1983-84

1-27-83

Dear Eldon —

Thank you for the really exciting and very entertaining letter. I was about a page and a half into it ~~when~~ when I told Tom ~~to~~ to listen, started all over and read it aloud, ~~to him~~. I thought it was hilarious! Of course if you want to use it for porn, you're going to have to get a lot spicier, but you've got a good basis. I think Tom was intrigued, entertained and a little shocked (HA HA) to hear ~~how easily you spoke of~~ the panty ~~fetish~~ popularity... I know he's got it in him, too, (he's told me so) but I guess it'll take a while for him to actually relax with the ~~the~~ act.

Since you sent me such an exciting letter, I thought I'd copy from my diary the fun events leading up to Tom and I getting together. (Sometimes I worry that I'll kick before I get a book put together and I wonder who to leave my diaries to. You're my first choice, but you'll probably kick before I do.)

6/26/81: This was about 2 mo. after I moved into the new apt/neighborhood where no one knew of my past, and I was just a gay man to them.

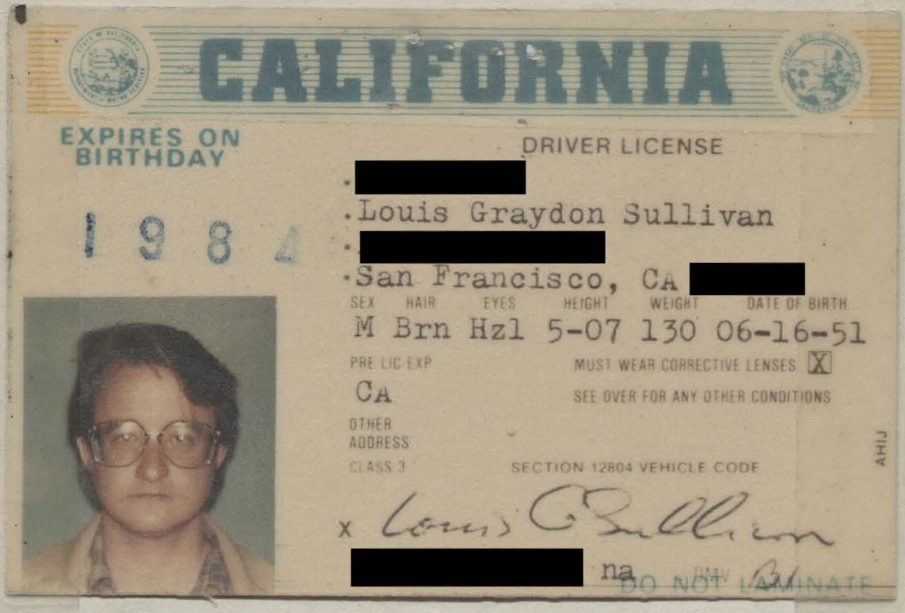
PROPERTY OF :

LOUIS GRAYDON SULLIVAN

[redacted]

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA [redacted]

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July 7, 1983

I've been feeling so cold toward Tom, not wanting to have sex with him. Finally I figure out why. I wished he didn't know about me — that I'm a sex change. I feel so much easier with those who <u>don't</u> know, but in some respect I wish some of them did know. I need to make more friends and have fun with whom I do / don't tell. I am writing this to resolve to get closer to many of the people I work with now. I do little to encourage our friendships ... they all come to me. I need more friends — people who don't know. And I need people who <u>do</u> know, like Tom. Sometimes I get so tired of pretending I'm a girl while we're having sex. I don't know how else to act though and so I just get frustrated and turned off. He's picking up on all these anti-macho vibrations from me and so sometimes I think he emphasizes them and then <u>he</u> gets frustrated because I'm un-cooperative. What do I WANT to do ... maybe I need to think more about that, I guess I want to fuck him, because I'm getting tired of him fucking me. But I

told him last night I was tired of him acting like the big macho and then expecting me to do all the work while we're ~~fight~~ (← freudian slip! I meant to write "fucking" and my mind wandered ...hmm... interesting). I need to tell Tom tonight to be patient with me when I get in these "male" moods... I'm just feeling sorry for myself + need time to sort out my thoughts. That I love him very much. Resolved: (1.) Make lunch date with any one (or maybe 2 at a time) of my co-workers. (2.) Tell Tom I needs my space.

Just told Tom I need my space. Told him I was going thru a macho head trip and need some time to myself to figure it out. I said sometimes I wish I hadn't told him about myself. He said maybe he should just move out. I poo-pooed that off, and said it's not that I don't love him or anything — I just don't like him treating me like a girl + grabbing my crotch every second and calling me "Fifi." Come on! He says he treats me like a guy. I said, well, I want him to more. He said that's the only way he knew how to treat me. He said he guesses he just

shouldn't hang out with me then, because he's bothering me. I laughed and said well if that's how you want to put it. He huffed away to his room + the TV. — I'm missing the pleasure of living alone. Haven't I already written, "Must I be alone to be happy?" Well, this is one reason I was so happy with the lay-out of this flat. We can each have our own rooms and I even have a living room off my bedroom. Like my own place where no one is watching me or grabbing me or demanding my attention. He pissed me off by not having something around here for dinner when I got back from class. Same thing Tuesday. I would've had something here for him. He wanted to go on his motorcycle out to eat and I said fuck that, I've only got 2 hours left for myself today.

7-15-83

Johnney and Kay call me on the extension phones, trying not to scare me but acting pretty scary, to say Jack's in the hospital since last night with a broken blood vessel in his brain. I tried to find out all the

facts. Is he conscious? They said yes, but he can't remember who the president was before Reagan (I stopped to think, "Who was?") I asked if he was going to the bathroom by himself or was using a bedpan (I figure if he's shitting in a bedpan, that's pretty bad... If he can still make it to the bathroom, he's OK.) They said he was using a bedpan. They truly alarmed me and I started to cry, saying "I know he's going to die sometime. I just love him so much! I think about him almost every day!" Well, then Kay says he hasn't "moved his bowels" yet. So maybe if he's just peeing in a bottle, he's just taking it easy. Johnney said he was still cracking jokes; Kay said he was pissed at her for not staying overnight in the hospital with him. I asked if they were going to take his birthday presents to him Sunday and Kay says if he seems up to it. Shit! ## I want him to have my gift! I told her they'd be getting it in the mail probably tomorrow. (I sent him a little frogman that dives for his swimming pool enjoyment and a 3-D birthday card with people on it saying

'Surprise!' who looked like him & me & Bridget & Mary & Kay, etc.) I asked them to call me before he dies because I'll be flying back there to talk to him. Johnney said snottily that he's not going to die! I just got done reading William Wharton's Dad and this news hit me hard. (I had answered the phone & heard Johnney at the other end, and I had exclaimed, "Dad!" because I thought it was him calling.)

7-21-83

The experience of Patrick has prepared me, because I know this isn't as horrifying, but I am now at S.F. Airport awaiting a flight to Milwaukee. Last Friday John & Kay get on the extension phone to me, saying dad's in V.A. Hospital with an aneurism in his brain. He'd been acting sick all week so they finally took him in to see what it was. They were trying not to alarm me, but I was extremely alarmed — it was a death call, but maybe not. I cried after it sunk in & told them I love that guy so goddamn much. They assured me he won't die, but they just want me to know etc etc. Sunday John calls

back to say the guy's much better, is joking around, etc. But Tuesday he calls again that Jack is really bad... he's asking John how many trailers they have left (H+O has been closed for years) and he's shitting in the bed. They did a die test to locate the aneurism + will operate on Friday. John sounded panicky - he's alone there, except for Kay, dad's bride. All I could think of was 'dad! my dad!' He's only 63. He's had such a shitty life, living with ma + us kids through it all. He would STILL be there if ma hadn't moved to end an obviously bad relationship. He spent years mourning and now he's finally found solitude / peace - had his hip operation only a few years ago, and now this. Bridget called his doc who said 15% chance of his dying during the operation, another 15% he'll live with a serious side effect (blind, can't speak, maybe even no mind). I couldn't stand it and called Kathleen. But no one else can go to Milw except me, so I'm going. Kathleen made sense when she said, "First go for yourself, to ease your mind; then next go for John, who needs support; then if dad

happens to recognize you, go for him." I saw a sign yesterday that said A CLEAR CONSCIENCE MAKES A SOFT PILLOW. I have to go, just in case. My dad! I don't want to leave Tom at all and told him I get a sick feeling when I do, like when I went to New York last year. I just want to be back with him. I know I'm going into deep sadness, but I have to be with my dad. — I phoned ma to let her know I was coming and was so glad to hear she's upset, too. She said if Kay weren't there, she would be, becuz she's been awake these past 3 nights just praying for the guy.

Why is it always something with the BRAIN — like with Patrick?

Tom and I will miss this ARCO party where he was going as my mate. I think it may be a blessing in disguise, though. While I would love to be there in front of those people with him proudly at my side, I wonder if it would be worth subjecting him to <u>them</u>. We'd probably have a perfectly terrible time.

Tom says with extreme sympathy, "It's just too bad." He said, in answer to

my questions, that if I were killed in a plane crash, he would ask his family to move into our flat. It makes me love him so much. He loves me so much. He says he hopes That never happens as long as we live in this house. He said if I go to Milw and everything's OK, that's great. But if dad dies during the operation, or comes out a mental or something, "well ... That's just so sad That I wouldn't even Think about it!" He is so right. It is just too bad.

I remember standing at grandpa's bedside and knowing he was dying.

I remember Patrick there.

My dad ... my dad.

7-22-83

I'm sitting here alone in the hospital with dad while he sleeps. He moans and winces in pain even as he sleeps. I am much encouraged, though, considering what I expected to find left of him — still visions of Patrick when it really was too late. With dad, it just seems to me that he has a terrible, terrible

headache — 100 times worse than the worst sinus headache. He looked so fallen there, lying in that bed, just flattened. But he's not connected up to any tubes, other than a catheter, or any machines; he is strong (he held my hand with his left and squeezed mine tightly a long time).

John had picked me up from the airport and took me right to the hospital last night, saying I should feed dad his dinner, because that's when you can be closest to him. That frightened me, to think he had to be fed, but when I saw dad lying there hurting like that, I really wanted to help him... who better? All I saw of my dad was a bright shining spirit stricken with a fallen body. He just wants to lay there and not move, his head hurts so much. He talked to me a lot, silly things, kidding around — he is so glad I came that alone was worth the $400 air fare. He didn't say one lefty thing to me the whole time I was here yesterday, but he is disoriented, as is expected

with any intense head pain. ~~He told me that he~~ ~~with any headache~~ I said, "Oh, dad, it's just like a real bad headache, isn't it?" His eyes opened up and he said, "How did you know?" I said, "Oh, I can tell, that's just how you look, I just can tell how it feels." They won't give him any painkiller because they said they don't want to "mask any of his symptoms." Shit — I was wishing I could get him to smoke a joint! This guy's hurting! It's all he can do to chew and swallow his food. I put cold clothes on his forehead and neck cuz he was burning up — it's about 95-100° here, too. ~~But he's got good color~~ He told me, "I had a dream... I had a dream and even the dream started going yoy-yoy-yoing!" like a Mel Blanc spring noise. Poor dad. He moans and sighs and mumbles, "Shit!" He's burping and everything! He's fighting and his color is very good, too. Now if the docs don't mess up while they're operating... they're

supposed to operate tomorrow morn – he'll be OK. I feel he's holding his own excellently. He said "Lou, Here's only one thing he wants to say and that's, 'Do what you want to do and don't give a fuck! what anyone else says, just do what you want to do!'" (And I just wanted to say, yeah, dad, you should know – you waited too long to do what you wanted.) Kay is just as sweet as I imagined and she loves him so much... said she never thought she'd meet a man as wonderful as her dad, and Jack is. She observed that he seems "more peaceful" today in his sleep. Dad asked me "When are the other kids coming?" I told him Mary Ellen was all ready to pack up her 2 kids and come, but I told her to HOLD OFF ~~a couple days~~ until I let her know how he was. And that Bridget can't get off work. He asked "When's Kathleen coming?" and I told him they wouldn't let her off work, that she's driving herself nuts working 14 hr. shifts and he said, "Oh, shit!" He is able to focus his eyes, but his head

aches so much he doesn't want to open them. John + I had dinner at Kay's and she told me he'd been sick from July 10, like a flu, and on the 15th she demanded he go to the hospital and he could hardly walk he was so stricken. He forced her to stop at his bank and at his stockbroker on the way, though. Kay asked me about myself and, in front of John, I recounted to Kay my usual rap, like I give at the Institute sometimes, about how I got to where I am. She thanked me for telling her. I phoned ma to let her know I was in Milwaukee, she is very concerned about dad & I'm sleeping overnight at John's. The cloud of the seriousness of this dad thing has overshadowed any hassle it might have been dealing with John — he and I are both consumed in dad. It is like when John + I were children together — nothing else mattered when we needed each other. Our arguments hadn't made a difference.

How we are encumbered by our bodies! How burdensome our bodies are!

Freudian slip, I mean't "we"

Wouldn't we all be so much better off if he didn't have to lug these bodies around? I said to dad, "Too bad we got to lug these bodies around with us, isn't it?" He mumbled, and John chided me for saying that. It's true!

It's so strange to be in Milwaukee again. Everytime I'm here it's stranger. Things have really changed — buildings that were once drug stores are now restaurants and some buildings are gone and new ones built on that corner — I don't know where I am. I am considering renting a 3-speed bicycle like mine so I can get around without relying on someone who has a car. John's got dad's "Ghetto Cruiser," a black Buick convertible. What a great fucking car! I told John it'll be a while before dad gets to drive again and John said he thought maybe a few months. He's nuts. I am amazed at all the truly beautiful old brick buildings and cement buildings in this city.

Kay and John and I left the hospital and a huge storm was moving in — it really

thundered and lightening and I took some photos of incredibly beautiful Milwaukee. Dad's Milwaukee. I got a shot of the after-storm rainbow over the city from dad's balcony.

The operation is tomorrow morning and I told dad tonight when I fed him his dinner that it'll all be better after tomorrow

7-23-83

He is doing so good today. I've been here 2 hrs. and he's been <u>sound</u> asleep (I mean sound!) the whole time. The nurse & I couldn't even awake him to take a blood pressure pill... Not once! has he cried out or winced like before. He makes sounds in his sleep but they are sighs and mumbles and all peaceful sounds. I've been feeding him and he woofs it down as fast as I can shovel it in. (I'm appalled at what they serve him - fish with bones in it, white wonder bread, some pink pudding, and coffee every meal!) It's looking more + more encouraging for him. Now the docs say

He looked so pitiful laying there, stricken, fallen. I remember Patrick laying there dying and the song that went through my mind, "I want to kiss you all over, and over again I want to kiss you all over, 'til the night closes in." I hugged dad and said to him, "I want to kiss you all over", and dad made a mock shocked face at John, but I laughed embarrassed and explained it was a line from a song.""

I talked to him as I fed him the fish (after John picked the bones from it) telling him it looked like lobster, but ~~it~~ wasn't. Now I don't remember if it was he or John who asked, "What kind of bones are in lobster?" (It must have been John.) I answered, "Lob bones." Jack~~et~~ cracked up at that, laughed and repeated "Lob bones!"

they'll operate Thursday. They're going to do it at a newer hospital that has state-of-the-art microsurgery equipment + the docs are saying it's looking very good for him. His blood pressure (150 over 86) is down. I can tell he's much better. I think he's getting leg cramps from laying on his back so much too. His right hand is jerking spasmodically while he sleeps. He wouldn't speak, even to answer questions, but when I told him Bridget was coming, he said, "Who?" and when I said "Bridget... Fifa-did" he smiled. He just sleeps all the time and lays with a cold cloth over his eyes even when I fed him, but he growls at my hand and pretends he's going to bite my finger. He drinks fluids from a straw put into his mouth. His color + skin are beautiful and he smells sweet, even though it's still so fucking hot here that I don't smell so great myself. But he's laying completely immobile, like it'll be too much effort to move.

So he clowns at the bar where Bridget

waitresses got together a collection for her air-fare to Milw. Big problem, too, because the last time she saw John she told him the next time she sees him, "I'll be in court," so he won't pick her up at the airport. So I stayed overnight at ma's last night and we stayed up til 1 a.m., Llano telling us her life story. I thought of when Steve Harding, my friend from ARCO, sat + told me his whole work history from his teen years to present, then died several weeks later. Yes, she will die too. Both her and ma look the same as always. ~~She's staying at ma's. I went back down to Johns.~~

Incredibly I'm meeting people from the past, all after some 15 years. Ann Bailey, a super drugged-out messed-up hippie messiah girl from the 1967 days of the Avant Garde. She is now rather pretty compared to those days when she was all burned out. She had been in women's prison for a "drug offense" and was out of prison 4 mos. when she met her husband who had been

4 mos. out of Vietnam. She said they were both in the same place. They met while working for war veterans rights. They've been involved in the movement ever since & are currently fighting against Agent Orange, a poison used in Vietnam now making some of our guys sick. She looks straight and even pretty now. She works as a city clerk or some bull-shit and said her co-workers would SHIT if they knew of her past (ha ha - the same I think about my co-workers!) I talked to her a while before I told her who I was, and of course she was totally shocked, even though she said John had told her I'd be coming to this wedding reception. ~~I explained to her I "left, I was fucked out enough just on myself back then, I didn't need drugs!"~~ She remembered how I never did any drugs back then. I told her now she knows why I never took drugs in those days ... because I was already too freaked out by my situation. She looked at me & nodded sympathetically. John took me to this wedding reception so he

could pick up his new girlfriend and her 11-yr-old kid. As it turns out she used to be a girlfriend of mine during that same Summer of Hippiedom in Milw '67, and she used to tell me all how much in LOVE she was with John. Well he never liked her then because she was fat + ugly, but she's a KNOCK-OUT now! And I can vouch for her warmness of heart. She changed her name from Lynn to Yolanda because she wanted to be more ethnic. I'm sitting in the bar below John's flat. Ogre, the bartender, another old name from the past hippie days — he doesn't know what to make of me as I sit here buying drink after drink, and writing. I said to him, "Everything goes in circles." He looked at me curiously — I clarified, "Everything comes back around, everything goes 360°." He nodded. Milwaukee isn't so bad. It's the home of isolate souls, people who feel very alone and that's what they know. They seek nothing else. My dad is doing good. John is doing better. Bridget's coming into town

and she last told John that the next time she talks to him, "it'll be in court" (you know, I think ma told dad that exact same line!). I told John somehow I feel now it's my responsibility to help reconcile the 2 of them, but that I'm not going to get caught in that scene + that's between them. So I'm going to have to call ma tomorrow morning to ask her to pick me up from John's, go get Bridget at the airport, drop us off at the hospital, come back to the hospital to get us, take me to John's (on the pretext that it'll be too much excitement for grandmother if both B + I are at Blue-mound Rd — GREAT IDEA SULLIVAN!) and B can sleep at Bluemound. Kay is also too flipped out to need B for the first time. My dad's going to be OK, and so far everyone's future looks bright. My grandmother is still with us, living for mom, being bright and excited, but also being old and tired. — Three young people next to me just asked what was I writing? a love letter? I explained, then got into a

conversation with a guy whose father survived 3 strokes + regained his speech, got married and is living as a hippie in California happily ever after. He said "Wait until September. Summer is always a killer for old people. Wait til the summer's over and the heats not on." He just left with his fiance (very cute) and slapped me on the back as he left and said, "Good luck with your dad, and tell him ... tell him ..."

"Wait til September?"

"Yeah," he said, "wait til September."

The good thing about Milwaukee is all the goofy oddball people ... MUST GET ALONG. And maybe we learn more about being OK oddballs that way. Except that San Francisco has so MANY oddballs, you got so much more ROOM to be an oddball.

Ma and Llamo are so delighted that John and I aren't pissed at each other, like we <u>could</u> be under these circumstances. Ma said the best thing I ever did was call him back after he hung up on me that time. I decided to take the

credit for the act, and didn't tell her I wasn't going to call him back, but this wonderful boy I love had urged me to.

Grandmother hugs me last night the last thing before she goes to bed and says I should bring Tom around any time and she and ma "will give him the royal treatment." (Oh, no!!! God save poor Tom!) I told them his sad lifestory last night and I know she loves him already. She tells me she has something to show me, and hands me a small book I had made for her Christmas 1969. I worked so hard on it, even had Jim help me by writing some Greek in it for her. It's a collection of all the things that were near and dear to me, all the poems, songs and sayings.

"Do you remember this?" she asks. And I tell her it was my best thing. She told me when she dies I can have it back and that I could take it in my room and read it before I went to sleep.

Be not too hard
For life is short
And nothing is given to man
Be not so hard if he's sold or bought
For he must manage as best he can
Be not too hard if he blindly dies
Fighting for things he does not own
And be not so hard
If he tells lies
Or if his heart is sometimes like a stone

Be not too hard
For soon he'll die
Often no wiser than he began
Be not too hard
For life is short
And nothing
Is given
To man

Well, it's the perfect thing. I made copies of above for both John + Bridget and will give them to them, saying it's my advice to them regarding each other.

Be not too hard
For life is short
And nothing is given to man
Be not so hard if he's cold or brought
For he must possess as best he can
Be not too hard if he blindly dies
Fighting for things he does not own
And be not too hard
If he tells lies
Or if his heart is something like a stone

Be not too hard
For soon he'll die
Often no more than he began
Be not too hard
For life is short
And nothing
Is given
To man

And I wrote a letter to Ilano thanking her for sharing the little book with me and for desperately urging me to somehow bring them together. — If dad can't, nothing will.

You know what I've learned more than anything from this sex change: that <u>sex</u> gets in the way of more things than it does good. Why are people so hot to orgasm? If, in fact, as they threaten (!) they are REALLY in search of COMPANIONSHIP, why don't they seek THAT first instead of a lay...

That I'll never understand.

(This a reaction from being in this meat market bar, or is that just what 'everyone else' calls it?)

7-24-83

Today dad is slipping further & further away. He is sound asleep all the time and can't stay awake by himself, i.e., without constant stimulation. He's not moaning or wincing, or playful as before. He won't move his right hand and his finger is badly swollen. I saw his reaction to

There was no diversity between Bridget & John — they simply stayed away from each other as much as possible. John & I talked to Bridget about the possibility that dad won't ever get better from how he is now. What if he was paralyzed and bedridden — would he want to live that way, or die? But John had talked with me about that before and we agreed that, yes, dad WOULD rather be a mental in a wheelchair and get wheeled down to the pool and yuk it up with a funny hat and kay.

