1987

PROPERTY OF:

LOUIS G. SULLIVAN

[redacted]

8/24/87

Well, a brand new clean beautiful diary book, and too bad I have to besmirch the first page with sad worries. For the second time around, I hear rumors that Paul [redacted] has AIDS, and that he is quitting his psychotherapy practice because he is too sick to continue. I feel very sad at the prospect of this being true... because he has been a good friend to me... because, if it is true, he didn't feel comfortable enough to confide in me when I told him about myself. I don't even know how to go about finding out if this rumor is true. I feel so sad that this incredibly powerful disease is wiping out all my beautiful homosexual brothers... those of us who have lived to educate and help others caught in their own personal hell of "being different"...

8/25/87

So far in the past few weeks I've received calls from 3 fledgling female-to-males — Paul [redacted] gave them my number! I sure feel complimented that he'd feel good recommending me. One

phoned me today. She's living at Steve [redacted]'s and had all these questions for me about how to crossdress — like [redacted] wasn't much help. We made a date to meet + talk, and just as we were going to hang up, she asked if it was at all possible for a female-to-male to continue being attracted to men! I said, "You're talkin' to the right guy!" HA Another one!

9/2/87

Am beginning to feel "symptoms" of non-health. I guess the worst is I think I'm getting candida in my mouth again, along the side of my tongue. I suppose that's not so terrible. I'm also feeling very tired... I'm awake + up for about 3 hours and I'm so tired I lay down + close my eyes + I feel as though I'm spinning, like you do when you're drunk. So I've been taking naps. Possibly related to my sore mouth, + think my neck gland hurts. None of this is too tragic, but I know I'm not "out of the woods"... I know I have this disease. It's hard to say whether my weariness is

caused by the AZT, by my general lack of physical activity, or simply because I have AIDS. — Talked to Steve [redacted] to inform him of the female-to-male get together I've arranged for Sept. 19. He said he saw Paul [redacted] yesterday + Paul was visibly ill + wheezing. He also said Paul told him that [redacted] + [redacted] would not be adverse anymore to considering his application to their clinic as a gay female-to-male ... that since the Amsterdam convention, such an orientation is no longer taboo, and that Steve has frontrunners "like Lou Sullivan" to thank. — Got an answer to my letter to Ira [redacted], the psych that [redacted] suggested I contact Jan. '85. He does want to meet me + said my ~~case~~ situation is rare + unusual enough to warrant a "case study," whatever that is. I've been half-seriously considering going to Washington D.C. to participate in the National Gay/Lesbian March on Washington Oct. 11, but now feel I'll be of much better use going to Reno to educate Pauly, who's supposedly an expert on female-to-males, but tells me

he's never seen a female-to-male gay man.
— I've just finished typesetting + pasting up the Sept. issue of the San Francisco Bay Area Gay + Lesbian Historical Society Newsletter, with Eric [redacted].

9/3/87

Another interesting session of my weekly gay men's disability group therapy. Four other disabled gay men participate and they know nothing of my transsexuality. I've simply told them that I am a gay man, have a one inch non-functional penis and was born with one testicle. They also know I have AIDS, as I've been going to the group since last year. Other than omitting the part that I used to be female, I've been completely honest with them about my life, experiences, relationships, feelings. But, as you might imagine, there are moments .... like today...
I mentioned that I was writing the Jack Garland biography and the group leader asked details of Garland's life. I was honest. Then he asked me why I was attracted to Garland's story,

what made me so interested ... he asked, "Is there something that makes you identify with her?" I was treading on thin ice and hesitated, trying to think of what to say without revealing myself. I answered that I admired Garland for creating her own reality — I had been speaking of just that, earlier in the session, i.e., how we must visualize and actualize our dreams and <u>make</u> them happen. But the group leader took it one step further by suggesting that possibly I was excited about Garland because Garland proved that one need not have a penis to "be a man" and that was an issue I've had to deal with, i.e., I've had to be a man without the badge of masculinity: a normal penis. I was amazed at this group leader's perception and thrilled by his interpretation and how he applied it to my situation as he knows it. I am so lucky to be among gay men as one of them — to be part of the love among men. I see it as so pure, so strong and immortal — despite all odds, men really <u>do</u> love other men.

9/11/87

So last week Wednesday, my landlord, a vital healthy man of 63, super nice guy, falls off a ladder + out a window + gets killed! My roommate Jim + I went to the wake Friday + I realized I do <u>not</u> want such a ceremony when I kick off... especially having some stranger minister or whoever giving a talk about me when they don't know shit about me....

Saturday Kathy [redacted]., Cheyney + I went out on the San Francisco Bay in Ebby's boat (the brother of Billy, the guy killed with Patrick) — the same boat John + I went on last February. Then on Monday Kathy + I went to a nude beach. There were only about 10 people there — only about 5 or 6 with their clothes off. Kathy + I stripped down + even went into the ocean, unusual for me.

But maybe those adventures weren't such a good idea, because all week I've been feeling my sinuses clog up and yesterday + today I've stayed in bed with 100-102° fever. Went to the AIDS Clinic doc this morn + they gave me a decongestant and an anti-biotic and

took about a quart of blood from both my arms to make sure nothing else is going on. The doc sent the microbiology form with the "Symptoms" part saying "Fever, origin unknown" and "Acute Sinusitis." I am not upset, but it does concern me, as this is really the first time I've felt sick since the hospital. But I do not feel my illness right now is AIDS-related, or AIDS-aggravated.

9/17/87

So I guess I don't have to worry about my ability to recover from standard illnesses. My fever went down promptly and I never progressed to a sinus infection, but cleared up pretty easily. I still have to take the antibiotic Ampicillin for several more days, but I have no more symptoms.

I've received two "solicitations" answering the personal ad I placed in the "Small Endowed Gay Men's Club" member listing. One man lives on Haight Street, the other in Arizona. He said he was attracted because I said I have a "micro-penis" and that's his favorite sex fantasy.

I don't know much about the guy on Haight, but both he and the man who organized the club want to meet me for sex play. I'm a bit apprehensive — mainly because my "cum" still comes out of my vaginal opening and it just runs all over my balls, and how can I keep them from having contact with my vaginal secretions per the dictates of "safe sex"? I guess this isn't such a major problem... I think I'm just worried that the issue isn't *just* that I'm small endowed, but that my "holes" (urethral and ejaculatory) aren't where they belong. I suppose, in following the restrictions of "safe sex," I can keep them from examining too closely. I know I worry too much about being different, but I want so to be like other males. Sometimes I think I'll never have enjoyable sexual encounters because the reason I've found homosexual love so erotic is because the two partners are the same, and I've had to resolve that I will never be the same as even one other person, I'll never be the same as anyone... how can I participate in "same sex" love?

9/21/87

Well, I "done good." Organized and hosted another female-to-male get-together last Saturday night. There were nine female-to-males in attendance (including me) and two friends. I rented a screen, borrowed a projector, and showed the slide/tape show "She Even Chewed Tobacco" which is the only thing left of Allan [redacted]'s research that uncovered Babe Bean. It's 40 minutes about women who passed as men in the Bay Area prior to the 1940's. Most of the F→M's at the get-together were just starting their transition, which made it all the more rewarding to see them talking + learning from each other. Kevin (who just started hormones) and I put together a one-page newsletter, FTM, that we plan to put out at each get-together, hopefully once every 3 months. I left the meeting with a terrible headache that wouldn't quit — I even took an aspirin after it wouldn't subside though & laid quietly in the dark for over an hour. I guess I was just so nervous + excited, especially

about the slide show. It still chokes me up to see all those female-to-males from history looking out at us.

I made an appointment to see Dr. Ira [redacted] at the University of Nevada in Reno on Oct. 12. He's the psychiatrist that Judy [redacted] recommended I see in the hope that he would write about my case and the clinics would begin accepting the female-to-male gay man. Also, I wrote to Ray [redacted] of the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry in Toronto, Ontario, protesting his exclusion of a F→M gay man from a study he published. He answered my letter with a 3-page letter full of questions in which he proposed doing a "case report" on me. He also contacted Eli [redacted] at the Univ. of Minnesota (who recently interviewed me) to ask if I was reliable, prone to exaggerate, passable as a man, etc. [redacted] phoned me to ask permission to discuss my confidential interview with [redacted], which, of course I granted. I'm going to have all these "experts" vying for the right to do

a "case report" on me and I hope they all do so that other F→M gay men will not search the literature for a mention of someone like themselves in vain (as I did). I think Kathy [redacted] ingers will go with me to Reno — guess we'll take the train.

My next projects: contact and meet the 2 men who want to have sex play with me through the Small Club; finish my Babe Bean / Jack Garland article for the San Joaquin Historical Society. I'm having trouble deciding what to exclude from the article to keep it a reasonable length. Maybe I should just submit all I feel important and let their editor cut it where he wants.

9/23/87

Well, fuck. Here I am in the waiting room for another emergency appointment at the AIDS Clinic. Two days ago I noticed a pink patch on my left shoulder, but just figured it was a "heat rash" because the day before I went to the Folsom Street

Fair, wearing my leather jacket but no shirt. Yesterday I noticed more pink spots on my arm and waist. Well, today they are <u>all over</u> me and it reminds me of when I had the "sleazles" (my word for the "sleazy measles") when I was about 22 yrs old. I don't know what the fuck it is. All of a sudden, these past few weeks, especially now with this happening, I'm not feeling so invulnerable. I hope I'm not contagious... I hope it's not that Kaposi's Sarcoma cancer that AIDS guys get. My roommate Jim has had a cold these past few days and I beat it out of the apartment without telling him where I was going, because I think he's going to start thinking I'm giving him germs and maybe our living arrangement could be jeopardized.

I just think about my Garland book. That goddamn publisher, who told my friend Eric he was interested in my manuscript, still hasn't answered my letters of inquiry. Sure I can finish the book, but what the hell good is it if I can't find a publisher?

9/24/87 1:30 AM

Turns out that I'm having an allergic reaction to the Ampicillin antibiotic they gave me for my sinus attack. I feel so sorry for my poor body — the stress it's going through just having this reaction, when I'm supposed to be easy on myself. Nothin' to be done ... should go away in a few days, they say. The head of the AIDS Clinic, Dr. Harry [redacted], came up to me with the new doc who's just joined the Clinic to introduce me. I kind of got a kick outa that, as I was going to see this new doc with my rash (my usual doc was all booked up), and I don't think [redacted] would've gotten involved if I wasn't a "special case." I envision the new doc glancing thru my chart and reading "female-to-male transsexual" and going "whoa!"

9/26/87

Finally got an answer from Alyson Publications — a fuckin' xerox copy of a form letter saying they're all booked up (ha, ha, funny pun) until 1989 and if I want to resubmit my material at that time

they'll consider it then. Yeah. I hope the U.S. Postal Service has a box in heaven. So I guess next step is the women's press. Ugh.

This morning Eli [redacted] phones me. He talked to the "cute guy named Walter" in Amsterdam (his associate) about Ray [redacted]'s interest in my case, and [redacted] & Walter decided they want to write up and publish my story as a separate "case report" as a "springboard" for their larger study, which will take them some time to get done. Ha! ha! All of a sudden these docs are scrambling to be the first to publish my existence. Told [redacted] that I have an appointment to see Dra [redacted] next month, and [redacted] wants me to be sure to tell [redacted] that [redacted]'s writing my case report. This is SO GREAT.

9/28/87

I hope I've recovered enough from the shock to try to describe yesterday's experience. I couldn't even think of the words to write yesterday.

The guy who organized the Small-Endowed Guys Club had sent me several notes asking

me to call him because he "wants to see, too."
Went to his place yesterday. He looks like a
38-year-old Eldon Murray and, now that I
think back, rather acted like him, too. So we
sit + he talks mostly about his job + we
never talk about sex. He says his neighbor's
coming over in an hour for dinner. I said,
"Gee, I guess I better make my move now!"
I got up + sat next to him, opened his
shirt, began stroking him. He just sat
back smiling with his arms crossed behind
his head. I suggested he lay on the couch,
which he did gladly, again just kicking
back + laying there with his eyes closed as
I stroked and took his shorts off. He was
hard. He loosened my belt + opened my
zipper + felt my shorts, then he lowered
my waistband and glanced at my cock
and withdrew his hand. That was it.
He barely even saw me. He folded his arms
under his head. I left my pants open
but didn't pull them down... figured that
was up to him if he "wants to see, too."
He got soft. After about ½ hour he
said he better prepare dinner + maybe
some other day we'll have more time.

I left in total shock. All my preparation for what I suspected would happen - for nothing! I had brought condoms and rubber gloves, just in case. I was prepared with explanations for my chest scars, explanation of my "hypospadias" condition, explanation of my AIDS antibody positive status, etc. etc. I never needed any of it.

I mean, I would have been delighted at his actions about a year ago, before my bottom surgery. In fact, he acted very much like the man I played with on Page Street when Tom was in Puerto Rico in Feb. '86. But this was supposed to be my big move toward physical contact and exposure and a safe positive accepting atmosphere for my small cock. Instead it seemed to be an out right rejection! He acted really turned off by me. No way would I ever call him again - he has to make the next move, and it better be a good one.

I feel so shot down and wonder if I'm doing something wrong. I just don't understand. What went wrong??

9/29/87

Had another massage by a gay man I've gone to about 5 times now. I strip naked for the non-sexual massage. He has never said anything about the condition of my body. But today, while rubbing my chest, he asked, "What surgery did you have here?" I said, "Oh, I had some cysts removed when I was a teenager." He said, "Oh, I thought maybe you tried some breast implants." I laughed, maybe "guffawed" is a better description, and said, "I had lumps taken OUT, not put IN!"

10/4/87

Yesterday went to visit Vince, a 41-yr-old gay man who wrote me in response to my ad in the Small Club. He was average-looking, and in some undetermined way reminded me of Dan [redacted]. We sat + talked a while + I became fairly sure that he was attracted to me. He put some gay porn on his television VCR and invited me to lay on his bed. He was extremely talkative. Little by little we both stripped down. The worst part was, he

had a lot of questions. I gave him the old "cysts removed from my chest" line and he said, "From both sides?!" And as soon as he saw my genitals, he asked "Did you have surgery down here, too?" I guess the scar on my left ball from the March '87 surgery is still too visible. I told him that I only had one ball and had an implant in the left side. He kept on with the questions until I began feeling uptight. Questions about, was my condition genetic? hormonal? can't the docs do anything for me? didn't my parents try to get the problem corrected? how have my lovers in the past reacted? does my roommate know I'm like this? on + on. And the hardest question for me to answer (one also asked by the leader of my disabled gay men's group) — how did I handle going into the boy's showers in high school physical education classes? I've answered by saying I went to a Catholic high school + I did a lot of hiding + acting modest, but I know that doesn't explain it.

Anyway he had a very small penis himself + we laid together on his bed stroking each other, talking. He was also trying to keep some truth from me, as he had a large scar on his stomache + said he had his spleen removed due to immune system problems (which can only mean "AIDS" in this day + age), and he has candida in his mouth (another symptom) but he never came right out + said he had AIDS, but he guesses he has ARC (AIDS-related condition). He asked me if I "tested positive" and I said yes. He seemed reassured, though, that I "looked healthy." The best part was when he sucked my dick. No kidding. I never thought anyone would. I felt it was safe, because I wasn't even lubricating + didn't feel he would be exposed to any of my "bodily fluids." He sucked a long time, but too gently, I think, because I needed much more stimulation. I sucked him, too, but he was very soft + complained that he's had no interest in sex, etc. because of his physical deterioration. All in all, he was a rather depressing person and

even told me he was very negative and thinks life is a tragedy and if he ever got K.S. (Kaposi's sarcoma) or began losing a lot of weight because of "ARC", he would commit suicide. Well, needless to say, my upbeat love of life and humorous outlook that "life is just a big fuckin' joke" did not agree with him. He also fingered my asshole a bit, which felt very good, but again he was so gentle and careful that I hardly felt anything. After being there about 4 hours I left with a gigantic headache. All that talk, all those non-stop questions about every tiny detail of my life. He even asked if Tom wore a rubber when he fucked me! I was so careful not to reveal my transsexuality that I ended up full of tension and wondering if this is a wise approach. Certainly subjecting myself to this 3rd degree is not conducive to a relaxed sexual encounter. Made me feel like I'm better off going to the jack-off club, or even getting some quick feels in the dirty movies, or cruising the bushes in the park. I am not particularly interested

in "getting to know" someone and even less interested in their "getting to know" me! I had formed a Game Plan before going to this guy's place of speaking as little as possible — remembering Mr. King in John Rechy's City of Night. But this guy was so full of questions, I forgot my plan. Anyway, he seemed like he wanted to get together again and I guess we could. I just have to stop trying to be an Honest Joe while lying through my teeth.

