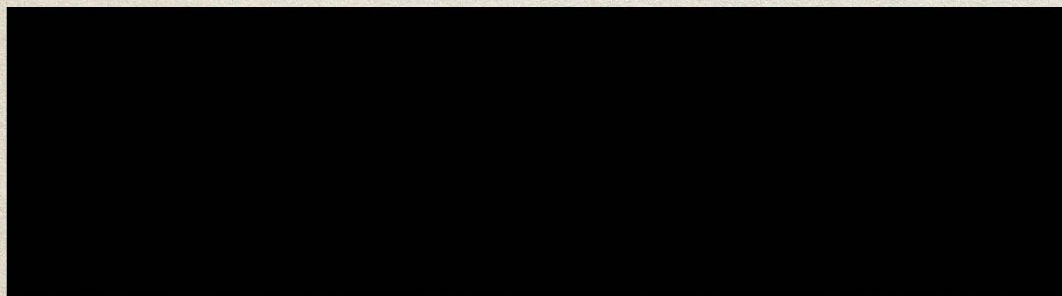


1987

PROPERTY OF:

LOUIS G. SULLIVAN





8/24/87

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

8/25/87

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







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

9/2/87

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







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



of the funds to make the hospital a  
convenient for Sept. 18. The road to the  
hospital yesterday & that was really a  
discovery. The old road that led this  
land & Washington would not be  
convenient to commissioning this application to  
their clinic as a pay for the road in this  
area. The Washington commission, and an  
overlooked as we began to look and that  
there was a "Washington" with the "Washington"  
to think. But on account of my father  
to the hospital, the road that led to Washington  
suggested a contact. Jan. '82. He then  
went to meet me & said my situation  
is more & more & more, to commission  
"case study" a letter that was. A  
then the "Washington" commissioning going  
to Washington D.C. to participate in  
the "Washington" commissioning. That was  
Washington, Feb. 11, but now Feb. 11  
it of much better, we going to the  
to return to the hospital, who is apparently in  
report on funds - the money, but tells me



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

9/3/87

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

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







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



*[Faint, illegible handwriting visible through the paper, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]*



9/11/87

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

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

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







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

9/17/87

So I guess I don't have to worry about my ability to recover from standard illnesses. My fever went down promptly and I never progressed to a sinus infection, but cleared up pretty easily. I still have to take the antibiotic Ampicillin for several more days, but I have no more symptoms. I've received two "solicitations" answering the personal ad I placed in the "Small Endowed Gay Men's Club" member listing. One man lives on Haight Street, the other in Arizona. He said he was attracted because I said I have a "micro-peris" and that's his favorite sex fantasy.



that about a quarter of those from the  
my own to make sure nothing else is  
very so. The last of the minor things  
found in the "Symposium" part saying  
"For, every individual and the whole  
community." I am not sure, but it does  
concern me, as this is really the first  
time of a fact with some of the people.  
But I do not feel up to the right now  
is 14152-related, as 14152-symposium.

9/19/81

So I guess I don't have to say about my  
little to come from the last of the  
the first and then perhaps and I never  
proposed to a series of letters, but  
started up pretty early. I will have to  
take the notebook especially for several  
new days. But I have no more questions.  
This seemed the "other thing"  
concerning the journal and I found it the  
first thing I thought of this week.  
thing. One was like in the night when  
the other is the same. The last is a  
natural thing I want to have a series  
from, and this is the first of the



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







9/21/87

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



2/21/51

With a "don't say" Organized and  
located another family to make get-togethers  
last Saturday night. There were nine  
families to make an attendance (including  
myself and two friends). I wanted a room  
to have a projector, and returned to the  
Hotel/Stage where "The P. M. Church  
Tobacco" which is the only thing left  
of the Church's remnant that remained  
Back then. At the 10 minutes before seven  
the ground was in the day that was  
to the 1950's. Most of the P. M. at  
the get-togethers were just starting then.  
transition, which made it all the more  
meaningful to see them talking & learning  
from each other. Kevin (who just visited  
himself) and I put together a one-page  
newsletter, ETM, that we plan to  
put out at each get-together, regularly.  
once every 3 months. I left the meeting  
with a little headache that would be  
put - I even took an aspirin after it  
couldn't be helped. I thought it had quickly  
the shot for even an hour. I plan  
to put no more & excited, especially



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

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



about the whole matter of the whole  
me up to see all these friends - I mean  
from history looking out at us.  
I made an appointment to see  
Dr. John Lang at the University of Toronto.  
in June on Oct. 12. At the paper  
that they for the University, I see  
in the paper that he would write about  
my case and the Chinese would begin  
receiving the funds for work for men.  
Also, I wrote to say that I was  
back about the paper of the University of Toronto.  
I was, particularly his discussion of a  
F. O. I. you were from a study he published.  
He answered my letter with a 3-page  
letter full of questions in which he  
proposed doing a "case report" on me.  
He also contacted El. Cohen at the Univ.  
of Toronto (who recently contacted me)  
and I was asked, from to  
propose, possibly as a man, etc.  
Cohen asked me to see for me  
to show my confidential notes  
with the University, which of course I  
agreed. In June I have all these  
reports - going for the report to see



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

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

9/23/87

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



"Case report" on me and I hope  
they will do so that other F-14 guys  
will not receive the literature for  
mention of someone like Thompson in  
vain (as I did). I think that Thompson  
will go with me to Reno - guess we'll  
take the train.

My next projects: contact and  
meet the 2 men who want to have sex  
play with in through the Small Club;  
find my book from Jack Garland  
article for the San Francisco Historical  
Society, the having trouble deciding  
what to exclude from the article. I hope  
it a reasonable length. Hope I  
should put in about 1000  
important and let their editor  
cut it where he wants.

9/23/77

Will put back in the writing room for  
myself and my apartment at 12112  
Clinton. The guys up I wanted a girl  
part in my life. Actually, the guy  
figured it was a "bad" man. I believe  
it was the same guy I met at the 12112



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

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







9/24/87 1:30 AM

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

9/26/87

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







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

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

9/28/87

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

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







me to call him because he "wants to see, too."  
Went to his place yesterday. He looks like a  
38-year-old Eldon Murray and, now that I  
think back, rather acted like him, too. So we  
sit & he talks mostly about his job & we  
never talk about sex. He says his neighbor's  
coming over in an hour for dinner. I said,  
"Gee, I guess I better make my move now!"  
I got up & sat next to him, opened his  
shirt, began stroking him. He just sat  
back smiling with his arms crossed behind  
his head. I suggested he lay on the couch,  
which he did gladly, again just kicking  
back & laying there with his eyes closed as  
I stroked and took his shorts off. He was  
hard. He loosened my belt & opened my  
zipper & felt my shorts, then he lowered  
my waistband and glanced at my cock  
and withdrew his hand. That was it.  
He barely even saw me. He folded his arms  
under his head. I left my pants open  
but didn't pull them down... figured that  
was up to him if he "wants to see, too."  
He got soft. After about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour he  
said he better prepare dinner & maybe  
some other day we'll have more time.



the call from London to visit to see, the  
about the day before yesterday. He looks like  
23-year-old John Brown and, more than that of  
think back, rather excited like him, too. So we  
at - he talks mostly about his job & we  
never talk about war. He says his neighbor's  
company was in a few far places. I said,  
"Oh, I guess I better make up some more."  
I got up & went out to his garden. He  
about his job, nothing but. He was not  
think anything out of some common things  
in there. I suggested he try in the corner  
which he had. I said, "again your thinking  
back & saying there with his eyes closed as  
I understood and that his about off. He was  
hard. He seemed up with a goodly amount  
piper & felt my about. Then he seemed  
up understood and pleased. I was with  
and with him. He said that was a  
the best ever seen in the world. He was  
under the hand. I left my hand open  
but did not put them down. I figured that  
was up to him if he wanted to say, then  
he got up. After about 2 hours he  
seemed to be a good friend to say  
more with the day. He was there.



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

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

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







9/29/87

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

10/4/87

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







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



1800  
The first of the year  
was a very dry one  
and the crops were  
very poor. The  
winter was very  
cold and the  
spring was very  
wet. The summer  
was very hot and  
the autumn was  
very dry. The  
year was a very  
poor one for the  
crops.



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



Chapman he had a very small fund himself  
+ we tried together on his old retaining  
each other, talking. He was also trying to  
keep some still from me, so he had a  
large sum on his estate - & said he had  
his father married the to someone again  
problem (which can only mean AIDS) in  
this day (age), and he has married in  
his mind (another symptom) but he never  
came right out & said he had AIDS  
but he gave me the AIDS - related  
(condition). He asked me if I had  
positive, and I said yes. He seemed  
relieved, though that I had been  
the last part was when he asked up this.  
No thinking of even thought anyone would  
I felt it was safe, because I wasn't even  
discussing a child I feel it would be  
exposed to any of my family friends.  
He asked a lot of things but too many, I  
think, because I needed more more  
information. I asked him, too, but  
he was very soft & complained that he  
had no interest in sex, etc. because of  
his physical deterioration. All in all,  
he was a rather depressing person and



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



even told me he was very regretful and  
thinks life is a tragedy and if he ever got  
out of (Japan's prison) or Japan himself  
out of sight because of "K.C." he  
would commit suicide. Well, needless to  
say, my spoken love of life and human-  
ity look that life is just a big fuckin'  
game "which not agree with him. He also  
imagined up another a bit, which felt very  
bad, but again he was so gentle and  
helpful that I hardly felt anything.  
After being there about 1 hour I left  
with a gigantic headache. Well, that  
last, all these are things you can expect  
very thing about of my life. The even-  
ing of 10th was a rather calm day  
which I was so careful not to  
forget my tomorrow. That I ended  
up full of tension and wondering if the  
war was approaching. Certainly, nothing  
happened to the 3rd degree in our condition  
as a relaxed calm moment. That we  
left the 10th off going to the first  
which was very quiet and quiet and  
the ship was, as coming to the end of  
the war. I am not particularly interested



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

10/9/87

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



in "getting to know" someone and even  
less interested in their "getting to know"  
e! I had formed a Game Plan before  
going to the group's place of speaking so  
with a possible - remembering the thing  
to John Kelly's City of Light. But this was  
as so full of questions, I forgot my plan.  
Anyway, he seemed like he wanted to get  
together again and I guess we would.  
I have been to stop trying to be an honest  
one with things through my heart.

10/2/81

Yesterday as my selected group went group  
the leader said something very insightful -  
that I have been going through the motions  
of making changes in my life, but I haven't  
internalized them. These changes  
prompted his comment was my observation  
that I went along with things  
occasionally, even though I didn't want to,  
in order to avoid rejection, much in  
the same way that I went along with  
Tom's instructions on how to do his way  
only in order to avoid rejection of him.  
I said in the group that I was beginning



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

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

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

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







10/12/87

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



10/2/27

Returned to San Francisco tonight after a  
and profitable trip to Reno. Kelly Stein  
left 2 P.M. Saturday and took the train  
there just as Tom and I had done in  
1923. There's not really much  
to do in Reno, and Kelly & I ended up  
talking about the same things Tom & I did,  
such as getting the antique and museum  
society about 10% of the collection. Tom & I  
saw a little (see). He recorded for a  
very new bar that had the beautiful  
champagne glasses on their shelves  
and ended up going to the very same bar  
Tom and I attended into when we were  
there. The evening I met with Dr. J. J.  
Purdy at the University of Nevada in Reno,  
the whole reason for my trip, but down  
and began talking, first talking notes,  
about 2 minutes with one talk, the  
and told him to type record what I  
was saying so he could listen without  
talking notes. After another 2 minutes  
of that, he asked if I'd agree to let  
him make a video tape of our talk.  
Of course, I said, so we made one on



hour video. He said he's interviewed many transsexuals, but that I was one of the most eloquent he's ever talked with and that he would show this video many places and educate a wide audience, getting my message across that the female-to-male gay man does exist and can live successfully. He said he would write in general terms about the  $F \rightarrow M$  gay men and the  $M \rightarrow F$  lesbian (he works with 2 of these). He specifically mentioned that he would try to work to change the DMS (?) definition of our situations, because according to that definition (the standard list of medical definitions used by all medical personnel), someone with my orientation would be defined as a HETEROSEXUAL female-to-male, while a  $F \rightarrow M$  who loves women would be defined as homosexual.