He'd love it! Who's to say if he's mental or not, he's always been a little mental anyway.

seeing Bridget was a lot weaker than when I came. There was no way I could sleep all night, feeling like he's dying before our very eyes and we weren't doing anything. I wanted another doctor to see him, maybe give some advice. Questions tortured me — what's going on?? Just like with Patrick, Bridget was right up front to the doctors, not hesitant at all. So I stayed up nearly all night, high and pumping full of adrenalin, and made a list of the questions that plagued me, determined to get answers. "Information is power," I told everyone. I also thought the doctors should know something about him too. What really flipped me out was when one of the nurses came in his room and Bridget & I mentioned his seemingly paralyzed right arm, and the nurse said she was reading his chart and he's always been a little paralyzed since the surgery on his back. Bridget & I looked at each other like, "What?" Bridget spoke up that he's never had back surgery. He had hip surgery, but he's never been paralyzed! The nurse insisted & finally

I mentioned to Kay that maybe we should get a different opinion ~~from~~ from another doctor, that they don't seem to be doing anything for him. She was very strong in opposition and told me how Jack totally trusted the people at the V.A. and once took her there, telling her it was his "second home." That these doctors do many of these operations and are highly qualified, etc. etc.

went back to check. She comes in a little later and goes, oh, my oh my! They had the wrong surgery report in his file. It was for someone else! Whoa! I made my phone call to Mary Ellen & said I thought she should come, that he may not die, but he may never be the same either. And he's definitely slipping away. ~~[illegible]~~

7-25-83

Bridget, John & I told Dr. Luck, Dad's neurologist, that we needed to speak with her and we waited at the hospital all day until she had time for us. Kay said she didn't want to be there — she's so afraid ~~to~~ she might offend someone in the hospital. She's such a mouse. Dad will eat well, but otherwise he's out of it. Bridget's been feeding him and so have I. But he's spirit, his fight is gone. When we told him Mary Ellen was going to arrive tomorrow, he didn't even react. Finally we got into a room with Luck & Bridget & I had arranged beforehand that I would read off the question and

write the answers, while Bridget talked and elaborated to get more out of her. Here are our questions and the answers:
① Why is there no response from him as before; he's not speaking or moaning in pain? Answer - the blood vessels in his brain around the broken vessel are narrowing and bleeding. There's not enough blood going to the speaking (speech) part of his brain, nor to the part of his brain that controls his right hand. He is showing the early symptoms of a stroke. Usually narrowed vessels expand and allow the blood back. I asked if the part of his brain that governs his sight is OK, she said yes, but he wouldn't use his eyes because of the pain. We asked how they could tell if the vessels were expanding & she said the CAT scan told them. ② Why can't he stay awake more than a minute without being awaken? Is he semi-comatose? The doc insisted that he was not in a coma - that he is not responding to them, but that he's not in a coma. Bridget pressed for a word, then, to describe his condition and when the doc answered "lethargic,"

I asked if I could bring him a small radio, thinking that, even though he's "out of it" or asleep or in a coma, he can maybe still hear and appreciate the stimulation of music. Kay told us about a radio show on Sunday mornings that played big band and dad's dixieland music that they listened to every week. Luck said no radio, but maybe if he's much better by Sunday, we'll see.

I think even she realized how absurd it sounded. Lethargic!!?? Bridget didn't let up until Luck said she "supposes" that dad is semi-comatose. The gravity of our talk with her weighed on us. (3.) Is it good for us to stimulate him during our short visits? She said yes, and that often at this point the family can do more for him than the doctors can. That we can get him to respond when they can't. (We had all been upset because these nurses come into his room, jostle him out of a sound sleep, shouting, "Mr. Sullivan! Mr. Sullivan! What day is it?" Dad is in a daze, grunts in reply. The nurse yells "Where are you, Mr. Sullivan?" and dad mumbles foggily, so the nurse goes to his bed chart and check "Does not respond" "Is not ~~aware of~~ oriented to time or place" etc.) We asked about being around his room a lot and she said as long as we weren't going overboard, we should try to bring him back to reality and not let him drift off. (4.) We see him noticably declining + withdrawing each day. If he's lost so much

alertness in these past 4 days, will he continue to decline each day? Luck talked, but the ultimate answer was "yes." We tried to be strong, listening to her say these things about dad. (5) His bedchart shows his blood pressure is fluctuating drastically, up & down. Why? Especially since he's just laying there. The doc said that's just the way he is and she didn't feel it was fluctuating that much. As the doc talked we realized that having the surgery would do little for him. Luck said the surgery at this point is a minor question, that it will not repair any of the damage already done to him and in fact may cement him into the present state he's in. That he must act better and more alert before they even consider surgery. All the surgery would do is prevent this from happening to him again. That until those blood vessels in his brain stop "dancing", they can't do anything. (6) Is this unusually long for them to "dance"? Does this contribute to his decline? Luck said they usually dance an average of 3-8 days after the aneurism

breaks, and yes, it was longer than average. That it is possible that he will not come back from where he is. Oh, those words sunk deep into me. My pen wrote them mechanically. (7.) What are the blood tests they're taking? She said they're "routine" to tell if he's retaining water, etc. and the results showed normal. (8.) Will Dr Luck do the surgery? She said if they do the surgery, she'd be one of a team. We asked if she'd done this operation before in this part of the brain, she answered yes, several times. (One of the nurses had earlier told John that Dr. Luck was practicing this surgery on a cadaver so she'd be primed for doing it on dad.) (Whoa). Okay. Now we knew where he stood. Pretty bad. (9.) Before we were told he must lie perfectly flat and barely can have a pillow under his head — which made it very difficult to feed him. Now his bed is elevated. Luck said a slight incline was OK. (10.) Why is he getting coffee with his meals?!! (This just flabbergasted me!) This guy is out of it and getting caffeine!?? Is his diet being regulated? The doc just poo-pooed the whole topic, saying "at this point

it doesn't matter." The words plunged deeper. I asked if we could bring nutritious foods in for him, things we know he'll eat, or were there any food restrictions? She said no, none, just no booze. We could bring stuff for him. What now? Dr. Luck said if, after 3-4 weeks, the vessels don't stop dancing, they'll have to "make a decision" and then probably get him into physical therapy to deal with him continuing to be the way he is. We all sat solemnly. At least we knew what we were facing. I took a deep breath and said there were a few things we wanted to tell her for her ~~own~~ own information. That he's always said silly mixed up pronunciations, like saying Santa Frisco for San Francisco. (On the first day I was here, a doctor came into dad's room while I was there and asked, "Mr. Sullivan, who's here with you?" Dad looked up at me smiling and said very clearly, "It's my son, Lou-Lou, from Santa Frisco!" The doctor looked at me quizzically and I smiled and nodded in perfect agreement with dad. When the doctor left the

Bridget & I went out to eat dinner and do some heavy drinking. It was a good time to reach Kathleen at home and I dialed, but was delighted to turn the task over to Bridget. I spoke a few words, but she was near hysteria. She knew he was dying and it was going to be like the Patrick scene all over. We told her that we only felt it our duty to let her know

I was so proud that, even in his out-of-it condition, he didn't hesitate to call me his son

room, I said, "Dad, you're sharper than they even know!" and kissed him lovingly.) But we didn't want them to think he's got slurred speech or something. We also told her that he had been scheduled for a carpal tunnel in both wrists that very week. We knew he had signed something and agreed to participate in an experimental blood pressure program and I told Luck I thought the people in that program should know where he is now. She got defensive and said he'd withdrawn from the program about 2 weeks before his attack so it had nothing to do with that, but I said we weren't suggesting that, only we think it should be shown on his records for their information. She promised to pass the word on. I also mentioned how the nurse had a wrong doctor's report in dad's file & that concerned us.

The family could do more for him at this point than the doctors could. It is possible that he will not come back from where he is. These statements forced us into action.

* Bridget laughed, "Boy, Mary Ellen just banished me from dad's room and said 'I want to be alone with my father!' as soon as she arrived in his room.

7-26-83

If I fuck up at all with work or anything, like if the cops stop me for walking around high or inebriated, I'll just tell them my father is in the VA Hospital and I'm "despondent." I can't leave until I know he's coming back to us, because I see him worse + worse. Mary Ellen has arrived and ~~she took him his dinner and was~~ clicked into her occupational therapist head.* She scrubbed his teeth, good stimulation to bring him around and awake enough, and now she + Bridget are feeding him dinner. We've gotten a schedule where Kay comes in as soon as visiting time starts. She feeds him his lunch. Then he sleeps until we arrive about 5 pm to feed him his 6 pm dinner.

Bridget + I took a long walk last night — first to the shrine, where dad used to walk with us as kids. Bridget approached the "altar" there and actually knelt down, so I followed her example and we both silently said a prayer for dad, because he's always saying "Say a prayer for me" when things are bad. Then we walked past grandmother's old house on 73rd Street,

where Bridg knocked on the door to see if the people who bought it from Johnney still lived there. They didn't. We walked past Pius, got a sundae at Gillies' and walked to St. Judes, where Bridget took a pee by the creek. We left our stinkin' sundae dishes on the playground (I really was too scared to do it, but B. was going ~~to shit on it~~ to leave hers & I didn't want to be a goody-goody.) We walked around the block we'd lived on as kids & Mr. [redacted] was on their porch. At my request, Bridg asked if he was Mr. [redacted] and told him she was Bridget Sullivan. He got so excited he jumped up & ran in their house to get Linda, his daughter we used to play with, and by the time I convinced B. we could escape while he was gone if we ran, ~~it~~ it was too late. Linda talked to B. about everyone while I stood by smiling & excited to see her. Finally Linda asked, "How's Sheila?" and B. answers, "Well, I don't know, she's right here... ask him." I said, "Hi, Linda. ~~I'm~~ I'm Sheila. I had a sex change and my name is Lou now." Of course she was

blown away, but was very cool and didn't bat an eyelash. She said, oh, yes, she'd heard that I'd done that because John had gone to Mark [redacted]'s wedding, but she didn't believe it, and she just thought I was Bridg's husband. Earlier Mr. [redacted] (our old next door neighbor) had caught Bridg + I in the driveway when we returned from the hospital to offer "whatever they could do" and I thanked him, though I'm sure he didn't know who I was either.

I had been sitting in the waiting room writing this when John comes to get me just now.

Jack's eyes are wide open + he said 5 words! I told Jack I ain't going back to San Francisco until I'm sure he's OK. ARCO can kiss my ass. Mary Ellen has really roasted him up! I wrote a report of his exciting improvements to give to Luck, because she said we could do more than they could because we can spend more time.

The girls (B. + M.E.) have gone now.

John + I are still in dad's room. He's been better than at any time these past 4 days. I told him that I'm writing all this down and my records show there's nothing the matter with his eyes ... that it's just his headache.

John is holding dad's hand now, alone, gazing at him lovingly, as I sit on the hospital room floor. They are communicating in such an incredibly deep love without words.

I had the maintenance guy come in and turn down the temperature in dad's room to 70°. It was set at 80° in his room! No wonder the guy's sleeping all the time.

My note to Dr. [redacted]:

Tuesday 7/26 RE: JACK [redacted]

FROM: LOU SULLIVAN, SON

I sat several hours with my dad today during his evening meal and thought my observations might be useful to you — (1.) He is definitely responsive (using grunts, his mouth + eyes) to our jokes and questions. (2.) He laughed aloud several times. (3.) He spoke 5 words "Oh, my" "Oh, no" "Boy oh boy" (4.) His eyes were

wide open 3 mins. at a time during his 15 minute meal, he'd close them several minutes before opening them again. (5.) He used his left (not right) hand to pick food from his teeth. I am very encouraged from yesterday to today. Thanks again! P.S. We have asked that the hospital chaplain visit him as soon as possible. Can you follow-up? [End report to doctor]

Yes, Mary Ellen & Bridget were grooming & stimulating him, he was very awake and laughed!! I anchored the nurse-call button near his good left hand so he could call if he wanted anything and he understood (the button had been on the right side of his bed where his paralyzed right hand could never get it!). There was very little moaning or wincing in pain. He even used his left hand to bite his fingernails!

Normally I would have slapped his fingers and gone, "Nnnnn..." to stop him from biting his fingernail, but I was so happy to see him doing something as conscious and active as that.

7-27-83

Kathleen arrived ~~last night~~ early this morning and all of us kids are sleeping at [redacted] with ma & grandmother. Bridget & Kath are sharing the big bedroom, & have my old room, and Llamo sleeps in the one that used to be Patrick's and Johnney's. Ma's still sleeping in her same room. Mary Ellen is in dad's room with Rory & Erin. She badly wants to take the kids, especially Rory, up to see dad but ~~the~~ Dr [redacted] said no way. Kath went right to see dad & ~~[redacted]~~ when Rory feeds him his lunch. ~~[redacted]~~ & hung around B'med Rd. all day til dad's dinner feeding. Kath will feed him his dinner, too. ~~[redacted]~~ I'm still running into people from the past. This morning Ethel, an elderly woman who has lived on our block forever, came over when she saw Kathleen and all of us in the backyard. She began talking to Kath & Mary Ellen and I was glad to have an excuse to run into the house and I got Bridget & ma came out, too. ~~[redacted]~~ told her about dad & she talked about her health, glancing at me, not

catching the recognition in my eyes of her (just like Linda [redacted]). They all talked to her about themselves and I just stood there. When Ethel finally asked, "How's Sheila?" I answered, "Ethel, I used to be Sheila. I had a sex change." She said, "Oh, for heaven's sake!" and, speaking to ma and the girls, said, "Well, I guess he was meant to be a boy, coz," she spoke to me, "your voice is so low and you sure look like a boy, so muscular!" I didn't want to get involved talking with her and just simply looked her in the eye + said, "Well, Ethel, my life has been a lot better since I've done it." She's 76 and doesn't look much different than when I remember her when I was a child. I sit in the backyard with Mary Ellen or John and smoke a joint. It's so goddamn hot here, in the 100°'s with 90% - some humidity. Kath, Mary Ellen + I went to the grocery store and, as we walked up to the door, Mary Ellen recognizes Fr. [redacted], who used to be the parish priest

at our family's church, St. Judes. He talked to Kath + Mary Ellen about dad and themselves. He was in regular civilian street clothes with his shirt buttons opened and a groovy gold chain, holding a little nipper Scottish terrier on a leash. When he extended his hand to me and asked who I was, I took his warmly and said, "Father, I'm Sheila. I had a sex change." He immediately backed up, withdrew his hand, looked up to heaven as he stood erect and made the Sign of the Cross over himself. He said something like "Glory be to the Father!" and shook his head. We all laughed. He went back to talking to Kath + Mary Ellen and avoided looking at me. Then Mary Ellen recognizes another grade school teacher from Judes, as she (the teacher) approached, having recognized Holleran. [redacted] tells her "These are the Sullivans" and she talks to Kath + Mary Ellen, glancing at me curiously, but I don't remember her and make no gesture towards her. As we part, [redacted] hugs + kisses Mary Ellen and then Kath, but

he points at me & says, "But I'm not kissing him!" I laughed, and waved my hand at him like "ah, gee, I don't wanna kiss you either" and walk into the store, Kat & Mary Ellen following me in. Mary Ellen immediately says, "They're talking about you already!" Kathleen laughed flat, when he crossed himself, it was like when priests hold up a cross when they're confronted with Dracula, and I laughed so hard cuz I had the same image when he did it. What a riot. Blew him A-W-A-Y. We bought things for dad to eat and food for Bluemound. Got ice cream and blueberries for dad.

At the hospital for dad's dinner. All us kids got around his bed and we told him we were all there, all his kids were there for him, and he said, "Oh, goddamn" and laughed heartily. His eyes were opened continuously and focusing at all of us. I mostly sat off to his right side of the bed, while the girls fed him and fussed around him. He was so smiley and happy, so happy we were there.

Kathleen had brought a newspaper headline that she thought would amuse dad "THE ARAFAT'S IN THE FIRE" (re: Yassar Arafat of the Middle East situation). Jack cracked up laughing and Kathleen hung it over his bed on the wall. Also hanging on his bedpost was the 3-leaf clover I had mailed him from San Francisco in my get well card (he never saw).

I sat there to write my notes for my diary and our information and for my note to Dr [redacted]. I told dad, "I'm writing this all down, daddy. I'm making a list," something he always said one should do, "MAKE A LIST." He lifted his head up by himself to see what was on his dinner tray. He joked with us and communicated very well with us, using only his facial expressions, a few laughs and simple words, all of which I wrote down. He was so happy — when something spilled on his tray, he cried out, "Oh!" in an appropriate surprised tone and laughed aloud. I read his bedchart, which kept reading that he wasn't responding to their questions about where he is or what day it is as they jostle him out of a deep sleep. It showed he has slight movement in response to stimuli on the right side, but I haven't seen any right arm action or movement at all. He ate everything well and I had to back off and concede to his drinking coffee. When asked, "Is that all you want?" to eat, he answered, "Yeah."

His right hand was so badly swollen, but when we asked if his hand hurt him, he answered "Uh-uh." He stayed til visiting hours ended, a few of us in his room at a time, the rest of us sitting in the hospital day room where the other old guys who'd had surgery were playing cards. I prayed one day he'd join their game. He was definitely better and staying awake more easily. Bridget said to him, "I love you" and he answered, "I love it." ~~[illegible]~~ Some things he didn't understand, though, like when we asked him if the hospital chaplain came by and later when we asked him if he was cold. He just looked straight ahead at the ceiling and was silent. It was impossible to tell if it was because he <u>wouldn't</u> or <u>couldn't</u> talk or answer. Right before we left him, John and I were alone with him. I hung in the background and John squatted down to be eye-level with Jack in the bed. John said to him, "Mind over matter, right, Jack?" and dad answered back brightly, "That's right." It seemed he

conversed better with John than anyone. John said cheerfully, "I'm getting tan!" and Jack said, "I know it!"

My note to Dr. [redacted]:

Wednesday 7/27 RE: JACK [redacted]

FROM: LOU SULLIVAN, SON

My observations from 6:00–8:00 p.m. today:
- eyes continuously open and focusing well
- lifted head up to look at what was on food tray
- lifted head well off the pillow & cooperated when his hair was brushed — stayed awake for about 3 mins. while alone in his room — spoke a lot! said, "Oh, Goddamn!" "Yeah," "Potato," "That's right," "I know it," "Oh, God," "OK," "Goodnight," "I love you." — laughed heartily and aloud several times — is interjecting his own comments now, versus just responding to questions. [End of report to doctor] John & I left together & just the 2 of us went out to dinner. We are both encouraged, but John warns that sometimes he <u>does</u> seem better, but then the next day he gets bad again. It turns out the hospital chaplain was there to see Dad

but he never woke dad up, so he didn't even know he was there! I'm going to call Holleran to ask him to go see dad & do whatever they do, hear confession & give him Communion. Well, if he's as good Saturday as he was today, I'll feel OK about going back to San Francisco. He really looks like he's back with us. Something is not connecting in his mind, but he spoke about 15 words which is all he needs to survive. After tomorrow, i.e., Fri & Saturday, I want to be with Kay in the morning with him & show her how alert he can be. I know he isn't yukking it up with her as much as he does with us. And she's going to be the one who'll take him home from the hospital. She's got to know he will get better & that his personality hasn't changed. He stayed awake alone in his room about 3 minutes, when before you were lucky if he'd stay awake 3 seconds!

I called Tom for a long talk tonight, told him I'll be home Saturday. He wants me to come home now. He asked if I was shaving & I admitted I wasn't. He said

I had better before I come home, but I said it was probably the only chance I'll have to let it grow out to see what I got.

7/28/83

This afternoon, after Kay had been to see him & fed him his lunch, all us kids went out to lunch with Kay. It had really pleased dad when we told him yesterday that we were going to. We could always get a response out of him when we mentioned her. He'd smile and squeeze your hand. That's what he did best was grab your hand with his left and hold on. Sometimes he'd get shots of pain in his head and would tighten his facial muscles and STOP and squeeze your hand. Mary Ellen said, "Breathe, dad!" and he immediately gasped for breath. It is still so goddamn hot out — over 90° all the time. John & Bridget are nipping at each other — I hung out mostly with John and left Bridget to Kathleen. We were lucky to have Erin & Rory to distract us from what we were all thinking about. Kay is a zombie, a lost little girl trying to

hold back the tears, Everyone teases me for carrying my pad of paper around, but I'm immersing myself on being organized and MAKING A LIST.

I was going to phone Fr. [redacted] this morn to ask him to go take dad's confession or do whatever they do now — it's not Extreme Unction anymore, it's called the Sacrament of the Sick. Ma told me she's had that 3 times already and I told her no one ever told me about it! I wonder if she's trying to make us feel like we ignore it when she's dying, but we're making quite a fuss over dad.

He seemed to be tired, but resting and content, except for his stabs of pain and immobility. He drinks from a straw and barely moves otherwise. When he did do something, I wrote it down.

But he's saying sentences now! Every day he seems to be adding a new skill. What he says takes some thought coordination to put together. He's doing well with "yes" and "no," and again he laughed aloud heartily several times.

Ma said she'd phone Holleran, and that

night we told dad [redacted] promised to come by to see him. ([redacted] had said to Mary Ellen that he was "very good with grief ... now, at a cocktail party I'm not so good, but I'm very good with grief.") Dad smiled and said "wonderful." Of course, we didn't tell him the "good with grief" story. Ma told the girls and me that she wanted to go see dad because she just has one thing she has to say to him. She is consumed with guilt because, she says, she had hoped he'd die when she was divorcing him and had even thought to herself that, if he dropped dead right there on the courtroom floor, she wouldn't even care and would have gone over and given him "a swift kick besides." I could never really understand the furvor in her anger at the guy. Anyway I spoke up and said this guy is really hanging by a thread and is not to be riled up and that's exactly what her going up there to "tell him one thing" would do. He needed now to be surrounded by peace and happy thoughts.

He would just lay there peacefully and space out sometimes, not focusing on

Us kids had several talks amongst ourselves about speaking to dad about his thoughts or fears and to reassure him he's not dying. John cringed at the conversations and said we don't need any negative ~~the~~ vibes given to him, but especially Mary Ellen persisted that he needs to be told. I interjected that he probably was still waiting for the operation and is wondering what day it is. So we made more of an attempt to keep him informed. But when Mary Ellen once said to him, "Dad, do you know you're not going to die?" he answered "uh-uh."

anything, just gazing up at the ceiling. He seemed to be wincing + moaning in pain more today. Mary Ellen put herself in his line of vision and said, "Dad, talk to me." He answered, "What do you mean, 'Talk to me'," and Mary Ellen said that was something she and dad had always said to each other. Except, then, dad was the one who asked Mary Ellen to talk to him, and she's the one who asked what he meant. But we tried to stay quiet, but still provide him with stimulation. I constantly stroked his right shoulder and arm and chest. I don't know if he felt any sensation in his arm, but I paid particular attention to his chest and nipple, hoping he could at least feel that loving. It seems he's definitely awake now, but everything is a real effort. Kay told us when she saw him this afternoon and asked him, "Do you love me?" he answered, "Well, what do you think?" which is ~~a~~ private joke between them, so she knows he's still with us, and better. She thinks it's because we're all here, but Mary Ellen says she doesn't like to think we have that kind of power.

