

Mengele's Heirs

by [G. Murphy Donovan](#) (September 2022)



Der Salon I, Otto Dix, 1921

It was always the women, and above all the young ones, who were the most bigoted adherents of the Party, the swallows of slogans, the amateur spies and nosers-out of unorthodoxy.—George Orwell, [1984](#)

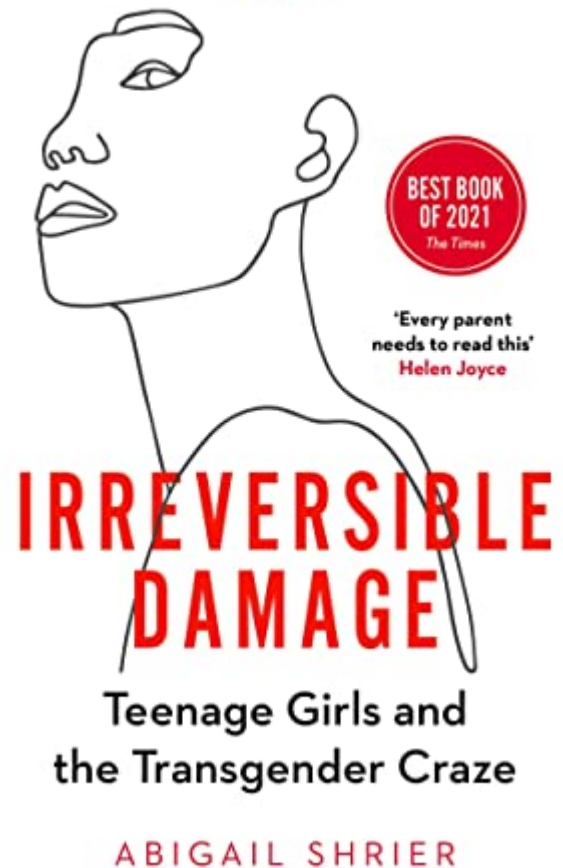
The other day, as my wife left for the library with her usual armload of returns, she dropped a copy of Abigail Shrier's *Irreversible Damage* in my lap with a flourish, "You need to read this." Glancing at the cover, I enquired, "Fairy tale?"

Without missing a beat, she snorted, “No, more like a contemporary [horror story](#), somewhere beyond dystopia.”

Truth be told, histrionics on the internet already had me scratching my head about sex “reassignment” surgery long before my wife introduced me to Abigail.

Ms. Shrier covers contemporary child abuse in a chilling narrative that reads like Bram Stoker. The transgender, transsexual, transvestite specter seems to be hovering over adolescent American children like Dracula. A word salad of identities (100 or more) now use the “trans” pretext so, for the sake of sanity here, all denizens of the sex transition community are captured as tranny or gender bender. Binary labels may sound patronizing, but if ever a subject needed an enema of humor, switch hitting is it. Gender surgery has a tradition of trivializing itself anyway with deceptive euphemisms like “reassignment” and “confirmation.”

‘Explosive ... punchy, analytical and written with zest and elegance’
Sunday Times



A better description might be Snowflake Surgery. Most kids who identify as something other than their natal sex actually “grow out” of such fantasies long before groomers, political proselytizers, and doctors can do any real damage.

There are now at least 100 invented, and advertised, sex preferences. If you, the befuddled observer, do not use the now ludicrous snowflake gender esperanto, you are labeled a

bigot or transphobe.

To be sure, transsexual surgery doesn't reassign anything except maybe truth; a predictable outcome for "special" America, now a generational variety of social fragility. To say special, snowflake, and transgender in the same sentence today is probably redundant. Most of the transition controversy is not about him or her. Transphilia is mostly about "me," ego, and self absorption; not sexual identity.

As Ricky Gervais is wont to remind us: "We are not special. We are just lucky." Bill Mahrer and Gallup tell us that the LGBTQ population is [doubling](#) with every generation. If that multiplier remains constant, all of America should be some variety of queer by 2070. Mahrer soberly concludes that "children are being used as cannon fodder" in our sexual culture wars.

The reality of trans sex praxis today runs a gauntlet from cross dressing drag queens, mostly-obese homosexuals, to genital mutilators. The tragedy of the moment is girls—and Rapid Onset Gender Disorder (ROGD); the rush to actually obliterate primary sex organs with surgery. ROGD is an acronym minted by Dr. Lisa Littman, a candid pioneering researcher who has published four seminal papers on the subject, including one now on an even hotter button, detransition.

