

Transsexual Regret Letters

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THE TRANSSEXUAL EXPERIMENT

by Dr. Robert Stoller

This was published as "The Transsexual Experiment," in 1976. It explains why transsexuals eventually regret SRS.

Such a travesty.

"Although she had long since succeeded in passing as a woman, this did not solve the routine miseries of her life; so life is dull, not glamorous. After her male genitals were removed and an artificial vagina constructed, she reported great pleasure and orgasm in intercourse with men. But as the years passed, she had increasing difficulty in reaching orgasm. It seemed possible that was partly the result of an inhibition due to her feeling that she somehow retained inside her body a part of her old, former, male self. Each sex act was not only an erotic experience but also a test of the success of her body transformation, and since her partner's penis was in there where 'he'...her boyhood still lived, the patient could never relax into the safety of a complete sense of "femaleness"... the evidence rose to the surface, and it could be seen (not just surmised) that the "boy" yet lived deep within her and that it was this sense of "his" presence that made it impossible for her in her real life to be fully penetrated in a psychologically meaningful way. She experienced maleness as occupying only a small part of the total space of her sense of herself, but, since that small space was an integral as a vital organ, it was not possible to extirpate it....she could never be fully stirred, never abandon herself completely to any relationship (non-sexual as well as sexual), and never accept and give intimacy from any part of her depths for fear that this most private part would be entered. She was not trying to preserve it because it was precious; she would have preferred not to have it. However, she recognized that it ("he") could not be removed.

Dr. Stoler said, "Somewhere within yourself you remember you're different from other girls because you started out as a boy and you say...even though it doesn't show to anybody, you can't lose that memory completely.

I am looking for YOU – a feeling that you have of being you. Now that's a very dangerous search for you, because you never know if you are going to run upon the boy you once were....you can't ever say, "When I was a little girl, I sure envied the boys, I wished that I had been a boy..."You don't say that. What you say is, "When I was (not that I imagined I was), I WAS.

Am I going to come upon that? And if I come upon that, then that means that for that moment while I remember it, I AM again'. You know that, that's what memories do; they make us experience in a small way again. But you know it's O.K. for a woman to experience again the memory of when she was a little girl....When YOU go back, you at some place cross over a bridge which separated one country from another...and that doesn't happen to ANYBODY else.

This represents a problem of identity-that we not only have to be ourselves but must be free to let others know it. Without that freedom, the transsexual grows toward despair, KNOWING that there will never be the chance to reveal oneself with the most important people.....even with hormones, surgery, and passing as a woman, the effort is not quite successful, because of the feeling of having been-and at a deeper level of still being-male cannot be extirpated.

There is never a day free from fear of discovery, or from the struggle with managing the process of passing. That struggle never ends; one can only defend against the present emergency.

Response to "The Transsexual Experiment"

Dr. Stoller's article is one of the toughest for me to read on your site.

Just the fact that the boyhood can't be extirpated, the psychological living as a boy and all its excess baggage...and that passing is not over with SRS... that passing is an ongoing thing and the boyhood blocks the romantic, sexual and social giving of oneself-even more so amongst those who are most important. Perhaps you have found the reason why Calpernia and Conway and the other 4,000 sites need to keep posting...it is an endless and ongoing attempt to pass...and each "success" at passing is like a "quick fix"...it halts the anxiety and is a band aid until the next attempt is needed...it finally wears on people, that they only defend against the present need to pass, and future needs to pass show them blatantly that their boyhood is manifesting itself..in other words, the boyhood keeps striking back..it doesn't matter if technology becomes so that biological normal womanhood can be achieved-ovaries, and uterus and pregnancy... the boyhood is etched for good in the memories...in the "zillions" of memory neurons and one will never know when "he" will pop up.

It is one of the saddest things I've ever read on your website, and just tears at me.

Simon

TOO LATE, TOO LATE!

