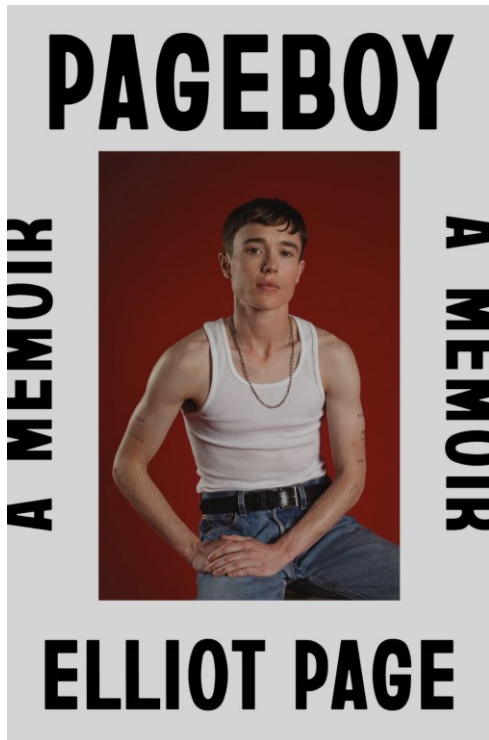


PAGEBOY: A MEMOIR



Book Summary:

The author's autobiographical account surrounding their sexuality and struggles with gender identity, relationships and career.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; violence including child abuse; profanity and derogatory terms; self-harm; alcohol and drug use by minors; alternate sexualities; alternate gender ideologies; controversial historical commentary; references to pedophilia; and references to hate.

Adult

By Elliot Page

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4 /5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
xi	And, when we are given the opportunity to tell our stories ourselves, queer narratives are all too often picked apart or, worse, universalized—one person becomes a stand-in for all. There are an infinite number of ways to be queer and trans, and my story speaks to only one.
2	The room had a Jacuzzi, and we sat in it without filling it up and flipped through the television channels, landing on a porno that incidentally also took place in a Jacuzzi. ...I thought about her incessantly—while we railed through Austria, looking at a sea of sunflowers; while I drank blueberry beer in a basement in Belgrade, lips purple, head spinning, like the last time we kissed, which was the first time; on a twelve-hour train ride from Belgrade to Bucharest during one of the worst heat waves in decades. ...We listened to Cat Power through shared earphones and sipped absinthe.
3	We leaned in so our lips brushed, the tips of our tongues barely touching, testing, sending shocks through my limbs.
6	“I think I may be bisexual.” I said this seemingly out of nowhere, having never conveyed anything like this to anyone. ...Still, I wanted to laugh with her, I mean being queer is funny and bad right? The word “homosexuality” simply uttered in health class would give way to a cacophony of snickering.
8	As a white kid growing up in Nova Scotia, I’d no clue about our history or our present. I was not taught it, the degree of our genocidal roots, the systemic racism, the segregation.
9	“Dennis, what are you gonna do if Ellen’s a dyke?” my grandmother asked my father as we all sat in her sunroom. Her voice that same sharp tone she used when saying racist things.
14	I’d experienced this inquiry as a queer woman, but as a trans guy it’s perpetual. ...I knew when I was four years old. I went to the YMCA preschool in downtown Halifax, on South Park Street across from the Public Gardens.
18	Still, it wasn’t long before I started exploring sexually, but invariably with boys. My first kiss happened with a boy named Justin. ...He’d built a fort around his bed, and like little spelunkers we would crawl inside and make out to Kenny G.
19	I was with Justin the first time I was called a faggot.
20	And that is where I sat kissing, decades later. Together at the base of the conifers, an empty liquor bottle by our side, perhaps left by two other lovers. Touching. Kissing. Holding each other. We were two boys, and we looked like two boys. “What are you, fucking faggots?” A group of teenagers were coming at us. Faggots. Faggots. Faggots. They were bigger, menacing, cruel. “Faggots. We are going to beat you up.” “I’m a girl,” I told them.
43	Growing my hair out for roles, body on the precipice of change, I would stare at the cis boys on set. Collared shirts, suspenders, knickers, and no tights. Instead of bows, newsboy hats. How is that not me? I move like them; I play like them. A gnawing feeling from toddlerhood, stored in the spine, like shingles, striking at a moment’s notice, spreading across my body, nerves exposed.

