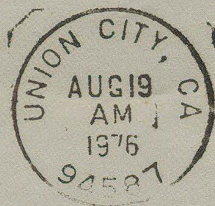


1975-77



S. Dain



Mrs Sheila Sullivan

861 Post.

San Francisco, Ca 94109

APT #16




Aug. 18

Dear Sheila -

Yes I would like to chat with you and arrangements will be made for us to talk as soon as all settles here -

In the mean time I'm glad you are seeking professional counseling so that at least you can share your deep concerns in confidence - but remember only you will be able to answer the questions you ask of yourself - so listen for your answers as you share your feelings with your counselor!

Sincerely  
Steve





When I read your story in the SF Chron  
& Oakland Trib, I ~~felt as though you were~~  
~~sent to me~~ I thought you a God-send.

I'm a 25 yr old female. ~~For~~ For the past  
3 years I've described myself as a female to  
male transvestite & have lived 24 hrs a day  
in men's clothing, ~~tho retaining my female~~  
~~identity~~. <sup>for years</sup> I have tried in vain to locate a  
female with similar feelings. ~~all this time~~  
I have <sup>fantasized</sup> mulled over in my mind switching  
over, ~~but~~ <sup>and, but</sup> in the past several months I  
cannot rid myself of the intense desire  
to do so. ~~And~~ <sup>Aug 2,</sup> for the first time, I've  
sought professional <sup>help advice</sup> ~~counseling~~ on the  
subject & will begin meeting a counselor  
on a weekly basis starting Aug. 16. However,  
my greatest desire at present is to be able  
to meet with & talk to someone who has  
gone thru this change. I so badly need  
peers <sup>as</sup> I am sure you ~~or also~~ ~~can~~ know,  
there aren't a hell of a lot of F → Ms  
around.

Would it be possible for us to meet  
& talk? I'm not sure just how fed up  
you are with talking about it or how

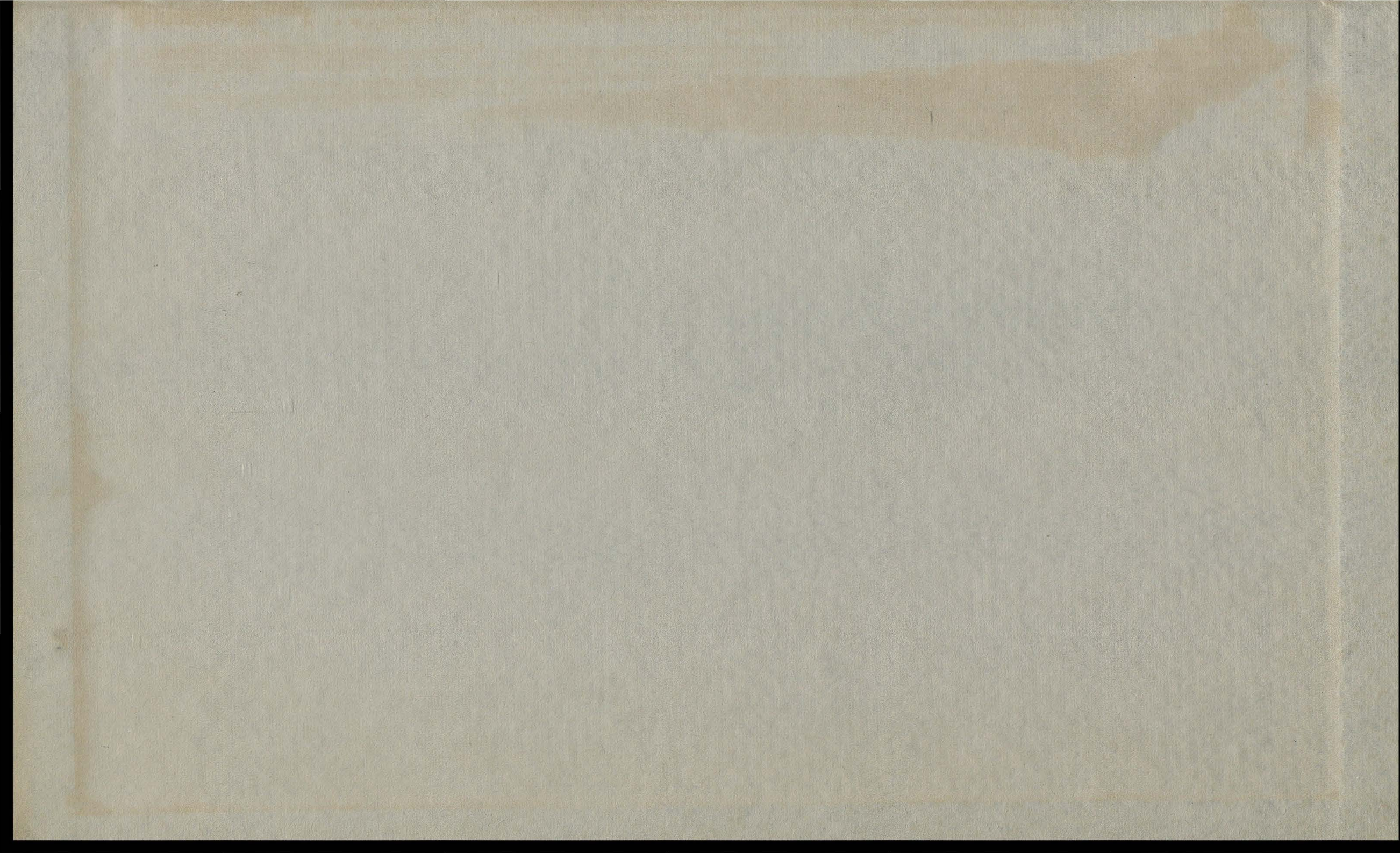


tired you are of being bothered by the  
public. So I will leave the next move to you,  
~~I guess~~. (In any case, please know that just  
<sup>being made aware</sup>  
~~knowing~~ you exist has made me feel less a  
screwball.) My address is [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED], I have no home phone, but my  
work phone (M-F, 8:00 - 4:30) is [REDACTED]  
I anxiously await word from you.

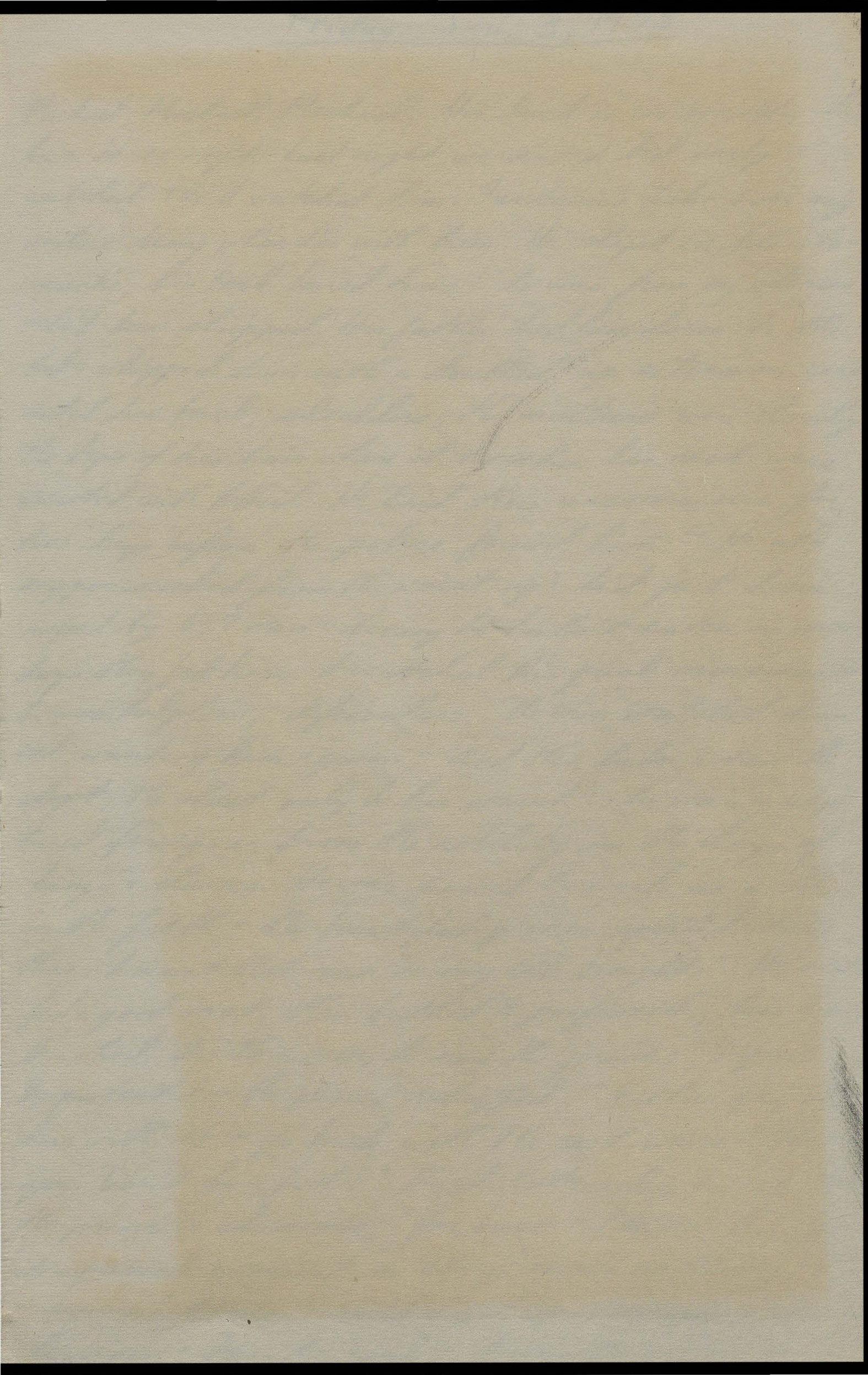
Regards,

\* I ~~have~~ retained my female identity, <sup>but I</sup> Tho  
<sup>can</sup> I do pass off + on in public.















Friday, Jan. 3, 1975

Michael, Michael, Michael. His back is so small, his hair is so soft. Last night we went to bed early & watched TV. I watched him. Fantasies take over my entire being when I'm with him. He slept on his stomach, his back bared to me: he was from my stories - he'd been stripped. His father tied him down to the bed & whipped him with a doubled-up extension cord until his back, shoulders, the mattress were bloody. The tips of his hair where it touches his neck were crusted with blood. He laid there unconscious for two days before the police found him. - He ate supper naked from the waist up: he'd just been raped by 6, 7 men & because he hadn't eaten in several days they fed him. I watched his quick movement - he was helpless, defenseless. The men watched him eat, wanting him again. - And then later when he slept, the sheet only to his waist: he was a captured foreigner from the nobility in the days of kings & slaves. He was forced to work as a slave in the filth & the beautiful prince spotted him there. "I want that man in my bed tonight." He was fed a good meal, then bathed & perfumed, his hair brushed. In the room, he saw the prince, "You!" He protested & the prince rebuffed, "Either you stay here with me or go back with the rest where I found you. Don't be a fool!" And later when he resisted the prince's advances, "You know & I know that you were passed around to every man on that ship - several times." And I got up enough guts to lean over & kiss his neck - I was the prince & he



finally submitted to me. I caressed him & he put himself in my arms but Ken withdrew quickly. My heart sank. Let me hold your small, soft, warm body in my arms... That's all I want. I was beside myself in grief as he laid apart from me. — He told me how at lunch with his co-workers they went up to some girls they didn't know to talk. Michael said he just went to wait for them in the car & he felt like a fag, but just couldn't approach girls like that. — Off<sup>on</sup> I thought of how he'd told me he had a "homosexual experience" about 2 yrs. ago. A few days ago Michael introduced me to a friend. He was big & hairy. Later M told me the guy had made advances to him 2 yrs ago, that the guy was breathing real hard & kissed him, sticking his tongue in M's mouth. M said he just about gagged on his tongue. The guy had a hard-on & was real turned on but M couldn't get into it — he could feel the guy's whiskers when they kissed, etc. Told M he has to get a soft little queen like I like. Esp. thought how M said the guy was "breathing real hard." Excites me to think the guy was so excited by Michael. — Now when I read back my fantasies here they sound really dumb, really off. But last night they meant everything to me & I couldn't have done without them. If he only knew how close I get to just holding him down & pressing my lips against his hard & long, kissing his eyes & cheeks, burying my nose in his soft soft hair & drinking his warmth, locking his soft warm fragrant shoulders in my arms & sleeping with him there against me. — I don't understand how he hasn't gotten anything & everything he ever wanted. Beauty is always used to achieve goals. Could that be only for women??



Thursday, Jan. 9

Last night Jim & I had anal intercourse & I pretended I was Michael. The old slave-master fantasy still held & I was Michael, captured & being taken off to be sold & on the ship over each of the men raped me several times. Beautiful, beautiful Michael - though there were women captured also, none of them compared in the least to Michael's beauty. Jim held me tight & the men caressed Michael, the feel of him excited them. I had no trouble opening up. And I could switch back & forth. I would love more than anything to enter Michael's small little virgin ass like that. To force my way in & then inhale the fragrance of his hair, lick the back of his neck, caress his chest & shoulders, & come inside him clutching him in ecstasy. My beauty, my beauty, Michael. - I won Secretary of Gay Peoples Union for 1975 unanimously. I can't believe everyone there likes me. I just can't believe that. Loren drove me, Duchess & Liz home after & Michael entered into the conversation. Dutch asked if he was gay, straight ?? Told him he's super asexual & into narcissism. He said that's something different & I said I just really get off on his vanity.

Tuesday, Jan. 21

Have been unbelievably busy this past week or 2. The monthly GPU business meeting was dragged out to 3 meetings, the paper is due & expanded 8 more pages, it's the first week of classes at UWM, on & on. Have hardly seen Jim lately but thank God this week is his last on night shift & next week things should get better between us. I've also



sensed a change in Michael's + my relationship. I've tried to cope with it by drawing the analogy that I'm a gay male who's fallen for his best room-mate... and there's nothing he can do to express his feelings for him. It's really hard for me to watch him make like he's trying to date all these girls - he even had me "feel out" one girl to see if she'd say yes if he asked her out. All the while my arms ache to press him against me. He has the habit of taking off his shirt in the house + walking around like that + my eyes burn to drink in the sight of him - I have to intentionally look elsewhere + avoid him. Only once every other day or so can I allow myself to touch him fleetingly when it's not necessary. - The change in the relationship is shown by the fact that he's gone to the couch again when Tim's not over. Says it's cuz it's too warm in the bedroom + cooler in the livingroom - but when I slept at Tim's he stayed in the bedroom. Also it's been a while since we went out to the bars together. And the worst is that he's said snide things about 3 times lately. All 3 I can trace to blows to his vanity: the worst remark was last night I phoned Tim to see where he was cuz he wasn't at my place when he said he'd be. Michael said now he wants to ask me a question, was my phoning Tim that way supposed to be love or something? Real snotty. And hell, if he'd only let me he could see how deeply I feel for him. Then this morn we were talking about the Beatles. Said I always liked Paul best + he said yeah I know why too - cuz he's PAUL. And from that I sense he's been reading my diaries. I've been keeping '74 + '75 at work just cuz I felt maybe he would go thru them. The 3rd time was I put up a beautiful picture of a boy, all clothed in the right places. But when Michael saw it he said real bitchy what's ~~that~~ the idea of putting up that



Surprise ending: Bill Smith spent a lifetime in Australia as a seaman, miner, jockey and horse trainer and was described by friends as a "hard-swearing old roustabout." But when Smith died, the obituary read: "Wilhelmina Smith,

88." Ms. Smith's sex, kept secret even in locker rooms and aboard ship in crew's quarters, was discovered in a hospital near Brisbane a few weeks before her death.



pornography. Maybe I'm oversensitive. But I really feel like the gay guy in love with his best friend. And he succeeds in making me feel like a fool so often, etc, with his aspirations toward this Eastern Indian spiritual trip & I'm so base & unenlightened about our astral body, "The Source" etc. etc. I just feel I wish he'd like me more & I can't live up to what he thinks is so great. We'd gone to supper last Fri & talked about this trip of his & I couldn't see it. He toasted to my "spiritual growth," I toasted to his "physical growth." That's when I felt things had changed between us. - Shit. I know I'm being oversensitive but I just feel bad he won't sleep with me anymore. And I refuse to say anything to him about it. He'll only shoot me down again.

Wednesday, Jan. 22

I'm sure now I was imagining all that bad shit I wrote about yesterday. Last night Michael slept with me & it seemed ~~at~~ like I'd just dozed off when suddenly Michael moved over & put himself in my arms, laying his head on my chest. I held him close, but gently, my heart began pounding & I began breathing irregularly & felt like I was trembling like an earthquake. Was sure he'd notice but he stayed there a long time & then moved away. - I wish I knew what limits he wants. Only a while before I fell asleep, I'd run my hand down his bare arm & he'd moved away immediately.

Monday, Jan. 27

Firstly, Charles is here! for a week. Just saw him for lunch - he's so important to me. Feel so good with him - such a good good friend. Secondly that stupid cunt who cut my hair butchered the shit out of



Michael's, Sat. He chopped off all his lovely thick fluffy curls + now he looks like a Drowned Prince Valiant. How could she possibly do that to him? It's like female revenge on the superior male beauty. What an insensitive bitch! And then he takes her out to dinner afterwards yet (He freaked when I guessed he did, simply cuz he didn't come home immediately plus he'd expressed interest in her before - she was the girl he wanted me to "feel out.") I can barely look at him, my poor assaulted Ection. - Fri nite he + I went to Karl Raasch's for dinner + the whole night was a bomb, other than I passed twice, the waiter seating us "gentlemen." But he even apologized beforehand for being in a bad mood + all he did was say how stupid I was, etc., when we had some teasing (I thought) light little arguments about nothing. Went to the RQ + he tells me he doesn't mean to say anything mean but he sure has a lot more fun at the bars when he goes alone. I just figured fuck him. So I wait + waited for Tim to get off work + his boss, who saw us once together, told Tim a guy was waiting for him. The cook asked the boss how he knew who I was + the boss answered real cocky "I know!" HA We had anal sex that nite + it was absolutely fabulous. I got into it SO MUCH. - And I still think about a mastectomy, about male hormones to lower my voice, give me hair on my wrists, sideburns.

### Friday, Jan. 31

So ever since the 24<sup>th</sup> when Michael was such a bitch to me, I've been real "indifferent" to him + trying to be less taken by him. And this Wed nite he asked me if something was the matter in the mornings when we got up. I said no, why? It seems he feels I act funny + offish toward him



in the mornings & did I have "trouble saying goodbyes?"  
& he actually asked if he had bad breath in the mornings!  
I laughed!! If he only knew how I felt toward him  
in the morning - what he's picking up on is my con-  
certed effort NOT to stare at him then, NOT to touch him,  
NOT to kiss him. I watch him every time he won't catch  
me, I look forward to when we drive to work w/ his friend  
Tom drives & Michael & I have to share the other seat.  
I am SO aware of his thigh against my thigh, our  
hips touching on the seat, his shoulder touching my  
shoulder. And then he wonders why I act funny toward  
him. I was really surprised - he told me not to take it  
so seriously. Told him from now on I'd give him a big  
kiss goodbye each morn & he said jokingly "on the lips??"  
& then "well, we'll see." Several times that evening he  
fished for compliments from me: making muscles  
in the mirror with his shirt off - don't I wish I had  
a body like his, he asks. Christ! And "you know  
Louie, yep right, that broad really DID fuck up my  
hair." - later Wed nite Tim & I took Charles & Jeffrey  
out to eat. At Warren drinking beforehand & when we left  
I told Charles to go give Michael, who hid in the bedroom  
the whole time, a big kiss goodbye. He went but when he  
leaned over the bed to kiss him, Michael turned his head &  
put out his hand & stopped Charles, telling him he didn't  
"dig that." Charles was a little miffed - I'd used him for  
my own titillation. (Oh, Michael - that from which you recoil  
is only gonna make your eyes moist.) Michael told me  
about it Thurs, asking what would I have done "if some  
big goon tried to put his mouth all over you?" Such  
dramatics! And then Michael expects me to give him my  
attentions when I fear the same rejection he dealt to



Charles. Doesn't he know that? (I passed as a boy in the restaurant we went to - a straight place - got in the men's room, no problem.)

Tuesday, Feb. 11

Tri ride Michael + I went to the RQ + in no time some babe leapt off the dance floor into his arms, kissing him, etc. He came over + told me he was going for a little ride with her. It turned me on to watch them kiss in the bar, but at the same time it kind of pissed me off he won't get within 50 ft. of me! About 3 a.m. he came to Warren with her (I was in bed) + they sat on the couch + had a little romantic tete a tete (like he "did to" me, as he put it). Sat he called off his date with her + we laid around Warren + watched TV. He was super nice + congenial. We had a playful wrestling match - the epitome of male affectionate physical contact - Fellini's Satyricon, it was hard, when I held him down, not to press my lips against his. He said this was his favorite thing to do on Sat nights - "lay around + watch the tube with Louie." Sun ~~to~~ we talked with Tim about M's new girlfriend. I said she had shaved-off eyebrows + M said "yer not sposed to look at that, Louie, yer sposed to look at how big her tits are!" I know I'm on the other side - he really must regard me more as a boy to relate male conversation like that. And there's such a mixed feeling. And I think it was Sat he asked if I'd thrown away a "movie magazine" he had when we moved from Albion. At first I really didn't recall, but Ken he said it was a nudie het mag + I probably would've hassled him if I did find it. I remembered, but played completely dumb. It was in my magazine rack + it was some weirdo het mag with girls with big bare tits + I don't recall my sentiments or why I did it, but I threw it away. I don't even remember if I thought it was his or not.



Anyway I played dumb, told him maybe it was around here somewhere but he said no, he looked all over for it. And that really pissed me - first he's SO ASEXUAL. Then he's got some pig hot porn he doesn't necessarily hide & then has the guts to ASK for it when it's gone. I felt super guilty about having thrown it out when I had no right to & it must have really bothered me deep down when I did it cuz I'd wiped the experience so completely from my mind. - Last nite he talked on the phone with his girlfriend for over an hour while I "slept." Then he came to bed & we watched TV - but he did something unreal. He was laying on his back, completely nude under his little blanket & he moved the blanket all down & brought it up between his legs so the only part of him covered was his immediate cock. I couldn't believe it! I don't know whether he was doing it on purpose or what - the whole side of his hips & butt were naked & I was just going nuts. Jesus Christ! All I could think of was how much he called Charles a slut - SHIT! He turned his head toward me a few times under pretences (to pet the cat, etc) & I couldn't tell whether he was trying to see if I were looking at him or not. And then one time he lifted the blanket to "adjust" it & I got a glimpse of his little cock - I was freaked at how hairless it was - I'd imagined him to have a literal bush of hair, based on his chest. Anyway the whole display kind of pisses me off cuz I'm sure he knows I desire him. - He was beautiful - his hair has begun to fluff & curl again, the light from the television shadows his hollow cheeks. Nervously I began talking about the TV show & I stroked his hair twice with the back



of my hand & pulled away immediately, scared of him. He finally brought the blanket up to completely cover himself & turned off the tube. I was so rattled, it took me several minutes before I could get the courage to rest my hand on his upper arm. It laid there about a minute & then he fidgeted & pulled down his blanket to his navel, gently moving away from my hand & saying he was hot, then corrected himself, "I mean warm. Isn't it?" I said not any more than usual. That was the end. I think so much of what a relief it will be to move to SF & get away from him. All he is is a tease & he enjoys it. To me it'll be a relief to be rid of this candy bar dangling in front of the starving. He's destroying me with frustrated, tortured & totally one-sided desire & it's not even funny anymore. The whole experience draws me toward Jim, his good love & our fulfilling relationship. His love is so much more satisfying than this bullshit cat-and-picture-of-a-mouse crap. I need a good trick for a night.

Thursday, Feb. 13

Bummed out last night. Beginning to think I'm going to break down & tell Michael I can't flush him out of my system. He sat with me as I ate supper, both of us in very pensive moods. And in the middle of our conversation, out of nowhere, he says, "You're really a very heavy lady but you're still fucked-up." I was really surprised & all I could come back with was "you should talk!" Then he said he was going to a movie with Diane, his new girlfriend. ~~There~~ There was a long pause & I finally said quietly "I have to try & not be jealous of her." He didn't say anything, but went to the unlit livingroom & sat & drank his wine. - Without saying anything more, I



got ready to go to Eldon's to drop off some typesetting. He asked where I was going & why. I said "whaddy a mean, why?" Walking there & back I thought of how he said I'm fucked up & realized that that's a relative observation: what he might view as fucked-up, I might see as an admirable & desirable quality. I walked into Warren & he was all showered & dressed up & beautiful & I said "you know I was just thinking - being fucked-up is a relative term..." He stopped me right there in the middle of the room, put his arms around me & kissed me. And finally I could wrap him in my arms & I just held him, grateful, relieved, feeling all the pent-up emotions just draining out of me. Gently I kissed his cheek, his lips, this good, good, beautiful person & I was cleansed, released, purified. It all lasted less than a minute. He says "You gotta teach Diane how to kiss..." & I said as he smiled back at me, "Shit! Let her get her own!" - Yes, he knows what side of the bread his butter's on.... - Then he went to the bedroom mirror & I came up behind him & threw my arms around him & said, "Hey, I like that!" He was smiling, "what." "Kissing you." - Tim came over & the 3 of us drove way out to the west side to pick up Diane. So strange that I felt no dislike for her - Hey sat in the front, we in back & I felt myself putting Michael out of my fantasies & into that front seat with a girl, thinking "No he's not gay - he likes girls. But he likes you too, there is a strong & good bond. His kissing me as his male friend meant more to me than anything he does with a girl - that's not important to me." It's so



hard to separate it all - I don't feel jealous of her - I felt rejected by him, fated in my position. But his little show of affection erased all that. I even felt glad he finally has a girlfriend. Horrest. I even think I could get to like her. - They went to a movie + Jim + I + Warren + we played records + ate + watched TV + everything became very clear to me. I was happy to be there with Jim as his lover + for the first time in a long time I held him + kissed him fully, freed from the fantasies that interfered with my love for him. I think I finally understand - and hope this is not also just another of my fantasies....

Friday, Feb. 14

Last nite Michael + I laid around + watched TV + he volunteered that he doesn't think he'll call Diane anymore. Root of the problem seems to be she's only 19 + he at 27 is having trouble with her inexperience, immaturity, whatever. One thing that really corked him was she told him he was a "good actor" apparently referring to his unconventional behavior, + that pissed him off plenty. He's into "performing" (getting into his scene in public), yes, but being an "actor" (connotating insincerity) no - something I understand fully. Told me he'd much rather be with me, he enjoys my company now, that I'm more interesting to him probably cuz I'm weird + he's decided to go to this upcoming party with me instead of her, tho she'll probably be there anyway + he hopes "she doesn't get the wrong impression." I guess she asked him "what should I tell my boyfriend about us?" - The wrong thing! While he was saying all this I couldn't help thinking he was



only saying it cuz he knew I felt bad & didn't want to jeopardize his good deal - I wish I had more confidence in my likability, cuz I know he's not an insincere person. - I feel I'm getting more insight into his "asexuality." While I, to a degree, shun sex cuz I'm uncomfortable with my body, he shuns it cuz he's uncomfortable with the accompanying emotions, attachments, dependences, the whole "love" syndrome, while he cannot accept sex without these feelings. Understandable. I'm really glad now I didn't succumb to my weaker moment the other night & tell him how taken down by him. Talked about SF & Michael said he felt it was too bad Jim & I are dependent on each other so that I felt I couldn't go out there without him if he decided not to go. Then, to feel out any present jealousy scene, he said the whole scene when he first moved in with me was "heavy, huh?" Said I felt Jim was over it & realizes my relationships with others don't affect his & mine. - Earlier when we were discussing our day, I was talking to him when suddenly, shocked, I realized as I spoke, "oh my god this boy is a ravishing beauty!" - Tonight, Valentine's Day, I'm going to buy roses for my two ladies, Jim and Michael -

Monday, Feb. 17

One step up from a totally disastrous weekend. My stars must be in a lousy place or something cuz all I've had is bad dreams & freak-outs all weekend. Early Sat he told me all how it was over with Diane, then he goes to a friend's, takes some speed, calls her & makes a date, breaking one he had with me for that nite. Bad dream that whole night where all he



did was laugh at me. He decked himself out in jewelry to tease me (in the dream) & then just laid there laughing & laughing as I watched him, knowing I desired him, laughing at my powerlessness to do anything about it. Then early Sun he tells me Diane & he were discussing the best contraceptive to use, but the last straw came when he asked me to tell him next time I sleep at Tim's so he can have her in bed, & when I expressed disapproval he tells me he likes me better anyway. I felt like I was being played for a real fool. Went in the other room & cried to myself, he came over & asked why. Told him I just feel bad that Diane can touch him & I can't. And that I didn't want to involve him in my own bullshit & simple jealousy & that I knew I had no right to say any of this to him, but he said yes I did. He repeated words he'd said before, that he couldn't cuz Tim, cuz of the methadone, but as Diane's now in the picture he added she's just pretty & he likes to look at her & when he's tired of her that'll be it. And that she felt the same way. "I have very little passion," he said. Told me how when he lived upstairs at Albion Tom's wife'd hop right in bed with him & grab his cock & he'd have to fight her off (it turns me on even to imagine he has a cock, like a boy). And that the love of his life had what he felt was raped him several times. Told him I don't want to have sex with him, I knew that'd ruin our relationship & he agreed emphatically saying it'd be awful, like having sex with his sister, incestuous. Said he didn't mind if I had him but shouldn't expect him to reciprocate. Said I only wished he wouldn't pull away. He said maybe he's insensitive & I agreed. - at the bar Fri nite he was sitting off by himself with his eyes closed & Tim told me Michael'd do anything



right now for a bit of smack. And I realize now that the desperation, disregard, cold self-centeredness & lack of emotion of the junkie is still a large part of Michael. Told him I'm pissed that he's imposing his REAL self upon my image, illusion, fantasy of him. - Bad dreams Sat & Sun nites: fires, bugs... wandering on the sidewalk with a torn open shirt, people grabbing me, I switching within seconds from boy to girl's chest, Ken back again & I wouldn't tell them anything... rooms full of people I wasn't allowed into. Just fears & fears & confusion that carry over into my waking hours - You know it really helps me to write all this stuff - I can see & understand it all more clearly & all at ~~once~~<sup>once</sup>. I can see a pattern or general mood where in just thinking of it, it's all jumbled up

Tuesday, Feb. 18

long scene with Tim last nite. He was pissed about the attentions I paid Michael at the bar last Fri. Went all the way from Tim's saying he wants to discontinue our relationship, to where we promised we'd never leave each other, no matter what. Said he didn't like me trying to make like Michael, he & I are a "threesome" or a "family" cuz all Michael is is a typical fucked-up junkie ripping me off. So Tim & I went to some corner bar & talked about moving to SF (July or August), Michael, New York, us. Told him bout my talk with Michael Sunday nite. It was like looking at Michael thru a whole new & true light when I began seeing him as Tim does - a junkie, which he is - if not in actuality anymore, he just did junk so long it's part of him. Tim told me I should get a dildo cuz he wants to be fucked -



told him I already had one + showed him, but expressed my hesitation to use it on him - rather suggested he get a boyfriend. He laughed, "Charles!" - But I'm really ready to go to SF. I'm honestly plain old tired of Milw, my friends here, GPU, my job, everything. I've been making excuses not to get together with friends, been very lazy + irresponsible at work, haven't visited the parents in so long, sick of the bars, GPU people, the streets + buildings + weather in Milw. I need a new atmosphere + I finally am ready. Both of us agreed we hated to even hang around til July or August.

Wednesday, Feb. 19

Just knew after Sun nite's talk Michael was going to start being much more attentive + physical with me just to placate me for his own benefit. I know he doesn't want or feel it. Sure enough - last nite I set type + got home late - he'd gone out, with Diane or Tim I figured. Went to sleep + when he came home he leaned over the bed + laid himself in my arms, saying how he'd "waited" for me til 11:00 to go out with him, etc. I have no feelings anymore. Since the weekend somehow I feel cold + unaffected by him - he no longer permeates my thoughts, I no longer crave to catch a glance of him, his touch no longer sends volts thru me. He came to bed + I stretched, he reached out + took my hand. Told me how much fun we'll have at that party Sat. But I've finally been hurt enough by him that I'm become immune to it - now I am the sister of his he feels I am. I don't give a fuck if he sleeps with Diane now - he's gone down so many notches in my eyes already.



And the sad thing is even if I tried to stab him with my scorn ("I'll be over at Tim's Friday night in case you'd like to have Deane over"), he wouldn't feel it. — I throw myself in Tim's arms. It always comes back to us. His long legs & pretty eyes. Been thinking a lot about his wishing I could fuck him anally. I feel such a lack — I wish it & I'm powerless. I suppose I could try to get a decent dildo & at least attempt using it, but it's so dumb — I want to be real, I don't want to pretend when I make love to him. We will run away — in SF it will be all new.

Thursday, Feb. 20

So where's my escape? After that whole rap I wrote yesterday, I got home late last night & Tim & Michael were laying on the bed watching TV. Paid all my attention to Tim until, when Michael said something I glanced over at him & my god, this magnificent naked animal, lean, hard, graceful — his tiny smooth shoulders & hard developed chest draped loosely by his blanket, his lips full & pursed, his small face, his eyes glowing & reflecting the television light, his soft hair mussed as though from love-making. How can one man be so breathtaking — So often I think of him as a lean animal —

Friday, Feb. 21

Intrigue! Power plays! Home from work — he was gone. Went to a meeting & then across the street to the RQ & in a few minutes guess who I see? I knew he'd be there! In a little while went over & said hi & oh! he throws his arms around me, he's so glad to see me here!!



I said "are you really?" Oh, yes! if I don't stay late he can give me a ride home!! I said good, I don't plan on staying late at all. So he gets himself 2 beers + I talk to someone else + see him go over + Steve's Diane. And oh! He huggy kissy por shit starts up + boy if he gets sick of that shit fast like he tells me he does, he must have been ready to vomit down her throat. And he keeps looking over at me to check if I see it all + I try not to let him catch me. Big. I went off to the other side of the bar where he couldn't see me + I wouldn't have to look at their sickness. In about 20 mins. I feel a hug from behind + Jeffrey saying "ba-bee!" + then a different pair of arms reach from behind + hug me, saying "I was here first!" I turn + Michael's hugging me. I eased out of his grasp + oh was so so glad to see Jeffrey, oh my favorite, threw my arms around him - intense conversation - completely ignored Michael. I refuse to be patronized like that. When I reached for my drink it wasn't there - Michael had it + was talking to some guy. I simply took it from him + pulled Jeffrey off away to talk. In about 10 mins. I see Michael + Diane leave. Mother fucker. In about 15 mins. I began walking home. Tried to figure out the power plays in progress. I figured at that point we were even. If they were at Warren kissy-pooing I planned my entrance (I the gay boy - He gets at it again - how sickening!) + we'd be even. But if they weren't there he'd be one up. But I never considered this: he's in bed alone watching TV + I said hi, definitely on top! Surprise - surprise. He'd only had about an hour from when he left the bar til when I came home so he musta took her right home + came right back - I tried to go to sleep + he watched TV another 10 mins + then turned off the lights. Not a word was said.



- It's so much easier to deal with him now as I see him thru Tim's eyes - as a fucked up straight junkie. Can't believe he'd be so dumb as to think I'd fall for his obvious snow job of physical attention. Must think I'm a real push-over. Guess I figured him to be much more together than he obviously is - he's just lucky to have an aura of being cool. Somehow his insincerity tripped him up. But he figures he's got it + I'm at the disadvantage cuz I opened my heart to him Sun nite. But I see my realness being my strength. Sat nite's party should be another strategy - he'll be with her + I alone. I'll treat him, + her, as though they're just kind of pitiful heteros who must be put up with but that I find rather distasteful, like all the rest of the straights. But try to keep jealousy out of it. The only way he could redeem himself would be if he displayed some REAL sincerity. But maybe I'm being a bitch. Think I'll innocently ask him tonight (if he's here!) "I thought you were gonna give me a ride last night." Make him out to be the big schmuck. If he says anything about my shunning him at the bar I'll simply tell him I don't want to be patronized by him. If he denies it - "Oh Michael, if you don't like the kissy-goo then spare me" or "Oh Michael you made it very clear to me your feelings on physical attentions + then you start it with me." Or as Alyn always says - shit or get off the pot.

An absolute score. So friendly + cheerful after work. He says "You were pissed at me last night, weren't you?" I said yeah, but I thought you ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> pissed at me. Oh, he said, he was real pissed. When Jeffery came up behind me, well, he



was only joining in the joke and, he said, you said "Fuck you!" I told him I never said that! He said well you pushed me away + I don't like displays like that in public. I said well I just don't like you doing shit like that to me. like what, he asks. "Oh all that grabby shit. You told me not to do it to you + I don't want you to do it to me." Well, he says, I can understand that - you shoulda just told me tho. Then he said Diane was real pissed cuz he made her leave right away. (So he was that pissed!) Asked how I got home + I said walked. He said all that way? Told him it wasn't that far + it gave me time to think - Told him I'm going to the party with Greg-Linda. He was disappointed - said well you're going with Diane, aren't you? Or he'll probably meet her there. I'm sure I want to go there with him or he can meet her. - Told me he's going to Chicago for a weekend with her + they'll stay at his sister's. Isn't that nice? Gee, I wonder what she's telling her boyfriend about "Hem."

Monday, Feb. 24

So I hope it's over. My passion for him seems to have fizzled out. Sat nite he got all precious beautied up for the party + I wasn't even interested. Honest to shit, I barely glanced at him + had no desire to "drink of his beauty" as I'd done endlessly before. He was a hippie dressing up for the hippie party. Then he brought Diane to Warren + she put makeup on him + I goddam swear it was embarrassing cuz everytime I saw them they had their hands + mouths all over each other. But I'd be damned if I was gonna hide in another room til they left. So went about my dressing



for the party. Waiting for Greg, they on the couch making out, me on the chair drinking & listening to Lou. They decided to leave & in front of her, Michael leans over & begins kissing me real long & juicy & with attempted, aborted "meaning." I'm sure. I accepted the kiss but didn't reach up to touch him or contribute to the scene. Pig. They left & I was getting drunk - "It's the TVs versus the hets!" Lou Reed. Rechy's City of Night. The party was OK. Never saw them - Jeffrey told me they were in the bedroom & had a "foursome" for a while. Ugh! Went to get Tim from work at 2:30 a.m. (Saw M's friend Tom there. Asked if M went to the party with Diane. I said "oh of course" real bitchy. He says oh don't be like that. I said real venomously "oh it's so heterosexual!" He laughed. I'm sure it'll get back to M.) When we get to Warren, M & Diane are in the bedroom, the stereo playing. Tim wanted to go back to his place but I said I'll be damned if I'm gonna get kicked outa my own place & if he wants to court someone let him get his own place. - My awareness, appreciation, love for Tim growing. He's so good, so much more in tune with me, so above anyone else. We sat on the couch & it was over an hour before they emerged & left. And I must be a fickle little bitch, but I felt finally released from his spell. He finally destroyed the fantasy. - Tim & I slept together Fri, Sat, Sun. Only saw M a few mins. Sun night as Tim & I laid in bed & watched TV. Oh, he took all this Valium & didn't know what happened at the party or afterwards & he'd said things he otherwise wouldn't have - like telling Diane he loves her. I told him to watch out next time he'll



wake up wearing a wedding ring. He is so fucked. For not having any passion in him he fakes it pretty good. He's a liar. (He calls or sees her everyday now.) Didn't have much time alone with him all weekend, but when I did I was unaffected by him as never before, even turned off. Looking at him I see only another body. How did he suddenly become another groovy straight glitter boy doing drugs with his Bette Midler girlfriend - like everyone else at that party! I even begin to wonder how I could've been so taken with him. He's no longer the detached forever sought-after & never attainable goddess. He's no longer shrouded in his mysterious "asexuality" - no doubt it was the methadone, he's no longer acting under it now as his dose decreases. Obviously he doesn't even realize how fucked he really is. I guess I'm carried off only as long as whoever it is feeds the fantasy - if they act blatantly contrary to the image, it's shattered, & so is my passion, infatuation. (Somehow I think of Beau & how he never destroyed the fantasy.) But of course it's best it happened this way. Sigh. How strange now to have this guy living at my house. Uncomfortable. I don't blame him - but why did he have to turn out to be a real person?

Friday, Feb 28

Home sick the 25<sup>th</sup>, 26<sup>th</sup>, 27<sup>th</sup> and spending the day with M around hasn't changed my feeling that I'm over him. I still see him as a beautiful boy but am no longer under his spell. I didn't think he knew as my behavior was changed when I'm sick. But last night Tim & I went to see Roxy Music - The new band. Afterwards went to the Factory & saw Eldon Hui. I'd told him Tues how sick and perverted it is that not only do I have to put up with him at the RQ & Factory, but right in my own apartment! So M & Diane come in the bar



+ Eldon says to me "I see what you mean!" Pretty much treated M as I would any other hot glitter boy but we danced once at his request. (He also danced with Tim + after it Tim told me it was a mistake for him to dance with M. Why? "It's like dancing with a girl!") He kept coming over by us + hanging on Tim - I know to get to me. That's why he's so unheavy - he's so predictable when his vanity/ego is threatened. KNEW he had his eye on me all night - in the car a minute + he's there saying he'll drive us home (Found out thru Tim she's a model at Boston Store - how cute!) He's so fucked. Tim + I really had a good time together - god do I appreciate him next to those goons. When the bar closed the 4 of us in M's car took her to her car, she drove home + we went to a restaurant where I treated M like any other "friend of ours." He said, "Hey, Louie!" I looked over + he holds his hand to cover his mouth from Tim + sticks his tongue out at me. I'm sure. Guess he gets the picture. (We got hassled by a table of 4 men in suits. M walked by "look at the fag!" + when we left right away "Goodnight sweetheart!" I gave her the finger, my arm around Tim's waist protectively.) Tim + I to Tim's. I'm sorry but I have no wish to pursue M while he hangs on her - what a turn off! If he says anything like why was I ignoring him I'll tell the truth: I wasn't ignoring, only not paying any special attention to him. That I'm no longer infatuated with him. - And so I still masturbate thinking of him but think I finally see him in his proper light

### Saturday, March 1

Last night Tim + I saw The Night Porter, a movie we've been waiting for for a long time. About 2 people



who go off the deep end, throw out everything logical + real + indulge themselves in their fantasies - sexual + personal. (luckily they both fit perfectly into the other's fantasy.) In the end they both "come out" totally submerged in the fantasy. I was spell-bound when it ended. Throughout the movie I identified with the Nazi guard - thought of Michael as the girl. Michael had seen the movie with Diane Thurs, before I had, + told me, embarrassed, that he'd thought of me throughout the movie. I feel like Dirk Bogard with an uncooperative Charlotte Rampling. (Jim felt the 2 characters were in love. I said no way, they only used each other for titillation. One of Jim's + my main differences?)

