**Interview with Tami Smithers
part 1**by Donnylaja

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**My Interview with the Professor by Stephanie Weingarten**

The first notes I have are from my walk-in to her Fabrics and Materials class. My visitor's tag was waiting, and I was soon wandering the elegant but functional halls. As befit (I have to avoid these unintended puns) the most prestigious fashion institute in the country, the walls were very pleasing to the eye, with watercolors of past award-winning designs, meant to impress but not overwhelm.

It being the middle of a class hour, there was hardly anyone in the halls. I could hear my heels clicking on the hard tile as I curiously, but not too quickly, made my way to Room 125, the classroom which, I was told, was specially constructed for her use.

105, 107, 109 . . . through the doors I could hear the sing-song of accomplished professors teaching serious-minded grad students. Kind of like my j-school. The stereotype of fashion industry people as ditzy or superficial is just not true. I glanced at the students through the windows on the doors. Again, a preconception overturned. No fashion plates. Well, maybe a couple. But these kids -- kids?? they're only three or four years younger than me! -- were dressed like ordinary college kids, in fact a bit on the grungy side. Sweatshirts, jeans, sneakers, boots. Some shorts. Appropriate, on this warmish day in May. Finally, a day in the 70's! I was getting tired of this cold, wet spring.

Now on to Room 125. The door was near the rear of the room. I peered in on the students in the back. More sweatshirts than usual, in fact they seemed to be dressed as if expecting the room to be cold.

Now my hopefully discreet entrance. I closed the door behind me and slid into a chair at the very back, as the amplified voice spoke about shirring. Or I think that's what it was. I'm no clothing expert.

It was a pretty big classroom, with maybe forty students. All industriously scribbling or texting notes as the professor spoke. She was in a glass enclosure at the front, behind a little podium. I had been told what to expect but the scene was unreal just the same. The sticklike podium hid none of her totally naked, hairless body, pale and bluelike in the pallor of the fluorescent light over her. The borders of the glass were encrusted with frost and her breath came out in thick clouds as she spoke, as thick as old-time cigarette smoke.

"You s - see on the overhead the styles of shirring th - that are c - current..."

The students impassively glanced up at the LCD screen to one side of the glass enclosure, showing a diagram with lines and arrows that were indecipherable to me. I quickly re-fastened my gaze on the professor.

Her hairlessness made her look like a freak, an alien. She was not sickly, that's for sure. Her arms and legs were lightly but noticeably muscled. She seemed tall but then I looked down and saw that she was standing on a kind of raised metal grating, her reddish bare toes curling over the front as if to grasp it. I looked up her slightly spread legs to the shaved pubic lips. Even from the back of the room, her pink clit was visible, sticking straight out in the freezing air. Her nipples were big and brown and hard. Quite long too, judging from the ghostly fluorescent shadows they threw down her breasts.

Freezing air? Obviously sub-freezing, judging from the frost on the glass. Her allergy requires her to be in such a controlled environment. I told myself: She must be used to it.

Well, actually she isn't. "C - can you see this?" The nodding of students. "Th - then on to the next one." It's not stuttering, it's shivering. As my eyes adjusted I detected goose bumps on her arms and thighs. And the slight quivering of the hands as she turned the pages of her notes on the little stand in front of her.

Fortunately the sound system was excellent and everyone could hear her quivering voice clearly. I looked at the clock. It's been half an hour she's been in that transparent freezer. Despite her strength and toughness it must be chilling her to the bone. Her toes grasped and ungrasped the icy metal grate, as if to get some feeling back.

Now a student raised his hand and the professor answered it. A little joke. Chuckles. Teaching classes like this was something she liked to do. It was her life. The minutes went by as I took in this strange but everyday scene, warm and clothed students learning about clothing design from their freezing naked professor.

As the minutes ran down her shivering got more violent. It was harder for her to get the words out as her teeth chattered. I noticed her skin was now purplish, even her bald scalp, upon which the heatless fluorescent light shone dimly, like the Sun uselessly scattering its weak, faraway light on the planet Pluto. I was getting upset again but the students seemed totally oblivious.

