

A TRIP WITH  
**BECKY**



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# A TRIP WITH BECKY

By Mardee Louise Prynne

The voice on the phone was weary. It was hard to place her age but I guessed somewhere between fifty and sixty. This woman with no family was calling me at the suggestion of her attorney. She was in need of an expert appraiser and private dealer who would be ethical enough to protect her interests and not take advantage of her lack of sophistication in disposing of esoteric collections. I had no interest in taking on this job unless I was certain there was enough involved cover my time.

“Why did your lawyer ask you to call me rather than calling himself?”

“I really don’t know why she didn’t call. I thought she seemed embarrassed, awkward at the thought of calling you. It was only when she found out that you have such an honest reputation that she asked me to call. Wait. That isn’t quite the whole story. She said you’ve always been interested in the unusual and of all the art appraisers who are also private dealers you would be the one most likely to know the value of such special collections and where the markets are to be found.”

My curiosity was piqued for several reasons. One was that back in the fifties a woman lawyer was still a rarity and I couldn’t begin to guess why this one asked her client to call me instead of doing it herself. What puzzled me even more was that this woman lawyer either knew or had guessed about my own interest in what were and, in a lot of places, still are considered very unusual life styles.

“And your attorney is?”

“Theresa Brandt.”

I felt as if I were on elevator that suddenly started its descent at high speed. Theresa Brandt was a girl I had spent an awful lot of time with grammar school and high school. It would have been hard to pigeon hole our relationship. We approached ‘intimacy’ but never went ‘all the way.’ We were both fascinated by anthropology, and by the ideas and writings of Freud and his colleagues in The Vienna Psychoanalytic Society. This led us to some pretty open conversations about our deepest fantasies by

which we really meant our secret hopes. That's how Theresa Brandt, Esq. guessed that I might be the only one in my trade to have the skills and contacts to help this woman. Yeah, go ahead and say it. It's a small world.

"I see. That explains a lot. I may be able to work with you and Miss Brandt on this project. First I'll need your name, address and phone number. I've not spoken with Miss Brandt in a very long time. Can you give me her office number?"

"Surely. My name is Marcy or more formally Marcia Kirkwood." She went on to give me an address in Boston.

It turned out that Terry had migrated north from New York to Boston. I was certain that I would find get the whole story from Terri when we hooked up. Terri might also be able to tell me how more about Miss Marcy Kirkwood and how she came to be in possession of this collection. This wouldn't constitute a violation of attorney/client confidentiality as provenance would be an element in authenticating, appraising, and finding a buyer for Miss Kirkwood's mysterious collection. "Yes, I'll be in touch with Miss Brandt. I promise to call her office first thing in the morning... Yes; I'm looking forward to meeting you, too, Miss Kirkwood."

The papers on my desk were more immediate than my recollections of Theresa Brandt. I was closing the business and taking a position teaching art history at a small college in Maine. It would allow me to do consulting work and still broker a few sales now and then. If things worked out to my satisfaction I would continue on at Bardwin while commuting to Boston to work on a Ph. D. which would allow me to live the academic life Terri and I talked about in high school.

Funny how things play out. Terri could have studied anything at any school with her brains, stick-to-it style, and her family's resources. I was lucky that I could put enough money together to live on while attending a municipal college. Now I have a chance at a second career and a chance to hook up with Terri. Yeah, it is funny how things play out.

I went back to my apartment after picking up some dinner on the way. I dug out my high school yearbook and leafed through it pausing now and then to remember some real or imagined crushes, crushes that often went unrequited on one side or the other. With some Oscar Peterson on the hi-fi, I sipped and wondered how I got to where I am so quickly. Banking a fair amount of money, enough to allow me to try the academic life far from New York was an advantage not everyone had at age thirty. Lots of lovers but no one to share my life with was less of an advantage.

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"Miss Brandt, please. This is Michael Molton."

"Oh, yes Mr. Molton. She asked that I put you through to her."

“Michael, love! There’s so much to catch up on. Rarely a day has gone by that I haven’t thought about you. We’ll spend some time together when you get up here...I am most definitely not using Marcia Kirkwood as bait to get you up here. Unless you’ve changed, you’ll love going over what she has. Personally, she and you in a business relationship might give me reasons to be jealous. But all that aside, I have no doubt that if I just invited you up here for a weekend, you would manage it.”

“No games, I still would do anything for you.”

“Then get up here as soon as you can. I’ll lay everything out for you but not over the phone. No excuses. I know that you’ll soon be on your way to take a job at Bardwin.”

“No argument about that, counselor. You must have some great sources.”

“I do need you to do one thing for me on the way up. I have this cousin, Becky; you do remember Becky. Well, Becky has an offer to interview and audition for a staff position in a summer dance program near Bardwin. Becky’s a great dancer but was always sheltered and over protected. Travelling alone by train would be a nightmare. If I came and did the driving, Becky would see me as a family spy.”

“But you never had any girl cousin back when we were in high school.”

“I never said Becky’s a girl. You haven’t forgotten Becton or have you?”