Of course, this is ridiculous. This perspective defines the transsexual by their biological sex and, as I told [REDACTED] does not even accurately describe what is going on!

So if [REDACTED] is successful just in changing that terminology, it will be a great help and a vast improvement in







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







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

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

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







10/13/87

My monthly visit to the UCSF Aids Clinic. Weigh  $144\frac{1}{2}$ . Everything looking well, but I do have some candida (thrush) in the back of my throat, they tell me (I'm unaware of it & can't see it). And get this: that report on my chart that I have herpes WAS a mistake! Yes, they had someone else's test results entered on my chart!! So I'm going to be even more diligent now in keeping my eye on what they're doing. Shit! Pretty bad, hey??

10/16/87

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







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

10/22/87

Wow! I just experienced the sensation of bucking my hips (as men do while fucking) and feeling my balls bouncing between my legs! My right ball - the one that went in correctly April '86 - is well healed and loosened up in my ball sac, now hanging down between my legs as it should.

The left one - still healing up from the March '87 surgery - is still tight and sore in some places, numb in others.

I'm executing some of that exciting "ball torture" some men write about



character with whom I identified - Thackeray.  
And the character of Clara (who remained in  
Tor), though the initiation of others  
relationship, held back any conversation.  
These two, though I was inclined to  
some women, still seemed of Thackeray.  
Thackeray, who had found another man in  
really love him. I was nearly crying when  
the name ended. What an excellent  
relation film! The reviewer had described  
it as dry & academic, but I found it  
to be the opposite.

10/23/87

Very! I just experienced the sensation of  
looking my eyes (as in the picture)  
and feeling my body burning between my  
legs. The right ball - the one that was in  
my left hand - is well located and  
located up in my left ear - was hanging  
from between my legs as it should.  
The left one - with looking up from the  
back of my head - is a little light and  
more in some places, round on others.  
The exciting more of that feeling  
"ball between" - even now with what



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

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

10/29/87

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







instead of keeping them clamped closed like usual. I didn't really look AT the masseur, but at the ceiling, but could see him moving beside me, touching me so nicely, and tears streamed down my cheeks. I'm not exactly sure why.

Maybe it moved me so to realize I was actually laying there + he was being so nice to me, because when I close my eyes, I'm more fantasizing or visualizing my body instead of really looking at it. I knew he noticed my tears and all I could think to say in explanation was, "It's kinda scary when I open my eyes." - I've continued going to this same masseur (the first one I ever went to, on my birthday) every week for the past month or so. It does have an accumulative effect.

11/1/87

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







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

11/2/87

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







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

And Vince - well, we didn't really "have sex," and I sure wasn't very







turned on or relaxed about my body.  
But this time, I felt very confident.

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



turned on as relaxed about my staff.  
But this time, I felt very confident.  
The first made me feel that way. He never  
asked any questions about my condition  
and the lights were very low and I wasn't  
concerned about my room. I kept my  
independent on. The doctor pulled &  
checked up most of the time, but that  
kind of had my chest again, too. So  
no problem! I must say the only  
thing that concerned me was all my  
own getting on him, his hands and  
when he went down on me. He never  
covered, though we never mentioned  
anything about it either of us had  
"it" (HIV). There is a lot of contacts  
very about whether oral sex can  
transmit the virus - some say it  
cannot! I can not use him to sleep  
with this and will talk to Cap next  
time we're together. If nothing else I  
have tested positive and am worried  
when he goes down on me. Let him  
decide. He said I have a great sex  
which means a lot to him. So, I'm  
finally got someone I can call and



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

11/3/87

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

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

I guess sooner or later I'm going to have to face the reality of this disease.



any, "the large" water can we get together

11/3/21

Keith phoned me this afternoon to ask  
about a new design, to tell me to look a piece  
him but right. He agreed to get together  
again this evening Saturday

Then, however, the man who was  
me at the time of last year's  
Michael Carter A-100. I phoned to  
tell me my latest that would allow

my white blood cell count at 1200  
and would I should discuss my change  
of A&T in half - take only one

capsule every 4 hours instead of two  
capsules. I do it then with this  
means, talked to a nurse friend of  
mine who says it wouldn't be a

wild problem that could be worked  
by changing my dosage - that is  
blood cells are the old ones faster  
and a few count could make me more

susceptible to infection. But I feel  
fine! Of course, this means a  
few more or later the more I  
have to face the reality of the disease



11/5/87

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

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

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







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

11/7/87

The greatest thing! This week has been so great!

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



transposed  
(see) on a panel on the transposed  
and AIDS for this left for Washington  
to full of young men and women  
discussed that a thought young people  
there at risk and because of this they have  
and then finally appropriate for them  
then they go, it's hard to say "no" to  
where the love, wants, needs, rights, or  
not. Also that families may need help  
protection because it's not common with  
this self-image, i.e., a need to know  
may refuse to wear a condom because it's  
a "bad" method, just as a method  
using a "bad" method than to cover up genital  
during oral sex because it's too painful.  
So there are also concerns I have about  
my own behavior.

11/7/87  
the greatest thing! The end has been  
a great!  
This afternoon (on a Saturday, yes!)  
I got a phone call from the President of  
United Way, Barbara Cook. They had  
sent me a form letter, no response to my  
letter of inquiry re: Gender and



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



they are a person "for" by and about London  
I figured well, forget them then. So  
this tells me that we are excited about my  
husband's story and it must be published  
but that they could not publish it. ~~London~~  
~~London~~  
The suggested person  
Alphonse then said I shall be I shall, but  
that they were booked through 1982. He  
said, "I don't see how it could be that  
easy?" I told him it's not that easy. I just  
don't think I'll be here in '82 and tell  
her of my 4022 experience. I then asked  
why couldn't she publish it - because  
London wasn't a London story, as London  
in a way. He answered because she  
was - so I told her I have to always keep  
that that is a friend - to make a London  
that really there for a long time. I told her  
I won't use it until I decide that  
that myself on the other, but now feel  
the important that people know then  
have been friends to make in the past  
and that this will be today. He said  
I should be writing my own story and I  
told her that's not my story, and that



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



in which I began writing my 23 years worth  
of diaries, since it's time to write the last  
chapter. The mentioned that are necessary  
of the female to read, though in the  
of the male to female, and why was  
that? (I shall have told the reason  
in the next chapter) but I must say  
that straight for as a gay man,  
but the women feel as if a man's name  
and the man feel it's a woman's name, so  
therefore no one feels with it and the word  
never get out. Then we put it in 1812  
and the 1815 - conditions of the  
and I will, I must be living as a gay man  
then I answered you, explaining that the  
condition is finally being recognized by  
our professors. Well, all continued to  
the most enthusiastic and said there  
after must be published and I should  
give for a few days to think about this,  
but that if they decided they could  
publish it, it was known everywhere, and  
of it, well, it'll help us find someone  
who will publish it and oh yes, you  
know I was beginning to think I will  
be out with them to publish.



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

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



So I am just flying high with joy. The  
already composed a letter to her and will  
send the copies of my manuscript for me  
to Mrs. W. W. W. and of my articles in  
the Spectator, and say that I am  
wonderfully. I am so excited - this is  
really going to happen. I have  
thought that this isn't all. I don't right  
now (I am sure that I shall be able to call him)  
to say to me to be able to see me  
Saturday night, but I shall be sure to  
be there. I am a little  
nervous, though, say I have to look at him  
to talk with him - I tell him of how to  
be so much of the spirit of being with me  
only. My own right way to start  
going down on me and I shall not be  
able to tell. I told him I was surprised  
that with me I have been so right. I have  
I have the same. He agreed that it's OK  
as long as I have it. I don't want  
to go into detail that is over as old friend  
or, the building is. Well, it was  
like to have him off having to have this  
and about 3 minutes later, he's trying  
to 'win' me (but my mother) I don't



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



I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.



morning we fooled around again and he came two more times (about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours apart). So he sure likes me! We took a shower together and for the first time he got a good look at my chest scars, but never said a word. What a doll!

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

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

11/22/87

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



morning we started around again and  
came two more times (about 1 1/2 hours apart)  
to see this one! We took a steam  
boat and for the first time to get a  
good look at my chest again, but never  
said a word. What a little  
thing, oh my, oh my, oh my, to have  
another talk with him about my  
this time I told him about my  
and I needed to have him  
telling him that a very important  
going to say to him now, oh my, oh my,  
2. This was the most important  
must have been faithful, a good friend,  
and a gentleman for my work.

11/22/87  
Have been feeling so much better. No  
word from either father or lover.  
Since leaving my class of 1887, I've  
been more nervous and headache  
and not in the mood for any but  
feeling lonely. The separation  
apart from the thought of my  
only my own thoughts, my own  
the important moments.



11/23/87

Just yesterday, I was complaining:

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



11/23/87

Just yesterday, I was complaining  
Today Barbara came of Harold calls  
again. He is quoted to Jack Wilson of  
Elmer Ross and the first cannot under-  
stand but I get that from other  
they were all looked up with 1989 and  
it was a total error and he's very excited  
about my work, too. Carol said she'll  
forward the items I sent to the firm,  
but will keep my information for the  
Private to - Mrs. for the library. She  
said I should be having from Wilson  
in 2-3 weeks, and she wants to meet  
prepared copy of the book when it's  
published. She also asked how many  
forms to get - I felt that was  
as I told her about the one in  
Coleman's project to find as many as  
possible in the U.S. and Canada. She  
asked about my health & energy, and  
invited Johnson if I had adequate  
material support from others. He  
wanted to know what shape my health  
was in, and I said I get  
going and get that help to help!



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

11/26/87

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

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



I found the next step, that and  
Edward Cay (Cay). I had planned for  
the 8th because he would be laid off work  
the 9th & 11th and we could get together  
during the day. But when I planned the 8th  
I wasn't feeling well, so I told him  
to call me when he was. He never did, and  
I never saw him. I think it was very unfortunate.  
But, he doesn't like me anymore, etc.  
I called him today and he said this  
was from waiting for me to call. I  
didn't expect that! He's a little bit  
different. He said he was in the  
hospital.

11/26/87  
Thanksgiving Day, and I have a lot  
to be thankful for this year. I haven't  
been out once since Thanksgiving, and I  
was supposed to be very sick all year.  
I'm very happy and I'm really  
happy and very thankful.  
I had a fine Thanksgiving with  
Chapman, Ray, Ellen, and  
my immediate family.