10/9/87

Yesterday at my disabled gay men's group, the leader said something very insightful — that I have been going through the actions of making changes in my life, but I haven't "internalized" those changes. What prompted his comment was my observation that I went along with Vince's scenario, even though I didn't want to, in order to avoid rejection, much in the same way that I went along with Tom's insistence on having sex his way ONLY in order to avoid rejection by him. I said in the group that I was beginning

to wonder if all this effort I put into finding a sex partner is worth it, because I find the most sexual satisfaction in masturbation anyhow. The group leader advised me to take control of my encounters with possible sex partners, and if in fact they do reject me, to leave them knowing that I can satisfy myself best anyhow. I feel so liberated by this new perspective, a new control over my life!

My AIDS counselor Bruce tells me they've sold / closed The Academy, the only jack-off club without a mandatory clothes check rule, the one I went to those 2 times. Glad I at least got there. Mary Ellen says, oh, just go to the ones where you have to get naked!

Kathy [redacted] showed me where the gay men's nude beach is at Land's End in San Francisco. We went Monday, and I'll for sure go back. There's also some fun sex going on in the bushes nearby.

Tomorrow Kathy and I take the train to Reno for a fun weekend before I see Ira [redacted] on Monday.

10/12/87

Returned to San Francisco tonight after a fun and profitable trip to Reno. Kathy [redacted] and I left S.F. Saturday and took the train to Reno, just as Tom and I had done in, was it 1982?? There's not really much to do in Reno, and Kathy + I ended up doing almost the same things Tom + I did, such as go to the antique auto museum (only about 10% of the collection Tom + I saw is still there). We searched for a gay men's bar that had the baseball championship games on their television, and ended up going to the very same bar Tom and I stumbled into when we were there. This morning I met with Dr. Ira [redacted] at the University of Nevada in Reno, the whole reason for my trip. I sat down and began talking, Pauly jotting notes. About 5 minutes into our talk, he said he'd like to tape record what I was saying so he could listen without taking notes. After another 5 minutes of that, he asked if I'd agree to let them make a video tape of our talk. Of course, I did. So we made over an

hour video. He said he's interviewed many transsexuals, but that I was one of the most eloquent he's ever talked with and that he would show this video many places and educate a wide audience, getting my message across that the female-to-male gay man does exist and can live successfully. He said he would write in general terms about the F→M gay man and the M→F lesbian (he works with 2 of these). He specifically mentioned that he would try to work to change the DMS (?) definition of our situations, because according to that definition (the standard list of medical definitions used by all medical personnel), someone with my orientation would be defined as a HETEROSEXUAL female-to-male, while a F→M who loves women would be defined as homosexual. Of course, this is ridiculous. This perspective defines the transsexual by their biological sex and, as I told [redacted] does not even accurately describe what is going on! So if [redacted] is succesful just in changing that terminology, it will be a great help and a vast improvement in

communications between the gender professionals and the gender community. [redacted] asked if I'd found any mention of the F→M gay man in the literature to date. I mentioned the few paragraphs in Lothstein's book, which [redacted] gave me so I could find the page for him. He said he couldn't bring himself to read the whole book because he disagreed so with [redacted], just as I did. Also told him about [redacted]'s article & [redacted] wants me to send him a copy of it. Well, he was obviously very impressed with me and asked if I'd come back in January to speak to his class of sophomore medical students and perhaps, if this video didn't turn out, make another one. I agreed. He assured me he wasn't trying to "scoop" or "plagurize" [redacted] and I told him I wanted them to both write on the subject, so that there is plenty coverage given this badly-neglected phenomenon. So I really feel my mission was more than accomplished. The videotape will reach a much wider audience, I am sure, and all this enthusiastic interest can only be beneficial

to any other female-to-male gay men presenting themselves to the gender professionals.

My next job: get my article on Jack Garland in the mail by Wednesday to the San Joaquin County Historical Society. Said he needs it by Oct. 19 in order to consider it for their December issue, and I have put it off 'til the last minute.

This past weekend while I was in Reno, the largest gay rally in history took place in Washington DC. The paper said it was the largest protest march in the capitol since the Vietnam war protests. My AIDS counselor Bruce went, so did many of my fellow members of the Gay Historical Society, so did Allyn Hess from Milwaukee. I seriously considered going but, remembering how my trip to Pennsylvania + Milwaukee in June wore me out, I felt I could do more good personally by making this trip to Reno.

10/13/87

My monthly visit to the UCSF Aids Clinic. Weigh 144½. Everything looking well, but I do have some candida (thrush) in the back of my throat, they tell me (I'm unaware of it + can't see it). And get this: that report on my chart that I have herpes WAS a mistake! Yes, they had someone else's test results entered on my chart!! So I'm going to be even more diligent now in keeping my eye on what they're doing. Shit! Pretty bad, hey??

10/16/87

Just came out of a movie, Maurice, based on E.M. Forster's novel which was written in the early 1900's but, per the author's wishes, remained unpublished until recently. About a man dealing with his homosexuality. The movie put me through so many emotions + it is truly one of the most moving I've seen — almost up there with Death in Venice. The characters, as well as the events that occurred, reminded me so much of Tom and me. And what was best: there was a happy ending for the

character with whom I identified - Maurice. And the character Clive (who reminded me of Tom), though the initiator of their relationship, held back any consummation of their love; though later married to some woman, still dreamt of Maurice... Maurice, who did find another man to really love him. I was really crying when the movie ended. What an excellent, excellent film! The reviews had described it as dry + academic, but I found it by far the opposite.

10/22/87

Wow! I just experienced the sensation of bucking my hips (as men do while fucking) and feeling my balls bouncing between my legs! My right ball - the one that went in correctly April '86 - is well healed and loosened up in my ball sac, now hanging down between my legs as it should. The left one - still healing up from the March '87 surgery - is still tight and sore in some places, numb in others. In executing some of that exciting "ball torture" some men write about

in their personal ads to each other in order to loosen and heal my left ball + make it pliable, bounce-able, as the right. How exciting they are, when I think of ways to use them in masturbation! And now I've just tried throwing my hips back + forth + swinging them between my legs! What an erotic sensation! Women don't have sex parts that protrude to play with between their legs. All they can bounce is their tits — YUCK. But my little dick is still my very little dick and won't extend more than an inch. I suppose my genitals aren't what other men experience, but it's sure not what women experience.

I've got to be patient until my left one heals as good as the right one, and then I'll let some nice older man do some "ball torture" on me. Wouldn't that be fun?

10/29/87

Yesterday went for my weekly massage, but this time, while laying on my back, I decided to open my eyes a bit

instead of keeping them clamped closed like usual. I didn't really look AT the masseur, but at the ceiling, but could see him moving beside me, touching me so nicely, and tears streamed down my cheeks. I'm not exactly sure why. Maybe it moved me so to realize I was actually laying there & he was being so nice to me, because when I close my eyes, I'm more fantasizing or visualizing my body instead of really looking at it. I knew he noticed my tears and all I could think to say in explanation was, "It's kinda scary when I open my eyes." — I've continued going to this same masseur (the first one I ever went to, on my birthday) every week for the past month or so. It does have an accumulative effect.

11/1/87

Tom's mother phoned me the other night to ask how I was, and she gave me her new phone number to call her "any time."

he uses both names, but I think I'll call him Keith

11/2/87

Wow. I think I've found a "fuck buddy." ~~Guy~~ Keith contacted me through the Small-Endowed Guys Club, I phoned him yesterday and we met this evening over at his place. At first he sat in a chair while I sat on the couch. The TV was on as we chatted lightly, then he turned the TV to face me, and sat next to me on the couch. He is quite attractive, blonde, 5'11", 160 lbs. — only thing is he has a round full face that makes him look "pudgy," but he isn't. He patted my knee and leaned over to kiss me, and we went on from there. He really does like 'em small! He removed my pants and went down on me right away. He reached underneath my balls and stuck his finger up my hole. I realized that he ~~it~~ obviously assumed it was my asshole, so I let him finger fuck me. He was in my vagina and it felt wonderful! I was unusually relaxed and figured all I had to do was make sure he didn't find two holes down there, and I don't think he ever did. We hopped into his bed and I was all over him! He was cuddly +

kissy and huggy, and laid on his back while I sat on top of him and rubbed my crotch against his. He jerked himself off and at some point he had said to me, "Obviously you know what you're doing!" commenting on my lovemaking. He screwed his finger up the wrong hole again and I jerked myself off and CAME! I told him it was very unusual for me to come with a partner. We snuggled a long time and then started up again. He finger fucked me again while jerking himself, and I played with myself and came a second time. Well, he sure liked me and gave me his work phone, too, saying "call anytime" and next time I should come over on the weekend so I can sleep overnight! I have to say that this was my first successful male/male lovemaking experience. Sure, that fun 5 minutes with the dirty movie ticket taker counts, but he hardly saw or touched me and I wasn't satisfied (i.e., had no orgasm). And Vince — well, we didn't really "have sex," and I sure wasn't very

turned on or relaxed about my body. But this time, I felt very confident. He just made me feel that way. He never asked any questions about my condition and the lights were very low so I wasn't concerned about my scars. I kept my undershirt on, tho had it pulled + tucked up most of the time, but that kind of hid my chest scars, too. So no problem! I must say the only thing that concerned me was all my cum getting on him, his hands and when he went down on me. He wasn't worried, though we never mentioned anything about if either of us had "it" (AIDS). There is a lot of controversy about whether oral sex can transmit the virus — some say it cannot! I am not sure how to deal with this and will talk to ~~Cay~~ Keith next time we're together, by telling him I have tested positive and am worried when he goes down on me. Let him decide. He said I have a great ass, which means a lot to him. So, I've finally got someone I can call and

say, "I'm horny ... when can we get together?"

11/3/87

Keith phoned me this afternoon to ask what I was doing, to tell me he had a great time last night. We agreed to get together again this coming Saturday.

Susan [redacted], the nurse who sees me at the Univ. of Calif. San Francisco Medical Center AIDS Clinic, phoned to tell me my latest blood work shows my white blood cell count at 720 and said I should decrease my dosage of AZT in half — take only one capsule every 4 hours instead of two capsules. I don't know what this means. Talked to a nurse friend of mine who says it sounded like a mild problem that could be rectified by lowering my dosage — that white blood cells are the disease-fighters and a low count could make me more susceptible to sickness. But I feel fine! Of course, this scares me. I guess sooner or later I'm going to have to face the reality of this disease.

11/5/87

Ever since I've reduced my dose of AZT, I've felt nauseous and very headachey. I guess it's the drug. Tried to read what I have on AZT and white blood cells — some homeopathic article mentioned a Brazilian herb, tincture of suma, helped increase white blood cells. Actually found it in the health food store 3 blocks from home! Don't know if I'm wasting my time/money, but I have to do something.

Have been a little worried/concerned about whether Keith & I had "safe sex." He was licking my balls & I know I was excited & lubricating & he probably did get some in his mouth. I went to breakfast with Chris, one of the guys I met thru the gay men's disabled group (he has muscular dystrophy). When I told him about Keith, Chris told me I'm one of the people the right-wingers want to quarantine — they don't want anyone with AIDS to have sex at all ....

This morning I spoke at the Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality (Wardell Pomeroy's

place) on a panel on "The ~~Transgender~~ Transgender Community and AIDS" for their Safe Sex Workshops. I tried to talk of transy-relevant issues. Mentioned that I thought transy people were at high risk because often they have a hard time finding sympathetic lovers &, when they do, it's hard to say "no" to whatever the lover wants, whether safe or not. Also that transies may resist using protection because it's not consistent with their self-image, i.e., a male-to-female may refuse to wear a condom because it's a "male" article, just as I resist using a "rubber dam" to cover my genitals during oral sex because it's too "female." So these are also concerns I have about my own behavior.

11/7/87

The greatest thing! This week has been so great!

This afternoon (on a Saturday, yet!) I get a phone call from the president of Naiad Press, Barbara [redacted]. They had sent me a form letter, in response to my letter of inquiry re: Garland, saying

they are a press "for, by and about lesbians," so I figured well, forget them then. So [redacted] tells me she's so excited about my Garland story and it must be published, but that they couldn't publish it. ~~because I'm a man. So I told her the truth about myself.~~ She suggested I pursue Alyson Press and I told her I had, but that they were booked through 1989. She said, "And you don't want to wait that long?" I told her it's not that, I just don't think I'll be here in '89, and told her of my AIDS diagnosis. I then asked why couldn't she publish it — because Garland wasn't a lesbian story, or because I'm a man. She answered because I'm a man — so I told her "I haven't always been" and that I'm a female-to-male. Wow! That really threw her for a loop! I told her I wasn't sure I wanted to disclose that about myself as the author, but now feel it's important that people know there have been female-to-males in the past and that there still are today. She said I should be writing my own story and I told her that's next on my list, and that

I've already begun editing my 23 years worth of diaries, "since it's time to write the last chapter." She mentioned that one rarely hears of the female-to-male, though we do hear of the male-to-female, and why was that? (I should have told her because assholes like her won't publish our stories. That straights feel it is a gay issue, but the women feel it's a men's issue and the men feel it's a women's issue, so therefore no one deals with it and the word never gets out.) Then she put the AIDS and the F→M conditions together and said well, I must be living as a gay man then. I answered yes, explaining that this orientation is finally being recognized by gender professionals. Well, she continued to be most enthusiastic and said these stories must be published and I should give her a few days to think about this, but that if they decided they couldn't publish it, she "knows everybody" and if I'd like, she'll help me find someone who will publish it. I said oh yes! yes! because I was beginning to think I will die and it'll never be published.

So I am just flying high with joy. I've already composed a letter to her and will send her copies of my INFORMATION FOR THE FEMALE-TO-MALE and of my articles in the Sentinel, and Gay Historical Society newsletter. I am so elated — this is really going to happen!

And that ain't all. Last night Cory (I guess that's what he wants me to call him) phoned to say he won't be able to see me Saturday night, but could I come over tonight? Of course! I was a little worried, though, cuz I knew I had to have a talk with him + tell him I have the virus so he realized the gravity of having safe sex only. Anyway, right away he starts going down on me and I said wait, we have to talk. I told him I was concerned that what we'd done wasn't safe "because I have the virus." He argued that it's OK as long as I haven't "cum." I didn't want to go into detail that as soon as I'm turned on, I'm dribbling cum. Well, it sure didn't turn him off hearing I have this shit, and about 5 minutes later, he's trying to "rim" me (lick my asshole)! I had to

pull away, saying "I KNOW that's not safe!" He mumbled, oh, yeah, but he likes doing it so much!?! Later he's trying to stick his dick up me and I had to ask him to put on a condom. Because he never really got an erection, it was hard to put on and then I realized he had it on inside-out so it wouldn't roll down properly?? So I had to put another on him right. He got into the daddy / little boy fantasy, which also turns me on, and ~~talked about my~~ called me his "little boy" and my "little boy fuckhole" and even said my "juicy pussy"... I'm tellin' ya, I still don't know how much he's figured out on that fact. I do think at one point he had fingers up both my holes at the same time, but he never asked or said a word about it. Later I realized he was using vaseline as a lubricant and "everyone knows" you're not supposed to do that, as the oil base of vaseline corrodes the rubber! Where has this guy been??! Anyway he finally had an orgasm while we played that he was my daddy finger-fucking my 9-year-old boy butt. I slept over-night with him there in his bed. This

morning we fooled around again and he came two more times (about 1½ hours apart). So he sure likes me! We took a shower together and for the first time he got a good look at my chest scars, but never said a word. What a doll!

Anyway, obviously I have to have another talk with him about safe sex. This time I'll be more bold, since I guess I needn't fear losing him by telling him I'm a risky customer. I'm going to buy him some safe lubricant, too.

So this week ~~the~~ my two most important wants have been fulfilled: a fuck friend, and a publisher for my works.

11/22/87

Have been feeling so numb inside. No word from either publisher or lover. Since lowering my dose of AZT, I've been more nauseous and headachey... surely not in the mood for sex, but feeling lonely. This "rejection" sparks all the disgust I feel for my body — my second hole, my scars. My impotent masculinity.