Page	Content
	<p>While making Pit Pony, my gender dysphoria was rife. ...My mother's queen bed had a frame that included tall wooden posts on the corners, the tops of them resembling upside-down ice-cream cones. When I was alone, able to keep my secret, I would climb up onto the bed. I'd stare at the post, aligning my torso so the spike would drill directly into my stomach. I'd hoist my body up, conspiring with gravity to impale myself. It hurt but also didn't hurt. I loved having an outlet for my self-disdain, the nausea, I wanted it scooped out. ...The man who had seen me on CBC found the website and reached out through it. Over the course of a few emails, a connection began to grow, a companionship. We wrote of our grievances, our loneliness, our incongruence with our surroundings and with ourselves. Kid drama for me, something else for him.</p>
46	<p>Not long after I moved to Toronto, he resurfaced, having known my plan to move there in the fall. The emails amped up. He would attach pictures of me with my eyes closed, and photoshop himself with massive angel wings above me, glaring down. They must have been stills he took on his television, they were not images I could remember. I'm going to cum on you in the clouds of heaven, he wrote. He'd send me links to missing children websites.</p>
52	<p>As if I was running through an unconscious checklist: 1. People cut themselves, I'll try that. 2. People get wasted, I'll try that. 3. People stop eating, I'll try that. 4. People repress, I'll try that.</p> <p>I would take a small knife to my room, place the tip on my upper arm, close to the shoulder. Pressing down, dragging it slightly, enough to see that red, enough for that relief. That did not last long. I got wasted one night by myself in Toronto, this is something people do to help, my brain divulged. I drank vodka straight from a juice glass at the small blue chrome dining table in the kitchen. Sipping, then tipping the bottle for more. Poor Wiebke came home to a wasted, emo teenager, Broken Social Scene's "Anthems for a Seventeen-Year-Old Girl" on repeat. ...Research has shown that transgender and gender-nonconforming youth are four times more likely to struggle with an eating disorder. My brain became consumed by counting calories, time passing, how to make myself full without making myself full. When to make the clear herbal tea that satiated my gut just enough. Endless gum chewing. Avoiding. I'd measure my All-Bran in the morning, the soy milk, too.</p>
57	<p>There was the director who groomed me when I was a teenager. His frequent texts made me feel special, as did the books he gifted me. He took me to dinner at Swan on Queen West. Stroking my thigh under the table, he whispered: "You have to make the move, I can't." On a project not long before, a crew member had done the same. In between takes he would talk to me about art and films, Kubrick naturally. He invited me to hang out on a Saturday afternoon. After a walk in the rain he grabbed me, asserting we go upstairs. Pulling me in to his body, I could feel his hard cock against me.</p>
58	<p>Hard Candy begins with a successful photographer named Jeff, played by the illustrious Patrick Wilson, chatting with a fourteen-year-old girl online. The plot hard to believe considering what had just transpired with my stalker. The banter is flirty, youthful. They</p>