### Monday, March 3

Michael + I decided to go out Sat nite - he + Diane had a fight Fri - she said something that pissed him so much he kicked over the coffee table ??? But wouldn't tell me what, "it's personal." Dressed to go + he suggests we sit around, drink wine + talk first. He turns off all the lights + lights a candle, music. I sat in the chair + he says maybe I could sit by him "hey, buddy?" I said "yeah, so you can tease me?" but did. He said it's good to talk to someone who has something to say. Tells me how living with me is the first time he's felt like he has a "home" since his parents. That he'd like to hang out in SF with us a while before going to New Mexico. Told him I'd had a fantasy he'd stay with us. He was very candid with me - how he felt insecure, how he loved heroin, how he's not in touch with his feelings, how he sometimes feels he takes advantage of me, how he likes Jim so much + likes to be near him (told him it was at Jim's insistence when we 3 had slept together). Discussed The Night Porter + he told me the scene



turned him on where Dirk made her suck his fingers - told him briefly of my April 26, '74 escapade. He told me he could get into slapping & he'd really like to slap Diane. Told him he should, some people dig it, that he'd find out if it was OK or not. It was amazing how open he was. What could she have said to make him so mad? We killed the bottle, went to the RQ. There he hangs on me, kisses me. I return his affections but he tells me I'm not supposed to - his fantasy. That I'm just the disinterested male. I ask won't he feel I don't like him if I don't return it? He says no. I catch on, "oh I see! you know I like you, but you're not sure & worry if I do or not." He was elated, "all right Louis!" I understood his fantasy. From then on I was the detached male, he hugged & kissed me. I was indifferent, paying token attentions, ~~by~~ buying drinks, lighting his cigarette, he the eager infatuated girl. Told me that I always throw him the S.O.S. life preserver when he feels he's going under. I don't understand but it's the greatest compliment. He asks "Do you believe I love you?" I answer, "Do you believe I feel the same way?" [at that party the other weekend met a pretty girl, we kissed, hugged. Saw her there at the bar & went up as she was leaving, kissed, hugged. She didn't want to go. I want to be her boyfriend. She may soon be my 1<sup>st</sup> girl.] We were on our way to the Factory & I saw him off with Diane. In a while, asked him if we're still going - he says "I want to be with Diane now ok?" I'd expected her, made myself scarce, thinking it was fun while it lasted, & suddenly he comes over alone, Ready to go to the Factory? Told him sure is hard to keep up on all these changes! Went there, danced. Told him he is Charlotte Rampling & he was pleased. A second time he tells me he loves me. - We closed the bar & to Warren. Music, sat in bed in our underwear eating.



We cuddled, he put himself in my arms. Said when we're like this he feels he's with both Tim & I. Told me what a nice nose I have (with my sinuses acting up, my nose has been red & raw over a week). I ran my fingernail over his back, increasing the pressure. He pulled away at the pain & I told him "oh, that doesn't hurt you." He protested it "tickles." Later I held his wrists up over his head & kissed him. He protested his arm was pressing against the wall & tried to free himself. I held him down, Charlotte sampling, but he got upset, "Oh fuck! Another hassle!" My my - wish I'd've told him I was only pretending I was Dirk Bogard. (Somehow it came into the conversation I was scared of ever having babies & he said that's stupid. "How'd you like to have a baby come outa your asshole!?"

"That's not where they come from. You're being immature." "Well, that's how I feel about it!") We were dozing off, I held onto his wrist tightly. He moved away, asked why won't you let me hold onto your wrist? Said he hadn't noticed I was - that he felt restricted & couldn't sleep like that. - So the evening was a moment of truth for me. I see the light. Finally understand a little of him. Sunday he went to see Diane cuz she cut her wrists "trying to commit suicide." Both unimpressed - but he felt sorry for her cuz she's "so lonely" - I figure by 19 one should be over that bullshit. I finally feel realistic & secure about our strange & kind of desperate relationship. - Grandmother told me M's a "very striking young man," that "he should have been a girl." Why don't women like male beauty? - Tim



slept with me Sunday. Told me he wished I had his body & he had mine ....

Tuesday, March 4

Last night Diane came to Warren. Not once did he hang on her - in sharp contrast to other times she was there. But he kept talking to me tho I tried to ignore them. They got back to Warren about 15 mins. after I returned from GPU. Michael tells me how drunk he is. I go to bed - they in the livingroom. Tim phoned & I got dressed to go to his place. Michael comes in the bedroom as I'm dressing & sits on the bed. He's drunk, tells me I have nice legs. He reaches out for me, looks like he's gonna cry, & in a wavering emotional voice says "Do you believe I love you, Louie?" I kissed him & looking into his sad beautiful eyes, said, "No." We kissed, he whimpered real sadly "I do." I hugged him, kissed him. And as tho he pulled himself together, he suddenly said flippantly "you're okay for a guy!" - But I'm no longer infatuated with him ....

Thursday, March 6

(Monday I was carrying a lotta junk out of the car for the GPU meeting. Diane says, chiding, "Michael, help Louie carry those things." Probably both Michael & I heaved. I says "What?! I'll kick his ass around the block!!" Michael says "I know better than that! - Louie has to help me, heh, Louie?" And I didn't even like her calling me Louie in her whining<sup>ey</sup>, condescending tone like that. How blatantly oblivious to what's going on!) - Michael was endearing last nite. Kissed & hugged me when he came home (he says "yer alright Louie"), & as I was leaving for Tim's he came up especially to kiss & hug me goodbye. He'd told me yesterday one reason he hangs around with Diane is he knows he could never really get serious about her. But "yer more stable for me, heh, Louie?" "Yea, but I can't take bread."



Monday, March 10

It's finally reached a peak - I don't want Michael at Warren anymore. But I don't know how to throw him out. I feel as tho I despise him. He repulses me. What happened? Really nothing. I just finally got fed up. Same shit. Sat afternoon they were out all day together. He brings her over. She whimpers "Don't throw this magazine out, I want to read this, OK, Louie?" I hate her calling me Louie. It's a private, affectionate name she has no business using. I reply "Don't worry. They're not going anywhere." She must know I despise her. Sat nite they're in the livingroom til 6 a.m. (he's prancing around in his underwear) while I'm trying to sleep. It wasn't my intention to run a bachelor pad when I let him move in. Sunday he tells me what a wonderful day they had together shopping, out to a ritzy place for a late dinner, out to an expensive straight bar. And I'm just waiting for him to borrow more money from me cuz he's spending it all on her (complained to me a while back he's gotta pay for everything when out with her). I just needed a release & got together with Mary Ellen & we spent the day complaining what asshole men are. She'd seen them at the straight bar Sat - described the way they'd danced & I think that finally did him in in my eyes: On the dance floor, dancing under the spotlight, she goes down on him, rubbing her mouth on his crotch. Then it's his turn on hers. I can't believe it - it makes my stomach turn. They've never danced in front of me. And just M.E.'s perception of him shatters: she's surprised to see him here - expected he was so much more sophisticated & heavy. So had I.... And she said he acted real embarrassed when she approached him to say hi, as tho he were ashamed she saw him here. And after clearing out my head to M.E. I sat alone at Warren - realizing what's happened. I don't even feel comfortable in my own home anymore, he's no longer a



source of joy, pleasure, beauty - but suddenly in front of him I feel like a girl dressing up & trying to be a boy. I no longer find him attractive or enjoy his company. He's no longer even half worth the inconvenience, discomfort, money he causes me. And suddenly I'm forced to live with the kind of people I've tried so hard to avoid. And Jim - I've hurt him very much. He won't hardly ever come to Warren, tho he says it's not cuz ya Michael. And when he does we're both uncomfortable around him/them. He's cool, guarded with me somehow. I've done him a big injustice. - Had a good hard cry. What have I done - I never wanted this to happen.... I want him out & I thought how much better everything would be if he weren't around anymore. And, unlike before, felt I'd have no regrets, second thoughts, after he left. - I told Jim. He wasn't even interested. Said cynically, "What's the matter? Is he out with Diane again?" And I realized he doesn't even know what's going on. He just told me to stop being self-castigating. So I didn't try to explain. - This morn he & Tom drove me to work. He was so distasteful to me, I didn't want to be near him, didn't speak to him - my hostility burning inside me. I glanced at him & he was ugly. That once precious face was distorted, sickening, & I was shocked & repulsed me so. Surprised he wasn't struck to his death by one glance from me. Tom says "yer so quiet this morning." M says "Oh she's always that way in the morning." And I know I can't hide my feelings, that my contempt will make itself well known - I won't have to say a thing. I began feeling he hates me right back. By the end of this week he will know I want him out.



Tuesday, March 11

Walk into Warren + he's talking to her on the phone rubbing his cock with this rash ointment. Unfortunately (or fortunately) I missed his cock but caught the shock on his face. He instinctively covered up, but then uncovered + continued. I bee-lined to the other room. He hung up, explains hurriedly to me all how he was putting ointment on + wasn't jerking off + did I notice he just continued on when I came in? + he's really got a pretty cock + it really looks pretty when it's in somebody's mouth (little Michael said Hah!!!) + didn't I think it was pretty? Said to tell you the truth, I missed it. Did I want to see it? + he opens the robe. I turned away "No, please. Spare me." — Oh + guess what he did? He was kissing Diane + said "Oh I really dig you Louie" but (of course) she didn't hear it + wasn't that subconscious (shit yeah REAL subconscious!) — He tried to kiss me twice + I turned my head. "Are you mad at me?" "Yeah." "Why?" All the reasons I'd wrote were a blank + anyway sounded stupid. "I guess for just being you." Asked if he was around too much + I said yeah. All I could think was "I just feel uncomfortable around you all of a sudden. Lately I feel like a girl dressing up like a boy in front of you." Well he suggested I wear some makeup then!! What??!! So he acts like nothing's the matter + do I want to go to the bar with them after my meeting. No thanks. How does he look? I don't like blue jeans. He tells me all how at the straight bar Sat this STRAIGHT guy (he says contemptuously) hassled him, (Wanted to say don't tell me about straight guys with Diane licking your nuts on the dance floor you pig.) — He drives me downtown on his way to Diane's. He knows I'm pissed tho it'd been hard for me to be too mean to him + I wasn't going to say anything, but when I looked at his clown face I felt so embarrassed for him, "Yes wearing way too much



makeup." Says he knows & he likes "to look trashy."  
Finally all my spite, "Well now you just look like a  
hippie." That did it. He was beside himself, angry.  
Said he felt like pulling over & fighting me & I said what  
for? what do you care? Said it'd get it off his chest.  
Told him bitch at Diane instead. Said he'd get even  
with me somehow & I said you already have. [I'm getting  
even with him!] Said oh Diane gets in these moods  
too. He's not gonna call me Louie anymore, but Rocky  
(wanted to say good, tell Diane not to call me Louie  
either) & that ~~at~~ somehow he'll knock that chip off  
my shoulder. Said I don't think you can, he said he  
didn't think so either. He was fuming & I was satisfied  
at having pissed him off so easily. Said they'd be at the  
RQ if I wanted a ride (one thinking good so I know  
where not to go). Hoped I ruined his evening. - The only  
thing he could do to piss me off more would be if I had  
to listen to them fucking. - Somehow I felt immensely  
better. So glad when he returned alone. He just had to  
talk to somebody & they had another big hassle & it's like a  
28 yr. old talking to a 12 yr. old & she's hassling him for  
some kind of "commitment." & he's pissed cuz they both  
"get all hot" & then can't fuck cuz she won't take the pill & he  
feels like telling her he won't see her til she's on the pill &  
if she "wants my cock" she's gonna have to do something  
about it. & they have such a wonderful time together all the  
last '2 hour when she starts asking these serious stupid  
questions on how he feels about her, etc. Tells me he's so  
good to her, brings her flowers & spends lots of money. And  
they've only been going out 3 weeks [it has to be longer!] &  
& he's not gonna call her for a while (I said do you know  
how often you say that?) He was really mad -



little innocent asexual autoerotic Michael all  
pissed cuz he can't fuck. She's fucked 50 guys already,  
he says, & he could probably find someone to fuck with  
no problem but he just wants to be close & romantic with  
one person who isn't already attached to someone else.  
That's she's all freaked cuz he's the 1<sup>st</sup> guy she's had  
she wasn't two-timing. Said over & over how good it  
is to talk to someone who understands what he's say-  
ing & how women are such a hassle, "hey Louie?" So  
that was that. I felt good. After I thought a while  
I wanted to add there's plenty sex one can have without  
actual vaginal intercourse, why don't they do that?  
It came to me he must be a pretty boring fuck if he  
don't know that. And I began wondering why I was so  
pissed before & it's none of my goddamn business if  
they're smelling each other's assholes on the dance floor.  
I'm crazy. This morn I feel super cheerful. Maybe I  
just have to refrain from kissing, touching, getting  
involved with him. Then I won't be let down so hard  
each time. - I get such a rush thinking how he  
said his cock looks pretty in somebody's mouth.  
Asked how's he know? Said cuz he watches. I want his  
cock in my mouth so so bad. Just thinking of sucking  
it & running my tongue over his soft fragrant balls  
...oh Michael... I've never seen it but I know it's  
beautiful beyond comparison. \*\*\* Eldon told me  
how last Thurs nite he called me & some girl answered  
& he asked for Sheila. He said she asked "Sheila?"  
who?? - she didn't know who that was. Said he had  
to bite his tongue not to say "yes. Sheila. You  
know - the girl who's paying your boyfriend's  
rent!" Oh that would have been so so great.  
- I can think of such bitchy things but  
don't have the guts to say them right out.



Wednesday, March 12

Remember he wasn't gonna call her for a while? last nite she's at Warren! This morn he tells Tom Diane wants him to do all these perverted things & how he's got lipstick on his crotch. I said, "Aw, poor innocent molested Michael." One minute he's pissed she won't fuck - the next he's the naive assaulted virgin. - Mon nite went to see Jim, not there so left a note on his bed & Tues morn he knows nothing about it. Went to his place Tues nite & he volunteers he slept at Sara's. That he had some time to pass & went there. She's the one who hugged him, he says, tho she didn't want him to sleep over, but let him when he promised not to touch her. Just said he didn't want to sleep alone. I'm glad cuz it makes me feel less guilty fantasizing about Michael, etc. Jim's getting his hair cut short tomorrow & I think it'll be real erotic - like when I first met him. In bed I apologized to him for not being able to make love to him like a boy & he said that's OK, he loves me anyway. Imagined I'd had the mastectomy, had a beautiful boy's chest & with that image in mind & Jim in my arms, we fell asleep. Sometimes I'm not aware of how much he means to me -

Thursday, March 13

It's a clear, cold, sunny day. I feel like I used to when coming out of confession as a child. This morn told M he has to move "for 2 reasons - Jim & me." I feel no regrets, only a load off my shoulders. It will be so good for Jim & I, and also for M & I ... we'll like each other much more when apart, I think. The clincher came last nite - out to bars with Jim, Randy & his wife



Laurie. She + Tim are confidants, they have lunches together, says he's the only one she could call while crying at 1 a.m. She volunteers that Tim's super jealous of M being at Warren but becuz he likes M, won't say anything to me. Even last Thurs he told her this. And I thought that's it. M asked little + I volunteered nothing about "why" but he adds "also, I guess, now that I'm going out with Diane, well, you really don't have any use for me anymore." But just by the way he said it I felt it! The other way around: since her he has little use for me too. And I think it's the right time too: I'm ready to be rid of him, I know Tim is + I think having Diane'll make it easier on M. - He asked about Tim's place (they have a vacancy there) + Tim says it's OK if he can afford the \$. Tim's all worried M's going to "blame" him, protesting to me once again he's not jealous. But I don't care about that anymore. Now I want him to move. I hope he goes without much ado. - Last nite M + I had a nice talk about his sex life. We discussed contraceptives. Said he's grateful to be able to talk to someone about that stuff. Miraculously I had no jealousy or bad feelings talking about her, sex + gave him good advice on contraceptives. (He asked me to talk to Diane about Ken cuz he knows little about it. Told him I didn't want to, that "I don't even like her" + that's why I was telling him - so he could tell her.) Found out, as I expected, they're into very straight sex, male-dominance, female-submission (tho glad to hear she wants him to put a dress on next time they have sex) + he's not into his own anal eroticism... his loss. That's Tim's + my big attraction lately. He + I had wild



sex last night. - Got my hair cut in a corner barber shop, the barber + customers didn't know what to think. Barber asks "What can I do for you, young man?" I try to make my voice low. He looks at me so curiously I feel guilty! He asks what school I go to - trying to figure out my age. I pussed by the skin of my teeth, I think.

[FRI, MAR. 14, INSERTED AFTER MAR. 25]

Sunday, March 16

Tried to talk to him in the bar last nite but no chance. Afterwards back to Warren. So relieved to find him alone. He came up to hug me + I held him, caressed him, kissed him, "Oh, Michael, I just have to get you out of my life. It just tears my guts out to see you 2 together...." "Yes kidding! What a bummer..." Said he didn't know + wouldn't bring her to Warren when I'm here anymore, that he never wants to hurt me, + insists I don't let them kick me outa my own place. Told him I knew I was in his way too but he said no, it didn't bother him at all, that I am the uncomfortable one. Told him I just had to be free of him - I have to start thinking of something else. He'd taken pills to fall asleep + the more drugged he got the more he babbled how much he loves me. He asked do I believe him + this time I said yes. Said he was glad. That he's sexually attracted to me, but not in a "normal" but a "perverted" way + it's as tho I'm his first homosexual love (!) [Somehow he looks at sex like a 17-yr-old - as risqué, quicky, he likes to do it in places, times he may be caught, etc. He possibly never eased into a gentle, soft, natural loving.] Went on how I'm more precious to him than any woman has ever been, "even Miriam" + she was the woman in his life. That I water my plants + make sure everything is OK, + tho my life is all upside down, it's so together, + he wants to be



infested with these roots. He wants to be with Jim + I all the time + be this 3<sup>rd</sup> party. Told him I wanted that so bad too but don't think it can work - all these emotions take over. That I always felt this way - Diane just brought out all my "baser feelings." He swore he never ever wants to hurt me. He reached for me + we held each other + he said he could feel my loving energy coming thru me into Jim (Freudian slip) him - and I could feel his to me. I felt so relaxed, none of that quick heart beating of before. He babbled on + on how on his deathbed he'll think of me, etc. ??? - I wasn't even listening, but submitting to my feelings, drinking in the sensation of him in my arms. Began to feel weak - wanting to beg him not to leave - but I know I couldn't. We laid there in each other's arms - the 1<sup>st</sup> time he ever put his legs against mine tho his blanket was bunched between us. But he moved away to sleep, untouched. Michael - Michael. How come you're so so beautiful when drugged up out of your mind, but so different when not? - This morn he told me for sure April 1 he'll move in with Jim. I want them to be together so they can develop the same love. This side of the triad has gone just about as far as it better, but from indications from Jim, he's not interested in any triad. Tonite M hugged, kissed me + said I'm his "favorite fella."

Tuesday, March 18

Another talk with M about moving. He asked if he could keep his key so he could come over sometimes to hide out or to "crash once in a while like Jimmy does." He said I'll be sorry when he's gone + I'm all alone + I said I was sorry he was gone even before I told him to leave, I rely on him way too much to be here. Said "do you know what'll happen if you don't go? One of ~~the~~ these days I'm gonna use those handcuffs on you." "That wouldn't be so



bad." "Yeah? wait til it happens. Then you're going to want to go to Mexico & sit on a mountain somewhere & I won't let you." He admitted looking forward to moving in with Tim & I told him I would have been upset if he weren't moving here. He was surprised & asked why. "Well I just don't want you moving somewhere!" - Auntie Sis, while looking at Christmas photos, asked Dad why I was wearing those clothes (a suit). Dad told her "She don't like wearing those girl's clothes, they're too feminine." (!)

### Wednesday, March 19

Last night Michael, friend Tom, Tim & I went to the RQ. Tim & I expressed our doubts of going here together as we always end up in a hassle after being at a bar together - he doesn't like the way I act in bars, is all he'll explain why he gets so pissed at me. Tried my damndest not to piss him off but it happened anyway. I just don't understand his anger & he admits he doesn't know what he's doing. Should I ignore these tantrums of his or try to act on them? I don't know.

### Monday, March 24

Was a very good girl this weekend. Sat home entire time. All Saturday Michael tried to break my heart how awful it was he has to move & I just took it all lightly - he's absurd enough to throw hints about suicide even?? Really. And how sad - he'll just sit home & write & read - of course he didn't, out with Diane. And believe it or not, after all those promises & sweet talk the 15<sup>th</sup>, he brings her to Warren. Luckily, Mary Ellen was over visiting so we just talked &



ignored them while they're making out in full view of us. I was so so pissed - only a week ago he'd've rather died than turn her over. Every feeling I ever had for him has been squashed - I couldn't care less if I ever saw him again. Even my hope he'd move in with Tim is gone. I know of other places I'll suggest to him tonight. He damn well better be out of here by the 1<sup>st</sup> Fuckin'. I think I better make plans what I'll do in case he's not out - he already "threatened" me jokingly saying what could I do if he just said fuck you, I ain't moving. Told him I'd think of something + it looks as tho I better start!

Tuesday, March 25

He wasn't around til about 10pm he came in with her again. That asshole doesn't give a goddam shit. Oh they get all cozy + romantic in the livingroom (I was in bed). He comes in + tells me how he may have some good deals for a place to move. Told him not to pass them up, encouraging him cuz I don't even want him at Tim's. I was so burned that he brought her over again that as he walked by I called him over, "I don't mean to be crude but will you be able to move by the first?" He said if that's what I want him to do, he'll make sure he does. I said "yeah, I do." He paused, then said "I'd like to talk about that." But I wouldn't. I'm sick of his talk, his bullshit. I'm not paying his rent so he has a free bachelor pad with all the trimmings - my liquor, my records, my candles. I'm through with explaining, excusing + apologizing for my feelings + being fed his promises, lies + manipulation. I just want him out.

Happily Tim came over + we slept together + I was able to escape in him.



Friday, March 14

Last nite he's pouting what a hassle it is for him to move in the cold weather — complete bullshit as he could get all his shit in one car load. He wasn't even being regretful, but bitchy. Before his sad red eyes tore my heart out, now they only irritate me. Liz comes over, he asks her to do his astrology chart to see if there's "anything in it about moving." Then he nudges me + laughs, I told him there certainly is something about moving, I know that for sure! What a blatant deceptive manipulator! He pulls the old "maybe I'll go live at the Rescue Mission" crap (before when he threatened that I was horrified at the thought) — this time I say yeah, maybe you should, it'll be an experience. Later says he hopes he didn't do anything to upset me + kick him out + he hopes I still feel the way I used to about him, like he feels for me. Said "yeah I do" — acutely aware that I don't. — Jim cut his hair short + he's beautiful! Looks like a pretty girl + a very young boy all at once. Al, his roommate, asks about M + I tell them how it has a lot to do with M's methadone. When he was on a high dose + fucked up all the time he was wonderful to have around + I liked him a lot. Now on reduced doses he's becoming a normal person + he's a real drag — "always pissed off + a martyr," that I'll hate to see him when he's completely off it — he'll be a real bore. Jim tried to defend M, saying he really likes him but I reminded him he hasn't really been near him this past month. That I don't even like him around + feel uncomfortable in my own place. Plus I'm tired of his buying \$70 shoes + a \$68 coat, but complaining he can't afford his own rent. I still have no regrets or 2nd thoughts of asking him to go.



Thursday, March 27

So it seems he's moving in with Tom + Tom's girl. I haven't been around Warren lately with Charles here + other commitments. He's been sick with a cold + his decreased meth dose. So no extra dealings with him. I've been sleeping at Jim's too. - Charles, Jeffrey, Jim + I went to the RQ Tues + unbelievably Jim + I got along famously in the bar, + afterwards no hassles. I just went the other approach - stayed right by him, held onto him, kissing him - + that seems to be what he wants. I thought he wouldn't like that possessiveness, but he does. Fine with me. His hair cut short has been a real turn-on for me. Somehow I feel he's much less uptight with me since he realized I'm really kicking Michael out. Want Jim to move in with me when his lease's up (May) but he doesn't think it's a good idea. I do - am really sick of this going-out-with-other-people stuff. I want to tighten up our relationship, get closer to him - somehow I feel I don't really know him since his SF days. (However, I'm still interested in that little girl I met. I was talking to some older lesbian friend + she mentioned she heard I met someone. Told her that if I met her again (the little girl that is) I think I'd make a move cuz it was so nice, she was so small + she made me feel so big or something "it was the 1<sup>st</sup> time... I felt I could be her boyfriend.") - When M's gone I'll be able to start being me again. About a week ago Jim was at Warren + M was talking with us. I was laying on some good digs + snotty remarks directed at M + he asked why I was being that way to him. My answer: "Beneath the greatest love is a hurricane of hate." A line from an old favorite song of mine.

Friday, March 28

How am I supposed to explain to him again why. Home from work + made the mistake of looking at him. He asks if he gave me half the rent could he stay at Warren? I said no, incredulous, that he knows that's not the



issue. He said he thought it wasn't, but wasn't sure, that Tom suggested he offer rent. I couldn't believe it "Are you trying to act like you don't know why now?" He said he doesn't know, that I never told him. That he knows it has something to do with his going out with Diane & he figured I just don't like him anymore. I exclaimed "boy you must really think I'm a jerk!" & said we'll get drunk tonight & talk. He said ok. Knew I shouldn't & would regret it but couldn't hold myself ~~back~~ back from inviting him to dinner with Charles, Jeffrey & I (Tim had a previous date). Driving, he tells them how cold-hearted I am to throw him out no matter what on the 1<sup>st</sup>. I said yeah & he's tried every trick in the book to break my heart & make me change my mind, except the right one. At dinner he sat silent, his eyes lowered, looking pissed & sad. Whispered to Charles, "Wouldn't you like to fuck his ass?" He answered he'd like to beat him up! <sup>1<sup>st</sup></sup> Enthusiastically agreed, ~~never~~ <sup>never</sup> even thinking of that & I just just watched him, imagining slapping him hard across ~~the~~ his beautiful face & the pain & fear in his lovely eyes. Slapping him sharply, then forcing him to kiss me, making him put my cock in his mouth, forcing him to suck it - I want him so badly. We never had that talk: Tim & Diane at the bar to separate us. It seems no matter how often I tell him, it doesn't sink in. Probably this weekend we'll have that talk. I fantasize saying "It doesn't work to tell you, so this is why" & forcing myself on him, making him submit to my hands, my lips. Probably I'll simply say the reason is the same he kicked over that coffee table at Diane for: I love him so much & it destroys me to see him flit around with other people right in front of me, that I'm insanely jealous when any girl even talks to him. That I can no longer sleep next to him & be denied from wrapping myself around him, & my feelings are too strong to keep pent up anymore. It is a source of constant torture for me & how does



he think I feel having to throw him out into someone else's arms. - Michael just phoned me at work & I told him all this - exactly how I felt: That I love him so much, how I wanted to leap across the table last nite & molest him (he said I could molest him anytime & I said he's pushed me away every time I've tried & he said cuz I do it the wrong way [?]), That I want to lock him up in Warren & keep him as my ~~pet~~ pet & never let him go. I laid bare my heart again. And I could hear his relief - he thought I was sick of him, that he was maybe abusing our situation. Said he felt like he "was on the rack" at dinner last nite & I said it's so obvious my cutting remarks, etc., are only defensive because I love him. He said we could work something out between us cuz he loves me too, the like his closest sister with whom ~~the~~ he talks about incest. I said yeah but I'd like to have incest with my older brother! So he's moving in with Tim again now. He admitted he still doesn't understand fully - I'm so "kinky" - but he sees it a little better....

Tuesday, April 1

An almost obsessive feeling is over me again now that I know his days with me are numbered. Knowing him, he won't be out til next weekend. But I can hardly hold back the urge to seize him in my arms & run away. I know I'm absurdly in love with him - a feeling I took for granted before. And now he knows it. I think he told Diane too cuz she made a gentle & friendly gesture to me yesterday, something never done between us. Sunday nite I came in & he was in bed already. Drunk, I grazed his shoulders, hugged & kissed him but he laid totally unresponsive. Before I went to Tim's, I tried to sleep in the bed with him but my heart throbbed & my breath was hard to catch. I love him so much & I can't pretend I don't. I only want to draw his blanket away from his naked body & hold him in my arms & sleep. He is such a child - his every turn, glance & word is that of a child's. (His friend Tom is



also in love with him.) I want to just let myself go so much - do all these things I desire so desperately - just free myself from all this constipation. Just do as I feel once more, leaving him to deal with it as he has to. I'm tired of the responsibility of his bidding. And then he says I can molest him anytime! it's just I do it the wrong way. Fuck him. - On Sat when he was acting like he was moving that day I said I hope he doesn't split & I never get to see him anymore. He said it'll be as tho he never moved. I said good. I better warn him that if he does sleep over at Warren after he's moved I'll feel I have a perfect right to take liberties with him, his being here by his own choice....

Wednesday, April 2

He came home - beautiful, beautiful man. He asked if I minded if he stayed til the weekend & moved Her. Said no. I looked at him, dazed by him, & he apologized for looking so bad. I laughed, said I wished he did look bad once in a while, that in his worst moments he's absolutely beautiful. He hugged me & asked if after he left he could come over for "psychotherapy," to talk out problems & get my good advice - like once I told him he had to learn to enjoy pain & experience it fully if there was no other way out. I pressed him to me, stroked the back of his neck - told him I love him. - He told me about not wanting to see Diane so often, & he remarked they haven't even made love yet. (I said not from what he's told me. Oh so he admits to "petting," then he laughed nervously "heavy petting." Wanted to say I hardly would call her in handcuffs pulling off his underwear with her teeth petting!), & that he's going to quit talking so much. - In bed it seemed we hadn't slept together in



so long. The thought of him there in the bed rattled me, all I could think was Michael. He shifted positions & I reached over & rested my hand on his elbow. It was as tho he wasn't even there. I felt no flow of feeling between us. After about 10 mins. he shifted again taking away his arm. Once again I was stabbed to the heart (you can molest me anytime... it's just you do it the wrong way) but Michael I love you so goddam much, and tho you talk, it seems you feel nothing. - Tim told me the other day that he thinks the only boy he'd like to sleep with is a kid he works with, "Bunky." Said they were in the locker room changing to work clothes & he got an erection looking at Bunky's "strange" body.

### Thursday, April 3

Depressed all yesterday. Michael said he knew why, too, cuz he's leaving. I said "I know." He promised he'd still be at Warren most of the time, but I have to set up some limits. Went to visit Greg-Linda who just got back from having his sex-change operation in NY. I have to start referring to him as she, her, Linda, etc., now - but it'll be hard. He's so unnaturally female, not at all like Elizabeth. Afterwards Michael & I laid around Warren talking & watching the tube, just like the olden days: I got to watch him while pretending to watch the TV. Fantasized laying on top of him, holding him down, rubbing, masturbating against his cock while looking at his face & chest. This has become my most erotic image, wish. Somehow, he said Tom is in love with him (I just fantasized that Tuesday!) & that it makes him a little uncomfortable. Told him I think it's really nice. Michael is so easy to love, such a pretty child, and Tom does treat him like a girl (Don't know if Michael notices that.) Anyway, if he can tell Tom loves him, surely he can read out my feelings! Told him someday I'll put on a dress just to freak him out & he said without hesitation he wouldn't like me as a girl & I'm a beautiful boy. Told me how he freaked the people at the Methadone Clinic by telling them he's not



uptight about his masculinity, he wears make-up & jewelry & his girl wants him to wear a dress & it's only that he hasn't found a man he's had any passion for. He said there was dead silence & they changed the subject. - Feeling low also cuz it doesn't seem I've been passing at all lately. No ego-boosting experiences. Altho the other day Tim & I got indirectly harrassed for being "fags" & "queers" by some kids.

Monday, April 7

So he left without much fanfare Sat afternoon. Liz was over tuning up my bike, so her presence eased it. He initiated some playful pokes & jabs at me & a few times put his arm around me affectionately & I stroked him gently. (While packing he pulls a bra out from under the bed. Oh, Diane must have forgotten it! I tried to make the best out of embarrassing him, "That's the last straw!", "What a pig!") - Went to the bars by myself Sat night. (Walking down the street, a car of kids zooms by, one boy yelling at me "What a fag!" My ego soared!) The Factory's requiring "membership cards" to discourage troublemakers, one has to apply, pay \$1 & they mail it to you. I just walked past the checkers without question & later asked the owner for a card. He slipped me one & patted me friendly - & he's a known women-hater. At the RQ a goon strikes up a conversation, asks if I'm a boy or girl. Asked what he thinks, says girl & I remark "Fucker," which told him nothing. Suddenly he was very friendly & we danced, & when I said I'll be right back & went into the guy's bathroom, he was gone when I returned. Ha! (Michael wasn't at the bars.) - Sunday Tim & I got together with some of the South Side crowd, got stoned & watched the tube like the olden days. - So only saw Michael in passing all weekend. I have neither good nor bad feelings



about it. Without the constant stimulus of his presence, I'll forget him.

Tuesday, April 8

My first night alone at Warren without him. I felt guiltless freedom - vacuumed when he'd usually napped, etc. I felt like spring is here - that's the only way I can describe it. As tho' all the cold + snow has vanished + I can run outside now without a coat - all of which is not true of course. But I felt as I did as a child + for some reason remembered the shrine I used to assemble around the statue of Mary on my dresser top each May. I feel like I will again. - In bed alone, finally, no one to catch me, I can hide as before if they came in unexpectedly. I found a shirt Michael had not taken yet + wore it to sleep, masturbating, having sex with him with myself all night over + over. Dreamt about him, don't remember how it went but woke + masturbated again. I felt like he teen-aged me - it was just as it was then. Hope he doesn't take the shirt (maybe I can be liberated + ask him to leave it for me - but wouldn't tell him the masturbation end of it). It's been a long time since I've been alone all night, free to make love to myself as will. And so much better thinking about him being there than his actually being there. - I love myself a lot. I love to enjoy the feeling of being alive + having a body + secrets. I feel such a better feeling for him too - my feelings my way. And Jim in the spring time. He appears with the summer, the spring, just like last year. He brings me outside into the warm + we walk together.

Wednesday, April 9

So he wanders in last night - can he take a shower? Sure. He sits close to me + tells me he's moving in with Tom Monday, explaining in depth how he likes to be with Jimmy + likes Jimmy's place but can't be in a dirty dusty place like that, etc. I just said "yeah it's just not your scene." (Jim was



irritated cuz Michael keep saying the place reminds him of  
the dive in Midnight Cowboy.) I tell him it's nice having my  
place to myself & he retorted "I hoped you'd've missed me  
more!" I said of course it's strange being alone after some-  
one's been there so long, but it's not a bad feeling. He tells me I'd  
have liked him a lot better when he was strung out on jive & re-  
fused to see girls, etc., but now he's settling down. I said he was  
always that way anyway. He hugged me after our little talk.  
So Diane doesn't know how to get to Tim's & has to come to Warren  
& split, go do my laundry. They're still there when I return, put-  
ting his makeup on. Tim's sister Mary was waiting there to visit  
me (the grandpa next door to me told her two boys live here!)  
& we talked & ignored them. They finally left, Michael irritated  
at the few digs I gave him. Seems that's the only kind of hurt  
he feels - those superficial little blows to his ego. Wish I had  
the guts to lay it on the line to him, tell him what a heartless  
fucker he is & get the hell out of my life, hasn't he fucked me  
over enough?? Mary tells me how they'd acted while she waited,  
Michael flirting heavily with her, she said he's not worth my feel-  
ings. Everyone tells me he's not worth it, he's an ass. It's so hard  
to believe he behaves as others say when I'm not around. Hoping  
after he moves to Tom's I'll never see him again. I don't even  
want his shirt anymore. - Saw The Night Porter again alone.  
Tim came to Warren & we had a beautiful night. Asked him to  
move in with me when his lease's up June 1. Said he'd think  
about it, I told him how much I wanted him to, I think he  
will. We made love - 1<sup>st</sup> time we used my handcuffs. - Last  
Fri he was going to dye his hair black, but when I mentioned  
I think it'll be erotic, he suddenly changed his mind &  
wouldn't. Don't know why he won't recognize my erotic  
whims. Think I asked him once a long time ago & it had  
something to do with his not wanting to be an "object" (???)



Friday, April 11

He came to use the shower again. Liz was visiting again too. He sits next to ~~me~~<sup>me</sup>, asks if I've missed him. Said no, it's so nice not having him around. He starts kissing me, & we end up in a long beautiful kiss - it seems he's even breathing heavy. Reassured of my desire for him, he set about his shower. Diane phones - I ask him if she's coming over & he quickly said only to pick him up. Liz fixing my bike, me making dinner, he putting on makeup. I pass him he sticks his tongue out & I grab him from behind & kiss him - oh! don't smear his makeup! Same old shit - If he wants to, fine - if I want to, forget it. When Liz & I eat, he sits by me touching me & cooing at me. He whispers in my ear that he likes me a lot better since he moved (said I knew that'd happen) & that he'll give me his new address & I should drop him a note to tell him where I am if I go away. Told him I'd think about it. He was so lovey-dovey, my stomach was twisted in knots with nervousness. He's ladling out compliments about a good dancer I am, how I freak out one of the heaviest macho people (Tom)... it was too too noticeable. Tells us several women in the bar told him what a "lusty" body he has (Big Deal. I've been "telling" him that for 5 months!) When she came, he barely let her in, rushed over to kiss me goodbye & I said you know who reminds me of Charlotte Rampling? Who. Pointed at him. (He'd told me Tues that Diane reminded him of her, meaning one who'd like to be slapped & roughed up sexually.) Later Liz tells me what a manipulator he is & how she could hardly hold back saying something about it at dinner. She explained he doesn't intentionally manipulate but it's just natural to him; as tho he realizes he's in bad with me, doesn't like it, so butter up to me. Then he figures he has a right to ask for things. That's true. But I just absorb his attentions without defenses, I just get dazzled into oblivion by him. - Tom phoned for him after he left. We exchanged a few words & he said he'd visit me this weekend. Will be interesting to see if he does. - all day I thought how



to bring Tim & I closer. Decided to go places he goes with him & get into his life more instead of expecting him to get into mine. He made a date to come to dinner at my place with Liz but at the last minute went instead to the South Side. I felt like crying. I wanted to be with him, to go with him or have him here but couldn't. - Finally came to me the kind of sex I'd really like of Michael: to force him to masturbate in front of me while I watch, not even touching him. Would turn me on so much.

Monday, April 14

Strange weekend. Problems with Tim. My good intentions to bring us closer seem to be bringing skeletons out of the closets. Fri we were to go to Jeffrey's for dinner & Tim started that he - doesn't - know - if - he - wants - to - go now shit, & I cried a long time feeling frustrated. After the dinner he admitted he had a good time. Sat it was touch-and-go til he went to work & Sun was real bad - everything I said was wrong & he was overly irritated cuz there was nothing to do all day. Sun nite better - we made a nice dinner & went to the South Side. On the way says he - doesn't - know - if - he - wants - to - go - to - NY in June as we've planned & he's looked forward to. Just feel so frustrated: he does that to me so so so often - we make plans together, he's excited about it, I'm looking forward to a good time & then at the last minute he - doesn't - know - if - he - wants - to. We sat at the bar & told him I just don't know what to do anymore - he doesn't even treat me like a human being & it seems he doesn't even like me: if he makes a date with me but anything else comes up, I'm out of luck. And that I really think he wants me to give up all my friends, correspondents, etc. I can't relax around him, that it seems all I do is rush around after him trying to tell if I've said or done anything wrong & I never know when his mood will



change; that I try to speak with him as I do with others but he always seems to be trying to hear me say things against him. He doesn't like being with me around my friends, he says, cuz he feels like a tag-along + subjugated to me. Told him I've always been in that position among his friends, but he doesn't think that's bad - can't he make friends thru me, too? Said he just feels like nothing + I said I know his self-esteem has been shot since he's back in Milw, but he has to remedy that, I can't. Told him if we don't stop putting up defenses against one another + just be normal, we're gonna lose each other, + he agreed. He's accused me of just keeping him cuz I have nowhere else to go, but told him seems to me that's why he's keeping me! It was a real honest talk but don't know if it did any good. - M made appearances throughout the weekend. He sure has lost his appeal - find him much less attractive. Gave me his address, kissed me saying how much he misses me (his words, actions, devoid of feeling), + he won't be driving us to SF as planned. But I should please please drop him a line to tell him where I am so he has a place to stay in SF! Can you believe that?? - He's definitely a thorn in Tim's side too. Tim gets so pissed at M's favor-asking, etc. Told me M is trying to steal his "look" (way of dress). He's spozed to move out of Tim's today. I really fucked up for Tim + I by letting M stay with me. I guess I deserve every piece of shit Tim gives me at this point.

Thursday, April 17

Beautiful night with Tim. He was so relaxed + open it was great. He's got some junk to make his hair healthy + I helped him with a scalp massage, etc. He wore dark pants + shirt, white shoes + a white suit coat. He looked so suave! so Bryan Ferry! He'd bought me a box of candy - something he hasn't done in centuries + I'm always so happy when he does - it really makes me feel he cares.



And it was a kind of candy I just mentioned in passing was so good one day & he remembered. And suddenly I'm not instinctively treating him like a girl anymore. We are gay male lovers. He made reservations for us to eat & we had a wonderful dinner & then to Warren where we read the paper, watched TV, went to sleep. It couldn't've been a better evening. I really think we can make it okay. I really really want it to be like this & I feel so at ease - none of that bullshit "is everything just perfect" worrying. When I'm with him I just feel like a part of myself is walking around in another body & we're out together. I'm turning over a new leaf - no more running around, etc. I don't even want to - it's so unsatisfying & I'm only looking for Tim anyway. - Sat the 12<sup>th</sup> while sitting around Warren we were kissing & suddenly it got heavier & we tumbled into bed fully clothed - both in suit coats - & we only loosened our clothes leaving them on & had the most intense (for me) gay male love. It took only minutes til we came & laid, two boys together, exhausted.