11/23/87

Just yesterday, I was complaining:
Today Barbara [redacted] of Naiad calls again. She'd spoken to Sasha [redacted] of Alyson Press and he just cannot understand <u>how</u> I got that form letter saying they were all booked up until 1989 and it was a total error and he's very excited about my work, too. [redacted] said she'll forward the items I sent her to him, but will keep my <u>INFORMATION FOR THE FEMALE-TO-MALE</u> for her library. She said I should be hearing from [redacted] in 2-3 weeks, and she wants an autographed copy of the book when it's published. She also asked how many female-to-gay-males I felt there were, so I told her about the nine in Amsterdam + [redacted]'s project to find as many as possible in the U.S. and Canada. She asked about my health + energy, and wanted to know if I had adequate emotional support from others. She wanted to know what shape my Garland manuscript is in, and I gotta get going and put that baby to bed!

I took the next step, too, and phoned Cory (Keith). I had phoned him the 8th because he said he had off work the 9th → 11th and we could get together during the day. But when I phoned the 8th, he "wasn't feeling well," so I told him to call me when he was. He never did, and of course I blame it on my undesirability, etc., he doesn't like me anymore, etc. So called him today and he acts like he's been waiting for me to call. So what a joke! We chit-chatted and he invited me over to his place "sometime next week."

11/26/87

Thanksgiving Day, and I have a LOT to be thankful for this year. I haven't been sick once since January, and I was prepared to be very sick all year long, and even dead. I am really, really fortunate, and very thankful.

Had a fine turkey feast with Kathy, Cheyney, Mary Ellen + Rusty + their 3 kids, and my roommate Jim.

11/30/87

Yesterday Cory phoned + about 8:30 pm I went over to his place again. Wasn't long before we were at it hot and heavy. Again I worry that he might catch the virus from me — he immediately goes down on me + is licking me up. He said "oh, that juicy pussy," or something like that, several times. I don't know what he thinks, but he never asks. I do have to have a better talk with him about my cum coming outa "that hole" and I have the virus and it's not safe, blah, blah. He attempted to fuck me without a rubber, but I asked where they were and he brought out the vaseline again. I told him you're not supposed to use those oil-based lubricants cuz they disintegrate the rubber — well, he never heard of that, so I know he hasn't been keeping up on "what's safe." So I gave him a present of a jar of safe lubricant. Reading so far, it sounds like all I do when with him is think about what's wrong — actually that's far from the truth. I smoked a joint and told him I "needed to be fucked

by my daddy" — now that I know his scene, I can get into it. He also has his problems — can't seem to keep his hard-on without direct stimulation and it's just a battle trying to get his dick up my ass when he's not even hard and the rubber won't even stay on. But I am as considerate of his shortcomings as he is of mine, and we carry on and enjoy without question or complaint. He is very affectionate and so nice to kiss. He laid on his back and I told him I like to sit on my daddy's lap and I sat on him with his dick up my ass and he played with my little dick + mumbled about fucking my little 12-year-old ass. It ended with him jerking off and I used my undershirt to wipe it up, and fantasized how I'd wear this cum rag the next day. Lights went out at 10 p.m. and we snuggled up to each other off and on throughout the night. I had a hard time falling asleep. This morning we woke to a steady rain and lounged around drinking coffee and I laid on top of him and rubbed against him until he came, while he finger fucked

my ass. It was all very erotic and almost animalistic — I say that because I do not think he is a handsome man. He does have a nice body, but certainly is not "my type." But at this point in my life, "my type" is any homosexual man who is not fat and who will have sex with me without questioning me. So he's definitely "my type" by those standards. It was hard falling asleep because I kept thinking how wonderful it was to finally be with a man as a man, for the first times in my long journey to be a man. To soak up some man-to-man lovin' — that purest of all lusts.

I phoned the nurse, Susan [redacted] at U.C.S.F. and she said my blood work of last Tuesday shows my white blood cells are "way up — they're at 2,000" and I can return to the higher dose of AZT. It was only 4 weeks ago that the count was so low.

A really fine new gay bookstore just opened on Castro St. Browsing there, I saw a book on the life of Louis Sullivan.

I had heard there was a famous architect named Louis Sullivan around the turn of the century, but with this book I also learned he was a gay man!! ☺

12/1/87

Last week I got a letter from Terry, responding to my listing in the Small Club. Tonight I phoned him and I liked his voice and manner — got a Jim [redacted] vibe off him. He lives in Santa Cruz and will come here to S.F. maybe the 12th & he said he hoped we would like each other because it would be really nice if he could sleep the night with me. (I'll have to review the state of my bedroom to remove items giving him "too many clues" about my TS-ism.) I sure like the way he talked to me, shy and unsure, but eager and optimistic.

12/2/87

Tom pulled a "last straw" today. Yesterday he gave me permission to come by Page St. to do some work from 3:30 - 5:30 p.m. No one was there when I arrived and I worked in

peace 'til 5 pm. I was in the garage print shop and Fred tells me Tom just drove up with Karen. Tom bursts into the garage — didn't I get the phone message he left at my place!!?? Told him no, why? Well, he was just panic-stricken because I was there and his bitch girlfriend was over! He'd left a message for me not to come by today, and I said hey, you agreed it was OK from 3:30 - 5:30. Well! He ran upstairs and brought my jacket down to me so I wouldn't have to get it and possibly pass within her eye-sight! I said I'm really sorry he's so ashamed of me being his friend. He just retorted that he just wants some privacy! God, I wasn't anywhere near her! Told him I needed to wash up my processor upstairs but he said he'd do it — in other words, I dare not go in the house while she was there. I finished up and left, thoroughly disgusted. What a spineless, simpering little woosy! What a poor excuse for a man! Snivelling and cow-towing, and letting a broad tell him who he can have for friends; not even friends — who he can work

with! I mean, it ain't like I'm any threat to their sacred heterosexuality. Just makes me want to puke to think of him taking orders from her like that. I want to tell him how pathetic he is, how having a cock isn't all there is to being a man — and I'm ten times more a man than he is! I have absolutely no respect left for him at all. I hope to have my equipment out of here so, come the end of the year, I'll never have to see him again.

12/9/87

I'm forcing myself to write because a few things are happening / have been happening that I'm trying NOT to think about. Yesterday saw my doc at U.C. + told her I found a fun sex partner (Coy) and want to know why cunnilingus is on the "possibly safe" list. She said no way was it safe and no way is any kind of intercourse — oral, anal, vaginal — safe, not even with a condom, saying rubbers have never been reliable in preventing pregnancy and so are not

reliable in preventing the spread of the virus... that I was putting Cory ~~in~~ at grave risk... that "masturbation and dildos" are some of the safe things I can do. In other words, the few moments I've had enjoying my body and my finally-emerging sexuality are very bad. I just can't face this. Somehow the next time I get together with him, I'll have to lay all (well, not ALL) my cards down, i.e., tell him "I have AIDS" instead of the less-dramatic "I have the virus" (which I have told him). But I guess this isn't the part that's torturing me — what is torturing me is Terry from Santa Cruz (see 12/1) is coming here this Saturday to spend the night with me, and is going to great lengths to make the trip. He'll have to borrow a car, or even take the bus, he said maybe he'll rent a car! Do I have to tell him having sex with me could kill him? I feel like that's essentially what I'm saying by telling him I've got "it." Maybe I don't have to really say the Big "A"

word — maybe I can enforce these strict rules simply by refusing to do anything but. It just pisses me off that these AIDS groups publicize it's safe to use condoms but the docs are saying it's not. I guess I better get my ass to one of these AIDS support groups. I can't deal with this alone. All the shit I've had to face alone, working out compromises and dealing with my fucked-up body... those compromises brought me joy, while these restrictions break my spirit. When I should be overflowing with excitement by Terry's visit, I'm dreading it. It just makes me want to cry.

12/15/87

Again I find myself unable to describe/express what has happened and how I'm feeling about it. Maybe I really do have AIDS-related dementia. Terry came over Saturday night — said he was 43 years old but looked more like 53. I learned while out to dinner that he is a kidney dialysis patient these past 13 years.

He was not <u>that</u> bad looking and I felt our conversation flowed easily. Back in my room we smoked some reefer, played music, talked. He seemed very apprehensive and reticent from the start, so much so that I even asked him how he felt ... did he want to spend the night. He answered that he wasn't sure. He complained of being cold and I wrapped him in a quilt, until he suggested we undress + get under the blankets. We did, and he immediately turned his back to me and pretty much ignored my advances. He even remarked, "You sure are a friendly guy." When he finally reached down to touch me, it seemed he immediately discovered my extra hole and was very interested in it. We both jerked ourselves off + he asked if I ever got harder + bigger (my dick, that is). I said no. But he remarked that I seemed to get harder "down here", i.e., just inside my vagina. He was probably fingering my G-spot. So we slept and in the early morning he "woke me up" for more

play; this time he finger-fucked me while I jerked off (finger-fucked me in the cunt, I mean). Well, he ejaculated both sessions. Then back to sleep. When it was time to get up, he started with the questions & observations. Asked if I was born this way, how did I survive the gym showers in high school, etc. He commented that my hole was very much like a vagina, and he said he hoped he didn't offend me by saying that. Plus he commented that I "didn't have a scrotum," but then right away said I had a sort-of one... and that my testicles were very hard. He asked where my urine came out.

Again I felt obliged to respond to all these questions and comments. Yet I never even thought to ask him how come he didn't have any balls in his scrotum! Which he didn't! I told him I was positive for the AIDS virus and he said he thought so, since I put "PWA [Person With AIDS] OK" in my ad and no one negative would have done that. He works with the AIDS organization in Santa Cruz, so we

both naturally had safe sex. But he was not very passionate or affectionate and when he left, I got the feeling there would be no repeat of our meeting. I feel bad, and, after deep reflection, know it's because I want so bad to be a normal desirable sexy male, and I look to other man for that affirmation. But it's obvious I'm not a normal guy and that reality, expressed by these other men, really hurts. However, I don't think he liked me very much even before we stripped down ... and it's not like I thought he was so great, either. But it still hurts. Good thing he lives far away so it's not uncomfortable saying "no" to a next time.

Sunday Jim + I had a small party at Albion and Bruce, my Shanti counselor, got to meet Mary Ellen + family, and Cuca. I guess if he's going to be around for my demise, he best get acquainted with the others who'll be there, too.

12/16/87

Another note of information: When with sex buddies, like Terry, I kept my T-shirt on and only took it off once lights were low. I figure they're already getting enough "female" tip-offs with my "extra hole" and unusual cock + balls and don't need more clues by seeing my chest scars. Sometimes I wonder what good has all this surgery been? I still have to hide myself. But I quickly remember how it was to have breasts and try to hide those. Hiding scars is nothing ... at least I can let someone touch me now — why, I can even strip naked now, in the right light.

12/19/87

This afternoon went with Bruce to the convention center downtown where the Names Project quilt was on display. The quilt covers more area than 2 football fields and is made up of over 2,000 individual panels, each bearing the name of someone who's died of AIDS. I knew

it would affect me and that's why I asked Bruce to come, since he's my "Emotional Support Counselor." What did I feel as I wandered through the vast graveyard, looking at all those tombstones bearing the names of my gay brothers? I feel so sad for the gay liberation movement. All these years we've been fighting for our self-pride and our dignity, and now it seems like a giant battlefield covered with our dead. And it is so like gay men to devise such a gentle, loving, sweet symbol of our devastation: this pretty, warm, colorful blanket... when I want them to be angry and defiant and MAD! Of course I looked for any female names and only saw one. I sketched out a pattern of how I want my panel to read, something like this:

In lifelong affinity with homosexual men...
LOUIS GRAYDON SULLIVAN
a female-to-gay-male transsexual
6/16/51 — _____
(MILWAUKEE / SAN FRANCISCO)
... and now in death

12/21/87

Sunday afternoon I hosted my 4th get-together for female-to-males and good ole Dr. [redacted] spoke to the group on F→M surgery. Had an all-time record attendance of 16 female-to-males and 5 guests. [redacted] was his charming self and I'm really proud of myself for organizing these meetings. Afterwards two old-timers F→M's came over to my place & we all smoked some reef and shot the shit and laughed. Brian has been full-time about as long as I have, and Toby started hormones in 1969, a full 10 years before I did. Then got a call from Cory, thanking me for sending him a Christmas card and inviting me over for the night. YAHOO! Again, had a marvelous time. I started right off where we left last time: I play the little boy and he's my daddy. I did emphasize to him that it wasn't safe for him to be tonguing me between my balls. I said, "You know my hole is down there and that's where my cum comes out, and you know I'm a dribbler and not a

shooter. I am positive and talked to my doc and he said that's definitely out." He just nodded that, yes, he knew. That was all that was said. He is such an angel for never once asking me what the story is with my body. Also found out this time that he's into poo-poo. He wants me to show him my butt hole and, unfortunately when I do, my butt ain't the only hole he sees. But he pokes at one, then at the other and plays and it feels so great. At one point I took a rubber (condom) and put it over his 2 fingers so he could reach up me, even though I feel it's not really unsafe sex. I mean, if, in order to infect someone, ~~I have~~ my blood ~~a~~ has to get into his bloodstream, well, I don't know how his finger up my ass could result in our blood mixing. That's just it: even the "experts" disagree on what's safe + what's not. The underground even says oral/genital sex is safe, but the mainstream medical world says no. Anyway I feel I have been

upfront with Cory — he has to decide what he feels is safe for him, and I have to decide what I feel is right to do, for me and for him. I won't do several things I would do before: I won't take cum in my mouth, I won't ~~let~~ lick a shitty butt, I won't get fucked without a condom. Other than that... I won't let someone lick my cum hole. Everything else, as far as I'm concerned, is OK. This morn he wants me to show him my butt hole, wants me to fart, takes me into the bathroom, sits me on the toilet and fingers my hole and balls, and almost immediately had a spurting orgasm. Well, it was lots of fun. I just have to be very alert to what's what, cuz he's really into inhaling poppers (amyl nitrate) (YUCK!) and obviously doesn't care. Maybe I'll take some rubber gloves next time, see if he wants to fist me (stick his hand up my ass) and take my razor to see if he'd like to shave me, since I'm supposed to be a little boy. I laid in his bed thinking how lucky I am — that my

wishes for this year were ① to get my books published, ② to find a fun sex partner, and ③ to get a female-to-male group going. Two and three are won; one is definitely on the way. This afternoon one of the men in my gay men's disability support group had me and another group member over to lunch. How enjoyable to be one of the gay men laughing and sharing with these guys. How lucky I am.

12/25/87

What a brutal 48 hrs this has been. Tues rushing around doing last-minute Christmas shopping when my motorcycle suddenly has a flat. Pushed it 8 blocks to a gas station but the air seeped out as fast as I put it in. Got home just in time to lay out the Gay Historical Society Newsletter with 2 guys. Went right to bed with 101° fever. ~~[illegible]~~ Wed morn went to the AIDS Clinic & saw Hollander. Decided it was my sinuses (again) & went right back to bed with sudafed, aspirin & antibiotics. Kathy & Cheyney came over & made me eat dinner, cuz I've been so nauseous these last few days I can't eat. I had such a bad headache.

Thurs morn (Christmas Eve Day) at 8 a.m. I hear smashing glass & think we're having the Big Earthquake. But nothing is shaking & I hear someone yell ~~to our neighbor~~ that our bldg is on fire. Peeked out the window & saw flames reflecting off the next bldg, so yelled to Jim to get out of the place. Threw a coat & shoes on, grabbed all my diaries & computer disks & got outside. The 3rd floor (top floor) of our bldg was really in flames — we're on the 1st floor. The fireman hauled some young guy out, totally limp & badly burned. I just felt so sick, feverish & with

JANUARY 2, 1988

Well, I feel as tho I'm finally landing back upon the surface of my earth existence. These past two weeks there has been no semblance of control over my body or over my material possessions. My body went into shock, I guess.

Damn Tuesday, Dec. 22. That's when it all started. To UC Hospital for them to suck blood outa me. Rushing around on the motorcycle with a list in my pocket of last minute Christmas duties needed done that day. In a bakery no longer than 3 minutes and ride the cycle a blocks before another biker comes up beside me to tell me my back tire's flat. Goddamn. Drove it slowly another 4 blocks toward a gas station but had to push it 7 more. As soon as I put air in, it fell flat. I should have taken the friendly offer of 2 clean-cut probably gay black guys who offered to push the scoot into their pick-up

and take me anywhere I wanted to go. I should have, and more probably would had if they're been white. Guess I'm still a racist idiot.

I digress.

So fuckin', on the City Muni Bus just in time to meet Eric + Greg of the Gay Historical Society to lay down our Doc, ~~newsletter~~ newsletter. Eric commented several times I didn't look well + when they ~~left~~ left, my temp was 101°. Went to bed and stayed there all the next day (Wednesday). Felt like serious sinus attack but not congested. I had to leave the motorcycle on the other side of the city, probably collecting tons of parking tickets.

