1979-80

6-9-79

Received a letter from ma, in part: You are still hurting because of Jim, aren't you, honey? I know I should mind my own business but I feel your happiness is my business & I feel I should at least have a right to a few words. Please honey, be very very sure of wanting that total commitment from Jim. All thru the years you've been so loyal to him & time & time again you've been hurt — marriage won't change that. It's like you said — that piece of paper won't change a thing. If anything it will make matters worse if things don't work out. Jim will always be the same Jim. As long as you've put in so much time on him, take more time & let him know what you need in your life & sit back & see if he's willing to show you he can deliver. Don't jump into marriage on promises to be better. A lot more is needed to straighten out a mixed up guy than a trip to Hong Kong. Don't forget the times you two lived together & always realized you got along better if you lived separately. That won't change either. Some people are just not

meant to be together. Just be real careful & don't let your heart rule your head. Let your logic decide. — So now I've said what I feel & what is — is. I'll never hassle you about it again.

My dearest mom —

I've just sat here & cried for one solid hour. Because I know what you wrote to me so carefully is true. But I cannot convince my heart to be logical.

I keep waiting for this all not to be real. I keep thinking suddenly one day he'll appear at my door & say it was all a big mistake, and from then on things will go my way. I can't make myself realize that Jim's feelings stop right where they are now — that there isn't any more he can give. All these years I've felt that we'd mature in our love, that it would all take it's natural route, that he felt the same thing for me that I felt for him. The myth of love — that because I felt such good things coming from him, it meant he ultimately wanted the same things for us that I do.

But ma I cannot ignore what has happened this time. I have to be sure to remember myself sitting in this room & how my very deepest most delicate emotions and feelings have been treated like so much street trash. How all those "little" things over the years that I hoped would crumble away — like our inability to live together, something I always felt showed a lacking in our relationship — have not and will not, and there has to be a point where I stop waiting.

It's the worst thing that could have happened — When you put yourself in someone else's arms and trust that person so completely and so totally not to betray you, and you close your eyes and fall asleep with that all-consuming blindness, like children give their parents, that that person would never and could never shatter you.

During those first few weeks that Jim & I were together in 1968, we were in his room at Albion, sitting on his bed. I told him to lay down and I'd rub his back. He did, very hesitantly, and then

suddenly he sat up and took hold of me and said "Sheila, don't tell me to lie down and then stab me in the back!" I'll never forget his fear, and how I understood the importance of what we were getting into. I know he understood that importance too; and with his knife in my back, how can I ever believe anyone else's words?

Tonight it's 3 months since we've seen each other. I had wondered if, as time passed, I'd feel better or worse. I've found it gets worse, because the numbness and shock wears off and you realize that it is all really true. And it gets better, because you know you'll never let it happen again.

I miss him so much. Nothing I do fills that empty hole in my stomache. I wants so much just to hug someone and kiss them. But even when I do, that empty hole is still there.

You know, over all these years, these are the words I've never believed I'd say to you. Especially to you. And, God, it hurts so bad to have to say

Hem.

I love you so much mom. I want to find a man who loves me as much as you do.

6-10-79

The phone rang + it was Tony from Spiveys. He said "guess who's back in town" + "Hong Kong was very interesting." I said Tony, you're not trying to play matchmaker, are you? He said "no, I wouldn't do that... he had a very interesting time." I said, "Tony, is he there?" + Tony says "yeah, you want me to put him on?" + before I could answer he put the phone down. I thought shit, what should I do? I could hang up right now, but that would be stupid. Took a long time before Jim came on, his voice wavering, he sounded scared. "Hello, Sheila." "Who's idea was this?" "Tony's." "Well, we don't have to go along with his little games if we don't want to." He asked, "How are you?" I said "I'm okay... but, you know we don't have to go along with Tony's little games so let's just hang up, OK?"

He said "OK" + we hung up. My heart was beating a million miles an hour. All of a sudden I don't feel like eating the supper that's in the oven. What a fucked-up thing. I know Tony pressured Tim into it, but what a fucked-up thing for him to get on the phone. What, am I supposed to act happy + chat about Hong Kong? I can't believe it. I hope I shocked the shit out of both of them + they both feel like damn fools. I'd love to hear what they're saying. After catching my breath, phoned Mary Ellen + cried about 10 seconds. This guy is going to haunt me forever. — Tony just called me back to apologize, saying he hopes he didn't upset me, that Tim had left the bar, but he had been looking so down + depressed. I said well, his new girlfriend probably dumped him + now he's depressed. Tony said well he wouldn't tell him what the matter was, tho Tony didn't ask. Well, Tony really felt guilty.

I asked if Jim was upset that I hung up & he said oh yeah. I said well, Tony, these past 3 months have been so hard & the things he said to me were so shitty that I'm just not to the point where I can chat on the phone about the wonderful time he had in Hong Kong. Tony said he understood, but that we just have to get back together somehow. I said you know, the times this has happened before I could forgive & forget, but it keeps happening again & again & I just can't forget this time. That Jim is going to have to come up with some way to make me feel better, but I don't know how. So we hung up on good terms & I said "I love ya, Tony."

6-15-79

Got a postcard from Ray — his band is playing in New York. I wish he wasn't married — the guy is such a perfect sexual companion for me. He is the one truly honest shining star in my life right now — with his intermittent comings & goings.

And he sends me a postcard
He sends me a postcard

It read: "Hi - How are you? We're going over real well and having a fun time in Fun City. I've got a new garment that I'd like to try out with you when it get back. Ray.

I'm crying now. My god, this good good person. Not in & out of your life like a thief, but a good fine youngman who cares.

7-1-79

At 11 a.m. Jim phoned me & asked if I wanted to get together & talk. I said well, I don't know, does he have anything new to say other than what we've been saying for the last 10 years? He said "not really." I said it was just too hard to keep going around in circles all the time & he said "I know." I said I didn't want to get together and go through this

Without you...

...it's sure no picnic!

Hope You're
Feeling Better!

MISS YOU
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
JIM.

whole thing + cry + everything + then everything is still the same as it was before. And he said "it never can be." He asked how I was + I said I was doing okay. I asked if he was still at the Temple + he said yes. We were silent. He said okay, well he'll call back when he has something to say + I said okay + we hung up. My heart was pounding but I was glad of my decision. But later on I cried really hard, wrote this letter which I'll mail tomorrow morning:

My dearest Jim—

I'm sitting here in my apartment 3½ hours after you called this morning, thinking how I could have been with you this very minute when I want to be with you so bad. The realization that we may never be back together again is just too hard to accept.

You know how goddamn much I love you. I don't feel toward

you like a brother or a buddy or an old friend. I love you more, Jim, than when we were kids in 1970. The memory of your face and hands haunts me. The constant thought of you torments me ... I wonder what street you're walking down and I wonder how your hair is cut now. I want to brush my lips against your cheek, lose myself in your arms. But your non-reciprocation has been driven like a stake through my heart and burned a hole where my love used to be. And nothing I do fills that emptiness in my stomach.

You don't even know how it hurt me not to even say goodbye when you went to Hongkong. The bitterness I feel because I've been unable to share with you any of my happy moments of the past 15 weeks. Or your written advice that I'd feel much better, and so would you, if I were seeing someone else.

Jim, I am not steel. I'm a woman who loves you with all my soul. I am not Al or your mother. I can't stand being rejected by you. So I have to stay away from you until I am very sure you'll never turn me away again,

or until I no longer love you so that it matters. I just can't take it any more.

Sheila

7-8-79

I don't really want to think about it, but I guess I better write it. Wednesday July 4 I went into Spivey's where there's always a risk of running into him. No sooner did I settle down + Tony's telling me he finally decided it's all because Jim's "immature" than he walks in + sits down next to me. We exchanged greetings + ended up spending about 3 hours talking. Told me he stopped seeing Paula "at least intimately" 2 wks ago + he thinks the best thing for him is not to be involved with anyone because he just ends up hurting other people + he doesn't know "how to love." I said I don't believe a word he says + that I know he knows how to love. But he said he meant that he knows I've worked toward making our relationship good + that I've done everything I could, but he cannot put that same effort into a relationship with anyone because he

would feel he was cheating himself out of something he must do (whatever that is). I said he is such a good person + I don't know why he feels he has to hang around with all these bums to "find himself" – he said "what bums?" and I said "Paula." He said he wasn't trying to "find himself" + I didn't understand (he's right – I DON'T). Said he feels better now that he's not involved with anyone + he thinks he needs to be alone for a little while. I said "I think you need to be alone for a long while." He said he couldn't really get it together with Paula because it just didn't feel right not being with me. (So then why doesn't he wise up?) I asked if he got my letter, said yes, he was trying to think of a way to answer it, that it kind of took him back cuz "it was so lush" + told me to be careful about "sending those kinds of letters to people." Told him I only wanted to reiterate my position after 4 mos. because I don't want him to think I'm "mad at him" + will calm down after a while, because I'm not mad. He was being very calculating + precise about his position – no more of his previously usual "I don't knows" and "it's not that ways." He very clearly said

he was happier the way it is now, that he cannot work to make our relationship good, that he should have broken off with me a lot earlier but he hadn't the courage + he's glad I had the strength to do it. And I don't remember how it came up, but he said "But you won't even SEE me!" and I said "Why should I? It's just a waste of time."

I felt sorry for him in a pitying way. He sure struck a pitiful mess — sorta like Jack. You can't feel too sorry for them, tho, because they're leading the life they've chosen.

We also talked on lighter subjects. He told me of Hong Kong, his writing more, he finally bought a television, is still not looking for a job. I told him of my baby birds, of my editing the transvestite newsletter, of the recent concerts I attended. I felt uneasy a lot of the time, tho it was so easy to talk with him — jokes I've been telling others for months he got when no one else had. He once patted me on the knee but I just shook my head. It's hopeless. I said to him, "You

know, I wanted to see you - but not really." Went with him to a restaurant because he was hungry, he put his hand in my pocket to "hold my hand" as we walked. When we left the restaurant he put his arm around my waist + I briefly put mine around his, but it was too much torture + I loosened our grasp. We walked a few blocks + I began feeling really bad so said "I better go now." He turned + made a motion to maybe hug or kiss me, but I just turned + walked away without looking back. I was in shock til the next afternoon.

This weekend I've felt very depressed + very lonely. I need some lovin' bad + I wish I'd get a call from Ray. I seriously have to get my strategy together to find another romantic partner - I go out in boys clothes to the mens gay bars hoping someone will realize I'm female + they're bisexual + I'm the gal for them. But that's a bit much to hope for. Can't handle the losers in those straight bars though.

7-10-79

** Some good things I've been doing:

I've taken over the writing + printing up of our transvestite organization's monthly newsletter. First one in July. Am very proud of it. They've appointed me Treasurer also, so I have the organizations' check book + records.

One of my baby birds had a birth defect + couldn't use his legs + the vet put it to sleep. But the other 4 are big and healthy.

Mary Ellen + I are looking for flats for John, Kathy + Cheyney and for Bridget, Jake + Brian. (John plans to be "on the road" mostly, that's why I didn't write his name there.)

I've enrolled in a graphics design class in August to help me on that newsletter.

Am considering and probably will run this ad in the 'Personals' column of the Advocate, the largest selling gay newspaper:

BISEXUAL MEN

Slim female 28 who has passed as a boy

part time since 1973, identifies with gay men, seeks companionship / romance. I've got to rent a box somewhere so I don't get any goons at my door. I've always wondered what kind of response I'd get from such an ad and sometimes I'm glad Jim's gone so I get the chance to find out.

I've set an appointment to meet with the pastor of the gay church here to discuss the possibility of our TV group meeting there once a month.

Have been socializing a bit with Peter + ~~Tony~~ Joyce. I see him on the bus to work almost every day + we get along well.

7-18-79

Since seeing Jim on the 4th, I've felt really depressed + hopeless. Wasn't til the 11th that I began coming out of it a little. Mary Ellen + I began looking for apartments for Johnney + Bridget and the first one we looked at we got for Johnney + Kathy.

Bridget's is a lot harder because of her lower income + her apt requirements. Have been working a lot on this TV group. Friday I discovered that that paperback by Ramparts Press is finally in the stores with my 'Looking Toward Transvestite Liberation.' Titled The New Gay Liberation Book + has authors such as John Rechy, Gore Vidal, Christopher Isherwood + Wm Burroughs. I should be more excited, but I have known it was coming for over a year now. I guess I mostly feel bad because ~~of~~ on reflection it seemed Jim had no intention of initiating a reconciliation, + his affirmation that he cannot reciprocate my feelings for him. So shit. I've been really down. Know I must change my lifestyle but just can't — hoping that when B + J come out here, the change will take place by itself. My job is so boring — I haven't had a damn thing to do for over a month now +

each day I wonder why I'm rushing to work so I can sit there + try to think of something to do. Glad I'm at least into this crossdressing to placate my sex drive + keep me busy in the GGG/G. So Monday night I went to a bar in the gay area of the city (I should get off my dead ass + move there) wearing suit + tie. (Earlier that day on the bus a group of probably 10-year-old black boys heckled me because they thought I was a wimpy boy coming home from church!) A man at the bar caught my eye because he looked + acted like a blond Charles Creegan. We smiled at each other + talked. Liked him a lot. He lives with hetero women + just split with a long-term male lover. He was very aware of how different he is from other gay men, but proud of it too. It was like we hit it off immediately + I remember at one point he initiated hugging me. We exchanged phone numbers.

But I had such visions of Tim + how he seemed so right + then disappeared so fast. But right away Tues nite this James called + we agreed to go out this weekend. Even if nothing sexual happens with him, I sure could use his fine friendship, altho I hope there is a possibility of some physical contact. Last Saturday went to a dinner party for the one TV I work closest with in GGG/G, and got along well with his wife. Afterwards went out with the President of the group who is always in mental chaos + had a good time. Later I went to Polk Street. A very very drunk 45-ish man began talking to me + ended up asking me to his place. I told him that first I had to warn him: I'm a female. He was genuinely shocked but not upset + said, "I don't know, you just caught my eye ... you still do...." That was a very big compliment to me. However he didn't want to go

home with me then, all the while telling me it wasn't because of what I told him (as if) but I assured him I wouldn't've gone with him anyway because he wasn't fem enough for me.

Johnney (left) and Larry [redacted], my first boyfriend, who has been married twice, has 4 kids, and still looks me up every 4-5 years ....

8-21-79

Been a long time since I've written. It gets harder + harder to "get in touch with my feelings" and I really have nothing wonderful to report. Went out that weekend with that James character + it turned out a total disaster not even worth relating here. My conciliation came in knowing that the following weekend precious Ray would be playing + I was pretty sure I could get him home. Mary Ellen + I finally rented a place for Bridget that day + M.E. gave Ray a call to let him know we'd be there. I was to meet her at the club and Ray + I talked amicably before she arrived. My spirits went up for the 1st time in weeks, and then when she did arrive, they were smashed again. She had been jumped by some black guy on her way there + he tried to rape her. She was totally freaked +, because Rusty was out of town, she begged me to spend the night with her. Of course I assured her I would + I envisioned little wings on Ray as he flew out

the window. She did tell him what happened but we left without saying goodbye to him & I hope he understood why we weren't there when the evening was over. I really felt shitty, then. Poor Mary. Poor me. I finally did place that 'Personals' ad in the Bay Guardian & in the Advocate:

Bisexual Men
Slim serious female 28 who has passed as a male part time since 1973, identifies with gay men, wants companionship/romance. 681 Ellis #3321, SF 94109.

July 30, Johnney, Kathy, Cheyney, Bridget, Jake & Brian left Milw driving out here with a rental truck of furniture, a cat & a guinea pig. They arrived Aug 4 & I took a week's vacation Aug 6-10 to hang out with them & get them settled. Stayed at B's almost the whole time. On the 11th while in Golden Gate Park I lost my purse, keys, wallet, the works. I was pretty upset but figured my landlady would let me in my apt. When I got home the 12th I learned she was on vacation so there was no way to get in & the only one who has keys to

my place is Jim. Phoned him at 10 a.m. & there was no answer. Then I really got upset & went back to Bridget's & cried. Called Jim's again & left a message for him to return the call. Within a ½ hour he did. I tried to be very strong & he agreed to meet me in the lobby of his building. Hung up & cried hard. Such torture to hear his beautiful voice. In the lobby I felt very sorry for myself. He came down the elevator & held out one key. Told him I needed both the key to my bldg & the key to my door. He began fumbling thru his keychain & I didn't look up at him, only at his hands. He asked which key it was, I had no idea & he said well he had thrown a bunch of keys out but didn't think mine was one of those. Told him I needed the car keys to copy too. He handed me 4 keys, I said "thanks" & walked out. The whole encounter was cold & business-like. Well, my key WAS one he threw out & I ended up smashing my apt door to get in.

Put his 4 keys in an envelope + mailed them back to him without a word. What a really horrible person he is. He has really become a hard, callous nothing. Tuesday my purse was returned to me.

To date I've received 24 responses to my ad + I've contacted 8 of them. My tactic is to write them back with my phone #. I've met 2 of them: one was easy to talk to, but I felt he was just a curiosity-seeker and we really had nothing in common. The second couldn't even hold up his end of the conversation. Both were pretty ugly too. The way I see it, it's the reverse of the usual way of cruising: instead of looking at their bodies first + seeing if their head's together second, I'm trying to see if they're together first + the physical's second. But this method doesn't seem any more fool-proof than the other. But I'm going to keep trying. At least I feel I'm doing something to find some male companionship. I am

very very seriously considering getting sterilized again. Being with Bridget's + Kathy's kids really brings home the reality that I simply cannot see myself in the mother role, tho I do enjoy the kids. I would be very proud of myself if I could make that decision to get sterilized, but I fear a permanent action regarding my future. When I think of my future I cannot see children as happiness + so feel I should have it done for my own health + peace of mind. What Jim wants is no longer of consequence — if he even knew what he wanted! It's what I want now that matters, and I don't want to bear a child. Even if I decided I wanted a child, I think I'd feel better about adopting because then it's clearer the child is NOT you, just someone you're helping along until they can fend for themselves.

Dear Sheila

— Was really sorry to hear about your purse. But worse was the knowledge that I wasn't, again, any real help. Seems like I only cause trouble -

I think of you alot but I'm held back from seeing, or even writing to you, by Feelings we both know. Just wanted to let you know I'm not made of wood.

I'm still looking for work. At this point I'll take just about anything.

I feel very funny about sending this, but I do not want you to think I am completely blind, deaf, cold & forgetful.

L. — J.

8/24

RECEIVED THIS AUG 24

DOESN'T TELL ME ANYTHING

EXCEPT THAT HE'S MORE

LIKE DAD THAN I HAD

PREVIOUSLY WANTED TO ADMIT

"seems like I only cause trouble..."

SHIT

9-10-79

I've said it before + it's becoming true again this time. Whenever I'm alone (i.e., without a boy-friend) my crossdressing becomes more serious + constant. In my search for the perfect male companion, I find myself. In my need for a man in my bed, I detach myself from my body

and my body becomes his; I stroke his hair, I see his wrist. I feel the warm winds blowing my open shirt from my smooth, hard flat chest. I catch the hungry eyes of another beautiful youngman. I reconsider male hormones - try to remember why I decided against them before. I could shave... I could take them! I wonder if I could live as a male without taking hormones, or if I should take hormones but stop at surgery, or if I should just get sterilized & have them remove my ovaries. And when I think of my future, and what I really want for myself in the years ahead, the only real thing that matters to me is that I be able to dress and pass as a male. When people ask me at work "What do you want for yourself in the future?", how can I tell them that I just want to be a man?

I finally broke down + sent

away for those beautiful men's shoes in my size — $70. I have the urge to buy new, better-fitting men's underwear and slacks. Went to a new haircutters, told him I wanted a D.A. and sideburns, and that "your ultimate goal is to make me look like a boy." Bridget said that, when I met her after the haircut, when I was approaching her, it took her a long time before she could figure out who this guy was coming up to her — I was wearing sunglasses, too. Tom [redacted] from the old Velvet Whip met us too & said, upon seeing me, that I hadn't changed a bit. I try to find a common ~~too~~ thread from my past to my present, and he reaffirmed my belief that I have always been like me.

