

vestri pen0r quod vos

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A scene from a 1984 35mm straight porn movie called *L'Amour* goes like this: in a neon-drenched bar which gives the film immediate value as a historical piece, straight male porn legend Harry Reems asks straight male porn demigod Jamie Gillis why women can't be more like men. It really makes no sense except to telegraph the inevitable punchline. A couple of girls identified in the credits as Ivory Essex and Rachel Whitney throw themselves at the boys—duh, it's porn--and fellatio follows.

Jamie and Rachel fuck as Ivory continues to blow Harry. After a money shot in which Jamie ruins Rachel's perfectly nice black gloves, Ivory stands in front of Harry, lifts her skirt to reveal a Dirk Diggler-esque penis, and says: "And now, boys, we're going to have some real fun." Harry says: "Oh, no we aren't!" He and Jamie then rush out of the room, their pants literally around their ankles but their heteromascularity intact. Ivory laughs as calls them chicken as they run away. Power, sister! Joke 'em if they can't take a fuck!

I encountered the clip on a tranny porn compilation tape in the mid-nineties with the painfully unimaginative name of *The Best of Both Worlds*. The scene felt like the artifact that it was; the rest of the tape was more recent, plotless shot-on-video scenes in which the tranny got to do more than just suck off the man, and the man didn't run away in the grip of homosexual panic.

In most "reveal" scenes, the guy uses every acting skill he has in an attempt to appear surprised. He usually looks like he's found a bug in his food, calls it extra protein, and keeps eating. The scene in *L'Amour* was significantly different in that it showed the fear generated by "chicks with dicks." I suspect it represented the way most straight bio-men felt, and still feel.

I never saw a porn movie in which the tranny was hurt or killed as a result of her secret being revealed. It happened on more than one occasion in “respectable” mainstream movies, such as *The Crying Game*, in which the much-hyped reveal scene is followed by the ostensible hero giving the tranny a bloody nose then retching for a minute straight. All things considered, I’ll take being fetishized as a sex object instead of being assaulted or killed as an unnatural freak.

As might be obvious by now, tranny porn is my favorite kind. The reason is simple: representation. In it, I can actually see people who look like myself. My heart and soul are female, but it’s not how I was born—I’m aware that I look more like tranny porn star Joanna Jet than genetic female porn star Jenna Jameson. I think Joanna’s prettier anyway.

Growing up, empirical evidence suggested I was a boy because everyone told me I was a boy, that I was the youngest of four boys, that I had three brothers who were boys just like me except older. Not that it was drilled into my head *per se*; it was just how things were, and I didn’t have any sisters around for comparison’s sake.

I also knew deep down from a young age that the boy thing wasn’t really right for me, but I didn’t have the language to express it, and movies and teevee taught me that boys who wanted to be girls were not received very well. In any event, my penis never really entered into the equation. Its primary *raison d’etre* was piddling and the occasional ill-timed boner, usually when I had to stand up in class. Otherwise, it was just kinda there.

Melodramatic reveal scenes notwithstanding, what tranny porn taught me as a deeply closeted teenager was that a girl with a dick could be just as sexy and hot as genetic girls. (It’s sensationalized, but, duh, it’s porn.) I looked like a gawky,

schlumpy boy, and I didn't find the temerity to transition until my mid-twenties, but tranny porn stars were always among my heroes.

The typical scene went like this: the guy and tranny flirt, perhaps kiss some. Even though she was kissing a boy, that was often the hottest part for me, the simple face to face intimacy. She then sucks his dick, and he might fondle her breasts. (Horribly fake breasts, but duh, it's porn. At least the trannies have an excuse to have obviously fake breasts.) Her panties are pulled down, revealing her dick. He then fucks her in the ass, pulls out, and jorm issues from his penis onto her face and/or her body. The end.

Very rarely would the boy suck her dick, and even rarer still would the boy get fucked by the tranny, either with a toy or her own biological equipment. More often, though, her dick is unused, pendulumming back and forth as he rams her, neither involved in the action nor commented upon. The boy never even has the goddamn courtesy to give her a reacharound,

The holy grail for me was girl-and-tranny scenes. They existed sporadically at best, since the primary market was men. Though they probably liked the lesbianic nature of such scenes, those men wanted to see themselves represented just like I wanted to see myself, and they were shelling out considerably more money. As a result, I had to fast-forward through a *lot* of mediocre-to-dreadful stuff to get to those few really good parts, but, duh, it's porn. Of course, that's the ratio with mainstream media as well.

Then and now, I like scenes of a tranny with a pretty genetic girl. A pretty tranny with a genetic girl is even better. But a pretty tranny with a pretty genetic girl is one of the sexiest things ever to me, since I aspire to be a pretty tranny and I'm attracted to pretty genetic girls. Often the girl is Sharon Kane, who looks like Courtney Love's older sister. For me, that increases the hotness by a factor of ten. Your mileage may vary.

One “reveal” scene in particular had quite an impact on me. She was a tranny of Latin American extraction, beautiful body, long black hair, just hot all around. Her dick, however, was shriveled like a deflated balloon.

This was rather unusual. Like most any other kind of porn involving biological males, the emphasis in tranny porn is the penis, even if only the boy’s gets any play. (If there are no biological males involved, the dick is made of rubber or silicone.) But most of the audience wants to see a pretty tranny with a large or least healthy-looking member. There’s a reason why the career of a tranny porn star grinds to a halt if she gets vaginoplasty, aka sexual reassignment surgery: she ceases to be a chick with a dick and is now just a chick. That market is quite saturated, and the beauty standards are different.

