

## A Transvestite Tangles Tongues:

# An Interview with Sandy Day

Anybody who would contemplate transsexual surgery seriously possesses a mind of no common order. Indeed, it is a decision that requires the staunchest determination to undergo the years of psychological and physical transformations before the final snip. But here's Sandy Day, a transvestite entertainer on the threshold of one of the most incredible forms of human alteration to tell the story of why he enjoys being a girl and how he spent \$20,000 on treatments thus far. Quite a test of perseverance, don't you think?

**GAY:** As a transvestite contemplating a transsexual operation, how have you altered yourself thus far, and what is motivating you to change your sex?

**SANDY:** I have spent about the last three years taking hormones and related treatments. I used to have a beard which took two years to remove. Then I had to have my face restructured with silicone injections. That left my hips and breasts, and I don't like the idea of silicone in the breasts because for me it's too close to my heart. Some people, you know, have had terrible things happen. Their bodies can't take it and tend to fall. So you have this great huge lump where the thing moved.

**GAY:** What about the modern method of using plastic bags filled with silicone?

**SANDY:** That comes out as hard as bricks.

**GAY:** Where have you been receiving treatments?

**SANDY:** There are only two doctors who have the authority to give these shots. Mine is Dr. Shifman at 71st Street and Central Park West. He is doing my hips also, which is kind of scary because of the size of the needles they use. The tip is about seven inches long. Somebody warned me, the needle's **this** long, but I thought it was an exaggeration until I got there and saw it! In fact, I chickened out the first time. I said, "Oh no, I can't do this." The first thing they do is give you novocaine shots—**eight** of them. The whole treatment takes something like 32 shots in each hip for one treatment.

**GAY:** How many treatments are required?

**SANDY:** It depends on how big you want your hips. My decision to take these treatments and change my life all came in pieces, you know. The first time I actually did it as a joke. That was about six year ago. I'm 21 now.

**GAY:** Where were you living at that time?

**SANDY:** In Washington. I won first prize at a drag ball, so I went to a few other contests in drag. Then I would wake up in the morning and pluck my eyebrows or decide that I'd like to have my hair done, and before you know it there you are.

**GAY:** Do you feel that you are a woman who accidentally was born with male genitals?

**SANDY:** I tried very hard to be a boy. I wanted to get out of this. But later I decided that whatever happens has to happen. It just grew and grew like when you catch a cold.

**GAY:** How did you become a performer?

**SANDY:** I went to some places and asked for work, so I got into doing entertainment, but I felt as though I were doing the same things over and over again. So I went to school for acting lessons and ballet and took up modern dancing, as a boy though. Then I went to New York and one thing led to another with shows and pantomime at the Roundtable and

the Goldbug and some stuff in upstate New York.

**GAY:** Did you have any interesting experiences on tour there?

**SANDY:** Yes. In Port Jervis we were doing a show in a hunting lodge where they had never seen a female impersonator. The strippers up there who aren't allowed to take everything off did it anyway because it was so far back in the woods that the police only came around every two or three days. There we were with all those 40-year-old strippers. I was doing an Andrews Sisters-type number with two others and the first thing I heard was "Take it off." We had to stay there for a week and live over the lodge. They'd come in with their deer and rabbits and hang them outside and put their rifles up on the wall. Well, it had to happen. One of the guys decided that he wanted to go to bed with me and I thought this is going to be a problem because we were **not** billed as imperson-

ates and that I'd meet him downstairs after I had time to dress. So he left, but came back again and I got a little pissed off at him and said, "Look, I'm not a woman. I'm a **man**." So we ended up fighting and the three of us finally pushed him out the door.

**GAY:** He was upset, huh?

**SANDY:** Oh, yes, he minded very much, and that was what the fight was all about. He thought his masculinity had been fooled. So I came back to the city swearing **never** to work any more club dates in the woods and I started to take up tap dancing. That was when all the nostalgia performing began to get big and I thought I'd like to do that. Candy Darling was into that too and we tried to get into some shows. I auditioned for **No, No, Nanette**. The casting guy asked Candy if she could tap dance and she said, "I'm with Andy Warhol." The guy said, "I don't care who you are with, can you tap dance?" I said I could but I didn't get in



Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs

ators. I knew that this guy didn't know my sex and thought he was going to get himself a show girl from the city.

**GAY:** Had you had gay relations before this?

**SANDY:** Of course, anybody who says he's not gay and just woke up one morning and decided to be a girl or go in drag is crazy. That's a little farfetched. Anyway, the club closed and he pushed his way into my dressing room. Luckily, three of us were in the room because he was so big, and he had his rifle in his hand. I wanted to say, "Listen, I have something to tell you. Things are **not** what they seem." But I couldn't look down the barrel of that rifle and tell him that I was a boy so I said, "Why don't you please leave?" He said he was in love and pointed the gun at me and I thought, "This man is planning to shoot me in my very head with this gun if I don't do something" so I asked him to sit down and talk it over. I said that I couldn't do anything upstairs because of my room-

the show anyway. He talked to somebody who said that it was an old Irish play and there was no place in it for a **black** person. I understood that.