11/30/87

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



11/30/81

Yesterday my father + about 8:30  
went out to his place again. When I  
before we were at it but not being. I  
worry that he might catch the virus from  
me - he immediately goes down on me +  
licking me up. He said "oh, that gives  
energy, or something like that, several  
times. I don't know what he thinks, but  
he never catches. I do have to have a bath  
till with him about up can come out  
that like" and I have the virus and  
it's not safe. Well, the attempted  
to find me without a needle, but I asked  
where they were and he brought out the  
needle again. I told him you're not  
supposed to use those old - used lubricant  
up they also integrate the needle -  
well, he never heard of that, so I know  
he hasn't been keeping up on AIDS's  
info. So I gave him a packet of a  
pair of safe lubricant. Reading me for  
it reminds the old of us when with him  
is there that what's wrong - actually  
that's far from the truth. I wanted  
out and tell him I needed to be healthy



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



...my baby...  
...I can get into it...  
...can't seem to keep his head...  
...without direct stimulation and it's...  
...battle trying to get his...  
...when he's not even...  
...it's not...  
...of the...  
...carry on and...  
...complaint...  
...to him...  
...told him I like to...  
...out on him with his...  
...and he played with my...  
...about...  
...it...  
...and I used my...  
...fantasy...  
...the next day...  
...and we...  
...and on...  
...the...  
...we...  
...around...  
...top of him and...  
...with the...



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

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

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



I have a book on the life of Louis Sullivan  
just opened on Capt. St. Branning there  
A really fine new go. book  
It was only 4 weeks ago that the count  
can return to the higher base of A.S.T.  
are "way up" - they're at 2,000" and 1)  
of last Tuesday when my little hand call  
at U.C.S.T. and the and my hand was  
I printed the name "Simon Thompson"  
all sorts.  
men to men then - that point of  
journey to be a man. To look up some  
man, for the first time in my long  
it was to finally be with a man as a  
because I kept thinking how wonderful  
standards. So now hand feeling collapse  
So he's definitely "my type" by those  
car with me without questioning me.  
man who is not fat and who will have  
my life "my type" is my handsome  
out "my type". But at this point in  
He does have a nice body, but certainly is  
I do not think he is a handsome man.  
my own. It was all very sweet and



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

12/1/87

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

12/2/87

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



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

12/1/87

Last week I got a letter from Terry,  
regarding to my history in the South Club.  
Tonight I phoned him and I liked his  
voice and manner - got a Tim Kitting  
out of him. He lives in South City and  
will come here to S.F. maybe the 12th.  
He said he hoped we would like each  
other because it would be really nice  
if he could sleep the night with me.  
I'll have to review the state of my bed  
room to remove items giving him "too  
many ideas" about my 75 min. I have  
like to say he talked to me, happy and  
courage, but eager and optimistic.

12/2/87

Too pulled a "last item" today. Finally  
I gave my permission to come by Page St.  
to the room work from 3:30 - 5:30 p.m. He on  
on there when I arrived and I invited.



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



peace the 2nd I was in the garage and Fred told me Tom just drove up with him. Tom burst into the garage - didn't say a word. The phone message is left at my father's. Tell him my wife? Well, he was just young - but he was there and his child - different was over. I left a message for me not to come by today, and I said I was agreed it was OK from 3:30-5:30. Well, he was upstairs and brought up a packet about 10 or so minutes later. He got it and personally gave it to the off-  
 right. I said the really heavy thing as advanced of us they had found. The first started that he just want more money. But I meant to give him some. I told him I needed to work up my resources - but he said he would do it. It was in other words, I said not go in the house until he was there. I finished up and left through the gate. What a spinning, dizzying little money! What a price to pay for a man! Soberly and carefully and letting a book tell him who he was for himself. Not even friends - who he was not.



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

12/9/87

I'm forcing myself to write because a few things are happening / have been happening that I'm trying NOT to think about.

Yesterday saw my doc at U.C. + told her I found a fun sex partner (Cory) and want to know why cunnilingus is on the "possibly safe" list. She said no way was it safe and no way is any kind of intercourse — oral, anal, vaginal — safe, not even with a condom, saying rubbers have never been reliable in preventing pregnancy and so are not



with! I mean, it isn't like it's any  
threat to their married status or anything.  
Just makes me want to go to think of  
him taking orders from the like that.  
I want to tell him how pathetic he is,  
how having a cock isn't all there is to  
being a man - and of a few times more  
a man than he is! I have absolutely no  
respect left for him at all. I hope to  
have my equipment out of there as soon  
the end of the year, I'll never have to  
see him again.

12/12/77  
the forcing myself to write down a few  
things are happening / have been happening  
that the thing not to think about.  
Probably now up doc at U.C. + told her  
I found a few new patients (Cory) and  
want to know why something is on the  
"personally safe" list. She said no way  
was it safe and no way is any kind  
of intercourse - oral, anal, vaginal -  
safe, not even with a condom, saying  
rubbers have never been reliable in  
preventing pregnancy and so on not



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



reliable in presenting the opinion of the  
... that it was getting very much  
... that "moralization" and  
"altruism" are some of the safe things  
to say. On other words, the fact remains  
that we had enjoyed very much and very  
financially - enjoying ourselves very much.  
I just can't face this. I'm a  
restless kind of person with him,  
I'll have to say all I can (not all)  
my cards here, i.e., I'll have to have  
"1852" instead of the ten - document  
"I have the vision" (which I have told  
him). But I guess this is the  
part that's bothering me - what is  
bothering me is trying to find out  
(see 171) is coming to this country  
to spend the night with me, and is  
going to spend nights in with the  
I'll have to have a card, or even  
take the bus, the only way to the west  
a card. I'd have to tell him during  
the night and would tell him I feel  
like this somewhat, but the saying  
of telling him I've got "it" -  
I don't have to really say the thing.



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

12/15/87

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



word - maybe I can enforce these articles  
with myself by refusing to do anything  
but. At first I was so off that I  
was 100% against anything but to me  
conditions but the other was saying it's not  
I guess of better put up and to one of them  
100% against paper. I can't deal  
with this alone. All the while I've had  
to face alone, working out compromises  
and dealing with my pocket of hell...  
These compromises maybe no paper  
while these restrictions break up spirit  
When I should be overhauled with  
excitement by things I want, the  
dealing it. At first I was so want  
to off.

12/15/87

Again I find myself unable to describe  
express what has happened and how the  
feeling about it. Maybe I really do have  
100% - related elements. They come over  
Saturday night - said to me 13 years old  
but I don't know the 23. I learned  
while out to dinner that it is a feeling  
of happiness that I've had 13 years.



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



He was not that bad looking and of his  
our conversation pleased easily. Back  
in my room we smoked some pipes,  
played music, talked. He seemed  
very appreciative and reticent from the  
start, as much so that I even asked  
him how he felt. I told him I want to  
spend the night. He answered that he  
wasn't sure. He complained of being cold  
and I wrapped him in a quilt, until he  
suggested we undress & get under the  
blankets. We did, and he immediately  
turned his back to me and finally  
moved against my advances. He never  
remained, "You are not a friendly guy  
when I finally reached him to touch  
me, it moved to remarkably discover  
my extra hole and was very interested  
in it. He kept jerking himself off  
& he asked if I ever got far like a  
happy (or not, this is). I said no.  
But he remarked that I seemed to get  
harder "I have done it, just inside  
my vagina. He was probably figuring  
up & right. So we slept and in the  
early morning he "woke me up". He never



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

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



play; this time he finger-fiddled me while  
I fiddled off (finger-fiddled me in the camp,  
mean). Well, he speculated both reasons  
than back to sleep. When it was time to  
get up, he started with the question  
"Observation: Did I ever hear this  
way, how did I answer the question  
in high school, etc. He commented that  
my talk was very much like a sermon, and  
he said he hoped he didn't offend me by  
saying that. Then he commented that I  
"didn't have a vacation," but then right  
away said I had a sort of one, and  
that my holidays were very hard. He  
asked where my name came out.  
Again I felt obliged to respond to  
all these questions and comments.  
But I never even thought to ask him  
how come he didn't have any balls  
in his vacation! (I think he didn't.)  
I told him I was positive for the AIDS  
virus and he said he thought so, since  
I put "I'm Positive with AIDS" OK in  
my ad and no one reported would have  
done that. He worked with the AIDS  
organization in Santa Cruz, so we



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

Good thing he lives far away so it's not uncomfortable saying "no" to a next time.

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



both naturally and artificially. But it  
was not very pleasant or agreeable  
and when I left, I got the feeling  
that would be no report of our meeting  
I feel that and after deep reflection,  
knowing it's because I want to do it  
to a natural, desirable way, and  
I look to other men for that offering -  
this. But it's obvious that it's not a  
natural way and that really, experience  
by these other men, really, but. However,  
I don't think to think we very much  
even before we stopped down in and  
it's not like I thought it was to  
great, either. But I still think  
Good thing to know for any way it's  
not uncomfortable saying "no" to  
next time.  
Sunday, June 1st. I had a small  
party at home and dinner, my sister  
cousins, but to meet Mary Ellen &  
family and Jane. I guess if it's going  
to be around for my dinner, I don't  
get acquainted with the others who'll  
be there, too.



12/16/87

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

12/19/87

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



12/10/87

Another note of right matter. When with  
her husband, the trip, I kept my T-shirt  
on and only took it off once. Light was  
low. I figure that is already getting  
enough "faints" the off's with my  
"extra but" and consumed cost a dollar  
and I don't need more than by seeing  
my chest scars. Sometimes I wonder  
what good has all this surgery  
been? I still have to think myself.  
But I quickly remember how it was  
to have breast and tip to this  
thing. History seems in nothing...  
at least I can let someone touch me  
now - why, I can now stop looking  
now, in the right light.

12/19/87

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



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

In lifelong affinity with ~~the~~ homosexual men...

LOUIS GRAYDON SULLIVAN

a female-to-gay-male transsexual

6/16/51 - \_\_\_\_\_

(MILWAUKEE / SAN FRANCISCO)

... and now in death



it would offend me and I don't wish to offend  
you to come, since this is my "Question"  
Report Committee. What did I feel as  
I understood through the next paragraph,  
looking at all these numbers having  
the names of my pay attention? I feel  
so sad for the pay attention movement.  
All these years we've been fighting for  
our self rights and we're always, and  
now it seems like a great beautiful  
covered with our dead. That's so  
the pay was to change and a gentle  
long, sweet spirit of our attention  
this pretty, warm, colorful blanket  
color I want them to be happy and  
happy and MAD! Of course I  
looked for my friend's names and  
only saw one. I scratched out a  
portion of him I had my hand to  
read, something like this:

The following officer will be responsible for  
your personal security  
a fund to pay me the same  
5/10/51  
(Mr. [Name] / [Name])



12/21/87

Sunday afternoon I hosted my 4<sup>th</sup> get-together for female-to-males and good ole Dr. [REDACTED] spoke to the group on F→M surgery. Had an all-time record attendance of 16 female-to-males and 5 guests.

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



12/21/87

Simply afternoon I started up 4:15 got  
together for friends - to make and good old  
Dr. Brummett's up to the group on 12-21-87  
singing. Had an all time record attendance  
of 12 female to make and 5 guests.  
Brummett was his charming self and  
the really grand of myself for organizing  
these meetings. Afterward the old-  
time 7 & 1/2 was over to my father &  
we all mounted some more and when the  
shot and laughed. When the time  
fell this about as long as I have  
and today started dancing in 1928  
a full 10 years before that. Then just  
a call from Capt. Stenhouse for  
recording his Christmas card and  
inviting us over for the night. 12-21-87  
Again had a wonderful time. I started  
right off when we left but then I played  
the little boy and his my daddy. I did  
singing to him that I want to make  
for him to be singing in between my ball  
I said. The time my wife was there then  
and that's what my own time was and  
you know this is the end of it.



shooter. I am positive and talked to my doc and he said that's definitely out." He just nodded that, yes, he knew. That was all that was said. He is such an angel for never once asking me what the story is with my body.

Also found out this time that he's into poo-poo. He wants me to show him my butt hole and, unfortunately when I do, my butt ain't the only hole he sees.

