

A Drag of a Time

By MARK REYNOLDS

"Oh, you look so good in that!"

Just how do you respond to that when you are a guy in a floor length cocktail dress? The best I could muster was a bewildered "Uh... thanks."

Though this was not the first time I've been, shall we say, alternatively attired, it was however, the first time I have been to a party where drag was the theme. I had not come prepared for this particular motif, so I had to ask one of the women there if I could borrow her pantsuit. It proved to be a little snug.

RANDOM CROSS DRESSING TIP #1: Guys, pantsuits are a no-no. Some differences between the sexes can't be handled by make-up.

My next option was to ask another woman for her (very nice) dress, with a rather high slit up the leg. It fit o.k., so I stuffed in my gym socks and was ready to roll.

"You have such a perfect figure for that outfit!"

"Uhhh... thanks."

My first lesson in womanhood was how to stand. Apparently the method I have been using these past two decades was just plain wrong. The key, I was told, was to place your hand lightly on one's oh so slightly out-thrust hip. I worked on this for fifteen minutes with my tutor until she figured out the problem. "You have no hips!"

God knows how I've been walking all this time.

RANDOM CROSS DRESSING TIP #2: Never, and I repeat, NEVER, wear boxer shorts with a slit-leg dress.

"Uh... Mark, your undies are showing man."

Socializing in these situations is problematic. My advice is to not even attempt it.

First of all, dancing. By the time a woman in a suit and a man in a dress figures out who leads, and where the hands go, and stop giggling over each others appearance, the song is over. Also, once you have a few beer in you, and your judgement is clouded and distinguishing just who is the cute

you the details. Which is more than what I did for that poor 50-something guy that walked in on me (it was a public wash-room).

I did get drunk enough to attempt a slow dance with someone. It was going fairly well after we figured out exactly how we were going to



Is Cross Dressing habit forming?

ones becomes risky business.

"Hey man, that girl over there, in the black dress, check her out!"

"Sorry man, that's Mike."AAAAAAH!!!

There were other awkward moments. First was figuring out how, exactly, I was supposed to go to the bathroom in that get-up. I will spare

manage the details. Halfway through, she suddenly turned red and excused herself. I had no idea why, so I found her later and asked. She explained that my socks had dislodged, and fallen on the floor.

"I was dancing on your breasts!"

Really, the things some people get upset about.

The Night I became a Man

By PATRICIA COUSINS

How does a woman of the 90's dress in drag?

It is the question that has plagued many a philosopher. Ok, maybe not famous philosophers, but I am certain that at least one person at the party had taken a philosophy course at some point in time.

Women wear pants all the time, so do men. When a man wants to dress in drag it is quite simple--he dons a dress. When a woman wants to dress in drag she--puts on a suit?

Thanks to my friend Tim, I attired myself in a beige coloured suit. I appreciated the suit, but lets just say Tim and I are of different proportions. I drew on a fake mustache and borrowed some brill cream. I looked like a man, I felt like a man. I sure as hell didn't walk like a man.

Apparently I swing my hips when I walk. Real men I was told don't.

After a few lessons in "male" behaviour I was on my way to wow my fellow party goers in my new found sexual freedom.

I felt awkward as hell. The pants were too big in the waist so they sat on my hips and when I pulled them up, I looked like I was expecting a flood. The jacket was too big. All in all I looked like a child who had gotten into her father's closet and decided to be like daddy.

Appearance aside, I felt different. I found this attitude coming out. I'm not sure if it was the man in me coming out or if it was just me wanting to

show off and get some attention. Either way I was certainly behaving badly.

I admit, I was a sexist pig. I walked around and grabbed the "girls" boobs, (aka sport socks), I even pretended to "adjust" myself.

I hadn't eaten in hours and feeling hungry forced myself upon two people whom I hardly knew.

"Wow, you look so different." I'm thinking--No Kidding. This morning I had a kilt on, now I'm wearing some guys suit.

"Thanks. I think. Say, are you guys gonna eat all that pizza? I'd love a slice."

I would never do that as a woman, unless I knew them. I felt so bold, so daring. Nothing could stop me. I could do anything I wanted.

Well, except for hit on the guy that I liked. I know he is not gay, and probably would have thought I was out of my mind. Maybe I was.

For a few hours one night, I tried to imagine what it is like to be a guy. I tried to understand what they go through, what they think and feel. Three hours in a suit, in a downtown Toronto hotel was probably not where I was going to discover the answers to my questions--but it was a good start.

For anyone considering going drag I have a few words of advice. Just do it.

Hey, you might even like it. I did.

See you out there.