His chart showed his blood pressure at a high of 144/110 and as low as 138/90, but when he said "Hi, darlin'" to one of the nurses, who came in, I was overjoyed. He really seemed on the right path. I stroked him + kissed him a called him a "bad boy", and he returned with "big boy" and I wondered if that was something Kay called him. Then when things were looking so normal, Jack suddenly sees the hospital bracelet attached to his left wrist, and he brings it up closer to his face and turns his arm to look at the other side of it. I was sitting on his right again, so couldn't see his face, and I whispered to Kathleen, "Is he reading that?" but she looked at me and said, "I think he was wondering what it was." Whoa! That upset us all. Then once when John made a loud noise in the quiet, dad started and asked, "What was that?" Someone said "Is it live, or is it Memorex?" a line from a tape recording commercial. Jack repeated, "Is it Memorex...", a fairly complicated word we thought. One time he said out of nowhere, "I gotta give it to you" but when we asked what and to whom he just gazed off into the ceiling. He said "That's right" and

"That's pretty good" at appropriate times. And as we cheerfully attended to him he suddenly mumbled something about "the cards". We tried to get him to repeat what he said — John thought he asked "Where are the cards?" because there were 3 of us in the room & he'd have made a fourth for a game. But the girls shook his head, and Bridget told me he said, "It's not in the cards." But John pulled out a deck of cards and dealt dad a hand and I took the cards and held them up to dad's view, but he looked at them with a totally blank look and as he drifted off somewhere, I began feeling very embarassed, realizing he probably did say it wasn't in the cards. — Bridget had to say goodbye, as she has to get back to work in San Francisco. She spent a lot of alone time with him. I fed him a generous dessert of his favorite pistachios (which I often sent him as a gift) — I cracked them, removed the nut and put it in his mouth. He consumed them! He loved 'em! "Stachios" we always called 'em. But the nurses began ~~to~~ bitching at the girls that he cannot have these foods we're bringing him, like ketchup for his hamburger, because of

the salt and his high blood pressure. And that we're giving him too much excitement. Note to [redacted]:
Thursday 7/28 RE: JACK [redacted]

From: Lou Sullivan, son

Only a few observations today — he seems to be wincing/moaning in pain more — He's making sentences, said: "What do you mean, 'Talk to me'?" When wife asked "Do you love me", answered "Well, what do you think?" (a private joke between them) — "What was that?" when heard a noise, "I gotta give it you you", "It's not in the cards," "That's pretty good." — That's all for today. We need to talk with you again about his progress. [End of report]

That evening John, Mary Ellen & I sat in the backyard, reefing. He and Mary Ellen began talking about this Cheyney / San Francisco / Kathy thing and John got way off on his tangent again about Thatcher. We argued, telling him Thatcher's been GONE over a year and what is he still talking about him for. And when he began talking about the "birthday party I threw for Thatcher" (Tom's + my housewarming party, that, unbeknownst to anyone but Kathy, happened to be on Thatcher's birthday). We'd

gone through this ridiculous conversation so many times before that I finally blew up. I leaped from my chair, my anger bursting, my heart pounding and stood over John menacingly and said if he ~~stop that talk~~ one starts talking that bullshit, I just feel like slugging him it pisses me off so much! He looked up at me almost amused, very surprised. I had truly "lost my temper." I shut up, sat down. Mary Ellen slipped back into the house and John & I sat there alone. I said to him, "You know, I never knew how pissed off I could get until I started taking these male hormones." John laughed good-naturedly and said, "Yeah, now you can see how fights start." I said, "Oh, yeah. I just never could get that mad before." Then he observed, "You know, fighting between men is a very sexual thing...." Coming from John! I said, "Oh, yeah, but I'm surprised to hear you say that!" I sure like my relationship a lot more with him now than before!

7/29/83

Bridget left for San Francisco this morning. Mary Ellen + I made reservations to leave tomorrow night. Dad is markedly more alert and can follow a long conversation and seems to be understanding, responding appropriately. He's staying awake at least 15 mins. while alone in the room, and when we return we find him smiling and in the best of humor. Someone remarked to me (Mary Ellen, maybe) that he hasn't shed tears with any of us, something he has done at other times in his life. He is very happy. Kay reports that "he sure likes necking a lot"! So Fr. [redacted] did show up and Dad remembered he was there and was very happy about that. (He had said in the past that he was going to live the best way he could and, I guess because he remarried against the rules of the Catholic Church, he said he would live how he had to, and ~~[illegible]~~ right before he died, he'd have the last Rites and make a confession and have all his sins erased so he could go right to heaven.) Today was the first I've seen him try to change his position in bed, and he rolled over onto his right side to be more comfortable. He didn't show any pain during the several

Mary Ellen tried to feed him more,
but suddenly he'd had enough
and exclaimed "Hold off!"
with authority.

Also, Kathleen's husband Jim and
their great big hound dog arrived
in Milw shortly after Bridget and
her dog left Milw. When he came
in with that dog to stay at
Bluemound Rd. and Hen Mary Ellen
with her 2 kids — I knew we weren't
long in Bluemound Rd!

hours we were there for his dinner. He got some dried up breaded fish and Mary Ellen made a sandwich out of it and put it in his left hand and we were all delighted as he brought it to his mouth and ate half of it, but when she gave him the other half, he looked at it curiously (like he did his hospital bracelet) and his fingers tightened around it until it was crushed in his hand, and Mary Ellen pried open his fingers to take it away. Someone mentioned San Francisco and he sang the words "San Francisco" to the tune of San Francisco, I'm Coming Home Again song. If he can do that, he's with us. He's performing more + more complicated tasks, and when the girls were swabbing him up after dinner, he even took a mouthful of water and gargled with it!

Mary Ellen talked to Dr [redacted] who said the doctors are much encouraged at his progress, that he will stabilize now and should not regress. She said the pistachios are out – too salty – but that he can have ketchup. She said the stimulation we've given him has been excellent and has brought him back to us, but now he needs rest, and we should put a 10 min. limit of stimulation.

She also said it was OK to do "simple range of motion" on him, i.e., moving, bending, lifting his right hand, arm, wrist, leg. She also told Mary Ellen that my notes to her are very helpful.

My dad is doing so well. The pain is bad but his smiles and happiness shines through his eyes and flows into our hearts. The nurses rushed into his room to see "the miraculous recovery." He is past the danger of dying and the doctors say we made the difference. I yearn for Tom and for my solitude. I didn't want to tell him, but Mary Ellen & I knew we should, so right before we left him tonight, Mary Ellen said, "Dad, tomorrow Lou & I have to leave to get back to San Francisco." Before our eyes, the eager bright face that shone at us fell and his eyes drifted away from us, his heart visibly sunk as he nodded in understanding. I wish I had never seen that. All the need I have to get out of here and back to Tom became secondary, and I want to be with my dad. Mary Ellen & I left the room, but both knew we couldn't leave. We went right back and told him OK, we'd stay a few more days, but that we <u>have</u> to get back.

My note to Dr. [redacted]
Friday 7/29 RE: JACK [redacted]
FROM: Lou Sullivan, son

Thank you for the optimistic words in your conversation with my sister. We are all sure now that he is back with us. Some exciting things my dad did today! — markedly more alert & can follow a long story, responding appropriately — sang a few words from a song — gargled his drinking water — tried to shift his position in bed — USED HIS LEFT HAND TO FEED HIMSELF — said, "All right, let's go!" My sister & I told him we were returning to San Francisco tomorrow. He looked so sad that we decided we'd stay a few more days. [End of report]

Mary Ellen, ma & Grandmother had a big fight tonight. Afterwards John, Kathleen & I sat in the backyard & smoked a joint. We talked about how we remember being whipped with a belt for things we didn't even do. Kathleen said we are the result of being abused children ... that no one wants to admit it happened. But we knew it did.

Thank God we had our dad who loves us so much ... then and now.

INSERT

I was watching Erin + Rory at Bluemound and Mary Ellen + John went to the hospital where they walked in on the doctors working over dad. Mary Ellen phoned me to get there quick, telling me ~~what to take to~~ to take Erin to Jenny's (Patricks' old girl-friend) because dad had the Big One. As I rushed around grabbing baby bottles + diapers, Erin began crying in confusion at the tenseness. Suddenly ma was standing over Erin, yelling "Shut up! Shut up!" in a voice I remembered from my childhood and I ran to scoop up Erin, really afraid Nana might hit her for crying. Ma drove us to Jenny's, where I dumped Erin, and then to the hospital. She said one might wonder if, when Mary Ellen + I said we were going home, that may just have pushed dad "over the edge." GUILT HEAPING She actually got <u>lost</u> trying to rush me to the hospital + I remember all the times she screamed at dad for getting lost when he was supposed to be driving somewhere in a hurry. She was unloading her guilt, her side of the story about dad, and I didn't need to hear it, but sincerely felt sorry for this bitter, unhappy woman and, before ~~the~~ getting out of the car to go into the hospital, I spent time letting her cry on my shoulder + I joined her crying, mainly to make it easier for her to.

7/30/83

BAD NEWS. Kay was with him before lunch and she said she was hugging him when he threw both arms around her, got all white and gasped a breath Kay described as "the death rattle." She kept holding him, but rang the nurses' bell for help. The doctor came in, said he's OK... GOOD PULSE. Kay knew it wasn't true and she dragged them back in. They rushed him up to intensive care. [redacted] says the aneurism burst again. Through some incredible superhuman drive, dad actually lifted his paralyzed right arm and held Kay near him. Mary Ellen & I wished we had never told him we were planning to go today and we're so glad we went in to him and told him we'd stay. The CAT scan shows more bleeding, worse than the last time and affecting more parts of the brain. He is in a coma now, but is breathing on his own, although he's got a tube up his nose to help him breath to make it easier on him. They say he has no pain. His blood pressure has gone down. They say we're back to where we started and must wait for him to improve again. INSERT HERE We've been allowed to see him

INSERT

We all sat in the Intensive Care waiting room and Mary Ellen asked Kay if she minded if our mother came up to see dad one last time. Kay was surprised, but said no. Mary Ellen went to phone ma to invite her to come up, but ma told her it was too late now, because he wouldn't be able to hear the "one thing she wanted to tell him." So at least we gave her the chance. She complained when he was conscious and she wanted to talk to him, we wouldn't let her, but I still don't regret that. Now she can play the role Grandmother's played her whole life — regretting she didn't tell her mother

Grandmother

how sorry she was for being a rebellious 15-year-old girl and then her mother suddenly died and Grandmother's carried that guilt all her life. The beat goes on.

and now it's like Patrick in intensive care, full of tubes and hooked up to monitoring equipment. He's out and doesn't know we're here. The ward nurse, Nurse [redacted] says the prognosis is very poor. He doesn't have anything assisting his heart - nurse says they don't use them except in the operating room. (So it's Dr. [redacted] and Nurse [redacted]. The [redacted] and [redacted] Show. Jack would've loved it....) I knew, looking at him there like that, like Patrick, that it was time. I said into his ear as he lay there, hoping he could still hear, knowing he knew, I said, "Dad, if it seems right, if you think it's time, then go to your mom and dad and Patrick, and we'll all see you there later." I sensed a stirring in him, and felt he understood. [INSERT HERE] We kids left the hospital and went out for some dinner - all of us drained, the temperature is the 100°'s. Mary Ellen wanted to go back to Bluemound with her kids (ma had gone out to a play) and John, Kathleen + I were going to go to a bar. We had to make a stop at the bank and, while there, suddenly I wanted to be off the streets and out of that car. I told Kath + John I had the

creeps and what the fuck are we doing? where are we going? let's just go back home & be together with Mary Ellen and get out of these cars and off the streets and be safe. They agreed immediately. We were acting like idiots. Mary Ellen was so glad we came back and we all sat up as long as each of us could until we slept. And I felt him as I went to bed at 3:30 a.m. My head was all tensed up in a tight knot and suddenly he came inside of me and my headache was instantly gone. My tensed-up hip and leg (the right side) suddenly relaxed and I knew it was him with me.

7-31-83

This morning John & I came up to the hospital. Though his skin is still good, his eyes were wet in the corners, like Patrick's had been. I knew they were tears. I knew he cried, too. I asked the day nurse if he was breathing on his own and she said no, the machine was breathing for him. And the doc says his right side is not paralyzed. Kathleen said Nurse [redacted] told her the V.A. has had one patient in a coma for 23 years,

To get away from Bluemound and in memorium of dad, we kids all went to the zoo on Sunday morning. I clearly remember dad gathering all us kids up "let's go to the zoo, kids!" So we packed up Erin + Kary and went to the zoo, kids.

I was shocked to see how much Sis looked like dad, especially since she wore dark glasses because of her eyes. How much like dad she looked! and it made me feel loving toward her.

and that dad's second stroke was very massive + damaging and he will be very disabled. Mary Ellen said [redacted] was not optimistic about his prognosis, but encouraged us to talk to + touch him. Kay says she'll take him home in a basket.

At 10 p.m. tonight John + I got a call at the bar below John's apartment - it was Kay saying it's almost over and he won't last the night. We raced to the hospital (me ~~[illegible]~~ urging John to be careful driving) where we met Kathleen, Mary Ellen + Kay. Dad's sister, Aunt Sis, said she couldn't come becuz she'd just undergone surgery near her eyes + couldn't drive. But she showed up anyway ... had driven with bandages all around her eyes and she cried, against doctor's orders. That made us love her. I kissed him goodbye and told him I'll keep playing his records. His chart said he had some sensation in his feet (I don't know how they could tell), so I massaged his feet as we all gathered around his bed waiting, I guess for us all to be convinced by the monitors for them to remove the air pump. He's not even there in his body anymore. Mary Ellen sobbed

desperately over his body - Sis said she couldn't watch Mary Ellen do it and I said neither could I, so she + I went on the other side of his curtain-surrounded bed and put our arms around each other. I said to her, "I wish he would have taken us kids and run" and Sis said, "Oh, don't tell me ... it's too awful." His body seemed to quickly grow cold and pale. Everyone wants to sit with his body, but I feel him inside and in the air all around us. I just want them to take out that air pump. If he can't even breathe on his own, what are we doing to his body? It's gross. I sat outside the curtain, only a few feet from his bed and wrote feverishly all my thoughts, which I am copying here. I went to the pay phone and called Tom to tell him dad was really dead. It was hard to believe there was a loving place waiting there for me. Tom said he went to the ocean today and I love him so much and it made me happy and peaceful to envision him there by the water. I said to the other kids, "So far we've all been 'despondent,' but I think tonight we've entered official 'bereavement'." I need to go

Mary Ellen phoned San Francisco to tell Bridget that dad had died. Bridget cried and said, "I'm so glad I'm not there, and so sorry you all are," that she loved us but there was no reason for her to return to Milwaukee.

forward with Tom and make things right. Jack says, "You just gotta stay cool" (one time when I expressed doubt at being able to keep a drum beat). He never bitched or complained all week. He was there for us. I wished we hadn't told him we were leaving Saturday and seen that sad face. He didn't want to leave us, and he looked so sad because he knew he was going and we couldn't come with him. It hit him hard and his mouth turned down at the corners, like right before you start to cry.

Cody Bear
Squnking Baby Squeely
"My son Lou-Lou from Santa Frisco"
My dad
Jack was a religious experience
Jack is a religious experience

For many years us kids have had private joke/lines between us. One is a take-off on how children speak in front of their elderly parents as though they weren't there — now we say it to each other with new meaning:

Q: What are we gonna do with dad?
A: He can't stay here.

She said that days ago.

I told the other kids how ma had told me she has "a little interest in what's left over." Kathleen said she'd fight ma in court if she tried to screw Kay out of anything. I proposed that, if ma tried to screw Kay, we kids all stick together and tell ma if she feels she has something coming to her, she would have to take it out of the portion left to us kids. We all agreed on that course of action. If she feel she needs more, let her screw us out of our inheritance.

And another: "Where's the dad?" Kathleen says, "The shell is here, but the nut is gone." — When I packed, I purposely didn't bring a tie, I wanted nothing to do with anything official, subconsciously on purpose. Now I'll have to get one of Jack's (oh, no!).

About 7 a.m. Monday, Aug. 1, Aunt Sis, Kay, Kathleen, John & I ~~went~~ left the hospital. (Mary Ellen had been taken home earlier to calm down and be with her kids. She was a mess.) We went to one of Jack's favorite breakfast places and tried to talk about all we had to do. I was still MAKING LISTS. It was a miracle to walk out of that hospital and see that the sun had indeed risen and life continues.

8/1/83

Nurse reports EKG taken this morning was flat, but the "official reader" wasn't there, so [redacted] will look at it. [redacted] promised us there would be no problem in having him removed from the "air way" by tomorrow morn, as they must take another flat EKG in 24 hours to prove he's gone. His heart is still beating on its own (about twice a

minute), I guess because the air pump is still forcing the blood to flow. Mary Ellen and I feel that we've seen him die, but Kathleen, John + Kay went to see him today. Kathleen said his skin is definitely dead now. Kay + John plan to be there tomorrow when they remove the tubing. Kay said she wants to hold his hand when they shut off the machine. She had told us that she + dad once promised each other that when one of them died, the other would lay in the bed with them and hold them. In my heart, and aloud today, I talked to dad, telling him there was no consoling Kay ... nothing any of us can do will make it easier for her. She said he was her "guru," her "little fat boy." — Rumor has it Kay doesn't want a wake because "she doesn't want anyone looking at her dead husband when he can't look back at them." When she said it, I thought she meant ma, but Kathleen says she means Ruth [redacted], who's 83 or some shit + shot her horn off at dad + Kay's wedding how disgusting I am for having a sex change, and it really hurt dad. I'm going to tell Kay that I'm going to sit right next to Ruth all through the wake and

be oh so friendly & nice, and when I'm about to depart, I'll introduce myself & blow her away. Aunt Sis, as executrix of dad's will, says his estate will pay for airfare for us kids & spouses to be here for the funeral and again offered to get us a "suite," saying "Money is no object" (a line we were all later to repeat as money became an object). I told Sis we'd stick it out at Bluemound as long as we could, that I personally felt we <u>should</u> get a hotel, but we'd let her know if it came that time. I told the girls (Kathleen & Mary Ellen) they should let me know when they feel it's that time.

8/2/83

I was writing LISTS, LISTS, LISTS just to make getting through the day easier, because I wanted to have to think as little as possible. John said he needed a joint to make this all "bereave-able", a pun on the word "believable" but meaning also bereave-able. I stayed high as much as possible because I really felt like I was experiencing something in another world. Dad is dead. I can't

believe it. I feel like a machine going through the motions, being a man, staying organized and together, but so glad to have others tell me what to do. I made lists of all that had to be done: the funeral home, the church, the priest, pallbearers, the obituary for the newspaper. I was blown away at just having read, only a few weeks before leaving for Milw, William Wharton's Dad, about a middle-aged man watching his father deteriorate and die. But my dad was snatched away from me when he was only 63, and I am only a young man of 32. He should've taken better care of himself — if only, if only..... If only he'd've had more time to be the Old Fart he loved to be. (He had a button he wore on his shirt that said OLD FART.) I made lists of what to ask Kay or Sis and dutifully made phone calls. I'm a great clerk, a "ribbon clerk" as the gay boys were called in the old days. John, Kay & I went back to the V.A. Hospital — not easy to go there this one final time. Kay had to sign some papers releasing dad to the funeral home. They told us all the Veteran's Admin stuff dad would be getting: $300 toward the casket, $150 cemetery

Dad "officially" died at 1:40 a.m. 8/2/83

expenses, an American Flag "for the family to keeps as a memorial." On the death certificate they had the Immediate Cause of Death as: cardiac arrest due to central nervous system failure due to basiliar tip aneurism. I thought it ironic that his "immediate cause of death" was cardiac arrest, when in reality his heart was the last thing to go. Kay had hoped they could donate his eyes (corneas) for a transplant for a blind person. Dr [redacted] had led Kay to believe they could do it, but now the "Detail Clerk" told us they have no facilities for such a thing. They gave us a bag of his "personal effects" and it was creepy walking away with that. John, Kay, Kay's son & I went to the funeral home to make arrangements & I was so glad Kay took charge and made some decisions. We knew dad would want a church service. When several of dad's good friends heard we may not have an open casket "viewing" (or whatever it's called) they were sincerely upset, so we settled for a one hour open casket at the funeral home before driving to the church, then to the cemetery. They said they'd have to embalm him, which Kay was very against, asking the funeral

director "What are you going to do to my husband when you embalm him?" He explained that they extracted all the blood out of the viens and injected embalming fluid in its place. Kay vowed not to look at him in the casket, and she didn't. They really did have a display room of caskets. John & I zeroed in on the cheap one dad would've wanted, but this was for Kay and she even had them do up a special order inside lining. Kay also decided to go for the funeral holy cards because she'd found some dad had kept from other people, so she knew he liked them. While we were there, the funeral director's phone rings. It's 4:30 pm and Kathleen calling to say it's time to get out of Bluemound. Ma & Grandmother had gotten in the car and drove off, and the girls wanted to be out before they returned. Without even asking what happened, I told her we'd be there ASAP. Kay & her son were shocked. Called a hotel, finished with the funeral director & tore ass up to Bluemound, where the girls had all our belongings in the driveway. We got a cheap hotel on the East Side ("money is no object") near Kay, the church & funeral home, where we should have

been a long time before. It was the girls who wanted to be at Bluemound because ma said she'd be insulted if we didn't. All I could say was, just like Jack, we just stayed at Bluemound too long. We took 2 rooms at the hotel and, even tho John has his own ~~apt~~ apartment + transportation, he stayed there with us so we could all be together. ~~We all walked down to the lakefront and I took some family photos~~. Mary Ellen phoned Rusty and cried until he agreed to come from San Francisco to help her with the kids, as "money is no object." She also tried phoning ma but ma apparently took the phone off the hook. Kathleen said ma had come home from work early, immediately yelled upstairs for Kath + said everyone's saying 'Do want you want to do' and so she's going to start now, and she's tired of running a "maid service" (NO WAY was she waiting on us! Quite the contrary! We paid for, cooked + cleaned all for ourselves), that she was going to "start laying down the law around here" (another line out of her Kath I remember from my childhood) and "she's had 30 years of misery and now Kay's got 5

months of glory"! Pretty bizarre attitude.

8/3/83

The death notice appeared in the papers today with several misspellings in the first version, so we phoned to correct them. Sis wanted us to arrange the church service at Old St. Mary's, where dad most recently was financially generous, so they were willing to hold his funeral, but I finally told her she'd have to, as none of us knew about the religion anymore. But John + I ended up going to see the priest, who wondered why, and so did we. He gave us the phone of the organist for Kay's + Sis' special church music requests. I'm fuzzy on the details of when + with whom (I am trying to recreate the scene, now 4 mos. later), but we went to Holy Cross Cemetery to see Pat's + dad's graves. Dad's hole was already dug, a big board covering it. We dropped the girls off downtown to buy materials for a picture board of Jack for the funeral home, like we had for Pat. Meanwhile John + I cleaned out the Ghetto Cruiser. In the trunk, amongst a lot of old clothes + crap he must have bought at rummage sales, was a man's black wool + cashmere overcoat, all

dirty + crunched up, but I could see it was a great coat, so kept it. I'll have it cleaned in S.F. I phoned the organist, John phoned the other potential pallbearers. Rusty arrived this afternoon + his particular brand of humor was so welcome — "Money is no object" the phrase of the day. I feel, especially now I'm on the East Side, that I should contact at least Eldon, but I truly have no time/energy/thought for anything but the task at hand. It's impossible to be distracted or talk of anything else. We walked to Juneau Park + took some family photos by the lakefront. It is still stiflingly hot + humid. Sis arranged that we all have dinner with her family + Kay at a restaurant dad frequented. It was strange seeing Pat [redacted] + Uncle Ned, who hasn't changed a bit. I'm sure it was even stranger for them to see me. Funniest, tho, was Eddie, who's now a hippie. I had to sit next to him + he moved as far away from me as possible (maybe to get a better look), was very cold + said maybe 3 words all night. I had no energy for that shit, either. I just didn't care what anyone thought ...

