

Diary of an Ex-Gay Man (2003-2004)

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 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!

About me

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, in March 2003 I discovered a form of psychotherapy, often called Reparative Therapy or Gender Affirmation 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 in March 2003. 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.

More about the two guys above...They 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 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. 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! 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 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.

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

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.

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 to find my authentic feelings. 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. Straight men and women seem to not be able 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!

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 granddad! 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.

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!

On my mind

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.

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).

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 un 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! 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.