

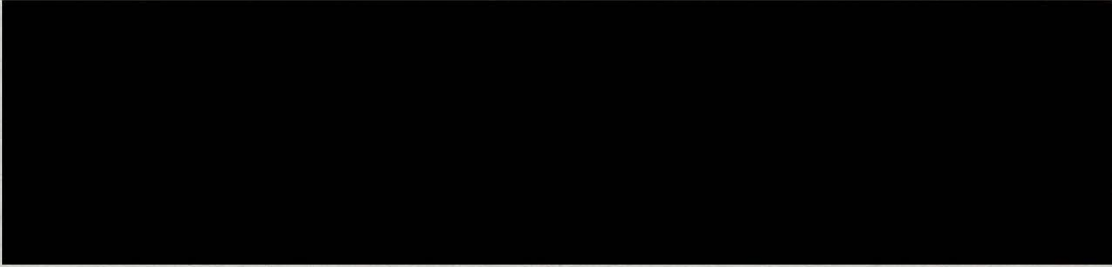
RECORD

1987

RECORD

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LOUIS GRAYDON SULLIVAN



JAN. 25, 1987

John arrived in San Francisco from Milwaukee last night and is very upset about my diagnosis. He's studying the AIDS virus literature and is dreaming up ways to combat it.

I know this is terrible, especially to write in a diary I hope to publish one day, but it's bothering me a lot since a phone call from ma + Grandmother this afternoon. When I was talking to ma, she assured me that she would be right by my side the whole time I will be deathly sick and she'll hold me in her arms my last moments. But that is not how I want to die — I do not want to be in the clutches of mourners when I take my last breath. So how DO I want to die? In whose arms would I like to be? I read the obituaries of the other gay men who are dying of AIDS and it really chokes me up with emotion when it says they died in the arms of their lovers. But I haven't a lover, and one who may materialize between now +

Then may not be close enough to my heart to merit those last moments with me.

How do I want to die? I would like to be alone. Does that sound crazy? I have always envisioned myself laying on my death bed and looking back to reassess what I've done on earth. I have always said that, when I'm laying there, I will be the only one that matters, and I don't want to have to realize that I wasted my life or didn't accomplish what I wanted to. I will be the only one laying there knowing whether I loved it or not, and when I am laying there and knowing I'm ending my time here, I want to be alone and at peace with myself.

How can I make that clear to everyone, that this solitude in death — which everyone fears — is precisely what I want

2/1/87

Nothing's changed. I feel about the same as I did when I got out of the hospital... maybe a little stronger. John's still here + is a good influence on me to eat 3 meals a day and take it easy. He + I went to the store to buy me a new stereo + tape deck - something I needed (I had been using Tom's) to tape Jack's 78 rpm records, mostly. I decided the way things are going, if I plan on doing something or buying something, I better do/buy it NOW.

This afternoon went to a documentary about gay parents ("NOT ALL PARENTS ARE STRAIGHT") with the cerebral palsy guy from the gay disabled men's support group. I haven't decided whether to go back to that group, or join up with an AIDS support group. Everything's on hold right now. Tonight John + I went bowling with Tom's brother, Fred. I am very complimented that he wants to continue our friendship so actively. Tom's mother has committed to

hand sewing a pair of curtains for my bedroom + that's one helluva job.

Told Steve [REDACTED], a newly emerging female-to-male gay man, that I had AIDS and he was greatly saddened. I could hear him hyperventilating over the phone when I talked about it. He's still a she, but seems little doubt in my mind that he'll go all the way, and successfully. I'm glad there's another one of me to carry on after I kick.

John's reading my first draft of the Jack Garland story + his comments / suggestions are most helpful. I sent a "letter of inquiry" to a literary agent in S.F. - are they interested in the J.B.G. story? I attended a lecture this agent gave a few years back. We'll see.

2/3/87

The statistics are 2,853 San Franciscans (population about 700,000) have contracted AIDS

(Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrom) and 1,707 have died. In California 6,795 cases and 3,116 deaths. In the U.S. 29,582 cases and 16,847 deaths. And it is very likely that not all cases have been called AIDS when it was.

Embarrassed people are saying their relatives died of "cancer". In San Francisco this past month (Jan. 1987) 93 new cases of AIDS were reported, and I suppose I was counted among these statistics. 73 San Franciscans died of it last month. That's more than 2 a day...

Went to the AIDS Clinic doc at UC Med Center today. He reported that they'd checked the blood I gave them 2 weeks ago + everything looks fine. Good news is I gained 3 lbs. ... well, maybe only 2 because this time I wore my heavy motorcycle boots. I'm 124 lbs. He suggested I take an experimental drug that may possibly retard the spreading of the AIDS virus in my body + brain,

called AZT. Have to take it every 4 hrs. "indefinitely", even waking up in the middle of the night. He gave me the consent form to look over + in 2 weeks I should tell him if I do / don't want to take it, and if yes, it'll take another 3 weeks before I'll actually get the drug.

Saw Leon, the

neighbor, a gay black man, and told him I must be in a heavy duty denial stage because I was so tempted to ask the doc if those recent blood tests still showed I have AIDS. I guess I just can't believe it. Leon said on the contrary he felt like I was in the acceptance stage because I knew my urge to ask the doc was a denial urge. That made me feel more peaceful — that I am instead in an acceptance stage.

I had a list of questions for the doc: ① What are airborne sicknesses? Do I have to worry about being in the same room

with and breathing the same air as someone with a cold or flu? Or must they sneeze in my face? He said I needn't be worried about colds/flu, as I would recover from them as usual, but tuberculosis is the only airborne disease I must avoid. (2) John especially has been warning me not to get too near my birds because their "spores" will get me. The doc said ~~pigeons~~ pigeons were the only birds that could transmit a disease to me, that my lovebirds + Tim's cockatiel could be on my shoulder, no problem. (3) I asked how long the virus could live outside the body? I gave ~~the~~ ^{an} example of a kleenex with a bloody zit I popped. He shook his head + said it was such a negligent possibility of the virus being so transmitted that the question is moot. (4) Last I asked him if I'm going to just keel over one day + die suddenly, or will I be sick + then die? He smiled + nodded.

Finally told Michelle, the

office manager at the investment
banking firm downtown that has
me "on call" for word processing
that I have AIDS & didn't know
if I could work for them without
jeopardizing my Social Security/
Medi Cal benefits. She ~~agreed~~
I should say: suggested that
they pay me cash "under the
table" because "what would they
do without me"? That I could
work as little or as much as I
was able. What great news!
Of course they still know nothing
about my transsexual background
and I think this is really the
first time we've "understood"
that I'm a gay man. So I did
some database entry for 3 hrs,
for them tonight.

Also did a few hours
of bookkeeping & other paperwork
for Tom today.

2/5/87

Had a dream last night that I was
playing with my little cock and it
grew to about 8" long. John

walked in by accident and was amazed at how big it was & he offered to suck it for me. Which of course I immediately agreed to. He sucked it for a while, but I didn't feel anything, and the dream was over.

2/6/87

Saw Cuca yesterday - she's pregnant! and very happy about it. She's one gutsy strong right-on woman. She handles this female/male dichotomy better than anyone I know... really has a way of cutting thru the bullshit. Of course, she still only knows me as a gay man & knows nothing of my transsexual past. I really dreaded telling her my news, but of course I had to, and, for the second time since I found out about this, I felt myself welling up with tears, because I felt so sad having to tell her such sad news. Her first reaction was to take my hand in hers & she said "You know I'll never leave you, Louie."

2/9/87

Bert's (the guy who was killed with Patrick) brother lives nearby in a houseboat he built, and John contacted him. So yesterday we went on his boat, which is powered by a diesel-engined paddle (like in Mark Twain's *on the Mississippi*), out onto the S.F. Bay, under the Golden Gate Bridge and down near Alcatraz. A beautiful day & the most fun I've had in a long time.

John introduced me to Ebby (Bert's brother) as his brother Lou. Poor Ebby was so confused. He was certain John's only brother was killed with his only brother, and he looked so confused that I said to him, "The reason you don't remember me is because I had a sex change from a girl. I used to be Sheila." Well, he seemed relieved! Later, when out on the boat, he & I were alone a few minutes, and I wanted to give him an opening in case he had questions or wanted to discuss it, so I

asked him, "Do you remember meeting me when I was Sheila?" He said, oh, yes, but that he didn't know I had any gender concerns. I said, yeah, it's been the major thing on my mind since I'm 22. He just said "oh" and that was the end of the conversation. I think someone came within earshot. I'm sure the only other time we'd met was at Pat's funeral.

Called the doc this morning because in the last few days I've developed a largish bump on the left side of the back of my neck, and another one on the right side between the back of my neck + my shoulder. The latter bump feels like it could be an underground pimple forming. But the former bump worries me — it may just be a swollen gland, but it may also be a tumor or some shit.

I know I can expect to get swollen lymph glands, but I guess I don't know where all of those are.

Ma called today — she plans to

call me every week to see how I am. She asked me to get a letter from Brownstein verifying that he completed my surgery because she "wants to try something." I guessed, "Oh, you're going to go after my birth certificate change again, huh?" She admitted it.

Then she suggested we go to Hawaii or someplace together. I said yes, I'd like that, especially because the Honolulu Library has newspaper microfilm with articles about Jack Garland which I can't get through Inter-Library Loan. I'd like to go get them. She said we should go together for a memorable event.

2/13/87

Picked up my cash from downtown & the female office manager asked what should she tell the bosses about my health. I said tell the truth, that I think it's good that people see those with AIDS so it's not just another

newspaper story, & also said it made it easier on me because I didn't have to lie & make up stories.

Tom's mother finished sewing curtains for my bedroom & they are really beautiful. Need some minor ~~trap~~ touch-ups but they're just what I wanted.

Jim, John & I went to see a play tonight, Bent, benefiting the S.F. Bay Area Gay & Lesbian Historical Society.

A "Transsexual / Transvestite Support Group for People with AIDS" meets Monday at a mental health clinic here. That should be interesting.

Mary [REDACTED], Rusty & the kids move into their new home in Oakland tomorrow.

Seems like the swelling in the back of my neck is going down. The dental hygienist I saw this morn says they are lymph glands back there.

2/16/87

Went to see [REDACTED] this morning & he kind of pissed me off. He didn't ask me to undress so he could look at me, but ushered me into his office & said we'd decide whether to do the surgery! I said I definitely wanted it & he said I should ask my U.C. doc what will happen if I get an infection. Once I get an answer, then we'll schedule the surgery for next week. He was very concerned about himself — would he get AIDS if he stuck himself with the needle he'd use to sew me up? and he said a black nurse who'd be attending agreed to sew me up if he didn't want to. Pisses me off. I asked if this is a common normal occurrence that he's sticking himself with needles. He of course said "no, but" That was the whole appointment. We could have done it over the phone. HE should have phoned my U.C. doc when I gave them the number weeks ago & asked

him the questions that concerned him. I think [redacted] just wanted to look at my face to see how sick I looked, or something.

Then this afternoon went to a social service agency that advertised a new support group starting up for transsexuals and transvestites with AIDS! Talk about minority groups. I was very curious to see who'd be there, but I was the only one. Even the people who organized the group didn't show up. One male-to-female came who didn't have AIDS, I think just so she could talk non-stop to a captive audience about how great she is. Plus she was one of these very butch M→F's ... sitting like a man, very male body language, cleaning "her" teeth with a toothpick while sitting in this office, etc. Very annoying. She'd heard of me + knew of my F→M booklet + that made me feel proud. She also remembered seeing me at the Pacific Center years ago.

2/17/87

Saw [redacted] today + signed up for his experimental drug AZT.

Eldon [redacted] phoned this morn to urge me to get an illegal drug from Mexico he thinks will help me. He just talked non-stop without even asking me how I've been doing. I told him it'd be ~~crazy~~ crazy for me to tell my doc he's wrong + run off after some cure... That there's a million different treatments for AIDS + everyone is sure theirs is the best. He wasn't too happy with my response.

I gained 2 more pounds and am now 126 lbs.! — what I used to be in 1979 when I first began hormones. So I'm really happy about that and believe if I can continue to up my weight, I'll be healthier + more able to fight off these diseases I'm supposed to be getting.

I had my list of questions for [redacted] — asked him for [redacted] what will happen if I get an infection from the surgery + [redacted] said I should have

no problem with "bacterial infections."
Asked him about the drug Eldon was
hawking (isoprenoyene) + [REDACTED]
said it had made people worse + he
didn't believe in it, but he does
believe in the AZT. What about this
week's vacation in Hawaii ma wants
to go on? He said I have to report
to him every week when first on AZT,
but later every 2 weeks, and then I
could go. Last, I asked him if I
have to worry about "getting AIDS"
anymore; that is, can I have "unsafe
sex" with another guy who has AIDS
or can I get "more AIDS" from him?
Of course he advised against any
unsafe sex, saying I could expose
myself to other viruses, and that
he felt, yes, one can get "more
AIDS." The AZT should be in in 3
weeks.

