different shots of myself being girlish; jumping, standing still, in a fancy dress -- that sort of thing. But as you get older, the competition gets tougher, and you've got to show that you can play different young woman roles.

Mother helped me get ready for the shoot and I wasn't ready for what I would look like. The idea of being a more mature young lady was utterly new to me. Mother picked out the dress and joked as she helped me into it. "Here," she said, "Slip into this dress like a good little boy."

I blushed. She liked teasing me. I found out later she liked the color of my blushing cheeks.

Reluctantly, I held up my arms and mother dropped the frilly dress over my head. I felt a strange tingle of delight as she pulled up the long zipper in the back. It was snug at the bodice but that was probably because I was wearing a fully padded 'ladies' bra... a 34 B cup. The prominent swellings at my bust was intriguing... would a real girl have that much in front? The full skirt barely covered my knees but mother beamed approval.

"Why, it's perfect on you, darling," mother said. "You can get away with short skirts... you have very pretty legs like me."

I could feel the pull of the sheer hose that had been attached to a lacy garter belt. It all felt so weird but was meant to get me into a sexy womanly mood. Most of modeling is just that... getting into the spirit of the character they want.

When the pictures came back they showed a young lady who looked fresh and dainty in her pretty dress. I couldn't help staring. Even I couldn't believe that the girl in the photos was actually a boy... ME!

There are some models who are famous for just one look. But they don't get bookings unless the client wants that one look. So, in my composite, I wanted to show a variety of expressions and show I can be versatile.

Just because I wasn't used for one job doesn't mean I won't be considered for another one. Sometimes I get booked right after a client sees my composite. Or, I'm asked to be seen in person. No matter how I'm selected, if I'm right for the clothes, I'll get booked.

A model can be booked for just a few hours, a half day, a day, or more. The agency will let you know how long you'll be working for a client and what time the

booking begins. It's up to you to show up on time and ready to work. There is a saying, "Time is money."

Models get paid by the hour. Stylists get paid by the hour. Photographers get paid by the hour. And the client may get very nervous if it looks like anybody's wasting time.

I quickly got a reputation for being on time, quickly getting ready, and took instruction. There are always some girls out there who want to take my place. I have to be a better girl model than them to keep getting bookings.

So, the first thing I do when I get to the studio is let them know I'm there, then head straight for the dressing room. I generally have on proper lingerie for the job and other brassieres that might be necessary such as strapless, etc. Sometimes I leave my hair in curlers, but I hate being seen that way in public.

Usually, the stylist is already there, getting all the outfits ready. She has to unpack them, line them up in the order they're going to be photographed, get all the accessories together for each outfit, and even iron the clothes if they have any wrinkles that will show up in the pictures.

She'll show me what clothes I'm going to be wearing, so I can start getting into the mood while I get into my makeup.

Sometimes there are makeup artists to help. But when there aren't, I can easily do my own. I'm always picking up makeup tips from everyone -- other models, magazines, editors. There's a yearly style in makeup, just like in fashion, and it's up to a model to know what's up before the general public sees it. This is just part of being professional.

My biggest challenge was not my look. It was keeping up with the other girls who were changing by

the day...and been girls their entire lives. Mother said, "The best way to do anything, is to do it in an organized, and habitual manner. That was how we would help me towards feminization. Practice would make for perfect.

Achieving feminization would take as much time for me as any girl spends to be perfect. Mother began to have me watch her carry out her own beauty and feminization routines. I would have to make it my daily routine.

I learned that girls needed a lot of me time. There was the obvious, putting on and completely taking off makeup. There was hair care and styling. Eyebrows needed care every day to keep them plucked and clean.

Each morning, in my shower or bath, I shaved my legs, keeping them perfectly smooth like any girl. But I was not any girl and the shaving process in itself was the most feminizing part of my day.

My legs have become my pride and joy. I love their full exposure, legs begging for openness. I love to surround them with the softest nylons and silks. Sometimes feeling like a girl takes my breath away and I love the way I am.

I am not a one-layer boy anymore but many complex layers. I appreciate a delicate fragrance and getting my hair perfect. I even like bras like a girl. I am comfortable with my bras. I have become a full circle person, accepting the binding of females and able to step from it too.

At school, the other boys are obsessed with girls and their things. I often go to school wearing panties and I quite like it.

I wonder if the other boys know about what I'm wearing when they are talking and laughing about seeing something exciting under a girl's skirt?

For a boy model like me, it's all about trying to get into a girlish, feminine mood. I look at the set and dresses, and then figure out what kind of girl they want or mostly they tell me. Like if it's a college coed -- I try to start thinking like a college girl; remembering stories mother told me about her college days.

When I first started modeling, mother had to teach me how to quickly fix my hair in many different styles. Mother meticulously taught me several feminine hairstyles I could do myself and made me practice doing them quickly and without a mirror. My fingers became practiced with pins and bands until my mother was content with my ability. With each effort, my hair looked more balanced, and neater. As we added styles, I learned the names of each style and their variations. Ponytails were easy but a topknot, or a French twist or braid, was tough to keep nice-looking.

Mother was teaching me what most daughters learn at an early age and some things they don't have to learn. Like the selection of padded bras that enhanced my figure. Or the tight girdle that un-enhanced my lower shape. Being so concerned with such endowments might make most boys very uncomfortable. But after a few weeks, I was used to having boobies and properly filling out a pretty top.

One of the agents told me that having no boobs was better than having too much. "Adding a cup size is easy."

My father probably had the most problem with seeing me sporting a perky chest.

"Aren't they in the way?" he asked me one day.

I laughed, "I've gotten used to them the same way a girl does."

Dad watched me primp in the mirror, as I got ready to run to a catalogue photo shoot for young professional outfits. "You look like a young legal secretary," he said.

“Perfect,” I said trying to get my hair up. I knew just the combination of a special up hair-do and a slim skirt with a modest back slit would get me the job.

Mother came in and said, “You should use one of your new larger cup brassieres. It will make you look older. It may feel a little uncomfortable being so busty but it’s what secretaries do.”

I changed bras and mother did my hair up in a tight bun. “Just imagine working around bossy men all day long, conservative but sexy.”

To get into the mood, I tried to imagine myself working long hours in tight, short business skirts, stockings and designer high heels for a demanding boss. Mother said some secretaries make a deliberate effort to keep their bosses eye by wearing their skirts tighter and shorter and their heels higher. She joked, “Climbing the corporate staircase in high heels! You did well in typing class, didn’t you? Nearly 100 words a minute? If your modeling thing fades....”

I nodded. The dark cloud was always there that I would never get another girl modeling job. OUT as fast as I was IN. Most teen girls don’t make the leap to modeling women’s clothes. I didn’t know what I wanted to do then but I knew I’d miss my time in skirts.

Mother laughed, “You could do secretarial duties and keep your talent up in a short tight skirt, stockings and a pair of very high designer stilettos!”

My father just shook his head. He had no idea when mother and I were kidding or serious. I went to the mirror and coated my eyelashes with several more coats of black mascara and a coat of red lipstick.

“He looks so grown up,” Dad muttered as I turned to look at my backside in the mirror. Then to me he said, “You make a very pretty secretary. And if you don’t cut that hair, someday you might have to work as a secretary....”

I shrugged, “There are worse jobs.” My stomach fluttered as I looked at the young woman in the mirror. I thought, “I don’t ever want to cut my hair!” My cheeks were a rosy pink and my eyes sparkled with exhilaration.

There was the love/hate relationship with feminine restraint but my tight girdle made a tight skirt fit me flawlessly, creating fresh, new curves and making me look more 'mature'. Like any woman, I learned to respect and covet corselet's and girdles. These garments were painful at times, but had a pronounced effect on my figure and the fit of my dresses. Having a curvaceous figure was worth the irritation. Maybe the pushing around of all that flesh was what made my cheeks so rosy?

I would get this job, I thought...and did!



I have learned to look professional and have been offered secretary jobs by strangers on the street. It's nice to have a backup career.

I always check out what I'll be wearing to see if I need to get my hair off my shoulders to show off a special collar or neckline. Sometimes the stylist will tell me how she wants my hair.

On some shootings, the stylist is Bambi. She's up on all the latest fashion trends and knows how all the newest accessories should be worn. She even gave me her own high heels for one shot because it looked right for an outfit. Basically, a stylist has to see that the clothes look really good for the camera. And they sure don't always fit the way they end up looking! If the skirt is too long, she'll roll it up and pin it. Or maybe turn it under, and put in an instant hem with double-edged tape. Or the stylist can bunch the clothes up in the back and clamp them with clothespins or actual metal clamps.

With all the pinning and pulling and clamping, you may get jabbed every once in a while, but the stylist usually feels worse about this than you do!

I can see how some boys would hate people fussing with their clothes like this, but it's something I have had to get used to. There are times they want to stuff my bra and times they want no bust line at all.

As long as the camera can't see any of the "alterations," the shots will be okay. Their job is to make me look as girlish and feminine as possible and sometimes that bothers me, but I can't let any of that show.

When they are done with me, I go out to the set. By then I better feel like a college coed or whatever they want. The stylist will follow me out, with more pins (in case anything comes loose), and hairbrushes, and maybe a few more accessories to change as we shoot.

There I just wait my turn patiently and try not to mess up any of my accessories, hair, or makeup. You have to stay just the way they fixed you. No sitting -- it causes wrinkles.

The photographer has set up lights that look like giant umbrellas to soften and bounce the light.

An assistant will test the lighting by holding a meter to my face. Click! The strobes will flash to check how I am going to photograph.

Everything is digital now, pictures can be sent to the client anywhere in the world instantly so he or she gets just the type of picture they want.

The photographer helps me by calling out instructions. Like, "Shoulders back, more chest! Tilt right. Let me see that sexy smile. Too much. We're seeing some clamps. Okay, softer, now. Wet your lips. Look right at me, now."

Most all the photographers know about me and some want to talk about it. Some don't say much, and others might even yell at me. But I don't take it personally. I was chosen and getting paid.

Sometimes they're the only ones on a shoot who know the "result" they're trying to capture. Some photographers will say things like "Okay, now, get giggly," or "Get girlie then sulky." When they're not seeing the mood they want, they'll tell me so I have to listen. And play the role.

You might ask how does a boy learn to play a girl's role? I think the clothes have a lot to do with it. Since I dress as a girl when going to the job, people treat me like one. It's very different. The first time a man opened a door for me I almost tripped. Now I just smile sweetly and expect it.

In the middle of a shooting, the stylist might jump in and smooth out a wrinkle, or fix my hair so it's smooth.

There's usually music going on, too. That really helps me move when dancing around, so I don't feel like a complete nut.

The only object of a shooting is to get the best possible pictures of the clothes. I am simply a hanger. So what makes clothes visually sexy? I find it's curved seam lines, satin or stretchy fabrics, and seeing hints of things kept hidden by a dress or skirt. By now, I am an expert on the snaps, hooks, clips, and zippers of dresses! And of being seen in them.

