

# BME Zinc application

## The Modern Western History of the

### DIY Sex Change

Sybil Lamb . . . V2.0

I've no interest in to reminiscing about my troubled youth to tell you back-story about what made a 21 year old gutter punk like me decide to have a **sex change**. I was born with gender incongruity disorder. Chemicals from plastic are making more gender abnormal creatures be born every year. Chromosomal and developmental mutations lead to most hospitals keeping special paper work for babies born XXY or SRY. In layman's terms modern western society places an over emphasis on structured ritualistic gendered rolls. The complex differences between assigned and identified gender can only be understood by people who enjoy deconstructing identity as a Mod. This is further proved to be a viable roll to cast yourself in society, with precedent set by centuries of records of the lives of strong bold ambitious slightly queer looking trans people.

That is why today I am a she male punk rock girl living in greater metropolitan city. I've been a modified woman for over 7 years now and I was a pierced and tattooed pixie boy in a dress for years before that.

In 2003, I was depressed. I hated my body. I thought if I could fix myself and be the girl version then everything wrong in life would fix its self. I was young and dumb then and I thought castrating myself was the logical first step to a **sex change**. More about that in a few paragraphs.

Before I started the **sex change** I had a funny attitude about Mods and what is "natural" to do to a body. I was a dirty punk boy in a dress with a dozen tattoos and 6 face piercings. Some how, hormones, **breast augmentation**,

and minor cosmetic procedures seemed to heavy for me. I gave myself a DIY ~~sex-change~~ 7 years ago. I had an underground orchidectomy. I helped a guy I met online cut my balls off.

~~Sex changes~~ are actually more complicated than that. Since then I've lived as a stealth trans woman (some one who hides that they are trans) for a few years and recently I've been more out to friends. I've been on and off hormones and gotten a botched boob job and experimental liposuckin' and I'm saving up so i can try some botox silicone experiments. Everybuddy says silicone injections are terrible for you but I know so many tranny porn stars who complain about their lumpy sore silicone that I gotta try some experiments.

I'm really not interested in talking about the WHY of ~~transsexual~~ therapy. Surgical techniques are a safe sane way to help a person fit better in to the picture you keep of your ideal self in your head. My picture of my ideal self draws a lot of attention and interest.

I already have 26 tattoos and I used to have that many piercings. 7 years ago, and we had to take out 3 scrotum piercings to cut my scrotum open. I got my eyebrows tattooed on while deep in to my immature teen goth phase. my hands are tattooed. I get by on the cheap as an artist-dishwasher-community center social climber. punk shemale nocturnal party life is usually a party for a bunch of people who've had weird lives as a result of their gender management. so the shemalepunk party life style is actually really shy and dorky. except also psychopathic.

if you cut your own balls off with a bunch of surgical tools you bought from a tattoo supplies catalogue and a high school laboratory equip shoppe then you run the risk of being written up as a psycho if you show up at the hospital. A psychopath is someone who has a markedly different idea of reality than a normal. I am comfortable with that label.

I met my cutter by networking the mod scene at the tattoo shop i worked at and online. A is a palliative caregiver with basic first aid training, a long history and playing orderly to the terminally ill, and one semester of nurse school. We met in a car factory town on the lakes. Checked in to a motel

for a few days and we were so clean the motel knew nothing. Some cutters like elaborate sexual role play during their scene. A is more like Harry Tuttle. He slips around keeping his nose clean, and he feels that castrations are his calling, his art, and his way of helping people. I'm lucky I found him cuz I was so desperate to take control of a body I felt was adverse to me that I was ready to run off with who ever said they would help.

I have a mild history of genital mutilation. I went through a short phase of driving nail in to my peepee and scrotum with a hammer. It was not genitalia dysforia. It was more like genitalia disassociation. I had a weird tranny hang up that my junk wasn't really part of me but alien. So it would be corrective to cut it off. The other option is to live life with a mutation but modern western civilisation is only starting to get used to a fast growing well connected trans population. Trans kids of 2020 or 2030 will probably make it to age thirty without too much anxiety depression or assaults.

7 years later I'm glad i kept my peepee. I almost cut it off but all the cutters got afraid of MIB investigators in 2003 after a bunch of sting entrapments. Now I'm on a long waiting list for health care funding for a vagina. The doctors will need my old peepee cuz they cut it up for vagina parts. I'm 30 something years old and I'm cute and I like **SEX**. I've been able to accept the peepee now that the balls are gone. I can even fuck if I really like my partner and I'm feeling healthy.

