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Asian Cross Dressers



Asian Cross Dressers By Roberta Angela Dee

Within the steel and glass temple to technology known as Manhattan, there are orchids and trees. There are flowers and people who whisper in foreign tongues — languages that are foreign, at least to me. To my rear, I hear such a whisper, while I stand near a corner on a busy New York City street.

I wear a low-cut fuchsia Lycra dress. It attracts approving stares from white-collared businessmen with 5-o'clock shadows, and disapproving glances from other women. C'est la vie. Such is life.

The men examine the shape of my derriere — an icon of feminine form. A certain kind of lust is evident in their eyes, and their eyes say far more than they would dare to speak aloud.

You — pretty lady

"You — pretty lady," I hear someone say. The voice is mature, female, and carries a heavy Asian accent. I turn to see an elderly Korean shopkeeper. She is a woman who sells fruits and vegetables to provide for herself.

"You — pretty lady," she says, again. "Many men notice you."

"You're very kind," I reply. "Thank you."

"You — tall," she says. "What you are? Six feet?"

"Close enough. I'm five-feet, eleven inches. Almost six feet."

Men like the women with long legs

"You taller than a lot of men," she says. "But men — they like the women with the long legs! Long legs like

you."

The woman makes me laugh. It is so refreshing to be able to have a discussion with another woman that has nothing to do with cross-dressing or with being transgendered. I look like a woman, and she is satisfied that I am a woman.

"You have man to take care of you?" she asks.

"No. I'm afraid not. There's no one taking care of me."

"You look good. Wear tight dress and look pretty," she replied. "A man will find you."

Another woman who stops to examine the grapefruit distracts her. They discuss the quality of her produce. Within a short time, she has made a sale consisting of some grapefruit and a bunch of bananas.

I wonder whether the woman thinks that I am standing on the corner to attract men, or merely to wait on a friend. If she knew, would it matter?

Friction between African Americans, and Asians

There have been reports, mostly through American media, that friction exists between African Americans, and Asians. Media, however, tends to make exaggerated claims. And it's perhaps why many people no longer trust the Media. As Americans, we enjoy freedom of the press. It's unfortunate the privilege is so often abused by those who control it.

My own experience with Asians is that they are a beautiful people. However, there is often a certain degree of friction between different cultures, until they get to know each other. Eventually, an understanding develops. After all, we are all people. We are all human beings.

"I have a daughter now. She like you," the shopkeeper said. "She born a boy with the heart of a girl. Now she a girl. Now she my daughter."

I was surprised at how accepting this woman was towards her transgendered daughter. How much better the world would be, if more people were like this old Asian woman. Why must we hate or dismiss people solely because they are not like the majority. We should praise what is rare. We should cherish what is rare, the same way we cherish natural pearls.

"Did you help her to become the woman she is today?" I asked.

Who we are comes from inside

"No. I cannot help anyone become a woman. Who we are comes from inside," she replied. "I talk to her like a talk to my other daughter. My other daughter like me. But both are doing good. Both have good men."

She laughs, perhaps at the thought that the woman she once loved as a boy has now succeeded as a woman. But it is happy laughter motivated by positive emotions. I laugh with her.

Tiger at the Gates

In 1957, Jean Giraudoux wrote, in "Tiger at the Gates," "I have been a woman for fifty years, and I've never been able to discover precisely what I am."

I believe that what Jean Giraudoux wrote is true for all of us.

Finally, a man did come along, but he was not the kind of man that the shopkeeper had wished for me, nor the kind of man I would wish for myself. Still, he was attractive enough and willing to buy me a drink.

He and I talked for a while. He explained his need to be discreet as though I had no such need. In any event, the evening was fruitful for each of us. He was rewarded sexually. I was rewarded financially. Some call it hustling or prostitution. I prefer to say it is a way for people to barter goods and services. Is that such a crime?

The End

More by Roberta Angela Dee

What Does Transgendered Really Mean



What Does Transgendered Really Mean? What Does Transgendered Really Mean? By Roberta Angela Dee
WHAT DOES TRANSGENDERED REALLY MEAN? Never make assumptions about a transgendered or transsexual man. In the scientific community, it is easy to suggest that a transgendered man is simply the opposite of a transgendered woman. In other words, it is easy ...

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- [Trans Adult & Dating Chat \(adult-oriented\)](#)
- [Transgender Friends and Dating Profiles](#)
- [Transgender Social Media at TGGuide](#)

Roberta Angela Dee, Journalist & Trans Activist



Asian Cross Dressers was written by Roberta Angela Dee for publication on [TGGuide.com](#). © All rights are reserved.

Roberta Angela Dee (October 31, 1950–March 13, 2003) was an American author, transgender rights activist and frequent contributor to TGGuide.com. Roberta was born in Brooklyn, New York, grew up in Long Island, and lived in Atlanta before settling in Augusta, Georgia. She had a journalism degree. Her writing was