And everybody works hard to make IT happen. It might look like I only have to smile and look pretty. But remember, I am male and I cannot know the real feelings and attitudes that girls have about their figures, growing up into women and their clothing.

Mine is an outsider's view, based on observation, listening, reading and, on what my mother was prepared to tell me about being a woman. Yet, I was being expected to act and understand the part.

Being a girl model is like being the bride every day. All eyes are watching and everything has to be perfect. Mother encouraged me to "enjoy" being "boy-watched" on the train. "It's just like the camera...if you have a boy's attention, you are doing the girl thing right."

My father, of course, was concerned but I don't recall much discussion or fuss in our household about my girl-time or the lingerie that was all over my bedroom and bath.

Looking back, there was an argument when I started wearing a padded bra around the house. I'm sure to begin with, I only a hazy idea about what bras were really for anyway! But mother insisted, telling my father, "Paul needs a first-bra experience. The girls his age are realizing that a bra is a daily essential. He needs to be comfortable in one."

The bra shape was obvious. I guess the notion his son wearing other "control underwear" didn't even dawn on him. Of course, I didn't wear a bra to school, just most of the other time. Mother wanted me to get used to

the idea of a bra as an everyday necessity and the expectation of having to graduate to increasingly padded cups over several years.

My father hated me wearing brassieres and made no secret of it. However, when I started making very large paychecks, it was a different matter. "I was wrong. You listen to your mother," he'd preach. "I'm proud of you."

Wearing first a padded bra and then mostly wearing girl's clothes around the house allowed me to improve my appearance. Suddenly, wearing a bra was no longer a dreadful nuisance but a readily accepted necessity to fill out my tops.

And I was working a lot in articles in women's and teen magazines, fashion catalogues, even shop window displays.

Back to the photo shoots, the point I am illustrating, is that there are a million things to think about while they are taking my picture. Being in a bra and panties is not one of them.

Like any girl, they are my underwear. I am more concerned with if I move a certain way, will I get a wrinkle? Am I showing the dress properly? Is the collar up? Is my hair hiding anything? Where's the light? And, with all those other thoughts going on, do I look natural in the dress?

Wearing a dress was not a one-off event for me. Many busy days, I was only in dresses. There was the realization that I would be putting on a bra and dress every day for the rest of my hopefully long career.

Over the years I have come across plenty of personal accounts of boys getting put into a first bra, often recalling how tight and constricting it felt and how strange it seemed to be wearing a bra.

But I soon got used to it and accepted that this would be my everyday essential garment in order to

achieve a reasonable figure. One of the reasons, I have done so well in front of the camera is mother's determination that I understand passing from teenage to young womanhood.

In front of the camera, time goes quickly. I like frilly feminine clothes that flutter around my body. Being in frilly panties, a full lacy slip, and a beautiful luscious dress with my long curled hair all around makes me conscious of every movement. It's exciting, actually stimulating and easy to be the "girl" they want.

On my way home, I can still hear the photographer saying "Throw back your hair a little to the left... bend your right knee a touch and show a little more leg... cover your breasts... sexy now... get your hair off your shoulders... straighten up, shoulders back... that's a way cutie... turn a little more to the right, knees together."

Or the photographer will say, "Pauline... now look straight into the camera... okay, throw your head back... give me your biggest sultry smile now. Now give me that 'You've just been elected Prom Queen' expression!"

Sometimes for those minutes I feel like a natural pretty girl, experiencing the directed emotions.

Mother helps me practice them at home. She says, "Expression...you've just been asked to be married."

I was learning that girls have many more varying emotions, fluctuating feelings, at times felt overwhelmed by them especially during that lovely time of the month. Something else I had to learn about.

I was living parts of my life as both male and female, with the emphasis on understanding my new role and the deep emotions and connect to the world in a female way. Mother was my role model; supportive, nurturing and affectionate.

Mother was teaching me how to express feminine behavior and attitudes. I could be sensitive, outgoing or somewhat shy.

Mother set up a makeup vanity in my room, saying, “Your vanity is a secret place in life where a girl goes to feel safe and renewed. You can practice your makeup, crazy hair styles or just make silly expressions.” She lowered her voice, “I practiced kissing in the mirror but be careful, lipstick is hard to get off glass.”

My vanity was where I’d learn how to take care of my girl self. My Dad didn’t like the idea at all so I mostly closed my door when practicing makeup or poses.

Last year I was just out of the tub and had the radio on. My favorite song came on so I put on my bra and panties and while walking to get my dress out of the closet, I girlishly danced a little in front of the mirror. Like shake my booty and wiggling my hips. Guess who suddenly opened the door? That’s right, my DAD.

I nearly screamed and ran into my walk-in closet. I grabbed the first dress I could find and when I came out he was laughing. “I’m so sorry. I always knocked with your sister and I will with you from now on....”

He looked at me as I was walking out of the closet in a shift dress. My room was littered with bras, panties, and pantyhose.

He said, “It’s like having your sister home again. I always had to tell her not to be walking around in a bra, and panties. He looked at my vanity and soft silky nylon nightgown, adding, “You really make a pretty girl. I’m proud of you so you don’t have to hide from me.”

Tears came to my eyes and I ran up and hugged him girlishly. He still supports my dressing and even buys me girly clothes as gifts to this day.



"Sometimes when I'm getting ready for school, I hold up one of my dresses and can't believe they're mine to wear when ever I want."

Mother gave me the go-ahead to be proud of developing womanly emotions and sensitivities. I had to become completely comfortable with the trappings of what's feminine and womanly as far as clothing and appearance. My long hair, makeup, high heels, flowery colors, etc had to feel completely natural.

Being seen as a girl, I had to learn to succumb to societal pressure and wear what was expected of a female. When on the subway, I usually go a subdued

way about it. Black medium heels, longer skirts, low-key makeup, and read a book, etc.

The clothes have become my clue as to physically what makes me feel like a female. The soft curve of my breast line, the indent of my pulled in waist, the flare and retreat of my hips. I enjoy and love that aspect to girl modeling, and it makes me feel “female” more than anything.

Mother says, “Feminine qualities are a combination of all these three – a woman, a lady and a girl. I would have to learn to be a little of each one of them – in mind, body and spirit.

But I was disabled. I would never bleed for a quarter of my pre-menopausal adult life? That's a pretty blatant reminder of the challenges. The presence of breasts helps a little and I try to get used to thinking of them as mine. (They are all paid for, no mortgage.) Thus my large collection of some very expensive padded brassieres.

Learning a feminine nature is a combination of three distinct character traits that we normally see in women. Since I was so good at juggling roles in a day, Mother thought I would have no issues switching between being womanly, ladylike and girly and oh, being a boy.

With my success as a girl model, I felt pretty confident about myself. I get really flattered if people notice small changes, too, like getting my hair highlighted and it's really nice to know my efforts aren't in vain.

As for compliments, does it sound weird to say that I'm really flattered by the city building workmen's catcalls? I mean, when stuff like that happens and if caller isn't drunk or rude, I take a wolf whistle as a compliment.

I actually feel womanly when I dress up for the city... I think wearing the pretty dress and high heels and makeup and jewelry just highlights the fact that I'm successful and not a boy with boobs.

Maybe it's seeing other attractive women all dressed like me and I think, "Wow. I'm as womanly as them."

Of course, I'll see a pregnant woman and the realization that only women can do that brings me down to earth...an incredible insight to the power that women truly hold. Lingerie might make me look womanly, but I could never feel motherly like a real female.

I mentioned this to mother and she said it was all about hormones. "When a woman is pregnant, they get 'mommy brain'. All their estrogens get flipped around. Those pert little mounds on your chest become breast-feeders."

"I hope my baby likes silicone!" I joked.



After a photo session, I think about all the people. I wonder about the pictures. But mostly I think about how tired I am. Modeling may be glamorous, but I sure don't feel glamorous on a crowded subway going home after being in high heels for hours.

And you know what else I think about as I sit in my little dress on the subway home? A biology project, due next week. Back to my other world, my boy world.

Getting a booking doesn't mean I get out of school. No such luck. I still have to go like everybody else. Once in a while, if I have a really special shooting, I may have to get out an hour early, but the teachers aren't too crazy about that. So I try not to do it too often. The teachers know I model as a girl, and usually they're understanding about it, as long as I make up what I miss in class.

Some days I have to come to school nearly ready for a job right after school is out. I never wear a dress or anything to school but I have to be ready to run right after the final bell.

The first time my fellow classmates saw me with my hair curled flowing around my shoulders, wearing clear polish they roared with laughter. A week or two later my picture came out on the back page of the newspaper in a department store ad. That day everyone understood... I was sort of a celebrity.

CHRISSEY agency really protects all models and they were especially careful with me. There were no "free looks." If my composite looked like me, they were to hire me.

If I was to do lingerie shots, I got a higher fee than usual. A client had to state in advance if I was to model lingerie at the shooting. That way, I am prepared with my special gaff on, silicone padding and nobody is surprised or unprepared.

Except I did once. I agreed to do a bra and panty ad for a client I had worked with before. I knew them pretty well, and they promised me the ad would not be local. Well, of course, one of the boys at school saw it and brought it into class and showed it around.

“LOOK!” I heard as the paper was passed around, “That's Paul in panties and bra.” They all looked at me funny for a while.

My little part-time hobby was blown and everyone knew. It all turned out okay! Since everyone had seen me in makeup, they now seemed to be on the look-out for my pictures and there wasn't one that didn't get passed around at school.

Once the news was out, I could have worn a dress to school but didn't.

School starts really early. Usually, I'm up at 7:00 A.M., and on my way by 8:15. The most important thing for me is to get as much sleep as I can even though I have to wear hair rollers on occasion. Mom saves me time by having everything ready. And it doesn't take me long to get myself together.

I get up and slip out of my nightgown. Oh, I don't wear nightgowns every night, only nights before I have a modeling job. Mother says it gets me in the role. Other nights I wear my Dad's big, oversized pajamas. They are fun and very roomy to get over my head full of rollers.

I don't put on makeup for school, so I just have to brush out my hair and maybe pluck a stray eyebrow. Most of the time I just pull it back into a ponytail. I get fussed with enough when I'm working. I also don't like to get too dressed up for school. Most of the boys just wear good jeans and t-shirts. After I gulp down some orange juice and grab a toasted bagel, I'm off.

I go to a public school. A lot of people have asked me why I don't go to a professional school for those in the

acting arts. But I grew up here, my friends are here, and I like my school.

My best friend, Susan sit next to each other in most every class. We've been friends since the fourth grade. Even before I started modeling we knew each other, but after she found out I was modeling girl's clothes, we've been best friends. We're the same type. And we like to do the same things. When she found out about my modeling, we'd make each other up and we'd dress up or do each other's hair. She thinks it's neat that I can be a boy and have girl interests like her.