Watching this scene as a teenager, I saw how I wanted my body to look, and I knew that it had to be hormones. They already held a sort of magic-pill reputation based on what little I’d read, but now I was convinced she was a prime example of the hormonal feminization process. It seemed logical: the smaller and more atrophied the penis because of hormones, the more female the face and body. Hell yeah! Sign me up for *that!*

These days, I realize that she had the advantage of starting hormones at an early age, and most likely had been castrated around the same time as well, making the impact of the estrogen that much stronger. In polite Western culture, castration tends to be referred to as “orchidectomy,” which means the removal of the orchids, i.e. the testes. It’s used for the same reason as any euphemism: the protection of delicate sensibilities. Sometimes I think that if there’s ever going to be world peace, humanity will have to get over its collective castration anxiety. Which means there’s never going to be world peace, but we knew that already.

Anyway, there was no such luck for me on either the hormone or castration count, and certainly not as a teenager. I also realize that my usage of the words “luck” and “advantage” are questionable, as there’s a very real possibility she was feminized nonconsensually and sold into sexual slavery. Even now, as a progressive sex-positive queer San Francisco hipster who recognizes the severe ethical issues involved, it’s difficult not to be a little envious of those who were automatically granted what I couldn’t bring myself ask for.

I mean, I can only imagine the fireworks if I had taken the tape to my Mom and said: “Here! This! Want? Me! Can I? Please?” Even using complete sentences wouldn’t have helped. I could barely admit the desire to myself, and the closest I could come to hinting at it was telling my girlfriend that I was interested in crossdressing—which, in retrospect, was pretty brave for a seventeen year-old in 1991 Fresno.

I did finally start on hormones and a testosterone blocker at the ripe old age of twenty-five. As I write this, I’m on the eve of my thirty-fourth birthday. I have not been physically castrated (mainly because I keep forgetting to actually make an appointment), and there’s no atrophy or shrinking to report.

Not that I’m sure I would notice. Another revelation brought to me as a teenager courtesy of porn of was the fact that dicks, on trannies or otherwise, are generally much larger than mine. Statistically speaking, my penis when erect is still smaller than the average flaccid penis. It’s more like an overachieving clitoris with a urethra than what’s considered a schlong in this society. Or a cock. Even “prick” gives it too much credit. A weenie, perhaps, or half a Vienna sausage.

Which is fine by me. On a purely practical level it means bulge isn’t an issue unless I wear tight clothes like bike shorts, and I don’t need to tuck, the method wherein the penis is hidden back betwixt the asscheeks. Mine doesn’t even reach the chode. For that matter, when a girlfriend once explained the concept

of riding to the left or right—that is, which trouser leg the snake hides in—it was alien to me. It had simply never been an issue, because instead of needing to go the right or left my penis stays right there in the middle, more often than not shrunk back into the scrotum like a frightened turtle.

In the guilt-by-biological-association department, there's the "male energy" issue—that is to say, because I have a penis, I exude male energy and thus are a threat to certain Mission District bathhouses and Midwestern music festivals. Yeah, right. To call my penis a source of male energy is like saying an expired watch battery is a source of electrical energy for San Francisco, since my penis and the battery generate as much power. And in a City whose chief exports are artificial testosterone and anatomically correct dishwasher-safe strap-on dildos, the "penis equals potential rapist" argument is so fracking absurd and reductionist and downright hypocritical that I'm not even going to address it here. Beyond the previous sentence, I mean.

All of which accounts for why my personal gender identity has never really been affected one way or the other by my penis. It's just so small and unobtrusive, lacking sound and fury yet not signifying a damn thing. What's more, I totally missed out on the "dick equals privilege" socialization. I don't know how it worked with other biological males, especially ones raised with older brothers and no sisters, but nobody bothered to tell me that having a dick made me a first-class citizen. It wasn't until I was a teenager that it really struck me how phallus-worshipping human society is, and by that point, I didn't care. Whatever. Mine didn't show, and it was nobody else's concern unless I got intimate with them, and even then it would be okay, yes?

As it turned out...yes. My own personal reveal scenes have been drama-free. No lover has ever reacted negatively about my penis, either regarding its size or its very existence, before or after transition. It's simply how I am, and anyone who's

inclined to have sex with me in the first place has probably already accepted that I may be so equipped.

Some of us don't like to take the chance, or can't get past what the organ represents. One of the first trannies I met, back in the mid-nineties before I started transitioning, would have sooner eaten a bullet than anyone near her mysterious genitals. She wore a thick latexy contraption which smoothed her crotch of any possible personality, and wouldn't even take it off during our few fumbling attempts at sex. As far as she was concerned her dick was the root of all her problems, and eventual vaginoplasty was the cure.

Me, not so much. I'm not opposed to the idea, but I'd also like to get a tummy tuck and see the Aurora Borealis and try a vac-bed and have Joan Didion give my first novel a glowing writeup in the *The New York Review of Books*. Maybe I'll someday have the time and resources, but putting vaginoplasty at the top of my personal Must-Have list would be a path to madness.

Besides, my anecdotal understanding of the process is that the larger the penis, the deeper the vagina and the greater the overall chance of the surgery being successful, since there's more raw material to work with. Ivory probably has a great one by now. I'm rather lacking raw material, so maybe it's not meant to be, and that's okay. I'm not a boy because I have a penis, and just because I don't have a vagina doesn't mean I'm not a girl.



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