

Diary of an Ex-Gay Man

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Dear Reader,

My name is Jake. I'm an ex-gay man in my 20's from England. This diary is for all those who are opposed to the idea of change in sexual orientation.

Experts have been researching sexuality for decades. They tell us sexuality is a changing and fluidic entity in many people. Data shows that sexual feelings can vary over the course of a lifetime. The statistically proven fact is that many people change their sexual orientation. I am one of those persons.

I don't feel very sexually attracted to men anymore; I now find girls much more attractive.

At one time, I did not. Now, I do.

At one time on lonely nights I fell asleep imagining myself cuddled up with another man; now I can only imagine myself with a feminine girl.

Some people are uncomfortable with this fact. They are so insecure with their own sexuality that they cannot accept that some people no longer share their feelings.

They're more than happy to see people turn gay, but they don't like it happening the other way around. Sometimes men like myself are called hate-mongers. Simply because I don't want to have sex with men anymore!

Would they like me to keep quiet about my sexuality change, to "live a lie" and deny that anything happened? The answer seems to be yes! They wish to *silence* me, *deny* me the right to live my life as I choose, and would like to *force* me to lead a lifestyle that they think is right!

Not only am I not gay anymore, but I'm happier too. I will lead my life the way *I choose to lead it* - not the way anyone else tells me to. I chose to change my sexuality. And it worked.

To quote the gay rights protesters,

I'm here,
I'm no longer queer,
GET USED TO IT!

Signed,

Jake

About me

Hello. My name is Jake. I'm a young man in my 20's from the United Kingdom. At one time I was only attracted to other guys. I didn't find girls emotionally or physically appealing in any way. I was gay, I had boyfriends (fell "in love"), and slept around with other men anonymously for sexual thrills. However, like some other gay people, I was not happy (although the sex was admittedly fun at times and highly addictive). I did not want my future to be like that of the pathetic old gay men I saw in the "gay" world.

Thankfully, I discovered a form of psychotherapy, often called *Reparative Therapy* or *Gender Affirming* therapy. It attempts to treat [the root causes](#) of your homosexuality, and gradually allow your heterosexual "true self" to appear. The therapy has success rate typical for most forms of psychotherapy, about a third of persons who *do it properly* and *don't give up* experience "good change." Thanks to much determination, I am among those for whom it has worked well. My homosexual attractions have diminished significantly, and I have been experiencing greater and greater heterosexual feelings for the first time. Hopefully I will continue to progress even further.

Here in my diary, I reveal the daily struggles and successes of a person struggling with unwanted same sex attraction (SSA).

Development

Over two decades ago, I was born a healthy heterosexual baby boy. However, of the next few years, foundation stones would be laid, finally to be built upon by same-sex attraction.

Of the many things that contributed to my SSA, I'd have to say the most significant were wounds inflicted by my peers - making me feel excluded, inferior, etc., to other males. Although that may have not happened if my mother hadn't been so over-protective of me when I was a child, and had actually encouraged me to mix with the other children and play sports with them. My parents set me up for SSA, but it was my peers that finally hammered the nails into the coffin. Even if my parents were perfect, I still may have developed SSA.

When I was a teenager, I developed an acute inferiority complex with regards to anything masculine. I felt totally inferior to the men I saw around me and on TV, and as much as I wanted to "be a man," that goal always felt far beyond my reach. I wanted to be a strong, tall, and confident man. Instead I felt like a weak, short, excluded, and inferior boy. Hence, I started to admire the masculine appearance of men, as something I wanted to achieve but never could. Mixed with the loneliness, father-hunger, my overbearing mother, and early sexual experiences with other males, I longed for male affection so much that my SSA became firmly rooted in my mind and heart.

I add to this the influence of the media - telling me that my feelings meant I was "gay" (rather than the genuine needs for male affections and affirmation that they

really were) and nothing could be done about it. The media also made me believe that the only way to get the affection from other males that I needed and wanted was by homosexual means.

A 'gay' life

Needless to say, by the time I was twelve years old, my sexual feelings had been set as entirely homosexual. By the time I was twenty years old I had slept around with many other males, had a handful of boyfriends, and was heavily addicted to gay pornography. However, I was unhappy. The gay life of constant sex, blood tests, and fleeting relationships quickly became empty. The fashionable gay culture soon seemed pathetic, bitchy, selfish, materialistic, and shallow.

Seeds of Change

Later on, two heterosexual guys befriended me. Their influence and their friendship soon led to me feeling more like 'one of the guys'. I started noticing small, although weak, heterosexual *flashes*. I decided to investigate the causes of homosexuality, and to see if others had experienced changes - no matter how small - in their sexual feelings. I discovered the National Association for Research and Therapy of Homosexuality (NARTH) and [People Can Change](#) and soon entered into therapy. One year later, those small heterosexual flashes have grown into strong sexual feelings, while my homosexual attractions have weakened significantly. Men are no longer mysteriously attractive things to me. They're just mirrors.

Why It Worked

I have been fortunate that the therapy has worked so well and so quickly for me. I believe this is because of my age, my *studying* of therapy books, the help from others, my mentorship program, and the *huge* amounts of time and effort dedicated to my treatment. The therapy has not caused me any harm whatsoever. On the contrary, my self-confidence has never been greater, I find it easier to make friends, feelings of guilt have disappeared, and my bouts of depression ended long ago.

I look forward to the next year of therapy. Perhaps one day in the future I can say that I'm entirely heterosexual.

My ex-gay diary begins

Hello and welcome. This is my first entry (and it's a bloody long one!).

The development of my homosexuality was fairly typical. A distant father; a close possessive mother; not being as "rough" around other boys; having no one kindle an interest for sports in me; my parents had an unhappy marriage; I had "good little boy" syndrome; I would have to sympathize with my mother when her needs were not met by my father; I was exposed to sex and pornography early in life; I had early sexual experiences; I felt "different"; I had more friends who were girls than boys; I suffered great depression and self-pity for my situation; I had negative

male role models whom I did not want to emulate; I was defensively-detached from all other males, scared of being hurt and rejected by them; I didn't feel like "one of the guys", but I oh-so-desperately wanted to be!

You get the idea. I fell well within the typical developmental model for SSA (Same-Sex Attraction, i.e. homosexuality) as understood by Reparative Therapy.

However, as a teenager, I felt as though there was nothing I could do to change my sexuality. My personal beliefs and convictions told me that the gay life was deeply wrong and immoral. I really didn't want to be gay. I did not want to be different. This belief was reinforced as I grew older and experienced the "gay scene" and saw how dreadful it was.

I've always been a very studious person. I'm not stupid. I will study and research something when other people are willing to accept something at face value. When I was about 15 or 16, I decided to study in depth the claims that homosexuality is genetic. After a short time it became apparent not only that the "studies" touted as proof were complete rubbish, but that homosexuality could **never** be genetic as it contradicts what we know about genetics and genetic inheritance (the book *"My Genes Made Me Do It!"* by Neil and Briar Whitehead is a good summary of the evidence).

Armed with this knowledge, I became increasingly convinced that homosexuality must be environmental. I had also heard several stories of straight men that "discover" they are gay, and many stories of gay men "experimenting" with heterosexuality. "Surely," I thought, "sexuality is fluid and not fixed!"

The months passed. Then I was befriended by two other guys of my own age who were not gay like me. Now, normally I would try to ignore straight guys my own age and be extremely ambivalent towards them. I may want to be their friend, but after a while feelings of inferiority or being "different" would make me unenthusiastic. I would also be unwilling to return phone calls, make arrangements to go out with them, etc., because I would want them to "prove" that they want to be my friend. So, usually, I couldn't keep friends.

However, these two guys were different. They were **extremely** persistent. No matter how much I allowed my defensive-detachment to sabotage my friendship with them, they would keep coming back and keep including me in their activities and their lives.

Over the next couple of years these two guys helped me more than they could ever know. I actually felt like **one of the guys** for the first time! Their strong heterosexuality seemed to rub off on me. I, for the first time ever, started to have heterosexual "flashes". What I mean by that is, I had small, but noticeable, feelings for good-looking women.

This puzzled me enormously. Feelings for girls? Eh? Where did that come from? I had never had any romantic feelings for girls before. I simply didn't realize the significance of what those two guys did for me.

I couldn't just let this rest, so I had to find out what it meant. I searched the Internet for information on changing sexuality. Of course, I came across many

pages ridiculing the very idea of change from gay to straight. "But," I thought, "I have seen some change! So it must be possible to some extent." After much searching, I eventually came across the National Association for Research and Therapy of Homosexuality at www.NARTH.com

WOW. I couldn't believe it. I must have read the entire NARTH website in just a single night. For the first time I saw that: 1) homosexuality IS environmental as I suspected, 2) change IS possible, and 3) I knew WHY I had experienced the small changes I already had.

"Eureka!" I thought. Within the next couple of weeks I ordered as many books on Reparative Therapy as I could. Each book was read cover-to-cover within a couple of days, then read a second time with a highlighter pen.

EVERYTHING fell into place. I knew for the first time exactly why I was "gay." It became so clear that I felt a little embarrassed that I had never noticed these *obvious* symptoms before. To be honest, I felt a little silly. I had done so much study and investigation into homosexuality in the past that I was astonished how I could have missed these truths for so long.

Since then I've made huge progress in my study and self-therapy of SSA (Same-sex attraction). I've also been a member of an online support group run by www.peoplecanchange.com which has helped me a lot. I also began counseling with a therapist via the telephone in California.

My SSA has decreased noticeably. When I first started the therapy, I would go to sleep at night imagining that I were lying in the strong arms of another man.

And now? Now that idea seems ridiculous. Men simply do not provide me with the emotional gratification that I require. I often go to sleep imagining that I am cuddled up to the girl of my dreams. The idea of cuddling up with a man, on the other hand, seems pointless and simply silly. It's Soooo "last year's" fashion. This isn't because I'm resisting my urges. I'm not *making* myself feel this way. This is simply how I feel. My natural instincts tell me that I can't get gratification from another man. He cannot give me what I want.

Other men are friends, buddies, mates (In the Australian sense), comrades, associates, fellow workers, fathers, uncles, brothers, etc. Not lovers!

I simply no longer *feel* gay. The gay world and gay people seem very strange and unusual to me now. It's like they're a foreign people. I simply cannot understand them anymore nor understand why they would want to do what they do. I can't believe that just 12 months ago I was having anonymous sex with different guys and thought that I was happy and that there was no way out of that addictive cycle.

So, my progress has been very good! :o) I'm *finally* getting free from that dank prison called SSA. I'll never miss it. And I'll *never* go back.

Progress

I was looking over my first entry that I wrote yesterday, and I thought it may sound a little too enthusiastic. I don't want to make people feel discouraged if I they haven't had as much progress as me.

So, I thought I'd mention what I've done as well as the set-backs I've had.

My self-therapy has mostly consisted of a daily thing, rather than a weekly thing (like seeing a therapist). Every day I've made an effort to read something or research something that will help my therapy. Basically, I've put a ridiculous amount of effort into it. So I expect to see good results.

However, I have had setbacks.

When I first learned about the therapy, I had what Dr. Joseph Nicolosi, a reparative therapist, calls the "surge of hope" (I think it was Nicolosi, anyway) at which time my SSA seems to almost disappear overnight, simply due to the power of hope. Of course, as Nicolosi's book said, this sudden change is only temporary. After about a week my feelings returned to normal as I began the long struggle out of homosexuality.

I had been overly optimistic with the surge of hope, and thought I was practically "cured." So when reality set in, I felt somewhat discouraged. But I was just being silly. Progress is meant to be slow and gradual over months and years, not a magic trick which is complete in the blink of an eye.

So in the first few months I struggled to keep away from gay pornography. Eventually this was solved by removing the Internet connection.

A difficult thing for me was controlling my sexual impulses when ill. For some reason, illness had always -- for as long as I can recall -- tripled my sex drive. I couldn't yet figure out why this was. Unfortunately, 4 months into my therapy, while I was very ill with a bad cold, I acted out ("act out" is phrase which means to have gay sex).

Although this was discouraging, I realized that most people who go through the therapy have at least one relapse. I also noted how the sex seemed childish and unsatisfying. I could see and understand what I needed to meet my emotional needs.

A little while later, with the help of others, I managed to figure out why I had such an increase of my sex drive whenever I was ill. This insight helped enormously, and since then I've been ill several times but not had the inclination to act out.

What about the temptation of gay porn? Well, a couple of months ago I got Internet access back, and I checked out a gay porn site because I was bored. But rather than excite me, the pictures just *bored* me. I guess the lack of an emotional void made the images unsatisfying to me. At first I had some sexual excitement, however after a couple of minutes the excitement waned and I just left the site and started doing something else instead.

When you know **why** one finds certain guys attractive, their appeal diminishes greatly.

If truth be told, because my therapy has enabled me to have sexual attraction to females for the first time, I've actually looked at girly porn a few times (with a surprisingly strong level of excitement). Although I stopped doing that also since I don't want to simply swap one sexual addiction for another.

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Well, there we have a little bit of info to show you that I'm not perfect. Later on today I'm seeing my therapist, so I might write another entry later on today if anything interesting comes out of it (and for \$90 a session, there damn well better be!!).

:o)

G'bye.

Anger

Well I've had my session with my therapist.

We continued to work through the unresolved anger I have towards other males.

You see, a major cause of my SSA is defensive detachment. I've been disappointed and excluded by other guys for so long that I defensively detach myself from all guys.

I expect to be rejected, made inferior, and excluded from their activities. It all goes back to when I was a child and teenager, how other boys would always -- and I stress **always** -- seem to exclude me from their social activities, but then openly tell me about them **afterwards**.

So now I get the "fight or flight" response when I meet other guys. I get all tense, have some feelings of anxiety in my stomach, and expect them to reject me. I try to keep them at a distance so they can't harm me. Usually I'm the only one among a large group of guys who won't shake hands, won't take part in some game, or won't be involved in a lively conversation. I'll just sit there, all quiet, separated from them.

To try and work through this, my therapist had me picture in my mind someone who had hurt me in this way. That was easy. There was a guy who hurt me very bad. I really wanted him to be my friend, and he pretended to be, but he excluded me and seemed to rub it in. I then imagined he was standing in front of me, and I said what I thought of him. "Why did you pretend to be my friend? Why did you exclude me? etc". It brought back some painful memories -- what happens years ago can still cause just as much pain today.

Afterwards I felt better. And I felt somewhat empowered. It felt good to (imagine) say to his face what I really thought of how he had treated me and excluded me. My therapist asked me what I felt like doing to the guy who hurt me. I said "I feel like punching him in the face!" So he told me to imagine it! :o) Silly, I know. I would never normally punch anyone in the face, but in this fantasy it felt good to take my power back from that guy who had so harshly robbed me of it all those years ago.

When I'm next among a group of guys, I've got to realize that I'm simply angry and upset that I may be excluded and rejected. So next time I'm in a situation where I feel I'm going to be rejected, (with the usual tense anxious feeling of anger) I have to realize that while I'm hurt, I should learn to trust other guys. Not all straight men will reject me. I'm a powerful young man and can speak my mind.

The thing is, with this defensive-detachment, I would normally *make* myself excluded. I act aloof around others and try to distance myself, but then conclude that it's other people's fault and "no body likes me."

So I'm my own self-fulfilling prophecy!

But thanks to my therapy, I'm going to change that.

Delusional

I was just thinking about the hilarious ten percent figure I was talking about yesterday.

I know I keep going on about it, but it does fascinate me.

I remember what it was like to be involved in gay culture. I actually did believe that 10% of people were gay - *although, if I'm entirely honest* - I deep down really thought that **all** people were gay.

That may sound delusional (and it is), but I really did wonder about it. I found the all-embracing anything-goes gay world to be enticing, exciting, and wonderful. The music, the fashion, the freedom, the bars, the clubs, the magazines, the porn, the liberation. I felt as though I was around people who finally understood me.

Of course, in reality this was because I felt like an "outsider" among normal society, and instead of trying to fit in with normal culture, I would associate with other "outsiders" so we could all be estranged "outsiders" together.

The excitement of the gay culture made me feel that *everyone* should be a part of it. Discovering who was gay was also exciting - it was amazing to see just how many people also feel this way.

So, it wasn't much of a leap from that to suspecting that *all men and women are actually gay deep down inside* — they just haven't realized it yet. These feelings

were so strong inside of me that I couldn't imagine anyone ever feeling any other way. After all, how could guys *possibly* be interested in girls? Shouldn't they be all over each other?

But I was delusional. I was speaking as a person with a great emotional deficiency which controlled my mind and thoughts. I felt such strong same-sex attractions because of psychological molding in childhood - pain, unmet love needs, loneliness, and a deficiency of masculinity.

Eventually, however, after doing much research I realized that gays are actually in the minority.

Most people are heterosexual. Although the excitement of gay bars, a "gay village", gay parades, and gay literature may give the impression that "gays are everywhere", the reality is that for every gay bar, there are 1000+ normal bars.

In my own city, the local gay rights group convinced the local authorities and local businesses that 10% of the city's population was gay, and therefore there was a huge untapped market for gay products and services (and the council had a duty to see they were provided). Well, of course, 10% of people *are not gay*. So what happened? Well, several of the new bars that opened are now bankrupt. The idea of a gay village fizzled out due to lack of public enthusiasm. One of the new gay bars has turned straight in order to stay alive. I don't think they even hold "pride" parades here any more.

The local council and the local businessmen were fooled by the gay rights group - in the exact same way the local gays had fooled themselves.

The excitement of the gay world makes you delusional. You think everyone must feel the same way - you simply cannot understand how people could *not* think the same way as you. But this is pure fantasy. The majority of people did not suffer the same emotional scars and arrested development that we suffered as children. Everstraight men and women simply cannot understand why we feel gay. The very idea of two men kissing (or whatever) is hilarious and utterly ridiculous to them, so much so, that gay characters are always present in sitcoms and comedy movies, - not because of increased tolerance - but simply because the very concept of gays is funny and strange!

In a given year, less than 2% of the population are actively gay. Less than 4% of people will *ever* be, even for a short time in adulthood.

It will greatly shock, offend, and upset several people to say this, but I'll say it anyway: *gays always have been and always will be a minority. The whole world is not, and never will be, gay.*

Naked men, naked women, and erections

Hmm.. what to talk about today? ***NOTE*** Before you read this, please note: I don't want any misunderstanding - I am NOT advocating using pornography in the healing process. *****

Well, I could tell you about something that happened a couple of days back.

About a year ago, me and my buddies bought an issue of *Loaded*, a men's magazine dotted with pictures of hot women half-naked. At the time me and my buddies were lounging around my living room looking at this magazine and the pull-outs, basically just pointing out to each other how hot a particular woman was in the pictures.

Of course, I was acting (i.e. *lying*). I didn't find the pictures hot at all. Just girls with bikinis on with big arses, as far as I was concerned. "Oh, yeah. She's really nice," I would nervously chuckle, hoping they wouldn't notice that the pictures weren't doing anything for me.

Anyways, I kept that magazine issue in a drawer next to all of my Reparative Therapy books. The other day I got it out again and looked at the "Karma Sutra" pull-out (basically lots of "tasteful" pictures of fit girls spread all over the place, with practically nothing on).

But *this time*... wah-hey!! Those girls are really, really, hot. And then an unexpected thing happened, I actually got an erection.

I didn't *make* myself get an erection. I mean I wasn't feeling myself up or anything. It just happened. When looking at those girls, I just feel a sort of rush inside of me. The feelings just arise from deep inside and I can't help it. Basically, I'm getting heterosexual feelings in the same way I used to get gay feelings. From deep within, so-to-speak.

Likewise, I've noticed changes in my feelings for "hot" guys. I don't know if you get this in your country, but here in the UK a beer company is running some commercials for special "light" beer for women. The adverts involve some physically fit male model basically getting right down to his underpants in bizarre situations, or have a bucket of water thrown over him to make him look sexy. It ends with the phrase "something for the ladies."

Now, what surprised me was this: I've seen those adverts on TV a few times but they don't do a thing for me (not even the first time I saw them). I'm looking at these guys stripping down to their underpants, and yet the inner yearning of desire I used to feel (the same yearning I now get when looking at those women in that magazine) *simply isn't there*. Which is kind of strange, since I know I would have really enjoyed those adverts at one time.

They just look like guys, and they're nothing special. Nothing mysterious. Nothing attractive.

Since I now feel more of a man, when I see guys like that, it's like I'm looking at myself in a mirror. All I can see are their masculine qualities, which I feel I've already got. They haven't got anything I want, or want to attain to. I don't feel inferior to them. They aren't mysterious. They are the familiar; they aren't my opposite -- women are my unfamiliar opposite.

