



Reluctant Press presents:

Women Alone

Elaine Grace



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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WOMEN ALONE

Life In The Place Where Women Rule

By Elaine Grace

Never underestimate the power of women. Women alone. I learned that the hard way in my misspent youth. My mom was a widow. I was her only child. From the time I was in second grade until the first semester of ninth grade, I gave her trouble, at home and at school. The crisis boiled over in the fall of my freshman year of high school when, along with a couple of older macho buddies, I attempted to steal a car. The police arrested me on a juvenile delinquency charge. Mom hired a smart lawyer who worked out a solution that left everybody, except my mother, satisfied. Mom declared that she was sick and tired of my antics and was looking for a permanent solution. She found one. During Christmas break of that year, she moved us to the city of St. Joan's Wood, a place ruled by women. By women alone.

In the center of the courthouse square of St. Joan's Wood rises a thirty-foot high statue of Joan of Arc. She stands straight and tall. She wears armor like any medieval knight. Her face is raised to heaven. Her left hand rests upon a sword, her right upon a scroll marked in Latin, "femme sole"—"woman alone." The spirit of "woman alone" controls the community and its environs.

As one looks at the passing citizenry, all one sees are women, only women, of all shapes and sizes, wearing the variety of clothing, makeup and hairstyles characteristic of modern women anywhere. Underneath that appearance lies a greater truth: those wearing any type of pants are women and women alone. Those wearing skirts are women—or their men. Females of any age can dress as they like. Males must wear skirts or dresses. Men may wear pants in the privacy of their

homes, with the permission of their warder or spouse. Males are second-class citizens, strictly governed by women.

All unmarried males in St. Joan's Wood must, at all times when in public, wear a bracelet indicating the name of the woman—mother, aunt, grandmother or legal guardian—who is their warder. Any engaged male must wear his engagement ring prominently on his left hand, the name of his future "duenna" engraved inside. The Old Spanish term for "governess" is used to mean the dominant spouse, i.e., the woman, in any marriage. All married men, legally and socially referred to as "wives," must wear their engagement and/or wedding rings at all times. Should any wife be so unfortunate as to become a widow, the municipal court assigns a guardian until another suitable marriage is arranged, if possible.

All women, regardless of age or marital status, are referred to as "Miz." Everyone addresses an unmarried male as "Miss" and a married male as "Mrs." The married male takes his spouse's family name. Anthropologists call this a matrilineal society. Who you are, what family name you bear, your legal and marital status depends upon the women, not the men, in the family and family lineage.

Everything in the metropolis reflects the philosophy of the founding mothers: "It is the rule of nature that women are the superior sex. For true peace, security and human advancement, let women rule. Women and women alone. A man's role is to be an obedient wife and follow the wisdom of those who know better."

Because at marriage, the man becomes one with the woman, a woman and her wife may both properly be referred to as "madam" or "mistress," as in the respectful eighteenth and nineteenth century usage of those terms. "Ladies" signifies a group of wives, a group of duennas or a mixed group of duennas and their wives. "Fair sex" means only females; "the softer sex" means only males. Citizens of St. Joan's Wood understand a woman who for any reason elects not to marry or not to remarry after a divorce or the death of her wife is simply an individual exercising her God-given options. Any male unfortunate enough to remain unmarried, because of poor looks or disobedience to his warder or some other misadventure, becomes part of the class of "spinster" and regarded by all as a poor soul to be much pitied. The handful of widowed wives, mandated by the last will and testament of a deceased duenna, not to remarry, are called "dowagers." Though universally left financially well-off, most folks pity them. Only the most daring and liberal women ever socialize with a dowager. Rarely, if ever, does anyone see non-dowager men with a dowager.

Local laws prevent sexual harassment or exploitation of the vulnerable males. The police, the sheriff and the courts (ninety-three percent of law enforcement officers, lawyers and judges are women) stringently enforce the laws. Experiences such as being whistled at by a leering woman or having your butt pinched or patted are not considered harassment—"Girls will be girls; they mean no harm." Serious violations of the law consist of things like being kissed unwillingly or raped or forced into sexual relations outside of marriage. Such offenses receive appropriate punishment

Men cannot own property or hold elective office, except on the school board. In elections, a man votes as his warder or duenna tells him to vote. Women arrange all marriages. A woman desiring a man's hand asks permission first of the male's mother, aunt, grandmother, or whatever woman has legal control of the male. In marriage, a man moves from being legally controlled by his mother to being legally controlled by his spouse.