### Monday, April 21

Busy weekend. Hardly home at all. Fri night Tim & I went to a Southside bar for a while, he introduces me as Lou. We got along very well all weekend. Sat <sup>(we)</sup> went downtown with Randy's wife Laurie. Tim was just spoiled to, but had me come along, which I don't think Laurie wanted. They like to have little confidential talks. Sat night went to a bar with Elizabeth & (Gug) Linda. There I met a lesbian friend of Liz's, Dawn, who promptly put the move on me & I figured it's about time I tried it. We drove to the RQ & she parked, we kissed, she jerked me off. That's all I can say. It was like masturbating but I wasn't doing it. Put my hand down her pants but



didn't do anything. And I thought of gay men to have my orgasm. She wants I get some kind of relationship going but I'm gonna be real cool about it. Just get together a little for the experience + see what happens. She's pretty ok, but comes on a little strong. Then we went into the RQ + soon Michael, Diane + Tom came in. Went over to M (he looked terrible, must've cut his hair again), told him bout this bad dream I'd had about him Tri nite (he had polio + an awful skin disease) + we kissed, but he says he's going over by Diane now cuz he doesn't want to be mean to her. I'd only been talking to him about one minute! Fuck that jerk! Dawn + Greg left. Tom was very friendly, told me he's thru with girls cuz they're such bitches. Told him I don't believe him. He tried to get me to come home with him, but settled for my coming to visit sometime. Told him didn't know if I wanted to (M living there + all. I'd go visit Tom if M weren't there.) Unfortunately danced with M, during which he asks me (yawn) if I believe how much he loves me. That same line! I said no, that I think he's the master bullshitter - and he acted pleased. Felt we were both uncomfortable being together + during another dance I told him I'd love to slap him. Liz, who was pretty drunk, + I went off dancing + I saw them leave. We walked home, Liz very affectionate + trying to get me to stay with her. I sure was Mr. Popularity all nite. Went by Tim, not telling him any of the nite's happenings. It was a bad sleep - he had such awful pain in his leg he couldn't move + he began crying + we were awake off + on all nite. Tried all I could to help him but we don't even know what it is (it's like a muscle cramp) + the doc says he can't find anything wrong. He couldn't even get up to piss + I helped him go in a pottle while he laid in bed. It was better in the morn. Had a lazy Sunday with Al, watching basketball on TV + going to a Southside bar. Seems the 1<sup>st</sup> week in July we leave for S.F. I don't know what to do with my apt., job, cat. But can't wait to go. And NY in June.



Tuesday, April 22

This morn about 6:30 Dawn called. We talked about 40 mins. + made a date to see each other at the RQ Sat nite. It seems fine but I kind of dislike having to sneak around hoping Jim won't find out. I sponx I shouldn't be so worried he'll know, but somehow I think it'd really hurt him if he found I was sneaking behind his back wist her + also hurt him if I told him outright. I guess cuz it's the first time I've had sexual contact with someone else. I'm going to not see her more than once a week, plus it'd be hard to swing a sleeping-overnite arrangement cuz how can I be sure Jim won't pop in unexpectedly? Can't say don't come over - otherwise I have no assurance. I really don't want to start any big deal wist her. Only 2 more months in this city. Eldon's so bummed, cuz who'll typeset? That's the only thing I feel guilty quitting. Sponx I should talk to my boss at UWM + tell him of my plans just to warn him. Don't think he has any idea. Must also talk to Mary Ellen about my apt. + belongings. She expressed an interest in Hem. - This aft I'll say bye-bye my last day June 27. They can't give me a "leave of absence", but they have some kind of "reinstatement rights" which means if I come back in 3 yrs. I'll be hired into the 1<sup>st</sup> vacancy in any state agency wist no cut in pay or position, retaining all accumulated sick leave + benefits, etc. So that's something.

Friday, April 25

Wouldn't you know the 1<sup>st</sup> goddam nite Jim stays at my place, Michael drops in this morn "to drive me to work cuz he couldn't get to sleep." And Jim's thinking what the fuck is this! when I've been trying to be so good by him. Hope he realizes it's nothing. What it was was last nite Jim + I were at the



RQ + I told M how I'd given my notice at work - so he knows we're really leaving. Tom was also at the bar + trying to get together with me - I promised to go visit him Mon nite. All this without Jim's knowledge. It sure makes me feel like a crook. - Couple days ago Jim suggested we could maybe go to Chicago one day to see a basketball play-off game live + after that go to some bars. I can't believe he said that! I've been dying to get him to go to Chicago so many times + it was no dice. Now he suggests it. Really want to do it!

Wednesday, April 30

Nothing weekend. Worked on GPU NEWS. Was spoiled to meet Dawn at the RQ but she didn't show up (glad, too - she wasn't the right person at all). I'd gone with Liz who was a real bore all nite trying to put the serious make on me + after a while I was really sick of it. Mon nite didn't visit Tom as promised - met Jim instead at Kodrics, his favorite Southside bar + we + Paulie played all the bar games (pinball, pool, electro-baseball, etc.). Later we + Randy + Laurie went to his other favorite Walker's Point + played the games there. Had a great time. I go into the guys' bathrooms, etc. + just get away with passing! Then to Jim's where we sat up all nite in a heavy stoned rap with Al. Then long drawn-out sex. Didn't make it to work Tues, but went + got tickets for Sunday's Chicago basketball game. - We are getting along so perfectly... It's just like the olden days. I feel so so good, better than I have in so long. For a change I'm enjoying life again.

Friday, May 2

Have been thinking a lot of Michael's beautiful body today + yesterday. Obsessed with the thought of his chest, shoulders, waist. Last I saw him was Tues when he came into Warren "to get an envelope" as I was on my way to typeset. Today I should be getting



my period & always the few days before I'm just horny as hell  
& masturbating like mad. What better image to masturbate  
by than his small hard body? Too bad he's such a jerk.  
Saturday at the RQ all night long (and I'm serious, I was  
there hours) he & Diane sat in the corner & necked "pas-  
sionately" for about 2 hours. Come on! Can't figure out  
what they're trying to prove? how hot they are? Why go  
to a crowded public place so you can be intimate? Wierdos.  
God, if only I could get him in bed & he weren't such a  
whiney crybaby. I'd like to go visit him at his new place  
but fear it'll turn out to be a bad move. — Tim & I toge-  
ther every night. I love him so much. He's so comforting &  
I just feel like I'm in heaven. When I'm with him I have  
no conflicts or inhibitions, no turmoils inside. We  
just lay there in each other's arms & it's so easy to drift  
off to sleep, thoroughly vulnerable & secure. — I guess  
I'm a real ass. I have everything anyone could want with  
Tim but crave what I don't have, what I'll never have  
— the unconquerable, the intensity of realizing you'll  
never get it. It only makes you want it so much more.  
Michael is like denying myself of a fetish... it's as tho  
if I had him it'd be like suddenly I'd turn into a boy;  
and I know neither of them will happen, yet I can't  
dismiss the thought of either.

Monday, May 5

Saturday at the RQ & Michael, Diane, Tom there. Tom & I hung out  
together & were very candid with each other. But I'm wary of him  
if only cuz I see Michael in him. Tom ladles out the compliments  
the same way M does — in that super-sincere, looking right in  
your eyes way, telling me how I've been a turning point in his  
life when I've barely even talked with him! Confided to him a



few of my thoughts on Michael I didn't mind him hearing back - that I ~~that~~ feel uncomfortable around him & Diane & don't know why they don't go home to neck (they were nearly all night again). And Tom tells me in the most utter strict confidence, don't ever tell Michael, etc., but M told him that he's simply "out to break Diane's heart" cuz she's so, well, she never has any opinions of her own or anything. Really fucked. Told Tom that's sick & self-destructive & I wouldn't want to hang around M if only for that reason (and wonder if the same technique, or some other, had been used on me). Also that I don't visit them for fear she'll be there & Tom said he's laid down the law to M that she can't be around any weekdays, only weekends (bullshit cuz I've seen them weekdays). Told him seeing M's such a disappointment & Tom agreed, saying he's kissed & hugged Michael already & it was a let-down. (Masturbated that night thinking of Tom kissing Michael.) Tom & I went off alone & talked. He asked if he could call me Sheila instead of Louie & I said I preferred it as "Louie" sounds so patronizing to me lately. Said M told him he should call me Louie. Shows what M knows. Tom wanted to sleep with me & told him we probably will someday but let's play it by ear. He asked if I am physically female & I told him I don't think I am. He says oh but he can make love to me like a female & I said I call the punches in that. And I kind of would like to, but fear he'll feel toward me like toward the cunty girls he goes with (told him that) & I want to stay on an equal level with him. Told him I don't like it cuz he's so hetero & he laughed nervously, he doesn't know if he is, his contact with women has been so unsatisfying & he hates it. I also fear the only reason I want to is cuz it would be so close to being with M - if you can't get him, get his best friend/roommate type deal. And I don't want to be like that, or have M think that's what I'm doing. Decided if I do have sex with him I'll limit it to strictly boy-sex (leave my undershirt on, my jockey shorts, suck him off, anal intercourse, use my finger in him). But I really don't know if I want to, and the more I think of it, the more I realize it's no good. — So



danced once with M, at his request. Afterwards Tom & Diane were talking so M & I were stuck together. Suddenly he whimpers "Louise, yer not gonna forget me when you leave, are you?" I retorted, "I'm not gone yet!" He says he's come over to see me at Warren! (yeah sure. To get an envelope on a day he knows I'm usually not home.) I kissed him & as sudden as the whimpering he starts the he-doesn't-want-to-be-mean-to-Diane crap. Told him she doesn't care & he said oh yes he was surprised to find out she does! (well then go to hell. That's the last time I do that.) - I have to get straightened out why I want to hang around with Tom. Don't want to continue this fucked scene with M, but am so helplessly drawn to him. But when I scan the bar & catch sight of him, I feel nothing - I am empty & he is not beautiful. I have to get away from these heterosexuals. - Sunday Tim & I make the 9:20 a.m. train to Chicago & go see the basketball play-off game there. Fine game & had a great time getting involved in the crowd spirit. Know the Chicago team coach referees etc & it was so different from TV, plus they're playing the SF team! Then we walked around downtown Chicago a while & it was like opening my eyes & seeing for the 1<sup>st</sup> time. It's so good to be elsewhere. Eldon & I talked about my going & he said I should have no problem applying for jobs wearing a suit cuz "everyone" in SF is gay... The city is smaller than Milw & has 100 gay bars & that's only the bars! I was so pleased to hear him say not only will he miss my work on GPU NEWS but miss me as a good friend. I wrote my letter of resignation as Sec'y of GPU & will submit it at tonight's meeting.

Friday, May 9

So I've decided to keep away from Tom & Michael & not go to the bars alone without Tim. After writing May 5 it all became clear to me that scene was fucked & I don't really want it. (Charles



wrote he's glad d'm over M, who was just like a big turd floating up the river!) And so I've compromised - I'll avoid them on my last day in Milw, or when it's too late to get hold of me, I'll put a copy of Swinburne's "Anactoria" in his mailbox, addressed to Michael from Sheila. ("Had you loved me once, as you have not loved; Had the chance been with us that has not been" - "There will no man do for your sake, I think, / What I would have done for the least word said" - "But if we had loved each other - O sweet / Had you felt, lying under the palms of your feet / The heart of my heart....") And I've realized I'm in love with being in love. There is no nobler, more selfish feeling than a pining broken heart. - "To have died if you cared I should die for you, clung / To my life if you bade me, played my part / As it pleased you - These were the thoughts that stung..." And maybe just to play my part as it pleases me I'll give it to him. And despite his pleadings I've decided not to let him know where we are in SF. Once we're gone we'll be gone for good. But you know I change my mind so. - Had a GPU Board of Directors mtg last nite & I was amazed how sad everyone was I'm splitting. And I heard from one lesbian that she was asked especially for my address by 2 lesbians who're getting "married" in June, one's called Dave & is a real good butch, tho, as usual, short & very fat. I'm really surprised - I guess they instantly liked me the 2-3 times I've ever seen, spoke to them. - I'm a little scared of the gay community in SF, that they won't accept me like I've been here because I'm straight & I always fear rejection by those I admire. and female. Sex with Tim has been exhausting. But I can't believe how easily & well we're getting along. Clicking like clockwork, laughing like 1970, loving like before. We'll get along beautifully together alone in SF - I know. (Can you believe Larrie James phoned me a few days ago & said he wants to come see me before we split for SF?? God!)



Monday, May 12

Enjoyable weekend. Fri nite on the Southside with Tim; I'm passing well Hw. Sat we went downtown + in the evening he had to work; Liz came over + we watched TV. Sun at the parents' + played basketball + catch with Dad, Johnny + Pat. Ma, Dad, Grandmother starting to get upset that I'm moving. Johnny said for sure he'll take my apt, for the summer anyway. Then Tim + I watched the basketball game on TV. He told me one of his co-workers, whom I've talked to several times, asked "Are you still living with that little dude?" Me. Tim said we don't live together, that he thinks that's bad for a relationship - in other words telling her he has a "relationship" with a guy!!! So proud of him! (I'd told her my name is Steve. And one time she commented how small my feet are, what size shoe do I wear? Told her a 5 in boys', but 7 in women's. But somehow she still thinks I'm a boy, who knows what size women's shoes he takes!!) Creepy: had a dream last nite that thru some accident Tim got his cock chopped off + while he was still unconscious the doctors were showing me the brown leather dildo they were gonna sew on him + I was super upset + horrified - thinking what he had + what they were gonna replace it with. Freud would've loved that one. Like my fear of the female-to-male transsexual operation.

Tuesday, May 13

I think I finally have some dates now: New York, June 2-8. Leaving for SF July 14 or 15 (Tim says "Bastille Day"). Asked him to make train reservations tomorrow for SF. - Eliz telling me today how well I pass + she don't bullshit about stuff like that.



Tuesday, May 20

Reservations for the 12:20 train to SF July 19. Tim & I beautiful. Seems all I want to do is be with him - everything else bores me to death. To the bar with (Greg) Linda & I had a perfectly horrible time. Greg such a cunt & I so irritating. Swear that's the last time I go out with them. Worried about SF. Tim says don't think about it & you won't worry. Scared I won't be able to handle a job with someone telling me what to do, or with so much to do I'm exhausted. I've been spoiled at UWM - taking my time with the little I have to do, doing it my way. Like now: writing this instead of running around busting my ass. - Ma telling me she wants to get me a going-away present. Told her she could take me to a tailor & get me fitted for a nice gray suit that fits me just so. She said ok! - Haven't seen Michael in weeks. Everytime I want to think or fantasize about him & picture him in my head, all I see are his eyes made up in that smeary way that he wore them, imitating how Diane wore hers. How distant I feel from that scene now! - It's becoming more clear to me the gravity of "moving forever." But I feel so distant now from my family, friends. The ~~last~~ closest person to me is Charles, in New York!! So I guess that's good. I'm so that I don't even want to answer the phone unless it's Tim. I don't care about anyone or anything. - Those jerks. I can take Jeffy Topsy from Chicago to SF on the train, but not from Miles to Chic. Guess I'll have to smuggle her. Wish it wasn't such a hassle to take her along. She may be in the way til we find an apt. in SF too. - Tonight Tim told me of the remarks directed at him today for being effeminate, "gay." I looked at his beautifully sculptured face & full lips. And I love him so much.

Friday, May 23

Michael came to visit me last night. We walked to his house, drove back to Waven, ate supper, then he drove me to Tim's. He made a few repressed-affectionate gestures toward me. But the biggest deal was (and god did he look lovely!) that he asked if I was gonna lose him after I move & I said yeah. He pursued the subject (was I really?



he'd get my address. how? he asked dad's name & address, ha, ha, he'd get it from them. told him I'll tell them not to give it to anyone, and so what can he do if he does get it? write me a letter. what if I throw it away?) But somehow my old lovin' feelin' was gone. I couldn't muster it up out of the ashes. He was simply beautiful, more so than usual cuz I've seen him only in bars. Tried to think of Swinburne's lines I'd mused over while thinking of him - but somehow my heart did not go out to him. - Unfortunately the phone rang. Michael "oh, can I answer it??!!" knowing I shouldn't, knowing I couldn't say no, hoping it wasn't Tim. It was. He was bummed. When over then he said a few snotty remarks directed at M + he asked what M was wearing (?). I said a few cutting things about M, too. Tim said he thought I was going out with M for the night - I told him no, no! he came to visit me, that I've never gone to see him. Tim was jealous! Finally! - Got my hair cut at that same barber, who again called me "young man." I was a little more bold this time + even initiated a little idle talk. But much more concerned how I looked when I went in - even changed my shirt so I felt my chest was flatter-looking.

### Friday, May 30

Tim + I in a wierd exchange last nite. As planned earlier I went to his place + to sleep. He came in the house, went directly to the bathroom. Running water. No acknowledgement of my presence. I sensed something, called out "are you OK?" "yep." Suddenly I heard nothing + after a while emerged from the bedroom but he was gone. I went back to sleep, pissed at his slothness. Later he came back to bed. Told me he'd been beat up on the street about a block away by some punk saying "I don't like fags." Tim had retorted "I didn't even touch you, man!" making the scene his own.



That's when he came in "to check out the damages" (he wasn't hurt) + ran the water + then he just walked out + went to 2 bars in the area, one gay. So we discussed the pros + cons of his fighting or not fighting back (he didn't) + all the dynamics surrounding such incidents. Then I said "poor Ljubski" + hugged him, Ljubski: a pet name we used for each other. Somehow my saying that was an affront! "Why don't you say 'poor Smuffy'?" "Cuz I didn't get punched." He pushes me away in the bed, "well I don't want that kind of love!" - still making the scene his. And that's why probably he didn't come by me or invite me to the bars when he came in to "check the damages" - he wanted to enjoy the whole experience on his own. His own little cinema verite. Honestly! I said "oh brother!" + turned away + slept. Neither of us touched all night + I left this morn without kissing or talking to him which I always do. Somehow that pisses the hell outta him when I say "poor him" - is he above sympathy for lousy things that happen to him, think I'm trying to "feminize" him by such comments, or what's his problem? After that reaction I was intensely ~~so~~ sorry I was a girl - how could I have reacted back?

### Monday, June 9

New York. Left Milw Mon the 2<sup>nd</sup> in a van with a trailer carrying Jeffrey's stuff + we drove straight through + into NY Tues the 3<sup>rd</sup>. Not as beat as expected. Jim + I went grocery shopping + everything seemed fine. We ate in Greenwich Village + then drove thru Manhattan. In bed Jim was very pissed + said he wanted to return to Milw the next day + we had a bitchy argument - "the same shit": Charles + Jeffrey are MY friends + they HATE him + are only nice to him for MY sake + I'm a different person when I'm with them + he doesn't like how I am. ~~shoved~~ Incredible cuz I really did want to be with him, was very attentive + not at all like I'd acted our other times here. He said it was a real joke our planning to go to SF. Told him if he left for Milw the next day I'd go too cuz I don't want to be here alone + that's how I'd feel. He resisted a lot but I thought he realized somewhat that I wasn't in NY to "run around" like before. So we slept still unresolved.



Wed things a little cooled off - we went grocery shopping with Charles. It seemed so wierd to me cuz it seemed he got along famously with both of them the entire time, laughing, clowning, compromised + we planned to leave Sat. But that afternoon he hid in the bedroom + read + as Jeffery + I made supper, he slipped out + was gone all night (6:15 pm - 2 am) without even saying he was going out. When he returned I didn't bitch or anything, he was all drunk + glad I wasn't mad. Just said I'd've liked to go with him, or he should've said he was going out. Felt I finally knew now what was going on with him, confident it didn't mean anything detrimental to our relationship or plans for SF. So he was real good to me all Thurs - even bought me a candy bar! We 4 went downtown "shopping" (got super hassled in Washington Park by adolescents for being fagg) + Tim + I made supper at the house. I think he was surprised I didn't have the hots to go to the bars like I did before. It rained Thurs nite. Fr Charles' ex-roommate + friends came over + we all sat around + got drunk + stoned. I hadn't had any night-life yet + wanted to go out but left the evening's plans to the others so I wouldn't be "forcing" Tim into anything. We all ate at a real nice French restaurant + got very drunk. They'd made plans to see a gay male porn flick (Tim saying outright he'd like to go to it) + as we left the restaurant for the movie he told me he was going back to the apt.; however Charles already had a cab + he came. That bummed out my time at the movie - felt like a real dirty slob watching it, thinking how I feel sitting with Tim at a hot one. But he enjoyed the film a lot. (I have to stop making these comparisons between myself as gay + Tim as het - somehow he's not just like somehow I'm not. He understands my duality better than I understand his, or maybe better ~~than~~ than he understands his!) Afterwards



we walked to a bar, Jim saying he was gonna ~~be~~ split + he just walked away. So I let him. We 3 went to two dancing bars, neither so exciting. He returned to the apt after we did, having gone to 4 other bars (one gay). Once again I was receptive + open - it's OK if he wants to go off by himself. - Our plane left NY Sat at 6 pm. We 4 talked of switching apts. sometimes for vacations, Jeffrey + Charles taking ours in SF + we taking theirs in NY. Jim + I just sat around watching TV Sat nite.

Sunday I visited the parents. Ma said she'd get me a nice suit as a going-away gift + we shopped around, realizing we'll have to go to a tailor. She talked to one today about how-to + they questioned her so much why her daughter wants a man's suit that at the 2nd tailor's she checked she said it was for her son, knowing I'd have to go in to be fitted. I think she gets a kick out of what I'm doing. They'd even made comments what a "little guy" I am size-wise + she went along with the whole thing. She even did at the stores yesterday.

### Tuesday, June 10

after work Jim usually goes to a bar. Phoned me at home + tells me he's having very "affectionate thoughts" about me lately. We planned to meet at 10 p.m. as I was going to the GPU mtg. But it was a bore so Donna (an older leg friend) + I went to a bar til 10:20. Well he was pissed, + still is this morn. I was drunk + probably pretty outspoken, the all I said was true. The only time he's not jealous or possessive or thinking I'm tricking is if I sit home all alone + never even have a phone call. He is so suspicious of everything. He can hang out in 2-3 different bars for 5 hours a nite but if I go to one for one hour I'm bad. Told him the last time I tricked was when he was in Berkeley. He really is a spoiled pouty baby. I get so tired of his possessiveness. I hate having to put up with his cool attitude just cuz I have my own friends. Obviously they're no threat to him if I'm giving them all up to go



to SF with him. So I guess I've forfeited all those "affectionate thoughts" he was having. Seems I spend so much time showering him with attention so he doesn't start pouting. I don't know what he thinks is threatening him. That's what's so irritating: he knows I love only him & there's no way I'd leave him, etc., he says he knows & yet continues to act like he's being slighted. I guess the best policy is to ignore his pouting aloofness.

Wednesday, June 11

Talked to Tim about Mon ride & he said he wasn't pissed at me cuz I went out & said after thinking about it he wondered himself why he was mad. I didn't know he ever got mad without knowing the cause. (He was late for our meeting last ride & told me cuz he was visiting his old flame Sara. However, on my way over I had seen her elsewhere & so caught him in his lie. He was embarrassed. Wonder if he's done that before? To make me jealous?) I was mildly pissed at his being so late & for the benefit of the black guy whose room is across the hall, Tim put on a brief "heavy" display of asking me to leave if I was dissatisfied. Later I rebuked him, saying I felt like the victim of a little show for the black guy, & Tim didn't defend himself, as tho he realized he did it. Even in NY, Charles noticed that Tim really kisses black ass.

Monday, June 16

24. It doesn't seem I'm this age, yet it's the age I feel I should be. Only 4 more weeks of work, 5 more in Milw. Tim & I went out to 2 quiet bars Fri & got along very well. Downtown Sat, & I spent the eve at home. Sunday 11 a.m. went to the laundromat & 2 boys (bout 11, 12 yrs old) began hassling me "Jureau Park [gay cruising area] is that way," "queer," "fag" & shooting squirt guns at me. Tried to ignore them



sitting inside, but they pounded on the window trying to intimidate me. Tried to confront them, "Tell me what's wrong with being gay?" But nothing got rid of them. Suddenly 2 more kids joined them, one saying, "That's a girl!" but the others assuring them I'm a boy. They got bolder, coming right into the laundromat + squirting me in the face. Spotted them hiding water balloons. There were about 5 other people in the laundromat but no help. I was trembling by now, they'd been after me at least an hour + knew they were waiting for me to come outside. Decided to bee-line to Eldon's only a block away, but on my way they hit me with 2 water balloons, the back of my head, shirt + laundry sopping wet. Burst out crying as Eldon let me in but only a little. A friend there drove me home after a half hour. The initiating kid has seen + hassled me before - "look at that fag! Is he a fairy!" shit. Eldon told me there's no "right" way to handle situations as there. Sure I'm glad I passed + I love to be thought of as a fag, but really! — Spent the day at the parents' for my birthday + got several "dear brother" cards. Jim + I slept together, I babied him cuz he felt sick - loving each other very much.

### Tuesday, June 17

He must be insanely jealous of my relationship with Charles - and it's not cuz he's possessive of me either. At Warren having a nice quiet evening - he bought me an album for my birthday + some wine. All was beautiful until Charles phoned to say Happy Birthday + we chatted a while, Jim did too. When we hung up he asked what they'd said, snapped that ~~all~~ all I was interested in was their fucking adventures + he suddenly stormed out of the house. Ran after him what's the matter? was he pissed cuz they called? He doesn't give a shit if they phone! So, I thought, go ahead. I went back inside + to bed. You figure it out.



I don't feel I deserve to be treated like that, not even a reason given. One minute he's so glad to be with me, kissy-kissy, + the next minute he tells me right out he doesn't care if he's with me or not. Speaking of "throw-away kisses"! - Decided then + there that if he pulls some funny business how he's changed his mind about SF, I'm going alone. I'll do it. So tired of being his lap dog, a puppet. - He phoned me just now. Asked if he was still mad at me + he said he wasn't mad. Asked why he left then + he said he "was just tired of" me. I told him he changes so fast + he said "so do you" - he simply cannot stand my contact with Charles. That really pisses me off: "Just tired of" me, like a fuckin' lap dog.

Wednesday, June 18

Incredible talk with Jim. Still waters ~~run~~ deep? he is super jealous. Said he's changing his mind about SF cuz he knows if we go there it'll be the end of us. Told him I'm going alone then - I swore I would. Finally we talked + he brought up incidents from years ago - Beau? really! Even tho he says he knows I love him + won't leave him, he's afraid I'm just "using" him to get to SF so I can run around there too. Said he knows he's probably run around much more than I have, but can't help being possessive of me. That I have all these friends + people phoning me + coming over! + I told him yeah but he can see how much they mean to me cuz I can't wait to leave them all behind in Milw. I was amazed at how much he talked about what the matter was - if only we'd've had this talk months ago. And he said he wants a "tell all" policy where if we have someone else we tell each other. But he began seeing how foolish this whole jealousy was, realizing it's no threat. He only doesn't like me to act like I



do when he's not around. He also said if he were "involved" with someone & I wasn't jealous, he'd doubt I loved him. But the really incredible thing was he said sometimes he really just wants to marry me so that there'll be something stricter! So I said well how bout if in SF we get a place together & that'll bring us closer & we agreed on that, to try it again. And everything was fine - we had beautiful sex. - Will get Michael to clean out all his left-over crap at Warren, give back the key, even tho I hate any contact with him.

### Thursday, June 19

Jim & I went to pick up our train tickets last night & then to the Southside to his favorite bar. Had a beautiful time - no hassles at all. It was 12:30 a.m. while making our way to his place, he suggested we go get our albums back ~~from~~ that Michael borrowed. I laughed "at this hour?" & he said yeah, he's getting more violent since I'd lived with Michael, he said. So we went, but M was "asleep." I got stuck with Tom (asking him to tell M to get the rest of his shirt outta Warren and return my key) while Jim "went to the bathroom," actually, tho, going in to talk with M. Apparently he got the low-down on a lotta shit. Found out I'd told M to forget \$80 he owed me & later Jim chided me for that - but I explained it was worth it not to have M coming around every week with \$5-10, irritating me. I was worried some hassle about M would develop, but none did. We had drunken sex, & slept happily. - at lunch today went to a restaurant. Waitress: "Can I help you, ma'am?" oh! sir! I'm sorry!!" First time they switched around the other way - it's usually "sir ... oh, I'm sorry, ma'am."



Monday, June 23

During Jim's + my hassle Tues nite he walked out of his apt. while I was there I figured just to get some air, think, smoke. Thurs nite he told me he'd gone over to Michael's with some hysteria motives but they weren't home. So he said he didn't know why, but he "moved" one of their porch chairs "onto a step" + busted it. He told me cuz he's worried they'll guess he did it cuz he inadvertently mentioned Wed nite to them that he'd been there Tues nite. I find it flattering he was so jealous. - Waiting for the bus Fri nite in my leather + tie get-up. An old queen comes up to me thinking I'm hustling or being available, saying with a little effort I could pass as either boy or girl. Finally asks outright which I am + told him as it was difficult to get rid of him. Then he found it hard to believe I'm female, saying he's still game for sex with me, but I put him off. First time I'd ever been so blatantly approached on the street. He said my I.D. bracelet clues him in to my being gay. Saturday went to a wedding of 2 lesbians. Sun to Steininger's + gave her Jeffy Topsy. Rest of the time just sat around home - no desire to do anything but go with Jim to S.F.

Tuesday, June 24

Last night during sex Jim became bolder with the isolated slaps on the ass we've been giving each other lately during sex + really gave me a sharp spanking. Loved it! Sleeping, had a dream that somehow I folded out my belly-button + there I had a tied-off blob of skin (looked like a testicle tied at its base) + I wondered in the dream why I hadn't played with it before, cuz I figured it was probably by indirectly rubbing it that I masturbated + I seemed to understand very clearly, then, how I'd been able to get off while masturbating.

Wednesday, June 25

Those monster boys (see June 16) spotted me on my bike yesterday + shot a stone at me, yelling "Queer!"



Thursday, June 26

Bout 10:30 pm Jim (slightly drunk) + I walked to a store. Passed by that same little brat who initiated the laundromat incident + he made a few remarks ("Juncus Park is that way") but much less bold, no doubt cuz Jim. Walked on + told Jim that's the same kid + so he, drunk + bold, said let's go back then. We walked toward them, Jim calling them over + immediately the brat rushes up to a house + yells inside "sir! sir!" + tells the man who comes to the door that we've been following him + his friend for 45 mins. Jim just began saying he's sick + tired of getting hassled by these kids. The man didn't know what was happening but after a while realized what was going on - the kids still insisting we're after them, me blurting out I'm sick + tired of being scared in my own neighborhood + harassed. Soon the kids wandered on, seeing they weren't getting away with anything, the man telling us this'd been happening to him bout a year ago too + all you can do is get someone in some kind of authority to hold the kids + call the cops cuz if we'd touch them we'd go to jail. Was so proud of Jim for being so unafraid + I think I'll be able to handle it better too. Good idea to get a 3<sup>rd</sup> party involved. Love Jim so much, he's really a fine person. - Thinking today how I'd love to get these kids to tell the cops oh how I all molested them + have them describe exactly how I made them suck my cock or something + then after they're all done I'd say "Are you sure that's just how it happened?" "yes, yes!" "Well, officer, I hope you can help me put an end to these predators on gay men. I'm probably not the only one who's been accused of this shit. I'm just lucky I can save myself. You little brats, I'm a girl!"



Thursday, July 3

He did it again. Met him at the Southside bar & he barely greeted me, acting like it sure was a drag to see me. When I touched his hand he told me to cut it out. Wouldn't even talk to me. So I asked him why he never talks to me or acts like he's glad to see me. He denied it, said he is glad & then he was a bit more congenial. I just sat & thought how this was the main reason I didn't like him when I first knew him & why I felt I would go crazy having him for a boyfriend: cuz he might as well be dead, cuz he sure acts like he wishes he was... no energy, no joy, no love of life. So we went to his place, to a restaurant & then to my place - thru it all he acted the same. He turned on the tube, got a beer & sat looking like if he were any more bored he'd be a vegetable. I sat thinking how all day at work I'm alone & rarely talk to or see anyone & when I'm so glad to be with him for a little attention & companionship, all I get is the cold shoulder. And it's double worse cuz he acts like he doesn't understand why I interpret his actions this way. And then - the phone rang! I knew that was it. Knew he was pissed cuz it rang & I said shit, should I answer it or not? He said yes. It was Allyn & we began talking. So good to hear a cheerful voice, someone who wanted to converse with me, who liked me! But I knew that was it for the evening with Tim cuz he doesn't like me to have phone calls. In about 15 mins. he got his coat on & left. - And this time I've had it. His excuse for walking out after Charles called on my birthday doesn't hold here. I'm sick of tip-toeing around his jealousy. I have a perfect right to have my own friends & not be punished for it. I know I dare not make a single friend in SF or he'll make it hell for me. This time I'm going to stick up for my rights!



Monday, July 7

Just waiting to get out of here. Had it out with Jim Thurs nite in the Southside bar + said he feels his "tantrums" (which I call them) won't happen in SF. He seemed amused I was so pissed about it, but concerned. Said he didn't like my attitude + way I acted when a friend called + I said well I should think he could treat me like anyone else who's a jerk sometimes + not just say to me 'fuck you!' + walk out like that. Finally it calmed down (neither side relenting) + we went to 2 gay bars. As we got drunk we expressed our fears of each other, + both said we wouldn't argue with each other, trying to patch things up, if we didn't love each other. Everything fine; but think I can deal with him better now as male-to-male (told him I didn't like it cuz I feel he treats me like a girl. He said "That's what you are." Fuck that!) He doesn't like all my "I'm so glad to see you" shit, so I'll stop it. - Friday to the parents + Saturday typeset 7½ hrs. Sun Jim + I sat in Warren all day + watched TV together - super relaxing, getting along very well, + happily the phone didn't ring.

Tuesday, July 8

Can't believe how sincere people are in saying goodbye. Went to my last GPU meeting last nite + Eldon sung my praises + Rick [redacted], a board member, asked for applause for me, kissed me goodbye twice, saying they'll miss me. After the meeting I was really depressed. They just secured a gay center, but it just wasn't how I conceived a center should be + was glad I'm leaving so I don't have to participate in its activities. Went + got a drink by myself. Very close to going to Jim's, wanted to be with him so bad. But didn't go. Shouldn't bring him my depression. This morning 2 secretaries from other depts. who I didn't think even knew I existed invited me to have a farewell



lunch with them tomorrow. Wish I was gone today!

Monday, Aug. 4

This is really the 1<sup>st</sup> time I've been alone to write - Tim just went out to apply for a job. The train left 12:20 pm July 19 - The trip was nice. Glad we had a sleeper car - most of the scenery was barren land. The 20<sup>th</sup> we just sat in the observation car + drank. Arrived about 5 pm the 21<sup>st</sup>, and we stayed at an old acquaintance's of mine. The 22<sup>nd</sup> Tim + I went looking for apartments thru the newspaper + by walking up + down inquiring after For Rent signs. There were tons of them, unbelievably! After an hour decided to take the 1<sup>st</sup> place we looked at. A studio - kitchen, bathroom, livingroom with couch that opens to a bed. \$165 month and about 6 blocks from the main downtown street, 5 from a major gay area. Perfect location + the apt is clean + in a "ritzy" building. We moved in the 26<sup>th</sup> + to our delight found that the former tenant left us his console combination stereo / AM-FM radio / television! Went to 2<sup>nd</sup> hand stores + got basic needs - all we needed for probably \$15. Since then we've just been bumming around the city, getting acquainted with it + the transportation system. Because Tim drinks too much we've enforced upon ourselves "dry" + "wet" days every other day + on "wet" days we check out bars, "dry" days no drinking at all!! [yesterday in a hot neighborhood bar catering to American Indians a man did a double take at me, then said "You're half pretty, you know that?" apparently having decided I'm male. I've been passing extremely well ... some people hesitating to accept my I.D. card!] We've been to Golden Gate Park; Sausalito on a ferry; various shopping districts in the city; Twin Peaks; Berkeley + Oakland, Tim looking up a few old friends here; Fisherman's Wharf; the Pacific Ocean; etc. etc. This week we decided to start looking for jobs. Puke. Neither of us want to. Wrote to the family with my address they must have received last Monday



but to this date no letter, tho they did mail me 2 boxes of stuff I asked them to. Got it into my head that I wanted a bird, but settled for getting a bird feeder I just attached to the fire escape out our livingroom window (on the 4<sup>th</sup> floor). Within 1 1/2 hrs. there were 7 birdies eating out of it at one time! Jim + I are getting along famously. It's really just like old times living on Franklin St. (when we got the apt. Jim said "Here hasn't been a Snuffy-Tuffy place in a long time!"). Even in the bars I've danced with others with no reprimand from Jim, in fact his volunteering what a good time he had. I think he finally realizes that he really does mean more to me than anything else. I find that even the bars here don't attract me as once bars did. Neither Jim nor I have been harassed for being fags, etc., and it really is amazing how many queeny men there are just mingling in the masses all over! Even saw an outrageous bull dyke on the bus. It's as tho we just blend in! Each night, especially on our dry days, we go out for a little walk in the night air. Beautiful weather here. The fog can get so that it's misting. I'm beginning to feel very much at home here, tho I still have dreams I'm in Milwaukee + once I woke in the middle of the night worrying it wouldn't be warm enough in our apt. cuz winters in New York get cold. Jim + I, as I've said, have been together constantly, doing everything together. Not one bad feeling has passed between us. We split all costs in half, except items especially for one of us alone. Sometimes we eat together - sometimes we each make our meals. We're very much like male lovers living together. (Told Jim I hesitated to meet a certain of his old male lovers cuz he had told me the guy is super anti-female, but Jim assured me that I'm not really a girl + agreed when I said maybe we could fool ~~him~~ a girl + agreed when I said maybe we could fool ~~him~~ him.) I was surprised Jim was interested in the kind of apts. we were looking at + got - all in large apt. bldgs., elevators, locked lobbies, pretty middle-class. He also suggested we subscribe to the daily ~~newspaper~~ newspaper. How settled + middle-class! But that's OK with me - I needed a change. I really



am happy here - and tomorrow I start seeking a job.

Monday, Aug. 11

Last week both of us half-heartedly went job-hunting and no success. We employed an answering service for \$5 a month to take any calls we get from employers. But neither of us is putting his all into finding a job. Also last week we went to Berkeley to visit Alicia, a girlfriend of Tim's from his graduate school days. I was worried I would be really bummed out, but she was so charming & engaging & reminded me so much of the way I was say 5 yrs. ago that I was strangely attracted to her & liked her very much. Also got a letter from na & one, surprisingly, from Bridget. I didn't expect her to be one of the first to write. Exchanged addresses with a woman I met in a bar cuz we had such a good conversation (she's disillusioned by men) & Tim was seered off, but he was so drunk & took his attempt at an argument lightly. We both applied for Calif. State I.D. cards & I got a library card - we've both been reading a lot in the evenings. I've been checking out Andre Gide. A few more when - am - I - moving? have - I - missed - the - date? where - am - I? dreams, but I love it here. Not a regret in my bones!

Thursday, Sept. 11

So here it is a month later. I haven't written mostly because I've been writing letters to nearly everyone in Milwaukee and figure those should suffice - I keep them all, letters received & copies of letters I send back. And also because Tim is constantly at my side & today was the first day nearly that we've been apart - he went somewhere with his friend Larry & I had things to do, also I felt it's about time we had a day away from each other - too much really



can be too much. Neither of us has jobs as yet + Tim felt desperate enough a few days ago to engage an employment agency to help him find something. I'm in no fat hurry. At this point I'm really feeling Leavenworth is home. Like it here in SF tremendously. We've stopped going out drinking except for once or twice a week, and have turned to reading in the evenings + I like that much better. In a way I very much miss the flirting, running around, being totally unattached feeling I had when Tim was in Berkeley, but in the long run and considering long-term effects and ~~that~~ dissatisfaction that behavior causes me - I have to say this "monogamous" bit is better. But right now it's time we get jobs or something cuz we are always constantly together and I can see it's wearing on both our nerves. And a lot of the time I just don't know WHAT Tim wants. A few weeks back some old guy flirted heavily in a bar with Tim + Tim promised to meet the guy that weekend for a dinner date. I was pissed and forbade him to go + he argued that we can't just set up housekeeping + act like we're married + end living! I agree totally - but he won't allow me the same privileges. Few days ago, very drunk, in a straight bar with a straight girl - she + I hugged + kissed + it was all over in minutes + Tim was pissed as hell! So I don't know. I'd really like to work out some arrangement with him so we still each have some individual freedom - but I'm afraid to bring the topic up, afraid it'll blow up in my face. But at the same time I think he wants it, too. It seems he doesn't trust me. Even today when he left I told him I'd probably go downtown + come right back + he scolded me, worriedly, "And no Snaffy business either!"



- LETTERS - excerpts

My most dearest mom

8/6/75

I was wondering if this was Boycott Sheila month or something. Yours was the 1<sup>st</sup> correspondence from Milw except for the boxes. Yeah, this place is just about upper-middle class. Did I tell you it has an elevator? But the greatest is the bargains: the transportation system is really excellent - a pass for the month for \$11 good on cable cars, streetcars + buses. I bet Tim \$5 he'd lose his by the end of Aug. The Saturday we moved in we hit several 2<sup>nd</sup> hand stores + got just about all our basic needs (dishes, toaster, iron, silverware, blankets, etc) for about \$15. So all last week we got acquainted with the city: went to Sausalito on the ferry + couldn't get served any liquor cuz Tim must be under 21 + he doesn't have an I.D.; to Golden Gate Park; to the Pacific Ocean + saw surfers; passed Alcatraz on the ferry; to Fisherman's Wharf + someday we'll buy some fresh crab + lobster. They sell there; across the Bay to Berkeley + Oakland. When we began going "what's to do?" we decided it's time to job-hunt. A real joke. Yesterday I got a handful of dimes, went to a pay phone + start~~ed~~<sup>ed</sup> calling jobs. Ended up at an interview in my Pierre Cardin at a place like dad's work ("How fast do you type?" "About 55 wpm." "Is that good?") He kept looking at me weird + probably thought I was a little snobby coming from a university. Pretty sure that fell through. This morn I went to a place I knew I didn't want right away (buncha office babes smoking cigarettes) + they made me fill out a 2-page application (what was my beginning + ending weekly salary



at Paradise Dry Cleaners (I'm sure!) take a typ-  
ing test (67 words, 16 mistakes) & then go in to  
see "leslie" ("Hi, I'm leslie." "I'm Sheila." "Sit  
down here." "OK." "Now, do you take shorthand?"  
"No." "Well, we're looking for someone with short-  
hand." And then she sits there smiling. I  
walked out of there like I couldn't believe it!  
Why the fuck didn't they say so to begin with?  
Jim's looking too & is also running into jive-o  
bullshit. At one place they want him to come in on  
Monday when they'll have all the applicants have  
a big pizza race to see who's the best. Can you  
believe that? And somehow I got possessed by  
the idea of getting a bird, but not really, so  
we got a bird feeder & I wired it up to our fire  
escape so you can see it while sitting on our  
couch. Within an hour there were 7 sparrows  
fighting over it. - I pass so great here too.  
In a hetero bar, an oldish man did a double-  
take of me, then I guess deciding I'm a boy,  
said "You're half pretty! You know that?"

