

1987

PROPERTY OF:

LOUIS G. SULLIVAN



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

12/1/21

[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the upper two-thirds of the page]

12/1/21

[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the lower third of the page]

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, I 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

Faint, illegible handwriting at the top of the page, possibly a header or the beginning of a letter.

1877

Main body of faint, illegible handwriting, likely the body of a letter or document.

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 a contact Jan. '85. He does want to meet me + said my ~~own~~ 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...

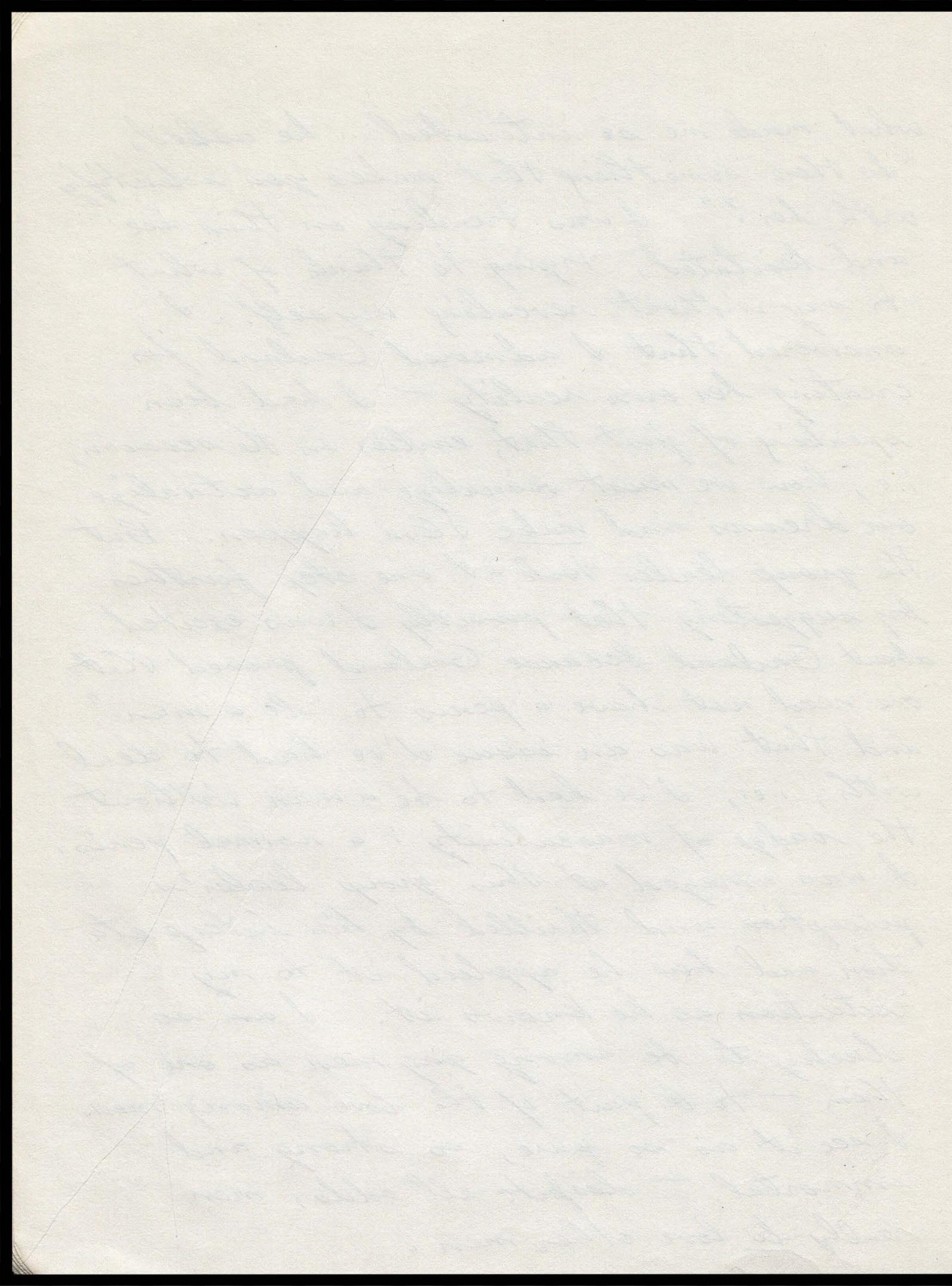
I mentioned that I was writing the
Jack Garland biography and the group
leader asked details of Garland's life.
I was honest. Then he asked me why
I was attracted to Garland's story,

the more we know a friend to make pay more
- the first part of the letter is a history of
the first years of the business of the
Capt. John's business, which is
with the first part.

1/2/87

the first part of the letter is a history of
the first years of the business of the
Capt. John's business, which is
with the first part.

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 make 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 do 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 not 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 Eddy'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-peris" 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?

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

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 I laid quietly in the dark for over an hour. I guess I was just so nervous & excited, especially

2/21/01

With a "down side" Organized and
located another family to make get-togethers
last Saturday night. There were nine
families to - water in attendance (including
my and two friends. I made a record
I received a prospectus, and returned it to
which I hope when the E. in Church
"theses" which is the only thing left
of other books's manuscript that was covered
Babe from the 10 minutes about women
who found an man in the day how good
to the 1910's. Most of the F. 21's at
the get-togethers were just starting their
transition, which made it all the more
interesting to see them talking & learning
from each other. Kevin (who just visited
himself) and I put together a one page
brochure, ETM, that we plan to
put out at each get-together, hopefully
once every 3 months. I left the meeting
with a brief headache that would not
put - I even took an aspirin after it
couldn't stand it though I had plenty
the shot for even an hour. I was
and put no 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

about the whole of the matter of the
me up to see all these friends - I
from history looking out at us.
I made an appointment to see
Dr. John Lang of the University of Toronto.
in June on Oct. 12. He is the president
that they for the University. I see
in the paper that he would write about
my case and the other would begin
receiving the funds to make my man.
Also, I want to say that the
book entitled "Psychology of Toronto"
written by Dr. Lang is a study of
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 Dr. Colman at the Univ.
of Toronto (who recently visited me)
and I was asked to give to
Dr. Lang, Lang, and Dr. Colman, etc.
Dr. Lang asked me to see him
to discuss my unpublished work
with Dr. Lang, which of course I
agreed to. In fact, I have all these
reports - I will give you the report to see

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] 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

A "case report" on me and I hope
they will be as that other F. M. person
will not receive the literature for
mention of names like Thompson in
them (as I did). I think that
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;
find my book from Jack Garland
contact for the San Francisco Historical
Society, the library through which
what to exclude from the notes to keep
it a reasonable length. Hope I
should find subject all I feel
important and let their editor
cut it where he wants.

9/23/51

Will find that in the morning
and the company apartment at 12.12.51
think the days up I needed a girl
part of my life should be for
figure of me a "that was" because
the day before I had to the other

Fair, wearing my leather jacket but no shirt. Yesterday I noticed more pink spots on my arm and waist. Well, today they are all over 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 Tim 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?

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

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 (he, ha, funny pun) until 1989 and if I want to resubmit my material at that time

9/21/87

Faint, illegible handwriting covering the upper half of the page.

9/21/87

Faint, illegible handwriting covering the lower half of the page.

they'll consider it Ken. 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 Ira [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

the U.S. Postal Service has been advised
to guarantee delivery in the normal course of mail
the morning of the following business day
to be delivered to the "next business day"
in Washington (the normal) subject to
the carrier's discretion in up country and delivery
to West's district they want to make an
initial stop as a separate "next business day"
as a "next business day" for the longer trip
which will take them from New York to
the West of a subject they have
as something to be the first of business day
extension of the delivery that I have
agreed to use the Post's next business day
and delivery next to be sure to the Post
but delivery next to be sure to the Post
to a credit

4/20/27

of type of the normal enough for the
back to try to establish yesterday's
could be established of the next to
the Post's next business day
Copyrighted material

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 $\frac{1}{2}$ hour he
said he better prepare dinner & maybe
some other day we'll have more time.

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

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 outright 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??

Faint, illegible handwriting, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

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 ~~an~~ 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

9/23/87

Had another message by a guy named Jim
to about 5 years now. I hope he's
the new annual message. He has been
writing about the condition of my dog.
I hope, which is why I'm glad to
hear, "What message did you have?"
I said, "Oh, I had some good news."
He said, "The wife, 'Oh, I
thought you'd be there soon."
I said, "I laughed, and I said, 'I had
a better description, and I had
things taken out, right?"

10/1/87

Patented out to visit him, "11-1-87"
my man who wrote me in response to my
letter to the Club. He was a very
happy, and a very understanding
man. I had a very good time. He was
a little bit of a trouble maker, but
he was attracted to me. He put some
money on his table. He was very
kind. He was very friendly.
I hope you like it. The worst part was,

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.

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper. The text is mirrored and cannot be transcribed.]

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 stomach + 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

... he had a very small fund himself
... or that he had in his old writing
... each other, talking. He was also trying to
... keep some small fund for me, as he had a
... large sum in the state of ... and he had
... his paper named the ...
... problem (which can only mean AIDS) in
... this day (age), and he has ...
... his needs (another symptom) but he never
... came right out + said he had AIDS
... but he promised to buy AIDS (AIDS - what
... condition). He asked me if I had
... positive, and I said yes. He seemed
... somewhat, though, that I had ...
... the fact was when he ...
... the ...
... I felt it was ... because I ...
... ...
... appeared to ...
... He ...
... that, because I ...
... ...
... he was very ...
... but he ...
... his physical ...
... he was a rather ...