Finances are totally controlled by women. Males work only with the permission of their warder or duenna, who in turn control the males' earnings. Men work as teachers, nurses, physical therapists, lab technicians, secretaries, office assistants, receptionists, actresses, models, hairdressers, manicurists, waitresses, sales clerks, bookkeepers, meter maids, cooks, child care providers, housemaids, interior decorators, janitors, stock persons, cashiers, seamstresses, machine operators and the like. In certain jobs, like garbage collection or tree trimming, men receive written permission from female supervisors to wear pants at work but they must change back into a dress or skirt to return home after work.

A woman can, if she so chooses, also work these jobs but she receives a higher salary. For example, a woman hairdresser makes over \$65,000 a year. A male hairdresser, even an extremely experienced and talented one, can earn only about \$35,000 to \$40,000 per year, at most.

Women work as doctors, lawyers, judges, business executives, sales managers, engineers, truckers, cab and bus drivers, factory supervisors, school principals, college professors, news reporters, actors, bankers and the like. You find an occasional male doctor or lawyer but they are minority members of the profession, working in areas women often select not to work in and the men usually earn much less, about 64 cents for every dollar earned by a woman in the same profession.

Not quite forty-five percent of the males live simply as stay-at-home wives and homemakers. The radical vision of the city's Nineteenth-century founding mothers reached a new level decades ago when the local government, in cooperation with groups of scientists and physicians in California (all women, of course), developed a way that artificial wombs, with a special access tract, could be created in males. A woman can impregnate a man with his own sperm or that of another male donor, and the woman's egg. After this surgery, males produce sperm in cycles and have periods comparable to those of a female. At a given time in the month, the artificially enwombed male is extremely fertile and highly likely to become pregnant. At another, he is moody and miserable as his cycle adjusts.

With this technology, women control two options to inseminate a male. They can harvest a man's sperm, a process euphemistically referred to as "milking," and use a penile device to return male sperm with female eggs into the male tract leading to the womb. Or they can use the penile device to transfer female eggs directly into the male womb. The second option works extremely well when, during a three-to-five day period in his cycle, a male "in heat" easily becomes pregnant as his own sperm are irresistibly drawn to the female eggs implanted in his womb. If timed correctly, one act of intercourse in this space of time guarantees the male will be in a delicate condition the next morning.

The word “matron” means any wife who has given birth and he is properly and politely referred to as such. Women retain the option to have babies. Some elect to have one just for the experience. Many choose to have their wives bear all the children. Those women who elect to have a baby themselves most always impregnate their wives at the same time so that the wife can share his duenna’s experience from the very beginning.

Children in St. Joan’s Wood call both parents “mother” or “mom,” because in marriage the man “becomes one” with the woman. No orphans exist in the society. All children receive much love as well as good homes, decent clothes, medical care, and quality education. All homes provide loving, positive environments for children. Little girls are taught to aspire to their dreams, reach high, become successful, serve society and enlighten the world. Little boys are taught to please girls and to become wives and mothers.

The only unresolved problem with this enwombing technology is that, for yet unexplained reasons, seventy-two percent of the births are girls. New males need to be continually imported. Society welcomes women like my mother, bringing in a soon to be marriage-age son.

After their surgery, enwombed males may remain fertile until as late as age sixty. Early on, as this technological advance became available, among certain older couples where the woman had borne children before these developments, some made their male wives undergo the surgery. Then it became turn-about-fair-play. A number of men over age forty was impregnated and successfully became mothers, much to the delight of their duennas. Doctors delivered a spate of “caboose ba-



bies” mothered by surprised older males.