Dearest Kath

9/10/75

...  
Jim finally decided he's desperate &  
his funds are getting too low & so he's engaged  
an employment agency to find him something.  
... But you know I really dig this laying  
around. In fact it's kinda given me the  
creeps cuz it's like summer vacation when  
you go to school & I haven't laid around  
like this since high school. This is so  
loose & so almost endless-seeming that  
it gives me almost an identity crises.  
In that way I'm somewhat eager to begin



working again, just to re-establish a routine. My body can't seem to adjust to this nowhere existence. I feel such a need to exercise + move vigorously but when we go on our daily miles + miles of walking I just feel I can't take another step. I guess I just need to feel I'm doing something, even if it is someone else's shitwork. All that's really been keeping my brain active is the tons of reading we've both been doing. Read Gide's Corydon + was disappointed tho I realize in its day it must have been something. Then plowed thru Different (An Anthology of Homosexual Short Stories) figuring out of the lot of them I'd find at least one I liked a lot, but didn't. And then Isabel Miller's very famous lesbian romance with a happy ending Patience + Sarah, which I liked a lot. Sarah, the bitch, describes her adventures going out to see the world in the Old West at age 22, disguised as a boy, + how people kept snatching her to hold her for authorities for a reward, just sure she was a runaway 14 yr old boy. Did that ever hit home with me! Now reading Gustav Mahler: Memories + Letters, intrigued by his life as I've been since seeing Death in Venice. Having the library put on hold Between Me + Life, autobiography of Romaine Brooks, famous lesbian painter.

10/14/75

Dear Eldon

Boy do I have news. I just found out last week that I wear funny clothes. And all this time I thought it was my excellent qualifications that were turning all those employers off. Last week Tues I finally got desperate enough in my job hunting to get my ass over to the Society for Individual Rights Job Referral Office + the jerk gives me a referral, I hesitated to even apply for it



as on the job referral specifications was circled in red NO FEMS. At the California College of Podiatry. But took their dip-shit clerk exam + typing test from the Personnel Director, Ms.

[redacted] She's very encouraging, saying how wonderful I am + makes an appt. for me to see the job supervisor, Ms. [redacted], next day. So I went the next day, of course I wore my Pierre Cardin suits to both interviews. [redacted]

[redacted] + I talk a long time til suddenly she says, "I don't mean to be blunt or anything but why do you dress so masculine?" I tell her because I'm more comfortable + I think I look better in men's clothes than in women's. She says "but you're so feminine in every other way..." That's why you're such a paradox...." She asks (the big lead-in question) "What does your **BOY** friend think about it?" I say he likes it, thinks it looks good. She says well in a job that deals with the public, such as a front desk job, that could be a real drawback to your being hired. I ask is this that kind of job. ~~She~~ "Yes."

She tells me Ken that she doesn't care if I'm a lesbian or not (!!??), but that I'm absolutely perfect for the job, just what they're looking for, but I'd make a bad impression on prospective contributors to their college fund (the job was in their fundraising office). She asks how I've been finding the job market + asks incredulously "Hasn't anyone said any-



thing to you yet?" No. It hit me like a frypan as I walked out of there + I haven't felt that self-conscious in a long time. Took me til Fri to go back to S.I.R. + this time I talked to their real job counselor (a woman) + she was great - got on the phone to [REDACTED] who apparently is fully on our side + told her to tell [REDACTED] this employment agency will sue for discrimination if they don't hire me. [REDACTED] told this counselor, Meg, that even to that date I was still the best qualified for the position. [REDACTED] said she'd try to put the pressure on to get me the job. Monday Meg couldn't contact [REDACTED] + today Meg went to see [REDACTED] about it, learning they'd changed the job description so it required shorthand which I don't know + [REDACTED] claims they'd threw out every application they'd thus far received, which I doubt like hell. I knew they'd get out of it somehow but didn't think they'd go that far. Also found out [REDACTED] had phoned [REDACTED] to warn her she'd be interviewing a girl, not boy. I wish I believed I pass that well. Meanwhile I've realized why I didn't get probably  $\frac{1}{2}$  the jobs I applied for. Can they really care that much what I wear? I just feel like shit. I've abandoned my policy of applying at all those "good people, friendly office" jobs + maybe I can get lost in a big bank. Meanwhile Meg put me to work in their employment referral office, helping put their filing system together. I just visited Vector's office + told the guy I "just came from GPU NEWS." He exclaims "GPU NEWS? FROM MILW?" saying what a fine publication it is with



such good articles + "it's surprising ... for  
Milw." Right now I feel so discouraged about  
finding a job. I've been applying so nonchal-  
antly thinking all these people want is a  
top-notch sec'y + as long as you don't smell  
like piss they don't care what you look  
like. This is San Francisco! Now I feel  
like I'm rejected before they even see my  
application. Jim + I both want to put  
in an application at the State Employment  
Office. His job is getting to him + every day  
he comes home all riled up + he needs a drink.  
It's just a shit job where everyone's bitching  
at everyone else + you don't know when the  
next pile of crap will fall on you. I've  
considered putting an ad in BAR and  
Sentinel (2 gay mags here): "Exper Sec'y  
F-to-M TV seeks legit FT job \$600/mo.  
Tired of applying at straight places that  
won't hire because of my male clothes."  
Sunday Jim + I celebrated our 7<sup>th</sup> anni-  
versary. I love him so much, Eldon. I'd  
be really wingy if I didn't have him.

Dearest ma, 10/23/75  
Well this past week has been another  
doozy for me. Tues morn I went to the  
Calif. State Employment Service + put  
in my application for 2 jobs. When the  
interviewer called my name + **I** came,



well he wouldn't even send me for the 2 jobs. In-  
stead he gave me the phone nos. of several organiza-  
tions I should go to for "help + advice." He was  
real gentlemanly about it but I felt so upset,  
desperate, helpless, that I called one place, the  
Pacific Ctr for Human Growth, + told them I seemed  
"to have an insurmountable problem. I'm a TN +  
no one will give me a job!" The guy on the other  
end of the line goes. "Oh. Well. We don't have any  
jobs here." I felt like screaming well thanks  
a whole fucking lot!!! He referred me to the  
Center for Special Problems, where I went just  
about in tears. There I sat for 1½ hrs. in the  
waiting room, finding later I'd sat that long  
becuz they couldn't match up the name on the  
waiting-to-see-someone list with the young  
man in the waiting room. Finally saw their  
counselor - a very straight old lady - along  
with their staff psych who "did I mind  
if he sat in on our talk?" What seems to be  
the problem? + I told them I'm so sick of look-  
ing for a job + it recently hit me that once  
they got a look at me, they aren't even con-  
sidering me for the job! My voice was waver-  
ing cuz I felt like crying. So they started  
asking all these questions to find out if I  
was a mentee or not + offering me to join  
their transsexual group, etc. + I told them no, no  
I had no problems with any of that identity  
stuff. How was my love life? + I told them it  
couldn't be better. It's just I'm sick of having  
to deal with all this discrimination + I just



needed a pep-talk to give me enough strength to fill out one more application! So they said well you've only been looking for a month, after all, & you haven't had to look for work in over 5 years so you really are getting discouraged too fast. And the psych says he suggests I surround myself with a supportive environment in between job interviews to alleviate the lousy feelings of job-hunting. And that they didn't think I was that strange & sooner or later I'll hit a place that doesn't think I'm strange either. Well, just that little bit made me feel so much better. I guess I just needed to hear that I wasn't nuts after all. Told them I guess I just had to hear that & that in Milw I'd just get together with friends & say aren't all those people jerks & feel better but here I haven't been able to do that. So Wed I had renewed strength & went to 2 interviews, sent out 2 resumes & set up 3 more appts. Feel much better & don't know how I let myself get so depressed. Sure made me feel good that these 2 couldn't seem to find anything mental about me & they seemed amazed at my "adjustment" to my predicament. So today went for 2 interviews & just came from one. I've been saying on my applications I type 60 wpm but I tested at this place at 87 wpm with 4 errors! Tim & I are getting along beautifully. We plan to rent bikes at Golden Gate Park & going on GG Bridge.



Dearest ma -

11-3-75

Well I just ended my 1<sup>st</sup> day on the job + I feel real good. I'm sure dad's given you the scoop already. The guy hired me on the spot right in the middle of the interview "What are your good points?" "I'm conscientious. I feel guilty if I don't do something I'm supposed to." "And your bad points?" "I'm not career-minded, not trying to take over the company. I'm content being a secretary, if that's a bad point. Also I'm not so good in crowds." Etc., etc. "Sheila," he says, "you're the best person to walk in here in 2 weeks + as far as I'm concerned you got the job." He didn't seem to even look at my suit. I almost started crying I was so glad it was finally over. Today I felt super confident + you know how on the 1<sup>st</sup> day it all seems like too much to handle? Well, no sweat. When I arrived the Office Manager who hired me gave me a big lecture how he was going to be watching me very closely + if it didn't seem to work out he'd fire me on the spot. And I was a little scared of the other employees but got no bad feelings, esp. from them + 2 older women actually came up to me + were nice. But everything seemed loose enough + I didn't seem to be obligated to socialize. At the end of the day the Ofc Mgr tells me how wonderful I'd typed the weekly report + discussed reorganizing the files + what do I think? On my 1<sup>st</sup> day!! The office is the sales division for Wilson Sporting Goods Co. I'm secretary to the Sales Division Manager, Sales Mgr + Office Mgr - 3 different guys. Also got a badly



needed haircut + the barber did an excellent job + never alluded to my sex. When I paid him he charged me a buck less + said "Thank you, ma'am." Outasite! Tho he knew, he had no qualms about giving me the best butchy hairedo I've ever had!

Dear Liz-

11-14-76

I went that afternoon to their company doctor for their pre-employment physical, noting that if I was a M-F TS, their exam would never show it. I never had to remove my pants - just bullshit like blood pressure, breath deeply with a stethoscope, loosen your pants + he presses my stomach under my jockey shorts. Ha ha. Not a word. Mon Nov 3 I started, suit + tie, went to the corner greasy spoon for lunch - stayed away from the other "girls." Tues right before noon the Office Mgr who'd hired me called me in + said he could feel some tension among the other employees, altho no one has said anything (I bet) + "I'd be very grateful if there's something you could do about it for me." The shit finally hit, I thought, + started getting upset, told him I didn't even have any other clothes, him saying he didn't want me to do anything that would make me uncomfortable, that he "learned in the army to live + let live," me saying I was spoiled at my last job + now I couldn't go back to



dressing like before, him saying I'd have a helluva  
time getting a job as I am, me saying I KNOW THAT, him  
saying maybe I could get a job "in your own communi-  
ty," me saying don't you think I've tried... We went  
thru all this & when I finally said "What should I  
do??" he says "Just don't wear the tie & roll up  
your sleeves!" I couldn't believe it. That's what  
would make the difference? I was overwhelmed by  
relief, even laughed, told him OK, I'll do that  
until everyone gets used to me & sees I'm not so  
wierd (he says to me as tho he's cluing me in on a  
secret "There's nothing wrong with you, Sheila."  
I said I know that.) So I walked out of his office  
& sat myself down with the Rest of the Girls in the  
Ladies' Lounge to eat lunch. The conversation:  
"Well, Mel won't eat packaged cake mixes!" One  
paging thru a Butterick Pattern catalog "Don't  
that a cute blouse?" Another paging thru a Na-  
tional Enquirer! Just so stereotyped! But I  
just sit & listen & right now I'm sitting here in  
the Lounge writing you. And this ends my 2<sup>nd</sup>  
week & I think they're beginning to not notice me.  
Thank God. I'm wearing everything I always  
wear including suit jackets, boys shoes,  
white shirts, etc., but no tie. And my hair is  
so short I really look good. So don't worry  
about me going TS. If anything I'm having  
to get more fem to survive among all these  
BLATANT HETEROSEXUALS !!! — Jim's doing  
fine. He's got all these guys cruising him  
in the ribbie district where he works.



Dearest Charles & Jeffrey -

12-7-75

...  
A little excitement: the Wed nite before Thanksgiving Jim & I went out drinking & came home bombed. Were fooling around, Jim giving me "a spanking" in the bathroom & I gave him a shove & he fell backward into the bath tub & smacked his elbow. He complained how much it hurt, he couldn't move it, etc., & Thanksgiving morn we went to the hospital 1 1/2 blocks away. It wasn't busted, he probably bruised the bone, but ended up with it in a sling. We both admit equal blame.

Other happenings: Found a men's store that has a whole damn rack of suits in my size in Heir's Young Men's Dept. I was so excited & it was so funny - Here were 2 14-yr-oldish boys with families Here, the mothers making the boys try on jackets etc., Hey're real bummed out. And Ken Here's me rushing around among them, elated, trying on this & that, discussing fit with the salesman. - Last week Jim phoned his ma & for the 1<sup>st</sup> time she asked & so Jim told her yes we're living together, yes we were in Milwaukee too. The cat's finally out of the bag - after 7 years!

Dear Bridget -

12-8-75

...  
Had a real mentie dream last week.



Dreamt I was cradling my coley in my arms + walking down the sidewalk, then decided I'd better stop it or people'd think I was a mentie. So I just held it regular + kept walking until someone told me I dropped something. It was my coley + a guy was running to get it so I ran to get it before he did but he got to it first + kicked it real far + kept running to kick it again + I was worried the arms or legs would come off + get lost. My job is OK but God those crazy fucking straight people that work there are driving me crazy. Conversations about how cute it is that this one girl's husband was insisting he make the breakfast + cracked 3 eggs in the frying pan to make an omelet + ruined the whole thing + isn't that cute they had to throw the whole thing out. I felt like saying I HATE men who can't cook + have to have little wifey mother-substitute feed their fat little faces. And how cute their kid was when he told a fuck joke isn't that cute. Every god-dam thing there is "cute."

Dearest ma-

12-29-75

"I got a really nice Xmas card from Dr. Phil-  
[redacted] (not [redacted]), the Chmn of Slavic  
Langs. at UW-M. I'd written + mentioned I  
was having trouble finding a job because  
of my clothes + he wrote that he figured  
I must have a job by now becuz "you can't  
keep a good... um, er... man down."  
Greatest! He also said Wilson was the



only company that contacted him for references, out of all those places I applied to!

Dear Elizabeth -

12-29-75

One of Tim's friends from Milwaukee's South Side (al) is visiting us for the week. He's amusing in a way, knows we're involved in the gay crowd but wouldn't step in the River Queen. So here we've been going out drinking & taking him to all these gay places without telling him they're gay & he hasn't any idea what they are. Tim took him to a new bar neither of us has investigated & it turned out to be a leather/western bar. Al was dumbfounded saying he just couldn't figure out why they were all wearing motorcycle caps! So funny. I don't know if it's apparent from outward appearances, but I really feel different from the "passing" standpoint here. I'm real relaxed about it here & not so fussed if I'm read. Think I've finally resolved the boy-girl within me & I like them both. Also my masturbation fantasies (which I always think mean something) have changed radically. In the past, male-male rape scenes. Now the male models wearing the classy



suits in the newspaper ads are kissing behind the scenes in the dressing room.

Dear K. [REDACTED] -

1-22-76

... Well I must say your little scoop on Patrick's drinking sure struck a familiar note "please don't mention this to anyone." Not having lived with Tim for, what, 2 yrs?, I never realized the extent his drinking has gone to. And it has been a pain in my ass. Every night he gets out of work at 7pm + goes straight to this corner bar by his work + drinks. Since I get outa work at 5pm, I'm sitting around the house going boy when do we eat + it sure would be nice to see Tim + talk to somebody normal after dealing with sickos straight to all day. Hmmm 8:30, hmmm 9:30, well I have to go to bed pretty soon seeing I have to get up at 6:15 a.m. + Tim sleeps til 9. So he wanders in the house, by that time I'm eating a TV dinner + have to go to bed. After a while I started getting pissed + tried all I could to get him to come home instead of "go bar." Unlike your story on Pat, Tim doesn't get violent or nasty (except once when he nearly totally wrecked the kitchen - man, I was scared!) I've talked to him a billion times, he agrees he shouldn't drink so much. I even sent away to an Alcoholic Rescue place to get their pamphlets on how to deal with an alchie, which Tim doesn't know I did. Anyway after all these attempts I just thought fuck it - the pamphlets say don't put up with bullshit from an alchie. Tell them to fuck off + when they see how much they're fucking up + they're losing everything cuz they're assholes, they'll clean up their act. He is



improving. — Yes my ass is FAT FAT FAT. I don't know if I'm overly self conscious about it in my attempt to look male becuz I think it really ruins my looks. I'm on a diet for the 1<sup>st</sup> time in my life. Found the suit of my dreams in a store, tried to try it on + couldn't pull the pants up over my thighs.

1-23-76

Dearest Elizabeth —  
Of course you don't know but I have thought of offering you financial assistance for your Re-birth for a long time now. Somehow I've felt predestined to. Other times I thought I really shouldn't — it's too easy — you should get out here + work off some of your cute curvy fat little butt for it. But knowing how hard I've been trying to trim MINE off + how hard you've tried to fatten yours up + how irritating it is to try to look like a boy with a real round wiggly derrière + how it feels like you're carrying a backpack on your hip + how you'd feel like you "left something behind" (get it?) if you DID work off yours — well to make a long story short yes I'll loan you some cash. I feel like a cheap skate but I'll loan you \$500. Let me know when you need it for sure. I hope it's not too hard to collect the other 4 but it'll give you something to bitch about. As for the "pay it back in 2 yrs. with 10%" — I'll be satisfied if you just pay it back in 2 yrs. ok?

[MORE LETTERS ↓]

2-3-76

Mostly Jim + I have just been "being seen."



Fashion is where it's at. Jim is really getting into dressing up which may be hard to believe. He bought some pants that fit him so good + hug his little butt so perfectly + just can't keep my hands off it. Also some dark blue alligator-type Bally Swiss slip-on shoes. The first gay disco opened on B'way (the stripper street) + there HAD been a neon sign of a guy + girl dancing that flashed on + off, but when they turned it gay they turned off the girl + now only the guy flashes on + off. Funny. The Tubes, the latest bisexual rock group hangs out there + the doorman there keeps pouncing on us to tell us when "the Tubes party" is + we should really come becuz "there'll probably be a lot of people you know there!" Did we laugh, later on! We don't know any one! But didn't say anything, we just stand around + be fashionable. Sometimes I feel bad cuz I'm a girl + take pains not to be found out, but Jim says that's where my charm comes in, where I'm unique. - It's so funny when I walk along B'way all the barkers trying to get guys into the ribbie places. They try to get me to come in: "Hey, want a girl??" ALL RIGHT.

### CONEY ISLAND BABY, Lou Reed

You know, man, when I was a youngman in high school  
You believe it or not  
I wanna play football for the coach  
And all these older guys they said that he was  
mean and cruel

But ya know

I wanna play football for the coach  
He said I was a little too lightweight to play



linebacker says I'm playing right end  
Wanna play football for the coach  
Cuz ya know somethin' man ya gotta stand up  
straight unless you're gonna fall  
Then you're gonna ~~fly~~ die  
And the straightest dude I ever knew was  
standin' right by me all the time  
So I had to play football for the coach  
And I wanna play football for the coach

2-24-76

going home from a concert in Oakland Jim +  
I came upon about 10 black teenagers who  
immediately began hassling as we approached  
"Hey, hey, hey. Say, is this your date?" One began  
talking to Jim + one ~~came~~ came up to me real smart-  
like, "Now you look like a man of good taste..."  
+ I cut him off right away "No, no. That's where  
ya got it all wrong, I'm a LADY" I said,  
leaning my elbow on his shoulder. Well, he  
closed his eyes, turned around + instant-  
aneously he beckling stopped. I hate to have  
to do that + give myself away, but it sure does  
get me out of trouble every single time. Punks.

3-9-76

Elizabeth —  
Once again I've become preoccupied with the thought  
of male hormones. I keep thinking how I wouldn't  
have to diet because all the weight wouldn't  
go straight to my FAT ASS + how my voice  
would be a little deeper (At work I've been  
called "sir" over the phone 3 times.) + my  
boobs would get flatter + I wouldn't have



to be pumping myself full of female hormones just to keep from being a mommy + how much more beautiful I'd feel. Shit. What should I do? I could probably go to the same menty centy I went to when freaking out looking for a job + sit in on their TS groups + see what the doc there advise. I feel so alone with these thoughts + have no one not a soul here to discuss this with. — My work is in the industrial section of town + on my way home on the bus sitting with all these factory guys going home from work + I had to sit on those sideways seats so I was in full view. So this black guy on the other side of the bus goes, "OH. THERES A GIRL WHO WANTS TO BE A MAN SO MUCH THAT SHE WEARS MENS SHOES." Real loud. And all these guys start looking at me with Xray eyes + I think oh my god. Then he goes "GEE, I WONDER IF SHE WEARS MENS SHORTS TOO. HEY. DO YOU WEAR MENS SHORTS TOO?" Fuck. I looked at him with this oh please have mercy look. Soon we stop + most of the people get off the bus, so I went + sat down next to the jerk + said "Thanks a lot for reading me out in front of all these people" + he says "well they could see you" + I said "yes but we must have some decorum. You just can't go yelling about people's shorts on the bus!" + after talking a while he apologizes + now is big buddy-buddy when I see him on the bus.

3-15-76

We go downtown Saturday afternoons usually + look at clothes. Then to this one bar on the big gay street by car apt., called The Palms. It has tables



+ a big glass window front so you can sit + watch the crowds of people on the street. Then we come home, eat supper (or eat out somewhere) then open the bed, watch TV + drink tea. Sundays are dominated by reading the paper + eating a big lazy breakfast with bacon + eggs. This past Sun we went to the Palace of Fine Arts - or we go bike riding in GG Park. So we really don't do much spectacular + are very much homebodies. On the cable car the other day it suddenly loaded up with about 25 little boys all wearing navy blue trench coats + I said to Jim, "what is this? The Vienna Boy's Chior??" and IT WAS!! We were enchanted! - Charles + Jeffrey broke up. Jeffrey got his own apt. in N.Y. + I guess they're barely on speaking terms.

3-25-76

My job is pretty OK - I already got a \$14 per week raise, plus we lost one employee + I ended up stuck with the Accts. Payable duties added to my own so now I handle + sign all the checks + pay the bills around here. The people are still creepy. I think I've discovered the true meaning of "camp", or gay-oriented behavior. All my joy, humor, expressions must be so gay-oriented that absolutely none of it is understood there. I make these wonderful jokes, etc., that anyone else would catch immediately, but not them. Right over their straight, ignorant heads. Sure makes it uncomfortable for me. But no clothes hassle - even "wore" my leather jacket yesterday.




Dear Liz -

3-22-76

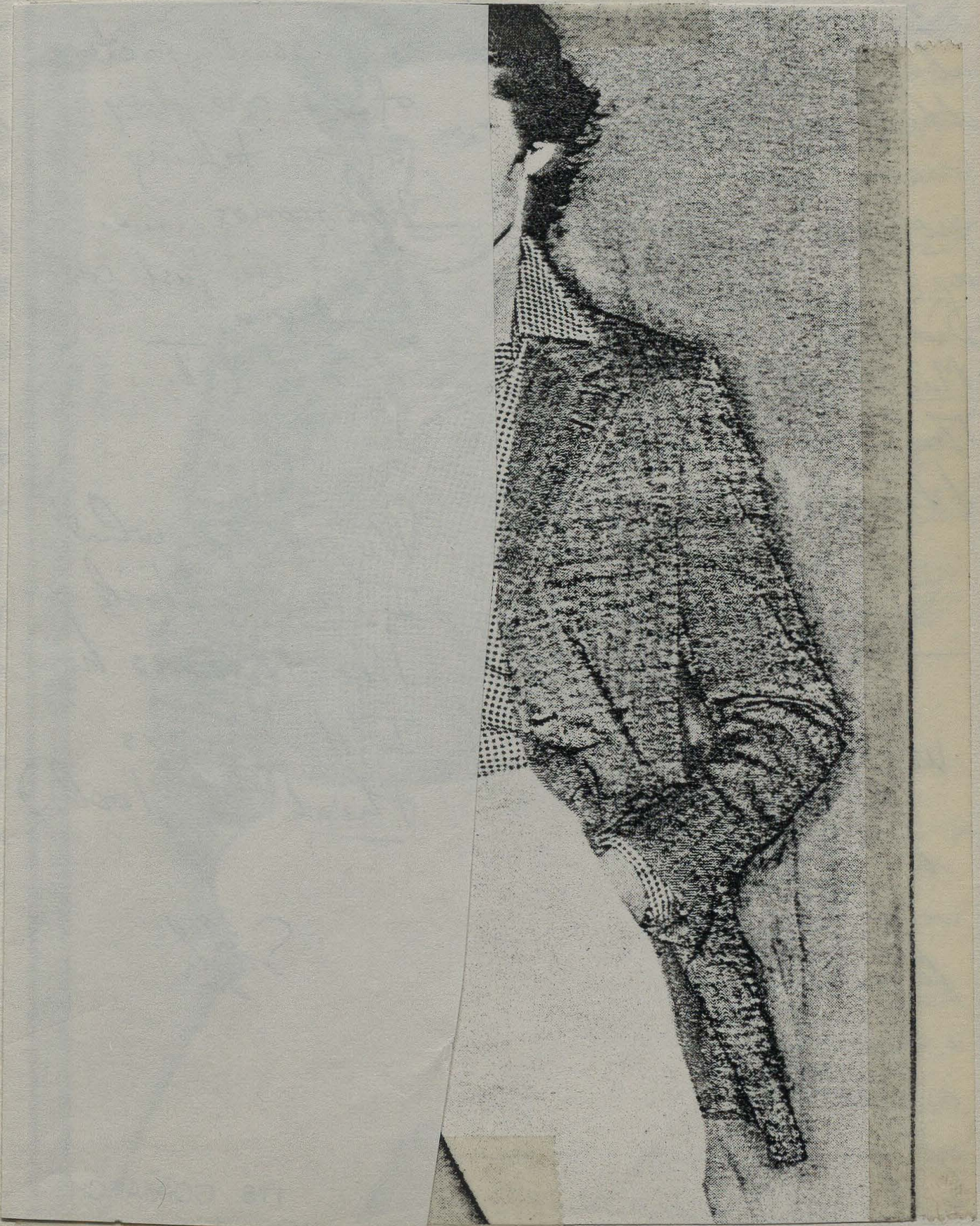
See. That's just what I needed! A Lizzie heavy rap. You know what happens to me: it is the whole addictive scene + I just get so involved. You know **I** know I shouldn't pursue any TS trip - I don't feel like a "male trapped in a female's body" nor do I think I could be a man. It's the fantasy - like I once told you - if I had a mastectomy I'd have to beat off 24 hours a day because I'd be so turned on by myself. The whole scene for me is just a wonderful sexual fantasy. But the whole question part of "am I a man or woman deep down inside?" I DON'T KNOW. I don't feel like either from what I know men + women feel like. You left me with the feeling you don't think one can be in-between, neither male nor female, just plain old YOU, I mean ME. When I look in the mirror I don't think either male or female, I just think "oh that's what I look like, whaddyaknow!" Why don't I like being female?? Because all I was taught + trained + forced to feel as a woman to me is repulsive. But all those things are so deeply ingrained I can't help them + try so hard to escape them (e.g., masturbation fantasy of being raped as a female - SHIT like that - knowing now more than ever the hatred + despising men feel for women + I can't bear to be the object of that scorn.... being so repulsed myself at giggly idiot chicks who think they're so liberated because their hubbies "help them with the housework".... trying to relate to Jim on a person-to-person level which to me means man-to-man + could never mean woman-to-man.... because before I used to look in the mirror + just sink inside



"God, ugly, ugly." Now I look & say "all right!  
I AM SO SHARP!" And I know if I start fooling  
with hormones, etc., once again I'll look in  
the mirror & be dissatisfied - because some-  
how I am not a male or a female & I can't  
pretend I'm either. But it sometimes is so  
hard sitting on the fence with a picket up my  
ass, I've GOT to stay in between becuz I  
know it will be the only place I'm comfy.  
But my fantasies are so vivid. And I can't  
impress upon my mind that I wouldn't be a  
gorgeous hunk if I only (fill in the blank).  
Just like where you wrote you know you're  
not some Vogue fashion plate - but my  
fantasy tells me when I look thru Gentle-  
man's Quarterly & see some doll "oh,  
there I am! HELLO!  " But deep in-  
side I know that's not real DAMMIT. I  
just need you to burst my bubble once in  
a while & tell me how hormones ain't gonna  
make me the handsome doll of my dreams.  
You seem to say either go all the way (for  
yourself) & get the operation or go back to  
being a guy. I say you can live forever  
just as you are today. Look at that Eliz-  
abeth Farley we met - 22 years in drag.  
I think for myself I could much more  
easily live forever as I am today in the  
middle somewhere than even thinking of  
going back to a female. The thought of that



whole female scene sounds so much more threatening  
+ repulsive to me than the rowdy shit like the ass-  
hole on the bus. As I am now I feel I can handle  
those jerks. But as a female I can't. I don't feel  
going back, in your case to a man, would be more  
"real" or "as it is." I feel you are more real -  
I am more real with my present bod, but also  
with my vision of it, distorted as it is. (I'm still  
surprised when I take off my clothes - altho I





This is a picture  
of me one day  
after taking  
hormones .....

No ? Gee just can't  
fool you.

SHIT.

(No matter what  
I really look  
like this is how  
I'll always  
think I look.)

Sigh.





know it's me under here.) Wouldn't it be just as much hassle if you did go back to the male life "knowing in your soul + heart you are female" as it's a hassle living the female life knowing when you disrobe - UUAAGGH! To me the former is worse. But I know I'm not a TS + where you say you "can truly say" somewhere in your soul you ARE a woman, I cannot say truly somewhere in my soul I am either. (Scary but true.) So cease to worry about me. I just needed you to say "stop thinking with your head in a bucket of Brylcreem." And I know if hair suddenly started growing out of my chin I'd freak out as much as I do when I look at my boobs. Who needs both? Did I recommend for you to read Mademoiselle de Maupin by Cautier? Do. Mlle de Maupin is ME. Thanks for all your love + concern. What would I do without you to bring me out of Cloud 13??

- END LETTERS -

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5-14-76

Well, that was a short-lived monogamy. About a month ago Jim + I were in a bar + in comes Bill [REDACTED], with whom we stayed when 1<sup>st</sup> arriving here, and a female friend of his. The 4 of us talked + she was pretty OK. Jim + I later discussed how we should really get out of our social hermit state + stir up a friendship with her. She lives near



where Jim works + she began visiting him almost daily at work. Of course my 1<sup>st</sup> thoughts were jealousy but I dismissed it, thinking why can't one just have good friends without bringing all the rest of it into it. She had us both + Bill over to her place for dinner May 1 + it turned out really nice. She was pretty, charming + one girl that I actually liked. I even fantasized a three-some. We planned on inviting them to our place for dinner this weekend. Last week Wednesday night, Jim comes home at 11:30 p.m. acting guilty, depressed, + he started a conversation how his self-esteem was shot + he thinks he leans on me too much for support. And he shunned my physical advances in my effort to reassure him.

Thursday night I got an invite to a party for a mag that just came out which included my TV lib article + I phoned Jim at work to see if he wanted to accompany me. He acted very hesitant + uncomfortable, something about he was being seduced. I said in other words you have a date? Well, sort of. I guessed, "Kerry, right?" Yeah. "Shit, I knew it." Well he doesn't know how serious it is, but admitted "words had been spoken" tho they've "made no commitments" of course + yes it had gone beyond the flirting stage. I just couldn't believe my ears, this seemed like it was coming from nowhere. I asked why can't we just have friends



without all this crap. So ok, see you at 9 p.m.  
Went to the party, home at 11, no Tim. He comes  
in at 11:30. I wasn't pissed, mostly stunned.  
But his attitude made me livid. He's so  
flippant + casual + giddy, obviously this  
is just what he needs to occupy his idle mind.  
Yes, they had their date, but he doesn't "want  
to get involved with someone like THAT" +  
he knows these things never work out anyway.  
I was very cutting "Oh! but it's so FUN,"  
and said I'm just sorry they decided on a 2-  
some. He says well he wouldn't like a 3-  
some. I ask if Kerry knows they're having  
this affair, as I really don't know the  
extent it had gone. He objects to the  
word "affair" + says well he thinks  
the physical attraction is pretty much  
over. "In other words," I say "it has  
been consummated?" He says yes. I  
felt like I was in another world, my  
heart just pounding. He says flippantly  
"oh, she's just desperate and I guess  
I am, too." I retorted "well I'm NOT."  
He says he guesses it's called horny. (Oh,  
he's so fucking innocent.) Says idly  
"well, I guess I shouldn't've told you"  
+ I said "yes, it would've made it  
much more comfortable for you... or  
shall we say 'cozy'." He tries to say  
something + I just cut in, "oh, don't  
be so ludicrous! I feel like I should  
start looking for my own apartment or



something!" At one point he said something about my position on the whole thing isn't of any consequence & I retorted "well, that's obvious!" After all this, he casually asks how my party had been. — This sure makes me wonder what's all been going on while he's out each nite til 10-10:30 or later & I'm thinking the guy's drinking his life away. Then when he comes home I kiss him. Puke. What a sucker I was. — He sure can be a little cunt. Jesus Christ, would I be in trouble if I had pulled something like this. And he's so seduced. Little fucker. — So I don't know what to do. It makes my stomach queasy to think my competition is a female. And of course my 1<sup>st</sup> reaction is to think of pursuing a mastectomy. If I had that, I muse, this would never have happened; that I'd be able to handle it better if I had a boy's chest. Insane. — I haven't the stomach to continue my friendship with her. (Of course Tim wouldn't stand for a 3-some — apparently it's of no interest to her either.) She's laughing all the way to the bank. — Guess I'll follow the dictates of my stomach — I have diarrhea & flaming asshole this morn. Will avoid Tim's company as much as possible this weekend until I feel less like vomiting. — So much for attempting to escape my social hermitism. Certainly says something for my misanthropy. — He's such a hypocrite.



How many times have we discussed Charles + Jeffrey + how fucked Jeffrey is cause he wants to sleep around.

5-17-76

So it all turns out just peachy, kind of. I swear I was physically ill, my stomach stabbed with gas cramps all day Friday. I planned on not being home when Tim came home, but he came right after work, earlier than I'd expected. He acted guilty + anxious. I was cool + short. He says "you don't even want to talk to me" + I say I don't know if there's anything to talk about. He said would it make any difference if he promised never to do it again? And I just laughed a real ho-ho at that one. He was sad + depressed, said he didn't know why he did it + it seems all he keeps doing are self-destructive things. He tried to tell me how it was so strange how it had happened + she was so drunk + he walked her home but didn't even go inside her place (??) I said I wasn't surprised in her because I'd probably make a pass at him, too... but I am surprised in him. How many times had we discussed this very thing? + we both had agreed it was bullshit. Said he doesn't think he can be the being married + coming home to the wife type every night. That sometimes he thinks he has to live alone, but knows how that turns out + that's not good for him either.



I said well one thing I know is this leaves me wide open. Tears began running down his cheeks & he said he guesses he better start looking for his own apt. & I said don't be ridiculous - let's not make a bigger deal out of this than it is. Well, he went into the bathroom & really cried hard. I just sat in the livingroom, called him twice but he didn't respond & I felt it important that he come to me. So he finally came back into the livingroom, still crying a little, & sat down. I kept looking at him to show I was receptive, waiting for him to make a motion toward me. Then something stupid happened on TV & he began almost hysterically laughing. I laughed too altho I wasn't amused but again wanted to show I was receptive. Finally he looked over at me & I said "do I have to ask for a hug?" & he put himself in my arms & began crying again. Said he was so afraid & felt he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown because his whole life is just crumbling around him & all he can do is wash dishes because he's too stupid to do anything else. I told him that's ridiculous & he could go to trade school & do anything he wants - he said no he couldn't he's too stupid - I said Hey don't base entrance in school on what job you have, but on your past schooling record & he knows that is excellent. He said he doesn't know why he got involved with Kerry & now he's ruined all our friendships & he'd wanted to have her over because she has no record players.



He was really falling apart. I said I just didn't know if I could accept his having another lover & he said oh no, he didn't expect me to at all - he knows he'd never accept my having one. But he wants us all to remain friends - That he'd had sex with a girl while living in Berkeley & afterwards sex was completely out of the picture but they were good good friends. I agreed & said that's how I feel about Charles. He cried hard in my arms. I didn't cry at all. - Found out Her "consummation" took place Thursday night while I was at the party, not Wednesday as I had assumed, which was when she was so drunk & he walked her home & didn't go in. So the whole thing seemed almost pre-planned on his part. Apparently they hadn't even been drinking. - And so Saturday Tim & I went downtown, then to some bars. When I got good & buzzed I asked what he'd think about my seriously pursuing a mastectomy. Said he couldn't understand why I wanted one & I said because they're ugly. He agreed breasts are strange, but said he looks at them as being "kind of funky." I told him I feel if I had one this whole deal would never have happened, & he mumbled it probably would happen much more. Boy, was that an eye-opener. Sure struck a responsive chord with me,



So on our way home we got some wine + who's standing on our doorstep ringing our bell? Kerry. And I don't know, maybe I was pretty drunk, or maybe that she was so attractive, but I couldn't help being happy to see her. We 3 sat around drinking, smoking, listening to records, talking + about 10 pm got up to go out to eat. That's when I began feeling inferior. She's real tall + she + Tim look like they just belong together. Anyway I made sure she or Tim was in the middle of our groupings as I didn't want it to seem I was separating them. And then as we walked her to the bus stop, I saw Ker's shadows on the sidewalk + they were holding hands. And they looked so natural together, I felt so cloddy. - When Tim + I walked back home he tried to take my hand + I yanked it away. The only indication of my knowledge. I just don't want to "trade off." - Saturday nite peaceful, tho I dreamt we 3 were on the roof of our bldg. + Tim was laughing + laughing at me + I was trying to escape them. - Sunday spent quietly. We went for walks. I asked Tim if he thought she had a good time + he said yes. - And somehow this new feelings come over me, I'm suddenly finding it a little easier to be a girl. I almost feel pretty. Something snapped where I realize being a girl isn't so ugly after all. Actually tried to dress less butch + when we went to bed I stripped naked



- something I rarely ever do because I think I'm ugly. Altho I don't think I can bring myself to have sex with Jim for a while - too close to "trading off." And I think he knows that - is waiting for me to make the first move. Another thing that made me feel bad was when they exchange private comments, like "Oh, yeah, that was just like the other day!" or "See, I told you!" etc. - If I can be a sharp girl, maybe I can learn to love myself. How can I expect him to be taken with me if I'm so repulsed by me? Maybe I can strive to be the perfect androgynous. It's a lot harder + a lot more beautiful. If only I could convince myself my jutting ass, bulbous breasts + fleshy stomachs aren't deformed. Fat chance. I mean I'm not talking about getting a dress or anything, but I am trying to get myself in the right direction of re-learning to like my body. I used to.

5-24-76

Another wierdo weekend. Fri nite with Jim to a party of Kerry's friends. I was very uncomfortable + didn't know how to behave. Jim didn't stay near me either so I was on my own. They were all "oh I'm an artist" "oh I'm a poet" types, but the guest of honor, Steven, a photographer for whom Kerry models, was the only interesting person there. He was very well dressed in a suit,



penetrating, friendly eyes, extremely quiet and charming. But he sat off with a little clique most of the evening. Luckily the party was held in a bar & would have been a disaster had not I latched onto 3 middle-aged gay men (not part of the party) & we talked & camped. Got very drunk. Steven's partner-in-photography called me over. Seems Kerry's been saying I'm a writer, cuz Tim told her I wrote some. So this guy asks about Flat & I tell him about Deborah [redacted] but told him I hadn't written anything in about 2 yrs. He says they'd like to take some pictures of me - I ask him what they did & he said just take pictures of people they find interesting. I said well ok & he asked for my card (that's the type of people they all were - everyone affected - they all have "cards" because they're so talented.) But gave him my work phone & he gave me their card. Anyway, of course, the whole thing was terribly flattering, tho I told him I was wary of cameras because I always thought I looked better than I really do & it's so disappointing. (To feed his interest, I told him I didn't have any women's clothes, tho, & he said oh that was all the better!) Also, at one point, Steven asked me to come sit by him & I did, but some babe butt in & the 2 of them just ended up talking about how great her make-up looked. I only said about 3 sentences. When the bar closed, Tim & I walked home, very drunk. Don't



remember too much about that, but somehow we got on him + Kerry + I vented some long pent-up anger. Crying as we walked, I told him I knew he'd planned having sex with her, had done it on purpose - They weren't even drunk or anything, he knew he was going to when he talked to me on the phone that Thursday, "And," I said, "I hate you for it." He was really shocked at the force of my statement - "Snuffy! You don't know what you're saying! You're just drunk! Oh, my God!" And somehow just from that, I felt cleansed + purged. We actually had good sex that night + I didn't feel like a pig. (The night before, Thuro, he came home late + very drunk + initiated sex, I went along for a while, but after a bit, I knew I couldn't stomach it or him. Started to cry, moved away + he was too drunk to even react or ask why or what. He just fell asleep.) Jim told me a couple of times that I had been "the hit of the party," tho I can't see why as I pretty much stayed away from it. Good policy to keep one's distance anyway. I told him they'd ask me to pose for pictures + I knew he'd be jealous of that, tho I don't remember when I told him, nor have we mentioned it since. I seriously



wonder if they will actually call me. May be just  
drunken bullshit. - Anyway the whole party was  
almost traumatic for me + I realize now the  
detriment of too much seclusion. Tough to be  
terrified of people. Especially these jerks who  
think they're all somebody + can't imagine any-  
one in an 8-4:30 job becuz they're all so artsy.  
All weekend I was in conflict about my worth  
- maybe I should be somebody too, did I even  
want to get involved with posing for them, but  
I would like to know Steven better, tho everyone's  
so in awe of what a genius he is. It's all such  
a turn off. Sunday aft Tim + I went to a bar.  
He wrote + I sat + tried to resolve these questions  
in my mind. I realized that people never put  
any worth on day-to-day activities, no matter  
how difficult they are. (It's capitalism! I  
thought. One has to have something to prove  
themselves.) Thought of Elizabeth [redacted],  
that transvestite I met about 3 years ago  
who'd been living in drag as a woman 22 yrs  
+ her saying she couldn't even imagine why  
anyone would want to interview her - she's  
never done anything exciting in her life!  
Incredible! And I decided I'm like her  
+ she, to me, is much more worthwhile  
than any of those "artists." So since I've  
thought that I feel much better + think  
I actually will pose for fun - if they do  
do. I'm a 24-hour living art form,  
unique onto myself, + that's a damned hard  
thing to be!