Afterwards, back at the hotel, I looked through Kay's photo album she'd lent for the picture board and saw a Jack glowing from those photos that I'd never known. When John & I were racing to the hospital the eve of 7/31, I told him my biggest regret was never having seen Jack so happy, never seeing Jack and Kay together... and that John was so fortunate to have shared that part of dad's life. Seeing those pictures of that special Jack broke my heart all over again and I sobbed.

8/4/83

It was all mechanical today. At Weiss Funeral Home for the open casket ~~at~~ from 9-10 a.m. They did an absolutely horrible job of laying him out & it wasn't even hard to look at him there in the casket, because it didn't even look like him — surely it wasn't. Kay wore white and I was so glad. She kept her promise of not looking at him there... good thing, too. All these Sullivan relatives — not many left — were very courteous to me, and "Father Bob" & Emmett, his father, gave me hearty & sincere handshakes. I had Kath point Ruth [redacted] out

to me, but I had no energy to torment her. I understand that, next to Jack, I was the topic of conversation, but heard none of it and no one said shit to me. I was glad of that because I was just tired and bereaved. I was surprised to see Fr. [redacted] show up to give a little sermon & his infamous ever-cleansing blessings. (Boy, when he gave us those blessings when I was a kid, I knew I could be no closer to God.) He told Mary Ellen he was so surprised Vance wasn't there. We drove to the church, John and Kay in the Ghetto Cruiser behind the hearse, the rest of us following. We passed a large group of black people marching down the side of the street for blocks next to the church holding signs — apparently a religious gathering at the nearby auditorium, holding signs indicating it was some religious demonstration, like "God is love" and "Jesus". John was thrilled at this, saying if Jack could've, he'd've jumped out to join them! I was a pallbearer with John & "Father" Bob and a man named Terry (who befriended Jack after he left Bluemound and would help Jack bathe and cut his toenails when dad's hip was so bad) and Mark,

(Kay's son who introduced them) and dad's old friend, Bob [redacted] who writes for the Milw Journal Sports Dept (he got a few paragraphs in the Journal about dad ~~in the~~ dying in the Sports Section). After the church we drove to the cemetery for a service in their chapel, like we went to for Pat (They don't take you right to the plot anymore, deciding it was too gross, I guess). When it was over, Ruth Carbone came up to me with tears in her eyes to hug me, and while embracing I said into her ear, "Don't be too hard on us, Ruth, our life really is too short." She drew back from me & we looked into each other's eyes — she knew what I meant — and embraced me with more tears. It is traditional for the Irish to have a gathering, a party, after the funeral, but Kay was against it and none of us kids felt like it either — anyway, where would we have it? I feel like we partied the week before, when dad was still here to party with us. But us kids were invited to Kay's to select a "small momento" of dad's from some prechosen things Kay & Sis had set out. Pretty pitiful. It was so serious it was sad — Laurel and Hardy photos,

a barometer, some goofy hats. I chose his prayerbook that he's had since I remember, Imitation of Christ, a man's prayerbook. I told Sis & Kay I'd like to have his records & any of his old log books or diaries/journals he kept, because I know he wrote things that happened. One time he phoned & asked if I remembered what I did on this date a year ago — he'd written down when I had the "sleezles" (sleazy measles... I got the measles when I was about 20 yrs. old!). Sis said his records were given to someone else in his will (which turned out to be a lie). And then Sis asked John for the keys to the Cholla Cruiser & impounded it, right then & there on our way back to the hotel from the cemetery. We were all shocked at the crudeness of that. Mary Ellen, Rusty & kids were going to fly back to San Francisco tomorrow. John asked me to stay an extra day to help Kay sort through dad's shit, etc., so I made reservations to leave Saturday. But it was obvious through Sis' actions there was no way John & I were going to "sort through dad's shit." There was really no reason for me to stay & frankly I wanted to get the fuck out of there.

So made my flight the same as Mary Ellen's.

8/5/83

On the plane returning to San Francisco. It's hard to believe I have a nice safe loving warm place to return. I know once I get home I'll have to begin to grieve all over again, once I realize that dad is dead. This has all been like a bad dream. Tom & I had put up a bird feeder in the backyard shortly before I left — no birds had come. But as I've phoned Tom these past 2 weeks he's told me about the many birds there now, & I crave to be back there with him in my arms.

Dad, you just waited 'til the last minute to do what you wanted to do. And your last real words of advice to me were, "Do what you want to do and don't give a <u>fuck</u> what anyone else says. Just do what you want to do."

8/10/83

Sitting in the sun in our backyard yesterday after work, Tom & I talked about the meaning of life. I am not so much sad about dad as I am reflective on the question he asked me so often,

"What's it [life] all about?" Tom says he believes dying is just like being born - we don't remember what it was before birth and after death it's the same... we won't remember now then; when we are dead, we won't remember how it was to be alive. It may be something like sleeping & dreaming, and I wonder how much of that week with us that dad knew what he was dreaming and what was really happening (happering, as dad pronounced it). ~~Probably~~ Probably not much. Tom says we are all like all the other living creatures and our lives mean no more than theirs; that all we can do is what makes us happy while we're here. I said it all sounds so senseless - what's the point of going through life then? He said, "Aren't you happy to be here in the sun of our backyard with me? Isn't this worthwhile?" Yes. Yes, it is. I'd rather be there than any other place - here on earth or elsewhere. When Pat died, I "felt" him in the air... I could sense his watching us all. I don't feel that with dad. Instead his death has a finality about it. I guess he was more prepared to go than Patrick was.

After that Sunday night when we all

stayed in the Intensive Care ward, the evening I believe he died, at 6 a.m. Monday we left the hospital to go to breakfast together. We stepped outside and were bathed in the new dawning sun. Somehow that sun just keeps coming up . . .
somehow it just keeps coming up.

8/15/83

What a riot! Went to lunch with the bitchy old ARCO secretary and we talked a lot about dad, etc. I told her I had to face his relatives for the first time since they knew I was gay (it's so easy for me to substitute "gay" for "transsexual" and still have the story come out the same). She said with a sly, knowing look, "And you're not even sure about that!" I was so surprised, I asked, "What?" She clarified her statement, "You're not even sure you're gay, are you?" I said well, so far that's been where all my good experiences are and where I've felt most comfortable, but who knows, maybe in 10 years I'll change my mind, etc. I don't know why she'd say that, other than the fact that she's said the same thing about Cheryl, that

she wasn't really gay either (but there was more of a basis for that, as Cheryl had a kid). Pretty funny! Pretty bizarre! It's amazing how people zero in on my ambiguity and misinterpret it.

8/17/83

My thoughts are dominated by what happened with dad, with Kay, with John, with Kathleen. I've been dreaming every night of dad. I remember leaning over him in the hospital and kissing him, and saying a line from a song (a song that echoed in my mind all through Pat's death), "I want to kiss you all over." Dad's weak sleepy face immediately became playfully "shocked." I tried to feebly explain "No! That's a line from a song!" but I'm still glad I said it to him. John was there and laughed. I guess I said that line to him because I knew in my heart he was dying, like Pat.

I want to kiss you all over
And over again
I want to kiss you all over
'Til the night closes in

I just can't stop thinking about him, lying there, probably knowing he was dying. "It's not in the cards," he said, and we all hoped we'd heard him wrong.

Friday night we left the hospital & Mary Ellen snuck back to his room to get something. Out of nowhere, he said to her, "And that's the good arm" (his right was paralyzed). The next morn he had his 2nd attack and went into a coma.

And that's the good arm

John & I had emptied the trunk of his '73 Buick convertible (dad had nicknamed the car "The Ghetto Cruiser") and I found a beautiful black cashmere coat that almost fit me. I've brought it back to San Francisco & had it cleaned. I also have the bottle of vitamins that I'd purchased & taken to the hospital for him. The nurses agreed to give them to him, but he only lived to take one.

I can't believe that I just
watched my father die

8/19/83

last night I dreamt again about dad, but this time it wasn't about his death. We kids were all there for his wedding to Kay, and I saw him sitting in Bluemound Road smiling out at us.

Kay sent me a package containing old cards + letters, miscellaneous things I'd sent to dad + he saved, several many years old. (I wished I'd've saved some of the letters he'd sent me... I guess I didn't want to think he'd die and all I'd have was letters he sent me long ago... I'd hoped he'd send me some in the future I could save for when he was dead. Too late.)

The whole Milwaukee scene still permeates my thoughts every spare minute.

I began a legal transcription class at the San Francisco Community College to prepare for my job search next year.

Spoke on the transvestite / transsexual panel at the Institute of Human Sexuality again — this time joined by Steve [redacted]! He said he didn't even recognize me, the change has been so radical! Anyway, on the panel he said he

noticed differences in men + women, like when talking to someone, men remove their sunglasses while women leave theirs on. Someone in the audience said he's talked with many men who left theirs on. I explained, "They were gay." A gay guy in the audience caught my eye and we laughed aloud knowingly.

8/23/83

a Jack anecdote: In Milwaukee Ernie von Schleidorn, a car dealer, gets on TV and announces in his nasally weird accent they have "one tousand sharb cars" on sale. Then a new ad comes on a few months later where Ernie says they have "one tousand seven hundred and fifty sharb cars" on sale. Jack phones the car dealership and asks for Ernie, and when the guy gets on the phone, Jack tells him he's really sorry Ernie's stuck with those "extra seven hundred and fifty SHARB CARS."

Little by little I've been telling my friends Jack's dead and am so surprised at the fond memories they all had of him, having met him

at Tom's & my housewarming party last year, and when he came up to my office. He'd struck them all as a very unique, distinct personality — someone who belonged in San Francisco, not the Midwest, because he was such an individual. I blame so much of his suppression of that shard personality on the oppression of religion, and the way ma discouraged him. — I'm going to put up a fight for his 78's. Rumor is Kay mentioned giving them to a radio disc jockey who has a 2 hour/week Big Band Show she & Jack used to listen to. But I'm going to offer to catalog the records, send the d.j. the list and tape any he wants. I want dad's records!

Talked to Kay this weekend. She complained she just wanted to wander around the house instead of getting out & I encouraged her to stay home & indulge herself instead of forcing herself to socialize just now... "Just don't wander in front of a car and get hit or something." She said she felt she's known me a long time & I agreed that we communicated easily & well right from the start. Asked her to have John call me & he did the next day. He still

says he wants to move here. Ma is another story (I also called her) — I need more time to write about that one.

8/26/83

What a trip to get attention from women! I get on the elevator at work & a kind of pretty little girl says shyly, "You ride your bike to work, don't you?" I say, "Yeah... you, too?" She says no, she walks, and I say I used to when I lived close enough. She asks where I live now & I say Haight / Ashbury. Well, then we have nothing to say & I feel a little awkward & I know she does, too. The door opens on my floor & I say "See you around" and she smiles & says "bye." I'm very flattered & wonder if I'm a good-looking young guy.

9/2/83

I've just finished reading a book that has changed my life, entitled Life After Life, by Dr. Raymond A. Moody, Jr. It's by a doctor who interviewed 150 people who had "near death" experiences or who were clinically

"dead" but were resuscitated, and they tell what it felt like when they died. It is so incredible that it was hard for me to read, but what it was telling me! I saw dad going through so many of the things they described — they all described the same kind of experience — and I wonder how much he was really floating above us watching us care for his body in the bed. Like dreaming (and dad told me he was dreaming so much.).

As I look in the mirror, I realize, I'm already having an out-of-body experience! I cannot believe that that is who I am... it may be <u>what</u> I am, but it certainly isn't <u>who</u> I am. If I were to look at myself and have to form an opinion of where that person was at, it certainly wouldn't be where I believe I'm at. It's a <u>bum trip</u>. That's why I love to look at Tom. Because that's where I'm at inside. He's the kind of person I would judge myself to be. I feel like I'm severely handicapped. Severely physically handicapped. I guess I've spent my whole life dreaming I was someone else, but no one else would

believe me. So I had an operation + now they all believe me, but they can only give me part of my body.

9/15/83

Women think it's better if they think more about others than they (the women) do of themselves. That's why they have babies — so they have someone (the baby) to think about. "Men" think in much smaller terms, i.e., their worlds revolve around themselves. They like women to envy + admire them (the men) to prove they are really the best, the most important. Women believe it, too. — I'm beginning to feel that, if I'm ever to write a book about what it is with men/what it is with women, I'm going to have to begin exposing myself to some people, to get their reactions, to teach THEM about men + women. They all like me, it seems. But what they (the people at ARCO) think of homosexuals! What they think of SEX CHANGES. My God! They never even get to <u>read</u> about sex changes, except those goofy ones in <u>National Enquirer</u> and <u>Real People</u>, and then it's such a weird thing! I know!

I was raised that way too — to think of sex changes as weird. I can't and won't pretend I'm like all these TV-like people — what I've learned! Why are they (ARCO people) all afraid? I won't let them make me afraid, cuz I know I'm going to heaven with my daddy! They're all afraid of dying. Since I read Life After Life, since I watched you die, dad, I'm not afraid anymore. FAMOUS JACK QUOTE: "What's it all about... What's this crazy life all about?" Other people have to tell me so I can find out — I sure as hell don't know. That's why I have to tell people I'm a sex change. So they'll tell me what it's all about!

But let's live it up. Let's live in the kind of world WE want for ourselves and for those we love,

9/16/83

Dad are you out there somewhere? Are you thinking about me, like I'm thinking about you? Or is that what death is: forgetting? I see you lying in that hospital bed, dad, and looking so stricken, yet so loving and alive with happiness. I wish I

remembered more of what you said and did that first night I was here ... Thursday. And Friday, too, you talked to me. Mary Ellen says she wishes we all would have talked to you about your dying ... because now we believe you knew you were. I feel you in me, dad, and in touch with my heart through Kay, because I knew you loved her so much. And she called you little pet love names like "My Guru" and "My little Fat Boy." Life After Life says you go somewheres and it's so nice to go there, and you do see people you know who died. How can that be? Will I even know myself if I do see myself lying there in that hospital bed dying? Oh dad, I want to kiss you all over. I'm so glad I stroked your body and touched you so much when you were lying there. How was I to know you were actually going to die?

Summer me

Winter me

a Sinatra song my dad loved

I'm crying like a girl now, really hard like Mary Ellen would. I feel so bad because

my dad is dead. I feel so bad because his life could have been so much different if he had lived in San Francisco. Dad, could we get Kay to move here? Would she leave her "kids" in the Midwest?

I know I saw where he marked in his prayerbook a passage: "I am nothing." When I looked for it later, I couldn't find it. If it's really not marked, I'm going to flip out because I know I saw it — I even went back to look at it a second time!

Nuthin but a nuthin
A nuthin
A nuthin
Yer nuthin but a nuthin
Yer not a thing at all
To be a bat is one thing
A silly and a dumb thing
But at least you would be something
But yer not a thing at all

Yer nuthin but a nuthin
A nuthin
A nuthin

lyrics from a record from my childhood

Yer nuthin but a nuthin
Yer not a thing at all

Do I got to start deducting the lousy $1500 I borrowed from dad for my surgery from my inheritance cash? Bullshit! He gave all the other kids lots of money and I never asked him for anything ever before. He'd given Mary Ellen one thousand shard dollars for her wedding! Shit!

9/23/83

Yesterday Tom was 23 years old. I wished I could overjoy him with presents and festivities, but anything I could do would fall short of what I'd want to do. — One of the secretaries here at work just told me that one of the engineers (who has always ignored me, passing me by cooly, even when I greet him) told her that I'm "a good man."

10/11/83

Really cute blond slim queen who works at Bechtel + I have been flirting. Last Friday I asked if he had lunch plans + he did, but suggested we

get together Monday. So we did & he is pretty fun to talk to. Name's Doug. He said there were bets on how old I am. One Bechtel guy said 17! & told them I know I don't look 32, but I look even less like 17! I told him I had a lover, so that air is cleared. I told him one of the ladies at ARCO & had a lunch date with Doug. She asked, "What about Tom?" I explained to her that he (Tom) was flirting with others, too, that it's no big deal, and that "I hang around with Tom for a lot different reasons than I'm going to lunch with this guy," and that's the difference from hetero scenes. She didn't understand.

10/21/83

Today I got a sudden urge to phone a female-to-male I know in Ohio. I searched among his old letters to find a phone number. Instead I found a copy of a letter I sent to him exactly one year ago to the day, telling him I was sorry to hear his dad died, but that the loss of his dad should inspire him to carry on his dad's good points. Jack steered me to that letter copy

10/25/83

Went to lunch with the blond cutey Doug at work— he phoned & asked me. He asked if I wanted to take an afternoon break later & smoke a roach he had. I said yes, surprising even myself. As we walked out of the building he told me some "juicy gossip" he had about one of the Bechtel engineers. He'd heard the guy had told someone else that he dressed in women's clothes & was very good at make-up ("if anyone wants to know something about make-up, they ask <u>him</u>") and they even said he said he felt he was "a woman in a man's body!" He was thoroughly shocked by this info. I said I believed it, because it looked to me like the guy plucked his eyebrows. He was so aghast. It sure put a damper on our lunch, in my eyes anyway. I feel like such a traitor not speaking out strongly or revealing myself & saying, "Hey, we are NOT weird-o's." But I instead just ~~cb~~ calmly said that real life is stranger than the imagination & that all people live in so many different ways & who's to say what's the RIGHT way. I said I thought of my

father who wanted so badly to fit in & who was so very straight inside, but outwardly he didn't look like everyone else & was seen as a clown. Doug said he could relate to that. I think I made him reconsider his judgments. But it sure puts me on a spot, I feel like such an Uncle Tom. Again I feel I should tell them — to educate them. But the closer it gets to my leaving ARCO, the less I want to expose myself & the less I want to be seen as a weirdo. It is one of the only places where NO ONE KNOWS.

10/24/83

Kay sent a box of dad's stuff and Mary Ellen, Bridget & I sat around Mary Ellen's diningroom table & sorted through the box, deviding things into piles, like Football stuff, World War II stuff, religious stuff, H & O stuff. Everyone got a representative moments from each category. Special things went to special people — like I got his gold watch, we sent Kathleen his ear plugs, Bridget wanted the barometer. Now I have dad's

watch and grandpa's watch. We also sent Kath dad's wedding ring with ma (John has dad's ring with Kay). All the left over stuff I took + will make a Jack Scrapbook of Hen. Kay did find + send me his calendars from the past few years on which he wrote like a diary.

10/29/83

So Tom's got a girlfriend. His boss had hired a girl + told Tom to teach her to run his printing press, Hen fired Tom so she could do his job at a cheaper wage. She got mad at that + quit. She's tall, awkward, kind of plain Jane. They slept in his room last night (Tom left a note on his door "DO NOT COME IN - OK".) Mary Ellen asks sympathetically if that upsets me. I answer truthfully that it does not. Why? I was raised to be threatened by others around me + about the ebb and flow of life and changes. Yet it almost relieves me to have him spend time with other people. I miss myself-when-I'm-alone. I like to spend quiet time alone in my house. Mary Ellen says she misses herself-alone-

in-her-house too. Why am I not threatened? Because I feel he's hanging around with her for different reasons than he's hanging around with me, and as long as he still treats me as he always did when we're together, I have nothing to complain about. I miss all afternoon long masturbation sessions by myself. — Sex is such a bizarre act. It is almost silly to watch the act of intercourse. The very act shows us how far away from the basics of our existences we've come. Does intercourse mean aggression by the male toward the female, and the female whimpering? How far we've come from the basics. All of us merely want to live in a non-aggressive environment that provides for our needs + I feel Tom + I both have that here, and all I want to do is be there to watch him grow up. I feel he's my son as well as my lover... that I have free access to his body as a mother would to its child (I was going to say "as a parent would" to be non-sexist, but fathers are not allowed the freedom to touch their children's bodies as mothers are. Then men crave the comfort of being touched + pursue the women, who are supposed to whimper ?!?) Since I was a youth, old enough to envision

what it would be like to live with someone my whole life as lifelong lovers, the only way would be to do it the way I am now. We each have our own parts of the house + our own lives separate, but side by side, and occasionally mingling our lives together for whatever purpose. I see Tom as an access for me to that world. I can live out some of my bodily fantasies through him - acts I'll never be able to perform myself.

10-29-83

RE: PRESIDENT REAGAN'S INVASION OF GRENADA

The issue is not communism or democracy. The issue is sending killers somewhere to kill others, and that is what Reagan did. Can any of us support the killing despite the reason? We condemn + are appalled at the "shoot-to-kill" curfew, yet we send 6,000 men with guns + bombs. The issue is our horror at the "leftist thugs", so we send our "rightist thugs." Is this the level of communication we have reached in 1984? The 'History of Vietnam' series on PBS, in all the horror + sorrow of those years, are occurring today with our participation and provocation. Why don't we read in the headlines

of the CIA bombing + exploding oil tanks in Nicaragua, forcing the evacuation of thousands of families. What are we fighting for and what do we have to lose? There is no country in the world that would dare set foot on our mainland, and this is why we're here. All we can do for the people of other countries is open our arms to them + welcome them to our free land, because we have all we need right here for each other. And isn't that what "making a better world" is all about? No more thugs — leftist or rightist. Let's concentrate on feeding each other + helping each other + let other people on their lands do what they have to do. We already have enough problems right here in our own country, our own states + cities + on our own blocks. We have not grown so strong as to presume to help other lands when we can't even provide for our own. If we are so worried about the women and children of other lands living in poverty (is that what we are saving the people in Grenada from?) why don't we provide for the 75% of our country's poor: families headed by women? We are squeezing the guts out of our women + their children. Let's provide for our own before sending

hired killers to capture more land that we cannot provide for! Who started the fighting? What's the argument? Why do we care? What do "They" want from us? I want to know who's responsible. Reagan + Andropov have never even met each other + they are representing "us"? Something real basic is missing there. Austin is "holding a hostage"?! "They" don't even know where he is! Meanwhile we are shown censored broadcasts of hired killers ransacking construction workers' bunks. — Brothers + sisters, let us take care of our own — we've enough to do here. We can't continue to support poverty + crime education by building more prisons because men can't provide for the women + children. We must provide free medical care + food + shelter for our own first, and when we have created our own Chosen Land, then we can presume to reach out to other countries + help them provide for theirs. If we are so in need of oil in the Middle East to have our hired killers blown into pieces by their crazy warriors, why don't we begin to operate the oil wells in Mexico that have been abandoned, leaving no jobs and the poverty

forcing the men to fight in frustration and the women left to feed + find shelter + carry the responsibility for more people than she can do alone. We would have no worry for "our interests" or commies on the mainland if we shared our wealth on our mainland. If women + black men would only bond together + really elect someone like Jesse Jackson to help us create the land in which we all can live together side by side. No more racial wars, no more cultural wars. It will be good to be there, — Can we really believe these public opinion polls showing 90% of the people feel Reagan did the right thing when the media has been banned + official government-censored films shown us? Is this America? Are we afraid of communism, or are they practicing the same thing? Are we still that far away from the Promise land? Here comes another winter with more men out of work than ever before + our prisons packed with them + the women left home to pay the heating bill + the oil wells in Mexico idle as we send hired killers to protect the oil wells in the Middle East. Yet we worry about other countries

trying to gain more land when they cannot provide for <u>their</u> own & the women & children are evacuated & we see a peasant family searched by our hired killers & a terrified little boy filing past the guns bigger than him. Meanwhile our government pays farmers not to plant their fields and the women & children in El Salvador, so we send them hired killers to destroy oil tanks. This is help? We are a pitiful lot. Are those public opinion polls also government releases? We see Reagan being greeted by a crowd of people waving flags & holding a sign saying "your finest hour" (his hired killers' attack) & find out this crowd of admirers are White House employees, and the presidential speechwriter who held the sign. Government propaganda. — We need to see the terrified faces of those children now (not 10 years later in a PBS series). We need television cameras bringing it to us, so that women & black men band together in sorrow & realize the Promise Land is <u>not</u> coming because we are dying before we <u>live</u> it. We need to stop the madness. Instead we look back in sorrow at the horror of Vietnam and we hear nothing from the veterans. Luckily our hired killers are volunteers this time.