While acknowledging her debt to Littman, Abigail Shrier's big get in *Irreversible Damage* appears to be medical/psychiatric malpractice or negligence (my words); the confirmation, without due diligence, of juvenile self-diagnosis followed by a fast track to irreversible transsexual surgery.

Shrier's message is unmistakable. Professionals, the media, parents, and young girls need to stop lying about what now seems to be a transsexual epidemic, one that mainly afflicts girls. The Hippocratic Oath seems to have been the first casualty in the rush to deal with the bloom of adolescent

dysphoria. Medical professionals have abandoned diagnostic caution and now regularly dispense puberty blockers, hormones, and pricey surgical cuts to children. Needless to say, the patient demographic is mostly white, middle class adolescents, a trans-Atlantic crystalline species of princess.

Poor girls can't afford to be boys and girls—or fragile.

Shrier's book is also a testament to just how mute, if not irresponsible, feminist and queer politicians have become if the subject is sex suicide. Indeed, if you only believed half of what Shrier writes, you could surmise that gender bending advocates have launched an all-out assault on common sense, reason, and science where the casualties are primarily young women, creating a kind of XX free fire zone where neuter is a surgical objective.

Apparently, the post-structural war on science in general and females in particular, now targets vulnerable [children](#). Shrier claims the transgender craze is "seducing our daughters," a headline that might be the understatement of the new century.

Rampant medical malpractice might be closer to the truth. Neutering children with good intentions may be a bridge too far.

Transgender is an elastic noun used to signify sexual dysphoria, a condition where a girl or boy believes they were born in the wrong body; a boy, say, who feels more comfortable to present himself as, or dresses like, a girl.

Nothing really new here.

I once knew an US Army colonel, a West Point graduate and commander of a NIKE battalion who was fond of donning his wife's silks and satins from Victoria's Secret. Many a manly man or studly fellow has a peignoir and matching pumps in his bag of boudoir tricks.

No harm, no foul.

That colonel, to the best of my recollection, never sought to forfeit his genitals at sick call just to stay in touch with his kinkier feminine side.

Indeed, the difference between transvestite and a transsexual is, as Mark Twain might put it, "the difference between lightning bugs and lightning." One is relatively harmless, the other is as deadly as a stroke. Gender "reassignment" surgery, like vanity surgery, is a dystopian world of vain women, greedy physicians, creepy leftist groomers, serial pain, and female circumcision; in short, voluntary mutilation. Feminists are quick to condemn any ritual or cultural female circumcision, yet endorse genital mutilation in the name of "medical" transition.

Square that circle.

Lying to boys is worse still. A boy might be led to believe he can be a she with surgery, but the reality of castration is never a new man; inevitably he just becomes a pathetic eunuch. The difference here is not volition. No minor is capable of making an informed choice on life altering, irreversible, optional sex change drugs or surgery. Still, it's easier for a minor to get sex change hormones or surgery today than it is to get an alcoholic drink or a legal firearm.

Most clinical trannies, heretofore, were men; according to Littman's study and Shrier's book. That trend has changed abruptly where the vast majority of alleged transphiliacs are now pre or pubescent girls who wish to present themselves as boys or men-girls who no longer want to be women. In short, they seek to be "chicks-with-dicks," a sailor's quaint term of endearment.

For most of human history, trannies were few in number, yet still recognized as fringe pathology. With the advent of the internet, grammatical gender identities have multiplied like

lemmings. Real sex, the actual binary biology of boys and girls, is now either dismissed or irrevocably savaged by expensive drugs and surgery. According to Ms. Shrier, the crush of young girls seeking transition, confirmation, and surgery might be a kind of social contagion, a mix of self-hate and hysteria enabled by the internet where transtopian groomers proselytize with reckless abandon.

Transition social media sites are curated by so-called transactivists, mostly amateur trolls with no medical, social service, or psychiatric training.

In short, media “influencers” have apparently hijacked the psychiatric and medical services industries, especially if the subject is trans whatever. This sex coup is not about rhetoric or grammar, the alphabetic Esperanto of ludicrous pronouns, nonsense about “dead names” and such. We are talking about science and medicine here where adolescent children are self-diagnosing for castration or female circumcision; being groomed by TikTok or Tumblr nitwits to think they can actually choose to be a girl or boy, much as they choose a tattoo, a nose ring, or a dildo.

