



# Penis Envy

Victor Meijer

A sultry party, music, cigarette smoke, grownups sitting in each other's laps as they fill up their glasses. A young boy wanders through the crowd unbothered, dressed in his mother's frock. He feels like the sparkling heart of the party... Until he is left alone with the last guest.

In his meticulous and atmospheric style, Victor Meijer depicts the turning point in the life of a young boy who got to stay up way past his bedtime. **Penisnijd** is his 3th graphic novel.

“In Victor Meijer’s atmospheric, deceptively soft seventies frames the dull knife cuts deep. Gender confusion has always been.”

De Standaard

“The story reads smoothly, it’s written poetically, and it inspires the imagination.”

Literair Nederland

“Victor Meijer succeeded at sketching a perfect image of the seventies, which at the same time ties right in with contemporary discussions on gender.”

NBP Biblion

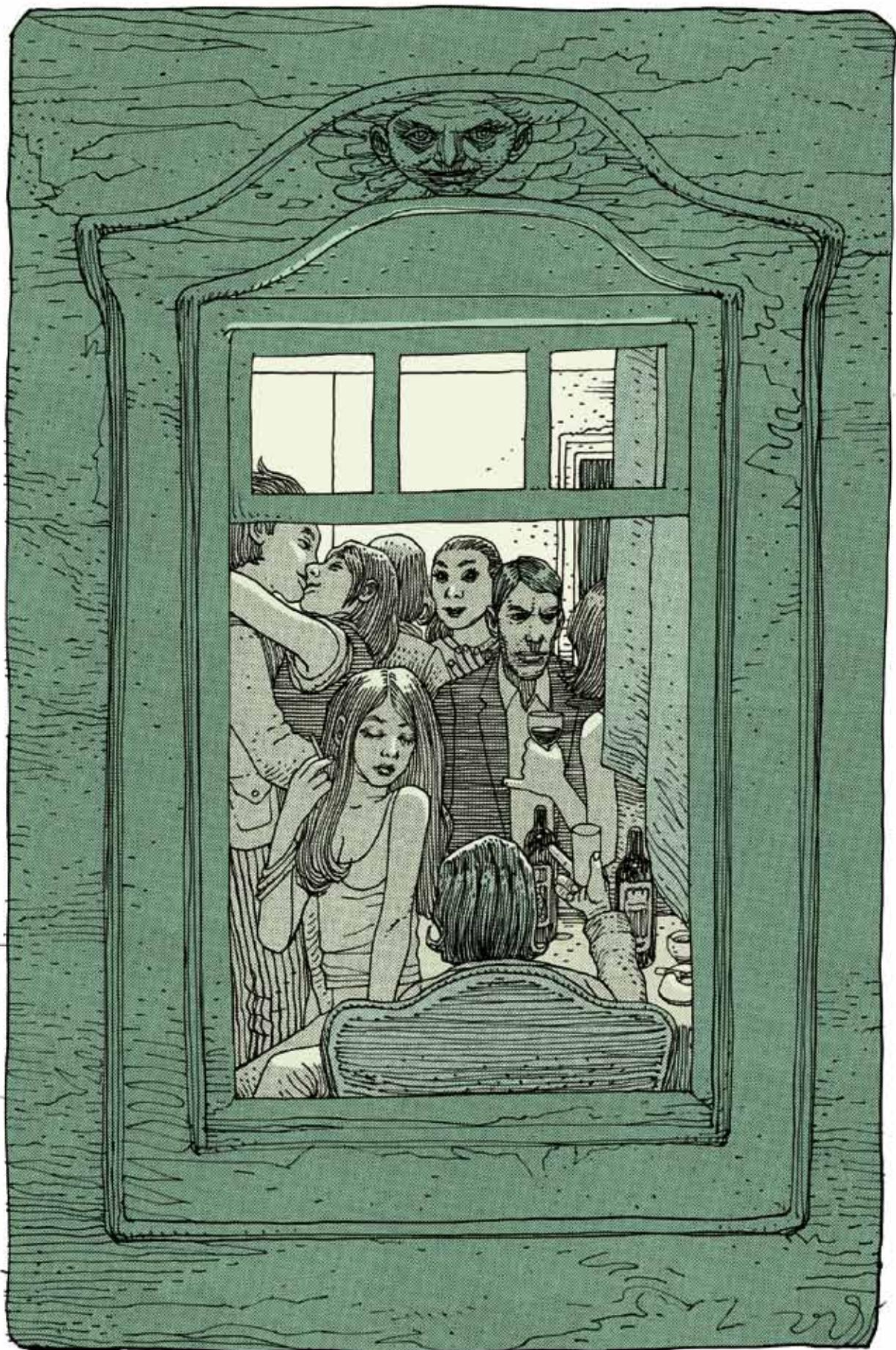
*Victor Meijer (b1975), has written plays, published poems in Bunk er Hill, illustrated children’s books, and made a Dutch pop-album under the name Carmona. His debut novel appeared in 2008 and made the longlist of the Academica debut prize. His first graphic novel, Hondsdol, was published by Scratchbooks in 2019. His second, Crocodile Charley, by Concerto books in 2021.*