Basically, I'm just not attracted to guys the way I used to be.

Reparative Therapy works!

Girlfriends

Damn it damn it damn it damn it.

It's not fair. If it's not one thing, it's another.

Okay, I'll explain. You see, for some time now I've been wishing that I had a girlfriend. Which, I guess, is a good thing. Before therapy, the very idea of a girlfriend was unappealing at best, or filled me with morbid dread of being "smothered" at worst.

The problem is that I'm just *sick* of sex. I wish I could have a holiday from it. I just don't want to have any sexual feelings at all.

When I was gay, I had sex on my mind all the time, totally obsessed with it. I would spend hours each day masturbating and looking at gay porn (or surfing the internet trying to "hook up" with guys). Sex, sex, sex, sex, sex.

So anyway, I'm sick of sex. I'm a bit frustrated that in going through therapy I now have a new type of sexual feeling to deal with: girls. Like, last night I was driving home from the local pub (that's a *normal* pub, and I promise I didn't drink any alcohol!), and I saw this advert in a bus stop for some perfume or something. It had a really nice female model. Within a few seconds I was fantasizing that I was having sex with her (which I suppose isn't a good thing to do while driving). And now whenever I feel lonely, I just have an overwhelming desire to get a girlfriend. Which bugs me, since I don't know how to get one.

Anyway, in short: I'm still sick of sex.

I guess yesterday was one of my "good" days, therapy-wise. I know some gay guys who would pay \$\$\$ to get to the point I'm at in my treatment.

I dunno, perhaps I'm just ungrateful. I've been waiting for months to get to this point in my progress, I've put in *ridiculous* and almost *obsessive* amounts of work into my therapy, and now *all I can do is complain*.

I guess you just can't please some people!!!

Random sexuality

How strange sexuality is... I don't know what to classify myself as anymore. When I was gay, I was gay. But now I'm slowly changing towards the other direction, what exactly *am I*?

My sexuality seems to change by the hour, depending on my mood and what I'm doing. Like, when I go to sleep at night I fantasize about being with a girl (and I'm turned on), but when I wake up in the morning I keep remembering sex I've had with men in the past (and, again, I'm turned on).

Last night I watched some TV in the dark, something I haven't done for ages (I never watch TV nowadays). I used to watch a lot of TV with the lights off, snuggled up to my boyfriend. So when I did that last night, the first feeling that popped into my head was that of snuggling up with another man.

Yet, when the lights are *on*, the only thing I can possibly get pleasure from is fantasizing that I'm snuggled up with an imaginary girlfriend!

Likewise, when I feel down and lonely, the idea of having a guy pay attention to me, put his arm around me, etc, is at its strongest. But when I'm feeling good, confident, strong, loved, and happy, all of my erotic and emotional desires turn to the opposite sex.

What the gay lobby says about homosexuality being "genetic and unchangeable, like skin color" sounds like a load of bollocks now, doesn't it?

Father figures

I've just finished my therapy session.

Today I wanted to explore my father-hunger. That's a thing common to gay men.

The thing is, back when I used to "act out" a lot, I would always go for *older* guys. And I mean **much** older. Guys old enough to be my dad or grandad! That really used to turn me on. (If that doesn't scream "emotional deficiency," I don't know what does!)

Whenever I was tempted to act out, I would always think of a particular guy whom I had slept with on several occasions who was much older than me. He wasn't anything stunning, physically. He didn't have any particularly good qualities. In fact, he used me and abused me. But somehow that felt good. The more he abused me and the more he used me like a piece of meat, the more satisfying it was. Of course, this was all terribly unhealthy, and I knew it.

So anyway, today I decided to investigate this further with my therapist. Sure enough, my original thoughts were correct. It's all down to my father-hunger. The more he used me, the more attention he paid me. The more he abused me, the more close I felt to him. Even though he forced me to do things I didn't want to do, he made me feel special. I was like an older man had *finally* wanted to be intimate with me.

He actually *talked* to me! He took an interest! My dad never did (and never does - unless he wants money).

Of course, the reason he made me feel special and paid a lot of attention to me was probably because he knew he had hit lucky; at the time I was seeing him I was 19 and he was in his late 50's!!

But it felt good to have all that attention, intimacy, and even abuse from someone older than me. It was like my father-hunger was satisfied by someone who "loved" me.

Yet that was some time ago. In fact, it was so long ago that I'm sure I would have been dumped by now. I'm sure the abuse wouldn't have always felt good. The "love" would have only lasted as long as I could provide what he *wanted* from me. He would have soon bored of me. If the relationship had lasted, I'm sure that I would have felt smothered and used. The abuse would have eventually stopped feeling good. It would have turned sour.

I'm glad I escaped when I did. And now it hurts to look back and see that I was used by yet another man.

Soon I'm going to start some mentorship with some older male family friends who have agreed to help me in my journey out of SSA. They are going to be true father figures to me. They're going to "re-father the adult-child" as my psychotherapy book puts it.

They've agreed to spend time with me. To listen to me. To have concern for me. They've told me that they *care* about me. That's what I really want. An older man to *care about me* and pay attention to me in the way my father never did.

And I'm sure that will be a lot more satisfying, a lot more fulfilling, and more long-lasting, than the temporary feeling of comfort I gained from that old pervert sexually abusing me.

Old entry

Today I'm going to share with you an old entry from a diary I had from when I used to act-out and lead a gay lifestyle.

It's an entry about three months before I started Reparative Therapy:

I was supposed to "meet" a guy today. I cancelled. Firstly, I can't be bothered. Secondly, he was one of those guys into leather, which is a bit scary. And last of all, I hate myself enough today without making things even worse. I'm supposed to meet another guy tomorrow, too. Right now I'm thinking of ways to get out of that as well. If I do meet him I think he's wanting to have a threesome with himself, me, and his "partner." So - what's more horrible than having sex with a man who's old enough to be your dad? I know what! Having sex with TWO men who are old enough to be your dad! I am SO going to make up some excuse to get out of it. Or maybe if I'm feeling particularly malicious, I may just tell him to sod off :)

I thought I should talk for a little while about being "out." Well, here's my situation. My mother knows, and a handful of my friends know. However, none of them know about any of my sexual encounters. Somehow it's a lot easier to say "I'm gay" than "I had a guy blow his load in my mouth the other day!"

Yesterday I was feeling unusually happy. I went to bed at about 1am feeling rather content, calm, and happy. I'm not 100% sure why, but it was the first time I felt that way for a while. Maybe it was because I hadn't sold myself away as a free piece of meat for a few days.

..!/.

I was really happy back then, wasn't I? (not)

I think I may provide more of my old entries on other days - especially on days, like today, when I can't think of anything to say :)

Loneliness

Yesterday I felt strangely lonely. I'm not sure why. I'd been out with one of my buddies the day before, and I played Pool in the evening with my Brother.

But for some reason I felt alone and noticeably un-manly. I felt weak and immature. Whenever I feel like that, my SSA increases slightly and my heterosexual feelings decrease. On the other hand, when I'm feeling good, happy, confident, and manly, my attractions to other men entirely disappear.

If that isn't evidence of SSA being an emotional disorder, I don't know what is! I mean, can you imagine a heterosexual man saying the same thing? "When I feel lonely I'm more sexually attracted to women, but when I feel good about myself I'm barely sexually attracted to women at all" !!!

Of course not!

It's bleeding obvious that SSA is an emotional disorder.

On my mind

There are days, in this struggle, when the subject of SSA is on your mind constantly. This is usually because of depression, or whatever, that makes the condition worse. However, there are also days when you're feeling good and SSA never enters your mind, not even for a second.

That's how I've felt for these past few days. My SSA hasn't bothered me at all, and I haven't had any same-sex feelings whatsoever. The only sexual feelings and fantasy have been heterosexual. When I'm like this, it kinda feels weird to think back to my former lifestyle. I can't believe that I was ever a part of it -- and I certainly cannot comprehend why I ever wanted to be a part of it. Gay people seem like strange foreigners that I cannot understand. I just can't understand how or why they feel that way... oh, wait a moment, hang on - I used to be one of them, didn't I? Oh yes... how silly of me to forget.

Whenever I see gay men I can't help but instantly recognize all the inferiorities that I used to possess. In many men I can even identify the typical things that probably caused or at least contributed to their SSA -- if only they knew how much of a disorder it really is!!!

The gay life is so unappealing to me and -- quite frankly -- I can't imagine why anyone would want to be a part of it.

But, then again, I've managed to grow out of it and mature into a very good heterosexuality. Many other men don't have that privilege and are stuck with their developmental error, spending their lives suffering all the inferiorities, the uncontrollable attractions, the depressions, not knowing the way out, and not knowing that it can be overcome.

What a shame.

So-called Homophobia

There's a great article about gay cruising at [the Deseret News](#). It shows how the police force there is using psychotherapy to help men who have the compulsion to seek sex with other men in public places.

It's interesting because they are using many of the techniques used by Reparative Therapy - and it's all *supported* by the local gay rights group!

They use the technique to help men stop and think when they want to act-out. They have to realize when they feel lonely (or whatever) and then try to fulfill that need in a *healthy* way. The program has enjoyed good success, too.

The comparison to Reparative Therapy is obvious. If these men continue to pursue psychotherapy like that, I'm certain that their homosexual desires will decrease (of

course, I believe that *all* gay men can become somewhat heterosexual if they undergo enough therapy and provided they put in enough effort).

Anyway, one part of the article caught my eye. The police force was saying how the men that cruise usually are family men with a spotless police record, and less than 1% of them are involved in drugs.

I'm sure the reporter put that little statistic in there to help "prove" that gay men are not drug abusers, as so many anti-gay campaigners claim.

However, let's look at that statistic from a different perspective. The official line of the pro-gay lobby has always been that the higher levels of suicide, depression, and drug abuse in the gay community are due to *oppression* and "*homophobia*". But is that really true? No.

It seems that the more one is involved in the gay world, the "gay scene" with the bars, clubs, bath houses, etc, the more susceptible to drug abuse one is. It seems that men who keep their sexuality secret and lead a covert life hiding "in the closet" seem to be able to cope with life without abusing drugs.

Yet, those people who *do* have the "loving" support of a lively community, other gay men, boyfriends, gay culture, and gay support groups, seem to abuse drugs to a shocking degree!!

Surely, if it was "homophobia" and intolerance that caused the high rates of drug abuse, then those people *more* involved in gay culture should have *lower* rates of abuse. But they don't -- *it's the other way around!*

The simple truth is this: the high rates of drug abuse among the gay community is *due to the gay community* -- and not due to the so-called "homophobia". That's a cop-out excuse and the only people who would believe are blind, ignorant, and most of all, incredibly dumb.

Inadequate resources

Sometimes I get a bit frustrated with the lack of resources to help people in change therapy.

It's okay for you Americans who have all of your ex-gay groups and Reparative Therapists dotted all over the country, but for people not living in the states, it's a bit more difficult!

I can't even get a therapist *anywhere* in this country of 58 million people -- I have to telephone one in California -- that's eight time zones away! Not to mention the fact that psychotherapy is very expensive. If it wasn't for my parents forking out the money for it, I could never afford it.

So, let's assume that I could never afford a therapist. What then? Well, in the UK we have a thing called the NHS, which basically means you get medical treatment for free. However, thanks to the pro-gay liars, homosexuality is no longer considered a psychological condition - so there is no chance in hell of me getting free Reparative Therapy (or any therapy) on the NHS.

So, what am I left with? Well, there are books. Lots and lots of books. I have many of them. But they are all psychological books, and they are very in-depth. If I was stupid, had a short attention span, or couldn't read very well, I would be unable to get the full benefit from those books - if any at all.

So, let's assume I'm stupid and poor, and living outside the USA. What am I now left with?

Well, there are online support groups. But what if I don't have an internet connection?

Then I'm screwed.

Gay porn is boring

Yup, it is. It's really boring.

NOTE Before you read this, please note: I don't want any misunderstanding - I am NOT advocating using pornography in the healing process. *****

I'll explain.

This morning I woke up feeling rather, well, horny. So I decided that I'd spurge just this once and indulge in some gay porn from the Internet. I went to a couple of my favorite sites (sites I always relied on before my therapy) to see what new porn had been added over the past 9 months which I will have missed.

The problem was, that I seem to have forgotten about all the progress I have made in feeling more confident, masculine, "one of the guys", less dominated by women, having less self-pity, and authentically connecting with other men.

So, what happened when I looked at the porn? Well, after flicking through four lengthy pages of thumbnails of hard-core gay porn, and looking at a few pics full-size, I actually managed to lose the erection I had to begin with!

How dull is that?! Looking at the hard-core gay porn actually made me *lose* my sexual excitement. Not even the "Bears" section of the website could arouse me ("Bears" is a gay term for men with a lot of body hair). That used to be my favorite gallery at one time, along with various other aberrant things I won't mention. I just can't understand how I used to spend hours and hours looking at that stuff, usually masturbating three or more times.

Well, I guess the therapy is really working for me -- perhaps even better than I realize.

OK, I admit that back when I was gay, looking at gay porn *was* actually fun. However, the feeling of being more confident, masculine, and having great male buddies, is a *lot more fun* and 10x more satisfying than looking at gay porn ever was. Not to mention how lovely and intoxicating some girls can be.

Gay men really are missing out on a whole lot, in my opinion.

The apprentice has become the master

I'm think I might stop going to see my therapist. There's nothing wrong, you understand. I like him, and he has helped me make progress.

In fact, there's nothing wrong at all. That's why I'm thinking of dropping him. I've made a lot of progress recently and I think there is very little new insight he can give me.

The last couple of times I've seen him it's been rather non-insightful. I have presented to him a problem or issue I've picked, explained it to him, conjectured why I think I feel that way (with him agreeing), then I've verbally described how I think I can resolve the problem. He listens, and agrees with me. He then asks me some questions, to make sure that I indeed *do* have the right idea. And it turns out that I am perfectly correct in everything I've said.

In other words... I've read up on the subject so much that there is little remaining of my condition that I do not understand. I know exactly what I have to do, what I should be doing, etc, and all I need now is to buckle down and actually *do it!*

So all of that obsessive study of Reparative Therapy, with all the note-books, essay-writing, and highlighter-pens actually paid off! (quite literally, too - save lots of \$\$\$)

I think I'll continue to see him, but less often. Perhaps once a month. Perhaps only when something comes up that I can't figure out on my own. :o)

Another old entry

Not much has happened today, SSA-wise. I was feeling a bit down earlier today, so I went to see a family friend of mine who knows of my struggles. Talking to him really encouraged me, as it always has.

Since I can't think of anything more to write, here's an entry from my old diary, from when I was 19 years old and leading a gay life:

I had another thought today. This time about my future. Where will I be when I'm say... 50 years old? I'm wondering that because I'm still thinking about the guy I had sex with last week. He was probably in his 50's or late 40's. I thought he was

a bit of a perv, but I didn't fully realize how much of a perv he was until yesterday when he called me. He tried to make me hard over the phone. He asked me if I'd spunked for anyone else and told me to 'keep that sweet spunk inside' me for when he next meets me. Bloody hell. That guy is old enough to be my dad! I didn't find his efforts particularly arousing. If anything I can't believe I ever met him, never mind had sex with him. I feel SICK.

But anyway, I digress. That man made me think about myself. Do I really want to be like him when I'm 50 years old? Do I want to be an old perv who tries to get 19-year-olds hard over the phone? Do I want to become someone whose main pleasure in life is sexual encounters?

Right now the greatest pleasures in my life are learning new things, accomplishing tasks (i.e. programming), making true friends, and taking healthy exercise. I think I am a pretty well-rounded individual (despite my actions over the recent years). And that's why I really really really DON'T want to become like him - or like any of the other raving queens down the gay bar.

I'm not sure where I want to be when I'm 50 years old. But I sure know where I don't want to be. I don't want my main pleasure in life to be sex. I don't want to use other people for what they have. I don't want to be assimilated into the screaming-bitchy-selfish-dramaQueen gay culture.

I don't want to be them. I'd rather be me.

I thought I was rather a happy person back then. How wrong I was! I was miserable. Being heterosexual is 10x better. I don't miss my old homosexual desires at all. Reparative Therapy saved my life.

Yet, I've still got a long way to go. I'm sure that after another year has passed by, I will be even happier with my new sexual orientation.

Bloody family

Oh why oh why does 'family dynamics' play such a large role in my SSA? It's not fair. I wish I were one of those guys for whom family dynamics played *no* role. Dealing with your family is really difficult and can cause much stress and conflict.

My sister is driving me insane. She's staying over at the moment and all of the past frustrations and arguments I had with her as a child are flooding back to me. She hasn't changed over the years, either. She's still overly-defensive, bitchy, childish, selfish, manipulative, bossy, violent, and can be calm one moment yet screaming and shouting the next. You have to be ultra-careful not to say the wrong thing; otherwise, she'll hurl abuse at you.

She was a highly negative influence on me when I was growing up. Along with her (a bitch), my mother (smothering/possessive), and grandmother (interfering/stupid), the impression I had of women was of smothering and manipulating psychopaths. Couple that with my impression of masculinity from my brother (aggressive) and father (distant/uninterested/smelly/weak) and you have a very bad family dynamic, almost custom-made for the development of SSA. (Of course, family dynamic are *never* the entire story, however it is a common contributing factor for many men - especially me!).

I try to keep my contact with my family as short and authentic as possible. I try not to be bossed about by my sister, smothered and burdened by my mother, and criticized by my father. If I manage to stay in my own "masculine power" (as some would say) and stand on my own two feet as a grown up man, they won't be able to belittle me and make me feel like I'm 1 inch tall, robbing me of any inner sense of masculinity and maturity.

Sometimes they make me feel so small and inferior, like a child, that I want to just hand my mother and/or sister a pair of scissors and say "go on then, just cut off my balls and be done with it!!!"

The more I am able to stand up to them, the more masculine I feel, and the less compelling my SSA.

Pumping Iron

I managed to face many of my fears in the gym. I can actually use the weights in front of other men without being self-conscious, and I can look at other guys authentically, seeing the same masculine traits in them as I feel I have in myself. In other words, they're men just like me and are not "distant" and "mysterious" (and no longer sexually appealing).

Occasionally there are even some nice girls in the gym. Although, to be honest, I believe women should be banned from the gym. They take ages and ages with the machines, spend a long time just sitting around yakking to each other on the weight benches, and they don't put the weights back in the correct place.

Sleeping around

I was just thinking about how horrible it used to be when I would sleep around with other guys.

You'd start off by craving the love, attention, and power that only another man can give you - sexually. There's a great excitement at "hooking up" and meeting. After some initial small talk, you get down to business and satisfy your emotional and sexual cravings. The release of tension is enormous.

However, after you're finished, you go home (or the other person leaves to go to their home). And suddenly you're right back to square one, in the exact same situation you were to begin with. You're alone. While you may have experienced that great sexual "love" with another man, by the time you're due to go to bed, you go to bed alone with no one to "love" you. You're still alone. You still crave that intimacy. You're still just as unloved as before.

If the person you've hooked up with stays the night, it's not really intimacy and love. You don't even know the person. In fact, in the back of your mind you have the niggling doubt that you can't be sure if you can totally trust the person, either. If you cuddle up in bed together, it's not due to love, intimacy, or knowing each other well, but simply a mutual agreement to provide what each other wants.

Of course, gay relationships are a different story. They're torrid love affairs filled with manipulation, fierce attachment, game-playing, and ultimately disillusionment.

Still, despite all of the above, when I was acting out and doing those things, I thought I was leading quite a happy life. I felt I could control it, and have a mastery over it, so I would be able to cope with the cold nature of the gay world and come out of it happy, somehow.

How wrong I was! I was as miserable as I could be. Of course, I simply didn't know any better. Now that I've seen the "other side of the fence," I can look back and see how terribly empty that life was - as well as the life of every other gay man I've ever known.

Since leaving the gay life, and developing heterosexual feelings thanks to [Reparative Therapy](#), I've never been happier.

Illusions

"We fell in love. We really did!" said one gay man. Yup, I've been there, done that. Gay love feels great. You first meet a man, who seems to possess everything you could ever want in a guy. You have *oh so much* in common with each other. You've only known each other for practically 5 minutes, but it doesn't matter - you're *in love*. You just love the other person to bits. The feelings of loneliness and heartache are gone, all of your emotional needs are met. You own the other person. You do everything together. We're very *clinging*. We keep a firm and controlling hold on each other.

Time passes. The other person becomes more familiar, and less mysterious. You can see his faults, and can also see how he's not quite suited to fulfilling all of your needs as you had previously thought. He no longer seems as attractive. Only the distant "mysterious" males are attractive. However, he continues to fulfill many of your wants, so you keep the relationship going for a while.