Thinking hard & close about who I am. Just who I am and what I am, alone, and what I want for myself. So long I gauged my future next to Jim's. Now I see what a mistake that was,

and that's what makes me doubt that we can ever be what we were before. I can see myself following my own dreams, regardless of ANY ONE else's opinions.

At first I wore boy's clothes cautiously. Then I went full force without any women's clothes, to a fear someone would know I was female. Then back again to women's things, and I even felt sad about my wish to abandon men's clothes. Now I find myself yearning for the total male look again, even though I have no fears of ~~#~~ being female.

Thinking very seriously of sterilization, admitting that motherhood just is not for me. And that too ties in with my commitment to being a man. To decide between those two — and in looking hard, reading books on deciding to have children, I even wonder why I'm reading such a thing — it seems totally absurd because I KNOW myself

+ who I am.

I wonder how I could do all this. My brothers + sisters would readily accept me, my parents would learn to relax with it as well as they can relax about anything else. [Johnney once said to me that I am the closest thing to a brother he has left...] I am ready to leave my job anyway + could take another clerical job as a youngman. I could leave my apartment without any problems + rent as a man. It would all be worth the trouble. And as a man I could maybe even learn to be Jim's friend, without the torment of needing to be his lover. If I am ever going to do anything with my life that I can be proud of, it must be my success at living full time as a young man.

Sometimes I feel as though I am turning inward so much that I am going to turn inside out. And become totally submerged in my own delusions.

9-11-79

Had a GGG/G meeting last night & I wore my binder & a T-shirt. With my hair just cut, I looked pretty damn good. Talked to Lyn Fraser, who is a psychologist in gender identity, & she said several times how I looked like a boy, asked how old I am, where I work, if I had any breasts or was that a binder, how I look like a boy from the back & I don't "wiggle" my hips when I walk. I talked to Georgia & Kanie (who'd just had M→F surgery) & told them I'm wanting hormones again. Georgia told me a doctor & said every effect from male hormones is reversible except the voice — and who cares if you're a woman with a low voice? Told her I didn't really want to go to a hack, but to a reputable clinic, & Georgia said "forget it, they wouldn't touch you with a 10-foot pole." Why? Because I don't have the typical transsexual

story they want to hear. — The reasons I decided in 1976 not to pursue transsexualism were ① because I was too unsure of myself to take on that major change, ② I hadn't reconciled my female-male conflict, + ③ because Jim said he would leave me + I didn't believe I could go on in life without him. All three of those reasons no longer hold true. I think I'm finally seeing myself in perspective. Maybe the stigma comes from being <u>either</u> a TV <u>or</u> a TS — but there is a middle ground that I've never considered ... what Georgia calls a "cross-liver." Someone who takes hormones + lives in their desired gender role, but who have not necessarily made a decision on having surgery. I truly believe I could be a "cross-liver." If I had hormones to lower my voice + butch up my face with a few whiskers, I don't believe I would suffer that anxiety of passing,

Another concern I had when previously considering TSism was that I felt I couldn't "live a lie," i.e., trying to hide my past as a female. But many people don't hide the fact they are TSs — Jo [redacted] even kept his old job, returning as a male — and I could live with telling people when its' necessary + lying when it doesn't really matter. — While laying awake last nite trying to fall asleep, I seriously thought this all out. I believe that, if I am going to live my life alone, and if it is true that you are the only one you can rely on to always be there, I had better make peace with myself. If I am the only one I have, I have a right to make myself happy. And I've been struggling with where I am now for 6 years — and it's time to stop sweeping the issue under the carpet. — I phoned Center for Special Problems this

morn & found that Claire [redacted] (my old counselor) is on leave til February, when she'll return. In the meantime, a Dr [redacted] is running the TS group there, & he's the doc Georgia said would give me hormones without much hassle.

9-27-79

Sept 17 I walked back into Center for Special Problems, the 3rd time I've registered there over my cross dressing in 4 yrs. Began dressing full-time again on this date also. Talked to this [redacted] character about my desire for hormones & to live full-time. He seemed very suspicious of me & somehow irritated. He had my old file & read aloud the last entry — how I had come in as an "attractive female" & that I'd thought I could live with both sides of me & had given up my desire to be a man — & he said "It seems you've had a change of heart." I explained why, & that I was no longer afraid of my femall half but felt I could incorporate those feelings into

my male feelings. He asked how it would change my life & I said "not a whole lot, that's another reason I want to do it." He asked me to describe myself as I see myself as a man. I said I was small, had a determined face, was a careful dresser & basically was a "fruity little faggot." He asked if I had any sexual feelings for women, said no, but mentioned my 3-ways with May & Bridg. He asked how my family would react & I told him how I had all "yea" votes — he said real doubtfully "isn't that rather unusual?" I said no, they've all seen me doing this for 6 yrs. now & are wondering <u>what</u> I'm doing & my one sister said it was this dress-one-day, suit-the-next that made her wonder what it is. Asked how I felt wearing women's clothes & I told him it was like hiding because then no one would look at me funny & it was like I was getting away with something. That's why I decided to go back to women's clothes. Told him I wore my men's

clothes to work, he looked suspicious saying "You go to work like that?" referring to what I was wearing, a suit jacket + tie. I said yeah! He kept flipping thru the file, looking irritated, said he thought we should talk some more about this, so I have an appt for Oct 11. Walked out of there really down, a line from a song going thru my head: "I'm always crashing in the same car." I just don't want to go thru all this again. What do they want me to say? I felt so sad. Told Bridg it was like Jack's argument against her moving to SF → gee, you got a good job, friends who like you, you're an "attractive female", why do you wanna mess that all up by doing this? Thurs nite I laid in bed + tears welled up. The phone rang – I was in no mood to talk + almost didn't answer it, but turned out to be Lyn Fraser. Said she'd just talked to Steve [redacted] about me (I'd just drafted a letter to him moments before!) + he said he'd very much

like to talk with me. My spirits soared! Gave me his home phone + I thanked her all over. Said he charges $20-50/hour depending on income. Steep but probably worth it. Told her about my bummer session with Leibman. Friday left a message on [redacted]'s answering machine. Monday he phoned back. So incredible to hear his voice — like a young man's, not an older man. Think he's 36 or so. Asked for Lou Sullivan + said "you want to get some counseling?" I said "yeah." Thanked him for returning my call. It was a very male business-like conversation. He thought out loud of his schedule, asked where I live + made an appt for Thurs nite. TODAY. I felt very masculine talking with him, and very relaxed, like for the 1st time I was talking with someone who understood what I meant. I've never met a F→M TS! For all my wanting to do it! I have real high hopes that I'll learn a lot about myself + about what my dreams consist of

from him. If I really am crazy, I think he'll be the only one who could tell me that. I am nervous, but feel I can be honest with him - no reason to put on a cool front. In fact, I'm afraid that meeting him will be like looking in a mirror + just thinking this makes me want to cry. Told Emmon I was going to do this + he told me of a doc he saw a few years ago who gave him hormones and, so if I have to, I'll try him. I confided my intentions to a 23-yr-old male co-worker who I've hung out with occasionally. He's the only one there I've told so far. Confirmed my belief that I will not be able to keep working there. I'll go to Leibman on Oct 11 but if he leaves me with the same feeling as last time I'll tell him I'm not coming back + why. I need to take an aggressive attitude. Hope this [redacted] meeting will increase my self-confidence so I CAN more aggressively pursue my dream. I bought 2 pairs of slacks + some new men's socks + underwear. My men's wardrobe is old + unflat-

tering – some I'm still wearing since Bluemound Rd! – I keep thinking what a relief it will be to be in the gay men's world, finally, as a man. But I realize I'd have to stop short of a physical affair with another man becuz I'll still have a woman's body – but at least my outward appearance + my mind will be together – for the first time!

sent 9/17:

Jim: Thank you very much for sending me your story. I think it's one of your best. There are always parts of your stories that haunt me afterwards – I don't know if it is because of the stories or because I know you + the pictures are so clear in my mind. I was deeply affected by the hopelessness, the "return to the womb," the well-placed juxtaposition of the two scenes. I even like the title. I wonder if your stories have as much effect on someone who doesn't know you. Once again my only criticisms are of punctuation + spelling:

(examples)

I hope you don't mind if I keep the copy you sent. Tony phoned me last night + he passed on the news that you've found a job. Really glad to hear that, especially if your story was an indication of your true situation. As for me, I'm okay, but am going back to Center for Special Problems. I want hormones. I'm sending along copies of the newsletter I'm putting together. Sheila

Today 9/27 I sent him the car insurance invoice (it's his turn to pay) saying I don't know if he wants to pay it, as frankly it's a ridiculous waste of money for as often as we've used the car lately.

9-28-79

This is so hard to write because I'm so excited my thoughts are running wild. I didn't eat or sleep much at all last night + am not even hungry or tired this morning. Last night I met with Steve Pain. I was uneasy for only the first minute + he was so relaxed + friendly I was at ease from then on. He is very

short (5' or so), very muscular + masculine, grey hair, a thick beard. Sorta built like Jack, if Jack wasn't so chubby. He gave me gum, and we talked for 1½ hrs. He asked all sorts of questions. He was super liberal + warm + open. Said being a TS does not dictate anything other than your feelings about yourself + it pisses him off that these docs think you've got to fit a prescribed mold. Said I have a perfect right to be a gay man if that's what I want. Told him about [redacted] + [redacted] said he disliked the guy too + was surprised [redacted] even <u>listened</u> to me cuz he's such an ass! He couldn't believe he'd told me to come back in a month! He asked about my sexual feelings, my family, my adolescence, my crossdressing life. Told him what I use for a binder + he thought it was a great idea, so I got to help him out, too. Asked me if I had any questions for him + ~~how~~ I asked how much hassle is it to go from F→M. Told me about hormones (you CAN'T get

pregnant when taking male hormones, they stop ovulation!) + that the Institute where he's studying can do the whole stick of getting me a new driver's license, etc. Said hormones will make me a little taller + bigger so I'll go up about ½ clothing size. Great! Then I can wear men's sizes instead of boy's. That it usually takes about 8 mos. for the effects to really show, so I should stay at my job + save, because there'll be about 3 mos. where I'll be too butch for my female job, but too fem for a male job. He said he was behind me all the way in this hormone thing, and that I should call Lin [redacted] + ask her to refer me to an endocrinologist who can give me hormones. (He said they have to be injected + they'd show me how to do it myself. Told him Mary Ellen, Bridget + Kathy [redacted] all knew how to give injections, so they could help + he said great!) And he said — which really summed it up for me — that it was incredible how much I've been thru + how well I've gotten along all this time. I really

needed for someone who knows to acknowledge the importance of all I've gone through. He said it was obvious to him that I know what I'm doing + have thought this thru very well. And because the effects are all reversible, I definitely should do it. He said when he was going thru it, he asked people if he'd be in demand in the lesbian world. I even laughed at that one. But he was told by some gay men that he'd for sure be in demand in the gay men's world, even tho he had no cock. He said it wasn't the vagina or lack of cock that turned gay men off about women, but their soft skin + extra fatty body they didn't like + that would go away with male hormones. That as far as they're concerned, my having a vagina would just be one extra hole for them, which is what [redacted] said he has — it's not a vagina, it's "a hole." I like that idea. I explained why I left Jim + [redacted] said he admired me for my

self-respect in getting out of that demoralizing situation (where Jim would say he didn't know who he loved better bullshit). [redacted] recommended The Bisexual Center as a good place to meet bi men open to different scenes. He also asked about my nephews & said his 3 & 7 yr old nephews watched him change & it was very good for them to see. (When I talked to Bridg later she expressed concern for the effect on the kids.) Asked if I had pets & told him about my bird family & he said it's good I have an outlet for my "nurturing" feelings. He said he was counseling an 18-yr-old female who says she feels like a gay man & who hits Castro St — so we do exist! He said after the hormones I would look "LIKE A MAN," not like an effeminate man. That if I wanted to be effeminate I could incorporate those gestures & looks, but that right now I do not have effeminate gestures & I only look very young. That made me feel super good & confident too cuz,

I told him, I was worried I come off like a "fruity faggot." He told me of one incredibly limp-wristed person that was really laying it on thick at Stanford & he thought the person must be a male-to-female but it turned out to be a female-to-male! [redacted] said I should re-apply to the Stanford program. He told me to come see him regularly (at whatever intervals I wanted) while taking the hormones & that I needn't pay him, just put him on GGG/G's mailing list. FAMOUS. It was obvious he really liked & understood & respected me. It was just all too good to be true.

Just talked to Lin [redacted] who gave me 3 numbers of endocrinologists & I have an appointment for next Tuesday with one of them. She said she trusts [redacted]'s judgment on my situation (F→M) better than her own judgment. It's all systems go, man!

Steve — 9/30/79

I am enclosing all back issues of The Gateway, plus a few other items of possible interest, including three articles I wrote for the gay publication in Milwaukee in 1974-75.

I want to thank you again for your support and encouragement. I really needed for someone <u>who</u> <u>knows</u> to acknowledge the importance of the feelings I have had for so long. I left you in such a high that for 2 days I hardly ate or slept, yet wasn't hungry or tired.

Talked to Lin [redacted], who referred me to a Dr. George [redacted] for hormones. She also suggested an Edith [redacted] and a Morton [redacted] So I'm seeing [redacted] on Tuesday. I've also written to Stanford.

I can see the pieces of my life falling into place and am extremely optimistic about my future. You've helped me more than you may know.

Hope to see you again soon,

Lou

9/29

Dear Sheila

— I think as far as I'm concerned you can do what you want with the car. I'll pay $15.00 for the garage this month. If you sell the car you can take the money. If you want to keep it it'll be better for you to change the policy. It foolish for us to keep paying for something neither of us is using. Perhaps you know someone interested in buying it.

Glad you liked the story. The title was from a Pistols song I like. I still think 'poring' is that, & not 'pouring'. I really value your comments & am happy that it met with your approval.

I'm concerned that you're back at the center. Are you contemplating some sort of alteration? It disturbs me to see you get perhaps over-involved in that again. Maybe my perceptions were off, but I really didn't think such an identity was healthy for you & I still don't think so. Seems everytime

I'm away from you this tendency gets more pronounced. I think, you go after androgens. Funny World. Please be careful.

I'm finally working -- at Chestnut St. Grill, & making some pretty good money --- $5.00 an hr. The place is really boring though -- all those boring asshole people & the dullest personalities this side of the Valley. Its pure drudgery.

I think this job has finally made me realize I've got to do something fast if I want to get away from manual labor. Trouble is that realization is not motivation, & intention is not action.

Still taking Japanese.

I've been swimming alot; almost every day in fact. It gives me a great feeling; even a sense of responsibility (you have to stay afloat).

Please let me know about any problems involved with the car or the insurance. And please take care of yourself & know that I care extremely much about you & don't want you to do anything damaging.

L. → Jan.

Dearest Jim - 10/3

Thank you for your letter + for your concern. I am going to try to sell the car - maybe to Mary Ellen + Rusty or to Johnny + Kathy - but want to keep it until I hear from Stanford.

Jim, yes, I am very seriously going after an "alteration." I finally met with Steve [redacted] who is doing counseling through the National Sex Institute here. He was very supportive, said it is incredible I've gotten along as well as I have for as long as I have and that, since all effects of testosterone are reversible (except my voice will stay low), I should definitely try it out. Told him I don't feel like "a man trapped in a woman's body" + he laughed + said nobody does, that's just a catchy phrase coined by the medical profession + that being a transsexual does not dictate anything other than your feelings about yourself, and I have a perfect right to be a gay man if that's what I want. (At

was so important to have someone who knows how it feels acknowledge + affirm the reality of what I've been dealing with these 6 years, Jim.) He referred me to a psychologist who referred me to an endocrinologist, who figures I should like females, but looks like he will help me. I also reapplied to Stanford at [redacted]'s suggestion.

You are right, Jim, (and it has been the case since Larry James left when I was 13) that when I don't have a boyfriend, my urge to dress + pass becomes strongest. I think it's because when I'm alone, I have no man to pretend I am, no man to live through vicariously, which is what I did with you. You were "me." Now that I'm alone, I see that, if it is true that we are all responsible for our own happiness, that we cannot expect others to fulfill us, and in the end we only have ourselves, then I better make peace with the

feelings inside me. If I don't it will be the only thing on my death bed I will regret not doing.

I will not do anything permanent until I know for sure I can live happier as a man. Unlike your drinking, with which you compare my leanings, I feel I am more positive, optimistic + productive in my male identity. With hormones I can get a job as a male + move to a new apartment. I see no real problems switching over. If it doesn't work out, within months after discontinuing testosterone, I'll be right back to where I am now. I have to find out — I'm tired of wondering + pretending.

I'm not sure how you feel, Jim, but after I start doing this, I would very much like to renew our friendship. While I of course have missed you as a lover, more intensely I miss the solid friendship + good times we shared. There are feelings there neither of us can deny (even now) +

when I'm really doing this, it will be easier for me to see you as you + me as me. (There is no hurry - it will probably take about a year before I'm settled.) I'd especially like for you to experience Johnney, Kathy + Bridget's children. Being with those children has really been great for me - it is so exciting to relate to them + see how they relate to me. Johnney + Charlie got their Peterbilt and, on my next vacation, I plan to go on one of their cross-country runs.

It sounds like you are taking care of yourself - swimming, continuing nee-ro, considering alternative kinds of jobs. I care about you extremely much too, Jim, + know you could challenge the wind if you had thought to do it. It's unfortunate that we must be apart in order for us to take positive steps in our lives. (It can't be 'poring' - it's the 'pores' of your skin, and to

'pour' a liquid!) And you've got to get the Lene Lovich album.

Let's do keep in touch...

Love, Sheila

10-5-79

So Tues went to see Dr George [redacted], an endocrinologist. He asked me all the same questions about my life + feeling. He was an old guy, but had a sense of humor + seemed sympathetic + understanding. At the end of the whole spiel, he said everything seemed fine to him except he hesitates because I'm not interested in women. Said he didn't deny there are people like me + I said I know several M→F's who're now lesbians. He gave me a physical, which I passed with flying colors, as usual, and then said he wanted me to do 3 things — go get a lab test, come back to him for a pap smear, + go see Dr. Wardell [redacted] Director of the National Sex Forum where I saw Dain

Dain had also suggested I talk with [redacted]. I got the impression that if [redacted] OK's me, [redacted] will give me the testosterone. He warned that some effects of the hormone are not reversible — voice change, the beard may keep growing even after stopping hormones, and it may "render me infertile." Couldn't care less. He also verified that ovulation stops + I couldn't get pregnant while taking hormones. Asked if I read Money's book + I said yes. (I just assumed he meant 'Man, Woman, Boy, Girl' which I've tried to plow through twice but it was just too scientific + medically-oriented I couldn't get much out of it.) He did ask some pretty dumb questions, like "What typically 'masculine' things do you like to do and what typically 'feminine' things?" + DON'T KNOW! How the hell am I supposed to answer that?? Oh, I put cream + sugar in my coffee,

that's feminine; I like to watch boxing matches on TV, that's masculine; I put bath oil in the tub, that's feminine; and I use Brut deodorant, that's masculine. GOD. I just told him I pretty much stick to middle-of-the-road things anyone can do, and that if I weren't a secretary, I'd like to get into printing & publishing & told him how I enjoy doing the newsletter. I left there rather discouraged. I first went to a bar (masculine!) and then home to cry (feminine!), but when I reflect I think he'll cooperate with me. [redacted] said [redacted] was great & if he gives me 1/4 of the encouragement [redacted] did, I'll be in like Flint. Talked with Emmon, we had dinner Wednesday, & he cheered me up a lot. So went Thurs to have the lab tests ("May I help you, sir?"). Took 2½ vials of blood, a urine specimen & a cell scraping from the insides of my cheeks. (Emmon said wouldn't that be great if they found some

chromosome or hormone imbalance!) My one boss at work asked "How did it go at the doctor's?" just to check up. Told him I had some "female troubles" (yeah, my body) + that it would all turn out in the end. But now just made an appt to see [redacted] next Wednesday + will have to take off work for that. I may end up telling that clown earlier than I'd like to. Luckily I doubt he'd blab it around the office. Received those expensive shoes I sent away for — they're bad dogs so I'm sending 'em back. I can see this is going to be a long drawn-out battle, but it'll be worth it if it comes through. Received Stanford's application + it's the same 15-page extravaganza I filled out 3 years ago !! So I'm making an addition to my story: instead of saying I'm not interested in girls, I'm gonna say that, since I've really decided to do this change, girls are

looking a lot better to me — which is true! Suddenly it's no longer a rejection of women, but an acceptance + almost an interest, because I no longer have to be one of them! Sudden thought: If the psychiatric profession has decided that being homosexual is no longer a sign of mental disorder, then how come <u>wanting</u> to be homosexual is so mental??