Page	Content
	<p>meet up, he takes her home in his Mini, we are concerned for Hayley. They are drinking. Jeff wants to take photos, his tone shifts to frustration, aggression peeking through. ...Hayley believes he is involved in the kidnapping and murder of a girl her age, and makes it clear to him that if he doesn't confess, she will castrate him, a shockingly simple surgery that she has taught herself to do as an honors student. She freezes his dick with a giant bag of ice. Jeff is in agony, hands turning blue, pleading desperately, swearing he had no involvement. He screams, but it's useless. Hayley performs the procedure and dumps his testicles down the kitchen sink. Jeff can hear the garbage disposal masticating his balls. Ultimately, she doesn't really perform the surgery, but Jeff does admit to being involved. "I just took pictures," he says. Just a pedophile.</p> <p>...Burbank, often considered the media capital of the world, is home to Walt Disney Studios, Warner Bros., Nickelodeon Animation Studio, and a massive porn industry.</p>
59	<p>Pulling up to the Oakwood, I watched him type in the security code and the gate opened slowly. He walked me to the apartment, followed me in. He stood noticeably close, his body brushing my behind. His voice sweet, his hands on my shoulders, he guided me to the bedroom. I went stiff with a smile. Unsure what to do as he stood tall and removed his glasses. He laid me down on the bed. Starting to remove my pants, he said, "I want to eat you out." I froze. After it was over, he tried to stay in the bed with me.</p>
60	<p>I was standing in the empty living room, in front of the couch, when I felt her grab me. She pressed her face into mine, some version of kissing. That freezing coming over me again. The next thing I knew I was on the rug, the floor firm on my back. I didn't say no, I did not resist, I just stiffened. Lying on the carpet, I didn't make a sound. She began to dry hump me, at first slow, then faster and faster, her body on top of me, the weight grinding my spine into the floor. Her eyes were closed, head turned away from me, face perspiring. She huffed and puffed and began to moan. I didn't move, just stared up at the ceiling, then closed my eyes, then looked up again as she came. It was only the second time I had kissed a woman and the first time I had ever seen one come in person.</p> <p>This dynamic continued. She'd pick me up at my apartment, take me to hers, where a version of the same situation would play out. Me in bed, motionless, frozen, she on top of me, touching me, going inside of me. My rigidness would upset her, my numbness taking over, unable to touch her. We'd get back in the Audi and she'd drop me off at the sterile, one-bedroom apartment I ended up renting. She'd fuck me at work in my trailer. I'd sit on her lap and not know why.</p> <p>...Memories of her still lingered, the heavy breathing and the sweating above me. The arching of her back when she came.</p>
64	<p>It was 2014, and I had come out as gay only two months before at a Human Rights Campaign conference in Vegas called Time to Thrive, the inaugural event focusing on LGBTQ + youth.</p>
66	<p>"I'm going to fuck you to make you realize you aren't gay. I'm going to lick your asshole. It is going to taste like lime. You're not gay," he slurred. He kept describing how he was going to fuck me, touch me, lick me. How he liked to pity fuck women.</p>
69	<p>She was, is, smart, compassionate, fun, and our sex was unbridled yet safe. Perhaps the most uninhibited sex I've had, this new body offering a grounding, a presence. Enjoying things I never thought I would. Feeling queerer than ever. How deeply freeing to have someone love fucking my dick and my pussy and permitting myself to enjoy it.</p> <p>...When Madisyn arrived we immediately started to kiss, a physical chemistry that takes</p>