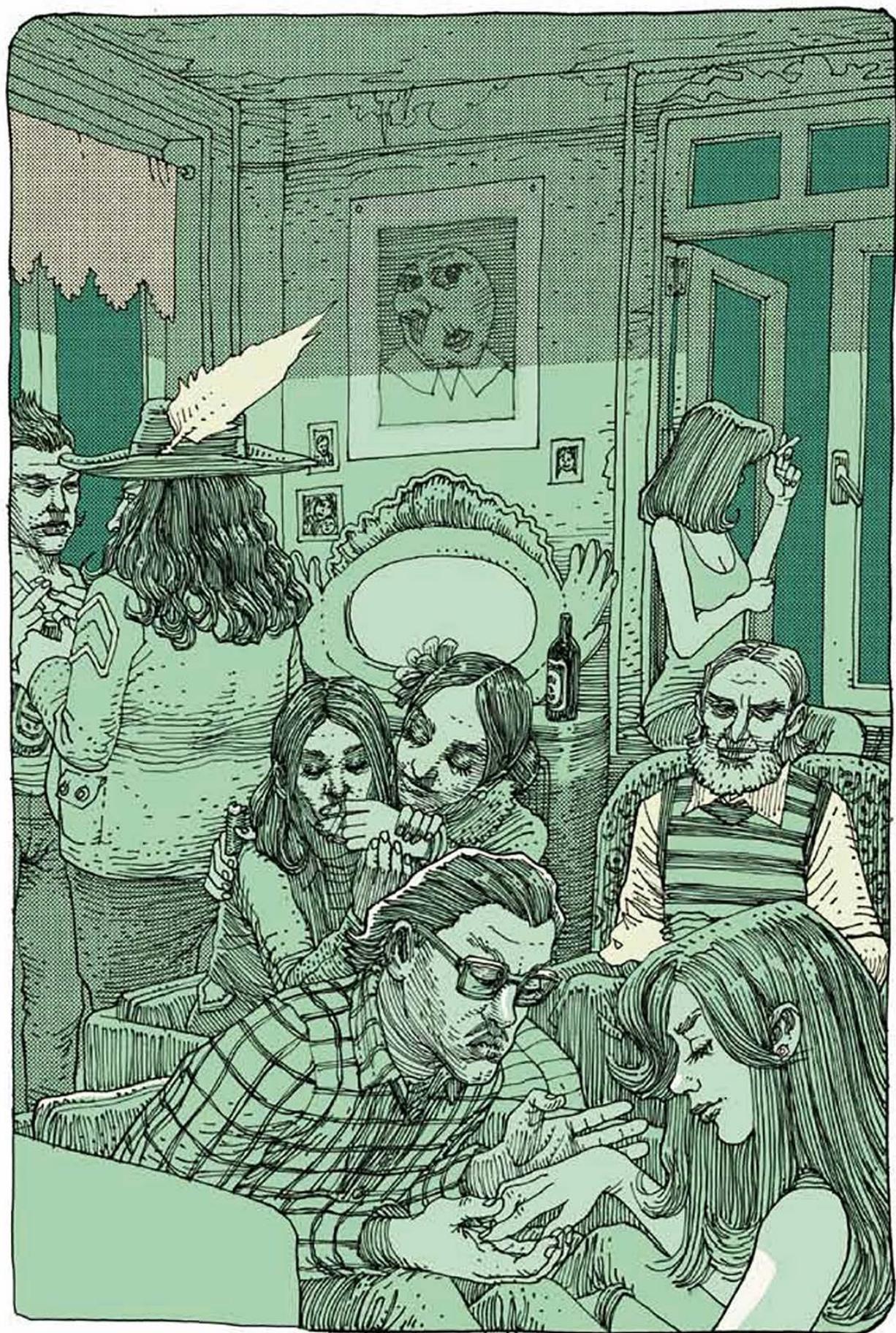


Every now and then I think  
about the parties that my  
mother liked to throw.

In my memories, I can see  
the many eyes twinkling  
with joy in their sweaty  
faces once more.