He's gone out on his own without you. Where is he? What is he doing? Is he masturbating without me? If so, who is he thinking about? Has he cheated on me? Does he still love me? To try and rekindle romantic interest, there is teasing,

withdrawal of affection, pretending to be offended, being overly upset, fighting over trivial matters, threats, or denial of sex. The other person then has to 'prove' his love for me by making strong affectionate and romantic gestures to make amends.

However, I'm starting to feel smothered. I can't do anything without him knowing about it or being with me. He can no longer fulfill all of my wants and needs. There are other men who are more good looking than him. I want to move on and end the relationship. Perhaps I can find someone else who is *really* perfect for me, who can satisfy my needs, and whom I can love to bits.

This is not mature love. Heterosexuals do not fall in love in five minutes. They do not have, on average, relationships lasting just one or two years. This is because "gay love" is "an adolescent sentimentality – puppy love – and erotic craving" that only exists so long as the other person can satisfy one's own needs. The search for love is more the search for a same-sex *friend*. It's an adolescent craving for affection, driven by self-pity. As reparative therapist Dr. Gerard van den Aardweg, author of *The Battle for Normality*, puts it, "Seeking love as a means of comforting one's hurts may be passive and ego-centered. The other person is there only to love the "poor me". This is begging for love, not really mature loving. A homosexual may feel that he is the affectionate, loving, and protective one, but in effect this is a game to attract the other to himself. It is all embedded in sentimentality and is profoundly narcissistic. ... what is desired is a close, exclusive, affectionate intimacy, warmth for the poor desolate soul one is."

Dr. Aardweg also says of gay relationships, "The attention-seeking instead of loving; the continuous tensions, generally stemming from the recurrent complaint, *You don't love me*; the jealousy, which so often suspects, *He (she) is more interested in someone else*. [It is] neurotic... notwithstanding the shallow pretensions of 'love'. Nowhere is there more self-deception in the homosexual than in his representation of himself as a lover. One partner is important to the other only insofar as he satisfies that other's needs... Homosexual unions are *clinging* relationships".

My experience with the Endless Cycle of Gay Love

1. Meet. Fall "in love" almost immediately.
2. Relationship is primarily sexual at first.
3. Sex becomes less frequent, more like friends.
4. Feelings of co-dependence, smothering, possessiveness, and jealousy appear.
5. Interest in a third party and/or bitch arguments end it at a final 'showdown'
6. Go back to step #1 and repeat.

"Surely, though, there are *some* gay couples who have good long-lasting relationships?" you may ask. No, there aren't. Long term gay couples are *always* — and I stress *always* — non-exclusive (that means they have sex with other people). The 1984 book *Gay Couples* reported that 91% of gay couples that had been together for more than 5 years are non-exclusive. One report *couldn't find a single gay couple* that had been together for longer than 10 years and remained exclusive.

In the gay world, finding 'Mr. Right' and settling down to a loyal lifelong relationship is nothing more than a fairytale (no pun intended).

More of a man

This cold (which I am now finally getting over) has left me feeling all weak and unmanly again. I hate this. Before I got this illness I was feeling confident about myself. But now when I look in the mirror, all I see is a less-than-a-man, a weakling, a girl, a fag.

I've really got to get back into the swing of my Reparative Therapy, which is, of course, designed to help me feel more confident about myself and feel like I'm more of a mature young man.

So anyways, I've asked my brother to play football with me tomorrow. I used to have a morbid fear of playing football, and mixing with the "rough" lads, so whenever I conquer that fear I feel absolutely fantastic, and my inner sense of manhood gets a little encouragement. I can't wait to play again! Actually, when I was gay I *loathed* football (along with the "ignorance" of the players and supporters; and their macho attitude). However, now I can really appreciate it and find it to be a whole lot of fun. I never thought I'd say this, but I really love playing football!

Following a specific team is another matter, I can't quite understand the appeal of that yet. But, regardless, these "manly" activities really have broken down my resistance to identifying with other men. I don't view other guys as merely "stupid" or "ugly", while putting other men on a pedestal of "perfection." I no longer keep quiet, but I try to get involved. Such things really do help me feel like I'm 'one of the guys' and those guys whom I used to admire as perfection itself are no longer as mysterious -- or as sexually attractive.

Being held / holding

I remember when I first started therapy wondering about the feelings of being held at night. Like, when going to sleep at night I used to imagine being held by another man. I knew that if I was to develop further heterosexuality, that feeling would eventually change. Eventually I knew that I would have to feel like I want to hold, not *be held*, but want to hold a girl. The problem was that at the time I couldn't possibly imagine why I would ever want to hold someone else - particularly a girl. Being held by a guy was the only thing that made sense - anything the other way around was just strange.

Now, however the tables have turned. I cannot image why I would ever want to *be held* at all. Holding someone else, a girl, seems like the natural instinct.

Also, occasionally when sleepy, I'll go back to old habits and begin to imagine that I'm being held by a guy. But then it suddenly feels very weird and, imagining the guy is lying next to me, I push myself away feeling somewhat embarrassed, shake

the guys hand, say "hello, you alright, mate?" and end up having a ridiculous 'fantasy' that I'm just talking to an ordinary bloke about mundane matters.

When you realize that sex just isn't what you really want, the foundations of SSA just give way and the whole construction collapses. Sex with another man is a way of bypassing all of the uncomfortable things like talking, activities, identification, work, etc. that normally draws you close to other males. Instead of gaining affirmation and intimacy through these normal channels, you can bypass them and go straight for the most intimate place - the groin - and absorb the other person's masculinity into yourself, without the petty need for authentically getting to know the man in healthy non-sexual ways.

So when the sex is over, you're still just as detached and unfamiliar with the other man, and all men, as you were to begin with. The sexual intimacy is an illusion and can never satisfy what you really want - affirmation, companionship, and identification with the world of real men.

Conversely, gaining that affirmation, companionship, and identification with real men has the opposite effect. You no longer need to take the short route straight to sex, because you've already got what you want. So the sex becomes superfluous and entirely unappealing.

I told my best buddy!

Okay - MAJOR development for me today.

I just told my best (everstraight) buddy in the whole world about my SSA, and my therapy.

I went out with him tonight for a drink, something to eat, etc., listen to a band in a pub, and just have a chat. Before I had to drop him back off home, I decided that I wanted to tell him about my SSA, therapy, etc. It must have taken me well over an hour before I finally got to telling him.

I first explained to him that I'd been undergoing a very controversial form of therapy for something. I then explained in a vague fashion what it did to me, and how it had benefited me, and how lucky I was for it to work for me so well.

I kept saying to him "its very important that you understand that it's no longer an issue for me" which perplexed him more and more, since I was withholding what the therapy was actually for. Eventually I told him in a way that he could work it out himself. I said "The therapy I've been telling you about is used to treat something we call S.S.A." He tried guessing what it meant, and after several rather amusing guesses, I gave him an even bigger hint: "The idea is to replace the SSA with what we call OSA. The 'O' stands for *opposite*"

He then guessed that OSA stood for Opposite Sex -something- and I told him he was on the right track. This may sound all very contrived and ridiculous, but this guy is a great friend and I just couldn't tell him outright. I then told him "The OSA

stands for Opposite Sex *Attraction*." He then leaned back, rubbed his eyes as if in deep thought, and then it suddenly dawned on him what SSA stood for.

After a nervous chuckle from him, I asked him "Heh, so you've worked it out then?" "Yes" he replied, with a rather strained voice. He then went on to say "I think I understand now," after which he listed a few things which he had thought might mean I was gay. I confirmed that each of the things he mentioned was, indeed, a symptom of my past SSA (which recently had changed).

Whew! I had finally told him! Now, of course, I was worried about his reaction. I mean, will he want to speak to me again? Will he act strangely around me? I trust this guy very much, and I didn't think he would stop speaking to me. So, what was his reaction?

He seemed to be alright about it. In fact, he seemed a little bemused by the whole thing. Before I dropped him off back at his house, he told me to call him on Sunday if I fancied going anywhere, and since I got back home we've exchanged a couple of amusing text messages with him. He reckons that I need to find a girl with big t*ts. :o) If only it were that simple! But what matters is that he's okay with it.

So: Mission accomplished, and it seems to have gone well.

The most important factor, however, is that I told him for the right reasons. I didn't do it to draw him closer to me, or to try and get him to "love" me or "care" for me. I don't need that. The reason I did it (and I believe this agrees with what I've read by Reparative Therapists) is to just be more honest, authentic, and comfortable with my friend. After all, he's my best friend and he's stuck by me before. He should still accept me when he learns more about me.

So, right now I feel great. It's a huge relief to actually be open and honest to him for the first time. Now I can ask him all those silly and awkward questions about what it's like to be straight without him wondering what the hell I'm asking for!

And again...

This must be what it feels like to come out of the closet. Well... not really. I told another friend of mine yesterday, you see. This means that both of my everstraight best buddies know about my past SSA problems, and my current Reparative Therapy.

This friend seemed to take it even better than my other friend. I wasn't surprised though, as he knows some gay-homosexuals at College, and he is good friends with at least one in his class. So if he is comfortable at being around guys like that, well, I see no reason why he would suddenly reject as an ex-gay.

He's been perfectly okay about it. In fact, he found it quite interesting that such therapies even exist. I thought he may have heard something about it in the news recently, but no, he hadn't.

We then had a bit of a laugh about how his gay-homosexual friends at College would react to hearing of such a thing. They'd go APE! So, anyways, we had a laugh and now he knows all about it.

This is fantastic. Now I can be completely open and honest with them. I can ask them all sorts of stupid questions about heterosexuality without them wondering why on earth I'm asking such things. Actually, that's one of the things I explained to my friend last night, "Remember when I asked you if it was normal to look at some lasses' chests before looking at their faces?" "Yeah.." he replied. "Well, this is why! Because this heterosexuality lark is all new to me." "Ahhh, I see."

That's true, actually. Eventually you start looking at girls in entirely new ways. The thing about the breasts, though: its quite weird because even when I was first gaining some attractions to women, the breasts *were not* attractive. That particular appeal is a fairly recent thing. I'm not sure why, but for me it just didn't happen at first, and it's still not a very strong attraction. Although it my recent progress is anything to go by, perhaps that will change.

I don't think I'll be "coming out" to anyone else for a long while. Enough people know already!

Marriage

One of my oldest friends is getting married soon. I'm very pleased for him and I think the girl he's marrying is very nice and well-suited to him. I'm sure they'll be very happy.

Now here comes the self-analysis. Until fairly recently, I hated the very idea of weddings and marriage. In fact, it would really annoy me when my male buddies would look for girls. It would make me feel left out. I would prefer them to not look for girls, and just forget about it. I certainly didn't like going to other people's weddings, regarding them as somehow stupid and annoying. I would very much resent it when male friends started paying all their attention to a girl or group of girls. I'd actually feel hurt.

But there's a common thread running through all of that: self-pity. Yes - it is - it's self-pity.

For example, when I was among a bunch of male friends, and they start talking about girls and start looking for girls, I would feel left out. I wanted them to stop doing that. In effect, what did I really want? I *wanted* them to **stop** paying attention to girls and **keep** paying attention to *me*. Is that not so? It's not just a feeling of being left-out, but also a feeling of jealousy. "Stop talking about girls and start paying attention to *poor little me* who feels so left-out and inferior."

In effect, if I had my own way I would keep them away from girls, marriage, etc, so I can have them all to myself. Is that not an entirely selfish and infantile way of thinking? Firmly rooted in the self-pity of wanting them to pay attention to poor little me? I think it is.

I found a reference in Dr. Aardweg's book concerning what some homosexuals think of marriage:

Some homosexuals "view marriage and the male-female relationship without understanding, with envy and sometimes even hatred, because the 'role' of manliness or womanliness itself annoys them; this is, in short, the view of an outsider who feels inferior" — *Battle For Normality: A Guide for (Self-)Therapy for Homosexuality* by Dr. Gerard J.M. Van Den Aardweg - page 67 paragraph 2

And as for wanting attention among a group of people:

"They want to be the most adored, the most loved boy of the group... They seldom feel on an equal footing with others" — *Battle For Normality* - page 67 paragraph 3

Are these not the feelings I've described above?

Anyway, with this realization, I've managed to keep my infantile self-pity and "inner child" under control. Instead of resenting my friend's marriage, I can be genuinely pleased for him. In fact, the feelings of being left-out, jealousy, and hatred, have been replaced with another feeling: that of thinking how wonderful it would be if one day I, too, could find a nice girl and get married.

For me, that's quite a remarkable milestone to have reached!

Neo-Defensive Detachment

For those of you who know a little about Reparative Therapy, you'll know that one of the most common things among SSA guys is something called *Defensive Detachment*.

I thought I had gotten over mine. Indeed, I have managed to conquer and break through most of it. However, a couple of days ago I met two guys whom I used to know when I was a teenager. One guy I used to have a crush on, and the other is a guy I used to feel helplessly inferior to.

Anyway, I met both of these guys when they approached me just to say hello, and ask how I've been, etc. It was a short but pleasant conversation, we had a laugh, and it was good.

But afterwards, it hit me: Whoa! Suddenly I had strong feelings of hurt, offense, and most of all, rejection. These feelings hit me like a ton of bricks, and I continued to feel that way for the next day-or-so. Along with these feelings I would feel anxious, with an upset stomach, and tenseness in my arms and legs.

Why I felt this way isn't a mystery. I've been through it already with my therapist. To explain it, I'll have to tell you a bit of background first.

You see, when I was a teenager I matured very quickly. For this reason I didn't want to hang around with kids my own age. Instead, I wanted to hang around with the older kids. Unfortunately, no matter how hard I tried, I always seemed to be rejected by them. This feeling of rejection was exacerbated by the fact I had a crush on one of those guys.

After that experience, I developed a very bad defensive-detachment. *Very bad.* Rejecting (and at times, being nasty) to others before they could reject me.

So it seems that when I met those two guys a couple of day ago, all of that started flooding back. I expected rejection. I expected them to make me feel inferior all over again. Of course, they didn't *do* anything to make me feel rejected or inferior. In fact, they were very nice. The problem was with *me* -- I was expecting rejection and I made myself feel it. The upset stomach and tense ligaments are all symptoms of anxiety - as if something bad is going to happen ("fight or flight").

So anyway, I was left with a choice: either conquer this feeling, or develop defensive-detachment all over again and be defensive and nasty to those guys the next time I see them (and, in turn, rebuild one of the cornerstones of my SSA).

I decided to conquer the feeling. I'm now looking at it realistically. For example, exactly *what* could they have done which would *not* make me feel inferior and rejected? If I had my own way, would I have them sit me down, put their arm around me, and pay all their attention to me? Would I have them say, "oh, yes, Jake, we accept you totally and think you're great!" or have them say "oh we really like you, please be our friend"? Basically, I would have them put me as the centre of attention.

That's a very self-centered and infantile want, is it not? "Pay all your attention to *me!*" is the real desire at the root of all this. Originally that's what it was all about, anyway. I was a lonely teenager who wanted attention and affection, and when I didn't get what I wanted, my inner child basically turned around and said, in protest, "it's not fair! You won't give me what I want - I hate you! You make me feel hurt, and I don't want anything to do with you anymore!" And ever since then I've been defensive, and at times, nasty and anti-social.

So next time I see them, instead of silently protesting that they aren't paying all their attention to me, I'll try to look at things realistically and be on equal terms with them. I should try and consider how I can be nice to them, and see what responsibilities I have in the social setting, instead of expecting others to pay attention to 'poor little me.'

It will be interesting to see how well I manage to conquer this.

Tell-a-friend

Well it's been a little while since I told my two everstraight buddies about my SSA and therapy.

And they have continued to take it well. I did think that one of them had stopped talking to me; however, I was just being paranoid. You see, I had sent him a couple of text messages and rang him a few times, all without reply. It turns out, though, that he's only got 3 pence worth of credit on his phone and when I rang him he was in the cinema! So anyways, he managed to call me today just to apologize for not getting back to me sooner.

Apart from my own paranoia, it seems my buddies have taken this very well.

This brings me to something quite bizarre that happened to me on Saturday. I was at the house of my mentor, and there was a few people around for a social get-together, with mixed ages, etc. This included that guy I talked about whom I was in "awe" of when my masculinity was at a low ebb.

Well, everyone was sitting in the living room talking about various things, and for some reason the subject of homosexuality came up - but the subject was talked about for what must have been a good 15 minutes (but it felt like an hour!). But they weren't talking about it in general, they were discussing things like: "Is it genetic?" "Can it be changed?" "Do some people change?" etc, etc. I couldn't believe it. I was sitting there completely gob-smacked. What was even more remarkable was how their views seemed to corroborate with my own (about it being primarily environmental and changeable).

I started to go all red in the face and my heart started beating really fast. I knew I should keep quiet, because if I had started to participate in the conversation I knew I'd end up "coming out" to everyone. So I kept my mouth shut!

So that was quite amazing. The other thing that was good is how the guy I was in "awe" of was really friendly to me, talked to me for a while, and even invited me to go out for a drink sometime with him and a bunch of his buddies.

Yikes.

That was quite a night! I was scared to death, of course, but it felt pretty good. :o)

Why does he like me?

Recently I've been putting in a lot of effort to get to know different guys and make some new friends. I've been particularly trying to befriend guys who make me feel inferior in some way (e.g. they're "all man" and I'm nothing in comparison).

Anyway, I've been having some success with this. However, something strange has happened that I did not expect. One of these (straight) guys has started being friendly to me, and actively trying to get to know me! I mean, this guy is quite attractive, and was the last person I ever thought that I could get to know well. I never thought he would want to know me!

So it's like this: every time I see him he's really friendly towards me (eh?), calls me by my nickname (wuh?), and talks of inviting me out on social occasions (wtf?). This is all great, and I should be pleased, but I can't help thinking "why the hell does he want to show an interest in me?"

I just can't comprehend it. The other day when he said hello to me he patted his hand on my shoulder, and I was just thinking "what the hell are you doing??" and I must have had a puzzled look on my face. It's not that I didn't understand **what** he was doing, I just cannot understand **why** he would want to do that to **me**! I felt like asking "Er, why are you doing this? You're supposed to be ignoring me! That's the way it works - you're breaking the rules!"

I'm definitely not used to have anyone take an interest in me, especially another member of my peer group. The problem is that when he tries to start a conversation with me, I just don't know what to say. I'm too busy thinking "why the hell is he even talking to me?; what does he want?"

Don't misunderstand, it's not like I actually suspect he has ulterior motives. It's nothing like that. I just cannot understand *why* this is happening, and I'm totally confounded as to what to do next! I just don't know how to make friends with straight men... what do I do next? What am I supposed to do? What am I supposed to not do? It's all a mystery to me. I fear that if I don't do things right I may lose this opportunity.

Is this to do with trust? Am I having difficulty trusting him, and opening myself up to allow him to be my friend? Is this because I've been hurt by other guys before?

To be honest I'm feeling so mixed up with all sorts of emotions that I have no idea what to do. I've asked my ex-gay support group what they think, so hopefully I'll piece it together :o)

Good advice

My ex-gay support group gave me some really good things to think about concerning what I said in my previous entry.

Said one (in part), "he likes you coz he sees a man that is real, authentic and oozes masculinity" and "yes I do believe that it does come down to trust". I had forgotten about this. I suppose when that guy looks at me, he doesn't see my insecurities or anything, but only what I look like on the outside. Which, I suppose, is quite masculine. Sometimes I can even look like a bit of a thug.

He continues, "I know for me when men started paying attention to me and wanting to be my friend for no other reason than just because they liked being around me and not for sex, it really freaked me out to start with." So it's good to know that I'm not the only person to have felt this way!

What another guy also said helped a lot: "Just be yourself... they just want to get to know you. Maybe you seem real, seem friendly (since you have been trying to

cultivate friendships---that seems kind of natural). Practice just being you. You asked for it by reaching beyond your normal boundaries...and NOW by gosh some of these guys LIKE YOU...oh my!!"

That made me chuckle a bit because he hit the nail right on the head! He added, "remember that you are just as good a man in everything as those guys you are meeting. You have nothing to prove to yourself or to these lads."

I knew my ex-gay group would help me a lot, and they have (once again!).

So, I've been trying to take their advice, and I think I've started to see things more realistically. I haven't been feeling so desperate to win attention and feel devastated if I don't get the attention from other guys I need. And keeping in mind that I'm not so hopelessly inferior to them is making things less frightening and helping me see that I'm not so different from those guys after all.

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In other news, about that strange bloke, Dr Phil, an American TV "doctor." From the few minutes I've endured of watching his god-awful show, I could tell that he was a bit of an idiot who over-simplified things, taking the easiest and most popular route. So it's not a surprise to learn that he can't tell his arse from his elbows when it comes to the origins of homosexuality.