"You s - s - see the s - samples f - from my c - c - current project . . ." The clouds of condensation came from her mouth more raggedly now in tune with her attempts at speech. The students opened up little pouches that were on their desks. "Oooooo . . . " said a few of them as the dark, furry material caressed their hands.

The professor, shaking even more violently now, said through chattering teeth, "Using n - n - nitrogen c - compound allows m -m - more --" Her shaking knocked a page off her stand and she bent down on shuddering legs to retrieve it. "S - s - sorry.... C - c - compound allows m - more w - w - arm - m - th - th."

"What did she say?" a girl in a fake-fur jacket whispered.

"'Warmth'," the girl next to her said.

"What?"

"'WARMTH!'" the second girl said impatiently. I got the feeling that she considered the first girl to be a little slow.

I shook my head at how indifferent the students were to what their professor must be feeling. They waited on every word to lurch out from the professor's blue lips as if she had a speech impediment that they were polite enough to pretend not to notice. Well, for them it really was nothing unusual. This scene might be upsetting to me but for them it was just another day of this class.

The professor looked up at the clock and said. "We'll s - stop here for t - today. Rememb - b - ber, F - fashion C - club meeting at m - my house t - tomorrow night." She raised a shaky finger. "F - f - free c - c - coffee!" A smile and some amused grunts. Must be an in-joke.

I got up and made my way to the front, fighting the wave of students who were heading out the rear. As I got to the glass enclosure I noticed for the first time a little booth-like section to the side, at the bottom of which was a kind of uphill treadmill, shiny metal with little raised holes. The professor gathered her papers and stepped onto it, flung a lever, and glass (actually it must have been hard clear plastic) came down behind her, missing her trim bare butt cheeks by only a couple of inches. A smooth, well-practiced motion. In a moment she was in the booth and it was moving toward me. She had seen me from the first. Another thing I had been told about, her almost extra-sensory perception, through her cold hard nipples.

I got an uneasy feeling, seeing this huge glass booth approach me, but I was reassured by her blue-lipped smile. "H - how are you? You must be Stephanie?" She placed her papers in a little well to her side and nodded as she stretched her hands up to push up against two bars on each side, above her head.

I tried not to be distracted by this position, which made her full breasts stick out and made a hollow concavity of her stomach. "Yes, thank you for taking the time -- "

She waved her hand with a dismissive grin then put it back up on the bar. "L - let's go to my office."

I walked beside her uncertainly as she proceeded in her movable booth. It fascinated me so much I almost forgot to watch my own step. The booth was about seven feet high, with a metal capsule on top that must be a refrigeration device. It whirred quietly. Looking down I saw the professor's toned legs, slightly separated, pushing down, one then the other. Further below, her broad feet, with widely-spaced toes, gripped and pulled down the metallic ramp, as if she were walking uphill. Step after step, as her hands pushed up on the bars above so she could exert more force downward. It must take some effort to move this thing on its unseen wheels.

Her body was magnificent. That's the only word for it, despite the total hairlessness. She didn't even have eyebrows. But with her arms up like that, one could see every little bit of her nakedness. Her well-muscled arms, her narrow waist, her bolt upright frame . . . the envy of any woman, despite her handicap. I wondered what she looked like from behind and couldn't help myself, deliberately lagging so that I could see those tight butt cheeks flex and unflex with her treadmill-like motions.

Catching up, I looked down at the metal ramp, flexible enough to pass over the rollers yet strong. The little holes were actually raised, like a cheese grater, for better traction. My tender soles would be cut to ribbons. But of course her feet were tough from years of going barefoot.

A student stopped her. She looked very young. "Professor!" she squeaked. "I love these new boots of yours! They're so soft and warm!!" She motioned down to her red-clad feet, pointing the toes just so as if showing them off on a runway.

I stole a quick glance at the professor's purplish bare feet on the freezing, pointy track, then looked up at her face. She smiled, shivering a bit. "Th - thank you," she said, her breath coming out in thick clouds.