**GAY:** What do you think of Candy Darling?

**SANDY:** I think she's a fool because she's making all these movies and not getting a dime. She's still begging. Andy Warhol is getting millions and they're getting nothing. Maybe I shouldn't condemn them because they're doing it for the exposure, but I don't see that.

**GAY:** Where have you been appearing recently?

**SANDY:** At the 82 Club as a production singer but, when I really get in the mood to sing, I do a spot. Right now, I'm in a Billie Holiday mood.

**GAY:** How did you get started as an entertainer?

**SANDY:** Well, once I was in a club in Washington called the Golden Beach and someone asked me to do a number. That

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## Shackup

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cock. It felt bizarre. Strange masochistic visions penetrated my fantasies: back on Crete again, yielded up as a sacrifice or tangled in the kelp of a blood-warm ocean, helpless to resist some amorphous sea-thing draining me from just out of my vision. . . . He was working himself up into quite a state. It culminated with drawing my prick right down into his throat, squirming gagging against the tip, while he put a tight lock on the base of it with his teeth and gurgled and shuddered for some long moment out of mind. Then he fell over onto his stomach and I stuck it in him.

This became the M.O. for our every commission of the crime of fornication. Nothing quite so infuriated his sex drive as having me crouch over his face, holding my cock soldier-still while he butchered it with teeth and tongue and rolled my balls around in his fingers with breathtaking delicacy. After a long stretch of that, he would lie in a state of euphoric delirium while I soaked it into his ass, culminating when we came in a kicking, shrieking, growling, gnashing, flopping frenzy.

And it was after just such a lewd episode we noted the emergence of a little bump, about the size of a robin's egg, at the hole of his ass. Although painless at first, after a couple of weeks, during which our lovenaking inevitably diminished in ardor, it began to plague him, and we sought help at St. Vincent's.

Blue Cross is a wonderful thing. It will even cover pre-existing conditions, providing you sign away a sizeable tithe of your income to it forever after. He was set up in a very knowledgeable hospital, and while he went under the knife, I stayed home and chopped up raw kidney for the accursed cat. With various complications, he was laid up for nearly a month, and to this day whenever I smell piss I think of that fucking cat.

Betimes, though, he came home again, spectacularly depressed and upbraiding me for failing to visit him more than twice. He could barely fucking walk. And he was bonier than ever, with edges on the bones now, and the veins visible under the pale flesh all over his body, and his hair thin and stiff, and his eyes blood-shot. I tried blowing him and he tasted of adhesive and baby powder and disinfectant, and when he came he whimpered, and after that he cried for a while, and lay flat on his back staring at the ceiling while the greasy dawnlight slowly polluted the darkness out in the airshaft. It was time to bolt. I was glad to leave. He was glad to see me go.

But to this day I miss those teeth. . . . And when you come right out and ask a guy to bite you while he's scarfing your cock, he thinks you're nuts. So, man, if you are ever requested by a gentleman to do this to him, try it before you write him off as a nut. You might like it.

## Estate

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everyplace. There are department stores just like Korvettes and Gimbels. There are pleasant sea-side promenades and automobile traffic speeds along without jam-

ming up. It is a thriving city of no interest whatsoever.

Our stroll along the beachfront led us to two lovely urchins, just children, busily engaged in filling a beer bottle with sand. They also were exhibiting their little cocks to one another; they flirted with passers-by.

Bremerhaven, blessedly, is a place one never has to bother coming back to. It is, in so many ways, like Kennedy: no, like Newark.

Cheers,  
Gregory

## Cooper

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shrink from gay lyrics, he specializes in them. This attractive and quick-witted young man maintains there are two types of predominant gay scenes musically: hard sex rock, and the sublimated torch song. Wagner sings neither.

On his first disc **To Be A Man** for Trilogy Records, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019 (available by mail for \$4.95) Wagner talks directly and openly about gay love without hiding in the future or the past, without flashy gimmicks. For him gay lib means plenty, but not at the expense or in place of personal liberation. His folk music idiom responds in the larger context to this personal freedom concept.

"My music is more real," Wagner says, "because it demands more from an audience. With sex rock and torch songs you can passively sit back and let the music pass over your mind like a wave. But then the tide recedes and the experience is over. I won't spoon-feed an audience. They have to actively listen and participate. However, after that's been accomplished we've communicated, we've reached each other. That's what music is all about, and that's the reason why I chose to become a singer."

Audiences approve where he's appeared at the Fat Black Pussy Cat, Brothers and Sisters, and the GAA Firehouse. You can catch his act Aug. 28-Sept. 1 at Reno Sweeney's, 126 West 13th Street.

Wagner's voice has a natural, soft-spoken quality, warm and more exposed than his speaking voice. He discovered his voice while singing to keep warm while hitchhiking in mid-winter to the University of Michigan. That was at the tender age of 18. He's 23 now, and Wagner describes the years between as a "long tortured struggle" to overcome gay hangups. At the end of that road at last, he decided the best way to celebrate the fact was to sing about it. So, in a sense, he has pioneered the introspective gay song, material which talks about love, gay relationships, and personal liberation.

