

# *My Transvestite Addictions*

*The Story of One Individual's  
Odyssey Through Crossdressing,  
Alcohol, Escorts, Strippers, Sex,  
and Money*



*Jack / Jacqueline A. Shelia*



*A middle-aged transvestite presents his unusual life story in a fiction-inspired-by-fact account, describing his complex struggles with crossdressing and gender identity and his efforts to deal with various chronic addictions, including those involving alcohol, call girls, strippers, sex, and spending money. The diverse stories in the book range from serious to funny to outrageous and are written in an unflinchingly personal style that is also earthy, sexy, and sometimes politically incorrect.*

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**My Transvestite Addictions—The Story of One Individual's Odyssey  
Through Crossdressing, Alcohol, Escorts, Strippers, Sex, and Money**

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The stories in this book are fictional but inspired by actual events from the life of the author and the lives of his acquaintances. The names of all people and places have been changed from actual names, as have certain details of events described in the book. The stories have been crafted by the author, based on his experiences and insights, to examine the way one individual is dealing with his complex issues of crossdressing and transgenderism and his chronic problems of alcohol and sexual addictions.

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## **CHAPTER 1:**

### **INTRODUCTION TO ME AND MY ISSUES**

The time was 1970 and the place was an average middle-class suburb of a large city in the United States. I was a well-behaved 10-year-old boy, named Jack, with a blonde crewcut and a secret—I wanted to be a girl.

Before I went to bed on some nights, I would say a prayer asking God to turn me into a girl overnight. I guess I knew it was just an impossible fantasy, but the idea of waking up as a pretty female made me happy and helped me fall into a peaceful sleep.

Flash forward to September 2007... It's about 3:00 in the morning, and I'm lying flat on my stomach on the cold, hard floor of the county jail, wearing a short black skirt and pink pullover top. I got arrested on a DUI after leaving a gay bar. Three or four big, macho sheriff's deputies are on top of me, punching my sides and back and slamming my head against the floor, as other cops, including a couple women, stand around laughing. The cops pick me up—laughing in delight at the puddle of red blood and beige makeup left smeared on the floor—and they literally throw my body into the jail cell, where my head crashes against the concrete bench and I bleed some more.

As the cops finally leave me alone, I sit in the cell in excruciating pain with a bloody face and, as I later found out, with three cracked ribs and a fractured arm. Why did those bastards beat me up? Just

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because I was a man dressed like a woman? How will I ever explain this to my family? How much trouble am I in with the law? And most importantly, just how the hell, at this point in my life at age 47, did I get here? And what the hell am I going to do with my life now?

Flash forward again to the winter of 2012/2013, when I'm typing this text on my computer. After getting scared "back in the closet" by my DUI experience for a couple years, I began living part-time as a woman in May 2010—over two and half years ago. I've been shaving and moisturizing my body and wearing a mastectomy bra and various wigs. I make myself up with CoverGirl Ultimate Finish makeup, powder, mascara, eyeliner, lipstick, and other cosmetics to try to look as feminine, pretty, attractive, and sexy as possible. I have a ton of clothes—dresses, skirts, hosiery, skinny jeans, high heels, jewelry, and other things—that I love to wear. And I go out everywhere and anywhere I want dressed as Jacqueline (my female self)—including bars (both straight and gay), nightclubs, grocery stores, book stores, shopping malls, art galleries, long walks outside, restaurants with friends, even meetings downtown with business clients... It has been so damn liberating!

After decades of denying my female feelings, I have now enjoyed a series of wonderful experiences living as a woman in the real world. But between May 2010 and December 2012, many of those experiences seemed to get increasingly risky, reckless, and out of control. Like a cocaine addict, I had to keep chasing a greater high to

maintain the thrill and the rush. I've loved being a woman so much—often a drunken woman, a very drunken woman—that I've done many stupid, irresponsible things that are totally out of character for me (that is, me as Jack)...

A few examples:

In September 2011, I got banned from one of my favorite bars because someone apparently said they saw me, dressed as Jacqueline, giving a blow job to a 22-year-old guy in the backseat of a car in the parking lot. That “someone” told the bar owner, and she told me that I and “that kind of behavior” were no longer welcomed in her establishment. A week after that incident happened, I found my drunken girlie self in a cheap motel room, wearing a denim miniskirt and stiletto leopard-print heels and having wild sex all over the room with an inebriated guy with a long gray ponytail and pot belly whom I had just picked up from one of my other favorite bars. As we excitedly and sloppily fucked each other, our semen squirted all over the place. Afterward, the sexually satisfied drunk told me, “Wow honey, you really blew my mind!” Well, if I made him that happy, I figured I deserved some cash for it, so I asked him to pay me—and he emptied his wallet on the bed. So now I was a shemale prostitute! I must admit, it was a genuine thrill for me!

Why was it a thrill? Because it made me feel like a real woman—a feeling I have always craved! What could be more of a boost to a woman's confidence than a man willing to pay to have sex with her?

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Jump to November 2012... I'm wasted out of my mind and kneeling forward on the floor with my head on my arms and my bare ass sticking high in the air. I'm wearing a big blonde wig, and my miniskirt, pantyhose, and panties are pulled down to my knees. A horny Puerto Rican guy whom I had met earlier that night is riding my ass like I'm a bitch dog in heat, while his transsexual cousin takes pictures of him fucking me. He finally blows his load inside my asshole, letting out a loud moan, and I pass out unconscious on the floor.

Goddamn, was I having fun or what? The day after each of these skanky sexual encounters—after the effects of the alcohol began to wear off—I found myself shocked and ashamed at what I had done. The shock and shame were magnified by the fact that a big part of my brain still thought of myself as a conservative heterosexual male. What the hell was I doing dressed like skank slut whore and sucking cock and getting fucked in my ass by strange horny guys?

By December 2012, I recognized that my crossdressing, drinking, and sexual behaviors were serious biochemical addictions that were controlling me and changing me into something that I did not like. My crossdressing—which started out as a healthy form of self-expression and self-realization—had taken a wrong turn. That recognition helped me reach a resolution of sorts, about which I will explain more as I tell my story in this book.



My story will show how I have gone through many twists and turns regarding the way I view my crossdressing, with complex, conflicting feelings about my explorations into the enticing, intoxicating world of womanhood. During my life, I've alternatively denied, ignored, embraced, felt guilty about, felt happy about, and just plain felt confused about my femaleness. There have been times when I've thought that I want to pursue this so-called "transgenderism" all the way, and I've seriously considered surgically changing my sex to physically become a woman. I've undergone counseling with a clinical psychologist and other therapists to try to help me understand my feelings and impulses. The counseling was not much help, mainly because I felt that none of my counselors ever truly understood me. I've made plans with an endocrinologist to begin female hormone therapy, which would reduce my body hair, soften my skin, and allow me to grow breasts. I've also made plans to see a dermatologist to get my beard hair permanently removed, and to see a cosmetic surgeon to get a more feminine nose. After making those changes to my body, I thought I would get surgery to turn my penis into a vagina. Ultimately, with recurring doubts swirling around in my confused head, I cancelled all those plans and fantasies.

In contrast to those times of wanting to turn myself into a woman, there have been other times when I've swing in a totally opposite direction—when I feel that, although I've enjoyed my amazing experiences as Jacqueline, I've got to put an end to her. Jacqueline—

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and the impulses that grow from her effects on me—bring too much craziness with them, including drunk driving, careless sex with strangers, and the wasting of money. For example, I’ve paid thousands and thousands of dollars for an ever-expanding wardrobe and for the company of beautiful female and shemale “escorts” (call girls) and strippers, from whom I derive some satisfaction through personal contact with my concept of the “feminine ideal.” (Note: I have never hired escorts for sex—only for their company. In a few cases, mutually agreed-upon sex later happened in the course of the evening, but that was never the intent of the transaction.)

I sometimes feel that my life as Jacqueline has been a wild, out-of-control fantasy, and I need to become more grounded in reality and more satisfied with being Jack—or else I’m going to end up as some guy’s bitch inside a dark, dirty, damp prison cell.

But I know that I will never be able to give up Jacqueline. She is too much a part of who I am, who I’ve always been, and who I always will be.

Basically on my own—with little or no help from therapists or the “LGBT (lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender) community”—I eventually came to a type of conclusion: I am *both* Jack and Jacqueline. I do not have to choose between the two. When I feel like Jack, I’ll dress as Jack. When I feel like Jacqueline, I’ll dress as Jacqueline. I’m both male and female, depending on my mood. Thus, I consider myself to be more “bigendered” than transgendered. Living

according to this gender balance has the potential to give me the comfort, happiness, satisfaction, and wholeness that I need—provided that I can also control my impulsive drinking, sexual, and spending addictions.

As of this writing in early 2013, it seems as if my feelings and urges to dress as a woman are vanishing. Perhaps the living out of my female fantasies has run its course, perhaps I've grown weary of Jacqueline's excesses, and perhaps I can now finally find peace and satisfaction with expressing Jack on the outside while enjoying Jacqueline's feelings inside. That might be the case. But I would not be surprised if the urge to dress as Jacqueline returns at some point.