Actually it's way too late for me, almost eight years too late. Every therapist, psychologist, and psychiatrist that I ever saw told me that I was a transsexual. What they neglected to tell me was that I would lose everything by following their advice. Even the Internet groups did their best to push me in this direction, never once saying "slow down, make sure that this is right for you!" I even remember one group that told me what to say to a psychiatrist in order to get a letter for surgery. Even when I expressed doubts just days before surgery, my so-called friends said that it was "normal to have second thoughts" and that I would feel better once everything was complete. But it didn't get better, it got worse. While I had expected to be treated differently, I never expected that I'd be treated worse than a dog. (But that's another story.) Since transitioning, I've become disabled and am on a fixed income. That's just one more thing that they failed to warn me about...

PS. If it would help someone to not make the same mistake as me, you're welcome to use my posts. Of course, if you'd like me to go into more detail, I'd be willing to say more on the subject. But above all, please advise your readers to be honest with their therapists and not tell them what they think that they want to hear. There are people on the Internet who are more than willing to tell people what to say in order to get the diagnosis of "transsexual", even if it's not really right for them.

I'm at "work" at the moment and I really should be "working". I'll send you my whole story when I get home, after my therapist appointment. When I place the word "work" in parenthesis, I'm doing so because, even with three master's degrees, the best I can manage is a volunteer position in a college library. While I'm currently accepted here, it's more as a "something else" than either a man or a woman. That's how I live, as a "something else", as a non-sexual. I don't think that there's any real sense in my trying to be a "man" anymore. I'll just have do my best and try to survive as this, to live with my mistakes, and realize that I'll be alone for the rest of my life. I've attached a picture of my very "feminine" self. What was I thinking? I was an ugly man, and I make an even uglier woman

Alice

LETTERS OF REGRET FOR SURGICAL SEX REASSIGNMENT

Hello, and may the grace of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, be with you!

I am a post-op (6 yrs) M2F. I had been a Christian prior to my transition and – praise God – came back to him early this year. I have no need to transition back to male, and am in a place where God is using me for his kingdom. I have a MS in engineering, but he has called me back to college to pursue a degree in psychology and minister to mentally ill individuals within the church.

I think you have a great ministry and pray you will continue. If I had it all to do over again, I would not change my sex. And, I would strongly counsel anyone considering doing it to not do it.

Blessings!

Dear Bill,

I have read your articles on Transsexualism and a lot of what I've read applied to me. I am a 33 year old transsexual. I am now 8 yrs post op and I guess for the last 4 years I have grown increasingly unhappy with my situation. I now feel that in my attempt to run away from my "manhood," it has taken me down this road which I now feel very alone, unhappy, lonely, and saddened — by what I have done to those around me and myself. I guess I feel trapped in the sense that while most of my family have supported me or eventually come around to the new me, I don't know how I can again face them and say what I have done is a mistake; not to mention how do I tell my friends, co workers and others that I have built up over the last eight years that this is all a mistake ... a "false face." I don't know how even to start to explain this to anyone.

I think people who don't know about my past see me as very aloof, distant, and somewhat unapproachable.

Its not that it's just I am unhappy with who I am and what I have become. Every morning I wake up and look in the mirror I see someone that instantly says what I am not! Getting dressed in clothing, that while appropriate for my "current state," does not come close to who I am. I go out with my "friends" and listen to their little stories, adventures ... and pretend to be interested in what they are saying and making my comments, but I just find this to be totally absurd, and not of the least bit of interest to me, however I go along with it as they are my friends and I feel some sort of obligation to offer support to them.

I work in an office for a large company. After I get home, I can't wait to get out of the clothes that I wear and just put on jeans and a shirt; pull my hair back and relax saying, "god it feels good to be out of those clothes! It's so strange since I can vividly remember when I actually couldn't wait to wear them, and the time when I would be living full time as a woman. Well, let me tell you after doing it for this long its not cracked up to be like what I would have expected or felt it was.

I just want to go back to who and what I was before all this happened! Can you help me?