So-called transition “experts” or spokesmen are never asked about their personal proclivities or orientation. It’s a safe bet that most trans activists are already playing for team non-binary. Queer America is, for the most part, mute or just grooming from the closet.

The gender bender spike is apparently enabled by the American medical establishment. With “top surgery,” a girl loses her breasts. With “bottom surgery” she gets cut again to install an inflatable/mechanical penis, cut from her forearm, then grafted over her secret garden; clitoris hopefully still intact and functional. After the butcher block, a girl is condemned to a lifetime of depilitation, hormones, anti-rejection drugs, and any corrective cuts necessary to deal with a perennial agony of predictable consequences.

Compared to cosmetic surgery, gender surgery looks like a walk in the dark.

Personally, I believe that many a virtual naïf feeds at a social media trough where self-hate and misandry combine to create a toxic stew. Males, husbands, fathers, family, and convention are just not cool anymore, not as “awesome” as genderless queer, non-binary, two-spirit, or trans. The real victims of these corrosive social memes are otherwise normal girls and boys. Self anointed trannies abhor the male “patriarchy” in particular, yet still think a fake pecker without scrotum has more social currency or merit than a real vagina.

No one will every convict the gender bender community of logic, reason, or consistency. In the end; he is still a she, a girl; albeit, irrevocably mutilated by ethically challenged professionals, parents, and peers who should know better.

Normal females, we used to call them women, are now regularly denigrated by politicians, groomers, and activists as TERFS, CIS gender, breeders, or structural bigots. Indeed, gender zealots have invented a whole new vocabulary to weaponize the war on naïve or immature girls. At best, “non-binary” teen trannies are in fact double dippers; nascent feminist nihilists, and as Orwell prophesied, cultural anarchists at their worst.

Dare we say fratricidal if not suicidal bimbos?

Here again, fantasy is the mother’s milk of political correctness. The surgeon’s knife, like suicide, is thought to be the final arbiter of personal truth, affirmation, and recognition. Social professionals, medical doctors/psychologists, feminists, most of the LGBTQ community, and the media are all out to lunch or missing in action midst this emerging adolescent blood sport.

Indeed, legacy media celebrate gender dysphasia and dysphoria

as something to be normalized—by surgery preferably. Consequences be damned.

At the moment, the role models for transphiliacs are an American cabinet secretary (male to female), an American actress (female to male), and a Pennsylvania athlete (male to female). The male politician was named “Woman (sic) of the Year,” The female actress appeared teatless and witless on the cover of *Esquire*. And the manly tranny jockstrap just broke a host of female swimming records.

Goodnight Title IX. Female sports is now a field of screams, just another distaff put down, switch hitters exploiting all women, garnering new medals of stolen valor.

If you thought fake news was a crock, imagine your daughter at Christmas future asking Santa for a “top cut” and a bogus penis instead of a new I-Phone. Your child can actually get a package deal, dysphasia and dysphoria from cliques of smug, juvenile, amateur, drug addled, pierced, tattooed, social media influencers.

The darkest side of the sex/gender food fight is suicide; with girls, actually more attempts than successful kills. According to chat room diagnosticians, the stimulus for female suicide is “transphobia,” the intolerance or bigotry of men, parents, and peers. Few observers consider alternative explanations like massive anxiety contagion produced by groomer pressure, feminist misandry, and the unrelenting animus and envy allowed by an internet of ephemera and isolation; now a cesspool of likes, up votes, retweets, followers, and all those ego metrics of phony approval and fake affection.

Snowflakes, especially the pre-teen, appear to be a clueless addicted demographic manipulated 24/7 by bots, memes, trolls, and deceptive social media algorithms.

Is it possible that brittle girls go to the internet swamp to find friendship, affirmation, or love and find nothing but

twat shaming and soul crushing trolling? Is it possible that adolescent transphiliacs now validate every bimbo stereotype that adult women have struggled for years to overcome?

In internet charnel houses, the choices for snowflakes, and weak sisters, on-line are easily reduced to surgery or suicide. In fact, an isolated or anxious self-anointed trans girl is more likely to mutilate herself than commit suicide. Ironically, if she is affirmed, she gets to be cut twice, the second time by professionals. And at this point, minors seem to have mastered the suicide ruse to manipulate their peers, parents, and medics.

Irony is the constant companion of adolescents, clueless parents, and social media groomers.