Societal mores, the education system and local government work together to train men to become obedient and cooperative wives and mothers. While harassment is prohibited and sex outside of marriage is generally discouraged, men are expected to be sexually pleasing to women. Once a woman expresses an interest in a male as a prospective wife, she can have her way with him without disapproval, as long as it is not rape. If she subsequently selects another as her wife, the first male becomes available again to be hunted by other females looking for a wife. Forced sex before marriage is a crime. After marriage, however, any man who fails to provide sex on demand to his duenna or refuses to have children can easily be divorced by his spouse. After a divorce, the courts assign such a male to a warder. These unfortunate ex-wives usually end up in the lowest of the low blue-collar jobs, turning their wages over to their warder who sees to their best interest. The social status of these poor guys ranks along with the sad spinsters.

The law also allows two lesbians to select each other as “life partners” and to keep a wife between them, for breeding purposes. Such men are often pregnant every year or two, without letup, as each woman partner retains legal permission and power to impregnate the wife. Walking the streets in St. Joan’s Wood, one sees every imaginable combination of female-appearing figures. All citizens know that those persons wearing pants aren’t men. People wearing skirts may be either women or men. These days, males constitute the majority of persons wearing maternity clothes. If one sees a pregnant female, look closely for a pregnant male at her side.

The St. Joan’s Wood women control the city itself and the four-county area immediately surrounding the metropolis. My mom and I entered the area two days before New Year’s Eve. The moving truck went ahead of us. Mom stopped for the night at a motel about twenty miles from the city. I marveled at the appearance of the women at the motel. I failed to realize that some of the people I saw were actually typical St. Joan’s Wood men. After we settled in our room, two women security officers took us to a meeting room where we watched a cinematic introduction to St. Joan’s Wood. As the film ran on, I grew more and more terrified. The guards stood on either side of me. I wanted to run or scream. The documentary presented a capsule version of the society I outlined above. I thought that mom surely couldn’t be so desperate that she would turn me, her only son, into one of these horrible, feminine men, could she?

The answer was yes. When the film finished, mom, backed up by the two officers, took me to a changing area. Under her close supervision, I changed into panties, tights, a slip, a girly sweater with kitten artwork on it, a jeans skirt and Mary Jane shoes. The guards took us to dinner. Mom obviously enjoyed talking with them. As they answered her questions, I became quieter and paler. How on earth could my own mother do this to me?

When we returned to the room, I discovered, to my shock, that all of my male clothes had been take away. I found that my new wardrobe consisted of panties, slips, camisoles, knee socks, tights, blouses, sweaters, skirts, dresses, and girl’s

flat shoes. That night, for the first time, I slept in a nightgown, as I have every night since then.

I resisted tears as I tried to calm myself into sleep that night. I determined that I would never become one of those sissy, silly, girly “men” in that film. Never. Somehow, I knew not how, I would resist. I promised myself to fight for my freedom.

From the very beginning, mom grew excited and happy in St. Joan’s Wood. She found a well-paying job as a delivery truck driver and soon became a route manager, then general manager of the company. She blossomed.

Of course, I became more and more horrified by all that I saw around me. I increased my determination to have no part of it. I hated the feminization process to which I was immediately subjected, totally against my will—the skirts, the hosiery, the cosmetics, the jewelry, and the necessary identification bracelet. Mine read: “Miss Frankie Hudson, son of Miz Ellen Hudson.” Mom had returned to the use of her family name. She legally changed my last name to “Hudson” instead of “Morton,” my dead father’s family name.

To begin my submission, right after we moved, mom arranged for me to be interviewed by a juvenile probation officer, a tall gray-haired woman who wore a gun, handcuffs and a nightstick. She took me on a tour of the juvenile detention center. I knew that I did not want to spend any time in there. Males in the juvenile justice system receive extremely harsh treatment. They live as slaves, not mere prisoners. The detention center scared me. At the end of the tour, I dashed into the boy’s restroom —pink walls, no urinals—only stalls — and puked up my breakfast. The officer laughed. When I came home, mom said nothing about my pale face or nor did she ask about what I had seen. She just smiled a very contented smile. I resolved to play along until I could escape. At fourteen, though, I had no money and no mode of transportation. Mom and the women of St. Joan’s Wood made sure that my flight never happened.

Mom immersed me in training in super femininity and submissiveness from the beginning. She fed me hormones to make sure that I developed breasts and a nicely rounded rear end. My new doctor —a woman— regularly gave me hormone injections during the first eight months in addition to the pills I took daily. My blood ran cold when I noticed that I was developing breasts and a round girlish tush. On the other hand, mom reveled in buying me training bras and my first panty girdles. She totally embarrassed me by commenting to a new friend, “With that sweetly rounding rear of his, Frankie is showing a cute little girlish bustle effect.”