If the urge does return, I hope that I can deal with it in a more mature manner than in the past. As I've stated, my public crossdressing started as a healthy form of self-expression, but it evolved into a reckless, dangerous, and stupid behavior pattern associated with pathological alcohol, sexual, and money-spending addictions. I know that I need to better control those behaviors and addictions before I irreparably harm myself or others—while at the same time preserving the healthy aspects of my femininity. That is part of the general, though imperfect, semi-resolution I've achieved to my long and difficult history of gender “issues” and other problems and addictions—and this book tells how I got to that point.

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Working out my gender-identity issues might have been easier had I belonged to an LGBT social, support, or activist group, or had I more faith in the ability of therapists to solve my problems for me. But I have always been—and I always will be—a loner and an individualist. I need to do things my own way—even if it is the more difficult path and the path that is against the wind.

I've always felt that I don't fit into any of the transgender/crossdressing molds and popular storylines that one usually hears about in the media, the LGBT community, or the psychotherapy profession. It seems that most reports about people with gender issues are about the struggling individual finding fulfillment in transitioning—either surgically or through lifestyle changes—from one gender to the other (usually male to female). We also often hear terrible stories about how transgenders and crossdressers are the victims of an intolerant society, including cases of people being denied access to restrooms or other public facilities, losing their jobs or families, or even getting beat up and killed by hate-filled yahoos. I know that those terrible stories are true. They really happen. But they didn't happen to me.

In my case, I've reached the conclusion—after my many years of experience—that it is not necessary to transition or even to crossdress frequently, and I certainly would never sacrifice my job or my family for the sake of my crossdressing. Moreover, I do not look at myself as a victim. Sure, I was beat up by some asshole cops one time, I've had

a couple minor hassles regarding my use of ladies' restrooms, and I've experienced a few other unpleasant incidents. However, other than the cop incident (which was partly my fault because I was so damn drunk), none of these things were big deals. For most of my problems, I have only myself to blame. I have found that if you, as a crossdresser, take the time to talk respectfully to people instead of forcing yourself on them, they will, more often than not, accept you—even in the conservative, lower middle-class area in which I live.

If you respect the concept of property rights, you will usually be safe. For example, if the owner or manager of a bar, restaurant, or other establishment says it's OK to use the ladies' room, than use it. But if they say it's not OK, than don't use it. It's just common sense. You may be upset at the way you were treated, but you get your revenge by not giving that establishment your business and by going someplace else where you are welcome. By basing my behaviors as Jacqueline on such simple principles, I have encountered no significant problems with my crossdressing lifestyle. I think that common sense vanishes when you look for an excuse to play the victim or to sue some business owner who disagrees with their point of view. Furthermore, my experiences suggest that most people are far more open-minded and accepting than is generally believed.

My overriding respect for property rights is a reflection of my political views as a libertarian. I believe in maximum individual liberty, which can come only through minimum government

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interference and minimum rules and regulations on society. I believe in working things out between people on a one-to-one basis, not in constantly demanding more laws in an unrealistic quest for a utopian society. My views are a major stumbling block when it comes to participation in LGBT organizations, which are almost invariably politically liberal and supportive of big-government, socialist-type policies.

Ultimately, all LGBT people have to think for themselves and reach their own conclusions about what is best for them in their personal lives. Each of us is a unique individual. I wrote this book to tell the story of my personal gender-identity, crossdressing, and addiction struggles and to explain how I am working on my own form of resolution to those struggles. One of my main messages is this: Be true to yourself, think for yourself, and try to find your own way to peace and happiness in this complex, confusing world filled with group-think clones and zombies. And draw on your inner strength to conquer any demons that may be turning you into something you don't want to be.

I believe that everyone has some sort of predominant theme that runs throughout his or her life. For me, the issues of gender identity, crossdressing, and my quest for individuality and honesty make up the predominant, overriding, essential theme of my life. For good or bad, this theme forms the main hallmark of who I am as a human being.

In this book, I discuss my main personal experiences related to gender identity, crossdressing, and addictions, and I provide my observations, insights, and commentary regarding those experiences. The book does not delve into the scientific understanding of transgender-type behaviors, except for a brief discussion in this section. Perhaps readers may think this is ironic, considering that I have a degree in biology and I've worked as a science and medical writer and editor for 20 years. The reason I chose not to get into that material is because, based on what I've read, researchers do not adequately understand transgenderism, crossdressing, or related behaviors. First of all, it is very difficult to find any peer-reviewed, rigorously controlled scientific studies on these matters. Secondly, the few allegedly scientific reports that I have found do not agree particularly well with my own experiences. And I know from many personal discussions that scientific questions about causes of transgenderism and crossdressing are extremely contentious and controversial among folks in the LGBT community.

I'm afraid that gender-identity science—like so much other science these days—is intricately intertwined with politics. For example, one is not to probe too deeply into the causes of transgender behavior, just as one is not to ask too many questions about what causes homosexuality. Such research has a social stigma attached to it and is viewed as politically incorrect—as if the purpose of the research would inevitably be to convert or “cure” transgenders or

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gays. Transgenders and gays don't need to be cured, because they are not sick. But as with any behavior—good or bad—biological, psychological, and social reasons do exist for transgenderism, crossdressing, and homosexuality. In the current politicized research environment, rather than investigate and learn about the scientific basis for these behaviors, one is simply to accept them as good things. And they are good things. But why not investigate them scientifically to learn more about them? I view this as a form of willful scientific ignorance stemming from social and political pressure.

I've always been curious about what caused me to have crossdressing and transgender feelings and behaviors. And people are always asking me why I crossdress. But three rounds of professional therapy—on top of 40 years of crossdressing—have been of little use to me in cracking the shell of understanding regarding causes. Obviously, I enjoy dressing, acting, feeling, and living as a woman—but why exactly do I enjoy dressing, acting, feeling, and living as a woman? It pretty much remains a mystery to me.

I certainly enjoy the feminine feelings I get when I dress, as well as the feelings I get when I see a pretty feminine reflection in the mirror. And I enjoy the look and feel of women's clothes. But why exactly do I enjoy those things? I assume that most men would not enjoy feeling female or wearing a dress. But I do. Why?

I had what I would consider a perfectly normal childhood for a boy, with two loving parents in a comfortable middle-class



neighborhood. But I started feeling like a girl when I was 10, and I started crossdressing when I was 13. I cannot point to anything from my childhood or any other personal experiences that steered me in this direction. It just happened.

One of my therapists told me that I crossdress as a way of becoming my own girlfriend. But I'm not sure if that therapist was correct, because although my crossdressing desires do seem to initially diminish when I get in a relationship with a woman, the feelings eventually return even if the relationship lasts for a while. Moreover, the feelings began in childhood, before I was even interested in girls.

Maybe all men are born with the capacity to enjoy feminine feelings, but their society-enforced macho self-image prevents them from experimenting with those feelings. So maybe I'm just being more open to exploring my natural feelings than most other men. I don't know.

Because I have been aware of my feminine feelings virtually my entire life, I strongly suspect that the cause has a genetic or congenital basis—perhaps some unusual biochemical mixture in the womb that affected my fetal brain development, or a mutated gene that codes for a protein that results in some kind of female-like chemical reactions in my brain. In December 2012, a group of scientists led by an evolutionary biologist at the University of California-Santa Barbara reported that homosexuality might have an epigenetic basis.

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Epigenetics refers not to changes in the chemical makeup of genes (such as mutations), but rather changes in the way that genes are expressed (such as whether they are turned on or turned off). Epigenetic changes in gene expression can result from certain biochemical reactions in the body or from exposure to certain chemicals in the environment. Maybe something similar to what the California scientists found for homosexuality happens with crossdressing and transgenderism.

My personal experiences have convinced me that my own crossdressing behaviors have a major addictive component. In most addictions, such as drug addictions, there are abnormally high levels of a chemical called dopamine swirling around in the brain. Surges of dopamine affect the nerve cells of the brain in such a way as to cause intense feelings of pleasure and a motivation to do behaviors that bring pleasure. Some research suggests that various addictions, including drug and alcohol addictions, are more common in the LGBT community than in the general population. Ultimately, everything we do is because of chemical activity in the brain of one form or another. I'm sure there are certain internal biochemical reactions at the root of my behaviors.

So it seems that there are a number of possible gene-related and chemical-related causes of crossdressing and transgenderism. But if you want to read any more about the latest trends in the "science" of these behaviors, you'll have to look elsewhere and do your own

research—and then you’ll probably get into angry arguments with lots of “trannies” (a casual shorthand term for transgenders) about whatever you find. I once came across a study of British crossdressers titled “Men in Dresses: A Study of Transvestism/Crossdressing,” a 1996 *European Medical Journal* monograph written by a crossdresser and former general practitioner named Vernon Coleman. The study seemed to make sense to me, but when I wrote favorably about it on a transgender website, many other site members angrily blasted me for saying anything nice about it.