2/18/87

So [REDACTED] says he'll give me my
left testicular implant on the 27th.
I hesitate to get excited or too
hopeful that I'll finally be complete.
So many obstacles have stopped me.

2/19/87

Well, I was right.

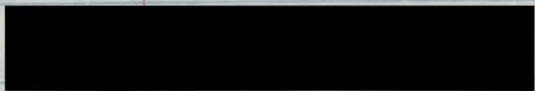
can't see his way clear to do me until March 5. Two more weeks. It's just torture - every day - to try to be comfortable in this deformed body. Just the thought of having 2 balls is enough to wake up all my senses, and the reality of my one labia / one testicle is enough to shut down any eroticism I might feel towards myself.

At the last minute I decided to go to the disabled gay men's support group & am glad I did. I'm sitting here trying to say WHY I'm glad I went, but can't put my finger on it. Suffice to say it was only the 3rd time I've felt tears thinking about how sad my situation is with this fucking AIDS diagnosis. I know I'd rather just keep busy & not think about it, but that doesn't allow me to reach the next stage & "get over it", if there is such a thing as getting over this alive.

State Disability Insurance

sent me my first check for \$352
to cover the past 29 days.

2/25/87

 secretary called
to ask if I wanted to change my
surgery date from Thursday Mar 5
to Monday the 2nd. I told her that
was the best news I've had in a
long time. I'm almost there!!

2/26/87

Found out I've been approved to
receive Medi-Cal payments, so the
government will pay all my medical
bills. Got my second State Disability
Insurance check for 14 days - \$170.

Am feeling strong + fine, but
there's something wrong with my
taste buds, or my saliva. Most
dairy products taste sour to me:
especially cottage cheese, sour cream,
sometimes butter, milk, cheese,
cream. Too bad, cuz those are the
things I mostly eat. It's been
this way since I've gotten sick,
but I thought it'd go away.
It's gotten worse.

3/1/87

Heard Paul [redacted] speak at the gay old men's group this afternoon on "Pedophilia + Cross-Dressing - Are They Gay Issues?" which of course they are not - most "pedophiles" and most transvestites are hetero identified. He came over + sat next to me + was genuinely pleased to see me. During his talk to the group he said he has seen professionally four female-to-males who identified as gay men, "more than anyone else has seen" he boasted. He also said the first sex change surgery was in 1919 ~~in~~ and was a female-to-male procedure.

Speaking of procedures, I go in for my left ball tomorrow and I'm already feeling myself emerging from this fog that has kept me non-sexual and unsocial... and unhappy. It is a miracle to imagine that I will be complete and "regular," that I won't have to be

ashamed of my sexual side. I need to learn to love myself, now that I've spent the past 35+ years feeling like a spirit dragging around an outer shell. I told the moderator of the gay disabled men's group that I feel I never understood the meaning of sex and that I feel that this "important" aspect of life has just passed me by + I've missed out entirely on that supposedly essential part of living. It's true. I mean to quickly remedy that in the however-many years it is I have left.

In fact a new gay men's group is forming for guys with a small dick, or, as the ad read, "hung like hamsters." I sent for their membership application. I have to work fast if I'm ever going to get in touch with the sexual man in me. Jack-off clubs have become very popular since AIDS, because it's considered "safe sex." I really want to go into these clubs + watch guys play with themselves and

each other and being able to go
there as one of them, to do what
they do and feel how they feel.
When I fantasize about this,
my mind suddenly becomes clear
and joyous. I feel so brutalized
having now to deal with this
AIDS disease. Now, when I finally
will be able to undress and
feel proud — now my body
harbors and transmits a deadly
germ. Why have I been cursed
this way? It's evident that
I was never meant to experience
the ease with which people all
around me use their bodies.
Sexuality will always be a barrier
for me, a complication that
I must use to communicate
with a stranger.

The best fantasy I have,
I imagine that some gorgeous
youngman (maybe Tom!) is
sucking my little dick.
Now with this disease I
doubt I'll ever experience
that sensation. Or someone
fucking my sweet boy ass

while I make myself cum. But I'll probably never experience that either. I can't believe that this is true - that I won't ever experience these wishes. How can I be so doomed? so cursed? so ripped-off?? I've been a really good person my whole life + I deserve better.

3/3/87

So far so good. About 11:30 yesterday they hooked me up to an intravenous anesthetic and [redacted] put in my left testicular implant. Looks like it's in there good this time. It's tender but not as painful as the other times. The nurse said [redacted] did sew me up, too. Took a taxi home + John made dinner + waited on me. He was supposed to catch a train back to Milwaukee this morn, but missed it + will try again tomorrow morn. He's been good in influencing me to eat better, but these last few weeks he hasn't been so diligent and we've been eating less + he

has been a bad influence on me
by his smoking marijuana ALL
DAY LONG EVERY DAY. I have
to have some of it! The investment
banking firm downtown called me
to do some word processing for
them, unfortunately, so I told
them I had surgery to remove a
cyst from my testicle. If I
look, feel, think of my final
product genitals, I feel sexy!
and want to play with myself,
but oooch, ouch! I'm still
too sore. Swollen, yes, but no
bad bruising like before.
(Strike that last statement -
I just used a mirror and see the
whole underneath of my new
ball is black with bruising.
You ch!

3/9/87

All's well and I think this
implant's going to stay put.
I've walked a few blocks, using
the cane that Jack left here,
mostly to alert others I was
slow & shaky. Went to hear a

discussion about AZT by the Gay Democratic Club. They said all the AIDS victims that had pneumocystis and then take AZT eventually get the pneumonia again, but statistically after a longer period of wellness, compared with those who don't take AZT. Also you can take AZT and a drug to conquer the pneumocystis when you get it, too. I'm using diaper rash ointment where my balls rub against each other and where my new left ball rubs against my leg — the skin there is raw & when I urinate it burns. So until that all heals....

Have been making slow progress on the Jack Garland story. Wrote a long article for the next Gay Historical Society newsletter on "Members Works in Progress" about my biography.

I'm now approved by the government to receive Supplemental Security Income (SSI) and State Disability Insurance (SDI) payment. The government will also pay all my medical bills through Medi-Cal.

3/12/87

Yesterday I finally received an answer from literary agents Larsen & Pomada here in S.F. Wrote them Feb. 28 & yesterday received their printed brochure on which I think Elizabeth Pomada penned, "Elvira's story sounds super!" Then she underlined in the brochure "send first 30 pages & synopsis" of manuscript, and "send SASE". She also wrote "include phone number," in answer to which I should refer her to my first letter. So now I really have to get working on this manuscript. I sure hope this flies. I've got to do Garland's story justice.

Yesterday & today my left ball has bled through my underwear. Not all day, but enough to make me angry that he removed the stitches too early, and hopefully the implant isn't poking through. This BETTER be a take. I'm going to try

to sit ... lay in bed again tomorrow.

3/14/87

When I had my chest surgery, it was like I died one night and woke up in heaven with a flat chest. But this crotch surgery has been one long battle that is far from being won. I fear the old scars are weakening and breaking open. His incision is definitely separating & bleeding anytime I had continuous motion, i.e., walking. Today I just stayed in bed without pants to air it out & form a tough scab. Tomorrow & maybe Monday I'll also remain immobile. It's hard to just lay there as I have no slave to wait on me & I keep thinking of things that need to be done. But I must NOT lose this third implant. Everyone, including Steve [redacted], has told me to stay in bed. They held our 2nd female-to-male get-together this afternoon in Hayward. I didn't go, of course, & dear Steve were about 9 in attendance.

3/15/87

Tom's mother just phoned to ask how I'm doing. Of course she knows nothing of my TSism, or my surgery, but was only referring to my AIDS. She's such a good lady! I told her I was progressing on my Jack Garland story (she helped me translate from Spanish a letter by Jack's father to Jack's mother) and said she had "a feeling" that the book would be successful and that "the timing is right." And when Ramona has "a feeling" it means something — over the years I've seen how her "feelings" materialize into reality. We ended up talking about "what's ~~is~~ it all about?" and she emphasized that no one should be concerned about what others think of them, only what they feel they are inside. Made me wonder if her "feelings" have turned her into what ~~I~~ am, and also make me feel I should and must identify myself as a transsexual in my "About The Author."

3/17/87

I've made over \$1,100 selling my INFORMATION FOR THE FEMALE-TO-MALE booklet ... That's more than 200 copies sold! I'm so proud!

3/20/87

Just took my first dose of AZT, the drug that's hopefully supposed to prolong my life. It's only in experimental use, and, in fact, this evening's newspaper headlines says 'FDA APPROVES FIRST AIDS DRUG, AZT attacks virus, slowed progress of diseases in 5,000.' It says 5,000 is one quarter of all AIDS patients. The worst part of the article says, "Pneumocystic carinii patients," that's what I had, "usually live an average of 40 weeks from the time an infection first appears. The drug extends the number of months between the first and second bout of infection. Few survive their third infection."

40 weeks - less than a year.... This is just too brutal to be real. The good news is that I weighed in at the doctor's again

and I'm 131! That's up 5 lbs. in a month! That is wonderful news because the really sick guys are losing weight. I have only 2 pair of pants that fit my 31" waist now — I've got all 29" waist pants. Seems a shame to buy new pants + only wear 'em 40 weeks HA HA

Went to the Disabled Gay Men's Support / Therapy group last night + they were the ones to urge me to get the AZT. I've been putting it off for a week, using the excuse that I want to get healed up from my surgery first, because I am afraid to take AZT because of its toxicity. But the guy who instructed me on how to take the drug said headaches + nausea are the only side effects they've seen so far. I have to keep a record of exactly when I take a dose (every 4 hours, around the clock), any adverse effects, + my temperature twice a day.

I've been feeling real spacey & dizzy these past 2 days, and gassy & bloated.

3/24/87

Went to visit Kathleen Sunday & she claims she didn't know I have AIDS. She says she doesn't remember mom, Bridget or John visiting, or the whole joke how I've taken the "Sickest Sullivan" title away from her (Kath). Tim told me when we were alone that she is pretty out of it & has always been good at blocking what she doesn't want to know/hear, even before she got M.S. I guess why should I expect her to care about me, when it's obvious she doesn't even care about herself. Later I did some word processing downtown and later Eric of the Gay Historical Society came around to my place & we pasted up the March newsletter. I have the whole cover page, headline article, Members' Works in Progress, about Jack Garland.

Monday I almost by accident went to the transvestite / transsexual AIDS victim support group. As before I was the only TV/TB with AIDS at the "group." There were 2 counselors there, though, and as soon as I walked in the room, they both exclaimed that they've seen me before, heard me speak at the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality. Pretty pathetic that I'm the only one to show up.

Today donated a bunch of old clothes to the children's home where Cuca works. Later to Page Street to finish up the Gay Historical Society newsletter.

I think this AZT is making me tired + dizzy, kind of like I have a buzz on. My temperature, which I have to take twice a day, is often below normal!

3/26/87

Tom confirmed to me today that the AIDS blood test he took showed that he has not been exposed to the AIDS virus. Pretty strange.

I've got an unusual spot on the back of my hand - looks like a pox. I don't remember scraping or burning myself and it looks to "formed" - whitish inside + reddish around the edges. I'm so so scared it's one of the cancers that AIDS guys get. If it is, I don't think I'm going to be able to keep my cool about having this disease. I go to the doc tomorrow so they can check my progress on AZT.

3/28/87

Saw the doc yesterday - I'm 133 lbs. ! She said the spot on my hand isn't Kaposi's Sarcoma, but some "fungus," or "dry skin." And that normal temperature is considered in the range of one degree below to one degree above 98.6. I said I was sorry to have to say this, but I thought I had a vaginal yeast

infection and she gave me a cream prescription just on my word, saying if it was still a problem by my next week's appointment, she'd do an ~~exam~~ pelvic exam. On her own initiative she wrote a "note" to accompany the prescription to the pharmacist that "Mr. Sullivan has had a medical sex change and has symptoms of a vaginal infection. This prescription is not an error." Even so, the pharmacist looked confused until I brought the note to his attention. So I'm beginning my 2nd week on AZT.

That female doc asked if I ~~use~~ use my vagina for sex! I answered, "Not in the last 2 years," which is a slight exaggeration, but I figured that was none of her bees' wax.

So it seems like slowly, slowly the incision in my left ball is finally closing + healing. I can at least say this much: someone else may not

have as much fun with my body now than before the surgery, but I sure am!

I've just perfected the formation of two GIANT warts in the pubic hair just above my brand-new dick. I tell you, I've been jinxed somewhere along that part of life, as most people experience it, called fulfilling sexual experience with another person. I sure do enjoy my own fantasies much more. I'd hoped to make my body one that I could enjoy and flaunt in my sexual experience with others, but I finally got there and I got AIDS and two giant genital warts. Pretty disgusting. How ~~am~~ am I going to explain — how am I going to expect some pretty boy's lips (I've begun to fantasize about Tom's lips kissing & licking my new balls — God, he used to be gorgeous when we first got together) on me now. Seems ~~to~~ more worth my while to get it on for myself than try to get someone else involved in my

fantasy.

