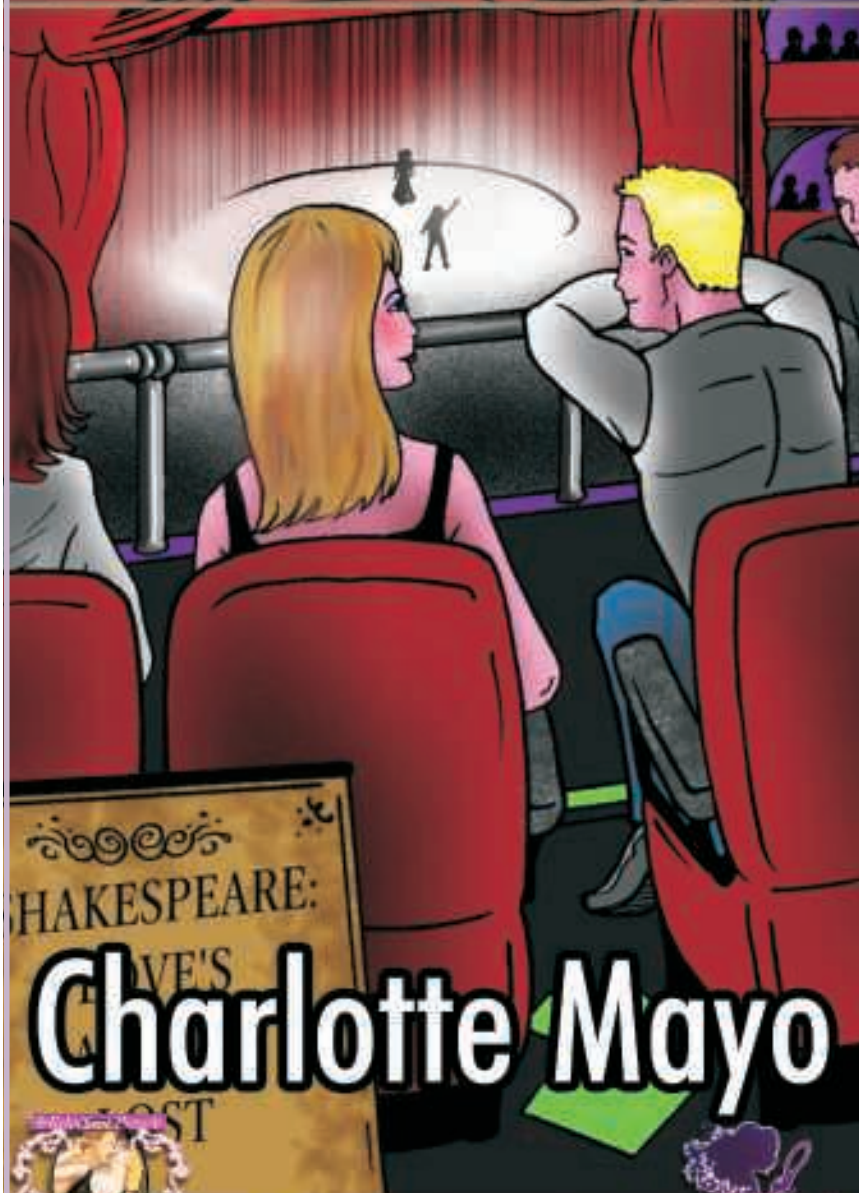


# TV Times



SHAKESPEARE:  
LOVE'S  
A  
MIST

# Charlotte Mayo



A "Her Tv" Novel



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# TV Times

by **Charlotte Mayo**

## Preface

Picture this. You go to the theatre for a night out with your wife or girlfriend. You move up between the rows and there, sitting in the row behind, is a very well-dressed blonde lady. She catches your attention. She is wearing a black leather pencil skirt which stretches across her shapely thighs, and a black, sparkly jumper with a polo neck which shows off her ample breasts. You note she is also wearing patent burgundy-coloured, knee-length leather boots with a 3" heel, which match her burgundy-coloured hand-bag, and a black box-style jacket with a leather-look trim. You can see she has large breasts which push out against her tight jumper. Her face is very well made up; her blonde hair is nicely coiffured. As you get closer, you can see her smooth legs under the fine denier tights she wears. Next to her is another lady, wearing black trousers and a dark top, along with high-heeled court shoes. The first lady seems to be

looking around and smiling and enjoying just *being* there.

You take your seat.

Then, coming back from the interval, you pay attention to the lady in the row behind again. She is resting a tub of ice cream on her leather skirt which is stretched taut; she is chatting to the lady next to her and then to her friend. They are both smiling and look happy. You think to yourself,

“Isn’t it nice to see such a well-dressed lady in the theatre? Women just don’t dress up so much these days. Even for the theatre, a lot of women look scruffy. It makes such a pleasant change to see a well-dressed woman.”

## Introduction

When I was a teenager I loved the New York “Power Pop” band Blondie, fronted by Deborah Harry. A lot of teenage boys had adolescent crushes on Debbie Harry, but for me it wasn’t just about lusting after her. I liked her clothes, and her make-up too. Likewise, when I looked at pornographic magazines, *Playboy* and *Men Only*, I looked not just at the young ladies’ attributes, but at their spiky heels, their lingerie, their beautifully made-up faces.