Choice?

Today I'd like to talk about the idea that homosexuality is a choice. There seems to be much confusion about this issue. Firstly, you have the persons who say homosexuality is a choice, but they mean the lifestyle, and not the feelings. Secondly, you have the persons who say homosexuality is a choice, but they mean that the lifestyle and feelings are both choices.

This stirs up much confusion and misunderstandings. For example, some ex-gays who have an exclusively religious approach to change, claim they are no longer gay but are now straight. Of course, what they really mean to say is that they no longer lead a gay lifestyle - they still have the feelings, but just ignore them.

Hence, if a person who claimed to be "straight" suddenly gives into his gay impulses, it looks like the whole ex-gay movement is a sham. But, as I said, this person's feelings never changed in the first place. He was never really "straight."

So I'd like to try and clear up a few things. Firstly, and most importantly, I'd like to consider for a moment whether the feelings are a matter of choice.

I don't believe developing gay feelings is a choice. I never wanted to develop such feelings. After all, who would? As Jason Cianciotto, a gay rights activist says, "That anybody would choose to be gay in light of all the evidence showing how difficult it

is to be gay... is preposterous." I agree. Starting to feel that way is hardly a matter of choice. It just happens, and at the time you don't know why.

What is a choice, however, is whether one wants to act upon such feelings, and whether one wants to treat such feelings in psychotherapy. They are the choices one has.

Part of the confusion in this matter is caused by the use of labels. When someone says "gay" or "homosexuality," there is uncertainty of exactly what they mean. Do they mean feelings or lifestyle? That's why it is better to use the phrase same-sex attractions (SSA). There is no confusion when one uses that.

Nobody chooses to have same-sex attractions. However, you can choose whether to act upon your same-sex attractions, or to treat it with Reparative and Gender-Affirmation therapies in order to develop heterosexual attractions.

There you go. Now that cannot be misunderstood, can it?

Basics of footy

Today a buddy of mine finally agreed to show me the basics of football (i.e. soccer) and have a kick-about with me in the park, just showing me the basics.

I'd like to say that I felt a huge surge of masculine identity and confidence, but I didn't. I didn't expect to, though. Kicking a ball about quietly with one friend whom you know very well is hardly challenging, is it? This is not the challenging part. The part that will really bring out all of the morbid fears, and rewards for conquering those fears, will be when I play in a 5-a-side game or whatever.

I can't wait to have the same confidence as the other guys I've been observing over the years. If only I could be as rowdy as them; to be as tough as them; to be as accepted as they are; how good that would be. The more I think about it, and the more I look back on my life while growing up, the more and more I can see just how much I actually missed out on in regards to masculine-identification. There were just so many things I never did, so many things I was never told, and so many things that a father should do with his son that he never did with me.

I've missed out on so much. So, being confident enough to hang out with guys who play sports is a great step in the right direction. Instead of looking on such guys with morbid fear (and feeling hopelessly "different", i.e. *inferior*), I can approach such situations with confidence, and hope that in turn I can make genuine friends and receive male affirmation that I've been denied until now.

But anyway, that's a long way off. It's all done in small steps. I'm just learning how to kick the ball and not look like a complete prat when I run (which apparently I did, so says my friend).

There is one small bit of progress that I have made today: I stopped feeling sick and nervous after a little while when playing footy today. I wasn't left shaking and trembling from the experience - which I usually am when talking about football.

It's all in small steps...

The awe

Anyways, some good news on the SSA front. Firstly, my efforts to make more genuine male friends seems to be going very well. That guy whom I mentioned in an earlier post (who I was "in awe" of) has gotten to know be a bit better, and I him. And what I've found out is rather remarkable.

I can see now that this "mysterious male" really is hardly any different from myself. It turns out that many of the things I've been into, or still are into, he is also. So instead of me feeling like my life and personality are hopelessly immature and inferior to those of real men, I've been shown that in fact - no - I am not inferior at all; I really am just a typical young man like he is.

I don't have the skill in the English language to convey just how much this meant to me. Other guys who are undergoing therapy could understand. Imagine a guy who you regard as the most manly and mysterious man you know befriending you, making an effort to get to know you, and then you discover that you're really not all that much different from him! It's strange. It's not so much a case of gaining much male affirmation, but rather a case of having your eyes opened and realizing just how daft your previous inferiority complex was.

I'm now coming to the conclusion that family dynamics hasn't played as much of a significant role in my SSA as I had thought formerly. Now I'm making more male friends, identifying more as a male, and solving my other problems, I can see that my family only set me up for SSA, rather than caused it. It was other factors (primarily peer relationships) that triggered my SSA. "

In yet other news, I've hitting more milestones in my change efforts. I've had a few "firsts". Like, one was the first time I was looking at and talking to a girl I'd just met from the perspective of wondering if she'd like to go out with me. I even surprised myself a little.

Defensive detachment... again

I still have this problem of feeling utterly rejected by other men at the slightest little thing. Like yesterday I was in a situation where I spoke to a few guys I knew. That was all positive and there were no issues there, but with some guys (especially older ones) I felt like I had to get every single word I say correct (I cannot allow myself to stumble in speech and make mistakes), and if they don't show enough interest in me, I would feel utterly devastated.

There have been times when I've felt like I'm in a pit of despair and utterly stupid and worthless after having tried talking to some guys - despite nothing really having gone wrong.

Anyway, so after that yesterday I decided to read up a bit on defensive detachment in Dr. Joseph Nicolosi's books. One of things I read was this: "the homosexual's hurtful relationship with father [or another significant male figure] results in defensive detachment, which is carried over to relationships with other men."

I've read that before, obviously, but it made me ask myself the following question: 'what similarities are there between my feelings of rejection by my father, and my feelings of rejection by my male acquaintances?' After thinking about it for a few minutes I suddenly realized there are two surprisingly obvious similarities.

Firstly, whenever I have to go up to my dad and talk to him about some matter, I'm always a little anxious about getting every word I say right. He stands there, staring at me, just waiting for me to stumble in my words so he can jump in and criticize me - or give me a look as if to say "well, come on then! hurry up! get on with it!" and make me feel stupid. Because he does that, it actually causes me to stumble with my words because I become so self-conscious of what I'm saying and how I say it. This has been a major problem for me in talking to my dad over the years. You must get what you're saying perfectly right or he jumps on you and gives you a nasty look as if to say, "you're just wasting my time."

Secondly, when talking to my dad, he has the very irritating habit of just walking out of the room while you're talking - even in the middle of a sentence. I can't tell you how difficult it was as a child trying to get attention from that bastard, when he just gives you a critical look for not speaking quickly enough, and then just walks away because he's simply not interested in whatever you're saying. It was quite hurtful as well. Can you imagine what it's like going up to your dad with a problem, while he's watching TV, and then instead of him talking back to you, he just gets up and walks out of the room (while you're still speaking), goes into another room and switches the TV on in there instead?

I suppose I'm carrying those experiences around with me when I try to speak to other guys (particularly those a little older than me). I'm shaking inside and I expect them to reject me. I'm still trying not to stumble in my words - practicing what I'm going to say, and then being so anxious that I do get things wrong when speaking. I feel as though they're looking at me and waiting for me to choke. If I don't receive some sort of affirmation or assurance, I feel utterly devastated afterwards - even if things didn't go too badly. I'm constantly thinking that guys won't like me or I'm not good enough to hold their interest. Of course, those experiences with my dad aren't the whole story. It wouldn't have mattered so much if other guys whom I had tried to get to know didn't do the exact same things to me - reject me, ignore me, and make me feel inferior.

I suppose, then, my dad had simply prepared me for developing defensive detachment, but it was my peers and other men that laid the cornerstone.

I guess what I'm currently doing (having an older guy mentor me, and making new friends among my male peers) is slowly undermining that cornerstone in my SSA.

The way we were

Not much happening on the SSA/Therapy front today, I'm afraid, as I've spent most of the day in bed with my cold. So, as a cop-out I'm digging up an old entry from my previous diary that I used to keep when I was in the full-fledged gay life (it's quite explicit and very depressing, though; in fact I've had to censor a few bits):

*Okay a few days ago I hooked up with a guy on the internet and went on a "meet" (i.e. for sex). I hadn't done that for ages. The last time I did that I hated it - the guy made me do things that I didn't want to do. Like anal (which I do NOT like), ***** (uuuggggghhhhhhhh), and he ***** (yuk!). Anyways, what I'd done was put a personal ad on the net. I got like a million guys replying. But I was exceptionally horny and I arranged to meet one of them. So I met the guy, who was old enough to be my dad, and after the initial pretense of a conversation, we got down to it. God, how much I hate myself when I'm writing this. I sound so disgusting and driven by animal instincts. Anyways, I digress. So we had sex. Thankfully he didn't make me do anything I didn't want to do (although I didn't want his tongue in my mouth, but there you go). While I was having sex with him I felt something unexpected (emotionally). I wasn't really turned on. I mean, I had an erection, etc, but I didn't feel like I was enjoying myself. I wasn't having fun. It felt like nothing. It was almost like I'd been given one of those injections you get at the dentists - where half your face goes numb. Well that's how I felt emotionally. Like I was in a void. Like in limbo. I've got his huge **** in my hand, he's feeling me up, and inside I feel like I'm not there - I'm somewhere else a million miles away in limbo.*

So once we'd finished, we exchanged the usual 'might see you again' (yeah, right) banter. And I went home. Still feeling exactly as I did before. Not happy, not sad, not horny, not tired. Just nothing. Perhaps feeling a bit sick from what I had done. I thought I may have felt that way because he was a lot older than me, but I'd always liked older men.

The next day (!) I hooked up with another guy. This time he was my age, and a very nice person. I could easily be friends with him, since he was so genuine. And he seemed to laugh at my jokes and enjoy my company. However, the same thing happened. I was having what should have been the best sex of my life, but I felt nothing inside. Limbo again. I was back in the void. I think the best part of meeting him was talking to him.

I'm now arranging to meet other men later in the week . But I don't want to. I don't enjoy it. I HATE it. Yet something is driving me to it. I'm like a puppet on strings. What I feel or want doesn't matter. I'm being forced by my own desires to meet people and taste their juices. I can't control myself. I hate myself. I wish I were never born. I'm turning into a pervert who lives, breathes, and sleeps for his next fix, like a drug addict. Except I'm addicted to GAY.

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My oh my, what a happy and fulfilling life the gay life is(!). Being my "true self" and being "who I really am" brought out the best in me, did it not? (I'm being entirely sarcastic)

Yikes. The gay lifestyle - what a pointless waste.

Goals

It's that time of the month again. Firstly, here are last month's goals, and how well/badly I did concerning them:

Goal #1: Get confident enough to play football (soccer) with the guys.

I've done quite well in this. I now have the confidence to play a little, and I no longer feel like crying like a little girl whenever the subject comes up. Nor am I afraid of the ball. Hopefully this will eventually lead to me not feeling uncompromisingly different (i.e. *inferior*) to other guys when they talk about the subject. I'll be able to feel more like one of the guys (greater masculine self-identification).

Goal #2: Read the book *Growth Into Manhood* by Alan Medinger again

Okay, I confess I didn't do this. However, I did re-read all the parts I felt were relevant to my current situation.

Goal #3: Start going to a therapist again

I can't find a male therapist anywhere in my area! It's unbelievable. I don't want to go to a woman, since the whole reason for going is to get assistance in conquering my fears of male things - I just don't think I can go to a female therapist and ask her to make me feel more masculine!

Okely-dokey, now let's set some goals for this month:

#1 Complete the workbook entitled *Recovery of Your Inner Child*

I bought this book after several recommendations were made to me. I'm hoping it will help me identify when my inner child starts whining about something ("poor me" etc). If you've read books by Dr. Aardweg, you'll know what I'm talking about.

#2 Increase efforts to make non-sexual friendships with everstraight guys

This has so far helped me enormously. My feelings of inferiority to other males (i.e. they are not as masculine as I am) has decreased noticeably. Along with those feelings, the attractions diminished as well. However, I wish to step up the efforts to do this. I don't want to experience any reversal.

#3 Get to know my mentor more

My mentor is really good to me, and I enjoy his company. It's very... ummm... reparative, I suppose. I'm starting to think of him as a real father-figure. I don't mean in a showy, affectionate way, but rather in a calm quiet inner sense of knowing that he's always there for me, won't let me down, won't ignore me, and won't be critical of me. He's undoing a lot of damage done by significant male figures in my life. I very much enjoy the times we talk.

So that's my goals ...

Now here's a surprise

After a mere 30 years-or-so, gay groups finally admitted that they've been lying through their teeth. Here's the press release:

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Homosexual Advocacy Groups Admit 10% Fallacy

By Ed Vitagliano

(AgapePress) - For decades homosexual pressure groups have claimed that, since 10% of the population is homosexual, public officials should give credence to their political demands. Now it seems that when they absolutely have to tell the truth, activists admit the 10% figure is a myth.

The startling admission was made by a coalition of 31 homosexual advocacy groups, including the Human Rights Campaign, National Gay & Lesbian Task Force, and the Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation. In their brief filed in a recent U.S. Supreme Court case, *Lawrence v. Texas*, which dealt with that state's sodomy statute, the coalition said that only "2.8% of the male, and 1.4% of the female, population identify themselves as gay, lesbian, or bisexual."

"That 2.1% figure [of the total population] even includes bisexuals, which makes the percentage of people claiming to be exclusively homosexual even lower," said American Family Association president Tim Wildmon.

The origin of the 10% myth is not difficult to uncover. In 1948, sex researcher Alfred Kinsey, a professor at Indiana University, began publishing his material about human sexuality in the U.S., work which would lead to the sexual revolution. Kinsey was the first to say that 10% of the U.S. population was homosexual.

However, in her groundbreaking 1998 book, *Kinsey: Crimes & Consequences*, Dr. Judith Reisman demolished Kinsey's research as being based on inept science and purposeful deception. Still, homosexuals continued to use the 10% figure in published materials and press interviews to bolster their demands.

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So it only takes over 30 years of research directly contradicting the myth to overturn it. Geez, these people aren't *stupid* or anything, are they? Of course, it'll probably be another 30 years before the 10% figure drops out of the public mind.

It makes you wonder how many other things the anti-exgay groups lie about, doesn't it? Lies about genetics and homosexuality being unchangeable come to mind...

Clarity

You know, perhaps it's that strange feeling of euphoria you get when you first recover from a cold, and your mental faculties return to normal, or maybe it really is something new. An increasing sense of clarity. One realizes just how much same-sex attractions have dominated your thinking, emotional make-up, likes, dislikes, and attitudes when you finally recover from it. It really has. Perhaps it is just me, or the way I feel right now, but when I look back and contemplate it carefully, I can see that it dominated my mind. I do not simply mean the constant search for love and affection, or the stresses, but how it would always be something held in thought. The attractions. The desires. It is one of the constant features of daily life.

When that starts to decrease, and it is less dominating, you start to see the world around you in a different light. You are no longer looking at it from the same perspective. Those thoughts (and worries) do not concern you any more. You start noticing other things, and you can see the big picture: how really trivial and insignificant all the struggling has been in the grand scheme of things, and how many other important parts of life there truly are.

A few months ago when I started this diary, I described SSA as a dank prison, which kept me in captivity for many years. Now I can appreciate just how much that statement was true. It did not just manipulate and restrain my life, my emotions, and my desires, but also my whole way of looking at the world around me. What I have been under is not merely a form of psychotherapy. It's a liberation. Liberation from the old pattern of thinking. Liberation from a prison so insidious that when you are incarcerated in it, you don't realize you're being restrained.

Until, that is, when the day finally arrives to be set free.

Hurt

One of the characteristic things of SSA partly caused by a lack of gender-identification is experiencing feelings of devastation and complete rejection when excluded and/or ignored by other men.

Today, and the last couple of days, have been particularly bad in this regard. Tonight a guy sneered at me for no real reason. I said goodbye to another guy who simply ignored me. Today in a "team building exercise" as part of my training at work, we had to line up in order of height (for a stupid reason I won't go into). And, of course, I was the shortest male in my team. Well, that was just great.

I've tried befriending some of my male colleagues, but it's like trying to converse with a brick wall - especially with those of my age group. The girls of my age, on the other hand, are easy to talk to (at least to me). Which, I suppose, is quite good because some of them are quite attractive. On the other hand, that is not what I need right now. I need to identify with other men, especially of my peer group, as the last thing I need is to be so under-confident around other guys that I simply stick to a group of girls!

For example, yesterday during a coffee break, after I sat down at a table, I observed that over the course of a few minutes, with everyone moving around and changing seats, I ended up sitting at a table of **all** girls/women - with me being the only guy there. I glanced across the room and saw a table full of guys having a lively conversation. *Why wasn't I at that table instead?* I don't want to be sitting at a table full of females! As much as I want to be among the guys, I just don't seem to have developed the necessary attitudes and skills to become a member of that elusive group.

And when, like tonight, you get a guy sneer at you and ignore you, well then, that just completes the picture, doesn't it!!!? Not only are you feeling excluded from the 'gang' of guys, that no guy seems interested in you, and that no guy seems to want to talk to you, but you've also been ignored and sneered at by them! So, the result of that is that I feel like crap. The rejection, the disinterest, and the not being good enough.

At one time, this would have made me want to spontaneously act out sexually or look at porn, or whatever. It would have triggered strong homosexual feelings mixed with deep feelings of inferiority, frustration and, to some extent, depression.

Instead, however, I just have the feelings of inferiority, frustration and depression without any sexual feelings at all. The insight has removed the deceptive sexual aspect completely - but the problems remain.

Simple-mindedness

Many men who look into Reparative Therapy / Gender Affirmation therapy come up with all sorts of reasons (i.e. *excuses*) as to why it doesn't apply to them.

I've talked with a few of these self-proclaimed special cases. You see, the common symptom picture doesn't fit them absolutely perfectly, and some things don't really seem to apply (at least from what they've read), therefore it obviously doesn't apply to them, and their homosexuality must therefore be genetic.

Oh, how flawed and simplistic their thinking is! It usually happens like this: They hear of the SSA therapies, so they read a little about it (rarely a book). Nine times out of ten they're already convinced that they were born that way, so their investigation of therapy starts off as a search to see why it doesn't apply to them, so they can reinforce their own 'born-gay' assumption (based on such hard scientific evidence as "always feeling this way as far as I can remember").

Of course, the inevitable happens, and - oh shock horror! - the typical rough symptom picture outlined by change therapists such as the famed Dr. Joseph Nicolosi doesn't apply. Hence, they're vindicated. "This doesn't apply to me, I was born this way. Oh goody I can continue being special and tragic, I'll always feel this way!"

Now they can continue to "accept who I really am" and not worry about any possibility of any unwelcome change.

Their understanding of therapy is, of course, rudimentary and backwards. For a start, they assume that one must fit the typical symptom picture. But really, *who does?* While I have many of the common elements of it, I certainly don't have all of it. And what's more, it is *never* as it is exactly described in therapy books. It's not supposed to. Such things are a guide, that's all, it's not a rule book. It's really a guide for professional therapists to learn from, and gradually map out the most likely contributing factors to your own personal SSA development. It's not a exact mold to fit you in.

Secondly, they come up with little flawed 'logical' arguments as to why such-and-such of the typical symptom picture doesn't apply to them. A common one is "I have the exact same relationship with my father as my brother has, and he is straight." Therefore, they conclude, the father-element of the typical symptom picture can not apply to them, and it must be something from the magical gay genie that made them gay.

Of course, who said that a relationship with father is even part of their personal ssa development? There is no rule saying it has to be. I know some guys where it is not! Besides, I also have the *exact same relationship with my dad as my heterosexual brother does*. Does that mean my SSA was genetically caused? No!

Let's take this bizarre logic and apply it to something else, like depression. Let's imagine there is a guy with serious depression. He's had it for years. As long as he can recall. He reads a psychological book on the typical common causes and development of serious depression. It lists common family dynamics, common life-events, and other such things. But, of course, our man does not fit the typical picture. So, what does he do? He concludes that since he doesn't fit the typical pattern, his depression must be caused by the depression gene, and he will always be that way!

Is that logical?

Nope.

Is it the simple-mindedness of someone who doesn't even want to change anyway?

You bet. That's their choice, but they shouldn't deny it to others.

Father and son

Tonight I was at a small social event, with a few families my family knows, and some others. I think attending family events is one of the best things you can possibly do when recovering from SSA. It gives you so many opportunities to see how you react to situations, what your figurative "inner (complaining) child" pipes up about, and gauge how you're improving in various areas of maturity. I *highly* recommend to other men and women in recovery to attend as many social occasions as possible. It has helped me gain many self-insights.