I keep thinking it's taking a LONG time for my surgery to heal; then I realize it's been less than a month! The old scars from the botched July insertion (along where my ~~left~~ left ball attaches to the leg) are still very white & mushy. I need to harden them up — by airing out, mostly.

3/30/87

Just read in B.A.R., the gay S.F. newspaper, that Allan Berube's lover of $3\frac{1}{2}$ years just died of AIDS. He died in Allan's arms. After I read that was about the fourth time I've felt like crying since I found out about myself. I wish I had someone in whose arms I could die. Anyway, I mailed a nice card to Allan.

A woman from New York who specializes in taking photographs of transgender people

came to Albion St. to photograph me.
Her name is Mariette Pathy Allen.
She took a lot of photos of me with
Jim's cockatid on my shoulder.
Said she's send me copies & hope
she does. She's had shows of her
photos & is trying to publish a book,
but she said publishers are hesitant
about her project, because "who
will buy such a book?"

3/31/87

The newspaper notes "As of March 20,
the federal Center for Disease Control in
Atlanta have noted 32,825 reported
cases of AIDS in the U.S. Of the total,
19,021 have died. There is no known
cure, and no one is known to have
recovered from the disease."

I GOT THE WALKIN' PNEUMONIA
But I'm feelin' good

4/10/87

Just finished my 3rd week on
AZT and so far no problems with
it. I've maintained my weight at
133 lbs. & the only real thing I've

noticed is I feel kind of spacey & forgetful. Not unlike marijuana.

My vaginal yeast infection is gone, thank God. My left ball is still not completely healed over - there's a tiny hole still scabbed, but the rest is scarring over nicely. The mushiness & rash have gone away. Last Friday I asked the doc for my "T4 helper cell count" which is the supposed crucial number in this immune deficiency, but she (they've given me a new female doc) said they don't even take that count for people in my condition because knowing the number won't at all change the treatment they're giving me, plus they "already know what's going to happen to people with my condition". Not very encouraging.

Monday I went to a lecture given by Project Inform, a group of gay men pursuing alternative treatment for the disease. After 3 hours they were still talking & I left with

the impression that I was "too far gone" since I've already had an opportunistic infection. I do need to call them to see if that's really what they meant.

Wednesday night alone in bed was the first time I really broke down + had a boo-hoo-hoo cry. It's now Friday night + I still have a sore throat + stuffed-up nose because of that cry. I feel so helpless + like all I can do is wait to croak. Any therapy or treatment I take is in vain. I feel pretty good right now, but statistics say I should be dead by November.

I know I have been delaying doing some things just because I don't want to face all this. One is to go down to the Shanti Project, a group that helps people with AIDS in whatever way they can. I guess I just don't know what to say once I get there. Do I want to join an "emotional support group" of other guys with the same thing

I got? I guess it's time for me to start admitting this is happening, instead of focussing on how good I feel at the moment and denying the Big Picture. I also need to investigate alternative therapies, even if I am "too far gone," such as vitamin therapy & the Chinese herbal therapy, which really worked on clearing my sinuses when Western medicine failed.

I guess I just feel that my body has been one big burden throughout my life, and getting this fatal disease ... one that can be transmitted to anyone who loves my body ... is just the last straw. Just knowing that this is the way I will be until I die is so hard to accept. I haven't been a very fortunate person in this life.

Finally got the first 30 pages of my Jack Garland story, along with a synopsis by chapter, to Larsen / Pomada

Literary Agents. Probably be a month before I hear back from them about what's next. In the meantime I'm continuing with the rest of the book.

Just found out today that I have been approved by the Social Security Admin. for disability benefits of \$650/mo. As I understand it, I will also receive \$340/mo. in State Disability, but only through 1987. I've been plenty worried about the few hours per week of work I've been doing - typesetting & book-keeping for Zamot Graphic Production - because I'm not supposed to be working at all pending this Social Security review.

I've been going around & around in my head, too, trying to decide if I should / shouldn't continue this work for Tom. It's not like I enjoy doing it so much but it is excellent money. It's also torment to be around Tom & act like we're "just friends." He rarely talks to me in a serious

rien; it's always this joking / kidding / foolishness. Finally I said to him, "That's right, Tom, just keep joking around so you'll never have to talk to me straight about anything serious." His reply: "Oh, Lou, you're just a bitter old man, that's what you are."

Right now I'm in a cabin in Tahoe City with Kathy & [redacted]. We rented it for the weekend just for fun & Kathy drove us up here. Tom is very curious to know who I'm up here with, but I would give him no answers & told him it was none of his business.

I really have to be logical & realistic, though, when thinking of him. I can get very sentimental thinking I'm still in love with him. But when I take a factual look at what our relationship has been like these past 2 years I have to say to myself, it's been far from "love."

I hate to think that my dream of being a man-loving man is doomed, especially now at this very moment when I've finally completed my surgery + am supposed to be adjusting to my new life + body. I still would like to believe that a few simple carnal pleasures can still be mine.

4/13/87

Could have used a few more days in Tahoe, but even those couple days were great. Sunday spent sitting at a picnic table in the snow working on Garland's story while Cheyney skied at Sugar Bowl Ski Resort.

Saw the U.C. doc again + I've gained another pound - now 137 lbs. Yesterday's newspaper said that four San Franciscans die of AIDS per day, but that "odds of survival are roughly doubled during the first year of taking AZT." And "to be effective, it must be taken for at least six weeks." I've just begun week #4.

Well, guess who phoned me tonight from Japan? Jim [REDACTED]
I was a little mad at him because I wrote to him about my illness & his letter in reply seemed very cold & unconcerned. Tonight he said it's only been in the last few weeks there's been any info in Japan about AIDS, so I guess he really wasn't aware of how serious it is. So it was great to hear from him.

Tom told me today that, if I wished to stop doing his bookkeeping, he would find someone else to do it. He said it in a nice way, responding to the irritated unhappy attitude I've had around him. I said I hadn't decided what to do, and that the bad mood I'm in when I come there to work is not so much the work, but that "sometimes it's hard for me" to be around him.

4/17/87

I finally called the Shanti Project, the outreach to People With

AIDS (PWA's). They sent Bruce [redacted] over to talk with me, an "emotional support counselor." He gave me the lowdown on all the gay men's jack off clubs in S.F. Am gathering up my courage to get out there.

4/18/87

Got my response from Larsen/Pomada Literary Agents sooner than I thought: "Dear Louis—Thanks so much for sharing the biography of Jack Bee Garland. It's intriguing, but I'm afraid I don't see the market for it. Keep at it! Good luck! Best, Elizabeth Pomada"

I don't understand why she can't see the market for it if it's so intriguing. I'm not very crushed, because it really would have been too good to have the Big Time promoters — the first ones I'd contacted — accept it right away. I may just end up going to the gay press for publication, like Alyson Press — which is

fine with me. You know I'd
much rather deal with gays
than straights.

4/21/87

The night before last, Mary
[redacted] birthed her third baby.

Rusty left Erin + Rory at my
apartment and the 2 kids + I
slept in my bed. The baby is a
boy + they're naming him Jack -
going to be hard getting used to
the association of the name Jack
with someone other than dad,
but all in good time, I guess.
All I know is dad Jack
would have been proud to have
one of his grandkids with his
name.

4/22/87

Today I began feeling that
tightness in my chest again +
it's not going away. I thought
I had 6 months before I got
pneumocystis again, and it's
barely been 4. Oh, God, I feel

so helpless. Tomorrow is going to be a Being Sick Day for me & maybe I can get it to go away. ^{Even as I wrote that,} I know I'm kidding myself.

This afternoon went to a gay man's apartment. He's a professional photographer doing a project called FACES OF AIDS — taking about 70 facial photos of people with AIDS & he was fascinated by me, as I told him the truth. (Originally when I volunteered he told me he already had enough people, but when I told him I was a female-to-male transsexual, he suddenly wanted me BAD.)

4/²³~~24~~/87

Am still feeling the tightness in my chest from yesterday — and feeling some panic — like what can I do to help myself? My gay men's disability group urged me to call the doctor tomorrow & my Shanti volunteer for emotional support. I called Kathy & she talked me up, to take a Vitamin C & 2 Thymsin capsules every hour & she'll come over tomorrow night with a

vitamin I. V. for me. I can't sit
here & stress myself out & make
myself worse.

I'm going to write to
Elizabeth Vomada & ask if they
can "see a market" for my
second project: my auto-
biography excerpted from my
diaries. I suppose she'll ask
for the first 30 pages & a synopsis,
and reject it anyway.

4/24/87

Called the U. C. nurse I've been
seeing, Susan [REDACTED], and she
had me run up a few flights of
stairs to see if I could catch my
breath afterwards, which I could.
She said it would be "highly
unusual" for me to get pneumo-
cystis so soon again, so I should
just take aspirin if I felt the
pain in my chest, and they'll
take an X-ray Monday during
my usual appointment.

This afternoon Eric from
the S. F. Bay Area Gay & Lesbian

Historical Society called to tell me they had given an interview to The Sentinel, a weekly gay men's paper here in the city, and the whole page was a splash with my name and Jack "Babe Bean" Garland. Well, it really was, and I felt such a surge of pride to see my name so emblazoned. I really feel I've hit the Big Time! I really am a gay man doing something important and worthwhile. What more is there?

A student from Univ. of Calif., Berkeley - a Women's Studies major - spent 4 hours going through all the info I've collected on female-to-males for her research on her term paper. She'll return next week. That made me feel real good, too... to provide this resource and have it available. She said she couldn't find much of anything elsewhere. I'm going to be proud to donate all this stuff to the Gay Historical Society after I get killed.

Kathy gave me an intra-

venous vitamin treatment tonight and I do think it helped the pain in my chest be lessened, but I also felt very tired afterwards. She & I will go shopping Sunday to get a table so I can set my computer word processor up in my bedroom, so I can be more comfortable working. Now it's in the enclosed "service porch" of our apartment, dark & cramped & not very inspiring. Eric said he'll make the initial introduction for me to the representative of Alyson Press, a gay publisher looking especially for gay history works.

4/25/87

Bruce, my Shant' counselor, came over & we went to breakfast. I could fall in love with this guy - he's great. The ethics are no sex and no drugs between counselor & client. Too bad. But I don't know how they could stop it.

I had a real eye-opening revelation while trying to fall asleep last night. I believe that I was the victim of sexual abuse in my relationship with Tom. It was always the way HE wanted it & I wasn't to do anything I wanted. So I just "submitted" to him & was glad that he would have anything to do with me. In fact, he even said several times over the years that he was sorry that he was just "using" me. I never knew exactly why he was saying that, but I'm beginning to. No wonder I feel paralyzed thinking of sex with someone. I was paralyzed with Tom. I would feel angry with him, but I went into it with full knowledge - just didn't realize he told it would take on me. Plus I know that Tom was "used" for sex when he was a kid, and he performed sex acts for money then. So that's what he learned - sex is in order to "get" something from someone. Add to all this my shame & embarrassment of my body, and

I've made one big mess out of my emotional well-being.

Am feeling the tightness in my chest more & more, but haven't curtailed my activities. Bought a beautiful expensive rug for my bedroom & am trying to rearrange & equip it for accessibility & ease & comfort.

4/28/87

Yesterday went to the Western doctors (U. C. Medical Center) in the morning and to the Eastern doctors (Quan Yin Acupuncture and Herb Center) in the afternoon. The R.N. who sees me at U. C. listened to my chest with the stethoscope, said I sounded clear, my blood pressure's great, my pulse fine. I weigh 136. She said she'd rather wait & see before subjecting me to another x-ray. They took some blood to test.

The woman (white) who

saw me at the Quan Yin Center said their treatments are non-obtrusive. She was quite fascinated with my transsexuality and wanted to know "what happened" when I was a child of about 10 and got glasses. Well, I had a lot of headaches, I remember. She gave me some herbs to make into a hot tea to drink and to look in the bag she gave me is hilarious. It's truly some very clean and beautiful pieces of wood, roots, dried berries (?) She said she knows of one guy who totally abandoned Western medicine and wouldn't hear of any media input concerning the disease, and S.F. General Hospital says his AIDS has gone away. She talked about psyching myself up, to tell myself that "it's ~~not true~~ ^{not true}, I don't have these symptoms, it's not true." I bought an audio tape called Ocean Breathing + Affirmations, but haven't listened to it yet.

Last night I had a long dream in which I was trying to slap Tom, actually punch him, repeatedly, but none of my punches landed. So I spit on him instead. He never flinched, just looked at me with his beautiful eyes.

Tomorrow will go to [REDACTED], my endocrinologist, and discuss all this with him. Maybe will cut back further on the testosterone. Maybe will change brands of the hormone. Maybe need a PAP smear.

Today did Tom's bookkeeping and set up my computer in my bedroom so I can write better, more comfortably, easily. Everything must be convenient.