And probably good ~~thing~~ thing it wasn't parked outside my apartment building like it should've been — cuz 8 a.m. Thursday, Christmas Eve Day, the third top floor windows of our apartment building (we're on the 1st floor) blew out. Crash! I thought Cookie and Butchie who share a common bedroom wall with me, had pushed each other out their window. But then again CRASH! Someone

from another building yelled to Butchie, "Get outa there! ~~You're the~~ Your building's on fire!" But I was still sleeping! I reluctantly pulled aside my curtain & could see in the next building's windows reflections of LARGE flames — I guess coming from our bldg. Brutal. I have a headache that felt like needles were sticking in my eyes. OK. ~~What~~ I emptied the shopping bag of Christmas presents I'd bought and filled the bag with my diaries and all my computer disks. That's all that's important. Put on a heavy coat (Dad's old black cashmere) + shoes. Yelled up the hall to Tim, "Hey, Tim, this building's on fire... let's get out!" He really panicked + began running up ~~&~~ & down the hall shouting, "What should we do? What are we gonna do??" pulling his hair. I said just get some clothes on, grab what's important + get outa here. Freezing cold out, I sat on a nearby porch with my bag + thought of all the things I'd left behind — this present diaire and the one from '75-77 & had been inputting in the computer so it wasn't with the others. Oh well.

And those were my first years in San Francisco. My original newspaper scrapbook of Babe Bean's articles — how the hell could I ever replace that at this late date in my life. Years. What else, of course too bad about the computer — — but worst, I remembered the $4,000+ cash hidden in the closet, my left over inheritance from Jack. Could be gone into so few flakes of ash. The firemen were everywhere, the smoke was billowing; two hauled a youngman probably in his twenties down, he was totally limp + out of it. They laid him on the cold cement in his blackened jeans + ~~[illegible]~~ T-shirt. I tried to see if he was dead but he seemed to be ~~[illegible]~~ holding his hands up himself, but they were charcoal stump shaking smasmotically. Glass from the upper windows showers him + the 3 or so firemen working over him. I tried to bury my head in the collar of my ~~[illegible]~~ coat, I felt so sick + cold. Ed, the gay guy on the 2nd floor (above us) came to talk + he let me sit in his ~~[illegible]~~ car. Jim tried to squeeze in the 2-seater, too, + I ended up really banging my already-

pounding head TWICE. Finally after 3 hrs. they let us inside our apartment. The kitchen under water, but who cares? My room barely touched by water from the firemen's hoses, dripping between the walls. Quickly emptied my books into my dresser — some slightly wet, but I was proud of how I'd protected the main items (like Deborah Sampson's book) in plastic beforehand. About 1/8 of my rug was wet. Everything ~~else~~ else untouched. Even my brand new mattress was bone dry!

The back enclosed porch was soaked & boy am I glad I hadn't put my typesetter back there yet. That's the plan.

But Mary Ellen with Erin and mom who just arrived yesterday in Oakland, showed up so I laid on the bed with a debilitating headache; they covered my whole bedroom in plastic and took me to Kathy [redacted], and she rushed me to U.C. Hospital. [redacted] sent us to the Emergency Room. I couldn't even open my eyes for the pain it ~~caused~~ caused. They don't know nuthin'. They send me up for a CAT Scan (oh, slip 'o the pen...

CAT scan) to see if I got "cryptococcus" or "toxoplasmosis" or whatever & they did a "lumber puncture" on my ~~th~~ back, whereby they insert a long needle into your spinal column & draw fluid out to check for meningitis. I flew off the table about a ~~th~~ foot when they stuck me! Kathy patiently & lovingly stayed by my side the whole time, ministering to my needs. I was there about 7 hours & they sent me home with all test results negative and aspirin/codeine pills. Back to Kathy's where she made a comfortable ~~pla~~ bed for me in Cheyney's room. I laid in darkness & ~~slept~~ slept Christmas Eve & Day. Was happy to have a quiet safe place away from "all the commotion" of Christmas over at Mary Ellen's. I could eat little, felt very nauseous. Saturday afternoon Nanc came by — I'd made an appointment for her to get a massage for his Christmas present & she came over afterwards. She loved it. I thought she would — when was the last time someother, other than Grandmother, caressed her?

Anyway, all I know is Saturday night I began hiccupping and at 1 A.M. Sunday morn I hiccupped non-stop til 2:30 A.M. None of my usual remedies stopped them — usually if I guzzle water + make myself burp. But nothing helped. I might stop for ½ hour, but then they'd start up again + last an hour. My poor body was just being racked. No way could I sleep. What torture. My headache was overpowering — their medicines didn't do shit. Sunday night Kathy + I slept together in her bed. She gave me a very relaxing massage and we were both trying to holistically stop these hiccups. I laid on my stomach, she ~~+~~ sat on my butt + rubbed my back. She stretched her hands all the down my ~~[illegible]~~ arms until our fingertips touched. I felt her energy + loving, and said "Kath, if love can cure anything, this should do it." She answered, "It does cure." And at that moment my hiccups ceased. She laid on me, neither of us wanting to move, floating on the calm of my released body.

[★] told me to stop taking the AZT &

We slept side by side & told each other how much we meant to each other. She said I was her best friend. I told her learning to love her as tho she were a part of my family taught me I could love others. She was really the first outsider I felt a part of my family.

Monday early A.M. The hiccups were back & [redacted] [★] agreed to see me on Monday afternoon. [redacted] Mary Ellen & Kathy took me & [redacted] sent us, me in wheelchair, to the Emergency Room to see if they could stop my hiccups. Earlier in the day I vomited some tea & was chug-a-lugging & stopped hiccupping momentarily. That was the docs' first approach. He tickled my back palate til I vomited & the hiccups were gone about 20 mins. Back again. He'd been so proud of his success. Instead they gave me a intravenous saline solution & had them take a chest X-ray. Gave me a shot of thoragine in the ass. This time Mary Ellen stayed with me the whole time. Well, the hiccups were gone, Mary Ellen was helping me limp in weakness out of the hospital, when

HICCUP. Turned right back in + Mary Ellen reminded the docs that [redacted] wanted me admitted into the hospital if my hiccups continued. So they admitted me.

I hadn't had a night's sleep in 48 hrs. They gave me ativan and compozene, plus the aspirin / codeine, and they wanted me to suck on the mycelex troches, though I have no sign of candida. Stayed in the hospital bed Tuesday

I had to phone Mary Ellen just now so she could tell me what happened next. She said Kathy stayed with me Tuesday but I was really out of it, still hiccupping, hardly knew she was there. I didn't have an I.V. or anything. Mary Ellen came in the p.m. and while I was eating dinner, I vomited violently right onto my dinner plate. After that, I just conked out.

Wednesday they said there was nothing they could do for me there that I couldn't do at home — gave me compozene, ativan, some swish + swallow mouth rinse and I went back to Kathy's place. Still hiccupping.

1/7/88

Thursday morning of New Years Eve I vomited my oatmeal breakfast. I just wanted to go home, so Mary Ellen went to my bedroom + tried to clean it enough so I could stay there. I hiccuped my way into 1988. New Years Day I just laid in bed and my hiccups had progressed into almost choking — my muscular spasms during breathing were so severe. Mary Ellen advised me to stop taking all this medication, and I did. Drew a bath, but there was no hot water and I slipped and cracked open my forehead — sat in the lukewarm bath, bleeding, and had a good cry. I just felt so sorry for myself... Went to bed and smoked a joint and finally began breathing regularly. Drank Coca-Cola to make me burp and relax.

And that ended the torture. Since then I've regained my strength. By Tuesday my headache was really gone. Went to see the nurse at the UCSF ~~AIDS~~ AIDS Clinic for my

regular check-up. I'd lost 8 lbs. (am now 136 — still more than my weight before being sick). She said all tests done on me were negative and they have no idea why I was so sick. When she asked how I finally got it together, I told her that I stopped all medication and smoked marijuana instead. She said next time I get sick, she advises me to just smoke a joint and try to relax that way because it will probably be better for me than to come to the hospital and take their drugs!!

Then she said she didn't think I was going to die of AIDS. I just laughed and didn't even press her to explain why she said this. Just figured this is the new Positive Approach Attitude treatment. Sure is funny they don't know anything about my condition — but <u>that</u> she knows. HA I think she was merely complimenting my ability to fight and finally gain control of my body... but if this experience has taught me anything,

I've learned how out of control I really CAN be.

Later Tom picked me up and went with me to where my motorcycle is still sitting with a rear flat tire. It was (in my memory) the nicest he's been to me since I moved out, and spent a lot of time trying to pull the nail out of the tire and filling the inner tube with puncture seal. But to no avail. He complained the whole time that he had this or that to do and had to leave, but he didn't and stuck with it beyond the call of duty.

Wednesday I pasted up the Dec. issue of the San Francisco Bay Area Gay + Lesbian Historical Society Newsletter.

I almost forgot to mention that the San Joaquin Historian with my Babe Bean article as the featured front-page article finally came out. This is the quarterly publication of the San Joaquin County Historical Society. Stockton, where Bean lived and wrote for the newspaper, is the major city in

San Joaquin County. This Historical Society has a membership of about 700, and is the first time I've gotten publicity for Garland's story in the non-gay press. I finally got into the mail the slightly water-damaged copies to Barbara [redacted] of Naiad Press and to Sasha Alyson of Alyson Publications, hoping they haven't forgotten all their promises.

In fact, the worst damage I sustained from water damage as a result of the fire was a good soaking of the 10 or so copies I have of the April 24, 1987 issue of <u>The Sentinel</u>, the San Francisco gay newspaper, containing an article on my Garland research.

Today I worked downtown at the investment banking firm that has me on-call as a word processor, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., with a 1 3/4 hour lunch at a financial district gay bar/restaurant. I so much appreciate being with men who love other men. Tonight was my support group for disabled gay men.

1/13/88

Am on the Greyhound Bus returning to San Francisco after speaking at the University of Nevada in Reno — Dr. Ira [redacted]'s class of sophomore medical students. It went just as well as my talk with [redacted] last October and I feel very proud. In addition, we also made another video-taped interview for [redacted] to show and he promised to do so at the next Harry Benjamin Symposium to be held in Cleveland the summer of 1989. He asked if I had coined (invented) the phrase "female-to-gay-male" and I said I suppose I had. He wants me to co-author a paper to be published on my condition. He also promised to send me a copy of the videotape we made. I truly feel I've made a dent with these gender professionals now, and no longer need we hear there's no such thing as a female-to-male who wants to be a gay man.

Also, on Dec. 29, Eli [redacted] sent me his draft case study about me entitled, "Heterosexual Prior to Sex Reassignment — Homosexual

Afterwards: A Case Study of a Female-to-male Transsexual." I've read through, have a number of corrections, and will return it to him ASAP.

1/22/88

Finally got a letter from Mr. [redacted] himself of Boston's Alyson Publications. He said [redacted] had mailed him the items I'd sent her, but he's never received them, so could I send copies direct to him? Also, he asked how close to "done" am I with Garland's biography. Then said he'll review this info to determine if it's worth pursuing and then will be happy to write up a contract with me! He said he found the story "very interesting." So I quick sent him those items (the Sentinel article and the Gay Historical Society Newsletter with articles on Garland), wrote that I still need to go to Honolulu to get info from their State Library. Hopefully I'm on my way to publication!

Closed out the books for Zamot Graphic Production yesterday and gave Tom the keys I still had to Page Street.

It felt real good to think I never have to go back there, or see him, again.

Got a phone call a few weeks ago from a reporter for the San Jose Mercury News, who saw my photo and quotation at the FACES OF AIDS display and he wants to do a story about me for his newspaper. Of course I agreed, in the interest of spreading the facts on the female-to-male, but my main blockage is whether or not to use my real name and/or let him publish my photograph. As of now I've decided neither name nor photo. If I thought it would only be printed in San Jose, I might let him — but I know how these papers reprint each other's stories and I sure don't want my name and face on the front page of the San Francisco newspaper! "SEX CHANGE HAS AIDS!" Or on the cover of a national gossip tabloid. I told mom on the phone about the newsreporter and she asked "Why not let them use your name + photo?" I said, well, ma, I don't want my mug on the cover of National Enquirer or something. She saw my point then. Plus, I said,

I'm not interested in going on the 'Phil Donahue Show' or anything. She said, "No, don't go on 'Donahue' — go on 'Oprah Winfrey' or 'Geraldo' instead!" She was encouraging me to go on TV!!! Bizarre. Anyway, this reporter plans to spend all next Wednesday with me.

Yesterday went for the first time to a Stretch and Exercise Class for Persons With AIDS. There were about 7 other guys there, around my age, a couple of cuties, too. While there, again I swelled with happiness in the realization that I was one of these gay men, I belonged. How wonderful to "pass" so easily and be accepted... how lucky I am to be living in this age of hormones + surgery. How beautiful my flat chest, my muscular arms, my stubby chin, felt.

2/2/88

Spent the better part of the day being interviewed by reporter Jim [redacted] of the San Jose Mercury News. He plans to write an article about me, assuring me he would not use my real name. We agreed

he'd use "Bob Cordail" as my pseudonym (Bobby Cordail was the name I used while "playing boys" as a child). [redacted] is gay and we got along well — I told him I didn't think I'd give the interview or trust him if he were straight. We also agreed on "no photos" but I volunteered to give him some old photos of me crossdressing before hormones — I don't think anyone could recognize the "me" of today from those old female pictures.

Saturday got a letter from Sasha [redacted], asking for the first half of my Garland manuscript and sending a sample copy of their standard contract. Sent the manuscript off to him today.

Tried to phone Cory to make sure he's still there, but his phone's been disconnected. Quickly sent him a card asking him to call when he can, if he gets the card. Sure will feel bad if I lose touch with him.

2/13/88

Got a call from Eric [redacted], my friend from the Gay Historical Society. Said he

got a call from Sasha [redacted] who was asking questions about me and my work on Babe Bean. He also asked Eric for Allan [redacted]'s phone, as Allan did the original research on Bean. Eric said [redacted] was speaking very positively about the manuscript I sent, but said he would like a few changes. I'm so excited! It looks like this is really going to happen — Bean will really be published!

Johnney's been here visiting for the past week. He brought his girlfriend so a lot of time/energy centered around her. He built a beautiful portable light table for me, so I never have to go back to Page Street, and beg to use the equipment.

VALENTINE'S DAY 2/14/88

Was at the barber the other day and the subject of Tom came up. "Oh, yes," said my barber, "he's the one who looks like a boy."

3/7/88

Just received [redacted]'s acceptance letter + publication contract for my Garland biography + I am so overwhelmed, I feel tears welling up. To actually see this wonderful story + those beautiful pictures all together in a fine book — I am so proud!

He wants the completed manuscript by Sept. 1st + writes, "The only major change I'd like in the book from what you've done so far is that I think sometimes you quote too extensively from Garland's actual writings + include too much detail that is superfluous for the contemporary reader. I think it's important to give a feeling of the era, but it's important that the real emphasis of the book be on the cross-dressing." Hmmm. I'm not too sure what that means, but will have to go through the manuscript with that ~~it~~ in mind. I feel <u>every</u> word + detail Garland writes is precious!

If I can just last long enough, if I can just live long enough to see

this book – I'll be fulfilled! I just want it in libraries all over, so when someone, like I was at age 21, is searching the libraries for a mention of a female-to-male, there Garland will be – proud + beautiful! I am so lucky!

This morning I picked up the tickets for ma + me to go to Honolulu Apr. 3-8 so I can get info on Garland from the Hawaii State Library. My friend Walker of the Gay Historical Society has connections with the university library system + thinks he'll be able to get microfilm of the Manila newspapers on Garland for me.

I am truly actualizing all the dreams I had for myself while young, i.e., to be a man, to be a gay man, to be a published writer. That is why I feel at peace with my impending death. It's OK.

Meanwhile I work at putting my diaries into the word processor, to leave my autobiography.

*

Despite my pleadings, [redacted] filed a report with the IRS that I earned $2,000+ from him in '87 while I was on Social Security + not supposed to be working. What a selfish shit! I feel like that's the LAST communication I want to have with him.

3/17/88

Mailed off my signed contract to [redacted].

* * * * *

The Social Security Admin. is going to deduct $10/mo. out of my $677/mo. Disability check for the next 12 years to pay them back for $1460 they say I "should have known" they overpaid me last year. What a joke.

3/23/88

Two interesting experiences today. One, I finally called Tom because I need another run of my INFORMATION FOR THE FEMALE-TO-MALE. Very interesting that his first remark to me was, "You want your money, right?" because he owes me back wages, + he knows I'm mad because he filed with the I.R.S., telling them he's paid

me wages in '87, though I had begged him not to, the asshole. I was very sweet, I think he was very surprised. He sounded tired + hassled. I was glad.

