

## TOP TO BOTTOM

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### J. MACEY

*“It wasn’t too long ago that I discovered the scores of gay bio guys on craigslist looking for gay trans guys. When I began transition in high school, and later when I discovered the existence of trans guys who like other guys, and even later when I realized my existence as a trans guy who likes every gender (but never blonde), I by no means thought I’d live to see the day that FTMs were fetishized. For better or worse, everyone knows about transgender women, but female-to-male might as well mean unicorn-to-leprechaun; the general population doesn’t understand we exist, let alone how cool we are.”*

After sitting in a cubicle all week, there’s nothing I enjoy more than disco. Away from my boring breeding co-workers, a night spent dancing with a group of sweaty, shirtless, gregarious, and generally hot guys is relaxing and reminds me that there’s light at the end of the workweek. Even if most of the people in the club are strangers, there’s a sense of commonality that I have neither experienced nor witnessed at straight clubs; straight guys fight, queer guys vogue. That’s why having our own separate space is so important.

As a toned 20-something with a thick head of hair and a flattering wardrobe, and especially as a top, I get my fair share of attention at the clubs. But even if I happen to be single at the time, and even if the potential suitor appears to fit my ridiculously narrow parameters for potential boyfriends, I’m rarely interested in allowing anything to develop. It took awhile to not feel like a loser dancing only with friends, or alone, but it also took me a long time to learn that I look better without rings on half my fingers and a silver chain beneath my chest hair.

One drunken Saturday night, after the friends I’d come with had hooked up with other people, I decided to approach a guy who’d thrown me a couple glances. We had a great time. He met all the prerequisites: height (not too tall); hair (full and dark), and position (bottom, bottom, bottom!). When he yell-whispered into my ear the precise kink that consumes my fantasies, I almost took him home.

But take him home I didn’t. I told him to wait for me while I went to use the bathroom. But I never came back. Instead, my buddies and I stumbled to the 24-hour greasy diner requisite of a proper gay night out and made our way home, completing another gloriously repetitive night. Needless to say, the next day I felt like a complete asshole.

For me, casually dating or fucking guys is a lot of work. In fact, to the surprise of many, I find that it can be harder with men than with women. We’ve all heard the line about bisexuality being sensible because it increases one’s prospective dating pool, and while that’s still true for me, the numbers don’t increase for a female-to-male transsexual top the way they do for non-trans tops.

It wasn’t too long ago that I discovered the scores of gay bio guys on craigslist looking for gay trans guys. When I began transition in high school, and later when I discovered the existence of trans guys who like other guys, and even later when I realized my existence as a trans guy who likes every gender (but never blonde), I by no means thought I’d live to see the day that FTMs were fetishized. For better or worse, everyone knows about transgender women, but female-to-male might as well mean unicorn-to-leprechaun; the general population doesn’t understand we exist, let alone how cool we are. (Well, some of us.) Now that more and more gay guys are realizing that they can enjoy dating and fucking us, the lives of biomen-loving-transguys are changing.

However, with appreciated exception, almost every FTM-chasing fag is looking for a bottom. There are a lot of FTM-chasing tops and FTM bottoms, and I’ll bet they’re having a lot of hot sex as you read this. Good for all of them. But back to me: What’s a transguy top to do? I can’t speak

from personal experience, but suspect that most biogays would rather hear that I have crabs than about the pimped out equipment I carry below my belt.

Due to this frustrating reality, I don't sleep around, and I am discriminating about whom I'll pursue. At this point in my life, as a young, untethered, self-sufficient, and generally confident and content man, I don't pursue anyone I don't have reason to believe is worth the hassle. Bottoms are a lot of work, whether they love you or not. I don't like to waste my time or anyone else's.

I'm not one of those FTMs who thinks that we should deny the benefits of the tranny bonus hole; far from it. As someone who loves and appreciates bottoms, and sort of relies upon them to have real sex, I think it's great when other transmen are able to fully utilize the complexities of their bodies while retaining their sense of masculinity and integrity. Smoke 'em if you've got 'em.

I, however, am not a bottom. This seems to leave guys confused as to what, exactly, I expect to do with them. For example, there's the closet-case who bottomed with every other guy he was with, who I handcuffed and spanked, who still thought I was a bottom. After untying him, he nervously moved between my legs, furrowed his brow, and took aim before I realized his intentions.

It's not just the prospect of having sex with me that seems to confuse guys, though. Then there's the guy I met at a club and went out with a few times. He was gorgeous, and on our first date unexpectedly told me, "I will cook for you, I will clean for you, but I am keeping my job! Now watch the movie." Upon learning what makes me so interesting, he looked devastated and said that he had to go home to take a nap. I never saw him again, and needless to say, that's a good thing.