If the internet of isolation is also the global village of the future, suicide seems like a reasonable alternative for a loner smothered by hate and social anxiety. Self-hate is just the slow motion edition of suicide. Even confused girls know that death is another word for an end to pressure, bullying, confusion, and suffering.

Meanwhile, the AMA boys club, sadly, is too fond of recreational, cosmetic, and gender bender surgery to drop a flag on transtopian skills. Self-mutilation is very expensive; professional mutilation even more so. Puberty blockers, hormones, and transition cutting, like cosmetic surgery, are big businesses with enormous viral, contagion, or growth potentials.

Female vanity and neurotic insecurity are medical cash cows to be sure. Pardon the gratuitous metaphor. Getting a tattoo is lame. Getting a new nose or new genitalia is like "da bomb," the ultimate American cool—now endorsed by physicians and psychiatrists across the land.

If you are cutting yourself or having a surgeon cut you for non-medical reasons; the proper name for that act is

mutilation, first cousin to suicide. Were we a reflective society, we would admit that the normalization of cosmetic (nee vanity) surgery was probably the aberration that allowed girls to think that genital mutilation is just another cut for identity or self-actualization.

Unfortunately identity and ego are now joined at hip and lip. Alas, not everything is about you, snowflake.

Female vanity enables the anxiety, insecurity, and neurosis that permit Mengele's heirs to exploit both guileless children and their clueless parents.

Try as you might, the world will get over you long before you get over yourself. The shop worn cliché, "life's a bitch," says it all.

No knife, or exotic cream for that matter, will save your face or body—or make you younger. Sex, ageing, and death are inevitable and immutable. Maturation and common sense, sadly, are not. The real contagion problem for youngsters is values, transmitted, or not, from parent to child. Like abortion, gender reassignment is not harmless; one kills, the other maims. No child should be led to believe that either is just another frivolous "choice" like hair color or nail polish.

We now know that adolescent neuroses, like anorexia, are communicable among adolescent girls. Any work-a-day soccer mom probably knows also that sexual dysphoria probably travels over those same toxic arteries.

And don't kid yourself; a clever child is not above manipulation. Female snowflakes come to the table with a pat hand, starting with the victim card. If fragility doesn't work, she can always up the ante with neurosis; anorexia, bulimia, or cutting. And unlike males; the suicide hole card can be played by girls more than once.

After some thought, I believe that there is also a national

security sink hole in all this sex/gender madness.

For the most part, gender benders are native to the Americas and Europe. China, Russia, India, Japan, Africa, and the Muslim world, a global majority, have bigger political fish to fry—or maybe just a better grip on their cultural values or common sense. Indeed, with radical Islam, an unfortunate homosexual or lesbian might be tossed from a roof top, stoned, or beheaded. Imagine what a traditional culture might do with a two-spirit tranny girl from Brussels or Boston?

The clash of civilizations is, in many ways, a culture war about permissible behavior.

Brussels and Washington forfeit the ethical, moral, or cultural high ground with a national ethos that permits chemical or surgical affirmation of neurotic or possibly transient feelings or emotions. Allowing girls, especially, to think they can be boys, without a diagnostic pause, is a like giving your snowflake a straight razor instead of counseling or therapy for her next birthday.

Worse still, even as transexual acceptance has mainstreamed in the West; adolescent suicide attempts have actually risen. Gender dysphorias, cutting, and self-starvation among American girls, are all still growth phenomena.

WTF!

Transphilic proselytizers and ideological hermaphrodites are not good looks, or good omens, for a drug addled America that is already ethically challenged by politics – morally adrift in a soup of cultural sewage. Whilst Europe and America try to normalize the abnormal, global culture vultures just see social carrion; the sun setting on the fetid remains of what used to be enlightened science and Renaissance values.

Up to this point I have not used the word “gay” so as not to implicate men and women who are truly gay, comfortable with

their natal sex and their sexual preferences. Transsexuals and their groomers are a world apart from nouns or adjectives like gay—or happy for that matter.

It may be time for America to drop the “T” freak show from the acronym LGBTQ.

A Silver Lining

Still Dorothy, there may be a rainbow if not a silver lining on the horizon. A small cadre of sensible American women is pushing back against the demonization of girls, women, and vaginas. Think of these heroines as our angels of common sense, our rear guard of reason.