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

even told me to wear very expensive and
think life is a tragedy and of to every one
I. S. (Kropotkin's name) or Kropotkin
last of night because of "Kropotkin"
would commit suicide. Well, needless to
say, my pocket book of life and Kropotkin
thought that life is just a big fuckin'
game. I did not agree with him. He also
disputed my method. But what did you
and but again he was so good and
I thought that I had felt something.
The trip was about 1 hour of life
with a separate basket. All that
time, all those one-step questions were
very tiny details of my life. The even
about of ten more a rubber when he
checked out I was so careful not to
leave my possessions. That I ended
a full of tension and uncertainty of the
was apparent. Certainly, Kropotkin
point to the 3rd degree is not unknown
a relaxed and easy moment. That is
all the the better off going to the jail
that a new feeling came over me in
the first moment, as coming to know in
the first. I was 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

in getting to know...
was interested in their getting to know...
I had formed a Core Team before
going to the group's place of operating as
with a possible membership of 10-15
John Kelly's City of Light...
as a full of enthusiasm...
I wanted to get
together again and I was in a hurry
I had to stop trying to do so...
I was still trying through my heart.

10/2/81

Yesterday as my detailed group...
the books and something very important...
that I have been going through the...
of making changes in my life, but I have
intermingled these changes...
prompted his comment was my...
that I want to say with...
occurred, even though I didn't want to...
in order to avoid repetition, much in
the same way that I want along with
Tom's maintenance on how can be way
only in order to avoid repetition of 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.

to wonder if all this effort of getting
things a new position is worth it
that the most exact satisfaction in
satisfaction appears. The group leader
desired me to take control of my
with private no partners and I in fact
to do what me, to leave them knowing
that I can satisfy myself but appear
I feel no interest in this new position,
new control over my life!
The 1102 committee Bruce tells me
they're still/stand the holding. The
back off and without a mandate
let's check out, the one I want to
three or times. Checked at last got this
Mary Ellen says, it's just go to the ones
there you have to get water!
The 1102 committee assumed we were
the guy man's rule back is at hand's
and in the future, the next Monday
and it'll be more so back. There's also
some fun can pay in in the bushes
easily. Tomorrow Kelly and a table
the team of three for a few weeks
before I see the Kelly or Kelly

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

10/12/27

Returned to San Francisco tonight after a most profitable trip to Reno. Kelly Stein and I left S.F. Saturday and took the train there just as Tom and I had done in 1922. There's not really much to do in Reno, and Kelly is not up to being about the same things Tom and I did, and as for the action and excitement only about 10% of the population has a still bar. He wanted for a very long time that but the beautiful champagne given on their return and ended up going to the very same bar Tom and I frequented when we were here. The morning I met with Dr. J. J. Profy of the University of Nevada in Reno, the whole reason for my trip, but don't get any better, just getting worse. About 2 minutes into our talk, he said that he'd like to see me when I was coming as he would be in without taking notes. After another 2 minutes of that, he asked if I'd give a list of them under a name type 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 $F \rightarrow M$ gay men and the $M \rightarrow F$ 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 $F \rightarrow M$ 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 successful 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] [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 "plagiarize" [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 Alyn 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 $144\frac{1}{2}$. 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~~ was best: there was a happy ending for the

10/13/87

My monthly visit to the WSEF Club Clinic
was 1 1/2. Everything looking well, but I
have some carbuncles (thorns) in the back
of my throat, they tell me (the members of
the club) that I've got this. That
isn't so. I've got that I have papers with
me. No, they had someone else
that wanted to see me. I've got 11. So
I'm going to be even more diligent now
in looking up my own what I've been doing.
That's all. Well, bye bye?

10/14/87

Just came out of a movie, Therese, based
on E.H. Foster's novel which was written
in the early 1900's but, for the author's
own reasons, republished until recently.
That a man checking into his hotel
the movie put me through as many emotions
as if it had been of the most moving of
the - almost up there with Death.
Therese. The character, as well as the
events that occurred, reminded me of
much of Tom and me. Good night to you
and yours. Have you 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.

I'm 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

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

10/29/87

Faint, illegible handwriting at the bottom of the page, possibly a signature or additional notes.

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."

...of having been changed, changed
the word, which is really, but the
...but at the same time, but could
...him saying that he, thinking me
...and then returned down in
...but not exactly sure why
...it moved me as if really, I
...actually saying that he was
...as this time, however when I
...the more fascinating
...myself, but I think
...of them and all I could
...to say in explanation, was
...I think every when I open my
...the continued going to
...the first one of
...in my (but they) every
...for the first month or so
...an remarkable effect.

11/1/77

...this matter, please me the other
...to ask her name, but she gave
...number to call her
...my 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." ~~Long~~ ^{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 ~~is~~ 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 fingers 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 smuggled 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

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

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 & fucked 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 ~~Cory~~^{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

turned on an elaborate about my staff.
But the time of full very confidence.
The first made me feel that way. He never
asked any question about my condition
and the lights were very low and I was
concerned about my own. I kept my
understand on, the doctor pulled
checked up most of the time, but that
kind of had my chest again, too. So
no problem! I must say the only
thing that concerned me was all my
time getting on him, his hands and
then he went down on me. He was
nervous, though we never mentioned
anything about it either of us had
it. (1982) There is a lot of contact
very about whether good or can
determine the virus - some say it
cannot! I can not see how to deal
with the end will talk to my
time we're together, by getting the
have asked question and an answer
when he goes down on me. Let him
decide. He said I have a great
which means a lot to him. I
finally got someone I can call on

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.

11/3/21

11/3/21
Katie phoned me this afternoon to ask
about a new stamp, to tell me to look for
him last night. We agreed to get together
again this evening Saturday.
I saw Stephen, the man who was
one of the blind of last year.
Richard Carter, A. D. Carter, phoned to
tell me my letter that had been returned
my white blood cell count at 1200
and would I should discuss my doctor
of A.S.T. in half - take only one
capsule every 3 hours instead of two
capsules. I do it here when the
man, told to a nurse friend of
mine not say it around the
with people that could be helpful
to bringing up things - that's all
blood cells are the old ones faster
and a few count with me now
unacceptable to me. But I feel
fine! Of course, the nurse is
I give money on like the money
how to face the reality of the brain

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

11/2/87

Ever since I've worked my day of 12.5
the full version and my handwriting
guess it's the day. I've been using
line on A5 and white ink cells - some
homographical which contained a description
that the tone of some defined increase which
that cell. I think I've found it in the hall
and also I think I've found it in the hall
of the writing my time/energy, but I don't
to do something.

There have been little moments/occasions
about whether that's a good sign or
He was looking my little a of time I was
excited & liberating & I probably will
get some in his account. I want to
behold with Chris, one of the guys
I met then the guy was really great
(he has some in his account) I think I'll
be about that. Chris will be one
of the people to right - maybe want to
guarantee - they don't want anyone
with A5 to have an at all. I
This necessary part of the
handbook for the laboratory. It's a
thing I really think I'll

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

Dear (or a friend or the ~~recipient~~ recipient)
and AIDS for this ~~purpose~~ purpose
to fill of ~~many~~ many
I intended that I thought ~~many~~ many
at risk and ~~many~~ many
and you finally ~~agreed~~ agreed
the day of, it's ~~not~~ not
where the two ~~were~~ were
but the that ~~was~~ was
protection because it's ~~not~~ not
the ~~only~~ only
way to wear a ~~condom~~ condom
a ~~good~~ good
single ~~with~~ with
single ~~and~~ and
of there are also ~~concerns~~ concerns
my ~~own~~ own

1/17/87
the ~~great~~ great
a ~~great~~ great
The ~~office~~ office
get a ~~phone~~ phone
that ~~the~~ the
and me a ~~few~~ few
letter of ~~agreement~~ agreement
letter of ~~agreement~~ agreement

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 ~~and~~ conditions together and said ~~well~~ 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.

The already begun editing of my 23 years work
of various series at this time to write the last
chapter. The mentioned that are necessary
years of the form of a work, though in the
form of the work to form, and why was
that? (I should have told the reason
in the first place, but I will not do so now
but straight forward, but in a few years
but the woman had a man's name
and the man had a woman's name, and
therefore we are dealt with a work to read
and get out.) Then the first of the
and the 7-11 - conditions of the work
and I will find the thing as a few years
then I answered you, explaining that the
condition is fully responsible of
the most important and said that
there must be published and I should
give a few days to think about the
but that if they decided they would
publish it, it is known everywhere, and
if it is the, will be help in few women
and will published, I will do you, you
because I was beginning to think I will
the end will 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 ~~come~~ ^{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

Faded, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

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~~ ^{called me 'his} my "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 $1\frac{1}{2}$ 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!

... morning we found around again and
... two more times (about 1 1/2 hours apart)
... to see this one! We took a steam
... and for the first time the girls
... but not at my chest again, but never
... word. What a little!
... flying, obviously of course to her
... with her with her about eight
... this time she was still, since I
... given a number of her things
... telling her she was a very good
... going to say she was very beautiful, she
... 2. The next day two more
... went to see her father's
... and a picture for my work.

11/22/87

Have been feeling so much better. No
word from either father or lover.
Since leaving my case of 11.21.87
has not returned and brother-in-law
has not seen the need for me, but
feeling better. The reporter
speaks all the time of her
only my own words, my own
the reporter's words.

11/23/87

Just yesterday, I was complaining:

Today Barbara [redacted] of Naiad calls again. He'd spoken to Sasha [redacted] of Alyson Press and he just cannot understand how 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 INFORMATION FOR THE FEMALE-TO-MALE 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!

11/23/87

[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the rest of the page]

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.

I had the next step, and
I had found the
the 8th because he said he had off with
the 9th & 11th and we could get together
during the day. But when I returned to 8
I wasn't feeling well, so I told him
to call me when he was. He never did, and
I never saw him again. I am very disappointed
in that, he doesn't like me anymore, etc.
I called him to say and he said that
he had been waiting for me to call. I
didn't expect that. He said "what" and he
mentioned me once to his father
last week.

11/25/87

Thanksgiving Day, and I have a lot
to be thankful for this year. I haven't
had any more since Thanksgiving, and I
was prepared to be very sick all year
long and now that I am well, really
fortunate and very thankful.
Had a few turkey sandwiches for
dinner, they were really good. This
and my insurance.

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

11/30/81

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

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

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper. The text is mirrored and cannot be transcribed.]

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.