The American Psychiatric Association publishes classifications of various crossdressing and transgender behaviors in its *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual—Fifth Edition (DSM-V)*. But there is a lot of controversy associated with those classifications.

By the way, please don’t take my above comments about “trannies”—or certain later somewhat controversial comments—as slams against transgenders. The comments are simply my observations on certain matters. As I will make clear later, I have profound respect and admiration for transsexuals, and I will be the first person to defend the individual rights of transsexuals against ignorant people in society. Hell, as of this writing in early 2013, I’m even dating a lovely transsexual named Selena!

Whatever the latest research shows, whatever other transgenders or crossdressers think, and whatever the controversies are, all I can

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report with any certainty is my own story, as told in this book. This book is about things that I know are true because they happened to me. Some readers who have struggled with similar personal issues may relate to my experiences and agree with my observations and reflections. Others may think I'm weird, ignorant, or stupid and may disagree. Some will surely think that I talk too much about sex and that I use language that is too crude, coarse, and earthy. That is fine. Everyone is unique and different and entitled to his or her own views. The language I use is a reflection of the bluntness, directness, and impatience with bullshit that I happily inherited from my mother.

So many of the experiences described in this book take place in bars between May 2010 and December 2012 that I thought of titling the book "My Two-and-a-Half Years as A Barroom Drag Queen." However, that would be oversimplifying and trivializing what has been a very complex and serious struggle for me. Nevertheless, there is a fair amount of humorous and outrageous anecdotes within my stories. Perhaps other individuals dealing with gender-identity issues may find some of the book helpful or interesting. I hope that all readers find some entertainment as well as enlightenment in reading about the experiences of myself—one individual with gender-identity, crossdressing, and addiction problems. In addition, given my naturally rebellious personality, I hope I can shock or piss off a few readers!

*Jack / Jacqueline A. Shelia*

So—after this lengthy introduction to set the stage, to clarify where I'm coming from, and to provide a bit of basic information—let me finally begin telling my story...



## **CHAPTER 2: EARLY ATTEMPTS TO DEAL WITH MY FEMININE FEELINGS**

I began feeling like I wanted to be a girl when I was 10. All these years later, it's hard to explain why. It was just like a feeling and knowledge that came over me at that young age—feeling that I was really a girl and that it made me feel good to dress and look like a girl, but that I had this male body that did not match what I felt inside.

I remember when I was about 10, I was staying up late with my dad watching Johnny Carson on *The Tonight Show*. One of his guests that night was Raquel Welch, who was telling Johnny about her new movie *Myra Breckinridge*, based on the novel by Gore Vidal. The movie tells the story of a man who gets sex change surgery to become a woman, who was played by Welch. (Talk about successful surgery!) I specifically recall only one thing from that interview, and it has stayed with me all my life. Johnny asked Raquel, “Why would a man want to become a woman?” Raquel replied with a goofy little Hollywood giggle and said something like, “How would I know?” But I recall thinking at the time, I know... I know why a man would want to become a woman. The answer was simple... because I want to become a woman, too! I couldn't put into words why I wanted to

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be female, but I knew I wanted to. So it was easy for me to relate to another male who would want to do the same.

Another memory I have from when I was about 10 or 11 is the way I was infatuated with the TV show *Bewitched*, particularly the show's beautiful, sexy, blonde star Elizabeth Montgomery ("Samantha Stephens"). I remember thinking how wonderful it must be to be a woman like that—she was so lovely and so magical, she wore such pretty dresses, and she had such a handsome husband. (I mean Dick York. I never cared for Dick Sargent, who replaced York after he had to quit because of health problems.) Plus, she had this amazing secret! I simultaneously was in love with Samantha and wanted to be her. This duality of being sexually attracted to women and wanting to be a woman exists in me to this day.

As I grew up, I began to experiment with being a girl. I started wearing girls' clothes when I was about 12 or 13. I had a sister who was four years older than me, and when nobody else was home, I would get into her closet and admire and feel her clothes. Sometimes I would put them on. I especially remember this cute little purple miniskirt of hers that I always liked. I felt so good when I finally slipped that pretty skirt on over my legs and ass. I was prancing all over the house in it saying, "I'm a girl... I'm a girl!"

I loved putting on my sister's makeup, too. I remember the addictive smell and feel and the shiny look of her pink lip gloss. It



was so fun to smear that gloss over my lips, look in the mirror, and give myself a pouty sexy girlie look.

I took my first steps outside wearing girls' clothes one afternoon in fall or winter—when nobody else was home, of course. I put on my sister's long tan fur coat, went out in the backyard, and walked around for only a minute or two. It felt so amazing to be out in the open dressed like a girl! I didn't even care if any of the neighbors saw me (and I have no idea if any of them did). But I quickly went back in the house, just to be on the safe side. That blissful, special feeling that comes over me when I'm in public dressed like a woman is still a feeling that brings me enormous happiness and satisfaction.

I also remember playing with my sister's Barbie dolls in the basement when I was a kid, when everyone else was upstairs. I enjoyed pretending that I was Barbie, with my long pretty Barbie blonde hair and my adorable feminine Barbie dresses. To this day, I still love Barbie. I own quite an impressive collection (about 20) of blonde Barbie dolls and one brunette version. I also own one of those big, two-foot-tall Bratz dolls—not to mention my six-foot-tall blonde "Eva" mannequin (more about her later). Barbie remains the perfect little plastic model of my feminine ideal.... and of my dreams of being female.

One day after I had been wearing my sister's clothes, when I was about 13, I forgot to put an item away. I think it was a frilly, lacey scarf or some other similar item. Well, my mother found the thing

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lying on my sister's bed when she got home from work. That night, as I was lying in bed, my mom came into my room and asked me about it... turns out it was not the first thing I had left out that she found. She had put two and two together, figuring out that her son was wearing her daughter's clothes.

Since I always tried to be a good kid, I told the truth. I admitted to my mom that I was wearing my sister's skirts, dresses, blouses, shoes (if only she knew how much I loved those white go-go boots!), makeup, and jewelry. And I told my mom I felt very guilty about it (which was true), but that I couldn't stop it. My mom was obviously extremely upset about the whole thing. She told me in as calm a voice as she could muster that what I was doing was sick and abnormal—and that I had better stop doing it! She told me that if I didn't stop, I would have to go see a psychiatrist.

All these years later and with the experience and knowledge I have gained about crossdressing and transgenderism, it would be easy to criticize my mother for being ignorant and intolerant. But I'm not going to do that. My mom was a product of her times and environment, raised in an old-fashioned, working-class family, with no college education or mass media to tell her that crossdressing or transgenderism are OK. Based on everything she knew, such things were sick and abnormal for a young man like me. And at that time, I agreed with her... and I promised to stop. But, of course, I could not stop.

Ironically, perhaps what I should have done at that time was to pursue my mom's threat of sending me to a psychiatrist. Depending on the particular psychiatrist, maybe I would have been diagnosed at age 13 as being a transsexual. And maybe that would have opened doors for me to pursue gender transition when I was a teenager. Perhaps that would have been the best thing for me... I really cannot say for sure at this point of my life. But instead, I never got the professional help I needed when I was young, and I spent the next 37 years of my life in denial of my female feelings. That denial caused me much mental anguish and confusion until I finally accepted my femaleness when I was 50 and began going out in public as a woman on a regular basis—an initially liberating behavior that eventually led to other anguish and confusion.

When I was a kid, I had no close friends. Sure, I played baseball with some other boys in a field across from our house. I was always the last one picked for a team, because I was never any good at any sport. I also collected baseball cards and toy cars like Matchbox and Hot Wheels, and I had G.I. Joe's—all normal boy-type things. But I never felt like I was part of any close group of friends, and I always sensed that I was different than the other boys. I had no girl friends, because little boys just didn't have girls for friends. The older I got, the fewer and fewer friends I had.

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By the time I entered high school, I had become a very lonely and withdrawn kid. I had no friends, including no girlfriends. But I did like girls—very much. I liked girls for two reasons. First, I desired them sexually. Second, I wanted to be one of them. So I liked pretty girls at the same time that I wanted to be a pretty girl. Needless to say, I was far too confused about my feelings and far too intimidated by real girls to ask them out on dates. I thought of myself as a very unattractive and awkward male that no girl would ever want to date. And I was too different from other guys to have any guy friends. So I spent all of my high school years—supposedly the best times of one’s life—inside an isolated shell all by myself.

During that time, I liked to dress up whenever I could. For about a year or two (when I was 15 or 16), my parents were divorced. (They later got back together and remarried.) After the divorce, I moved with my mother to live with her sister in a semirural community about 50 miles south of our house. My aunt had a collection of shoulder-length black wigs, which I loved wearing. For the first time, I saw myself in a mirror with women’s hair (as opposed to my short blonde guy hair). I thought I looked very pretty and feminine! I was better looking as a girl than as a guy!