I used to have close boyfriends but they aren't the same anymore. They are all a bunch of slobs.

Susan and I are into grooming; you know making sure our nails, eyebrows, arrangement of hair and all that are just perfect. Susan is a little short to be a model but we'll take pictures of each other in different poises with different makeup. They aren't near as good as my professional shots but they do show expressions.

Mother likes me to spend time with Susan. She's very feminine and says I pick up her mannerisms and gestures that will make me a better girl model.

We also love cooking. Every time we get together at each other's house, we always bake something -- and eat it, naturally.

Susan lives close to me so we like to spend a lot of our free time with each other. We do everything together, but I guess it's mostly things girls do. She doesn't throw a baseball very well.

My father wishes that I hung around with the boys more but that is getting more and more weird. All they have on their mind is their 'things' and looking up short skirts, which I think, is a real waste of time.

Some of the boys at school shy away from me anyway because someone told someone I wear figure control garments to keep my figure trim and push the

fat where girl's have it. Most boys think it's bizarre to wear waist cinches or a brassiere. But they don't have a career like mine. Flipping burgers doesn't require good curves.

I have a lot of classes with one of my other good friends, Maureen. We always try to sit next to each other. And when we do, we can't help giggling or talking.

She's into designing her own clothes and things, and hopes to someday be a dress designer. She says I'll be her main "girl" model.

She's sort of boy crazy but I listen to her stories. She loves hearing about what I do, get to wear and of course, the boy models, their bodies and how hot they are....

I know she likes me because no boy is going get in the way of our girl friendship. She's always trying to get me to dress up, stuff our bras and chase boys, flirting, calling boys on the phone, other silly girly stuff. I was interested in doing girl things but didn't want to mess with boys.

For about six months, Maureen's hormones were raging, and she had strange mood swings, weight-fluctuation, and her breasts got extremely sore. Mother said this is normal and I should imagine it happening to me too. "Suddenly boys become important," she smiled. "You have a camera telling you are attractive but most girls rely on boys for that."

One of my biggest regrets with being a girl model is not being able to play competitive sports against boys. It seems like every time I go out for one, I get extra busy with a lot of bookings and what with wearing lingerie to school, it just wasn't working out.

Mother says that it's for the best because it wouldn't be good for me to get muscles in the wrong places. I'm really very thin but there is some fat that's settled on my chest and around my hips. Mother says

that is from wearing bras designed to push-up my chest flesh and shape it into breasts.

I guess I wear brassieres a lot for a boy. Sometimes I forget I have one on.

I'll never forget my first interview at the agency when my mother gave me my first real padded brassiere. At first we thought I'd be doing mostly pre-teen jobs but she thought I should look a little older. "You could use a training bra," she said. She opened a package and thrust a bunch of 'straps' at me. I looked at her dumbfounded and couldn't understand what she meant.

"Here," she giggled, "I'll help you the first time."

Her practiced hands pulled off my bulky sweater and the pile of straps were suddenly around my shoulders and lacy bra cups pressed against my chest. Mother hooked the back and adjusted the shoulder straps. "There," she announced. "Now bend over a bit at the waist and I'll show you a trick."

When I did she reached into each cup and pulled the flesh on my chest into each cup. When I stood up the cups appeared to have little cones of flesh in them. Mother smiled proudly when slight peaks could be seen under my bulky sweater. She added, "With a little practice, you'll be putting your bras on and off without a thought." I couldn't believe I had two small soft mounds under my sweater supported by a bra.

After school when I have free time, I like to go on long runs, sometimes seeing the track team practicing.

It's funny, when I'm at school I don't think about my girl modeling, and when I'm modeling, I don't think about school. A lot of the boys just hang around town after school with nothing to do. That doesn't sound like a lot of fun to me. So I'm glad I do have places to go even if I have to go in a dress and heels.

If I have to miss any school for a whole day's shooting or a location trip, I run into a few problems. But I try to avoid them in advance. At the beginning of the school year, my mother talked to all my teachers to make them aware of what I do. So that way they're more understanding and will give me my schoolwork ahead of time.

It can get hectic trying to keep up with school work and model at the same time. My friends think I'm pretty lucky when I get out of school and come back with a tan. That is, until I explain to them that it's double the work for me. And none of the boys realize how much time it takes to keep my hair and body in top shape.

I guess you could say I'm an expert at leg shaving since I have to do it most every day. And nail polish, try doing that properly on a shaking subway train.

If I'm going to be out for a really long time, I may have a tutor. Like the time I went to Hawaii. I had to study four hours a day. And Hawaii was an education in itself. When I got back, my teacher saved a day for me to tell the class about it. I'm glad my mom agrees that traveling is educational. She thinks it's a good thing that I have the chance to see new places, and get an idea of how other people live.

I guess I've been to more places in skirts than in pants. In fact, more people know 'Pauline' than 'Paul.'

Because I still don't know what I want to do with my life, grades are important to me. I worry about tests... and biology projects... and my report card.

Mom says I'll live if I get B's. But mostly I get A's. Maybe my lack of time makes me use it better. At least it's teaching me to get as much as I can out of every moment I do have to study, do housework, or model. That should prepare me pretty well for college, anyway.

Since my classes end fairly early, I still have time to get into the city for bookings or appointments. Most of the jobs are always in New York, so that makes me an automatic commuter.

Mom picks me up at school and I put my makeup on in the car's visor mirror. Depending on the interview, I'll slip a bra on under my unisex sweater then maybe slip off my jeans and wear a short, tight skirt. Mother was right. The training bra helped define my chest and made my girl's clothes fit better.

We traveled to the city together all the time when I was younger. But now that I've had more experience commuting, I can handle the trip by myself. I kind of like the independence, too. Especially when I have time in between bookings and can look around in all the stores.

I love shopping. Since I have a good allowance from my earnings, I spend a lot on clothes. I must have a million pair of high heels in all shades and colors. My father doesn't understand why I need so many but I need them for work. Some, if they are not street-wear clothes, are even a tax-deduction. I like to buy dresses and skirts that my friend Susan can share with me. I even buy her lingerie sometimes for our private photo sessions.



“If I quit, what would I do with all my clothes? They are too nice to give away.”

On a weekend go-see, mother is as excited as I am about the interview. She likes to pick out my clothes although I have my favorites. I like wearing white camisoles and a white half slip over my bra and panties. Neutral, nude colored pantyhose, fresh from a new package is next. Next I go to my skirt rack and chose among what I think will be closest to what they are selling. A dark blue, side slit skirt for young woman or maybe a plaid for a school girl look. For a top I like to wear a beautiful, white, silk blouse with very full, puffy sleeves. Besides trying to look like a girl, I’m trying to convince them I look (and am) very feminine.

A pair of dark colored, open toe pumps are a favorite, chosen from my rack of over 40 pairs of high heels in nearly every color. I have some I have never worn!

Next mother and I rummaged through my jewelry boxes, retrieving simple but striking costume jewelry. There is one place, I go a bit wild. My ears. After my first year as a girl model, before Christmas, my mother took me to a jewelry store at the mall and said, "Christmas is coming and I'd love to buy you some expensive earrings but they are for pierced ears.... I think we should pierce your ears."

I put up some symbolic resistance but knew all the other models had pierced ears and I wanted to be able to wear what they wore. I left the mall with small gold trainer studs in my earlobes. I wished I would have worn a dress because I loved the sparkle with my long loose hair girlishly framing my face.



This is my favorite picture of mother and I. It was before the Chrissy Christmas party. Even my father carries this one around in his wallet. Mother and I wore matching evening dresses.

Even though mom doesn't go with me all the time, she's still a big help. She'll call the agency and find out where I'm to go, who I should see, and if there's anything special I need to take with me. (Like high heels or bodysuits, or slips, or stockings -- whatever.) Then she'll pack up my model bag with my makeup, brushes, and anything else I need. She sometimes even throws in a couple of munchies, too, for those times when things are running later than expected. A chocolate chip cookie tastes even better when you're starving! There are days when I hardly have a minute to eat.

The train conductors all know me as a young teenaged girl and watch out for me. Riding for an hour into the city gives me a good chance to catch up on my schoolwork or if I don't have any, I'll read a romance novel.

When I get to the city, I still have to take a bus or a subway or a cab to my appointment. Carrying a purse took some getting used to...I almost forgot it many times. Now at school I sometimes panic when I can't find it. (Of course I don't carry one to school.)

I try to give myself plenty of time but there is a lot of hurry-up-and-waiting. And waiting. And waiting. If it's nice out, I like walking even in heels. And I can always use the exercise. Subways are the best when you really have to hurry. They can be scary, but they're okay during the day.

Mom told me to tuck my long hair into my jacket so I'll be less noticeable, and not to look anybody in the eye. I still look like a girl and walk like one but just not as eye-catching. I also walk alongside people so I don't look like I'm alone!

Mother has stressed that since I look like a girl, 'things' could happen to me like they happen to girls. That means I have to be very careful. It's disgraceful

that there are actually men that prey on young girls just minding their own business.

While I'm in the city, there are several ways to try out for modeling jobs. But they all involve you going to see the client. In model talk, that's a go-see.

A call might come into CHRISSY's for a "preteen size 8, all-American girl, about fourteen or fifteen or a call for a sweet sixteen." That means they want to see everybody -- and I mean everybody, from every agency -- who fits that description. That's what's known as a cattle call. It's a go-see for a cast of thousands. Well, hundreds, actually. Mostly there is a roomful of girls and they chew through us quickly.

Going on a cattle call gives me a good chance to see what the girls look like that could take my jobs. I can't help looking around the room at the girls to figure out if I should be doing something different or better. There are always so many pretty girls at these things. I have to keep reminding myself that it's just a question of who 'looks' right for the job not what sex they are.

I look at the other girls and compare our faces, makeup and figures. As I age, the girls look differently and I'm glad I've been doing my morning and evening routine of massaging the flesh of my chest up into the breast cups of my training bra. Mother calls it a "trainer" because it's making the best of my figure.

In these cattle calls, before I know it, it's my turn. Front and center, facing the photographer or stylist, art director -- or editor. I show them my portfolio. And smile sweetly.

I've been around long enough now that many of the art directors know me. And they know I'm really a boy. From the questions they ask, most find it interesting. I answer questions honestly, and listen.

They all look me over from the curls of my hair to the shape of my nyloned legs. It's odd to be sitting there hoping they like me as a girl.

If I'm in the running for the job, they might have me try on a dress or two. It's all matter-of-factly done. A stylist will hand me a dress with, "Here try this."

I'll quickly slip off what I'm wearing and put the dress on. I am used to being seen in panties and bra so it's all professional.

After one dress, I ask, "Do you want to see me in the other?" That is when I hope they say, "Yes to the dress."