Anna 😞

Hi Bill. What a real blessing to find your site and the truth and gentle insight you give. My name is Janet, and I am a male-to-female transsexual. I am 51 years old, and had my surgery at the age of 24. Have I ever been happy? No, not really. I had always thought that having my surgery would finally allow me to feel "normal" – what a joke! Not until I found my Savior Jesus a year ago have I felt true happiness. I had always "thought" I was a Christian–after all, I was raised Southern Baptist, and had been baptized at the age of 11. But I never had really truly accepted Jesus as my Lord and Savior. Believe me, I have tried so many ways to fill that "emptiness." I always felt deep in my heart a tremendous void. I have been an alcoholic, a cocaine addict; I have tried every drug known to exist, I have been very promiscuous (in the vain attempt to "validate" or "affirm" my femininity). I have been hooked on material possessions, I have been a stripper;

I modeled for Playboy–and none of it, NONE of it, brought me happiness. I finally have found the peace and joy I have always craved, by my belief in Jesus. Looking back, I see many of the things you have talked about in my own life;

* a distant, unloving father

* a domineering mother

* always feeling "different"

* being a sissy; therefore being tormented and shunned by others, etc.

I see now that many things in my childhood that caused me to turn to transsexuality and SRS surgery. But now I am in a quandary for I simply cannot see how I can live as a man again.

I look in the mirror and think how ridiculous I am–but the thought of living as "Jim" again frightens and seems so foreign to me. I talked to a radio pastor once and explained my situation to him and he said that he would have counseled me not to have had the surgery if I had come to him before, but that you can't unscramble scrambled eggs so to speak, and that I should ask God for forgiveness, (I got on my knees and did), and take a vow of celibacy, which I have and have no problem with that decision...and to live the rest of my life focused on Christ which is what I intend to. Do you have any suggestions?

Janet

My name is now Marilyn. I was born male and of course given a male name. I was a sensitive child. A bit different and very quiet; I liked the peace of the countryside and the beauty of nature, to be by myself, alone.

In an attempt to better understand the psychological reasons for the choices I have made, I have been reflecting upon my family upbringing. One of the first emotionally damaging events was when, at the age of four, my own father sexually molested me and my sisters. He's dead now. He was a gentle man but very forceful when it came to meeting his sexual needs. He was 52 when I born. I guess a life of gambling and many other excesses flattened his dreams and aspirations. His work prevented my seeing much of him. So, I was less than interested in being like him.

My own life's experience in transition through childhood, puberty and adulthood was stormy, confusing, and filled with heartache. I simply became lost in a world of alcohol and confusion.

While hitching around the country I once was given a lift in the vehicle of a predatory homosexual. He introduced me to his world. It disgusted me, but strangely fulfilled a need. I gravitated to this place off and on for several years.

When I became 24, I married a 16 year old girl, which didn't help at all. That marriage lasted four years. We had two

girls. May God forgive me for being a rotten husband, father and provider. I know that He has. (I John 1:9)

In my early teenage years, I developed quite a liking for women's clothes. That attraction to women's fashions may have started earlier, but I am not certain of that.

Let me tell you about my first actual meeting of a man who was in transition to becoming a woman. He was taking female hormones and looked very much like a woman. I was shocked to very roots of my soul to see this. It was then and there that a door opened in my mind. Many questions began to flood my own mind. "Perhaps I am like him," I reasoned.

It wasn't too long after meeting him that I paid a personal visit to his/her doctor. I said that I had feelings which told me that I was a woman trapped in a man's body. That sounded right.

Two months later I was taking female hormones and forging friendships with many others who attended transgender support groups. After some time had passed, my psychiatrist asked me if this was what I really wanted. My answer was, "more hormones please".

I had friends and was becoming very popular. That was something very foreign to my life's experience. It felt good. Eighteen months later my body had become feminine in appearance, to the extent that when I dressed as a woman in public places I was fully accepted as a woman; totally undetectable to anyone as really being a man in women's clothes, except my closest family and friends. Although I was 5'11", my bone structure was never large, strong, or particularly masculine.

I was amazed...this was the answer to all my problems. Or so I thought.

But then I began to seriously question the morality of what I was doing. I threw all my female hormones away a few months before my scheduled operation. It just seemed wrong. But my doctor gave me some more and persuaded me that I was in fact doing the best thing for myself and would never be sorry for having my sex changed to that of a woman. Finally, I reasoned within my own mind, arguing that it's OK, saying that my being upset is just a "case of nerves".

SEX REASSIGNMENT SURGERY

Four years after I had initiated the taking of female hormones I flew to Singapore. I presented myself to a leading 'Sex Change' surgeon. I had a 45 minute interview on Friday and another one hour consult on Monday. The satisfied surgeon then invited me to come back the next day in preparation for my surgery, which was scheduled for Wednesday morning.

