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A Male-to-Neuter Transsexual Experience

Taking Matters into My Own Hands

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From about the age of seven years, the time when I became aware that I was a boy, and that I was not supposed to cry (because tradition says that boys don't cry), I gradually became aware that being a boy had side-effects. Boys were accepted for what they would become when they were grown up, girls on the other hand were liked for what they were, simply girl, never mind their future fulfilment.

Being male was tolerated, not loved. When I tried to be like a girl in behaviour, I was scornfully called a sissy, whilst you could plainly see that girls who behaved like boys were adored as tomboys. 'Tomboyism' was considered cute. I learned that 'girls are sugar and spice, and everything nice', boys were second rate 'frogs and snails'. Later being checked up for my army service, I was told that I was "a nice bit of cannon flesh". Indeed males are the expendables during armed conflicts, to be sacrificed in their millions.

By the time I was twenty years of age I had absorbed so much of this type of discrimination that I thoroughly hated my male identity and went to see my family doctor and asked to be castrated. I was practically thrown out of his office. Not to be deterred I went to see another doctor, and with a resounding NO ringing in my ears I was out on the street thirty seconds later.

By this time I was becoming so determined to get rid of the offending male appendages that I decided to do the job myself. I acquired a local anaesthetic, some antiseptic, a needle and thread, a good sharp knife and set to work. Well dear reader, Roberta Perkins wrote in her article 'Geldings for the Gods' (see *Polare* edition 4) that young males in Babylon had a ritual of slicing off their genitals. I don't know how they avoided bleeding to death, for let me tell you, that is what would have happened to me if I had not made a quick trip to hospital. This experience taught me that this is a job you cannot do yourself.

After this I went through a frustrating thirty-year period of time of alternatively accepting and rejecting my male identity. I never married, for in order to make marriage a success you first of all have to live in peace with yourself before you can make another person happy. I kept busy in sports and hobbies.

Rather late in in life I accidentally learnt by reading an article on transsexual operations that I was not all that alone in rejecting my male identity. The person who wrote the article was reported to do counselling work for transsexuals and I went to see her for advice. She informed me that such operations were only performed on men who intended to become female in appearance and that you had to live and work as a woman for a year or more before such an operation was performed. As I did not intend to become female, but longed for the neuter state, she said I would never succeed in obtaining such an operation in Australia.

With great determination I set to work to overcome this obstacle. I wrote to specialists in Germany and Singapore, no good! I did the rounds to just about every psychiatrist in Sydney. They were all keen to put me on all sorts of 'happy pills' to cure me of my obsession, but consent in writing to a plastic surgeon to get the job done without the use of female hormones was not forthcoming. It became a sort of battle of ideals with them, they sticking to their perceived principles, whilst I hung on to my ideals with grim determination.

Friends, this battle went on for about ten years, me growing older and seeing time slipping away. I was about to agree with the counsellor, that it could not be done in Australia, but persistence pays. One final try with a sex counsellor and another trial time on 'happy pills' brought the 'go-ahead letter' to my plastic surgeon! In spite of that letter I sensed reluctance by him to perform the job as this was not the done thing. Male-to-neuter is not the regular program. He gave me his due warning that "All of that will be gone" accompanied by a sweeping gesture towards my miserable appendages. I accepted my destiny, thrilled at last to become the neuter person I wanted to be for most of my life.

Can you imagine how I felt when I finally climbed on the operating table under the huge overhead operating lights? Scared? Nervous? No way! I was in a state of jubilation and that was how I still was when I opened my eyes again about two hours later. That day to me became better than my birthday and I will celebrate it as such from now on. I have been smiling ever since, my awkward male behaviour had gone and for the first time ever I was able to relate to women as my equals, as my sisters. Those who knew me remarked on my happy facial expressions and how much better I looked, without even knowing what had caused this change.

Freed from my male hormones I even fell in love intensely and totally, for the first time in my life. The object of my devotion was a single lady whom I had known for about three years. I even dared to propose to her trembling in my boots. Unfortunately she turned me down, kindly but firmly, as she had been so hurt in the past by some nasty male. So she could not entertain any thoughts of trying again. I cried as I have never cried before, totally surprised by the intensity of my emotions, which I had never thought possible for a

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person without the drive of male hormones. But the experience related in *Polare* of August 1994 page 7, of Jay, a male-to-female person, seems to indicate that this is totally possible. It is likely that future articles in *Polare* will bring out such like experiences of a similar nature.

As for me, I assess myself to be an ideal husband for a female who is emotionally scarred by a rape in childhood and who is not able to relate normally to a male in a sexual way. My urges are limited to nurture and protect and share ordinary every day things, without the need for sexual intimacies. Finding such a one is of course next to impossible as women don't like to advertise themselves in this way. But then again, I have no sexual drive to force me to find such a one. Otherwise, as unbelievable as it may sound, I have come alive with every fibre of my being. I have come to enjoy music and my swimming and canoeing sports with an intensity as never before. My mind and body have blended together as one vibrant unit of life at long last.

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