Meanwhile we withhold birth control information from young girls + they have babies they cannot provide for + we further punish her by forcing her into the 75% of the poor in our country — the female head of household.

Let's live and love and feast.

11/5/83

Went to Doug's last night after work. Sat in his room smoking reefer + drinking beer. We talk easily + he asks me weird questions, like what should he do when everyone's looking at him + he feels self-conscious (told him <u>he</u> should stop looking at them, then he won't know if they're looking at him!). This guy is so so fem + queeny it's unbelievable (a picture of Marilyn Monroe on his wall + many in a scrapbook). He tells me he was an only child of his ma's 1st marriage + has several half-siblings from his stepfather. He was a badly abused child (locked in closets, broken bones type), sent to military school, married at 16 for 9 years, got divorced, had male lover 4 yrs. Says he's an every day pot smoker for 12 yrs. now. He's very childlike, vulnerable + self-conscious, knows

he's very pretty + that many "lust" after him. Later Charlene came over. She works at Bechtel, too, + is still very friendly with Celia, the woman there who asked if I were a F→M. Charlene is like a kid, too. Then Steven, Doug's boyfriend, came over + he's real ugly + fruity. Doug had described him as a "real man" who doesn't even use a hair dryer, but the guy comes in with a meticulous coiffure + reeking of cologne. He sat very postured + above it all + also self-conscious. — I'd told Tom I was going to Doug's. (He went to a movie with Anne, who he sees pretty often.) He said he'd pick me up, so he came in to Doug's a moment, I'm sure to check it all out. — I like having male friends. Doug is surprised + mystified that I have no "ulterior motives" to our friendship (i.e., I haven't put the move on him). He is very closed to the world + still acts like an abused child.

11-12-83

This time I invited Doug to my place. Tom stayed off elsewhere in the house (as I do when Tom has "his friends" over) and Doug went to see where Tom went. I think of Genet, who wondered

what two beautiful men thought when they faced each other. When I was in the bathroom, I heard Tom offer Doug a ride home. So I asked Doug to stay a while longer, since he had a ride. Then, come time for Doug to leave, Tom talked at giving him a ride. Doug said, "I can take the bus, no big deal" and Tom says, "That's fine with me!" I was <u>so</u> pissed that he was so rude to my friend, when he's out with this Anne babe. Pretty rude. (He did ultimately give him a ride.)

11-18-83

This guy Tom is no slouch. He just got hired by a big printing company where they'll train him on a huge 4-color press starting Monday. A full-time job with possibility of going on night shift later. He's very happy about it! Another starting at 7 a.m. job. I'm really proud of him. - Doug + I are fraternizing at work + once in a while go on an afternoon break to smoke a little roach. First time I've ever done that on the job, but shit! I know an ARCO guy who makes more than twice what I earn who snorts cocaine + told me he's screwed women right in his office!

I think so much about whether / when to tell people at ARCO I'm a transsexual. I feel my time there has been wasted if I don't ... that I can make a valuable contribution to the good reputation of transsexuals if I did tell them. I worry that the people I do tell will feel I've betrayed or tricked them somehow & they won't trust me as before. I wonder why I want to tell them.

11-27-83

Had a visit from Sean, a F→M transsexual who's interested in gay men. Apparently Dr. [redacted] from the ex-Stanford Clinic is doing a genital surgery he calls the "wrap" where he uses the labia minora to wrap around the clitoris. He also recommended a Dr. Michael [redacted] here in San Francisco who could do scar revision on my chest.

11-25-83

Went to Doug's for "pie and eggnog" after having Thanksgiving Dinner at Bridget's. (Tom went to his ma's.) Doug acted like such a spoiled insensitive brat that I started having flashbacks of Cheryl. Why do I keep running

into these people who think they're "So Beautiful." (Jack used to say that about some people's attitude, "Oh, she's just SO BEAUTIFUL", like they think their shit doesn't stink. Three times during the evening he said we should just leave, he doesn't care. Then we're all supposed to say, "Oh, Doug, what's the matter?" like you have to to a kid. BULLSHIT They think they can manipulate people just because they're nice to look at.
Charlene drove me home. She told me Doug asked her if she thought Tom thought he (Doug) was good looking! What an ego, or something, I don't know what it is. Just like Cheryl.

12-15-83

Kay wrote to Kathleen that Nanc HAS filed suit against dad's estate, so here we go. I knew she would! We all remember our pact that, if Nanc feels she needs more, it should come out of the kids' half, not Kay's. Looks like it's going to be a long, messy deal.

12-16-83

Last night Erik [redacted] from Cleveland & Sean from the East Bay, both female-to-males who feel they are gay men, came over to talk. Both are in early stages of the change, i.e., are passing as men only sometimes. I see so much of myself in Erik physically. Unfortunately a new book has come out Female-to-Male Transsexualism by a psychoanalyst Erik knows, which seems to be very derogatory & misleading. Of course I need to have/read it, but I hate to buy it & support this jerk's work. Just the few sentences Erik read made me so mad (e.g., he wrote that testosterone doesn't change one's musculature & that the only treatment for the acne side effect is discontinuing the hormone). It's the only thing published on the F→M and will be used as an authoritative text all over. Just meeting with Erik & Sean makes me feel like our situation is improving (at least we have each other to talk to, not like when I was first coming out), but then this book! One step forward and two steps backward.

12/18/84

Phone call with Kay: Apparently ma's filing suit against dad's estate because per the divorce settlement, ma gets all dad's life insurance $ and dad had borrowed against those policies to invest the $. Ma wants the cash value of the policies. Kay also said she had to buy dads 1/2 of their furniture. Sis said she thought the appraisers estimate of its value was too low. Kay offered to get a 2nd estimate, but Sis said no, but "you want the kids to like you" so how about if Kay just pitches in some extra toward the furniture and "let's not tell the lawyer or anything." God! Vultures!

12-20-83

Friday went to Doug's party but arrived after everyone else left except for his lover Steven. We smoked and drank + somehow I felt it appropriate to tell them about myself. Needless to say, they were totally flabbergasted + so speechless that I was surprised at their lack of questions. Instead it seemed to set off a "truth" session between them regarding their relationship + each of us shed tears at one point or another. Why did I tell them? Hard to say. I felt they both wondered what my intentions toward them were (Steven thinking I was trying to put the move on Doug, Doug wondering why I <u>didn't</u>) and to educate especially Doug, who's constantly badmouthing anyone a little weird. I still don't regret telling him. We had lunch today + he asked me to tell him again, because it had been too much to digest. I'm not positive he'll keep it a secret at work, but even if he doesn't, I don't care anymore. Often I wished they'd know. And if it <u>does</u> get back to me, I'll know who talked! Already I can tell he feels more relaxed with me - he also divulged a lie he told people at work (that he'd been married and had a kid).

So I have one on him. — We received the inventory of dad's worth + my calculations show I should get about $18,000 — after taxes, lawyers, etc. it'll probably be closer to $10,000. I'll have enough to give Tom $2,000 toward his print shop + the $3,000 needed for genital surgery. I saw a F→M who had Lamb's "wrap" in which the labia minora is wrapped around the clit, ~~and~~ silicone balls put in the labia majora, which is sewed together leaving the vagina a bit open. I've been pulling + stretching + rearranging, trying to conceive of an acceptable method for my own body. It truly shouldn't be so hard. (The F→M I saw was still very swollen from the operation — looked like he had 3 big blobs at his crotch, all looking alike.) If I get the $$ in a timely manner, I may have it so that I'll be ~~able~~ available for the operation after I leave ARCO + before I get another job, as I'll probably be laid up about a month. — I'm not going to tell anyone, not even Tom, that I told the truth to Doug. My own little world.

12-21-83

I guess one reason I told Doug + Steven is because I

miss being "special," i.e., especially having gay male friends who know & my particular status, like Eldon for example. When these guys know I'm not "competing" with them on their level, they treat me special (because I am!) and I can discuss intimate things with them.

12-23-83

As we lay in bed last night, Tom says, "We've been together a long time, huh?" I said, "Yeah, this 'll be our third Christmas together." He said he thought that was nice and that he had no complaints. I told him I didn't either, and that I've never had such good company and that it made me feel real good.

12-25-83

Tom & I hugged and kissed in our hallway.

"It's been a nice Christmas," he said quietly.

"It's been a nice two years," I said.

"Life is strange, isn't it? I mean, the way it is."

"Yeah, a lot stranger than I thought it'd be ... and a lot more fun."

We kissed and, for about the ninth or tenth time since we've been together, I told him I love him.

12-26-83

Today Tom had to fill out a Selective Service registration form he got in the mail with threats because he hasn't registered yet. On the form he wrote "I am a gay man and feel very upset about the military's attitude towards gay men."

12-28-83

Doug doesn't treat me at all differently than before I told him! In fact, I believe he really forgets at times. He still comes to my office & we go on an afternoon break. I notice he is more relaxed around me & not so jumpy at everything I say, not so defensive and sexually self-conscious. Just the opposite of what some people would be!

1-3-84

Well, as 1984 begins, I can't complain. Tom and I spent a quiet New Year's Weekend ... planted flower seeds in the backyard, shopped for a TV stand,

went into some 25¢ peep shows, had fun sex — in fact, at midnight New Year's Eve, Tom was shaving my pubic hair. We made a wish on a wishbone. I wished I'd have my surgery this year + Tom would accept it + it'd all work out. I won. Would be nice. I sent flowers to Kay, writing on the card that "Jack made me do it." — I'm not making any resolutions this year. I have enough to do. I'm scheduled to be let go by ARCO in June.

1-5-84

For our whole lives, our bodies are the only things we have here on earth. Life here is the body. Death is leaving the body behind.

1-9-84

This Saturday Tom + I took LSD and had a great fun time together alone. Tom says, "Girls are boys without dicks, and boys are girls with dicks."

1-13-84

Doug invited me to dinner last night + we had a

much better time. Now we know where we stand. I wondered if he'd make a pass at me, but as it turns out, I think we're "girlfriends." I even make jokes about myself & he throws some back at me. Seems we haven't changed at all, except that sexual tension is gone (maybe I should say, the sexual competition) for me. It's funny, because I really have grown unattracted to him the more I'm with him. His personality has really made him undesirable. Does that ever make me "love" Tom more! (I wish Tom weren't so skittish about his asshole. He admitted he "has a problem with his asshole" & reaffirmed that he doesn't want me to even TRY to touch it! God, I never say he can't do anything with me!) I get tired of Doug thinking he's So Beautiful. He told me he's been in very demeaning relationships — one where he was the lover's "child" & they told him everything to do, and another where the guy dressed Doug up just like himself. But he can be so very childlike! He is so feminine cutesy, yet he (like Tom) sure lets me know no one gets near his asshole. What gives? Well, I'm reading a book called "The G Spot" that's blowing me away, insofar as its impact

on what I want done to my body. Wardell Pomeroy (who gave me THE LETTER that I'm a ~~[illegible]~~ "bona fide transsexual" after talking to me only 20 mins.) has been mentioned by name in the book twice already, & I'm only 1/3 of the way through it. They are really describing how male & female bodies are formed of similar structure from the embryo — it actually says, "Every gland and organ in the male has its counterpart in the female, and vice versa," and gives a chart of the names of each side-by-side, male & female counterparts all formed from the identically-formed embryo. "Initially the early genital system is the same in all human embryos. About the 6th week after conception, the differentiation begins with the gonads, then the internal genitals and finally the external genitals." I want to know what triggers that final differentiation of the external genitals. Something is introduced into something else (it's all chemicals!) at a certain special time, and it may not be too late to introduce that into my body. Genetic engineering, that's what I'm interested in. If I'm ever going to feel like "A MAN," I have to have a lover who'll never say I can't do

something to his body. If I can't be as free with him as he is with me, and if he can't trust me, then I am inferior to him, lower than him, because I trust him not to hurt me.

1-15-84

This body of mine + what I can do with it sexually + what "Tom will allow me to do" is starting to get to me - I'm wondering how much longer I can stand it. I knew right from the start that I shouldn't have suppressed my desires to be the aggressive one in sex, but I knew Tom "wouldn't allow it" so I've delved back into fantasy of what I want to do + I just did what he wanted. I'm BORED. This is maybe the first time I can say I don't think Tom + I will last forever because of this problem. He will not be a passive partner. I want to ravish him, but he is very alert + defensive whenever I feel that way. He just won't relax. His ass is OFF LIMITS and I know I'll never have a satisfying sex life until I find a guy who'll let me play with his ass. He thinks it's dirty + germy + any asshole contact disgusting. I know I'll never have the pleasure of being inside him, whether it's me or a strap-on substitute. There's got to be some guy out

there who'll enjoy that. I really am bored with this heterosex we have constantly + know I should have broken the monotony a long time ago. Seems like everytime I've tried, it's been the same argument with him. Even Jim was freer than Tom!

Doug asked me yesterday if Tom would stay with me after my cock operation. I answered, "Good question," saying Tom had said that, after he got his shop going, he'd help me get the operation, but who knows what'll happen in reality. But that I made the mistake of putting Jim before my own needs + I'll never do that with a lover again. This is my real first vision of an end to Tom + me in the future.

I try to rationalize that he's young + I'm his first lover, etc., but I think this asshole-aversion of his is pretty deep-rooted from whatever childhood "rape" he had enjoyed but learned was "bad." — He's mad because I went to sit for Erin + Rory last night instead of watching TV with him. I came in late, he's in my bed. I try to hug him up, caressing his butt, + he angrily pushed me away, growling "leave me alone!" Then this morning we're just getting awake + I began stroking his balls + thighs + he pushes me away

+ says I'm "Tickling" him. Well, even if there's no deep meaning to his actions, I don't like him pushing me away + growling at me. I never do that to him. Then he gets into my shower with me + says my back is all broken out. I say "That's nothing new" + he says "yeah, it's so old I'm getting sick of looking at it." I said "That's real nice to hear" + got out of the shower immediately. What a shitty thing to say. Well, fine. I'll close my door + he can close him. I know this kind of relationship well. It's my own fault for being impotent + "receptive", and I mean that sexually. I want a lover who I can grasp in my arms and prop up his butt. He wants a little cuddly baby to wrap himself around in as he feels at the moment. So do I. — He said he thought I should go to breakfast myself this morning. He was going to the Mission to his bank + get something down there. I put on my jacket + left, glad to be alone. The Mission is the best place for him to go if he wants to act like A MAN.

1-16-84

After our little tiff yesterday morn, Tom came to me to talk it out. We agreed these are the

hazards of being with someone exclusively a long time ... boredom. He said some things to make me realize he's jealous of (or a little threatened by) my relationship with Doug. Like when I mentioned I'd like to be the aggressor in sex, he suggested I look for someone else to do that with, adding "but not someone at work like Cheryl" (Cheryl!!??) I've never told Tom that I told Doug about myself... good thing. So we "made up" and, like all our other "fights" it lasted only a few hours. He really gets much more concerned when we do have arguments than I do. But I can see he's much more secure than before. We reaffirmed our love + commitment to each other, too.

1-19-84

I've begun seriously writing an article on female-to-male transsexual gay men for any major gay publication, but I'll try for The Advocate which has the largest circulation.

1-20-84

I'm really in the writing mood now. Called Paul Walker's secretary + they are running low on my

Info for the Female-to-Male booklet. I read it through for the first time in years & found several things lacking. Phoned Steve [redacted] & he agreed to write something for it on relating to women & on the genital surgery - two areas I can't say much about. I feel real good about this new writing enthusiasm I have. (It's about time!)

1-26-84

Doug is Bo reincarnated. Instead of a Doberman pincher, he has a black cat. Told him I thought he was very feminine. He thinks I'm not free enough (too masculine). - I remember Bo: he had never seen snow & he got up early to go to work, like Tom. His body was always warm & sweet. Tom is Rich reincarnated. Trying to be real macho and cold, but really being soft and warm inside.

1-27-84

I've decided to make a New Year's Resolution after all - to get on my motorcycle! It's over a year now & Tom still doesn't have it running. I know I've made resolutions in the past to do weight lifting

& I'll finally admit I'm not going to really do it. A while back Tom said, "All you really need to do is this ..." and he stood in front of the mirror, shirtless & began flexing his chest & breathing deeply & posing & holding his muscles taut & looking at himself in the mirror. I could hardly watch him, because he looked so beautiful there, all puffed up & aware of his beautiful body. It's even difficult to imagine doing that myself, getting into my body so consciously & with so much hope. I know he's right. It's not the physical movements that are difficult, it's the mental awareness & acceptance of the reality of my body. — Doug invited me to dinner again last night & Tom actually looked Doug's number up in my phone book & called there to say he'd drop by to pick me up! He really is jealous! — Last Sunday Cuca visited & he gave her a ride home, returning in 1½ hours with the taste of lipstick on his mouth & reeking of her perfume. I teased him & he didn't deny it. Dan has gone for a trip to Mexico & plans to move to So. Calif. Cuca won't go along.

1-30-84

Tom + I went to hear some reggae Saturday. A man about 40-ish, very drunk + out-of-it, stood very close to me, brushing against me, mumbling something I couldn't hear, etc. He finally asked if I wanted to dance (I guess once he felt assured I was gay). We "danced" but he kept grabbing my hands + wanted to dance 50's swing-style, altho I made it clear I couldn't dance that way. He was pushy + irritating, saying he lived 2 blocks away + had to leave soon + where was I going? It was very ego-boosting for me.... Tom stayed off to the corner, I'm sure watching to see what I'd do. It makes me laugh, because had it not been for Tom + had I been alone like before Tom, I'd've gone with this loser just for a cheap thrill. Thank God for Tom!

2-2-84

Last night Sean, my F→M (bisexual) gay male friend, who is still very in-between (had chest surgery + takes a low hormone dose, but works as a woman) came over to show me the repair work Brownstein had done on his chest. He came in all excited because he'd just met a guy at the Bisexual Center he really

liked. As soon as he said that, I remembered I had suggested to Jim [redacted] that he should check that place out. Well, as Sean talked, I realized it WAS Jim he had met! I'm so happy + excited about it, because the more I think of it, they ARE a perfect match + both deserving + wanting a special friend/lover for a long time. I gave Sean Jim's phone no. + can't ~~#~~ wait to hear from Jim, once he finds out I know Sean. Jim had told Sean he had a friend Sean should meet + I'll bet anything he meant me. I talked a little about my perception of Jim (nothing bad) but wish I'd've been a little more discreet. But what a great pair! They even look like each other!

2-12-84

Erin came over with Rory + I watched them while Mary Ellen + Rusty went to dinner. Erin wanted to wash the baby doll, like last time she was over. At the sink, she asked where the "Buddy soap" was. I didn't know what she meant (a soap shaped like a Buddy-head?), so told her I didn't have any, but she insisted I'd had some by the "big soap." Realized then that, last time

I had a little sliver of soap left on the sink & she'd used it as a perfect size for her little hands. — Yesterday Tom & I went to look at 2 printing presses for sale and he bought them for $3400. The printing business he's dreamed of & talked of since I met him finally doesn't seem so far away. My own publishing company in our garage!

2-13-84

Things are "happening" (as Jack used to pronounce it). Tom's gonna get the presses soon. My job at ARCO's ending soon & ads for Legal Secretary look good. Sis finally sent me the "money is no object" funeral expenses from dad's estate and my bank account finally topped $1,000. I told her I wanted to buy the $100 in jewelry of dad's estate if no one else wanted it — I guess a lot of it is Granddaddy's stuff, especially from the Elks Club he belonged to.

2-16-84

Tom & I exchanged heart-shaped boxes of candy for Valentine's Day.

2-21-84

Ma phoned me last night (SHOCK!) all revved up, saying us kids needn't pay to Jack's estate what we owed him + she's suing his estate for "fraud" to try to get anything she can. She said she thinks it's terrible dad gave Kay such a big cut + he was a lousy father + she is going to make right on it for us. I was so surprised she'd talk that way to me! I told her I am committed to repaying the loan I took from dad ($2000 for my chest surgery) — he + I had always agreed I would + I will. Also told her I don't think he was a lousy father ("What did he ever do for you?!" she asked bitterly. "A lot of things," I answered. "He gave me an appreciation of music and we always shared that, and he hauled my ass back + forth from Ile Garde for 2 years at all hours." She humphed, "Yeah, I made him do that!" Bullshit! The only reason she let me go was cuz dad agreed to drive me.) She said she thinks the estate should be split 5 ways among us kids. I said it was his money + up to him how he wanted it distributed + I sure hope no one challenges my will when I croak. She said

she wants to get the money so Kay'd get less. I mentioned that would also leave less for us kids, but she said she'd "put it in a high interest account" for us kids when she dies. I told her I don't want any "blood money" but she said it's not. Double bullshit! — I had phoned Kay Saturday — Jack's + her wedding anniversary. She can't understand what ma's up to, or why. We kids had agreed over dad's death bed to sign something saying any extra money ma gets from challenging dad's estate (we knew she would) should come out of our share + not Kay's. Kathleen + I signed, but looks like Mary Ellen is renigging, I'm sure after Rusty's urging. But I doubt ma can contest the will for any reason. Poor dad. I don't remember him ever being shitty to me.