That means I am in the running. It was an important bridge to cross because the clothes are all fashionable designer creations and people have put a lot of effort into creating them and want them to be show perfectly.

I always compliment the dress, saying, "Oh! This dress is just darling. I love the way it fits...." (and I point out something that the other girls don't have).

If chosen, I have to follow their recommendations on what to wear and what appropriate accessories and hairstyles go with the outfit. They usually have a makeup artist but I like to do my own before the interview for a complete presentation.

Then someone may snap a few pictures and say, "We'll call you." Rarely do you hear on the spot.

Technically, if you have to try on clothes, you should be booked for a fitting. That's the only time a client can hire a model for just half an hour. Early on, when some found out I was a boy, the designer just wanted to see me in their dress. I didn't mind getting paid even for a short session.

Fittings, go-sees, and cattle calls are all things you have to do before you're even in front of a camera. When I first started out, I went on as many as ten go-sees a day. Mother went with me then and said it was good training to be busy and running around New York as a girl. She called it "pounding the pavement" in high heels. It wasn't fun and I was always a little nervous and a little insecure.

Those early days, sometimes I felt like a girl—other times, a boy in a dress with his mother.

But once I started to get jobs, my confidence level soared. I must think of myself as a feminine image. And that image is either right for the job or not. That's the only way to keep rejection from leading to dejection. It's a business.

In the interviews, I always wear a trendy outfit, usually with a short skirt and high heels. I try to look feminine but not too trashy. I want them to remember me. Being the only boy in a dress they see, helps!

If I have no other appointments, I head for the train station. It's usually rush hour by then, and the sidewalks are wall-to-wall commuters. No one realizing the cute, young, stylish girl tripping along in high heels and stylish skirt is really a boy.

But that brings on a couple other problems. After a full day of running around in skirts, I feel completely feminized. I certainly feel comfortable in a skirt and even being told I'm pretty.

Like any girl, I liked the attention and realized my effect on men. I never had to stand on the train. Some man would always give me his seat.

Mother would tease me, "Was he handsome?"

I'd giggle, knowing it wasn't right. I never took an older man's seat if offered.

As I ran around in skirts, I began to learn about female's power over men. I know when men were

staring at my rounded bottom in a tight skirt, and I knew how to flash some nylon slip if I wanted their seat on the train.

Mother said, “If the young man is nice, talk to him. Maybe you can discover how girls think about boys.”

Thus the teen romance novels, mother encouraged me to read. She said, “At some point, boys are going to be asking you out on dates. You might want to go....”

“Are you kidding?” I laughed, “What would my father say when I introduce him to my 'boyfriend?’”

She smiled, “I’m just saying you are pretty enough to have a boyfriend. Nothing serious, just someone to be pretty for....”

“Oh mother,” I sighed as I went to the mirror and repaired my lipstick. I added a spritz of perfume to my neck and to my thin frail wrists.

After each day in the city, I felt almost giddy with feminine glee. Even my voice seemed to take on a higher feminine pitch.

I got a feminine rush as I thought about my day. About seven, I would get a call from my agent and he’d tell me how I did that day. When I was hired, it served to remind me once again how girlie I’d become.

The real glamour and appeal of girl modeling comes from creating a total fantasy in front of the camera. You can wear things even a real girl wouldn't normally wear. You can look whole new ways you normally wouldn't look. By changing your hair and makeup, you can create a completely different image. And it's fun. Like playing make-believe when you were younger. Most of my friends have stopped pretending. But I'm glad I don't have to. With models, it's what we do for a living.

Which is why so many models go into acting. It's just natural. Because when you're in front of a camera to work, you've got to do more than just say “cheese.”

You've got to communicate something to the camera. A mood... or an attitude. That's what comes across in the pictures. Of course, makeup and hair help. And the clothes. But if you can't get into the mood, you'll just look out of place. Like a little kid dressing up.

Sometimes I feel like that on the inside. But then I get into the fantasy of it all and pretend I'm a whole different person. That's really the most fun of all. I can enter a photographer's studio as myself, and in an hour or so I can be transformed into a sophisticated lady or a romantic bride. In my mind, I create a whole scene to go along with whatever I'm supposed to do and keep smiling, or pretend I'm older and sexy. That's what makes modeling more magical than any other career. Where else could you play dress-up games in the "real" world and get paid for it?

I have to admit that, most of my fantasy shots happen during testing. That's when a photographer and a model get together to experiment with pictures. Both of them constantly need new shots to show to clients, so test sessions are a good way for models and photographers to build up their portfolios.

At first, a model must have test shots taken to show her stuff. But after she gets some real bookings, she can put in her actual ads, magazine pages, or covers. A portfolio is so important to a model's career and I was no exception.

A model needs to keep a portfolio up to date, and show as many different looks as possible. For me, that meant having pictures that showed different feminine expressions.

When you start out, the pictures in your portfolio can be pretty basic -- just head shots, smiles, profiles, and full-length shots. In the beginning I only had my older sister's clothes to wear. Mother moved them into

my closet and told me to see what was good. As I bought new dresses and things, we threw the old stuff out.

Through testing, you can experiment with all sorts of looks you might not get a chance to show. And you can work on expanding your image. For instance, most of my jobs now just call for me to be me. Well, me -- as a normal teenager. Sometimes I have to be a tomboy, sometimes I'm in prom dresses. And I've just got to smile a lot and look natural -- I must have my teenage girl act down pat because right now I'm booked to be exactly what I am not -- the girl next door. But I know my portfolio has to change and grow as I change and grow. And when I do test shots, I can be anything. Even asleep.

One shot I had to be a baby sitter with a real baby. I was seated in a rocking chair in a pleated 'private school' skirt and a white translucent blouse. I was to cradle the baby in my arms, next to my obvious but dainty bosom and rock him back and forth to sleep. The baby was restless at the beginning but I began humming a little song and soon he was fast asleep. It made me feel good and the pictures showed it in my eyes.

Testing also gives you a chance to try out the latest fashion trends in makeup and hair looks, and add them to your portfolio. Usually the photographer will have a certain effect in mind for the shots -- a special lighting, or set, or technique to try. A model can help create the fantasy with special makeup and clothes. It's the two of you working together to create the image.

I was lucky to test with Barbara because she knows I'm a boy and can give me special help. She showed me a lot about changing my looks such as arching my eyebrows. Some photographers don't know as much about makeup and hair tricks. Barbara does, because as a model she's had to learn. And she really helped me add a lot of super pictures to my portfolio.

One of my test shots wound up in the first issue of *GIRLS TOO* magazine! Another one got into the first issue of *TEEN FOREVER*! A model can never think that testing isn't the real thing. You never know who might see the pictures.

To give me lots of different images, we did a whole series of fantasy shots. And the most important effect Barbara was after in all of them was creating a mood. Which meant lighting, clothes, and locations were all important. She started with different outfits that suggested completely different moods. They were almost like costumes. We went to this fantastic antique clothes place, where you can rent all sorts of beautiful, unusual outfits. Like a real leopard coat and a satin antique clown outfit. And velvet dresses, lacy jackets, and romantic sequin caps. It was like raiding a wonderful trunk to play dress-up.

The next step was to create the right face for each mood. Barbara's a genius with makeup. For my 'Leopard Lady' look, she made me look exotic, right down to my one and a half inch long, red nails. (Great fakes -- and a lot of models get away with them for close-up hand and nail shots.) There's no way my own nails could ever get that long. My own are about a quarter inch past the end of my fingers and nicely shaped ovals. Even at this length they're in the way of everything I do but they do look feminine. Imagine the long ones at school! But they are kind of fun for a shooting. They made me feel really feminine and sophisticated.

We worked all morning creating a new me. Barbara contoured my face with makeup, dark just under the cheekbones. Then she made my eyes very dark and dramatic by rimming them with black eyeliner.

Then, Barbara unbraided my hair, gave me bright red lips to match my bright red nails -- and suddenly, I looked like a whole different woman.

It's all in the know-how. Barbara says you can take most anyone and make them into a fantasy girl or sexy woman. Well, even a boy. But if you saw some models on the street without any makeup, you wouldn't even recognize them either. Most people think models have to be exceptionally beautiful, but it's not true. The most important thing is bone structure and a little magic with makeup.

I love lipstick, especially the dark reds that sometimes stain my lips. I even wear a clear coat to school to avoid having chapped lips.

Barbara transforms me completely into different kinds of girl each time she photographs me. I have been everything from a thirties movie star to an old-lady. I even did a pregnant teen once.



I had to learn that just because I'm in front of the camera, it doesn't mean that people are going to recognize me.

To show that I wasn't too young (or boyish) to do more sophisticated fashion shots, Barbara did a photo session of me in silk nighties and baby doll pajamas. One was called 'Wedding Night Fantasy' where I tried to use my most worldly stare. And I think my hair on top of my head helped me to look a little older, too.

Barbara teased me as she shot it. "I bet you could get married and your husband would never know...or care." I think she likes working with a boy. Making me look completely feminine and sexy is a creative challenge.

Sometimes that's easier than looking like a normal teenaged girl. Barbara likes my versatility. We even did a funky tomboy shoot in torn jeans and t-shirt. At least I didn't have to worry about getting dirty in these clothes. I even had to play touch football for some of the shots.



It was funny being photographed without skirts -- I was now used to the naked feeling of dresses and the way unexpected breezes find their way between my legs.

We shot the tomboy look after a lot of driving around, looking for the “perfect” location. What we

finally found was cold, hard ground for me to sit on, with biting mosquitoes. And we only had time to take two shots before the sun set. But you've got to be able to just shut all those things out and concentrate on the mood the photographer wants. I was a boy playing a girl who's being boyish. That's what's called "faking it."

A 'Sailor' shot was taken that same day, too. We were working out of a van, and I kept changing clothes and moods. We went to a local Navy shipyard and recruited a sailor. I was to pretend I was seeing my sailor boyfriend for the first time in months. Naturally, you feel differently being kissed by a sailor than you do holding a bunch of flowers. And that comes across in your expression -- hopefully.

You might ask, "How could I kiss a sailor?" Well the feel of his rough cheek against my smooth skin was a novelty. But this kind of testing helps me work on my attitudes. A model has to be able to show any feeling the photographer wants. You can't be awkward, or giggle, or say "I can't do that." Not if you want to work. You have to feel into the clothes, as well as fit into them.

This means you have to just be relaxed, confident, and responsive. I'm working on creating attitudes now (even in the mirror at home). Sometimes I can see a completely different me. If I tilt my head down and just stare straight ahead, I can look much, much older -- womanly. I think it has to do with the expression you put in your eyes. I keep practicing that look because I know I can't get away with being a teenager forever.

For some 'unboyish' shots that I wouldn't want my classmates to see, the face and eye makeup does a pretty good job of disguising me.