What was particularly good about tonight, however, was something else. You see, I was sitting opposite a male friend of mine who is about 25 years older than me, and he has a seven-year old son. His son is *so* cute, and he's a right little tinker, always getting up to mischief. I couldn't help but observe how he and his father interacted. That kid has such a good father. He gave him attention, physical affection, talked to him, etc. He kept him under control in a firm, but kind manner. He was really interested in his son. He cuddled him. It was absolutely wonderful to behold. I don't think I've ever seen anything quite like it. A normal, healthy, and loving father-son relationship. It was like peering into another world.

Of course, he probably received more affection and attention from his father in that one night than I've got from my father in the past 20+ years. Though I don't want to delve into a self-pity pot because of it. I just want to keep in mind this wonderful thought of how that father and son interacted. It was so nice, it really was.

That's how a father is *supposed* to treat his son. It warmed my heart, it really has. That little boy doesn't realize how lucky he is.

I also noticed how his mother didn't *smother* him in any way. Whereas, on the other hand, *my* mother constantly asked me *stupid* questions about what I was eating and then belittled and made fun of me for wanting to drink a beer (implying that I'm not mature enough to drink - "You, have a beer! Ha!"). Stupid f***ing bitch.

Anyways, I digress... father and son. Yes, it was really nice. I wish I'd had that.

Acceptance

I just can't get it into my head. I just can't understand it. It just won't sink in. If you've been following my dairy, you'll be aware that another guy, a very masculine guy I was in "awe" of, has befriended me and actively pursued a friendship with me. And it continues. The thing is, this is really starting to puzzle me. Today I went to the gym with him, and as always I'm worrying about how well it went, if I talked too much or too little, and hoping that I gave a good impression. I felt like I'd failed in all respects. Yet, he *still* accepts me for who I am. He still wants to

spend time with me. And he still enjoyed my company. There was no rejection. No ignoring me. No making me feel left-out or that I don't measure up. It was just a zero-pressure, all-things-are-cool, typical night at the gym.

That may sound entirely reasonable (perhaps unremarkable) to you, but from my perspective this is extremely puzzling. Here I have a thoroughly heterosexual and masculine young man who accepts and affirms me as a male. Someone whom I felt inferior to accepting me *as an equal*. But, how can I be *equal* to him? How could I possibly be good enough to match up to his level of masculinity, maturity, and confidence? What *on earth* could he see in pitiful little me?

(I know I'm over-reacting, and that my reaction to this situation is entirely neurotic, but that's just typical of SSA)

This cornerstone of SSA - inferiority to other males - is a problem. You have all of this admiration of other men's masculinity (the other guy is "all man" compared to oneself) covered up in a cocoon of sexual feelings. The 'better' the other man is than oneself, the more masculine, the cuter, the fitter, the taller (or whatever), the more attractive he is. He has something I do not.

The conclusion I finally came to after mulling all of this over my mind all evening is that he could only have accepted and affirmed me for one reason: because he considers me his equal. Yet, this person is a *young man*. So, logically, that must mean *I'm a young man too - just like he is*. This simple fact is difficult to take to heart.

So, this guy is telling me "you are a young man just like I am." Interesting. It reminds me of what ex-gay Alan [Medinger](#) said about only other men being able to 'tell' you that you're a man.

So, that means I'm a guy just like my friend is? Cool.

Took a risk...

Earlier in the week I went to the gym with that buddy of mine who I was originally "in awe" of, until I got to know him better. I've been to the gym with him many times, so that wasn't particularly remarkable.

What *was* exceptional in this case, however, was that I sort-of told him about my SSA problems - but in a strange way. You see, I told him about all of my masculine inferiorities and many of the things that have and continue to contribute to my SSA. The only thing I didn't tell him about was the SSA itself. I also asked him a series of stupid questions about heterosexuality and heterosexual feelings.

My excuse was that "it sounds strange, but I only started noticing girls six months ago" I said. To my surprise, he said that he only started noticing girls when he was about age 20! (Note that this guy is entirely heterosexual and is also married.)

It was amazing - I'd really managed to hit lucky with this one. He was so understanding. Also, he offered me advice on things that I'd been puzzling over for quite some time. He told me that I should really concentrate on hanging out with the guys more, and not worrying about girls until I feel that I'm ready. After that I opened up to him entirely about how much I *needed* to associate with other guys - and how I had recently got a mentor to act as a substitute father.

We sat talking for ages. He said that if I ever needed to talk or ask any more questions, he's always happy to speak to me. I felt as though I'd suddenly gained a caring older brother! It sounds a bit corny, and a bit stupid, but I felt as though we *bonded*. (I know, get the sick-bags out.)

But anyways, it was fantastic. I'm glad I took the chance and risked confiding in him. I know that not everyone would have reacted like he did, so I'm especially pleased that I have got to know this guy. :o) I look forward to continuing my friendship with him.

New stuff on NARTH

I'm going to see my mentor tonight, and I'm really looking forward to it. Before I go to see my mentor, I thought I'd write a new entry about the "gay animals" mythology and those who are gullible enough to blindly accept it.

A TV program on Channel 4 here in the UK ran an "investigation" into gay animals. In the show, they said that colonies of sea birds (like penguins and puffins) that consist entirely of female birds, while the males go away for food, are actually *lesbian communes!*

So, the next time I visit a sea-bird colony when on holiday up in Scotland (or wherever) and I see a group of nesting Puffins, I should say to myself "oh, what a large lesbian commune!" Yeah, right.

Also, they showed footage of two female dolphins. One "sniffed" the others' reproductive parts. This is generally thought to be either communication, or an attempt to find out the other's current reproductive state. But this "documentary" suggested that it might be "something more!" Oh, yeah, okay, whatever. So the next time I see a dog sniffing the butt of another dog, I'll just have to remember that they're really being bi-curious (!).

Another thing I utterly scoffed at in this documentary: one woman who studied "gay sheep" was asked approximately how many sheep are gay. She hesitated for a moment and said "ten percent" !!!! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Ok yeah, right. It's obvious she said this because the gay rights activists have for decades said 10% of humans are gay - which, of course, is **wrong**.

Having said that, there is some film footage of male animals trying to hump other males (sometimes with an erect penis). However, to say that the animal is gay is quite a leap of the imagination. In the 70's, experiments with rats and hormone injections showed that injecting various amounts of hormones into rats made them

"hump" others of the same sex. Did this make them "gay"? Or did it simply confuse their animal instinct?

A few years ago there was a bit of an uproar about toxic chemicals being released into the Thames river in England. This, apparently, caused some fish to grow the sex organs of both genders. This is obviously a deformation caused by pollution, but would the gay rights activist people tout them as "transgender" animals?

If this kind of cross-gender deformation can occur easily in animals, could this not explain much of the perceived "gay" behavior? Are the animals that will only hump members of their own sex not simply *confused* in their instincts?

One of the more famous and persuasive arguments for gay animals is the story of a research team in the jungle finding two female primates rubbing each other's private parts. The thing is, monkeys and all related creatures have often been observed taking part in all sorts of sexual activities. For example, with the Bonobo chimps, "anything, not just food, that arouses the interest of more than one bonobo at a time tends to result in sexual contact. If two bonobos approach a cardboard box thrown into their enclosure, they will briefly mount each other before playing with the box. Such situations lead to squabbles in most other species." I've also read an account where a female ape had sex with her *son*.

The argument is given that if animals are seen to practice homosexuality, then it must be natural for humans to do the same (because we are animals too).

The blackbirds in my garden often kick a weak chick out of it's nest. Does that mean I can kill a weak child? My family's cat has actually killed other cats in the neighborhood for food, dominance, and territory. Does that mean I can kill my human neighbors for food, dominance and territory?

After all, if animals do these things (and I too am a member of the animal kingdom), then that means that for me it is also okay, normal, natural, healthy, and beneficial. Right?

Wrong.

Chat rooms

I came across [an old article about chat rooms](#) on the NARTH website. Boy, did that bring back memories. The article is incredible -- it's almost like it was written by me! Everything the guy describes is exactly how I felt in the past (the only exception being that I was not in therapy at the time).

He 'hits the nail on the head' with so many things. For example, talking about entering gay chat rooms, "I really do it more for the rush, to indulge the *possibility* of meeting someone" and how it is comforting "that someone wants to do something with *me*... just waiting for someone to strike up a conversation and pay me a little attention" (emphasis in original).

Then, of course, he describes the inevitable outcome when you mix loneliness and horniness in a gay chat room, "there's a hungry desperation that'll make me settle for almost any guy. The longing is more than the natural craving felt by regular guys - there's a near unstoppable obsession that goes along with it." I used to feel this way often. Sometimes it was as if I was a puppet on strings.

Then of course, after having met someone for sex you experience "self-esteem issues that would make Charlie Brown seem confident" and "a feeling that I've done something that has somehow robbed me of my masculinity and my claim to being a man." Of course, if you do it often enough, the feeling is buried deeper and deeper as you come to rely more and more on your next sexual encounter.

He ends the article by commenting, "For a day or two afterward, the thought of entering a chat room is absolutely repugnant. But... the desire to 'chat' [eventually] returns".

I remember being stuck in that cycle. The only way to break out of it was to cut off my Internet connection for a short time. After all, logging on at home is much easier (and more of a temptation) than having to get dressed, get money, and travel to a bar or whatever.

I was thinking about what I was looking for when I used to use gay chat rooms. I'm not talking about sexual activities, but the deeply-held emotional needs that I was unknowingly needing to fulfill.

I needed a genuine friendship, an ideal same-sex friend, but instead got a stranger (or perhaps a creepy stalker). I needed affirmation from another male, but instead got a person who needs assurance himself. I was looking for a comrade to have a laugh with, but instead we would get down to sex business. I wanted to feel masculinity, but instead destroyed any sense I had of being a man. I needed to fulfill many legitimate emotional needs, but instead I tried -- and failed -- to satisfy those needs with a sexual act.

Gay online dating and chat rooms are self-deceptions. They cannot, never will, and never have, satisfied anyone's loneliness, found someone a true friend, nor made them feel more of a man. It's emotional junk-food; pleasurable at the time, but nutritionally worthless, unhealthy, and perhaps deadly over time.

Just don't go there.

The Unremarkables

I thought today I'd talk about something you may not have expected: how utterly ordinary and unremarkable heterosexuality has become.

I'm not complaining about it, it's just that being attracted to girls has become so utterly normal and a routine part of everyday life, that it has lost the initial "wow, this is strange" factor.

Like, today at work I sat next to this really nice girl who's the same age as me. She's very nice, both physically and in her personality (at least, from what I know of her so far). My heart-rate actually *increased* when talking to her. Yet this wasn't a surprise. I kinda expect that sort of reaction these days. It happens all the time now.

Like last night I was at the gym with my buddy (you may remember him, the guy I was "in awe" of before I knew him). I spotted this girl who was wearing *very short* shorts and who had great legs. I spotted her before my friend did, and I think you could almost call it a sort of [shared delight](#) in a pervy way! We certainly both felt delight after spotting her, I can tell you.

Also today I was bored at work and decided to draw an outline of the girl from the movie [The Girl Next Door](#) over a picture of her in the newspaper. Perhaps it was just my imagination running away with me, but I actually started getting a little aroused, just from drawing over the outline of her body. Perhaps it was just that particular picture, but she is very, very hot.

So, all of this stuff is now ordinary and routine to me. Sure, it was amazing at first, but now it's just a part of everyday life.

It's kinda difficult to imagine what it was like *not* feeling this way.

After the huge amount of effort I've put into my therapy, I'm not too surprised that I've had these results. I mean, no pain, no gain. More effort = more results. Is that not so?

And what of my attraction to guys? Well, judging from the blokes that the girls in the office gush over, I mustn't be very gay anymore because I consider those guys to be entirely unremarkable (or complete and utter freaks).

New therapist

I started seeing a therapist again yesterday. I did this because I feel a bit "stuck" in my progress in some areas, particularly in breaking out of my remaining timidity and fear of certain males.

I was slightly dubious about going to this therapist because she is a woman. I would have preferred talking to another man. However, I do remember reading that talking to a male therapist is most beneficial when beginning therapy, and a female one can be helpful in the latter stages. Since I've already made much progress and developed much heterosexuality, I guess I can get away with having a female therapist.

I took the advice of [PeopleCanChange.com](#): "*Part of it is in how you address the problem. If you tell a prospective therapist, I want you to help me to become straight, they are more likely to say, that's impossible, or unethical. If you tell them, I need you to help me feel like more of a man, and more connected to other men, or to help me forgive my father, or break away from my smothering mother, or*

release anger, or overcome sexual addiction, or heal sexual abuse...all of these things any competent therapist should be able and willing to work with you on.

Homosexuality is a symptom. Heal the underlying problem, and the homosexuality takes care of itself."

I realized that I do not have to find a therapist who is already fully versed in reorientation and reparative/gender-affirmation therapy. Just a regular therapist can help with the things I've identified as contributing factors.

So anyways, I described to my female therapist my family situation and my background growing up, and what I've been like during my teenage years. After a little while, she came to some initial conclusions as to why I had developed a fear and slight timidity toward other males. What she described matched up very well (almost exactly) with what I've managed to work out myself from reparative therapy books and experiences of other men undergoing reorientation.

She then outlined the approach she would like to take over the coming weeks to understand and tackle the problem. I agreed to go back regularly.

I've already made a lot of progress, so I hope she will be able to help me continue to experience the changes I have seen so far. :o)

Agggghh

Today I approached a small group of straight guys I know who were standing and talking. I felt scared to death, but I did it anyway. It brought up some of the typical rejection neurosis that is typical of myself (and a surprisingly large proportion of gay men).

After approaching them, I felt all sorts of typical emotions. Since it happened just today, the feelings are fresh enough in my mind to describe.

When I was standing in that group, surrounded by these young guys, I had the feeling that they are "in the know", they are accepted and part of some sort of clique that I am excluded from. When I approach them I feel uncomfortable as though I am an outsider, intruding on their privacy and violating their exclusive group. They have in-jokes, private quips and familiarities that I am ignorant of, which make me feel all the more different, excluded, and inferior.

It's like being back in school. I'm not part of the gang. They're the cool kids who hang around together, and I'm just the excluded guy who wishes to be accepted by them, but never is and ends up feeling excluded, ultimately made to feel inferior.

Of course, I'm doing what I should *not* be doing, according to therapists. For a start, I'm blaming myself, thinking that I am at fault somehow for being excluded and supposedly unacceptable. My mind cannot even consider the idea that perhaps I *am* just as good as they are and, at least on the outside, I appear to be no different than they are. If they really do exclude me and do things to make me feel inferior, then it is they who are at fault for being so childish and impolite. On the other hand, of course, I can be blamed for at least one thing: I'm so hyper-

sensitive, it seems, to rejection, that the smallest most insignificant thing can appear to be a huge put-down -- especially from another male.

After I left the conversation, I felt an overwhelming inferiority and as though there was no way I could fit in with such guys. I felt as though there is no point in trying to - I can never match up to them! I may as well stop trying to talk to them, stop taking an interest in what they like. I can never be as good as they are, I'm hopelessly inferior. But of course, I recalled, that is classic defensive detachment!! I'd just be giving up, in order to protect myself.

I know I've written about this at length before, so it's obviously something I have made little progress in overcoming.

I think I know what the main topic of conversation will continue to be with my new therapist. This is something I *need* to overcome. I simply cannot go on having this crippling inferiority and feeling of rejection from other males!

Acting

My new therapist has given me some homework to do for the coming week. One of the things I have to do is make a mental list of all the qualities I see in men I know (including those that intimidate me) which I want to have. Then, I must choose a social situation in which I "act" out that ideal personality, like an actor on a stage. I must personify all those qualities in my performance.

This is not something she wants me to do on a regular basis. Only once or twice this week as an experiment. She said that she wants to discover how it will make me feel.

In small doses I've started doing that over the last few days. If only for a few moments, I've put on my actor persona, and pretended to be the guy I want to be.

And what sort of guy do I want to be? Well, I 'pretend' to be confident, friendly, more brave when it comes to speaking up, and more relaxed around other guys. That's certainly how I'd like to be.

The interesting thing is, though, that when I start pretending I often forget I am just acting, and my confident, friendly, braver, and relaxed character persists. Today I tried it out again with an everstraight male friend of mine, and I just started to get even more confident and outspoken. I also had a really good time! It felt a little bit liberating.

I suspect that, perhaps, she was expecting me to have that reaction. That putting on the false-front would give me the confidence to act the way I really want to act. I would show myself that being that sort of person is not dangerous and will not lead to rejection or humiliation. Therefore, I can continue to act the way I really want to without fear continuing to hold me back.

Perhaps I already am the person I want to be. I just need to get over these issues so I can fully "come out" as the authentic heterosexual young man that I really am.

My therapy session

I entirely forgot to write a new entry talking about my therapy session! Anyway, it was very good. I don't know how, but we ended up talking a lot about how my mother has raised me into a "good little boy".

This is a continuation of my therapists efforts to heal my irrational fear of other males and my persistent feelings of not matching up to other guys.

I couldn't fully describe how meaningful the session was without describing in minute detail my entire childhood, but needless-to-say she gave me a few phrases which sum up my experiences. She said of my mother, "she couldn't raise you into a girl, so she raised you to be obedient." That's a loaded statement, and as I said, you will not understand the significance of that unless you knew of my entire past history (or had a very similar childhood).

My therapist could also see how my mother and grandmother not only failed to encourage me to be a real boy, but instilled in me the same fears and resentment of maleness they had harbored. They certainly did instill in me a desire to be a good little boy around them, not be troublesome, and to show that I'm not like "those rough youths", as well as despise my alcoholic father and always-in-trouble older brother.

Of course, this is only part of the picture, and it didn't make me gay. It took a helluva lot more things than that. If it weren't for the other experiences, attitudes, and self-labeling, then I would have turned out perfectly straight.

This is just one of the many foundation stones that is currently being chipped away.

Girls and stuff

I was walking home from work today when it suddenly struck me how ordinary this heterosexuality lark has become. I've mentioned this before, but this is the first time I've really forgotten all about it for such a long period of time.

Because my therapy has progressed so much I often forget that I am undergoing any therapy. I mean, walking down the street in the warm sunshine and admiring nice girls that pass by has become a routine of life. I can't imagine how life could be without it.

Also, another change: when in a group of persons (at work, or wherever) I could easily talk to any women in the group. Talking to guys would be perhaps a little

difficult, or with some men, impossible. However being able to have a friendly chat with a group of women or girls would be easy. My male friends have actually envied my ability to talk to girls and make friends easily with them. Yet now, a change has occurred. For some reason I am now finding it difficult to talk to girls. It's almost as though I can't think of what to say - I simply don't quite know how to relate to them. In certain situations, this forces me to speak to guys instead - because I feel more comfortable with them!! That's a major change for me.

So I guess these are all good signs. Tonight I went out with my friend whom I've been going to the gym with regularly (I felt a bit awkward when he went out the room for a little while and I had to talk to his wife - I simply can't talk to women anymore!). Actually, I said "friend" but I'm still too afraid to call him a friend. It's too risky. I don't want to call him a friend or think of him as a friend, because that's making me too vulnerable. He may let me down, and I can't trust him. I still can't figure out why he hasn't rejected me yet.

Evidently, defensive detachment is still somewhat an issue for me.

Comfortable

This is strange. I'm starting to become easily comfortable around other guys and entirely accepted and "in the know" by them.

Specifically, the guys at work. Any feelings of inferiority have dropped away, and exact "sameness" and "nothing special" feelings have arisen.

Trying to sneak a quick look at a nice girl sitting opposite me on the train (without seeming like I'm perverting on her) is common.

Actually, I'm still wondering exactly what is proper behavior in that regard. I don't know, it's all new to me. I'm assuming it is grossly impolite to look at a girl in a "I'm admiring your physique" sort-of way. Though I'm sure some girls would enjoy it. I guess that depends on what they think about *me*.

Ex-Gay is OK

I was reading something somewhere yesterday that former homosexuals such as myself are really straight. It's the same tired old argument of "gays can't change", which is not only disproved by research done as far back as Alfred Kinsey's time, but is complete bollocks from a psychological point-of-view.

The argument is set up so men such as myself can't win. If you say you no longer feel anything for guys, they'll first say:

1) You're fooling yourself, and you're really gay but "in denial".

But when it is too obvious that the guy really does have diminished homosexual feelings and/or increased heterosexual feelings, they may say:

2) You were always straight and were never gay. That's why you're straight now.

Despite, of course, the fact that guys such as myself have experienced gay sex and fallen "in love" with other men, often without any romantic feelings toward women.