That hit me hard. Becton was a skinny, effeminate kid with good looks, too good for a boy, and loads of talent. The problem was that his kind of good looks made people react to him as a girl. Some of the guys around the neighborhood harassed him mercilessly just to prove to themselves their masculinity wasn’t threatened by Becton’s prettiness. I could relate to why they felt threatened because I had something resembling a crush on the kid. Both Terri and I defended him and often shook up some of the punks who crossed the line in teasing Becton. Yes, Terri was, despite being an attractive girl, a good fighter.

Becky’s family had since moved out of the old neighborhood to an artier, more sophisticated part of the city where Becton’s looks and mannerisms would be, if not accepted, at least tolerated.

At Terri’s behest I phoned Becton. Somehow I couldn’t bring myself to call this kid “Becky.” Maybe using the decidedly feminine nickname was as much a threat to my masculinity as Becton’s very existence was to the punks back in high school.

“Becton, please. This is Michael Molton.”

“Well, hello Michael. This is Becky. I was hoping you might recognize my voice.”

Another shocker! The voice might have been Becton’s or it might have been that of a playful, young woman with a touch of elegance and whose

voice bore a faint resemblance to Becton's. If I didn't know better the image in my head would have been that of girl in a dress with a small waist and a full skirt, black patent opera pumps and a wide brimmed hat.

Before I could get down to the purpose of my call, Becton began chatting about how supportive Terri and I had been and how much my approval meant. It was good to know that Becton wasn't about to distort too much of what had happened back when Terri and I were in high school and Becton was finishing grammar school. He may have turned out to be the queer so many kids thought he was but Becton was all right in my book.

Becton's chatter was peppered with words like neat, keen, corny, kiddo, luscious, and drip to name but a few. These were words used mostly by girls and almost never by guys, at least not in the way Becton was using them. It seemed ordinary and unaffected for Becton to be using them especially given the timbre of his voice. I don't know at what point in the conversation I first called him Becky but I did it without thought. That led to silence on Becky's end of the line. I swallowed hard wondering if I crossed a line or had given the impression I was teasing Becton.

"Becky, are you still there?" (Shit! I did it again. Called her, him Becky, I thought to myself.)

"Yes, I'm still here. I was just taken aback by what you just called me."

I didn't give her a chance to finish her thought but broke right in. "I didn't mean any offense. Honestly, I didn't. It just came out because it seemed so natural to call you that."

"Michael, get a hold of yourself. Of course you meant no offense. So many people call me Becky these days. I'm delighted, thrilled really that you fell right into it. I just hope Teri didn't prompt you to call me Becky because then it wouldn't be important."

"Sweetie, in no way did Terri influence me to call you Becky."

When I dialed Becky's number my plan had been to let her know that I would drive her as far as Boston where she could wait while I worked with Terri's client or she could go on ahead to the dance audition and that I would call to arrange a time and day to meet her when I knew exactly when I would be leaving.

Becky had other thoughts. He invited me to stop by her place so I could get used to the grownup Becton. To my surprise, I heard myself enthusiastically accepting. I was more than anxious to meet with Becky and to study the changes in the fearful boy who was now coming across on the phone sounding like an enticing young woman.

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That Sunday I made my way to Becky's place which turned out to be a ground floor apartment at the back of her parent's surprisingly posh Federal period townhouse.



The door opened but whoever opened it was standing behind the door so all I could see was the hand that held the edge of the door. The skin was soft with longish graceful fingers that ended in tastefully long, well-manicured nails polished in a soft coral pink. No question that they were the hands of a woman.

Was this a setup in which Becky was going to impress me with his success in having a live-in girlfriend?

I stepped in as asked to by the voice from behind the door. At that instant I knew the hand belonged to Becky. She stepped from behind the door and all but floored me. She, and make no mistake, there was nothing about this being that communicated any other quality than the feminine, was adorable without being cutesy.

She stepped out of the entrance foyer and into a sitting room. I paused still dumbfounded by this apparition of confident female desirability that was so recently a poorly adjusted boy. She stepped back toward me, caught me by the wrist and smiling, pulled me into the sitting room.

She turned slowly with her hands on her hips. As she turned she extended her arms out and upward as if offering herself for approval. She wore a light blue blouse with the collar turned up. A wide cinch belt emphasized her tiny waist as did the gray petticoated skirt. I couldn't help but notice her finely chiseled ankles made all the more superb by her t-strap heels; ankles which led to the full sculpted calves of trained dancer. Her smoothly fitting stockings added to the allure of those exquisite legs

Her chestnut brown hair was worn short and brushed to a luster worthy of a shampoo advertisement. A modicum of lipstick was all she needed along with a touch of rouge. A judicious application of eye shadow and liner subtly called attention to her large dark almond shaped eyes.

The tiny emerald stud earrings told me that Becky's ears were pieced, something all but unheard of in boys and men back then. Then again, Becton had undergone a transformation, a recreation into Becky. This was no boy. Even if Becky still had a fully functional penis, Becky was pure girl.

My reveries created by Becky ended when she stepped in front of me, looked up into my face. As we made eye-contact she spoke softly, "Don't you like my new look?"