By the time I started my sophomore year of high school, in the fall after our move, I wore regular bras and “ladylike” girdles, along with pantyhose, every day.

Being able to buy the first pairs of heels for me brought great satisfaction to mom. Initially, I only wore high heels to church or on dress-up occasions. However, mom made doubly sure that I had plenty of practice walking in heels around the house. She tolerated no ungainly stride in proper “big boy” shoes. I practiced until even four-inch heels were natural to me.

The girdle thing mom made a high priority. Going to the store or doing housework, she insisted that I always be properly restrained in a medium or firm girdle. Even on those casual evenings with just the two of us at home, when she allowed me to wear pants —always pink or lavender jeans or flowery pedal pushers or figure-hugging stirrup pants— she demanded that I wear pantyhose and a controlling panty girdle underneath my girlish slacks. When we first moved into town, I vainly attempted to resist wearing a girdle and hose.

Mom simply said, “Do I have to call the probation officer and have you put in juvenile detention?”

That ended my resistance to the underwear. The memories of the detention center continued to scare me.

I tried other types of petty revolution but failed in every attempt. My old behaviors of defiance, sassy back talking and perversity resulted in discipline.

Especially during the first seventeen months we lived in St. Joan’s Wood, mom subjected me to corporal punishment on every occasion when I displeased or disobeyed her. In our other life, she seldom disciplined me physically. In our new home, society expected her to punish me. The law allowed her to do this. In no time at all, she came to love putting me over her knees, pulling up my skirt and slip, and paddling my girdle-encased rear. Or she made me feel even more helpless by pulling my girdle down to my ankles, thereby decreasing my mobility, and swatting my panty-covered bottom. Countless times my buttocks turned a bright ruby color under her firm hand. Having administered a hard hiding to my behind, mom made me pull my girdle back over my tender butt cheeks to add to my discomfort.

Mom’s administration of justice became ritualized. She enjoyed making me get the wooden paddle and bring it to her. She would tell me to “assume the position.” I learned quickly to do as she ordered because she told me that if I disobeyed, I would be sent to the juvenile detention center. I still had nightmares about that place. Mom’s very threat was enough to make me gag. Any slow response by me or discourteous comments or nasty looks only added to the number of whacks upon my tender bottom. She insisted that I “confess” my offense. Failure to quickly acknowledge my fault added more swats to my pummeling. On many evenings that first year, I went to bed nursing my sore rear end.

During the first year in St. Joan’s Wood, mom literally washed my mouth out with soap on four separate instances. The consequences of the last two times were as bad as having my stomach pumped. By the time I finished my sophomore year of high school, I knew how to keep a civil tongue in my head, regardless of what I thought or felt.

Mother used grooming and beauty treatments to help subdue me. With vicious tweezers, mom shaped my brows in a high feminine arch. My ears were pierced soon after we moved into town. Mom made sure that I wore earrings all the time. She polished my fingernails and toenails. From the first day onward, my nails glistened with pink, pearl white, silver or soft violet color. I learned, at mom’s insistence, to apply polish. Color selection however, remained her decision, not mine.

We had been here only three months when I suffered through the indignity of my first permanent wave in a beauty salon. I sat in the chair, totally embarrassed, wearing a dress, pantyhose and girly Mary Jane shoes, having my hair put in perm rods. My mother sat beside me, chatting with the stylist and making recommendations. Absolutely everyone in the salon seemed aware that this was my very first perm. My face flushed for the whole three hours of having my hair rolled up, smelly solution applied, neutralized and then set and styled. Afterward lots of women and many feminized men told me how pretty I looked. I wanted to die.

Hair setting and styling became a constant part of my new life. Every Saturday night before church and any night before some special activity, mom set my hair on rollers. I never became used to the pain of sleeping with my hair in curlers.