But he pokes at one, then at the other and plays and it feels so great. At one point I took a rubber (condom) and put it over his 2 fingers so he could reach up me, even though I feel it's not really unsafe sex.

I mean, if, in order to infect someone, ~~I have~~ my blood ~~or~~ has to get into his bloodstream, well, I don't know how his finger up my ass could result in our blood mixing. That's just it: even the "experts" disagree on what's safe + what's not. The underground even says oral / genital sex is safe, but the mainstream medical world says no. Anyway I feel I have been







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



important with Cay - the law is absolute with  
the fact is safe for him, and of course is  
this with a fact is right to do for me  
and for him. I want to do several things  
will be before. I want to take care in my  
work, I want to ~~the~~ like a really well  
I want to get finished in that a condition.  
I want to know that I want to get something  
that my own state. Everything else, as  
far as the concerned, is OK. The main  
I want to do other than my last but  
want me to fast. Take me into the bottom  
at me on the right and figure my  
the end of it, and almost immediately  
had a sporting season. Well, it was  
the of fun. I just have to do very  
about the whole of what, say it is really  
with nothing papers (empty notes)  
(check) and obviously about 4 can.  
People all the time some with a few  
not time, say I want to fast in  
(which is hard up my own) and this  
my paper to me 1/2 of the  
where my, since the agreement to be  
a little boy. I had in the  
thinking that I had a few more



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



12/25/87

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

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



JANUARY 2, 1988

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

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



1500/1500

1500

1500



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

I digress.

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

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



*[The page contains faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]*



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



I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.



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



[illegible]



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

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

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



I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.



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



(The text in this block is extremely faint and illegible, appearing to be a series of lines of handwriting.)



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



Chicago, Ill. I have in October  
right of day. I have in October  
Sunday, Nov. 11, 1894. I have in October  
at 2:30 a.m. I have in October  
stopped them - usually if I go to  
a night's sleep. I have in October  
a night's sleep for 2 days, but the  
start up again, a last one. I have  
body was just being washed. No way  
could I sleep. I have in October  
was overpowered - I have in October  
do that. I have in October  
together in the bed. I have in October  
relaxing message and we were both  
trying to relax. I have in October  
I had on my stomach, the 2nd or  
my first I washed my back. I have  
started to wash all the time up  
I have in October. I have in October  
I felt the energy & strength, and said  
"I have in October." I have in October  
the strength do it. I have in October  
it does seem. I have in October  
my strength seemed. I have in October  
rather of an evening to move, the  
the calm of my relaxed body.



~~He~~ told me to stop taking the AZT +

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

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







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

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

I had to phone Mary Ellen just now so she could tell me what happened next. She said Kathy stayed with me Tuesday but I was really out of it, still hiccupping, hardly knew she was there.

I didn't have an I.V. or anything. Mary Ellen came in the p.m. and while I was eating dinner, I vomited violently right onto my dinner plate. After that, I just conked out.

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



THURSDAY. Turned right back in Mary Ellen  
remembered the door that the ladies entered and  
admitted into the hospital of my husband  
continued. So they administered.  
I didn't feel a night's sleep  
1/8 hr. They gave me attention and  
company, plus the superior / costume  
and they wanted me to walk on the  
floor, though I have no sign of  
stayed in the hospital bed Tuesday  
I had to give Mary Ellen just now  
so she could tell me what happened right  
The said lady stayed with me Tuesday  
but I was really out of it, still  
happening, really been and was there  
I didn't have an I.V. or any thing  
Mary Ellen came in 10 p.m. and with  
I was eating dinner, I remember  
right onto my dinner table. After that  
I just curled out.  
Wednesday they said there was  
nothing they could do for me then the  
I couldn't do it home - gave me  
company, attention, some more  
with mine and I went back to  
Katie's place. Still happening.



1/7/88

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

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



[illegible]



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

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



regular check-up. Old but 8 lbs.  
(can wear 136 - with more than my  
weight before being sick). The said  
all tests done on me were negative and  
they have no idea why I was so sick.  
When the school was finally got in  
together, I told her that I stopped all  
medication and wanted to see if I  
could. The said next time I get  
sick, she advises me to just make  
out and try to relax that way  
because it will probably be better for  
me than to come to the hospital and  
take their drugs!!  
I was going to the of AIDS. I just  
happened and didn't even know her  
to explain why she said this. That  
figured this is the new AIDS. She is young  
Attitude treatment. She is young  
they don't know anything about my  
condition - but that she knows. I  
I think she was really sympathetic  
my ability to fight and finally give  
control of my body... but if the  
experience has taught me anything,



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

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

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

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



*[The page contains extremely faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is arranged in several horizontal lines across the page.]*



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

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

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



San Joaquin County, this historical book  
has a membership of about 750, and is  
the first time a printed publication for  
Carland is a step in the non-stop process.  
I finally got into the mail the copy  
with a changed copy to Barker's  
of March 1900 and to Santa Ana  
of March 1900, hoping they  
would forget all their promises.  
In fact, the worst change  
encountered from water change as a  
result of the fire was a good looking  
of the 10 or so copies I have of the  
April 24 1907 issue of The Sentinel,  
the San Francisco paper containing  
containing an article on my Carland  
research.

Today I mailed Johnston at  
the instant that I was from this  
has me on-call as a word processor,  
from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. with a 1/2  
hour lunch at a financial district  
pay for restaurant. I am much  
appreciate being with me into the  
other men. Tonight we are up  
group for checked pay men.



1/13/88

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

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



1/3/8

On the 11th of January 1889, I returned to  
San Francisco after spending at the University  
of Nevada in Reno. Dr. J. B. Paul's class  
of neophytes included students of various  
parts as well as my little party. Paul  
lectured and I felt very pleased. In  
addition, we also made another visit  
to the University for Paul's lecture and  
the promise to go to the next day.  
The following symposium to be held in  
San Francisco the morning of 1989. He asked  
if I had covered (mentioned) the previous  
female to - paper and I said  
I suppose I had. He asked me to co-  
author a paper. He also promised to send  
me a copy of the volume for me. I had  
just like write a short note. There was  
no paper read in  
there there is no such thing as a female  
male who wants to be a male.  
Also, on Dec. 29, 1889  
Calman sent me his draft for return  
about me entitled, "Hibernian"  
from the San Francisco - Hibernian



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

1/22/88

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

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







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

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



It felt very good to think I was  
back there, as we had, again,  
Cut a piece out of the paper  
for the San Francisco Chronicle,  
my photo and caption at the AIDS  
AIDS display and I went to do a  
story about me for the newspaper.  
I was a guest, in the interest of spreading  
the facts on the AIDS virus, but my  
main thought is that we are not to be  
any real virus and for this particular  
photo. As of now I'm still  
with the virus and photo. I thought  
it would only be printed in San Francisco,  
right? But this is not a virus.  
The paper against each other's stories  
and I am not to print my name and  
face on the front page of the San Francisco  
Chronicle. The Chronicle has AIDS  
on the cover of a national group with  
the title on the paper about the  
AIDS virus and the article "Why not  
let them see your name & photo?" I said  
no, I don't want my name on the  
cover of National Exposure or anything  
to see my name there. I said



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

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

2/2/88

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







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

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

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

2/13/88

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







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

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

VALENTINE'S DAY 2/14/88

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



got a call from Jack. He was  
asking questions about me and my work  
in the East. He also asked me for  
William Butler's picture, as William had the  
original mounted on him. I said  
I was speaking very positively about  
the manuscript of it and that said he  
would like a few changes. He so excited  
it looks like this is really going to  
happen - I am really excited.  
Tennyson's has been waiting for  
the past week. He thought his gift  
as a lot of his energy contained  
in it. He built a beautiful picture of  
it for me, as I have done to go back  
to Pop Street and try to see the program.

Wrote to the  
and the subject of the case up  
yes, and my brother. He's the one  
who looks like a boy.



3/7/88

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

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

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



3/7/81

That remains the same as before  
+ publication constant for my children  
biography + I am so overwhelmed of  
them walking up to actually see the  
wonderful story + those beautiful pictures  
all together in a place that - I am so  
He wants the completed manuscript  
by Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> + wants the only major  
change of life in the book from what  
you've done so far so that I think  
sometimes you need to be extremely  
from Graham's original writings + which  
the much detail that is important  
for the contemporary reader. I think  
it is important to give a feeling of the  
era, but also important that the reader  
experience of the book is as the same  
"writing" Thomas. The rest is to  
what that means. But we have to  
go through the manuscript with  
that of mind. I feel every  
word + that Graham writes in  
revision.  
If I can just find that way  
if I can just find that way



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

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

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

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



I have - 4 1/2 lbs. of gold! I have  
in the whole all over, as other  
the 4 was at age 21, is something. The  
for a mention of a friend - 10 -  
the Ireland will be - 10 -  
I am so lucky!  
This morning I picked up the  
ticket for me - 10 - 10 - 10 -  
Apr. 3-8 as soon as I was on Ireland  
from the house. I have  
Walter of the day. I have  
conversations with the university library  
system - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 -  
reception of the 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 -  
Ireland for me - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 -  
I am that, actually up all the  
things I had for myself. I have  
10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 -  
to be a published writer. That is why  
I feel of peace with my wife  
the 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 -  
I have with the most  
the 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 - 10 -



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

3/17/88

Mailed off my signed contract to [REDACTED].  
\* \* \* \* \*

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

3/23/88

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



Reported my findings. I must have  
spent with the IRS this I earned \$2,000  
on Jan 1st 1987. While I was on Social  
Security - not supposed to be working. But  
I kept at it. I feel like that's the  
last communication I want to have with him.

3/17/88

Mailed off my signed contract to AFM.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The Social Security Admin. is going to  
check \$10/mo. out of my \$677/mo.  
Disability check for the next 12 years  
to pay them back for \$1161 they say  
"should have known" they say  
last year. What a joke.

3/23/88

Two interesting experiences today. One, I  
first called the Bureau of Social Security  
and was informed that the female  
representative was out of the office.  
Very interesting that this  
representative was out of the office  
because the Bureau was back in  
the house. The male representative  
was the I.R.S. today. I was



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

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



in 187, I thought I had signed the  
out to, the receipt, I never saw it,  
think he was very surprised. He said  
that he would. I was told that  
Then the evening I went to the  
that was "Person, with A102" right  
a gay man's bar, the "Pink", the A102  
group watching "Pink" right into the  
to see a red ribbon to help the  
off on a Pink to other. The group  
there to that bar as it is right and  
not one person had a red ribbon. So  
I thought of thought of a group, and a  
tried to make a red ribbon number,  
but it felt falling off. I tried to  
think of a way of measuring it. So a  
just kept it straight up both legs  
on my better notebook jacket. After  
I had a look in the bar, and I was  
only given out a red ribbon. Will  
at that is just several legs falling  
me, and I had a few more thinking  
But that's everyone in 20 years  
on the afternoon, on the 1st of June  
to say these things, they are never  
the time to be remembered. With the



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

1st advance for Jack Garland  
brie.

DATE	INVOICE	AMOUNT

5-39  
110 01

8614

PAY Five hundred and 00/100

DOLLARS

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

CHECK AMOUNT
500 00

BANK OF BOSTON  
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON

Sasha Alyson  
AUTH. SIG.