4/29/87

Saw [REDACTED] today + he was not shocked by my revelation. He's working closely with the head of Infections Control there at Pacific Presbyterian Hospital

+ knew a lot about AIDS + AZT.
I asked what would happen if I
stopped testosterone + he said I
may get a menstrual period, and
possibly my skin would soften +
get more subcutaneous fat. Told
him after $7\frac{1}{2}$ years of sticking
myself with a needle every 2 weeks,
I'm tired of putting myself thru
that torture. He said why not
discontinue the shots for a while
+ see if I can cope with any changes
that occur, if any do at all.
That I should stay off for 3 mos.,
and I can always start the
shots again if I don't like what's
happening. He said my acne may
lessen, too, which would be
GREAT, cuz my back is brutalized.

5/1/87

Tom + I "had words" today + I
think I've made some progress with
myself. He started bitching that
the Historical Society hasn't paid
their bill yet + because I wasn't
eager to harass them about it,

he threw a fit + said I'm acting
"like a fuckin' faggot." I said
that I'm just angry + bitter + he
said that it wasn't his fault
that I'm upset about having AIDS!
I said that has nothing to do with
it, that I know he has no feelings
left for me, but that I ^{still} have feelings
for him + it hurts me to see him
+ I'm sorry but I can't help
showing my feelings. I walked
out + he took off for the restaurant.
Makes me mad cuz I wish I
could say something MEAN to
him, instead I end up saying
something to boost up his
selfish ego even more. Oh, yes,
I DID tell him he's selfish.

Later he phones me at
home, asking guess who sent
a check in his mail today?
(The Historical Society) + that
he didn't mean what he said
about "my family" (he'd
said my whole family is angry
+ bitter). (I don't give a shit
what he says about my family

it's how he feels toward me & care about.) He suggested that I don't have to do his bookkeeping if I don't want to — and I ~~agreed~~ said I think it's best if I stop, because I just want to be "uninvolved." I agreed to do the work this month, though. I'll still do the typesetting, but that'll be my business & not his.

I have the urge to make a May shrine in my room, like I used to as a kid. I'd used a statue of the Virgin Mary as the center of my shrine in those days, but that would mean nothing to me now. But I can't think of anything that would mean something. I guess I'll just make sure to have fresh flowers in my room like my old shrines.

5/6/87

So the day after Tom & I "had words," my chest pain was gone. I guess I know now what was causing the pain ... I guess what

was hurting was my broken heart.
He's already found someone who
agreed to do his bookkeeping —
it's the bookkeeper at his largest
account. Seems pretty stupid
to have the person responsible for
paying him the same as the person
responsible for collecting for him.
But I don't even care anymore.

Monday weighed in at $133\frac{1}{2}$.

The R.N. who's been seeing me
says all's going well with my
blood & the AZT and she'll
prescribe the aerosol pentamidine
for me. Chinese herbal doc says
I should do acupuncture, so
I will on my next visit. It's
supposed to instigate "deep relaxa-
tion" & I sure could use that.

5/7/89

Tonight at my disability
group, I realized that I must
put myself into my own sexual
fantasies before I will be able
to actualize them, i.e., my
sexual desires, in my life.

I revealed to Tom that I am never in my sexual fantasies - that I always picture other people having sex with each other, and I'm not even hiding in the corner watching. I am not in my fantasies at all. I never wonder how it would be to leave So and So make love to me, or how would it be to touch / kiss Tom. I think of someone else touching Tom. It's no wonder I have trouble relating to others sexually! I must force myself to picture sexual scenes & situations where **I** can be present before I will ever put myself into those situations.

Maybe that is why I had to have a sex change - so I could become that someone else, that "other" person in my fantasies - that boy.

5/15/87

Has been a very positive week. No doctors. Monday thru Thursday (inclusive) I went to work at Kelling, the investment bankers downtown in Embarcadero Four.

from 10 am - 5 pm with a very liberal lunch hour. I just sat & did "word processing" all day ... the fancy high paid term for a typist. Got \$12 per hour cash off the books. Thought the work was going to really wear me out, and Tuesday night I did have a big headache, but Wednesday night, even after working all day, spent 2 hours at Page St. "teaching" the new bookkeeper for Tom's business. Thought I was going to be upset & mad & sad, but instead I feel a great weight lifted from my shoulders. I can't help feeling that Tom "used" me to spring his business, but I can't spend a whole lot of time being upset over the past, I do feel a big change has come over my life, now, having somewhat acceptable male genitalia. I guess I really haven't tested it out "in public", but again I can't spend a whole lot of

time trying to make it better.

At my gay disabled men's group, the first thing the leader asked what I intended to do to make my sex life better. I hadn't decided whether I wanted to "confess" to the group that I am considering going back to the men's gay porn movie theaters & playing "knees-ies" with the guy in the seat next to mine. That is very sexually exciting and safe sex and I'd get someone to play with my balls. I know they're going to be feeling around for a cock and only find my little stub, but if they don't like it they can move to another seat. I remember the exciting stolen moments in those theaters some of my fondest memories.

Anyway, I was concerned that I'd get flak from the group leader that going to the movies & playing with the guy next to me wasn't mentally healthy for me. He was shocked that I would even

Think that of him. He thought that was absolutely appropriate behavior! Where was my "guilt" coming from? I told him I guess from my Catholic upbringing and all these heterosexual mores (morals). He assured me, as did Bruce my Shant's volunteer that the gay men's world is NOT in any way subjected to the sexual restraints of the straight world.

I just have to hurry & heal up & get the hell out there. I need to relax my criticism of other guys, tho, because I don't seem to find many whom I consider attractive. Then when I do, they never even SEE me. I know that's what snowed me about Tom. He did see me & I think he loved me A LOT there for a while. What a fine rush that was!

I've begun dripping some testosterone on my little dick in hopes that it will grow

or at least retard it from atrophying, since I'm not shooting the hormone anymore. It's almost a miracle how my back + shoulders have cleared of acne already.

I must first wait until my left ball is a lot more healed. I want to be able to move it all around, like the right one, before I let some guy yank on it in the movie theater. The skin is loosening up a bit underneath the ball, but the top seam where he cut last is still tenuously forming a good scar. I think it helps, too, if I keep my pubic hair very short, so I'm not all hidden in hair.

It's only been 2 months since my surgery, plus I've been dealt a pretty brutal blow with this AIDS thing.

Dan [REDACTED] phoned me from Andie, Calif. yesterday, Cucca's ex-husband. He had heard from a girlfriend of

Cuca's that I had "tested positive." I told Dan not only am I positive but I really do have the disease. Still sounds like heterosexuals don't know the difference between a positive result on the AIDS antibody test, and actually having + contracting the disease. In a few sentences I told him that I was in an oxygen tent for the first week of this year + statistics give me 40 weeks to live, which means October.

Dan said something very strange to me. Out of the blue, he said "You should write about somebody's life... you should help me write about my life." I answered, in shock, "YOUR LIFE?" He said, "well, ~~your~~ your life, anybody's life!" I told him I was doing that. What a funny thing for him to say to me.

Joseph [redacted], the cabaret singer that I had a bit of sex with, phoned & invited me to go with him to a transvestite/transsexual group meeting here in the City next week. He said 2 times that the group would definitely benefit from hearing of my life's experience making the change. I haven't seen him in years, so we'll get together next Thursday. Maybe he's lost some weight & wouldn't mind a little messing around.

5/18/87

Fiasco with doctors today. First I go to U.C. and they say everything is looking fine — my blood, my vital signs, etc. I weigh 135. But they want me to start taking oral Septtra again as a preventative against the inevitable pneumocystis carinii pneumonia bout I'm supposed to get soon. She said 60% of the guys who take Septtra and AZT together have bad reactions to it, so if

I got a temperature or a rash after 48 hours of Septra I should call her. I immediately felt upset and depressed. Couldn't ~~not~~ fill the prescription right then because it was time to go to the Eastern doc, the "Chinese" herbal + acupuncture clinic. And she pissed me off by ~~not~~ not reviewing my chart before talking with me and she thought I had had acupuncture by her the last visit and she gave me an argument about the ingredients in the last herbal concoction she gave me. Plus there isn't one Chinese person in the whole clinic - just a few white hippies my age run the place. I just don't feel too much confidence in them. She did do the acupuncture on me + I didn't feel anything different afterwards like she said I would. So I plan to contact the REAL Chinese herbal doc who invented the herbs that cleared

my sinuses so well to see if he
accepts Medi-Cal payment and
if he treats AIDS patients. Called
Mary [redacted] to bitch about all the
above & she gave me a pep talk
that I should question this Septra.
When I returned to U.C. to fill
the prescription, I first went back
up to the AIDS Clinic to talk with
the doc. Told her I was worried
about taking the Septra when I'm
feeling so well & wouldn't it be
easier on my system to do the
inhaled aerosol pentamidine
instead? She said yes the Septra
does have some bad side effects,
and yes I can have the pentama-
dine in 2 weeks, & I could tear
up the prescription for Septra!
She totally immediately agreed
with me! and if I hadn't questioned
I would be pumping my "healthy"
body with super drugs this very
moment. What a farce!

I'm so glad I'm not
taking that Septra. Taking that
means that I'm really sick,

5/24/87

So already starting yesterday I've got my period, for the first time in over 7 years. April 7 was my last shot of testosterone. I only see it when I wipe myself after going to the bathroom, and then not every time I go. So it's sure not very much bleeding, but I know what it is. I bought some ~~big~~ tampons but plan not to use them until I absolutely have to, i.e., when I flow enough to get it on my clothes. Not so, so far. I don't feel like this "means" anything, or that I'm not a "man" now, or anything like that. If I felt that way, I'd be more eager to have a vaginectomy, but I don't think that's necessary.

Took my motorcycle down to see the fireworks tonight for the 50th anniversary of the Golden Gate Bridge. Made me think a lot about Jack Garland, who saw the Bridge while it was being constructed, but died about 9 months before it opened.

Well, I believe just the short time I've been applying testosterone topically to my dick has really made a difference. It really DOES seem to be longer than it was!

This past Friday spent the whole day with Charlie, — Jake + Brian's dad. He dropped by unexpectedly, as their move to Washington State late last year was a flop. We drove around the City, hung out in a bar watching a baseball game, visited Kathy [redacted] — [redacted] at the bar where she works on Fridays, and made a copy for me of Charlie's tape of the Velvet Whip, recorded live at the Avant Garde about March 1968! What a treasure. I still think their songs are great & still sing them to myself sometimes. Charlie was their drummer.

5/26/87

This afternoon went with Chris (a Southern gay boy with muscular dystrophy I met in the gay disabled men's group) to the men's porno theatre. In addition to films, they

had 2 separate "performances" (live) of gay male strippers, who actually jerked off on stage until they came. One wandered around the audience naked while playing with himself, & audience members were allowed to touch him anywhere except genitals & buttocks, and slip him money if you wanted to. Chris stroked the guy's legs & chest a while, plus he got around to the bathroom & some guy sitting behind us used his foot to motion Chris back with him, to feel him up I guess. I just jerked myself off & felt a little too inhibited to get in on the action. I think some of it was I felt inhibited with Chris there, altho when I think rationally, I'm sure it would have been OK with him. I do think I'll return by myself sometime & maybe get in on the "feelies" between audience members. No doubt I still feel the paranoia I felt as a female in those places -

That the other guys will know I'm not like them & will reject me. I have to get over that feeling!

I couldn't find ONE gay men's bar that had the professional basketball play-off game on the TV today. I've got a big crush on Kevin McHale of the Boston Celtics & wanted to share the excitement of the game with some buddies, but NO-O-O-O-O-O-O.

Went to a Project Inform lecture tonight. They're a group keeping tabs on alternative treatments for AIDS. A real sweet cute doll named Joe [REDACTED] spoke. I've heard him talk a bunch of times now & boy is he a heart throb. I asked them about aerosol pentamidine & there was a very favorable reaction. They say "do it" for sure! and that the only thing they've heard about it is, when you do get pneumocystis again, it's "hard to diagnose" because it's such a "low-grade infection." Well, that sounds

great to me. Afterwards I went
up to Joe [REDACTED] to shake his hand,
tell him I've heard him speak several
times & thank him. He grasped my
hand so warm & firm and flashed
me a beautiful smile, thanking
me for telling him so. He opened
his mouth to say something else,
but I was so flustered that I
quickly got out of there, and
was instantly sorry I panicked,
because I didn't realize he
was going to say something else.
What a mental I am.

To all those gorgeous
youngmen, I sing:

TAKE ME TO THE RIVER

PUSH ME IN THE WATER

LOVE ME, SQUEEZE ME

LOVE ME, TEASE ME

TIL I CAN'T

I JUST CAN'T COME ON UP

ANY LONGER

DROP ME IN THE RIVER

WATCH ME DROWN

Yesterday I participated in the AIDS Memorial March.

Thousands of mostly gay men walked from Castro & Market Streets, down Market to City Hall, carrying lit candles in honor of the dead & the living.