5-26-76

The logical conclusion, I guess. Jim + I will be getting separate apartments. Last night he didn't come home until after 10 p.m. I sat there like the night before + cried, I felt so unhappy. When he got home, cheery + drunk, I told him we had to have a talk. "About what?" "Getting separate places." "You want to get separate places?" "At this point, yes." He was quiet for a while, then said he thinks it's a good idea, that he's been thinking of it for. Said I just couldn't stand another night of waiting for him to come home + I won't do that in my own place. "You said you're not the type to come home after work to the wife every night, + I'm certainly not the type to sit home waiting up for hubby every night." He said something to the effect that that's one reason he doesn't come home, because it's not his own place - I don't understand that. I commented that this sure didn't last long, that I had thought Charles + Jeffrey split soon. He said he was surprised it lasted this long, but that he doesn't want to see it as a break up, only a continuance of how things always were. I said things weren't always like that + he said we've only lived together one year, at Franklin. I said it was always him who wanted to get his own place + he said he knew I wanted to live together. Said he didn't want to do it if it means a break in our relationship,



but I told him I can't say what it will be like, all I can say is it isn't going to be like this, and when we do get separate places I don't want it to be like Warren where I sat around in bars, etc., waiting 2 hrs. for him. He quickly assured me it wouldn't be that way, & that I knew all he did these nights was drink & "wander around the street," but I told him I've even come to doubt that but that that wasn't the point. He said almost to himself that he has to start doing something with his life or he's going to just keep going downhill. We sat silent a long time & I finally said well I guess that settles that. He reached for me, we hugged, & I fought back crying - I've cried enough. We ate supper in silence, both thinking what had to be done, I guess. He had a long sad face & suddenly began slam-banging around, practically yanks open the bed from under me, & acts like he's going to sleep. Then he sits up & flurts, "I wish I had my \$85 [his part of the rent we paid this morn] back so I could get out of here! I don't want to stay here another minute!!" I said "you're rich - you can leave right away if you want," & I commented "well for someone who thinks it's the best thing & has been thinking about it a long time, you sure are reacting violently!" He said he didn't know what he was doing. Then about 3 mins. later he starts kissing & feeling around & has a hard-on & starts being real aggressive to have sex! I said I didn't want to, that I'd just like to lay together quiet & not all that frantic stuff. Well! He was



really pissed, said I needn't act like a virgin  
& so "holier than thou!" Told him I think it's  
pretty weird someone saying they can't stand  
to be near someone one more second & then he's  
wanting to have sex with them. He was very  
uppity saying "well you're different" real  
snotty & I asked why he's trying to make me  
feel bad. Anyway it appeared he was mad  
I wasn't more upset by it all & I told  
him "listen, for the last 2 weeks I've felt  
like SHIT." So he went from hugging to  
snotty a few times & I think we ended up  
hugging while falling asleep. — Anyway  
I wonder how this will all work out. I'd be  
glad if it was a clean, friendly move &  
not all this dramatic I-gotta-get-outa-  
here shit. I'll probably have to attend to  
all the details — he won't. Wrote to the  
landlord today giving notice for June 25.  
Either he'll come right home tonight...  
but I'll bet money he stays out all right  
anyway. Since this whole fucking Kerry  
bit he hasn't made an ounce of effort  
to be extra nice or make it up at all.  
I can like it or lump it. He's definitely  
offended that **I** suggested he move & he  
didn't — that's why he was so prickly.  
But I don't have any effort left to be  
sad about this. I don't know if it'll  
help, but at least I can see the  
light at the end of the tunnel.



5-31-76

So everything really has turned out O.K. We will get separate places - it'll be a friendly + loving separation. He's a little worried I'll find someone to live with me as I have in the past (to, Michael) but told him I doubt it + think I've learned my lesson in that area. Don't think either of us will really start checking places out (altho we are keeping our eyes open) until Charles leaves. He'll arrive this Thurs the 3<sup>rd</sup> + be here 1-1½ wks. Saturday we spent quietly together, no drinking, we made a stuffed roast chicken for supper, sat around reading during the evening. I was so happy I couldn't believe it, as we sat there, I loved him so much, told him I wanted to be there with him forever + never leave, + he said half-jokingly "let's call back Mr. [REDACTED]" (our landlord) + I said no, he'd just go out drinking some more + I'd just yell at him again. But that's how it could be, altho I know after a while of that I'd die of boredom. We're both a little worried about getting stuck in dark, dingy, depressing rooms - but that needn't be + I hope things will work out nicely. We really have fallen in love again at just the prospect of separation + I know this is the right move. I can already see signs of Jim re-arranging himself, directing himself away from the alchie doldrums he's been in. But I know I will have to make an effort not to fall into my old desperation out of trying to find someone to enliven the hours



I'm alone. Already my eyes are darting about.

Dearest ma + Kath -

6-28-76

Well needless to say I sure was surprised to see you guys actually got the lead outa your asses + moved into an apartment. You both know, tho, that it ain't no smooth sailing, but at least you can stop steering toward the tidal wave. It sounds like the split is gonna get a little messy, but if too much kicking only adds to the expense of the divorce, the ole man may calm down a little anyway. My real sympathy goes to all the other kids, tho, cuz I know it's sure hard not to take sides, form opinions + fat ideas how this should all work. But you know ma, you + dad have duked it out all the way so far thru your marriage + there's no reason to believe you'll have it easy thru the split-up + that you wouldn't duke it out there too. As you can probably guess, I'm not bubbling in happiness lately myself. I had really wanted for this Tim + I living together business to work, for some stupid, getting-old reason. I feel so out of touch with the world + other people, I would have just loved sitting there with Tim in front of the tube, or reading a book, or just rotting away. But that's not his idea of living + when I think of it it does sound pretty sick. Anyway his alchie ways



finally summed up the last straw, and when Charles was here (June 3-13) he reaffirmed all the feelings I had had but thought maybe I was making too big a deal out of. All the things I had been reacting against, he reacted against too. And his on-the-outside-looking-in approach really made me see it clearer. And so I kind of feel depressed + unsure of where to go next. My new place is nice, actually bigger than Leavenworth, only one block away from our old place. Jim got a sleeping room about a mile away from me, thanks a lot. I feel pretty let down + unhappy with him (my libido is almost nil, Charles reasons how could I feel otherwise when things are so turbulent between us) + unhappy with myself. About once a week I think of going back to that mentalistic counselor I saw + discussing a mastectomy. I reason I'm 25 + if I still feel this way at that age, why waste any more time thinking about it? But I also think I may just be thinking of it to divert my thoughts from how unhappy I am with everything else. I know that Jim + I will always be together in one way or another, but I've come to doubt whether it can remain a romantic lover-type relationship. This is not how all the fairy tales ended. It seems that in a "marriage" type relationship (whether legalized or not) there seems to be no room for the individual for self-enrichment. All creative energies are diverted toward containing the relationship - what should WE do tonight? what do YOU want for supper? LET'S go shopping. And his drinking didn't make all that toge-



therness bliss. I'm thinking of going off The Pill for awhile. My last refill has 2 more weeks + after how many years (5?) I probably should go off. And what better time now that sex is a big turn off. And you needn't worry I'll slip up + get P.G. To me that would be as bad as losing a limb. No lie. Yesterday was the Annual Gay Pride Parade + it was spectacular. The papers estimate 120,000 watching + participating. I didn't march - maybe would have had I felt in a cheerier mood, but it didn't take long for me to get all choked up by it + when the Gay Fathers Group contingent went by + a young man holding a little kid like Takey on his shoulders + the kid holding a sign saying "I'm Proud of My Gay Dad" I just couldn't hold back the tears any longer. I felt so deeply that they are my people - tho I know I can never be accepted as one of them.

7-6-76

So I'm still not jumping for joy, but a lot of nice things are happening to me + I do feel better than before. Saturday Tim + I went to the Polk Street Art Fair, OK time but not without fault. Sunday morn I initiated sex with Tim + he went immediately to a "69" position + I sucked as long as I could until I began thinking he wasn't



coming to spite me or something for stopping taking the pill. That really pissed me, tho I said nothing, just stopped. And he just smirked like he really showed me. I was going to meet him in the afternoon + decided not to. Instead I phoned Kerry (I still wanted to be friends) + discovered she'd moved to Ventura (gee, too bad) so I went walking down to the bay + then to a bar, mainly to get change for the bus. Then I met a sailor from Green Bay who used to frequent Milwaukee gay bars. Jim coincidentally comes into the bar but I still went with this sailor to Polk St. bars, planning to meet Jim in the evening. The sailor turned out to be an asshole, bumming me out by ripping off some gay guy's sunglasses + then trying to justify his act. Sunday nite slept over at Jim's. Monday had off work but he didn't. I took a nice bath, washed my hair, dressed in all black + wore my binder for the 1st time in a long time - black pants, black T-shirt + black long sleeve cotton shirt, tucked in but open. Silver pens in pocket, silver ID bracelet, silver sunglasses. Went downtown + some guy comes up to me + says he's a photographer (gives me his card) compiling a book on people in S.F. + he thinks I'd make an interesting addition to his photos + would I sit for him? + he'd give me copies of the pictures he took. I said ok + we took a bus to his place. Said he was working under contract with a publisher + had a Christmas deadline on his book or they could cancel the contract.



He was close to my age, very clean-cut, looked intellectual. We barely spoke to each other. His place was very close to empty but for his backdrops, camera, some other of his photos tacked on the wall. I hardly even combed my hair. He stood me there, arranged the lighting + took about 36 pictures. I hardly moved, he never told me what to do except "just turn your head slightly this way" stuff. I just shifted, gave my usual dirty looks (remember I used to call them Bobby Dylan looks?) + punk postures. When he finished I got the distinct impression of those people they say have sex with you + then want you OUT of their sight immediately. He almost rushed me out, I said I get in touch with him. Went back downtown feeling 100 feet tall + so so punky. Outasite! I'd been discovered! So much wanted to tell someone. Knew Tim's reaction would be one of jealousy + why couldn't it have been him, instead of happy for me. - I was right. Tues phoned Tim at work + told him + he reacted exactly how I predicted. When I said you aren't even happy for me, he denied only thinking of himself. I said he could come with me when I pick up the photos + he got offended, "Oh, that's real big of you!" shit. And I expected what followed: About an hour later he phoned to say he had to work late + wouldn't be able to attend the Charles Pierce Show I'd got tickets for us to.



I suggested we cancel & go another nite but he said he didn't want to go anyway & I should get Bill [redacted] or someone to go with me. I was pissed cuz I felt like he made up the working late story but decided to go with [redacted] & realize I'll have a much better time going with him anyway. When Charles was here he ran into an old N.Y. friend, David, whom I found very attractive, witty, charming & intelligent. A hardly-ever combination. He invited me to come visit him sometime & about 2 weeks ago, after a few drinks one weekend afternoon, I got the guts to go. He wasn't here but left him a note with my new address. Tues I was in the laundromat & he saw me, came in, asked if I'd be home later & he came by with some wine & we sat around about 2 hrs. & shot the shit & drank & I was really happy. Boy, if only I had a chance with him he's really fine - fern, giddy, knowledgeable, aware, independent. Perfect. But he's very gay & looking for Mr. Right & besides he's returning to NY the end of July. But he invited me to a certain bar he thinks I'll like next week & for sure I'm going. He was very interested in my sexual identity, said "Well, you consider yourself a transvestite then?" so he even understood. Felt so good to have him here. - Last night at the Charles Pierce Show (7/9/76) with Checkvale. Had a really good time & NOW it wouldn't have been so going with Tim. ~~The~~ Yesterday was the 1<sup>st</sup> day since we got separate places that we had no contact all day, by phone or otherwise. I didn't feel bad at



all. My motto, since I decided we had to get separate places, has been "Let go." Not "let go of Jim," but just "Let go."

7-11-76

So the beat goes on - nice things continuing to happen. Thurs night went to what was advertised publicly as a Bisexual Women's Rap Group. I felt as tho I should get more in touch with women to help dispel all my bad opinions of them. I was apprehensive, but open. And then, believe it or not, incredibly, this can't really be happening, it turns out to be members of this Women's Switchboard group debating over whether this one person, who they can't decide is female or male & who's said she's a TV & "some futuristic in-between sex," should be allowed to participate in their Women's Center activities. And basically whether TVs & TSs should be allowed there. What fate! I just couldn't believe my ears - my topic, the age-old lesbian/feminists versus TVs. And unfortunately there were also several man-hating intersperses throughout (some bisexual group!). So I sure felt like a sore thumb there in my suit & finally I spoke out: "Can I say something very irrelative? Speaking as a female transvestite, I'm sick & tired of seeing transvestites & transsexuals being slit on by feminists." So the talk went on, me speaking my part & afterwards I went over to the friends of this



Colette (who was the debated figure + not present) who were pleading her case. Said I'd very much like to meet this Colette + the friend hurriedly assured me Colette's female but "she'd been doing this MAN trip!!" but has now re-emerged as a lesbian feminist. Gave her my work phone to give Colette in hopes she'll want to meet me, too. After the meeting several women thanked me for coming + invited me again but I said first I'll have to see what happens to Colette cuz I don't want anyone having a meeting on whether I should be allowed in too. Fri aft Jim phoned (1<sup>st</sup> contact we'd had since Tuesday). I told him I was feeling better than I'd felt in a long time. Went thru the "well do you wanna see me?" "I don't know - you wanna see me?" trip + when he came out with well he didn't wanna see me if I was in a good mood, I thought well fuck you + said "well then let's not. Maybe I'll see you later in the weekend." Told me he hasn't been doing anything different than usual (I felt like saying "gee, that's too bad.") - Fri nite went to a women's bar. On Market St. some guy yells out of a car at me, "Hey, queer!" + I just looked back with my sexiest faggy look. Boring bar. Sat aft went to see David Bowie's movie. Came outa there envisioning how beautiful he is + how I could look just like him if only I'd... more thoughts of mastectomy [that word sounds like a species of dinosaur] + sterilization. There's a TV-TS drop-in rap group in Berkeley at a reputed Center every 1<sup>st</sup> + 3<sup>rd</sup> Wed of the month. I should go + talk this all out, get it settled in my mind once + for all, one way or the other. Then Sat nite went to another leg



bar + met 2 lesbian lovers I'd been acquainted with in Milw. They were so excited to see me + one said she'd been so hoping they'd run into me somewhere + she's been looking ALL OVER for me! Couldn't understand their over-friendliness, cuz we've never socialized + they've always made me feel out of place with them - they're very dykey feminists. We exchanged addresses, promising to get together soon. - Wandered to that certain bar David thought I'd like. It's funny how it happens but I'm standing there, casually surveying the crowd, really not out for anything + then my eyes fall on this gorgeous thing + I'm star-struck → "HIM." I sidled up to him, asked if I could buy him a drink. He says "Oh I'd just love a Coca Cola!" Oh my God he's a real live doll. So incredibly thin + graceful + tall + giddy, his face is perfect, Rudolf Nureyevs, when he was beautiful. We danced sexy a little, I got him another soda, I can't believe how slender his hips are ~~thin~~ ("And oh dear God he has slim hips that could go into a small bottle"). He is smiling, laughing, gyrating to the music. He kissed me + I proceeded to continue kissing his perfect neck, his bare neck, his bare chest at his partially opened shirt. He was fragrant with perfume + make-up + he was smiling, still + quiet, his eyes closed as I kissed + tasted him. Oh God. Pleasure I hadn't felt since



(dare I say) that fast Michael. It was near bar closing time & he went off to "make the rounds one more time." I saw him circle past once & wink at me, & then he disappeared. Ah, sweet moments! Another vanishing angel in the night. (Such a sentimental fool! I figure I got my buck's worth of kisses off his neck!) And I couldn't believe it when a guy there asked if I'd let him take some pictures of me (what is this? The old saying it comes in threes??) He's not a photographer but a "camera buff." Having no pen, I tell him my name & can be reached at WSG & he tells me his & that he's in the phone book. (Later I find 4 listings under that name, the idiot!) So he'll have to contact me. We'd talked a while & got along rather well. - No contact with Tim all weekend. What ~~I~~ can I say except my life is richer, happier, more full without him. That sure speaks for itself. It's too late. The flame has been effectively snuffed. And the really sad thing about it is I don't even care.

7-19-76

Just got a call from Charles! He & Jonas cut short their stay in Mexico & he said they should be in SF tonite! So glad! I like him so much! This weekend was another extremist one. Tim phoned me at work on Friday, upset I hadn't called him. I briefly told him things had to change with the way he treats me or else I'm through with him & I mean it. He nervously laughed, said everything was mixed up &



we made a date that nite. I was really apprehensive.  
The night before I had read through those abolition  
pamphlets I sent away for a while back + realized  
they described exactly the type of behavior I am  
exhibiting. I met him after work, went for one  
drink + then to his place, + on the way I began talk-  
ing about it. He got real defensive + hostile, told  
me he doesn't want to talk about his drinking +  
if I did I should just go home + he doesn't  
need anyone to tell him how fucked his life is  
any. I don't think he knows that? + he knows  
I'd rather be with someone else anyway so why  
don't I just leave!!?? I was really shook  
+ kept saying "I'm not feeling around."  
I'm nervous. You are going to love me + you  
don't even care. We were at the doorway to  
his place + he said why don't you just leave.  
I stood there just beside myself + he started  
going in angrily, then threw with a little grin  
+ says "Are you coming or not?" After that!!  
he has seem it continued. [He says he doesn't  
tell me how fucked my problems are, which they  
are, he adds, + I said I'm not talking about my  
problems, but if he thinks there's something  
I'm doing that's getting in the way of our rela-  
tionship, maybe we should discuss it. And  
I added, I didn't know my cross-dressing  
bothered you. He said see, that's not even  
what I'm talking about! you don't even know]  
So it went on, + after a long silence while I  
stood on one side of the room + he sat on the  
bed with his back to me, he said "God,



I wish I hadn't called you." More silence. For the first time showing emotion + fighting back tears he said "You just came over here to break up with me, didn't you?" I said "you knew that 2 weeks ago." - We ended up both crying, me sitting limply + him holding onto me, me saying I just can't go on like this, that he's just lost all his vitality + love of life + he cried out "Don't you think I know that?!! How do you think I feel knowing my life is just shit!!" Said he knew he was treating me badly (all the things I had rehearsed telling him that I felt had to change I didn't even have to say - he knew what they were). I said I needed someone to share things with, that he isn't even interested in anything good that happens to me. He admitted he couldn't stand to hear about anything good that's happened to me, it just made him feel worse, + I said I just couldn't understand why he felt my good things were something against him. We were both crying + he said he was sorry for having forced us into separate apartments. I begged him to go to that Center for Special Problems to talk with someone who could help him stop drinking, but he was firmly against it. Said look at so-and-so + so-and-so, they used to drink a lot + they kicked it on their own + so can he. I said but when?? When is he going to, then? I don't want to wait until we can't stand the sight of each other. A lot of emotion, the feelings bared. He told me, while crying, how he admired me. So at least we opened our hearts. We went to dinner, slept at my place, had anal intercourse. Saturday we spent apart. I felt drained + tired all day. Ran into Jim's old Berkeley girlfriend Alice + we spent a few hours together. Sunday went to wake Jim up as we



planned, then I really wasn't up to it. When I told him I saw Alice he asked if we talked about him. I said of course, that I told her he was drinking a lot & she asked if he was writing too & I told her I didn't think so, that he was just drinking, as she felt drinking was OK if you're also writing. Well, after a long silence he says "Why do you malign me to people?" "I don't malign you to people!" "Yes you do. You told Alice I wasn't writing, only drinking." I thought ah shit, & I said well I can see I shouldn't've come here today & he said no you just shouldn't've told me you saw Alice. I said "that's stupid." - Well he didn't carry on about it & we ended up having a really lovely day together. We ate breakfast out, went to a park, read the morning paper there, went downtown, he bought a plant, cooked supper at my place, watched TV. He told me of the things he did the day before: investigated some small theatre from which he tried to get tickets (?), made copies of his stories to submit to this one artsy paper here. I mean, it sounded like he was doing something other than trying to find a new bar. —

And a rush for me. On the street we ran into some guy who used to work next door to Tim's work. Tim introduced me to him as "Lou", we shook hands, & then the guy leans his arm on my shoulder & says "Hey man, no offense or anything, but the



first time I saw you come in [to Jim's work] & thought you were a girl. I thought you were a girl in a tuxedo!" (Tuxedo??) But I said, "oh, no," like how could you possibly have thought that & Jim just smiled. That does it! I had been going back to introducing myself as Sheila, not using Lou anymore & I'm causing as much controversy trying to be Sheila, as I feel I am trying to be Lou. - Told Jim I was going to a doctor at this TV/TS group to get this question straight in my mind & he was obviously against it, even said I was wasting my time hanging around "with all those . . . .", but stopping short of whatever he was going to call us.

7-27-76

I can't say it was the talk I had with Jim that Friday, but since it, all we've had together were perfect days. Monday the 19<sup>th</sup> got a call from Charles. He & his new lover Jonas were in Los Angeles on their way here. They arrived 7 a.m. the 20<sup>th</sup> & have been here since. I'm not really crazy about Jonas (he seems to have little personality) & Charles seems kind of depressed, and I feel an air of uncomfortableness at home. Wed night I travelled to Berkeley to attend the Pacific Center for Human Growth's TV/TS group, and what a disappointment. I'd imagined it much more professional but it turned out to be like a hippie crash pad scene. The group turned out to be 3 40-50 year oldish male-to-female transvestites. One was a real ~~drift~~ drip, one of those who claims he went to



grade school some days as a boy & some days as a girl & everyone thought it was just fine, I'm sure. They weren't even well versed or articulate people, Bore. Friday night Tim & I went out to celebrate our first anniversary in San Francisco. Went to dinner at a rather expensive gay restaurant, then slept over at Tim's. It was a flawless evening - he was so sweet & the way I love him for. [Also Friday after work I picked up the copies of the pictures that photographer, Maurice [REDACTED], took of me July 5. Some really nice shots.] Saturday we went shopping, again very happy together, & Sunday he & I went to Angel Island on the ferry. We walked around the entire island, investigated "do not enter" areas. Later out to dinner again. Incredibly happy. And it's been a while since I can remember a whole weekend when I hadn't a complaint in the world. I know we can be that happy all the time... if only. And I don't know what it is that prevents us being that way always. - The 4 of us haven't done anything together,



in fact the 3 of us (me, Charles, Jonas) haven't either. We're pretty much keeping to our separate twosomes. - And yesterday I phoned the psychologist I'd seen, when going crazy trying to find a job, at the Center for Special Problems. Told her I thought I was ready for their TB group. She asked me to call the group coordinator tomorrow & she'd tell her to expect my call. So I phoned her today. She warned me the group was all male-to-female, if that bothered me. Told her they're the only kind I've had contact with so far. We made an appointment to meet & talk next Monday. I really hope it helps to go thru this doctor bit. I'm so weary of considering it. I just want a mastectomy & to get sterilized & continue living this half & half life. I don't feel this surgery would make ~~me~~ me a better man or woman, but I know it would make me a better person. I don't believe I can successfully live as a man or as a woman. But I have to do all I can to live comfortably & this surgery would do that. I have never felt as sure of that than I do now.

8-5-76

Dear Eldon -

Well I've taken a Big Step. Starting Aug 16 I'll begin seeing a counselor for transsexuals on a weekly basis. Somehow I think this comes to you as no surprise, & it really wasn't to me either. What can I say but that I'm really becoming uncomfortable in and tired of my ambiguity. In the



past it seemed so easy for me to slip in & out of either the men's room or the women's room. Now I feel out of place in both. And a few months back I even got reprimanded for trying to go into the women's room in a gay bar. It was around that time that I decided to start leaning back toward the more female identity, which consisted of introducing myself as Sheila & going into women's rooms & admitting outright, when questioned, I was a girl. But that only lasted about a month. I got as shocked a reaction from people telling them that as I imagined I was getting telling them the opposite. And I'm tired of feeling like an imposter, tired of pumping myself full of female hormones but control pills, tired of wearing a binder around my chest so I can hardly breathe & my back hurts. Tired of opening my mouth & hearing a girl's voice. - Two weeks ago Jim & I were on the street & Jim ran into a co-worker. Jim introduced me as "Lou" & we shook hands. The guy laughed, embarrassed, & said "You know, man, no offense or anything, but the 1<sup>st</sup> time I saw you come into the restaurant I thought you were a girl! I thought you were a girl in a man's suit!" - And I want to be a boy so bad. But what can even they do for me? - They could make my voice lower, could give me a flat chest, could make me sterile, could give me sideburns.



But I'd still have to sweat it out worrying if there's a door on their goddamn can. Tricking would be definitely out, tho it probably wouldn't be any harder for me than it is now. And can I really make it on a day-to-day basis? Will my life really be any different than it is now, or will I fail miserably in a man's world & get beat up every other day because I come off like the screaming swishy faggot, even when I'm 45 years old? And what about this job I worked so hard to find. My boss is madly in love with me, yet he has to answer to someone else too. And there is a limit, I'm sure. And the whole frustrating endless sometimes totally hopeless process of trying to change your whole past identity. On the bus coming home from work the guy next to me does the old "Is your name Bob?" Oh you look just like a guy I used to know named Bob." Then he launched into a big conversation with me, question after question, asking if I was ever in the service, etc., etc. When he asked my age I knew I'd never get away with my real one so I told him 19, feeling like a liar. And for the 1st time I realized what a lack it is to be without a past, to not have experienced all the subtle & typical male growing up occurrences. But I guess all of these drawbacks have comparable drawbacks in the identity I'm in now. This <sup>con</sup>counselor is at the Center for Special Problems, the place I went to when I was freaking out going crazy trying to find a job. He heads a TB group at the Center & of course it's all M  $\rightarrow$  F TBs. After thinking about it I decided not to join the group - There's just so



much I can say in a M  $\rightarrow$  F group, there's a point where my "feeling just the same, but in the opposite direction" no longer does me any good, no longer answers any of my questions. So I'll be meeting this woman on an individual basis. She said her Center + Stanford University make references back + forth to each other.

You know, I've really started to think of this switch super seriously in the past few days - trying to imagine what I'd feel like - and a kind of tranquility flows thru me. When I was hurrying down the sidewalk + thought "How will I feel after?" my step slowed to a normal relaxed pace + I truly feel that this is what I should do. - Murray, I'm coming to Milw the 1<sup>st</sup> week in Nov.

(for sure) + I may want to engage the hospitality of the Murray Hotel. I'm not sure of that, tho; let me see how it goes.

My parents are finally going thru their divorce [ma moved into her own apt., dad cut off the bank account, etc, etc.] + I don't want to plop myself on either side of that battlefield. But let me get back to you on that one. Charles has been here at my place for 3 weeks now, going on 4, but he is good to talk to about all these things in my head.

8-21-76

It's really difficult for me to write down what's been going on, my feelings, etc. The 2 weeks between when I first talked to Claire [redacted] (the counselor



for transsexuals) + our first "session" were ridden with drastic downs + euphoric ups. My thoughts were so laden with this switching-over idea I could barely function at work. I tried unceasingly to step outside myself, see myself as others would, trying to imagine what I'd be like as a male, how I would pass, how it'd be different, how I'd be different, could I really make it, what about my job, Tim, etc., etc. Charles was an immeasurable help, talking with me, helping me talk about it. (His lover Jonas left the 5<sup>th</sup> + I enjoyed Charles much more when I had him for myself.) And then, like an angel sent just for me! Saturday morning's paper Aug. 7 on the front page, just for me:

# Sex Change Uproar in Emeryville

By Carolyn Anspacher

Until six months ago the job of physical education teacher at Emery High School in Emeryville had been held by Doris Richards, pert, pretty, immensely popular and, in the words of a former superintendent of schools, "the sweetest girl I've ever known."

But in those six months Doris Richards underwent a sex change operation, with all the accompanying hormonal and psychiatric therapy, and — as Steve Dain — has informed the school board he wants to continue teaching, preferably in the same tenured job.

San Francisco Chronicle

August 7, 1976

Page 1



Dain did not appear at Thursday night's long and agonizing school board meeting, which was conducted behind closed doors and discussed the future of the teacher and the controversies that have erupted in the small East Bay city.

But he did come in to the administration office last week — short, stocky and unrecognizable with a luxuriant beard — “to pick up my check.”

The check was made out, as it had been for the last 13 years, to Doris Richards.

According to school officials, it was just about six months ago that Richards called in sick and after two weeks reported she was going to have to undergo surgery.

Her sick leave checks were mailed to her regularly and no questions were asked about her operation.

Flo Bigelow, a member of the five-member school board, said there were hints that Richards had undergone a sex change operation.

As a worker in the Board of Education office put it: “Everybody had heard about the operation and a lot of us had seen her, too.

“Why she was here just last week. She stood

around in the middle of a circle of people. She had a beard, closely cropped. It kind of makes your skin crawl . . .”

Bigelow was not nearly so critical.

“I can walk with him,” she said. “It’s a delicate matter and it looks like a case for our lawyers. Some parents are up in arms.

“Life is complex — full of change and if it makes, this person happy to change lifestyles, that’s all right with me.”

What puzzles most people, including Bigelow, is that Dain is not seeking a new identity in a new locale.

“This certainly is the first time such a thing has happened to Emeryville,” she sighed.





DORIS RICHARDS

Lewis Stommel, Emeryville's new superintendent of schools and on the job less than a week, had no official comment, but did note that Richards gave no warning that she was returning as a man.

It was generally agreed that Richards was an outstandingly successful physical education teacher.

As Cheryl Burton, one of her young pupils put it: "She coached us to championships and everybody just loved her."

Most of Emery High's students want Richards retained, beard or no beard.

Many of the city's parents, however, are reported to be "up in arms" and at least some of the board members are said to be "terribly upset."

"I don't think we yet understand all the legal ramifications involved," said Stommel, the bewildered new superintendent. "We certainly can't practice sex discrimination under Title 9 and we've got to do what is legally proper."

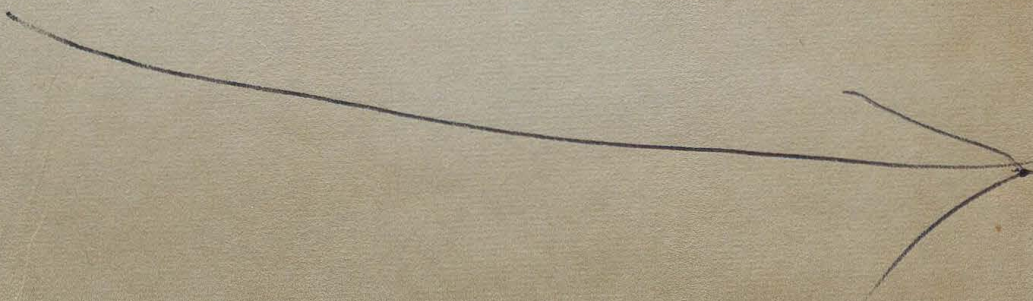
Although Dain could not be reached for comment, it is understood he is already writing a book on his metamorphosis, and is "recording reactions when he shows up with a beard and reveals his new identity."



I knew immediately that I had to talk with her + she could set me on the right path. Just the thought there was someone else like me! - I told Jim I would write her to meet with her + we had our first real discussion. The two things he said that stuck in my mind were "What are we going to be afterwards? Friends ?? I'm basically straight, you know!" and "I'm going to use as much of my influence to stop you from doing it as other people are influencing you to do it." And that in essence if I do go thru with the change I will have seen the last of him. He said that I felt pretty bad, later that night we had a second, similar talk. He said my ambiguity was one of the few things that made me "interesting." Afterward I cried while talking with Charles about it, saying I don't want to be interesting, I want to be happy. He pointed out how Jim + I go back + forth threatening to leave each other - me because of his alcoholism, he because of my transsexualism. That it seemed absurd to him that I was ready to part with Jim forever only a few weeks ago + now I'm trembling at the idea of him leaving me. And that he felt I was mostly upset because this is the first rejection I've gotten because of my wish to switch. Good point. - Sunday I penned my letter, Monday the 9<sup>th</sup> mailed it c/o the high school: Dear Steve, When I read your story in the S.F. Chronicle + Oakland Tribune I thought you a God-send. I'm a 25-year-old female. For the past 3 years I've described

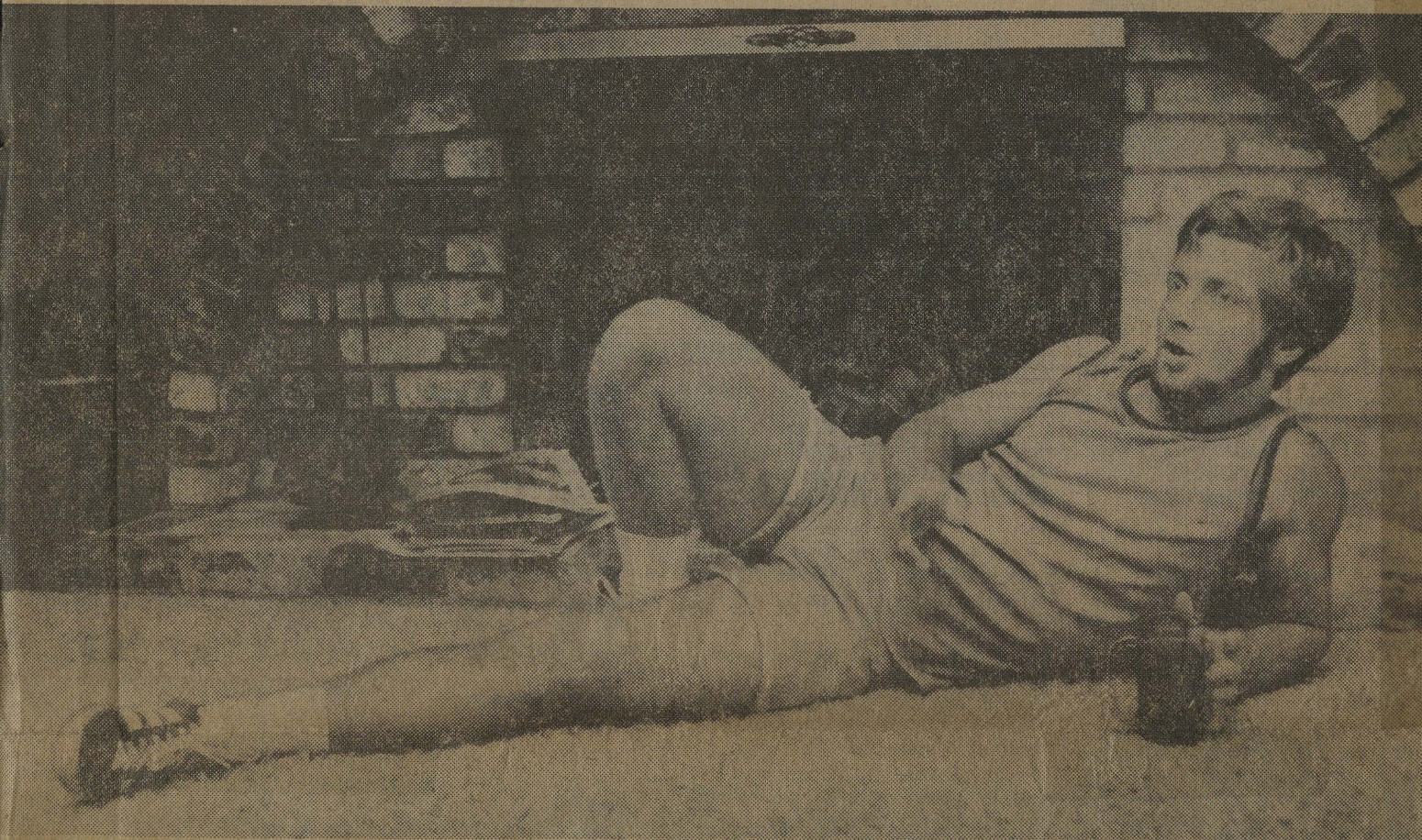


myself as a female-to-male transvestite + have lived 24 hours a day in men's clothing. I retain my female identity, but I can + do pass off + on in public. For 3 years I have tried in vain to locate a female with similar feelings. All this time I have fantasized switching over, but in the past several months I cannot rid myself of the intense desire to do so. Aug. 2 for the first time I've sought professional advice on the subject + will begin meeting a counselor on a weekly basis starting Aug. 16. However, my greatest desire at present is to be able to meet with + talk to someone who has gone through this change. I so badly need peers +, as I am sure you know, there aren't a hell of a lot of F → Ms around. Would it be possible for us to meet + talk? I'm not sure just how fed up you are with talking about it or how tired you are of being bothered by the public. So I will leave the next move to you. My address is [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I have no home phone, but my work phone (M-F, 8-4:30) is [REDACTED] I anxiously await word from you. In any case, please know that just being made aware you exist has made me feel less a screwball. Regards, Sheila Sullivan. - And Wednesday at 6 a.m. my morning paper brought me a picture I'd so wished for + a beautiful beautiful article!





# Sex-Change Teacher



By Susan Ehmer

Steve Dain, in his Union City home, said, 'I am alone in what I am doing. But I know who and where I am'

## He's Happy as a Man

By Marcie Rasmussen

Steve Dain looks different since his operation, but he says he's the same person inside.

To the kids in his Union City neighborhood, he's the same good friend who taught them to swim in his pool and who lets them play in his game room.

That he used to be a woman named Doris Richards doesn't faze them much, although they do confuse the problems.

But that's forgiven. He does it sometimes himself. He has only lived as a male for eight months of his 37 years, and there are a lot of old habits to break.

Steve says he is happy and at ease with his sexual identity change. He is a warm, attractive person, and he says even the animals in his household — three dogs and a four-month-old raccoon — are more relaxed these days.

Dain said he never intended to try to return to his old job as women's physical education teacher at Emery High School in Emeryville — a misapprehension that stirred up the small East Bay community last week.

"I don't meet the physical qualifications anymore to be a woman in a locker room."

As a credentialed, tenured teacher, he said



DORIS RICHARDS  
Teacher of the Year in 1975



# SEX CHANGE STORY

## From Page 1

in an interview, he can teach other subjects and would like to try English or science — physiology, biology, health, etc.

Dain has applied for a "subject transfer" to the Emeryville School Board, which promised a decision by September 1. The board meets again tomorrow to wrestle with the issue.

Dain said he had not intended to return to the 280-student school where Doris taught for the past ten years, or even to tell the board of his plans.

But he did confide them to former School Superintendent David Baker, who advised the board without Dain's consent, Dain said. Dain then felt he had to go to the board, and he said he met with board members in May, after he had undergone extensive psychological and physical therapy and some surgery at Stanford University.

He wanted to talk with the board members "so they would realize I hadn't blown my mind," he said. In his opinion, at least some of them understood, and one said, "We'd like to have you back," he related.

"I said I would like to come back ... if it would not involve a lot of hassle. I knew the kids would adjust."

Dain said he met with a group of students, "to erase any freak-out trip that might be imposed on them by other people.

"They were concerned to see that I was the same person. They were concerned with how I felt about Doris. I said I was proud of Doris."

Doris felt she was a successful woman. She had a four-bedroom home in a quiet, multi-ethnic suburban tract, a pool and barbecue in the backyard. Her students chose her Teacher of the Year in 1975 and she had been head of the teachers association.

She was popular and attractive, but she wasn't entirely comfortable with herself. Her 5-foot-3 frame was heavily muscled. She had enough facial hair to require shaving.

She had a dominant, outgoing personality and felt "I always had to keep it in check and behave more femininely than my real self."

She felt she had been in conflict, "half male, half female" most of her life. As a kid growing up in Oakland, she was a fleet runner, but the boys she ran track with jeered and coaches wouldn't encourage her athletic prowess. She had dolls, but she played with them as though she were a doctor, fixing their scratches.

Doris grew up at a time when there was no room for women with mannish traits. She tried to compensate as an adult by dieting often to stay petite and by wearing makeup and pretty clothes.

Now her 110-pound weight has gone to 145, still trim.

"I had muscles like a male athlete," said Dain. "So at school, it was Mr. Richards ... If I went to the supermarket, even with makeup, sometimes they would stare at me from behind the counter, and it would be 'sir.'"

Now, he has discovered an entirely different feeling, "being called 'sir' when it really is 'sir.'"



After two years of thinking about the move, Dain applied to Stanford's sex-change program. He began taking hormones that, in a month, gave Doris a man's appearance.

"Very quickly, I was able to live as a man and see if that would solve the identity problem I had." It did, he felt, and he proceeded. During a psychological re-evaluation, doctors found him to be "much more in harmony with the male image I projected. I thought so too."

He said others undergoing the same change at Stanford would tell themselves that "you have to feel like a man. But I want to be who I am."

Dain underwent a mastectomy so skillful that he can shed his shirt with confidence, exposing a manly chest. Other operations may follow.

Hormone therapy, which Dain understands to be safe for women changing to males, will continue the rest of his life. Physical and psychological testing will also continue.

He said there are other teachers in the schools who have had sex changes, but no one knows who they are. "I'm not trying to make a precedent," he added. "I had not desired this to be publicized."

But now that it has been, Dain vowed he won't quit the effort to remain a teacher at Emeryville in another subject area. "I'm going to stick this out. I don't want to give up what I want for myself."

"I'm not doing anything wrong," he said.

"There's a lot more going on in every school system that is far more detrimental than what I'm doing, and much of it is under the table. This is open. People can cope with it."

His family has had mixed reactions. Dain said he thinks his sister and brother understand, but his mother is undergoing "a lot of trauma. She feels her daughter has died."

Former dates have been "understanding. They say 'hang in there. It takes a hell of a lot of courage.'"

Women's libbers have accused him of copping out. Men "who have difficulties with their own sex identity are fleeing from me." But most people, particularly after seeing him and talking with him, have reacted with more equanimity.

"There's a fellow I used to wave at as Doris. Now I wave as Steve. He didn't know. He came up one day and said, 'You and your sister are twins, aren't you?' I said, 'No. My sister and me are the same person.'"

Steve goes to the same barber as Doris did, with no problems. He sees more of his friends than before. "I'm entertaining more now because I feel more at ease. Everything goes together."

Basically, however, "I am alone in what I'm doing. But I know who and where I am."

He has been chronicling his reactions to the change and intends to publish them if possible. "I wanted to analyze my feelings about living in a male world. It's not just the way you cross your legs, you know. I'm exploring this 24 hours a day."

"I am gentle and loving, but a man can be that too." However, he finds the world of men is "very dry. I feel sorry for them. I have a lot of compassion for men. Their world is so cold emotionally — and yet they have emotions. I can see why they feel they must come home to a woman."



I re-read it over + over,  
stared enchanted at the picture.  
He was so so beautiful. I felt  
as tho I were seeing myself.  
Took the paper to work, vowed not  
to discuss it because I was so  
high on it I couldn't trust  
myself not to burst. The women  
at work gathered around one of  
their desks over the article + I  
could see them discussing it,  
laughing, but all I heard was  
one say it was probably harder  
to switch to a man than to a  
woman. No one said a word to  
me. I was too high to go sit  
outside + have lunch with the  
warehouse foreman like I've done

for the past few months. Jim phoned + asked if I'd seen  
the article, saying "He really looks good" - me just holding  
myself back from bursting with emotion. Counting each  
minute to hear from her, each phone call I got I knew  
it must be him. Thurs the foreman asked if I were going  
to have lunch with him cuz there's something he wants  
to ask me about. At lunch he says he wanted to ask  
me about that woman who had a sex change, "Can  
they really do that?" I said "Oh yeah!" + launched  
into an outline of the procedures, etc., + finally  
said, "Don't tell anyone this, but I've been think-  
ing of doing the same thing myself." He lent his  
support, saying when I first came there the women  
had talked about me, "I wonder which bathroom

Who will he come home to?