If you want to know the procedure for castrating someone I've seen 3 different versions of the online instruction manual that gets passed around the internet. There are eunuch message boards were people interested in castration hang out.

My procedure was over shadowed by my excitement and anxiety that it wasn't real until I held both my testicles, severed in my hands, i still felt the knife even numbed out with emla cream and a big dose of novocaine. Felt not like pain, but like a knife cutting me open, edge dragging through my meat. There was a tiny plip of kick in the balls pain as he sliced through the spermatic cords. Then never ever again.

We had a slight complication cuz my junk was deformed. I had health normal balls, but a cluster of cysts on my left spermatic cord must have been

related to my lifelong low T count. Lack of or excess of hormone receptor cells is another common gender mutation. Due to the cyst it was hard to clamp and cauterise my left artery. A. burned out a cautery pen and used up 4 packs of 2.0 suture and a whole pack of smokes trying to close off the left artery. In the end he wound up watching me for 24 hours making sure my fist sized blood blister looked like it wasn't gonna let my remaining 4 pints of blood escape. Good thing I had that cyst removed.

Ever here the story of the Trans woman in mens' prison who castrated herself with the lid of a mini can of fruit? I've met trans girls who cut their own stuff off, sort of. No one I've met yet who cut themselves finished the job. I know 2 girls and one eunuch who cut one ball off and then collapsed and called the ambulance. All 3 had the extra ball removed at the hospital to prevent the patient from trying again. Hospital job heals in a week. My cyst riddled mutation had me sore in bed for 2 months. I got friends who sell "chemical castration" and other mones underground. Never heard of human success with any elastratin/burdizo. Elastrator is for the bedroom and burdizo is for people you want to torture.

there are cutters prowling the internet. some with great intentions, some with a deep interest in playing surgeon, and some with honest sexual obsessions with **castration**. There are post modern femme dommes on the east and west coast who delight in demasculations. From 2002-2004 there was a farm on the coast where 3 trans women performed orchs in bright sunlight for operating by. in 2 years they completed almost a dozen orchs, charging pay-wut-you-can. everyone came away happy with their work. The 3 women included a chemist, a registered nurse, and a woods survivalist hunter/trapper. Their clinic was even registered as a legit rural free clinic. everything was on book and they managed to keep it alive for 2 years before worried upset health officials harassed them in to breaking up and shutting down.

Also most of the girls where houseless travellers and average donation was under \$500.

Equipment for an orch clean and neat is about \$250 less if you have scalpels and haemostats and an autoclave already. While orch is a very simple surgery, its also a great way to loose alot of blood fast. Tiny complications

can kill you. Know that DIY orch is very simple and teachable and the nomadic pack or DIY **sex change** technicians are still circulating around north amerika.

I'm very active and involved in outreach to the Trans kids who are poor, crazy, homeless, and or battling other difficulties of life. Trans community is stupid and gets hated on cuz there are about 1million trans people on earth right now and about ¼ of the population has some kind of reproductive endocrine mutation. There are too many trans people to desire community with all of them. I could collect 10 trans women with nuthing in common besides the trans in one evening of biking around the greater metropolitan.

I really do care alot about mutual aid peer support with my large but intimate trans punk family. y'all are my peer and we reinforce each others existence. I dont pass like I did when I was 21. I'm gonna be a trans gendered tattooed punk for the rest of my life so I like the company. the numbers of crazy rocker tr\*nnys and shemale metal heads seems to double twice every decade. we'll make public our list of demands soon.

This is my first post to BME after sneaking around in here on my friends accounts for years.

I'm very interested in meeting other gender punks, and I'm very very interested in meeting people who have skills with silicone and other implantation (or slicing away) technologies. my mandate is to make corrective operations for gender incongruous people more affordable and accessible and DIY when safe and sane.

Today I am a weird hybrid She-male-tom-boy-faggot-alien, getting my hands completely tattooed prolly gets more stares than my gender mix-up. I live as a happy fun poor artist, have new adventures and lovers every week. These days I'm trying to save up for little cosmetic procedures, sell art, go to job interviews, party with shemale strippers, and generally be the typical **militant underground tr\*nsexual punk girl next door**.

xoxoxy

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*Lamby-pie*

**PS: in 2004 miss lambs broken reproductive system was donated to the Tabitha Meatyrd rot and Decay trinkets and baubles collection. In 2003 Tabitha Meatyrd disappeared near the lake.**