10/9/79

On 10/6 went to dinner at my friends' Peter + Joyce. Told them of my plans to live as a man + they were curious + open about it. Got no bad feelings from them. Later we went to see Ray's band. He greeted me with open arms, obviously glad to see me + excited that our leather jackets looked the same. Told him about my plans + he was real excited, saying "Gee, can we be buddies afterwards?" I said "Sure! I think it'll be much more fun that way!"

Well, he lost no time. Monday

its climactic scenes.

Part of this is due to Crowe's script, and part to the tentative nature of director Alice Truscott's production.

The show doesn't have quite the right flow and rhythm to it—at least it didn't on opening night—and thus a lot of the tension and comedy goes unrealized. The erotic scenes—where first JML and then the secretary gain the whip hand (literally)—are far too tame.

David Parr captures much of the comedy of JML, the macho-fantasy man, but seems overly mannered at times; Saun Ellis seems more at home in the style of the piece, often conveying the requisite power of the rising young secretary.

The play depends on a variety of sound effects (well designed by Matt Rourke) and a catchy cowboy ballad, composed by Parr, and sung by Nat Montana. The cheap-looking plywood set works against the text.

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he phones + comes over about 10 pm with a brown paper bag containing his "new toy" he wrote about in his postcard to me — an old-fashioned white ~~ste~~ satiny long-line bra/corset that fit him perfectly, lovely. We drank wine + had a lively conversation — we think so much alike. It was ~~so~~ as exciting (if not more because I'm unguarded) than

A Beer-Can Barrage for The Punks

By Joel Selvin

The crowd that jammed against the stage showered Jello Biafra, lead vocalist of the Dead Kennedys, with beer as soon as he stepped out front at the Temple Beautiful an hour after midnight Saturday, opening night for the week-long punk rock festival called the Western Front.

"You're not bored yet?" Biafra amiably greeted the crowd. "You should go home." He launched into the first song as a hail of beer cans and other garbage rained down on the stage.

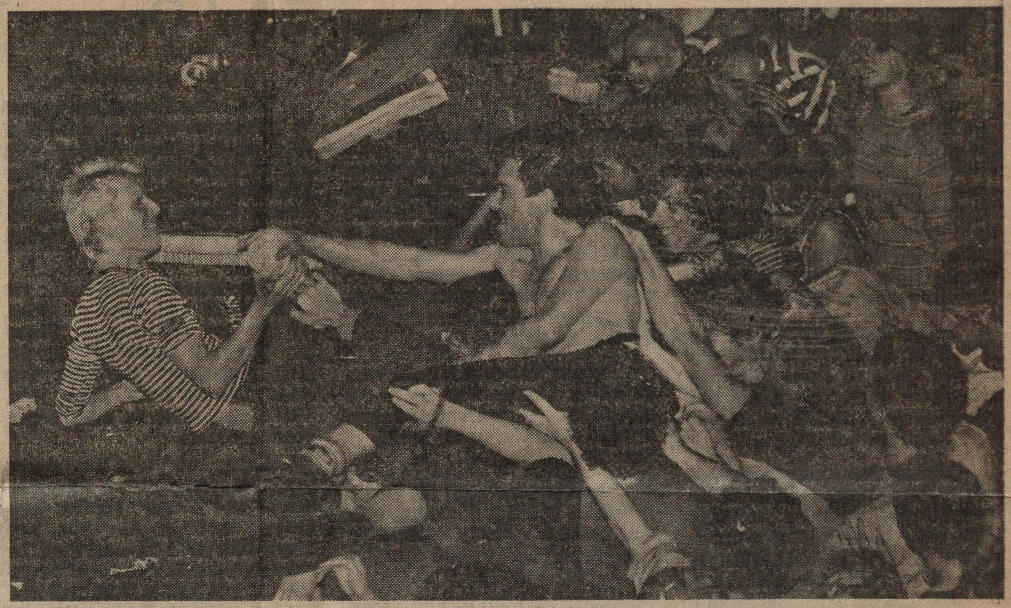
In the audience, seemingly violent — but apparently friendly — shoving matches took the place of dancing. Hands constantly reached up from the front row, unplugging equipment and grabbing for Biafra's feet, catching him once and dragging him down into the crowd. On a few other occasions, he simply dived into the throng, fell to the floor on the bottom of a dogpile, before being passed back up to the stage.

Such is the ritual of punk rock, a burgeoning genre of primitive sounds being celebrated this week by a festival featuring more than 60 bands from all over the West Coast.

The Western Front opened fire Saturday at three locations — Temple Beautiful, Mabuhay Gardens and the Deaf Club — with healthy attendance at each spot. The largely teenage crowds came dressed for the occasion in colorful, deliberately tattered glad rags.

At the Deaf Club on Valencia Street, more than 100 punk rock fans bounced up and down to the beat of the Dinettes, an all-girl sextet from La Jolla, as the members of the club sat around holding conversations with their hands. "The band doesn't want to do this, but we're going to anyway," announced the lead vocalist, who was dressed like a waitress at the Woolworth's lunch counter, introducing "Hanky Panky," the old Tommy James and the Shondells hit.

"I'll give you h*** for a couple drinks," said one inebriated young lady dressed in basic black. "I'm a f******g debutante and these are real pearls," she added, fingering her necklace.



By Vici MacDonald

Dead Kennedys lead singer Jello Biafra (without shirt) being helped back onto the stage

At the Mabuhay Gardens, proprietor Dirk Dirksen doubted that the Western Front accounted for much of the attendance this typically crowded Saturday night. The first two customers he polled said they had never heard of the Western Front, but the third said "that's why I'm here."

Onstage, the Humans, Santa Cruz's most popular punkers, held forth, mixing the band's relatively sophisticated brand of new wave rock with the instrumental surf sounds of "Pipeline" and vintage English rock of "Wild Thing." The band boasts a streamlined style, considerable instrumental competence and a commercial touch uncommon to the more arch punk acts, earning a second encore for its efforts.

At the Temple Beautiful, the former synagogue sandwiched between the old Fillmore Auditorium and People's Temple on Geary Street, people sniffed cocaine in the dark corners and guzzled beer as deejay Johnny Walker, once one of England's best known broadcasters, spun the intermission music. By the time the Dead Kennedys — San Francisco's Sex Pistols — hit the stage, the crowd was in a rough and rude mood, ready to rock.

A beer can bounced off the head of Biafra and he scarcely seemed to notice. Dead Kennedys guitarist Ray Valium ducked another can that whizzed by his ear. Biafra paid scant attention to the unruly throng, crouching, bobbing and weaving, rolling on the floor and generally acting like a wild animal as he snarled out lyrics to songs like "California Uber Alles."

Outside, a police car sat with its lights flashing as the crowd filed out. "Nothing but routine," said the officer. "Nothing out the ordinary for the neighborhood .... a few girls getting their purses ripped off. That's all."

the talks Jim & I would have. Amazed me a little because this guy really doesn't know <u>that</u> much about music — or at least about what I know about music. Unfortunately I had borrowed all my new records to K [redacted]. Hhhh... We talked how women & men have an innate drive to reproduce their genes (he says) & that women KNOW when a kid is theirs but men never know for sure a child is his. And that's why there's marriage. Maybe men feel that "drive to reproduce" is a "feminine" trait & that's why a guy gets teased by his buddies when he marries — because he's admitting to these female feelings of his. Maybe that's why all these doctors want me to be interested in women — so they know they're not just letting loose this irresponsible sex swinger, or so that they know I'm NOT denying any "feminine" feelings I may have & be a fake "butch." Something he said initiated my hassling / teasing him that he is

no better than me cuz he crossdresses too, except I just have more fun doing it. He looked very surprised + denied it all. I asked accusingly, "You think I'm a pervert, don't you?" I was holding him down on the couch. He said nervously, "Yeah, that's why I come over here!" And then he sat up and acted kind of disgusted with me. He shook his head sadly + said that was really tacky for me to say. I felt sorry + he said that I had better get over that if I'm going to be a boy. Then I <u>really</u> felt bad. I said yeah, I know. And he added "because boys have no morals...." Goddamn, that guy is perfect. I felt like such an ass. These are the kinds of things you don't read about in a "book about men." (That's maybe what Jim meant when he said in 1976 that I don't "think like a man.") Can it really be that men in general are that

aloof, that matter-of-fact about sex? Ray says that's the attractive thing about the gay world — the easy availability of sex. He also said one problem with having sex with women is you've got to talk to them beforehand [at the time, I didn't think it, but was that an indirect cut?] Apparently, I got the message, you don't do that if you're two guys who want to get it on. Maybe that's what keeps the distances between gay men — while stable relationships are so scattered. How do you know if the guy's an ass if you don't talk to him? But I guess when you just wanna fuck, you just wanna fuck. The difference between having sex + wanting a relationship with someone. I gotta learn all this shit all over again. I started with Jim too young. Never had the chance to be a free + easy guy.

This guy goes for the total role reversal. No holds barred. He isn't the least self-conscious

about just laying there + letting me do anything I want with him. I rough him up + pet + kiss his stuffed bosom + he moans + writhes, totally succumbing. He said "I bet you could get into girls." I said yeah, I think I could. He said "Girls are fun, sometimes." I sucked his cock real good (and I've had a sore throat!) + when I stopped, he sighed + said I'd go far in the gay world. Told him that's a really good compliment. I would lay on top of him with him on his back + pretend I'm fucking him, using a lot of strength + muscle to keep thrusting + he LOVES it even when I'm not <u>even</u> fucking him! I love that masculine superior position. I had my fake cock (stuffed sock) in my jockey shorts + rubbed it against his cock + ass and he really liked it. I wished I had a better one so he could've

played with it + it wouldn't've been so stupid. He questioned me on how hot my binder must be, especially in summer. It ended up where he turned me on my stomach + slowly gently put his cock in my ass. I was so happy! But I was having a hard time completely relaxing + so he withdrew + went in my C. I said we couldn't cuz I'm "unprotected" + was he giving up on me so soon? He asked for some lubrication + that sure was the answer cuz he ass-fucked me REAL good + I'm not even tender today! Ray cums so good, he just stiffens up + trembles + totally loses himself. So, hey, I can take it in the ass — NO COMPO (think that's short for "no complications"). Was a little concerned about that, cuz it's been so long since I have. I remember that one real hot time with Charles. That was THE and it was 1973 too. Jim + I probably

did a few times in '76, too.

God, and just laying there while he was sleeping, I wished he was mine. I knew it was out of line + "feminine" to feel that way, but this guy is such a goddamn perfect sex partner — he never destroys my fantasies + it makes me really get into his fantasies. That's why he can put on nylons + a corset + he's sexier than hell, when I'm always afraid it might turn me off. He is such a SEXUAL person, in total. And despite what he says, I believe he <u>likes</u> to talk with me. And he's right — talking like that is a feminine thing because he has to relate to me on the same level, which may make him feel feminine, which is why straight men don't like to do that. Suddenly we're like 2 human beings going to have sex instead of a man + a woman going through a dating ritual. But it's true I

shouldn't just stay fixated on this one good scene we have, but should have different sexual experiences with different people to enjoy a wide range.

I said to him "You are a quality fuck!"

Had a drink with a co-worker (sitting next to me) Her friend asked her, "Oh! Is this one of your sons?"

Taken in front of Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

It sure is nice to get a reaction like this from Jim and not have it affect me.

Find it rather amusing that he's concerned about my "killing myself in his mind." Aren't we already dead in each other's mind?

The guy sure has a big ego to think he's responsible for my decision concerning what I want. No wonder our relationship dragged on for ten years!

Obviously my doing this is more threatening to him than it is to me.

I'm no longer in his power! What a fine feeling....

killing yourself in my mind. I just can't see that such an act makes any sense. But despite all, good luck -- I mean I can't be malevolent or stop caring about you & your welfare. Both our lives are changing & that at least is exciting & challenging. Keep in touch. Hi to Kathy, Johnny, Mary Bright.

Love — Jim

Dear Sheila

— Your bit of news was quite shocking to say the least. I wonder if you've mentioned the trauma of the last year to the doctors you've been seeing. I can't help but think that what you are looking for requires not a change of identity but a change in attitude. But perhaps I am wrong, & have been wrong about this for the past 5 years. I'd feel very bad if what you are doing is the result of my not being around you. If you think that you'd feel differently if we were together than I urge you to reconsider the steps you've taken. I feel more than a little responsibility in this matter. Make sure everything you are doing is REVERSIBLE, at least. At any rate I congratulate you on making some sort of decision, a thing I seem to be incapable of, & hope, of course, for the best. Anyway you'll find out once & for all.

Maybe you need therapy of another sort.

I know you're not getting any questions on your end & I can't help but feel you're making a terrible, even if reversible, mistake. It seems more like a reaction to circumstances than any natural inclination you have. Please be honest about this with yourself. If you want to try it I can't stop you, & perhaps don't have any right to do so, but I think that what you are doing now is bound to be very damaging to you & your character even if you decide to revert back to femininity. In all honesty I can't condone it & don't like it & refuse to be 'supportive' as you say. I'm sorry but that's just the way I feel about it. You're killing yourself, in my mind. I just can't see that such an act makes any sense. But despite all, good luck -- I mean I can't be malevolent or stop caring about you & your welfare. Both our lives are changing & that at least is exciting & challenging. ~~Keep~~ in touch. Hi to Kathy, May, Bridget, Johnny,

Love — Jim

10-10-79

So in to see Dr Wardell [redacted] at the National Sex Forum. Steve [redacted] greeted me + I told him how I saw [redacted] + how he'd asked me all this stuff + said it was all fine, but he figures I should like women. [redacted] gets more perturbed with this stuff than I do + he said, "That's why I want to get my Ph.D. — so people don't have to go through this bullshit!" He sat in on our session, as did a female student. [redacted] asked me a raft of factual-type questions (how old were you when you began menstruating? did you ever see your parents having intercourse? did you have many friends in high school? how was your relationship with your father?). It seemed he had a written questionnaire + checked off answers as I gave them. It was very painless, took about ½ hour. Then he said he had only one question

in all this: why am I trying to force myself to be a heterosexual man + like women? what's wrong with being a gay man??!! I set him straight fast — said I'm NOT AT ALL trying to be a hetero man, I WANT to be a gay man! That all I said was that, as I get closer to being a man, women don't look that bad to me anymore. That when I am doing this, I can see where women might not be so bad once in a while. He said, oh, ok then, cuz it's fine to be a gay man!!!!!! I waited in the lobby about 5 minutes so the 3 of them could confer + then they told me they all agreed I should try hormones. but I should go at it gradually (I think he said 300 milligrams (?) instead of 400) and I should put any surgery "on the back burner." Told him I intend to. Said he'd phone or write [redacted] that he supports me for hormone therapy + that I should continue to see [redacted] regularly while on hor-

moves, say once a week. I said I'd like to. So I got 'm! This [redacted] was no bullshitter. [redacted], who wasn't even qualified, put me thru three times of questioning! I'm actually going to live as a man. I can't believe it. Something I've wanted to do since I can remember — be a boy! God, it's too good to be true. There's no going back now, I just know it. It just seemed everything fell into place — when it's right, it just happens. Left a message for Leibman, cancelling our appointment, saying I'm with "another program."

10-16-79

Bridget, Kathy [redacted] & I snorted cocaine and stayed up all night Saturday having deep conversations. We talked in depth about my change, about their fears, etc. Bridget said she remembers when I

was about 14 I came to the dinner table with something obviously stuffed in my pants for a penis. When she confronted me about it, she said I pulled a sock out in which I'd put a hair roller + said something like - this is what it is, so what? - or something defensive like that. God! I don't remember.... We talked about my relating to their kids + they acknowledged that I related to them like, say, Patrick did + that I am surely more an "uncle" than an "aunt" and Kathy said she hoped I'd be the one Cheyney comes to to ask questions about sex, etc.

Johnney had a long-time girlfreind still in Milwaukee. She phoned me + said Johnney told her she could send him letters thru me, so no one would find out. I assured her it was OK. I am glad to show my allegiance is more with Johnney than Kathy + Bridget + that he knows it.

I really want to be the brother Johnney needs and somehow try to take the place he lost when Patrick died.

10-12-79

Ma said that if this is what I want + it's what will make me happy, that's all she cares + that who is she to say, if the doctors + I agree it's right for me? But, she said, the only thing that worried her was — how was I going to go into the men's bathrooms? I said, ma, I've been going into men's rooms for 6 years — there's no problem. You just go into a stall + close the door, and if there's no door, you just have to be quick at pulling the pants down + up. She said oh, of course she hasn't been in a men's room, but, yes, she supposes that's true! [If that's her main concern, it can't be that bad.] When I told dad, he was very receptive + said he hoped I'd be happy + he's glad I'm doing something that will make me feel

better + that if I need anything, money or anything, I should just let him know. Dear Jack. When he offers you money, you know it's from his heart! Of course I would never take him up on that offer, and he knows that, and that's why we get along so well. I don't test his love... He said that somehow he felt very close to me.

(10/25) These past 2 weekends I've spent at [redacted] doing a lot of cocaine. First time with Bridget + Kathy. The past weekend with Ken, plus, Johnney, Charlie, Mary Ellen + Rusty. Had excellent conversations on my change with all of them. Felt good, reassured + I reassured each of them. Have had some tender moments with little Jake, too. He wanted me to go to sleep with him, but I told him I wanted to stay up with the other adults, but realizing where he was coming from, I told him I really liked him a lot + that he was my favorite. Immed-

iately after I said that, he settled down, kissed me & said goodnight. He just needed to feel loved. Sunday night Charlie & I planned to go see a X-rated gay male movie (who knows? for some reason, he wanted to see it!) but that fell through, and I ended up being invited to "boy's night out" with Johnny & Charlie to go to Tom [redacted]'s to listen to some tapes of The Velvet Whip. Was it fantastic to hear those again! I can get along very well in all-male gatherings. And those guys really accepted & treated me like one of their own. Charlie & I get along real well. Their Peterbilt is the greatest. — But these days & weeks are just dragging. I want to begin living as a man!

(10/23) I've been feeling a little apprehensive about taking these hormones & living as a man...

for the past several days... Worried me but I tried not to think too hard about it. — Today, I've tried to identify this feeling. And I remember having felt this way once before. It was when I worked at Trade Press, just out of high school, & I'd only been living in my own apt. for a few months. One lunch hour I was walking along the street & I suddenly had this strong urge to get on the bus & go back to Bluemound Rd & become a little girl again & have mommy take care of me. I just wanted to escape the responsibility & insecurity of adulthood. I wanted to be taken care of & not have a care in the world. And these last few days, as the appointment with Fulmer gets closer, I have those same feelings. It's so hard to be mature sometime. Yet I'm still not getting my hopes up. I still can't believe that I'll be leaving [redacted]'s office tomorrow with a prescription in my hand. I've wanted to begin

weightlifting again this week but I just can't get excited enough to start, before I know for sure it's really going to happen.