MANY REGRETS

I have had many regrets since that time. I have been fortunate enough to travel extensively throughout the world. Wherever I have traveled, the Lord has brought me into contact with Christians who would "read me," and ask such questions as "Do you know God?" My classic answer to that question was "Oh, yes!" That was just to keep them quiet.

One of the most spooky things occurred when on a flight from Memphis to Nashville. A book on Bible prophecy had been left on my seat. That was something of a "heads-up moment" for me. Soon after that, God gave me a dream. I was facing a crossroad. To my left was a graveyard. And to my right, upwards along a steep winding path was a church. I seemed to be dressed in ministerial clothes of some sort. I never quite understood what that dream meant, if anything.

Over the next few years I came to know Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior.

After that I had been faced with the truth of the wickedness in what I had been doing as a post-operative male-to-

female transsexual. The Bible says that sodomy between males is wrong. That physical, sexual relationships between men is wrong, just as it is between women. Devastated, I cried, “Oh dear ! Where does that leave me?” Although I had been keeping pretty much to myself, I cut off all physical contact with other men. I then began to dress primarily in pants and tops, but I still looked like a woman. I then stopped taking the female hormones.

I want to glorify my God and recommence living as a man, but it’s a hard row to hoe. Just getting the courage to start taking males hormones is a real battle. Living as a man again will inevitably destroy existing friendships. I will be shocking to people who have come to know me as a woman. But I can’t go on like this for much longer.

Just getting the courage to take that first step on the road to reclaim my manhood is hard. I know that Jesus Christ will supply my needs. I just need to pray more.

God Bless to you Marilyn

My image of masculinity was not the best, and my image of femininity was overly glorified and false. This has led (in my case) to one screwed up life.

The hardest person to forgive in all this mess is of course — me. Why would anyone like, (let alone love), me. If they only saw the mess I’ve made of my life they would avoid me like typhoid Mary. Yet amazingly I am very loved. The Lord has proved over and over again how very much He loves me and so has Penny. If the Lord loves me so much why didn’t he protect me when I was growing up? The simple truth is — He did and He is. But without pain there is no growth and more importantly there is no empathy for the pain of others. The truth is the Lord has shaped me for a purpose and though I may not always understand what that purpose is I know He allowed it because He Loves me. That’s not just a platitude or convenient saying. I know that as bedrock truth in my heart. It was not an easy lesson to master but I’m finally seeing the truth of it.

Not only that but I don’t want to run away from who I am anymore. Are there many things to learn and face up to — YES! But to be an “island unto one’s self “ is a miserable way to live. My wife and I are finally starting to rediscover intimacy — it is a work in progress. There is sometimes pain — but there is also great reward! The Lord through the Holy Spirit is constantly illuminating my self-centeredness and my selfishness. Is it a pleasant thing to behold — NO! But I must allow the Holy Spirit to deal harshly with these things. I don’t want to be in charge anymore — I have found through experience that it’s really lonely at the top.

Let me make mention of the house church I attend. I have stated, “There are Christian people here (including ALL of my pastors) who know about my struggles. I belong to a care-ring of believers as well as my regular church yet I have no real support system concerning these issues. The simple truth is it’s more reality than most people want to know. Most of the time they don’t know how to respond anyway.” The Lord has been leading me to the conclusion that these are exactly the people the Lord wants to use to deal with the issues I’m facing. Once again, this isn’t about gender confusion — I don’t need to be convinced that God didn’t make a mistake by making me male. It’s simply about living the Christian life — it’s about discipleship, it’s about my sanctification for Gods purposes.

If someone were to have asked me years ago if I would ever regret having a “sex change,” I would have given them the definite answer, “NO!” I knew what I was doing. Looking back now, with more information and experience, I can now say I really didn’t know what I was doing; but now I know more about the real issues, the real reasons for why we transgender men have eventually believed life would be better playing dress-up the rest of our lives.