Music played, there was  
drinking and smoking.  
Sometimes the house seemed  
more like a jammed and  
clammy train compartment  
that transported the guests  
from the evening to the  
morning.



I always got to stay up.



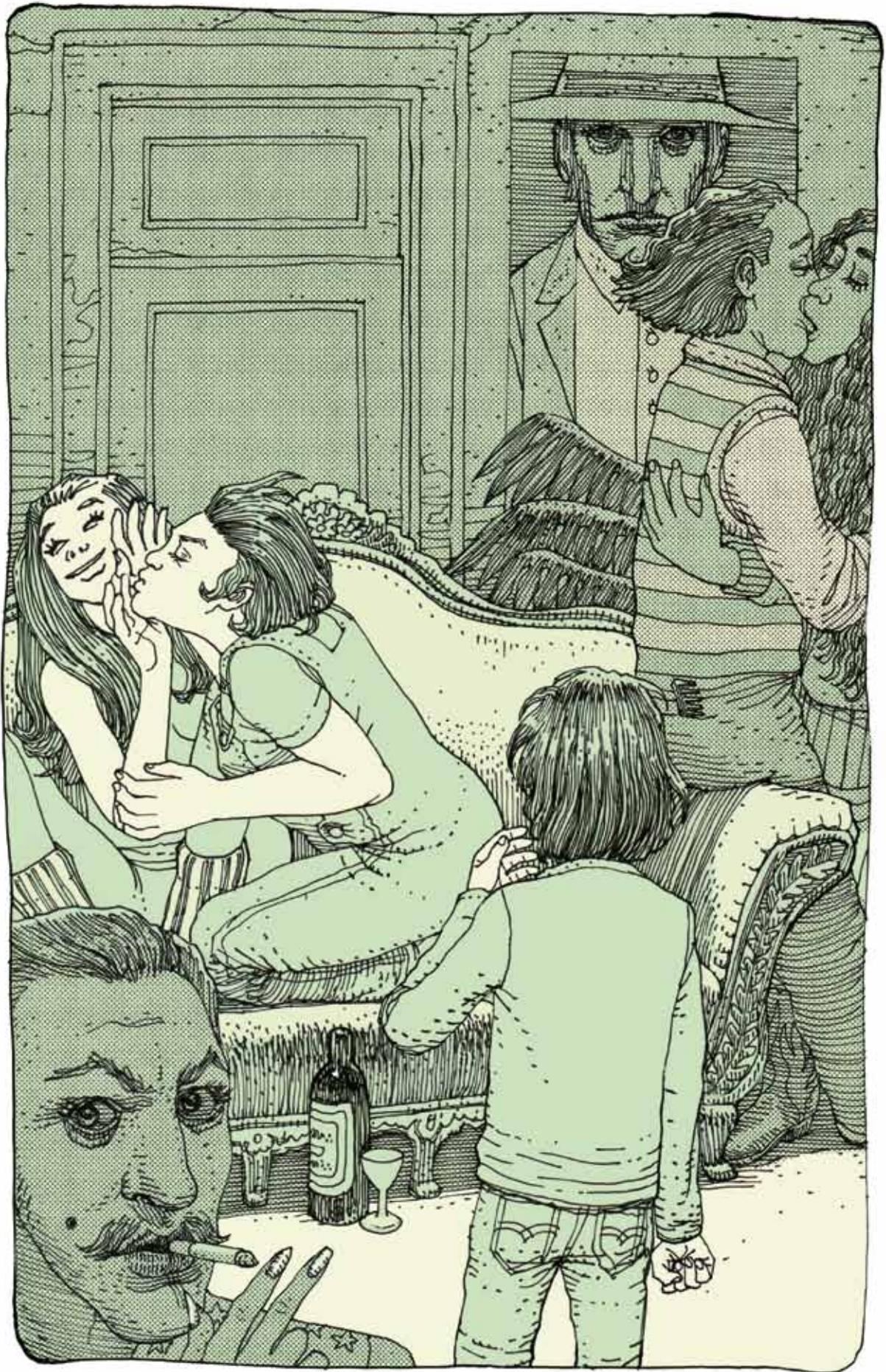
Sometimes I saw men kiss  
each other.



Sometimes I saw women  
kiss each other.



Sometimes someone  
tried to kiss my mum.



When I felt like it, I would  
dress up like a woman on  
nights like this.



And I would be the centre  
of attention every time.

‘What a beautiful lady  
you are,’ they would say.  
I accredited it to my  
formidable acting.



I couldn't quite formulate it  
as such of course, but I felt  
freer in her dress and  
behind her finest hand fan  
— as if I waved the illusion  
of an adventurous and  
vibrant life towards me.