But in the new high school that I transferred to, I felt even more isolated than I had felt at my old high school. I was a total stranger to everyone. I not only had no friends, but I didn’t even know anybody! I remember the other boys making fun of me because I refused to take

off my underwear in the locker room during gym class. God, I despised gym class! I couldn't do anything... I couldn't do pull-ups, push-ups, rope climbs, nothing at all. And I certainly wasn't going to be stark naked in front of all those strange guys! The guys used to laugh and say, "Ha, he doesn't want to take his underwear off because he doesn't have a dick." I didn't say a word, but I remember sometimes thinking, "Oh, how I wish that was true!"

My mom and I eventually moved back to our old town and into a small apartment, and I returned to my old high school for my junior and senior years. After I got a part-time job cleaning the cages and feeding the dogs and cats at an animal shelter, I began to open up a bit and to become a little more social. I became pretty good friends with a couple guys from the job. I had learned to play guitar, and we mainly used to hang around and play music together—in a very amateurish way, but it was fun. And it helped get me emerge from my shell.

As I was growing out of my shell, I made a conscious decision to stop crossdressing and to stop thinking like a girl. I wanted to finally have friends, to "fit in" a little bit, and to have some fun. And I thought the only way to do that was to try my damndest to be a regular guy. So I did my best to act and think like one. I grew a full beard, modeling myself after my two new macho musical heroes—Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson. Most importantly, I became very determined to ask girls out and to get some dates!

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A new world opened up for me in 1978, when I started college at a commuter state university in the city, majoring in art. As happens with most kids in college, I met lots of new and interesting people from diverse backgrounds. But I was still no social butterfly. I became good friends with a couple guys at school, and we sometimes used to pal around on weekends, too. We had similar tastes in music, similar interests in art, and similar bad luck with women.

Ironically, I think one or two of my guy friends during my college years may have had interests in crossdressing—though we never specifically talked about those interests. Instead, the subject would kind of sneak itself into discussions. For example, during some of our drunken BS sessions, we would talk about the skits where the guys dressed in drag in *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. And we would make jokes about guys wearing pantyhose. In fact, we used to joke about pantyhose so much that one time I bought my friend Dave a pair of them for a birthday gag gift. I always wondered if he ever took them out of the package to try them on.

While making those kinds of jokes, I was always thinking about how much I enjoyed wearing women's clothes—though I never told my friends that. And—based on certain verbal and visual clues—I tried to guess if maybe my friends were thinking the same thing. I never knew for sure, but I had my suspicions. One of those suspicions was confirmed when a non-college friend of mine—a long-haired Mexican guy named Diego—showed me a photo of himself wearing

his mother's dress and makeup. He claimed that he and his cousin were just screwing around one time and he did it just for fun. But he also admitted that he was jealous of women because they got to wear such pretty clothes. I never told him that I had similar feelings. I was too determined to deny those feelings and to be a macho guy.

Looking back, I'm sure that Diego was a crossdresser, though I have no idea to what extent he may have been transgendered. We never talked about crossdressing again after he showed me the picture. In fact, we never talked about much after that, because he shot himself in the head with his father's gun when he was 19, putting an abrupt, shocking, heart-breaking end to his young life. I was a pallbearer at his funeral, and I could not stop crying while I was carrying his casket. I cried so much that I probably embarrassed the family. I had thought of Diego as my best friend.

I do not know why Diego killed himself, but I suspect that gender confusion may have played a role. I have read that, tragically, many young people who are confused about their gender identity do commit suicide.

Back at college, I was still trying to work up courage to ask girls out on dates. There were so many pretty women in my art classes, but I was too afraid to approach any of them for dates. I finally broke free of that fear in 1981, thanks to a surprising interest shown in me by an attractive, sexy, older blonde woman named Pat. This long-sought

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success with a woman happened after I switched my major to biology and began taking classes in which there were far fewer good-looking girls than in my art classes! Perhaps I found the limited sample size less overwhelming. Ha!

Pat was 23, and I was 21. She was a nurse, she was divorced, and she had an eight-year-old son, though she didn't admit having the kid at first. After dating her a few times—with no mention of a kid—all of a sudden she's got this little boy with her in the car on one of our dates. The kid kept calling her "mom," and she kept scolding him, telling him that she was not his mom, that she was his aunt. The kid started crying and pleading, "Why are you saying that? You are so my mom!" Finally, she admitted to what was painfully obvious—the little boy was indeed her child. But she said she was afraid to tell me because she thought I might dump her.

Pat was a total trip, in a rock 'n' roll kinda way! I loved her—not in a serious relationship way, but rather in a hey-I'm-finally-having-fun-with-a girl way! We used to cut class a lot and go to bars or other places to hang out together, including her apartment in a north suburb. We spent a lot of time getting naked together and making sweaty passionate love. She often told me how "big" my cock was, saying that any woman would love to have sex with me. We went to rock concerts together. She and I were both big fans of Debbie Harry and Blondie, and she resembled Debbie a bit and liked to model herself after the sexy singer. Pat loved her little speed pills, but they seemed



to do nothing for me, so she was usually flying solo when she popped them.

I had so many crazy, wild experiences with Pat! I remember the time we stole a mattress from an outdoor display at a store and carried it up the stairs to her apartment in the middle of the night, stumbling, falling, and laughing in our drunkenness along the way. One time, she took me to meet her ex-husband at the factory where he worked. Seemed like a nice-enough fellow. Another time I met her dad—a total drunk—at some family function that we briefly peeked into before heading back to her apartment for more sex.

But the craziest thing Pat ever did was drive down to my south suburban area to visit me—bringing her *other* boyfriend along for the ride! I didn't even know she had another boyfriend. But she called me up one night to say she was coming down with him. She claimed that she wanted to dump him but just couldn't get rid of the guy. I thought, "Well, this should be another interesting experience." We decided to meet in the White Castle parking lot...

I don't remember who got there first. But I do recall that as soon as Pat's other boyfriend saw me, he came charging at me like a wild raging bull—to my complete shock and amazement. I was naively not expecting to get into a fight with the guy. After I regained my composure a bit, I started trying to defend myself, punching and wrestling with this crazy drunken guy who was a lot bigger than me. I must have done pretty well (probably because I was not drunk and he

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was), because after about 10 minutes of trying to kill each other, we both just stopped fighting. It ended in a draw. Then all three of us went out drinking together for the rest of the night like the best of friends!

After Pat and I dated for several months, she moved to Arizona to go to the state university in Tempe. We said our friendly goodbyes over the phone, and I never saw her again.

Despite all the craziness, Pat gave me the confidence in my maleness that I always lacked. She made me think that I could get any woman I wanted. And that's exactly what I proceeded to try to do. I managed to have brief, enjoyable, sometimes sexual relationships—ranging from a date or two to maybe three months of dating—with several women I met in my college classes. In 1982, I even had a bit of a reputation around campus as an infamous “Don Juan,” hitting up on all the pretty girls in every class and casually dating any who were willing. I loved the reputation—because it was in such stark contrast to everything that happened before in my life. (It was also in stark contrast to what would happen the rest of my life.)

Why were my relationships always so brief? I really do not know. After a short time, either the girl or I just seemed to lose interest. I admit that there were one or two of those girls whom I now wish I would have tried harder to keep as my girlfriends. If I had achieved a serious relationship with a woman back then, I assume my subsequent life would have been drastically different. Perhaps I would have

become a regular-type guy with a wife and kids—a happy Beaver Cleaver ending that is now pretty damn impossible.

After two years of majoring in art and two years in biology, I quit college because I was totally confused about what I wanted to do with my life. I then spent about four years in a series of graphic design jobs, none of which I liked and none of which I was any good at. I continued having brief relationships with women—such as coworkers or friends of coworkers—but none of the relationships meant much to me or to the women. And as time went on, I found myself dating less and less frequently—and thinking more and more about wanting to be a woman. All the old feminine feelings came back—stronger than ever—despite my attempts to fight them.

In the mid- to late 1980's, I was back at school—at an adult-education state university about 12 miles south of my parent's house (where I was still living)—to take the classes I needed to complete my bachelor of science degree in biology. Every time I drove home, I would pass by a large shopping mall, and I would often be tempted to stop in and buy some women's clothes for myself. But I had never bought an item of women's clothing before, and I was too embarrassed to do it. What would the salesperson think? Would she know I was buying it for myself? I was afraid that she would think that.

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One night as I was driving home after a particularly long and rough day of classes, I found myself turning into the shopping mall parking lot. Then I found myself walking through the women's clothing sections of various stores, getting increasingly excited by seeing and feeling all the pretty feminine dresses, skirts, blouses, and hosiery. Oh god, I was in heaven! All I had to do was pick something out, pay for it, and it would be mine! I finally found a sexy animal-print dress that I loved and that I could afford. But I had no idea what my dress size was. So I picked a dress out and held it close to my body, trying to judge if it would fit—all the while looking around to make sure no one was watching me. I was naively oblivious to the ever-watching eyes of security cameras. I decided it would fit.