2/22/84

Several years ago Tom talked of someday having his own print shop in the garage + getting a job on night shift so he could work in his own shop days. Well, it's all happening. Today he starts on night shift

at his job. We look at each other in wonder that all the things we talked about have come to reality, and Tom looks in my eyes and nods his head seriously.

2-27-84

Very nice weekend. Tom & I borrowed Bridget's car & took Jake with us to look for a carpet for the garage print shop. Found a real deal at Salvation Army, where Tom also spotted a desk for me for $50. It's beautiful! Dad would've been proud of our scrounging success. Then hung out at Bridget's where I played Scrabble (the only game I really enjoy) with her, Kathy [redacted] & Bridget's boyfriend, Anthony. Sunday Tom & I put the rug down & cleaned & arranged the garage for the presses, to be delivered Friday. I sure hope the delivery is smooth. Our funds will be very low for a while but we should be able to get by. We are so lucky, Tom and I!

3-2-84

It was a magical morning. Tom & I took off work. He got on the bus early to borrow

Bridget's car while I cleared the garage entrance + parked our motorcycles on the curb so some asshole couldn't park in the way, + made coffee for a thermos. Tom drove us out to Concord (where the presses are). We only got lost once + he sure gets all excited + pissed off. (I almost told him that Jim was a lot more pleasant driving companion, but then I feel tense driving in cars lately, too.) We finally got to the place + the presses were already outside. The movers were late ... I was beginning to worry ... but 3 clean-cut men in white uniforms finally appeared + magically loaded both presses into their truck, the handsome elderly bossman + Tom signing the papers. We followed behind the truck back to San Francisco until we finally lost them, but we beat them to our place. Again they magically, without a bump, put the presses in the garage + Tom even tipped them $18. - Tom spoke twice of his childhood. He remembered that driving through the Caldecott Tunnel was "on the way to the fairs" when he was a child. I asked what fairs? He said, "Oh, like the Pleasanton

fair." Last night when we went out to dinner at a place with interesting dishes, he remembered an older man who made dishes, "a sculptor" Tom said, who befriended him when he was in Vera Cruz, Mexico. And again today, when we rode the bus to work after returning Bridget's car, he said, "You know, when I was a kid, I used to get up every day and play, and never have to think about anything..." and he looked wistfully out the window. I said, "Yup" smiling + shaking my head, and he smiled his beautiful boy's smile + flashed his teeth at me, shaking his head, meaning "Not any more". It all went like clockwork, and he has what he's dreamt of, what he's always talked about these nearly 3 years I've known him.

3-12-84

For 3 consecutive nights, I've dreamed. I rarely remember my dreams, but I knew dad was in them. Tom said, "You've been dreaming lately." I asked how he knew; he said I mumbled + moved around as though I were searching. That's exactly the impression left in me by these dreams: searching.

I asked him to wake me if I did it again, hoping that would help me remember the dream, but after that conversation, the dreaming stopped. — Tom's mother & brother came over last night to see Tom's shop. They begged me to join them for supper. Tom told them all about my part in the business. His ma told me she's reading a book about San Francisco gays. I was so surprised. She is so accepting. A couple weeks ago I asked Tom if Fred (his brother) ever asked about our relationship. He said no, but added, "He probably thinks that I'm gay, but at the same time he knows I'm not." (?) — For no reason, Tom came up to me the other day & told me he loves me. — David, my Nicaraguan "friend" came over. He comes when he wants marijuana or money. He began acting like Macho Man and said he was going to give me a good fucking to show me who's boss (or some bullshit). I told him he had a big surprise in store for him and I must have really looked like I meant it (well, I did) cuz he actually took a step backward and shut up.

3-14-84

Tom brought up the subject of his ma talking to me about gays the other day. I said yeah it really surprised me and I wonder if she suspects about us. He answered, "well, she knows we've been together a long time... 2½ years, right?" — A private joke between Tom + I. When you wake up with a crink in your neck, it's called "turtle neck." Tom said he heard that on the radio. — I've been seeing a lesbian podiatrist about my sore ankles and asked her if the testosterone I'm taking was adversely affecting my bones. She said on the contrary, testosterone strengthens bones internally. Every time I wonder if taking hormones is messing me up, the doctors all assure me it's not.

3/15/84

I'm really getting lost underneath it all! Went to lunch with 2 women secretaries at work (one about 50, the other about 60) + they talked about women's liberation and men + women and I just sat there with little to say! I knew

it was a good opportunity to ask daring questions, but I couldn't think of any! They denied there was any discrimination against women at home (they believe there is, though, in the workplace), + they denied they felt dominated by men. I sat there speechless. I thought "this is a perfect time to tell them about me" but there's NO WAY I would! — Kay sent me such a sad letter about Jack that it made me cry while Tom was sitting there. He reached out for me + I kissed him, so glad I have him! and he looked in my eyes with his beautiful clear eyes ("Ah, Tom's eyes!" when I kissed him that first time on the roof of 17th Street) and he said, "It will always be a sad thing." I succumb to his simple childlike wisdom and cried in his arms, so thankful, so lucky he's here.

3/20/84

Sis called me this morning to say she "found a van" that was coming to S.F. and she put dad's 78's on it. I should have them in 5 or 6 days! Hope "Oh By Jingo" is there.

3/23/84

I think about myself + cock surgery. The money will come from dad's estate. Now what am I waiting for? I no longer can dismiss the question, "I don't have the money for it." Why do I hesitate to go for it now?

Once Tom asked me, "Haven't you ever felt like you wanted to stick something in somebody?" (or did he say "stick yourself inside something"?) Anyway, I was really perplexed at that question. I would have to answer "no." What in the hell does that mean? When I see someone pretty, I just want to touch + stroke them and tie them down so they can't even move an inch and run my hands all over them and use my fingers to reach in his hole as I grasp his hard shapely cheek. I guess that means I'd like to stick something inside somebody, but it doesn't mean I want to "stick myself inside somebody." It would be interesting + fun to get my hips involved in that searching and reaching in him, and I'm sure if I had a cock, it would be a lot of fun to do that.

But at the same time it's not a natural urge. I feel bad because Erik, the female-to-male gay man that **I** counseled from a scared girl, has an appointment to have the cock surgery, and tells me she (I still call her 'she' cause when she did this, she took off her shirt & exposed her breasts) fucked a girl with a dildo & it was so exciting to use your hips like that & Erik could really feel it stimulating her (Erik) to a climax. I've never fucked anyone with a dildo yet, and Sean told me she did, too (but with a male 'sex surrogate' she had to pay). I wish Tom would let me. We could get a real small dildo. But I'm lucky he lets me TOUCH his asshole with my finger. That's my big thrill. I'm really supposed to be getting away with a lot when I get near his asshole. But I've really never demanded him to turn over... a few times he has on his own. As the reggae music says, "What a botheration." You see, why should I have to get my hips and arms all involved in the motions to make me cum when, with

what I have now, I need only use a slight touch of the finger? — I just finished a marvelous masturbation session with my new-found jock stuffer. It's a cylindrical water balloon the very size of a cock that slips inside itself in a continuous motion, feeling much like the skin over a limp cock. I think a limp cock is so much more erotic than a hard one. I love to look at it there at my crotch. I put one in the jock cup-supporter pouch and I let another hang halfway out over the top of the pouch and hang it into a cup (fantasizing the cum will squirt into the cup to be eaten later) and then I reach underneath + rub my clit like it were a little cock + the limp cock hangs into a cup where it will soon pump out the white thick cum. I remember when Kathleen's best friend Linda told me how women got pregnant. I was so relieved because I had imagined that a man urinated into a cup + the woman drank it + that's how she got the man's contribution into her "stomache." Maybe the eroticism of those

childhood fantasies still rings my old bell.

Realizing I'm more turned on by a limp cock has opened up a new reason why I should get cock surgery. One gripe is that the new "cock" doesn't get hard, but who cares? Just so when I touch it, it's as good an orgasm as I get now and, I tell you, I get WET when I cum. More now than before testosterone. If they could only reroute that fluid out my cock! If I could only be SURE I'd retain my ability to orgasm as deeply as I do now.

3/26/84

Tom initiated another of his confused serious conversations, first in a long time. We were in the middle of sex when he starts saying he thinks we're together too much + having the same kind of sex all the time. I agreed, but he quickly added that he wasn't interested in having any other kind of sex with me. (I said a bit sarcastically, "In other words, this is about as exciting as you get, huh?" He said he guesses so.) He's been very anti-oral for

months + months now + pushes me away if I try to suck him or even kiss his crotch. I said to him a few days ago, "It's too bad. You could really have a lot of fun if you'd just let yourself." It seemed he lightened up + relaxed a bit right after I said that. But now this set-back. I said that's another bad thing about being a girl— the sex is boring. I said well, since he's working the night shift now (3:30 → 11:30) we'll only be seeing each other on weekends anyway. Plus, I said, I was kind of surprised to hear him say that, because he's the one coming to sleep in MY bed + the one who's taking my underwear off me + initiating the sex. Well, he said he doesn't think it's "fair" that he's always "using me" for his sexual outlet. Brother. As usual, I totally agreed with him.

I am glad he backs off like this, tho. It gives me freedom to entertain the idea of cock surgery. I know he's going to have a "terrible reaction" when I do schedule / plan it, so the less we are sexually dependent on this girl-sex we're having, the better.

Sometimes I feel that I'll have to lose Tom in order to have cock surgery, like I felt I had to lose Jim to take hormones. Maybe yes, maybe no. I must think of me, tho. — So Tom just phoned me at work to say I received a package at home. Then he says he apologizes for being "rude" to me last night. I said sometimes I think he says things without thinking first, but that I understood the gist of his complaints.

3/30/84

When we were in Milwaukee last, Grandmother told me that, when I was in kindergarten, the teacher was always picking on me + being especially mean to me. She called ma in to complain about me + said "after all" I was a spoiled "only child." She was shocked to hear I was one of 5 kids. Grandmother said it was because I was always dressed up so pretty, with matching shoes + purse, that the teacher figured I was a pampered child. — I remember living at Bluemound Road, lying awake in bed before we were awoken to go to school. Everyone else was asleep,

but I could hear Dad. I'd listen to him in the bathroom downstairs, imagining he was probably shaving or brushing his teeth, and I thought he was wonderful for getting up all alone earlier than anyone else, and that he didn't even get out of work until 5:30, when I couldn't wait to get out of school at 3:30. I thought he must really have wanted to do what he was doing — working to take care of us.

4/12/84

Couple days ago, Tom told me he thought it was "feminine" that I always had a kleenex in my pocket! That was so totally ridiculous that I told him a "gentleman" is supposed to always carry a handkerchief, and that I don't think he knows WHAT men do because he never had a father when he was growing up. (That was a low blow, but I dealt it deliberately, knowing he was giving me a low blow, too.) What a bunch of shit — all this what's masculine, what's not. (He's been working night shift these past few week, once just coming home at 7:30 a.m. as I was leaving for work.)

4/13/84

As a girl, I felt so weighed down. Weighed down by my breasts and fat ass, weighed down with the purse you had to carry, weighed down by the clothing that limited my free movement, weighed down by the rules of etiquette a girl must obey, weighed down by the expectations, assumptions and interpretations of everyone around me. Now I don't even have to worry about anything.

One reason I had the change was because I've never known a woman I admired + wanted to be like. I still don't. How was I supposed to know what to do, how to be, how to act, when all my idols were men?

The other day, when Tom said carrying a kleenex is feminine, it was after he had asked if I had one cuz he needed to use it. Pretty unbelievable.

4/21/84

Tom's ma just called to ask what we're doing for Easter. She said she'd make a ham + potato salad + bring it over, if Tom + I

didn't have any other plans. I said we didn't. She emphasized, "Well I don't want to disrupt any other plans you two might have." She KNOWS about us. I'm sure now. — The joy I feel is beyond belief. How can I describe the depth of my feelings — I have created a me just like I knew I was. It was so easy and it feels so good. He clings to me like my baby boy, yet he challenges me like a man. I look in the mirror and I'm a man! I look around me, at my world, and I recognize it — it's the best dream I ever had, and I've had it inside, in my soul, all this way.

4/21/84

Dan + Cuca have split up. Dan's here for 2 weeks to get his stuff + move to So. Calif. with his brother. Last night Dan came over (Tom was at work) so he + I had a long intimate talk. He told me all about his trip to Mexico, bringing his map to show me. He'd had a girlfriend while down there + told me of one he had last summer, shortly after Cuca moved out on him. I had teased him earlier

that he could solve a lot of problems if he went gay. Last night he said, "You know, when we were talking about going gay? If I could, I really would! But I can't help it! Pussy just turns me on! That's one thing about women: They're great for sex, but they're no good for companions." (Tom once said the same thing.) We talked about when we first met, when Cuca was messing around with Tom, and Dan told me he really respected Tom bcuz Tom had approached him and told him he was in love with Cuca, "and that takes a lot of balls to tell someone you're in love with their wife!" We had a wonderful time + I sat there all night, so glad I'm Lou, so glad he knows only that. We are as close as Randy + I had been, back with Jim in Milw, but I was female then and it was too weird to maintain such a friendship between male + female. Male/male love, friendship, bonds endure all.

4/27/84

The ARCO Business Manager just asked if I'd stay until they close the doors in Sept. I said sure.

I'd been hoping they'd ask me. One of the engineers took me to lunch today for "Secretary's Day." I was worried it'd be strained, we'd have nothing to talk about, etc., but it went real comfortably + once again I'm proud of myself. ARCO's paying for me to take a Word Processing course in May which'll help out a lot when I'm job hunting. We had a big 6.2 earthquake here Tuesday. I was at my desk on the 7th floor and that building MOVED. I sat poised to run but was actually frozen scared while it lasted (± 2 minute), my eyes riveted to the large plant in my office that shook as though a breeze was blowing through it. I was sure there'd be damage to the building + I closed my eyes + prayed it wouldn't be too bad. It stopped with no damage, but even now I feel a renewed respect for the power of those things. I sure hope we aren't around for the Big One they say will come one day. I had <u>felt</u> earthquakes before, but this was the first one I <u>saw</u>. — I just talked to the trucker who said I'll have dad's records this weekend.

4/30/84

Saturday dad's 78's arrived + one-by-one I looked through the 18 boxes. Played many of them, all day... these wonderful treasures that he kept for so many years. I remember him in the basement of Bluemound Rd with his drums, playing to the records, + ma yelling at him about the "noise." By evening I was feeling very melancholy and sad. I guess somehow I thought that, once I had his records, he'd come back to me. But I searched through all the boxes and he wasn't there. I'm going to call some record shops specializing in 78's + ask their advice on how to clean + stack them to preserve them best. Mary Ellen came over Sunday + we played more of them. She remembers the titles + words to a lot of them. I gave her a few children's 78's among them that I remember from my childhood ("Bessy, Bessy, I'm a little messy. I've been painting my wagon green. I had no brush, so I used my hand. I'm the messiest mess you ever did see.")

5/11/84

Dreamt the other night. I was on the sidewalk in front of Bluemound Rd - the house looked

like it does now, not like it used to. Dad was walking up the driveway towards the house. Then we were inside at the dining room table, which was covered with ledger books, etc, from H + O. John was supposed to have been taking care of the books, but he'd gone to New Jersey to be in this car washing business with Kathleen + Jim, + none of the books were being taken care of. I told Dad I'd do them for him. — That was it. When I told Mary Ellen my dream, she said there was "a lot in there." — Every day, every day I think of dad being dead. It still fills my heart with deep sadness + I look up at the sky and wonder where he is, because I know now he has the answer to that question he asked me constantly, "What's it all about?"

5/17/84

Oh, Daddy. I look out the window at the sun-flooded street and remember walking out of the hospital that Monday morning, finding it so hard to believe the sun had risen that morning. "I want to kiss you all over, and over again," daddy. I'm glad I said that to him, but I only said it because

5/26/84 Tom loves me so much....

I knew he was dying ... because that song "I WANT TO KISS YOU ALL OVER" was singing in my ears all through Pat's death. I knew you were gonna die, otherwise I'd never have said that to jinx you... I'm really crying hard now, because he's dead. What's it all about, Daddy, you know now. He used to call me up every Friday night when I lived on Hyde St. and I was trying to get duded up + hit the bars. He'd phone me and ask, "What's it all about?"

6/8/84

Yesterday I was brooding about how Tom sometimes "treats me like a girl" + my feeling unsexual + how he won't do any fun sex things. Saw Leon, our gay upstairs neighbor, by chance after work + we went to the gay bar on Haight St. I complained vaguely to him how Tom was 95% of all I want but that 5% still irritates me (Leon knows nothing of my former sex). He was talking with others there + we joked about Leon being hired as a maid in a French maid costume, I decided I need to get on my motorcycle (to boost my ego/masculinity) + felt pissed

at Tom for not fixing it (it's been 1½ years!). Later, when Tom + I were walking to a restaurant for dinner he said something about serving food at our upcoming party + the picture came into my mind again, so I said, "And you could wear a little French maid costume..." He said, "No, you could, and finally reveal your true self." Well, that did it. I smacked him in the face, not REAL hard, but not lightly either. Well, he blew up + punched me hard twice on the arm + once in the back + then warned me NEVER to hit him cuz he could REALLY hurt me. As usual when he loses his temper, he was consumed by guilt + apologized no less than 10 times, but somehow the whole incident elevated my spirits, because he treated me like a man, I felt. Funny that his big macho punches didn't even hurt. He said again that he could "really bloody" me, but I said I doubted he would and, if he did, I'd just think he was a lot more mental than I do now. He thought that was very funny + laughed to think that's all it would mean to me. —

Later at home we wrestled playfully in bed & I'm expert at pinning him down so he can't get the best of me. I won that wrestling match, too. Told him I was going to pay someone else to fix my cycle, but he promised to try to get it going this weekend. Sure is funny that the last time we had it out, it seemed to be running fine to me. Now he says I need a new gas tank, coil, condenser, battery, etc etc... like he doesn't want me on the thing. But I'm serious — it will greatly boost my masculine self-image.

The other day I talked to him about getting dad's money + my cock surgery. I reminded him of his promise that, if I helped him get this printing business going, he'd be supportive of my cock surgery. He said the surgery would make things change (I held myself back from saying, "Yeah, for the better, if you ask me.") He said he envisions getting a location for his shop in a few years + living there by himself. And his visions (I've found out) usually become reality.

with a rose
from Cuca
June 1984



With Love

To
my Sweet
friend.
Love Cuca [redacted]



CAN YOU COME ?

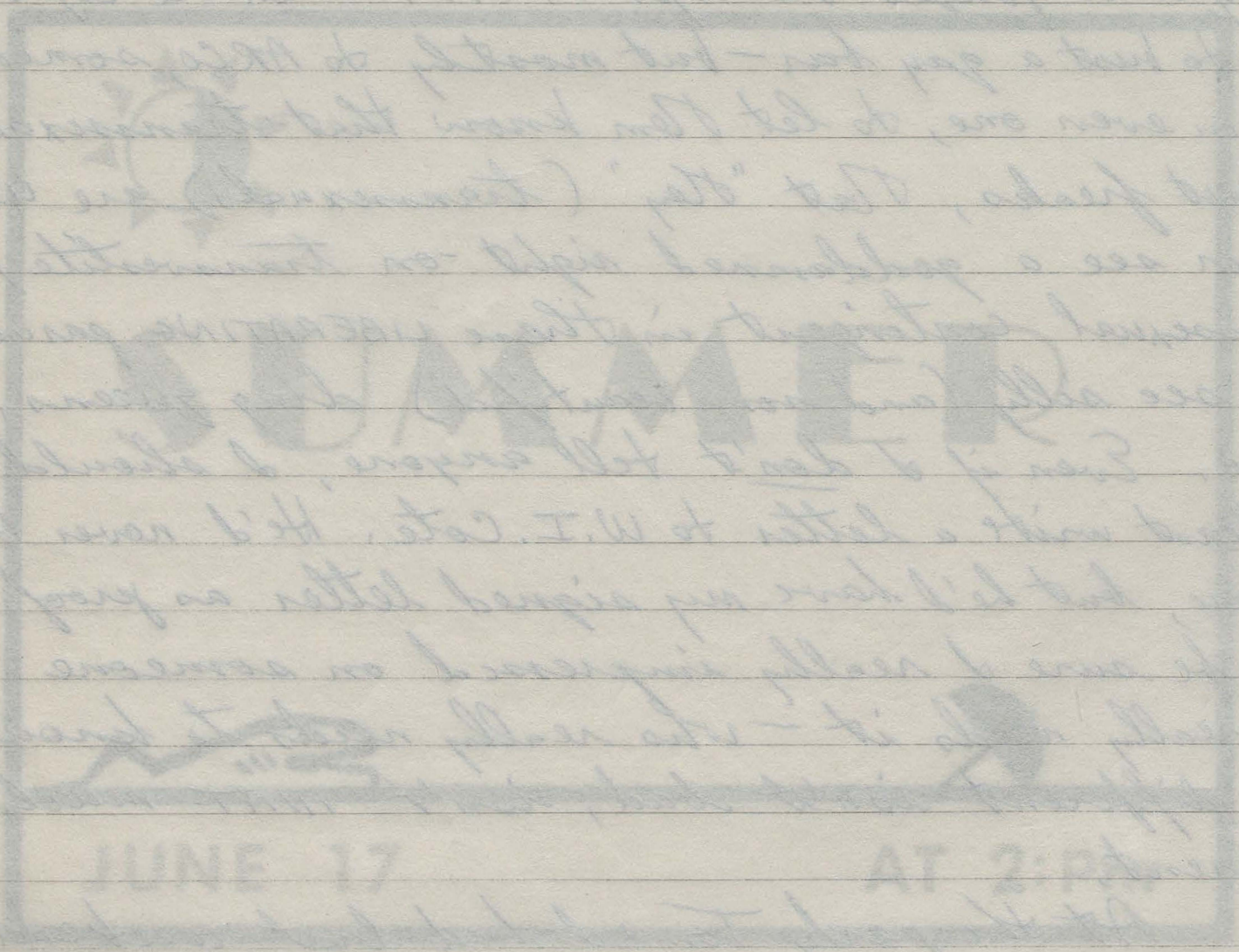
CELEBRATE THE BEGINNING
OF SUMMER 1984 AND
THE GRAND OPENING OF
ZAMOT GRAPHIC PRODUCTIONS...

COME TO OUR HOUSE WITH LOVE
FATHER'S DAY
SUNDAY JUNE 17 Tom and Lou
say, about 2:00

6/24/84

At the Gay Freedom Parade — Seems every year something moves me to tears ... this year Sistah Boom did — a large contingent of women playing rhythmic percussion instruments. I hope someday I'll have a better relationship with "women". I feel a need to reveal myself to someone today, maybe at this Gay Freedom Day Parade — fifteen years since Stonewall since the drag queens fought the cops in 1969 when the cops tried to bust a gay bar — but mostly to ARCO, someone there ... even one, to let them know that transsexuals are not freaks, that "they" (transsexuals) are us. I never see a goddamned sight on transvestite / transsexual contingent in these LIBERATING parades. Only see silly (and some beautiful) drag queens, alone. Even if I don't tell anyone, I should at least write a letter to W.I. Cote. He'd never tell anyone, but he'd have my signed letter as proof. I'd be sure I really impressed on someone who really needs it — who really needs to know that different isn't bad, isn't THAT much different.