Page	Content
	<p>control, magnets sucking. I moved down her body to my knees, her hand resting on my head, ever so slightly pulling my hair. We had sex for hours and then slept deeply.</p>
70	<p>West Hollywood is known as an LGBTQ + area of Los Angeles. Rows of queer bars run along Santa Monica Boulevard, mostly catering to cis white gay men. Rainbows line the streets. ...We wrote then fucked then ate then napped and then I left the hotel for the first time at around four to go to Pink Dot, a convenience store directly across the street on Sunset. ...“Don’t look at me, you fucking faggot! Faggot!” He screamed this at me, over and over. Every faggot getting louder. No one near us on the sidewalk. ...“Don’t you fucking talk about me, faggot. I know you’re talking about me. I’m going to beat you up, fag!” He charged toward me from behind, yelling at me, Madisyn hearing all this through the phone. “I’m going to fucking gay bash you, faggot.” He started coming faster. This time I ran, trying to reach Pink Dot before he reached me. That jolt of panic, a flashback to being with Justin on the hill or when another man in West Hollywood, years before, screamed, “I’m going to beat you into the ground, you ugly fucking dyke. I’ll kill you before the police get here.” My friend Angela and I sped away in her car. Or when I ran from a group of teenage girls who surrounded me at eighteen. “It isn’t Halloween. Why are you dressed up as a lesbian?” one of them asked as they approached, threatening me.</p>
72	<p>My friend Genesis and I passed a man who proceeded to turn around and throw his beer at the backs of our heads. “Faggots! Faggots!” he said as he walked away.</p>
77	<p>Gertrude almost never ate, her face gaunt, angular, and sharp, a body as thin as a rake. She self-medicated with downers, swigs from tiny bottles, mood swings fluctuated from one extreme to the other. Sylvia’s parents leave Sylvia and their younger daughter, Jennie, with Gertrude and her swaths of kids for twenty dollars a week. When the first of the money is late, Gertrude takes it out on Sylvia and Jennie. Leading them down to the basement, she demands they bend over and aggressively flogs them. The abuse escalates, Gertrude encouraging her children to join in as well. In one of the most horrifying scenes to film, Gertrude forces Sylvia to stick a Coke bottle up her vagina in front of the other children. ...The Coke bottle scene culminates in her being dragged toward the basement steps. Screaming and crying, she is hurled down the stairs. Smashing her head on the cement floor, Sylvia is left with serious blunt force trauma. There were scenes in my previous films that had been difficult to shoot—violent, sexual, and physical. But this was different. Moments in this film were unspeakably brutal. As a teenager, I did not have the skills to turn it on and off as abruptly and easily as I can now. To leave the work at work. The scenes would linger, feelings stuck. It took longer to dislodge from the body. During Sylvia’s last moment alive, she was branded. Gertrude straddled her while one of the kids held Sylvia’s hands above her head. Someone passed out in the theater during this scene when the film premiered at Sundance in 2007. I don’t blame them. Sylvia died not long after that. Torment written in her flesh.</p>
80	<p>“I’ve already dealt with my issues,” he said before pulling away. “I think I’m gay,” I said once while we were fucking. Closed off, disassociated, not even</p>

Page	Content
	<p>performative. “No you’re not,” he responded, continuing with the pumps. ...We’d drink tequila and sit around her firepit.</p>
81	<p>My body, understandably, was done with me. That will not go in. That will not go in. That will not go in. My days revolved around the moments I was supposed to get food down. There was no hiding it now, my face cadaverous, body skin and bones. ...Flashes of the basement. The hunger. Forced to eat her own vomit. Screams ignored.</p>
85	<p>I was wearing a fake belly but not being hyperfeminized. For me, Juno was emblematic of what could be possible, a space beyond the binary. ...My mother and I shared a two-bedroom suite. And her being the daughter of an Anglican minister born in 1954 in Saint John, New Brunswick, well, it made it complicated when I met someone, the first woman I had a suitably consensual sexual relationship with. ...Sexually open, far removed from where I was at the time.</p>
86	<p>“Uh, I’m really attracted to you, too.” At that we started sucking face. It was on. I had an all-encompassing desire for her, she made me want in a way that was new, hopeful. It was one of the first times someone would make me cum, the first time I would open up. And we started having sex all the time: her hotel room, in our trailers at work, once in a tiny, private room in a restaurant. What were we thinking? We thought we were subtle. Being intimate with Olivia helped my shame dissipate. ...We would sometimes hang out in Michael’s room, and once Jonah Hill came to visit. It was after they had made Superbad but before it had come out. There was weed and gin.</p>
89	<p>I did not vomit from the age of eleven until I was twenty-eight, a few months after I came out as gay. ...My inability to vomit until then always felt poignant. Eleven was the age I sensed a shift from boy to girl without my consent. As an adult, I would say, “I just want to be a ten-year-old boy,” whenever dysphoria belted out its annoying song, a pop hit that you know the words to and don’t know why. It’s hard to explain gender dysphoria to people who don’t experience it. It’s an awful voice in the back of your head, you assume everyone else hears it, but they don’t.</p>
95	<p>When I made it to my room and closed the door, I realized my pants were wet, my crotch utterly drenched. I lowered my pants to see my underwear beet red, the cotton sodden with blood. Panicking, my hands shook as I carefully removed them, brushstrokes from my bloodstained panties leaving evidence on my thighs. The white undies now a dark velvet. My breaths were short, just managing to accomplish the in and out. I went to the bathroom and wiped myself. I left the crimson drawers and went down to the kitchen. “Linda?” A pause. “Yeah?” she said with that tone, her constant aggravation with me. My mind had left my body, my mouth on autopilot. “I fell Rollerblading and there is blood in my underwear.” I kept it simple. ...I can still see her face when she saw them, her eyes big and wide, an uncontrollable reaction to the grotesque quality of a kid’s underwear soaked in blood. ...Alone with the doctor, I lay on the examination table, the top of my body covered, the bottom bare. Her gloved hands moved as she spoke to me, talking me through what was</p>