I carried my precious girlie item to the cashier and nervously told her that it was for my "wife." She said, "Oh, you have great taste. This is a beautiful dress. I'm sure she'll love it!" Hey, she believed my lie! I paid for the dress and then hurriedly ran out to my pickup truck with it so I could take it out of the bag and look at it, feel it, and smell it. This was my very own first dress! I was so excited... I drove home as fast as I could to try it on and see how I looked in the mirror.

After sneaking the dress into the house at night, when my parents were in bed, I took it out of the bag and carefully cut the tags off. With my heart pounding, I slipped the dress on—and it fit perfectly! And it felt so good against my skin... sooo soft and feminine! I

looked in the mirror and I thought I looked pretty good—for a balding guy with a beard wearing a dress.

I still remember that first dress, which I later threw out in one of my recurring, emotional, guilt-ridden purges of all my female belongings. It seems funny now to recall how scared I was buying it and how ignorant I was about women's sizes and other such feminine fashion things. Today, I am quite the fashionista, and I have bought uncountable women's clothes in stores, feeling totally comfortable and knowledgeable browsing through them, selecting them, and trying them on—whether I am in my male or female guise. I still find shopping for new women's clothes very exciting and titillating. I am admittedly a shopaholic—one of my many addictions.

So after a few months, I had accumulated a small collection of dresses, pantyhose, makeup, and a cheap blonde wig—all of which, of course, I had to hide from view because I was still living at home. I used to like to dress up as pretty as I could make myself in the privacy of my bedroom, and then stare at myself admiringly in the mirror.

Now, this is where I would like to interrupt my storyline and bring up a sensitive and controversial matter—labels. Specifically, the labels that certain therapists and other “experts” tend to assign to people who have transgender or crossdressing issues. Labels like crossdresser, transvestite, transsexual, drag queen, shemale, or just plain transgender. Experts give each of these terms distinct definitions

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and then pin a particular label on any given individual, based on that individual's behaviors. There are, needless to say, overlaps among these labels, as well as disagreements among people regarding precise definitions.

Generally, according to my understanding, a crossdresser is a guy who likes to dress as a woman for fun—to go out (or stay in) and enjoy the special feeling of being female for a while. A transvestite is a guy who dresses in women's clothes to get sexually aroused and, sometimes, to masturbate. A transsexual is a “guy” who dresses like a woman because he feels that he really is a woman. A pre-op transsexual has not yet had surgery to physically become female, a post-op transsexual has had surgery, and a non-op transsexual has no plans for surgery. A drag queen is a guy who dresses like a girl to sing, dance, or otherwise perform in front of a crowd. A shemale is a chick with boobs and a dick, which could be the result of surgery or a unique congenital condition. The term transgender is a general label that can refer to any of these conditions of mixed male and female characteristics or feelings.

I'm sure some readers will have nitpicky disagreements with these definitions. And I apologize for framing all the definitions in terms of male-to-female, because there are also female-to-male transgenders (though, I believe, fewer than male-to-female). But I'm male-to-female, and this is my story, so these are my definitions.

The main point I want to make here is this—to elaborate on a point made in this book’s introduction—I have never felt that I fit neatly into any categories. I’ve always felt that I am my own unique, complicated mix of a number of different labels. Dressing like a woman has always been fun and exciting for me. Appearing as a woman in public is so wonderful and intoxicating that I cannot adequately describe it. And I will admit that I also sometimes get sexually aroused when I look into the mirror and see a beautiful, sexy female staring back at me. Those feelings sometimes lead me to masturbate (usually the day after I dress, as I’m remembering what I looked like), or to get so sexually aroused in a female way that I need to have sex with a man to “verify” my femaleness.

So those things would make me a crossdresser and/or a transvestite, according to the expert definitions. And a crossdresser/transvestite is how I usually refer to myself when I need to put a label on my situation to help people get a quick grasp of what I’m talking about.

However, I have also sometimes felt that I really am a woman, and I almost always identify with women much more than men. There have been times when I’ve desired sex change surgery, though, for whatever reason, those desires are always temporary, and I go back to being more-or-less comfortable with my day-to-day maleness. But then the female identification might return for a while. That identification might mean that I’m a transsexual.

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Nevertheless, as I indicated in my introduction, a renowned therapist whom I saw a couple times in 2011 told me that I could not be a transsexual, because a true transsexual starts feeling female when he is about five years old, while I did not start having femme feelings until I was 10. That therapist also told me I could not be transsexual because I was worried about possible adverse effects from hormones, and I hesitated when she suggested that I get an orchiectomy (surgery to remove the testicles). Apparently she never met my friend Malaya, a very feminine transsexual who prefers to keep her penis and testicles because of the sexual satisfaction they give her. I have heard that there are many transsexuals who have had the complete genital surgery and who deeply regret it. Lots of things can go wrong in that kind of surgery. So you can be transsexual and keep your male genitals.

To add to the complexity of my situation, I have always been sexually attracted to women—despite my frequent drunken sexual experiments with men while I’m dressed as Jacqueline. I only feel like getting horny with guys when I’m dressed as a woman. It’s like the female hormones magically kick in when I’m Jacqueline. But when I’m a guy, I find the thought of being with another guy repulsive and disgusting. I believe that women are the most beautiful, most sensual, most intelligent, most intuitive, most compassionate, most caring, most graceful, most perfect creation in nature. (However, I must admit that in our modern society, more and more women seem



to be developing the unattractive and unappealing traits of bitchiness, selfishness, coldness, and hardness.) I love women, and I worship women, which is why I am so attracted to them—and why I’ve always wanted to be one (or at least dress like one and feel like one).

The bottom line for me is this: I hate labels and please don’t try to label me. The best, most accurately descriptive label I have come up with for myself is “bigendered,” as I previously mentioned and as I will more thoroughly discuss later. Here is my basic theory: gender identity and sexual orientation are each broad spectrums, and each of us falls at our own unique places within these spectrums. The spectrums (or scales), as I see them, are as follows:

GENDER IDENTITY (scale of 1 to 10):

1. I am 100% female.
5. I am 50% female and 50% male.
10. I am 100% male.

SEXUAL ORIENTATION (scale of 1 to 10):

1. I am sexually attracted only to men.
5. I am sexually attracted to men and women equally.
10. I am sexually attracted only to women.

In the gender identity spectrum, I would rate myself as a 5 or 6. In other words, I identify fairly equally as male and female, but my male

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side may be a tad stronger and more dominant. In the sexual orientation spectrum, I would rate myself as an 8. I'm always attracted to women much more than men, but I do get in moods—only when I'm dressed as Jacqueline—when I desire sex with a man.

As long as I'm trying to educate the uninitiated here, I want to bring up something else that many people are ignorant about—the proper way to refer to transsexuals. You should not refer to transsexuals as “him/her” or “he/she,” as many people I know do. Transsexuals view themselves as women. Most live full time as women. Many are taking female hormones and have had breast implants or breast injections and facial feminization surgery. Some have had genital surgery, and others have not. But even if they still have their male parts, they are still women—they are “her” and “she.”

There are some rare individuals who are born into this world with both male and female parts, and they choose to live as one sex or the other, and people refer to them by their chosen sex. A transsexual is no different. Transsexuals show a great deal of courage in publicly transitioning to the gender they prefer, and that courage should be respected. Just because some may choose not to get that final surgery down below—a type of surgery that can be dangerous and does not always turn out well—that should not change how society views them.

People need to become more sensitive on this issue. There is a lot of ignorance out there. Referring to transsexuals as “him/her” or “he/she” or, even worse, “it” is the same as calling a homosexual a faggot or a black a nigger. It is mean, rude, and insulting and displays much personal ignorance.

As for me and my situation, I’ve always been a “he,” because—despite what I have thought from time to time—I am not a transsexual. I’m basically just a crossdresser/transvestite. I like to dress like a woman, but I’m not a woman. Still, it is respectful to call me “she” when I’m dressed like Jacqueline—but not when I’m my regular ol’ Jack self.

A transsexual and a transvestite are two totally different things.

In the text of this book, I sometimes use casual terms like “real woman” or “trannie” simply as ways to lighten the story a bit or to vary the wording—and avoid having to repeatedly use such technical-sounding terms as genetic woman and transsexual. My wording is not meant to be disrespectful, and I hope it is not taken that way. As I’ve stated, I have profound respect and admiration for transsexuals.

Of course, it took me many years of personal experiences, reflection, and struggle to learn these things and to come to my conclusions about myself. I certainly did not know any of this stuff back in the 1980’s, when I was engaged in my little crossdressing experiments at home. And that’s where I’d like to return now in this book—back to my storyline...

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During one of my dressing escapades in my parent's basement late one night in the late 1980's, my mother came downstairs. She thought that I was studying too long, and she wanted to suggest that I come upstairs and go to bed. Instead, she came down to see her son prancing around the basement in a green dress and blonde wig. I can imagine how her heart must have sunk. Her good son was doing a very bad thing, from her perspective. She yelled at me in shock and disbelief, "I thought you were through with this nonsense years ago, but you're still doing it???" I apologized profusely and I lied, claiming that this was the first time I had done such a thing since I was 13 (when she last caught me doing it). I said it was from the stress of studying, and it would not happen again. She told me that she felt like "throwing up," and if she caught me doing this again, she would throw me out of the house.