"In all our lives, we have to  
give up something.

"I made a decision that if  
(living mateless) had to be my  
existence, I'd still rather be male  
than female."

He's tempted to compare his  
experience to reincarnation. "Do I  
have to die before I can come back  
and experience a different thing?"

When he broke the news to his  
neighbors, in advance, he said they  
responded, "Our kids love you for  
who you are."

Fifteen children, aged 2 to 14,  
clamored outside while Dain was  
being interviewed. They were anx-  
ious about the reporters inside —  
they have a protective air about  
Steve.

How do they feel about him?  
"GOOOD," they responded in cho-  
rus. "It's what she wants to do," said  
Sherry Garcia, 14. "She is our best  
friend." "He," the others corrected.  
"There isn't one of us she hasn't  
helped."



she's going to use" & he'd told them I could use the one in the warehouse if I wanted. He confided "don't tell anyone this but" he has a "homosexual" son. I felt so great after our talk, felt I really had a friend. Since then he's said things like "That-a-girl ... er, I guess I should say, that-a-boy," and that I'm his "buddy" and "pretty soon they're not going to let you in there [the women's room] anymore!"

Monday my session with Claire [redacted] I felt something like an insect under a microscope & weighed each word I said, knowing what could be read into anything I said. We discussed my background, how I felt about the parents, my first boyfriend, how I found out how men & women have sex. She asked had I ever seen 2 men having sex with each other & I said I don't remember ever having. Afterwards I asked her what the point in rehashing all this was. She said to try & see why I'm doing what I am & if it's worthwhile for me to continue. That I had to admit it wasn't a "typical reaction." Ok, that sounds harmless enough. But talked later with Charles, expressing my apprehension at the worth of it & my fear that my defenses & securities will be destroyed. That no matter WHY I'm doing it, I want to continue doing it & that's that. So why find out why? Etc., etc. But I knew that that's only fearing the truth & if rehashing all these things in my past (that I've



tried to interpret as causes years ago) will break me, I better find that out now. Charles left for NY Aug 19 + after work on the 20<sup>th</sup> my letter! my beautiful letter! Dear Sheila: Yes I would like to chat with you + arrangements will be made for us to talk as soon as all settles here. In the meantime, I'm glad you are seeking professional counseling so that at least you can share your deep concerns in confidence - but remember only you will be able to answer the questions you ask of yourself - so listen for your answers as you share your feelings with your counselor! Sincerely, Steve Dain. —

I don't know how often I've re-read it now. And now I realize my biggest hang-up is my lack of self-confidence, lack of respect for my own judgment + my inability to make a decision that will affect my whole life. I am plagued by fear of the unknown future, tho I know in my heart I feel the same way now as I did 10 years ago. With this new awareness I've decided to look into the possibilities of getting myself sterilized. Even if I have doubts of my ability to live as a man, I have no doubts of my inability to live as a woman with child. Haven't told Jim + won't until the day before the operation + am firmly resolved not to let his reaction change my mind. Went to Planned Parenthood but they were closed, will call them Monday. It's incredible the feeling of one-ness + peace with myself I have once I make a decision like this. You don't have to be a transsexual to get sterilized + I want it badly. No more intense fear, horror at the



thought of what I'd do if I became pregnant, disgust at the thought of bearing & having to center my life around this child, out of guilt & the feeling I should be responsible, guilt identifying with how Tim would feel about the kid. I know he's very against abortion, therefore must want his children. But even though - they'll have to be someone else's. I can't.

Aug. 29, '76

Tim & I had our first decent discussion on my problem this past Friday. He said a lot of stuff that makes sense & I really feel good about the whole talk. He said he didn't feel any operation was the answer for me because he sees my problem as being "mainly one of fashion," i.e., I am tired of the look I have now and just can't think what to do next. He says (and it's true) that if I were to switch over it still wouldn't solve my social identity problem because, like him, I don't know how to be a typical male, that I'll never dress like everyone else or act like everyone else. No matter what, I'll never fit in with either the male or the female scene. And he said I don't "think like a man" (which is something I'll never know for sure). That I'll stick out just as much as a guy as I do as a girl. And he's right. He compared my obsession with surgery with his alcoholism, saying I go toward that direction just because it's so easy for me to give in to my desires,



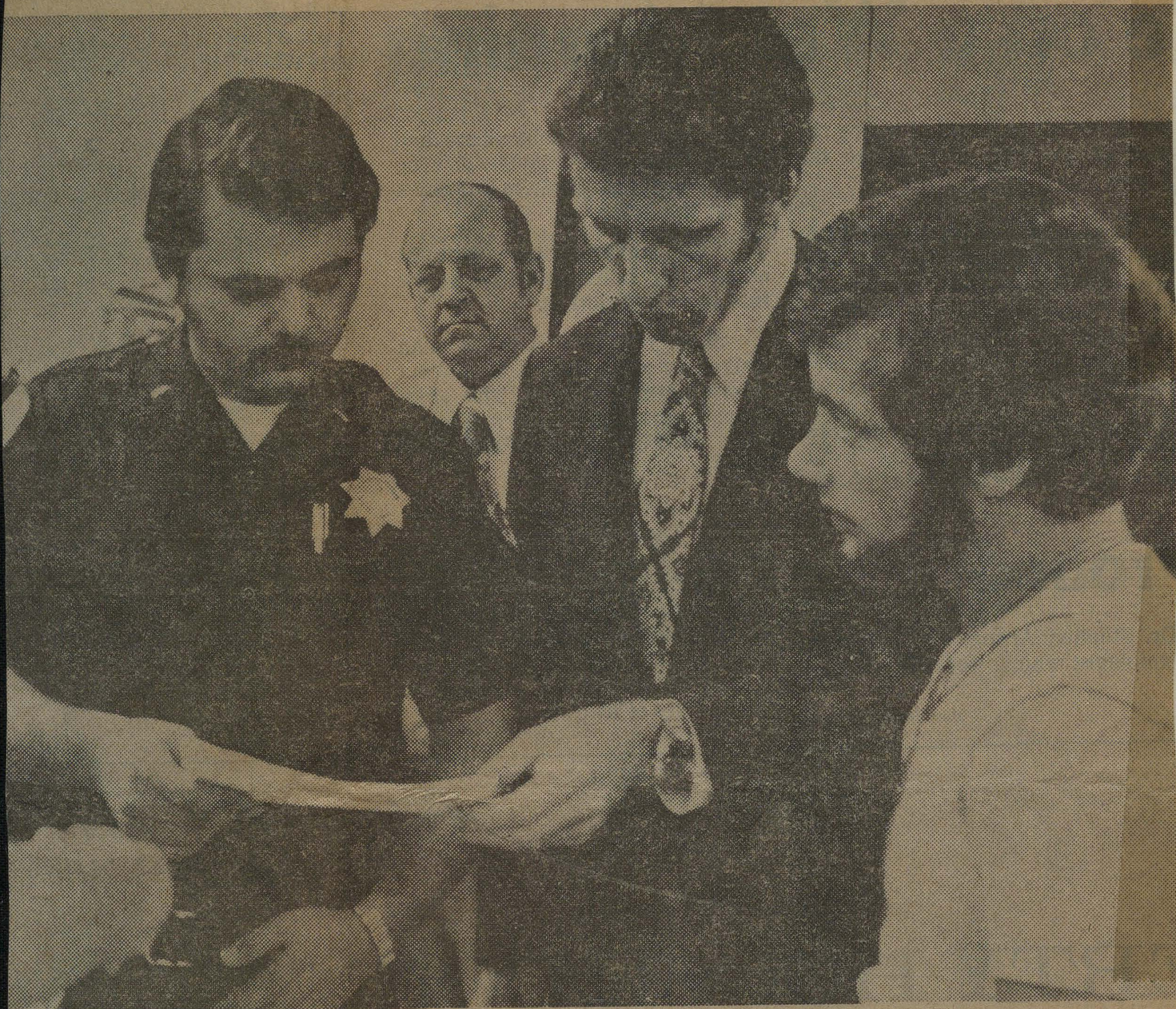
just as it's so easy for him to wander into the bar. I told him (breaking my vow) that I was looking into getting sterilized + his reaction was of an "oh, no" shaking his head slowly, but no vehement reaction against it, altho he gave me some line on doing something that will affect my whole life. He said no matter how many operations I have or Bodybuilding courses I take I'll never look how I dream I want to, that I should rather look toward an ideal I can reach, like Romaine Brooks. That maybe I should try wearing some women's suits like I used to. - I must say that since this talk with him, it's the first time in months I've really felt the idea of switching over is not right for me at all - that I should try to look in another direction. He said he thinks it's a good idea for me to see Steve Dain but that I shouldn't go into it with a hero-worship attitude. - Somehow I have to learn to love myself as the weirdo boyish female I am.

Sept. 6, 1976

Well, I hope you believe this latest one - because I do not. (See next few pages.) I just felt like it had happened to me. Of all the goddamn fucked-up shit. Who in the hell do these people think they are. It's impossible for me to avoid becoming deeply attached to her - I like to call him her because it allows me to identify more easily, to really grasp what he is. I cannot help falling in love with him. I feel he is my soul. Anyway at the rate his hassles are going, I'll never get to meet him. I wish somehow I could be of some help to him.



# Sex-Change Furor



Steve Dain (right) stood by his lawyer, Larry Sleizer, as Lieutenant Dave Reno served the citation, while Emeryville Superintendent Lewis Stommel looked on from behind



# Emeryville Teacher Arrested

*By Marcie Rasmussen*

Steve Dain — who was Doris Richards, a tenured Emery High School teacher before undergoing a sexual identity change — was arrested by the school superintendent yesterday when he appeared for a teachers' orientation meeting.

Superintendent Lewis Stommel, newly on the job in the Emeryville Unified School District, made a citizens arrest in the hallway as about 100 district teachers assembled for the meeting looked on quietly.

He cited an education code section making "willful disturbance" at a public school or school meeting a misdemeanor.

Stommel summoned three police officers who, appearing somewhat uncomfortable, escorted Dain, 37, to the Emeryville police station where he was booked and given a citation.

Dain, accompanied by his lawyer, was first confronted by Stommel outside the school as he approached with a group of other teachers. Dain was carrying a huge, bag-wrapped bowl of salad intended for a pot-luck luncheon the teachers were planning for a break in the day-long meeting.

Stommel read Dain a statement in tones too low to overhear. But

the message apparently informed him that the superintendent would call the police if Dain did not leave voluntarily.

Stommel, who had told the Chronicle earlier "I'm going to make sure the Emeryville School district doesn't become a carnival," then disappeared to make his call to police. Dain proceeded inside and was greeted by several teacher friends.

The orientation session joined by Dain, had a festive air as teachers chattered and renewed acquaintances. But the conversational hum stilled as Stommel came in, called Dain into the hall and the officers appeared.

Dain talked with several teachers, and others came up to give him a warm welcoming hug or handshake.

Sergeant Dave Reno asked Stommel if a disturbance had occurred.

"As far as I'm concerned, yes," the superintendent replied. "This is not a normal teacher orientation . . . I'm declaring a disturbance, gentlemen. Do your duty."

Last December, Dain left work as Doris Richards, Emery High School's women physical education teacher, and underwent hormone treatments, extensive testing and a full mastectomy at Stanford University's sex-change clinic.

The controversy began when Dain decided to try to return to the school — but in another teaching capacity.

His application for reassignment is still before the school board, and the job of women's physical education teacher is posted for applicants, officials said.



William Johnston, the board's attorney, said the district is not satisfied that Dain is medically able to return to work, and the board fears Dain could be a "distraction" to school students.

Johnston said he had asked Dain to stay away from the school until his job status is resolved — with the assurance that his absence would not affect any rights he has as a district employee.

Dain said he feared he could be fired for not showing up for duty at the teachers' meeting.

But Johnston also suggested the board could decide to put Dain back in the position, hire a matron to supervise locker and shower room activities and reduce Dain's pay accordingly.

Dain is scheduled to appear for arraignment in Oakland Municipal Court on the misdemeanor charge on September 10 at 9 a.m.

Well, since that talk with Jim, my fervor to get the operation has diminished considerably. Monday at my counselor all my anti-female sentiments were expressed to her obvious disapproval. She said it seemed in my life there was a huge void concerning half the human population, that I should make an attempt to get to know some women who don't fit all the stereotype reasons I dislike women. Easier said than done. Since then I've tried

to think of a way to do this. Have even considered going back to that ha-ha Bisexual Women's Rap Group. I guess somewhere there are sane women, but even my sisters <sup>Bridget</sup> and K. [REDACTED] have ultimately become disappointments, and they are the sanest women I've ever known. Wherever these women are, they are needles in haystacks. Anyway my counselor is on vacation and won't see her again until Sept 27. Went to that bodybuilding class + forgot it. About 25 guys and 7 weight machines. Shockingly one other girl there but she told me she's leaving the city in October so won't be there long. So instead went + bought myself a 25 lb. barbell set.



# Sex-Change Teacher Arrested at School

By RICK MALASPINA

EMERYVILLE—Steve Dain, the Emery High School girls' physical education teacher who underwent a sex change operation during a sick leave, showed up at school yesterday and promptly was arrested by the school superintendent.

Police said Supt. Lewis Stommel of the Emeryville Unified School District "very cordially" made a citizens arrest on Dain, a 37-year-old veteran teacher whose former name was Doris Richards.

Emeryville police Lt. Jerry Miranda said Stommel phoned police at 9:30 a.m. after Dain came to a teacher orientation meeting uninvited and refused Stommel's repeated requests to leave.

Three officers escorted Dain out of the school as about 100 district teachers watched. Dain was cited on a misdemeanor charge of unauthorized attendance at a school meeting and failure to leave.

"It was all very cordial and there were no heated words," said Miranda when asked to describe the scene between Dain and the newly appointed schools chief.

Stommel, according to Miranda, said Dain was advised well in advance of the teacher meeting not to attend but he insisted on coming.

The short, bearded teacher was approaching the school carrying a bowl of salad for a teachers' pot-luck lunch when he was confronted by Stommel.

Inside the building, Stommel stopped Dain before he entered the meeting room and read him a prepared statement in a hushed voice.

They then parted, Dain into the meeting where he was greeted by fellow teachers and Stommel to an office where he called police.

Asked by officers if a disturbance had occurred, Stommel answered, "As far as I'm concerned, yes. This is not a normal teacher orientation. I'm declaring a disturbance. Gentlemen, do your duty."

Dain, accompanied by his attorney, said he thought he would be fired if he failed to attend the teacher meeting, held in preparation for the opening of school on Tuesday, Sept. 7.

Stommel said Dain had been asked to stay away from the school until his job status is ironed out.

I'll just fuckin' do it myself. Besides the "teacher" had no program set up, no structure to the class + said he's going to grade the class strictly on attendance and this is for college credit. Just shlock. So I've been working out on my own + can see my arms have definite promise. At present I have two appointments pending. One in late Sept.

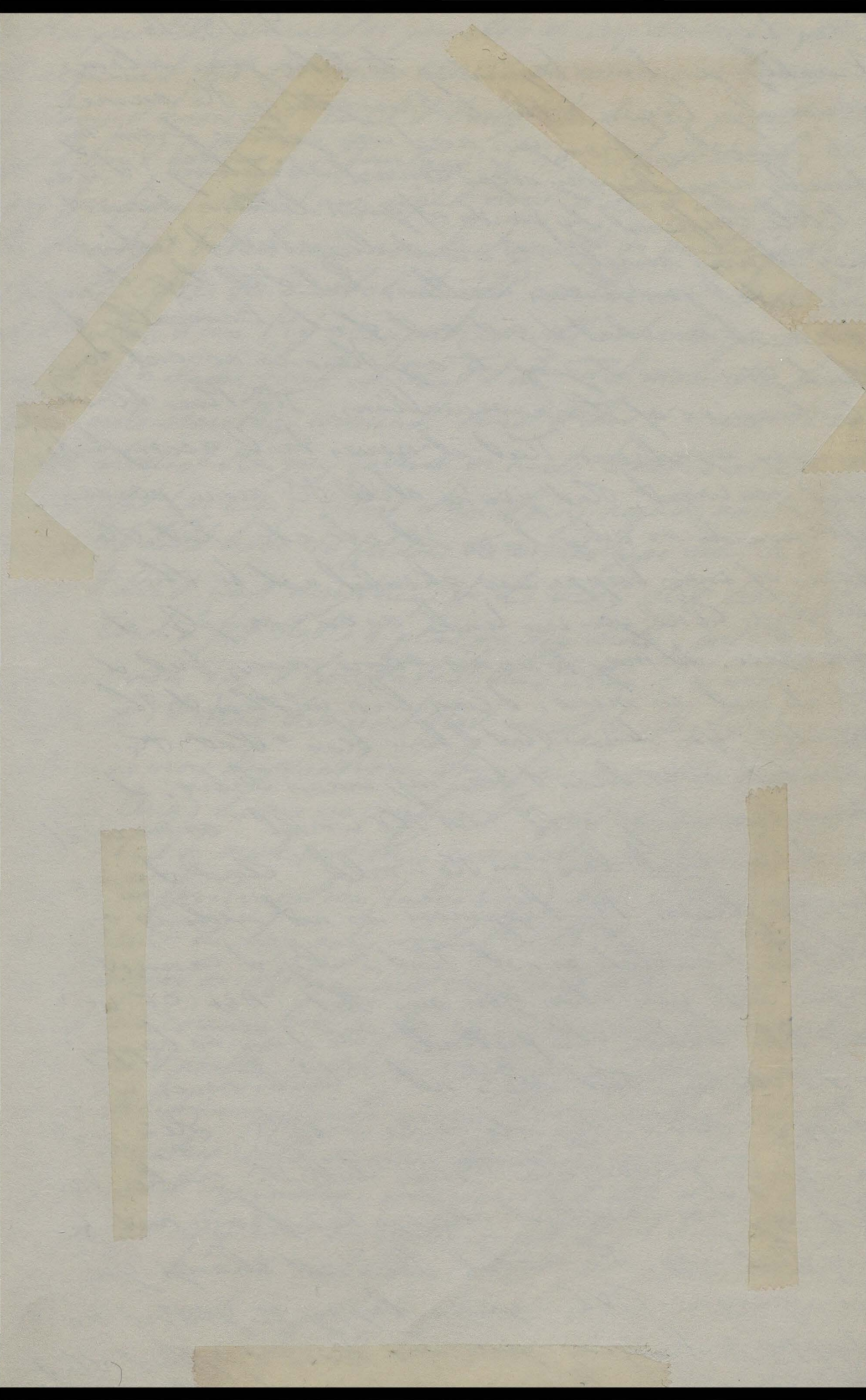


to get B.C. pills and another in early Oct.  
to get sterilized. Still don't know which I'll  
go to. The sterilization still sounds like what  
I really want, but I don't trust my own mind  
any more and this ~~is~~ surgery yes - no deal  
only aptly portrays my inability to make a  
decent permanent decision. Phoned ma today,  
not home, so phoned Bridget. A good talk but  
she said she was puzzled why I'd written first  
to ma about my sex-change urges, saying some-  
thing like "if I had in fact been saying all this  
for more than just attention." That pissed me  
off. She said she would have expected me to tell  
her about it first!! Which is completely  
ridiculous, me knowing how perverted she  
thinks even gays are! However I didn't say this.  
So my mind is 100 times more at ease than it  
was before and my obsession is gone. But it's  
all still in me and I think I simply must  
wait until I know, just somehow know,  
it's time to do it.

---

Kathy [redacted] took these pictures  
of Tim + I when she visited S.F. in  
April. Above shot in lobby of and  
bottom shot on the doorstep of [redacted]  
[redacted]







Dear Liz -

9-15-76

Frankly, yes, I was beginning to take your silence seriously. Began to think I was getting the same "oh" reaction from you as I was getting from my family regarding my steps toward switching. I was a little confused by parts of your letter - I must say it was surely the most disjointed & disconnected you've ever written. But I'll try to comment on what I got out of it. Basically I think you were trying to say there is no end to the obsession of transsexualism. The Miss Plastic Surgery syndrome. That it never truly accomplishes what you want, that you're still the same person afterwards so why have it etc etc. That the basis of one's happiness should not be the surgery. And you use Linda as an example. I disagree. It may be so in some cases, but I think not in mine. I can live without the switch. You know that I have been & that the switch-over hasn't been my main drive. I have been doing well "in the world" or as well as I ever had done "in the world." And I am a happy person. My happiness is not riding on whether I switch or not. That's why I cannot agree with you when you say that "ALL OF US" are like Linda "who pretends 'Oh I am so happy' & it's obvious that she's not." Linda never WAS happy & that's why she never will be. She's just a whiney person, the TSism didn't make her that way nor could it change her from not being that way. The switch does not change you as a person. Either you're happy or you're unhappy & changing your sex doesn't affect that. Either you're a loser or you're not a loser.



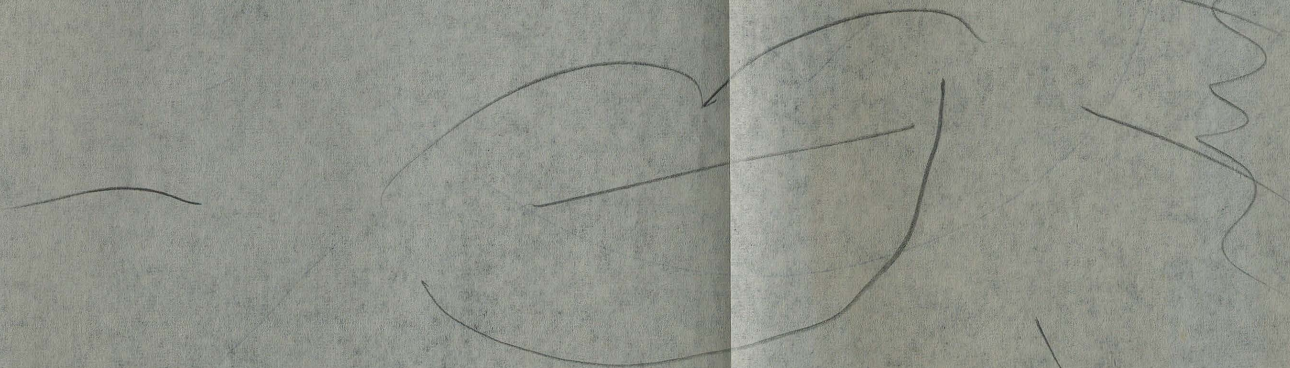
Either you like yourself or you don't. Deep down. As for  
the argument that I'll never REALLY be a man or be my  
fantasy, I know that. And I truly think I've faced that.  
Yet I don't believe my "fantasy" (i.e., what I ask) is  
very far from what I am right now. I don't want to be  
the stereotype butch man nor do I want to participate in  
that role. After the switch I will continue to be just  
what + where I am. My occupation will not change. I like  
my job + I'm damn good at what I do + I'd make the best  
damn male secretary around. And I don't want to ca-  
rouse around the gay bathhouse or nude beaches or fuck  
every night (or ever). What I am doing right now won't  
change + I don't have to follow the stereotype man to be a  
man. I don't want anything to do with that kind of  
man. And I feel that's a plus on my side, both as a  
person + as a TS. I hesitated here when I wrote "TS."  
That's the 1<sup>st</sup> time I've used that word to identify myself.  
I have no more desperation. For a few months back here  
(July, Aug) I was so confused + jolted by myself  
that I had to seek out this counselor. I've only seen  
her 4x so far (vacation, Labor Day) but I like her  
somehow. She has only worked with F → Ms + maybe  
as time goes on she may not turn out to be what I  
want in a counselor. So far we're moving right along.  
She hasn't really DONE or TOLD me anything, only  
suggested I investigate areas I've avoided, such  
as associating with women, finding out how Tim  
feels about my wishes, etc. ... But like I say I'm in  
no big fat desperate hurry to switch. I know I'm go-  
ing to do it - the right time will just come. Oct 6 I  
have an appt to get sterilized. Since I don't  
want any more female hormones + I don't want any  
babies. I KNOW THIS FOR SURE. It's right for



NE

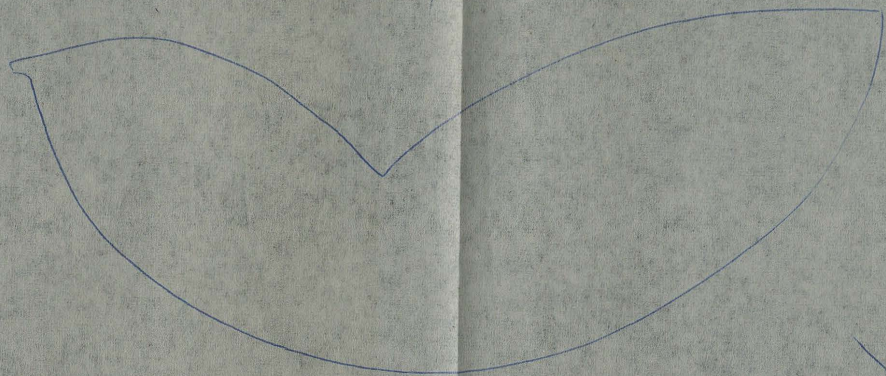
TOO

TOO of SM AIR





I love you, Tuffy





me. Tim is not for my switching over + expressed hesitation concerning the sterilization, but our relationship at present is not what I want + it is going sour. I can't strive toward "happily ever after" lies anymore. It's not like how we read in fairy tales. I have to stop feeling guilty (yes, I had felt so guilty + sick for wanting what I do, even tho I felt YOUR wanting it was totally normal) about not wanting the stereotype middle-class hetero life. I don't want it + never have + so I have to go from here. If Tim can't follow he'll have to go toward what HE wants. So here it all is. Bought a barbell set + have been "getting in touch" with my body" (far out, man) which I've really needed. My body IS here + it can't ignore it any longer. We have to come to terms with each other. I'm ready to sign the peace treaty as soon as it's written up. Love you, Liz. You're invaluable to me. You've taught me a hell of a lot, more than anyone so far.

My dear Elizaveta —

9-23-76

No, dear, I'm not angry! I just re-read my last letter + it was so simple + logical I wish it were all true. I guess both of us are really in a jam over this ridiculous question + that's our only excuse, Liz, I'm really in a mental blackout. I can barely think anymore on this question.

All I want to do is hide in my apt, watch TV, read, sleep + go to work. I don't want to meet new people, get involved in/with anyone or anything. I don't even want to talk. It seems my ability to cope with my ambiguity is



totally gone. And I don't know of any cure. I don't know that switching over will bring me out again. Lij, I've finally realized that I cannot seem to make a permanent decision in my life. Why am I so afraid to take control of my life? Everyone else does it so naturally (getting married FOREVER, having babies FOREVER, investing in a house FOREVER, without batting an eyelash). Yet I feel like a middle-aged closet queen scared to death to "come out." Afraid everyone will "find out" about me & afraid I'll be rejected by all. Just like the fairy who thinks no one knows & if they did, oh! his career would be ended! reputation smashed! family disowning! friends snubbing! And it doesn't happen because, of course, they all knew he was a queer all along. Why is it that I can sit here & watch myself crumble & not be able to kick myself in the ass toward the direction my logic tells me is right? I'm so afraid of losing Tim, yet even as I write this my feelings for him have changed so MUCH. There's no longer any joy in our love - only a secure predictability & ameness. It's the fear of that security loss rather than the loss of his love. Just realizing my avoidance of making any permanent decision for myself has helped me decide on getting sterilized - something I AM sure of. This is a dumb question but I don't know if that will stop me from menstruating. It seems logical it would. You ask "how's passing?" Well, for the little I've been getting out, fabulous. This 30-ish blubber-faced queen I see on the bus every morning struck up a conversation with me about a week ago. We've had morn coffee together 2x & once he stopped by my apt. with a friend for about 10 mins. I've



never affected my voice or even knew if he thought I was a girl or a guy & when at my apt. he said to his friend "He works at Wilson." I used to say that when I'd get an indication from the public on what they thought I was, it came to about 50-50. But now it seems to me they chose male 75% of the time. Know what's stopping me from rushing out & getting the op RIGHT NOW? Two-fold. I won't be able to come or go. HA HA HA. More specifically the crappy cock op means I'll never have orgasms & I love them so. And if I don't have the cock op I'll still have trouble going & he can. I'd say 2 out of 3 men's Johns don't have doors on their stalls & I'm tired of being Quick Draw McGraw with the pants. I can't pee in peace. No peace or piece. HA HA HA. The joke's on me. New development. Latest issue of the Advocate has a special report on TBs & interviews a woman here in SF who says "I'm a gay male trapped in a woman's body." <sup>lie,</sup> I've never heard anyone else say that same thing I've been crying out for over 3 yrs. Am trying to get the author to put her in contact with me. She may be a loser tho. She's 21, a hippie & marched in the gay pride parade with her shirt off, she says "not as a liberated female but as a gay man." I'D RATHER DIE. She must really be deluded. But she's probably more like me than anyone else I've ever encountered. Will begin seeing my counselor again this Monday after missing the past 3. I'm really back to where I started in my head. Tho not as bad. — The greatest thing just happened. (Fri 10:30 am) That blubber-face just phoned here at my work & asked the switchboard op for "Lou" who does typing there. She told him the only one who does



typing was "Sheila Sullivan" & he said no it's a young man & she said well Hey don't have any young men working here - he's arguing with her & she's arguing back & finally he hung up. I almost died laughing. He knows my last name is Sullivan too. (Guess he wanted to have lunch w/ me or something.) So I hope I'm rid of him now. I think it's the funniest. What he must be thinking!

9-26-76

Last nite blubber face came to my apt while Tim & I were here. First thing he confronts me asking indignantly why I haven't been on the bus here past 2 days. Then acting like now he's caught me he says cockily, "You told me you work at WSG." "I do." "No you don't I phoned here yesterday & they told me they don't have any male clerks here." "That's right," I said, "they don't." "You told me you work here." "I do." Silence. Daggers coming out of his eyes. "They told me they don't have anyone named Lou here." "I use a different name here than I do here." Silence. He's still staring at me accusingly like now he's caught me red-handed but I can see I'm ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> getting thru to him. So I say "They told you the only typist they had was Sheila Sullivan. Well, that's me." Silence. "You mean they think you're a female here?" "Yeah." Silence. "Because I AM!" Well, he was really shook. "I never told you I was a guy." "I know... but... I wasn't sure when I first saw you..." He said something how I do have the features of a girl except for the breasts (Thank you!). He says "You mean like there are guys who want to be girls?" I said yeah. Then mustering



up what little smarts he had left he asks clinically "How long has this been going on?" It was embarrassing how dense he was. He said his friend had guessed I was a girl + I said I knew. He left in a few minutes. — Neither Tim nor I spoke for about 10-15 mins. Just sat there next to each other holding hands. Then Tim says "Are you all right now?" He really thought I was upset. Assured him I wasn't + that I thought it was funny. Tim said he was pretty sure I was rid of the guy. I'm not so sure. Said I'm so tired of running into goobers — that I sit by myself in my apt all the time + the 1<sup>st</sup> time I even talk to someone on the bus they turn out to be an asshole + a stupid jerk. That's the last time I ever give out my address (Tim said that was really stupid of me). God, I can't believe that guy was so goddamn dense!

10-3-76

This Fri nite I had my 1<sup>st</sup> gay infatuation. It's so fucked up I feel nauseous even thinking about it + it really tears me up inside. He was about 43 yrs old, small, attractive guy. Tim + I met him in Tim's favorite straight bar. Name was Cal. I just feel so shitty. He was pretty drunk by the time we got there (7:30 pm) + began talking to us, saying he's seen us "two guys" + watched us several times — that we reminded him of two hitmen out of Dashiell Hammett (some 1940's ~~det~~ detective story writer) and "I really like



you 2 guys ... you got a certain, ah ... class." Then he began to "read our beads" saying he's observed us often & he sees Jim as "a villian," not very flexible or open & a cynical person. But he sees me as a man with a sense of humor, much more open to different things, that Jim can't adjust to change but that I have a whole realm of possibilities to choose from. That Jim is basically happy with his job & his life, but that I'm not. Well, of course he knew how to hold our attention, as everyone likes to talk about themselves. I found this a pretty incredible observation, tho. Then I began getting more interested in him. Something very girlish about him. He shook bar dice several times, obviously very amateur at it & didn't even know the rules. I found that amazing. And I don't know when it started, but we kept locking eyes. God, it really tore me up. He had lovely expressive eyes & brows and almost involuntarily he'd look in mine. I'd look back and he'd wince, a visible hurt as he studied my eyes, and then he'd look away. Told Jim he'd been thrown out of a nearby straight bar but wouldn't say why, tho Jim kept asking, so, he said, he could avoid doing the same thing. Cal said no, Jim would never do it and it would offend us, that he was ashamed he did it so didn't want to tell us. He finally told us. Apparently some old queen started cruising Cal, asking if he was married (he isn't) and he got mad & Cal threatened to "get" the guy when he left the bar. So the bartender ousted him. He said he doesn't mind those kind of guys but this city's full of their kind of bars & this was a straight bar & Cal wasn't looking for that kind of shit & besides this guy was "such a simpering" one



with his hair all sprayed, etc., + it made him sick. Told him I'd've thrown him out too, that I thought he over-reacted, that there're ways to get rid of people without getting so butch. That shit like that happens to me often + you gotta get rid of them just like any other jerk + not make a big deal out of it. He agreed he acted badly and shouldn't've. The 3 of us talked about other things + he hesitantly said that he's beginning to think that "homosexuals" are more interesting people + have a lot more to say about life than most other people. And out of the blue he says "You know, sometimes I see a good looking girl + I think 'if she didn't have a cunt, what would she have?'" (meaning that's all females are to him). And, perplexing me, Tim says "yeah, it's a lot easier to imagine what a guy would have." Tim began talking to the bartender + Cal + I looked in each other's eyes again, which really upset him + I began looking back at him like "what's the matter?" Then he says there's something that he just cannot forgive... that it was clear to him I should have been born a lady... that he just cannot forgive God for the shitty deal He gave me. And he said he could feel my pain because of it. — Oh, Jesus. My fucking heart was being torn out. I told him maybe on the surface I'd make a good girl, but deep down it just wasn't in me, and besides, what were my alternatives? There's nothing I could do about it anyway.



He was really affected by all this and we were both getting drunker & drunker. I felt how attracted he was to me and how distraught he was being so strongly attracted to a guy. He drew his knees up to his chest, acting real insecure, looking at me so terrified. God how I wanted to do something. It was too close to all my fantasies. I even flirted a little, saying "you tell me you don't wear hair spray?" & he denied it all, saying "go ahead!" & I stroked his hair, saying "you're right." I kept expecting him to reach out & touch me, but he never did. Cal & Jim began talking & I stood off to the side a while. The bartender said something, referring to me as "her". Cal made him repeat it & then looked at me surprised & I just looked back like I don't know what he means. Jim also referred to me in the female several times. Then Cal did. By this time I didn't know what was going on. Out of the blue he says "I don't care what gender you are, you're all right." — I was so attracted to him on a male-to-male basis & I knew he was to me too, but all this shitty crap came between us. Jim & I had altered our evening's plans just to stay there & talk to him. I didn't want to leave him, but we did. Went out to eat & then to a joint to take out coffee & there's Cal, waiting to take something out too. Jim went over & said "What're you waiting for?" And when I finally got served & joined them, I became so uneasy & said stupidly "So, what're you waiting for?" just like Jim did, cuz I was too stupid & self-conscious to act normal.



Cal looked at me & said "I don't want to tell you." Shit. What happened? So we left. all Saturday I felt upset & today I realize that he probably asked & the bartender told him I'm a girl & he thought I was playing a game with him and making a fool out of him. But, God, I didn't! I feel so so bad. - I don't care, man. Fuck my job & everything else. Hurt like this isn't worth any of the rest of the crap. I have to go through with it. It's ruining my life.

## Sex-Change Teacher Wins Court Test

By Marcie Rasmussen

Steve Dain, the Emery High School teacher who became a male through a sexual identity change, won a court order yesterday directing school officials to assign him a teaching job and turn over \$3200 in back pay.

Dain said he would go back to school this morning ready for work. Dain was formerly Doris Richards, the women's physical education teacher at the school for the past ten years.

The Emeryville school board had neither fired him nor returned him to work this year, after he emerged from a leave of absence with a male identity acquired through the Stanford University sex change clinic.

SAN FRANCISCO  
CHRONICLE

OCT. 8, 1976

William Johnston, attorney for the Emeryville Unified School District, contended Dain had used up his sick leave during his absence since last December and had abandoned his job.

Dain's attorneys countered that the teacher had given the board two medical releases certifying that he could return to work and that Dain had in fact tried to return. However, Superintendent





STEVE DAIN, FORMERLY DORIS RICHARDS  
The court ordered him assigned, with back pay

## SEX-CHANGE TEACHER

### From Page 1

Lewis Stommel had him arrested when he appeared for a teacher's orientation meeting at the school September 2.

Dain faces trial Tuesday in Oakland Municipal Court on a charge of "wilful disturbance" of that meeting.

Alameda county Superior Court Judge Robert K. Barber, when shown the medical releases, said, "This removes the medical question."

"Not to the board," Johnston contended. "Dain was a girls' gym teacher."

However, following the lengthy hearing, Barber ordered Dain reinstated with two months' back pay.

Dain "has the same Social Security number" as Doris Richards, Johnston said at one point, "but is it the same person?"

The ruling came in a suit Dain

filed September 22, accusing the district of wrongfully withholding his pay since August 1 and depriving him of his tenured teaching job.

Stommel, who was in the court audience, said later he would poll the five-member board by telephone to determine what to do next. If directed to fire Dain, Stommel said, he would comply.

"I don't know about this free-floating chromosome," Stommel said. "Where do you place him?"

Dain's teaching credential would allow him to teach any subject, and he has said he would prefer sciences. Stommel said he considers the general secondary credential "old-fashioned."

Dain, whose lawyers included representatives for both the California Federation of Teachers and the California Teachers Association, said the ruling strikes a blow "for the protection of tenured teachers everywhere."



## Charges in Emeryville

# School Suspends Sex-Change Teacher

By Marcie Rasmussen

Steve Dain, who assumed a male's identity after undergoing sex change surgery, was suspended yesterday from his Emery High School teaching job on charges of "immoral conduct" and "evident unfitness for service."

The news was greeted with tears and dismay by some of Dain's former students, who had been waiting to greet the popular teacher upon his expected return to the school yesterday morning.

On Thursday, Alameda county Superior Court Judge Robert K. Barber ruled that the Emeryville Unified School District must reinstate Dain, 27, formerly women's physical education teacher Doris Richards, and give him two months' back pay.

But Dain—who left work last December as Richards and tried to come back this fall as Dain—said when he returned home shortly after midnight yesterday Superintendent Lewis Stommel was waiting to serve him with the suspension notice.

Stommel, who school officials said had the support of most of the school board members, alleged five charges as "causes for dismissal."

They were:

- Falsely claiming absence for illness.
- Doing potential psychological harm to pupils.
- Potentially disrupting the educational process.

- Transporting students outside the district without their parents' knowledge or consent.

- Conducting an unauthorized lecture—on "sex changes" with students on school premises.

Dain maintained he has not violated the education code sections that spell out cause for firing tenured teachers. He said he would demand an appeal hearing, if his lawyer determines that the papers

were legitimate and properly served.

Stommel said the judge's ruling applied only to Dain's suit

accusing the district of wrongfully withholding his pay since August 1 and depriving him of his job.

"The judge said you've got to

fish or cut bait," Stommel said. As Stommel viewed it, the alternatives were reinstatement—which he fears could spark a taxpayer's suit over payment of some \$10,000 in sick leave money to Dain during his absence, firing Dain, which the board would have to do, or suspending him by superintendent's order. He chose the last, which sets up a hearing process.

If Dain requests it, a state hearing examiner and a three-member panel will consider the charges and make a ruling.

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE  
OCT. 9, 1976



# Charges

## School

By Marcie Rasmussen

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SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE  
OCT. 9, 1976



10-12-76

"If a person believes they are not who they are and they are somebody, then who are they?" mused Stommel. "People who undergo these sorts of things have been termed as having 'unresolved identity crisis problems.'" He said Dain has been quoted as saying he had a double mastectomy and hormone injections which must be maintained.

"Since a person's undergone this, can we guarantee fitness for service?" Stommel added. He said the charge concerning the "immorality" part of the code concerned the sick leave payments "and has nothing to do with whether I agree with the sex change or not."

Dain said remarks made by Stommel and the district attorney, William Johnston, show they "feel I am a carnival act. That's an unprofessional and uneducated approach to a person's rights."

Dain did not appear at school yesterday, under Stommel's orders. Tamara Sutton, 16, could not contain her tears as she told some of her friends about the suspension. "I'm pretty upset," she explained to reporters. "I don't understand what's going on."

Another women's physical education teacher has been hired at Emery High School, but Dain's general secondary school teaching credential enables him to teach other subjects.

I can hardly believe how alone + empty I feel. Dain sure was right when he said you are completely alone when you do something like this. There just seems to be no answer to my questions. Yesterday I mailed my completed 14-page questionnaire to Stanford. [Yes, I phoned them to get Hei's materials to apply for Hei's program. This questionnaire is the first step.] My counselor Claire asks what I will do if they turn me down. I don't know where to turn next, who to go to for even a glint of support. I'm a walking zombie + I don't even know ~~where~~ <sup>where</sup> I'm walking. It's as tho my whole inner core of who or what I am is totally stripped away. I wonder how much longer

I can continue to function, and that's the truth. I feel more + more alienated from myself. How can I gather up the pieces of my mind? I can't think of anything, anything but this switch over. It just permeates my entire mind. And I'm so so tired of it.



I feel as tho I've already made up my mind to do it for sure. I see it definitely in my future. In my mind it's already been done. Yet, I wake up in the morning, go to work as usual, spend an evening with Jim as usual - nothing has changed but me! I just want to crumble in humiliation when someone refers to me as a female. I want to say "What the hell's the matter with you?" God, I hope + pray this all works out. I pray Stanford will be able to help me switch over + I will be better. I just have to figure out how to survive until then.

## 'Disturbance'

# Sex-Change Teacher Wins Another Case

Steve Dain, the Emery High School teacher, who underwent a sex-change operation, won another legal victory yesterday when Oakland-Piedmont Municipal Court Judge Roderic Duncan dismissed "willful disturbance" charges against him.

The charges had been brought by Superintendent Lewis Stommel of the Emery Unified High School District in Emeryville on September 2 after Dain refused an order not to attend a teacher orientation meeting.

Dain, formerly a women's physical education teacher at the school under the name of Doris Richards, had attended the Stanford University sex change clinic earlier this year and returned to school this fall as a male.

Stommel testified yesterday that he had Dain arrested because he had seen him, before September 2, lecturing some students about details of his sex change.

SAN  
FRANCISCO  
CHRONICLE

10-13-76



The superintendent said this violated regulations calling for school board and parental approval of sex education on campus.

Dain, who has been in a kind of occupational limbo since schools reopened last month, won another legal victory last week.