At the party Tom + I had last weekend in our backyard, I told my old friend Peter,


SUMMER
JUNE 17
AT 2:

who I've known a long time (Peter + Joyce) that I felt maybe too content + complacent, that I should be doing something for a "cause" to bring purpose into my life + be successful. He told me that I am very successful, that I have many friends + everyone, men + women, like me and that makes life successful. I'm not so sure. Told him I thought television was at fault for making our immediate worlds so large. Before TV, our personal scopes were so much more limited, our worlds so much more managable. Fifteen years ago, 1969, the Stonewall riots - I graduated from high school in '69... just lucky to be able to claim that year! I've been to every Gay Pride Parade since 1976 here in San Francisco, a total of nine. I only missed the first six. A very fruity-sounding announcer just said there are 300,000 people here + the biggest Gay Freedom Day ever! (and I'm worried about how MY voice sounds)

I just talked to the head guy at the Workers World Party table + requested that he remove the Journal of a Transsexual pamphlet, as it misrepresents transsexuals and is an anti-

NOTE: Sept. 1984

I did write a letter protesting the pamphlet and sent it to all 17 branches in the U.S. of the Workers World Party. I've had no acknowledgement from any of them.

transsexual item. It is written by a woman who tried to do a sex change and is now back to living as a woman, was miserable & unsuccessful as a man. I told the guy I didn't like this & think it's what being a transsexual is about, that I am a sex change from a girl to a guy & I want it removed from the table. He refused, saying he knew the author and she is a transsexual and that once you go through the operation, that means you're a transsexual. I disagreed, saying it just means she had an operation she shouldn't have had. He said that's MY opinion. I said to him (as he was black) that it was just like someone writing an anti-black pamphlet. He shook his head & said that's my opinion. I asked, "Then you won't remove this?" He said no. I took a copy of their newspaper, having told one of them I intend to write a letter to their editor objecting to their sale of this literature which misrepresents those of us who ARE transsexuals. I'm really proud of myself for that - it was really macho of me. But that really does piss me off & get those old male hormones & adrenalin going & heart pumping to think that so far it's the only thing with

EITHER transvestite or transsexual on it, & then it's a piece of shit thing about not knowing who you are when you're a transsexual. She is NOT a transsexual! She's a woman who tried to do something she couldn't do. — A gorgeous 17-year-oldish Bernardo (e.g. George Chakiris, West Side Story) & all I can do is stare at this lovely little peacock boy & think, "What a yoll!" (like John Rechy's City of Night) — There's a man walking around wearing a Bechtel hat, selling T-shirts with an international "NO" sign over Reagan's face. I have an urge to tell him I work at Bechtel & he really cracks me up. He looked at me just now, as he passed me a second time & smiled in a ridiculous way.

The thought of living in San Francisco for the rest of my life thrills me.

7/7/84

For the millionth time we're going thru this "mom's in the hospital and no one know's what's the matter." Grandmother tells me this long story how ma's gasping for breathe with a death rattle, so Grandm. calls the paramedics, then runs & sends the next door neighbor in to be with mom while

she (Grandm.) waits outside. When ma was being carried out she asks, "What happened, ma?" and Grandm. didn't get a chance to answer. They haul ma off to the hospital. I can just picture this dramatic + cold separation between them... just as Grandmother separated on a bad note with her ma. So Grandm.'s at the house all alone. I asked if she put on the radio to relax with some music + she answered indignantly that she would never dream of listening to music while mom's in the hospital! I am stupefied at such reasoning...

It's coming up on a year since dad died, but someone said to me, "Keep celebrating his birthday, not his death." Almost a year. I've been recording his 78's + I remember them. I remember. - Grandmother says that ma's just a bundle of nervousness, just like she is, + that's why we had such problems when we were out there last summer. If you ask me, that's why we've had problems our whole lives! I just don't think I write enough on how much I enjoy life lately. This change, this SEX CHANGE that is supposed to be so weird, has in reality made me LESS weird. I can relax + laugh + not THINK before I say or do something + it all comes out right + I'm relaxed + I

think, "My God, if they only knew...." I feel I should write about it (but who could relate to it? who is my audience? can they really accept anything I would say? obviously they would think them the words of a mad person). It saddens me so much to think I am such a "freak" deep down, when I know I'm just like all these other guys. — And Tom never leaves my side, emotionally. We enjoy our separateness, yet he always comes to me first. He works 3pm – midnight & he crawls in bed with me, while sometimes he goes in his own bed so I can sleep & get up for work at 6:30. We are 2 separate people, we don't HAVE to be together (like straight or "married" couples) yet we WANT to be together. It's everything I could imagine & wish for. "You're just too good to be true." Yet, this is life & there's so many more changes, so much more to come. TAKE ME TO THE RIVER — PUSH ME IN THE WATER — WATCH ME DROWN.

Grandmother, I think of all the things you must have seen, all the years you've watched people & I wonder what I'll see. I watch Brian, Jake & Cheyney & I wonder what I'll see from the youth. Remember when you, Grandmother,

were in the backyard last summer + someone asked if you believe in heaven. You answered that, when you were a child, you believed that when you died, your spirit rose above the clouds + that's where heaven was. But then, you said, now they're shooting off rockets so far into space no one knows where they are anymore + so now you don't know what to believe. I feel that way every day. Grandmother, sometimes I feel like such a freak. I know what I feel is right + good, but I know if most of these people knew WHAT I am, they'd think I was crazy or a freak or whatever. You know I'm not, yet you're afraid of everyone. — I saw a sign once in one of these Gay Parades that said, "We are the people our parents warned us about." I am!!! — Can you imagine my surprise at having found someone as nice as Tom? Someone who thinks I'm the greatest.

Grandmother, I've always understood that nervousness is dominant in your + ma's life. I have done so many risque things in my life, yet I've never been "victimized" in all my adventures, being a homosexual man on

supposedly sleazy streets at 2 a.m. I guess I've taken to extremes the "worst of our fears". Even "down at the bottom" all there are are people. If you're going to run into some weird-o killer guy, there's no way you can prevent it ... as you found out when Danny was crashed out on your lawn.

Grandmother, sometimes I don't mind the thought of dying — I think that's the culmination of why we're here ... you know? Why ARE we here? I guess that's where religion comes in. You told me that you've seen so many people die and now you see mom so sick. Llamo, I'm glad you're still alive so I can tell you. It's too bad we have to drag our bodies around with us ....

7/9/84

Last night I dreamt I was in some kind of school meeting. Two people from my grade school were there + they both were upset by my sex change + said they wanted to discuss it in the group. I said go ahead. The woman began talking but it didn't go on for long. We all left the room + when I stepped into the hallway, there

was dad. He was young, like when I was in high school, & he looked right at me & smiling, he began walking toward me. It seemed so realistic, he looked so clear and real. I cried out, "Dad! Oh, dad!" and I thought, oh it was a mistake — he didn't die — he's gotten better — he's still alive!!! I was so happy, and as he walked toward me, I relaxed and closed my eyes, and he merged into me and became one with me. Then I woke up.

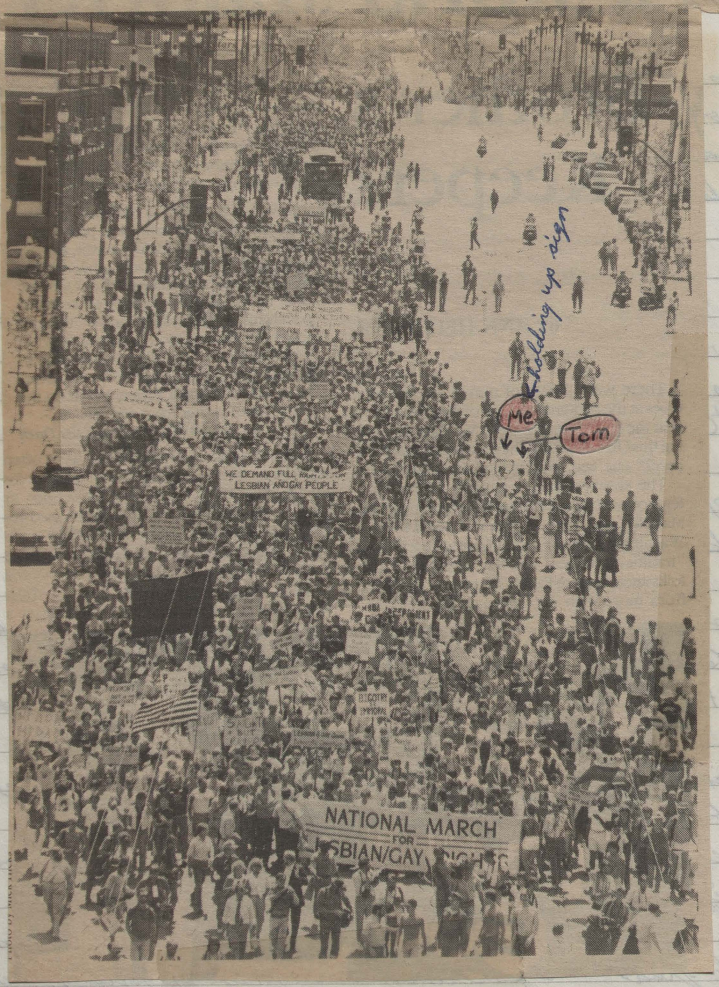
It was the same sensation I had on 7/30/83, when dad came inside of me and took my headache away.

7/14/84

Tomorrow is the National March for Lesbian & Gay Rights on the Democratic National Convention in downtown San Francisco. I'm even going to carry a sign at this one: "We ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS WARNED US ABOUT." I haven't seen it in a long time, so wanted to bring it back. Tomorrow is also the 4th anniversary of my chest surgery. I just got high on some sweet marijuana & remembered it was July 15. Got my 1980 diary to read back. My chest still doesn't look great — I entertain thoughts of getting scar

San Francisco Market Street July 15, 1984

National March for Lesbian/Gay Rights



# of a Moral Majority

reduction surgery on them cuz the scars are still so visibly red. Maybe I did get too much sun, but the scars are wide too. But I hesitate to have more surgery done because I'm finally getting some feeling in my nipples. Some erotic feeling. I can even manipulate them to erection. It's been a long time!

7/15/84

At the last minute Tom decided to come with me. He said he'd probably learn a lot more by coming with me than by going back home to run his press. I carried my sign + many many people took photos of it and/or came up to me to tell me what a good one it was. At one point we passed a group of Holy Rollers and Tom (unbelievably!) got right into yelling at them "Gay rights right now!" I was so proud of him — he was getting so enthusiastic, pushing up to the front, that I had to tap his shoulder to remind him ~~to~~ not to lose me.

(see 7/18 after 7/31 below)

7/31/84

Last night I got a phone call from a young lady who called me about 4 years ago about her lover, a prospective female-to-male transsexual.

they called me about four times since + I tried to counsel + gave them a name of a doctor who was sympathetic in their area. She called to tell me her TS lover committed suicide in March. She was crying softly the whole time + as usual wasn't very talkative. I tried to give her hope, told her a lot of people are looking for someone like her, etc. She asked if she could see me if she visited San Francisco (she's in Illinois). This is the first time I've had to face the suicide of a female-to-male + such influences as Lothstein's fucking book (which I've reviewed + sent to Metamorphosis, the F→M newsletter from Toronto, and will send to The Advocate) only aggravates the "scandal" and unhappiness engulfing such people. Pisses me off. I sure felt inadequate - she hardly talked at all. I guess, even tho I felt so inadequate, I understood her better than anyone else she's talked to. What a shittin' deal.

7/18/84

Yesterday was dad's birthday ... it's been a year now since "those weeks." John called me with official estate news from Aunt Sis. The lawyers

met July 11 + ma is suing for $30,000. Sis' lawyer says ma's lawyer doesn't have a case. They want us kids to say what they should do, suggesting we offer ma $3,000 as a "nuisance payoff." I think we should - she'll never accept it and, if she did, Jack would be rolling on the floor in hysterics. Or we could just give her the $30,000 (NO WAY!) or set it aside with another $20,000 whatever for attorney's fees etc + let her fight to get it. I think dad would agree with that course - let the lawyers have it rather than give it to her. Then we'll get a "partial payment" of the rest of the estate. - The Business Manager at ARCO told ~~my~~ me my "demobilization date" is the beginning of September + that we'll get 2 weeks severence pay for each year we worked for ARCO. I'll get 8 weeks free pay! I'm ecstatic! Plus I'll have about 2½ weeks of vacation pay coming.

8/3/84

This was the last day for many of the ARCO employees. I went out with Bert, the 59+ year old male secretary, and Rose Marie, the 59+ year old secretary, to a travel agency promo - free champagne. We got blotto and

went to a free Big Band dance in the hotel. We all enjoyed each other so much. I had fantasized last night about telling Bert about myself, but I didn't. I think now, on the bus going home, having left them... I wonder if they would love me so much if they knew the truth, if they knew about me. I thought of telling Bert because he is all that dad could have been, a vibrant fun-loving man. He loves that music & said he feels like he knew dad — just by looking at his list of 78's. I wanted to tell him because I want to have that kind of relationship again, someone like dad who knows about me & loves me. In one sense I want to tell Bert & I want him to be my father-substitute... in another sense I don't want to tell him because I'm afraid his feelings for me would be bad. I fantasized giving him a copy of my Female-to-Male Transsexualism book review because he has recently finished a book & sent it off for publication. I wish I could sort this all out.

8/10/84

Talked to ma on the phone — she's finally out of the hospital. She says she thinks that none of us got married & had kids with a picket fence because dad always told us never to get married. She's pissed off that her

docs won't give her a medical disability & say she can go back to work. She says she feels she got the best of both worlds from me - the joy of raising a wonderful young lady, and the return of the son she lost. She said she knew that sounded wierd but it's the truth. I'm glad she's 4,000 miles away. She says Kathleen should stay in N.J. "with her husband." It makes me feel sad to think Kath won't move here, like she said she would. I KNOW she won't - now, with John. He won't come cuz he's still riled up about [redacted]. I'm supposed to be going to Yosemite with her in a few weeks (I just saw a mouse run by, just inches from my foot, toward the couch - SHIT). ARCO's really winding down - here's the schedule: I work there til the very last day, I'll "turn out the lights" as I've been told several times on Sept 7 - then ARCO pays me "notice" wages until the end of Sept, then I begin getting "severence pay" of 2 wks pay for every year I've been with ARCO (8 weeks pay). That's Oct & Nov. In Dec I get paid for 2 weeks vacation & by then I should have the cash for my $6 TOUSAND ARCO stock I don't have to give dad. (I wonder if he thought I was going to give him ALL that stock for my $2,000 loan.) So I'm sitting pretty.

Talked to Kay the other day + she got a partial payment, so maybe we get some bucks from dad. Thanks, dad. I miss him a lot tonight + wish I could talk to him on the phone. He'd call me, on a night like this. So instead I called Bert. I really like him + he's a lot like the best side of Jack. He's going to come over tomorrow to tape some of his 78's. I gotta go now + make a list of the ones I want to tape of his.

Yesterday Bert came over. 8/12/84
I'd been thinking of telling him about myself, as I've thought with everyone there - but I really wanted to tell him. I suggested we go out to hear some music sometime + he seemed eager. While we taped his 78's, I asked him if he ever knew anyone who had a sex change. He said no. I said well now you do, I used to be a girl before I started working for ARCO. It looked like it took him a few minutes to absorb that, then he seemed amused. He gave a hearty laugh + said, "Well, okay!" He only asked 2 things: first, how my family reacted, then if there were a lot of legal complications involved. I mostly talked with him about how I wished to write about it - an article + someday a book. He was very

encouraging (he's also a writer) and tho I said I didn't know if my story or my impressions would be of any universal appeal, he said he wishes he had a tape recorder right now just to get down what I was SAYING. I told him about my diaries + the more I think, I should begin getting those entries in shape for publication soon. What am I waiting for? Will I have much more to really say later, or is this enough for one volume? It didn't change the way Bert acted toward me. I hope it will make him want to stay in touch with me. He said if I ever tell Cheryl, he wants to be there. We laughed. Unlike before, I was and still am glad I told him. We have a lot to talk about + he's animated like Jack. Told him I was glad he had been at ARCO as another male secretary, to give me someone to be grounded to, among all the female secretaries. He told me how everyone's first impression of a male secretary is "Here's something weird about Him ... Hey're GAY" but his last ARCO boss told him he's beginning to think that's the only kind to have.

Tom asked me if I ever watched Big Time Wrestling. I told him I was watching it before he was even born ... and it's TRUE. He went "out"

for the 2nd time with his female silkscreen teacher, + I don't feel anything resembling jealousy — it makes me more appreciative + aware of how worthy of my love he is. And before the night was over, he was snuggling next to me in my bed.

8/13/84

Went to Dr. [redacted] for a check-up + results of my blood tests. He said I did very good to excellent in all areas, again mentioning that my blood cholesterol was in the low end of the normal range, which sure surprises me. He asked, "Do you smoke?" I shook my head, "Not tobacco." "How much pot do you smoke?" I said every other day... I couldn't tell him it's more like every day. He said smoking pot may be as bad for lungs as tobacco, + haven't I heard of marijuana cookies! The guy almost encouraged me to use it. He laughingly asked if I'd heard of the grandmother in San Francisco who was arrested for selling marijuana brownies. I told him I'd heed his warning, and so I baked some marijuana brownies. Not as good a high.

8/22/84

Last night I dreamt that Tom had hired 3 strangers to run his print shop in the basement, & when I went down to the shop, he hustled me out, telling me he was expecting his girlfriend so I should leave.

8/23/84

My relationship with Tom is so different than that with Jim. Though I know that Tom cares for me (loves me) more than Jim, I feel that I am touching Tom, but that somehow he is just beyond my reach.

8/27/84

Just returned from Yosemite last night — Here 3 days with Kathy [redacted], Cheyney & Jake. Kathy organized the whole thing, saying she'd gladly if I'd pay my share of the cost. The whole trip was a thorough pleasure & had its thrills & laughs. Yosemite is unbelievable & it's amazing to see something like that so nearby. Huge humungous granite rock before you, some with water flowing down them, & more rocks of various sizes all around it & trees growing out of the rock, lean tall trees, some lush, some sparse, but millions of them. Our guidebook told us of the white people coming to Yosemite in the 1800's and all the areas were

named for some white-people-event. It told of the millions of years of erosion of glacial ice that formed these slick granite rocks, and the water still flows down them. And only 3½ hours away by car here is San Francisco. What's it all about? I'll admit I was apprehensive about travelling with those 3, but it was entirely pleasurable. Kathy is ever feminine but ever responsible + controlling. It's interesting to see how she relates to 13-yr-old Cheyney. He still makes kid noises + is still "ungrown-up" enough to giggle around in the back seat with Jake, yet she straightens up + talks straight on to me. He often called me "Louis" in a jesting tone. I've been liking him a whole lot more, now that he's becoming more adult. We talked about voices changing — his really hasn't yet, while Jake's has always been very low. Jake didn't talk much at all on his own + when he would, often I wouldn't understand what he'd say + he'd laugh with embarrassment at my non-reaction. He was much easier to be with this time, too. He often looks sullen + his face is already etched with a worried look. He is becoming very handsome. I feel I ignored him, although I don't believe I did. When I left

the car on returning home last night, I forgot to say goodbye to him & I feel bad I ignored him so... I'd never have done that to an adult. I tried to get him to join conversations several times & it's sure hard to open him up. One time he threw his arm around my shoulders as we were walking & said, "You sure are a strange guy, Lou" and I replied affectionately, "So are you, Jake." I even got to be a hero. We all had been so careful not to lock the car keys in the trunk. Sunday morning after stopping at a vista point, Kathy suddenly realized she slammed the car keys in the trunk & there we stood. How in the hell are we going to get this thing open? I thought, do we flag someone down? What could they do? how can we get the keys? Kathy rummaged through her purse & worked at the lock with her Swiss Army knife. Cheyney & Jake were still in the car & I told them to get out &, if they have any criminal inclinations, this is the time to use them because we've got to break into the trunk. I remembered hearing that, in old cars, you can get to the trunk by removing the back seat. Next I see Cheyney using the knife in the lock. I got into the back seat & miraculously lifted the backrest out

& there was the trunk contents. It was the shortest tragedy I almost had. Kathy & I travel well together ... I guess after limping across the country with & then smashing up that car in Wyoming, we feel we can handle just about any road trip. I felt real proud that I was the one to save the day. I think Cheyney & Jake reacted toward me as a man, but I'm not sure if I can determine if they react differently to women. I believe the children know me & think of me as Lou & have little or no recollection of Sheila. — Speaking of Sheila, Tom's girlfriend is still around. She's 3 years older than him & on the Pill. She sends him cutesy cards in the mail. One time I read a card Tom had left laying out & it was a "thank you for the wine and flowers — you're sweet" card. Sometimes I wish Tom wasn't so hetero. He tells me he only likes girls for sex, but I guess someday I must get used to his having a steady girlfriend hanging around here. Anyway just as I'm returning from Yosemite he's on his motorcycle going to her place for dinner, I know he's glad to see me, and we kiss hello/goodbye on the street. Gave me a nice long evening alone & I jerked off about 6 times. The more

I do, the more I begin to FEEL + really know + discover exactly what it is that elicits that release, how my body responds like a man's would, if ... how it could all be put in one piece one day ... would I really know how to use it? Would I be able to elicit that release I can reach now? I know the fact of the female multiple orgasm + I feel I could get the best of both worlds. I must admit I was grateful to have the time to myself because I honestly don't enjoy sex with Tom at first. I don't like him touching me, but when he does it feel so good + I want to love him all over. I want to feel everything he feels + take him higher than he's ever been. I don't know how I'll feel if suddenly I'm not that person for him anymore. I wonder what kind of sex he has with this girlfriend + how she's different than me. Of course she has tits + that changes a lot right there. She also has a woman's face + skin texture, + that's very important. She'll probably look a helluva lot better in the "sex clothes" Tom + I have than I do. (I've always kept a drawer of sex things + we've collected various feminine undergarments for sex play. I feel silly in them, but can get into the game and little by little Tom was letting me dress him

up how I liked, too, without much complaining.)
When he returned from dinner I was "sleeping" but
he came in my bed + laid next to me + told me he
really likes this new girlfriend + he doesn't want me
to think he doesn't still love me, but he's going to be
having sex with her for a while + not with me. I
quickly said, "Well, let's not make any rules." He
said OK. He asked if I was mad at him + I said I
didn't think his relationship with her had anything
to do with his relationship with me + he agreed it didn't.
He said he just wanted to reassure me because he knew
what happened with Jim. I told him things are so dif-
ferent now - he's so so different from Jim, and I'm so
different from what I used to be, that there's no com-
parison. He was glad to hear all this + I gave him all
kinds of permission. He says she's going to be his
"secretary" for his printing business, + I review my
financial interest in his business for anything I
regret. I can't think of anything. The only thing
that really riles me up, and this issue still isn't
settled as far as I'm concerned, is that now he's
decided the garage is for his shop only + the motor-
cycles should stay out on the street. Okay for
now, except if they get stolen, + he's gotten '60

worth of parking tickets recently. But when the rain starts I sure as hell don't want it out there for months on end. What a bunch of crap. He says he thinks it's good he has a girlfriend so he can quit "using" me for sex and I can pursue "this man thing." (I think he even said it that way — the same way Prof. John [redacted] at UWM said to me when I visited there after moving to S.F.: "Are you still doing that man thing?") So we'll see what happens. It'll make me die inside to see her snuggling + cutesy loving him in front of me, yet I have to believe that his love for me is something special that we'll live with for a long time. I still believe if I made it 10 years in a wierd relationship with Jim, Tom + I should know each other forever. I can't think of "what ifs" but they haunt me: what if he wants her to move in? what if she's always here + wants to become "part of the family"? I guess I just have to be myself, despite sure signs now of jealousy on my part. He told me they were going to see some movie on Union St. but were late so went to a porno movie instead. Her first one. (I just looked it up, Insatiable II. Funny, Tom's first, seen with me, was Insatiable I.)