We continued down this hall and turned onto another. To my relief her shivering stopped. The goose bumps seemed to subside. The exertion of pushing this booth was heating her up, a bit.

Everyone said hi as they passed. Her arms up to her sides, her feet pressing down, her breasts wobbling tightly with her steps, she nodded hello. Now, an alcove with a door with her name on it, in big, colorful, construction-paper-fourth-grade-class-project letters that seemed out of place here.

She motioned to jackets hanging on hooks on the wall. I wrapped myself in one and followed her through the door. Her office was like a big refrigerator. No, not that bad. A lot cooler than room temperature, but not freezing. In another well-practiced motion the professor stepped off the little treadmill, opened the back of her booth, and stepped her bare feet into the same air I was in. I felt the subfreezing air dissipate from the booth, making me shiver despite my being fully clothed and with the extra jacket on.

"Now we can say hi properly," she said, with a big smile. "Tami Smithers."

"Hi," I said, clasping her cold, strong hand, making sure my jacket sleeve was pulled back past my wrist. "Stephanie Weingarten, from the Institute."

Before I could say anything else she said, "Give me a minute. Have a seat." And then she padded across the room and walked into what looked like a bathroom, though strangely there was no door. She moved out of eyeshot and I heard running water.

So I sat down, next to her desk, hugging myself with my jacketed arms. I looked down. It was a strange floor, metal plating or something like that.

The office was cluttered, and pretty big. What caught my attention first was a kind of universal gym off to the right, past where she had parked her booth. To my left were posters over all the walls, mostly from fashion shows. Then I observed her desk.

There was a strange metallic swivel chair, facing away from me. The desk was huge and filled with disorganized stuff -- papers, pens, little geometric figures made with magnetic sticks, a monitor. But no computer keyboard. I looked down and saw it on the floor -- one of the new ergonomic models, in two parts. A mouse down there too. With a pencil next to it.

I looked at the row of pictures on the wall. The professor with her husband, a kind of hunky black man in uniform. An old, frail man hugging his bald daughter, the photo cropped at the bare shoulders. An old photo, obviously that man's wedding picture, in 1970's clothes, complete with blue ruffled shirt. Hideous fashions; they would probably be banned in this place. The bride reappeared in a newer photo, now much older, in a cap and gown, proudly wielding a diploma. And a recent "official Army" photo of a young soldier, standing next to the flag.

The more arresting photos were along the desk shelf. Here was the smiling naked professor next to a horse, on some kind of high mountain plain: two beautiful naked animals, out in nature. In another picture she was on a beach, on spread knees, happily bending over as she built a sand castle. Her butt was partly to the camera and the sun hit her back, her butt, the sandy soles of her feet. Her anus was squinting in the sun, nakedly visible. The beach seemed inconsistent with her allergy, until I noticed the people in the background strolling along the surf. In heavy coats and boots. Crusts of ice defined the high tide mark. It was winter, and the outflung hair of one of the female strollers showed the wind was blowing strongly. But the prof was happy, playing in the sand like a child, and it was quite an accomplished castle.

Another photo: the prof in a line of equally bald young women, all smiling dazzling fashion-model smiles. Again, the photo was cropped at their bare shoulders, and one could see the others were actually wearing skin caps, except for one whose scalp had a shadow of recently shaved hair. Evidently a party or celebration in the prof's honor, the models "going bald" in solidarity with their designer.

Further photos, of a pretty black woman with short hair, of a Hispanic-looking woman, apparently cropped to leave out a huge bust, and a somewhat chunky blonde woman who had that "war widow" look about her. And one of those photos of the World Trade Center given to those who lost friends or family there on that terrible day so long ago, the worldwide menace we are still fighting. The WTC photo had two smaller photos in it, of a young woman and a young man, I imagine smiling out from long-ago undergraduate days in which they were now permanently preserved in the minds of all who knew them.