Then this evening I went to the bar that has "Persons With AIDS" night, a gay men's bar, Moby Dick. The AIDS group advertising "PWA" night asks you to "wear a red ribbon" to identify yourself as a PWA to others. Well, I've gone twice to that bar on that night and not ONE person had a red ribbon. So tonight I thought "I'm going" and I tried to make a red ribbon armband, but it kept falling off. I need to think of a way of securing it. So I just looped it through my belt loop on my leather motorcycle jacket. I felt proud + tough in the bar — and I was THE only person with a red ribbon. Well, at least it got several guys talking to me, and I had a fun time flirting. But DAMN — everyone is so uptight, so on the defensive, so sad. I want to say to these guys, "Hey, we haven't the time to be embarrassed — let's kiss."

1st advance for Jack Garland bio.

DATE	INVOICE	AMOUNT

5-39 110 01

8614

ALYSON PUBLICATIONS, INC.
D/B/A CARRIER PIGEON, BAY WINDOWS
40 PLYMPTON ST
BOSTON, MA 02118

PAY Five hundred and 00/100 DOLLARS

CHECK NO.	TO THE ORDER OF	DATE	CHECK AMOUNT
8614	Louis G. Sullivan	3/22/88	500 00

Sasha Alyson
AUTH. SIG.

BANK OF BOSTON
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON

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for me to take my AZT... then 2 more hrs. to fall back asleep, etc.

What's been happening? The 26th I received my first installment of $500 against my $1500 advance on royalties from Alyson Publications, with a letter from Sasha [redacted] saying "I'm delighted that we will be publishing it." He said they plan on it being a "trade paperback" with "a small number of copies in cloth for library sales." How wonderful! To think of my Jack Garland story in libraries!

Yesterday I hosted ~~our~~ our fifth Female-to-Male Get-Together. I organized an "Old Timers Panel" and had Steve [redacted] and John [redacted] talk. We had another record turn-out, this time 18 female-to-males and 8 guests (mostly their girlfriends/wives).

3/28/88

Am just spending today lounging around the house. So much has been happening that these past few days I haven't been able to sleep well. Takes me 2 hrs. to fall asleep + then, in 2 more hours, my alarm goes off for me to take my AZT... then 2 more hrs. to fall back asleep, etc.

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I found a couple copies of Harry Benjamin's <u>The Transsexual Phenomenon</u> in a used book-store and asked the F→M's to put their name in a hat and we'd hold a drawing to give the copies away. I wasn't sure if there'd be much interest in that, but 6 F→M's put their names in the hat. So it was another very successful event. Kevin, an F→M who's just started hormones, and I put out our third issue of our <u>FTM</u> Newsletter, double the size of our first 2 issues.

Next, this coming Sunday, mom & I leave San Francisco for Honolulu. I haven't even begun to plan what to take, pack, etc. so I gotta do that this week. Am a little worried because I'm going there only to look through their old microfilm for Garland info, but a swell friend of mine here thought he was doing me a favor by requesting Honolulu to send the microfilm <u>here</u>. I had made the same request a long time ago and they refused to send it, so hopefully they'll refuse his request as well. Otherwise the microfilm will be <u>here</u>

while I'm <u>there</u> ???

Another dilemma: [redacted] sent me a form to fill out about myself as the author and I just don't know if I want to reveal in this work that <u>I'm</u> an F→M. I mean, everyone (even those who don't know I'm an F→M, like Cuca, like Bruce, like my masseur, and many other friends) knows I'm doing this book and knows Alyson's publishing it. If I do any personal promotion after it's published, EVERYONE'S gonna know I'm an F→M. I wouldn't sweat it so much if I KNEW I really am going to die in the next few years — but with my luck, I'll tell the world I'm F→M and then they'll find a cure for AIDS and I'll live forever with no peace. What a bother-ation!

Talked to that reporter on the San Jose Mercury News about his article on me. He said he's having a hard time selling the story to his editor because she thinks it's "too weird." My life is too weird for the general reading public. HA HA

Few weeks ago I went to a lawyer who's on the AIDS Panel of the Bay Area Lawyers for Individual Freedom. They will execute a simple will and a "durable power of attorney" (granting someone the legal right to make decisions + conduct business matters for me in case I become unable to do so myself, including the final say on removing me from life-support machines after I die) for free for persons with AIDS. I still have to write up what possessions of mine go where and any specifics into the "power of attorney," and then get back to him. He was a very interesting tall, black, educated Jamaican in a fancy-shmancy law firm downtown.

3/29/88

Regular check-up at the AIDS Clinic. Nurse there says I'm doing very well — my hemoglobin is 15, when 12 is normal, so my iron is very good. But I'm a little concerned because my weight's 130 lbs. Have lost 6 lbs. since recovering from my hiccuping marathon.

4/5/88

Here I am in Honolulu ... Waikiki, to be exact. Ma + I arrived Sunday afternoon. We just ate + flopped out at the hotel. Monday bright and early I was in the Hawaii State Library going through the October 1899 newspaper microfilm for details of Jack Garland's trip. Found some additional information, but nothing extraordinary. But one paper said when she stepped off the army transport, she "looked every inch a man." Also spent the better part of today (Tuesday) at the Library and Public Archives. This was the first time ma + I were apart + I took the opportunity to stop in the famous gay bar here, Hamburger Mary's. Then we went to Waikiki Beach. This place is, no kidding, just like in the picture post-cards. Beautiful blue sky, gleaming sun, lush palms everywhere, and it is the City of Bodies Beautiful. No lie. Gorgeous men everywhere + showin' it off. Very cruisy. But I think my favorite part of this place is that the air is so FRAGRANT — even the downtown city air smells like a flower shop. Perfect

temperature. Our travel package was supposed to include a "traditional lei greeting" but so far we haven't seen one. So I gotta go buy one, at least — and not a fake one, either — a real flower one. Tomorrow we go on a dinner cruise with the Don Ho Show afterwards! Ma fell in San Francisco, just before we left for Hawaii, so she's brutalized with scraped + bruised elbow + knee and can't walk, stand, sit, etc. But we're eating well, and the place is so beautiful it's even a pleasure to sit on our hotel balcony.

4/8/88

Well, Hawaii is truly a gorgeous place. Am on the airplane returning for S.F. For the past 3 days I've had a large lump form behind my lower left ear — of course my first thought was "lymphoma" but I don't think there are lymphs on the bony part behind the ear. But what do I know? It could be a cyst but it's pretty big + I think I better call the doc when I get back to S.F. Doesn't particularly hurt, but it is tender

when I touch it. Anyway this trip turned out exactly as I expected it would. I had set aside last night in case I had enough energy to go ... "go bar" and see Waikiki's gay bars at night but at 9:30 p.m. my feet + legs were buzzing + I went to bed. No matter — saw the bars during the day, and enough gorgeous bods + cruisy dolls on the streets + beaches to satisfy me. Even in the restaurants. A charming town with lots of foreigners — Australia, Japan, who knows where else — and everyone feeling good, on vacation, friendly + smiling. I really wouldn't mind coming back sometime.

Mom took the opportunity of this memorable time together to tell me, in a restaurant, that later (when there weren't so many people around) she would tell me why Grandmother left Grandpa. Of course I knew already, but didn't let on. In the car afterwards she said because Grandpa had "molested" her + she told Grandmother that daddy got "some

sticky stuff" on her skirt. She was about 12 years old, but some young male cousin had messed with her, also, when she was 6. I told her that I wasn't surprised at this revelation — that it made sense & seemed to explain the previously unexplained way everyone had acted toward Grandpa, i.e., "Go in and say hi to Grandpa, BUT COME RIGHT BACK!!" I talked a bit about how these experiences may have affected her, made her "anti-sex", etc., but she denied all, claiming that she wasn't traumatized by these experiences. So I took my controversial position by saying, well, maybe it WASN'T such a bad thing to happen to a child, maybe it DIDN'T have to be an awful traumatic experience like our society tells us "child molestation" is. She didn't seem to argue.

I got as much from Hawaii resources as I could think of while here on Garland. Haven't compiled/integrated the new info yet, but I'm turning the story around in my mind

and envision working one chapter a day until I'm satisfied with it. Since I have 13 ... 14?? ... chapters and 4 or so months to complete the work — I should have it as good as it's gonna get. — While at "Hamburger Mary's," the famous gay bar in Waikiki, I talked to a guy I saw there twice + told him why I had come to Hawaii. He asked me why anyone would be interested to read Garland's biography. I laughed + said, "Good question!" and said, well, if Lee Iacocca's (or however you spell his ~~na~~ name) ~~bio~~ autobiography can be on the best seller list for a year, (and who cares about him??) who knows? Garland led an ~~una~~ unusual life from a unique perspective. If you want to read about someone else's life, I'd think you'd pick a story that was unusual + unique. Anyway, who cares if anyone's interested — I'm definitely interested, and so's the publisher. So it's as good as published.

I do need to analyze, interpret,

explain Garland's motives / activities instead of simply presenting the fruits of my research ... the way the story's written now in some chapters. But no matter — I've plenty time for that.

Ma just asked if she could read what I'm writing in you. I told her no, and that she'd "have to buy this one." What good is a diary of confidential thoughts if they are immediately open to the public. When I'm dead, I don't care who reads it, but for now, my diaries are just for me. Even now — maybe for the first time since I've kept a diary — I feel inhibited in writing about this past week because I know ma will want to read it.

4/12/88

Went to the doc this morn and, yes, it is my lymph nodes, even that bump seemingly on my skull bone behind my ear. But my sore throat is better and the bump is reducing, so I'm not worried. They took a culture to see if I've got strep throat — if I do, they'll prescribe antibiotics. I'm <u>very</u> hesitant

to take any antibiotics after the bad experiences with the last two antibiotics ... that allergic rash, and the hiccup scene. But I doubt it's strep throat anyway, so am not concerned. I have been pretty wiped out & tired since returning from Hawaii & have been taking naps, etc. until I feel back up to par. — Sent that gay lawyer a draft of my Durable Power of Attorney and of my Will. — Just tonight I organized the info I got from Honolulu, but haven't plunged into the manuscript yet.

4/17/88

Thursday night went to see my ex-group members of the Gay Disabled Men's Group for dinner, then to the men's bar that has Persons With AIDS night. Again, I was <u>the</u> only one to wear a red ribbon (looped it on my pants' belt loop). Bored, bored, boring! Went home after one drink, feeling sorry for myself. But found a message on my answering machine from Cory!!! Called him right back. He said he'd just received the card I sent him in January, that he was

in Sweden these past 3 months, and could I come over? So I did and, again, we had a pretty fun time. We played Daddy + Little Boy and he wants me to make a poo-poo on him. I did try, but couldn't. Again I'm the one to give him a rubber glove and a condom, both he used for a few minutes + then tossed aside. Lots of ass play (him doing to me). I slept overnight — more play in the morn. He finally wore me out. So glad we're back in touch ... but I've decided to send him a card telling him, again, that I have the AIDS virus + could pass it on to him, so let's please be more Safe Sex aware, + then we can enjoy more things.

Friday night went drinking with Charlie [redacted] + his wife, + then we went to hear some South African musicians.

Saturday night my roommate Jim + his best friend Joe came over with some hetero X-rated movies + we 3 watched them.

Tonight my friend Jose (who had polio + is in a wheelchair) + I had a few drinks, then I suggested so he invited me to his place to see his one gay X-rated

movie. I tried to create a scenario where he + I showed each other how we jerk off, but nothing like that developed, as his roommate / attendant came home + there was a possibility of his walking in on us. So maybe next time.

I'm getting a bit bolder, but not bold enough!

4/18/88

Well, ma came through for me. In the mail today, she sent me a check to cover my airfare to Hawaii and almost begged me to accept it. No argument there! My "spending money" is very low and this gift came in the nick of time. I know what a sacrifice it is for her — it took her until now to decide to do it — and, more than anything else, it tells me she really does love me.

4/19/88

Am sending a card to Cory with the following note:

"My dear daddy,

I haven't been able to talk to you

about this, so am writing to you instead. I have tested positive for the AIDS virus and am capable of passing it on to you. I worry sometimes, after we love each other, if we were safe. I think sometimes we're not, and want to ask you to be as careful + safe as possible. Plus, if we use gloves/rubbers, etc. we can do a lot more things. Okay?

Since I slept with you last I've thought about your big dick + balls while I played with myself. Can't wait until I can see you again.

Your little boy, Lou

4/24/88

Thursday night went to the Male Express Strip Revue Show at the End-Up gay bar with a guy in his 50's I met in my disabled men's group. He's on kidney dialysis. Getting dressed up to go out, for a moment I felt like a kid again — that same flood of energy + excitement I used to get in 1973, dressing to go dancing at the River Queen. But

that abandon certainly wasn't there and I tried to identify why. I rationalized to myself that, hey, I'm <u>used</u> to going out to the bars with little or no hope of meeting a sexual partner. Before it was because I didn't want to be female with someone. Now it's because I'm infectious. Just a different excuse for the same dilemma.

But Friday evening Cory phoned + we talked about nonsense until he mentioned that he received my card. I said I hoped it was "well received" and he said yes. We talked a long time about AIDS and safe sex... he said he was so tired of burying his friends + so tired of the whole topic. Said he's never taken "the test" to find out if he's antibody positive (i.e., also infectious) but he just assumes he is. He's of the opinion that since we "both" have the virus, we needn't be so concerned about passing it onto each other — he doesn't believe the theory that you can keep being "re-infected" or that there's such a thing as getting "more" AIDS... once you got it,

you've got all there is to get. I more or less agree with that position. So now that we've talked it out, I feel the weight of the responsibility and guilt lifted. I'll do what I feel is safe and he'll just have to do what he thinks is safe. He invited me over and I went. We had fun sex — he likes to finger my ass. It was relaxing to cuddle up to him as we slept. Saturday morning he sucked my dick and I really had an orgasm!

Still I feel kind of blasé about our contacts. My indifference concerns me and I wonder, "Is that all there is?" I think of the years I yearned for my bottom surgery — so I could be a man with another man — and now it's happening and I feel no thrill. What is the matter with me? I've been laboring over this question all weekend. Unfortunately the only explanation I've been able to come up with is that I am not "in love" or even "in lust" with Cory, and so nix on the excitement factor. I never used to feel that love and sex were necessarily

connected... that one needn't be in love in order to have good sex. But I'm afraid my relationship and experience with Tom [redacted] changed that. No matter what we did — even sex acts I disliked — it was so much more erotic because I lusted after his body and I cared about his life. I regret to say that I still think back daily of the good times we had and how much I loved him. I miss that feeling so very much.

I guess I can't give up or think "I'll never fall in love again." That's what I thought when Jim left and I was amazed to find my love for Tom even stronger than what I felt for Jim. So maybe there's a Mr. X out there who I'll end up loving even more than Tom. Wouldn't that be amazing and wonderful? Yet somehow I find myself withdrawing from that possibility, and I wonder if it's because I don't want to have someone fall in love with me, only to have him watch me become sick and die soon.

4/29/88

I just returned from a coin shop where I sold the 1 oz. gold Canadian Maple Leaf coin that dad bought for each of us kids in 1980. I used the $455 for which it sold, and added another $300 from the cash I still have left from dad's estate, to pre-pay my cremation cost with the Neptune Society. I felt very sad and almost like crying when selling the coin. Why? I think because I know it would have made dad very sad to think I used his gift to pay for my funeral. But now, thinking more about it, I'm trying to think of it rather that I used the coin to pave my way to seeing dad again. When dad was really dying, I said into his ear, "That's okay, you go by your mom and dad, and we'll see you later." Little did I know at that time, for me it would be more "sooner" than "later." They say when you die, someone who died before you comes to help you make the transition — I know for me that person will be dad, and I feel privileged to think I'll be the first one in the family to die after he did.

5/3/88

I returned the phone call message left to me by Diane [redacted], a lady I worked with at ARCO, who once came to Tom's + my backyard for a cook-out, with her husband. She wants very much to meet me for lunch and she'll arrange a get-together with Rose-Marie, and I said Jack [redacted], my old boss, would like to come, too. She confided that she told Rose-Marie I had AIDS and I said I was glad she had, so I wouldn't have to. She was relieved. She said she'd seen Cheryl, that crazy bitch lesbian who worked for me. I wonder if Cheryl opened her big yap and told Diane I was a sex-change....

As we said goodbye on the phone, Diane says almost imploringly "I love you, Lou... I love you." Very emotional moment for me. She said someone at her work just died from AIDS and she knows another who has it.