My dear, it was all very quiet and
almost unremarkable - I say that because
I do not think of a handsome man.
He does have a nice face, but certainly is
not "my type". But of this point is
my life, "my type" is my husband
man who is not fat and who will have
sex with me without questioning me.
So he is definitely "my type" by those
standards. So now that feeling is
because I kept thinking how wonderful
it was to finally be with a man as a
man, for the first time in my life
journey to be a man. To meet a man
man to man. - that point of
all that.
I followed the man. Some things
at U.C.S.F. and the end of my third year
of law teaching about my first class
are "my type" - they're at \$2,000 and I
can return to the higher level of A.S.T.
It was only 1 week ago that the court
was in law.
A really fine new guy
just opened on Court St. Banning this
I can't look on the life of law.

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 TSism.) 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

I had heard there was a famous architect
named Lewis Sullivan around the turn
of the century, but with this book of obs-
cured he was a gyp man!! ☺

12/1/87

Last week I got a letter from Terry
regarding to my history in the South Club.
I thought I phoned him and I liked his
voice and manner - got the "The Kentucky
out of him. He lives in South City and
will come here to S.F. maybe to 12/25 +
he said he hoped we would all reach
other because it would be really nice
if he could sleep the night with us.
I'll have to answer the state of my bed
room to remove items giving his info.
many chairs "about 12" (I see) I have
like to say he talked to me, Terry and
course, but eggs and omelette.

12/2/87

Too pulled a "last steam" today. I
to give me permission to come by 12/25
to the same work from 3:30 - 5:30 p.m. then
on there when I finished and I related.

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 eyesight! 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 here. 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

Dear Mr. [Name], I was in the garage yesterday
and Fred told me Tom just drove up with
him. Tom burst into the garage - didn't
get the phone message he left at my place!
Told him my wife & I will be up just your
attention because I was there and he told
my friend was in. I'll left morning for
me not to come by today, and I said he
was expected at 10:30 from 8:30-9:30.
Well! He was upstairs and brought my
jacket down to me as I said it was to
get it and possibly give it to the
right! I said he would bring it to me
advanced of me being in the house. He just
started that he just went away quickly.
Boy! I meant to say you're home! I told
him I needed to wait of my presence
attention but he said he'd be about
in other words, I think he was in the house
that he was there. I finished up and
left throughly disappointed. What a
question, especially with the money!
What a performance for a man! Smelly
but not timing and letting a book
the man take to me here for friends
not even friends - who do we 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 (Cory) 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

with! I mean, it isn't like this in any
threat to their personal safety.
That makes me want to write to think
of their taking orders from the other
I want to tell you how grateful I am
for having a card in it all these years
being a man - and of a few times more
a man than he is! I have absolutely no
request left for him at all. I hope to
have my equipment out of them in some
the end of the year. I'll never have to
see him again.

12/12/17
The forcing myself to write down a few
things are happening / have been happening
but the thing not to think about.
Probably now my doc at U.C. + tell her
I found a few new patients (Cory) and
want to know why something is on the
"possibly safe" list. She would no way
was it safe and in way is any kind
of interference - over, and, regard
safe, but even with a carbon, saying
rubber has never been suitable in
preventing pregnancy and so on 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"

reliable in presenting the general of the
views... that it was getting very much
more... that "mentation" and
"liberal" are some of the early things
I can do. On other words, the first woman
I've had enjoying my body and my
financially enjoying myself are very bad
I just can't face this. I'm not the
rest have I got together with him,
I'll have to pay all (well, not all)
my cards down, i.e., will have to have
1102" instead of the ten - hundred
"I have to view" (what I have told
him). But I guess the rest of the
part that's bothering me - what is
bothering me is trying from left
(see 171) in coming into the country
to spend the night with me, and is
going to great lengths to make the trip.
I'll have to have a car, or even
take the bus, the only way I'll not
a car. But I have to tell him during
my visit and would tell him I feel
like this somewhat, but the way
of telling him of the fact "at
I don't have to really say the way

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.

word - maybe I can improve these notes
with myself by referring to the original
text. At first I was not off that then
1102 paper published in the year to me
conditions but the other one saying it's not
I guess it better get up on the one of them
1102 paper. I can't deal
with this alone. All the rest of it had
to face alone, working out circumstances
and dealing with my pocket of help...
These circumstances maybe in paper
while there were no other things
When I should be working with
excitement by myself, the
dealing it. At first we want
to off.

12/15/87

Again I feel myself unable to describe
express what has happened and how the
feeling about it. Maybe I really do have
1102-related elements. They come over
Saturday night - and I was 43 years old
but look at me the 23. I learned
while out to dinner that he is a really
philosophical person. These past 13 years.

He was not that 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

The two next that had looking out of the
our conversation pleased easily. Back
in my room we smoked some pipes,
played music, talked. He seemed
very appreciative and returned from the
start, so much so that I even asked
him how he felt. He said he wanted 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 greatly
much enjoyed my attention. He said,
remember, "for me see a family you
when he finally reached him to sleep
me, it seemed to me that he was
my extra love and we very intimate
as to the best possible ourselves off
I decided if I ever get her back
happy (of the, that is). I said no.
But he insisted that I seemed to get
harder than ever. I just smiled
up again. He was probably figuring
up & up. So we slept and in the
early morning he "wrote 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

... this time to figure out what
I picked off (figure out what
I mean). Well, he predicted that
then back to sleep. When it was time
get up, he started with the question
of observation. He asked if I had been this
way, how did I answer the question
in high school, etc. He commented that
my life was very much like a journey, and
he said he would be glad to spend in by
saying that. He commented that I
"didn't have a vacation," but that was
every time I had a sort of vacation, and
that my holidays were very hard. He
asked where my name came out.
Again I felt obliged to respond to
all these questions and comments.
But I never ever thought to ask him
how come he didn't have any balls
in his vacation! (I think he didn't!)
I told him I was positive for the AIDS
virus and he said he thought so, only
I felt "I'm positive with AIDS" OK, I
myself and we are together, would that
have that. He works with the AIDS
organization in Santa Cruz, so

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 men 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.

both naturally had eyes set. But he
was not very fortunate in appointments
and when he left, I got the feeling
that would be no report of our meeting
I feel that and after deep reflection,
knowing the business I want to do
to a certain desirable way and
I had to offer you for that offering
this. But the business of the
general part and that really, experience
by these other very much better. However
I do not think to think as very much
even before we stopped down in and
it's not like I thought to see so
great either. But a still better
Good thing to live for any way
not uncomfortable making "no" to
not time.
Sunday this I had a small
party at home and know my share
concerned, but to meet that other
family and care. I guess if it's going
to be around for my business, I don't
get acquainted with the other side
be then, 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

12/10/87
Another note of right matter. When with
her husband, the day, I kept up. This
on and only took it off once. Light was
low. I figure that is already getting
enough "faints" off the wall of
"the bed" and covered out. Well
and she's read more than by using
my chest cover. Sometimes I wonder
what good has all this anyway.
I think I still have to think myself.
But I quickly remember how it was
to have her and tip to this
thing. History means in nothing.
at least of can let someone touch me
and - why, of can ever stop. Wanted
now, in the right light.

12/10/87
This afternoon went with Jane to the
convention center down town where the
Project quilt was on display. The quilt
covers more area than 2 foot ball fields
and is made up of over 2,000 individual
panels, each bearing the name of
someone who's died of AIDS. I think

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 ~~the~~ homosexual men...

LOUIS GRAYDON SULLIVAN

a female-to-gay-male transsexual
6/16/51 - _____

(MILWAUKEE / SAN FRANCISCO)

... and now in death

it would afford me and that's why I don't
have to say, since this is my "Question
Report Number." What I'd like to
understand through the next paragraph,
looking at all these numbers having
the names of my pay stations: I feel
so sad for the pay station movements.
All these years we've been fighting for
our self rights and we're always, and
now it seems like a great hardship
covered with our dead. But it's so
the pay was to be made and a gentle
happy sweet spirit of an American
this pretty, warm, wonderful thought
when I want them to be happy and
affluent and MAD! Of course I
looked for my friends names and
only saw one. I searched out a
portion of the book and my name to
read, something like this:

The following report of all the names
has been given
of funds to pay into the
1/1/51
(Munroe/Sullivan)

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 here and that's where my cum comes out, and you know I'm a dribbler and not a

12/21/87

Faded, illegible handwriting covering the majority of the page.

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 ~~or~~ 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

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper. The text is mirrored and cannot be transcribed.]

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 spurted 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

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

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. ~~but~~ ^{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 + Ceyney 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 Tim 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 ~~any~~ semblance of control over my body or over my material possessions. My body went into shock, I guess.

Damn Tuesday, ~~Dec.~~ 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 block 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 scooter into their jick-up

1888/1889

2

1888/1889

[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the majority of the page]

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

I digress.

So fuckin' on the City Mini Bus just in time to meet Eric + Greg of the Gay Historical Society to lay down our Dec, ~~newsletter~~ newsletter. Eric commented several times I didn't look well + when they 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 ~~that~~ 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 here! ~~Your~~ Your building's
on fire!" But I was still sleeping!
I reluctantly pulled aside my curtain &
could see in the next building's windows
reflection 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, but 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 ~~to~~ & 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
diary and the one from '75-77 I
had been inputting in the computer so
it wasn't with the others. Oh well.

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.]

And those were my first years in San Francisco. My original newspaper scrapbook of Fabe Jean's articles — how the hell could it 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 young man probably in his twenties down, he was totally limp + out of it. They laid him on the cold cement in his blackened jeans + ~~the~~ T-shirt. I tried to see if he was dead but he seemed to be ~~holding~~ holding his hands up himself, but they were charcoal stump shaking spasmodically. 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 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 ~~the~~ 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...

Handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is illegible due to being mirrored and faint.

CAT scan) to see if I got "cryptococcosis"
or "toxoplasmosis" or whatever & they
did a "lumbar puncture" on my ~~the~~ 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 ~~the~~ 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 ~~the~~ bed for me in Cheyney's
room. I laid in darkness & ~~at~~ 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 her Christmas
present & she came over afterwards.
She loved it. I thought she would -
when was the last time someone, other
than Grandmother, caressed her?

... (faint, illegible handwriting) ...