(10/24) Was worried that I'd be scared today but I'm in a fantastic mood this morning + can't wait for my change to happen!

11-1-79

So I was right. Went to Fulmer the 24th + he said he hadn't received the word from [redacted]. He did get my test results + I came out tops on all 24 blood tests they did, though I had 3 times the iron I needed + so should discontinue taking daily vitamin pills. The other tests I had (urinalysis + buccal smear) came out inconclusive so I had to have them redone. He did a pap smear on me too. He also sent me for a "plasma testosterone" at U.C. Med Center. So Fulmer says he'll await the communication from [redacted] + the test results + it

should take 2-3 weeks. I said, "I can see this next year is going to be the longest of my life." He said oh, no, that when he gets these, we'll start right away + that I should notice changes in myself in about 2 weeks. I said I'd heard it takes about 8 mos. for changes to show. He said no. I said great, because I can't wait to get going on this! He smiled like he knew what I meant. Told him I'd like to try to get my insurance to pay for some of these tests but knew they wouldn't if they knew why I was having them done. Asked if he "had a way of billing insurance companies" + he said yes, so I hope I can get some of this paid for. Fri the 26th I redid the 2 bum tests + did the plasma testosterone. Monday phoned [redacted], who said he's sure he had contacted [redacted], but would again.

A lesbian from Washington DC contacted me through my Advocate ad + was in town Monday. We went to dinner. She asked if she could spend the night, but she didn't

turn me on in the least (was short + fat) so said no. She's going to try to put me in contact with an acquaintance of hers who's taking male hormones. — God, the days + weeks are dragging. I can hardly think of my switch-over cuz it makes me crazy to wait so long for it to begin. I've been so tempted to tell my lady friend at work, but I'm hesitating until I <u>have</u> the hormones. It's so hard not to share this, but I need to be <u>sure</u> it's really going to happen before I involve everyone at work in on it. But maybe if I <u>do</u> begin discussing it there, it will be easier to drag through each day here ....

I just asked my lady friend at work if she'd go out for a few drinks with me after work because I had something important to talk with her about. She hemmed + hawed, but I think she's curious. Said she'd let me know later if she could.

11-5-79

So I did go out with Colleen, my friend at work, + told her about my sex change plans. She was, of course, taken aback, but told me that, when I asked to talk to her, she knew that's what I was going to tell her. I asked "How could you know?" + she said don't ask, she just did. She said the reason she'd hesitated to talk with me was cuz she didn't know if she was prepared to handle it. I said I knew she's been aware that something's been happening with me, especially after she bitched at me for my last haircut, saying "You did that on purpose!" meaning I got a butch cut on purpose, + I said yes, I did. She told me that last week she mentioned to 2 other women at work (Josephine + Dorine) that she thinks they've seen the last of Sheila in a dress. Well, she took the news well + we ended up talking + drinking from 5:00 - 10 pm. It made me feel good + I've found this to be a usual reaction when I tell people, but they somehow spill out their hidden

secrets to me too & she poured out her soul to me about her problems with her kids & her boyfriend. After leaving her, on the bus going home, another sudden wave hit me... I thought how perfect it would be if Jim came back to me after my change & we could be together then like we should be. I went to bed & had a good cry over him like I haven't in a long time. I keep thinking I'm done crying & I'm over him, but these surges come over me. It would be a dream come true for me if we could get back together after my change is completed. — Kathy [redacted] told me she & Johnny were talking & he said though he acts towards me as a male, he'll still think of me as a female, even when I look like a guy... and that thought really turned him on & he thought it'd really be fun to have sex with me then! Pretty great. Maybe Ray is right!

So found out my 2 bosses lost their jobs at Wilson + won't be replaced + I'm a little concerned. I'd hoped to stay, like [redacted] advised, as long as I could conceivably pass as female, but now it looks like my job has been eliminated. But who knows. Right now it's all up in the air. Makes you really wonder how much good it does to sink loyalty into a company.

11-8-79

Took Cheyney to a basketball game last night + it turned out really well. He was full of energy + curiosity + no trouble at all. We were talking about faces + I said I was going to be an ugly grandpa. He corrected me, "grandma", but I told him by then I'll be a grandpa. He asked when I was going to "do that" + I told him I had to take all these tests, but it should begin in a few weeks. Told him my name'd be Lou + he said he didn't like that name + I should pick "Ned." I said

thanks a lot! Told him his great-grandpa's name was Louie. He didn't know that. Asked what he thought of my being a guy + he said he liked it cuz then he would have someone to play ball with instead of waiting around for his dad or Rusty to be there. (I'm always perplexed by people's reasons!) Later he said he liked me best of all the Sullivans cuz I never told him what to, or not to, do. In other words, I'm the only one not playing mother or father. — Tomorrow I call [redacted] to see if he got all my test results + then make THE appointment! — Looks like my job is safe, too, til at least the end of the year.

11-9-79

Went to a gay play with that 19-yr-old who feels she's a TS +, as our similarities were clear to me on our last get-together, our differences came through to me this time. While she's very turned on by gay men +

fantasies of them, it seems clear to me she's not interested in participating. Gave her my new book on TVs, Dressing Up, + she was not at all interested in the F→M pictures, but studied + commented only on the M→Fs. She was wearing earrings + nail polish. Asked if she'd tried to dress like a guy yet + she said no. Said she wanted to buy a suit jacket. Asked if she'd buy it in the women's or men's department + she said she really hadn't thought that far yet! [redacted] Told me he didn't think she was a TS + I certainly agree. Even when in the beginnings of my awareness of my attraction to gay men, I was crossdressing at least some. Though she claims she was a "tomboy" + is "closest to her father," she sure strikes me as being real fem. Shows me how TS-oriented I am; I'm NOT only interested in gay men... I'm interested in being a man. She seems more interested in the sexiness of men, while I'm more interested in their mannerisms + demeanor. Was high on marijuana last night +

thinking how surprising it is that the medical profession assists people like me in absorbing themselves in their fantasies. And that it isn't bad if you indulge yourself in these fantasies, as long as you move well in society. Apparently the important thing is to relax & be open & "vulnerable," listen to other people, see that everyone is only doing their best to cope in the world the way they see it (accept where each individual is coming from), smile & have a good self-opinion. <u>How</u> you get to that attitude doesn't matter! I know I can do all those good things if I can be a guy. And apparently the medical profession overlooks any "moral" bullshit against doing what you wish with your body, as long as it helps you to be a socially-functioning person. I think that's been my hang-up all along — trying to bypass all the shoulds and shouldn'ts. It's that old

Dear Sheila

– I'd like to hear from you about the progression or lack of same of your gender plans. I'm worried that you are acting for the wrong reasons & may be destroying something I feel is a very beautiful & attractive, valuable asset -- your femininity.

You know I sometimes think that despite all the trouble I've caused you & 'her' in this episode I think I've ended up putting myself thru the worst of it. I don't want you to feel rejected -- the fact is you don't realize how alluring & powerful are the images you leave in my mind. But I cannot abandon myself to them, nor can I walk away from P. -- it/she just means too much to me that I think I would sacrifice anything to continue seeing her. Yet something is holding a real, basic, constructive, concrete relationship back & she & I know it. Perhaps that something is the same something that made

me want to see her in the first place, I don't know. So I feel I can't go back & I can't go forward -- That is I couldn't be satisfied, as strong as this desire sometimes is, to return, or try to, to your side, nor can I really accept the responsibility of the love I feel for Paula. If I could somehow make these 2 ~~relationships~~ people one person I could solve my problems with love I believe. I mean it seems that, when I view time spent with you & time spent with P., its like 2 strains of my personality, the 2 aspects of my psyche that by themselves will never stand, that must be integrated in one relationship. The problem is to combine intense emotion for a person with everyday [redacted] compatibility & daily drudgery. Perhaps I will ultimately be incapable of that.

So I'm worried about you [redacted]. I hope that if you're not doing the right thing, you'll have the guts to admit it to yourself & back out.

I'm sending transcripts out to Japan

but so far few replies, even. I may go back to S.F. State to take some courses, maybe even get certified as a teacher.

I've gotten a raise at Chestnut St. God is that place boring, but the money is actually decent, so I guess I'll stick around.

I'm still swimming -- its cold but even that is an ego trip. If I really trained I bet I could make it to Alcatraz.

Still studying Japanese -- I'm afraid I'm regressing though. Haven't been studying enough.

Please write & let me know if you're really going through with this.

L. — Jim.

Catholic guilt of sex again. How badly that's screwed up so many people (poor ma, poor dad!) — Oh God! They got my test results + I've an appt for Wed w/ [redacted]. It's supposed to happen then! I did my weight lifting Sunday + my legs were REAL sore Mon + Tues. So I'm going to keep up that.

11-15-79

Dear Jim —

It's really going to be hard to write this letter because, despite what has happened, Jim, I hold no malice toward you. I am not interested in playing hurting games.

First of all, it has been <u>over a year</u> since you and Paula have been together. That's a long time. Many things have happened to me since you and I stopped seeing each other. It has been enlightning to find out what I am when I am not swayed by the fear of losing you, not nearly as horrifying as I had imagined. I have rediscovered the person I was before I even met you — and found

that I really haven't changed much at all.

Secondly, I am making decisions for <u>myself</u>. Frankly, I think you have quite a lot of guts to send me that last letter. You are no longer a part of my life, nor a factor in my future. It would appear that my feelings were of no consequence in the decisions you've made for your future, and I see no reason to consider your feelings in mine. On top of that, judging from your actions of the past year, I certainly don't think you are qualified to give advice.

Jim, you said that you "think you would sacrifice anything to continue seeing her." As far as I'm concerned, you did just that, months + months ago. You've made the decisions you've had to, and I am making the decisions I have to.

I am not having a terrible reaction to your "rejection."

If you will remember, I wanted to do this same thing in '76 when we were together. But you forced me to decide between my change-over and you. At that time I felt I couldn't live without you. Now I find I can — and extremely well, at that. I have no illusions of "us" anymore. I have told all my doctors about my past relationship with you and was praised for the self-respect I showed in breaking it off.

I have gotten rid of all my female clothes and have already begun taking male hormones. I am also seeing other men. I feel fantastic and very good about myself. I am no longer the insecure, withdrawn person you know, and I'm glad. I have no intention, even as a man, of giving up my "femininity" ... which is something I have seen <u>you</u> do.

Please be assured, Jim, that I have NO desire to re-establish a relationship with you — unless it is man-to-man. In my mind, that is our only possible hope.

So carry on with your life, and forget it.

Lou

11-16-79

Moving right along here... Went to [redacted] the 14th, was supposed to get my hormones then. But he shows me the results of the buccal smear for sex chromatin (the 2nd time I've had the test). It said normal females have 15-30% Barr bodies (whatever that is) + my cells show 0%, even tho they had an ample cell sampling! [redacted] said he found that pretty hard to believe + I agreed. So had to get the test done again + if the same results come back, I'll have to have a super expensive chromosome test. He asked if I was having any 2nd thoughts + I said none at all, that I've talked with my parents, siblings, friends + some co-workers + have had all positive feedback. Again he gave me the song + dance how he hesitated to give women

male hormones because of the irreversible effects on the voice + hair growth. Assured him I'm positive I want to do this, that the only thing I'm having problems with is <u>waiting</u> for it to <u>happen</u>. That when I wasn't going to do it, I could adjust, I knew what I had — but knowing that I'm going to do this + having to be in limbo til it happens was really hard on me. He said he'd get the results back from the 3rd test + I should come in Fri the 16th + he'll give me my 1st shot + we'll begin. — So went to my favorite gay bar on Polk + met a 22-yr-old pretty boy who was dressed to kill. I started the conversation, he invited me to sit with him + we got along well, tho I felt he was trying to impress me with his money + job. He thought I was a guy (I'm pretty sure) — wouldn't believe I'm 28. He had to fly to NY that night but we exchanged phones + he said we should have dinner Monday. — Emmon said Barr bodies are what they get the female

Olympic competitors on. Left a message on [redacted]'s answering machine that I was getting real tired of waiting for my hormones. So Thurs was telling Colleen about my Barr bodies + Jean, the fem credit girl, came over + asked if I was "thinking about that other thing again." Said, "Jean, I'm going to do that other thing this time." She said she could see I was much more prepared now than when I was thinking of it in '76, that I should just keep my head together + keep in contact with my family here. I told Dorine (in photo after 10/9/79 herein) + she wished me luck + proceeded to tell me about her husband + boyfriends!!! So last night I tossed + turned wondering if I should tell [redacted], my boss now. I've been taking off work "to go to the doctor" so often I'm feeling guilty about being so evasive + making him wonder what's going on. So sat down + told him I'm going thru the preliminaries of

getting a sex change. He asked what it entailed so told him I'd take hormones til I'd be too male to stay at my job + then go look for one as a male. He asked if there was any possibility of my staying at my job. Told him I could, but didn't want to, as that would defeat my whole purpose of living as a man with everyone thinking of me as one, + so wouldn't want to stay where everyone knew and, "besides," I said, "I really don't want to run into you in the men's room." He laughed a real belly laugh! Described how I have to live as a guy 1-2 years before they'd even talk to me about surgery, etc, etc, + he got a little grin on his face + said, "You know, this is going to be kinda fun!" I thought that was fantastic. Told him I don't know how to talk about it in the office, but wanted to be upfront about it. He said it probably wasn't necessary for me to discuss it with those I don't

normally talk to. I said from all I could tell, I shouldn't have a hard time being a man + he agreed with me! Said he'd do anything he could, I'd have no problems from him + he would give me a recommendation under my male name. He agreed I should have no problem getting another job. He said he really admired me for making the decision. Said he felt bad having to replace me but could see why I'd want to go. He was very supportive, said I should keep him abreast so he'd know what to say. He asked if there'd be any legal complications in his saying I was a guy. I said I doubted it, that would seem to constitute sex discrimination, that he wouldn't have to lie about my job, only use my male name + say "he" instead of "she" + by then I'd have a Calif State driver's license identifying me as a male, so that really wouldn't be a lie either. Well, it seemed to work out fine

he said he'd help me all he could. He said life is usually so predictable + boring, but this is really exciting! I feel so great, man, everything's coming through so well. — Getting that reaction a lot, where people think it's kinda neat + exciting.

11-30-79

So Nov 16 went for my 1st shot — 50 mg. of Depo-Testosterone. Was so relieved + happy I could have burst. God, finally. Finally. Got it in the ass, "going right to the root of the problem — right where it's needed most" I laughed to Mary Ellen. [redacted] told me he got the sex chromatin test + I came up a "weak positive" which may not mean anything, but ma latched onto it right away, consoled to think I have some genetic reason for feeling + doing what I am + it wasn't cuz she was a failure as a mother. But then Steve [redacted] returned my call + he said when they heard I still hadn't received my hormones,

[redacted] called [redacted] the 16th to ask what the hold-up was! No wonder [redacted] was so cooperative! [redacted] said I should get the expensive chromosome test done, that maybe I actually DO have XY chromosomes! When I told him I got 50 mg + would get 100 in another 10 days, he flipped. Said that was bullshit, that Stanford recommends 200 mg per week until your menses stops! I was instantly depressed. Felt like crying. [redacted] said I should demand 200 + if there's a problem with that, [redacted] should call [redacted]. I felt so bad — why is [redacted] jacking me around? But I hate to go to a doctor + tell him his business. [redacted] said they give frigid WOMEN 200 mg of testosterone! Anyway, told [redacted] how my boss was for me + my parents, siblings + friends, + he said there seemed to be no reason for me to meet with him for counseling until I have some problems. So of course felt + saw no effects from the 50 mg. On Nov 27 went

back in for my 2nd shot. My face was zitsville & [redacted] zero-ed in on that immediately, but told him it was not unusual for me, especially because I had my period. Told him my counselor said I should ask for 200 mg / week. He very firmly stuck up for himself, that he's the doctor & has many patients who have full beards; this is the way he does it; the medical profession always tries to give the lowest drug dosage to achieve the desired effects; I've waited 28 years already, what's an extra couple weeks, blah, blah, blah. So what can I say? He gave me 100 mg. Asked how my appetite is, told him I ate like a pig on Thanksgiving (Bridget, Kathy & M.E. cooked a feast) but other than that, I feel no difference. He asked what [redacted] & I were discussing during our "counseling sessions" & I bullshitted — because we haven't had any "sessions" — that I told how my bosses are so accepting & [redacted] says he doesn't even know what he needs to counsel me for. [redacted] said in

10 more days he'll give me the 200 mg. + then I'll get 200 every 2 wks. til my period stops. — Went with Emmon to the GGG/G meeting 11/29 + who walks in unexpectedly but [redacted]! We were so glad to see him. The 3 of us sat around + talked + it was obvious (at least to me) that he was talking + looking almost always at me. I felt real honored. He told me to get my 200 mg. prescription but take it once a week instead of every 2. I asked him to tell me an endocrinologist who'd be more cooperative + he apologetically told me he didn't have any connections here in SF + that's something he's working on. He talks so freely — said he has testicle implants + his clitoris "freed," meaning the skin holding it flat cut from underneath so it stuck out more. That his "penis" (freed clitoris) is about 1½", as big around as his thumb, that he uses a strap-on dildo + straight women are

totally accepting of that. He asked if I'd participate in a study Stanford's doing on how hormones affect people, as I'd be perfect study matter, just starting out as I am. Said sure! We talked how testosterone made you more aggressive. A reporter once asked [redacted] if he'd fight him. Told [redacted] how I had begged out of a fight once by saying I was a girl (in that bar in Milw with Moriarity), but [redacted] said he bet I could fight if I had to. Then I remembered how I'd jumped right in the middle of the fighting at the Avant Garde while the other guys just stood back, hesitant to get into it. Yeah, I <u>could</u> fight, goddamnit! That made me feel great. Told [redacted] I couldn't see why he doesn't go fade into society as a man, but keeps associating with TVs + TSs. He said he was thrown into the limelight thru no fault of his own by the media coverage of his job fight, felt he had to absolve himself of their accusations of his "immoral behavior", + he's seen

what shit people like me go thru to get help + how little research + study there is on TSism + feels a moral obligation to "be there" for others. Told him how I've always hated phones + ~~[illegible]~~ when I applied for my present job I told them I'd do anything but phones + it's just become apparent to me that it's because of my voice. (My boss had me call 30 store buyers to sell them tennis balls + I dreaded it, + then realized it's because I <u>have</u> to be a female on the phone — that if I'd had a man's voice I'd have sold tennis balls to every one of them!) [redacted] wondered if I was interested in men sexually just so I could "have" what I don't have (like a penis envy thing) but I assured him that no, even if I don't get to touch, I want to be with men. Cited my 5 mo. with Moriarity, which was devoid of physical contact. That women simply don't turn me on! Seems

he has what he calls a "primary relationship" with a woman + also a "secondary relationship" with another woman. Said he'd had relations with men too but they weren't as important to him. So he's bi. He said I should just wait — he finds the 4th day after each shot he's so horny he can't believe it. That all you can do is "set aside more time for yourself"! Will all day today (the 3rd day) I've had such a sensitive clit! Can hardly cross my legs, it presses + hurts! Don't know if it's from the shot or just cuz I have my period + am getting rubbed raw by wearing a napkin 5 days. [redacted] couldn't refer me to a good book on F→Ms either + Emmon said such a book should begin by exploding the myth that there are no F→M TVs. I agree. [redacted] asked if I "could take it in the ass", when I said "oh yeah" he said if I'm into leather there are some great leather briefs for men with a hole in back + in front which is ideal

for holding a dildo on.