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A final decision

Cordale finally got a female wardrobe together and lived as a woman for three years. But in 1979, she began injections of male hormones after deciding she couldn't live in a woman's body any longer.

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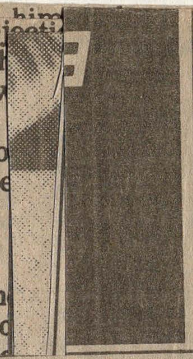

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"As a mother, I love my children as they are. I haven't any right to judge them, just to love them."

— Bobby Cordale's mother

Cover Story

Surgery ended years of unhappiness

How Sheila became a man

> ‘As a mother, I love my children as they are. I haven’t any right to judge them, just to love them.’
>
> — *Bobby Cordale’s mother*

CORDALE, from Page 1C

sy. She moved in with a boyfriend, Jim, and they pretended they were gay lovers.

"We were boyfriend and girlfriend" sexually, Cordale said, but she continued cross-dressing, with Jim's knowledge. It was a fantasy both enjoyed.

"Jim was a real feminine kind of guy, so he fit in with my fantasy," Cordale said.

In gay social circles, Sheila felt comfortable for the first time. "I understood what gay men meant when they talked. Being with straight people, I just couldn't figure out what was going on. I didn't have anything to say to them."

In gay social circles, Sheila felt comfortable for the first time. "I understood what gay men meant when they talked. Being with straight people, I just couldn't figure out what was going on. I didn't have anything to say to them."

At age 20, Sheila first talked to her mother about her desire to be a man.

"I felt very deeply for her and took her off and bought her a couple of men's suits," Nancy recalled. "As a mother, I love my children as they are. I haven't any right to judge them, just to love them."

Seeking kinship

At age 22, Cordale began to search for others like herself. "I went to a gay liberation group in Milwaukee, but I didn't know how to present myself," he said. "I felt like a gay man, but I wasn't a man. And I wasn't a lesbian. It was really awful, a torment. There was nobody to talk to."

When she was 24, Sheila and Jim moved to San Francisco, and she got a job as a secretary to a sympathetic boss who was tolerant of her dressing in men's clothing. She joined a group of transvestites and transsexuals called Golden Gate Girls and Guys.

"There was only one other female-to-male in that group," he said. "It was the first time I had met somebody else like me."

But meeting that person didn't relieve her anxiety.

"I was really freaked out in those days and knew I had to do something. I decided to give it one more shot at being a female again."

Cordale laughed when he recalled a shopping trip downtown.

"I bought a dress and some nylons and went to work like that, but I was still wearing these kinds of shoes," he said, pointing to his brown men's oxfords. "It was funny."

A final decision

Cordale finally got a female wardrobe together and lived as a woman for three years. But in 1979, she began injections of male hormones after deciding she couldn't live in a woman's body any longer.

"Right away my voice started to change. There was a frog in my voice, and I told people I had a cold. My face started to change, and I grew facial hair. My body fat distribution changed. My thighs and behind got smaller, and my face harder and my arms stronger. My skin toughened up, too, and my sex drive went through the roof."

In 1980, Sheila took the next step toward fulfilling her childhood fantasy: She had a double mastectomy so she no longer had to keep her breasts flattened with surgical bindings.

"I felt I had died and gone to heaven when I woke up from the surgery," he said.

After that operation, Cordale made a complete lifestyle transition, passing full-time as a man, rather than presenting the appearance of a woman in men's clothing.

"I moved out of the neighborhood where everybody knew me as a woman," Cordale said. "I left my female personality behind and got into a new secretarial job where they didn't know about my past."

"I just wanted to be a gay guy . . . but I worked in a really straight atmosphere. It really shocked everyone that they had a gay man working among them.

"Little did they know!"

In 1982, Sheila began looking for a doctor to perform surgery that would carry out his anatomical transformation. She was rejected twice.

"They said they didn't want to deal with me because they had never heard of anybody like that. I spent a lot of time wondering, 'Does anybody feel like I do?' "

Disheartened by the rejection, she lived for two years with a flat chest and the genitals of a woman.

Five years after the hormone injections began, though, she finally convinced a sex-change doctor she was "for real," Cordale said.

The $10,000 surgery, conducted in a small San Francisco hospital, required four operations over a one-year period. One operation transformed the clitoris into a small penis. Others involved partly sewing up the vaginal opening and attaching a scrotum containing silicon testicles.

Sense of self

Although the surgery left him with a sexual organ that is both male and female, in Cordale's eyes it made him as fully a man as he was capable of becoming.

Since the sex change, his mother said, his personality has changed dramatically for the better. "It's exactly the opposite of what it was," Nancy said. "Now he's outgoing, gregarious . . . a nice guy to be with."

She said she was also pleased that Cordale adopted the mannerisms and voice of her other son, who had been killed in a motorcycle crash at age 20.

The mother said all four of her other living children have accepted Cordale's transsexuality. When Sheila was cross-dressing as a man, Nancy said, she was the best man at a sister's wedding.

Cordale's 87-year-old grandmother, Erna, who lives with her daughter, is also supportive of the sex change. "Since he's been a boy, he laughs loud and hearty, something she never did when she was a little girl," she said.

Still, she looks back with nostalgia on "a sweet, darling girl."

"I feel that Sheila has gone away, and I haven't seen her for a long time, and I miss her," the grandmother said, beginning to cry. "But when (Bobby) is here, I forget all about Sheila."

In a way, she said, "It's like having twins, a girl and a boy."

The shadow of AIDS

The family's positive response to his personality change is clouded by the fact that Cordale has AIDS. Cordale said he took no precautions in his sexual activity with anonymous partners he met in bars and movie theaters.

"I never even imagined I could get AIDS. I was under the impression, like so many people, that it was a man's disease. Well, I told myself, I'm still biologically a female. I thought I was pretty safe."

On New Year's Eve 1986, doctors told him he had AIDS.

Last year, Cordale, who is receiving disability payments, thought he was near death. But he's been taking medication and now feels healthy.

Though he has a fatal disease, Cordale feels that at least he will die happy with the body he feels he should have been born in.

"Before, as a woman, I was very self-conscious — even when I was cross-dressing," he said. "I felt everybody thought I was a weirdo.

"Now I feel just the opposite. I can walk like a man and open my mouth and hear a male voice coming out. I feel attractive. Before, I felt I was ugly."

Sex-change operation puts mind and body ‘in harmony’

SOME 10,000 Americans have had sex-change operations since George Jorgensen, a former GI from the Bronx, gained both fame and notoriety after Danish surgeons helped transform him into Christine Jorgensen in 1952.

And there may be 100,000 more Americans who would like to change their sex, according to Mildred Brown, a Los Gatos clinical sexologist who is internationally renowned in the field of sex-change psychology.

She called them "pre-operative transsexuals," people who are "sitting around feeling they are in the wrong body and haven't done anything about it."

Transsexuals, she said, "generally pursue surgery as a way to get mind and body in harmony, because we haven't found anything we can do to the mind."

Brown noted that psychologists clearly distinguish between transsexuals and transvestites.

Transvestites, she said, are generally men who are "pleased with their bodies and like their sex organs but like to put on female clothing, either for erotic or other psychological reasons."

In the early days of sex-change surgery, Brown said, 1,000 men chose to become women for every woman who wanted to become a man. Today the ratio is 3-to-1 in her practice, and many clinics are reporting an equal ratio, Brown said.

Most people who change their sex function heterosexually, therapists say. Homosexuality, Brown said, is much more common among male-to-female transsexuals than female-to-male transsexuals.

Said Eli Coleman, a sex-change therapist at the University of Minnesota:

"More and more people are finding that the discrete categories of how we define our sexuality in terms of male and female, masculine and feminine, heterosexual and homosexual, simply don't fit their experiences."

— *Jim Dickey*

5/9/88

Since last Thursday (4 days ago) the lymph node under my left armpit has been swollen and very sore. I've been waiting until tomorrow, when I have my regular check-up at the AIDS Clinic, to see the doc. Don't know anything about the disease lymphodenopathy or lymphoma, but looks like I better study up because seems like I'm going to have continuous problems with my lymph glands. Have only a slight fever (100.5°F) and some nasal congestion.

I haven't any real particular comments or reactions about the San Jose Mercury News article on me that ran 5/7. I do feel that it was presented anonymously enough that no one could think it was me if they didn't already know. He got the story pretty accurate, but did misquote some numbers (my bottom surgery was $5,000, not $10,000, and I didn't go into gay bars in my mid-teens... he must have decided the Avant Garde was a gay joint from my description of it).

5/16/88

Can't forget ... While I was working downtown word-processing on-call today, the boss asked if I knew a printer. I phoned Page Street to learn that the phone number was changed. When I called the new number, Tom answered at his new print shop location, 560 Hayes, he told me, inviting me to visit and go to lunch sometime. When I asked if he'd changed the phone at Page Street, too, he said he'd moved this month to a "nice little house on 43rd Ave." So Page Street is no more. I didn't ask for specifics, not wanting to hear if he'd moved in with Fuck-Face. Later in the day he came by to talk to my boss, but I gave little attention. He surely is less beautiful than when we were in love. But my suspicions haunted me — I had to find out if her phone had changed, too. I looked up her old number in the phonebook + her answering machine answered, so, no, they haven't moved in together and in fact Tom moved quite a ways away from her. But Tom was very friendly, very cheerful. I mourn Page Street — I mourn

our love. I don't really care to be his "friend." I am still angry that he stopped loving me and am not eager to hear that his life and loves don't include me. — Tonight Greg from the Gay Historical Society came over to get pictures of Jack Garland for an exhibit they're building. I've always been attracted to Greg, but always felt he thought I was strange and he kept his distance. Tonight I gave him a copy of the newspaper article about me and I was shocked when he gave me a BIG HUG when he left. What a happy man I am! — Wednesday I went to hear Greg give a lecture on the history of San Francisco's Gay Pride Parades.

5/17/88

I realize I need to write in you more often, since I <u>am</u> living longer than I thought I would and my time isn't at such a premium ... my mind isn't so preoccupied.

Here's an interesting example of how I think like a male, instinctively. At work downtown the voluptuous receptionist told me she had fainted in the shower

that morning! I was alarmed, concerned, told her it sounded serious. Much later in the day it occurred to me that one of the few reasons for such fainting would be that she was pregnant. Of course, being male, I could never have asked her or suggested that possibility. As I say, it never even entered my mind until much later. But if I had been a female, I think that explanation (that she might be pregnant) would have popped into my mind as we spoke, and I could even have voiced my suspicion to her. But I think like a guy and it never came out of me like a female.

Had lunch with Diane, whom I used to work with at ARCO.

When I went to the AIDS Clinic Tues, May 10, for my usual check-up, I have a new nurse. Liked her better than my old one. She didn't seem too worried about my swollen armpit, but had an x-ray taken of my chest + said if the swelling wasn't gone "in a few weeks" to give them a call. ~~Wednesd~~ I weighed in at 133½ lbs.

so my weight is slowly climbing. Great! Wednesday went for my weekly massage (where I get naked, but no genital touching) and the guy, who's very gay, stroked my sore underarm, hoping to "increase the circulation." Well, something worked, because by Friday/Saturday, the swelling was gone + it was no longer sore.

5/30/88

This Memorial Day Weekend I was visited by Jeff [redacted] — he's a female-to-gay-male living in Southern California. He's a <u>real</u> FTM gay man, even though he hasn't had his bottom surgery yet. While here, he tricked for the 5th time with a gay man, telling him (like I used to) that he doesn't like or want to be touched between his legs, so the guy wouldn't find out about him.

6/3/88

Finally went by Tom's new shop. I planned to just slowly ride my motorcycle past, but Fred saw me through the shop window + waved me in, so I had to stop. Fortunately Tom wasn't there

(Fred said that's why he waved me in!)
so Fred left the shop in an employee's care, and we went "for coffee." He was very friendly and talkative, so I told him I was interested to find out if Tom had moved in with Karen. Fred blurted out, "He did." Then he said it was only a matter of time before either Tom killed her, or she kills him! Doesn't sound too romantic. Fred also said they had separate bedrooms. I remember once Tom told me he could never live with her... but, you know what that reminds me of? It reminds me of 1978, when Jim was telling me what a disgusting person Paula, his new waitress, was — the girl he eventually left me for. And also how Jim brought his Japanese wife here to visit and sat with her in a restaurant, telling me he didn't love her while she sat smiling, unable to understand English or what he was saying to me. I hope Tom finds his life with her unfulfilling and looks back on our years together, missing me.

Anyway, when Fred & I

returned, too bad, Tom was there. He showed me around the shop, said I could come in any time to make free xerox copies. I was about to leave when he asked me to go to the corner gay bar for a drink with Tom, and I did. We talked about everything except his new living arrangements and he doesn't know I know. I told him I had postponed coming to see his shop because I thought it would make me sad. He asked why!!?? I said because it was kind of seeing a dream that fizzled for me... but that's life, I guess. He said something in response, and it just shows how much I care what he thinks because I can't remember what he said. Who cares? He did say, at one point, "at least we're still friends." I guess we are, and somehow the news that he's living with her makes me feel distanced from him (he's no longer the Tom I loved), and makes it easier for me to be objective about my involvement with him. What better

revenge than to continue to be his best friend — revenge against her and against him. I try to focus on what I have <u>because</u> I'm no longer with him... and how I could never be his "girlfriend." He said he doesn't think I'm going to die... but what better revenge than to have him love me still, and lose me again.

6/6/88

I stood outside in the rain this afternoon in order to see Jesse Jackson speak in the heart of San Francisco's gay ~~neigh~~ neighborhood. He makes me feel enlivened about politics — for the first time in 8 years — and it seemed the whole city was friendly and smiling.

My regular check-up at the AIDS clinic. Doc said my blood "sedimentation" rate was 52 when I had that swollen underarm, but 2 weeks later it was back down to 24 (whatever that means), so she thought I maybe had a "skin infection" at the same time my underarm was swollen,

but it went away. My weight has maintained — or maybe gone up slightly — because last month, wearing my heavy motorcycle boots, I was 133½, and today wearing light street shoes, 134.

6/11/88

It's getting close to my birthday and I'm already getting excited. My New Year's Resolution was to make it to age 37, and now it looks like that'll be NO PROBLEM. I've already got a few ideas for some "extravagant" presents I'll buy for myself.

So the City of San Francisco cast their votes in the majority for Jesse Jackson for President. I just <u>love</u> this city and am so glad and proud to live here. What a cool place! I have high hopes that Jackson will be the Democratic Vice Presidential nominee. If he's not, I'll be very disillusioned (AGAIN) about this democratic system. He just says everything I want to hear out of a politician.

A couple days ago Paul [redacted] left a message on my telephone answering machine, saying here's the number if I want to talk to a man from the Los Angeles Times. So I called. He's doing a general kind of article on female-to-males, so asked me the usual questions. He hadn't seen the San Jose Mercury News article, so I sent him a copy, along with my INFORMATION FOR THE FEMALE-TO-MALE booklet and a copy of our FTM NEWSLETTER.

At the same time I'm putting the finishing touches on the Jack Garland story, I have big plans for another edition of INFO FOR THE F-M, as I'm running low on copies and the orders keep coming in. A gay bookstore in Boston just ordered 10 copies, and one in Seattle 6. I may run into a no supply situation, but don't want to do a whole 500 copy rerun of this 1985 edition and it will take me several months to get a new edition to press. PLUS I'm envisioning big things for this FTM NEWSLETTER.

I've been just tossing together a quick

newsletter for these FTM Get-Togethers, but since METAMORPHOSIS (the only publication for the F→M) has discontinued, it would be NO PROBLEM for me to put FTM together a little more professionally and I'll be editor of "the only publication for the F→M." So, as you can see, I'm keeping plenty busy.

Last night Cory called and I invited myself over to his place. We had fun sex again — he sucks my little dick and sticks his fingers up both my holes. I come! He likes to look at, play with my asshole and tell me to "make a poo-poo on daddy." I bear down and fart, maybe shit a little, and he jerks off and comes. I don't particularly like him as a person or physically, for that matter. Too bad, because he's looking for a steady love. But it ain't me, babe.

6/16/88

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME

Woke up at 9 a.m. for my dose of AZT and heard Jim [redacted] leave a message on my telephone answering machine, saying he would call later. Not even a minute later, I heard Tom leave a message, asking when I planned to bring him the Gay Historical Society Newsletter to print. Neither said anything about my birthday but it was creepy to wake up to both of their voices. Mary Ellen came over with Baby Jack — we went out to breakfast & I looked for "the teapot of my dreams" to buy for myself for a present. Went for my hour's weekly massage and my gay masseur wouldn't take my $25 — saying I'd been coming to him weekly for over a year! Tom's brother Fred phoned me yesterday & offered to fix my telephone for free for my birthday, so took the phone to him at Tom's print shop. Meanwhile Tom ran copies for me of my female-to-male newsletter, FTM. He complained to me that

he didn't want Fred to see it; I answered, "I know," but it pissed me off, so I added, "You know if they ever found out, just say you didn't know either." He said, oh, some people "wouldn't understand," and I responed, oh, your family's cool, they like me. He said yeah, he knows, but ....