Alameda county Superior Court Judge Robert K. Barber ordered school officials to assign him a job and pay him \$3200 in back pay.

That was not the end of Dain's trouble with the district, however. The next day, Stommel suspended Dain on charges of "immoral conduct" and "evident unfitness for service."

Trustees of the Emery Unified School District will consider those charges at a meeting tomorrow evening.

10-16-76

Jim + I had a knock 'em down, drag 'em outter last nite. Drinking in one of Jim's bars, we ran into a man he knows from the bars. They began playing bar dice + as the night wore on, it was acutely obvious to me I was being treated like shit - like a girl. I tried hard to keep within their ranks but was ignored or laughed off. The last straw was when I tried thru observation to learn the dice game, then tried to play one flop with the man. Somehow I played incorrectly + it was real fuckin' cute to them that I played wrong. No one lifted a finger to show me; it was oh ha ha + ruffle my hair. I was furious, left the table + went to the other side of the bar. No sooner had I, then they went up to the opposite end of the bar + joined the bartender. I sat there a long time, trying to not cry, all I could think was how I hated being a girl because you are so easily disregarded. Jim didn't make a move toward me + I seethed knowing I'd never treat him like that. And so I got



up + walked out of the bar. Jim ran after me + we had a confrontation on the sidewalk. I told him to "go on back to your buddies" + he got his threatening attitude + shook his fingers at me that all right, but remember he's not going to call me. I shoved him away + continued walking + again he ran after me. I started crying. He wanted us to go back to the bar + I told him I couldn't stand being treated that way any more, treated like shit. He said I was only being treated like a girl + I said I know + I can't do that anymore. He said he knew I was trying to break up with him + he wasn't going to let me. He pleaded with me to wait til he got his stuff from the bar + we could go eat + I accused him of wanting to go back to laugh it off with his "buddies." But I waited. In the restaurant I told him of my application with Stanford. He said he'd sure like to see that 14-page questionnaire I sent back + I told him I have a copy. Said he wanted to talk with whoever had a say whether I got the operation so he could tell them "the other side." The whole talk was hostile. He accused me of only doing it so I could write a book; called me "Steve" + mocked did I have a name already picked out? He said I would only be a swishy faggot + I sliced back that I'd be able to pass as good as he can.



Again he compared me with Greg-Linda + I countered that G-L was a fuck-up from the beginning + I'm not. He tried all the ways to hurt me + I wasn't being hurt. He asked if I was going to quit my job. Said yes. Accused me of wanting to be a celebrity "trans-sexual" + I cut back it wasn't true - why did he think I was trying to lose him! He said he couldn't believe how much self-hatred I had. That he was going to stay with me if only because he's "fascinated." We agreed it wouldn't make any difference (he meaning in the bad things, me meaning in the good things). He asked if I thought hair on my face would make me pass better + I said yes, that I do fine now except when he + his friends have to tell everyone. He denied doing that + I illustrated with the Cal story, accusing him + the bartender of flipping him off. - The thing that got me was he knew WHY I was pissed! He KNEW I was being treated like a girl. He could tell the difference, I wasn't imagining it. - Things calmed down. We went to his place. Both said we love each other + want to stay together. And I thought + keep thinking: if I had one life to live, let me live it as a man. And I do only have one life, too short to waste on this crap. I can't go on being laughed off when I so badly want to join.

10-19-76

Told my counselor last nite about the riff Tim + I had. She told me I better start trying to smooth things out with Tim + quit making him feel so excluded from what I'm doing



can the only way he'll understand + get used to it is by being involved. It really is a whole new strategy. I have to begin trying to form the kind of relationship I want now, even before I know I'm going to switch for sure. I have to do positive things between us - not cut out sex completely or keep going to those damn straight bars of Tim's where they know I'm a girl. I believe we can form a good gay love, but I really have to work at it... not alienate him. He said I should tell him how I really feel, not just bits + pieces, so he sees it's not just a fluke on my part. I have to see it from his side too. I know we can be better after I switch, but I have to begin acting on those feelings now, not suppress them until then. Maybe too late if he + I keep having these fights. —

This afternoon phoned Tim + asked when we could see each other. He hedged, then said he didn't think this was going to work out + that he wasn't getting anything out of our relationship anymore. That he found it hard to even be nice to me. I told him it will be OK, but he said no, that I'm trying to be something I'm not. Told him I'm so confused + didn't know what to do, but that if he left me I'd go crazy. I began crying + he tried to calm me down. I begged until he agreed to meet me tonight at his place to talk.



10-24-76

I've really found it difficult to write this. That's why I've waited so long. I won't be pursuing the operation anymore. Jim & I had a very, very serious talk & I knew then that if I did go thru with the op, I'd lose him for good. It was an excellent talk where he acknowledged my dilemma, saying he felt like I wasn't even there when I was, that he feels like he's with some robot. Told him that's exactly how I feel & think the op would fuse me into one being. He said that may be the case, but, and this struck me deep, he said he could never continue the relationship even on a friends basis, because to him I would never be a man, only "a mutilated Snuffy." And a "Frankenstein". That he was not so much talking of my body as of the change that will occur in my head, that he can't believe how easily I switch personalities. I told him how very unhappy I am as a female, that I could understand why he didn't want to be with me, why I don't even want to be with myself. That I feel so, so stupid as I am & that it's not a new feeling, I've always been awkward & self-conscious. He agreed that was true. Said he could feel my tenseness & defensiveness permeating the entire time we're together & the relationship was offering him nothing anymore. Told him I just didn't know what to do, that I was so unhappy & he very sincerely said "I feel so sorry for you." I cried a hell of a lot. He said he didn't feel he was asking me to make a choice between him or



myself can be didn't feel that was really me,  
that I was losing sight of where fantasy ends &  
reality starts. It was all sounding like the  
only way was for us to split up. That the switch  
was the only logical thing for me & severing his  
ties with the female me, thus severing us, was  
the only thing he could do. We sat there limp.  
And I crumbled, told him I'd just lose my  
mind if I lost him, that he was my only  
anchor & without him I'd just float away.  
He cried, saying he doesn't want to go thru  
life alone, that he'd never find anyone he  
loves like he loves me. We came to no con-  
clusion. I went to sleep then, he stayed up  
for a while. — The next day I could hardly  
think. The only thing I knew was that I had  
a choice between feeling like an idiot  
(by staying a female) or of knowing I am  
an idiot (by losing him). That I'd be a  
fool to let him go. — So I don't know  
what now. All that day I thought of  
myself trying to get back into the female  
scene & it was laughable to me. How  
ridiculous I'd be in a dress! I'd be 12  
years old at 25. Totally unexecutable.  
I phoned him then & told him "I'm going  
to stay by Tuffy." — So where does this  
leave me? I don't know. We had a very nice  
weekend together. He offered to show me how  
to play that bar dice game. At first I  
refused but then remembering what my



counselor said about giving an inch, I said OK & won the game. I loved him so much for seeing that in me. Even had sex Saturday night which we haven't done in so long. I can't think of a course of action. I know my desires aren't gone, only repressed. Again, I can't decide on sterilization or B.C. pills. I cannot map my life as a female. Jim said I wasn't stupid because I had to be smart to get myself into the quandry I'm in. But the real smart comes in getting myself out of this quandry. And now today I've spent hours masturbating, drawing pictures of sexy girls. I'm really not fit to get thru another day, don't understand how I do. - Even so, I cannot put all the blame on him, because he's right. I don't know how to really be a man. And this whole idea of switching is only an obsession. I realized this when I felt myself becoming dissatisfied with my job because, as a man, I should search for a more masculine line of work. Ridiculous when my whole crusade was to be a feminine gay male. And also my inability to merge into a male-male relationship with Jim, even tho I know now it would have been impossible. I knew I was acting strangely toward him, that I wasn't relaxed or really me ... that with the only person I've really felt at ease around. Maybe I would have fallen into the Miss Plastic Surgery syndrome - always blaming one thing or another for the fact that I am not a "real man." I have to face it, but it's true: I would never be entirely comfortable as a male.



Because in my heart I know I am a nothing.

11-10-76

And so the big trip to Milw 10/30 - 11/1 turned out OK. Stayed all around: at ma's Saturday, then at Grandmother's, Dad's, Johnny's, ma's again, Bridget's, Eldon's Friday and dad's again. It was really good to see everyone again & within no time it was as tho I'd never left. at times I felt as tho I should move back, why did I leave? But then, I saw all the reasons that I miss Milwaukee, and I also saw all the reasons why I left it. Eldon talked to me in length about my identity crises & ended up telling me I am a transvestite & why don't I just relax with that? Pam [redacted] & her lover Julie, lesbians I met shortly before leaving UWM, took great pains to locate me & we got together several hours. I was very complicated and it was surely one of the high points of the visit. Eldon & I went to a few new gay bars Fri nite. Ned [redacted] came up to me chattering away when he'd rarely acknowledge me before (he's gone from drag queen to mustachioed butch) & told me his brother Mark, one of the few boys I was friends with in grade school, just came out gay. I was so glad to hear that! Also ran into the "glitter queen" now wearing suit & tie, with Michael Moriarty's girlfriend who I didn't recognize til she whined "Oh, have you seen Michael?" Nope. Gary [redacted], one of the prettier drags,



has also gone butch + is now bartender in the leather bar, greeted me warmly when he'd never spoken to me before. And Willie approached me like an apparition + held me tight, "Oh, Sheila...." He invited me to his place Sat, but it was my last day + I didn't have the time. Wanted to, tho. Eldon reminded me how Elizabeth [redacted] ("22 years in Drag") handled her identity. In straight circles she never told she was a man, but in gay circles immediately let the word out to avoid misconceptions + hassles. That is, if it seems it will make a difference (e.g., Cal) I should tell them. However, Farley didn't do the gay scene where she lived, but went out of town for that. Eldon also said he'd seen Steve Dain on a talk show + got the impression his case was more a hormonal imbalance to begin with rather than a transsexual wish. Had an in-depth talk with me about my conflicts + out of nowhere she said she thought sterilization would be right for me, after she'd make such a scene when Johnny wanted a vasectomy. The only real low of the visit was trying to deal with dad's depression because of the divorce, his business failing, etc., but when I tried to make realistic suggestions he finally said "Sheila, don't try to help me too much." So that ended my sympathy. I've returned to S.F. feeling pretty free of my gender conflict + with an acutely raised sexual desire for Tim. I must pursue my own ideal of the perfect male/female balance + not try to oust one for the other. Somehow my clothes have regained their fetishistic quality + I guess Eldon is right. I am a transvestite.



11-11-76

Eldon had said to me, "What happened to the Shrike who went after Charles after that GPU meeting?" I laughed, surprised he remembered, but he told me he + Lowell were in a car + had offered me a ride + I'd told them to get lost. Eldon said he knew right then I was after Charles. Eldon asked, what happened to that person? — Tonight after work went to the bar I like best in S.F., Sutters Mill. Haven't been there in a long time. It's in the Financial District + is where the gay businessmen go after work in their suits + ties. No one interesting, bore, bore, and then. He was about 35, dressed casual, obviously as alone as I. I moved to get a direct view of him leaning on the bar + I cruised my heart out. Stared. Wondering what I'd do if it came down to it. And I'm pretty sure he was aware — he kept looking in my direction but not sure if at me. I decided if it did come down to it, I'd make the stipulation that I don't like to be touched + then I'd just do him, suck him. The guy was really good looking, rather male model. After a long time of me staring, cruising like mad, he puts on his coat + I got ready. He had to walk right in front of me + I grasped his ~~arm~~<sup>arm</sup>, "You leaving?" "Yes," he smiled. "I have to make a phone call + then go to a meeting," + he looked down, "unfortunately," I said "Too bad." He said, "Will have a nice evening" + left. I really would've gone through with it.



But, like I always say, it's more fun to think about it than to actually do it.

11-14-76

So Frinite Tim says he'll "spill the beans" + tells me he had sex with Alice about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mos. ago when we weren't having sex, just to make sure he could still do it, he says. Once again he was the poor victim who was pursued + disclaims responsibility for the occurrence, even trying to blame me that I'd pried it out of him + that's why he told me. He was much more concerned that now I'd go out + trick when I had no right to, because he was the hunted + captured victim while I'd be out purposely looking for it. Crapola + I let him know I didn't buy his victim excuse. Though we didn't have harsh or arguing words, he brought up Michael + Beau + I brought up Kerry. — I really haven't yet reacted to this new info. Tim + I had a decent Saturday together altho my sexual desire for him nosedived again. I feel pretty numbified by it. Bought a \$10 tie + pocket kerchief set that holds a sexual quality for me. What a bastard. I wish he hadn't told me. All I don't need right now is a set-back.

11-26-76

I honestly think I'm beginning to lose my mind + something has to give soon. Yesterday + today wandered around the streets looking for I don't know what — anything to save me from this empty sinking. It's incredible how lonely I am.



I can't reach anywhere. And I think I'm losing  
Tim too just because I'm so demanding of him, expect  
him to be everything to me & I don't return anything.  
I feel he thinks I'm crazy, too. Today downtown  
I had to hurry home because I was afraid I'd lose  
control right on the street, just collapse emotionally.  
Got home & sat & cried bitterly like I did yesterday.  
I think "oh I should join a club or do volunteer  
work to get myself out of myself," but everywhere  
I look I see nothingness, no bridge to cross over.  
The gays - but how are they to accept me? how do  
I fit in? The feminists - they always object  
to my dress, they won't embrace me. The  
lesbians - but I like men & don't want to  
jeopardize Tim's & my relationship by getting  
a female lover. The straights - no way. The  
transvestites - they're all male → female & put  
the make on me, no friendship possible. I  
can't relate to anyone. I phoned Tim at work  
& told him I want to move in with ~~him~~ him, live  
with him, I feel so lonely & just want to kill  
myself. — Wednesday I went to U.C. Medical  
Center to apply for a sterilization operation. They  
were super nice, gave me the story on how they  
go about it & told me to call the doc next week  
to set up an appointment to do it - probably  
end of December, beginning of January. I  
don't want to wait that long but can see  
they put it off so you have time to change  
your mind. I told Tim & he shook his head  
& said "you change your mind so much."  
Asked if he was upset or would find someone



else to have a kid & he said no, he's gotten used to the idea & it's a lot better than what I had been thinking of doing. Yet he will give me no support, no encouragement & he acts like it's something dirty. I'm so excited about getting it: it will make my life so much better, to not have that threatening possibility always hanging over me. I want to make a kind of life I can be comfortable in as a female & am finally believing you can still be a female & not want or have children. — My counselor suggested again that I join their women's therapy group & I said OK, that I do need a support group & contact with women. I told her I felt I was past the crisis of wanting a sex change, but that I knew I had to still work on myself or I'll be right back wanting it in another 6 mos. I'm really liking her a lot, too. She has straightened me out a lot, but my problems still remain unsolved.

11-28-76

Well, I know this is absolute insanity & no wonder I'm going nuts, but I've decided to go back on The Pill again & wait this whole transition out. I cannot trust myself to decide whether I have to go to the can or not, so I should not make this forevermore sterilization decision until I clean up my act. I say I cannot see myself ever wanting a kid, but one year ago I said I could never see myself in a dress again either & that's my latest possibility. I wish so much I had a girlfriend to talk all this out with, someone who'd go shopping with me to buy some girl's



things + go out in public with me at first so I didn't feel like some kind of freak. I'm trying to muster up enough guts to go somewhere I can meet girls, but I'm so scared of rejection + feeling uncomfortable + I know I'm going to come on too strong because my need is so great. I know that's what I'm doing to Tim too - just taxing his love + attention, I demand it so much. This weekend I could feel he was close to strangling me the whole time because all I did was smother him with my insecurity. Every day I feel I'm barely getting away with faking it thru the day. It seems now that it's not every week my story changes, but every hour. I can't keep up with myself.

12-2-76

I've "broken" the 3-year spell I've had over myself. Tues night I went downtown alone + went thru the women's depts. My counselor told me if I do go to take my time looking + trying things on + not to panic. I kept that in mind. Had no bad experiences with people at all. Tried on 2 ~~for~~ dresses at the 1<sup>st</sup> store - lousy. Nothing at the 2<sup>nd</sup> one + at the 3<sup>rd</sup> I bought a dress for \$25. Very much like the kind of dress I used to wear. Then to the 4<sup>th</sup> store where I looked more + bought nylons. At home I put them on + I couldn't get over how the whole experience was no big deal. It wasn't strange for me at all. I felt like the person I was



4 years ago - not that long. I parted my hair and smoothed it back instead of pompadouring it. But I had to wear my boy's "R.O.T.C." shoes (as one salesman at Wilson called them). Wed I wore it to work. They were all surprised. The Vietnamese girl asked if it was my birthday (I said, "Susie, that makes no sense at all!") Alden came over teasingly saying, "All right, I won't harass you." "Just don't laugh." "Why should I laugh?" "I don't know." "I might harass you a little, but I won't laugh." "Will that be OK. I'd rather be harassed than laughed at." A few others said how pretty the dress was, 2 ladies said timidly that I looked ~~pretty~~ nice in a dress, and the 2 I like here didn't say a word. I didn't feel funny! I felt like me. Phoned Tim at work & said "Guess what?" I could hear his reluctance to ask, he must be so tired of my 'decisions'. "I went & bought a dress & I'm wearing it right now." He was thoroughly freaked, "Really? Oh, my God! (laughed incredulously) Oh, my God! Does it feel weird?" I was a little offended he was so shocked. Later Alden told me I looked very nice & "Why did you wear a dress today?" he asked real seriously. I had no answer. The warehouse foreman I eat lunch with said people might be thinking I wore it for him. At first I was repulsed at the possibility, nauseated that anyone might dare think I'd do that, feeling like being safely a boy again - but then I redirected the anger where it belonged. Not at myself for being female, but at the asshole foreman - some fucking ego that ugly little weasel has! What an imbecile!



This is really a new feeling for me - to put the anger against him instead of against myself. That was one real solid thing my counselor made me aware I did. [And I found my "being a boy" doesn't protect me from such sicko thoughts from others. Mon the foreman told me someone had asked him if he "was getting into me," but he assured them we were only "buddies."] So Wed nite went to see Tim after work. We met in a bar & he was so so flipped out over me. He was extremely friendly, but not at all amorous. He commented that I had to get other shoes, tho. He kept saying "This is so weird!" and laughing almost self-consciously. It was obviously stranger to him than it was to me. We went out to eat, then I walked him to his door & I came straight home. Tim probably is sure now that I've totally lost my mind & am really crazy. - I don't feel strange at all. I felt like "I remember it all now." I know I can find a mental middle-ground & can be a boy one day & a girl the next, but be the same person inside either way I am. I can have fabulous androgynous insight into both worlds & can rediscover the part of me I tried so hard to eliminate but couldn't. All I have to do is work out all the negatives I see in the woman's world & be able to get hold of them rather than trying to run & pretend that I'm not vulnerable. And I can rediscover the joy of being male, because it's no longer a trap, but another part of me.



I know I'm going to really have to be strong to juggle my 2 halves, but I can get thru anything after the torments of this past summer. - I phoned the doc & called off the sterilization & had him prescribe B.C. pills for me. Began taking them Tues morn.

12-19-76

Feeling so much better, in general, than I have in months & months. Have gone to the women's group therapy session twice now (every Thurs 7-8:30 p.m.) plus am still seeing my counselor on an individual basis on Mondays. Already I have had an awakening at the group session. There are 5 other women besides me & 2 women Therapists. This last session they talked mostly about feeling you have to do something with your life or make something of yourself. I didn't say 2 shits & was getting pretty bored. Right at the end the leader asked why I had been so quiet & I said I didn't get what this group therapy was all about, it seemed to me it was just a bunch of people shooting the bull. The one girl I like best there asked if the reason I thought they were just shooting the bull was because they were just women. My first instinct was to immediately deny that, but I said yes realizing if this had been a bunch of gay men talking about what they should do with their lives, I'd've thought the whole thing terribly interesting. And the first session I told them the reason I was there was because I had decided this past summer to get a sex change but have realized it was mainly to run



from the female in me + that I needed to rediscover myself + see strong women I can identify with. I also said I didn't want to say much because I'm the misogynist of the year but don't want to offend anyone. One woman said she was offended + I piped up that they weren't. The therapist + the girl I like best both thanked me for coming to the group, which really makes me feel awkward. That's the same damn they did when I went to that stupid Bisexual Womens Rap Group I went to in July. Oh "Thank you for coming." What the fuck for? I have checked out more women's clothes but haven't found any I like enough to buy. My counselor + I talked about why, even when wearing girl's shirt, I always wear stuff that's so different from the current styles. When I told Tim how I was bored listening to women talk when I wouldn't had men been saying the exact same things, he agreed with me, saying he feels the same way. Which really made me feel put down + I wonder how much of my self-hatred of my female side has been fed by his same outlook. He said he found it self-indulgent. I began thinking how he + I aren't really getting along all that differently now that I'm being a girl than from our conflicts when I felt I was a boy. Tim looks down on women (and that includes me) just as much as I do. Big help he is. We had



somewhat of an argument on machismo & I realized that whereby I romanticize it, fantasize it, though never would want it to be a reality - he would. He believes it all & takes it seriously, where I don't. Scary. He's worried I'll "turn into a lesbian" if I begin to hang out with women, yet he isn't making himself too endearing. Got it in my head this weekend to move apartments. Looked at some Sat, one was good, went to get it today & it had been taken. So I'm dropping the idea & will just try to make this place more liveable. Will begin bitching at the manager if the roaches begin getting out of hand again. They do about once every 2 wks. Will try & fix the dump up a little.

12-28-76

Dearest Elizabeth -

The big news. You are probably the last (almost) to know, & it's only becuz, tho I know you'll most easily understand it, I feel I owe you a more decent explanation than I've given others. Nov 30 I went out & bought a dress. And nylons. Few days later I got some women's shoes. I've decided to inch back toward the middle again, where I was about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years ago. The closer & closer I got to realizing my dream to be male, the more I felt like I was going under. I more I realized I wasn't a man. The less able I was to communicate naturally with others. I felt like I was trapped. I don't know exactly what made me get my ass into the store & actually ~~to~~ buy the



stuff but I just kept remembering not to panic but take my time. And Lizzie I didn't feel strange. Three years of avoiding womens clothes like the plague + then when I finally put them on it was no big deal. I felt like me. A lost me. But now I'm also red's covering all the reasons I ran from my female side. I still feel awkward communicating. I've joined the womens group therapy session at the Center. It's really hard for me to deal with my male chauvinism and deep-rooted misogyny. Even in the subtlest ways it comes out - in fact it's much more subtle than now. I'm not a blatant male chauvinist. And somehow I have to deal with all my women-hating which makes me hate the woman in me. Steve Dain was right. He said the mans world is so cold emotionally + he can understand why men need a woman to come home to. I guess that's what eventually happened to me. I could not bear that coldness. I had to come home. I still feel confused, lost, depressed. I still haven't gotten out of my shell. But at least now I feel I can make it through the day. Honest to God, Liz, there were times I didn't think I possibly could. The day I was off work for Thanksgiving was the closest I've felt to going totally insane. I just wanted to kill myself. The only way I could calm down was to go to sleep. I desperately need



female friends out here. I've been too scared to step into the "women's coffeehouse" they have here. But I'm building up my confidence to. So now I'm a girl one day and a boy the next. At least I've broken the spell I've had over myself. only have one dress and one women's suit (with skirt). I bought some womens magazines + OUR BODIES OUR SELVES at my counselor's suggestion. Well somehow I feel my "better explanation" wasn't accomplished. I'm sorry if this letter is disorganized + choppy. I hope it all makes sense, tho. I know you were talking about "going back" too + realize its much easier for me than for you to be boy one day, girl the next. Because of society.

1-23-77

Am feeling more + more at ease as the time goes by. Have 3 dresses now. I've been mostly reading female liberation books + magazines. My 2 halves are becoming more one but I still feel awkward. This past Thursday at group a new woman joined + I liked her almost as soon as she opened her mouth. She was Kathy [REDACTED]! So much like her I felt I wanted her as a friend immediately. After group asked her if she wanted to go for coffee + she said no she had to go home right away. Name's Lynn. So I was walking home in the same direction as another group member + she invited me in for tea. We sat + talked about 1 1/2 hrs + it was real nice. Jim + I have been getting



along fabulously. I've been feeling very much in the mood for sex & really enjoying the feelings of his & my bodies. Asked him if he'd be interested in going swimming at the 'Y' with me if they had such a thing & he said sure. I feel amazed that I'm not super against appearing 'in public' in a bathing suit. Also have gotten the idea in my head to learn to drive. We've discussed that too & he's interested in learning also. I'm beginning to get outside of myself. Colleen & Jean at work are getting very friendly with me & I'm so glad to be "one of them." Colleen even told me as a friend that my orange dress doesn't fit me & I should wear one that'll show off my bod a little. I said I didn't want to look like Screw Loose, this other woman who works there, a real C. She said that was an extreme & you can look nice without looking like that. I realized she & Jean both wear clothes that show off what nice bods they have but they're not C's. - To & from work a youngman takes the same bus as I & I always thought ~~he~~ he was rather good-looking, a body like Jim's but a face like Bridget's Charlie. I always mused how good he'd look if only he'd shave. Well, a few weeks ago he did & God he is sexy! Beautiful thing! On the 2<sup>nd</sup> day I sat directly behind him &



couldn't resist. Leaned forward, put my hand on his shoulder & said into his ear, "I'm glad that you shaved." He looked around with a queer little smile & said "Thank you." I said, "It looks much better." That was it. He gets off the bus at home one block before me, so he lives nearby, and two blocks before me at work. We haven't spoken since & once I had to sit next to him. When he got up our eyes met & he looked away, but he watched me out of the corner of his eye as I got ready to get off. I wonder if he's married more than I wonder if he's gay. I wouldn't mind a little fling, Tho. Even now after I've worn a dress several times I wonder if people think I'm a boy or girl. I don't know which cutey thinks I am. Just looked at an apt. a block away that I like. It's \$175 when I'm paying \$140 now & taking home \$128 pay / week. But it has sun & is not depressing like my present place. I've gotten outside of myself, even Tho I'm still unsure of myself. — Friday night, sitting in a bar in a very good mood, Tim & I were talking about this & that. He ~~got up~~<sup>left</sup> to go to the bathroom. Without any warning tears suddenly flowed down my cheeks. (I had failed. I had wanted so badly to be a man and I failed.) The tears streamed down. I had to stop them. I forced myself to stop thinking, to blank out my mind. The tears stopped. He came back, sat next to me & we began talking again. I was back



in my good mood. - This afternoon as I wrote of this episode I cried again. It's still there. The fantasy is still haunting me.

1-24-77

Told my shrink how I'd cried Fri nite so unexpectedly. How I really felt I had let myself down by not going thru with my desire to be male. She asked how much of my giving it up had been due to the fact that I would lose Jim had I continued. How much of it was because of him + how much was because I felt it wasn't me. And how much of the feeling it wasn't me was because I didn't have the support of the physical attributes of a man. That is, she asked why I abandoned my pursuit of the switch-over + I told her becuz I felt smothered by my own fantasy. That as a man I felt whole inside but uncomfortable on the outside, trying to communicate with others, etc. Now as a female I feel empty inside but feel free to relate to others. That I always felt had Jim not been around, if he got killed by a train, I would definitely go toward being male - That I'd even hoped somehow he'd get out of my life so I'd be free to be a man. But that now I feel I am the one lacking. That I cannot be a man even if I were free to be one, because it's just not me. She suggested maybe I was using Jim as a scapegoat for my abandonment of what



I wanted. She said I could still go back to pursuing the switch-over if I wanted to, that just because I'm sitting here in a dress, tomorrow I could be in a suit again & decide male is best for me. That I was only investigating both sides of the fence & am not bound to either. She said I may be sad "leaving" the male side of me because "it's sad to say goodbye to things" - but on the other hand I may be sad because I gave up a part of myself either to please someone else or because of the difficulty passing.

1-28-77

I've gotten out of myself long enough to have a little romantic fantasy. Every day this guy gets on the bus in the morning one block after I do and gets off to go to work 2 blocks before I do. I had always been attracted to him & had always thought 'God, if only he'd shave his pig beard off....' Well, a few weeks ago he got on the bus in the morning & I just about fainted. He'd shaved and my God what a beautiful youngman! Physically he reminds me very much of the way Jim was when we first met. He is as tall, thin, shy & graceful as Jim had been then. A very fine sculptured face and cheeks and lips, and very dark eyes & lashes. Well the next day I happened to be sitting directly behind him on the bus going home & I couldn't resist. I leaned forward, put my hand on his shoulder & said into his ear, 'I'm glad that you



shaved." He looked around with a curious little smile

I WROTE ALL THIS!!!

Hh h h h h h h h

2-6-77

Ok, so I'll continue with new material. Jan 27 he came running to catch the bus at my stop. Then he came walking up to where I was and our eyes were glued together. Oh, shit! I said "You're coming from the opposite direction" + he said "I had to drop off some film." I nodded oh + then we had to get on the bus. What dreamy soft eyes he has! So now that I've moved into my new place I'm closest to his bus stop. Tuesday morn we said good morning + Wednesday he asked me if I'd "changed bus stops." I said no, I'd moved + he said "same thing." We said a few more trivial things about the bus coming. Thursday morn I saw him come out of the building right in front of the bus stop. We said good morning again. I commented what nice windows the building had + he said it was a dump inside. A few more trivialities, the bus came + he came + sat next to me! Oh I was so happy. I asked him where he worked + he named some machine shop. Asked if he ran the machinery + he said no they built it. He answers my questions, but he didn't ask me where I worked. We made a few comments to each other but were



mostly silent. I was too eager + didn't want to pounce on him. Fri morn again he sat next to me. I asked him where he was from. Georgia! Again he didn't ask me back. But I spoke a bit more easily. Obviously he's somewhat interested, but probably painfully shy, or just extremely easy going. Anyway he's begun to occupy my thoughts + masturbation fantasies. Don't even know each other's names. I haven't had something like this in nearly 2 years. It makes me feel so good.

2-13-77

Last Monday told my counselor about my new infatuation + the gist of her reaction was why am I looking outside of my relationship with Jim instead of trying to better Jim's + my relationship. That in the long run, my fling with someone won't better the situation I'm in. She said the thing she's noticed in me most was how much I rely on external things to relay a message + ignore the inner condition. That the charge she's found most profound in me is not my wearing female clothes, but my beginning to stick up for myself as a human being. Like one night when talking to Jim, I realized he wasn't even listening + I pointed that out to him instead of just shutting up + resenting him. She'd recommended some weeks back my reading Open Marriage. So I left feeling very unsure what to say to Jim that evening. When he came in, I told him we had to talk + we sat down. Told him I'm so bored I can't stand it



+ something has got to change or I'll go nuts. Asked wasn't he sick + tired of the rut we are in: Mondays at my house we get a pizza watch TV; Wednesdays I meet him at a bar go to eat go home; Fridays I meet him at a bar go eat to his house to sleep; Saturdays downtown shopping Polk Street bar grocery store to my house make supper TV sleep. He said no he likes routine and knowing just what's going to happen. Said I can't stand it. He asked what I proposed - expecting, I'm sure, my suggesting we split up for a while or see other people, etc. But I really searched my heart, and said I'd rather we do different things together than going out to beedle-oop (our word for "painting the town"). He said ok. Asked if he'd go swimming with me at the YW? Go to some basketball games? Yes. Yes. I was so happy. It was what I really wanted. This weekend I bought a swimming suit + got basketball tickets for free from work + Jim's really seeming like he wants to, too. He's enthusiastically using my barbell set I offered him, too, when before he was so against it. (I'm at 35 lbs. 10 presses.) Said he's been thinking of going to the Symphony + this weekend said he has a possibility of getting free tickets to theatre performances around where he works + would I want to go. Even if they are shitty plays. It's all working



perfectly & we had wonderful eager sex Saturday morning & evening. My infatuation with cutey has dwindled to a mere interest & physical attraction & I've stopped actively pursuing. My counselor is really the greatest. I'm going to take her a small box of candy tomorrow, Valentine's Day. Saturday the 19<sup>th</sup> I leave for another week's vacation in Milwaukee. Not really looking forward to it as much as I had last time. I don't want to end up doing the same exact things I did last time I was there, but do plan on seeing the same people. Continue to dread seeing dad, who hasn't changed his situation since my last visit. Depression. First time facing Eldon, Elizabeth, etc. as a female. I feel I should see them wearing girls' clothes, altho I question the need. Will discuss tomorrow with Claire [REDACTED], my counselor. Am reading Open Marriage. Really good. Plan on going swimming Tues night. I feel so so so much better. Every week things are improving. How could I have been so misdirected?

3-6-77

I haven't collected my thoughts enough to write even now, but realize my impressions will not be any clearer as time goes by. In Milwaukee Feb 19-28. Was not very eager to go, but had promised ma I'd come. I'd've rather gone to NY to see Charles. However it was very eventful & I guess I must say "fulfilling" visit. Arrived wearing a suit —



I didn't want to be a crusader of women's clothes. The whole family was at the airport to greet me. Saturday nite at ma + Kath's. While they were at Mass Sunday I got into my brown women's suit + when Kath came up to get me to go for breakfast I broke down + cried because I felt so insecure presenting myself before ma in a dress. So worried they'd want to rush me into the bathroom, etc., to put make-up on me or try to adjust the way I looked so I'd "look better." But my fears were unfounded, as they were all through my visit. Monday spent the day with Elizabeth downtown shopping. Wore a skirt. I felt very comfortable. Monday night at dad's. He is improving slowly in his mental state. He played some sad records in the dark + cried on my shoulder. I tried to say it was OK to be sad but not to wallow in it forever. Also spent a somewhat boring evening at Llano's. Spent pretty much time with Bridget. One night out drinking with her, May + K. [REDACTED]. Bridg + I returned to her place where Kathleen was babysitting + we 3 got in a discussion of our early sexual experiences. Just as Kath was leaving she told me that when she + ma moved into the apartment together last summer, ma had broke down crying + told her that when she (mom) was 7 + 11 years old, grandpa had raped her.



Grandmother + dad know about it too. And ma said something else also happened that she'll never tell anyone until after Grandmother's dead. So that's pretty heavy + answers a lot of the mystery why ma's so freaked about sex. I can forgive her so easily now for all the fear she put in us kids about sex. When Kath left, Bridg + I discussed it. Kath told Bridg some time ago. Fri went to see Pam + Julie + had a nice evening with them. They are very interested in me + we ended up spending a lot of time discussing me. They both surprised me a lot by stating that they felt I was one of the strongest people (in character) they knew. I felt it was important to see my friends while wearing women's clothes + each time I was amazed at what little difference it made to them in the way they responded to me. Like they acknowledged the fact I was wearing a dress + then we proceeded to talk about other things + I felt totally comfortable with them + my self-consciousness left. Saw Linda + her on Saturday, + Linda was the only goober to do something to me - she brings out a camera because she "doesn't have a picture of me." I refused to comply but told her I had a nice picture of myself in a man's suit + would send her a copy of that. She said she didn't want that. What a jerk! Later we 3 went to Eldon's + by then I had no fears of being in a dress, while he was the main one I felt I'd feel self-conscious



with. He simply said "Shit, I never thought I'd see your legs." Told him how I'd feared presenting myself as a female would somehow change our relationship, but he seemed not to quite understand how I meant. He was due to run a showing of gay male porno films to collect money for GPU NEWS that evening & I was so so happy when he invited me to attend. Nothing had changed between us! Even with me in a dress he didn't hesitate to accept me for what I am. However I felt really uneasy at the thought of attending in a dress & of going out to the men's bars that evening in a dress. Thought hard what to do - should I confront this fear? - but decided to be easy on myself & just have a good time so I went & changed into a suit. One man I knew from GPU talked with me & asked if I came to the films for the social angle of it, or did the films turn me on? I readily affirmed they turned me on. [Later told this to Clair [REDACTED] & she asked why did I find it so hard to say that gay male sex turns me on if I'm in a dress, but not if I'm in a suit? Why would it have been so hard for me to go to those films in female clothes? It's a known thing that lesbian sex is a big turn on for straight men.] The bars were rather depressing. Somehow they were 70% straight couples there.



Eldon, Liz, Linda + I went together. The big event was that I saw Michael. Had been thinking of him the last few days, wishing I could see him again. Well, in the bar saw his girlfriend who told me he was in the men's can. I went in there to see him + he grasped me from behind in a hug + I turned + we kissed real good. I was almost in ecstasy until I opened my eyes + saw him - He same he was 2 yrs. ago. Layered in make-up, the same clothes, + he immediately began rapping how he's now a hairdresser at this exclusive shop. My heart sank + I almost felt ill. We danced one song + midway I said to him "Michael, it just ain't the same." I apologized to his girlfriend for having been rude to her those few years back + told her I was no longer infatuated with him. They left about 5 mins. later. I told him I was glad we met again. He was obviously hurt + ~~said~~ said he felt bad as tho he'd "let me down" somehow. I said no, it was just that I was still harboring old feelings that it was good for me to be rid of. Sunday went back to Eldon's to talk privately + he gave me his pointers to successful cruising, although from Point #1 I struck out - self-confidence. He gave me a novel to read + review for GPU NEWS + I was complimented. The best part of the trip was most surely coming back to San Francisco + Sim. Unlike last visit, I had no



sentimental feelings for Milwaukee or any thoughts I'd left something good behind. My life is no longer Here - I'm no longer Here. But I did find some strength in my own self-worth through my contacts with my old friends & seeing that they really do like me for me & not for my image as a male.

3-22-77

Just read all thru my 1973 + 1974 diaries. God, what an insane fucked-up scene. And I'm still left over from it. Cutey on the bus is starting to preoccupy my thoughts. I want to ask him if he's interested in extending our friendship outside the bus. If he says no, no sweat. If he says yes, I'll invite him over for supper. I think I've been underestimating his age - he probably is in his late 20's. And today for the first time he made an indication as to his sexual leaning. He says he's been thinking of getting a job on a ship & he read where they're looking for help on a ship with an all-female crew. He said boy he'd like to get that job! and laughed embarrassed. So he's straight! Encourages me more to make the move.

3-29-77

So for weeks I'm planning on what I'll do, practicing just how to word it, what



I'll serve when I have him over for supper, resolving guilt feelings about Tim, etc, etc. Yesterday morning we're on the bus & getting close to his stop. My heart was pounding & I kind of half-whispered in his ear, "Are you at all interested in extending this relationship outside of the bus?" and Ken looked at him. He was genuinely surprised and said, "No, not really..." I looked down. "I can't... my wife wouldn't like it." I hit my thigh with my fist & said "Ooo, what shitty luck!" We were silent til his stop & Ken said goodbye. All day at work I'm thinking about it - I was so concerned whether he was gay or straight I didn't even consider other reasons for his aloofness. No wonder he wants to go on a ship! Once I saw him in a Walgreens buying a vaporizer, so he maybe even has a kid! Shit. In a strange way kind of relieved we can't go through with it - back to my old philosophy that it's much more exciting to think about it than to actually do it. I tried to picture him married & it's still difficult & even a little erotic. After the initial shock, my main worry was that now he was going to avoid me, not sit by me, etc. I figured I'd just tease him about it & hope we can continue our little bus romance. After work he comes walking from the opposite direction toward my bus stop



+ we locked eyes, smiling. I said, "More pictures?" and he said yeah. We chit-chatted + soon the bus came. I got on 1<sup>st</sup> + there were no empty double seats so I sat next to some lady. By the time he got back there he got an empty double, so I scooted over + sat next to him + said "So the guy goes + gets married!" He smiled embarrassed + said "yeah." I said teasingly, "Do you know how LONG it took me to get the courage to say that to you? I practiced 2 weeks! And then he gets married + wrecks everything!" He sat looked down smiling embarrassed + said, "Next question?" which I didn't quite understand what that meant. But then we just started talking + he told me how he asked for a raise + got it, etc., + it was all real comfortable. He smiled at me winningly, totally relaxed + I think it could be our relationship will be much better now that we both know where we stand.

I am feeling extremely mentally healthy lately - compared to where I was before. I feel much more comfortable with myself, although I can't escape from the feeling I'm in a dead-end disgusting job with no chance for creativity or advancement. But so who doesn't have that complaint?

The women's group therapy session



I've been attending at the Center for Special Problems is disbanding & I'll most likely go into a mixed male-female group. Glad because now I can have the women from the group as friends outside the group. We all exchange phone numbers & last week one of the women phoned me at work & I went to visit her Sunday evening. It was pretty nice, although I doubt if I'd be able to get super close to her. One of the other women (named Sheila too) I can more likely see getting close to & she invited me & Jim to go hiking with her sometime. Jim said he'd like that. I'm still lifting weights but it seems only once a week or so. I seem to have so little time to myself, but the group disbanding will leave my Thursdays open. Written early last week: Cutey had to sit behind me, not with me as some lady grabbed the seat. Right before getting off, he leaned forward & spoke to me & his hand was resting on the back of my seat - I felt its presence - and his cheeks - God I wanted to kiss him! It would have been so easy to lean back & grasp his hand & kiss him!

4-5-77

Last Thursday was the last meeting of the all-female group therapy sessions. There were only 2 of us "patients" left in the group, another woman named Sheila, & A.



I've gone to her place a few times for tea after group & like her pretty much. Well during this last session she volunteered to accompany me to buy pants (women's). So Saturday afternoon we went all over Polk St. I must have tried on 10-15 pairs of pants before deciding on one. She was so patient and helpful. I tried on some blouses & she suggested I go try on a bra, because I'd look better & things would fit me better. The saleslady tried to sell me a padded bra & I got scared & called Sheila over, who "argued" with the lady until we got one I liked. Bought it & felt so excited & thankful for her. She has a solid idea of what is female & feminine, yet she completely dismisses the bullshit stereotypes. I thought she was a lot like I remembered Kathleen. [Earlier that day Jim said he probably shouldn't tell me, but I looked nice. Told him he has to tell me when he thinks I do look nice, as well as when he doesn't think I do. He said he does feel comfortable telling me what he doesn't like, but "I know you, if I start saying you look nice, you'll get a big head." Claire [redacted] said it sounds like he holds on to me by putting me down & that he's afraid I'll leave him if I have any self-



confidence.] So I wore the bra to work on Monday & all day I could feel an impending crisis coming up, although I didn't know what it was. I liked wearing the bra, etc. but I was feeling trapped again. That evening Claire told me it seemed I was setting myself up to once more get bummed out by the female scene, that I shouldn't take all of what Sheila has defined as female as gospel & I shouldn't wait for someone else to lead me on the road to femaleness. That I must define for myself what I feel I am as a female, what is really me. [I dreamt Sunday night about Kathleen & my getting a bra, etc. but the only thing I clearly remember was when the alarm went off Monday morn, I laid in bed in a half-sleep & thought I don't have to turn off the alarm, Kathleen will - dreaming how we'd shared the bedroom, Claire interpreted that to mean that I was just laying here thinking I don't have to do anything concerning this definition of the female me, that Kathleen / my friend Sheila will do it for me.] And so once again I left Claire with a new outlook, the feeling of the impending crisis now clear to me. I mustn't follow blindly what others say is female or good for me, I must choose for myself what kind of female I want to be, define my own rules to what comes naturally to me. My fear of going to buy some make-up was gone



+ I stopped right that evening + bought some green/blue eye shadow. Put it on + got fixed up nice + when Jim came over later on he complimented me. Wore it to work today + Jean + Colleen both said it looked real nice. Am liking Jean pretty much lately + she's been making recommendations on brands of make-up, etc. + takes a real interest in what I'm doing. Went tonight + bought more make-up. Maybe I can just make it up as I go along - the road to being female, that is. My interpretation of what's female is unique + interesting + I can be me!! It makes me so happy. Sheila + I are going to stay good friends + we're both going into a new mixed male/female group therapy session Monday nights. I go tomorrow morn to get acquainted with the new group therapist.