I met up & walked with a young hippie guy who I liked at first, but he called me stupid once & meant it & it pissed me off.

Anyway, I ditched out of there as soon as we reached City Hall because the scene there was way too depressing — a lot of people standing around crying, some holding signs with names of their dead friends. So many people put their candles near the City Hall statue that it became a giant bonfire & ~~the~~ the Fire Dept had to come with a big hose & it took them pretty long to douse it.

5/29/87

So tonight I meet this other Tom that Cuca knows. We all went to a half-way decent dance performance and afterwards for coffee & cake. He's 26, serious, not too bad looking but no doll. Cuca gets on the bus to go home & he & I go to a bar on Castro St. and have a good conversation. He works at the Hospice with last stage AIDS patients, so he's very educated about my situation on that score. So he's talkin' how he hates all the "attitude" in the gay scene & all this wanting to "date" before you connect with someone sexually, but at the same time he says he wants to have a good conversation with any lover. Well, toward the end of the evening I called his bluff. He got defensive but admitted he'd said these things. I was easy on him, but obviously he felt guilty because he brought it up again, saying he felt I was "attacking" him. I admitted I WAS, and said I was pissed off that he wasn't coming home with

me, especially because he said we should exchange phone numbers through Cuca. He said he just thought that would be "easier" and that it wasn't good to just go home with someone right off. Well, OK. I was nice + gave him a break. But as I walked home alone, I felt like it really destroyed any eroticism of the moment + he should "put up or shut up." He agreed that we had a great conversation, so what more does he want. All I can figure is he wasn't turned on by me, but he was no bargain either. Another 26 year old, ten years younger than me, Tom. Thanks, but no thanks.

Did the aerosol pertamidine today + it went great. I do it every month. He doc says my blood count is actually IMPROVING and I weigh 137!

Earlier in the evening at the dance performance, this Tom says to Cuca that he'd seen a "bearded

lady" in the audience & that he wondered if she was "a hermaphrodite" and that he wouldn't know WHAT to do if she wanted to suck his cock! I looked him square in the eye and said "she'd probably take him around the world" which (if he knows the language) means she'd show him all there was about sex. He was surprised & shut up.

6/8/87

Few interesting things have happened:

Searched until I found a gay bar that was showing the NBA Basketball Play-offs on their TV and the only one I found was the bar on Haight Street near my old place on [REDACTED]. So I phoned Leon, the gay black man who lived upstairs from me on [REDACTED] and he met me at the bar for a few drinks. Asked if he was still interested in going to the gay men's jack-off clubs & he said yes. He seems as

nervous about going as I am, so I don't feel so stupid.

Saturday I went to be interviewed by a man doing his thesis on the sexual habits of men diagnosed 6 months or longer with AIDS. He runs ads in the gay papers asking for volunteers + I called + told him the truth about myself. He's doing his graduate work at The Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality, where Wardell [REDACTED] is the head. I guess my situation intrigued him enough. He was great and it was kind of funny as he had to modify his questionnaire in places to be relevant to my situation. I told him I estimate I've had sex with about 25 people in my life. I have no idea how close to the truth that is, but I believe it's accurate. I also told him the truth — that I haven't had sex with anyone since my diagnosis, and that has to change, and that I was planning to go to the jack-off

clubs. He offered to put me in touch with friends of his who run one of the clubs!! I was so surprised + flattered! But I told him no, that I could go on my own. I said no after quickly evaluating his offer, but I don't want those at the club to know I'm a female to-male. But it sure gives me confidence to think that wouldn't matter.

Have had a few dreams that are, I think, premonitions of my impending death. I am able to remember MANY more of my dreams now, since I have to keep waking myself out of a deep sleep to take my A.Z.T.

One dream last week:

My roommate Jim + I were in our livingroom + suddenly someone was really trying to get in the front door — banging on it, rattling the handle, messing with the lock. Jim started covering + crying as whoever-it-was was

yelling Open-the-door, let-me-in kind of stuff. I was cool + calm + just comforted Tim saying Don't cry, stop freaking out, he can't get in, the door's locked, etc. A second before the dream ended, I realized the voice at the door was dad's. I think this dream developed because I had been thinking of the reports by people who had near-death experiences and most said that, as they were dying, someone they knew who was dead appeared to them to help them make the transition to the next world. I was wondering who it would be to appear to me. Who else, but dad, and maybe Patrick.

The other dream was just a few nights ago. Bridget + I were taking a bus trip somewhere, but at a rest stop, she + I became separated + suddenly I realized the bus had left without me. As I wandered around trying to decide what to do, I found

Grandmother in a room lying on a couch, acting weak + sick + delicious. I stayed there with her, and Grandpa was also in the room, enjoying himself and playing ping pong with a young woman. I know dream interpreters say that anytime you dream about transportation (e.g., train, bus, car trips, etc.) that means you're "going somewhere" or "in transition." Yup.

Eldon Murray talked with me on the phone today + said he's writing his will, and if his estate amounts to under \$250,000, I will get 10% of it! If it's over, he's setting up a "foundation" for which I will serve on the Board of Directors. I'm not too excited, as I don't expect to be around to collect anyway.

6/10/87

What a delicious dream last night!

First, I will describe how I

led up to this dream:

~~The~~ Watched the basketball game last night, paying close attention to that graceful beauty Kevin [REDACTED] and I masturbated thinking & visualizing being with him. That was really fun.

Later, in fact, at 1 a.m., right after taking my last AZT pill before sleeping, I usually watch the old television show re-runs of MY THREE SONS, starring a gorgeous doll of a boy whose real name is Don [REDACTED]. I watch the show mainly to see & fantasize about him.

So last night as I slept, I dreamt that Don [REDACTED] was there & he knew I was a girl/boy, but I appeared strictly as a boy (as I do in real life) with nothing ambiguous. He didn't mind, and we kissed and, with such realism that I can feel it even now, we nuzzled our mustaches together - even though he does not have a mustache on the TV

show. It was one of the few times I've had an erotic dream in which I am participating, and I carried the sweetness of its sensations with me throughout the day today.

I believe I am experiencing my third puberty. My first was when I was actually 12-14 years old; my second puberty was after I first began taking testosterone in 1979-80. My third puberty is happening now, as my genitals heal and awaken with sensual feelings and magically my erotic fantasies and desires are flowing into my crotch and my whole body is participating. I am easing away from my previous habit of envisioning sexual fantasies of other participants, of activities in which I am not even involved as a spectator. I am entering into my body — my mental processes are flowing into and merging with my body.

Saw Leon in the bar for a few minutes. He said he thinks we should do "what we were talking about the other day" (i.e., going to the jack-off club), that he's been thinking about it & it sounds good.

6/16/87

12:42 a.m.

Great! I made it to 36! If I can just keep this up a few more years - 'til 40 - I'll be satisfied. HA! Is mankind ever "satisfied"?

Today (actually yesterday, 6/15) I drove my motorcycle about 30 miles to Redwood City down the El Camino Real to see the photograph exhibit of me taken April 22 (see previous entry of that date). All 60 close-up facial photos Jim [redacted] took of men (and 2 women) diagnosed with AIDS were on display in the San Mateo County Hall of Justice & will be til July 17. He had black ribbons on 5 of them and it took me a

while to realize that meant they were already dead. Will be interesting to see how many more ribbons he'll need to add by July 19.

I wanted to stand + stare at my photo and read the words over + over, but it seemed like everyone else there (and the place was mobbed) wanted to do the same thing. For sure people lingered looking at my photo, I'm sure because it was the first time they had ever seen a female-to-male, and my quote. There was a big close-up of my face, and beside it my name + age and "I am a female-to-male transsexual living as a gay man. AIDS was the last thing I expected - I haven't had that many contacts. They told me at the gender clinic that I could not live as a gay man, but it looks like I will die as one." I got the feeling several people "recognized"

me, so I didn't want to stand
& stare at my own photograph.
But my face was so masculine
and my eyes truly looked sad.
Saw [redacted] there & made several
attempts the "chat" with him, but
he hurriedly brushed me off and
it was apparent he only wanted
to talk to someone who'd throw
some \$\$ in his donation coffer.
I have to remember to approach
him & hopefully get a copy of the
proof sheet of the photos he took
of me. Just a minute - I'm
going to write myself a reminder
note.

Tomorrow at 1 p.m. I'm going
to get a massage from a gay man.
Should be interesting.

I wrote a little fan / love
letter to Kevin [redacted] - The
basketball season is over & they
lost.

Tom remembered my birthday
& wished me a happy one. I never
even hinted that it was.

6/17/87

1:35 a.m.

Pretty nice birthday. Had my first massage + won't be my last. Felt a little nervous before I got there, but this guy had a nice relaxing room with a table + told me to concentrate on breathing + let him do the work + take off my clothes + put them here. So I did.

First laid on my stomach + he rubbed my back, shoulders, arms, butt, legs + feet. Then laid on my ~~side~~ back + he rubbed my scalp, neck + face. At times it felt so good, I felt dizzy! I began feeling really good about my body, as he rubbed certain areas + I felt the shape of my body + it was good, a good shape + a good feeling. I left there feeling better about my body + very relaxed. Went out to eat + immediately noticed how GOOD other people looked to me + how GOOD I felt toward

them - when usually I'm just the opposite, i.e., I can find fault with everyone. Somehow that massage, someone else touching me in a kind way, made me feel loving toward others in general. So, wow, what a difference it made! I must make it a regular thing. Though I have no complaints about this masseur, I'd like to go to others + see what else there is.

Then later went to Mary [redacted] for a birthday party. I jokingly told Cheyney he should make me a Kevin [redacted] scrapbook from his sports magazines for my birthday + he did! It was really funny. None of the pictures were very flattering, tho.

6/18/87

Went to the [redacted] tonight to visit Kathleen, seeing as I won't be here for her birthday Saturday. Only stayed about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. She said she didn't know her birth date + claimed she was no longer taking any medication

at all. Later I noticed many large prescription drug bottles on her table & when I said "I thought you weren't taking any drugs...." Tim said she doesn't know what she's talking about. For about the 6th time, i.e., each time in my past 6 visits with her, she told me she wished she could die. Tonight I said "why don't you stop eating?" She answered that eating was the only pleasure she had left. I responded by saying if she was going to choose death, she couldn't also choose to enjoy the pleasures of life - it's one or the other. It gets easier to visit her because she always says the same things, so I'm always prepared with the same retorts. For her birthday I gave her that Ocean Breathing tape I bought Apr. 28 - I listened to part of it & the woman dictating the tape had a very high irritating voice & she talked real fast & the tape was far from relaxing. I doubt very much whether

Kath will ever listen to it anyway — she's never listened to any of the other tapes I've given her.

6/20/87

On the airplane enroute to Philadelphia. Am getting excited about seeing Bridget & family & Phillie, and I'm real proud that it's ME coming to visit THEM instead of them coming to visit me in the hospital this month, as the doctors forewarned.

I am feeling a bit weary, as I only had 4-5 hours sleep last night because of this ridiculous flight schedule.

As I gaze out the airplane window while we fly above the clouds, I wonder if floating in this spacelessness is similar to the visual of dying.

6/24/87

On the airplane going from Philadelphia to Milwaukee. Had a very good & easy time with Bridget & her kids. Luckily husband

Anthony was either at work or studying his Jehovah Witness stuff, because I was getting bad vibes from him, I'm sure because he sees me as a sinner & bad influence on his family. Bad vibes, meaning he never looked in my face or spoke to me until last night when I took them out to dinner & he actually stayed up way past his bedtime to play Scrabble with Budz & me. I began to feel amused at his obvious discomfort in my presence. I am sure he was unaware of it, but I also stole a ~~few~~ few lecherous glances at him, ~~but his~~ ~~body language~~ (especially at the dinner table when he was reciting prayers & no one was watching me), as he is very handsome & wore scimpy clothes because of the persistent heat. I must admit I felt a perverse satisfaction at the twinges in my crotch, imagining them to be down-to-earth human and honest emotions linking me to him despite the self-righteous

shield he kept so tightly around himself against me. I felt manly & real. There was no pressure for me to get onto the religion, although the topic did come up several times with Bridget & I was glad & proud to be able to say, in front of her boys, that I felt there could be no real peace & love on earth for mankind until men stopped being afraid to touch other men, and that I could never believe in any teaching that tells me I am bad because I have deep emotions & feelings of love for other men. And that I don't care for "everlasting life" if none of MY friends will be there.

I felt very comfortable relating to Brian & Jake, and we spent a lot of time talking about or watching that silly pretend All-Star Wrestling, especially matches involving King Kong Bundy, a 460 lb. bald monster of a man who I jokingly tell Ham is my hero (Jake sent

his action doll "of Gundy to me
while I was in the hospital in
Simmy). Just as he had done
in San Francisco, when they left
in July last year, Bryan cried
as we hugged goodbye and he
tears filled me with joy that he
really cared for me.