Lately we did bathing suit shots -- it was really cold that day. (Barbara said I was a grouch, and told me to just keep thinking warm and beautiful thoughts.) The

wind blowing my hair helped me to feel romantic. A look I don't get to use very often as a teenager. The first time I had to do a bathing suit commercial I thought my career was over. I wasn't so worried about the top because they wanted early-teen but **THE BOTTOM!** Even though I'd only been modeling for a month or two, mother had already known this might happen.

I thought the gaffs I had would work but to my embarrassment, mother took me into a foundation makers shop and had me fitted with a custom fitted 'gaff'. It had flesh colored straps and Velcro tighteners. "I've done this many times," the fitting lady said. "Even some real girls need flattening for swimsuits."

I have never been so embarrassed as the fitting lady showed me how to push everything 'up', adjust the 'gaff' -- effectively neutering me. "Knees together," she commanded over my excruciating protests.

"Oh, my," mother gasped, seeing how perfectly flat I was. The only give-away was the two tiny straps that could be adjusted up or down for any cut of suit or bikini.

I stood wondering if I could even stand to wear this garment for the duration of a photo session when the sales lady added, "We've found that it's better if he wears a gaff full-time for a week or two to get used to it."

I couldn't imagine wearing it for five minutes... it was so tight. However it did give me some peace of mind. I tried not to let it affect my walk but I couldn't. I had a new walk, a swing to my hips that I hadn't noticed before.

Mother also noticed it and said, "Sweetheart, it makes your bottom wiggle! It not only makes you look girlish -- it makes you feminine."

It's become my constant companion.

My lingerie has changed over my modeling years. In the beginning my little girl tights had reinforced toes

and heels and I had to take care in lining up the hose to match my foot.

My gaffs originally fit differently and required constant attention to ensure they were not sagging or out of alignment. I had to learn to wear gaffs and this new custom one fit the bill perfectly.

The old ones, when walking, wanted to slightly twist. Unless they were tight enough, I would have to pull them down and start over, sometimes two or three times.

Sometimes it was nearly impossible to put on a gaff without getting the strap twisted and I can't stand one that moves or gets twisted. That is dreadfully annoying and disturbs the symmetry of my panties and I hated that.

But the new ones did the job for the swimsuit session. I couldn't imagine the girl models looking at this strangely manipulated part of me that I was supposed to be kept hidden, but not a one of the other girls had any problem with me seeing them in panties or without.

I found this difficult to understand because I always felt a woman's body is such a thing of beauty. My job was to emulate that form -- curves, valleys and all. Any lump or bump would conjure up the distasteful image of a male in a dress.

Fortunately I was too busy to dwell on the image and had to just go about dressing and undressing, taking instructions and moving about. Discomfort passed and the "Oh, just do it, and forget it" phase began.

I like my gaffs. I trust my gaffs. I am comfortable with my gaffs. I have come full circle, accepting the binding and quite like what it does for me. While other boys my age are strumming themselves like a guitar string, I was busy creating the impression they all drooled over.

While they worried they'd miss a flash of panties, I talked about panties with my mother and other girls. I wore them with tiny pink flowers that made me feel like a little girl and sometimes with satin panties that make me feel like a special woman.

But really now, you boys...think about it. Once you start wearing panties, you are not always thinking about them. Some of the models talked about wearing no panties at all. THAT I could not do or wanted to....

But I still love panties, not like a boy but like a girl. I have come to know the pleasure of just panties and naked legs under a short skirt. And in truth, I now spend my summers in dresses and skirts with bare naked legs. I love smoothly shaven, bare legs beneath my dress.

Panties, beautiful lingerie that makes my bottom shimmer and glisten and feels wonderfully silken.

In the quiet of my mornings, I put them on slowly, slipping them up my smooth legs and over my hips, feeling each movement as my bottom and panties become one.

Speaking of panty lines, I love clothes that show a sexy panty line. I think it's about as sexy as wearing panties on the outside of my clothes. And I love the swish-swish-swish of my panties against my slip as I walk.

On the train when I am seated and wearing a tight skirt, I cross my legs and being in panties feels sensual. No one has to be around. I feel all comfy like I'm being tickled lightly all over my body.

Often, to create the right mood, you don't even have to face the camera. One of the best of these shots turned out to be the one with me in a bikini walking away from the camera into the ocean. The years of training has made my figure nothing to be ashamed of. My waist is

25 inches and hips girlishly shaped from the figure training.

When you're shooting, everything will suggest the right expression to you: the lighting, the location, the clothes and the photographer. Barbara wanted to shoot into the mirror, so I could see what I was doing. That's very rare. Usually, you don't get to watch yourself work.

I try to a wide range of moods for each dress or outfit. That's the hardest work. We spent two hours on the shots of me in the white satin dress (our Sunset pictures). Can you imagine thinking up enough different expressions to last two hours? I try to think of what I read in the romance novels and put myself in the heroine's position.

But if the photographer just keeps shooting away, you have to. You can play off different accessories, like an umbrella or a jacket. Or you can create your own fantasy story in your imagination as you go along. Or you can just listen to the photographer. Barbara kept saying "Wow! What light! You look just fantastic!" And that really helped me to feel beautiful. It's amazing how light can change the mood of a photograph. It changes your mood, and your looks. Sometimes Barbara would run up from behind her camera and brush my hair a new way. And that would give me another new look.

You learn to work with clothes this way. It's almost a kind of communication between what you're wearing and how you're feeling. If you have to make something look great for two hours, you figure out how to get the most out of it.

Bookings for catalogue work are about as far away from fantasy test shots as you can get. For one thing, the client cares about showing the clothes as clearly as possible -- every button, pocket, and stitch. Plus, you usually have a lot of different outfits to shoot during the

booking, so you've really got to work fast. Because you get paid by the hour (not by the number of outfits), it's a lot more work for the same pay. I guess that's why they call catalogue work the “meat and potatoes” of the business. It's not the most glamorous kind of work, but even the most glamorous models do it.

At these bookings, you may be working with a whole group of people, or there might be just one other model to share the camera with.

It's fun to run into somebody you haven't seen in a while at a shooting. The minute we meet in the dressing room, we start gossiping like crazy. We catch up on what we've each been doing: who we worked with lately, what location trips we've been on, stuff like that. But it's not all shop talk, either. You've got to find out the important things, too. Like what's going on at each other's schools and who's got a crush on whom. I have made up an imaginary “heart throb” boyfriend that I talk about when I'm with models and people that don't know I'm a boy. I want to fit in and be one of the girls.

They want us to look like we're having a good time! Of course, it's hard to have too good a time when you're standing in odd positions. (By the way, you rarely get to keep the clothes. Sometime you can buy them at cost.) For each new outfit we had to get pinned and styled all over again. And we had to be extra careful not to get any wrinkles. They're even more worried about wrinkles at these shoots. Can you imagine -- one photographer used to nail shoes to the set when he was doing catalogues with children. (Before their feet were in them, of course.) That way, the models couldn't move. For every new look, it's good if you change your hair a little, too. You have to move fast, and it's usually a long day's shoot.

You don't always do doubles with models you know -- or, for that matter, even with models your own age. When I was younger, I worked with a lot of adult

models for mother/daughter shots. And now that I'm getting older, I sometimes work with younger kids. I'm not the "mother" yet -- more like the big sister. But it's fun. I feel really experienced around the younger ones.

On one shoot, I was the one telling them to think warm thoughts. It was freezing out, and we had to pretend it was summer. When you're used to that, all you concentrate on is the shot. But sometimes the only thing little kids want to know is if they're done yet!

Sometimes my partner can be a male model, too. I worked with boys when I was younger, but it's more interesting now.

There's a difference between being on set with an eight-year-old kid and an eighteen-year-old boy. The first time I ever worked with a guy my own age, it was for a Prom catalogue. The photographer wanted us to pose in different ways, such as the boy putting on my flower spray. At the end there was a goodnight kiss.

Mother was there and it wouldn't have been that bad, but it was kind of embarrassing since I did know how to kiss a boy. Since I had never met him before, the hardest thing to do was to stare into his eyes and express "puppy love". The photographer shot two rolls of film trying to get my expression just right.

I ended up looking at his forehead to keep from going cross-eyed and breaking into hysterics.

The first kiss made me feel momentarily repulsed. But then I tried to relax a little and get into the role. I kept thinking, "I can handle this. What harm could come from a kiss? Boy cooties? I'll just have to play along and be the girl."

Barbara told me a couple days before that I'd be getting hit on by guys and to expect it. But this was for work. When I asked her what I should do, she said to just be a girl for them.

I knew that I'd be doing other Prom catalogues I had just as well get used to doing what girls do.

But a handsome, young man kissing on my mouth? Ugh! At first it was totally revolting, and the boy model wanted to show off his kissing skills.

On the way home mother asked me if I was okay because I was so quiet.

“Don't tell Dad,” I pleaded.

“About the kissing?” she asked. “Was it that bad?”

“I don't know,” I sighed. It wasn't really that bad. His breath was nice and he was clean. I mean, I thought a guy would taste funny or something.”

Mother laughed, “It's girls that taste like lipstick and makeup. Lips are just skin with some spongy tissue inside.”

“And a tongue,” I moaned.

“Oh honey, did he slip you the tongue? You should have said something to the photographer.”

“I was pretty quick and only a couple times. It wasn't bad and really tasted like nothing, just slightly musty. If I'm going to do Prom and Wedding dresses, it's a small price to pay.”

“That's my girl,” she teased, then seriously said, “If you are going to continue to model formal dresses and other wedding gear, kissing might be required. Should I tell the agency 'no' on those?”

“I don't know if I really want to do a lot of them, but I guess I should find out what it feels like to be a girl in those situations. Just don't tell Dad.”

“I don't think he reads any Prom dress catalogues,” she laughed. “He hates when I buy you bras, I think he'd kill me too. But that was a very good photo session, sweetie. If you keep this up, you'll be just like a real girl.”

I had a very sincere worry that I might actually start thinking that way. I was already really into fashion and makeup. My daily feminine rituals were like that of any girl my age, actually more intense.

By the end of the day, I'd forgotten about the trauma of the kissing. Other girls talked about kissing their boyfriends and I now had an image (actually a photo layout) of what "my boyfriend" could be like.

I'm finding out that working with models can definitely help your social life. That's why a lot of models date models -- a shooting with someone can make you instant friends or even kissing buddies.

It's a good thing, too. Barbara told me that some of the girls sit home by the phone without dates. Guys just don't ask them out because they think a model would never go out with an "ordinary" person. (Silly, huh?) So, they go out with male models or the girl models. I go out with several girl models who know I'm a boy. Since it's usually in New York after a photo session, we go as two girls.

When I first started dating some of the girl models, I was jealous when men would come up to us. I soon realized that the girls that liked me didn't care about muscles and physiques. They liked me for what we had in common and because I'm fun.

Soon I accepted my feminine role in dating girl models -- they delighted in going out with me in the most revealing feminine clothes. Men would turn their heads and stare at our legs; our hips swinging from side to side. After all, we were models and expected to be outlandish in our low-cut blouses and short skirts.