I've always felt that a man's love for another man is superior to any love he could have for a female. I wonder how Tom's feelings for me are different from his feelings for her. One problem is I never minded when Tim had a girlfriend for sex, but not if he wanted one to love. I guess I'm afraid she'll love him better, tho I can't imagine anyone feeling as close to him as I do. Time may be on my side, but convention is on hers, and I don't know how much Tom wants to be like everyone else. I guess I'm headed for a real test of how a man loves a man differently than he loves a woman ... or the hetero vs. homo lifestyle. I know that as I have more time to myself, my male feelings have time to develop + refine + if he continues to respond to me sexually, it sure will make me happy. — I feel like he should be working on this Big Deal print shop of his, but he's let business lag + the telephone answering machine continues to sit unassembled. (He tells me last night she's going to put the message on ... gag me with a spoon! There's nothing more unprofessional than a female voice answering your business phone. P.U.) But it's HIS hobby shop + I'm paying 1/4 of it to keep my motorcycle in the

Gemini May 21 to June 20

Let's face it, Gem, your lunar cycle is low this week, very low. Defenses are down, making it easy for others to take advantage of you. Guard your money, jewelry, credit cards and – most important – SECRETS.

8/27/84 My horoscope for this week

corner + there's plenty room. Watch me get macho. Does Tom think I'm a sugar daddy? Maybe. Would it be so bad if he did? We received the [redacted] Family Heritage book with a list of some 40 [redacted] in the U.S. Two Augustines, his father's supposed name. I wonder how it must be for him to never have had a loving daddy, and I'd like to be that to him. Being 10 years his senior already makes me feel that way. 8 more days at ARCO.

8/28/84

Just saw the slide show on women passing as men in San Francisco at the turn of the century for about the 6th time ... made from the lecture by Alan Berube about 5 years ago, mostly to get dates so I can research the info myself. Before the show I was gazing at a man I thought might be Berube and he recognized me from his lectures when I had talked to him. He came over + was real glad to see me. Showed him I was researching early San Francisco newspapers + making copies from the microfilm at the library. He asked for my phone saying he'd love to see what I find, + gave me his. The slide show moved me again. I feel a chill

seeing those photos, especially hearing about Babe Bean – Jack Garland. He was buried in SF in 1936.

8/30/84

Tom came home from work after midnight, as usual, & got in my bed, waking me up. He says, "I got another card from my sweetie pie ... does that make you mad?" I am confused with my emotions & just said, "Don't say that to me, Tom." He knew I'd seen the envelope in our mail. I can't help it, but I do feel threatened at losing his devotion. I almost want to tell him not to give me the details of his affair with her, but don't want to lay that guilt on him.

9/1/84

So Tom starts snuggling up to have sex with me this morn & denies he ever said he didn't want to have sex with me now. I feel much better & see this as a way to have more of my own way with him – but what way?

9/2/84

Tom says he's going over to Karens & have mad sex. I said I don't wanna hear about it unless I can watch. He laughed embarrassed. That sure shut him up. An erotic thought just seized me!

imagine that I enforced a rule that, before he has sex with me, I will see to it that his penis is washed beforehand, to humiliate him. I'd pull back the skin and closely inspect the head + hole.

9/4/84

Saturday in our darkened hallway Tom tells me that he loves me but enjoys having sex with her, but prefers my company "maybe because I've been around you longer." He reassured me. Yesterday he said he was going to his mother's for dinner + didn't know when he'd be back. This morn he still wasn't home + I KNOW he didn't stay at his ma's. I wonder if he took her to his mother's. I'm feeling sad because his fling is getting pretty serious if he's spending every other night with her. It gives me a sick, sad feeling. I wish my body was all in one piece and I could get some quick loving someplace to quiet me. What am I going to do when he's really not mine anymore? Seems like the situation is quickly approaching. Cock surgery seems more important all of a sudden. Thoughts that cheer me up: knowing how to ride my motorcycle; getting cock surgery; finding someone who'll let me play

with / fuck Her ass (Tom told me long ago to find someone else if I wanted that, and I'm sure such a person exists). I think about the possibility that I could use his independence to my advantage, like growing my beard though he objects, or being more insistent on having MY way when we have sex. Know what? I'm not jealous of her, I'm jealous of HIM. — Just phoned Tom at home — I had to talk to him. He immediately apologized for not coming home. I asked if he took Karen to his mother's for dinner, but he said know, he went to Karen's for dinner. He asked if I had waited for him + I said "Kind of." I feel sad + wanted him to know it, instead of acting like I don't care. What am I going to do when he <u>really</u> starts lying to me?

9/8/84

I want Tom to submit to me sexually, to let me paw him and feel all over and in him. I feel like saying to him, "If you're so much fun as to have sex with this new girlfriend, you can just start having fun having sex with <u>ME</u>." I knew, I knew, I <u>knew</u> I should not have

agreed to this habit with him of always doing what he wants to do and if I grab his asscheeks a little too tightly, he asks what I'm doing....

9/9/84

This morning as he pet me, Tom commented on my slim hips, that I didn't have hips to grab onto. I said, "I got a pretty skinny butt, too, hey?" He said "yeah, you do" and was that because the boys like it? Wooo-wooo. I believe he is noticing how male I am, now that he has a real female to juxtapose. — He asks, "How long have we been together? Three years? Four?" I held up 3 fingers. If he left me now, all I could say to him would be, "Thank you for these past three years, Tom. They have been magical."

— I went to dinner with my friend Jim + another guy + got home late to an empty house. I expected he'd stay with her overnight. I closed my bedroom doors. But after spending the day with her, he comes in after midnight + instead of just bursting into my bed as he usually does, he knocked hesitantly twice before I called for him to enter. It delights me to think he could really believe I'd have someone else in my bed. The fantasy of him is far better than

the reality of others. I am amazed & delighted that he returned home after being with her. "What are you doing home?" I asked. "I came to get some sleep," he said as he slipped under the sheet beside me. What more can I ask? He asked where I'd been & I told him it was none of his business & I won't ask where he was either.

9/10/84

Last night, after spending another day with his girlfriend he comes in my room & flops down on my bed & says, "She is really great!" I was shocked at his audacity & burst out laughing, "Well, tell me all about it, Tom!" He snapped, "Are you jealous?" I asked him why he was trying to bait me, to hear what I will say. He denied it. I told him I'm glad he's finally found a girlfriend he likes cuz so far his choices haven't been so great. "She's a step up from Cynthia, huh?" He said yeah, but he didn't want to elaborate then. "Just don't get married or anything like that." He humphed as though I were WAY off. I want to say to him (and probably will, when the right moment presents itself), "She can be your girlfriend & I'll be your boyfriend..." (and he can be my girlfriend).

later I asked where he went today + he seemed surprised I wanted to hear about his day "with her." He said "the ocean."

9/12/84

Last night Mary Ellen, Rusty, 3 of his male co-workers + I went to the "live nude girls on stage act" (same one we went to for Kath's husband's bachelor party), which included very pretty women in underclothes roaming through the rows of the audience, seated as in a movie theatre. (I was amazed at how thin and boyish their women were, tiny tits, flat asses, no hips, and that pleased me. I found myself wet by evening's end.) The women would say to the seated men, "Want any company?" and, if you say yes, she sits on your lap, shows you her handful of dollar bills and asks "Would you like to give a donation?" You slip her some $ + she'll tell you you can't touch her breasts or bottom, so you hold onto her waist + hips and can touch her arms + back, while she rubs her ass back and forth on your lap (and hopefully hard cock) for however long. Mary asked if I'd like "company" but I said no. It would have to be at least $5 and I couldn't see the thrill in

paying to "bump pussies". The whole scene was pretty pathetic and I thought how lucky gay men are... their sex places have REAL action. As I watched the young women strip on stage and really S-P-R-E-A-D their legs for the audience, only feet away from the front row, I did not find myself being aroused as I would have at dancing boys, but I know better than to spend much time analyzing because I knew if I had a penis my feelings would be totally different. So what does it all mean?

Later for the first time I can remember, Tom let me "have" him. I was feeling him up & he asked what I was doing. Told him I was feeling him up and asked, "Don't you like it?" He said yes, but he gets so tired. I told him he didn't have to do anything, just lay there. I got bolder in my kisses & caresses & concentrated on pleasing myself. Rubbed my little hard cock on his ass-cheek & he obligingly laid his arms above his head submissively. I laid him back & got on top of him like a man does & rubbed my crotch against the bulge in his little underpants. (What's it called? The ~~#~~ Princeton rub?

presumably after male college roomies who masturbate by rubbing their crotches against each other's.) Anyway I felt I was "using" him as he was limp in my arms + it turned me on immensely until I, in fact, came. Wow, it was great. I got off him + asked, "Now was that so bad?" He said no. What a turn-on he is. How can I deny him anything?

The more I sit around thinking of what I want to do, I realize how important it is for me to seriously begin pursuing the penis surgery. I will begin by masturbating more + looking at what's there now + which parts are involved in sexual arousal. Not only does a man have a penis, but he's got his piss hole right on the end of it and, since reading The G-Spot, I've really noticed how touching or pressing my piss hole increases arousal. Can they close up the underside of my clitoris, inserting a semi-hard extension from my pisshole to its tip? I could stand to urinate then + use my clit for sexual stimulation — wouldn't have to be big. I just made an appointment with Dr. Michael [redacted], who does chest surgery on female-to-males and has a great reputation concerning scar

revision techniques and he may be able to put something under my aereola to point them out. I'll just talk + see what he can offer + if involved.

9/14/84

Tom told me voluntarily that he didn't think of me as a girlfriend + it was very different being with her than with me because our "bodies are different." I commented, "well, not really," but he said we were different + the only reason he does that kind of stuff with me (meaning vaginal intercourse) is because he likes doing that kind of stuff + that's all I have down there. He said, as we sat in the restaurant, "You're not being my girlfriend now, are you?" I shook my head as we sat across from each other. I guess not, but what's he mean, what's different? The only thing concrete he could point out was that I pulled out my wallet when the bill came, too. I guess she just expects he'll pay for her, which I thought was pretty unusual in these times and city.

He bought her flowers + asked if he should get me some, too. I said I'd rather buy HIM flowers, "I'll tell you what: you buy her flowers

and I'll buy you flowers, OK?" He said okay as I caught him around the waist on the street.

He explains how he feels about her and reassures me he still likes me very much.

Yesterday a goodlooking older guy cruised me heavily in Golden Gate Park. We said hello. I kept walking, but glanced back once. He was still watching me. I could've tricked if I'd've wanted to go through the hassle.

9/15/84

Tom says yesterday, "I'm NOT going to run off with some girl; I'm just not that kind ...."

9/17/84

Well, it's $650 for scar reduction surgery scheduled for next Monday morning. Dr. Michael [redacted], of whom I've heard many good reports, is very good-looking and has a reproduction on his receptionist's desk of a man's clothing advertisement in which he posed. It was NO PROBLEM and the guy didn't ask me for references or anything, tho I volunteered my other doctor's names.

As I write it, two drunk-as-hell (or is there 3) black guys are singing a love song in harmony on our front steps.

I'd brought letters of reference from the other docs, but didn't even give them to him. We discussed what he could do. He said, "You were small, huh?" (I hope in admiration of the small scars I have. He cautioned me there would always be a scar there, but that he could make them lighter. I've developed keloid tissue. He thinks he can make my right aerola protrude better. We discussed a silicone implant but he thinks he can just stitch it and improve it. He said he once asked Owens-Corning to form silicone nipples but they wouldn't because "you're one doctor and we're Owens-Corning"! I laughed and fantasized — Oh, doctor, whatever can I do to repay you? SUCK SUCK He's a thin Steve Martin, the popular comedian. He'll do the surgery in his office "operating suite" under a local anesthetic (me, not him).

This 3 mo. vacation is pretty great. Sun and fun. Just cut my review of Lothstein's book from 9 to 3 pages and will resubmit it to the Advocate. I cannot find Jack Bean Garland's article (supposedly written Feb/Mar 1900) cited in a letter to the newspaper in 1936. It could be anywhere at anytime. To Berkeley this week to look through

that Stockton newspaper. — Asked Tom if Karen asked about our relationship. He said he told her we were just friends, but when she called yesterday and Tom said he + I were watching TV, she must have asked where I was sitting because he answered, "Lou is over here on the couch" when he had just told her he was laying down watching TV. If she would have thought at all it would have been impossible for him to be laying down watching TV anywhere else but with me on the couch, or in my bed! HA HA

9/20/84

Tom says she's very jealous, doesn't want him to have male or female friends, and that she got mad & put flowers in his room. Pretty nervie for only coming into his life a few weeks ago.

9/21/84

Know why "women don't like to have sex"? Because they rarely get to orchestrate the sexual activity + have the kind of sex SHE wants to have. She is truly expected to just go along with the man's lead and follow what he wants to do (like she's expected to in slow/touch

dancing). If women got to call the shots more, I'll bet they'd like having sex more.

9/22/84

Tom says, "Let me say to you personally, Lou, that I love you very much and this girlfriend thing is just something I have to experience, like you have to experience being a macho guy." I told him that I loved him very much too and that I know. — He says, "So you're getting that surgery Monday, huh? Boy, that's going to be a head trip! Touch!" I smiled & said, "Yeah, I'm looking forward to it. I don't think it'll hurt — if the last time didn't. You think it's going to be a 'head trip' for you?" He wrinkled his brow & shook his head, like he couldn't think of a reason why it would be. I've very nearly made the decision to ban all vaginal sex with me. That's what's starting to do a head trip on ME. — He says, "If I bring my girlfriend over, I don't want you acting like a fruity guy around her." I answered, "Tom, have I ever acted like a 'fruity guy' when your brother was here?" He answered very seriously, "Never."

9/28/84

Night before last Tom came to bed with me & last night I slept in his bed. This morning he tried to put his dick in my "C" but I told him I thought we weren't gonna do that anymore, "And you don't want to do it the other way, right?" He answered, "right." Instead I began jerking him off & he even let me suck on him a bit, during which he went soft. Then he asked if I'd make some coffee (code words for "get out of bed so I can masturbate"). Later he commented that "just because he has a girlfriend I don't wanna." But I countered, "Tom, it's NOT cuz you have a girlfriend. You know we've had this conversation many times before and I'll admit because you do have a girlfriend it makes me think of it more, but it's NOT cuzza that." He nodded and acknowledged, "Yeah, I know. We've talked about when our relationship would be like this. You want to be macho, right?" I nodded as we held each other's hand. I told him if I'm really gonna do this cock surgery I better get used to not having that kind of sex. "You better get used to it?" he asked, wondering I guess if I had meant to say he better get used to it. But I didn't.

"No," I repeated, "I better get used to it."

9/26/84

Like July '80 I have no pain from my chest surgery. The left side feels like it always does, the right feels like I got a papercut. Last night when Tom came home from work he got in my bed & attempted intercourse. I steered his cock to my butt hole & it took him a while to realize that's where he was. But once he did, he pulled right out, asking if I were "trying to spread germs" and "that's where all your waste comes out." I told him I didn't want to have girlsex with him cuz it's messing up my head. He said (as usual when we have these talks) that if I want to do "that" I should find someone else, because it's "degrading" and he doesn't like me to "use" him "that way."
I commented that he won't permit oral or anal sex, only cunt sex, and I don't want to have the same kind of sex with him that he has with his girlfriend. He just kept saying that's MY problem, not his ... that if I just want to be friends with him & not have sex anymore, that's OK with him. I pointed out that he's

always wondering why girls don't like sex and it's because guys like him insist on ONLY doing what THEY themselves want to do. He said he doesn't feel he's having girlsex with me, but I don't know what else you'd call it. I expected him to say more about it, ~~but~~ and when I waited for the next word from him, he got out of my bed and went to his own without a word. After a respectable amount of time I let him hear me open our "sex drawer" where we keep dildoes, sex clothes, mags, etc, just to let him know I'm horny, but not for HIS kind of sex. I feel like I could have handled the topic more delicately, but don't regret it — just remember all the other times we've had this same talk. It may have an effect of "driving him towards his new girlfriend" but I'm sorry, I can't pretend that I'm satisfied anymore. It's such a shame — he turns me on so much + I feel so loving towards him — but he is one hell of a lousy sex partner. Imagine 3 years of all vaginal sex and masturbation, NO anal sex, and no more than a few oral contacts. Gimme a break. Even straight couples do more than we do. — This morning he asks

if I'm "still crabby" and I know he figures this will all blow over, as other times have. As Bootsy Collins sings, "You might think I'm trying to be funny, but this time I'm really serious, baby."

9/30/84

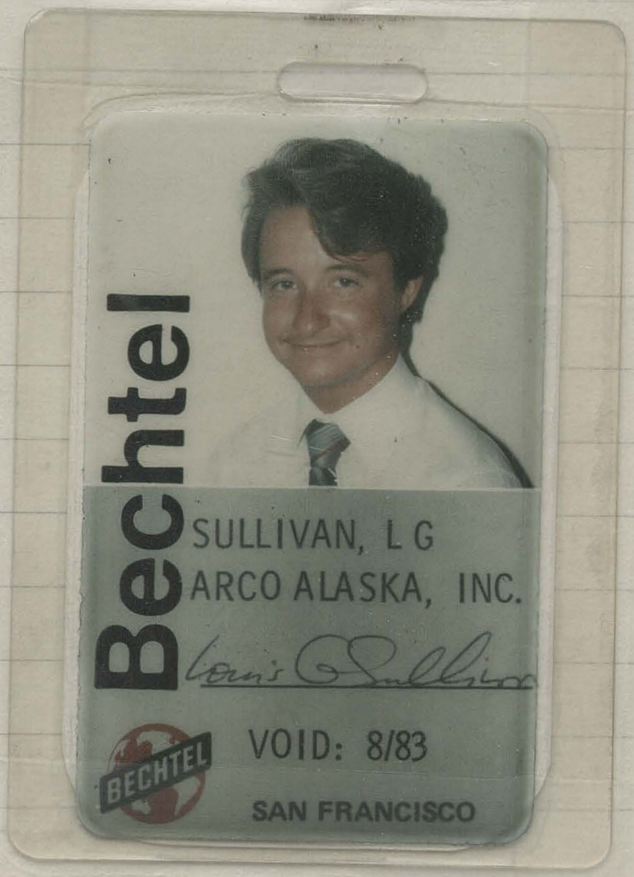
So Tom + I had a heavy talk tonight. First of all, out of nowhere, he tells me that I am very much like a guy and no one would ever know I wasn't. Well! I would ask where that came from, but I didn't, already pleased with my presumption that it was prompted by his comparing me after being a ~~bitch~~ whole day and night with a REAL girl. He adds "if that's what you like to hear." I told him "of course, I love it, and it's especially nice to hear from him." — Yesterday Sean visited and I was very open about my problems with this "pussy sex" I'm feeling. She was very helpful. Told me that both Steve [redacted] + Terry [redacted] (who's surgery I've seen + who I plan to see next weekend) had the Lamb Wrap with the vagina left open, so who'd know I was using it? Yes, it's true that once I have the genital surgery, my attitude will be a lot

different regarding sex and my body. All I can say is I KNEW I shouldn't have started this girlsex all the time with Tom. (I shouldn't say "started", I should say "gone along with"). I told him tonight that I never knew a guy who didn't like to get a blow job before I met him. He said he likes blow jobs, so I asked why he always pushes me away when I try to do him. He said he was "just giving me a bad time." What's THAT supposed to mean? He said maybe we just shouldn't have any sex anymore. I replied by saying I thought it stunk he'll have sex with his boyfriend Val but not with me. Twice he demanded, "What kind of sex do you think we <u>have</u>?" meaning he + Val. I said I don't know, I wasn't there. He answered himself, "Mostly jerking off!" I said well that's having sex. (Now I think back + wonder what he meant by "mostly" jerking off ... what ELSE were they doing!!??) Well, he is having a bum reaction having this girlfriend + then trying to relate to me now that I won't have pussy sex with him anymore. (At least, not until I'm a man in his eyes.) I told him if he's still upset about male/male sex because

of something that happened to him when he was a kid, it's time he got over it. He looked surprised + said he didn't think he was thinking of that. I said well maybe not consciously. I said he knows me 3 years + knows I'm not going to hurt him. He also had a terrible reaction when I told him that I want to contact some people Sean knows, people involved in bisex + trans sex. Sean thinks there are men + women there who'd be turned on to me. Tom was not open-minded + said he's afraid I'd turn into a "weird-o" now. I really resent his implication that we (transsies) are "weirdo-s". It's my own fault for ever having pussy sex with him. I have a feeling his girlfriend is going to try her hardest to have him for herself + she must know already by implication or circumstance that there's something in the way, if only from the fact they've never slept over here when I'm home. All I know is I'm "lonely" + want someone to have sex with. Tom got mad when I said that, saying it was a slam against him ... that I'm "not lonely, just horny". I agreed with him on the terms.

In talking this all through with Sean, I

asked her opinion on how one could still be a man if another guy was fucking him in the pussy hole even after he'd had cock surgery. She answered that the other guy would be fucking you, yes, but he'd see your balls, etc. and it'd look like he was fucking a guy — the holes are so nearby. Makes sense. A lot of sense. I felt a spark of hope for the future. — If I had a dick NONE OF THIS WOULD BE HAPPENING. We wouldn't even have to have these conversations. I reapplied to [redacted] group. Chris (previously Erik) told me Judy [redacted] know me by name, and that she says I have a wrong impression of their attitude against female-to-male gay men. So I wrote her, updating them since my '81 letter. If I had a dick, I wouldn't care if he fucked me in the cunt. I have to realize, tho, that, like Jim, my progression might be too much for him & he will fade off into the sunset after some girl. I may have to go through another transition — to a male lover who has never known me as a "pussy." If he'd only have boysex with me, in addition to pussy sex, I wouldn't be so unhappy with our sex life. But NOOOOO.



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