

sent
12/9/85

Dec. 3, 1985

Dear Paul,

Enclosed is a copy of my 2nd edition...I'm real proud of it. I hope you like it. Have placed it in three bookstores already. I'm having a sales flier printed up and would like to discuss enclosing the flier in your Janus packets (i.e., you can continue sending my 1st edition pamphlet, but enclose the flier offering the expanded 2nd edition, too). I've also sent a copy to Judy.

Am feeling very hopeless and trapped, waiting for word on the surgeons. Any response from them? I keep thinking "any day now" and the closer I imagine it is, the more I am confronting my bodily needs in preparation for the surgery, the more frustrated and disassociated I feel with myself now. But then it seems really NOT to be any closer as I wait months, years. And so I'm dangling in this state of being/not being there, and trying to deal with it while trying not to think about it. My physical relationship with Tom has been drastically affected. 1985 really has been one lousy year. I had hoped to get something exciting between my legs this year...little did I know I'd have to settle for a motorcycle (bought a new Honda Rebel to replace the junker you saw me on on Castro St. - HELP before I spend all my money!).

A really cute boyish girl in my sister's Multiple Sclerosis support group is flirting shamelessly with me. She invited me to her place and I'll go this week. She says she has a boyfriend, but I've never seen him around. I want to "kiss her up" because she really is attractive (though in a wheelchair) and I know she likes me. (My best girlfriend in high school walked with braces and crutches from polio.) Remember you recommended I try girls? Well, it's happening and I'm feeling very sexual and very grossed out by myself. I just can't present her with pussy and fool myself into thinking she'll accept and enjoy me as a man.

Please let me know as soon as you hear something. I'm trying to "act normal" but everyone close to me is becoming affected by my unhappiness.

12/8 - P.S. The end of a perfect year - woke up Wed to find all 4 of my fingers lying dead in their cages. I'd had them almost 7 yrs.
P.P.S. Went to see Becky Fri. She was working at St Mustang Ranch in Nevada before she got MS 2 yrs ago. I think I've found the gal for me....