"I do," was all I could manage to get out.

"Then say 'hi' like you're really glad to see me, to see me like this."

She reached up and put her arms around my neck and closed her eyes. I put my arms around her and hugged her to me as her moist lips met my mine.

"I had such a wild crush on you when I was a kid in grammar school and you were this man of the world totally unattainable high school senior. Besides that I thought you and Terri were meant for each other. Oh, yes. I was terrified you'd hate me if you knew how I felt about you."

"Becky, I could never have hated you. You see I kind of liked you, too."

"Then kiss me again, for old times' sake."



It was a longer kiss this time as my hands slipped to her bottom. I pressed her closer to me. Becky broke the kiss.

“Michael, we had better stop now. If we go too far too fast, I know you’ll never forgive me.”

She looked down with sadness, perhaps at knowing her desires might never be fulfilled. After a moment or so she looked up at me with a warm smile.

“I really wanted to make a Sunday brunch for you but I’m afraid to be alone with you in case we both give in our urges. Do you mind if we go out for brunch and then go to a museum or a park at least until our ardor cools? Or maybe you don’t want to be seen in public with a freak like me.”

“Becky, sweetie, you’re no freak. I would be proud to be seen with you anytime, anyplace. Let’s go out for lunch and then walk where we can be seen together. I want all the men to envy me and all the ladies to say what a good looking couple we make.”

She stepped out of the room to get her wrap which turned out to be the then popular off white raincoat with a plaid lining. I took it from her and helped her into it. She opened the front hall closet and took out a beret which she perched jauntily on her head as she glanced quickly at a mirror. Screwing up her mouth, she took off the beret and stuffed it into the pocket of her raincoat. A quick dive into the closet produced a leather shoulder bag scarcely large enough to hold her wallet, keys, compact and lipstick. I opened the front door for her, held it as she stepped into the alley way that led from her door to the street. She looked up and smiled appreciatively in a way that melted my heart and sent a tingle through my groin. I was further rewarded when Becky slipped her arm through mine. It was easy to forget that this lovely creature on my arm had a dick in her panties.

We ate at a genteel old Brooklyn restaurant near the park entrance. It was elegant, conservative and weighted down by custom and tradition. It wasn’t easy to turn heads considering the stodgy outlook of the regulars. Becky made it seem easy. As we were being shown to our table, a number of women were heard to remark on Becky’s looks. I felt good all over, like a kid who realizes he’s out on date with the campus queen. Only in this time it was a very different but no less beautiful, no less desirable queen. The one kicker was that she had made it clear that we had to wait, to be sure of what I wanted before we even thought of intimacy. We ate leisurely, sipped coffee and decided to go to the nearby museum.

Both of us were quite familiar with the permanent exhibitions so we started by viewing a visiting exhibition of old musical instruments. The exhibit was set up as if the musician at Versailles in its heyday were on a break. The walls were decorated with photo panels of the ballrooms of French chateaus. The effect was further enhanced by piped in recorded

music some ancient, some modern impressions of that era, pieces like Respighi's Ancient Airs and Dances and Stravinsky's Pulcinella Suite.

We held hands as we read the cards describing each instrument, its range and how it was used. I shivered in hopeful anticipation as Becky took my hand in hers and pressed it gently. She stepped in front of me and curtsied. I bowed to her as she rose from her curtsy and began an improvised minuet like dance. It was evident she was at least as good a dancer as Terri had claimed. The movement ended and a more frenetic section of the work began.

"You better sit this one out," she said with a mischievous smile on her face as she pointed to the edge of the low platform on which some of the instruments were displayed. I nodded and sat knowing that I would have a great perspective on any leg she would display as she danced. Judging from the twinkle in her eyes, Becky knew it too.

She slipped off her shoes and handed them to me. Becky exploded with a leap that betrayed the enormous power in her lithe body. Her movements were graceful, polished as befits a trained dancer yet she expressed an underlying primitive sexual energy that had me even more enthralled by this fey being had been an ineffectual boy on whom Terri and I kept a protective eye.

Despite Becky's sometimes wild movements, she managed to keep her skirt and petticoat well below her stocking tops. "Oh, my gosh!" she exclaimed as she slid to a halt on front of me. "If a guard came in and saw you sitting on the edge of an exhibit and me dancing like a madwoman..." I held out her shoes to her. "Thanks. Sorry to disappointment you. I really did want you see how great my legs have become but I wanted to build up to it."

"Becky, you're no disappointment. Not now, not ever."

Becky had discreetly raised her skirt to adjust her petticoat, an act which did allow a brief glimpse of her stocking tops.

The rest of the afternoon at the museum was blurred into insignificance after having seen Becky's technical skill and incredible sexuality as a dancer.

As we left the museum at the street level entrance Becky paused and looked up at me in that innocent way that had so captivated me earlier. "I want to thank you for brunch and for a fun afternoon." With that she kissed me softly on the lips but quickly drew back. She put her index finger on my lips to prevent me from saying even a single word. There was a trace of sadness in her eyes that suggested there was more she wanted to say and more she wanted to hear from me but somehow I knew she feared the aftermath.