Why? I was a transvestite. I still am. My sister first described me as a “transvestite” when I was about fourteen, and I have been one ever since. It is something you can’t change, even if you want to.

Unfortunately, there are not a lot of transvestite role models out there; I suppose guys who like dress-

ing like to keep it hidden in the closet. There have been suspicions about people like J. Edgar Hoover, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Danny Kaye, but they were never fully outed – not like Ed Wood Junior, whom I really admire. He was a transvestite, and he didn't give a *fuck* who knew it, in an age when conventional-ity and giving a *fuck* really mattered. He was right out there and open about his transvestitism, and for me he is the greatest transvestite of all. To make a film like *Glen or Glenda* (1953), and write books like *Killer in Drag* (1965) and *Death of a Transvestite* (1967) in the Fifties and Sixties – well, that took balls.

It is strange to say it, but the only thing I have ever been *really* good at in life is dressing as a woman. I am no good at sport, not particularly ambitious, and have never been a lady's man. The one thing I have mastered is the ability to dress and act like a woman and pass in public *en femme*.

I am fortunate to be married to a very understand- ing wife, Nadine, who helps and assists me; just how much assistance she gives will become apparent as you turn these pages. I have always enjoyed dressing and find it hugely relaxing but, like a lot of TVs, I have always had the desire to pass in public. That has been my ultimate goal: to pass in public *en femme*. Hopefully, these pages will help and inspire others as I reflect on the good, the bad and the ugly of my *en femme* escapades, with some tips about how to do it and how not to do it. It is good to learn from your mis- takes, but even better to learn from other people's!

I am also extremely lucky that I am small framed – about 5 foot 8 inches tall and 164 pounds, so a size 12, with slim legs and small hands, arms and wrists. I've always liked it when women have commented on some "girlish" aspect of my build or personality. Over the years, I've been told that I "giggle like a girl"; "I

blush like a girl”; I’ve got hands “like a woman’s”; and more than one girlfriend has told me they wished they had my long eyelashes. Once when I was wearing shorts, one woman said she wished she had legs like mine. All these comments were unconnected to me dressing or being dressed, just everyday comments—and yet they mean so much to me as a transvestite.

I am very much a heterosexual transvestite. There is a part of me that does like to be looked at by men when dressed, but only because it the ultimate in knowing I have passed – not just as a woman, but a *desirable* and *attractive* woman. I don’t mind being referred to as a crossdresser, but frankly I hate the modern idiom of “transgender” which is supposed to encompass TVs like me along with those who feel they were born in the wrong bodies and seek sex changes. I often feel the sex-changers now get the lion’s share of the media, while the poor TV, who wishes to be a male but wants to dress occasionally or regularly, is being edged out. Well, I refuse to be edged out. This is my story.

## Chapter One

My early forays into dressing *en femme*, like those of many other transvestites, were simply walks with little or no purpose. I undertook about twenty of them with Nadine, normally around a small, upmarket town about ten miles from where we lived. The ritual was always the same: mid-week, when the neighbours were at work, I would take a day off work and we would go to the small town. Initially, Nadine would drop me off at a carpark and I would walk into town through a park and around a lake. Then I would walk around town before heading back to the car park. After a while she started to drop me at the back of a department store. This was better, as I would





walk through it and onto the street before heading back there to do some shopping and meet Nadine at the back of the shops again.

During the walks, I now know, I was over-dressed and over-made-up. As a result, I was read at least once on every tour of duty. Even so, there were some memorable occasions. Once I passed another TV who was out and about, and we looked at each other in disbelief. Another time I was waiting for Nadine to collect me when a large, black traffic warden passed me and smiled and said "hello." Earlier, some women had passed on the other side of the road and looked at me curiously. The same happened when I crossed the road to the meeting point with Nadine and a woman was getting into her car; I passed close by and she gave me a long look. *Read again*, I thought.

One of my most embarrassing moments was when I slipped on the floor in a department store. Numerous people all around me were watching me drawing attention to myself. All of them, I fear, were reading me at once!

Nevertheless, after a couple of excursions, I built up enough confidence to buy a few bits in the department store. Usually I was read by the assistant who served me, as my voice was so quiet as to be non-existent and all I could do was nod or shake my head when presented with the simple question, "Do you want a bag?"

Even so, I did start doing a small shop each time, and the advent of the self-service till was great in that respect. I also withdrew money from the cash point and on one occasion took something back as I had scanned it twice by mistake. Again the floor manager read me, but we live in TG-friendly times and it was no issue.

In addition, on two occasions I was asked for directions and found it difficult to answer! Once I was hooted at by a van driver; on that occasion I was wearing a long, black leather skirt, and was so surprised I nearly jumped out of my skin. Of course everyone turned and looked at the recipient of the van driver's sexism, and I was probably read again, but it was nice to think some van driver had thought I was a real girl – even if it was just from behind.