Anyway, all I know is Saturday night I began hiccupping and at 1 A.M. Sunday morn I hiccupped non-stops 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, but then they'll 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~~ sat on my butt + rubbed my back. She stretched her hands all the down my ~~arms~~ 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.

My dear Mary,
I have just received your kind
letter of the 10th and I am
glad to hear from you. I
am well and hope these few
lines will find you the same.
I have not much news to
write at present. I am
still in the same place and
doing the same work. I
am getting a little tired
sometimes but I will not
complain. I am sure you
are all well. I love you
all very much. Write soon.
Your affectionate father,
John

~~★~~ 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 + ~~★~~ agreed to see me on Monday afternoon. ~~★~~ Mary Ellen + Kathy took me + ~~★~~ sent us, one in wheel chair, to the Emergency Room to see if they could stop my hiccups. Earlier in the day I vomited some tea I was chuga-lugging + stopped hiccupping momentarily. That was the doc's first approach. He tickled my back palate til I vomited + the hiccups were gone about 20 mins. Back again. He'd been so proud at his success. Instead they gave me a intravenous saline solution + had them take a chest X-ray. Gave me a shot of Thorazine 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 He does that [redacted] wanted me admitted into the hospital if ~~at~~ 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 here 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.

THURSDAY. Turned right back in a May 18
remembered the case that Holman's mother
admitted into the hospital of my hospital
continued. So the admission.
I didn't feel a night's sleep
1/8 hr. They gave me a shower and
composure, plus the aspirin/ codeine,
and they wanted me to rest on the night
table, though I have no sign of cold.
Stayed in the hospital bed Tuesday
I had to give the pills just now
so she could tell me what happened next
The next thing I stayed with on Tuesday
but I was really out of it, still
hiccoughing, barely there and was there
I didn't know in I, or anything
Mary Ellen came in the p.m. and while
I was eating dinner, I vomited
right into my dinner plate. After that
I just curled out.
Wednesday they said the
nothing they could do for me then the
I couldn't do it home - gave me
composure, extra, some more
with mine and I went back to
Kitty's place. Still hiccoughing.

1/7/88

Thursday morning of New Year's 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 Year's 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 ~~the~~ AIDS Clinic for my

Handwritten text at the top of the page, appearing as bleed-through from the reverse side. It includes the date "20th 1871" and the name "John Smith".

Main body of handwritten text, also appearing as bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is dense and covers most of the page, but is largely illegible due to the orientation and fading.

20/11/71

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 that 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,

regular check-up. Well last 8 Dec
(on way 136 - will move than my
night before being met). The unit
all tests done on me were negative and
they have no idea why I was so sick.
When the school was finally got it
together, I told her that I stopped all
medication and wanted marijuana
instead. The said not for a get
and she advised me to just smoke
pot and try to relax that way
because it will probably be better for
me than to come to the hospital and
take their drugs! I think
I was going to die of AIDS. I just
lapsed and didn't even know how
to explain why she said this. That
figured this is the way I'm gonna
die in prison. She is funny
they don't know anything about my
condition - but that she knows
I think she was really complimentary
my ability to fight and finally give
control of my body... but if the
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

1870
1871
1872
1873
1874
1875
1876
1877
1878
1879
1880

1881
1882
1883
1884
1885
1886
1887
1888
1889
1890
1891

1892
1893
1894
1895
1896
1897
1898
1899
1900
1901
1902

1903
1904
1905
1906
1907
1908
1909
1910
1911
1912
1913

1914
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924

1925
1926
1927
1928
1929
1930
1931
1932
1933
1934
1935

1936
1937
1938
1939
1940
1941
1942
1943
1944
1945
1946

1947
1948
1949
1950
1951
1952
1953
1954
1955
1956
1957

1958
1959
1960
1961
1962
1963
1964
1965
1966
1967
1968

1969
1970
1971
1972
1973
1974
1975
1976
1977
1978
1979

1980
1981
1982
1983
1984
1985
1986
1987
1988
1989
1990

1991
1992
1993
1994
1995
1996
1997
1998
1999
2000
2001

2002
2003
2004
2005
2006
2007
2008
2009
2010
2011
2012

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 The Sentinel, 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.

San Joaquin County, the historical fact
has a membership of about 750, and is
the first time a system published for
Barland a copy in the non-pay form.
I finally got into the mail the copy
with changed copies to Barland's
of March 1881 and to South African
of African Public Affairs, hoping they
would report all their promises.
In fact, the report change a
mentioned from water change as a
result of the fact was a good account
of the 1881 or so copies I have of the
April 24, 1881 issue of The Southern
the San Francisco paper containing
containing an article on my Barland
research.

Today I mailed Johnston at
the important looking form that
has me on call as a word processor,
from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. with a 1/2
hour lunch at a financial district
app for restaurant. I am much
appreciate being with you who has
other men. Tonight we are up
group for the night.

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

1/3/0

On the 11th of the month I was returning to
San Francisco after spending at the University
of Toronto in Toronto. Dr. J. G. Thompson's class
of nephrology students interested in the
part as well as my talk with Prof. J. G.
Thompson and I had very good results.
Thompson, we also made another visit
to the University of Toronto in Toronto and
the University of Toronto to do so at the
University of Toronto to be held in
Toronto the summer of 1989. He and I
had had several (unpublished) papers
"made-to-order" and I had
appeared at the University of Toronto
with a paper, to be published in
Thompson. He also promised to send
a copy of the volume in which I had
but I've made a deal with Thompson
Thompson was, and no longer will
be there in any way, thing as a friend
with who wants to be a part of
also, on Dec. 29, 1989.
Thompson sent me his draft copy
about me entitled, "Thompson
Ries to San Francisco - Thompson"

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

The first mentioned in group on the 11th
November has an opportunity. She may
be 6 or 7 or 8 months - go on 10 days
"highly on 'Coulde's' method!" She was
encouraging me to go on 7 1/2 days
longer, this system plan to your
last next Wednesday with me. This
Wednesday night for the first time
the State and Bureau plan for
next A.D.C. This was about 10 days
ago. The amount of eggs, a couple of
dozen, the White Hen, open 2 weeks
the previous on the 11th of the
was one of these eggs, a 1/2 dozen
was left to grow in each one
I accepted in the 1st 1/2 dozen
thing in the egg of tomorrow morning
the beautiful egg for the 1st of
November was, of which she had

2 1/2 50
Spent the better part of the day
arranged of reports. The 1st of the
the 1st of the day. It was
an effort about an hour
and not one of the

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.

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

2/13/88

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!

Johnny'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."

got a call from Jack Brown who was
asking questions about me and my work
in the East. He also asked me for
William Brewster's picture, as I had it in
original mounted in album. I said
I was spending very good money on
the manuscript and that I would be
willing to let it change hands so
it looks like this is really going to
happen - I am sure it will be published
I think you have been working for
the past week. I thought it difficult
as a lot of time/energy would be
lost. He built a beautiful picture of
I hope for me, and I have done the
to the top sheet and try to see the program

Wm Brewster Dec 2/1900
Was at the museum the other day
and the subject of the case up
you and my brother. It's the case
the book like a day.

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 ~~in~~ in mind. I feel every
word + detail Garland writes is
precious!

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

3/17/81

that received Thomas's acceptance letter
 + publication contract for my Garland
 biography + I am so overwhelmed of
 your willing up to actually see this
 wonderful story + these beautiful pictures
 all together in a fine book - I'm so
 grateful to you for the completed manuscript
 by Sep. 1st + more. The only major
 change I'd like in the book from what
 you've done so far is that I think
 sometimes you just go a little
 far in Garland's actual writings + make
 the book about what I'm supposed to
 be the contemporary reader. I think
 it's important to give a feeling of
 era, but it's important that the real
 experience of the book be in the eyes
 of the reader. Thomas's letter to me
 that that means that will have to
 go through the manuscript with
 that of my mind. I feel very
 good about the Garland notes in
 review.

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 Mañila 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.

*

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

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."

in 1877, I thought I had found the
out to the world, I was very much
think to see very surprised. He
think & heard. I was glad.
Then the evening I went to the
that has "Person, West 4102" right
a gay man's bar, "The Dick, The 4102"
group including "PWA" right into
to wear a red ribbon, to help
off as a PWA to others. The
time to that day as the right and
not one person had a red ribbon. So
thought I thought "in group" and a
tried to make a red ribbon around
but I got falling off. I tried to
think of a way of measuring it. So I
just kept it straight up from top
one or better, not to get caught
and a top in the bar. and I was
only given with a red ribbon. Will
at that I got several people talking
me, and I had a few more friends.
But that's - everyone is so happy
as on the afternoon, we had a
to say to these people, they are
the time to be remembered.

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

1st advance for Jack Garland

| DATE | INVOICE | AMOUNT |
|------|---------|--------|
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |

brie. 5-39
110 01

8614

PAY Five hundred and 00/100

DOLLARS

| CHECK NO. | TO THE ORDER OF | DATE |
|-----------|-------------------|---------|
| 8614 | Louis G. Sullivan | 3/22/88 |

| CHECK AMOUNT |
|--------------|
| 500 00 |

BANK OF BOSTON
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON

Sasha Alyson
AUTH. SIG.

⑈008614⑈ ⑆011000390⑆505⑈70834⑈

the h
these
sleep
then,

8
✓
✓

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 ~~out~~ 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.

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 ~~out~~ 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).

3/28/80

[The body of the document contains several paragraphs of extremely faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

I found a couple copies of Harry Benjamin's The Transsexual Phenomenon in a used bookstore 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 FTM 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 here. 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 here.

found a couple copies of King Lear
in a small box
and asked Mr. F. M. to put them
in a box and send it to
the paper office. I don't
think I need mention it
to F. M. but their names in the list
it was under very successful
names, on F. M. and in
names, and I put out our
names of our F. M. and
the list of our first 2 names.
Next, the copy book, and
I have in F. M. and in
then it was given to
back, etc. as a gift to
then a little more because
there only to but through
names of our first 2 names,
and a few of repeating
and the names of
the same report a long
they refused to send it
they all refuse this report
therefore the names of

while I'm there ???