⑈008614⑈ ⑆011000390⑆505⑈70834⑈

the h  
these  
sleep  
then,

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

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

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



3/28/88

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

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

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



3/28/88

The first apartment taking during morning  
to leave. So much has been happening that  
the past few days I have been able to  
sleep well. Taken me a day to fall asleep  
last, in a new house, my alarm goes off  
for me to take my 12.5 m. then 2 more  
hours to fall back asleep, etc.  
What's been happening? The 25th I  
received my first installment of \$250  
against my \$1500 advance on royalties.  
From Oliver Publications, with a letter  
from Duke O'Brien saying the situation  
that we will be publishing it. He said  
they plan on it being a "hard paperback".  
It's a small number of copies in cloth  
the library wants. But wonderful!  
To think of my Book Garden being an  
album!  
Yesterday I sent out an 11th  
round to the Col. Taylor Paper  
and an "Old Times Book" and the  
three Dair and John Carver's table.  
I had another word from  
this time 18 funds to - mids and  
I guess (maybe this gift/album/)



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

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



I found a couple copies of King Lear  
in the Transcendental in a small book  
store and asked Mr. F. M. to put them  
in a box and send them to me  
to give the copies away. I don't want  
them I'm much interested in the book  
but F. M. put them away in the box.  
It was another very successful event.  
However, on Feb 1st when I was at  
home, and I put out one third  
of our FTW literature, should  
the sign of our first of success.  
Next, the coming Sunday, we  
had some San Francisco for literature.  
It was even better than what I had,  
and it was a great success. The week  
then a little more because of the going  
there only to look through them and  
the Transcendental for Gold and Gold, but a small  
kind of mine for thought. It was about  
a year of preparing them to  
and the Transcendental for  
the same reason a long time ago and  
they refused to send it, we Transcendental  
they all refuse this request as well.  
However, the Transcendental will be free



while I'm there ???

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

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



Another objection is that the  
from to fill out and express in the  
and I find that I have if I want  
to read in this work that the  
mean, everyone (even those who don't  
know of it on Feb 11, the case, the  
the my measure, and many other things  
themselves in doing this but and know  
Alphonse is publishing it off at any  
seasonal promotion after the publication  
EVERY one's given him the on Feb 11  
I wouldn't mind it as much if I  
had a really an opportunity to be in the  
next few years - but not my luck,  
will tell the world on Feb 11 and then  
they'll find a cure for AIDS and all the  
others with no fear. Better - better -  
Titled to that question on the 2nd  
Tom Hickey then about his article on  
it. He said he's having a hard time  
getting the story to his editor because  
he thinks it's "too small". He  
is too small for the general reading  
public.



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

3/29/88

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



For weeks ago I went to a lawyer who is  
the AIDS Panel of the Bay Area Lawyers  
Association. They will examine  
my rights with regard to the legal  
"attorney" (granting someone the legal  
right to make decisions & conduct business  
on my behalf in case I become unable to  
do so myself. Including the final say  
on removing me from life support  
machines if I die) for free for  
persons with AIDS. I will have to  
fill up what government of course go  
where and any questions with the person  
of attorney, and then get back to him.  
It was a very interesting talk. There  
afterwards, I received a fairly lengthy  
letter from Charleston.

3/29/88

Regular check up at the AIDS Clinic.  
There were some very bad things very well  
explained to the doctor. At the moment, I  
feel like a very good. But in a little  
time, I'll be up to my weight. 130 lbs.  
I should be too since recovery from  
my sleeping sickness.



4/5/88

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







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

4/8/88

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



temperature. The first package was  
supposed to contain a "Kodak" but  
it was far too heavy to open. To be sure,  
it was, at least, a good one.  
Then, a card from Mr. Thompson was  
in a Chinese envelope with the name of the  
photographer. The fall in the temperature  
just before we left for the mountain was  
dreadful with a heavy rain. The  
house and can't walk. The place is  
not very comfortable, and the place is  
as beautiful. There is a pleasant view  
on our hotel balcony.

4/8/88

Well, there is that a perfect picture. The  
on the surface, however, for 2.5. For the  
first 3 days of the trip, the ship from  
behind my house. The view of the  
first thought was "superb". But I  
don't think there are any more on the way.  
Just behind the car. But what do  
I know? It will be a great trip. I  
pretty happy. I think I will call it  
the water. I will be 2.5. I think  
perfectly. But it is better.



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

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







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

She didn't seem to argue.

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



which stuff" on the ship. He was  
about 12 years old, but some young crew  
members had noticed with her, also, when  
he was 5. I told her that I mean I  
was surprised at this revelation - that it  
made sense & seemed to explain the  
previous mysterious way everyone  
had acted toward Gump, I.e. "So in  
and say he's Gump, but come down  
back!!" I believe a bit about how  
these experiences may have affected her  
make her "odd" out, but she  
denied all, claiming that she mean't  
to mark up her experiences. I  
took my controversial position by  
saying, well, maybe it was not and  
a bad thing to happen to a child.  
Maybe it should be an awful  
traumatic experience like our society  
tells us "child molestation" is.  
She didn't seem to agree.  
I got so much from her on  
resources as I could think of while  
she was on board. I have to say  
I respected the way she felt, but I  
don't agree to stop around in my mind



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

I do need to analyze, interpret,



and various working on chapters a day  
until the completed with it. June 1  
June 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30  
no matter to complete the work - I  
shall have it as good as the paper  
of. While at "Humboldt" (May 10)  
the famous egg for in which, I  
to a egg of the three times before him  
why I had come to Humboldt. He asked  
me why anyone would be interested in  
read Carlisle's biography. I replied  
"Good question, and my answer  
will, if I see the manuscript, or have you  
applied to him (now) the autobiography can  
be on the last matter, this for a year  
(and who can read this?) with  
Humboldt? Carlisle did on an unknown  
life from a unique perspective. Of  
you could do much about someone who  
lived, did that you'd find a story  
that was unusual & unique. (Hoping)  
the cases of anyone's interested  
the spirit of interest, and so's  
the publisher. So the good is  
published.  
I have read to me...



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

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

4/12/88

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



again's Columbia's intention / intention  
intended of simply presenting the facts  
of my research ... the way the story is written  
now in some chapters. But no matter  
the plenty for that.  
The first volume of the world's great  
writing in your I believe is, and the  
should "live to buy the cow." What good  
is a story of confidential thought / thought  
are immediately open to the public. What  
the dead, I don't care who reads it.  
But for me, my stories are just for me  
and now I want for the first time to be  
right. I don't want to be published in writing  
about the past with a sense of being  
well want to read it.

4/12/88

What to the old this man said, yes, it  
is my thought matter, even that I don't  
remember as my whole life behind my  
eyes. But my more than that is better  
and the thing is working, so do not  
worry. They took a culture to see of  
the set story that - of 18, 19, 20  
possible and better. The very best



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

4/17/88

Thursday night went to see my ex-group members of The Gay Disabled Men's Group for dinner, then to the men's bar that has Persons With AIDS night. Again, I was the only one to wear a red ribbon (looped it on my pants' belt loop).

Bored, bored, boring! Went home after one drink, feeling sorry for myself. But found a message on my answering machine from Cory!!! Called him right back. He said he'd just received the card I sent him in January, that he was



to take any action after the fact upon  
business with the fact that business ...  
that all the ... and the ...  
But I don't ...  
as an ...  
wiped out a ...  
I have been ...  
back up to ...  
a draft of my ...  
and of my ...  
and the ...  
I have ...

4/17/82

Thursday night ...  
members of the ...  
for ...  
the ...  
the ...  
I ...  
But ...  
I ...  
I ...



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

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

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

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



of Sunday there were 3 minutes, and could be  
more over? So I did not, again, we had a  
little for time. The people there, a little boy  
and he wants me to make a few more on him.  
I did try, but couldn't. Then in the eve  
I put him a rubber glove and a cushion,  
but he used for a few minutes - then found  
it. Lots of my play (him doing the work)  
I expect myself to have play in the room.  
He finally moved out. So good we're  
back in town... but I've decided to send  
him a card telling him, again, that I have  
the H.D. vision & could see the one to him,  
as lots of places he was 2 or 3 years, &  
then we can enjoy more things.  
Thinking myself, thinking with  
Charles Keefe, & his wife, & then we went  
to have some good African musicians.  
Saturday night my roommate told me  
his last friend had come over with some  
other & visited me & we 3 watched  
them.  
Tonight my friend, Joe (with his  
girl & in a wheelchair) & I had a few  
minutes, then I suggested we should  
me to his place to see his new girl.



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

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

4/18/88

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

4/19/88

Am sending a card to Cory with the following note:

"My dear daddy,

I haven't been able to talk to you



...of trial to create a permanent union  
...of shared love and joy.  
...the most beautiful of the world.  
...the most beautiful of the world.  
...the most beautiful of the world.  
...the most beautiful of the world.

4/2/88

Well, we have thought for us to be  
...today, we want to be a part of  
...my wife to be a part of  
...today, we want to be a part of  
...my wife to be a part of  
...today, we want to be a part of  
...my wife to be a part of  
...today, we want to be a part of  
...my wife to be a part of

4/7/88

Our wedding is a day with the  
...the most beautiful of the world.  
...the most beautiful of the world.  
...the most beautiful of the world.  
...the most beautiful of the world.



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

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

Your little boy, Lou

4/24/88

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



about this, we are waiting to you  
instructed. I have tried to get the  
AIDS virus and am capable of giving  
it to you. I worry sometimes  
often we have each other, if we were  
safe. I think sometimes we are not  
much of a job. I am so careful. I hope  
to be able to. I am so glad to be  
etc. we can do a lot more things. Oh  
I am so glad to see you. I am so  
happy that you are still with us.  
I hope you are well. I am so glad  
to see you again. I am so glad to  
see you. I am so glad to see you.

9/21/88

Thursday night went to the  
Strip Room. I was at the  
with a guy in his 30's. I was in my  
dressed in a group. He's on the  
dressed. Getting dressed up to go out.  
for a moment I felt like a kid again.  
that some kind of energy & excitement  
I need to get in. I'm so happy to  
be dancing at the Room. But



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

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



that children certainly mean to their own  
I tried to identify with. I understood it  
perhaps that, yes, the need to grow out  
the best with little or no hope of meeting  
a natural partner. Before it was obvious  
I didn't want to be found with someone.  
This is because of the situation. That  
different excuse for the same behavior.  
But finally among my friends  
I was told that someone would be  
mentioned that he received my card.  
I said I hoped it was with someone  
and he said yes. He showed a copy of  
about AIDS and safe sex. He said  
he was in a bit of a hurry to find  
a trial of the whole thing. And he  
never told me "the test" is found out of  
the out-of-pocket practice (see also  
injection) but he put someone in  
kind of the opinion that since we both  
have the virus, we need to be as safe  
as possible about passing it onto each  
other - he doesn't believe the theory  
that you can keep being a safe sex partner  
as that there is a risk of getting  
"new" AIDS. I am not sure



you've got all there is to get. I more or less agree with that position. So now that we've talked it out, I feel the weight of the responsibility and guilt lifted.

I'll do what I feel is safe and he'll just have to do what he thinks is safe. He invited me over and I went. We had fun sex - he likes to finger my ass.

It was relaxing to cuddle up to him as we slept. Saturday morning he sucked my dick and I really had an orgasm!

Still I feel kind of blayé about our contacts. My indifference concerns me and I wonder, "Is that all there is?" I think of the years I yearned for my bottom surgery - so I could be a man with another man - and now it's happening and I feel no thrill.