Now the sound of a toilet flush, and the prof jaunted out from the bathroom, happy no doubt to be out of that freezer booth, into a room that was simply chilly. I hugged my jacket to me more tightly as I saw her bare feet slap on the metal floor. I glanced at the little thermostat on the wall. 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

The room was suddenly filled with the smell of coconuts, like coconut hand lotion. She stretched absently as if to warm up her limbs. Her bare pussy was practically in my face, the famous clit big and longish, sticking out. Then grasping her bare heel and hefting it way, way up on the wall, over her head, and then bringing it down and extending the other foot just as high. Her anus, not three feet away from me, seemed to wink at me between the split butt cheeks. This was not showing off, of course. She was simply limbering up her cold, stiff body. She'd been forced to go totally naked almost half her life. Any sense of shame must have been burned out of her long ago.

How she gets around naked, without being gawked at and bothered about it, is a well-known tale. Unauthorized photos started appearing on the internet, and then once in the press. Wanda Percival, a lawyer and an old friend of hers, brought suit for invasion of privacy. It went all the way up to the state supreme court, though in Rhode Island that's not a long way to go. The court held that because she was not naked by choice, she was not a "public figure", and anyone who posted photos could be sued for invasion of privacy. Whereupon the photos quickly were taken down. And stayed down, thanks to the vigilance of Wanda Percival and the hundreds of people who reported to her.

"Let me say," I began, "how honored I am to interview Tami Beet -- oh sorry -- "

She laughed. "It's O.K., you can call me Tami Beethoven. I'm used to it."

That, I did not know. Then I looked her up and down. "You have a wonderful body," I blubbered. Damn! I'd promised myself I wouldn't say something like that. But faced with such pulchritude, it just popped out of me.

She smiled. It was a happy smile that made me smile too, the crinkles on the sides of her eyes, the slight forward motion of her scalp as her eyebrows -- or what would be her eyebrows -- rose up. "Thanks." She looked down at herself, then lifted her breasts as if to talk to them. Not that lifting them was necessary. Amazingly, they hardly sagged at all, despite years of bouncing around without a bra. The areolas were big and dark, the nipples seemingly always hard, not surprising since all they knew was cold air. "I'm getting big titties in my old age," she said playfully to her breasts, jiggling them slightly. If I had been a guy I'd probably find this sight too much to take. "I'd be a 34 D now. No, double-D."

She spun around the metallic chair and my jaw dropped. Jutting up from it were two big dildos, and a smaller protrusion in front that looked like a crooked finger with a little pad on it. She noticed my surprise, and elucidated, giving me a head start on the questions she knew would follow. "That's what I sit on, when I come out of that ice box."

"Those -- things -- actually go inside you??" Despite the coldness in the room I absently let the jacket fall from my shoulders. I had been told about the dildos, but not about the size. They were huge, bigger and wider than any porn star's penis. The front one had a little protrusion about halfway up -- to stimulate her "G spot".

She casually pressed a button on the back of the chair. The dildos vibrated and rotated in little circles, as if doing a little dance with each other. It was comical. I couldn't help but laugh, then apologized. "Sorry."

"No that's O.K. They are kind of funny like that." She turned the machine off and then dabbed a little jelly on each huge knob, then arched her back and eased herself down. I cringed and squeezed my legs together, clenching my own butt cheeks. From her pained expression it seemed like it was not easy, even now, for her to take those things into her pussy and rectum. She turned and squirmed and squeezed her eyes shut. Finally, with an exhale, she "hit bottom". Then adjusted the pad of the crooked finger so that it pressed against her clit.

I wondered how she could take all that into her. After years of this she must be all "stretched out" by now. Yet when I saw her pussy and anus a moment ago they looked normal, small and tight.

"At this temperature I have to keep my endorphins up," she explained. She turned the knob underneath. There was a faint hum.

She faced me, waiting for me to speak. I resolved to be undistracted by the slight twitches of her thighs and decided to get the basic stuff out of the way first. "How long can you be in -- this temperature -- without, uh, stimulation?"