Page	Content
	<p>next while I looked up at the lights on the ceiling, then back to her, slightly blurred, my eyes adjusting. She started to stick her finger inside my vagina, it made me clench my jaw and tense, halting my breath. She explained what had happened in detail, but all I remember is the words “torn something,” and the cold realization that that something was inside of me.</p>
98	<p>We’d fool around upstairs. I didn’t really like it, but I didn’t mind it either. The kissing, meh. The dry humping, all right. I would pretend to cum, not that Kenneth wasn’t or wouldn’t be fantastic in bed, I am certain he would be a selfless and generous lover. When we tried to have sex, his dick just would not go in. That whole “wet” thing wasn’t happening. We’d try and then stop, try and then stop, try and then stop, and then we stopped trying. I was lucky it was with someone as lovely as him, it could have ended a different way. I had this idea that something had happened to my vagina during the Rollerblade incident, causing my body to refuse entry. Everyone was talking about “doing it” and “hooking up” and “virginity” and “cum,” and I didn’t get it. Was everyone also pretending? I avoided sex with guys and suppressed my real, unrequited crushes. ...She assured me there was nothing wrong with my vagina. All clear. The response was frustrating at the time—now I had nothing to blame. I sat up and covered my vagina, thinking, Perhaps if I have sex enough I’ll convince myself I enjoy it? As my inaugural gynecologist visit was coming to a close, the med student looked at me. “I really liked you in Hard Candy,” she said.</p>
113	<p>I wished so badly to be Elliott when I was a little boy. For my first Halloween after I came out as trans, I donned a red hoodie and by chance already had sneakers that looked just like his in the film.</p>
125	<p>Beer and tequila and wine made their way about as people sang songs and read poetry. ...The next morning, plenty of us haggard from the booze, we stood outside in a circle.</p>
127	<p>The first time I tried to speak to my mom about sexuality, it didn’t go very well. I was fifteen and coming to terms with how attracted I was to women, only letting myself think of them when I was alone. Searching online: Am I gay? How do I know if I am gay? ...“Mom, I think I may be gay—” “That doesn’t exist!” she yelled before I’d completed the word.</p>
128	<p>At one point, suspecting it was a group of pot smokers (it was), she said I couldn’t be around them, despite being aware of the extreme drinking in the jock scene. We didn’t not drink, but nothing like the popular kids. Anytime I hear Joe Budden’s “Pump It Up” I’m transported to 2003, a living room in the South End, drowned in the stench of alcohol and sweat and horniness. Armpit stains taking shape on the American Eagle shirts, girls grinding their asses against the guys, like in the music videos on television. It was unusual when someone didn’t have to get their stomach pumped.</p>
129	<p>“I’m gay, Mom, you know that, right? I’m gay and I’m not going to end up with a man,” I finally said when a woman moved in with me. ...When the scene arrived with me in my superhero costume, standing in the doorway trying to get Rainn to fuck me, I cringed. My character stands, stroking her pussy under a little skirt while saying, “It’s all gushy,” before forcing herself on him. Fuck, I thought, regretting both the scene and inviting my crush.</p>