When I have a moment

to spare, I've been reading a
novel I recently purchased from
a New York bookstore via mail order.
It is Geoff Dwyer, by Theodore
Winthrop (Boston: Ticknor &
Field, 1861), a first edition

published posthumously, and
advertised as a "curious novel"
about a man who falls in love
with another man, later discovers

my he is a woman in disguise.

I learned of it only a few

months ago & am so thrilled

to have it amongst my collection,
which I fancy to be one of the

best female-to-male collections

about.

I must get to place my

INFORMATION FOR THE FEMALE-TO-MALE
in public libraries. Am not sure how
to do it, but know it would be the
best way to reach those seeking
such info. I must also get on
with editing my diaries for publi-
cation, as I fear it will never be
done after I am dead. Stiff
enough task for me, let alone
one unfamiliar with a phenomenon
such as myself. I must also get
to Univ. of Nevada in Reno to
avail myself to Dr. Ira [redacted]
per Judy [redacted] advice
January 1985. Steve [redacted] (the
novice F → M gay man in S.F. who
has yet to begin hormones) found an
article published by a Canadian
gender clinic acknowledging that
they chose to remove a F → M gay
man from their statistics because
he didn't "fit in" anywhere!
I must write them to protest ~~and~~
such overlooking and censorship
of our existence! These are all
pressing concerns of mine — things
I need to accomplish before I die.

6/25/87

So tonight was the performance in Milwaukee + it was a raging success. For me it was so much like all the other interviews or talks about myself I've given. The play around our 3 5-minute segments were comments on "what is sexuality" + it all fit in beautifully. The interviewer said I was his best interviewee so far and I got a lot of positive strokes + feedback. Ma + John sat in the front row. Eldon was there and so was Joe [REDACTED], the F → M from Madison. After the play went with Joe to meet Chris, a F → M who just had his chest surgery 10 days ago, + Ruby, his M → F lover. They live in Milwaukee, on the east side about a block from my old place on Warren St.

Spent this afternoon with John in the Milw Public Library going through microfilm of their local newspapers in

May 1914 and got a lot of stuff
about Ralph Kerwineo, whose
picture I used for the cover of my
INFO FOR THE F → M. Will go
back tomorrow to get the rest of
the stuff there and I'll just
have to tell Howard + Kay + maybe
even Alyn that I won't have time
to see them this trip.

6/27/87

On the plane returning to San
Francisco via Memphis from Milwaukee.
I always love returning to San Fran-
cisco. It truly is my home.

Had a very productive stay
in Milw and without a question
the high point was I found
Elizabeth. Purely accidental, by
Fate, it was necessary that it
happen.

John and I spent all Thurs-
day + Friday afternoons in the
Library gathering info on F → M's
1883, 1893, 1914. As we were
walking out of the library, I
saw a woman behind the Check

Out desk + it flashed thru my mind: Elizabeth!, but I hesitated because she was so beautiful! so together! I stopped and looked back, studied the face again, but was so uncertain. That nose! I had to take a chance, so I approached the desk and asked "Elizabeth?" She walked toward me with absolutely no sign of recognition and replied "Yes?" I held out my hand and said "Lou Sullivan." I felt dizzy as we clasped hands + looked into each others' eyes and I felt my heart pounding in my chest as I studied her beautiful face. When I reflect back, it was so like the moment in the movie DOCTOR ZHIVAGO when Zhivago after many years sees Lara again behind the desk of a library, purely by accident. Like in the movie, she was just then getting off work from the library. John + I arranged to meet her

in a restaurant, as she had her own car (Elizabeth! who never had a pot to piss in!) + we had ma's. I phoned Alyn + Eldon to excuse myself from getting together with them, claiming fatigue from the work that afternoon, and Eldon bad-mouthed the stage play I was in + complained that he wanted me to see his new house, not recalling that I had seen it last time I was in Milw. That made me feel like he really wasn't my friend.

She was so so beautiful! We three sat a few hours talking and the tranquility in her eyes was so wonderful to see — something Elizabeth never had before. Just this past November she flew to Colorado + had her complete surgery by Biber. It made us both feel so good, I know, to finally be sitting there with each other both of us finally through the whole change. We figured that the

last time we saw each other was 1980, and I marvel at how these 7 years have molded her into a ~~stiff~~ happy & relaxed, graceful & charming woman.

John was also entranced by her & he asked if she was going out at all, to which she answered no, that she hasn't had sex for over 10 years. She said she was afraid, and we agreed that those old self-conscious reclusive habits of embarrassment and uneasiness in society are hard to break. (Before I left John this morning, I gave him her address & phone & hope he calls to date her. What a pair!

Wouldn't that be wonderful?!!)

She was so mature, so sincere, I knew it meant as much to her to gaze upon my face as it meant for me to gaze upon hers.

A part of me wishes I could stay in Milwaukee, as I felt I was falling in love — even now I feel I am in love with her.

She affirmed that she had not recognized me when I approached her, and we both laughed in joy. We've both finally made it over to where we struggled for so long. As we talked & she eased back into our old familiarity, she made hand gestures and joking asides that were those of the old Elizabeth I used to know, and it made me love her even more to recognize my old friend in this lovely lady.

My heart was in my throat the whole time. When we said good-bye, we held each other & again gazed long & silently & lovingly into each other's eyes, reading there the years we had gone thru with each other & the happiness of our accomplishments of our goals, our deep understanding of what has happened to us. She asked if I would be coming back to Milw again and an intense sadness flowed from her eyes. I promised to return, maybe before the year ended.

The stage performance I participated in was very successful & very easy. After it, I sold about 8 INFO FOR THE F → M books & most of the people asked me to autograph them. Why?? I have no idea. Seems absurd to want an autograph from someone you never heard of before. I wondered, while on stage, if the audience knew I was a for-real transsexual telling my life story, or if they thought I was an actor. I would imagine they'd realize I was for-real when I mentioned I'd written INFO FOR F-M and offered it for sale after the performance.

So what of mom & Grandmother? Grandmother lays in bed, being 86, and cries when I first see her and when I say good-bye. She says she wishes she could die, and she reminded me a lot of Kathleen. She reminisced about the Olden Days and said she remembers Sheila and she

remembers Lou, and they are like twin sister + brother - two separate beings. She never mentioned my illness, but I reassured her that I was feeling well. I hugged + kissed her, and ~~said~~ told her I would see her later, and did she want to come along? She ~~was~~ looked startled, and asked "Where?" even though she knew what I meant. I answered, "Wherever we're going to end up going." I communicated in peace and acceptance of the inevitability of death, while she sat clinging, trembling, crying + covering her face with her hand. Mom is biding her time.

Last night John took me to a party of his theatre friends. Immediately the gentle man who worked the film projection in my show (who reminded me a lot of Tim [REDACTED]) descended upon me expressing his marvel at my life's accomplishments, hugging me with true sympathy of my ill-

ness, telling me that he was straight, but his best times have been among gays and partying at St River Queen in 1972. Throughout the party, he and I kept sight of each other, exchanging flirtatious glances. What pleasure!

6/28/87

Sitting outside in San Francisco's Civic Center amongst St Gay Pride Parade festivities. This is only the 2nd year there has been a transvestite/transsexual information booth at one of these gatherings and this year I brought them a handful of INFO FOR F → M fliers to put on their table, so at least there's SOMETHING here for St female-to-male. As usual, the parade stirred many emotions for me and I guess the main one has been sadness, to think I may only be around to see a few more of these.

6/30/87

Well, that Cheryl from ARCO finally found out about me, and I'm hoping I don't live to regret having volunteered for that FACES OF AIDS project. An article in the B.A.R., a gay paper, about the project contained one paragraph: "The philosophical + emotional range of the quotations is broad + deep... Some are full of irony, as in the statement of Lou Sullivan, 36: 'I'm a female to male transsexual. AIDS was the last thing I expected. I haven't had that many contacts. They told me at the gender clinic I couldn't live as a gay man, but it looks like I am going to die as one.'" My luck that Cheryl reads this article and freaks out + phones [REDACTED] Tom, in turn, calls me + I called Cheryl back. Of course her main concern was that she may have been exposed when we had that 3-way but I assured her Tom took the test + was negative, and she + I didn't do anything that could have transmitted the virus. As might be expected, she claimed

to have known all along that I was transsexual, but I know she didn't from the many conversations we'd had. I'm sure, tho, that when she read the paragraph, she reflected back over the evidence and clues I'd given when we were in contact with each other: she remembered my chest scars, and that I was writing Jack Garland's story, and that I was "too good of a listener" to be a genetic male. I know she didn't know because one of our last conversations was about transsexuals and I told her I knew one, someone she also knew, and they are not all crazy as she insisted they were, and she was LIVID that I wouldn't tell her who it was.

I guess I have to remind myself why I volunteered for this FACES project - to document that a female-to-male CAN live as a gay man... and I suppose I can't be "out of the

closet" and incognito at the same time. I just have to hope that the whole goddamn wide world doesn't see the project & its publicity. And for those who do, let them be enlightened about the mysteries of life.

Did the aerosol pentamidine for the 2nd time and the two other guys doing it at the same time were healthy-looking gorgeous hunks! The doc confirmed that, so far in their studies, aerosol pentamidine has been 100% effective in preventing the return of pneumocystis. He said Johns Hopkins is doing a study of 400 patients on the stuff, but that a doc here at U. C. S. F. invented the treatment. I feel so so lucky to be in S. F. where this treatment is available, cuz I know they've never even heard of it in Milwaukee.

7/8/87

Had my 2nd massage yesterday & after it was over, I cried. I

guess all my pent-up sadness just came out. Saw Bruce, my Shanti counselor, later in the evening + tried to identify the source of my sadness + it came down to my feeling of being trapped + unable to express myself sexually. I don't know what to do next. I guess it's really "fear of the unknown." My options:

① There's an ad in the gay paper with a phone number for "horny PWA's" [persons with AIDS] I could call, ② send in my advertisement for the listings in the small-endowed gay men's group, or ③ go to the jack-off club and just keep my underwear on until some time in the future if I feel comfortable enough with my body to get naked. Bruce thought these were my "quotable quotes": "It's hard to feel sexy when you feel like a Walking Germ" and "Rejection wouldn't be so bad next to

continuous boredom." I decided that I should just "jump in" and do all 3 of my options and find out what will happen instead of sitting around wondering + trying to foresee into the future + speculate + try to answer unanswerable questions. Today I feel like my old self. Should I just go to the jack-off club this weekend? I know I'll feel so much better about my future if I do.

7-11-87

Last night went out to check out the new gay men's bar a block from Albion, called Macho's. Three people there - the bartender in army fatigues but wiggling his ass + singing "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" with the music. So went around the block to "La India Boricua," a bar I had wondered about for a long time. I mean, they had a benefit for AIDS sign in the window once, and I thought, well, maybe it's a gay bar, but anyone hanging out in

front of the place or going in/out looked like a bad-assed Mexican hard guy. But they were one of the few bars at their past Gay Parade to have a "float" and were handing out fliers saying that their bar "In addition presents every Saturday a fabulous live show of talent and beauty of transvstys artists who will delight you with warmth and happiness" so I figured they can't be all bad. Anyway, last night all I saw were pretty 22-year-olds and Lord knows I've had my fill of Tom [REDACTED]. After exchanging lingering eyes with a pretty George [REDACTED], I wondered what the fuck I was doing there, and came home to my computer & began entering my July 1973 diaries. Was up til 5:30 a.m. doing so & realize how LONG it's going to take me to get all 14 years entered.

Tonight went back to see the transvstys delight

me with warmth & happiness & the show was pretty bad, but the bar is certainly interesting - the clientele most varied. They got your drag queens, they got your butch dykes, they got your swishy Latinos, and they got your tattooed ex-con types kissing other ugly men. Everything is in Spanish, so I don't know what they're saying, but I don't need an interpreter to understand. I feel proud because I'm one of 'em from way back. Before coming home, stopped back at Macho's & again only 3 other guys there. Some old guy came in & came over to talk to me, asked what I was drinking. I told him Cuba Libre with Bacardi Light, and when he asked why, I said cuz I didn't like to drink the "bar swill." Well! He was highly offended! When I asked why, he said cuz I called the well liquor "bar swill" and he can't stand "queens"! I asked incredulously, "Because I called it bar swill"

makes me a queen.!??" He said
yes and I burst out laughing.

What a stupid jerk! I shoulda
said, "Hey, man, don't talk to
me about queens!" or I shoulda
said, "Hey, motherfucker, I'm
gonna fuckin' die real soon from
AIDS and I'm drinkin' the GOOD
shit until then!" Ass.

So came back to my computer
& diaries of '73. Although I'm
not done with Jack Garland, I
think doing these diaries & read-
ing of all I've done before will
inspire me to get off my ass &
back onto the streets to find
some fun sex.