"You mean at ten degrees Celsius? It's stabilized at about ten minutes. Ohhh . . ."

The dildos were having an effect almost immediately. "Do you want me to go?"

She almost appeared offended. "Of course not. T - take your time. I know your report will be confidential, so ask anything you -- want."

"I, uh . . ." I tried not to break eye contact but it was tough. Her "eyebrows" twitched and bounced around, her eyes popped out at me, her teeth gritted. "Zhhh . . . ohhhhh . . . Ohhhh. . ."

I'd never looked someone in the eye during orgasm before. She wanted me to ask my next question but I just couldn't. "Uh . . . have you . . . uh . . ."

While I stammered like an idiot her body quaked and bounced around to the extent it could on its anchor of dildos. Her eyes bulged out at me, still waiting for me to speak. After the last, irregular spasm she put her head down to catch her breath. "S -sorry . . . The first one is always the strongest . . . ohhh . . ." She sat up straight to face me again. After an orgasm like that I'd be wiped out. But of course I had been advised of her capacity.

"And the . . . booth you live in . . .?" I glanced over to the moveable glass ice-box thing.

"Minus ten degrees Celsius," she said, looking over to it. "It's a wonder of engineering, isn't it? Made by an old friend of mine. Without endorphins, that's the maximum temperature that d - doesn't trigger my allergy."

Her allergy, I'd heard, was extreme. An "anaphylactic reaction", not pleasant to look at, probably fatal if it went on for more than a few minutes. "What about hypothermia?"

"I'm aware of the signs. I stay ahead of it."

This time I was better at ignoring the ascent to orgasm, the heavy, ragged breaths, the slight flush along the tops of her large breasts. "Aside from warmth, what are you allergic to?"

"Well not always warmth. I'm not allergic to skin, or tongues, thank goodness. Or if the warmth is created by my own body, like when I exercise." She nodded to the equipment on the far side of the room. "I go on that for an hour each day -- ohhh . . . But I can't touch anything porous, or fabricky. Or hair. I get shaved by my friends every other day. They use razors and a special cold depilatory cream."

"Your whole body?"

"Yes. They put me up on a special x-shaped frame one of them designed." A big smile, interrupted by a shudder from below. "I have a lot of very, very good friends. I'm one lucky girlllll. Zhhh!" She shuddered all over. "Sorry.

"And stainless steel gives me no trouble," she said, tapping her chair with a cold metallic thud. I looked around quickly. The chair, the floor . . . all stainless steel. "Other kinds of metal, are O.K. too. Glass is O.K. Hard plastic, I can -- unhh -- deal with. Below mmmm - minus ten Celsius, I have more tolerance. And if it's way cold, I can touch almost anything except fabric. That's about it -- ohhhh!"

This last moan came with a full-body shudder. As she kept her gaze on me she launched into her second orgasm in as many minutes. A quieter affair than the first one.

"It must be hard to get around, having to avoid different, uh, surfaces," I observed.

"I can 'wear' these," she said, pointing up with her toes at what looked like thin shoe inserts hung on a nail in the wall. "They're metal sheets I put on my soles, made to adhere to them. I don't like using them though. They feel icky, like I've stepped in some dried sticky stuff." I could imagine.

"Don't you ever catch a cold?"

"No. Never," she said, proudly. She extended her arms out to flex her muscles, which were lithe but well-defined. "Healthy as a horse." Once again I was amazed at her well-toned tummy, still concave despite the bulk of those rotating, vibrating dildos inside. They were so long they must extend way up past her navel. Once again her bald scalp and "eyebrows" crinkled with a smile that was playful and half-deprecating, as if she were amused by her predicament.

I clutched the jacket around me again and shivered, wishing I had gloves as my stiffened fingers continued texting notes onto my handheld. I looked outside, through the double-paned windows, to the flowering plants and the sunlit May grass, and was about to comment on the warm weather but I stopped myself.

The phone rang. "Smithers," she said pleasantly. Then her features darkened. "No, I don't think it's a good idea. . .Well, I told you. . ."

End of part 1