12-3-79

Had a fantastic weekend. Really feel my male identity falling firmly into place. Saturday morn Doug (a friend of Emmon's who had seen my 'Personals' ad + had written me) came over + I almost shit when he walked in, he was so attractive. I kissed him hello at the door — something I NEVER do. We hit it off famously. Said he has no male friends, much prefers the company of women — was very sensitive, aware, passive + "feminine". I had high hopes of really getting something going with him, but he isn't even bisexual, is totally het, but likes to play the female role ... his lack of interest in men could be a problem for me in the long run. Went to a bar where he plays in a backgammon tournament. Sat there flirting + smiling + sometimes touching affectionately. I was surprised he was so openly affectionate with me as it seemed everyone in

the bar knew him by name, & the bartender at least was calling me "he." I also went into the men's room. Then he gets a call at the bar, later explaining he has a serious girlfriend, but she wants to go out with other guys. So he told her he wanted to go out without her this weekend, so obviously she tries to find him & says she's sick, will he come over? Doug asks me what he should do, he doesn't want to leave me, but I told him that was his decision. We talked in depth about their relationship & he reluctantly decided to go to her. Doesn't look like there's much in it for me. So before he left, we kissed each other with great feeling & even passion — again, I was surprised he indulged in such a long passionate kiss with this "guy" in front of his friends. We promised to meet again. Too bad... He was so fine....
So I took myself out to dinner on Castro & to an X-rated gay male movie theater I always wanted to go to. Not as much "musical chairs" as

the dirty theatre in NY, but there seemed to be a room off to the side you could go into. They had a "2-man love act" on stage which was fun but a little dumb. Cheap thrills. Sunday hung out with Johnney, Kathy + Cheyney & felt very relaxed in my male identity. All weekend was called "he," "sir," etc.

12-5-79

So I think I have a mild yeast infection. Seems my body responds to upset hormone levels by getting a yeast infection — had it often when on high estrogen birth control pills. I douched with vinegar + it really helped. But it's still not gone. I'm becoming very interested in the advertising world + see ads in the paper for Administrative Assistants for ad agencies. Think I'd really like that. Got in contact thru GGG/G with a F → M who's been on hormones 6 mos. in

Wisconsin + works as a security guard. Great job! Had fantasies of doing that, too. Those super sharp uniforms! So damn masculine! Seems my ambition and possibilities are endless.

12-19-79

Went for my 3rd shot 12/7. Told [redacted] I felt a tightness in my throat + had a sore crotch. He said the "yeast infection" feeling was probably a coincidence, + that if I got one, he could treat it. But that if I felt some tightness in my throat, something was definitely happening there. He gave me my shot of 200 mg. Told him I was also feeling rather "sassy" + he really laughed hard. Said he had one patient who said he was really feeling aggressive + you've got to watch out. [redacted] got a real kick out of that. When I was pulling up my pants, [redacted] said, "Thank you, sir. See you in 2 weeks." And so I guess he's

finally accepted me + we're really on the way. Was a little surprised he wanted to give me the next shot too — he'd said he wanted to give me the first 3. — Kathleen came to visit us Dec 8-16. She said the time she spent with me was her best times. We talked over what I'm doing etc. + she found it easy to talk with me about herself. She'd taken us all out to dinner the 8th + when the waitress asked if I was over 21 (to order a drink) both Kathleen + Bridget's Charlie were very taken aback. I explained to them that these people saw me as a young man about 17 yrs. old + not as a woman of 28. It seemed to be a real eye-opener to them. Later I went alone with Charlie to the punk band club. He asked about my change, why, etc + I told him how I got along better when people expected me to act male. He asked if I felt I had to be "cunty" to be female +

Me Showing Johnney Where He Was, the Day They Arrived From Milw, Their Belongings in The Ryder Truck Which He Drove to S.F. August '79

Me Showing Johnney How to Dress Like a Man

November '79

DAMN I'M GONNA BE A GORGEOUS MAN!

I told him yes, that to some degree, all women do act cunty in their own way. He didn't disagree. He asked how I'd be able to function sexually + after I told him he said it sounded like I'd be worse off then than I am now. But I assured him I felt I'd feel <u>much</u> better. We got along well + I was happy to spend the time alone with him. I enjoy his company. He asked if that waitress asking my age shit happened often + I said yes, that's why I'm doing this sex change: I'm tired of being a weirdo. Took Kathleen to Polk Street + her 1st time in a gay bar. Some man began talking to her + she introduced me as her brother. She made a concerted effort all week to call me Lou. Saturday I was to meet her in front of the punk club. Wore my black leather jacket, white T-shirt, black pants. Four big hippie bikers were out there drinking +

eyeing up the punkers. They began saying "Hey, is that a chick or a guy?? Tell 'n to whip it out, then we'll know. Yeah, let's see 'n whip it out... Hey, are you a chick or a guy?" I just looked at them like "oh cut it out!" One of them positioned himself about 10 ft. from me + stared at me about 10 full minutes. I looked over at him, let him know I knew he was staring at me, but didn't stare back or challenge him. Then he came over, put his hand up on the wall + leaned over me. Asked why I was standing there. In my lowest, most male voice, I said, "Waitin' for someone." He said, "long time to wait." I said yeah. He commented on how expensive it was to get in the club + I agreed. Said a few more sentences + he walked away. I had tried to be congenial, but not passive or cowering. When he returned to his friends, they asked "What's the verdict?" I heard him mumble + I heard the word "guy" but I don't

think he really decided what I was. In a while they all began leaving + had to walk by me. One said, "Hey, Frank, did you figure out what it was?" + cocked his head toward me. The guy who'd talked to me looked at me + said to his friend, "It's cool." They got on their motorcycles, were revving them up + acting real hard-guy + Frank raised his hand goodbye to me + I raised mine real butch-like. The guy showed a lot of class. Instead of going in, Kath + I went to the hot tub + sauna place. We got bare together + it was real nice. Our roots... We laughed how funny we must've looked going in there together: Pacific Heights matron picks up 17-year-old runaway boy. He asks for $10 and a hot meal...

1-2-80

So went for another shot 12/21. [redacted] was very cordial. Told him my

period's due the following week + he told me to note how long it lasted, the volume of the flow, etc. And it's great cuz I never even got my period! Ma arrived on 12/23 + I alone met her at the airport. She was full of questions about my change + incredibly open-minded + relaxed about it. She asked about my sexual relationship with Jim + I told her how I always imagined I was a male too when with Jim + how his feminine mannerisms + faggy impression was what attracted me to him. Told her I felt I could make it in the gay men's world + she said she also felt that gay men are the most accepting as far as unusual sexualities. Told me about the 2 gay women who bought the house next door to Bluemound — they play the butch-fem scene + like ma enough to give her their keys when they're on vacation. She told me her attitudes have changed plenty since Pat died + she thinks why should she place moral judgments on her kids — just be glad they're happy + alive. She wasn't bull shitting either. She never once said a discouraging,

negative or doubtful thing about my plans. Then she gave me grandpa's old gold watch — said she'd been saving it for Patrick & I was the next logical candidate. She's saving granddaddy's for John but won't give it to him until he "shows more maturity" — so her giving it to me showed a real confidence in me. I am super elated with the watch! From one Louie to another. Somehow I do feel a special allegiance to him, too, and they always said I was his favorite. So ma slept overnite at my place the whole time — we shared the bed — and I didn't hide anything or change my ways at all. Slept in my undershirt & jockey shorts as usual, right in front of her. Christmas Eve we all opened gifts at Kathy's (Johnny & Charlie were there too) & had one helluva party. Drank, smoked, carried on, and Nane held out like a trooper. Christmas Day we all went for brunch. She'd planned to leave

Wednesday, but was having such a good time she left Friday. I was with her every available moment; she wanted to be with me as much as possible before I made the Big Change. We had several tender moments & before I left her on Friday, she said she had been worried about my change, but after spending this time with me, her mind has been put at ease about it and I have her blessing. She took a bunch of photos of me ("before my face changes"). She said grandmother just wanted to remember me as "her little Sheila" & couldn't accept my change & just wants to pretend it's not happening. But when I ~~told~~ talked to Llamo on the phone Xmas Eve, she brought it up, asked questions & told me she wanted to hear & know about it. I felt she was sincere. New Years Eve went with Bridget, her friend Big Jake, & Tom [redacted] to the punk rock club. Apparently this Jake told Bridget he wanted to have sex with me Xmas Eve (he was at the family wing-ding),

which really surprised me as I had barely spoke to him! So Bridg was really laying it on how she thought he was flirting with me New Years Eve, but I felt NO sexual overtones between us whatsoever, though I was having a great time talking + being with him as male-male friends. Later B told him she'd have bet $5 he wanted to go home with me + he was shocked, said "no way!" + that his ideas on Xmas were just "kinky thoughts." I wait for my change impatiently so that I can really relate male to male instead of female to male. Later I learned [redacted] had left our company because she thought me, Jake + B were planning a 3-way! I just can't believe that — I honestly felt no sexual vibes in the air at all! I had a great time jiving around with [redacted] at the club — really enjoy his humor. He said how wierd the punkers were + I said the guitarist looked pretty straight. He said yeah,

he wasn't too wierd "but he still looks like he's on the wrong bus." Really funny! Last weekend went to one of the drag bars + a cute black queen flirted with me + I bought her drinks + she let me feel her up + kiss her. Then some young blonde guy joins us, telling me he's always wanted to get it on with her. So then he + I start kissing + it looks as tho there might be a 3-way. Later he comes over all freaked out, saying he just found out she's a guy ... he didn't know! I said "whaddya mean? you know what kind of place this is!" He said yeah, but he didn't think she was + while he can get into fucking assholes, he prefers "pussy," + he really likes girls. I said "Well, I'm a girl." Well this poor guy really shit then! He'd thought she was a girl + I was a guy + now we were just the opposite! Apparently he decided it wasn't his thing cuz he soon left. God, if he'd've done a 3-way with a girl + a guy, why not after we turned out to be a girl + a guy anyway? Anyway, I

don't think the queen was much interested in either of us. I was just good for free drinks — she was good for a free feel. Went out drinking with Mary Ellen last nite. She said she's noticed a change in my behavior these past few weeks ... that I've been "more aggressive + sassy."

1-7-80

Received this letter Jan 3 and, when I finished reading it, I held it against my cheek. Dear Jim, I believe we could love each other. It's the first time he's indicated that he will try to find a place in his heart for me as a man. This morning I sent him Swinburne's poem "Triumph of Time" which I copied in long-hand; the gist of it is that I love him very much, it's too bad it couldn't have been different, but that's the way it goes, and he will always be the one in my heart. I think we've "had it out" now ... he got his male superiority aired, I aired

Dear Sheila ——→

OKAY -- sorry if I offended you with that last letter. I realize my conduct has not been what you could call stellar but that doesn't mean everything I said about your alteration is off mark. I can't really accept you as a man -- that should be understandable. At the same time I don't want you completely cut off -- at least some type of contact should be possible. And yet a simple swap of newsy letter writing seems too facile, while anything else is unnecessarily painful & idiotic in my best tradition. So here is this non-letter. I'm not ready to say you're not a part of my future, but I can't see what part you would be.

May God bless you -- & your lovers & friends.

Jim

mine, & he's come back passive & vulnerable. I can reach out to him now. I believe our love will become like steel in our hearts when I am a man & he is a man — we both live our separate lives, no commitments, no expectations — just knowing the feelings will always be there. — Another shot January 4. My period did not come, my voice is lowering. Fulmer said if I'm going to back out, now's the time to do it as the changes are really happening now. I told him I want to do this more than ever now. Friday & Saturday nights went out with my friends Peter & Joyce. Saw some fantastic punk bands & I was swept up in the masculine creative energy of the musicians. The confidence, the teamwork, the exchange between the musicians to create these incredible sounds. Surely this is a way men express feelings for each other. I was entranced by the drummer, a serious beauty, smitten by the muscular youngmen in the audience who were totally engrossed in the music.

Everywhere I looked I saw beautiful males! They were right, my sex drive is going crazy, everyone looks good to me + I've never felt such total delight in masturbation. For the first time I imagine I am a participant in my sex fantasies. Before I wasn't even there — I just ~~pretend~~ imagined situations involving men with each other. Now I can pretend I am kissing, I am touching ....
An effeminate guy there recognized me from when Jim + I drank where he tended bar. Told him I've begun taking hormones + hope to get a job as a man this summer. He seemed confused, asked "Were you born a female?" I said yeah + he said he had no idea + always thought I was a feminine guy! What a rush, hey? I don't remember how he'd seen me dressed, as it was years ago. The guy stopped talking to me then, tho he came over, gave me a beer, + walked away (?) — I am allowing myself to totally indulge my urges

in masturbation by writing my sexual fantasies down + saving pictures of men who turn me on. My clitoris is really growing too — it's sticking out of the "hood" that usually covers it. I've been wearing a jock strap stuffed with socks I've formed into a penis with testicles. I like it better to have that shape. My body fat and skin haven't changed that I notice, although I am getting more pimples — but I have little to compare that with, as the birth control pills I'd been taking helped keep my face clear before. I am ~~lift~~ lifting my weights regularly now. I feel a lot of energy since this last shot — I'm raarin' to go! And this morning — God, I'm shaking with ecstasy — I wasn't even looking because I'd heard it would take a longer time — I have longish dark hairs on my upper lip. I don't know when they first appeared — it was like one day they weren't there + this morning they were. They're all along the mustache line, down to the corners of my mouth.

I keep looking in the mirror, afraid I'm only seeing things, but they are still there! They are still there! I feel a tingling there, almost like I can feel them growing. — So this isn't all an illusion. I am going to be a man. I can't describe how good I feel about myself.... To think about kissing a man when I have a mustache just makes me crazy! Several people at work today have commented how they really hear my voice lowering now + one girl said as the day went on she could hear it get lower and lower....

1-14-80

God, I've been feeling great! This weekend was all up. The whole week I've just been possessed with libido and I resolved to go out and get some action — any action. My facial hair is still there + more visible than ever. My voice is passing! Was called "sir" on the phone again. I had been very dutiful all week, cooking dinner

+ bringing my lunch to work to improve my nutrition and to save my cash. So Friday nite Jack phoned — I said guess what I noticed first thing Mon morn + he answered immediately, "Li'l tiny hairs growin' out yer face?" and I said "Li'l tiny hairs growin' out ma face!" He asked if I was scared + I said "just the opposite!" So this hot new gay porn movie's in town + I went — not even nervous. My confidence is incredible. The movie was sexier than. There didn't seem to be much action in the audience, altho upon entering the theater, I had to sign a register to "join" the theater because, the clerk explained, they had a back room with a little action. Part way through the film, a youngman sat next to me, his leg "inconspicuously" touching mine. I didn't react or move. He began pressing his leg against mine + I still didn't move, so he was encouraged. Then I pressed mine against his. My right arm was on the armrest between us and I slowly lowered

my hand onto his thigh, squeezed + stroked it. Made my way up to his crotch, both of us still intently watching the film. He put his left arm on the armrest between us, kind of pinning my arm there. I tried to open his pants, but couldn't, so he did. Had no underwear on + I played with his penis + testicles. He was little, but hard. I wanted to lean over + suck him, but I saw no other heads disappearing in the audience + didn't have the guts. He dropped his left hand and took hold of my bulge — I was a little (but not too) worried my sock-penis + balls might not pass. He went for my zipper + I took his hand + moved it away, while continuing to play with him. Moments later he again reached over + stroked my crotch. I let him rub me outside my pants but after a while, took his hand away again. But a minute later he was at my zipper. I let him open it + reach in, but he began

trying too hard to find me under the layers of undershirt, shorts, jock strap — so I took his hand away again. He fought me, but I was insistent, finally taking my hand off him + crossing my legs + arms so we couldn't touch. I figured he should have gotten the hint that "I would do him but he couldn't do me." Well, he sat + smoked a cigarette, probably trying to figure out what the hell my problem was! Then he left. My zipper was still open, so I quietly masturbated. Another man sat a few seats away + watched me. — Later went to the drag bars. My attitude really changed. Instead of just watching the show + feeling self-conscious + worried I'd be read, I was aware of who I liked + who was liking me. Now when someone's looking, I think they're cruising me instead of reading me. Caught a not-too-bad queen staring, so I smiled + watched. She showed me some leg + I smiled + admired.

She came up to the bar & ordered a drink & I paid for it. She sat down & I was the man, she was the loose woman. She wasn't bad at all, tho a little chubby. Ended up at my place. On the way she said she didn't want to offend me, but I was a little too feminine. Told her I'm taking male hormones, thinking she'd figure me out then. (But later she said she'd thought I was a hermaphrodite!) I said I ~~wanted~~ wouldn't take my clothes off, but she was really fun & open & told me not to be that way, that we are all okay no matter what we are. She made me feel relaxed & good about myself & we ended up having pretty good sex. She had a small cock, but got it hard & ass-fucked me. It was the first uncircumsized cock I've seen. I did keep my undershirt on, tho. She told me I'm going to make a really great gay boy! (She should know) Next morning bought her breakfast & she asked for "a

couple dollars to get a drink." Gave her $3, walked her to a bar. She was honest + open + intelligent. (Some teenage boys watched us walking + began hooting. When I left her at the bar door + kissed her goodbye, they began shouting "Ugh! You kissed it!!" I just laughed — if only they knew!) So finally I've succeeded in getting a drag queen! Saturday hung out with Mary Ellen. Feeling extremely sexual and male — wore a shirt with the sleeves rolled way up tight to show off my already-hardening muscley arms. My energy level is incredible — I feel like I'm speeding a lot of the time. Coffee! Coffee! Sunday, out of nowhere, Bridget's Jake came over + said "You know another thing you gotta do if yer gonna be a man is like baseball!" ~~Cheyney piped~~ I told him I knew a lot of men who didn't like baseball (because I think he doesn't especially like it + was relaying the pressure he feels to like it). Cheyney piped

up "Who do you know who doesn't like baseball?" and I named off a bunch of my [gay] male friends. Saw another movie about boys coming of age + dealing with societal pressures to "be something" + I must admit I am a little insecure about "making it" in the male business world. At the GGG/G meeting I was pretty popular — compliments on my newsletter + attention because the hormone effects are becoming apparent. Told Emmon about my theater exploits + he said it sure sounds like I know my way around the gay scene + should have no trouble. We talked about the self-confidence and ego men have that women don't, that women spend so much energy "giving" to others + nurturing others, that when you're a man you have this looking-out-for-#1 attitude that's the greatest. Told him how, since I'm doing this, I'm feeling very few "shoulds."

