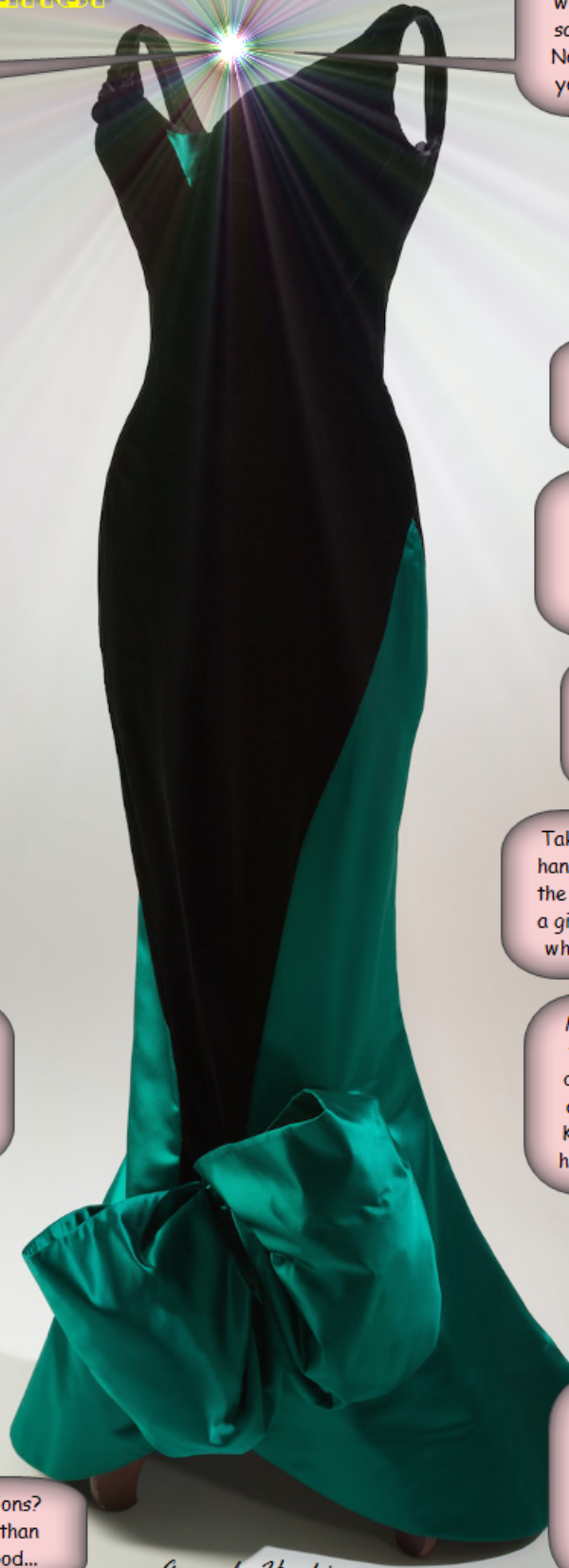


The Starlet-Maker: A gown from the Golden Age of Hollywood

Amanda Hawkins

The Starlet-Maker



Well, well, well... What have we here?
A young man with an eye for classic ladies wear, it would seem. Welcome.

I am the ball gown worn by the late great actress Marilyn de Mansfield on the occasion of her selection to the Hollywood Hall of Fame. It's no lie to say that wearing me was the pinnacle of her career in show biz.

I see you're impressed. That's good. Come closer, boy. And do remove those awful clothes. You won't be needing them anymore.

Have you always been drawn to the finery of the opposite sex? Ooh yes... I sense that you have. It's pretty much all you cross-dressers think about, is it not? Ahhh, such a tortured creature. You really should be in therapy.

Don't bother trying to get away. I may have been left to rot in the back of a vintage clothing store all these years, but I can reach into your mind as easily as you can reach into a bag of cookies.

Now put on that gaff and don't forget to stuff those nads waay up into your pelvis. Nasty things... And tie that rod back between your legs. I don't want to see any of that junk again... Ever.

Now the half-girdle. And the sheer black stockings... and the strapless brassiere. I'll take care of filling the cups. Don't worry about that.

You're going be a star. The kind of actress that makes everyday women feel terribly inadequate.

How? Why? My, aren't you full of questions? That's what I do, boyo. I am none other than the legendary Starlet-Maker of Hollywood...

Now put me on. Mind the zipper... Don't worry, I have a built-in slip. Smooth as satin or your money back. That's good. Now zip me up. That's my boy, although you won't exactly be one much longer.

I promise... you won't hurt for a pretty face, or an ample bust, or that thick mane of chestnut hair you used to admire on that girl in high school. You wanted to be her that badly? Hold onto your socks.

There you go. Nice full cups, a face that could launch ships, and a head of hair most women would kill for.

Oh, do stop whimpering... You won't win an oscar for a performance like that, you know. You're a woman now, so far as anyone knows. So why not get a head start and behave like one?

Good girl. Now check the shoe rack on the far wall. Bottom left corner. The gold lamé sandals. Put them on. The straps go around your ankles.

Take small steps, silly. Ah, you'll get the hang of it. Now sashay out front and ask the nice lady to fix your face. Makeup is a girl's best friend. I'll step you through what I want done. I'm very particular...

Mm, lovely. She does good work. Now take a styling brush to your hair and don't stop until it falls soft and loose around your shoulders. That's right... Keep going. You're gonna break a few hearts, honey. The tabloids will love it.

Now get out there and knock 'em dead. You'll be locking lips with Hollywood's leading men before you know what hit you.

Kind of a shame you aren't a real girl, isn't it? But fear not. I'll turn you into the genuine article when it amuses me to do so... like about five seconds before a guy gets his hand down your pants, so to speak. As the saying goes, timing is everything...

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