So if that fails to convince they use the final argument:

3) You've always been bi-sexual but are leaning on the straight side more.

This is an insult to my intelligence. I'm not stupid and I knew what I was and what I felt. I was not bi-sexual. Besides, bi-sexuals cannot "lean on" any particular side. Sexual feelings are spontaneous: they appear when flicking through a magazine, seeing a girl in the street, an advert on television, a scene in a movie, and a photo in a newspaper. None of those things can be prepared for. Sexual desire object choice is an instinct, and while it can be modified, it cannot be controlled.

The reason men such as myself claim to have had a shift in sexual desires is simply because we've had a shift in sexual desires. It is by no means 100% heterosexuality, but it is a shift. Change is always possible, especially for those who go through therapy properly.

My genes made me do it

"Science has *proved* it's genetic you know!" said a gay man to me.

After investigating such claims for many years, I've decided that the famous biological studies are flawed.

No one, anywhere, at any time has ever "proved" that homosexuality is directly caused by your genes. You may be thinking "well, I remember something said in the news a while back..." Yes, there have been many 'discoveries' reported in the media. However, can we really believe everything the media says? They have actually, sometimes against the wishes of the scientists, reported all of these discoveries incorrectly. The media do not tell you about the times such studies have been contradicted, disproved, withdrawn, or denied in later years (which most have been).

Let's mention a famous one. **Dr. Dean Hamer and his *gay gene* study.** The media claimed he had discovered the actual genes that cause homosexuality. But what did Dr. Hamer *actually* say? He said: "We knew... that genes were only part of the answer. We assumed the environment also played a role in sexual orientation". Indeed, seven of the forty gay brothers he studied did not have the "gay" genetic pattern, but were *gay anyway*. This is not the impression the media gave.

Other things the media don't talk about: the mathematical formulae that Dr. Hamer used wasn't used correctly. The man who invented the formulae, Dr. Risch, re-examined Dr. Hamer's data and claimed there was *no statistically significant correlation* in the genes. Yet another scientist, Dr. McGuire of Rutgers University also recalculated the data. He said the entirely wrong test had been applied, and there was still no statistical significance! He said the chances of Hamer's calculations being correct was far from a certainty - but at 10,000 to 1!

Another blow came when a research assistant to Dr Hamer accused him of deliberately withholding evidence that invalidated the study. An investigation was launched, but unfortunately the outcome was never made public. Dr Hamer, with others, then held another study. This time the results were even less impressive than before. Dr. Neil Whitehead says of it: "Hamer's particular genetic effect might affect about five percent of the homosexual population... environmental influences could be argued to account for the homosexuality of the other 95 percent."

Of course, I also must mention that another scientist, Dr. George Ebers of the University of Western Ontario, tried to confirm Hamer's study and *failed*. In fact, he used over 400 families in his study, whereas Hamer used only 40.

There are, of course, other studies. *All of which* have been distorted by the media. My particular favorite is the so-called "Gay Brains" study done by Dr. Simon LeVay. I like that study because even he himself denies that it proved anything, yet the gay lobby still uses it as "proof"!

Silly habit

Occasionally I find myself with an annoying habit when watching television, driving, or walking in the park. If I notice a group of people, or perhaps a couple walking together, I look at the guy first - with the expectation that he may be good-looking. The annoying thing is, though, that I am always disappointed, *because I just don't find guys attractive anymore*. So it becomes a constant stream of "he's nothing special", "what a freak", and "meh...". A running line of disappointment!

Sometimes it becomes annoying in that I miss good-looking girls by looking instead at some worthless bloke. Like when driving in my car, if we pass a group of young people, my friend may remark "did you see her? she was hot!" followed by me cursing under my breath because I spent those few seconds driving past on examining the males there, seeing how they compare to myself, and they're always unremarkable. In other words, I missed the opportunity to look at a remarkably nice girl!

Okay, that's not exactly a major problem, and it doesn't always happen. Most of the time I'm rather quick to look at a girl first and entirely ignore any guys there. It's just occasionally I catch myself examining every man in sight and being somehow surprised that none of them are "dishy"! Geez, what a surprise! That couldn't be because I'm *not gay anymore* could it?!

Silly little habits die hard.

Thinking about...

There is this girl at work who I get on with really well. She makes me laugh SO much, it's unbelievable. We joke that we should be separated because we spend so much time laughing that it prevents us from getting any work done!

What is quite interesting about this is that I'm relating to her in an entirely different way. I don't know if I can describe this very well, but when I was in school (and other situations where I had to work around girls) I would be friends with the girls in a sense of "being on their level." I would somehow relate to them as if I was one of them, and not as though I was of a different gender. I suppose you could say I became a girl!

Anyways, now it's different, I continue to act like a guy when around girls, and I don't modify my behavior to fit in with them. So, getting back to the point, I've been laughing and joking with this girl a lot and I've really been enjoying her company. Even to the point of thinking about her outside of work, like I am now.

Physically, she's not a supermodel, but she is not bad-looking either. I still think she looks good though. It's silly, I know, I barely know her and I've never even spoken to her outside of work. I'll probably look back on this in a few months and think "what a retard, I can't believe I liked her that way!"

But anyways, I think she is absolutely great. I very much like her personality and I don't think I've gotten on so well with anyone for a long time. I was thinking of changing my shift-pattern, but I'd rather remain where I am to stay on the same team as her.

Hang on a minute... am I, me, Jake, for the first time ever getting a slight infatuation *with a girl???* In that case break out the beer and let's party because that is absolutely bloody amazing!!!

Come out?

It seems that despite the enormity of my progress, I still have some way to go when it comes to some temptations. On the one hand, gay porn is no temptation whatsoever, yet on some occasions I feel like the only way to "centre oneself" is via a quick, sexual encounter with another man.

Don't misunderstand, I'm not sleeping with guys.

For example, last night I watched the [fantastic 2-4 England victory over Croatia](#) in the pub (and it seems that all of my inhibitions surrounding football seems to have evaporated). After that great night a former work colleague txt'ed me. A whining gay bloke who's very fat and somewhat camp. He said he was lonely. In times

past he has marveled at me, claimed to admire me very much (the gay drawing-the-other-guy-closer routine), and said he always enjoyed our conversations.

Anyways, I replied saying I was far too tired to go see him, and besides, I'd had too much to drink to even contemplate driving.

Nevertheless, he persisted. Eventually I got sick of him and simply turned my phone off so he would get the message!

However, I then sat down in the living room to relax, thinking of all the things I had done that day and that I need to do tomorrow. When I thought "...and tomorrow morning it's up for work!" I immediately thought about acting out. The little boy needed the reassuring arms of a man to help him face the big world tomorrow.

I almost called that guy back to arrange a meet.

Yikes. That's a close-call.

So tonight I decided I had to do something about it. I txt'ed my mentor (who for the sake of simplicity we'll call Russell) and asked to speak to him, providing he wasn't busy, and if it wasn't convenient it could be just on the phone.

You may be able to see my defensive-detachment coming out there. I couldn't believe that he would actually be *interested enough* in me to think that talking to me wasn't some kind of huge bother.

But as usual, my fears are proved wrong as he replied, "sure, come over now". What he was really saying, without him realizing it, was "I care about you" and "you are not bothering me".

Anyways, I talked to him about how I've been feeling somewhat despondent and lonely recently, and how I've felt as though my therapy has been progressing well, yet I still had that close-call.

As usual Russell was very compassionate and listened intently. He didn't mind when (to my surprise) I started crying as I told him how helpless I was feeling. We talked for quite a while, all the time Russell being as compassionate and listening intently as usual. I started to feel better.

After a while I felt we had talked the issue through, and it was time to go, so I got up to leave. Before I left the room he asked me "do you feel a bit better now?" to which I said yes. Then he asked, "Are you (really) going to be alright?" To which I welled up again in tears and shook my head. He got me to sit down again so we could talk some more and get my emotions out.

We then came to an unusual conclusion: that I should be more open and honest about my SSA and therapy. I should, for want of another expression, *come out of the closet*.

That may sound bizarre. But I strongly believe it is the right thing for me to do. I have many good friends, yet very few know of my struggles. I need to expand my support network. "Isolation = Death".

I need to do this. This therapy doesn't just change my sexual desires, but my entire personality. And in many respects I'm still hiding behind a façade and not showing my friends and family the *real me*. Being open and honest to everyone about my entire struggle (to the best extent possible) will be a major victory for change. I need to *come out* into the open.

With my new-found resolute desire to shake things up, and expand my support network, I got up to leave. I motioned that I wanted to hug Russell.

And we did. It was probably the best piece of affirmation I've ever had. It wasn't just a quick hug, it was a long "I care about you" hug. Actually, no, it was a "I *really, actually*, care about you" hug.

I thanked him. He said I could contact him anytime if I needed to talk, or needed some company. He's said that to me for over a year, but this is the first time I actually allowed my heart to believe him.

Before I left he also said, with a compassionate smile, "If you need a cuddle, you just let me know!".

I think I'm going to do something I've never done before. I'm going to allow him into my heart and trust him.

I've decided to trust him. I do love him as if he really were my dad. I'll trust him, and I know he won't let me down.

So-called coming out

So... my big "coming out" week has started. I've already started telling some friends that I'm going to start being a lot more open and honest about what's been bothering me over the past few months.

Today I nearly told a mate of mine. The problem with him is that he's only 16 - actually the little brother of a mate of mine who's now married. Despite the age difference, we get on well and his overt heterosexuality is a very good influence on me. We also play a lot of sports together, and I feel like he's my little bro.

So it's a bit of a dilemma when telling him, because I'm not sure if his parents would be happy about us hanging out together. I know I could just keep it secret, but that's not what I want. I don't want any more secrets or worrying about who I talk openly in front of, or worrying about who knows what and who doesn't. I'm getting tired of it.

I hope his folks will be okay with it. It's not like I'm gay anymore anyway!!! If anything, he's more likely to be a bad influence on me!

It turns out that the 15/16 year old teen that delivers the local paper each week is a "rent boy" (!). My friend knew him from his school. Apparently he's out-and-out gay and has been spotted getting into older guys' cars several times. It is no secret.

God... what a shame. Only 15 or 16, but sleeping around with old men for money! And he lives in an affluent area - he doesn't need to do it for the money. What a poor kid. I feel so sorry for him. What a terrible life he will have. A true waste. A gay man of 20 has a 50% chance of getting AIDS by the time he's 30. Imagine what risks that poor boy is running.

But then I remembered: *I was that boy*. At his age I wanted to be a rent boy. I did have some anonymous sexual encounters. I would have loved it if I had had more. But, oh my, what a terrible and heart-wrenching life it would have been. Devoid of all love, constantly being abused for other's benefit, and receiving cold hard cash instead of a father's warm love.

Poor lad. My heart really goes out to him.

I hate to sound like a woman, but: What a waste!

Aggh: I've become my dad

My dad is an avid reader. He literally goes through two or three books a week. Usually these books are autobiographies, books about politics, ancient history, or dull old-men type books on various subjects. He's rarely seen without a book. As the in-the-house-but-might-as-well-not-be type of father, who hides away in his own room reading or watching TV most of the time, the only time I ever really see him is when he's sitting at the kitchen bench eating his meals (while, of course, reading a book).

I always used to snarl my nose at him when seeing that. "Stupid" dad with his "boring old books", sitting there, scoffing down his putrid crap that he'd made himself, while his eyes dart about a page from a book of the story of some other old man who is long dead. Not interested in me, not even twitching as I enter the room; cannot be distracted by my presence. He just sits there eating as he reads his book.

Anyways... today I was reading Dr. Nicolosi's book on prevention of homosexuality. Unless I'm getting it confused with something else I've read recently, I remember something being said on a boy needing to *want to emulate his father*.

Hmmm... How would I ever want to emulate my father, I asked myself. That boring old fart.

This evening, I go into the kitchen to make myself something to eat. I notice my dad has left one of his books on the bench. It's written by a British politician (I won't say who because none of you will know who it is, most people in the UK don't even know who he is, but both my dad and me know him). It's about the various controversies in British politics that have raged over the past decade or so. The sort of thing that would send most people to sleep. Although just the sort of thing I like reading about.

I make my meal.

Sit down on the same stool my dad sits on.

Open the book.

Start to read, while eating my dinner.

Find the book very interesting.

Totally ignore everyone who has come and gone in the room.

Get through half a chapter before finishing my meal.

Suddenly realize something: **I am my fathers' son!!!**

Agghghhhhh

Told another mate

Last night I told my childhood friend (who we'll call Dave) and his wife about my SSA/Therapy.

Wow! They were *so* supportive, I could barely believe it!

I've known this guy since, well, since forever. We used to be very close, but due to my defensive-detachment, I kept fighting him off me during my teenage years. But despite that, he's kept the lines of communication open.

I managed to tell them about me by, ironically, telling them about someone else and their attempts at changing their feelings using therapy. So after starting a good conversation about that, I managed (eventually) to build up the courage to say, "I mention this because I've been in reparative therapy myself". To which Dave's wife smiled and said "Excellent!"

Dave's wife kept asking me questions about it, while Dave tended to sit there quietly. That wasn't because he wasn't interested; on the contrary, he has always said to me that it doesn't matter, he's my friend and that's all that matters. A very accepting guy. He did say something occasionally, always to agree with what his

wife and I were saying, and to say that he is always available if ever I want to talk to him.

They were both very pleased for me, and actually said 'well done, it must have taken a lot of courage'.

In addition, when you open yourself up with some very personal things, the person you're speaking to tends to do the same. I found out a lot about Dave and his wife last night that I never knew. Including some very difficult times that he went through, but I was thoroughly unaware of. I wish I had been there for him.

The relief after telling them was enormous. It felt great. Talk about 'a problem shared is a problem halved'!

I sent a quick e-mail to Dave last night just to thank him for being such a good friend. I think last night can be summed up in the reply he sent me this morning:

"Anytime. All you have to do is talk to us, and we'll listen. That's what friends do."

She's hot

You know the phrase "treat the underlying causes, and the homosexuality takes care of itself"?

Well, how true that is!

Recently I've been watching a TV show for kids/teenagers. Why? There's this young woman presenter who is, for want of a better expression, *hot*. I mean, really, really nice.

I just can't help myself!! I was watching it this morning and, woah, I loved what she was wearing, it really made her look nice. Every time the camera panned out and I got to see a full shot of her I think "cor, blimey!" I've even shown a mate of mine this woman, and he agrees that she's very nice.

It just tingles me all over. She is *so* hot I can't believe it. I cannot understand how I could never feel this way before. It just feels like the natural thing to feel. I just can't help it.

She's got the figure, a nice face, nice hair, and is always wearing summery-type clothes that really make her look good. She is also very energetic, delicate, and bubbly. Feminine in every respect.

What's the chance of me getting a girlfriend like her? I'm going to keep my hopes up!

It's important to note two things about this. 1) I didn't feel this way when I first saw her, it's been gradual over the past six months. 2) No control or force is involved - I just can't help myself!

This is the first girl I've ever fancied this much. Definitely my strongest heterosexual feelings to date.

Treat the underlying causes, and the homosexuality takes care of itself.

Denial denial denial

Has anyone said to you that you're "in denial"? A few gays have said that to me in the past. It's a typical bitchy and effeminate insult that's typical of gay men. It's the equivalent of a child sticking it's tongue out at you. This isn't a surprise, as immaturity and defensiveness is part of the neurotic homosexual complex.

When I was speaking to Dave and his wife the other day, I was telling them how the [numerous twin studies prove that homosexuality can't be determined simply by genes](#) because rarely are both twins gay. To this Dave's wife said, "but wouldn't the gay rights people simply say that the non-gay ones are *in denial!*" I was somewhat taken aback at this, thinking 'well of course they couldn't say that - that would be totally stupid!' But before I said that, I thought for a second, and realized that she's right! No, not that those people really are "in denial", but it is exactly what the gay rights people might believe.

How else could they get around such solid proof?

I had forgotten just how utterly delusional you can get when you're in the gay lifestyle (remember, you not only believe in a gay gene that [no legitimate scientist believes in](#), but also that [600,000,000 people](#) are gay!).

When you're living in such strong denial, it's not much of a leap and a jump to conclude that scientific studies - no matter how many of them - are all *heterosexist lies*. Some gays really believe that there is some sort of worldwide conspiracy to cover up "the truth" (whatever that may be). And what a conspiracy! No matter what country in the world such studies are made, numbers and stats continue to corroborate. It makes the Roswell-UFO/JFK-assassination/Crop-circle conspiracy theorists look like sane people.

The gay lifestyle is nothing but denial after denial. A mythical gay gene. A nonsense 10% figure. Sexuality being changeable - but only in one direction. "I was born this way." Gay relationships being just as loving as straight ones. Entirely unproven unscientific theories about transsexualism. Suicide rates being high due to "homophobia". Etc etc etc. Denial denial denial.

Dave's wife made another interesting point. I told her that the higher rates of suicide/depression/drug-abuse in the gay community were, supposedly, due to "homophobic oppression". To this she said "You're joking? What oppression?!?"

Good point.

She mustn't appreciate just how much gays really are *in denial* after all.

"But it didn't work for me"

Mr. "It doesn't apply to me!" AKA "I'm special!"

This person likes the idea that he is a tragedy, he enjoys living in self-pity, and is unsettled by the concept of him or anyone else receiving Reparative Therapy, since doing so will remove what he perceives to be "special" about him. This person thinks up overly simplistic and ill-informed ideas about why various aspects of the therapy can't work for him (e.g. "I had a good relationship with my dad, so this can't possibly work for me!"). Instead of keeping a positive outlook, he entertains every negative attitude, thought, and idea against Reparative Therapy in order that he can sabotage any possible progress that he or anyone else could make in therapy.

Mr. "I'll try it long enough to prove that it won't work!"

This person is very similar to the above person in many respects, but his attitude is driven by egotism and the pleasure of proving a point in order to feel superior to others. He may also sabotage his own treatment in order to egotistically say with pride "It didn't work for *me*, so it mustn't work for anyone!" He will not study the therapy to a sufficient depth, and make incorrect assumptions in order to "prove" that it doesn't work. He may also ridicule others who have changed, believing them to be liars.

Mr. "I'm only doing this because I have to!"

This person is not undergoing Reparative Therapy for the right reasons. His parents/spouse/others may have made him begin treatment, but they continue to be his main (or only) motivation for continuing with it. Because he is not self-motivated, he does things half-heartedly. He does not study properly. He does not understand how the therapy works. He does not do things necessary for treatment. He may callously indulge in homosexual fantasy, sex, or pornography. Because he makes little progress in therapy, he becomes frustrated since he cannot please whoever made him start it initially. This is because he doesn't want to change for himself, but for the sake of other people.

Mr. "I can't be bothered!"

This person has read half a Reparative Therapy book, skimmed through the rest of it, and then never opened it again for another six months. He doesn't feel it necessary to put the required amount of effort into his treatment. He does not do things required by treatment. When his half-hearted attempts at change fail, he honestly believes that he did everything properly, and blames the therapy for his failure (e.g. "well, I did try therapy once, but I guess it just didn't work for me.").

In actual fact, his homosexual feelings do not bother him enough for him to make any real effort, so he has little motivation for trying to get rid of them.

Mr. "I'll try it for a month and if I'm not cured, I'll give up!"

This person does not put any of the sufficient effort into his treatment. He reads one or two books and expects a "cure" to quickly follow overnight. In fact, he expects the treatment to make all the effort – as if it were a form of magic – while he does not make any real effort himself. He does few of the things required by the treatment for change. He has an uncanny ability to entirely 'miss the point' of many suggested therapeutic activities (e.g. "I watched a football game on TV, but I'm still attracted to guys! Why isn't this working?"). He may also abandon his treatment and consider it a failure at the first set-back, even if it is only a slight one.

Mr. "I know what's best"

This person enthusiastically embraces Reparative Therapy, but believes that he can remove the unsettling aspects of recovery, and still make great progress. Typically, he will keep his problems to himself and avoid doing therapeutic activities which he considers too challenging or too unsettling. He believes that he does not need the help of others, nor the required studying of recommended books and other resources. While he may have good results with the therapy, his progress will not be as dramatic or deeply felt as the progress he would have otherwise. Because he trusts in his own abilities so much, there is a danger that when a major set-back occurs, he will conclude that the therapy is at fault instead of his own ego-driven half-hearted efforts.

On parade

Today is *pride parade day* in the capital, London.

Uggghhhh, looking at that on the news makes me feel sick. I mean, why want to be a *real man* when you can be a prancing effeminate queen wearing tight spandex pants doing simulated sex moves in the street?