Page	Content
140	We sipped tequila as I attempted to lighten my tone, to lift my shoulders, muster some energy that would make me give a fuck.
171	<p>The party began calmly enough, then snowballed into the kind of party I'd seen in movies starring Jennifer Love Hewitt. They were not supposed to be drinking, but shockingly, alcohol was everywhere. I had yet to really try liquor, other than sips of a parent's beer here and there and the champagne cocktail I was allowed on New Year's Eve that made me frolic about the house until I fell into a peaceful slumber. My days of high school parties had not quite arrived, but they would soon, where drinking was a sport as much as the soccer we played.</p> <p>A friend of my cousin's sat down next to me, drunk, and started asking me about Canada.</p>
174	<p>Despite my feelings, I pursued boys. There was a cute guy who had dirty blond hair and an interesting face with piercing eyes and a strong jaw. I did not necessarily enjoy kissing him, but I loved the adventure of it, the potential, maybe I can like a boy? We did not spend much time together in junior high, but the intimidation of this new frontier found us leaning on each other. Or perhaps he just wanted his dick sucked.</p> <p>We'd hook up secretly in hidden corners around school. We would roll around together in the girls' soccer room, where my teammates and I would prepare for practice. It reeked of stinky shin pads and scrimmage uniforms that needed a wash, a cloak of stale sweat. The space was chaotic, with one of those very large, very thick blue crash mats off to the side. We lay on the cushy surface, making out, touching, dry humping.</p>
175	<p>I left the room and took a right down the deserted hallway. He stood outside les toilettes with an endearing confidence that couldn't quite conceal his nerves. The bathroom was vacant, soundless. We crept in, whispering, and sped into a stall, looking at each other with mischievous smirks. Lips smacking, he put his hand on my breasts, my nipples grew hard. Fussing with his pants, he zipped open the fly, and pulled his cock out, perky and firm. He spit on his hand to moisten his dick, stroking it until my hand replaced his.</p> <p>"Will you suck it?" he asked, his eyes begging for it.</p> <p>I got on my knees. Holding his penis, I lined it up with my mouth, opening wide, inviting it in.</p> <p>Our extracurricular activities were typically focused on his pleasure.</p> <p>A staggered return to class, him first, me second.</p> <p>...The thrill faded, sensation not outweighing risk. And you can't be going to the bathroom the same time every class or le professeur will catch on. Dry humping in the soccer room also lost its appeal—I had grown bored and numb.</p>
178	We smoked a joint, getting lost in conversation as the crickets joined in.
182	<p>She kissed me.</p> <p>When our lips touched, I short-circuited, the elasticity of my brain not yet able to bend around what was happening. I jerked back, separating my body from hers.</p> <p>...Despite not being religious at all, a small part of me wondered if God had seen. If I had sinned.</p> <p>Later in the year, after many months of awkward silence and no sandwiches, I went to a party at a classmate's house. Teenagers crowded into the space, drinking and dancing. I saw Jessica. I was buzzed and determined not to be a coward this time. We sat down in the same large chair in the corner of the living room. A big yellow Lab kept coming to say hi. Something was different. I was different. I didn't crumble or shake. And this time when we kissed, it wasn't brief. I did not pull away, but pushed in. My tongue found hers, exploring,</p>

Page	Content
	<p>moving with the music, dancing in our mouths. I felt her hand reaching for the top button of my jeans.</p> <p>“Is this okay?”</p> <p>“Yes,” I answered with a nod.</p> <p>She slid her fingers down my pants and touched me.</p> <p>“You’re so wet,” she said.</p> <p>And I was. Turned on in a way that was new, I felt the sensation I had only managed to reach on my own until this point. My body quivered, I wish we’d been alone, but the presence of others snapped us out of it.</p>
188	<p>Within our first week, someone approached Kiersey on set, sitting in her chair between takes, you only have this part because you’re Black, you know, he said to her.</p>
193	<p>I’d always been told I was gay, made fun of for being a dyke. I felt more comfortable in environments with queer women, but inherently something in me knew that I was transgender.</p> <p>...The first time I acknowledged I was trans, in the properly conscious sense, beyond speculation, was around my thirtieth birthday. Almost four years before I came out as trans publicly.</p> <p>“Do you think I’m trans?” I’d asked a close friend.</p>
195	<p>“Do you think you’re trans?” Star asked me, locking eyes.</p> <p>“Yes, well, maybe. I think so. Yeah.”</p> <p>...The world tells us that we aren’t trans but mentally ill. That I’m too ashamed to be a lesbian, that I mutilated my body, that I will always be a woman, comparing my body to Nazi experiments. It is not trans people who suffer from a sickness, but the society that fosters such hate. As actress and writer Jen Richards once put it:</p> <p>It’s exceedingly surreal to have transitioned ten years ago, find myself happier & healthier than ever, have better relationships with friends & family, be a better and more engaged citizen, and yes, even more productive ... and to then see strangers pathologize that choice. My being trans almost never comes up. It’s a fact about my past that has relatively little bearing on my present, except that it made me more empathetic, more engaged in social justice. How</p>
199	<p>Not long before my heart was shredded by “Ryan,” I saw the superb, painful, and infuriating documentary God Loves Uganda, a film by the astounding Roger Ross Williams. The doc examined the role of American evangelicalism in Uganda, its ties to a recently introduced bill, the Uganda Anti-Homosexuality Act—which then suggested the death penalty for LGBTQ + people—as it gained serious momentum. It follows missionaries, evangelical leaders, and the LGBTQ + people of Uganda who fight for their right to exist. These activists were standing up against vicious oppression, rhetoric, and ideas originally introduced and continuously perpetuated by the West. Concealed in “good deeds,” American missionaries created infrastructure for access to indoctrinate the populace, which fueled anti-LGBTQ + violence and hate. These activists should not have to be doing this work, but the reality is that they have no other option, they can’t rest. They face extreme and brutal consequences, in large part because of the exportation of American evangelical anti-LGBTQ + religious and social doctrine. It is true for those who are the most vulnerable in the States as well, it is simply disguised better. To some, people like me being on the cover of major magazines must mean things are all good. What could they possibly be complaining about? Pink washing works.</p>