After a shooting, all the pictures that were taken are shown on a digital contact sheet. That picks up every

click of the camera and blows it up on a computer screen to see every detail. The client will look at the contacts and select the shots to be used.

Sometimes, they'll select several alternates and wait to see what they look like as prints before they make the final decision for the ad. Then the final choice is made up, retouched (if necessary), and put into the artist's layout. And you've got an ad.

But I've been lucky enough to do all kinds of work, from fashion catalogue layouts to magazine ads. One was for a personal feminine hygiene product. The client liked the way I blushed when holding their product. It's all part of being a professional girl model.

When you're modeling different outfits during a booking, your hair and makeup looks have to change, too. Some days you could start out wearing a prom dress, and end up in shorts, even lingerie. And I had to have the right “girlish” expression and hairstyle for each one.

I've learned a lot of tricks to make myself over-quickly both in looks and attitude. Nobody likes to waste time while the model sits there wondering how she should fix her hair or her face. Once I learned what I was doing, I could do it as fast as any girl. I've been letting my hair grow for years now and it is the longest of any boy in my school. (And most of the girls too!)

My favorite way to wear my hair when I'm just being me is to wrap an elastic headband around a ponytail. It keeps my hair out of my face. The elastic headband looks pretty, and it also keeps the ends from breaking. All my long-haired model friends know this trick.

Half the time I just go to a shooting with clean, natural hair. Because you never know what look they're going to want until you get there. For instant curl, most photographers have electric rollers in their dressing rooms. For even faster curls or frizz, most hairstylists

will use a curling iron or crimper. But both of these can really dry your hair out, so you've got to keep using a good conditioner on your hair all the time.

So that I can go to a shooting with the right amount of curl in my hair, I try to find out from the agency ahead of time what look the client is going to want. I'll even sleep on soft rollers the night before if I have to. Then I can just brush my hair out when I get there. I bend over, brush it through, then flip it back. This gives it instant body, and my hair's ready for anything.

It's important to learn how to create the latest styles on yourself. It takes practice. And knowing what your hair will and will not do. Does it hold a curl? Is it fuller looking if it's layered? Is it more manageable right after you wash it, or a day later? You can only find these things out by experimenting with your own hair.

Now that there are so many ways to change long hair around, models can let their hair grow. As long as they know what to do with it. Barbara told me that just a few years ago, you couldn't have really long hair. It had to stop at your shoulders to show the collars. Braids and twists hadn't come in yet, so there were few ways to make long hair look any shorter. Clients would ask you to cut it, or they might not book you. I'm glad that's changed. My friend Susan and I are having a contest to see whose hair can grow down to their rear-end first. I figure I better do it now, or I'll never have another chance.

Barbara's taught me a lot of different things to do with my hair so I don't have to have just one long look. By using different kinds of curling techniques, it can go from long and natural to bouncy and shorter, to neatly rolled around my head. It's fun to play around with all the looks.

To just let it go straight and soft, I have to brush it out while I'm blowing it dry. My hair has a little bit of natural wave to it, and this takes some of that out. It would never go straight if I just let it dry by itself. For a natural look, I can just brush it out straight (as long as it has plenty of shine), or braid a few strands at one side, or braid both sides, bring them around to the back, and tuck in special sparkles. This gives me sort of a romantic, Juliet look.

The best makeup for these kinds of natural hairstyles is very sheer and light. Barbara used a pale base to take the yellow out of my skin tones. Then she used a see-through gel instead of a powder for a blush. That gives color without covering up your skin with layers of makeup. She gave me a light dusting of baby powder on top of everything, so I'd look even paler. To make my eyes look big (but natural), there's a light blue line right on the inside rim of my lower lashes, and a darker blue line underneath the lashes. The shine on my lids comes from a clear gel. I'll tell you a secret-it's called "Nighty-Nite Cream," and lots of models use it. I put it around the corners of my eyes every night before I go to bed. I put it over my lipstick, too, and then touch it to my cheekbones. The extra little shine really gives a healthy glow. To finish off this look -- lots and lots of mascara.

For a real glamour-girl effect, I braid my hair all over when it's wet, then roll the braids into pin curls. That's a lot easier than winding up a pin curl with hair this long. For a more exciting makeup look to go with the hair, Barbara just used a black liner around my eyes, and no mascara this time. She kept my face pale and my lips bright. This is to make the eyes and lips the most important focal points.

If I use perm rod curlers (they're smaller than rollers), I end up with little girl curls with lots of bounce--and I mean lots! Since this gives me a really young look,

I hardly have any makeup on at all. Just a little blush, mascara, and baby powder to make me look delicate. There's just a little bit of color on my lips, so they don't wash out under the lights. That's one thing you have to remember when you're putting on makeup for a shooting. It has to be a little obvious, or it won't show up at all.

A way to get less waves but more frizz is to braid your hair, then curl just the ends of the braid. This is kind of a sophisticated look, so Barbara gave me the full makeup treatment. She outlined my eyes in dark colors so they'd look big and mysterious. Then even my eyelashes and eyebrows got into the act. Brushing my eyebrows straight up gave my face a completely different look. And this time she curled my lashes so they'd look longer. Then she shaded my nose down the sides with a darker color to give it a sculptured shape, and she shaded the hollows of my cheeks to make my cheekbones look more prominent. Finally, bright red lipstick tops off everything else that's going on.

Pipe-cleaner coils give me the wildest combination of waves, frizz, and curls. I just bend a pipe cleaner in half and wrap a small strand of hair back and forth between each side. Sort of like weaving the hair. Then I just twist the ends together, and it stays in. But I warn you -- you have to take your time and have a lot of patience to do this. Especially when taking them out. It's a great look for disco dresses and mini-skirts. After I brush it out (just slightly), I put pipe cleaners back in. But this time, they're sparkled gold ones that I got at a party decorations store. Just wrap a few in around small strands of curls, and your hair is dressed up. For a special nighttime makeup look, I add even more glitter. Like a frosted eye shadow and lots of gloss over my lipstick for extra shine. Barbara used a brighter blusher

with dark shading in the hollows. Then a couple coats of mascara, and I'm ready to go disco.

When I'm on appointments in New York, I do my own makeup, I keep it really basic. A little base to even out my skin tone. You don't have to be perfect, either. If you have something you really hate about yourself, don't waste time worrying about it. Think of ways to cover up what bothers you and make the most of what you have.

Makeup seems to improve everything. After I put on a base color, I use a pink blush to make me look extra healthy and to contour my cheekbones so they show up better. Barbara showed me how to smile at myself in the mirror to figure out where to put the blush for contouring. You put it right where your cheeks puff up when you smile. Then you can also suck your cheeks in and put a darker color right in the hollows. This really defines the shape of your face, but it tends to give you an older look. I normally don't use the darker contouring to look natural.

I put some mascara on two or three times to make my eyes look bigger. You have to do this carefully. If you smudge it, you'll have to start all over again with base. As a last touch, I use just a little lip gloss for shine.

All this makeup, and I just have a natural, un-made-up look. If I had to look like I was really wearing makeup (for a cosmetic ad, for instance), you should see how much stuff I'd have to put on my face.

It's fun to change your image. By knowing the tricks, you can really look like a whole different person.

As a younger model, you just have to have a very natural look. But as you start doing different situations from school to date shots, for instance, you need to know how to create the right image.

It's important for both makeup and hair looks to go together. You wouldn't mix dramatic disco makeup with natural looking hair. The wilder the style, the more

emphasis you have to put on your face. On the other hand, for really sporty hair looks, less makeup is better. So they both have to look right with each other. Of course, for days when your face has a case of the uglies, hair is sometimes better to hide behind!

It's always a good idea to find out exactly what look to walk in with when you're trying out for a TV commercial. These people really typecast, and if they're looking for a frizzy haired girl, they want to see a frizzy haired girl. It's no use to stand there with straight hair and explain about pipe cleaners. They'll just give the job to the next frizzy-haired girl who walks in.

I'll always ask exactly what kind of type and what kind of "character" they want. Should I be a girl-next-door, or intellectual and shy, or a sporty jock? Then, from the moment I walk in, I try to act the part. Because, in most cases, making a commercial is more than just looking like a girl but what kind of girl. It's acting.

Getting a commercial is a little more involved than just showing your portfolio at a go-see. Usually, the casting director wants to see what you look like on film. (If you have lines, they have to hear how your voice records, too.) So you go to a video session. When you get there, somebody might hand you a script to read over for a few minutes while you're waiting. When you audition in front of the camera you have to stand on a certain line, state your name and agency -- and you're on! You might have to read your lines, or just talk to the director, or even sing and dance. What they're looking for is how animated you are once the cameras roll. It's not the time to freeze. I've got to let my feminine personality come through. And appear natural.

Some days can get very confusing when TV and print go-sees come in at the same time. Luckily, my TV agent and Mia try to arrange my schedule so I can get to

both. Even if it means I have to do a quick switch from looking older for a print go-see, and younger for a commercial call.

Sometimes it's tricky but Mother suggested a shifty way to look older -- I simply add a cup size or two. In my modeling bag I have several different bras with different padding. A full B-cup, high heeled pumps with heavier makeup and I can look over twenty in just a couple minutes. Put my hair in pig tails or braids, light pink lipstick and my normal unpadded A-cup bra and I look fourteen. That's what I did at one audition (and it must have worked, because I got the job; maybe my braids had something to do with it.) It was for a big cosmetic company, and I was the daughter. My part didn't come in until the last few seconds of it. But in order to get it just the way they wanted it, we were shooting until 2:00 in the morning. I was glad my mom was with me on this job because it went on so late that they had to put us up for the night in a hotel. That's 'showbiz'!

Making a commercial is totally different than a print shooting. You have a script, there's a set, and you have about a million people on the crew all standing around watching you. There are grips, electricians, sound technicians, script people, set designers, set decorators, hairdressers, makeup artists, stylists, cameramen, directors, and lots of assistants. And it takes much longer, too. Some days you could go about fourteen hours. And after about forty tries (they're called "takes"), you may have the start of one thirty-second commercial !

Why do you have to do it so many times? Well, a million things can go wrong while you're filming. Once, on about the eleventh take of an soft drink commercial, I turned to smile, burst out laughing, and spat soft drink all over the place. Pass another glass of soda, please! Yes -- you do have to drink a glass for every take.

Or the director might decide he wants to try the same scene from different angles.

In spite of the hard work, I really like to do commercials. It's fun because it's so different from photographic modeling. You're not always the center of the camera's attention. But if your face gets on camera at all, you get residuals. Once, filming a marathon race, I was in the middle of a hundred people on bikes. Nobody could really tell I was in that commercial, except me. My muscles hurt for days after filming that one.