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 I'm 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

Faded handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is illegible due to fading and is oriented upside down relative to the page's original layout.

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.

Few weeks ago I went to a lawyer who is
the AIDS lawyer of the Bay Area lawyers
association. They will examine
any will and see if there is power of
attorney. (Anything remains the best
right to make decisions. I would like
to be able to make decisions for me in case I become unable to
do so myself. Including the final say
in removing me from life support
machines if that is all I can do for
myself. I will have to
put up with what government of course do
then and any question that the power
of attorney, and then put that to him.
It was a very interesting talk. Please
contact Tomason on a long distance
law firm downtown.

3/29/88

Regular check up at the AIDS clinic.
There have been very few changes well - up
except for the fact that I am now, in
my mind as my part but for a little
concerned because my weight is 130 lbs.
I would like to see some recovery from
my sleeping more than

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

1/2/82

Faint, illegible handwriting covering the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.

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 air plane 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

temperature. The first package was
apparently to include a traditional high quality
but as far as I know it was one of 2 or 3
days, at least - and not a full one.
either - a card from me. Tomorrow we go
on a business course with the Hon. Mr. Green
afterwards. The fall in the Tennessee
just before we left for London, in which
butchered with various animals, and
I have not seen to make any of it, but
but were eating well, and the place is
as beautiful as any I have seen in
an our hotel history.

1/8/88

Well, there is that a progress plan
on the surface returned for 2. For the
part 3 days of the last stage trip from
London my time for the 2 days up
but thought was impossible. But I
don't think there are any other
part - indeed the same. But what do
I know? It will be a great deal
pretty for it. I think I will call the
the water I get from 2. For the
particular part, but it is better

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 ~~to~~ ... "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 & crazy dolls on the streets & beaches to satisfy me. Even in the restaurants. A charming town with lots of foreigners - Australia, Japan, who know 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

the fact of...
not exactly...
but not...
enough...
we...
9:30...
I want to...
has been...
had a...
be...
rest...
lot of...
who...
feeling...
anxiety...
mostly...
The...
reminded...
a...
was...
would...
Pamela...
like...
the...
"m..."
rather...

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's 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

about 12 years old, but some young ones
were seen but none were taken. He was
surprised at the result - that it
made sense & seemed to explain the
phenomenon. I was very surprised
but not toward the end, I was
and say to the end, but some that
back!! I believe a few more
these specimens may have appeared
under the "white" etc., but the
showed all, showing that the mean of
characterized by these specimens. I
I took up continental position by
saying, well, maybe it was not
a bad thing to happen to a child.
maybe it doesn't have to be an awful
humane's specimen etc. and saying
tells us "child mutation" is.
The idea seems to agree.
I got so much from them.
resources as I could find of white
the in Central. I was to say
I reported the new info but
during the other

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 Soccocca's (or however you spell his ~~name~~ ^{name}) ~~biog~~ autobiography can be on the best seller list for a year, (and who cares about him ??) who knows? Garland led an ~~un~~ 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 very hesitant

...of my research... the way to stop...
...in some chapters... But no matter...
...the party for that...
...the fact that of the world...
...writing in your...
...to be to say the...
...is a story of...
...are...
...the...
...for me...
...the...
...about the...
...will want to...

4/12/88

...to the...
...my...
...But my...
...and the...
...The...
...the...
...prohibit...

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 the 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

I have been taking papers, etc. and will be
back up to you. But this pay lawyer
a draft of my bank's form of attorney
and of my will. The lawyer I
used the wife's part from the
lawyer's charges into the manuscript

4/17/88

thinking right now to see my
number of the ...
for business, then to be sure for this
the ...
see the ...
I ...
But ...
offer ...
But ...
needed ...
that ...
and ...

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 be 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 Tim + 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

about this, as you are writing to me
in regard to the same matter
and are certainly of opinion
it is to you, I very much
hope we have not lost sight of
it. I think however, we are not
worse off than you to be so
informed. I am sure you
etc. we can do a little more
I am a great deal with you
though about your little
I have not yet seen
I can see you again
I am sure you can

1/21/88

Thursday night went to the
High Room then to the
with a girl in his 20's
I should have seen
I should have seen
for a moment I felt
that some kind of
I need to get in 1913
no chance at the

that abandon certainly wasn't there and I tried to identify why. I rationalized to myself that, hey, I'm used 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 get it,

that children certainly mean to stay and
I find to be happy. I understand it
agrees that, by the way to go out
the bar with little or no hope of meeting
a actual partner. Before it was because
I didn't want to be found with someone.
This is the reason for the separation. This
is different even for the same situation.
But I really mean to go out
I was talking about someone who is
mentioned that he was in a bar
I said I hope it was "with someone"
and he said yes. He talked a lot
about AIDS and safe sex. He said
he was in a bar of dancing his hands
in a bar of the other place. But he
wasn't there. He said "I find out of
the out-of-pocket position (see also
injection) but he put someone in
his of the opinion that since we don't
have the virus, we shouldn't be so
scared about having it onto our
skin - he doesn't believe the theory
that you can keep being a safe person
so that there is some a thing in getting
"now" AIDS. I am not sure

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 blayé 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

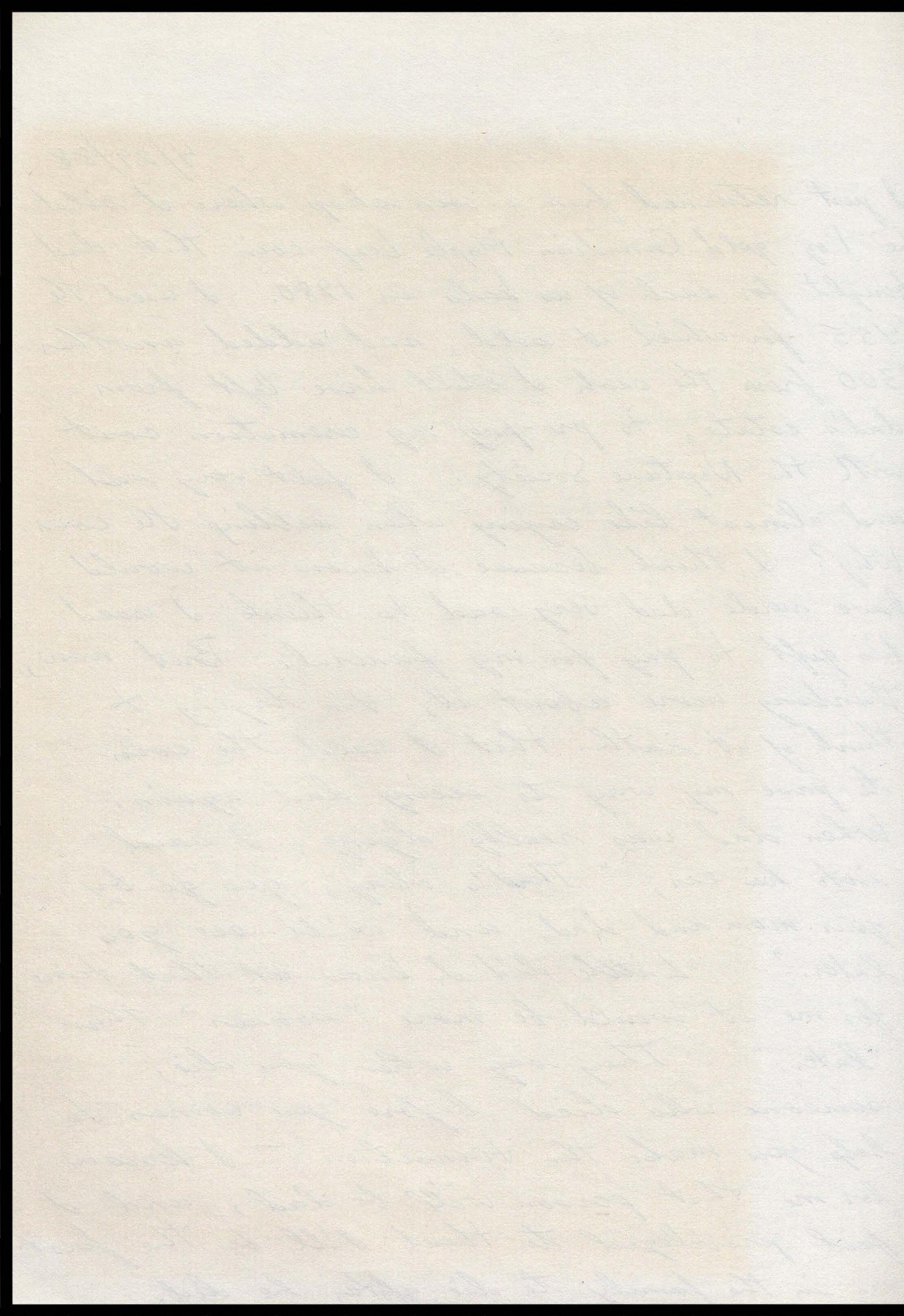
you've got all the time to get it done
I've given you that function. So you
but we've talked it out, and feel the weight
of the responsibility, and quite lifted.
I'll do what I feel is right and do it
but I'm sure you'll be thinking in terms
of the minutes in our case of work. We had
four men in there to finger my arm.
It was necessary to catch up to him in
the shop. I'm sorry to mention it
my desk and I really had an opinion
of the shop. I feel kind of things about
our contacts. My difficulties concern
me and I'm sure you'll all think
it's a kind of the way of personal
my bottom sympathy - no doubt to
you with another man - and you
happening and a few so thick.
I'll do the matter with me. I
see looking over this question all
around. I'm sure you'll
experience it. I'm sure you'll
is that I am not so sure of your
in that case. I'm sure you'll
the treatment for it. I'm sure you'll
but that's how and you'll

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.

1/3/87
Dear Mother
I received your letter
of the 21st and was
glad to hear from
you. I am well and
hope these few lines
will find you the same.
I have not much news
to write at present.
The weather is very
pleasant here now.
I must close for this
time. Write soon.
Your affectionate son,
John Smith

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.