1-31-80

Feeling so good. I'm just passing like nobody's business + at this time I'm trying to integrate my identity + my body in my head. I have to stop thinking of "passing as a man" + start thinking of <u>being</u> a man. I've spent so many many years daydreaming + imagining other men in situations + being a voyeur that it will take some work to learn to include myself — to be aware of my arms and chest and legs, to realize other people are looking at me as one of them instead of curiosity. My self-consciousness has been such an overwhelming, overriding preoccupation that it's an effort to get out of the fog. But slowly slowly I feel the fog lifting. It is so unusual, so fine to hear my voice — to <u>want</u> to talk, to <u>like</u> saying what I have to say, to be open in that way with strangers. I have to begin establishing myself as Lou Sullivan. — I finally told the office manager at Wilson that I'm doing this change + he spent a lot of time trying to

talk me into continuing to work there afterwards. Said he'd take care of any problems that might occur, would use his contacts in Headquarters to get my employment records changed in name + sex, said I shouldn't hold back there at all, could use the men's room + he'd start calling me by my male name. Told him I don't feel that all would be necessary, but I would need a reference that I worked for him as a man. He said to show how much faith he has in me + what I mean to that office, that I could type up any kind of reference + say whatever I wanted + he'd sign it. He said this wasn't a big shock to him, he's not blind + he's seen the calendar on my desk (?!!) (I have a gay calendar.) He also said Alden, the guy who hired me + is now at Headquarters, has asked about me (I think one of the office girls has told him I'm doing it this time) + Alden's wondering if I'd ever consider

a transfer. He's supposed to be in our office soon + I hope to talk with him. He's the only one who'd give me a break, gave me a job, when I needed it the most. Anyway, the office mgr said possibly the pro golf office rep would be the only one who might not accept me... he can be very abrasive + downright nasty, but I know he likes me. He's been commenting on my funny voice, calling me 'Gravel Girly', + since the office mgr said don't hold back, I've been darkening up my blond mustache + it's very noticable. This rep has been looking at me questioningly, so I asked if he had a few minutes + we went to an empty room. He was so curious, blurting out, "You're leaving!" I said no, not yet, and he said "I'm leaving!" I laughed. Said I knew he's been noticing my voice + other changes in me, + he blurted out, "You're going to do the change?" I said yeah. So he started babbling how I'm the best worker that office has ever had + said "I always thought you were

too sharp to be a girl!" I said I thought so, too! He said well, that was great and "isn't it nice to be honest?" and "You caused a <u>much</u> bigger uproar when you first came to work here!" Said if I needed to I should say he'd been my boss & he'd give me glowing references. When I said the bosses said they would do that, he said well if I ever needed to give a name for any reference, I should use his. The whole thing didn't seem to surprise him at all. Said he'd always thought I was just a girl with a lot of mannish ways. Later he came to my desk & asked what my name was. This morning he said from now on when I get too smart with him, he'll just smack me one cuz there's nothing now to hold him back. I said naw, he knew better... he knows us little guys are too quick for him. So we bull-shitted around. Then I told him if he has any questions about what I'm doing, that I'm not embarrassed

at all + he should ask. He said he's sure that, with all I've been through (?), I must be immune to a lot of things. — Anyway, I'd like to start establishing Lou Sullivan. Maybe I should have them change my employment records, begin issuing my payroll check to L.S. so I can open a bank account in that name. That would make me feel great. I should maybe get together with Dain to talk these things through. — My body is being so adaptable. It seems my breasts are flattening out by themselves + I hardly need the binder I wear. I'm really seeing my male body develop before my very eyes. Got a super short haircut last weekend + with my little mustache I think I look like Clark Gable! I'm called sir on the phone almost all the time now + people who know I'm female are commenting that my voice sounds hoarse, do I have a cold? I really wish I could design good mock male genitals to wear. The stuffed sock get-up I've

made gets stained + smelly + shifts around so I have to keep shoving it back in place. — Larry [redacted] phoned + asked if I got the letter he sent (which was super passionate). Then he asked if I knew he's bisexual. Said he hopes to visit Calif this summer + we should get together. I'd sorta like to roll around with him then... I think that's what he has in mind too. — Am laboring over a book review of The Transsexual Empire for GPU NEWS. In a way, it's an updated version of my transvestite liberation article. Now it's my transsexual liberation article. — I know now what they mean by your "voice cracking." Sometimes I'm laughing or talking, but no sound is coming out! — I wrote to Stanford asking my status. Haven't heard from them since November. — The office mgr came up to me yesterday + said he'd talked with my younger boss + they both agreed they want me to continue working there after

my change. Told him I just couldn't. Again he said if there's any way they can make it easier on me there, just let him know. — I've had sexual fantasies galore about my younger boss. He's very Brooks Brothers, pretty good looking, rather haughty. I think it'd be such a rush to kiss him, and I've never liked kissing very much. My male body is awakening all these pleasures for me — I even played with my nipples a little last night during masturbation, which was just gross + out of the question before.

2-15-80

To sum it all up: I'm getting strong... I'm ~~final~~ finally getting strong!

2-17-80

Yesterday spent 2 hours talking with Steve [redacted] in his home, this time as a professional (gave him $50). He's going to have [redacted] write me a letter saying I'm doing this change + apparently if I take

this letter to the Dept of Motor Vehicles, it's standard procedure they'll issue me a new driver's license under my male name with my sex signified as male! So once I have that, I'll have to go change my bank + checking accounts, employment records, social security shit, etc. [redacted] was very pleased + surprised to see my mustache + said I was reacting faster than most F→Ms (something [redacted] also said). Pain thinks I'll be a hairy male. He told me to start taking zinc tablets + more protein (which you get deficient of when taking testosterone) + also to rinse my mouth with a flouride wash — I guess he was told that the chemical changes in your mouth affect your teeth. He said Stanford is undergoing another reorganization of their Gender Program + that's probably why I haven't heard from them. We talked of different surgery techniques, + he asked if I'd like to see his genitals. He

showed me how there were appropriate bulges in his underwear. And when he showed me his surgery, I was most pleased + encouraged. The operation is what he calls "freeing the clitoris" ... or cutting the skin that anchors it down, so that it hangs free. It was about as big as my thumb + really did have the look + shape of an adult micro-penis (not a little penis like a baby's, as I had imagined). The skin and color was a man's. He'd had testicle implants in the labia majora of silicone + he invited me to feel them. They were very hard, but otherwise great, though they were up against his crotch instead of hanging down like a regular guys'. I guess the skin won't stretch that much, tho he seemed to have hopes with time they'll hang more. Then he pulled up his balls + showed me a fold in the skin + that was his vagina, which he doesn't want closed + still gets sexual pleasure in it. You couldn't even see the

hole if you weren't looking for it. His whole body looked beautifully male + I was really relieved... I could definitely live with that. Told him I've been feeling guilty about stimulating my vagina, but he said at first he did too, but we were born with the female sexual apparatus + response + we can't do anything about that. I expressed concern over losing ability to have orgasm after a hysterectomy, as I understand a lot of the orgasm is the contracting of the uterus. He said he hasn't had the hysterectomy for that very reason. He said, though, that testosterone suppresses production of female hormones from the ovaries anyway, so the hysterectomy is really not that important. He showed me what he uses as a prosthesis — a pair of leather briefs with a hole in front, through which he puts a rubber dildo + it holds it flat against his body.

Said he has different sized dildos, + since I like to get it in the ass too, they also have briefs with an additional hole in the rear. Get them at a gay men's leather shop here. So it's like having an artificial limb. He also gave me an extra vial of testosterone he had (plus a syringe) + said I should drop a little on my clitoris topically twice a day, as this will augment its growth + make it larger than otherwise. He praised The Gateway highly + asked for extra copies. Said he really "respected" it + it helped him a lot, so I guess I really am making a big contribution by doing that. — I've had a few dreams of meeting my old boss Dr. Roger [redacted] at UWM + with Tom Leonard at Wilson Sporting Goods + telling them what I'm doing. [A few days ago I answered the phone + Tom [redacted] was calling. He thought I was one of the male bosses! Then he asked if I had a cold, but I said, "No, my voice

is changing." He laughed (he doesn't know what I'm doing) + we continued with business. Felt bad, because I don't want to be flippant, especially with him because he really has been a positive influence on me.] — Went to hear the local band I'm into lately, The Humans, + saw my friends Peter + Joyce. Afterwards went to their place, listened to records, smoked + drank til 4 a.m. I may have few friends, but the ones I have are all quality people. — Friday nite my doorbell rings + it's the woman from Toronto who'd seen my personals ad in the Advocate + wrote me cuz she's into passing as a boy in the gay men's bars too. She + her husband (a bisexual man) are visiting SF. Turned out to be a neat couple + we plan to get together this week. — Finally got my bill from [redacted] (first one since I started with him) They wrote up an insurance claim to Wilson Spty Cols, reporting my

symptoms as "Stopped birth control pills, concerned about hormonal balance," and diagnosis as "Rule out hormonal or a metabolic abnormality." His bill totals $179.05 and I was very surprised how cheap it was! So far Wilson's paid $100 additional lab costs for tests I've had to take.
— Goddamn, I really do feel so happy! Told [redacted] how very high I've been. He said he'd also felt super high, always waiting to come down when the initial excitement of the change was over ... but still, 4 years after his surgery, he said he hasn't come down! — I'm making a conscious effort to take the tension out of my face, to relax my facial muscles. I know I squint and twist up my face a lot & it feels so good to relax it.

2-19-80

Damn, this is so incredible. It's as though one day things aren't there and the next day, voila!

Suddenly I notice very long black hairs all over my legs! And short dark hair on the insides of my upper thighs, and on my stomache. This kind of hair I've never had before. It's funny, too, because lately I've brushed at my legs cuz I've felt like there's a long hair clinging to me. Now I understand why my legs feel so tingly. I wish dark hair would appear on my arms + backs of my hands instead! That's where I really want it. And on the backs of my fingers. I have quite a few black hairs around my nipples, too. No extra hair under my arms, really, tho. They may be right — I'm gonna be a hairy one. God, I'm really gonna be a man! A real man. Louis Graydon Sullivan.

— Jack [redacted] came up to me today + said in a whispering tone, "Those shots are really working! Your voice is lower, too!" I keep my mustache dark with mascara so it's very visible, so he meant

that, too. He was very happy for me... I could see it & he's not one to bullshit. Tom [redacted] just got promoted to Vice President of Golf Marketing.

2-21-80

I've got to get a job downtown. The bus I take to Wilson is so boring. Whenever I get on a downtown bus during rush hour, I get into some fine cruising with the businessmen. Last night a man in his late 30's, early 40's, returned my stares, then smiled and nodded as he got off. What a very fine rush. I CAN make it! — Yesterday Jim mailed me a copy of a local punk music magazine in which was printed a record review he wrote. No letter, just the mag. It was a good review. Little by little we may establish a friendship based on our love of music, and start there. This weekend I think I'll buy the record he reviewed & a few more & then write him about them. He's got to be VERY curious

about my progress on the hormones. But I want <u>him</u> to contact <u>me</u> re: seeing each other. But if, by the time I begin working as a man, he still hasn't contacted me to get together, I may break down and call him first.

3-1-80

Every day it's something. No shit. Last Friday I was horny + went to some x-rated hetero films downtown — my 1st time at a straight theatre. They were very shabbily done... the women in them all looked so <u>bored</u>, the men were all so unattractive. Would like to see some good het films tho. Later went to the drag show bar, put the heavy move on a queen I've admired for a long time. She accepted the drinks I bought + let me put my arm around her, but she wouldn't let me feel her up. When I asked her to go home with me, she said, "No! You're doing the same thing I'm doing except ... <u>No</u>!!!" Shit. The hell with these queens, man.

Went on an album shopping spree Saturday... music is truly becoming a very important part of my life. Told Jack (he calls me every weekend) that I think I inherited his love for drumming, that I had the beat in me, but I keep "losing it." Jack says, in one of his rare together moments, "Well, you just gotta stay <u>COOL</u>." He guy's all right. That night went to the punk rock place with a guy I work with. Spotted a cute small guy there & watched him a while. Later my friend commented that the guy looked a lot like me, which spurred me on to begin cruising him again. This time he noticed me staring, and he smiled & <u>waved</u> at me. I just smiled & nodded. He lost himself in the crowd, but later was standing in front of me by chance, holding a cigarette & obviously looking for a light. I hopped over & lit his cigarette. We began talking & got along famously. Talked about music, the place, girls, our clothes & we hung around together the rest of the night. I really liked him — was 22, very open

& sensitive, said he couldn't get into the macho male scene & had trouble getting women because of it. Said he's resigned himself to his being somewhat "feminine" but still always hoped to find Ms. Right. Told him I didn't know how to get it on with women either. As the evening wore on, I fantasized getting him home. Because of the loud music, a few times he cupped his hand against my ear to say something & the touch of his hand against my face was electrifying. So hard to hold back from touching him. After the place closed, I invited him to my place to listen to records & smoke some dope. He came. Tried to hide whatever in my apt might give me away. We just about emptied a bottle of vermouth & I wondered how to put the move on him. I had decided not to tell him about me, but maybe just try to suck him off. The evening was wearing on & I finally asked, "So have you ever messed around with guys before?" He said "You mean make love to a

guy? No. Have you?" I said yeah. He asked "Is that all you do?" I said yeah. Then he said, "Can I ask you a question? Did you used to be a woman?" I said "Yeah ... I still am." He was genuinely surprised. I asked what tipped him off. He saw a letter on my desk from Steve [redacted] (he knew the name) plus he read the binding off a TS book there — he really had to LOOK, damn him. Well, he said he felt bad cuz he really thought he'd found a friend + I said I hoped that hadn't changed. He said it hadn't. Said looking back he ~~left~~ had noted how soft my skin was when he had cupped his hand against my ear. He asked why I'd talked about girls with him + I said some do turn me on, it's just I haven't put any effort into doing anything with them. He said he hoped I wasn't counting on doing anything with him. Admitted I had had fantasies, but no real hopes. He told me his sister's gay, that he wasn't a typical hetero male but couldn't get it on with me "because as far as I'm concerned,"

he said, "you're a man." With an excuse like that, how could I feel bad ??! I asked didn't he think I was gay at the punk place & he said not in the least. I said I was cruising him all night! He said he knew gays & guys had put the make on him before, but I did not come across as gay at all. That when I was staring at him, he thought I didn't like him & wanted to FIGHT him! He smiled & waved to pacify me!! Well, he kept sitting there smiling at me, looking gorgeous, & I began thinking he maybe did want to mess around. He said he wanted this all to "sink in" because he knew by the next day he'd forget everything. I went to the bathroom & when I came back, he was standing. I walked towards him & tried to catch him around the waist, but he grasped my hand & held me back very sternly & said he had to leave. Then he asked for my address so he could "write me a letter." And stumbling with words as he left, he said,

"If I see you again somewhere, I'll ask you to dance." So that was that. I went to bed & about an hour later my phone rang. Andy was calling to apologize if he'd hurt my feelings, that he was sorry about that last remark he made cuz it was "really stupid." I think I was just a bit too much for him & he was really beside himself. Assured him I wasn't offended, we talked a bit more & hung up on good terms. — I realize now it wasn't too cool trying to score with a straight guy (tho he wasn't all THAT straight). Guess I have to go thru all those stubs gay men run into on their way out. I could have just kept our relationship on a "friends" level, but I did feel sexually attracted to him. I still fantasize that if I had just only been a gay male (not a F→M) he'd have been more receptive to me. I think I'm scared to try to fool a gay man, cuz they wouldn't hold back physicalness & so would detect my situation, whereas I hope a straight guy might

not want to reciprocate, but only lay back + let me do him. Same with girls. I may be able to hug + kiss + feel one up + get away with it, without her expecting me to go all the way. — Feb 27 went to the gay male porno movies with Bridget's Charlie! Don't ask me why, but he really wanted to go + had been talking about doing so for a long time. When we got in, he sat one seat away from me, + after about ½ the first film, I got up + moved about 3 rows in front of him — mainly so I could jerk off during the film, but also to give him a chance to mess around if he wanted without me knowing. Afterwards we went to my usual gay bar. He + I get along famously — he is very open + talkative. He gave me some insights into Johnney + I gave him some into Bridget. We played pinball + closed the bar. He told me how as an adolescent he had a long-term sexual relationship with his best boyfriend + about his one homosexual one-nighter as

an adult. We talked what a hassle it is to get it on with women + how gay men are much more logical about their sexual outlets. He expressed concern that I'd really be a misfit in the gay male world without a functional cock, even tho I tried to explain that I'm a worse misfit as I am now.

3-2-80

Dear Jim -

Well, you're right - damn good album. Codex!

After I got your review, I went on an album spending spree - I MISS YOUR ALBUM COLLECTION! There's a song going through my head lately from one of your albums + I don't even know who does it, tho you played it all the time. I just never paid that much attention ... I took it all for granted. Now the songs haunt me + I don't even know what they are! I'm having to replace all your albums so I can hear them again.

I never knew how important

music was to me until recently. Got the B-52's on a fluke + the whole thing's really good. Rock Lobster! But mostly been frequenting Temple Beautiful. There are so many really hot local groups. I've become a hard-core Humans groupie ... they're from Santa Cruz - am going down there next weekend to see them on their own turf. They are so good (lead singer → Anthony Perkins, lead guitarist → MR. ROSS, bass player → my father! And the drummer is the group - just holds it all together so heavy!) They play at Ye Rose + Thistle often + it's a good place to see them. The Temple's sound system was too fucked to hear any of their lyrics, which are their maraschino cherries.

Soul Rebels run a close second in my book; their drummer is not only super tight, he's super gorgeous. Was pleasantly surprised at No Mercy, which is just a drummer + a female singer aka Lovich. 391 is also hot. The Temple is also such a

visual assault — the crowd just never quits. Have you been there? Stimulation with a capital S.

Your review was very well done. You really got into it there in the middle — "Like getting hit up by record" — great line! I MISS YOUR MUSIC INPUT! Please send any more you do.

Love, L.

3-4-80

Wrote the following to Tom [redacted] my old boss at Wilson Sporting Goods.

Dear Tom,

Since I spoke to you on the phone several weeks ago when you thought I was Bill [redacted] I've wanted to write this. I've held off until now so that I'd also be able to talk to Bill while he's out here.

I told you on the phone that "my voice is changing" and, while this is true, I felt insincere and flippant saying it that way. Since November I've been getting shots of testosterone:

Tom, I've finally seen my way clear to have the sex-change I've always wanted. The hormones are working fast on me (I've had a mustache since the beginning of January and my weight-lifting's really paying off now!) and I hope by this summer I will be masculinized enough to quit Wilson and go out and get a job as a man. I think this news can't be terribly shocking to anyone who's known me these past 6 years ... I never could hide my daily disorientation with living a double identity.

I wanted to tell you this, Tom, because you've been an extremely strong influence on me. I can't tell you how much I admire you. I've never known a man with such self-confidence, strength of character, and embracing grasp on responsibility. I always felt so damned inadequate next to you ... I just could never "get out of myself." But the confidence you had in me, and the praise you've heaped on me, added

to the faith in myself I needed to make this decision — I finally believe I can succeed in my change and end up being one hellva businessman. (I've developed a lot of interest in the advertising and marketing fields.)

I've just heard you got another promotion. You've really got what it takes, and I think if I could be as adaptable as you, I could do anything!

Thanks, Tom, for your friendship and support. This summer when I'm out in the job market, I'll be looking for a boss like you.

(I'm glad I finally got to say this to you!)

The very warmest regards,
Sheila

3-12-80

So received the letter from Pomeroy + took it to the Dept of Motor Vehicles on 3/6 to change my driver's license. Handed the clerk the letter + my license + said "I'd like to have this changed." He read the letter, didn't even look at me;

took the letter to the supervisor, who didn't even look at me, & the supervisor gave him instructions. My heart was pounding! Then the clerk gives me the written driver's test as my license was up for renewal anyway. Wasn't prepared for that at all. Stood in the long line of test graders & by chance got the supervisor guy when my turn came up. Good deal. He hands me the new license that reads "Sheila Jean Sullivan, Sex: M," and asks if it's ok. Told him no, the name needed to be changed. He asked if I'd filled out a change form & I told him no one gave me one. He was very at ease, saying "Oh, I guess the letter threw him off," meaning the clerk. So I completed the form & he had the typist correct the temporary license to read Louis Graydon Sullivan. There was absolutely no hassle, raised eyebrows, questions, nothing. They were extremely courteous & accommodating. So Goddamn I walked out of there with a California State Driver license reading "Louis Graydon Sullivan,

Sex = M." I was floating on air, no lie. Friday hang out in my favorite Polk St. gay men's bar, teamed up with 3 guys + played 4-player pinball. We got together after one of them commented to me, "You know, you'd look a lot younger if you shaved your mustache." Told him I didn't WANT to look younger + besides it was just starting to grow in. Became attracted to a lesbian who was playing dynamite pool + struck up a conversation with her. Hoping it would attract her to me, I told her I was a F-M TS. It didn't work. Ended up going home alone + crying bitterly — for the first time in a long time — missing Jim. Phoned Kathy [redacted] + she talked me up. She advised me not to tell people I'm a TS, but to just let things happen + once they're all turned on + rarin' to go + then discover about me, they probably 'll think it's a kinky turn-on. But to sit down + decide to go with me — no. I think there's good advice there, but I'm scared to spring myself on someone.