The next day, I could tell how deeply upset and shaken my mom was, and our formerly close relationship was definitely frayed. But we never talked again about what happened. Over the course of the next several months, our close relationship gradually returned to normal. But the mutually unpleasant incident made me realize that it was time that I found my own place to live.

### **CHAPTER 3:**

## **OUT ON MY OWN AND CROSSDRESSING IN PRIVATE**

In 1991, after I finally got my biology degree and a decent job as a laboratory microbiologist with a company analyzing lake water samples, I bought my own house in a town about 30 miles southwest of my parents' town. I had imagined that the freedom and independence of having my own place might help give me the confidence to get back into the dating game—and perhaps to even find a long-term girlfriend. But the confidence in my maleness that Pat had given me was, unfortunately, long gone by this point. And I experienced a series of rejections from women whom I asked out, and the few who did go out with me didn't want to see me for second dates.

I've always thought of my adult self as a nice, thoughtful, intelligent, giving person, and not all that bad looking as a guy... someone the average woman would be pleased to have as a boyfriend. I'm 5 feet, 10 inches tall, with a slender built, about 150 pounds as I write this today. (That's my average weight in my usual male mode. I weigh less when I'm in my best female form). I have short blonde hair, rather bald on top these days, and sometimes a full blonde-gray beard. My facial features are reasonably pleasant, with greenish eyes,

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a large nose, and a small chin. I have big hands, big feet, and a big cock. Yeah, a big thick cock. I admit that I've always had trouble maintaining an erection for a very long time, but women I've had sex with have told me I'm a good, passionate, thoughtful lover (I have magic fingers).

Despite these positive attributes, other than during my brief, youthful "Don Juan" phase during college, it has always seemed that most women find me to be unattractive, unappealing, and undesirable, except perhaps as a casual friend. I remain puzzled by this. Could it be that women's intuition might sense that I'm not a "real man"... that I'm actually a woman inside... a woman who they wouldn't mind having as a friend, but not as a lover? I don't think women could see anything obvious in my appearance or behavior to tip them off to my inner femininity. Jack does not act effeminate or gay at all. But maybe women—with their special, sensitive, intuitive powers—can sense some kind of unusual gender condition about me that turns them off.

I don't know.

An alternative theory is that I just don't offer the smooth, easy lines of bullshit that a lot of women like to hear.

I had my last semiserious "normal" boyfriend-girlfriend relationship with a woman a long time ago—in 2000. She was a coworker at a publishing company in the city, where I began working as a science writer and editor in 1997. There was apparently a mutual attraction, and we lived not far from each other. We had many dates

over a period of several months (less than a year). But I put a stop to things after I concluded that the lady was selfish, neurotic, and afraid of sex. She was also a Roman Catholic holy roller who used to drag me to church on Sundays. I was raised Catholic, but I had abandoned that twisted religion ages ago. So I broke up with her.

When that relationship ended (resulting in awkward moments at work), I pretty much decided that I was through with desperately seeking women to date. I love women, but close relationships just never work out for me. It seemed that the odds were stacked against me, so why even try?

As I spent more and more days and nights alone in my house, my transgender feelings seemed to grow stronger, despite my attempts at fighting them. And because I was living alone, I now had the freedom to buy whatever clothes I wanted, to bring them into my house, and to wear them as often as I wanted. When the urges to dress like a girl became too strong for me to resist, I found myself driving to the local shopping mall and buying the most feminine and sexy dress and shoes I could afford. Then I'd go to a wig store and buy a long blonde wig. And I'd buy makeup at Walgreens or some other store.

When I got home, I'd shave my beard, if I had one at the time. Sometimes I'd also shave my body. Then, I'd dress up in my new clothes and walk from room to room looking at myself in mirrors, or I'd sit and watch TV or read a book. I loved the feeling of a flowy

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skirt against my legs, the feeling of long hair down my back, and the way my legs looked in pantyhose and high heels. As I was doing these things, lost in my feminine reverie, I'd feel so very happy and contented, totally relaxed, and—most importantly—like a woman.

But I never left the house when I was dressed. I was too afraid to go out in public dressed as a woman. Although I fantasized that I was beautiful, I knew I did not know enough about clothes or makeup to look passable or even acceptable.

I would carry on in this way in the privacy of my home, dressing and walking around, over a period of a few days. Then feelings of guilt and shame would come over me, and I'd throw all the clothes away, vowing never to do it again. And inevitably, within a few months, the femme feelings would return, I'd buy more stuff, wear it for a bit, then throw it out again. I struggled with this cycle of buying and purging and buying and purging for years—having no idea what it meant or what to do about it.

Sometime around 2003, I realized that if I took photographs of myself when I was dressed up, I would get a better idea of how good (or bad) I really looked. I also thought that if I took pictures of myself, having the pictures might be enough to satisfy my female feelings, and then maybe I could stop dressing—breaking the rather expensive buying-and-purging cycle. The photos revealed that, although I was definitely no goddess, I made a pretty good-looking



woman, in my opinion. I was fairly pleased with what I saw, and I noticed some things that needed improvement, mainly my makeup.

At around this same time, I joined a couple online transgender communities, websites where crossdressers, transvestites, transsexuals, and other transgenders share photographs and write posts on various topics. The people on those sites range from nice, regular folks who are just starting crossdressing to long-time, fully transitioned transsexuals to porn-star, prostitute shemales to horny, creepy guys looking for some action. Sharing photos helped me learn how to perfect my look, while sharing stories helped me learn about various facets of transgenderism and crossdressing.

I found that I had some things in common with other members of the “transgender community,” such as the habit of buying and purging and the sheer enjoyment obtained from women’s clothes. However, I also thought that I was unique in other ways. For example, many transgenders are willing to sacrifice everything—family relationships, jobs, steady income, personal health—in their quest to live as females. I felt that such an attitude was selfish and reckless. As much as I would love to be a physical woman, at least sometimes, I would never want to devastate my family or lose my job over it.

One of the more interesting individuals I became acquainted with on the transgender websites was a transsexual named Roberta, who had her beard hair permanently removed and was taking female hormones, resulting in small breast growth, but was otherwise still

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physically male. Before Roberta started living full time as a woman, he was a Baptist preacher with his own congregation. He married one woman, divorced her, then married a second woman and also divorced her. He had two sons. After he transitioned from male to female, she lost her congregation. She now delivered morning newspapers for a living. Her two sons lived with her—rather than the mother (who had some kind of psychological disorder, according to Roberta)—and the kids called Roberta “mom.” They also called their genetic mother “mom.”

Roberta told me that she hated her male self so much that she had to change genders—no matter what trouble it caused for her or her family. Unlike Roberta and many other transgenders, I do not hate my male self. In fact, I actually prefer my male self much of the time.

In posting my views on trannie websites, I have received some nasty comments from other members because my opinions on gender issues, political issues, and various other matters apparently conflict with those of the typical transgender/crossdresser. Many transgenders hold rather intolerant attitudes toward anyone with views that differ from their own, and they might express those attitudes in rude, insulting ways. I find this quite interesting—considering that these are the same people who often advocate for diversity and tolerance.

It has been my observation that, unfortunately, a lot of self-identified transgenders seem to magnify the worst aspects of their maleness in terms of hostility and aggressiveness toward others. Or

this attitude might be thought of as bitchiness, I suppose—like a woman at the worst time of the month. I have often wondered if this bad attitude is the result of an imbalance in the female hormones they are taking. But perhaps it's simply a product of the bad behaviors that seem to be associated with online anonymity. People will say nasty things online that they would never say in person. And I have primarily encountered this bad attitude among transgenders over the Internet—not face to face in person.

The hostile trannie attitude toward other trannies is also reflected in the gay community, I have been told. A bartender at the gay bar I have often visited once told me that “gays are their own worst enemies,” because they are always being “mean, hostile, and downgrading” to each other. His words, not mine.

For whatever reason, I have often felt that, even in the transgender/crossdresser world, I am an outcast. And this feeling has sometimes led to additional confusion for me.

Despite getting a little better with my makeup and dressing, thanks to the help of the photos and online advice, I still lacked enough confidence to go out in public dressed as a woman in the early 2000's. However, I had a strong desire to go out in the world and interact with people as what I thought was the “real me”—as a woman. So I reached a compromise of sorts—I used to dress up and drive around in my car at night. Maybe somebody would see me

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through the car windows, but, in the protection of my automobile, I wouldn't have to hear their laughter or ridicule should they choose to fling any my way.

Obviously, this was a pitiful and cowardly way to express my female gender identity.

In 2006, I began working full-time out of my house as a freelance writer, editor, and artist. All the extra time alone in my home gave me plenty of opportunity to crossdress whenever I felt like it—as well as plenty of time to think about it. I began to suspect that my crossdressing was a sign of my transsexuality—that I not only wanted to dress and feel like a woman, but that I needed to physically become a woman. And I began thinking about going through gender transition—taking female hormones and getting sex change surgery. The thought of actually being a real woman brought me indescribable joy and excitement! At least it did when I was in a certain girlie mood.