I've been lucky so far and gotten in a lot of commercials. It does give me a funny tingle to be watching TV-and suddenly see myself in a slinky dress being so girlish.

Even though mom doesn't come on jobs with me anymore, we still do things together when I have free time. That's usually the weekends. And am I glad when Saturday comes. It's my day to sleep late and I do!

When I finally get up, I jump into the shower and start my "beauty routine." It's simple and basic, but like Barbara says, once you get used to it, it becomes a habit.

I have to take care of my skin, my hair, and my whole body. That begins with a good wake-up shower. (Hot water first, then rinse in cool.) I wash my hair at the same time, and the cold rinse makes it shine. To keep my hair in good condition for the camera, I wash it every other day. Mostly at night, because it takes so long to dry.

With all the modeling makeup and grime from the city, I have to take extra care of my face now, too. Since I probably put more makeup on my face than most girls my age, I need to do more than just wash it to keep my skin in shape. And, naturally, clear skin is important-there's no hiding pimples from the camera. So first I wash with soap and water. Then I dab on astringent to close the pores. It's good for oily places, like around my

nose and on my forehead. It tingles, but it makes my face feel really clean. As a last step, I use a light moisturizing cream. At my age, I normally wouldn't need this. But working under lights and wearing a lot of makeup could dry my skin out. And I don't want to take any chances. When the camera comes in close, your skin has got to be in perfect shape.

Teeth get the next treatment. Fortunately, I didn't need braces, but with all the smiling I have to do, I want my teeth to look really white.

I don't like to spend time fixing my hair on weekends (that's for work). If I just braid it while it's still wet from washing, it goes into great waves later.

Saturday is my day to work on myself and my avocation. Mother says I have to spend a few hours every week polishing my skills beyond the day to day.

My father hoped that I would be spending Saturdays playing ball and boy things but mother overruled him. "What if he broke a nail," she said. "Work comes first."

Since I was beginning to make a lot of money, Dad reluctantly agreed that a Saturday morning at the beauty parlor was more profitable. I have my entire college education plus more in my savings account.

I do my exercises. They're sort of a combination of stretching things I learned in a *CHRISSEY* modeling class. I do calisthenics, stretching exercises, a little gymnastics, and some ballet.

I have a little balance beam in my back yard. Balance is most important to make sure all my movements now are distinctly feminine. My arms must move gracefully and my wrists held limply.

I've been able over the years to keep my muscles long and thin that makes me very limber and cat-like. I can even do the 'splits'. It's all hard work but I've

learned, the contour and muscle tone of your legs has a great deal to do with feminine attractiveness.

When I exercise, I wear tights with a little short skirt. Mother bought me the tights with the ruffles. Most of the girls in the class wear them and we look so cute when we are dancing and our skirts fly up. She says that frilly panties are 'precious'.

On Saturday afternoons, I go to an acting class. We do all sorts of things, from dance routines, to skits, to singing. I have to be expressive as a model, and it's gotten me over my shyness. You need confidence to be a good model...or you need to be able to act like you're confident. With me, it's acting until it become natural.

I needed extra speech lessons to help me get rid of my low tones. My voice is much higher now and I was told if I work to keep it high, my voice won't change.

I'm working more on my tone, so I don't sound squeaky when I get excited. Most everyone now addresses me as 'Miss' on the phone because I keep my voice high and soft. I probably sound funny at school but I can't take the chance... my modeling career would be over if my voice changes too much. I don't want to be a pretty girl with the baritone voice.

My best friend, Susan, is in the class too, so we have lots of fun. Usually, I don't like to talk too much about my modeling experiences to kids at school. They might think I'm bragging or something. But they're always finding my pictures and telling me about them.

Saturday nights I usually go places with a bunch of friends. We might play at the arcade, go to the movies, or just hang out. Nobody's dating seriously yet.

Sometimes, the boys and men I meet on the shoots somehow get my phone number, then call me to go out on a date. I try to be nice and not hurt their feelings.

My mom tells me it is a compliment. Dad gets a funny look on his face when he takes the calls.

Once in a while, if I'm in the city, I'll go to a movie or dinner with a man if he's a famous photographer or client. Sometimes being "friends" is a big advancement to a career. I still prefer my group of friends to work friends.

On Sundays, if I don't have anything special to do (except homework) I sleep late.

I used to dress as a boy on weekends but mother said that was a good time to practice advancing my skills. I practice my ballet. It helps keep me limber for modeling. My body's got to be able to move and hold some really uncomfortable feminine positions. And I need my muscles to cooperate.

All ballet dancers have one thing in common: a love of the grace, beauty and discipline. Just like modeling, I wear that little translucent skirt over my leotard and I like to move and watch the way it moves.

My ballet teacher, who knows about me, encouraged me to learn to do splits. Flexibility is important for ballet and modeling and she felt it would help me become extremely limber. The ability to sit in split positions greatly improved my lower body flexibility. That required stretching every day and was quite challenging. Boy's bodies and their muscles mostly don't want to flex like that!

In modeling, you'll hear photographers talking about "knowing your angles." I knew I was photogenic but even the prettiest girls can look awkward in pictures and the reasons are simple. Some elements of being femininely photogenic must be learned. Knowing how to pose and knowing how to hold a pose convincingly without looking strained are important. Ballet and stretching exercises such as the splits was good for my

posture. It was more than walking a runway, but even just standing in even the highest of heels.

Most boys in a dress would not have a strong sense of self, but mother wanted me to have a feminine, well-developed self-esteem even dressed in a pink leotard.

Sundays give mom and I a good chance to spend some time together. It's fun to cook a big breakfast and just sit around and talk. I do a lot of the cooking. We can talk the whole morning away. And we talk about everything -- teachers, and funny modeling stories. I can tell her anything. (And I usually do, too.)

My mom and I are like best friends as well as mother and son. I think that's good. What really made us close was when we used to go into the city all the time together for my modeling assignments. And even though she stays home now, I still tell her everything that happens.

We're also close because I'm like an only child. My older sister has grown up and moved away.

My father's a longshoreman. He loves sports, too. He's an outdoorsman. He plays tennis and bowls in a league. My modeling income really helps our family. I'm sure he'd hoped that I would follow in his footsteps and join the local union but I don't see that happening.

I just don't like heavy work. But I do like my Dad. We're like friends, too. He always plans special things for us to do together, meeting mother and me in the city for dinner and even seeing plays.

When I'm in a dress, he treats me like his daughter. He opens my doors, tells me I'm pretty.

At first he was embarrassed that his son was a (I can't imagine the names the other longshoremen would call me). But, once the local started hiring some of the

men's daughters to be longshoremen the gender-glass was broken. That, and I've become somewhat famous.

GOING ON LOCATION

Even though I hate to fly, going on location for a booking is something I'd never pass up. If you're lucky enough to get a trip, you get to see exciting places and go with exciting people...all expenses paid. On top of that, you even get a salary.

Getting through security and on an airplane can be a problem for someone who looks different than "normal." My ID has a female looking picture but it still says "M". About half the time, there is no problem.

I have a medical letter from my doctor that usually does the trick. That and I carry my portfolio and that proves who and what I am and why I'm doing it.

Of course, even on location, you have to work, too. You can't goof-off all that much. Everybody's just as serious about getting good shots as they are inside a photographer's studio.

Magazines (or advertisers, or catalogue companies) shoot on location because they have to work so many months ahead of time. And the weather or the background has to look like the right season. They've got to shoot bathing suits in the middle of winter and ski clothes at the end of the summer to make their deadlines. That means you could literally be doing Christmas in July. It's kind of hard to get into the spirit, but clients have their own schedules, and they have nothing to do with the month it is on the calendar.

When you go on a location trip, you work with a whole team of people. An editor, art director, photographer, and usually other models. Sometimes writers, agency people, and clients go along, too. There can also be hairstylists and makeup artists. You have to create the pages of a magazine or the ad wherever you

go. Sometimes there's a location van along if you are traveling out to the middle of nowhere. (Or even to the middle of New York. Central Park is a location everybody uses if they want trees in the shot.) Inside a van it's just like a model's dressing room, with lighted makeup mirrors, and places to keep all the clothes and accessories. It's convenient for changing, so you don't have to hide in the bushes. But I've had to do that, too. And it's not a lot of fun. Usually, you're freezing and afraid of being seen. You just have to throw everything on in a hurry. Even location shootings have a tight time schedule, so anything that saves time is important.

I went on a location trip to Hawaii for TEENGIRL magazine. It was really fun. It was a full week of being in the sun and playing all my favorite sports. For the kind of pictures they wanted, I got to play soccer, volleyball -- even baseball. Plus, we got to swim, and jog on the beach.

You never know when you're going to be called upon to use sports in modeling. You could easily miss a trip because you don't know how to ski or swim. You've got to look like you know what you're doing. I've seen some models that didn't know how to hold a tennis racquet -- they drive photographers crazy. They have to keep stopping the shooting to say "No! Like this!" If you feel awkward as a model, you're going to look awkward. People will actually send in letters saying "That girl can't play tennis."

My exercising and conditioning really come in handy. On one Mexico trip, there were five other girl models on the trip, and we all became good friends.

We went off and swim, or played volleyball like a bunch of girls on vacation.

I have to admit, I felt a little bit like Cinderella. We flew down in a big private plane. And everything was the

best all the way. I got to work with the best fashion editors, makeup artists, hairstylists, and photographers.

I can really learn a lot from the other girls (and some guys). They even taught me how to eat icky stuff like escargot (snails) when we all went out to dinner. I never would have done that as a boy at home!

If you go on location for a magazine, you get paid but the trip was all so much fun, I almost didn't care if I got paid or not. I also have to be very careful around the sun. Too much, or getting funny tan lines and I could lose jobs.

The most exciting thing a model can get from magazine work is a cover. Imagine walking by a newsstand, and seeing your face all over the place! It really gives a big boost to anybody's ego and it can be very important to a model's career. When you think about how many models there are, the number that have been cover girls is really a very small percentage.

Being a top model doesn't automatically mean you'll be on a magazine cover. Some of the most famous models haven't been, and some unknowns have. The editors have to take a lot of different things into consideration. The model has to look like the image of the magazine, and the picture has to look right for that particular issue. If your picture's not picked, it doesn't necessarily mean it's not good. It just may not go with the issue for that month.

Most of the time, you have to try out for a cover. And a few other models could be trying out right along with you. It's an exciting, scary experience because you know when you go in that it could be you on the next cover. Even the people at the magazine don't know which girl they want for sure. It all depends on the pictures.

TEENGIRL called me in for a cover try because somebody there saw Barbara's test picture of me. They

were doing a cover try with two models who had been on the location trip that was going to be featured in that particular issue. Since I hadn't been on that trip, I felt lucky to be asked to try out.