It'd be really hard once we're at my/
their place, our clothes in disarray &
they find out & say "no way" & I/they
have to get up & leave. She said I may
have to give a lot more, work more at
satisfying them than I'll receive.
Helped Bridget move Saturday & got
a rush out of the physical labor.
Had my friends Peter & Joyce over for
supper & then they drove me & another
of their friends (a goon) to Santa Cruz
to hear our favorite band. I got
super-duded-up & was a real hit
down there. At least 5 girls began
talking to me & if I'd've been in the
mood, I could have teamed up with
one. The drummer is noticing how
much I dig his drumming & he
watched me go crazy while he played.
He looked all speeded up & I got
definite Lou Reed speed freak
flashes off him. We drove back
to SF at 4 a.m., stopping to look
at the night sky. Had a great
time. Sunday K[redacted] & I
laid around GG Park in the sun &

I dreamed of the day I could sunbathe bare chested. Monday phoned the Co-ordinator of Stanford's Gender Program to ask what my status is. Haven't heard from them since I returned my MMPI Test. She said they had a large backlog but I would be hearing from them this week. Went to the GGG/G meeting & got a lot of compliments how good I'm looking & how natural I am as a man. A familiar-looking man was there looking for subjects for a study on TVs & he turned out to be a co-therapist I'd had in a group session at Center for Special Problems in '77. K[redacted] & I are flying to Milw this Fri nite. Will visit a few days, then drive Johnney's '55 Ford back to SF. Am really looking forward to it. — I can see this finding sex partners is going to be a real challenge & problem. Really don't know how to deal with it. Dain advises I frequent the Bisexual Center but that's like going to a Lonely Hearts Club. He also advises I try sex surrogates who charge fees. Come on! No way

in hell! Where the shit has Ray been? I've fantasies of looking up Larry James in Milw + having a quick roll with him. (Have I written that he phoned me not long ago + is very interested in me + my change, said he'd really like to see me + "did I know he's bisexual?" Got the distinct feeling he was interested in messing around with me.) After I have my mastectomy, I know I won't feel so awkward being a man, sexually + socially.

3-13-80

Dear Dr [redacted] —

I'd like to thank you for your letter attesting to my transsexual status. As soon as I got it, I presented it to the DMV to change my driver's license. They were extremely courteous and accommodating, asked no questions, raised no eyebrows + I walked out of there with a license with my male name and sex signified as "M."

It's really incredible how very good I feel. Have a mustache, my voice is a

man's and I'm passing all the time now. It shouldn't be long before I can go out and get a job as a man (though my present employer wants me to stay even after my change.) ~~Again~~

Again, Dr [redacted], thank you from the bottom of my heart for your help. Your support has made my life a lot easier and a lot happier.

Regards,
Lou Sullivan

3-25-80

So this vacation was doomed from the start. First our plane reservations got screwed up + we had to fly out Thurs nite instead of Fri. Had to get [redacted] to give me my shot a day early, take an extra day off work, etc. Kathy + I flew into Chicago + Jenny + Peter drove us to Milw. Ma got herself so worked up she cried becuz I look + sound so much like Patrick — over the course of my visit, several people said so (Kathy said Jenny even said it to her on several occasions). I told ma that finally

I feel I have a look to my face, some character to my face, when before in the mirror I just saw a glob of flesh staring back at me. Ma said she agreed! Llamo said before I never looked like anyone in the family + now I was beginning to fit in. Spent Fri with ma + grandmother, who was extremely good at calling me "Lou" + "he" etc. Surprised me. Saturday went to Jack's apartment, got a few 6-packs of beer + we spent the day playing his jazz 78's. Had a great time, slapping my thighs drumming — he said I was always on the off-beat, but told Bridg later on the phone I was pretty good. Once I acknowledged an unusually hot riff + he said, "I was wondering if you'd catch that." The guy's got taste! I played a few of my records for him — one he called too simple (basic rock + roll), another "sounded like they were on something," but he liked the band Television — agreed the drummer is good + even yelled out "yeah!" a few times, so then I really knew he

liked 'm. We didn't talk about me at all, but when B. asked him what he thought, he told her "Get rid of the mascara!" (in reference to my mustache), that I was the same + I did remind him of Pat. He told me he'd only played his records like that for Pat, but hadn't even given him "such an education." Saturday nite at Jenny's — they invited Peter's brother over to meet me — I've heard a lot about how into the punk scene he is. He was very young (I thought 20, but turned out he's 16-17!) + very defensive + self-conscious. I really saw myself in him + felt bad that he couldn't even relax with me. He praised an anti-gay S+M film out. Told him I'd been in NY's leather bars + they were nothing like that. Sunday at ma's again. They went to a movie as Larrie [redacted] was coming to see me. Hoped to mess around with him sexually. We talked 2 hrs — the guy hasn't changed a bit. He spoke mostly of his sexuality + unhappy marriage, how he had sex with a man at his work once + frequented nude beaches. Ma was

due home in ½ hr. It was now or never. When he returned from the bathroom, I took him in my arms + kissed him. He returned a passionate kiss + embrace + I continued kissing his neck, caressing his ass ... but he eased himself away, lit a cigarette + sat back in the easy chair. So I took that as a "no, thanks." We'd made a date to go to his place later, hear his songs, see his kids, but after that I decided, what for? Had ma give him an excuse why I couldn't get together, so he phones me at Kathleen's (where I was spending the night) + tried to set up another time, but told him I was leaving the next day. What a disappointment. What does he WANT? Shit. Monday hung out with grandmother, had supper with Jack. Surprised myself that I didn't even want to hit the gay bars or contact my old friends at all. Tuesday Kathy [redacted] + I prepared to leave in Johnny's '55 Ford. On the phone Jack apologized for an anti-gay

remark he'd made at supper, said he "didn't get a chance" to talk to me about girls & boys, but he couldn't get used to calling me my male name & I'd always be his little Squeely. Told him I knew that & that was OK. Ma gave me a 100-year-old tie pin from my great grandfather. Kathy noticed the gas gauge didn't work, 2 mins. later we were out of gas. I had to buy a gas can & get some. Got to Chicago about rush hour & the car begins losing power. Mechanic says we need a new distributor. No one in Chicago or Milw has one. Mechanic says just keep adjusting it along the way. Going along Hwy 80 - the radio keeps playing a song 'I'm Workin' My Way Back to You, Babe.' We make it to Williamsburg, Iowa where it kills again. Adjustment doesn't help. It's 9 p.m. Mechanic says they can get a distributor in the morn. Kathy waits in the car while I go into the motel to register. Old lady at desk asks "Are you 2 men?" Said no, it's my lady friend & I. She asks do you want 1 bed or 2? I ask

which is cheaper? She seemed very suspicious, questioning the Wisc license plates & S.F. address. In morn we drive to town — in a barn the farmboys break the distributor off with a crowbar while 2 others realize the new one isn't the same size! Kathy & I left to get breakfast. But they got it in; the car drove like a champ til Grinnell, Iowa & began killing again. Mechanic uses a paper clip, then a staple to fix it. The radio plays Workin' My Way Back to You, Babe and we laughingly take it as our theme song. Ten miles later, kills again. Used home remedies: pull over & stop a few minutes & we could go a few more miles; put it in neutral, throw it into drive & it'd kick in; drive over 60 mph & got pretty far. Did that til Des Moines, where we changed our strategy & blamed it on the fuel pump. They put a new one in. I used Charlie's credit card & signed his name. Kathy said the whole trip really opened her eyes to how much I am a guy because I passed without any question on every occasion. We get about 2 mi. & the car dies. We push it off the freeway in Des Moines rush hour

FORM P-6
REV. 12-77

Wyoming Traffic Ticket and Complaint

No. 90258 H

CASE NO. _____ DOCKET NO. _____ PAGE NO. _____

STATE OF WYOMING
COUNTY OF Carbon

SUMMONS

IN THE JUSTICE COURT OF JUDGE Jackson

THE STATE OF WYOMING
vs.

Louis C Sullivan DEFENDANT

THE UNDERSIGNED, BEING DULY SWORN, UPON HIS OATH DEPOSES AND SAYS:

ON OR ABOUT THE 20 DAY OF Oct 19 8 AT 0745 HRS.

NAME Louis C Sullivan

STREET ADDRESS [redacted]

CITY San Francisco ST Ca

DOB 6/16/51 ☒ MALE ☐ FEMALE

DRIVER'S LICENSE NO. [redacted] ST Ca

DID UNLAWFULLY OPERATE: ☐ TRUCK ☐ AUTOMOBILE ☐ MOTORCYCLE

VEH. LIC. NO. [redacted] ST _____ YR _____ MAKE _____

UPON A PUBLIC HIGHWAY, NAMELY AT (Location) HIGHWAY # I 80

SEC. DESIG. |_|_|-|_|_| • MP # |2|7|8|-|_|_| ☐ (8) URBAN ☐ (9) RURAL

LOCATED IN THE CITY OR COUNTY AND STATE AFORESAID AND DID THEN AND THERE COMMIT THE FOLLOWING OFFENSE:

1 ☐ DWUI
2 ☐ RECKLESS DRIVING
3 ☐ SPEEDING _____ MPH IN ZONE
POSTED _____ MPH (RADAR) ☐
4 ☐ FOLLOW TOO CLOSELY
5 ☐ WRONG SIDE, NOT PASSING
6 ☐ IMPROPER SIGNAL ☐ NO SIGNAL
7 ☐ IMPROPER TURN ☐ WRONG LANE
☐ ONCOMING TRAFFIC
8 ☐ IMPROPER PASSING ☐ YELLOW LINE
☐ ONCOMING TRAFFIC
9 ☐ STOP SIGN

c1 ☐ HITCHHIKING
c2 ☐ FAILED TO YIELD
c3 ☐ OPERATING UNSAFE VEHICLE
c4 ☐ DISOBEYED TRAFFIC DEVICE
c5 ☐ OTHER TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS
c6 ☐ REGISTRATION VIOLATION
c7 ☐ MISCL. VIOLATIONS
c8 ☐ DRIVER'S LICENSE
c9 ☐ COMMERCIAL VEHICLE VIO.
cA ☐ OVERWEIGHT
cB ☐ OVERSIZE

☒ CHECK IF ACCIDENT

Violation of Chain Law

IN VIOLATION OF WYOMING STATUTE NO. 31-5-126

The undersigned further states that he has just and reasonable grounds to believe that the person named above committed the offense herein set forth contrary to law and against the peace and dignity of the people of the State of Wyoming.

SWORN TO AND SUBSCRIBED BEFORE ME THIS _____ DAY OF _____, 19 ___.

JUDGE _____ COMPLAINANT _____

I HEREBY PROMISE TO APPEAR IN COURT AT _____

ON _____ DAY OF _____, 19 ___ AT _____ ☐ AM ☐ PM

SIGNATURE _____

OFFICER [redacted] NO. 114 DIV. 11

NAME (Last) _____ (First) _____ (Middle) _____

Ⓟ M

NOTICE TO VIOLATORS - READ CAREFULLY

If you are charged with any offense OTHER than:

Must stand trial on these offenses

- Any violation resulting in personal injury or property damage.
- Leaving the scene of an accident.
- Operation of motor vehicle while under the influence of intoxicating liquor or, a narcotic or habit-producing drug, or permitting another to operate your motor vehicle while under such influence.
- Reckless Driving.
- Any felony or indictable offense.

Operation of motor vehicle without operator's license or while suspended or revoked and are guilty of the offense charged, and wish to plead guilty, you may bring this summons within 5 days, if you are a resident of this state (or a nonresident on or before the appearance date noted on this summons), to the court named and located as hereon stated during office hours. Closed on Sundays and holidays.

THE COURT MAY DISPOSE OF YOUR OFFENSE IF YOU (1) TURN IN THIS SUMMONS, WITH THE APPEARANCE, PLEA AND WAIVER HEREON DULY SIGNED AND EXECUTED BEFORE THE CLERK OR COURT AND (2) PAY THE TOTAL FINE SET BY THE COURT FOR SUCH OFFENSE.

NOTICE

THE COURT WILL ISSUE A WARRANT FOR THE ARREST OF ANY DEFENDANT WHO IS A RESIDENT OF THIS STATE AND WHO HAS FAILED TO APPEAR TO ANSWER A TRAFFIC SUMMONS DULY SERVED UPON HIM AND UPON WHICH A COMPLAINT HAS BEEN FILED.

X THE LICENSING AUTHORITY WILL REVOKE THE DRIVING PRIVILEGE IN THIS STATE OF ALL OUT-OF-STATE DEFENDANTS WHO FAIL TO APPEAR WHEN DULY SUMMONED, AND WILL ALSO REQUEST THE LICENSING AUTHORITY WHERE THE DEFENDANT RECEIVED HIS LICENSE TO DRIVE, TO REVOKE DEFENDANT'S LICENSE.

PLEADING

WHEN YOU PLEAD "GUILTY" IT IS THE SAME AS SAYING, "I DID VIOLATE THE LAW AS CHARGED IN THE COMPLAINT AGAINST ME," IN WHICH CASE AN IMMEDIATE HEARING WILL BE HELD BY THE COURT DURING WHICH YOU WILL BE GIVEN AN OPPORTUNITY TO ORALLY STATE ANY FACTS OR EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES CONCERNING THE OFFENSE WHICH YOU HAVE THEREBY ADMITTED.

WHEN YOU PLEAD "NOT GUILTY" YOU ARE ENTITLED TO A FORMAL TRIAL BY THE COURT OR JURY TO ESTABLISH THE FACTS AND YOU WILL BE GIVEN A DATE AND TIME FOR TRIAL. IN CERTAIN TYPES OF CASES, IF YOU ARE NOT ALREADY UNDER BOND, A BOND MAY BE REQUIRED TO GUARANTEE YOUR APPEARANCE AT THAT TIME; OR UPON A PLEA OF "NOT GUILTY," YOU MAY REQUEST AN IMMEDIATE TRIAL BEFORE THE COURT ONLY. WHEN YOUR CASE COMES TO TRIAL THE BURDEN OF PROOF RESTS WITH THE PROSECUTION AND, THE CHARGE, TO BE SUSTAINED BY THE COURT, MUST BE PROVEN BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT.

APPEARANCE, PLEA OF GUILTY AND WAIVER

X I, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO HEREBY ENTER MY APPEARANCE ON THE COMPLAINT OF THE OFFENSE CHARGED ON OTHER SIDE OF THIS SUMMONS. I HAVE BEEN INFORMED OF MY RIGHT TO A TRIAL, THAT MY SIGNATURE TO THIS PLEA OF GUILTY WILL HAVE THE SAME FORCE AND EFFECT AS A JUDGMENT OF COURT. I DO HEREBY PLEAD GUILTY TO SAID OFFENSE AS CHARGED, WAIVE MY RIGHT TO A HEARING BY THE COURT, AND AGREE TO PAY THE PENALTY PRESCRIBED FOR MY OFFENSE.

X

DEFENDANT'S SIGNATURE _____

ADDRESS _____

DRIVER'S LICENSE NO. _____ DATE _____

FORM P-6
REV. 12-77

Wyoming Traffic Ticket and Complaint

No. 90259 H

CASE NO. _____ DOCKET NO. _____ PAGE NO. _____

STATE OF WYOMING
COUNTY OF CARBON

SUMMONS

IN THE JUSTICE COURT OF JUDGE ANDERSON

THE STATE OF WYOMING
vs.
_____ DEFENDANT

THE UNDERSIGNED, BEING DULY SWORN, UPON HIS OATH DEPOSES AND SAYS:

ON OR ABOUT THE 26 DAY OF MAR 19 __ AT 0745 HRS.

NAME LOUIS C SALCUNA

STREET ADDRESS [redacted]

CITY ANTIOCH ST CA

DOB 6/16/51 ☐ MALE ☐ FEMALE 94509

DRIVER'S LICENSE NO. [redacted] ST CA

DID UNLAWFULLY OPERATE: ☐ TRUCK ☐ AUTOMOBILE ☐ MOTORCYCLE

VEH. LIC. NO. [redacted] ST CA YR 52 MAKE DUM

UPON A PUBLIC HIGHWAY, NAMELY AT (Location) HIGHWAY # _____

SEC. DESIG. |CR|-|01| • MP # |218|-| | ☐ (8) URBAN ☐ (9) RURAL

LOCATED IN THE CITY OR COUNTY AND STATE AFORESAID AND DID THEN AND THERE COMMIT THE FOLLOWING OFFENSE:

1 ☐ DWUI
2 ☐ RECKLESS DRIVING
3 ☐ SPEEDING _____ MPH IN ZONE
POSTED _____ MPH (RADAR) ☐
4 ☐ FOLLOW TOO CLOSELY
5 ☐ WRONG SIDE, NOT PASSING
6 ☐ IMPROPER SIGNAL ☐ NO SIGNAL
7 ☐ IMPROPER TURN ☐ WRONG LANE
☐ ONCOMING TRAFFIC
8 ☐ IMPROPER PASSING ☐ YELLOW LINE
☐ ONCOMING TRAFFIC
9 ☐ STOP SIGN

c1 ☐ HITCHHIKING
c2 ☐ FAILED TO YIELD
c3 ☐ OPERATING UNSAFE VEHICLE
c4 ☐ DISOBEYED TRAFFIC DEVICE
c5 ☐ OTHER TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS
c6 ☐ REGISTRATION VIOLATION
c7 ☐ MISCL. VIOLATIONS
c8 ☐ DRIVER'S LICENSE
c9 ☐ COMMERCIAL VEHICLE VIO.
cA ☐ OVERWEIGHT
cB ☐ OVERSIZE

☐ CHECK IF ACCIDENT

OPERATING MOTOR VEHICLE
WITH NO VALID REGISTRATION

IN VIOLATION OF WYOMING STATUTE NO. 31-4-404

The undersigned further states that he has just and reasonable grounds to believe that the person named above committed the offense herein set forth contrary to law and against the peace and dignity of the people of the State of Wyoming.

SWORN TO AND SUBSCRIBED BEFORE ME THIS _____ DAY OF _____, 19 __.

JUDGE _____ COMPLAINANT _____

I HEREBY PROMISE TO APPEAR IN COURT AT _____

ON _____ DAY OF _____, 19 __ AT _____ ☐ AM ☐ PM

SIGNATURE _____

OFFICER [redacted] NO. _____ DIV. _____

NAME (Last) _____ (First) _____ (Middle) _____

Ⓟ M

NOTICE TO VIOLATORS - READ CAREFULLY

If you are charged with any offense OTHER than:

Must stand trial on these offenses

- Any violation resulting in personal injury or property damage.
- Leaving the scene of an accident.
- Operation of motor vehicle while under the influence of intoxicating liquor or, a narcotic or habit-producing drug, or permitting another to operate your motor vehicle while under such influence.
- Reckless Driving.
- Any felony or indictable offense.

Operation of motor vehicle without operator's license or while suspended or revoked and are guilty of the offense charged, and wish to plead guilty, you may bring this summons within 5 days, if you are a resident of this state (or a nonresident on or before the appearance date noted on this summons), to the court named and located as hereon stated during office hours. Closed on Sundays and holidays.

THE COURT MAY DISPOSE OF YOUR OFFENSE IF YOU (1) TURN IN THIS SUMMONS, WITH THE APPEARANCE, PLEA AND WAIVER HEREON DULY SIGNED AND EXECUTED BEFORE THE CLERK OR COURT AND (2) PAY THE TOTAL FINE SET BY THE COURT FOR SUCH OFFENSE.