Page	Content
201	<p>I had never had a one-night stand. I had barely even slept with people casually. ...I wanted those things, those adventures, even if they were awkward and messy or ill-advised or out of my league.</p>
202	<p>My first one-night stand has, to this day, been my only one-night stand. She was the first person I slept with after my relationship with Ryan ended. Heartbroken, but numb at this point, I had met up with my friend Shannon at a bar on Sunset Boulevard in Silver Lake, where we typically converged in the compact outdoor area. Vines curled over the top of the tall walls, as did the rising fog from cigarettes. We sipped tequila with a touch of soda and lime. I hoped a tequila or two would enhance my numbness. My friend did not know how badly my heart was broken, I could not tell her.</p> <p>...She was hot, she was flirting, and I was flirting back. Another friend arrived, and soon after, Shannon and she split off, allowing me to turn my full focus to the conversation with my new pal.</p> <p>We didn't have much in common, but that wasn't really the point and I think we both knew it. We sat progressively closer. Time passed. It was not until I got up to go to the bathroom and to get us another drink when I finally asked her name and shared mine.</p> <p>...I returned with drinks, but we left before finishing them. Her place was not far west, a two-story condo in an old low building. Built presumably in the 1930s or 1940s, its architecture was distinct, not art deco, not quite Craftsman, definitely quaint. We sat in the living room briefly, she drank straight from a bottle of champagne. No longer amid the cozy buzz of the bar, her energy shifted, she was frenetic, zooming from one topic to the next, pacing about. Only later was I like ... oohh cocaine! I always forget about cocaine.</p> <p>We went upstairs so she could "show me her room," and the moment we walked through the door, we fell into bed together. Her kissing was fierce, no warm-up, clanging teeth. Clothes started coming off. She was dominant. Her tits were almost immediately in my mouth. I grabbed them, they were perfectly round and soft. I sucked and swallowed and teased her nipples with my tongue. I felt them get hard in my mouth, she started to moan. Pushing me back on the bed, she lifted the short skirt she had been wearing and climbed on top of me. Riding and grinding, her head was back, arms straight, propping herself up with her hands on my shins. She rose and caught my eyes. She stared down at me with that vacant glare, pupils dilated, looking right through me. Placing her hand on my throat, she squeezed and squeezed as she continued to rub and pound, her coked-up eyes squinted callously.</p> <p>Now, I don't mind a hand on the throat, some pressure, a squeeze, that's fun. But full-throttle choke? First time?... Nah. I didn't say no. I've almost never said no, and times when I have, it didn't do a whole lot, or made things worse. I wanted to stop it but couldn't make a sound—not just because of her hand. It was like a dream where you need to yell but your mouth produces silence, like a dream where you go to run, but your legs remain still, feet locked to the ground. Her hand tightened harder and harder, preventing my breath from flowing until she came on top of me. Loud and distant. Her body folded forward, her head landing on the pillow next to me as she rolled off.</p>
205	<p>She leaned forward in her chair. Placing her hand on my leg, she kissed me and I kissed her back. We were soon in the bed and stayed there until the morning light greeted us.</p> <p>Awkward at first, as it always is, struggling with buttons, subtle tumbles while removing tight jeans, bodies reading each other, working to connect, to sync, to find that flow. It felt</p>