The photographer asked me to make every funny face I could think of-just to loosen up. So I kept changing faces like crazy to give them a lot to pick from. I couldn't help thinking how great it would be to have my first cover. It was even more important to me because I had always sort of looked up to the models in TEENGIRL while I was growing up. And now, I had the chance to be a TEENGIRL cover girl, too!

I didn't know if I got the cover or not for what seemed like the longest time. Right before I went on the location trip, I was at TEENGIRL for a dress fitting. Nobody said anything at first. And then, when I was trying something on, somebody walked in and said "Guess what?"



My first cover shot. I was thinking about the World Series.

Becoming a cover girl was going to be the most exciting day of my career. At first, I was worried that someone finding out a boy was the cover girl could cause a scandal. Mother laughed when I told her. “It’s February, the shortest month.” But she was as happy about it as I was. Being a cover girl is great, but made me think about my future.

What’s next for a boy like me if I want to keep on modeling female clothes? At some point, I needed to compete with young women.

I had worked hard to keep my figure progressing but I can’t do young teen and young girl stuff forever. What if, someday, the bookings all stop because my figure is too boyish? Or I’m too short?

I’ve got to face the fact that I could be a ‘has-been’ girl pretty early in life. Covers or no.

But if there's one thing modeling teaches you, it's how to deal with rejection. You get it all the time -- even when you're working regularly. There's always a client out there who doesn't like your look, and there's always a job you're going to lose to another model. But you just have to go on to the next job.

I can't help thinking what if, one day, there is no next job? No reason to do my hair or shave my legs. No reason to put on a pretty dress and go to town.

I've had to learn how to be responsible for myself on my own, and how to deal with people in business. Modeling is just a business. I put on their dresses, make funny faces and get paid for it.

The money and the glamour can really spoil you. Because there aren't many jobs for boys that pay for having beautiful long hair, I guess my goals are going to be creative. Hopefully, being able to present myself as a pretty girl will be a stepping-stone to whatever do.

I have trouble thinking about taking off all my girl's things and never putting them on again. Everything I've done for years was to be able to make an attractive feminine image so I can't just 'take it off' and become a boy.

Actually it's even more than just taking it off. When I was fifteen, I started to grow a few dark hairs on my upper lip. I knew from seeing the boys at school what was happening and that my modeling career was probably over.

The agency recommended a doctor. My mother took me there wearing one of my prettiest dresses, hose and matching lingerie. My hair was done up to look older.

The doctor was real nice and he could tell I was very embarrassed by his questioning and probes. After an exam, he told us what could be done. I could be given an injection of a gonadotropin releasing hormone. He

called it a LH-RH agonist that would inhibit my naturally produced male hormones. He said in two or three weeks this would stop my male puberty but promised that when we stopped the injections the effect was totally reversible.

“He won't become any more male while on this?” Mother asked.

“No dear,” the doctor said, “We can simply postpone it for a while. It's not at all unhealthy, we are simply saying to nature -- NOT YET. But we must move fast before his male hormones cut in and he starts getting 'randy'. He'll be wanting in girl's panties but not his own -- if you know what I mean.”

Mother nodded her head saying, “We really don't know how long he will have a career in modeling. Maybe we should try it for a while?”

I asked, “Will it hurt or anything?”

The kindly doctor smiled, “A shot is a shot, and you might experience some hot-flashes for the first few weeks until your hormone level reaches castrate levels.”

“CASTRATE LEVELS?” I gasped. “Mother!” The doctor was shocked by my outburst but mother took over.

“Son,” mother said, picking her words carefully, “Let's try it for a while -- you aren't dating any girls so not being able to 'do it' can't really hurt too much, can it?”

I didn't tell her I'd been having some strange dreams and feelings for my friend Susan lately. I'd been having her come over to try on my dresses just to see her body.

The doctor added, “We are just taking you back to your male hormone levels of last year.” Then he added, “We could even add a light dose of female hormones... your hair would grow faster, your skin softer and make you a better girl model. How about that...?”

“Wouldn't that turn me into a girl?” I asked.

“No,” he said, “We'd just put you on a light cycle of natural female hormones... probably like your girlfriend's birth control pills. You take one a day for 25 days and then off for 5. It's very healthy that way, very natural cycle.”

“A period?” I gasp.

“It's okay dear,” mother added, “They aren't that bad... maybe you and Susan could be on the same cycle? Wouldn't that be fun?”

“What would Dad say?” I asked mother.

“If he had his way, you'd have a crew cut and be working on the pier. But it's up to you.”

The doctor smiled and said that that could be easily worked out.

The next morning, I work up. I walked into the bathroom where I immediately threw up.

“Morning sickness,” mother said. “Remember what the doctor said? Perfectly natural for a few days until your body gets used to the change in hormones.”

I was so in shock that I hadn't been listening closely.

Over the next month, I seemed to find fresh pleasures in girlish endeavors. I made unnecessary trips to the city to see my agent and mostly to do some shopping.

I was more sensitive to men watching me and at home, I avoided wearing boy clothes when Dad wasn't home.

One day, on the subway, I even met a college boy that took me to lunch. I was shocked that I agreed to go but even Mother thought it was nice for me to have male friends.

I began to be more open, talking with strangers if they were about my age and nice. I began to have lunch dates in

the city and was excited to practice “dating” like other girl models my age.

In the beginning, it was uncomfortable for me to be the girl with boys who “liked” me. But after a few lunch dates, I calmed down and appreciated their interest without commitment.

Of course I told mother everything. She reminded me of the romance novels and called it “dress rehearsal,” and said it would take my understanding femininity to a higher level.

I had read romances and heard from other models the dream of some prince charming coming along and sweeping one off to “live happily ever after.” It didn’t happen for them and I knew that most men were looking for someone...a female preferably.

But I was intrigued with their interest. Was it my lack of male hormones? Or was it being sexually incapable of male response?

I knew how to flirt with the camera but I was fascinated with why would a handsome, manly guy ever give me serious attention?

I felt feminine around a 'Mr. Right,' but I also knew nothing would ever go beyond a simple glimmer or conversation about dreams. Mine were taken right from the romance novels. Only fantasy.

I kept my guard up, looking for reasons that meeting for a real date wouldn't be a good idea, never letting myself imagine anything more than lunch and maybe a new male friend whom I could practice girlie, fun, flirty banter.

When it came time, I increased the dose of female hormones. There was little more to lose and I didn’t know what I was losing.

So now you see why it won't be easy just becoming a boy again. After all these years, the female hormones

have completely feminized my body. If my father knew that my A-cup padding that jiggled as I walk was actually my own soft flesh with sensitive nipples, he'd hit the roof.



And yes, Susan and I are still on the same monthly cycle. While embarrassing at first, Susan and I have shared many secrets and feelings as our bodies changed together. She hopes someday that our relationship will change and we both know that I'll have to increase my female hormone levels to compete in 'woman's modeling' and that scares me.

Susan understands and encourages my increasing femininity. When will it stop? If I allow stronger hormones to round and soften my body sufficiently, I might never be able to be a man. Or perform as one.

Her caring and my memory of what she used to do to my body when I saw her undressed haunts me, leaving me feeling confused.

We are so alike, both with striking blue eyes, perfectly formed full lips, and delicate form. Physically, she is turning into a beautiful woman while I remain in boy-girl limbo.

But there was more to our attraction than that. I have met lots of women who are beautiful but Susan accepts my femininity and finds it attractive. “Don’t ever turn into one of those MEN,” she said.

I felt extremely flattered, and attracted to her in many ways. Despite reading about Prince Charming, I knew I would someday be in a relationship with a woman.

Susan and I had so much in common. Our daily life journeys and dreams so much alike. With her there was nothing to hide. She understood my vulnerabilities and insecurities. I understood hers. Shared hopes and dreams.

Susan didn’t want to spend, as she explained, “Her life on her back.” The two of us would meet men in the city who would pursue us, and make us feel attractive but she made me feel loved even more confident in my own femininity.

The female hormones are still slowly altering my body shape, my skin continues to soften, and even my face looks a little different, especially in the rounding of my cheeks. Susan and I have a different kind of boy/girl relationship. She understands that keeping my estrogen levels high is important to my career. “I don’t care about THAT,” she says, but we spend a lot of time playing music, pouring oils over our smooth skin, massaging lotion over each other’s arms, necks, and yes, breasts.

She loves my blossoming chest and my lack of male drive. “You are just so femme,” she teases. “Don’t ever be a boy again.”



Since Barbara's doing other things besides modeling now, I like to talk to her about different careers. Sometimes we do more talking than shooting. She'd started taking photographs as a hobby, but then it turned into a serious business. I know Barbara still likes

to model, but feels that she isn't using her whole self by just modeling. Being a photographer, she is in control of her art. Being a model, you are mostly waiting approval.

Talking to her makes me wonder what is in store for my future. Even if I do fill in and make 'woman' model material, could I lose interest in all this girlish stuff someday? Maybe I'll want to cut off my hair and never be hobbled in a tight skirt again?

Barbara says modeling's not a field you'd ever want to spend your whole life in. You can't go around worrying about how tall you are, or how big your boobs are, or how pretty you are all the time.

I don't, but I do wonder about what I'd like to do next. I always did want to be a psychologist, ever since I saw a film about it in high school. It looked interesting, and that's a field where you can help confused people.

Or maybe I could get into films. I know making commercials is fun, and I like the acting I've done in my theater class. This summer, I'm going to go to a drama school in New York. They have a special 'actress' program for girls and it's a pretty thorough course.

I go two days a week and study speech, voice, movement, and acting technique. I really want to be ready for any girl acting jobs that come along. It's not always easy for models to get into films! For one thing, I don't want to be offered only "pretty girl" roles and not taken seriously. Being a girl model doesn't automatically make me an actress. I have a lot of work ahead to really know what I'm doing.

Even without a lot of experience, I had a chance to do a movie last year. It was one of the starring roles in a film by the famous director. These two kids, a boy and a girl, are on this sailing ship that sinks. They end up alone on an island and grow up there, and, you know, become aware of each other and make love. I worried about the love scene but got through it. I was pretty

proud of myself... I had no idea that I could play such a sexy girl. Almost every guy on the set asked me out.

It's really a beautiful story, but I was supposed to appear half nude in some scenes. They would have been distance shots, not close-ups. Mother complained, they said they would use a stand-in for those shots.

We have to make sure my father won't see the film showing the tips of my full nipples, rosy with excitement -- pressed against the hairy chest of my muscular co-star.

Whatever I do in the future, I've found out what it takes to be a professional. You need enough discipline and patience to just keep at something until it's really right. And you have to take pride in what you're doing. I think being feminized has helped me develop this attitude. And that's got to carry through to any other career I try.

I wish I knew what career required my graceful, feminine curves, demasculinized walk and malleable sweet personality. Maybe waitress, stewardess, show girl, sales girl, housewife... I just don't know. I know it's attitude; maybe I should set my goals higher -- maybe towards President? Or, First Lady? Maybe I have too many options.

THE END





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