Yuck. Their so-called "pride" is a self-deception. It's not really pride, it's more defiance - a defense against a system of masculinity they feel hopelessly outside of. Inferior, but doesn't care anymore. It's a child sticking its tongue out and saying "nah-nah, I'm better than you!" This is, of course, with the comfort of being around people who understand, as they are also outcasts of masculine society.

If anyone thinks the above comments are "hate speech", think again, Mr. Ignorant. I used to be gay, and anyone who has spent an iota of time in the gay world knows that masculinity is held up above all else as a highly desirable quality. The more masculine-looking guys are *always* higher up the gay hierarchy, with the femmes right down at the bottom. The femmes are resented and looked down upon. Gay personals ads usually ask for a "straight acting" guy. It's not unusual to hear a gay male say "I hate those prancing effeminate puffs!"

Think about it, gay porno is full of masculine blokes, with many "movies" based on truck drivers, army cadets, policemen, doctors, gang members, mechanics, etc. There is little market for porno of weak, skinny, effeminate guys with high-pitched voices working in a florist. It's rugged good looks, muscles, masculine clothes, power, and strength that is desired. Masculinity is what gay men want more than anything else.

And when you decide to increase your own sense of masculinity (e.g. in therapy), that's when the effeminate ways of some men are all the less appealing. In fact, they're not just unappealing, their actions are repulsive. The mannerisms they have chosen to act out represent everything we are trying to get away from.

Hence, I know its not just heterosexuals who think the gay parades are, well, hideous. Many straight-acting gay men think so too. Parades are just femme blokes, drag queens, and narcissistic muscle-bound blokes (and the only attribute they have of any value in the gay world are their bodies).

Emptiness. Narcissism. Vain. Outrageous. "Look at me! Look at me!!!" Yuck.

Change Therapy is harmful?

It really annoys me when some say that Reparative Therapy or any other change therapy is considered "harmful" - *how the hell* do they work that out? In the course of my own therapy I have done the following:

1. learned to make more male friends (*this is harmful?*)
2. had a decrease in depression (*this is harmful?*)
3. started to feel more confident and less shy (*this is harmful?*)
4. Improved my relationship with my dad and brother (*this is harmful?*)
5. started to really enjoy and take an interest in new things, especially sports (*this is harmful?*)
6. gained an older man as a mentor who is always there for me (*this is harmful?*)
7. finally understood why I used to do such dangerous things sexually (*this is harmful?*)
8. started to desire getting a girlfriend (*this is harmful?*)
9. no longer feel constantly lonely (*this is harmful?*)
10. no longer feel as inadequate as man, feel more mature (*this is harmful?*)

How anyone with half a brain cell could possibly think any of that is "harmful" is beyond me.

Could an opposer EXPLAIN how any of the above (which composes my ENTIRE time in Reparative Therapy) is POSSIBLY HARMFUL? Are they STUPID or what?

On the contrary, it is the gay lifestyle that has the high rates of [suicide](#), [depression](#), [drug-abuse](#), [disease](#), [violence](#), and disillusionment (and when you reach age 40 you're thrown on the proverbial scrap-heap).

Bad = good. Good = bad.

Change Therapy is harmful? - Continued

So **Why is Change Therapy harmful?**

1. Because it gives people freedom over their own lives. You are allowed to live your own life in the gay rights movement but only as they dictate it to you. You are not allowed to dissent.
2. It dwindles their numbers. Activists need as many people as they can get to claim the gay identity to make sure their "rights" are secured.
3. It proves sexuality is not immutable. The basis of these rights is that sexuality is fixed, you can't go messing up their theory, so what is wrong with you? Thinking and acting for yourself, after all they have done for you -- you must remain loyal always.
4. Because anything positive must be mocked. Marriage, children, love, commitment, things of that nature. Even mental health. To be considered mentally healthy, you must agree to everything gay activists say, gay or not. See, how it works is as long as you believe them and act accordingly you are fine and normal, but once you find out the truth for yourself, you're suddenly a homophobe. Ex-gays are supposedly being brainwashed and suffering from internal homophobia because there is no way you are strong enough to break free from homosexuality. That just doesn't happen.

So for all these reasons reparative therapy is harmful -- we can't have people thinking they have control over their emotions, sex drive and sexuality, what kind of crazy world would we live in if people actually chose what to do with their own sexuality? The humanity, talk about utter chaos. People restraining their libidos, not dying early from diseases. People having long marriages, children, oh the sheer humanity of it all. Will someone make it stop?

I hope this answers your question.

Courtesy of a writer from defendingtruth :o)

HIV hypochondria

Right now I have two huge white spots on my tongue. Probably just ulcers that'll clear away in a couple of days. It's just that, whenever I get something like that I start panicking. I worry and think I may have HIV (white spots in the mouth/throat are one of the many first symptoms). A totally irrational worry, of course.

It's just that the last time I had sex with a guy (12 months ago now...) I did not get a test afterwards. I got tested before then, and was clear of everything. It's just that *one* time that has me worried.

I should go and get tested. Put my mind to rest. The worry is driving me crazy...

Good good...

I feel great after going to see my mentor Russell each week. Last night I just felt so good that I decided I didn't want to drive home, so instead I went for a long drive for about 35 miles before going home, blasting music out of the car speakers.

Going for long drives is something I either do to cheer myself up if I'm on the brink of despair, or if I'm feeling really good about myself and confident in every way.

It's quite odd how associating with my substitute dad can give me a shot-in-the-arm of affirmation. It's a bit like gaining muscle mass. If you want to build up muscle, you don't have one massive huge workout once a month. If you do, you will damage your muscles, be in pain, and due to the over intensity your muscles may even *shrink!* But if you have a little workout on a regular basis, a minimum of once a week, gradually your muscle mass will increase bit by bit.

I guess it's the same with all this male affirmation/acceptance/etc stuff. One injection of masculinity a month won't do it - but small, consistent, and reliable boosts will assist the change process.

Later, I've arranged to help a guy I know with some home improvement. At least I'm spending some time of the day in a male environment, doing male things, with a straight guy, and being one of the guys.

Oh, and those massive ulcers on my tongue have finally cleared up (well... I scraped them off!), so I'm not feeling so stupidly paranoid about having caught HIV! I'll arrange to get tested soon and end this once and for all.

What not to say

This is a list of things that friends/family/pastors/misc. should **not do or say** in an effort to "help" guys who are struggling with SSA.

It is a little bit negative (I wrote it after being seriously peeved with someone), but it may be beneficial to someone.

.....

Don't belittle the problem!

I've had many well-intentioned men tell me not to worry, because the problem might "go away" and I might "grow out of it."

This may sound like a reassurance. However, imagine this: You have a terrible red rash all over your body, it hurts so much you want to die, and it's getting worse. Out of pure desperation you go to your doctor for help. However, your doctor says to you "Don't worry, with any luck it might clear up!" Does that really make you feel "reassured"?

How would you feel toward the doctor? Well, I'd feel angry that he could say something so stupid. I'd also be angry that he is belittling my problem and implying it is no real problem at all. I feel so bad I want to die, remember?

Saying "it might go away" or "you might grow out of it" is no reassurance at all. If anything it may make the person feel a whole lot worse. It shows that you think the problem is unimportant, and the person with the problem is made to feel like they are a hypochondriac and should stop drawing attention to themselves. It also makes them feel as though you don't care -- after all, you're not worried about it. You've just said that it "might go away" so you mustn't be too fussed. This also shows the person that you haven't the slightest clue or appreciation for the pain the person is suffering.

The problem is real and not imaginary (remember that homosexually-inclined people are eight(?) times more likely to commit suicide). This is no triviality. And although, yes, it very well "might" go away of its own accord -- but it just might not go away too! So please do not belittle the problem.

Don't interrupt!

Persons with the homosexual condition will have years upon years of angst, stress, problems, and hurt built up inside. The best thing you can do is to listen and allow them to get it all off their chest.

The worst thing you can do is interrupt when they speak. You may not realize it, but when someone has something very important to say, and you interrupt, you're sending signals to that person. You are saying that you don't care. You're not interested in what they have to say -- you're more interested in what you have to say. You don't want to know about their situation because you don't really care about them or their situation.

It's a very upsetting thing when you confide in someone who is supposed to listen but seemingly doesn't want to.

Thankfully I've found many, many, guys who do listen, and do care very deeply. I've found them to be invaluable help to me and I cherish their friendships. However they all do one vital thing -- they all listen without interrupting!

Don't tip-toe around issues!

I've noticed that many people are frightened of using certain words. Words like "homosexual" or "sexuality" or "sex" tend to be avoided at all costs, and issues are tip-toed around instead of being talked about directly.

Personally I find this very annoying. I remember once when I was younger an older man "advised" me for something relating to my homosexuality. However, in the space of one hour he managed to avoid using any word that even hinted at homosexuality. Instead he used vague expressions and alluded to what he was talking about.

Of course, in the end I had no idea what he was getting at. Even when asking him directly what they meant, he was too embarrassed to speak plainly and use the dreaded words. The whole thing was ridiculous!

For the love of sanity, please, please, please don't be afraid of using the "H" word. If you still feel uncomfortable, you could use the abbreviation SSA. his stands for Same Sex Attraction. It is a lot better to say "How is your SSA?" or "How are you coping with your homosexual feelings?" rather than ask "How are your feelings?" or "How is your trouble today?" The former ones get to the point, the latter ones are vague, and I feel they sound belittling.

Don't Avoid or Treat Differently the Person!

This is probably the worst thing you could do. I've had the unpleasant experience of a person avoid and exclude me after being told of my SSA.

Another thing to avoid is comments like "well you wouldn't know about that!" when talking about sports, or girls, or mechanical things, or the like. Also "but you don't get involved with girls, do you?" or "you're not like the other guys." Such comments may seem to be considerate and friendly, but they come across as insulting, belittling and emasculating. Don't do it. Always treat a man as a man, and a woman as a woman.

Don't think or say "snap out of it"!

If someone told you they have diabetes and are feeling very ill, would you then say or think something along the lines of "oh come on, surely you can just snap out of it!" Of course not. However, some individuals do think that when presented with another's homosexual problem.

Homosexuality is a deeply-rooted problem and never disappears overnight. If you think or say such a thing, it is a shocking display of just how little you understand the situation. It is also a terrible insult to the person's dignity. The person may have been struggling with the problem for many years -- experiencing levels of stress and anxiety far worse than you ever have -- and yet you show no concern or sympathy, simply brushing the problem aside like some trivial matter. Homosexuality is not just a mood -- you cannot just "snap out of it!" What an insulting, uncaring and callous attitude to have!

Religion

Okay, I knew this day would come so I think I'll just get it over with.

Anyways... when I started change therapy, I did not have a religion, nor a faith, nor a personal relationship with God, nor anything like that. So, most of my therapy didn't have any religious motivation.

But early in this year, I did join a religion! (shock, horror!)

So why haven't I mentioned it before? It is simply that homosexuality is primarily a medical condition that is psychological in nature. It has been mapped out by psychologists and can be treated with psychotherapy. You cannot use religious faith as a magic trick, nor as a medical treatment.

Does my religion give me an incentive to keep up the change process? I suppose - but not much of one. I'm sure that if I abandoned religion I would *still keep up the change process*. After all, I pursued change before I had a religion, didn't I?

Normally, people do it the other way around - they embrace change because they have a religion. I, on the other hand, embraced religion because I had experienced change. I just had to be different, didn't I!! :o)

Some persons may disagree with me, but I do not believe that trusting in divine powers alone will change the sexuality of anyone. I am not mocking the faith of others, however. It is simply that homosexuality is a primarily a **medical** condition that is psychological in nature. It has been mapped out by psychologists and can be treated with psychotherapy.

Religion is an immense source of wonderful encouragement to many persons undergoing Reparative Therapy; however, you cannot use religious faith as a magic trick, nor as a medical treatment, so it will not treat you. For measurable change to occur, such efforts must be accompanied by a proper psychotherapeutic treatment.

One time I read an ex-gay message board run by a Christian ministry. I was shocked to see how some questions posted were replied to with entirely irrelevant information. For example, one man (who was obviously very distraught) asked a question which could be easily answered by quoting from one of the Reparative Therapy books published by psychologists. *However*, at least on this particular board, the only replies the man got were encouragement to "trust in the Lord Jesus Christ"! Medically speaking, entirely useless replies. The man had obviously been doing that already -- why else would he be rejecting the gay lifestyle and looking for help from a Christian ministry? -- so nothing was said to help the poor man with his problem.

Can you imagine how frustrating it would be to go to the doctor after contracting a terrible rash, and hearing him tell you, "just trust in the Lord, and it might clear up"?

Using spirituality *alone* to treat a psychological (medical) issue does not make sense. I do not hire a plumber to do my garden, I do not hire a joiner to fix my

taps, and I do not hire an electrician to fit new windows. Psychological problems, like homosexuality, should primarily be treated with psychotherapy. However, I am not dismissing the huge support, encouragement, affirmation, and resources that Religion can offer to strugglers.

Cheesy does it!

I've noticed a common theme among guys who first enter Reparative Therapy (or any effort at change), or try leaving the "gay" lifestyle. They desperately want to stop masturbating and looking at pornography.

So what is my own experience with masturbation and pornography?

Well, personally speaking I can say that the desire to do such things dwindles as therapy progresses. I've heard other guys say that too. It's not until you stop wanting to look at porn and masturbate so much that you realize just how much of a compulsion it really was.

So preventing myself from looking at porn is a simple thought to myself of "no, I'll stop here. I won't do that." Whereas before it was, "oh why can't I stop doing this!?!?"

So, in a nutshell: therapy does make avoiding masturbation and porn easier. For the most part, eventually you'll simply forget about it. You simply won't need to *avoid* the problem - because you *won't have* the problem.

Bad life

How awful the gay life really is.

Today I was in town to look at a gallery I wanted to see, and bumped into an old work colleague of mine, and like most of the men where I used to work, is gay as can be. Anyways, he still works there so I just had to ask him how awful and bad the place had got since I left (not because of me leaving, but because the place is a farce). Sure enough, its still gawd-awful.

Anyways, in the course of the conversation he mentioned his "ex". I haven't been taking my therapy very seriously recently, so I took the opportunity to learn a bit more about how 'gay' his life has been.

And oh how gay men can talk! And talk and talk and talk. He told me everything - I opened the floodgates of the heavens! He told me about practically all of his past boyfriends (very numerous).

Throughout everything he told me there was several running themes: drugs, crime, break-ups, unfaithfulness, disease, and suicide. It was like listening to some sort of very depressing soap opera. He had lost three former lovers to suicide, while the others had betrayed him. Now he complains that he has "no friends", and those he does know are people he had met on the Internet. This guy is in his mid thirties, I guess, and seems "well adjusted" to the gay life. He said he enjoys it. But what kind of life is that?

Everything he said sounded so typical. One of the more striking things that came out of what he was saying seemed to be the amount of mental problems - specifically the "neurotic" aspects - in himself and all his former friends and lovers.

Talking to that guy today - and I talked for quite a while - has been one of the most profound experiences I've had in this journey away from homosexuality. The gay life is so *worthless* and destroys so many men, who could really achieve something and be real men with real lives and real futures.

I feel so sorry for him. I really do. He is trapped, but I have been set free from that psychological prison.

I didn't think it possible, but I am *even more* convinced and determined to never lead a so-called "gay" life. *Thank God for therapy!*

Night out

Ah... I had a good night tonight, therapy-wise. I've spent all afternoon and evening with my best buddies out on the town. They know of my SSA, so it was a guys-only, freedom-of-speech, partially rowdy night. Great stuff.

They used to have nights like that all the time, but they never invited me because I was such a "good little boy". Silly really, considering that it's not like they would always get plastered (drunk) and steal traffic cones and place them on top of bus stops, like I see others do in my town.

But anyway, tonight after a brief phone call of "I'm bored, you fancy doing something?" a night was quickly arranged.

Wow... how's that for progress? A whole night out with alcohol, sports, and me thoroughly enjoying every minute of it. And absolutely no feeling of inferiority, feeling different, or feeling the outsider. No intimidation from anyone. And tonight we even started to arrange us all going away for the weekend to London for a brief stint of Covent Garden music. That'll be great - I've never had a holiday with straight guys before.

What a great night. Healthy doses of male affirmation, attention, and all that. No more gay junk food for me, this healthy stuff is actually satisfying. I'm kinda lucky, really. But I've had these friends for aaaages but never really took advantage of this.

Anyways, I'm off to bed now.

Be true to thineself

"Changing your sexuality is denying your true self" is a common phrase. It is really your true self? If it is, then it shouldn't be caused by stresses and problems in childhood. The amount of statistical evidence to support the idea that homosexuality is caused by environment in childhood is overwhelming. There is bucket-loads of it!

People assume that all of this data must, surely, have been disproved. Nope. It hasn't. *In fact, it continues to be confirmed.* The reason you don't hear about it is because it's simply ignored, kept quiet, and oppressed.

Here are the more *common* things effecting gay men in early life (these are simply *common* - NOT all gay men have *all* the typical symptoms - in fact, some gay men have NONE of them, but many do):

Gender Nonconformity. Avoiding competition and rough-and-tumble play with other boys. Feeling intimidated and rejected by other boys. He misses much of the bonding and companionship with other males that helps form his own confident masculinity. His father didn't encourage him in masculine pursuits, for whatever reasons. This is called *gender-identity deficit*. He is an outsider, the "kitchen-window boy" who looks out the window at other boys playing while he is kept separate from them in the home with mother.

Sensitivity. Takes criticisms very personally, and is easily hurt. He detaches from other boys due to fear of being hurt (either physically or emotionally). He avoids typical "rites-of-passage" into manhood.

Introspection. May be obsessed with being different, and special. The "good little boy".

Relationship with Dad. Gay men have a painful longing for the affection they wish their fathers had given them. Unlike heterosexual men who may look back on a bad father with regret, gay men look back with scorn and bitterness. The father was either abusive, or just seemed uninterested. One report said "There is *not a single even moderately well-controlled study* that we have been able to locate in which male homosexuals refer to father positively or affectionately."

Relationship with Mom. A close-binding and overly dependant relationship between mother and son is common. The gay son may be mom's friend. He feels better understood by her, yet the relationship is ambivalent. He feels both angry and appreciative toward her. He may collude with her against the father. He may need to feel sorry for his mother and give her the emotional support that she would normally get from her husband.

Peer Isolation. Because of upbringing, the boy doesn't feel as comfortable around his own peer group. He is "different" and may suffer from extreme

loneliness. On the other hand, he may have lots of friends and be very popular, but fails to truly connect with his peers and doesn't feel like "one of the guys".

Early Sex Abuse. Some studies support the claim that sexual molestation is more common among gay men than heterosexual men.

Eroticization of Emotional Needs. Every boy needs male role models and to develop his own masculinity. But if he is cut off from the world of men, defensively detached from them (for fear of being hurt), his desire for masculinity will be eroticized during adolescence. Dr. Jeffrey Satinover, a change therapist, says: "When puberty sets in, sexual urges — which can attach themselves to any object, especially in males — rise to the surface and combine with his already intense need for masculine intimacy and warmth. He begins to develop homosexual crushes." Via homosexual sex or fantasy, he "cannot help admit that the relief is immense. This temporary feeling of comfort is so profound that the experience is powerfully reinforced... Soon homosexual activity becomes the central organizing factor in his life as he slowly acquires the habit of turning to it regularly — not just because of his original need for fatherly warmth and love, but to relieve anxiety of any sort."

By the way, there are **a huge number** of surveys conducted all across the world which support the above facts. See the NARTH website and www.narth.com and books such as *Reparative Therapy of Male Homosexuality* or *Straight and Narrow?* for references.

After studying Reparative Therapy to great depth, I have been able to trace the development of my own homosexuality. *I have no shadow of a doubt in my mind that I have developed homosexuality in childhood.* I know why. I know how. I know why I am gay (and I don't think it's much to do with my genes).

Misc. stuff today

Halloween is approaching, and I notice the gay media are gearing up to celebrate it. How fitting, a time when people celebrate the dead and all the freaks come out.

Agnes ago on one of the People Can Change support boards, a man posted the following info. I recorded it because I thought it was neat. I'm afraid I can't remember who wrote it, so kudos to you, whoever you are:

Ten Reasons Homosexuality Never Works:

1. It provides masculinity through femininity.
2. It is like curing a disease with the same disease.
3. It is a small, narcissistic victory through a big defeat.
4. It provides intimacy with a man, but destroys manhood.
5. It provides a relief of the anxiety of merging into the phallic mother, but it strengthens the tie to the mother even more.
6. It provides physical incorporation of another man's male sexual organ, but destroys the psychological internalization of one's own male identity.
7. It is an artificial means for self-esteem regulation, but it destroys one's own self-esteem.