A few random thoughts
have been making me feel sexier:
Don't know why, but one is:
It doesn't matter HOW I got
the body I have, it only matters
that I DO have the body I have.
Another thought is that one of
the main aspects governing the
attraction of sexual interest is
the differences in bodies, i.e.,

I want to see someone else naked because he will look different than me — his chest will be so, his arms, face, legs, ass, penis will be such-and-such a way, and it will be different than mine and so will be sexually exciting in its nakedness. Heterosexuals go to extremes with this attraction to something different — I like the way homosexuals deal with this attraction to diversity better.

Got a letter from the guy in Milwaukee who interviewed me during the History of Sexuality show. In part he writes: "As I told you before, you were just great. And I still have people telling me how wrapped up they were in your narrative. Most people were really moved by your integrity — something that's clearly part of your tale, but above and beyond it, too."

Have been getting more good strokes from people ordering my Information For The Female-to-Male book. One doc in New York just

ordered 10 copies and wrote
that she awaited receipt of my
"valuable" book. Someone else
in San Francisco penned on the
bottom of my order form "Thank
you for writing this book."
I feel like, yes, I have made
a very important contribution
to this world.

And as I watch these cool
dirty gay men's films Howard
gave me, I think — yeah, sure,
my cock & balls are different
than any other guys', but
isn't that what makes getting
naked & seeing other guys'
bodies exciting ?? They want to
see how mine is & show me how
theirs is ??

7/15/87

Last night went to the San
Francisco Bay Area Gay + Lesbian
Historical Society's Archives
Committee meeting. I haven't
done any work, really, for
them since I was diagnosed

+ felt I shouldn't even go to the meetings to discuss all the work that needs to be done that I haven't the time nor energy to do. But the lesbian who used to take the minutes of the meetings resigned + no one else wanted to take them, so I eagerly volunteered — so at least I feel I'm doing something important. I do feel so frustrated + sad at having to relinquish my desire to work on cataloging their periodicals because of my energy limitations. But I do feel what energy I have must go to my Garland work, my autobiography, and to distribution of my INFO FOR THE FEMALE-TO-MALE. One other great outcome to the meeting: The San Joaquin County Historical Society newsletter editor saw the SFBAGLHS Newsletter article I did on Garland + they want me to write an article on Garland for their newsletter!! It will give me my first pre-publication publicity in the straight press, and Mary [REDACTED]

points out that someone in the San Joaquin Society may even remember or have more info on Garland!

Tonight I went to the meeting of a group of "Horny Persons With AIDS." It was awful. A small bookstore crammed with about 30 men, all ~~the~~ over the age of 30 and not one good-looking, sitting / standing around looking glum. Some were talking to each other, but I could see no reason to hang around. This is definitely NOT where I'm going to find any action. Suddenly it's very clear to me that the jack-off club is the only way to go for me.

I've been entering my diaries of 1973-74 into the computer, plus the letters Jim & I exchanged while he was at U.C. Berkeley. I realize all my sexual escapades occurred because I aggressively pursued the

youngmen who I found attractive. I went up to Hen and tried to get Hen home with me, and it often worked, and that was when I was female. It should be a lot easier now that I'm male, but somehow I'm not as confident now as I was Hen. Why? Because I'm not 22 years old anymore? Because I'm a Walking Germ? Because I'm nursing a broken heart left by Tom? Probably all of the above.

I'm just finishing up my third menstrual period since I stopped shooting testosterone in April. Will call [REDACTED] to get a prescription for Dela-Testrol, a different brand of testosterone than I had been taking (Depo-Testosterone). I want to begin taking the hormone again because (1) I would like to regain my high sex drive and (2) I'm afraid not taking it is causing my dick to shrink, which I surely cannot afford. One drawback

to taking it again, though, is I suppose I'll also regain the acne on my back, shoulders + chest. Now I'm pretty cleared up. Possibly the new brand of hormone won't zit me out so bad. Hopefully.

7/20/87

Spent the afternoon with Karen - Steve, the other female-to-male gay man in the Bay Area. He is really the only committed gay man going female-to-male that I know.

He's only 23 years old. How good it makes me feel to be here to show him he's not a freak + it can be done! I know I've significantly enhanced his life. Name's Steve [REDACTED]

7/21/87

Just finished addressing over 150 envelopes to bookstores listed in "The Gay Yellow Pages" + stuffing them with my advertising flier for INFORMATION FOR THE FEMALE-TO-MALE. A massive mailing. I'm

going to be pretty pissed if I don't get several orders from this. I'm only at "Ohio" through the states alphabetically, so will be sending another batch later. Then to all the mental health practitioners ~~special~~ specializing in gender + sexual orientation problems.

7/24/87

Forgot to write that on July 4th I spoke on the Transvestite / Transsexual ~~Panel~~ Panel at the Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality (Wardell [redacted] place). One of the sex counselors hearing the panel pointed out that I was facing a triple jinx: my transsexuality, my AIDS, and my recent break-up with my lover. She asked what was I doing to "take care of myself." I answered that I've begun getting massages, and once I'm comfortable with that, "I'm on my way to the jack-off clubs!" The entire audience burst out in approving applause!

This morning I had breakfast

with Kevin (a female-to-male who's just begun hormones) and his parents, who are visiting from Tennessee. They were a bit shy about the subject but by the end of the meeting I know they liked me & Kevin's father even said that it's obvious the sex change has worked for me. I'm so proud to be able to help out these other female-to-males, as I know I am probably one of the only supportive links they have, and I sure know / remember how important it was for me to find someone to talk to who knew what I meant when I spoke of my transsexual feelings. I am coordinating with Kevin our 3rd female-to-male get-together for Aug. 29. Kevin cracks me up - keeps saying he's not sure he'll be able to "pass" as a man because he's "so feminine." My God, he looks like a BULLDOG even as a female! The only thing "feminine" about him is he's very quiet, doesn't say much, but that is usually seen as a masculine quality.

7/22/87

A dream last night: Nanc + Jack were in another room arguing, I was in bed. Then someone starts getting into my bed beside me, I asked in alarm, "Who's that?" It was Jack, so I relaxed. He said, "See what I have to put up with?" meaning Nanc. I answered, "What'd'ya mean - you have to put up with! You're out of here! Gone!" He looked surprised + began getting out of the bed, but I took hold of him and quickly asked, "Tell me! What is it like to be dead?" He whispered, "Shhh..." like he couldn't / wouldn't tell me, but then added "Just make sure your room is clean..." and then he was gone.

7/24/87

Well, I finally got my ass into The Academy, the jack-off club that Bruce recommended. I feel so proud of myself. Primed myself by listening to Lou Reed records. Somehow his words have always strengthened me against imagined fears of

the outside world. It cost \$5 for a one month membership in this "private sex club"; plus \$4 entrance fee for the evening. ~~The~~ As soon as you walk in, there's a "bar" that doesn't serve liquor, so to buy time I immediately ordered coffee. I wore my leather jacket and a white A-shirt, feeling sexy about my body tonight. They had a video screen on the wall with some pretty sexy jack-off / fellatio movie. I considered just drinking up & leaving, but decided to take a walk & see what was happening. Went upstairs & there's about 4 guys up there, 2 involved in an intense conversation & the other 2 looking half-dead. Went downstairs & there's like 5 guys there, 2 short hairy guys making out, 2 others making out & one guy rubbing himself against the wall. When I appear, they all look up in shock because someone else is there! Hey, this is midnight

on Friday. Pretty pathetic. I almost had to laugh & left the place. But I got my one-month pass & will return. At least I know what's there now. In the "bar" room the walls were covered with lots of very sexy male drawings, even from Chicago's Gold Coast, the S+M bar I visited in '73-74. I'll feel much more comfortable getting into some action in the future there, now that I know the floor plan there. Also would like a lot more guys there so the spotlight isn't on me as one of the 5 people there. I'd rather fade into the woodwork, get lost in the crowd, be a voyeur, instead of one of the "performers." There were 2 cuties there, both sitting alone, bored. I could have pursued them but felt I'd already dealt with enough challenge just being there.

This step has really helped me. Finally! I feel like a gay man! I'm no longer a fucked-up female. Hallelulak! I'm now a fucked-up male!!

7/26/87

Wow. I'm all spaced out. Finally something FUN happened. Went to the Nob Hill Cinema, gay men's porno, + unfortunately they're having bisexual night + the movies have these lame women in them, doing fake moaning + groaning + being ugly. I walked out into the lobby twice to complain, "Was is this? Straight night or something?" cuz I hadn't seen 2 guys in the picture yet! Both times the ticket taker was busy so I didn't say anything. Finally that stupid film was over + a good one came on with 2 guys fucking in a New York subway car. The movie theatre was deserted, except for me. I figured, well, I'll watch this good one + then leave. So I was playing with myself + suddenly I realize there's someone standing up behind me, so I look back + there's a guy TOTALLY BARE! I thought, wow, talk about BOLD. He's hanging his dick right on my shoulder + I had to think

fast. OK... what is safe sex?? I grabbed him with one hand & kept playing with myself with the other. He kept trying to stick himself in my mouth... but I know that's "not safe." Or is it, really? But I just began sucking his balls. He leaned over to explore in my pants & I let him. I thought God! This guy don't even care if someone comes in! He had a Spanish accent & asked, ~~if I wanted to~~ "Do you want to?" I answered breathlessly, "Yes!" He said "Come on!" and beckoned me toward the aisle. I followed him & he stopped right there in the aisle. I dropped to my knees & he held a small bottle to my nose (poppers, I guess, which I don't particularly like, but I took a whiff, then he took a whiff). Then I did suck him a little. He asked if I wanted to get fucked & I said, "Yeah!" He said, "Lean over..." I lowered my pants & he knelt behind me as I stood & played with me a

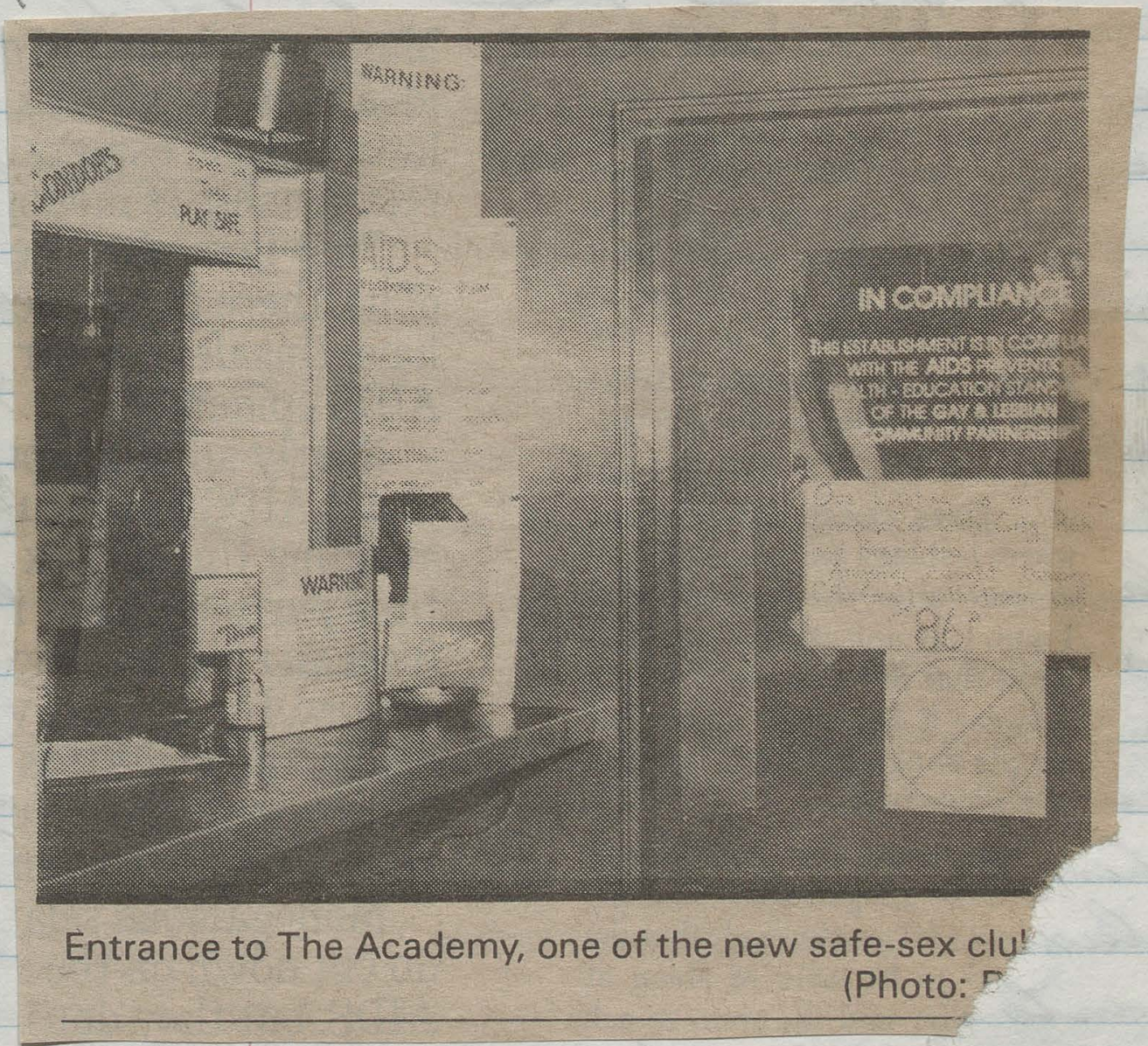
I stood + he stood behind me + rubbed his cock between my ass cheeks + he pressed me against him, my leather jacket still on + we both laughed in pleasure.

second. I asked if he had a rubber, he said no, so I fumbled in my wallet, got one, but couldn't get the goddamn package open. Hermetically sealed! As I struggled he said "Suck my balls!" and I did + he said "I'm coming!" and he did. I said "Oh, don't come yet!" still struggling with the hopeless package, but it was too late to get fucked. DAMN! He hugged me + we caressed + he said "Thank you." I said, ~~the~~ "Thank you" and he smiled + said he "had to go." I collapsed in a seat + wondered, "Who was that unmasked man!" and then realized it was the ticket taker! Well, the movie was over, the lights went on, I got dressed + went into the lobby. He was behind his counter getting dressed. The front door was locked. Ah-ha. That's why he was so bold. I asked, "Are you gonna let

← No penetration, but I grasped his cock between my legs & isn't that called the Princeton rub?

me out or am I being held prisoner?" He laughed & said, just push it open. I said bye & left, my pant leg all wet from his cum. Wow.