I’m choosing to return to being a male because when it comes down to it, I really am a male and never can un-become a male; nor can I ever truly become a female. There are some things deep inside a person that a so-called “sex change” can never change...and becoming the male I never allowed myself to be is going to be rewarding to

me. It will be really nice to not have to pretend being a girl anymore.

Alex

Though I've been pleased with my new breasts and thought I looked attractive, (which was reinforced by the compliments of my transgendered circle of friends), I nevertheless became depressed. I was never able to be happy or find true love. I was in love with a guy that I thought was the best thing that had ever happened to me. But he was abusive. Despite the abuse, there was almost nothing I would not have done for him. But it was all for nothing because he left me for someone younger.

In the homosexual and transgender life, youth is very important. As a result, I was obsessed with my body and personal appearance. Acceptance by others in this lifestyle requires a good body and good looks.

In order to be part of the transgender crowd, men must meet certain criteria. We have to have more dominate female features; in other words, look more like a woman than she actually does. So we had to have bigger breasts, more shapely hips, flawless complexion, etc. In order to keep up, I had to buy the most expensive creams, take a regiment of hormone pills, do my makeup in the mirror for hours, etc.

It took me a long time to fix myself up and keep up with the beauty regimen, especially since I was not truly a woman. So although I looked better than most of the women out there, it was all a charade because I was not even a woman to begin with — and it took so long for me to look like one. Going to a bar or party as a woman was hard work. The performance was an everyday lie.

But the praise from the others in my crowd of transgender friends kept me going. I was the center of attention and felt important. When younger transgenders joined us, I took more hormone estrogen pills to look more physically female, even though the increased dosage made me physically ill.

One time I saw myself from a side mirror and was frightened because I thought it was someone else. At one point, I was so depressed and lonely that I went to the public rail system wanting to be rescued, even if it meant going to jail. I carried half a gallon of whiskey and was sobbing on the public bench. It was raining that night and I urinated on myself over and over again. I was drunk. I felt sorry for myself because no one else was. After many letdowns like this, I wanted to change my life.

No one reached out to me, so I turned to Christ and stopped taking hormones. Slowly I began to look like the gender of my birth. I went back to calling myself by my male name, the one my parents gave me and that I had abandoned all those years when I was trying to make believe I was a female. I began to see that I was a new creature in Christ. I began to like myself and associate with people who were Christians. They loved me unconditionally and I didn't have to always look "beautiful" to be with them.

Eventually, no one could tell I had been a female for all those years – except for one thing. I still had my breasts. So now I was a man with female breasts. What had once given me so much pride was now a source of agony for me. I did not have the money to pay a surgeon and hospital operating room to remove the silicone from my breasts. Of course, the procedure was not covered by insurance. I didn't know where to turn for financial assistance, because I felt no one would understand how I got into this mess and instead tell me I deserved it. But I knew God did not want me to live like this. He had made me complete in His love and He would complete me now.

Finally I located a plastic surgeon to perform the operation at a reduced rate. A Christian woman financed the operation. Who would believe that people could be so kind to make such contributions for someone like me?

There was a lot of anticipation and anxiety waiting for the day of my reversal surgery. I thought that day would never arrive, and when it did, I was scared. At one point I began to think I did not deserve it.

After the surgery was over, I looked down to see the final results and I never looked down again. Now I could do the things I had always wanted: go to the gym, meet people, try on clothes without fearing that someone would walk in on me, and become more physically active. I began to experience a confidence I had never had before.

Today I am ready for the Lord to move me to another level so that He will continue to work in my life. Jesus changed both my body and soul. I have been changed to be unchangeable. Not in a million years did I ever think I would be giving this testimony. Take it from me, regardless of what you have done or who you did it with, when God is in you, your life will never be the same. Jesus Christ is the best thing that happened to me. He is more beautiful than any woman I could ever try to be.

Sammy

Note: We do not publish anything on the website without written consent and even with that permission granted, all names are fictitious, etc. I'd be open to the prospect of your submission, but that would only come after I have become much better acquainted with you and your life's story. I do not want anything on our website that misrepresents or is not actually true...so I take my time and cover all of the necessary bases before publishing... since I desire to have a correct, truthful representation on anything that we put out. Heaven knows how that standard is not upheld by the typical transsexual website.

Thanks for writing and being willing to share.

Bill