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

Five years after the hormone injections began, though, she was fully convinced a sex-change surgery she was "for real," Cordale

The \$10,000 surgery, conducted in a small San Francisco hospital, required four operations.

— Bobby Cordale's mother

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

man

st year, Cordale, who is re-
ing disability payments,
ght he was near death. But
been taking medication and
feels healthy.
though he has a fatal disease,
lale feels that at least he will
appy with the body he feels he
ld have been born in.
Before, as a woman, I was very
-conscious — even when I was
s-dressing,” he said. “I felt ev-
at what I was a weirdo

hy.
cl
ve
co
an
di
an
fac
My
sex
It
tow
tasy
so s

Cover Story

Surgery ended years of unhappiness How Sheila became a man

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

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

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.

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."

"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

DuPont STAINMASTER Carpet

Decorat

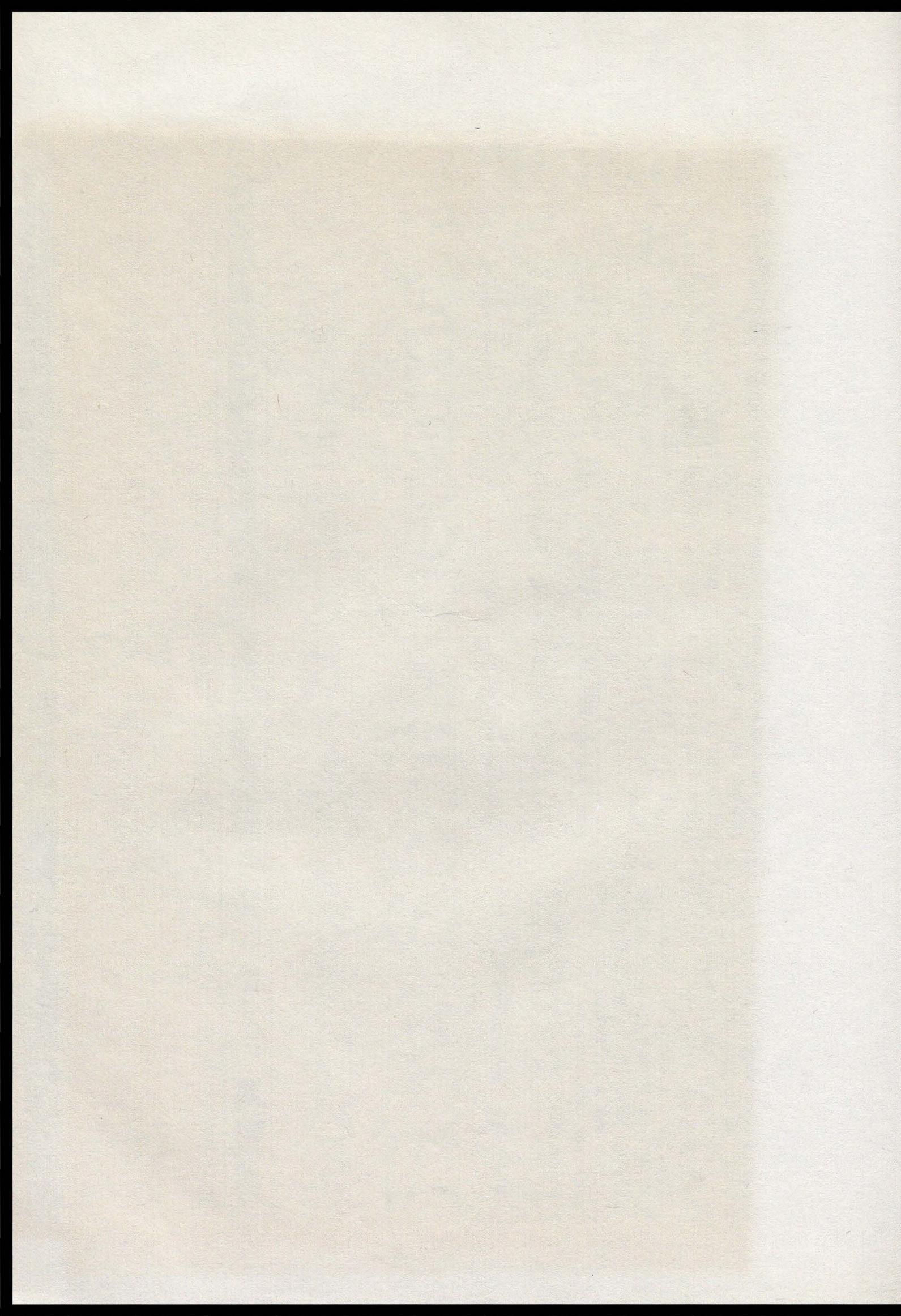
it's Awesome!

Revolutionary DuPont STAINMASTER Carpet protection in a broad range of new colors for 1

ALMADEN EXP. 101 FREEWAY
MONTEREY RD. MARK
101 FREEWAY 7TH ST

HOURS:
Mon., Wed., Fri. 9 to 6
Tue., Thur. 9 to 8
Sat. 9 to 3
Closed Sundays
License #260230

S & G DISCO
Carpet — No Wax Vinyl
505 So. 1



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 lymphadenopathy 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).

1/10/18

2

Dear Mother
 I received your letter
 of the 10th and was
 glad to hear from
 you. I am well and
 hope these few lines
 will find you the same.
 I have not much news
 to write at present.
 The weather here is
 very pleasant.
 I must close for
 this time. Write soon.
 Your affectionate son,
 John

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 Ride Parades.

5/17/88

I realize I need to write in you more
often, since I am 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

2/7/28

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.
~~Wednesday~~ I weighed in at $133\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

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 real
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

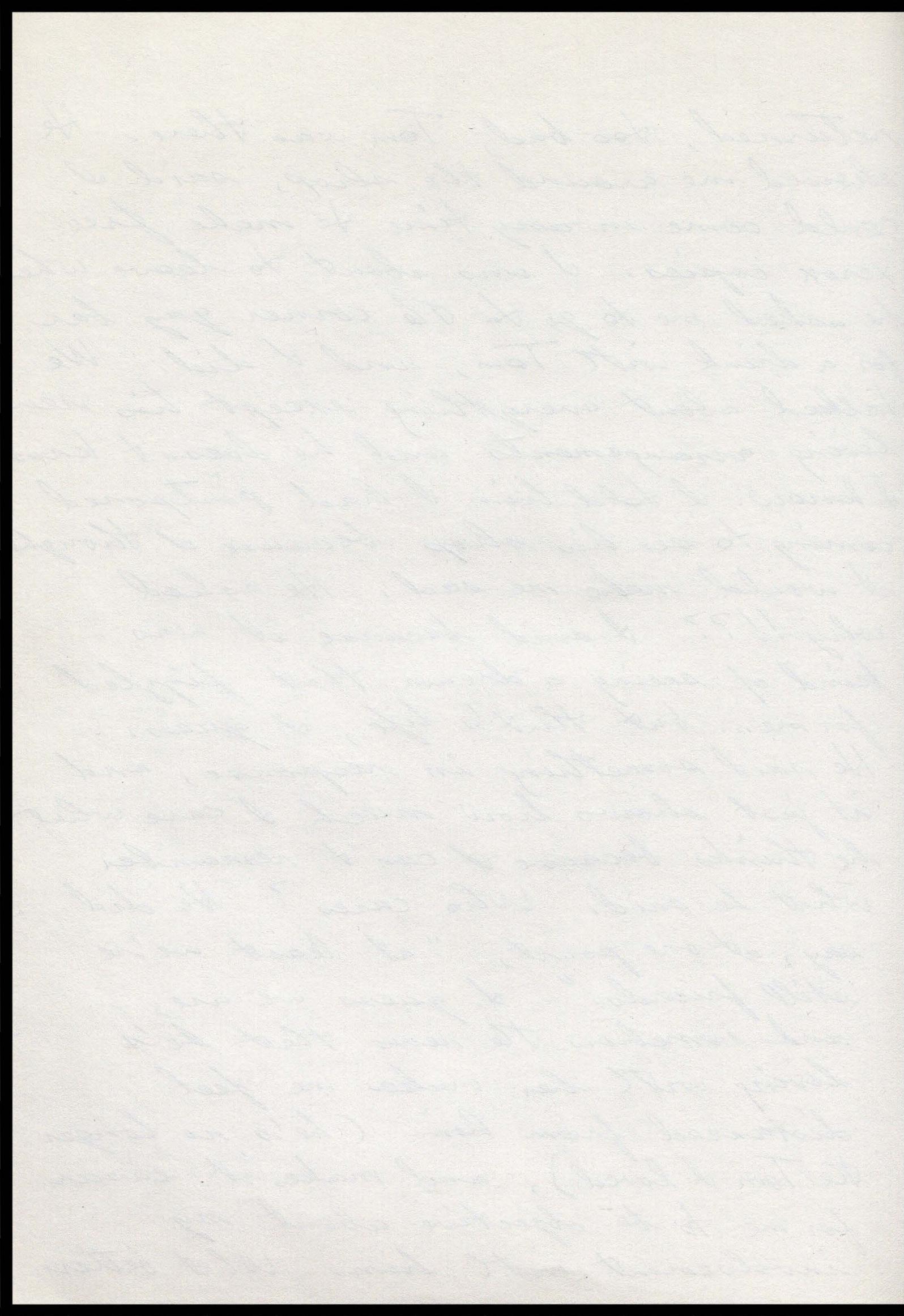
Finally went by Tom's new shop.
I planned to just slowly ride my motorcycle
past, but Fred saw me through the shop
window + waved me in, so I had to
stop. Fortunately Tom wasn't here

(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 ~~was~~ told him I was interested to find out if Tom had moved in with Karen. Fred blurted out, "He di'd." 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

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

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 because 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 ~~and~~ 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,

Faint, illegible handwriting at the top of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

1/10/22

Main body of faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

but it went away. My weight has maintained - or maybe gone up slightly - because last month, wearing my heavy motorcycle boots, I was $133\frac{1}{2}$, 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 love 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.

6/1/88

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

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.]

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.