Then he asked me to go for coffee with him. He said he was glad I finally came to the shop and wasn't mad, that we're still friends. I said time heals all wounds. While talking to me casually about the weather in his new neighborhood, he let slip out something about how "when we moved there," meaning him & Fuck Face (as Cuca and I call Tom's babe, Karen). He looked up quickly, knowing he just told me he's living with her, but I just picked up talking about the weather, pretending I didn't catch his "we."

Later Fred came over to my apartment to finish fixing my phone. He asked me what I had

Tom run off on the copier & I lied & told him the Historical Society Newsletter. Fred went with me out for dinner & asked if I wanted to go to a movie afterwards, but that I declined.

I saw a pretty extravagant outrageous teapot that looks like a figurine of a swan. So far it's my favorite, but there's a few more places I need to look before I buy.

Wow! I made it to 37. I really feel lucky. My left ear has been a little tender these past few days and Tom mentioned he thought I have a swollen neck, but I can't see it. Otherwise I feel really well.

6/25/88

Have been thoroughly enjoying the San Francisco International Gay & Lesbian Film Festival. Tonight saw male physique films from the 1940's and '50's. They were fabulously erotic. Afterwards ran into my gay male friends from the Gay Historical Society and Allan Bérubé, who founded my Jack Garland. We all

went drinking at Moby Dick's and I feel so honored to be a friend of Bembe's. He's recently moved to a place one block from mine, and I'm going to pursue our friendship.

Tomorrow the Gay Pride Parade. I've been attaching the rainbow "Fag Flag" to my motorcycle when I drive since Friday and it's like playing, I'm so proud to drive with flag attached!

7-17-88

Happy Birthday to Dad....

Well, ma did the nicest thing in the world last week. She really surprised me. I didn't know she was such a good person.

My friend Alyn [redacted] in Milw finally got pneumocystis and diagnosed with AIDS. He's had "ARC", i.e., AIDS-related complex, for a long time but finally got the approved AIDS disease, pneumocystis. But now he's in the hospital and will be for several months, with 2 brain tumors.

Anyway I told ma about Alyn and she volunteered to go visit him in the hospital, even though she's never met him before. Well, she did indeed go see him, and held his hand and kissed him goodbye on the forehead and told him there were people who cared. I am very moved by her kind act and sent her a Thank You card to let her know. I'm really proud that Alyn met my mother when she was acting so loving. I wrote her that visiting Alyn was the nicest thing she ever could have done for me.

I'm working on my book every day — I've got one more month to "put it to bed." It looks good.

I've especially noticed lately how really truly IMPRESSED strangers are when I tell them I'm writing a book and have already received money from the publisher. I mean, suddenly I have their rapt attention and sincerest admiration! It's happened several times, and what a rocket-booster for my ego. They are just as impressed by it as I am!

7/26/88

Returned home last night from a 4-day camping trip with Mary Ellen, Rusty and their 3 kids. I had my doubts about the wisdom of going (would it be very relaxing?), but it turned out to be very much so, despite the fact that it reached 100° every day! We went to the beach and I worked on my book each day. Had to go to the State Medi-Cal office for my yearly review — was concerned because they want to know where my inheritance money from Jack went. I'm also concerned about the wages earned in '87 that [redacted] reported to the I.R.S. But they didn't ask me about either.

This past week my lymph nodes in my neck and just off to the right side of my dick were swollen, but they're gone now. This problem only seems to last about a week at a time.

8-2-88

I had a disturbing dream Sunday night. It was the story of Tom [redacted] with the face of Jim [redacted]. In a room Jim and his girlfriend stood and I was about to leave when she gave me a paper with their address and phone. I took a few steps toward the door, to leave forever, when I thought, "Why do I want <u>this</u>?" and I turned to throw the paper into the room. I said, "Here... <u>you</u> call <u>me</u>!" and I left. Forever.

All Monday I felt tired and took naps all day after only a few hours activity in-between.

8-9-88

Yesterday morning Jim [redacted] left a desperate sounding message on my telephone answering machine, "Call me as soon as you can!" I thought it very presumptuous of him to think I could afford to call Japan, but I did. He was very panicky that I might have died without informing him and said

he was planning to fly to San Francisco just to find out what happened to me and had already told his wife he might! So I reassured him I'm fine. He said Al in Milwaukee wanted to come to S.F. to see me, too. Funny, but I can't remember Al's last name ....

Bridget's kids Brian + Jake arrive this Sunday for a few weeks' visit with their dad, Charlie, and us.

Got a letter from a guy at Alyson Publications asking whether I would meet my Sept. 1st deadline. I dropped them a post card saying "Not to worry."

8/29/88

IT'S GONE. Mailed my manuscript to Alyson this morning. Now it's in their hands. I feel very proud of it and the last time I read it from beginning to end, it even put tears in my eyes. It's a beautiful story and I can't see one word that can

be changed. Now I just hope I live long enough to actually see the book in my hand.

I'm going to wind down now. The painters are scraping and painting my bedroom to repair the damage done by the 12/24/87 fire, so all my stuff's in our kitchen and I'm sleeping in our livingroom. Hope to move back into my room at least by the end of the week. What a commotion.

My next projects: ① organize Sept '88 Female-to-Male Get-Together ... I want an endocrinologist to speak ② put together my Edition Three of INFORMATION FOR THE FEMALE-TO-MALE

Three to five people each day in San Francisco die from AIDS. Pretty many.

I just signed up for an experimental study whereby they give me twice as much inhaled aerosol pentamidine as I'm getting now. I understand that two years after ~~by~~ diagnosis is a crucial hump.

9/4/88

No, I haven't forgotten — today, 24 years ago, I saw the Beatles!

Yesterday I received a letter from Alyson Publications acknowledging receipt of my manuscript, and ending with the sentence, "We're really looking forward to publishing this book." I am flabbergasted they are so pleased before they've even read it! I'm so proud of my work and happy.

Jake + Brian returned to Pennsylvania after a 3-week visit out here. Jake + I walked alone to the store and on the way back he said he wanted to tell me that I'm his favorite relative. I feel so lucky to have all these positive strokes.

9/29/88

This goddamned body...

At the AIDS Clinic for my regular check-up. Well, I've been plagued with serious sinus congestion for over a month now, so they gave me a prescription decon-

gestant. Then I tell her I think I have hemmerhoids (how you spell?) for the 2nd or 3rd time in my life, but she takes one look and says that looks like a herpes break-out to her. So fuckin' great. Now I also have herpes. I'm so bummed out. I don't know how someone who's had almost no sex in 3 years can have so many venereal diseases! Doc said one can have herpes for years and years with no sign of it until their immune system is suppressed (like mine is).
I just feel I'll never have a positive attitude about my body. Just as I begin to conquer one problem, another is there to bring me down again. Now I have to read up and find out what the hell herpes is and what to do and what about the acyclovir I have to take for it?

I put in a call to Paul [redacted] and said "I have to talk because it's just getting to be too much, again."

I've had two creepy dreams these past few nights. The first night I dreamt I was on a building roof and spread out my blankets + pillows to sleep there overnight. The next morning I awoke when a large smoke stack nearby started chugging out smoke in my direction. As I gathered up my bedding in order to move, dad appears and says he'll show me a good place to go, and we walked off toward another part of the roof.

Last night I dreamt I was upstairs at Bluemound Road and someone had "reorganized" my books and now my diaries were missing. I was so angry and snapped at Bridget. Then I was about to take a shower in the upstairs bathroom, but she + Patrick were there, too. Patrick said he would go use the downstairs bathroom.

I weighed 127, which is about 6 lbs. down. Doc said my blood counts look good + are stable.

10/5/88

Monday I went to see Paul [redacted] and talked his ear off. He said if I had the answers to the questions plaguing me, I'd be a famous philosopher — that these are the questions of life, or, as Jack would say, "What's it all about?" I told him about Tom, about Kathleen, and that I couldn't talk to Bruce (my AIDS emotional support counselor) ~~because~~ about everything because I haven't told him about my transsexual past. Why? Because I don't want him to think I'm a wierd-o and every time I say something he'll be thinking how I used to be a girl. [redacted] said that's not necessarily so, that usually others don't even care about things way in our past that have no relevance to the present, e.g., why dwell on my Catholic schooling when it has nothing to do with me now — and Bruce won't be thinking "Gee, Lou was a Catholic" all the time. Well, that logic made sense to me at the time, although

now that I try to write it out and explain it, the analogy seems rather weak. I mean, isn't my past as a female much more interesting than my past as a Catholic? I'll say!

Walker also said that it sounds to him like I've been spending a lot of time "taking care of others" (i.e., Tom, Kathleen, Bruce) and not myself... that Bruce is supposed to be there to make things easier for me, not harder. Very true.

So it wasn't really until the very last minute, when I was to meet Bruce Tuesday in a restaurant for dinner, that I really decided I needed to tell him. I've been feeling that I can't be totally honest with him, having to hide that whole side of myself, plus I don't want him to feel betrayed or like I lied to him when he'd find out anyway after I kick off.

First I said to him that I want him to know I've never lied to him about anything, I've just left out a few important details along the way.

Then I said, "You know how my book subject, Jack Garland, was a female who changed to a male ... well, I am, too...." And without hesitation, Bruce burst out, "But I've known that!"

I slapped my knee in relief, delight, "God damn it, Bruce! All this time I've been sweating this! How did you find out?!"

He asked if I remember, a long time ago, sometime <u>last year</u>, when I saw him and a friend on the street who was visiting him from Seattle. Well, that friend had heard me speak to a San Francisco State University class in 1979 or 1980 and remembered me! But Bruce said he discussed it with his group of fellow counselors and decided it was best to wait for me to tell Bruce myself.

Well, he was most relieved that I finally told him. Apparently it's been a strain on him, too, being unable to talk to me about it. He was very open, asking questions, and I was very comfortable talking about it,

because I figure if he's known about it for over a year, any nagging in his mind that I'm a wierd-o, or that he can't relate to me, has long since been resolved. I had dreaded the uncomfortable transition between his finding out and his accepting me, but that all happened long ago and I wasn't even aware of it. So now I don't have to worry that his feelings about me have "changed" — except for the better, because he's <u>really</u> glad I finally brought it out in the open.

One thing I do recall, though, is that when I first started seeing Bruce, he'd always give me a big hug when we parted. Then suddenly (and it was a long time ago) his hugs became very cold, and finally we've stopped that altogether. I wondered why. It'd be too obvious to say it was because he found out and felt wierd about me, but of course that's the only explanation I can see. I'd feel a lot worse about it, but I've never liked that habit, which seems so

prevalent among gay male friends, of hugging each other when departing. Somehow it seems phoney and forced. Somehow I feel those physical expressions should be reserved for those you really "love," not for those you just "like." So, in a way, I'm glad we stopped all that hugging — for whatever reason.

Bruce and I agreed the whole thing couldn't have turned out better.

He went on to tell me how great everything is between him and his boy-friend, Joey, and they're thinking of moving in together next spring.

What a load off my mind! But what an incredible twist of fate that he found out the way he did! Maybe I'm fooling myself that "no one knows" despite my "public" speaking and activism in the gender community. But, I tell ya, I'm beginning to wonder if all this secrecy and fear someone will "find out" is only serving to keep me away from people, rather than helping to make me "just one of the guys...."

And I feel strongly about the benefits of my activism. Sunday I held my seventh get-together of female-to-male and fifteen female-to-males (in all stages of the transition) attended, along with four wives or girlfriends. In addition, a male-to-female named Sarah, who's real cute and seems to really like me, showed up — and I think if I tried, we could develop more than just a friendship between us. She just had her bottom surgery in December. My most vivid memory of her is from December 1986 when I was flirting with her at the ETVC Cotillion (the local male-to-female ball) but she was flirting with some drunken slob genetic male, so I left. I was very ill with pneumocystis by then, although I didn't know, and I remember how hard it had been for me to walk home that night. I had to stop several times in order to catch my breath and my heart was beating frantically. I just thought I was "out of shape." I didn't know just how out of shape I was!

Anyway, Sarah agreed to be my date and we'll go to this year's Cotillion together. She may be a real find. She's just spent years and years caring for some old man with cerebral palsy who died recently, leaving her money enough to do her surgery. Maybe, because of that experience, she wouldn't resist getting close to me, knowing that soon I may get very sick and die anyway.

10/11/88

I made an appointment to see [redacted] - [redacted] with the singular purpose of showing him what his surgery, my genitoplasty, looks like now that it's all healed up & feeling good. He asked me if I desired any revisions, but I said "Sure, but I don't think any surgeon will do me...." He said, without hesitation, "I would!" I was totally shocked. Told him if I could do something more, I'd like to have my scrotal sac joined, as now I have really two separate sacs, one for each ball. If they could be joined with a seam down the center, like

genetic men, it would look so much better. Plus, there are still two bands of skin on either side of my dick, underneath, holding it down. If those could be cut to free my dick up more... Well, he agreed to do both adjustments!

We talked a little about the possibility of extending my pee-hole a bit further along my dick, but he seemed to think there isn't enough skin in the area to do it, although he took several photographs of my crotch with the intention of studying them and seeing what he could dream up. Funny, because when I first began talking to him today, he said he would never again attempt a urethral extension like he did on me, because it was hard going into the vagina and cutting out the strip of skin. I urged him to continue perfecting his technique and that he definitely must continue doing it. Obviously he didn't need much encouragement! But I told him I'm not particularly concerned about extending my pee-hole.

[redacted] explained he's now sharing his office with a dermatologist who specializes in working with AIDS patients, and it seems he feels confident that he's at little risk operating on me. He said he has no idea the HIV status of his patients, plus he himself has never been tested — and he said it's possible he's HIV positive. What a wonderful person he is!

So we're set for November 8. I am so delighted and feel I've been liberated somehow. All this time I've felt, well, like it or not, what I got is all I'm getting, so why dream of how to improve it? Now I find it's <u>NOT</u> over — I can be better!

He didn't tell me how much this is going to cost me. He said he'll give me a bargain rate, though, because I'm his favorite experimental subject. I told him I'm on Disability, etc. I don't expect it to be over $1,000.

I'm so excited — those two changes will really make me look a lot better.

I finally heard from [redacted]. He wants me to do extensive editing: "I found myself captivated by your description of Bean — and then my mind would start to wander as I confronted page after page of quotation that was of absolutely no interest...." He wants me to go through the manuscript and mark the passages I feel can be deleted. "This will shorten the book significantly, but I think it will be a much stronger book as a result," he wrote. I've been trying to think of what could come out and can identify a few paragraphs, but nothing lengthy. I think it's all relevant and fascinating! So I guess I should phone him (I've never spoken to him — we've done all our business through the mail) and ask him where these boring quotations are. He knows better than me. I've also asked Kathy [redacted] if she'll read my manuscript to tell me where she gets "bogged down" in irrelevant material. I hate to delete anything —

10/27/88

Told David, my masseur, that I'm a transsexual today during my regular weekly massage, because I figured he's going to see the surgery I undergo on Nov. 8 anyway. He acted like he never even considered that possibility, and seemed rather curiously amused. He said he had once considered being a female, but not seriously. He was very supportive, and encouraged me to take care of and nurture my body. — I'm finding that harder to do. I'm back into my "skinny" size pants and this past week especially I am nauseous and have no ~~appet~~ appetite.

11/1/88

Went to the doc for my routine exam yesterday and this time I had complaints for them. But I just have to remember these docs are just drug pushers, i.e., each symptom I had, they responded by writing a prescription. I've had

non-stop nasal congestion for over two months now, so they took x-rays of my sinuses. I complained about my gaseous gurgling stomach and they ordered an exam of my shit for parasites and gave me a dumpster of antacids. My weight has stayed basically the same (125 ½).

In Sept. I participated in a study and finally they did a T4 helper cell count on me. All the AIDS activists advise that you monitor the T4 count, warning that below 200 means trouble. Mine is 120.

I still haven't returned my revised slimmed-down pages to [redacted]. I don't know how I can say "below is the best essay ever written about California mining" and then quote only a fraction of it.

11-10-88

So nice to be sitting in the park, the sun shining on my face, the sweet-smelling air and green green grass after last night's rain....