I also noticed that when I felt the most like a woman—when I was dressed like one—my sexual preference seemed to switch from women to men. I had a strong desire to flirt with men and to make love to men, especially to kiss them and to suck their cocks.

So now I was confused not only about my gender identity but also about my sexual orientation! I realized that I needed professional help.

## **CHAPTER 4:**

### **INITIAL EXPERIMENTS WITH PUBLIC CROSSDRESSING: DUI DISASTER**

In 2007, sometime in July or August as I recall, I started seeing a therapist for the first time. According to the website on which I found the therapist (named Indira), she was a “licensed professional therapist and hypnotist” with experience in gender-identity issues. I think I saw her for a total of four or five sessions. We would meet in a room at a public library, because her regular office was too far away for me.

The first time I went to see Indira, I went dressed as regular ol’ Jack. But for our second session, I worked up the courage to dress as Jacqueline, which was the name I had recently chosen for my female persona. This was very exciting for me—the first time I ever went out in public dressed as a woman!

Well, that is not quite true. One time earlier in 2007 (I think it was in May or June), I visited a professional makeup artist, named Jenita, who specialized in gender transformations. I was far too unsure of myself at the time to ask for a full feminization, so instead I asked her to give me some type of androgynous look. Jenita, who worked out of her house, applied a small amount of makeup to smooth out my complexion and a small amount of neutral lip gloss. I bought a short

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reddish women's wig from her that seemed to go well with my ruddy complexion. I wore a pair of women's blue jeans and a pink v-neck pullover top. I wasn't even wearing any boobs. I also wore a dumb-looking pair of cheap, dangly earrings.

After this relatively minor transformation, I (who looked obviously confused about my gender), Jenita (a very heavy-set blonde woman), and two of her other trannie customers—a big old hairy-armed male banker wearing a dress who looked exactly like a big old hairy-armed male banker wearing a dress, and a drop-dead gorgeous totally passable transvestite from Peru wearing a hot miniskirt—drove to a nearby restaurant. There, the hostess sat us around a table in the most distant and darkest corner in the place. I honestly felt like a freak—and a very unattractive freak at that. So I do not count that embarrassing experience as a public outing for Jacqueline. In fact, I have been trying hard to forget about that experience ever since.

Now back to my visit with Indira, the therapist at the library...

I wore a similar outfit to what I had worn in my outing with Jenita—women's jeans, a pullover pink top, and the short red wig. But I also wore a mastectomy bra with fabric cup inserts that I had bought from an online crossdressing store, and it created curvaceous, convincing-looking, convincing-feeling breasts for me. And I did a more thorough makeup job for myself than Jenita had done. I thought I looked very feminine. As I walked into the crowded library and up the stairs to the second floor, I felt marvelous—and so liberated and

so free to finally be out in public as the “real me.” I was very proud of myself for having the courage to do this.

The main thing that had prevented me from going out in public before was the fear of ridicule from people who saw me. But as I walked through the crowd in the library, nobody even gave me a second glance. At least, that’s what the therapist later told me. I didn’t really know, because I focused my stare straight ahead to avoid making eye contact with anyone.

Indira, a young slightly overweight East Indian woman with long black hair, was very encouraging to me, telling me that I looked great as a woman. She convinced me that I needed to go out in public more often. She suggested the only gay bar in the area—a place called Manny’s. I objected, claiming I was “not really gay.” But she pointed out that if I was still feeling tentative about going out in public, Manny’s would be a safe and welcoming place for me.

It took her a few more therapy sessions to convince me. But after one particular session, instead of driving home, I drove to Manny’s. When I sat down at the bar, the bartender (a good-looking young gay fellow named Ryan, who would later become a friend) asked, “What can I get for you, sweetie?” Sweetie! Nobody had ever called me sweetie before! Isn’t that what guys call pretty girls? I ordered a chardonnay wine. I spent most of the rest of the night chatting with Ryan. It was a weekday night, and the place was rather empty.

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At the end of the night, I felt wonderful—like a new me! I finally did some socializing as Jacqueline, and everything went well. No bad incidents like I had feared. This happy experience gave me a big dose of confidence in my femaleness.

The second time I went to Manny's was even better. I dressed to my femme max, in a long blonde wig, a sheer-sleeved black dress, nylons, and heels. One of the other patrons—a handsome young gentleman with a blonde ponytail—walked up to me and bought me a drink. First time that ever happened. Then he and I had a nice friendly and flirty conversation. He eventually left, after we had exchanged phone numbers, which neither of us followed up on. But the attention he gave me made me—for the first time in my life—feel like a real woman and an attractive woman. I would be fortunate enough to enjoy that special feeling—that special feeling that only females know—many times again.

Later that night, another guy hit on me. But this guy was not a gentleman. Rather, he was a crude, slobbering, ugly, horny drunk. I tried to brush him off, but he just wouldn't leave me alone! He kept asking for my phone number, but I refused to give it to him. Finally, I accepted his number and put it in my purse, having no intention at all of ever calling him. But he still wasn't satisfied, and he kept physically forcing himself on me. I decided the only way to get rid of him was to duck into the ladies' room and stay there for a while,



about 10 minutes. It worked! When I went back out into the bar, the bartender told me that the creep had gone.

What a relief! Now I understood what real women have to put up with when they go out!

The third time I went to Manny's turned into a disaster—resulting in the county jail incident referred to at the beginning of this book. Following are the gruesome details.

It was September 12, 2007—a Wednesday night. I was dressed in my red wig, pink top, black skirt, nylons, and black pumps. After my previous experience at Manny's, I was expecting a lot of male attention that night. Unfortunately, I got no attention at all. Manny's can be a very cliquish place, as it was that night. All the gay guys in little groups, the lesbians in other groups, and the one trannie (me) all by myself. I had no one to talk to, so I spent all my time drinking one chardonnay after another...

I don't even remember leaving the bar or getting into my car that night. But what I do vividly recall is the sudden appearance of flashing red and blue lights in my rearview mirror—just a few blocks before my home. I stopped the car. A city cop sauntered over to the window, shined a flashlight in my face, and asked to see my license and registration, which I handed him after fumbling through the glove box. He then asked me to get out of the car.

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Staring at my skirt and four-inch heels, he asked me why I was dressed that way. “Because I was at a bar,” I replied. It seemed like a logical answer to me at the time. He asked me to walk a straight line, suggesting I remove my high heels. “No,” I said, “I could do it with my shoes on.” But I couldn’t take a single step. When he asked me to say the alphabet, I did it correctly—up to the letter C. He administered a breathalyzer test, which showed that I was officially very drunk indeed (0.175% blood alcohol concentration).

The cop then handcuffed me behind my back and told me that I was under arrest for driving under the influence of alcohol. Because I had no cash for bond on me, he took me to the county jail until someone could post my bond.

When we arrived at the jail, it seemed like about 20 county cops were standing around in their beige uniforms watching me with a mixture of curiosity and amusement as I was brought in. Hey, look at the drag queen wearing a skirt and with his hands cuffed behind his back! Ha Ha Ha!!! They made me remove my pantyhose, shoes, jewelry, boobs, and wig right in front of them—leaving me in only my skirt, pink top, and underwear. Then they started making fun of me and laughing at me.

The combination of ridicule, alcohol, and weariness—mixed with fear—at about 3 AM was too much for me to bear. So I said something very illogical and very stupid: “Why are you hanging

around gay bars trying to catch people like me? Why don't you go try to find Osama bin Laden or something useful?"

That's when I learned that one does not talk trash to cops.

A split second after the words "...or something useful" came out of my mouth, one big cop knocked me to the hard floor and started punching my sides and back with all his strength. He was quickly joined by a couple colleagues. As they were pummeling me, one of them reached up my skirt and pulled off my underwear—I guess to make sure I had what he assumed I had. He shouted, "Just because you're dressed like a bitch doesn't mean we have to treat you like one." Then, my head was slammed against the floor and I tasted blood.

They eventually lifted me off the floor by my limp arms. As they did so, my blurry eyes caught a glimpse of several cops—including a couple women—laughing hilariously at the spectacle. One of the cops commented, "Hey, look at all that blood and makeup on the floor! Ha Ha Ha!" Then the cops threw me into a cell. As I was pushed to the floor, my head hit the concrete bench that served as a bed for the inmate. And then the bastards finally left me alone, still laughing at the fun they had with me.

I lay on the floor inside the jail cell unable to move because my body ached so badly. I knew that something had to be broken. Eventually, I was able to pull myself up and sit on the hard bench. I looked around the tiny cell and saw a stainless steel toilet and sink

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and a small, stained, blotchy mirror. I also noticed that I was in there by myself. Dragging myself in terrible pain to the mirror, I saw a blurry reflection of a tired-and-sick-looking face smeared with black eye makeup, red lipstick, and red blood.

I sat back down, thinking I can't believe how stupid I am to get into a mess like this! What the hell am I going to do now?

