Escaping Manhood

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by Douglas

I'm beginning to rethink my addiction some. Since each cross dressing episode normally ended with masturbation, I thought that was the driving force. Parading in women's clothing was just another turn on for me; a means to an end. But giving up pornography and leering at provocative women, and averting my eyes from seductive ads on TV and magazines have been far easier for me than giving up the desire to pretend I'm a woman. Certainly, cross dressing was sexually stimulating for me, but that may be because it began in some earnest in my teenage years when I was just learning the thrill of orgasm. I associated the two and missed the whole concept that I was really just trying to escape being a man. I never had the strong feelings many other trans-gendered men express of feeling they were born with the wrong body. I thought I was a man and thought I was perfectly happy to be a man. It is only in trying to stop putting on women's clothing that I've come to realize it's not just about titillating myself.

What I'm really wanting to accomplish is to escape, at least for some period of time, being a man. My image of manhood is one I can't live up to ... and that leads me to seek an escape. Yes, orgasm was my "drug of choice." I was addicted to it, but I felt that I was also unable to perform as I believe a man should in bed with a real woman. As I've gotten older, I've had to face the fact that I wasn't getting any better at it. The draw of womanhood is my desire to escape my own perceived failures in being a man, which makes my perceptions of becoming a woman more and more attractive, verging on a religious experience, as it offers relief from my perceived inability to be good enough within the world of men.

Something to ponder.

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