I've been talking tranny to friends, enemies, schools, co-workers, and medical and social service providers for years now. Though I've gained insight and otherwise benefited from doing so, that game for me is as played out as the phrase played out. Once tragically desperate to discuss gender

until I lost the energy to lift my perfectly pomaded head, eventually it seems that I said everything I had to say – repeatedly – to varying reactions. Thus, in an effort to preempt more talk (any short, dark haired, funny vegetarian bottoms reading this?), let me cover some of the important stuff right here – some of the stuff I'm tired of explaining. You'll notice that I am most tired of explaining the physical mechanics of my body, as other aspects of transgender life are at least more likely to avoid me repeating myself. Hopefully if I hit on you you'll know what to look forward to having read this.

Foremost, before getting to the flesh and bolts, know that my masculinity is not debatable. If you're having a hard time seeing me as a man, deal with it. I'm probably having a hard time seeing you as interesting. Don't explain to me the conditions under which you will accept my masculinity, or those under which you will not ("Well, as long as you stand up..."). Remember that heterosexism questionnaire that delighted you the first five times you read it? The one that asks how people know they're straight if they've never made sweet, sweet love to someone of the same sex? Well, I've lived as a woman. I've seen the 'other' side (though we all know gender isn't *really* binary, right?) and know in my heart that I am not one. Most men know that without ever having lived as a woman; I at least made the effort to do the research. If there were only so much masculinity to go around, who would be more deserving: the guy who hardly noticed his, or the one who dwelled on it, paid countless dollars, lost the support of supposedly supportive people, and generally took great risks to be who he is?

As are many FTMs, I am passable. Unless you have seen many, many transguys, (seriously, a lot of transguys) you'd assume I was born male if I approached you at a bar. I am officially average height for an American man, tragically hairy, and last month I was called "straight-acting" by a guy who seemed to think I would find it a compliment. As are many FTMs, I have a muscular chest with surgical scars - which I'd prefer were absent, or at least less prominent, but the fact is that I was stacked, and I'm grateful that the

surgeon got the topography right. Being able to just put on a t-shirt and rush out the door is a luxury I now try to remember to not take for granted.

There are many reasons that transguys often choose not to have bottom surgery. Amongst them are access to proper medical care, the monetary cost, and dangerously varying results. My reason, however, is that after top surgery and the better part of a decade on testosterone, my body is already awesome.

The clitoris has over 8,000 nerve fibers, more than any other organ in the body of any sex, and exists solely for sexual pleasure. Mine is on steroids. Time permitting, I can orgasm about five times a day and never once make a mess. Impotence isn't anything for me to worry about (my impotence, that is). Partners with sensitive gag reflexes have no problem with me, but can feel in their mouths the difference between erection and post-erection. If I am so horny that my vision blurs, I can slip my hands into my jeans and bring myself sexual relief without the sounds or evidence typical of bio males. There's no need for a jock strap, because my equipment doesn't flop all over the place (rude!). Then there's my opinion that a flaccid penis tends to appear depressed and resigned, as though the subject of an insufferable country song. If I want to piss standing up, or bend a hot guy over the couch and fuck him, I have attachments that will do the trick – any size, shape, or color, electric or standard, so long as we both shall live. Transguys and our appendages have come a long, long way together. And if the health of a particular appendage was to come into question, it could be replaced much more easily than one permanently attached to my body.

To take this thorough analysis one step further, men-loving-bio men: If you assume your partner needs a dick to give you a good time in bed, you are unimaginative and uninspired and possibly not doing it right. Necessity breeds creativity, and I've learned how to get what I want and fulfill my partner at the same time. If you're dependent upon something up your ass to get off, great; you can suck off your FTM top and have him bend you over within moments – we don't take nearly as long to recharge. More bang for your buck.

I could have explained all this to the hot guy at the disco that night, and maybe I should have. But I wasn't obligated to share so much about myself after a little dancing and groping, or give an impromptu workshop on tranny loving, or – worst case scenario – have to defend myself in any way. I shouldn't have to, because I'm not wearing a disguise. What you see is what you get, and if you're seeing things that aren't there, you need to watch more *Priscilla*. Assumption is the mother of all fuck ups, baby. Maybe I could have taken home that hot, dark-haired bottom, pushed him down, and gotten right to business without giving him the chance to be a jerk. Maybe he'd spent years dating FTM tops and hoped I was one. How the hell do I know?

The moral of the story is that there's often more to transmen than meets the inexperienced eye. We were never the elusive unicorns that we are sometimes made out to be, though we played the part of something that felt comparably foreign. Take it from a top, guys: If you come across a hot transguy whilst cruising the bars, consider whether you are reading his sexuality correctly. If you make the right moves, he, like a leprechaun, may just bring you good luck. You might not be used to our charms, but they're delicious.

Well, mine are, at least.

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#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*J. Macey lives in a liberal city in an otherwise unmentionable state and has eyesight permanently damaged from long evenings spent writing at an old wooden desk in an older brick apartment building. The author's angry housecat recently mutilated a handsome antique captain's chair that rests its pleather body upon genuine mahogany legs; it was his favorite piece of furniture. It is nearly impossible to find quality pleather furniture, so if you do, defend it from said tabby. She is 11" tall and does not answer to anything.*