I ended up sitting and waiting and thinking in that jail cell for 17 hours. I had to call someone to post my bond, which would allow me to go free, but my sister did not answer her phone. I was too ashamed and scared to call my parents, and I had no close friends who would do such a favor for me. I had decided to call my sister, because I didn't mind too much if she found out about my crossdressing and my DUI. But there was no way I wanted to hurt my elderly parents by allowing them to find out about all the shit I had done. Unfortunately for me, my sister would not answer the phone. (She later told me that she hardly ever has her cell phone turned on, and that was the number I was calling.) So I went back to sitting on that hard concrete bench (it was too painful to lay down), or I paced restlessly back and forth in the small cell, still wearing my pink top and black skirt. I had no shoes, so I walked on the dirty floor with bare feet.

Surprisingly, the cops—after they had expressed their machismo to their satisfaction by beating up the drunken drag queen—were considerate enough to keep me in the cell by myself. They hauled in a bunch of other guys overnight—including a young black guy who

also got the crap beat out of him for some reason. I think he allegedly made a gang gesture with his hands. The cops put all those other guys into other cells, with about four or five guys per cell, as I recall. But I was kept alone. One of the guys in the other cell kept winking and gesturing to me, but I couldn't understand what he was trying to tell me. (I now assume that he wanted to fuck me, beat me up, or both.)

After the alcohol began to wear off during the next day, I felt extremely ridiculous wearing that skirt. I tried to get the cops' attention to ask them if they could give me a pair of pants, but the desk where they were sitting was around a corner and several yards away. I couldn't see them (unless they happened to walk by to go to one of the other cells), and when I called out to them, they usually just ignored me. I concluded that they still thought of me as some kind of sick joke who didn't deserve a response from them. At least I got a plate of cold spaghetti and a hard piece of bread for lunch.

Finally, sometime after I enjoyed that fine cuisine, they took me out of the cell to get my mug shot. The young cop who took my picture asked me why I had attacked the other cops the previous night. "What???" I exclaimed! "I know I was drunk last night, but I also know I didn't attack anybody. I was the one who was attacked!"

After the guy took my picture and fingerprints, I asked him for some pants. He took me into a side room where the prisoners' uniforms were stored. He handed me a pair of gray pants and a gray pullover shirt emblazoned with the white block letters of "COUNTY

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JAIL.” I took off my top and skirt and handed them to him. He put them in a big plastic bag in which my other belongings had been stored—my wig, high heels, bra, pantyhose, jewelry, purse, wallet...

Before I could go back to my cell, I had to answer several questions asked by a black cop sitting behind the reception desk in the middle of the floor. This guy also asked me why I had attacked the cops last night, and then he informed me that I was charged with resisting arrest as well as the DUI. Oh, so that’s what’s going on, I realized... The cops made up a phony charge of resisting arrest to justify their assault on me, and they were apparently trying to get me to admit to it by asking me questions about it. I knew that I had completely cooperated with the city cops who arrested me. There was no way that I had resisted arrest. I became angry only when the county cops started making fun of me after I was brought to the jail. But I knew for certain that all I did was make a stupid, sarcastic remark to one of the bastards, who then immediately attacked me. I wasn’t even able to defend myself against the blows of that big SOB and his testosterone-fueled hypermacho colleagues.

Although I knew that I had not resisted arrest, I also knew that I was in deeper shit than I had previously realized.

The cop behind the desk also asked me if I liked guys or girls. I don’t know why he asked me that. Perhaps it was information that they needed to know should I become a long-term inmate? Or maybe he was just curious? I told him I like girls, which was and is the truth.

I was then returned to my cell, where I found myself more frightened than before regarding the mess I was in. And I still had no idea when I would be released—because after about three or four calls, my sister was still not answering her goddamned, fucking cell phone! I sat there worrying not only about myself, but also about my cat. I felt bad knowing that he was at home hungry and probably wondering where I was. I finally decided that I had no choice but to call my parents.

I felt horrible about this, but I had to do it. Around 3 or 4 PM, the cops let me out of my cell to use the phone one more time, and I punched in my parents' number in sheer terror. My mom answered. She was frantic as soon as she heard my voice, because she had been trying to call me at home, and she was afraid that something bad had happened to me. She had no idea.

I fumbled around as I managed to spit out, "Remember that dressing problem I used to have? Well, it came back." I could sense the shock and pain that she felt. She asked where I was. Then I punched her with the second blow—I got a DUI and I was in jail and I need you and dad to come post my bond so I could get out. Oh, and please bring me some clothes to wear. And please also stop at my house first to feed my cat.

God, I could have died! And I'm sure my mom felt a helluva lot worse than me—thinking that I had stopped dressing years ago, and now this! My parents have never understood my crossdressing, they

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have never accepted it, and I have never been able to explain it to them. I have always tried to hide it from them. In fact, they are the only people in the world whom I continue to try to hide my crossdressing behaviors from today. Everyone else knows about me.

My mom was so pissed at me over the phone that she shouted, “That’s it! You can’t be trusted. You’re moving back home!” Despite her horror, she said that she and dad would come to the jail to pay my bond money and pick me up. I went back to my cell and waited... anticipating my own horror when I confronted them.

My parents came as soon as possible, but they had to wait for a few hours because the cops wouldn’t let me out until about 8 PM for some reason. I was given the male clothes that my parents had brought for me. But to humiliate me one more time for their sick amusement, the cops ordered me to wear my high heels in the room where other inmates were also waiting to be released. When I objected, one of the asshole cops threatened me by saying, “Do you want us to do to you again what we did to you last night?” So I relented and wore the damn heels. When one of the other inmates saw me, he asked me about it and then said, “Those bastards can’t make you wear those!” But there was nothing I could do about it. Fortunately, the fuckers let me take the shoes off before I went out to meet my parents.

When I walked into the public waiting room carrying the giant clear plastic bag filled with my girlie clothes, my mom exploded,



yelling at me and saying painful, angry things that I can no longer remember. My dad, as is usually the case in stressful family situations, said nothing, but his displeasure and disappointment were quite clear. Although my mom had caught me crossdressing a couple times many years before, when I still lived at home, this was the first time that my dad found out his son liked to dress as a girl—as well as that his son might have a drinking problem.

Fortunately for me and my already fucked-up situation, my parents immediately “took my side” after they saw I was in terrible pain and I told them that the cops had beaten me up. With all the legal problems I now faced, I really didn’t want to have to also deal with relationship problems with my parents. In fact, to my complete amazement, both of my parents were very supportive of me as I handled my legal problems over the next several months. My dad drove me to my several court appearances (I could not drive because my license was suspended for three months), and my mother went with us. My lawyer was an old friend of my sister’s. He was also a former cop, and he told me that cops beat up gays and transgenders all the time because they see them as threats to their hypermasculinity. He added that phony charges of resisting arrest are often used as excuses for police brutality.

So my family helped me get through this worst time of my life.

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But that did not mean that they accepted what I did. On the contrary, my mother took it upon herself to throw out all my female clothes that she could find. (But she did not find all of them.) She also said that if any “squirrely” thing like this happened again, she would never talk to me for the rest of her life. My sister would later say hurtful and insulting comments about my crossdressing. I have never gotten any family support for dealing with my gender-identity issues.

Needless to say, I was scared shitless during the many months I was dealing with the legal fallout from my DUI—afraid that I might eventually be sentenced to a long stretch in jail. The first thing I found out from the judge was that the charge of resisting arrest had been dropped (no explanation was given), leaving only the DUI. On that charge, the judge ultimately sentenced me to pay a fine of \$2000, to spend 100 hours doing community service for the nonprofit organization of my choice, and to attend several hours of substance-abuse classes. I paid my fine, fulfilled my community service obligations (by helping with work at a local wild animal shelter and by writing articles for the shelter’s website), and I passed my “propaganda” anti-alcohol and antidrug classes at the local hospital.

I paid my “debt to society.” And I vowed to never again be that stupid. If I was going to drink anymore, I would stay home. Or if I ever wanted to go out and drink, I would take a cab. That took care of the drinking issue. As far as the crossdressing issue, I was scared “back in the closet,” and I had absolutely no intention of ever going

out in public again as Jacqueline. It was not worth the potential trouble! I threw out or gave away (to my sister) all of my remaining female clothes.

Of course, my crossdressing abstinence did not last long. Within a few months, I had restocked my wardrobe and was dressing again in private. And by May 2010, I was again thoroughly enjoying my life in public as Jacqueline. And although I sometimes used a cab when I went out, I still did quite a lot of drinking and driving. I have been very fortunate to not get another DUI.





*A middle-aged transvestite presents his unusual life story in a fiction-inspired-by-fact account, describing his complex struggles with crossdressing and gender identity and his efforts to deal with various chronic addictions, including those involving alcohol, call girls, strippers, sex, and spending money. The diverse stories in the book range from serious to funny to outrageous and are written in an unflinchingly personal style that is also earthy, sexy, and sometimes politically incorrect.*

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