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

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

6/10/58

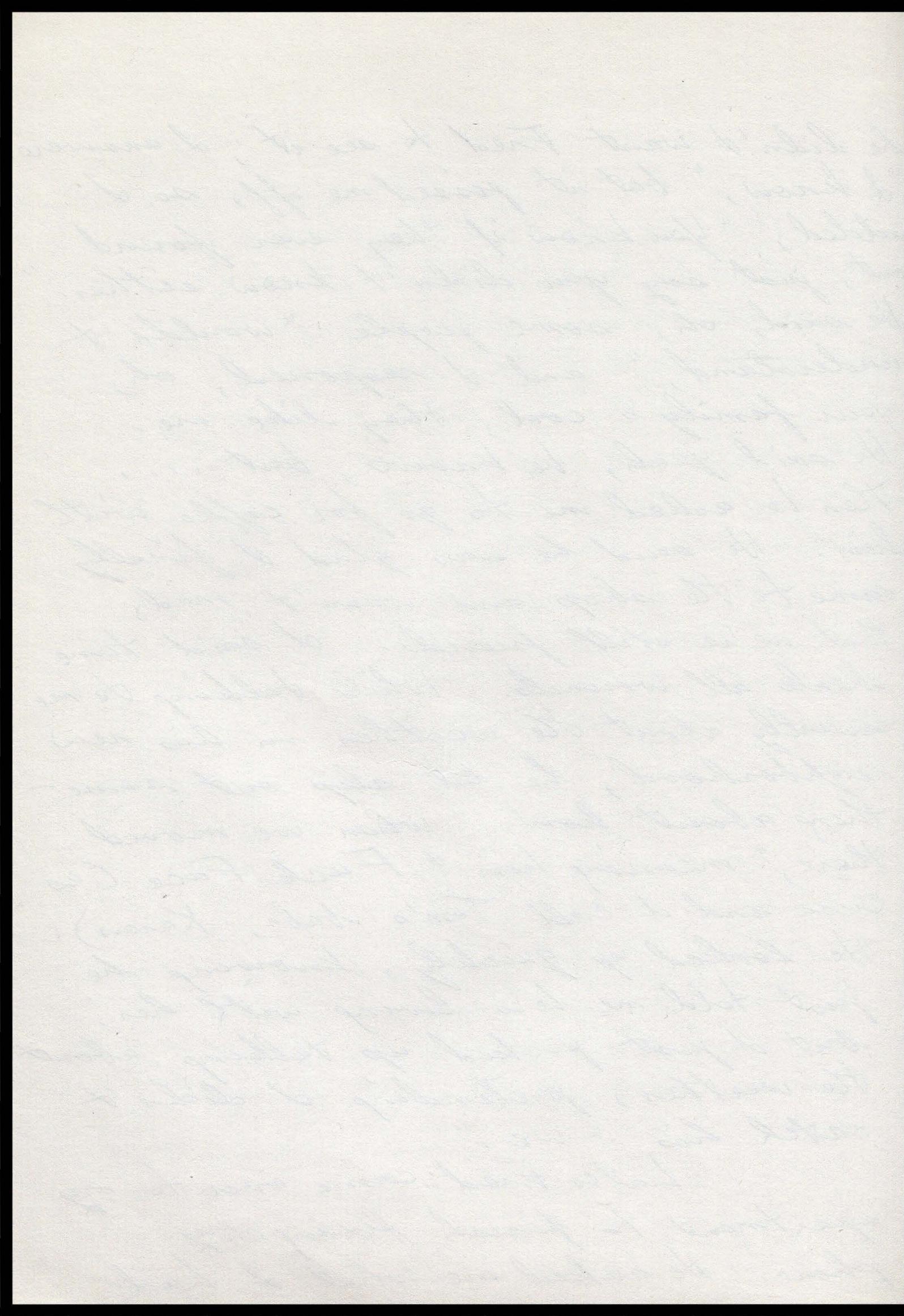
Henry B. Brown

[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the majority of the page]

1077

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 responded, 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 Berube, who founded my Jack Garland. We all

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

1/23/00
[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

went drinking at Moby Dick's and I feel so honored to be a friend of Berube'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 "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!

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

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 Medical 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~~ ^{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.

1/20/88

[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the majority of the page]

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 this?" and I turned to throw the paper into the room. I said, "Here... you call me!" 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

8-2-88

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

8-2-88

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

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.

the printer are necessary and printing
the paper to which I have been used
to my hand. I have a great hope of this
being enough to actually see the book
of the 10/20/89 for, as all my stuff
is on kitchen and I'm always in an
hurry. I hope to move back into my
room at least by the end of the week
but a commutation.

My next projects: 1) opening
up 88 female or that's the title
I want an endorsement to speak
of put together my edition. There's
information for the female or there
there's four people each of
in San Francisco all from 11/92.

Half way. I just signed up for an
experimented about what they give
me there so much material around
particular on the getting more
I understand that you'll be
they're in a constant loop.

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-

9/11/88

My dearest Margaret - today
at 10 years ago, I was the Father!
Yesterday I received a letter from
Alison Richardson asking for
receipt of my manuscript, and
talking with the publisher, who is
really looking forward to publishing
the book. I am flattered that
they are so pleased before they
even read it! It is a year of
my work and happy.
Take a break, relax and
enjoy your after a 3 week work
out here. Take a walk along
to the shore and on the way back
I said he wanted to help me this
in his favorite restaurant. I feel
happy to have all the positive attention.

9/12/88

The publisher told me
at the 11:05 that he was
top of Bill. I am pleased
and very happy for you and
in 10 years we are together.

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."

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

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.

The first of the...

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 weird-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

10/2/88

Handing I want to see Paul Walker and
titled his son off. He said if I had the
amount to the quarters playing in, but
the a few are photographs - that they
are the quarters of life, or, as they
would say, what is it all about?
I told him about Tom, about falling
and that he would be able to tell to them
(my AIDS emotional support committee.)
~~about everything because I~~
hadn't told him about my business
part. Why? Because I don't want
him to think of a word, and
every time I say something, I'll be
thinking how I want to be a girl.
Walker said that's not necessary
that usually when that was
but things way in our past that
have no relevance to the present,
e.g., why think on my Catholic
religion when it has nothing to do
with us now - and there was
the thinking. (I've had a Catholic
all the time. Well, that's the way
never to meet 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.

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

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 last year, 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,

... I said, "You know how my first
subject, Jack Corbett, was a friend who
I changed to a name... well, I am, too...
But without hesitation, Bruce burst
out, "But it's known that!"
I stopped my face in relief.
"But damn it, Bruce! Well
the time is too interesting that! The
did you find out?"
He asked of a moment, a long
time ago, mentioning that year, when I
was his and a friend on the street
who was visiting him from Seattle. Well,
the friend had had no regard to a
San Francisco State University class
1979 or 1980 and remembered me!
But Bruce said the document is with
the group of fellow classmates and
checked it was that 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
fun, 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 really 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

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper. The text is mirrored and cannot be transcribed.]

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 boyfriend, 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...."

...but many of our friends
...and others, who
...and friends.
...but their physical
...for those who
...this "love" but for those
...to the way, for all we
...the happy - for
...and I
...to meet
...the
...and they
...together
...a
...an
...the way
...that
...to
...to
...to
...to
...to

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!

And I feel strongly about the
my activities. Sunday, I held my
and get together of friends - to
and effort found to make (in all
stages of the transition) available,
not for our own or selfish ends. In addition
a note to friends around South
and cuts and seem to have left the
turned up - and I think of a
we could change. Now the first
friendship between us. The first day
the bottom magazine in December. My
and would manage of the is from
December 1980 when I was starting with
at the TVC (Crestline) (the book was
to find out) but we was starting with
some changes. All general, we
left. I was very ill with pneumonia
later by then, although I think I have
and I remember how hard it had been
to me to walk down that night. I had
a very serious time in order to catch
my breath and my heart was beating
frantically. I just thought I was
out of shape. I think I have
just had out of shape of me.

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 genito-plasty, 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

I am glad to hear of your success
and well to the year's College
The way to a good future
is to spend your time and your money
in some old man with careful
to that recently, being the money
to the to the money. That's the
of that experience, the world's to raise
getting close to me, knowing that even
I may get very rich and the money.

10/11/88

I made an appointment to see
him with the original papers of
the whole the money, my first
to the man that he will be
helping you. He will be
my money, but he will
to that my money and the
and that's the best
was that the best
to do nothing more, but the
time my account was finished, even
the really the money to
all the money of the money
the money to the money.

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.

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

[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 get is all I'm getting, so why dream of how to improve it? Now I find it's NOT 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.

Faint, illegible handwriting, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

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~~ 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 -

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

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 ~~good~~ 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

10/27/88

The first, my mother, the 2nd a
to my mother today during my regular
daily message, because I figured this
going to see the company's website on
the 8 company. He called the name
an excellent that possible, and
maned rather in my mind
to not to let our country
thing a friend, but not necessarily
to my very important, and encourage
me to take the use of our
body. The feeling that I had
to do the best in my activity
sign points and the first week
especially of an excellent and
has a few aspects.

11/1/88

Went to the store for my mother's exam
yesterday and the day I had complaints
for them. But I just have to remain
the door we just stay together, now
and important to let, they reported
of writing a prescription.

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 ($125\frac{1}{2}$).

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

11-10-88

[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the majority of the page]

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

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

11/17/38

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

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

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

"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

My dear Mother
I received your letter of the 11th and was
glad to hear from you and to hear that
you were all well. I am well at present
and hope these few lines will find you
all the same. I have not much news to
write at present. I am still in the
same place and doing the same work.
I have not much news to write at
present. I am still in the same place
and doing the same work. I have not
much news to write at present. I am
still in the same place and doing the
same work. I have not much news to
write at present. I am still in the
same place and doing the same work.

11/18/88

With love to all
I remain your affectionate son
John

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 ~~not~~ 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.