On a few occasions, I like to think, I got admiring glances or looks from men. Once a young man in a shop watched me as I went past; another time a black man gave me a long, lingering look as I walked down a path to the high street. However, a bus driver didn't. I had inadvertently crossed the road on "red" and he hooted me – three long beeps which I thought was totally unnecessary and forced me into a skipping run.

The strangest occasion on which I was read was when I crossed a road and saw two women, some way off, looking in my direction and talking about me. What they had seen I will never know, but the giveaway may just have been the walk or the clothes.

Still, the early trips were useful in building up my confidence. By the end of our "shopping period", Nadine would go to a café, we would communicate via text, and then I would wait for her on a side road. Once, though, she came into a department store café. She was waiting for me and, though it was empty, she had chosen a seat right at the back. I found her and went to order a coffee. An older woman and a younger woman served me; the older woman prepared the coffee whilst I paid. The young assistant read me and watched me like a hawk. Later, I went to the toilet and she pretended to be looking at a rail of clothes by the toilet. Such things can be a bit of a

dent to the confidence, but they can't be helped. They happen to all of us, and at least they help you know when you are *not* being read.

## Chapter Two

After about twenty-odd shopping trips, we both realised it was not that satisfying. Apart from the issues mentioned earlier – too much make-up and being over-dressed - I felt I was going through a lot of preparation, a week of not shaving, for maybe an hour's shopping or walking around the shops 'window shopping'. We thought about places where going out well-dressed would be more of an event and I would not stand out from the crowd. That is why we decided on a trip to the theatre.

After many shopping trips, I had at least started to act naturally and *feel* I was a woman, without thinking about people looking at me. Nevertheless, the first time we went to the theatre I was a bag of nerves. It was towards the end of summer and we had chosen some strange, arty play called *A Country Girl* in a large, modern theatre about forty miles from our house. The night before I had shaved my legs and body and on the day, itself, after one week's beard growth, I decided to go to a gentlemen's barber's shop for a proper wet shave with a cut-throat razor, which was great. The barber's shop was some distance from our house, so it was a bit of an ordeal to get there and back, but it worked out well.

When I came home, Nadine painted my nails and, when they were dry, I got dressed. Nadine fastened me into a Velcro waist clincher, I pulled on silky panties and fastened a bra to my chest in which I inserted expensive silicone breast forms. Then I sat on

the bed and pulled on 10 denier black tights with a slight pattern. All day I had been on edge waiting for this moment. Nadine had been out shopping, and I had laid on the sofa watching football on TV prior to going off for my shave. Doubts pounded through my brain: *would I make it? Would I be able to go out dressed as a woman?*

Next, I pulled on an all-in-one black body with a polo neck. This attached under me and gave a lovely shape. Finally, I pulled on a black cotton pencil skirt which Nadine fastened at the back. I sat on the bed and pulled on a pair of black leather boots with a low heel. The last item was a filmy black and white top which we had purchased from a charity shop. These tops proved very good and over the years we have purchased quite a few, the advantage being that the polo tops are thin and cover the neck and arms but the filmy tops gave a feminine air.

Then I sat down on a chair in the second bedroom where Nadine had prepared the make-up materials.

“Let the magic begin,” Nadine said with a confident air as she started to apply foundation. I knew her voice belied her own nervousness. At that time, we were using a theatrical foundation which covered my beard growth (unfortunately I am a hirsute bugger with thick hair). We had purchased it from a theatrical shop in London after having had make-up lesson there. After the foundation, Nadine applied eye shadow and mascara to my eyes, blusher to my cheeks, lipstick and gloss to my lips. Then came the crowning glory, a short blond wig which I pulled into shape and Nadine styled. Apart from jewellery I was ready. Nadine added rings to my fingers and a gold chain to my neck. I stood up and admired myself in the mirror – the black skirt, the knee-length black leather boots, the filmy top over the body. I looked

good. I prepared my large black patent hand bag – tickets; lipstick; brush; tissues; sweets. I took some deep breaths.

“Do you think I will pass?” I asked.

Nadine nodded her head.

“You look good,” she said as she helped me on with my black Mac.

It was Saturday night and beginning to get dark. Nadine did a check outside and then I left the house. The car was facing forwards so it would be easy to drive out. I got in the passenger seat and waited whilst Nadine locked the front door. She got in and we drove off; the usual ritual was for Nadine to drive to a carpark or quiet street where we would swap drivers so I would drive to the theatre (fortunately, I have always been able to drive in heels).

It took about 45 minutes to get to the theatre. Once there, we parked in the large car park which fronted it. I checked my look in the rear-view mirror and took a deep breath. It was time to go. Adrenalin was pumping through my body; my heart beat fast and my hands felt clammy. I knew I had to go through with it – we had put in too much effort to pull out – there was no going back. I could see the large, looming theatre in front of me, the neon sign that proudly announced its presence.

I opened the car door and stepped out into the car park. It was quiet, but I could see cars and shoppers further down the road as it was still early. I felt nervous, apprehensive. I closed the door and we began to walk. I made an uneasy journey to the theatre, watching every step, conscious of cars as I crossed the road, conscious of people around me, possibly looking, possibly glancing.