All day yesterday I spent in bed. Felt so exhausted, I just slept the day away. The day before was the presidential election and I felt even more ill when Bush got elected.

Earlier that day I gave my talk on transsexuals and AIDS at the Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality. After the talk, a very pleasant looking guy — close to my age and body type, long hair and a mustache — came up & said he'd seen me several years ago giving a talk, and he'd like my phone no. so we could "get together for coffee or something." I was surprised but gave him my number and didn't think much of it. But then, when I was on my way out, I stopped to read a sign on the wall, and

he came up behind me and gave me a big bear hug. Felt so good! and I reached back and squeezed his ass. He said his name was "Jerry Z." so I'd know it was him when he calls. Well, I was busy the rest of the day so didn't think about it all, but that night in bed, I hoped he will call. I sure could use someone to hug me up... someone who knows my story but still wants me.

I see I didn't tell you that [redacted] went out of town this week, so they've rescheduled by Nov. 8 surgery to Nov. 17.

Finally got my revised pages in the mail to [redacted].

11/15/88

Saturday I gave a talk at the 31st Annual Meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex. Our panel topic was Masculinity and Changing Men. I was quite honored when I saw

Virginia Charles [redacted] in the audience. (She was a little pushed out of shape because she remembers meeting me a long time ago, but I don't.) In addition, "a cute guy named Walter" (as Paul [redacted] called him) was in the audience — that is, Walter [redacted] from Amsterdam who did the original research on the nine female-to-gay-males in Amsterdam. He and Eli [redacted] interviewed me last summer. Well, after my talk Saturday, Walter interviewed me again as [redacted] made a videotape of us. What a gorgeous doll that Walter is, too! — Surprise! I got another letter from a guy in San Francisco via the "Small Guys" club. He sent his picture and looks good. But I had to send him a letter saying I'd be out of town until after Thanksgiving, because I'm going in for surgery in 2 days. I am having some apprehensiveness in meeting a lover — I guess I feel I can't tell him 75% of what I am, etc. Can't tell him about my AIDS diagnosis; have to lie about my

"occupation," because I can't say I'm on disability; can't tell him about my Garland book because he might put 2 and 2 together and guess about me; etc. etc. Just seems like there's no way I can be comfortable. So I've just decided I'll be honest about the AIDS + being on disability. At least that'll take some of the pressure off me. — Looks like I'll be doing an article for The Advocate on some aspect of female-to-males. Talked today to a recruiter at their offices and he was most intrigued. — [redacted] asked me if $750 for my upcoming surgery was "too much." I said no, I can do it.

11/18/88

Well, I don't know. I look down at my dick and it looks the same to me, but again it's swollen and oozing blood, so it'll be a while before it settles down. Went in to [redacted] yesterday

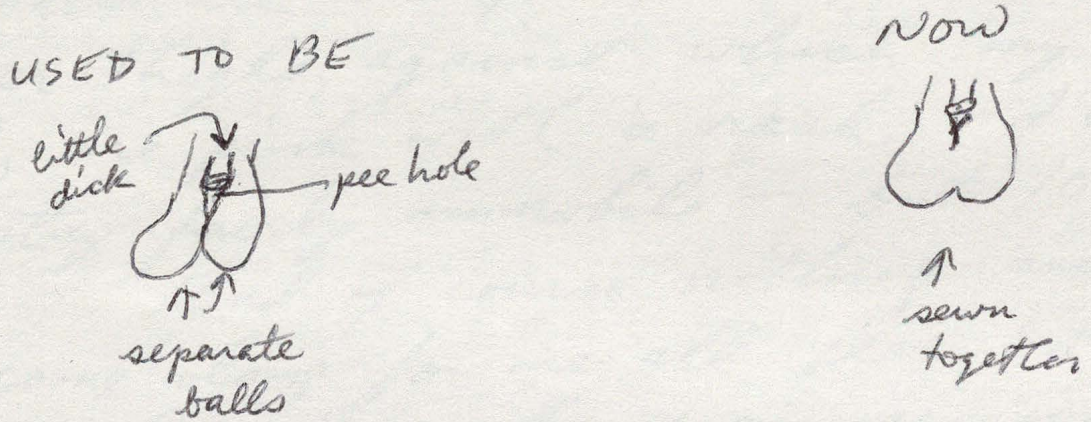
and ready for surgery about noon. They gave me an intravenous sedative but I was at least partially aware throughout the surgery. After the surgery I laid in the dark on the operating table and fell asleep. At 3:30 I was ready to go home. Took a taxi.

I've been sitting or laying in bed since except to get up to eat or go to the bathroom. Held off on pee-ing as long as I could — I was sure it would sting the incisions. But didn't, and my stream of urine is ~~my~~ more direct, though everything is so swollen, who knows what it will feel or look like. I do feel more male, though — more attractive. I've got to pursue some "pleasures" of the body soon.

11/24/88

Happy Thanksgiving! I've felt so content and relaxed and thankful all day for this additional year of

very good health and fortune ... Alyson accepting my book, [redacted] doing this latest surgery. I'll try to draw what I look like now, although it's hard:



It's healing well, and now is mostly itchy. My vagina is <u>much</u> less visible and accessible, as it is behind and underneath the sewn-together balls. I'll feel much easier about someone touching between my legs now.

As usual Kathy had us all over to her place + made the turkey and potatoes and rice medley. Mary Ellen + family <u>came</u>, Cheyney had his girlfriend Terry, and me, Uncle Lou!

11/28/88

Ten days since surgery and it's still sore & oozing blood at the top stitch and the bottom stitches. The underside of my balls are badly bruised, ~~the~~ my inner thighs, against which my balls rub, are pink with a rash. I've tried to stay fairly immobile — but 10 days!

And of course nothing sexual has come along for me all year, but now when I'm out of commission, they're all over. The 25th I got a phone call from the guy in Tucson who wrote me via the Small Hung Guys Club. He was in town for a while & wanted to get together. I had to let the answering machine answer our telephone all weekend so he'd think I wasn't home. No way could I play around in the shape I'm in. Plus I still don't feel healed enough to call the guy from the Small Club who lives here in S.F. and wrote me.

Plus I went yesterday to the 10th anniversary memorial candle-

light march commemorating the deaths of Harvey Milk + George Moscone. The news said 25,000 people marched. And among all those people, who should spot me, but Jerry (Nov. 10)! We walked together and spent the rest of the time together. Said he'd thought of calling me to see if I wanted to meet him there. Anyway, while we listened to the speeches outside of City Hall, he stood on the bench upon which I sat, and put his hand on top of my head. I encircled his calf and ankle with my arm. We agreed to meet for "lunch" and this time I got his phone number.

If I sound dispassionate, it's because I am. I worry about my lack of romantic drive, but guess one can't expect much out of someone with bleeding balls.

11/30/88

Not such good news at the AIDS Clinic this time. Doc says my "muscle enzymes are starting to break down" due to the AZT and if my next blood work shows it's getting worse, they'll have me discontinue the AZT for a while. I'm not sure what muscle enzymes are and I guess just what she said scared me enough that I didn't ask for more details. I have noticed my thighs have become very skinny. Also my weight's down to 122½, so I have to eat, eat, eat.

This past month I've been having "night sweats," too. That's where, once a night, I wake up and my pajama top is really <u>wet</u> and drenched in sweat. Asked the doc what the mechanics are of these "night sweats" — of course, they don't know. She said it's not a fever, just sweating, and they don't know why, etc., but it's a symptom AIDS patients get, as well as tuberculosis patients.

12/5/88

Since my 11/30 doc appointment, all I could think was my "muscle enzymes are breaking down." So the next day (12/1) I stopped taking the AZT. Phoned the doc to tell her I wanted to stop the AZT now instead of waiting 'til I got worse, but she wasn't there and didn't return my call until this morning. She said, oh, she probably shouldn't have said anything about my muscle enzymes but I told her, no, I want to <u>know</u> so I can stay one step ahead of this thing. She said well, I shouldn't go off the AZT, but it's not going to hurt me to take a break from it. She said my 11/30 blood work does look better — but I've decided to stay off AZT for the next 2 weeks just to see where my body's at without it. I've been on it full dose non-stop for over a year, and I'd like to see what's me and what's the drug. So after I'm off it for 2 weeks, I'll start on it again

at half-dose. One thing I've noticed already is I have an appetite again! If nothing else, that should help me gain a few pounds which I badly need. I guess I just really freaked out to think my muscle tissue is deteriorating, because I could <u>see</u> and <u>feel</u> my thighs weakening. Yikes.

I've been back on my motorcycle since 11/30 and everything seems pretty healed up right now. I'm still a little hesitant to disturb anything down there, but that hasn't stopped me from jerking off each night. I must admit that it looks the same as before, on a frontal view, even though it looks much better underneath. My vagina is really well-buried now. But I think it's probably still swollen + healing and will take a while before it's all settled down. At least it stopped bleeding a few days ago.

Today was an exciting day. Jerry came over, we smoked his reefer

and I rode him on my motorcycle to the Haight for breakfast. He reminds me a lot of Flame and a lot of myself. Turns out he gives the panel at the Institute on "group sex" and is one of the founders of the San Francisco Jacks, the gay men's jerk-off club!! What luck to be his friend! So I guess I have an open invite to their jack-off parties! He doesn't seem to have a job, but has plenty money and paid for my breakfast. What about him reminded me of Flame? Well, he's an ageing hippie (I'd say he's 45 or so), an "anarchist" politically, pulls a roll of money out in front of me, has a gold cigarette case with 3 fat joints in it. He talked about helping people be comfortable with their bodies and their sensuality, learning to relax with sexuality — all things I need badly.

Since I'm the one who phoned him first, he promised to call me and have me over to his place next week. I can't think of a better

person/situation for me to be in/with at this particular moment in my life.

Later in the day I met with a female-to-male from New Hampshire who's here to investigate the available bottom surgeries. He knows another female-to-gay-male, Chris, in Tucson. Little by little, I'll find 'em!

12/16/88

Got a phone call about an hour ago from the editor of The Advocate, the gay men's magazine with the widest circulation in the U.S. I'd sent them an outline for an article on the female-to-gay-male, which he called "first rate." They want about 15 double-spaced typed pages by Feb. 15, and will pay me $375! Wow! I'm so excited! After that's done, he said, he'd like to talk to me about another article on female-to-males from the historical past, and I'll surely

get paid for that one, too! I've always wanted to do an article for The Advocate, and it's just fallen into my lap via The Gay Historical Society. My childhood dream — to be a writer — has come true in more ways than one.

Monday I went over to Jerry's and we went to lunch on Polk Street. I learned that his lover, ~~who~~ with whom he'd lived for 2 years, had just died last October. I didn't ask — just assumed it was because of AIDS. After eating we "went shopping" on Polk, and he bought me The Queen's Vernacular, an out-of-print book of historical significance. He does tend to spend money on me which I gladly accept, but find it somewhat uncomfortable to be on the receiving end. I'm usually the one doing the spending on someone else, but with my money situation the way it is now — I allow anyone who wants to flip me money to do so.

Nothing physical happening between us (yet).

Tuesday Jerry, a friend of his, and I went to a gay protest rally being held outside a television station which showed a stupid drama about a guy with AIDS who was intentionally infecting other people. I even held a sign and blew a whistle to make noise. Someone from Coming Up! magazine interviewed me on why I was there and I said "because TV stations must know that they can't show this kind of junk and not have a hassle somewhere, especially in San Francisco." We left after about ~~Thursday~~ an hour, and later heard that 250 participated in the protest and 10 were arrested for forcing their way inside the building. Hooray!

Thursday night I went alone to the Herbst Theatre to hear the Gay Men's Chorus do their Christmas show. I especially went because my

masseur was doing a solo. I really have to rethink my priorities because in that whole audience I didn't see one guy I thought was super-gorgeous. That whole theatre of gay men and none looked much better than I do.

I'm pretty well into the Christmas spirit this year. I feel so lucky to still be alive!

I've been off the AZT and all medication since Dec. 1st and feel fine. I even think I have increased energy and stamina — don't get tired and dizzy so fast. I just phoned the doc, who said my blood work from Wednesday looks very good, that my muscle enzymes are back up to where they were (they weren't that high in the first place), and that it's OK for me to be off the AZT for 3-4 weeks. I'm glad she's not urging me to go back on it right away — it's nice taking a break to see what's been me and what's been the medication.

12/25/88

I feel so incredibly festive this Christmas — I sure never thought I'd be here for Christmas 1988!! What a beautiful day it was, and how happy I am to be here to participate. Jake and Brian are here visiting, and ma came to spend the holiday with us. With Kathy + Cheyney + Terry (Cheyney's girl) and the Hanley gang ... I really feel good. With each breath, I fill my body with fresh air and thank God I'm alive. What a lucky guy I am!

12/27/88

Well, ma really got to me this visit. She goes on + on telling these long irrelevant stories. Last night I had her meet Bruce — we three went out to dinner. She rambled on telling stories about Kathleen, John, Bridget. I tried to steer the topic

onto the person of the moment (me!) and then she tells Bruce that before my change, I asked her for her approval saying I wouldn't do the change if she didn't want me to!!!

As I do 98% of the time, I simply nodded myself ... what was I going to say?? ... I simply nodded when she asked, "Isn't that right?" I agreed with her when I wanted to say, "No, I never said that!" I haven't asked for her advice once in my whole transition!

I called Bruce tonight to tell him how that upset me. When I was through talking, there was a long silence coming from his end of the phone. I wanted some reaction, but he just said ma was just as I had described her to him before they met.

Then ma keeps talking about her ill health and how she doesn't think she'll make it out here to San Francisco for next Christmas. I told her I don't know if I'm going to be there either.

Somehow she really got to me this time....

12/30/88

Almost didn't get through this holiday season without sickness, again! yesterday, after my weekly massage, I felt lousy so came home, called Jerry to cancel our afternoon date, and went to bed. About 8 p.m. I took my temperature: 102°!!! Yikes. But today it's back to normal and I'm feeling OK.

Well, I finally heard from Sasha [redacted]. He wants me to cut ~~of~~ out ONE-HALF of Garland's essays. And if I don't want to, he suggests we cancel our contract. I don't know how I can cut half of my quotes without causing a

major restructuring of the book. But of course, I will comply with his request, even though I can't imagine why he isn't as charmed as I am by every word of Garland's.

My priorities are: lay-out and get FTM Newsletter #6 done; then work on the Advocate article while at the same time going over the Garland manuscript, deleting what I can.

Jerry's holding a fun nudie sex party at his place January 8, the same day I have our Female-to-Male Get-Together #8 scheduled. I guess I'll have to pop over there afterwards. I'm a little apprehensive: can I really just go there and strip down in front of a room of strangers, and relax and have a good time? It seems so long since I've been naked in front of anyone, especially since my bottom surgery.

I've been thinking of increasing my testosterone intake. I've been on

200/mg. every 3 weeks and maybe I'll go back to every 2 weeks. I went to 3 because I was trying to delay having to stick myself with that needle, but my sex drive is almost nil. Don't know if it's related to my hormone intake or just a side effect of my general poor health.

Went to the doc Wednesday. I've gained 2 lbs. in the past month and now weigh in at 124. She says my blood work is good and muscle enzymes back to where they were, although they weren't so great to begin with. I've been off all medication since December 1st and January 1st I'll start taking a half-dose of AZT and skipping the middle-of-the-night dose (5 a.m.). She also wants me to take full-dose acyclovir to keep the herpes down, and also because it's been noted to enhance the efficacy of AZT.

So Bruce called to apologize for being so unresponsive when I

called him last to bitch about Nanc. Apparently his boyfriend was there and "other things were going on." So I'll see him tomorrow for breakfast at 2 p.m.

It's been so cold and raining day after day. When I had that 102° fever, I had the chills and my feet were like ice cubes even though I had <u>three</u> pairs of socks on. It's supposed to rain again tomorrow, but I hope it doesn't, as I have this date with Bruce, and later with Kathy [redacted], who I don't see nearly enough. I'd like to go to the grocery store because I ate every little tidbit I had left in the house today — plus I want to get myself a sexy 1989 calendar, and a new diary ... which I'm prepared to spend plenty for. There's a gay card shop in the Castro that has some <u>beautiful</u> blank books, but they were plenty expensive. I deserve one! When I started you, diary, I figured you'd be my last book. But the story ain't over yet!

I just glanced back to the first page of you, diary, and read my entry of August 24, 1987. Just to update: Paul [redacted] sent letters the beginning of December '88 announcing his retirement from practice. In a confidential follow-up letter to me, he admitted he has "ARC" (AIDS-Related Complex) which means he hasn't been diagnosed with AIDS, but has some of the preliminary symptoms. So he's trying to reduce stress and take care.