4-14-77

Sunday I got dressed up real sharp female + went to a semi gay-straight bar to write a letter to Charles. When I finished this man came over + asked if he could sit down. He seemed OK so I said sure. We talked for a long time + he was easy to talk with, had a good sense of humor, was about 40 yrs. old + not bad looking, tho no gem. But he was straight,



and I thought I could see having sex with him. Later his friend came over & joined us. He was very interested in what my story was & I was very candid with them, told them I was a transvestite, etc. His friend was just as nice, if not nicer than the original guy. I bought them drinks, upsetting their hetero stereotypes a bit. They were surprised I was so "aggressive" (as when I went to summon the waitress). Phil, the friend, was probably in his late 30's. After about 2 hours Phil asked if I'd be interested in a menage a trois. I said yeah, but that they'd have to do stuff with each other to fulfill my fantasies too. Joe said he could see that, but Phil said no way could he have any contact with Joe. So I said ok, then forget the menage. We talked about something else, but then Phil brought it up again & said well maybe we should see what they could do. I said well let's just try it & if it turns out groovy, we can all just laugh it off & not be embarrassed or anything. OK. So I'd spent 3 hrs with them before we went to my place. Put on the TV & Phil goes in the bathroom for a real long time & finally I went & held the door closed & told him if he was going to hide out in the car, he can just stay there & sleep in the tub. Then he went down to his car & got a shaving kit & cut himself shaving. He was real nervous. But Joe was putting records on & dancing by himself & acting real free. Then we sat & watched TV on the couch (me in the middle) & Phil quickly stripped down. Then Joe stripped. So I did.



We were teasing around + laughing + I felt real unembarrassed. Finally I leaned over + sucked Phil, + we started messing around, but the 2 guys kept away from each other. [Jim must have the giant dick of the century. They were both so small!] Phil knelt to lick me + I guided Joe's hand on top of Phil's hair, but he ruffled Phil's hair real roughly, not at all affectionately or gently. Finally we got in the bed. They never got too near each other, nor did either of them get a hard-on for more than one second. I got my handcuffs + my long thick chain. Joe very cooperatively chained his hands behind his back + laid on his stomach. I ran my fingernails up + down his back, and gave him a few sharp smacks on the ass. Told Phil to use his nails on Joe's back - but he had no nails?? Then I got Phil in Joe's place + he reacted with more pain at the scratching + more fear + tried to wrestle out of the chains. I laid on top of him + held his elbows down + Joe got behind me. This was the most erotic time for me, as I held Phil down as he struggled + Joe began fucking me from behind. Joe's + Phil's arms were rubbing against each other + I pretended Joe was fucking Phil + really started to get off. Finally Phil quit struggling + I kissed + sucked on his neck. We messed around insignificantly a while longer interspersed with them making coffee or smoking cigarettes. None of us came. At the end I had them both laying side by side on their



backs + Joe pulled Phil over playfully. Phil rested his head in the crook of Joe's arm + shoulder. I knelt, facing them, between their legs + stroked them simultaneously + we talked. Joe asked Phil why at one point Phil grabbed at his balls + yanked them. Apparently Phil was trying to "help" when Joe was screwing me once, + he was too rough. That was the problem - any contact they did have resembled rough-housing. So they laid there, me stroking them. Phil continued to look uptight + nervous - he'd look at me with almost a helpless terrified look. And then as they were laying there, Joe held up his one hand showing Phil grasping it + said gee look what he did all by himself without any prodding. And Joe + I both said wow, that one at least counts! So Joe was much more into Phil than vice versa; however, he wasn't initiating anything too radical himself. (Joe had told us in the bar that he'd once fucked a guy - that in prison there's always some guy who doesn't mind if you fuck him + that he, Joe, thought it was all right.) So Phil was upset because he thought I'd thrown away his phone number he gave me + I showed him I still had it. Joe was teasing that Phil was in love with me. Phil made coffee + sat on the couch + Joe + I laid apart in the bed. They began talking about poetry (Joe writes) + I brought out my beloved Swinburne + Phil read Ereotion aloud + I read some of my choice excerpts from Triumph of Time + Anactoria. About 1:00 a.m. they left.



4-20-77

He can not be married. No one can have bedroom eyes at 7:30 a.m. on a bus & be married. He's driving me crazy - I'd do anything he wanted me to. I feel so impotent! Does he know that he's causing me to feel so lost, or that I'm infatuated beyond control? I really hate to start trying to seduce him again. I'm really beginning to believe that he's gay & just gave the married bit as an excuse. I want to kiss him!

Am I over-sexed or something? - Gave Phil a call last nite & he rushed over from the East Bay to meet me at a bar. Dressed in my best suit & tie. (I had seen him in the bar Saturday when I was with Jim. Phil & I acknowledged each other when Jim wasn't looking & I followed Phil into the car. He asked why I hadn't called him yet & again gave me his phone #.) He was obviously ready for sex & I felt super uncomfortable. Told him I wasn't interested in a 2-some. He was very serious, explaining that he's straight & doesn't want to go gay bar hopping or pick up a guy for a 3-some. Neither did I. He wasn't sure why I'd called him & I told him right out because I enjoyed his company. He agreed we'd be "buddies" just out on the town tonight. I said great. We drove to Sausalito, hit a few straight bars there & talked, mostly about sex. He assured me there was no hope in converting him to bisexuality, but said if I



really was interested in such a 3-some, he could arrange something, that wouldn't include him, with his friend Nick, who is "ready for pretty young boys." And on into the evening he said there was no way he could think of me as his "buddy" because he was too sexually interested. I was finding it hard to relate to him - he a straight man, true a? How do gay men relate to straight men? But a straight man trying to make you? I couldn't be on the receiving end of his male attitude & treatment of females (freaked that I bought drinks, opening doors for me oh so "automatically") & told him I felt that was a power game men played with women. At the same time I found his ways charming & I couldn't help but be attracted, identifying with him in his role. [Mlle. de Maudpian - having seen the ways of men could never go back to being a female.] I vacillated between feeling male buddy to feeling sought-after youngman to feeling turned-off female. In my sought-after youngman mood, I leaned over & kissed him passionately in the bar, aware of his arms encircling my suit, touching the shoulders. And a bit later I invited him to stay overnight. We went to the men's car together in the bar. He asked me to "teach" him about myself, but I felt sad & confused - my mind was blank again, like so often. I was blocking it out, I know. I initiated kissing on my couch & acted the aggressor.



Had him keep his shirt on, which he thought weird. Told him he has to get into clothing erotica. He was clumsy taking off my tie, saying he's had very little practice doing that — a turn-on for me. He came to my jockey shorts, fingered them, kissed them, surprised me. (Much later he commented he liked my jockey shorts. Told him I used to swipe Jim's but now I have my own.) Once again he was a shitty fuck. Had about 10 mins. worth of a sporadic hard-on out of 2 hrs. What got me, tho, was his attempts at oral sex, which seemed to consist of him gumming my pubic hair?? At one point I just about sat up, thinking well what the hell is he doing! He was distracted if I talked or made noise while having sex. Said he couldn't concentrate but I said I thought sex should be relaxed + fun. Not eyes closed + automats. Turned him over + tried to rim him, but he had his cheeks pinched so tight I couldn't. Smacked his ass + told him he had a tight ass. Weirder. What do these straight guys do? Well I finally found out — I got sick of trying to have fun, so I did a missionary position + made no noise + hardly moved + he fucked me + finally came. I said, so you don't like me to move. But he denied it. He slept over til morning, but moved away from cuddling while sleeping. He kept trying to make these big plans for us to go to the beach, here + there, etc.,



+ when I wasn't very reception, acted upset I didn't want to "go places" with him. Said I should call him every other day when I'm not with Tim. Forget it. Maybe once a week. He said he would be willing to do a 3-some with Joe again tho if I wanted to. Somehow I'm attracted to him (He straight male fantasy) but I'm not fully clear why. Sure can't be his expertise in bed! — And Ken my beauty on the bus. With his half-closed gray soft eyes, long eye-lashes + perfect kissy lips. How I want to touch his soft waving hair.

4-24-77

Dearest Liz:

You know I can really relate (yeah, man) to what you wrote about "something inside me wants me to be less 'fake' which means being a real fem man rather than subtly passing as a woman." I know that feeling so well + that's what I am pursuing. Being myself — being a strong self-controlled woman rather than subtly passing as a man. I just wish you could follow your insides. One thing I was most afraid of when contemplating getting back into the female scene was that all those feelings, bad experiences, insecurities of my teen years + the years directly before beginning cross-dressing would come back to haunt me. That I would be awkward once more. That I'd be scared of relating to men, at a loss what to do when treated



"like a girl," i.e., shitty, as I had been in the past. But my counselor pointed out that I wasn't that same person of years past — that I was older, more experienced, stronger & that those same bad experiences wouldn't happen to me as I am now. TRUE. And after I began getting into the female scene again, she pointed out to me just where I was "setting myself up" to get hummed out by the female scene once again. That I couldn't expect someone else to "show me how to be female," because what is someone else isn't me. That I CAN make up my way as I go along & be a female my way. Again, true. This saved me from screwing up my wish to be less "fake" by going into the female side of me as tho it was fake & foreign to me. It's not, Liz, you know I'd never say anything to hurt you, so I hope you won't misinterpret what I say here. I do believe you want to go back to being what you truly are — a fem man. Even with all your fantasies of being a woman (like mine of being a man, but carried out much further.) I know our cases are very different, but it seems so often you've said right out that you want to go back. And I would have to say that your attempt to do so at the County job just doesn't count. Maybe in your own unique way, you were setting yourself up to get hummed out to the male scene, as I was doing in my own



Way. I would also venture to bet that all those out-  
and things that happened to you in the past while  
being your own person self wouldn't happen now.

Granted, your going back would require more severe  
measures on your part. Such as moving into a new  
neighborhood (which I believe would definitely be  
good for your head - just as you, not as a man or  
a woman). Such as cutting your hair, & a UNISEX  
style maybe. The key, I find, is not to go moving-  
any too severe into the opposite direction. Don't go  
get a haircut & join the Army or buy a dozen too.  
(Altho I found going further into the opposite di-  
rection helped me be clear in my mind what I was.  
I had to wear a DRESS to be sure I was definitely  
female & everyone around me knew I was female  
too. Women's pants wouldn't have done the trick  
- I'd've felt like a queering guy. I did want to  
keep my UNISEX haircut tho as I could go back  
+ forth as I wished.) Don't do anything you don't  
feel like doing. (I just bought a pair a week ago.  
Up until then I couldn't see carrying a "POISE"  
at all - knew I'd feel like some kind of a  
faunt.) But most importantly, be confident  
that you can be the kind of male you WANT to  
be, not what everyone else is doing or thinks  
is right or tells you to do. Anyway you &  
I both very well know that no one else knows  
about but us. H4 H4. That's the next step.  
Quit thinking everyone else is an asshole but  
you. I'm more guilty of that than anyone.  
But my group therapy sessions are changing  
that drastically. I've also done something



I always fantasized doing but never thought I'd be comfortable enough with myself to do: had a menage a trois with 2 guys. I know you have similar fantasies + it really will be too bad if you never actualize them just because of some discomfort you feel with your bod. You aren't all THAT fern (your room isn't PINK) that you can't redefine male to fit your own terms. The gap isn't all that great. Your crazy letters sometimes do disturb me because they make me feel like you're trying to take a shit but can't quite squeeze it out. In less graphic terms, I think you are frustrated + crying out for something but don't know what. I'd want you to do something to permanently make you happy instead of only a few moment's pleasure scribbling crayon on a letter. Hey, I really love you dearly. You mean so much to me. We are like blood brothers/sisters. You're like a trapped animal + I want you out. Again, please don't take any of this the wrong way. I'm not preaching or bragging how great I am, I just know how you feel so vividly + it makes me feel sad to see you struggling so. All it would take would be a little self-preservation on your part.

5-29-77

Still very close to each other on the bus. I initiated his speaking to me about his 5-mo. old daughter. He is getting more



bold in his liking me. Last weekend he came RUNNING down the sidewalk behind me so we could walk  $\frac{1}{2}$  block together. He'd just had his lovely thick curls all cut off & now he looks like he's 12 yrs. old. I showed him the photo Jim & I had taken of us this past fall... told him Jim was "my man." Then one evening on the bus a friend of his also gets on. They speak of a newspaper article on transsexuals - this friend is very fruity & I think what? The next morning we're on the bus & he says he would have introduced me to his friend but there was only one problem. Ah, finally. Teasing, I said "Yeah? What was that?" We looked at each other knowingly, I still played smiling teasing. "I don't know your name." "That's right." He still smiling, making him ask. He does, I tell him & he seems pleased at my name. I ask his. "...eee..." "Pete?" "Keith." Oh my God his name is Keith. Oh God, a fantasy boy from long ago. I was delighted. And a little later I said "I'm really glad I finally know your name." He said "Somehow it didn't seem to matter," and "I was wondering how long it was going to take." He was waiting for me to ask! We talked about his friend who he said was aiming toward the TS operation. We talked of that a while - I told him a bit about Eliz. My God his name is Keith. - Thursday I went for my drivers permit. Passed the test 100%.



Took my first lesson. He said I was slow to brake. - This past week Tim & I got in several arguments. Thurs nite he said he didn't like me the way I was becoming. I asked why was it the more I liked myself the less he liked me? Does he only love me when I'm afraid of him? Meanwhile hiding in my fantasies (to escape fighting with Tim) oh God his name is Keith. And finally Tim put himself in my arms. Why do we constantly battle one another when we both fear ~~the other~~ <sup>the one</sup> is trying to leave the other. God I hate it. - Friday nite I went to a poetry reading where John Rechy (City of Night) will read, but I have to leave to meet Tim before he comes on. But Saturday while Tim is at Japanese class I discover he will be autographing his book at a nearby bookstore. I debate in my head what to do: I want to wear a suit to see Rechy. But I must meet Tim right afterwards & he'd be pissed knowing I wore a suit & met Rechy. Debated over an hour what to do. Tim or me? Who should I listen to in my heart? I wore a tie, my men's shoes - male, but not the full regalia. And I'd take off & hide the tie before meeting Tim. But incredibly I bumped into Tim on the street right before going into the bookstore. And incredibly he wasn't



fissed at all about it, couldn't understand why I thought he would be. — Rechy comes into the store, is talking to the employees setting him up there. I linger nearby embarrassed, enthralled at seeing him, what City of Night had meant to me. He spoke of the reading on Fri nite + I joined the conversation. We had long knowing eye contact — his eyes dancing, alive, aware, friendly, inviting me into the conversation. I snatched one of the books he'd put his signature to + I told him I'd wished I had written City of Night + had wanted to write him anonymously many times to tell him that. He asked, why anonymously? and I answered evasively "because I didn't know where you were." He said he would autograph a book for me personally + he asked if I was going to write my own City of Night. Told him I'd already written some, even used a paragraph of City of Night to introduce my article on Transvestite liberation. Told me he still corresponds with Miss Destiny. I wanted to talk with him more but had to go meet Jim to catch the ferry to Sausalito. About 6 blocks away I read his inscription: "For Sheila — a wonderful presence instantly. Sincerely John Rechy. I hope you write your own fine book."

I was so happy



6-16-77

Happy birthday, man. I'm 26 and no longer a member of the American youth. Let's hope this year I'll get my brains unscrambled + be the outside hot lady I am. Anyway I'm now a licensed driver in the State of California. After 4 lessons (7 hours) I passed the road test 88%. Jim will begin lessons this weekend + then we're out to search for a car. It will be so great to have unlimited transportation. I took a classroom auto mechanics class at the YWCA + now have a pretty good understanding of how a car works. And this past weekend I went to the Gay Community Center here + volunteered my secretarial services in my spare time. The Center is still not yet even built (the director was hammering in the front windows) but they seemed very pleased to have me, took my number + I was assured they'd get in touch with me. I'm only now beginning to realize just how fulfilling working for the gays has been for me + how badly I miss it. I must get back into it. Just like with the driving — I spend so much time worrying whether or not I can do it + whether I'll fail or not + then when I finally do do it, it all just falls so beautifully into place. — Kind of disappointed. I didn't get one birthday card



• The only present was a check from llamo. But when Bridget told dad this morning that my birthday was today, he + Johnny phoned me for about 5 mins. But that was it. Out of sight, out of mind? Maybe in our childhood ma made such a big deal out of birthdays that I still feel like I'm Queen for a Day + nobody came.

## Sex-Change Teacher Still Faces Hearing

A state Department of Education disciplinary hearing ordered by Alameda county Superior Court Judge Harold Hove for Steve Dain, the Emery High School teacher who underwent sex change therapy, will consider three allegations.

Last January State Hearing Officer Charles H. Bobby ruled that five accusations against Dain, preferred by school district trustees, were invalid and he dismissed all of them.

Thursday Judge Hove, acting on an appeal filed by the trustees, upheld Bobby's dismissal of two of the allegations: that Dain's continued teaching constituted potential harm to the pupils, and that his presence potentially disrupted the educational process.

San Francisco Chronicle  
June 18, 1977

There will be a re-hearing by Bobby on the remaining three allegations: that Dain falsely claimed absence for illness from December, 1975, to June, 1976; that Dain transported students outside the school district without consent of parents in the summer of 1976, and that he gave an unauthorized lecture on sex changes during the summer of 1976.

Dain, formerly Doris Richards, has filed a \$600,000 damage suit against the school district and its superintendent, Lewis Stommel.



6-24-77

I've discovered what the emptiness I've felt lately re: cross-dressing is all about. I've been feeling so void, like on a long lost road abandoning full-time dressing. I've wondered if I should maybe go back to dressing full time - what have these past 3 years meant to me, what was it all about, what does it mean to me in relation to my female dressing. What am I doing by presenting myself as a female dressed in men's clothes, not as a male? What am I doing to replace whatever purpose cross-dressing served in my life? And now I finally see that when I began full dressing 3 years ago, I did not seriously consider the inevitability of one day having to stop, to go back to women's shit. I had not planned, seen what I was doing in the long run. It was not irreversible, so I never considered the chance on one day having or wanting to reverse it. I did it so easily. I think just now has been the first time I've SAID to myself "yes, I used to dress full time & did for 3 years." It's as though I'm a newborn with no before. All new land. I was wondering "haven't I become accustomed to San Francisco yet? I don't feel really at home here." But maybe I've been transferring my alienation to my surroundings rather than to the new fronts I'm now confronting. Because



one is into S + M doesn't mean they have to live the rest of their lives in leather. It is meant for one thing only. I said to my counselor "Maybe I should be a private cross dresser only, as it is the public display & confrontation that has made it uncomfortable for me." To save it for special 'field trips,' occasions when I want to pass. Instead of feeling I must pass.

7-10-77

Last week had a very explicit & erotic dream of me having sex with a female. We were both naked & I sucked her tit & rubbed her inner thigh with my hand. It was one of those super realistic dreams. Since then I've just about all but made up my mind to have sex with a female. It's about time. But how the fuck do you pick up a female when you are a female?? I can be a boy & do all the things boys do to pick up a girl, but that doesn't go with the gay women. Am also considering quitting therapy. I'm afraid it's what's making my mind go blank lately. Have told my therapist & she seemed to resist. ~~She~~ She offered the fact that she was going on an extensive vacation around September & that could give me an indication of how I did without. I agreed. Found the new Tenderloin transvestite drag queen bar - about 2 blocks from my apt. Tim, me & a co-worker of Tim's went there Fri nite. And then Tim tells me he'd been there before while bar hopping.



Made me mad he hadn't told me before that he'd been here. I'm sitting in a bar getting blasted & realizing I'm not invisible & that everyone sees me & draws an opinion about me, and thinking of the difference the Dr. Virginia Charles Prince Transvestite group draws between themselves & the drag queens. That the DQ's are sexual signaling by their dress & they themselves are only expressing their "female sides." I wonder which I do by cross-dressing. [I am now able to comfortably wear a man's suit and a bra at the same time.]

Aug. 7, 1977

Many changes and chances to expand my horizons. On July 22 Mary Ellen arrived here on the Greyhound Bus, and Patrick & his girlfriend Jenny arrived in their car. They stayed at my place. On Saturday, Pat, Tim & I went out to look at cars and decided to buy the first one we looked at, a 1969 Toyota Corona, 4 door automatic, for \$995. July 25<sup>th</sup> we closed the deal and I rented a monthly parking space \$32.50/mo. Tim has flunked the road test twice already & wants to wait before his third go at it. He found an insurance company that took us for \$536 the first year. Mary Ellen was going off and on whether she wanted to move here or go back to Beertown. She even made plane reservations.



to go back this morning, but on the 5<sup>th</sup> suddenly she decided to stay and on the 6<sup>th</sup> got her own apt. I'm glad she's staying - I finally have a friend, someone to talk to. Now I feel less apprehensive about quitting individual therapy. I'll probably have 3-4 more sessions and that's it. I'll continue to go to group sessions though to work on my fear of other people. So last weekend Jim & I washed & waxed the car, drove it all over the city. This weekend we drove down Hwy #1 to Half Moon Bay State Park. We plan to go on some weekend trips. The car has been knocking out on me though right in the middle of the street & I guess I'll have to take it in for a tune-up. I'm trying to read & learn how to do repairs & maintenance myself, but can't presume to be able to fix it myself already.

- Have been worried about my lack of self identity and purpose now that I've decided to remain female. Maybe I'm being too hard on myself & expecting to adjust to the new identity too quickly. It seems I'm more bold and positive the way I am now, yet I don't have that "hold" on myself I did before. I'm not as self-conscious about my every movement or as aware of myself as I was trying to be male. - Jim feels my hanging around with May isn't good for either of us. I told him he had no reason to be jealous (that's the only reason I could see why he'd be against it). He denied he was but couldn't explain.



8-28-77

Tomorrow is my last individual therapy session with Claire [REDACTED]. We are to discuss where I was when I began with her and where I am now. I thought reading back in you from the time I began to present would help form my thoughts ... but I just couldn't continue reading it. I still can't bear to remember all that pain and unhappiness, all that self-hatred. I'm still not that far detached from it all. I know after a quit individual, I'll use the group sessions more and feel that's most important now. I have no desire to change sex or be a man anymore. Claire said she saw it as 2 individual phenomenons: the first was my fetish with men's clothes, and the second was my realizing that I could escape all the female oppression and my own inability to handle male chauvinism by identifying with "the enemy" and denying that I was a female and "one of them." One very difficult session we had recently was when Claire asked me to define what image I try to portray when dressed male. She even wrote down what I said. I remember saying I wanted to appear "classy, good-breeding, good manners, an educated vocabulary", which I do feel I have and am. But I also



said I wanted to give the impression that I was a "deep" person, that I had an inner life and there was more to me than meets the eye, a strong self-defining person capable of taking charge of any situation necessary. And I don't feel I have that. Claire said she did not perceive any change in my manner of speaking or in my gestures since I switched from men's to women's clothes. So I've been actively thinking how I can project all those images and be a female. My boss Bill [redacted] asked me this past Friday if I was still going to that counselor & I told him Monday was my last session. He said he really has noticed a change in me - that I'm more relaxed and easy going, not so tense and self-conscious and that I seemed much happier, and I was more sociable. Told him that before I'd felt like I was backing myself against a wall and that I had no options left open for me - but that now I felt I could do anything. — Jim & I have been getting along really well. Every Saturday we've gone on long drives; he drives there & I drive back. Our journeys have taken us so far ① down Hwy #1 to Half Moon Bay, ② north on #1 to Bodega Bay ③ to "Wine Country": Sonoma, Calistoga, Napa, and ④ to San Jose & Santa Cruz. I find that the key to our better understanding is when I



am able to define at a certain moment what I am feeling and why, and then telling him. Friday nite at the bar he sat & talked to a friend, his back to me. I felt increasingly left out & alienated and I told him it was really hard for me to hear what they were saying and then he backed his seat up a little and I was in the conversation. But then he clammed up, like only one of us could talk to the guy at a time. This afternoon we drove to a flea market where he had a crummy time & we left right away, and then I suggested we eat at this one restaurant & he agreed & there he also had a crummy time. He feels when he's with me we should do the things I want to because he's with me, but then when he's not enjoying whatever we're doing, I'm not either. I told him he caters to me too much and I don't even like it. But it took me a long time to define what this problem was and to say it to him correctly. But it always works out good then when I do define it and talk about it. We've even exchanged thoughts of one day getting a place together again, but I'm not really ready to cope with that yet. That's one big advance I've made since therapy: being able to define a problem in terms of the entire picture



and not just blaming it on something I did or something I was. - This Saturday was the first time in ? That I went into a womens beauty salon to get my hair cut instead of to a barber or "unisex" salon. I was real nervous I'd come out looking like some broad, and I showed the lady a picture of a woman with a cut I wanted. She washed + cut + blow-dried it and it looked fem and soft, but it looked just like all the other cuts I've had. I was pretty surprised. I guess I've always been me + just didn't know it. I've got reservations for New York Sept 17-25 and a letter that ma + Karl will visit SF Oct 1-3. I want to do NY different than we've done it before, and this will be the 1st time I'll go without Jim. I'd like to go buy more female clothes but the car plus the NY fare cut into my cash so much I'm freaked about spending.

9-4-77

Hey, freak out → it was 13 years ago today that I saw the Beatles. It seems Sept 4 will always stick in my memory. That's funny! My last session with Claire was kind of emotional for me. I felt real choked up. I guess that's not unusual when you've spent a year pouring out all your fears and insecurities to someone and then suddenly you will never be



able to do that anymore. Remembering where I was and where I am. I took her a plant as a "going away present." She told me if I ever wanted to see her again, for one session or on a regular basis again, I was more than welcome. She said it had always bothered her and so she felt she must ask if I had changed my course away from transsexualism and toward the female route "to please her." That she didn't think so, but it had always made her wonder. I assured her definitely not — that it was so hard for me to actually go out in public as female that I could never have done it "for" anyone. I was really, really surprised that she felt that. When we said goodbye she stood and put out her hand, I took it and then hugged her and thanked her, saying she had been really really good to me. I felt like crying. And left.

9-20-77

In New York visiting Charles for the week. Got in Saturday afternoon. Sunday evening felt so depressed and as though I shouldn't've come. Charles was in a super serious contemplative mood and I still can't understand what Jonas is saying half the time, and when I do understand him he's talking like



a sausage. They seemed to "pair off" so much that I was feeling like a 3<sup>rd</sup> wheel and self-conscious about wearing female clothes, or so I felt. But I've learned that I blame a lot on clothes when in fact clothes have nothing to do with it. I had a good cry to myself and fell asleep with the plan to call the airlines to determine how much it would cost if I left Friday instead of Sunday. And I could have a weekend with Jim before me + Kath came to SF. But Monday I dressed up + went downtown alone shopping + had a great time. Determined that I could stay + make my stay a good one. Today I dressed up + went to museums. Wrote postcards to Jim yesterday + today. If I go off + do things by myself I make a lot more of this vacation than hanging out with Charles + John. It never fails to amaze me how I feel the absence of Jim in my life when I'm away from him. The emptiness is so apparent to me. A real lacking in everything I do. "Your saintlike face and your ghostlike soul..."

9-22-77

Slow paced, relaxing. I feel this vacation is telling me something about myself, but I haven't determined what. I feel very mature, together and competent here. There is so much high energy in this city that it almost forces one to be creative. Thinking about my job and how I feel I'm not accomplishing anything here - just working my ass off to



empty a space on my desk that will only be covered with another pile in a matter of seconds. Like I'm spinning wheels and don't get a feeling of satisfaction from any of it. Temporarily I've decided to try to take more responsibility in hand, make more decisions, talk to Alden about the second secretary he'd proposed earlier to take some of the paperwork burden from me. Don't know if I'll get any more satisfaction from this type of arrangement tho. I would still like to move to this city. It holds an energy San Francisco sadly lacks. You could live here two years and still not have seen all there is here to see. Even tho SF is a much more beautiful city. Went out yesterday to visit the Danish women who'd visited me in SF, Kis and Elze. Then went to dinner and for drinks with Jim's sister Mary. By the end of the evening I was strongly attracted to her sexually. I couldn't stop looking at her. Fantasies of going to bed with her. No chance tho. Would that have been neat!

9-25-77

On the plane back to S.F. Drinking. N.Y. has spurred me on to thoughts of creativity that I'm not sure will last long. The stewardess called me "sir." I wasn't even trying. Or conscious of passing. I've got to do some-



thing with this experience that is so beautifully  
unique and so easy to me that I cannot even  
construct anything from it. Elizabeth [REDACTED]  
saying she hasn't done anything unusual.  
The man sitting next to me casting inquisitive  
looks at me but remaining aloof. I can't wait  
to take Tim in my arms again. The thought of  
him haunts me. His almost formal "friendly"  
manner with me in public and when we are alone,  
he loses himself in my arms. God, I miss him.  
It frightens me. How simply I take him for  
granted. How easily I expect his presence.  
How alarming, how it jolts me when he is  
not there. I want to have him in a different  
way. I want him to live with me; I want to  
accumulate possessions with him. To furnish  
an empty apt for us. I want to have children.  
How I take for granted that Tim will be there,  
that we will soon be locked together. I have  
to leave him. - Charles & I went out to break-  
fast alone this morn. We commented on each  
other. I told Charles I ceased to worry  
about him - that he ~~was~~ was surrounded by  
good friends, he had a peaceful home life.  
He said he was so happy to see me "growing"  
& I spoke of my conscious efforts at  
socializing & losing my self-consciousness  
& fear. We wondered when we'd see each  
other again & Charles said it may be a  
while because John fears S. F. will have  
The Big Earthquake & fall into the ocean



next year. And Charles gave me an oil print he made in S.F. That I've been meaning to mail to him. He wants to read the stories Jim has written. And he took me to the bus that goes to the airport, and I figured he left. But he had wandered around the bus looking in the windows for me. When I spotted him we waved again + blew kisses. I knew that he really cared about me.

Taken by Kathy [redacted] on my  
visit to Milwaukee, November  
1976



11-10-77

Incredibly beautiful night with Jim last night. We went to hear my favorite local band Cruis'n which plays 1950's early 60's song + does a fantastic show. Plus the lead singer is sexier than hell. My type - tall, thin, graceful, broad shoulders, thick black hair. I wanted to turn Jim on to the group + he really enjoyed them. We stayed for their college set + their greaser/Elvis set. Then we scooted to my place to smoke a joint + hurried back to catch their Beatles set. A while ago Jim told me I should read some Nietzsche + so Monday I began his On the Genealogy of Morals. I've had a little trouble figuring out what the hell Nietzsche is insinuating + Jim + I talked about what I've read so far, where Nietzsche's coming from, etc. + Jim said he was really glad that I was reading it + getting into it. He was real excited about my reading it + told me I have to read Plato, etc, etc. I felt so good that he was so happy + enthusiastic about it. He went off on a binge of how history is so important to what's happening now. God, I love him. He asked if I'd want to go to the Punk Rock club this weekend to see what it's like + of course I said yes. He said I'd have to at least wear pants + I said that's a first for him - asking me to wear pants. (Since I've begun wearing dresses he always wants me to wear them.) When we left I came up behind the lead singer where he was sitting at the bar, put my hand on his waist + said, "You



guys are excellent" into his ear & walked out. Jim & I had a perfect evening. He's going this morn to type up his new story for me to put in final form. We're really ~~so~~ doing good! Both of us are more healthy mentally and physically than we've been in years & years. Still doing weightlifting (tho not as religiously) but I feel great.

11-13-77

Just spent the afternoon in a long masturbation session, just like I'd done nearly all last summer. Imagining I'm a boy & masturbating endlessly. Read some from my '74 diary of Jim, me, Michael. My passing. Read 10/3/76. This part of me is still very much alive. What can I do with it? ~~Am~~<sup>am</sup> to meet Jim tonight to go out to dinner & stay at his place. I want to dress male, but am afraid he'll be mad & it'll ruin our evening. If I could only devise a way to incorporate it into my life without it's being any big deal. (Saw the movie Valentino with Rudolph Nureyev & that's what sparked all this.) Passing still does mean a lot to me. I may just wear a suit tonight & face whatever heat I get from Jim. I'm too old to waste my time tip-toeing from possible rejection. At least I'll know where I stand. How long has it been since we went out with me in a suit? Can't even remember the last time.



NOTE: I did wear a suit & Jim didn't say a word & we had a great evening!

Dearest Eldon -

11-15-77

I know I haven't written since I've been here. So much going on around & inside of me that I find it hard to sort out, but the more time I give it, the clearer it becomes. What I mean is, I am becoming increasingly at ease with my female identity & increasingly aware of how much "being a man" means to me still. I think I've finally come long enough from the terrors & uncertainties of last year's mania toward the operation that I can now look at my cross-dressing & corresponding identity in the joyous light it began. Yet I still don't know where it / I belong. Quite a few months ago I offered my secretarial services to the not-yet-opened Gay Community Ctr here. Now I just received a volunteer's application from them & I don't know what to do. I don't feel secure enough to surround myself with gay men once again & refrain from identifying with them too closely. I still feel my heart tugging at me to be like them. But now is added the knowledge that I cannot be, will never be, and could not be what I desire so. Eldon, I read GPU NEWS & it's almost like a torture. Maybe it's mainly sadness over the ease of youth, but it all seemed so simple then. Now it ~~has~~ has taken on



so much reality & importance. How was it so easy for me just to pretend then that I was one of the crowd? How was it that it never really occurred to me that one day I would have to go back to being a female? I completely lost sight of everything but my dream. And it still beats in my heart. I know I am a better person for rediscovering my female side. I feel more at ease with my body & the people around me. I don't hesitate to speak & conceal my voice & I don't hunch over so grotesquely to conceal my breasts. I feel more confident to get out & try things. I don't suffer from so much self-consciousness. The step back to the Sheila I was was a right one. But still I walked out of the movie theater after seeing Valentino & I was Nureyev. I looked like him, I had his face. I was confused in the same way he was... I holed myself up in my apt the rest of the day haunted by it. From David Bowie's new song "Heroes":  
I, I can remember / Standing by the wall /  
The guns shot above our heads / And we  
kissed / As though nothing could fall /  
And the shame / Was on the other side /  
Oh we can beat them forever and ever /  
Then we can be heroes just for one day.



I hope this letter does not sound unhappy.  
I feel so good compared to a year ago ....  
But, Eldon, my fantasy still creeps through  
me with little fingers that won't let go.  
And I haven't figured out how to  
placate it.

12-4-77

Strange, I almost don't know what to write  
yet I feel it's important that I do. This Sat-  
urday Tim + I went out drinking + when we  
both had a pretty good buzz, Tim tells me  
last Thursday he went to get his passport  
pictures taken. I asked him why he hadn't  
told me earlier + he said well he just  
wanted to do it alone + sometimes he likes  
things to be just his + no one else knowing about  
it. But that he felt guilty + that's why  
he's telling me, and that this was a lot  
earlier than he had planned on telling me.  
Well I was pretty surprised + hurt. I told  
him I wasn't hurt by the fact he wanted  
to go to Japan himself but that it was like  
he was sneaking around + trying to ditch  
me. The aid of the alcohol and learning  
how to be frank from the group therapy  
helped me to say all that I felt + not  
try to play games with him. Told him  
I felt bad because I know I have more  
fun with him than with anyone but that  
he didn't seem to feel the same way.  
He objected, saying he spent more time



with me than with anyone & I had to admit that. I did feel ditched tho & said I didn't understand - that he says he wants to have kids & everything and then he does things behind my back. He didn't see the connection, but I was referring to being close. We talked about our families, how we got along socially. He said he feels I try to take his friends away from him (i.e., Randy, Al, etc.) because I talk so easily with them & he doesn't relate to them in the same way I do. I thought that was weird. He denied my observation that he got along well socially. I told him I wonder why he's so flipped out about his family, mother, sister, etc. He admits he came to S.F. pretty much to escape his relatives & that he hasn't figured out rationally why they threaten him so. (He's super worried because his sister Mary's thinking of moving here in January.) Anyway, when we were walking home I felt real depressed & started crying & said I felt like he wanted to get rid of me. He said Kat was crazy, that he'd kill himself if he didn't have me. We made supper at my place & we took some speed. Told him actually I'm glad when shit like this happened because it made me see us as separate people & I was forced



not to take him so much for granted. We listened to the radio, talked, ate & had long sex. It was the first time Tim came twice in one love-making session without sleeping in-between. We fell asleep at 4 a.m. Sunday. — All day today I've felt melancholy and not all here. Hangover, to be sure. But I also realize how empty my personal secret life is. Tim knows every move I make & I know little about his. He said he would be suspicious if I did something like that, but only because I don't usually do such things. That I shouldn't be suspicious because he always does things like that. The old problem is still with me: since I no longer am heavy into the cross-dressing I really have nothing left that makes me unique or that is just mine. I feel empty inside & I'd been trying (again) to have Tim fill that emptiness. But it's true that you can't live through another person. I guess I'm jealous that he still has something he calls his own, a life of his own. So later he asked if I'd want to go to Hawaii with him. I think I said yes, even tho I don't have the hots to go to Hawaii. Today suddenly I got the urge for us to exchange rings — I guess I want some outward manifestation of our commitment to each other.





Taken by a fellow employee  
at Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

December 1977



12-25-77

lots happening. Probably most important is that I received a letter from Elizabeth a few weeks ago saying that she has decided to go back to being a man and has stopped taking hormones and that she has gotten rid of all her female clothes, after 7 years. And that she is moving out here to San Francisco in early January. I'm so happy for her, so excited, and I immediately wrote back welcoming her & offering my assistance. But as the time approaches for her arrival, I'm a little worried. I'm afraid I will cause her some conflict while I am trying to adjust to her being a him and getting used to calling him Eliot. I know it's hard enough adjusting to a new identity without having other people reinforce what you are trying to change. But it'll probably work out. Jim isn't thrilled by the idea - says he's afraid she'll be taking up my time and hogging in on our time together. For some reason I'm really in the holiday mood this year. It's the first year I've sent Christmas cards (and Jim is also in the mood - he sent cards for the first time too). I even got some lights that flash on and off and put them around my front window. I'm getting a big promotion at Wilson Sporting Goods. In



early November my boss told me that they've been budgeted money to get a private secretary for the 2 District Sales Managers and a second secretary would work for the Office Manager, and which would I like to do? I chose secretary to the Sales Managers and I'm really excited. No more phoning the plumber because the ladies' john is leaking. No more having to seem a cohort in Alden's bitch fights. The change should come in January, and Alden is pissed that I'm 'abandoning' him when he gave me this big break by hiring me when I was cross-dressing. But I know I'm going to like working for my 2 new bosses a lot (I already am their secretaries now, because I'm the only secretary the whole office has at present). The new position will mean more freedom to be creative, less supervision, most likely more money. In fact, one of the Sales Mgrs slipped me \$40 for Christmas! And I know he didn't do anyone else. — Jim + I have been getting along famously. We saw each other and slept together every night this past week! Last night we did speed and marijuana and hung out in bars all night, and had great talks. He told me that he had been thinking of buying me a night gown for Christmas but wasn't sure if I'd like it, and I



told him I wish he had because I'd have really loved it. We spoke of his fear of getting too close to me emotionally and he said a lot of it had to do with how his friend Paul had lost all of his vivaciousness when he lost his first girlfriend. I said that was a common male fear - That being attached to a female was somehow castrating, that you were no longer a MAN unless you were ~~completely~~ at least somewhat autonomous. And that was what I chalked his secretiveness up to. He felt that was close to the truth. (I was really surprised he agreed with that.) But he said he really admired and emulated Paul, that it seemed he (Tim) ends up doing the same things Paul is doing. That Paul is married and has a kid, and Tim says he's closer to <sup>wanting</sup> that now than he's ever been. I'm beginning to realize that Tim likes it when I'm interested in what he says about himself. Previously I wouldn't have asked questions or been too "prying" when he was revealing himself to me, but maybe it's because he is less secretive and defensive with me, more secure that I won't "use" information against him. A lot of it is my new approach with him - That of not predicting beforehand what he'll think of something



but checking it out with him first and  
then reacting. I find that it's not  
always what I thought he would feel.  
And he is being more honest and open with  
me now. We spoke of our feelings of "lust"  
for other people and both agreed that  
we had such lust, but felt it wasn't  
worth acting upon, that it really was  
not satisfying. I told him that He more  
my self image is improving and I see  
men as separate bodies and I no longer  
identify with them, but appreciate them,  
He more I really appreciate him and  
am happy I have him.





Mary [REDACTED] and I  
taken outside my apt bldg  
by mom during her visit

September 1977



8/19 — gas 5.98  
 " 7.60 9½ gal.  
 Fireside  
 Eureka motel 36.00  
 49.98 mileage 287.3

8/20 — gas 6.40 8.9 gal  
 Marion Dunes  
 Salem OR motel 21.00  
 27.40 mileage 389.0

8/21 — gas + oil 5.25  
 gas 6.00  
 Roosevelt  
 Seattle motel 34.00 45.25 mileage 322.0

8/22 — English Bay  
 Vancouver motel 25.00  
 25.00 mileage 149.5

8/23 — English Bay  
 Vanc motel 25.00  
 gas 7.30  
 ferries 30.00  
 32.30 mileage 140.0

8/24 — English Bay  
 Vanc motel 25.00  
 gas 2.00  
 27.00 mileage 103.0

8/25 — gas 5.00  
 " 5.00  
 Park Ave  
 Old motel 15.00 " 332.5  
 Portland 25.00



49.58

27.40

45.25

25.00

32.30

27.00

25.00

21.45

5.00

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257.98



I must stop predicting his reactions  
keeping things from him because I  
"know" he won't like it, etc.

I must point out when he makes me feel  
bad instead of always "seeing  
his side of it" - feeling guilty  
for having "made" him feel =  
jealous, inadequate, etc. Stop  
trying to protect his ego. (As in  
when Carole made comment on my  
weaving dresses for him - instead of  
feeling guilt for weaving dress, anger  
at his "impertinence"?)

I Have to think of us as separate people



Our itinerary and  
expenses for our drive  
to Canada in August

(Jim & I in our Toyota)



Our kind regards  
are ever yours  
to remain  
Yours truly

(Signature)