First, there is the aforementioned Lisa Littman, a lucid pioneer to who claims to be a liberal, a Democrat, and a LGBTQ advocate. Then there is Abigail Shrier, a product of Columbia and Yale Law. Now a journalist, Shrier claims to be a political liberal too. I prefer to think of both as just brave sensible woman, gifted with uncommon sense; indeed, everymoms if we can coin a compliment.

Then there’s Doctor Debra Soh, a neurologist, who debunks the myth of gender as a social construct in *The End Of Gender*. Soh also disputes male/female brain equivalency and related trendy hogwash like gender neutral parenting.

And of course there’s Ashley McGuire, whose 2017 book, *Sex Scandal*, takes on the dangers of gender neutrality where she argues that such nonsense makes women more vulnerable to violence. Ms. McGuire is a senior fellow and journalist with the Catholic Institute.



J. K. Rowling

And finally there is J.K. Rowling a bold Brit with a large rhetorical pair to match. Ms. Rowling brings a mastery of [language](#) to the transition imbroglio where standard English is usually in short supply. Hard to beat a redhead with sharp quill and a firm grip on reality and common sense. If we are to be saved from ourselves, surely it will be by art, not science.

Yes, all our distaff common sense warriors seem to be women. Apparently, all those boys' clubs have already, literally, lost their figurative gonads. The American testosterone deficit now seems to prevent men from defending girls and daughters—to say nothing of defending common sense.

Key Judgments:

Sexual partners might be a variable. Your biological sex is not. You are born and you die male or female. Your sex is an irrevocable he or an immutable she. The other “options,” inclinations, desires, or choices are a mix of ego, illusion, and fantasy; too often contagious or neurotic selfish spasms; too often very expensive and very painful freak shows.

Withal, sex is still biological, male or female, and gender is still grammatical, he or she.

The reality of sex and gender yesterday and today is binary; albeit, obscured, in some quarters, by a blizzard of 100 or more kinkier egocentric fantasies posing as ephemeral identities—rhetorical snowflakes in fact and deed.

The reality of sexual deviation or dysphoria needs time, professional diagnosis, and therapy to be sorted out. If hasty surgery is best practice, then there would be no spike in post-op regrets, depression, amateur cutting, detransitions—or suicides.

Wishing is like fishing, a triumph of hope over the hazards of hooks.

Yes, it's still a binary world, stupid. True *adult* dysphorics need to be evaluated, treated, and encouraged to optimize their condition; hopefully set a therapeutic example for young girls especially—without helping to normalize casual, optional, yet irreversible surgery.

We may need to accept sexual dysphoria, but not accept pre-teen and adolescent snowflakes—nor accept parental stupidity.

Meanwhile, adult and aspiring teen trannies should think long and hard about keeping their giblets. A prudent gender bender might want to keep his/her sensitive bits for the day when he/she/they/it feels old enough or sociable enough to share their private parts with like minded souls.

No ethically challenged medical nitwit with hair tweezers, puberty blockers, a vial of hormones, or a scalpel can alter 200,000 thousand years of evidence and evolution. Biological, medical, and evolutionary science, endorsed by common consent, controls the male/female argument then and now. Outspoken Canadian psychologist, Jordan Petersen, [suggests](#) that “gender” surgeons should be jailed, a courageous remark that got him

banned in Ottawa—and bounced from Twitter.

If common sense were cattle, Petersen might be the Calgary Stampede.

In the end, Mother Nature might be the most trustworthy lady defending the high grounds of reason, science, and common sense. We can only hope that snowflakes, medics, and media morons now shading our trendy urban surgical boutiques are just passing flurries.

Genitalia, unlike sexual dysphoria, are settled laws.

Thank God.

Parting Shot from the Grave

Art often provides a better window on truth than does science. The many portraits of real women left to us by Bette Davis are examples.

I was thinking, especially, of *All About Eve*, that amazing 1950 portrait of falling and rising stars. In one poignant moment towards the end of the film, Davis reflects on how much women sacrifice for success, making choices that men neither think about nor appreciate, things women give up to compete; knowing full well when they become ordinary women again, they will need much of what was left behind. Without ever mentioning a specific, Davis allows us to see the yawning chasm between success and happiness for women. And like a true seer, Davis leaves us with a pearl of wisdom.

Ultimately, we all need to live life in our own skin, even if it's a life-long saga as a she.

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G. Murphy Donovan usually writes about the politics of national security.

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