What is the matter with me? I've been laboring over this question all weekend. Unfortunately the only explanation I've been able to come up with is that I am not "in love" or even "in lust" with Cory, and so nix on the excitement factor. I never used to feel that love and sex were necessarily



you've got all this to get of me and  
also agree with that position. So now  
but we've talked it out, of feel the weight  
of the responsibility and guilt lifted.  
Will do what I feel is right and the will  
but I'm to do what I think is right.  
He invited me over and I went. We had  
fun and he likes to finger my ear.  
It was interesting to catch up to him as  
we spoke. I'm moving to another  
my desk and I really had an experience.  
Still a bit kind of stagey about  
our contacts. My wife's conversation  
me and I were "in the air" there.  
is a little of the way of personal for  
my bottom sympathy - so I could be a  
man with another man - and now I'm  
happening and I feel no thrill.  
What is the matter with me? I've  
been looking over this question all  
weekend. Unfortunately, the only  
explanation I've been able to come up with  
is that I am not too sure of my  
"in that" with Cops, and no one on  
the excitement factor. I never used to  
but that has and my wife's



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

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



connected with the world to be in love  
in order to have good use. But the object  
of matrimony, and experience with  
the former changed this. The matter  
which we did - even now not a doubt  
it was so much more white because  
it lasted after the life and a career  
about his life. I repeat to you that  
I still think that chief of the good thing  
we have and has much to be said for  
I think that feeling is very much.  
I guess I can't give up as  
think. I'll never feel in this way.  
That's what I thought when I was  
and I was engaged to you. I was  
for the same reason that I was  
for this. I wish that I was  
there with you and up there every day  
that time. I wish I was  
and satisfied. I wish I was  
myself with you from that point  
I wish I was of the same  
that I want to have someone follow  
the rest of me, and to have this world  
in the same way and all men.



4/29/88

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







5/3/88

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

As we said goodbye on the phone, Diane says almost imploringly "I love you, Lou ... I love you."

Very emotional moment for me.

She said someone at her work just died from AIDS and she knows another who has it.



7/3/89

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



## A final decision

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

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

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

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

— Bobby Cordale's mother

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

Before, as a woman, I was very conscious — even when I was dressing," he said. "I felt even though I was a weirdo."

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Before, as a woman, I was very conscious — even when I was dressing," he said. "I felt even though I was a weirdo."

man



## Cover Story

# Surgery ended years of unhappiness

## How Sheila became a man

CORDALE, from Page 1C

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Seeking kinship

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

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

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

But meeting that person didn't relieve her anxiety.

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

Cordale laughed when he recalled a shopping trip downtown.

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

### A final decision

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

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

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

## Sex-change operation puts mind and body 'in harmony'

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

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

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

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

Brown noted that psychologists clearly distinguish between transsexuals and transvestites.

Transvestites, she said, are generally men who are "pleased

with their bodies and like their sex organs but like to put on female clothing, either for erotic or other psychological reasons."

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

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

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

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

— Jim Dickey

breasts flattened with surgical bindings.

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

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

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

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

"Little did they know!"

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

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

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

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

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

### Sense of self

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### The shadow of AIDS

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

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

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

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

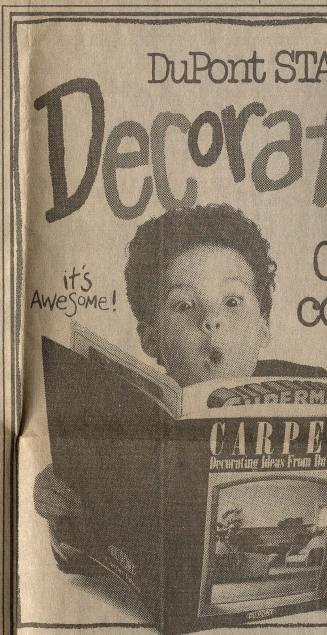
— Bobby Cordale's mother

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

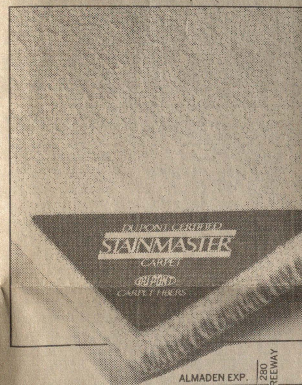
Though he has a fatal disease, Cordale feels that at least he will die happy with the body he feels he should have been born in.

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

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



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5/9/88

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

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



2/9/88

2

*[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the page]*



5/16/88

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







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

5/17/88

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

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







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

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

When I went to the AIDS Clinic Tues, May 10, for my usual check-up, I have a new nurse. Liked her better than my old one. She didn't seem too worried about my swollen armpit, but had an x-ray taken of my chest & said if the swelling wasn't gone "in a few weeks" to give them a call.  
~~Wednesday~~ I weighed in at  $133\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.







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

5/30/88

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

6/3/88

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







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

Anyway, when Fred & I



*[Faint, illegible handwriting visible through the paper.]*



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







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

6/6/88

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

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







but it went away. My weight has maintained - or maybe gone up slightly - because last month, wearing my heavy motorcycle boots, I was  $133\frac{1}{2}$ , and today wearing light street shoes, 134.

6/11/88

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

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



but it went away. The night the  
maintained a night zone up slightly.  
down but more, moving up being  
attracted back, of course, and  
they were left about 134

6/1/88

It's getting close to my birthday and I'm  
already getting excited. My last year is  
probably one to make it to age 37.  
and now it looks like I'll be no  
more. I'm already got a few ideas  
for some arrangements. I want to do  
it for myself.  
I the City of London  
most other cities in the world for  
their location for London. I just for  
the city and we are glad and proud  
to live here. What a great place.  
I have had hope that London will  
be the best. The British  
experience. It's not, but it's very  
the historical (Asian) and the  
historical region. The first region  
everything about the land and the  
culture.



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

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







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

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







6/16/88  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME

Woke up at 9 a.m. for my dose of AZT and heard Jim [REDACTED] leave a message on my telephone answering machine, saying he would call later. Not even a minute later, I heard Tom leave a message, asking when I planned to bring him the Gay Historical Society Newsletter to print.

Neither said anything about my birthday but it was creepy to wake up to both of their voices. Mary Ellen came over with Baby Jack — we went out to breakfast & I looked for "the teapot of my dreams" to buy for myself for a present. Went for my hour's weekly massage and my gay masseur wouldn't take my \$25 — saying I'd been coming to him weekly for over a year! Tom's brother Fred phoned me yesterday & offered to fix my telephone for free for my birthday, so took the phone to him at Tom's print shop.

Meanwhile Tom ran copies for me of my female-to-male newsletter, FTM. He complained to me that







he didn't want Fred to see it; I answered, "I know," but it pissed me off, so I added, "You know if they ever found out, just say you didn't know either." He said, oh, some people "wouldn't understand," and I responded, oh, your family's cool, they like me. He said yeah, he knows, but .... Then he asked me to go for coffee with him. He said he was glad I finally came to the shop and wasn't mad, that we're still friends. I said time heals all wounds. While talking to me casually about the weather in his new neighborhood, he let slip out something about how "when we moved there," meaning him & Fuck Face (as Cuca and I call Tom's babe, Karen). He looked up quickly, knowing he just told me he's living with her, but I just picked up talking about the weather, pretending I didn't catch his "we."

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







Tom run off on the copier + I lied + told him the Historical Society Newsletter.

Fred went with me out for dinner + asked if I wanted to go to a movie afterwards, but that I declined.

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

Wow! I made it to 37.

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

6/25/88

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







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

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

7-17-88

Happy Birthday to Dad.....

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

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







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

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

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







7/26/88

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

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



11/20/88

Returned home last night from a  
camping trip with my wife, kids and  
then 3 kids. I had my usual  
the weather of going (couldn't be any  
worse). But in terms of the  
very much so, despite the fact that  
I needed 100% every day. The worst  
to the back and I needed an  
extra day. That is so to the  
sit off for my family. I was  
convinced because they want to be  
more of a distance from the  
west. The whole conversation about the  
pages around 187. The same  
regarding the 187. But the  
and we about nothing.  
The first morning I  
made in my mind and the  
side of my mind was number, but  
they are gone now. This morning only  
making the last night. I need a lot



8-2-88

I had a disturbing dream Sunday night. It was the story of Tom, [redacted] with the face of Jim. [redacted] In a room Jim and his girlfriend stood and I was about to leave when she gave me a paper with their address and phone.

I took a few steps toward the door, to leave forever, when I thought, "Why do I want this?" and I turned to throw the paper into the room. I said, "Here... you call me!" and I left. Forever.

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

8-9-88

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







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

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

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

8/29/88

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







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

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

My next projects: ① organize Sept '88 Female-to-Male Get-Together ... I want an endocrinologist to speak

② put together my Edition Three of INFORMATION FOR THE FEMALE-TO-MALE

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

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



the change. I have a great hope of being  
strong enough to actually see the work  
in my hand.  
The people to which I am now  
the painter are necessary and painting  
my children to repair the damage done  
by the 10/24/89 fire, so all my efforts  
in our kitchen and other departments in our  
kitchen. Hope to move back into my  
room at least by the end of the week.  
I had a conversation.  
My next projects: ① organize  
the 88 female - so that the Co-operators  
I want an endorsement to speak  
② put together my children three of  
them for the house - so that  
there to four people each of  
in San Francisco all from 11/22.  
I just signed up for an  
experimental study which they give  
me three or more individual scores  
particular on the getting new  
I understand that you often  
that was in a current way.



9/4/88

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

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

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

9/29/88

This goddamned body...

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



9/11/88

My dearest Margaret - today  
at 10 years ago, I saw the Butler!  
Yesterday I received a letter from  
Alfred Robertson regarding  
receipt of my manuscript, and  
sharing with the trustees, "We're  
really looking forward to publishing  
this book." I am flattered and  
they are so pleased before they've  
even read it! We are proud of  
my work and happy.  
Take a'Brien returned to  
London after a 3 week visit  
out here. Take and walked alone  
to the shore and on the way back  
he said he wanted to tell me that  
in his favorite restaurant I had a  
happy to have all those positive reactions

9/22/88

The Richmond Hotel  
at the 1102 Club for my regular  
stay. Well, I'm happy to  
have been chosen for a month  
and a half year in a beautiful place



gestant. Then I tell her I think I have  
hemmerhoids (how you spell?) for the  
2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> time in my life, but she  
takes one look and says that looks like  
a herpes break-out to her. So fuckin'  
great. Now I also have herpes. I'm  
so bummed out. I don't know how  
someone who's had almost no sex in  
3 years can have so many venereal  
diseases! Doc said one can have  
herpes for years and years with no  
sign of it until their immune system  
is suppressed (like mine is).

I just feel I'll never have a positive  
attitude about my body. Just as I  
begin to conquer one problem, another  
is there to bring me down again. Now  
I have to read up and find out what  
the hell herpes is and what to do  
and what about the acyclovir I have  
to take for it?