During our first summer in St. Joan's Wood, mom habitually set my hair in pin curls and magnetic rollers. She covered my head with a pink or green hairnet or a sissy scarf and made me cut the grass and the hedges. The small saving grace was that I was just one of many boys and men working outside or running errands with their hair up. If Mom and I went to the swimming pool, she put my hair up in brush rollers before we headed home. I hated leaving the pool with my hair up. Invariably, we ran into somebody I knew from school. Often, my friends also had their hair in curlers. For some really special event, like a dinner with her coworkers, mom took me to the beauty shop. The stylist set and dried my hair but mom took me home with my hair still in curlers. She actually paid the stylist to come by the house later or on the next day to do my comb-out. My bashfulness about appearing in public in rollers gave her an almost sadistic thrill. At home, she delighted in putting a hairnet or sleep cap over my rollers, applying face cream to me and making me sit looking at my sissy image in the mirror for twenty minutes.

My skin crawled when I saw pregnant people whom I knew were males. That first summer, one of our new neighbors endured his sweaty last trimester of pregnancy in June, July and August. I cringed every time I saw him wobbling from side to side, his ponderous belly and portly rear end protruding from his maternity dress. He looked incredibly uncomfortable with his distended body in the summer heat. I was stupefied to learn that this was his fourth pregnancy.

With a wicked glint in her eye, mom said, "Eventually, Frankie, when you bring my grandchildren into the world, you're going to know what I went through when I carried you."

I blanched and tried not to think about childbearing. Mom didn't say anything specific about subjecting me to womb surgery. Maybe, just maybe, her talk was part of her ongoing campaign to make me docile.

The school system required me to make major adjustments.

Only the brightest ten percent of high school males enter the college prep program. Those lucky few progress on to earn college degrees, usually in teaching, art, music, drama, childcare, nursing or similar areas of service. The rest of high school males are channeled into the general studies program, the business pro-

gram, the cosmetology program or the domestic sciences/home-economics program.

Mom placed me in the business program. I possess plenty of brainpower. Yet my grades from my old school were so poor, I failed to qualify for the college prep program. By the time I became a better student, it was too late to change programs.

In the business program, mom required me to take my elective courses in the domestic sciences so that while some of my friends in business received permission from their mothers to take poetry or art, my electives consisted of courses such as Cooking I & II, Advanced Cooking, Sewing I & II and Advanced House-keeping. Mom allowed me to belong to the drama club, where the girls and the Future Homemakers club took all the best leading roles, a boys' only organization.

In the city high schools, students do not wear uniforms but a dress code is strictly enforced. Boys must wear either a dress with sleeves and skirt length at or below the knee or a blouse with sleeves and a skirt at or below the knees. Knee socks, tights or pantyhose are required as are a bra and a slip. Girdles are optional but my mom required me to wear, at a minimum, a panty girdle all the time. Most of my friends were likewise stuck. Any day, upon going into the boys' bathroom, I saw guys adjusting their girdles, complaining about how tight the fit was. Shoes must be flats or heels of two inches or less. No sneakers. No boots. No short haircuts. Modest makeup is expected but in school students cannot wear false eyelashes. Only a minimum of eye makeup is tolerated. I handled the makeup rules but some of my classmates who were girl crazy and spent all their time thinking about getting girls' attention and being dated, raved about "unfair" things were.

Girls, of course, have options. Slacks, if worn, must be neat and full length. No shorts. No jeans. Hair any length but clean and neat. Like the boys, no sneakers and no boots. Modest makeup. Except for the girls who elect to wear pants, the student body looks very much the same—presentable, well-groomed young females, and females alone.

Half of our teachers are men but all of the school administrators are women. The secretaries in the principal's office, vice-principal's office, attendance office and guidance office, and the school nurse are men.

Students must be mannerly, both to staff and to each other. School administrators, supported by the women of the community and the school board, exercise strict discipline. All students, girls and boys, receive harsh punishments for offenses like cutting class, habitual tardiness, repeated failure to submit homework, insulting or degrading others, talking back to teachers, disrupting class or cheating.

Being who I was, I broke the rules several times in my first two semesters. I received plenty of tough chastening. For insulting another boy's hairdo and mussing it up, I spent a week coming to school with my hair in curlers. Walking the halls and changing classes wearing rollers and a hairnet all day broke me of that. For

repeatedly missing homework, I spent countless afternoons in after-school detention.