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DEFENDANT'S SIGNATURE _____

ADDRESS _____

DRIVER'S LICENSE NO. _____ DATE _____

traffic. Mechanic says it's "vapor lock." It really was one damn thing after another, but Kathy + I kept our humor + were determined to make it to SF. The fuel pump was the problem all along, cuz we went like crazy then. Had to stop every 100-150 mi. to gas up (cuz we couldn't tell when it was low) + add 2 qts of oil — we were leaking oil like a ding-dang doggie. I took the wheel for the 1st time in Omaha + took it to No. Platte (I think) where Kathy took over + got to Laramie, Wyo. Thurs about 7 a.m. And I got somewhere between there + Elk Mtn, Wyo. There was snow + ice on the road, thought I was getting ~~the~~ the hang of it pretty well — even Kathy was settling down to sleep when I hit a patch that sent us skidding. Kathy yelled "Go with the skid!" but the skid was going right over this bridge we were on. We smashed out 3 slats in the guard rail, made a 360° spin-around (I thought, OK, that's it now) but we made another donut, skidding backwards + honest to God, I thought:

We're not going to stop! We're going backwards off this bridge! — And then we stopped & it was completely silent. It happened so fast, & yet it seemed to go in slow motion. We both sat staring straight ahead. Kathy said her nose was bleeding, but there was no blood. I began getting out to look at the car, thinking we could just turn and keep driving, & Kathy had to tell me to turn the car off first. My whole body just sank when I saw the busted radiator, the anti-freeze we'd just put in pouring into the snow. It was all so unreal. The right front tire had blown & the front axle was bent. We waved at truck drivers who waved back & we hoped that meant they'd CB the cops. We were both so in shock, all the fight in us drained. All I could think was — we're still here, we're still alive. Sat in the cop car as he found the car hadn't been registered since 1969 — the plates on it registered to a name we never heard

of. Cop asked if I'd seen the signs that the chain law was in effect; said yes but had no idea where to get them. Had to show him my temporary license with my correct-taped new name on it, hoping he wouldn't run a check on the number which was under my female name. He didn't. He simply wanted to fill out his report, it seemed. Johnney's pride + joy car... The cop says, "Well, Louis, this is what we're going to do. You're not going to jail...." (thank God! Didn't even want to deal with the men's vs. women's jail scene) Fined me $55. The tow truck took us 18 mi. to Elk Mtn + the guy radioed the lot that he had 2 people who needed a ride into town, "Caucasian couple, straight-looking." Had he only known Kathy's purse was full of illegal drugs + I wasn't a man! Pretty funny when you think of it. And then the guy says to the woman on the other end, "I'm workin' my way back to you, babe" and Kathy + I look at each other, defeated. The guy parks it, we get a ride into Raw-

lins, catch the next Greyhound to SF. Both so dazed, so drained, just wanted home. Kathy slept almost all the way. Every time I began dozing off I felt like the bus was skidding off the road + would awake with a start. Reached SF Friday noon. And Greyhound lost my luggage for 24 hrs. Wasn't until Monday I began feeling back to normal — tho I smashed my hand + it was swollen + very sore, still is. — What a thoroughly physically + emotionally sapping experience. — I came back to the letter of rejection from Stanford's Gender Dysphoria Program.

3-22-80

Honest to God. What a night! My 3 most beloved passions in this city — all at once at the same place! — Went to see Ray's band but the place they were supposed to be at was closed down. Went to hear my 2nd most favorite band, Soul Rebels, whose drummer

makes me wild. And then! There's the singer from 391! God! And then! There's Ray! I cruised the singer + in no time he caught my eye. But he looked away fast + then purposely he looked back, our eyes met, he raised his glass to me + I to him + we drank. I almost died. And then he looked back again. I was going wild. He was talking to many people, very speedy, looking around, nervous, drugs, impatience. And then he was coming toward me, + walk by me. I stood in his path, so many people there it was unnoticable. And when he was next to me, I put my hand out + lightly ran my hand over the front of his pants, over his penis. He stopped, suddenly his nervous activity broken. He looked down at himself, stunned, my hand was gone + he walked on abruptly. I'll do anything! That's what I wanted to say to him: "I'll do anything!" I go over to Ray + he asks "How's your sex life?" I screw up my face, shake my head, yell into his ear over the music, "Bad doggies." Ask how's his? + he

says he's still recuperating from 2 wks ago. Big deal. Hot stuff. P.U. Meanwhile the drummer of Soul Rebels. My ultimate passion. This guy has no flaws. He talks only to other guys. His soul haunts me. I can never catch his eye. Their band plays + I'm lost in him. Jack said I'm always on the off-beat, but this drummer + I beat the same! And he's so goddamn dirty! He's filthy! He drums so solid, so solid, and he does not move above his elbows or above his waist. His face turned down to one side, his beautiful wavy hair in his eyes, his arms solid muscle. I can't believe it when he takes off his shirt. His chest hard + lean. He beats solid + unmoving. I'm lost in him. And then - I can't believe it! - he unbuckles his belt, opens it, unsnaps his pants, loosens his zipper + begins the last song. I do not believe it.

He is sexual. Sexuality. He drums naked from the waist up, and his pants opened, loosened, he doesn't care. The place is closing, the band is done + he's taking his drums apart meticulously - something I've watched him do several times. His pants still opened. Many people talk to him but he is silent + cold, unattached, in his own world. Even to the girl he kisses goodbye. He <u>must</u> notice me; he sees me lost in him, our eyes FINALLY meet + he nods, takes a swig of his beer. I take hold of his thin, hard calf + say "You are the tightest goddamn drummer in this city." He laughs quickly, nervously, looking away while I say, "Honest to God. I can't believe it."

3-29-80

So [redacted] phones me Thurs nite after getting a copy of the letter I wrote Stanford to say he supported me in any way for the surgery. Told me to contact a Dr. [redacted] here in SF - he did his chest surgery

— and also told me about another endocrinologist Dr. [redacted], if [redacted] gives me any hassle. [redacted] asked how my love life is + I told him "bad doggies" but that I'm beginning not to care too much. Said if I could get my chest done by the end of this year I'd be really happy, but he said hell, I should shoot for the end of April! Said I should get a Prudential insurance policy cuz they pay for the surgery. Friday found out Burlow, my young boss, is being promoted to Chicago. Too bad — I was finally getting to like him. He was rushing to catch his plane + in the foyer of the office told me the night before he'd had dinner with 3 of our salesmen + told them about me + got no bad reactions at all. Told him I'd like a letter of recommendation before he leaves + he said of course. The office manager, [redacted] talked to Mr. [redacted] in Hdqtrs Personnel + told him about me + the guy seemed very cooperative + agreed to change my employment records + wished me luck! This support is overwhelming! Wakefield asked me again if I'd prefer he call me by my male name + again I said no, it's not necessary. But later Colleen,

who was my closest friend there last yr, told me she feels funny calling me Sheila now + she'd like to call me Lou. Then I began thinking maybe it is easier for them to call me Lou + so told [redacted] maybe I'm being insensitive + if it makes him feel more comfortable to call me Lou, then I'd be delighted. He said it was strange cuz there are no precedents here + we just have to make it up as we go along. Then he tells me he + [redacted] put in for a raise for me (!) even tho they know I'm leaving soon + my responsibilities are dwindling down, I think, to near nothing. Made an appt to see [redacted]. The receptionist asked if I'd been crossliving for 2 years. Said no, but I've been crossdressing + passing for 7. She seemed impressed. Said I must bring a letter from [redacted] re: his hormone therapy + the letter from [redacted]. Called Prudential but they won't sign me up by mail + the guy tried to make me come see him + I put him off til Monday. Don't know how to handle this — tell them? They won't give me a policy when they know I just plan to

cash in on it. Shit. Saw [redacted] for a shot & again asked him for some testosterone to use topically on my clit. He gave me some bull how the only M→F's who've had breast cancer were those who used estrogen topically & there's no tests on topical use of testosterone & he knows no other F→M's doing that & they're all satisfied & I should tell [redacted] to give me a copy of a medical reference re: topical use first. Well that really pissed me off. [redacted] told me too that there's no reason I should have to be going in there every 2 wks for a $15 shot when he can prescribe them & I can give them to myself at 10 shots for $27.50. So I walked out of [redacted]' office intending never to go back. Took my paycheck to the bank & for the 2nd time in a row the teller fumbled with the check made out to Sheila being cashed by this guy with a mustache. So I went to the bank manager (who recognizes me & says "hi" when I come in) & told him I had an unusual request & thought I should see him personally. Gave him my [redacted] letter & told him I need to change my acct as his tellers are getting

flustered. Told him I felt I should get a joint acct cuz I'll be getting checks in both names at least for a while + he advised I get my account under "Louis G. Sullivan, AKA Sheila Sullivan." So he instructed the New Accounts clerk so; they were calling me "gentleman" + "Louis" + it was handled smoothly. The woman was a little taken aback, I think, tho she was very helpful + courteous. I kind of don't like my acct like that — as every teller will raise their eyebrows — but when I get it all changed to Louis, I can get rid of the Sheila. The signature card flipped me out: I didn't even realize how I changed my last name: Sheila Sullivan AND Louis G Sullivan. Fem + butch, hey? — God, if I can get my chest done for this summer, I'll be so ecstatic I'll want to die!

4-3-80

So Mary Ellen had a party the 29th. Got all dudded up. Some young blonde who came with a friend of a friend was there + I had a great time flirting

& putting the move on her. She definitely was getting off on it, flirting back. Kathy pretended she didn't know me so she could hear what Blondie was saying about me. She'd said she thought I was "real cute" but that I was "too forward." Which was bullshit cuz she was flirting with me just as much, tho I wasn't playing hard to get like she was. Bridg asked what I've done if she did want to go home with me & I would have taken all her clothes off but left mine all on so she wouldn't find out. Actually I'm glad she didn't becuz only her face & hair were attractive, her body was fat & unappealing. She made a few remarks that hinted she thought I was a gay guy, but I acted innocent of all charges. Also had a neat man-to-man talk with Rusty's friend, Kenny, about the downfalls of being married, having kids, etc. He knows about me & likes me pretty much, I think. At 4 a.m. Sunday I left the party to walk home & felt so free &

alive as I watched the sky dawn; no one on the streets but me. — We have a new employee at Wilson, a 45-yr-old woman friend of Colleen's. She knows I'm female, but the day she interviewed for the job she called me "he." Colleen later told me the woman said she just can't call me Sheila, because as far as she's concerned I'm a "he." It's that first impression again ... it's true that anyone meeting me now <u>has</u> to see me as a male ... it's a real compliment to know that's true. Colleen told me I should talk to this woman to reassure her it's OK she calls me Lou, because apparently she's afraid she'll offend me cuz she can't see me as a female. Hardly! — Office mgr just told me Hdqtrs Personnel says they can't change my records til after my surgery. I protested that if the State of Calif will issue me a new ID & if Social Security will change my records, Wilson <u>has</u> to. He agrees & says he'll continue to fight for it. So I just have to get

HELP GOODWILL INDUSTRIES
HELP THE HANDICAPPED

Mr. Louis D. Sullivan

[redacted]

[redacted]

Erma [redacted]

... he said
to clinch it.

-18-80
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contact.

After the bars closed, I took my

more supporting documents ... he said the Social Sec change ought to clinch it.

4-18-80

Well, I'm doing pretty damn good. It truly is wonderful how good I feel, waking up in the morning, facing weekends, or evenings alone. I feel so so relaxed & self-satisfied. I never knew how fine it felt to feel attractive & worthy, to feel sexual and self-aware. My body tingles all day long. I feel electrified. Where before I felt like my body wasn't even there, that I was living in a dream, watching myself as tho I were on TV, now I feel so sensual and strong and vibrant. — Last Friday went to the Social Security Admin, filled out their green card for a change in my records. Handed it to the clerk; he seemed a bit confused, went in the back somewhere & came back saying "no problem." That night to the bars. Danced very well with one young beauty but afterwards he split. I was drunk & so damn starved for physical contact. After the bars closed, I took my

position leaning against a building on Polk Street, like all the other young hustlers. Watched 2 older men talking to a boy. One of the men rubbed his own crotch & saw me ~~[illegible]~~ watching. Came over to me, talked a few minutes about the hustlers & soon were touching each other. He was a very "screaming faggot" type, about 45 years old, but with a lean enough body. Told him I lived close by. He drove us there & we sat in his parked car & he took his cock out. I sucked it. He said "let's just do it here..." I think he was scared I might rob him or something (I had on my black leather jacket policeman-look). But I said no, let's go upstairs, but my conditions are that I don't take off my clothes, that I have a birth defect I don't want him to see, but that I'll do him. Once inside I sucked him more. I poured drinks, he spent a long time telling me how to cut my hair. And always suddenly he'd push my head down onto his cock. I sucked like mad & go so turned on.

He kept saying he wished he could fuck my "sweet boy's ass." I decided to risk it ... I was so turned on + drunk. Told him I wanted him to fuck me; I planned to lay flat on my stomache + hope he didn't see, cuz he was pretty blotto too. But he told me to get up on my knees + get my ass up + he stood next to the bed while I knelt on the edge + he was fucking my ass, then my cunt. I figured he HAD to know what he was doing, where he was + when I cringed + got worried he said "Get your ass up and keep it up! It's all okay. Everything is all right. Okay?" And I figured he was telling me he knew, but didn't care. (Of course I kept all my clothes on above my waist.) But then later it seemed he didn't know! It was like he still figured I was a boy, but that my "birth defect" was I had no cock. And he couldn't really tell the difference when his cock was in my ass or my cunt! Too much! When I told him what my scene was, he was truly surprised. He whimpered a few times how this must mean he's really not a queer after all, etc, but I told

him to "cut it out, I'm a boy." But it didn't stop him cuz he fucked me like I couldn't believe. Told him I wanted it in the ass, which really amazed him, & he'd always ask if he was in "the right place." I mean, this guy's stamina was incredible. A few times he got me on my back with my ankles on his shoulders & fucked my ass. I was so hot! Sucked him more. He said I was such a good cocksucker & fuck that I'd put a lot of boys to shame. What a fine compliment! Brought out my dildo & set it down without a word, & he used it on whichever hole he wasn't fucking. He said I had a good waist! Twice he said he's glad I didn't try to 69 with him & I told him I would never have done that. He kept calling me a sweet boy & the whole thing turned out so fine. He actually wore me out & I fell asleep & he snuck out. When I awoke Saturday morn, he was gone. — [redacted] said next shot he'll give me the prescription so I can give them to myself. It's freaked me out that though he's

had me COME IN for the shot every 2 wks, he has never once fully examined me since I began the shots. Each visit I'm weighed (125-6 lbs) + about every 3rd visit he's taken my pulse + blood pressure, but he's never made me take off my clothes to fully see the effects — he's never seen my jiggly back, hairy legs, enlarged clit...

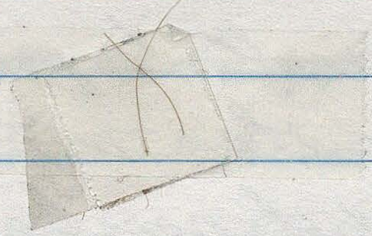
4-20-80

For her birthday took Kathy [redacted] to a male strip show, a new "for women only" sensation lately. (I only got in because I was "escorted by a woman.") I must say it was extremely sexy. The men were all gorgeous in their own right + in the briefest bikini briefs with their cocks fully outlined, they went from table to table in the audience + the women pawed to their hearts' content. Kathy said she got several handfuls of "furry balls." While she was ravaging one sweet youngman, he reached over + shook my hand + said, "You're a good sport." I smiled + kissed the back of his hand. HAHA Later she got together with one of the dancers.

He asked if I were her "husband" & when she said no, just a good friend, he wanted to know if I was gay. Kathy told him it was "situational," a good way to put it. He sat with her and I sat off to the side. At one point he put his bare foot up on a railing where my arm was casually dangling & I nonchalantly & secretly began fondling his toes. He slowly moved away. Later we sat on either side of Kathy & I began rubbing her thigh & reaching up her skirt just for fun & to my surprise found his hand there too! I caressed his hand. He didn't pull away right away. He told Kathy what I'd done & again asked her if I was gay & said he thought I was. Kathy & I hoped for a 3-way but I guess he was pretty against having sex with men. So too bad. She got to go home with him & I got to go home with my fantasies. Those few touches, that mere thought of me as a man caressing his hand was 10 times more erotic & satisfying to me than if I'd have gone home as a female with him. — My voice is reaching a lower pitch. All

of a sudden it seems. I'm going from an adolescent boy's voice to a man's. And it's not cracking as much. Wish I'd get whiskers or my mustache'd fill out!

2 LONG hairs growing under my chin ... had to trim 'm →



4-25-80

Was just "verbally assaulted" on the bus going to work by some high school kids. I just don't know where it came from! I got up to get off at my stop + one boy said, "Hey, are you wearing a bra or what?" when I was conveniently past him so he didn't really direct the question to me. I didn't react, hoping he didn't mean me, knowing he did. A woman in the aisle looked right at me, as she saw they were talking about me. I met her eyes and she looked at me curiously. A few other comments were made by kids, but I closed my ears in momentary panic and didn't hear. Then a girl said, "That's a girl, you can tell by the way he walks ... watch." A boy said, "That's becuz

he's gay." And then I got off. I can't understand <u>what I did wrong!</u> I've been feeling so very passable, thinking no one could ever tell. Really fucked my confidence. Even tho last night at a gay bar a Mexican guy was putting the heavy make on me, saying over & over what an attractive man I am, and that he's looking for a steady relationship with a man like me ...

5-5-80

This anticipation is just too much. My adrenalin is rushing so much I'm not going to have my usual 3rd cup of coffee this morn ... I'm jazzed up enough. ~~[illegible]~~ Falces this afternoon. I'm not banking on a yes-or-no answer today, but it'd sure be nice. Figure he'll jack me around a while before deciding whether to do me or not. I'm so looking forward to my flat chest. Dillon sent me a picture of his & its so beautiful, even with the scars. Karl had his done a few weeks ago. I <u>deserve</u> to have it done! Mary said I could stay with her for a week after the operation & she'll nurse me.

Every weekend I've be setting one afternoon aside to lay in the sun. My arms + legs are looking great... but I want to tear off my binder, pull my shirt off over my head + let that sun beat on the acne on my back, tan my stomach which is just beginning to firm up, lose that female fat. I deserve to have that pleasure, that freedom, that relief. I deserve to be able to be naked under my shirts like every other guy, to be able to stand with my shoulders thrown back without worrying if my binder is showing, without tensing my back from the bindings, to be able to breathe freely. This torture has gone on long enough. I want to look in the mirror while lifting my weights + see a strong healthy body, not the hodge-podge of flesh I see now. I deserve to press a man against my solid hard chest, feel his against mine, and have him feel mine against his. That's what my heart feels, that's

what I want to express to him. I have learned to love my body — to finally be able to touch my nipples while masturbating + feel sexual about it — and I think I deserve to have my body relax with me. It will be like a miracle to look at myself, to run my hand over my chest, and to feel me.

I wish I could cry my happiness all out. It's overflowing, swelling inside me. July 15th. I'm not crazy, I'm not living in a dream world. I'm not pretending any more. I will have a man's chest. I will be a man. Oh, God, I don't know how to believe it's true. It's too good. It's too good. I know now: I can do anything. I can be anything I want. I can challenge the wind....

I love dealing with these professionals, like [redacted], this guy (Dr. Edward [redacted]) just

buzzed into the room, said he'd read my files ([redacted]'s records, [redacted]'s letter) and it looked like I'm a very good candidate and under the care of very competent people. He asked how long I've had these feelings + I said from 1973 to '76 I crossdressed full-time. He told me the different surgical methods he can use + that I was borderline in breast size where he may be able to do the "keyhole" method of just cutting around + working through the nipple; but if that didn't work he'd have to cut across the breast + reposition the nipple. Asked if there was any history of cysts or tumors in breasts in my family + I told him yes, my youngest sister. So he said he'd remove all the breast tissue so I'd never get breast cancer. Told me to concentrate on skin care — discontinue washing with Phisohex + use Betadine to clear up my acne. Told me to build up my pectoral muscles as much as possible — put my hands on my hips + press in as an isometric

exercise. Said I'd be in the hospital 1-2 days after surgery, should take off work 2 weeks, though I may feel like going back earlier than that. - It's incredible the wave of relaxation that has swept over me in the past few hours. Walking down the street, I didn't even have to concentrate on untensing my facial muscles (which I realize are so often twisted up). I can look passersby right in the eye + openly smile + face attractive people, instead of hoping they don't see me or feeling totally inferior to them.

July 15!

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