It only lasted about 5 mins.



Entrance to The Academy, one of the new safe-sex clubs
(Photo: P. ...)

7/27/87

Miscellaneous positive-vibe observations: One of the thoughts that saddened me, when cross dressing only, was that if I got together with a gay man, I ~~he~~ would have to turn him heterosexual in order to have a relationship with me. I am so proud, and isn't it wonderful, that Tom had to turn homosexual in order to have a relationship with me! That he had to present himself as a gay man to our friends & neighbors. Just for that fact, my whole sex change was worth it!

And how did my genito-plasty affect my lovemaking last night? When he reached down to touch me between my legs, I did not have to push him away, when he knelt down I could relax — I was able to drop my pants! No way could I have enjoyed those freedoms before.

7-30-87

Well, hallelujah! comes the dawn!
Wonders never cease!! Paul [redacted]
phones me this afternoon to say he's
just returned from some gender
convention in Amsterdam and for
the first time at one of those things
they discussed the female-to-male
gay man! The speakers said there
are nine of us in Amsterdam, and
[redacted] said when they said this,
those in the audience acknowledged
they had also seen some, two here,
three there, etc.! So now, [redacted]
said, the female-to-male gay man
is the latest topic. He said a Dr.
Eli [redacted] from the University of
Minnesota Human Sexuality Program
is going to do a study or something
"with a cute guy named Walter
from Amsterdam" (That's exactly how
Walker said it!), and [redacted]
will be in San Francisco next weekend
& would I meet with him?? I
answered Yes! of course!! Told
Walker I'm SO GLAD that we, the
female-to-male gay men, are being
recognized and that a big fear

of mine is that I will die before
the gender professionals acknowledge
that someone like me exists, and
then I really won't exist to prove
them wrong. I told [REDACTED] I've
considered going to Ira Pauly at
the Univ. of Nevada in Reno
(as Judy [REDACTED] recommended)
because Pauly is supposed to be
Mr. Expert in female-to-males
& he's told them (Laub's office)
that he's never heard of one who's
gay. Well, [REDACTED] said Pauly
was acting like he was the one
to discover the phenomenon of
the female-to-male gay man at
this Amsterdam gig! Pretty
funny how $2\frac{1}{2}$ years ago, in
January '85, he'd never even
HEARD of it, according to
Judy Van Bitch. So I am so so
delighted this is finally
happening, and deep down am
proud to have been one of the
ground-breakers who can honestly
report I've never wavered in my
desire to be a gay man - and

I've done a hell of a good job at reaching my dream, through no help from the so-called experts.

On July 20th Steve [REDACTED]

gave me a copy of an article from the Archives of Sexual Behavior, Vol. 16, No. 2, 1987, "Heterosexual & Homosexual Gender Dysphoria." Of 72 females who came to the Gender Identity Clinic at Clarke Institute of Psychiatry in Toronto, one "was a single, university-educated woman in her early 30's who complained that she subjectively felt herself to be male & requested surgical sex reassignment. She was erotically attracted to homosexual males, particularly 'gentler, nonmacho gay men,' in relation to whom she felt herself more masculine. She expressed romantic fantasies of being a man in a homosexual relationship with another male whom she could protect and care for, and there were less obviously erotic fantasies of protecting a homosexual male friend from being assaulted or ridiculed in public. Unlike the many heterosexual male gender dysphorics who relate fantasies of being, or becoming, a lesbian, she denied

ever having been aroused erotically by crossdressing. It is possible that this patient was one of a type described by Hirschfeld (1925): heterosexual women with strong masculine traits, who say that they feel as if they were homosexual men, and who feel strongly attracted to effeminate men. We do not mention this very unusual case further, and she is not included in any of the statistics that follow."

8/1/87

Dr. [REDACTED] called me this morn to arrange an interview time & I told him how happy I am that someone is finally recognizing the existence of the female-to-male gay man — that I've been doing this for 14 years & they're still telling me I don't exist. He asked me to put him in touch with any other F → M gay men I know, so I am now raking my brains for any & all mention of the phenomenon.

Ma spent the night in my livingroom & is again tonight.

We had a relaxing day + even took a nap together on my bed. I have been noticing how physically withdrawn/deprived of contact she is / has been, so mentioned to her that I don't think we touch each other enough, that "touch is healing" + how great the massages have been for me. As we laid in my bed side by side, she took my hand. I realized that, had she been Jack, I would have snuggled up to her side + laid in his arms. So I snuggled up to ma's side and she did wrap her arms around me, and the emotion of our closeness overwhelmed her. I relished the intensity + felt real love.

8/9/87

Have been feeling especially tired these days. This is the only real symptom I have of my illness. Some asshole punctured both of my motorcycle tires Friday night (also both tires on my next door neighbor's cycle) and Tom's brother Fred came over (he

volunteered to!) and fixed them for me. I took him out to dinner & flipped him some cash, even though he said I need not.

Fred & Tom's mother are both still living with Tom on [REDACTED] even though they're supposedly trying to find their own place.

I feel very excited about the interview with Dr. [REDACTED] tomorrow morn. I've invited Cuca, who's 8 mo. pregnant, over for dinner tomorrow night.

Feeling horny & lonely lately, too. Probably a lot of hormonal chemical combustion in me this week, since I finally got back on my shots of testosterone Monday the 3rd and then since the 5th I've been menstruating! Once this period is over, though, it will be my last, hopefully, in my lifetime.

8/11/87

Last month, in San Francisco alone, 143 new cases of AIDS were diagnosed, all but 5 were gay men. 64 died of AIDS last month. Since the first case in S.F. in 1981, there have been 3,545 people in the city diagnosed and 2,094 have died of AIDS. That's 59% dead. Nationally, 39,263 people have been diagnosed and 22,548, or 57%, have died in the U.S.

8/12/87

Spent the afternoon + evening with Charlie [redacted] - he gave me an audio tape of some guy philosophizing about health, healing + AIDS. Surely AIDS is one of the only diseases cloaked in all this philosophizing + moralizing about why it exists. Only because mostly gay men get it do they get away with theorizing that the disease arises from some sort of lifestyle problem. Then tonight Jim [redacted] phones me from Japan, asking why I haven't written in so long! Has it been "so long"? I asked. I guess it

would be cause for worry if I've been silent for months, when before it was no matter. Again he expressed apprehension about his success as a husband / father and commented that no one understands / accepts him as well as I had.

Last night my roommate Tim + I rented a video machine + some fuck movies. I smoked some reefer + was feeling amorous + the phone rings. It's Tom. He asked if I knew who was calling + I said "Of course, no one else has such a nice voice" He was obviously shocked + flattered + said, "You think I have a nice voice?" I answered, "Yeah, well, that's not all you have a nice one of" but I thought enough of that, and asked why he called. He has some typesetting for me to do. But, oh, he just called when I was in a weak + lonely moment and his sweet little voice just sent me

8/14/87

I sure wonder if these doctors know what they're doing. Went for my regular AIDS Clinic check-up and on my chart I see "diagnosis: Herpes Simplex 2." I asked what ?? and the doc tells me that was the diagnosis of the test they did on that sore I had on my left buttock that I complained about a few weeks ago! I assured her that I never had any sore, nor was I ever checked for any such thing, I never did! and no one has ever told me I have herpes! The doc just acted like I didn't know what I was talking about, but I'm sure they have this report in my chart by mistake! Then as I read the chart further they noted "Recently broken up with female lover." When I objected to that, the doc just said, "oh, it's just a typing error" but I said "you gotta correct that so my reputation isn't ruined! I've never had a female lover!" She just ignored me, so I used a pen to line out "female" and

I wrote "male" beside it. What
the fuck are they doing ??!!

8/15/87

Here I sit at Moby Dick's, a "G"
bar ("gay" bar) near Castro, near my
home. Contemplating. Reflecting.
I've come all this way, gone thru
this whole change, crossdressing
14 years, hormone shots for 8 yrs.
Finally gets all the surgery, or
all I'm ever going to get. And now
what? Now I sit here the same
way I sat before hormones, before
surgery. Now what? My future
compressed into a shortened time
slot. Most dead in 2 years. Some
live for 5. What have I been striving
toward? Some erotic ideal that
I still cannot reach or is it
only a matter of behavior modifi-
cation? Is it all in my mind,
and not in theirs? The young
lean smiling boys here all
around me. The mystique so
erotic, my fantasies so intriguing.
The years of shame and lacking

behind me? or to plague me still,
for whatever time I have left. Oh!
to be "NORMAL." To be a mere victim
of my lust, instead of having
orchestrated my desires, my place
here. To be a "real" male, have a
"real" male body with real function-
ing parts and to have those parts
say, "I want you!" Another male.

Is it just to damn bad
for us transsexuals? Especially us
female-to-males? I'll forever be
lacking. I'll always have to
explain/excuse myself. Yet it's
been worth all the years just to be in
this bar, here, now, with AIDS, &
to be a man among men. Not to
have to wonder if they think I'm
a female... that I know is no longer
an issue. To be included, however
voyeuristically, however theoreti-
cally, in the society of men who
can only openly proclaim their
ardor for other men - as those
within this bar - I have gladly
endured these years and these
trials. It may be "the love that

dare not speak its name " but it is surely the love that endures, that persists against all condemnation, even through the threat of death, of "AIDS," a love that cannot die; to me, this is the only REAL love.

I just returned from running the slide projector at San Francisco State University, showing Berube's "Lesbian Masquerade: She Even Chewed Tobacco" at the Western Women's History Conference. Eight years ago when I saw Allan Berube present the show for the first time, I cried, having found my crossdressing predecessors, having found Babe Bean, Jack Garland. I didn't invent this "new perversion" - There have been others before me! I was so proud to now be presenting his show to others.

8/16/87

I weigh 144 lbs. ! Most EVER in my life, by 15 lbs. !

8/22/87

Just got home from my second visit to The Academy, the jack-off club. First, I felt awake + energetic at 2 a.m. (actually 8/23) + I wanted to go at this time, as I felt there would be more men there after the bars closed. Second, I psyched myself up by thinking and believing that all the other guys there were just as "vulnerable + self-conscious" as I am, which kind of adds to the intense sexual atmosphere... Thinking of all these sexually needy male bodies. So I watched one of the porn movies Howard Beck gave me to get in the mood, then took my motorcycle there. There were more men there + I finally found the room with the porn movies. A small room with 3 steps forming a bench-like seating along 3 walls, the other wall had the video screen. I sat down + opened my pants + just reached into my jockey shorts, watched the fuck films (all men, of course) + played with myself. About 5 other men in the room, 3 ~~other~~ of them brought their cocks out + stroked themselves. I tried to make meaningful eye contact with

any of them to use as encouragement to go over + touch them, but no go. So I lowered my trousers, pulled my undershirt up to my nipples, exposed my ball through the legband of my shorts + jerked off. I sure am lucky to be multi-orgasmic + I came 3 times. Too bad for "normal" men who have to quit the fun after one. I attended a gay men's safe sex workshop the other day + they asked what we missed about the "good old days," i.e., before AIDS + safe sex. I said, "the naughtiness," but they assured us the naughtiness was still available. They were right. The Academy is definitely naughty + a real turn-on. - The 20th I spoke at the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality again, on their transgender safe sex panel. When I hear myself tell my story, I feel I deserve more fun times, such as tonight at the Academy. I also received the "personal ad listing" of the Small-Endowed Gay Men's Club.

Looks like this is it for another diary. I feel very lucky to have outlived this one!!!

Apr. 7, '87 LAST DEPO-TESTOSTERONE TESTOSTERONE SHOT

Aug. 3, '87 FIRST DELATESTRYL SHOT