Disrupting class and talking back earned me several drubbings in the principal's office. I felt bad enough bending over her desk and being flailed when I was the lone offender. My feelings hurt more when I was there with two or three other troublemakers. I watched as one or another lifted his skirt and slip, assumed the position and had his girdled butt thwacked with an oak paddle or broad leather strap, swung with a vengeance by Miz Chapman, the principal. Then it was my turn. I felt worse about having them look at my girly underwear than I did about the wrong action, which merited the spanking. Strappings at school resulted in supplemental, longer, tougher spankings at home. The principal always called mom. Even if my butt was still red or had welts, mom added to my pain, upending me and firmly applying the paddle across my panty-clad chassis.

The ultimate crisis came about a year after the move. Another boy and I threw eggs on a teacher's car. My co-conspirator had only a few previous minor infractions. He received a tough paddling and detention for three weeks. Miz Chapman made me stand in the office and watch as she whacked his girdle-confined bottom and made him cry.

My punishment involved much more. I had a long record. Mom was ready to put me in the juvenile detention center. Miz Chapman talked her into something else. She assured mom that what she had in mind would break me of my repeated misconduct. She agreed with mom that if her plan failed, I should be put into the juvenile justice system.

On judgment day, the involved adults officiated at the first step of my sentence in the privacy of the school nurse's office. With my mother, the offended teacher and Miz Chapman present, the nurse administered an enema to me. After I cleaned myself, the adults dressed me in a diaper, plastic pants, white tights, rumba panties, a baby-type petticoat, and a baby-type dress. Miz Chapman placed a ruffled baby cap on my head and tied it under my chin. The night before, with no explanation as to what was coming on the morrow, mother set my hair on over ninety tiny perm rods. My pretty corkscrew curls stuck out from my baby bonnet.

They took me to the gymnasium where they placed me in colonial-type stocks. Miz Chapman lowered the hard wooden crossbar, holding my hands and head in the openings. The offended teacher placed a padlock to keep the bar in place. Another set of stocks was clasped around my feet. My mother padlocked these in place. Miz Chapman taped my mouth shut with thick white duct tape.

I stood in the stocks for six full class periods that day, wearing my sissy white baby outfit. Being bent over in the stocks, my frilly rumba panties and sissy petticoat could be seen by all who passed by. The principal invited the whole student body to walk through the gym and view my sad condition. Probably two hundred

students came by during the day to gawk at me. Of course, by the end of fourth period, my bladder demanded relief. Unwillingly, I peed in my diaper. The soggy diaper added to my misery for the last two periods. The enema turned out to be an uncomfortable blessing in that I had no need to move my bowels while I did my time in the stocks. After my release, I scampered into the boys' shower room, peeled off my punishment outfit, showered, shampooed, changed clothes and went home in disgrace.

Before my time in the stocks, I had seen one other student receive this punishment. The school also had a colonial-type dunking stool. Students could be punished by a dunking in the swimming pool while strapped into the hard wooden seat. Fortunately, I never sat in the dunking stool.

Under compulsion from mom and the principal, I wrote a long note of apology to Mrs. Lyons, the offended teacher and I presented it to him with a bouquet of flowers, which I had to pay for myself. Graciously, he accepted my apology.

Mother added to my punishment for the egging offense. She spanked me before bed every night for two weeks afterward. And she made bedtime at eight o'clock for her troubled fifteen-year old.

"Frankie, you can thank Miz Chapman that you are not in Juvenile Hall. I was so mortified. Mrs. Lyons is very sweet to forgive you. He's a very nice man. But if anything like this ever happens again, no one will save you. Do you understand me, boy?"

"Yes, ma'am, I understand."

"You just better, for your own sake. Only Miz Chapman saved you from the juvenile detention center. You better thank your lucky stars for an educator like her. If you mess up again, you're out of options. You will end up in prison with a criminal record."

That was the last time I was punished at school. The despair of those hours, wearing that sissy baby outfit, in the stocks, gagged, wrapped in a wet diaper and being stared at by so many other students changed something in me. I never broke school rules again. Oh, mom disciplined me at home for several minor offenses. And my training in femininity went into high gear as I entered my junior year of high school.