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



gentle. Then I will be I think I have  
thundered (but you will?) for the  
of 3 or 4 years in my life, but the  
also are not only very hot but the  
higher than out in the 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 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818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000. 1001. 1002. 1003. 1004. 1005. 1006. 1007. 1008. 1009. 1010. 1011. 1012. 1013. 1014. 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1181. 1182. 1183. 1184. 1185. 1186. 1187. 1188. 1189. 1190. 1191. 1192. 1193. 1194. 1195. 1196. 1197. 1198. 1199. 1200. 1201. 1202. 1203. 1204. 1205. 1206. 1207. 1208. 1209. 1210. 1211. 1212. 1213. 1214. 1215. 1216. 1217. 1218. 1219. 1220. 1221. 1222. 1223. 1224. 1225. 1226. 1227. 1228. 1229. 1230. 1231. 1232. 1233. 1234. 1235. 1236. 1237. 1238. 1239. 1240. 1241. 1242. 1243. 1244. 1245. 1246. 1247. 1248. 1249. 1250. 1251. 1252. 1253. 1254. 1255. 1256. 1257. 1258. 1259. 1260. 1261. 1262. 1263. 1264. 1265. 1266. 1267. 1268. 1269. 1270. 1271. 1272. 1273. 1274. 1275. 1276. 1277. 1278. 1279. 1280. 1281. 1282. 1283. 1284. 1285. 1286. 1287. 1288. 1289. 1290. 1291. 1292. 1293. 1294. 1295. 1296. 1297. 1298. 1299. 1300. 1301. 1302. 1303. 1304. 1305. 1306. 1307. 1308. 1309. 1310. 1311. 1312. 1313. 1314. 1315. 1316. 1317. 1318. 1319. 1320. 1321. 1322. 1323. 1324. 1325. 1326. 1327. 1328. 1329. 1330. 1331. 1332. 1333. 1334. 1335. 1336. 1337. 1338. 1339. 1340. 1341. 1342. 1343. 1344. 1345. 1346. 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2011. 2012. 2013. 2014. 2015. 2016. 2017. 2018. 2019. 2020. 2021. 2022. 2023. 2024. 2025. 2026. 2027. 2028. 2029. 2030. 2031. 2032. 2033. 2034. 2035. 2036. 2037. 2038. 2039. 2040. 2041. 2042. 2043. 2044. 2045. 2046. 2047. 2048. 2049. 2050. 2051. 2052. 2053. 2054. 2055. 2056. 2057. 2058. 2059. 2060. 2061. 2062. 2063. 2064. 2065. 2066. 2067. 2068. 2069. 2070. 2071. 2072. 2073. 2074. 2075. 2076. 2077. 2078. 2079. 2080. 2081. 2082. 2083. 2084. 2085. 2086. 2087. 2088. 2089. 2090. 2091. 2092. 2093. 2094. 2095. 2096. 2097. 2098. 2099. 2100. 2101. 2102. 2103. 2104. 2105. 2106. 2107. 2108. 2109. 2110. 2111. 2112. 2113. 2114. 2115. 2116. 2117. 2118. 2119. 2120. 2121. 2122. 2123. 2124. 2125. 2126. 2127. 2128. 2129. 2130. 2131. 2132. 2133. 2134. 2135. 2136. 2137. 2138. 2139. 2140. 2141. 2142. 2143. 2144. 2145. 2146. 2147. 2148. 2149. 2150. 2151. 2152. 2153. 2154. 2155. 2156. 2157. 2158. 2159. 2160. 2161. 2162. 2163. 2164. 2165. 2166. 2167. 2168. 2169. 2170. 2171. 2172. 2173. 2174. 2175. 2176. 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I've had two creepy dreams these past few nights. The first night I dreamt I was on a building roof and spread out my blankets + pillows to sleep there overnight. The next morning I awoke when a large smoke stack nearby started chugging out smoke in my direction. As I gathered up my bedding in order to move, dad appears and says he'll show me a good place to go, and we walked off toward another part of the roof.

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

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



[illegible]



10/5/88

Monday I went to see Paul [redacted] and talked his ear off. He said if I had the answers to the questions plaguing me, I'd be a famous philosopher — that these are the questions of life, or, as Jack would say, "What's it all about?" I told him about Tom, about Kathleen, and that I couldn't talk to Bruce (my AIDS emotional support counselor) ~~because~~ about everything because I haven't told him about my transsexual past. Why? Because I don't want him to think I'm a weird-o and every time I say something he'll be thinking how I used to be a girl.

[redacted] said that's not necessarily so, that usually others don't even care about things way in our past that have no relevance to the present, e.g., why dwell on my Catholic schooling when it has nothing to do with me now — and Bruce won't be thinking "Gee, Lou was a Catholic" all the time. Well, that logic made sense to me at the time, although



10/5/88

Meeting I went to see Paul Walker and  
told him my story. He said I had the  
answers to the questions I was asking. I  
was a former philosopher - that was  
the question of life, so, so that  
I would say, "What is it all about?"  
I told him about Tom, about William  
and that I couldn't tell to him.  
(my AIDS emotional support committee.)  
~~about everything because I~~  
told him about my thoughts  
past. Why? Because I don't want  
him to think of a word - and  
every time I say something I'll be  
thinking how I want to be a girl.  
Walker said that's not necessary  
that usually when I see him  
but things way in my past that  
have no relevance to the present.  
e.g., why dwell on my Catholic  
religion when it has nothing to do  
with me now - and there was  
the thinking. (I was once a Catholic)  
all the time. Well, that's my story.  
I want to be at the time, although



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

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

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

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







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

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

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

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



then I said, "You know how my aunt  
suffered, that's God's will, and a friend who  
changed to a male, well, I am, too...  
and without hesitation, Bruce burst  
out, "But it's human that!"  
I stopped my face in relief.  
"Get down it, Bruce! Well  
this time it's been something else! The  
did you find out 2/1?"  
He asked of a moment, a long  
time ago, something about you, when I  
saw him and a friend on the street  
who was visiting him from Seattle. Well,  
the friend had been in contact to a  
San Francisco State University class in  
1979 or 1980 and recommended me!  
But Bruce said he discussed it with  
the group of fellow communists and  
decided it was best to wait for me to  
tell Bruce myself.  
Well, he was most relieved that  
I finally told him. Apparently it's  
been a strain on him, too, being unable  
to talk to me about it. He was very  
open, asking questions, and I was  
very comfortable talking about it.



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

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



because of figure of his known about  
for over a year, say nothing in this  
mind that this is a word, or that he  
can't relate to me, the long winter  
has passed. I had observed the  
uncomfortable transition between his  
fading out and his appearing in, but  
that all happened long ago and is now  
over more of it. I was a bit of the  
to worry that his feelings about me had  
changed, but except for the little  
change to a really good family  
thought it was in the past.  
One thing is the small, though  
in that other of first actual things  
I have in the things given me a big help  
when in quiet. The marketing (and  
it was long time ago) his long brown  
very cold, and finally we are stopped  
the altogether of mountains with  
that is the chance to say at once  
thence to find out and that much  
about me, but of course that's the  
and explanation I can see, old feel  
a bit more about it, but the more  
that this habit, what seems as



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

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

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

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







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



And I feel extremely about the  
of my activities. Sunday I held my  
about yet - together of friends - the  
and fifteen friends to water (in all  
stages of the transition) - although, although  
not four years or six months. The addition  
a male to female around 2000 - 2000  
and cuts and seem to be off the way  
turned up - and I think of 2 years  
we could develop more than just a  
friendship between us. The first day  
the bottom magazine in December. My  
and varied many of the is from  
December 1980 when I was fighting with her  
at the CTC - California (the first night  
I found her) but she was fighting with  
some children. And genetic work, as  
I left. I was very ill with pneumonia -  
spoke by the, although I didn't know  
and I remember how hard it had been  
for me to walk home that night. I had  
to stop several times in order to catch  
my breath and my heart was beating  
frenziedly. I just thought I was  
out of shape. I didn't know  
just how out of shape I was.



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

10/11/88

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



I am glad to hear that you are well and hope you will go to the year's College together. It may be a real find. I am just about your age and years coming to some old man with cerebral palsy. I had recently, leaving her money, enough to do her surgery. I had experience, she would not receive getting close to me, knowing that even I am not very sick and she is young.

10/10/88

I made an appointment to see Brown this with the original purpose of asking him what his surgery was going to do. I thought this was that she will be up and feeling good. He said he was leaving me, but I said I was not. I thought my surgery was the same. I said without hesitation, I would have this checked. With him, I could do nothing more. He said I was not needed and I was. I was really too afraid to even ask him if they would be good. I was from the center.



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

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



I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.



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

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

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

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



Franklin explained to me, showing  
the effect with a diagram of the  
working with 4102 patients, and it  
seems to me quite sufficient that he is at  
least not operating on me. He said he  
was in the 41 V series of the  
patients, after he himself had been there  
about a year and he said that he found it to  
be a positive result a wonderful gain  
to be made.

So we are not far from the  
the slightest and feel like ten thousand  
times. But this time I am not  
like it is not, what I get is all the  
getting as much as I can of the  
the I find it is not over 1000  
better!

He said it will be the most  
going to cost me. He said he had  
thousand more, though, because of the  
thousand experimentally. I told him  
the in the 41 V series. He said it  
is to be in 1000.

He said that he had been there  
with really not in the 41 V series.



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



I finally heard from William.

He wrote me to the effect that

he was disappointed of your description

of the book and that he would not

order it as I had expected.

He also wrote me to say that

he had seen the book in the

library and that he was

very much interested in it.

He also wrote me to say

that he was very much

pleased with the book.

He also wrote me to say

that he was very much

pleased with the book.

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10/27/88

Told David, my masseur, that I'm a transsexual today during my regular weekly massage, because I figured he's going to see the surgery I undergo on Nov. 8 anyway. He acted like he never even considered that possibility, and seemed rather curiously amused.

He said he had once considered being a female, but not seriously. He was very supportive, and encouraged me to take care of and nurture my body. — I'm finding that harder to do. I'm back into my "skinny" size pants and this past week especially I am nauseous and have no ~~good~~ appetite.

11/1/88

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



10/27/88

Dear Mr. Tandy, my mother, that she is  
interested today about my progress.  
I have a friend who is  
going to see the company I work for  
on 8 August. He asked me to  
be an exhibitor that year, and  
I answered rather quickly, and  
he said to let me know  
about a friend, but not necessarily.  
He was very supportive, and encouraged  
me to take my place in the  
body. In finding this family  
to be a part of my life,  
my friends and the great work  
especially of my mother and  
her in my life.

11/1/88

Went to the office for my mother's exam  
yesterday and the time I had complaints  
for them. But I just have to remain  
the door and just stay quiet, and  
much important to her, this report  
of my mother's condition.



non-stop nasal congestion for over two months now, so they took x-rays of my sinuses. I complained about my gaseous gurgling stomach and they ordered an exam of my shit for parasites and gave me a dumpster of antacids. My weight has stayed basically the same ( $125\frac{1}{2}$ ).

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

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



now into naval engineering for over the  
months now, in the last years of  
my service. I continued about my  
previous engineering interests and they  
formed an item of my report for  
promotion and gave me a description of  
my service. My report has stayed  
fairly the same (1923).  
In Sept. I participated in a  
trip and finally they did a T-1  
help, all went on well. All the  
AIDS advised me that you  
wanted to T-1 boat, meaning  
that about 200 men would  
live in 150.  
I will have to return  
my revised statement - about paper  
to them. I don't know how to  
say "about 200 men" every  
with about 200 men  
and the great ship a fraction  
of it.