8. It gives the illusion of being accepted by other men, but it increasingly estranges a man from the circle of men who are not gay.
9. It is a way to express repressed anger and aggression, but it makes a man more passive every time.
10. It avoids conflicts with other men, but it does this through surrendering and losing.

Yes, I actually exist

"Change is impossible" said one doctor. Well, I mustn't exist then. That's right, *this page doesn't exist, in fact, I don't exist! I'm just a figment of your imagination.* Change of sexuality **is** possible.

I must admit, however, that I wouldn't have believed that Reparative Therapy could actually work, if it weren't for the fact that it did work for me. If it hadn't worked, I probably would have (egotistically) concluded that it mustn't work for anyone. Of course, Reparative Therapy is simply a form of psychotherapy (there's nothing particularly new or unusual about it). And as yet another form of psychotherapy, the success rates are typically inline with what you would expect of psychotherapy.

Roughly, about a third experience good change, another third experience moderate change, and the remaining third doesn't experience any change. It's not spectacular, but considering it is changing something which is touted to be "impossible" to change, the results are remarkable. **NOTE:** *This estimate is based on people who completed therapy with the help of a professional NARTH-approved therapist - and NOT people who have tried it for a few weeks/months and then stopped, or simply been a member of an "ex-gay" group in a church!*

It has to be noted that sexuality is **fluid**. This has always been the case. The gay world abounds with stories of "straight" men temporarily deviating to homosexuality. This is because *sexuality is fluid, not fixed*. It is *not set in stone*. It can even change over time with age and circumstances. So it's not very remarkable to learn that we can now manipulate it willingly.

Contrary to what some say, Reparative Therapy does not, never has, ever, and never will, support efforts to change such as electric shock treatment, aversion therapy, drugs, hormone injections, or any other strange forms of treatment. Reparative Therapy is **psychological** - that means it involves talking, reading, and perhaps, writing.

Taking a break

Hello,

This will be my last entry. I find myself very busy with other aspects of my life. So I won't be writing any further entries.

However, just so you know: my therapy and journey out of homosexuality is continuing to go well. If there is anything the last nearly two years has taught me, it's that **change is certainly real.**

While the journey has, so far, been a mixture of forward and backward steps, I've kept at it. And I've continued to see that the "fixed and unchangeable" argument for homosexuality is wrong.

Sexuality in humans is a flowing thing that can *certainly* be manipulated. To deny this is to deny the basics of human nature itself (not to mention 80+ years of psychological research). Change in sexual feelings - whether from gay to straight or straight to gay - is in perfect alignment with everything psychology understands about the human mind. Saying change is impossible is like saying the sky isn't blue.

To anyone who is just starting out on the journey of change, I say this: Keep going, don't give up!

My life is *so much better now*. In ways I never thought possible, my personality has changed for the better. I'm somehow more mature, more self confident, and just an all-round better guy. Friends and family have remarked on it too. I cannot imagine life the way it used to be, with the depression, self-pity (which you only realize is there until *after* you get rid of it), the phobias, the inadequacies, and the reasons for feeling sad.

Being 100% gay, as I was, was 100% worse than life is now.

Change therapy (+ gender affirmation therapy) works! And that is a fact - no matter how much gay activists will deny it.

My therapy will, as always, continue on. And yes, I did have that AIDS test done and I am still HIV-free! Yeah!!! Another reason to continue change therapy.

Warm regards,

Jake

"The person who says it cannot be done should not interrupt the person doing it." -- Chinese Proverb.

Appendix: Essays by Jake

The Gay Ten Percent Myth

"We're ten percent of the population!" said a gay character in an American TV sitcom. "One in ten people are gay!" says the representative of a gay rights group in a televised discussion. "Gay men and women represent approximately ten percent of the population" says a pamphlet produced by a gay organization.

Ten percent is a huge chunk of the population. Could that many people really be gay? What do modern scientific studies reveal? Do the numbers mean anything?

Origins

Before we consider the above questions, let's discuss where the ten percent figure came from.

Back in the 1970's, a *National Gay Task Force* campaigner called Bruce Voeller started to use the ten percent figure. He wanted to convince the American public that gays are "everywhere" in order to support their campaign. He derived the statistic from a 1948 book called *Sexual Behaviour in the Human Male* written by a famous sex researcher called Alfred Kinsey.

When it was released, Kinsey's book shocked America. In part, it claimed that a third of American men have had at least one homosexual encounter since puberty, and ten percent of men have been more or less homosexual for at least three years.

Kinsey did not claim that ten percent of men were always homosexual. On the contrary, he claimed that just four percent of those he surveyed were exclusively homosexual. However, there is reason to believe that even this smaller figure may be inflated.

The book *Sex and Fraud* examines Kinsey's work, and reveals that roughly a quarter of the men Kinsey surveyed were actually in jail. While not all prison inmates practice homosexuality, certainly a higher inclination of homosexuality would be found among them. It beggars belief, but included was over 1,000 convicted sex offenders in this census of supposedly "average" American men.

It is for these reasons that the ten percent figure should be viewed with much skepticism. However, we will consider even more reasons why the figure is nothing more than a myth. Please read on.

How many is ten percent?

Let's imagine for a moment that the ten percent figure is correct. How many gay people are there?

Based on a global population of about 6,000,000,000 (six billion) then ten percent is 600,000,000 (six hundred million). That's *over half a billion people!* Does that have a ring of truth about it? Do you really believe that over half a billion people could be gay?

What about the population of a city? The population of London's greater area is approximately seven million. Ten percent of seven million is seven hundred thousand – that's nearly three-quarters of a million people in the London area alone. While London does have many gay venues and businesses, there are certainly not enough to support a population of that size. Let's not even consider that London is a tourist hot-spot and easily accessible to persons living in neighboring cities and countries.

Indeed, in the summer of 2003, what was advertised as the "biggest gay parade and pride festival in Europe" took place in central London. According to official figures only a few thousand turned up. Almost as many people *took part* in the parade as those who stood by and *watched* it. Despite much media coverage, the free music concert in one of London's parks failed to attract a large crowd, and most of the people who attended were obviously heterosexuals who were only there for the free entertainment (featuring many popular heterosexual DJs and pop groups).

To believe that ten percent of the population is gay is highly unrealistic. For each gay bar or nightclub, there are well over a thousand normal bars and nightclubs. The numbers simply don't add up.

It should also be noted that Kinsey's second report into female sexuality places lesbianism at roughly half of that for males. So, even if we believe Kinsey, then by adding up the figures for men and women, ten percent of the population never was gay: $(10 + 5) / 2 = 7.5\%$

It seems that the ten percent figure is obviously implausible and unrealistic - not to mention it's highly unreliable source. So, what do modern scientific studies tell us? Can they lend any support to the ten percent myth?

Modern Studies

Over the past decades there have been well over a dozen studies into the number of homosexual men and women. Yet, not one of them has reproduced the ten percent figure. Please consider the following studies from the USA.

- **In January to March 1990** the *National Center for Health Statistics, USA*, ran three separate studies into health and AIDS awareness. They concluded that less than 3 percent of men had experienced same-sex relations at least once in the past fifteen years.
- **The November 1991** *Journal of Sex Research* reported how The National Opinion Research Center, USA, ran four separate national studies in 1970, 1988, 1989 and 1990 using a total of 7,408 subjects, and a fifth survey on the city of Dallas, Texas, also in 1990. Putting the four national survey results together you find 1.8% of men had male-to-male sex in the previous 12 months. 3.3% experienced it "occasionally" or "fairly often" as adults. 5 to 7% had such contact at least once in their lives. The Dallas survey reported slightly higher results.

- **In 1993** the *Archives of Sexual Behavior* incorporated studies by NORC and three other studies taken after 1988. The results are 5.5% male and 2.5% female for lifetime homosexual contact.
- **In 1994** the report *Social Organization of Sexuality* used three thousand subjects and produced the following results. 1.3% of women reported at least one female sexual partner in the previous year. 3.8% at least one in their lifetime. Among sexually active men, 2.8% reported at least one male sexual partner in the previous year, with 7.1% at least one in their lifetime since puberty.

Now let's take a look at some European studies.

- **In November 1990** the British magazine *Nature* reported on the results of a survey taken in the UK. A pilot study was made of 1,000 British adults. This yielded a result of 9% of men and 4% of women having a homosexual experience at least once in their life. The numbers having a homosexual experience in the last year were 5% and 1% respectively.
- **Later, in December 1992**, *Nature* magazine ran the results of the bigger survey of 19,000 British men. This time the larger test group seemed to yield lower results. It was found that 3.6% of men had at least one homosexual experience in their life, and 1.1% had experienced a homosexual encounter in the previous year.
- **In April 1989** the *British Medical Journal* ran the article "Sexual Behaviour of Young and Middle Aged men in England and Wales" which reported the results of small study of 480 subjects. They found only 1.7% had ever had a homosexual experience, and half of those had only had one such experience.
- **In 1989** in the Netherlands, which has been called a "haven" for homosexuals, a study of 1000 subjects revealed 3.3% of men and just 0.4% of women declared a predominantly homosexual *preference* during the previous year, and 12% and 4% having a homosexual preference at least once in their lives.
- **In 1992** a study in France was reported in both *Nature* and *Science* magazines. The study, with a massive 20,055 subjects, reported that 1.1% of men and 0.3% of women have had same-sex relations in the previous year, 1.4% and 0.4% in the previous five years, and 4.1% and 2.6% ever.

These types of studies seem to be very popular. No doubt there will be more of them released over the years. Why not do some investigation yourself, and look up one of the above studies, or perhaps a new one as they are released? You will find that the ten percent figure for life-long homosexual desires or behaviour is simply a myth.

What does it all mean?

Does this information mean anything, and is it really important? Yes, it means a lot and it is very important.

Firstly, we have to realize that the above facts are not a tightly-guarded secret. The very same pro-gay groups, journalists, and politicians that spread the ten percent myth actually [know all of the facts we've mentioned](#).

In the video *Gay Rights – Special Rights*, a gay activist said, "The thing about the '1 in 10' – I think people probably always did know that it was inflated. But it was quite a nice number that you could point to, that you could say 'one in ten' and it's a good way to get people to visualize that we're here." A co-founder of ACT-UP is also quoted by *Time* magazine as saying "Bill Clinton and Jesse Helms worry about 10% of the population. They don't worry about 1%. This [new study] will give Bill Clinton a chance to welch on promises."

The pro-gay groups have known for many years that the ten percent figure is just a myth. Despite that, they have deliberately persisted in telling you lies. Why is that? The answer is simple. To manipulate you. They are lying to you so they can manipulate you to arrive at their viewpoints. The ends justify the means.

Secondly, we must realize that the percentages and numbers of persons who practice a certain behavior are, in fact, entirely irrelevant. Simply because a supposedly high proportion of people do something, there is no justification (or condemnation) for that behavior.

Pedophilia is very rare, but its rarity isn't what makes it wrong. Most people lie, but it's popularity doesn't make it right.

You may, of course, sympathize with the gay rights movement. This essay is not intended to argue against gay rights or any political viewpoint. However, if you do support the gay rights agenda (or any other political agenda for that matter), ask yourself this question: were you persuaded by legitimate, truthful, and logical arguments; or were you manipulated by lies, half-truths, and distortions, such as the ten percent myth? Would you have formed the same opinion if you hadn't been lied to?

Conclusion

The ten percent figure is nothing more than a myth. It was designed to fool you into believing certain things, and is based on statistics that are flawed and obviously wrong. Scores of corroborating studies demonstrate that the percentage of homosexually inclined persons is significantly lower than ten percent.

The APA and others who oppose change therapy are hypocrites

The American Psychological Association (APA) has tried to **ban** Reparative Therapy and any other kind of change therapy. So it may come as a surprise to learn that the previous president of the APA, Dr. Ron Perloff, regarding this issue said, "I believe that APA is flat out wrong, undemocratic, and shamefully unprofessional!"

In addition he said, "The APA is too goddamn politically correct...and too goddamn obeisant to special interests!... First, the data are not fully in yet. Second, if the client wants a change, listen to the client. Third, you're barring research..."

The NARTH website notes that "Dr. Perloff is a recipient of the American Psychological Foundation's *Gold Medal Award for Lifetime Achievement in*

Psychology in the Public Interest. In bestowing the award, the Psychological Foundation recognized Perloff for his noted "love of social justice" and his career-long struggle to champion "the rights and dignity of women, minorities, and homosexuals."

Yet this man supports efforts to research Reparative Therapy. The reason is that Dr. Perloff is not allowing politics to dictate scientific research. Unlike the so-called "rights" advocates, this man is not a hypocrite and a bigot.

The anti-ex-gay lobby is *advocating censorship, barring medical research, muzzling free speech, and oppressing human rights.*

Some say it's "harmful". I don't believe that at all. After learning even a small amount of information regarding psychotherapy and Reparative Therapy, one should know that such claims are false. The only people who claim it caused them 'harm' would be attention seekers wallowing in self-pity, trying to draw sympathy to the poor desolate soul they feel they are. Also, some claim that the APA actually said that it was harmful. But did they? The official APA resolution said there was "no evidence" for either the effectiveness *or harm* of Reparative treatments.

Some claim it should be banned because it is *unethical*. But is it? It allows me to live my life the way I choose, and I am happier for it. *Everyone should have the right to choose.* Does this, therefore, imply that the APA *is* ethical? Then ponder this for a moment...

A certain Dr. Bruce Rind was the lead author of the American Psychological Association-published article which claimed that when pedophiles have sex with young boys, it is *beneficial*. NARTH (National Association for Research and Treatment of Homosexuality) thought this was terrible, and exposed this in its 1999 Fact Sheet, "The Problem of Pedophilia," which was then brought to public attention by radio host Dr. Laura Schlessinger. Dr. Laura's outrage against the conclusions of the Rind article led to a reprimand of the APA by Congress. Later, the APA restated its strong support for "scientific freedom."

So, then, the APA has absolutely *no problem* in supporting and encouraging "scientific freedom" to investigate whether sexual molestation of boys is beneficial, but it discourages and opposes the scientific freedom to treat men for sexual desires *that they don't even want.*

Is that ethical?

Reasons Some Want to Oppress Change Therapy

- Politics. Most of the oppression comes directly from the gay political groups. They, wrongly, think it is part of a right-wing political campaign.
- Exposes lies. It exposes some of the gay rights lobby as wrong when they claim science "proved" it is genetic and unchangeable.
- Fear. Fear that change may actually be possible.
- Fooled. Well-meaning persons may genuinely believe that it's harmful, although these are really lies they have been told by gay political groups. They think gays are helpless victims who need defending.

- Ignorance. After hearing stories of persons who have failed to change, some mistakenly concluded that it mustn't work at all, even though there is no medical treatment on earth that has a 100% success rate.
- Fascists. Anti-ex-gay groups dictate how others should live.
- Taboo. Because, not all gay men and women are happy with their "gay" lives, some want to silence disquieting voices.

Good Reasons to Keep Change Therapy Available

- Choice. Allows persons to choose their own destiny and decide for themselves how they should best live their life.
- No harm. There is no evidence that it causes any of the "harm" that some people claim.
- Ethical. It respects the moral and religious convictions of patients, which are currently ignored or ridiculed by anti-ex-gay psychologists.
- Benefits. Many persons have claimed that it benefits them immensely, and this has even been documented.
- It works. There is absolutely no doubt that sexuality is fluid, not set in stone, and can be modified or even change spontaneously.
- Interesting. It is an incredibly interesting new field of psychotherapy, and opens up new possibilities never seen before, and should be investigated further.
- Voluntary. It won't work if it is forced on anyone.
- Advances knowledge. It extends our understanding of psychology as a whole, and uses methods of psychotherapy that have been long accepted for decades.

I will not have my life dictated to by political groups who think *their* way of life is best for everyone. They use lies, intimidation, dodgy research, slander, and threats to achieve their political ends. I will lead *my* life the way *I* choose.

Prognosis

There are many factors which effect how well a person undergoing change therapy will progress. Dr. Joseph Nicolosi, in his book *Reparative Therapy of Male Homosexuality*, lists these factors which a homosexual should have in order to undergo successful therapy:

1. No ambivalence in "rejecting a homosexual identity"
2. A "lack of indulgence in self-pity"
3. A "positive sense of self"
4. Possessing the necessary "ego-strength to tolerate stress and frustration"
5. Holding "traditional values and the sense of oneself as a member of heterosexual society"
6. The "ability to resist impulsive behaviors and to postpone gratification"
7. The setting of goals
8. The "capacity to reflect upon, verbalize, and learn from past experiences"
9. Not submitting to "a fatalistic attitude or who see life as happening to them"
10. The ability to be "honest with oneself and others... as is the ability to identify what one is feeling"
11. Having "an appreciation for gender differences"

12. Those who "have been less sexually active have better prognoses"
13. Of "the utmost value" is patience...
14. ...and "acceptance of the ongoing nature of this struggle."

Keep in mind, however, that the goal is not a cure. Reparative Therapy is never touted as a cure - but simply change. It is amusing to note, however, that many ridiculers often claim therapy is touted as a "cure" - even putting the word cure in quotation marks, as if they are quoting it from some source. It's amusing because it reveals the profound depth of ignorance in such people.

The truth is, therapy is not a cure, and is never described as being such. There are very few persons who have a complete change. The Spitzer study by Dr. Robert Spitzer of Columbia University deliberately examined people who had the guts to complete therapy, and who claimed that change therapy had worked for them. Even among this exclusively successful group, "complete change was the case for only 11% of the males." This corroborates with the study by Dr. van den Aardweg in 1986 which stated that 11% of his clients experienced "radical change," which is defined as "no homosexual interests except for occasional and weak homosexual 'flashes' at most and the restoration of full heterosexuality."

Do not misunderstand, though. You have every chance of experiencing radical change yourself. Even if you do not, you can experience much change. The Spitzer study used a scale of 0 to 100 (zero being heterosexual, one hundred being homosexual) to measure homosexual attraction. Before therapy, the successful males averaged 91 in this scale. However, after therapy they averaged just 23 on the scale. That's a shift of 68 points!

Therefore, as one who has undergone therapy, I strongly believe that Reparative Therapy (and it's Gender-Affirmation Therapy counterpart) is perfectly good and can shift sexual desire a huge amount.

A few tips...

Here are some things that I have stuck to since I started therapy.

1. Try to do something associated with your therapy *every single day without fail* – even something small.
2. Never, ever, look at gay porn or have gay sex or go to gay bars. Each time you do, your progress is delayed, stopped, or reversed.
3. Read, highlight, study and take notes from every Reparative Therapy book you've got. Read it more than once.
4. Do things to "test your masculinity" or "confront your fears" as often as possible. Start small, and work up the ladder.
5. Keep away from all caffeine – in coffee, cola, weigh-loss tablets, energy drinks, etc. I know it sounds crazy, but trust me on this (caffeine increases sex-drive in some people)
6. Practice self-discipline in small ways. This will help control yourself in the big things.
7. Know some statistics about gay relationships. This will open your eyes to the fallacy of gay "love."
8. Get connected with your body. Appreciate that you are a man from the crown of your head to the tip of your toes.
9. Take an interest in "masculine" things. But find one you can be genuinely interested in. Not all men like football.

10. Get help from others. Whether it is mentors, a psychotherapist, your parents, trusted friends, or someone else. Isolation = Death

And a final thing which I must mention: you're not special. If you do things incorrectly, the therapy will not magically work for you because you are somehow different than other men. Take other men's advice, as well as the advice of psychologists. Some things may be difficult to accept (such as admitting personality flaws), but you will benefit by being humble and willing to accept help.

Don't Be Stupid

I once gave some herbal tablets to a friend of mine who had a particular skin condition. I told him the tablets may help treat it. At great expense, I obtained the tablets for him and told him that he must *take three a day for at least three weeks* before any changes start to appear. He was very grateful and he agreed to take them.

Upon seeing him again a few months later, I asked if the tablets had been any help. He bluntly answered, "No, they didn't work". I was perplexed at his answer, as I was sure that they would have helped – even if it was just a little bit. However, I later found out from another member of his family what had happened. After I gave him the bottle, he took just one tablet, waited an hour, concluded that it hadn't worked, and then threw the rest of them in the garbage!

Therefore, if you're going to give change therapy a try, ask yourself this first: *am I going to give it a **proper attempt**, or am I going to **try it just long enough to prove that it won't work**, or **give up if it doesn't work straight away**, or finally, **give up after a short time due to sheer laziness**?*

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For more information about the ex-gay community, visit Parents and Friends of Ex-Gays & Gays (PFOX) at www.pfox.org

For a list of ex-gay resources, send your request to: pfox@pfox.org

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