People have reacted to the gay lyrics positively, "even in straight places," he says. The worst experience was to be "ignored."

## Sandy Day

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is just pantomime, though. So I did a show there and it was alright, but I still wasn't too interested in it. I'm not fully hopped up on being in show business. I'd like to get into modeling, but I felt that entertainment was a good place to start.

**GAY:** Modeling is a tough business, right?

**SANDY:** In my case it is. If I were a regular girl, I would just go and sign up with an agency, but I have to go through a lot of changes. However, now that I've undergone some physical changes, I feel that I may be able to do better.

**GAY:** When will you undergo the sex-change operation?

**SANDY:** In the near future. I'm not sure when, but it will come when I'll just say "this is it." I've been living as a woman for about three years and I feel this has given me the preparation I need. I tried to live as a boy not long ago for one week to make sure that this is what I really want, but I freaked out more that way because of the way people related to me that way.

**GAY:** Is the sex-change operation really necessary?

**SANDY:** Some people get the sex-change because they fall in love with a straight guy and they want to become a woman so they can please him. In my case, I just feel that I've gone too far along in it to turn back now. Oh, I could stop getting the hormones but what would I do?

**GAY:** Just continue on as you are.

**SANDY:** As a woman I could at least get into the race.

**GAY:** Have you thought what it would mean from a standpoint of marriage?

**SANDY:** Well, I haven't given that too much thought. I'm mostly interested in my career at the moment.

**GAY:** Do you have a boyfriend?

**SANDY:** Yes I do.

**GAY:** Is it easier as you are to deal with sex than as a gay male?

**SANDY:** No, it's harder now. My boyfriend does want me to have the change and, as I said, I plan to do it, but not solely because he wants me to. When I was functioning as a gay person, it was easy because people knew what to expect; but now it's a different story.

**GAY:** Do you find yourself having sex with people who don't know the whole story?

**SANDY:** I don't find myself having sex with people at all.

**GAY:** You have less sex than before, then?

**SANDY:** I don't like sex now.

**GAY:** Why not?

**SANDY:** Well, I can't really do anything. **GAY:** Can you use your cock in the traditional way?

**SANDY:** I could were it not for the hormones, but very honestly I don't like it, I have to tie everything up and have that pressure and nothing is fun if you're inhibited or worried about it. **GAY:** Is this a psychological thing or is it something else?

**SANDY:** More psychological than anything else.

**GAY:** Do you ever find yourself getting an erection?

**SANDY:** Not anymore because of the hormones.

**GAY:** How specifically do you hide your cock?

**SANDY:** Well, you take the testicles and push one into the cavity where the other one is and then you push the cock into the space where the first one was. So going through all of these changes makes it no fun at all.

## Jim Owles

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good, but I think otherwise. It demonstrates a certain strength that we've achieved. Some are more political, while some are more social, but having so many different gay-oriented groups gives us an increased feeling of strength. The fact that organizations, whether the GAA or Mattachine, don't have to do everything by themselves is good also. Each of these special interest groups makes it easier for the others.

**GAY:** Why isn't there more cohesion among all these groups?

**OWLES:** New York is too diversified a city to try to bring them all into one camp. Occasionally they can get it together for one effort like the Christopher Street march. Contrary to what a lot of people think, that effort was made by a lot of different groups of people: bar people, non-bar people, people who were into leather, radical lesbians, and they all got it together to do this. That's great, but trying to keep them together under natural circumstances would be difficult because they would be at each other's throats all the time. As it is they are working in their own organizations doing the best job they can, instead of fighting.

I can remember when GAA and Mattachine used to be at odds all the time, trying to claim credit for each other's work. Now we have a good working relationship from all groups, and they will band together against a common enemy like police trouble or something like that. **GAY:** What will New York be like under Abe Beame, presuming he wins the mayoralty?

**OWLES:** I have to be a little pessimistic because while I don't believe he's going to try any big crackdowns on either gay people or other groups, I see four years of stagnation. If he were more polarized it would be easier to fight him. It was easy to fight Johnson, for example, because he was heavy-handed, but Beame isn't, and he may just ignore us and let the city slide down. It will be difficult and I can see him giving the city over to real estate interests, and closing down a couple of 42nd Street porn houses every so often to make the headlines. Regrettably we are entering an era of **Eisenhower lethargy**.

**GAY:** Will your new organization be formed before the November elections?

**OWLES:** Yes, and obviously we'll have to have a long discussion about who we'll back, but my personal choice is Albert Blumenthal. They would never back anyone like Beame but they might endorse Badillo if he were to run as an independent. This would make good sense because even though Beame is probably a sure winner, endorsing someone else would show that we've had enough of Beame's type and want to go all out for a candidate who is going to do something. The thing that impresses straight, old-fashioned politicians like Beame is political muscle, and if we can put out with a strong showing it would have more effect on someone like Beame than all the demonstrations in the world.

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