My inner resolve after my public punishment turned me around as a student. Miz Chapman complimented me when I began to make the honor role. My rebellion against mom took the shape of doing well and trying to spite her. I kept a secret hope of escape from St. Joan's Wood.

And I remembered a beautiful senior girl, whose name I did not know at that time, looking at me in my terrible condition, with gentleness. She was very tall with a clear, pretty complexion and long, wavy hair. I felt miserable having her see me receiving my punishment. She seemed kind. I learned later that I was seen in my misfortune by the woman who eventually made me her wife.

From the time that we moved into St. Joan's Wood, my mother was concerned that I be properly married off –earning my “M-R-S degree” as she constantly referred to it– so she worked me into numerous types of feminization.

To be sure that I would be properly suited to make some woman a good wife, she sent me to charm school on weekends during my junior year. She ordered me also to study ballet, tap dancing, piano and oil painting in various studios and with various tutors after school. I spent hours dressed in a shiny black dance outfit consisting of a rhinestone tunic top and matching ruffle skirt with seamed fish-net tights, also with rhinestones, performing tap routines in heeled tap shoes. For my senior ballet school performance, I danced a solo as “the Sugar Plum Fairy,” wearing a silvery crown, a form-fitting silver leotard with protruding tutu, and dazzling silver tights with silver pointe ballet shoes. As she sat in the audience, mom's face shone with delight.

Mom made sure that I managed plenty of housework in addition to school and activities like dance. Very soon after our move, she assigned me the responsibility for laundry, ironing, doing dishes, dusting, running the vacuum and general household neatness. As I progressed in domestic training at school and mom's job duties increased, mom added more responsibilities for cooking, grocery shopping, all the mending, and all the other household chores. Helping me learn my place as a someday housewife, she often set my hair in curlers and pins before I did cooking or laundry. With my hair set, girdle, bra and hose under my housedress, my nails polished, lipstick on my mouth, I looked like Little Miss Homemaker as I cooked, cleaned, polished and laundered.

Mom loved complimenting me on a tasty supper, like baked Spanish rice, an orange and avocado salad with a cottage pudding cake for dessert. I had taken hours to prepare the meal. Habitually, as I started clearing the table, cleaning the kitchen and doing dishes, she patted me on the shoulder and excused herself.

“Sorry I can't help you clean up, Frankie. I've got to return to the office and finish some paperwork. You're becoming a prize homemaker. You're going to make some woman a great wife yet, Frankie.”

Beginning with my junior year, I regularly endured waxing in the beauty salon so that my legs, bikini area, arms, underarms, and back remained hair free. I underwent laser treatment to remove all my facial hair. For high school graduation, mother had my hair stylist color me blonde, saying that women preferred blonde wives. With a knowing wink, Mickey, my hairdresser, assured me that “blondes really do have more fun.”

My one escape from all of this was in books. I read everything I could to forget about what was happening to me, as I became the kind of feminine male required in St. Joan's Wood. Denied college prep education, I worked at educating myself. Mom didn't mind.

“Women like cute brainy men. Just don't forget that your brains and your body are for the service of women, dear boy. Remember, Frankie, a male needs the protection of either a mother or a duenna.”

Beginning in my senior year, mom arranged dates for me with the daughters of her friends. Anytime I dated, she sent me to the beauty salon to have my hair done. She made sure that on a date I wore an open bottom girdle, matching bra and panty set, a slip, pantyhose and high heels with pretty dresses or frilly blouses with tight skirts.

“Frankie, you’ve got to look nice for a girl,” was her perpetual refrain.

I suffered my share of being pawed all over by demanding young women in the back seats of cars. Fortunately, I remained a virgin. Most of the girls who dated me in high school just wanted a doll on their arm for a movie or a dance. All of my after-school training and domestic activities often gave me an excuse to decline an offered date.

By my senior year of high school, I behaved. I kept my mouth shut. I harbored my thoughts of rebellion as a deep, lonely secret. Physical punishment from mom ceased.

With hard work in my last two years, I graduated first in the business program and twenty-sixth overall in my graduating class. I earned straight “A’s” in junior and senior year. At graduation, I received awards for excellence in typing, in filing, in computer skills, in business English and in “poise and grooming.” Miz Chapman, the principal, praised me for my accomplishments. Not knowing the rebellion that lurked hidden inside me, she said, “Miss Hudson, you’ve become a very smart and very beautiful young man. I am proud of you.”