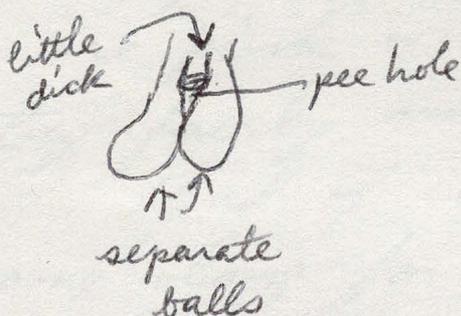
11/24/88
Happy Thanksgiving! I've felt so content and relaxed and thankful all day for this additional year of

Faint, illegible handwriting, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

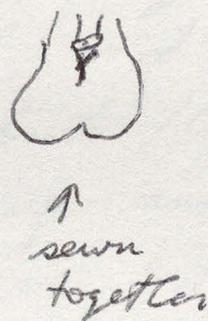
Faint, illegible handwriting at the bottom of the page, possibly bleed-through.

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:

USED TO BE

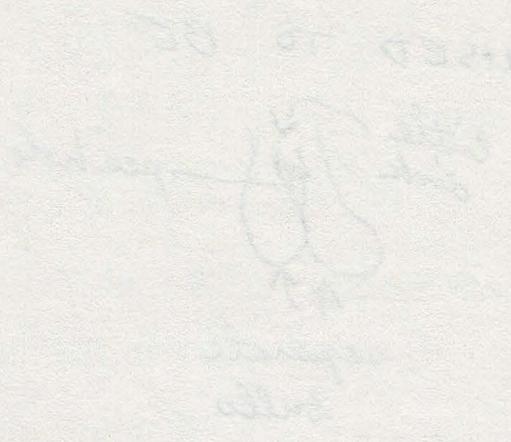


Now



It's healing well, and now is
mostly itchy. My vagina is much
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 came, 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-

11/28/88

The days since surgery and it's still
and a coping blood at the top of the
and the bottom of the...
my balls are badly bruised, the
times they, against which my balls
and, are quite with a need, the
to stop fairly...
kind of...
has come along for me all year, but
was when the...
there all over, the...
phone call from the...
the work we...
Club, the...
wanted to get together...
to the...
telephone all weekend...
I want to...
then around in the...
This is still...
to call the...
who lives...
This is...
to 10th...

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.

light must be maintained by the
theology Bill & George Thomson. The
was said 25,000 people marched.
and among all these people, who
abundantly got us, but they (Am. 10)
the walked together and spent the
part of the time together. And he
thought of calling me to see of a
wanted to meet him there. Why
while we returned to the quarters
of City Hall, he stood on the
ground you would not and you
the land on top of my land
arranged to call and walk with
an arm. We agreed to meet for
lunch and this time I got
phone number.
of a small apartment. The
because I am a very quiet of bed
I remember that the year was
and I spent much out of my money
with thinking back.

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 $122\frac{1}{2}$, 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 wet 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.

11/30/88

Not such good news as to the 4102 Clinic
this time. The way up my "mountain"
sufferers are starting to feel better
due to the 457 and up my mountain
mountain work under the 457
light has in the mountains the 457
for a while. In fact our white mountain
sufferers are and I guess just what
we said several weeks ago. This is
like a lot for more details. I have
retired my things. I have been very
satisfied. The up my mountain work is
457. So I have to call out, out,
The 457 mountain work is the best
thing "right now" to do. That's
what, over a night, I want up and
up again. Top a really out and
thundered in mountain. I think the 457
what the mechanism are of these
right now. I know, the
that I know. So and it's out a
from just everything, and the 457
then why, ok, but it's a mystery
4102 patients get as well as
the mountain patients.

12/5/88

Since my "1/30 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 know 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 "1/30 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

10/15/78

Since my 100 day experiment, I
will think was my usual experience
in looking down. In the next day
(10/15) I stopped taking the A.T.
I think the idea to stop was I wanted
to stop the A.T. was consisted of
waiting till I got worse, but the
main thing was that I didn't return my
cell until this morning. He said
at the hospital, I should have
something about my usual experience
but I'll be, as I want to know
and can stop one step ahead of
the thing. He said I should
go off the A.T. but I'm not going
to hurt me to take a break from it.
He said my "100 day" was over
look better - but I'm decided to
stop off - A.T. for the next 5 weeks
just to see where my body is at
without it. I've been on it for
three or four years for one year and
I'll like to see what I can do
without it. So after this
in 2 weeks, I'll start on 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 see and feel my thighs weakening. Yikes.

I've been back on my motor-cycle 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

[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the page]

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 Sacks, 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

I made him an appointment to
the Hospital for breakfast. He remained
as a lot of flames and a lot of
myself. Turn out to give the final at
the Institute on "gray hair" and to one
of the members of the San Francisco
Club. The paper was a job off club!!
I had luck to be his friend! 23
guess I have an open invitation to their
next off parties! He doesn't seem
to have a job, but has plenty money
and paid for my breakfast. What
about his remaining in of flames?
Well, he's an aging hippie. I'd say
he's 45 or so, an "unmarried"
politically, with a really money
out in front of me, but a good
separate case with 3 fat points on it.
He talked about helping people be
comfortable with their bodies and their
anxiety, learning to relax with
nervously. All things I need badly.
Since she's 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 letter

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

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 make from New Hampshire who's bar to investigate. It's available bottom magazine. He knows another female to - gay male, Chris, in Tucson. Little by little, I'll find em!

12/15/88

Got a phone call about an hour ago from the editor of the Advocate, the gay man's magazine with the widest circulation in the U.S. I'll meet them on another 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. Would be so excited! After that's done, he needs to talk to me about another article on female to male from the heterosexual point, 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.

get paid for that over too
always wanted to do an article for
the Advocate, and it's just fallen
into my lap via the Day Historical
Society. My childhood dream
to be a writer - has come true in
new ways than one.

Monday I went over to Terry's
and we went to lunch on 10th Street
I learned that his father, who with
him he'd lived for 2 years, had
just died last October. I didn't
know - just assumed it was because
of AIDS. After eating we went
shopping in 10th, and he brought
me The Queen's Gambit, an out-of-
print book of historical significance.
He also tried to spend money on me
which I politely accepted, but found
it somewhat uncomfortable to be on
the receiving end of the generosity.
During the spending in various shops,
but with my money situation the
day it was over I often require
his wants to flip me money to be

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.

[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

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

12/25/88

I feel so incredibly fortunate 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. Take and Susan
 are here visiting, and we came to
 spend the holiday with us. With
 Kathy, Cheryl, & Terry (Carpenter's
 girl) and the Hensley gang...
 I really feel great. With such
 great, I fill my life with friends
 and thank God for the same.
 What a lovely gift to me!

12/27/88

Well, we really got to see this
 visit. She gave me a car telling these
 things important stories. Just right
 I had her meet Bruce - we three
 went out to dinner. She mentioned an
 interesting story about Kathleen, Tom,
 & I tried to make 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.

into the presence of the members (one)
and then, as the Bureau that before
my charge, I asked her for her
opinion regarding the matter & as to
change of the title & want me to!

As to the 28th of the time, I simply
replied myself. ... was a very
to say, ... simply replied when
she asked, ... the right?
I feel with her when I wanted to
say, "No, I never said that."
I haven't asked for her advice since
in my whole transaction!

I called Bureau tonight so
will find her that you are ...
I was through talking, there was a
long silence coming from the end
of the phone, I wanted some ...
but the first and no was just
as I had described to her
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 Terry 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

Then we kept talking about the
ill health and how she didn't think
she'd make it out here to San Francisco
for next Christmas. I told her I don't
know if she's going to be there either.
I'm sure she really got to me
the time...

12/30/88

Almost like I got through
the holiday season without incident
again yesterday after my weekly
massage I felt busy as ever then
called Tony to cancel our afternoon
date and went to bed. About 8:15
I took my temperature: 102.1!!
Yikes. But today it's back to
normal and she's feeling OK.
Well, I finally heard from
Sue's mom. She wants me to cut
out one half of Sue's
message. And if I don't want to
I suggest we cancel our contract.
I don't know how I can cut half
of my partner 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

My dear Mother
I have been thinking of you
very much lately and
wondering how you are
getting on. I hope you
are well and happy. I
am well at present and
hope these few lines
will find you the same.
I have not much news
to write at present. I
am still in the same
old place. I have not
heard from you for some
time. I would like to
hear from you very
much. I am sure you
are all well. I love
you all very much.
Your affectionate son,
John Smith

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

For every 3 weeks and night 3/4
go back to every 2 weeks. I went to 3
because I was trying to delay leaving
to still myself with that result
but my own desire is almost nil
Don't know if it's related to my
previous intake or just a side
effect of my general poor health.
Went to the the Wednesday
of the previous 2 days in the past
month and was much in at 12/1
The says my blood work is good
and most symptoms back to where
they were, although they were a
great to begin with. The then
off all medication since January 1st
and January 1st still about taking
a half dose of A.S.T. and shipping
the middle of the night about (5 a.m.)
The also wants as to the full dose
apparently to keep the paper down
and also because it's been noted
to enhance the efficiency of A.S.T.
So there called to stop
for being an improvement 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 three 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 beautiful 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!

called her last to tell about the
apparently his wife was there and
other things was going on. So all
in the morning for breakfast at 12
the day as cold and raining
day after day. When I had that 100°
fear, I had the shells and my feet
were like ice cubes even though I had
three pairs of socks on. The temperature
to run again tomorrow but it says it
won't, as I have the last week. The
and later with Kelly Stenhouse, who
I don't see nearly enough. So all
to go to the quarry where because I etc
very little. I had left in
the house today - the house to
get myself a copy 1989 calendar
and a new diary. I had 1/2 page
to spend plenty for. There's a get
and shop in the Center that has some
beautiful things there, but they
were about experience. I have one
later I started you, day, I hope
you'll be my last book. But the
story was over yet!

I just glanced back to the first page of your 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.

I just glanced back to the first
page of your diary, and read up entry
of August 24, 1907. Just to update
Paul Walker sent letter the beginning
of December 88 announcing his retirement
from practice. In a confidential
follow-up letter to me, he admitted
he has "AFC" (AIDS - Related
Complex) which means he has & has
disappeared with AIDS, but has none of
the preliminary symptoms. So his
typing to return when and how.