I fancied myself a woman,  
until far past midnight.  
As I did on that faithful night...



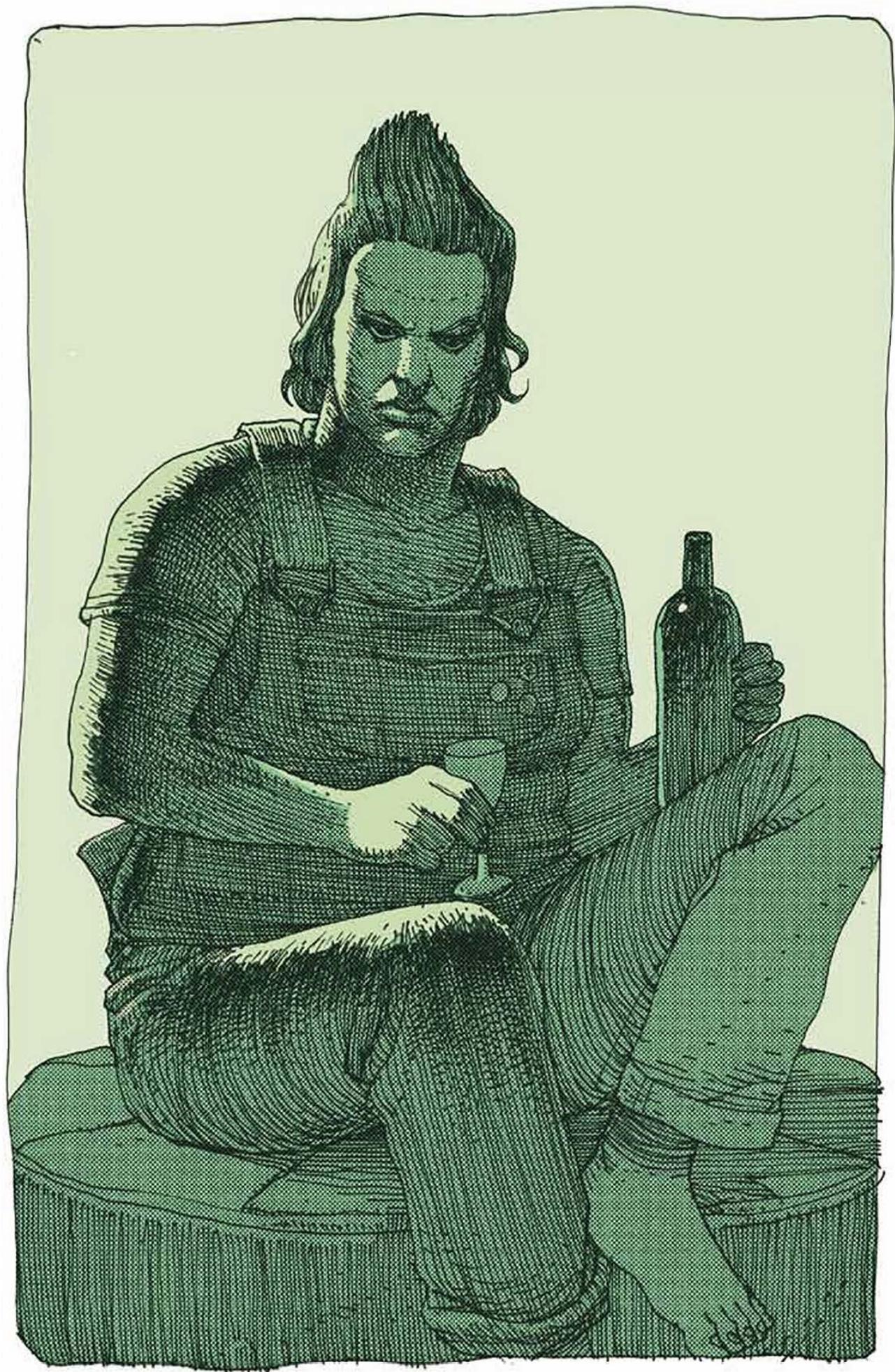
When everybody had left, my  
mum said 'I'm going to get  
another bottle of wine, I'll be  
right back!'



She left me behind  
with the last guest.



As a podgy Buda, she sat  
on the pouffe and looked  
at me unceasingly with  
her squinty, sunken eyes.



She asked 'Are you a  
boy or a girl?'



‘I’m a boy.’



‘Then show me  
what you’ve got  
underneath that  
little skirt of  
yours.’



‘No,’ I yelled.



'A real boy doesn't mind  
showing his bare penis,' she said.

'And a real girl isn't  
embarrassed about her fanny.  
So you have no choice.  
Lift that skirt!'