I gushed my thanks. I could barely wait to go home from the ceremony and get out of my dress and high heels. Not that it made much difference. Mom threw a party at the house and I simply changed into another pretty dress, another pair of heels and redid my makeup to an evening look.

After my high school graduation, mom sent me to business college, enrolling me in the associate degree program in Secretarial Studies. On weekends during my first year, mom required me to attend modeling school. I learned that exaggerated model stroll. The faculty immersed me in the latest hair designs, makeup, clothes, and all types of beauty and fashion information. Mom bragged to all her trucker friends when I walked the runway in several informal modeling shows at a local department store. I unwillingly participated in two evening gown shows, two swimsuit shows and one show of “career boy” day and evening fashions.

The combination of modeling school and secretarial studies gave me opportunities to learn things like typing on a computer keyboard with long, artificial nails glued to my fingers. I became informed about the importance of the right makeup and jewelry to wear to a job interview. I acquired expertise on coordinating hose and shoes with business attire, which can readily be glamorized into an “after-five look” for the secretary in search of a rich duenna.

I managed to keep up my personal reading in what little time I had to myself. My heart filled with despair as my body became more beautiful.

As I started business college and modeling school, mom became worried about my figure. She sent me to a male-only spa on a routine basis where I performed

aerobics, struggled on a stair-climber, pedaled hundreds of miles on an exercise bike, walked great distances on a treadmill, endured endless pummeling of my butt and my tummy on belt massagers, and baked any number of clammy hours in a steam cabinet or sauna room. Most of the time she had me on some type of diet. If she caught me cheating on my diet, she saw to it that I spent time doing my housework in an uncomfortable plastic sweat suit. Invariably, my sweaty housework was followed by, at her orders, an extra-long exercise workout and a session in the “Sahara reducing bath” at the spa.

This sadistic treatment, for males only, started with being placed prone on a treatment cot while wearing only a cotton sheet, except for a paper diaper over my privates. The sheet covered me from neck to toes. The attendant poured warm wax over me until I was covered with about an inch of the stuff. As the wax dried, I felt like it weighed a ton. Encased in my hard wax shell, moving any part of myself became impossible. When my wax shell cemented in place, I felt like a stranded turtle on its back. The attendant covered me with a linen sheet, a rubber sheet, and three or four blankets. Telling me to “relax and enjoy,” he would leave me there for a good half hour or more, a perspiring victim, unable to move. The torture supposedly reduced fat and sweated out toxins.

I quickly discovered that I was claustrophobic. After two times in the Sahara reducing bath, I begged my mom not to have that done again. However, she caught me several more times on junk food binges. Those earned me some additional sessions in the Sahara reducing bath. Mom learned an additional trick from the spa manager to increase the discipline. She ordered a facial mask to be applied to me as I lay there helpless after the wax had been poured over me. The facial was of the type which hardened so that by the time the wax from my chin to my feet had firmed up, so had the facial. The mask effectively reduced my ability to talk to mere indistinguishable murmurings and increased my sense of helplessness. By that point, my panic increased so much that I was glad to be diapered. I felt a little less panicked if there was a fellow sufferer to my right or left. Even though we couldn't see each other, the knowledge that another boy was not far away in similar agony, made me less upset. When I was alone in the treatment, nervousness and fear made me empty my bladder into the diaper. A shower followed this treatment. With soap and warm water, I washed away my embarrassment and felt somewhat normal again.

In the name of beauty and reducing, I endured other insufferable “beauty therapeutics” as well, such as the roller machine, the toner table, the cellulite reduction machine, the therapeutic mud wrap and the “Slim-ton” compressor pads.

The roller machine is a revolving drum with rounded, knobby spindles which turns at various speeds, depending upon how much the attendant wanted to torment me. It pummeled my derriere right through my leotard and tights for fifteen minutes.

On the toner table, I lay face down on what at first looked like a comfortable padded table. The attendant strapped my waist down as well as my thighs and ankles. He turned some switches. The leg parts of the table then moved up and down or side-to-side and gave me a workout at differing levels of intensity.