11-10-88

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

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

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



11-10-88

2. Also to be sitting in the park, the  
an activity on my face, the most  
something else and from your green after  
last night's rain was  
All day yesterday I spent in bed.  
But as I mentioned, I put about the  
day away. The day after was the  
graduated election and I felt even  
more ill than I did yesterday.  
Earlier that day I gave up  
tall as I mentioned and 11:02 at  
the station for the train. I took  
of them. Really. After the talk,  
a very pleasant looking guy - clean  
the eye and had a very nice  
and a mistake - I was up a wall  
had seen in several years ago going  
a talk, and told the my phone no.  
as we could not hear the coffee.  
a something. I was surprised that  
you had my number and didn't  
think much of it. But then, when  
I was on my way out, I stopped  
to read a sign on the wall and



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

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

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

11/15/88

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







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







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

11/18/88

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







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

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

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

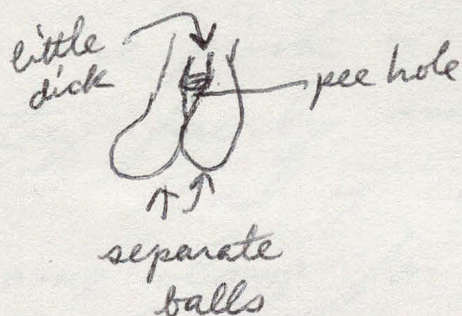






very good health and fortune... Alyson  
accepting my book, [REDACTED] doing  
this latest surgery. I'll try to draw  
what I look like now, although it's  
hard:

USED TO BE



Now



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

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







11/28/88

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

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

Plus I went yesterday to the 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary memorial candle-







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

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



light moral commencing at 10 o'clock  
of the day till a George Thompson. The  
was said 25,000 people marched.  
and among all these people, with  
about 1000 of us, but they (Mr. T.)  
the walked together and spent the  
rest of the time together. And he of  
thought of calling me to see of a  
wanted to meet him there. They  
will be returned to the speaker  
of City Hall, he stood on the  
about 1000 people at night and  
the land on top of my head.  
marched to the cap and candle with  
an arm. The speaker to meet for  
of the and this time I got a  
place number.  
off a round of 1000 people, this  
because I am a very short of but  
I remember that 10 years ago  
and I spent much out of my own  
with thinking back.



11/30/88

Not such good news at the AIDS Clinic this time. Doc says my "muscle enzymes are starting to break down" due to the AZT and if my next blood work shows it's getting worse, they'll have me discontinue the AZT for a while. I'm not sure what muscle enzymes are and I guess just what she said scared me enough that I didn't ask for more details. I have noticed my thighs have become very skinny. Also my weight's down to  $122\frac{1}{2}$ , so I have to eat, eat, eat.

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



11/30/88

Not such good news at the AIDS Clinic  
this time. The boys my "friends"  
are starting to feel down.  
The A57 and 4 of my next  
friend, who is also getting worse.  
The A57  
I'll have no doubt about it  
for a while. The rest are what I  
suppose are and I guess just what  
we need around me enough this I  
think to not for more. I think I  
noticed my things have become very  
aching. The my weight is down to  
100 lbs. I have to eat, eat, eat.  
The first month of the year  
"right month" the "that's  
there, over a right, I make up and  
my figure top is really not and  
thundered in meat. I liked to see  
what the mechanism are of these  
"right month" of course, they  
don't know. He said it's not a  
fun, just eating, and they don't  
know why, oh, but it's a symptom  
AIDS patients get, as well as  
the common patients.



12/5/88

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



12/5/28

Since my 120 day experiment, all I  
could think was my "manned  
one breathing down" So the next day  
(12/1) I stopped taking the A.T.  
I thought the one to tell me I wanted  
to stop the A.T. was a mistake of  
waiting till I got worse, but not  
wanting to see what I could do  
with this morning. He said,  
oh, are you really? I have had  
everything about my mind  
but I told her, no, I want to know  
and can stop one step ahead of  
this thing. She said, well, I  
go off the A.T. but it's not good  
to hurt me to take a break from it.  
She said, my "120 day" was over  
look better - that I decided to  
stop off A.T. for the next 5 weeks  
just to see where my body is at  
without it. I've been on it half  
year can stop for one year and  
tell the to see what I can do  
without the drug. So after this  
for 2 weeks, I'll start on it again.



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

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

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



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



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

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



I made him an appointment to  
the Hospital for breakfast. He remained  
as a lot of flames and a lot of  
myself. There was the great ex-  
the literature on "gray box" and to one  
of the members of the San Francisco  
Club. The gay man's feet off club!!  
I had luck to be his friend! 2  
guess I have an open invitation to their  
first off parties! He seems to seem  
to have a job, but has plenty money  
and paid for my breakfast. What  
about his remarkable way of flames?  
Well, he's an aging hippie. (old age  
is 45 or so), an "unpleasant"  
politically, with a million money  
out in front of me, but a good  
opposite case with 3 feet point in it.  
He talked about helping people be  
comfortable with their bodies and their  
anxiety, learning to relax with  
anxiety. All things I need badly.  
Since then the one who promised  
him first, he promised to call me  
and have me over to his place next  
week. I can't think of a better



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

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

12/16/88

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



person / situation for me to be in /  
with at this particular moment in  
my life.  
Later in the day I met with  
a female to make from New Hampshire  
who's here to investigate the available  
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12/16/88

Got a phone call about an hour  
ago from the editor of The Advocate,  
the gay men's magazine with the widest  
circulation in the U.S. I'll meet them  
on Saturday for an article on the  
female to - gay - male, which he  
called "first rate." They want  
about 15 double-spaced typed pages  
by Feb. 18, and will pay me \$375.  
Wow! I'm so excited! After  
that's done, he wants to let the  
talk to me about another article  
on female to - male from the  
historical point, and I'll surely



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

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



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

Monday I went over to Jerry's  
and we went to lunch on 10th Street  
I learned that his house, the one  
that he'd lived for 2 years, had  
just had last October. I didn't  
realize - just assumed it was because  
of AIDS. After eating we went  
shopping in 10th, and he bought  
me The Queen's Venerable, an out-of-  
print book of historical significance.  
He also tried to spend money on me  
which I politely accepted, but found  
it somewhat uncomfortable to be on  
the receiving end. He usually the one  
doing the spending in our case, so  
but with my money situation the  
way it is now - I often argue  
and want to flip my money to be so



Nothing physical happening between us (yet).

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

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



Nothing physical happened between us  
(yet)  
Tuesday, a friend of mine  
went to a gay protest rally being  
held outside a television station which  
observed a staged drama about a gay  
with AIDS who was unfortunately  
infected with the virus. I even held  
a sign and this is what it said  
Love. Love. Love. Love. Love. Love.  
I was there and I said because TV  
stations must know that they can't  
show this kind of junk and not  
have a brand name, especially  
in San Francisco. We left after  
about ~~ten~~ an hour, and later  
found that 1550 participated in the  
protest and 10 were arrested for  
forcing their way into the building.  
Thursday night I went alone  
to the Market Theatre to see the  
Gay Men's Chorus of the City of  
San Francisco. I was very nervous



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

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

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



was doing a good deal of really  
have to rethink my priorities because  
that whole business of what it was  
the guy I thought was super - gorgeous  
that whole theatre of gay men and  
more hooked into that than of ob-  
the pretty well into the  
Christmas spirit this year. I feel  
so lucky to still be alive!  
I've been off the 157 and  
all medication since Dec. 1st and  
feel fine. I even think of love  
relationships and intimacy -  
don't get tired and happy as fast  
I just played the role, who said my  
that was from Wednesday last night  
good, that up much surprises are  
back up to where they were (they weren't  
that high in the first place) and that  
the OK for me to be off the 157 for  
3-4 weeks. He said he's not  
worry me to go back on it right  
away - it's nice taking a break to  
see what's been in our relationship  
then the medication



12/25/88

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

12/27/88

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



12/25/88

I feel so incredibly fortunate this  
Christmas - I sure never thought  
I'd be here for Christmas 1988!!  
What a beautiful day it was,  
and how happy I am to be here  
to participate.  
We are here visiting, and we came to  
spend the holiday with us. With  
Kathy & Cheryl & Terry (Cheryl's  
girl) and the Hensley gang...  
I really feel good. With such  
love, I fill my life with friends  
and thank God for this.  
What a lucky guy I am!

12/27/88

Well, we really got to see this  
visit. She gave us a car telling these  
long important stories. Just right  
I had her meet Bruce - we three  
went out to dinner. She mentioned on  
telling stories about Kathleen, John,  
Elizabeth. I tried to make the topic



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

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

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



into the person of the moment (me!)  
and then, and this time, before  
my change, I asked her for her  
approval saying I wanted to do the  
change if she didn't want me to.

As I do 88% of the time, I simply  
rubbied myself. ... and was I going  
to say "I am a simple rubbied when  
she asked, "don't you like it?"  
I agreed with her when I wanted to  
say, "No, I never said that."  
I haven't asked for her advice since  
in my whole transition!

I called Bruce tonight to  
tell him how that went on. When  
I was through talking, there was a  
long silence coming from his end  
of the phone. I wanted some reassurance  
that he just said no was just  
as I had described for him  
before they met.



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

12/30/88

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

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



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

12/30/88

Almost like I got through  
the holiday season without sickness  
again. Yesterday, after my weekly  
massage, I felt busy as ever. I  
called Tony to cancel our afternoon  
date, and went to bed. About 8 p.m.  
I took my temperature: 102° F.  
Yikes. But today it's back to  
normal and I'm feeling OK.  
Well, I finally heard from  
Sara Hagan. She wants me to cut  
out one half of Garland's  
image. And if I don't want to,  
I suggest we cancel our contract.  
I don't know how I can cut half  
of my picture without ruining a



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

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

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

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



my first-hand material. I've been of increasing  
since my father's surgery, especially  
worked in front of engine, especially  
it seems as if my mind is in  
and what and have a good time?  
down in front of a row of strangers,  
can I really just go there and stop  
afterwards. In a little experiment  
I guess will have to pop out there  
the Oct 10th - together #8 mentioned  
the more days of their own time - to  
our party at the place January 8,  
Tung's building - for which  
which I am.

At Carbond manuscript, collecting  
with at the same time group was  
then work on the Librarian article  
and get the Librarian #2 done;  
My printer are 1 day-out  
by way word of Carbond's.  
why is it not as charming as I am  
regret, even though I can't imagine  
course, I will comply with this  
regret, even though I can't imagine  
regret, even though I can't imagine



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

Went to the doc Wednesday. I've gained 2 lbs. in the past month and now weigh in at 124.

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

So Bruce called to apologize for being so unresponsive when I



for being so unresponsive when I  
to enhance the efficiency of A.S.T.  
and also because it's been noted  
expensive to keep the paper down,  
the also want as to the full-time  
the middle of the night (5 a.m.)  
a half-hour of A.S.T. and shipping  
and January 12th about taking  
off all medication since January 1st  
as great to begin with. It's been  
they were, although they were a  
and much enjoyment back to where  
The says my blood work is good  
month and was much in at 12th.  
I've gained 2 lbs. in the past  
Went to the doc Wednesday  
effect of my general poor health.  
hemorrhoids in fact a mild  
Don't know if it's related to my  
but my car drive is almost nil.  
to still myself with that result,  
because I was trying to delay having  
go back to every 2 weeks. I want to 3  
200/yr. every 3 weeks and maybe 3/4



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

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



called her but to little about there.  
Apparently his ship had not there and  
other things was going on. So I'll  
see him tomorrow for breakfast at 12.  
The day was cold and rainy  
day after day. When I had that 102°  
fever, I had the chills and my feet  
were like ice cubes even though I had  
three pairs of socks on. This happened  
to me again tomorrow but I kept it  
down it, as I have this time with Ben  
and later with Kathy Schenker, who  
I don't see nearly enough. I'll try  
to go to the gymnasium where I stay  
every little while. I had left in  
the house today - I'll go to  
get myself a very 1989 calendar,  
and a new diary. I'll get a paper  
to spend plenty for. There's a guy  
and shop in the Centro that has some  
beautiful things, but they  
were pretty expensive. I have one  
when I started you, dear, I figured  
you'd be my last book. But the  
story was over yet!



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



I just glanced back to the first  
page of your diary, and read my entry  
of August 21, 1907. Just to update:  
Paul Walker sent letters the beginning  
of December '88 announcing his retirement  
from practice. In a confidential  
follow-up letter to me, he admitted  
he has "AFC" (AIDS - Related  
Complex) which means he hasn't been  
diagnosed with AIDS, but has some of  
the preliminary symptoms. So he's  
trying to reduce stress and take care.