Page	Content
	spontaneous and safe and, most important, open. A new world. We fell asleep, but not for very long. Shockingly, we awakened hungover and hungry.
207	And she kissed me. Right there in the café. A first. ...I'd been broken up with Ryan for only a few months maybe. We slept together occasionally after breaking up.
211	It was a couple weeks later, on Valentine's Day, that I came out as gay.
215	When we got back, we immediately went to my bedroom. Kate lay on her back, removing her clothes, while I stood at the base of the bed removing mine. I moved to crawl on top of her. Our mouths fused, our bodies meeting for the first time. Kissing her neck, I placed my hand on her inner thigh, slowly moving my fingers up. It was a successful first date. So they continued.
219	I couldn't help the flashes of her lifting me naked onto the desk, fucking me while she watched my ass in the mirror.
220	We had a sex scene, one of the more intimate ones I have done, both of us practically naked, my chest on display.
231	She had been living between Halifax and Fort Greene ever since she started dating the mother of my high school friend. Her relationship with my friend's mom captivated me, in a whole league of their own, no restrictions.
239	The shop windows did not put a pep in my step, no longer were people referring to me as my correct gender. I first started to properly contemplate top surgery during this time. Realistically it had been on my mind for years. Reaching out to surgeons was the first step.
240	My brain was doing everything to get around it, for it to not be the case, it was just too fucking much to contemplate. An actor, an established career, people hate trans people ... etc.
251	My mind kept returning to this question, whenever I saw anyone who knew me—really knew me—so I asked Bea: "When was the first time I spoke to you about potentially being trans?"
256	But everyone should have access to gender-affirming and lifesaving health care. It just should be.
257	Mark picked me up after the three-or-so-hour procedure. He took a photo of me when he first walked in the room. I lay there, partially propped up, high as fuck, wearing a black compression vest, my nipples just removed and slapped back on. The smile on my face, in my eyes, the degree of contentment glowing off me, phew.
260	As a trans person and a public one, the sensation is that I'm always pleading for people to believe me, which I imagine most trans people relate to.
261	"I guess that is just something you don't make a comment about," one of my dearest friends said on the heels of a long pause after I shared my decision to get top surgery, one of the first people I told.
262	I have been on testosterone for over a year now. Every Friday I wake up excited yet content, a new sense of calm in my life. I inject myself with forty milligrams of T, I'm changing, I'm growing, it's all just beginning.
264	And Peaches came out. Ferocious, confident, sexy, fearless. Barely clad in tight pink underwear and a black bra. There were dildos swinging, protruding out of the backup

Page	Content
	<p>dancers' crotches as "Shake Yer Dix" began. Spicy, gyrating queerness all around. Girls and boys they want it all Lay back and make the call You need that flip, yeah really quick And keep it so slow it sick You gotta shake yer dix and yer tits I'll be me and you be you Shake yer dix and shake yer tits And let me be you, too Sweat, smoke machines, cocks and tits ... the show excelled, but more than halfway through, Peaches's face narrowed, bending over partially, a soft sway, as if she might lose her balance.</p>
265	<p>For a sixteen-year-old trans kid, she offered something that I could not find elsewhere. A voice that said, fuck shame, fuck gender stereotypes, fuck not embracing your desires, and fuck not owning yourself.</p>

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	13
Cock	3
Dick	5
Dyke	6
Fag/Faggot	17
Fuck	60
Goddamn	2
Piss	2
Prick	1
Pussy	2
Queer	61
Shit	19
Tit	4